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Vol. 9.

CLARENDON, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, SATURDAY FEBRUARY 12, 1898.

No. 48

LOVE BROS., New Blacksmiths,

Clarendon, Texas.

Shop, Tools and Everything New.

All work done to order and Fully Warranted First-Class

SHOEING A SPECIALTY.

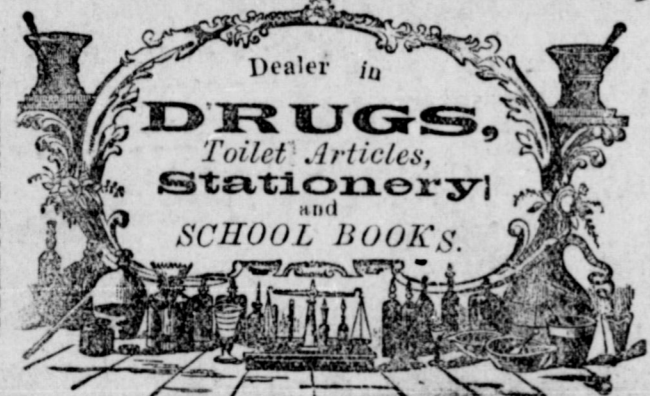
A New Process Used For Tempering Plows and Tools.

Bits and Spurs Made to Order.

TRY THEM.

H. D. RAMSEY,

White Lead, Pure
Linsseed Oil and
Mixed Paints.



WINDOW GLASS
AND PUTTY.

The doctors, lawyers, etc., who are doing some lively kicking now about occupation taxes would have something to kick about were they in Mexico. There doctors, lawyers and dentists pay \$20 each per month, while druggists pay \$5 per month, architects \$15 and ministers of every creed \$10 per month. Houses of the first-class pay an annual tax as follows: Banks, \$4,800; wholesale iron and hardware, \$4,800; silk and linen dealers, \$6,000; queensware, \$3,600; hotels, \$2,400; insurance agents, \$1,800; jewelers, \$1,800; lumber yards, \$1,200; machinery depots, \$1,800; ice factories, \$1,500; retail grocers, \$2,400; shoe factories, \$960; clothing stores, \$900; maintaining a private carriage, \$96; a saddle horse, \$12; a bicycle, \$6; a billiard table, \$90. All of these taxes are for the year, but all are paid monthly.

G. C. HARTMAN,

Dealer in

Hardware Stoves, Tinware, Ammunition, Cutlery and GASOLINE AND OIL STOVES.

Roofing Paint, Machine Oil and Binder Twine.

All kinds of Flue work, Tin Work and Repairing.

Clarendon, Texas.

Agent for Deering
Harvesting Machinery

J. T. Wright,
Contractor and Builder,
Clarendon, Tex.

Carpenter, joiner and cabinet work. Satisfaction given in neat, accurate work.

Contracts Solicited.

Dr. CLIFFORD H. NELSON,
Dentist,

CLARENDON, TEXAS.

Office open from about the 15th to 30th of each month.

J. S. MORRIS, M. D.

Division surgeon F. W. & D. R'y.

CLARENDON - TEXAS.

J. D. STOCKING,

-Physician and Surgeon-

Special attention given to diseases of women and children. Office at his store, second door from Bank.

E. CORBETT,
PRACTICAL
BOOT AND SHOE
MAKER.

CLARENDON, TEX.

E. G. SENTER,
LAWYER.
203 MAIN ST., DALLAS, TEXAS.
General Attorney Texas Press Association.

Blank notes, iron-clad, only 50 cents per 100. This office.

cents for, will be sold in Texas for forty-two cents. The higher geography that costs seventy-five cents in Kansas will cost eighty-one cents in Texas. One each of all the readers, geographies, grammars, spellers and arithmetics, physiologies used in the public schools cost \$5.71 in Texas and \$4.39 in Kansas.

With the Goodnight college, the Catholic school and our excellent public school and one or two private schools Clarendon is destined to become an educational center.

Every few months towns up and down the road send statements to the daily papers that the shops and roundhouse is to be moved from Clarendon to their respective points. Such statements are only made through jealousy and only tend, in the end, to reflect against the town making them. The latest is from Amarillo. We will not throw reflection upon Amarillo by stating the opinion of everybody as to the effect upon that town by the building of a through line north and south, but let all draw their own conclusions. As to anybody or anything moving from here to Amarillo, there is no truth in it whatever. Every railroad that possibly can is now buying property here and improving it for a permanent home. The R. R. company itself is increasing its facilities at this point, and there is not a town on the road equaling Clarendon in improvement at the present time. An Amarillo man passed through here this morning and upon his attention being called to the report in the Fort Worth Register of the 10th, said, "It is one of the worst pieces of fake reporting he ever saw." But we have already devoted more space to it than it deserves.

Ingersoll Crawfishes.

At Fort Worth last week. Thos. J. Dickson, a former agnostic, sent the following challenge to Ingersoll while there:

At one time in my life I entertained and defended views similar to your own. I have renounced those views, and am prepared to show the fallacy of all arguments in support of agnosticism.

Believing that you are doing the cause of humanity more harm than good by the advocacy of such views and believing further that your charges against Christianity ought to be controverted, I desire to meet you in public debate in this city or any convenient place at such time as you and I may hereafter agree upon and discuss the subject, "Christianity vs. Agnosticism."

The following letters then passed, the latter being ignored.

FORT WORTH, TEX., Feb. 7.—Thomas J. Dickson, Esq.: My dear sir—I have many appointments that I must fill and have no time to discuss with anybody. To tell you the truth, I know nothing of your intellectual standing, of whom or what you represent or what you believe and consequently am not in a position to determine whether it would be desirable to meet you in debate, even if I had time. I would, however, suggest that you persevere in your efforts to answer my arguments and if you succeed I will adopt your views. Yours truly, R. G. INGERSOLL.

Mr. Dickson sent the following reply:

FORT WORTH, TEX., Feb. 7.—Col. Robert G. Ingersoll, Fort Worth: My dear sir—Replying to your refusal to meet me in public discussion in Fort Worth or any convenient place, will say, I believe you have heard of me before else you are not familiar with the western press. I sent credentials with my challenge. I am a Christian and will defend Christianity vs. agnosticism at any convenient place you name. If it is agreeable I will gladly place the entire receipts of the discussion at the disposal of the mayor, where the debate is held for distribution to the poor.

You have the reputation of being the friend of humanity. Here is the opportunity to drive want from many names. If this is not satisfactory you may make any disposition of the receipts you choose. I believe you have misrepresented some of the best

people on earth. Any one of the prominent branches of Christianity has more organized charity than all the agnostic organizations combined. I believe Christians are doing more for humanity. If you were conscious of this I believe that instead of robbing the church graveyards of dogmas that have been buried for hundreds of years and parading them as discoveries, that you would gladly join the men and women of the present century, whose only aim is to place humanity upon the highest plane possible.

I do not want you to adopt my views unless you can do it consistently. I believe if you realized the harm that you have done humanity by the promulgation of agnosticism that you would do as I did, burn your manuscripts and take a solemn vow that the next time you sallied forth you would choose a foe more worthy of your steel than a church organization.

I will meet you any time you desire and defend Christianity against agnosticism. If I never meet you in public debate it will be because you deny me the opportunity. Assuring you that I have the highest respect for you and your attainments I remain yours very respectfully,
THOMAS J. DICKSON,
Member Kansas City bar.

The El Reno and Southwestern.

GUTHRIE, Ok., Feb. 5.—A charter was today granted the El Reno and Southwestern Railway company, which proposes to construct and operate a line of railroad and telegraph from near El Reno, thence running in a southwesterly direction through Canadian county, thence through the Caddo and Wichita Indian reservations, Wichita county, the Kiowa, Comanche and Apache Indian reservations and Greer county, to a point connected with the Fort Worth and Denver railway at or near Vernon, Tex. The estimated length of the proposed road is 175 miles. Capital stock is fixed at \$1,000,000. The incorporators are N. B. Wass, T. F. Hensley, John S. Kerfoot, Jr., J. F. McGrath, A. F. Marters, A. F. Newell and J. L. Morrison, all of El Reno.

An individual who persistently fails to fulfill his promises loses the respect and confidence of his neighbors and acquaintances. Why should not a political party which fails to keep its pledges experience a like fate? What, then should become of the Democratic party?—People's Party Paper.

Fire broke out in the Dreyfus dry goods store at Fort Worth Wednesday morning and spread to the Hurley 7 story building and both with their contents were destroyed. All were pretty well insured. The great loss fell on the F. W. & D. R'y., company, who had its general office in the 6th and 7th stories, and whose books, papers, records, etc., were consumed.

When an organized Democrat accuses his party of doubling taxes and yet declares he intends to stand by his party what becomes of his patriotism or friendship for the tax burdened common people?—Ex.

The government puts a duty on Mexican cattle as follows: "Cattle if less than one year old, \$2 per head; all other cattle, if valued at not more than \$14 per head, \$3.75 per head; if valued at more than \$14 per head, 27 1/2 per centum ad valorem."

A. L. Luetgert the Chicago sausage maker was found guilty of murdering his wife by the jury Wednesday night and sentenced for life. Application for a new trial was made.

The fact that school books are cheaper in Kansas than elsewhere is one result of the populist rule which is not going to help the republican party to regain control of the state.—Kansas City Star.

We have for sale a nice bunch of 1 and 2 year old steers.
MORGAN LUMBER CO.

100 Envelopes 40c,
With name and address printed, at this office.

Cattle Sale—Cow Boy Band For Stock Convention.

FORT WORTH, TEX., Feb. 3.—G. G. Gillett of Woodbine, Kas., was here yesterday receiving the first installment of 100 cars of cattle from the San Angelo country. He received sixty-six cars yesterday, and these, with others to follow, will be transferred to his ranges near Woodbine. Mr. Gillett is the proprietor of the celebrated Cowboy band. He has purchased many thousand head of Texas cattle in the past year, all of which have been shipped to Kansas.

Mr. Gillett, while here, made arrangements with the Texas Cattle Raisers' association for his band to play here during the cattle convention which meets in March next. There are thirty-two musicians in this band.

Cotton Crop of 1897.

WASHINGTON, Feb. 7.—A circular issued by Statistician Hyde of the Agricultural department gives considerable information concerning the cotton crop of 1896-97, its value, amount purchased by mills and the acreage planted. It shows that the total cotton crop of 1896-97 amounted in commercial bales to 8,532,705, made up by the following states: Alabama, 833,789; Arkansas, 605,643; Florida, 48,730; Georgia, 1,209,340; Indian territory, 87,705; Kansas, 61; Kentucky, 414; Louisiana, 567,251; Mississippi, 1,201,000; Missouri, 24,119; North Carolina, 521,795; Oklahoma, 35,251; South Carolina, 936,463; Tennessee, 236,781; Texas, 2,122,701; Utah, 123; Virginia, 11,539.

The total value of the upland crop was \$285,810,606, an average price of 6 65 cents per pound of that sold, and the total value of the Sea Island crop \$6,000,958, an average price of 16.58 cents per pound. The total acreage during 1896-97 was 23,273,209, the number of bales raised 8,532,705—an average of .37 bales per acre.

The Rangers' Work.

The Texas State Rangers in the month of January made sixty-four arrests for various crimes, ranging from murder to disturbing the peace, they assisted sheriffs in different counties forty-two times, made seventy-six scouts and captured twenty-two head of stolen stock that was turned over to the rightful owners, also saddle and one buggy, and traveled during the month 5997 miles.

Mangum Son.

A move is on foot to build a Christian Church at this place. The site selected is on the little raise just east of the Court house.

The Mangum Lodge of Knights of Honor was organized last Friday night by Deputy Supreme Dictator Padgett of St. Louis. Fifty six members.

The public school came to an abrupt close last Tuesday owing to the fact that the public funds were exhausted.

Hon. W. H. (Howdy) Martin, an ex-member of congress from Eastern Texas, died at his home near Hillsboro, Saturday morning of pneumonia.

A lawyer named Hill once prosecuted an Irishman for some trivial offense. On being acquitted Pat wrote the following lines on Hill's door: "Between Hill and hell there is but one letter; and if Hill was in hell the world would be better."

