

THE MERKEL MAIL.

VOL. XIV.

MERKEL, TEXAS, APRIL 9, 1903.

NO. 7.

J. P. Sharp & Co.

We Have a Large Stock of

Dry Goods, Clothing, Hats, Boots, Shoes, Furnishings, Staple and Fancy Groceries, etc., etc.

We are off for the Eastern Markets to purchase Spring Goods, and upon our return we'll have something to talk to you about. It will pay to keep your eye on this space.

CONFEDERATE REUNION.

Official Program for the Annual Gathering of the Old Heroes Who Wore the Gray.

Following is the official program for the Confederate Reunion to be held in New Orleans next month:

TUESDAY MORNING, MAY 19, 10 O'CLOCK.

Memorial service in Christ's church, in memory of Jefferson Davis, by the Southern Memorial Association.

Meeting of delegates in convention auditorium at the fair grounds at 12 o'clock.

Calling the convention to order by General J. B. Levert, and address of welcome by Hon. E. B. Kruttschnitt, chairman of the executive committee.

Invocation by Rev. J. William Jones, chaplain general United Confederate Veterans' Association.

Address of welcome by his excellency W. W. Heard, governor of Louisiana, on behalf of the state.

Address of welcome by Hon. Paul Capdeville, mayor, on behalf of the city of New Orleans.

Address of welcome on behalf of the local Sons of Veterans.

Address of welcome by Rev. Father D. P. Lawton, S. J., to the Southern Mothers and Daughters of the Confederacy, Southern Memorial Association, and the Jefferson Davis monument Association.

Turning the auditorium over to the veterans by Hon. E. B. Kruttschnitt, chairman of the executive committee.

Response and acceptance by General John B. Gordon, commander in chief Confederate Veterans' Association.

Song, "I'm Gwine Back to Dixie," by a selected and trained choir, in which the entire audience will be requested to join.

Call of states and appointment of committees on resolutions and credentials.

Song, "Old Kentucky Home." Doxology.

Afternoon, 3 o'clock—Business session in Confederate auditorium.

Reception at soldiers' home by the Daughters of the Confederacy, 3 to 6 p. m.

Night—Entertainment at Tulane and Crescent theatres.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 20.

Morning, 10 o'clock—Business session of veterans in the auditorium.

Promptly at 12 o'clock all business will be suspended for memorial services in memory and honor of Jefferson Davis and the Daughters of the Confederacy.

Afternoon, 2 o'clock—Business session resumed.

Night, 9 o'clock—Grand ball by the Sons of Veterans, complimentary to sponsors and maids of the veterans and of the Sons of Veterans.

THURSDAY, MAY 21.

Morning, 10 o'clock—Business session of the convention.

Afternoon—No session, thus allowing opportunity to all to visit places of interest in the city.

Night, 9 o'clock—Grand ball, complimentary to visiting veterans, their wives and daughters, sponsors and maids; grand march, to be followed by southern cross drill by Memphis veterans and young ladies.

FRIDAY, MAY 20.

Morning, 10 o'clock—Special session of veterans and Sons of Veterans; speeches by distinguished members.

Afternoon, 3 o'clock—Grand parade of veterans and review by the general in chief, assisted by distinguished visitors and leading ladies and gentlemen of New Orleans.

Formation.

First troop cavalry, Louisiana National Guard, Memphis bugle corps.

Company A. Confederate Veterans.

Tallah, containing one young

(Continued on last page.)

Ingratitude.

Not till the cruel roughening of the way
Not till the hopeless tiring of the feet.
Not till the dusk and fading of the day
Is home most sweet.

Not till our joy has turned to memory.
Not till our hearts are wearied out
with fasting
Do we lift beate hands and cry to thee.
Life everlasting!

Lord Partlett and the Model

Do you remember Lord Partlett? If you do you will likewise recollect that he was also called Lord "Shady." He passed off this, by no means flattering, nickname with a laugh whenever he was taxed with it, declaring that his partiality for the "Shady side of Pall Mall" was the fount and origin of its bestowal.

Those who were at all closely acquainted with his lordship's little ways had a different explanation, and to see him ogling the fair ones in Regent street on a sunny day, hanging about the stage doors of the musical comedy theaters, or peering into the faces of the little chorus girls on their way to and from rehearsal gave grounds for suggesting that the contention of the know-alls was not altogether without foundation.

Lord Partlett had, indeed, a nice eye for the fair sex, and consequently when it happened one fine day that he lounged into the studio of Walter Bywater, to escape a shower, and observed a large painting of a lady clad mainly in a wreath of seaweed and a few iridescent seashells, it was only natural that he should have exclaimed, as he did, what time he adjusted his monocle: "By Jove, Bywater, that's not at all bad."

"I'm going to send it to the shop," Walter answered, vaguely indicating that noble pile, Burlington house; "but it's sure to be chucked. It's too big, and it's too Frenchy for them."

"What's the price?"

"Goodness only knows. Haven't thought about it. But, there, I'm sick and tired of the thing, and I shall be glad to get rid of it. You can have it for a thousand," he added, with a laugh.

"Done," said Partlett, quickly, "on one condition."

"Honor bright?" exclaimed the astonished artist, "or is it a joke?"

"No joke, my dear Bywater. I'll buy that picture when it's finished, and give a thousand pounds for it if you in your turn will give me the name and address of your model."

Bywater looked dumfounded.

"I can't tell you," he replied quickly, "because I don't know. She came in one day, quite by chance, she was just what I wanted, and there you are. I know as much about her as the man in the moon."

"She'll be here this afternoon?"

"I don't know," said Bywater, scraping his palette furiously; "she's a most uncertain young party."

"The rain seems to have stopped," said Partlett, carelessly, "I think I'll be off; much obliged for the shelter, Bywater."

Half an hour later Mademoiselle, the Model, entered the studio.

She had it to herself. Bywater had gone off in a cab to curse a dealer, a favorite form of pick-me-up which he indulged in when he felt low-spirited.

Profiting by his absence, Fritz, the studio boy, seized the occasion to run around the corner to toss a pal for cigarettes.

Slowly she disrobed, and, having arranged her hair, she flung a padded robe around her and seated herself in a low chair.

She had not been there many minutes when she felt there was some one else in the room.

She looked up.

Clarence, earl of Partlett, smiling and debonaire, was standing just behind her.

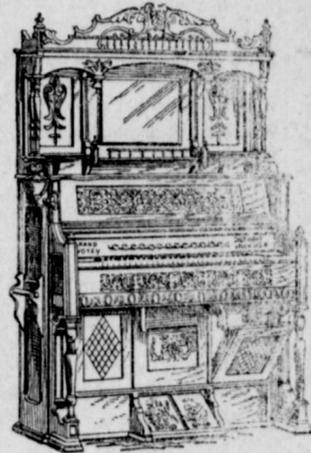
"Don't be alarmed my dear," he said, in his soft, dulcet tones, as he seated himself in the chair he had a moment before vacated. "I am Lord Partlett, a great friend of Mr. Bywater's. You may have heard of me."

"Mr. Bywater is not in, and—"

"That I know," the old earl chuckled, "I saw him go off in a hansom. I was waiting in a tobacconist's shop out of the rain. I don't want Bywater. I want to have a word with you, if I may."

"With me?"

"Yes, my dear, with you. I was admiring your portrait on canvas a



MONEY!

is saved by

BUYING THE BEST

We sell the Farrand Organs, Mason & Hamlin, and others. Also a fine line of Pianos, nice line of Violins, Guitars, Mandolins; strings of all kinds.

Basham, Shepherd & Co.



Ogling the fair ones in Regent street on a sunny day.

short time ago, and I asked Bywater all about you."

"And what did he say?"

"By gad, he said nothing. Couldn't get a word out of the fellow. Very stupid of him. I wanted to buy that picture—your picture—if he would give me your name and address. And he pretended not to know either! As if that would take me in."

The old man laughed quite heartily at his own shrewdness and penetration.

"Of course, I saw how it was at once," he went on; "he's in love with you. Now, don't deny it. I say he is. That's all right. Every artist falls in love with his models. It's the usual thing."

"If that is all you have to say, you had better go."

"Now, don't get angry, my child. There's no cause for it. I'm not going to interfere. It's got nothing to do with me. But Bywater's an idiot to lose a thousand pounds, when half a dozen words might have put the money in his pocket. All I wanted the address for was to call on you and ask you to come out to supper next week. I've taken a fancy to you, you know. Funny, isn't it? But it's true, all the same. Now, I'm getting up a little bohemian party. We are going down to Richmond. A bit of a hop, some supper and that sort of thing—all friends, you know, and just what you would like. Will you come? I'll look after you," he added, coming a little closer to the girl.

"And if I do, what then?"

"Oh, anything you like," laughed his lordship, softly, "give it a name—a frock, a bracelet—"

"I don't want anything for myself," the girl answered; "I want you to do Bywater a good turn. He's a good fellow, and he's awfully hard up. Buy his picture; buy two or three—half a dozen. You won't feel it."

"Two or three—half a dozen! Whew! That's rather a wholesale



"If that is all you have to say you had better go."

order. I'm not made of money."

Her robe had fallen away somewhat, and the old earl fixed his monocle on a white shoulder and a white neck, and silently gloated.

"What do you want for them?" he said, waving his hand round the studio, "you are the seller, you know, and so you must name the price. Or," he added, quickly, "suppose I make a bid, a sporting offer. I'll buy five of those water colors in the corner—they are the best Bywater's ever done—at a couple of hundred each and half a dozen kisses. And you to come to Richmond with me next week. That's part of the bargain, the most important part," he added, dryly.

"Going, going, gone!" exclaimed the girl, striking a palette with a big paint brush, "write out your check."

The old man got up deliberately, went to the writing table, scribbled a check, and handed it to the girl.

"There, I've done my part. Now for yours."

Partlett made a step forward, as though to clasp her in his arms.

The door opened and Bywater entered.

"Walter," said Miss Model, handing him the check, "Lord Partlett has bought those five water colors in the corner at £200 each and six kisses, and supper with him next week at Richmond. It's a bargain. Here's the check. I have agreed to the kisses and the supper, but as you are my husband, my consent, of course, goes for nothing without yours."

There was a muffled exclamation, the closing of a door, a cry of "Hi! hansom" outside.

Lord Partlett had gone.—Chicago Journal.

German Municipal Pawnshop.

A beneficence to the unfortunate in German cities is the municipal pawnshop.

The Merkel Mail.

ED J. LEEMAN, PUBLISHER.

Published Every Thursday.

TELEPHONE NUMBERS:

Office..... 31
Residence..... 37

If you know of any news item, we will consider it a special favor if you will report same to this office, either by person, letter or over the phone to either of the above numbers.

Famous Prairie Dog Bill.

The prairie dog bill, as it passed both houses of the legislature, is a local option measure. The first six sections provide for submitting the questions and holding the elections. The remainder of the bill is as follows:

Sec. 7. If a majority of the votes cast at such election shall be "For extermination of the prairie dogs" the county judge immediately after the counting of the votes shall issue his proclamation declaring the results of the election, which proclamation shall be posted at the courthouse door, and after the expiration of twelve months from its issuance it shall be unlawful for any land owner or lessee of land in said county to allow to run at large any prairie dogs on any land owned or leased by him, and it shall be his duty to kill the same within twelve months from the issuance of proclamation by the county judge.

Sec. 9. After the issuance of proclamation by the county judge in any county declaring that election has been held and that the result was "For extermination of prairie dogs," at the expiration of twelve months any owner, or lessee owning land in said county, who shall willfully fail or refuse to kill the prairie dogs inhabiting his land, shall be liable for damages to the owners of contiguous land who have complied with the law, and the measure of damages are hereby fixed at \$2.50 per month for each and every month that he permits the prairie dogs running on his lands to run at large. Any land owner owning adjoining lands, who has in good faith complied with the law and removes the dogs from his lands, should his lands be invaded by prairie dogs from the adjoining lands, he can bring a suit for damages against such land owner, the amount of damages being hereby fixed at \$2.50 per month, and such suits are to be filed in the courts having competent jurisdiction: provided further, that any party desiring to bring suit must notify the party from whom he claims damages, shall accrue until after the expiration of said ninety days.

Provided, however, that in all cases where lands infested with prairie dogs owned by non-residents and such lands are being used by some other person, or inclosed under the fence of another who is paying the owner thereof no compensation for the use thereof, then in all such cases the duty herein imposed as to the extermination of such prairie dogs shall devolve upon the person so using the land or lands or having the same inclosed under his fence.

Sec. 8. The venue for all suits for damages under this act shall be situated in the county or precinct where the lands of the plaintiff are situated.

Say, have you seen those Easter eggs at Maxwell & Sons?

Dock Craven and Sam Phillips attended court in Nolan county this week.

The Old Sweet Way.

Thou has asked me if I love thee as in the days of old?
Yea, Dear Heart, I answer, hath my life not always told
That I loved thee long ago—now, I love thee more—
More, a thousand fold, My Dear, than in the days of yore.
In the ambèr tinted beauty of the scintillating morn,
When from swiftly fleeing night a bright new day is born,
And in its gauzy garniture of opalescent white
The dew bedecks its brow with a beatific light,
I liken then thy grace to the glory of the day
And 'tis then I truly love thee in the same old way.

