

THE SWEETWATER SUN

P. W. Roane, Publisher AND

NOLAN COUNTY NEWS.

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Greater Sweetwater.

Our article of last week speaking of the Sweetwater of today met with various kinds of reception at the hands of our readers. But, we believe, the worst reception it had was but a doubt as to its being an actual condition.

Now, every one who knows us knows of our unbounded faith in Sweetwater and the adjoining country. What boots it that there be those who cannot conceive of Sweetwater becoming a metropolis and Nolan and adjoining counties becoming garden spots instead of cattle ranges? To go further, what can individuals do to stop progress—not to retard it, for we know they can have been and some are even now doing that very thing—but to stop the onward progress of a people, to prevent the strong pulse of advancement from its beating—that is, for individuals and communities an impossibility; no power save the hand of God can do that.

Here, where we have purest air, fertile lands, magnificent weather, large returns for comparative small labor, unexplored avenues of industry and enterprise, known avenues along the same line but yet unentered, how has any one who has any foresight whatever fail to see the day of advanced conditions when "we will!" shall be the general motto?

The Mormons did not find a city established, but they created Salt Lake City—under greatest of disadvantages—and on a salt lake, not a fresh water stream. Here we have a lake of good water by simply running a dam across a low place between two elevations, and with only a moderate water shed to supply it. We have many opportunities near the city and all through the surrounding country to thus create more lakes, and we have near enough to our city for use the Sweetwater creek. Yet there be those who cry, "we have no water!" Yes, it is true we have no water, but the man who wants a drink of water from a well or cistern has no water to drink, either, until he draws it.

Judge Crane, in his interesting account of his trip to the Lewis-Clark Exposition, relates where a

California City went several hundred miles after water, yet to tap Sweetwater creek we have to go but three to get first-class water, too; to get serviceable water for fire and general purposes we have to go but to our city limits. Yet there be those among us who cry, "It costs us money." Yes, it costs us money and effort, too, but who of us have aught which did not cost its possessor or some one else both money and effort? The man who was buried alive because his neighbors would not shell the corn for him is an example of laziness and lack of energy and enterprise many refer to in order to describe the acme of the absence of these qualifications, yet we, as a people, are in no position to criticize that mythical gentleman because, all things considered, as a people, we have no edge on him as a man.

Since mankind's removal from the one Garden of Eden, spoken of in the bible, we know of nor have we heard of any other. We can only have what we produce, nor have we a right to be content with less than we can produce.

Mr. Ray, the representative of the Brownwood firm who are putting in a compass here, says the people of Sweetwater would be wise to put in, own and operate their water works, and Mr. Ray is eminently correct.

We must act, friends, not next month, next week or tomorrow, but NOW. We must put in our own system of water works at once, from the Lake, and after we have convinced the doubting Thomases among us of the great gains, financially and otherwise, which a water works system brings to us, we can then tap the Sweetwater creek and increase our supply. Let us organize TODAY and make a start

WANTED AT ONCE

A few good hustling agents to sell trees, berry plants, etc., for one of the largest and best nurseries in the Southwest. Address Vine Hill Nurseries, Mount Pleasant, Texas. Over 400 acres in nurseries and orchard. Liberal contracts, good money, sure pay. Write today.

M. G. BLACK, Prop.

City Meat Market



SUBLETT & TRAMMELL, PROPS.

Fresh Meats of All Kinds

Packing house products and country produce always on hand

We make it our business to please our customers.

WEST SIDE OF SQUARE

LIST YOUR PROPERTY WITH US

By our system of advertising twenty million people throughout the United States will see your property listed for sale, trade or exchange. If you have the bargains, we have the customers. If you desire to invest our bargains in farms and ranches can not be equaled. Good terms. See us before buying

NORTHERN REALTY COMPANY.

Office Room 5, Newman Bldg

Sweetwater Texas.

MONEY!

MONEY!

TO LOAN ON LAND

...AT REASONABLE RATES...

MONEY!

MONEY!

LEWIS & ROBERTSON

Our good friend, Capt. S. W. Crutcher, is the first to renew his subscription to the Sun, and he was among the first to subscribe for the paper when it started. True, one dollar is not a great deal, but it is the accumulation of these dollars upon which we depend to pay our bills of several dollars each, and if our good friends will please bear in mind that their dollar to us but forms a part of the amount we have to pay out in cash weekly we are sure they will come forward and pay us for their subscription. Most of our subscribers have paid for the paper for the past year, but we began publishing the Sun on a strictly cash in advance plan and it was only as an accommodation that we deviated from our rule, so we hope that those who owe for the past year will come forward and pay up for the past year, and favor us this time by paying in advance

for the present year, beginning with issue after the next.

We are giving our subscribers, our town, our people, our county the full benefit of every cent they pay us, in every way possible, and all we ask in return is like treatment from them. Most of our subscribers are already doing all they can for us, but a few are not, and we should have many more subscribers than we have and hope to see them come forward.

Joe Bruce was in from Nolan this week and reports conditions in his section as being fairly good.

Walter Buford and Ad McKee of Nolan were in town this week.

W. C. Jones of Decker was here on business this week.

J. A. Walker received news this week from Bell county that his mother was very ill, and left immediately for that place.

HUMOR IN ENGLISH ELECTIONS

American economists and some men who are not economists figured on the billboards in the British political campaign now closing. "I am opposed to free trade because it degrades American labor," was quoted from McKinley by the Chamberlain party. Opposite it a free trade sentiment from Grover Cleveland was posted by the liberals. Robert P. Porter was quoted in favor of Chamberlain and near by the free traders asked in giant type, "Who's Porter?" On a unionist poster: "I am convinced that Britain will fall in with Chamberlain on that. Unless it does it will go down in the commercial strife of the nations.—Mr. Hummel, the best-known lawyer at the New York bar." Below this the radicals add: "Now in the penitentiary."

Joseph Chamberlain was howled down in Derby at the height of the campaign in a meeting of 4,000 people. Mr. Chamberlain's chairman, Capt. Holford, assailed the interrupters with rhetorical shrapnel, but they only screamed with laughter. "Go away and die of starvation in a ditch," yelled the captain. "Mr. Joseph Chamberlain will be prime minister of England before you are dead." Whereupon a liberal wag remarked, "Like the mikado, Capt. Holford prefers

'something lingering' in the way of death."

By way of complimenting Col. Kenyon-Slaney, a Salop farmer, remarked to a meeting: "The colonel is no novice. He has had the advantage of twenty years' work in the house of commons. Now, there is an old saying that experience makes even fools wise."

Two million leaflets were issued by the Tariff Reform league. The free traders wanted to know, in the light of this output, what became of the complaint of publishers that there is little demand for fiction.

"If you want a happy new year, vote for Brown," said a poster for the unionist candidate in Shoreditch. Beside it the radical has put up a big sign, "Vote for me and be happy forever."

At a meeting in North Camberwell a woman heckler wanted Dr. Macnamara to tell the voters whether he would favor repeal of the blasphemy laws. "Oh," exclaimed the doctor, "I'm a golfer!"

Pictorial shop windows were used by the unionist candidate at Grimsby. "Anybody," remarked his opponent, "can see through a device of that kind."

START OF FLORIDA FEUD

"Speaking about feuds," said John L. Humphries of Tampa, Fla. "I think that the strangest, in its inception, is one between two families in Marion county, in our state. It came about this way. You know in our state sometimes land disappears during the night and a man wakes up to find his garden a great sinkhole. This is, of course, due to the fact that Florida is built on coral and not very substantially built at that, especially in some of the interior counties. Harry Redding had a nice patch of Irish potatoes, and Oliver Vance, his neighbor, had what he called a farm and near the house was a sinkhole.

"One night Redding's potato patch disappeared and the next morning he had a nice large sinkhole filled with water where his garden patch was. The same night Vance, who had a sinkhole when he went to bed, woke up to find the hole was filled with dirt, in which there seemed to be a lot of pebbles about the size of a man's fist. Naturally he was surprised. He examined the pebbles to find them potatoes, and after calling the family up they got to work and gathered in six bushels of potatoes ready for market.

"That's where the trouble began. Redding claimed that under the law where a man's stock wanders on to the premises of another, without his fault, he can go after it. He argued that the same doctrine applied to potatoes which had wandering habits. For he was very sure that the potatoes on the Vance farm belonged to him. Vance and his friends invoked another principle of law that a man owns his land from heaven to hades and he refused to dig up the potatoes for the benefit of his neighbor.

"All that happened ten years ago," continued Mr. Humphries, "and the Reddings and the Vances are still armed against each other. Two or three skirmishes have taken place between the parties and one of the Vance boys, 18 years old, was wounded by fire from the enemy.

"They have never spoken to each other since that eventful night ten years ago. Lawyers and politicians have gone out to help them settle their difficulties, but they were obdurate, and if the feud grows for twenty years as it has already Florida and Marion county will have a feud equal to the best that Kentucky has ever produced."—Denver Republican.

WELDED THE BROKEN RAIL

When the 8:23 limited pulled into Wheatley, in this county, one evening, it was discovered, says the Le Seur correspondent of the St. Paul Pioneer Press, that one of the rear wheels on the last coach was broken, a piece having been split off from one side so that there was a slightly flat place on the wheel, and, as it was feared, the broken wheel in pounding over the track had broken a rail. Only by a miracle was the 8:56 local saved from being wrecked.

Three miles south of Bentley the flattened wheel had broken out a section of rail about seven feet long—broken it out so badly that it was torn from the spikes and lay across the rails, where it was found five minutes before the local was due by Willy Schultz, a boy of 14 years, who lives on a farm near by. The lad knew that the local soon would be along and he was frightened. He put the piece of rail in place and then started down the track toward the approaching train, running as fast as he could. He had not gone twenty feet, however, when there came a blinding flash of lightning from a dark cloud that covered the sky, and he was struck down

unconscious and nearly bereft of life.

It must have been ten minutes before he regained consciousness, for when he did so he saw the train coming toward him at great speed. He staggered to his feet, the remembrance of the broken rail still in his mind, and waved his hands, but the engine did not stop, and just as it was about to crush him, he stepped from the rails and the train sped on.

But the engineer at the last moment had seen the boy step out of the engine's way, and, throwing on the lever, stopped the train after it had run several hundred feet beyond the break in the rail.

When the engineer jumped down and came running back to see what the trouble was, young Schultz told him and showed him the place where the rail had been broken; but now it was perfectly sound. The flash of lightning that struck Schultz down spent the main portion of its force on the track in the immediate locality where the fracture was, and had evenly and perfectly welded the broken rail in place at both ends. The track was as safe and solid as it was the day it was laid.

SOME QUIET SMILES

INDUCEMENTS TO LAUGH AND GROW FAT.

Mr. Monk's Idea of the Descent of Man—Papa Had Bright Idea of Spring Fever—Colonel a Disturbing Element on Water Wagon.

An Affront.

One individual stopped another in the street.

"I want to ask you a simple question," he said.

"Go ahead," replied the other. "It is this, 'When is that bill of Ketchum & Holdem to be paid?'"

"Say," was the reply, "I may do a little newspaper work occasionally, but I don't run the puzzle department."

Thus ended the confab.

The Death of Time.

The comedian was rehearsing his great song, when the leader of the orchestra pulled him up.

"My dear sir," said the latter in aggrieved tones, "don't you know that you are murdering the time?"

"Well," was the quiet retort, "it's better to murder the time once and for all than to beat it night after night, as you do!"—Exchange.

A Disturbing Element.

"Didn't the colonel get on the water wagon?"

"Yes, he did, but he didn't stay long. Maybe he might o' stayed longer if he hadn't given his pocket flask to the driver, who let the horses run away and spill the entire outfit into the mill-pond. It was too bad, but the colonel always was a disturbing element."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Not Continuous.

Mrs. Cleveland—Oh, I'm so glad to see you again. It's been five years since we met, hasn't it. And I hear you've been getting married since I saw you last.

Mrs. Chicago—Well, not right along. Only three times.

A Sort of Invitation.

"My!" exclaimed the silk tie in the hatter's window, "just listen to the wind howling out there."

"Yes," remarked the brown derby, "but it's rather a sociable sound. It seems to say 'Come out, and I'll blow you off.'"

She Didn't Like It.

"Papa says I'm not old enough to marry."

"Did he? Well, I'll bet he wouldn't have liked it if somebody had asked him to wait about marrying until he was long past 30."

