

THE MERKEL MAIL.

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J. P. Sharp & Co.

General
Merchandise

If you want to save money,
we are the people to hunt up.
Don't forget this, please.

The Causes of the Civil War.

Hon. John H. Reagan, the only surviving member of the Confederate Cabinet, addressed the sons of the Confederate Veterans Sunday at Fort Worth, on "The Cause of the War Between the States." The address was characteristic of this grand old man, who has been to Texas and the South what William E. Gladstone was to England, and we wish every southern boy and girl might have heard him. Speaking as to the cause that led up to the war Judge Reagan said:

It has been to a large extent assumed that negro slavery was the cause of the war. This is not strictly true. It was the occasion of the war, but not the principal cause of the war.

THE REAL CAUSE OF THE WAR WAS SECTIONAL JEALOUSY, THE GREED OF GAIN, AND THE LUST OF POLITICAL POWER BY THE EASTERN STATES.

The changing opinions of civilized nations on the subject of slavery furnished the occasion which enabled political demagogues to get up a crusade which enabled them in the end to overthrow, in part at least, the constitution of the United States, and to change the character of the Federal government by a successful revolution.

That the republic of the South had the right to hold slaves under the national constitution is not to be questioned. Hear what Mr. Reagan says:

When the American colonies came thus to be formed into states, as the result of the revolutionary war, warned by the oppression and denial of rights imposed on them by the crown of Great Britain, each of them accompanied their states constitutions with a "bill of rights" in which it was declared that the people possessed certain inalienable rights of which they could not be deprived which they specified, so when the American people came to form the constitution

of the United States, animated by the same jealousy of the unlimited power of government, they created a government with delegated and restricted powers only, and for greater security provided that the powers not therein delegated were reserved to the states and to the people respectively. The Federal government was given jurisdiction over questions of a national and those of an interstate character, while the states retained jurisdiction over all local questions and domestic institutions. This is the authority for the doctrine of state rights. Slavery was from the first treated by all the states as a domestic institution, to be controlled or disposed of as each state might choose for itself.

The heroes of the south have been called rebels and traitors until a large percentage of the present population of this country have really come to regard them as such, but Mr. Reagan says:

Our people were not responsible for the war, it was forced on them. They were not rebels or traitors. They simply counted as patriots defending their rights and their homes against the lawless and revolutionary action of a dominant and reckless majority.

I refer those wishing fuller reliable information on this subject to President Davis' "Rise and fall of the Confederate Government" and to vice President Stephens' "War between the States."

Every son and daughter of the confederacy, should let this last utterance of Mr. Reagan's burn deep into their minds, that it may become so indelibly fixed there that nothing could ever cause them to forget that their parents were "patriots" not traitors. Northern historians and politicians have designated the South's noble men as traitors, but the fact remains that they

were nothing short of patriots and the generations of the future must be taught this truth in justice to the memory of the heroic wearers of the gray, who gave their all to our glorious Southland.—Brownwood News.

The Newspaper Man.

He seldom is handsome or natty,
And none of the charms of the dude,
Is oft more abstracted than chatty,
And sometimes unbearably rude.
He courts us, then slights us and grieves us,
As much as he possibly can;
He kisses us, loves us, and leaves us—
This perfidious newspaper man.

Our mothers won't have him come calling,
He's no earthly good as a "catch;"
His morals (they say) are appalling;
His finances usually match.
He's rollicking, reckless, uncaring;
Lives but for the hour, the day;
He's dangerous, dubious, daring—
Not fit for a husband, they say.

But, somehow, we girls are forgiving,
Perhaps he but needs us the more,
Because he goes wrong in the living,
And knows the old world to its core.
So we pass up the dude and the schemer
Who lead in society's van,
And cherish the thinker and dreamer
Enshrined in the newspaper man.
—Blue Pencil Magazine.

A Vision That Brought Ill Luck

When we are particularly anxious to annoy Weston at the club we have only to start a discussion on spiritualism. Sometimes if one of the junior members has to be punished for cheek we tell him tall spiritualistic yarns and advise him to go to Weston for their verification. This has much the same effect as sending a boy to a saddler to buy strap oil.

Not so many years back Weston was an enthusiastic spiritualist himself, attending seances and even writing letters to the local press on the subject. But he was cured somewhat rudely and in a manner likely to make a lasting impression on any man.

You see it was this way: About five years ago, when Weston was at the height of his spiritualistic zeal, a widow with a very pretty daughter, reputed to be worth a small fortune of \$1,500 a year, took a house on the outskirts of the town. Weston fell head over ears in love with Daisy, though, greatly to his chagrin, she seemed to prefer the attentions of a young chap in the office of a firm of solicitors who held the office of clerk to the magistrates. Weston was continually at Miss Daisy about spiritualism and tried to get her mother to bring her to some of his precious seances. But she refused to have anything to do with them, and I believe it was this silly fad of his which put her off Weston. Any sane, sensible man, seeing how the ground lay, would have dropped spiritualism and gone in for a little reality—Daisy was worth dropping something for, I can tell you—but where spirits were concerned Weston was just mad, and it only made him more determined to prove to her that his theories about second sight and so on were correct.

I remember that winter well. It froze for three weeks on end. Weston used to take Daisy out skating on some flooded meadows near the station, and things seemed to be coming to a head. He wore his heart quite openly on his sleeve and was ready to lick her shoes for love, but the other chap, who just at this time came out of his articles and got a partnership in the firm, was making the running pretty hot. There had been a lot of men thrown out of work by the cold weather and some ugly stories were afloat about burglars, footpads and the like. Mrs. Hardy's little house, away out by itself, seemed a sure mark for gentlemen of this sort, and Weston was never tired of warning her to keep the windows bolted, and even induced her to have a special new lock put on the front door.

After the frost we had snow, a fortnight of it, and the whole town got pretty well snowed up. Weston did not seem himself about this time. I remember we remarked upon it at the club. Perhaps his second sight told him some crisis was at hand. Any way, it came. It was one Wednesday night. There was a concert in the town hall which some of us went to, but the place was so full of draughts that we were glad to get by the fire in the club smoking-room at half-time, maybe we saw some one for ten minutes when we heard some one come running down the road like



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a madman. We all jumped up and went to the window just in time to see Weston, without an overcoat, and with no hat on, tearing along like a motor car and making far more noise. We guessed something was up, and three of us put on our coats and followed. It was easy to see his footprints in the newly-fallen snow; there were still a few stray flakes in the air. They made straight for the Hardys, and we turned the last corner just in time to see Weston extricating himself from a large snow



He dashed out just as he was. heap, so we waited in the shadow of the wall. But, perhaps, I had better tell the rest of the story as Weston recounted it to us afterward.

It appears that he was sitting at home cursing the weather, the cold, and the concert, whither Mrs. Hardy and Daisy had been conducted by the rival, when as he dozed in his chair he had a vision. Quite distinctly, he assured us, he saw a lonely little house surrounded with snow and with a glimmer of light shining through the front window, while a man, jimmy in hand, and carrying over his back a bag of tools, was trying to force the front door. In a flash he recognized Mrs. Hardy's house—he seemed to hear the metallic grating of the jimmy as it wrenched at the lock and splintered the woodwork—and seeing the hand of Providence offering him a way straight to Daisy's heart, he dashed out just as he was and never stopped till he tripped into the snow heap.

As soon as he had extricated himself and recovered his breath a little he stealthily approached the house, bending low, as he softly pushed open the garden gate. There was the dim light glimmering out through the blinds of the front room and, yes, there, crouching by the door, jimmy in hand, was the figure of a man. Spurred on by love, Weston was no coward, and uncoated, unarmed as he was, he hung himself upon the burglar, grappling with him fiercely as he loudly called for help. Weston is

a small man and when you caught "Jack Robinson" he was on his back in the snow with a pair of hands have strangled the life out of him had not the door been suddenly opened from within to disclose the trembling figure of Daisy clinging fearfully to the rival, while from the top of the stairs Mrs. Hardy in bedroom attire made night hideous with her yells.



