

Coke County Rustler.

VOL. VII. ROBERT LEE, COKE COUNTY, TEXAS, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1896. NO. 8.

WON BY A DREAM.

DAPA, I have dreamed three times in succession that Frank rode Flash and won the gentleman's cup."

It was one of the fairest and most bewitching of Kentucky's daughters that the chivalrous old general turned to as he answered: "I began the accepted tradition in regard to dreams, Jo, and of course there is a Payton in this enlightened age who has the faintest trace of superstition. I have forbidden that Yankee lot of yours the privilege of coming to the mere phantasies of a dream are not going to restore him to my good graces."

But Jo had sown the seed and the look of confidence in her great brown eyes told that she anticipated a satisfactory harvest. The general walked toward the stable thinking it passing strange that Jo's repeated vision coincided so exactly with his own, for he himself had thrice been in dreamland to see that dashing young fellow from the north ride the magnificent black filly to victory. There was another surprise in store for him when he came upon Tom rubbing the satin coat of the clean-limbed mare and talking to her as though she comprehended every word and sentiment.

"You're gwinter get dat cup suah, Miss Flash, kase I done dream free times dat Mistah Frank kim down heak an' you took him roum' dat cowse so fas' dat he had no bref lef'. Dey hain't noffin' on foah hoofs kin keep in sight ob you, honey, de way I seed dat man ridin' you. Dat's hones', ole gal."

The handsome old general threw back his shoulders and knitted his brows as he turned away, thinking he had not been seen by the industrious rubber and failing to note the roll of the cunning eyes that followed him.

Superstition may have run out in the blood of the Paytons but here was one of the older generation in troubled doubt. It was more than his common



IN A CONFUSED MASS.

sense could accept and everybody about the place seemed to be dreaming the same thing as a mere coincidence. He would not go back of the strange fact in search of its inspiration for that would confess a weakness he would not admit; but it was forced upon him as an irresistible conviction that unless Frank Fielder was astride of Flash, the local race of the year and the coveted cup would go to Maj. Slickton. And the thought of this was not to be endured. To the general the major was an upstart, an unworthy rival, a man of questionable reputation on the turf and utterly unprincipled where his interests were at stake. Besides this animus of dislike the general was moved by the consideration that he had been shrewdly goaded into posting \$10,000 on the outcome of the race and to lose it meant disaster to the prospects of Jo as an heiress. It was this thought that had most troubled the proud old Kentuckian, and before he slept that night he had written Frank to come at once.

The surprise of that young gentleman was not diminished by the hospitable welcome that he received, but almost became a panic when he was told by Jo that he must ride for the cup and win it as the one sure way of overcoming personal objection to an event which was the crowning hope of his life.

Fielder was a thoroughbred American. He had nerve, pluck, quick perceptions and an iron will. "Jo," he answered. "I'll take the chance and if I fail you know that I'll be far the heaviest loser of the day."

To the general he said: "I'm surprised at your choice of riders. I've made some fair records across country but have never gone from flag

flag over the rough obstacles you people put in the way down here."

"That makes you eligible, for the private terms between the major and myself are that there are to be gentlemen up and no one that ever rode a like race before. There are numerous entries, but beat the major's Witch and you will have won everything at stake. I have no fear for the result," and the old gentleman felt comfortable in the memory of those dreams.

"Who was that wiry little man that sat near the foot of the table?" asked Fielder of Jo as they walked out after dinner the first evening.

"A Mr. Wimple from New Orleans, said to be very rich. He's the gentleman that the major has selected to ride the Witch in the race, although Mr. Wimple came here with letters of introduction to papa. The man positively declined at first because our guest, but papa just pooh-poohed such scruples and it is certain the Witch will be ridden to win."

"Jo, I thought I knew that fellow. He's an English jockey and one of the best rough riders from the other side. He was a king among London turfmen and I heard him toasted myself a dozen times in some of the public houses. The major's playing a fool game, Jo, and I leave it to your woman's wits to uncover it. We'll keep our own counsel but you fathom the plot while I'm getting acquainted with Flash."

"What a beauty! She's fit to run for a kingdom," were the comments with which Fielder captivated all the stable boys, and when they saw the gallant mare taking hedges, fences and ditches like a greyhound, never breaking her pace or checking her terrific speed, they were dancing, singing and making quaint speeches in their ecstasies.

