Guaranteed Actual Circulation Larger Than Any Other Erath County Newspaper.

THE DUBLIN PROGRESS.

VOLUME XV. DUBLIN, ERATH COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 26, 1902. NUMBER 32.



Old Father Time

Old Father Time is about to reverse his glass and start in on 1903. "So runs the time away."

With a promise to do all and more for our friends and patrons during the coming year than we have done in the past, we extend a

NEW YEAR'S GREETING

Trusting and hoping we may all be here hale, happy and hearty when it's time to reverse the glass again.

Jordan-St. Clair Co.

Dublin in 1888.

The following items are taken from the Progress of Dec. 22nd, 1888:

"Thirteen flat cars loaded with cotton were shipped from Dublin one day last week.

"An entertainment will be given at the Baptist church in Old Dublin to-night for the benefit of the Old Dublin cemetery.

"President B. B. Paddock says he is unable yet to tell just when work will begin on the building of the Ft. Worth & Rio Grande railroad to Dublin.

"Rev. R. A. Hall was here from Iredell yesterday.

"Judge Burroughs returned yesterday from school to spend the holidays at home.

"Miss Della Davis came in yesterday from school to spend the holidays at home.

"The firm of Atkins & Strong made an assignment yesterday for the benefit of creditors, naming W. J. Davies as trustee.

"Rev. Bailey of Cisco was here yesterday and left in the evening [illegible].

"[illegible]g those who have left this [illegible] to spend Xmas at their old home in the states are Bob Sneed, Marshal, Ala; John Underwood and W. J. Jennings, McNimela, Tenn; J. T. Sparks, Knoxville, Tenn; W. J. Carlisle, Atlanta, Ga.; D. K. Coor, Hazle Hurst, Miss. There were others to the number of about twenty whose names we did not secure.

"The Ft. Worth & Rio Grande company has made the citizens of Dublin the following proposition, to-wit: If they will give a bonus of $10,000 and the right of way through the county, they will guarantee trains to be running into Dublin over that line by January 1st, 1890—a little over a year from now. In-so-much as this is the proposition that Dublin has already figured upon it is now a settled fact that many moons will not pass ere the shrill whistle of the Rio Grande will be heard in this section. Hurrah for Dublin and the Rio Grande road!

"J. A. Jordan, candidate opposing sheriff-elect N. J. Shands, at the recent election, has filed a contest claiming he was rightfully elected and should have the office. The contest is based upon the grounds that the vote at Johnson's Coal Mines, in the northern part of the county, was illegal. Mr. Shands was elected by the bare majority of thirty-eight, counting the Johnson mine vote.

Nearly a column in that issue of the Progress was taken up with an account of a riot "at the Johnson [illegible] in the northern part of [illegible] which is now the town [illegible] Hunter and the old Johnson com- they would lose their places, fearing stituted a reign of terror and at- [illegible] with rocks and clubs and the sheriff was called upon to quell [illegible] he was unable to do so [illegible] through Judge J. L. Rumph-rey's, then county judge of the county, an appeal was made to Gov. Ross for troops to assist the sheriff. Before the state militia was sent matters came to an amicable adjustment, through the good offices of the sheriff.

Among the advertisers were R. H. McCain, groceries; W. B. Davis, clothing; Maddux & Keith, meat market, Fewell & Lewis, hardware; G. W. Andruss, hardware; W. B. Patrick, drugs; Dublin Nickle Store, A. L. Hamilton, drugs; Jeremiah Proctor, herb doctor, McLemore & Lewis, physicians; Harris & Travis, land, loan and collecting agents; Dodson & Boynton, groceries; Hurt & Neel, Texas Siftings Saloon; W. F. Dunn, blacksmith; B. L. Shoffner, Central Hotel; J. E. Tunnell, livery; Miller & McCarty, physicians; Jim Pruett, barber; Dr. John Morgan, surgeon.

Corn! Ear Corn!

I have arranged through a friend in Kansas to ship good ear corn at closest price to farmers who want to go in on cars. See me—Billie Northcutt.

$7.50 Value for $3.50 Cash.

The Arena, regular price $2.50 a year, National Magazine, regular price $1, The Criterion, regular price $1, The Ledger Monthly, regular price $1, Nickel Magazine, regular price 50c and Good Times regular price 50c a year. Total $6.50 at regular price. All of these are high class monthly magazines worth all and more of their regular price. We will give the Progress, regular price $1, with all the above named magazines for a full year for the small amount of $3.50. At an addition of 75c we add to the above number the twice-a-week Dallas News, Houston Post, Globe Democrat, St. Louis Republic, New York World, Atlanta Constitution or Courier Journal.

The proposition will be closed on and after Jan. 10-03.

Three distinctive features of the Progress job printing department is good paper, good work and prompt service, all of which conspire to please our customers. You can generally tell work from the Progress press from any other by the clearness of the print and the general attractive appearance.

Erath Marriage Licenses.

The following marriage licenses have been issued since our last report:

R. L. Ballew and Miss Myrtle Shellnut, Duffau.

W. F. Reece and Miss Maud Shellnut, Duffau.

G. R. Spain and Miss Alice Turpen, Lingleville.

E. M. Caudle and Miss Lizzie Stewart.

E. S. Thompson and Miss Liza Williams, Gordon.

D. M. Turnbow and Miss Nannie Stephens, Thurber.

C. H. Matthews and Miss Jessie Roder.

K. D. Loving and Miss Lillian Orear.

H. D. Keller and Miss Martha Kolb.

A Change in Teachers.

Prof. A. E. Hampton of De Leon, who has been teaching the seventh grade in the Dublin schools, resigned the position this week on account of having purchased an interest in the general merchandising business of Wilson & Whaley at De Leon. The professor left Wednesday with his family for that place and will at once become actively engaged in the mercantile line.

Yesterday a meeting of the school board was held and the resignation of Prof. Hampton was regretfully accepted as the professor has done good service in the school. At the same meeting Prof. Wm. A. Barr a native of Tennessee, more recently from the Indian Territory, was elected to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation. Prof. Barr comes very highly recommended as a teacher and a gentleman and it may be expected that his work in our schools will be eminently satisfactory. He will take charge of the seventh grade immediately upon the reopening of the school after the holidays.

Next Months Weather.

We have just received a complimentary copy of the Wine of Cardiu calendar and weather chart for the year 1903, which is issued and copyrighted by The Chattanooga Med. Co. The weather forecasts used on this chart and calendar are those of De Voe and for several years past we have noted them to be nearly always correct. On the first page of the calendar for January 1903 appears the following general outline:

The year 1903 is likely to develop ecentric weather. There will be drought in some sections and too much rain in others. This unequal distribution is likely to cause severe local storms. 1st to 6th, snow or rain, followed by cold wave, moderating on the 6th. 7th to 9th, a storm over the Mississippi Valley will cause local snow and rain storms, followed by cold wave from 10th to 11th. 12th to 15th, a storm will form over the lower Mississippi Valley and move northeastward, causing rain over the Gulf and South Atlantic States, and snow over the North and New England States. 16th to 19th, cold and blustery. 20th to 23rd, a storm will form over Texas and move northeastward, causing snow blockades over the Western States and rain over the Southern and Eastern States. 24th to 27th, cold wave. 28th to 31st, a storm will form over the Gulf of Mexico and move up the Atlantic coast, causing snow from Georgia to Maine, followed by a very cold wave.

Happiness is but another name for perfect health. Use Prickly Ash Bitters and be happy. It keeps the vital organs healthy and well regulated.



Rare Old Coin[illegible]

Itasca Item:—Mrs[illegible] who resides in this [illegible] town last Saturda[illegible] showed us two [illegible] old coins which [illegible] possession abo[illegible]

Both of th[illegible] pieces, one [illegible] the other 1[illegible] dancin' but What are the Successive Steps
on his po[illegible] and tu Lead Heavenward—Miss Peb-
in a-curin' h[illegible] one, and sun Kind of a Place is Heaven
res o' yer exist[illegible] through the Daisy McClatchey.
cross, is he his pape[illegible] ay We be Sure of Heaven
does the work fo[illegible] is plain and sin[illegible] Kinney.
—Denver Post. n't eat too much a[illegible] We Begin Heaven on
ry; don't let your [illegible] s Minnie Edwards.
get the CARRIER[illegible]n—Miss Leola Gilbert.
iss Stella Gilbert,

Erath County Court.

Following proceedings have been had in the county court since our last report:

W. C. Wilson vs. Texas Central Railroad et al; judgment for plaintiff.

Lizzie Wallace, vagrancy, three cases; plea of guilty, fined $5 in one case and one dollar in each of the other two.

Bill White, gaming; plea of guilty and fined $25 and costs.

There has been a number of dismissals.

Dr. J. G. O'Brien vs Dublin Cotton Oil Co., suit on account for professional services rendered J. I. McLeod on trial.

Christian Endeavor.

Program for Sunday, Dec. 28th, at 3:30 p. m.

Subject—Our Heavenly Home and the Way, (Jno. 14:1-6; Rev. 21:1-4).

Leader—Miss Maggie Hartgrove.

Reading—Miss Ora Shephard.

Justice Speer Qualifies.

Justice Ocie Speer of Montague county, who was the successful aspirant last spring for the democratic nomination for associate justice of the court of civil appeals for this district, assumed the duties of that position at Ft. Worth last Saturday morning. In the presence of the court he took and subscribed to the constitutional oath of office, which was delivered by Chief Justice Truman H. Conner.

After the oath was administered and before his opponent for the position, Judge Sam J. Hunter, had left after arising from the bench Judge Hunter said:

"Gentlemen of the Bar: I desire to say a few words before taking my seat among you. I have served you in the capacity of associate justice on this bench for seven years. They have been years of arduous labor, unremitting toil, anxiety and responsibility. I have done my duty conscientiously, faithfully, impartially, independently and to the best of my ability. I want to thank you now, and thank the bar of this district, for the uniform courtesy, kindness and respectful consideration you have always shown me and for the patience you have manifested for my shortcomings. I bespeak for my worthy and honorable successor the same generosity. I must take this occasion to also thank my brother judges for their courteous, kind and patient course with me. Our labors have been hard. The questions of law have often been doubtful and the right way not always clear. We have differed and divided at times when the way was unsettled and uncertain, but I have never seen the day nor the hour when the clash of intellect or the heat of debate divided them from my respect and esteem as fearless, honest and conscientious judges. I thank them for their patience with me, for at times I know it has been sorely tried. I leave this bench with feelings of kindness and love for them, which I shall entertain during the remainder of my life and with the same kind and friendly feelings toward my successor, I hope that my late brother judges will be as patient with him and as kind as they have been with me. I thank you for your kind attention."

Justice Speer arose from his seat and said:

"I wish to say on this occasion that I have for Judge Hunter, as a lawyer, a judge and a man the highest respect and admiration and the most kindly feelings. Nothing has occurred to mar our friendship and I hope never will."

Judge Ocie Speer is probably the youngest man on any of the court of civil appeals in Texas and his race against Judge Hunter for the nomination was a brilliant one marked throughout with good feelings. He has many friends in Dublin who, appreciating his value as a man, are proud of the race he made against such a jurist as Judge Hunter and who expect him to make an enviable record.

School Notes.

The date of the lecture by A. W. Hawks has been changed from Jan. 2nd to Jan. 21st, 1903.

The school enrollment is now five hundred and fifty pupils and the attendance is fine. The general condition of the school is excellent.

The schools will re-open on Monday, Jan. 5th, and it is earnestly desiring that every student be presents at that time.

The city institute for teachers meets on the second Saturday in each month. The institute is using educational foundations as the basis of its work this year.

The High School Literary society meets every Friday afternoon. It furnishes its members excellent drill in this necessary field of education.

Helps for Farmers.

I wish to call the attention of the farmers of Erath county, through our local papers, to the service which is maintained for their benefit by our National and State governments. The department of Agriculture each year publishes several pamphlets, giving information upon agricultural subjects, and about stock raising and dairying. Any person who is interested can secure these pamphlets by writing for them. They are sent free. If you want information about any plant, or about grasses, or road making or, in fact about anything which will interest a farmer write to the Commissioner of Agriculture at Washington, D. C., and the pamphlet will come, and on the back of it will be a list of the pamphlets kept for distribution. Every farmer should read the pamphlets which relate to his business.

At the A. & M. College, Bryan, Texas a short term Dairy school will be held in January. Write for information about this, and try to get abreast with the times.

If we could have fewer lawyers, doctors, book-keepers etc. and more educated and thinking farmers we should be better off. The services are maintained at public cost, and should be used. LEE YOUNG.

Jerusalem at the Worlds Fair.

Mme. Lydia von Finkelstien Mountford, the celebrated lecturer on Jerusalem and the Holy Land, has been engaged to personally superintend the great Jerusalem exhibit which is to be one of the chief novelties of the Louisiana Purchase Exposition.

The City of Jerusalem is to be reproduced at the World's Fair and ten acres of space in the heart of the grounds has been allotted to this purpose. No other person in the world is probably so well qualified to superintend the actual installation of the various features of interest to pilgrims to Jerusalem, as Mme. Mountford. She was born of Russian parents in the City of Jerusalem, and after completing her education in England returned to Jerusalem and has made her home there ever since, except when out upon her lecture tours. These lectures of hers, illustrated by actual residents of the Holy Land clad in native costume, have a world-wide reputation. It has been the dream of her life to be able to give these lectures in America having for her illustrations a reproduction of the City of Jerusalem. The great World's Fair of 1904 will furnish the opportunity. A special auditorium will be erected in this new Jerusalem for the delivering of these lectures, following which all may see Jerusalem as it really exists.

Mme. Mountford explains that those who visit the Jerusalem reproduction at St. Louis will really get a better view of everything in Jerusalem worth seeing than they would by visiting the city, because it is impossible for a Christian to see what is going on in the Mohammedan places of worship.

A coated tongue, foul breath and clogged condition in the bowels suggests the use of Prickly Ash Bitters. It is just suited for such ailments.

Oldest Chicken in Texas.

Wm. M. Tannehill of Comanche writes to the press as follows: "I herewith give you the history of what I believe to be the oldest chicken in Texas. It is that of a hen that is of the Partridge Cochin breed, being about a fullblood. She is now twelve years and seven months old The first ten years of her life she set four times each year and made an average of fifty chickens. In her eleventh year she set twice and raised her usual number. In her twelfth year she set once and raised nine chickens and during this present year she has only laid twenty-eight eggs, during last spring, but did not hatch any chickens. She has come out in her new suit this fall as usual, but she is getting very feeble and her eyesight is getting bad, I think with good care she will live through the winter. She has always had a good, warm house to stay in the year round and has been worth twenty-five dollars clear of all expenses."



