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VOLUME IV. **DUBLIN, ERATH COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1892.** **NUMBER 37**

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PostOffice Building.

NEWS CONDENSATIONS.

Detectives are in close pursuit of horse thieves in Montanna.

The republican convention is called to meet at Dallas Saturday.

The postoffice at Quarry, near Brenham, was robbed last Tuesday morning.

Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, the eminent Baptist divine of England, died last Sunday night.

Martin & Shriever's extensive lumber yards were consumed by fire at San Antonio last Sunday.

Two firms, one of Boston and the other of New York, have taken $3,000,000 of World's Fair bonds.

Vernon business men have secured a charter for a commercial club organized at that place last week.

Board of trade building have been completed at Amorillo. They are said to be very handsome buildings.

A miners' riot occurred in Pennsylvania last week in which several Italians were killed and wounded.

The city of McKinney is very much excited over an attempted brutal outrage by a negro, some miles from the city.

John Boyd has made a confession to wrecking the Danville train in Georgia recently, in which twenty persons were killed.

A bag factory commenced operations at Sherman Monday and seamless bags are now made from the raw material—cotton.

The annual grand encampment of the Odd Fellows of this state has been in session at San Antonio during the past few days.

The Lassie Bell furnace, the largest in the South, was consumed by fire at New Birmingham, Texas, last Sunday. Fully insured.

Nearly 20,000 acres of school land has been taken up by immigrants and nomeseekers in Floyd county during the past fall.

The wheat yield of Kansas has been estimated at 59,000,000 bushels for the year 1891, which exceeds the previous year by 25 per cent.

The people of Grapevine, Texas, are solid for Hill for president, Mills for the senate and are against Hogg for re-election as governor.

Ex-President Cleveland and party are touring in Louisiana. It is not yet known whether he will visit our state or not before he return home.

The farmers in the vicinity of Lancaster, Texas, have wisely decided to plant only one-half the acreage of cotton this year that they had last year.

John Ferguson received a sentence of 4 years in the penitentiary for embezzlement to the amount of $20,000 at Kansas City. He was cashier in a national bank.

Henry Thiele at Denison Monday decided that the mortal coil of this life was too long for him and shook it off with a bottle of morphine. The cause of the suicide is not known.

A republican convention has been called to meet in Cleburne on the 12th inst., to nominate delegates to the national convention; also an elector and a congressman.

Reports from the sugar lands say that the late freeze has been rather beneficial than otherwise, as the cane is uninjured, and the ground is put into fine condition for the next crop.

A case of spotted fever has been reported near Terrell, Texas, the victim being the child of a farmer. The child is in a very precarious condition. Fears are entertained of an epidemic of the fever.

Gen. Walter P. Lane, the pioneer veteran of three wars, died at his home in Marshall, Texas, on the 29th ultimo. Another of the old battle-scarred land marks has answered to the final roll-call of high Heaven.

Jerry Simpson of Kansas introduced a bill in the House Monday to promote and encourage agriculture, by authorizing the United States goyernment to lend money on farm land at 2 per cent interest per annum.

Ex-President Cleveland passed through Atlanta, Georgia, last Tuesday enroute from New Orleans. At the central station he was given a big ovation. Fully 5000 persons assembled in and about the station. From the time the train rolled in until it left there was a continual thunder of applause. Cannon saluted the arrival of the train and before it stopped Gov. Northen got aboard and introduced Mr. Cleveland to the crowd. For twenty minutes he shook hands with the crowd and in response to calls made a short speech thanking the people for the pleasant reception they had given him.

A man named Samuel Alcorn, of good address and some means, worked the people of Wilson county, Texas, in handsome style last week. He visited the farmers of small towns, representing himself to be an agent for the Chicago supply company. He sold large quantities of goods, usually collecting one-half the cash price as a guarantee of good faith on the part of the purchasers. None of the goods materialized and Alcorn has skipped. He is about three thousand dollars ahead.

A statement was obtained Monday from a very near associate of Otto Hauser, who suicided at San Antonio on the night of October 28, 1891, which establishes beyond a doubt the true identity of deceased, proving him to be no other than Stanislaus Padlewesky, the celebrated Russian nihilist, who assassinated Gen. Michael DeSilverstaff, chief of the Russian secret police, in Paris. Hauser had been employed as a common laborer at San Antonio several months previous to the suicide.

Over at Floresville, Texas, Henry Butler an old settler was arrested recently on a charge of lunacy He conceived the idea that to separate the races would be a good thing. He procured a weeding hoe, bent it in hook shape and started out to catch negroes. Of cours when he got where the negroes ought to have been they were some where else.

A death blow was struck the Louisiana lottery in the House Monday. The supreme court of the United States unanimously upheld the constitutionality of the anti-lottery postal law and refused writs of habeas corpus. This is a great victory to the anti-lottery faction and will create a great sensation in Louisiana.

Jack Smith, a white man of English birth, while in a fit of insanity, near Hawkins, wandered off into the Sabine river bottom and cannot be found. A searching party at once went in search but at last reports nothing had been seen of him. It is believed he will be found dead, if ever found.

Farmers are well advanced with their plowing in different portions of the state, and some are already through plowing. The acreage in wheat in some places has been increased. Fall oats and wheat were not materially injured by the recent cold wave. A good many poor cattle were killed.

Wm. Egerly was locked up in the calaboose at Stillwater, Minn., last week for drunkenness. When taken out he was attacked with a violent hiccoughing which has continued ever since. He is so weak he can scarcely stand.

The supreme court of the Indian Territory decided Monday that there is no law prohibiting women from holding office and gave the office of recorder of deeds to Miss Cora Diehl at Guthrie, who was elected over a year ago.

Cisco has got a move as well as a "hump" on herself. She has issued bonds to the amount of $12,000 with which to erect a public school building and macadamize the principal streets of the city.

At Clarendon, Texas, large numbers of immigrants are coming in. New farms are being opened up and a general wave of improvement seems to be sweeping across the country.

From all parts of the state it is to be noticed that the farmers are increasing the acreage of oats and wheat.

The partial burning of the Lassie Belle fuarnace at New Birmingham is a loss which all Texas shares. May it speedily be rebuilt.

It is now certain that the best artists of Italy will have an exhibit at the World's Fair.

$1.00 a Kiss, in Alabama.

In Alabama William Horton was indicted for assult and battery on Miss Sallie Jones Monday. The testimony showed that he had kissed her against her will. She testified that he had kissed her 150 times, and was fined $150.

Sad Indeed.

When T. A. B. McDougall returned home from his work at Abilene, last Friday afternoon, he was dazed and horrified to find his wife dead upon the floor. Blood stood in great pools about her. But little investigation of the surroundings was required to show that she had taken her own life. She had shot herself with a pistol, the ball entering the right ear. The supposition is that the deed was done while in a fit of insanity.

Started Hence too Early.

Patrick McCarty, living at Hamburg, Illinois, had a narrow escape from being buried alive recently. He had been ill with the grip for several days and from all appearances died. The remains were prepared for burial and a coffin was ordered. While waiting for the undertaker to arrive Mrs. McCarty was startled by seeing the pulse of the dead man move. The other members of the family were summoned and by the use of restoratives the supposed dead man showed the most positive signs of life. He had been greatly reduced in strength by the grip and animation had become suddenly suspended.

Wanted a Spouse Without Marrying.

David Hendricks of Freeburg, Ill., has been arrested and locked up in jail on a rather peculiar charge of burglary. He is accused of stealing another man's wife and four children. He had been boarding at the home of Henry Moss at Freeburg for some time. One day last week in the absence of Moss Hendricks moved Mrs. Moss, her four children and household furniture to Belleville. When Moss returned and found his home deserted he gave chase. The runaways were soon located. Mrs. Moss and the children returned to Freeburg and it is said they have been re-established in the affections of the husband and father.

He is From Texas.

Joe Bailey, Texas' silver-tongued young orator made his maiden speech in congress last week. The News correspondent from Washington among other things has this to say of him: "The house was in a considerable hubbub when Mr. Bailey arose, but he had not spoken a half dozen words before he attracted attention. Every member ceased talking and the whispering in the gallery ceased. He delivered himself in fine voice and the best of style, his argument was very strong, and he was interrupted by applause as he made his points. He was limited to ten minutes, and when he had finished members from all over the house gathered around him and warmly shook his hand. It is said that never in the history of this body for years has any young man and a new member made such a fine impression and been treated with such consideration. The republicans as well as the democrats congratulated him."

From the Alliance to "Old Dave"

The fourth Congresssonal Alliance was in session at Sulphur Springs last week—among other resolutions adopted, and business transacted the following letter was written and forwarded to Hon. D. B. Culberson:

To Col. D. B. Culberson, M. C., Honorable sir—We, the district Alliance of the fourth congressional district, composed of over 300 sub-Alliances, aggregating about 20,000 members, in convention assembled at Sulphur Springs on this the 26th day of January, 1892, realizing the distressed condition of our country caused from a lack of sufficient amount of money to meet the legitimate demands of business and the excessive rates of interest consequent therefrom demand that you, our legal representative in congress, take up the Ocala platform, especially the sub-treasury plan, and use your utmost endeavor to have the same enacted into law. We further demand an expression from you as to your views and purposes in the promises."

Horrible, Yet Pitiful.

Most of our readers will recall the leading facts of the horrible murder of three children by their grandmother, in Johnson county, last summer. Mrs. Newberry the old lady who committed the awful deed has been tried in Cleburne and found guilty of murder, but probably owing to her age and broken down condition she was allowed bail and granted a new trial. The aged grandmother whose hair is alreary frosted with the snows of many winters had repaired to the house of some neighbor near Cleburne, whither she had gone to await the new trial. Last week she was suddenly taken very ill and was confined to her room. She continued to grow worse, and at last when one of the neighbors was attending the bedside, she saw she would like to make a confession, which was the saddest we have ever read of. It is about as follows:

"I murdered all my little grandchildren. I have seen them for two nights. They were with me last night. Something seemed to come down from Heaven and tell me I must confess to that terrible crime, or some one else would suffer for it. I want the whole world to know I did it, and want every body to pray for me, for I hope to be forgiven before I breathe my last breath."

"Yes, I killed the little ones. I killed Della first. I don't know why I killed them. I loved them dearly and I would give ten million worlds if they were mine, if I had not done it, but I did. I can see them often now. Little Clifford seemed to be here last night. I felt that he was sitting here on the side of the bed peeling a peach, I don't know why I killed them. Satan seemed to get into me and I could not get rid of him."

During the confession the old lady broke down completely and shook with convulsion sobs as if her poor old heart would break. It is not known at this writing just what legal action will be taken in the matter.

A Bloody Duel.

Mr. F. H. Hughes, of Dallas, who has recently returned from a tour to Mexico, tells of an almost fatal duel he had with a Mexican officer at Chehaultepoc on the 19th ult., The weapons used were short swords or poniords. The trouble grew out of a slight remark the Mexican officer made which set the young southerner's blood to boiling, and the result was a chalenge was sent, accepted by him, and the duel was as follows:

"Hardly had the swords been crossed before the young American realized that he was overmatched and he expected to be severely wounded if not killed. He also soon discovered that his adversary meant if possible to kill him, as with a thrust the latter picked him on the breast opposite the heart, inflicting a flesh wound about half an inch deep, which would have reached the seat of life had he not jumped back. The duel proceeded. Finally after a conflict of over three minutes duration the Mexican officer again lunged at the American, but the latter partly parrying the blow, the rapier went through his thigh near the groin. Before the Mexican officer could recover his weapon Finley run him through the breast near the left shoulder, the rapier passing through his body to the hilt. The code in Mexico, as elsewhere, does not admit of exclamations, but Mr. Finley's second smiled with a smile that interpreted into Anglo-Saxon seemed to mean, "bravo." The Mexican officer fell to the ground and fainted. He was the next moment being attended by the surgeon who discovered that an artery had been cut. The artery tied and the wound secured the surgeon attended to the American's wound. The duel was at an end, the honor of the sister republics was vindicated and compliments were interchanged.

Texas Central Railway.

CIRCULAR NO. 7.

The flag station between Cisco and Albany formerly called Hicks will in the future be known as Morgan, and is today opened as a regular billing and telegraph station. Mr. H. C. Vanwie is hereby appointed agent.

CHAS. HAMILTON,
General Manager.

Waco, February 1, 1892.

A FORTUNE ON A THROW.

Sixty-four Thousand Dollars at Stake on a Game of Dice.

A difference of but two in the upturned dice dots, but each dot represented thirty-two thousand dollars, and the winner was made that much richer by his single throw. The details of this occurrence, recalled in sojourning contemplation of the fast-departing traces of other and better days, in the town where it occurred, may be of interest.

From the time of its first importance as an oil town Petroleum Center, in Pennsylvania, was known as a famous place for gambling. There was, however, no particular place in which this gambling was carried on. An engine-house, saloon, office or private room—any place served the purpose—and a rickety table, a greasy writing-desk or a board laid across the head of an oil barrel answered as well as the equipments of a gambling palace.

In 1868-69 the vicinity of Petroleum Center was the richest in the oil region and one of the richest in the world. The lands all about the town were making their owners rich. Among these pieces of property was the Woods farm, lying upon the hill to the west of the place. Its big production at that time was selling at from three to five dollars a barrel. Samuel A. Woods was the owner of this rich deposit of oil, and his royalty from it yielded him a princely income. He was then about thirty-five years of age, and was as full of fun as he was of business. He dressed well, wearing daily diamonds worth from five to eight thousand dollars, lived high and was foremost in all the enterprises in oil developments. In 1868 he built the largest and first complete iron tank—forty thousand barrels—then along Oil creek, and into it his farm poured its liquid wealth.

Woods had a noted fondness for throwing dice and was usually lucky. He was ready at any time to throw for stakes ranging from fifty dollars to one hundred dollars or one thousand dollars. It was seldom he would throw for less than the first named sum. One night in the winter of 1868-69 he was spending the evening with a party of friends in the Rochester house at Petroleum Center. Among the party was Col. Brady, another rich producer and a man who had earned his title on the battle-fields of the rebellion.

In the course of the evening Woods said to him: "Colonel, I'll toss the dice with you for fifty dollars." "All right," was the colonel's prompt reply.

The first throw Brady won, continuing to do so until he had won six hundred and fifty dollars of Woods' money. This trifle just whetted their appetites, and the chance contest began in earnest. The amount of the stakes was increased from time to time, and Woods' losses rapidly crept into the thousands. Luck was against him, but as he was perfectly sober and the friends present knew that he would regard as little less than an insult any suggestion that it was time to quit, feeling abundantly able to pay any amount he lost, all they had to do was to watch the two men with increasing interest.

To pass on from the process to the result, when one of the morning hours was ushered in Woods had lost thirty-two thousand dollars, and Brady held his check for that sum. At this juncture Woods said to the colonel: "Now I am willing to double the amount and let each of us take but one throw, and the highest take the stakes. You already have my check for the thirty-two thousand dollars. If I lose I will write you another for the full amount here to-night and it will be cashed at the bank to-morrow." "All right," again replied Col. Brady, "I accept."

