

OF JULY EDITION.

# arendon News.

ONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JULY 3, 1903.

NO. 22

## *The Conquered Banner.*

BY FATHER RYAN.



FURL that banner,  
for 'tis weary;  
Round its staff 'tis  
drooping dreary;  
Furl it, fold it, it is  
best:  
For there's not a man to  
wave it,  
And there's not a sword  
to save it,  
And there's not one left  
to lave it  
In the blood which  
heroes gave it;

And its foes now scorn and brave it;  
Furl it, hide it—let it rest!

Take that banner down! 'tis tattered;  
Broken is its staff and shattered;  
And the valiant hosts are scattered  
Over whom it floated high.  
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it;  
Hard to ~~hold it~~ to hold it;  
Hard that those who once unrolled it  
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that Banner! furl it sadly!  
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,  
And ten thousands widely, madly,  
Swore it should for ever wave;  
Swore that foeman's sword should never  
Hearts like theirs entwined dis sever,  
Till that flag should float forever  
Over their freedom or their grave!

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,  
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,  
Cold and dead are lying low;  
And that Banner—it is trailing!  
While around it sounds the wailing  
Of its people in their woe.

For, though conquered, they adore it!  
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it!  
Weep for those who fell before it!  
Pardon those who trailed and tore it!  
But, oh! wildly they deplore it,  
Now who furl and fold it so.

Furl that Banner! True, 'tis gory,  
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,  
And 'twill in song and story,  
Though its folds are in the dust:  
For its fame on brightest pages,  
Penned by poets and by sages,  
Shall go sounding down the ages—  
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner, softly, slowly!  
Treat it gently—it is holy—  
For it droops above the dead.  
Touch is not—unfold it never,  
Let it droop there, furled forever,  
For its people's hopes are dead!

1776

1903

# BATTLED WITH RI

Stories of the Thrilling Struggles, Captures, and Tortures of Some of Those  
tion in the Panhandle.--Lived Two Years in an Indian Teepee.--A Midnight Escape.

T. A. (Dot.) Babb.

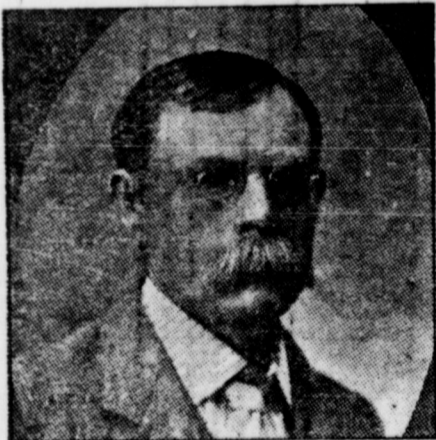
During the summer of '66 there lived on Dry Creek in Wise county, Texas, a prosperous and happy family.

The father and head of the family, John S. Babb, (now deceased) had immigrated from Wisconsin in the summer of '56 and settled with his family (as above related) on Dry Creek, 12 miles west of Decatur in Wise county, Texas, preparatory to going into the stock business. He had for a long time prior to coming to Texas, lived on the frontier of Wisconsin among Winnebago tribe of Indians, and thus became familiar with the customs and habits of the Indians, and felt no fear of them in his new home in Texas.

For a number of years Mr. Babb and family had dwelt in their new home without being molested by the Indians, until they had become reconciled and all fear of them had about vanished from their minds.

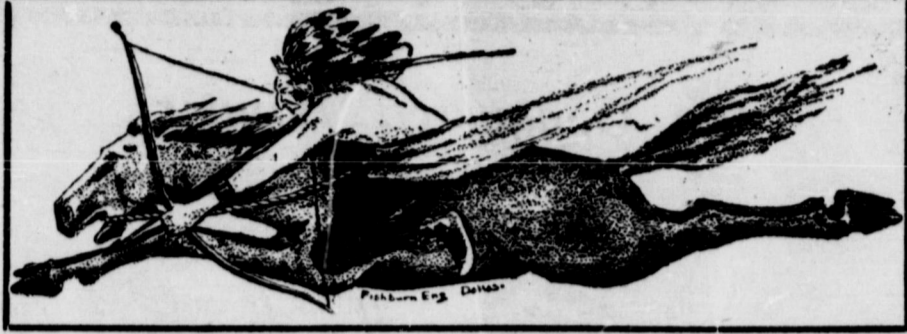
In the summer of '66 Mr. Babb and his oldest son, H. C. Babb, were to go to a fair to sell a number of horses to exchange for cattle, little dreaming of the awful tragedy that was to take place during their absence.

He left his wife and son, T. A. Babb, who now lives in Clarendon, and Bianca Babb and Margie Babb, two small girls, to take care of the place and stock during his absence. In the afternoon of a September day in '66, T. A. Babb, (or Dot as he was generally called) saw a lot of men riding towards the house. They at first supposed them to be



T. A. (DOT.) BABB,  
of Clarendon.

a lot of cowboys on a round up, but when they came up, they proved to be instead of cowboys, 54 Comanche Indians all painted up and on the warpath. Only one Indian came near the house at first and when he was certain that there were no men folks about the house, he gave a war-whoop and in a few minutes the house was full of Indians. They began tearing up and craning out everything they could



get their hands on. After they had ripped open the feather beds and appropriated the bed-ticking to their own use, they started to leave the place, taking hold of the little boy, Dot, and Bianca, the eldest of

the two girls, forced them to accompany them to their Indian homes. Mrs. Babb begged them to leave the children with her. As the Indians were carrying Bianca out, she grabbed hold of a gallery post, and clung to it so tight, that when the Indians jerked her loose it tore the skin from the inside of her hands. An Indian drew a butcher knife and acted like he was going to kill her, then it was that the mother came to the rescue of her two children and while she was making a terribly fight,

the old savage shot an Indian into her back. While they were scalping her, another Indian, more wicked than Satan himself, plunged a lance into her throat. Dot pulled the arrow from his mother's back, and then she told him and Bianca to go on with the Indians and be good children and some day their father would get them back.

Little Margie was sick at the time, and as the Comanches are very superstitious about harming the sick, she was left undisturbed. The Indians made Dot, Bianca and a Mrs. Sarah Luster mount behind them on their horses, and traveled a mile or so, as fast as they could go. They then stopped and caught several of Mr. Babb's horses that were grazing on the prairie.

Taking a northwest course they traveled that afternoon, and all that night in a fast pace, only stopping a few minutes at a time to let their horses rest.

They crossed the little Wichita the second day, about seven miles above where Henrietta is now located. The river was past fording, but they swam the horses and crossed themselves over on the drift wood. They never stopped long enough to get anything to eat, until the third day after leaving the Babb ranch, when the Indians killed a steer that the wolves had almost killed.

The captives were so hungry, that they ate some of the meat before it was cooked. Resuming their march, after cooking and eat-

ing their beef, they camped that evening just as the sun was sinking in the west under the bluffs of Red River and remained there two or three days.

The next day all the Indians left camp, except two, which were left to guard the camp and the prisoners. One of the Indians left was wounded, having been shot in the knee in a skirmish with Glen Hallsell and Ben Blanton, on the day of the capture at the Babb ranch. About an hour after the Indians had left camp, an awful yelling was heard some distance away; one of the Indians ran up to see what was going on, thinking that the white people were following them. The prisoners ran down the river some distance and then up the bluff to where they could see what was going on, thinking that their friends had come to their rescue, but no friends greeted their sight. The Indians had rounded in a herd of buffalo, and were killing some for meat. After the prisoners learned the cause of the racket, they turned and went back to the camp, and found the old crippled Indian yelling at the top of his voice, thinking that they, (the prisoners) were gone.

Some two days before reaching the Indian village, where the squaws and papooses were camped Mrs. Luster and Dot attempted to make their escape. Before retiring for the night, they noticed where the Indians had staked two of their best horses. They did not go to sleep that night but waited for the moon to go down so that they could get away without being noticed by the Indians. After the sun had sunk behind the western hills, and all the Indians were sound asleep, they slipped from their pallets on which they were lying, and began hunting for bridles, Mrs. Luster soon found one and put it on one of the horses. Dot found one but an Indian was using it under his head for a pillow. As he pulled it out from under the Indian's head, he awoke and gave the alarm. After Dot saw that there was no chance for his escape he called to Mrs. Luster and had her horse ready to mount and leave. She sprang on the horse and was soon out of hearing. When morning came, and the Indians could

not find their escaped prisoner, they were mad and took their spite out on Dot. They made a mark on the ground and made Dot toe the mark. They would punch him on the breast with a pistol until the skin was torn from the flesh. When they could not make him cry, and he stood their ill treatment so bravely, they tied him to an old dead tree, and commenced to pile brush around him as if they were going to burn him. Bianca, Dot's sister, who was near by, could not look upon the scene any longer and covered her head with a blanket. The Indians sang and danced around Dot and the tree for quite a while and when they saw that they could not scare nor make him cry, they untied him from the tree and seemed to be very proud of his bravery. Bianca too, was spunky and brave like her brother and was always ready to take her own part. That morning when starting on their journey, they separated Dot and Bianca and would travel together.

After being separated from his sister he was carried into Colorado. He was well thought of by the Indians and was given several horses, was allowed to go with them on the hunt but not so when they were on a marauding expedition, although he told them he would not take advantage and get away.

When the cottonwood was in

"Our Brother in Red."



