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VOLUME IV. **DUBLIN, ERATH COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1892.** **NUMBER 39.**

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CULBERSON ON THE ISSUES.

Tariff Reform Will Increase the Price of Cotton.

FAVORS FREE COINAGE TO THE EXTENT OF CUTTING AWAY FROM

New York and New England Democrats.

In casting about for political and other news on all live questions and issues, not over-looking the justice and true journalism involved in giving all sides, to the end that the increasing army of News readers may be fully informed of everything that is going on, it was ascertained by the Dallas News that a letter had been received by Col. J. L. Griffin, of Atlanta, Texas, from Hon. D. B. Culberson, in reply to a letter to Col. Griffin. The News is by courtesy enabled to place this interesting letter of a prominent and able candidate for United States senator before its readers:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,
UNITED STATES,
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 14.

Col. J. L. Griffin, Atlanta, Texas.

MY DEAR SIR:—I thank you for your letter. I know that you understand the condition of our people and I am always glad to receive suggestions from you.

There is no doubt in my mind of the cause, chiefly, of the financial distress among the farmers of Texas and all those whose business is dependent upon agriculture. In my opinion the effect of our system of tariff taxation and the failure of the government to provide an adequate volume of circulation with which to conduct the business of the country have been the main factor in producing the conditions to which you allude. The former deprives the farmers of fair and liberal markets for their cotton and other produce and compels them to purchase manufactured products which they are obliged to consume at prices enhanced by the import duty on foreign products. It follows that poor prices, now below the actual cost of production, are received for cotton while high prices are paid for the manufactured products.

The tariff by destroying competition between domestic and foreign manufacturers enables capital to maintain factories thousands of miles away from the great cotton fields of the south. If the cotton mill owners of Rhode Island were compelled to compete for the southern trade with the foreign manufacturers upon fair and just terms of trade, their mills would soon be transferred and planted by the side of the raw material. The price of cotton would advance and the price of manufactured products would decline. We sell our cotton now for prices which do not compensate the farmer for producing it. His labor is absolutely lost. Cotton is shipped thousands of miles north and sent back to us in finished products and sold for over 1000 per cent profit. Thus the proceeds of our great crop in the main go to the manufacturers in the north and a money famine prevails with us.

Does any sane man believe that such conditions could exist under a tariff for revenue only, with the absolute necessaries of life placed on the free list? The moment our ports are open to fair and honest commerce the manufacturers would conform to the laws of legitimate trade by seeking the most favorable localities for conducting their business and would be compelled to pay a fair price for our cotton and sell us their products at a reasonable price. The conditions brought about by our system of taxation are made more distressing by the failure of the government to provide an adequate volume of circulation with which to carry on the business of the country. The want of a sufficient volume of money depresses the value of our southern products as much as the want of fair markets.

I am as much opposed to the existing system of tariff taxation as anybody can be, and I have never failed to vote for any proposition that looked to the reduction of duties. But I regarded the money question as no less important, and I believe that genuine prosperity can never come to our people until the tariff shall be reformed as demanded by the democratic party and the financial policy of the republican party overthrown. Relief from excessive tariff taxation cannot itself raise the price of land, cotton or wheat, or indeed anything else. As long as we are the victims of the single gold standard, now practically enforced, which must in the very nature of things increase the value of gold, prices of our products must go down whether taxes are high or low.

The arts and industries consume annually the greater part of the gold product, while our population and business rapidly increase. Gold is all the time growing dearer, and as it increases in value everything measured by it must fall in the same proportion. With a single gold standard all other kinds of money must be redeemed in gold, and it follows that the volume of other money must be kept down to correspond with the limited quantity of gold. I am in favor of a bimetallic standard, gold and silver. The free coinage of silver, as of gold, would readily give us double the amount of standard metal money. What we need is a broader basis of standard money upon which to rest a volume of paper adequate to meet the wants of the vast business of the country. If we had a foundation broad enough there would be no difficulty in providing a superstructure competent to meet all the requirements on trade. The reduction of taxation would furnish ample opportunity to reinforce the volume of circulation, and if the price of our products is regulated by the volume of money, under like conditions, I do not see why we might not speedily bring relief, in a large degree, to our people.

I quite agree with you, however, that little if any relief may be expected by the people from this congress. The democrats are confronted with a republican executive and senate. It is impossible, therefore, to pass any measure reducing taxation or breaking the despotism of the existing financial policy. Notwithstanding this forbidding prospect of legislation in the interest of the people, I believe that the democratic party in the house of representatives should close up its ranks and present a vogorous plan of remedial legislation to the senate. But I sincerely regret to inform you that there is much diversity of opinion among the democrats in the house as to what should be done and the manner of proceeding.

We are all agreed as to the absolute necessity for a reduction of expenses. While all seem to be tariff reformers, we are not of one mind as to the best method of demonstrating our position. It appears now to be understood that a majority of democrats favor attacking the tariff by a series of bills upon the more prominent features of the McKinley act, upon the the idea that the senate must join issue upon each bill as presented.

Of course this proposition involves a parliamentary absurdity. I am opposed to such a policy, and believe that the party should demonstrate its position upon the tariff by a general bill, and thus place the responsibility of a failure to reform the system upon the opposition.

Our people in the main seem to be afraid of this course in view of the approaching presidential election. Again there is a strong feeling among democrats in favor of suppressing all legislation looking to the free coinage of silver.

It is understood that a proposition to hold an international monetary convention at Chicago, as an annex to the World's Fair in 1893, will be presented to congress by the silver suppressionists, and that congress will remit to that convention the question of the proper ratio between gold and silver. I would not be surprised if this proposition should be successful. All the republicans, of course, will vote for it, and all those democrats who desire to ignore the silver question will probably do likewise. I regard this movement as very unfortunate for our party, and if it prevails will be justly regarded as a betrayal of the interests of the people to the money power of New York and New England. The object of the promoters of this scheme is to make way for a platform that will fit certain eastern aspirants for the presidency.

Our people seem to overlook the fact that the suppression of free coinage legislation and the exclusion of the question from our platform means the utter overthrow of the principal of a bimetallic standard of money and the perpetuation of the gold standard. Many patriotic democrats, among them devoted free coinage men, advise this suicidal policy upon the assumption that unless we suppress our opinions on this subject we cannot elect a president in 1892. They appear to overlook the result. If we elect a president upon such a platform will not the question of free coinage of silver be suppressed during this term of four years. After his term expires the south would be again called upon to bow to the behest of New York and New England and repeat its humiliation.

I do not underestimate the importance of our success in 1892. But if we must surrender our convictions upon the money question and endure indefinitely the evils and oppression of the present system, it becomes pertinent to inquire what we are to gain by the election of a democratic president. If our people are to be robbed mercilessly by a system of finance that is fast reducing the farmers of the south, under the democratic administration, what becomes of our professions of devotion and loyalty to the interests of the people? I do not believe that is necessary for us to betray the interests of our people to the greed of eastern capitalists in order to elect a democratic president. The great west stands ready to unite with us in overthrowing the hideous outrages of the tariff and the financial despotism which now oppress the people, and all that is necessary for us to secure success is to be true to those who have honored us.

Respectfully, D. B CULBERSON.

When you hear a man abusing the Star ask him if he is a democrat. We'l bet a dime to a ginger cake that if he tells the truth, that in nine cases out of ten he will admit that he is not a democrat.—Baird Star.

Of course it is not supposed you would take it as the truth if he said he was a democrat. The PROGRESS however, thinks the people of Callahan county should not abuse the Star. But that paper should set the example by not abusing them.

Chairman of the Texas railroad commission, John H. Reagan, left Austin last week for a tour of Mexico to be absent some weeks. Wonder if Mr. Reagan is hunting for another office. Having filled about every office in Texas from constable to chairman of the railroad commission, it is suggested that possibly Mr. Reagan is looking for new fields to conquer.—Llano News.

At the same time he is drawing about $11 per day including Sundays from the state of Texas for each day of his trip.

"No politics in the Alliance." You might as well say there is no religion in the church. Politics is all that keeps the Alliance alive.—Baird Star.

You are correct in this one thing brother Gilleland. If it was not for the different parties in existence, or a national government, you might say, we would need no Alliance. The Alliance deserts principals of all parties and finds out what they are made of.

The immortal Jefferson it was, who said "The ballot in the hands of the ignorant voter is more dangerous to free government than the arms of foreign soldiers," and he hit the nail a hard welt when he said it.

Congressman Davis, of Kansas, has introduced a bill into the house to build a post office in all county sites and in all towns of more than 3000 population. The cost to be not less than $3000—Exchange.

Who would have thought it?

Silver must take the front ground in the coming campaign or the democratic party sacrifices itself. The west will stand nothing less.

A Rabid Horse.

A horse affected with rabies created no little excitement at Denison one day last week. The animal was the property of L. Dickinson. It acted very strangely in the morning and was turned out of the stable into the barn lot. Later in the day it was deemed advisable to fasten it up in the barn. About noon a great noise was heard in the barn, and upon investigation it was found to be the horse in the last stages of hydrophobia. After breaking out of the barn it rushed into the rear of a residence on an adjoining lot and another wild scene followed. The house was occupied by W. Bailey and family, and Mrs. Bailey was in the kitchen preparing dinner. The lady grabbed her infant and rushed into the adjoining room just as the infuriated animal plunged in. The hot stove was kicked or knocked over and broken into dozens of pieces, scattering the fire all over the room. Fire from the overturned stove ignited, and it seemed that the house would be sure to burn. A few buckets of water however soon extinguished the flames. A near neighbor secured a rope, and after repeated efforts succeeded in choking the animal down, and it died within a few minutes.

It Was Wonderful.

A wonderful display was observed in the heavens at noon last Friday by the citizens of Bention, Minn. A bright luminous band encircled the zenith and extending from the sun on each side four large balls of light almost as brilliant as the sun hung at intervals on the circle, presenting the appearance of an immense electric light. Bright rainbows intersected the space within the circle. The weather was slightly hazy though the sun shone bright. The phenomenon continued for more than an hour when it gradually faded away.

Extradition Treaty with France.

The secretary of state is negotiating a new treaty of extradition with France. The existing extradition treaty between the two governments was concluded many years ago and is not regarded as altogether suitable for the requirements. The new treaty is practically the same in terms as the one recently concluded between the United States and Great Britain and negotiations have reached a point that virtually assures a favorable conclusion.

A Mason May Drink It, But Not Sell It.

Just before the final adjournment of the Masonic Grand Lodge of Mississippi, which was held at Vicksburg last week the following rule was adopted and made a part of the Masonic law: "It shall be an offense against masonry for any mason not now engaged in, or any mason now so engaged, to continue in the buying or selling of intoxicating liquors to be used as a beverage after the 1st of January next and the penalty therefor shall be expulsion.

Comanche's Loss and Brown's Gain.

County Surveyor Armstrong of Comanche county and the Brown county surveyor have just completed a survey of the division line between the two counties, which has been in a dispute for a long time. By the survey Comanche county loses some of its thriftiest citizens and the best property, as a strip one mile wide and twenty-five miles long was thrown into Brown county.

Horrible Cremation.

The residence of G. T. Oliver at Washburn, Texas, was discovered to be on fire on the morning of the 13th inst., and in a few minutes the building was destroyed. Three of Mr. Oliver's youngest children, Lena, about 5 years, Leslie, 3 years, and the baby, about 18 months old, were burned to death. Mr. Oliver was absent from home, and the distracted mother is almost frantic with grief.

A Giant Scheme.

The negroes of Little Rock have organized an association for mutual protection and filed articles for a stock company with a capital of $2,500,000. The association will be a national one and its object is to establish and operate business houses for colored people.

THE DUBLIN PROGRESS.

J. S. DALEY, Publisher.

DUBLIN, - - - - TEXAS.

STELLAR WONDERS.

A Star That Travels Over Three Hundred Miles a Second.

In Pioneer hall Prof. E. E. Barnard, of the Lick observatory, delivered a lecture on "Recent Visual Photographic Astronomy."

After explaining the perfection to which photography, as applied to astronomy, has been brought, the professor reviewed some of the more recent results achieved by its use.

On September second and third two good photographs were obtained of Wolf's comet passing through the Pleiades. They showed beyond question that the position of the star over which the comet passed was displaced by a very small quantity, about two-tenths of a second of arc, and proved that the density of that comet was many thousand times less than our atmosphere at the earth's surface.

Great progress has been made in photographing the spectra of the stars. By doubling the lines of the spectrum of Beta Aurigae at short intervals that star has been found to consist of two suns revolving about each other in only four days, with a velocity of one hundred and fifty miles a second. The distance between the components is only sixteen million miles, or about one-sixth the distance between the earth and the sun.

The greatest possible apparent distance between the two stars which form Beta Aurigae would be only four one-thousandths of a second of arc. The smallest quantity that Mr. Burnham has ever been able to see and measure with the great refractor at Mount Hamilton is one-tenth of a second of arc, which can be taken as the limit of that telescope. In other words, for the component parts of Beta Aurigae to ever be seen by man he must first construct a telescope ninety-four feet in diameter, or a thousand times more powerful than the Lick telescope.

Algol, the variable star in Perseus, has long been a mystery. Its light remains constant for two and a half days. It then begins to fade, and in less than four hours diminishes to an insignificant star, remaing thus for about twenty minutes, when it regains its former brilliancy. It has long been suspected that a dark body revolved about Algol, and which, coming between us and that star, intercepted more or less of its light. Algol's spectrum has been photographed and it is found that the lines shift alternately from side to side of their normal position, but there is no doubling of the lines. This shows that the star alternately moves toward us and away from us. The interpretation of this is that Algol is attended by a large non-luminous body. Since this does not contribute any light to form the spectrum of Algol, there can be no doubling of the lines, for there will be but one spectrum. Nevertheless, the dark body is known to exist, for Algol is revolving around a center of gravity which must be between it and some other body whose presence the laws of gravity demand.

The observations indicate a velocity of twenty-six miles a second for the visible star, and its diameter is a thousand miles. The dark component must be eight hundred thousand miles in diameter, while its motion is fifty-four miles a second.

The asteroids that lie between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter have become so difficult to keep track of, since they have been discovered at the rate of about twenty a year, that astronomers have recently decided to reject them, excepting the nearest and the most distant. The latter are important in observations of Jupiter, while the nearer ones are useful in more accurate calculations of the earth's distance from the sun.

Until recently it was supposed that the small star near the north pole, known as No. 1,830 Groombridge, which travels at the rate of two hundred and thirty-two miles a second, had the greatest velocity of any in the heavens; but it it now known that Mu in Cassiopeia has a velocity of three hundred and five miles a second, while, if the observations of Dr. Elkin are accepted, Arcturus is traveling at a speed of three hundred and seventy-five miles a second.

A few years ago it was suggested that the latitude of places on the earth's surface changes. A number of astronomers agreed to make observations for two years, and the result has just been made public. Latitudes do change. Berlin, for example, was fifty feet nearer the north pole in September than it was in March. This change is not, of course, a shifting of any one point on the earth's surface. It is a tilting of the axis of the earth. It is periodical, and instead of corresponding with the solar year its period is four hundred and twenty-seven days, when it tilts back to its former position. It is a newly discovered motion of the earth, and may be described as a revolution of the earth's pole around some unknown pole. Its cause is unknown. At the earth's surface the radius of the circle of revolution is thirty feet.—San Francisco Examiner.

—Mr. Feeder—"What's that awful thumping out there?" Waiter—"Dat's de cook. You ordered a tenderloin steak, didn't yo' sah?"



SEA monsters and their doings are occasionally given mention in newspaper paragraphs, and most of such accounts are vouched for by this or that scientific man. When Victor Hugo wrote in "The Toilers of the Sea" about the frightful monster which clasped its clammy arms around the diver every one thought that the thing was a mere fabrication. But it was not. The monster described was almost identical with the octopus or giant squid.

So, too, men relate how, living in the deep and silent caves of the sea, is a huge lobster, resembling the smaller fish in structure, but being very voracious. It is said that he seldom comes near the shore, if ever, but that enormous lobster shells are sometimes thrown up on land after a violent storm. Northern fishermen have heard of the monster, and I have seen them shiver in the cuddies of their fishing smacks as some one described the size and appearance of the fish. How far the general impression is correct I do not know, but let me relate a story told to me by a diver:

"When the Anglo Saxon, a ship laden with costly merchandise, ran into Chance cove, on the Newfoundland coast, and sunk by striking a hidden reef, the government at once took steps to have all that the unlucky ship contained removed. There were over a hundred persons on board, but not so much as one, if my memory serves me, escaped. When the ship was lifted by a heavy swell upon the sharp ledge she 'hung' there, as sailors say, but with the rise of the tide she was lifted off the ledge and went down, head first, into the deep water lying inside. There was a passage from outside leading to this deep water, so that fishes or sea beasts might go in or out in quest of prey. There was no beach or strand, but upright, naked cliffs in the form of a semicircle rose around to a height of about three hundred feet. Giving back a little on the top was a light-house.

