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Who will we Have for Congress?

Hon. S. W. T. Lanham has written the following letter to F. W. James, chairman democratic executive committee of this district. It explains itself:

"WASHINGTON, D. C., Feb. 22.—Gen. F. W. James, chairman democractic executive committee eleventh congressional district of Texas, Baird, Texas: My dear sir—Inasmuch as I no not expect to be a candidate for congress the next election, I desire through you to return my grateful acknowledgments to my constituency for the support I have had the honor to receive at their hands for five consecutive terms in the United States house of representatives.

I can only say in return for the consideration shown me, that I have faithfully tried to discharge the duties which have devolved upon me, and shall continue, with unabated earnestness, to meet the obligations of the office until the expiration of the present term, to the full extent of my humble ability. With the close of the fifty second congress I will have devoted a decade of my life to the public service, in the councils of federal legislation. I am not vain enough to imagine that a longer continuance in that service will be indispensable to my people, nor do I entertain any apprehension that I would fail to receive any merited credit in case of further candidacy.

Yielding to personal considerations and voluntary inclination, I have concluded to announce that I shall not aspire to membership in the fifty-third congress. I have the honor to be, very respectfully, your friend and obedient servant, S. W. T. LANHAM."

Present Conditions.

The Road.

The conditions of the times may be briefly summed up in the following:

Crime increasing.
Wealth concentrating.
Discontent wide-spread.
State, county and city governments growing more corrupt every year.
Statesmen (?) selling their honor and betraying the people who trusted them.
Courts rendering vicious decisions for corporate powers and their political tools.
The poor starving.
The rich feasting.
The worship of the almighty dollar.
Business men failing.
Farmers practically swamped and the industries dying.
What is the cause?
Easy enough.
Politic chicanery.
"Fat frying" "Blocks of five" methods.
McKinleyism.
Contraction of the circulating medium after debts are made upon an inflated basis.

A partial remedy is the reinstatement of silver as a legal tender money.

The next great political issue will be money. Mark the prediction.

The masses are getting the worst of it under the present program and the classes are getting rich though vicious legislation which permits the trusts, monopolies and combines to limit production in order to shove up prices while they lower wages.

How long can our republic stand this sort of strain?

A new order of things must and will prevail.

Wake up! and give it out cold that no man gets your vote next fall who does not favor the free and unlimited coinage of silver.

Blood In Europe.

The emperor of Russia's speech recently made in Berlin at a big banquet has had a strong tendency to heat the passions of the masses to a boiling point. The following is a recent dispatch:

An instance of the heated passions of the masses was examplified here. A body of 3000 or 4000 unemployed men met by preconcerted arrangement in a public square and passed a series of inflamatory resolutions denouncing the employers and the system of government which enabled the latter to crush the workingman beneath the iron wheel of capital and calling upon the government to take steps to protect the interests of the working classes.

The news of this bold gathering in defiance of the recent order of the authorities prohibiting such meetings, spread with rapidity all over the city.

The result was that social agitators determined to take advantage of the excited unemployed men to make a demonstration before the castle of the emperor. Led by the socialist agitators the workmen formed in column and marched from the square mentioned in the direction of Unter den Linden, the most celebrated avenue in Berlin.

The onward sweep of workmen was at first irrisistible. The police were utterly unable to cope with that roaring, swelling enthusiastic, crowd, encouraged by thousands of other persons who watched their progress through the streets.

On arriving beneath the statute of Frederick the Great, a halt was made and a socialist leader made a passionate address to the throng, urging them to carry their demonstration up to the gates of the castle. Loud cheers greeted the suggestion and then at a signal from a prominent socialist leader, who seemed to be the chosen leader, the workmen began singing the "Marseilles" and marched, cheered by thousands who had gathered in the broad avenue to witness the demodstration toward the castle. The workingmen, passing through a line of police which had barred their passage, had nearly reached the castle gates when a strong detachment of police threw themselves across the short portion of the thoroughfare intervening between the rioters and the castle and made a determined charge upon the workingmen's column. The latter for a moment or so, nerved by the roaring cheers of thousands, bravely and stubornly withstood the attack of the police and pressed onward by those in the rear actually managed to gain headway and beat back the powerful police detachment. The latter, however, rallied and hitting furiously right and left wounded scores of workingmen, who fell bleeding beneath the feet of the officers of the law. Somebody among the workingmen called upon them to retreat and come again some other day 100,000 strong and prepared to meet the emperor's butchers as they called them.

A retreat then commenced and soon developed into a flight and panic. The police after taking from 80 to 100 prisoners seemed content to allow the remainder to escape. The sixty or seventy wounded rioters who remained upon the field of battle were attended to at a neighborhood hospital and the regular prisoners were placed under lock and key.

How can we Stand It?

Oh home, that sweetest spot on earth,
Thy name my heart-strings thrill;
Though gone is every other joy,
Ye wake of rapture still:
Each steps along the oft-trod path,
Recalls some childish day;
And brings to mind some dear loydfr'nd
Forever passed away.

The breezes, as they whistle by;
The birds loud mirthful song,
They waft the same magnetic word,
In melody along;
The murmer of the rippling brook
With merry glancing foam,
The d ar old songs at home.

I have no doubt but the poet thought we would always enjoy our "dear old home, the sweetest spot on earth," but also the plutocratic cow kicker and the monopolistic heart-eaters have crowned 9,000,000 of the sweetest places on earth. Ere long it will encircle the earth if let run at large. Oh! brethren and friends give us a sub-treasury and enjoy your homes. Vote in November for your wife and children. If you don't you will vote for the monopolistic heart-eater. Vote for the sub-treasury and save your homes. Work, watch and pray.

JOHN OLIVER.

Notice to Ex-Confederate Soldiers.

All Ex-Confederate soldiers who desire and expect to go to New Orleans on the 4th of April on the occasion of the meeting of the "United Ex-Confederote Veterans," are hereby requested to at once enroll their names, either with L. E. Gillett, Dublin, R. T. Long, Stephenville, or T. O. Moore, Comanche, that the transportation committee may know how much transportation will be necessary for their accommodation. J. T. HARRIS, President
L. E. GILLETT, E. & C. Ex-Confd. A'sn, Secretary.

An Imperavtive Want!

The San Antonio Truth.

The money question is the question of the hour. It is sharp, it is imperative, it cannot be avoided or shirked. It must be squarely faced and dealt with without evasion or subterfuge, at the peril of the nation. There is not money enough in circulation to do the business of the country, which is slowly as it were, being strangled for the want of it. The whole financial system needs overhauling and remodeling but pending such investigation and reconstruction the patient needs immediate relief, and that relief can only come in the way of an immediate and sufficient increase in the volume of the currency. As during the war, the country needs money urgently, and it will be social, financial and commercial murder to delay the supply. The country is in equally as great peril as it was during the war, and the method then resorted to, with the profit of the experience of those days should be resorted to now, and congress should at once provide for the issuance of a sufficient increase of the currency to raise the per capita some where in the neighborhood of $50. The money question is the all important question and a platform with the one plank embracing an ample and sound money system would sweep the next campaign. The party that offers a safe increase in the currency to relieve the present stringency of the times and to avoid its return, for hard times are really caused by financial legislation and manipulation, would offer a premium for every vote, and as the laboring classes and those borrowing money and consequently the sufferers by the present stringency, constitute about nine-tenths of the population it is very certain that such an appeal, such a platform would be the death blow to any opposing party. This sentiment as to the necessity for money is the unanimous opinion of the St. Louis conference, on this matter the whole of the delegates were a unit, whatever other opinions they held or differed on, on this they were as one. On this they will go to the country for the endorsement and for the next eight months this question will be agitated and discussed as it never has been before, not even during the greenback agitation. The question as to what is money, how is it created and the power of congress to impress the "fiat" on it will be the question to be fought out before and by the people. Political parties so far have run the country into terrible straits and the people are to-day looking for a deliverance from a bondage almost equal to that of Egypt and calling for a Moses to lead them to a deliverance.

An Improved Cotton Picker.

A correspondent of the Dallas News writes from Taylor, Texas, describing a recently invented cotton picker:

"The wagon in which the seed cotton is deposited is arranged to carry a suction fan, which is preferably driven by a motor, as, for instance, an electric motor with storage battery, or a spring motor whose energy is stored by winding a powerful spring while driving the wagon along. A series of flexible tubes extend from the exhaust chamber of the fan and reach some distance to ei her side of the wagon. Each tube extremity is provided with a picker which will now be described. It is composed of an octagonal metallic sleeve section which is provided with a circumferential series of lungs that are perforated to form bearings for small fan shafts and for crank shafts that actuate the reciprocating picker devices. The small fans revolve in the slot oppenings, two fans being diametrically opposed, their wing tips revolving closely together. The picking arms—of which there are four oppositely disposed, project forward of the sleeve opening and terminate with small toothed plates facing to the center. The stems pass through a bearing leg at the rear end and toward the middle are connected to the small crank shaft before mentioned, and when this revolves it gives a compound reciprocating and oscillating movement to the member, which, working in similar conjunction with its colleagues, effects a peculiar grabbing movement on the cotton. The pickers are radially opened to seize the cotton and close inwardly on it, tearing loose from the pod and drawing it within range of the fan tips, which snatch it loose and give it an impulse backward within the tube, where the suction quickly conveys it to be discharged into the wagon. The sleeve with its mechanism is fully protected by an outer shell or casing, which will prevent any derangement.

The wagon is driven through the cotton field with two hands on each side. Each man is provided with two pickers one for each hand, which are applied to the open bolls on the nearest rows. The cotton is thus gathered very rapidly and in a cleaner and better state than the average hired hands will gather it. After picking an area of forty or fifty feet the team is driven forward forty or fifty feet and the power restored to the motor. All open cotton is again picked and the operation repeated. When the wagon is filled the machine is transferred to an empty wagon while the first wagon is driven to the gin.

The inventor claims that by the use of this machine four hands can pick from 5000 to 6000 pounds of seed cotton per day of ten hours. It is thus shown that a farmer can gather his cotton crop with the same force required to cultivate it through the season. The machine is very simple in construction and can be manufactured and sold at from $75 to $100. An important feature of this picker is that growing cottton is not injured by its operation."

It Struck "Richmound."

Editor Progress:

The following, which appeared in the Atlanta Constitution, struck me as being very good. Please publish in the PROGRESS.

"MEN UNDER FIRE."

"God, give us men! A time like this demands
Great hearts, strong minds, true faith and willing hands;
Men whom the lust of office does not kill;
Men whom the spoils of office cannot buy;
Men who possess opinions and a will;
Men who have honor, and will not lie;
For while the bosses with their thumb-worn creeds,
Their large professions and their little deeds,
Wrangle in selfish strife—lo—Freedom weeps
Wrong rules the land and waiting Justice sleeps!"

Such men are now needed to organize and push to the front the great industrial movement inaugurated at St. Louis on Feb. 22, 1892. Let all such attend the mass meeting to organize in Erath county. RICHMOND.

Have You Got It?

Bulletin of Pharmacy.

A young woman of Chicago has tabulated a list of symptons of la grippe as follows:

Headache.
Pain in the back.
Can't taste anything.
Can't smell anything.
Can't eat anything.
Don't want to anyway.
That tired feeling.
Don't want to speak to any one.
Don't want any one to speak to me.
Don't care.
High fever.
Chills.
Craving for ardent spirits.
No craving.
Want to die.
Don't want to.

Whenever she feels the approach of any of the foregoing symptoms, she checks it off on her list and asks her mother to send for a doctor.

What Religion Isn't.

Selected.

It isn't going to church to see what people wear, or to find fault with the preacher.

It isn't running in debt for things you do not need and never paying for them.

It isn't staying away from church when you know a special collection will be taken.

It isn't leaving one church and joining another when you do not like the preacher.

It isn't reading so many chapters a day, and saying the prayer over and over.

It isn't sitting in the house and looking solemn, and refusing to eat anything cooked Sunday.

It isn't putting all the big sound apples on top of the measure and the little rotten ones on the bottom.

It isn't telling other people what to do in prayermeeting and let the devil tell you what to do in business matters.

It isn't whipping your boy for smoking wile you have a cigar in your mouth.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The beautiful Chateau de Malmaison, once the loved home of Empress Josephine, and which still contains some trace of her fine taste in the rich beds of purple violets which blossom amid its ruins, is to be sold and the estate cut up in small lots, "to suit the purchaser."

—Workmen excavating for a railway from Elbing to Miswalde, Germany, came upon the skeletons of hundreds of men, mingled with which were numerous implements of war. It is believed that the corpses are those of soldiers that fell in battle at the time of the last Russian invasion.

—The so-called "military zone" which encircles Paris, is a strip of ground two thousand five hundred feet in width, which receives its name from the fact that it lies just beyond the outer base of the old fortifications of the city. This strip can never be used for building purposes, and is now mostly given up to market gardens, which supply the city with vegetables.

—The natchalnik (chief of police) of St. Petersburg has prohibited all factory owners and contractors settling accounts with the laborers they employ in a saloon or any place where spirituous drinks are sold. It was found that many contractors had made it a practice to pay their laborers at such places, where laborers get inebriated and are cheated out of a large portion of their wages.

—Among the curious taxes livied on tradespeople in Corea, according to Col. Rockhill, was one on sorceresses arriving at the capital, where they had to pay the board of revenue a certain number of logs or sticks of wood, for what purpose it is not said, but certainly not to burn them with later on, for they are an influential class in the community. The tax is no longer levied.

—The treasurer-general of Cape Colony, South Africa, states that the value of breadstuffs imported into that colony last year was over one million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and yet many parts of South Africa are highly favorable to the cultivation of grain, and only await development. In fact, there is enough of this excellent grain land in the colony to supply all home wants and leave a large surplus for export if it were taken up and cultivated.

—The price of patents, according to a German industrial paper, is not the same in all European countries. A German imperial patent costs from $50 to $100 per annum; in Denmark the annual price is from $45 to $75; in Belgium, $30 to $45; in France, $50 to $75; in Luxemburg, $40 to $60; in Norway, $45 to $70; in Portugal, $150 to $250 for fifteen years; in Russia, $150 for three years; in Spain, $55 to $75 annually; in Sweden, $60 to $75; in Italy, $50 to $60 per annum; in Great Britain, $750 for fourteen years.—Jewish Messenger.

BRITISH COLUMBIA INDIANS.