About 3,000 trouser makers of New York, Brooklyn and Brownsville went on a strike Wednesday for an advance in wages. They claim that they had to work sixteen hours a day for from \$5 to \$9 a week as wages.

STUDY A PLEASURE.

TEXAS-COLORADO CHAUTAUQUA WILL COMBINE THEM.

A Trip to the Mountains, a Season of Outdoor Life, and Study Under Able Directors the Program—List of Prominent Educators Interested.

(Fort Worth Letter.)

NOTWITHSTANDING it may seem to be a very unseasonable subject, because the session is not to be held until the warm summer time has made a flight to the cool mountains, the educators of the state have taken up with the Texas-Colorado Chautauqua association with much enthusiasm and are planning for a most interesting session at some place in the mountains of the latter state next summer. The Chautauqua idea has grown and developed strength until it has covered the whole country and nearly every state now has an association of people desirous of spending a few days or a few weeks in camp life, congregated for the purpose of study under able leadership. The project to carry a large body of people to the mountains during the warmest weather is a novel one, and the enthusiasm with which prominent educators over the state have taken up with it, shows that the plan has found very general popular favor.

The foundation for this project was laid at Temple last fall by the organization of an association, among the incorporators being Geo. T. Winston, president of the University of Texas, Dr. W. F. Lloyd, president of the Polytechnic college, Fort Worth; Prof. C. B. Farrington of the Polytechnic college, Fort Worth; H. J. Frye, superintendent city schools, Weatherford; Hon. Emmett Patton, county judge of Clay county; C. D. Rice, superintendent of city schools, Belton; J. F. Kimball, principal of high school, Temple; T. E. Humphrey, principal of high school, Navasota; S. H. Flake, superintendent of city schools, Navasota; V. M. Fulton, superintendent of city schools, Cleburne; Miss Mary Bryant, teacher in high school, Dallas; J. L. Long, superintendent of city schools, Dallas, Thomas Fitzhugh, University of Texas, Austin; Ben A. Stafford, superintendent of city schools, Mineola; J. B. Nabors, principal of Oak Grove school, Dallas; J. D. Stroud, of Johnson county; Miss Narine Harris, editor of Texas School Journal, Austin; T. J. Paine, superintendent of schools, Meridian; James F. Lipscomb, principal of high school, Dallas; E. N. Tarrant, superintendent of city schools, Brenham; P. W. Horn, superintendent of city schools, Sherman; A. T. Howell, principal of schools, Dallas; Prof. Alex. Hogg, Ft. Worth; T. G. Harris, superintendent of public schools, Austin; Prof. Cecil E. Evans, of Anson; B. W. Boner, of Nocona; W. F. Rogers, superintendent of schools, Comanche; W. H. Kimbrough, superintendent of schools, Houston; Miss Florence R. Brook, principal, Austin; Miss Hattie Peacock, Fort Worth; J. C. Lattimore, president of Baylor college, Waco; C. J. Maxwell, superintendent of city schools, Kaufman; R. B. Cousins, superintendent of city schools, Mexia; W. H. Bruce, superintendent of city schools, Athens; W. W. Daffron, superintendent of city schools, Itaska; H. P. Davis, superintendent of city school, Willis Point.

The following gentlemen were elected as the officers for the first year: Geo. T. Winston, president; J. L. Long, vice-president; Eli A. Hirschfeld of Fort Worth, secretary and treasurer. It has not yet been decided where the summer school will be held, but somewhere in sight of the snow clad mountains will be chosen. The association is not for teachers alone, but for all who desire a course of education under the Chautauqua system.

We Have Read About Them.
The girl who is a dream of loveliness when she is drying her hair in the sun. The blacksmith's daughter in the country village who reads Latin, Greek and Hebrew. The poverty stricken maiden, who, gowned in simple white muslin and blue sash, outshines her better dressed sisters and is the belle of the ball. The girl whose wind-blown tresses fall in a golden shower about her alabaster neck when she takes a canter on her spirited bay. The proud beauty who scorns the attention of the humble young artist, and learns too late that he is a man of fame. The untutored maiden with the voice of a nightingale who brings the whole audience to her feet on her first appearance. The heiress who wanders about disguised as a poor girl, and falls in love with the fisherman's son. The girl with two or more madly jealous suitors who can keep them all at her beck and call and induce them to do anything by a glance of her liquid eyes.

Next at a Baptism.
A certain eminent judge who was recently re-elected, when he was asked about the facility with which he turned from one case to another, replied that he had learned that from what he saw at a baptism of colored people when he was a boy. The weather was very cold, so that to immerse the candidates they were obliged to cut away the ice. It befell that when one of the female converts was dipped back in the water the cold made her squirm about, and in a moment she slipped from the preacher's hands and was down the stream under the ice. The preacher, however, was not disconcerted. Looking up with perfect calmness at the crowd on the bank he said: "Brethren, this sister has departed—and me down another."

LIBERIA A PLAGUE SPOT.

Frightful Experience of American Negroes Who Went There.

There have just arrived in Liverpool from Liberia eight colored persons, citizens of the United States and formerly would-be citizens of the Liberian republic, says the London Mail. They told a fearful story of their distress. Seventeen months ago these poor people, whose names are G. F. Farmer and wife and Otley Waite and five children, were tempted to sell their all in America and proceed to the dark African republic, which was pictured to them as a land flowing with milk and honey. In company with 315 others they left Savannah in the American schooner Labrador. On their arrival at Liberia they soon found that it was no Canaan. Nevertheless they resolved to make the best of it, and that proved very bad indeed.

Of the 315 few are now alive. The Liberian government, indeed, granted the immigrants land, but nothing could be done with it. The land was a hot-bed of fever, and it was dangerous to live on it before one was "salted." Waite tried to cultivate a portion 18 miles from where his family lived. He was afraid to take them to his holding, as the number of abandoned white warned him of the deadliness of the place.

The immigration agents represented in their circulars that Liberia was the home of the negroes, and all were invited to come home. Gold and diamonds were said to be as common as stones in America. "But," said Waite, with a tinge of sarcasm, "I have never seen one since I have been there; I have been looking mighty hard for one."

Out of the 315 who went with him in the Labrador, ninety-three died within six months. He then lost count, but he is now of the opinion that quite half of those who went in the ship are dead. All who could went back to America, but these are few.

They had all made up their minds on board the ship to stay together and form one settlement in Liberia, but this the government officials would not allow. Waite said they were told openly that Liberians were afraid if they settled in one place they would become too powerful and take the government from the Liberian subjects.

In America they were told that the Liberian soil would grow anything, but they could only grow cassava, potatoes and coffee, and as coffee took six years to bear the emigrants could not wait. The climate, however, was terrible to the newcomers. The cry was general among all the emigrants to get back to their homes in the states. According to Waite's statement there were at present at least 500 colored Americans in Liberia who were longing to leave the country and were prevented from doing so solely on account of having no funds.

Both Farmer and Waite say if they can get back to America they will take care that no more negroes emigrate to Liberia. At present they are destitute and unless help is forthcoming they will not achieve their desire.

TOO MUCH SALT.
There Are a Great Many People Who Eat It Too Freely.
The use of salt as a condiment is so general and so universally believed in as necessary that we rarely hear a word against its excessive use, but there are a multitude of persons who eat far too much salt; eat it on everything—on meat, fish, potatoes, melons, in butter, on tomatoes, turnips and squashes, in bread and a host of foods too numerous to mention, says the Journal of Hygiene. To so great an extent is it used that no food is relished which has not a salty taste and this hides more or less the real taste, which is often very delicate.

Now, the amount of salt required in the system is comparatively small and if the diet has been rightly compounded very little is necessary. Some go so far as to discard its use altogether, but whether this is wise or not we will not here consider. What are some of the evils of the excessive use of salt? They are to paralyze the nerves of taste, or to pervert them so that they can not enjoy anything which has not a salty flavor, and in addition there is a direct tax on both the skin and the kidneys in removing it from the blood. Whether the skin is harmed by this tax we do not know. Possibly it is not greatly injured, yet we know that few people possess a healthy skin; but it is now pretty well settled that an excessive use of salt does overtax the kidneys in its removal and that the great number of cases of derangement and disease of these organs is due to this use. It takes only a little time to learn to enjoy many kinds of food without salt, and we advise our readers and others to look into this matter and try and diminish the use of this condiment as far as possible. We believe they will be better for it.

THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

INTERESTING NOTES ABOUT STAGE AND ITS PEOPLE.

Wilton Lackaye Fooled by a Pair of Innocent Looking Blue Eyes—Mascagni's New Opera Being Written in Japan—Sardou's Pamela.

RECENTLY Wilton Lackaye was playing an engagement in Washington in his new play, "The Royal Secret," and his manager advertised for a number of small boys to be at the stage door of the theater Monday morning at 11. The boys appear as acolytes in a scene of the play. In making a selection of the most presentable among the lot Mr. Lackaye's eyes lit upon a little tot who was not more than 8 years of age. His face was besmeared with dirt, but there beamed from beneath this veneer of mother earth two soft blue eyes, and with a sweet and innocent expression of countenance and curly but uncombed blonde hair and shaggy dress, he presented a picture of childish simplicity that would have been a work of art if put on canvas. Mr. Lackaye drew the little fellow to one side and as he did so the tears began to trickle down the boy's face. He was timid and abashed in the presence of the actor. Lackaye, with visions of a large family in a tenement-house, living in one room, the father dead, the mother taking in washing and possibly this lad grubbing about for sustenance, did not interrogate him as to his position, but told him to follow the other boys he had engaged and follow the directions of the stage manager. Incidentally Mr. Lackaye placed a \$5 bill in the boy's hand and said: "This is for your mother and the children at home." Tuesday night the boy did not turn up at the

theater and another boy was put in his place. Mr. Lackaye read in the Wednesday morning papers something about "one of Lackaye's young actors." This angelic youth had been arrested for playing craps in the street and enticing boys of his own age to gamble. The newspaper account said he was incorrigible, an associate of bad boys and a constant worry to his parents, and respectable people in modest circumstances. He was taken home by his father after the judge had discharged him with a reprimand.

Whenever Sardou writes a new play several actors and managers in his country break their necks to get it. It looks as if his latest might make its American purchaser wish he had broken his neck before he got it. Curious rumors reach us from the Paris Vaudeville and another boy was put in his place.

SARAH GRAND'S BICYCLE SUIT.
deville with respect to Mr. Sardou's new play, "Pamela," now in rehearsal there, a correspondent writes. We were told that when Mr. Sardou read the work the other day he shed copious tears, some of the author's friends even improving upon this by stating that everybody wept with emotion. One of the artists who were present at the reading of the work now tells a different tale. "I have no right," he said, "to express an opinion on the piece nor to divulge the plot. But I may say that Mrs. Rejane is not pleased with it. Of course, she may be mistaken. "Pamela" may prove a success, but it

has always a depressing effect on the others when the principal artist sets to work in a half-hearted fashion. "Pamela," however, will be mounted in grand style. The dresses and scenery will be truly magnificent."

Mme. Sarah Grand has rested long enough from literary labors to design a bicycle costume for her own particular use. It is modeled on the Rosalind costume and is intended for winter wear, although it can be fashioned readily enough into an attractive summer rig for the athletic girl. It is made of white fur and follows the Rosalind idea very closely. Over the shoulders is thrown the natty cloak of the Rosalind era, which can be discarded at the option of the bicyclist, but certainly adds to the smartness of the wearer's appearance. The hose and doublet are modified into tight-fitting knickerbockers of white fur and on a slender woman look extremely well.

From all places under the sun news of Mascagni's new opera comes from Japan. He is at work there upon a new opera to be called "Iris." The work will be purely Japanese in character, and Mascagni, in his new music, has endeavored to reproduce the peculiar tone effects of Japanese instruments. He spends the entire day in the celebrated instrumental collection of Baron Kraus. The problem to present to the public a score containing music that would be attractive to the European ear and lose nothing in Japanese originality has proved a real physical torture to him. The plot is as follows: A simple, charming, sweet-tempered young girl is left with an old blind father. The girl appears leading her parent into the garden, where he mutters his morning prayer while she waters the flowers. The chorus of the Musumas greets the rising sun and then betakes itself to a gentle rivulet that meanders through the landscape. The prince of the neighborhood hears of the charms and purity of Iris, and by his orders Talkomati abducts her from her home and con-

veys her to a questionable resort, where the broken-hearted father finds her. Believing that she has entered upon her new life voluntarily he pronounces a curse upon her. She is at last free from her terrible surroundings, a fugitive, still pure, but near to death's door. The curse is upon her, and on the steps of a temple where she has taken final refuge, amid the solemn music of priests and tolling of bells, Iris sings her last song and dies.