The above is the photo of the Indian who befriended Mr. Babb during his captivity. This Indian still lives near Anadarko where Mr. Babb visits him frequently. He calls himself "The Brother" of Mr. Babb and he has proved himself even more than a brother, showing that even the savage Indian has some good as well as bad traits.

When the different tribes would meet for a big pow-wow and war dance and have a good time generally. They had very remote ideas of the great spirit. During certain moon; they would hold grand

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meetings, putting several tents together, making it large enough to accommodate two or three hundred people. The only entrance to the inside of this big tent through a hole dug in the ground, about six feet long, four feet deep and two feet wide. Anyone getting inside of this tent had to go in through this hole in the ground. Inside, in the centre of the tent, was burning a large fire. Around the fire was a ditch filled with water, and around this ditch of water was a well beaten path where the braves would run around, sometimes several at a time, and at other times only one would run around the fire, all the time saying something to the great Spirit. Those attending these meetings had to wear their buffalo robes with the wooly side out and attend three mornings in succession, barefooted and without eating any breakfast. An Indian camp in the Western wilds was quite a picture. It was invariably in a picturesque locality, for, like the white man, the Indians have an eye to the beautiful. They avoid the mountains, choosing the smooth prairie, where the buffalo and elk graze, where the wild turkey and prairie chicken love to stay, on some quiet river.

Dot remained with the Indians about two years when in the summer of 1868 he was on the Cimarron river where he had the first news that he was to be ransomed. He was with Horse Back and the

news were brought by Old Essehobbie. After receiving the news they went to the Washata river where his father and Horace Jones, a noted Indian scout, were met. This was about where Anardareo now stands, from which place they went to Ft. Arbuckle where the final change was made.

Dot has been in the western part of the state ever since and was one of the first settlers in Wichita Falls and moved to Clarendon about seven or eight years ago. He has a large ranch in the north part of this county but his residence is in the city.

NOTE—Mr. Babb's sister was also rescued and grew to womanhood, married and now lives at Roswell, New Mexico.

**W. J. Owens.**

W. J. Owens was born in Bledsoe county, Tenn., in 1837, and came to Texas in 1857. He first located in what was known at that time as the "Indian Reservation." This was in Young county, Texas. In 1861 he joined the confederate army, enlisting in Company H., 19th Texas under Colonel Taylor, and served four years for the "lost cause."

In 1865 he again located in Texas, in Wise county.

Mr. W. J. Owen was on the frontier for a number of years, and was engaged in quite a number of chases after the marauding Indians, and has served his government

faithfully in various positions and places.

In 1896 Mr. Owens moved to Donley county and located at Giles, and he says this is the best country he has seen in all his travels.

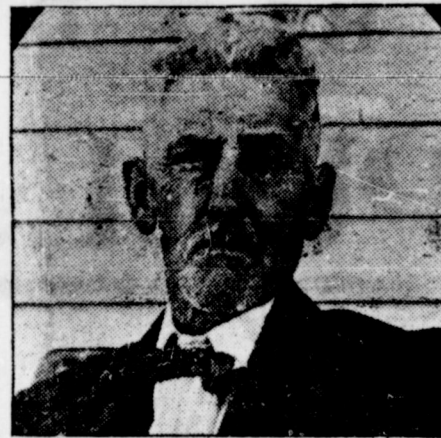
Among his numerous Indian experiences, is one that will prove quite interesting to lovers of Texas history, as Mr. Owens was the man that actually captured Cynthia Ann Parker from Comanche Indians in 1859.

Prior to that time the Wacos, Tonkaways, Shawnees, Caddos and Anadarkos had entered into a treaty of peace with the civil government, but the Comanches would

They would not only steal the horses from the tribes held in the reservation, but from the whites in the surrounding territory, and often murdered both whites and peaceful Indians. At that time Maj. Neighbors and Captain Ross (father of Gov. Sull Ross) were in charge of the Indian reservation. These officers were also vested with power and authority to call upon the regular United States troops stationed at Fort Belknap, in case they required their assistance. A. J. Dyche was employed as blacksmith, Rich Moss as head farmer, Prof. Coombs as teacher of the school for the Indians and Mr. W. J. Owens to ride from village to village to look after the Indians and especially to prevent the introduction of whiskey into the reservation.

In the early fall of 1859 it was decided to go in pursuit of the Comanches when they showed up on their usual marauding expedition, and to do this, about one thousand of the warriors of the peaceful tribes were selected and made ready to wage war on the Comanches. The expedition was in charge of Captain Ross.

Captain Ross, Mr. Sull Ross and Mr. W. J. Owens were the only white men in the little army. When the Comanches came at their usual time (the light of the moon) the expedition pursued them six or seven days, traveling in a northwest direction, when the



W. J. OWENS.

not enter into a treaty of peace and continued hostile.

The peaceful tribes were being kept in the Indian reservation in Young county, and the Comanches had formed the custom of making raids on the peaceful Indians every light of the moon.

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or THOS. E. KENNEDY, Principal.

scouts reported the Comanches close at hand. The expedition camped and spent the night in about one mile of the Comanche village, and at daylight the next morning surrounded the village and started the battle. Mr. Sull Ross and Mr. W. J. Owens were stationed at a trail leading down the hill to the little valley in which the village was located, and were ordered to shoot any of the Comanche warriors that might endeavor to escape that way. Also not to kill any of the squaws but to capture them.

About a half hour after the battle commenced in the village they saw an Indian coming up the trail, they soon decided that it was a squaw and proceeded to capture her. As soon as she saw the white men she left the trail and started on a run for an elm thicket not far off. Mr. Sull Ross gave chase afoot, when Mr. Owens seeing the Indian would beat him to the thicket, mounted a horse and run up to head her off from the thicket, and was first to catch her. The squaw appeared to be badly frightened.

Her captors saw that she was of light complexion and freckled and thought that she might possibly be a white woman. They endeavored to make her understand that they were friends and that they would not harm her, but could not induce her talk.

The fight in the village lasted

about three quarters of an hour, when the most of the Comanches were killed and the rest escaped.

The Comanche Chief "Old Iron Jacket" was killed in this fight.

He had on a suit of armour made of steel scales knit together and overlapping each other like fish scales, which covered his body and was bullet proof. He was shot through the head before they could disable him.

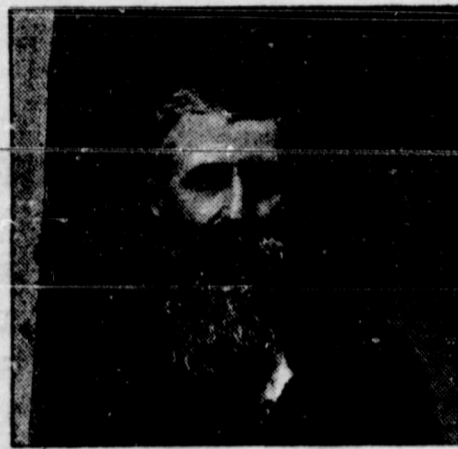
Quite a number of stolen horses belonging to the peaceful Indians and the whites were recovered.

On returning to the reservation the captured squaw was given to Mrs. Dyche, wife of the reservation blacksmith, to keep and look after her. She remained with Mrs. Dyche until her relatives living in Parker county, hearing of the capture of a white woman from the Comanches, came and took her away with them and as our Texas History's give the remainder of this incident, there is no necessity of repeating it here again.

### James Tackitt.

James Tackitt, whose photo we present herewith, is a citizen of Clarendon and president of the Citizens Bank, and saw much service against hostile Indians along the western frontiers and in this panhandle country, and upon his forehead has the scar of the Indian's deadly arrow. Like most of those who took part in the settlement of our western frontier he

is adverse to talking of the matters with which he was personally connected and the best we could do was to get a biography of his father, Rev. Pleasant Tackitt, who was a frontiersman and reared his family along the western line of civilization and though devoting his life to the service of his Lord and church, it being stated in his biography that "his labors were universally directed to building communities and churches and he enjoyed the reputation in "his declining years of having been instrumental in erecting more Methodist than any other man then living in Texas," yet of necessity he had to fight much with the hostile Indians



JAMES TACKITT.

who ever and anon made raids upon the settlements.

We have selected this short account of one of these encounters in which our "Uncle Jim" received his arrow wound, and give it to our readers with some little of the family history.

The family came to Texas, from Pope county, Arkansas, in April,

1854, and located temporarily at Weston, eight miles west of McKinney, in Collin county, and in October settled in Parker, four miles west of Springtown, within three quarters of a mile of Goshen church, near which he was buried. They next settled on Fish Creek, eight miles south of Fort Belknap, in Young county, in 1856, and in that vicinity, during the residence of Mr. Tackitt; one of the most wonderful encounters with Indians, took place we have ever known. It was on January 14th, 1859, when one of their favorite cows came home pierced with an arrow, and the weapon of savagery sticking in her side. The ground was crisp with sleet. Rev. Mr. Tackitt, on being apprised of the cow's condition, summoned his sons James G., L. L. and George W., to prepare their arms, and be ready, early the following morning, to trail the cow, and if they saw any Indians to give them a sound thrashing. The morning soon came and the old christian gentleman was up long before day-break, calling his boys. Soon after the morning meal they started southward, in the direction of the trail, towards Tackitt mountain (named after the old patriarch,) two miles distant, and upon reaching that point, discovered blankets hanging on the mountain side, and immediately thereafter a large number of Indians, probably forty in all. The Tackitt father and three sons started back on foot with several milk cows they had found. One of the cows was belled, and a bell with such a sound as the boys will

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ever forget. They traveled northward on the old post road from Austin to Fort Belknap, on which their home was located, and as they were leisurely plodding along and approaching a narrow pass, the cows were observed to snort loudly and rush down the bank into Battle branch of Fish Creek. Parson Tackitt admonished the boys to prepare to confront the Indians, by saying, "lookout, boys, the Indians are about," while L. L., said "Father its Bounce, (their little house dog,) driving the cows, down the hillside."