Expert Extracting

Painless! Quick! No Failures! No Bungling!

My gas outfit is always ready. It never fails. MY PLATES FIT—You don't have to pay me and go and get some one else to fit you. I have this year fitted 10 plates in mouths that other dentists could not fit. I have the best method known for saving aching teeth.

DR. W. W. SNIDER, DENTIST.

Office over Grange Store, DUBLIN, TEXAS

BOWSER IN THRALDOM

Last Day of His Mother-in-law's Visit Is Memorable For Her Tyranny. She Vetoes a Hog Deal, Bars Goats, Drives Away Horse Trader and Calms Benjamin Burton Down

[Copyright, 1902, by C. B. Lewis.]

I REACHED home this morning after a visit of three weeks to my son-in-law, Mr. Bowser. In previous articles I have related several little incidents of the first two weeks. As to the third week, I will take the days in rotation.

Monday.—When Mr. Bowser came home from the office this evening, he was scuffing his feet and had his shoulders humped up. He kicked the gate open, and between the gate and the steps he picked up an old teaspoon which some boy must have tossed into the yard. He ascended the steps with that spoon waving in the air, and, mistaking me for Amanda, he cried out:

"More waste and extravagance! Another milestone on the road to the poorhouse! Woman, will there ever be an end to this?"

"There will be, Benjamin Burton Bowser," said I. "There will be an end right here and now. If you have come home tonight with a scrap under your hat, I'll see that you are not disappointed!"

"But here is a spoon which has carelessly been thrown out, as have thousands and thousands of others," he protested.

"Then we'll throw it in again, and you may eat with it."

Mr. Bowser was grouty all the evening, but that made no difference to me. By bedtime he seemed to have resolved to make the best of things, and he went to bed without slamming doors or kicking over chairs.

Tuesday.—Before leaving for the office in the morning Mr. Bowser talked about buying a hog, but I sat down on him at once. He came home to dinner without finding any spoons, but he was just in time to meet the iceman, who had a bill of a dollar or so to collect.

"By the great horn spoon," yelled Mr. Bowser, "but what does this mean? Must I submit to these bold faced robberies every day in the year?"

"Benjamin," said I as I laid my hand on his arm, "you've had a lump of ice a day for the last month, and there's the bill for it. The ice hasn't been burned in the range nor given away to tramps. It has been used to preserve your meats and vegetables and furnish ice water, and you'll pay for it and hang on to your breath."

He looked around for a crowbar with which to strike me dead, but not finding any he paid the bill and sat down, with a sigh. Later in the evening he observed that if ever he were left a widower he wouldn't marry the best woman on earth, and I replied:

"Benjamin, don't fret your gizzard. Amanda will outlive you by ten years, and your mother-in-law will probably be holding your hand when you pass away."

Wednesday.—At 6 o'clock in the morning I thought I heard somebody sneak downstairs, and a little later I looked out of a back window and saw Mr. Bowser making for the alley. When I had dressed and got down, a man who had a horse to sell was showing the animal off and boasting that he belonged to the Seek No Further breed. Mr. Bowser was hesitating about closing a sale for $150 when I opened the alley gate and said:

"Benjamin, ain't you a little afraid that this early morning air will have a bad effect on your asthma?"

"I—I was looking at a horse," he stammered in reply.

"So I observe. I can see from here that he has two spavins and a ringbone, and if he isn't blind he ought at least to wear spectacles. I heard him spoken of as a Seek No Further. That's correct, Benjamin. He won't have to seek no further for a woman who knows a horse from a giraffe. I don't think this is your horsy day."

He looked at me for a minute as if he meant to have my life, and the man with the horse said he killed his mother-in-law seventeen years ago, but it ended in Benjamin going down into his boots. It's a wise man who knows his mother-in-law.

Thursday.—When Mr. Bowser came home this evening, he was in good nature, and after dinner he suggested a trolley ride by moonlight. Amanda was ready to put on her hat at once, but I took him out into the back yard and said:

"Benjamin, you took a moonlight trolley ride not long ago. You first got mad because Amanda complained of a headache. Then you roared at a passenger who happened to step on your toes. Then you yelled at the conductor because the current happened to be shut off for a minute, and before you had got a mile you called a fat man a hog and got into a fight."

"I don't allow anybody to walk on me," says Mr. Bowser in reply.

"But are you going out with a chip on your shoulder? If you are, you can go alone. Neither myself nor Amanda wants to carry a club or get into a row. If you can sit still and look at the moon and be civil to the other passengers, we will go, but otherwise not."

We went. It was hard for him to behave, but by pointing my finger at him now and then I kept him in subjection, and no one was murdered.

Friday.—Mr. Bowser sat down to breakfast. He growled out that the chop wasn't fit for a dog to eat and was going to say that Mrs. Bowser probably ordered the cook to drive tacks into it to spite him when I remarked:

"That will do for this time, Benjamin. I knew when you were glad enough to get codfish for breakfast, and I don't want to hear a word against mutton chops."



HE WAS IN A ROW WITH THREE HACKMEN.

"Are you never going home?" he roared at me.

"I am, Benjamin—going home tomorrow night, but meanwhile don't you get too colty. If you do, I'll change my mind and stay a month longer."

He reached home at 6 o'clock p. m. without having anything to kick about, but after dinner he told Mrs. Bowser that he had been advised by the doctor to drink three quarts of goat's milk a day to get the acid out of his blood and that he should probably buy four goats during the evening. She, poor soul, hadn't any objection to make, but I turned to him with:

"Benjamin, what particular acid is it in your blood?"

"It's what causes rheumatism," he answered.

"When have you had rheumatism?"

"I've got it now."

"Whereabouts?"

"In my legs."

"I beg to differ with you, Benjamin. A man who can slip over back fences the way you do can't have rheumatism in his legs. You may have a buzzing in your ears and wheels in your head, but your legs are all right. Goat's milk may be good for you, as you are a good deal of a kid, but there will be no goats around here."

"Do I run this house or do you?" he shouted at me.

"I do, Benjamin, and don't you make a mistake about it. I've run it for two weeks, and I've got one day more left on the third. If you want to buy a hippopotamus or a boa constrictor, go ahead, but don't let me find any goats in the back yard in the morning."

Saturday.—As I was to start for home today Mr. Bowser made it a holiday and a day of rejoicing. At breakfast I had to warn him that if he wanted better coffee he might go to a hotel, and at 10 o'clock I interfered to prevent him from buying an oyster farm and raising his own oysters, but we got him through the rest of the day without trouble. He took me to the depot in a cab and said he was sorry I couldn't stay longer, and I kissed him and offered to put in two weeks more, and then he hurried out. I knew what would happen. His pent up feelings had to find escape, and they were escaping as my train moved away—that is, he was in a row with three hackmen, and enjoying himself as he hadn't before for three long weeks.

SARAH JANE CARTER,
Mother-in-law to Mr. Bowser.
M. QUAD.

CUPID BANK FOR OFFICERS.

General Corbin's Plan to Aid Young Soldiers to Marry.

General Corbin's statement in his annual report discouraging the marriage of the younger officers in the army has been much discussed, says a Washington dispatch to the New York American and Journal. Speaking of the matter the other day, General Corbin said:

"I am not opposed to marriage of officers of the army any time, but it is reasonable to assume that a young officer with poor pay cannot attend to the duties of his position, which are often expensive, and also take care of a family. The question is not one of sentiment. It is one of dollars and cents.

"Far from being opposed to marriage, I am suggesting ways by which the young officers can be married. I am in favor of inaugurating a system of deposits for young officers by which after they accumulate $50, say, it can be deposited, these continuous deposits to draw interest at the rate of 4 per cent."

Major General Young says: "I agree with General Corbin. I believe that marriage should not take place until there is a certainty of proper support which will not interfere with an officer's duty to the army and the country."

Brigadier General Ludington says: "The question is an interesting one, and the adjutant general treats it from the practical standpoint. The principle is all right. As for myself, I didn't marry until I was a major."

General Corbin gave some interesting statements about famous officers and their marriages. "One of the cases in point," he said, "is that of General Grant. He was married when a second lieutenant and resigned because he could not support his family on his pay. Lieutenant General Miles did not marry until he was a colonel. General Hancock was married when he was a captain."

NEW FORM OF INSURANCE.

Plan to Defray the Cost of Surgical Operations.

In England people of moderate means are beginning to insure themselves against surgical operations, says Harper's Weekly. The plan is that subscribers who pay an annual fee shall be entitled either to free admittance to a hospital or nursing at home and a free operation or to a fixed sum paid down to defray the cost of an operation if one becomes necessary. In England, as here, the cost of surgical repairs to the human body has become oppressively great to persons who just manage to pay their way. People who are obviously poor get a great deal of excellent surgical and medical treatment in hospitals and elsewhere for nothing, but for the next class above them a serious illness, especially if it involves an operation, is almost ruinous. It would seem as if the time was near when societies for insurance against specialists might be profitably organized in the larger American cities.

The specialist has come to be a very important—indeed, an indispensable—institution, especially to families in which there are children. The office of the family doctor has now become simplified to the task of coming in and telling the patient which specialist to go to. It is not that specialists charge too much, for their honorable services are above price. It is that landlord, butcher, baker, grocer, milkman, coalman, dentist and trained nurse do not leave you money enough to pay them appropriately. To subscribe a considerable sum annually and have all the repairs and desirable improvements made in one's family without further disbursement would be a comparatively simple way out of a troublesome predicament.

Kite Flying In Italy.

The Italian government has made an appropriation for the establishment of kite stations for the determining of temperature and currents of the upper air. They will be established on high mountains. Another plan for kite observations from steamships near the equator is also being perfected.

Ole Jack Frost.

When a feller's gittin' sluggish an' is runnin' shy o' vim,
When he gits that rubber feelin' in the legs that's under him,
When he feels his snappy vigor growin' shaky on its base
An' his ginery ambition gits to wabblin' out o' place,
Then he likes to hear the croonin' o' the solemn autumn breeze,
Likes to see the leaves a-fallin' from their fast'nin' on the trees,
Fur he knows a tonic's comin' that'll cure him free o' cost,
An' the name blown in the bottle is jest Ole
Jack
Frost!

There is stacks o' system bracers in the 'pothecary shops,
Some done up in pills an' tablets, some in shapes o' bottled slops,
An' the man o' drugs 'll tell you how yer system they will search
Till they find that weary feelin' an' 'll knock it off the perch;
But there ain't a patent cure all underneath the autumn moon
That kin swing the proposition like the one that's comin' soon—
Ain't one that kin return to you the vigor you have lost
Like that never failin' tonic known as Ole
Jack
Frost!

Takes away that tired feelin', puts the ginger in yer gait,
Shows you how to walk the step o' the successful candidate;
Lights yer eyes up with a sparkle fills yer craw with nervy sand,
Starts yer thankful heart to [illegible] to the music o' the band.
Ain't a medico that's bankin' [illegible]ders an' his pills
That can ekal Dr. Nature man ills,
In a-straightenin' the wi[illegible]ence when they're
And the medicine that Ole
Jack
Frost!

Colonel Bunker

The Fiery Warrior Tells How the South Resisted Insidious Northern Cocktail

[Copyright, 1902, by C. B. Lewis.]

"SPEAKING about cocktails, suh," said Colonel Bunker as he sipped lovingly at his mint julep and smacked his lips in approval—"speaking about cocktails and their influence on the politics of the country, let me tell yo' a little incident. It was a few years after the wah, suh, and just after the no'th had introduced the cocktail to the south. It was a new drink to us, but we took it up very liberally. General Bob Taylor was running for governor of this state that year, with a thousand chances to one in his favor. I was to meet him here at this hotel to talk ovah matters, and I came out on this



"KURNEL BUNKER, IT GIVES ME UNALLOYED PLEASURE TO OBSERVE THAT YO' ARE A CAITIFF."

veranda to find him drinking a cocktail. It was his fo'th while waiting for me.

"'Howdy, kurnel?' says he as I sits down.

"'Howdy, Bob?' says I as I wonders what he is drinking. He orders another for himself and one for me, and we fell to talking about the wah. Bob Taylor was a majah, suh, and he was a brave and gallant man. We hadn't talked long when he says:

"'Kurnel Bunker, yo' were at the battle of Malvern Hill, I believe?'

"'I was, suh.'

"'And yo' must have seen the charge I made with my regiment on the six guns in the center. I had only 600 men under me, and the enemy numbered fully 5,000, but we started with a cheer, suh, and we swept forward with yells, suh, and though I lost 400 men I brought back the guns.'

"'Bless yo', Majah Bob!' I says. 'But yo've got things mixed up. I made that charge myself. Any history of the wah will give me the credit.'

"'But I must have done it.'

"'But yo' are mistaken.'

"The majah seemed lost in thought for awhile, and I was wondering if he didn't feel well, when he woke up and said:

"'Kurnel Bunker, yo' was at the battle of Gaines Mill, I reckon?'

"'I was, suh.'

"'Do yo' remember when the enemy massed to crush our left and came down like a wave of the sea?'

"'I do, suh. It looked to be all day with us just then.'

"'And it would have been, kurnel, it would have been if I had not put myself at the head of my regiment and led a living wedge against the enemy and broken him. Yo' may remember that I received the thanks of our general then and there.'

"'Majah Bob,' says I as I began to breathe hard, 'there are no less than ten histories of the wah out already and mo' coming, and every one of those histories will prove that I myself led that living wedge and saved the left wing of our army. I was mentioned in general dispatches and special orders, suh, and if I could have brought myself to leave my brave boys I could have had command of a brigade.'

"With that I got up and walked about and wondered what had got into the man, and perhaps it was five minutes before he said:

"'Kurnel Bunker, am I mistaken in thinking yo' were present at the battle of Chancellorsville?'

"'Yo' are not, suh,' I replied. 'It has been said that I personally brought on that battle.'

"'If yo' were there, kurnel, yo' must have seen me put myself at the head of the Silver brigade and roll the enemy's right flank up like so much paper. Yes, suh, yo' must have seen it with yo'r own eyes, and no doubt yo' were one of the thousands who cheered me after the charge was over.'

"'Majah Bob Taylor,' says I somewhat stiffly, 'I am not a humorist. I seldom smile, and I never laugh. Do yo' mean it for a joke when yo' take the credit of things I did myself? If so, suh, let me tell yo' that I don't appreciate it.'

"'Kurnel Bunker,' says he in a slow and deliberate fashion and meaning to insult my very name, 'it gives me unalloyed pleasure to observe that yo' are a caitiff!'

"'Suh! Suh!'

"'A caitiff, a coward and a liar!'

