

WOMEN'S THANKSGIVING NOVELTY EDITION, OF THE COLORADO TIMES.

COLORADO, TEXAS, NOVEMBER 26, 1906.

A Thanksgiving Story.

Written for this Edition by Miss Mary Guinn Nesbit, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Nesbit, of Rockwall, Texas.

The Club--the J. U. G.--Just Us Girls, had been organized early in summer.

It had very learnedly discussed both social and political problems, literature, music, art, had had a most wonderful drama, a musicale, and now a Thanksgiving dinner is proposed.

The very idea brings down the house. Instantly every girl rises the floor, wildly gesticulating, and loudly talking in the same key, perhaps, as that employed by Spartacus when he rallied the Romans, or Patrick Henry, when he addressed the convention; such a Babel of voices! A flock of robins in a cherry tree couldn't make half the noise and weren't a bit happier, either.

When the turbulent excitement became subdued, and harmony prevailed, it was found that the club must have the dinner. The girls were to prepare the dishes with their own fair hands, and at the hour designated to repair to Mrs. White's where the feast was to be spread and enjoyed by their guests and themselves. Thanksgiving was a dreadful time off. The club was wild with impatience. An extra meeting was called, committees appointed, bills of fare inspected, guests invited, and thousands of necessary details discussed and arranged. There was no fear that the dinner would be a failure; imagination painted it a lovely success in which each girl acquitted herself with honors that might have been ascribed to a French chef. Individually they had had small experience in such matters, it is true, but what of that?

From the first grade all the way up. "Where there's a will there's a way" had sounded in their ears until they actually believed it! Nobody could cook, and so could they! Cook books were in demand and recipes were learned by rote. The club felt its ability to prepare the feast in an amazingly short time, for a presidential birthday. Cora was the Palerowski of the club. Midge the Jenny Lind, Nell the Old Bull, Effie the artist, Nannie the Delisarte. Lelia had carried off first honors and was twice medalled. Nina and Polly had delved in Latin and Greek and were skilled bicycle riders, so it was easy to be seen that the club was equal to any dinner. Why, such girls, with small effort, could copyright a cook book that would be standard in any well regulated household.

It is true they had viewed culinary art with some suspicion and their knowledge of it was gained at respectful distances; in fact, "the lines had fallen" to them in higher places. They soiled the Alps in other fields

and wore laurels grown on broader plains and in more exalted atmospheres.

At last the great day of preparation dawned. Each set merrily about the task assigned her, and with such confidence as would have been a credit to Napoleon at Waterloo. Had the club designed fitting out an expedition to the North Pole, or a tour to Central Africa it would scarce have assumed a more important air, or greater dignity. Kitchens were invaded, the services of a small boy engaged, and the proceedings opened in a brisk manner and on a large scale. Immediately there began a struggle in which deft fingers, quantities of flour, sugar, tight hearts, butter, baking powders, scissors, deviously learned recipes, pans, casseroles, anticipations, and a flood of other things became involved, the results of which astonished the mamma and delighted the girls. The small boy was kept going like a pair of windmill blades from daylight till dark carrying mysterious messages, doing chores and running errands. The club's mathematician calculated that this boy during the two days in their employ had traveled about one hundred and fifty miles, and consequently they paid him mileage in addition to regular salary.

Thanksgiving day dawned gloriously bright--one of the six perfect days in the year. The club was up with the first light of dawn. The fair day was regarded as an omen of success. Hearts were jubilant and brimming; Nannie struck a tragic attitude and effervesced. "Now the music, soft and slow as a fairy's dream, lays all the landscape in its silver fold." "Let us up and do!" said Nina.

It devolved upon the small boy to bear in to Mr. White's the various baskets, which to his credit he did with a grace and agility that brought forth a murmur of applause from the club. Only once did he create a pause as he dragged up the step; bearing Cora's basket which was freighted with good things, he missed his footing, ingloriously rolling and floundering without a stop until he fell into an ignominious heap in Mrs. White's geranium bed. The basket earned over thump, bump; emptying delicious viands at every bound.

Fido, snugly curled on a mat in the sun was rudely awakened from festive dreams by the blood curdling shrieks of the club, now rushed up and proceeded to bark in a furious manner. There was weeping, laughter, dismay.

"Oh, my turkey," cried Cora growing weak. "My precious, precious turkey!" as that noble bird, trussed, stuffed and browned out its last antic in the atmosphere and lay near the small boy in a nest of geraniums. Nell seized the treasure, which after all

was only rudely slain, and sustained no very serious damage as he had been neatly rolled up in a towel. The debris was cleared away. Johnnie's bruises were looked after and smooth sailing began again. Polly's bread was a mystery; it refused to be cut. Midge tiptoeing to bear weight on the knife, which had been sharpened to the best degree, finally succeeded in carving it. "How in the world did you make it Polly," cried the girls; "let's get out a patent for it and grow fabulously rich." "Oh," cried Polly, "that's a new device in brick work." The club stood in awe. Mary's cake revealing a snowy mass, that made one smack his lips in anticipation, was a revelation so tempting was it, that Nannie slipped a small bit into her mouth as she was raising it on the table.

Suddenly she collapsed, and fell in a heap on the floor and across the cat who, at that instant was crossing the floor in a patronizing manner. An unearthly wail, and Nannie rose, alternately choking and laughing so immoderately as to be unable to breathe. She brought the club to the table of another panic. "Oh, Nannie, what is it, what is the matter?" Assailed to her feet she only pointed to the cake. Horror of horrors! They discovered that Lelia had used fine table salt instead of sugar. Poor Lelia was agast. "We can't use it," said she, "I'm perfectly awful!"

"Yes, yes, we will," the regulation was we were to serve all that we prepared."

"Then that cake will be a offset to P. F.'s bread."

Another disaster was unearthed when some one slipped Nannie's coffee. Midge wailed her eyes to the ceiling and was utterly unable to control her laughter.

"Here's the climax girls," now, the coffee mill had served as a piece mill, some apiece remained in it and was mixed with the coffee giving it both a pectinic aroma and a most dreadful taste. Becomingly attired, an hour later the club with half a dozen guests were seated at the dinner table. A happier picture would be hard to find. Radiant faces, happy hearts and youthful appetites were lost in admiration. The room was charmingly decorated. Never had Effie manifested better display of artistic talent. Delicous tea roses nodded brightly from unexpected nooks, the table embodying the colors of the club, was a symphony in yellow and white,--crysanthemums being the flowers used. The souvenirs were dainty white and gold booklets which contained a history of the club. Sir Walter Scott would describe the table as "literally groaning" beneath the weight of fruits and delicacies that greeted the enraptured beholders.

There is nothing on earth that relaxes man's social nature as a good dinner. He grows delicate, tender, charming, graceful, witty and gallant.

"Seems to me that's the best water I ever drank," said Frank taking a copious draught and Mr.

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ling down his eyes. He had just managed to swallow a large mouthful of Lelia's cake. There was an exchange of glances, but the club preserved a discreet silence.

"Yes" said Lelia sweetly, "water is indeed a luxury. It is said that only travelers on the great desert thoroughly appreciate it."

"The nearest way to my heart is down my throat," continued Frank, passing the cake to Jack.

"Then be warned that the club is a snare and a delusion" said Nannie.

Ned, poor hero, actually drank a whole cup of that awful coffee without a line or quaver, and unabashedly asked for a second cup.

There was a jolly time afterward in the parlor, and a bright sprinkle of stars overhead lighted the way homeward some hours afterward.

At the next meeting of the club there was a document found on the desk of the secretary.

Here is a copy: Whereas, the J. U. G's have seen fit to bestir themselves in a wonderful manner, and

Whereas, the result of that industry be a thanksgiving dinner

of gigantic proportion including sundry dishes of doubtful character and questionable taste, and

Whereas, yielding to the dictates of courtesy, as guests, we partook on a large scale, to show our appreciation thereof, and

Whereas, some of said dishes being of peculiar construction and remarkable fancy and flavor, distinguished by their tenacity and solidity, thereby taxing our jaws to their utmost capacity, endangering our teeth and leaving seeds for future dyspepsia.

Now therefore be it resolved that we tender our profound thanks to these girls, that our lives have been preserved in the midst of such bounty, and that we recommend more kitchen lore and less music and latin.

Resolved that man's happiness is largely a result of what he eats. Resolved, that we deeply sympathize with those poor unfortunates whose lot it will be to fall into these fair hands.

{ B. Franklin Smith,
Thomas Blackstone Jones,
George Washington Robinson,
Com.
Rockwall, Tex. Nov. 6, 1906.

**WOMEN'S
THANKSGIVING
EDITION,
—OF—
The Colorado Times.**

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THURSDAY, NOV. 26, 1896.

**Special
Thanksgiving.**

ON THIS day of feasting, to both body and soul, when the nation's heart is filled with great joy, and greater humility, as the mighty volume of praise flows up to the Heavenly throne, it holds within it no sweeter atom of thanksgiving than the mingling strain from the women of Colorado Baptist church; and more especially that portion of it under whose auspices this edition is sent forth. Wherever this association turns its eyes in this community, thanks for past or present favors of deed and word are due. Well it knows, and humbly acknowledges the fact, that the generous upholding of its weak hands for all these several years, is the outcome of the worthiness of the object for which it works, and the wonderful spirit of co-operation in all good ventures that blesses this community. To rich and poor, to small and great, it is alike indebted; and all of these it can but "thank, and thank, and thank again." Since "the half can never be told."

AND NOW TO THE ORTHODOX EDITORIAL.

FROM this portion of the untrammeled west, located in Texas state, Mitchell county, Colorado City, comes the Women's Thanksgiving Novelty Edition of the COLORADO TIMES. Not to get up "a shindy" "a la Nym Crinkle, on the priority of the sexes", nor yet to stir up the masses against the classes that can love but one of the metals, and will have that preferred, as sole tenant of the pocket,—but to grasp with outstretched hands, either lustrous gold or shining silver and blend their colors into an olio of appreciative thanksgiving for the encouragement that both women and men, especially those afar, have given this enterprise. If others object it can only be said in the famous words of an old sister that "I'm not denyin' that women air foolish, for God a mighty always makes 'em to match the men."

On the status of this wise old woman—it is proposed to picture, from a woman's standpoint, a perfect man; hoping that some may reach the climax, and some women may match them.

Such a man supports the orthodox church of his choice, and lives the religion of the lowly Nazarene in his own home and elsewhere; he is an effective member of the present social order, and a promoter of the better social order to come, the one by recognizing the good and evil of the infernal workings of existing methods, the other by helping to develop the good out of the evil.

radical social change, that usually uproots the wheat with the tares; he is a good business man and an active force in politics, the first to earn an honest living, the second to help every other to a fair chance of the same, instead of making his own "pile" and leaving every other to "rattle for himself." Whether woman exerts an equal or less influence, she is in it,—to match the man.

From this lofty pinnacle of man's general, and not ideal, perfection, a straight path leads to the "home rule" of women; and from this present "seat of empire" again leads out and beyond these "sacred precincts," to special duties. That all that is best and highest in life, centers in the home, all hasten to admit; but a center presupposes radii; and these being numbered by the variety of influences that flow out of the center, are alone measured in length by circumstance, and an opportunity that expands with its use. In a word, it would seem that as at present constituted, masculine effort forming and continually leading into the home, together with feminine influences ever flowing out of it, make up the more or less rounded out circle of human life that is more or less perfect, as the unison of the two lives is complete.

