





J. E. POOLIE, Ed. and Prop.

HASKELL, TEXAS

TELEGRAMS from Washington indicate that the naval authorities have not decided whether to paint Uncle Sam's warships green or black. If they can't be painted red, as the young officers would prefer, let them be green, by all means, to please the majority of the crews.

A NEW ORLEANS doctor agreed upon a \$1,000 fee in case of curing the patient. The patient died, and the doctor sent in a bill for \$2,500. Complaint has been made, and the affair does look odd. But what can laymen presume to know of matters so purely professional as this?

AN Oakland gentleman, anxious to raise chickens, shot at a neighbor whom he suspected of being disposed to discourage the effort. Apparently a dozen eggs, an old hen and a recipe for curing pig no longer constitute capital enough to start in the poultry business. One needs an armory, too.

The Manufacturers' Bureau of Baltimore is responsible for the information that by a secret process some fine rubber is now being made in that city from cotton seed oil. The process is said to be so simple that no patent could be obtained for it, so that the only protection of the manufacturers is in secrecy.

EITZEL is said to be a fugitive. The possibility that he may have eluded his own police seems to have been overlooked by the police. If he has, some cunning engineering device may be expected to pull the tower up after him, and what would French justice do then? True, it might convict Dr. Lesspa some more.

The impression is popular that Chicago leads the world in the number of divorces granted in proportion to population. This impression is wrong according to W. T. Wilson in Political Science Quarterly. San Francisco in the marriage bureau uses takes the lead, Chicago ranks second and Cleveland is a close third.

It has cost Edison \$1,000,000 to prosecute infringement suits on his patents, and not one of his lawyers has been compelled to go to the prison. A record like this is something for a man who a few years ago was a poor telegraph operator to be proud of. He is believed to have saved a few millions out of the wreck to pay his own housekeeping expenses.

The Geographical club of Philadelphia has decided to take an active part in promoting the next expedition of Lieutenant Peary toward the north pole, and has agreed upon a plan for raising \$25,000 or \$30,000 of the \$250,000 to \$250,000 that will be required. In return Mr. Peary proposes to turn over to the club whatever collections of scientific value he may make in the arctic region.

IS IT the new papers or the theaters that have changed the character of provincial amusements? Lectures are not very popular in small towns any more, because the people are pretty well informed by the papers on topics that were once the province of the old pantheon containing half a mile of painted canvas, the old dioramas, with moving figures, seem to have lapsed into absolute desuetude.

Possibly as good a way to visit Chicago during the night as one devised is to rent horses in the suburbs. Building has been very active in anticipation of the rush, but many of the citizens of Chicago think to economize by renting their horses and visiting other places while the rush of visitors continues. As a result, cents of desirable residence property are not likely to be nearly so dear as was expected.

Of Michigan's notorious murderers, Latimer, the remark is made that he is gent emanly in department. Latimer first poisoned his father, then killed his mother with a hatchet, and rounded out his criminal career by feeding prussic acid to a quack. A person capable of doing all this, and emerging from the experience with his reputation for gentleness, department unimpaired is certainly an extraordinary man.

ANOTHER danger now threatens the man who writes love letters to a girl and then doesn't marry her. The world already knows how apt such letters are to get into print and what deep interest the public takes in their perusal. Gentlemen of New York, and others of Chicago, have from time to time entertained the country with remarkable productions in this line. Now a young lady of Philadelphia, a candidate of election, who is suing a gentleman for breach of promise, has won over the jury to her side by reading his letters in open court with all the skill of her art.

The pleasant, kindly and jovial character of the French peasant is the creation of the opera-buffet writer. A mob of French workmen and workwomen a day or so ago stoned a young German lady nearly to her death simply because her father was the correspondent of a Berlin newspaper which had handled the Panama scandal without giving the journalist's family any leaving France by order of the authorities when this outrage occurred, and these same authorities refused them protection.

It is popularly supposed that it is civilization that increases and aggravates nervous diseases. Dr. Britton says it diminishes them. Among the lowest African races, which might be supposed to be devoid of nerves, are found such diseases very common.

With his microscope a Washington doctor found on a one-dollar bill a trio of microbes representing as many distinct diseases. The finding of microbes is comparatively new. This finding of the one-dollar bill where are they root is the real problem.