"As soon as possible divers were brought to the spot, but it was difficult to find it smooth enough to go down. The first day we got below we could do little but lay out our plan of operations. The ship was on her side, the stumps of the masts turned toward land. I had never gone down before in water so far north, and the place was so wild that I was timid. Lines were attached to our bodies and the ends fastened to the skiff above, so that if any diver pulled his line he was at once drawn to the surface. We walked about the bottom and around the ship with our feet weighted to keep us from rising.

"The water was a pale green, and I could notice objects quite plainly for many yards distant. There was a huge break in the bottom of the ship, her stem was stove in, so was her stern. Already the fishes had discovered that there was feasting inside, for as I was about to enter by the hole in the bow a number of Spanish mackerel, cod, sculpins and dogfish began to flounder about inside. I moved back, for I did not know but there might be a shark there.

"There were, as you know, over a hundred bodies in the ship, so I was anxious that they should be saved from the desecration of these fishes. Worst of all to get among the bodies of the drowned are Spanish mackerel and cod. I had charge, so we all went to the top and made arrangements for getting the dead. I shall not give you the details but after extremely hard work two days saw our ghastly task completed.

"Then came the raising of the costly merchandise. It was mostly silks and cashmere shawls. One afternoon while my two men remained above repairing their diving apparatus I went down alone. We were now removing the bales from the after compartment of the ship and had only one way to enter or leave this compartment—namely, by the break in the stern. The method of raising the goods was to lower down heavy hooks which could be fastened into the bales after they were pushed outside. Some of these bales or cases would float and some would rest lightly on the bottom. I had selected a large case, which I was about to move, when, happening to turn my eyes, I saw outside a huge creature moving toward the vessel. I had never seen anything like it before. Its body was four to five feet high and about twice that length, and it had on each side an enormous arm. There seemed to be an unlimited number of legs attached to the hideous creature. Its color was a dun brown, mottled over with dark stops. Two round, black, shining eyes were in its forehead, and two supple horns, each resembling an enormous whip, likewise came out of its head. All this I noticed with one glance. A numb terror seized me, and I moved for the outlet from the ship.

"But as if knowing what I intended this brute, looking straight at me with its frightful eyes, walked, or rather crawled, directly toward me. I hurried in the hope of being able to seize the hanging hook, now my only means of signaling the skiff; but it hurried, too, and I had barely put my foot upon a rock outside when the two writhing horns of the detestable creature were twining about me and again untwining. Then he would touch me with these and sweep them up and down, as if feeling what description of prey I was. The round, frightful eyes seemed to burn through and through me. In my hand I held the crowbar which I used to loosen the cargo; in my belt I carried a heavy sheath knife. These were my only weapons.

"Suddenly and without any warning the monster threw out one of its arms and seized me below the shoulder. I felt as if my bones were being crushed and that my arm would soon be severed from my body. No sooner had he done this than he turned and began to drag me into a deeper corner of the nook. The more I resisted the more terrible was the pain, so I had to go, turning over in my mind what I should do. I still had the crowbar in my right hand, but it was of no use to me. So I let it drop.

"But the horror of that time! Well, I knew why the awful thing was dragging me to this quiet place. He was going to devour me.

"His arm terminated in a claw which opened and shut. This horrible mouth-like thing had two rows of shining white teeth. Several of these were piercing my arm to the bone. Some distance above this mouthlike hand I observed a joint, and then I drew my knife. But alas! the heavy shell so overlapped the fleshy tissue that I could not injure my captor. Still he dragged me on, on till at last the deepest part of the sea nook was reached. There he stopped and turned those terrifying eyes again upon me. The whip-like arms began to move and curl about my body, and a hideous motion seemed to run through the body of the terrible fish. What this meant I knew.

"His head was only about a foot distant from my body, and drawing my knife again I plunged it into the eye nearest me, turning the blade round and round. I saw that I had destroyed the eye, for an inky fluid issued out of the socket, darkening the water about its head. This checked the aggressive movements of the thing, but did not seem to hurt it. I waited, waited for many seconds, I think, and then its head turned, so I supposed, that it might be enabled to see its prey. This was what I wanted, and with a sure, swift thrust I sent my knife into his other eye, down to the heft. This time it must have touched the brain, for the beast reeled, and the grip on my arm slightly relaxed. But though totally blind my captor had no idea of releasing me.

"The agony of my arm soon grew unbearable and the waters around me



IN THE CLUTCHES.

seemed to be filling with greenish smoke. A strange sound began to buzz in my ears and my pain seemed to disappear. I thought, too, that I saw other figures moving about the ship; then the light went out of my eyes and I remembered nothing more.

"When I recovered my senses I was in the skiff and learned how the divers, alarmed at my long silence below, had come down. They saw my plight and after a time succeeded in severing the arm from the body of the fish, which they both declared was the awful deep sea lobster."—N. Y. World.

Cruel Man.

She came in daintily and laid a manuscript tied with a blue ribbon on the editor's desk. He looked up at her questioningly.

She was quite pretty and he continued to look.

"I write poetry sometimes," she said, tremulously, but with a hope grown upon his kindly look.

"I beg your pardon," he said, canting his head over to one side, as if his off ear were out of repair.

"I write poetry sometimes, sir," she repeated, softly and insinuatingly, as she pushed the blue ribbon a little nearer his hand.

She was just as pretty and as sweet as ever, but his face grew hard.

"You do?" he said, coldly.

"Yes, sir;" and she trembled again.

"Well, you ought to be ashamed of yourself. Good morning;" and the cold brutality of everyday life was on top again.—Detroit Free Press.

FOR LITTLE PEOPLE.

THE RUDDER AND THE WILL.

Of what are you thinking, my little lad, with the honest eyes of blue,
As you watch the vessels that slowly glide o'er the level ocean floor?
Beautiful, graceful, silent as dreams, they pass away from our view,
And down the slope of the world they go, to seek some far-off shore.

They seem to be scattered abroad by chance, to move at the breezes' will,
Aimlessly wandering hither and yon, and melting in distance gray;
But each one moves to a purpose firm, and the wind their sails that fill
Like faithful servants speed them all on their appointed way.

For each has a rudder, my dear little lad, with a stanch man at the wheel,
And the rudder is never left to itself, but the will of the man is there;
There is never a moment, day or night, that the vessel does not feel
The force of the purpose that shapes her course and the helmsman's watchful care.

So one day you will launch your ship, my boy, on life's wide, treacherous sea—
Be sure your rudder is wrought of strength to stand the stress of the gale,
And your hand on the wheel, don't let it flinch, whatever the tummult be,
For the will of man, with the help of God, shall conquer and prevail.

—Celia Thaxter, in St. Nicholas.

WHAT A SPIDER DID.

But He Knew Nothing About It, and Went on with His Spinning as Usual.

A prisoner in Holland was lying on the wretched heap of straw in a corner of his cell, which was the nearest approach to a bed that could be seen there. The man, who was a Frenchman, had been imprisoned for talking of liberty and equal rights to the subjects of the stadtholder of Holland, and for months he had pined in this dismal prison.

He was not asleep now, but sat propped up on his elbow, intently watching a black spider busy with his web. When the prisoner, whose name was Dis Jonval, first saw the spider at work in that dark corner, he felt glad of even so insignificant and silent a companion. He was quite interesting, too, on longer acquaintance, and by studying his habits the prisoner gained a great deal of information. The spider never appeared during bad weather, and Dis Jonval was able to predict frost at least a week before it came simply by watching the spider's movements and noting his own feelings. When the spider kept securely housed, the Frenchman was almost sure to have a bad headache.

Meanwhile the French general Pichegru, with a large force, advanced suddenly into Holland. But this did not trouble the stadtholder, who could rely upon his "water-works" in all such emergencies. He simply retired, and when the French army was well in the center of the country, he adopted against the invaders the old-time tactics that years before had baffled Spanish Alva, and had cost a French king's brother a splendid army. The word was given, and the dikes were cut. A flat country, the greater part of it below the level of the sea, Pichegru found in the Holland seas a far greater foe than the Holland armies. The Dutchland was all a swamp. The Frenchman could not advance, could hardly retreat. The fate of Anjou and his gallant army seemed in store for him. He had waited until the winter set in before he had given the command for the forward movement, for the wily general had anticipated the tactics of the stadtholder.

But the weather had suddenly shifted, until it was almost as mild as summer. The next day no spider appeared, and the Frenchman felt very lonely. Three days passed without seeing him, and Dis Jouval thought his head had never ached so before. He talked to the jailer when he brought in his meals, and found him more friendly than he had expected. From him he heard of the advance of Pichegru's army and the trap laid for its destruction.

"You see mynheer," added the man, "Your countryman depended upon hard water. If a frost had come, he certainly would have taken the city; but as it is, he will soon have to retreat to Belgium."

A sudden light flashed upon Dis Jonval, and, thanks to the spider and his headache, he began to see his way out of prison. "If a frost had come!" It was coming now! The army would be saved, Utrecht would be taken, and he—

He pleaded with the jailer, as a man pleads for life and freedom, to bring him pen, ink and paper, and smuggle a note for him through the line to the French general, who would probably exchange a Dutch prisoner for him with the stadtholder; and finally the man agreed to do his errand.

All that the note contained was a simple explanation about the spider who had not appeared for three days, and the writer's headache. He predicted a hard frost within a week, and begged Pichegru not to fall back.

The general knew Dis Jonval, and resolved to wait a week; and then there came the hardest frost that Holland had known for a hundred years. The waters were bound with icy fetters. The French advanced triumphantly, Utrecht fell, and the prisoner was released. But the spider who had done it all knew nothing about it, and went on spinning as usual.—Harper's Young People.

"KEEPING UP."

The Profitable Lessons Taught by a Wrench in the Back.

"When I was a young girl," said Aunt Sabrina, "I was vain of appearances, as a great many young girls are." She glanced over the rim of her spectacles in the direction of her two nieces. "And of all things, I was most afraid of being laughed at.

"I was passing the store corner one winter day. The walking was very treacherous. Dry snow had fallen over ice, and it was hard to keep up. Some people whom I knew were standing in the store porch talking, and just as I bowed to them one of my feet slipped, and I started to fall.

"Now probably it would not have hurt me much if I had fallen. There was enough snow over the ice to prevent a contusion, and nine times out of ten, in falling, it is better to let one's self come down easily than to strain one's self in trying to keep up.

"But there were all those people! I thought I should rather die than fall. So I gave a great wrench, and just saved myself.

"Perhaps the people in front of the store did not see that I had slipped at all. But presently my back began to give me very sharp pain, and by the time I had reached home I was suffering intensely.

"Well, there is no need to go into particulars; but the upshot of it was that I was in bed all winter, and mother had to take care of me, besides doing all the rest of her work and mine, and to this day, if I turn myself about too suddenly, I'm reminded of that slip.

"As I lay on my back all that winter I did a deal of thinking—especially on the nights when I couldn't sleep. And I made up my mind, very firmly, never again to hurt myself by a foolish attempt to keep up.

"The next winter father died, and mother and I were left alone, with barely enough money to keep us. Then the philosophy which I had pondered on my sick-bed came to my aid. I said to my mother:

"'Suppose we just keep house in the sitting-room this winter, mother, and have a fire in the cook-stove only. We could move the drum that is over the kitchen and my little bed into the room over the sitting room, and sleep there. It would be warm enough with the drum.'

"I could see that she didn't like the plan, but she thought it over and saw the wisdom of it. We carried it out, and did it honestly, too. We didn't scramble to light the parlor-fire when we saw company coming and then freeze our guests in a shut-up room. We just took them in where we lived, and as we took care of the rooms carefully, things were always neat and clean.

"By spring we had put by a little money, and had been well and as comfortable as if we had kept three fires burning.

"That was the first time I tried 'letting myself go easy,' instead of wrenching myself to keep up; but I've tried it many a time since, and always have been glad that I did.

"When I have had to choose between a new winter bonnet and new flannels, I always took the flannels. When we've had to give our company plain food or else half starve ourselves after they were gone, we have let them share with us. When the parlor sofa and the sitting-room lounge both gave out in the same year, we bought a nice new lounge, and made a chintz cover for the sofa.

"I couldn't tell you all the things that wrench in my back has helped me to—and from, but it's a good thing, my dears, when folks don't need to wrench their own backs to learn the lesson. I didn't tell you this by accident."

The girls looked at each other, laughing and blushing; but that afternoon they came home from a shopping expedition and rushed up to Miss Sabrina's room with their parcels.

"We've been buying our winter things, aunty," said Belle, the older one, adding, with a meaning smile: "Of course you didn't know anything about it; but instead of the black silks we each got a nice merino and a pretty brown worsted for mornings, and some good woolen underwear. Just feel!"

She pulled out of her bundle the soft, warm garments, adding: "Father could spare us only just so much, you know, and we thought we'd let your wrench answer for us, too!"

"I've never been able to say that I was wholly sorry I did it," said Aunt Sabrina, "and now—well, I declare if I'm not glad!"—Youth's Companion.

Maggie's Ideas.

A friend, calling upon little Maggie's mamma, in the course of a conversation about a young doctor who had lately set up an office, said: "And he has two dreadful skeletons."

After the caller had gone Jennie, Maggie's five-year-old sister (Maggie herself is seven), asked: "What are skeletons?"

"Skeletons," replied Maggie, "why, skeletons are bones with no people on them."

Another time Maggie's mamma placed a loosely-woven wire cover over the plate of cheese before she set it away in the store-room. "Why do you put that cover over the cheese?" inquired Maggie.

"So that the mice can't get at it," was the reply.

"And when a mouse smells it and comes galloping along till he reaches that wire fence, and then has to stop and just look at it—oh, dear!" exclaimed Maggie, "won't he feel embarrassed!"—Detroit Free Press.

—It has been keenly said that a good sermon is not one that the people judge, but one which judges the people.

THE DUBLIN PROGRESS.

J. S. DALEY, Publisher.

DUBLIN. - - - - TEXAS.

WHAT SHALL GOD'S HARVEST BE

In the lowlands some are weeping, some are sowing, some are reaping
Golden sheaves, at whose fair seed-time others toiled in sun and shade;
In the low vales of forever, many weary sowers sleeping,
While the shadows of life's autumn on their placid brows are laid,
Some smile, some weep, some sow, some reap—
The days are merged in the years to be;
Sunshine and rain, joy and pain,
Oh, what will God's harvest be?

Wild and loud the storms are waking, fierce the billows breaking, frail barks tempest shaken;
Over the bulwarks sweep the waves. What hand will stay their might?
Through the darkness of the tempest, see a silver radiance breaking,
And the helmsman steers the storm-tossed bark toward that beacon light.
In hope, in fear, some sow, some steer, the billows sweep o'er a soundless sea;
With foam and spray, by night and day,
Oh, what shall God's harvest be?

Gleameth God's to-morrow, and the sunbeams borrow smiles that lighten sorrow,
As the sweet spring sunshine, glancing through the rain,
Bends the bow of promise, with fair tints that borrow
Deeper lines of beauty from the years of care and pain.
Out of sadness into darkness, sowing or reaping, waking or sleeping,
Seed-time and harvest alike shall be sweet,
Sown but in fruitful dust, nurtured by faith and trust,
Brings harvest complete.

What though the mad waves sweep o'er the deep and the pilot be asleep?
He will waken when you call, and bid the tempest cease.
And the day-star of His presence as a beacon light will keep
Your course aright o'er stormy seas toward a port of peace,
Till at last, life's stormy voyage past, your soul shall anchor cast,
In the haven of His Heaven where the weary find release.

—Naomi McD. Phelps, in Interior.

PRETTY MISS SPARKLES.

Her Seeming Misfortune Resulted in Ultimate Happiness.