Drawing these lines to the focus of Colorado women, their home influence is reflected in its religious and social status. These are so ably depicted in the articles given below that further comment would be superfluous while the business status is self-illustrated. Suggestions of the needs that Colorado women, in co-operation, might help to supply, is dealt with here, and narrowed to two objects—the beginning and the end of all social, religious and business life. The first being

SCHOOLS.

THESE are officered by talent that would do credit to any place while the seating capacity of each building is crowded with students beyond all precedent. A great army of all school ages, is at stated times, released from quiet study into the fun and frolic, chatter and clatter that may be best illustrated by Holmes' "Gibble, gabble, gobble git;" but unlike the "Tea Cups" in the cozy parlor, these have no enclosed, equipped and shaded play grounds, in which to express relaxation from study tension. Hence they fill the surrounding streets, and flowing like Tennyson's "Babbling Brook," but without its barrier of flowering banks, must overflow into the shade of the surrounding yard fences. However, these fences may be glorified by the periodical drapery of mirth and beauty, and although it is a pleasure for the near residents to look upon it, yet all will admit that the waters of a brook, however lovely and inspiring, should flow within its own banks. All phases of life lead at last to the

CZMETERY.

Tho' one may long in vain for "the touch of a vanished hand" or "the sound of a voice that is still," yet, over the lonely mound or still lonelier shaft, whether watered by anguished tears, or tinged with comfort in the marbled expression of tender thought, the birds may sing and the branches wave, flowers bloom and sweet odors perfume the air above, in a tender requiem to the sleepers beneath the sod, that may help to comfort the living. But the only requiem of our Colorado dead, is the heavy thud of rain, the sighing breeze, or rough east wind merging into the roar of old Boreas, as they gently sway, roughly blow or mightily tear the pall of grass, bare and desolate

the cover the earth.

Now years ago our Mrs. T. Q. Mullen made a noble effort to remedy this, and through her personal exertions, water, the prime factor in an effort to adorn, was introduced. There the effort rested not for the want of interest, but of organization. Now men—immersed in business—as a rule, are too busy to take hold of such matters. It is women who usually suggest all finishing touches of comfort, beauty and grace to the necessary furnishings of a home; who have built the school houses and enclosed the cemetery for God's Acre. This is intended as a practical illustration of the main points to be made: That efforts of men flow into the home from its foundation to the place of its dead, and the influence of women, flowing out of it, and the perfecting of all essentials into comfort and beauty, gives more or less perfect form to the rounded lines in which all humanity moves and has its being.

A Town Improvement Society,

Composed of all men and women interested and held together by regular dues, where women would supply the detail of work and men generally supervise and sustain it, would seem to be an ideal remedy, not only for the two needs discussed but for every other need of the same nature.

Business in this edition, as said above, is self-illustrated; yet out of its preferences, sustained by its finance, grows its

RELIGIOUS STATUS.

By Mrs. Daisy Crawford Carroll—wife of B. H. Carroll, Jr., Pastor of Colorado Baptist church.

The religious status of our fair city of Colorado is decidedly Christian, Christ-like in belief and deeds. One might ask, what is the index of a religious status? Is it churches? They number six, and last summer a tabernacle capable of seating thousands was built, and filled nightly with vast and attentive throngs. Is it church attendance? Every pastor can testify to the faithfulness with which both converted and unconverted attend divine services. Is it prayer-meeting? It is not uncommon to see over half the church-membership out on Wednesday nights at prayer service, and in some of the churches nearly every male member leads in prayer. It is liberality that shows the religious standing of a city? This city of less than three thousand inhabitants has contributed in the past year nearly ten thousand dollars (\$10,000) for religious work at home and abroad. Is it accessions? Hundreds have been added to the rolls of the various churches in the past year. Is it development? Let the Christian Endeavor, Westminster and Epworth leagues, B. Y. P. U., Ladies' Aid, Guilds, and prayer-meetings testify. Do church buildings show the religious status of a people? The Presbyterians are worshipping in a beautiful new church, built in the past few years. The Episcopalians have a handsome church and the Methodist have repaired and beautified the interior of their brick building. The Baptist have just completed the erection of one of the most beautiful and substantial church buildings in the state, and the Christian denomination has raised the money and let the contract for a new building.

Does the religious status of a city depend upon Christian unity? We have that best of all unions, a union in Christ, works in charity, and in love. With the staunchest fidelity to denomination and what we believe the Bible teach, there co-exists the

most perfect good feeling, sympathy and all possible co-operation in Christian work. It is with pride and gratitude to God that I say, denominational jealousy or hatred is a thing unknown.

Too much stress cannot be laid on the ladies prayer-meetings. Strictly undenominational in character, with an average attendance of about 25 of the ladies of the town have met at different homes once a week without failure for more than a year in the capacity of a prayer-meeting. Only the Almighty can estimate the good they have done. The spirit of Jesus is shown forth the brightest in loving kindness to the sick and needy, and reverence for the dead. If pure and undefiled religion before God, the father, is to visit the widowed and fatherless in their affliction and to keep yourself unspotted from the world, then the Christians of Colorado deserve to have their names written by Ben Adhems' angel in the book of God.

It is belief and practice that gives tone and color to all social life and not of its "religious status" is evolved.

THE SOCIAL STATUS OF COLORADO.

Written by Miss Elizabeth Jennings, daughter of Judge C. A. Jennings

Among the oldest clubs in Colorado is the Standard club, composed of ten of Colorado's literary women. This club has been organized over three years and has quite a number of its original members. Course of study the past three years has comprised:

A ground work of ancient history, history of Italy and Greece, history of England and English literature—course of travel from Finland to Greece with Greek history, art and literature, history of Spain and Mexico followed by a brief history of Texas. It has recently taken up the study of Greek civilization as a beginning of their winter's course.

Among recent organizations is a piano club, composed of the pianists of Colorado. It meets fortnightly. The course comprises the study of musical history, piano composers and their work, with renditions from from the composers by the several members.

The up-to-date club has a roster of fourteen names; a majority of them being transferred from the "Unique club" of blessed memory, to the more progressive later organization, which proposes in time to develop its members into practical club women. This club is not social but educative; and is, therefore, not exclusive. All who care to learn with them and will take their turn in leadership, whether cultured or otherwise, are cordially welcomed. Its government is not elective, save by the letter incident of their surnames. Each week's leader being designated in the alphabetical order of those present at the preceding meeting, and her authority is absolute for one day. She gives the subject for the next lesson, divides it into as many topics as there are members present and assigns one to each. As all have a day of brief authority in turn, a demur from the chair is usually declared out of order, tho' as a rule each one has decided for herself whether she will write or speak on a given topic.

The secretary, succeeding in the same order once a month, performs the usual duties of the office and in addition announces every week each leader, two weeks previous, so that she may provide the subject and assign

topics one week in advance.

As a knowledge of all topics is up-to-date, this club studies in any line that the body may select. At present it is working upon current literature, which embraces all books that have been published within the year, either in new or old edition.

Those members abreast with the times are in close sympathy with the club, while others enjoy the name but are only looked for tho' always welcomed when they care to attend.

Dame Ramor has it that young ladies intend re-organizing the Colorado Cooking Club in the near future. This piece of information is heralded with delight by the friends of the club, who remember the delightful dinners given by the C. C. C.

The young men of the gymnasium are contemplating removing from their hall on Oak street to more commodious quarters. The gymnasium is quite pleasurable as well as profitable for those who frequent it during the long winter evenings. Its membership numbers thirty of Colorado's young men.

The Episcopal Monday evening literary society, though recognized by the members of the Episcopal church, is quite undenominational as a literary society, as its large number of members from all denominations shows.

Friday evening's Fun club is quite a source of pleasure, as its name shows, to the younger society set who organized it.

Besides the regular League course the Friday evening literary of the Methodist League, has taken up the study of American poets, their lives and works, as a beginning of their new course.

Colorado is proud to acknowledge all these organizations as they discover the fact that our little city will soon reach the high water mark of culture and refinement.

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W. E. PENN,
Eureka Springs, Ark.

Letter of Greeting.

Eureka Springs, Ark., Nov. 17, 1896.—Having learned that you are to have a novelty Thanksgiving edition of The Colorado Times, I hasten to extend to you my hearty congratulations in the good work you will accomplish by reason of this noble and generous offer tendered you by The Times. And to show how much I appreciate your efforts, I enclose to you an "ad" to be inserted in your edition. May God bless the Christian women of Colorado. I remember their faithfulness and labors of love in other days. I am rejoiced that they are still pressing forward in the good work. May they continue to honor and glorify Him who said "Work while the day lasts for the night cometh when no man can work."

Your sister in Christ,
Mrs. W. E. PENN.

Having decided to leave, we wish to express our gratitude to the people of Colorado and vicinity for the liberal patronage accorded us in the past six years.

SIG SIMON & BRO.

Much to the regret of all concerned the story of Pauline Periwinkle for the children, was crowded out a wing to late arrival

Too Quickly Judged.

Miss Eva Dreeben, of the East Texas Baptist College, at Rush, Texas.

"I never saw the likes of putting on as them Joneses do since Mrs. Jones' uncle left them that money. Bought a new parlor set and old Jones thinks of building in the spring. There is Tim, sent him to Poughkeepsie, as they call it, to study book-keeping, and Lena who always had such sweet, prim ways, sent her to Cincinnati to take music lessons. La! who knows when that girl comes back she will be so stuck up she will not come nigh us. The likes of the clothes they made her I never saw in all my life." such was the gabbling Mrs. Newton's comment. Melville was a sociable little village, and when the Sewing Circle met there was always a plenty to talk about.

"Why they shouldn't I can't see," said Mrs. Boyd, "they should fix up a little now that they have the means and as to the Jones people putting on airs, I don't believe they do."

Mrs. Jones had an uncle who was worth \$50,000 and when he died he left it all to his only niece.

Mr. Jones' family were not wealthy and the snug little fortune came in exceedingly handy. Tim, whom they had sent away to a commercial college, was a bright boy and very ambitious, and Lena who was sent to take a musical course, was as Mrs. Newton had said a "very sweet prim girl." Lena was fourteen years old and a lover of music. She had all her life longed to become a musician and now her hopes were to be realized. The Jones family improved their home and themselves wonderfully and yet laid by a snug sum for their only children, Tim and Lena.

Lena had been away from home three years, and now she was to come home. She had graduated with high honors and her homecoming was a great pleasure to her parents and to Tim who had returned home and had obtained a splendid position in New York as a book keeper.

The village was quite astir one Sunday morning, for the people heard that Lena had returned, and of course would be at church Sunday. All the village, especially the maidens, "turned out" in their best for church.

They were anxious to see what Lena wore and to go home and imitate her. The people had only been assembled but a short time in the church, when Mr. and Mrs. Jones and Lena came in. Every body's head was turned and expected to see her in a grand silk and gaudy trimmings. But they were mistaken and were very much surprised when they saw a sweet-looking girl in a plain white lawn dress and plain white sailor hat. The village girls were very much out of place they had adorned themselves in their very best with no end of laces and ribbons.