"Gad, suh, but I don't know why I didn't take him by the throat then and there and throttle the life out of him. I did start to do it, I believe, but caught myself in time. It was five minutes before I could speak, and then my words were few. I simply told him to expect a visit from my second and strode away. As I turned the co'ner I met General Polk, and when I told him of the insult he threw up his hands in amazement. He couldn't doubt my word, but it was a hard thing to believe. Of co'se he was willing to act as my second, and in fifteen minutes it had been arranged that Majah Bob and I were to meet at sunrise. Thirteen previous meetings of the sort, with my escutcheon unstained, made it an almost everyday affair for me—that is, I ate and slept as usual, and no one saw any change in me. I had differed with men, suh—differed with them on astronomy, geography or the curl of a pig's tail and gone to the field to uphold my honah by simply pinking them, but here was the grossest insult of my life. I had been called a caitiff, a coward and a liar, and my mind was made up to kill Majah Bob in his tracks. I believe that certain persons called upon him during the evening and sought to induce him to apologize, but he was firm in his refusal and rather strange in his demeanor. Morning came, and I sauntered to the grounds. I never hurry in such cases, suh, nor do I let any thoughts of death trouble me. When I reached the spot, I was as cool as ice and as calm as a duck pond. I looked for the majah to show up early, but it was a full hour befo' he appeared—a full hour, suh. And then how did he come? May I never hear the hum of grapeshot again if he didn't come along with two niggers, who had bags of potatoes on their backs, and he was going to show them where to plant them!

"'Howdy, Kurnel Bunker?' says he as he stops to shake hands and offer me his plug.

"'I am here on this field of honah to kill yo', Majah Bob,' says I as I folds my arms and steps back.

"'To kill me? What for?'

"'For yo'r words of yesterday.'

"'What words? I never even saw yo' yesterday.'

"We were half an hour arriving at a solution of the puzzle," said the colonel, "but we got it at last. Majah Bob Taylor was cocktail drunk when I met him on this veranda. If it had been whisky intoxication, I should have detected it, but it was the cocktail, suh, the insidious cocktail. He had talked with me without knowing me and without being responsible for what he said. Why, suh, the man's hair fairly stood up when I repeated the names he had called me, and there was such a look of earnestness on his face that it was impossible not to believe him. Under the circumstances the duel was off, of co'se, but something else was off too. It was plain to us that the cocktail had been introduced to the south to upset her whole political system and prevent the phenix bird from rising, and we swore to abjure it, suh, to nip it in the bud and drive it back whence it came. And we nipped it, suh, and we drove it, suh, and we stuck to our mint julep, and here we are at the head of the world, suh, and if yo' don't mind"—

I didn't and we took another.

M. QUAD.

Among the Fishes.



Swordfish—Hands up, you!
Mr. Octopus—How many?—New York Times.

Eccentricities of Blue Blood.

Mrs. Highupp—Do you believe it is true that the Emperor William is having the milk from his farm at Potsdam retailed in Berlin from wagons with his name painted on them?

Mrs. Wayupp—I shouldn't wonder. It's nothing. Why, even my grandfather did the same thing.—New York Weekly.

Advance of Science.

"My fee for the surgical operation, which is a dangerous one," said the eminent expert, "will be $5,000."

"Five thousand dollars? Whew!" exclaimed the prospective victim. "Why, four centuries ago the royal executioners hadn't the nerve to charge over $10 for their work."—Baltimore American.

A Laudable Ambition.

Aunt—Have you no serious purpose in life?

Niece—Oh, yes. I want to find a real wicked man and marry him to reform him.—New York Journal.

Farewell to Autumn.

Go, autumn, since you can't stay with us, go!
We would not seek to keep that which is dead;
The leaves are gone that dangled overhead,
The flowers that bloomed have ceased, alas, to blow!
The ferns are withered where the streamlets flow,
The robin and the tuneful lark have fled,
The cows are all humped up behind the shed,
And leaden clouds are hanging thick and low,
But what care I? Though angry winds ere long
Will sweep across the hills all brown and bare,
I will not sit and sing a doleful song,
For in my heart is gladness rich and rare;
The whist club that they made me join last year
Is busted! I care not that winter's near.
—Chicago Record-Herald.

Advice to the Aged.

Age brings infirmities, such as ... gish bowels, weak kidneys and ... der and TORPID LIVER.

Tutt's Pills

have a specific effect on these ... stimulating the bowels, causing ... to perform their natural function ... in youth and

IMPARTING VIGOR

to the kidneys, bladder and L... They are adapted to old and youn...

JONES & NORTO... MARKET

Opposite Mistrot Bros. & Co., ... constantly on hand the very ... meat obtainable in this section ... strive to please those who ... them with patronage.

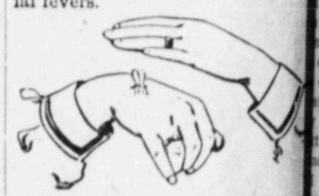
Fresh Bread, Barbecue, Bolog...
Don't Fail to Try Them.

MALARIA AND YELLOW JAC...

(From N. Y. *Herald*, January 14, 1902.)

"The widow of Dr. Lazeare, who ... the employ of the Government, ... to Cuba, was inoculated with Yel... Fever through mosquito bites, and ... applied to Congress for relief to-day.

The above tells of the sad culmination of a series of experiments by ... Government, all of which proved ... clusively that the familiar mosquit... a dangerous vehicle for carrying ... laria, "Yellow Jack," and other ma... ial fevers.



Those who are exposed to mosqu... or other malarial influences should ... warning. Iron is the fighting elem... in the blood and provides nature ... sufficient resistance to ward off dise... But if the blood is impure or imp... erished, or if there is weakness, ... means that the fighting qualities of ... blood have been lowered, and co... quently there is danger. If you w... escape, keep the blood pure and p... erly nourished with

Dr. Harter's Iron Tonic

It supplies the blood with iron i... natural way. It is recognized ev... where as the best blood purifier ... tonic in use, and it has been used ... half a century.

DR. HARTER'S

Houston, Tex., Aug. 1, ...
"I have used Dr. Har... Iron Tonic myself and ... family for over twenty five years ... can heartily recommend it. I reg... as particularly valuable to ward o... larial and other fevers.
J. H. HAY...
Land and Emigration Agt., Frisco ...
($5,000 guarantee that above testimonial is gen...



PREPARE FOR THE HOLIDAYS

Your wardrobe may be in g... every-day condition, but holid... should find you attired in some... new.

At such a time no gentleman ... do without a properly cut and ... ored suit, overcoat or trousers.

We make Ladies' Tailor-M... Suits in the very latest styles. ... we do not please you you owe ... nothing.

Cleaning, Pressing, Altering ... Repairing Promptly and Neatly D...

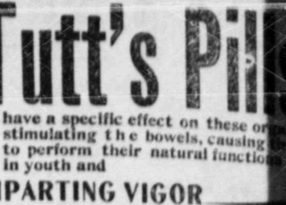
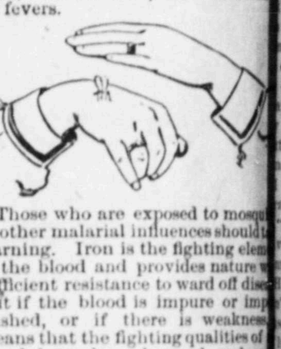
D. W. SHEEHA...
MERCHANT TAILO...

E. W. Grove

This signature is on every box of the g...
Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tab...
the remedy that cures a cold in one ...



produces the above results in 30 days. ... powerfully and quickly. Cures when all ... Young men will regain their lost manhood ... men will recover their youthful vigor by ... REVIVO, it quickly and surely restores Nervousness, Lost Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissions, Lost Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases, and all effects of self-abuse or excesses and indiscretion, which unfits one for study, business or marriage. It not only cures by starting at the seat of disease, but is a great nerve tonic and blood builder, bringing back the pink glow to pale cheeks and restoring the fire of youth. It wards off insanity and Consumption. Insist on having REVIVO, no other. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail, $1.00 per package, or six for $5.00, with a positive written guarantee to cure or refund the money. Book and advice free. Address ROYAL MEDICINE CO., 16-20 Plymouth Pl., CHICAGO, ILL.

dvice to the Aged.
Age brings infirmities, such as
gish bowels, weak kidneys and
der and TORPID LIVER.
Tutt's Pills
have a specific effect on these or
stimulating the bowels, causing
to perform their natural functions
in youth and
IPARTING VIGOR
to the kidneys, bladder and LIV
They are adapted to old and young
ONES & NORTO
MARKET
posite Mistrot Bros. & Co., k
stantly on hand the very
at obtainable in this section
ive to please those who f
m with patronage.
esh Bread, Barbecue, Bolog
Don't Fail to Try Them.
IALARIA AND
YELLOW JAC
(From N. Y. Herald, January 14, 1902.)
The widow of Dr. Lazeare, who
e employ of the Government,
Cuba, was inoculated with Yel
ver through mosquito bites, and d
olied to Congress for relief to-day
The above tells of the sad cuim
n of a series of experiments by
vernment, all of which proved e
sively that the familiar mosquit
dangerous vehicle for carrying
ia, "Yellow Jack," and other ma
fevers.

Those who are exposed to mosqu
other malarial influences should
arning. Iron is the fighting elem
the blood and provides nature w
fficient resistance to ward off dis
it if the blood is impure or imp
shed, or if there is weakness
eans that the fighting qualities of
od have been lowered, and co
ently there is danger. If you w
cape, keep the blood pure and p
ly nourished with
Dr. Harter'
Iron Tonic
supplies the blood with iron i
tural way. It is recognized ev
here as the best blood purifier
nic in use, and it has been used
lf a century.
R. TER'S
Houston, Tex., Aug. 1,
"I have used Dr. Ha
Iron Tonic myself and i
family for over twenty five years
can heartily recommend it. I reg
as particularly valuable to ward o
larial and other fevers.
J. H. HA
Land and Emigration Agt., Frisco
$5,000 guarantee that above testimonial is gen

PREPARE FOR
THE HOLIDAYS
Your wardrobe may be in
ry-day condition, but holi
uld find you attired in some
.
t such a time no gentleman
without a properly cut and
d suit, overcoat or trousers.
Ve make Ladies' Tailor-M
ts in the very latest styles.
do not please you you owe
hing.
Cleaning, Pressing, Altering
airing Promptly and Neatly D
W. SHEEHA
ERCHANT TAILO
E. W. Grove
signature is on every box of the ge
ixative Bromo-Quinine Tab
remedy that cures a cold in one
Photographed from Life.
REVIV
RESTORES VITAL
1st day
15th day
30th day
Made
Well M
of M
THE
REAT
RENCH REME
nces the above results in 30 days.
efully and quickly. Cures when all
g men will regain their lost manhoo
will recover their youthful vigor
IVO. It quickly and surely restores
Lost Vitality, Impotency, Nightly Emissio
Power, Failing Memory, Wasting Diseases,
ffects of self-abuse or excess and indiscretio
n units one for study, business or marriage.
nly cures by starting at the seat of disease, but
reat nerve tonic and blood builder, bring
ack the pink glow to pale cheeks and re
g the fire of youth. It wards off Insanity
Consumption. Insist on having REVIVO, no
. It can be carried in vest pocket. By mail,
0 per package, or six for $5.00, with a posi
written guarantee to cure or refund
money. Book and advice free. Address
AL MEDICINE CO., 16-20 Plymouth Pl.,
CHICAGO, ILL.

UNCLE ABSALOM'S WATCH MEETING

By Riley M. Fletcher Berry

A NEW YEAR'S SKETCH

Copyright, 1902, by R. M. Fletcher Berry

Lawd—a—wisht—t—I had wings like No-yah's dove!
Lawd—a—wisht—t—I had wings like No-yah's dove!
—a—wisht—t—I! Lawd—a—wisht—t
—a—wisht—t—I had wings like No-yah's dove!
en, Lawd, I'd fly straight up, so
en so hawd tell I crack de gates
mben open en walk down Halle-
h street! Dat de on'y kin' ob walk-
uh Abs'lom."

Uncle Absalom, twisted with rheu-sm, swayed to and fro as he sat ning and muttering to himself that y Florida Sunday afternoon in an rocking chair at the edge of his

e sweet potato patch. Aunt Hil- Eucalyptus, his wife, washing s just inside the open doorway e shanty, cast an eye in his di- on occasionally to make sure that was keeping the chickens out of potato vines.

Lawd—a—wisht—t—I could pray like l-yul prayed," sang Uncle Absa- through the whole verse, adding: ould pray so loud tell de debbil a compellment tuh run tuh de ob de yuth. O Lawd, gimme de quinch tuh show dey wick'ness de chu'ch!" A violent creaking of old rocker and a more powerful n from Absalom brought Aunt Hil- to the kitchen steps. "Wha' de tah wid yo', Abs'lom? Ain' yo' uh done 'greed wid yo'?"

is dine presumptuously, Hill'ry alyptus," replied Absalom solemn- "but I hab dose cake walkahs so ry on ma min' dat I 'bleege tuh git a knees en"—

yuh, yo' Abs'lom! Don' yo' go any sich fool'shness! Yo' 'mem- de las' time yo' tuck tuh yo' knees ruck up de hes' piece ob fuhnchuh e house, en I ain' gwine hab no sich p'ceedin's."

cle Absalom settled back painfully he disappeared inside the doorway, his shiny black forehead drew it- into deeper creases as he groaned e sweet potato vines: "Hill'ry am de res' ob 'em. She am tuck wid stylish ob de new preachah. He de town walk on 'im. De Lawd mussy! Oh, go, Gay-brl-yel; go yo' trumpet loud!"

alom hobbled to church that night his two heavy, gnarled orange s. The evening announcement of watch meeting for the older ones the cake walk for the younger rs of the church to be held si- eously, the first at the church e second at Masonic hall, on New 's eve, was identical with that h had so distressed Uncle Absa- s mind at the morning service. wants tuh mek a few reemahks on subjeck ob de cake walk yo' hab nce' 'long wid de watch meetin', hah Mulberry," he said. "De watch etin', en de watch meetin' on'y, am place fuh tuh spen' de las' min't's de ole ye en de fus' ob de new, cake am one ob de wuks ob ain' ben tuh one of 'em cunvuhted de las' time. hab gib me tuh tell yo' all e Babble sez bouten hit. I hab d 'im say, 'Oh, Abs'lom, ma son, on; tell 'em de lambs ain' got no ss mixin' wid de ways ob de , fuh de goatses prancin' en cuttin' hall cas' 'em intuh outah dahkness.' gimme de tex' fum de fus' beginnin'


UNCLE ABSALOM FELT THE INSPIRATION OF A PARTNER.

