

THE AGITATOR.

Subscription 50 cents per Year.

"Be sure You are right, then go ahead."

Advertising Rates on Application.

Vol. 1.

CLARENDON, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, OCTOBER, 26, 1899.

No. 38.

OUR WORST ENEMY.

The Serpent in the Glass.

Many of the famous advocates of temperance are dying off, but there is one trumpet-tongued orator, who continues to sound his tocsin in every house that contains a Bible. It is the divinely inspired preacher who utters this tremendous warning, "Look not on the wine when it is ruddy, when it giveth its color in the cup, when it goeth down smoothly; for at last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder!" Young man, listen to that loud and loving voice before you touch that glass of champagne; good woman, stop and think what you are about before you mix that bowl of punch for your party; father, be careful how you put that sly serpent on your table for some of your boys may get stung to death!

To break the terrible habit, and to shake off the serpent, requires such effort that few are permanently reformed. Some surrender to the inevitable and go over to the cataract with eyes open to their doom. A young man said to a friend of mine, "This awful drink has used up my money, ruined my health, and almost killed my parents. It will soon kill me and send me to hell! I know it, and yet the habit is so strong that I cannot stop." And he did not stop; when he began to sip his wine he never dreamed that he would die a wretched sot. Of all the deceivers that betray body and soul to damnation, none is so alluring and enticing as the glass.

It is strange that parents—many Christian parents—will allow it to come into their homes, and will provide it for guests. It is stran that, in spite of all the miseries suffered by drunkards wives, so many young women are willing to marry young men who are in the habit of taking a social glass. They are playing with a viper. If their hearts are stung with agony, it is their own fault.

If the above mentioned things are strange, it is stranger still that churches, Sunday school and pulpits do not ring out oftener and more vehemently this heavensent tocsin: "Look not on the wine! It stingeth like a serpent and biteth like an adder!"—Rev. T. L. Cuyler, D. D.

Railroads Against Whisky.

Large employers of labor are coming to be unanimous in the opinion that employees who take intoxicating drinks are a bad investment. One of our great railroad corporations recently gathered all the facts concerning the men and the conditions of every accident which had occurred on its lines for five years. When tabulated, it appeared that forty per cent of all accidents were due altogether, or in part, to the failure of the men who were given to drinking; that eighteen per cent had strong suspicion of sim-

ilar causes, if no clear proof. In one year over a million dollars worth of property was destroyed by the failures of beer-drinking engineers and switchmen on this road alone.

The Chicago & Alton Railroad officials, less than a year ago, issued the following rules:—

"The use of intoxicating drinks and frequenting of gambling places, or other places of low resort, have proven a most fruitful source of trouble to railways as well as to individuals. Recognizing the fact, this company will exercise the most rigid scrutiny in reference to the habits of employees in this respect.

"The use of beer or other intoxicating liquor by any employee of this company while on duty is strictly prohibited, and no employee will be allowed to have such liquors in or about any station, shop, or other premises of this company at any time or under any circumstances.

"Any conductor, trainman, engineer, fireman, switchman, or other employee who is known to use intoxicating liquors, or frequent gambling places, or other places of low resort, either while on or off of duty, will be promptly and permanently discharged from the service of this company."

When these rules were issued the saloon keepers and bar-rooms along the line of the road threatened to boycott the railroad if they attempted to enforce them. In reply the general manager said: "I see the saloon-keepers are threatening to boycott us. Well, let them go ahead. We don't care anything about that. The loss of their business will not hurt us a particle. It does not amount to enough to pay one-tenth part the expense resulting from one bad accident.—Selected.

Pontius Pilate is a type of all compromises. He knew that Jesus was innocent of the charges brought against him by the Sanhedrin, and he was really anxious to set him free. To accomplish this end he resorted to all sorts of expediences; but when these failed he lacked the moral courage to do what was right and just without regard to the consequences that might follow. After temporizing with the mob which he despised, he weakly yielded to its demands, and so has been forever pilloried in the pages of history. His own lips pronounced a judgement upon himself when he said: "Take ye him, and crucify him: for I find no fault in him." What good did it do him to wash his hands after his cowardly surrender, and say: "I am innocent of the blood of this just person!" Could such a protest efface the stain from his soul? Compromise is all right till it touches a principle; then it becomes an enormity.—Selected.

Does Your Anchor Hold.