The interest of the bystanders was now worked up to the highest notch, the dice were produced, and Woods had the first throw. Eleven spots turned up as his count. Col. Brady then threw and but nine black dots turned up to be counted. Woods, therefore saved a good-sized fortune on the throw, for had he lost that sixty-four thousand dollars would have been paid with as much promptness as though it had been a part of a legitimate business transaction. Woods then proposed that they start in anew with ten dollars as the amount of the stakes. The colonel responded and soon all the cash he had with him—about two hundred dollars—was transferred to the pockets of Woods. "Here colonel," said Woods, "is twenty dollars. I can't see a man go away dead broke." And so the greatest dice game on record in the oil regions came to a close.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

NOT SO DRUNK AS HE LOOKED.

How a Countryman Took In a Barkeeper and a Confidence Man.

It was Saturday night after Christmas and the occurrence was in an all-night restaurant on the levee. The time was about midnight. There were present the restaurant waiter, who always had his weather eye cocked for a bibulous countryman with a well-filled pocket-book, a "dead-tough" but flashily dressed man of the levee, whose occupation consisted in "hunting jays" for the profit there was in it, two reporters who had dropped in after work to get a lunch, and one very much dilapidated and very much intoxicated countryman. The "jay" had given no evidence that he was possessed of any wealth to speak of and had consequently lost all interest for the waiter and the "levee tough." He had no overcoat, his hat was badly broken down at the sides and he had the general appearance of a man who had been threshing wheat in Dakota when the late sleet and cold snap came and froze up the whole business. He had ordered a five-cent sandwich and after eating the same had sunk into a profound slumber. There was nothing outside the fact that he had managed somehow to get drunk to indicate that he would even be able to settle the modest indebtedness which he had incurred with the waiter. About this time the conversation between the waiter and the "dead-tough" man had begun to lag, and it occurred to the former that it might be as well to arouse the "jay" while trade and conversation were dull and demand a settlement. He accordingly struck his country guest a rousing slap on the back as he shouted in his ear: "Come, Reub, me boy, rouse up and settle; this ain't no lodgin'-house. See!" The man from the rural districts did not arouse easily. With an evident struggle he would raise his head a few inches only to let it drop back again on his chest. After many smart blows and a great deal of shouting and explanation the "jay" was at last made to understand that a settlement was demanded immediately. With a prodigious effort he managed to get his hand in his pocket and to fish out an old, greasy purse, which was in keeping with its owner in appearance. Slowly and laboriously he managed to get the purse open, and then began a search for coin. He held the purse in his left hand, while with the index finger and thumb of his right it looked as if he would punch the bottom out of his wallet and find nothing for his pains. The tough man looked on disgusted, the waiter looked somewhat concerned, which turned into disgust too, when, after a powerful effort Mr. "Jay" triumphantly held out a copper cent as the result of his search in the purse.

"What are yez givin' us; this ain't no one-cent restaurant," said the waiter as he eyed his customer with a look which boded the latter no good in case he failed to find four cents more. "Here gimme that, I'll look meself," said the waiter as he snatched the ancient purse out of the hands of the countryman. One dive with his deft fingers and thumb brought up a new ten dollar bill, with which he immediately started for the money-drawer for the change. This discovery had a marked effect on all present. The countenance of the tough man brightened up at once. He scented game. The waiter smiled complacently, as much as to say: "I know how to work these 'jays.'" But of all present the discovery had the most pronounced effect on the "jay" himself. He seemed to have suddenly become sober and aroused to the danger of losing his last cent among strangers. As he leaned over the counter and begged for the return of his money his attitude was pitiable in the extreme. "Ah, ye needn't be afraid. I'm a deal more honest than you," said the waiter, as he looked proudly around at the reporters and counted out nine dollars and ninety-five cents to the "jay," who gathered up his change as if he were afraid someone would snatch it all before he could get it back, and then hurriedly left the restaurant. The tough made a pretense of dropping out of the restaurant as a mere matter of chance, but his haste was ill-concealed, and when he reached the pavement he almost broke into a run in the direction taken by the "jay." "Reckon he'll overhaul that fellow and be slick enough to get his money?" was asked of the waiter. "I don't know, it would serve him right if he did get 'held up' for ivery cint he has."

About this time the tough man came back to the restaurant very much out of wind and very much disgusted. "Now, I'll tell you what I'll do wid yez, Billy," said he to the waiter. "I'll bet yez the price of the drinks the 'guy' worked off a queer ten on yez. He was no more drunk than I be right now and I haven't had a drink for two days. He's worked ye shure, I'm a thinkin'." An examination of the suspected note by the barkeeper next door only confirmed the confidence man's suspicions. It was bad. "The slickest I ever see and I wonder where he cum from," was the comment of the confidence man, while the waiter simply stood and looked at the note as if his eyes were riveted to it and he could never take them away.—Chicago Times.

A POPULAR FALLACY.

If Carried Out Discord Instead of Harmony Might Result.

There is a popular fallacy that should no longer be allowed to exist in the social world, and that is that a man of brains and character must marry a woman who is his opposite if he desires to be happy. Sweet little Dora Copperfield, with her pretty face, her graceful figure and her dainty household ways, is the ideal that a man of letters is taught to cherish. Her admiration for her gifted husband and her domestic qualities, though rather uncertain at the time of marriage as the qualities of a pretty butterfly are apt to be, are a charming source of contemplation. The real misery of underdone veal, of hap-hazard housekeeping, of her lack of true appreciation of his work, are not considered at their proper value, but young "Mrs. Strong's" statement that there is no incompatibility in marriage equal to the lack of proper comprehension of mental aims and purposes has been verified not only by David Copperfield, but by thousands of actual personages in their experiences of married life.—Graphic.

SPRINTERS AND SPRINTING.

How the Speed of Racers Decreases From Eighty Yards to a Mile.

Sprinting is the technical term applied to the running of those short distances which a man can cover at top speed without a break. Three hundred yards is usually considered the maximum for this class of running.

The limit varies greatly, however, with different athletes. A. H. Green, of Harvard university, for instance, was two years ago considered one of the fastest runners in the country for 75 yards. He was not even in the second class at 100 yards. Such a runner as "Lon" Myers, on the other hand, could cover 400 yards in 48 2-5 seconds, or at the rate of 100 yards in 11 seconds.

A comparison of the records for different distances will show exactly how the speed of these trained human racers decrease as the distances they run increase. It will be noticed, however, that in the very short sprints the runners cannot do "even time"—that is run at the rate of 10 yards per second. This is due to the fact that the start is from the standstill, and the athlete must take several steps before he is in his stride and moving at full speed. But once the limit in distance of the runner's sprinting power is reached, his speed falls off quite rapidly through the middle distances, and then more gradually in the long races.

Little reliance, for the purposes of comparison, can be placed on the record of 4 4-5 seconds for 40 yards, as few races take place at that distance, and those on board floors. For 60 yards the record, held by L. H. Cary, is 6 2-5 seconds. It is not until 80 yards is reached that even time is done. Wendell Baker has run this distance in 8 seconds.

One hundred yards has been run many times in 10 seconds, but only one amateur, John Owen, Jr., has run the distance in 9 4-5 seconds. C. H. Sherrill, Jr., of Yale, and Owen have each covered 120 yards in 11 4-5 seconds, and the same runners have records of 14 4-5 seconds for 150 yards.

Cary holds, with C. G. Wood, of England, the world's record for 220 yards, 21 4-5 seconds, and Pelling, another English amateur, has done 250 yards in 24 4-6 seconds. This, however, appears to be the maximum distance for which the amateur can speed at the rate of ten yards per second. One professional is credited with having run 300 yards in 30 seconds.

At 300 yards, the record for which is 31⅘ seconds, the fastest amateur travels at the rate of 100 yards in a trifle less than 10⅓ seconds; at 850 yards—record 36 4-5 seconds—the rate is reduced to 100 yards in a trifle more than 10⅗ seconds. At 400 yards the rate is just 10¾ seconds per hundred.

The quarter mile, 440 yards, has been run at the rate of 100 yards in 11 seconds. The English record for 600 yards, 1:12, is exactly 12 seconds for each 100. The American record for this distance is 1:11 2-5.

The records for 700 and 800 yards are records in name only. The best figures now on the books for the former distance is 2:31, a rate of 11 seconds per hundred, but this is exactly the rate at which the best amateurs have run the half mile, 880 yards, for which the record is 1:54 2-5. At 1,000 yards the rate is 13.3 seconds per hundred, or 2:13 for the entire distance. The record of 4:18 2-5 for one mile is 14⅔ seconds per hundred.—N. Y. Herald.

USEFUL POINTERS.

The Best Materials to Use in Doing General Mending.

Never put new, stiff muslin with old, as from sheer perverseness the old will tear around the edge of the new. Buy several yards of light-weight muslin, wash and boil it soft, and iron out. Keep this for all patches and new pieces to be put in underwear, using 40-thread to sew with. I do not approve of coarse thread or needles in sewing if the material will take finer, as the former tears old goods when pulling the thread through. In patching a piece of muslin cut the new piece much larger than the old, and do not fell down the seams of the patch. This will raise a storm, as raw edges are not usually considered a neat finish, but they are at least comfortable, and a thick seam is not if on a thick fabric. Overcast the edges, run the sides around, turn in the edge of the torn part, hem them down, and you will have a flat patch, be it on muslin or flannel underwear, boy's trousers, etc. Always press a patch on the wrong side when it is finished. Use linen thread for mending men's or boy's clothing, or sewing their buttons on. Lace is mended by basting it on a piece of embroidery leather and working the hole over with lace thread, coming in tiny balls, to imitate the pattern as closely as possible. Lace curtains are quickly and easily mended by pasting with starch a piece of net over the tear, and pressing it on with a warm iron. When a button tears out leaving a great hole, cover the space with a piece of the material trebly doubled, sewing it down on all sides, and then sew the button on again.—Ladies' Home Journal.

—An Artistic Order.—Jones—"Red herring, blue fish, white fish, green peas, green corn and yellow label." Artist—"Jove, old fellow, you ought to belong to the Pallette club."—Truth.

—Algie—"May I have the pleasure of this dance with you?" Fatima—"I am engaged." Algie—"Good heavens! And I was intending to propose to you as soon as it was over."

HOUSEHOLD BREVITIES.

—Macaroni Soup.—Put into a stew pan of boiling water four ounces of macaroni, one ounce of butter and an onion stuck with five clover; when the macaroni has become quite tender drain it very dry and pour on it two quarts of clear gravy soup let it simmer for ten minutes, taking care that the macaroni does not burst or become pulp, it will then be ready to serve; it should be served with grated Parmesan cheese.—Boston Herald.

—Apple Dumplings.—Take light bread dough, and shorten with a little butter. Roll and cut into balls the size of dumplings. Drop these into boiling water, with a little salt added. Boil one or one and one-half hours. Have ready a dish of apple sauce, break open the dumplings and spread with the sauce. Put the dumplings together again, and serve with sweetened milk. In this case you know that the apples are done.—Boston Budget.

—Parsnips With Egg Sauce.—Cut the parsnip in thin slices so that it will all cook alike, then steam until tender. For three pints of parsnips, heat to boiling one quart of rich milk or thin cream. Stir into it two level tablespoonfuls of flour rubbed smooth with a little milk, and let it boil a few minutes, stirring constantly until the flour is well cooked; add the well-beaten yolks of two eggs, letting it boil up; then pour over the parsnips and serve.—Good Health.

—Fricassed Rabbit.—Cut the rabbit up and go through the usual preliminaries prescribed in other receipts. Fry and place upon a hot dish in the oven and to the butter in which the game was fried add a chopped onion, a tablespoonful of some good catsup, walnut, butternut or mushroom, sweet herbs to taste, quarter of a teaspoonful of cloves, the same of allspice and cayenne pepper if liked, thickened with browned flour and pour over the rabbit. Onion should be cooked before using in the gravy. Some people strain the gravy before serving.—Home.

—Spanish Buns.—One pound of flour, three-quarters of a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, two tablespoonfuls of rose water, four eggs, one gill of yeast, one teaspoonful of cinnamon, half a teaspoonful of nutmeg, half a pint of milk. Cut up the butter and rub it well with flour, add the sugar, beat the eggs very light, and stir in lastly the spices and rose water, with milk enough to form a very thick batter and then add the yeast. The next morning stir it again and let it rise the second time. Butter your pans and fill them three parts full. When they are done and cold sift sugar over, and with a sharp knife cut them in squares.—Boston Budget.

MINCE PIE ALL RIGHT.

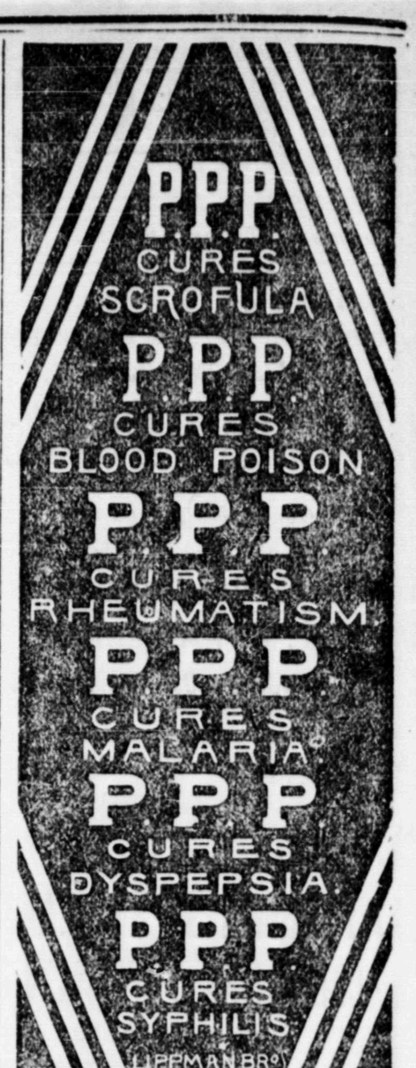
It is Wholesome and the Prejudice Against It is Foolish.

A delightful woman, known to the wisest and wittiest circles about Boston, tells how she was brought up, after the straightest traditions of New England nurseries, to regard mince pie with holy horror as the most dangerous thing she could eat. When eight years old she was tempted by a kind neighbor to eat a piece, and lived six weeks afterward hourly expecting to fall dead from its mysterious effects. No consequence less than death would meet her views of the exceeding pernicousness of the seductive mince, and though she did not feel the slightest effects from it, still she held to her belief that it would some time do its work as suddenly as prussic acid. The distress of mind at last wore on her so as to call forth explanations, and the home authorities were obliged to traverse their previous impressions by admitting that mince pie did not always kill at once.

Mincemeat ought to be extremely wholesome for the same reasons that make it good to eat—its flavors of sweet and sour, of meat, apple and spice, which relieve each other, and its finely divided particles, which allow the choicer blending of flavors, and save the stomach much of the grinding which reduces food to the pulp in which it enters the blood. What gives mince pie its ill-repute as the very spawn of nightmare is its overdressing with suet and butter, only fit for polar consumption, and its drugging with spices. Spice is the very food of the nerves, rightly used, growing more essential as circulation and sense dull with age. But it should be delicately, discerningly used not to lose its potency. The overdressing with fat is a remnant of the old English barbarism which stewed its food in tallow, and as the old play has it, "took two fat wethers to baste one capon." Housekeepers of note have vied in the richness of their receipts for mince pie; let mine be the plainest formula, which yet meets the demands of taste.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Care of the Eyes.