Gen'sis, 'Watch en pray, but Enoch alk wid Gawd, en he wuz not.' Why? h Gawd tuck 'im. Ob cou'se he d. En yo' all gwine de same way. "Hit-jes' like Enoch w'en he got up walkin'. De Lawd come 'long, en say, 'Enoch, wha' yo' gwine do?' 'I wine git up a cake walk, Lawd.' De awd nin' say nothin' mo' tell w'en de strike up he say, 'Hyah, Enoch; I walk wid yo'.' De angels wuz dey golden hahps, Gay-brel wuz his hawn, en Enoch wuz 'njoy- ndid en thinkin' de profes- swine b'long tuh 'im sho. walk dowa one way en back, en dey had done staht w'en dey wuz de bigges' mdah en lightnin'. De sul- risin' en chokin' de angels, de hawns wuz all con- hah, en Enoch—'he wuz wd tuck 'im.' Do dat look ob de walkin'? 'Gawd s yo' all gwine de same way. Anybody sich a fool ez tuh walk ag'in de Lawd, he boun' tuh be tuck."

At 7 o'clock on New Year's eve Uncle Absalom hobbled to the watch meeting and up to the altar rail. Aunt Hillary was not to be seen. "I hab a call fum de Lawd, breth'n en sistahs," he began, "en he hab said: 'Stay not in de house ob de richus, but go tuh de cake walk, oh, Abs'lom, ma son, ma son! Go pray in de mids' ob de sebbin debbils en de hawned beas'ses. Tuhn dey hahts tuh de wrath ob de Lawd.'" And the "eldah" hobbled slowly to the door, his face streaming with perspiration, praying and exhorting as he went.

The cake walk was about to begin when Absalom entered Masonic hall and took his stand in the middle of it. The young people, remembering his fearful prophecies, spoke in awed tones as the old man, silent and motionless, waited for the last noisy straggler to hush and hear the further words of warning. Only the leader of the "awchessy" dared to whisper when the "eldah" began solemnly, "He will stretch outen his han' en destroy"— A wail from the fiddle cut off the words.

"Fust couple up de middle!" There was a sigh of relief, and the "Cawn-fiel' Breakdown" set hands to patting and toes to tapping an accompaniment to the whirling music as the head couple started by Uncle Absalom. "Woe unto yo'! Watch en pray," he cried, "en don' walk ag'in de Lawd!" His rheumatic old body shook with the power of his emotion. He reached for his Sunday handkerchief, hanging from an outer coat pocket, and one of his sticks flew from his trembling hands. The couple repassed him, and his body swayed violently. Then the tip of the second stick, firmly grasped, came down on the floor with a loud thump, and Absalom, keeping time with head and arms and stick, hobbled after the couple. "Remember Enoch en de walk ob de Lawd—de watch meetin' in the lines' den!"


"YO' ALL GWINE DE SAME WAY."

"Secon' couple fawwuds!" But Absalom, chanting, half breathless, "In de mids' ob wolves wha' go yo' out fuh tuh see? De ri-chus-ness en wrath ob de Lawd!" started up and remained the only one on the floor, for the second couple refused to submit to the distraction the first had suffered.

"Yo' Abs'lom!" And Hillary Eucalyptus stood before him. But neither Absalom nor the music stopped. "Tek hol' ob ma ahm, Hill'ry, en see de glory ob de Lawd en ob Iz-rul." And in terror lest he should fall, as she realized that he was using but one stick, and that in the air, to accentuate his language, she put her arm through his. Then her head straightened up, her body tilted back and her feet flew out as the music vibrated through her every fiber and muscle. Uncle Absalom felt the inspiration of a partner. His elbows cocked themselves at the most approved cake walk angle, and he took an extra step to the right. Aunt Hillary instinctively did the same.

"Tek de ole possum en coon ketch in yo' foot, Hill'ry," whispered Absalom. "Dey ain' none ob 'em knows dat step hyuh." There was no rheumatism in Uncle Absalom's gait now, and he did not know that the orchestra, with extra zest, was playing at greater speed or that the hall was filled with giggling young folk. He and Hillary were far away on the old plantation walking every one down. "Ole marsah" was there with "ole missus," and "young marsah" himself was playing his violin for the whole barnful. Such stepping and "sashaying," such pigeon wings and scrapes and bows, the young generation in Masonic hall had never before seen, and the gigglers, gradually silenced to the verge of dizziness by such an "exput puffeshional puffawmance," gazed with admiration and envy. But Uncle Absalom and Aunt Hillary remained in the past, oblivious to all but the steps of the couples who succeeded them, until the grand march was over and the dissipated old year had gayly reeled out with it.

"Numbah 2 wins de big cake!" called the master of ceremonies, and Absalom and Hillary stepped briskly up to receive it just as Preacher Mulberry, having dismissed the watch meeting, opened the door of Masonic hall. He gazed, petrified, at Absalom's jaunty air and Hillary's youthful simper. "Ole marsah and missus" suddenly vanished, but religion returned only half way.

"He—he done gone, old Abs'lom," explained the "eldah" as the "preachah" stood dumb before the two. "He done gone wid de ole yeah en de rheumatiz. 'Tain' no use fuh tuh try tuh walk ag'in de Lawd, preachah. He gwine hab his way, en anybody sich a fool ez tuh walk ag'in 'im am boun' tuh be tuck."

"GHOST STORIES"

Being the Carrier's Address for 1902. By JOE LINCOLN

Copyright, 1902, by Joe Lincoln.

'T was a weary printer man who laid him down to rest
With trouble in his tired brain and dinner 'neath his vest.
The trouble was his daily work, that now perplexed him sore,
For each compositor he hired was worse than those before.
The dinner was a hearty one, made up of things like these—
Of steak, cold slaw and Little Necks and hot mince pie and cheese.
And with the load upon his mind and t'other load below
The printer tossed upon his couch, a writhing thing of woe.
And as he writhed the midnight chime pealed through the chamber's gloom,
And, lo! strange shapes came flocking in to fill the dismal room.
In tattered shrouds bedewed with damp, in moldy graveclothes thin,
Through wall and floor a host of ghosts like snowflakes drifted in,
And as the dreary winter wind moans through the graveyard trees
So from the dismal company came spoken words like these:
"We are the ghosts of printers past, of many an age and clime.
Grim Death, that weird compositor, has pied our forms sublime,
But to us in our graves of ice or 'neath the tropic flowers
Your hard luck tale was whispered, and we came to tell you ours.



In pure fraternal sympathy we burst our bonds secure
And came." The printer, shivering, said, "You're very kind, I'm sure."
Then forth from out the throng of spooks there strode a stately shade,
With flowing robes of spectral silk that phantom rustlings made.
Long were its ghostly nails, its skin was of a yellow hue,
And pendent from its ghostly skull there hung a ghostly cue.
All up and down the printer's spine a chilling quiver ran
As then to tell this dismal tale Confucius began:
"By the shores of the great Hoangho, you know,
A printer there lived long ago, and, oh,
He printed each day for the folk of Cathay
Cards, booklets and bills for the show, just so,
In a manner artistic, but slow.
Each type page was carven by hand and spanned
With ornaments gaudy and grand; they stand
As monuments now of the work of Lee Chow,
The first of the great printing band who scanned
His proof in the far yellow land.
A mandarin mighty was Ling Ah Sing,

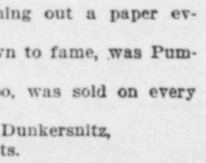


In politics quite the whole thing that spring.
And our printer friend thought that a circular brought
To the potentate's notice might bring or swing
Some custom from those in the 'ring.'
So he carved in a manner quite new a few
Fine pages of words all askew and drew
As embellishments rare a big snake here and there
And a bug and a dragon or two, so true
They'd give one the shivers to view.
Now, Ling superstitious was quite; in fright
He'd howl if they put out the light at night.
So when from the envelope's shell there fell
That circular gorgeously swell a yell
Rang out on the air: "'Tis a plot! 'Tis a snare!
'Tis the work of some wizard to spell my knell!'
And the mandarin quivered like jell.
That day the cook broke the great plate of state,
The hinges came off the front gate, a weight
Dropped full on Ling's toe, and he shrieked in his woe,
"'Tis the work of those dragons ornate; but wait—
My thirst for revenge I will sate!'
He pounced on Lee Chow with a swoop and whoop,
And boiled him next day into soup, poor dupe;
But the family came and took pay for that shame,
For they killed themselves all in a group, grim troop,
On the mandarin's spotless front stoop."
The Chinese spook its tale had told, but ere the echo died
The shade of Johann Gutenberg spoke near the printer's side:
"Long years ago, where, as you know, good printing first began,
In Germany, across the sea, there lived a printer man

Who daily made in course of trade the wherewithal to pay
For bread and kraut by turning out a paper every day.
The printer's name, 'twas known to fame, was Pumpernickel, and
His paper, too, the Metz Bazoo, was sold on every stand.
In triumph grand athwart the land marched bold Von Dunkersnitz,
A man of war most mighty, for he gave the foeman fits.
When he returned, the bonfires burned and fireworks shed their blaze,
And with scare head each paper spread abroad the general's praise.
The Pumpernickel wit was quick and strictly up to date;
His brilliant editorial read: 'Von Dunkersnitz the Great!
Of those of birth and sterling worth whose heads the Fates anoint,
The mighty Fritz von Dunkersnitz is one great case in point.'
Alas for haste! That screed was placed a brewer's ad. beside.



Alas for slip 'twixt cup and lip! A line or two was pied—
Three words transposed. The form was closed. Next day folk read with fear,
'The mighty Fritz von Dunkersnitz is one great case of beer!'
The general swore, the general tore his hair and drew a knife;
By grandsire's beard and oaths more weird he doomed that printer's life.
They took the thing before the king, who said, 'My judgment is
That printer cad, depraved and bad, must eat those words of his.'
Now, German words have droves and herds of syllables galore,
And in the lump set up by 'Pump' was one with ninety-four.
He ate the line to eighty-nine, but then—ah, woe the day!—
The ninetieth choked him to death, and so he passed away."
The grisly Teuton ceased to speak, and from the tumbled bed
A quavering voice made answer as the troubled printer said:
"I thank you, gentlemen. Your tales have been so gay and bright;
But, as I'm rather tired, perhaps you'll kindly say good night."



In chorus spoke the ghostly host as chimes the funeral bell,
"We shall not leave you yet, for we've ten thousand more to tell."
"Ten thousand!" shrieked the printer man. "Ten thousand more like those?
Ten thousand wornout fairy tales of long dead printers' woes?
No, thanks. I've troubles of my own!" He struggled to arise,
But clammy fingers pinned him down with dread, unearthly ties,
And every ghost in all the host, with shriek and sob and wail,
Began in chorus wild and weird to tell its separate tale.
The printer roared, the printer howled, but louder howled the dead,
The printer writhed, the printer fought and tumbled out of bed;
And as he struck the floor a flash of radiance rent the gloom—
The night was gone, the ghosts were gone, and sunshine filled the room,
And in upon the morning breeze, home through the window wide,
There came the Carrier's cheery call as he his papers cried.

The moral of this truthful yarn is plain and simple quite:
Don't hire a bad compositor, don't eat too much at night,
Don't fool with spirits, wet or dry; don't let your troubles prey
Upon your mind, and *don't* forget the CARRIER today.

THE PILGRIMS' FIRST NEW YEAR'S

By Charles N. Lurie

Copyright, 1902, by Charles N. Lurie

ON Jan. 1, 1621, the sun rose, if it shone at all on that day on the bleak New England coast, on a scene of misery on the spot where the pilgrim fathers and mothers had landed three weeks before. The little company of seekers for religious freedom had left Plymouth, England, in September, at a season of the year when the fields of the mother country still present an inviting aspect, and the contrast between the green downs and the "stern and rockbound coast" almost appalled them. Nevertheless the weary travelers landed, and on Christmas day the beginning of "the first house, for common use, to receive them and their goods," was made. Before the coming of the new year the land had been parceled out and some of the stronger spirits had begun their houses. It was not until the middle of January that all of the company left the Mayflower for the land.

In the meantime the rigors of the winter in the new land had been experienced. Before the wet spring had passed and summer had come to gladden the land one-half of the settlers were laid away in the frozen ground. Yet when the Mayflower sailed to England in April not one of the colonists returned to face the intolerance at home, so strong was the spirit of these men and women.


BURYING THEIR DEAD.

To those stern old religionists everything in the nature of festivity was an abomination, and it is not strange to find no mention of any observance of the beginning of the new year. Indeed, at that time among Englishmen at large Jan. 1 was scarcely recognized as the beginning of a new era, that distinction being given then and for many years after to March 25, the day of the Annunciation, or Lady day. Not until 1752 did Jan. 1 become the initial day of the legal year. Before that time it was customary to set down dates from Jan. 1 to March 24, inclusive, thus: Jan. 15, 1620-1, signifying that popularly the year was 1621, but legally 1620. In this, as in all other things, the pilgrim fathers followed the English custom.

Instead of the celebration of New Year's day or of any other holiday we find such entries as "Jan. 29, dies Rose, the wife of Captain Standish." Sickness and death were induced by the privation and exposure incident to the season and the lack of strong, well built domiciles. Wading through the icy water from the ship to the shore, bearing the scanty building materials and the still more scanty supply of food, proved fatal to the men, while the mental anxiety and lack of suitable provisions carried off the women and children.

Not only were the pilgrim fathers stricken by the lack of suitable shelter, but the scantiness and coarseness of their food supply during that long and terrible first winter proved disastrous to the little colony. Partial starvation was added to the other terrors of the settlers, many of whom had been delicately nurtured in England.

One affliction was spared the pilgrims during the terrible winter days that preceded and followed New Year's day, 1621—there was no trouble; as had been dreaded, with the Indians. It has been said of the "fathers" that immediately after landing "they fell first upon their knees and then upon the aborigines." So far from this being the case, it is pathetically noted that "that winter they had to form seven times more graves for the dead than habitations for the living." They were buried on the bank not far from the landing—a spot still to be venerated—and, lest the Indians should take courage to attack the survivors from their weakened state, the soil which covered the graves of their beloved relatives was carefully beaten down and planted with a crop of corn.

By March 25, 1621, the first real New Year's day in the Plymouth colony, the surviving moiety of the colonists had decided to remain in New England rather than go back on the Mayflower. On that day they assembled for the transaction of public business, passed some simple laws for the government of the colony and re-elected John Carver governor. He had been chosen the previous year aboard ship. During the disembarkation Governor Carver's wife had been drowned, and his son perished early in the winter. He himself governed the colony only a few weeks more, dying April 5. He was succeeded by William Bradford.