A sailor in Gloucester, Mass., had been wounded in a wreck, and was brought ashore. The fever was great, and he was dying. His comrades gathered

around him in a little fishing house, and the physician said: "He wont live long." The sailor was out of his mind until near the close. But within a few minutes of his death he looked around, and called one comrade after another, bade them good-bye, and then sank into a sleep. Finally, as it was time for his medicine again, and one of the sailors shook him, and said: "Mate, how are you now?" he looked up into the eyes of his friend, and said: "My anchor holds?" It was the last thing he said. And when they called upon a friend of mine to take charge of the funeral service, you can imagine how powerful was the impression it made upon his hearers when he quoted the dying words, "My anchor holds!"

Does your anchor hold? Can you, when death comes, and when your friends are gathered around, just look up and say: "My anchor holds?" If you cannot, prepare yourself for it now. You have this opportunity to-day; and then from this day watch your anchor, see that nothing in life or death shall ever separate you from the love of God in Christ Jesus.—Russell H. Conwell.

Victor Hugo's Mortality.

In his old age Victor Hugo's thoughts turned strongly towards the belief which most of humanity possesses in a future life. The Advance says we may place the following eloquent words at this time over against the agnostic utterances of Ingersol:

"I feel in myself the future life. I am rising, I know, toward the sky. The sunshine is over my head. Heaven lights me with the reflection of unknown worlds.

"You say that soul is nothing but the result of bodily powers; why then is my soul more luminous when my bodily powers begin to fail? Winter on my head and eternal spring on my heart.

"The nearer I approach the end the plainer I hear around me the immortal symphonies of the world which invite me. It is marvelous yet simple. It is a fairy tale, and it is history. For a half a century I have been writing my thoughts in prose, verse, history, philosophy, drama, romance, tradition, satire, ode, song—I have tried all. But I feel that I have not said the thousandth part of what is in me. When I go down to the grave I can say like so many others; 'I have finished my day's work,' but I cannot say 'I have finished my life.' My day's work will begin the next morning. The tomb is not a blind alley; it is a thoroughfare. It closes in the twilight to open with the dawn. I improve every hour because I love this world as my fatherland. My work is only a beginning. My work is hardly above foundation. I would be glad to see it mounting and mounting forever. The thirst for the infinite proves infinity.

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Clarendon, Texas.

The Agitator.

ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY.

J. R. HENSON, Editor.
A. M. BEVILLE, Local Editor.
H. B. MARTIN, Business Mgr.

Subscription 50 cts. per Yr. in advance.

Entered at the post office at Clarendon, Texas as Second-class mail matter.

It is elevating, inspiring, and lifts a man's soul above the earth, to engage in the discussion of a principle of moral ethics with a man of liberal culture; it is like unto sailing with the proud bird of freedom, which bathes its pinions in the broad sunlight of aerial heights; but to watch the flight of a vulture, which, with broad, black sweep of filthy wings sails over fields of waving golden grain, o'er, flowering meadows and the garden of the Gods, to alight on some putrifying carcass and gorge its glutinous appetite on the rotten remains—how bestial, how degrading!

In our discussion with the Tribune-Chief about opening the Cowboys Reunion with prayer, and up-holding Rev. Andrews for refusing to open the same by invoking the blessings of God thereon, when such carnival was freely advertised, and advertised that REACES were the principal feature and \$2500.00 purse the chief attraction—we consider that we were fighting for the cause of morality and upholding a worthy minister in his refusal to sanction horse races by praying for their success.

The Tribune-Chief says Abe Mulkey, when approached on the subject said he would have prayed for them and that he would pray for the devil if he would stay with him long enough. Brother Abe could certainly find a field where the devil stays long enough if he would pitch his tent beside the Tribune-Chief.

It is not a question of what Abe or any other preacher would do; is it right, is it in keeping with their profession, their teachings, with the life and spirit of Christ to open carnivals of that character with, prayer? That is the question.

Do preachers sanction horse racing? Do they preach that gambling is elevating? If you desire such things popularized, pray for their success. Open your poker games with prayer; swing wide the doors to the brothels of hell in all the cities with prayer.

The leaves of the the book of our life can be turned and read by the world—our footsteps have ever lead in the path of duty; duty to our family, our country and our God. But we do thank God that we are still on a high moral ground; that we have never sank so low as to condone sin or with brazen face stand before the king of kings and beg at His hands a blessing on a horse race!