Lena came in smiling and bowing to everyone and Mrs. Newton was seen to strain her neck so she could get a peep at her. During service Mrs. Newton remarked to her neighbor, Mrs. Boyd, "That girl just dressed that way to make our girls ashamed of themselves. There's my niece, M. Huda, in her pink lawn and pink ribbons looks a sight more stylish and city-like than Lena Jones. But mark my words, she is just doing that to take us in in less than three days she will

be promenading around here in her finery and showing city ways." After service was over Lena went to all her friends kissing and shaking hands with them. Lena had only been home a week when a supper was given for the benefit of the church. There was also a room where the young people could gather and have a party. While the ladies were fixing the tables, Mrs. Newton to Mrs. Boyd who was helping her and began, "Now you just watch and see if Lena Jones don't come up here dressed to kill. Told you she would be showing her city airs 'fore long." Will wrote her a note to ask her if he could take her here and she flatly refused him. Will Newton is as good as any boy around here and a sight better than that Tim Jones who spins around here every Sunday on his bicycle to show us what the city has done for him."

True to Mrs. Newton's word Lena was well dressed. She wore a real pretty garnet silk trimmed elaborately with Van Dyke lace. Mrs. Newton's wrath was raised against Lena because she had refused Will Newton's proposal. No one could see the man. Will was a bad man. All disposition like his was. All remarked that evening, "That Lena looked like a peacock, strutting around to show its plumage."

A few days after the festival Mrs. Newton was taken sick with rheumatism. She was so cross and cranky that no one wanted to nurse her and her servant left her. Mrs. Newton continued to grow worse and the result was she had to end for her sister, Mrs. Cone, of Saville. Her sister came, but being a very delicate lady, was barely able to do the work. One day Mrs. Cone was surprised to see a bright-looking girl at the kitchen door who wanted to know if she could be of any assistance to her. Mrs. Cone recognized the girl as Lena Jones. She knew she was a good girl and gladly accepted the kind offer. Lena went to work, cleaned up the kitchen and made some delicacies for Mrs. Newton. She made some soup and carried it to Mrs. Newton's room and with a sweet smile said, "Mrs. Newton, I have made you some soup, I thought you would enjoy some, and if there is anything I can do for you, I will be pleased to do so." "La! knows child," was all Mrs. Newton could say. She was so surprised and so taken back by her meanness, she could not find words to express herself. Lena stayed with Mrs. Newton several days and was considerable help to her.

Mrs. Newton afterwards grew better and no one was so loved or more thought of than Lena was by her.

Mrs. Newton was not such a "gabbling" after she saw how mistaken she was by judging Lena so rashly.

Mrs. Newton had some property and when she died she left a nice little lot to Lena and also a beautiful antique china set which was very valuable and more prized than all the rest.

The beautiful story titled "A Pansy Saved Him," printed on the 8th page, was written by Katie A. Sharpe, of Groesbeek, Texas. This school girl of 17 summers has the distinction of being the first contributor to the Women's Edition.

Mr. H. U. Caldwell, late of the firm of Dellig & Co., second-hand furniture dealers, is an altogether reliable business man and one of Colorado's best citizens. He is at present devoting himself to his farm and ranch business; but his many friends would be glad to have him permanently locate in Colorado. In business he is prompt and reliable; as a neighbor he is one to be depended upon in all the emergencies of life.

To Teach Children How to Tell What They Know.

Written for this Edition by Mrs. Maudie Largent, of Colorado.

The first requisite for pupils to be able to tell what they know is to know something worth telling something that is valuable and interesting and adapted to their minds. Then in order to give them a storehouse of knowledge to draw from what could be more useful than to encourage them to read instructive literature? Good reading is the cornerstone of common school education and it is more systematically neglected than any other branch except on its merely mechanical and formal side of learning—that is, to be able to call words readily at sight. Let each reading be for the purpose of fixing noble ideas and purposes in the mind, to give them good forms of language and encourage them to talk of what they have read.

There is an abundant and rich literature which may be had almost for the asking. With superintendent and earnest teachers to guide and inspire them great things might be done in the way of establishing a taste for and a habit of reading and effective methods of teaching it.

Some one has said it matters less what a child learns at school than how he learns it. Comparatively few of the many facts learned in school are of any practical value to the pupil in after life. But the power of concentrating the mind, the habits of thought formed during school life are constant and potent factors in all future activities. The development of common sense, the thinking power, is the most practical of all practical education. But this thinking power grows only through the pupil's self-activity and no amount of instruction pounded into the five senses can become mental nourishment until digested and assimilated through this self-activity. Arousing the thinking powers of the child, get his attention and ideas and draw him out on this line. If this is done the subject will develop itself. I have taught a child more in five minutes by sitting down by his side and working from his point of view than I had done in thirty minutes developing the subject. Some teachers think they have proved the fallacy of the old saying that there is no royal road to learning. "It is developing strength by making things easy." Each lesson is chopped into mince meat, pulverized, atomized and administered in homeopathic doses. Forty or fifty questions on the number five, for instance. How can our pupil's minds gain strength and power to tell what they know, fed on such mental pabulum? The Evolution of Dodd with his experiences with his machine teachers often occurs to my mind.

To impart information is essential that the teacher know thoroughly the facts with which she wishes to present and the relation which they bear to each other. Most of my failures have been the

direct result of having failed to study the lessons in respect to the attitude of the pupils who were to be taught. His mind must reach out by means of previously acquired knowledge and grasp the new facts presented. Each lesson must be grafted upon the preceding and all lessons, and all subjects made to form one harmonious whole—an educated mind. Thus the child may be able to express what he knows if he has a connected idea of the whole subject; today's, yesterday's and day's previous all firmly bound together, making one harmonious whole. Allow the child to form his own replies, see that he understands the subject, but keep before him the necessity of making his answers intelligent and concise as possible; assist him to interpret authors' meaning quickly and firmly grasp what the author is endeavoring to teach. They can then, after they leave school, understand the ideas as they are presented in the magazines and papers of the day, which I regard as a very potent factor in the education of every child. If a class be treated orally to some mystical stories, some biographies of noted men and women by the teachers of the primary grades, they can better appreciate and understand the stories in higher grades. Let the teacher tell these stories in an easy, interesting way and when the children see their old friends in new dress the thought is easy and familiar and they read with more expression and gather a great deal more from the story than they would do otherwise. Then call upon them to tell what they know of the subject; they can do so in an easy, natural manner. By these oral presentations the teacher can adapt the story and the language to the immediate needs of the class as no author can do. She can suggest lines of thought, call up ideas from the children's experiences. Children that are timid and slow to respond to the call for oral reproductions must be treated kindly and patiently until more confidence is gained. To secure a good reproduction in simple but plain and correct language must be the aim of the teacher. When a child has learned a new word teach him to apply it. We have no use for a mind stored with such knowledge as this; teach the child to use all his newly acquired knowledge until he is familiar with it, then he can use it when the time and opportunity is offered.

MARRYING FOR MONEY.

With Compliments From Miss Jeannette Mirion Goldberg, of Sherman, Texas, to The Women's Edition.

Of all fashion's follies this literal soul bartering is the most terrible. Our American girls seem to glory in exchanging their heart's love for a coronet, tarnished or untarnished. The first act in the drama is the debutante. Her school days are passed. The fashionable young lady bias adieu to text book, and the first thing she does is to forget all she has been forced to learn. She adopts worldly accomplishments, these being the counters which pass as good coin in the world in which she moves. Instead of reviewing the lives and acts of great men, she commits to memory the pedigree and financial limit of some Italian "no-count," supposed Russian prince, would-be marquis or duke. For the wars and struggles of nations, she substitutes the latest gossip or minutest detail of

sensation. Her path is pleasure; her goal, a rich and titled marriage. In order to be enrolled among the "angels," her first great act is to make her debut. She is now a debutant, a neophyte. She has her victims selected, her golden calves to whom she offers incense and is fully determined to win one of the herd of title owners. Ducats are her consideration and if propinquity has anything to do with it, Sir Cupid has an able coadjutor. Anxious and scheming mammas are also powerful adjuncts, hieing away to the watering places where wealth and titled aristocracy dwell, the gentle maiden arms herself cap-a-pie for the campaign. Then little summer affaires de coeur seem to sparkle with a peculiar fascination. Among the army of nature's noblemen, she meets true, honest, capable men. They are discarded as they only have a man's true love, a home of honor and comfort, but not of luxury, to offer her. Indeed they are not the bait by which she is to be captivated. She secretly flirts with these, but keeps her heart entrenched. Exclusive society may put up its picket fences of propriety, yet safely entrenched within her citadel of admirers women smiles defiance thereon. Is she to stupify her aims by giving way to that emotion called love, she whose desire is a marriage of wealth and title? Between love and wealth there is a great gulf, so she selects her way. The man with the colossal fortune or high-sounding title, though loathsome he may be, yields himself her prisoner, and the social journals announce the engagement. She now plays the role of the flatterer. I liken this to the poor Hindoo widow at the funeral pyre. The first named deluded victim dare not confess the price she pays. Intoxicated with the incense of flattery and attention she now receives, blinded with the dazzling splendor for which she is bartering all that is sacred in life, she goes to the altar as her prototype went to the funeral of her dead lord. One gains the heaven of worldly success, the other of eternal bliss. The faith of the poor deluded Hindoo was a sacrifice, a sublime devotion to the altar or shrine of faith, the latter a bending of the knee before the altar of Mammon, the modern moloch.

One would think the self respect, if not the patriotism of American women, would revolt at this system of bargain and sale. The marriage of poverty-stricken foreigners of title to American girls of reputed wealth has become a jest and mocking all over Europe. In the salons it furnishes the basis of many a bon mot, and in the journals it inspires all manner of lampoons.

Among Americans who are in the real sense "the best people" socially the quiet, dignified and refined person who counts true hearts as more than title and intellect as above wealth, there is now a disgusted protest against the artificiality, the snobbishness and the shoddyism of the ultra-fashionable circles which, instead of maintaining the dignified and purely American tone of twenty years ago, make our social life established canons of false taste and all that will tend to deteriorate the lofty standard which it was intended it should merit.

Happy Release On Thanksgiving.

Written For This Edition by Miss Dottie Scarborough of Waco University, Waco, Texas.

Ten days before Thanksgiving, just a dozen of Mabel Winston's most intimate friends received (by three cornered notes from her inviting them to a "house party" at her home, to spend Thanksgiving week.

We were quite a congenial crowd as we gathered into the parlors of her city home that night some of us meeting for the first time and some, friends of long standing. There was her brother from Yale, with two of his college friends; two cousins, a bride and groom; a young minister from a neighboring town; her fiancée and her brother, and four of her own school girl friends, of whom I was her special "chum."

I had never visited Mabel at her home before and of course was unacquainted with the members of her family. One inmate of her household we rarely saw. He was introduced to us the first evening of our coming as Mabel's grand-uncle, but never afterward did he appear among us except at meals. He sat directly opposite me at the table and I had the opportunity of studying his face closely. He had a most magnificently proportioned head, with that big, broad brow which betokens strength of character and mind. His mouth was tender and sensitive as a woman's but deep set lines of care were graven round it, and I can never forget the look of sadness in his eyes as he turned them on me. They were of that soft, pathetic brown, which can admit of so much expression, and one instinctively felt that in their sunken depths once burned the fire of brilliant intellect.

He never came into the parlor of an evening, though I often longed to meet and talk with him. He actually shunned us, with that fine, inscrutable reserve which cannot be disregarded. As Thanksgiving day drew near, the lines of care and sadness on his face grew more pronounced, and his eyes took on a hunted, haunted look that was painful to see. On Thanksgiving morning he did not come down to breakfast, and at dinner his place was vacant again. I missed him with many conjectures as to the reason of his absence.

On that evening we had planned a sleigh ride which was to be the grand event of the season, and I had anticipated it with much delight. But as is usually my luck, when the appointed hour rolled round I had developed a serious sore throat and felt that it would be unwise to go.