James Richard Green, the eminent English historian, in his "History of the English People," says of the pilgrim fathers and their sufferings during the first winter in the new world: "In 1620 the little company of the pilgrim fathers, as aftertimes loved to call them, landed on the barren coast of Massachusetts at a spot to which they gave the name of Plymouth, in memory of the last English port at which they touched. They had soon to face the long, hard winter of the north, to bear sickness and famine. Even when these years of toil and suffering had passed there was a time when 'they knew not at night where to have a bite in the morning.' Resolute and industrious as they were their progress was very slow, and at the end of ten years they numbered only 300 souls. But small as it was the colony was now firmly established and the struggle for mere existence was over. 'Let it not be grievous unto you,' some of their brethren had written from England to the poor emigrants in the midst of their sufferings, 'that you have been instrumental to break the ice for others. The honor shall be yours to the world's end.'"

JOHANNES' UNIQUE NEW YEAR'S CARD

In the department of the humors of New Year's day must be placed the card sent abroad by Johannes Seidenschwanz, grocer boy.

Johannes was a rawboned, innocent faced youth who distributed cabbage, kerosene and other delicacies among the customers of Sebastian Schweinfurth, grocer. Johannes, called "Honce" for short, had not been in this country very long; therefore he was proud of his skill in writing and speaking the English language. His task it was at morn and noon and dewy eve to take upon his shoulder a basket of grocery goods at which a horse might look sick and shake its head and carry the same hither and thither to persons who lived in the sixteenth story, more or less, of skyscraping apartment houses. It was his wont to whistle up the dumb waiter shaft and immediately send the potatoes and sauerkraut bowling merrily upward after the whistle. He was good natured; he was strong as an ox: he was also as lacking in the divine sense of humor as an ox.

Three-fourths of those to whose kitchens Honce delivered onions and molasses never had seen, never would see, him in bodily presence, yet toward them he had the warmest good will, in which respect he was an example to all. Though they knew him not, he knew them, and he sent them a joint stock New Year's card. It cost possibly 2 cents. Its ground tint was the "greenery yallery" which is expressive of the highest art in color scheming. Upon this basis of greenery yallery reveled in glorious profusion daffydowndillies of a radiant yellow that had no suggestion of green. The green, however, was provided for in several leaves borrowed pro tem. from the rosebush and painted fast to the daffodil stems as though they grew there.

Honce, grocer boy though he was, only a distributer of soap and mackerel, who worked for $4 a week and found himself, was soulful. His sentiment showed in the card's printed motto, which, in gilt letters upon the green yellow background read, "Heart's Greetings!"

Inside the card was the usual benediction, "With Kindest Remembrances


UP SHOT THAT CARD WITH THE CHEESE AND GARLIC.

and Best Wishes For a Happy New Year." Then Honce added a touch of his own in his own handwriting, and it was as follows:

To All My Custerman,
J. SEIDENSCHWANZ.
Please and Return This Card Back.

The request for return was a device to save expense. Up shot that card with the cheese and garlic wherever Honce went on New Year's eve. Back it went in the basket down the dumb waiter shoot, usually with a dime or nickel upon its face. Such New Year's wishes were well worth the dime or nickel. At length it bowled skyward once too often. It ascended, nestling between a squash and a side of codfish, but it returned no more. A silver quarter lay in the basket when it went back, but no bit of green yellow card. That was a New Year's souvenir too precious for the conscienceless last recipient to part with. J. VAUGHN.

THE DUBLIN PROGRESS
ESTABLISHED 1888.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
LARGEST COUNTY CIRCULATION
LARGEST CITY CIRCULATION.
Office, Progress Building, Patrick and R. R.
Subscription Price, $1.00 per Year.
Subscriptions outside Erath Co. and Dublin Territory must be Paid in Advance.
J. S. DALEY,....PUBLISHER AND FOUNDER.
DUBLIN, TEXAS, FRIDAY, DEC. 26, 1902.

OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

A few days only are yet to pass before the year 1903 is upon us and as this will be the last issue of the Progress in the old year we take this occasion to greet our friends and readers and the public in general with a hearty and sincere wish for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, with the hopes that whatever misfortunes, sorrows or disappointments that may have come the past year, may be more than recompensed by the good fortune and happiness of the year to come.

Our good will is without reserve extended to one and all alike, including our subscribers and those who are not, our friends and those who may not be and to our brethren of the press throughout Texas.

During the coming year we hope to make the Progress more than ever a household necessity to the people of the Dublin country and to this end shall dedicate our energies in the belief of meeting with whatever measure of success that we may deserve. Thanking the public in general for the liberal measure of success already extended to the Progress we bid adieu to the old year and welcome the coming of the new with new hopes and new aspirations.

STEPHENVILLE.

From the Appeal

Dec. 18th.—The commissioners court this week appointed A. H. Miller commissioner of precinct four to fill the term of A. B. Marston deceased. Mr. Miller was the retiring member of the court from that precinct.

J. W. Smith & Co. have purchased the D. I. McAdams' stock of drugs.

From the Tribune.

Dec. 18th.—C. O. Blakenely was painfully injured Wednesday by being kicked in the stomach by a horse.

Lawyer Martin went to Ft. Worth this week to undergo treatment for nose and throat trouble.

A. F. Havens and family have moved from Johnsville, this county, to Breckenridge.

N. N. Johnson, ex-tax collector of Erath county has moved to a farm some four miles from Hico, where he will hereafter reside.

J. J. Dorris, one of the progressive farmers of the Ex-Ray community, was in town Wednesday with his last bale of cotton for this season, making seventeen in all. Mr. Dorris got over eight cents per pound for eleven of these bales. He says he is well satisfied with the result of his year's work. He has a good farm, is an up-to-date farmer and is in every way the kind of a man that brings prosperity to a country.

"Uncle" Joe Starr, our worthy county treasurer, has made perhaps the largest bond ever given by a county official in this part of Texas. The law requires that the county treasurer give a bond for $90,000. This year Mr. Starr made a bond valued at $680,000, over one half million. The two banks are his principal sureties.

Mr. Stahman, a gentleman from Colorado who represents a number of parties who want to buy several stock farms in Texas, was here this week prospecting and was favorably impressed with some of the tracts shown him by our real estate men. He may return and make some purchases.

From the Empire.

Dec. 18th.—The K. of P. lodge is preparing for a banquet on the 30th inst.

Fletcher Cook's house, near Pigeon, was burned last Friday with all its contents. He and his brother Clark, who were "batching" at the place, were in the field picking cotton; there was no one at the house and the blaze was not discovered until it was under such headway that it could not be stopped. Provisions and supplies sufficient to last through the year had recently been laid in. It is not known how the fire originated.

Tuesday evening the little seven months old child of Warren Sikes and lady, who live about four miles from town near the Eastland road, rolled into the fire and one side of its face and one hand and arm were badly burned. The burn on the face can probably be cured without a scar but that on the hand and arm is more serious.

"Uncle" Buck Dunning of Bluff Dale died on the 3rd inst, after an illness of three months. He was one of the old settlers of Texas.

Jim Newton was over from Dublin Tuesday.

Winfield Scott of Ft. Worth and C. H. Bencini of Brownwood are here attending court in the case of Dr. J. G. O'Brien of Dublin vs. the Dublin Cotton Oil Co.

Rev. E. A. Bailey, the new presiding-elder of the Dublin district, held quarterly conference here Wednesday. Rev. Bailey visited this place regularly some eight years ago, when he was presiding elder of the Cisco district in which Stephenville was then located.

The school at Smith Springs was suspended last week until the 29th inst. in order to give the patrons a chance to get out their cotton.

Miss Ora Shephard of Dublin is visiting friends here.

N. N. Johnson was up the first of the week from his new home near Hico for a final settlement of his tax collection accounts with the commissioners court.

Ab Love of De Leon is the happy father of a fine girl baby which arrived at his home early this week.

Elaborate preparations are being made for a masquerade party at the opera house Xmas night.

An eleven pound boy arrived Thursday at the home of W. T. Perry at Selden.

D. L. and W. H. Strong of near Dublin have bought a hundred acres of land from T. M. Snellgrove, located about six miles from here on the Glen Rose road. They are making improvements on the place preparatory to its being occupied by the former, who has recently married.

Tuesday there were fourteen gambling cases filed in justice court here. Seven of them paid their fines Tuesday.

Two gentlemen of color were brought in from Thurber Tuesday morning and locked in jail charged with stealing a hog.

Bryan at Ft. Worth.

Col. Wm. J. Bryan of Lincoln, Nebraska, was in Ft. Worth last Sunday and spent the day at the home of Col. R. M. Wyne. He was on his way via Austin, to the City of Mexico, where he goes on business.

Southern Mercury.—The boom for Wm. R. Hearst, of New York for the presidential nomination of the democratic party grows apace. Imagine our friends Jim Hogg and Joe Bailey on the raging stump, airing the beauties of government ownership of railroads and telegraph government ownership of coal mines, oil wells and trusts, the initiative and referendum and public loans, such as Hearst made his platform in his race for congress! Wouldn't it be a sight to excite the wonder of the gods? Yet these smooth politicians can come to this as well as to the advocacy of free silver and without ruffling a hair. They are not in accord with it politically, but they want the "coon."

THINK HARD.

It Pays to Think About Food.

The unthinking life some people lead often causes trouble and sickness, as illustrated in the experience of a lady who resides in Fond Du Lac, Wis.

"About four years ago I suffered dreadfully from indigestion, always having eaten whatever I liked, not thinking of the digestible qualities. This indigestion caused palpitation of the heart so badly I could not walk up a flight of stairs without sitting down once or twice to regain breath and strength.

"I became alarmed and tried dieting, wore my clothes very loose and many other remedies but found no relief.

"Hearing of the virtues of Grape-Nuts and Postum Food Coffee, I commenced using them in place of my usual breakfast coffee, cakes and hot biscuit and in one week's time I was relieved of sour stomach and other ills attending indigestion. In a month's time my heart was performing its functions naturally and I could climb stairs and hills and walk long distances.

"I gained ten pounds in this short time and my skin became clear and I completely regained my health and strength. I continue to use Grape-Nuts and Postum for I feel that I owe my good health entirely to their use. I like the delicious flavor of Grape-Nuts and by making Postum according to directions, it cannot be distinguished from the highest grade of coffee." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Michigan.

ST. GEORGE.

Regular Correspondence.

Dec. 23rd.—W. D. Hallum has received a car of fine corn from Missouri and was very busy Tuesday delivering it. He has ordered another car, which will be taken by himself and farmers near here.

Our school will re-open the first Monday after Xmas.

Rev. J. H. Humphreys has been conducting a meeting here this week. Rev. Gilbreath will preach to-night.

We are to have a Christmas tree at St. George Wednesday night.

W. D. Hallum and wife will spend the holidays with their daughter, Mrs. Sam Lowe at Cisco.

G. W. Keith of Cisco and S. E. Keith of Highland visited this scribe last week.

A number of St. George people attended court at Proctor last Saturday.

The infant babe of Dave Shipman and wife died last Thursday and was buried the following day at the Old Dublin cemetery.

Mr. Carbinus of Greens creek will shortly move to the place now occupied by Edgar Havis.

Coughing Spell Caused Death.

"Harry Duckwell, aged 25 years, choked to death early yesterday morning at his home, in the presence of his wife and child. He contracted a slight cold a few days ago and paid but little attention to it. Yesterday morning he was seized with a fit of coughing which continued for some time. His wife sent for a physician, but before he could arrive another coughing spell came on and Duckwell died from suffocation..—St. Louis Globe-Democrat, Dec. 1, 1901." Ballard's Horehound Syrup would have saved him. 25c, 50c and $1.00.
Sold by Overton Drug Co.

COMANCHE.

From the Visitor.

Dec 25th.—Comanche was not represented in the boll-weevil convention, yet the meeting was a success.

John A. Eanes and Miss Vida Petitt were married last Wednesday night at the home of the bride at Fleming. Rev. Jesse Johnson officiated.

W. H. Parrish came in Friday night from Jacksonville. He has sold his business there and located at Nacogdoches.

Misses Ida Oxford and Lou Todd gave an entertainment at the court house Monday night for benefit of the hose company.

The county judge has received a number of inquiries relative to who are qualified voters in the jail bond election. The judge has given his opinion that the poll tax amendment will not affect the voters at this election for the reason that it does not go into effect early enough and hence all qualified voters who are property tax payers will be allowed to vote on the measure.

A mass meeting was held at the Baptist church Sunday night to organize to extend systematic aid to the deserving poor within our city limits.

An unknown man was burned to death at Bibb, this county, Thursday night. He had camped there for the night and in some way early in the morning his clothes caught fire and before help could arrive he was burned to death.

R. E. Harris, county tax assessor, has employed S. D. Terry of Gustine, Edgar Sumner of Whittville and J. M. Ross and D. A. Gregory of DeLeon to assist him in assessing taxes next year.

Miss Ida Oxford gave an enjoyable recital at Proctor last Tuesday night.

Cards are out announcing the forthcoming marriage on Dec., 25th of George Neill to Miss Mary Belle Powell at the home of the bride two miles west of DeLeon.

The water works pump has arrived and is now being placed in position. It will not be many days before water will be flowing through the mains.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address
F. J. CHENEY & CO.,
Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by druggists 75c.
Hall's Family Pills are the best.

A Little Humor Now and Then.

The clothes-press is a swell affair for garments nice and neat; the hay press is a good machine and does its work complete; the cider press is lovely with its juice so red and sweet, but the printing press controls the world and gets there with both feet.

A maiden fair, with sun-kissed hair, came tripping down the street; her face serene, her age sixteen—gee whizz, but she was sweet. On the sidewalk slick she came down quick with a jolt that shook her curls, but the words she used, must be excused—for she's one of our nicest girls.

A man who won't patronize his home paper is a detriment to his community. A town without a live, up-to-date newspaper is like a ship without a rudder, and every live, up-to-date citizen owes it his support—the paper.

A certain young man who detected a piece of bark in his sausage went to the butchers' shop to know what had become of the rest of the dog. The butcher is reported to have been so affected that he could only give him a part of the tale.

A scribe has discovered that "there are ten people who want a newspaper to do something for them, to one who wants to do something for a newspaper." This proportion holds good everywhere.

A country paper in an account of a wedding, says: "The bride's mother controlled her feelings very well until after the trying time of kissing her daughter after the ceremony. Then she dissolved into tears."

The poet who wrote a flaming poem in which occurred the line; "See the pale martyr in his sheet of fire," was cut to the heart when it came out in the village paper: "See the tall martyr with his shirt on fire."