They Are Splendid Sailors and Ingenious Workmen.

You will find that seven in ten among the more intelligent British Columbians conclude these Indians to be of Japanese origin. The Japanese current is neighborly to the province, and it has drifted Japanese junks to these shores. When the first traders visited the neighborhood of the mouth of the Columbia they found beeswax in the sand near the vestiges of a wreck, and it is said that one wreck of a junk was met with, and twelve thousand pounds of this wax was found on her. Whalers are said to have frequently encountered wrecked and drifting junks in the eastern Pacific, and a local legend has it that in 1834 remnants of a junk with three Japanese and a cargo of pottery were found on the coast south of Cape Flattery. Nothing less than all this should excuse even a rudderless ethnologist for so cruel a reflection upon the Japanese, for these Indians are so far from pretty that all who see them agree with Captain Butler, the traveler, who wrote that "if they are of the Mongolian type, the sooner the Mongolians change their type the better."

The coast Indians are splendid sailors, and their dugouts do not always come off second best in racing with the boats of white men. With a primitive yet ingeniously made tool, like an adze, in the construction of which a blade is tied fast to a bent handle of bone, these natives laboriously pick out the heart of a great cedar log, and shape its outer sides into the form of a boat. When the log is properely hollowed, they fill it with water, and then drop in stones which they have heated in a fire. Thus they steam the boat that they may spread the sides and fit in the crossbars which keep it strong and preserve its shape. Theses dugouts are sometimes sixty feet long, and are used for whaling and long voyages in rough seas. They are capable of carrying tons of the salmon or oolachan or herring, of which these people, who live as their fathers did, catch sufficient in a few days for their maintenance throughout a whole year. One gets an idea of the swarms of fish that infest those waters by the knowledge that before nets were used the herring and the oolachan or candlefish, were swept into these boats by an implement formed by studding a ten-foot pole with spikes or nails. This was swept among the fish in the water, and the boats were speedily filled with the creatures that were impaled upon the spikes. Salmon, sea otter, otter, beaver, marten, bear and deer (or caribou or moose) were and still are the chief resources of most of the Indians. Once they sold the fish and the peltry to the Hudson Bay company, and ate what parts or surplus they did not sell. Now they work in the canneries or fish for them in summer, and hunt, trap or loaf the rest of the time. However, while they still fish and sell furs, and while some are yet as their fathers were, nearly all the coast Indians are semi-civilized. They have at least the white man's clothes and hymns and vices. They have churches; they live in houses; they work in canneries. What little there was that was picturesque about them has vanished only a few degrees faster than their own extinction as a pure race, and they are now a lot of long-shoremen. What Mr. Duncan did for them in Metlakahtla—especially in housing the families separately—has not been arrived at even in the reservation at Victoria, where one may still see one of the huge low shed-like houses they prefer, ornamented with totem poles, and arranged for eight families, and consequently for a laxity of morals for which no one can hold the white man responsible.

They are a tractable people, and take as kindly to the rudiments of civilization, to work, and to co-operation with the whites as the plains Indian does to tea, tobacco, and whisky. They are physically but not mentally inferior to the plainsman. They carve bowls and spoons of stone and bone, and their heraldic totem poles are cleverly shapen, however grotesque they may be. They still make them, but they oftener carve little ones for white people, just as they make more silver bracelets for sale than for wear. They are clever at weaving rushes and cedar bark into mats, baskets, floor-cloths, and cargo covers. In a word, they were more prone to work at the outset than most Indians, so that the present longshore career of most of them is not greatly to be wondered at. —Julian Ralph, in Harper's Magazine.

IMPROVEMENT IN PHONOGRAPS

A Ribbon Used Instead of a Cylinder as a Recorder.

The principal objection to the use of the phonograph for regular commercial work is the limited amount of matter that can be recorded on a single cylinder. A dictation of considerable length, such as an article, a lecture or a sermon involves the use of a number of cylinders, which is a very obvious inconvenience. To remove this difficulty a device, consisting essentially of a continuous recording surface, has been invented and patented.

In this machine the record is made on a continuous ribbon, the upper surface of which is coated with a film of wax composition; thus the thick cylinder is entirely done away with. The advantages to be derived from the use of a ribbon in place of a cylinder as a recording medium are many. It is safe to say that the use of a ribbon allows of greater simplicity of construction than is possible where a cylinder is employed. The use of the cylinder necessitates both a circular and linear motion relatively between the stylus and the recording medium; whereas with the ribbon a linear motion is only necessary.

The recording ribbon is lighter and less bulky than the cylinder. It is therefore preferable for transportation by mail or otherwise. It allows of a longer continuous record (what is meant by a continuous record is a record necessitating a comparatively long time for its delivery, such as a lecture, speech, or musical performance) than is practicable with a single cylinder. In taking a long record with cylinders the machine must be stopped, the cylinder removed, and a fresh one substituted, which necessitates readjustment of the various parts, all occupying time and causing loss of record. The machine would not be recording during the time occupied in making the adjustments, consequently during that time part of the record would be wanting. In order to obtain a continuous record with the cylinder phonograph it is necessary to have two machines in operation, using each one alternately.

On the ordinary cylinder now generally employed in phonographs the greatest length of record, expressed in time, is considerably less than eight minutes. With a machine employing a recording ribbon an almost unlimited length of record could be made. A ribbon is not liable to be affected by variations in temperature, which tend to make the ordinary cylinders untrue and more or less inoperative and defective. —Electricity.

White Linen Again in Favor.

A point to be thankful for is the renewed love for fair white linen, superseding steadily the fancy color both in substance and decoration. Embroidery, lace insertion and edges are all favored. Embroidered or plain, the linen must be white, good in quality, and plentiful in quantity. Of towels there are apparently unlimited varieties, from the huge bath sheet to a dainty quadrilateral of damask that would put many napkins to shame. Apropos of napkins, how long will it be before we give up the habit of starching these things to the extent that seems indispensable in most houses? A rumor is afloat that in some of the best French houses this stiffness is conspicuous by its absence. To be sure that would put an end to the ambitious napkin folding which is the joy of the untrained butler's heart.—Chicago Tribune.

NATURE'S VINAIGRETTE.

Which Many Animals Carry for Comfort or Denfense.

It is a remarkable fact in natural history that every race, whether of man or beast, and every thing that has life which grows in or from the ground is distinguished by its own peculiar and individual odor. This odor is agreeable or not, according to its delicacy or the strength to which it is developed. In many cases it is bestowed by nature's wonderful forethought as a means of offense or defense and many animals carry with them a well-supplied vinaigrette which, in times of exhaustion, they turn to and inhale exceeding refreshment therefrom. In some the odor is perceptible to themselves only, while in others it is such a powerful means of defense as to make the sufferer wish he had never been born—which floods can not drown nor fires quench, if any part escape, and only six feet of earth can extinguish.

Notably among these is the musk antelope, which sends forth such a powerful odor of musk that even at the distance of one hundred yards he can smother his enemy to death. Musk is entirely an animal perfume, and is contained in a bag situated near the peritoneum, which by muscular construction or expansion the animal can control at will. Experienced hunters know that when shooting, even at longest rifle range, a musk antelope or mountain goat, if the wind be blowing toward them from the animal, they must immediately drop and bury their faces in the ground, or the last effort of the expiring animal will carry them also to certain death.

The muskrat inhabiting our own ponds and ditches is greatly in demand by the compounders of perfumes, and it is a species of jollification to hunt them which dogs and negroes enter into with exciting zest. Musk is probably the most common of animal perfumes, or at least the one which we are best able to recognize. In all thoroughbred cattle there is a small cavity in the head immediately between and at the root of the horns. By rubbing the fingers in this cavity a distinct odor of musk will be perceptible on them. How, in this position, it can refresh the animal is nature's secret, betrayed only to the owner of it. Beavers emit an odor well known to hunters of them, in which it seems that nature cruelly favors their enemies. The poor little industrious creatures—so valuable for their pretty fur—fancying themselves secure in their hidden dams, reveal by this freak of nature their hiding places, and thus become easy victims to covetous man.

When the hunted fox is sore bested and the hounds are gaining upon him steadily and surely, he will be seen suddenly to turn himself round and round with bewildering rapidity, and with his head and tail in close proximity. After several of these revolutions he makes a sudden spurt, and soon gains a great advantage of distance between himself and his pursuers; and if luck be with him he may escape. Many a huntsman through a long life has chased the fox with enthusiastic ardor who would be surprised to know that in the very tip of his tail or brush is a little bunch of hairs, from twenty-five to thirty in number, which gives forth to the despairing and almost vanquished beast the refreshing and stimulating odor of violets.

With this choice vinaigrette of nature's furnishing the hunted creature is sustained, and this simple fact may explain why the hunters return in unsatisfied humor, making the air blue with vengeful threats against the sly old fellow never yet run to earth, and who again and again has outwitted them. Doubtless the hounds with their keen scent follow with delight this delicious perfume and find it an added incentive to their murderous designs. Deprive a fox of his brush and let him go and the subsequent sport of catching him will be of a very short duration, for his run will very soon come to an end and the whole pack of huntsmen and hounds will be in at the death.

What follows about the horse is the result of repeated experiments by a skilled veterinary surgeon, and one of the most profound students and observers of animal life. Everybody who loves horses and observes their ways will have noticed that after a long and fatiguing journey, or sustained and tiresome work, the horse will rub his nose first on the inside of one foreleg and again on the other, tossing his head meanwhile and throwing it about and taking long, deep breaths of relief and satisfaction.

Nature has again furnished to our domestic slave—the noblest of all God's brute creation—her vinaigrette and restorative—albeit it is the only spot on all his beautiful body which might be called unsightly. On every horse will be found, on the inside of each foreleg, a dry, gray wart about the size of a silver dollar, apparently of no possible use. When the weary, overtaxed animal, sweating at every pore and covered with foam, can reach down and rub with his wet nose this always dry, hard substance, he is instantly refreshed with an odor like that of geranium. Tossing his head with delight and sniffing perceptibly, he applies again and again his wet nose to this bountiful secret and cunningly-arranged restorative, and is thus fortified and strengthened sufficiently to resume his journey.

The surgeon, to test this discovery, removed from one of his horses these warts in the forelegs, over which the skin grew healthily, but the horse never showed the same endurance, and his value was diminished by half. In another case when he experimented an eruption broke out over the healing wound, and the poor animal soon grew so lame and useless that he had to be shot—a sacrifice to science. These two experiments were sufficient to test the wonderful truth of this unexpected and unusual discovery. By wetting the fingers and rubbing them on these dry warts the unmistakable odor of geranium thus generated must carry conviction to the most unbelieving.

The higher the breed and the purer the blood the more pronounced is the odor. The native Arabian, in his swift and never-ending journeyings to and fro in the scorching heat of the unprotected desert, with scant food and most limited supplies of water, draws constant stimulant from this, nature's nosegay, and the weary cavalry-horse on forced marches lets his head droop lower and lower to catch perchance one more whiff of the grateful and sustaining odor.—N. Y. Recorder.

"TIRED OF LIFE."

The Pathetic Story of One Who Aspired Too High.

Not many months ago the newspapers chronicled the death by suicide of a young woman, the daughter of educated, well-to-do parents. She left a letter, stating that she had no grief or trouble, but was simply "tired of life."

She said that she had become satisfied that her abilities were mediocre; that she would never acquire the fame and distinction for which she had hoped. The "public had rejected her," and she "preferred death to a commonplace life."

It was stated by her friends that she had great ambition; she had traveled in this country and Europe, had studied art, and sent many pictures to salons and exhibitions, none of which were accepted. Then she had deluged the editors of magazines with essays, poems and stories, but without success in securing their publication. "Disappointed in all her hopes, eternal sleep seemed to be the only resource."

This feverish story leads to the inquiry whether, if this young girl had from childhood taken an interest in her father's home, and in the simple cares and duties of that home, she would not be living, busy and contented, now.

The change which forty years has brought in American social and domestic life is nowhere more marked than in the position which a young girl to-day occupies in her home. Her mother at twenty was almost sure to have been skillful with her needle and readily able to help her mother in the management and control of the household.

The young girl of to-day is rarely, in the old, simple, home-keeping sense, the "daughter of the house:" She may attend a scientific course of cooking, or know how much farinaceous food each person should eat daily, or possibly be a member of charitable or scientific associations, but she is not fitted to take command in the kitchen, and send up a savory dinner if the cook takes an abrupt departure. Does she know how much coal the family use in a winter? Can she doctor an aching tooth, or dress a burn?

In the struggle and triumph of the opening of wider careers for women there is danger that the coming generation will overlook the fact that the old occupations are, after all, the most useful to the world and the noblest. A girl may or may not be qualified to be an artist, a scholar, or to enter business life, but nature fitted every woman to be a daughter, a wife, a mother, and a home-keeper. Outside of this destiny many women do lead helpful, noble lives, but they are not less exceptions to a universal law.

Let the girl who reads this sing, or paint, or write, or teach if God has given her the ability to do it; but He always gives her the ability to make the house in which she lives a happy home, and to widen its tender, holy influence.—Youth's Companion.

FOUGHT WITH BRICKBATS.

A Feature of the Contest That Was Not Provided For.

"Well, my boy," said the old gentleman, "I understand you've been fighting."

"I was in something of a scrap," replied the youth.

"Well, I suppose boys will fight, and there's no use trying to stop it. You don't look much the worse for it."

"Got off pretty light, sure," said the boy.

"Lick the other fellow?"

"Well, hardly."

"Um, that's bad. Did you follow your old father's advice?"

"Yes, sir."

"You struck the first blow?"

"Yes, sir."

"And hit him hard?"

"As hard as I could."

"Knocked him down?"

"Knocked him flat."

"And that didn't end the fight?"

"Well, I should say not."

The old man looked puzzled.

