

# THE COMING WEST.

VOL. XI.

SNYDER, TEXAS, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1901.

NO. 42

## C. T. GIRARD & CO.

General Hardware Store.

DEALERS IN

John Deere Plows,  
Standard Cultivators,  
Standard and Champion Planters,  
Middle Breakers,  
Disc Harrows and Seeders,  
Drag Lever Harrows,  
Stalk Cutters, Etc.

Moline Wagons--Mansur & Tebbett's  
White Elephant Buggies,

### Mrs. Caudle's Umbrella Lecture

"Bah! That's the third umbrella gone since Christmas. What were you to do? Why, let him go home in the rain, to be sure. I'm very certain there was nothing about him that would spoil. Take cold? Indeed! He doesn't look like one of the sort to take cold. Besides, he'd have better taken cold than taken our umbrella. Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear the rain? And, as I am alive, if it isn't Saint Swifth's day! Do you hear it against the windows? Nonsense, you don't impose upon me. You can't be asleep with such a shower as that! Do you hear it, I say? Oh, you do hear it! Well, that's a pretty flood, I think, to last for six weeks; and no stirring all the time out of the house. Pooh! don't think me a fool, Mr. Caudle. Don't insult me. He return the umbrella? Anybody would think you born yesterday. As if anybody ever did return an umbrella! There do you hear it? Worse and worse! Cats and dogs, and for six weeks—always for six weeks—and no umbrella!

I should like to know how the children are to go to school tomorrow. They shan't go through such weather; I am determined. Not! they shall stop at home and never learn anything—the blessed creatures!—sooner than go and get wet. And, when they grow up, I wonder who they'll have to thank for knowing nothing—who, indeed, but their father. People who can't feel for their own children ought never to be fathers.

But I know why you lent the umbrella. Oh, yes; I know very well. I was going out to tea at dear mother's to-morrow,—you know that,—and you did it on purpose. Don't tell me; you hate to have me go there, and take every mean advantage to hinder me. But don't you think it, Mr. Caudle. No, sir; if it comes to buckets-full, I'll all the more. No; and I won't have a cab! Where do you think the money's to come from? You've got nice high notions at that club of yours. A cab, indeed! Cost me sixteen-pence at least—sixteen-pence!—two-and-eight-pence, for there's back again! Cabs,

indeed! I should like to know who's to pay for 'em? I can't pay for 'em; and I'm sure you can't if you go on as you do; throwing away your property, and beggaring your children, buying umbrellas!

Do you hear the rain, Mr. Caudle? I say, do you hear it? But I don't care—I'll go to mother's, I will, and what's more, I'll walk every step of the way; and you know that will give me my death. Don't call me a foolish woman; it's you that's the foolish man. You know I can't wear clogs; and with no umbrella, the wet's sure to give me a cold—it always does. But, what do you care for that? Nothing at all. I may be laid up for what you care, as I dare say I shall—and a pretty doctor bill there'll be. I hope there will! It will teach you to lend your umbrellas again. I shouldn't wonder if I caught my death; and that's what you lent your umbrella for. Of course!

Nice clothes, I shall get, too, traipsing through weather like this. My gown and bonnet will be spoiled, quiet. Needn't I wear 'em then. Indeed, Mr. Caudle, I shall wear 'em. No, sir; I am not going to go out a dowdy to please you or anybody else. Gracious knows! it isn't often that I step over the threshold; indeed I might as well be a slave at once—better, I should say. But, when I do go out, Mr. Caudle, I choose to go as a lady. Oh! that rain—if it isn't enough to break in the windows. Ugh! I look forward with dread for to-morrow. How I am to go to mother's I'm sure I can't tell. But, if I die, I'll do it. No, sir; I won't borrow an umbrella. No; and you shan't buy one. Mr. Caudle, if you bring home an other umbrella, I'll throw it into the street. Ha! it was only last week I had a new nozzle put on that umbrella. I'm sure if I'd have known then as much as I do now, it might have gone without one for me. Paying for new nozzles, for other people to laugh at you, Oh! it's very well for you, you can go to sleep! You've no thought for your poor patient wife and your own dear children. You think of nothing but lending umbrellas. Men, indeed!—call themselves lords of creation!—pretty lords, when they can't take care of an umbrella!