Ex-President Hayes gives the following directions to a friend for the care of the eyes: "Good eyes are the first talent in the law. Do you know how to make them good? Put them in the water when you wash; shut tight; open them in the water and look around. That is the way to have good eyes." The rule is a good one, provided the temperature of the water is all right. It should not be hot or even warm unless the eyes are very weak or inflamed. Different people will stand different degrees of temperature. With the eye bath, as with any other kind of bath, the water should be just cold enough to have a healthful, invigorating effect.—Iowa State Register.



For Sale by Herring & Chapman.

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Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment a guaranteed specific for hysteria, dizziness, convulsions, fits, nervous neuralgia, headache, nervous prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco. Wakefulness, mental depression, softening of the brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and keath, premature old age, barrenness, loss of power in either sex, involuntary losses and Spermatorrhoea, caused by over exertion of the brain self-abuse or over indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box or six boxes for $5, sent by mail prepaid, on receipt of price. We guarantee six boxes to cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied by $5, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by H. C. Birchmore, sole agent, Dublin, Texas.

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"HIS name [Prof. Hodges] will become intimately linked with that of the immortal BEN FRANKLIN."
—Electrical Age, May 2, 1891

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from Lightning by
MODERN SCIENTIFIC METHODS.
Hodges' Lightning Protector

Is the invention of a well-known scientist of New York, and is the simple and sure device which the advanced electrical science of the present day gives us to take place of the old and notoriously incapable lightning-rod, which was the invention of a century and a half ago, when so little was known about electricity. With this new invention a building can be equipped at from ONE-THIRD to

One-Half the Cost

Of a lightning-rod, and your house is not disfigured. IT NEVER FAILS to protect any structure to which it is attached.

LOCAL AGENTS WANTED

In every Texas town and county. Active men can make from $2,000 to $5,000 per year. The old lightning-rod is behind the age and must go!

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

For illustrated pamphlet giving full description, with endorsements by prominent electricians and scientific press, and showing the failure of the lightning-rod, write to

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THE KANSAS BANKS.

Some Arguments Based Upon Facts Revealed by Their Reports.

The first report of Charles F. Johnson, state bank commissioner for Kansas, includes statements from 219 state (incorporated) banks, and 165 private (not incorporated) banks. The national banks are not here included. The following is a summary of the reports:

Total number of banks reporting..... 414

TOTAL RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts on personal and collateral security	$17,651,210.98
Loans on real estate	1,550,333.91
Overdrafts	634,784.92
Real estate	2,869,172.47
Furniture and fixtures	500,351.29
Expense account	311,732.10
United States bonds on hand	10,300.00
Other bonds and stocks at their present cash market value	960,027.77
Checks and other cash items	292,735.82
Clearing house items	26,230.34
Currency	1,518,722.36
Gold coin	600,476.83
Silver coin	188,276.16
Fractional currency	10,057.62
Due from other banks, sight exchange	3,133,508.70
Total	$30,257,981.27

TOTAL LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in	$10,451,218.08
Surplus fund on hand	1,075,478.93
Undivided profits	686,465.61
Interest	399,8.8.62
Exchange	71,812.01
Dividends declared but not paid	6,262.74
Individual deposits	10,677,770.35
Bankers and bankers' deposits	208,891.20
Demand certificates	1,902,978.77
Time certificates	2,983,798.77
Bills rediscounted	350,043.27
Bills payable	1,443,363.19
Total	$30,257,981.27

From the above synopsis of the reports of the state and private banks in the state of Kansas, taken from the Kansas Farmer, some interesting facts are to be gleaned. In this connection I merely wish to call attention to the fact that with an acknowledged liability of $30,257,981, consisting almost entirely of supposedly cash items, the banks have on hand, in cash of all kinds and bonds, checks and "other cash items," only an aggregate sum of $6,749,395. Of this sum more than one-half consists of items more or less uncertain in their nature depending upon certain contingencies, such as the solvency of other banks, the soundness of personal checks and the certain validity and value of "other bonds and stocks." The residue of the claimed resources, amounting to nearly twenty-four millions of dollars, consists of loans and discounts, slightly over one and a half million dollars being loans on real estate, while the balance of about twenty-two millions of dollars is "loans and discounts on personal and collateral (chattel) security."

How can it be claimed with any show of consistency that that the Kansas banks are safe, sound and solvent, when, at the same time, it is claimed that United States banks, with the wealth of the nation behind them, would be unsound, unsafe and insolvent because the money was loaned upon just such security as the banks now consider as "available assets?"

GEORGE C. WARD.

ABOUT PARTIES.

There is Now No Party Advocating Pure Jeffersonian Democracy, Unless it Be the People's Party.

A political party is an organization of citizens for the promotion of a cause which effects the policy of the government. The organization is effected because only through organization can a question of public policy be successfully advanced. There are two views prevalent concerning parties. One is that it is organized to formulate an idea, while another is that it is an organization to present an idea already formulated. The latter is the correct view. Citizens are expected to think for themselves and to ally themselves with a party which promulgates their ideas.

Many circumstances have arisen lately which go to prove that party collars are worn very loosely these days. The very atmosphere is pregnant with the odors of independence. The common masses are bold to say to parties you must do this; we demand this of you. The parties seem to be hesitating. The leaders are estimating on the effect of the compliance; many of them speak as though they had decided to ignore the people's demands. They evidently do this anticipating the power of the party lash. Again we wish to admonish these bosses that the people will never again be driven. They can be tolled by throwing to them the bait of their choosing, which is principles.

Political parties are a matter of growth, and new parties are the result of dissatisfaction existing among the members of the old parties. Never, perhaps, in the history of the country was there as much evident dissatisfaction as at the present time; the people are in advance of the so-called leaders, and the party bosses seem to have no disposition to learn. Can it be that history is to repeat itself? The fight which put the republican party in power began in 1860 in a way similar to the present condition. The people were determined; the bosses also chose the same "rule or ruin" policy that is being pursued to-day, and after everything had been done to disrupt the dominant party it went into convention and the bosses who were unable to control bolted, but the split really occurred on the election of the speaker the fall before. No sooner had the democratic party split than the whig party, which had only been held together by its opposition to democracy, the same as the republican party is now held together, it, too, went to pieces and the third or minority party came into power. The so-called democratic press of the south to-day is doing more to insure the division of and the subsequent defeat of the party than all other forces combined, and that, too, when a third party of no mean proportions threatens to become an active factor in the next campaign. People learn much more rapidly to-day than they did thirty years ago, and radical political changes have occurred in the parties of the country every thirty years. The federal party passed away to give place to the whig; the whig party passed away to give place to the republican party; the old republican party passed away to give place to the present democratic party. Party names have changed, but there has never been but two dominant principles represented; one was the old Hamiltonian idea "that the rich and well-born should control the destiny of the country," and the other idea was that one advanced by Jefferson, "that this should be a government of the people and by the people." In other words, it was the aristocracy against the people, and whenever the democratic party becomes impregnated with aristocratic bosses, as it is at present, it must reform itself or submit to defeat. It was the boast of Tom Benton that there was not room in the democratic party for an aristocrat. This was probably true at that time, but since the whig party went to pieces, and a large element of it went to the democratic party, we find that its bosses are almost exclusively aristocrats; hence we find that Bayard, the old aristocratic whig leader of Delaware, was secretary of state in the late democratic administration, while its distinguished executive was a descendant of the old Tory element and probably never knew anything about democratic principle or the tariff until he met Carlisle. The present course of the democratic press is not calculated to build or strengthen the party, but is almost sure to add strength to the opposition. Had Speaker Crisp been anything but a democrat nothing worse could have been said of him, and the papers which are now condemning Hill, of New York, cannot support him (should he be the nominee of the party) without eating more crow than is good for them.—Nashville (Tenn.) Weekly Toiler.

TOM WATSON AND THE BOSSES.

President Polk Has Something to Say About the Speakership Contest.

Politics are getting red hot down in Georgia. The Constitution and other papers and politicians became furious because Congressman Watson refused to vote for Crisp for speaker, and demanded that he should resign his seat. Whereupon Mr. Watson's constituents rose up and notified these self-constituted bosses that they proposed to have something to say in the matter. Meetings have been held in each of the counties of Mr. Watson's district and in all of them his course was unanimously and warmly indorsed, and in some of the counties they even went so far as to declare in favor of the people's party. And the end is not yet.

The moral of this is: That the day for whip snapping and bulldozing has passed.

Mr. Watson was nominated on alliance principles. A straightout democrat was turned out and Mr. Watson was put in because the people wanted a man who would stand on and by the demands laid down at Ocala. He refused to go into the democratic caucus because he might thereby be forced to vote for a man who was opposed to these demands and to the alliance. Mr. Crisp was nominated by the caucus and was elected. During the campaign last summer Mr. Crisp opposed the Ocala demands and was the first Georgia congressman who wrote a letter against the sub-treasury plan. It is charged by the Georgia reform papers, and it has not been denied, that Mr. Crisp said it was necessary for the republicans and democrats of Kansas to fuse together in order to defeat the alliance. It was a matter of public notoriety in Washington during the campaign for the speakership, that he was being advocated by the railroad power and Tammany hall. Mr. Watson did not go into the caucus and did not vote for Mr. Crisp, and this is the cause of the racket in Georgia. Whatever else may be said about it, one thing seems clear, that the people of Mr. Watson's district will stand by him. By the way, did not a democrat from New England vote every time for one from Massachusetts because, as he said, he had pledged himself to his people to vote for no man who was not opposed to free coinage of silver? Has the Constitution and other would-be bosses called on this fellow to resign? Has one word of censure against him been uttered? No. The difference is that he was standing by the money power and Tom Watson was standing by the alliance and the people. On with the fight.—Raleigh (N. C.) Progressive Farmer.

A "Tariff Picture."

In 1887, under democratic rule, Mrs. Willetson presented her husband with an eight-pound—girl.

In 1891, after the McKinley bill had been in operation a few months, similar conditions produced a ten-pound—boy.—Industrial Union.

—Money has power to accumulate, and labor the power to earn. The few only have money and the many have labor. So the few, by investment of money, accumulate the productions of the poor, or of the many. There is a reason why we have millionaires and tramps.—St. Louis Monitor.

FARM AND GARDEN.

FARM CONVENIENCES.

Small Things Whose Introduction Would Save Much Labor.

Inside fastenings of double doors. Fig. 1 is inside view of doors. A takes the place of a heavy post. It is an inch board 3 inches wide and long enough to reach from 2 inches above the top of door to within 4 feet of ground. B is a slot, and should be half an inch wider than the "slide." C is a board 6x4 inches and same thickness as the door brace. Drive a tenpenny wire nail into center of board C, leaving an 1¼ inch projection. Saw a slot 2 inches long

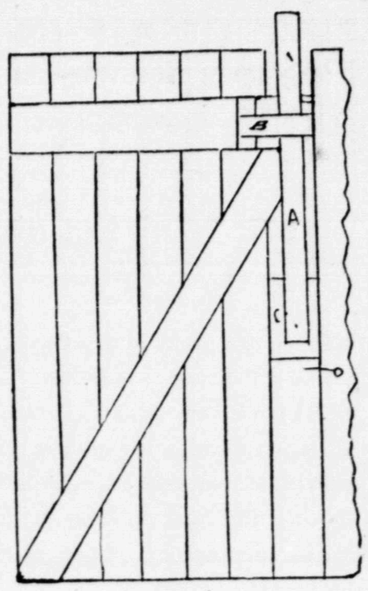


FIG. 1.

and slanting upward in the slide opposite the tenpenny nail, large enough to admit nail easily. When the nail is in the slot you "have it." The upper end of slide goes into the mortise, same as a common post. A short nail should be driven into the slide 2 inches above the large slot B, leaving sufficient projection to catch on the slide when the door is unfastened.

Fig. 2 is a device for preventing end of evener catching on or getting under the harrow evener when turning about.

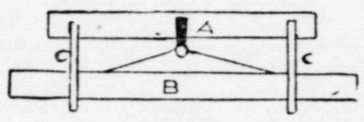


FIG. 2.

A is the evener; B, harrow evener; C C are iron or steel strips 8 inches long, an inch wide and about one-quarter of an inch thick. They are fastened to the evener by small bolts, as shown in illustration. From the evener they are curved upward so that the opposite ends are a little above the upper surface of evener, not chafing the harrow evener when team is straight ahead.

Fig. 3 shows a handy contrivance for holding a gate open. The illustration shows the gate fastened open. A is a

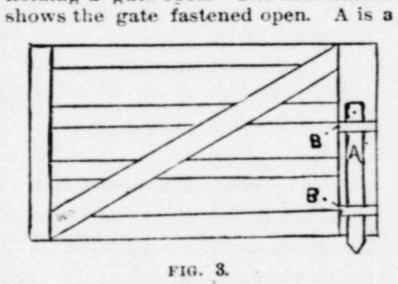


FIG. 3.

3-inch board 3 feet long, held in position by slots B B, in which it fits loosely. A small hole is made in the ground into which the point of A drops, holding the gate securely open. To hold the slide up when the gate is shut drive a wire nail part way into the gate by the side of slide; saw a slot in slide a few inches below the nail, the distance depending on nearness of gate to the ground. A half-inch peg may be put in slide near the top for a handle.—Ohio Farmer.

POULTRY PICKINGS.

IF you have choice poultry give them good treatment.

WHEN breeding fowls for profit, breed what the market demands.

SO FAR as is practicable, ducks should have separate quarters from the other fowls.

WHEN poultry get no attention they soon get so that they are not worth looking after.

WHEN the weather is cold the water should be emptied out of the drinking vessels every night.

COMMON earthen crocks make good drinking vessels if care is taken not to allow them to freeze.

EVEN when the incubator is used it will be found a safe plan to keep some of the old hens for hatching.

IN winter hens must have materials supplied to them to make egg shells, as well as material to fill them.

WHEN the hens appear droopy it is a good indication that they are suffering from lice, indigestion or colds.

DUCKS will begin laying when about six months old, but, as a rule, the eggs should not be used for hatching.

WHEN the weather is cold, if the eggs are not gathered frequently they will become chilled, and this ruins them for hatching.

WHEN the ducks commence laying they need to be fed on coarse, bulky food; too much grain will induce too much fat.

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

The First National Bank

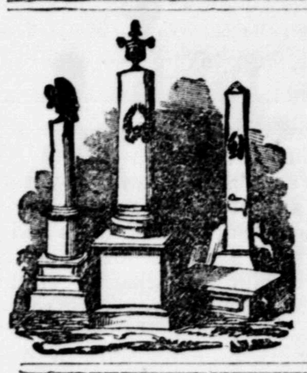
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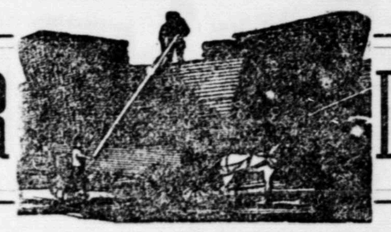
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THE OLD RELIABLE

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Is warranted to stop CHOLERA among Poultry and increase the Egg Production 25 per cent. It is endorsed by some of the largest and most intelligent Breeders in the Southwest.

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For sale by all Druggists, or sent post-paid on receipt of price.

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will be taken in part payment. We sell on long time and small payments under our enstalment plan. Anyone wishing to buy an instrument can have one in his own home on trial before paying a dollar, and if full satisfaction is not given he need not buy. We have at all time.