IN A MINING TOWN.

THE CONDITION AND POPULATION OF SKAGUAY.

From Chaos to Urban Order—Electricity Takes the Place of Tallow Dips and Paved and Graded Streets Replace Muddy Wastes.

(Special Letter.)
FOUR months of American enterprise has placed at the head waters of the Lynn canal a city with a population of nearly 4,000 souls, and scarcely a week passes without a adding from 100 to 200 more argonauts, all bent on the same purpose—the accumulation of gold. Some will engage in business here, while the vast majority will push onward at the first fall of snow to a country the greater part of which is unknown, and many of these poor adventurers will never again behold the light of civilization. Few appreciate the hardships confronting them, and less are prepared to meet them. Some will attempt to get over the pass and forced to abandon the attempt will return to Skaguay to engage in business here. It makes but little difference what the business is, for the professional man of yesterday may be the bartender of to-day. It is any way to make money in this most cosmopolitan city, and many a man who prided himself on his gentility and neatness at home may be handing drinks over a bar while his friends in the states suppose he is washing out gold by the pound. To those who have never been fortunate enough to witness the growth of a mining camp it is well nigh impossible to portray the rapidity with which a thriving city will be erected on ground which would have been deemed useless. Skaguay to-day and Skaguay four months ago are two different places. On the 12th day of last August there was nothing but a few tents erected on the beach, with no indications of streets and alleys, business blocks and comfortable homes. To-day nearly all classes of mercantile goods are offered for sale in stores that would do credit to any city of ten times the population; streets and alleys are properly laid out and in many cases graded, comfortable homes have been built and a church erected by the citizens. When I first saw Skaguay it was from the deck of the steamer Queen on the morning of Aug. 12. Then, by actual count, there were but twelve small tents pitched on the beach just above high-water mark. About one-half mile of tide land, as level as a floor and strewn with driftwood, met the eye until the view was interrupted by a dense forest of pine and spruce ranging from one mountain to the other. From base to base it is about three-quarters of a mile, the two walls of solid granite converging toward each other until, within three miles from the water, they nearly meet, and form a canyon through which the waters of the Skaguay river pour with unceasing roar. People then had no idea of stopping here any longer than absolutely necessary, but within the week many arrived intent on obtaining some of the cash brought in by the countless horde. The inevitable saloon and gambling den opened for business, first in large tents, with bars roughly constructed from boxes and logs, and tin cups made to answer the purpose of glasses. Such signs as "The Bonanza," "The Klondike," "The Pack Train" were prominently displayed and numerous "grafters" were constantly circulating among the crowds of newcomers, soliciting their patronage. Many were the various devices employed to reach the

order and all did a thriving business. It is a point to remark that no one has embarked in business of any nature here who has not made a success. Three wharves nearly a mile in length each have been constructed on the waterfront and passengers may now alight from steamers and walk in comfort to the business part of the town—quite a contrast to the method of disembarking passengers with their outfits on the rocks, where they were compelled to use every effort to escape the tide, which was in vogue only one month ago. The nearest postoffice was at Dyea, some five miles distant by water, and as it was rather inconvenient to go there for mail and perhaps he appointed an enterprising Yankee established a postoffice of his own, where he handed you your letters and papers at a cost of 5 cents each. This same individual, wishing to evade the laws concerning speculation in postage stamps, refused to sell them at all, but charged you 10 cents to mail a letter if he furnished the stamp and 5 cents if you furnished it. Although we have been in dire need of a government postoffice here for three months Uncle Sam has only just sent us a postmaster, who begins his duties Jan. 1. This delay on the part of the Washington officials has been the cause of no end of ridicule on the part of the many Canadians passing through here. A night in Skaguay is a night never to be forgotten, and as one visits the many dance houses and gambling rooms he will see men of every nationality and every walk in life. The slums of our largest cities seem to have opened the gates and deposited here the very lowest types of moral depravity. Electric lights now take the place of oil in most of the stores and larger buildings, and preparations are now under way to light the streets by the same agency. Seven councilmen have been elected by the people to exercise their judgment for the welfare of the city and steps have been taken to open a public school. Ordinary business is conducted here on everyday business principles, and it is safe to predict

A SLIPPERY WALK.
pockets of the tenderfeet, and most prominent of all was the "shell man," who conducted his business on top of a barrel. An enterprising Juneau party brought in a large stock of general merchandise and the success with which he met induced others to follow the same legitimate lines of business. The first manufacturing plant to be established was a sawmill and as soon as lumber could be produced frame buildings sprang up in every direction and the tents fast disappeared. A civil engineer hung out his shingle and, styling himself "city engineer," was sought on all sides by people anxious to secure a town lot. This necessitated the proper platting of the town and lots were taken up for two miles in the timber, where then it was deemed so far in the wilderness that they would be useless, but now those same lots are selling at \$75 or \$100. Hotels and restaurants were next in

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Adelaide and Leon Herrmann have received a flattering offer from Imre Kiralfy, director-general for the London exposition beginning in May.

It Runs Both Ways.
Parson (to young man entering pool-room)—"My dear boy, I'm exceedingly sorry to see you on the downward path." Young Man (who holds winning ticket)—"Oh, that's all right about the downward path, but I'm going in the opposite direction."

A Hopeless Case.
He—"Miss Dimples is rather vain, is she not?" She—"Vain! Well, I should remark! Why, that girl actually wears out a mirror every three weeks looking at herself!"

They All Do It.
Lady—"Don't you do anything for a living?" Tramp—"Yes'm; I canvass."
Lady—"What do you canvass for?" Tramp—"My livin'."

IN A MINING TOWN.

THE CONDITION AND POPULATION OF SKAGUAY.

From Chaos to Urban Order—Electricity Takes the Place of Tallow Dips and Paved and Graded Streets Replace Muddy Wastes.

(Special Letter.)
FOUR months of American enterprise has placed at the head waters of the Lynn canal a city with a population of nearly 4,000 souls, and scarcely a week passes without a adding from 100 to 200 more argonauts, all bent on the same purpose—the accumulation of gold. Some will engage in business here, while the vast majority will push onward at the first fall of snow to a country the greater part of which is unknown, and many of these poor adventurers will never again behold the light of civilization. Few appreciate the hardships confronting them, and less are prepared to meet them. Some will attempt to get over the pass and forced to abandon the attempt will return to Skaguay to engage in business here. It makes but little difference what the business is, for the professional man of yesterday may be the bartender of to-day. It is any way to make money in this most cosmopolitan city, and many a man who prided himself on his gentility and neatness at home may be handing drinks over a bar while his friends in the states suppose he is washing out gold by the pound. To those who have never been fortunate enough to witness the growth of a mining camp it is well nigh impossible to portray the rapidity with which a thriving city will be erected on ground which would have been deemed useless. Skaguay to-day and Skaguay four months ago are two different places. On the 12th day of last August there was nothing but a few tents erected on the beach, with no indications of streets and alleys, business blocks and comfortable homes. To-day nearly all classes of mercantile goods are offered for sale in stores that would do credit to any city of ten times the population; streets and alleys are properly laid out and in many cases graded, comfortable homes have been built and a church erected by the citizens. When I first saw Skaguay it was from the deck of the steamer Queen on the morning of Aug. 12. Then, by actual count, there were but twelve small tents pitched on the beach just above high-water mark. About one-half mile of tide land, as level as a floor and strewn with driftwood, met the eye until the view was interrupted by a dense forest of pine and spruce ranging from one mountain to the other. From base to base it is about three-quarters of a mile, the two walls of solid granite converging toward each other until, within three miles from the water, they nearly meet, and form a canyon through which the waters of the Skaguay river pour with unceasing roar. People then had no idea of stopping here any longer than absolutely necessary, but within the week many arrived intent on obtaining some of the cash brought in by the countless horde. The inevitable saloon and gambling den opened for business, first in large tents, with bars roughly constructed from boxes and logs, and tin cups made to answer the purpose of glasses. Such signs as "The Bonanza," "The Klondike," "The Pack Train" were prominently displayed and numerous "grafters" were constantly circulating among the crowds of newcomers, soliciting their patronage. Many were the various devices employed to reach the

order and all did a thriving business. It is a point to remark that no one has embarked in business of any nature here who has not made a success. Three wharves nearly a mile in length each have been constructed on the waterfront and passengers may now alight from steamers and walk in comfort to the business part of the town—quite a contrast to the method of disembarking passengers with their outfits on the rocks, where they were compelled to use every effort to escape the tide, which was in vogue only one month ago. The nearest postoffice was at Dyea, some five miles distant by water, and as it was rather inconvenient to go there for mail and perhaps he appointed an enterprising Yankee established a postoffice of his own, where he handed you your letters and papers at a cost of 5 cents each. This same individual, wishing to evade the laws concerning speculation in postage stamps, refused to sell them at all, but charged you 10 cents to mail a letter if he furnished the stamp and 5 cents if you furnished it. Although we have been in dire need of a government postoffice here for three months Uncle Sam has only just sent us a postmaster, who begins his duties Jan. 1. This delay on the part of the Washington officials has been the cause of no end of ridicule on the part of the many Canadians passing through here. A night in Skaguay is a night never to be forgotten, and as one visits the many dance houses and gambling rooms he will see men of every nationality and every walk in life. The slums of our largest cities seem to have opened the gates and deposited here the very lowest types of moral depravity. Electric lights now take the place of oil in most of the stores and larger buildings, and preparations are now under way to light the streets by the same agency. Seven councilmen have been elected by the people to exercise their judgment for the welfare of the city and steps have been taken to open a public school. Ordinary business is conducted here on everyday business principles, and it is safe to predict

A SUBURBAN RESIDENCE.
that by the 1st of August, 1898, there will be at least 10,000 residents in Skaguay.

BELONGS TO DEAD AGES.
Croyland Bridge in England is Triangular.

The triangular bridge at Croyland, in Lincolnshire, says Lloyd's Newspaper, is probably not only the most ancient bridge in England, but, on account of its peculiar construction, one of the greatest curiosities in Europe. It is built in the middle of the town, at the confluence of the Welland and the Nene. The plan of the bridge is formed by three squares and an equilateral triangle, about which they are placed. It has three fronts, three thoroughfares over and three under it. There are the same number of abutments at equal distances, from which the three half arches, each composed of three ribs meeting in the center at the top. Seen from any point of view a pointed arch appears in front. Antiquaries—often fanciful writers—have suggested that the piece of masonry was built as an emblem of the Holy Trinity, for, though the bridge possesses three arches, it yet properly has but one groined arch. More matter-of-fact archaeological authors hold the structure to have been designed as a starting place for measuring ecclesiastical boundaries, with the additional utility of forming a support for a market cross. An exceptionally interesting feature of the bridge is a much-weather-worn effigy, traditionally said to be a representation of King Ethelbald. The rudeness of the design, the uncouthness of the headdress and drapery, lead to the conclusion of the effigy being a genuine Saxon sculpture. Placed in a sitting posture at the end of the southwest wall, the figure is embellished with a crown. In one of Eldred's charters the triangular bridge of Croyland was mentioned, but that now existing is supposed to be, from its style of architecture, of the time of Edward I. The statue must be of much greater antiquity. Croyland, 10 miles south of Spalding and eight and a half north of Peterborough, should greatly interest artists and lovers of antique associations.

Discovering the Unseen.
The most remarkable bit of calculation ever done by human being is that attributed to the famous British astronomer, Prof. Adams. The scientist had observed certain peculiar perturbations of the planet Uranus. He could explain the phenomenon only by the presence of another great planet, unknown to science, somewhere in the heavens. Then began the "figuring" referred to. When the calculation had been completed Dr. Galle of Berlin pointed his big telescope at the place in the heavens indicated, and there the gigantic planet—Neptune—sixty times as large as the earth and 2,500,000,000 miles away from it. Scientific achievement like this seems to border on the supernatural.