I know that walk to-morrow will be the death of me, but

that's what you want; then you may go to your club, and do as you like—and then nicely my poor children will be used; but then, sir, then you'll be happy. Oh, don't tell me! I know you will. Else you never would have lent that umbrella!

You have to go on Thursday about that summons; and of course you can't go. No, indeed, you don't go without the umbrella. You may lose the debt for what I care—it won't be so much as spoiling your clothes—better lose it; people deserve to lose debts who lend umbrellas.

And I should like to know how I'm to go to mother's without the umbrella? Oh, don't tell me that I said I would go—that's nothing to do with it; nothing at all. She'll think I'm neglecting her, and the little money we're to have we shan't have at all—because we've no umbrella.

The children, too! (dear things) they'll be sopping wet; for they shan't stay at home; they shan't lose their learning; it's all their father will leave them, I'm sure. But they shall go to school. Don't tell me I said they should't (you are so aggravating Caudle; you'd spoil the temper of an angel!) they shall go to school; mark that! And if they get their deaths of cold, it's not my fault; I didn't lend the umbrella. Caudle are you asleep? (A loud snore is heard.) Oh, what a brute a man is! Oh, dear, dear, d-e-a-r!

Douglass Jerrold.

### Agricultural Wealth.

Some recent figures given out by the Agricultural Department tell of the wonderful development of the commerce of the United States, shown forcibly by comparison with the foreign trade of a century ago, and of the immense value of the products of the farm which have been sent out of the country in the last year.

The bountiful returns which Nature gives for toil and the wealth that is hidden in the soil to be brought out by the tiller, show forth with glistening brightness in these figures. Truly, the man nearest the soil—the prosperous farmer—is ever the richest of earth's masters, and he it is who reaches closest to the

commercial heart and makes it beat strong or weak.

The figures referred to call attention first by contrast to the advancement of foreign trade in the hundred years since 1800. A hundred years ago the entire trade of the United States was less than 250 million dollars, while the value of the goods exchanged during the last year was something over two and a quarter billion dollars, being far in excess of any previous year's record. Such figures are really meaningless, even as measures of transaction, but perhaps a better idea is obtainable from the statement that the increase was more than 1200 per cent.

The contrast of gain for the wealth of the country is shown in the fact that while the increase in imports in the hundred years comparison was ten times as great in 1900 as in 1800, the increase in exports was more than forty times as great.

Of the products of the country exported in the year 1900, 62 per cent were agricultural, being the greatest for agricultural exports, with the exception of 1898. Almost 850 millions of dollars worth of the products of the farm went out of the country in exchange for foreign gold. Despite the enormous amount of sugar and hides and vegetable fibres and wool and many other importations of agricultural products for manufacturing purposes, the excess of exports over imports was nearly 425 millions of dollars worth.

While there was a decline in the shipments of what are classified as breadstuffs, as compared with that of the two preceding years, there was an increase in the value and quantity of the shipments of corn, which, for the first time in the history of the country, exceed the quantity and value of wheat. The amount of corn exported was 209 million bushels, which realized an export price of 85 million dollars—almost fifty-one cents a bushel.

In what is classified as meat products the exports amounted to 173 million dollars worth, the largest amount on record.

The gain in the value of cotton exported was in the amount realized because of higher price, for the number of pounds was far less than that of the preceding years. The amount gained was 33 millions of dollars.