When noon day sun ascendeth to its zenith in the sky,
While tints are softly dropping from the arching dome on high,
To paint the grain and fruits and flowers near verdurebord'd streams
Where cattle drowse neath shady trees, while placed nature dreams;
Then it is I think of thee as Queen of full-orbed day,
And midst noon-tide glow I love thee in the same old way.

When ev'ning's ruby robe is girt with peaceful quietude,
And tenderly the mother bird is nestling o'er her brood;
When in the ruddy western sky low drops the living stream
Which, sinking, sets the trembling lights of heaven's shore a gleam,
O, how my throbbing heart's wide door doth open for thy sway,
Ah, then I know I love thee in the Old Sweet Way.

—Solon L. Goode.

SOME PERTINENT FACTS.

It is understood a few have raised the question of teachers' salaries as a basis for opposing the special school tax, claiming that the salaries are too high and that they should be reduced and the money used to lengthen the school term. This is good argument if the people want a third class school, but otherwise—nit. A good teacher and a short term is preferable to a sorry teacher and a long term. A good teacher will not teach on a small salary, for there are hundreds and thousands of communities waiting to catch such men. It must also be remembered that if the tax is defeated the term will be cut down to less than five months, and that in that event no teacher of any reputation would accept the position, even on an increased salary. Teachers are employed by the year, but are paid only by the term at so much per month; hence the teacher who accepts a five months' term school on a salary of \$90 per month would earn only \$450 per year or \$37.50 per month. Now can a teacher afford to accept such a school? No.

In this connection we heard an argument propounded by one opposing the tax, who casually remarked that if we had good teachers they were derelict in their duties, and he pointed to three boys who were hiding about a box car, with the remark that they were "playing hooky." The Mail took particular pains to investigate the matter, and this is what we learned: The teacher had noted the absence of the boys and wrote their parents a note requesting a statement as to why they were absent. One was excused because he "felt sick," another was allowed to stay at home and help his mother, while the other was laying out without any excuse, and he was punished. So much for that argument(?).

It has been said that the town and not the country will be benefited by the tax. Let's see if that's the case. If the tax carries every man will be required to pay \$2.50 on the \$1,000 valuation, and how many tax payers outside of the town assess their property for more than \$1,000? The man with a mule and six children will pay 12c tax, while the tax on the man with no children and considerable property will be several dollars. Where does the poor man's burden come in? Is he "burdened" because the non resident pays the tuition of his children?

When such financiers as T. J. Coggin, Geo. S. Berry, J. T. Warren, J. O. Hamilton, Dr. Warnick, and scores of others favor such a move as this you can wager there is no burden attachment.

We could give hundreds of good reasons why we should keep up this tax (which we have been paying all along), but not one why it should be killed. The writer has no children in the scholastic age, hence has no nest to feather. But we realize that much is at stake, and that to kill the tax is to kill the school, and that a dead school will cause everything to depreciate in value. The Mail, however, has faith enough in the wisdom and foresight of the people of this community to justify the assertion that the tax will carry by an overwhelming majority. The farmers of this school district are above the average in intelligence, and they will not take away the schooling for their children in this way and deprive them of this means of securing an education.

The Country in Good Shape.

R. E. Tracy, one of our most prosperous ranchmen and farmers, after visit to all parts of the Merkel Country, gives it as his opinion that the country is in better shape now than ever before at this time of year. Stock of all kinds weathered the winter in fine shape, and there were very few losses. Grass is good and cattle fat, while farm prospects are away up in G. Mr. Tracy expects this to be a banner year all around.

Messrs. Tracy and Hoople has just delivered on the track here a car of unbranded mules, J. C. Schœ of Chambersburg, Mo., being the purchaser. This makes 300 head of horses and mules which they have shipped out since Dec. 20, and they say there are but very few left that are on the market. Within a very few years, possibly months, the horse and mule market will take a decided rise. Even now it shows an advance over last year. Our stockmen should take this to heart, improve their herds, increase them, and be ready for the increased prices which is sure to follow this shortage. Good horses always command good prices.

Cast your ballot for the school tax and a good school.

Texas Farm Produce.

The following figures, prepared by State Statistical Agent Oswald Wilson, for the United States department of agriculture, are based on reports for 1902, and showing the relative position of Texas to the other States, give a highly satisfactory results. Texas makes gains in several of the most important products:

Texas ranks in the United States:

1. In cotton production.
2. In rice production.
4. In sugar cane production.
6. In corn acreage.
10. In vegetable production.
12. In oat acreage.
20. In fruit production.

Total acreage (estimate) 15,967,411.

Total value of all crops \$184,189,524.

Total value poultry and bees 7,500,000

Total dairy products consumed in the farm and sold 15,000,000

Total wool and mohair 1,500,000

Total live stock consumed (estimate) 50,000,000

Total \$258,186,524



Plymouth Rock eggs for hatching from the best blooded stock in the west, at \$1 per setting. Call on or address W. A. Barnhill, The Photographer, Merkel, Tex.

Jacks—Stallion.

I have two good Jacks, both proven breeders, that will make the season at my ranch; \$7.50 to insure with foal. Also good draft horse, \$5.00 to insure with foal.

R. E. Tracy.

Daily Hack Line

From Merkel to Abilene. Leaves Merkel at 6 a. m., arrives at Abilene 9 a. m., in time for morning train; leave Abilene at 4 p. m. after arrival of evening train and arrive at Merkel 7 p. m. Round trip \$1.00, one way 75c. First class accommodations for 10 to 12 passengers.

Hack starts Monday, April 13, at J. H. Hughes & Co.

Try a sack of Wedding Bell flour at Maxwell & Sons.

We are prepared to do plating, such as knives, forks, spoons, etc. Call at Maxwell's or Browning's store and see samples. Mesdames Browning & Maxwell.

One of the nicest and best store buildings in the town is that of W. P. Browning, just completed, and their stock of furniture, etc., will compare favorably with that of any firm in Northwest Texas. The building is a single story brick structure 50x65 feet, with high walls, and is arranged for a double deck. The interior is well arranged and presents a very attractive appearance, and when the goods are properly displayed there will be few handsomer stores in this country. Browning & Co. started in business on a small scale, but by fair and honorable business methods and courteous treatment to all have built up a large and lucrative business. Go and see them in their new home. You are assured a hearty, generous welcome and honest treatment in every instance.

Why has Maxwell & Sons sold so many groceries? Because they sell the best goods for the least money.

Jos. H. WARNICK Banker

PAID UP CAPITAL : \$15,000.00
NET PROFITS : 4,678.46

The above statement is taken from our books and shows the extent of our business during the two years ending March 25, '03. By conservative business methods and fair and impartial dealings we have enjoyed a steadily increasing patronage. If you are not satisfied with the treatment received from other banks, give us a trial.

W. H. DUNNING, CASH.

Our goods are positively all NEW goods, and after studying 2 weeks in the best western market can assure our customers they are strictly up-to-date. Being an exclusive millinery house, we appreciate the patronage of the people of the town and country.

Mrs. HOOPLE,

M. J. PATE, Tonsorial Artist and Cranium Manipulator

First class barber work guaranteed. Give me a trial.

Nothing has ever equalled it. Nothing can ever surpass it.

Dr. King's New Discovery

For CONSUMPTION, Price 50c & \$1.00
CUGARS and COLDS

A Perfect Cure: For All Throat and Lung Troubles. Money back if it fails. Trial Bottles free.

Five head of broke horses for sale.

F. B. Hoople.

Try some of Weston's famous coffees at Maxwell & Sons.

There is a vast amount of genuine comfort in the vicinity of Burroughs & Mann's soda fountain.

Photos.

We are still making photos at old stand for 1c each and up, and open every day (except Sunday). We work as cheap as anyone regardless of prices.

Barnhill & wife.

For Sale—Full blooded Silver Lace Wyandott eggs, \$1.15 per 13 delivered at Merkel.

E. C. Powell, Noodle Texas.

A fire occurred at the Texas & Pacific shops at Big Springs Sunday night, in which the coal chute, two or three cars and quite a large quantity of coal were destroyed, besides damage to other railroad property.

County court is grinding away at Abilene this week, but no cases of general interest will come up before next week.

The Merkel Mail

ED J. LEEMAN, Editor and Prop'r.

Entered at the Postoffice at Merkel, Texas, as second-class mail matter.

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Three months..... .25
Invariably in advance.

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Two inch space..... 1.00
Quarter column (4 1/2 inches)..... 2.50
Half column (9 inches)..... 4.00
One column (18 inches)..... 7.50

Four issues constitute a month. All advertisements run and charged for until ordered out, unless limit is specified when insertion is made. Special prices on time contracts.
Local notices, 5 cents per line, each insertion.

Love and the Light of Morning.
A shelter rude and a crust of bread,
But your hand in mine on the way I tread,
And the red blooms over the roses dead,
And Love, and the light of Morning!

A Sorrow, thrilling the lonely years,
But your smile like light in a rain of tears,
And your sweet, firm faith, and your whispered prayers,
And Love, and the light of Morning!

And so we mingle, and so we meet,
And shall—till the journey at last complete,
We rest with the beautiful dreams and sweet,
In Love, and the light of Morning!

—Frank L. Stanton, in Atlanta Constitution.

An Episode of College Life

By Don Clark Wilson.

Bones ambled into my room and threw himself into a chair with the air of one to whom life is an insupportable burden. Then drawing a big deep breath into his big, deep chest he blurted out:

"Damn it!"
I tossed Cicero across the room, swept aside my examination manuscript, and demanded:

"What's up, Bones?"
"Search me!"
"Come!" I insisted. "Something is amiss. What is it?"
"Everything!"
"Be explicit."
"Know Myrtle?"
"Of course I do, confound you," impatiently.
"Know how she abhors booze?"
I did.

"That's it," said Bones, lucidly. "She's tossed me up—says she can never put up with a drunk."

"But you never drink."
"Of course not. But look at this," tossing a folded slip of paper onto my desk languidly, as though the effort was a sacrifice. "Confound the women, anyway!"

"Mr. Melville," the letter ran, "consider our former intimacy at an end. I can never reconcile myself to friendship with a drunkard." It was signed simply "Myrtle Morrison."

"Chilly, ain't it?" snorted Bones, when I had finished reading it and slowly folded the missive in my hand. "Never can tell what a woman's up to next. Something funny about this. I never drink. What got her into the notion that I'm a drunk, I wonder?"

"I confess I don't know," I replied, and studied Bones' handsome face, while he stared gloomily out of the window.

He was sorely distressed. His attachment for Miss Morrison was the result of a meeting on the golf links the previous season, and the dawn of the new season found them most devotedly intimate—so intimate that an engagement was vaguely rumored among the feminine element at school and lightly joshed about by the classmen over glasses and cigars.

The two were alluded to as the Gibson duo, the one for her clear-cut, imperious beauty, the other for his rugged chin, his broad shoulders and rather morose forehead, and they seemed by all common law fated to mate and live happily ever after. It must have cost Miss Morrison a struggle to write such a letter, too, for she certainly loved Bones with all the strength of her pure nature. I don't like to confess it, but I've eavesdropped once or twice, and ought to know. Moonlight on the links in June is something a healthy man wants to avoid if he has no notion of matrimony, and many a moonlight night had found them enmeshed in the rhapsody of romance while the caddy stole off to his home in the dale. Bones was not of that nature to confide in me to the extent of his love affairs, even though I was his closest friend; but I understood, and the matter was tacitly acknowledged.

Bones was silent, and I said nothing for several moments. Then on a sudden impulse I snatched my hat and made for the door.

"Where's you going?" growled Bones.
"See you later," I retorted, and sped

with the air of one to whom life is an insupportable burden.
down the hall at double-quick, heading for the ladies' dormitory across the campus.

The matron took my card up and presently returned, directing me to Miss Morrison's room. I sprang up the stairs three steps at a bound and rapped on Myrtle's door.

There was a subdued flurry within as of clothing being thrown about and of doors being quickly but quietly closed and then a voice scarcely above a whisper bade me enter. Which I did.

She sat by a window, palpably ill at ease, but trying to appear calm and collected. Her eyes were red with weeping and her cheeks flushed. The room was not completely in order, either, although it was all beautiful and cleverly decorated with the panels and profusion of pillows all girls like.

"You?" she exclaimed as I entered. "What can you want with me?"

"A rather delicate matter, Miss Morrison," I began, assuming a pose of the God of Love, like I had seen in the museum. "I come in Mr. Melville's behalf."

"I think, sir, your business is already done," she said in a chilly way, looking out the window with her superb chin in her hand. "Mr. Melville and I are strangers."

"You accuse him of drunkenness."
"I do. My eyes do not deceive me."
"You really saw him drunk, eh?"
"I did, sir—brutally drunk."

I felt a wave of indignation spread over me.

"I beg your pardon, Miss Morrison," I said, "but you are mistaken. I've known Bones—Mr. Melville—for ten years, and have never yet seen him inebriated or even heard of his drinking. Will you tell me when and under what circumstances you saw him in such a condition?"

"Then you cannot take my word, sir?" she cried. "You would cast insinuations? I know what my eyes tell me, sir! He was drinking. Mr. Kittering—brutally, vulgarly drinking,



She sat by a window, palpably ill at ease.

and singing a wild drunken song in the midst of a crowd of other inebriated students on the campus last Tuesday night! I know, sir! I saw him! He's a brute, and I'm done with him—forever!"