The Indians had evidently seen them when near Tackitt mountain, and followed the sound of the cow bell, made a quick detour west and north, and chose their position, at the narrow mountain pass, within half a mile of the Tackitt homestead. Nearly all the 80 head of cattle had filed down into the branch when suddenly L. L. Tackitt observed the head of an Indian concealed, heard a most unearthly war whoop and saw a shower of arrows. The oldest sons, James G. and George W. opened fire, the latter killing the only Indian with a gun. James G. had the cap of his gun knocked off by an arrow, while another arrow wounded him

badly above the right eye, and for a time blinded him thoroughly from the flow of blood. Like the youngest of the sons, hollowed, "let's make for the timber," and all did so, some fifteen paces. The Indians quickly followed and opened the war with a shower of arrows. This was quickly repelled by the Tackitt father and sons, and in a remarkably short time four Indians were killed, one wounded and soon after died. This ended the battle, and the Indians disappeared. Parson Tackitt was wounded in the foot by an arrow which disabled him twelve months. The spike remained in the foot eight days. Dr. Standifer examined the painful foot and differed with Mr. Tackitt in reference to the cause of the irritator. The old gentleman, however, still insisted, and a few days later while Mrs. Tackitt was dressing the wound, the bandage caught on the head of the spike. This was on Sunday morning, and Mr. Tackitt directed his son, L. L. to pull it out. L. L., declined and told the father that he would go to Belknap for a physician. The venerable patriarch suffering great pain, forbade the delay, and tying him down on a couch, with a rough bullet mould the arrow-head-knife, three inches long and three-quarters of an inch wide was pulled from the inside of the right foot. It was a very trying operation, and although Parson Tackitt said it occasioned more pain than he had ever experienced, he submitted to the uncouth surgery employed, with a courage and heroism rarely equalled.

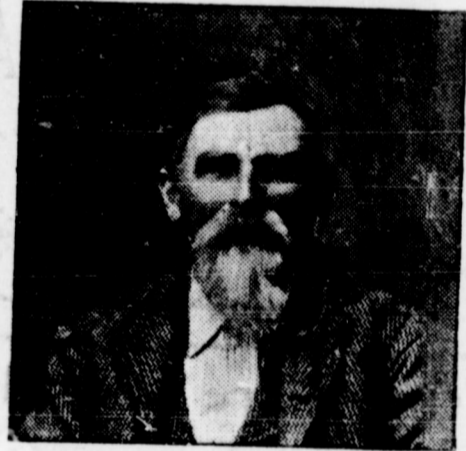
After the encounter with the Indians, they were known to come around and about the house, but never attempted any species of revenge or to molest either member of the family. The presence of the Indians finally drove the family back to Parker county late in the same year, (1859) but that locality proved but little better, if any, on account of the presence of the same character of desperadoes.

**James Thomas Pollard.**

Editor Clarendon News: In response to your request for some of my experiences in Indian fights while on the western frontier in what is now the glorious Panhandle will say that I have been through many with a variety of experiences but none possibly ever made a more lasting impression upon me than the following:

I will give you a short sketch of my life. I was born in the state of Georgia, November 28, 1833, and came to Texas with my father in 1846. In 1856 moved to Palo Pinto county. At this time the Indians were fed by the United States government, and in 1858 were moved to the Indian Territory. Prior to their being moved from Young county, the Indians had begun their depredations on settlers and had become well acquainted

The contest was pleasant, only a friendly rivalry and the pleasure of the News to himself and the frontier people were



JAMES THOMAS POLLARD.

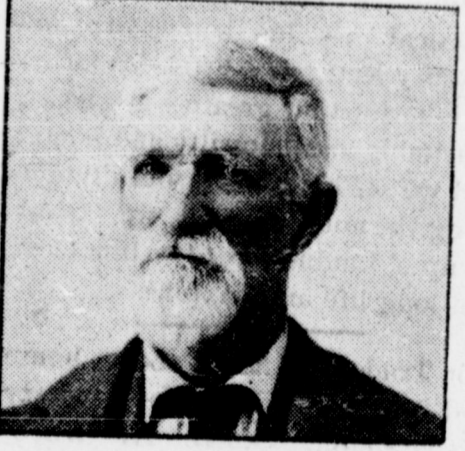
chosen to defend themselves. In the year of 1861 all the border counties were mustered into what is known as the frontier battallion. Our Lieutenant Colonel was named Obenchain Our company was stationed at old Fort Belknap, on the Brazos River, our regiment was scattered from the Red to the Rio Grande Rivers, about every 30 to 40 miles apart, so we went from every company on a general scout 25 men from each company, so after all getting together we started up the Brazos River and kept stream until we come to the foot of the plains, now known as the Blanco Canyon, in Crosby county. We stopped near where the Canyon left the plains and our Colonel thought he would detail 5 men to go up the Canyon to look for some lakes that we had heard were there. So the 5 men that went was our Colonel, Isaac Sanger, the head of the Sanger Bros., of Dallas, and

Waco, John Godfrey, Sid Davidson and myself. We had gone some 12 miles and had stopped to graze our horses awhile when 30 savage Indians charged upon us. They were armed with bows and arrows and had six guns. Our crowd got behind a bank and staid close to the ground. Our orders were not to shoot until we could see them bat their eyes. On the first charge Sid Davidson, one of our men, broke to run which left just 4 of us. The Indians commenced to circle around us getting a little nearer us all the time. I had shot at them twice when my brother, J. B. Pollard, Charlie Goodnight, (our Uncle Charlie now living at Goodnight just above Clarendon) and James Tackitt, of Clarendon and President of The Citizens Bank there, were out on a point of the plains with a spy glass looking up the Canyon and saw Sid Davidson running and knew that there was trouble and quickly jumped on their horses and they and about 30 of our men came to our relief as fast as horses could bring them. The Indians had us surrounded but seeing our men coming to our relief left. We never thought of it being our own men. We could see the dust rise a mile long and hear the feet of the horses and thought our time had surely come, so we prepared to sell out as dearly as

possible, so we crowded up to a small bluff and prepared to shoot the foremost one, when we heard my brother, John, hollow out to Goodnight and Tackitt who were next to him, "There they are, I see Tom's horse." It was then we knew it was our own men and that we were not to be scalped by the redskins. We quickly got together and gave chase to the Indians, but you may get Charlie Goodnight and Jim Tackitt to tell you the rest of this story for after that scare I began to turn gray and have been getting gray ever since.

JAMES THOMAS POLLARD, Alanreed, Gray Co., Texas.

**D. J. Murphy.**



The above photo is a good likeness of D. J. Murphy whose modesty kept him from giving us for publication any of his encounters with the red skin savages. Mr. Murphy and his splendid wife have spent all their married life along the western frontier and took up their abode in Donley county a great many years ago, and know-

ing this to be the best country of all settled here permanently. Besides his large land and cattle interests he has the handsomest residence in Northwest Texas, supplied with all the comforts of wealth and modern civilization, and together they have settled down to enjoy their happy old-young-age. They both are so sunny and happy that you would not suspect that they took part in the struggles and hardships incident to wresting this country from the savage Indians. Mr. Murphy was for many years government contractor supplying beef and other supplies to western forts, and made many perilous adventures and had some very narrow escapes which would make most interesting reading.

**J. S. MORRIS,**  
Division Surgeon, F. W. and D. C. Ry.  
CLARENDON, TEXAS.

**S. J. WHITE,**  
Physician and Surgeon.  
CLARENDON, TEXAS.  
Graduate Tulane University,  
Post Graduate New Orleans  
Polyclinic.

**D. B. MCGEE,**  
Physician and Surgeon.  
Special attention to Obstetrics

**CLARENDON,**

Wednesday July 8th,

Office 3 doors south of Cold Storage.  
Phone 34.  
CLARENDON, TEXAS.

**T. W. CARROLL,**  
Physician and Surgeon.  
Graduate of the Medical Department of the State University.  
Office in Nelson Building.  
Room at Residence of Wm. Cain.

**Wm. H. COOKE,...**  
**DENTIST,**  
Office upstairs at Ramsey's drug store. Operating room No. 9.  
Work guaranteed.  
Clarendon, Texas.

**Miss Winnie Fisher,**  
**Music Teacher.**  
Instructions on Piano, Violin, Mandolin and Guitar.  
Music room at the residence of Wm. Troup.  
**RATES REASONABLE.**  
Call for particulars.

**J. H. O'NEALL,**  
Lawyer and Notary Public.  
Prompt Attention to all business.  
Office over Ramsey's Drug Store.  
CLARENDON, TEXAS.

W. M. Smith, A. C. Barrett,  
**SMITH & BARRETT,**  
Lawyers and Land Agents.  
Practice in all the courts. Prompt attention to all business; notary in office.  
Office over Ramsey's drug store.  
CLARENDON, TEXAS.