"I've solved it, Frank," whispered Jo, excitedly on the morning of the race. Wimple is an English jockey and is to have \$2,000 if he wins for the major. But that is not the meanest part of the conspiracy. Sam Gunn, who owns and rides the big gray, has a small farm on which the major holds a mortgage. It is arranged for Sam to make sure of beating Flash by crossing her at the first fence, no thought being taken of your precious life in this arrangement. They met down at the creek last night to make sure that each man understood his part, and I was a listener. All may not be fair in horse racing, Frank, but it is in love, you know. Wimple made the major pay \$1,500 on the spot. Sam tried to beg off, but was threatened and cajoled into keeping his agreement. When they separated I followed Sam and before I left him he was so ashamed he wanted to shoot the major. I pitied him so that I—well, I assumed that mortgage."

"Then the major's sole advantage is in his imported jockey?"

"I am sure of it."

The familiar scene at the track need not be described. All the people of the county were there for a holiday and many guests from other sections enlivened the scene. Before the saddling bell rang for the call of the race for the cup, nearly every one had risked something on the outcome. Flash and Witch carrying the money, for it was accepted that one of them must win. The general chanced some more on the stretch of those dreams and the major plunged because of his "sure thing," for Sam Gunn had mentioned no change in the program.

After the preliminary canter it was not the general's words: "You will win," or the exaggerated assurances of the stable boys, but the flaming eyes of Jo that caused Fielder to set his teeth like a man fighting for his life.

"They're off," went up the shout, and there followed the breathless silence of suspense. For three fields the horses ran hunched, Flash and Witch back, with their riders watching each other like hawks, but as they neared the fourth jump, an ugly ditch and hedge, Sam imperceptibly pulled his gray until hardly a length ahead of the favorites, the Witch coming to his left and Flash to his right. Over went the leaders, but Sam's horse apparently refused, and swerved to the left. There was no time for Wimple to stop. Following the crash, the crowd saw the two horses and a man in a confused mass, Sam having gone from his saddle to the other side of the hedge with the ability of a circus rider. All Fielder had to do now was to guide Flash over the course, winning the race, the cup and one of the loveliest of all the lovely women of Kentucky.

Ever since the general has been an implicit believer in dreams, though he scouts at everything else which has a flavor of the supernatural. He did dream of Flash and Fielder because they were the chief objects of his

thought, but he never knew that Jo heard him confiding the vision to his old friend Col. Buckler, that the dreams she reported were all evolved from her imagination in broad daylight and that she had been instrumental in having Tom, the rubber, make the speech to Flash which was meant solely for the ears of her owner.

EDUCATED FLEAS.

Impaled on Wires as a Preliminary to Their Feats.

There is no one side of the side-shows and minor features of museums and fairs which seems on its face more attractive than the exhibition of so-called educated fleas, says Happy Thoughts. There is something in the idea of educating any of the lower animals that appeals to all of us, and the lower the animal the more there is in it of interest to the people. The suggestion, even, that it is possible to get insects to perform tricks which seem as if the result of intelligence excites at once the sympathies of spectators, and the educated flea calls together companies who are delighted with the apparent results, although really ignorant of the causes or of the fact that each trick means the death of that particular flea. If one will reflect but a moment, the absurdity of educating so ephemeral an animal as the flea becomes apparent. After a couple of weeks as a legless little worm the young flea spins for itself a cocoon which is its habitation for a couple of weeks longer, when it awakes in its familiar form for a brief existence of a few weeks at the most. To instill into so short-lived a creature anything like appreciation of the tricks that he is to perform is out of the question, and the results which are attained are by purely mechanical and cruel process. The work which the flea is expected to perform is something in which its instinct to escape becomes of service. It is "harnessed" to a little wagon or shoots off a miniature cannon, or does some other simple thing requiring only a feeble pull in a straight line. The "harness" is a sharp-pointed wire which is stuck into the body of the unfortunate insect, and in its struggles to escape the poor flea performs its trick, and the amused spectators are not aware of the cruelty to which it is subjected. If passengers in the shape of other fleas are desired to make the wagon trick more remarkable, or a coachman or a footman, they may be readily had by impaling others of the insects upon properly placed wires, resulting, of course, in torture and death to them as well. Our local societies have put a stop to these exhibitions in this state, and very properly so, for the very meanest of created things is entitled to a life free from unnecessary torment.