"Sir!"

Descent of Man.



"Oh, pop, I just saw a man-eating tiger."

"A man will eat anything nowadays. He has degenerated since he was a monkey."

The Difference.

"She's really not cultured at all. She says she can't understand Browning at all."

"But one may be cultured and yet not understand Browning."

"Of course, one may not understand it, but one should never admit it."

Chance to Get Even.

The Friend—I can't understand your method of dealing out justice.

The Judge—You can't, eh?

The Friend—No. For instance, why did you give that woman ten years at hard labor yesterday for assaulting a neighbor?

The Judge—Because she once gave my wife cooking lessons. That's the answer.

Logically Demonstrated.

She—I can prove logically and mathematically that women are worth more than men.

He—I'd like to see you do it, my dear.

She—Isn't a miss as good as a mile?

He—So they say.

She—And doesn't it take a whole lot of men to make a league?

That's Different.

He—Smith told me that when he went home yesterday, tired and hungry, and asked his wife for something to eat she gave him the cold shoulder.

She—A nice wife, she is!

He—Yes; she gave him the cold shoulder all right, but he said she had made it up into delicious salad.

A Chronic Disease.



Willie—Say, pop, what's spring fever?

Papa—Spring fever is an overwhelming desire to sit down and watch other people work.

Coming and Going.

Johnny—gotta reform an' go ter Sunday school, or else git a lot tougher.

Susie—What do you mean?

Johnny—Ma won't let me play with about half the kids in this neighborhood, an' the rest o' the kinds' mothers won't let 'em play with me. I got no friends ut all.—Cleveland Leader.

The Supreme Court.

Ascum—I think it's a splendid opportunity for you. What are you going to do about it?

Henpeck—I haven't the slightest idea.

Ascum—But surely you can give an opinion.

Henpeck—Oh, gracious! No. My wife always hands down the opinion.

What He Threw.

Ma Twaddles—Tommy, what do you mean by coaxing this horrid dog home with you?

Tommy Twaddles—I didn't coax him, ma—honest, I didn't. I threw things at him to make him quit folle-erin' me, but it didn't do no good.

Ma—What did you throw at him?

Tommy—Oh, benes an' things.

Another Theory.

"I don't suppose the Indians will ever get entirely over their desire to punish the whites for the wrongs to their race."

"No," answered the college professor; "it is possibly that instinct which makes them such aggressive football players."

Mild Retribution.

"Sooner or later a political boss is bound to be retired," said one reformer.

"Yes," answered the other, "but by the time he is convicted of being a boss he has accumulated so much wealth that he can usually afford to retire."



Locals AND Personals

MISS MAY BEVERLY Local Editor

Mrs. Ament visited in Colorado this week.

Brother Ament is on the sick list this week.

Herbert Hazzard of Colorado was in town Friday.

Mrs. Luttgerding has been quite sick for the past week.

Watch for the display in tailored millinery at the Mercantile next week.

A. A. Prince and Capt. Baker were pleasant callers at this office Saturday.

M. B. Howard is fixing his fences and otherwise beautifying his premises.

Miss Ollie Johnson spent Sunday in Colorado, the guest of her sister, Mrs. Caldwell.

Wanted—Young lady wants board and room with refined family. Apply at this office.

The Mercantile is now ready to show all the smartest styles in street wear in the early spring millinery.

W. J. Key has returned to his old place at the market, where he will be glad to see all of his old friends.

Richards & Pringle's Minstrels rendered a good program at the opera house Tuesday night to a fair sized audience.

The many friends of Mrs. Archer will regret to learn that she has been quite sick this week and hope to see her out again soon.

Be sure and see the new spring millinery at the Mercantile Co.'s before buying. They are prepared to please you in styles and prices.

Capt. W. J. Maltby of Admiral is in the city this week, the guest of Judge N. C. Bawcom and wife. His history of frontier life in Texas will appear soon.

The W. C. T. U. will meet at the C. P. church on Tuesday, March 13, at 4 p. m., instead of 3 p. m. as before. All the members are requested to be present.

Capt. R. P. Baker, the first sheriff of Parker county, who has been visiting Rev. J. M. Baker, the Methodist minister in Robert Lee, is in the city, the guest of A. A. Prince.

Geo. W. Gray, manager of the Orient Lumber Co., made a business trip up the Orient this week, looking after the interests of the company's yards at Hamlin, Rule and Sagerton.

For Tax Assessor For Nolan County, Silas George

Silas George announces in this issue as a candidate for tax assessor. Mr. George has been a resident of this place for many years and is known to every one as a man who will do his duty under all circumstances. He solicits your vote in the coming election.

Mr. George is well fitted for the position of Assessor and has come before the people believing that they will give him the careful consideration he asks of them before casting their vote, and we take pleasure in placing his announcement before the people.

We call the attention of our feminine readers to the ad. of Mrs. N. L. Hall this week. Mrs. Hall has a beautiful line of millinery, part of which is on display at L. J. Mashburn's. The other will arrive in a few days and Mrs. Hall invites all her friends to call and see her.

An old fiddlers' contest will be held in Sweetwater within the next two weeks, under the auspices of E. C. Walthall Camp, No. 92, U. C. V., and the receipts will be used to defray the expenses of the delegates of this camp to the annual reunion at New Orleans. This is a most worthy cause, as well as a patriotic one in Texas and the South, and it is hoped that all who can will be liberal in their donations and assistance to make it a success. Judge Hightower, who is in charge of arrangements for this affair, assures us that it will be a success, and he knows.

Big Land Deal On Orient.

Fort Worth, Tex., March 7.—Bob Pyron, manager of the Oliver Land and Immigration Company of this city, stated tonight that he about completed a deal with a syndicate of Cleveland, Ohio, for the sale of 15,000 acres of land along the line of the Orient railroad, in the Sweetwater section of the country. One of the representatives of the concern went out with a Mr. Crow, who will place 100 families on the line of the Wichita Valley railroad, in Archer and Baylor counties.

If either man or woman would realize the full power of personal beauty it must be by cherishing noble thoughts and hopes and purposes, by having something to do and something to live for that is worthy of humanity and which by expending the capacities of the soul gives expansion and symmetry to the body which contains it.—Upham.

Mr. S. D. Myres, the saddle manufacturer, will attend the Stockmen's convention at Dallas.

Epworth League Program.

March 11, 4 p. m.
Topic, "The Christian Life." Eph. 4:20-25.

Leader, Miss Mamie Heizer.
Organist, Miss Ethel Harp.

"The Life of Jesus is a Perfect Example for the Disciple." J. J. Calloway.

Song.
"Is my Life an Epistle Known and Read of All Men?" Mrs. N. L. Hall.

Song.
"Can a Christian Be Sure of His Conversion? How?" Dr. Roebuck.

Song
References: Mark 10:43-45, Horace Heath; John 13:34, Ed San-bury; Rev. 3:21, Miss Donnie Bradford.

The Orient Lumber Company has our thanks for a good order for stationery.

Brother Heizer is up again. He promises not to fall over any more picket fences. We are glad to see him up again.

Mrs. L. Guy Ament informs us that she will re-open her kindergarten Monday, March 19, and she wishes all of the mothers to bear this in mind.



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Just Received
NEW
CLOTHING

NEW
Millinery

AT THE
SWEETWATER
Mercantile Co.'s
STORE.

Call and Look Over Their Stock

The Whipkey Printing Co., who have purchased the Record plant at Colorado, have increased the size of the paper and improved its appearance and make-up very much. But we are told that they have money to operate with, and such being the case it is but natural that they would, as enterprising newspaper people, make the best showing possible.

Why You Should Deal with the WATKIN MUSIC COMPANY

DO YOU KNOW

THAT for a third of a century they have been studying the demands of the music-buying public in the South and Southwest;

THAT they have done more than any other music firm in the Southwest for the cultivation and advancement of music in this section, liberally expending time and money towards securing the greatest musical attractions for Texas;

THAT their unequalled line of PIANOS, PIANOLA PIANOS, PIANOLAS and ORGANS CANNOT BE BOUGHT FROM LOCAL DEALERS, but can be purchased ONLY from them and their traveling salesmen?

You will perceive that all of this enables them to better supply your needs for anything and everything in the music line. . . .

If you will promptly send to the Watkin Music Co. the full address of one or more persons who expect to buy within the next six months a Piano, Pianola-Piano, Pianola or Organ, they will mail you prepaid a copy of the new and popular 50c. Song, "My Little Mohawk Maid."

Address fully
WILL A. WATKIN MUSIC CO.
ELM STREET
DALLAS

THE GREAT K&A TRAIN ROBBERY

BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD, Author of 'The Hon. Peter Stirling,' etc.

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CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"Well," I said, as calmly as I could, "are you going to stand by me?"

"I would, Mr. Gordon," he replied, "if there was any good, but there ain't time to get a posse, and what's one Winchester against a mob of cowboys like them?"

"If you'll lend me your gun," I said, "I'll show just what it is worth, without troubling you."

"I'll do better than that," offered the sheriff, "and that's what I'm here for. Just sneak, while there's time."

"You mean—?" I exclaimed.

"That's it. I'm goin' away, and I'll leave the door unlocked. If yer get clear let me know yer address, and later, if I want yer, I'll send yer word." He took a grip on my fingers that numbed them as if they had been caught in an air-brake, and disappeared.

I slipped out after the sheriff without loss of time. That there wasn't much to spare was shown by a crowd with some torches down the street, collected in front of a saloon. They were making a good deal of noise, even for the West; evidently the flame was being fanned. Not wasting time, I struck for the railroad, because I knew the geography of that best, but still more because I wanted to get to the station. It was a big risk to go there, but it was one I was willing to take for the object I had in view, and, since I had to take it, it was safest to get through with the job before the discovery was made that I was no longer in jail.

It didn't take me three minutes to reach the station. The whole place was black as a coal-dumper, except for the slices of light which shone through the cracks of the certain windows in the specials, the dim light of the lamp in the station, and the glow of the row of saloons two hundred feet away. I was afraid, however, that there might be a spy lurking somewhere, for it was likely that Camp would hope to get some clue of the letters by keeping a watch on the station and the cars. Thinking boldness the safest course, I walked on to the platform without hesitation, and went into the station. The "night man" was sitting in his chair, nodding, but he waked up the moment I spoke.

"Don't speak my name," I said,



"When the letters are safe, say 'That way freight is late.'"

warningly, as he struggled to his feet; and then in the fewest possible words I told him what I wanted of him,—to find if the pony I had ridden (Camp's or Baldwin's) was in town and, if so, to learn where it was, and to get the letters on the quiet from under the saddle-flap. I chose this man, first, because I could trust him, and next,

because I had only one of the Cullens as an alternative, and if any of them went sneaking round, it would be sure to attract attention. "The moment you have the letters, put them in the station safe," I ended, "and then get word to me."

"And where'll you be, Mr. Gordon?" asked the man.

"Is there any place about here that's a safe hiding spot for a few hours?" I asked. "I want to stay till I'm sure those letters are safe, and after that I'll steal on board the first train that comes along."

"Then you'll want to be near here," said the man. "I'll tell you, I've got just the place for you. The platform's boarded in all round, but I noticed one plank that's loose at one end, right at this nigh corner, and if you just pry it open enough to get in, and then pull the board in place, they'll never find you."

"That will do," I said; "and when the letters are safe, come out on the platform, walk up and down once, bang the door twice, and then say, 'That way freight is late.' And if you get a chance, tell one of the Cullens where I'm hidden."

I crossed the platform boldly, jumped down, and walked away. But after going fifty feet I dropped down on my hands and knees and crawled back. Inside of two minutes I was safely stowed away under the platform, in about as neat a hiding-place as a man could ask. In fact, if I had only had my wits enough about me to borrow a revolver of the man, I could have made a pretty good defence, even if discovered.

Underneath the platform was loose gravel, and, as an additional precaution, I scooped out, close to the side-boarding, a trough long enough for me to lie in. Then I got into the hole, shoveled the sand over my legs, and piled the rest up in a heap close to me, so that by a few sweeps of my arm I could cover my whole body, leaving only my mouth and nose exposed, and those below the level. That made me feel pretty safe, for, even if the cowboys found the loose plank and crawled in, it would take uncommon good eyesight, in the darkness, to find me. I had hollowed out my living grave to fit, and if I could have smoked, I should have been decidedly comfortable. Sleep I dared not indulge in, and the sequel showed that I was right in not allowing myself that luxury.

