

The Haskell Free Press.

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No. 11.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin eruptions, 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 A. P. McLenore.

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Office at A. P. McLenore's Drug store.

SENATOR TILLMAN has again disturbed the equanimity of that staid body called by some the United States senate, and by others the "American millionaires' club" though there are several senators who are not yet millionaires. He told the senators that the corruption manifested in the armor plate contracts could be accounted for on no other hypothesis than that the trusts had paid agents on the floor of the senate. At this Senator Hawley of Connecticut got mad, turned pale, trembled, said it was false, and retired to the cloak room to cool off, while the impudent Tillman, pointing his finger at the retiring form of the irate senator, remarked, "How the galled jade winces." It is needless to say the senate was awfully shocked, or that the "great dailies" will denounce the South Carolina senator as a bold, bad man. Nevertheless, when he closed his speech a motion to amend the naval appropriation bill by substituting \$300 for \$400 per ton as the price to be paid for armor plate, carried by a good majority. This would cut down the profits of the steel trust on the plate contracts from 200 to 150 per cent. And there will go up a great howl about it. True, Senator Tillman has but one eye, but he can see more with it than some senators could if they had half a dozen.—Farm and Ranch.

SOME RAMBLING THOUGHTS.

ON THE LIMITATION OF THE CHILD-MIND.

Education of Children—By "Nemo."

Shall we search around for an illustration that portrays a too common idea of the child-mind?

To produce the famous Strasburg pates de foie gras, luckless geese are shut up in coops, so small that the birds can neither turn, nor flap their wings, nor even preen the feathers. Several times a day each unhappy goose is forced full of food by a feeding machine. The result of this concentration of effort upon one organ is very quickly seen. In two weeks a large, sturdy bird is reduced to a foul and living skeleton; but the desired effect has been produced upon the liver, which now weighs two to three pounds.

Is there not something akin to this in the methods applied to children by machine-teachers, and tacitly approved of by indifferent parents? Without thought of a child being possessed of any other organ beside a brain, and any other function beyond the acquirement of facts, and any other responsibility apart from earning a living, the little creature is stuffed with instruction—not education in its best sense—until its limbs jerk from overstrained nerves. A sure proof of the actual damage of such training both to the child and to the community is found in the fact stated by Forbes Winslow, the famous authority on the brain, that Infant Prodiges seldom do well in after life, because of over-development in one direction and neglect of training in another, the result being that they are easily led away by temptation and often "go to the bad" when thrown on their own resources. All thinkers most fully acknowledge the need of brain-culture as a means of broadening the life and enabling the individual to acquire a consciousness of other things beyond those that he can touch and taste and handle in his own neighborhood. For instance: Without the power to read, our lives are apt to remain as narrow as those of savages. But it is a mere dream to suppose that a knowledge of all the rivers of all the continents, with length, breadth, and characteristics, will deter little pilfering fingers from taking another scholar's lunch. You may drag the child through miles of arithmetic and over mountains of spelling; you may whirl it through the universe till its knowledge is marvelous to relate, but all such brain development will not save your sweet little girl from the corruption of the boy with unrestrained passions. Where is the uplifting power of vulgar fractions or the heart-training in repeating the bounds of the Mediterranean sea? Though we speak with the tongues of savants, and treasure facts like the miser treasureth gold; though we compass all knowledge so that we can name the stars in their courses and the strata in their order, yet without judgment we are nothing. And judgment cometh not by knowledge forced into the brain and appealing only to memory. Judgment and conscientious conduct are a part of the heritage of the race, inherent and capable of development in each normal child. They are strengthened by the play-ground and the home, by the personal influence of the teacher and the parent; so that any who think duty to the child completed by books alone are cruel to the child and traitors to the race. Far be it from me to belittle the brain, for by its powers the material progress of the world has reached its present height; and far be it from anyone else to belittle the heart with its social instincts, and the character with its fateful powers. Mental giants are capable of being moral dwarfs, and possibly fiends. The very forcing to which they have been subjected hides, hinders, even destroys their better capabilities of usefulness of brain and honor of conduct.

Be not deceived; Nature is not mocked! The different elements of

our being—body, mind, and spirit—have to be trained up together. Each child has the tendency within it to slip back to wild, untrammelled defiance of the things that are right, unless all sorts of influences are brought to bear upon it. With it and with us as with the universe there is no such thing as standing still. We are either moving forward physically, mentally, and morally or we are slipping backward. So by neglect of proper means of education, and proper interest in your educators, and you are possibly helping to thrust the child back to the starting point of your family ages ago. Scientists will tell you there is always at work among domestic animals a tendency to slip back to the savage state. Your house cat litters in the barn, and the kittens unless brought to the house will be almost unapproachable later. Then their off-spring incline to hunting in the fields and the woods and so on back to the wild cat stage. Thus also will the pariah dogs of Constantinople, with the wild horses of the Pampas, with the wild cattle of the Western plains. In the same manner, but in more fateful degree, is it with the child.

Now then, in your mind, take a walk around your town and see if as a matter of fact some, even many, children are not more neglected than any domestic animal you can name. The horse is broken to the harness and taught to pull without jerking, without training nothing is expected of it. The cow is accustomed to the stall by various little lures; from the young stock that have run for months in the pasture, butting stupidity is looked for and found. But the child under consideration is driven off to school just as early as possible, so as to leave the house quiet, left there in school for years under teachers whom parents do not even take the trouble to know, crammed by some of them with book knowledge as a Strasburg goose is crammed with meal, tempted to deception by various marking systems, driven into lying by harsh unfeeling treatment at home, and is then expected to turn into a sane, well-rounded person. If he fails, and brings shame on himself and family, then up go the hands in astonishment that such a thing could be.

As well might you expect to gather Malaga grapes from a wild vine or find a living lamb in the cave of a lion.

To Tinker the Tariff and Finances.

Call for the Special Session.

Washington, March 6.—President McKinley this afternoon issued a proclamation convoking congress in extra session Monday, March 15.

The proclamation in full is as follows:

"By the president of the United States of America:

"A proclamation: Whereas, public interests require that the congress of the United States should be convened in extra session at 12 o'clock on the 15th of March 1897, to receive such communication as may be made by the executive.