I'd like once more before I die, to have my stomach full of pie, of pumpkin pie, the grand old brand I used to carry in my hand, a great big slab all golden brown and I would like to wash it down with clear spring water like I did when I was just a pie-faced kid. Good pumpkin pie with flaky crust built by my mother! bless her soul! I used to stand and watch her roll the pie crust out so nice and thin and dump the golden fixin's in. And when 'twas done! My eyes get dim; you talk about your "Sunny Jim!" He wasn't in it! Not with me! I'd like to be a kid and be outside one more pumpkin pie like mother made before I die.—Exchange.

Stops the cough and works off the cold. Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure no pay. Price 25c.

The Hico Leader of last week notes the presence in that city of the ever progressive and diversification farm, Capt. A. Geiscke of near Dublin. He was in town to market strawberries which were readily sold at fifty cents a quart.

Favorite Family Remedy.

Frequently accidents occur in the household which cause burns, cuts, sprains and bruises; for use in such cases Ballard's Snow Liniment has for many years been the constant favorite family remedy. 25c, 50c and $1 at Overton Drug Co.

Imitation is a criterion of goodness. Lots of other pants are said to be as good, or nearly as good as the Buckskin Breeches. There's as much difference between the original and the pretty-near-as-good-pants, as between a dollar and a counterfeit.

If you feel ill and need a pill
Why not purchase the best?
DeWitt's Early Risers
Are little surprisers,
Take one—they do the rest.
W. H. Howell, Houston, Texas, writes: "I have used Little Early Riser Pills in my family for constipation, sick headache, etc. To their use I am indebted for the health of my family.

What is Your Plan For Victory.

Young man,
What is your plan
Of progress? Are you
Going to pull through?
Or will you lie down in the road
And let your load
Sink out of sight
In the mud?
Have you white
Blood,
And pale,
That curdles at the hard word "Fail"
And dares not face
The chances of the race?
Or, have you red, clear red,
The good strong color
All the great have shed
In deed or thought,
For every triumph wrought
Out of what seemed full
Of the impossible?
Have you the nerve
To serve
Until you can be master? To wait
And work outside the gate
Until you win
The strength to open it and enter in?
Have you the heart to meet
Defeat
Day after day,
And yet hold to the way
That upward leads,
And must needs
Be hard and rough
To make man tough
Of sinew and of soul,
Before he sees the goal;—
So, when it is attained,
He shall have strength to hold
What he has gained,
And use it so
That it to greater good shall grow?
Young man,
Think on these things,
What each one brings
As you choose it;
You may take
The stake,
Or you may lose it.
Start in
To win
And keep straight in the way
Unflaging to the end;
Whatever it may be
Is victory.—Wm. J. Lampton in Hico News.

A Happy New Year!

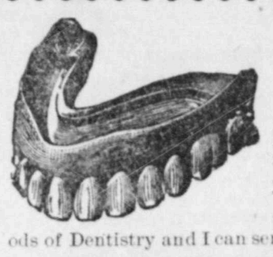
Stinginess Makes Misers.
Squandering Means Poverty.
Buying Here Means Happiness and Prosperity.

We thank each and every one who has in any way contributed to our success.

We Have Better Things Than Ever For You!

For Further Particulars of Our Great Bargains See the Goods Themselves.

Brite's Variety Store.



TEETH EXTRACTED WITHOUT PAIN!

I can extract teeth without the least pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide (Gas). When you come to my office to have teeth extracted by the use of gas I will not put you off until a future day, as other dentists have done, but can accommodate you at your request.

My last winters' visit to New York City put me in touch with all improved methods of Dentistry and I can serve you in any capacity in my profession.

DR. MORGAN, DENTIST, DUBLIN.

What I advertise I can absolutely offer you without any deceptions.

The town of Whitney is on the verge of a fight for incorporating the city. A petition has been presented to the commissioners court asking for an election but it is being stoutly opposed by many of the people there. Three elections have already been held upon the matter, each resulting in defeat of the measure to incorporate by only a few votes and once the commissioners court has refused to order a similar election when asked for.

He Found a Cure.

R. H. Foster, 318 S. 2nd street, Salt Lake City, writes: "I have been bothered with dyspepsia or indigestion for twenty-one years, have tried many doctors without relief but I have found a cure in Herbine. I recommend it to all my friends, who are afflicted that way and it is curing them, too. 50c at Overton Drug Co.

A freight train in the Central road was wrecked at Clairette Tuesday by running over a cow and the regular passenger trains were delayed for some hours in consequence of waiting for the wreck to be cleared.

You know what you are taking when you take Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic because the formula is plainly printed on every bottle showing that it is simply Iron and Quinine in a tasteless form. No cure, no pay, 50c.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests all classes of food, tones and strengthens the stomach and digestive organs. Cures dyspepsia, indigestion, stomach troubles and makes rich red blood, health and strength. Kodol rebuilds wornout tissues, purifies, strengthens and sweetens the stomach. Gov. G. W. Atkinson, W. Va., says: "I have used a number of bottles of Kodol and have found it to be a very effective and indeed, a powerful remedy for stomach ailments and I recommend it to my friends.—Overton Drug Co.

King Leopold has been shot at again with the usual result. Leopold was not born to fall by an assassin.

Saved at Grave's Brink.

"I know I would long ago have been in my grave," writes Mrs. S. H. Newsom of Decatur, Ala., "if it had not been for Electric Bitters. For three years I suffered untold agony from the worst form of indigestion, waterbrash, stomach and bowell dyspepsia, but this excellent medicine did me a world of good. Since using it I can eat heartily and have gained thirty-five pounds." For indigestion, loss of appetite, stomach, liver and kidney troubles Electric Bitters are a positive, guaranteed cure. Only 50c at Overton Drug Co.

To cure a cold in one day take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.



Christmas Games FREE

In each pound package of

Lion Coffee

from now until Christmas will be found a free game, amusing and instructive—50 different kinds.

Get Lion Coffee and a Free Game at Your Grocers.

For Christmas Dinner

You Will Want the Best. We have it.

Turkey and Cranberry Sauce.
Celery and Cauliflower.
Fresh Tomatoes.
Bulk Sweet and Sour Pickles.
Full line of Jellies, Jams Preserves.
Olives—the famous Gedney Brand.
All kinds of Dried Fruit for Cakes and Pies.
Bananas and Apples.

Last, but not least our famous

Cream of Wheat Flour.

Phone 15 and tell us your wants. We can fill them.

Yours for Business.

McCAMPBELL & SONS.

Year!

Misers.

Poverty.

nd Prosperity.

who has
success.

Ever For You!

Our Great
emselves.

Store.

TED WITHOUT PAIN!

teeth without the least
of Nitrous Oxide (Gas).
to my office to have teeth
use of gas I will not put
uture day, as other den-
but can accommodate
est.
's' visit to New York City
with all improved meth-
pacity in my profession.

T. DUBLIN.

u without any deceptions.

odol Dyspepsia Cure

all classes of food, tones and
ens the stomach and digest-
us. Cures dyspepsia, indiges-
mach troubles and makes
blood, health and strength.
builds wornout tissues, puri-
ngthens and sweetens the
Gov. G. W. Atkinson, W.
: "I have used a number
of Kodol and have found it
very effective and indeed, a
remedy for stomach ailments
commend it to my friends.—
Drug Co.

Leopold has been shot at
with the usual result. Leo-
s not born to fall by an as-

aved at Grave's Brink.

ow I would long ago have
my grave," writes Mrs. S. H.
of Decatur, Ala., "if it had
n for Electric Bitters. For
ars I suffered untold agony
e worst form of indigestion,
ash, stomach and bowell dys-
but this excellent medicine
a world of good. Since using
eat heartily and have gained
ve pounds." For indigestion,
appetite, stomach, liver and
roubles Electric Bitters are a
guaranteed cure. Only 50c
on Drug Co.

e a cold in one day take Lax-
omo Quinine Tablets. All
s refund the money if it fails
E. W. Grove's signature is
box. 25c.

ristmas
ames
FREE
pound package of
ion
offee
l be found a free
50 different kinds.
ree Game
rs.

Dinner

We have it.

ur Pickles.
llies, Jams Preserves.
es and Pies.
mous
Flour.
We can fill them.
s.
& SONS.

THE DUBLIN PROGRESS.

J. S. DALEY Sr., Publisher and Founder.

DUBLIN, TEXAS, FRIDAY, DEC 26, 1902

Edmonds' photos are the best. Studio over postoffice. 30-tf

A new boy arrived on the 20th at the home of Prof. C. G. Foust.

The Erath county Baptist associa-on will meet at Selden on March th next.

e the most elegant line of photo nts Dublin has ever had at Ed-ds' studio over postoffice. 30-tf

e people of the Palmer school ic⁴ have recently discontinued school tax by a vote of seven- to three.

J. J. Mulloy, practice limited diseasesof the eye, ear, nose hroat. Office over the Grange Dublin, Texas.

E. Richards has purchased the est of M. J. Woods in the ds & Richards dry goods busi- at Stephenville.

he celebrated Green Lake, den Wedding and Middlebrook skies are handled over the bar ack Eakins' saloon. 16-tf.

ev. C. J. Camp returned this k from a trip of about a year in Texas counties. While absent reached for several months.

ev. Sid Williams has been hold- two weeks revival meeting at kum, which closed Tuesday night some twenty odd conversions.

C. Shelton of the Roby Ban- vas a pleasant caller on the ress Wednesday. He is here ng his sister, Mrs. G. T. Rus-

. Turpen of the Topaz country ere with others from that sec- he first of the week to buy They purchased quite a lot ty cents a bushel.

ev. M. Ray of Gustine was here first of the week settling up his ers preparatory to removing in days to a farm a little over a south of Hamilton.

he case of G. R. Pettis, charged murder in Taylor county, has transferred to Eastland county the defendant refused bond on beas corpus hearing.

Uncle" Johnnie Lockhart, a pio- settler in Erath county, who erly resided near Duffau is re- d dangerously ill at his home heat, Scurry county.

Y. Cox, a prominent citizen of who for many years was en- d in the lumber business there, returned home after an absence veral months greatly improved alth.

e remains of the late Mrs. U. rant, widow of the former pres- , was laid to rest in the Grant solemn on the banks of the son river in New York last day.

ery C[illegible] who resides ten miles [illegible] of S[illegible], Palo Pinto county, shot [illegible] ambush and killed ut fo[illegible]ock last Friday after- his writing no further ars are obtainable.

ve Hopkins was shot near ilton last Saturday afternoon M. Harris, a hotel man of hwaite, who has since surrend- to the Mills county sheriff and been released on bond. The nded man was shot in the st with a load of small shot and a slight chance for recovery.

PRIZE FIGHTER'S HEART.

Shown to be the Cause of His Weak Heart.

nk Wallis, the Illinois champ- eather weight, says:

early all my life I drank coffee finally put me in such a con- n that training for any fight almost impossible.

My breathing was poor and exertion always made me very I could not understand it, was otherwise well and strong, one day in training quarters end and admirer of mine asked I drank coffee. I told him, and he said that was what me.

This was two weeks [illegible] portant [illegible] of [illegible] explo[illegible] hear[illegible] goo[illegible]

[illegible]ial election was held in [illegible]n Mill precinct on Satur- [illegible]9th for the selection of a [illegible]he peace, which resulted [illegible]on of A. F. Harris by a six in the following Harris 83, S. H. Davis lroy 40. The election by a tie occurr- st there at the November at was the vote elIroy 67, S. H. ris 67.

Prof. W. J. Roden of [illegible]ander was in town Monday and ordered a second insertion of a small advertisement published in last week's issue regarding an estrayed horse of his. He had spent several dollars in money and several days of good time looking for the animal without avail and finally decided to put a small advertisement in the Progress in hopes of thus finding him. When he returned home from Dublin Monday he found two letters from parties near Lingleville notifying him that his horse was there and Tuesday morning he came through town en route home with the horse and notified us not to insert the notice the second time. This is only one of the many instances constantly occurring which go to show how thoroughly the Progress covers the Dublin country and how closely it is read in the homes of this section.

A deputy United States Marshal by the name of Smith, who resides at or near Haskell, had a somewhat thrilling adventure on the east bound Central train west of Dublin Tuesday. A number of young "bloods" got on the train at Gorman who it seemed had or took a dislike to the deputy and raised a row with him. After a considerable scrimmage the deputy got an opportunity to do so and drew a pair of Colt's six shooters, one in either hand, which promptly wilted the bad men from Gorman and they are said to have fallen all over the seats in an effort to vacate the car. The deputy was thereafter more respected and the passengers were thankful to him for bringing order out of chaos, which he did with his little pistols.

Last Sunday evening as Miss Henrietta Chamberlin was returning home from Hico her horse became frightened and began running. After going about two hundred yards the buggy was overturned, throwing Miss Chamberlin to the ground face foremost. She held tight to the lines and was dragged some distance when the buggy was again righted and a hind wheel passed over her, whereupon she turned loose the lines. The young lady escaped without any serious injuries. The frightened horse was caught by A. Giesecke who went in search of the unfortunate one and found Miss Chamberlin coming in pursuit of her run-a-way horse.—Hico Leader.

A traveling man was writing his name on a hotel register in Dublin when a bed bug put in its appearance and slowly meandered across the page. The traveling man gazed at it a moment or two in surprise and then expresses his disapproval in this manner: "Well I'll be d—d! I have been bled by St. Louis greybacks and connected with southern spiders, but I'll be hanged if I ever slept in a hotel where the bed bugs came down to the register and got the number of my room. I just guess I'll go down and sleep on the railroad bridge."—Hico Leader.

Capt. E. A. Holmes and Mrs. George W Finger of the pension Department of the comptroller's office are busy preparing the pensions for the confederate veterans throughout the state who are on the pension rolls. There are about 7,400 and according to a system put in force by Captain Bolmes, these pensions will be ready for distribution on January 1. In fact the warrants will be mailed on that day. Heretofore it has been sometimes two or three weeks before the warrants would be sent out.

Henry Williams, who was sentenced nearly three years ago for a term of five years on a charge of robbery, arrived home Tuesday, having been presented with a pardon by the governor for good behavior during his time of service and upon petition of a large number of citizens and ladies of Dublin. He says he appreciates the kindness of the people toward him and expects to prove his appreciation by his future actions. The meeting of himself and family was a most affecting one.

Prof. W. H. McClanahan of Clairette returned, last Friday from a trip to Tyler, where he went to take a course in the Burns system of shorthand. He was in Dublin the first of the week en route to Brownwood where he expects to make [illegible]quarters after the first of the [illegible]having purchased a half interest in the Brownwood College. He [illegible]posed of a half interest in the [illegible]e College to Prof. W. J.

Fatal Shooting [illegible]y Occurrs at Cisco.