Where this enormous amount of wealth found its final resting place can be easily gathered by a glance at the principal products named, which formed the bulk of the business. The corn, wheat and meat almost all come from the stretch of country that lies in the great valleys of the Mississippi system and the plains of the Southwest; the cotton all came from south of the old Mason and Dixon line. Into the pockets and bank accounts of the farmers of those sections went this almost 850 millions of dollars, and from their loosening purse strings the merchants of the Middle West and Southwest know that they are assured of a prosperous period whose end is not in sight until disaster shall have struck the source so fiercely that it does now seem impossible. These merchants have prospects unrivalled, because their customers are financially as secure as the richest of possessions—land and bank accounts—can make them.—Drygoodsman.

WANTED—Active man of good character to deliver and collect in Texas for old established manufacturer wholesale bottles. \$300 a year, sure pay. Honesty more than experience required. Our reference any bank in any city. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manufacturers, Third Floor, 334 Dearborn St., Chicago.

### Commercial Progress.

Despite our pride in the great increase of the exportations of cotton manufactures and the knowledge that it is possible to weave the cotton without hardly taking it from the fields where it is grown, there are two facts that stare the American industrial student and the American manufacturer in the face. Last year England took from this country almost two hundred millions dollars worth of raw cotton and manufactured it into cloth of which three hundred millions worth was exported. More than five billion yards of cotton cloth sailed away from the shores of the British Isles, made from cotton raised on American soil, and by the aid of coal mined at a far greater expense than that required to obtain fuel in this country.

We cannot hope to excel in anything at one great leap and we should be happy and proud that the export of American made cotton goods reached a figure in 1900 twice as great as that of 1890, yet this very fact of the enormous lead of Great Britain, even though she is not gaining on herself, should nerve this country to the determination that here where the cotton is grown must the cloth be woven.

And Britain is not alone in making this lesson for us. Germany and France have a long lead on cotton manufacture, although they have to buy practically all of their raw cotton in this country. While we exported, last year, about twenty-one millions worth of cotton goods, Europe exported more than four hundred millions worth.

In this lesson is taught not so much that which has not been done as that which may be done—the possibilities of the future of cotton manufacturing, which may truly be said to be in its infancy in this country. They know how it is being fast required by American manufactures, and with a possibility of consumption twenty times as great as the amount of present export, the expansion of the cotton goods foreign trade is practically without limit.

Treading on the heels of such thoughts is the urging force of the usefulness of the Isthmian Canal. If the export trade of cotton goods is to become twenty times greater than it is now, through the aid of coal supplies which can furnish cheap fuel to the present and coming Southern mills, there must be a way not only cheaper but quicker to get the goods to Asia. If we are to become great exporters we must also become economists of time and labor and distance.

These exports figures tell us many things and among them is to be found the warning to not only make more goods, but also to provide better ways to market and ship them.—Drygoodsman.

### The Tennessee Dog.

The Tennessee legislature has been and still is greatly agitated over the old question of dog vs. sheep. It seem that in that state, as in many others, the long eared, mangy curs have displayed a taste for rare mutton or lamb chops, and the aforesaid curs haven't been particularly choice in their favorite food. These habits of the cur have led to an attempt

to curtail his operations by legislative enactment, but judging by the following editorial from the Nashville Banner, the cur is still holding his own and there seems but little prospect of diminishing his food supply:

"The Tennessee dog is a ferocious and frightful animal—at least, so he appears to the average Tennessee politician and legislator. In the eyes of that faint-hearted and timorous individual, the dog looms up colossal and awful. The canine growl sounds in the legislature ear as the reverberating thunder and the lash of his tail is as terrible as an army with banners. Not that the Tennessee dog ever tries to bite the man who helps make the laws for a great commonwealth. It is not the fear of gnashing teeth or hydrophobia that makes the dog a potential force in politics. The animal does not seek to harm the representative of the people. He simply sniffs at the lawmaker and wags his tail pleasantly, as much as to say, 'Be good and let me alone and all will be well with you,' or he shows his teeth and growl, as much as to say, 'You vote for any bill which interferes with my sheep-killing prerogatives and I'll see to it that you'll lose votes the next time you run for office.'