"Now, therefore, I William McKinley, president of the United States of America, do hereby proclaim and declare that an extraordinary occasion requires the congress of the United States to convene in extra session at the capitol in the city of Washington on the 15th of March, 1897, at 12 o'clock, noon, of which all persons who shall at that time be entitled to act as members

WARNING.

We wish to caution all users of Simmons Liver Regulator on a subject of the deepest interest and importance to their health—perhaps their lives. The sole proprietors and makers of Simmons Liver Regulator learn that customers are often deceived by buying and taking some medicine of a similar appearance or taste, believing it to be Simmons Liver Regulator. We warn you that unless the word Regulator is on the package or bottle, that it is not Simmons Liver Regulator. No one else makes, or ever has made Simmons Liver Regulator, or anything called Simmons Liver Regulator, but J. H. Zeilin & Co., and no medicine made by anyone else is the same. We alone can put it up, and we cannot be responsible, if other medicines represented as the same do not help you as you are led to expect they will. Bear this fact well in mind, if you have been in the habit of using a medicine which you supposed to be Simmons Liver Regulator, because the name was somewhat like it, and the package did not have the word Regulator on it, you have been imposed upon and have not been taking Simmons Liver Regulator at all. The Regulator has been favorably known for many years, and all who use it know how necessary it is for Fever and Ague, Bilious Fever, Constipation, Headache, Dyspepsia, and all disorders arising from a Diseased Liver.

We ask you to look for yourselves, and see that the name is on the wrapper, which you can readily distinguish by the Red Z on wrapper, and by our name, is the only medicine called Simmons Liver Regulator.

J. H. ZEILIN & CO.

Take

Simmons Liver Regulator.

thereof are hereby required to take notice.

"Given under my hand and seal of the United States at Washington the 6th of March in the year of our Lord 1897 and of the independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty-first.

"WILLIAM McKINLEY."

By the president.

JOHN SHERMAN, Sec'y of state.

The appointment of Mr. Lyman J. Gage, one of the largest bankers in the country, to be secretary of the United States treasury is a legitimate outcome of the last election, which was a contest between the people and the trusts and monopolists—the latter winning. There is, per se, no objection to a national banker being secretary of the treasury, his business training and knowledge of financial affairs fit him in a large degree for the position, and, were he strictly honest and imbued with a determination to shape the finances of the country for the good of the whole people, he would be the right man in the right place. But in this particular case Mr. Gage's views are too well known for us to believe that he will do any such thing. He is of the ultra gold standard type, believing—as declared some time ago by himself—that all issues of paper money by the government and all silver, except a little subsidiary coin for convenience of making change, should be retired with government bonds and that the entire currency issue of the country should be based on these bonds in the hands of national banks with full power to furnish such volume of circulating medium as they may see fit to do.

If this system of financing does not give the money power full control of our circulating medium we will confess that we haven't a correct conception of how it will work.

FREE PILLS.

Send your address to H. E. Bucklen & Co. Chicago, and get a free sample box of Dr. King's New Life Pills. A trial will convince you of their merits. These pills are easy in action and are particularly effective in the cure of constipation and Sick Headache. For Malaria and Liver troubles they have been proved invaluable. They are guaranteed to be perfectly free from every deleterious substance and to be purely vegetable. They do not weaken by their action, but by giving tone to stomach and bowels greatly invigorate the system. Regular size 25cts per box. A. P. McLenore, druggist.

Highest Honors—World's Fair.

PRICE'S
CREAM
BAKING
POWDER
MOST PERFECT MADE.
A pure Grape Cream of Tartar Powder. Free from Ammonia, Alum or any other adulterant.
40 YEARS THE STANDARD.

JOHN - DEERE - ROTARY DISC PLOW

This is the best Breaking plow that ever struck West Texas. The dryer it is the better it plows. It pulverizes and leaves the ground in good shape. It is all steel and the most Durable plow on the market. You should by all means try this plow above ALL others.

Very respectfully,
GEO. L. PAXTON,
ABILENE, TEXAS.

J. W. EVANS,
—CARRIES THE—
Largest Stock of Groceries
—ON THE—
South Side,

And can make it to your interest to call on him before you buy your groceries.

Next to Post Office - - - Abilene, Texas.

Our Empress —AND— Canton Planters

We know absolutely and without question to be the best made, the most perfectly operating, and most durable machine manufactured today for planting cotton, corn, sorghum, milo maize, etc. They have revolutionized planters and now you will find that nearly all of the old planter makers are using tumbling rods in place of the sprocket chain.

There were 6000 Empress planters sold in Texas last year. They are strictly home goods, having been invented and perfected in Texas. For further particulars, call on us, or write us your wants and for catalogue of whatever line you feel interested in. Yours truly,

ED. S. HUGHES & CO.
Abilene, Tex.

TO OUR FRIENDS AND PATRONS:

I wish to inform you that I am now in the Eastern market purchasing goods for our firm. My wife is with me, helping in the selection of dress goods, trimmings and notions for the ladies. With the assistance of her taste and judgment in these details, which are so important to the ladies, I am confident that we will be able to please our lady customers.

I feel warranted in saying that I have selected the largest, most stylish and useful line of goods ever brought to the town of Haskell.

Our Notions, Wash Dress Goods and Millinery Departments will be complete and unsurpassed, and we guarantee to our full trade that our Notion department will supply almost any want, and that everything is in the latest style.

Don't be in a hurry to buy—wait for us—we are the merchants that save you money in reduced prices. We will have our goods all on sale by the middle of next week and will also have a new up-to-date clerk to wait on our customers, as well as all the old clerks. We refer to Mr. A. Lee Kirby, who has accepted a position with us and will be at his post by the time the new goods arrive.

Well, a word about prices: I did not know how cheap things could be bought until I got into this market,—and YOU will never know how cheap you can buy until you get OUR prices.

Yours for business,

T. G. CARNEY, for
T. G. CARNEY & CO.

The Henrietta Herald is quoted as saying: "A movement is on foot in that county to organize a company to run the graded railroad of the Red River & Southwestern which was made several years ago between Henrietta and Archer City. The Herald thinks it can and will be done by the united effort of Henrietta and Archer City."