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ANNA ROBINSON.

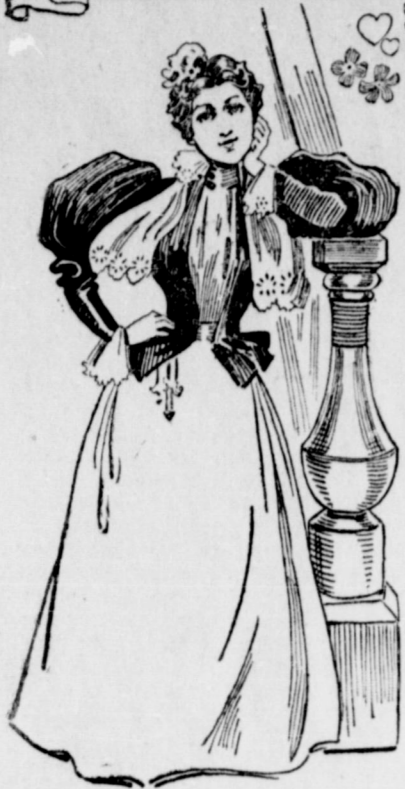


SARAH GRAND'S BICYCLE SUIT.



A SLIPPERY WALK.

POLLY'S VALENTINE.



Polly by the oaken newel
Kisses, thinking no one nigh!
O to catch the dainty jewel,
Kiss her on the sly!

Very cautiously and still I
Tiptoe, making not a sign,
And I hear—"I wonder will I
Get a Valentine?"

Faith, she's sure to have one proffered!
What will winsome Polly say?
Will she scorn my heart if offered
On the good Saint's day?

Harry Peabody



THE LOST YEARS.



Two crimson spots appeared upon Miss Jemima's pale face when she heard the gatelatch click. She knew that her brother was bringing in the mail, and as he entered the room she bent lower over her work, her crochet needle flew faster and she coughed a slight cough.

She knew, without looking up, that her brother brought in a pile of valentines in his hand, and that when presently he should have finished distributing them to his eager sons and daughters, her nephews and nieces, he would come and bring one to her—or else? He would not do this last. It was this dread that brought the crimson spots to her cheeks.

If there was one for her he would presently come, and leaning over her shoulder, he would say, as he dropped upon her lap the larger, handsomer one than all the others: "This looks mighty suspicious, Sis Mimie."

Each year for seven years her brother had tenderly handed his sister her valentine. After he had seen the look of pain and confusion that followed his playful teasing in presenting the first one, he had never more than relieved the moment by a passing jest.

The regular coming of "Aunt Jemima's valentine" was a mystery in the household.

It had been thirteen years since she had quarreled with Eli Taylor, her lover, and they had parted in anger, never to meet again. Since then she had stayed at home and quietly grown old.

Fourteen years ago she had been in the flush of this, her only romance, and St. Valentine's day had brought a great, thick envelope, in which lay, fragrant with perfume, a gorgeous valentine.

The oldest children had been very small when this resplendent confection had come into their home. Some of them had not been born, but they had all grown up in the knowledge of it.

Shortly after she received it there arose a foolish lovers' quarrel—Eli had gone away in anger—and that had been the end.

Disputes over trifles are the hardest to mend, each party finding it difficult to forgive the other for being angry for so slight a cause.

And so the years had passed. For ten long years the beautiful valentine had lain carefully put away.



"THIS LOOKS MIGHTY SUSPICIOUS, SIS MIMIE."

For five years Jemima had looked at it with tearful eyes and a hardened heart. And then came the memorable first anniversary when the children of the household began to celebrate the day, and tiny comic pictured pages began flitting in from their school sweethearts.

In the youthful merriment of those budding romances Miss Jemima seemed to see a sort of reflection of her own long-ago joy, and in the faint glow of it she felt impelled to go to her own room and to lock the door and look at the old valentine.

With a new, strange tremor about her heart and an unsteady hand she took it out, and when in the light of awakened emotion she saw once more

its time-stained face and caught its musty odor, she seemed to realize again the very body of her lost love, and for the first time in all the years the fountains of her sorrow were broken up, and she sobbed her tired heart out over the old valentine.

Is there a dead-hearted woman in all God's beautiful world, I wonder, who would not weep again, if she could, over some of life's yellowing symbols—symbols of love gone by, of passion cooled—who would not feel almost as if in the recovery of her tears she had found joy again?

For the first time since the separation, she clasped the valentine to her bosom and called her lover's name over and over again, sobbing it, without hope, as one in the death agony.

Miss Jemima, in her suddenly realized young-love setting, had become, to her own consciousness, old and of a date gone by.

But there is apt to come a time in



THE FOUNTAINS OF HER SORROW WERE BROKEN.

the life of the live single woman of forty—if she be alive enough—when in the face of even negative and affectionate disparagement she is moved to declare herself.

One thing, indeed, it was to own a yellow, time-stained valentine, and quite a different one to be of the dimpled through who crowded the Jonesville postoffice on Valentine's day.

"I reckon them young ones would think it was perfectly re-dic'ous ef I was to git a valentine at my time of life," Miss Jemima said, aloud, to her looking glass one morning. It was the day before St. Valentine of the year following her day of tears.

"But I'll show 'em!" she added, with some resolution, as she turned to her bureau drawer.

And she did show them. On the next day a great envelope addressed to Miss Jemima Martha Sprague came in with the package of lesser favors, and Miss Jemima suddenly found herself the absorbing center of a new interest—an interest that after having revolved about her awhile flew off in suspicion toward every superannuated bachelor or widower within a radius of thirty miles of Jonesville.

For ten years her self-sent valentine was a mystery to the other members of the family.

As the years passed, if her brother began to suspect, he made no sign of it save in an added tenderness. And, of course, he could not know.

On the anniversary upon which this little record of her life had opened, the situation was somewhat exceptional.

The valentine had hitherto always been mailed in Jonesville—her own town. This postmark had been noted and commented upon, and yet it had seemed impossible to have it otherwise. But this year, in spite of many complications and difficulties, she had resolved that the envelope should tell a new story.

The farthest point from which, within her possible acquaintance, it would naturally hail was the railroad town of—let us call it Hope.

The extreme difficulty in the case lay in the fact that the postoffice here was kept by her old lover, Eli Taylor.

Here, for ten years, he had lived his reticent bachelor days, selling plows and garden seed and cotton prints and patent medicines, and keeping postoffice in a small corner of his store.

As Miss Jemima pondered upon the thought of sending herself a valentine through her old lover's hands, the col-

or of the scheme began to change from impossible green to rosy red.

Instead of dreading, she began adventurously to desire this thing.

But the only possible plan by which she could manage secretly to have the valentine mailed in Hope—a plan over which she had lost sleep, and in which she had been finally aided by an illiterate colored servant going there, to return next day—it must reach her on the day before Valentine's. This day had come and gone, and her valentine had not returned to her. Had the negro failed to mail it? Had it remained all night in the postoffice—in possession of her lover? Would she ever see it again? Would her brother ever, ever, ever get through with the children and finish giving out their valentines?

Miss Jemima had not long to wait, and yet it seemed an age, before the distribution was over, and she felt rather than saw her brother moving in her direction.

"Bigger an' purtier one 'n ever for Aunt 'Mimie this time—looks to me like," he said, as at last he laid the great envelope upon her trembling knee.

"Don't reckon it's anything extra—in partic'lar," she answered, not at all knowing what she said, as she continued her work, leaving the valentine where he had dropped it: not touching it, indeed, until she presently wound up her yarn in answer to the supper-bell. Then she took it, with her work-basket, into her own room, and dropping it into her upper bureau drawer, turned the key.

As she sat to-night looking at the outside of the envelope, turning it over and over in her thin hands, great hot tears fell upon it and ran down upon her fingers, but she did not heed them.

It was even dearer now than ever before, after this recent passage through her lover's hands. At this thought she raised it lovingly and laid it against her cheek. Could he have handled it and passed it on without a thought of her? Impossible. And since he had thought of her, what must have been the nature of his thoughts? Was he jealous—jealous because somebody else was sending his old sweetheart a valentine?

This year's envelope, selected with great pains and trouble from a sample catalogue and ordered from a distant city, was a fine affair profusely decorated with love symbols.

For a long time Miss Jemima sat enjoying the luxury of nearness to her lover that the unopened envelope had brought her before she felt inclined to confront the far-away romance typified by the yellowed sheet within. And yet she wanted to see even this again—to realize its recovery.

And so, with thoughts both eager and fearful, she finally inserted a hair-pin carefully in the envelope, ripping it open delicately on two sides, so that it might come out without injury to its frail, perforated edges. Then, carefully holding its sides apart, she shook it.

And now—Something happened. One of God's best traits is that He doesn't tell all He knows—and sees.

How Miss Jemima felt or acted, whether she screamed or fainted, no one will ever know, when, instead of the familiar pictured thing, there fell into her lap a beautiful, brand-new valentine.

It was certainly a long time before she recovered herself enough to take the strange thing into her hands, and when she did so, it was with fingers that trembled so violently that a bit of paper that came within the valentine fluttered and fell beyond her reach. There it lay for fully several minutes before she had strength to move from her seat to recover it.

There was writing on the fluttering fragment, but what it was and why Miss Jemima wept over it and read it again and again are other trifling things that perhaps God does well not to tell.

The details of other people's romances are not always interesting to outsiders.

However in this particular case, it may be interesting to know that the woman who took charge of the old



SHE LAID IT LOVINGLY AGAINST HER CHEEK.

lover's room in Hope and who had an investigating way with her, produced seven or eight torn scraps of paper collected at this period from his scrap basket, on each one of which was written, in slightly varying terms, bits of rough sketches of a note in which occurred broken sentences like the following:—"sending you this new valentine just as hearty as I sent the old one eighteen years—"

"You sha'n't never want for a fresh one again every year long as I live, unless you take—"

"—if you want the old one back again and me along with it."

Miss Jemima posted a note on the following day, and a good many inter-

esting things happened in quick succession. And then?

There was a little, quiet, middle-aged wedding in the church on Easter Sunday. It was the old lover's idea to have it then, as he said their happiness was a resurrection from the dead, and belonged to the Easter season, and there was no one to object.

Miss Jemima showed her new valentine to the family before the wedding came off, but in spite of all their coaxing and begging, she observed a rigid reticence in regard to all those that had come between that and the old one; and so, seeing the last one actually in evidence, and rejoicing in her happiness, they would only smile and whisper that they supposed he and she had been "quar'lin' it out on them valentines."

"I aint fitten for you, Jemmy, honey, no mo'n I was eighteen years ago," he said, his arm timidly locking her chair, the night before the wedding, "but ef you keered enough about me to warm over the little valentine I sent you nigh twenty year ago, and to make out to live on it, I reckon I can keep you supplied with jest ez good ez thet, fresh every day an' hour. But befo' I take you into church I want to call yo' attention to the fac' thet I'm a criminal li'ble to the state's prison for openin' yo' mail—an' if you say so, why, I'll haf to go."

"Well, Eli," Miss Jemima answered, quite seriously, "ef you're li'ble to state's prison for what you have done, I don't know but I am worthy to go to a hotter place—for the deceit I've practiced."

"Well," said Eli, "I reckon of the truth was told, the place where we jest nachelly both b'long is the insane asylum—for the ejlits we've acted. When I reflect that I might 'a' been ez happy ez I am now eighteen year ago, an' think about all the time we've lost— Well— How comes it that Easter comes so late this year, anyhow?"

FINIS.



FRANK VALENTINE

IN a February morning, in the classic days of old,

A gallant youth sat dreaming of a maid with curls of gold.

Her voice was sweeter than a flute, her step was like a queen's.

And not a waist in all the town was neat as Eveleen's.

Of before her lived window in the snowdrifts or the dew

He had lingered, looking fondly at the tapers shining through,

But the maiden was as bashful as her beauty was divine,

So now he sought to woo her with a dainty valentine.

Before him on the table lay a rose of velvet red,

A fillet wrought of silver just to fit her curly head,

A string of coral, rosy like her glowing finger tips,

And frosted sugar plums to melt like kisses on her lips.

And yet he could not make a choice, till Cupid, straying near,

Behind his gilded quiver hid a smile that held a sneer;

"Go write," he said, "a pretty note, and ask her to be thine,

And seal it with a kiss to send by old St. Valentine."