This was dangerously near hysteria. She rose as she spoke and prodded the carpet with her dainty heel.
Without further words I left the room, determined to seek an explanation or a confession from Bones. If he was guilty the girl's treatment was only just. It would never do for her to be linked to a deceiving drunkard.

Bones lounged lazily where I had left him. As I entered he looked up hopefully and grunted:
"Well?"

"Look here, old man," I said, shaking a finger in his face, "have you been drinking?"

"Not on your life."
"Never touched a drop?" I continued sternly eyeing him.
"I swear it."

"Something's up for a fact, then! She swears she saw you drinking. Said she saw you with her own eyes in the midst of a crowd on the campus singing a drunken song and raising the devil generally."

Bones started up, grasping the arms of his chair tightly.
"See here! When was this?" he demanded.

"Tuesday night," I believe.
Bones sprang for the door, grabbing his hat on the way, and before I could frame a question was sailing down the hall like a maniac on deviltry bent.

Perplexed, I sat for several moments staring dully at the floor. I had a notion of following and watching developments, but recalling my unfinished studies I sat once again at my desk and pored over the books for the next three hours.

Bones was not down to lunch. No one seemed able to tell where he was, but while strolling about the campus after dinner I ran across a student who said he had seen Bones going off toward the links shortly before, and I walked off in the direction indi-

ated.
The old moon was riding just over a fringe of pines when I saw a silhouette loom against his face and recognized in the broad shoulders of the figure the man I was seeking. It was dark where he was, and I could see only his head and shoulders. I approached, but suddenly stopped when within a few feet, for I heard a voice and it was Bones.
"Drunk?" he laughed, in a gay manner which did my solicitous heart good. "Why, you silly, don't you know I never, never drink?"

"Well, sir," stammered a voice sweet as a lark's, "your conduct was surprisingly unconventional, and an explanation is due. Fess up, sir!"

"Nothing much to explain," replied Bones. "We were rehearsing the drinking song in 'Faust' for the classman's play."

"But why rehearse under the trees on the campus, and at such an unseemly hour?" she persisted. "Why did you not use the auditorium, as sane people would?"

"Oh," laughed Bones, "the janitors were sweeping in the auditorium."
There was a kind of a rustle then, which the breeze was in no wise accountable for, and a subdued smack, and I stole away.

Light.

The night has a thousand eyes,
And the day but one;
Yet the light of the bright world dies
With the dying sun.

The mind has a thousand eyes,
And the heart but one;
Yet the light of a whole life dies
When love is done.

—Francis W. Bourdillon.

The Awakening From Romance

They were not a romantic looking couple, both approaching the mark which the world unfeelingly calls middle age. Both were slightly inclined to embonpoint.

She was pleasant and comfortable in appearance and gave the impression of having arrived at that stage of existence when she no longer expected things to happen. Why, indeed, should she? They never had happened, to any extent; she had grown up, had gone to school, placidly fallen in love and married—and there a respectable woman's experience should stop.

He was also inclined to placidity—outwardly, at least—but with a difference. Things had happened within his memory. Indeed, he was even then going quietly over them and retrospection which does not include the partner of a man's joys and sorrows is not only a dangerous luxury, but is a sure sign of boredom.

They were traveling between Little Rock and Fort Smith. She was thinking busily of the number of pounds of sugar necessary to a given number of baskets of cherries awaiting her housewifely care, and he—well, his mind was concerned with cherries, too, but they were cherries in the blossom, the snowy boughs of the trees that had shaded a little village lane.

Underneath the boughs stood a girl and a boy—how well he remembers the face of the girl, the pink of her cheeks, the blue of her eyes, the brown of her hair—he could feel yet the sting of that braid of hair as she switched it roughly in his face when he tried to steal a kiss.

He stole a side look at his wife's plain, wholesome features and sighed. He even wondered why his dream of the tree lane had never come true—why he had—just then the train slowed up at a little side station and he became aware of an unusual bustle on the platform. His wife said, with some excitement in her voice:

"John, I do believe a theatrical troupe is getting on here."

John dimly remembered that Flora had always called him "Jack" as he answered lazily:

"Well, my dear, what of it? There is plenty of room, isn't there? I don't see any immediate need for my being interested," and lapsed into the region of past delights again—"what a mischief Flora has been"—he was rudely jolted back to the present again by a severe pinch from Mrs. John.

"For goodness sake, John, did you ever see such a get up?"

"Eh—what did you say, Margaret? Get up where?" and following the direction of her eyes, he looked down the aisle.

Ye gods, was he dreaming? It was Flora, Flora in the flesh, in fact more so than when they had last met, not quite the Flora of the cherry tree, but unmistakably his early sweetheart—the star of the barnstorming troupe.

She came up the aisle talking loudly to a dejected looking individual whom she addressed as "Tommy." Her dress was brown and the feather

in her hat—a hat too large for traveling—was green as a Brazilian bird's wing.

The pink was in her cheeks as in the days of the cherry trees, but it had a suggestion of permanency, unlike the flitting roses of fifteen years ago—and her hair—surely Flora's hair was brown, while the green parrot's wing shaded a voluminous pompadour of golden yellow.

John was not sure by this time



It was Flora in the flesh.

whether he was the most afraid she wouldn't recognize him or most hoped she would—but it mattered little—she did.

In a moment she was bearing down upon them like a ship of Tarshish in full sail and was shaking him warmly by the hand and talking as only Flora could do.

"Surely this is Jack Benton? I couldn't be mistaken, though you have grown a lot stouter since we met. Don't you remember Flora Marcey? If you don't then a man's memory for an old sweetheart is a pretty thin thing."

Poor John could feel Margaret stiffen at the last sentence, and groaning in spirit he introduced his wife to Miss Marcey, whose volubility made up for any awkwardness that Mrs. Benton's manner might have caused.

"Jack and I were old sweethearts at Fort Smith. Lord, what larks we used to have in the old days, after school and coming home from choir practice. I never thought of going on the stage in those days, but talent will not be suppressed—and here I am. It looks like fate, our meeting like this, doesn't it?"

John shuffled nervously and cursed fate inwardly and presently the clatter went on again.

"Where are you living? Still at Fort Smith. Well, I never; our circuit closes fifteen miles from there and I'm going to take a holiday. I believe I'll just drop down on you folks for a month's change. If the old place is as slow as it used to be it will make an elegant place to rest."

Benton looked beseechingly at his wife, but she appeared oblivious to the fact that he was still on the face of the globe—he hesitated a minute and then, remembering the boy and girl friendship, he glanced at his wife and said defiantly:

"We should be awfully pleased to have you."

And Mrs. Benton astonished him by adding with suspicious friendliness:

"Yes, do come, we shall be perfectly delighted."

With more astuteness than her



Compelled to sink down the aisle in the wake of a purple gown.

husband would have given her credit for, Mrs. B. had come to the conclusion that a dose of an old sweetheart—when she is as impossible as Flora—is almost as good for a man as an occasional dose of rheubarb.

Flora came—John Benton saw—but Mrs. Benton conquered.

Forth from Flora's voluminous baggage came gowns fearfully and wonderfully constructed from materials which might have just arrived from an Indian bazaar. The hat with the green feather was not a circumstance to the creations which crown-

ed Flora's yellow pompadour when she impersonated the heroine in some glowing melodrama—and she wore them all at Fort Smith.

On Sundays Mrs. Benton systematically manufactured excuses to remain away from service, and John, who liked to see women garbed as soberly as Quakers, was compelled to slink down the aisle in the wake of a purple gown and a green and purple velvet Gainsborough hat.

Four weeks went by and still Flora showed no signs of an early flitting. Mrs. Benton absolutely refused to offer suggestions, so in a moment of desperation Benton bethought himself of an old-time feud between his mother and Flora, which dated back to his and Flora's schooldays. He wired his mother at once, "Need you here immediately, do not fail me," and well did he know that the first available train would bring the faithful soul. At dinner that day he casually announced that he expected his mother that night, or the next morning, at least.

In the afternoon Flora received a mysterious message—presumably from Marco—which demanded her immediate presence elsewhere, and by 5:30 the Benton household knew her no more.

The next morning found John in bed with a racking nervous headache. As Mrs. Benton waited upon him in her quiet restful way he wondered how he could ever have been fool enough to fancy himself tired of such a woman. Catching her hand and pressing his cheek against it boyishly, he said reproachfully:

"Margaret, how could you—what made you act so, and try to keep her?"

With a spice of mischief in her calm gray eyes she smoothed his head and answered:

"Well, you see, John, dear, I had noticed in you a growing tendency to talk in your sleep—you seemed to have restless dreams about a mysterious 'Flora,' who was connected in an odd way with cherry trees and equally youthful things. So when I met Flora, it occurred to me that at last I saw a way to restore your dreamless sleep and my own peace of mind, which, I don't mind telling you now—was fast slipping away. I'm a homeopathist, you know, and—well, some poisons are their own antidotes, when given in proper quantities. Was I right, John?"

He kissed her hand and said:
"As you always are, darling, but don't you think you gave me an unnecessarily large dose?"

She shook her head laughingly.
"You see, I didn't want to risk a repetition."—Vivian Clare Howard in Chicago American.

Twilight.
The sweetest hour, sweetheart, to me
Is when the wind at twilight sighs,
And shadows steal from every tree
To soothe the earth's day-weary eyes,
And Memory sets her gates ajar,
And Fancy leads my thoughts afar.

The honeysuckle and the rose
Waft fragrance through the amber gloom,
And, lo! my thought enraptured goes
Back to another garden's bloom,
And other blossoms glad my sight,
I am not here, but there, to-night.

Not here, but there, and not alone,
As if a flower a bud became,
The wings of Time are backward flown,
And lights of hope with joy retrace;
Yes, Life is new, and faith is true,
And I walk there with love—and you!
—Samuel Minturn Peck in Boston Transcript.

Mr. Brown's First Detective Duty

No one who had happened to observe the figure of Mr. Bromley Brown wandering about his garden on a certain mild April morning would have imagined him to be suffering from an acute sense of regret for his wasted opportunities.

A girl's figure leaned out and a young voice called to him:

"Why do you look so solemn, papa, dear? What a perfect day it is! Warm and sunny enough for June!"

"I was thinking," he said, impressively, "of how very little material comfort signifies, and how few of us are satisfied! I know I may not look it, but since my earliest days I have often told you, I have had a curious, wild craving for adventure, for some excitement outside the deadly routine of a business life. It is hard that of a business life."

Valentine laughed and leaned still further out of the window. She, for her part, was absolutely satisfied with the fair face worn by the world around her.

Her father took off his gold-rimmed glasses and laid down his newspaper. "Ha! this is most curious!" said he. "What a splendid chance if one could only light upon him—the plausible soundrel! The shrewd young villain!"

Valentine turned her gray eyes on his shining crimson face.

"Listen to me—Val," he cried; "you remember the general told us

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Discontent.

I wish I was a little boy,
And didn't have no curls,
So I could run and jump and fight
And needn't play with girls.
And needn't wash my face and hands
And brush and comb my hair,
And clean my teeth three times a day—
Oh, I don't think it's fair!
But just because I am a girl
I have to be real good,
And not spill sirup on my frock,
And always "chew my food."

Back to Love and the Hills

When the girl reached her own door she turned to look at the sun, which was just sinking behind the cotton mill. But it was a dull, disreputable ball which leered her through the grimy atmosphere, and she threw out her hand with a sudden revulsion of pent-up disgust.

"Tain't my sun," she half sobbed; "hit's—hit's on'y jes' some cheap thing the factory gits up."

The company used the poorest grade of soft coal, and though its dense smoke had ceased to blacken the sky above the tall chimney, it still clogged the moist lower atmosphere of the mill yard and the cheap hastily constructed village in the little bend of the sluggish river.

A heavy step approached and she turned to look into her father's easy, good-natured face.

"Ye 'pears to git ahead o' we uns, Nervy," he said, with obvious disapproval in his voice; "I spoke to—Bess comin' out, an' she said ye lef' the factory like ye was fired outer a gun. She—they don't like fo's to be offish an' onneighborly."

At the name of Bess the girl drew back, flushing hotly.

"I don't keer for none of 'em," she retorted drearly; "they're so cheap an' triflin'. Hit's bad 'nough in this cabin, with nothin' but mo' cabins an' mud an' mill smoke all 'round, but hit 'lows me to git to mysef, some. Oh, pap! if on'y we hadn't lef' the mountain!" She turned abruptly into the cabin, and he followed.

"But hit was you as seemed mos' set on comin', Nervy," he expostulated, as he seated himself upon a box and watched her start a fire and set about getting supper. "When I firs' spoke of hit, ye was jes' wil' to come. Ye said there'd be chances to study an' I 'arn to be like fo's, an' that ye wouldn't have to grow up ign'rant an' no 'count. An' now," wonderingly, "here ye are, homesick, a'ready. I'm feared, Nervy, that ye ain' so strong-minded, an—an' projectin' as fo's 'lowed on."

The girl's face hardened a little, but she made no answer. The man drew his box forward and began to eat

hungrily, but from time to time raised his eyes furtively to the face opposite. At length, as he transferred the last slice of bacon to his plate, he blurted out desperately:

"Mebbe ye'd ought to have mo' comp'ny, Nervy. Tain't very lively with jes' one man like me in the house, an' me mos'ly out. Now there's the Grogans that take bo'ders," shifting his eyes from her direct gaze; "they've got fo' or five mighty bright young gals, an' I do hear one of 'em's goin' off. P'raps ye might git her place. Of co'se," hastily, "I'd hate to have ye go 'way, but if I 'lowed ye'd be havin' a better time an' be mo' content like, I'd be willin'."