## The COWBOY, PAST AND PRESENT.

In the latter part of the nineteenth century—even in the earlier days yet—there lived the hero of the plains—proficient in many branches of natural philosophy as taught by the greatest of all instructors, Mother Nature—who, in the greatness of his heart and freedom of his life, stands a type of knighthood well worthy of exaltation. Let us look beyond the glimmering shadows that separate us from the yesterday in his life, and thrust our head, as it were, to the circle of action, romance, life—a state of liberty where he is King.

It is morning. The broncho, with his fiery eyes, quivering nostrils, and high head, is forced to take the bits between his teeth; and being held firmly, the heavy saddle, which often serves as a rocking chair, downy bed or merely as pillow while the body rests upon the ground, is placed upon his back. With a spring the knight is in the saddle. He waves the lariat above his head in signal, and the wily steed makes the welkin resound as he hurls across the trackless prairie. His armor consists of a heavy, plated belt supporting the

the herd lies down, chewing the cud of contentment, he unlooses the saddle girths, throws it to the ground, frees the broncho from restraining bits, and after a meal, sweet to his palate, himself falls upon the blanket with saddle under his head. The clouds overhead seem shadowy with solemn thoughts; and through them penetrate the friendly rays from the blinking stars which suggest to him the bright eyes of the fair one who is soon to be crowned in his heart as queen of queens with her scepter of love ruling in the rude, western home. With such reverential thoughts let him sink in the arms of sleep—

"Sleep, Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep!  
He, like the world, his ready visit pays

Where fortune smiles—the wretched he forsakes."

Again it is morning. Our cowboy gallops into the arena. No longer he needs the belt and revolver; for the redman's fiendish cry has passed into oblivion, and the stampede of so many hoofs is cut short by the barb-wire enclosures of vast acres. His

Neck ties,  
Underwear

ever ready cartridges. On the right side, glittering in the sun-

boots, spurs, and leather leggings are donned; with a college yell, he



light can be seen the deadly, yet life-saving revolver, indispensable when the warhoop of the Red Man breaks the stillness and echoes from zenith to nadir; also a double use, when that "milling" of the stampede develops. From waist to ankle he is manted in the fur leggings; and, sitting in the saddle with his feet in the booted stirrups, he defies the cactus thorns, or the tear of the underbrush in the ravines. With spurs on his heels and quirt in his left hand, we see him mounted for the "round-up." All day he follows; until at night-fall, "The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea," while he, pacing to and fro, his heart in unison with the sighs and gentle murmurs and the glad and bursting peals of the wind, as it caresses his defiant cheeks and disheveled locks. When

mounts the broncho, and puts into practical use his book lore and weighty lectures. From his father he inherits that greatness of heart, charitable mind, loyalty and honor; and we see his sincere soul illuminating the noble features, we "Drink a cup o' kindness yet" to him ever, for long life and happiness.

For Trade—A new 3 room house and 2 lots in Childress for property in Clarendon. See B. A. Woodward, Childress or J. J. Woodward Clarendon.

Mrs. Phillips of Memphis visited her sister Mrs. W. M. Hildebrand here this week.

Dr. Mullins, of Fort Worth, specialist in diseases of the eye, ear, nose and throat, will be in his office at the Clarendon hotel on the 23d of each month



### Why

BUY PIANOS AND ORGANS FROM COMMISSION AGENTS? Why take chances in buying a piano or organ from strangers? WE HAVE BEEN ESTABLISHED IN TEXAS THIRTY-SEVEN YEARS. All our interests are here. We cannot afford to take advantage of you. We will sell you a piano or organ on time without the dangerous lien notes. Commission men demand notes because the manufacturers demand them of the commission agents. These notes are either deposited in a bank for collection or, they are discounted by money lenders. We exact no notes on time payments and do not charge interest where payments are made promptly.

### We Again Say

Why buy from strangers a piano or organ whose name you never heard before and take chances on being deceived and of getting a poor instrument for which you pay a big price. You can get a better instrument from us accompanied by an unquestionable guarantee for less price on easy payments without notes or interest.

We carry everything in the music line from a jewsharp to Grand Organo. Our stock of pianos, organs, etc., being the largest in the south.

All sheet music half price. We are state agents for the world renowned Chickering Pianos of Boston, the Emerson, Goggan and other good pianos.

## THOS. GOGGAN & BRO.

DALLAS, TEXAS.

### One Fare Round Trip

SARATOGA, N. Y. Imperial Council Mystic Shrine  
On sale July 4-5. Limit July 20. Extension to July 31.

### One Fare Plus \$2.00

BOSTON, MASS. National Educational Ass'n  
On Sale June 30, July 1-2. Limit July 15. Extension to September 1.

DETROIT, MICH. Epworth League Conference  
On sale July 13-14. Limit July 23. Extension Aug. 15.

BALTIMORE, MD. Annual Meeting B. P. O. Elks  
On sale July 16-17. Limit July 25. Extension July 31.

### One Fare Plus \$2.25

NASHVILLE, TENN. Peabody College Summer School  
On sale June 20, 21, July 3, 4, 5. Limit 15 days. Extension Sept. 30.

KNOXVILLE, TENN. Summer School of the South  
On sale June 21, 22, 23, 28, 29, July 5, 2, 13-20. Limit 15 days. Extension Sept. 30.

Also Regular Summer Tourist Rates to All Points, on Sale Daily  
For Particulars

### Ask Any Cotton Belt Man.

—OR ADDRESS—

T. P. Little, Passenger Agt, Corsican. D. M. Morgan, T. P. A., Ft. Worth. A. S. Wagner, T. P. A., Waco. JOHN F. LEHANE, General Freight and Passenger Agent, Tyler, Texas.



Normal Note

Seven new  
Misses M. F.  
Lenna  
Tra  
P

N. S. Percival this week favored us by having his figures moved a year in advance.

Fruit jar rubbers 5cts a dozen at Bargain Store.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Wheeler are the proud parents of a girl babe born last Monday June 29th.

See that line of new ties at Bargain Store.

Rev. and Mrs. J. N. Kendall will leave today for a visit to Mrs. Kendall's mother, at Lampassas, Texas.

Get your 4th of July shirt, collar and new tie at the Bargain Store.

A M. Smith left last Saturday for a two or three weeks business trip to his former home at McGregor, Texas.

If you smoke, why not smoke the best? Havana Sticks, Spanish Hand Made and Headquarters, the best 5c cigars on earth at the Pullman.

The Clarendon Commercial Club (?) after a life of some three months and varied experience closed out its BUSINESS (?) and is no more.

Marvin Law, the young man who has had such a serious time with an attack of appendicitis, is reported to be greatly improved. He will leave for his home at Daltart soon. He is stopping with his uncle E. E. Law.—Amarillo Advocate.

### Some Fine Farms and Ranches FOR SALE.

320 acres \$1.00 school land, and 240 acres patented land, 85 acres in cultivation good 7 room house, well, windmill and barn, sheds and orchard. Price \$6.00 per acre.

1 section of \$1 school land, 2 miles northwest of Rome, 50 acres in cultivation, good two room house, well and windmill Price \$5.50 per acre.

1 section west of Clarendon, price \$5 per acre.

1 section west of Alareed, \$3.50 per acre.

1900 acres with good improvements with 1600 acres leased land, near Clarendon, \$6.00 per acre. Also 2 sections of patented land at \$6.00 per acre, also 2 sections patented land, improved \$7.50 per acre. 3 sections south of Lelia, improved, one patented and two \$1.00 school sections, price \$6,000.

One section patented land 2 miles south-east of Lelia \$3.50 per acre. Also one section patented land 2 miles south-west of Lelia, improved, price \$5.00 per acre.

We have 120,000 acres ranging in price at from \$2.50 to \$12.50 per acre.

This is a partial list of our farms and ranches. So be sure and see us before buying elsewhere, we will make it to your interest.

MORRIS & STEWART, AGTS.

Mrs. Theo Pyle and little sons, Barnett and Horace, returned last week from a visit to her sister, Mrs. Maude Barnett at Leger, O. T.

The Pullman Cafe takes orders for fancy pastry at night and delivered the next morning.

John Dauhtry and his brother-in-law Mr. Bartlett both from Jericho traded here last Saturday. They reported that their schoolhouse was complete and that they expected to have a long term school.

"Affectionate pie," that's the kind where the crusts hug each other. The Pullman does not handle that kind, but if you want a nice, fat wholesome pie they will furnish it.

Verner Glenn, of Wellington, and William Garrison, of Childress, both students in Clarendon College the past year spent Sunday here. Both expect to return this fall.

We have legal blank stock on hand and can print you any kind of large size blank on short notice.

Mr. Thompson and family, of Weldon, La., arrived here Tuesday to locate. Mr. Thompson is a brother-in-law of W. M. Sparks, of Jericho, who met them here and took them to their new place Tuesday.

Dr. Maulfair, of Illinois, has been here during the past week visiting his father Jacob Maulfair and family and his brother E. C. Maulfair and family. He returned early this week his father accompanying him on a business trip.

#### Denver Excursions.

Annual meeting Sheriffs Assn. of Texas, San Antonio, Texas, July 14th-16th 1903. Rate \$18.25 for round trip. Date of sale July 12th and 13th 1903. Limit July 18th 1903.

#### Barbecue At Jericho.

We hear that the people of Jericho purpose having a barbecue at an early date—say about the middle of July. Sufficient notice is sure to furnish them a hungry crowd of VISITORS.

#### From a Former Clarendon Boy.

Richmond, Cal., June 22, 1903. A. M. Beville, Clarendon, Texas.