I hadn't much more than comfortably settled myself, and let thoughts of a cigar and a nap flit through my mind, when a row up the street showed that the jail-breaking had been discovered. Then followed shouts and confusion for a few moments, while a search was being organized. I heard some horsemen ride over the tracks, and also down the street, followed by the hurried footsteps of half a dozen men. Some banged at the doors of the specials, while others knocked at the station door.

One of the Cullens' servants opened the door of 218, and I heard the sheriff's voice telling him he'd got to search the car. The darky protested, saying that the "gentman was all away, and only de miss inside." The row brought Miss Cullen to the door, and I heard her ask what was the matter.

"Sorry to trouble yer, miss," said the sheriff, "but a prisoner has broken jail, and we've got to look for him."

"Escaped!" cried Madge, joyfully. "How?"

"That's just what gits away with me," marveled the sheriff. "My idea is—"

"Don't waste time on theories," said Camp's voice, angrily. "Search the car."

"Sorry to discommode a lady," apol-

ogized the sheriff, gallantly, "but if we may just look around a little?"

"My father and brothers went out a few minutes ago," said Madge, hesitatingly, "and I don't know if they would be willing."

Camp laughed angrily, and ordered, "Stand aside, there."

"Don't yer worry," said the sheriff. "If he's on the car, he can't git away. We'll send a feller up for Mr. Cullen, while we search Mr. Gordon's car and the station."

They set about it at once, and used up ten minutes in the task. Then I heard Camp say:

"Come, we can't wait all night for permission to search this car. Go ahead."

"I hope you'll wait till my father comes," begged Madge.

"Now go slow, Mr. Camp," said the sheriff. "We musn't discommode the lady if we can avoid it."

"I believe you're wasting time in order to help him escape," snapped Camp.

"Nothin' of the kind," denied the sheriff.

"If you won't do your duty, I'll take the law into my own hands, and order the car searched," sputtered Camp, so angry as hardly to be able to articulate.

"Look a here," growled the sheriff, "who are yer sayin' all this to, any-



A lesson in politeness.

way? If yer talkin' to me, say so right off."

"All I mean," hastily said Camp, "is that it's your duty, in your honorable position, to search this car."

"I don't need no instructin' in my dooty as sheriff," retorted the official. "But a bigger dooty is what is owin' to the feminine sex. When a female is in question, a gentleman, Mr. Camp,—yes, sir, a gentleman,—is in dooty bound to be perlitte."

"Politeness be ———!" swore Camp.

"Git as angry as yer — please," roared the sheriff wrathfully, "but — my soul to — if any — cuss has a right to use such — talk in the presence of a lady!"

CHAPTER XIV.

"Listeners Never Hear Anything Good"

Before I had ceased chuckling over the sheriff's indignant declaration of the canons of etiquette, I heard Mr. Cullen's voice demanding to know what the trouble was, and it was quickly explained to him that I had escaped. He at once gave them permission to search his car, and went in with the sheriff and the cowboys. Apparently Madge went in too, for in a moment I heard Camp say, in a low voice:

"Two of you fellows get down below the car and crawl in under the truck where you can't be seen. Evidently that cuss isn't here, but he's likely to come by and by. If so, nab him if you can, and if you can't, fire two shots. Moseley, are you heeled?"

"Do I chaw terbaccy?" asked Moseley, ironically, clearly insulted at the suggestion that he would travel without a gun.

"Then keep a sharp lookout, and listen to everything you hear, especially the whereabouts of some letters. If you can spot their lay, crawl out

and get word to me at once. Now, under you go before they come out."

I heard two men drop into the gravel close alongside of where I lay, and then crawl under the truck of 218. They weren't a moment too soon, for the next instant I heard two or three people jump on to the platform, and Albert Cullen's voice drawl, "Aw, by Jove, what's the row?" Camp not enlightening them, Lord Ralles suggested that they get on the car to find out, and the three did so. A moment later the sheriff came to the door and told Camp that I was not to be found.

"I told yer this was the last place to look for the cuss, Mr. Camp," he said. "We've just discommode the lady for nothin'."

"Then we must search elsewhere," spoke up Camp. "Come on, boys."

The sheriff turned and made another elaborate apology for having had to trouble the lady.

I heard Madge tell him that he hadn't troubled her at all, and then, as the cowboys and Camp walked off, she added, "And Mr. Gunton, I want to thank you for reproving Mr. Camp's dreadful swearing."

"Thank yer, miss," said the sheriff. "We fellers are a little rough at times, but — me if we don't know what's due to a lady."

"Papa," said Madge, as soon as he was out of hearing, "the sheriff is the most beautiful swearer I ever heard."

For a while there was silence round the station; I suppose the party in 218 were comparing notes, while the two cowboys and I had the best reasons for being quiet. Presently, however, the men came out of the car and jumped down on the platform. Madge evidently followed them to the door, for she called, "Please let me know the moment something happens or you learn anything."

(To be continued.)

Discouraged Him.

"Just one kiss," begs the enamored youth.

"No," whispers the coy young thing.

Whereat the enamored youth grows huffy and arises, saying that it is time for him to be going home.

"Why, it's early," remarks the coy young thing.

"I know. But when a fellow asks a girl sixteen times for a kiss, and she won't give it to him, it's pretty plain that she doesn't care much for him."

"Well, if you aren't the most impatient man I ever knew!"

"Impatient?"

"Why, yes. Mr. Smith asked me twenty times for a kiss before he got it; and Mr. Jones asked me thirty-two times for one before he got it; and Mr. Brown asked me twenty-three times the first evening he called and fifteen times the second, making thirty-eight times in all before I——"

But the enamored youth was leaving without waiting to put on his overcoat.

Standing meditatively, at the door after she had closed it behind him, the coy young thing tosses her fair head and murmurs:

"If he isn't the most easily discouraged man I ever saw!"

The Bully's Share.

Samuel Gompers, chief of the American Federation of Labor, said in a recent address:

"The rich and powerful man is too apt to treat the poor and helpless man as the bully treated the little boy.

"A little boy was peaceably making a snow-man one winter morning when a tall, strong lad, a bully, rushed up, kicked down the snow-man and gave the little fellow a thump on the head.

"A benevolent gentleman saw this outrageous bullying from a distance. He drew near, shook his fist at the big boy and gave the little one a dime to comfort him.

"There, there," he said. "Here is a dime for you. Now dry your eyes."

"Then he departed.

"But he was no sooner gone than the bully came up and demanded half the money.

"I'll be satisfied with half," he said virtuously, "but I ought to have all by rights, for if I hadn't walloped ye ye wouldn't have gotten a cent."

GOVERNOR JAS. S. HOGG IS DEAD

Texas Mourns the Loss of a Statesman, a Commoner, Her First Native Governor and a Good Man.

Houston, Texas, March 5.—Former Gov. James S. Hogg died suddenly Saturday forenoon about 11 o'clock at the residence of Frank Jones, one of his law partners. The news of his death was not only a terrible shock to the household, but to the great State as well. The big heart of all Texas bleeds as it is touched by the terrible news.

Gov. Hogg came up here early in the week from his Brazoria plantation, but went quietly out to the home of Mr. Jones, and they kept the fact of his presence away from even his near friends, because he was preparing to go to Battle Creek, Mich., for treatment, and wanted to get a good rest prior to leaving on the rather long trip.

He appeared in excellent spirits Friday. He was feeling much better. In the evening he came down to a meeting of the Masonic lodge and returned home about 11 o'clock. He was still feeling well, and was very cheerful. He indulged in a conversation around the fireside during the day that was almost pathetic, though he didn't feel that it was. Speaking of his health he expressed himself to this effect:

"I don't want when I die any cold marble placed at the head of my grave. I want a soft-shell Texas pecan tree planted there and at the foot a regular walnut, and when they bear fruit I want the nuts sent out to the farmers of Texas that they may plant, and they will do it."

The drift of the conversation was so serious that his daughter, Miss Ima Hogg, began to show signs of grief. Her father at once reassured her by stating that he expected to be with her many years yet, but he wanted this done when death did come.

Miss Ima Hogg was the only one of the children here when he died. William left that morning for Humble on a business mission, and as soon as death occurred telephone and telegraphic calls were turned in for him, but it was after 1 o'clock in the afternoon before he was located. An auto was immediately dispatched, and in less than two hours he was with his sister in the house of sorrow. His other two sons, Mike and Tom, were in Austin, and were notified by phone.

His death was similar to the transition from wakefulness to sleep. It was perhaps 9 o'clock that his daughter quietly entered his room and found him asleep, breathing easily. She as softly slipped out so as not to disturb him. Two or three more visits of the kind were made, finding him in the same position. It was after 11 o'clock that she advanced to the bed and found that he was dead. It was a terrible shock, but soon others of the household were in the room. The news was phoned into the city to Mr. Jones who hastened home. It was then phoned to the Rice Hotel to his friends and to others. It soon spread over the business streets of the city, and men meeting each other would say: "Is it true?" and without even a mention of the actual fact itself they would say, "Yes, yes, it is true."

Brief comments were most invariably made, pointing out the great loss to the State, his close identity with the

people all over the State. These expressions presented sentiments applicable to every phase of life and made plain that his touch with the great mass of the people applied to all walks of life.

Sketch of Governor Hogg's Life.

Governor James S. Hogg was born on the Mountain Home, near Rusk, in Cherokee County, March 24, 1851. He was left an orphan at 12 years of age.

The property of the family was swept away by the war, and the boy was compelled to, unaided, take his part in that struggle for existence in which, "if the race is not always to the swift, the battle is assuredly with the strong." He disdained no honest employment and did any work his hands could find to do. To secure a practical education he entered a newspaper office as printer's devil, and worked his way until he owned and edited a paper, the Longview News, which was subsequently removed to Quitman, Wood County, Texas, and the name changed to Quitman News. He read law four years while resid-



GOVERNOR JAMES S. HOGG.

ing at the towns of Tyler, Longview and Quitman; was admitted to the bar in 1875; after three years' successful practice was elected County Attorney of Wood County, and after filling that office two years was elected District Attorney for the Seventh Judicial District, a position that he held for four years. On the close of his official term as District Attorney he settled at Tyler, where he secured a fine paying practice.

April 22, 1874 (before he was admitted to the bar), he was united in marriage to Miss Sallie Stinson, daughter of Col. James A. Stinson, an intelligent and highly respected farmer, in Wood County.

Gov. Hogg was nominated by the State convention of 1886, over three opponents, for Attorney General, and was elected in November of that year, and in 1888 he was renominated without opposition and re-elected.

At the Democratic State Convention held in San Antonio August, 1890, he was nominated for Governor on the first ballot, amid the wildest enthusiasm, having swept all opposition from the field long before the assembling of that body.

Before the campaign opened, the public mind was in a state well nigh

bordering upon indifference. His speech at Rusk April 19, 1890, however, was like the blast of a bugle in some enchanted hall filled with sleeping men at arms, who, at the martial sound, leap to their feet, clash their weapons and sally out in full array of battle, ready and eager for the fray.

This speech inaugurated a most remarkable and important campaign. The merits and demerits of a railway commission were exhaustively discussed through the columns of the press and from the rostrum. The opposition to Gov. Hogg and the amendment was not slow to effect a thorough organization and numbered in its ranks many men of great experience in politics and whose civic virtues commanded respect. J. W. Throckmorton, Gustave Cook, H. D. McDonald, T. B. Wheeler, and R. M. Hall were respectively, although not in order named, selected as standard bearers by members of the party opposed to a commission. As the battle progressed and county after county instructed for Hogg, they were one by one retired from the race, leaving Hon. T. B. Wheeler to alone go before the Democratic convention at San Antonio and contest with Gen. Hogg for the nomination. Not only was Gen. Hogg nominated for Governor on the first ballot, practically without opposition, but the amendment was also unqualifiedly indorsed.

In 1892, because of a disagreement over the platform, the convention divided into two parts, afterward known as the "car shed convention" and the "Turner Hall convention," respectively. The former nominated Gov. Hogg to succeed himself and the latter nominated Judge George Clark for Governor. After the most remarkable campaign ever waged in Texas, Gov. Hogg was re-elected.

His second administration, as the first, was filled with stirring incidents, many of the propositions submitted for legislation being far-reaching, and consequently causing much agitation.