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Pay but one profit between maker and user and that a small one. Our Big 700 Page Catalogue and Buyers Guide proves that it's possible. Weighs 2 1/2 pounds, 12,000 illustrations, describes and tells the names of over 40,000 articles, everything you use. We send it for 15 cents; that's not for the book, but to pay part of the postage or expressage, and keep off idlers. You can't get it too quick.

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Repairing neatly and promptly done.

Give me a share of your trade and work.

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DON'T STOP TOBACCO.

HOW TO CURE YOURSELF WHILE USING IT.

The tobacco habit grows on a man until his nervous system is seriously affected, impairing health, comfort and happiness. To quit suddenly is too severe a shock to the system, as tobacco to an inveterate user becomes a stimulant that his system continues to crave. "Bacco-Cure" is a scientific cure for the tobacco habit, in all its forms. Carefully compounded after the formula of an eminent Berlin physician who has used it in his private practice since 1872, without a failure. It is purely vegetable and guaranteed perfectly harmless. You can use all the tobacco you want while taking "Bacco-Cure." It will not notify you when to stop. We give a written guarantee to cure permanently any case, with three boxes, or refund the money with 10 per cent interest. "Bacco-Cure" is not a substitute but a scientific cure, that cures without aid of will power and with no inconvenience, at least the system as pure and free from nicotine as the day you took your first chew or smoke.

Cured By Bacco-Cure and Gained Thirty Pounds.

From hundreds of testimonials, the original of which are on file and open to inspection, the following is presented:

Clayton, Nevada Co. Ark., Jan. 28, 1903. Enckes Chemical & Mfg. Co., La Crosse, Wis.—Gentlemen: For forty years I used tobacco in all its forms. Finally, however, I purchased a box of your "Bacco-Cure" and it has entirely cured me of the habit in all its forms, and I have increased thirty pounds in weight and am relieved from all the numerous aches and pains of body and mind. I could write a quire of paper upon my changed feeling and condition. Yours respectfully,

P. H. MANDREY.

Pastor C. P. Church, Clayton, Ark. Sold by druggists at \$1.00 per box; three boxes, (thirty days' treatment) \$2.50 with ten-day guarantee, or sent direct upon receipt of price. Write for booklet and proofs. Enckes Chemical & Mfg. Co., La Crosse, Wis. and Boston, Mass.

16 to 1

This is about the ratio of summer tourists who go to

COLORADO
VIA
Ft. Worth & Denver R'y

(Texas Panhandle Route.)

As Against all Competitors.

THE REASONS ARE

Shortest Line, Quickest Time.

Superb Service, Through Trains,

Courteous Treatment.

And the constant descent of the temperature six hours after leaving Fort Worth summer heat is forgotten and balmy, spring-like breezes greet you. Try it and be convinced.

It is a Pleasure to Answer Questions.

Write any local agent, or

D. A. ZEILIN,
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Fort Worth, Texas.

THE JOKER'S CORNER

WIT, HUMOR AND SATIRE ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

He Didn't Give the Whisky Time to Get in Its Deadly Work—Widow's Specialty—A Spellbinder—His Invaluable Practice

When I sit down in the silence of my little, lonely room, then I put away the fan-
cies that crowd round me in the gloom; and I call my shadow—children—
And I clasp them to my breast, and I give them mother-kisses, and I sing them songs of rest.

Two wee things, with eyes like pansies, wet with morning's dewy kiss; How I strain them to my bosom, where all day their forms I miss! And I touch their yellow ringlets, as a miser counts his gold; I am looking over treasures with a value all untold.

I am never sad at twilight, with my babies on my breast, with my little shadow-children, safe in mother's arms at rest. You may call it idle fancy, of a weak and wearied brain; But tonight my arms will fold them to my mother-heart again.

Breaking the News.
He (gloomily)—I am to speak to your father this afternoon.
She—He will be gracious to you, dear; I am sure he will.

He—Fathers are mighty uncertain, I have an idea. You are much better acquainted with him than I am. You see him first and break the news of the engagement. It might save him a shock. I am sure it would save me one.—Exchange.

Didn't Give It Time.
Colonel Bluegrass—"Have you any criticism to make on our whisky, sah?"
Stranger—"It seems to me it lacks age."
Colonel Bluegrass—"You must remember this is Kentucky, sah."

Did His Best.
"It does prevent a man's having regular hours to be away from home," remarked the prominent citizen. "But I did my best to eat as usual while I was in New York. I managed to get along with breakfast, lunch and a light supper."
"No dinner?"
"Young man, I read the papers. I have a reputation to sustain and I concluded that a stranger like myself had better not take any chances on a dinner."—Washington Star.

Square.
"You recall the trader with the chin whiskers?" Yes? Well, it turns out that he was a swindler."
The other benighted savage shrugged his shoulders.
"I imagined as much," he rejoined. "Indeed, I remarked to my wife when we had finished him that I didn't feel as if I had eaten a square meal. There are instincts that can't be deceived, you know."—Omaha Tribune.

A Spell-Binder.
"When that lawyer of yours cried while he was talking to us we knew you were innocent," said the foreman of the jury to the man who had just been acquitted.
"Wonderful," said the latter. "If he'd talked two minutes longer I'd have offered to restore the stolen money."

His Pipe.
Miss Towney (in search of the idyllic at last meets a real live shepherd)—Pray, tell me, gentle shepherd, where is thy pipe?
The Gentle Shepherd—I left it at home, mum, 'cause I ain't got no 'baccy.—Chips.

Essentials for a Husband.
"There are six necessities, you know, for a happy marriage."
"What are they?"
"First, a good husband."
"And the others?"
"The other five are money."—La Caireture.

A Quality of Frankness.
"There's one thing I like about the Camel," observed the Tiger to the Lion at feeding time.
"What is that?" asked the king of beasts.
"He always comes out flat-footed."

His Specialty.
Bell—"My cousin tells me he never made love to a girl in his life."
Neil—"No. Widows are his specialty."

His Invaluable Practice.
"Shall I stipulate in this mortgage that the amount it secures is to be paid in gold?" asked the clerk.
"Certainly," responded the smooth money lender. "I apply the golden rule even in money matters."

The Way with Relations.
She—Have you many poor relations?
He—None that I know.
She—Many rich ones?
He—None that know me.

TALMAGE'S SERMON.

"WINGS OF SERAPHIM" LAST SUNDAY'S SUBJECT.