As I would not allow any of the others to stay at home with me, I watched them depart, feeling rather miserable and lonely. I donned a crimson empire gown, secure in the consciousness that the house was free from "male intruders," and went down to the study to spend the evening reading.

But as I entered the room hastily, I started back in dismay, for there in an old arm chair before the fire, with his face buried in his hands sat Mabel's grand-uncle. He lifted his head, then started back as if smitten by a sudden blow. I heard him whisper hoarsely to himself: "How like she is to her! How like!"

I turned to slip away quietly, but he motioned me to sit down, then hurriedly paced the room with restless strides. At last, as if exhausted, he flung himself into a chair beside me and turned his eyes to meet mine. His face had on a white, drawn look of misery, and he spoke in that deep vibrant tone which can only come from deep emotion.

"Tonight," he said, "with those dark eyes of yours and in that dress, you remind me of one who was the light of my eyes and the love of my life."

Too much perplexed to speak, I was silent, and he spoke again: "I am minded to speak to you tonight of that which I have never told to any human soul."

I managed to stammer some sort of a reply, but I know he did not hear me, for his eyes wore a far away look. Then finally he turned his eyes on me and said: "The thoughts of another Thanksgiving night long years ago, have haunted me all day. Just thirty years ago tonight, in this same room, my wife wore such a dress as you wear now, a crimson empire gown, with white chrysanthemums at the throat. When you came in tonight you had that shy, sweet, startled look she used to wear, and I almost thought that you were she, come back to me. Because you look like my dead Rose, I will tell you my story. But that you may better understand, I will go back a little."

And so, sitting there in the twilight of that winter's night, with the glow of the wood fire flickering over his face, he told this story, speaking half to himself and half to me.

"Two months before the night of which I spoke, I had been thrown from a carriage and badly hurt, my head receiving serious injuries. At first, to dull the awful pain the doctors injected morphine into my arm, for I could not have lived without it. As I grew stronger they advised me to be exceedingly cautious in my use of it lest I should lose myself in the power of the drug. I heartily agreed with them, for to my strong vigorous manhood no idea was more repellant than that I should let myself be ruled by such a habit. But as the pain grew less and less, I still continued the use of it for I was weak and fretful, my whole system demanded it. Rose, who throughout it all had been my gentle, tireless nurse, with the deep insight of love, first realized the dreadful power the habit was gaining over me. With the utmost delicacy she suggested it to me, and the bare possibility of such a thing shocked and astounded me. I promised her to quit using it at once, and as God is my judge, I did try. For two whole days I did not use it once, and no one who has not undergone the same ordeal can understand the awful pain that I went through.

"Every nerve in my body was quivering and straining with a thousand burning pains and I felt that death itself would be preferable. I was not strong enough to keep up the struggle, and so I yielded, but Rose did not know it. With the cunning of a madman I kept it from her, and she believed me when I told her that I no longer used the drug. I meant to give it up when I should be strong in mind and body once more, but not just yet; I could not.

"Matters were in this shape when Thanksgiving day came. For two months now I had not left the house and I felt like a prisoned lion. On that day Rose was half way ill—not very sick, but weak and worn with tending me so long. She only needed to be nursed a while herself she said. She seemed so happy in the thought that I was almost well again, and begged me not to leave her all that day. So all those long hours I staid right by her side, without one moment's time

to steal away and stimulate myself with the drug I so craved. By the time night came I was almost frantic with the desire for it and felt I could control myself no longer without it. I felt that I must get away for half an hour or so, to satisfy my craving and calm my shattered nerves. The hypodermic syringe and the morphine were in plain sight on the table and there was no way by which I could slip them away unnoticed by her.

"I went to the window and looked out into the night. A deep snow had fallen and it was cold out doors, yet I felt that anything would be better than this agony. I must somehow brave the storm and get another instrument, but how to do this without exciting suspicion. That was the trouble. Putting the best control on my features that I could, I turned to Rose and told her it was necessary for me to go down town on business. The affair was imperative and could not be neglected. Even as I spoke my soul was filled with scorn and loathing for myself that I should stoop to lie to her, my wife, the bride of a year. Had I fallen as low as that!

"With her innocent trust in me, she suspected no hidden motive, and I inwardly cursed the passion that made me deceive her.

"She quickly denied that any necessity could exist that would make it right for me to expose myself in my present state of health. I argued, I reasoned, I plead with her, but all to no avail. My health was above all things to her, she said, and she did not intend to allow me to risk my life by going out in the cold. At last, seeing that there was no other way, I plainly told her that, despite her objections, I was going.

"Ah, but I will hold you," she said laughingly, and snitting the action to the wall, she came up quite close to me.

"As she lifted her arms to clasp them round my neck, her sleeves fell back, leaving her soft arms bare. For an instant they brushed my hot cheek, then locked me in a close embrace. I looked down into her eyes—those deep, sweet, earnest eyes, that met mine with an a trustful innocence and love. For a moment we stood thus, not knowing what to do.

"The firelight throbbled and quivered on her face. How could I smite the gladness from those happy eyes? But I was mad with the desire to rush away from her, to quiet the tumult of my brain with that calm-producing drug, then I might go back to her with steady face and nerves.

"Let me go," I said roughly, in a tone such as I had never used to her before, so brutal was it. It was the first ungentle word she had ever heard from me, and at first she seemed to scarcely understand. Then, as she slowly grasped my meaning, the hot blood surged into her face and her sweet eyes filled with tears. Yet still she held me with those soft constraining arms, a heavenly neck lace round my throat till I was almost mad. My brain was on fire with that burning, raging thirst for morphine, and I felt in another instant I would lose my reason. Charge you, let me go! I shouted savagely and as she still held me, may God forgive me! I STRUCK HER! I struck her a sharp stinging blow with that backward motion of the hand which is so cruel. With my great rough man's hand I struck that pleading pitiful face upturned to mine. Oh, it was not I that intended to you, my Rose, my pure soul-flower! It was that raging demon in my brain, struggling for escape.

"She spoke no word to me, for speech was frozen on her lips with one look. Christ!

relaxed her hold and sank down at my feet. I could not trust myself to look upon her as she lay there, but spurning her last hold on me I rushed away.

"I hastily procured a syringe and injected the morphine into my arm, then for half an hour I paced up and down the street in the chill November air till I should be myself once more. The beautiful face of nature was like a benediction to my fevered spirit and soon I had recovered my wonted composure. Calmed and strengthened I went back home and entered the room where I had left Rose.

"She lay just where she had fallen when I had left her—a pitiful heap on the floor, her face hidden in her bare soft arm.

"Poor little woman, she must have cried herself to sleep, I thought, and hurrying forward I stooped to raise her up.

"Rose," I whispered, "Rose, forgive me! I was not myself! Little one, say you forgive me!"

"There was no answer. Oh, let me hurry over this part, for my heart quails before it even yet! I called upon her name, I covered her face with kisses—that cheek I had so lately struck!—and sobbed aloud in my anguish, but she gave me no response. Those tender lips were mute and voiceless now. They would quiver no more in that grieved way at any harsh word of mine. As the truth was at last borne clearly to my soul that she was dead, blessed unconsciousness overpowered me and I knew no more.

"I sat just as I had left him an hour before, in the old arm chair, his head bowed upon his breast, motionless and dumb. "If I were you," I said softly to him, "If I were you I wouldn't grieve. Don't you think that up in heaven she knows and understands?"

There was no answer. He seemed to have fallen asleep, and I quickly stooped to lean his down-bent face. The look of misery about his lips was gone, and with a sudden rush of tears I understood.

When the words of that passionate prayer he uttered had scarcely left his lips the Angel of Deliverance had come to answer him. He was dead.

And softly in the pauses of the winter wind that night I fancied I could hear him calling to me through the dim, far-reaching vistas of the universe, "Rose! Rose! Rose!" in accents that thrilled and throbbed and trembled to the very gates of Heaven, itself, where she sat waiting for him.

Rose! My precious blossom! too tender to bloom in this windswept world of ours, you went to breathe your fragrance on the great loving heart of God!

"When I looked upon her as she lay in her coffin, dressed in purest white with one white rose-bud on her breast, I wondered that God did not strike me dead. For there on her soft cheek, the cheek I loved to kiss, were pale indistinct blue lines, which no one saw but me—the traces of the brutal blow I struck her.

"From that hour I was seized with a raging fever which left me so broken in mind and body, an old man at thirty. Death did not take me, though with all my soul I prayed for it. And all these years I have lived and have suffered when I would so welcome death.

"Oh, I would suffer fiercest anguish if but for one brief instant I might clasp her in my yearning arms and whisper 'Rose forgive me.'"

With one swift upward look of dumb entreaty he bowed his head upon his breast in silence. His grief was sacred. I could not intrude upon it so I stole silently away. I wandered aimlessly about the house for an hour. I could not get over the impression his story had produced on me. That bowed pathetic figure with the anguished face stood ever before my eyes. At last I yielded to the impulse to go back and speak some word of pity and sympathy to him, and sought the deserted study again.

He sat just as I had left him an hour before, in the old arm chair, his head bowed upon his breast, motionless and dumb.

"If I were you," I said softly to him, "If I were you I wouldn't grieve. Don't you think that up in heaven she knows and understands?"

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BY THE DEEP, BLUE GUADALUPE.

With Compliments of Miss Minnie Johnson of Waco.

Where the Guadalupe flows, deep and blue,
Mirroring the sky's amethystine hue;
Where the rugged rock, from the shelving ledges,
Rises up sheer from the water's edges,
I've stood as once, with arrow and bow,
Many a red man hath stood and gazed below.

Where the Guadalupe flows, dark and slow,
And the bending cypress thickly grow
And lock their arms across the stream
To hide it from the sun's bright glow,
I've wandered when in darkened mood;
I've sought the shade and solitude.

Where the Guadalupe flows, calm and clear,
Surging the grasses growing near,
Tenderly touching the drooping fern,
Then lost to sight by a sudden turn,
I've mused, with dreamy, half-shut eyes,
To the murmuring sigh of the breezes sighs.

Where the Guadalupe flows, swift and strong,
I've watched its current dash along,
With winding sweep and eddying swirl,
Arching the rocks with foaming curl,
And an onward rush and tumultuous turn
Like the tempestuous course of a highland burn.

Whate'er my mood, though dark or bright,
Tinged with sadness or agleam with light,
That changing stream, in its of onward flow,
Seems the turning of each mood to know,
And in sympathetic pitch to key
The responsive heart with nature's mystery.

Published at

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Office.

Tongue Twisted Thoph.

Written For This Edition By Miss Nellie Nance of Palestine, Texas

Theophilus Sundown was the ugliest boy in the city. He had shaggy red hair, a freckled face, rough, coarse features, large, yellow teeth, and eyes of the most intense blue. He was so unprepossessing and uncouth in appearance that his presence was always avoided by everyone; and he became a target for the boisterous jest of the would-be witty school chaps.

Then, too, besides his hideous physiognomy he was so tongue twisted that it was well nigh impossible for him to speak a whole sentence intelligibly, and as a name resulting from this misfortune, he was called "Tongue-Twisted Thoph."

No one cared for the awkward fellow, so he grew up sloven, cross and disagreeable. His parents had died before he was two years of age, and he had since resided with the only relative of whom he had any knowledge, an uncle, a butcher, who endured the company of his ugly nephew only for the reason that he was a great saving to his pocket.