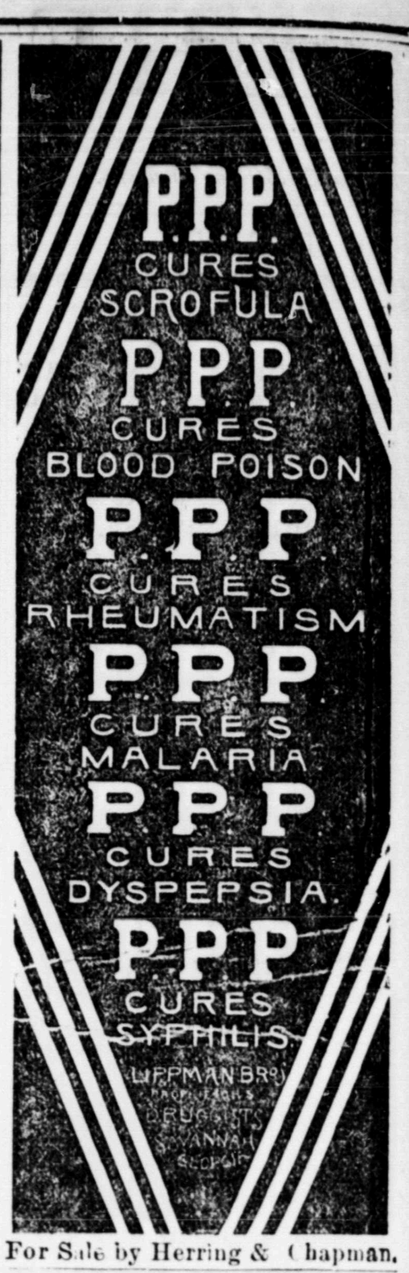
"That's funny," he said, "I never knew it to fail when I was a boy."

"Maybe, when you were a boy, the other fellow didn't fall on a brick pile and get up with a half brick in his hand and chase you a mile. That'll knock most any kind of a system silly." —M. Quad, in N. Y. World.

Asking Too Much.

Wife—But, George, you are drinking your sixth glass of wine.

Husband—Well, what of it? Do you expect me to drink the seventh glass after the fifth?—Texas Siftings.



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—Electrical Age, May 2, 1891

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from Lightning by
MODERN SCIENTIFIC METHODS.
Hodges' Lightning Protector

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In localities where there are no local agents, Protectors will be shipped direct to house-owners. Any person can put them up, full directions being furnished each customer.

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A BIT OF ANCIENT HISTORY.

Doings of Some of Earth's Early Inhabitants.

It is almost certain that the seasonal differences of a far remote time were very much greater than they are now. Intensely dry weather followed stormy, rainy seasons, and the rivers of that forgotten world—like some tropical rivers of to-day—were at one time tumultuous floods and at another baking expanses of mud. In such rivers it would be idle to expect self-respecting, gill-breathing fish. Our imaginary investigation would, however, have found that they were not altogether tenantless. Swimming in the pluvial waters, or inert and caked over by the torrid mud, he would have discovered what he would certainly have regarded as lowly, specially modified and degenerate relations of the active denizens of the ocean—the Dipnoi, or the mudfish. He would have found in conjunction with the extremely primitive skull, axial skeleton, and fin possessed by these Silurian mudfish a remarkable adaptation of the swimming bladder to the needs of the waterless season. It would have undergone the minimum amount of alteration to render it a lung, and blood vessels and other points of anatomy would show correlated changes.

Unless our zoological investigator were a prophet, he would certainly never have imagined that in these forms vested the inheritance of the earth, nor have awarded them a high place in the category of nature. Why were they living thus in inhospitable rivers and spending half their lives half baked in river mud? The answer would be the old story of degeneration again; they had failed in the struggle, they were less active and powerful than their rivals of the sea, and they had taken the second great road of preservation—flight. Just as the ascidian has retired from an open sea too crowded and full of danger to make life worth the trouble, so in that older epoch did the mudfish. They preferred dirt, discomfort and survival to a gallant fight and death. Very properly, then, they would be classed in our zoologist's scheme as a degenerate group.

Some conservative descendants of these mudfish live to-day in African and Australian rivers, archaic forms that have kept right up to the present the structure of Palæozoic days. Others of their children, however, have risen in the world again. The gill-breathing stage became less and less important, and the air-bladder was constantly elaborated under the slow, incessant molding of circumstances to the fashion of a more and more efficient breathing organ. Emigrants from the rivers swarmed over the yet uncrowded land. Aldermanic amphibia were the magnates of the great coal-measure epoch, to give place presently to the central group of reptiles. From these sprang divergently the birds and mammals, and, finally, the last of the mudfish family, man, the heir of the ages. He it is who goes down to the sea in ships, and, with wide-sweeping nets and hooks cunningly baited, beguiles the children of those who drove his ancestors out of the water. Thus the whirligig of time brings round its revenges. Still, in an age of excessive self-admiration, it would be well to remember that his family was driven from the waters by fishes, who still—in spite of incidental fish-hooks, seines and dredges—hold that empire triumphently against him. —Gentleman's Magazine.

Discord in the Family.

The shrew is not always the woman with the sarcastic tongue, but envy, malice and discord may exist under courteous exterior and soft and placid manners. Tact and training teach many a shallow woman a thousand means by which she can wound her husband whom she secretly hates because he is her superior, and if she does not establish in his household a tyranny of her tongue, the tyranny of her caprice reigns supreme, and the husband who will not give up his aims and ambitions to satisfy his wife, who can not elevate her to his own plane, suffers an isolation in marriage which is the most wretched form of unhappiness.—Chicago Graphic.

—A horse jockey in Aroostock county, Me., repented his sharp practices, joined the church, and announced that if he had taken unfair advantage of any one in a horse trade he would be glad to square things by paying the difference in cash. It was scarcely day-light the next morning when a neighbor, who considered that he had been "roasted" in a swap with the newly-converted jockey, made his appearance at the latter's door, remarking that he had "come early to avoid the rush." The jockey promptly settled the case.

—The "National Guard" was first organized in Paris in 1789 by the revolutionary committee of safety. There was 48,000 in Paris, 300,000 in France, and the whole were under Lafayette and carried the tri-color flag. In 1745 they were defeated and broken up by Napoleon, were reorganized by him in 1814, dissolved by Charles X. in 1827, again reorganized in 1830 and again in 1831. They fell away from Louis Philippe in 1848, were remodeled in 1852, served against the Germans in the war of 1870-71, and in the latter year a part of them took a share in the communist struggle.

HOW IT SAVED HIM.

He Sold the Medicine and Hired a Doctor with the Money.

A hot-tempered old gentleman once purchased of a peddler a bottle of patent medicine warranted to cure all infirmities. When taken, of course it failed to produce the promised result.

Some time after, chancing to spy the same peddler on the street, the old fellow hailed him and exclaimed irately:

"So you claim that the infernal stuff you sell at a dollar a bottle is a sure cure for all diseases, do you?"

"Certainly, if properly used," replied the peddler.

"And you claim still that it once cured you?"

"Yes, sir, I do. I was so ill that I could not do a whole day's work to save my life, but this medicine which I carry produced a permanent cure."

"I believe, sir," hotly returned the old gentleman, "I believe, sir, that you lie. It has not had the least effect on me."

"Perhaps," said the peddler, "you did not use it properly."

"How did you use it?"

"Sold it," coolly replied the peddler, "and employed a regular practicing physician with the proceeds."—Pharmaceutical Era.

Sound Sleepers.

Two men on Long Island were in a wagon when it was run down by a train. The wagon was demolished, the horses attached to it were killed, and the two men, when picked out from under several hundred pounds of oysters, were sound asleep. If a railroad collision, a shower of oysters rained on bodies and the general uproar and excitement of such an accident can not waken two men, what in the world can? Dynamite can have no terror for men of this stamp, and if an earthquake were to shake Long Island into the ocean, or a volcano were to have an eruption like Vesuvius, these two oystermen would probably have sweet dreams and smile in their slumbers like children in their cradles, thinking they were being gently rocked. The sleeping beauty in the enchanted palace is not to be mentioned in the same breath with the sleeping oystermen in the railroad collision.—N. Y. Tribune.

Horrible Suspense.

Ardent Lover (wildly)—What does this mean? I've call a dozen times a week, and each time you tell me Miss Beauti is engaged. What does it mean? Tell me. Has she fallen in love with some one else and——

Kind-Hearted Maid—No, indade, Mistur Goodheart, it's little ye nade fear.

"But why is she always engaged when I call?"

"Sure it would cost me place to tell. Don't be worritin' me about it. Sure it'll be all right."

"But I must know. If you loose your place I will continue your wages until your get another. Tell me. For mercy's sake tell me."

"Oi'll tell yez. She do be ingaged thryin' t' cure a pimple on her swate nose."—N. Y. Weekly.

Winter Suffocation.

"Barricaded against fresh air" is the condition of nine-tenths of all the houses in civilized lands at the present moment. Every crack and cranny, every knot-hole, and even the key-hole of the door, is stopped effectually against the entrance of God's life-giving oxygen. Is it any wonder that so many faces come out pale and sallow in the spring, and that early summer flowers blossom over so many newly-made graves? Starved to death for want of pure air, suffocated, might be truthfully written on thousands of tombstones, but most of them bear instead some pious cant about a "mysterious dispensation of Providence which has removed this loved one from our midst," when it is a suicide or a homicide—a dispensation of ignorance and bad air.—Good Health.

Not a Professional.

Youthful Humorist—I have a number of little—er—witticisms which I would like to submit.

Editor Weekly Junk (suspiciously)—Any mother-in-law jokes?

"No, indeed."

"Stove-pipe jokes?"

"Not one."

"Plumber jokes?"

"No, sir."

"Boarding-house jokes?"

"No, sir,"

"Church festival oyster jokes?"

"No, sir."

"I thought not. Your matter won't do. We don't want any amateur stuff here."—Puck.

A Wasp's Nest.

The female wasp spends the winter in a torpid condition, and when spring arrives she hunts up some sort of sheltered spot appropriate for a nest. Having selected the retreat, she proceeds to lay within it the foundation of a home. For this object earth will not serve her turn. The substance of which the walls and chambers of the house are to be composed must be none other than the finest paper, made of wood pulp, mixed with a sort of sizing, worked to a paste and finely spread into sheets.—N. Y. Sun.

—"Dah seems ter been some kin' ob feeling 'tween dem two," said a colored man. "Yas, dey does. Hit stahted f'um er pokah game." "You doan says." "Yaas indeed. Yoh see, Jackson he hel' foh aces." "Good hand." "Sho; on'y two ob 'em wus de ace ob di'munds, an' Mr. Skiffles is waitin' for an explanation, which Jackson hab as yet entiably failed to perjuce."—Washington Star.

DOMESTIC CONCERNS.

—White Rose Cake: Sift together one pint of flour and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, a little over half a cup of good butter, one cup of powdered sugar, one-half a cup of rose water and the whites of six eggs.—Detroit Free Press.

—Vegetable Soup: Chop very fine two turnips, two carrots, one parsnip, four potatoes, one large onion, and a few stalks of celery or a little parsley. Put them with half a cup of rice, into three quarts of water, and boil the whole for three hours. Then strain the soup through a colander, return it to the soup kettle and put it over the fire, add two tablespoonfuls of butter; stir the soup until the butter is melted; dredge in a little flour, let it boil up, and then serve it.—Home.

—An easily made and effective bag for holding soiled collars and cuffs is of the heaviest and coarsest brown crash. This should be made of a piece of crash two yards long, doubled, and sewed together at the sides to the depth of twenty-seven inches. Turn over on the outside the two loose ends and run a tuck across the top in which to put a ribbon to draw it up. Across the bottom of the bag and of the flaps, run, as if darning, rows of linen floss in three shades of any color, to the depth of three inches, and tie in a heavy fringe made of the floss.

—It is well known that dry sand is one of the best things that can be used for killing an incipient oil fire, and some factories where oil is used have been equipped with pails for this material in various departments. It is now suggested that many dwelling-house fires caused by lamp explosions might be averted by keeping some of the ornamental vases in the rooms filled with sand, so that it would be always at hand and ready for use in case of need. A further incidental advantage of this precaution is that fragile pieces of porcelain, by being so ballasted, would be rendered much less liable to breakage. —Chicago Inter-Ocean.

NOTES OF THE MODES.

Fresh Fabrics and Fashions for Winter Costumes.

Some of the latest imported chic French street wraps are belted in at the waist.

Nothing surpasses striped surahs and dainty shot taffetas for pretty inexpensive evening toilets. They catch and reflect the light and shimmer in an attractive fashion and they do not soil easily.

The present styles are in general effect very much like those of the time of Louis Phillippe. During that period, as now, the fashions were characterized by full or moderately full corsage, with sleeves prominent at the armhole and a close, plain skirt with a ruche or frill at the foot.

Striped fabrics, like the plaided goods, are made up quite on the bias, and there is nothing but three "bebe" frills, or a tiny puff of silk or roll of fur at the hem. There are also seen three spaced bands of fur on cloth skirts, but in a few cases this spaced trimming reaches to the knees.

The new French silk muslins, strewn with embroidered flower sprays, make exquisite dancing dresses for girls. The dainty, diaphanous fabric is wide enough to make the length of the skirt with a wide hem at the bottom. The muslin is gathered to the bodice with the fullness well kept back.

The size and height of sleeves makes it almost impossible to wear a jacket over them. To overcome this difficulty jackets without sleeves are brought out, and there is also the Henry II. collar, which is just large enough to reach well over the shoulders and chest without interfering with the sleeves.

Just at present there are more feathers used upon rich tea gowns, airy ball dresses and reception robes than the inappropriate fur bands, which always look incongruous upon any of these elegant indoor toilets, but which for several seasons have proved a decided success, and are still very fashionable.

Yellow satin is in high vogue this winter for the making of elegant evening gowns. It is an exquisite candlelight color, and has invariably a distinguished appearance that compels notice; but there are yellows and yellows, and the rose-tinted blonde does not select the same shade as her dark-haired, dark-eyed sister. The best test for any type or complexion is to mass the shades beneath the chin, one after the other, letting the mirror decide.

Much attention is given just now to costumes designed for receptions, grand dinners, balls and teas. In these is noticed an infinite variety of styles and an exhibition of elegance in ornamentation seldom surpassed. Although a certain compliance with traveling ideas is apparent in every fashionable toilet, there is practically no limit to the historical and artistic effects in the creation of fashionable gowns designed for the gay season of '92.

The close coat sleeve is as popular as the full bishop or leg o' mutton, indeed, it is preferred by nearly every stout woman instead of the voluminous styles. The coat sleeve, however, to meet with present requirements, has shoulder trimmings in the shape of either caps, braids, chevrons or gimp-edged Vandykes and silk cord arabesques arranged in fanciful devices. On some of the new art toilets the flowing Japanese sleeve appears, thus gaily lined, and worn with a close under-sleeve of brocade.—Chicago Post.