The Tennessee dog is composite. He is of varied parts, but the most influential part of him is cur. The pugnacious bull dog, the noble Newfoundland, the trained bird dog, the innocuous pug, the effeminate lap poodle and some other varieties we might mention take little interest in politics, for the reason that they are fairly well cared for. But the cur in his several specifications and manifestations is a politician from wayback that lives on the public. He has influence, and he will not be trifled with by legislature in the interest of so pitiful an object as a sheep. The sheep is an innocent animal that is worth oodles more to the state than the dog, but he lacks political influence. He is a very helpless creature. It is true he furnishes food and clothing for mankind and contributes to the general welfare and prosperity when he is given half a chance, but the cur dog has the advantage when it comes to politics. When the sheep bleats for legislative protection his quavering voice is drowned in the bark of the cur. Here and there he has a master who pleads for him, but the cur has many masters who outvote the friend of the sheep, or, at any rate, the cur profits by the indifference of many thousands who seem to care nothing for the poor sheep. The farmer agonizes in behalf of the sheep, but he has only one vote, while the farm hands and cabin dwellers who keep the dogs are many as voters. And so it is that the cur has a great advantage. The Tennessee dog is a power. But some of these days the innocent sheep will turn at bay and will butt if he cannot bite.

The Tennessee sheep owners and their friends appear to be wasting much time in their fight on the dog. They should emulate the old example of the sheep-owners of the neighboring state of Arkansas. Whenever an Arkansas sheep owner discovers that his flocks are being decimated by canines he doesn't appeal to the peace officers, the courts or the legislature. He simply proceeds to cut the offending canine's tail off close behind the ears, or else puts a little poison in the carcass of a sheep that has met death from dog bites. Both of these remedies have proven very effective.—Dallas Times Herald.



**LOCAL NOTES.**

About the slickest thing we've seen lately, is ice.

New is a good time to put our shade trees, and can fens and dogs

J. M. Champion was on the streets yesterday.

The farmers are wearing abroad smile this week.

Dr. A. G. Person's office is a Dodson & Wasson's.

If you know any news, ring up No. 3 and let it be known.

John Sampson was in our little burg yesterday.

Commissioner's court is in session this week.

Ed. Scott is circulating in town this week.

J. Stockton was in town last Tuesday.

J. D. Sears was in town yesterday.

J. R. Manry is in St. Louis this week, on business.

There has been a continual howl for wood and coal here this week.

The mail hack between here and Clairemont has been delayed at this place for several days.

D. Duke, brother of our commissioner, B. Y. Duke, was in town yesterday.

Watch for cleanliness—and cleanliness for watches—Beavis does the work at Doss Bros., Colorado, Texas.

We call your attention to the ads of F. J. Grayum's, and Frank Anson in this issue.

Jack Rusa, of the firm of Rusa Bros. of San Angelo is in our city this week looking after his telephone business.

On account of the disagreeable weather there were no church services here Sunday. From the same cause business has been dull and news scarce.

Call and inspect the very latest and strictly up-to-date wall paper designs, at Doss Bros., Colorado, Texas.

Information received Tuesday states there are over one hundred cases of small-pox in Corsicana.

The Misses George, who has been at the Dunbar Hotel for the past month, left Tuesday for Sweetwater. Their father came in from his ranch north-east of here, and accompanied them to Sweetwater.

Don't let tinkers spoil a good time piece. Take it to C. Beavis if it needs cleaning or repairing at Doss Bros., Colorado, Texas.

L. H. Pruitt, of Scurry county, joined the gang that left here last night for Ft. Worth.—Colorado Spokesman.

When in Colorado go to Fred and Sam Lasky's, in the Lasker block, for your meals and short orders. Everything first class. Ice cream, soft drinks and cigars in connection.

W. T. Manry returned from St. Louis last week, where he has been purchasing goods for his store.

Mr. Foster of Cloglonville passed through town Saturday on his return from the West where he had been seeking a new location but found no opening.

C. Beavis is an expert watch and jewelry repairer, at Doss Bros., Colorado, Texas.

Walter Roy one of Garza counties most promising young ranch men was in the town first of the week.