The lover took a scented sheet, in hue of palest pink,

And on it with a slender quill he wrote in blackest ink:

"Dear Eveleen—sweet Eveleen! thy name is my delight,

It maketh music in my heart from morning until night.

'Tis mating time for all the birds, and happy things are they,

But I am left a lonely man to sigh my life away—

To sigh my life away, my love, if thou wilt not be mine.

Oh, come to me, fair Eveleen, and be my Valentine!"

Across the purple eventide, and over hill and dale

The moon, a silver crescent, flung her glory like a veil.

And still he sat a-dreaming of the lips he longed to kiss,

When inward swung the oaken door— what vision fair was this?

A slight and graceful figure all in ruby velvet dressed,

With a tear upon her lashes, and a lily on her breast.

He felt her arms about him in their snowy whiteness twine;

"I come to thee, my dearest love, to be thy Valentine!"

Oh, ye laggard lover pining like the youth of olden times

For a shy and lovely maiden, find a lesson in my rhymes,

Do not woo her at a distance, sighing at her garden gate,

Lest another boldly enters and you find yourself too late.

Do not send her cards of satin scattered o'er with flying doves,

And a wreath of roses tended by a host of dimpled Loves,

But a frankly written letter, with your heart in every line;

And she will come, like Eveleen, and be your Valentine.

—Minna Irving.

"Love never dieth." We learn this as a promise. We get, after such suffering as involves as it were a new birth and other faculties, to know it as experience.—George S. Merriam.

IS A MICHIGAN MAN.

NEWEST MEMBER OF THE INTER STATE COMMERCE.

Mark S. Brewer the Son of a Wolverine Pioneer—One of the Old-Time Defenders of the Greenback—His Selection Not Unexpected.



MARK S. Brewer, who has been appointed member of the United States civil service commission, is the son of a Michigan pioneer, and was bred when living in the state meant hardship and struggle. Until he was 20 he lived on the family farm, and at that age he went to Rome to finish his education. Mr. Brewer began the study of law in 1861 with W. L. Webber of East Saginaw, and after he was qualified to practice he went to Pontiac and entered into partnership with M. E. Crofoot. He was state senator in 1872, and in 1876 he was elected to congress to represent the sixth district of Michigan. He was in congress until 1881. In June of that year he was appointed consul general at Berlin. In 1886 Mr. Brewer was again elected to congress and ran 1,200 votes ahead of his ticket. He is a "Greenbacker."

The selection of Mr. Brewer for the civil service commission is not regarded with surprise. He and the president are old friends. Mr. Brewer stumped Ohio when President McKinley was running for governor. When the president was in congress he and Mr. Brewer had adjoining seats and were in many other ways brought together. Mr. Brewer's abilities for the duties of the place is unquestionable.

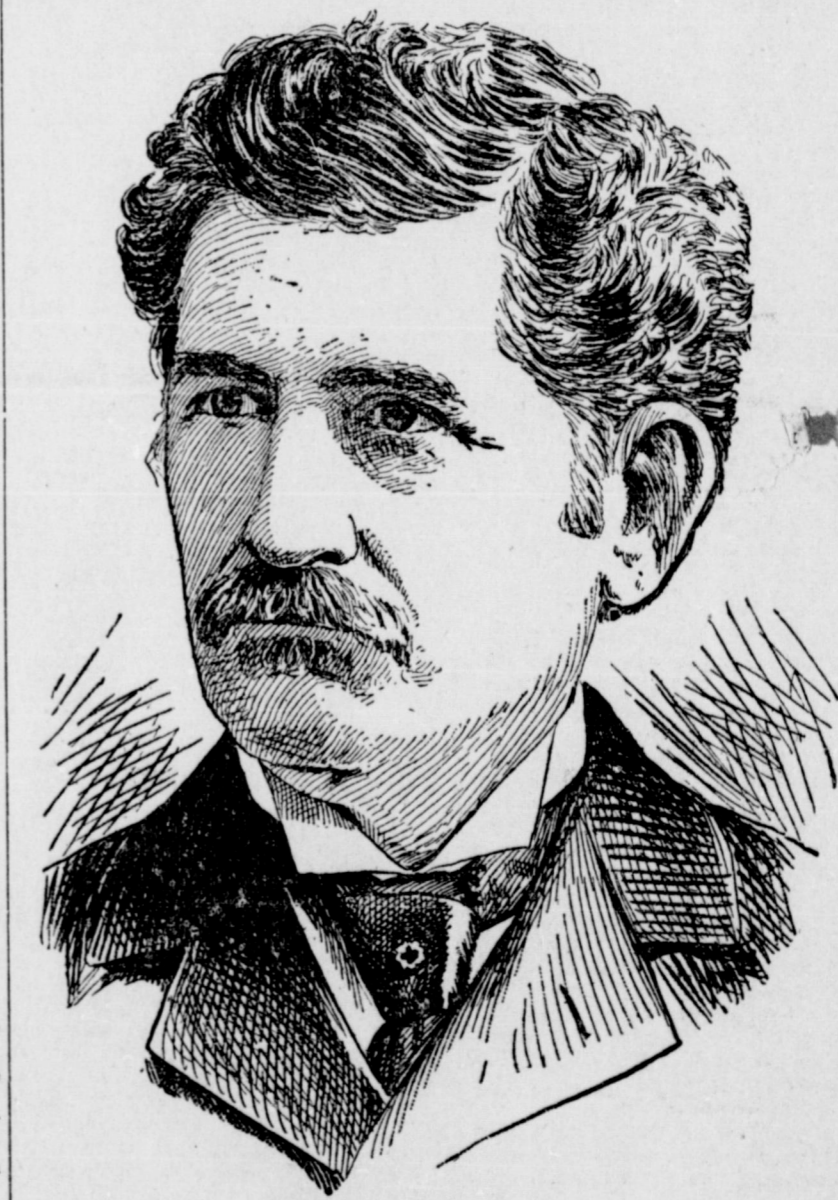
Hawthorne's Bear Story.

In "Hawthorne's First Diary," begun at his home in Raymond, Maine, when he was a small boy, he tells a

CADDIES' CHARACTERISTICS.

Dissertation Upon the Indispensable Impement of Golfing.

A caddie is a highly important adjunct to the game of golf. This information is for the benefit of the solitary few to whom golf is an occult pastime and it may further be added that this kind of caddie has no connection with teapots, says the London Mail. Golf may be played without a caddie and it may also be played in a frock coat and without other club than a "driver," but the thing, to say the least of it, is not orthodox. A caddie is usually from 12 to 18 years old—only when he is the latter age he looks 12. It goes without saying that he is Scotch, if not by birth or race, then at least by temperament. In fact, in golf wisdom, in reticence even amounting to dignity, he is stupendous. When and how he acquires all these virtues and how readily you might mistake this ragged, unkempt-looking urchin for an ordinary boy, are to the writer's mind, among the marvels and mysteries of golf. It has been observed by many, Mr. Andrew Lang among the number, that, however badly you play the game, the caddie does not despise you for it, but, on the contrary, contemplates you with a large sympathy and charity. It is not, however, to be gainsaid that the bad play of the player who has engaged him at even eightpence an hour (small pay that for a Cromer, Prestwick or St. Andrews caddie) occasionally makes the caddie marvel, but it is an honest, genuine, unobtrusive surprise. When you maladroitly land a ball in the middle of a bunker he does not exclaim: "Well, of all the duffers I ever saw you are the very worst!" He merely looks after the ball with wide-open eyes, as if its getting into the bunker were a mystery not easily explained. Remember that a caddie is not a hireling but a colleague. Remember that he is terribly in earnest and expects you to be the same. At St. Andrews the caddies are almost a hereditary caste. They are all



MARK S. BREWER.

bear story, which is vouched for by his editor. Hawthorne gives it as follows: Mr. Henry Turner of Otisfield took his ax and went out between Saturday and Moose ponds, to look at some pine trees. A rain had just taken effect enough of the snow to lay bare the roots of a part of the trees. Under a large root there seemed to be a cavity, and on examining closely, something was exposed very much like long black hair. He cut off the root, saw the nose of a bear, and killed him, pulled out the body, saw another, killed him, and dragged out the carcass, when he found that there was a third one in the den, and that he was thoroughly awake, too; but as soon as the head came into sight it was split open with the ax, so that Mr. Turner alone, with only an ax, killed three bears in less than half an hour, the youngest being a good sized one, and what the hunters call a yearling.

This is a pretty great bear story, but probably true, and happened only a few weeks ago; for John Patch, who was here with his father, Captain Len Patch, who lives within two miles of Saturday Pond, told me so yesterday.

An Expert Bore.

Barthe, the French dramatic author, was remarkable for his selfishness. He was so completely wrapped up in the consciousness of his own importance as to be often strangely insensible of the wants and woes of others. Calling upon a friend whose opinion he wished to have regarding his new comedy, he found him dying, but, notwithstanding, proposed to rec'd the play. "Consider," said the man, "I have not more than an hour to live." "Ay," replied Barthe, "but this will occupy only half that time."

Artificial Marble.

Mr. Bruhl, the United States consul at Catania, Sicily, describes the manufacture of artificial black marble, as it is now carried on in that city. Catania is overlooked by the great volcano, Etna, and this mountain has furnished part of the material employed. Common white sandstone is cut into the desired shapes, and these are placed in an iron tank upon a heavy wire grating. Then the tank is filled with a molten mixture of volcanic asphalt and coal tar. This is kept boiling for 36 hours, when the stones are taken out, cooled, dried and polished. It is difficult, Mr. Bruhl says, to distinguish stones thus treated from genuine black marble, but the cost is much less.

The Sudbury river aqueduct in 350 days has delivered 14,857,300,000 gallons to Chestnut Hill Reservoir, and 35,500,000 to Lake Cochituate.

Loyal as Well as Industrious.
In order to test the loyalty of ants to each other Sir John Lubbock once made fifty of them drunk and incapable, and then drew the attention of twenty-five sober ones to their condition. The twenty-five buckled down and carried the fifty home to bed.

Vision of an Eagle.
The eagle is able to look at the sun without blinking by means of a thin, semitransparent veil, which the bird can draw instantaneously over its eye. It does not obstruct the sight.

Vankees Going to Klondike.
In every New England town there are persons who are planning to go to the Klondike region next spring.

\$100 Reward, \$100.
The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical profession. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of Testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.
Society girls should remember that they will soon be twenty-eight years old, and looking for a job.

Immense Shipment of Potatoes.
The John A. Salzer Seed Company, La Crosse, Wis., have shipped within 25 days 1,400 barrels of their celebrated Salzer's Earliest 6 Weeks Market Potatoes to Texas customers. This potato has the reputation of being the earliest, the finest flavored and the heaviest producing early potato in the country.

There is usually more talk than money in a politician's barrel.

Headache Quickly Cured.
Dr. Davis' Anti-Headache never fails, 25c.

No one can lay claim to being a thoroughbred who objects to cheese because it smells bad.

We will forfeit \$1,000 if any of our published testimonials are proven to be not genuine. THE PISO CO., Warren, Pa.

A boy can ride a bicycle whether he owns one or not, but a girl has to have her own wheel to learn on.

Smoke Sledge Cigarettes, 20 for 5c.

Not only people find fault with you who have a right to, but many who have no right to, do the same thing.

FITS Permanently Cured. Notice of nervousness after first day's use of Dr. King's Great Nerve Restorer. Send for FREE \$2.00 trial bottle and treatise. Dr. R. H. King, Ltd., 531 Arch St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Judging from the manner in which the revolver figures in it, love is fatal in more cases than appendicitis.

Don't Tobacco Spit and Smoke Your Life Away.
To quit tobacco easily and forever, be magnetic, full of life, nerve and vigor, take No-To-Bac, the wonder worker, that makes weak men strong. All druggists, 50c or \$1. Cure guaranteed. Booklet and sample free. Address Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or New York.

If you can avoid being silly, you'd better do it.

THE MAN WHO LIVED.

He should have been dead.