He was on his back in the snow. I will draw a veil over the rest. Weston's antagonist was the local locksmith, called in hurriedly to repair the patent lock, which had stuck fast and prevented the door being properly shut. A bad headache had kept Mrs. Hardy from the concert, where she would not allow her daughter to go unchaperoned, and she had gone to bed early, leaving the young people to their own devices. What with the fright and the cold, Mrs. Hardy was ill in bed for a fortnight, and only got out in time to be present when Weston was convicted of assault and battery before the local magistrate, for whom the rival was acting as clerk that day.

Daisy was married in the spring, but I think what hit Weston hardest was that when we helped him home on that eventful night it was to find his back door in splinters and every room in the place ransacked.

Weston never mentions spiritualism now.—Gordon Meggy in Chicago Record-Herald.

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Cleveland on the Negro.

In his Madison Square Garden speech, among other things, Mr. Cleveland said:

"I believe that the days of Uncle Tom's Cabin are past. I do not believe that either the decree that made the slaves free, or the enactment that suddenly invested them with the rights of citizenship, any more purged them of their racial and slavery-bred imperfections and deficiencies than that it changed the color of their skins. I believe that among the nearly nine millions of negroes who have been intermixed with our citizenship there is still a grievous amount of ignorance, a sad amount of viciousness and a tremendous amount of laziness and thriftlessness. * * * I believe fellow countrymen in the Southern and late slave-holding states, surrounded by about nine-tenths, or nearly eight millions, of the entire negro population, and who regard their material prosperity, their peace and even the safety of their civilization interwoven with the negro problem, are entitled to our utmost consideration and sympathetic fellowship.

"I do not know how it may be with other northern friends of the negro, but I have faith in the honor and sincerity of the respectable white people of the South in their relations with the negro and his improvement and well being. They do not believe in the social equality of the race and they make no false pretense in regard to it. That this does not grow out of hatred of the negro is very plain. It seems to me that there is abundant sentiment and abundant behavior among the Southern whites towards the negro to make us doubt the justice of charging this denial of social equality to prejudice, as we usually understand the word. Perhaps it is born of something much deeper and more imperious than prejudice as to amount to a racial instinct. Whatever it is, let us remember that it has condoned the negro's share in the humiliation and spoliation of the white men of the South during the saturnalia of reconstruction days, and has allowed a kindly feeling for the negro to survive the time when the South was deluged by a perilous flood of indiscriminate, unintelligent and blighting negro suffrage. Whatever it is, let us try to be tolerant and considerate of the feelings and even the prejudice of racial instinct of our white fellow-countrymen of the South, who, in the solution of the negro problem, must, amid their own surroundings, bear the heat of the day and stagger under the weight of the white man's burden."

Mr. Cleveland very pointedly told the Northern people that the solution of the negro problem must be left with the Southern people, that "those who do the lifting of the weight must be those who stand next to it."

A Tribute to the South.

The following is a portion of Senator Hoar's speech before the Union League Club of Chicago: "I know how sensitive our

Southern friends are on this matter of social equality and companionship, and I think I might say fairly and properly—and that perhaps I have a right to say it—that it is not wise for the people of the North to undertake to deal rashly or even to judge hastily of a feeling so deeply implanted in their bosoms.

"Time, the great reconciler, will reconcile them to that, if in the nature of things and in the nature of men they ought to be reconciled to it. And if in the nature of things and in the nature of man time does not reconcile them, it will be a sign that they ought not to be reconciled to it, and that some other mode of life for them must be devised.

"Now, friends, having said what I thought to say on this question, perhaps I may be indulged in adding that, although my life politically and personally has been a life of almost constant strife with the leaders of the Southern people, yet as I grow older I have learned not only to respect and esteem, but to love the great qualities which belong to my fellowcitizens of the Southern states. They are a noble race. We may well take pattern from them in some of the great virtues which make up the strength as they make the glories of the free states. Their love of home; their chivalrous respect for women; their courage; their constancy, which can abide by an opinion or a purpose or an interest for their states through prosperity, through years and through generations are things by which the people of the more mercurial North may take a lesson. And there is another thing—covetousness, corruption, the low temptation of money has not yet found any place in our Southern politics.

"Now, my friends, we cannot afford to live, we don't wish to live, and we do not live, in a state of estrangement from a people who possess these qualities. They are friends of ours; born of our burning; flesh of our flesh; blood of our blood, and whatever may be the temporary error of any Southern state, I, for one, if I have a right to speak for Massachusetts, say to her, 'Entreat me not to leave thee nor to return from following after thee. For where thou goest, I will go, and where thou stayest I will stay also. And thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God.'"

The Prohibition Meeting.

Rev. L. A. Dale addressed a small audience at Ferrier Hall last night. The main object of his visit here was for the purpose of organizing a prohibition club, to work in conjunction with the parent club at Abilene, but

owing to the small attendance the matter was postponed. A meeting has been called for Saturday night, May 9, at which time the club will be organized.

The promotion of these clubs is in no sense a political move, but they are put forward as a means of uniting the prohibition sentiment in the county and for the purpose of working out plans by which the officers may be assisted in enforcing the law. Male members over 20 years of age are required to contribute \$1 annually—no more—but either sex is eligible to membership.

It is hoped and expected that every citizen of the town and surrounding country will be on hand at the meeting which will be held at the Methodist church. A delegation from the Abilene club will be on hand.

A Severe Accident.

Frank, the 16-year old son of G. W. Cox, while en route to Valley Creek on a fishing excursion Monday, was injured by the accidental discharge of a shotgun, the load carrying away the front part of the skull over the left eye, and breaking the brain covering. Frank was sitting upright in the wagon with the gun between his knees, when it was discharged. The accident occurred near Wingate, where the family was called. Further particulars can not be obtained.

The wound is not necessarily dangerous, and The Mail hopes for Frank's speedy recovery.

League Program, May 3.

Leader—Clara Browning.
Subject—What Does the Parable of the Prodigal Son Teach us?
Lesson—Luke 15:11-32.
No need of sin—Nannie O'Zee.
The world unsatisfying—Elmer Maxwell.

The insanity of sin—Mr. French
True repentance—Sue Browning.

The Father's great love—W.L. Harkrider.

The elder brother—Mr. Hand.

The Place of Honor.

Civilization of the richest, fullest type lifts from the shoulders of women the burden both of overwork and idleness. The right and possibility of a moderate leisure are conferred on them, and they share in the higher activities of the race. There has probably never been in the history of the world a life conforming better to these ideal conditions than that of many American women.

The wise mother of a family of sons and daughters is the object of their devoted love. She is quick to serve them with hands and feet and head; and they in turn spring to do her wish. There is no subject that concerns the life of the home or of the

community on which her opinion is not sought. The hours of her day are filled with happy work, every piece of it gaining dignity and importance from her touch. Whether it is the planning and serving of the meals, the adjustment of education to the individual needs of her children, the furnishing of relaxation for the tired husband, the administering of judicious help to the needy, or the consideration of a large public question, like that of the liquor traffic, this modern American woman justifies her position.

The Oriental man confides in woman only when she is wrapped in veils and imprisoned behind iron bars. The American man gives his life, his fortune, his children and his honor into the keeping of his wife, and she rewards his trust. She must not and she will not presume upon her leisure or her liberty; but she will regard both as sacred privileges won for her by those sacrifices which are the inevitable conditions of progress. She knows that privilege imposes responsibility.—Youths Companion.

"And I Pass On With My Burden." Texas Christain advocate.