From the Text: "With Twaïn He Covered His Face, With Twaïn He Covered His Feet, and With Twaïn He Did Fly"—Isaiah 6:2.



IN A hospital of leprous good King Uzziah had died, and the whole land was shadowed with solemnity, and theological and prophetic Isaiah was thinking about religious things, as one is apt to do in time of great national bereavement, and forgetting the presence of his wife and two sons who made up his family, he has a dream, not like the dreams of ordinary character, which generally come from indigestion, but a vision most instructive, and under the touch of the hand of the Almighty.

The place, the ancient temple; building grand, awful, majestic. Within that temple a throne higher and grander than that occupied by any czar or sultan or emperor. On that throne, the eternal Christ. In lines surrounding that throne, the brightest celestial, the most exquisite and radiant of the heavenly inhabitants: the seraphim. They are called burners because they look like fire. Lips of fire, eyes of fire, in addition to the features and the limbs which suggest a human being, there are pinions, which suggest the lightest, the swiftest, the most buoyant and the most aspiring of all unfledged creatures—a bird. Each seraph had six wings, two of the wings for a different purpose. Isaiah's dream quivers and flashes with these pinions. Now folded, now spread, now beaten in locomotion. "With twain he covered his face, with twain he covered his feet, and with twain he did fly."

The probability is that these wings were not all used at once. The seraph standing there near the throne overwhelmed at the insignificance of the paths his feet had trodden as compared with the paths trodden by the feet of God, and with the lameness of his locomotion amounting almost to decrepitude as compared with the divine velocity, with feathery veil of angelic modesty hides the feet. "With twain he did cover the feet."

Standing there overpowered by the cremating splendors of God's glory, and unable longer with the eyes to look upon them, and wishing those eyes shaded from the insufferable glory, the pinions gather over the countenance. "With twain he did cover the face." Then as God tells this seraph to go to the farthest outpost of immensity on message of light and love and joy, and get back before the first anthem, it does not take the seraph a great while to spread himself upon the air with unimagined celerity, one stroke of the wing equal to ten thousand leagues of the "With twain he did fly."

The most practical and useful lesson for you and me—when we see the seraph spreading his wings over the feet, is the lesson of humility at imperfection. The brightest angels of God are so far beneath God that he charges them with folly. The seraph so far beneath God, and we so far beneath the seraph in service we ought to be plunged in humility, utter and complete. Our feet, how laggard they have been in the divine service. Our feet, how many missteps they have taken. Our feet, in how many paths of worldliness and folly they have walked.

Neither God nor seraph intended to put any dishonor upon that which is one of the masterpieces of Almighty God—the human foot. Physiologist and anatomist are overwhelmed at the wonders of its organization. The Bridge-water Treatise, written by Sir Charles Bell, on the wisdom and goodness of God as illustrated in the human hand, is moved by an opponent of the government and, vice versa, if a member of the opposition concludes his speech at midnight a supporter of the administration secures the advantage of resuming the debate on the following evening.

The Rule of the Road.
The "rule of the road" in the United States is "turn to the right." In England it is the reverse. The rule holds in this country in the case where two vehicles going in opposite directions meet. When one vehicle overtakes another the foremost gives way to the left and the other passes by on the "off side," and when a vehicle is crossing the direction of another it keeps to the left and crosses in its rear. These two rules are the same in the case of the road in England, and why the rule concerning meeting vehicles should have been changed it is impossible to say. We find this point of difference noted by all authorities, but no reason for it is ever suggested. Probably, as it is easier to turn to the right than to the left, it was adopted as the more preferable custom in some of the early colonies, and in due time became embodied in local law, and thus was handed down to later times.

The British Isles.
The British Isles comprise about 500 islands, of which one-half are inhabited. Religion—Church of England (Episcopal), about 14,000,000; Church of Scotland (Presbyterian), about 1,400,000; Roman Catholics, about 6,000,000; Dissenters, 6,000,000; Jews, 60,000. Government—Hereditary Limited Monarchy, Executive, the Sovereign. Legislative, the Sovereign, the House of Lords, composed of four royal princes, two archbishops, twenty-two bishops, nine peer marquises, 114 earls, twenty-eight viscounts, twenty-four bishops, 286 barons, sixteen Scottish representatives peers, and twenty-eight Irish representative peers; one of the former and two of the latter are peers of England. Total, 540. And lastly, the house of commons, composed of 670 members, elected every parliament—435 for England, thirty for Wales, seventy-two for Scotland, and 103 for Ireland.

The smallest salary drawn by any national chief executive in the civilized world is that which the president of the republic of Andorra receives. It is \$1.50 a month, or \$18 a year.

work, so often making mistakes, so often going in the wrong direction. God knowing every step, the patriarch saying, "Thou settest a print on the heels of my feet." Crimes of the hand, crimes of the tongue, crimes of the eye, crimes of the ear not worse than crimes of the foot. Oh, we want the wings of humility to cover the feet. Ought we not to go into self-abnegation before the all-searching, all-purifying, all-trying eye of God? The seraphs do. How much more we? "With twain he covered the feet."

All this talk about the dignity of human nature is bragadocho and sin. Our nature started at the hand of God, and it has been paperized. There is a well in Belgium which once had very pure water, and it was stonily masoned with stone and brick; but that well afterward became the center of the battle of Waterloo. At the opening of the battle the soldiers with their sabers compelled the gardener, William Von Kyslum, to draw water out of the well for them, and it was very pure water. But the battle raged and three hundred dead and half dead were flung into the well for quick and easy burial; so that the well of refreshment became the well of death, and long after, people looked down into the well and they saw the bleached skulls but no water. So the human soul was a well of good, but the armies of sin have fought around it, and fought across it and been slain, and it has become a well of skeletons. Dead hopes, dead resolutions, dead opportunities, dead ambitions. An abandoned well unless Christ shall reopen and purify and fill it as the well of Belgium never was. Unclean, unclean.

