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VOLUME V. DUBLIN, ERATH COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1892. NUMBER 1.

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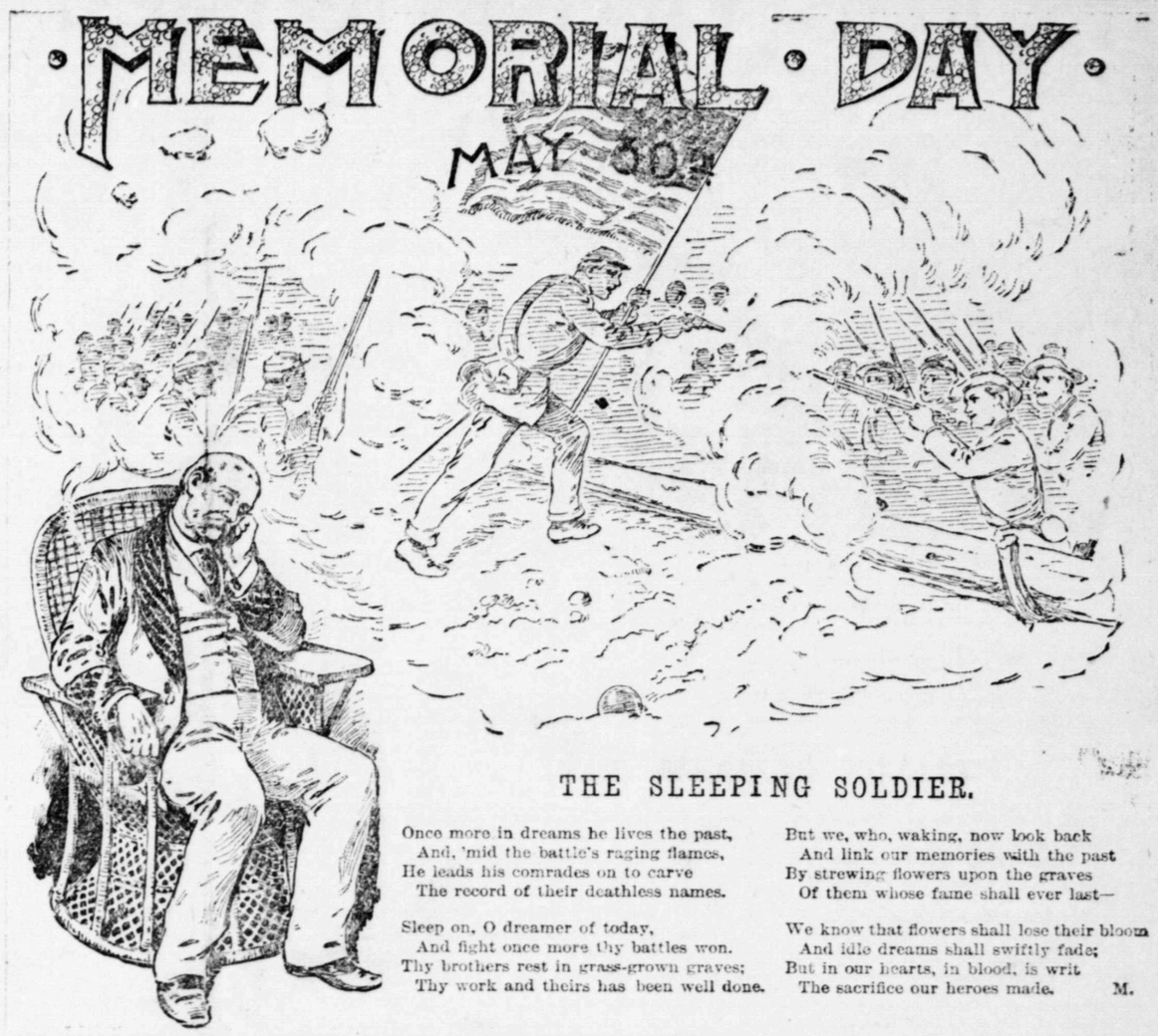
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THE SLEEPING SOLDIER.

Once more in dreams he lives the past,
And, 'mid the battle's raging flames,
He leads his comrades on to carve
The record of their deathless names.

Sleep on, O dreamer of today,
And fight once more thy battles won.
Thy brothers rest in grass-grown graves;
Thy work and theirs has been well done.

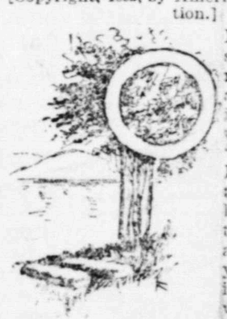
But we, who, waking, now look back
And link our memories with the past
By strewing flowers upon the graves
Of them whose fame shall ever last—

We know that flowers shall lose their bloom
And idle dreams shall swiftly fade;
But in our hearts, in blood, is writ
The sacrifice our heroes made. M.

THE WIDOW'S BOYS.

A MEMORIAL DAY STORY.

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IN THE Kentucky side of the Ohio river, a little above Maysville, is a farm long and well known as the "Stewart place." For forty years this fine farm has been managed by the "Widow Stewart," who in this year of grace 1892, is still an active woman, though in her seventy-sixth year. Mrs. Stewart—her maiden name was Manning—was born in Ohio, as her husband had been in Kentucky, but only the width of the river separated their birthplaces, which were plainly visible the one from the other, yet her neighbors, after marriage, spoke of her as a "northern woman" and of her husband as a "southern man."

In 1850 Mrs. Stewart was left a widow with two boys, the one, Frank, eleven and a half years old, the other, George, just ten. Still young and energetic, Mrs. Stewart said to the friends who called to condole with her on her bereavement:

"My husband left me above want; henceforth my life object shall be to train up my sons that they may be worthy their father," and religiously and heroically she kept that resolution.

Although there was eighteen months' difference in the ages of the boys, they looked so much alike that strangers believed they were twins, and the brothers had the same attachment for each other that distinguishes children of the same birth.

Frank and George Stewart went to the same school, played the same games, read the same books, slept in the same bed and had the same aspirations, till at length they came to resemble each other as much as do the reflections of the stars in the brooks. Still the mother and intimate friends saw a difference in the undercurrent of the Stewart boys' characters.

Frank was quite steady, self contained and slow to anger, and while yet a child he showed a knowledge of the future's needs and a desire to help his mother that every one considered remarkable in one of his years. George was mentally quicker and brighter, stronger in his prejudices and more outspoken and impulsive in the manifestations of his likes, but even those who noticed these differences regarded them as trivial compared with the many and stronger points of resemblance.

Soon after her husband's death Mrs. Stewart adopted the orphaned daughter of a distant cousin of his. Dora Stewart was looked upon by the boys as a sister, until the time came, in 1861, when, as a beautiful girl of eighteen, she began to attract the attention of the gallant youths along the river.

Mrs. Stewart had ever treated Dora as a daughter, and the girl repaid her with a devoted daughter's love; but a time came when the brothers ceased to regard her as a sister, and the widow, with a great anxiety in her heart, saw that both her sons had fallen in love with the same fair object.

With characteristic ardor, George showed his devotion, and even spoke to his mother about proposing to Dora, but as she knew the secret of Frank, her firstborn, she prevailed on him to wait for a year or two, or until his foster sister had had time to see something of the world and to measure



THE HORSEMAN DREW REIN BESIDE HIM.

with maturer judgment the inclinations of her own heart.

"There'll be trouble between them two boys some day on account of that girl," is what the older and more observant neighbors said, but the trouble came in another way.

Frank voted for Douglas—it was his first vote—in 1860, and if George had had the same right he would have exercised it in the same way.

Then came secession and the battles in 1861, and on the north bank of the Ohio men could be seen drilling, while every hour steamers sped up or down the river crowded with blue clad men. The conservatives of Kentucky advised neutrality, but the governor, while seeming to fall in with this idea, was secretly helping the cause of the Confederacy; and the young men, disgusted with the cowardly attitude of the state, shouldered their rifles and rode south to join Zollicoffer and Johnston, or made their way across the Ohio and took service under the banner that existed through the valor of their forefathers.

Frank Stewart and his brother, after the first sad understanding, did not talk much about the war. The one in his quiet earnestness, and the other in his passionate ardor, stood on opposite sides of the ever widening chasm, destined to be deepened and reddened still more by the heroic devotion of each to his side.

One beautiful moonlit night, as Frank was walking slowly and thoughtfully home from the village, where he had been to learn the particulars of the crossing of the Union troops into Kentucky under Rosseau and Nelson, themselves sons of "the dark and bloody ground," he heard the galloping of an approaching horse and caught the glint of the moon on a polished rifle barrel.

The horseman drew rein beside him. It was George.

"The time is here, Frank," said George huskily, as he sprang to the ground with the rifle at his back and laid his hands on his brother's shoulders.

Frank did not ask for an explanation. He knew that the dreaded hour had come and that his brother, whom he loved better than he did his own life, was about to take sides with the cause that he hated.

"Have you told mother?" asked Frank.

"Yes. God pity her, brother, for she needs his comfort tonight; but I felt that I could not remain back longer and be a man. I know how you feel, Frank, and I respect you, but you are stendier than I am or ever can be, and you will care for her and the place till the war is over or you learn that I am not to come back. And Dora—I have long kept the secret to myself, but I felt tonight that I could not leave without opening my heart to her and telling her that I have longed loved her, but not as a brother."

"And what did she say, George?" asked Frank.

"She answered only with tears and supplications for me to remain—to remain and be as happy as of old, but I feel that that can never be. But for my sake, for her sake, Frank, I know you will care for her. And now, may God have you ever in his keeping."

George Stewart threw his arms about his brother's neck, kissed him, then swung into the saddle and galloped away in the direction of the south.

The pounding of the iron hoofs struck on Frank's heart and held him there in agony till they died out in a faint echo across the moonlit hills; then he went home, feeling that again the shadow of death had fallen on its portals.

With a full appreciation of the futility of his efforts, Frank tried to cheer his mother and Dora, and with more energy and care, if that were possible, he gave himself up to the duties of the farm.

Now and then, through the underground mail, a letter full of love came through from George, and replies were sent through the same medium. At length, it was in the summer of 1862, there came a day when the Confederate cavalry were sweeping north to the Ohio, making fugitives or recruits of all the men capable of bearing arms along their line of march.

"Mother," said Frank, as one evening he sat between her and Dora on the side piazza that commanded a splendid view of the broad river, "I have always said that I would never leave you and Dora till the Confederates forced me to fly, and that then I would take service with the Union. John Morgan's troopers are only five hours away. Tomorrow morning they will water their horses down there. Our neighbors know my feelings. You will be safer if I am away, so I will go, leaving you to God."

Mrs. Stewart was not unprepared for this, yet her heart was pierced as with a dagger and she bowed her head on her hands.

A sense of loyalty to his brother had kept Frank from telling Dora of his love, and up to this moment her preference had been concealed, but now she tried to rise and reach out to him her restraining arms, but tottered in the effort, and with a cry of agony on her white lips fell at his feet like one dead.

The next day Morgan's gray horsemen were down by the river, and Frank Stewart was mustered into the service of the Union.

And now, no matter which side lost or won, there was no rejoicing in the hearts of these two women.

They drew apart from the world, but this only intensified their interest in the terrible contest. The Union people were still rejoicing over the victory at Missionary Ridge, when one day a message came to Mrs. Stewart from Nashville. It said:

"Your son George, who fell into our hands desperately wounded before Chattanooga, is here and wishes to see you."

The widow and Dora knew what that meant. They hurried to Louisville, received passes and took the cars for Nashville.

They found the hospital, and the doctor who had sent the message led them to a cot on which lay a man bronzed and bearded. The hue of death was on the face, and the quick rise and fall of the broad breast told that the end was near.

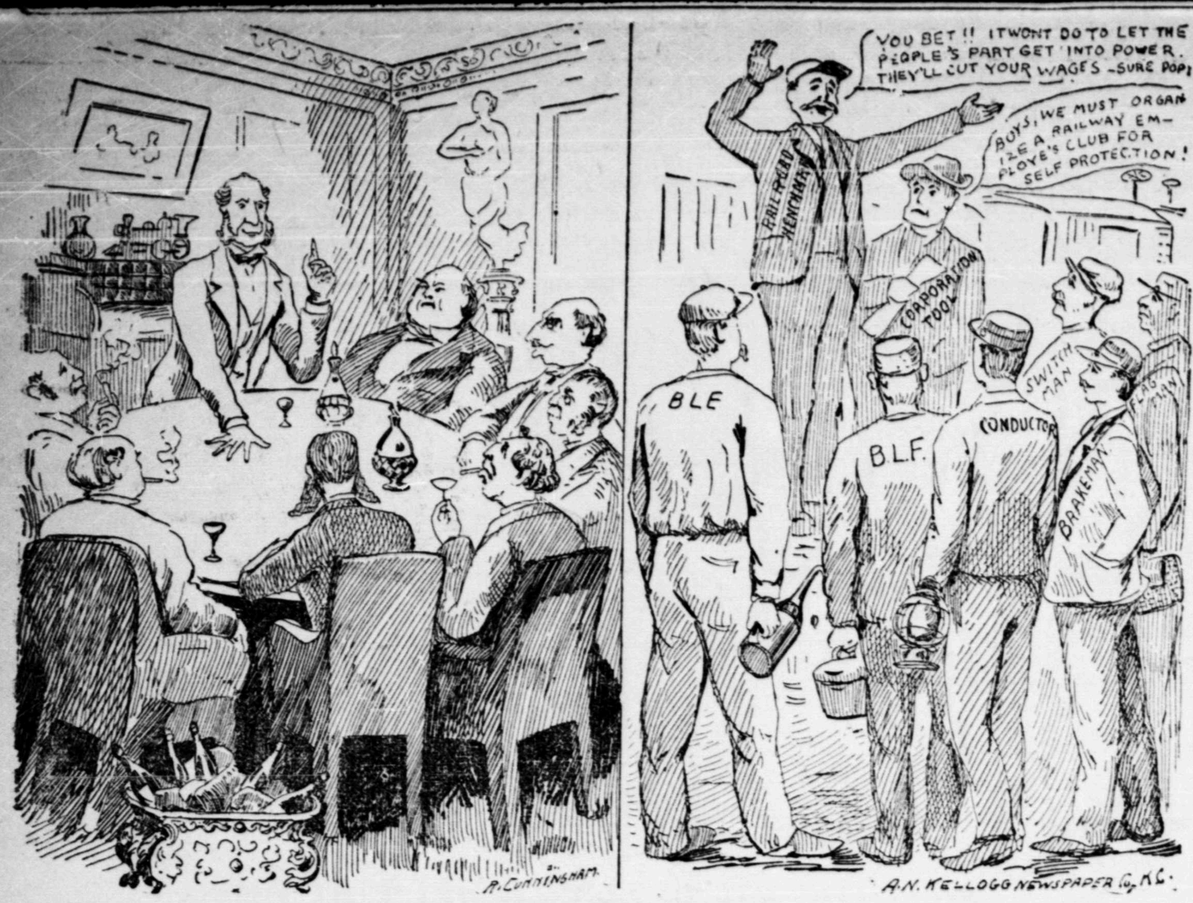
And George Stewart heard moaning and felt the touch of hot lips on his cold cheeks, and opening his glazing eyes he saw kneeling, on either side of the cot, his mother and Dora.