Will Kleiner, a [illegible]vendor of temales at Cisco, was shot and killed there Tuesday night by a man by the name of Walker who was running a hop ale and cold drink stand. From the information obtainable it seems that Kleiner persisted in raising a row and Walker had closed up his business to get him out. Later when he got ready to go home he started out at the back door and was attacked by Kleiner with an ugly looking knife, Walker shot him four times. Kleiner was the same person who killed a restaurant man at Cisco in 1898 and he was considered a bad man. Walker was taken to jail at Eastland City.

A Cold Waves.

The forecast of sudden changes in the weather serves notice that a hoarse voice and a heavy cough may invade the sanctity of health in your own home. Cautious people have a bottle of One Minute Cough Cure always at hand. E. H. Wise, Madison, Ga., writes: "I am indebted to One Minute Cough Cure for my present good health and probably my life." It cures coughs, colds, la grippe, bronchitis, pneumonia and all throat and lung troubles. One Minute Cough Cure cuts the phlegm, draws out the inflammation, heals and soothes the mucous membranes and strengthens the lungs.—Overton Drug Co.

Last Sunday morning about four o'clock the house on the old John Jones farm, located five miles east of this place was totally destroyed by fire and with it the household possessions of R. M. Odell and family were all lost. Mr. Odell is a hard-working renter and his misfortune was extremely regretted by his neighbors who are lending every assistance in their power for the comfort of the family.—Hico Leader.

A Million Voices

Could hardly express the thanks of Homer Hall, of West Point, Ia. Listen why: A severe cold had settled on his lungs, causing a very obstinate cough. Several physicians said he had consumption, but could not help him. When all thought he was doomed he began to use Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and writes: "It completely cured me and saved my life. I now weigh 227 lbs." It's positively guaranteed for coughs, colds and lung troubles. Price 50c and $1.00. Trial bottles free at Overton Drug Company.

C. J. Jones, a colored section hand at Sabine, Jefferson county, drank a quart of whiskey within a few minutes last Saturday and died from its effects early the next morning. He was forty years old and had been drinking hard for several days previous.

Foils a Deadly Attack.

"My wife was so ill that good physicians were unable to help her," writes M. M. Austin of Winchester, Ind., "but was completely cured by Dr. King's New Life Pills." They work wonders in stomach and liver troubles. Cures constipation, sick headache. 25c at Overton Drug Co.

Henry Dee, the Santa Fe engineer killed in the railroad collision at Dublin last week, was buried at Cleburne, instead of at Temple, as formerly announced. He was a resident of Temple and his wife and child lived there but his former home and family burying ground was at Cleburne, hence, the burial at that place.

Ballard's Horehound Syrup

Immediately relieves hoarse, croupy cough, oppressed, rattling, rasping and difficult breathing. Henry C. Stearns, druggist, Shullsburg, Wisconsin, writes May 20, 1901: "I have been selling Ballard's Horehound Syrup for two years and have never had a physician that has given better satisfaction. I notice that when I sell a bottle, they come back for more. I can honestly reccommend it." 25c, 50c and $1.00.

The government climate and crop bulletin just issued from Galveston shows a rain precipitation at Dublin during the month of November of 3.18 inches. During the same time Abilene had 2.46 inches, Albany 4.70, Big Springs 2.28, Comanche 4.99, Corsicana 9.38, Dallas 10.12, and Lampasas 7.13.

The Pride of Heroes.

Many soldiers in the last war wrote to say that for scratches, bruises, cuts, wounds, corns, sore feet and stiff joints Bucklin's Arnica Salve is the best in the world. Same for burns, scalds, boils, ulcers, skin eruptions and piles. It cures or no pay. Only 25c at Overton Drug Co.

Two Texas citizens have been placed under arrest in southwestern Oklahoma. At Navajo, a man from El Paso is charged with embezzlement. The crime is alleged to have been committed in that city. At Anadarko a man whose home is in Vernon, Texas, is charged with obtaining money under false pretenses. Names of the offenders are not given in the dispatches.

Grove's Black Root Liver Pills.

Made from an active principle obtained from Black Root. They act on the liver equal to calomel and leave no bad after effects. No griping, no sick stomach. Will cure chronic constipation. Price 25 cents.

The stock of the marble yard, heretofore operated at Hico by T. Lafferty, was last week moved to Dublin and consolidated with the Dublin yard and Mr. Lafferty has returned to Dublin with his family.

The city ordinance pro[illegible]hibiting the shooting of fire works in[illegible]ded by Weatherford has been suspe[illegible]mayor to proclamation of the [illegible]wenty-four stand thus for t[illegible]ock Christmas eve to the same ho[illegible] city officials day. In Dublin the[illegible]eeping a tight have wisely been k[illegible] regarding fire reign over the boys[illegible]at we understand works thus far, b[illegible] the matter under that they have [illegible]of allowing a free contemplation [illegible]s one day and night hand to the boy[illegible]days during the hol[illegible]

[illegible]Edmonds' photographs. There [illegible]something about them ordinary photos don't possess—they are artistic. 30-tf

An eleven pound boy arrived yesterday evening at the home of Walter Baty and wife in Dublin.

The best prescription for malaria, chills and fever is a bottle of Grove's Tastless Chill Tonic. It is simply iron and quinine in a tastless form. No cure, no pay, price 50c.

J. H. Frazier and family, who sold their possessions here and left some two months ago to reside in California returned last Saturday satisfied to remain in Erath county. Since that time they have purchased the Barrett place some two miles east of Dublin at a consideration of $2100 and will shortly make that their home. Their son Azzie is still in California and will probably remain there.

Keep the bowels active if you would preserve your health. A dose of Prickly Ash Bitters now and then does this to perfection.

Call at Zack Eakins' saloon for the best whiskies, wines and cigars.

The A. L. Morgan bankrupt stock of paints, wall paper, glass, etc., was sold last Tuesday by J. M. Jordan assignee, to D. J. Matheny at a consideration of $485. The stock invoiced $1154.56. The accounts amounting to $863.17 were bought by Higginbotham Bros. at a total price of $107.50. Both the stock and accounts were sold to the highest bidders.

General repair work of carriages, wagons and other vehicles promptly and well done by E. Rouleau, Dublin. Also rubber tires fitted to any vehicle at prices that will save you money. 8-tf.

Miss McKee left Tuesday to spend the holidays with friends in Waco.

Cold keg-beer on tap at Zack Eakins' saloon all the time. Call on him. He appreciates your patronage and will treat you right.

"Uncle" Jacob Boone the other day showed us a very peculiar growth in the shape of one sweet potato growing directly through another one a little larger. How it happened to grow in that shape is a mystery. They are two separate and distinct potatoes, one a red and the other a white one.—Hamilton Herald.

Hides and Pecans.—We pay highest cash price for Hides and Pecans. Pecans a specialty—we handle more pecans than any house in the west.—H. H. Sigman & Co., R. H. McCampbell, manager.

Misses Kate and Ethel Carnes of Proctor were here last Friday en route to Sweetwater to spend the holidays with relatives.

What's in a Name?

Everything is in the name when it comes to Witch Hazel Salve. E. C. DeWitt & Co. of Chicago, discovered some years ago, how to make a salve from Witch Hazel that is a specific for Piles. For blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles, eczema, cuts burns, bruises and all skin diseases DeWitts' salve has no equal. This has given rise to numerous worthless counterfeits. Ask for DeWitt's—the genuine.—Overton Drug Co.

Cali at Zack Eakins' saloon and try a bottle of "Bud" or Schlitz.

Last Friday evening Eli Powell and T. J. Shields became involved in an altercation at the former's livery stable, resulting in his seriously cutting the right hand of Mr. Shields with a pocket knife and also slightly wounding him several places on the face with the knife.

Edmonds makes the best, neatest and most artistic photographs. Studio over postoffice. 30-tf

For Sale—Residence property in Dublin, well located and good property. Cheap on terms of small cash payments and ten dollars per month. Apply to D. H. Hurd, Dublin. 31-tf.

Preaching as usual at the Christian church next Sunday morning and night. Sunday school at 9:30, Jnniors at 2 p. m., Endeavor at 3:30 p. m. Miss Stella Gilbert will sing at night. She returns to the Texas Christian University next week. In common with churches throughout the country we will observe the week of prayer beginning next Sunday. All are cordially invited to join in these meetings. The public are invited to a watch service next Wednesday night. Program from 10 to 12 o'clock.—G. H. Morrison, pastor.

[illegible] best wool, [illegible] ported Spanish [illegible] new home their wo[illegible] grown softer, more elastic [illegible] er than that produced in Sp[illegible]

A politician is one whose po[illegible] cal enthusiasm lasts from one elec[illegible] tion to another, the ordinary politics doesn't bother much ab[illegible] voting to excepting when the[illegible] be done.

Read Dr. Sniders ad and give him your dental work.

There is no coal in last year's bin—it has been used.

Mr. Cleveland is determined that Brooker T. Washington shall have a good and great friend as well as a strenuous one.

Two Russians who were rescued from freezing in the streets of Boston and given a room to sleep in, blew out the gas.

The widow of General Grant is dead. She was a good wife and a splendid mother. To such women the country owes a debt of gratitude.

DR. LEWIS' office second door west of postoffice. 20-tf.

The Hood county Milling Co's Mill and elevator at Granbury was destroyed by fire about midnight Monday night. The estimated loss is from $15,000 to $20,000, a part of which is covered by insurance.

Eastland county district conrt met last Monday with Judge N. R. Lindsey presiding.

Oom Paul Krugar is said to be bowed with sorrow and a wreck of his former self. His bank account we believe, has not suffered and is far from being a wreck.

Car of Red Rust-proof seed oats for sale by Wallace & Harris at O. K. Wagon Yard. 30-4t

Bjornstejerne Bjornson is said to have a temper like a cross bear when he feels pleasant, when angry his folks move out until he hoists a flag of truce. No wonder with such a name. He is just 70 years old.

COLLISION ON SOUTHERN.

Train Ran into Boxcars Killing Fireman and Injuring Engineer and Others.

Spartanburg S. C., Nov. 25.—Southern railway train No. 35 was wrecked, the fireman killed and the engineer and several passengers seriously injured in the yard at this place. The train had just started on its way to Atlanta, and while still in the yard collided with three boxcars, which broke loose at the junction and went down the hill at a terrific speed.

The dead: Bob Sifton, fireman. Injured: Engineer E. B. Solomon, arm broken and internal injuries, probably fatal; T. M. Mcee, Spartanburg, will recover; Mary Wilson, colored, may recover; J. C. Mitchell, baggagemaster, badly bruised; A. W. Ticknor, express messenger, bruised. Several passengers ware badly shaken up and some slightly bruised. The engine and three coaches were completely wrecked. Three other coaches were slightly damaged, as were the boxcars.

CONSIDERATE MAN.

He Suicided in Such a Way as to Be of Service to His Friends.

New York, Nov. 25.—This city has just lost its model concierege, Eugene Brun, guardian of a house in the Rue Dussobs, says a Herald dispatch from Paris.

He committed suicide leaving a letter to explain that, as the weather was very cold and he did not want any of the tenants to be shut out in the street by his being unable to pull the cordon to admit them, he would postpone his suicide until after midnight. Even at that hour the scrupulous concierege was not sure that all the tenants had returned, so, in order to make assurance doubly sure, he hanged himself to the cordon so that the weight of his body would cause the door to open.

How Outlaw Tracy Came to Dinner.

A. B. Shruer of Winterset, Ia., received a letter a few days ago from his father, in the state of Washington, who met in an unconventional way one Harry Tracy, escaped convict from Oregon. Shruer senior, according to the New York World, writes that he was out hunting and was just about to eat dinner at his campfire when Tracy suddenly appeared and requested him to throw up his hands. Shruer did so. Tracy thought he wasn't quite expeditious enough, however, so he fired his gun and burned the old gentleman's hands with powder. Tracy said he was quite hungry and, dispensing with formalities, helped himself with his fingers. Then he absentmindedly took Shruer's six shooter and rifle, watch and money, and said he thought he'd be going and that it looked like rain. Shruer did not try to detain him.

Tribute to Lord Kitchener.

Doer of deeds, word sparer, whose firm will
Warped not with waiting, though the time was long,
In those dark hours, when weaker hearts stood still,
Thine own beat steadfast, and we knew thee strong;

But few divined how generous and how wise
Till peace revealed thee for all eyes to scan,
And through the warrior's seeming cold disguise
Out flashed in magnanimity the man.
—James Rhoades in London Times.

Form[illegible]
and Thro[illegible]
More rec[illegible]
National Rail[illegible]
Office over h[illegible]
21-tf BOW[illegible]

JNO. E. McCARTY,
Attorney-at-Law.
Office over Tom Miller's Dry Goods Store.
DUBLIN, TEXAS.

J. G. CONNER,
Attorney-at-Law,
DUBLIN, TEXAS.
Practice in all courts. Office over G. B. Maloney & Co's. store.

ELI OXFORD,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,
11-1yr STEPHENVILLE, TEX.
Office over First National Bank.

Rheumatism Cured, Contracted Limbs
Straightened, Stiffened Joints Successfully treated. Cure guaranteed. Call or write for references.
DR. W. O. THOMAS,
DUBLIN, TEXAS.

J. R. SESSUMS, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office with Clay Drug Co., 'Phone 18
Residence 'Phone 49.
DUBLIN, TEX.

DR. A. F. UPTON,
Physician and Surgeon.
PURVES, TEXAS.
After twenty-five years of study and experience I will give $10 reward for any form of Flux or Croup that I cannot cure, if the case is given me at the start and my directions followed to the end. It matters not who fails on these troubles or who says it cannot be cured, this proposition is open to all. Calls answered promptly day or night.

GOOD READING
FOR 1902

A total of $7.50 in value is for a limited time offered by the Progress for
$3.50 Cash

	REG PRICE
Arena one year	$2 50
National, one year	1 00
Criterian, one year	1 00
Ledger Monthly, one year	1 00
Nichel, one year	50
Good Times, one year	50
Progress, one year	1 00
	$7 50

Until Jan. 10-03 the Progress will give each of the six above named high-class monthly magazines for one year with the Progress a year for only
$3.50 CASH

After Jan. 10th the offer is closed and no others will be received for less than $7.50. Improve this opportunity by ordering at once. Each one may be sent to one address or different addresses if desired

75c Additional gets any one of the following Semi-weekly newspapers for one year.

	REG. PRICE
Dallas News	$1 00
Houston Post	1 00
St. Louis Republic	1 00
St. Louis Globe-Democrat	1 00
New York World	1 00
Atlanta Constitution	1 00
Courier-Journal	1 00

Or any other $1.00 semi-weekly newspaper in the United States.