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in stock that we will sell cheap. We will be glad to send you catalogues and prices on application. Write us before you buy elsewhere; it will cost you but little and will save you money in the end.

THE DUBLIN MUSIC COMPANY,

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THE DUBLIN PROGRESS.

A DEMOCRATIC JOURNAL PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY.

OFFICIAL JOURNAL

ERATH COUNTY FARMERS' ALLIANCE AND INDUSTRIAL UNION.

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

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

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5. 1892.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The PROGRESS is authorized to make the following announcements:

COUNTY OFFICERS.

For County Clerk.
ISAAC PIPES.
For Tax Collector,
D. M. RUMPH.

It is a time honored costume among the Chinese to recognize January 29th as the beginning of the year.

The Union Labor man that stopped his paper (the Empire) a few years ago, wants to be District Judge.—Subscriber.

Man, like a lemon, is apt to show up sour when he is hard.—Snap Shots, News.

How about a woman?

According to the census bulletin of 1890, Texas has 244 counties, a total population of 2,235,528, an average of 9,162 for each county.

If we were to have our choice among the present prospective candidates for the senate, viz Culberson, Mills and Chilton, we would certainly go two to one for Culberson.

The Fort Worth Gazette is waging an exceedingly bitter warfare against Roger Q. Mills in favor of "me too" Chilton. We don't take much stock in that warfare. It is none of our business.

The Chilian disturbance is gradually dying of old age. Its last agonies is now apparent, and with it goes the fame or better said notoriety recently gathered by Garza, the Mexican revolutionist.

The initial copy of the Fort Worth Advance has been received at this office. Tom Gaines, of the Comanche Exponent, is the proprietor and business manager. The new paper is neatly printed and brightly edited. The PROGRESS wishes it success.

The Dallas News with its accustomed enterprise has interviewed all the members of the legislature on the senatorial question and the results thus far are: For Mills, 42; Culberson, 17; Chilton, 19; nonecommittal, 29; no reply, 30. This puts Mills far in the lead at present.

Macune's sub-treasury scheme is about as dead as is famous Dallas Exchange swindle. He will have to rustle up something else soon or the brethren may refuse to put up the scads.—Baird Star.

Never mind about the Dallas Exchange swindling. The Alliance still holds the keys to that building and havn't lost a cent on it. You should rub up on a few points Bro. Gilieland.

And now it is that the idle and fenciful day dreamers of Dallas have again conceived the idea of making the Trinity navigable, thereby securing cheap rates from Dallas to the Gulf. Some people must have enormous voids or cavities in their dome of thought, or else they would be studying about something more practical, and at least possible. However to such we will say, you had better telegraph "down stream" for every body to keep their stock up and not let them drink out of the river or else you won't have enough water to float a gnats tail.

Evan Jones for Governor.

The Dublin PROGRESS announced some weeks ago that the alien land law had been declared unconstitutional by the fifty-second congress. Later it announced for Evan Jones for governor. The first announcemnnt is no more absurd than the last.—Waco News.

The first sir was a mistake of the printer and was corected in the next issue. The next was not a mistake and is repeated in this issue.

The Dublin PROGRESS man says he knows of no man in the wide state of Texas who would fill the bill and stand a show at being elected better than Hon. Evan Jones, for Governor.—Alexander News.

Evan Jones' home paper—the Dublin PROGRESS—hoists his name as a candidate for governor. If Evan Jones is the man his wing of the Alliance thinks he is and if he has the political influence accorded him in Alliance circles, then Mr. Evan Jones can render the state exceedingly great service by exerting himself to draw out a man who can lead to victory. That man is Geo. Clark of Waco.—Weatherford Enquirer.

Don't say "wing" Bro. Vincent there is no such thing as a wing of the Alliance and there is only one genuine Alliance, Evan Jones being its president.

The Dublin PROGRESS boldly hoists the noame of Hon. Evan Jones as a candidate for governor. Too late, deor PROGRESS. Evan "done gone and went and let" Hogg steal all his thunder last yeor. Better come out for Hon. Geo. Clark and "get there"—Weatherford Enquirer.

The esteemed Waco day has this much about the Chinese lecture who has been doing Texas for the past year or more.

Tank Kee is getting a great deal of free advertising out of his alleged gift of an extensive Chinese library to the state. The Day doesn't believe Tank Kee ever had any extensive Chinese library, and is very certain that if he had he would not give it away. Tank Kee is a very interesting lecturer, but he is a fakir of the most unblushing type, and should be unmasked by the papers of the state.

Cincinnatti, (O.) People's Aid: The essential difference between the national bank system and the sub-treasury, is that under the former, less than 5,000 people enjoy special privileges of distributing the people's money to the people and taxing the people for this service all that they can wring from them. Under the sub-treasury plan of distribution this privilege will be extended to some 63,000,000 people and the distribution will be made at cost. Which do our readers think is the best way.

It will require 223 electorial votes to elect a president. The Southern states have 159 to which add New York, 13; Indiana, 15; New Jersey, 10, and Connecticut 6, and we have 226, or three more than is necessary to elect a democrat. Should Connecticut go republican we may win Michigan, which would still give two or three to spare. This is as much as the democrat can expect to get and it shows that New York is absolutely essential to democratic success.

No man in the state of Texas could make a better race for governor in the coming election than Hon. Evan Jones, of Dublin, Erath county. He is a staunch democrat, has always voted that ticket and is an advocate of every inch of the Ocala demands.

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.

From Bluff Dale.

There is a great idea afloat favoring "limiting production." I wish to ask the thinking readers If limiting production is the outgrowth of mature thought after viewing the situation from an economic standpoint. The writer thinks not.

1st There is no more cotton or other raw material produced than can be consumed by the factories that now exist if put on full time.

2nd Although the manufactured articles are piled almost mountain high in warehouses, there is not as much manufactured as would be consumed if all wants were supplied. I have never heard or read an argument claiming that there are comforts enough to become burdensome, but there is a lack of market value for raw material. Will limiting production, as a section of considerable size, say cotton, for instance necessarily benefit the producer. Is not the world's cotton crop short? Did the shortage produced by natural causes raise the price contrary to the will of the speculating class? No. If it did not, would limitation have done more had it been done by artificial means? Certainly not. Can an artificial shortage of sufficient magnitude be secured to raise the price of cotton or any other raw material if the banks shut down on the money? The price is lower than when the crop was larger. The price should have been better for this crop than for years past. Slack of money is the trouble. A restriction of production never can be enforced to any considerable extent. If a check is placed upon cotton there must be an increase in something else, and that article is also too low. There is a universal cry for a curtailment of output of all the products of labor. We will humor the idea of curtailment for a moment, and suppose that we should wake up, some morning and learn that one third of the acreage of all crops were dropped off? One third of the mines, factories, sawmills and other means of production were shut down. The production of wool, hides and meats decreased to raise the price? What would we see? We would see one third of our population standing idle. Could such a condition be maintained? Would it be desirable if it could be enforced? Would the public be benefitted? The best way to provide against over production, is to vote for more money and a reduction of expenditures,

E. E. DAVIS.

Col. Frank Doremus jumps on the Corsicana Light and mashes it out. And you can bet when Col. Frank mashes a thing it is mashed.—Waco Day.

He never tried "settin down" on the sharp end of a pin or tack, did he?

New Lumber Yard

R. B. SPENCER

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

Selling at Lowest Living Prices.

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

MODEL

MEAT  Market

M. LINGENFELDER, & CO. Proprietors.

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

West - Texas - Marble - Works.



W. J. WASSON, Proprietor.

Manufacturers and Dealers in

Tombstones and Monuments.

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

DUBLIN, TEXAS.

Cotton Exchange Saloon,

HALL & GREEN, Proprietors.

Always handles first-class

Whiskies, Wines, Cigars, Etc.

Keg . Beer . Always . on . Tap

Some say it will take the state ten years to recover from the evil Hogg has done it. No, it will not. Let it be known this summer that he will retire to the shades of private life and to "his enormous income by the practice of law," when his present term expires, and the state will immediately move on to prosperity. She will boom as she has never boomed before. In a year or two Hogg will be utterly forgotten and there will be no traces left of the evil he has done.

The Waco News attempts to bring the PROGRESS into a compromising condition by harping on a typographical error, appearing in this paper some time ago which was of no small importance but was corrected in the next issue. However the PROGRESS does not claim to be inhuman—we are all liable to err, occasionally.

A Sound Liver Makes a Well Man.

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

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

Dyspepsia and Indigestion.

In their worst forms are cured by the use of P. P. P. If you are debilitated and run down, or if you need a tonic to regain flesh and lost appetite, strength and vigor, take P. P. P., and you will be strong and healthy. For shattered constitutions and lost manhood P. P. P. is the king of all medicines. P. P. P. is the greatest blood purifier in the world. For sale by all druggists. 7

Wanted. Wanted.

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

THE DUBLIN PROGRESS.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 5, 1892.

Business Rules.

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

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

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

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

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

LOCAL RAILWAY TIME CARD

RIO GRANDE DIVISION.

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

TEXAS CENTRAL DIVISION.

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

SOCIETIES, LODGES, ETC

DUBLIN LODGE A. F & A. M., No. 504, Meets on Saturday nights on or before the full moon in each month. J. G. O'Brien, W. M; Jno. J. Ray, Secretary.

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

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

DUBLIN ALLIANCE, No. 3345, meets on every Tuesday night at Justices office; A. C. Housley, President; J. A. Adams, Secretary.

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

CHURCHES.

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

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

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. J. H. Chambliss, pastor. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. every Sunday. Preaching by the pastor at 11 a. m. and 7 p. m. Young men's prayer meeting every Tuesday night. Regular prayer meeting every Thursday night. Class meeting every fourth Sunday at 5 p. m., T. L. Ward, Leader. Juvenile Missionary Society meets every fourth Sunday in each month at 2 p. m., Miss Blanche Gillett, president.

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

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

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The PROGRESS is authorized to announce the following candidates.

CITY OF DUBLIN OFFICERS.

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

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

LOCAL

Work is progressing nicely on the waterworks.

The city can now furnish cremated dogs on short notice.

Farmers buy your supplies from J. B. Green. To buy once will convince you that he has the lowest prices.

Mr. John Hornby, president of the Fort Worth and Rio Grande railroad, was here for several days this week, it is thought his visit had something to do with the shops of that road.

It is said that the gentleman who wrote to his mother-in-law on a postal card and put a two-cent thereon is the same fellow who had to rake the hay seeds out of his hair with a currycomb.

The Knights of Phytias at a recent meeting installed the following officers: W. W. Patrick, P. C.; W. J. Clay, C. C.; R. A. Miller, V. C.; S. J. Harber, M. E.; H. B. Sones, M. A.; W. J. Wasson, K. R. and S.; C. B. Long, I. G.; Reuben Parker, O. G.

All advertisements, locals, communications, etc., intended for the PROGRESS must reach the office by 12 o'clock Wednesday of each week to insure insertion in the issue of that week.

The enevitable oily-tongued street fakir together with his sleight-of-hand tricks and second-handed jokes was "doing" the city last Saturday. It is rumored that some of the boys were "in it."

The compress here has handled from 20,000 to 25,000 bales this season and has not yet shut down. From 17,000 to 20,000 bales have been marketed here up to date and there are likely 1000 to 3000 bales yet in the hands of the farmers.

We regret to learn of the sad death of Judge J. L. Humphries, ex-county judge of Erath, which occurred on the morning of the 31st ult. at Stephenville. He had been suffering for several days with pneumonia. He was a Royal Arch Mason, an Odd Fellow and an excellent gentleman in the truest sense of the word.

City Council.

DUBLIN, Feb. 2, 1892.

The city council met in regular session with Mayor McCain, Secretary Gillett, and Aldermen Clay, Hurt Andruss and Harber present.

The reports of officers and committees were called for and the following reports of Assessor and Collector Northcutt were accepted.

REPORT FROM JAN. 6 TO FEB. 3.

Interest and Sinking Fund,	$290 89
City Advalorem Tax,	260 89
City Poll Tax,	33 50
City Occupation Tax,	14 65
City Dog Tax,	37 50
Total,	$907 43

Mayor Mccain stated that he did not have his report ready from the fact that he wished to give the marshal more time for collections, and that there were over $1100 of uncollected fines that should be tended to.

Under the head of claims and accounts the following were taken up and ordered paid.

Telephone printing,	$ 4 60
Dick Wilkins, fixing hall,	1 50
J. R. Johnson, hauling dead stock,	2 00
J. E. Bishop, unpaid salary,	60 00
Jno. Young, building dog pound,	3 00
A. G. Lambert, hauling,	1 75
Wm. Northcutt, services,	173 89
M. C. Gillett, secretary salary,	25 00
R. H. McCain, mayor,	17 50
W. J. Clay, alderman salary,	19 00
J. W. Hurt, " "	19 00
G. W. Andruss, " "	19 00
S. J. Harber, " "	19 00
F. C. Oldham, " "	9 50
E. Brock, " "	13 00
Total,	$387 64

Motion carried to adjourn to meet on next Thursday night for the consideration of the new ordinances.

High Authority and the Dog.

And it came to pass that a certain man named Joe whose surname was Bishop, he being a man in authority, went to one man Dick whose surname was McCain, it being about the twelfth hour and the first month. Joe whose surname was Bishop said to Dick whose surname was McCain, "Verily, as you are high authority, let us call our chief councilmen together and pass a decree that all the dogs shall be gathered together and be destroyed." And Dick whose surname was McCain said, "Such shall be the done; but how shall we destroy them?" And Joe whose surname was bishop said, "I know one man living in one-gallus ward near the famous bridgeo n the headwaters of Resley's creek, the same man's name being George whose surname is Drown, and as I am in authority I will go to him and command him to call to his assistance one Harve whose surname is Keith and Jack whose surname is Lesley, and when he has got all things ready and all of the dogs have been gathered together, I will then command that he shall kindle a mighty fire near the bridge without butments that has been built for the convenience of the people, the same being in one-gallus ward, and I will say to him, 'You shall slay every dog and shall cause their carcasses to be placed on the fire.'" And George whose surname was Drown, after he had called to his assistance Harve whose surname was Keith and Jack whose surname was Lesley said to Joe whose surname was Bishop, "As you command, it shall be done." And Joe whose surname was Bishop said, "Good and faithful servant thou shalt sit at my table and drink buttermilk, verily much buttermilk." And when they had done as he had commanded, and when many dogs had been slayed and laid on the mighty fire behold the smoke ascended and the stink thereof was very great and many women and children complained of the stink in their nostrels. And George whose surname was Drown said to Joe whose surname was Bishop, "I fear that you will not stand well in the eyes of the people." And Joe whose surname was Bishop said, "Oh, this is only in one-gallus ward and I will get there Eli, and will still be called to rule over the people." And George said, "As you command we will obey." Then Joe whose surname was Bishop looked very wise and all things were as he had commanded.

CORPORAL.

In advance of the arrival of spring and Gentle Annie the PROGRESS desires to say that it will keep on "tap" at all times a good supply of spring poetry of all varieties and sizes. Our readers will please remember this.

The southbound Rio Grande passenger train was several hours late last Tuesday on account of a freight train wreck on that road, four and a half miles this side of Fort Worth. The wreck did no damage to life but was a considerable loss to the company.