There may be those who pray in public and play poker in private; whited sepulchres, full of filth and all uncleanness; who would defend the devil for the damnable way in which he leads weak man astray, but no earnest Christian, no man who tries to keep his garments clean and unspotted will dare, in the name of God, to uphold a horse race.

It is said, and while it is un-
couth it is true, "that if you go to sleep with dogs you will get

flees," and we feel a remorseful conviction of the adage, yet, to reach the plains of sin and Sodom you must climb down the hill into the valley. In this discussion a few fleas have hopped on to us, but we have applied the "microbe decoction" vigorously to the canine—and it helped, for their howls have been heard day and night.

The Agitator understands that the secular press feels in duty bound to defend any public enterprise, any popular project—this, we believe, is a false standard of duty. No man is either honor or duty bound to uphold any enterprise which tends to lower the standard of public morals, and the newspaper which, through a mistaken idea of fealty to its town, advocates and defends a breach of the moral code, is to be rather pitied than condemned.

Truth and duty are the sublimest words in any language; but how deplorable to see a public educator totally ignorant of the real meaning of either!

The editor of the Tribune-Chief has not been a factor in this discussion, but merely an ignorant incident—probably not his fault, merely the result of his environments. We feel that our readers understand the question: Shall we ask a blessing on horse racing? The Agitator is vigorously, aggressively on the negative side, and we had rather be numbered with the "pure in heart who shall see God," than with the wealthy, horse racing, rich men who shall open their eyes in eternity on the other side of that impassable gulf, beyond where lie the fadeless fields of boundless bliss.

The editor of the Quanah Tribune-Chief seems to have been out of sorts last week, we suppose that article in the Agitator on "Poker and Prayer" is the cause. No! no! Harry, it could not have been meant for you if there was any praying in it.

Don't abuse the poor drunkard—remove the cause, the saloon.

We think it all right for preachers and church members the stripe of the editor of the Quanah Chief to lead in prayer at horse races and poker games the only trouble would be in their not knowing how.

Handle dirt with a long handle shovel, else you will soil your hands.

The editor of the Index may be "soul and body with the Agitator," but one thing sure he never will be soul and body with a man that can be hypocrite enough to be an elder in the church and at the same time take part in and uphold horse racing and gambling and persecute a true minister of God because he will not do the same thing.

Show us the good growing out of the saloon. How does it help a town? Does it clothe anyone? Does it feed anybody? Does it help people to be better? Who patronizes them, and where does the money go? And how many bright boys do the saloons require every year to run their business?

Do you favor saloons, Do you believe in daencing? Do you uphold Sabbath breaking? If you are opposed to these things you are with us in our fight against evil and wrong doing. Brother, sister, the Agitator is fighting the devil—which side are you on?

Read the oath of the priest and see what you think of it.

Clarendon is bulding faster than any town on the Denver road. And there is good reason for her growth. Having the railroad shops, and the building of the colleges has advertised the town as a business and educational center, and people have flocked here until there is not a vacant house in the town. Several houses are in course of construction, yet the demand is not supplied. Our business men do a cash business exclusively, and this gives safety to all business enterprises. Clarendon is becoming to be known as the best town on the Denver.

If the hypocritical church members of the "Jacksboro Gambling Association" want an advocate let them get the Editor of the Quanah Chief, he is a church member of the same stripe.

Gambling and Fairs.

Judge I. Stoddard in the Jacksboro Review of last week gets close after the managers of the Jacksboro fair in allowing gambling of all discriptions to run in connection with the fair, he says they were permitted to do so, having paid for the privilege. We are too far away from the scene of action to say much, but Jacksboro is where we spent our childhood days and on its sunny hillside our loved ones sleep and many sacred memories cluster about that place to us. But we must say we are astonished at many of the things permitted as stated by this brother, and notwithstanding the distance between us we want to grasp the hand of this godly man in his condemnation of this shameful outrage upon a civilized people.

We don't know the directors or superintenders of this affair, and we don't want to know; the age says many of them are church members. God pity such hypocrites who like old Judas will sell out for \$75 not only their convictions but the destiny possibly of many boys. And God bless a man like Judge Stoddard who is not afraid to speak his convictions on the subject. Such men are scarce these days. But if the preachers and what few church members who did not bet on the races or take stock in the gambling, will stand by him in the fight the thing will run on an other line next year.