During the two administrations five laws which brought about great changes, and which Gov. Hogg afterward referred to as "the Hogg code," were enacted. They were:

The Railroad Commission law.

The Municipal Bond law.

The Railroad Stock and Bond law.

The Alien Land law.

The law limiting the land holdings of corporations to the ground actually needed by them for their corporate purposes.

At the conclusion of his term of office Gov. Hogg retired from politics in the sense of being a candidate, but was a prominent figure upon the hustings and at all State Conventions.

In the campaigns of 1896 and 1900 Gov. Hogg was a warm supporter, as he was the personal friend of Mr. Bryan, and in 1904 he was opposed to the nomination of Judge Parker for the Presidency. After Judge Parker had been nominated he held his peace until when making a speech at the Houston State convention some one asked him, "What about Parker?" Whereupon he referred to the Democratic nominee as "the jock-jawed Judge," and said some nice things about President Roosevelt. These remarks created quite a sensation, and were widely quoted over the country.

EVENTS OF EVERYWHERE.

The Brazos Valley road expects to be handling Corsicana freight by fall.

Charles Coleman, the negro rapist and murderer of Maggie Lear, a 15-year-old white girl, was lawfully hanged at Shreveport Thursday.

A fox hunt and fiddlers conters to be pulled off at Monte Ne, Ark., May 2, 3, 4 and 5 is attracting attention all over the Southwest.

After lingering four days, ex-County Commissioner U. C. Hairgrove of Smith County, died from the kick of a mule. Hairgrove was a pioneer citizen.

William J. Gray, aged fifty-four years and for the past eighteen years a resident of Dallas, died at his home Thursday morning from a sudden stroke of apoplexy.

Dan Thomas, a negro from Corsicana, Texas, bled to death at police headquarters at Oklahoma City from a stab in his right forearm. He refused to say how he was injured.

Harry Tenny, who was knocked out Wednesday night at San Francisco by Frankie Niell, the bantam champion pugilist, died at 8 o'clock Thursday morning.

A dispatch from Rome to the Herald says that it is officially announced that the Dowager Queen Margherita of Italy, has abandoned her proposed trip to the United States.

John Hessler, a railway man whose home was Texarkana, was removed from a Cotton Belt train at Fort Worth and conveyed to the hospital, but between the depot and the hospital he died.

After twenty rounds of fast and furious fighting between Fred Landers of San Francisco and Clarence English of Omaha, at Hot Springs, it was declared a draw. Landers was the cleverer of the pair and appeared a certain winner during the first thirteen rounds.

The first inmate of the new jail at Grant's Pass, Cal., a public improvement of which the Grant's Passers are proud, is a pretty nine-teen-year-old girl, who is accused of murdering her father. She is not confined to her cell, is provided with every comfort, including the latest magazines, and is allowed to go out shopping when she so desires.

Beaumont: J. G. Booth, 56 years of age, was placed under arrest Friday on an affidavit charging him with murder. The charge of murder grows out of the finding of the body of Frank Irsch, a white man, aged 30 years, at Voth, on Thursday morning. The arrest was made after an inquest had been held by Coroner Holmes and the affidavit charging murder was made by Sheriff Landry of this county.

Mason: Judge D. H. Meeks died suddenly Thursday about noon from an overdose of morphine. He was around as usual on the evening before, but did not arise at the usual hour in the morning and when his room was entered he was found unconscious. All was done that the attending physician could think of, but he never rallied. He was not addicted to the use of drugs and it is supposed that it was taken to lull pain or induce sleep.

James H. Ward, well known in Texas, and for many years chief operator of the Associated Press in the Southwest and for the past three years connected with the Chicago office, is dead there of heart failure.

Notice to Subscribers.

Look on your paper, by the address, and you will note one, two or three X marks. If one X, your subscription expires this month; if XX, it expired six months ago; if XXX, it expired nine months ago; if XXXX, there is nothing to your credit and you owe for one year, \$1.50. If you pay us \$2 cash at once we will credit you with two years' subscription, or up to April, 1907. If you have paid 50c we will give you the same credit if you pay us \$1.50, and if you have paid 25c we will give you the same credit if you pay us \$1.75 cash, NOW. Those who have paid in full for the past year (whose papers are marked X) owe nothing up to the expiration of their subscription, and we thank them for their full payment when they subscribed and respectfully ask that they renew as soon as possible, as we are at a very great expense, are doing all we can to give them a good paper, and need every cent due us very badly. We wish to call especial attention, again, to the fact that the subscription price of the Sun is one dollar only when paid in advance, and we are deducting the half dollar due us by those who have not paid for the paper only on condition that they renew and pay cash for one year in advance. If they wish to discontinue their subscription we will require the full amount (credit price, \$1.50) to settle their bill, but we hope that all of our subscribers will renew, and that we may get many new ones.

We sent out a lot of bills for subscription to the Sun last Tuesday and it seems those to whom they were presented did not understand our sending them a bill, thinking they had paid. The fact is, some of them have paid for a year, but the year they paid for is up with the next issue of the paper and our terms are pay in advance. We are doing all we can to give our people a good, clean, creditable paper, and our expenses are very heavy, running from \$150 to \$250 per month, and it forces us to collect very close to meet our obligations; in fact, if we cannot collect we cannot pay our own debts, and all who know us know we are willing to, anxious to and do pay our bills as fast as we get the money. Now, friends, a dollar cannot be much to you as compared to our month's expense to publish the Sun and make it a clean, decent, creditable paper, and we ask of you to help us all you can by paying your subscription in advance. We will not send out any more bills in the city, but wait for you to come to us with the money, and we trust we won't have long to wait or be

disappointed in our good opinion of you, for we believe that you did not understand our bill being presented to you is the reason you did not pay it but remember it is for a new year we are asking you to pay, just as you did for the past year, in advance. We hope to hold all of our present subscribers and get many more new ones.

We wish to impress upon all subscribers to The Sun that the price of The Sun is One Dollar per year Only When Paid In Advance. Those who owe for it for three months or longer must pay \$1.50 per year to settle up.

County court convened Monday with a light docket.

Just received one car Eagle Portland Cement. Orient Lumber Co.

There was a good rainfall here Tuesday morning, which will put a good season in the ground. A norther having blown up during the night caused a freeze, but no material damage was done.

Just received one car Eagle Portland Cement. Orient Lumber Co.

Easter will come this year on the 15th of April. The council of Nice fixed the date of Easter on the first Sunday after the full moon of the spring equinox, since the moon was full on the night after Christ was crucified. The earliest date on which Easter can come is March 26, as in 1318, and the latest April 25, as in 1865. The only reason why people talk about a change of weather about Easter Sunday is because of its nearness in time to the equinox.

The Sun office has just received a beautiful line of sample calendars for 1907, and the merchants of Sweetwater and vicinity are invited to call and inspect them and, incidentally, to place an order with us for the coming year.

W. C. Mingus of Abilene was here Sunday.

The public is invited from this date to come and take dinner with us on Sundays. The regular price of 50c will be charged, but you will be satisfied, as we always serve a special dinner on Sunday from 12:30 to 2 o'clock. The Grogan Wells and Mineral Water Co.

FRUIT TREES! FRUIT TREES!

Vine Hill Nurseries, Mount Pleasant, Texas, has over a million trees, plants, etc., to sell at living prices to the planters of this section. Write for catalogue and prices. Great inducements to large planters. Address, M. G. BLACK, Prop., Mount Pleasant, Texas.

.. COWBOY BOOTS ..

You can secure your Cowboy Boots and Dress Boots at L. Mims' shop on short notice. I also have quite a lot of ready-made ones on hand. Thanking you for past favors and soliciting your further orders,

L. MIMS, BOOT AND SHOE MAKER

GLASS & GOBLE,
Staple and Fancy Groceries.

Your Patroage Solicited.

A COMPLETE LINE (

Beautiful Calendars

FOR SALE AT

The Sun Office.

COME AND LOOK OVER OUR SAMPLES.

Merchants: Don't send away for work in our line, we spend our money at home with you.



Mrs. N. L. Hall
Up-to-date
MILLINERY.

Fine line of goods; stock all new and fresh. I invite my friends and others to call and see me. Am located at L. J. Mashburn's.

W. W. Beall made a business trip to Fort Worth this week.

B. Y. P. U.

Sunday, March 12, 1906.

Subject—The Church and the World.

Scripture—Matt. 28-16:20.

Leader—Miss Kinney.

The Obligation to Preach the Gospel to Every Living Creature—Mr. Callaway.

The Need of Missionary Information—Miss Ethel Harp.

What Our Church is Doing and Ought to Do—Jno. R. Lewis.

Select Reading—Miss Henri Pyron.

Song. Benediction.



Jno. T. Wilson has resigned as assistant agent at the T. & P. depot and has accepted a position on the Orient.

The millinery department at the Mercantile Co. has become a dream of beauty under the skillful touch of Miss Johnson. She has transformed it into a dainty vision of spring, and one's thoughts turn involuntarily to a new spring hat at the first glimpse of the department. Easter is not so far off, and well our women know that a new hat is just absolutely essential. Therefore when you think of hats think of the Mercantile.

Work for Sweetwater

Thos. Prammell, Pres. W. P. Prammell, Cashier.
P. R. Hamilton, Asst. Cashier.
Established in 1883.

Thos. Prammell & Company,
Unincorporated

 Bankers 

Sweetwater, Texas.

Responsibility, \$500,000.00

THE OLDEST BANK IN NOLAN COUNTY.

We will Appreciate your Business if Entrusted to our care
and Guarantee Prompt, Polite and Courteous Treatment.


Nolan County Depository.

R. H. FITZGERALD, PRESIDENT. W. H. FITZGERALD, Cashier
E. Q. DANIEL, ASST. CASHIER

THE
FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF SWEETWATER

CAPITAL \$40,000.00

The Only National Bank in Nolan County

We want Your Business. 


Sylvester Lumber Yard

Roscoe Lumber Company, Props
SYLVESTER, TEXAS.

DEALERS IN

Lumber, Shingles, Doors, Sashes, Blinds, Mouldings,
Lathing, Etc. Also, Lime, Cement, Brick
Builder's Hardware, Etc.

CHARLES R. HEIZER, Local Manager,

Your Patronage Solicited. 

J. R. COX,
WATCHMAKER
and Jeweler

I am prepared to do all kinds of repair work.
See me before buying your Watch, Jewelry or
Silverware. It will pay you to come and see
me before making your purchases.

SANSBURY BROTHERS,

Carry a Complete Stock of

Glassware Chinaware

Tinware Graniteware

Stoneware Specialties

And, in Fact

EVERYTHING

To be found in an up-to-date

RACKET STORE

K. R. SEATON,

Real Estate Agent,

SWEETWATER, TEXAS.

I have a large list of very desirable Agricultural lands,
both Improved and Unimproved, also some very desirable
Ranches, large and small; have some of the best farming
lands in this country that can be cut into tracts to suit the
purchaser, at reasonable prices. Have a good lot of town
property, both improved and unimproved. Office in the
Warren building over William's Drug Store. If you want
your property sold, I will sell it for you. Let me list
your property NOW, so you will be right there for a buyer.
Traders, like artists, are "born" not "made," and I can
sell your place quicker than anyone else.

PRIVATE SURVEYING.

BASS & McGAUGHY,



Livery
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Special Atten-
tion to Trav-
eling Men.
First Class Service
To All.

Sweetwater, Texas.

Dr C. A. ROBERTS,

 DENTIST, 

Office Hours: 8 to 12, a. m.
1 to 8, p. M.

PHONE 188

SUPREME COURT**DECIDES EXPRESS CASE.****Contracts Between Railways and Express Companies a Notation.**

Austin, Tex., Feb. 27.—The Supreme Court yesterday morning hit the railroad and express companies doing business in the State a severe and crushing blow.

The court holds that exclusive contracts made between roads and express companies, are violative of the anti-trust act of 1903, and the State will recover in penalties amounting to about \$600,000.

The suits were filed in Travis County in the 26th district court against the Missouri, Kansas and Texas railway, and the American express company, a joint stock company doing business in Texas.

This was a suit in which the test case was made. About thirty suits were filed altogether including every railroad in the State, and all four of the express companies operating over them.

District Attorney Warren Moore instituted the suits with the consent of Judge C. K. Bell who was attorney general at that time. The State claimed that the contracts made between the express companies and the railroads were exclusive and in restraint of trade, as no other express company could enter Texas and do business over lines of railway in the State.