Our successful night watchman, O. P. Wolf is making quite a "rep" at kidnaping, having caught six at one deal. He deft all six over to squire V. A. Beck, who played a winning hand.

F. Auoutt of the firm of Henry Auoutt, left for Dallas the first of this week in the interest of his store.

**WILSON & GRANTHAM** North side square—P. O. SNYDER, TEXAS.

Dealers In  
**Staple - and - Fancy - Groceries.**

Freshest and Purest Groceries always on hand.  
Free Delivery.  
Highest price paid for country produce.



**ESTEY  
ORGANS**

**BEST in Tone!  
BEST in Quality!  
BEST in Everything!**

"The best is the cheapest." This old and true saying applies with especial force to a Musical Instrument, which, if properly constructed, will last a life-time. The name of **ESTEY** is an assurance of first-class work, the finest tone quality and fair and honorable dealing. New Catalogue mailed to any address free. Please mention this paper.

**THE ESTEY CO.**

916 OLIVE STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO.



**THE SNYDER BANK, Established, 1890.**

**A Paying Investment!**

Killing Prairie Dogs pays big, and is a very simple matter when **BASS PRAIRIE DOG POISON** is used. They eat it and it kills them. We have sold it for ten years and sell more each year. Be sure and see **F. J. GRAYUM**, our Snyder Agent, who will give you any information and sell the poison. We have regular customers in Kansas and the Indian Territory, and all over the prairie dog section.

**Bass Bros., Drug Co.**

Ablene, - - - Texas.

**Snyder's Watchmaker.**

**Speaking of Watch Repairing**

There is no medium. The work must be done perfectly, or not at all, and B. L. Cooper can do the work perfectly. When all others fail, try him. Prices low considering quality. All work guaranteed.

Bonues will be higher than a cats back if we have another soaker like this snow.

Doss Bros. of Colorado, whole sale druggists, will give you the very closest prices on anything in their line and solicit your patronage.

The ranch men who have come in since the snow say that the stock stood it well and there was no loss anywhere.

H. C. Clark was a pleasant caller at this office last Saturday.

**Good Bargains.**

For the next thirty days I will give 10 per cent discount for cash on my hats, shoes and clothing and many other things in order to make room for a big spring stock. Come and price my goods.  
A. D. DODSON.

**WANTED**—Active man of good character to deliver and collect in Texas for old established manufacturing wholesale house. \$3000 a year sure pay. Honesty more than experience required. Our references, any bank in any city. Enclose self-addressed stamped envelope. Manufacturers, Third Floor, 334 Dearborn St., Chicago.

The hearts of our people were gladdened by the recent snow-fall, which began falling Friday morning and continued till Tuesday morning. There is sufficient moisture to put a good season in the ground and a moderate amount of stockwater, which will be appreciated by both farmers and stockmen. The previous mild weather, has unfitted us for the disagreeable, but there has been little grumbling. However, we welcomed the return of the sunshine and have gone to work with a will.

William Wilks Jr. of Colorado city, passed through here last week enroute to Iatan. William was delayed here on account of bad weather, and was the guest of his uncle, B. F. Wilks.

You will see in this issue that we have taken in more new ground, cut the bushes in the fence locks, piled the dead limbs and burned them, and we are under many obligations to THE COMING WEST force for the extra hard work put in on the paper this week. Good time for business men to drop ads in our field, we will keep the ground well cultivated and see that your ad will bear you fruit.

T. L. Morris, one of Snyder's drummers came in last Friday and is spending the snow season with his family. No doubt is some what of a weather prophet, and knows just what pull in for Snyder.

P. M. BURNS. BROOKS BELL.

**.....BURNS & BELL.....**

**DRY GOODS, GROCERIES AND HARDWARE.**

We carry the largest and best Selected Stock in each of these lines to be found in West Texas occupying two large buildings. We buy our goods in the leading markets of the east for spot cash in large quantities, and this enables us to offer the very best inducements to the trade. This season our stock is more complete than usual, and we are offering rare bargains in every line.