Another seraphic posture in the text: "With twain he covered the face." That means reverence Godward. Never so much reverence abroad in the world as to-day. You see it in the de-faced statuary, in the cutting off of figures from fine paintings, in the chipping of monuments for a memento, in the fact that military guards must stand at the grave of Lincoln and guard, and that old shade trees must be cut down for firewood, though fifty George P. Morris beg the woodmen to spare the tree, and that calls a corpse a cadaver, and that speaks of death as going over to the majority, and substitutes for the reverent terms father and mother, "the old man" and "the old woman," and finds nothing impressive in the ruins of Baalbec or the columns of Karnak, and sees no difference in the Sabbath from other days except it allows more dissipation, and reads the Bible in what is called higher criticism, making it not the Word of God but a good book with some fine things in it. Irreverence never so much abroad. How many take the name of God in vain, how many trivial things said about the Almighty. Not willing to have God in the world, they roll up an idea of sentimentality and humanitarianism and impudence and imbecility, and call it God. No wings of reverence over the face, no taking off of shoes on holy ground. You can tell from the way they talk they could have made a better world than this, and that the God of the Bible shocks every sense of propriety. They talk of the love of God in a way that shows you they believe it does not make any difference how bad a man is here, he will come in at the shining gate. They talk of the love of God in a way which shows you they think it is a general fail delivery for all the abandoned and the scoundrelly of the universe. No punishment hereafter for any wrong done here.

The Bible gives two descriptions of God, and they are just opposite, and they are both true. In one place the Bible says God is love. In another place the Bible says God is a consuming fire. The explanation is plain as plain can be. God through Christ is love. God out of Christ is fire. To wit the one and to escape the other we have only to throw ourselves body, mind and soul into Christ's keeping. "No," says irreverence, "I want no atonement, I want no pardon, I want no intervention; I will go up and face God, and I will challenge him, and I will defy him, and I will ask him what he wants to do with me." So the finite confronts the infinite, as a tack hammer tries to break a thunderbolt, so the breath of human nostrils defies the everlasting God. While the hierarchs of heaven bow the head and bend the knee as the King's chariot goes by, and the archangel turns away because he cannot endure the splendor, and the chorus of all the empires of heaven comes in with full diapason, "Holy, holy, holy!"

Reverence for sham, reverence for the old merely because it is old, reverence for stupidity, however learned, reverence for incapacity however finely ingrained, I have none. But we want more reverence for God, more reverence for the sacraments, more reverence for the Bible, more reverence for the pure, more reverence for the good. Reverence a characteristic of all great nations. You hear it in the roll of the master orators. You see it in the Raphael and Titians and Ghirlandajos. You study it in the architecture of the Abolians and Christophers Wrens. Do not be flippant about God. Do not joke about death. Do not make fun of the Bible. Do not deride the Eternal. The brightest and mightiest seraph cannot look unabashed upon him. Involuntarily the wings come up. "With twain he covered his face." * * *

As you take a pinch of salt or powder between your thumb and two fingers, so Isaiah indicates God takes up the earth. He measures the dust of the earth, the original there indicating that God took all the dust of all the continents between the thumb and two fingers. You wrap around your hand a blue ribbon five times, ten times. You say it is five hand-breadsths, or it is ten hand-breadsths. So indicates the prophet God winds the blue ribbon of the sky around his hand. "He meteth out the heavens with a span." You know that balances are made of a beam suspended in the middle with two balls at the extremity of equal height. In that way what a vast heft has been weighed. But what are all the balances of earthly manipulation compared with the balances that Isaiah saw suspended when he saw God putting into the scales the Alps and the Appennines and Mount Washington and the Sierra Nevada. You see the earth had to be ballasted. It would not do to have too much weight in Europe, or too much weight in Asia, or too much weight in Africa, or in America; so when God made the mountains he

THE JOKER'S CORNER

WIT, HUMOR AND SATIRE ORIGINAL AND SELECTED.

He Didn't Give the Whisky Time to Get in Its Deadly Work—Widow's Specialty—A Spellbinder—His Invaluable Practice

When I sit down in the silence of my little, lonely room, then I put away the fan-
cies that crowd round me in the gloom; and I call my shadow—children—
And I clasp them to my breast, and I give them mother-kisses, and I sing them songs of rest.

Two wee things, with eyes like pansies, wet with morning's dewy kiss; How I strain them to my bosom, where all day their forms I miss! And I touch their yellow ringlets, as a miser counts his gold; I am looking over treasures with a value all untold.

I am never sad at twilight, with my babies on my breast, with my little shadow-children, safe in mother's arms at rest. You may call it idle fancy, of a weak and wearied brain; But tonight my arms will fold them to my mother-heart again.

Breaking the News.
He (gloomily)—I am to speak to your father this afternoon.
She—He will be gracious to you, dear; I am sure he will.

He—Fathers are mighty uncertain, I have an idea. You are much better acquainted with him than I am. You see him first and break the news of the engagement. It might save him a shock. I am sure it would save me one.—Exchange.

Didn't Give It Time.
Colonel Bluegrass—"Have you any criticism to make on our whisky, sah?"
Stranger—"It seems to me it lacks age."
Colonel Bluegrass—"You must remember this is Kentucky, sah."

Did His Best.
"It does prevent a man's having regular hours to be away from home," remarked the prominent citizen. "But I did my best to eat as usual while I was in New York. I managed to get along with breakfast, lunch and a light supper."
"No dinner?"
"Young man, I read the papers. I have a reputation to sustain and I concluded that a stranger like myself had better not take any chances on a dinner."—Washington Star.

Square.
"You recall the trader with the chin whiskers?" Yes? Well, it turns out that he was a swindler."
The other benighted savage shrugged his shoulders.
"I imagined as much," he rejoined. "Indeed, I remarked to my wife when we had finished him that I didn't feel as if I had eaten a square meal. There are instincts that can't be deceived, you know."—Omaha Tribune.

A Spell-Binder.
"When that lawyer of yours cried while he was talking to us we knew you were innocent," said the foreman of the jury to the man who had just been acquitted.
"Wonderful," said the latter. "If he'd talked two minutes longer I'd have offered to restore the stolen money."

His Pipe.
Miss Towney (in search of the idyllic at last meets a real live shepherd)—Pray, tell me, gentle shepherd, where is thy pipe?
The Gentle Shepherd—I left it at home, mum, 'cause I ain't got no 'baccy.—Chips.

Essentials for a Husband.
"There are six necessities, you know, for a happy marriage."
"What are they?"
"First, a good husband."
"And the others?"
"The other five are money."—La Caireture.