HANDSEWING.

Passion for Fine Needlework Has Taken Possession of Women.

It is a curious and pretty reversion to the customs of our grandmothers that assails the woman of today. Not only do we find knitting usurping a place long occupied by lace and embroidery, but what generally goes under the name of plain needlework is now taking its place alongside the finer arts. Machine sewing is no longer to be thought of in connection with needlework. Indeed, it is quite impossible for the silk garments so much affected by the smarter women of today. A long lapse of plain needlework into desuetude, some extra stimulus was necessary to bring women back to good old ways; and one of the clever women who foresee the situation started classes in sewing, thus rating the fashion. The proceeds mandated for these lessons are given with those paid for music, painting or any other art, to a half hour's private lesson. At least that is paid. Classes in sewing as a fine art to the taste of the fashionable are in vogue.

Didn't Forget.

Counsel in a case in the New York trial had his question asked: "The matter slipped?" "In other words, an important event?" "No, I haven't." "Pray, sir, when did you forget it?" "Well, counsel, the thing slips from you remember get a thing it. His honor—Green—"

HUNTING FOSSILS.

PREHISTORIC QUADRUPEDS FROM THE ROCKIES.

Bones of Giant Monsters That Existed Countless Ages Ago Recovered After Long and Tireless Search—An Exciting Quest.



PROF. HENRY FAIRFIELD OSBORN, Curator of Vertebrate Paleontology in the American Museum of Natural History, contributes a paper on "Prehistoric Quadrupeds of the Rockies," to a recent magazine.

article is illustrated by Charles Knight, giving careful instructions of these strange animals themselves, we note what our present knowledge of them has cost in human endurance. Every one of the figures is drawn from a complete hewn out of the solid rock, each of these skeletons representing years of arduous exploration and others sent out by the Museum, by Princeton, and have become famous. One of the Titanotheres in a canon of South Dakota, one protruding from a high cliff, and the chest, hammer were chiseled out by the moon rude shelter which kept the temperature to 106 degrees. They were encouraged to stand whole beast had been the ing position. This case originally, but that came across a fault away; the hind limbs had been responding size of other skeleton had been termination, and surprise.

The old lake level and enriched winds of the sea from four to only redeemer of their present absence of old graves, it is plentiful—eye sees—the bare ground along the your daily life. ty miles. prospect over more off in the You a frost night, ice experience that the one is still freezing. You are the famous desert in. Your trail be which may be the old lake bottom; through a graveyard, bones until the land position.

with the edge of this off into a sea of rock, beyond description, down the slope to a certain you follow this level which bears fossils. How it are other similar dams, and between them you search till doomsday. Perhaps, represents the delta mountain river which swept out with coarse sand, pebbles. Sometimes you walk miles, up and down, day and see nothing but common bones, which are so deceptively tempting at a distance that hunter profanely kicks them they swam out, basked in the mid-lakes, and sank to the bottom, while the of land animals were buried deltas or nearer shore.

Each fossil-barren land the heat twice as torrid, on the buttes muscles and back ache doubly, tongue lies parched from the last of alkali water, your soul abhors soil, and longs for the green shade he East, and the watermelon. In all of a sudden, a little projectile bone strikes your wearied eye. You on your knees, and breathe gently

on the loose sand; a little scraping, and you see the signs of a skull—perhaps of some missing link. The thrill of discovery spreads like an elixir through your frame, and two or three hours later, after carefully cutting out the prize, you walk vigorously back to camp, every inch a man.

This fossil-hunting is a life of vicissitudes and emotions. The fossil-hunter is predestined to his work, like the sportsman. He returns East in the autumn, vowing he will never go back to the Bad Lands; but as the favorable months of spring come round he becomes more and more restless until, as Dr. Osborn says, "the country that is as hot as Hades, watered by stagnant alkali pools, is almost invariably the richest in fossils. Here, in fact, as you find the greatest variety and number of fossils, you enjoy the most delightful of the scientific imagination, when parched and burned, you conjure before you the glories of these ancient

THOUGHT IT WAS A HORNET.

How a Grocery Clerk's Cure for Cracker Stealing Worked.