The State sued for penalties provided for under the Act of 1903, which is \$50 per day from the date the law became effective, April 1, 1903, amounting in all to \$20,000 in this one suit. The trial court sustained the demurrer to the State's petition, that these contracts were not exclusive, as they did not come within the provisions of the anti-trust statute. The State appealed to the Third Court of Civil Appeals and it certified to the Supreme Court the question as to whether or not the contracts violated that portion of the law declaring all combinations of capital or of skill a trust and operated in restraint of trade.

The court says that the fact that the contract was made and entered into prior to the passage of the anti-trust Act of 1903, is without weight, for as soon as the Act became effective the existing trusts come under its provisions.

Then again that the contract was made in the face of the existing statute contrary to its execution.

This is a most complete victory for the State, and especially for the district attorney. Of the amount of penalties to be paid the State under this decision he will receive something like \$150,000, getting one-fourth of all that is recovered.

It can be stated with authority, that the roads and express companies will take the case to the United States Supreme Court.

Beaten to Death With Club.

Muskogee, I. T.: Jennie Cunningham was killed Sunday night or early Monday morning in the north part of town. Her skull was crushed in. Her 9-year-old son was badly beaten at the same time and is not expected to live. James Lewis, a negro, is under arrest charged with the crime. It was Lewis who reported the killing to the officers.

A skating rink 75x190 feet, to be ready by spring, is to be built at Mineral Wells.

A cow that unaccountably died in Dallas a few days since was cut open and a sacking needle was found imbedded in her heart.

GOV. CALLS SPECIAL SESSION**Proclamation Convening Twenty-Ninth Legislature on March 26.**

Austin, Tex., Feb. 27.—The Governor yesterday issued his proclamation convening the Legislature in special session and submits but one subject, the curing of the election law. It is as follows.

"I, S. W. T. Lanham, Governor of the State of Texas, by virtue of the authority vested in me by the Constitution, do hereby call a special session of the twenty-ninth Legislature to convene in the city of Austin, Tex., beginning at 12 o'clock, meridian, Monday, March the 26th, A. D., 1906, for the following purpose, to-wit:

"To provide for definitely determining the votes which candidates for party nominations for State and District offices shall receive in State and district political conventions, based upon the results of the primary elections held in the different counties of the State or of the district, as the case may be.

"In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of State to be affixed at Austin, Tex., this 26th day of February, A. D., 1906.

S. W. T. LANHAM,
Governor of Texas.

New Orleans Mardi Gras Opens.

New Orleans: Carnival festivities are in full blast. Monday the entry of Rex was witnessed by the largest carnival crowd ever assembled in this city. Along the streets traversed by the pageant of reception to the King an enormous crowd was gathered and along the levee there was an immense multitude to witness the naval parade and landing. All records as to numbers of past carnival crowds promise to be broken.

The Smith Family.

Chicago: To make the Smith family leaders in the city directory as an incident to the war of union printers on the publishers of the Chicago city directory is the plan of the Chicago Federation of Labor leaders. All union men and sympathizers will be requested to give the name of "John Smith" to solicitors for the directory. This, in the opinion of Edward Nockles, secretary of the Federation, will give 200,000 "John Smiths."

Music as a Tonic.

Good music is a powerful tonic to many people, especially those suffering from melancholia. It lifts them out of their solemn moods, dispels gloom and despondency, kills discouraged feelings and gives new hope, new life and new vigor. It seems to put a great many people into proper tune. It gives them the keynote of truth and beauty, strikes the chords of harmony, dispels discord from the life, scatters clouds and brings sunshine. All good music is a character builder, because its constant suggestion of harmony, order and beauty puts the mind into a normal attitude. Music clears the cobwebs out of many minds so that they can think better, act better and live better.

Dallas' New School Building.

Dallas: Plans for a new High School Building have been adopted. The architect's estimate of the cost of the building is \$133,324, coming within the allowance of \$150,000, in which amount bonds are to be issued for that purpose. The building is to be three stories, with basement: of brick and reinforced concrete, with terra cotta trimmings. It is of the Elizabethan style of architecture and is declared to be thoroughly fireproof.

EVENTS OF EVERYWHERE.

A volcano is in eruption near Hot Springs, Colo., belching fire and smoke from the side of Mount Sutton.

Several big concerns in the Mexico country have begun paying salaries in new gold coin, thus making complete the popularization of the new gold standard.

Madill, I. T., will hold an election at an early date to ascertain the will of the people upon the issuance of bonds for waterworks purposes.

Crowdus Brothers' place, in Dallas, was visited by burglars one night last week, who opened the safe and lifted \$22 in cash.

The State Fair Grounds at Dallas have granted concessions for constructing a skating rink and a scenic railway.

The case of smallpox reported to Cooke County Health Officer Higgins a few days ago at Delaward Bend that county, has turned out to be nothing more than chicken pox.

Work on Oklahoma City's court house building, erected at a cost of \$100,000, has been finished and it will be occupied by the county officials by March 1.

Johann Hoch, the man who was known to have married thirteen women, and to have murdered at least three of them, was hanged in Chicago Friday.

Dallas police now have a matron whose duty it is to look after unfortunate ladies and children who have been led into the toils.

Jonas Wright and William Howard broke jail at Cold Springs Wednesday night and escaped. Both are colored. Wright was indicted for shooting his wife and Howard for burglary.

The Santa Fe has commenced the erection of a \$15,000 clubhouse and a \$12,000 hotel at Shawnee. Work on the machine shop buildings will commence in a few weeks.

The reichstag has by a large majority passed to the final reading of the bill, providing for an extension of Germany's reciprocal tariff rates to the United States.

Letters of invitation to the meeting of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows of Texas, at Dallas, have been mailed out to 500 State subordinate lodges and 200 Rebekah lodges.

The citizens of Blaine County, O. T., have voted \$45,000 bonds for the erection of a new court house. Although there were bitter elements in the election, the proposition carried by a majority of 225.

Five thousand pine trees are to be set out at the opening of spring in the Wichita Mountain forest reserve, as an experiment. The Interior Department has already made the order for the trees.

Secretary Wilson says that he feels no doubt of getting \$100,000 to carry on the work of exterminating the cattle tick. He hopes that one-fourth of it will be made immediately available so that the department can send its agents to the South early in the coming spring.

Frank G. Prouty member of the last Oklahoma Legislature and prominent for many years in Kansas and Oklahoma newspaper circles, is learning to operate a linotype machine and will abandon newspaper work entirely for the machine.

ALL OVER TEXAS.

Ennis citizens have under consideration taking over a franchise lately granted a gas company, and running the plant as a municipal property.

Poultney Bigelow is going again to Panama to make a deep and critical examination into the whole situation there.

It is stated that Mr. George W. Burkitt of Houston, who owns a controlling interest in the Palestine Electric Light company, will sell out his share and retire from the company.

Parties from Karnack, on the Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railroad east of Jefferson, in Harrison County, report the machinery on the ground ready to begin boring for oil.

Mrs. Clara Jiron, mother of Casandro, a well known Mexican citizen of San Angelo, died at San Angelo at the age of 103 years. The deceased had lived in San Angelo for many years.

The Santa Fe has brought in a second well with a splendid flow of oil on its Wheeler property, eighteen miles west of Ardmore. The Santa Fe is drilling day and night and a third well will be started at once.

The dead body of Prof. E. C. Lewis, for several years a prominent educator at Forney, later a banker at Wills Point, was found in his room at the Imperial Hotel, Dallas, Friday morning. He was last seen alive Wednesday night, when he went to his room.

A business men's club was organized at West. Forty members subscribed and a large amount of money was pledged. H. B. Terrell was made president. The object of the organization is to promote the commercial interests of the city.

McKinney is to have a park. Thirteen acres deeded to the city for that purpose some time ago, has been accepted by the council, who will light, water and police the place, and it will be opened for park purposes this season.

The Health Department announces that no cases of yellow fever exist in Cuba. The bills of health of vessels which recently sailed mentioned two or three cases remaining undischarged within a fortnight previous to their sailing.

The dates for the Confederate reunion, to be held in New Orleans on April 25, 26, and 27, have not been changed. As a result of the meeting of the local committee, it was decided that it was now too late to change the dates, which will conflict with memorial day.

In a bill introduced by Senator Kittredge of South Dakota, Congress is asked to place former Senator Henry R. Pease on the pension roll at \$50 a month. Mr. Pease, while Louisiana was under military rule, was made Superintendent of Education for the State.

Great Excitement prevails in Fletcher, O. T., in the northeast part of Comanche County, over the find of coal in that vicinity, and property values have advanced rapidly. The coal was found upon the Frisco right of way by railroad employees, who were digging a well.

The greatest prohibition rally ever held in Kaufman County was held Thursday at Kaufman. A special train was run by the Texas Midland for the occasion. About 300 delegates went from Terrell, besides as many from other points.

A Life Lesson.

(By James Whitcomb Riley.)

There, little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your doll, I know;
And your tea-set blue,
And your playhouse, too,
Are things of the long ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass by.
There, little girl, don't cry!

There, little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know;
And the glad, wild ways
Of your schoolgirl days
Are things of the long ago;
But life and love will soon come by.
There, little girl, don't cry!

There, little girl, don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But Heaven holds all for which you sigh.
There, little girl, don't cry!

Bishop on Card Playing.

San Antonio, Texas—Following up his sermon in St. Marks Episcopal church, in which he referred to card playing, Bishop J. S. Johnston comes out in a signed statement in which he says: "Perhaps it might be better, certainly fairer, to make the gambling houses for both men and women pay license and so put them both on an equality, and not grant special privileges to private gambling dens which cannot be reached by law and which, because they are corrupting young children in their homes in giving them their first lessons in gambling, may be doing a deeper wrong than the other places from which minors are usually excluded and into which only those can enter who have attained their majority in the preparatory schools of the homes where gambling was practiced. What is to be thought of so-called Christian women who will avail themselves of immunity from arrest and punishment for doing that which both the laws of the land and of God condemn? It leaves ladies' parlors as the only legalized gambling hells in the city and state in which the morals of our young people can be corrupted and from which they cannot be legally protected."

H. Sandusky and F. G. Thurmond, attorneys of Colorado, were in town this week attending court.

Oscar Sheppard of Roscoe was in town on business Monday.

H. C. Hord was registered at the Imperial in Dallas Monday.

The Bravest Battle.

(By Joaquin Miller.)

The bravest battle that ever was fought,
Shall I tell you where and when?
On the maps of the world you will find it not,
'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with a cannon or battle shot,
With sword or nobler pen;
Nay, not with eloquent words or thought
From mouths of wonderful men.
But deep in a walled-up woman's heart,
Of woman that would not yield,
But bravely, silently bore her part
Lo, there was the battlefield.

No marshaling troops, no bivouac song,
No banner to gleam and wave;
But, oh! these battles, they last so long,
From babyhood to the grave.

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars,
She fights in her walled-up town—
Fights on and on in the endless wars,
Then silent, unseen—goes down.

O, ye with banners and battle shot,
And soldiers to shout and praise,
I tell you the kingliest victories fought
Were fought in these silent ways.

O, spotless woman, in a world of shame!
With a splendid and silent scorn,
Go back to God as white as you came,
The kingliest warrior born!

Rev. A. B. Johnson filled the pulpit of the C. P. church at Merkel Sunday.

A terrible cyclone at Meridian, Miss., Friday, destroyed a portion of the business part of the town and killed 150 people.

L. H. Doyle, who has been employed as stenographer for Ragland & Crane for the past three months, left for Fort Worth Sunday night.

The accompanying paragraph is respectfully referred to the prayerful consideration of the T. & P. officials:

The following is credited to Opie Read: It was down in Texarkana and a T & P. train pulled in on time to the second. The fact aroused intense enthusiasm and a delegation waited on the engineer with a well stuffed purse. "Gentlemen," said the engineer, "I would scorn take your money under false pretenses; this is yesterday's train."

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"QUEEN OF THE PANTRY."

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FANCY GROCERIES,

Ragland Building, North Side of Square,
(Formerly occupied by the
Montgomery Furniture Co.)

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ELDER & SANBURY, THE ... TAILORS

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We own and control several large tracts of rich lands in Texas which we desire to sell from \$2 00 per acre up. Easy terms. We also handle ranches, cattle and city property. Timber, ranch and mineral lands in Old Mexico from 29 cents per acre up. We survey, plat and colonize your lands. Satisfaction guaranteed. Call on or write us.