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

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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, MARCH 4, 1892.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The PROGRESS is authorized to make the following announcements:

COUNTY OFFICERS.

For County Judge.
H. H. HARDIN.
W. W. MOORES.

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

For County Clerk.
ISAAC PIPES.
T. J. WILSON.
JAMES COLLINS.
E. V. D. BATEMAN.

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.

It is evident that Clark's speech at Weatherford was a "swiper."

The House will take up the first tariff measure on Tuesday, March 8th.

March 22nd is the day set apart by congress for the consideration of the free coinage bill.

Jay Gould has started on his annual western tour. He is accompanied by his daughter, Miss Helen.

Ex-Governor S. L Ross is out in an open letter, saying "in no sense am I a candidate." He will favor Clark in the coming contest.

Chili has decided that she can't afford to participate in the Columbian Exposition. The recent war (?) incurred an enormous expense.

Probably one of the most interesting days of the campaign will be on May 4th at Cleburne, at which time Gov. Hogg and Judge Clark will hold their first joint discussion.

One of the greatest attractions of the Chicago expositions will be an orchestra of 400 pianos arranged in a pyramid and played by a single pianist. By the use of an electrical contrivance the 400 pianos will sound altogether.

Gen. J. B. Gordon, commanding the United Confederate Veterans, has issued an order announcing that the third annual meeting and reunion of the association will be held in the city of New Orleans on the 8th and 9th days of April. next.

Is not the cost, the delay and annoyance of transporting freights, farm products and all manner of hauling over bad roads such as to make good roads cheap at almost any price? Do away with the piddling system of road working by incompetent overseers and urge your commissioners' court to give you something better.—Houston Post.

The farmers who are successful are those who never lose sight of the fact that the farm is a home; that everything done toward beautifying and improving the place is enhancing its value. With this fact uppermost as it should be, farm work becomes a labor of love—something more than a dollar and cent struggle. Farm life should be the happiest existence in the world, and the pleasant impressions of the dear old homestead should be made so deep that they will always be remembered.—Live Stock Journal.

Re-Apportionment the True Object.

The state is likely to be the sufferer, together with political fortunes of individuals, if the legislature makes an effort to deal with all the subjects mentioned by the governor in his call for a special session.

In the public mind there existed but one sufficient cause for the special session; the reappointment of the state. Had that been attended to at the regular session, it is safe to say there would have been no special session. All other subjects mentioned by the governor are matters for which no claim of urgency can be made. The constitutional amendments if given effect in the haste of a special session are likely to become objects of reproach rather than of blessing.

All rather consideration of regard for the best interests of the state call for as little legislation as possible at the special session, and if the members of the twenty-second legislature are mindful of these, as well as of themselves, they will re-apportion the state and adjourn without entangling themselves or the state with new issues pending the general election.—Gazette.

Jews Want to Go Back.

Many Russian Jews are applying daily at the office of the Russian consul-general in New York City to be sent back to Russia. They are unable to make a living in the United States and want to get back to their homes and friends. The Russian vice-consul, C. G. Peterson, said that the talk about these people being expelled from Russia was all nonsense.

"The Jews in Russia," he said, are restricted to certain provinces and in none of these does a famine exist. It is not the Hebrews who are suffering from famine but the great mass of the Russian peasantry."

Mr. Peterson thought that the secret of the Jewish exodus to this country was that they had an idea that they would get money from the Hirsch fund. He said that the consulate had no money with which to send the Jews back to Russia.

The Atheist Answerd.

It can't be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that life is a bubble, cast by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and sink in nothingness. Else why these high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our heart, forever wandering unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and clouds come over us with a beauty and that is not of earth, and then passes on to muse on their loveliness? Why is it that stars hold their festivals around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and then taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affection to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? We are borne for a higher destiny than earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will spread out before us like islands that slumber on the ocean, and where the beautiful beings that passed before us like shadows will stay forever in our presence.—George D. Prentice.

And now that the eminent Baptist divines, Carroll and Moore of Waco, who were such vigorous prohibition advocates during the last campaign, have come out in favor of Judge Clark, would seem to indicate that the prohibition party will not be in it this year.

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.

"Therefore thou art inexcusable, O! man., whosoever thou art that judgest; for wherein thou judgest another, thou condemnest thyself; for thou that judgest doeth the same thing."

The city council, of Houston, at a recent meeting passed a resolution adopting the Australian ballot system for city elections. We do not know, but are inclined to think it would be an excellent scheme for some other towns throughout Texas to try this system.

Texas pays about $12,000,000 annually for winter bacon, $6,000,000 for lard, other millions for pork and beans and canned tomatoes, and $50,000,000 for Chio and Kentucky whiskey. Is it any wonder we complain of hard times and high prices? When we raise our own hogs, produce our own peas, can our own fruit and vegetables, distill our own whiskey, or quit drinking altogether the cause of complaint will be largely removed. —Halletsville Herald.

FROM FLORIDA.

Here I come again to say a few words to your many subscribers and our friends. It will soon be two months since we landed on Indian river. The people tell me this has been a very cold winter. I see signs of frost came on the 6th of January but did no serious damage. It was a little cool on the 13th inst. Health; we'l on enquiring I find nine tenths of the people come here for their health; one man tells me he was carried from the boat to the bank, one lung gone, and you see me now. He is a well man apparently as I am, two more with asthma, and well, I can't find any person with cough, fever, or any chronic disease; all look fine, but no big fat folks here. If you are fat and come to this place, it will leave you. Men go in shirt sleeves and go into the river as same as a man would in his stable, and never take cold.

No mud whatever, no dust. no house flys, no red bugs, no bed bugs, saw one snake, plenty of bees. Mr. W. H. Tankre brought us in a bucket of fine oranges.

Not much politics down here, but I believe they will all vote the democratic ticket.

But very few negroes in this part of Florida, but in the south there are many, too many for me.

The Alliance is all O K in Fla., but I do not know how flourishing they are. You see I live 16 miles from the nearest printing office and I can't be very well posted, but I will take the papers when I get me a pine apple farm and I feel like I will be better off than working for 5c cotton, 20c oats, 40c corn, and have to mortgage all your horses to get grub. Here the farmer's check is good at the bank. No use in talking, a man is a fool that will do like the common Texas farmer.

N. KEITH.

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, Bologne 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

After much careful thought and close figuring, the Traveler has evolved a theory that, to our mind, upsets all others on that line. It is this: That instead of the sun "coming and going," from north to south, as commonly supposed, that body is fixed or stationary and the earth does the vibrating or coming and going" act, swinging from north to south, and the cold or warm seasons are made by its passage through the various latitudes. For instance, Texas is now about where Alaska was last summer, and next summer Texas will be about where hell is now.—Clarendon Traveler.

When Judge Clark in his Weatherford speech said, "Public office should be a sacred trust and not a private snap" he never uttered a grander truth. But how many seem to realize the full meaning of the words?

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 constitutions and lost manhood P. P. P. is the king of all med cines. P. P. P. is the greatest blood perfect in the world. For sale by all druggists.

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by all druggists.

THE DUBLIN PROGRESS.

FRIDAY, MARCH 4, 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. 504, 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.

Religious services were generally well attended at the various churches last Sunday.

The proceedings of the city council, as well as other interesting matter was unavoidably crowded out this week. It will appear next.

Fruit trees are blooming; gardening is in order and we may as well get out our spring clothing.

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

According to the primitive sayings of our grandmothers, the new moon is a wet one and we may expect rain soon.

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.

Sandy Chilton and several other kids enjoyed a game of foothall Tuesday evening, on Patrick street.

Dr. James Hedley, the celebrated lecturer, failed to put in his appearance last Saturday night, much to the disappointment of all. It is not known why he failed to come.

Mr. Judge Burroughs left Wednesday morning for Cleburne where he goes to read law. Success to you, old boy.

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

Several quiet and well conducted runaways have occurred in Dublin during the past week. They were all well attended. No serious damage resulted from either.

It Was a Success.

The leap year entertainment given under the auspices of the C. Q. A. Monday night was a sure-enough-daisy, as it were. We believe that leap year ought to come oftener than it does, anyway. It's a conceeded fact that whenever young ladies "take hold" of anything it is always a grand, glorious and glimmering success. Thus it was with the C. Q. A. entertainment. Just here it might not be amiss to tell something of the C. Q A. club. It is comparatively an infant organization, only three or four weeks old, and the members of which comprise several of Dublin's choicest young ladies. The prime object of the club is to promote the general social welfare of the city, and they sometimes delight in vieing with the A. F. F.'s for the highest honors, as entertainers.

As we said it was a leap year entertainment and the boys wore the paint. The temporary young ladies met at the residence of Mrs. Burrough's and the equally temporary young men at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. weaver. The young men (?) then went over to Mrs. Burroughs and securing his girl(?) escorted her to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Davis, where the soiree was to be given.

After spending two or three hours in lively conversation and witty repartee, supper was announced. The menu was very elaborate and of course it was served in most elegant style.

Nobby souvenirs, made of blue paper—artistic monograms of the C. Q. A. and A. F. F. clubs, nicely tied together with pink ribbon, was presented to each one present.

Young ladies, we congratulate you upon your iniatory entertainment. It was a highly enjoyable event, one that will live in the minds of the the members of the beau monde a long time.

Confederate Veterans.

The executive and relief committees of the Erath and Comanche ex-Confederate association met in Dublin Monday to arrange for representation of the camp at New Orleans, April 8. The camp is entitled to sixty delegates, and will contest for the largest local camp in the South. The delegation will be accompanied by the Little Six Band.

Another meeting of the committees will be held in this city March 22nd to consider, with representatives from Brown, Hamilton, Mills, Bosque, Hood and Eastland county camps, the organization of a division.

Col. G. I. Goodwin, commander of Brownwood camp, and Capt. Stephenhauger of Hood county camp were in the meeing Monday.

Democratic Mass Meeting.

Pursuant to a call made by G. P. Herndon, chairman democratic executive committee of Erath county, Texas, all democrats in Precinct No. 2, in said county are hereby requested to meet at the city hall in Dublin on the 12th inst. at 3 p. m., for the purpose of getting an expression from the democrats as to their choice for United States Senator, re-enactment of the alien land law, railroad commission law and to elect delegates to the county convention to convene in Stephenville on the 19th inst. for the purpose of instructing our senator and representatives on above named matters.

R. H. MCCAIN.
Chairman, Precinct No. 2, Erath Co.

Notice.

Dr. J. R. Palmer, of Dallas, will organize a lodge of Knights & Ladies of Honor in Dublin as soon as he gets a sufficient number of names. If you fail to see him, leave your name with Maj. McCain. This is the cheapest and best of all the Fraternal societies. In it you can carry from $500 to $3000 insurance on monthly payments. come and let us help you protect your loved ones.

Texas Central Railway.

Circular No. 8.

Mr. R. V. LeGrande is appointed agent at Dublin. Vice, Mr. J. W. Culver, transferred. Appointment taking effect February 26th.

CHAS. HAMILTON.
General Manager.
Waco, Texas, February 25th, 1892.

Notice.

The regular communication of Dublin Chapter, R. A. M. No. 169, will be held on Monday night, March 7, 1892. All the members are requested to be present. Also visiting comps. cordially invited. JNO. J. RAY, H. P.

It is with pleasure that we call your attention to the announcement of E. D. V. Bateman, of Stephenville, who desires to be elected to the office of county clerk.

Mrs. Swinney, state evangelist and president of the Texas white ribbon, has been delivering some interesting lectures at the Methodist church during the past week. The attendance was large.

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.

It still lives!—The L. T. L. The meeting last Sunday was well attended. Three new classes were formed and 23 signatures to the pledge obtained. New song cards added to the interest.

The exercises next Sunday will begin with Vol. 1, No. 1, of the quarterlies—teaching the nature of alcohol.

Recitations by Lottie Simmons, Willie Clements, Sam Lattimore, Mills Bennet, Henry Mallard.

* *

THE TEMPLE.

The following description of the Temperance Temple being built in Chicgo through the efforts of the Woman's Christian Union, found in the Texas White Ribbon.

Upon the cornerstone is our motto, "For God and home and native land," and from its gold bronze gothic spire is held aloft the blessed cross "which is the only lever that raises woman up and with her lifts toward heaven the world." It has a frontage of nearly 200 feet on LaSelle street, by 100 on Monroe street. The lot is valued at $1,000,000 and is leased to the W. C. T. U. for 20 years at $40,000. The building is to cost $1,000,000 and with the exception of the lower story, is to be finished as an office building, whose rental capacity will yield $250,000 a year. The lower rooms are set apart as the headquarters of the national, state and city organizations, together with Willard Hall, which is to be open at all hours, and here prayer shall ascend continually for the inebriate, the outcast and the desolate. On the entrance to this hall is the motto. "Not willing that any should perish," which represents the spirit and purpose of the W. C. T. U. Its walls are memorial in character, being lined with tablets costing $100 each, whereon is inscribed the names of men and women who have been in actual temperance work. It will have memorial windows and pedestals will support busts of illustrious workers, and the martyrs to our cause, Haddock of Iowa and the peerless Gambrell of Mississippi. The building is to be thirteen stories high. At the tenth story the roof begins and retreats and breaks into gothic turrets ending in a spire seventy feet high, surmounted by the beautiful form of a woman with face upturned and hand outstretched to heaven in prayer, symbolic of the attitude of the W. C. T. U., as she protests against the laws and customs of the nation in regard to the liquor traffic, and appeals unto God for help to save her home, her children and the land from its destroying power.

Texas intends to place a tablet in Willard Hall in loving remembrance of the sainted Mrs. Bishop Key, the late president of the Fort Worth W. C. T. U.

That an organization of over 200 followers in American should be represented by three families of Dublin is a mystery.

Speaking of Mrs. Bishop Key, Mrs. Stoddard says, "If women of position and influence in this city would act upon the beautiful, modest recognition of their influence as did this wise woman Christ's cause would not be languishing in any department of Christian activity. Sister Key's course was a rebuke to those women who are content to sit at ease in Zion. For such I would call to mind Mrs. Key's words at another time, "My sister, I cannot understand how any earnest, christian woman can remain outside the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

Republican Convention.

The republicans of Erath county, pursuant to a call by the chairman, met in convention at Stephenville last Saturday with G. N. Arnold as chairman and W. H. Christian secretary.