"God bless you for coming!" he gasped.

He was dead within the hour, and his last words were:

"Tell brother I love him—and bless him with my dying breath!"

(Continued on page 8.)



THE TRUE INWARDNESS OF THE SITUATION.

THE PROCEDURE.

"West of the Mississippi river it was well nigh universal that roads were bonded for much more than they cost or were worth, and the stock was issued to first holders without any pecuniary consideration whatever. Excess in capitalization was the result. It has been increased through subsequent consolidations, for where one road has been absorbed by another it has been customary to issue the stock or bonds, or both of the new corporation beyond the aggregate of those of the old one. When roads have become bankrupt or embarrassed, reorganizations have been effected by increased capitalization in order to harmonize conflicting interests. It is estimated, and probably with approximate accuracy that railroad bonds and stocks in the aggregate are double the cost of the properties, and certainly double what they are now worth, if valued upon the basis of what would be the expense of reproducing them. Over-capitalization, in considerable part, is the cause of high rates, for the design in making rates is to earn enough to assure a satisfactory income upon all.—Lionel Sheldon, in Arena.

C. Wood Davis, who is considered by experts good authority on their costs, and who has superintended the building of many roads, figures the cost of existing roads per mile as follows:

Grubbing and clearing	$ 100
Right of way and land damage	2,500
Earth work and rock cuttings	4,500
Bridges, culverts and masonry	3,000
Ties—3,000	2,030
Rails, splices, bolts and spikes	4,000
Switches, side-tracks, cattle guards, road roppings and fences	1,100
Track laying, surfacing and ballasting	2,300
Depots, water tanks, stock yards, shops and terminals	3,500
Equipments	4,500
Engineering, rents, interests and contingencies	2,500
Total cost per mile	$31,000
Capitalization per mile	$60,000

THE RESULT.

Railway President (at meeting of stockholders)—"Gentlemen the case stands just this way: The business of this road has increased enormously, and on the basis of the original stock it is paying about fourteen per cent. But the stock, as you know, has been—um—greatly expanded, and in spite of the most careful economy in managing the road it is now paying only about two per cent. on the stock. Unless there is a phenominal increase in business we shall have to pass our dividends next year. Now the question is, what is to be done?"

Stockholders (unanimously)—"Make another reduction of ten per cent. in wages."—Chicago Tribune.

THE WAY IT WORKS.

There has come to the front within a recent period a new party, as we have said—the people's party. It proposes certain reforms, some of which, at least, are of a character that command widespread approval.

We are not required to print the platform of the people's party, nor to endorse all of the propositions it contains. We are not required to so much as suggest that all railroad employes should become identified with and active workers in the people's party; but the question arises, wherein does the people's party antagonize any demands of railroad employes? In what plank of its platform is to be found hostility to the interests of labor?

In response, it will doubtless be said in some quarters that the people's party has evinced hostility to railroads, and because of this unfriendliness the interests of railroad employes are jeopardized.

The question arises, in what is the people's party unfriendly to railroads? The people's party expresses the opinion that the water in railroad stock should be squeezed out; that railroads should do business on honest investments and not upon a basis of fraud, and that they can afford to so reduce rates of transportation for persons and freight as to make them what they were designed to be, a blessing to the country.

Railroad corporations at once set about to defeat such legislation, and at this juncture comes into view stragetic movements on the part of railroad corporations of astonishing audacity.

In the first place, the corporations say to the states: "If you reduce rates we will reduce the number of trains." This reduction of the number of trains is to operate in the way of a penalty upon the sovereignty of the people, the sovereignty by virtue of which the corporation exists.

In the next place, the corporation prepares petitions to be presented to legislatures, requiring their employes to sign them, under a threat, direct or implied, that their wages depend upon their compliance.

In addition to this, the corporation, having immense facilities at hand, send forth their henchmen to organize their employes into clubs for the express purpose of antagonizing the farmers, the Farmers Alliance and the people's party, to the extent that such legislation as the farmers demand shall not be had.

In view of these stragetic movements how stands the case with railroad employes who demand, and ought to have, certain important laws enacted for their protection?

If railroad employes antagonize the farmers, what more natural than that the farmers should reciprocate this hostility? Throughout the middle, southern and western states the farmers, if united, will dictate legislation. That they will unite is a logical conclusion, because everywhere their interests are practically identified.—Eugene V. Debs, in Locomotive Firemen's Magazine.

PUNGENT PARAGRAPHS.

—Maud—"Why did you not sing tonight?" May—"Because they only asked me twice. The idiots!"

—"Miss May Ture is still a very handsome woman. I wonder why she never married?" "She used to be a great flirt."—N. Y. Press.

—Ambiguous.—Baron—"What do you say, master, can a respectable man still wear this suit?" Tailor—"O, yes, Herr Baron, but not you."—Fliegende Blatter.

—Kingley—"Wouldn't you like a copy of my poem on the girl who don't know how to cook?" Binzo—"Thanks, old man; but I've got the original at home."—Truth.

—Hicks—"I don't know when I have enjoyed a play so much; I sat through it with bated breath." Mrs. Hicks—"Except when you were out after bait."—N. Y. Herald.

—The Most Unkindest Cut of All.—The Leading Lady—"The theft of my diamonds was a great blow for me." Heartless Reporter—"So everybody says."—Jewelers' Weekly.

—Softleigh—"Old Soak says he saw the aurora borealis last night. I thought he was nearsighted?" Sharpleigh—"That accounts for it. The old boy can't see beyond his own nose."—N. Y. Tribune.

—"Difficult! Why, I could learn to play that piece of music in no time at all." "That's the trouble with your playing." "How so?" "You play everything in no time at all."

—Mrs. Lushforth—"What is the exact meaning of 'jag?'" Mr. Lushforth—"Strictly speaking, it means that a man is not entirely intoxicated—just merely on the way." "I wish you would come home early some evening and let me see for myself."—Indianapolis Journal.

—After Many Years. — Strawber (proudly)—"That shirt was worn by my grandfather in the war of 1812." Singerly—"It's strange that I never saw it before." Strawber—"It has just come back from the laundry."—Clothier and Furnisher.

—"How are you, Fogg?" exclaimed Fenderson; "I've been on a regular wild goose chase and I'm glad I've found you at last." Fenderson thinks he must have said a good thing the way the boys laughed, but he can't for the life of him tell what it was.—Boston Transcript.

—Foresight.—He—"And you refuse to be mine?" She—"Yes, I—I must." "Then you do not love me?" "Yes, I do; but if I accepted you and the engagement became known every one would declare I had done the popping."—Boston News.

—A Leap Year Proposal. — Together they were looking over the paper. "O, how funny!" said she. "What is it?" he asked. "Why, here's an advertisement that says: "'No reasonable offers refused.'" "What's odd about that?" "Nothing, nothing," she replied, trying to blush, "only those are my sentiments."—Spare Moments.

CRUEL MOTHERS-IN-LAW.

They Exist Only in India, but They Do Exist There, and No Mistake.

One hundred and forty years ago a Pengali poet sang of the love of Vidva and Sundara. His work is a mine of information on some of the social customs of our country in his time. In a certain scene he describes a number of Hindu women bewailing their miseries in domestic life. One curses her fate as the victim of a "tigress mother-in-law" and of a cruel nanada (husband's sister).

The great prevalence of the mother-in-law's persecutions nowadays has obtained for such a one the sobriquet of Boukautki, or the tormentor of a daughter-in-law.

We have indeed angelic mothers-in-law, more motherly than natural mothers, but their existence by its contrast exhibits their opposites in the most horrid colors. In the cottages of the poor, as well as the mansions of the rich, these monsters play unmolested their devilish pranks with their sons' wives, among whom some become inured to them, some bicker and others of a sensitive and delicate nature succumb. The daily routine of such tortures, which relates to food, raiment, bedding, bath and toilet, domestic service, company of husband and near relatives, and take the shape of angry and foul vituperations, is not much noticed. It becomes only the subject of gossip of neighboring families and of lamentations by her paternal relations. It is only when the conduct of a Boukautki culminates in serious acts of violation, mutilations, homicide or murder, or when it leads to snicide, that in rare instances it comes to public notice and under the cognizance of law.

Lately criminal courts in the town and Mofussil have recorded cases of conviction in which wives, for the most trivial faults, had been seriously injured or murdered by their husband and mother-in-law.—Indian News.

Had a Familiar Sound.

"What is the name of the young man that's coming to see Claribel?" asked Old Spudd, looking up from the "stocks and bonds" column of his newspaper. "I think I've heard it, but I have forgotten it."

"It is one you certainly ought to remember easily enough," replied Mrs. Spudd. "His name is Oliver Cromwell."

"My memory, madam," said Old Spudd, looking fixedly at her over his glasses, "is as good as yours. Cromwell is the name of that merchant down in Galesburg that claimed I cheated him out of $37.40 in 1873 on a consignment of eggs. You can't fool me on names!"—Chicago Tribune.

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—Electrical Age, May 2, 1891

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FARMERS' ALLIANCE.

ALLIANCE NOTES.

—The railroad question is one of the biggest questions before the country today. It must be solved and that, too, at an early day.

—Silver bullion continues to fall in price, but yet the fiat silver dollar remains as valuable as the gold dollar. Great is fiat.—Emporia Gazette.

—President Adams, of the Alabama state alliance, has issued a call for a state convention of all labor organizations to meet at Birmingham May 30, to consider the platform adopted at the St. Louis conference.

—Sixteen hundred alliances in Georgia out of twenty-two hundred have reported over seal of their lodges on the St. Louis action, and of that sixteen hundred but three were opposed.—Atlanta People's Party Paper.

—The news comes from North Carolina that the great reform movement is spreading like wild fire in the "Tar Heel" state. Nothing can keep the working people of that state down save ignorance and inaction.

—We want no fusion. No man who can stand on the enemy's platform can stand on ours; that's all. All this talk about fusion comes from the plutic press and the wish is father to the thought.—Alliance Echo.

—Talk about western enthusiasm for the people's party; you should read the Georgia papers. The old parties are not in it down there. The people's party will sweep the state like a cyclone.—Cincinnati Herald.

—If a majority of those who join the non-partisan silver clubs and sign their pledge are doing it in good faith there will be a startling change in the vote of this state next fall. The vote for the national labor candidate is likely to go beyond anything that is now dreamed of. Theirs will probably be the only candidate who will stand for the free and unlimited coinage of silver.—Colorado Observer.

—The French government is to inangurate a loan scheme that will afford a precedent for the people's party. M. Costans, minister of the interior, will bring forward a measure called "Credit Agricola." He proposes that the government shall loan to proprietors of farms money at an interest less than two per cent. Of course the measure has aroused the opposition of the money brokers of France, but the agriculturists of France are making identically the same demand as the farmers of the United States, and the demand is so emphatic that M. Costans makes haste to heed it and brave the opposition of French plutocracy.—Pittsburg Kansan.

PLUTOCRATIC TOOLS.

They Endeavor to Organize Labor Against the Laboring Man's Party.

We had the pleasure of attending the railroad employes' convention at Wright's rink, Newton, Kan., this forenoon. We have been reading notices of this meeting for some time, exclusively in g. o. p. papers. This would naturally arouse suspicion in the minds of our calamity howling fellow-citizens. Being one of that class we were on hand to find out why the people's party papers were not invited to assist this worthy class of honest laborers in their just demands, knowing as we did that the principal object of the people's party was to assist all branches of honest labor in securing its just reward by limiting or restraining the aggressive power of money and monopoly. We were prepared to expect a motive power in this convention beyond and antagonistic to the real interest of every honest railroad employe and we doubt not careful reflection will convince all who heard the speech that this was the case.

At the mayor's request Hon. Charles Bucher delivered the address of welcome. While Charley stuck to his text we appreciated his speech very well, but, strange as it may seem, in welcoming these people to our city he took occasion to cast a reflection upon our legislature, because they endeavored during the last session to protect our people against railroad extortion and unjust discrimination. The idea conveyed to these railroad employes was that regulating and reducing railroad rates would reduce their wages. What nonsense! Should our people be compelled to creat autocratic millionaires by hundreds in order to protect employes in their just demands? Railroads are public highways and if corporations can't run them on just terms it is the duty of the government to protect all parties against their wrongs. Charley is no slouch at the speech-making business, and doubtless fairly represented the purpose and design of the meeting.

* * * * * * * * * *

Hon. W. M. Mitchell was introduced to respond in behalf of the railroad men. He made a very interesting and humorous speech, recommending some very practical and useful legislative reforms in the interest of railroad employes. Mr. Mitchell being one of the state railroad commissioners, representing officially all classes of labor, we hoped he would extend his recommendations far enough to protect our farmers and laboring people generally against the extortion and injustice they are enduring at the hands of railroad corporations. But he seemed to be a railroad commissioner in fact as well as in name. The most hopeful feature of the meeting was its diminutive proportions. Excluding the band and hired attendants, there was not exceeding 150 persons present. A. Glazier, the chairman, after thanking the citizens of Newton for the kind reception they had given this first railroad employes' political convention, dismissed the meeting. Requiescat in pace.—A Calamity Reporter, in Kansas Commoner.

RAILROAD MEN IN POLITICS.

Nebraska Employes Form a State Association—Conference Proposed.

An organization was perfected at a quiet meeting in Omaha that may have an important bearing upon the politics of the state. For some time past the railroad employes at division points have been organizing into local clubs and these have now been gathered under the banner of a state organization.

The object of this movement is to oppose legislation harmful to the interest of railroad employes, and members of the order are pledged to drop party affiliations whenever their class is threatened and to support men and measures known to be friendly to them.

Henry Knodell, the state organizer, estimates the railroad employes of Nebraska at 15,000 and says that nearly one-fourth of them are already enlisted in the movement. The Omaha club alone has a membership of 900.

The railroad men have organizations in Nebraska, Minnesota, Kansas and North Dakota and a convention will be held in May for the formation of a national organization.—Associated Press Dispatch.

IT WILL NOT WORK.

Railroad Employes, as a Rule, Are Too Sharp to Be Caught in Such a Trap.

The Kansas republicans are organizing the railway employes to fight the Farmers' Alliance. The same scheme was tried in Nebraska last fall and failed to connect. Somehow or other the railroad men tumbled to the fact that without farmers the cities along the lines could not live and if they did not live nobody would need merchandise or coal; besides, hauling the crops means a whole lot of work for them. The most prominent reason, however, why the railroad men did not rally to the cry of Thurston and his bloody shirt swingers, was because most of them were K. of L. men and in full sympathy with the farmers. Kansas will be found to be built the same.—Denver Road.

—Great stress is laid upon the importance of organizing silver clubs among the farmers. The people who are urging the formation of such clubs fail to understand that the alliance clubs are the oldest silver clubs ever formed. The farmers have been yelling for silver for ten years.—Exchange.

THE CHAMPION MEAN MAN.

A Story That Has the Plainest Sort of a Moral Attached.