Mr. Bennie Switzer, the gay and somewhat corpulent young ex-editor of the cedar Springs Cylone, passed through the city this week on his way to De Leon.

W. C. T. U. Column.

MRS. DR. REW, Editor.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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

The Loyal Temperance Legion had quite an interesting meeting last Sunday and the attendance was very good.

After the usual exercises the following program was carried out.

Letter read from Miss Hetherington, state superintendent of Juvenile Work, relating to the L. T. L. World's Fair exhibit.

Select reading by Bertie Lattimore.

Song by Gertie Andruss.

Select reading by Cadmus Ship.

All are cordially invited to be present at our meetings.

* * *

A NATIONAL SHAME.

According to the daily papers of last Tuesday, it is deliberately proposed by the World's Fair Board of Directors to allow the sale of liquors at restaurants within the Exposition grounds. They have decided to let exhibitors sell their "wet" goods. The stipulation is, a share in the gross receipts!

Disguise it as we may, soften it with whatever euphemism, this means that the local directory of this great International Exposition have decided to go into the saloon business. They are to be sharers in the profits of vending liquors on the Fair grounds. They are to be silent partners in the gains to be gotten from putting the bottle to men's lips in this high place of the nation.

We brand this as a national insult. The decision is a burning shame. It is a gross affront to public morality. It stamps the direction as mercenary; as willing to descend to any depth of humiliation, in their eager desire to swell the income, so that this magnificent commemoration of four hundred years of history shall pay back, dollar for dollar, what is expended on it.

Think of it, men and women of this national commonwealth, entering into the heritage of four hundred years of such history as God and free people never made before; there are six-thousand saloons in this city, wide open every day in the week, Sundays included. One would think these were enough to curse a city with, though they bring three million dollars annually into the city treasury. One would think six thousand saloons could satisfy every possible desire for drink, even in the exceptional conditions incident to a World's Fair. But no, the managing directory must themselves go into the business, and within the Exposition grounds they decide to open the traffic in strong drink, and to be partners with brewers and liquor dealers in gross receipts.

Does not every instinct of every good citizenship and Christian manhood cry out against this shameful alliance? Let the hot blasts of the people's righteous indignation beat against the men who, not content with allowing the liquor interest to hold this great city by the throat, are willing to enter into compact with it for further spoils at our great Fair. Let every independent self-respecting press be heard in rebuke of this national humiliation and shame. Sure we are that some men in the directory have no sympathy with it, and would have none of it. Let them understand that a great host outside, who are neither "fools nor prohibition cranks," resent the the infamy and blush that Chicago has the disgrace of it.

We must right this wrong. The American nation is not calling the people of the earth together to exhibit a beer garden. In a jubilee celebrating the brain's independence, we do not want to show how brains are fuddled. The cradle of American liberty was not rocked in a saloon.

It is time to speak plain words. Does this World's Fair local directory think it is proof against the best public opinion? Does it propose to go on with its announced compact with distillers and brewers, and virtually say to the protesting people: "What are you going to do about it?"

We rather think this Christian nation through its United States commissioners will have something very decisive to say about the business.—The Interior.

Desdemona Institute.

This institute will convene at Desdemona the 2nd Saturday in February at 10 o'clock a. m.

All teachers are respectfully invited to meet with us and take a part in the discussion of the subjects as named in the following program.

Miss M. I. Allen,.....Advanced Spelling
Miss Mary Higgs, First Year With Little Folks
O. C. Fowler,.....Decinal Fractions
J. W. Hicks,.....Texas History

Free entertainment to all.

D. M SPANN.

COUNTY CORRESPONDENCE.

CHALK MOUNTAIN.

Everything is quiet in this section. No deaths, births or marriages since my last.

John McCollum has sold his stock of goods at this place to Charley McFadden and he will start to Oklahoma the first of March.

James and Joe Hatchett have sold their farms and they will also go to Oklahoma. We regret to lose them as they are both good citizens.

The school at this place under the supervision of Prof. Putnam and wife is giving entire satisfaction.

The literary society which was organized some time ago is moving grandly on and is being well attended.

The farmers have generally started their plows, preparing for another crop.

Oat sowing time will soon be here.

Now the next question for the farmers to decide is in regard to the shaping of the next crop. Will we continue to raise cotton in the future as in the past, to the neglect of everything else? Or will we drop a part of the cotton crop and see to it that we make an effort to raise everything we need at home, and then some cotton to pay taxes and the interest on bank notes?

I regretted very much not being able to attend the District Alliance meeting at your town. On my return home from Tennessee, my boy had let the wagon run over his leg and disabled him from work and I was forced to take his place. Will try and be on hand next time. T. L. S.

* * *

LINGLEVILLE ITEMS.

J. T. Thompson, former merchant of this place, has sold his stock to Jim and Sid McNeil, and we understand Mr. Thompson will go west and hunt a new location.

The past week has been excellent weather.

Mrs. C. C. Martin has been quite ill for some time, but is recovering.

I notice among other questions in Cow Creek Cullings of last week that Jack and Bob want to know how many teeth an opossum has. We have not studied "possumology" very much but would think the best way to find out would be to stick your finger in its mouth and then count the tooth prints.

O. M. C.

* * *

COW CREEK CULLINGS.

Health is much better, and farming is on a boom.

Bill Daffern and family of Lingleville spent last Sunday in Cow Creek.

The people have just found out the dexterity of J. R. Arnold by his having changed the Long school house benches into comfortable desks.

Irwin Walker of Bunyan was in our community last Sunday.

Many of our Methodist brethren will attend quarterly meeting at Shelby Saturday and Sunday.

During the absence of Supt. Ansley Sunday school has been conducted by the efficient assistant, A. J. Owen.

Mrs. Z. W. Leatherwood has been ailing for some time but she is now convalescing.

O. P. Vardin was in our midst Sunday.

Wesley Crawford will soon move to DeLeon and engage in the hotel business.

The services at the Baptist church last Sunday were well attended and an elaborate Trinity sermon was delivered.

Mit McCluskey of Green's Creek vicinity, thinks, since Chili has made honorable amends that he will stick to the woods, especially Leatherwoods.

G. N. Arnold, Dublin P. M., recreated in this community last Sunday.

John S. Jones, travelling salesman for A. W. Risen of Dublin, was in the locality this week. He is an energetic person at the business.

Prof. J. E. Stephens is progressing nicely with his school. He wishes to announce that he will close with an exhibition.

We regret to say that E. Dunagan and family are thinking of moving to Stephenville. JACK & BOB.

* * *

SELDEN.

The latest novelty in the way of a candidate is the announcement (privately) of J. H. F. Skipper as an aspirant to the office of county sheriff. Will wonders never cease?

Prof. W. E. Bowers contemplates a race for the office of assessor or commissioner one, but we are informed he has not decided which he wants the worse as yet. Verily, Southern Erath is coming out of the kinks.

We have been told that Mr. J. D. Henderson is circulating among the dear people, electioneering for the office of tax collector. Experience has taught us that sometimes the early bird gets left.

Sickness in this neighborhood has not abated much and everybody continues to grunt.

Farming operations have begun in earnest, and the horney-handed sons of Adam are changing ends with a part of the earth.

If Jack and Bob will tell us who hit Billy Patterson we will try to answer their questions.

How we do wish we were a girl and loved Oates!

This is leap year and we stand ready to receive proposals, sealed or unsealed, we have an old pair of jeans pants that we will present to the first applicant and throw in ourself to boot, if some girl wants to commit wedlock and wear the breeches too, her's your chance.

So much war talk of late makes us feel Chili.

Every body down this way know what "(k)nights of the grip" means, we have all been initiated and are members in good standing—except when we are rolling. G. L. R.

* * *

BUNYAN'S ROUND-UPS.

Seeing nothing from Bunyan, I thought I would write a few items.

The health of this community is tolerable good at present. Rev. F. H. Corbell has been very ill, so I heard, but I have not learned at present whether he is on the mend or not. The most of the people around Bunyan are over the grip.

Farmers are getting their land broke for a future crop.

Moving is all the go now. William and Joe Davenport has moved to a farm on Henningwater, B. L. Corbell has moved out of the city of Bunyan one mile west, in the country.

George Harmon was plowing with a sulkey plow, when a leaver flew loose and struck him on the side of the head and he was like the boy the calf ran over, he wished he had'nt got to plow.

Bud Schooler and his head boss Eraan Walker went "pos.," hunting the other night and got two of the gentlemen out of one hole in a log.

Mr. Willie McClanahan is acting as engineer and fireman at his father's gin and mill.

Old Uncle Jack Lewis, the blacksmith, left the city Sunday morning for the west.

* * *

NEW BUSINESS LOCALITY.

Some of the prominent citizens of Bishop and Mayfield community has confered with each other concerning the starting up a trading point on this part of the H. & T. C. R. R. amid the unbounded fine stone quarries, now in operation by Mr. Patterson. This beautiful site centers a large and thrifty agricultural section of Erath. It is situated near the mouth of Green's creek, where it enters into the Bosque river. The Houston and Texas Central railroad Co., offers to put in a switch if any man will erect a cotton gin at this place. A house of general merchandise, family groceries, hardware and post office are badly needed. Blacksmith shop is also wanted. The scholastic population five years ago was eighty-four.

This is a very healthy part of the county. Inexaustible supplies of crystal water surrounds and underlays this part of the country. A good gin would get from 800 to 1,000 bales of cotton. The first man that builds will have a lot given him.

Other papers please copy.

Our town was very much surprised last Saturday about noon on account of the closing of the store of Wasson & Miller. We learned on inquiring from them that their store had been put into the hands of walter E. Lowe as trustee for creditors and that a meeting of the principal creditors would be called at an early date to obtain an extension of time in which to pay their debts. Failure to force collections from their customers last fall, taken in connection with their losses by fire about eighteen months ago have left them without enough ready money to meet maturing obligations. They propose to pay all obligations against them in full; all they ask is more time.

Dublin's water works are not dead by a long shot yet. All of the material that is not already here is intransit, the foundation is being laid for the standpipe and work is being pushed in order to get the well in good shape by the time everything else is ready.

Seed potatoes, garden seeds and onion sets of all kinds at J. B. Green's.

Prof. W. J. clay has kindly promised to furnish the PROGRESS each week with an education column consisting of school notes, suggestions, and other readable matter. This department promises to be an interesting one and one that will cause more interest in matters pertaining to education.

J. B. Green is still headquarters on low prices. Call and get the worth of your money.

THE DUBLIN PROGRESS.

J. S. DALEY, Publisher.

DUBLIN. - - - - TEXAS.

KEEP YOUR WORD.

"Promises Like Piecrusts Made to Be Broken" a Misleading Motto.

It may appear somewhat strange to take the above headline as a text for an article addressed to men of business, or more correctly perhaps, men engaged in conducting business for themselves. But there is, nevertheless, abundance of room for such an article. There are many men who do not seriously consider the promises they make, previous to making them. If they did they would not make them at all. There could possibly be no better recommendation for a business than as Shakespeare puts it:

"He was ever precise in promise-keeping."

When it becomes known in business circles that a man's word is just as good as his bond, the world trusts him, and would sooner take his word than many other people's bond. Confidence in one another is certainly the very life and soul of sound business, and when once confidence is seriously shaken, it takes an immense amount of struggling to get it back again. Some men are very easy in their promises, and very slack in their fulfillment. All our readers know well that if they have a promise from a customer that an overdue bill shall be paid on a certain date, they know well that it is a disappointment to them if it is not fulfilled, and at the same time, they never look upon that customer with the same degree of confidence that they did previously. They are always reminded of the broken promise when dealing with them. It is exactly the same when dealing with some one else, and when you are placed in the position of your customer, and make a promise and do not fulfill it. It is a great deal better to make no promises, and to face the music as it were, by saying that you cannot do it, or that you would rather not than to make a rash promise, and knowing that there is some doubt as to fulfilling it.

It has been said that there is "honor among thieves." If, therefore, there is honor to be found among law breakers, there is much more reason that honor should be the standard of business. In your dealings with drummers the one who makes loose promises, is often the one to be guarded against. His only object is to effect a sale, and he will do this at the expense of truth and at the expense of his own honor, sometimes. The large volume of business that is transacted every day upon our exchanges by the simple word of mouth, without any written contract whatever, is an example to all other business men. We are used to calling these men speculators, and names that are hardly justifiable, yet when we look upon their record, and the large volume of business transacted by them without any written contract whatever, it is quite evident that they are men who fulfil their promises.

We once knew a peculiar and interesting gentleman, who laid it down as the first principle in his business, never to give a note promising to pay, and if he was asked for the payment of any sum of money, would never promise it unless he was absolutely certain that he would be able to fulfill it. He would sooner risk the ill will of the person he was trading with, by not making a promise than by making one, that there was the least doubt of being fulfilled. No doubt, this gentleman experienced some difficulty at times, but, in the end, he came out ahead. One day he made an appointment with a gentleman who was about to make a long journey, and the hour named left very little time for him to catch the train. As the hand of the clock pointed to the hour of the appointment the traveler became quite anxious, when a friend stepped up and told him of the appointment he had made, the reply was unique, the gentleman saying that if so and so promised to be there at a stated hour, you can depend upon its fulfillment, as he never made a promise that he did not perform. It is needless to add that the appointment was kept and the traveler was happy.

The old adage that "promises are like piecrusts, made to be broken," is not applicable to business men. Therefore be careful of making promises.—National Grocer.

Two Motives.

Manners are the expression of the heart, and the man or woman who lives mentally in kindly, thoughtful relations with fellow men and women will control the expression of the thought which might possibly give offense. There is no mystery in social grace. It is remembering other people in their several relations to us. The woman who is a social success is not the one who has for her purpose in life the desire to please, but the one whose desire is to make others happy. One is a polite purpose; the other is a high form of unselfishness that makes the utterance of unwelcome truths impossible in the light personal contact that we term "society."—Christian Union.

—"What's the matter with you two fellows?" said a patrolman to two tramps. "Why don't you wash yourselves?" "We's too busy," explained one. "Busy at what?" "Scourin' the country," said the other, with a broad grin.—Cleveland Voice.

THAT OLD DRESS.

What It Did for Its Self-Sacrificing Wearer.

Mrs. Landgon had sent out cards of invitation to her "dear five hundred" friends for a grand ball at her elegant residence on Fifth avenue, in honor of the entrance of her twin daughters into society.

They had just been graduated at some fashionable "finishing off" establishment, and their debut was intended to be a very magnificent affair.

Mrs. Gregory, husband and daughters, were on the invited list. As the former and two latter sat in their parlor, looking at the elegant cards, with the interesting subject under deep discussion, they were broken in upon by the entrance of Mr. Gregory, who looked harassed and weary.

"Papa!" cried Lena, the elder daughter, "see our invitations to Mrs. Langdon's great ball," showing him the cards she held in her hand. "And there is the loveliest silk at Stewart's that I want to wear. Can I go and order it to-morrow?" she pleaded, laying her white hand, flashing with jewels, on his arm, and looking up into his face.

"Haven't you any dresses to wear?" he asked, somewhat moodily.

"Plenty of old ones, which have already been worn, and will not answer for this particular event," she returned.

"How much will it cost?" Mr. Gregory asked.

"Oh, perhaps a hundred and fifty," said Lena, carelessly, with as little idea of the value of money as an unfledged bird.