But he wasn't, because

"There's nothing succeeds like success." There is no withstanding the living argument of the man who should be dead, who isn't dead, but who would be dead, but for a preserving medicine. This is about the way it seemed to strike Editor Lawrence, of the Ohio Farmer, Cleveland, Ohio. He was afflicted with one of those colds that have, thousands of times over, culminated in consumption, when not promptly cured. In this condition he met a friend, a consumptive, whom he had not expected to see alive. The consumptive friend recommended Dr. J. C. Ayer's Cherry Pectoral for the editor's cold, on the ground that it had "helped him wonderfully." It helped the editor just as wonderfully, giving "almost instant relief." But read his letter:

"About two months ago, I was afflicted with a bad cold, and, meeting a friend, he advised the use of Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, which, he claimed, had helped him wonderfully. As he was a consumptive, whom I had not expected to see alive for several years, I concluded there must be merit in this preparation. Accordingly, I bought a couple of bottles, one of which I keep on my desk all the time. This is certainly the best remedy for a cold I ever used. It gives almost instant relief, and the J. C. Ayer Co. are to be congratulated on possessing the formula for such a very valuable remedy."—W. H. LAWRENCE, Editor, The Ohio Farmer, Cleveland, Ohio.

AGENTS WANTED TO SELL "OUR NATIVE HERBS"
The Great Blood Purifier and Liver Regulator 200 Day's Treatment \$1.00.
Containing a Registered Guarantee.
32-page Book and Testimonials FREE.
Sent by mail, postage paid.
THE ALONZO O. BLISS CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.
Not Sold by Druggists.

Jerry's SEEDS
grow paying crops because they're fresh and always the best. For sale everywhere. Refuse substitutes. Stick to Jerry's Seeds and prosper. 1895 Seed Annual Free. Write for it.
B. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

W. N. U. - DALLAS - NO. 7-1898
When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention This Paper

Text Didn't Apply.
Mrs. Northside was telling about the trouble Mrs. Manchester was having with her maids and was apparently taking much pleasure out of her difficulties. You should not be glad because Mrs. Manchester is in trouble," said Mr. Northside. "You should remember that the Bible says, 'Rejoice not when thine enemy falleth.'" "Oh, that's all right," replied Mrs. Northside briskly. "Mrs. Manchester isn't an enemy at all. She is my dearest friend."—Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.

MEDILL AND MUD.

The Old War-Horse of Journalism Discovered the Virtue of a New Medicinal Variety.
There are only a few of them left. Since Chas. A. Dana's death, "Joe" Medill, the old war-horse of the Chicago Tribune, is the chief surviving representative of the old school of virile, aggressive editorial giants.

To have mud thrown at them was part of the profession at all times, but to find health in mud is rather a novel innovation. That is what "Joe" Medill has been doing of late, and he feels that if his old friend Dana had found the same source of vitality in time he might be aiding with us still.

Mr. Medill is an investigator and when the stories of the miraculous Magno-Mud at Indiana Mineral Springs began to spread over the country, the great editor became interested and eventually decided to try this mysterious substance on his own rheumatic limbs, and, well, it's value. He was accompanied by his private physician, Dr. Foros Jankianian, a young Armenian scientist of high attainment. The great editor was mud-mummified daily for several weeks and gained visibly in weight, strength and vitality. The chief evidence of his recovery was a series of editorial sledge-hammer blows, which made the opposition tremble.

The final result of the experiment was an unqualified success. "Joe" Medill went back to Chicago in September, and wrote an editorial about Magno-Mud with his own hand. Next, he sent his son-in-law, R. S. McCormick, down for a little of the mud-treatment. In November he went down again, and since the new last horse is completed he expects to be a regular visitor four times a year.

This mud-treatment in which Mr. Medill found so much virtue, is peculiar, yet logical. After all, every form of life springs from the earth, which is the great destroyer and assimilator of dead and effete matter. All life is fed at the breast of Mother Earth. At the Indiana Mineral Springs is a beautiful little natural amphitheater, the slopes being grown with magnificent oaks. At the foot of the converging hills, a big Lithian spring gushes forth at the rate of 300 barrels a day and floods the soil, which consists of a rich, black porous loam, which by the deciduous foliage of the oak trees, this peculiar soil saturated with humeral salts for ages, is as soluble as sugar, and being devoid of clay is not sticky in the least. It is not, therefore, in any sense related to the conventional mud of the road-way, of the Chicago street or the variety which clings to your boots.

The mud is applied to the patient on a cot, the subject being entirely encased in the substance, steamed to proper temperature. It then acts as a potent stimulant to the skin, superficial blood vessels, nerves, opening the pores and lithiating the blood, dissolving all uric acid deposits. No hing can be simpler or more rational. Mr. Medill at the time of his last visit shared the benefits of the mud-treatment with several other shining lights from Chicago. His professional colleague, Win. Penn Nixon, late of the Inter-Ocean, now Penn Nixon, of the Fort of Chicago is another mud-devotee. So is Ex-Gov. John P. Altgeld, which shows that mud is more powerful than politics, because it unites in a common purpose two men, who are, politically not exactly bed-fellows.

The people who are barred out of society have more fun making fun of society than those who are in it.

FARM AND STOCK ITEMS.

Cleburne, up to a few days ago received 18,212 bales of cotton from wagons against 9200 bales last year. One gin in the town baled 3940 bales this season.

The Smith County Fruit and Vegetable Growers' association met a few days ago in Tyler. The committee appointed at the last meeting to ascertain the increase in acreage of early vegetables reported that the acreage would be increased threefold over that of last year. The subject of transportation was taken up and the representative of the American Refrigerating Transit company addressed the meeting on that subject, stating that his company would have at Tyler in a few days an expert in transplanting tomato plants, also an expert packer who would give the shippers the benefit of his experience in packing fruits and vegetables for shipment.

Eleven cars of good hogs were received at the stock yards in Fort Worth a few days ago, nearly all being Texas raised stock. The demand for good stock is excessive, and but for the fact that the market there is controlled entirely by quotations of eastern meats, prices would go up many points. The shipping of mules to Louisiana is getting to be quite a feature. During the past few days about 200 head have been shipped into that state through the stockyards at Fort Worth, and it is learned that satisfactory prices have been realized for each and every shipment. The mules raised in this state are in great demand in Louisiana, as the people there need a light, active mule generally, to haul their cane and other light products.

The crop-mortgage is strictly opposed by the farmers in Wilbarger county. They are of the opinion that it paralyzes the energies of the farmer and throws the profit arising from his labor into the hands of the banker, instead of into the farmer's pocket. It is stated that few, if any, mortgages will be given in that county on this year's crop. The county has had fine rains and the farmers are busy plowing. Wheat will be sown mostly, more hogs will be raised than during any previous year. The health of the section is so good that the medical fraternity have taken to planting wheat.

Hunting coyotes with horses and dogs is getting to be quite the fashionable sport in Tom Green county. Many have been killed in that way this winter, stag-hounds being found to be the most serviceable dogs for the sport. Coyotes have played such havoc with the young lambs that energetic measures have been found necessary. It is claimed by sheepmen that one coyote can destroy fifty head of lambs in a year's time. The little wolf by no means devours the carcass but contents himself with sucking the blood from its throat. These wolves are also deadly to the interests of the swine raiser. A litter of pigs under the protection of the mother is safe from any ordinary onslaught, but two or three will attack the mother at once and succeed in stealing all of her pigs.

It has been customary in the south for a farmer who desires to increase the amount of his crop to buy more land, or put the plow into some of his pasture land. This plan is not the best one, except in cases where the capacity of the soil already in cultivation has been taxed to its utmost. Fifty acres can be made to produce as much under high, as one hundred under average tillage, as it is far more economical to produce the desired increase of output from the lands already under the plow than to add to the surface area at heavy expense. When more land is wanted, go down for it—no heavy cash outlay is required and no deed of trust applies. An acre is a regular or irregular pyramid with its apex at the earth's center. You can go as deep for plant food as you like, and thus practically increase the area.—Texas Farm and Ranch.

A prominent farmer of Navarro county states that the farmers of that county are turning their attention more to grain and hogs than they ever have before, and propose to cut down the cotton acreage as much as they possibly can consistent with their needs. He says it is the only crop they can get advances on and therefore are compelled to raise some cotton in order to get advance money to meet current expenses. However, there is a disposition among the people to raise more breadstuffs and more hogs than they have been doing heretofore. There is more wheat in the ground in that county this year than ever before, and farmers who can do so are getting hold of small bunches of hogs. The preparation of ground for cats and corn already shows that the acreage planted in these will be greater than it has ever been before.

The blossoming of peach trees does not cause apprehension on the part of fruit growers in the Waco district. C. Falkner, who has been investigating, finds that there has been sufficient low temperature to check premature budding in the standard early varieties. The orchards in which the blossoms are seen are those belonging to growers who have been trying experiments in Florida and Bermuda peaches which only succeed in exceptional years of very early spring. The fruit prospect is unimpaired and was never better.

AN AFFLICTED MOTHER.

From the Times, Paw Paw, Ill.
A resident of this town who has lost two children during the past six years, by violent deaths has been utterly prostrated by the shock, and seriously sick as a result of it. One child (aged 9) was killed by a cyclone in '90 while at school; another, three years later was run over by a Burlington R. R. train. That grieves and misfortunes may so prey on the mind as to lead to serious physical disorders has been well demonstrated in this case. As a result of them, her health was shattered and she has been a constant sufferer since 1890. Her principal trouble has been neuralgia of the stomach which was very painful, and exhibited all the symptoms of ordinary neuralgia, nervousness and indigestion. Physicians did her no good whatever. She was discouraged and abandoned all hope of getting well. Finally, however, a certain well-known pill was recommended (Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People). She would herself try a quantity of them and had not taken them two weeks when she noticed a marked improvement.



A Constant Sufferer.
In her condition, she continued taking the pills until seven or eight boxes had been consumed and she considered herself entirely cured. She can now eat all kinds of food, which is something she has not been able to do for years. She is not troubled in the least with nervousness as she was during the time of her stomach troubles. She is now well and all because of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People a complete cure has been made.

Private and Confidential.
First Lady—My dear, I was very much surprised at your marriage. Second Ditto—What would you have done, child? He was so delicate, so ugly, so dull, so ill-bred, that we all took him to be a man of wealth.—Il Piccolo Illustrate.

No-To-Bac for Fifty Cents.
Guaranteed tobacco habit cure, makes weak men strong, blood pure, 50c \$1. All druggists.

The more extensively a man is engaged in politics, the greater fraud he is.

OH, WHAT SPLENDID COFFEE.
Mr. Goodman, Williams Co., Ill., writes: "From one package Salzer's German Coffee Berry costing 15c I can buy 300 lbs. of better coffee than I can buy in stores at 30 cents a lb."

A package of this and big seed catalogue is sent you by John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis., upon receipt of 15c stamps and this notice. w.n.l.

A shiftless man is never too shiftless to invent excuses.

Star Tobacco is the leading brand of the world, because it is the best.

When a man has had his leg pulled by one schemer, the next schemer to call on him walks out lame.

AN OPEN LETTER TO MOTHERS.
We are asserting in the courts our right to the exclusive use of the word "CASTORIA," and "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," as our Trade Mark. I, Dr. Samuel Pitcher, of Hyannis, Massachusetts, was the originator of "PITCHER'S CASTORIA," the same that has borne and does now bear the fac-simile signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on every wrapper. This is the original "PITCHER'S CASTORIA" which has been used in the homes of the mothers of America for over thirty years. Look carefully at the wrapper and see that it is "the kind you have always bought," and has the signature of CHAS. H. FLETCHER on the Wrapper. No one has authority from me to use my name except The Centaur Company of which Chas. H. Fletcher is President.

March 8, 1897. SAMUEL PITCHER, M. D.

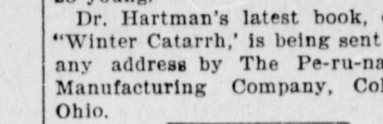
Either people want to be fooled, or many of them do not care whether they are right or wrong.

To Cure Constipation Forever.
Take Cascarets Candy Cathartic, 10c or 25c. If C. C. fall to cure, druggists refund money.

Our idea of a fast-dye bore is one who reads funny stories out loud.

A RAINY WINTER.