A country store is the scene of many curious happenings, says the Philadelphia Times. One of these occurred in a small village in the upper part of Dutchess county. The clerk was a bright, smart, active country lad who was equal to all emergencies. He found that a certain denizen of the place, named "Jake Brown," always found a convenient sitting on the counter in the cracker barrel and that when the clerk's eyes were not upon him the old man's position allowed him to pilfer a number of biscuits. The clerk ranked a good-sized needle with a spring in a hole on the counter under the oilcloth covering, with a long string, which could be pulled at any point in the store. One extremely hot day in June the old man entered the store and took his position as usual on top of the counter near the cracker barrel. The clerk was apparently engaged with a customer, but had his eye on "old Jake," and when he was reaching for the crackers the string was pulled. "Jake" went up in the air, landing on his feet in the middle of the store. He felt for the object of attack, he wearing only overalls. Not being rewarded in his search, he mounted the counter a second time and was about to make another attempt at cracker raising when he felt another thrust which lifted him in the air again. He started for the attic above the store. His prolonged absence caused the clerk to go up to the attic, where he found it as hot as an oven, to see what was going on. He found the old man distracted and nearly disrobed in the middle of the floor, shaking his overalls furiously. The sight was laughable. The clerk asked him what was the matter. He replied: "This morning, while mowing in the meadow, I struck a hornets' nest, and one of the pesky things has crawled up the leg of my overalls and has struck me twice, and I'm hunting for it."

The clerk wore a smile.

Heaven.

The kingdom of heaven is a state of internal self denial, which means love to God and the neighbor. It is a state of active self unconscious usefulness, and human beings are best fitted for it by having the love of God and the neighbor established within them through the activities and uses which this world affords. The shortest way to the kingdom of heaven lies in the successful effort to keep the divine laws of love, justice, and right upmost, and supreme, and constant in all the varied experiences of life.—Rev. John Goddard.

Rich and Poor.

In society we find two extremes, the very rich and the very poor. The rich God has made the stewards of his earthly goods. He gives to them the ease and the advantages that accompany wealth. On the other hand he has given to the poor his spiritual riches. He tries their souls in the fiery furnace of tribulation, but he has prepared for them a kingdom of glory. As the poor are dependent upon the rich for the necessities of life, so the rich, by the grace of God, are dependent upon the poor for the graces of salvation.—Rev. W. F. Payne.

Impossible.

"Now suppose," said an arguer to a tramp, "you had \$20 in gold, and—" "Hold up," said the tramp, "I can't do it. Make it \$5."—Wichita Eagle.

LOCAL CHIPS.

Grass is fine.

Fine meeting this week and last.

Arthur Cotton, of Edith was seen on the streets Wednesday.

Ladies come and see the New Millinery goods at Mrs. Ingram's.

Prof. W. B. Jones, of Male creek, was doing business in the city Monday.

Prof. H. T. Carter and wife, of Valley View, were in town trading Monday.

Those hats at Mrs. Ingram's are so pretty and the price is as attractive as the hats.

Bud Gardner and family, of the Edith country, were in town the first of this week.

Dock Walker, of Silver, recently roped a coyote wolf and killed it. And we are informed that Mr. J. J. Austin soon has sent it done the like act.

Frank Harris returned from Rockwall county a few days ago. He reports good crops there.

A full stock of Fresh Groceries always on hand and sold at reasonable prices for cash. Grocery Store of A. D. White, San Angelo.

S. S. Craddock and wife, through town Tuesday on way to San Angelo.

Misses Annie and Stella were pleasant callers at the tier office Tuesday.

Frank and Ralph Harris, stocking their ranch with cattle. They know when to stock.

Considerable June corn is being raised in the county this fall.

Dr. W. F. Key and wife, Dr. Bronte, attended the meeting a part of the week.

4 Qt. Coffee Pot 15 cents at J. M. Foy, Sweetwater.

Hon. W. J. Eryan may be persuaded to speak at the Dallas fair this fall.

2 Qt. Coffee Pots 10c at J. M. Foy Sweetwater.

A great deal of cotton has gone through town this week on the road to San Angelo.

E. J. Evans paid us a load of wood on his subscription Monday.

Arkansaw Smith is the Hot Stuff on Groceries.

See Arkansaw Smith before you buy your Groceries.