**Ranch Trade a Specialty.** **Colorado, Texas.**

L. SHEPHERD, W. B. CROCKETT, M. DIES.

**SHEPHERD, CROCKETT & DIES,**  
**Lawyers,**  
Office over Colorado National Bank,  
COLORADO, TEXAS.

**PATENTS**

promptly secured. NO FEE. Send model, sketch or photo for free report on patentability. How to Obtain U. S. and Foreign Patents and Trade Marks. FREE. Inventors sent offered as inventors. PATENT LAWYERS OF 25 YEARS' PRACTICE. SPECIAL PATENTS PROCURED THROUGH THEIR SERVICE. Moderate charges.

**C. A. SNOW & CO.**  
PATENT LAWYERS,  
U. S. Patent Office, WASHINGTON, D. C.

Prof. Frank Bowron, our efficient band master has accepted a position with the Haskell band for three months, at the expiration of that time he contemplates returning here again taking charge of the Snyder Cornet Band. The band has employed Monte Bowron, brother of our former instructor, to fill the vacancy.

If you are contemplating buying furniture wait for the arrival of the large shipment already ordered by Dodson & Wasson.

T. F. Baker is absent at Dallas on business this week.

When you want up-to-date barber work, go to Matthev Looney, west side of the square

Elmer Pool left for Colorado Tuesday, where we understand he has accepted a position a foreman of the Stockman.

A. C. Wilmeth leaves tomorrow for Stanton where he goes to defend John Stokely, Stone Carden and Marion Forrester charged with the theft of a cow from J. D. Earnest. The public here does not believe these men are guilty of any such act. They have been law abiding citizens here for some time, and are connected with the best families in the country.

Krs. M. E. Gilmore, of the Browning community died last night and will be buried today. Mrs. Gilmore was 72 years old. We extend our sincere sympathy to the family and relatives of the deceased.

Another fine line of furniture to arrive at F. J. Grayum's in about ten days.

Now is a good time to subscribe for THE COMING WEST.

There seems to be several ways of fighting booze. Some men will try to vote it out, some pour it out, some drink it out, but when Mrs. Nation of Kansas gets after it with her little broom stick, it gets knocked out.

Bring your hides and furs to Thomas Lockwood, north side of square, who pays the highest price for them.

We will take butter, eggs, milk, chickens, maize, sorgum, or any old thing that will do to chew on, on subscription.

Hereafter the City Meat Market will be closed at 9 o'clock on Sunday mornings.

Oliver Johnson, Prop.  
Have your eyes tested by an optician and fitted with the proper glasses. Ask for Mr. Beavis, at Doss Bros., Colorado Texas.

The celebrated Washington mandolins and guitars can be bought for just a little more than the so-called "cheap" ones from Dodson & Wasson.

FOR SALE—A good span of horses, harness and hack apply at this office.

**....DUNBAR - HOTEL....**  
(Formerly The Scarborough Hotel.)  
**.....Re-Opened and Re-Fitted Throughout.....**  
Rates \$1.00 and \$1.25 per Day.  
**Mrs. Dunbar, Proprietress.**



**E. T. PRUITT**  
Cash Grocer  
AND  
Dealer in Lumber

**.....A. J. ROE.....**

COLORADO. TEXAS.

The best place in west Texas to buy anything in the LUMBER LINE,  
**And don't You Forget it.**

**Burton-Lingo Co.,**

DEALERS IN  
**Lumber, Sash, Doors, Lime, Cement,**  
Wire and Posts.  
Low Prices, Fair Treatment.  
Colorado, Texas.

**Wanted!**

**ARMY**

**Horses and Mares.**

I Will be in **SNYDER**, February, 16, 17.

I will pay the highest cash price Horses and Mares, 14 hands 2 inches, to 15 hands 1 inch high, 5 to 8 years old. Must be gentle to ride, free from blemish.

**NO Grays Wanted**

**FRANK**

I Will be in Clairemont