Theophilus once seemed to be ambitious. He applied to many respectable quarters for respectable work, but with one or another he was always turned away, or excuse was always contented and he was finally obliged to content himself with the profession of chimney sweep. So ugly Tongue-twisted Thoph plodded his way along gloomily and sullenly, unloved, uncared for, even shunned. But one day a light suddenly and unexpectedly broke across his path and stirred to activity both mind and heart. Henceforth he rebelled against his uncle's impositions, reserved his dues, was observed to dress neatly, to be more cheerful and to do any odd job rather than continue his old occupation. It was quite an accident that effected this revolution, and occurred thus:

Sally Mundy, a plain young girl who was, like himself, compelled to drudge for a livelihood, was running out of her mistress' house on a errand just as Thoph passed the gate. She was very ragged and dirty, and as she brushed by him, Thoph called out jeeringly, "Hello, streep sweeter!", meaning street-sweeper.

Sally halted and inquired what he said.

"I said, Hello, sweet-streep!" The girl did not comprehend his meaning, but thinking he was paying her a compliment, gave him a broad smile and sped on.

That smile was the first he had received in years, and coming as it did immediately in response to that taunt of his, made him think Sally the most amiable of creatures and himself the most cowardly of dogs. So he resolved to have a pleasant word for her the very next time he saw her, and to make amends, if possible, for the bad he had spoken. His opportunity was not far away. Sally soon came tripping back, still smiling as she thought of Thoph's compliment.

The poor red-headed youth was wildly in love. He went directly home and resolved to make himself a man of himself than he had hitherto been. Although it was impossible for him to become attractive or hardly passably well-dressed, still he soon underwent vast improvements that it was difficult to recognize in him the same miserable chimney sweep who had plodded his way down the alley. That fiery, tongue-twisted Thoph, now nicely dressed, his person always neat and clean. He wore a hat and the red sabbans soon vanished from

his face while his freckles, too, became less conspicuous. He retained his own earnings and spent them in replenishing his wardrobe. His uncle demanded them from him but was refused. He then tried to cajole him with flattery and fair promises. But Thoph was obstinate. A quarrel ensued in which the passionate youth cried out with some heat, "You shan't steal my money any longer." For this irreverent expression he was immediately banished forever from the hearth and home of his unimpeachable uncle.

With all the determination that spite, anger and awakened ambition could give him, strode out of the house and walked hurriedly on till he came to the office of one of the prominent lawyers of the city. He gave a firm rap, indicative of business, and was met at the door by the lawyer himself.

"Good morning, come in," said Captain Queeribles.

Theophilus walked in and took a chair.

After a moment's pause in which he had been minutely scrutinized, he was again addressed.

"Well? What is your name? What can I do for you?"

"My name's Sopholus Thundown, and I want to be office boy, if yer'll le' me."

"Sopholus Thundown! Well—"

"Naw! Thoph's name's Thundown."

One peculiarity of Thoph's was that, while he knew that he was tongue-twisted, he did not always know when he had made a mistake.

"You said Sopholus Thundown. Well, you're ugly enough! Have you any recommendation?"

"Naw, Sir, But I mean business, and I won't bother yer with my gab—one reason cause I know yer wont listeu to me but mos'ly 'cause lome sime my twongue gits sorter listeu."

Captain Queeribles was skilled in reading character at a glance. From the moment he had heard Thoph's step outside followed by his firm rap, his attention had been attracted. Then the earnest look in the ugly face somewhat favorably impressed him. He was a very eccentric man and unpopular in social circles. He always took an interest in ugly persons and those who were, like himself, regarded with disfavor on account of their peculiarities. The manner in which Thoph said he meant business decided him, and very much to Sundown's surprise, he answered without any further deliberation, "You'll do."

Time passed along and Thoph's coffers were filling, not rapidly, but steadily. He still saw Sally Mundy every day and smiled at her. But he had grown so timid that he no longer spoke to her. Finally, however, after a great struggle, he came to the conclusion that he must declare himself now or never. So the next day after he had made this resolve, as he saw Sally coming down the street, he determined that when they met he would walk along with her and pop the question, sure. But Sally turned into another street, that morning, and took a new route. Theophilus stood still a moment, not knowing what to do. Suddenly he darted down a back alley and soon found himself again on the same street with Sally. She seemed surprised to see him and even more surprised when he spoke to her, but when, a moment after, he gasped out, "Will you marry me?" she burst into a fit of laughter and answered pertly, "Why, you can't even talk yet!"

This sent Theophilus to the quick. He turned without another word and hurried on to his work. All day he seemed bitter and gloomy, Captain Queeribles noticing this inquired into the matter.

Strange to relate, Queeribles had exerted a great influence over the ugly orphan, and each became much interested in and attached to the other. Theophilus confided the whole trouble to his employer and great was his surprise when, at the conclusion of his doleful story, Queeribles exclaimed gruffly, "Better be glad of it, and mighty glad of it! Look here, lad, you had better turn to your books! What say you to letting me teach you, Eh? Speak quick, now, or you will not have another such an offer from me."

Though spoken roughly, it was meant in the kindest spirit, as Theophilus well knew. He grasped at this unprecedented opportunity with eagerness and enthusiasm and in a short while made such progress as caused his teacher to marvel at not having discovered his ability sooner.

Like Demosthenes orating before a congregation of waves and lonely sands as he struggled to overcome his stammering, and like our seventeenth president, Andrew Johnson, studying, rather late in life, the little primer, with a determination to learn to read and write, thus did Thoph after a term of years gain the mastery of his wayward tongue and advance through text books until he had reached a standard far above that of the ordinary man.

At the end of six years he was received as partner into the firm and ten years later when the Captain died he was recognized as one of the leading lawyers in his section of the country.

He was forty years of age at the time of his old friend's decease but as his hair turned white early, after a family custom, he appeared older. He was one of those persons who improve with age. His thick white hair and beard added greatly to his personal appearance.

He never married. He soon recovered from his love affair with Sally, and when that passion had subsided, he never again directed his thoughts and attention to matrimony. But he always thought pleasantly of his old sweetheart, for he was often heard to laugh and say, "If it hadn't been for Sally, I would have been sweeping chimneys yet."

Eleanor.

Written for This Edition by Miss Cora Peck Trumbull, Oldest Daughter of Judge and Mrs. Trumbull.

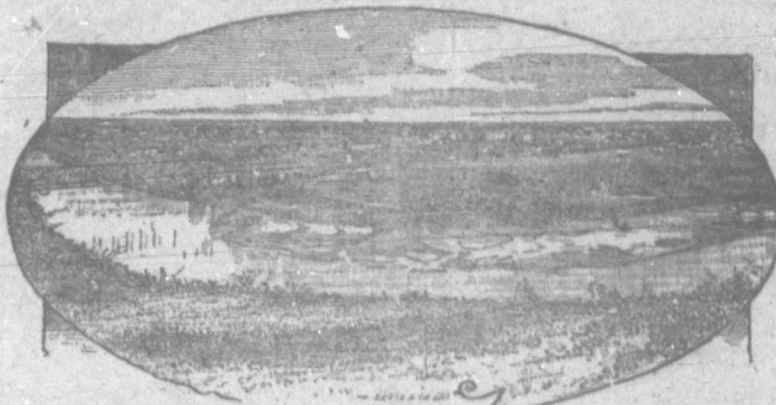
Eleanor plays Chopin. A Berceuse it is for the tired mother's little one, and as she plays with delicate touch, the mother's heart is prayerful and soon the little eyes are shut and the little soul asleep.

Eleanor plays Chopin. A Polonaise full of dash and warlike spirit, great thundering chords that tell of the struggles of a nation's heroes, and melody of victory, and her brother's heart fires with ambition as she plays.

Eleanor plays Chopin. At twilight the sad exquisite strains of a nocturn caress the busy brain of her father, and fills the hearts of passers by with peace.

Eleanor plays Chopin. A dazzling waltz for her sister, the debutante. Eyes sparkle more than jewels and hearts beat in rhythmic measure with the music, for it is Eleanor who plays Chopin.

Eleanor plays Chopin? Ah, no! It's midnight. It is the solemn Funeral March you hear, but it is played by the angels.



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FRED SCHRODER, Butcher.

D. N. ARNET & SON, Grocers.

A. J. ROE, Lumber, Shingles and Wire.

HARNESS GRAIN COMPANY.

G. B. FOWLER, Carpenter.

L. W. DELLING & CO. Groceries

DOSS BROS., Druggists.

MRS. B. F. MILLS, Millinery.

MRS. S. T. PETTY, Dressmaker.

A. J. OVERMAN, Second-hand Furniture.

C. S. KNOTT, Star Meat Market.

P. C. COLEMAN, M. D.

ROBERT COOKE, M. D.

R. G. DAVENPORT, M. D.

T. R. CHEATHAM, Druggist.

MISS MINNIE BURRELSMITH, Dressmaking.

W. H. SNYDER, Grocer.

JENKINS BROS., Hardware and Implements.

Y. D. McMURRY, Hardware.

BURTON LINGO CO., Lumber and wire.

L. W. DELLING, Carpenter.

BURNS & BELL, Dry Goods and Clothing.

ADAMS & HILL, Dry Goods and Clothing.

SIG SIMON & BRO., Dry Goods & Clothing.

A. J. PAYNE, Books and Music.

BEN KENNEDY, Insurance and Real Estate.

J. E. HOOPER, Clerk of Court.

E. L. SEEDS, Grasslands ranch.

THOS. Q. MULLIN, Bookkeeper, Burns & Bell.

W. R. SMITH, Attorney at Law.

J. T. DAVIS, Truck farm.

COLVIN & ROOT, Livery.

TOWNSEND & MILLS, Furniture dealers.

THE WEST TEXAS STOCKMAN, Best Stock Journal in Texas.

THE SPOKESMAN, Local Newspaper.

THE TIMES, Local Newspaper.

Published at
The West Texas Stockman
Office.

Grand Ma's Story.

By Miss Paula Potter Evans, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. K. Evans, of New Orleans, age 13.

All of the grand-children were spending the Christmas holidays at Grandpa Stone's house in the country. They always loved to visit at Grandpa's, for he and Grand-ma always did everything they could to make the children happy. This Christmas they had all of their grand-children with them and a happier, merrier crowd never was seen. There were twenty-five of them, and they spent nearly every evening sitting around the fire, cracking nuts, and eating apples, while listening to some delightful story of long ago, told by Grand-pa or Grand-ma, who took turns in telling stories. This evening it was Grand-ma's turn. It was a cold night in December, and the wind roared furiously. "Now Grand-ma," said Marian, "we are all ready to hear your story, whatever it may be." "Well, my darlings," replied the dear, patient Grand-ma, "I have told you nearly every tale that I know, but I will tell you to night about something that I did, about 60 years ago, when I was a little girl only ten-years old." "Just my age," said Hattie, proud to think that she was the only ten-year-old girl in the crowd. "It was only a little thing," resumed Grand-ma, "still I will remember it all my life. We lived in the country in the northern part of Alabama. There was a girl named Cynthia White who went to school with me. She was five or six years older than I, but she never had good lessons and she was behind me in school. My mother had seen her several times, and had not formed a very good opinion of her, so she told me to keep away from her whenever I could do so without rudeness. One day Cynthia brought six or seven pretty shells to school in her pocket. I was trying to collect as many different kinds of shells as I could, and I already had a good many, but we lived in the country and I had no opportunity to get more. Cynthia showed me the shells and they were, indeed, beautiful. She asked me if I did not want them, and offered them to me for a little ring that I wore. The ring was a present from my father and was the only piece of jewelry that I possessed, so I did not like to let her have it. I offered her pencils, picture cards, marbles, and different kinds of play things but she would have nothing but the ring. Every day Cynthia showed me the shells, and the more I looked at them, the more I wished for them.