Dear Sir: Enclosed please find money order for \$1.00 to cover my subscription to the Clarendon News for one year. I enjoy reading the News very much. I am glad to note your progress in the last five years.

Wishing you every success and with kind regards to all inquiring friends. I remain, Yours truly

W. B. LOWMAN.

Mr. Lowman is now the General Manager of the Richmond Hardware Co. His friends will be pleased to hear of his success.

## Farm Implements.

RIDING AND WALKING PLOWS, CULTIVATORS, LISTERS, PLANTERS, DRILLS, etc., DEERING MOWING and SELF BINDING MACHINES, TWINE, etc.

### Darling Stoves and Ranges.

BUGGIES, WAGONS, HACK, and HARNESS. All these goods were bought to sell and not to keep and we will not be under sold, but for the next few weeks we will make special prices. Be sure to see us.

## B. T. Lane BUGGY AND IMPLEMENT Co.

Remember our blacksmith, wood work and paint shop in connection; best workmen, lowest prices and satisfaction guaranteed.

PAINTING  
and Paper Hanging  
A Specialty.  
**W. Johnson**  
Estimates Furnish on All Work.

### Spring, Summer and Fall

IS the time to repaper your dusty, faded walls. For only a reasonable cost we can order you paper to make them new. No one wants to rent old dusty rooms, and at the prices we are ordering paper surely the house owner can afford it. We can furnish paper for a room 14x14, ceiling and border all to match, for less than One Dollar, and up to any price you want to buy. Let us see you in time to order your

### WALL Paper. (We Do Painting Too.)

One of the largest and finest assortments of new up-to-date in styles ever shown in Clarendon. All brand new fresh from the leading manufacturers and designed by home and foreign artists. We want to show every house owner in Donley county our samples and prices; you'll do the rest.

J. A. JOHNSON, Clarendon, Texas.

H. W. Taylor, Pres. Alfred Rowe, Vice-Pres. W. H. Patrick, Cashier

## The First National Bank,

Established in 1839. CLARENDON, TEXAS.

Offers to depositors every facility which their balances, business and responsibility warrant.

Capital	\$50,000
Surplus	11,000
Stockholders liability	50,000
Total Responsibility	\$111,000

Buy and sell all kinds of foreign exchange at ruling rates. Issue Bankers' Money Orders, payable anywhere in the United States, at same cost as postoffice or express orders.

## City Livery Stable.

The only stable now in town, located in the Baker barn, is better prepared to serve the public than ever before. Good horses, good rigs, of all kinds, prices reasonable as the following will show:

Team and surrey per day	\$4.00
Team and buggy per day	3.50
Single horse and buggy day	3.00
Driver per day	1.50
Saddle horse per day	1.50

I also have the Morgan barn rented and can take care of your wagons and teams where they will be inside out of the cold and rain, and plenty of storage room for buggies and other stuff. Your patronage solicited.

**WITHERSPOON & LEE, Proprietors.**

# THE NEWS.

A. M. BEVILLE, Editor and Proprietor.  
MISS LORA KIMBERLIN, Society Editor.

Subscription price \$1.00 per year in advance

Entered at the Clarendon postoffice as second class mail matter.

CLARENDON, FRIDAY, JULY 3, 1903.

### To Subscribers.

Look at the date on label with your name and you can always see how you stand with The News.

### GRASS.

#### More Enchanting Than The Lily or The Rose.

The late John James Ingalls wrote many things descriptive of nature, but none more beautiful than this:

Grass is the forgiveness of nature—her constant benediction. Fields trampled with battle, saturated with blood, torn with the ruts of cannon, grow green again with grass, and carnage is forgotten. Streets abandoned by traffic become grass-grown like rural lanes, and are obliterated. Forests decay harvests perish, flowers vanish, but grass is immortal, beleaguered by the sullen hosts of

winter, it withdraws into the impenetrable fortress of its subterranean vitality, and emerges upon the first solicitation of spring. Sown by the winds, by wandering birds, propagated by the subtle horticulture of the elements which are its ministers and servants, it softens the rude outline of the world. Its tenacious fibers hold the earth in its place, and prevent its soluble components from washing into the wasting sea. It invades the solitude of deserts, climbs the inaccessible slopes and forbidding pinnacles of mountains, modifies climates, and determines the history, character and destiny of nations. Unobtrusive and patient it has immortal vigor and aggression. Banished from the thoroughfare and the field, it bides its time to return, and when vigilance is relaxed, or the dynasty has perished, it silently resumes the throne from which it has been expelled, but which it never abdicates, It bears no blazonry of bloom to charm the senses with fragrance or splendor, but its homely hue is more enchanting than the lily or the rose. It yields no fruit in earth or air, and yet, should its harvest fail for a single year, famine would depopulate the world.

### United Confederate Veterans.

a balm for such sadness and a producer of such gladness there is nothing like The Clarendon and Dallas News which gives in a pleasing way the local and general news. Both one year for \$1.75.

#### Business Changes.

The Clarendon Commercial Club(?) have sold out their furniture to Simpson and Erwin, of the Pullman Cafe who will operate a first class \$2.00 per day hotel. They in turn sold their confections to Dubbs and Beville, of The Globe and rented them the front end of the building for their stock, which they now occupy. They in turn have rented their store—The Globe—to John Crisp, who will in a few days occupy it with a new barber shop.

R. F. Wood & Co. feed store gave up the Cain Saloon brick building and put their stock for the

feed as soon as possible. It will be seen that we lose The Commercial Club(?) and gain a barber shop and a feed store.

Don't you need a new suit or a pair of pants for the 4th. Come and see our samples at Bargain Store.

Baking made easy by buying bread and pastry at the Pullman.

James Trent is building a new room to his residence this week.

Remember the Pullman Cafe is "it" when you want a good smoke. All leading brands.

FOUND—A white sunbonnet Owner may have same by calling at this office and paying for this notice.

Croquet sets at Bargain Store.

John Kelley is home from a trip as far as El Paso.

Mrs. Reagan, of Portales, N. M., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Judge Smith.

When you need a shirt, pair of pants, gloves, suspenders or underwear call at the Bargain Store.

Attorney V. K. Wedgworth has purchased the office furniture, law library and residence of W. B. Ware and will at once possess and occupy his property.

Clyde Caldwell is home from a visit to his grandparents at Roswell, N. M.

## Farm Implements,

BUGGIES, WAGONS, WIND MILLS, STEEL TANKS, TOWERS, PUMPS, RODS, WELL CASING, PIPE, PAINTS, OILS, GLASS, WAGON AND BUGGY HARNESS.

If you need anything in the above lines you will consult your best interest by seeing me. **Lowest Prices Ever in Clarendon.**

### G. W. Antrobus.

## John H. Rathjen,

\$1.50 Shoes for  
BEST CALICO at - 4c per yard

We are positively going out of the Dry Goods, Furnishing and Shoe business, and everything in these lines will be sold

### At Cost For Cash Only.

These goods are up to date, not shelf worn or old fashioned. Our reason for closing out this department is to give us more room and time for other lines.

### Groceries

for all, both staple and fancy. Everyone should know our stock is best, our prices right.

### J. A. JACKSON.

Smoke Havana Sticks. Spanish Hand Made and Headquarters—they are fine 5-centers. Pullman Cafe.

Mrs. Richmond Bowlin is quite sick this week.

District Judge Webster and Attorney Bishop were here Tuesday hearing the Smith Habeus Corpus case.

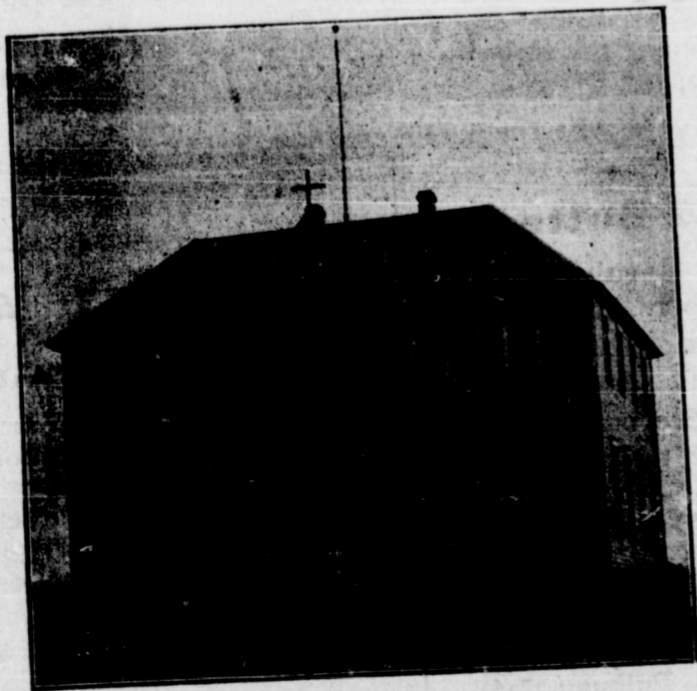
Open all night and will be busy twenty-four hours per day at Pullman Cafe.

### DRAYING.

I have engaged in the **Dray Business** and solicit a share of the public patronage and will appreciate any favors you may extend to me.

Geo. W. Washington.

Ladies, why spoil your complexion, your hands and your temper by baking, when you can get those elegant cakes at the Pullman?



St. Mary's Academy, Clarendon.

# Closing Out Prices

Worth Your Attention.