A resolution was unanimously adopted extending the thanks of Erath county republicans to G. N. Arnold for his efficient services as chairman of the county. He was instructed to use his influence to secure an endorsement of President Harrison's administration.

Following delegates were selected to the state convention, which meets at Austin in April: Thos. Ross, H. H. Andrews, G. N. Arnold and R. E. Canion. Alternates, Wm. Keith, G. W. Andruss and W. S. White.

G. N. Arnold was re-elected as permanent chairman.

Money to Loan.

We are again prepared to loan money to any amount for 5 to 10 years on real estate security; can be had payable in installments, the best of all plans. Vendor Lein notes extended for ten years. Apply to King & Jarrott.

Stephenville, Texas.

Educational Column.

PROF. W. J. CLAY, EDITOR.

Pursuant to notice the Teacher's Association met at the school building in Dublin. The President and Vice President both being absent, Mr. T. S. Richards was elected President Protem and Miss Lon Bailey was elected secretary.

Thefollowing teacher's were present: S. F. Gibson, Chas. E. Hilson, I. T. Valentine, L. B. Richards, T. J. Richards, J. R. Arnold, J. F. Ewalt, J. W. Cottrain, N. W. Palmer, R. B. Lee and J. B. Johnson.

Mrs. S. C. Lattimore, and Misses Emma Perry, Ila Perry, Lou Bailey, Loula Perry. Ella Allen, Ella Ross, Carrie Lattimore and Miss Hilton.

The first subject on the program was called and Prof. B. E. Cook, to whom it was assigned, being absent it was laid before the body for general discussion. The discussion was participated in by Messrs. Clay, Arnold, Gibson, Mrs. Lattimore and Revs. G. W. Smith and J. H. Chambliss.

Miss Emma Perry read a very interesting paper on the subject "Haste makes waste." The chairman apointed Mr. Chas. Hilson, L. B. Richards and Miss Emma Perry a committee to prepare a program for next meeting. The meeting now adjourned for dinner.

The teachers at Dublin had prepared to have dinner at the schoolhouse, all present participated and seemed to enjoy themselves very well.

In the afternoon Mr. J. T. Richards discussed the subject of assigning recitations. The subject of grading was discussed by W. J Clay.

"Why we fail in teaching," was very thoroughly discussed by Messrs. S. F. Gilson, J. T. Richards, Miss Lattimore and Miss Emma Perry.

Mr. J. R. Arnold discussed the question, "How to reach bad Parents." Mr. Arnolds discussion was interesting and witty and we have no doubt left a good impression with those who heard him.

After some discussion as to place of meeting, upon the invitation of Prof. J. W. Coltrain it was unanimously voted to hold the next meeting of the association at Alexander, on Saturday, April 2, 1892 at 10 A. M, The following is the program:

"More Light for the Teacher, Professional and Otherwise,"—J. T. Valentine.

"How to Secure and retain Attention,"—T. J. Richards.

"How to reach the bad pupil,"—Miss Georgia Webb.

Recitation,—Miss Carrie Lattimore.

"Corporal Punishment,"—J. W. Coltrain.

"Longitude and Time,"—L. B. Richards.

"How to interest beginners,"—Miss Ella Ross.

The association returns thanks to Revs. J. H. Chambliss and G. W. Smith and the number of young ladies that encouraged them with their presence.

We hope the patrons of the Dublin school will not be unmindful of our appeal regarding the Encyclopedia. This is an enterprise which will fully repay every subscriber in choice reading for his children and also provide a means of reference for them for years to come.

The school continues in its large attendance and we would be glad if the daily average could be brought up to five hundred.

An eminent writer has said that the settlement of the great problems which now agitate the public mind, will be settled by those now in schools of the country.

Perhaps many now realize that there is too much dependence on the part of those who now make up the body political, and social.

We were all seriously disappointed in the non appearance of Dr. Hedley last Saturday night However, we are assured in the near future we will have something first class in that line. Those who bought tickets can get their money by sending the tickets to the superintendent.

I want to say to my friends and the public that I have bought out Dr. Herring's interest in the firm of Herring & Chapman, and will now offer you special inducements for the coming spring and summer trade. I understand the drug business thoroughly and will give you satisfaction in every particular, both as to quality and purity of drugs, and prices will always be reasonable and satisfactory. I ask a trial.

H. L. JAMIESON.

Several additions were made to the fire department Wednesday night—five to the hook and ladder company and one to the hose company. The addition to the latter will not do active service for awhile as he is only about ten pounds weight and could hardly make as much fight as fuss. He is an Armstrong and Billie is happy

In Memorium.

It is truly in deep sorrow that we chronicle the death of Miss Mary Harvey, which occurred on the night of January 25th 1892. Miss Mary was a member of Harbin Alliance and a member of the Methodist church, and we recognized in her life many of the beautiful virtues that necessarially characterize noblest, christian womanhood. She was modest and retiring, nevertheless, firm and decisive. She was indeed a devoted Christian and a zealous advocate of the principles of the Farmers' Alliance, hence we deeply deplore the loss we sustained in her death; of a sister friend dearly beloved. But as our loss, is her eternal gain, we bow in humble submission to our Heavenly Father, and fondly cherish the hope that we will see her again.

We offer to her dear old father and mother and sister and brother—humble, nevertheless, our sincere words of sympathy and condolence, and pray that God may bring them all together again, "In the Sweet bye and bye." We the undersigned committee were all present, when Miss Mary sweetly passed away, and in addition to the tears we then shed, and the acts of kindness we endeavored to perform, in the following lines, we beg leave to dedicate these precious thought to her memory, with the request that this Alliance adopt the whole report spread it on its minutes, and furnish a copy to Miss Mary's parents.

Dear Mary, sister friend,
We miss you here, and are sad,
But to your far away home, we tend,
And as we anticipate our arrival there,
we are glad;
For we know thou art in the beautiful
garden of the skies,
And can read no word of grief;
Over the woodbine thou canst dwell,
Murmuring not—farewell, farwell!
We'll strew flowers on your tomb,
To drive away the gloom,
With the light and flush of bloom.
And say so should one depart, who goes,
Where no death can touch the rose.

Respectfully submitted.
S. E. MORTON,
BESSIE BLACKBURN,
ELLEN MEADOWS,
BEA CARPENTER.
Committee.

Unanimously adopted by Harbin Alliance, No. 131.

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.

Dissolution Notice.

Notice is hereby given that the firm of Herring & Chapman is this day dissolved by mutual consent as L. Herring having sold his entire interest, retires from the firm. A. L. Jamison and A. A. Chapman having purchased all property of the said firm of Herring & Chapman, will heretofore conduct the business under the firm name of Jamison & Chapman and the said firm of Jamison & Chapman, hereby assume and become liable for all indebtedness due by the old firm of Herring & Chapman, and notice is hereby given that all parties indebted to the firm of Herring & Chapman, will pay said notes and accounts to Jamison & Chapman, as they are the only persons now authorized to collect said indebtedness. This 23rd day of February, A. D. 1892.

H. L. JAMISON,
A. A. CHAPMAN,
S. L. HERRING.

G. A. R. RESOLUTIONS.

At a recent meeting in Dublin of Sam Houston Post No. 55, G. A. R., the following was adopted:

WHEREAS, an effort is being made to have the statute of General Sam Houston, at one time president of Texas republic, and later senator of the United States from Texas, and still later governor of Texas, placed inthe statuary hall at Washington, and

WHEREAS, this post has adopted the name of General Sam Houston and takes a great interest in having his name and memory honored, therefore be it

RESOLVED, that we will use our utmost endeavors to obtain the above object.

That we request our senator and representatives to ask an appropriation from the legislature for this purpose at the earliest possible time.

That our delegates to the state encampment be instructed to bring the matter before that body and ask for their co-operation in the matter.

That a copy of these resolutions be furnished to the local newspapers with a request that they be published.

FORT WORTH, Feb. 26—To Cattlemen: Come to the cattlemen's convention at Fort Worth on March 8. Drop in and see me when you are here. I want to learn something about the cattle business. One fare for the round trip over our line. By the way, What rate do our neighbors give you?

RICHARD LORD, G. F. A.

For a good meal or nice bed, call at the Erath house, Miss Sarah Harrison, proprietress, Stephenville, Texas.

THE DUBLIN PROGRESS.

J. S. DALEY, Publisher.

DUBLIN. - - - - TEXAS.

FEEDING THE ANIMALS.

What the Denizens of Central Park Live Upon.

The big camel at the Central Park menagerie cast his weather eye towards the leafless trees, gazed sadly at the flying clouds and turned and went into his hut, an inexplicable air of forlornness permeating his entire frame.

Winter is at hand.

What is going to become of the animals at the park? Not only the camels, but the wolves, the hyenas and the crocodiles. Superintendent Conklin, of the animal department, was sought out. He sat in his cozy office. He was figuring on a new invoice of hay for the elephants.

"What are you going to do with the animals in winter?" was asked.

"In the first place," said the manager, "as winter comes on, our food bills will run up a trifle. It takes more solid food to keep the animals warm, you know, just the same as in the case of man. Well, with additional food, a little more care and warm houses to shield the more susceptible animals from the storms, there is no reason why we should not come out all right in the spring."

"What is the estimate for feeding, as you recall it?"

"About $15,000 a year."

"Is not that a great deal?"

"No; we should have more."

"But that is nearly three hundred dollars a week."

"Yes; but we have nearly four hundred animals to take care of."

"How about the bears?"

"Well, they have a nice cozy run out on the green. They will stay out there all winter. They rather like it. You see, they are native to this country and are thoroughly acclimated. In the severe weather, they can take refuge in their little hut."

"What does a bear eat in winter?'

"We feed the bears on bread. They can be trained to like bread. Our bears will pass the winter on that diet. A portion of bread for a bear is ten pounds. We have two black bears and two polar bears. Of course the polars enjoy winter hugely."

"What other amimals stay outside all winter?"

"Oh, quite a few. Let me see. There are the eagles, the vultures, the pigeons, the camels, the"——

"Why, I imagined a camel would freeze to death in the midst of our severe weather?"

"Not at all; the camel is one of our hardiest animals. He passes the winter in his yard, feeding on hay. When the storms are too severe he takes refuge in the little hut built for that purpose. The camel has a thick coat of hair, and this it is that acts as his protector."

"Do the wolves stay outside?"

"Yes, the wolves, the buffaloes, the deer, the foxes and all that sort of animal."

"What do you feed a wolf in winter?"

"About five or six pounds of meat per day."

"What sort of meat?"

"Oh, beef or something of that sort."

"And there is the elephant. What becomes of him?"

"Well, the elephant goes inland under cover."

"Do they chafe much under confinement?"

"Oh, no; the elephant is a social animal. He likes company. And at the park he usually has many callers a day. The children feed him apples; the ladies give him peanuts; we wind up with hay; so he is supremely happy, for all he has to do is to eat and sleep."

"How much hay does an elephant eat, say, in a day in winter?"

"About one hundred pounds. Then there are many other dainties he gets besides, as I said, from the visitors. He is eating day and night almost without pause. We do not exercise the elephant. He does not seem to need it. He is kept in a room where the temperature is quite even all the time, on a basis of summer heat. So he passes the winter without knowing it, so to speak. Of course if he ever became cold it would be necessary to exercise him to get his blood in circulation. But usually he has such good and such constant care that all goes well without exercise."

"What do you do with the lions and the tigers?"

"Their life in winter is practically the same as in summer, only we feed them a little more meat. The tiger eats in winter about eighteen pounds of beef a day, at five cents a pound, and the lions eat about the same, eighteen or twenty pounds of meat per day. We have four leopards, eating, say, eight pounds of meat a day; two hyenas, at eight pounds; the wolves, at five or six pounds. Those are our principal meat eaters."—N. Y. World.

—In Greece there are 30,000 hives producing 3,000,000 pounds of honey; in Denmark 80,000, producing 2,000,000; in Russia 110,000, producing the same; in Belgium 200,000, producing 5,000,000; in Holland 240,000, producing 6,000,000; in France 950,500, producing 23,000,000; in Germany 1,450,000, and in Austria 1,550,000, each producing 40,000,000 pounds of honey. But in the United States there are 2,800,000 hives belonging to 70,000 beekeepers and producing 62,000,000 pounds of honey yearly.

IT DON'T PAY.

Some people's shoulders are loaded with chips,
They're looking for insults and slights,
And sometimes the days seem almost too short,
And then they lay awake nights
Thinking and planning what they will do,
And now they'll get even with those
Who carelessly knock from their shoulders a chip,
Or carelessly step on their toes.
All of which leads me to say
That for trouble and grief,
It's my honest belief,
Trying to get even don't pay

I know it is natural to hit people back,
And give them as good as they send;
And also I know that wrangling and strife
Must some time come to an end.
It's better, by far, to put up with a grief
And appear to submit to a wrong,
Than try to "get even," the way of the world,
And most of us go with the throng.
All of which leads me to say
That for trouble and grief
It's my honest belief
Trying to get even don't pay.

As the world is made up, there's very few saints,
And there's very few more to be born;
The average man looks out for himself
All day from the earliest morn.
Trying to "get even" is a natural trait
Since the time of "Old Adam's" fall,
But experience shows, as every one knows,
That "honey" is cheaper than "gall."
All of which leads me to say
That for trouble and grief,
It's my honest belief,
Trying to get even don't pay.
—Portland Argus.

BIGGEST OF PLANETS.

Compared to Which Our Earth Is a Mere Speck.

Jupiter's Immensity—Probably Not Yet Inhabited by Intelligent Beings—Facts and Conjectures as to Its Four Satellites.

Of all the floating islands which compose the celestial archipelago to which the earth belongs, the planet consecrated from the remotest ages to Jupiter the mighty, king of gods and men, is the vastest, the most important and the most majestic, says Camille Flammarion, the French astronomical writer, in a recent number of the Arena. This colossal world of Jupiter has a diameter of about 88,000 miles, which surpasses that of our earth by more than eleven times.

The circumference of Jupiter's world at the equator is about 275,000 miles. The volume of this giant exceeds that of the earth by 1,234 times. This immense globe seen at the distance at which we are situated from the moon would appear to us with a diameter about forty times larger than that of our satellite, and the surface of its disk would embrace on the celestial vault an extent 1,600 times greater than of the full moon. This giant of the worlds travels through space accompanied by a retinue of four satellites at a mean distance of 496,000,000 miles from the sun, which is five times greater than that of the earth from the same.