One day Cynthia said to me: "Mary, you can have my shells if you will do me a favor."

Of course I told her I would do anything she wished for those lovely shells.

"Well," said she, "you have promised to do as I ask you. You know next Friday is examination day and I don't know anything about the lessons. If you will tell me the answers to all of the questions you may take the shells."

Of course I regretted my prom-

ise for I did not want to be dishonest, and I begged Cynthia to keep the shells and not ask me to tell her the answers.

"Well," she replied, "you need not keep your promise if you do not want to, but if you don't, I'll make you sorry for it till the last day of your life, and you'll not get the shells, either."

On examination day Cynthia asked me nearly all of the questions, but I did not answer all of them, so she copied from my paper.

Late in the evening, Miss Page saw Cynthia copying and she kept her in after school. Perhaps Miss Page remembered some time in her life when she had been tempted as I was, or maybe she had once wanted something that she could not get; at any rate she compelled Cynthia to give me the shells and also to stand her examination again.

That evening at home I told my mother all about the trouble and confessed to her that I had told Cynthia the answers to some of the questions. She said I had done wrong in keeping company with Cynthia, and doubly wrong in telling her the answers, and made me promise never to play with Cynthia White again.

About a month later the White family moved to Tennessee and I have never heard of Cynthia since.

"And what became of the shells Grand-ma?"

Do you see those on the mantel piece by the clock? answered Grand-ma. Those are the shells that Cynthia gave me, and I put them there where I can see them every day and where they will remind me never to be dishonest again.

QUESTIONS FOR CHRISTIAN WORKERS.

With Best Wishes for the Success of the Special of the Colorado Sisters. From Miss Hollie Harper of Dallas.

How many young ladies in Texas have a defined purpose in life? How many who are members of churches who are doing more for Christ than giving him such influence as may grow out of being known as professing Christians? Yet, are there not bright, attractive, lovable young women who are now brightening those lower valleys of worldly pleasure, where queenness and beauty bear no fruit save to charm the passing hours, who would yet grasp with a glad and firm hand anything that would help to lift them upon that higher plane where flowers are perfected into fruitage? Why preach to these about the frivolous waste of this spending time? Why not try to give them a better knowledge of that sweet service, which, in proportion to the time given, ever crowds out worldly thoughts, and trains one out of pleasure seeking into pleasure giving? This last is like mercy. Its quality is not strained, for (I speak from experience) it ever blesses her that gives, as well as those who take.

All good work is God's work. Yet, outside of a young woman's own personal obligations, in what better channel can she direct her energies than in helping to carry out the great commission?

The work needs her, and, since the present grows out of the past, the interest of the young revives and strengthens the older workers, for the young of to day must take

the place of those now at the helm.

Oh, older workers of the many churches, hold out your individual hands to those around, and if grasped, however faintly, quietly lead the young pleasure seekers into the greener fields of "pastures new."

A PLEA FOR THE STATE UNIVERSITY.

Miss Edith Coleman, of Colorado. Written from Texas University of this Edition.

When the subject of "going off to school" is broached, the first idea that seems to strike fathers and mothers is that their boy or girl shall go to the same school they attended "back East." Well if you intend your son or daughter shall live in the East, that is the proper course, but if they are to live in Texas, why, in the interest of common sense, do you not educate him here and make Texans of them, not Carolinians, Kentuckians nor Virginians.

Attending school in your native state has so many advantages it is hard to decide which to mention. One great benefit is that it culti-

feetly ignorant in regard to them. He will mention with pride the name of some of his famous teachers, not pausing to consider that some of our own instructors are world renowned.

Also there is the pleasure one finds in knowing people all over the state.

Then, there are the class mates, who attain distinction, and perhaps fame. We may not have spoken to them in college, but now we suddenly find we have always cherished quite a tender affection for them.

Our faculty is as fine as can be found anywhere, embracing as it does masters in literature, science, and art.

Athletics have been cultivated until we have the best football team in the south, and a gymnasium equipment that is splendid.

We also hope soon to have a boat crew that may compete with Yale and Harvard, and, in turn, win on our own fair Lake McDonald the world championship.

Mr. H. H. Sowell, Dairyman, Colorado, Texas. It is with pleasure that the Women's Edition bears witness to the prompt and regular discharge of the duties growing out of the business of this gentleman. In sunshine or in rain; in summer's heat and winter's frost; the morning and the evening service fails not. Neither does the courtesy that accompanies it.

The Woman's Edition of the Colorado Times very heartily endorses the Simmons College of Abilene, Texas, as one of the best institutions of its kind in the country. Its course of literature, music, art, and education should give it large patronage; while its excellent facility, the pleasant surroundings of its beautiful building, its splendid Christian influences, should give it preference, while parents are seeking an educational home for their children.

BESSIE.

With Compliments of Miss Miriam Myers to the
Woman's Edition.

*In a quaint New England village, nestling 'neath a Northern sky,
In a vine-embowered cottage, lived a maiden, sweet and shy;
Pure was she as fair white lily, chaste as angel from above,
Was this idol of the parent's hearts, sole treasure of their love.*

*All the livelong day she caroled, in a happy bird-like voice,
Singing, with a gay abandon, songs that made old hearts rejoice;
No deep passion yet had stirred her, in her placid, childish life,
No one yet had called her "Sweetheart", none had sought her for his wife.*

*But when the city artist his lot with country people cast,
How the maiden's pulses quickened, how the virgin heart beat fast;
For black eyes sought with sensuous gaze, from blue eyes a return
And right quickly did this country lass Sir Cupid's lesson learn.*

*What a glorious happy summer for this opening human bud!
How the love-flame grew and strengthened, how it burned within her blood!
Till some words were breathed of parting, not a fear had crossed her mind,
Then the anguish quickly vanished as, with arms around her twined—*

*"Dearest-heart" the tempter whispered, "since apart we cannot live,
Why not spend our days together, each with sweetest love to give?
In my heart shall be your shelter from the stormy scenes of life
And my love shall keep you safe, from all bickerings and strife."*

* * * * *

*In a quaint New England village, sheltered 'neath a Northern sky,
In a vine-embowered cottage sounds there now an anguished cry!
"Bessie, Bessie dear where are you? Has aught happened you, my lamb?—
Great God! What means this untouched bed?— What a stupid dolt I am!"*

*Then, as men's eyes flashes o'er them and they see with clearer eyes,
They know their bud has blossomed now, is a sweet and dainty prize;
Two gray heads are bent in sorrow, two old hearts with grief are torn,
For the flower that's lost its fragrance, that from parent stem has gone.*

*"Curses on the craven villain," cries the father in his rage,
"Heaven's blight rest e'er upon him, may nought e'er its wrath assuage;
If my aged hands could reach him, I would wind them in a clutch,
'Round the coward's ugly throttle, in a strong death-dealing touch!"*

*"Oh, my darling," wails the mother, "with dread fear my heart is rife;
If he only give you, sweetheart, the dear, honored name of 'Wife'
Heavenly Father shield our Bessie, keep her pure and free from stain
As her young life ever has been, bring her back to us again!"*

Scarce the words have found an entrance, than within the cottage door,
Stands a girlish form, with arms outstretched, and blue eyes running o'er.

"Mother," sobs the young repentant, I've come back to you again,
When I found he would not call me 'Wife,' his pleadings all were vain."

Quick the mother's arms are round her as she clasps her to her breast,
Silvery locks with gold are mingled, wrinkled cheeks to pink are pressed.

"Ah, my darling," cries the father, "I am glad you're back again,
Home without our pet is dreary, life an everlasting pain."

W. T. MULLIN, Accident Insurance.

JENKINS BROS., Hardware and Implements.

THE SPOKESMAN, Local Newspaper.

Published at
Cleveland

Merry Times of Little Women.

Edited by Jo's Grandma.

Julia Winno Bailey, aged 7, daughter of M. Bailey, of the Dallas News, thank you for the compliment of giving me a place in your little women's club. I am glad you haven't got a "Peggy" to eat up my letters like the Dallas News has, tho' the picture of that one looks just like one of our Colorado donkeys had posed for it. We have lots of fun on this side of the river playing ball and building playhouses, etc., but the most fun I have is watching the little pigs eat their dinner. We have ten little pigs and they looked so cute we had their picture taken with a kodak. Wouldn't you like to see it? I think it is just too pretty for any thing; but we have so many that if anybody wants to buy some for a Christmas dinner my Colorado "mammie" will sell them. South Colorado, Texas.

Eleanor Preston Coleman, aged 5, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. P. C. Coleman.

Dear Grandma of the Fun Club: I hope you will put my letter in your paper as I want my sure enough grandma and my sister to see it.

I have a little stove and can cook on and sometimes we have little cook-parties, and when everything is done and we are ready to sit down to the table sometimes Reaves and Allen run off with all we have cooked and we have to cook more.

I go to school to Mrs. Rix, and she gave me two little kittens—another one just come here—but it is gone now.

Our baby is a big baby now. She gets out under the gate as Jip, our pet dog does, and runs away, and when anyone goes after her she lies down with her face in the sand and screams. I at she doesn't know any better you know.

Colorado.

Willie Irene Earnest, aged 8, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. R. Earnest.

I wonder who "Jody-Joe's Grandma" is? I just believe I know. She is the grandma of the little boy that ran so fast the other day he stumped his toe and fell flat on the sidewalk—and didn't he holler loud! My! how we little foles did try to lift him up. But the more we tugged at him the heavier he was; and would you believe it? He was just holding himself down, and wasn't hurt a bit, for, after he'd scared us till some of us began to cry, he hopped up laughing and run away.

Ear-le's my cousin; and he tried to rile his big brother's donkey to hear the music yesterday. When he got on the donkey, instead of holding on, he felt so big he kicked him to make him go fast. The donkey kicked back and Earle tumbled head over heels into the grasshubs. I laughed and laughed; he looked so funny! Wouldn't you have laughed too?

Colorado.

Stella Gronski, aged 13, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ike Gronski.

Dear Grandma—I know your "Fun Club" is going to be the nicest thing going and I want to be one of "The Little Women" counted in it. I love fun and the most I have is when I go to papa's ranch. He's a sheep man and our ranch is 80 miles out on the plains. In our summer vacation we go out there, and I tell you we do have fun. We fish and hunt and go wading and ride on horses and donkeys. Once I got pitched off a horse, and tho' other people laughed long and loud, I didn't see a bit of fun in it. Instead it seemed to me very stupid in the horse not to go along quietly when I wanted him to, and not a bit polite for the others to laugh at me. Trying to speak Spanish is another fun, for papa's herdsmen and cooks are nearly all Mexicans.

At school we always have a nice time; but for the last few weeks politics is our biggest fun. We all took sides, and each side shouted itself hoarse for its favorite. Of course I am on the McKinley side because papa is for his sheep's sake; and mamma and us children reflect his opinions. Well the Bryan side beat us at school, at least they hollered louder and made more noise, so it seems but fair that we should beat them in the end.

This is my first let'er for a paper, and I hope you will like it, for believe me I am writing it for you with a great deal of pleasure; and when I see it in print, I will think it great fun if nobody else does.

Colorado.

Mary Dickson, aged 10, daughter of Mrs. Julia Dickson.