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Sweetwater, Texas

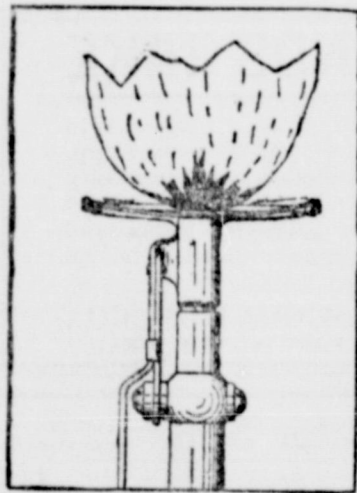
SHOWING THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

New Bit Brace.

Electricians especially experience considerable difficulty in boring holes in corners and other obscure points through which to pass wires to connect with bells or incandescent lamps. The ordinary bit and brace does not suffice for this purpose, as it is impossible to operate the handle of the brace when it is close to the wall. An exceedingly simple contrivance attached to the ordinary brace has been patented by two Buffalo inventors and is designed for effectively and conveniently boring holes in nooks and corners inaccessible to ordinary braces. At the top of the section of the brace holding the bit is a bevel gearing meshing at right angles with a shaft extending through the connecting arm. At the end of the shaft is a small handle and the operation will be at once obvious. When it is necessary to bore a hole in a place where the ordinary brace cannot be used the auxiliary handle is brought into action, which can be fully turned without coming in contact with the walls or other obstructions. The mechanism is so arranged that the bit and brace can be used for ordinary purposes where there is ample room and the auxiliary only brought into use in case of emergency.

A Safety Attachment.

Even in this enlightened age accidents due to a failure to turn off the gas properly are still numerous enough to command attention. A safety attachment for gas burners is the recent invention of a New Jersey man, and if it will fulfill the claims advanced it is well worthy of attention. Instead of employing a stopcock the attachment regulates the flow of gas, and as long as the gas is burning remains in that position, but should there be any carelessness in turning off the gas the attachment does so automatically. Whether the gas is purposely extinguished or extinguished by accident, due to a high wind or when blown out by an ignorant person, the attachment acts by gravity to close the plug. The attachment is pivoted to one end of the stopcock, and consists of an arm which extends parallel with the burner, and controlled by a lever. At the top of the arm is the portion which en-



Acts Automatically.

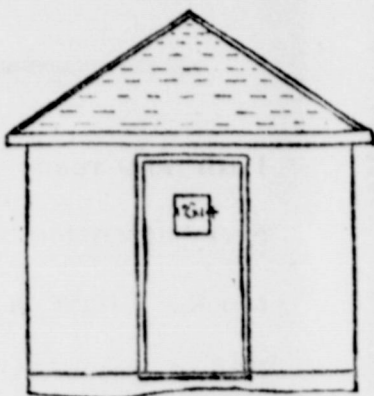
gages with the burner, being made in the shape of a ring connected to two horizontal bands. When the gas is turned off and the attachment in its normal position it is at right angles to the burner. When the lever is operated to turn on the gas the attachment closes up until the top engages with the tip of the burner. As long as the gas is burning the ring and bar at the top are caused to expand, but should the gas become extinguished by a gust of wind or otherwise the band immediately contracts and assumes a position which forces the attachment by its own weight and gravity to quickly fall to its normal position and shut off the gas.

PLAN OF CEMENT SMOKE HOUSE.

Can Be Erected at Little Cost for Material and Labor.

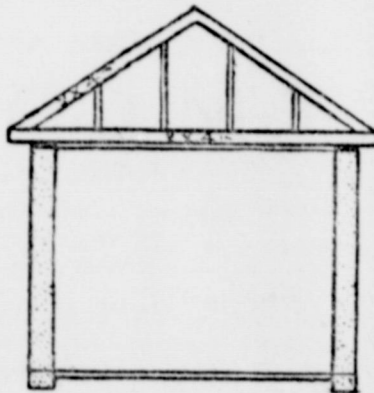
Give directions for building a smoke house large enough for smoking twenty fitches of bacon. What quantities of material would be required?

The accompanying plan is for a smoke house 10 feet by 10 feet by 7



Front Elevation.

feet high, and is to be built of cement concrete 8 inches thick. It will require five barrels Portland cement, 2 yards small stone, 3 yards clean gravel and 2 yards clean sharp sand. These should be mixed in the proportion of six parts gravel, four parts



Cross Section.

sand and one part cement. For the woodwork there will be required:

- 4 pieces, 2 inches by 8 inches by 10 feet.
 - 15 pieces, 2 inches by 4 inches by 12 feet.
 - 50 feet lineal, 1 inch by 8 inches surfaced.
 - 50 feet lineal 1 inch by 4 inches surfaced.
 - 50 feet lineal 1 inch by 6 inches surfaced.
 - 175 feet sheathing.
 - One door and frame 3 feet by 6 feet 6 inches.
- Two men should put up the walls in two days and do the carpenter work in two days more.

Strapping For Wall.

In strapping hollow cement blocks must the wall be plugged, or can strip be laid in? Could plugs be driven in wall with the joints not over 1/4 to 5/8 inches thick?

The usual way is to build in the bed joint on inside of wall a three-eighths or half inch by three inch wide strip of bond timber, allowing it to project out at least 1/4 of an inch, so that the strapping will not touch the blocks when being nailed on. The strips are put in from 20 inches to 30 inches apart, according to the height of the blocks, care being taken to keep them plumb, and as nearly two feet apart as the course will allow. Lay them on blocks dry, and bed the next course on top of them, as they will not jar or pull out when done in this way, but if bedded in the mortar, they are liable to be loosened when nailing to them. Plugging a well for strapping is all right but more expensive, as the joint has to be drilled or dug out, and with the top of the barrel or sink slightly below the line of the stream. This receptacle would serve to catch the water. A pipe from the bottom of the receptacle, with a good fall to the house, ought to carry practically all of the water which the spring furnishes.

MODES AND FABRICS

ON WHICH DAME FASHION HAS SET HER SEAL.

Skating Costumes Worn by Parisian Beauties—Girl's Dress of Red Cloth—"Individuality" Now the Aim of the Well Dressed.

"Individuality" in Dress.

With the wide latitude which fashion now allows in the various lines of dress, it is not a difficult matter for mladi to follow individual ideas in her gowns and dress accessories. Indeed "individuality" has become the slogan of the well dressed. Something which is not only becoming, but expresses "her"—her taste, her individuality—original ideas adapted to her particular style.

Sarah Bernhardt, with the authority of a great artist, who studies every point and with the inherent instinct of her country to please in appearance, dwells with emphasis upon the point of preserving and enhancing one's individuality. That one can do this and submit to the doctrine of imperious fashion is a paradox.

The extremes of styles are most marked at the present moment, not only in materials, but in mode of construction as well. Simplicity walks hand in hand with an elaboration of trimming which quite bewilders the eye.

The short-waisted effect is conspicuous in Paris. Exploited originally by Paquin, this model shows a draped belt having a round, slight dip in front.

In this short-waisted class comes the new polo or pony coat, of which more anon.

Directly in contrast with the short-waisted styles are the long coats, closely fitted as a rule, and severe and revealing in their lines.

Girl's Dress of Red Cloth.

The skirt is made with a narrow ablier, trimmed with straps and loops of black velvet, fastened with steel



buckles. The blouse, opening over a lace chemisette, and the short bolero, with large bertha, are both trimmed with the black velvet, the ends finished with loops and steel buckles.

The leg-o'-mutton sleeves are finished with cuffs of lace headed by the velvet, and the belt is of velvet.

Colors in Harmony.

Certain browns and pinks consort most harmoniously and with much distinction, but one must choose the right shades. A pink broadcloth frock of creamy tea-rose tint, trimmed in brown velvet, worn with brown furs and a big pink tulle hat trimmed with brown plumes and a touch of fur around the big crown, excited much enthusiasm at a recent tea and the color scheme should suggest charm-

ing possibilities to any clever artist in dress. The finish of skirt is three applied bias tucks. A vest and collar of brown velvet, with a gold embroidered line, fills in front of coat and the belt around sides and back of coat is cloth piped with brown velvet. The deep-turned cuffs are similarly treated and fastened with two gold buttons.

Parisian Skating Costumes.

The costume at the left is of dark green cloth. The skirt is trimmed with bands of the material, forming loops at the ends fastened with buttons. The jacket, with yoke and bolero fronts, is trimmed to correspond. The revers are of light cloth, ornamented with buttons and buttonholes.



The turnover collar and cuffs are of caracul. The other costume is of ruby red cloth. The princess skirt, with narrow breadth or panel in front, is encircled at the bottom with two rows of braid. The short bolero is also trimmed with the braid and with buttons, and has little embroidered revers. The waistcoat and collar are of velvet.

French Fancies.

A very deep-pointed girde of black panne velvet hooks in the back. At the top in the front, it is cut down and two shallow points at the top in the center. It is embroidered very lightly around both edges in silver, and silver medallions are applied on each side of the center front, there being three inches of the plain velvet between these silver appliques. In the back a single large medallion hooks over from side to side, concealing the joining of the belt at that point.

Still another girde shows down the center front a row of tiny French bows of velvet, each having a tiny rhinestone buckle in its center. Another has little rosettes with silver buttons as centers.

Chicken Mexican.

One chicken, two small onions; one egg; half a green pepper; two teaspoons of salt; one teaspoon of spearmint; one small clove of garlic; one teaspoon of lard; three tablespoons of flour; one teaspoon of black pepper. Remove the meat from the bones and chop very fine with the garlic, one onion, and mint. Mix the other ingredients, and roll in balls about the size of a pigeon's egg. Mince the other onion, fry it brown in a saucepan, add two quarts of boiling water, drop in, and let them boil for an hour. These may also be made of veal or lamb.

Effective Street Costume.

Rather showy, but in good taste and delightfully effective, is a model in dark green broadcloth, and it is admirably appropriate for street costume for the debutante. Applied pieces of cloth trimmed with tiny gold buttons and set on bottom of skirt at stated intervals, making a unique foot finish. The short eton jacket is also trimmed with cloth bands and buttons, the former making the front lapels, which open over a vest of dark tan kid. The small rosettes at neck are green velvet.

THE GREAT K&A TRAIN ROBBERY

BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD, Author of *The Man Peter Starling, Etc.*

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CHAPTER XII—Continued.

While they were engaged in this, I was trying to think out some way of letting Mr. Cullen and Albert know where the letters were. The problem was to suggest the saddle to them, without letting the cowboys understand, and by good luck I thought I had the means. Albert had complained to me the day we had ridden out to the Indian dwellings at Flagstaff that his saddle fretted some galled spots which he had chafed on his trip to Moran's Point. Hoping he would "catch," I shouted to him:

"How are your sore spots, Albert?" He looked at me in a puzzled way, and called, "Aw, I don't understand you."

"Those sore spots you complained about to me the day before yesterday," I explained.

He didn't seem any the less befogged as he replied, "I had forgotten all about them."

"I've got a touch of the same trouble," I went on; "and, if I were you, I'd look into the cause."

Albert only looked very much mystified, and I didn't dare say more, for at this point the trio, with the sheriff, came out of my car. If I hadn't known that the letters were safe, I could have read the story in their faces, for more disgusted and angry-looking men I have rarely seen.

They had a talk with the sheriff, and then Fred, Lord Ralles, and I were marched off by the official, his lordship loudly demanding sight of a warrant, and protesting against the illegality of his arrest, varied at moments by threats to appeal to the British consul, minister plenipo, her Majesty's Foreign Office, etc., all of which had about as much influence on the sheriff and his cowboy assistants as a Moqui Indian snake-dance would have in stopping a runaway engine. I confess to feeling a certain grim satisfaction in the fact that if I was to be shut off from seeing Madge, the Britisher was in the same box with me.

Ash Forks, though only six years old, had advanced far enough towards civilization to have a small jail, and into that we were shoved. Night was come by the time we were lodged there, and, being in pretty good appetite, I struck the sheriff for some grub.

"I'll git yer somethin'," he said, good-naturedly; "but next time yer shove people, Mr. Gordon, just quit shovin' yer friends. My shoulder feels like—" perhaps it's just as well not to say what his shoulder felt like. The Western vocabulary is expressive, but at times not quite fit for publication.