Citizens' Bank.

A new bank will be opened in Clarendon Nov 1st under the above name. The stock of the new bank is subscribed by a large number of our citizens. The stockholders met at the court house last Friday night and elected the following board of directors: E. A. Kelly of Leavenworth, Kansas, Judge B. H. White, W. H. Cooke, J. G. Tackitt, I. E. Jones, L. C. Beverly and Morris Rosenfeld, of Clarendon. The directors elected E. A. Kelly President, Judge B. H. White, Vice President and W. H. Cooke Cashier. W. T. Jones was given the position of Bookkeeper. The new bank starts out with bright prospects and ample capital and bids fair to be a popular institution from the beginning. L. C. Beverly will erect a new brick building on his corner lot opposite the bank of Clarendon for the new bank, but until the new building is completed the new bank will have quarters in the front part of I. E. Jones' grocery store.

The Clarendon College.

The total enrollment at Clarendon College in all the departments to date is 166 as follows: Literary 90; Music 34; Art 18; Elocution and Physical Culture, 12. This is indeed a good showing. New scholars are entering almost every day. College uniforms have been ordered for both boys and girls. The colors are, for boys, steel gray; for girls wine color.

J. T. SIMS,

Grocery merchant,

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Staple and Fancy Groceries.

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Goodnight College,

GOODNIGHT, TEXAS.

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Model Dairy, Fruit and Poultry Farm for Sale.

Situated five miles north of Clarendon and consisting of 50 acres of choice land, all fenced half in cultivation, balance fine pasture. A splendid never-failing creek running through middle of land, and good well at front door. At least \$200 worth of timber on the place. Good 3-room house with one shed-room; best milk house in county, good 2-story barn and stone stable, ample cow-sheds, lots, etc. A 4-acre poultry yard enclosed with woven wire, wolf proof. Several splendid poultry houses, runways, etc. One of the largest and best bearing orchards in the county, consisting of plums, peaches, apples, grapes, netarines, apricots. As much as \$300 worth of fruit has been sold off of this place in one year. The following property goes with the place: 1 wagon and harness, 1 buggy and harness, 1 turning plow, 2 sweeps, 1 double shovel, 1 garden plow, 1 post hold digger, 1 pitchfork, 1 wire-stretcher, 1 ax, 1 rake, 2 garden hoes, 4 pony horses, 2 calves, 12 tons of Kaffir corn stored in barn, 2 saddles, 2 riding bridles, 1 pick, 1 spade. The entire outfit will be sold for \$650. For further particulars address Lockney & Martin.

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College

AND

UNIERSITY TRAINING SCHOOL

MUSIC DEPARTMENT,

MRS. KATE BARMORE,

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Instructions will be given on Piano, Mandolin and Guitar and Orchestral renditions. The course of instruction on piano will include standard grades by W. S. Mathews, Mason's Touch, Technic etc.

Dr. Boynton's

office adjoins the Banner office, where he may be found day or night.

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AGITATOR

AT A VERY LOW PRICE.

The Semi-Weekly News (Galveston or Dallas) is published Tuesdays and Fridays. Each issue consists of eight pages. There are special departments for the farmers the ladies and the boys and girls, besides a world of general news matter illustrated articles, etc. We offer the Semi-weekly news and the Agitator for 12 months for the low clubbing price of \$1.25 cash. This gives you three papers a week, or 156 papers a year for a ridiculously low price. Hand in your subscription at once to the publisher of the Agitator.

LOCAL NEWS.

Builder's material at Anderson's

A Mr. Kelly of Van Aylstine, Texas, was prospecting here this week.

Take your saddle and harness to J. K. Harvey and have them repaired. It wont cost you much and may save trouble.

Bro. L. Tomme held a meeting at Washburn last week. He reports a good meeting.

If you believe in patronizing home people, why not place your life and accident insurance with home instead of traveling agents who represent the same companies.

Miss Lillie McCanne of Memphis is visiting her sister, Mrs. P. F. Baskin, at this place.

Go to J. K. Harvey for saddles and harness, best goods and lowest price.

Walter Cope, son of Rev. J. B. Cope, and a last year's graduate from our public school entered Clarendon College last Monday.