She had the brightest eyes and the sunniest smile to be found within the four seas. She might have her moments of depression, as we all have, and she might at times flame out in a rage when things went wrong and her blood was up; but this only redeemed her from the monotony of cheerfulness, and gave her the variety that belongs to a rich nature. Of the darker, the more sullen passions, she had not a trace; and the worst that could be said of her was that she was "soon up" and "sometimes down." But in general she was "Miss Sparkles;" and the name expressed all that the world loved or cared to know.

She had occasion enough for the exercise of her brightness, for she was an orphan, with no greater protection than might be found in a couple of fine-hearted brothers, one of whom was on a Texan ranch and the other in one of her majesty's ships as lieutenant in the Australian seas. Either of these men would have protected her with his heart's blood; but with all these miles between her and them, they were not very efficient Greathearts; and poor little Miss Sparkles had practically no one but herself as her guardian and caretaker. For years she had fulfilled certain duties in the house of an old friend. She had been as the adopted daughter of the widow who loved her, trusted to her, and found her own happiness in the association which gave herself a loving companion and Miss Sparkles an affectionate home. But trouble had come between the two and an enemy had sowed tares, as enemies have the trick of doing.

Anne, the old servant who had lived with her mistress these twenty years gone, had never quite liked the close association of Miss Sparkles with the mistress. She grudged the cares that were given on the one side, and the protection that was granted on the other. She thought that Miss Sparkles would be a vast deal better employed getting her living in some quasi-menial way that would teach her her own place, rather than living here as the daughter of the house where never a daughter was wanted. What did missus want with a young person hanging around when she, her own old Anne, was there to look after her comforts and see to her fads and fancies? And if she did want anyone, why should she not have her own niece Gracie, sister Jane's eldest, and as fine a girl as ever stepped? She was bigger and taller than Miss Sparkles, and quite as good a companion; and she was the eldest of seven, and it would be "the worlds" for sister Jane to find her such a good situation as this of missus' would be. So she set herself to work to try and oust Miss Sparkles from the place and wriggle her niece Gracie into it.

Heaven knows what she said, but she said something that proved quite efficient for its purpose; and for the first time in their joint lives together the kind old friend and quasi-mother began to doubt, to suspect and find fault with her adopted daughter. The home which had once been like a soft, warm nest lined with down became now a cold, hard, prickly perch, where footing was not too secure. Miss Sparkles, who in times gone by had never been known to displease, could now scarcely please the lady. Mrs. Grahame, who in times gone by had never spoken a harsh word to her bright-eyed companion, now scarce ever spoke a kind one. Poor Miss Sparkles opened those bright eyes of hers to the widest, but she could not understand what was passing about her, and Mrs. Grahame did not explain—nor did her old maid Mrs. Anne.

Mrs. Anne would have been a little embarrassed had she essayed to tell how she was like a murderous shadow ever on the track of the girl she was seeking to dispossess for the safe appointment of one of her own. It would have been a sorry and a sordid revelation had she shown how at every instant she stole into Mrs. Grahame's room when Miss Sparkles was away, saying in a low whisper: "She just said this; "She said that," "Watch her when she comes, and just see how she looks;" "She had some underhand work going on, and I can't abide them underhand ways myself. Ah! you should see my niece Gracie! There's a girl, if you like, as true as true, and as upright as they make them! Call that good needlework, mem? Why, my niece Gracie's work would beat that out of the field!" And so on.

As constant dropping wears away the hardest granite, so do these incessant insinuations and fault-findings make their mark on even the stoutest heart—the strongest love. And when coupled with this continued belittlement of one is the corresponding exaltation of another the seed sown is sure to germinate, and distrust here reacts in desire there. As Mrs. Grahame grew cooler and cooler, more dissatisfied with and estranged from Miss Sparkles, she grew more wishful to see this paragon, this Gracie, niece to old Anne, her faithful friend and servant, who was so far superior to her own discredited and disgraced favorite.

It was in vain that poor Miss Sparkles tried to recover her lost ground. She had no foothold, nothing by which to cling, and no tangible obstacle to overcome. She was simply slipping down the steep incline; and each attempt to make a stand and have it out resulted in worse discomfiture. How can you have it out with a person who denies that you have cause of complaint? How can you batter to pieces with your fist an India-rubber ball that gives you no solid part to pummel, and only yields to your blows and returns immediately to the old form? When Miss Sparkles, poor dear, all in angry tears and vivid flush of eager scorn, besought Mrs. Grahame to tell her how or why or where she had offended, that lady put on her iciest look and answered, primly: "You have not offended me, Maria. Have I made any complaint?"

"No," said Miss Sparkles, vehemently; "and I only wish you had! It would be more satisfactory to know what had displeased you than to be treated with this odd coolness—so unlike your former self."

"Am I to be taken to task for my manner?" asked Mrs. Grahame, in reply. "Do you hold that to be a very dutiful or respectful thing to do from you to me, Maria?"

And poor Miss Sparkles, baffled at each turn and every endeavor, felt there was nothing for it but silence, patience, and doing her best to recover the affection she had lost—lost she could not tell how.

Some deaths are mercifully swift, and others are as painfully slow and lingering. The moral follows the physical law, and in the death of friendship are repeated the same conditions as those which surround the gradually weakening vitality of the body—or those which cut the tie between breath and spirit with a stroke as sudden as a lightning flash. Ever influenced by Mrs. Anne, the old lady's love for her favorite gradually died, till at last the psychological moment came—the times were fully ripe, and Gracie might be effectually introduced. Destined to be the successor, there now only wanted the occasion. Miss Sparkles must be dispossessed, but she must be put in the wrong, and in a manner made to cut her own throat. It was only a little thing. The largest events generally do hang on little things, and tragedies which fill the world spring from initial circumstances no bigger than a mustard seed. Among the domestic duties which Miss Sparkles had hitherto performed with such signal success was that of the care of the linen. Mrs. Grahame had a fine stock of linen, and was as proud of it as a good housekeeper should be. During the daughter-like epoch of Miss Sparkles' management no reasonable fault could have been or ever had been found with the manner in which she had fulfilled her charge. But now, when Anne's niece Gracie came in as the successor, suddenly, cric! crac! as the French say, the keys of the linen closet were demanded, and the care of the linen was handed over to the newcomer.

"How have I deserved this?" said Miss Sparkles, flaming, as was not unnatural. "I have done my duty. Why do you dispossess me?"

"That is my affair," said Mrs. Grahame. "Surely I can do what I like with my own?"

Well, the bright-eyed little girl bore this her first snub direct in favor of a rival with as much patience as she could command—which, truth to say, was not an overwhelming amount. She did make it rather uncomfortable for her rival, and show her temper with perhaps less discretion than honesty—less prudence than sincerity. At all events, she gave the occasion that was wanted, and put herself so much in the wrong that Mrs. Grahame found the fitting bundle for the shaft she wanted to throw, and gave Miss Sparkles her conge.

So now, turned out from the soft, warm nest on to the bare and prickly perch, the poor little girl was cast into space, and if she fell to the ground altogether, neither Mrs. Grahame instigated by Anne, nor Anne influenced by greed and jealousy and the worst form of nepotism, cared. It was the fashion in the house to speak of Miss Sparkles as ungrateful, wild-tempered, neglectful, impossible. It was the fashion to pretend that all and sundry had borne many things because of her furious passions—because of her neglect of duty; and that they were all well quit of her, an incubus as she had become. And Gracie took her place gallantly, and played into her aunt's hands, as it was intended she should.

In the neighborhood where this little story was enacted lived a wealthy man not only a little, but a great deal older than Miss Sparkles. He had always admired this bright, vivacious clever little girl, with her ready wit and untiring helpfulness, her good humor, general ability, keen perceptions and perspicacity. He had admired and loved her, and in some sort envied his neighbor Mrs. Grahame, for the possession of such a pleasant little singing-bird for whom he, too, would have been fain to find a suitable cage. But it never occurred to him to disturb existing arrangements, and he kept himself too tightly in hand to allow himself to regret, to desire, to plan. When, however, the pretty girl was dispossessed, and so unfairly and so unceremoniously treated, he reconsidered his own position and hers, and thought it over within himself, wondering if it would be possible—if it would be wise—if it would be right. But, nothing venture, nothing win, and at least he might sound Miss Sparkles herself, and hear what she thought about the matter. Would she, could she? He was thirty-five years older than she, but he was hale and hearty, and at sixty he matched her twenty-five with not too bad a grace. At all events he loved her, and was willing to give her his name and his fortune, if so be that she could love him and content herself as his wife.

And when he asked her, the little girl, bruised and sore and desolate as she was, unprotected, friendless, homeless, turned to him with that gratitude which, when mixed with respect and personal liking, makes no ill substitute for love, and said: "Yes, she loved him well enough to be his good and faithful wife, and she would spend all her strength and energy in making him happy, so that he should never regret the trust he had placed in her."

And thus, as is often in life, her trouble became her wellspring of joy, and her fall was the platform on which she found her prosperity. The marriage turned out well—in all respects grandly well. Miss Sparkles, with her brightness and her vivacity, brought the sunshine of youth and gayety into her husband's erstwhile gloomy house. Loving no one else, she loved him with her whole heart, and never knew the moment when she regretted her marriage. Nothing could be more harmonious than her life, nothing more prosperous, nothing more perfect. It was a round of pleasantness and an uninterrupted flood of sunshine; while poor Mrs. Grahame, between Anne and her niece, was as grist between the upper and the nether millstone—iron between the hammer and the anvil, and could no more call her very soul her own. And her beautiful store of linen dwindled strangely and rapidly, and what was left went into decay, and was left to ruin unrepaired. This was her punishment for listening to malevolence, and being weak enough to believe evil reports unsubstantiated by facts or proofs.—The Queen.

Sparrows and Blackbirds.

Birds, notwithstanding their attractiveness in plumage and sweetness in song, are many of them great thieves. When nest building they will steal the feathers out of the nests of other birds, and are often inclined to drive off other birds from a feeding ground even when there is abundance. This is especially true of one of our greatest favorites, the robin redbreast, who will peck and run after and drive away birds much bigger than himself. Very different as the robin and the sparrow are in other things, they resemble each other in this. On an early spring morning, when a little touch of frost still made the surface of the earth hard, I have seen a blackbird on a lawn at last after great efforts extract a worm, and this was the signal for a crowd of sparrows, who, by dint of numbers, managed to drive away the blackbird and carry off the worm, to feed their own young ones, no doubt.—Cassell's Magazine.

A Boy's View of Forgiveness.

We heard from a Sunday-school teacher the other day an illustration of one kind of forgiveness. Improving upon the day's lesson, the teacher asked the boy whether, in view of what he had been studying and repeating, he could forgive those who had wronged him.

"Could you," said the teacher, "forgive a boy, for example, who had insulted or struck you?"

"Y-e-s, sir," replied the lad, very slowly, "I—guess I—could;" but he added, in a much more rapid manner: "I could—if he was bigger than I am."—N. Y. Ledger.

WONDERS OF THE HEAVENS.

What Photography Is Doing to Tell the Story of the Stars.

There are millions of unlisted stars, and we know not what far-reaching masses of nebulosity; each star, each nebula, has a different story, as full of varied detail as the story of the earth and its inhabitants, and even of that story how little we read or can read. And yet we would like to read the story of each nebula and star and compare them one with another; some barest outline we are learning of a few hundreds, and differentiating star from star, guessing at their age, their temperature, their distance.

And now and then a discovery or a picture comes, like Mr. Robert's photograph of the nebula in Andromeda, and, throws a flood of light upon their nature and gives us answers we had hardly hoped to know, and shows us new questions that seem even further out of reach.

Perhaps the most truly wonderful thing this century has seen is that negative on which the Andromeda nebula has printed its own image; on a few square inches of a photographic plate is the intelligible autobiography of a nebula measuring its length by billions of miles, taking light, it has been said, six years to travel from end to end, and showing us obviously and at once a definiteness of structure hitherto unsuspected.

Comparisons of successive photographs of this nebula have been made with a view of detecting evidence of change, and whatever opinion may be formed as to changes in the course of years, but little doubt can exist that changes happen in the course of ages and that little by little nebulæ condense into stars.

Full of absorbing interest is the possibility of detecting changes in a single nebula, but there is a vaster problem behind, in which the evidence of many changes is only part of the solution.

The problem that we reach toward, and of which we hope some day to find the outline of the true solution, is no less than the structure and development of the sidereal universe itself.

Some day it may be we shall penetrate the star depths, for every hour added to the exposure of a photographic plate has added to the number of stars revealed upon the picture, and if as we get more sensitive plates and longer exposures, if necessary, on two or more nights in succession, we find that no increase of exposure gives an increase in the number of stars on the plate, then we may conclude that the limits of the star depths have been reached, and that nothing lies beyond.

Yet, even so, an element of mistrust comes in. Not only can the photographic eye see things no human eye will ever look upon, because the one can accumulate minute effects, while the other cannot, but the photographic plate is sensitive to ultra-violet rays of light that have no effect upon the human retina, and if there are any bodies in space emitting such rays the photograph will record them though they are forever invisible to our eyes, and similarly if there are any bodies in space not sending forth rays of light between those whose wave lengths are slightly longer than waves of red light and those whose waves are slightly shorter than the waves of violet light, neither eye nor camera can take account of them, however important their places may be in the architecture of the heavens.—Westminster Review.

"PITY THE BLIND."

The Unfortunate Ones Who Dwell in Eternal Darkness.

"Pity the blind."

There are few sentences more touching than this. Pennies rain into the hat of the wayside beggar who bears it upon his breast; for who among the wayfarers does not feel and know that of all the entrances at which wisdom may be shut out, the eye is the most precious.

It is a terrible thing to become deaf and speechless, but Heaven save us from that worse calamity—the closing of the windows of the soul. Yet the blind are usually cheerful—especially those who have been born blind—and Providence seems to compensate them in some measure for their misfortune by sharpening their four remaining senses. An educated inmate of one of our blind asylums will sometimes make a nearer guess at the character and disposition of a visitor, after shaking hands with him and hearing him converse, than a phrenologist could make after manipulating his head.

The blind are generally shrewd and sometimes very sarcastic. The common belief in their simplicity, mildness and good-nature does not seem to be in accordance with the facts. Prof. Saunderson, the blind mathematician, once observed of a lady who paid him a visit, that she had remarkably beautiful teeth. "How can you know that," said a friend. "Very readily," replied Saunderson, "for a full half-hour she did nothing but laugh."

The born blind, of course, have no visions. They dream, indeed, but their impressions in sleep are all derived from the senses of hearing, touch, taste and smell. "Sometimes," said a blind boy, "I dream that I tread on the grass, and smell the fresh air. No ray pierces the 'ever-during dark'" even in slumber.—N. Y. Ledger.

—Box—"How is your uncle? Is he out of danger yet?" Cox—"No, indeed. O, haven't you heard the news? He died day before yesterday."—Boston Transcript.

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—A chicken was slaughtered for the family table recently below Pendleton, Ore. In dressing the fowl a woman discovered in the craw two small nuggets of gold about the size of a small nail head. How the chicken found the gold is now the question.

—The first sewing machine of whose patenting there is any record was intended rather for embroidering than plain sewing. It was patented in 1755, and had a needle with two points and an eye at midlength. This form of needle was called for many years a tambour-needle.

—It is reckoned that $9,000,000 worth of the old fractional currency has been totally lost. Kitchen stoves are favorite places for hiding money, and it is said that more is destroyed in that way than in any other. Of the paper money issued, it is estimated that one per cent. is lost or destroyed.

—What is believed to be the largest steel planer in this country was shipped the other day from Plainfield, N. J., to Pittsburgh. The bed of the machine weighs forty-three tons, the table twenty-six tons and the cross-rails twenty-two tons. The arch weighs four and one-half tons and driving gear four tons.

—The bail bond of Jefferson Davis, bearing the signature of Horace Greeley, Gerritt Smith and some other prominent men, has been missing from the files of the circuit court of Richmond since 1870, and how much longer it is difficult to say. The present clerk of the court thinks that the person who stole it is now dead.

—A rich young woman in New Jersey has married a coachman. Whether or not this was advantageous to both parties or to one of them or to neither is not reported. If the woman is good for nothing, the coachman is to be pitied, provided he be good for anything. If neither of them is of any account, they are well matched.

—Chambers' Journal has an article on the commercial value of small things. The weight of the postage stamps sold in New York city last year was thirteen tons. In Russia 126,000,000 wooden spoons are made every year. One factory in Paris makes 100,000,000 toothpicks a year. In the United States 110,000,000 matches are used annually; in France 200,000,000.