Its orbit is more than one billion miles in extent, and through this it passes in four thousand three hundred and thirty-two days, or eleven years, ten months and seventeen days. Such is the year of this immense globe. In order to complete its entire orbit during this period it speeds around the sun with a velocity of seven hundred thousand miles a day, or a little more than eight miles a second. This is a little less than half the velocity of the earth in its orbit. But it revolves on its axis with a very great swiftness, for its day and night combined only last about nine hours and fifty-five minutes. In other words, the inhabitants of Jupiter enjoy only five hours of real day, twilight included. "If," says Kant, "an inhabitant of Jupiter should die in childhood, having lived but one year on that planet, he would be as old as a child who should die on our globe at the age of eleven years and three hundred and fourteen days. The terrestrial child would have lived about one hundred and three thousand nine hundred and sixty-eight of Jupiter days, and the child on Jupiter four hundred thousand three hundred and twenty-nine of the earth's days."

It is probable that this globe, although created before the earth, has preserved its pristine heat much longer by reason of its volume and mass. Is this characteristic heat sufficiently intense to prevent all manifestations of life? And is this globe still at the present time not in the state of a luminous star, but in the condition of a dark and burning one, entirely liquid, or scarcely covered with a first-hardened crust, as the earth was before life began to appear on its surface? Or, indeed, is this celestial planet in that condition of temperature through which our own world passed through the primary period of its geological epochs, when life began to show itself under strange forms, as animal and vegetable beings of astonishing vitality, and the convulsions and tempests of the new-born world? The last is the most rational conclusion that we can draw from the most recent and exact observations to which we are indebted for what we know of the present state of this vast world.

Whether Jupiter be inhabited now, whether it was yesterday, or whether it will be to-morrow is of little consequence to the grand, eternal philosophy of nature. Life is the object of its formation, as it was the object of the earth's formation. Therein is everything. The moment, the hour, is of little account. Doubtless the planet may now be inhabited by beings different from us, living, perhaps, in an aerial condition in the upper regions of its atmosphere, above the fogs and vapor of the lower strata, feeding on the aerial fluid itself, resting on the wind, like the eagle in the tempest, and ever dwelling in the upper heights of the Jovian heaven.

That would not be a disagreeable abode, although an anti-terrestrial one. Indeed, it would be like the abode of old Jupiter Olympus and his court. But if we do not wish, in our conception of life, to stray too far from the borders of the terrestrial cradle, there is nothing to prevent us from waiting until the planet has become cool like our own, and enjoys a purified atmosphere, which will permit its being compared with the earth. And what would be better prepared to be the abode of superior life? It is the preponderant globe of the whole solar family, the vastest in surface, the most important as regards mass, the most favored through the position of its axis, the most uniform in its course, rich in the possession of four satellites, and throned like a chief amid the planetary orbits. What marvelous conditions are prepared in this abode for the development of life, intelligence and happiness! Ah, how much superior will such a humanity be to ours!

Happy shores of Jupiter! You will not know the distresses and sorrows at which the unhappy countries of our earth are still shuddering. You will not be moistened with the blood of martyrs, which has been so many times shed here in the name of so many contradictory gods. You will not bear tumultuous armies of brothers who periodically slaughter each other at the order of a few infamous potentates! You will not be defiled by the crimes that hunger, ambition, or pride is commiting every day here below. But you will prepare in the heavens the united states of an immense republic, blessed of the Creator, floating calmly in the luminous ether, bathed in the tepid temperature of an eternal spring, without winter and without summer, and slowed growing in the breast of peace and harmony toward a state of perfection which our imperfect and miserable little planet will never approach.

It is impossible for us to imagine that the existence of the stars can have any other object than that of receiving or giving life. Life! Such is the grand object which we see shining in the destinies of the creation. The absence of life is to us a synonym for death and nothingness. Our logic refuses to believe that the millions of suns which are burning in infinite space are of no use and they neither illuminate, warm, nor govern anything. And, if they are useful for something for us, this "something" is life, under whatever form it may be, from the simplest blade of grass up to the highest, most intelligent, most powerful mind. This declaration, which is forced upon us by our logic, is also the declaration of entire nature, whose unlimited fecundity has sown life around on every spot capable of receiving it; whose singular foresight gives things and beings even a double and multiple purpose for existence; who produces several effects through the same cause, and who goes so far as to accumulate life at the expense of living beings themselves.

If the gigantic world of Jupiter is now undergoing those conditions of temperature that marked the primitive epochs of the earth we cannot consider it as being at present the seat of intellectual life. It is the land of the ichthyosaurus, but not that of man; not the calm and tranquil world which is necessary for the manifestations of a delicate, nervous system and of contemplative thought. It is only later, in the future ages, that Jupiter will be inhabited by an intellectual race, and who knows whether, perhaps, it may not be ourselves? Its situation then will be incomparably superior to that of the earth. An immense empire, a perpetual spring, long years and a mild, unvarying temperature will form an abode of peace and happiness truly worthy of our ambition and our hopes.

This majestic world travels in space accompanied by four enormous satellites. In what condition are these four worlds? Are they not themselves, and have they not been for a long time the seat of organic life and even an intellectual one? Does not Jupiter's globe furnish them with a modicum of heat, and is it not to them a scarcely extinct sun? The superior volume and mass of this planet, as it moves on surrounded by these satellites, is a reproduction of the image of the sun itself in the midst of its four nearer planets—Mercury, Venus, Mars and the earth—for the distances and relative volumes of Jupiter's four satellites form a system which is singularly analogous to that of the four first planets of the great solar system.

Each one of the four worlds of the Jovian system has its special years, its days, and doubtless also its seasons; and the inhabitants of each of them have also the same reasons for believing themselves at the center of the entire universe as the inhabitants of our little earth who, during so many ages, have dreamed the same dream. To them Jupiter's globe has the aspect of a gigantic moon which is capable of effectually compensating for the small quantity of light they receive from the sun. Regarded from the first of the satellites his immense globe appears fourteen hundred times greater in surface than our full moon.

What a colossus! Even from the outmost satellite the apparent surface of Jupiter still exceeds by seventy-five times that which the moon exhibits to us. What magnificent sights are to be contemplated from these observations. Colossal Jupiter is the most marvelous object of their heavens; to him he is the sovereign of the universe—the true Jupiter—and they admire him no less than we admire the sun. For to them the sun is only a small, brilliant disk, while viewed from the first satellite the immense globe of Jupiter exceeds it by thirty-five hundred times.

Let us add the magic colorations which decorate this with glowing tints, from orange and red to violet and purple; let us add also the rapid changes produced in its appearance by its rotatory motion, and we shall have an approximate idea of the magnificence of the picture as seen from these four worlds as they are carried along by the giant star into the far-off depths of immensity.

And now a last question, and one of personal interest: What effect does the earth produce as seen from up yonder? Assuredly a very ordinary effect as regards our vanity. It is very probable that the inhabitants of Jupiter and the planets beyond consider the region of the solar system in which we live as empty. If Jupiter and the earth were to exchange situations the inhabitants of the former would see our globe as a pale star of the sixth magnitude, and scarcely perceptible to the naked eye, just as Uranus appears to us. But, in the position that we occupy with respect to Jupiter, the earth, at the moment of conjunction, is, like Venus, subjected to phases which render the whole or greater part of its disk invisible. Almost always lost amid the solar rays, it would appear like a black point when an observer on Jupiter chanced to see it pass across the disk of the sun, and not, as Fontenelle supposed, with the aspect of a star visible at night. This little black point has not as much importance in the eyes of the inhabitants of Jupiter as that which Mr. Bismarck attaches to the momentary possession of one of his minute provinces, and, were it known on this far distant world that certain philosophers of the little black point had assumed that the whole universe was created and put in the world on purpose for them, there is reason to believe the whole population of the four worlds of Jupiter would be seized with a fit of laughter worthy of being sung by a Homer, and that the uproar produced would be so great that it might well be heard here.

TO FIT ALL FINGERS.

A Convenient Wrinkle for an Engagement Ring.

It was a handsome solitaire, and she evidently desired the jeweler to know that it was her engagement ring.

"I would like to have this ring cut down to suit my finger," said the handsome heart-smasher, as she flourished the brilliant ring before the eyes of the jeweler.

The jeweler took the ring and smiled—he had seen it before.

"I can fix that in a minute," he replied. Screwing a magnifying glass in his eye, and taking a small sharp-pointed instrument in his hand, he touched a minute button on the inside of the ring, and made it the exact size, saying, as he placed it on her finger: "You see, these rings are made in this manner for the reason that they are worn by so many different people; it is a great convenience."

The young lady sailed out of the store, burning with indignation, and the reason she did not fly was because she didn't have the wings. What did she think? You know; and it is only necessary to state that she did not wear the ring. Another girl has it now, but this time the jeweler was not permitted to touch the button—the young man did it himself.—Chicago Ledger.

A Persian King in His Glory.

Of all kings, a Persian king is the vainest; of all "subjects," his are the most servile. He is told every day that the splendor of his throne equals that of the firmament, and petitioners for his favor preface their requests by praying that their own souls and the souls of mankind in general may be sacrificed in his behalf. He "sits for company" arrayed in a tunic of blue velvet, buttoned with pearls as large as pigeons' eggs, wearing on his right arm a diamond as valuable as the Kohinoor, on his shoulders diamond epaulets, round his waist a belt of gems, and a dagger worth a million and a half of dollars in his girdle. Etiquette requires that he shall not seem to see his visitors until the moment comes for opening his oracular lips and saying the few words which a "son of the son of kings" may condescend to say to meaner sons of Adam. That done, he subsides into silence, and refixes his eyes on vacancy, and so the wretched idol squats in state day after day, until carried off by hypochondria or poison. What American journeyman mechanic would consent to occupy the "peacock throne" on such terms? No wonder Xerxes offered a premium for a new pleasure.—N. Y. Ledger.

—England is now admiring the creation of an artificial Venice, on a scale so large as in some sections to be an absolute fac simile of the original. The whole exhibition covers one and a half acres, at the Olympia in London, and the visitor is rowed about in a gondola The water in the canals is warmed by the Rosher system of heating water, extensively used in swimming baths.

PITH AND POINT.

—It doesn't take many pints of whisky to make a peck of trouble.—Glens Falls Republican.

—You can't argue with a bigot without agreeing with him in thinking that you're a fool.—Elmira Gazette.

—When a rich man gives his money to public charity his poor relatives never applaud.—Atchison Globe.

—No one can ever tell what a woman will do next. If any one did tell, she would be sure to go and do something else.—Somerville Journal.

—Mrs. Pester—"So you've been refurnishing your dining-room, eh, Mrs. Mixum?" Mrs. Mixum—"To a sutten extent, yes. Keepin' up to the time, you know; been puttin' some lambkins on the mantel-piece and a druggist under the dining-table."

—One in a Million.—Trivvet—"Bloobumper is the most remarkable man I ever knew." Dicer—"Why do you say that?" Trivvet—"I had a very heavy cold the other day, and I asked him what would cure it. He said he was blest if he knew."—N. Y. Sun.

—Editor—"What kind of an article is this in the news department? I've read it through three times, and can make neither head nor tail of it. It is positively meaningless." Managing Editor—"Yes, I know; that got into the news columns by mistake. It was intended for the editorial page."

—Passenger—"Look here, cabby, can't you make your horse go faster? I must catch the 2:30 train." Cabby—"Yes, sir; my hoss is an old race-hoss, boss, and the best way to make him go faster is for you to bet me a dollar that he won't catch the 2:30 train. Directly he hears that I'll put him on his mettle, and he'll go like greased lightnin'."—Comic.

—"She may be well educated, as you say, but she uses very singular expressions." "She does?" "Yes. Yesterday, for instance, she spoke of a musical concert?" "Wasn't that correct?" "Certainly not. It wasn't necessary to say musical in speaking of a concert. A concert must be musical." "Must, eh? Well, I've been at some that were not."—N. Y. Press.

—"If you think you are going to have the grip, Maria," observed Mr. Billus, peevishly, "of course you will have it. Any doctor will tell you that a constant dread of any disease is likely to make you catch it." "Not always, John," replied Mrs. Billus. "You might live for sixty years in constant dread of a brain disease and you'd never get it, John."—Chicago Tribune.

—"Did I have a good time on my vacation?" echoed Fogg. "Of course I did. To be sure, I nearly starved to death, tried to sleep in a bed which it would be flattery to call a rack; but what of that? I got my name in the paper. I won't deny that they spelled my name wrong and gave me brand-new initials; but then, you can't expect to have everything perfect in this world."

NO TRUST.

He Was a Scion of Nobility, But Had to Pay Cash.

A tall, young man pushed through the swinging doors of the hotel and walked breezily up to the desk. Raymond Hapsburg-Worrall Blakslee, the name he signed to the register in big, flowing characters, took up all the line allotted for name and residence, and so he had to put "London, England," on the line below. "I would like a nice room," he said in accents not overburdened with aspirates, "and not too far up. I am rather timid about fires; not comfortable to jump from four stories in one's pajamas." If R. H. W. Blakslee feared flames he certainly did not fear frost, for he was guiltless of an overcoat and his cutaway and trousers were not of the heaviest make; in fact, they showed signs of wear.

"How would a two-dollar-and-a-half room suit, Mr. Blakslee?" said Mr. Dodge, the clerk on watch.

"Oh, very well, thanks; I am not familiar with American money, but I suppose it's all right."

"Oh, yes," said Dodge, "it's all right. Will you go up to your room now? Where shall we send for your baggage?"

"Oh, you needn't bother. I'll attend to that to-morrow. Some sort of bother about customs to-day. Got to go to dock to-morrow and get my traps."

"All right," said Dodge; "two and a half, please."

"I beg pardon," said the London gentleman.

"Two and a half." And then Dodge murmured reflectively: "All the way from London without an overcoat, or a hatbox or a handbag."

Mr. Blackslee hardly waited for the last word, but walked out as briskly as he entered. And then Mr. Dodge said to the reporter: "'Good old fake' that, but I have met Mr. B. before."—N. Y. Advertiser.

A Full Stock.

A New York chemist was boasting, in company of friends, of his well-assorted stock in trade. "There isn't a drug missing," he said, "not even one of the most uncommon sort." "Come, now!" said one of the bystanders, by way of a joke. "I bet that you don't keep any spirit of contradiction, well-stocked as you pretend to be." "Why not?" replied the chemist, not in the least embarrassed at the unexpected sally. "You shall see for yourself." So saying he left the group and returned in a few minutes leading by the hand his wife.—The Comic.