H. B. Martin spent last Saturday and Sunday in Memphis.

J. K. Harvey will trade you a new saddle for your old one.

J. F. Lockney of the Hall County News spent last Monday in town on business.

Donot roast yourself in warm weather by baking bread, order it from Anderson's. Fresh every morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Arch Ward are away on a visit to Mr. Ward's parents in Kansas.

Money, rumer Anderson's. almost killed

G. C. Ferguson is expecting a visit from his father and mother in a week or so. They live in Virginia.

The storm season is here. A. M. Beville writes Tornado Insurance. Leave your order for Star Bread at Anderson's

Dr. Furn of Clarksville, Ga. has written to a friend that he will locate here just after Jan. 1st, 1900.

Star Bread fresh every morning at six o'clock at Anderson's.

Remember the oyster supper to-night.

Accidents do happen. If you want accident insurance see A. M. Beville.

Remember the Oyster supper at Mr. Will Caldwell's. Everything good to eat besides.

J. F. Cain returned Monday from a visit to his mother in Ky.

Frank Bisbay of Washburn spent last Sunday in town visiting the family of T. J. Noland.

Dr. Fly and wife of Amarillo spent last Thursday in town.

Mrs. Julia Shepperd has been real sick for the past 10 days but we hear she is improving now.

The Methodist church in Clarendon is growing as well as the town; having almost doubled her strength since conference.

Mrs. Dr. J. A. Hedrick of Bridgeport, Texas is visiting her sisters, Mrs. G. A. Latimer and Mrs. J. D. Stocking. The family formerly lived here and have many friends here. We hear Dr. Herick thinks of again locating in the west.

A brother of S. F. Coleville has moved here from Hill county. He is living in the Martin house near G. W. Baker's. We welcome him and family to citizenship among us.

Rev J. N. Kendall is expecting his brother, Dr. Kendall of Crescent, O. T., here on a visit and a prospecting trip with a view to locating to practice his profession and engage in ranching.

The first Sunday in November will be observed by the South Methodist Sunday school as Rally day. A nice program is being prepared and it promises to be a day of much pleasure to the school and all who attend.

Dudley Smith of Rowe has purchased lots in the south part of town and will begin at once to build a dwelling and will shortly move his family to town.

Mr. H.C. Fortenberry of Memphis has purchased the ranch of W. J. Hodges 16 miles East of Clarendon. Last Saturday he was prospecting to purchase a residence for his family here as it is more convenient to his ranch than Memphis.

How much have you given this year toward the salvation of the world and the conversion of the heathen? remember that there is a day of settlement coming and the judge of the "quick and dead may be at the door."

Mrs. Isaac Smith of Rowe recently celebrated her 75th birthday by giving a dinner to several friends many of whose ages approximated hers, some being older. She and her husband who is now 78 have lived a cheerful, contented life to a ripe old age, but both are still hale and hearty. We join with their many friends in wishing them many more years in which to enjoy the bountiful fruits of their own labors.

We have moved into our new building on the corner of First and Kearney streets and are filling it up with furniture and china-ware. We have the largest stock of new and substantial furniture, in new designs, natural wood, walnut and ash, and the nicest most complete stock of china ware in Clarendon. Our new building will soon be completed, and will have one of the most roomy and nicely arranged buildings in town. Come and see us, our prices are right.

Nelson & Co.

Born unto Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Sims, last Saturday morning, a boy babe, so reported Dr. White.

Mr. Kelley, of Leavenworth, Kansas, spent last week here looking after cattle interests and the organization of the Citizens' bank.

Mrs. Crawford, mother of Mrs. B. S. Merrell, has purchased the dwelling house now occupied by Mr. Rutherford, in the south part of town, and will move here in the spring.

A. C. Eppler, of Whitefish, was an appreciated caller last Monday. He is a staunch supporter of the Agitator in its fight for moral reforms and always speaks an encouraging word for us which we very much appreciate.

There are some plank sidewalks that need some repairs badly.

See those durable Haviland sets at Nelson & Co's.

A Thing of Beauty.

The local editor this week inspected a number of rose bushes in the yard of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Hartzell which were loaded with roses from buds to full blown and included all colors. It was indeed a beautiful sight and we are sure not a greenhouse in the state could show more superb roses than those which are growing in the open yard. This shows that with a little care every one can make their yards "a thing of beauty." Plant roses.