When the woman with a sad face passed through the front door into her comfortable home, the neighbors remarked that she closed the door behind her, but could not shut out her great sorrow; it followed her in and sat at the table with her, and even pressed the same pillow at night.

Like the merciless grip of vultures talons in the tender flesh of a victim, it scarred her life and flecked its peace. Her widowed heart—old in sorrow—grieved and yearned as only a true mother's heart can yearn, for her two boys out in the world somewhere—somewhere, with names besmirched and dishonored. Little by little, drop by drop, the wine cup had lured them from the home nest, while they were as yet but fledgelings, and conscience and love had burned low with the beverage, which stingeth like an adder.

It had already opened the door to gambling and fraud, and indecency; yea, the bloody knife had been lifted in hatred and strife, Cain-like, to slay a brother.

Poe's black plumaged raven waits for every man who is caught in the poisonous meshes of the "gilded inferno."

The withering grief which came to that mother, and seemed to take on new life day by day in its grim reality, stirred no thought of repentance or filial love in the hearts of the prodigal sons. Had the sometimes merciful hand of death wrought this sorrow, she could have better been resigned, for then it would have been a dead sorrow—silent—and perchance half forgotten. But this ever vital, stinging bitterness, how it echoed in the depth of her soul—woe! woe!

Sorrow is a common heritage, but to some it comes in overwhelming intensity. If the heart has not grown callous under the chastening rod and the bitter droppings of grief have not seared every impressible sentiment in seeking solace, it will look out of self—and from very helplessness cry to the unknown.

"Father, I stretch my hands to thee; No other help I know."

Then a light will shine—a hope—a calm resignation—a promise—a realization. This sorrow-laden woman sought through the "darkness of black despair." The light caught its gleam and

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held it in her heart, and with a fidelity to woman's mission—to be good and to do good—she went in and out among her friends smiling and comforting; yet sometimes she would almost stumble into the "slough of Despond." Her fiery trials had been great, "but," she said, "it has softened my life into a patient waiting—waiting. If, when stricken and cast down, I ask for help, God lifts me, and I pass on with my burden."

Josephine Tulloss.

Doubtless Definitions.

Nobody—A prominent woman's husband.

Paregoric—The crying need of the midnight hour.

Divorce—An epitaph carved on love's tombstone.

Undertaker—A man who follows the medical profession.

Hammock—An article used as a spoonholder at a love feast.

Marriage—The fatal termination of the disease called love.

Thunder—The only reliable weather report yet discovered.

Secret—Something a woman is in a hurry to tell her friends.

Truth—The things women say to each other when they quarrel.

Matrimony—A sort of trust for the protection of the infant industries.

Because—Eve's legacy to her daughters as an excuse for any old thing.

Hope—The untiring efforts of an old maid to discover a man under the bed.

"E" is the most unfortunate letter in the English alphabet, because it is never in cash, always in debt and never out of danger, yet the aforesaid letter is never in war, but always in peace; it is the beginning of existence; the commencement of ease and the end of trouble. Without it there would be no bread, no water, no meat, no life, no gospel, no father, no mother, no brother, no sister, no home, no heaven, no hell.—Ex.

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When the Grass Shall Cover Me.

When the grass shall cover me,
Head to foot where I am lying,—
When not any wind that blows,
Summer blooms nor winter snows,
Shall awake me to your sighing,
Close above me as you pass,
You will say, "How kind she was,"
You will say, "How true she was,"
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me,
Holden close to earth's warm bosom,—
While I laugh, or weep, or sing
Nevermore, for anything,
You will find in blade and blossom,
Sweet, small voices, odorous,
Tender pleadings in my cause,
That shall speak me as I was—
When the grass grows over me.

When the grass shall cover me!
Ah, beloved, in my sorrow
Very patient I can wait,
Knowing that, or soon or late,
There will dawn a clearer morrow;
When your heart will mourn "Alas!
Now I know how true she was;
Now I know how dear she was"—
When the grass grows over me!

The Marriage of Hugh O'Rourke

Over the low fire in the middle of the waste place that had been a banquet hall crouched Hugh O'Rourke. He was wet and chilled to the bone with a long ride through mountain mists in the heart of winter. There was winter in his heart, too, for his step was a broken one, and his name proscribed, and where his father might have held together the breaking fortunes of name and clan by the sheer power of voice and face, Hugh the younger had been borne by his mother in a time of tempest and terror, and his face was wan and uncomely and his eyes wild and sad.

"My father did not well to take a woman by force," he said aloud to the sinking fire that was all his company. "Black eyes and yellow hair pleased him well, belike, but he pleased not my mother, and she revenged her upon me who was innocent and unborn, giving me an April mind and a crawling heart for her gifts on the day that she conceived me. Who enters there, in the name of God?" He sprang up, sword in hand, and then laughed at his outcry, for it was a girl child who stood in the doorway, a little maid of eleven years, fair to see, white as a snowdrop, with pale yellow hair streaming from under her put back hood.

"Little maid, you come to an empty house," Hugh O'Rourke said, "but you are welcome. You do not come alone?"

"I come alone, Aodh," she said, answering his English with the Irish tongue. "I shall not fill your house." Hugh stood still beside the fire, while she came slowly down the room toward him, shaking the raindrops from her flowing hair as she came. A little way from the fire she stood,

looking at him with large eyes. "Why do you meet me with bare steel?" she said. "I looked for other greeting from your father's son, Hugh O'Rourke."

Hugh cast down his sword upon the bench he had risen from and took a step forward to meet her. Then he stopped, amazed for it was not a child she was, but a grown woman it was that cast off hood and cloak and came to him with eager face and eager hands.

"Hugh O'Rourke," she said again in the kindly Irish tongue, "have you forgotten me so soon?" "Have I ever seen you before, O fair one?" Hugh said. Then, because her fingers were warm in his and her eyes dwelt on his, he ceased questioning and had no more wonder or fear at the fairy change than had passed upon her in a moment, making a woman out of a child.

"I am she you have desired so long," she said, with tears and laughter in her voice. "I am she whose eyes you have seen in many faces that looked not kind on you, whose breast you have desired to lie on so many times, whose soul your soul has sought and never found."

And she laid her mouth to his mouth, and the beating heart of her

loved—and tell me now mortal I am." He knelt down beside her now and cast his arms about her fair body as she sat in his seat, looking up at her with eyes that changed slowly their wonder for worship. Then he loosed a hand and drew down a thick curl of yellow hair to his lips, and presently blindfolded his eyes with its softness.

"I am answered," the woman said at last. "That which is not mortal in you has spoken to me immortal, and we know one another. So"—she drew the bandage of hair from his eyes and smiled down into them—"you love me, Hugh?"

"If I know what love is, beloved." She uncovered his eyes and looked deep into them, laughing. "I am beauty and I am love, and I have chosen to lie on the bosom of a man whom the tongue of the world knows not—a dreamer who has achieved none of his dreams, a soldier whose sword has won him nothing—and there is beauty and success and strength in the world outside. How is it you can keep me here, Hugh?"

"Sweet, I shall never know." "Hush, unbeliever! Let us be man and woman together for a little. My

laid the quilt down at her feet. "This for your carpet, beloved. Now will you eat?"

She drank half the cup of wine that he poured out, and Hugh drank after her; then they broke bread and ate the honeycomb together.

"Tell me my name, Hugh?" "Granla, maybe, because you shine so bright, beloved."

"No." "Esca, then, because your face is as pale as the moon when she is young."

"Not Esca. Have you heard ever of a woman that was bitterly wronged of an O'Rourke long ago, and died cursing him, and has come back and back to cry for the passing of every O'Rourke since then?"