THE DUBLIN PROGRESS.

J. S. DALEY, Publisher.

DUBLIN. - - - - TEXAS.

THE PINES.

Far back in the days of childhood stood a grove
of stately pines;
The fields spread green around them and their
shadowy outlines
Reached up into the sky so far that I believed it
true
That angels in their upstretched arms passed
through the heavenly blue.

And when the night winds murmured in their
branches, sweet and low,
I listened through the dark and said: "'Tis
angels' harps, I know—
Good angels who will give me all I want, if I am
kind,"
For childhood's eyes look far out wide, but
childhood's faith is blind.

And as the angel music filled my soul with vi-
sions bright,
I lay upon my pillow in a charm of rapt de-
light,
Where noble knights and maidens moved in an
enchanted land
Of palaces and gardens fair and castles tall and
grand.

"Sweet angels, grant me but two gifts, and I'll
be good—I pray
A palace for my home, and let my mother live
alway;
My mother dear, so beautiful that like to you
she seems,
Oh, let her live forever!" thus I whispered in
my dreams.

No palaces are mine, but near me woods and
mountains stand,
Arrayed in all the splendor of the wondrous
fairyland;
And o'er a grove beneath the pines the birds
sing all the day,
And Faith's bright angel tells me that my
mother lives alway.

—Zitella Cocke, in N. E. Magazine.



ON the extreme point of a narrow tongue of land, jutting into Lake Erie from its southern shore, rising for fifty feet without a limb and then spreading wide its immense branches, tall and solitary, stood the old tree whose companions had long since been swept away by the heavy surges of wave and storm that had washed bare its own great roots and seemed ever trying to wrench the old oak from its moorings, but in vain. A landmark by sea and land for miles around, it held its exposed position as if in proud defiance of the forces of waves and winds.

But not alone for its great size and striking situation was the old oak noted. High up in the topmost branches, so high that the foot of the most expert climber had never ventured there, a mass of sticks and dead limbs was the nest of a pair of eagles, who sought it every spring to rear their young, and prey upon the gulls and fish-hawks who sought their food in that vicinity. A magnificent pair were those old eagles, the pride and admiration of all for miles around. No one could remember when this had not been their eyrie, and the time of their coming lay far back in the time of Indian possession. From the Indians had also been handed down the tradition that even more than sentiment or local pride had preserved the lives of the eagles and restrained the inhabitants from any act of violence or harm. "For," so ran the legend, "whenever the eagle's nest should be touched by a disturbing hand, the eagles would leave it never to return again, and with their departure dire calamity would overwhelm the neighborhood, while ill luck and misfortune would ever after follow the rash mortal who should dare to molest the birds or their habitation."

Such was the prediction told by the earliest settler to every newcomer, and repeated in turn till the old oak and the great nest within it came to be almost objects of reverence and superstitious dread, and daring hunters shunned it as a tree of ill-omen, while timid children playing about the beach kept far aloof from the "Old Eagle Oak."

The tradition was again repeated to the Van Fleets when one early spring they came to make their home on the shore of the lake, about a mile from the point where the great oak held its solitary state.

Martin Van Fleet listened to the story as the old hunter Mackworth told it, his eyes in the meantime watching the eagles as on widespread wings they sailed in great circles high in the air above him. A bright-eyed, well-knit, active boy of fourteen was Martin, alike ambitious, intrepid, fond of daring and adventure, and who as yet had to learn the meaning of the word fear. From the first the eagles were an object of fascinating interest to him, and also to his younger twin sisters Grace and Clara, and often they might have been seen watching them or haunting the vicinity of the eyrie. For a time there was comparative quiet in the old oak; seldom was but one of the eagles seen, and he remained much of the time perched on a limb near the nest.

But at last one day Martin rushed into the house crying: "New neighbors have come to town. There are young eagles in the eyrie!"

That such was the case was soon apparent to eyes less keenly watchful, and both the old eagles now made long excursions in search of food for the hungry little mouths so securely hidden in the nest.

"O dear," sighed Grace one day, as the old bird disappeared within the tree, "how I do wish I could see those little eagles."

"Do you?" said Martin, with a curious smile. "Well, who knows but one of them may fall out of the nest one of these days?"

"But that would kill it," rejoined Clara, "and we want to see them alive."

Nothing more was said on the subject, and but incidentally was it noticed that the next week all of Martin's spare time was given to some work in regard to which he preserved a studied silence. Finally one afternoon he asked his sisters to go with him for a row over to the eyrie, and on reaching the spot drew from under a thicket of stunted, storm-twisted bushes not far distant a rude but strongly-made ladder and a coil of knotted rope.

"What are you going to do?" exclaimed both the girls in one breath.

Martin laughed. "I am going to get you a young eagle."

"O Martin!" protested Grace, "the tree is so high—what if you should fall? You must not think of such a thing."

"And," urged Clara, "you know what will happen if anyone meddles with the nest. Pray, Martin, let it be," and she gave a little shudder.

"Pooh!" with a contemptuous snap of his fingers; "what do you suppose I care for an old Indian superstition? Besides, I'm not going to kill the eagles or hurt them; I wouldn't do that for anything. If there is only one bird in the nest I won't touch it; but if there are two, as I hope there are, I am going to take one. We can take good care of it and feed it fish, and just think what a grand thing it will be to have an eagle for a pet."

The possession of a pet eagle was a tempting possibility that easily overcame the little girls' fears and scruples, while as to danger, Martin scoffed the idea. "Many trees as I've climbed! and then see here!" and he displayed a pair of old shoes he had fitted with sharp-pointed nails to serve as climbers.

The old eagles had been seen to leave the nest shortly before they arrived, and, taking advantage of their absence, Martin set up his ladder and with a bag fastened around him to hold his prize and with a stout rope on his arm, began the ascent. In the meantime the light wind that had helped them over had died away and been succeeded by an almost unnatural hush, with hardly a ripple to break its surface. The lake stretched before them as far as the eye could reach, and up the sandy beach the little waves crept softly towards the great tree's bare and knotted roots, while overhead the leaves hung motionless in the still sunshine. Up the great bole pressed the young climber, higher and higher; the branches were reached, and he was lost to the gaze of the eager watchers below; higher, still higher, and then a loud, exultant shout told that the goal was reached.

Soon Martin was on his downward way, carefully picking his steps with his iron-shod feet, and swinging and steadying himself by the aid of his rope till he reached the ladder, and then the ground, with his proud and hardly-won trophy, not one bird, but two, for, having found three feeble little eaglets in the nest, he had determined to bring Grace and Clara each one. "For, you see," he explained, "that leaves the old birds one, just as I intended."

At that moment steps were heard, and turning, they saw Mackworth, the old hunter, who had repeated the Indian tradition to the Van Fleets, and who from a not distant field had seen enough of the movements at the old oak to rouse his suspicions. As he saw the eaglets in the children's hands his face darkened with anger. "Martin Van Fleet, what have you been guilty of?" he demanded, sternly. "In all the years I have lived here never before has a soul, boy or man, disturbed the eyrie. You ought to be shot for it, you had, and if you have brought a curse on yourself, it is no more than you deserve."

"But I have left one in the nest for the eagles," protested Martin, his high spirits over his success suddenly falling under this sharp arraignment.

"I don't care if you have; you have broken the prohibition; you have tampered with the nest. But yonder," pointing to a black speck in the sky, "comes one of the old eagles; if she eats you up to pay for what you have done, I shan't care," and turning on his heels he strode wrathfully away.

With the old eagle so near, the children did not dare to escape, but hastily hid under the low thicket where Martin had concealed his ladder. Wheeling round and round in great circles, the mother bird drew near her nest. There was a moment's silence after she reached it, and then a hoarse cry of disappointment and rage told the trembling listeners that she had discovered the robbery; then, stretching her wide wings, the powerful bird flew rapidly away again. It was but a little while till she returned with her mate, when both, with loud calls, swept round and round searching for their little ones; while Martin, beginning to realize as he had not at first the seriousness of his act, crouched beside his sisters under the bushes, with the eaglets held close to his breast, lest by a sound they betray them. Finally, with a last cry, the old birds turned and flew away over the lake, their dark forms growing more and more indistinct against the darkness of a swift-rising stormcloud, till finally they were lost to sight, just as a flash of vivid lightning zigzagged across the ominous-looking sky.

"O Martin, what have you done?" sobbed Clara, breaking the almost spellbound silence that had held them. "The old eagles will never come back, and what will become of that poor, little bird in the nest?"

"I can't help it if they don't," replied Martin, doggedly, though his face wore a troubled, anxious look; "I'm sure I didn't mean to frighten them away; maybe they will come back yet, and if they don't I can get the other little eagle to-morrow. But we must hurry home before that storm comes on."

There was no elation now over their trophies. Fold on fold the black clouds were rising in the north; an outward expression it seemed to Martin of his own overcast spirit. Already lines of foam could be seen flicking the surface of the lake; the close-brooding stillness was broken by the mutter of distant thunder; the rush of the rising wind filled the forests, and just before their little skiff reached the shore a strong gust struck, and but for the shallow water would have overturned it.

But not till the night and darkness were closely gathered did the storm break in its full fury. Then the great waves came thundering in to break far up on the beach beyond the remembrance of the oldest settler; the rain beat in swirling, blinding sheets, and the gale swept with terrific force over the whitened, water-leveling fences, unroofing buildings and snapping strong trees as though they had been but saplings. From old Mackworth the news of the spoiling of the eyrie had rapidly spread through the neighborhood, with a general indignation at the act, arising even to threats of violence; and during the hours of the brief but awful tempest, wherein they that slept were few indeed, the thoughts of more than one turned to the disasters predicted to follow the touch of hands on the old eagle's nest. While at the same time, under a quivering roof in full hearing of the surges, a white-faced boy lay with his face buried in his pillow, his heart heavy with remorse for his afternoon's work, and the shuddering fear lest he had indeed broken a mystic spell and brought upon himself the threatened ill, that the "Indian superstition" he had so scoffed might after all prove a dreadful reality.

Morning dawned with skies as clear, sunshine as bright, and air as calm as though the elements had known no rage. But traces of its wreck were not so quickly vanished. As Martin Van Fleet, heavy-eyed and pallid, came down the stairs, an exclamation from Grace, standing in the open doorway, brought him to her side. Following the direction of her outstretched hand, he looked across the bay to the point of land where the old landmark,



"MARTIN VAN FLEET, WHAT HAVE YOU BEEN GUILTY OF?"

the great oak, had stood so long, but where it was no more to be seen. For a moment Martin gazed motionless, and then, followed by his sisters, dashed off along the sandy beach, now beaten hard and smooth as a floor, to where, driven by wind and wave, a bruised and wrenched and shattered ruin, the great tree lay. Not a trace of the nest was to be seen; the eyrie had disappeared as though it had never been, but on the sand, crushed by the fall of the prostrate trunk, drenched and dead, lay the puny body of the third young eagle.

Martin took it up and tenderly smoothed the sodden feathers. "I don't care," he burst forth, his fears of the night lessening with the bright morning and the pulse beat of healthful exercise, and all the vigor of his strong, young nature rising in passionate protest against a malign fate, "I'm awful sorry for what I did, but I don't believe it had anything to do with the storm. That was coming up anyway, and would have blown the tree down just the same, and if the old eagles had stayed they might have been killed too, so after all maybe I saved their lives."

But for all this reasoning, to which Grace and Clara, with the guilty sense of accessories, were only too glad to agree, it was a silent, sober little group that made a grave for the young eagle in the sand. And long was it after public indignation and the displeasure of his parents at his ill-considered and dangerous act had passed away before the memory of the despoiled eagle's nest and its attendant storm and terror lost its vividness to Martin's mind, or that on the occasion of any accident or misfortune the "ill luck" of the old tradition did not uncomfortably rise.

As for the coveted eaglets one soon died, the other grew to sturdy eaglehood, but always showed a malicious



BURYING THE EAGLET.

enmity toward his captors, and with his savage beak and claws proved a most formidable pet, till one day, breaking the chain that confined him, he spread his great wings in all the conscious pride of freedom, and, sweeping up in great circles, vanished over the lake as his parent birds had done before him.

The prediction, however, was but partially fulfilled, for though the eagles never returned to their disturbed nest, no other disaster followed the tempest, and Martin Van Fleet still lives, a man prosperous and successful beyond the average.—Ela Thomas, in Christian at Work.

CARLOTTA'S IRON JEWELS.

The Exquisite Designs Produced by the Ancient Aztecs.

Of all the curious jewelry ever produced the California state mining museum has one of the most unique specimens. The casket in which the jewelry is shown contains eight separate pieces, there being two pairs of earrings, three breast pins and a necklace, the latter being double.

At a short distance the collection closely resembles and could easily be mistaken for hair jewelry, having a very fine and delicate texture. What adds to this impression more than anything else is its web-like design. That such fragile and beautiful work could be accomplished with so base a metal as iron can scarcely be imagined, yet that, with the exception of the gold trimmings and clasp on the necklace, is the material of which these peculiar jewels are composed. Even on close inspection one would not suspect the real material from its appearance, as the coating of magnetic oxide, to prevent rusting, gives it the color and appearance of dull jet.

In design each article differs from the rest. Of the three breastpins one is in the form of a cross, another is designed as a leaf and the third is of a square pattern with intricate center work. Much dissimilarity is also shown in the design of the earrings. One is in the old-fashioned style, with a long pendant lobe, while the other is fashioned after a more modern design, being much smaller and arranged for adjustment to the ear in a similar manner to that in which solitaire earrings are now worn.

The necklace, which is intended to encircle the neck twice, is of ordinary length, with a clasp of gold. Taken altogether, the casket is as interesting as anything else on exhibition, not only for the remarkable workmanship displayed in its manufacture but also from its historic associations. The jewelry was taken to Mexico from Berlin by Carlotta, the wife of Maximilian, and was presented by her to one of her maids of honor.—Jewelers' Weekly.

Brotherly Criticism.

It is unwise, as a general thing, to ask other people what they think of our work. The result may be unpleasant both for them and for us.

Two ministers were discussing the process of sermon-writing.