She was a pale, quaint, quiet old woman who did washing for a living. One day she was paler than usual, and her hands trembled. Her mistress asked her the reason. She said: "I been thinkin' of a lady I helped to nurse once—out in Colorado 'twas. She was took bad suddent an' they sent for me. The house was only kind of roofed in, an' the rainy season was on them. I set tubs to ketch the water, else it would have dripped on her. I'd heerd tell about her before I went there, an' about him, too. She was used to things fine back east. Her folks had warned her not to marry him. When she did, an' found out her foolishness, she was too proud to make moan. He was a man o' means, but stingy! Great Jerusalem! child, the good Lord couldn't never ha' made him. He hadn't the print of decent fingers on him!

"'Get a doctor!' says I, seein' how bad she was.

"'No,' he answers cool, 'it's a useless expense. I've got a book here'll do."

"Bimeby the hired girl came to the door.

"'What for dinner, sir?' she asked.

"'Graham bread and potato balls,' he says.

"'But the children wants to know if they can have a bit o' ham. There's two hams in the cellar——'

"'By no means. Meat is not hygienic for children. But you kin cook one slice—jus' one thick slice—fur me.'

"'David,' begged her weak voice from the bed, 'kin I have a cup of tea?'

"'Certingly not!' he replies prompt. 'Twould affect your heart.'

"'Coffee, then?'

"'No, indeed! In your nervous condition! I am surprised, Idella!'"

"Everything was the same way. There wasn't nuthin' he thought mightn't injure her but crackers an' water. The children couldn't have have but one helpin' at meals. That wasn't a big one. But his plate was piled while a bit would go on it. Fust day she was up I made some rolls. Mighty nice rolls they was, too. Then the baby cried. She went to tend to it. When she came back she took up another roll.

"'Drop that!' he says.

"'Why?'

"He was after swallerin' seven himself in about the time you'd be sayin' Jack Robinson.

"'You've been away from the table three minutes an' a half. Do you want to begin eatin' again? You'd ruin your digestion.'

"'But—I'm so hungry, David! An they're so good——'

"'Did you hear me?'

"She looked as if she was goin' to cry. But she put the roll back.

"'Dried corn an' crackers for dinner,' he says. 'I can't be back in time. I'll take my frugal bite down-down.'

"I followed him to the door.

"'She ain't strong. An' a-nursin' that big baby. What for her?'

"'What's wholesome fur the rest,' he growls.

"'But if she had a bit o' fresh meat—or some chicken broth——'

"He looks at me awful mad.

"'D'ye think I'm Vanderbilt?' he asks.

"The letter my grandson brought me over just now? Yes, 'twas from my niece, who lives out there. She's dead—the sweet, starved little creature! An' the children—mostly the baby—[I'm suddin' the clothes clean man]—don't mind me—is what I am thinkin' about!"—Chicago Tribune.

WORKED LIKE A CHARM.

The Reason Why He Didn't Attend the Club.

Husband (first night after returning from wedding tour)—I'm going down to the club to-night, love, and as I haven't seen the loys for a long time, I may be late, so you needn't wait up for me.

Wife (who had been warned by her mother that this crisis in the matrimonial history was sure to arrive sooner or later)—As you have never left me alone before, dear, since our marriage, I am afraid I would feel very lonely in your absence, so I think I will go to the theater. If you are home before me you need not wait up, for I can let myself in with the latch key.

Husband—But you cannot go to the theater unattended, my love.

Wife—I will not go unattended. Cousin Jack is home from his yachting cruise. I will call on him and ask him to be my escort. If he isn't in, I will find somebody else. You needn't worry about me, dear.

Husband (who used to be dreadfully jealous of Cousin Jack)—Your Cousin Jack is home again?

Wife—Yes. And you needn't fear that I shall be dull in his company. Jack is very entertaining, you know.

Husband (after pondering a while)—On second thoughts I don't think I'll go to the club, love.

Wife (demurely)—On second thoughts I don't think I'll go to to the theater, dear.—Texas Siftings.

Funeral Customs in Bulgaria.

When the head of a Bulgarian family perceives that he is about to die he sends for the priest and begins to bargain with him about the cost of his funeral. The moment he dies all pots, pans and kettles in the house are turned upside down to prevent his soul taking refuge in any of them, and great care is taken to prevent either man or animal—especially cat or dog—from stepping across his body, as otherwise, in the opinion of his family, he would turn into a vampire, and so be a continual nuisance to them and their neighbors.—Chicago Mail.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—To clean wells of foul air throw down a peck of unslaked lime. The heat produced carries out the foul air with a rush.

—Cocoanut Cookies.—Rub one teacupful sugar and a half teacupful butter to cream; add one well beaten egg, two tablespoonfuls sweet milk, one and one-half teaspoonfuls baking powder, a pinch of salt, a teacupful of grated or dessicated cocoanut, and flour enough to roll out well without sticking. Roll thin and bake in quick oven.—Orange Judd Farmer.

—Poor Man's Pudding.—One quart of milk, half a teacupful of rice, salt to taste, teacupful sugar, and one tablespoonful of butter. Bake quite slowly for two hours; when it is creamy take immediately from the oven. You can tell if it is done by tipping the dish; if the rice and milk move together it is done. A cup of raisins and lemon or vanilla may be added.—Detroit Free Press.

—Vegetable Soup.—Two potatoes, two onions, two turnips, one carrot, a little parsley chopped fine, salt to the taste. Cut the potatoes in quarters, slice the onions, cut the turnips in quarters, slice the carrots. Put all in a stewpan with three pints of water, and salt to the taste. Boil it down to one quart. About fifteen minutes before it is done add the parsley. Strain it, and serve with light bread or toast.—Boston Budget.

—Chocolate Blanc Mange.—Half a box of gelatine dissolved in cold water, quarter of a cake of Baker's chocolate (melted over steam), one quart of boiling milk. Pour half the milk on the melted chocolate and let it boil up again, the other half of the milk pour on the gelatine. Pour the two together, add one large spoonful of sugar, and mould.—Household Monthly.

—Cream Crisps.—Make a dough of one cupful of thin cream and a little more than three cups of graham flour. Knead until smooth, then divide the dough into several pieces and place in a dish on ice for an hour, or until ice cold. Roll each piece separately and quickly as thin as brown paper. Cut with a knife into squares, prick with a fork and bake on perforated tins until lightly browned on both sides.—Good Health.

—Eggs and Bacon.—The bacon must be cut very thin and the rind removed; if possible, cook it before the fire. The fat that is not used should be saved from time to time to fry the eggs. Unless eggs are liked hard, the nicest way to fry them is to have the fat in the pan hot enough to make a bit of bread rather a dark brown, the pan may then be removed from the hot range, the eggs should be ready, broken into saucers, pop them into the fat, keep dipping the hot fat over them, and they will become white on top and nicely cooked without putting them back on the range. Serve on the bacon or on buttered or gravy toast.—N. Y. World.

—Cleaning Willow Furniture.—The simplest method is to wash it with warm water and castile soap, wiping it very dry with a soft cloth, and then drying thoroughly in the sun, or near the fire. If one cares to bleach it, have a packing box large enough to hold the willow articles. After washing, put into the box without drying; then into the bottom of the box put a small dish of burning sulphur. Cover the box, and at the end of half an hour take out the article, which will be bleached. Willow and rattan furniture is now stained, giving variety and doing away with the necessity for cleaning.—Ladies' Home Journal.

EARLY CHICAGO.

A Record of a Battle Fought There Two Centuries Ago.

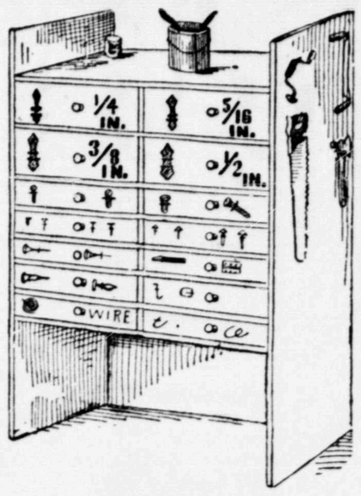
In the year 1685, Tonty says in his Memoir, "I arrived at the Fort of Chicagou where M. De la Durantaye commanded." This was the first fort there of which we have any account, and was probably a stockade structure constructed by Durantayne in 1685. Tonty also marched from the Illinois with sixteen Frenchmen and two hundred Indians to take part in this campaign, and according to one account he came by the way of Chicago and mustered some recruits here, perhaps from the garrison of the fort. He led his party across the country to Detroit, where he met Durantaye and two other famous pioneers, La Foret and Daniel Greysolon Du Lhut, from whom the present city of Duluth takes its name. They had a large body of French and Indians from the upper lakes, and the united force pushed on to Niagara and joined the governor-general's army at the rendezvous on the southern shore of Lake Ontario, near the Seneca country. Two thousand five hundred men marched through the wilderness toward the great town of the Senecas, with Durantaye, Tonty and Lhut, and their *couriers de bois* in the van. In the narrow defile the advance, separated from the main body, came upon an ambush of three hundred Indian warriors, who closed upon their rear with yells of triumph, thinking this detachment to be the whole army. But better leaders for such a fray there could not be than these three intrepid Frenchmen, who held their wood-rangers steadily to their work, until suddenly through the forest came the main body, headed by four companies of the fighting Carignan regiment, and the Senecas sullenly abandoned the field. Their great town was taken and destroyed, and down to our own time their descendants knew the scene of their crushing defeat by the French as Dyagodiyu, or "The Place of a Battle."—Edward G. Mason, in New England Magazine.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

FARMER'S WORKSHOP.

A Place for Everything and Everything in Its Place.

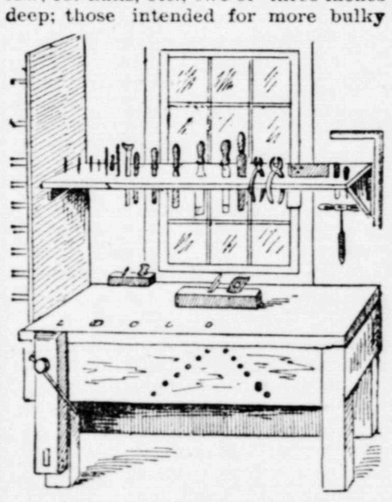
There are many farmers who, if they once learned the advantages to be derived from a shop in which there is a place for everything and everything in its place, would not do without it for many times its first cost, especially that part which I call a "variety case." I became tired of the old way of having bolts, screws, nails, rivets, wire, buckles, etc., in boxes standing here and there, oftentimes all sizes in the same box, just because there was no other place for them. The bother and loss of time were great, as I had to



THE VARIETY CASE.

open sometimes nearly a dozen boxes to find the thing I wanted. Thus necessity became the mother of invention, and the result was a "case" in which there is a place for everything, as shown in the cut.

The drawers are made of small, light boxes (which can be had at the grocery stores) sawed to the right size, and then nailing a side, bottom or end to them, as required. The lower ones are shallow, for nails, etc., two or three inches deep; those intended for more bulky



BENCH FOR FARM WORKSHOP.

articles, as bolts, etc., deeper. For knobs, take common sewing thread spools and saw them in two. The half of one spool, with a wood screw through the hole of it and into the drawer, makes the knob. For convenience drawers for screws, rivots, small nails, tacks, etc., are partitioned into two, three or four parts, and can also be taken out and carried to where wanted. A sample of the article or articles (size and kind) in each drawer is fastened on the outside of it by a doubted-pointed carpet tack, and when anything is wanted, from a quarter-inch tack to a half-inch bolt, it is a pleasure and satisfaction to be able to put your hand on it in a moment.—S. J. Arnold, in Ohio Farmer.

AGRICULTURAL HINTS.

In planting a new strawberry bed the pistillate varieties are perhaps more productive than the double-sex berry, but the rule is to use three rows of pistillates and one row of staminates. The crescent still holds its place as one of the best, but it requires some variety, such as the Wilson, in order to have the blossoms fertilized. Do not plant new varieties until they have been tried and tested.

It is well said that ten acres of small fruits will often make a man more truly prosperous than ten times as much land in wheat or corn. He may not be worth as much in actual capital invested, but he will be getting a larger net income, and doing it with much less severe toil. The small farm, well tilled, whether it be in fruits, dairy, vegetables, etc., is almost always the most satisfactory.

If you transplant any trees this spring take the precaution to prune the branches so as to restore the rest destroyed by the root mutilations that are always inseparable from removals, and then mulch so as to retain moisture until the new rootlets can get a good start. Many trees are lost by neglecting the proper cutting back, thus leaving too much work for the crippled roots to accomplish.

The idea of drugging cows to increase their production of milk is so repulsive that there will be little regret expressed at the failure of an experiment carried out in France by M. Cornevin, who administered philocarpine as likely to increase the secretions. He found after several trials that the drug had no influence upon the quantity of milk, though the constituents were affected notably in the increase of sugar.

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

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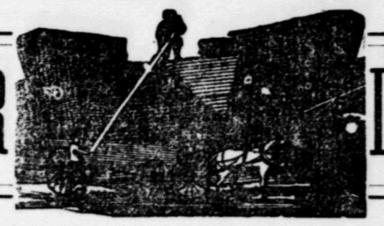
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THE DUBLIN MUSIC COMPANY,

DUBLIN, TEXAS.

THE DUBLIN PROGRESS.

Democratic. Published Every Friday.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL
ERATH COUNTY FARMERS' ALLIANCE AND INDUSTRIAL UNION.

J. S. DALEY, Editor and Proprietor.
J. J. EAGER, Associate Editor.

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

FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1892.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The PROGRESS is authorized to make the following announcements:

For District Judge, of the 29th Jud., Dist.
T. T. EWELL, of Granbury.
OWENS MILLER, Gatesville,

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.
W. E. CODY.

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

For County Assessor,
D. F. GLISSON.
S. P. KEITH.
J. A. ROBERTSON.
WILLARD CHAMBERLIN.
J. D. JACKSON.
J. I. (B) MINTER.

For County Surveyor,
M. L. JACKSON.
ELI OXFORD.

For County Treasurer,
A. J. CRANE.
J. L. DURHAM.

For District Clerk.
J. J. BENNETT.

For County Sheriff,
N. J. SHANDS. (Re-election.)
T. P. THORNTON.
GEO. MALONEY.

For Commissioner Precinct No. 2.
BEAD WHITE.
J. M. R. STEPHENS.

For Commissioner Precinct No. 4.
W. A. FRANKS.

For Constable, Prec., No. 2.
J. A. ADAMS.
HENRY WILLIAMS.
CHARLIE ANDREWS.

OUR CHOICE.

For Congress—8th Congressional District.
HON. EVAN JONES, of Dublin.

For Governor of Texas.
HON. T. L. NUGENT, of Ft. Worth.

DOING HIS DUTY.