—Every lover of rare and curious information knows that most of the ancients were "dead set" against beans, but no modern unraveler of old-time mysteries knows why. It may be truly said that there are but few philosophers of the present day that "know beans." Pythagoras admonished his pupils to "abstain from beans," but on what grounds no one knows."

—A physician who spent some time in the countries bordering on the Gulf of Mexico found a curious body of men among the natives called Curados de Calebra, or the safe from vipers. Having been inoculated with the poison of serpents they were proof against their venomous bites. The inoculation was made with the venom tooth of a viper and the bulb of a native plant called mano del sapo (toad's hand.) The preventive inoculation has been an old custom among the natives of that region.—New York Sun.

—The practice of "rotting" a child on the knee of the nurse or mother, though it has the sanction of long practice, has not the sanction of common sense and should never be indulged, especially with infants. Treating the adult body in the ratio of corresponding strength, the exercise would be about equivalent to being ourselves churned up and down on the walking-beam of a good sized steam engine. It has been very properly said that "gentle movement is as pleasant to the child as riding in an easily running carriage on a smooth road to an adult; knee jolting as unpleasant and harmful as a journey over the worst corduroy roads."

—Few persons, says the San Francisco Chronicle, have ever troubled themselves to think of the derivation of the word dollar. It is from the German thal (valley), and came into use in this way some three hundred years ago: There is a little silver mining city or district in northern Bohemia called Joachimsthal, or Joachim's valley. The reigning duke of the region authorized this city in the sixteenth century to coin a silver piece which was called "Joachimsthaler." The word "Joachim" was soon dropped and the name "thaler" only retained. The piece went into general use in Germany and also in Denmark, where the orthography was changed to "daler," whence it came into English, and was adopted by our forefathers with some changes in the spelling.

—As old china is becoming a well-developed fad, collectors will be interested to know that Mrs. Ollie Stevens, of Stroudwater, Me., has one of the finest collections of old china in New England. In her collection is a Washington plate, one of the thirteen manufactured by an eccentric manufacturer, who refused to pursue his calling any longer, and thus it has been thought by collectors that none of the thirteen were in existence. Her Canton tea cups were brought over in the vessels whose tea was thrown overboard in Boston harbor early in the revolutionary war. The sideboard is prettily inlaid and was once owned by Capt. Means, an officer of the revolutionary war. When Lafayette visited Portland, after his reception, he visited his old friend, Capt. Means, and was served with toddy from this sideboard.

THE DUBLIN PROGRESS.

A DEMOCRATIC JOURNAL PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL

ERATH COUNTY FARMERS' ALLIANCE AND INDUSTRIAL UNION.

J. S. DALEY, Editor and Prop'r.

Entered at the post-office at Dublin, Texas as second class mail matter.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1892.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The PROGRESS is authorized to make the following announcements:

For County Judge.
H. H. HARDIN.

For County Attorney.
W. J. OXFORD, (re-election.)
J. W. JARROTT,
S. T. MORRIS.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

For County Clerk.
ISAAC PIPES.
T. J. WILSON.

For Tax Collector,
D. M. RUMPH.
J. F. COLLIER.

For County Assessor,
D. F. GLISSON.
S. P. KEITH.

For County Surveyor,
M. L. JACKSON.

For County Treasurer,
A. J. CRANE.

For District Clerk.
J. J. BENNETT.

For Commissioner Precinct No. 2.
BRAD WHITE.

Jas. G. Blaine declines to allow his name to go before the republican national convention for nomination.

Anent the lieutenant governorship friends of Hon. J. L. Doggett, the watch-dog of the Texas treasury, will present his name. Mr. Doggett has the suaviter of an old-time tidewater Virginian.

Texas farmers have not yet reached the point of being willing to commit suicide because cotton is so low, but they have almost reached the point of swearing off on cotton raising, which is far more sensible than suicide.—Austin Statesman.

When Texas farmers swear off on raising cotton they had as well commit suicide, and die easy.

Eleven politicians from different portions of Texas assembled at Fort Worth last Saturday to take actions against Hogg and his crowd. Barney Gibbs and Farmer Shaw were noticed among the lot. The conference was also against George Warwick and agreed that no lawyer or professional politician should be on the ticket.

When the national debt is paid, the national banks, which are based on the bonded indebtedness of the country will die a natural death. The national bankers are, of course, for perpetuating the debt, and cannot, therefore, be expected to advocate economy in the administration of government affairs.—St. Louis Journal of Agriculture.

When a newspaper is noticed advocating the claims (?) of Grover Cleveland on the people of Texas for their support in the democratic nominating convention for presidential honors, it causes the reader to think if the editor of that paper ever knew anything about the time, during the terrible drouth years in Texas when a bill was brought up and passed congress appropriating $10,000 for the relief of the drouth sufferers in forty some odd counties of Texas and was vetoed by him, and the very next thing he did, was to sign a bill appropriating the same amount for the burial of a dead senator whose relatives could better afford to pay the expenses of the burial than nine tenths of the drouth sufferers could to buy a square meal. Americans should see to it that the living, be thy ever so humble, is cared for before the dead. Humanity trembles from such abuse as Cleveland offered them.

Among Our Exchanges.

The chief supporters of Gov. Hogg claims it has been the custom of the democracy of Texas to give a governor a second term. It has also been customary for the governor to listen to the demands of the people. Has Gov. Hogg done so?.—Corsicana Observer.

The only way a Fort Worth girl can feel sure of keeping her hair is to have it locked up in a bank at night. Another young lady in that city was robbed of her long and beautiful hair Tuesday night. The thief waked her as he was cutting the braid, but threatened to kill her if she gave the alarm, and so escaped.—Austin Statesman.

Capt G. W. Geers of the Bosque Citizen keeps as cool as a cucumber in spite of the few sore heads who are all aching to see his democracy.

In commen'ing on the faults of others, men frequently advertise to the world their own.—Groveton Vigilant.

Simpson has introduced a bill to provide for farmers borrowing money from the government on their farm lands at two per cent interest per annum. That's the idea.—San Antonio Truth.

There were 1000 delegates at the recent state convention of the Nebraska Farmer's Alliance But we are told the Alliance is dead. If this is the representation of a dead organization what will the living one be?—San Antonio Truth.

That congress should do something with the silver question is very evident. This country needs more money to use in its business, and the coinage of silver seems to be the easiest solution of the difficulty. And yet the News does not favor unlimited coinage. There's a vast amount of silver in this country and more would be brought here, and it is barely possible that unlimited coinage would so depreciate silver that it would take $1000 to purchase what $100 will now secure. We want more money, and silver is good enough, but let the government exercise some restriction in its coinage.—Abilene News.

On February 2 cotton was quoted lower in New York than any time for a century, while wheat dropped to eighty-nine and a fourth cent and silver to ninety and a fourth cent. Still they caucus and caucus and juggle with the money power at Washington, and congress does nothing. That body has been in session two months and have passed only three bills.—Mercury.

Did you get on to it, that the Chief is the only recognized leader of the democratic party in the county? Verily, the Chief, in its egotism is clear out of sight.—DeLeon Free Press.

When the Cisco Round-Up man sees fur sticking out of a hole he invariably yells wildcat and gets a move on himself. No doubt its best for such young critters to be scarry.

Silver is to-day merely merchandise, as much so as is cotton; yet it is said to be unconstitutional to issue money on bonded ware-house receipts against cotton. But silver certificates are issued and 73 cents worth of silver is coined and now called $1.00, whereas the sub-treasury favors issuing 80 cents worth of currency against $1.00 worth of merchandise. Of the two systems the sub-treasury plan looks the best. We, however, favor making silver money, and letting a silver dollar be a dollar and not 73 cents.—Corsicana Observer.

Those country editors who have personal grievance against their contemporaries, and cowardly vent their spleen through the columns of their papers, are doing themselves more harm and their victims more good than they may suppose. In reply, to them in the language of the poet, we can only say, "God bless our friends—the enemies."—Bosque Citizen.

There is no denying the fact that three-fourths of the Corsicana people favor free coinage of silver as well as a reduction of tariff, and this writer (or paper) believes that the democratic party should make a bold, aggressive campaign this year, upon the silver and tariff. The party will gain a 1000 votes to where they will lose 20, by making such a fight. Right will predominate when properly presented to the people, and the party need have no fears of defeat, if a right kind of educational campaign is carried out, whether he be Hill or some other democrat who heads the ticket.—Corsicana Observer.

"A stitch in time saves nine" is what the democratic congressmen so far as it seems to us, have forgotten. They are just now fooling away time while the farmers are working hard, with full hopes that the congressmen are doing the best they can to introduce some important bills to relieve the toiling people of oppression and distress in financial circles. The congressmen ought not postpone any legislation the laboring class need now. "Procrastination is the thief of time" and a democratic candidate for the president of the United States may consequently be defeated at the general election in November. Those, especially millionaires, or rather men living in luxury at the expense of the government, who wink at "oppression and distress in money," might succeed well, with a republican president, and the farmers should probably suffer more oppression than ever before after 1893.—Bosque Citizen.

The Little Rock Gazette advises Governor Hogg to keep a peeled optic on his executive chair while Thayer, of Nebraska, is junketing through the state. The Gazette need entertain no fears. Everything of political value in the state was nailed down as soon as it was heard that Thayer was coming.—Austin Statesman.

Brainy Argument.

The Telephone in commenting on the Grimes County Alliance in discontinuing the Navasota Tablet as their official organ says:

"The editor of the Tablet ought to congratulate himself that his paper is not to be the organ of such a set of people as constitutes the sub-treasury crowd. It is much better to maintain one's self respect than to have the endorsment of such a political ring as that."

S. S. DAVIS,

The Druggist,

DUBLIN, TEXAS.

Will supply your wants for '92. We keep first-class goods, and are anxious to please customers. Prescriptions filled by a sober, experienced clerk, night or day. Call on me at Dublin.

S. S. DAVIS.

We Handle Drugs, Patent Medicines, Jewelry, Silverware and Druggists' Sundries.

New Lumber Yard

R. B. SPENCER

Has a good stock of Lumber, Shingles, Sash, Doors, Blinds and Mouldings.

Selling at Lowest Living Prices.

Lumber exchanged for grain of all kinds. Call and see me before buying your bill.

MODEL

MEAT Market



M. LINGENFELDER, & CO. Proprietors.

This market always keeps on hand a full supply of fresh meats, Bologna sausages, and everything usually kept in a first-class market. Give us a trial.

West - Texas - Marble - Works.



W. J. WASSON, Proprietor.

Manufacturers and Dealers in

Tombstones and Monuments.

Don't buy until you get our prices and see our work, which we guarantee to be satisfactory.

DUBLIN, TEXAS.

Cotton Exchange Saloon,

HALL & GREEN, Proprietors.

Always handles first-class

Whiskies, Wines, Cigars, Etc.

Keg . Beer . Always . on . Tap

The unexpected news of the determination of the Louisana Lottery Co., to retire from business was caused from the fact of their business being so crippled by the postal laws enacted, not allowing transmission through the mails of any of their business or newspapers containing advertising matter for them.

The means used by the government to accomplish this end was successful and was pronounced constitutional by some of the highest authorities, but it cannot fail to receive the disapprobation of some, from the main principal involved, however essential and elevating to society the successful termination has or will be.

The PROGRESS is a paper for all alike. It visits the most refined homes in Erath county, and its columns are kept rid of anything demoralizing or that which would cause a blush to come to the cheek of the most pure and chaste maiden.

Dr. J. Whitaker Guyton,



SPECIALIST.

Chronic diseases, etc. Send for circulars and testimonials. Office over Davis & Utterback. 2-12-3mo.

Dyspepsia and Indigestion.

In their worst forms are cured by the use of P. P. P. If you are debilitated and run down, or if you need a tonic to regain flesh and lost appetite, strength and vigor, take P. P. P., and you will be strong and healthy. For shattered constitution saved lost manhood P. P. P. is the king of all medicines. P. P. P. is the greatest blood purifier in the world. For sale by all druggists.

THE DUBLIN PROGRESS.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1892.

Business Rules.

If any time you change your postoffice address notify us at once, giving the name of the office you change from and the one you wish it changed to.

All remittances should be made payable to J. S. Daley, Dublin, Texas.

In case you wish your paper stopped do not have the postmaster to notify us, do it yourself and at the same time you are required to pay up all arrearages.

All obituary notices will be charged for at regular rates. Death notices free.

All communications must be accompanied with the writers name, or it will not be inserted.

LOCAL RAILWAY TIME CARD

RIO GRANDE DIVISION.

North-Bound Passenger leaves.....11:08 a. m.
South-Bound Passenger leaves.....5:10 p. m.

TEXAS CENTRAL DIVISION.

East-Bound Passenger leaves.....10:15 a. m.
West-Bound Passenger leaves.....12:07 p. m.

SOCIETIES, LODGES, ETC

DUBLIN LODGE A. F & A. M., No. 594, Meets on Saturday nights on or before the full moon in each month. J. G. O'Brien, W. M; Jno. J. Ray, Secretary.

DUBLIN LODGE K. of P., No. 107, meets each Monday night at Castle Hall. W. W. Patrick, C. C; W. H. Neel, K. of P. and S.

DUBLIN R. A. M. CHAPTER, No. 169, meets on Monday night on or before the full moon John J. Ray, H. P; A. A. Chapman, sec.

DUBLIN ALLIANCE, No. 3945, meets on every Tuesday night at Justices office; A. C. Housley, President; J. A. Adams, Secretary.

G. A. R. POST, No. 55, meets every Tuesday night before the full moon; W. H. Christian of Stephenville, Commander; G. W. Andruss of Dublin, Adjutant.

CHURCHES.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Sunday School every Sunday at 10 a. m., L. E. Gillett, superintendent. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH—Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9:30, J. P. McKinnie, superintendent. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Communion services at 10:30 a. m. every Sunday.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. J. H. Chambliss, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. every Sunday. Preaching by the pastor at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Young men's prayer meeting every Tuesday night. Regular prayer meeting every Thursday night. Class meeting every fourth Sunday at 3 p. m., T. L. Ward, Leader. Juvenile Missionary Society meets every fourth Sunday in each month at 2 p. m., Miss Blanche Gillett, president.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Sunday School every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock, A. W. Risien, superintendent. Preaching every third Sunday by Rev. C. H. Dobbs at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m.

TRINITY CHURCH—Rev. W. W. Patrick, minister in charge. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. every Sunday. Regular services first Sunday in each month.

Our Agents.

The following are authorized to receive and receipt for any monies due this paper and also have a list of our subscribers at their respective offices.

Geo. L. Rhea.....Selden.
C. A. Doubleday, P. M.....Hico.
T. J. Summers, P. M.....Lingleville.
E. E. Davis.....Bluffdale.
R. F. McKeage, P. M.....Carlton.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The PROGRESS is authorized to announce the following candidates.

CITY OF DUBLIN OFFICERS.

For City Marshal, Tax Assessor & Collector.
J. E. BISHOP.
P. K. BARKLEY.
Z. T. PRICE.
WM. NORTHCUTT.
R. B. MOORE.

For alderman 1st Ward.
B. F. ALLEN.

For Alderman 2nd ward.
C. C. DODSON.

LOCAL

Keg beer on tap at all times at Charlie's sample room.

If you wish furniture repaired or if you are thinking of buying a suit of new furniture, you will do well to call on the new furniture man, J. W. Hamblet, first door north of Grange store.

For the largest 5c beer in town, call at Charlie's sample room.

A good work horse 12 years old, for trade for colts or young cattle.
EVAN JONES, Dublin Texas.

Full car of Avery plows, cultivators and planters at Higginbotham Bros.

R. L. Clemons is the only first class Watchmaker and engraver Dublin has ever had. For the next 60 days he will do your little jobs of engraving at half price. This is to assure you that you can know where to go and be certain to get neat and substantial work executed with despatch. Engagement rings a specialty and don't forget this young men.

Charlie's sample room is headquarters for fine wines, liquors, cigars etc.

Finest line of clothing and gents furnishing goods etc, at Higginbotham Bros.

A fine new stock of the best furniture at J. W. Hamblet's, at the Charlie Bower's old stand.

Higginbotham Bros. are in the market with a complete line of plows, harrows, cultivators, planters and a general line of farm implements.

If you have second hand furniture you wish repaired, stained or varnished, call on J. W. Hamblet, the furniture man opposite G. W. Andruss' hardware store on Patrick street.

GOLD AND SILVER.