THE LAUDANUM ROUTE.

Charlotte McLean, an Important Witness, Takes Her Own Life.

YOUNG LADY FOUND HANGING, BUT ALIVE.

A Mistrial in the Randie Murder Case—Shot Himself Accidentally—A Little Child Cut—Died from Effects of a Spider Bite.

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AFTER-GLOW.

When dawn, his bright light... After the glow of the night...

THE MISADVENTURES OF JOHN NICHOLSON.

BY ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON.

CHAPTER V.—CONTINUED.

Meanwhile he walked familiar streets, merrily reminiscences crowding round him...

His first visit was for Houston, who had a house on Regent's Terrace...

He was to pay no more visits till he had seen his father and made all well at home...

There was the house, sure enough, but the door was of another color...

And then the figure he made, with his decent portliness, his whiskers, the money in his purse...

set embers, pleased, he knew not why, to move in that cold air...

"I think your name must be Nicholson," said the stranger.

"I see," said Beatson. "Well, I hope we'll see something of you, now you're here."

"The night had come; the faint light over the door shone brightly; the two windows of the dining room...

He stepped into the lighted hall, shut the door softly behind him...

He took off his hat and moved mechanically toward the stand...

"Father," said John, steadily, and even cheerfully, for this was a moment against which he was long ago prepared...

CHAPTER VI. The House at Murrayfield. How John passed the evening...

as he had disowned his son. What was this regular course of life that John should have admired?

DR. TALMAGE PREACHES ON THIS ABSORBING SUBJECT. Come Sad Pictures From Life in a Great City—'And the Darkness He Called Light'—A Lesson From Genesis.

Brooklyn, N. Y., April 2.—The Rev. Dr. Talmage chose for his subject to-day a theme of universal interest...

Let the city sleep. But, my friends, he is not asleep. There will be thousands to-night who will not sleep at all...

Do you know it is in the midnight that the criminals do their worst work? As fast as you can see...

Old Standstills. It is remarkable that, although new fruits come to the front every year, there is not a year yet that has been able to take the place of the Bartlett or the Seckel...

Next to the oak the yew tree is spoken of most in England, and the lives of some of the specimens date back to the early days of English history...

A Stormy Life. Frater Concrete was accustomed at the close of his sermons to take a staff and go through his congregation...

Time to Stop. "You are working too hard," said a policeman to a man who was drilling a hole in a safe at 2 o'clock in the morning.

A Mitigated Compliment. Miss Elderly—Don't try to taffy me. I never was lovely or amiable. I was always homely and spiteful.

Too Hard Work. "Flares lays on that job; hard work, too?" "Three on a little job like that?" "Yes, three; two in trying to get to work and the other on the job."

Grateful for a Change. A deaf and dumb book canvasser sold seventy-six books within four days recently in three small New Hampshire towns...

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them know if that's up. But sometimes it's not to be looked up, when the sun comes the brain and the man becomes thoroughly frenzied.

Oh, if the sun touches the brain, you cannot look it up. You do not see the worst. In the midnight meetings a great multitude have been saved...

A great deal of what is called Christian work goes for nothing for the simple reason it is not practical as for the battle of Antioch...

There is a place in Switzerland, I have been told, where the utterance of words will bring back a score of souls...

At the first of the tragedy, a young man starting off from home; parents and sisters weeping to have him go...

At the second, the marriage altar, full organ, bright lights, long white veil trailing through the aisle...

At the third, a woman waiting for staggering steps. Old garments stuck into the broken window pane...

At the fourth, three graves in a dark place—grave of the child that died for lack of medicine, grave of the wife that died of a broken heart...

At the fifth, a destroyed soul's eternity. No light. No music. No hope. Anguish coiling its serpents around the heart...

At St. Louis, Mo., a few days since, Frederick Gilb, an army veteran of fifty-four years of age, was lured into a room, strangled to death and robbed of whatever money he had...

At New Orleans, La., recently a party of gentlemen and ladies, all neighbors, enjoyed a picnic out at Spanish Fort...

WORLD WIDE SORTINGS

Condensed from Some of the Leading Dailies of the Country.

A Berlin dispatch says that the German working men have decided against a universal strike...