John B. Long is another one who seems to have an idea that he was sent there to represent his constituents. At least he is always to be found at his post of duty and this is the very best evidence that he knows what he was sent there for. If the house were composed of such men as Bailey and Long business would be turned off much faster than it is and the people would be represented instead of misrepresented.—*Rusk Standard-Herald.*

WORK OF A DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

Beyond a doubt the principles of pure democracy as taught by that grand old patriot, John Calhoun, still lives in the hearts of the people of his native state. If all the states would have adopted such a platform there would be no need for a third party:

Columbus, S. C., May 19.—The South Carolina democratic convention adopted a platform recognizing the depressed condition of the people as a result of the reign of plutocrats and unequal laws of Congress, and pledges allegiance to the principles enunciated by Jefferson. Then follows the Ocala platform entire.

A plank was inserted denouncing the force bill, and demanding that the currency be increased, and that money be issued direct to the people at a low interest on good security. Grover Cleveland's nomination is described as the "prostitution of the principles of the democracy and the repudiation of the demands of the Farmers' Alliance, which embody the true principles of the democracy, and a surrender of the rights of the people to the financial kings of the country."

MEMORIAL DAY.

Some even of the few national holidays of so young a country as ours have already begun to lose their interest for the people, and their celebration has grown to be more or less perfunctory. But our latest holiday, known as Memorial or Decoration Day, promises to appeal more and more to our compatriots, to have a wider and deeper significance as the years go on. Until recently it was observed by the north and south in a sectional way, thus keeping up the old sentiments and feelings enkindled and strengthened by the civil war.

But so rapidly have prejudice and passion cooled that now the former enemies often join in paying tribute to the honored dead, so setting an example of mutual appreciation and magnanimity, hardly to have been expected so soon, that has seldom been equaled in older governments. To forget in twenty years the old animosities that had been gathering and strengthening for seventy years is the best evidence of the humanity, understanding and sympathy engendered by the institutions of a great democracy. Our victory over ourselves is far more glorious than any we have gained over our enemies.

The Old World abounded in predictions during our civil war that whatever its outcome the north and south would never be at peace; that with no natural boundaries, no walls of separation, we should be continually trespassing on each other's territory and incurring new causes of dissension. The predictions were plausible certainly. But many of those who took part in the strife, and are still in middle age, have seen its wounds healed and ancient foes converted into firm friends and political brothers. The union they have cemented with blood is immeasurably stronger than the confederation formed by their forefathers. And at each return of Memorial Day the bonds are renewed with fresh sympathy and added esteem.

Our war instead of imbittering us has mollified us; has enabled us to see each other without bias in the clear light of truth. The difference between the sections was caused by slavery, and slavery is forever extinct. The political education of the north and south had been diverse, and their moral ideas were to an extent the result thereof. Politically they were both right; and now they have the same moral point of view, which they could not have had before.

Memorial Day is, in the strictest sense, national, and the most conducive of all our holidays to preserve our nationality. Its value and its beauty can scarcely be overestimated. It recalls the patriotic past, and assures the patriotic future. It is evidence of what we have done and promise of what we would do in like emergency. It is at once an example and a warning, a triumph and a consecration. The oftener we celebrate the day, the more important and precious it should be. In the next century it should assume a character almost sacred. We are yet too near the war to perceive its vast proportions and enormous consequence. We still lack the perspective for its proper apprehension.

Has any other country such a holiday? Other countries commemorate their victories. But we commemorate victory on one side and defeat on the other, and being the same people we regard the defeat as a victory, since it has led to a consolidation of our common heritage and our common interests. Latterly, too, we commemorate our reconcilation, which, greater than any feat of arms or skill of strategy, attests the advance and superiority of free institutions.

It is hard to conceive a higher moral spectacle than the day exhibits. In the north and in the south, where the Unionists and Confederates are buried, their graves are strewn with flowers alike, and equal honors are paid to their memory. Eulogies are pronounced by northern men on southern soldiers, and by southern men on northern soldiers. The past, with all its blood and sacrifice, is forgiven, if not forgotten, in a grand spirit of generosity and all embracing patriotism.

The heroes of a generation, passive, if not already past, praise and revere the heroes who gave their lives to a cause which was sacred to them, and which can never arise again, to separate and make hostile a brave, chivalrous and enlightened people. A war that can produce such results must have been a conscientious war, and must have been conducted on patriotic principles. It has no parallel in history; it is a proof of civilization; it is an indelible record of a new and most encouraging era which could not have been reached before the present century.

Wars generally, as has been often said, leave the nations engaged in them in far worse condition than they were at the outset. Our war was an exception. It was more than war for an idea; it was for a conviction, and in the interest of progress and morality. It left us, after the sacrifice of a million lives and incalculable treasure, infinitely better off in every way. The treasure has been repaid fourfold, and the lives lost have entered into the national life, enlarging, purifying and elevating it beyond estimation. Not one of all the men who died has died in vain, which is always the best recompense for death, and one very rarely secured.

With such feelings as these we, of the north and south, observe and revere the day. It touches us to our depths and fills our souls with a mingled sentiment of sorrow and rejoicing—sorrow for what has gone; rejoicing for what has come and will remain. The day can never become commonplace or indifferent. It commemorates the true birth of our common country and the apparent perpetuity of its redeemed existence.

In the next century and the next it promises to be more impressive and stimulating than it is to us, whose fathers, brothers and sons are sleeping in the graves of a hundred battlefields. Our posterity will be sure to honor it and idealize it, as all devoted men and great deeds are apt to be idealized, and to follow the processions that decorate the mounds amid muffled drums, with hushed voices and tender hearts. Memorial Day bids fair to keep green, through unnumbered years, the memory of the truly heroic struggles and sacrifices that have constituted us Americans of America.

JUNIUS HENRI BROWNE.

The Little Ones Decorate.

A procession of wee little mites filed out of a front yard on Powelton avenue with a wee shaver in the lead keeping time on his diminutive drum. None of them were over six years of age, and all wore the home-made paper caps of the cockade style. The scribe watched them until they stopped, when he approached the drummer and asked, "What you been doing?"

"Pantin fowers ober a soger's grabe."

"Your papa?"

"No; Bertie's eetle tin sogers were no use, so his mamma said we tould bury 'em, and we put a fower ober dere grabes. Fo-wood, mash!" And the little future soldiers and vivandieres of the country marched on.—Selected.

The Army Mule on Hand.

An aged darky was leading an old and dilapidated mule down Filbert street draped in innumerable flags and flowers, and was asked by the scribe what was the cause of it.

"Well, Boss, dis yere mule am nigh on ter 52 yars ole. He war one ob de cannon mules in de Army ob de Potermack. Him hind legs hab done as much justice to de rebs as a musket, and ebery Memorial Day I allers plants a few flowers all ober him. It kinder ebens up things for de many grabes he filled which will hab no flowers put on 'em. Whoa! Sam Jones! Whoa! dar!" and jerking at the old mule he went his way.—Selected.

Waiting for the Bugle.

We wait for the bugle, the night dews are cold,
The limbs of the soldiers feel jaded and old,
The field of our bivouac is windy and bare,
There is lead in our joints, there is frost in our hair.
The future is veiled and its fortunes unknown
As we lie with hushed breath till the bugle is blown.

At the sound of the bugle each comrade shall spring
Like an arrow released from the strain of the string;



The courage, the impulse of youth shall come back
To banish the chill of the drear bivouac,
And sorrows and losses and cares fade away
When that life giving signal proclaims the new day.

Though the bivouac of age may put ice in our veins,
And no fiber of steel in our sinew remains;
Though the comrades of yesterday's march are not here,
And the sunlight seems pale and the branches are seer;
Though the sound of our cheering dies down to a moan,
We shall find our lost youth when the bugle is blown. —T. W. Higginson.

DECORATION DAY ON THE PLACE.

It's lonesome—sort o' lonesome—it's a Sund'y day to me,
It 'pears like—more'n any day I nearly ever see!
Yit with the stars and stripes above, a-flutterin in the air,
On ev'ry soldier's grave I'd love to lay a lily there.

They say, though, Decoration Days is generally observed
Most everywheres, especially by soldier boys that served:
But me and mother's never went—we seldom git away—*
In pint o' fact we're allus home on Decoration Day.

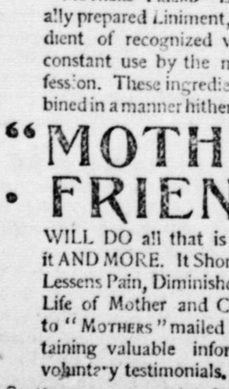
They say the old boys marches through the streets in columns grand,
A-follerin the old war tunes they're playin on the band;
And citizens all jinin in, and little children, too,



All marchin under shelter of the old red, white and blue.

With roses! roses! roses!—ev'rybody in the town—
And crowds o' girls in white jest fairly loaded down!
Oh, don't the boys know it, from their camp acrost the hill?
Don't they see their comrards coming and the old flag wavin still?

Oh, can't they hear the bugle and the rattle of the drum?
Ain't they no way under heaven they can rickollect us some?



Ain't they no way we can coax 'em, through the roses, jest to say
They know that every day on earth's their Decoration Day?

We've tried that—me and mother—where Elias takes his rest
In the orchard—in his uniform, and hands acrost his breast;
And the flag he died for sailin and a-ripplin in the breeze
Above his grave—and over that—the robin in the trees!

And yet it's lonesome—lonesome!—it's a Sund'y day to me,
It 'pears like—more'n any day I nearly ever see!
Yit with the stars and stripes above, a-flutterin in the air,
On ev'ry soldier's grave I'd love to lay a lily there.
—James Whitcomb Riley in Indianapolis Journal.

Another Wreath and Flag Wanted.

Mrs. Mary Callahan, widow of Andrew Callahan, who died Sept. 20, at the residence of her son Robert, 714 Wyoming street, Philadelphia, aged eighty-six, was the mother of seven sons, all of whom were in the war of the rebellion, and but one survives her. Two of her sons were killed and four wounded in battle. The sons served as follows: John, One Hundred and Tenth Pennsylvania regiment; William, Sixty-eighth Pennsylvania: Anderson, Twelfth Pennsylvania; Robert, Twenty-ninth Pennsylvania; Andrew, One Hundred and Eighty-third Pennsylvania; James, in the Seventy-second New York, and Stewart in the United States navy. All are now dead but Robert, with whom his mother lived for twenty years.

S. S. DAVIS,

The Druggist,

DUBLIN, TEXAS.

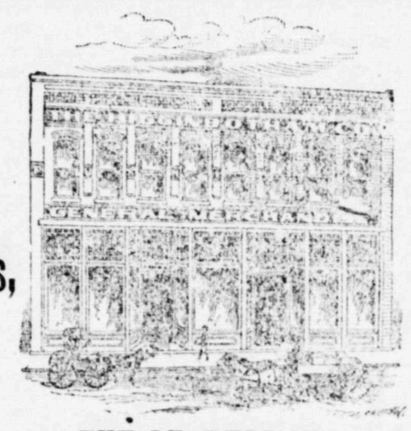
Will supply your wants for '92. We keep first-class goods, and are anxious to please customers. Prescriptions filled by a sober, experienced clerk, night or day. Call on me at Dublin.

S. S. DAVIS

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

HIGGINBOTHAM & CO.,

Gents' Furnishing Goods,



General Dry Goods, and Notions.

—THE LEADERS IN—

CLOTHING

—AND—

FURNITURE.

DUBLIN, - - TEXAS.

Ayer's Pills

the best remedy for Constipation, Jaundice, Headache, Biliousness, and Dyspepsia,

Easy to Take

sure to cure all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, and Bowels.

Every Dose Effective

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.

The Racket store will remove June 1st to the building next to the bank, north.

PASTOR KOENIGS NERVE TONIC

The Best Remedy III

In this world, says J. Hofberr, of Syracuse, N. Y., is Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic, because my son who was partially paralyzed three years ago and attacked by fits, has not had any symptoms of them since he took one bottle of this remedy. I most heartily thank for it.

ST. LOUIS, MO., March 2, 1891.

Realizing the amount of good Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic has done me, I feel it a duty to certify to its good qualities. My nervousness was caused by liquor habit and excessive smoking, having been so for several years. The effect of your medicine I felt immediately, and before I even used a whole bottle all trembling and uneasiness had disappeared, and I felt well, sleep sound and am full of ambition and life, something I had not been for some time, and cordially recommend it as an excellent nerve tonic. L. H.

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.

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 voluntary testimonials.

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

THE DUBLIN PROGRESS.

FRIDAY, MAY 27, 1892.

Professional Cards.

L. E. COWAN,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Office in Cagney building. - Dublin, Texas.

DR. R. A. MILLER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office over Hamilton & Chilton's Dublin, Tex

McLEMORE & LEWIS,
PHYSICIANS & SURGEONS.
Offer their professional services to their friends of Dublin and vicinity through the columns of the PROGRESS. Dublin, Texas.

THOS. B. KING. J. W. JARROTT.
KING & JARROTT, LAWYERS.
Particular attention given to collections, administrators and guardianship business. Office front room over First National Bank. Stephenville, Texas.

KING & LEONARD,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
Collecting a specialty. Dublin, - Texas.

LOCAL

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

Cards are out for the marriage of Miss Eva D. Garner of this city to Mr. Hugh Kelly Brewer of Waco, at the residence of Mrs. Wiley on Wednesday, June 1st, in this city.

L. H. Maddox has moved his candy stand from the corner next to Mobley's to the building opposite the Rio Grande saloon, where he keeps a full line of fresh cakes, light bread, barbecued meat and fine candies. 4t

Neuralgic Persons

And those troubled with nervousness resulting from care or overwork will be relieved by taking

Brown's Iron Bitters. Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper

The PROGRESS acknowledges the receipt of an invitation to the marriage ceremony of Miss Maud Creekmore to Mr. Jas. C. Vickers at the Greens Creek Baptist church near Dublin, at 8:30 p. m. Sunday, June 5th.

In the Stutiz voting contest for the most popular young lady in the city, decided on last Saturday night, Miss Mollie Dean was the successful candidate, having received 1341, while the next candidate, Miss Louise Chapman, received 517 votes.

The Wasson & Miller stock of goods was sold at public auction last Saturday as previously advertised in this paper. The stock invoiced $10,000 and was sold to Robt. Bailey for $5,000. The total indebtedness amounts to over $11,000.

Racket Store.

For low prices on dry goods, notions, hats, shoes etc. "Quick sales and small profits" is my motto. Give me a call. Respect. T. J. MORRIS, Prop.

Take Notice.

All parties are warned not to accept orders for material or anything unless properly signed by J. S. Thatcher or Jno. Young and ourselves, as we will not be responsible.

S. F. MAYS & Co.,
Builders of Dublin Water Works and Light Plant.

Last Friday night a fatal head end collision of a passenger freight train occurred on the Cotton Belt route near Goldon, Arkansas which resulted in the death of fourteen people and serious injuries to twenty-three more. The collision was brought about by a disobedience of orders by the crew on the passenger.

The Racket Store

is constantly receiving new goods of all kinds. Give me a call. Respect.

T. J. MORRIS, JR.

Dr. Ulmer, the dentist left for Ft. Worth Tuesday to attend the State Dental Association. While the doctor is a graduate, he does not seem willing to stop there, but continues to embrace the opportunities for more professional knowledge, and is willing to invest a good per cent of his income to keep up with the latest improvements, which we believe his patrons a preciate. He will return to-night.

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

Notice to Stockmen.