Her lips curled a little.

"Then hit's true?" she said. "I've been hearin' ye was almin' to marry that gal, Bess, an' I reckon I've done said sharp things to fo'ks that hinted it. But I—I couldn't help hit, pappy," her voice breaking suddenly, "with my own mammy dead on'y five months. If ye'd wait a year, I wouldn't say a word, an—an' I'd even try to make frien's with Bess. Oh, pappy! won't ye please wait on mammy's 'count?"

The man made no answer except to shake his head sullenly. Her face again grew hard.

"I s'pose hit's Bess that's at Gro-



She turned to look at the sun.

gans, an' is goin' off," she said, coldly, "an' she's done tole ye that she an' me can't live in the same house. Ain't that hit, pappy? When she comes here, I'm to go to—Grogans, or somewhere. Well, don't be skeered. Jes' whenever she tels ye to sen' me off, I—I—." She rose hastily and went to a window; and the man, with an uneasy glance in her direction, seized hit hat and slipped quietly from the room.

Half an hour later she was again standing by the window, her few household duties completed. Presently she noticed a tall, broad-shouldered figure coming along the street, stopping now and then as though to make inquiries. A moment later a clear, imperative rat-tat sounded

through the house, and she went to the door wondering who it could be.

The uncertainty was of brief duration, for, as the door swung back, his "Nervy, I am glad to see ye!" was mingled with her pleased, "Oh, Jake, you here?" Then with a warm flush on her face she re-entered the room and he followed.

There were no chairs in the room, and she motioned him to the largest of the boxes. Then she came and placed her hand familiarly on his shoulder.

"Now, tell me, Jake," she commanded, "whatever brought ye 'way off to these parts; an' how's all the fo'ks, an' the farmin' an' huntin' an' fishin', an' the woods an' peaks, an—an' everything?"

But he only possessed himself of her hand, laughing.

"You uns are in a reg'lar hornets' nest of a place," he declared. "I axed for ye at one house, an' at another an' another, an' nobody seemed to know ye by name, they all wanted to talk an' say somethin' 'bout somebody else." He paused abruptly, and at that moment a flare through a broad crack in the stove crossed her face. "Nervy!" he cried, sharply, springing to his feet, "what's the matter? Ye've been sick, an—an' yes, ye've been cryin'!"

"No, no, Jake," she expostulated, smiling and flushing under his anxious gaze, "hit's—hit's jes' the hard work an' lonesomeness of the place. Ye don't know—"

"Yes, I do know," explosively,



"Whatever brought ye 'way off to these parts?"

"hit's that shifty-eyed daddy—no, I don't mean that, Nervy. But I heered hit all comin' 'long. When fo'ks l'arned where I was goin' they jes' seemed achin' to tell me 'bout the gal he was to marry, an' that she said you and her couldn't live in the same house. Why, Nervy, I—." His face had grown dark, but now it suddenly cleared, and he ended with a laugh. "Anyhow, hit's goin' to he'p my plans."

"Your plans?" she asked.

He settled himself comfortably upon the box and drew her down beside him.

"Ye 'member that day we parted on the mountain?" he said, with a suppressed eagerness in his voice which she could not fail to notice. "Ye wa'n't satisfied with our narrer way o' livin' an' wanted to fit yo'se'f for somethin' nobler in the big worl' outside; an—an' ye 'lowed ye loved me, but couldn't marry me, 'cause I wa'n't ready to climb up 'long o' ye. An' I'm free to say, Nervy, I didn't feel I could leave the mountains then. I'd been brung up 'mong 'em, an' I loved 'em, an' hit seemed to me there wa'n't no other place fit for livin'."

I had a nice farm an' was doin' well, an' I did 'low I was of valoo to the neighborhood. So I let ye come off alone. But I was mistook, Nervy," his voice becoming more earnest and tender; "I knowed hit jes' as soon as ye was gone. I did n' car' any mo' for the farm nor the mountains; hit was you I wanted, jes' you an' nothin' else. So I've come here to climb up with ye, an' to do anythin' ye like an' go anywhere ye say. I've been to the factory, an' there ain' no job for me jes' now 'cep' 'tendin' fire in the engine room at ninety cents a day. I kin git bo'ded for fifty cents. That leaves fo'ty cents for gittin' ahead. Tain't much, but mebbe hit'll do for a start. We kin git along. Ye've knowed me since I was a little feller, an' ye know I can be trusted, an' ye know that I generly do what I set out to do. An—an' that's all. Will ye marry me, Nervy?"

She rose swiftly and stood before him, her eyes shining. He could see the eagerness, the longing in them, even in the dim light.

"Ye ain' sold nor—nor rented the farm, have ye, Jake?" she breathed. "Not yet; hit's the wrong time o' year. I've jes' lef' hit in brother Tom's han's to look out for."

"I'm so glad! Oh, Jake, ye can't ever know how glad!" she half sobbed. "Yes, I'll marry ye, but we won't stay here. We'll go back to we uns mountains an' climb up together there. An' jes' think, Jake," as he rose and stood beside her, "we'll have our own sun an' hit won't be cheap an' dirty lookin', an' we needn' wade around in mud, an' there won't be gossipin' an' fightin' an' scoldin' fo'ks all round us. Oh, Jake, Jake!"

And she raised her face to his, transfigured at the thought, and he almost reverently, bent down and kissed it.—Frank H. Sweet in New York Press.

In the Abilene city election Tuesday F. C. Digby Roberts was re-elected mayor. Morgan Weaver, J. P. Wooten, W. H. Craig and W. E. Hughes are the aldermen, Bruce E. Oliver city attorney, and Jno. M. Blackburn city engineer.

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SPECIAL NOTICES.

Communications to insure publication must bear the signature of the writer, as well as the name of the plume under which they write. This is required merely as a guarantee of good faith. Obituaries, Cards of Thanks, etc., are inserted at one-half the regular advertising rates. Positively no deviation from this rule.

PROHIBITION AT LAST.

As predicted in The Mail last week, the publication of the results of the local option election in this county was completed, Judge Calhoun refusing to recognize any further interference on the part of the antis. The saloons, therefore, will close tomorrow (Friday) night promptly at 12 o'clock, at which time the law goes into effect. The fight has been a stubborn one and every inch of the ground was contested. With a less energetic or more easily discouraged set of men to contend with the antis would no doubt have won out. All peacefully inclined and law abiding citizens will rejoice that the contest has been brought to a close and the wishes of the people respected, and now that it has been settled every citizen should constitute himself into a committee of one and see that the law is enforced to the letter.

It has been given out that all the saloons except one will close promptly on time. Immediately upon the arrest of this saloon keeper the courts will again be resorted to and a test case will be made of it, the opposition hoping to prove that the law has been incorrectly interpreted. Such a course can but prove disastrous to the saloon interests.

This week has been one of general debauchery among that element which has so persistently sought to foist the saloon upon the people. In order to diminish their stock the saloons have cut prices, and the phone wires have been kept busy communicating this fact to the rural districts, with the result that many jugs—and jags—have been sent out of Abilene. This is giving prohibition a hilarious send off, or, at least, it denotes the last feeble effort of the whiskey element. It is sad death, indeed.

OCCUPATION TAX LAW.

In vetoing the measure which sought to remove occupation taxes from certain occupations, Gov. Lanham showed a commendable spirit of fairness. There is no plausible reason why a merchant should be excused from paying an occupation tax, while his neighbor, the photographer, must "pony up." If a real estate agent is forced to pay an occupation tax, why excuse the dentist or even the banker? Discriminating laws should be far from the intents of our law makers, and yet the occupation tax law was rabid in this respect, for it sought to exempt lawyers, bankers, merchants and dentists from payment of the tax. Class legislation is bad legislation. At the risk of becoming unpopular with these classes, Gov. Lanham promptly and emphatically vetoed the measure and for the

following reasons, (1) the measure was discriminating, (2) no provisions were made for the void which the loss of this tax would make in the treasury, and (3) as the law would not go into effect before 1905, there is yet plenty of time in which to discuss the question, get it intelligently before the people and at a later sitting of the legislative body again bring it up for consideration. In these propositions the governor is correct.

That the occupation tax law is a farce, goes without saying, and it should be repealed. But if we are going to exempt only certain classes, then it is best that the law remain as it now is. Let the burdens of taxation bear equally upon all classes. Discriminating laws will prove detrimental to the growth and development of any State.

TERRELL ELECTION LAW.

The Terrell election law seems to meet every demand of the times and will no doubt prevent much of the fraud usually practiced at elections. The law provides for uniform primary elections and conventions and safeguards them with adequate restrictions and penalties. Under this law all primary elections in this State must hereafter be held the second Saturday in July of each election year and the returns canvassed and the result declared the following Thursday. District conventions, or meetings of committees to declare result of district primaries, are required to be held on the fourth Saturday in July, which is designated as "district convention day." State conventions are required to be held in August, but no certain day is designated. No person is allowed to vote in the primaries or conventions of but one political party, and the payment of a poll tax is a prerequisite for voting in any of them. Ex-Gov. Terrell is author of the bill.

BLIND TIGER BILL.

The blind tiger bill as approved by the governor is a measure that has long been needed in this state. It is a good measure because it makes the law more stringent by making it effective in all political subdivisions of a county as well as in school districts and justice precincts. The bill also adds to the present law a search warrant feature which authorizes an officer to search the premises of any person where it is believed the local option law is being violated. It also makes an internal revenue license prima facie evidence that the holder is engaged in selling liquors, and compels druggists who sell liquor in local option districts to file all prescriptions for liquor every 30 days with the district clerk for inspection by the grand jury. The bill defines a blind tiger and a heavy penalty is attached for a violation of any provisions of the act. This law has long been needed and will do much toward enforcing the local option law.

To strive to find the best in life, to get at its real though half hidden meaning, day by day faithfully looking always for the deeper, truer things of life, can not fail to bless us. We live to become something rather than to get something. Heaven can not come to those wasting the life given to them for development.

Farm work is being shoved forward at a satisfactory pace, while the sun is shining.

Wetting whistles is now a crime in Taylor county.

A few years ago Texas was supposed to be a State where whiskey was drunk as freely as water and where everything was "wide open," so far as the liquor traffic was concerned. Yet, in about 105 of the 236 counties of the State, absolute prohibition prevails, while in 74 others the sale of intoxicants is confined to one or two of the larger towns, and only about 57 of the counties have general license. The march of prohibition has been steadily forward, reaching far beyond the expectations of its most earnest champions, and the sentiment is destined to sweep the State clear of the saloon and its evil influences. The better element among the liquor dealers have evidently begun their missionary work in the interest of morality a little bit too late.

It is pretty generally known that the best weapons with which to fight grasshoppers and, in fact, all the other insect pests are furnished by nature in the shape of the fowls of the air and the poultry on the farm. A flock of turkeys will clear a wide swath as they march through a field infested with hoppers. As to the birds, but for them the insects would eventually take the earth. No farmer, therefore, should ever kill a bird or allow one to be killed on his premises.

Up to within a few weeks ago Indiana, Pa., contained about twenty negro citizens, but the white citizens held a mass meeting and resolved that the negro must go, and they were so notified. A few refused. Their houses were torn down and they were escorted out of town at the muzzle of shotguns. The president maintained a rigid silence in regard to this disgraceful episode, but in regard to the Indianola affair he unhesitatingly proclaimed that "the law must be upheld." Funny, isn't it? But then it must be remembered that Indianola is not in Pennsylvania.

Vice is very costly. It means death to the body, purse, home, mind, character, reputation and soul. Leading a pure life adds to one's accomplishments and makes easier the pursuit of wealth and pleasure.

Discontent seems to be an integral part of human nature; we are all of us discontented with things obtained in a temporal way. Rising from victory to victory, reaching the summit of earthly things, man realizes at last, often too late, that all is vanity.

Republicans are doing a vast amount of shooting trustward, but if their guns are trained on the enemy it shows them to be very poor marksmen.

April has evolved itself into March and is giving us a taste of high life. That is a kind of April fool that should be taken with a grain of—sand.

The legislature was reconvened in special session on the day following adjournment. In other words, the law makers struck for higher wages and got 'em.

An editor in Minnesota stated recently that he had been kissed by one of the most beautiful married women in town, and promised to tell her name in the first issue of his paper in the next month. In two weeks his circulation doubled, but when he named his wife he had to leave town.—Ex.

WITH THE PRESS GANG.

A woman has farther to fall than a man and it hurts more.—Exchange.

That's a mistake. They fall the same distance, but society upholds one and condemns the other—that's where the difference comes in. A moral leper is a moral leper, whether found in man or woman.

There are boys in Austin wearing safety pins who also carry six-shooters. They ought to be spanked with a barrel stave and put to bed.—Austin Statesman.

Same over here, but a barrel stave is much too small for the Merkel breed. They ought to be kicked with a pile driver and sent to Sunday school. A good dose of staying at home would improve their appetites.

Say a good word for your home town and quit growling.—Cisco Apert.

Keep on shouting, and just a little louder.

The Merkel Mail man should try to buy a cigar on Sunday in Wills Point and he would think the Sunday law is enforced sometimes. The trouble with the enforcement of this law is that in most places they take it by spells and do not keep it up long enough for us to get used to supplying ourselves beforehand for Sunday.—Chronicle.