G. C. Laswell and J. H. Campbell, of Saeco, each hauled two bales of cotton to San Angelo Monday.

A. Hailey, shot and killed Ed Looney at Sonora on Monday night of last week.

Everybody talks "hard times," but Arkansaw Smith—he sells for cash.

J. D. Collier defies competition—inspect his stock and get his prices.

S. Hodges, of the Hulbert Hart ware man, of Brownwood, worked the town Wednesday and Thursday.

Guitars, Mandolins, Violins,

STRINGS AND INSTRUMENTS For All INSTRUMENTS. SHEET MUSIC, MUSIC BOOKS PIANOS From \$190 up. ORGANS " \$35 " Send for Catalogue, GEO. ALLEN, San Angelo, Texas. The only exclusive Music house in WEST TEXAS. PIANO and ORGAN Tuning and Repairing

J. D. Collier & Co., of Edith, propose to sell both Dry Goods and Groceries as cheap as you can buy them at the railroad.

Wiley Byrd and Mr. Stephens, of Hayrick, hauled two loads of Wiley's wool to San Angelo the first of the week.

Charlie Roe and his son Jack attended the races at Baird last week Jack informs us that Mart Trammel, who moved from here there last summer, will soon move back.

Six bars of Swiss Laundry soap for 25 cents at J. D. Collier & Co, Edith.

We are informed that the Ballinger mill man proposes to furnish the farmers seed wheat and take pay out of the crop. Quite a liberal offer if true.

Bud Ulmer and Mr. Bilbo of the northern part of the county, came through town Tuesday with two loads of the latter's wool, bound for San Angelo.

If frost holds off as late or later than usual this fall, Coke will yet come through with a moderately good cotton crop.

The cotton season is now open and good prices are realized for the same. Take your money to A. D. Whites' Grocery Store and get more goods for less money than anywhere else in San Angelo.

Al Monteith, one of Ft. Chadburne's best farmers, was in town today. He says a great many people are going to take advantage of the fine season and wheat.

Prices are always the lowest for first-class goods is why so many buy their Groceries from White, San Angelo.

Burrighs, returned from the Grand Lodge of the State at Dallas last Saturday.

It was the largest thing he ever saw. There were more than 20,000 members present.

A windmill at Wells' Free Wagon Yard, San Angelo. Lots and stalls in good condition. Feed, water and abundance. Your patronage invited.

D. E. C. MAM, Mgr. Although a show rain fell last Saturday evening the time appointed for laying the corner stone of the M. E. Church, South, quite a good congregation gathered at the building at 4 o'clock, when Rev. J. Bates, pastor, Rev. Chas. Brown, of Brownwood, and W. H. Grooms conducted the services in the usual way. Bro. Brown making the speech of occasion, which was interesting and instructive.

Mr. and Mrs. Jeff. G. Mr. and Mrs. Ingram and Ben-nick and W. B. Harris made a trip to San Angelo Tuesday and Wednesday.

J. D. Collier, sells his eyed people 3 pounds of coffee for 25 cents and charges every else a quarter of a dollar.

W. T. Carraway returned yesterday from Llaneta county, where we understand he has bought a little bunch of cows and calves at \$12. He will move to his ranch near Hayrick.

Mr. Gunderman is very sick at Henry Williams' place or four miles east of town.

NOTICE A report has been circulated amongst the people that I am charging a tenth for ginning cotton, which is a mistake. I only charge a twelfth or sixty cents a hundred for ginning cotton. Respectfully, H. W. Walton.

The State of Texas: To the Sheriff or any Constable of Coke county—Greeting:

You are hereby commanded That you summon, by making publication of this citation in some newspaper published in the county of Coke if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in the 51st judicial district; but if there be no newspaper published in said judicial district, then in a newspaper published in the nearest district to said 51st judicial district, for four consecutive weeks, previous to the return day hereof, Unknown Owner whose residence is unknown, to be and appear before the honorable district court of Coke county for the 51st judicial district, at the next regular term thereof, to be holden at the court house of said county, in the town of Robert Lee on the 9th day of November A. D. 1896, then and there to answer a petition filed in said court, on the 30th day of September A. D. 1896, in a suit numbered on the docket of said court 125, wherein The State of Texas is plaintiff and Unknown Owner is defendant.