I will pasture stock in my pasture west of Dublin at customary prices. Good grazing land and everlasting water. Call on me at Dallam ranch.

A. E. HOMUTH.

TEMPERANCE COLUMN.

MISSES CORA & ROWE MCKINNIE, Editors.

The Loyal Temperance Legion meets every Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock at Baptist Church.

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

W. C. T. U. PLEDGE.

I hereby solemnly promise, God helping me, to abstain from all distilled, fermented and malt liquors, including wine, beer and cider, and to employ all proper means to discourage the use of and traffic in the same.

We failed to get the program for the next meeting of the Loyal Temperance Legion, but all are cordially invited to be present and we will do our best to make the meeting both entertaining and instructive.

The delegates have returned from the W. C. T. U. State convention with renewed zeal and energy for the cause of temperance and a better understanding of the different departments of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union.

It seems that the most interesting feature of the convention was the Gold Medal Contest. These contests are in connection with the Loyal Temperance Legion.

ANGELS WITH CUDS OF TOBACCO.

The Rev. Mr. H—— was a good man, but very fond of chewing tobacco.

One day he was caught in a shower in Illinois, and going to a cabin near by, knocked at the door. A sharp looking old lady answered his summons. He asked for shelter.

"I don't know you" she replied, suspiciously.

"Remember the scriptures," said the domine, 'Be not forgetful to entertain strangers, for thereby some have entertained angels unawares.'

"Angels don't come round with cuds of tobacco in their mouths," she replied, and slammed the door in his face.—Our Dumb Animals.

SUGGESTIVE FIGURES.

Large figures sometimes tell startling stories. Let those who are fond of working over statistics see what they make of this: In the year ending June 30, 1891, a tax was paid to the United States on more than eighty million gallons of distilled spirits made in the country, and a duty was paid on a million gallons more imported from abroad. In the same year internal revenue tax was paid on eight hundred and seventy-four million gallons of malt liquor, and import duty on three million gallons more.

Not far from six quarts of fiery spirits for every man, woman and child in the United States.

Fourteen gallons—almost a half barrel—of beer for every inhabitant of the country.

What did it cost? It paid the government in taxes more than one hundred and seventeen million dollars. It probably cost the people who drank it twice as much. That is twice as much in money. How much it cost them in physical and moral degradation, in the loss of self-respect and the respect of others, figures do not tell. Statistics are not gathered to cover that point. Nor do we know how much it cost those who did not drink it—in the poverty of families whose head was a drunkard; in the support of paupers ruined by drink; in a hundred other ways.

Does the magnitude of the national drink bill suggest anything to you?

Perhaps no single habit, save the drinking habit, is so productive of crime, as is this habit of reading vile literature. And yet there are many parents who would be shocked beyond expression to see their children going to the gambling den or the low theater, who do not trouble themselves in the least that the associations of the gambling den and low theater are practically brought into their very homes through the flashy story-paper and the sensational novel. The evil is one with which it would be difficult to deal by means of legislation, for the reason that the gradations in such literature are so fine and the distinctions between bad and worse so hard to draw. There is therefore the more need of constant care and vigilance on the part of parents and teachers, and of all who have any part in the direction and instruction of youth. And along with vigilance in guarding against the vulgar and harmful, there is need also of watchfulness for the pure and helpful, that, as bad books become less and less a source of evil, good books may become more and more a source of moral strength.—*Selected.*

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.

CANCER.—If you are out of hope, and think there is no alternative but for you to die, write for treatise and home testimonials to GEO. L. RHEA. Selden, Texas.
Sep 1 92

COUNTY CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM COWAN.

Special Correspondence.

W. W. Brandenburg addressed a good audience at Cedar Point, May 16 at 4 and 7 o'clock. He told us some solid truths about our present condition, he showed us that the present government was a fraud.

Health good.

Crops are looking fine. People are up with their work.

Mr. J. F. Robinson, our near neighbor, has moved to Greer county with his stock.

HUNKADOREE.

FROM COW CREEK.

Special Correspondence.

Crops are looking fine.

Bro. Owen will preach at the church next Sunday.

Call on Kirk, or Crawford, for grain cutting.

Bro. Tucker delivered a good sermon last Sunday at the church. He is doing considerable work in the field.

A wedding is thought to be in full bloom in the theater row. We listen attentively for the announcement.

The young ladies of Cow Creek evidently have a great relish for flowers. They keep the church decorated with newly perfumed roses etc, most of the time. NED & BILL.

FROM OAK GROVE.

Special Correspondence.

The citizens from Oak Grove school house met for the purpose of organizing a third party club.

Oak Grove school house, Erath county Tex. May 7, 1892.

Mr. R. L. Haley was called to explain the nature of the meeting and L. J. Evans secretary pro tem.

The declaration made by the Confederated Industrial Organizations adopted at a conference held in St. Louis February 22-24 1892, was read and adopted. Thirty names were put on the roll proving their fidelity to support the third party from constable to president. An election was held to elect club officers and the following names were elected for president: R. L. Haley and V. A. Rossmussle, L. J. Evans was elected secretary. The secretary was authorized to send a copy of the minutes to the Dublin PROGRESS and Comanche Exponent, and request the editor of the Exponent to state a time in that paper when he could meet us and make a speech. Everybody is cordially invited.

We mean reform peaceable if possible, forceable if we must. L. J. EVANS.
Secretary pro tem.

FROM HARBIN.

Special Correspondence.

The farmers are very busy in this neighborhood laying by corn and preparing for wheat and oat harvest.

Mr. Reaves has bought Mr. G. W. Solbury's old home place and he intends to make that his future home. We wish Mr. Reaves much enjoyment, and success in his business undertakings.

On last Saturday and Sunday the quarterly Conference convened at the M. E. Church, with a large congregation on Sunday, and Bro. Bailey preached us a noble sermon.

You all must remember the celebrated picnic at this place on June the 4th, come and bring somebody with you. We expect to have dinner on the ground, that is if you bring it with you. Bro. Brandenburg will be there and others who will furnish you plenty of good speaking.

I think there will be another wedding soon from the way Mr. Bob C— is going to Mr. Clingans, that's right Bob.

I guess that Bob D— feels much better since he went fishing and fell in the creek.

Mr. Lee Sanders says if he cant get Miss Florence he would take Miss Ida.

J. H. Clark is going to start west soon. We regret his leaving our neighborhood very much, but wish him success in the far west.

The People's Party is strong and rapidly increasing in this part of the vineyard.

Success to the PROGRESS. N. B.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Dick Long was over from Stephenville Wednesday.

Ben Higginbotham was over from Stephenville Monday.

Miss Marcy Hickman, of Hico was on a visit to friends in Dublin this week.

Bud Oats, Billy Northcutt and John Bennett made a trip to Stephenville Tuesday.

Misses Lillian and Willie Paine, of Comanche, were visiting friends in Dublin this week.

Dr. W. H. Henthorne, of Brownwood, was shaking hands with friends in the city this week.

Our associate, J. J. Eager left Wednesday to fill a number of appointments in Brown county.

S. W. Ryle, of, Denison, has been in the city for the past week exhibiting a patent for making ice cream.

H. L. Jamieson left Tuesday for a lengthy trip to Hamilton county, where he has appointments for speaking.

T. P. Thornton of Hannibal, candidate for sheriff, was in the city Tuesday in the interest of his candidacy. He gave the PROGRESS a call.

Mrs. J. L. Burroughs left Wednesday for Cleburne, where she will remain for a short while and will leave there for her old home in Georgia.

The following Odd Fellows from Stephenville attended as guests, the meeting of Lodge No. 315, I. O. O. F. of Dublin last Tuesday night and assisted in conferring degrees: J. A. Fooshee, R. T. Long, Rev. B. F. Miller, A. W. McCorkle, R. M. Hume, T. J. Wilson, H. L. Snapp, A. Smith, S. N. Russell, J. F. Collier, Will Malone, W. J. Oxford, C. M. Wheeler, L. B. Watts, J. B. Barnes. They report the order increasing very rapidly both at Stephenville and Dublin.

Mrs. G. A. Chilton visited friends in Stephenville last week.

A. C. King made a trip to Stephenville Friday in the interest of his profession.

Rev. J. T. Harris is still in Stephenville engaged in investigating the county finances.

Dr. A. L. Hamilton of Comanche was in the city last Friday.

Maj. L. E. Gillett made a trip to Stephenville Saturday.

Messrs. A. A. Chapman, G. A. Chilton and C. W. Travis made a trip to Stephenville Saturday.

Col. Stocks has opened up his bathing tank south of town on Sackville street and has the finest baths in the city at 25c. 4t

BUGGIES, CARRIAGES,

SPRING WAGONS and HACKS.

A full line of each, and of the very best makes in the country:

The Columbus Buggy Co.'s and the Miller and Racine Wagon Co.'s.

Call and examine before buying. Best goods at best terms and prices. Will fill any order from my works and repository in Fort Worth that is not kept in my Dublin repository.

E. H. KELLER, Propr.
W. G. ROWE, Mangr., Grafton Str.



MODEL MEAT MARKET.

M. Lingenfelder & Co., Propr's.

This market always keeps on hand a full supply of fresh meats, bologne sausage and everything usually kept in a first-class market. Satisfaction guaranteed.

R. H. McCain,

THE CASH GROCER OF DUBLIN.

Carries an unusual heavy line of Staple and Fancy Groceries, also a

Fine Line of Liquors Brandies & Cigars

AT BOTH

Wholesale and Retail.

New Lumber Yard

R. B. SPENCER, Proprietor.

LUMBER, SHINNLES, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS ETC.

Sellling at the lowest living prices with all grades of lumber

Lumber ★ Exchanged ★ for ★ Grain.

Racket. Racket.

THE FAIR.

DRY GOODS, NOTIONS, CROCKERY, GLASS AND TIN WARE.

We Undersell and Undersell.

At Weaver & Harber's old stand, Dublin, Texas.

HENRY SCHMITT,

Cabinet ★ Maker,

I have recently opened up a shop in this city where I am prepared to do

All Kinds of Cabinet work to order. Furniture Store Fixings etc.

Will make a specialty of Ice Chests for family purposes. Mail orders solicited.

Patrick street, - - Dublin, Texas.

H. L. JAMIESON

Will speak at the following times and places in Hamilton county.

Hico	MAY	24
Old Hico	"	25
Fairy	"	26
Hamilton	"	27
Evergreen	"	28
Lanhata	"	30
Goar	"	31
Jonesboro	JUNE	1
Knox	"	2
Hamilton	"	3
Evant, (afternoon)	"	4
Fairview, (night)	"	4
McGirk	"	6
Indian Gap	"	7
Pottsville	"	8
Gentry's Mill	"	10
Baggy, afternoon	"	11
Carlton, (night)	"	11

To the Patrons of Dublin Graded School.

I will continue school for two months after the close of the regular free school term and would be glad to have the patronage of those desirous of having their children continue work of the school year. Respectfully.

W. J. CLAY.

Decoration Day Services.

The following program will be carried out under the direction of the Grand Army Veterans next Monday:

PROGRAM.

Assembly at Risien's Opera House 10 o'clock a. m.

PROCESSION.

Martial music Prof. Brown, Little Six Band.
Mexican Veterans
Ex-Confederate Soldiers.
I. O. O. F.
Knights of Pythias.
Firemen.
G. A. R. Sam Houston Post 455.
March to New Cemetery.
Services by G. A. R.
Decoration of Soldier's Grayes.
March to City Park.
Basket Dinner at 1 o'clock p. m. (self supporting)
Assembly at Speaker's Stand 2 p. m.
Service by G. A. R. Post.
Address by R. H. McCain, (Mayor.)
Music and addresses by prominent speakers.
Benediction.
Return to Halls
Concert at night, Prof. Brown's Co
Camp Fire and Love Feast by the Blue and the Gray

In this issue will be found the announcement of Mr. W. A. Franks of Morgann's Mill for commissioner of precinct No. 4.

At Stephenville, Monday morning, E. N. Curtis filed a deed of trust of his drug business, naming A. P. Young as trustee. The total liabilities are $7,947.50 with preferred creditors to the amount of $1,520.00 The assetts are not yet known.

THE DUBLIN PROGRESS.

J. S. DALEY, Publisher.

DUBLIN. - - - - TEXAS.

BEING SOCIABLE.

Jones and His Wife Spend a Pleasant Evening Together.

"Going to stay home to-night, Jeptha?" asked Mrs. Jones as she saw her husband looking at the clock.

"Yes," answered Jones, "I don't expect to go out."

"O, how nice," purred his wife, "we'll have a perfectly lovely evening at home, and I'll play for you if you would like to have me, as I used to in the dear old days——"

"No, no," said Jones hurriedly, "don't. I really couldn't stand it, Maria, it's too—too touching, you know, this reviving old melodies."

"Well, then, I'll do some outline work on my luncheon set, and we'll talk, and you can tell me all the news, dear."

"Yes," assented Jones, and they sat down in that blissful tete-a-tete of two souls with but a single thought, two hearts that beat as one, and a silence an inch thick settled on them like a cotton batting comfortable. Jones was about to reach for the evening paper which lay within a tantalizing distance, when Mrs. Jones remarked:

"I think there'll be a storm soon."

"Shouldn't wonder," answered Jones, who felt it coming.

"You are not very sociable, Jeptha," said his wife; "seems to me you might make yourself agreeable at home sometimes."

"O," said Jones with a guilty start; he was surreptitiously reading a column in the paper headed "Domestic Tragedy in Greenland."

"I believe you remarked that the storm was coming. As it is about time for the moon to get full I presume you are right."

"What has the moon getting *full*, as you call it, to do with a storm?"

"There is no necessity of laying so much stress on the word 'full,' Maria," said Jones, crossly, "it's a scientific fact."

"Well, then, what has the *moon* getting full to do with the storm?" snapped his wife.

"I don't see the necessity of being personal in your allusions, Maria," retorted Mr. Jones.

"Is there anything I can say to please you," inquired Mrs. Jones, with cutting politeness; "perhaps the man in the moon has a wife who objects to his getting full, and being out nights."

"O, go on, go on," cried Jones; "what you don't know about the moon would fill volumes. Try and make another brilliant remark about the weather," and he buried his head in the paper,and, although lost to sight, was to memory dear, and the evening ended as it began, in absolute silence.—Detroit Free Press.

AN AMUSING DOMESTIC SCENE.

It Occurred In a Railroad Depot and the Husband Got Left.

The last boat to meet the "Mountain Express" on the Erie had arrived the other evening, and the last passengers to board the train was a family consisting of a husband, wife and five children. Three of the children looked as if they were triplets, and the other two were undoubtedly twins. They were all small. The father and mother were out of humor, and the children were ushered into seats without ceremony. It was evident that all had run to catch the train. They were just getting settled nicely, and the conductor, on the outside, was raising his hand for the engineer to go ahead, when the man turned angrily to his wife and said:

"Give me those checks!"

"What checks?" asked the wife.

"What checks, you mouse!"

"Yes, what checks, you idiot!"

"Why, the trunk checks; them's the checks. Where are they?" and his eyes flashed fire.

"I ain't got any trunk checks, you parrot!"