The moment the sheriff was gone, Fred wanted the mystery of the letters explained, and I told him all there was to tell, including as good a description of the pony as I could give him. We tried to hit on some plan to get word to those outside, but it wasn't to be done. At least it was a point gained that some one of our party besides myself knew where the letters were.

The sheriff returned presently with a loaf of canned bread and a tin of beans. If I had been alone, I should have kicked at the food and got permission for my darkies to send me up something from 97; but I thought I'd see how Lord Ralles would like genuine Western fare, so I said nothing. That, I have to state, is more—or rather less—than the Britisher did, after he had sampled the stuff; and really I don't blame him, much as I enjoyed his rage and disgust.

It didn't take long to finish our supper, and then Fred, who hadn't slept much the night before, stretch-

ed out on the floor and went to sleep. Lord Ralles and I sat on boxes—the only furniture the room contained—about as far apart as we could get, he in the sulks, and I whistling cheerfully. I should have liked to be with Madge, but he wasn't; so there was some compensation, and I knew that time was playing the cards in our favor: so long as they hadn't found the letters we had only to sit still to win.

About an hour after supper, the sheriff came back and told me Camp



Marched off by the official.

and Baldwin wanted to see me. I saw no reason to object, so in they came, accompanied by the judge. Baldwin opened the ball by saying genially:

"Well, Mr. Gordon, you've played a pretty cute gamble, and I suppose you think you stand to win the pot."

"I'm not complaining," I said.

"Still," snarled Camp, angrily, as if my contented manner fretted him, "our time will come presently, and we can make it pretty uncomfortable for you. Illegal proceedings put a man in jail in the long run."

"I hope you take your lesson to heart," I remarked cheerfully, which made Camp scowl worse than ever.

"Now," said Baldwin, who kept cool, "we know you are not risking loss of position and the State's prison for nothing, and we want to know what there is in it for you?"

"I wouldn't stake my chance of State's prison against yours, gentlemen. And, while I may lose my position, I'll be a long way from starvation."

"That doesn't tell us what Cullen gives you to take the risk."

"Mr. Cullen hasn't given, or even hinted that he'll give, anything."

"And Mr. Gordon hasn't asked, and, if I know him, wouldn't take a cent for what he has done," said Fred, rising from the floor.

"You mean to say you are doing it for nothing?" exclaimed Camp, incredulously.

"That's about the truth of it," I said; though I thought of Madge as I said it, and felt guilty in suggesting that she was nothing.

"Then what is your motive?" cried Baldwin.

If there had been any use, I should have replied, "The right"; but I knew that they would only think I was posing if I said it. Instead I replied: "Mr. Cullen's party has the stock majority in their favor, and would have won a fair fight if you had played fair. Since you didn't, I'm doing my best to put things to rights."

Camp cried, "All the more fool—" but Baldwin interrupted him by saying:

"That only shows what a mean cuss



"Hi, Gordon!"

Cullen is. He ought to give you ten thousand, if he gives you a cent."

"Yes," cried Camp, "those letters are worth money, whether he's offered it or not."

"Mr. Cullen never so much as hinted paying me," said I.

"Well, Mr. Gordon," said Baldwin, suavely, "we'll show you that we can be more liberal. Though the letters rightfully belong to Mr. Camp, if you'll deliver them to us we'll see that you don't lose your place, and we'll give you five thousand dollars."

I glanced at Fred, whom I found looking at me anxiously, and asked him:

"Can't you do better than that?"

"We could with any one but you," said Fred.

I should have liked to shake hands over this compliment, but I only nodded, and turning to Mr. Camp, said:

"You see how mean they are."

"You'll find we are not built that way," said Baldwin. "Five thousand isn't a bad day's work, eh?"

"No," I said, laughing; "but you just told me I ought to get ten thousand if I got a cent."

"It's worth ten to Mr. Cullen, but—"

I interrupted by saying, "If it's worth ten to him, it's worth a hundred to me."

That was too much for Camp. First he said something best omitted, and then went on, "I told you it was waste of time trying to win him over."

The three stood apart for a moment whispering, and then Judge Wilson called the sheriff over, and they all went out together. The moment we were alone, Frederic held out his hand, and said:

"Gordon, it's no use saying anything, but if we can ever do—"

I merely shook hands, but I wanted the worst way to say:

"Tell Madge what I've done, and the thing's square."

CHAPTER XIII.

A Lesson in Politeness.

Within five minutes we had a big surprise, for the sheriff and Mr. Baldwin came back, and the former announced that Fred and Lord Ralles were free, having been released on bail. When we found that Baldwin had gone on the bond, I knew that there was a scheme of some sort in the move, and, taking Fred aside, I warned him against trying to recover the proxies.

"They probably think that one or the other of you knows where the letters are hidden," I whispered, "and they'll keep a watch on you; so go slow."

He nodded, and followed the sheriff and Lord Ralles out.

The moment they were gone, Mr. Camp said, "I came back to give you a last chance."

"That's very good of you," I said.

"I warn you," he muttered threateningly, "we are not men to be beaten. There are fifty cowboys of Baldwin's

in this town, who think you were concerned in the holding up. By merely tipping them the wink, they'll have you out of this, and after they've got you outside I wouldn't give the toss of a nickel for your life. Now, then, will you hand over those letters, or will you go to ——— inside of ten minutes?"

I lost my temper in turn. "I'd much prefer going to some place where I was less sure of meeting you," I retorted; "and as for the cowboys, you'll have to be as tricky with them as you want to be with me before you'll get them to back you up in your dirty work."

At this point the sheriff called back to ask Camp if he was coming.

"All right," cried Camp, and went to the door. "This is the last call," he snarled, pausing for a moment on the threshold.

"I hope so," said I, more calmly in manner than in feeling. I have to acknowledge, for I didn't like the look of things. That they were in earnest I felt pretty certain, for I understood now why they had let my companions out of jail. They knew that angry cowboys were a trifle indiscriminating, and didn't care to risk hanging more than was necessary.

A long time seemed to pass after they were gone, but in reality it wasn't more than fifteen minutes before I heard some one steal up and softly unlock the door. I confess the evident endeavor to do it quietly gave me a scare, for it seemed to me it couldn't be an above-board movement. Thinking this, I picked up the box on which I had been sitting and prepared to make the best fight I could. It was a good deal of relief, therefore, when the door opened just wide enough for a man to put in his head, and I heard the sheriff's voice say, softly:

"Hi, Gordon!"

I was at the door in an instant, and asked:

"What's up?"

"They're gettin' the fellers together, and sayin' that yer shot a woman in the hold-up."

"It's an infernal lie," I said.

"Sounds that way to me," assented the sheriff; "but two-thirds of the boys are drunk, and it's a long time since they've had any fun."

(To be continued.)

HAD LEGIONS TO CHOOSE FROM.

At Fourteen Girl Accepted Her Hundred and First Proposal.

"I was married at fourteen," said an old lady. "It was my hundred and first proposal that I accepted."

"A hundred proposals before you married?"

"No less."

"That exceeds the average, doesn't it?"

"Five is the average, as of course you know. I doubt if there is another woman alive to-day who has had as many proposals as I. A hundred! It is a vast number, isn't it?"

She looked dreamily into the fire. Then she went on:

"This is the secret. My father emigrated to California in 1848, and in 1849, when the gold fever inflamed the land, I, a girl of fourteen, was on the scene. I was, as my grandson would say, 'Johnny-on-the-spot.' I was in, as it were, on the ground floor. I lived in a town where, to one marriageable girl, there were a thousand marriageable men.

"What a happy time that was. What attentions were showered on me. Drives, flowers, candy daily, and daily two or three proposals, some written, some oral.

"The proposal I accepted, proposal one one, was made by the bent old gentleman in evening dress, smoking a cigar and drinking coffee, who is seated with the countess at that little table by the window. He is very old now, wrinkled, feeble, but somehow he still seems straight and young and handsome in my eyes.

"I have never once regretted accepting proposal one one," said the old lady, with a tremulous laugh.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

The following-named gentlemen respectfully solicit the support of the voters of Nolan County at the Coming Election.

FOR COUNTY JUDGE, **John J. Ford.**

FOR COUNTY AND DISTRICT CLERK, **Simon O'Keefe.**

FOR COUNTY TREASURER, **W. M. Beall.** (Re-election.)

FOR TAX ASSESSOR, **T. W. Wheeler,** (of Hylton).

" " " **Oscar Russell,** (of Decker.)

" " " **S. J. Alexander,** (of Decker.)

" " " **S. B. Flinn,** (of Sweetwater.)

" " " **Silas George,** (of Sweetwater)

FOR SHERIFF and TAX COLLECTOR, **Thos. E. Crutcher.**

" " " " **R. F. Sellers.**

" " " " **L. B. Roebuck,**

FOR COMMISSIONER, PRECINCT NO 1, **J. R. Brannon.**

" " " " **2. A. J. Rogers.**

The Sweetwater Sun

P. W. ROANE, Editor and Proprietor.

Subscription Price, Per Year, In Advance, \$1.00
\$1.50 Per Year if not paid in three months.

An Editor's Troubles.

A North Missouri editor had a bad month's collections, ate too much of one meal and penned the following:

It takes wind to run a newspaper; it takes scintillating, acrobatic imagination and a half a dozen white shirts and a railroad pass to run a newspaper. But money! Heavens to Betsy six round! Who ever needed money to run a newspaper? Kind words are the medium of exchange that does the business of the editor—kind words and complimentary show tickets.

When you see an editor with money, watch him; he'll be paying bills and disgracing the profession. Make him trade it; he likes to swap. Then when you die, after having stood around and sneered at his little jimcrow paper for years, be sure to have your wife send in for three extra copies by one of your weeping children as she reads the generous, touching notice about you. Warn her to neglect to send 15 cents to the editor; it would overwhelm him. Money is a corrupting thing; the editor knows it. All he wants is your heartfelt thanks. Then he can thank the grocer and butcher.

The editor has a license to act as doormat for the community. He is chief mourner when your shriveled up soul is released from your grasping body, and will continue to get out the paper somehow, and that without money.

J. J. Pettus left Sunday morning on a business trip to the East.

The Companion as a Gift.

Can you think of a gift more certain to be acceptable than a year's subscription to The Youth's Companion? Is there any one, young or old, who, having once had the paper in his hands and looked through it, did not wish to possess it for his very own? It is a gift which grows more delightful, more necessary to one's enjoyment week by week.

The boy likes it, for it reflects in its pages every boyish taste and every boyish aspiration. The father likes it, not only for its fiction but for its fund of information of the practical sort. The girl likes it for the stories, anecdotes, sketches and editorial articles printed in each number especially for her. The mother likes it for its stories of domestic life and family affection, for its children's page and for its medical article.

On receipt of \$1.75, the yearly subscription price, the publishers send to the new subscriber the "Minutemen" Calendar for 1906, lithographed in twelve colors and gold, and subscription certificate for the fifty-two issues of the year's volume.

Full illustrated announcement of The Companion for 1906 will be sent with sample copies of the paper to any address free.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION,
144 Berkeley Street, Boston, Mass

Editor Joe Pickle of the Roscoe Times was in town Monday and paid this office an appreciated call. Come again, Mr. Pickle, we always have a welcome for the profession.

Goods Bought Right

Can be Sold Right.

This is the Way we Buy Ours:

- 2 Cars Implements
- 2 Cars Furniture
- 1 Car Wagons
- 1 Car Wire and Nails

We are making special low prices on all goods and especially Implements -- for cash.

J. H. Snell.

TO MAYOR CRANE, SWEETWATER, TEXAS.

Dear Sir: You are so well known that the people have put you in office. They knew what they were about. They didn't do it by accident.

Wouldn't it be a handsome thing to do to paint your house? It is a nice house, has a good substantial, commodious look, and isn't rusty at all, you know; but a fresh coat of paint would make it so bright! It's a pity not to.

Devoc is beautiful paint, but the beauty of it is, it lasts so long and does so much more than adorn an already interesting and attractive edifice—house, out-buildings and fences. There isn't a man or a woman in town who wouldn't see them and make some pleasant remark.

Of course, you will paint the town property; nothing would mark your administration more in the eyes of the people; and, having done the same thing at home, it is the most natural thing in the world to do it for them.

Yours truly,
F. W. DEVOC & Co.