"I have heard of her, beloved?" "I am she, the banshee of your house, Hugh O'Rourke; but for you I shall not cry. Barren years have I abided in mine anger, but now I lift my curse, for my love is put upon a man of the house that wronged me. Do you take me for your wife, O'Rourke, knowing this?"

"I take you for my wife, Ban-shee, in the face of the sun and moon, and I plight troth to you past death, whether it come to-night or in fifty years."

"I take thee to my husband, Hugh O'Rourke, and I lift off my curse from thy house, thus and thus."

The woman drooped to his feet, shod in worn brogues as they were, and kissed them; rose to her knees and kissed his hands and the hilt of his sword; rose to her feet and kissed his mouth.

Then they went, handfast, into the shadowy upper end of the room, where the climbing firelight could no longer find them.

And when the morning came, rosy and wind-tossed, Hugh O'Rourke came out to his serving-men with life and the joy of life in his eyes, and he and the fair woman clinging to his arm gave them good-morrow and went forth, laughing. But, an hour later, these found the body of Hugh O'Rourke lying on his bed with shut eyes and folded hands, long cold. So the serving men knew that they had seen and bidden farewell to the soul of Hugh O'Rourke and that all was well with him at last.—The Sketch.

Any subscriber to a local newspaper who will watch the advertisements and take advantage of inducements offered, will save many times the subscription price in the course of a year. Instead of a poor man saying he can not afford to take his home paper, he would come nearer the truth by declaring he can not afford to do without it.—McKinney Gazette.

Advertising is the secret of success in every business.



Over the low fire crouched Hugh O'Rourke.



"Barren years have I abided in mine anger, but now I lift my curse."

fluttered like a bird against his breast, and the fairy eyes of her darkened and laughed and lightened into his and set all his blood on fire.

A little while they clung together so; then he put her from him and held her at arm's length, looking at her with eyes that were anhungered.

"If I dared only think of it, beloved," Hugh said. "Yet you have mortal beauty upon your face and body."

"What do you know of mortality, Hugh O'Rourke? And beauty is that core of our little life that cannot pass away, though the fruit that covers it turn rotten after growing ripe. Kiss me—nay, but look into your eyes, be-

HELPFUL READING Some newspapers print matter to fill up space. Much of this is harmful reading. It is the aim of the SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS to give helpful reading. Thousands will testify to its helpfulness to them. Ask your neighbor.

THE FARMERS' DEPARTMENT has helped many. It is not the theory of farming written by college professors and others up North on conditions that don't fit Texas. It is the actual experience of farmers here at home who have turned over the soil.

If you are not taking THE SPECIAL MERKEL MAIL you should be. It is helpful to the best interests of your town and county. For \$1.75, cash in advance, we will mail you The Merkel Mail and the Galveston or the Dallas Semi-Weekly News for 12 months. The News stops when your time is out.

SHEPPARD & McDONALD
Beef, Pork, Mutton, Sausage.

Everything Nice and clean; an up-to-date market. We would appreciate your patronage.

Best Passenger Service
...IN...

TEXAS
THE TEXAS AND PACIFIC RAILWAY
"No Trouble to Answer Questions."

DINING CARS
BETWEEN
FORT WORTH and SAINT LOUIS

E. P. TURNER, GEN. PASS. AGT.
DALLAS, TEXAS.

The Mail reaches a class of folks that read advertisements.

The Merkel Mail

ED J. LEEMAN, Editor and Prop'r.

Entered at the Postoffice at Merkel, Texas, as second-class mail matter.

Subscription Rates.

One year..... \$1.00
Six months..... .50
Three months..... .25
Invariably in advance.

ADVERTISING RATES

per month
One inch space..... \$.50
Two inch space..... 1.00
Quarter column (4 1-2 inches)..... 2.50
Half column (9 inches)..... 4.00
One column (18 inches)..... 7.50

Four issues constitute a month. All advertisements run and charged for until ordered out, unless limit is specified when insertion is made. Special prices on time contracts.
Local notices, 5 cents per line, each insertion.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

Communications to insure publication must bear the signature of the writer, as well as the name of the place under which they are written. This is required merely as a guarantee of good faith. Obituaries, Cards of Thanks, etc., are inserted at one-half the regular advertising rates. Positively no deviation from this rule.

THE USUAL HOWL.

The Merkel Mail is rejoicing that prohibition has at last gone into effect in Abilene. It is noticeable, however, that neither of the Abilene papers are enjoying anything like the hilarity The Mail manifests. The solicitude of Merkel for Abilene's moral welfare is as deep and touching as was Cisco's solicitude for Baird in the local option contest held last year. "Am I my brother's keeper?" No, but lots of us pretend to be.—Baird Star.

The above is a fair sample of the sentimental rot which the Star has been dishing out to its readers for some time past. Of course it is a mere rattling of gray matter in the Star man's head, and now that he has disgorged we hope he feels relieved, and that a sober second-thought will entirely cure him of the serious malady.

The Mail grants that without the vote of Merkel prohibition would have been defeated in this county; it took this vote to offset that of the saloon men, bums and sots at Abilene, not to mention the votes cast by Mexicans and negroes. Still the Star and others of its ilk are keen to yell "don't take our personal liberties away from us," or "it is not right that you vote this thing on us." In 1896 the pops raised the same kind of a yell. They knew that Merkel was the banner Democratic box in the county and they earnestly asked for a "stand off" here, for that would have given them an even break in the county. Abilene knew this also, but did they ask Merkel to keep out of the fight? Nay, Pauline. But instead, Merkel was petted and fondled and promised any office in the county if she would stand pat. She stood, and she got the office of treasurer, which had been occupied by a pop for two terms. Of course this is foreign to the subject, but the illustration was made to show that the pops had as much logic in their contentions as the Star and the saloons have in theirs.

Every citizen of Taylor county, without regard as to which end of the county he lives in, has a voice in county affairs, and a Merkel man has the same right that an Abilene man has. But for the Star's benefit, and to ease its pain, we will say that The Mail does not subsist on prohibition, as the twinkler seems to assume. With us it was not the question of getting whiskey out of Abilene so much as putting the law into effect. A majority of the people said by their ballots that they do not want whiskey sold in the county. Then should they stand idly by and see their rights trampled under foot? The question of violating the law has nothing to do with whether or not the law is right. It makes no difference whether the law is

a good one or a bad, that does not lessen the fact that it should not be enforced.

The writer had an interest in and expected a personal benefit from the adoption and enforcement of local option in both Abilene and Merkel. Dollars and cents did not enter into the consideration; for we admit that this office got more printing and more money out of the antis than it did out of the pros, although the paper was the only one which took sides in the fight, and, too, after tendering, free of charge, a page to the pros. Every individual who espouses a cause is not actuated by selfish motives. We have had to put up with an intolerable amount of abuse, but it was gladly shouldered. However, we do want to put ourselves right before the people. Whiskey is an evil of gigantic proportions. No one knows this better than the writer, and it is a question upon which we all agree. Now listen: Not a drop of the fiery fluid has ever been taken by the writer, except when prescribed for medicinal purposes, and only two or three times in that way. Notwithstanding there exists an unquenchable thirst for the beverage—a thirst which all the demons in hell could not hold to suffering humanity. Temptations? Thousands of them, and yet it is not too late to fall. This is a painful subject and it is only mentioned here because necessity and justice to ourself demands it. The Star can call it the rantings of a silly brain or an enfeebled mind, or put any other construction upon it that it wants to; but the fact remains.