We offer our entire stock of Men's, Boys' and Children's Suits at COST for cash. Many seasonal things that will interest you. These prices will apply to Spot Cash Purchases Only.

## Our Cash Clearing Sale of White Goods . . . . .

will begin next Monday, when all summer white goods will be marked down to prices that will make them go. Take advantage of these sales to get goods that you can use right now at greatly reduced prices.

**MARTIN, BENNETT & CO.**

## Spring Weddings



## BUCK'S RANGES

We sell a Buck's Range to every newly wed couple because they are so durable and yet moderately priced. The brides can prepare delicious meals on Buck's Stoves.

**S. C.  
Hartman**

Has a size and style  
Stove for every  
home. Call and see.

J. B. Pope kindly advanced the figures this week for himself and mother who lives at Monticello, Ga.

Phone 71 for ice cream in any quantity. We deliver on short notice.  
POSEY & PATMAN.

We have one section of good land 3 miles from town, all fenced which we can divide into 4 equal parts of 160 acres each, from \$7.50 to 9.00 per acre. Also good 7 room house, well and wind-mill &c., with 90 acres of good land for \$2500.00.  
Morris and Stewart, Agents.

Go to the Bargain Store for 4th of July decorations.

### BOULDER CONTEST CLOSED. Miss Gabie Betts The Successful Contestant. The Vote.

Miss Gabie Betts . . . . . 3822  
Miss Lora Kimberlin . . . . . 3006

Since our last issue and until the close Wednesday evening much interest was manifested by friends in behalf of their favorite and the voting was large as the figure show and to secure coupons many new names have been added to our list and many figures advanced two to

The contest was pleasant, being only a friendly rivalry and it is the pleasure of the News to furnish a Round trip pass to Boulder, Colo. to Miss Gabie Betts as the "Favorite Teacher."

As an appreciation of the great interest taken in this the first contest of the News and as a compliment to the friends of the other contestant teacher, Miss Lora Kimberlin, we have decided to give her also a like pass thus send two teachers instead of one.

Trusting that both young ladies will avail themselves of the offered opportunity to spend the heated term in "Kool Colorado" and that school interests will be encouraged, we make our bow to the contestants, their many friends and the hosts of News readers.

The Quannah Tribune-Chief has had a Boulder voting contest, but on a different basis from ours.

The results were:

Miss Anna Belle Wilson . . . . . 99,880  
" Cora Matlock . . . . . 65,715  
" Fannie Evans . . . . . 45,845  
" Ella Cofield . . . . . 6,700

Mrs. J. O. Morgan and children of Childress are visiting her sister, Mrs. C. E. Crowe.

If you want undisturbed repose get the B-B-B at Stocking's Store.

#### To The Public.

I have opened a law office in the rooms formerly occupied by Hon. W. B. Ware. Any business entrusted to me will receive careful attention.

V. K. Wedgworth.

Bed-Bug-Beater is the truck.

Bunting, flags and decorations of all kinds at Bargain Store.

#### Fruits In Donley.

That all kinds of fruits are prolific here we knew before but not so forcibly as "we were shown" last week. With our family we went over to the home of Mr. R A Chamberlain to eat cherries. With their residence they have 4 lots, but still they have room for a clover-lawn with many beautiful shade-trees, 30 cherry trees full of ripe cherries, as many bearing peach and apple trees, an arbor of bearing grapes, plums, goose, black, rasp, and straw berries, mulberries and one walnut tree planted only 5 years ago that has over 1000 walnuts on it now. Besides, there is a garden with every of growing vegetables. This shows that, with a little attention a family even in town may have an abundance of both fruit and vegetables. Postmaster Lewis and Dr. Stocking have in their yards pear trees with from 1 to 3 bushels of pears on them and they were the same last year. The fruit outlook is good in all Donley county except that part on the plains.

Bread, steam baked or home made, at the Pullman.

Try a glass of grape sherbet at the popular soda fount of the Bargain Store.

#### Look Out.

If you hold ticket No. 783 call at our store and we will give you the buggy. You can celebrate the 4th in grand shape if you are the lucky one.

Always buy your groceries from yours for Business,  
W. H. MEADOR GRO. CO.

#### Cripple Creek Colorado.

Our picture supplement today shows Cripple Creek the world's greatest mining city. Lack of space prevents a full description and later we expect to give our readers a description of this beautiful place.

Colanders at Bargain Store.

The best housekeepers, keep Bed-Bug-Beater.

## Millinery at Cost

To make room for my fall stock, I will dispose of all my Summer Millinery at ABSOLUTE COST. This is a rare opportunity for ladies wishing anything in my line.

**MRS. R. M. PRATHER.**

## NEW FEED STORE

In addition to my Coal and Dray Business I will add a stock of feed and will occupy the corner building now occupied by The Bargain Store.

I solicit and will appreciate a share of your trade.

Prompt delivery of all Feed, Coal and Drayage.

Leave or phone your orders.

M. F. LEE.

The Unanimously Adopted Vacation Spot  
of THE INITIATED is

## COOL COLORADO

with its Numerous Resorts, Superb Climate,  
Matchless Scenic Grandeur and Reasonable  
Accommodations.

## "THE DENVER ROAD"

is the Shortest Route by 150 miles, and offers Double Daily Solid Trains with Pullman Palace Drawing Room Sleepers on each; Quickens Time by Hours; All Meals in Handsomely Equipped Cafe Cars—(a la carte)—at Reasonable Prices, and More Valuable Stop-Over Privileges than any other line.

Write us for "the proofs," also for Beautifully Illustrated Books of Information. They are Free.

A. A. GLISSON, General Passenger Agent,  
Fort Worth, Texas.

# UNCLE SAM'S FOURTH OF JULY HEADQUARTERS

**Come** To our ICE CREAM PARLOR FOR ICE CREAM.  
To our SODA FOUNTAIN FOR COLD DRINKS.

We make a specialty of Ice Cream for Picnics and Entertainments. All the popular Cold Drinks of the season. In our Confectionery Department we handle a full line of Fine Candies, Fresh Fruits, Fine Cigars and Tobacco.

Fresh Bread | Laundry Basket | Courteous Treatment | Will Appreciate Trade

DUBBS & BEVILLE,  
Proprietors.

**The GLOBE,** CLARENDON, TEXAS.

### Cattle Buyers Wanted.

There seems to be no sale for cattle which is the money crop of this country and as a consequence money matters are getting tighter every day. What is the matter with Republican prosperity which we were assured would furnish both a market and high prices for the cattleman? We read some banners of that purport in Clarendon in 1902.

All night and all day you can get what you want in nice things to eat at the Pullman.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Clower are enjoying a visit from her brother F.

Horse Shoeing \$1.00--E. A. Taylor.

### Well Drilling.

I am prepared to drill wells for the public on short notice. prices reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed. See me or leave word with W. R. Claunch the Tree Man

A. H. COWSAR,  
Clarendon Texas.

Our laundry basket leaves Monday evening and gets back Thursday. Our wagon calls for it and delivers it without any trouble to you whatever. Phone 71 or leave order at Bargain Store.

Posey & Patman Agts.

Are your friends coming to spend the summer get a bottle B-B-B at Stocking's Store.

## Panhandle Nurseries

Will have for fall delivery a large stock of Home Grown Fruit and Ornamental Trees and Shrubbery of the best varieties adapted to this country, at prices as low as the lowest. We make a specialty of shrubbery, shade and ornamental trees, and where we superintend the planting will replace all loss in two years.

Large variety of bulbs; 20 for \$1. Black Locust seedlings, for groves, as low as \$1.00 per 100.

See us for any thing you need.  
EGERTON & ERWIN, Props.  
Clarendon, Texas.

Rev. E. L. Storey will preach a special sermon to women at the Presbyterian church next Sunday evening. Everyone is cordially invited. There will be the regular quarterly communion service in connection with the eleven o'clock service.

Mrs. Dr. J. S. Morris is enjoying a visit from her mother Mrs. Puckett of Portales, N. M.

### Miriam Josephine Lane.

Miriam Josephine, the nine months old little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Lane died last Monday morn and was buried Tuesday morn at the Citizens Cemetery Rev. W. L. Skinner conducting the religious service. The News joins with the many friends in tender sympathy to these fond young parents in the untimely death of their first born little darling.

See that pretty line of neckties at Bargain Store.

Rev. J. H. Overstreet, of Childress come up Wednesday night to visit the family of Rev. S. E. Houk.

Sweet potato plants \$2.50 per 1000, cabbage and tomato plants 50c per 100. For sale by W. R. Claunch. Leave orders at this office.

Mrs. R. S. Kimberlin of Sulphur Springs, Texas, arrived last evening on a visit to Mrs. M.

A child of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Summerour has been dangerously sick now for ten days and was but little if any better at last report. As they were bereft of their baby boy two weeks ago they are naturally very apprehensive about this little one as the disease is the same.

Pianos, organs, sheet-music everything in the music line. The Goggan & Bro., Galveston, Dallas San Antonio.

### Cooked Meat.

From now and during the summer the Cold Storage Market will have cooked meat.