The national committee of the Single Tax League of the United States has called a national single tax conference to meet in Chicago August 25.

In an outburst on a farm recently near Philadelphia, Pa., a man was found strangled to death with a skein of brown cotton yarn around his neck...

A St. Louis lady found her husband at midnight, excooting two chorus girls, and she made war on the trio. The girls escaped, and she took her "shabby" home.

Gold has been discovered in the sand along the Columbia river, and prospectors are looking there from Oregon and Washington...

At Fort Smith, Ark., Eugene Staley was recently sentenced to fifty-five years for manslaughter and fifteen years each in three cases of robbery.

At Louisville, Ky., recently the bonded warehouse No. 244 at the office of the Allied Family distillery company in eastern Louisville...

Mrs. Katie Doid, in New York city, while drunk, threw her two-year-old son from a second story window...

At South Bend, Ind., Peter L. Mishler and Mrs. Mary Boyle were married recently. The groom, who is 74 years old, has been married three times...

On the same day and almost at the same moment two madmen in Pennsylvania were sentenced to life imprisonment for the murder of a woman...

A steamer used by the Sultan of Turkey in connection with his palace for his own pleasure and to convey guests and members of his household...

At San Bernardino, Cal., Jesse Egan, the Spaniard who recently butchered his mistress, Francisco Ferris, and an aged German named Goldwater...

At Denver, Colo., Antoine Wood, the 11-year-old boy, who last November deliberately shot and killed Joseph Smith while acting as his guide out hunting...

At Algiers, opposite New Orleans, recently, the back of Anna Ried's neck was cut open about six inches with a knife in the hands of her jealous lover...

It has been discovered that since the arrest of A. R. Sutton at Louisville, Ky., charged with the forgery of whiskey warehouse receipts...

A young man called to talk for insurance to a lady in New York recently, she was about to slant the door to his face...

At Owensboro, Ky., recently a fire destroyed four large warehouses of the Glomacore Distilling company...

TEXAS MELANGE

Gathered from all Sections of the Lone Star State.

Bishop Joseph Key and Mrs. L. A. Kidd of Sherman were recently married. Sherman will be their place of residence.

The masquerade ball given by the Dallas Typographical, Pressman's and Press Feeders' Unions recently, was a marked success.

Two married ladies, who were out riding, were thrown from a buggy at Waukegan recently, both escaping any serious injuries.

Will Cardie, charged with killing Constable George Routh at Chapel Hill, Washington county, last February has been acquitted.

At Bryan recently J. G. Anderson for shooting and wounding J. W. Doremus last June was fined \$270 and costs in the district court.

Lewis Murphy, a negro, was caught between the numbers of two freight cars at Kaufman recently and had both legs horribly mangled.

The legislature is taking things easy. Impenetrable proceedings has been over against Hon. W. L. McCaughey, land commissioner.

At Emus recently a sensation was caused by C. W. Lawson, carpenter, declaring his intention of embracing the Jewish faith. He is 55 years old.

During the month of March the Sabine Train company, of Laurel, Newton county, put in the Sabine river 24,391 logs, making 4,011,555 feet.

The commissioners' court of Wilbarger county has repudiated the interest on \$17,000 of county bonds on account of the alleged illegality of the same.

Albert McDonald, a negro boy, who is charged with the killing of his parents some time since, has been found guilty and the death penalty assessed.

W. D. Cleveland & Co.'s wholesale grocery house at Houston burned down recently. Loss, \$170,000. The losses to adjoining property amounted to \$21,000.

Katie Caldrath and Ella Johnson, two 14-year-old misses who live in Dallas, ran away and went to Denison. They were arrested and have been returned home.

At Big Springs, a drunken Mexican made a knife play in a saloon recently, but was prevented from doing any injury by the bartender holding him to with a stool.

J. E. Parker and J. J. Bookham shipped from Mexico a few days ago to Chicago one carload of fine corn fed beavers. Rob Rhea also shipped one carload of yearlings.

J. D. Whittier, station agent at Beaverton, while hunting on the Blanco, found the track of a mastodon. It measures ten and a half feet in length and weighs 250 pounds.

John Labaj and family were out riding recently, near Granger, Wilbarger county, when the horses ran away and upset the vehicle, but no severe injuries were sustained.