The United States government and the government of Texas recognize whiskey and have put heavy restrictions upon its use and sale. Does the Star take issue with the government? Can it accuse the government of interference with "our personal liberties?" Is it wiser than those who made the laws? The Star charges The Mail with being unduly solicitous for Abilene's welfare, because we have felt it a duty and a privilege to uphold the law; but it is noticed that the Star has upon every favorable occasion stabbed prohibition and prohibitionists—in the Callahan county campaign, when the Willacy measure came up for consideration and later when it was defeated, and even in the campaign in this county. The Star places the saloon on a level with other business pursuits; the law does not. The Star holds that the saloon man is entitled to the same privileges as the men engaged in other pursuits; the law does not, because it recognizes the saloon business as illegitimate. Society and the church have also placed bans upon it. The Mail concurs in the interpretation of the law and holds that society and the church are right in their contentions; the Star can do as it pleases. We are broad and liberal enough to grant that the Star is honest in its convictions, and it has the right to express an opinion upon any question affecting the people. Then the Star should accord The Mail the same privilege without questioning its motive for doing so. Is not this fair, just and honorable?

"Am I my brother's keeper?" Perhaps—nit. At any rate when you vote to keep the saloons in your town you are to all intents and purposes a saloon keeper and under the law of God will be held accountable for the downfall of your boy or the boy of

your neighbor who may be led astray by these corrupting influences. Now the Star has upon several occasions dished into the fight in this county, and it has each time seen fit to use The Mail as a garbage barrel. If it has any grudge to settle, or if it is any of its business, let it come out and say so, and chop off its dirty insinuations. Merkel and The Mail are perfectly willing and able to shoulder their part of the blame (?) for Abilene's sore distress, so-called, but when it comes to gouging and the venting of spleen we intend to be very much in evidence.

The Mail has but the kindest of feelings for the Star. However, when it tackles the people of Merkel and practically brands them as moral perverts by insinuating that they voted for prohibition in order to hurt Abilene and at the same time benefit Merkel, it is overstepping the bounds of reason and common decency. The Mail might say that the Baird people voted for saloons because they are a set of saloon hirelings, but that would not make it so, neither would it be right or a proper way of looking the issue squarely in the face. Merkel and Abilene are not at all antagonistic, but they have many things in common. What is good for Merkel is good for Abilene, and the interests of one are the interests of the other. The Star succeeded in holding on to its own saloons and, more, has two or three of the Abilene breed. What more does it want, and what in the name of common sense is it kicking about? If you have a grudge, out with it. But whatever else you may do in the future, we would admonish you to stay in your own backyard. The people of Taylor county are fully able to attend to their own affairs. And we are sure Abilene people are yet able to paddle their own canoe.

In his lecture at Stamford last week, the Rev. Sam P. Jones made use of these words: "The best way to kill a town is to sit down and wait for things to develop." A greater truth was never uttered. Pushing, pulling, energetic and enterprising men are the kind a town needs, and it will never grow and prosper without them. Sitting down and waiting for something to turn up is a past accomplishment, and in these days of push and energy don't pan out well. Merkel is not sleeping, but is not as wide-awake as she should be. Let's keep something doing. Above all, let's get a Twentieth Century move on us.

The bird law is a good thing, but it should have been made to apply only to certain sections. In this country the swarms of doves and other birds are a serious menace to growing crops, especially small grain, and if they are not thinned out will eventually become very troublesome. Early in the summer, about grain ripening time, almost the entire country is alive and creeping with them. And hundreds of doves in a drove soon make great inroads through a field of grain.

The Democratic platform contained a plank against nepotism, and in accordance with the demand a bill was introduced in the legislature; but like the other platform demands it was ignored, and the bill died a-bornin'.

Grover Cleveland can no longer be accused of passiveness. He has been heard to exclaim.

WITH THE PRESS GANG.

Every woman who wears a bird or any part of a bird in Texas after June 30, will be subject to arrest for violation of the bird protection law. The ladies can not be too careful.—Roby Banner.

The Banner man no doubt imagines that his better half has designs upon the millinery store, and is trying to hedge her in this way. However, if this little squib will have the effect of even partially preventing the wearing of dead birds as ornaments, the editor will be pardoned for handling the truth so recklessly.

A corset trust has been organized, but then that is perfectly natural. The corset is in the squeezing business.—Honey Grove Citizen.

But in this particular case the other fellow does the squeezing, and that would go mightily against the grain.

The best grammarian would find it hard to work out a sentence in jail.—Orange Tribune.

Yes; and it would be hard for a man who had never seen a grammar to do that.

The Sweetwater and Colorado papers are hitting each other below the belts in their discussions over the building of the Orient. It is tit for tat.

Carthage, Texas, has come forward with a lynching, a negro brute who attempted to rape a little girl being the victim. In the same paper we find an account of a race riot in Illinois which was precipitated by a similar offense. At Carthage there was no disturbance, and nine-tenths of the people did not know there had been a lynching until they opened their eyes on the scene the next morning.

The Terrell election law contains some very obnoxious features, but it must be remembered that it felt the pruning knife and was carved indiscriminately while passing through the legislature, and if it will have the effect of preventing repeater voting and trafficking in ballots it will have served a good purpose.

The objectionable features can be eliminated later on.

Immigration to the west will be unusually heavy this fall, and the railroads are preparing for a large passenger traffic. Home hunting and home getting is populating the west with a very desirable class of yeomanry and husbandmen.

A campaign for the senate between Bailey and Hogg is a remote possibility, but it must be admitted that it would be a very lively scrimmage. The Hogg-Clark campaign of a few years ago wouldn't be a patchin' to it.

The law creating a bureau of vital statistics is a good one and will result in incalculable good to the State. Let it be strictly enforced regardless of consequences.

There are few lovelier countries than this, and none can excel it in fertility of soil and healthfulness. Down easterners are fast realizing this fact.

The uniform text book law has again been enacted, the popular demands of the people forcing its passage over the strenuous objections of the book trust.

The legislature is redeeming itself and making up for lost time. The members are exercising an unusual amount of zeal.

When a fellow gets the "swell head" and imagines he is the "whole cheese," he is soon to go up against a snag.

Two whole days have passed without a word from Teddy. Surely his "spouter" is not seriously affected.

A little attention from Jupiter Pluvius just now would chase many shadows from furrowed brows.

It is evident that William has no love for Grover, but how does Grover feel towards William?

Tell your neighbor about The Mail and ask him to subscribe.

Nepotism—giving all your relatives a fat job.

March has overtaken us in May.

No line of Vehicles for West Texas like the

RACINE

DURABLE
COMFORTABLE
MEDIUM PRICED

Made and guaranteed by the largest vehicle factory in the world. Have been sold in this section for 9 years. Get a RACINE vehicle and feel satisfied that you have something good. Thousands of them in use in West Texas.

ED S. HUGHES & CO.

ABILENE, TEXAS

Distributors for WEST TEXAS.

Robbed The Grave.

A startling incident is narrated by John Oliver of Philadelphia, as follows: "I was in an awful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite, growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Then I was advised to use Electric Bitters; to my great joy, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50c, guaranteed, at Rust & Pittard's drug store.

There is nothing that fits a man like his skin, next to that Warren's underwear. Best lot of 50c garments ever shown.

Come and see our spring matting.—W. P. Browning and Co.

We handle a full supply of machine needles and attachments, belts, oil cans, etc. Best oil made.

W. P. Browning & Co.
To The Public.

Those who have second-hand goods for sale take them to J. C. Watkins.

If you pay less elsewhere you get less. Trade with Warren.

Call for Sale.

The editor of The Mail has a male calf for sale, or will trade for feed or forage. Come quick if you want him.

Our collection of \$5.00 trousers may interest you. It costs nothing to see them.

J. T. Warren.

Notice!

The City Meat Market keeps nice, fresh beef, pork and sausage on hand all the time.

Beginning Monday, April 13, we will make ice deliveries between the hours of 9 and 12 a. m. and after 4 p. m. each day, except Sunday, when ice and meat will be delivered from 7 to 9 a. m. Please make your order accordingly, as we will not vary from this rule.