Mr. Smith, an old and experienced miner and a member of the firm of Smith & Co., who are now operating the silver mines of Palo Pinto county, is in the city investigating the gold and silver recently found on the premises of I M. Newton, of this city. Mr. Smith has made a close examination of not only this particular spot but all around Dublin, and he thinks that minerals of all kinds, gold, silver, lead, etc., may be found in abundance. He is confident that there is a rich vein running down the banks of Resley's creek.

Now if the mineral deed to certain tracts of land near town are made to him he will put in operation smelting works, the cost of which will be $40,000. The profits will be shared equally with the man owning the land. After the minerals have been taken off the land, it goes back to the original owner, and he looses nothing. He proposes to operate the mines 30 years.

Resolutions of Respect.

At a meeting of the Stephenville Bar, held on Feb. 3rd, 1892, to make public expression of their deep regret at the death of Judge J. L. Humphries, T. B. King was elected chairman and W. J. Oxford secretary.

The chairman appointed the following committee on resolutions: L. N. Frank, Lee Young and J. W. Jarrott, who reported as follows:

1. RESOLVED, that in the death of our lamented brother, Judge J. L. Humphries, who departed this life on the morning of January 31, 1892, the bar has lost a member whose professional honor and integrity, coupled with his many admirable traits of character, entitle his memory to our admiration and reverence.

2. RESOLVED, that as a citizen, lawyer, judge and Christian gentleman, he was faithful, honest, sincere, just and devoted.

3. RESOLEVD, that we deeply regret and deplore the death of our deceased brother, and mingle our grief with all who knew and loved him; and we tender to his bereaved family our deepest sympathy and condolence.

4. RESOLVED, that the secretary of this meeting furnish a copy of these resolutions to the family of the deceased; that a copy of the same be furnished the county and district courts of Erath county, with the request they be spread upon the minutes of said courts.

5. RESOLVED, that a copy of these resolutions be furnished the papers of Erath county, the Fort Worth Gazette and the Dallas News, with the request that they publish the same.

L. N. FRANK,
LEE YOUNG,
J. W. JARROTT,
Committee.

Program.

Program of Erath Co., Teacher's Association to be held at Dublin Saturday Feb., 27, 1892. Co-opperation of Pupils, patrons and teachers,—B. E. Cook.

Haste Makes Waste,—Miss Emma Perry.

How to Reach the Bad Pupil,—Miss Georgia Webb.

More Light for the Teacher, Professional and Otherwise,—W. T. Carlton.

What to Attempt in Teaching Penmanship,—J. D. Calyin.

How to Reach Bad Parents,—J. R. Arnold.

Why we Fail in Teaching Reading,—S. F. Gibson.

How Many Grades and How Many in a Grade,—W. J. Clay.

Everybody invited.

Resolution of Respect.

WHEREAS, the Divine Master has seen fit to remove from our midst, our kind friend and brother, T. R. Williams, therefore be it

RESOLVED, that we the Dublin F. A. & I. U. feel the loss of one so worthy as a citizen, a neighbor, a friend and brother and that we extend our heartfelt sympathies to the bereaved family and friends.

D. C TOMMIE,
L. D. YOUNG,
S. A. HILL.
Committee.

Married.

On last Sunday night Mr. R. H. Andruss and Miss Blanche Gillett were married at the residence of the brides parents in west Dublin, the Rev. J. H. Chambliss officiating. The Progress wishes the happy couple long life and happiness.

Mr. T. J. McGallen from Thornton Texas, has recently located in Dublin.

Mr. L. R. Cowan, a prominent attorney from Fort Worth is in Dublin on a prospecting trip looking for a location. He is well pleased with Dublin and says he will probably locate here.

Educational Column.

PROF. W. J. CLAY, EDITOR.

A good minister was called on to pray at a convention of teachers, and in the course of his prayer he said, "Oh Lord! bless the public school system of education." Afterwards, he remarked, "I never put that in my prayers before, and I am sorry I have not." All modes of education should be prayed over; they are plans to cause fight, knowledge and religion to exist on earth. Public education is a plan in which the people tax themselves for this purpose.

There are probably a good many men in the pulpits who look very narrowly at education and spend no breath on it; but it deserves to be mentioned in every public prayer. Pray if you will "for the president of the United States and all others in authority," but add a prayer "for schools of all kinds, that the parents may take a deep interest in their welfare and that the teacher may lead a life that will inspire and elevate his pupils." A work like teaching is worthy of continual prayer.

PEDAGOGICAL PELLETS.

SIG: Take one before and after school.

The teacher who goes before his class to show off what he knows may be a good lecturer, but he is a very poor teacher.

Some teachers has a constitutional weakness to show off themselves: others to show off their pupils. This is educational pyrotechnics, but it is not teaching.

"The world is a school-room," and folks who convert it into a play-ground are the truants of the race.

The understanding should always keep a little in advance of the tongue. This for those whose pupils memorize the forms of thought without getting the substance.

Words are like nuts, we must crack their hard shells with the hammer of the understanding to get the juicy kernals of thought out of them.

The school boy may fill his pockets to bursting with the choicest nuts, but he will remain hungry for all that unless he knows how to crack them.

We may pin leaves on a tree, but they will not grow; there is no vital connection between the leaf and the living, growing organism, the tree. So we may pin words on the memory of a child.

The pupil's mind at graduation should be a canvas on which beautiful pictures have been traced by the teacher-artist; but a cultivated landscape teeming with living activities whose growth in strength and harmony shall continue through all the years.—Selected.

Twelve new pupils matriculated at the Dublin Graded School last Monday among the number were Mr. J. R. Kirk, of Cow Creek, and Miss Mollie Harris of Lagrange, Texas.

School has been full to overflowing during the last two weeks, we verily believe the citizens are coming to a more lively appreciation of this institution. Dublin has no other which can and will so greatly conserve her welfare.

A class in geology has just been organized and we hope that a more scientific spirit as well as a largely increased knowledge fund will be the result.

Mr, Ewalt is yet confined to his home by sickness.

Miss Lula Wilkins, an accomplished lady and teacher of several years experience in the schools of Michigan, is now filling the position creditably and acceptably.

We, last week published an article on the "True ends of Education" to which we add a few words.

Taking into consideration the short period of universal education and being so close to it in history we are prone to form an erroneous conclusion as to its aims or ends.

That is a false and dangerous education which begets within the recipient a distaste or antipathy for the common affairs of life, which causes the youth of the land to scorn the duties which his circumstances or environment devolve upon him. That is only a correct and profitable culture, which enables us to properly realize our position, amuse us to see opportunities for its improvement, and inspires us to boldly seize each opportunity with a firm grip and determination, never to release until its benefit has been obtained.

Call for Convention.

I hereby request the republicans of Erath county to assemble at Stephenville on the 27th of February for the purpose of electing delegates to the republican state convention which will meet in Austin, March 8th, 1892.

G. N. ARNOLD, Chairman.

W. C. T. U. Column.

MRS. DR. REW, Editor.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

W. C. T. U. meets at the residence of G. W. Andruss every Thursday afternoon at 4 o'clock.

The interest in the Loyal Temperance Legion still continues to increase. We are in need of more teachers. Who will come to our assistance?

The program last Sunday was quite interesting and the children hope to make the next one still more so.

WHISKY AND THE GRIP.

A reporter of the New York World recently asked Dr. George F. Shrady, an eminent Brooklyn physician, if is a good preventative of the grip. He replied: "Whisky is never good to ward off anything. Good food is the best means with which to ward off disease. To dose with whiskey is like adding shavings to the fire. There is no physical, mental or moral excuse for a man's drinking whiskey as a preventative of disease. Dr. Gairdner, professor of medicine in Glascow University, treated 500 cases of typhus fever without alcoholics; every one recovered, while of similar cases treated with alcohol many died. Alcohol in fever cases is given in connection with milk or alternating with it. Many eminent physicians say that stopping the milk and continuing the liquor is almost sure to result in death while they agree that where they have stopped the liquor and continued the milk the patients recovered more rapidly."

Mr. Geo. Doubleday, assistant postmaster at Hico was in the city yesterday and honored the PROGRESS with a call. Mr. Doubleday reports Hico in a prosperous condition and says that business in that thriving young city is excellent considering the times in general.

J. J. Eager and L. D. Young are favorably spoken of as candidates for aldermen in Ward No. 3.

Brad White announces in this issue for commissioner for Prec. No. 2. Mr. White would make an excellent official in this position and from his long settlement in this county, would be better qualified to serve than most any one who could be had.

Realy Worth Fifty Cents

Mr. R. L. Clemons at post office will put your watch in good time-keeping order for twenty-five cents. He has a little regulator that is there on time, and splits the seconds. Take your watch in the morning and get it in the evening, so with all other work, as to dispatch.

It is rumored that Postmaster General Wanamaker is to resign within a few days and be sent to Paris to succeed Reid, who has long desired to return to the United States. Its sequal is that James Clarkson is to be appointed postmaster general.

Pecans.

Home and Farm.

The secret of success in pecan culture is found in planting the best variety of pecans in good soil, and in the thorough cultivation of same until they come into bearing. While the trees are young they will not interfere with the growth of any crop it is desired to cultivate. The pecan tree thrives best in a generous soil, and, unless the soil is very rich, it will be found advisable to stimulate the trees by the use of muck, mulch or fertilizer. It is better to transplant the pecan tree at the age of one or two years. Avoid older trees unless they have received careful cultivation and attention in the nursery, for they are not apt to do so well. Indeed, the one-year-old trees are most desirable.

Pecan culture is in its infancy to-day and will rapidly advance within the next ten years. There is no danger of overdoing the business, for the demand to keep pace with the production, and the man who plants now will doubtless not only reap the reward in person but will leave a rich legacy to his children or those who succeed him. We have record of one wild pecan tree that has produced 1000 pounds of nuts in one season. Please estimate the value of that tree had it been of the choice varieties. Hence, plant the best; it will repay you many fold.

COUNTY CORRESPONDENCE.

BUNYAN'S ROUND-UPS.

The little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wright died the night of the 5th and was buried in the Bunyan cemetery. We sympathize with the bereaved family and hope when the cold hands of death calls the rest of the family, they will be prepared to meet their loved one that is gone on before to a better land than this, where there will be no parting any more.

Walter Thomas, of Green's Creek, is on the sick list this week.

There was service at the Baptist church Saturday night and Sunday, by Bro. Cox, from below Dublin.

The Bunyan school is progressing finely under the care of Mr. George Wadlington.

Health in this community is improving since our last.

The young folks of Bunyan had a party last week at the residence of P. C. Corbell, and all I have seen says they had a nice time.

There was a literary society organized last Friday night at Bunyan schoolhouse.

Bud Schooler is going to have a well punched if he has to go 200 feet, and if it costs him 500 bales of hay and the last old hen on the place.

Old "Uncle" Jack Lewis has moved his blacksmith shop from Bunyan, over on dry branch, near Lewis Steward's.

Mr. William Gayle traded horses the other day, what is going to happen, the first time in twenty-five years.

Mr. J. C. Davenport is the happy father of another big boy at his house.

Mr. Vandike was in our community last Saturday buying yearlings, the first this season.

We regret to say that H. P. Beadle and family has moved up near Strawn in Palo Pinto county. MORE ANON.

When Gov. Hogg threatened to veto the commission, if it contained the elective feature, and thereby frightened the legislature into acquiescence to his dictation, he drove a nail in his political coffin.—Bosque Citizen.

The Alexander News has again changed hands. This time Mr. A. A. Baldwin having retired and Mr. S. C. Wilkins taken his place.

Pronounced Hopeless, Yet Saved.

From a letter written by Mrs. Ada E. Hurd, of Groton, S. D., we quote: "Was taken with a bad cold, which settled on my Lungs, cough set in and finally terminated in Consumption. Four doctors gave me up, saying I could not live but a short time. I gave my self up to my Savior, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all, eight bottles; it has cured me, and thank God I am now a well and hearty woman." Trial bottes free at Herring & Chapman's drug store, regular size 50c. and $1.

The PROGRESS has a fine new Estey Organ for sale cheap and on easy terms. Call and see it. tf

A Sound Liver Makes A Man a Jet

Are you bilious, constipated or troubled with jaundice, sick headache, bad taste in mouth, foul breath, coated tongue, dyspepsia, indigestion, hot dry skin, pain in back and between the shoulders, chills and fever, etc? If you have any of these symptoms, your liver is out of order and your blood is being poisoned, because your liver does not act properly. Herbine will cure any disorder of the liver, stomach or bowels. It has no equal as a liver medicine. Price 75 cents. Sold by S. S. Davis. tf.

Every one should use P. P. P. because at this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize and enrich the blood.

Wanted. Wanted.

A liberal reward will be paid for the delivery or information leading to the recovery of any horse or cattle running on the range in any of the adjoining counties in this brand WTL connected. Write or deliver to Dublin Music Co., Dublin, Texas.

Care Your Corns By Using

Abbott's East Indian Corn Paint for corns, Bunions and Warts, it is great.

A prominent railroad superintendent living in Savannah, one suffering for years from malaria and general debility, says, on having recovered his health by the use of P. P. P., thinks that he will live forever, if he can always get P. P. P. (Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium). This party's name will be given on application.

DR. R. A. MILLER.
Physician & Surgeon.
Office over Hamilton & Chilton's
Dublin - Texas.

MC.LEMORE & LEWIS.
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS
Offer their professional services to their friend of Dublin and vicinity through the columns of the Progress.
Dublin - - - Texas.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruption on and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Herring & Chapman.

DUNS AND THEIR WAYS.

Different Types of Debt Collectors and How Each Should Be Treated.

"Few persons have had so extended an experience of duns as myself," said Noodles at the Platypus club. "In my bachelor days I was more than ordinarily reckless in my expenditures, and so it came about that I was forever over head and ears in debt. Naturally I became very expert in the difficult art of 'standing off' a creditor. To the novice in financial embarrassment a dun of any sort is most distressing, but custom hardens. My theory used to be that a gentleman should under no circumstances be remiss in meeting money obligations to his friends, but to owe tradsmen was not at all discreditable. That view of the case is widely held, I believe.

"There are many different kinds of duns for each of which a peculiar method of treatment should be practiced. Most readily dealt with is the humble and beseeching dun. He wants the money badly for some particular purpose and begs that you will let him have a small amount on account, at all events. This is not usually a judicious way to extort cash from a delinquent and you will find it easy to ask him to call again another day.

"More difficult to handle is the dun severe. He wants his money also and he means to have it. If you are not ready with it he would like to know why not. He is full of suggestive threats and not infrequently he is so rude as to utter them. He even goes so far as to say that legal measures will be invoked. However, if you are sufficiently experienced, you recognize all this as mostly bluff, and you put him off with promises of the customary fragility.

"Another type is a variation on the one I have just described. He may be termed the dun sarcastic. His manner is mildly insolent and he looks you coldly in the eye while he asks impertinent questions. You cannot help feeling rather withered by this style of proceeding, but the important thing is to hold your nerve. When he demands if you suppose he has a year's time to spend calling upon yourself to settle that little account you should reply coolly that you are quite willing that he shall not bother himself any further in the matter. Finally, if you retain your presence of mind, you may defeat him at his own game and make him so angry that he will give up the pursuit.

"One of the most effective duns is the patient bore. He comes around every day and looks unutterably sad when you tell him that you have nothing for him. This sort of thing becomes so annoying after a while that you are apt to pay up merely for the sake of getting rid of the persecution. Besides, it has a tendency to advertise the fact of your indebtedness unpleasantly. Your employer may inquire who the visitor is, if, as is likely, he turns up at the office.

"That leads me to consider another type—namely: the conspicuous dun. His role is to make you ashamed. At one time in Chicago a concern engaged in pursuing backward creditors dressed its agents in distinctive costumes and the latter drove around in vehicles on which a big sign was painted reading: 'Agency for the Collection of Bad Debts.' It was not pleasant to have a wagon of this sort standing in front of one's door. I have known a dun here in Washington to sit upon the front steps of a house on the reception day of the mistress and make some remark about his little claim to every guest who came in. Another instance I was told of by the victim, where a collector actually introduced himself to a private residence on such occasions, took a cup of tea in the drawing room, and, after some conversation with the puzzled hostess, drew out a bill and presented it to her.