Her father groaned and said something about "foolish extravagance," then, drawing out his pocketbook, slowly counted out the required sum and laid it on the table.

"How much do you want, Bertha?" he asked, turning towards her.

"I don't think I want any, papa. I have a pretty dress, which will answer very nicely," she replied.

"You're a sensible girl, and the man that gets you for a wife will have some one to help him keep his head above water. If the pressure on the money market lasts much longer, with these demands to meet, I shall soon be a dead bankrupt," said Mr. Gregory, as he left the room.

"What is the trouble with papa? What does make him talk so dolefully when he is asked for a little money?" said Lena. "Anyone would think he was a poor man."

"It is one of his money-nervous spells; he is always so afraid his business affairs won't come out just so straight; then it is economy, and retrenchment, or everything will drift to bankruptcy. That is the way business men always talk, till it has become quite an old story with me," said Mrs. Gregory, drawing a breath of relief.

"I don't think papa is trying to frighten us at all," said Bertha. "I think his business does really perplex him. I've noticed for a week that he has looked pale and careworn and he said but little."

"Was that the reason you didn't want a new ball dress?" asked Lena.

"Yes. I'd rather wear an old one than place papa to the expense of a new one now, while money is so hard to raise," replied Bertha.

"Pray inform us how you came to know so much about monetary affairs, my daughter?" said Mrs. Gregory.

"I heard papa and Mr. Ainsley talking about business when he was here the other evening, and he said it was almost an impossibility to get any money at all now," said Bertha.

"Well, you are a little goosy; if you will go to the grandest ball of the season in an old made-over ball dress, you can do so. And when you see the victory which may, perhaps, be won over a certain gentleman by your elder sister's more stylish toilet, you will regret your decision in favor of Mme. Noah's antediluvian costume," said Lena, sneeringly.

"I'm perfectly indifferent to the praise or contempt of the fashionable world, for there is neither heart nor sincerity in it. I want no dry goods worshiper for my future liegel lord. So you have the field open and clear to yourself."

"Bertha, what dress have you to wear? You haven't any that you've not already worn two or three times, at least, and I desire my daughters to make as elegant an appearance as any of their friends on this occasion," said Mrs. Gregory.

"I'm going to have Mme. Leiceister make over my blue gros-grain silk, and you know she is a noted genius for renewing worn ball dresses; but if, after it is done, it looks antediluvian and smells musty, I'll do penance by staying at home," said Bertha.

"Do just as you prefer; but I think your father would give you a new one if you wished it," said her mother.

Lena purchased the new dress and had it made up without regard to expense, and it was exquisite when done and extremely becoming to the young lady, who had been congratulating herself on the success she was determined to achieve.

Bertha's dress came from the mantuamaker's hands as beautiful as it could be, and none would ever have suspected it had already been thrice worn unless she had been seen with it on.

It harmonized admirably with her fair blonde complexion, forming a vivid contrast to Lena's more brilliant style of personal attractiveness and bright, orange-colored robe.

On the day previous to the ball Clara Ainsley called, a sister of Hugh Ainsley, who was the fixed central star around which the feminine luminaries had ambitiously beamed for the last two seasons, each fondly hoping to be the finally favored one.

But to the secret chagrin of each he still maintained the same quiet courtliness of manner toward them all. He seemed quite as indifferent to their heart affairs as he would have been to the pyramids of Egypt.

This was the gentleman Lena was bending all her energies to ensnare and bring to her feet before the present season closed.

Clara was an intimate friend of both the girls and she was invited upstairs to see the dresses, which had just been sent home. Their beauty she warmly expatiated on, but Lena would not allow her to leave until she had told her of Bertha's wonderful fit of economy.

The combined entreaties of all the trio could not induce Mr. Gregory to accompany them to Mrs. Langdon's. He pleaded a headache and fatigue.

This was a cover to the real reason. His business affairs were daily becoming more entangled by means of several heavy failures of parties owing him to a great extent, and all he could see before him was ruin and disgrace.

But he could keep his forebodings to himself until after the fete was over, when, if he found no means of extricating himself, he would make a clean breast of the whole thing to them.

Hugh Ainsley was quite attentive to Miss Lena that night, who looked very queenly in the gay throng, and his attentions were received with deep satisfaction to herself. Nor was the less interested Bertha, who had laid no siege to him, overlooked.

He inquired at once where her father was, as he had not seen him there. To her reply that he had resisted all entreaty to come, from great fatigue, he uttered a prolonged "Ah!" and fell into a reverie.

The next morning, at an early hour, Hugh called at Mr. Gregory's counting-house, and offered to help him through the financial crisis that was upon him.

Mr. Gregory had done the same deed years before for Hugh's father, and he (Hugh) kindly pressed the favor back upon him, which was accepted with tears of gratitude in the eyes of the panic-stricken merchant.

As Clara and Hugh sat at dinner the next day after the ball, discussing the costumes brought out there, she related what Lena had told her of Bertha's streak of economy.

"Is that so, Clara?" he asked. "Was she as self-sacrificing as that? But she looked as sweet as a rosebud in her dress, if it had been worn three times."

Then he told her in confidence of the state of Mr. Gregory's affairs, and the reason which had probably deterred Bertha from the outlay for a new dress.

"She is a noble girl, Clara, and I'm afraid we couldn't number many like her amongst that gay assembly at Mrs. Langdon's. Surely 'all is not gold that glitters.'"

A week after this the footman at the Gregorys brought up a card to the parlor for "Miss Bertha, and the gentleman is waiting below in the drawing-room."

Bertha glanced at the card, and saw "Hugh Ainsley" inscribed thereon.

"Did you say this was for me, John?" she asked, thinking it must have been intended for Lena.

"Yes, ma'am. He said 'Miss Bertha,'" replied the servant.

Lena pouted at this; she had thought he had made a mistake, and an angry frown clouded her face as Bertha descended to the drawing-room.

"Was it I you wished to see, Mr. Ainsley?" she asked, after saluting him.

"It was you, yourself. Why? permit me to inquire."

"I thought it might be one of John's blunders, and that sister Lena was the one desired," said Bertha.

"No, Miss Bertha: it is you with whom I have special business," he said, at the same time watching the sudden enlargement of her blue eyes when he said "business."

"For several years, Miss Bertha, I've been searching in the circle of my acquaintance for a noble, true-hearted woman to ask to become my wife. I have just been fortunate enough to find her, and have now come to ask her if she will bear my name, and share with me my earthly lot.

"Bertha, will answer me: 'yes?'"

"Give me time to think, please; it is so sudden," she stammered, covering her face with her hands to conceal her blushes.

"You shall have three whole months to consider the subject; then I shall demand an unconditional answer," said Hugh, drawing the hands from her face and pressing them to his lips.

In three months their engagement was announced to the gay world.

Another three months and the gay world was invited to their public wedding in church. After much coaxing, Lena was prevailed upon to be Bertha's bridesmaid; but it was a bitter disappointment to stand in that place, instead of next to the groom.

In after years she learned that Bertha's "old ball dress" had turned the scale in favor of her, and won Hugh Ainsley. He reasoned that the daughter who would sacrifice her own desires for the sake of lessening the burden weighing upon the shoulders of her father could not fail to make a true wife.—Boston Globe.

IMITATIVE APES.

They Enjoy Fire, Although Unable to Make It.

I had often heard that baboons can appreciate fire, though they cannot make it. A party had been picnicking in some woods, and in one part was a steep descent crossed by bold ledges of rocks that made a series of steps down to a spring below. This place was fixed on as a capital one to dine in and a large fire was lit on one of the ledges for cooking purposes. During the afternoon the party was broken up and all dispersed, but considerable fire was left, as some of the logs used were very thick. Later it was discovered that one of the ladies had left her shawl or some other article on one of the ledges and several of the gentlemen returned for it.

On arriving at the spot they were startled to find the ledge where the fire was left with a new set of occupants. A number of baboons had seated themselves near the fire, and some were engaged pushing the ends of the smaller sticks into it, while the others devoured the pieces of bread, rice and varied scraps left from the dinner. Luckily, the missing article had been dropped on the upper ledge, and the spectators did not linger long in such dangerous vicinity to these uninvited guests. Some farm hands who went there late in the evening found the baboons still chattering round the burning embers.

Dogs are of very little use as guardians against these ferocious depredators. They pay no heed to them, unless the dog has the temerity to go for the chacma, when he gets handled so severely it is rarely he will attack a second time. Native guardians are little better, for the chacmas, with their patience and cunning in watching their opportunity, outwit the men and gain their ends in the long run in spite of them. The screechings and yellings they make when disturbed in their haunts are enough to frighten anyone within hearing, and when you find great pieces of rock pelting down dangerously near your head you are apt to take to your heels, happy if the screeching monsters do not overtake you.

During my residence in the east I had a fine young chacma given me, about three years old. He grew rapidly and in about a year he was a large and dangerous animal to strangers, though very tame with me. He would sit beside me, playing like a child, but let anyone come into the room, man or boy, and he raised himself fully erect, every hair on his head and neck standing out, made hideous faces and showed his powerful teeth—enough to intimidate anyone—but a few gentle words from me calmed him. Fearing some accident I had a large iron chain attached to a thick ring and placed round his body, and this was fastened by a strong bolt driven into a tree.

Mr. Jean Louis, as he was called, took it all quietly, but on the first chance he got alone he broke a link in the chain with a stone in the same manner as a human being would do it, yet the links were as thick as the little finger of a man. On my return with a friend I found him up in a large bread fruit tree. The sight of a stranger so excited him he began pelting us with the heavy fruit, pretty dangerous missiles, when sent with so accurate an aim that we had to seek shelter to avoid them. My friend retreated precipitately, but when I was alone I soon had Jean Louis down under control. He was always accustomed to watch for my return, when at once he set to work with the impatience of a child to examine my pockets, as I always brought him a banana, guava, or other fruit.

His curiosity was great, also his imitative faculties. Once he watched me attentively make a hole with a gimblet and insert a screw with a screw-driver, and he did the same fairly well. He could drive a nail as well as I could, draw a cork from a bottle and drink wine from a glass, and I believe I could have taught him almost anything save speech. I was the only male he would allow to approach him, but he never showed the same disposition to a female. His ferocious looks, however, were enough to deter any woman from going near him. It was my intention to bring him with me to America, but circumstances prevented it.

A few days before I set sail Jean Louis got loose and made for the cathedral and began tearing off the clapboards. Seeing the door open, he walked in and went to the pulpit, to the horror of the sexton, who then caught sight of him. He seized and tore the velvet cushions, and when an attempt was made to dislodge him he flung the Bible and prayer-book at him and fairly drove him from the building.

The police were called, and two men with loaded carbines shot my pet while standing erect defying them, but if I had been called I could have got him away quietly. When brought to the house and laid on the veranda he had almost a human look about him. Jean Louis now occupies a prominent place in the museum of the Royal Society of Arts and Sciences at Port Louis, Mauritius.—Nicholas Pike, in Scientific American.

—Captain's wife (to her husband)—"Arthur, love, I want you to give Jack a good dressing down to-morrow morning." Captain—"What for? I am perfectly satisfied with the fellow." She—"Well, you know, he has to beat the carpets to-morrow, and he strikes ever so much harder when he is in a bad temper."

OF GENERAL INTEREST.

—Capt. S. McPhee, of a fishing schooner, recently fished up on the Georges Banks several pieces of rock, each with human hair attached. The medical experts declare that the hair came from a man's head, but nobody can explain how it became attached to the rock.

—The Chinese tea trade has been greatly injured in recent times by the increase in the use of Ceylon tea in various countries of the world. It is estimated that 100,000,000 of the Chinese people are engaged in the culture, preparation, sale, carriage and exportation of tea, and their interests are adversely affected by the rivalry of other countries.

—At the Indian school in Carlisle, Pa., Dr. Rose, the ethnologist, is measuring and examining the red-skinned students in order to get their cranial and facial form. Their ears are large, their cheek bones heavy, their eyes small and their brain of good size. The results of his investigations will be sent to the Smithsonian institution in Washington.

—The vital statistics of Massachusetts for 1890 are a sufficient answer to the people who talk so foolishly about "the decadence of Massachusetts." The number of births exceeded the deaths by 14,249, a ratio which has never been exceeded since the registration began, except in 1859 and 1889. The number of marriages in 1890 was 20,838, which was larger than any previous year.

—Various explanations have been given of the origin of the term greyhound, some authors claiming that the prefix gray is taken from Graius, meaning Greek; others that it signifies great, while still others say that it has reference to the color of the animal. In no other breed of hounds is the blue or gray color so prevalent, and consequently the last mentioned derivation seems the most plausible.

—One of the most ingenious methods practiced by poachers for the purpose of netting pheasants is that in which a game cock is fitted with artificial spurs, and then carried to the preserves. Then the game bird crows, one or two more of the cock pheasants immediately respond and advance to fight. In this way sometimes five or six pheasants are taken, while the game cock remains unhurt.

—Mr. Fisher, of Butte, Mont., has found a new weapon of defense against highwaymen. Two ragged rascals held up Fisher on Granite street a few nights ago and were suddenly put to flight by the efforts of a little pet skunk which he had in his pocket. It must be a considerable shock to a robber to put his hand in a wealthy-looking pocket and find only a mephitic pet there. Mr. Fisher's tastes in natural history are a little out of the ordinary run.

—Corn bread has various names in different localities. The general name of the article is Indian bread. In Delaware griddle cakes made of Indian meal are called corn cakes. In Maryland they are called cookies. Pone is the name for Indian bread an inch or more in thickness and baked to a crisp crust, top and bottom. In parts of New England corn meal, baked into a thick, crisp cake, is called Indian bannock. The Puritans, it is supposed, learned the art of making that bread from the Bannock Indians.

—Of other metals which are used in coinage in civilized lands copper is used to quite an extent in Africa. The cannibalistic Niam-Niam especially like English bar copper of one-inch diameter. Expeditions to the territory of the Niam-Niam, therefore, have generally been forced to include several coppersmiths, and these men, as soon as the Niam-Niam land is reached, apply themselves to transforming the bars of copper into rings of sizes varying from that of a bracelet to that of a tiny finger ring. And so great is the love of the Niam-Niam for these baubles that even one of the small copper finger rings (value less than a cent) would purchase a fat chicken of them.

Where Sheridan Rode.

The intelligent reader must blush with shame to read of a young elocutionist who is much advertised because of her success in England, who decided to give "Sheridan's Ride" before an English audience. The gentleman who was to introduce her asked her: "Where did Sheridan ride to?" The young person did not know, so replied: "To Bunker Hill." The gentleman stepped before the curtain and announced: "Miss —— will recite 'Sheridan's Ride to the Battle of Bunker Hill.'" This was too much for some Americans in the audience, and the mistake was corrected. It is no wonder that elocution as a form of public entertainment has fallen off if this represents the intellectual ability of its exponents. How could any one recite intelligently a poem depicting a dramatic incident who did not know the history and environment of that incident? Without this knowledge the reciting becomes the effort of a parrot with a trained voice.—Christian Union.

Went Hunting Out West.

Kirby Stone—Hello! Where have you been so long?

De D. Broke—Out west,

"What doing?"

"Hunting."

"Elk?"

"No. I invested some money in Dugout City bonds, and I've been hunting for Dugout City."

"Find it?"

"No."—Puck.

THE DUBLIN PROGRESS.