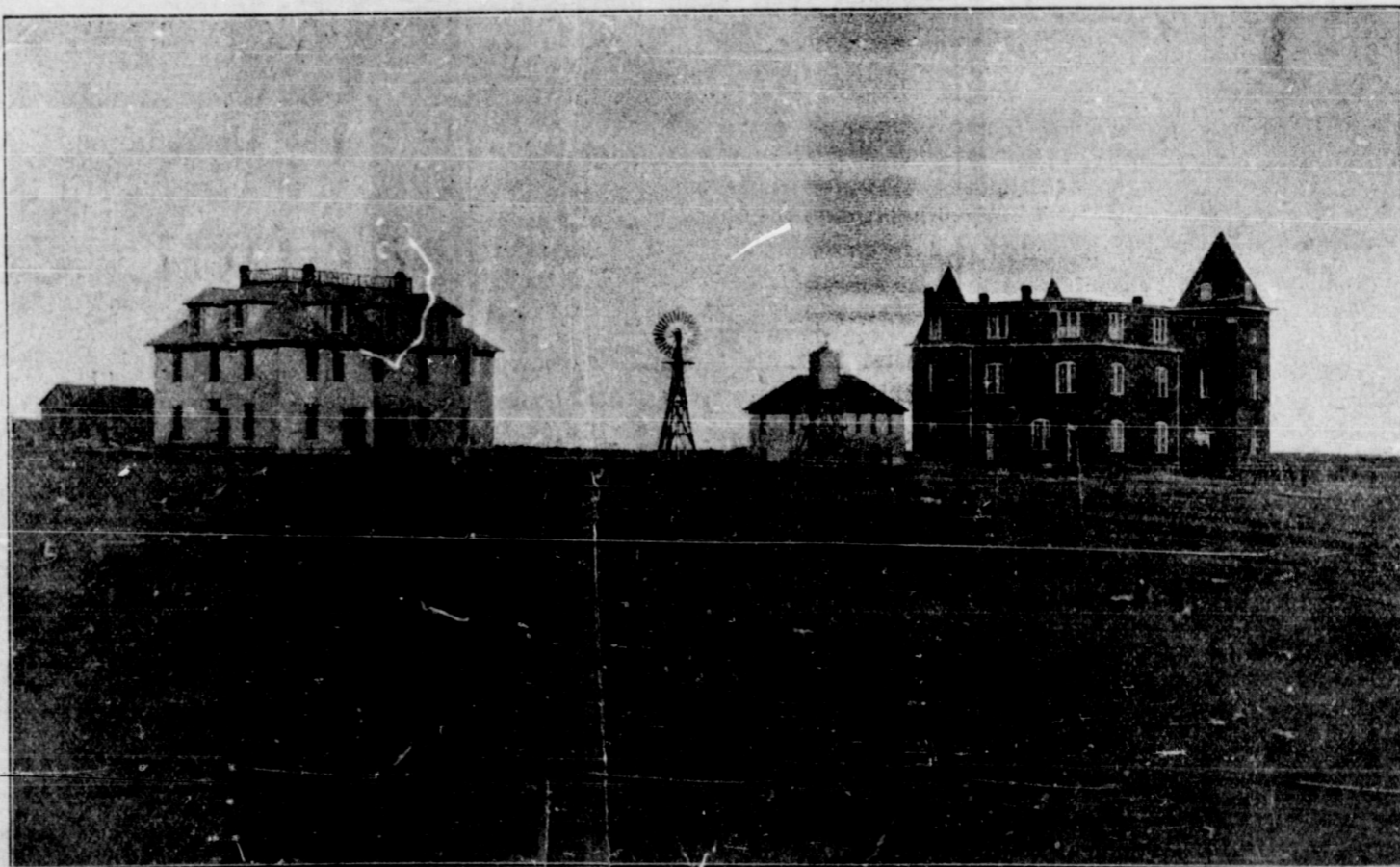
## W. H. Meador Co.

Grocer

HEADQUARTERS FOR

Fresh Groceries, Swift's Premium Lard, Bacon, Hams.  
Sherman Bros. Teas & Coffees

We pay highest market price for produce.  
Remember some one gets the buggy.



Clarendon College and Dormitories.

**Normal Notes.**

Seven new pupils this week, Misses M. E. Watkins, Whitefish, Lenna Greer, Hereford, Rosa Travies, Cataline, Messrs. H. I. Reed, Childress, E. W. Bain, Vernon, John Rogers and wife, Wayside. This makes an enrollment of 48, with more to come. The Normal is something Clarendon may well boast of.

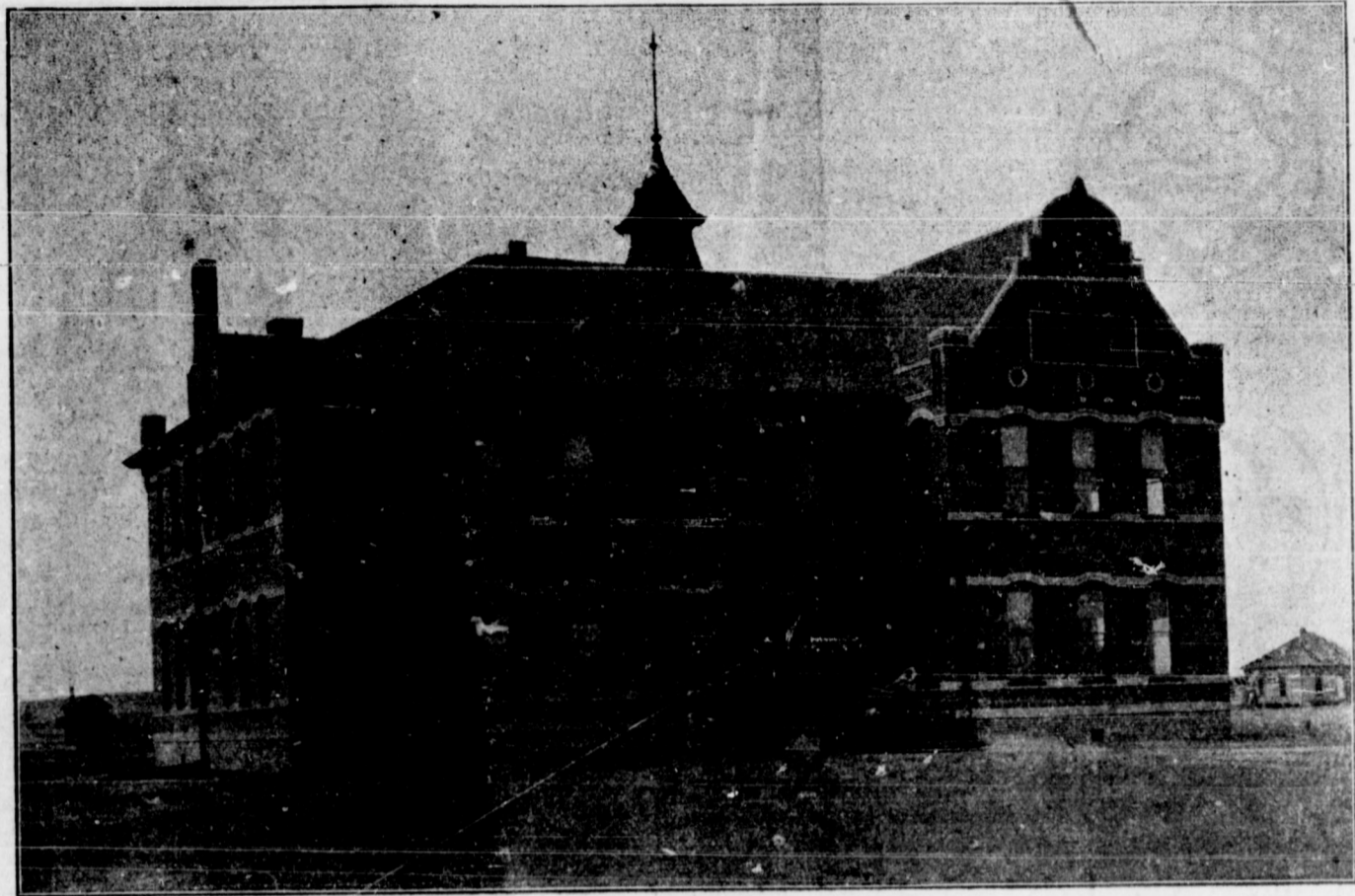
Prof. Kennedy has resumed charge of his classes, after a few days business trip to Hobart, O. T.

Whether the teachers are attracted by those good looks Mr. Young, the Chronicle correspondent, lately assured the public he is the possessor of or not, we are not able to say, but they continue to call on him to answer questions in classes that he isn't in. He looks up with an expression, that we can imagine even the ancient and venerable Cicero might have envied him his thoughts; but pauses a second, a perplexing look overspreads his noble brow, and he meekly answers, "I'm not in this class." He has been forced to say this ten times the past week.

Mr. V. T. Glenn of Wellington visited the school Friday. He says he is specially interested in the Normal this year. Wonder why. (?)

Mr. Wilson doesn't let a reason "why" stand in his way. If he finds the books don't give a satisfactory reason he originates one. His latest is, "if unequals are taken from unequals the remainders are unequal."

Mrs. Silvey, Grandma Williams, Miss Gabie Betts, Prof. W. G. Stewart and Rev. Storey were pleasant callers this week.



Clarendon Public School.

their ranks to the vast number of twelve; they think in a few days they will get up enough courage to mingle with the girls; up to this time they have been to themselves. Any young men wishing to help a good cause might come and join them. We feel sure you would be welcome. But be careful it is 4 to 1 yet, and if you fail, remember the N. C. correspondent.

Pair nice lace curtains for 50 and 75 cents at the Bargain Store.