"There is a more dignified kind of dun than any of those I have mentioned. He does not come to you, but you are expected to go to him. You receive a letter from a firm of 'lawyers' asking you to call and see them respecting a matter of importance. If you have been caught that way two or three times before you are likely to do the wise thing and fail to respond. At most you will send a line in reply, requesting to know what the business is. Of course, if they have anything of moment to communicate it is properly their affair to say what it is about. But in forty-nine cases out of fifty the recipient of such a communication falls into the trap. The unexplanatory character of the missive makes him nervous, and he considers that for all he knows there may be 'something to his advantage' in it. So he visits the lawyers and then they have him. They know that a debtor can be much more effectively bullied in their own office than anywhere else. Sometimes they will so phrase their letter as to indicate that they have 'a claim' against the person to whom it is addressed, not mentioning what claim. Thus his anxiety is aroused. It is all a play on human nature. They are apt to say, 'call and avoid trouble.' It is wonderful how solicitous these fellows always are lest their victims be put to trouble.

"Dunning letters usually frighten the unsophisticated. That is what they are intended to do. But experienced creditors simply tear them up and think no more about them. They are mere formulas, as a rule, and the threats they convey are verbiage and nothing more. In fact they are to be justly regarded as cheering evidence on the part of the creditor, since appeals by mail only cost the writer postage stamps and need not injuriously affect the recipient. As a rule, they are not even read.

"Once upon a time, when I was particularly desirous of avoiding two or three persistent duns, I gave notice in the reception-room of the office where I was employed to the effect that any unknown person who called should be informed that I was out. In this way I managed to stand them off for some time, but not without arousing their suspicion somewhat. This I was given to understand by letters which they wrote me, but I did not thoroughly comprehend until it came to my knowledge that the boy in the reception room, whenever he denied me to a caller, was invariably so overcome by his sense of the ludicrous in the situation as to immediately turn a number of handsprings in the presence of the stranger. This was naturally calculated to excite incredulity.

"Finally I hit upon a desperate expedient. I bribed the office boy, and the result was that when the next dun called the ingenious youth shook his head solemnly in response to a request to see me.

"'Did you give Mr. Noodles my card yesterday?' asked the creditor.

"'Yes, sir.'

"'What did he say?'

"'He said to tell you that he was dead, sir.'

"'Dead?'

"'Yes, sir. And what's more, he's going to stay dead until you quit coming here.'

"'Did he say what he died of?'

"'Yes, sir. He mentioned your name, sir.'

"'Thank you!' said the dun, and he walked out. I never saw him afterward."—Washington Star.

HARRIS MILKED THE COWS.

A Smart United States Senator Who Never Got Left.

Once upon a time many a year ago Isham G. Harris, the senior United States senator from Tennessee, was making a canvass of his county of Franklin for office—the legislature, perhaps, or was it for congess? At any rate he and his opponent traveled around together, their personal relations being very pleasant. I do not now recall the name of Mr. Harris' worthy competitor, but for convenience will call him Jones. It was their habit in this canvass to spend the night with some farmer.

Late one afternoon after a long day's ride on horseback they drew rein before the humble dwelling of Mr. Scott, an aged agriculturist of acknowledged influence in his district, but whose store of worldly goods was not to be compared to that of some of our modern money kings. The Scotts didn't even employ a servant.

Mr. Harris was very anxious to make a favorable impression upon this family, for its head was the power at the polls in those days. Mr. Jones was also quite willing to go to any trouble to secure Mr. Scott's good opinion, for he was known all over the country as the "boss" of this particular precinct.

The two candidates were cordially received, and while the farmer busied himself with caring for the horses his good wife prepared to milk the cows, which duty she always performed prior to cooking the evening meal.

There were no babies in the house to kiss, no daughters to flatter, no sons to praise, and as the candidates revolved these things over in their minds each determined to do something that would gain for himself the lasting good will of the "old lady."

Mr. Harris, always quick to think and act, went out and drove up the cows, letting down the bars with his own hands, and standing by ready to render any further service that might suggest itself while Mrs. Scott was fetching the pails.

Jones didn't propose to be "left," and, casting about for something to turn his hands to, discovered that the water bucket was empty. That was a godsend. Seizing the pail, he was off like a shot to the spring, taking care to pass near Mrs. Scott that she might see how readily he could adapt himself to circumstances.

Mr. Harris took in the situation at a glance, and nearly lost his breath when he saw the good housewife smile her acknowledgments at his opponent. It really looked as though Jones had the best of it, for wasn't the bringing of a pail of water from the spring a quarter of a mile away a superior service to the rather tame act of letting down the bars for the cows to pass in from the pasture to the milking lot?

Jones did not deign to look at Harris as he walked proudly on his way to the spring. But Harris' mind was not idle, and before Jones was half way down the hill, at the foot of which he was to fill his bucket with water, he had evolved a brilliant idea.

Jones reached the spring and filled his vessel, and as he came up the hill near the house was heard humming the old familiar air of "Comin' Thro' the Rye." He was feeling very comfortable at that moment, for he realized that his adversary "was not in it" when it came to a contest and the prize was a woman's smile.

But his complacency was destined to a speedy overthrow, for his surprise and consternation knew no bounds when, arriving at the bars, he saw the wily Harris sitting on a stool, his head half buried in the cow's flank, milking away for dear life.

History records the fact that Mr. Harris carried the Scott precinct election day.—Nashville Banner.

ABOUT DIAMONDS.

Scientists Cannot Account For Their Formation.

The diamond, one of the most beautiful products of nature, is at the same time one of its greatest mysteries. How can the black lead of your pencil be, so to speak, own brother to the most brilliant of gems? They are both crystallized carbon, but how unlike! The chemist who could find out the secret of turning common carbon into diamonds would be able to heap up a fortune by the side of which Monte Cristo's cave of treasures would look poor enough; and there are chemists who do not give up hope of some day discovering the priceless secret.

Of late years, the scientific study of the diamond has led into a new field of investigation. Men have found out, not how nature makes diamonds, but where she makes them, and that is a great step in advance. There is strong evidence of a connection of some kind between diamonds and volcanoes.

In the South African diamond fields the gems are found in what are called "pipes," which are round or oval stems of a peculiar kind of rock, several acres in extent at the top, and running down to unknown depths into the earth. Near the surface this rock, which is rich in iron, is disintegrated by exposure to the weather, and assumes a yellowish color. It would not be exactly true to say that it holds diamonds as a pudding holds plums, but the imagination naturally forms such a simile. The precious pebbles are readily extracted from the friable rock.

Deeper down the "pipe" changes character. The rock becomes a comparatively hard, blue mass, much more difficult to work. Yet it is still sprinkled through with diamonds, lying embedded in the molds where nature made them. This blue rock has to be exposed to the weather or treated with water before it will yield up its treasures.

Now it is clear from the nature and appearance of the diamond bearing rock that it is of volcanic origin, and the "pipes" are evidently the necks of ancient volcanoes whose fires died out probably thousands of years ago. When we consider that the diamond burns and is consumed at a high temperature, we cannot think that the gems contained in those ancient pipes of rock were brought there from the interior of the earth while the rock was in a molten condition.

It is far more probable that, under peculiar conditions of pressure and temperature, they were formed where they are now found while the rock was cooling off. It remains to be learned what the real conditions of their formation were.

It is very interesting to know that this "mother rock" of the diamonds, as it is called, bears a considerable analogy to some of the meteoric stones that fall out of the heavens.

If the ancients had known this fact, they would have invented a romantic story of some celestial forge in which the gods made gems; but we more practical minded moderns simply draw the conclusion that some of the meteorites that fall upon the earth may possibly have been ejected from its volcanoes, or from the volcanoes of some other planet, and have gone circling through space until, meeting with the earth, gravitation brought them down again.—Youth's Companion.

A CHARITABLE HORSE.

A Story Illustrating the Force of Habit.

There is a story told of a precise old gentleman who, having purchased a pony for driving, was annoyed by the animal's stopping at every public house he passed in his drives. The pony gave sure indication of the habits of its former owner. The horse of Kosciusko, the celebrated Polish general, appears to have had a different training.

When the Polish leader was living in exile in Switzerland he wished to send a few bottles of choice wine to a clergyman who dwelt at Solothurn. He intrusted the wine to a young man named Zelteur, lending him his own horse on which to perform the journey. Young Zelteur set out with the basket of bottles and was cantering along the road, when a poor man approached, and, pulling off his hat, asked for alms. The horse immediately came to a full stop and refused to move for either coaxing or threats. This was awkward for the young man, who had no money, and the horse seemed to be waiting for something; but a bright idea seized him. He plunged his hand into his empty pocket and pretended to take out some money and made a motion as if putting it in the poor man's hat. This he had no sooner done than the animal trotted on again.

After going on for some distance another beggar pulled off his hat and the horse again stood still. This time Zelteur was prepared for the occasion and pretended to put money in the man's hat. The animal went on his way quite satisfied. The wine was duly delivered to the clergyman and Zelteur, having encountered during the journey several mendicants, all of whom he induced the horse to pass by pretending to give them something, returned to Kosciusko and told him he would never ride his horse again unless he also lent him his purse.

"Why so?" asked Kosciusko. And then the young man, much to the general's amusement, narrated the incidents of the journey and how he was obliged to pretend to give something to the poor beggars in order to satisfy the horse.—Philadelpeia Times.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—Princess Victoria Mary of Teck, the betrothed of the late Prince "Collars and Cuffs," is a good musician and vocalist. She is the best looking young woman in the British royal family and is twenty-two years old.

—A Brazilian senator has proposed that the legislature of the new republic dispense with the services of the shorthand reporters and use Edison's phonograph to record and report the speeches of the members.

—Mrs. Ann Walter Thomas, an English lady otherwise noted as a linguist, has the credit of being the best Welsh scholar living. The uninitiated who have seen a sentence or two of that language in print will not be disposed to limit the credit.

—The interesting fact has leaked out that within the space of five years A. J. Drexel and other members of the family have given away over $5,000,000 for charitable purposes. The Drexels seem to have an abiding sense of the responsibility the possession of wealth conveys.

—James E. Cooper, the old circus man who died in Philadelphia a few days ago, left a fortune of $2,000,000 earned in the business. It was Mr. Cooper who in 1865 engaged Dan Rice, the famous clown, at a salary of $1,000 a week and all his expenses, that being the largest salary ever paid to any single performer.

—The divorce contagion has reached Kaffirland. Not long ago a chief invoked the assistance of the law to enable him to dispense with a wife on the following complaints: "Wife talk too much with neighbors; too much paint face and eyebrows; too much snore in sleep; too much loss, and too much no good." And yet the Kaffir cannot acquire the graces of civilization.

—Bartholdi, the sculptor, is said to be greatly troubled over the threatened loss of his house, on account of the new Boulevard Raspail, which in order to run from the Boulevard St. Germain to the observatory, must go directly through the residence in which the greater part of the sculptor's work has been done. Bartholdi has begged the municipal council to have this change postponed until he has completed the work upon which he is now engaged.

—The sale by Mme. Judic at public auction of all her valuable possessions, composing jewels, pictures, tapestries and silverware, brings out the fact that this most popular prima donna of French opera bouffe has lost nearly all her powers of attraction. Her inimitable diction remains, but her voice, beauty and grace have all departed. Her figure has become unwieldy because of an excess of embonpoint, while her arms are painfully thin. It is some years since she appeared on the Parisian stage.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—Good looks go a long way, but finally the paint wears off and there you are.—Galveston News.

—When a drunkard gets lost his friends don't worry. They know he will soon "turn up."—Columbus Post.

—First Irishman—"Pore Flanagan has jist been drowned." Second Irishman—"He's a lucky bhoy. Oi always thought he'd be hanged."—Comic.

—Life is made of compensations. By the time a man is old enough to realize what a lot he does not know he is too old to worry over it.—Indianapolis Journal.

—A young Main street merchant has a queer paper weight. It is the first biscuit his wife ever made after taking a dozen lessons in a cooking school.—Bolivar Breeze.

—He—"Well, how is Mr. Jones getting on since his accident?" She—"They say he doesn't seem like himself." He—"Well, that must be a comfort to his wife."—Boston Beacon.

—Old gentleman (stepping out on car platform as car stops at a way station, and sniffing the fresh air)—"Isn't this invigorating?" Brakeman (shifting his quid)—"No. Peekskill."—Drake's Magazine.

—Another Lie Nailed.—"I have a horse that has run a mile in one-twenty." "Is his tail bobbed?" "No; why?" "Because it is best for a horse-tale like that to be cut short."—Kate Field's Washington.

—Mrs. Oldgirl—"Yes, I am a grandmother. Only think of it! A grandmother at forty! How does it strike you?" Mrs. Planetung—"It strikes me that a woman's age is one of those things which can never be definitely determined save by an intimate acquaintance with the family register in the domestic Bible."—Boston Transcript.

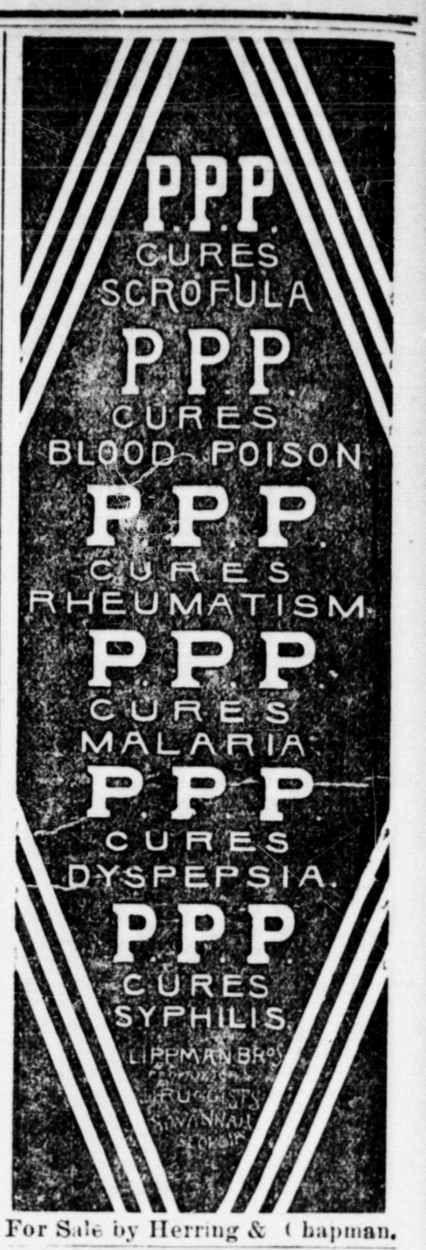
—Physician—"Well, my friend, what ails you?" Patient—"I cannot sleep, doctor." Physician—"What are you doing during the day?" Patient—"Well, I work like a horse, eat like a wolf, and am as tired as a dog when I come home, and still can't get any sleep." Physician—"Sorry I cannot help you. You will have to consult a veterinarian."

—The English language is full of pitfalls for the foreign student of its intricacies. The Boston Commonwealth tells that a private tutor recently showed a young German pupil's rendering of the familiar lines:

"Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream."

His pupil had bent all his energies to the work of translation, and this was the result:

"Tell me not in sadful poetry
Life is the larger end of a vain imagine."

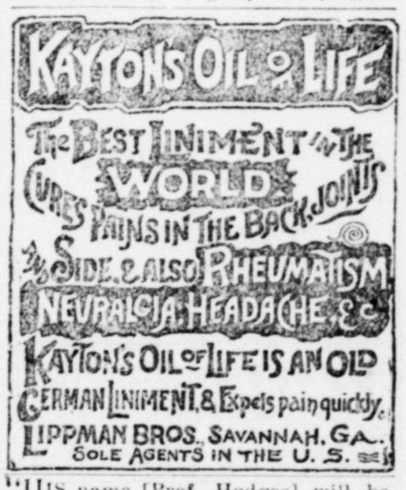


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—Electrical Age, May 2, 1891

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OUR WOODEN WAR SHIPS.

They Drop Out Faster Than Steel Ships Are Built to Replace Them.

The days of our wooden navy are almost numbered. Outside of the receiving ships and the apprentice squadron, which are composed of old-time sailing craft or of steamers retired as unserviceable for general cruising, only seventeen wooden vessels above the rank of tugs survive. Three of these, the Omaha, the Nipsic and the Swatara, will probably never again go into active service, and a fourth, the Tallapoosa, is to be sold this winter at public auction on the South Atlantic station. Still another, the Enterprise, is used for the cadets at Annapolis while the new steel practice vessel is building at Elizabethport, and when this is finished, her sea career will be nearly over. The gallant old Hartford is no longer in active service. These deductions leave us only eleven wooden vessels to rely upon.