"You ain't got any checks? Who has got them?" and he sprang from his seat and rushed wildly toward the door.

The women and the three smaller children follow at his heels, the latter crying in chorus. The train was now beginning to move out, but the husband boldly bounded from the platform.

"There is the man I gave them to!" yelled the woman; "that man over there!" and she pointed to a sweeper with a railroad cap on who was just entering a train on the opposite side.

The husband made a wild lunge for the man and seized him by the throat. The sweeper, thinking he had a crank to deal with, grappled him with a deadly embrace and tried to throw him down. Then the woman shouted:

"No, that ain't the man that has the checks, but looks the world and all like him. Come on, come on!" and she waved frantically at her husband.

"Go on, go on!" returned the husband, running with all his might to catch the last car.

"Come on, come on! Run, run, run!" were the parting words from his wife.

But it was no use, the train was running too fast, and he dwindled into a pigmy in the distance.

When the woman returned to the car she spanked the triplets for crying and threatened to "dress down" the twins if they looked out of the window before they reached Port Jarvis.—N. Y. World.

THE SINGING IN GOD'S-ACRE.

Out yonder in the moonlight, wherein God's-Acre lies,
Go angels walking to and fro, singing their lullabies;
Their radiant wings are folded and their eyes are bended low,
As they sing among the beds whereon the flowers delight to grow:

"Sleep, oh, sleep!
The Shepherd guardeth His sheep:
Fast speedeth the night away,
Soon cometh the glorious day:
Sleep, weary ones, while ye may—
Sleep, oh, sleep!"

The flowers within God's-Acre see that fair and wondrous sight,
And hear the angels singing to the sleepers through the night;
And, lo! throughout the hours of day those gentle flowers prolong
The music of the angels in that tender slumber-song:

"Sleep, oh, sleep!
The Shepherd loveth His sheep!
He guardeth His flock the best
Hath folded them to His loving breast—
So, sleep ye now and take your rest—
Sleep, oh, sleep!"

From angel and from flower the years have learned that soothing song,
And with its heavenly music speed the days and nights along:
So, through all time, whose flight the Shepherd's vigils glorify,
God's-Acre slumbereth in the grace of that sweet lullaby:

"Sleep, oh, sleep!
The Shepherd loveth His sheep!
Fast speedeth the night away,
Soon cometh the glorious day:
Sleep, weary ones, while ye may—
Sleep, oh, sleep!"

—Eugene Field, in Ladies' Home Journal.

A QUEER PROPOSAL.

How a Cow Figured in One Love Affair.

Observations on the Subject of "Popping the Question"—No Man Seems Exactly to Remember How It Was Accomplished.

"How did you get engaged to your wife?"

The question was put by a writer for the Star to one of the substantial family men of Washington—one of those excellent men who has a blooming wife, five blooming children, and a business that keeps on blooming more brilliantly year after year. He says he is poor, and so he is when he is compared with the plutocrats of the city, but he is solidly, substantially rich all the same. When he dies, if his wife survives him, she will have an income amply sufficient for the proper education of the five blooming children, and when she dies they will all have incomes—not vast estates which will make it impossible for them to do anything on earth but live a life of pleasure, but incomes that will help in establishing them in the useful walks of life. It is the people of this type that make up the body and strength of the community, rather than the enormously wealthy class that lives only for pleasure, the drawing-room and "style." But it is not of money that this article would treat, but of the various methods of getting engaged; and so the question was asked of this substantial man of family: "How did you get engaged to your wife?"

"By means of a cow," he answered, promptly.

"What? I must have misunderstood you," said the writer. "I did not ask you how you got milk for your family, but how you got engaged to the lady who is now your wife."

"By means of a cow," he answered again.

He was prevailed upon to explain and told a very singular, unique and touching story of love, solemn promises, happiness and a cow. Here is the tale reduced to moderate length. The gentleman may, for convenience, be termed Mr. X. and the lady Miss Y.

Mr. X., when he was twenty-four years of age, went to stay with his uncle at his country place on the eastern shore of Maryland. Having said that he had relations who lived on the eastern shore, it has been said that he was of most aristocratic lineage, for everybody knows that the families of that portion of the earth's surface are all of the very best. Virginia itself is not more noted for families than the famous eastern shore. In fact, if a geography were called upon to truthfully say what is the principal product of the eastern shore it would be obliged to say "old families." Young X. found at his uncle's house a young Virginia girl, Miss Y. X. had nothing in the world to do, nor had Miss Y., so they killed time by falling in love with each other. It is not a bad amusement in the country. You can read poetry together, sit on porches together, take walks in the dusk together. The man is pretty sure of no rivals, the girl is in no danger of having the man enticed away from her. X. and Miss Y. had a glorious time for two weeks and one of their favorite amusements every evening was to stroll down to the pasture and watch the milking of the cows.

There was one cow in particular of which the youth and the maid grew very fond. She was a young Jersey—Alderney was the term used then—the color of a fawn, with a glossy, beautiful coat and eyes as gentle and soft in their expression as Miss Y.'s own. As she would stand in the cool of the evening lazily whisking the flies with her tail she would permit the young couple to approach her and stroke her or scratch her forehead. There is nothing particularly romantic in the act of scratching a gentle cow between the horns, but it happened that one day as X. stretched out his hand to perform this pleasing act of friendship to the heifer his hand met Miss Y.'s, and the cow, moving back as if impressed with the conviction that she was spoiling fun, left them hand in hand in the corner of the pasture. After that they never missed a day in the pasture and they always caressed the Jersey cow, until one day X.'s uncle, joining them, said jocosely:

"You young people seem so fond of that cow that I shall have to give her to one of you."

"To which of us?" said X.

"Ah!" said the uncle, "you must settle that between you."

When the old gentleman went off, X. looked at Miss Y. and said, simply:

"Can my uncle give the cow to both of us?"

And she quietly answered: "Yes."

And so this substantial citizen became engaged, as he truly said, through the agency of a cow.

There are a thousand ways of popping the question, and upon careful inquiry it has been ascertained that the method which is usually employed upon the stage and in novels is the most uncommon. Let the reader who is over twenty-one stop and consider a moment how he made the various proposals of his life. Did he sink down on one knee and clasping the young girl by the hand frantically shriek out: "Be mine! Be mine!" Did he then start in and tell her of his long years of adoration; how he never could love anyone else; how the sun of his being rose and set in her; how she was his heaven, and if she said no he must inevitably take an instantaneous flight for the other place? Did he, when she made murmurs of dissent indignantly cast her hand away from him as though it was a tennis-ball, and demand the name of his rival? Did he cover his face with his hands and sob and scrape his toes along the carpet as he walked up and down the parlor? Did he, when she began to yield, rush at her with the speed of a professional sprinter, seize her around the waist, and pour forth a royal octave volume of impassioned rhetoric? This is the way they do in novels and plays, but in real life people of experience say it is different. It is hard to tell whether the girl or the man is the more frightened. Both know it is coming. He doesn't know what he says. He had made up a speech beforehand, but of course he forgets it; but it makes no difference. She has her mind made up. All the eloquence in the world isn't going to do any good if she has determined to say "no." She may not mean "no" at all, but she generally says so. She only wants him to come again often. As for sinking down on one knee, or both knees, authorities on "popping" say it is never done—that not much which is worth remembering is said on either side.

Perhaps it is better that the books and plays should be artificial in this matter. There is hardly a printed account which contains a true confession of what a man said and what a woman replied when he proposed and she accepted him. There are, however, a few of the love letters of great men in print. Now, either these letters were written with the supposition that they might at some day be printed, in which case they are of no value except as pieces of literary composition, or else, being intended for the eye of one person alone, they ought not to be given to the public. Who ever read Bulwer's love letters without a feeling of disgust? He runs riot on paper, loses his senses entirely, signs himself "Your Idolatrous Puppy," and commits a thousand absurdities. But why should a man not be absurd when he is writing to the one woman he loves? To write love letters with the fear before you of their being subsequently published would be like proposing with a stenographer to take down your speech. And to print real love letters written honestly is like listening and overhearing a proposal. Your eavesdropping might be exciting and interesting, but if you did as you ought to do you would not listen, or having overheard through accident you would not go away and tell everybody about it—that is, you would not if you were a good man and cared anything about doing to others what you would have them do to you.

Did you ever know a man who told all he said when he proposed to the girl whom he subsequently married? A rejected man may "give the thing away" apparently, but he does not tell it all, you may depend upon it, and an accepted man may tell you what led up to it, as in the case of the gentleman who became engaged through the agency of a cow, but an absolutely correct report of all the nonsense spoken on occasions of this kind would be something that no man could bring himself to repeat, and, if it were repeated, it would be very disagreeable to listen to. The whole thing would appear painfully ludicrous, but it is not ludicrous to the parties in interest. It is serious always, painful frequently, and sometimes, as everybody knows, very tragic.

All these remarks apply especially to the lovemaking of young people. When an old stager proposes he may be calm and collected. It is the voice of experience that speaks, and if he is rejected he may take it quietly enough, for in all probability he has proposed several times before. There are some old bachelors who are chronic proposers. There are some old flirts who may be depended upon not only to make love to any woman who will give them a chance to do so, but who will be sure to propose, too. These men mean it, but they don't mean it very long, and women understand them and will have none of them. It is the fair sex that is the stronger in matters of this kind. The unhappy marriages are numerous enough, but if women were as weak as men there would be a much larger number of silly matches.

Now, strange as it may seem, there is no doubt that the most successful proposer is the man who does it clumsily. When a man speaks well and calmly and gives a woman good reasons for marrying him—argues the matter just as though he were pleading a cause in court—the woman doesn't believe he is in earnest. It is not a case that is governed by reasonable argument, and appeals to the brain are not what she cares about. The appeal must be made to the heart. He stands a good chance of success as soon as he convinces her that his heart is thoroughly in earnest. —Washington Star.

SEIZED HIS OPPORTUNITY.

How an Enterprising German Profited by a Neighbor's Loss.

Perhaps progress and enterprise are only other names for seizing an opportunity just in the nick of time. If there be any truth in this conjecture and the great strides of Chicago business men be due to this bit of unerring judgment then the qualification for becoming a great man lies in a large mass in the cranium of a certain German saloon-keeper.

The other morning when nearly all Chicago was abed—it was two o'clock—there was a fire in a big North side factory block. The structure was stored with highly inflammable stuff—oil and varnish being some of it—and the blaze shot through the building with the greatest rapidity, even before a fireman reached the spot. Half a block down the street an humble German keeps a saloon—his first business venture in this country. The morning of the fire he was aroused by loud cries of "Fire!" "Fire!" beneath his window. Startled, he shook his wife, seized some of his clothing, and a hasty glance towards the window showing the glare of a great fire that appeared to be next door, he rushed downstairs, closely followed by his stout wife. When he reached the front door he saw that he had been too hasty, and so the saloonkeeper and his spouse returned to their rooms upstairs and in a moment were watching the fire from an upper story window.

In the meantime a great crowd had gathered, attracted by the arrival of numerous engines, and this was rapidly augmented by many drawn by the bright glare in the sky. The police lines held them back, and they jammed the sidewalk in front of the saloon and in front of the buildings adjacent. It was while watching this crowd that a bright idea struck the German. He saw a chance to profit by his neighbor's misfortune. He rushed downstairs, lit all the gas jets, put a fresh keg of beer on tap, brought out the remnants of the "business lunch" of the day before, threw open the front door, and in a minute a place at the bar was at a premium. The German yelled for his wife, and for one hour the two had all their active energy taxed in providing for a heavy stream of sightseers attracted by the fire. And through that stream there ran a tide of policemen and firemen.—Chicago Tribune.

THEIR ALMA MATER.

How English People Regard the Great Public Schools.

In England, while a boy is still in the unreasoning age of childhood, good-natured people will ask him playfully what he is going to be. At a little later stage the inquiry takes another and more serious form—"What school are you going to?" There is no playfulness in the question now. Hereby hangs a whole social history. In one family the tradition is for Eton, in another for Rugby; and to these traditions father and son are, as a rule, absolutely loyal, except under especial emergencies of typhoid or scarlet fever. The true Englishman of the upper class is not more certainly born

"either a little Liberal,
Or else a little Conservative,"

than he is an embryo Harrow boy or Winchester "man." In after-life he meets with the question: "What school were you at?" And here again he is apt to feel at a disadvantage if he cannot fasten upon one of the important public schools the credit or blame of his youthful training. It matters nothing that he was only there for half a year, that he never rose above the lowest form, that he was flogged half a dozen times in as many weeks, that he was promptly expelled for outrageous insubordination—he was at a public school, he was the *cachet* of an English gentleman. To have been at the university is as nothing compared with this. Many a man is compelled by army examinations or by business opportunities to forego the pleasures of the alma mater. With the public school it is otherwise: to this they must all come. —Harper's Magazine.

—A Familiar Face.—She—"So you've been out west? Did you have a nice time?" He—"Only so, so. I went to a party one night in Denver expecting to have a good time, but there was only one familiar face in the room." She—"Whose face was it? Some friend's from the east?" He—"Yes. It belonged to a clock made in Connecticut."—Detroit Free Press.

—No Time to Look.—Dashaway—"What did Miss Palisade have on last night?" Stuffer—"I don't know; I only saw her at dinner."—Cloak Review.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—There are over 400 fertilizer factories in the United States which produce more than $20,000,000 worth of fertilizers annually. Less than a half-century ago a fertilizer factory had not been heard of.

—The manufacture of rubber bands has attained considerable proportions in this country. One indication of the growth of the industry is that they are now being sold by the pound, where, thirty years ago, they were priced by the gross. The price has gradually fallen from about $7 to $1.25 per pound.

—Recent experiments on the action of metals on India rubber show that copper is the most deleterious. Platinum, palladium, aluminium and lead act only slightly, while magnesium, zinc, cadmium, cobalt, nickel, iron, chromium, tin, arsenic, antimony, bismuth, silver and gold have no action whatever on this material.

—Dr. Krug, a German scientist, has discovered a way of making what he claims to be eatable and nutritious cakes out of wood by transforming the cellulose into grape sugar and adding to it about 40 per cent of meal of wheat, oats or rye. They will be getting picnic lunches out of the trees next if it is in the wood.

—There were on British pastures last year nearly 29,000,000 sheep and lambs, showing an advance of nearly a million and a half over the number in 1890. Our total sheep stock, last year, moreover, exceeded by 3,000,000 head the flocks of two years ago, and by more than 4,000,000 the flocks of 1881.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

—It is stated that there are in France 45,000,000 hens, which, at an average price of 2 francs 50 centimes per head, represent a value of 112,050,000 francs. One-fifth of the stock is annually consumed as food, and is sold for about 22,500,000 francs. Two million cocks, worth 5,000,000 francs, are also sold as food. The number of laying hens is put down at 35,000,000, and the annual value of their eggs is 183,000,000 francs.

—Twenty years ago New England factories produced 80 per cent. of the boots and shoes made in this country. The New England product has largely increased, yet it is now but 55 per cent. of the total value, the industry having been established in other parts of the country. Since 1880 importations of hides and skins have increased about 45 per cent. During the same period exports of manufactures of leather have increased more than 125 per cent.