The disease has never struck Merkel, and if it had, we've not the price of a cigar. Anyway the law should be respected. It is a good law, for it teaches us to respect the Sabbath and keep it holy. The trouble is that too many of us put off till tomorrow that which we could do today, and while breaking this rule we are also leading others to break the law of the land.

Tuesday was divorce day in the district court at Paris, and Judge Denton disposed of seventy-five couples who evidently had come to the conclusion that marriage was not the success they had been lead to believe it was.—Honey Grove Citizen.

Lamar county seems to be a hot bed of connubial disagree-

ments. Of the 72 cases 27 were granted, the remainder being dismissed for want of prosecution. The divorce evil in Texas is a growing one and it should be brought to the attention of the legislature.

Armour & Company of Fort Worth are now in the market for eggs. It would be staggering to state the quantity of eggs that this firm could use in one year, and it is only necessary to say that they will take all they can get, and this means another source of revenue for the farmer's wife.—Cisco Round-up.

Hogs and poultry are two of the greatest income producers on the farm, and this fact should find lodgement in the head of every "horny-handed son of toil." With such a market close at hand the value of these products is increased two fold. "Plant hogs and hens," should be the cry.

An Extra Session.

The extra session of the Legislature was called,

1. To make appropriations for the support of the State Government and for the public service for the fiscal years beginning Sept. 1, 1903, and ending Aug. 31, 1905.

2. To make provisions for refunding or paying off the State bonds which will mature before the first day of Jan., 1905.

3. To make provision for re-surveying and establishing the boundaries between the State of Texas and the Territories of New Mexico and Oklahoma.

4. To make provision for furnishing an adequate supply of water and light for the various State institutions and public buildings located at the capital.

As no Chinaman can reach Paradise unless he is buried in his native soil, the loss of the British steamship Ventnor off the New Zealand coast caused much commotion among the Chinese colonies of the island. The Ventnor, bound for China, carried a cargo of 500 coffins which contained the remains of as many Chinaman who had died away from home. Great sums of money have already been spent in the effort to recover them, one family alone having spent \$15,000.

No line of Vehicles for West Texas like the

RACINE

DURABLE
COMFORTABLE
MEDIUM PRICED

Made and guaranteed by the largest vehicle factory in the world. Have been sold in this section for 9 years. Get a RACINE vehicle and feel satisfied that you have something good. Thousands of them in use in West Texas.

ED S. HUGHES & CO.

ABILENE, TEXAS

Distributors for WEST TEXAS.

Robbed The Grave.

A startling incident is narrated by John Oliver of Philadelphia, as follows: "I was in an awful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite, growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Then I was advised to use Electric Bitters; to my great joy, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50c, guaranteed, at Rust & Pittard's drug store.

Sam Jones Coming.

Sam P. Jones, the eminent lecturer and divine, will be in Merkel on the night of April 20. This is the last attraction of the Lyceum course, and while it should have appeared last December, we hope it will be none the less welcome, and that a crowded house will greet him upon his appearance here.

Those who bought season tickets are requested to call and have them renewed. A general admission of \$1.00 will be charged.

Tickets on sale at Burroughs & Mann's drug store.

We make our business pay us by making it pay you.

J. T. Warren.

FOR SALE.

8 yearling males, good Hereford grades. Joe Higgins will sell them cheap.

C. P. Warren.

Eggs For Sale.

Full blood brown Leghorn eggs, 15 for \$1.00; good, fresh eggs delivered at Merkel Texas.

Mrs. A. Criswell,
4t Noodle, Texas.

There is nothing that fits a man like his skin, next to that Warren's underwear. Best lot of 50c garments ever shown.

Come and see our spring matting.—W. P. Browning and Co.

We handle a full supply of machine needles and attachments, belts, oil cans, etc. Best oil made.

W. P. Browning & Co.

To The Public.

Those who have second-hand goods for sale take them to J. C. Watkins.

If you pay less elsewhere you get less. Trade with Warren.

Call for Sale.

The editor of The Mail has a male calf for sale, or will trade for feed or forage. Come quick if you want him.

Our business success is not an accident; our methods, our goods the volume of business, our low expenses tell the tale.

R. B. Ustick, Jeweler.

Our collection of \$5.00 trousers may interest you. It costs nothing to see them.

J. T. Warren.

The little child of Mr. and Mrs. S. H. Basham has been quite sick, but is improving, we are glad to learn.

The South Side Hotel is receiving some much needed repairs this week in the way of new weather boarding and a fresh coat of paint. Its appearance will be much benefited.

Work on the Hutcheson building has been completed to the second story and it is showing up nicely. The Browning building is now ready for occupancy.

SPRINGTIME'S HERE!

OR IT'S TIME IT SHOULD BE.

Our New Spring Clothing is here for sure, and our invitation to come in and look it over is a most cordial one.



It is time you were looking out for that new Easter Suit. We have them in all the shades, styles and fabrics. Careful selection and close buying enables us to show a stock for the spring season combining all of the qualities that the most fastidious buyer may look for. We have varieties enough to please everybody, and grades to suit all purses. Would be pleased to have prospective buyers come in and look around. They will find our best argument right before them, piled up in heaps on our clothing counters.

We don't think our clothing is any better than lots of others, but we are certain it is just as good as any made. Our men's suits at \$5 are as good as suits that are sold in other places at \$6.50 or \$7. Our \$8.50 are regular \$10 suits in some stores. Our \$10 suits in all the new cuts and shades are the kind others ask \$12.50 and even more for. Our \$13.50, \$15 and \$16.50 suits sell in larger towns for \$18 and \$20.

Mothers, where is that boy of yours going for his new outfit? We have remembered him and his needs. He wants a spring suit and he must have a good, reliable one. We have that kind; it is the Mrs. Jane Hopkins make. The garments are stylish and so strongly sewed they'll not rip. When you've looked them over you will acknowledge that the prices are lower than you expected. We have them ranging in price from



75c to \$5.00.

J. T. Warren.

A Thoughtful Man.

M. M. Austin of Winchester, Ind. knew what to do in the hour of need. His wife had such an unusual case of stomach and liver trouble, physicians could not help her. He thought of and tried Dr. King's New Life Pills and she got relief at once and was finally cured. Only 25c, at Rust & Pittard's Drug Store.

Warren sells everything you wear from the ground up.

You can't blame a pretty girl for putting on frills when she has Warren's stock of laces and embroideries to select from.

The flour is the basis of the good things you bake, have that right and you're almost sure of results.

Peace-Maker at Warren's is all right.

WANTED—A girl or middle aged lady to assist in house work. Good pay to right party. Call on Mrs. J. T. Warren.

Mrs. Wm. Bright of Eskota is visiting Mrs. George at the South Side Hotel.

The beauty and attractiveness of J. T. Warren's residence is being enhanced by the touch of the paint brush. There are few lovelier homes in the west.

A Good Name.

If boys knew what golden capital a "good name" is, they would work hard to get it. Well did the wisest man say that "it is rather to be chosen than great riches." It is of great importance to a boy what the men of his place say about him. Never fancy that they do not know you; that they have no interest in what you do. Every business man sees and estimates the boys who pass before him at pretty nearly their own worth; every man with sons of his own takes an interest in other men's sons. There is nothing like obliging ways to make friends of people, and lead them to speak well of you. That will be a stepping-stone to your success in life.—Selected.

Makes A Clean Sweep.

There's nothing like doing a thing thoroughly. Of all the Salves you ever heard of, Bucklen's Arnica Salve is the best. It sweeps away and cures Burns, Sores, Bruises, Cuts, Boils, Ulcers, Skin Eruptions and Piles. It's only 25c, and guaranteed to give satisfaction by Rust & Pittard, Druggist.

W. P. Browning & Co. have the best line of window shades in town. All the new patterns.

Mr. Houston, who is traveling for an Omaha calendar company, was here Friday. He took no orders, the merchants giving him to understand that they preferred to patronize the home printer. A commendable spirit.

Mrs. Dr. Martin of Nubia has been seriously ill, but is reported improving, we are glad to state.

Joe Blackburn of Nubia is seriously and perhaps fatally ill. He is one of our best citizens, and The Mail hopes sincerely for his recovery.

R. H. Collins returned from the east this week, where he purchased another car of hogs. The entire lot were sold while on the side track at Abilene.

Willie Scott and wife were over from Nugent, Jones county, last week. Willie was married to one of Jones county's fair daughters, which fact escaped the notice of The Mail at that time, but it is none too late to tender them our hearty congratulations. His father, J. W. Scott, is prosperous and contented.

John Elliott was in Abilene Saturday. The saloon men are chagrined over their defeat, he says, but all will respect the law and in his opinion there will be no local option violations in this county. The grand jury scared many of the lawless element out of the county.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Bowie of Abilene visited here Saturday and Sunday with the latter's sister, Mrs. Geo. S. Berry.

Herbine Cures.

Fever and Ague. A dose will usually stop a chill, a continuance always cures. Mrs. Wm. M. Stroud, Midlothian, Texas, May 31, 1899, writes: We have used Herbine in our family for eight years, and found it the best medicine we have ever used for la grippe, bilious fever, and malaria." 50c at Burroughs & Mann.

Good News for Farmers.

According to Harry T. Johnson, an ex-observer of the United States weather bureau, the weather during the crop season of 1903 will be exceedingly favorable. The temperature will be high, but there will be no excess of dryness, neither will there be undue rainfall to interfere with gathering the crop. He says that both winter and spring wheat will be harvested under decidedly more favorable conditions than last year, and makes the deduction that the wheat and cotton crops should be the most abundant in the history of the country.

Following is the full text of his prediction with regard to the crop weather of 1903, which may be taken for what they are worth:

The spring of 1903 will be marked by rainfall slightly above the average in the great grain growing belts.

Winter and spring wheat will be harvested under decidedly more favorable conditions than 1902.

Summer will be ideal; warmer than 1902, but with less rainfall. No droughts or excessive wet harvests will occur, although there will be ample sunshine and moisture.

From the above conditions the wheat crop of 1903, as well as the cotton crop, will be the most abundant in the history of the country.

Racine buggies are good buggies. Read our ad in this issue. Ed S. Hughes & Co.

Beauty And Strength.

Are desirable. You are strong and vigorous, when your blood is pure. Many—nay, most—women, fail to properly digest their food, and so become pale, sallow, thin and weak, while the brightness, freshness and beauty of the skin and complexion, depart. Remedy this unpleasant evil, by eating nourishing food, and taking a small dose of Herbine after each meal, to digest what you have eaten. 50c at Burroughs & Mann.

Road hands have been putting in some telling ticks on the streets the past week, but the means to be expended in this direction are not sufficient to guarantee the work that should be expended upon the streets. A grade should be established by a competent engineer and the streets worked to it. However, this can hardly be accomplished except through the channels of local government, which would necessitate incorporating the town. "Barkis is willing," what say you?

J. T. Dennis last week moved his residence to the Sheppard addition, and is improving it considerably.

Miss Opal Harkrider visited relatives in Abilene Sunday.

Sam Eason came down from Big Springs to visit his family.

Notice!

The City Meat Market keeps nice, fresh beef, pork and sausage on hand all the time.

Beginning Monday, April 13, we will make ice deliveries between the hours of 9 and 12 a. m. and after 4 p. m. each day, except Sunday, when ice and meat will be delivered from 7 to 9 a. m. Please make your order accordingly, as we will not vary from this rule.

J. W. & L. M. Watkins.

Arthur Browning visited in Abilene Monday.

Miss Nora Crim visited home folks in Abilene Monday.

Consumption

The only kind of consumption to fear is "neglected consumption."

People are learning that consumption is a curable disease. It is neglected consumption that is so often incurable.

At the faintest suspicion of consumption get a bottle of Scott's Emulsion and begin regular doses.

The use of Scott's Emulsion at once, has, in thousands of cases, turned the balance in favor of health.

Neglected consumption does not exist where Scott's Emulsion is.

Prompt use of Scott's Emulsion checks the disease while it can be checked.

Send for free sample.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists,
409-415 Pearl Street, New York.
50c. and \$1.00; all druggists.

Save The Loved Ones.

Mrs. Mary A. Vliet, Newcastle, Colo., writes: "I believe Ballard's Horehound Syrup is superior to any other cough medicine, and will do all that is claimed for it, and is so pleasant to take. My little girl wants to take it when she has no need for it." Ballard's Horehound Syrup is the great cure for all pulmonary ailments. 25c, 50c and \$1.00 at Burroughs & Mann's.

Cool off if you can; if you can't, try a whiff of Burroughs & Mann's fount. All late drinks.

Our reporter, says an exchange, was in the butcher shop the other day and was somewhat startled by the boss addressing the delivery boy in these words: "Now, boy, look lively. Break the bones in Mr. Anthony's chops and put Mr. Gleason's ribs in your basket, and, by Jove, here's Mrs. R—'s liver that she left on the counter yesterday, and take Joe Large's feet out of the pickle and deliver right off." "All right, sir," replied the boy, "just as soon as I saw Miss R—'s leg off."

Now's the time to advertise.

A WORD TO FARM TOILERS.

PAINE'S CELERY COMPOUND

The Home Friend of the Farmer and His Family.