J. W. & L. M. Watkins.

We make our business pay us by making it pay you.

J. T. Warren.

Warren sells everything you wear from the ground up.

For Sale.

Second-hand buggy and phaeton. Will trade for horses and cattle. Apply to 2t The Star Store.

Misses Prudence Allyn and Birdie Collins visited at Eskota Sunday evening.

Mr. Donald Bowie of Weatherford, who is a brother of W. A. Bowie, the Abilene lumberman, has accepted the position of bookkeeper with the First National Bank.

Y. H. Berry has just returned from Tennessee where he disposed of a shipment of horses at satisfactory prices. He will make another shipment soon.

Mr. Wilbur Parten came over from Stamford Sunday and accompanied Mrs. Parten home.

Those who purchased season tickets to the Lyceum attractions will be refunded one-third of the money paid in upon presentation of the tickets at the First National Bank. Do this at once, please. The management have been to great expense in providing the attractions, and it is hoped the above arrangements will prove satisfactory.

We Are Fully Prepared



To meet the demands for better character of

Men's and Boys' Clothing.

Men's Suits from \$5.00 to \$16.

Boys' Suits from 75c to \$5.00.



WORKMANSHIP, STYLE and MATERIAL

are the ingredients in our line of Shoes and Slippers.



J. T. Warren.

A Thoughtful Man.

M. M. Austin of Winchester, Ind. knew what to do in the hour of need. His wife had such an unusual case of stomach and liver trouble, physicians could not help her. He thought of and tried Dr. King's New Life Pills and she got relief at once and was finally cured. Only 25c, at Rust & Pittard's Drug Store.

You can't blame a pretty girl for putting on frills when she has Warren's stock of laces and embroideries to select from.

The flour is the basis of the good things you bake, have that right and you're almost sure of results.

Peace-Maker at Warren's is all right.

An Arm Amputated.

A few days ago Jap Martin, who lives 9 or 10 miles northwest of town, was kicked by a fractious horse, the animal's hoof striking and severely lacerating one of the fingers on his right hand. He trimmed the member with a pocketknife and bandaged it as well as he could, but gangrene set up and the finger was amputated Friday night. He gradually grew worse, having waited so long before calling in a physician that the gangrene had spread to his arm, and Monday night that member was amputated between the wrist and elbow. The chances are against his recovery, but The Mail hopes for the best. He is one of Jones county's very best citizens.

Lumber is on the ground for Prof. Sewell's residence.

Capt. Gist, who arrived with his family from Ellis county last week, will open a store at Cross Roads, north of town, soon. He is a progressive citizen and we are glad to have him with us.

All districts failing to elect trustees Saturday should be reported by retiring trustees to the county judge who will fill the vacancy by appointment.

Makes A Clean Sweep.

There's nothing like doing a thing thoroughly. Of all the Salves you ever heard of, Bucklen's Arnica Salve is the best. It sweeps away and cures Burns, Sores, Bruises, Cuts, Boils, Ulcers, Skin Eruptions and Piles. It's only 25c, and guaranteed to give satisfaction by Rust & Pittard, Druggist.

W. P. Browning & Co. have the best line of window shades in town. All the new patterns.

Methodist Meeting Postponed.

It has been thought best to postpone the Methodist meeting a week, and The Mail is requested to announce that it will begin on the second Sunday (at night) in May.

Joe Blackburn Dead.

The sad news of the death of Mr. Joe Blackburn, which occurred at his home in the Canyon Monday evening, was received here with genuine regret. Mr. Blackburn was a pioneer citizen of the county and was one of its very best citizens. He leaves a large family and many relatives to mourn his loss, and to them The Mail tenders its deepest sympathy.

The contract has been let for erecting two new school buildings at Abilene for \$17,800, Winter & Russell contractors. Work is to commence at once.

A dormitory of 18 rooms is to be built to Simmons College, Abilene, in time for the fall term. The contract has already been let. As an educational institution of great merit Simmons College is forging rapidly to the front and taking its place with the leading colleges of the State. With the addition of the dormitory, and the excellent faculty of which the college can now boast, further good reports should be made and the merits of the school scattered far and wide.

Herbine Cures.

Fever and Ague. A dose will usually stop a chill, a continuance always cures. Mrs. Wm. M. Stroud, Midlothian, Texas, May 31, 1899, writes: We have used Herbine in our family for eight years, and found it the best medicine we have ever used for la grippe, bilious fever, and malaria." 50c at Burroughs & Mann.

Mrs. Brown of Tuscola was visiting her daughter, Mrs. McWhorter, here Sunday. Mrs. Brown is a former Waco friend of the editor's family.

That Woodman Pin.

Some time ago local members of the Woodman lodge received emblems of the order purporting to be from a crippled member of Kansas City, and upon the receipt of the pin the recipient was expected to send in 25c to "help out a worthy brother." Investigations have been made and it turns out that a Kansas City jeweler is at the head of the fraud and has reaped a rich harvest, thousands of dollars pouring in from every state. Postal authorities are now investigating the affair, with a view to punishing the guilty parties for using the Mails for fraudulent purposes.

J. H. Fultz of Sweetwater remits for The Mail and Dallas News.

A Sharp Lawyer.

A shrewd Missouri lawyer who was conducting a divorce case advised the client, when his wife fell sick, to pray for delay in anticipation of the woman's death. The woman did die before the case was heard, and the husband fell heir to \$80,000 of her property. The lawyer claimed a fee of \$5,000, while the client was willing to pay \$300. The lawyer sued, and the court awarded him the full fee claimed. It all sounds rather heartless, still it is "law."—Ex.

Beauty And Strength.

Are desirable. You are strong and vigorous, when your blood is pure. Many—nay, most—women, fail to properly digest their food, and so become pale, sallow, thin and weak, while the brightness, freshness and beauty of the skin and complexion, depart. Remedy this unpleasant evil, by eating nourishing food, and taking a small dose of Herbine after each meal, to digest what you have eaten. 50c at Burroughs & Mann.

"An Eldorado girl declared she would not marry until the young man to whom she was engaged had \$3,000 in the bank," says the Kansas City Star. She met him a few weeks afterward and asked him how he was getting along. "Very well," he replied. "I have \$18 saved." "I guess," she she answered faintly, "that is about near enough."

The man who will promptly pay his bills when he has the money is the man we all seek, and he is the one who is going to thrive in life and succeed. Why an honest man should try to evade the payment of an honest debt or pay it with reluctance is more than we can understand.—Brenham Banner.

Not Given To Immersion.

A Michigan boy, the son of a Baptist clergyman, has inherited the traditional baptism by immersion principles, and by the close attention given to the ceremony as performed by his fond parent is able to repeat it word for word. A few days ago he filled a tub with water in the back kitchen and catching the family cat and her two kittens proceeded to teach them one of the essential rights of the Baptist church. The kittens underwent the ordeal without protest, but the cat showed her displeasure by scratching the boy's face. Throwing the offending animal down, he said in disgust: "Darn it, be a Methodist then if you want to."



Merkel Lodge No. 710, A. F. & A. M., meets Saturday night on or before the full moon in each month.

J. A. Leeman, W. M.
S. M. Sewell, Sec.

We have bought the old school building and will sell the lumber cheap in any amount wanted.

J. H. Hughes & Co.

Cool off if you can; if you can't, try a whiff of Burroughs & Mann's fount. All late drinks.

There is a vast amount of genuine comfort in the vicinity of Burroughs & Mann's soda fount.

For Sale—Full blooded Silver Lace Wyandott eggs, \$1.15 per 13 delivered at Merkel.

4t E. C. Powell,

We mix and make all the latest and best drinks. Come and see. Burroughs & Mann.

Trustee Election.