—Curious evidence shows that a cubic inch of air at sea level contains about 350,000,000 molecules. If the law of regular diminishing density holds good, a cubic inch of air at the height of 100 miles will contain about 350,000 molecules, and at less than 222 miles only one molecule. Opinions differ, however, as to the actual height of the atmosphere's upper surface. Prof. Young declares that no definite upper limit can be stated, while Prof. Forster, of Berlin, contends that a thin air, connected with that of the earth, pervades the whole solar system.

—To obtain printing rollers without a seam, the engraved or relievo plates produced in the ordinary way are bent together so as to form a cylinder with the design upon its outer surface, which serves to produce in the galvanic way an outer cylindrical mold with the design on its inner side. This mold, separated from the cylinder and strengthened by wrapping a heated sheet of gutta percha around it, is then used to produce in the galvanic way another hollow cylinder, which carries the design upon its outer surface, and is then mounted upon a solid metal core.

—Dr. Freudenreich has found by experiments that the cholera bacillus, if put into milk drawn fresh from the cow, dies in an hour, and in five hours if put into fresh goat's milk. The bacillus of typhoid fever takes twenty-four hours to die in cow's milk and five hours in goat's milk. Other microbes suffer a like fate in varying periods. But he has also found that milk maintained for an hour at a temperature of 131 degrees F., loses its power to kill microbes—a statement which is of interest in face of the common teaching which makes the purification of milk depend upon its being boiled.—Annales de Micrographie.

—The total number of men and women employed in the government departments in Washington is 4,832, distributed as follows: Superintendents charged to the district—congressional library and executive mansion, 8; state department and diplomatic service, 42; treasury department, 1,152; war department, 388; commissioner of public buildings, 189; navy department, 108; navy yard, 653; post office department and local post office, 414; interior department, 815; department of agriculture, 123; department of justice and labor and miscellaneous offices, 193, and government printing office, 750. Of this number 1,521 are women.

Water in the Desert.

In that enormous waste known as the Gobi Desert, north of China, showers sometimes fall during the summer, and the torrents of a day fill the dried-up water courses through which water seldom runs. It is in these channels that the Mongols dig their wells, expecting to find a little water, when upon the surface of the plateau itself the soil has lost all traces of humidity. It is owing to the fact that a part of the moisture falling during a few rainy days is thus preserved within reach that it is possible for caravans to cross the desert.—N. Y. Sun.

THE DUBLIN PROGRESS.

J. S. DALEY, Publisher.

DUBLIN. - - - - TEXAS.

IN A COMMON KIND O' WAY.

I reckon 'taint no use fer me to try an' please ye, sis,
Fer words 'th me goes allus sorter kinder hit an' miss,
An' shake theirselves together, jest as awk'ard as they ken,
W'enever I take holt an' try to talk like other men:
I know 'at it embarrasses an 'noys ye most to death,
But I reckon might as well jest try to stop a drawin' breath
As to try an' make love reg'lar, like them fellers in the play—
I kin only say "I love ye," in a common kind o' way:

Afore ye went to visit 'ith the city folks last year,
Ye was happy thinkin' of our love, an' 'at the time was near
W'en we'd start our lives together, jest as chipper as the jay,
An' between our love an' labor how we'd laugh the time away:
But that glance at city manners, an' 'at glimpse o' city men,
Sorter set ye 'gainst our weddin' an' ye never changed agin:
I've no word to blame fer it; we must love jest as we may,
'N I kin only say "I love ye," in a common kind o' way!

It was all so new an' strange to ye, no wonder 'at ye took
To seein' things all different an' accordin' to the book
'At tells folks of good manners, an' of what it's wrong to do;
It won ye 'cause 't was stylish and 'cause 't was all so new;
Ye come back like another girl, an' yet I thought, somehow,
That later on ye'd be yourself—I've thought so until now:
An' now I see it ain't no use—I've seen it all today:
It ain't enough to love ye in my common kind o' way'

—Kirke La Shelle, in Ladies' Home Journal.

A Minister's Peril.



WHILE making an itinerant journey on a religious mission, Rev. J. F. Ostrander, Azatlan, Wis., had an adventure with a pack of gray wolves that was one of the most perilous, perhaps, that any human being ever passed through, and yet escaped unharmed. Being compelled to set out on foot, he got belated and had crossed the Rock river on a raft and was proceeding through a lonely forest pathway when darkness overtook him. So, fearing that he might get lost, he decided to camp for the night in the top of a large tree which had fallen alongside of the pathway and which seemed to afford a very convenient shelter against the winds, or even a storm.

Creeping into the center of the top he gathered some bark and limbs together, and by the aid of some matches soon had kindled a fire. It was a cold night, and his overcoat and boots were wet and frozen from wading through an arm of the river to reach the shore, so he pulled them off to dry and began to make himself as comfortable as possible for a night's rest. But hardly had he got fixed as conveniently as he thought the situation would allow, when he was startled by a strange wild howl only a short distance away. Barely had the echoes of the noise died away, when it was immediately answered by others, and then he realized that his location had been discovered by that terror of the lonely traveler, the gray wolf. His situation was rendered more desperate from the fact that so far as he knew there were not any trees near large enough for him to climb and be safe within their branches, and he feared that if he left his fire he would at once invite the wolves to make an attack upon him. He therefore chose to remain where he was and defend himself with all the strength that he possessed. He knew that wolves are somewhat timid at the sight of a fire, and he hurried up a big blaze with sticks and leaves, and then with a large club planted himself in a small opening between the limbs of the fallen tree and there awaited their on-coming.

The rustle of the leaves around the top soon indicated that the animals had surrounded the position, and in a few moments later they began to peer at the minister from among the branches. He waited until they grew a little bolder, when he seized some firebrands and pelted them until they were quite glad to take themselves out of his reach. Then he put on more wood and leaves and made his fire burn brighter. The wolves readily comprehended the nature of the weapons with which their foe was armed and for some time kept at a distance, but, being reenforced by others, they again grew daring, and once more the minister was closely hemmed in and in great danger of being seized. But he pelted them with fresh brands so fast that they gave way and retreated to the former safety limits and there kept up a series of terrific howls. There they sat, each trying to outdo the other in an effort to make a noise that would give them more courage to renew the attack, which they finally did. No sooner, however, did they present their heads the third time than they received a hotter reception than before, and they were glad to retreat to a more convenient locality. So for hours the wolves advanced and retreated in the same manner, and although occasionally some of the boldest got sufficiently near to snap at the minister, yet they generally got well scorched for their boldness, and were quite willing to keep out of reach for some time afterward.

Toward morning, however, the fire was getting very much reduced for want of fuel, and Rev. Ostrander dared not venture beyond the treetop in quest of more wood to replenish it. To stay where he was appeared certain death also, for as the fire decreased in brightness the wolves grew braver. The dark shadows of their ugly forms flitted and darted here and there around him, making his situation desperate and appalling. As he turned from side to side watching them approach nearer and nearer, he decided upon risking a piece of strategy.

Leading through the dense brush forest, and but a short distance away was a path, and he concluded to surprise the wolves, gain that path and with what burning brands he could collect and carry with him to fight the wolves with fire as he pushed foward to gain a place of safety. Acting on this resolution in a moment he had the brands in his hands, and he sprang into the midst of the wolves, brandishing the blazing torches right and left, at the same time uttering such piercing sounds of defiance with all the power his voice could muster, that the whole pack of wolves ran from him like whipped curs, nor did they venture to follow him until long after he had gained the pathway and made a considerable distance. Then, apparently collecting their wolf sense, and seeing that their prey was likely to escape, they upbraided each other for their cowardice, and rushed on in one howling mass to overtake him. Rev. Ostrander, on hearing them coming with such fury, almost gave up in despair, concluding there was no longer any hope, but he determined to die bravely and nerved himself for what he felt must be a terrible encounter.

He had stepped to one side of the pathway behind some bushes, thinking at first to let them go by, but on mature reflection, and just as the howling pack came dashing down the pathway and were only a few feet from him, he sprang right in front of them and applied the blazing brands in their midst, burning mouths, noses, tongues and heads of the leaders so severely that they weakened and scattered in a twinkling. Hardly had they got out of sight ere the minister was hurrying forward with all his speed to find some large tree which he might climb, or to reach



HE APPLIED THE BRAZING BRANDS.

a clearing and rouse the inmates of a house near by it. For nearly five minutes he failed to catch any sound indicating what had become of the wolves, but at length he distinguished a few scattering howls, and a second or two later the forest fairly shook with their yells. But as Rev. Ostrander darted onward another idea entered his mind.

The ground was covered with leaves and they were very dry. Why wouldn't they burn, and why shouldn't he apply to them the blazing brands which he held and thus check the fury of his pursuers? He suited the action to the thought, and almost in a moment had a line of fire of nearly two rods blazing across and at right angles to the pathway. Fortunately the fire did not need any coaxing in order to get it to burn. It spread from leaf to leaf with surprising rapidity and then it burst into flames, and when the wolves came up a wall of fire confronted them, through which they were afraid to venture. Compelled to halt and doubtless more amazed than ever, the fire nearly encircled them before they made an effort to get out of its way; for, with a strong current of wind, it began to march through the brush and its roar drowned even the howling of the gray monsters, and from ten to fifteen minutes more elapsed before they were again on the trail of their expected game.

But Ostrander had not only been improving every moment in hurrying forward towards the clearing, but he had applied firebrands to the leaves as he ran, and immediately the pathway was lined with fresh fires that spread with extraordinary rapidity. The wolves halted at each one of these little fires, eyed them suspiciously and then stole around them very quietly, as if in great fear for their safety. This delay of the wolves caused by the fires gave the runner ample time to reach the clearing far ahead of the brutes, and as he neared the house of a friend and took a glance backward he noticed some dark objects at the edge of the forest, apparently gazing wistfully after him. Those objects were the wolves, and they only stopped long enough to utter a howl of disappointment and then skulked away, and that was the last heard of them. When the owner of the house opened the door to admit Rev. Ostrander the latter plunged headlong to the floor fainting and exhausted, and it was a long time before he fully recovered from that night's adventure. —Azatlan (Wis.) Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

A HIGHWAYMAN'S COURTESY.

He Gives a Man Whom He Robbed Money Enough to Pay His Carfare.

A well-known physician tells this story of his experience with a highwayman in a dark corner of the city not long ago. He was returning from a call on one of his patients down town late at night. Just as he arrived at a particularly dark and lonesome place a burly ruffian stepped from behind the corner of a building and greeted the doctor with:

"Give me all the money you've got, and do it quick, too!" and the fellow significantly swung a heavy club which he held in his hand.

The doctor is an active member of one of the big athletic clubs, and being somewhat belligerent by nature his first thought was to resist the highwayman's demand. He looked the man over quickly, however, and his first resolution wavered when he saw the fellow's giant proportions. Then he hurriedly looked up and down the street. Not a soul was in sight. The street lamps on two corners had been put out, and he plainly saw that the ruffian had laid his plans well. The man watched the doctor making his observations, and when he had finished he said again, sneeringly:

"Well, you'd better give it up, and do it blanked quick, too!"

The doctor decided that the cheapest way out of the scrape would be to give up his money, so he reached in his pocket and handed the highwayman a roll of bills containing about twenty dollars. The highwayman took it and coolly walked away, and the physician started on his way home again. But after he had gone a few steps he suddenly remembered that he did not have a cent with which to pay his carfare, and his home was four or five miles away.

"Hello there!" he called to the retreating figure.

Strange to say, the robber stopped and the doctor told him the position in which he was. The highwayman reached in his pocket and pulling out a half dollar he threw it to his victim.

"I guess that'll do you," he said, as he went on his way, and the doctor continued on his way home, meditating that even highwaymen have at least a grain of consideration for the feelings of other people.—N. Y. Tribune.

LITTLE THINGS.

Great Discoveries That Are the Result of Accident.

It is curious to note that many things which have turned out most useful discoveries for man, having a great influence upon the lives and destinies of mankind, owe their beginning to some slight accident.

It is said that the art of printing took its origin from some rude impressions taken (for the amusement of children) from letters carved on the bark of a beech tree.

Gunpowder was discovered from the falling of a spark on some materials mixed in a mortar.

The stupendous results of the steam engine may all be traced to the boy who sat watching the steam which came from the nose of the tea kettle.

Pendulum clocks were invented after Galileo stood observing the lamp in a church swinging to and fro.

The telescope we owe to some children of a spectacle maker placing two or more pair of spectacles before each other and looking through them at the distant sky. Their idea was followed up by older heads.

Sir Isaac Newton was sitting in his garden one day when he saw an apple fall from a tree. This common occurrence set him to thinking why things should fall down and not up, and this train of thought led him to the discovery of the law of gravitation.

Everyone can now appreciate the importance of the slight matters spoken of, because the wonderful results are now before the world. But the beginnings of these things were treated with ridicule or contempt. No matter how unimportant a circumstance appears, it is quite possible that great results may come from it. In a small building which was once Peter the Great's workshop in Holland is the inscription: "Nothing is too little for the attention of a great man." — Harper's Young People.

—"So you do not cherish any superstitions, dear?" "No, indeed. Why, I have always made it a point to be married in black, and have been lucky every time."—Indianapolis Journal.

A RINGING LETTER.

The Texas Democracy Loses One of Its Leading Politicians—His Letter.

A Paris, Tex., dispatch says: A sensation has been created in this (the Fourth congressional) district by an open letter to the people by Col. Sid Harper, chairman of the democratic party. He was in the convention that nominated Hon. D. B. Culberson in this city two years ago. The letter created a sensation. It is as follows:

To the People of the Fourth Congressional District:

I hereby tender my resignation as chairman of the democratic party for this congressional district. My reasons for so doing are that I go to a party more democratic in principle, more patriotic in practice and less proscriptive in management. Under the name of democracy the great mass of the common people of the south have been lured step by step, each year being led further away from the old landmarks of its founders, until to-day there is no perceptible difference between the leaders and the vilest republicans. The age of corporations, trusts and combines in which we live is debauching our politics, corrupting our laws and destroying our government, making a wreck of our liberties and paupers of our people. During this era of corruption the people have been kept divided while the leaders of the two parties have been in partnership amassing millions of dollars out of the very corporations and fraud which they by law have foisted upon the people. The land, the bank, the transportation, the mining and manufacturing monopolies are jointly owned and controlled by the leaders of the two old parties. The press, the great political dailies, being largely under the influence of the great telegraph news combine, must of necessity depend on the enemies of the people (the trusts and combines) for the classification and transmission of political news. By these methods the people were kept deceived until they were educated otherwise through their industrial organizations. Looking back for thirty years over this era of corruption and fraud, coming out and perpetuating itself in the passions and prejudices of the late war, we find as the production of modern democracy and republicanism, over 1,000 millionaires and 200,000 paupers each year. Over half the wealth of the union is owned and controlled by 75,000 people whose corporation managers have a power in the assessment and collection of freights, tolls and tariffs unrivaled by the royal blood of Russia. States' rights, individual rights and the liberties of our people have been usurped by corporate greed. What does the cry of states' rights signify when half a dozen corporation managers in the state of New York, by the stroke of a pen, can collect over $5,000,000 a year out of the people of Texas on fictitious or watered stock in transportation companies, or let the salary of a corporation officer at five times the salary of the highest paid state officer, and make the people pay it, with no power in the modern states' rights to prevent it. What does the cry of individul rights signify when a few chartered classes have a monopoly of the governmental power to make, coin, issue and control the money which prices every individual's labor and product, and that, too, without legal power or redress or prevention? The very men who have carried our politics to a system of spoliation, pillage and plunder are now, and have been, about equally divided among the managers and leaders of the two old parties, thus proving their joint responsibility for the wrongs which exist. In this condition of matters it is folly to expect reform in either of the old parties and for the good of myself, my family, my posterity and my country, I expect to take part in the ratification which takes place at the court house on Saturday, March 26, and join the grand march and struggle for liberty. To those who know me I have no explanation to offer, but to those who do not will state that I am a farmer, was born and raised in the south and have taken this step after due deliberation. SYDNEY HARPER.