A Quality of Frankness.
"There's one thing I like about the Camel," observed the Tiger to the Lion at feeding time.
"What is that?" asked the king of beasts.
"He always comes out flat-footed."

His Specialty.
Bell—"My cousin tells me he never made love to a girl in his life."
Neil—"No. Widows are his specialty."

His Invaluable Practice.
"Shall I stipulate in this mortgage that the amount it secures is to be paid in gold?" asked the clerk.
"Certainly," responded the smooth money lender. "I apply the golden rule even in money matters."

The Way with Relations.
She—Have you many poor relations?
He—None that I know.
She—Many rich ones?
He—None that know me.

Haskell Free Press.

J. E. POOLE, Publisher.

HASKELL, TEXAS

There is not always a high boundary fence between fun and disgust.

Women are in advance of men when it comes to a dislike for the laws of the land.

Generally when a man's acts return to plague him, he whines around that he is persecuted.

We are all apt to fail to discriminate between what we believe and what we hope for.

Witticisms that contain no personal allusions lose much of their pungency in public taste.

Those who climb the highest have the greatest distance to fall when age weakens their grip.

If a sick man will perform unnecessary work, he should not complain if told it is not well done.

The man who has no interest in the contents of a safe always has the most to say when it is being moved.

It is a self-evident proposition that those who pay the fiddler are entitled to have the kind of tunes they desire.

People who are thoroughly engrossed in their business seldom find time to label themselves so as to attract attention.

If nothing more serious than weather shall ever gather about to vex the United States navy the boats will be all right and the country will be in luck.

From the way some of the mothers acted at a White House reception we are led to the belief that a children's congress to discuss ways and means of controlling the old folks would be a good thing.

The "man-who-can-turn-silver-into-gold" has struck St. Louis in the dilatory course of human events, and now it is to be expected that the Missouri metropolis will fall under the belated spell of the chain-letter fakir and the airship boomer.

The San Francisco Chronicle says that the new charter of San Jose will provide that no man be retained as an employee of the city who does not pay his debts. This provision is a practical way of saying that without private integrity there cannot be public efficiency, measuring service as it ought to be measured. A man untrue to himself, as a shiftless or criminal debtor, cannot be expected not to break faith in some way with the community.

Identification lies along many lines, and forgeries of manner and speech are as patent as those of handwriting. At a recent convention in Edinburgh a speaker attributed to Gladstone the saying that a speech which reads well "must be a very bad speech." "No," replied Lord Rosebery. "Fox said that, and I can prove it. Fox said not very, but a word beginning with 'd,' and I am sure you will agree with me that this puts Mr. Gladstone's having said it out of the category of human possibilities."

The six-days bicycle races which have become features of recent exhibitions are reprehensible in every sense of the word. The severe strain has in nearly every case resulted in fatal injuries to the contestants. Joseph Jefferson, commenting recently on undue athletic training, said that some years ago he met Laurence Barrett on a street corner in Boston, and Barrett said he was waiting for a street car to take him to a gymnasium. "Why not walk?" asked Jefferson. "That is better exercise than you will get at the gymnasium, and you will save the trouble of going there."

United States Consul-General Karel, at St. Petersburg, "has furnished the state department with full particulars of the conditions under which the plans for the Siberian railway were changed so as to run the eastern portion of the line through Chinese territory. He says it was found that the original plan would be hard of execution, owing to the great technical difficulties encountered. Thus on one section of 1,105 miles the cost per mile would be \$46,260. It was this fact which first led to the consideration of a Chinese section, and investigation showed that, by running the line through Manchuria, not only would the construction be cheapened, but the line would be shortened and other advantages secured. Negotiations were begun and the Chinese government gave a concession to the Russian-Chinese bank, which formed a new company, the Eastern Chinese Railway company, capital \$2,570,000, to construct that part of the road in Chinese territory.

The rainfall at the Oklahoma Experiment station for 1896 was 31.4 inches. This is an abundant supply. Unfortunately it was not well distributed. Nineteen inches fell in May, June and July, and over ten inches in thirty-one days in June and July. Had it not been for the great evaporation because of high temperature and strong, hot winds the rainfall of August, 1.64 inches, would have been sufficient to prevent injury to crops. January, February, April and December were the only months in which the rainfall did not reach one inch.

The X-ray has been put to a practical every-day use quite outside of the medical and scientific uses it has been exclusively useful in heretofore. It is to be used as an egg tester, and a Missouri man is the inventor of the device. It will not only supersede the old candling process to determine the goodness or otherwise of hen fruit, but it will determine the age of the embryo chicken.

There is sometimes a vast amount of quiet satisfaction in watching selfishness unconsciously buck a stone wall.

HIS GHOST WALKS.

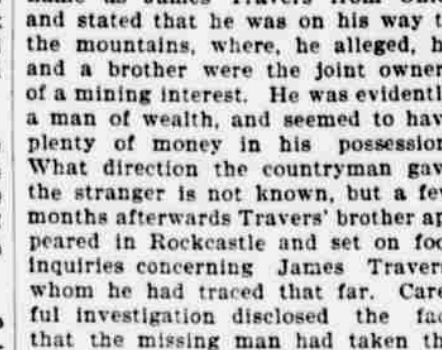
MAKES A KENTUCKY HOUSE A SCENE OF TERROR.

And Frightens Men and Brutes Until They Flee From the Spot Hence Found Under a Corncrib Explain a Mystery.