On the first Saturday in May is the time for the election of school trustees, and notices have been posted to that effect. J. T. Warren, I. S. Allen, J. C. Calvert and T. J. Coggin are the present trustees whose terms expire. The Mail believes that these men can be persuaded to accept another term on the board and it moves that they be unanimously chosen to succeed themselves. As a rule no set of men can give perfect satisfaction in school matters, but these men are broad and liberal in their views and have an eye single to the good of the school.

Let all pull together henceforth to the end that the school may grow and prosper as never before.

Let Burroughs & Mann sell you your fishing tackle, poles, etc. A nice line.

Too Great a Risk.

A reliable remedy for bowel complaints should always be kept at hand. The risk is too great for anyone to take. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy never fails and when reduced with water is pleasant to take. For sale by Burroughs & Mann.

Now's the time to kill the dogs and we have the carbon to do it with. Burroughs & Mann.



Miss Ida M. Snyder.

Treasurer of the Brooklyn East End Art Club.

"If women would pay more attention to their health we would have more happy wives, mothers and daughters, and if they would observe results they would find that the doctors' prescriptions do not perform the many cures they are given credit for.

"In consulting with my druggist he advised McEree's Wine of Cardui and Theford's Black-Draught, and so I took it and have every reason to thank him for a new life opened up to me with restored health, and it only took three months to cure me."

Wine of Cardui is a regulator of the menstrual functions and is a most astonishing tonic for women. It cures scanty, suppressed, too frequent, irregular and painful menstruation, falling of the womb, whites and flooding. It is helpful when approaching womanhood, during pregnancy, after childbirth and in change of life. It frequently brings a dear baby to homes that have been barren for years. All druggists have \$1.00 bottles of Wine of Cardui.

WINE OF CARDUI

Notice.

Drs. Leeman & King's office in Burroughs & Mann's drug store. Calls answered day and night, both in town and in the country. Catarrh made a specialty. Hemorrhoids (piles) cured without the ordinary danger of the knife, no loss of time, no blood.

The ALCOHOL or WHISKEY HABITS, Opium, Morphine, Cocaine, Chloral; in fact, all drug habits cured, and you at your own homes and at your usual vocation. No loss of time; no railroad fare; no hotel expenses. Call and see us; it will cost you nothing.

We will furnish you a trial treatment absolute free at your request, provided you will promise to follow directions.

Leeman & King.

Who wants to rent a good five room house in Merkel—convenient to school, good barn, lots and garden, five acres of land, well and wind mill. For particulars see Basham, Shepherd & Co.

Walks Without Crutches.

I was much afflicted with sciatica, writes Ed. C. Nud, Iowa-ville, Sedgwick Co., Kan., "going about on crutches and suffering a deal of pain. I was induced to try Ballard's Snow Liniment, which relieved me. I used three 50c bottles. It is the greatest liniment I ever used; have recommended it to a number of persons, all express themselves as being benefitted by it. I now walk without crutches, able to perform a great deal of light labor on the farm." 25c, 50c and \$1.00 at Burroughs & Mann's.

DRY GOODS AT WHOLESALE COST. Also a nice lot of spring and summer goods just received which will be sold as cheap as any. Don't fail to see us.

Respectfully,
DENNIS BROS.

Dr. Huckabay sold out his interests at Nodda and moved last week to Noodle, where he will engage in business and practice his profession.

Remember it will require a poll tax receipt to vote in the trustee election Saturday.

A small sprinkle of rain fell here Tuesday night. At Trent on the west, Abilene on the east and Neinda to the north of us good showers fell. The rain extended from Fort Worth to Big Springs, but skipped over this immediate vicinity.

The following births are reported this week: To Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Alsbrook, a boy; to Mr. and Mrs. D. M. Senter, a boy, and to Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Hamm, a boy. The Mail extends congratulations.

A Blue Norther.

A norther swooped down upon us yesterday evening and by this morning the thermometer had dropped to the freezing point, ice forming during the night. It is thought, however, that comparatively no damage was done crops, fruit, etc.

A light snow is reported in the Panhandle.

Some 75 conversions resulted from the Rev. Luther Little meeting which closed at Abilene Saturday.

C. L. McNees, southeast of town, has ordered machinery and will put in an irrigating plant on his farm. He has built a reservoir and has things fixed up in tip top shape. The Mail will have something further to say about this in a later issue, when we shall have inspected the plant.

J. T. WARREN, PRES.

GEO. S. BERRY, CASHIER.

G. F. WEST, VICE PRES.

T. A. JOHNSON, ASST. CASHIER.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK,

MERKEL, TEXAS.

CAPITAL FULLY PAID IN	\$ 50,000.00
SHAREHOLDERS' LIABILITIES	50,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS	14,000.00
TOTAL	\$114,000.00

WE SOLICIT YOUR PATRONAGE.

A Prominent Minister Recommends Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

Rev. Francis J. Davidson, pastor of the St. Matthew Baptist church and president of the Third District Baptist Association, 2731 Second St., New Orleans, writes as follows: "I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for cramps and pains in the stomach and found it excellent. It is in fact the best cramp and colic remedy I have ever used. Also several of my parishioners have used it with equally satisfactory results." For sale by Burroughs & Mann.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. C. Hunt, accompanied by Mrs. Comegys and children, left Sunday for Haskell to visit the former's parents, and will go from there to their home at Comanche, I. T.

Miss Willie Crim returned to Abilene Monday.

If you have a buggy that needs painting take it to J. C. Watkins. He has a nice room in the rear of his store fitted up for that purpose. He also buys or sells on commission anything you may have to dispose of.

One Mitchell Wagon for sale. Call at this office. 4t

Mrs. Thomas Cranfield died at Abilene Saturday night.

Ed S. Hughes of Abilene was in the city yesterday.

The stark is hovering over many Merkel homes, and ere long will begin to alight with its precious burdens.

Mr. Richard Oliver of Austin and Miss Oma Wood of Abilene were married at the latter place Monday.

Joe Elliott came in from Arlington Tuesday.

League Program.

The Epworth League will have a literary meeting at the church Friday night, May 1. The following program will be rendered: The Balkan States; Europe's War Cloud—Edgar Maxwell.

Sketch of Sir Walter Scott—Mr. Stallings.

Selections from Scott—Duncan Browning.

Duet—Misses Eva Williams and Effie Barnes.

The Modern Detective Story and Its Effects—Prof. Sewell.

Trend of Modern Literature—general discussion.

Male Quartet—Messrs. Sewell, Clay, Hand and Maxwell.

The Supreme Court of Texas has held the anti-trust act of 1899 to be valid. While this act was repealed by the new anti-trust act recently enacted, it applies to any offenses which may antedate the enactment of the new law.

Implements...

FOR THE FARM:

Plows,
Cultivators,
Planters,
Hoes,
Rakes,
Plow Points,
Etc., etc.

FOR THE HOME:

Queensware,
Glassware,
Stoves, Ranges,
Lamps, Cutlery,
Etc., etc.

Nothing but Dependable Goods

W. H. Dickson

New Hunting Law.

Following is the text of the act relating to hunting on private grounds which was passed by the legislature at its regular session, and which will go into effect on June 30.

Section 1. That article 834, chapter III, of the Revised statutes of 1895, shall be amended so as to read as follows, to-wit:

Section 2. Any person who shall enter upon the inclosed land of another without the consent of the owner, proprietor or agent in charge, and therein hunt with firearms, or therein catch or take any fish from any pond, lake, tank or stream, or in any other manner depredate upon same shall be punished by fine not less than \$10, nor more than \$100; provided, futher, that this act shall not apply to inclosures including 2,000 acres or more in one inclosure.

Mr. Aaron Brian reports a good rain at his place near Trent and says it was worth much to that section.