"Now with me," said one of them, "the only really hard things to manage are the introduction and the conclusion. You remember the sermon I preached at the installation of Brother So-and-So not long ago? Well, I flattered myself that the exordium and the peroration of that sermon were pretty well done. Do you remember what you thought of them?"

"Yes" said the other minister. "I remember thinking they were very good, but too far apart."—Youth's Companion.

—Mr. Neer—"What ought we to do, doctor, as a community, in order to—er—meet the grip?" Dr. Blunt—"Don't meet it, my dear sir. Avoid it."—Chicago Tribune.

ARTISTIC DECORATIONS.

Something About the Adornment of Table and Household Linen.

These are days of decoration in painting, embroidery and a host of minor arts. A large field for the embroiderer is offered in the adornment of table linen and household linen generally. The work may be elaborate or simple in white or colors, or in a combination of the two, according to the desires and taste of the worker or the uses for which it is intended. It is, however, advisable to keep sets in which color appears for high days and holidays, for no matter how fast the colors may be they are sure to suffer by frequent cleanings or laundryings. There are colors which are practically fast and that will stand many washings if done with care.

Many people there are who cling to the old-time prejudice in favor of immaculate white linen for the table; but there is no doubt that color, if delicate, adds much to the richness of the decoration. There is a middle course which is very popular, notwithstanding its tendency to stiffness, that is, the fashion of outlining the entire design with some dainty color, generally gold color. The design is first worked solidly, or in long or short stitch, in white. Doubtless more artistic effects can be got by judiciously blending the delicate tint with the white. These tints are often so delicate that they are but a shade from white. Some exquisite results are gained by using three or four shades of the same color, and sticking to them throughout the day.

Again, some persons fancy designs where the flowers are in one color, several shades of the same tint being employed, the foliage being green. The greens must, of course, harmonize with the flowers; that is, if they are blue use pale yellowish greens running off into warm browns; pink flowers require faded gray-greens; yellow, the cool bluish-green of the poppy.

The adjuncts to a table, of which there are almost numberless trifles, says an exchange, are capable of being more or less embellished by needlework. The table-cloth itself may be embroidered, decorated with drawnwork, or trimmed with hand-made lace, but is more frequently entirely white, even when color enters into the adornment of the linen used with it. Next in importance is the table scarf, or the set of mats which sometimes takes its place. There is a wide choice of material for these. Very dainty effects are secured by painting the design of bolting-cloth and outlining it in silks to match. Another novelty is to select a large single conventionalized flower and place them side by side so that their edges touch. When painted they are outlined in button-hole stitch, and the outer edge is cut out. These things are, of course, for special occasions, and not for wear, although they will withstand cleaning.

Grass linen makes an exquisite foundation for delicate outline work in white or colored silks, and may be carefully washed, as frequently as desired. The edge is finished with a hemstitch hem, which is afterward fringed out, if fringe is fancied. The designs are mostly arabesque or scrolls. Very fine linen of heavier texture is also used for this purpose, the patterns being worked solidly or in "long and short."

For more common wear linen momie cloth or crash is more suitable, and it is inexpensive. China silk embroidered in colors is very popular. The edges of these doilies are very prettily finished with tassels, to match the colors used in the embroidery, placed at intervals. The tassels are made by winding the silk around the cardboard cut to the required size, and finished in the same manner that crewel or wool tassels are made.

Large dinner napkins considered sufficiently ornamental when decorated with the initial or monogram placed either in the center or at one corner. A great variety in the treatment of these is admissible. The initials may be enriched with floral decorations placed around them and intertwining the solidly-worked letters. They may be worked solid and outlined in Kensington stitch or with dots made by stitches with the space of a stitch between, and the initial may be outlined and filled in with French knots.

For fruit and tea napkins all kinds of embroidery are used. The preferred pattern is in the form of a border, worked above a hem-stitched edge, which may be fringed out or left plain. The work is very appropriately done in long and short, with French knots introduced and in colors or white, according to the fancy, using either silk or flax thread. The colors may also be as taste dictates, faded leaf green being a very telling color and generally harmonious. China blue is also a favorite tint. The same suggestions will apply to lunch napkins.

Tea cloths may be decorated with elaborate borders or with designs in the corners only. A bold design is preferable to that which is fine and intricate, and is more effective with less work. Very dainty tray covers are embroidered all over with tiny sprays in delicate colors, much after the manner of Dresden china decorations.—Chicago Herald.

—Relative—"Well, I sincerely hope you will be happy with him, 'Mandy. Is he a steady young man?" Miss 'Mandy—"Steady! My goodness! Aunt Judy, he's been coming to see me for more than eleven years!"—Chicago Tribune.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER



Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking powder. Highest of all in leavening strength.—*Latest U. S. Government Food Report.*
Sold by R. H. McCAIN, Dublin.

Alliance Department.

TEXAS STATE OFFICERS.

President, Evan Jones, Dublin, Texas.
Vice-President, T. J. Anderson, Paris, Texas.
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Lecturer, J. M. Purdue, West Mountan, Tex.
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11th CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OFFICERS.

President, D. M. Rumph, Alexander, Texas.
Vice-President, J. W. Biard, Lenore, Texas.
Sec.-Treasuret, 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 Suly, the 29th 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. A. Venable, Stephenville Texas. / J. D. Stell, Lingleville, Texas. / J. G. Martin, Carlton, Texas. } Ex. Com.

ERATH COUNTY ALLIANCE meets on the first Wednesday in April at 2 o'clock p. m. with Flat Creek Alliance, 18 miles west of Dublin, 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.

Bartons' Creek Alliance meets svery 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.

Huckabay 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.

Bunyan 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 Sunday.

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.

Oak Grove,	7 p. m.,	Monday,	February	15
Pecan Grove,	"	Tuesday,	"	16
Gilmore,	"	Wednesday,	"	17
Duffau,	"	Thursday.	"	18
Chalk Mountain,	"	Friday,	"	19
Selden,	2 "	Saturday.	"	20
Rockey Point	7 "	Monday,	"	22
Valley Grove,	"	Tuesday,	"	23
New Hope,	"	Wednesday,	"	24
Fair Valley,	"	Thursday,	"	25
Banyan,	"	Friday,	"	26
Highland,	"	Saturday,	"	27
Flat Creek,	"	Monday,	"	29
Pleasant Home,	"	Tuesday,	March	1
Mt. Zion,	"	Wednesday,	"	2
Lingleville,	"	Thursday,	"	3
Lone Star,	"	Friday,	"	4
Liberty,	"	Saturday,	"	5
Buck Creek,	"	Monday,	"	7
Pleasant Ridge,	"	Tuesday,	"	8
Huckabee,	"	Wednesday	"	9
Oak Dale,	"	Thursday,	"	10
Raybora Hill,	"	Friday,	"	11
Fairview,	2 "	Saturday,	"	12
Morgan's Mill,	7 "	Monday,	"	14
Wesley's Chappel	"	Tuesday,	"	15
Richardson Creek	"	Wednesday,	"	16
Box House,	"	Thursday,	"	17
Stephensville,	"	Friday,	"	18
Hickey S. H.	2 "	Saturday,	"	19
Harbin,	7 "	Monday,	"	21
Green's Fields S. H	"	Tuesday,	"	22
Live Oak,	"	Wednesday,	"	23
Palmer's S. H.,	"	Thursday,	"	24
Alexander,	"	Friday,	"	25
Mayfield's S. H.,	"	Saturday,	"	26
Dublin,	"	Monday,	"	28
Corinth,	"	Wednesday,	"	30
Berlin Hall,	"	Thursday,	"	31

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

A benevolent institution, to be known as the Texas Industrial Home, for the benefit of unfortunate women and girls, has been established at Fort Worth.

COUNTY CORRESPONDENCE.

HARBIN.

Owing to various hindrances I have not written to you for a considerable time—excuse me, and I will try and do better in the future.

Since my last there has been considerable changing around in this yicinity. A. J. Draper has sold half of his farm, and moved to Dublin. George Solsberry was the purchaser and takes Mr Draper's place. Dublin gains a good citizen, and while we miss Bro. Draper, who has been with us so long, Mr. Solsberry is falling into line with us and everybody appreciates him as a good citizen and a man full of push and enterprise.

Farmers are busy. Oat sowing is about done. Corn land about all broken and gardening is a live enterprise. Sweet potato seed are scarce indeed.

A gentleman from Louisiana came to Harbin recently and proposed to run a blacksmith shop, the very thing we need worst of all. We congratulated ourselves and our new smith as well; but alas, he is gone, and we are without a smith. Will the PROGRESS please find us a workman—a blacksmith. There is no better opening in the county.

Our schoo' under the gentlemanly and efficient management of Professor Richard is giving general satisfaction. He and his school observed the 22nd as a holiday. A good number of the patrons and other visitors were present, and it was an enjoyable day indeed. The recitations were highly satisfactory, and in the afternoon patrons and children planted a great number of fruit trees, shrubbery and flowers. We have three acres enclosed in our college campus and it is good soil, well adapted to the growth of what we plant, and we expect to have something nice in the future around Harbin college.

Success to the PROGRESS.

U. J. MORTON.

* *

FROM HARBIN.

I will write you a few lines to let you know that I welcome your paper and think it the grandest paper I ever read. I would not keep house without it.

Harbin town is still improving. Our new drug store is the best thing that Harbin has ever had, and our new doctor does his duty on all occasions and is well respected by all who know him.

Mr. James Cox, near Harbin, died Friday the 26th at the residence of Jim Bishop, after an illness of several months.

Our school is getting a'ong fine. we have such good and noble teachers. Our school celebrated George Washington's birth-day and teachers scholars and patrons all seemed to enjoy it very much.

Harbin Alliance met Saturday night and had a very interesting meeting. We had lectures by Mr. Welch, Mr. Jennings and also President E. W. Morton. Bro. C. C. Bearden made us an interesting speech at Harbin a few weeks ago, and we hope he will give us another call soon.

Mr. John and Landy Bishop, old and good citizens of Harbin, have rented their farms and are making preparations to go to the panhandle, where they will make their future home.

Farmers are getting along well with their crops, planting corn and getting their cotton ground ready for planting. Oats look well, but we are needing rain in this part very badly.

Mr. Robt. Baney is still increasing his stock of goods and says he will sell as cheap as any one else can. We wish him much success.

Mr. Harbin makes a good postmaster and is always at his place when we call for our mail.

J. M.

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.

A Sound Liver Makes a Man a Te!

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.

Cure Your Corns By Using

Abbott's East Indian corn Paint for Corns, Bunions and Warts, it is great

A prominent rai road 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.

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

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.

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.

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

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.

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

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and 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.

CURED

"About seven or eight months ago I was attacked by a cough, and at once began to take a medicine much advertised as an expectorant, and continued using it until I had taken about six bottles. Instead of giving me relief, it only made me worse. I tried several other remedies, but all in vain, and I don't think I had three whole nights' rest during my illness. I began to think that

Consumption

had laid hold of me, and my hopes of recovery were all gone. I was a mere skeleton, but a friend of mine, who had been some time away, called to see me. He recommended me to try Ayer's Cherry Pectoral, and kindly sending me a bottle, I took it, but with little hopes of recovery. I am thankful, however, to say that it cured me, and I am to-day enjoying the best of health."—J. Wilmot Payne, Monrovia, Liberia.

AYER'S Cherry Pectoral

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.
Prompt to act, sure to cure

—TAKE—

THE MK AND T
MISSOURI, KANSAS & TEXAS RAILWAY.

TO ALL POINTS
NORTH and EAST
THROUGH TRAINS CARRY
PULLMAN SLEEPERS
Between points in Texas and
Chicago, St. Louis & Kansas City,
—ALSO—
FREE RECLINING CHAIRS
BETWEEN
Taylor, Kansas City and Hannibal

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
New York, Boston, Montreal & St. Paul

M. McMOR, City Ticket Agent, corner Fourth and Houston streets, Fort Worth.
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E. B. PARKER, Assistant General Passenger Agent, 509 Chestnut street, St. Louis.
A. S. DODGE, Traffic Manager, St. Louis.

Patent Or NO FEE.

A 48-page book free. Address
W. T. FITZ GERALD, Att'y at Law,
Cor. 8th and F Sts., Washington, D. C.

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 a 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.

CHILD BIRTH ... MADE EASY!

"MOTHERS' FRIEND" is a scientifically prepared Liniment, every ingredient of recognized value and in constant use by the medical profession. These ingredients are combined in a manner hitherto unknown

"MOTHERS' FRIEND"

WILL DO all that is claimed for it AND MORE. It Shortens Labor, Lessens Pain, Diminishes Danger to Life of Mother and Child. Book to "MOTHERS" mailed FREE, containing valuable information and veluntary testimonials.

Sent by express on receipt of price $1.50 per bottle
BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

L. D. YOUNG,
Contractor & Builder,
Dublin Texas.

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

PASTOR KOENIGS TRADE NERVE TONIC MARK

A Perfect Success. VII

The Rev. A. Antoine, of Refugio, Tex., writes: As far as I am able to judge, I think Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic is a perfect success, for anyone who suffered from a most painful nervousness as I did. I feel like myself again after taking the Tonic.

A Sunday School Superintendent Endorses it.

SECRETARY, Dorchester Co., Md., March 8, '91.
A scholar in the M. E. Sunday school (of which I am Superintendent) I know was compelled to stay at home on account of her ailment (epileptic fits) for eight months, but since using Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic she attends regularly. I think the cure the most remarkable I have ever seen or heard of, and this Nerve Tonic deserves the highest ecomiums. It has my fullest endorsement.
JOHN A. REESE, JR.

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
KOENIG MED. CO., Chicago, Ill.

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



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.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND

FOR THE BLOOD
Weakness, Malaria, Indigestion and Biliousness, take
BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.
It cures quickly. For sale by all dealers in medicine. Get the genuine.

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. 1

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 pur ple and red blotches."
Charley—"Oh, that's easily enough disposed o 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?"
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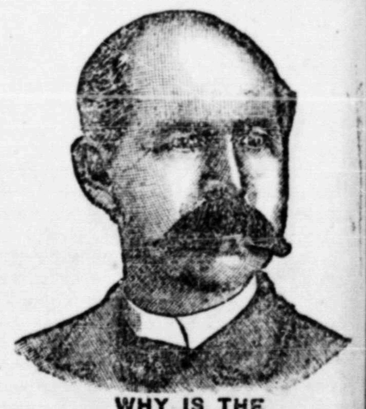
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