Dear Merry Corner: Of course I love fun; and I do enjoy it when other people make funny mistakes. A little girl needn't go out of her own home to find it if she takes notice.

Rebie is my little sister, and today we were eating dinner and talking about the election. Rebie was eating as fast as she could and looked as sober as a judge pondering a knotty case. All at once she brightened up and said: "Mamma is 'Kinley nicer than Bryan?" Mamma said: "Certainly not; you're for Bryan, aren't you Rebie?" "Yes'm, 'cause Bryan's that man runnin' for sheriff down to the courthouse, ain't he?" "Course I'm for him, 'cause he's going to make money plenty and I kin buy candy and dolls."

We are all disappointed, but we hope "altee same" we'll have our Christmas tree in the new Baptist church.

Colorado.

Eula Cooke, aged 9, daughter of Dr. and Mrs. Robert Cooke.

Dear Grandma: As I don't know who you are, perhaps you don't know who I am, so I will tell you that I am little girl, because I am not a boy and wouldn't like to be, for boys just live to tease the girls. But sometimes they are too funny for any thing, especially if they don't know a thing and can't learn it like little girls do. I heard about some little boys the other day who were being taught to count; and when they got to fourteen the teacher stopped and asked, "What next?" And not one of 'em could say a word. But at last one kinder whispered under his breath, "Five-teen!" "Oh, yes," shouted a second one, "fifteen!" Then why didn't you say it, said the one who had first whispered it. "Cause then you'd a knowed it as good as me," the teacher had to laugh.

Colorado.

Pett M. McCall, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. McCall.

Dear Fun Club: This is my first attempt to write for a paper, but I want to belong to the Fun Club, and hope it will be a big one and have many of my little playmates in it. I like to go to school very much for my teacher, Mrs. Rix, is so sweet. She lets us have fun and teaches us so many nice things that will do us good. Sometimes mamma and I go to the ranch with papa. One day mamma, Mrs. Sisk, the ranch manager's wife, and I went walking up to Dripping Springs. It is about half a mile from the house. Large mossy trees grow about the springs, golden rod and ferns hang drooping over the water, making a pretty picture. Mamma says some time Dripping Springs may be the center of a beautiful park in a large city. Who knows, Colorado.

Elsie Hooper, aged 8, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hooper.

Dear Grandma: I'm the only child of my papa and mama. I live on the south-side, and dearly love to have fun. Isla Wulfen is my cousin, and we have lots of it. I've got a great big doggie with a shaggy black coat and a white collar, and his name's Dan. Some folk's are afraid of him—Joe's grandma is—but I'm not; and I think it foolish in the others, because he just barks at everybody and never bites a single one. I'm fond of all my dolls, but Raggie is my best friend, for she's my bed mate; and tho' she's a rag doll I love her best. I go to the Southside school now and I'd like it if I could talk a little bit; but just as soon as Isla and I try to have the least fun they want to keep us in for it. I'm saving my money for Christmas—but it's a long time off.

Colorado.

Jean Figh, aged 8, daughter of Mrs. Jno. Figh, of Dallas.

Dear Grandma: I feel very proud to think you asked me to join the Little Women's Fun club of Colorado. When I was there I had lots of it with Lenny Buras and the Hazzard boys and Joe. Do you know I go to school? I like to go. I got three badges for not being tardy. Jack tries to make riddles. He says what is the difference between Uncle George and a hen. One lays bricks and the other lays eggs, and he thinks that is very funny.

Colorado.

May Newton, aged 8, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Newton, of Sterling, Texas.

Dear Grandma: I'm just sure I knew every one of the merry "little women" in the Fun club, when I was in Colorado. I

loved to live in Sterling and had lots of the best kind of fun there, for the girls came to see me and we played dolls. But we've moved two miles from town, and every day us children go to school. And you just ought to see how we got some-times papa or the boys will get on a horse and take Anna behind and me behind, and Lulu will get on another horse. Oh, may I tried it by myself, and the horse jumped from under me and down I went and landed on the ground! Sometime we all go in the wagon and that's the best fun of all, and sometimes we go in the buggy. Sometimes I go hunting with my brothers to carry the game, and that's the fun—if they get any.

Frances Byrd Adams, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Adams.

Here I am joining the merry little women's club. I expect you'll laugh, but I am going to do my best. I have a great many little schoolmates and we play times with each other. We have a cute little play house. It has a table and a dressing case and a table. My little girl friends come to see me yesterday, and we had a very nice time. This is all because I'm in a hurry to go to school.

Colorado.

Isla Wulfen, aged 7, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Wulfen.

Dear Grandma: I write to say that I am one of the merry "little women" and want to join your club, for Elsie Hooper and me have plenty of it together. We're clumps. She lives next door, and we go to the Southside school. I won't tell on Elsie but I have to stay in lots of times for talking to her. She sits with me. When she comes to see me we play dolls, and make believe we're somebody big and go to see each other. I'm going to ask Julia Bailey a funny question; but as we've only got the paper one time I can't wait for her to answer it, though I haven't told Elsie yet. This is it: Why are the "ten little pigs" has got like her "daddie?" "The pigs all grunt when they eat their food," and I just know her "daddie" grunts when he burts his little finger, 'cause he's a man. If your "daddie" gets mad at me for telling on him, I'll tell him somebody else made it up for me.

Colorado.

Etta Doss, aged 8, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Will Doss.

Dear Merry Corner: Here I come, one of the "merry little women" of your club, to say that I am glad to respond to your invitation, for I am glad to see the Baptist church is about finished. I am a little girl with one brother, and I love him ever so much; and we play together. I live on Colorado on Elm street. I like going to school four feet high, and with my shoes on. I also go to the Methodist Sunday school, which I highly enjoy. We have a cow, a horse and some chickens. Brother and I have lots of fun with our dog at home, and I have fun with my playmates at school.

Colorado.

Viva and Velma Lively, aged 8 and 7, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. R. R. Lively.

Here we come two little women in answer to a kind invitation to join the "Merry Times Corner." We don't go to school so we can't write about the games on the playground, but we play at home and we go to Sunday school. One Sunday after we got home mamma and papa asked us if we knew the golden text, and we said it was: "God hath made the hole; pour in the peace." Papa and mamma laughed and laughed, and then took our paper and read: "Thy faith hath made the whole, go in peace."

Colorado.

Lucile Hill, aged 9, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Hill.

Dear Grandma: Here comes another one of the "little women" who loves to have fun. I have a nice time at school, for I study and have fun too. I go to the graded school and my little brothers, Montgomery and Leslie, go to Mrs. Rix. My teacher's name is Mrs. Barnore. I love her for she is so good to me. We sing little songs and have memory verses in our room. We jump the rope at recess, while the boys play ball. We are learning a little song about Thanksgiving. I think we all have many things to be thankful about, especially for the new church. Won't we have fun at Christmas when we have Santa Claus and a Christmas tree in it? But it seems a long time to wait.

Colorado.

Nona Townsend, aged 11, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Townsend.

Dear Friends of the Merry Corner: McKinley is elected and I feel so happy that I must tell about this and other things. Up at school all of the girls have a merry time jumping the rope, and when we jump we still holler who we are for, whether for McKinley or Bryan. Oh, indeed it is fun. My teacher's name is Miss Jessie Smith, and she is very nice to all of us, and very pretty to look at, and I'm sure we all learn. When dinner comes we all march out of the door in a straight line and are dismissed. When dinner is over, which is very quickly, we go right to playing again. Oh! what a merry time we have! Colorado.

Colorado.

J. E. Hooper, clerk of the county and district court, announces that marriage licenses will be \$1.50 until Nov. 1st. After that the price will be doubled!

Colorado.

Miss Katie Sharp of Groesbeck, has the distinction of being the first contributor to this edition.

We are now
HOLIDAY
and have a superb line of
Fancy Furniture, Upholstered Rockers, Fancy China
and Cut Glass. Come in and see us.
Townsend & Mills.

BURNS & BELL,
Dry Goods, Groceries and
General Merchandise.

Agents for Cooper's Sheep Dip, New Home Sewing Machine, Hickory Wagons.

Please don't forget that our dress goods are the best for the money. Also, Ladies and childrens Underwear, Ladies, Misses and Children's Capes and Jackets, in Great variety.

Just received a new line of Ladies and Misses Ziegler Shoes.

We make the assertion, and are prepared to prove it, that we can save both men and boys money by buying their Clothing, underwear, Hats, Caps, Boots and Shoes from us; infact everything that goes to make up a complete wardrobe for either man or boy.

NELL.

Adrian Shaparin, aged twelve, daughter of Mrs. Shaparin Gronski.

It was in a hazle dell,

I met my darling Nell,

With hands so white and heart so true

And bid her adieu.

She was so bright and fair

She had such lovely hair—

She sang to me that night

Her voice was clear and bright.

I gave her all my love,

But oh! she's gone above—

And all my hopes are riven—

Her love, it was my heav'n.

Colorado, Nov. 10, '96.

B. F. Wilson, with the Colorado branch of Jenkin's Bro's; successors to The Panhandle Machine & Implement Co., has long been favorably known in this community as a business man of prompt and steady habits, pleasing address and good business capacity. This together with his general manners attract and hold customers.

HEAD QUARTERS FOR CHRISTMAS GOODS.

A. J. Payne carries several lines of goods in endless variety. Books in choice edition, pictured rhymes, and A. B. C. blocks. Stationery plain, fancy for "my ladies' notes," or in recherché styles. Musical instruments and sheet music galore; toys that make the eyes of children sparkle. Can't they make the mouth water; jewelry; and a clerk handsome and smiling.

He that runs may read, that whosoever enters this store, will find something to please the eye, entrance the ear, tickle the palate, and also suit the purse, unless it be empty. In that case the desire to buy would bring a Pain that could alone be soothed by "putting a nickle in the slot"

Children, dont you ever let

Your mama pass Payne's store—

But enter, and be sure to get

Whate'er she'll buy, then cry for more

more

Charlie Wilson, TAILOR.

The old reliable and the only practical tailor of Colorado, keeps well posted on all the latest styles and fashion plates and other matter pertaining to the trade direct from headquarters—New York City. Respectfully solicits your kind patronage. Good work and prices moderate.

N. B. Cleaning and repairing neatly done.

Miss Minnie Burl-Smith.

Dress Maker,

Homer Building, Colorado, Texas

This young lady is an artist in her own right. She is gifted by nature with an artistic taste, that enables her to fashion with deft fingers, the wears she handles, into garments of beauty and style. She has, too, the usual ability of finishing the work entrusted to her with dispatch as well as neatness. Ladies who exact a graceful cut and superior finish cannot do better than to call on Miss Burl-Smith, who will delight them with her work and please them with moderate prices.

The truck farm of Mr. T. I. Davis is situated about 8 miles from Colorado and is a practical illustration of what Mitchell county soil can produce.

Three years ago Mr. Davis tickled the soil with his hoe to such purpose that in laughing glee it gave back such results that he made a small display of large vegetables at the Dallas fair. It was written up in the News and took a \$30 prize.

The Drygoods merchants, Bell, with the wise far-seeing business men, opportunity to liberally enterprises, and thereby extend own trade and influence. Their crowded aisles continually show drawing attractions and the out-going smiling faces tell their own story of the quality and cheapness of their goods.