J. S. DALEY, Publisher.

DUBLIN, - - - - TEXAS.

PEACE.

Peace! peace! ere yet I fold my wings
Upward to clearer light;
Peace! peace! to all of mortal things
And all of mortal sight.

Peace! peace! O you that were my foe
Come nearer, take my hand!
Life is so short—why did we jangle so?—
Peace now, and closer stand.

Peace! peace! and have you come, too, dear?
This is the one last grace,
That you should come! Come close and kiss me, here—
Here in the old, sweet place.

Peace! peace! Oh sweet to be at rest
And the long silence keep;
To die here thus, with hands still on my breast—
To be at rest—and sleep!

Peace! peace! Oh you with whom I live my life,
Friends near me or afar,
Forgive the old and oft ignoble strife—
The willful fret and jar.

Peace! peace! Come hither now and see
The last, be it foe or friend;
The rudest force like this at length must be—
This—this must be the end!

Peace! peace at last! Oh, so to soar and reach
Into this joyous balm!
If I might tell, in the old earth-time speech,
Of this white, tender calm!

Peace! peace! to have such peace, so sweet!
It might have been so, too,
O, parted friend! had we but chanced to meet,
Had I but turned to you!

Peace! Peace! such peace! and this I know,
Since resting time is here;
It is not dark, nor less of aught to go,
But light, calm, steady, clear.

Peace! peace! this life for me is done—
Forgive it all—forget!
I go to meet the new, the rising sun—
The best life shall be yet!

—Millie W. Carpenter, in Springfield (Mass.) Republican.

JIM'S BEARS.



"I DON'T suppose it has got noised around here yet about Jim Bonesett having to shoot his trained bear, Sassy Sam, has it?" asked an innocent-looking man who had come in on the night train and had been listening to some reminiscences and experiences of different members of the Fairchild house circle, which was sitting in informal session in Hammondsport.

"Not yet," replied Landlord Ross. "We don't hear much news of that kind any more since Stebbins got married and Jake Lapham went to New York. So Sassy Sam is dead, eh? Well, where did he live when he was alive?"

"Down my way," said the stranger, "Yes, Sassy Sam is dead. Jim had to shoot him. He got the big head, Sam did, and Jim had to put a bullet in it. He was an ungrateful cub, that bear was, but what a nice mother he had! His mother's name was Peggy Ann. She lived a number of years on Jim's farm, and if ever a bear had a romantic life Peggy Ann did. Ten years ago next spring a fine Berkshire sow belonging to Jim gave birth to a litter of nine coal black pigs. This interesting pig family was kept in an inclosure out near the barn, and early one morning, when the pigs were about three weeks old, Jim heard a great squealing among them, and, hurrying out, he saw a bear getting out of the pen with one of the pigs under its arm. The mother of the kidnaped pig had made the fur fly out of the bear, and it seemed glad to get away without tarrying to capture more than one of the family. After that Jim moved the old sow and her pigs to a small building that had been used as a smokehouse, where he could shut them in and prevent further raids upon them by bears. Two or three days afterward Jim fed his pigs and started for his work and forgot to close the door of the smokehouse. When he came home at night his wife told him that early in the afternoon she heard the pigs squealing as if their little hearts were breaking and going out found the mother gone and the pigs huddled together in one corner of the inclosure. The old sow hadn't returned to her family when Jim and his wife went to bed and they were at a loss to understand her strange disappearance. As soon as he got up next morning Jim went out to take a look at the pigs. Everything was quiet and when he got to the smokehouse he was rejoiced to see the old sow lying in her place as comfortable as ever, suckling her family But what was Jim's astonishment to discover that the place at her maternal fount which had been made vacant by the heartless kidnaping raid of the bear was filled and that a black and furry baby bear occupied the place. The thing was plain as day to Jim. The sow, smarting for revenge on the bear, had taken advantage of her first opportunity to get away, tracked the bear to its lair and watching until the heartless marauder went away on some similar expedition had kidnaped the bear's cub and brought it home with her.

"That cub thrived amazingly in charge of its strange foster mother and grew up and away beyond its foster brothers and sisters. A feeling of undying affection seemed knit between the bear and Old Blacky, as the sow was called, and it grew stronger as one by one the pigs were taken away and fattened and killed. Jim named the bear Peggy Ann, it being that kind of a bear. At the age of two years she was a whopping big animal and Jim trained her to work the churning machine, take the cows to pasture, turn the cider mill, drag the harrow and make herself generally useful about the farm. She was as kind and gentle as a sheep and when she wasn't at work spent most of her time cheering up her beloved foster mother, who was getting old and feeble. The first thing Peggy Ann would do when Jim appeared in the morning was to hurry to



THE BEAR RAISED ITS PAW.

meet him and put up one of her great big paws to shake hands with him. She liked Jim next to her foster mother and she was a favorite with the whole family.

"When Peggy Ann was six years old something occurred that changed her whole life. The old sow, her foster mother, died. I have heard Jim tell about the frantic way in which poor Peggy Ann took on when she found she was an orphan. Jim said her grief was enough to make an undertaker weep. They buried Old Blacky under a tree in the orchard and for weeks Peggy Ann spent all her spare time at the grave mourning for her beloved foster parent. While she did not neglect her duties on the farm Peggy Ann became listless and apparently discontented. It was noticed that she would stand for minutes at a time and gaze mournfully at the woods, and frequently was seen taking long walks along the edge of the fields where the woods began.

"'That b'ar's b'ar natur's comin' back to her sence Old Blacky died,' Jim said to his wife one day, 'an' I'm feerd she'll go back to fust principles an' git to be a bar ag'in one o' these days.'

"One evening that fall Peggy Ann went out to Old Blacky's grave without eating her supper. When Jim went to bed that night she was mourning on the grave yet. He woke up in the night some time and still heard Peggy Ann's plaintive lamentations at her foster mother's grave. When Jim got up next morning Peggy Ann didn't come to greet him as usual and was nowhere to be found about the premises.

"'She's gone back to be a b'ar ag'in, poor old gal!' said Jim.

"There was great sorrow at Jim's farm over the going away of Peggy Ann, for she was not only a valuable piece of live stock, but she had endeared herself to the family by her cheerful and gentle ways. No effort was made to trace her and fetch her back, for, as Jim said, she had reasoned the whole matter out and knew what she thought was best for her to do. The backbone of winter was just about getting ready to be broken the next spring when Jim Bonesett almost fainted away one morning to see a big bear come running toward him in the yard. Jim was about to turn and leg it for the house when the bear stopped and lifted one fore paw. Then Jim recognized Peggy Ann, and they had a joyful time in the family when Jim hurried in with the news. And he had more news than the arrival of Peggy Ann to report, for at her side waddled a fluffy ball coal black fur in the shape of a two-weeks'-old cub. Peggy Ann and her cub were given the best of quarters and in a couple of weeks she fell into the harness again and buckled into her work just as of old. But she wasn't the same. She was listless and discontented, frequented Old Blacky's grave and seemed unhappy. But she kept right on and when her cub was old enough they broke him to do the work his mother had done so long and he got to be as apt as she was, but not so willing nor cheerful. When the young bear got so he could do the work well Peggy Ann disappeared again.

"'I see it all!' said Jim. 'The poor ol' b'ar can't stand it to be around the farm without Old Blacky and she didn't have the heart to leave us short of help. Soon as she got her son all broke into the harness she left the farm an' has gone back to the wilderness to die amongst her own folks.'

"That was Jim's theory of Peggy Ann's disappearances and I'm not going to say he wasn't right. Well, nobody ever heard anything of the old bear, and three years and more passed. Last month Jim Bonesett thought he'd go out and kill a few pheasants. He was sneaking along through the woods, when he jumped a big bear out from the roots of a fallen tree. The bear went bang against another tree in his hurry to get away and evidently thinking that Jim was responsible for this bumping of his head, he turned and made for Jim, as mad as a hornet. Jim himself had started to run, but seeing that the bear would catch him from behind and have him at a disadvantage, he turned and gave bruin a charge of bird shot. The shot didn't stop the bear and the next thing Jim knew the bear was upon him and had him down and was clawing and chawing away at him at a fearful rate. Somehow, he doesn't know how, Jim managed to get out of the bear's grasp and to his feet. He backed away and the bear came tearing at him again. Jim gave up then and would more than likely have been a dead man within the next five minutes, when swish, swash, kerlosh came something through the brush and before the bear got to Jim another big bear jumped on the scene.

"'Go 'way! go 'way!' Jim shouted, not knowing what he was at, he was so scared. 'Go 'way! One o' you can git away with me easy enough!'

"But the second bear just gave one look at Jim and then threw itself against the other bear like a locomotive. Jim said that it thrashed the first bear around so that as soon as it could get a chance it went limping and bleeding away as fast as its legs could carry it. Then the second bear turned toward Jim, and, taking a few steps, raised its right fore paw.

"'Peggy Ann, by the great corkscrew!' yelled Jim, and the next second he and the bear that had saved his life were hugging one another, while Jim jumped for joy.

"Sure enough, the rescuing bear was old Peggy Ann, and Jim induced her to go back to the farm with him. She seemed glad to get back to the old place, and when Sassy Sam, as they called her son, came in from the back orchard, where he had been turning the cider mill, she rushed up to meet him. And what do you suppose the ungrateful young rascal did? He looked contemptuously at his old mother for a moment and then struck her alongside the head a blow that knocked her prostrate at his feet. Then he marched on, not even condescending to look around. Peggy Ann got up, looked sorrowfully after Sassy Sam and then crept away to old Blacky's grave in the orchard. She lay down by the grave of her foster mother and they didn't disturb her. Next morning she was there yet, and when Jim went out to fetch her in to give her some breakfast she was dead.

"'Her heart was just broke!' said Jim.

"The knocking down of his mother by Sassy Sam seemed to put it in his head that he was the boss of things on the farm and he went to running



PEGGY ANN SAVES JIM'S LIFE.

them, and so Jim took him in hand the other day and put a ball through him.

"I didn't hardly suppose the news of it had got noised around up here yet," the stranger added, "but it's all the talk down my way."

"And where is that, stranger, if I may ask?" Landlord Ross inquired.

"Pike county, Pa.," replied the innocent-looking man and he went up to bed, while the Fairchild house circle went into executive session and took it hot.—Ed North, in N. Y. Sun.

Not Used to Late Dinners.

"Wal, sir, do you know I've been in this town for a week, eat three meals a day regular, and haven't had any supper yet," said an M. C. of decided realistic appearance in the lobby of one of the hotels to another M. C. who represents the boys in the furrow also, but who has been here once before. "Well, why don't you eat supper, make it four meals a day and get the worth of your money," said the second termer. "Why, they don't have any supper up here," replied the first termer. "Now, for instance, one of my senators asked me to take dinner with him at 8:30. Confound his old time, I recollect when he used to get up at four in the morning to feed the hogs and horses, and by 8:30 at night he was sound asleep. Wal, I reckon it all depends upon how and where a man was brought up, but if my wife knew I wasn't eating dinner until eight o'clock she would think I was being worked to death."—Washington Post.

—All Alone.—He (admiringly)—"And did you make that mat yourself?" She—"Yes, I did it all myself, with the exception of a little help I received from my six younger sisters." — Yankee Blade.

PARENTAL AUTHORITY.

It Should Be Tempered With Genuine Kindness.

There is a growing tendency among professional reformers and humanitarians to extol kindness as the chief element—as, in fact, the very mainspring of every kind of government. They would suppress all exercise of power, and, instead of firmly enforcing obedience, they would merely solicit the submission of those who are prone to disregard the law and defy authority.

This is a pernicious theory. Unquestionably, the function of government should be pervaded with a spirit of genuine kindness; but kindness alone will not govern lawlessness, nor will it even restrain either children or men from refractory behavior when their passions are aroused.

In order to command the obedience of those whom it is necessary to govern, there must be force, authority, power. There must be in the mind of the party to be governed a full conviction that the power of the other party is superior to his own; that there is in the party claiming obedience an ample reserve of power fully adequate to enforce the claim. The more complete this conviction, the less occasion there will be for the exercise of the power.

The value of kindness should not be underrated in any system of government, whether in the household, the school, or in civil society. But kindness is not the basis of government. Obedience is yielded to authority, and authority is based on right and power. The child who complies with his father's wishes only because his parents have "reasoned" with him, or who has been wheedled into compliance by petty bribes and promises, has not learned that doctrine of obedience which lies at the foundation of all government, human and divine. God has given to the parent the right to the obedience of his children, and the power to enforce it. That parent has failed in his duty who has not trained his child, not only to love him, but to obey him, in the strict sense of the word; that is, to yield his will to the will of a superior from a sense of appointed subordination and rightful authority.

This sense of subordination and of obedience to appointed and rightful authority is of the very essence of civil government, and the place where it is to be first and chiefly learned is in the household. To teach this is a main end of the parental relation. The parent who fails to teach it fails to give his child the first element of good citizenship, and leaves him often to be in after years the victim of his own uncontrolled passions and tempers. The want of a proper exercise of parental authority is, in this age of the world, one of the most prolific sources of those frightful disorders that pervade society and that threaten to uptura the very foundat ons of all civil government.—N. Y. Ledger.

HEALTHY GIRLS.

Fashion Still Rules, But It Has Surrendered One Point.

In the preparatory school of a large woman's college, which is attended by many girls from all parts of the United States, the instructor in gymnastics recently said to the pupils, as they were assembled in the gymnasium:

"I wish that the girls here who are taller than their mothers would please raise their hands."

About three-fourths of all the girls present raised their hands. The average age of the pupils was about seventeen years, though some were not more than fifteen, and in some cases these girls had not completed their growth; and yet a considerable majority of all were larger than their mothers.

The majority, too, were vigorous and healthy, and capable of long walks in the open air, and of sustained and active exercise in the gymnasium.

Within the memory of the older generation, it was "fashionable" for young women to be delicate, slender waisted, pale and incapable of much physical exertion. Bodily robustness was discouraged, and such "calisthenics" as were in vogue were of a very weak and flimsy sort.

All this reacted upon the general physical condition of women, and rendered them less vigorous and well grown.

At the present time there are many foolish fashions, no doubt, but it is no longer unfashionable for a woman to be strong and well. Suitable kinds of athletic exercises are, on the contrary, much in vogue, and a girl who can walk ten miles without serious fatigue is admired by her companions rather than looked at askance.

This is certainly one of the respects in which the world has improved. Good exercise and plenty of life out-of-doors will not only make the women of the rising generation superior to their mothers in stature, but will make them better able to support the burdens of life, and happier in supporting them.

Nor need it render them less gentle or womanly; for a healthy women has a better basis for gentleness and unselfishness than a weak and suffering one.—Youth's Companion.

—The horse car era began in New York in 1854, with two lines carrying annually 6,835,558 passengers, which was only thirteen times the population (515,547). Two years later the number of lines was doubled, and the ratio of traffic to population increased to 31.

PERSONAL AND IMPERSONAL.

—The head of Murietta, the famous Californian robber and freebooter, is preserved in alcohol in San Francisco. His given name, Joaquin, is preserved in that of the "Poet of the Sierras," Joaquin Miller.

—The Duchess of Newcastle is as fond of dogs as a Georgia negro, and is better able to keep a crowd of them yelping around her. She is particularly fond of Russian wolf hounds, and has a large kennel of them.