GEORGIA, TOO.

A Democratic Congressman Reads the Signs Aright and Joins the People's Party.

Congressman Thomas E. Winn announces that he is with the people, and will march under the banner of reform. The Atlanta (Ga.) Southern Alliance Farmer publishes a card from him in which he gives his reasons for joining the people's party. He says:

"I deem it my duty as the representative of the people of the Ninth district of Georgia, who have delegated the duty to me for the time being of representing them in the house of representatives, to state to them candidly and unreservedly the situation of affairs with regard to remedial legislation, which they have demanded at the hands of congress, and as a faithful watchman and guardian of their interests. I deem it necessary to give them a candid statement of the situation and what can be reasonably expected at the hands of congress.

"I state to you now, as I have on previous occasions, that in my opinion the financial question is the great and overshadowing question before the American people, and through its rightful solution the people look for that relief which they so much need, and in which they are so deeply interested. The first measure reported to congress looking to financial reform and which has been discussed, was the bill for remonetization, or free coinage of silver, known as the Bland bill. To that bill I gave my hearty support in a speech delivered on the 22d of March. I favored the bill not as a complete remedy by any means for the evils which affect the people, but because I considered it a step in the right direction, and would indicate the purpose of the democratic party to meet the demands of the people in the line of financial reform.

"I had confidently expected that the great democratic majority—amounting to about one hundred and fifty—could be confidently looked to to fulfil its promises to the people to successfully and satisfactorily grapple with all these great questions and solve them in the interest of the people, but I am compelled to state to you candidly that from their action on this bill, the people cannot expect any relief on the line of financial reform.

"If the present house, with its overwhelming majority, ignores the great financial questions, which it has done by the defeat of the Bland silver bill, with its slight concessions towards financial reform, it can well be imagined what its action will be on the demand of the people for the abolition of national banks and the issue of treasury notes sufficient to raise the per capita circulation to $50, as our people are demanding. What favorable action can be expected on our sub-treasury bill or the loan of money by the government on farm products? I must confess to you I see no indication on the part of the house of representatives to make a single concession to the people on the line of their demands and it is with sorrow that I nave to admit the fact, because I have believed that all the needed reforms would come through the democratic party in time.

"I did not expect that all our demands would be obtained at once, because all reform in our national legislation moves slowly. In the light of recent developments, I cannot close my eyes to the fact that the money power of this country absolutely controls both political parties of the east, and there is no possible hope of that wing of the party giving the people any relief. Indeed, I can see no difference between the eastern democrats and the eastern republicans on this financial issue.

"In view of these facts, if our people decide that it is necessary for us to act independently of the national democratic party in order to obtain these demands, I stand ready to go with my people, and say in the language of Ruth to Naomi, 'Entreat me not to leave thee. For whither thou goest I will go; and where thou lodgest I will lodge. Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God. Where thou diest will I die, and there will be buried. The Lord do so to me and more also, if aught but death part me and thee.'"

THE TRUE ISSUE.

Silver Coinage is Not the Paramount Issue of the Day.

Let the people be not deceived. The free and unlimited coinage of silver is right. It is one of the demands of the alliance. Silver was demonetized through stealthy fraud. It was a great and heinous wrong. It is one of the prominent demands of the democratic party, as it has declared time and again in its platforms, and for years through its press and public speakers. But be it understood now and for all time that the reformers do not regard it as a panacea for all our financial ills. We know that as a measure for increasing the volume of currency, it is totally inadequate. According to Mr. Bland, it would increase it only about $22,000,000, or 30 cents per capita. It is not, therefore, in this light, that we demand it, but we demand it as a means of robbing gold of its power to oppress. We value it as a stepping stone to higher things. We want free coinage of silver, but we want much more than that; we want a sufficient volume of full legal tender money to meet the requirements of the legitimate business of the country, issued by the government to the people at a low rate of interest. We want this, and this agitation must never cease until we get it, for that is the only remedy for existing evils. With all true reformers this is the great and the greatest of all issues before the American people.

Be not deceived by the furor that is made over free silver, for we will be told that we should be content with it.

The careful and observant man could not have failed to notice one significant fact in connection with the discussion of this subject. It is the careful and studied evasion of the currency question by prominent old party leaders in their writings and speeches, and by the prominent old party papers. They talk flippantly and vehemently of free silver, but nothing is said about abolishing national banks, nothing about issuing more and cheaper money to the people at a low rate of interest—not a word. Let alliancemen and all friends of reform keep this steadily and constantly in mind as the great question and hold all men and all parties to it.—Raleigh (N. C.) Progressive Farmer.

—Upon the Omaha convention will devolve the pleasant duty of declaring that: "We are for the free and unlimited coinage of silver," in so many plain words with big red lines underscoring the sentence. The Minneapolis and Chicago convention will both straddle the issue and plenty of fools will stay by the tickets.—Denver (Col.) Road.

—The bank of England has reduced its rates of discount from 3 per cent. to 2½ per cent. The rate of discount in the open market for both short and three months' bills is 1⅛ per cent. Money is 1 per cent.

SOME HARD HITTIN'

—FROM—

J. R. St. CLAIR

★ ★ ★

MILLINERY GOODS.

Five Hundred New Shapes just received.
Also a big lot of Flowers, etc.

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Boss raw-edge $6 Stetson Hat for $4.50.

JOB COUNTER.

On this counter you can buy goods for less than half what they are worth. I will mention one item: 50 pair of Misses' and Children's low Shoes and Slippers, worth 75c to $1.00, reduced to 35c.
Everything else on this counter reduced at the same rate.
Come and see me, I have a $20,000 stock for you to select from.

Boss raw-edge $6 Stetson Hat for $4.50.

STAPLES.

50 pieces standard Gingham, worth 10c, reduced to	6 1-4c
Standard Prints at	5c
Bleached Domestic at	5c
Good yard wide brown Domestic at	5c
Good round thread cut Check at	4c
Figured Lawn at	3c

Always plenty on hand to select from.

Boss raw-edge $6 Stetson Hat for $4.50.

DRESS GOODS.

I have 250 pieces of new style goods, consisting of Pongees, Persian Mulles, Indian Dimity, Pineapple Tissues, French Ginghams, Wash Silks, Wool Challies, Silk Grenadines, China Silks, White Goods, etc. Come and see my stock and be convinced.

Boss raw-edge $6 Stetson Hat for $4.50.

SUNDRIES.

A good Vest (Ladies') for	10c
Good pair linen Towels, large, for	35c
First-class unlaundried Shirt, white, for	50c
Babies' caps reduced from $1.75 to	50c

Boss raw-edge $6 Stetson Hat for $4.50.

CLOTHING.

I have too much Clothing and have concluded to sell it out as follows.

$25.00 Suits reduced to	$17.50
20.00 Suits reduced to	15.00
15.00 Suits reduced to	12.50
12.50 Suits reduced to	10.00
10.00 Suits reduced to	8.50

★ ★

Boss raw-edge $6 Stetson Hat for $4.50.

J. R. St. CLAIR, - - - Dublin, Texas.

THE DUBLIN PROGRESS.

FRIDAY, MAY, 27TH 1892.

(CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.)



"GOD BLESS YOU FOR COMING," HE GASPED

The body of George Stewart was taken home, and Union and Confederate neighbors, all whispering praises of his character, bore him up to the west of the slope and laid him beside his father on an elevation that looked down on the queenly Ohio and commanded a view of the purple hills to the south.

Again, after long months of anxiety, September, 1864, came around, and the land was thrilled with the news that, after fierce fighting, Sherman had taken Atlanta. Frank Stewart was in the battle: what of him?

Two weeks after this a steamer stopped at the landing. Six men in blue stepped off with a long black box on their shoulders, and twenty more in blue walked behind with arms reversed, and they marched up to the widow's house with the body of her first born, Frank.

And the neighbors, Confederate and Union, gathered again, and they buried the Union soldier beside his Confederate brother, nor saw any difference in the graves of "the widow's boys."

Vine and wild flower have long since hidden war's red scars on the hills and in the valleys, and the cruel bitterness has passed or is passing from the hearts of brothers who met in strife.

The south has a special day for the decoration of its own gallant dead, and another day is devoted to strewing flowers over the mounds beneath which repose the men who gave up their lives that the country might live.

But two women, the one old and bowed and the other middle aged and with a sweet face framed in silvery hair, keep fresh flowers, watered with their tears, on the graves of the brothers whose perpetual requiem the river sings, nor knows aught of difference in the sleepers.

ALFRED R. CALHOUN.

A Seasonable Ceremony.

The "Noisy Fourth" is all right in its place, and inaugurates the thunderstorm period. Memorial Day comes when spring is gliding softly into summer.

When the Gettysburg battlefield monument was dedicated in 1865, the long rows of graves surrounding the site were decorated with small flags.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

A cream of tartar baking Power. Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest United States Government Food Report.
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Sold by R. H. McCain, Dublin, Tex.

MEMORIAL DAY

O Springtime sweet! your loveliest bud and blossom
Shall o'er our sleeping heroes shed perfume;
A nation's grateful heart and warm affection
Shall twine the wreath to deck her patriots' tomb.

And they shall come—those gallant soldier brothers—
To these dear mounds, with slow and measured tread,
And see again the tent, the bivouac, the battle,
Which they had shared with their beloved dead.



With loving hands they'll place affection's garland
Upon those honored beds, where God's sweet peace
Rests, and remains, till the last trump or bugle
Shall to the sleeping soldier give release.

And they shall come, the widow and the orphan,
In faith and hope to plant "forget-me-not,"
Proud of their martyr for his God and country,
While tears of love bedew the hallowed spot.

Sleep on, ye glory crowned! Your loving debtors
Enjoy those blessings which your blood hath won;
Freedom and peace, the nation's preservation,
Is held most sacred by each sire and son.

Memorial Day! O be thou ever honored,
When all with grateful love shall tribute pay
To our dead heroes, now their work is ended!
O grateful nation, keep Memorial Day!
—Mrs. William Fawcett in Chicago Advance.

A Pet in Camp.

Here is a good illustration of the fact that the boys didn't put off their kindly human nature when they put on Uncle Sam's warlike blue:

One evening toward the close of the war, while Union soldiers lay in camp on a hillside near the Staunton river, Virginia, the cry of "Halt! who goes there?" from a sentinel startled every lounger to his feet, and several of the more curious ran to the guard line to find out what the trouble was. A minute later all knew that the night visitor who had been challenged was no enemy. A little girl about ten years of age, holding a white kitten in her arms, came forward into the light of the fires, conducted by two soldiers who had told the guard to pass her in, and who looked as proud as if they were escorting a queen.

The whole regiment gathered—including the colonel himself—to look at the child and hear her tell her story. A very short story it was, scarcely a paragraph, but there was matter enough in it for a full chapter. She lived near by with her father, who was sick and poor, and they were



"WANTED TO GIVE SOMETHING."

northerners, she said, and "Union folks." Her mother was dead and her brother had been killed while fighting in the Federal army. She "wanted to give something," and when the Union soldiers came she thought she would bring her pet kitten and present it to the colonel.

The colonel took the little girl in his arms and kissed her, and the kitten too, and said he was not a bit ashamed of his weakness. He accepted the kitten with thanks, and its innocent donor was gallantly waited on to her humble home, loaded with generous contributions.

The white kitten was adopted by the regiment, but considered the property and special pet of the colonel, and when the war was over he took it home with him. Like the white lamb that staid and fed with the victors after the battle of Antietam, that little creature, during its short but stirring army life, was a daily inspiration to better feelings and thoughts in the presence of all that is worst—a living flag of truce gleaming among the thunder clouds of human passion and strife.—Harper's Young People.

After the Battle.

Another time when the old songs used to have a peculiarly touching effect was at night after a finished battle. As twilight died out and darkness came on, some one of our boys would begin to sing one of the Union songs. His mates would second him, and soon from away off across the line of camp fires and pickets, where we knew the enemy were, we would have "Dixey" or some other Confederate song wafted back to us on the breeze. Song after song would be sent over the air in this manner from one contending camp to the other, but presently it would be all broken up by some soldier striking up "Home, Sweet Home." Both sides used to join in that in unison, as every mother's son remembered his good old home.

Young Old Vets.

The average age of veterans is 51½ years, but that isn't old when veterans of ninety are not uncommon. There is General George Greene, a hero of Gettysburg, who commanded a brigade on that field at the age of sixty-one.



To the Front Once More.

The Volunteer has said it, anent the grand encampment for 1892:

Almost every prominent G. A. R. post in the country is making arrangements to attend the national encampment to be held in Washington next September. No city in America has so many attractions for the Union veterans as Washington. It was the central point from which all the orders for putting down the great rebellion issued, and many of the most important battles were fought within a short distance of the capital. Probably one-half of all the soldiers enlisted in the Union army either camped in the vicinity or at some time passed through its wide streets.

On the 23d day of May, 1865, the Army of the Potomac, commanded by General Meade, and the day following the portion of the western army that had marched from Atlanta to the sea, commanded by General Sherman, not less than 150,000 all told, passed in review on the streets of Washington. Twenty-seven years have passed since then, but still there are many survivors who will make an effort, yea, sacrifices, to be present at what is likely to be the greatest gathering of the soldiers since the war.

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 the Dublin Drug Co.

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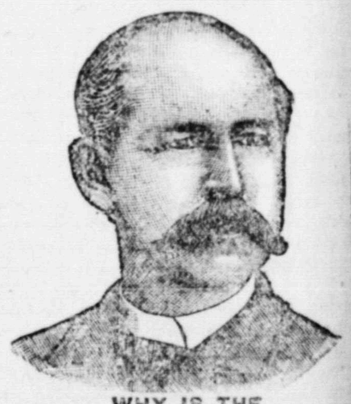
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THE BEST SHOE IN THE WORLD FOR THE MONEY?

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

$4.00 Hand-Sewed Welt Shoe, fine calf, stylish, comfortable and durable. The best shoe ever offered at this price; same grade as custom-made shoes costing from $6.00 to $8.00.

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

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

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

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

Ladies $3.00 Hand-sewed shoe, best Dongola, very stylish; equals French imported shoes costing from $4.00 to $6.00.

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

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

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