After the labors and toils of the summer time, and harvesting of crops in the early autumn, many of our farmers, their wives, daughters, and sons, find themselves in a condition of health demanding careful attention if suffering is to be avoided later on. Many experience kidney trouble in some form; with some the liver is torpid; there is biliousness, nausea, and vomiting, with loss of appetite and depression of spirits. Thousands who have been exposed to cold, damp winds and rains while toiling in the harvest fields, now feel the twinges of terrible rheumatism; others run down by worry, overwork, and irregular dieting, are tormented with the pangs of dyspepsia.

To the thousands of run down, sickly, and half dead men and women in farm homes we recommend with all honesty and confidence the worker's friend, Paine's Celery Compound, the only medicine that can quickly and fully restore strength to the weak body and vigor to the muscles. Paine's Celery Compound tones the stomach; it removes poisonous acids from the blood which cause rheumatism; it feeds the weak and diseased nerves and banishes neuralgic tortures; it purifies the blood and gives true vitality and life. The use of Paine's Celery Compound in autumn means the establishing of a perfect physical vigor to withstand the rigors of a severe winter.

DIAMOND DYES

For children's clothes are most serviceable. They color jackets, coats, capes, ribbons, stockings, as well as dresses. No other dyes equal Diamond Dyes in variety of uses; they never disappoint.

We have a special department of advice, and will answer free any questions about dyeing. Send sample of goods when possible.
Direction book and 45 dyed samples free.
DIAMOND DYES, Burlington, Vt.

Advertised Letters.

Following letters remain uncalled for in the Post Office at Merkel, Texas, and if not called for will be sent to the Dead Letter office Apr. 1. When calling for them please state advertised.

MATTIE R. WITT, P. M.

Brown, E J
Haflick, S A
Knott, H W (2)
James, D
James, Henry
Norwood, Miss Mattie
Lane, D
Owen, Mrs Ibbie
Pippin, A B
Slayton, C M
Sheppard, Harrison
Sharp, A C
Tunnell, J B
Young, S D
Sanches, Tsidro (2)

New Laws.

Austin, Tex., April 3.—The following bills were signed today by the Governor and filed with the Secretary of State:

An act relating to dates of teachers' examination and to time of validity of teachers' certificates.

An act requiring streetcars operated during the winter months to have vestibuled platforms for the protection of the motormen.

An act requiring railroad agents to bulletin the actual arrival and departure of passenger trains and if delayed the cause of such delay and to correctly inform purchasers of tickets regarding same.

The following resolutions and bills were filed with the Secretary of State without having been signed by the Governor and will become laws without his approval

A resolution providing for a constitutional amendment relating to pensioning ex-Confederate soldiers and sailors and their widows so that \$500,000 may be distributed annually in pensions, and \$100,000 be appropriated annually for the maintenance and support of the Confederate Home.

A resolution providing for a constitutional amendment authorizing legislation in aid of internal improvements.

A resolution providing for a constitutional amendment to permit the incorporation of corporate bodies, with banking and discounting privileges.

An act relating to the school curriculum.

An act providing that the scholastic age shall be between 7 and 17 years of age.

An act enlarging the powers of the railroad Commission relative to passenger train service so that all passenger trains shall be required to stop at stations designated by the Commission.

An act relating to the penalty for seduction and marriage in case of seduction.

An act authorizing trustees of towns and villages incorporated for free school purposes' only to issue bonds for school sites and buildings.

An act authorizing the consolidation of the Gulf, Beaumont and Kansas City and the Gulf, Beaumont and Great Northern Railroads.

An Act authorizing the County Judge to fix the place of trial for lunacy at the residence of the lunatic.

Miss Jennie Ransome, of Louisiana Mo., is visiting Mr. & Mrs. W. H. Dickson. Miss Ransome is a cousin of Mrs. Dickson's.

List of Subscribers of Merkel Telephone Exchange.

Adkisson, Dr J A res.....	38
" " office.....	43
Allen, I S res.....	48
Bank, First National.....	66
Bank, Warnick's.....	18
Berry, Geo S res.....	84
Browning, W P res.....	16
" " & Co furniture....	68
Burroughs & Mann drugs....	59
Burton-Lingo Co lumber....	60
Barnes & Hughes livery....	4
Bruce, T D res.....	13
Clay, W L res.....	7
Coats, E D res.....	98
Counts, J H res.....	75
Chenault & Hand grocers....	56
Coggin, T J res.....	64
Comegys, G E.....	42
Davis, C E res.....	24
Dickson, W H hardware....	53
" " residence.....	47
Dennis Bros grocery.....	33
Davis & Cox pool hall.....	62
Depot, T & P.....	85
Eason, Sam res.....	6
Elliott, John res.....	28
Elliott & Miller shop.....	11
Eastup, A.....	63
Grimmett, W N M res.....	20
Hamm, J C res.....	40
" " lumber.....	17
" Frank res.....	47
Hoople, Frank res.....	31
Hamilton, J O store.....	10
Hughes, J H res.....	1
Hotel, Alsobrook.....	55
" South Side.....	21
Harris, Alex res.....	26
Johnson, T A res.....	41
King, Dr J H C res.....	59
" Dr J H C office.....	67
Largent, C M ranch.....	70
Leeman, Dr J A res.....	59
" " office.....	27
" Ed J res.....	58
Little, Dr J W res.....	76
" " office.....	65
McGuffin, F P res.....	46
McDonald, J H res.....	19
Martin & Hill store.....	35
Miller, R A res.....	37
Mann, J L res.....	9
McCord, W H res.....	57
Martin, L E res.....	25
MERKEL MAIL.....	51
Maxwell & Son store.....	5
Norris, J M res.....	8
Pittard, J K res.....	14
Rollins, R A res.....	43
Rust, Dr E M res.....	43
" " office.....	69
Rust & Pittard drugs.....	52
Star Store.....	44
Sheppard & McDonald mar....	45
Sharp & Co store.....	34
Senter, D M res.....	49
Thurmond, W P res.....	15
Young, R B res.....	18
Warnick, Dr J H res.....	29
" " office.....	54
Warren, J T res.....	23
" " store.....	78
" C P ranch.....	72
West, G F res.....	32
" " hardware-grocery....	12
Williamson's restaurant.....	61
Williams, H C res.....	74
Watkins & Son market.....	90
Watkins, J C sec-hand store..	89
Woodard, J A livery stable..	
Watkins, J C res.....	

A Great Sensation.

There was a big sensation in Leesville, Ind. when W. H. Brown of that place, who was expected to die, had his life saved by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. He writes: "I endured insufferable agonies from Asthma but your New Discovery gave me immediate relief and soon thereafter effected a complete cure. Similar cures of Consumption, Pneumonia, Bronchitis and Grip are numerous. It's the peerless remedy for all throat and lung troubles. Price 50c, and \$1.00. Guaranteed by Rust & Pittard, Druggist. Trial bottles free.

ITCHERINE, 50c., Cures Itch

OR YOUR MONEY BACK.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

Bass Bros. Drug Co.,
Abilene, Texas.

ELLIOTT & MILLER

DEALERS IN

...Wind Mills, Pumps and Water Supply Goods...

We keep in stock the Star steel mill, direct stroke and back gear; Eclipse wood mill, Dandy and Aermotor steel mills; a full assortment of pumps, piping from 1/4 to 2 in., plain and galvanized; brass cylinders and working barrels from 2 to 4 in. We buy in car lots and can make Fort Worth prices on anything in our line.

Burton-Lingo Co.,

Lumber Dealers,

Merkel, Texas.

WORMS! WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE!

For 20 Years Has Led all Worm Remedies. EVERY BOTTLE GUARANTEED.
Prepared by JAMES F. BALLARD, St. Louis.

For Sale by BURROUGHS & MANN, Merkel, Tex.

Devil Renders A Verdict.

Bryan Eagle.

One night as the devil sat musing alone in the midst of his cozy warm fire, trying to figure the difference in guilt 'tween a thief and all-around liar, his memory turned to the scenes of his youth, and his eyes filled with hot boiling tears, so he took down his ledger and turned to a page dated about six thousands years. "I suppose," he exclaimed, as he glanced through the book, "I'm doing the best I can, for my business denotes a continual increase ever since the creation of man. I've cribbed a good harvest for many years, and should be content with the yield, and give my opponent permission to have the gleanings I leave in the field. I've gathered a very diversified crop of merchants and lawyers galore; I've bound politicians in bundles until the ends of my fingers are sore; I've fiddlers, gamblers and insurance men; I've murderers, forgers and liars; and filled my furnace with green Populist till they actually put out the fires. I've railroad conductors and doctors to spare, horse traders and preachers to spend, Republicans, Democrats, Tories and Whigs, and two or three newspaper men. But there is one class I am happy to say can never gain entrance here; their souls are so dirty I'm sure they would demoralize hell in a year. I refer to that thing neither human nor beast—the carrion crow of the world—who never is happy unless he can feast on the wreck of an innocent girl. A million of years in my warmest rooms his slanders would never atone; so I

give him a match and advise him to start a select little hell of his own." With his fingers he lit an asbestos cigar, and placing his book on a shelf muttered: "I may be a very bad man, but I've got some respect for myself."

The application to get the Taylor county prohibition case in the U. S. Supreme Court was refused, and the law will now go into full force and effect.

The Mail gives all the news.

Mr. and Mrs. Cotton of Snyder are guests of Rev. A. A. Baker and family. Mrs. Cotton was formerly Miss Kate Hayter and her friends are glad to see her.

P. B. Causseaux was down from Trent yesterday. He has been ill for three weeks, but is improving.

The I. O. O. F. lodges of the county will give an anniversary picnic near Caps on Saturday, April 25.

Will exchange photo work for board, at Photo Car.

See The Mail for all kinds of ob work at living prices.

Let Burroughs & Mann sell you your fishing tackle, poles, etc. A nice line.

Read the advertisements first.

Mrs. Tom Bird, who lived southeast of town, died last night and the body will be shipped to Blevins, Falls Co., for interment. She had long been a sufferer from consumption. The Mail joins with friends of the family in sympathy.

Advertising is the secret of success in every business.

last week that the Mummys and the Jellicoes had both had their pantry windows forced open?"

"Did he? I don't think I was listening."

Mr. Bromley Brown here proceeded to read aloud an extract from the newspaper.

"The 'architect-burglar,' for by this soubriquet this accomplished criminal is now known, has been seen, it is believed, not long ago in this neighborhood, although probably he is now many miles away from the scene of his late exploits. He is described as a young man of gentlemanlike and military appearance, with fair hair and mustache, and wearing clothes of fashionable make."

Mr. Bromley Brown was soon absorbed in meditation. He pictured himself, resolute, terrible, cunning, hounding down this distinguished criminal, bringing him to justice.

He fell asleep to the accompaniment of the lark's song and dreamed that he was the chief of police in Russia. Waking up with a start he heard the clock strike 12.

A few yards away in the road he saw the figure of a young man, tall, fair, yes, and of unmistakably soldierly appearance! And he was sketching. A thrill ran down Mr. Brown's spine. He might not be the chief of the Russian police, but was he not on the eve of a discovery, an adventure, the possible player in a great and dramatic case?

In one moment his mind had been made up. He would invite this young man, obviously no other than the architect burglar, with friendly greeting, into his house. A hurried word to the coachman would send him, on



A model of middle class prosperity, swift feet, for two or three of the local police. Another messenger would hasten to Gen. Compton, the sternest of the county magistrates, and he would arrive in time to be a witness of the discomfiture of a notorious criminal and of the ingenuity and promptitude of his old friend Brown.

Meanwhile the young man had looked up smilingly. In answer to the remarks of the old gentleman by the hedge, he said that he had come a considerable distance—that—and this with a very pleasant laugh—well, yes he was thirsty and that there would be plenty of time to finish his sketch after luncheon, and that he thought it a most kind suggestion of his questioner to invite him to have some.

For one instant Mr. Brown glanced nervously at a silver box and candlesticks on Valentine's writing table. Then, murmuring an excuse, he ran panting to the stables; in a choking voice dispatched the astonished coachman for the police, and a helper, with an impressive message scribbled on a card, to Gen. Compton.

On his return he found the architect-burglar laughing over a favorite book of Valentine's, the "Diary of a Nobody"—and they two talked, Mr. Brown for his part with a curious absent-mindedness of books and different forms of humor.

The parlor maid interrupted them to say that some cold meat was ready, and the two men adjourned to the dining room. The guest seemed truly grateful for a whisky and soda.

"That's a beautiful old cup," he remarked, pointing to a piece of silver of Queen Anne date in the middle of the table.

Mr. Bromley Brown's expression of mingled triumph and sarcasm passed unnoticed by the cheerful young visitor.

The clock struck one—and he rose quickly to his feet.

"Thank you a thousand times for your hospitality," he said, pleasantly. "I am afraid I must be off. You see, I am sketching for duty, not pleasure."

There was a sound of steps at the door, and a voice outside, which sounded like a word of command, said:

"Where is the man?"

The door was flung open, and a tall, soldierly figure stepped quickly into the dining room.

"Well, Brown, what's all this about?"

Gen. Compton young and alert for



"And these are lovely spoons," observed the architect burglar, with appalling coolness.

his years, stared at his friend with a pair of very keen eyes under white eyebrows. "You told me it was some very urgent business," continued the general. Then his eyes fell on the young man by the further window.

"Bless my soul, Estcourt, I didn't see it was you in the corner!"

"Yes, and how are you, general?" said the young man, advancing with a cordial smile.