IN Rockcastle county, Kentucky, on a hill stands an old log house in the midst of a 15-acre clearing. Desolate, dilapidated, desolate, the place reminds one of a central figure in a weird, uncanny tale, where bandits and robbers were wont to congregate. The windows in the old house are broken, the doors are off their hinges, and weeds and briars grow to the threshold. The building is reputed to be the oldest in that section of country, having been erected early in the present century by one Ross, and occupied by him and his descendants for many years. Some years previous to the Civil War the house was occupied by a family named Holder. These people bore a bad reputation, and it was conceded by all that there was no crime too mean for them to commit. In addition to being known as thieves and robbers, it was alleged that they were counterfeiters as well. One day in the summer of 1859, a stranger mounted on a splendid horse stopped at a little station now known as Broadhead, and made inquiries as to the route to Cumberland Gap. According to a bystander the traveler gave his name as James Travers from Ohio, and stated that he was on his way to the mountains, where, he alleged, he and a brother were the joint owners of a mining interest. He was evidently a man of wealth, and seemed to have plenty of money in his possession. What direction the countryman gave the stranger is not known, but a few months afterwards Travers' brother appeared in Rockcastle and set on foot inquiries concerning James Travers, whom he had traced that far. Careful investigation disclosed the fact that the missing man had taken the wrong route to the mountains and had stopped for dinner at the house of the Holders. Here all trace of him was lost. Mr. Travers was convinced that his brother had met with foul play, and that the Holders knew more about the missing man than they would tell, so he left immediately for Cincinnati, O., to enlist the services of an experienced detective to assist him in fastening the crime upon the Holders. However, when he returned with assistance the Holders had disappeared as completely as if the earth had swallowed them. No information could be elicited regarding them. They had gone and that was all that could be learned. Travers could not be found. The old house remained unoccupied for a number of years, and then James Ross, a grandson of the original owner of the place, moved with his family into the house. Previous to this, however, strange tales had been circulated regarding the lonely farm. It was haunted, the people of the neighborhood said. Strange sights had been seen and strange sounds had been heard in and around the old house, and he was considered a brave man indeed, who would pass there alone after dark. Despite all this, Ross, who was a coarse-natured man of the ruffian type, took up his abode there, and defied the "hants," as he termed them; but after a time his manner changed and he openly acknowledged that the place was haunted. In addition to hearing unearthly noises through the night, Ross solemnly avowed that since he had been an occupant of the house, promptly at noon of each day a strange voice, seeming to come from the direction of the gate opening on the road, would shout "Hallo!" three times very distinctly. On going to investigate nobody could be found. Ross at first thought it was some of his neighbors trying to "play a trick" on him, and he would reject the "thing," as he called it, in the most terrible manner. This had no effect in bringing forth the possessor of the mysterious voice, and all would be quiet until the next day at noon, when there would be a repetition of the cries of "Hallo!" from no apparent source. One of Ross' more skeptical neighbors, hearing of this, went over to satisfy himself that the stories were or were not fabrications. He remained afterwards that he was satisfied that the tales told of the ghost were based on solid foundation. He distinctly heard the voice at noon-time shout "Hallo!" and in addition to this, when Ross poured forth the volley of oaths at the mysterious visitor and challenged it to come forward and show itself, a large and ferocious watch dog that belonged to Ross, and

which was standing midway between the house and gate, suddenly dropped his tail and retreated to the house, snapping, snarling, and barking as if pursued by some terrible object intent upon doing the creature bodily harm. On reaching the dwelling the dog took refuge under the bed, whence no persuasion could induce it to come for some hours. The skeptic stated that his own feelings at this time were not of the calmest, and added that while he was by no means converted to spiritualism, he had no desire to repeat the experiment. Ross shortly after this moved to another section, and the tenants for the old house followed in rapid succession. Each occupied the premises for only a short time, all getting away as soon as practicable, and all with singular unanimity telling the same story of the mysterious no-day visitor and the blood-curdling cry. The ghost, according to the tenant, Mr. John Dietzman, a German, did not restrict itself to shouting "hallo!" at



AS THE YOUNG MEN SAW IT.

the gate, but extended the operations into the house. John told that the ghost would come lumbering down the stairs from the little room above, making a noise similar to an empty flour barrel rolling down the steps. The uncanny visitor, at all times invisible, would proceed to the fire-place, stir up the embers, and cause a roaring fire to blaze up the chimney. This performance was repeated nightly, and all the time John and his wife would be in bed, shivering from terror, and not daring to move. The German could not stand this and soon moved away. The house then remained vacant a long time. One night during this time a party of young men returning from a dance, in a spirit of bravado, determined to spend the remainder of the night in the haunted house. On ascending a hill about a half a mile distant from the old place, they discovered that the building was on fire. Angry flames were pouring from it in all directions, and it was evident that it would soon be burned down. The young men hastened their steps, being eager to witness the end of the fatal structure. To reach the building they had to pass through a strip of woods, which momentarily obstructed the burning building from view. Their astonishment can be imagined, when they emerged from the woods, quite near the old structure, to find it standing dark, gloomy and intact. The young men did not stop to make any investigations, but hurried from the haunted spot as rapidly as possible. Of course it was generally supposed that the spirit that was playing such pranks on the old Ross place was that of James Travers, and this supposition was confirmed not long since in a very remarkable manner. A party of the best citizens of Rockcastle county determined to thoroughly search the en-

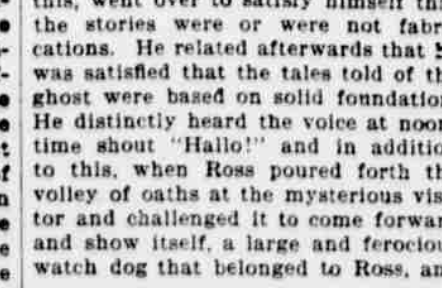
tire premises for some key to the mystery, and to that end the floors of the house were taken away, and every foot of ground turned up to a considerable depth. But nothing was discovered. An old outhouse that stood in one corner of the neglected yard, and which years before had served as a corncrib, was next visited, and the rough puncheon floor of that was taken up. Here the searchers met with better success, for after digging awhile a man's skeleton was unearthed. The back of the skull was badly crushed, showing in what manner death was inflicted. A printed hand-bill containing a description of James Travers had been circulated at the time of his disappearance, and one of these had been preserved in the circuit clerk's office at Mt. Vernon, the county seat of Rockcastle. Therein were described certain defects in the teeth of the missing man. The teeth in the skull unearthed in the old outhouse tallied exactly with the printed description, and the identity of the skeleton as that of James Travers was established beyond peradventure. The bones were given decent burial, and it was hoped that by this means the premises would be rid of the tormenting ghost, and the place was immediately rented to a family of negroes. But it seems that the burial of the bones had no effect toward quieting the ghost, and the colored people moved away, after being frightened nearly to death by the unseen nocturnal visitor and his unearthly cry. Since then the old house has remained unoccupied, and is fast going to decay.