The indictments against ex-Mayor Callahan and ex-Alderman Carlos Geoghegan, at San Antonio, respectively, charging them with misappropriation of public funds, have been dismissed.

Lattrod and Cardie, the condemned murderers, who are to be hanged at Sherman on May 12, have expressed a desire to have their pictures taken, which will be done in a few days.

Gov. Osborne of Wyoming by proclamation has raised the embargo on cattle shipped in Wyoming from the counties of Wilbarger, Baylor, Throckmorton, Shackelford, Jones and Pecos.

Frank Cummings, a guard at the Dallas county poor farm, was overpowered by five big negro prisoners, his arms taken away from him and then tied hand and foot, after which the negroes took to the woods.

The Marshall Car Wheel and Foundry company has an order for twenty-one cars, six boxes and fifteen flats to be built for the Paris, Marshall and Northwestern. The iron work is all complete and the framing is under way.

At Hillsboro, in the district court recently, the jury in the case of Prof. W. L. T. Hilton, charged with committing an outrageous assault upon his sister-in-law, acquitted the defendant. On habeas corpus he was denied bail.

Webb & Hill of Shackelford county a few days since sold the Weatherford mill 2000 head of 3 and 4 year-old steers. They brought the top market price. They also sold W. R. Moore of Fort Worth one car of saddle horses.

A death from sunstroke occurred at San Antonio a few days since. Robena Morales, a Mexican laborer, 38 years of age, was working in a coal chute at 3 o'clock in the afternoon when he became overheated and fell in his tracks, dying two hours later.

An unknown robber held up two men in a wagon yard at Beaver, seven miles from Harrold, and at the point of his revolver relieved them of their valuables. The same man forced the station agent to give up \$17 in cash and an express package.

A short time ago C. C. Womack, W. B. Knight and Cecil Park left Dallas at 6 a. m. on bicycles and made the run to Weatherford, a distance of seventy miles, in eight hours. The next day they came back to Fort Worth, a distance of thirty-five miles, in three hours and thirty minutes, thus accomplishing 110 miles in eleven hours and thirty minutes. The Weatherford wheelmen gave them a banquet.

Gov. Crouson has sent letters to the governors of Missouri, Kansas, Texas, Arkansas, Iowa, Minnesota, Oklahoma and North and South Dakota requesting them to send delegates to a convention to be held in Lincoln June 1 to take up consideration of the proposed Gulf railroad from North Dakota to Galveston. A resolution was introduced in the Texas senate asking Gov. Hogg to do so, but he did not act.



AFTERWARD.

And this is the sequel of love. It means that my heart must ache. Only a walk through the fields. And a ride on the moonlight lake. Only a promise to be true. And a cold and pitiless "never". And a short, hairless "goodnight". This means, alas, forever.

HOW I WON HER.

When I graduated from one of the foremost colleges in this country, I was considerably in debt, to enable me to liquidate which and obtain the means for prosecuting my legal studies I resolved to teach for a few years, as, at the time of my graduation I was only 20 years of age.

I secured a position as principal of the high school in W—, a thriving New England village, where, among those whose acquaintance I formed at an early date was one James Brent, about my own age, the popular, efficient, trusted book-keeper and teller of the local bank.

I had been in the place somewhat less than a year, when the cashier, called to the bank at an unusually early hour in the morning, found that it had been burglarized to the extent of nearly \$12,000.

The hour for opening the bank to the public arrived and James failed to appear at his post of duty. Inquiry at his home revealed the fact that directly after supper the preceding evening he had gone from the house, as usual, he never returned until a late hour.

"He did not come to his breakfast and I went to his room, expecting to find him there sick," said his mother, in a tremulous tone, to the messenger sent to learn concerning him.

"Instead of that, I found that his bed had been unoccupied, and I fear something worse than sickness has happened to him, as he never leaves home over night when in the place," she continued hesitatingly, the tears coursing down her cheeks.

"His father and his sister have gone to search for him."

A natural inference, sustained with reluctance and regret, was that the missing man was responsible for the burglary.

The bank at once sent out a policeman far and wide, giving him in the description of the teller and offering a reward of \$1,000 for information that would lead to his apprehension, or \$500 for information that would send him to the basement of the stolen funds, and someone so skilled in the business to aid them in this.