Mr. Bromley Brown felt a sudden cold perspiration on his forehead. He was entirely unable to utter a word.

"Mr—Mr?" said the young man, "was so kind as to ask me to have a whisky and soda."

"Ah, then you don't know each other?" said the general. "Brown, this is Lord Estcourt, son of my old friend whom I have often talked about, you know. He is working like a nigger at the college," and the speaker pointed toward a distant view of a large white building miles away beyond the grove of pines. "Estcourt, this is Mr. Bromley Brown, one of my best neighbors."

Mr. Brown felt as if some one had struck him a violent blow on the head.

"Papa! papa!" A fresh young voice came echoing from the garden, and in another moment a young girl ran into the room.

"Papa, there are two policemen here! They say they have come for some one—what does it mean?"

"Oh! only about the chickens that were stolen, my dear," said her father miserably.

"But there are no chickens! You know you wouldn't have any, because you said they spoil the garden."

"Did I say chickens?" Mr. Bromley Brown's dreary expression was that of a victim being led to execution. "Of course, I mean the forced strawberries. Valentine, my dear—"

The young man was still gazing at the lovely, puzzled face of his host's daughter.

"Your father has been so kind to me, Miss Brown," said he. "I am struggling over military drawing, and in daily terror of being plowed."

"Oh! You are studying at the college!"

"Yes—I wonder—would you and your father care to come over and see it some day?"

"Oh, that would be delightful, papa, dear, wouldn't it?"

"Yes, indeed, indeed it would." Mr. Brown was still feeling half paralyzed.

"Good-by, Estcourt, my boy," said Gen. Compton. "I have got to have a word now with Brown on some most important business about which I came down."

Lord Estcourt drew a little nearer to Valentine.

"You will drive over very soon, then, Miss Brown?"

"Thank you—I am sure we shall enjoy it ever so much!"

"Then we won't say good-bye, I think," said he, as he took her hand.

—The King.

Farewell.
When cows come home, an' sun's is low,
An' chickens shine agin de sky,
Good-by, my love, I bleege ter go,
Good-by, my love, good-by.

Good-by, my love, I speed away,
Good-by, my love, once more—
'Till I return at break o' day
Good-by, my love, I go.

I go whar white fokes slumber sou',
I go to fotch dat hen,
I tells dat rooster please cum down—
Good-by, my love, 'till den.

Good-by, my love, put on dat pot—
Good-by, my baby love—
Be shore an' keep dat water hot—
Good-by, my turtle dove.

—Macon Telegraph.

The Uncle Who Was Welcome

I.

They had been married one month. The honeymoon could not have been improved upon. They had successfully done a charming watering place and its environs; had climbed its em-

porches, and stroll along its harbor, which by right is a thing of beauty; had made each other a thousand promises.

They were at breakfast, and St. Clair's wife, glancing at the shipping intelligence in the morning's paper, suddenly uttered a tiny cry of delight and surprise.

"Well!" said St. Clair, finishing his coffee.

"The Racer has been sighted off Beachy Head. As you know, dear old Uncle McQuitty is on board!"

Now when St. Clair heard that thing he dropped his cup—purposely. It broke—naturally.

"Confound Uncle McQuitty!" said he.

It was the first word of any strength which he had used in his wife's presence. She flushed, looked at him steadily, and asked:

"What do you mean?"

"I beg your pardon. You know my antipathy to your queer relative."

"He is a dear old man."

"And a formidable fossil."

"How dare you insult my uncle?" she demanded, with flashing eyes.

"Now, my dear, I did nothing of the sort," was the apologetic answer. "But I do not like Uncle McQuitty. Remember, he owes me forty pounds, which I am sure he will never be able to return. He bores me. His conversation is full of organic remains. He reeks of ancient sepulchres. A most unpleasant man."

The other was on the point of tears as she retorted:

"If you broke your poor wife's heart you would not care. I shall invite Uncle McQuitty to stay with us for a week. He will expect it."

"Yes, exactly. He comes for a week, and stays for a month. I know him. He shall not come. Understand that, Agnes, I will not have him here." And St. Clair rose hastily and left the room to prepare for his return to his duties in the city, from which he had been exempted for one month.

He came back to say good-by to his wife. She had thrown herself into an easy chair, rested her forehead upon an arm, and was crying.

"Good-by, Agnes," he said, in a low voice.

The other's shoulders heaved with her sobs.

"You are a cruel man," she insisted.

"Good-by, Agnes."

No reply.

St. Clair left the room abruptly, went down stairs, making a most unnecessary noise, banged to the hall door, and was gone.

II.

"Well, you are a lucky fellow, upon my word!"

St. Clair stared at the friend who thus addressed him, whom he had met at lunch four hours later. Thinking that he at length saw the meaning conveyed in the words he replied:

"That I am married? Yes, I am a lucky one, as you say."

"Nonsense! That's not luck; that's" (St. Clair looked unpleasant) "that's a blessed predestination of a merciful providence." The glare died from St.



What a commencement to their home life!

Clair's eyes. "What I had in mind was the thumping big fortune which your wife's uncle, Joshua McQuitty, has so unexpectedly dropped into."

"Eh, what?" exclaimed the other, excited.

"Do you mean to tell me that you haven't heard about it? Well, it's true enough. A deceased millionaire, grateful to McQuitty for his scientific researches, has left him a few thousands, that's all. And your wife is his only relative."

St. Clair turned quite white. Poor human nature! How he repented his words anent his wife's most estimable relative. Why, it was even possible that Joshua might call during his absence, and if his wife gave him a chilling reception, why, he—St. Clair—would never forgive himself for so terrible a blunder.

It was at four o'clock that afternoon that a smart "rat-a-tat-tat" sounded through a certain house in Hornsey.

"Uncle McQuitty!" gasped St. Clair's wife, as the servant opened the door.

Yes, it was here, sure enough. He came up the stairway laden with a

portmanteau, two hand-bags, a traveling rug, and an umbrella. He had two little red twinkling eyes, red hair, red beard, and a red face.

"Well, my dear," he began, heartily, "I'm here for a week."

St. Clair's wife endeavored to smile her appreciation, and the smile froze on her lips. Joshua was watching his niece intently.

"Order tea, my dear," he commanded, "and while we are waiting I will tell you all about this legacy which a kind benefactor has left me."

"Why, this is the first I have heard of such a thing," said the other, with an astonishment that was clearly unfeigned.

"You don't mean it? Well, it's true enough. I've come into seven thousand pounds."

McQuitty had no sooner announced this welcome intelligence than a second knock rang through the house.

"That must be Horace," cried St.



"How are ye, my boy?" cried the scientist. "Glad to see me, eh?"

Clair's wife, and she turned pale, while her eyes dwelt with a singular expression upon her visitor.

Through the quick-working brain of Joshua there flashed this question, "Am I welcome here?" He started to his feet. "I have a good idea," he cried. "I will spring a surprise upon St. Clair, give him a little joyful turn, as it were. I shall hire behind these curtains—yes, yes, why not? When he comes in you will talk about me; say that you are expecting an immediate call—ha, ha! That will be very funny. I will creep cut, get behind him, and—here he comes. Mind, Agnes, not a word!"

Uncle McQuitty concealed himself in the nick of time. St. Clair entered.

"Hullo, my pet, you are not looking well," said he to his wife, whose mental perturbation may be imagined. Then, as a pang of remorse touched him, he added, "I was rather a brute this morning, Agnes, wasn't I?"

In absolute terror lest he should again refer to a subject which was so distasteful to him, his wife exclaimed, quickly:

"No, no, no! I—I have had a headache to-day, that's all."

"Heard from Uncle Joe?" St. Clair remarked, with nonchalance admirably assumed.

"I—I—I am expecting him—very soon."

"Not a bad old fellow," continued the other, patronizingly. "I suppose he leads easily in his particular line of science? No doubt of it, of course. An indefatigable worker, a man of infinite research and quite original in some of his views. Depend upon it, the world will hear more of him yet. Don't you think so?"

But his wife at that moment appeared to be incapable of thought. Her wide open eyes were fixed upon her husband with an indescribable expression.

"Now, I for one should not be surprised if he eventually takes a foremost place among the great scientists of the century. And he'll deserve it. He is a good fellow. If he chooses I see no reason why he should not make a longstay with us. He—"

"Oh, come, come; here am I blushing like a schoolgirl!" cried a hearty voice; and Joshua McQuitty, stepping from his hiding place, advanced with extended hands to St. Clair, who fell back with an exclamation of bewilderment and such a look of surprise that Uncle McQuitty burst into a roar of merriment. "How are ye, my boy?" cried the scientist. "Glad to see me, eh? I've come to stay a month."

"Now, I will never believe," said St. Clair's wife to her husband when their visitor had retired for the night, "I will never believe but that you knew he was behind the curtains. You must have."

"And I tell you, my dear, that I did not dream of such a thing. I was never more dumfounded in my life."

"Then I am altogether at a loss to account for so abrupt a change in your attitude toward my uncle. This morning you called him dreadful names; this evening you flattered him to the skies."

"Ah, my dear," said St. Clair, "I was a brute this morning; this even-

ing I was anxious to atone. Put it that way."

Human nature, again. Yet there is an old saying which runs, "Put yourself in his place."—Boston Journal.

An Important Engagement.

A New York woman who was visiting friends in Washington says that she overheard the following conversation between her host and the colored butler:

"James, I expect some friends this afternoon, and want you to attend to the door."

"Yassum, should like to oblige you, but I sholy can't to-day."

"Why not?" asked the mistress of the household with some asperity.

"I dun got an engagement—very important, miss—very important."

"But you shouldn't have made an engagement without consulting me. You will have to postpone it."

"Deed, ma'am, I sho' would be glad to, but I can't nchow," was the answer.

"Yes, you can," said the woman, now thoroughly vexed. "Any engagement can be postponed."

"Yassum, I know that," said the butler, "but I sholy has to go to this one. My brother is gwine to be hung, and I feel's though I had to go."—New York Mail and Express.

Russian Coming of Age.

A Russian does not become of age until he is twenty-six.

Patti's Well Preserved Voice.

When Patti sang recently in the great Albert hall, London, the critics agreed as to the extraordinary preservation of her voice, which, since her retirement from the arduous work of concert tours, seems to have regained much of its pristine brilliance and beauty. One veteran critic declared that her voice seemed as resonant and powerful as when she first astonished London forty-one years ago. Mme. Patti has always been extremely careful in conserving her voice, and now reaps the reward. Forty years is a long career in any profession.

Calendars for 1904.

Business men who use calendars as one means of advertising (and a good one it is, too) should hold their orders until our line is in. The Mail makes a speciality of calendar work and is prepared to save you money on them in either large or small quantities.

Don't send away for anything you may need in this line. tf

Made Their Eyes Water.

An old farmer had a small garden patch that caused him trouble every year on account of the drouth, says a good story teller. He used to raise a little truck by carrying water from a spring about a quarter of a mile away, but it was a good deal of trouble to him. He watered that garden for two seasons but about planting time of the third he hit upon a happy idea, which was this. He planted a row of onions right along close to every row of potatoes. After that he never had any more trouble, because the onions made the potatoes' eyes water so much that it kept the whole truck patch moist.

The newspapers of a town are its looking glasses, says an exchange. It is here you see yourself as others see you. You smile on them, and they smile back at you; you frown on them and you are repaid in kind. They are the reflex of a town. If the town is doing business the newspapers will show it in their advertising columns. If the merchants are spiritless fellows, whose stores are jumbles of junk and jam, the newspapers will show it by the lack of space they take. If you want the world to know that you have a live town, you can only let it be known through the newspaper.—Ex.

A solid block of brick business houses is not bad for a town of Merkel's pretensions.

A teacher was talking to his class about the words "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," and said to them: "You have told me what is to be done—the will of God; and where it is to be done—on earth; and how it is to be done—as it is in heaven. Now tell me—how do you think the angels do the will of God in heaven, as they are to be our pattern?" One child replied: "They do it immediately." Another said: "They do it diligently." A third: "They do it with all their hearts." There was a short pause and then another aded: "Why sir, they do it without asking any questions."—Ex.

Deputy Sheriff Lon Cunningham is in the city.

Prof. C. E. Evans, principal of the Merkel Public free school, was in the city Saturday and made the Reporter an appreciated call. The Merkel school will run till about the middle of May, and has been a decided success this year. The good people of Merkel have built a school house of which the whole county is proud and are an up-to-now people in every respect which accounts for such an educator as Prof. C. E. Evans being put at the head of their school.—Reporter.

The Reporter is authority for the rumor that a "skunk ranch" is soon to be established near Abilene, and says 160 acres of land has been purchased on Elm for that purpose. This is a new industry for this country, but in California there are a number of these ranches which are said to yield a handsome income.

U. S. District Court convenes in Abilene next Monday.

Tea Mail last week neglected to mention the arrival of little Miss Willie May McCord at the home of Agent McCord. She is a beautiful, winsome little girl and hails from the Morris Orphan Home at Fort Worth. These good people are to be congratulated upon securing such a treasure, and The Mail hopes she will prove a blessing and comfort to them. She is the second little orphan to a findnice home in Merkel. It is certainly a noble work that the Rev Morris is engaged in.