Rev. Geo. W. Smith, of The West Texas Baptist, out of the goodness of a heart that ever sympathizes with and helps to sustain all good undertakings sends this Edition a "write-up" of the Woman's Column of that paper. A page of generalizations would not do that column. Yet if a time could convince one sister, who would be glad to work for the Master, that the sustaining of this column by pen contributions, aside from the benefit to others, would flow back in reflex Christian influences upon her own heart and life—this Edition would rejoice. The assertion is ventured, that fully one half of the readers of a paper that carry a woman's column, scan that part of it first. Why? Because it floats a woman's banner, and women and children will ever sympathize with women's work; since each, feeling a kind of proprietary interest in it, finds it more congenial to her own taste. Wise is the paper that carries special messages, and thereby finds many openings into human hearts thro' adapted media.

In this age of universal co-operation no one stands alone, and all christian work is upheld by other christians. So the Woman's Column in question will advance in interest as other sisters are interested in it, and will practically sustain its editor.

BURTON, LINGO & CO.

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A. Rawlins, Prop.

Weathford, Texas.

T. R. CHEATHAM,

Druggist, Colorado.

Boy Saved Him.

Katie A. Sharp.

When I was six years old my father, John Kieldreth, moved to Rocky Bend.

Rocky Bend was named from a ledge of rock just south of the village. We moved there early in the fall. We were not long in getting acquainted with our neighbors. Mrs. Maynor, our next door neighbor, had a little girl about my age. When spring came mother and Mrs. Maynor began planting flowers, so my little friend and I wanted to do the same. (My friend's name was Stella). Mother gave us some pansy seed, and told us to see how pretty we could make our beds. Stella's brother, Fred, helped us. Fred was three years older than Stella. We never could decide which made the prettiest bed, and Fred was such a tease he would not decide for us.

Well the years past. Fred finished school at the village and his parents decided to send him to college. I realized how good he was. Oh! we missed him. When he came to tell us good bye I was at work at my flowers. I gathered a bouquet of my choicest pansies and gave them to him, telling him to "keep them as a souvenir of our happy school days"—little dreaming what would call that bouquet to mind in the future. Busy

the time, I was expecting him home. Fred had graduated with first honors, and had won the friendship of all the teachers and pupils. His father, Stella and I went to the depot to meet him. "So you are home again, my boy, and right glad we are to see you," his father said as he gave his hand a hearty grasp, but Stella threw her arms around his neck—she was very fond of her brother—while I could only stammer a few words of welcome. For I felt very shy of the tall, handsome young man, who had been away two years. When we reached his home father and mother were there and we spent a pleasant day. He told us that he had been offered a position as a clerk in a bank in a small town in Colorado, and that he could not stay with us longer than a month. That month was the shortest I ever spent. About a week before he left, he asked me to go driving with him. I told him I would, and to tell Stella to wear her pink dress—for we often dressed alike. To my surprise he said Stella was not going; that he "wanted me alone to go with him." I wondered why he did not want Stella to go as they were almost inseparable. I soon found out, however, for during that ride he asked me to be his wife. The day of parting came all too soon. I had agreed to wait for Fred till he could make a home for us. I will give the rest of the story in Fred's own words: "After I left here I was very lonely for a time, and as there were no places of amusement to go to, I began to visit the saloons to be with the crowd. I did not drink at first for I had made a strong resolve never to drink again (at college I had learned to take the social glass). I only played dominoes, and from that I got to card playing, and so on from bad to worse till I lost my position then I took to drinking heavily. I couldn't get work and I went from one town to another till I

spent all my money. One day while trying to find work I saw a little girl at work in a yard. Something made me stop and see what she was so busy at; it was a pansy B. d. It brought back to me in vivid colors the days of my childhood, when we used to work our pansies. I suppose something in my face told of my thoughts, for suddenly the child stopped work and looked at me a long time; it seemed to me, then she picked a pansy and gave it to me with these words: "I give you this because you look so lonely." That was all—in a moment she was gone. It was only a pansy, but it made me think of you at home. I made up my mind that I would leave town and seek work in the country, (that I had always despised) so that I could make enough money to get home on. I went to a farmer and told my story and asked for work. He said he would try me a week. The result was, I staid there long enough to buy the adjoining farm and then came home to claim you as my bride."

Now I, Beulah Kieldreth Maynor, his ten years wife; happy in his love; loving him for his goodness; honoring him for his mental strength; and proud of the fact that his nobility of character, like refined gold, has been tried in the fire—write this true story to show that even if one yields to temptation, he may yet retrieve his errors and perform his mission in life, which is that of giving and receiving happiness.

Written (By) His Wife,
Beulah (Kieldreth) Maynor,
Groesbeck, Texas
For The Women's Edition of the Colorado Times.

Miss Mary Nash.

O, bicycle,
Steel and nickel
Bend to make the strong,
Bright, light,
Sprite, quite
The subject of a song,
My blessed wheel,
To thee I kneel,
In pious rhyme,
My heart brims o'er
And joys outpour
Because that thou art mine.
Light, airy, free,
In merry glee,
Beneath the starlit sky,
We leave behind
The laugh of wind
And as the bird, doth fly.
The roses blossom
In rich perfume,
Upon my sunburnt cheek,
My arm is brawn,
Me, fresh as dawn,
Thou bearest like a streak.
Up hills we go,
Cross valleys low,
Merrily on we whirl,
With hearty voice
I do rejoice
That I'm a bicycle girl.
O, bicycle,
Tears do trickle,
A down my cheeks and flow,
When punctured tire,
And black mud intrude,
Refuse to let thee go.
O, bicycle,
What a pickle
I got in that day,
When I tried
First to ride—
Thou didst run away.
Hobble, wobble
Crossing squabble,
Off the bridge rolled we,
With dull thud
In the mud
A sorry plight to see!
O, bicycle,
Thou dost tickle
Hearts of all who try thee,
Fullest measure,
Keenest pleasure
To the wile who buy thee.
O, bicycle,
False and fickle
Other friends may prove,
Not so thou—
Always as now,
Thou hast my heart's best love
Rockwall, Texas.

Man's Realm.

Written for the Edition by Miss Anna Le Warden of Fort Worth, Texas.

FASHION NOTES.
Women find an affinity in well-groomed masculinity. Hence, in the "swagger gown" must have been worn when "Coming Through the Eye."

In the face to be up to date, the shoulder of your coats must be padded to give that square broad shoulder effect of which you read. And your trousers must not be too large, but rather tight, and flaring at the feet. Vests are worn somewhat high. Coats are moderately short, especially if cut away sack coats. And in selecting the material, be sure and put away your superabundance of natural modesty, as everything runs in loud patterns for business suits. Again whether you approve "Coin's Financial School" or not, you must increase your feet in a pair of coin toed shoes. Hair is still worn in a foot style. There is a wide margin for individual taste in the selection of ties. Persian colors are much affected. So now if you've worn Dunlap on the election you may sell your business, conscious of being simply fetching.

Fashionable attire, and the news, produce the same effect—they are both staid.

There is a left for men in the stage show with their big hats, but to go outside and smile.

Gentlemen will find it conducive to both health and comfort, to keep by the bedside, in winter, a warm dressing gown, and fleece lined slippers, to don hastily when called upon to walk the floor with baby.

"The coming man"—the bill poster.

Fathers with marriageable sons in selecting wives for them should exercise great care. They being perfectly plastic, and irresponsible, of course their character will be moulded entirely by the women they wed.

Girls' hair is as chapped the year round.

To make your wife realize the full and perfect beauty of "Home Sweet Home." Say to her at the front door to "The cares which infest" your "day." Kiss her tenderly and do not notice the signs of worry she has gathered in trying to make fifty cents do duty for a dollar. If her gown is not quite fresh from filling the position of chamber maid, book, nurse and seamstress all in one, do not see it, but instead request the pleasure of baby's company for a little while.

The widow and widower dispose of their weeds differently: The former wears hers, the latter chews his.

Men should confine them selves to their own sphere. To think of men dress makers, milliners, boarding-housekeepers, house-day men, bakers and cooks. It is shocking! Men are all very well in their place, but they must not unsex themselves if they wish to remain the approval of women.

Aquatic bipeds—Baptists.
A wish we enjoy seeing others eat—crow.

Nature never intended that men so physically weak, should lift heavy pots, scrub floors, do the family washing, stand over the ironing board all day, and for rest run the sewing machine. It would be flying in the face of providence to suggest they could do such things.

The "swagger gown" must have been worn when "Coming Through the Eye."

A mass meeting—morning service in a Roman Catholic church.

A gentleman will ever be solicitous about serving a pretty girl. But we should not expect him to commit such a breach of etiquette as to offer his seat in a crowded car to an ugly old washer-woman.

Pedaling is now considered a fashionable business for both men and women.

While in a courthouse a few days since I noticed the sign: "Ten dollar fine for spitting on the floor." To obviate the fine, every few paces a cuspidor was placed notwithstanding which a number of discoloration stained the granite floors. Gentlemen, you should cultivate precision. There is nothing like striking the mark, even when the aim is low.

Young men should carefully avoid being sued for breach of promise, it lowers their tone.

Garlyour son tenderly keep. Then when grown mate him with an eligible young woman who has been a trifle best. Their married life should be one of perfect harmony.

The problem of life and death—ealing.

"As long as the lamp holds out to burn,
The vile steed may return."

Little boys should be taught as soon as they can kills that their chief desire in life should be to look pretty. Of course matrimony when grown must be their sole aim. Any other ambition should be frowned down.

It takes a great deal of physical strength to vote.

Love is all very well, but a father's duty is to tell his son: "Get married my boy, honestly, if you can—but get married."

When purchasing their hats, men should give more time to trying them on. Side view, front view back view, must all be tested as to their becomingness. All clerks in hat departments can testify how lax men are about these details.

"Ships that pass in the night"—schooners over the bar.

"Strong minded" men sounds peculiar doesn't it? Most sisters would become offended if told their brothers were considered weak minded.

Men can vote, because they can bear arms. Women should vote because they too, can BARE arms.

Many roads lead to the same end
As you'll see, if you'll attend;
In life, both sexes toil for dust,
In death, return to it they must.
Nov. 11th 1896.

Thanksgiving Proclamation.

Washington, Nov. 4.—The president today issued the following thanksgiving proclamation:

The people of the United States should never be unmindful of the gratitude they owe the God of nations for his watchful care which has shielded them from disaster and pointed out to them the way of peace and happiness. Nor should they ever refuse to acknowledge with contrite hearts their proneness to turn away from God's teachings and to follow with sinful pride after their own devices. To the end that these thoughts may be quickened, it is fitting that on a day especially appointed, we should join together in approaching the throne of grace with praise and supplication.

Therefore I, Grover Cleveland, president of the United States, do hereby designate and set apart Thursday, the 26th of the present month of November, to be kept and observed as a day of thanksgiving and prayer throughout the land.

On that day let all our people forego their usual work and occupation and assemble in their accustomed places of worship, let them with one accord render thanks to the ruler of the universe for our preservation as a nation and our delivery from every threatened danger of the peace that has dwelt within our boundaries, for our defense against disease and pestilence during the year that has passed; for plentiful labors of our husbandmen; and for all the other blessings that have been vouchsafed to us. And let us through the mediation of him who has taught us how to pray implore the forgiveness of our sins and a continuation of heavenly favor.

Let us not forget on this day of thanksgiving the poor and needy, and by deeds of charity let our offerings of praise be more acceptable in the sight of the Lord. Witness my hand, the seal of the United States, which I have caused to be here affixed.

Done at the city of Washington, this, the 4th day of November, in the year of our Lord, 1896, and of the independence of the United States of America the one hundred and twenty first.

GROVER CLEVELAND,
By the president, Richard O'neyn, Secretary of State.

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