Always Brings a Legion of Catarrhal Diseases.
Rain, rain, rain. Mud, sleet and slush. Flood and freeze, slip and splash, alternate ceaselessly. Sometimes it makes us mad. Sometimes it makes us laugh. We cannot be sure that the weather will be for an hour at a time. There is one thing we can be sure of, however: that such weather will bring catarrh—catarrh of the head, eyes and ears. Catarrh of the throat, lungs and bronchial tubes. Catarrh of the stomach, liver and bowels. Catarrh of the kidneys. Catarrh of the bladder. Catarrh of the pelvic organs. Robert Robertson of Detroit, Mich., says: "Catarrh had gone through my whole system and was simply indescribable. Pe-ru-na cured me. Everybody is astonished to see me look so young."



American Tourists.
According to a recent London estimate only about 25,000 American tourists visited the English capital in the course of the past season and this is regarded as a very poor catch. The average tourist from "the states," we are told, scatters about \$1,000 while making a three months' trip in Europe. This multiplied by 25,000, makes \$25,000,000, and of that amount, it is believed, London receives at least two-fifths. Paris gets more American money than London does, not because more Americans go there, but because the French capital wins the trade of all the women, and this is both larger and more profitable than that of the men, to whose needs and tastes the London shops more especially cater.

Demand for More Battleships.
The Secretary of the Navy has demanded more battleships, and there can be no doubt that Congress will consider his recommendations. Protection is what our ports require, and fortifications will not adequately supply this. Defense against all disorders of a malarial type is, however, adequately afforded by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, an efficient remedy, also, for constipation, biliousness, dyspepsia, rheumatism and nervousness.

After asking "How's all the folks?" the subject for conversation with kin folks is exhausted.

Beauty is Blood Deep.
Clean blood means a clean skin. No beauty without it. Cascarets, Candy Cathartic cleans your blood and keeps it clean, by stirring up the lazy liver and driving all impurities from the body. Begin to-day to banish pimples, boils, blotches, blackheads, and that sickly bilious complexion by taking Cascarets—beauty for ten cents. All druggists, satisfaction guaranteed, 10c, 25c, 50c.

It doesn't do your friend any harm to bear all your burdens, nor does it do you any good.

ST. JACOBS OIL
Is the Master Cure for RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO.

AFTER NEARLY 1/4 OF A CENTURY
The record is unbroken. The record still goes on.
ST. JACOBS OIL
Is the Master Cure for RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, SCIATICA, LUMBAGO.

FOR 30 DAYS MORE YOU CAN TRY IT FOR 25 CENTS.
RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LA GRIPPE
CURED BY "5 DROPS"
"5 DROPS" is the most concentrated and powerful specific known. Free from opiates and perfectly harmless. Relief is usually felt the very first night. We have letters of grateful praise from thousands who have been cured by "5 DROPS" and who recommend it to sufferers.
GOD BLESS YOU ALWAYS.
Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., Chicago. Dear Friends—Yes, yes, I shall always think of you as my far away friends, and thank God for directing your advertisement to this place. Yes, yes, I will gladly tell the whole world what your "5 DROPS" has done for me. It found me racked with pain from head to foot day and night and I had dreadful sounds in my head. I could not eat, sleep nor rest. The doctors gave me medicine and it would stop the pain for a short time but it would come again. I could not have suffered much longer. At times I cared not what became of me, and my sickness was in a very bad shape. Every doctor I went to told me I had so many different diseases in my body that it was difficult to tell where to commence. I could hardly get across the room. Now I can walk one and a half miles and back, and God bless you always. Oh how I should like to tell you if it were possible, but I am poor and have no way of traveling around if I should take it. Gratefully yours, Mrs. L. WALLACE, McGregor, Iowa, January 1, 1897.
I CANNOT PRAISE "5 DROPS" ENOUGH.
Swanson Rheumatic Cure Co., Chicago. Dear Sirs—I thought I would write a statement of my case. I was taken in August with Sciatic Neuralgia, and was treated by two of the best physicians of our country, but they did not help me. So I bought your "5 DROPS" advertisement and sent and got a bottle and it has cured me. I was very bad, could hardly get around at all, but now I can go anywhere. I cannot praise "5 DROPS" enough. "5 DROPS" has done for me. I am very, very grateful for what you have done for me. Truly yours, SARAH E. WILSON, Spreading, Kentucky, January 2, 1897.
As a positive cure for Rheumatism, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia, Backache, Asthma, Hay Fever, Catarrh, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Stomach and Neuralgia Headaches, Hay Fever, Catarrh, Sleeplessness, Nervousness, Stomach and Neuralgia Headaches, Numbness, etc., etc., "5 DROPS" has never been equalled.
"5 DROPS" taken but once a day is a dose of this great remedy and to enable all sufferers to make a trial of its wonderful curative properties, we will send out thirty days more, 100 sample bottles, 5c each, prepared by mail. Large bottles (100 doses), \$1.99, for 30 days, 3 bottles for \$5.99. Not sold by druggists, only by us and our agents. Agents wanted in new territory. Write us to-day.
SWANSON RHEUMATIC CURE CO., 167-169 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

BLACK LEG
Is prevented by "vaccination." Mortality in U. S. A. during last 2 years reduced to one-third of one per cent. Thousands of lives successfully vaccinated.
PASTEUR VACCINE CO.,
42 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS, NONE GENUINE WITHOUT OUR TRADE MARK.
"THE POT CALLED THE KETTLE BLACK."
BECAUSE THE HOUSEWIFE DIDN'T USE
SALICILIO

Every man thinks of himself as a boy longer than he should.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup
Facilitates nursing, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25 cents a bottle.

Every man whose wife is extravagant, hates the dry goods merchants.

To Cure Headache in 15 Minutes.
Take Dr. Davis' Anti-Headache, 25c.

There are many married people who are danger signs to the unmarried.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All Druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. 25c

We never like a story when one of the characters says "By Jove!"

Educate Your Bowels With Cascarets.
Candy Cathartic, cure constipation forever. 10c 25c. If C.C.C. fail, druggists refund money.

An amateur concert is like a circus: same old thing.



Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50 cent bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

OATS 23c WHEAT 40c
Bushels
How to grow Wheat at 40c a bu. and 23c a bu. Oats at 17c a bu. Potatoes per acre. See our great catalogue, mailed you with 11 Farm Seed samples upon receipt of this notice and the stamp.
Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis. wh

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian HAIR RENEWER
It can't make a single new root. But if the root is there it will give you a thrifty, glossy growth. No gray hair. No dandruff.

STARR PIANOS
Write to manufacturers Jesse French Piano and Organ Co. 1425 New York Avenue, Washington, D.C.
PENSIONS
Write CAPT. O'FARRELL, Pension Agent, 1425 New York Avenue, WASHINGTON, D.C.
DROPS NEW DISCOVERY!
The Best for all ailments, discharges, inflammation, irritations or ulcerations. Not to be confused with other remedies. Painless, and not astriction. Sold by Druggists, Chemists, etc. Sold by Express, prepaid, for \$1.00, or 3 bottles, \$2.50. Circular sent on request.

ROOFING
The best Roofing for 10, 20, 30, 40, 50, 60, 70, 80, 90, 100, 110, 120, 130, 140, 150, 160, 170, 180, 190, 200, 210, 220, 230, 240, 250, 260, 270, 280, 290, 300, 310, 320, 330, 340, 350, 360, 370, 380, 390, 400, 410, 420, 430, 440, 450, 460, 470, 480, 490, 500, 510, 520, 530, 540, 550, 560, 570, 580, 590, 600, 610, 620, 630, 640, 650, 660, 670, 680, 690, 700, 710, 720, 730, 740, 750, 760, 770, 780, 790, 800, 810, 820, 830, 840, 850, 860, 870, 880, 890, 900, 910, 920, 930, 940, 950, 960, 970, 980, 990, 1000.

INDUSTRIAL WEST.

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Subscription price, \$1 per annum in advance.
Mailed at the Post Office at Clarendon, Tex.,
as Second-class Matter.

Clarendon, Texas, Feb. 12 1898.

TIME TABLE.

Fort Worth & Denver City Railway

NORTH BOUND.
No. 2, Mail and Express—
Arrives 9:45 p. m. Leaves 9:55 p. m.
Local, No. 14, daily except Sunday—
Arrives 10:30 a. m. Leaves 8:35 a. m.

SOUTH BOUND.
No. 1, Mail and Express—
Arrives 6:35 a. m. Leaves 6:45 a. m.
Local, No. 13, daily except Sunday—
Arrives 3:30 p. m. Leaves 7:55 p. m.

RELIGIOUS EXERCISES.

Rev. 1st, 2nd, 3rd and 4th Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.—Rev. L. Tomme pastor. Sunday school, 10 a. m. Prayer meeting every Tuesday night. Sunbeams 4 p. m. every Sunday.

M. E. South, services every Sunday—Rev. J. M. Sherman, pastor. Sunday school, 10 a. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Junior Epworth League at 3 p. m. Epworth League at 4 p. m. every Sunday.

M. E., every Sunday at 11 o'clock. J. M. and 7:30 p. m.—Rev. George Evans pastor. Sunday school 10 a. m. Junior Epworth League 4 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Epworth League every Monday night. Christian, 1st—Elder E. E. Dubs, pastor. Society of Christian Endeavor every Friday night. Sunday school 10 a. m.

St. John the Baptist (Episcopal) Rev. Taylor Douglas Rector. Services 1st, 2nd and 4th Sundays at 11 a. m. and 8:30 p. m. and Lay services 3rd Sunday, 11 a. m. Sunday School 10 a. m.

Presbyterian—3rd Sunday, Rev. J. W. Smith pastor. Sunday school 3 p. m.

Catholic, 3rd—Rev. J. A. Lenert, priest in charge.

SOCIETIES.

I. O. O. F.—Clarendon Lodge No. 581, meets every Thursday evening in their hall over the Bank of Clarendon. Visiting brothers are made welcome. J. S. Scott, N. G.

M. Rosenfield, Sec'y.

EVENING STAR ENCAMPMENT No. 143 I. O. O. F. meets 1st Tuesday night in each month. J. S. Morris, C. P.

M. ROSENFIELD, Sec'y.

A. F. & A. M.—Clarendon Lodge No. 700, meets 2nd Saturday night in each month over the Bank of Clarendon. Geo. Morgan, W. M. A. M. BRYLID, Sec'y.

Business locals ten cents per line first insertion, five cents for subsequent, and all notices run and are charged for until ordered out. Job work cash on delivery, other bills on first of month.

Business Locals.

Antirusting tinware at H. W. Taylor's.

Cypress fence pickets and posts at Morgan Lumber Co's.

For the finest Maple Syrup, shipped direct from Vermont, go to Anderson.

Nicest Jewelry in town at Ramsey's. Every piece warranted as represented.

Barrett strives to please his customers both in shaving and hair-cutting.

Morgan Lumber Co. handle coal. Get quotations for your winter supply.

Have you seen the dressing cases, mirrors and albums at Stocking's store. Call in and price them.

When you buy jewelry know what you are getting. Ramsey warrants every article he sells.

Barrett, the barber, keeps his razors keen and nerves steady and can give you a shave that is a pleasure.

When you want to build a nice up-to-date house, see the modern plans and specifications at the Morgan Lumber Co. office. They have a variety for houses costing from \$700 to \$2000.

Do not fail to take a pound or two of that rich cheese that Anderson keeps. To the most fastidious he can supply your wants, Swiss Cheese and full Cream American, also Limburger, rich and ripe.

LOCAL ITEMS.

See the Magestic steel range at H. W. Taylor's.

Old Style Buckwheat flour, the pure stuff, at Anderson's.

Mrs. John Veal, of Amarillo, is visiting Mrs. S. Anderson this week.

The Epworth League will meet next Monday night at the residence of Mrs. R. A. Chamberlain.

Walter Hall returned from a visit to relatives at Quanah Tuesday night. He is now leisurely taking a 15 days lay-off.

Oliver Love fell at the court house yesterday while putting up a stove pipe and badly hurt one of his ankles.

Father J. A. Lenert, of Henrietta, will preach at the Catholic church the 4th Sunday this month. His regular appointment is the 3rd.

When you want a stove go to Anderson's and see his goods. Every stove guaranteed to give satisfaction for no one.

H. W. Taylor for paints and oil. Car of nice bran for sale by the Morgan Lumber Co.

Frank Kelley spent a few days in Fort Worth this week.