"Jumbo" the famous horse-shoer has returned to Clarendon and can be found at Lane's blacksmith shop. Bring along your horse and get work by an expert.

**Sewing Machine Repairing.**

If possible

**HOWE'S  
GREAT LONDON  
SHOWS**

Coming to

**Three Phases of Life.**  
Kindness of the The Dallas News:



There is gladness  
In her gladness  
When she's glad,



And there's sadness  
In her sadness  
When she's sad,



But the gladness  
Of her gladness  
And the sadness  
Of her sadness  
Is nothing to her madness  
When she's mad.

As a cure for such madness and

**Well Drilling.**

I am prepared to drill wells for the public on short notice. prices reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed. See me or leave word with W. R. Claunch the Tree Man

A. H. COWSAR.  
Clarendon Texas.

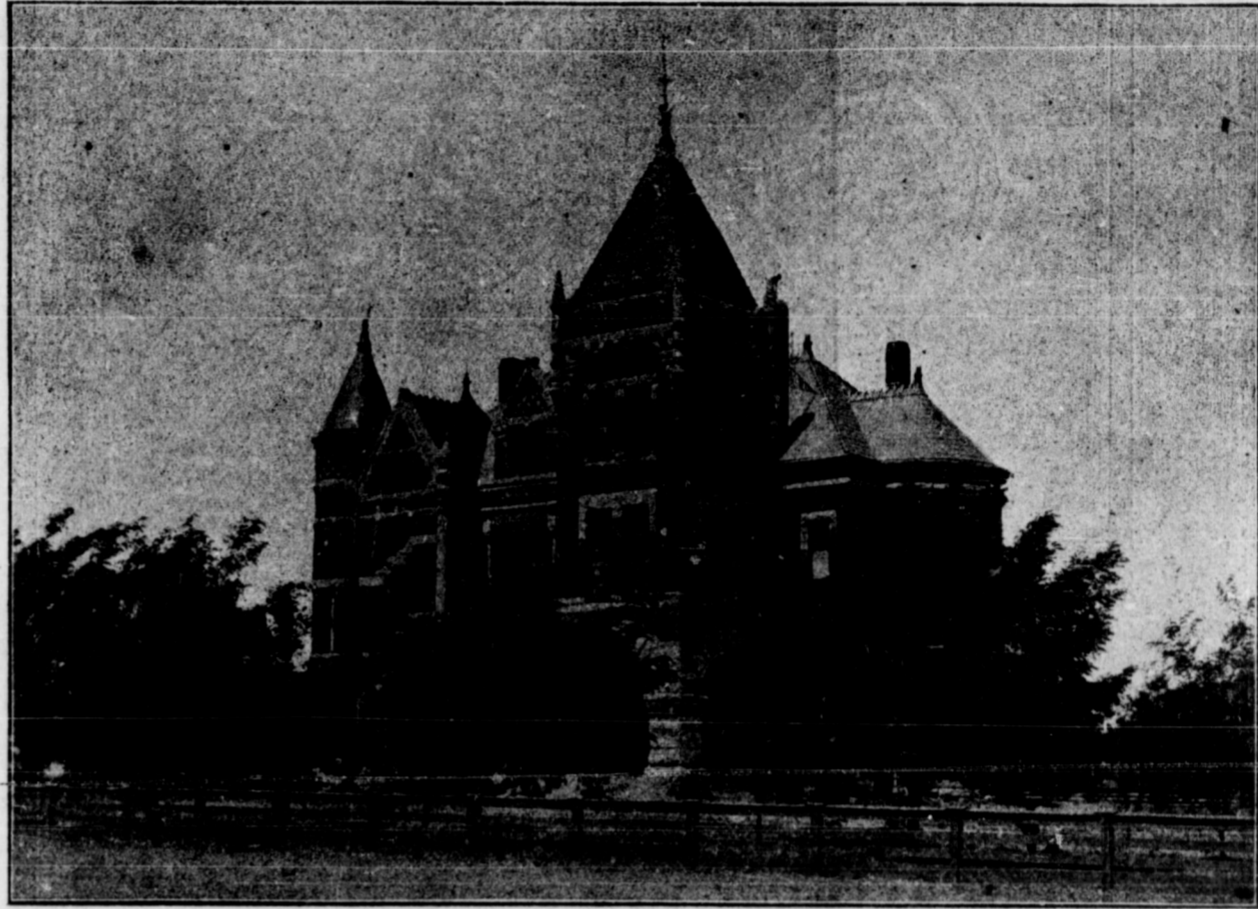
Our laundry basket leaves Monday evening and gets back Thursday. Our wagon calls for it and delivers it without any trouble to you whatever. Phone 71 or leave order at Bargain Store.  
Posey & Patman Agts.

Are your friends coming to spend the summer get a bottle B-B-B at Stocking's Store.

**Panhandle Nurseries**

Will have for fall delivery a large stock of Home Grown Fruit and Ornamental Trees and Shrubbery of the best varieties adapted to this country, at prices as low as the lowest. We make a specialty of shrubbery, shade and ornamental trees, and where we superintend the planting will replace all loss in two years.

Large variety of bulbs; 20 for \$1. Black Locust seedlings, for groves, as low as \$1.00 per 1000. See us for any thing you need.  
EGERTON & ERWIN, Props.  
Clarendon, Texas.



Donley County Court House, Clarendon

summer in a ware house. Posey and Patmar, of the Bargain Store, took the brick building and will occupy it just as soon as some repairs are completed. M. F. Lee the coal and drayman has rented the corner building, occupied by them, and will occupy it with a stock of

**COST SALE  
A Snap for You**

\$6.00 Hat for - - - \$4.50  
\$1.00 Shirt for - - - 75c

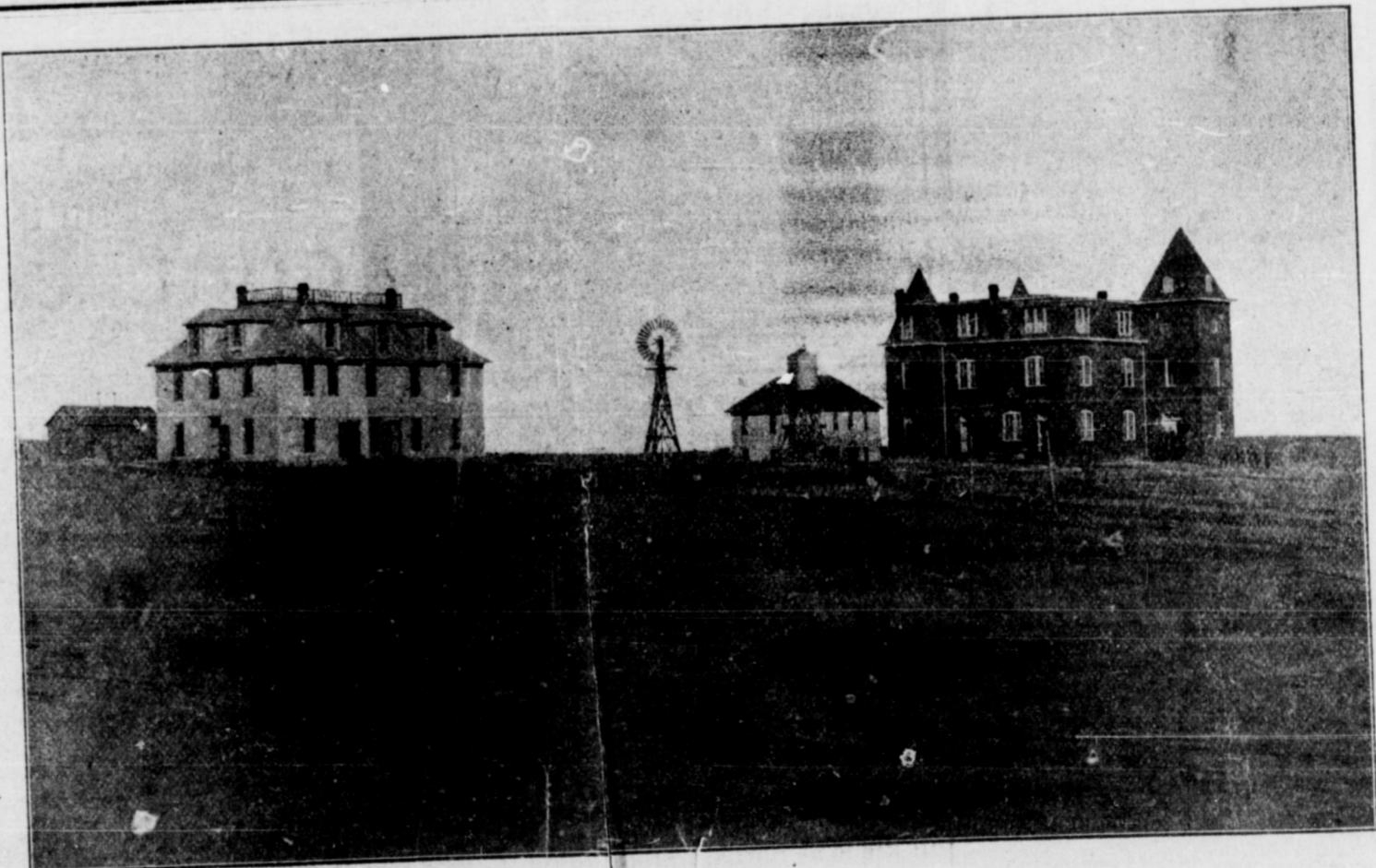
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