The winning number in the cotton contest at the Sweetwater Mercantile Co. was 3,372, and the handsome surrey was awarded to J. A. Hall of Palava.

My Own Shall Come to Me.

(By John Burroughs.)

Serene, I fold my hands and wait,
Nor care for winds, or tide, or sea;

I rave no more 'gainst tide or fate,
For lo! my own shall come to me.

I stay my haste, I make delays,
For what avails this eager pace?
Its and amid the eternal ways,
And what is mine shall know my face.

Asleep, awake, by night or day,
The friends I seek are seeking me;
No wind can drive my bark astray
Nor change the tide of destiny.

What matter if I stand alone?
I wait with joy the coming years;

My heart shall reap where it has sown
And garner up its fruit of tears.

The waters know their own, and draw
The brook that springs in yonder height.

So flows the good with equal law
Unto the soul of pure delight.

The stars come nightly to the sky;
The tidal wave unto the sea;
Nor time, nor space, nor deep, nor high,
Can keep my own away from me.

A Hopeless Case

Bill Jones, he is a reg'lar freak;
Clean through the country you might
seek
And never find in all your days
A fellow with such curious ways.
You tell him how this country's bound
For ruin, 'cause finance ain't sound,
Likewise deficient in the law;
Bill simply laughs and says "Oh, pshaw!"

He ain't afeard o' germs an' things;
He says the daily sunshine brings
Its remedy for every woe
'Til it comes your time to go.
I ain't like that, my stars, I thank!
How ken you argue with a crank!
'That let's you stan' aroun' an' jaw,
An' simply laughs an' says "Oh, pshaw!"
—Washington Star.

AS WILLED BY FATE

BY GEORGE T. PARRY

(Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

He threw the pen down impatiently and arose from the desk at which he had been writing for the last three hours.

"It's no use," he muttered to himself, as he paced up and down the room. "I shall have to let it wait until to-morrow after all. Ethel will be disappointed, but it can't be helped."

Ethel was his sixteen-year-old daughter, and she was coming home to-night from the school in Paris, where she had spent the last two years. Only two days before he had written to her promising that he would give himself a week's holiday when she came home, and take her about to see all the sights of London. And now here was his novel still lying unfinished and every morning's post bringing imploring letters from the publishers and reminders that the time scheduled for the delivery of the book was long past. He was genuinely annoyed with himself.

His wife had died in giving Ethel birth, and the affection which he had lavished upon the former had been transferred, almost in its entirety, to the living legacy she had bequeathed him. It had been a severe wrench to let the girl go away to school at all, a wrench which, each time she went back again after her holidays, had seemed all the worse to bear. Now that her schooldays were over at last and she was coming back to him for good, his pleasure was exquisite. He had planned out everything that they would do in the short week's vacation which was all he could permit him-



Threw the pen down impatiently, self, and had been thinking of it for the past fortnight.

He had expected, of course, to have sent his manuscript safely on its way before Ethel's arrival, so that nothing in the way of work should interfere with the enjoyment of her first week of new life. And here, as ill luck would have it, was the book still incomplete. True, there was only one chapter lacking, but that chapter had been waiting to be written for over a week. Possibly the idea of Ethel's

approaching return had unsettled him for work; possibly his mind, aglow with its ever present anticipation of pleasure to come, was unable to contemplate, what for the proper accomplishment of the book it was necessary it should contemplate—a picture of a very different kind.

For the great climax of "Forsaken" was, as he was perfectly aware, a tragedy and a death, and to write in such a vein when he himself was simply permeated with the intense joy of living, was anything but an easy task.

Yet if Ethel was not to be disappointed, the tale must be finished, and quickly too. Even now the tall clock in the corner pointed to five, and the shadows were lengthening across the trim kept lawn. By ten Ethel would be at the station.

"Confound it!" he muttered, "I must pull myself together. This nervousness is simply ridiculous."

He stopped for a moment in his perambulations to press the electric bell.

"I shan't want any dinner to-night, Dawkins," he said to the servant who appeared. "I'll have some supper with Miss Ethel when she comes. Don't forget, the carriage is to be round at half-past nine sharp."

"Very good, sir."
The novelist sat down to his desk again, and for a few minutes remained lost in a reverie. At last he dipped his pen into the ink, and it began to move across the white surface of the paper, slowly at first, as though the ideas were tardy in assuming coherent shape, then quicker and quicker still. Suddenly, as it seemed, his mood had changed, his thoughts attuned themselves to the minor key. And as the sunlight died away from the garden and the dusk crept out of the earth, the tragedy of the woman's death spread itself out over the paper, line by line, sheet by sheet, and the book swept on to its appointed end.

Only once in the gathering darkness did he pause to call for lights, and then bent over his task again, to dash on to the page one of those living word pictures which had helped to build up his fame. He felt, even as he wrote, that he had never done better work than this, and wondered at himself that he could do it.

Somehow he had never experienced the fiery thrill of inspiration as he experienced it to-night. He had written of death before, but never had the final calamity of a heroine of his own creating stirred him as it stirred him now. He lived himself every emotion that he described, was wrenched with every pang that his pen painted.

The death of this magnificent creature, with all its attendant agony, assumed for him an absolute reality. He seemed to feel against his cheeks the icy breath of the Dark Angel, the lamp flickered ominously, and strange, fantastic shadows moved in weird procession across the silent room.

As he penned the last word, and wrote beneath in neat capitals "Finis" he shivered. It seemed curiously cold for June. He passed his hand over

his forehead and the sweat glistened in his palm. An enervating languor possessed his wearied senses.

"The holiday will do me good," he reflected. "I have been working too hard; I'm glad it's finished. And it's good too, the best I've ever done."

Putting away the sheets carefully in a drawer, he glanced at the clock. It was half-past nine, and the carriage was waiting.

As he descended at the station he noticed that something unusual had occurred. People were running wildly about, questioning officials. Women were sobbing and newsboys yelling in strident tones. One of the latter shrieked hoarsely in his ear:

"Third Extra Special. Terrible accident to the Continental Express. List of killed—full details."

Mechanically, with a foreboding sense of horror, he thrust out his hand for a paper.

"Surely—Ethel—"

"Great Heavens!"

"Forsaken," was the success of the season. In particular, the extraordi-



"Great Heavens!"

nary realism of the death scene in the last chapter was the subject of much comment.

O'Connor's Wit Saved Him.

Justin A. Jacobs, for many years the city clerk of Cambridge, used to relate the following, as illustrating the ready wit of an Irishman.

In the early years of his service, one of the duties of this office was the preparation of the voting lists of the city and the registration of new voters. One of the qualifications of a voter was the ability to write.

One evening when his office was full of men seeking registration, an Irishman, Patrick O'Connor, asked to be registered, and was given the usual blank, with the request that he sign his name. This he finally did, with great effort and in an almost illegible manner.

One of the onlookers, seeing that this was probably the extent of his literary accomplishments, called out: "Mr. Jacobs, let him write your name."

Instantly Pat looked up and replied: "Indade, I wouldn't dare do that. That would be forgery."—Boston Herald.

Child Knew by Instinct.

William O'Brien in his newly published "Recollections" tells this story of Dr. Coke, the archbishop of Cashel: "Once on one of his examinations of the children for confirmation the archbishop put to a little girl the question from the catechism: 'What is the preparation for matrimony?' The little one blushed and giggled and put the corner of her bib in her mouth by way of answer. The question was repeated: 'Oh, sure, your lordship knows it yourself,' was the timid reply. 'Yes, but you must tell me, my child. What is the preparation for matrimony?' 'Well, my lord, a little courting, of course,' at last came the reluctant answer from amid a rosary of blushes."

RAN INTO A FLOCK OF GEESE.

River Steamer's Odd Visitors On a Trip Up the Potomac.

Capt. Baily Reed, master of the river steamer Harry Randall, reports a singular occurrence that happened on the trip of his steamer up the river Thursday night.

Capt. Reed says that the attention of the men in the pilot house was attracted to a singular noise in the air over the steamer, like she was passing through a flock of big birds.

Turning on the searchlight, it was discovered that a large flock of geese, flying low, had run afoul of the steamer, and blinded by the rays of the searchlight, were flying wildly about the smokestack.

Several of the big birds struck the stack, but fell into the water, where they could not be recovered in the darkness.

The men on the steamer fired on the geese, but failed to bring any home, though they claim they shot several.—Washington Star.

WILLING TO TAKE A CHANCE.

Farmer Had Put Price on Potatoes, and Would Stick.

I was driving along the highway as a Long Island farmer was digging potatoes and stopped to ask how much he expected to get a bushel for them. He said he would tell me if I would wait for a few minutes, and he dropped his hoe and went to the house. He was inside a good twenty minutes and when he reappeared his wife came to the door with him.

"Say, stranger," said the man, as he got back to the fence, "do you know anything about them articles on 'Frenzied Finance'?"

"You mean those written by Lawson of Boston?"

"Yes, he's the feller. I have been trying to find that last article of his, but it has been mislaid. I can't re-



"Do you know anything about them articles on 'Frenzied Finance'?"

member whether he advises us farmers to go long or short on 'aters, but I'm willing to take chances on it."

"Well, what figure will you put on five bushels of potatoes?"

"I guess about \$4 a bushel as they run!"

I tried to convince him that he was \$2.50 above the market price, but he said that potato salad was going to be all the go in fashionable society and would lead to a sharp advance in the price of tubers, and he went to whistling and digging again as I drove off. —Cincinnati Enquirer.

All Questions Answered.

To answer the constant flow of questions which poured in on the workmen who are employed on a building at Cheshire, Conn., the owners have placed this sign in a conspicuous position: "We are going to put in new posts, new plank, etc. We are doing it because we need the money. No, the building has not been sold. Yes, it is remarkable weather for this time of year. Good day."

"Wintergreen" From Birch.

An authority states that nearly all the "natural" oil of wintergreen now sold is obtained from the sweet birch tree, on account of the excessive cost of gathering the leaves of the wintergreen or checkerberry.

Still Busy, but We Still Have
Some Excellent Bargains In

Farm and Ranch Lands

We also have a good list of town property, improved and unimproved, from which both home-seeker and speculator can make good and desirable selections. Come and let us show you some good investments . . .

RAGLAND & CRANE,
The Real Estate Men,
Sweetwater, - - - Texas.

R. A. Musgrove called this week and renewed his subscription to the Sun. Mr. Musgrove knows a good thing.

A. J. Roy will open a wood yard as soon as his machinery arrives, which will be in about thirty days.

A disastrous blaze in San Angelo last week destroyed three business houses. The damage amounts to nearly \$25,000.

A great many of our country neighbors were in town Saturday, taking advantage of the beautiful weather and of the splendid bargains the Sweetwater merchants are offering.

Mmes. Hall and Gilbert will conduct a millinery business at the store of L. J. Mashburn this season. They have a splendid line of millinery and invite the ladies of Sweetwater and vicinity to call and inspect their stock.

James S. Hogg, ex-governor of Texas, died suddenly in Houston Saturday morning. Gov. Hogg was a typical Texan and a great and good man, and will be sincerely mourned throughout the state.

W. B. Ray of Brownwood paid this office a pleasant call Monday and subscribed for the Sun. Mr. Ray is one of the firm who are going to put in a compress here. He stated that they had secured the ground and will begin the erection of their compress at once. While they will use about 12,000 gallons of water per day, they are not water works people and will not consider putting in a water works plant here, but think that an enterprise that the home people should undertake for themselves. Mr. Ray says he has tasted the lake water and thinks it available for all purposes.

Just received, one car Eagle Portland Cement.

ORIENT LUMBER CO.

Mr. Norrell of Roscoe was a business caller in our city this week.

For Sale.

An elegant phaeton, nearly new, in good condition every way, to trade for cattle or other young stock. Also one second hand strong Moon buggy and harness. Both cheap as dirt. See Dr. Archer, Sweetwater.

Advertising means something. It means that the advertiser has determined to make his business successful by offering good bargains and good service, and they must tell the people about it in order to make it pay. A good advertiser must plan his work and work his plans. A lazy man should never advertise. — Big Springs Herald.

FIRST PSALM OF DAVID.

Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners, nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.

But his delight is in the law of the Lord; and in His law doth he meditate day and night.

And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of waters, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper.

The ungodly are not so, but are like the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Therefore the ungodly shall not stand in the judgment, nor sinners in the congregation of the righteous.

For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly shall perish.