The nature of the demand set out in said petition being an action to recover of the defendant the sum of \$2.20, being the amount due plaintiff for taxes, interest and costs for the year 1895 and for costs of this suit on the following described property, to-wit: 80 acres of land in Coke county, Texas, Abstract No. 982, Originally Granted to H. O. Youngblood and to foreclose plaintiff's lien on said property, and plaintiff further prays for cost and general relief. Herein fail not, but have you then and there before said court on the said first day of the next term thereof, this writ, with your endorsement thereon, showing how you have executed the same. Given under my hand and seal [SEAL] of said court, at office in Robert Lee, this the 1st day of October A. D. 1896. ED M. MOBLEY, Clerk Dist. court Coke Co., Texas.

The State of Texas: To the Sheriff or any Constable of Coke county—Greeting:

You are hereby commanded, That you summon, by making publication of this citation in some newspaper published in the county of Coke if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in the 51st judicial district; but if there be no newspaper published in said judicial district, then in a newspaper published in the nearest district to said 51st Judicial District, for four consecutive weeks, previous to the return day hereof, Unknown Owner whose residence is unknown to be and appear before the honorable district court of Coke county for the 51st judicial district, at the next regular term thereof, to be holden at the court house of said county, in the town of Robert Lee on the 9th day of November A. D. 1896 then and there to answer a petition filed in said court on the 30th day of September A. D. 1896, in a suit numbered on the docket of said court 125, wherein The State of Texas is Plaintiff, and Unknown Owner is defendant. The nature of the demand set out in said petition being an action to recover of the defendant the sum of \$2.18 being the amount due Plaintiff for Taxes, Interest and Cost for the year 1895 and for cost of this suit, on the following described property, to-wit: 80 acres of land in Coke county, Texas, abstract No. 999 Originally Granted to R. J. Benson and to foreclose Plaintiff's lien on said property, and Plaintiff further prays for cost and general relief. Herein fail not, but have you then and there before said court, on the said first day of the next term thereof, this writ with your endorsement thereon, showing how you have executed the same. Given under my hand and seal [SEAL] of said Court, at office in Robert Lee this the 1st day of October A. D. 1896. ED. M. MOBLEY, Clerk Dist. court Coke Co., Texas.

Dr. Latham was called yesterday to W. C. Barrons to see a boy by the name of Woods, who was bitten by a rattle snake. He is doing well. Our space has been taken up this week by citations.

The State of Texas: To the Sheriff or any Constable of Coke county—Greeting:

You are hereby commanded, That you summon, by publication of this citation in some newspaper published in the county of Coke if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in the 51st judicial district; but if there be no newspaper published in said judicial district, then in a newspaper published in the nearest district to said 51st judicial district, for four consecutive weeks, previous to the return day hereof, Unknown Owner whose residence is unknown to be and appear before the honorable district court of Coke county for the 51st judicial district, at the next regular term thereof, to be holden at the court house of said county, in the town of Robert Lee on the 9th day of November A. D. 1896, then and there to answer a petition filed in said court, on the 30th day of September A. D. 1896, in a suit numbered on the docket of said court 123, wherein The State of Texas is plaintiff and Unknown Owner is defendant. The nature of the demand set out in said petition being an action to recover of the defendant the sum of \$4.43, being the amount due plaintiff for taxes, interest and costs for the year 1895 and for costs of this suit on the following described property, to-wit: 160 acres of land in Coke county, Texas, Abstract No. 882, Originally granted to J. H. Holbee and to foreclose plaintiff's lien on said property, and plaintiff further prays for cost and general relief. Herein fail not, but have you then and there before said court, on the said first day of the next term thereof, this writ, with your endorsement thereon, showing how you have executed the same. Given under my hand and seal [SEAL] of said court, at office in Robert Lee, this the 1st day October A. D. 1896. ED M. MOBLEY, Clerk Dist. court Coke Co. Texas.