C. W. Bacon made a business trip to Dallas Monday.

A Demonstration of What Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy Can Do.

"One of our customers, a highly respected citizen of this place, had been for ten years a sufferer from chronic diarrhoea," writes Walden & Martin, druggists, of Enterprise, Ala. "He had used various patent preparations and been treated by physicians without any permanent benefit. A few months ago he commenced taking Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and in a short time was entirely cured. Many citizens of Enterprise who know the gentleman will testify to the truthfulness of this statement." For sale by Burroughs & Mann.

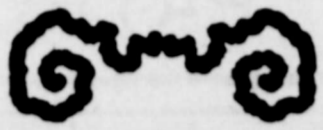
NOTICE!

I will leave Saturday night to attend the American Medical Association at New Orleans and while there will spend two months in the New Orleans Polyclinic. Those who wish to settle their accounts due me can find them at Rust & Pittard's drug store.

Respectfully,
E. M. Rust M. D.

Come and Look.

The loudest voices can be heard at the greatest distance, but it is the soundest argument that creates the BEST IMPRESSION.



We do our talking by our merit. We want you to listen and profit thereby. There's as much in it for you as there is for us. Our audience of customers is growing each day. Come join the ranks. We now have our full spring stock open for your inspection and can say it is the LARGEST and BEST we have ever shown, and it will pay you to take a look through the store.

Anything in DRY GOODS and GROCERIES.

J. O. HAMILTON

The Farmer's Column.

Interesting Items Pertaining to the Farm and Farm Life, From Our Exchanges.

If you have not planted alfalfa for fear your land would not grow it, had you not better test the matter, and learn whether or not your fears are well founded? You may have been mistaken all this time and if so, the mistake grows in magnitude every year, and the consequences will follow you as long as the mistake is tolerated. If you have tried it on one part of your field and failed, try it somewhere else. If you have only a few acres where it will live, the fact is well worth knowing.

Instead of sending wife and children to the cotton patch take a moment's thought and employ them more profitably about the house. A woman's time is worth much more to the dairy than to the cotton crop—more money. Four cows and one woman are worth more than three cotton field hands. The good woman will make good butter which will sell for a good price—four pounds for a dollar. Four cows, 12 pounds of butter per week, \$3, \$12 per month, \$48 per year. There is your bale of cotton from four cows. If four cows will yield one bale of cotton annually, how many bales will eight cows yield? Will 12 cows? Will 20 cows?

In plowing crops and also in planting and cultivating them many farmers do not consider the topography and characteristic of the soil. For some reason they want corn here and cotton there and the sweet potato patch there, and the arrangement may be good or bad. They run their rows up and down hill, or across it without considering the effect upon drainage. For this reason many farms have had their fertility washed away toward the sea and the farmer wonders why his land does not yield as it once did. We know a once rich black land farm in Grimes county, Texas, with a deep soil and no rocks in sight. This farm embraced a hill on top of which were the residence and other buildings. The rows were run up and down the hill. After a few years the bottom rails of the fence were covered with sediment washed down from above. In a few more years the plow

occasionally scraped a rock; these rocks became numerous on the surface, and almost the entire field was covered with rocks, all the surface soil being washed into Beason's creek. The farm had to be abandoned and has so remained for many years.

There is a pressing demand all over the South for corn, says an exchange. Men, women and children are needing it for bread. Horses, hogs and chickens are needing it for food. Corn is scarce and the Western farmer is getting rich selling corn and flour to us of the South. But we are eagerly crying to these very farmers that we have the best section on earth. We think they should sell out and come down here and help us enjoy the scarcity of corn.

The farmers of this country should raise more chickens and butter. When we say butter we mean good butter—not the kind you sometimes see in the stores, smelling bad and looking nasty. Such butter will never find a market. We never have seen real fresh, sweet-looking butter, worth 25c a pound, have to wait for a buyer.

Fertile soils are those containing the following amounts of the following plant foods, as minimums: Potash 0.5 per cent, phosphoric acid 0.2 per cent, lime 0.5 per cent, iron 2.0 per cent. Poor soils contain as maximums, potash 0.1 per cent, phosphoric acid 0.05 per cent, lime 0.05 per cent, iron 0.8 per cent. All other fertilizing elements are in ample amounts in all soils. The fertile soil should also hold 5 per cent organic matter as a source of nitrogen, and the poor soil 2 per cent. The body of all soils is composed of sand and clay. These vary in composition according to their source. These serve to hold plants in place, and as a store house of plant food, and also give mechanical character of the soil. Clay holds water and sand prevents the soil from holding too much water. Clay is compact, sticky according to the amount of vegetable matter or humus it contains. Sand is fine or coarse according to the size of its par-

ticles. Fine sand and fine clay properly mixed give body to our best soils.

These days it is truly a wise man who knows what he eats. His canned beef may be dessicated donkey; his honey may be cornstarch digested with sulphuric acid, and his syrups the same; his raspberry jam may be boiled pumpkin with a few clover seed scattered through it. This uncertainty attaches to all manufactured food products, though in some cases the contents of the package may correspond with the label. Those who live from paper bags and tin cans can have no assurance as to what they eat. Here is where the farmer has a distinct advantage over all other classes, for when he sits down to a well loaded table, he knows what is before him and he eats with confidence the products of his soil and labor. Of course there are some things he must buy at the grocers—things he can't produce, but these are things regarding the purity of which there is little room for doubt, such as tea, coffee, salt, spice, and even flour (if he does not have it made from his own wheat.) With such exceptions as these, he can raise in his own field, orchard, garden, poultry yard and stock pastures the best of everything that is good for him, and live and feed his family upon better food than the millionaire can buy, even with a car load of money. But it is also true that many farmers do not live according to their privileges. Too many of them participate in the consumption of "factory made" farm products which are mysterious to all but the manufacturer. But it is also true that farmers are gradually adopting the better way, growing their own raw material and manufacturing their own food products, as well as having the very best fresh from the tree, vine, henhouse and pastures.

Out of every trail men come prepared for better management. The drouths, followed by the long wet season, have taught a severe but profitable lesson. Farmers have heretofore sold off their products down to a single season's supply. Hereafter they will hold in reserve enough to carry them through two seasons. At least this is one lesson that past calamities that were unavoidable should have taught.

Girls should remember that the home kitchen, with mother

for teacher and a loving, willing daughter for pupil, is the best cooking-school on earth. That the most excellent thing in a woman—a low voice—can be acquired only by home practice. That true beauty of face is only possible where there is beauty of soul manifested in a beautiful character. That the girl everybody likes is not affected, and never whims, but is just her sincere, earnest, helpful self. And, finally, that one of the most beautiful things on earth is a pure, modest, true young girl, one who is the father's pride, her mother's comfort, her brother's inspiration, and her sister's ideal—which all girls should try to be.—Michigan Advocate.

Don't Worry.

What's the use
Of fretting?
If you've troubles,
Try forgetting.
Take things easy—

Praise or blame—
The world will wag on
Just the same.
What's the difference,
Anyhow,
A hundred years from now,
Don't anticipate
Your sorrow.
When it comes,
No need to borrow,
Get your sleep out,
Troubled one.
You cannot rush
The low old sun.
So let the seasons
Come and go,
Bringing with them
Weal or woe.
Use the moments
As they fly
Nor try to help them
Hasten by.
In life's long race
You needn't hurry,
And if you'd win it
Don't—worry.

—The Pilgrim.

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Shakespeare said, A rose by any other name would smell as sweet; but when it comes to PLOWS



John Deere and Standard Plows

stand for all that is good in the plow line. Better get the best Plows and Farm Implements if you want the best results. Their

Riding Planter

is a winner for 1903. Prices Right, Goods right.

GEO. L. PAXTON,

ABILENE, TEXAS.