Eight years ago, when our new steel fleet was begun, there were no fewer than thirty-seven serviceable wooden vessels. Even a year ago there were eighteen. These veterans are going fast, and Chief Instructor Wilson says that by the end of 1894 only two of them will be left. He gives the Pensacola a year of life; the Iroquois, Kearsarge and Thetis, two years; the Adams, Alliance, Essex, Marion and Mohican, three years. The stout old Lancaster, now thirty-four years of age, having been well overhauled and supplied with new boilers, ought to last half a dozen years more, and so pass into honorable retirement with forty years of service. The Yantic may contest with her the honor of being the last of the wooden vessels in the service.

But some of these vessels may prolong their careers in the apprentice squadron or at moorings. Much older than any thus far mentioned are the Portsmouth and Jamestown, twelve-gun training ships with sail propulsion only, the former of which was built in 1843 and the latter in 1845. Between these come the St. Mary's, the New York public marine school ship; while the veteran of our fleet, the Saratoga, will have her semi-centenary next year. Passing her green old age, as she does, in the placid waters of Philadelphia as the public marine school ship of that port, her obituary may not be written for many years to come.

Of all the wooden vessels ,relics of the elder navy, there are two that deserve to go far down the twentieth century, preserved as exhibition ships for the benefit of posterity. These are the Hartford, Farragut's flagship; and the Kearsarge, with which Winslow sent the Alabama to the bottom of the sea. They should be kept for generations yet unborn to gaze upon, as England keeps Nelson's flagship Victory.

If there were thirty-seven serviceable wooden ships when our new fleet was begun, it is clear that in numbers we have since then only been partly supplying the places of the vessels that have dropped out. Of course, the gain in efficiency has been immeasurable; but in numbers the reverse is true, because we have now complete for service only fourteen new vessels, counting in the torpedo boat Cushing, so that we are behind the list of 1882 and 1883. The ships added are, naturally, far better, with the modern improvements in construction, but some of our older vessels were as good for their day as our best ships are for present times. We have, therefore, not yet got up to the point of increasing the navy, in accordance with the growing power, resources and needs of the country. We have not yet even made up for the dropping out of the wooden vessels. And, what is more, at the reckoning of Chief Constructor Wilson upon the longevity of our fast diminishing stock of wooden vessels, it will be a long time before, in point of numbers, we shall have reached the standard of years ago.

Numbers as well as power must be had for station work in all parts of the world. The wooden ships carry the lesson, therefore, for congress that the work of building up the new navy must not be relaxed.—N. Y. Sun.

BIG TURTLES OF THE SEA.

Facts About Great Marine Tortoises and How They Are Used.

As the dealer made the remark he took out a bucket and handed to a Star reporter three or four little white spheres. Each one was about an inch in diameter and looked as if it was covered with exquisitely delicate canvas.

"Those were laid by a loggerhead turtle," he explained. "I have seen tortoises of that kind which would weigh one thousand pounds apiece. Sometimes they grow to one thousand five hundred or one thousand six hundred pounds, I understand. Sea turtles get to be monsters. There is a kind called the 'leather-back,' which is bigger than the loggerhead, but they are very rare. However, they aren't good for much, only their oil being good for a lubricator.

"You take a one thousand pound loggerhead and he will measure seven or eight feet in length and nine across the back, including the flippers. He is a very fast and strong swimmer, so that you must catch him asleep on the water if you expect to bag him. Specimens are often seen many miles from land, floating on the wave. Unlike the other great sea turtles, which prefer a vegetable diet, the loggerhead is carnivorous. It has very powerful jaws, and with them it easily cracks the shells of large conches, eating the meat. The young ones are said to be pretty good in a stew or soup, but those which are full grown are leathery and musky in flavor. Some times the oil from the fat is smeared on the sides of vessels to keep worms from eating the wood.

"In the spring the female loggerhead comes ashore and scoops out a pit with her hind legs in the sand on the south side of the shoal. Then she lays from one hundred and fifty to two hundred eggs in the hole and covers them up again with the sand, leaving them to be hatched by the heat of the sun. Bears are ever so found of turtle eggs of all sorts, and they dig up the nests wherever they can find them, gobbling amazing quantities. I have known as many as thirteen nests to be robbed by a single bear in one night. As soon as they are hatched the young ones scuttle into the water. Crabs, fishes and shellfish of all sorts contribute to the diet of these tortoises.

"Turtle eggs are an acquired taste with most people, although they are not so with bears. They have a round, yellow yolk and a white like any other eggs, but you can cook them for a year and the white part will remain liquid. We sell them mostly to colored folks. Notice the curious dimple in the side of each one. If you squeeze it out the dimple appears on the other side, and you can never get hold of a turtle's egg which hasn't got a dimple in.

"Most of the green turtles that reach the northern market come from southern Florida, but there is another species on the Pacific coast. They grow bigger as you go farther south. In this latitude they aren't often found larger than eight pounds, but at Cedar Keys they reach a thousand pounds in weight. They live in deep water and feed on sea plants, mostly the kind called 'turtle grass,' which they cut off near the roots, eating the lower parts and leaving the tops floating, so that it collects in great fields and marks the spots where the animals are to be hunted by the fishermen.

"After browsing on such ocean pastures the green turtles go the mouths of rivers for baths in fresh water, which they seem to need from time to time. The Florida fishermen say the reptiles enter the creeks and roll together masses of grass, cementing them into balls with clay. When the turn of the tide takes the balls out to sea they follow them. The fishermen watch for such balls floating down the creeks, and when they see them they stretch nets across the mouths of the streams and always catch the turtles.

"In springtime the female green turtle seeks the shore of a barren island or the bank of a lonely river to lay her eggs. Being very shy, she makes a landing at night cautiously and crawls to a point above high-water mark, where she digs a hole one or two feet deep with her flippers. In this hole she lays from one hundred to two hundred eggs, arranging them very carefully. Finally she scoops the loose sand over the eggs, leveling and smoothing it so that is hardly possible to tell that there is a nest there. The Tortugas islands are a favorite haunt for green turtles.

Pelicans and other big birds frequent the breeding grounds and snap up the young ones as they make for the water. I dare say that you know that the green flesh attached to the upper shell is called 'calipash,' while the yellow flesh attached to the lower shell is called 'calipee.' From the eggs an oil is obtained, but what is called 'turtle oil' soap is really made from beef fat.

"Sometimes the flesh of the tortoise-shell turtle is eaten, but it is not good for much. There are two species—the 'tortoise-shell' and the 'hawksbill'—with not much difference between them. Although their diet is a vegetable one they are much more fierce than the carnivorous loggerhead. They bite very severely, and those who catch them sometimes receive painful wounds. I have understood that the finest tortoise-shell comes from the Indian archipelago and is shipped from Singapore, but much of it is obtained on the Florida coast. There are three rows of plates on the back, called 'blades' by the fishermen. In the central row are five plates, and in each of the other four plates, the latter containing the best material. Besides these there are twenty-five small plates around the edge of the shell, known as 'feet' or 'noses.' The biggest turtle does not furnish more than sixteen pounds of tortoise shell. Formerly the under shell was thrown away, being considered worthless, but at present it is very highly valued for its delicacy of coloring. Nowadays a very beautiful imitation of tortoise shell is made out of cows' horns. Hunting for the great sea tortoises affords a good living to many thousands of fishermen in the world."—Washington Star.

Cases in Point.

"You needn't talk to me about heredity," said Mrs. Gazzam to her husband, who had been endeavoring to elucidate the subject. "I know there's nothing in it."

"Oh, you do?"

"Yes, I do. Now look at the Snooper children, for instance. Four boys and two girls, all grown up long ago, and every one a bachelor or an old maid. Don't tell me they got that from their parents."—N. Y. Sun.

—"So you gave your sister a beautiful birthday present, did you, Tommy?" "Yes'm. I always give Susie a present on her birthday, because mine comes a week after hers."

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

—Potatoes Stewed with Celery.—Pare and slice the potatoes, and put them in a stewpan with two or three teaspoonfuls of minced celery. Use only the white portion of the celery and mince it finely. Cover the whole with milk sufficient to cook and prevent burning, and stew until tender. Season with cream and salt.—Good Health.

—A new idea for piano covers is to take the yard squares of stamped velours, otherwise scorched canton flannel, which are sold in every fancy store for forty-five and fifty cents, etch the designs with rope silk and trim with fringe. The result is a very handsome cover, and it will prove a very serviceable one as well. One square and a half makes the cover, of course for an upright piano.

—Apple Snow.—Peel and grate one large sour apple, sprinkling over it a small cupful of powdered sugar as you grate it, to keep it from turning dark. Break into this the whites of two eggs and beat it all constantly for half an hour. Use a large bowl, as it beats up very stiff and light. Heap this into a glass dish, pour a fine, smooth custard around it and serve. This is a very delicate dessert.—Detroit Free Press.

—Welch Rarebit.—One-quarter of a pound of cream cheese, one-fourth of a cup of milk or cream, one teaspoonful mustard, half a teaspoon of salt, a few grains of cayenne, one egg, one teaspoonful of butter, four slices of toast; break the cheese in small pieces, or, if hard, grate it; put it, with the milk, in a double boiler; toast the bread and keep it hot; mix the mustard, salt and pepper; add the egg, and beat well; when the cheese is melted, stir in the egg and butter, and cook two minutes, or until it thickens a little, but do not let it curdle, pour it over the toast.—Boston Herald.

—Light Pastry for Tarts.—Beat the white of an egg to stiff froth; then mix it with enough water to make a light quart of flour into a stiff dough. Roll it out very thin; then lay the third part of half a pound of butter upon it in little bits. Dredge it with a portion of the flour reserved for this purpose, and roll it up tightly, with a light touch though. Roll the dough out again, and dot it over with the same quantity of butter cut into bits, and so proceed until all the shortening is worked up. The oftener pastry is rolled the lighter and flaky it becomes; Many persons think that to put half lard and half butter makes fairer pastry than all butter.—Harper's Bazar.

—Odds and Ends of Bread Pudding.—Break bits of stale crusts and crumb enough to fill the pint measure just evenly full. Do not attempt to make this pudding with fresh bread or it will be a sodden lumpy failure. Put the bread in a tin saucepan, cover with a quart of milk and let it come to boiling point; then stir in a little butter and salt to taste and about an eighth of a nutmeg, grated. If vanilla is used put it in just before baking. Set the bread and milk aside to cool, and when cold stir in two eggs beaten with half a cup of sugar; bake in a quart dish and brown nicely. This may be served with or without sauce, but is very nice in cold weather if allowed to cool just enough to make it firm; it need not become cold, and eaten with a piping hot sweetened white sauce, flavored with vanilla; in this latter case do not put as much sweetening in the pudding.—N. Y. World.

BUCKWHEAT CAKES.

An Improved Griddle For Baking Them More Rapidly.

An improved griddle for baking cakes really consists of four round griddles, each large enough for one cake, attached to an oblong griddle long enough for four cakes. As soon as both sides of the griddle are heated put cakes upon the four round griddles. As soon as they are cooked on one side the small griddles are quickly turned over, and with a stroke of the fork the cakes are left on it, brown and unbroken. While they are cooking on the other side, fresh cakes can be put upon the small griddles. It is claimed that in this way eight cakes a minute can be baked, and much more satisfactorily than in the old fashioned way. A famous maker of buckwheat cakes places a cosey of cotton and cheesecloth over the pitcher that contains her batter on cold nights, thus protecting it from a chill. To insure perfect lightness the cakes are beaten ten minutes in the morning with a Keystone eggbeater. New kettles of granite have asbestos bottoms, and, though slightly heavier than kettles without, are much more useful.—N. Y. Post.

Shrewsbury Cake Recipe.

Among the recipes in a manuscript cook book which has come down to its present owner through several generations is one for the Shrewsbury cakes which made the pastry cooks of old Shrewsbury as famous as were those of another town for "Banbury buns." This is the recipe: One pound of powdered sugar and three-quarters of a pound of butter to be beaten to a foam, and four eggs whipped until one can whip no more. Then add a very little flour, roll as thin as possible without using much more flour and cut in scalloped shapes. The old Shrewsbury cakes had a solitary big currant stuck in the middle. However, modern ones have all sorts of pretty finishing touches, as stars made of blanched almonds, a criss-cross of citron, a whole date or a fig split and imbedded in the dough.—Chicago Post.

A. A CHAPMAN, President. R. H. McCAIN, Vice-President. C. L. PENDLETON. Casher.

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A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest U. S. Government Food Rep*

Alliance Department.

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Sec. Treas., Mrs. N. L. Barrett, Dallas, Texas.
Lecturer, J. M. Purdue, West Mountan, Tex.
W. L. Clark, Stephenville Ch'm.)
W. A. High, Blooming Grove, (Ex.) Com.
W. O. Granbury, Austin, Texas.)
W. J. Jackson, Cornhill, Ch'm.)
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W. W. Baird, Lenore, Texas.)

11TH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OFFICERS.

President, D. M. Rumph, Alexander, Texas.
Vice-President, J. W. Biard, Lenore, Texas.
Sec. Treasurer, H. C. Williams, Gorman, Tex.

11TH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT ALLIANCE will meet at Santo, Palo Pinto county ten miles east of Gordon on the Texas Pacific Railroad on the fourth Tuesday in July, the 26th day of said month, 1892.

ERATH COUNTY OFFICERS.

President, D. M. Rumph, Alexander, Texas.
Vice-President, J. J. Turpin, Topaz, Texas.
Sec. Treasurer, Jas. S. Daley, Dublin, Texas.
Lecturer, T. L. Stigler, Chalk Mountain, Tex
A. C. Venable, Stephenville Texas.)
W. J. Stell, Lingleville, Texas. (Ex. Com.
M. G. Martin, Carlton, Texas.)

ERATH COUNTY ALLIANCE meets on the First Wednesday in April at 2 o'clock p. m. with Flat Creek Alliance, 18 miles west of Dub lin, on the lower Desdemona road.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

Dublin Alliance meets every Tuesday night at Justice's court room.

Fairview Alliance meets every first and third Saturday in each month.

Bosque Creek Alliance meets every second Saturday in each month.

Oak Dale Alliance meets every second and fourth Saturday in each month.

Lone Star Alliance meets every second and fourth Saturday in each month at 2 p. m..

College Hill Alliance meets every second and fourth Saturday in each month.

Black Jack Alliance meets Saturday before the first Sunday in each month at 1 p. m.

Pleasant Grove Alliance meets every Saturday before the first and third Sunday.

Bryan Alliance meets on the first Saturday in each month.

Antioch Alliance meets on Saturday evening before the first and Friday night before the third Sunday in each month.

Chalk Mountain Alliance meets on Saturday before the first and third Sundays.

Flat Creek Alliance meets every Saturday before the first and third Sunday.

Mt. Zion Alliance meets every Saturday before the first and Friday before the third Sunday in each month.

Highland Alliance, four miles northwest of Dublin, meets at 1 o'clock p. m. Saturday before the second and Friday night before the fourth Sundays.

Oak Grove Alliance, four miles south of Dublin, meets on Saturday at 2 p. m. before the second and Friday night before the 4th Sundays.

Pleasant Home Alliance meets at 1 o'clock every Saturday evening before the second and Friday night before the fourth Sunday.

APPOINTMENTS.

Bro. W. Brandenburg will deliver Alliance lectures at the following named places and times in Erath county.