There was a large crowd and splendid service at the League last Sunday afternoon. Prof. Stewart was the leader and he gave a splendid talk on the lesson, "Lost Opportunities."

We learn a married son of Dr. Cooke will move to Clarendon from Denton, about Nov. 1st.

A certain young man from Washburn was again visiting his best friend in Clarendon last Sunday.

A Dwelling Burned.

Last Thursday night about 11 o'clock the dwelling and furniture of Mrs. Sallie Cain was destroyed by fire. The loss was total, nothing whatever being saved. There was \$350 insurance on the house and \$850 on the contents. Work has already begun to rebuild a similar residence on the same lots.

J. P. Woodman and family, of Gray county, spent part of the week in Clarendon visiting friends.

Sunday.

As usual the church was crowded Sunday. We were sick, yet we had a good service. Eight joined the church. At night Brother McKeown preached for us as we were too sick to attend but we are informed that the crowd was large and the sermon excellent. All the League exercises were well attended.

Oyster Supper.

The Home Mission Society of the M. E. Church South will serve oysters and other tempting delicacies at the residence of Mrs. Will Caldwell on the evening of Oct. 26th.

Fire! Fire!

The Cold weather calls for putting up stoves. Before you put up your stoves have your flues inspected and see that they are safe. A little attention to this might save you and your neighbors' property from burning up.

A. M. BEVILLE,
Insurance Agent.

The same old song

"Winter is Coming."

Blizzard, Ice, Snow: Car
Famine.—No coal in town.

In order to protect you against this I will give you 50 cents cut per ton on all orders for three tons or over, cash on delivery.

This offer will hold good until Nov. 1st, next.

G. W. Antrobus.

\$15.00 Christmas Present,
TO ONE OF OUR CUSTOMERS.
Each \$1.00 Purchase

Entitles you to one guess as to how many beans are contained in a sealed glass jar which is on exhibition in our store. No one knows how many there are.

On Christmas Day.

The jar will be opened, and the beans counted, and the person who has guessed the nearest to the correct number number of beans will be entitled to select **FIFTEEN DOLLARS** worth of Goods from our stock, which is always complete with the newest and best in

Clothing, Shoes, Furnishing Goods and Notions.

Which we are selling at prices below all competitors. A cordial invitation is extended to the public to call and see our goods

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Miss M. L. Forbes,
Will Open an

Art Studio,

In the Ramsey building as soon as the rooms are completed. In the meantime she will be glad to do all outdoor work.

Views of Buildings, Farms, Etc.

Will also give lessons to those wishing, in Chemical Oil Painting. Will do Crayon, Pastel and water Colors.

You Eat Meat

and the place to buy it is at the new
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Beef, Pork, Poultry, Fish, Oysters, Game and such supplies as the demand will justify. Clarendon, Texas.



J. M. GLOWER,
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Watch Inspector, F.W.&D. C. Ry.,

PATTON & STOWERS,

PAINTERS and
PAPER-HANGERS.

Also handle direct from the mills the largest and cheapest stock of Wall Paper to be found in Clarendon. Our prices on both Work and Wall paper will suit the times. Give us a chance at your work and see our stock and get our prices on wall paper before you buy.

PATTON & STOWERS, Clarendon, Texas.

Caldwell & Jacques,

DEALER IN

Staple and Fancy Groceries,
Grain, Hay and Ranch Supplies.

Clarendon, Texas.

The Agitator,

The Hall County News \$2.25.

And The St. Louis Republic, all for

Try the Combination.

Sin of the Priest.

We give below extracts from a circular letter from Rev. L. Tomme in the Industrial West of last week:

An extract from the oath a priest must take before he is allowed to become a priest:—"I will spare neither, age, sex, or condition, and that I will hang, burn, waste, boil, flay, strangle and bury alive these Protestant heretics, and crush their infants' against the walls in order to annihilate their execrable race. That when the same cannot be done openly, I will secretly use the poisonous cup the strangulating cord, the steel of the poniard or the leaden bullet," etc., etc. Awful! Awful! Awful!

Will you submit? "We will take America and build our institutions over the graves of Protestants."—Priest Hecker.

Is this religion? "We hate Protestantism, we would quarter and hang up the crow's meat! We would tear it with pincers and fire it with hot irons! We would fill it with molten lead, and sink it in hell-fire one hundred fathoms deep."—Priest Phelan, (editor Western Watchman.)