The State of Texas: To the Sheriff or any Constable of Coke county—Greeting:

You are hereby commanded, That you summon, by making publication of this citation in some newspaper published in the county of Coke if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in the 51st judicial district; but if there be no newspaper published in said judicial district, then in a newspaper published in the nearest district to said 51st judicial district, for four consecutive weeks, previous to the return day hereof, Unknown Owner whose residence is unknown, to be and appear before the honorable district court of Coke county for the 51st judicial district, at the next regular term thereof, to be holden at the court house of said county, in the town of Robert Lee on the 9th day of November A. D. 1896, then and there to answer a petition filed in said court, on the 30th day of September A. D. 1896, in a suit numbered on the docket of said court 124, wherein The State of Texas is plaintiff and Unknown Owner is defendant. The nature of the demand set out in said petition being an action to recover of the defendant the sum of \$4.43, being the amount due plaintiff for taxes, interest and costs for the year 1895 and for the costs of this suit on the following described property, to-wit: 160 acres of land in Coke county, Texas, Abstract No. 980, Originally Granted to E. A. Youngblood and to foreclose plaintiff's lien on said property, and plaintiff further prays for cost and general relief. Herein fail not, but have you then and there before said court, on the said first day of the next term thereof, this writ, with your endorsement thereon, showing how you have executed the same. Given under my hand and seal [SEAL] of said court, at office in Robert Lee, this the 1st day of October A. D. 1896. ED M. MOBLEY, Clerk Dist. court Coke Co., Texas.

W. H. Collins bought from H. Lyle at Water Valley Wednesday, 62 three-year-old steers at \$16 per head. We are informed that Edith is to build a church. Let the good work go on.

To the Populists. Del Rio, Texas, Sept. 24, 1896.

To the populists of the Twelfth Congressional District. I have read with great interest the letter of Mr. John C. Beck, urging Populists of this district to give their support to the candidacy of Mr. Slayden in the congressional contest. I heartily endorse every word and line of Mr. Beck's letter. To Populists, issues should be of more importance than men. Mr. McKee in my judgement has absolutely no chance of election and a vote given to him, will be a vote thrown away, and count against free coinage. I have decided that it is my duty, as a former Populist, to support the Democratic party and its candidate this year, because they stand for the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1, and because by such co-operation we have a chance of controlling the government in the interest of a cause all Populists hold dear.

Not to vote for Slayden is to vote against free coinage and to increase the risk of sending a "gold-bug" Republican to congress who will do all he can to fix on the country, the single gold standard. The money question is paramount. It is more to the people than any man or any combination of men, and I do not believe that the great body of populists can be turned over to Caney, Grant Noonan and "Goldbug" Bryan, if he is to give relief to the people, must have a congress in sympathy with him, and in this district the contest is so clearly between Noonan, the republican, and Slayden, the democrat, that do not think any populist who is such from honest conviction should fail to vote for the democrat in nominee.

Respectfully, CHARLES W. KELLER.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY COKE COUNTY. DISTRICT OFFICERS.

- J. W. TIMMINS - Judge. D. D. WALLACE - Attorney. ED M. MOBLEY - Clerk. COUNTY OFFICERS. L. H. BRIGHTMAN - Judge, W. C. MERCHANT - Attorney. ED M. MOBLEY - Clerk. L. B. MURRAY, Sheriff & Col't'r H. E. JOHNSTON - Assessor J. A. GARDNER, SR. - Treasurer J. R. PATERSON, - Surveyor J. M. PERRY, - Inspector.

COMMISSIONERS.

- M. H. DAVIS, - Pre. No. 1. L. H. McDORMAN, - " " 2. A. C. GARDNER, - " " 3. J. H. CAMPBELL, - " " 4.

COURTS.

District Court convenes 1st, Monday in April and November. County Court convenes 3d, Monday May, August, November and February. Commissioners Court convenes 2nd Monday in February, May August November.

Coke County Church Directory.

Robert Lee Mission, M. E. Church South; services as follows: Bronte, 1st " 11 a. m. Rock Springs, 2d " 11 a. m. Hayrick, " " 4 p. m. Robert Lee, 3d Sunday, 11 a. m. Saeco, 4th " 11 a. m. Eugene T. Bates, P. C. Methodist Protestant Church; services as follows: Robert Lee 4th Sunday; Saeco, 1st Sunday; Silver, 2nd Sunday; Live Oak, on Oak creek, 1st Sunday; Rock Springs 3rd Sunday. Each appointment begins Saturday night before. A. M. JAY, Pastor. Baptist Church; 1st Sunday G. C. Berryman, Pastor. Christian Church 2nd Sunday No Pastor.