THEDFORD'S BLACK-DRAUGHT THE GREAT FAMILY MEDICINE

Theford's Black-Draught has saved doctors' bills for more than sixty years. For the common family ailments, such as constipation, indigestion, hard colds, bowel complaints, chills and fever, biliousness, headaches and other like complaints no other medicine is necessary. It invigorates and regulates the liver, assists digestion, stimulates action of the kidneys, purifies the blood, and purges the bowels of foul accumulations. It cures liver complaint, indigestion, sour stomach, dizziness, chills, rheumatic pains, sideache, backache, kidney troubles, constipation, diarrhoea, biliousness, piles, hard colds and headache. Every druggist has Theford's Black-Draught in 25 cent packages and in mammoth size for \$1.00. Never accept a substitute. Insist on having the original made by the Chattanooga Medicine Company.

I believe Theford's Black-Draught is the best medicine on earth. It is good for any and everything. I have a family of twelve children, and for four years I have kept them on foot and healthy with no doctor but Black-Draught. A. J. GREEN, Illewara, La.

Notice.

Drs. Leeman & King's office in Burroughs & Mann's drug store. Calls answered day and night, both in town and in the country.

Catarrah made a specialty. Hemorrhoids (piles) cured without the ordinary danger of the knife, no loss of time, no blood.

The ALCOHOL or WHISLEY HABITS, Opium, Morphine, Cocaine, Chloral; in fact, all drug habits cured, and you at your own homes and at your usual vocation. No loss of time; no railroad fare; no hotel expenses.

Call and see us; it will cost you nothing.

We will furnish you a trial treatment absolute free at your request, provided you will promise to follow directions.

Leeman & King.

We will sell our camp house in wagon yard cheap. This building would make a good barn.

J. H. Hughes & Co.

Who wants to rent a good five room house in Merkel—convenient to school, good barn, lots and garden, five acres of land, well and wind mill. For particulars see Basham, Shepherd & Co.

We mix and make all the latest and best drinks. Come and see. Burroughs & Mann.

Too Great a Risk.

A reliable remedy for bowel complaints should always be kept at hand. The risk is too great for anyone to take. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy never fails and when reduced with water is pleasant to take. For sale by Burroughs & Mann.

D. C. Hutcheson has given out the idea of putting a second story to his building, and as a consequence the brick work has been topped off and the building turned over to carpenters.

A Peculiar Hotel.

"In a little town in the backwoods of Mississippi," remarked a traveling man to the Birmingham Age-Herald, "there is a peculiar hotel. It is just like any other hotel, except in the way the rooms are named. They are not numbered, as is generally done, but each room is named for a state in the United States. When I stopped at the place I was assigned to the room called Delaware. It was correctly named, too, for it was one of the smallest rooms in the house. A man who was occupying New Hampshire made complaint to the landlord that the man in Maine was drunk and boisterous, and was thus keeping him awake. This seems strange when we recall that Maine is a prohibition state. Two men up in Montana were keeping up the reputation of the wild west by engaging in a noisy poker game. A big fat capitalist had New York, which was the best room in the house. The room called Alabama is too ordinary for anything and a farmer was occupying it the night I was there. It was funny to stand in the office and hear a bellboy tell the clerk that towels were wanted in Iowa and that a fellow in North Dakota was kicking like a steer because he had no fire. "Send two Manhattan cocktails up to Mississippi," was one of the orders the clerk gave. "Be sure to call the man in Florida at 5 o'clock in the morning," said one of the employes. And thus it went. This hotel is a curiosity to the traveling public. It is conducted by an eccentric old fellow, but where he conceived the idea of naming rooms after states I do not know."—Ex.

J. T. WARREN, PRES.
GEO. S. BERRY, CASHIER.

G. F. WEST, VICE PRES.
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THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

MERKEL, TEXAS.

CAPITAL FULLY PAID IN	\$ 50,000.00
SHAREHOLDERS' LIABILITIES	50,000.00
SURPLUS AND UNDIVIDED PROFITS	14,000.00
TOTAL	\$114,000.00

WE SOLICIT YOUR PATRONAGE.

A Prominent Minister Recommends Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

Rev. Francis J. Davidson, pastor of the St. Matthew Baptist church and president of the Third District Baptist Association, 2731 Second St., New Orleans, writes as follows: "I have used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy for cramps and pains in the stomach and found it excellent. It is in fact the best cramp and colic remedy I have ever used. Also several of my parishioners have used it with equally satisfactory results." For sale by Burroughs & Mann.

Somebody's Darling.

Texarkana Democrat.
In a poetry contest in Arkansas a prize was offered to the person who should write the best verse. The prize was won by a charming young woman, who submitted the following beautiful and touching lines:
"I am a young woman from Arkansas;
I can saw as much wood as paw can saw;
I can do as I wish,
I can drink like a fish,
And I can chaw as much 'backer as paw can chaw."

Walks Without Crutches.

I was much afflicted with sciatica, writes Ed. C. Nud, Iowa-ville, Sedgwick Co., Kan., "going about on crutches and suffering a deal of pain. I was induced to try Ballard's Snow Liniment, which relieved me. I used three 50c bottles. It is the greatest liniment I ever used; have recommended it to a number of persons, all express themselves as being benefitted by it. I now walk without crutches, able to perform a great deal of light labor on the farm." 25c, 50c and \$1.00 at Burroughs & Mann's.

It looks very much like rain this morning.

See J. H. Hughes & Co. before you buy your corn or oats.

Pasture Posted.

My pasture east of town is posted and positively no hunting or fishing will be allowed.

J. W. Daniel.

Hand wanted at once to do farm work. Apply to

Sam Butman,
Nubia, Texas.

Now's the time to kill the dogs and we have the carbon to do it with.

Burroughs & Mann.

Easter services will be held at the Methodist church next Sunday at 11 a. m.

Wanted—Light set of books to keep at odd hours. Call at Photo Car.

Implements...

FOR THE FARM:

Plows,
Cultivators,
Planters,
Hoes,
Rakes,
Plow Points,
Etc., etc.

FOR THE HOME:

Queensware,
Glassware,
Stoves, Ranges,
Lamps, Cutlery,
Etc., etc.

Nothing but Dependable Goods

W. H. Dickson

Beyond All Comparisons.

One of the many factors contributing to the remarkably rapid and solid growth of St. Louis is the marvelous development of the Southwest and other territory tributary to that city in all lines of trade. In 1904 there will be held the greatest World's Fair in the world. The presidential campaign will also take place. To keep informed with the whole world you should subscribe at once for that peer of newspapers, The Twice-a-week St. Louis Republic. It is indispensable to the farmer, merchant or professional man. Its telegraphic and cable service excels that of any other paper. It prints the news fully; not imaginative occurrences, but domestic and world wide facts. It is Democratic in politics, but distinctly a national newspaper and family journal. The subscription price of \$1.00 gives you two papers each week, 104 papers a year.

We have bought the old school building and will sell the lumber cheap in any amount wanted.
J. H. Hughes & Co.

A Demonstration of What Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy Can Do.

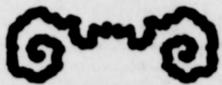
"One of our customers, a highly respected citizen of this place, had been for ten years a sufferer from chronic diarrhoea," writes Walden & Martin, druggists, of Enterprise, Ala. "He had used various patent preparations and been treated by physicians without any permanent benefit. A few months ago he commenced taking Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy and in a short time was entirely cured. Many citizens of Enterprise who know the gentleman will testify to the truthfulness of this statement." For sale by Burroughs & Mann.

J. F. Chenault of Hico visited his brother here last week.

An exchange says: "The mothers and daughters need to realize that women's life and liberty do not consist in the multitude of avenues that lead from the home to the outside world, but in the number of avenues by which she may bring the best from the outside world into the home."

Come and Look.

The loudest voices can be heard at the greatest distance, but it is the soundest argument that creates the BEST IMPRESSION.



We do our talking by our merit. We want you to listen and profit thereby. There's as much in it for you as there is for us. Our audience of customers is growing each day. Come join the ranks. We now have our full spring stock open for your inspection and can say it is the LARGEST and BEST we have ever shown, and it will pay you to take a look through the store.

Anything in DRY GOODS and GROCERIES.

J. O. HAMILTON

The Farmer's Column.

Interesting Items Pertaining to the Farm and Farm Life, From Our Exchanges.

JOHN BALLEW'S IDEAS

First Prize Winner In News Diversification Contest on the Art of Farming.

About one month ago The News published four prize articles upon the subject of how to make farming pay in Texas in spite of the boll weevil. The winner of the first prize (\$100 in cash) is John Ballew of Crenshaw, Falls County.

Believing that Mr. Ballew could give the farmers of Texas many more practical suggestions based upon his experience and close observation, a representative of The News propounded a few questions to him last week, which he cheerfully answered as follows:

"What first led you to abandon the all-cotton method of farming, Mr. Ballew?" The News man asked.

"From reading *Farmers' Forum* and the editorials in *The News*, sir, which paper I have taken for some years past. The more I read *The News*, and the closer I follow its general suggestions upon farming, the more enthusiastic I grow upon diversification. I acknowledge that when *The News* first began to preach this doctrine good and strong I took it with a grain of salt, because, as you see, my farm is in the very heart of this waxy belt. I had been told by old settlers that nothing would pay here but corn and cotton. However I began to experiment, and gradually learned that *The News* is a good, safe teacher, and that almost anything suited to this latitude can be profitably raised here.

"Are you a native Texan?"

"I am from Jackson, Tenn., and when I landed in Texas had not one nickel to rattle against the other. I am frank to confess that I have never been overloaded with the 'long green,' but I have a nice little block of prairie land, and now, since your big prize has been awarded me, I carry a fat pocketbook that looks like a bale of cotton in my old jeans."

"Mr. Ballew, did you have trade or profession when you landed in Texas?"

"None. I was raised on an

old red farm in Madison County Tennessee, and had no money, or friends who were able to assist me. I grubbed for 50 cents a day when I landed, and then worked on the farm for wages.

Then on halves, and bought team and rented. Finally I bought. It has always been my steady purpose to own a nice home, and I want you to tell all the readers of *The News* who are struggling for homes, that they have my genuine sympathy, and if I can blaze the way a little bit plainer with my clumsy quill I shall not have spent my life in vain. I want you to beg the people to get homes. Diversification is the plan. For the benefit of younger men who are ambitious to own their homes I will say that, no matter how lowly may be your position, if you have energy, average intelligence, understanding the principles of economy, and are willing to follow the sound teachings of *The Galveton-Dallas News*, you can all require good homes in grand old Texas."

"Have you any hobbies, Mr. Ballew?"

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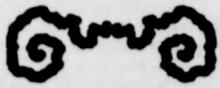
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GEO. L. PAXTON,

ABILENE, TEXAS.

Come and Look.

The loudest voices can be heard at the greatest distance, but it is the soundest argument that creates the BEST IMPRESSION.



We do our talking by our merit. We want you to listen and profit thereby. There's as much in it for you as there is for us. Our audience of customers is growing each day. Come join the ranks. We now have our full spring stock open for your inspection and can say it is the LARGEST and BEST we have ever shown, and it will pay you to take a look through the store.

Anything in DRY GOODS and GROCERIES.

J. O. HAMILTON

The Farmer's Column.

Interesting Items Pertaining to the Farm and Farm Life, From Our Exchanges.

JOHN BALLEW'S IDEAS

First Prize Winner in News Diversification Contest on the Art of Farming.

About one month ago The News published four prize articles upon the subject of how to make farming pay in Texas in spite of the boll weevil. The winner of the first prize (\$100 in cash) is John Ballew of Crenshaw, Falls County.

Believing that Mr. Ballew could give the farmers of Texas many more practical suggestions based upon his experience and close observation, a representative of The News propounded a few questions to him last week, which he cheerfully answered as follows:

"What first led you to abandon the all-cotton method of farming, Mr. Ballew?" The News man asked.

"From reading Farmes' Forum and the editorials in The News, sir, which paper I have taken for some years past. The more I read The News, and the closer I follow its general suggestions upon farming, the more enthusiastic I grow upon diversification. I acknowledge that when The News first began to preach this doctrine good and strong I took it with a grain of salt, because, as you see, my farm is in the very heart of this waxy belt. I had been told by old settlers that nothing would pay here but corn and cotton. However I began to experiment, and gradually learned that The News is a good, safe teacher, and that almost anything suited to this latitude can be profitably raised here.

"Are you a native Texan?"

"I am from Jackson, Tenn., and when I landed in Texas had not one nickel to rattle against the other. I am frank to confess that I have never been overloaded with the 'long green,' but I have a nice little block of prairie land, and now, since your big prize has been awarded me, I carry a fat pocketbook that looks like a bale of cotton in my old jeans."

"Mr. Ballew, did you have trade or profession when you landed in Texas?"

"None. I was raised on an

old red farm in Madison County Tennessee, and had no money, or friends who were able to assist me. I grubbed for 50 cents a day when I landed, and then worked on the farm for wages. Then on halves, and bought team and rented. Finally I bought. It has always been my steady purpose to own a nice home, and I want you to tell all the readers of The News who are struggling for homes, that they have my genuine sympathy, and if I can blaze the way a little bit plainer with my clumsy quill I shall not have spent my life in vain. I want you to beg the people to get homes. Diversification is the plan. For the benefit of younger men who are ambitious to own their homes I will say that, no matter how lowly may be your position, if you have energy, average intelligence, understanding the principles of economy, and are willing to follow the sound teachings of The Galveton-Dallas News, you can all require good homes in grand old Texas."

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