A mixture of rain and snow made Thursday somewhat disagreeable.

Mrs. J. H. Roberts returned home from Weatherford Monday night.

Mrs. Hood and Mrs. Knight, of Claude, are visiting Mrs. Jno. Hofer.

Dr. J. S. Morris returned from a short visit to Fort Worth Thursday night.

Miss Nannie Adams returned to her home in Channing last Monday night.

Mrs. W. D. Fackler, of Estilene, was the guest of Mrs. R. L. Collins Monday.

R. E. Montgomery was in town yesterday flying around at a 2:40 gait for business.

Moore & Terry have purchased another lot and have enlarged their wagon yard to that extent.

Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, of Amarillo spent a few days in town this week visiting Mr. and Mrs. Eyer.

Mrs. J. T. Wright and daughter arrived here Monday night from Ellis county to make this their home.

The meeting at the south Methodist church continues with unabated interest and no date set for its close.

A number of new subscribers and renewals this week with the ready cash contributes to our good feeling, of course.

Otto Anderson was in town yesterday with a load of excellent corn for sale. He says he has about 300 bushels yet to sell.

Mr. Hatton Paschal, of Fort Sill, I. T., and brother-in-law of Walter and Robert Hall, spent Wednesday in town on a visit.

Mr. W. E. Jones and wife, parents of Mrs. M. T. White and Mrs. V. S. Terry, are visiting here today and will remain over Sunday.

D. Barnhart and sons, Frank and Joe, and Judge White and Dr. Morris spent the first of the week at Ft. Worth attending the Odd Fellows meeting.

Mr. L. S. Schooler, an old friend of Harry Patton from Richmond, Mo., has bought some lots near Mr. Patton's and will build. His family will soon move here.

Thos. S. White sold a section of land to S. E. Whitesides for \$1280 recently and August Williams a school section to Christiana Smitz for \$500. V. Tallon has bought J. J. Baker's section, consideration \$150.

Frank Jupe has faith in the future of Donley county. He has purchased the John Swanson section for \$1200 and we expect to see him tinkle old mother earth in way that will make her bring forth her treasures in abundance.

As we go to press the jury in the Kite case, the only one tried thus far in district court, has not reported. The general opinion is that it will be a mistrial or an acquittal. The case against Collins, cattle theft, from Armstrong, is now on trial. The grand jury has not reported yet, but we hear they have found 8 or 10 true bills.

Mr. Frank Jupe informs us that land has already been secured for the Catholic school at this place near their church. They will soon begin the erection of a school building 30x60 at least, and be ready for school by Sept. 1st. They have the promise of three sisters from Castroville near San Antonio, as teachers. Rev. J. A. Lenert, of Henrietta, will locate here as soon as the school is started, as will also three families from Amarillo, Panhandle and Miami, for the purpose of educating their children. Mr. Jupe is enthusiastic in this work and intends to push it to a success. Such an institution will contribute materially to the growth of our little city.

Blackberry Vines For Sale. Dallas variety, well rooted, 1 cent each, or \$8 per 1000 put on train at Fruitland. Apply to John S. Abel, Fruitland, Tex., or James Robertson, Clarendon.

Anderson has just received a car of B B Flour, when you want the finest flour that is brought to the Panhandle country try a sack of this well known flour.

To Our Customers

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best cough syrup we have ever used ourselves or in our families. W. H. King, Isaac P. King and many others in this vicinity, have also pronounced it the best. All we want is for people to try it and they will be convinced. Upon honor, there is no better that we have ever tried, and we have used many kinds. —R. A. BLAKE & SON, General Merchants, Big Tunnel, Va. Sold by J. D. Stocking.

A fresh lot of Postum Cereal just received. This is not a stimulant, but a nutritious food: made wholly from grains, it produces the corpuscles in blood that coffee destroys. Anderson will supply you and to those who cannot digest coffee will find a boon in this delightful nutritious drink.

It is not often that a physician recommends a patent medicine; when he does, you may know that it is a good one. Dr. J. P. Cleveland, Glasgow, Va., writes: "I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in my practice and it has proven to be an excellent remedy, where a thorough course of medicine had failed with me. I recommend it to my patients every time for colic and diarrhoea." Many other progressive physicians recommend and use this remedy, because it always cures and cures quickly. Get a bottle and you will have an excellent doctor in the house, for all bowel complaints, both for children and adults. For sale by J. D. Stocking.

The state treasurer reports receipts from land sales and leases for January as follows:

School lands, lease.....	\$37,594 82
School lands, interest.....	68,211 09
School lands, principal.....	65,296 37
University lands, lease.....	11,033 96
University lands, interest.....	223 35
University lands, principal.....	28 80
Asylum lands, interest and lease	600 03
Asylum lands, principal.....	774 94
Sale public domain.....	202 50
Total.....	\$183,965 86

Mr. F. C. Helbig, a prominent druggist of Lynchburg, Va., says: "One of our citizens was cured of rheumatism of two years standing, by one bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. This liniment is famous for its cures of rheumatism; thousands have been delighted with the prompt relief which it affords. For sale by J. D. Stocking.

Feed for sale by the Morgan Lumber Co.

The March Delinquent.

The spring announcement number, maintains the character of its descriptions and suggestions in every feature of personal attire, and the merit of its departmental and literary features. The third paper in the series on Social Life in England analyzes in a pleasant way the conditions and influences of Country House Life. Indoor Interests treats upon the vital question of fostering in boys and girls a love of home. Clive Rayner's Final Adventure, by Martin Orde, establishes the hero in the enjoyment of complete happiness. In The Audubon Societies and Their Work, is an interesting account of the aims and work of the Societies. Dr. Grace Peckham Murray contributes another excellent paper on The Common Ills of Life. The Mystery of Bebe Claribel is a pretty story of the loss and finding of a little one and the agreeable consequences. "Signs," another scholarly child-study in the series by Mrs. Alice Meynell on Children and Their Ways, directs attention to the development of filial love and trust. A Literary Detective Bureau, will provide a such of a unique interest to students of literature, and a Shamrock Party suggests an enjoyable way of spending the evening of the day devoted to St. Patrick. Almonds in the Kitchen is an article of practical interest to housekeepers. In addition, the regular features of the magazine present a variety of matter calculated to entertain and instruct: Social Observances, The Flower Garden, Fancy Stitches and Embroideries, The Tea-Table, The Work-Table, the Housekeepers' Department, For the Children, The Latest Books, Knitting, Lace-Making, Crocheting, etc.

The New Time has the platonists on the run. Do not miss Fredrick U. Adams' masterly editorial on Mark Hanna's famous telegram to President McKinley, "God reigns and the Republican party still lives." Send us your subscription for this great reform magazine. One hundred pages, illustrated, 10 cents a month, \$1 a year.

Talking Machine Free

The People's Party Paper, Atlanta Ga. (Hon. Thos. E. Watson Editor) has again taken the lead in free premiums. This time it is one of Edison's Phonographs, the Eagle Graphophone (a talking machine). No electrical apparatus is used and no special knowledge needed. Readers in a loud and brilliant tone all the music of the day, fine band music, solos by famous singers, speeches of great men, etc. This is the greatest premium of the day. Send today for sample copy to the above address.

Democratic Fraud in Alabama.

The House committee on elections at Washington last week in the case of W. F. Aldrich against T. S. Plowman, democrat, from the 4th district of Alabama decided in favor of Aldrich, and say in their report: "We shall endeavor to demonstrate by what methods the will of the people was thwarted. In doing so not all of the frauds perpetrated will be referred to; only salient features can be touched and representative instances cited. If the election laws of Alabama had been designed to encourage fraud and thwart the people's will they could not have been, in some respects, more happily framed to meet that purpose."

After criticising the Alabama election law as putting the honest vote at the mercy of dishonest markers, the report says: "When it is known that the condition for such a state of facts exists, it is not strange that illiterate voters should remain away from the polls in the hope that they would at least not furnish ammunition for their political opponents. But this made little difference to the democratic managers in Dallas county. They voted the illiterate colored men, present or absent. The machinery was simple and effective. Fortunately it has been discovered and the details of its operations laid bare. Fraud is everywhere; not lurking or secret, but bold and insolent. It is chiefly of five kinds.

- 1.—Fraudulently padding the poll list with names of persons not registered; sometimes of fictitious persons, and sometimes of persons who did not live in the precinct.
- 2.—By padding the poll list with names of persons on the registration list who did not vote.
- 3.—By imposing on illiterate voters.
- 4.—By the old-fashioned method of falsely recording votes.
- 5.—By refusing to hold any election at all in certain strong republican precincts."

After going into much detail on the alleged frauds the committee says it has revised the vote on the most conservative lines, giving Aldrich a plurality of 542, whereas the election of Plowman was claimed by 2,967 plurality.

See the saddles and harness that H. W. Taylor is making.

We want a few good fence posts on subscription.

It is a delight to read The New Time. This magazine is waging splendid warfare against plutocracy and is entitled to the hearty support of the people. Forward us \$1 and we will send in your subscription. Better yet, send \$1.65 and receive The New Time and the INDUSTRIAL WEST for one year.

Good Newspapers At a Very Low Price.

The SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS (Galveston or Dallas) is published Tuesdays and Fridays. Each issue consists of 8 pages. There are special departments for the farmer, the ladies and the boys and girls, besides a world of general news matter, illustrated articles, etc. We offer

The Semi-Weekly News and Industrial West

both 1 year for the low clubbing price of \$1.50 cash. This gives you 2 papers a week, or 106 papers a year for a ridiculously low price. Hand in your subscription at once.

Our New Clubbing Offer.

By renewing within the next thirty days we will send you the INDUSTRIAL WEST and Texas Stock and Farm Journal, one year for \$1.50; two papers for the price of one. Texas Stock and Farm Journal is a big weekly and is the leading Texas exponent of diversified agriculture. Improved Stock and Stock Farming. Sample copies can be seen at our office.

H. W. TAYLOR,

DEALER IN
SHELF and HEAVY

HARDWARE,

Baker Perfect Barb and smooth Wire, Antirusting Tinware, Graniteware, Wire and Cut Nails, Paints, and Oils, Saddles and Harness.

Riding and walking plows
Wagons, Steel Ranges and Stoves.

McMullen Woven Wire Netting, Navajo Saddle Blankets, Tarpaclins and Wagon Covers.

ROBT. SAWYER,

Dealer In

LUMBER.

Sash, Doors, Blinds, Building Material, Etc.

Stock New, best quality and prices low. Call and see.

CLARENDON,

TEXAS.

CITY MEAT MARKET

Clarendon, Texas,

Is New Neat and Clean throughout. Your patronage is solicited for best quality Beef, Pork, Poultry, Game, Fish, Oysters, etc.

I. E. JONES Prop.

ADAMS & STOCKING,

DEALERS IN

Furniture, Queensware, Carpets, Shades, WALL PAPER, SEWING MACHINES AND ATTACHMENTS.

Also a Full Line of Undertaker's SUPPLIES.

Clarendon, - Texas.

CLARENDON MEAT MARKET,

White & Troup,

Proprietors,

Beef, Veal and Mutton, Always Fresh, Fat and Juicy. Vegetables, Fish and Oysters in Season.

Clarendon, Texas.

I. E. JONES & JACQUES

General Grocers.

Buy and Sell All Kinds of Produce.

Clarendon, Texas.

M. W. EASUM,

DRAYMAN

And Dealers in

COAL AND WOOD.

Clarendon, Texas.

CLARENDON

Livery Stable,

MOORE & TERRY, Pros.

Best Equipped Stable in the Panhandle.

First-Class Turnouts, Horses boarded, Feed sold cheap. Drummers Accommodated.

NEXT SPRING

Travel will begin to the Gold Fields of Alaska, and it is suggested that those who intend going to the

KLONDIKE

Will fine The Denver Road the most satisfactory route in every particular by which water transportation is reached.

The Reasons

Why your ticket should read via "THE DENVER ROAD"

Are—Shortest Route, Quickest Time

Grand Scenery and a

Through Tourist Sleeping Car Line Between

Colorado and Portland, necessitating but one change of cars between Fort Worth and Portland, reaching the

Northwest Seaports

With Economy, Luxury and Comfort via

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