You can't afford to miss this opportunity of getting such an array of high class reading matter for the coming year. Take advantage at once. Address all orders and make money payable to

J. S. DALEY, SR.,
Publisher Progress.
DUBLIN, - - TEXAS.

THE DUBLIN PROGRESS
ESTABLISHED 1888.
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY
LARGEST COUNTY CIRCULATION
LARGEST CITY CIRCULATION
Office, Progress Building, Fearing and E. R.
Subscription Price, $1.00 per Year.
Subscriptions outside Erath Co. and Dublin Territory must be Paid in Advance.
J. S. DAILEY.... PUBLISHER AND PROP.
DUBLIN, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JA

TABITHA LAWSON'S NEW YEAR

By ZOE ANDERSON NORRIS

Copyright, 1903, by Zoe Anderson Norris



RING out the old year, iron tongues!
Make haste to speed the parting guest.
That 'tis relief to see him go,
With all his ills, must be confessed.
He promised joy and brought us grief;
He promised bay and brought the rue.
Ring out the old year, iron tongues!
Ring out the old, ring in the new!

Ring out the old year, iron tongues!
His taker our failures. Let him go!
Let him depart. We fain would learn
What his successor will bestow.
Success may be among his gifts.
The morning sky hath rosy hue.
Ring out the old year, iron tongues!
Ring out the old, ring in the new!



THE PARTING GUEST.



RING IN THE NEW.

Ring out the old!
Yet, ere he goes,
One tear, that carries he the hours
That brought us sunshine of sweet love,
That brought companionship's rare flowers;



HIS WORK IS DONE.

That gave us sight of faces dear,
Now hidden ever from our view—
One tear. Then ring, O iron tongues!
Ring out the old, ring in the new!

Prairie Pete's Resolution.

Prairie Pete—Did ye hear o' my New Year's resolution, podner? I've resolved that this right hand o' mine won't lift a glass o' licker to my lips in 1903.

Broncho Bill—Ye can't keep no sich resolution, Pete.

Prairie Pete—Can't, eh? Waal, I reckon ye don't know that I'm a left handed critter.

His Swear Off.

"Did you swear off anything on New Year's?"

"I did."

"On what?"

"I swore off swearing off."



"HE FESTERS THE LIFE OUT OF ME."



"I COULDN'T KEEP A FLOWER."



"TABBY SPENT THE SUMMER UP A TREE."



"THAT LITTLE GOOD FOR NOTHIN'."

Samanthy's needles ceased to click.

"How's that, Susan?" she inquired, looking up.

"Well," answered Susan, "you see it was like this. Some wimmin, Samanthy, is born wives and some is born mothers. There is some wimmin what will desert husbands for children and some will desert children for husbands. Tabitha, now, she is one of them wimmin what is born mothers. It's the kind you're most inclined to admire, unless you've lived across the fence from their children for three years or so. Then your opinion is mighty apt to change."

She churned hard and frowningly.

"What was children born for anyhow, Samanthy," she demanded to know, "but to aggrivate the heart out of their parents from the time they begin to breathe the breath of life till they lay down and die? I ain't talkin' so much about the mean parents as I am about the whimmin parents. What does a mother do but give every blessed minit of her time to her children from the second they are born till they marry and leave her, losin' all her good looks a-settin' up with them of nights through measles and whoopin' cough and croup and all the rest of them pesky diseases what they seems to take special delight in ketchin' from other children and bringin' home to spread around amongst the family, then worryin' and frettin' over them after they're married and gone, grievin' 'cause she don't know where they are at nights, so's she can tuck 'em up in bed warm and snug and safe from harm.

"Land! The trouble that Tommy's had dropped in the excitement before she queried:

"Who was that, Susan?"

Susan, releasing the churn handle, gave a sharp, quick and admonishing rap on the window pane.

"It's Tommy," she replied—"Tabitha Lawson's boy."

Without more ado she volunteered an explanation:

"Of all the imps that ever breathed the breath of life," she declared, "he's the worst. You've only got to live next door to him to find that out. Thank goodness, it's winter time now! What with his guns and drums and toy pistols, he pesters the life out of me the livelong summer, him and his curly spaniel. You know what curly spaniels is about wallowin' in flower beds? They're bad enough hatcherally without bein' set on by an imp of a boy; but last summer, Samanthy, I couldn't keep a flower. Just as my geraniums was bloomin' their prettiest, here come that there good for nothin' dog a-wallowin' in the loose dirt and shakin' up the roots of 'em, and Tommy Lawson a-sickin' of him on!

"It was bad enough for me, but pore Tabby there—she wa'n't nothin' but skin and bones by fall, between him and his curly spaniel. She just about spent the summer up a tree, with the spaniel at the foot, barkin', and Tommy somers nigh, aidin' and abettin' of him."

She stopped churning, raised the lid of the churn and looked in.

"'Tain't come yet," she lamented, "but I guess it won't be long before it does. The kitchen's warm, but it takes the butter longer to come this cold weather than it does in the summer time. It's funny to be churnin' New Year. I reckon I'll churn every day this year, 'cordin' to what some people say. Humph! I'd rather churn every blessed day of my life than be in Tabitha Lawson's shoes. That's what I'd rather do."

Then she churned awhile.

"Do you know, Samanthy," she continued reflectively, her eyes fixed on some snow covered twigs, tapping, like white fingers, at the window pane, "most people think it's an awful thing to be an old maid with a cat, but there are things that are worse. As for me, when I look at that Tommy, a-watchin' of his goin's on, I thank my stars mornin', noon and night that I ain't married, that I ain't got no children to worry me into my grave before my time. And if Tabby could talk, I know she'd be of my opinion. Why, one day I heard a terrible caterwaulin' in the back yard. I ran out and found my Tabby and another cat, with their tails tied together, hung across the clothesline. The minit I saw it I knew who'd done it. Tommy Lawson's ears must 'a' burned for a spell after that. The things I was sayin' about him wa'n't complimentary."

She wiped off the churn with a soft, clean cloth.

"And to think," she ruminated, "that Tabitha Lawson has done give up her chances in life for that there scamp."

"How's that, Susan?" she inquired, looking up.

"Well," answered Susan, "you see it was like this. Some wimmin, Samanthy, is born wives and some is born mothers. There is some wimmin what will desert husbands for children and some will desert children for husbands. Tabitha, now, she is one of them wimmin what is born mothers. It's the kind you're most inclined to admire, unless you've lived across the fence from their children for three years or so. Then your opinion is mighty apt to change."

She churned hard and frowningly.

"What was children born for anyhow, Samanthy," she demanded to know, "but to aggrivate the heart out of their parents from the time they begin to breathe the breath of life till they lay down and die? I ain't talkin' so much about the mean parents as I am about the whimmin parents. What does a mother do but give every blessed minit of her time to her children from the second they are born till they marry and leave her, losin' all her good looks a-settin' up with them of nights through measles and whoopin' cough and croup and all the rest of them pesky diseases what they seems to take special delight in ketchin' from other children and bringin' home to spread around amongst the family, then worryin' and frettin' over them after they're married and gone, grievin' 'cause she don't know where they are at nights, so's she can tuck 'em up in bed warm and snug and safe from harm.

"Land! The trouble that Tommy's



A SPECIES OF COMANCHE YELL STARTLED ALL THREE.

give to Tabitha Lawson! You'd never believe it if I told you, and to think she's done give up her last chance of marryin' for him."

"What!" ejaculated Samanthy.

"Yes; more fool she. And she ain't as young as she used to be, Tabitha ain't. Wimmin, they don't get no younger as time goes by. They get older. They ain't like men what time rejuvenates. No; time is cruel to wimmin. It brings the wrinkles and the crow's feet. It loosens their teeth and makes them deaf, lame and blind. But then, I reckon, after their beauty's gone it's the best thing for them to be blind to so's they won't worry about it. Leastways, Tabitha Lawson's had her last chance in life. She's thrown it to the four winds of heaven. She's give up for good and settled down to single blessedness; that is, if you can call it blessedness."

"You were just sayin'," reminded Samanthy, "that you thanked your stars mornin', noon and night that you wa'n't marr'—"

"She's done settled down to single blessedness," decided Susan quickly, "for the rest of her natcheral existence, and that's what she's done. It was this way: Everything was goin' on lovely till the day before Christmas. Tabitha had been busy gettin' her things ready for the weddin', and mighty pretty things they was, too, all tucks and ruffles and flutin's and furbelows. Her weddin' gown had been made in New York. Think of that—in New York! And him a-comin' every afternoon and evenin', and them a-billin' and a-cooin', same's most born idiots before they're married and don't know one another; and if it hadn't 'a' been for that pestiferous Tommy they'd 'a' been married this very New Year, for this was the day they had set. I say if it hadn't 'a' been for that little scamp, instead of settin' over there by the fire all by herself, Tabitha would 'a' been married now and settled for the rest of her life, a joy'us woman, though I ain't sayin' but the chances were every bit and grain as good of her bein' a miserable one."

"And how," questioned Samanthy impatiently, "did he break it up?"

"You see," explained Susan, "Tabitha Lawson allus had a horror of her second husband's not bein' good to Tommy, of his not treatin' her Tommy right. If I've heard her say once, I've heard her say a dozen times: 'Would I marry a man what would mistreat my angel? I reckon not! I'd live the balance of my life single first,' says she, 'and that settles it.'

"Well, she's got her chance to live the balance of her life single. She's taken it. Christmas eve come around and with it presents from her 'ntended what would 'a' filled up a couple of rooms easy. You should 'a' seen them presents, Samanthy. Everything a woman could want he sent her—rings and pins and brick-a-bracks and perfume bottles and vinaigrettes—that's what they call 'em, ain't it, them things you smell?—and silver backed brushes and combs. I couldn't begin to tell you the things that man sent to that woman, he was that fond of her. I went over to see 'em. I found her settin' in the middle of 'em with a face about as long as my arm.

"'What's the matter, Tabitha?' says I, wonderin' how she could manage to look sad surrounded by so many pretty things what was every single one of 'em just his thought of her in some kind of shape or other.

"She was quiet a spell. Then she ups and says:

"'Yes,' says she, 'they is beautiful—there ain't no doubt about that—but, Susan, do you know,' says she, 'he ain't sent a blessed thing to Tommy.' She took in the presents with a wave of her hand. 'Out of all these here beautiful things,' says she, 'he ain't so much as thought to send Tommy a whistle or a toy monkey he could pull by a string or a toy train or anything.' And her voice sort of died away in a sob.

"'Forgot Tommy, that little good for nothin' what treated my Tabby so? What if he had forgotten him? What difference did it make?

"'Well, when she found her voice ag'in Tabitha commences quaverin'-like: 'He forgot him!' My Tommy!' Then after another spell: 'I won't marry no man, Susan,' says she, 'what forgets to send my precious boy a Christmas present! I've said it, and I won't! No; he might send me a world full of presents, but if he forgets my Tommy he won't get me!'

"The fools ain't all dead yet, Samanthy. She was 's good 's her word. Just then there comes a knock at the door. 'It's him,' says she and sets stone stock still. Yes, with his beautiful presents all round her she sets there stone stock still, 's if she'd been made of marble. He knocks another time, and then he comes stealin' round to the winder, familiar 's they'd been, a-go'n' to marry and all—he comes stealin' round to the winder, a-thinkin' maybe as how she hadn't heard his knock on the door.

"He peeps in at her; he raps on the winder pane, and, Samanthy, I felt sorry enough for that man, standin' there, his face all shinin' with smiles—sorry enough for him to go and whisper, if it hadn't 'a' been too late, to go and buy the kid a toy pistol or a brass monkey or somethin', but I couldn't. It was too late. The harm had been done. There wa'n't no mendin' of it. She never turned her face to the winder, and pretty soon, his eyes sad and 'mazedlike, he went away.

"'Tabitha,' says I then, gentle and circumspect, because it's a dangerous thing, Samanthy, for a woman friend to tell another woman she ain't young no longer, and Tabitha had been a good neighbor, allus ready and willin' to lend whenever I wanted to borrow; but I had to speak up once, if I died for it, I was that anxious to get Tommy Lawson a stepfather what would lick him a time or two and teach him how to treat his neighbors and their cats; 'you ain't, to say, 's young 's you used to be, Tabitha,' says I, 'and this may be your last chance on top of earth of marryin'.'

"You'd be surprised to see how stubborn a woman can be when it comes to a question of her only child.

"'If I was seventy-five,' says she, 'and there wa'n't no other man in the world, I wouldn't marry no man what forgot to give my Tommy a Christmas present.'

"Humph! And she was as good as her word. The next mornin' she didn't do nothin' but send back every last one of them presents with her compliments, leavin' him to guess what was the matter till somebody up and told him, I reckon, and ends her last chance of marryin' in this here world by the sendin' of 'em.

"Not only that, but this New Year day, when she should 'a' been a-bed there she sets over there in her by the fire, a-smilin' with Ten presents she'd sent out and h him all around her, and him snowballs at her neighbors' w a-scarin' the life out of 'em; su smilin' same's them there ma read about in books what w was roasted good and side, begged to be turne

She slapped down th and raised the lid for t

"As I said before, S concluded, "the fool yet, but the butter's co

Our New Year's Eve

By Peter McArthur.

Copyright, 1903, by Peter McArthur



SINCE first our wedded life began
No happier day I've known,
The New Year makes our boy a man,
Our girl a woman grown,
And, though our heads are touched with snow,
'Tis but in nature's way.
While we can watch our blessings grow
We'll welcome New Year's day.

Now, do not wonder where your son
Is waiting for the bells.
How even by you such things were done
My memory fondly tells.
And in the sitting room out there
Is some one else's boy.
And I suspect we may prepare
To bless and wish them joy.



OUR HEADS ARE TOUCHED WITH SNOW.

Our windows now we'll open wide
To let the New Year in.
You're twenty-five, and I'm your bride—
Hark to the joyous din!
I'll give a toast—May this year be
Like all that we've enjoyed.
With work enough for you and me
And love that ne'er is cloyed.



I'LL GIVE A TOAST.

I feel there's nothing we should
While all we have we've
We should rejoice that ever



AND IN THE SITTING ROOM OUT THERE IS SOME ONE ELSE'S BOY.

Brings something to be learned.
Of all good things we have our part;
It makes a pretty sum.
I greet this day with all my heart—
Hush! Here the children come.

New Year's Proposal.

watching the old year
the clock and
et and Sour Pickles.
d line of Jellies, Jams Preserves.
and.
fruit for Cakes and Pies.
Apples.
t least our famous
f Wheat Flour.
your wants. We can fill them.
Agents for Business.
PBELL & SONS.
South Pl.,
.O. R.I.