Both Old and Romantic. J. E. Conklin of Grove, N. Y., has married Mrs. Sarah R. Bennett of Berrien, Mich., at Laporte, Ind., the other day. Conklin is 88 years of age, while his bride is 88. The marriage of the couple furnished an interesting sequel to early love and marriage. Mrs. Bennett was Conklin's first wife, their marriage having taken place when they were aged 22 and 20 years respectively. After living together for two years they were divorced and both were married again. Conklin's first wife's husband and Conklin's second wife each passed away. The aged widower and widow learned of each other's whereabouts by chance, correspondence resulted and Sunday Conklin arrived from New York to claim the bride of his first marriage for his third wife, after a lapse of sixty-four years.

"Sure, Mike!" Force of habit created a sensation at a baptism at the Baptist church in Middletown, Conn., last Sunday. Two or three members were admitted to the church, and a public baptism followed. One of them has the habit of answering every question needing an affirmative reply by the exclamation, "Sure, Mike!" This habit has become so fixed that he unconsciously uses it when it is wholly out of place. He entered the tank under the platform with the pastor, and in reply to the preliminary question as to his belief blurted out "Sure, Mike." The reply came pretty near spoiling the solemnity of the occasion, and even the deacons smiled.

The "Disease" of Civilization. Japan is a country already beginning to suffer from the "disease of civilization," although but a few years have elapsed since it emerged from primitive and comparatively innocent conditions. According to Saito Wokoku, a statistician of note, suicides have been extraordinarily frequent during the past ten years and are steadily on the increase, especially among women. The Japanese statistician, pursuing his investigations further, finds that about one-half the suicides are persons of unsound mind; and among men the most frequent causes of insanity is financial trouble.

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THE HAUNTED HOUSE.

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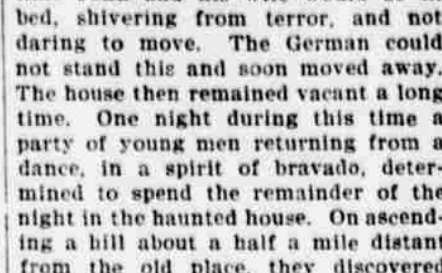
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CUSTOMS OF VENDS.

A PECULIAR RACE FOUND IN GERMANY.

Their Home is the Serbian Swamp—Baptismal Processions and Wedding Parties—Heathen Practices That Survive of Ancient Origin.



HARLES DE KAY, consul general to Berlin, is the author of a paper entitled "An Inland Venice" in the Century. It describes the picturesque scenes in the Serbian Swamp, Germany, and the peculiar manners and customs of the Vends, a remnant of which race still makes its home there. Mr. de Kay says: As a rule, the older women wear white headgear; at least the big square kerchief that falls nearly to the shoulders is white, while with girls this upper part is colored like the tulip-beds of Haarlem. But on Trinity Sunday they wear the plach-ziska; all is white on head and shoulders, while the gown, the wohnjanka, is black. Then is the old church at Burg a sight that recalls Brittany. The men for the most part are in the galleries. Almost the entire floor of the church is filled with seated women, their starched caps, as white as white can be, having the effect of stiffened windrows of snow.

But on other Sundays the young women appear in all their finery. Many of them enter the village barefoot, and out their shoes and stockings on just before assembling in front of the church. The men gather in one group, the women in another. As a gentle reminder of the uncertainty of life, the first thing one sees in the vestibule of the church is a pair of coffin-rests, past which the people troop to their German prayers and Vendshe sermon. After the services a baptism may be held, when the godmothers (knotra) are expected to appear in a special kind of white cap very difficult to describe. When the baptism is over the party adjourns to a tavern, and the dresses and caps are duly criticized or admired.



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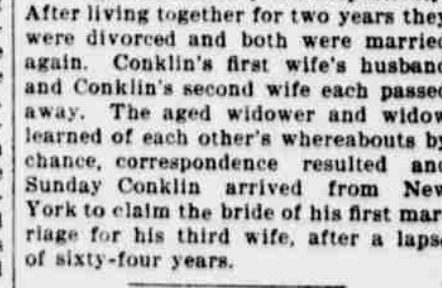
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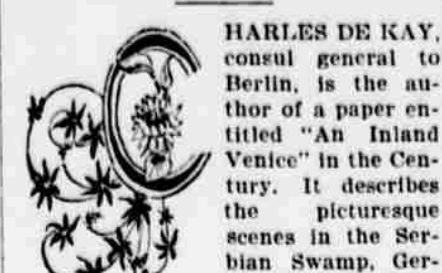
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CUSTOMS OF VENDS.

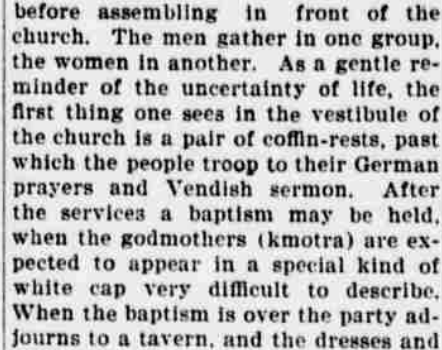
A PECULIAR RACE FOUND IN GERMANY.

Their Home is the Serbian Swamp—Baptismal Processions and Wedding Parties—Heathen Practices That Survive of Ancient Origin.



HARLES DE KAY, consul general to Berlin, is the author of a paper entitled "An Inland Venice" in the Century. It describes the picturesque scenes in the Serbian Swamp, Germany, and the peculiar manners and customs of the Vends, a remnant of which race still makes its home there. Mr. de Kay says: As a rule, the older women wear white headgear; at least the big square kerchief that falls nearly to the shoulders is white, while with girls this upper part is colored like the tulip-beds of Haarlem. But on Trinity Sunday they wear the plach-ziska; all is white on head and shoulders, while the gown, the wohnjanka, is black. Then is the old church at Burg a sight that recalls Brittany. The men for the most part are in the galleries. Almost the entire floor of the church is filled with seated women, their starched caps, as white as white can be, having the effect of stiffened windrows of snow.

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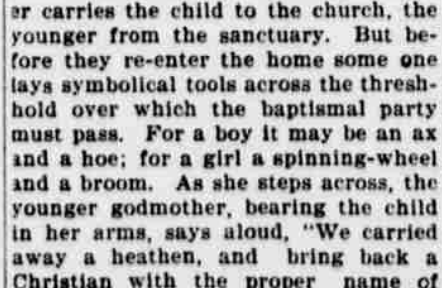
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