—The servant problem is being uniquely solved by the wife of Sir George Humphrey at Cambridge, who trains little girls from twelve to fifteen years of age at her house and then sends them out to other situations.

—The German empress is having a small model house for an artisan built which is to cost £150, in the hope that her example may be followed by others. Both the emperor and empress are in favor of small houses instead of flats for the poor.

—Succi, the faster, now offers to fast thirty days and then "take enough poison to kill forty men," in order to prove that he is sustained by an almost supernatural force, which is pure spiritualism. The coroner would call it something like Succicide.

—Besides his literary work, the late Prince Lucien Bonaparte devoted most of his time to his superb collection of Napoleonic relics, and his three little canine favorites—Titus, Regina and Judy—and to each, after their demise, he erected a costly marble tomb.

—The duke of Edinburg, the second son of Queen Victoria, is the best educated member of the British royal family. He speaks five languages fluently, plays several musical instruments well and the violin expertly, and has some talent for painting.

—Edwin Booth is seriously considering an invitation from Irving to visit him. Mr. Booth is in very poor health. He has long spells of melancholy, and at times he broods over his troubles so long that he unfits himself for eating, sleeping or enjoying the society of his friends.

—When an old veteran died at the Soldiers' home in Togus, Me., and it was ascertained that he had left several thousand dollars in cash among his effects, his chief crony exclaimed: "Be jabers, if I was to die with all that money in me clothes I'd never forgive meself as long as I'd live."

—The grave of Mr. Parnell promises to be kept green forever, as, rain or shine, crowds visit the spot and place floral tributes upon the inclosed mound. In one day no less than seventy-eight mementos in flowers, real and artificial, some under glass, to protect them from the elements, were laid upon it.

"A LITTLE NONSENSE."

—The aroma of cloves is the breath of suspicion.—Binghamton Republican.

—It was probably the man who married a rich wife who first started the joke on the difficulty of finding a woman's pocket.—Arkansaw Traveler.

—Chappie—"By the way Jessie treats me she must take me for a flat." Bessie—"No she doesn't; to her mind you come nearer a hall bed-room."—N. Y. Herald.

—Clara—"Tell me, dear, if your form was like mine, what would you wear at the masquerade ball?" Maude—"I think I should wear a balloon."—Cloak Review.

—Adam was the only man who ever started for his office of a morning without having some of his women folks stop him at the front door to brush his coat.—Fort Wayne Gazette.

—Men ridicule women because they are so eager to follow the prevailing fashion; but they are not half so eager to follow the fashion as the men seem to be to follow the women.—Somerville Journal.

—A strange idea of wifely duty comes from California. The husband, sick and suffering, requested that his better half put him out of misery. She got the shot-gun and now he is with the great majority.—Detroit Free Press.

—A New Offense. — Magistrate — "What's the charge against this man?" Officer—"Impersonatin' a fruit inspector, y'r honor." "What did he do?" "He came along th' street, y'r honor, an' kicked a fruit stand into th' gutter widout lookin' at it."—Street & Smith's Good News.

—A Rare Specimen.—Impecunious Stranger—"I understand that you purchase rare coins?" Collector—"Yes, and I am willing to pay good prices where the coin is an exceedingly rare specimen." Impecunious Stranger—"How much, then, for this? (producing a nickel.) It is exceedingly rare with me, the only one I've had for a fortnight. Come, now, what do you say?" Collector—"I say if you don't get out in two seconds, I'll unloose the dog."—Boston Transcript.

—Henry George is a singularly absent-minded and preoccupied man, so much so, indeed, that he frequently passes acquaintances by without seeing them, though he may seem to be looking them straight in the face. At the same time he is often minutely observant, and when anything unusual attracts his attention, he is prompt with a query. He reduced a harmless young Englishman to a state of painful embarrassment, amid the crowd of a London drawing room, by looking hard at his monocle, and suddenly saying: "Do you wear that because one eye is different from the other?"

ROYAL



BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

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

Alliance Department.

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Vice-President, T. J. Anderson, Paris, Texas.
Sec.-Treas., Mrs. N. L. Barrett, Dallas, Texas.
Lecturer, J. M. Purdue, West Mountan, Tex.
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C. J. Jackson, Cornhill, Ch'm. }
J. T. Crawford, Cisco, Texas. } Jud. Com.
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11th CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OFFICERS.

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

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

ERATH COUNTY OFFICERS.

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

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

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

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

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

Bartons' Creek Alliance meets svery second Saturday in each month.

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

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

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

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

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

Bunyan Alliance meets on the first Saturday in each month.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

APPOINTMENTS.

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

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

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

A Visit to Tennessee.

Since my last to your columns I made a trip to my former home in west Tennessee and returned on the 19th inst. Having been absent from there 15 years, I found many changes had taken place, but few of them for the better. I found the rich had grown richer and the poor poorer. I found in the three counties I was in, viz Weekley, Carroll and Obion, at least 40 per cent of the farms were either under mortgage or in the hands of capitalists and being rented out for money rent at from $3 to $4 per acre and but few make enough to pay the rent and they are forced to every conceivable way that can be thought of, to make buckle and tongue meet.

If the legislature wants to pass an act making rabbits a full legal tender for Texas and the interest on the rates to the banks, they could make it all right for a few years, until the rabbits become exhausted, but as it is they only go barter at the stores at five cts. a piece in payment of merchandise. Business of all kinds except banking seems to be on a stand still, wages low, the very best hands can be had at $7 per month, counting dry days, and the people out there are certainly ready for reform, but the trouble is they are not well posted, as but few of the people in the rural district take any papers and what lecturers go through there, confine their labors to the railroad towns, I delivered three lectures during my stay which were enthusiastically received, had several other appointments but inclement weather prevented my filling them, which I regretted very much.

The people out there are having quite a lot of sickness, mostly la grippe with some pneumonia and many deaths, eleven were buried during my brief stay in the vicinity. T. L. S.

The following clipping from the San Francisco Chronicle, a paper that is the sworn enemy of all who recognize anything but a gold standard, shows the tendency, even in the minds of that editor toward establishing a radical change in the basis of our circulating medium:

The director of the mint was before the house committee on coinage, weights and measures yesterday, and expressed the opinion that the supply and demand of silver alone regulated its price. We do not know what qualifications Mr. Leech threw around this opinion, but if he meant to express the idea that the commercial supply and demand was the only regulator of the price of the metal he is egregiously wrong. Supply and demand do affect its value, but he is an unwise critic who treats the demand created by a nation when it enacts that a certain metal shall have a legal tender quality as of less consequence than the commercial demand. Mr. Leech has only to ask himself what would be the consequence if the United States, England, France and Germany were to demonetize gold to see how erroneous the idea is that commercial demand is the chief factor in determining the value of a metal. Of course, the immediate result of the demonetization of gold by the nations mentioned would be to greatly reduce its value, the reduction being due to the fact that by a flat of the governments mentioned the demand for gold would be enormously dimnished.

ALLIANCE RESOLUTIONS.

RESOLVED; that we the members of Dublin Alliance No. 3,945 tender our sincere thanks to brother Housley for the efficient manner in which he has filled the office and that we regret his departure from our midst.

Z. T. PRICE Pres. J. A. ADAMS, Secy.

Cure Your Corns By Using

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

Educational Column.

PROF. W. J. CLAY, EDITOR.

SCHOOL NOTES.

School has been very full this week, Wednesday having the largest attendance ever recorded in the school,

Eleven new pupils have been received this week.

Notwithstanding the fact that a larger number of people have left town this year and a smaller number moved into town than last, the attendance has been better than last year and the average standing higher.

Mr. Evalt has been on the sick list this week and his place has been filled by Mr. Sterling Price who has acquitted himself quite creditably.

We thank you, Mr. Editor, for your valuable space and trust it may be profitably utilized. If we can arouse the people to a true conception of the work of the school we have no fears as to its failure.

PARENTS.

Teach children to put conscience in everything.

Teach them that the duties of school are important as a means to an end—the formation of character.

Teach them that the knowledge gained in school, though valuable in itself, is not worth nearly so much as the habit of trying to do things well, of which the knowledge is one result.

When your children come to you with requests about "dropping" studies and leaving school at certain hours "because they have nothing to do" consult the teacher before granting the request. Children, you know, have imperfect judgments, and are liable to be too much influenced by feeling.

Help the teachers by p'acing before the children high ideals.

Encourage your children by judicious notice, not interference. The interest of the father and mother helps wonderfully to maintain that of the child.

Accustom your children to regard the teacher as his friend. Entertain this feeling yourself, and it will greatly promote the harmony which should prevail in educational matters.

Information Wanted.

To the Brethren of the Farmers Alliance Throughout the Country:

My son, Burney Smith, left home on the 11th of December without our knowledge or consent, and our hearts are yearning to learn of his whereabouts. Can you assist us in finding our wandering boy?

The following will describe him: Is 15 years of age; weighs about 125 pounds; 5 feet 8 or 9 inches in heighth; dark hair; had on a new pair of dark jeans pants, new boots, dark slouch hat; full, fleshy cheeks; not much inclined to talk; fond of dogs and hunting.

We do not desire to compel him to return home, but only to know where he is that we may communicate with him. Address,

W. A. F. SMITH,
Gainesville, Texas.

Gov. Hogg announces that he is again "in the saddle" for governor. He states through his authorized agents that it will involve a great sacrifice by him to be governor two more years, in as much as he can make an enormous income practicing law; but in order "to vindicate his measures," he is again ready to sacrifice himself on the altar of his country. Texas don't ask this sacrifice from Gov. Hogg, and he will not have it. He has been sacrificing the state for about two years, and the people have made up their minds that he must "get up and git."

A LITTLE GIRL'S EXPERIENCE IN A LIGHTHOUSE.

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

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

STRENGTH AND HEALTH.

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

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

L. D. YOUNG,

Contractor & Builder,

Dublin Texas.

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

PASTOR KOENIGS NERVE TONIC

Had the Desired Effect!

CARROLLTON, Green Co., Ill., Nov., '88.

I highly recommend Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic to anybody that has suffered from headache as my son did for 5 years, because two bottles of the medicine cured him. M. McTIGUE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., March 6, 1891.

For 8 years I had feelings that I can hardly describe. I would feel at times that I was surely dying, or have presentiments that something dreadful was about to happen; since taking Pastor Koenig's Nerve Tonic I have felt like a different person. It is a wonderful medicine. MRS. AGNES SHEA.

LORETTO, Ky., March 2, 1891.

I have taken Pastor Koenig's Tonic for epilepsy of 3 years' standing, and it worked like a charm on me, after several doctors did me no good. Your medicine is perfection. L. O. VAN CLEAVE.

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.

Tower's Improved SLICKER

is Guaranteed Absolutely Water proof.

Will Not Peel Leak or Stick

All Improved Slickers have beside the Fish Brand TRADEMARK on every Coat a Soft Woolen Collar.

Watch Out!

Send for Catalogue.

A. J. TOWER, MFR. BOSTON, MASS.

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.

FOR THE BLOOD,

Weakness, Malaria, Indigestion and Billousness, take

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

It cures quickly. For sale by all dealers in medicine. Get the genuine.

How I Was Cured of So-Called Cancer.

LULATIN, GA.

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

Yours truly,
L. J. STRICKLAND.

Cholera is the most fatal disease that breeders of poultry have to contend with. Bliss' Chicken Cholera Cure is as near a specific as quinine is for fevers in the human family. Try it. See advertisement. 1

A Sprained Ankle.

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

Criticising a Young Lady.

"She would be a pretty girl but for one thing."

"What's that?" asked Charley.

George—"Her face is always covered with purple and red blotches."

Charley—"Oh, that's easily enough disposed of. Used to be the same way myself, but I caught on to the trouble one day, and got rid of it in no time."

George—"What was it?"

Charley—"Simply blood eruptions. Took a short course of P. P. P. I tell you its the best blood corrector. The governor had rheumatism so bad that you could hear him holler clear across the county every time he moved. He tried it, and you know what an athletic old gent he is now. If somebody would give Miss Daisy a pointer she would thank them afterwards. All the drugstores sell it. 7

If YOU WISH TO Advertise Anything Anywhere AT Any time WRITE TO GEO. P. ROWELL & Co No. 10 Spruce St., NEW YORK.

OFFICIAL GUIDE —TO THE— Great World's Fair and Chicago NOW READY.

Nearly 400 pages, size, 9x15 inches. Elegantly printed. Handsomely bound in silk cloth, embossed in gold. Superbly illustrated with magnificent representations of all the mammoth World's Fair Buildings. Each building a full page colored plate, executed in eight oil colors at a cost of nearly

FORTY THOUSAND Dollars

Many photographic views of Chicago's "sky scraper" buildings, such as the new Masonic Temple, 21 stories high, the Auditorium, the Rookery, etc. A superb bird's-eye view of the entire city, size 15x25 inches. The crowning feature is a grand cyclorama picture, Bird's-eye View of the Exposition Grounds and Buildings, in eight oil colors, size 9x36 inches, positively dazzling in magnificence, revealing what will cost over $20,000,000. It is a wonderful picture, showing what cannot be perfectly described. It sits before you the grandest spectacle of modern times, where the richest products of every clime will be shown. Every nation in the world will be represented.

The book is for the millions who contemplate visiting Chicago in 1893. It will be purchased by the millions who cannot go, by who will desire to know just what their friends are seeing.

The Chance of a Life-Time!

Act quick and you can make hundreds of dollars. We want an agent in every town to circulate this book. Exclusive territory given. It sells at sight, because it is attractive and contains information all are anxious to know. The time is ripe for it. This is the best selling thing ever offered. Agents are meeting with unparalleled success. One agent cleared $450 in 9 days; another $26 in 40 minutes; another reports 320 orders the first week.

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

Address the sole general agents for the state,

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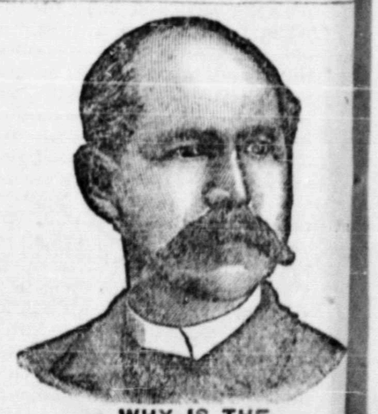
EMILY BUILDING.

IT SHOULD BE IN EVERY HOUSE.

J. B. Wilson, 371 Clay St., Sharpsburg, Pa., says he will not be without Dr. Kings New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds, that it cured his wife who was threatened with pneumonia after an attack of "la grippe," when various other remedies and several physicians had done her no good. Robert Farber, of Cooksport, Pa., claims that Dr. Kings New Discovery has done him more good than anything he ever used for Lung Trouble. Nothing like it. Try it. Free trial bottles at Herring & Chapman's drug store. Large bottles 50c and $1.

Had not Slept for Years.

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



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

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

$5.00 Genuine Hand-sewed, the finest 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; flat 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 excel on their merits, as the increasing sales show.

Ladies $3.00 Hand-sewed shoe. Dongola, very stylish; equals French imported shoes costing from $4.00 to $5.00.

Ladies' 2.50, $2.00 and $1.75 shoes. Misses are the best fine Dongola. Stylish and dressy.

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

IF TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE. Insist on local advertised dealers supplying you. W. L. DOUGLAS, Brockton, Mass.

S. NOVAKOSKI