Burn the Bible and its believers is the instructions given to the Puerto Ricans by Priest Zampona, who has nine housekeepers, all young and beautiful women.

On the 29th day of Aug., 1898, about 30 miles from Manila, two Christian missionaries were bound hand and foot by order of Bishop Morello, of the Philippine Islands, and shot to death because they had asked the bishop why it was that Priest Varzeni Meleven of the prettiest young men of the island as his housekeepers and not an old one among them.

We do not have to scan the pages of ancient history to find the lustful deeds of priests, but only lend a listening ear and you will hear the wails of broken hearted husbands crying for vengeance, and demanding the blood of some priest who has ravished his confidence and destroyed his home. In our own freeland we hear the groans of anguish from poor Adam Schmit, of Steinaur, Nebraska, pleading with Priest Joseph Rheinhart to return his wife, whom he had eloped with, and polluted her person. This is the most heart-rending chapter that mortal man ever read. This is right at our own door.

Close the convents and save the girls. Hear the moans of beautiful Mary Reed who was assaulted at St. Joseph by a brute whom the pope is pleased to call the vicar of God.

Will you vote for a Catholic? "We must take part in the elections, move in a solid mass in every state against the party pledged to uphold the public schools."—Cardinal McCloskey.

Power their desire: "All Catholics should exert their power to cause the constitution of the United States to be modeled to the principles of the Roman Catholic church."—Pope Leo.

Oh, what indignities! "The public schools of America are sinks of moral pollution and nurseries of hell."—Priest Mather.

"I would as soon administer the sacrament to dogs as to those who send their children to public

schools."—Priest Walker.

Prophetic Words. "This government will pass through two wars, one over slavery and the other with Catholics."—Henry Clay.

Washington's warning. "If the United States ever lose their liberty, it will be through the Romish priesthood."—Washington.

"Lincoln's warning. "I see a dark cloud on the horizon; it is filled with tears of blood, it comes from behind the thick walls of convents and the confessional boxes of Rome."—Lincoln.

Snub Not at All.

Don't snub a boy because he wears shabby clothes. When Edison, the inventor of the telephone, first entered Boston he wore a pair of yellow linen breeches in the depth of winter.

Don't snub a boy because his home is plain and unpretending. Abraham Lincoln's early home was a log cabin.

Don't snub a boy because of the ignorance of his parents. Shakespeare, the world's poet, was the son of a man who was unable to write his own name.

Don't snub a boy because he chooses a humble trade. The author of "Pilgrims Progress" was a tinker.

Don't snub a boy because of his dullness in lessons. Hogarth, the celebrated painter and engraver, was a stupid boy at his books.

Don't snub anyone; not alone because some day they may outstrip you in the race of life, but because it is neither kind, nor right, nor Christian.—Great Thoughts.

The "Great Wall" to be Torn Down.

Most people will hear with regret that the great wall of China is to be torn down. The empress by ordering this work has proved that she is not the hide-bound conservative that some have thought her to be. The material of which the wall is composed will be used to dyke the Yangtes-Kiang, the "Water Dragon," which by its frequent overflows has caused China so much sorrow. It is fifteen hundred miles long and contains brick enough to build a hundred cities. The emperor, Tsin Chihwagti began it 214 B. C. and it was completed ten years later; it was built as a defense against northern tribes.—Ex.

The time when you are tempted not to pray is most likely the very time when your need of prayer is greatest. If your mind is full of secular cares, and your hands are burdened with many and difficult tasks, you cannot afford to dispense with the benefits that come from frequent communings with God. Under such circumstances, if you are a wise Christian, you will say to yourself: "My danger is much increased. Therefore I will keep close to the only source of my help and strength." As long as the vital bond of your fellowship with the Eternal remains unbroken, the flesh, and the devil will seek in vain to sway you from your moral steadfastness. It is only when you forget to converse with the Father of your Spirit that you run the risk of falling away from the firm standing ground of your integrity. Lay this thought to your heart and do not fail to act upon it.—Selected.

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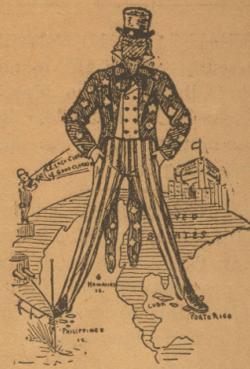
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