Black Grove,	7 p. m.,	Monday,	February	15
Fairview Grove,	"	Tuesday,	"	16
Bosque,	"	Wednesday,	"	17
Dublin,	"	Thursday,	"	18
Chalk Mountain,	"	Friday,	"	19
Bagley,	2 "	Saturday,	"	20
Hickory Point	7 "	Monday,	"	22
Valley Grove,	"	Tuesday,	"	23
Lone Star,	"	Wednesday,	"	24
Pine Valley,	"	Thursday,	"	25
Lingleville,	"	Friday,	"	26
Highland,	"	Saturday,	"	27
Flat Creek,	"	Monday,	"	29
Pleasant Home,	"	Tuesday,	March	1
Alta Vista,	"	Wednesday,	"	2
Antioch,	"	Thursday,	"	3
Lingleville,	"	Friday,	"	4
Salem,	"	Saturday,	"	5
Bear Creek,	"	Monday,	"	7
Pleasant Ridge,	"	Tuesday,	"	8
Glenwood,	"	Wednesday	"	9
Oak Dale,	"	Thursday,	"	10
Mayo's Hill,	"	Friday,	"	11
Fairview,	"	Saturday,	"	12
Mount Zion Hill,	7 "	Monday,	"	14
Wesley's Chappel	"	Tuesday,	"	15
Paluxy and Creek	"	Wednesday,	"	16
Bee Springs,	"	Thursday,	"	17
Mount Carmel,	"	Friday,	"	18
Hickory Hill,	2 "	Saturday,	"	19
Bosque,	7 "	Monday,	"	21
Cowan's Fields S. H.	"	Tuesday,	"	22
Flat Rock,	"	Wednesday,	"	23
Pleasant Hill,	"	Thursday,	"	24
Cox's Creek,	"	Friday,	"	25
Lingleville S. H.,	"	Saturday,	"	26
Erath,	"	Monday,	"	28
Carlton,	"	Wednesday,	"	30
Bethlehem,	"	Thursday,	"	31

J. S. DALEY,
Secty. E. C. F. A.

When the democratic party forces the tariff to the front at the expense of the silver question, it simply destroys its own vitality.

NEWS CONDENSATIONS.

A typhus scourge is sweeping over New York.

Four anarchists were recently executed at Madrid, Spain.

Ice was plentiful at Killeen, Bell county, Texas, last Friday morning.

The oil mill at Cuero, Texas, shipped 300 barrels of butter to New York recently.

Cotton sold at Palestine, Texas, last week at three and one-half cents per pound.

An old negro woman, said to have been 115 years old, died at Hawkins, Texas, the other day.

It is said that Mrs. Brown of Ardmore, Indian Territory, will soon apply for license to practice law.

The farmers in the vicinity of McGregor have decided to increase the acreage of cotton this year.

Cary Robertson and wife have been arrested at Lockhart, Texas, charged with whipping their child to death.

The commissioners court of Llano have ordered an immense iron bridge to be built across the Llano river at that place.

The farmers of Grimes county have declared their intention of trying the culture of tobacco this year. It is believed it can be raised successfully.

A slander suit is before the district court in Minnesota. Rev. Theodore Venn has brought suit against Rev. Robt. Hughes for $20,000 damages.

It is thought that the copper mines near Henrietta will soon be put in successful operation. The ore is said to be of the best quality and almost inexhaustable.

T. L. Marsalis of Dallas has written to parties at Oak Cliff, from Philadelphia, that capital has been secured for putting cotton mills in operation at Oak Cliff.

Hamilton Gray, the oldest postmaster in the United States, died in Tennessee last week. He had served in that capacity at the same office since his appointment by President Polk.

Three children were playing on the track near Ashville, N. C., recently, in front of an approaching train. The mother ran out to save them and she and one child were ground to pieces.

E. Flores, a wealthy ranchman, was arrested last week charged with being a Garza revolutionist. He was taken to San Antonio, and gave bond for his appearance at the next term of court.

An old gentleman from Keokuk, Ia., went to Fairfield, Ill., last week, met an old lady for the first time, fell desperately in love, proposed, was accepted, secured a license and married the lady in thirty minutes after meeting her.

At the close of a speech by Roger Q. Mills recently made at a reception, he utters the following words: "I will follow wherever the flag points to free trade; I will follow wherever the flag goes no matter who carries it; and I will fight wherever the battle is pitched."

In the justice's court at Hamilton last week Joe Williams had his examining trial and was bound over to await the action of the grand jury under an accusation of having held Artis Lawhorn while Dr. J. C. Milner, Jr., used his knife on him in the recent affray between Milner and Lawhorn.

Mrs. Mary Bradley, of Everett, Kan., was convicted of child murder on the 13th inst. in the first degree. Mrs. Bradley's son betrayed his niece, after which he married another girl. The niece gave birth to a child and the mother, in order to silence the wrong done the niece and also to protect her son, poisoned her child.

Some time ago Henry Massey, while driving across the Santa Fe track near Ladonia, was struck by a train and badly hurt. He was engaged to be married in a short time to a young lady, who hearing of his accident went to see him and remained to nurse him. As she did not return home her father went after her. She did not want to go with him so a minister was sent for and they were married.

Mr. Buntington of New York introduced two tariff bills in the house at Washington last Saturday. One places a duty of 1 cent a pound on tin plate or tagger's tins, and 1 and 210ths of a cent per pound on terne plates with a drawback of 5 per cent of the duty paid on exported cans, boxes and packages made from imported tin plate; after Oct. 1, 1896, the articles named are to be placed on the free list. The second bill repeals after July 1, 1893, the duty of 4 cents per pound on pig iron.

The preliminary canvass for the re-election of President Diaz, has begun in Piedras Negras by effecting the organization of a political club in which those joining the same delegate to the directors the power of casting their votes for president. It is believed that the president will be unanimously elected and that there will not be a sollitary dissenting vote against him. Piedras Negras will cast a unanimous vote for his re-election, as was shown by the citizens to-day. No other candidate was mentioned.

LONG LIFE

Is possible only when the blood is pure and vigorous. To expel Scrofula and other poisons from the circulation, the superior medicine is AYER'S Sarsaparilla. It imparts permanent strength and efficiency to every organ of the body. Restoration to perfect health and strength

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AYER'S Sarsaparilla. Mary Schubert, Kansas City, Ks., writes:

"I am convinced that after having been sick a whole year from liver complaint, Ayer's Sarsaparilla saved my life. The best physicians being unable to help me, and having tried three other proprietary medicines without benefit, I at last took Ayer's Sarsaparilla. The result was a complete cure. Since then I have recommended this medicine to others, and always with success"

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Close connections in all of the above cities with fast trains of Eastern and Northern lines makes the M. K. & T. the best line to

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HE Missed his Opportunity! DON'T Miss Yours, Reader. The majority neglect their opportunities, and from that cause live in poverty and die in obscurity! Harrowing despair is the lot of many, as they look back on lost, forever lost, opportunity. Life is passing! Rouse it out. Be up and doing. Improve your opportunity, and secure prosperity, prominence, peace. It was said by a philosopher, that "the Goddess of Fortune offers a golden opportunity to each person at some period of life; embrace the chance, and she pours out her riches; fail to do so and she departs, never to return." How shall you find the GOLDEN opportunity? Investigate every chance that appears worthy, and of fair promise; that is what all successful men do. Here is an opportunity, such as is not often within the reach of laboring people. Improved, it will give, at least, a grand start in life. The GOLDEN opportunity for many is here. Money to be made rapidly and honorably by any industrious person of either sex, all ages. You can do the work and live at home, wherever you are. Even beginners are easily earning from $5 to $10 per day. You can do as well if you will work, not too hard, but industriously; and you can increase your income as you go on. You can give spare time only, or all your time to the work. Easy to learn. Capital not required. We start you. All is comparatively new and really wonderful. We instruct and show you how, free. Fortunes unknown among our workers. No room to explain here. Write and learn all free, by return mail. Unwise to delay. Address at once. H. Hallett & Co., Box 880, Portland, Maine.

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A LITTLE GIRL'S EXPERIENCE IN A LIGHTHOUSE.

Mr. and Mrs. Loren Trescott are keepers of the Gov. Lighthouse at Sand Beach, Mich., and are blessed with a daughter, four years old. Last April she was taken down with Measles, followed with a dreadful cough and turning into a fever. Doctors at home and at Detroit treated her, but in vain, she grew worse rapidly, until she was a mere "handful of bones".—Then she tried Dr. King's New Discovery and after the use of two and a half bottles, was completely cured. They say Dr. King's New Discovery is worth its weight in gold, yet you may get a trial bottle free at HERRING & CHAPMAN'S Drugstore.

STRENGTH AND HEALTH.

If you are not feeling strong and healthy, try Electric Bitters. If "La Grippe" has left you weak and weary, use Electric Bitters. This remedy acts directly on Liver, Stomach, and Kidneys, gently aiding those organs to perform their functions. If you are afflicted with Sick Headache, you will find speedy and permanent relief by taking Electric Bitters. One trial will convince you that this is the remedy you need. Large bottles only 50c. at HERRING & CHAPMAN'S Drugstore.

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All kinds of carpentering promptly attended to in first-class style at moderate rates. Your patronage solicited

PASTOR KOENIG'S TRADE MARK NERVE TONIC

St. Vitus Dance Cured. VIII

SAN ANDREAS, Cal. Co., Cal., Feb. 1889.
My boy, 13 years old, was so affected by St. Vitus Dance that he could not go to school for 2 years. Two bottles of Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic restored his health, and he is now attending school again.
MICHAEL O'CONNEL.

A Very Bad Case.

EAST NEWMARKET, Md., March 8, 1891.
My daughter had epilepsy so severe that she would have 6 or 7 fits every 24 hours. Immediately after using Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic the spasms decreased in number, and in less than two weeks from taking the first dose they entirely ceased. Before using this medicine her mind was very weak, but now mind and memory are fully restored, and she is entirely cured of the fits by the use of this great remedy.
MRS. J. H. ANDREWS.

FREE—A Valuable Book on Nervous Diseases sent free to any address, and poor patients can also obtain this medicine free of charge.

This remedy has been prepared by the Reverend Pastor Koenig, of Fort Wayne, Ind., since 1876, and is now prepared under his direction by the

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Sold by Druggists at $1 per Bottle. 6 for $5. Large Size, $1.75. 6 Bottles for $9.

Test the seams of your Water Proof COAT Before Buying.

POUR some water in the sleeve holding the end tight as here shown or anywhere else where there is a seam, and see if it is water tight. There are goods in the market that look very nice, but will leak at every seam. We warrant Tower's IMPROVED Fish Brand Slicker to be water tight at every seam *and everywhere else*; also *not to peel or stick*, and authorize our dealers to make good any Slicker that fails in either point. There are two ways you can tell the Genuine *Improved* Fish Brand Slicker.

1st. A Soft Woolen Collar.
2d. This Trade Mark (below.)

Watch Out for both these points! Send for Catalogue free.

A. J. TOWER, Mfr., Boston, Mass.

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ADVICE TO WOMEN

If you would protect yourself from Painful, Profuse, Scanty, Suppressed or Irregular Menstruation you must use

BRADFIELD'S FEMALE REGULATOR

CARTERSVILLE, April 26, 1888.
This will certify that two members of my immediate family, after having suffered for years from **Menstrual Irregularity**, being treated without benefit by physicians, were at length completely cured by one bottle of **Bradfield's Female Regulator**. Its effect is truly wonderful. J. W. STRANGE.

Book to "WOMAN" mailed FREE, which contains valuable information on all female diseases.

BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO.,
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FOR SALE BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

FOR DYSPEPSIA
Use Brown's Iron Bitters.
Physicians recommend it.
All dealers keep it. $1.00 per bottle. Genuine has trade-mark and crossed red lines on wrapper

How I Was Cured of So-Called Cancer.

LULATIN, GA.

DEAR SIR—This is to certify that I was a sufferer with a place on my underlip for fourteen years, and was under treatment of different physicians, but they done me no good. I had lots hope of being cured by medical treatment. I then went to a doctor living in Florida, who treat them by art. After going to him it got well, apparently, for a while, but returned as bad as ever. I then concluded to try P. P. P. (Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium) and after taking five bottles, pint size, was cured. I also find it to be a good medicine to give a good appetite and to give proper digestion.

Yours truly,
L. J. STRICKLAND.

Cholera is the most fatal disease that breeders of poultry have to contend with. Bass' Chicken Cholera Cure is as near a specific as quinine is for fevers in the human family. Try it. See advertisement. 6

A Sprained Ankle.

This is a common occurrence and one that will lay people up ordinarily 6 to 8 weeks, yet we will guarantee Ballard's Snow Liniment to cure any case of sprained ankle in 1 to 3 days if applied at once, and to immediately relieve all pain. Snow Liniment will cure any old sore on man or beast. It will heal all wounds and cures sprains, burns, scalds, bruises, sore throat, sore chest, lame back, corns and bunions. For rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia, contracted muscles, it has no equal. Do not allow any other white liniments to be put off on you for Snow Liniment. There is no other like it. Ask for Ballard's Snow Liniment. Sold by S. S. Davis. 1

Criticising a Young Lady.

"She would be a pretty girl but for one thing."
"What's that?" asked Charley
George—"Her face is always covered with purple and red blotches."
Charley—"Oh, that's easily enough disposed of. Used to be the same way myself, but I caught on to the trouble one day, and got rid of it in no time."
George—"What was it?"
Charley—"Simply blood eruptions. Took a short course of P. P. P. I tell you its the boss blood corrector. The governor had rheumatism so bad that you could hear him holler clear across the county every time he moved. He tried it, and you know what an athletic old gent he is now. If somebody would give Miss Daisy a pointer she would thank them afterwards. All the druggists sell it. 7

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Great World's Fair and Chicago.
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Many photographic views of Chicago's "sky-scraper" buildings, such as the new Masonic Temple, 21 stories high, the Auditorium, the Rookery, etc. A superb bird's-eye view of the entire city, size 16x25 inches. The crowning feature is a grand cyclorama picture, Bird's-eye View of the Exposition Grounds and Buildings, in eight oil colors, size 9x18 inches, positively dazzling in magnificence, revealing what will cost over $20,000,000. It is a wonderful picture, showing what cannot be perfectly described. It sits before you the grandest spectacle of modern times, where the richest products of every clime will be shown. Every nation in the world will be represented.

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Act quick and you can make hundreds of dollars. We want an agent in every town to circulate this book. Exclusive territory given. It sells at sight, because it is attractive and contains information all are anxious to know. The time is ripe for it. This is the best selling thing ever offered. Agents are meeting with unparalleled success. One agent cleared $450 in 9 days; another $25 in 40 minutes; another reports 220 orders the first week.

Books on 30 days' credit. Liberal terms. Write for full particulars or secure the agency instantly. Send only 75 cents for an elegant and complete canvassing outfit.

Address the sole general agents for this state,

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EMILY BUILDING.

IT SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOUSE.

J. R. Wilson, 321 Clay St., Shamsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. Kings New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with pneumonia after an attack of "la grippe," when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Barber, of Cookeport, Pa., claims that Dr. Kings New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for Lung Trouble. Nothing like it. Try it. Free trial bottles at Herring & Chapman's drug store. Large bottles 50c and $1. 5

Had not Slept for Years.

Mr. A. Jackson, an old resident of Rusk, Tex., and manager of the magnificent new hotel at Rusk, informs us he had not slept at night for years except in short naps, owing to incessant coughing. He was advised when very much run down to try Ballard's Horehound Syrup; he was immediately relieved of his cough and his rest improved to such a degree that he could sleep soundly all night. Mr. Jackson states: "I regard Ballard's Horehound Syrup superior to any cough syrup on the market, and its freedom from opium and morphine leave no constipation after using it. For this reason alone I consider it the best cough syrup in the world for children. My lungs are now stronger than they have been for years. This syrup is very soothing to the throat and lungs." Sold by S. S. Davis. 1



WHY IS THE W. L. DOUGLAS $3 SHOE FOR GENTLEMEN THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY?

It is a seamless shoe, with no tacks or wax thread to hurt the feet; made of the best fine calf, stylish and easy, and *because we make more shoes of this grade than any other manufacturer*, it equals hand-sewed shoes costing from $4.00 to $5.00.

$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, the finest calf shoe ever offered for $5.00; equals French imported shoes which cost from $8.00 to $12.00.

$4.00 Hand-Sewed Welt Shoe, fine calf, stylish, comfortable and durable. The best shoe ever offered at this price; same grade as custom-made shoes costing from $5.00 to $6.00.

$3.50 Police Shoe; Farmers, Railroad Men and Letter Carriers all wear them; fine calf, seamless, smooth inside, heavy three soles, extension edge. One pair will wear a year.

$2.50 fine calf; no better shoe ever offered at this price; one trial will convince those who want a shoe for comfort and service.

$2.25 and $2.00 Workingman's shoes are very strong and durable. Those who have given them a trial will wear no other make.

Boys' $2.00 and $1.75 school shoes are worn by the boys everywhere; they sell on their merits, as the increasing sales show.

Ladies $3.00 Hand-sewed shoe, best imported shoes costing from $4.00 to $6.00.

Ladies' 2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 shoe for Misses are the best fine Dongola. Stylish and durable.

Caution.—See that W. L. Douglas' name and price are stamped on the bottom of each shoe.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

Insist on local advertised dealers supplying you. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass. Sold by

S. NOVAKOSKI.