His father and numerous friends, who would not begin to estimate the amount of the loss, were naturally very anxious to get information concerning James.

Two days glided away and nothing had resulted from the rewards, the efforts of the detective or of the town officers.

I have a natural fondness for investigating the mysterious when, during my earlier years, rendered me by the interest in the scientific and mathematical problems that came in my way; thus enabling me to secure a high rank as a mathematician while in college.

I had often thought I should like to be a detective, whose business is wholly in the line of the mysterious. It was an opportunity for me to test my ability in this direction, and I resolved not to let it pass unimproved.

Going to the bank in his private office I held an interview with the cashier, with whom I was on the most friendly terms, as he had a son of my school, and asked:

"Can you, who have known him from his boyhood, and to whom anything which James says or did, prior to the burglary, which would stain his character?"

"I cannot," was the reply. "His has always been a model life."

"So far as you know, has he ever speculated in stocks?"

"I know that he never had that sort of speculation deposited in this bank."

"You think he robbed the bank?"

"The circumstances and evidence points in that direction, yet I cannot bring myself to regard him as guilty."

"Has the detective examined his books?"

"He has not made any mention of them."

"With your permission, I should like to do so."

"Such a permission was readily accorded me and, when I had carefully looked through the books I said:

"Judging from the comparative freshness of the ink, I should think the last few days therein represented was done at one and the same time."

"Quite likely," the cashier responded. "James was here on Monday and Tuesday, Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday as before that he had scarcely any time to devote to the books."

"May he not have come to the bank Wednesday evening to work on the books?"

"Possibly, though I never knew him to do so before."

tended a reception in the town-hall, which was crowded to overflowing, by members of his church, the citizens of the place generally and people from adjoining towns.

His farewell address was very able and touching, and in the course of it he remarked:

"The way of evil deeds is hard." The words had scarcely fallen from his lips when a man in the audience, rising exclaimed:

"None can be better qualified to attest the truth of that statement than you are."

The strange interruption nearly paralyzed those who heard it, created a death-like silence, particularly as the voice of the speaker, seemed familiar to most of those present, though his features were not brought a visible pallor to the clergyman's countenance while he trembled from head to foot.

"Do you recognize me now?" he continued, removing a wig, a false beard and colored spectacles, revealing the features of the missing teller.

Words would fail to depict the consternation consequent upon this revelation; increased, if possible, by the exclamation: "My God!" which the clergyman ejaculated in a piteous tone.

"Last Wednesday evening," James presently began, "I went to the bank to do some writing and had been there about two hours when I found someone at the door. Going to the window I found Mr. Ford—every one called him a sort—and a girl who was a stranger to me."

"I saw a light in the bank and I called to get out of the way, as you know," said Mr. Ford, as he placed no ambiguity.

"I invited them to enter and they were hardly inside and the door closed when Mr. Ford observed:

"We came here not expecting to find anyone in the building; to rob the bank, which we shall do; and necessarily compel us to make you our prisoner."

"They gazed at me with one handkerchief bound me, hand and foot, with another handkerchief, helped themselves to the contents of the vault, which was open. Then—

"You keep quiet over him while I go home and get my team to convey him from here," Mr. Ford said, addressing his companion after which he extinguished the light and left the bank.

"An hour later I had been taken to Mr. Ford's home where I have since remained a prisoner—with plenty of food and a good bed to sleep on, but a prisoner just the same."

"I stopped and posted at me, sitting beside him, I asked, removed the handkerchiefs which I wore, thus creating a new sensation, and began:

"Without going into the details of my investigation, I will say that my suspicions pointed to Mr. Ford as concerned in the burglary—particularly his sudden resignation, his unusual nervousness, the fact that I have heard from his lips when I passed me—supposedly a stranger—the fact that a window in the upper part of his house has been recently cut out as it was not near to the burglar."

"Soon after he came here, this evening, I detected a forcible entrance into his house in such a way that I should leave no traces of my deed if unwounded."

"In the uncertain evening, previously referred to, I found James, a prisoner, as he has said, I released him, passed him the wig, false beard and glasses which I wore, hastened to my boarding-place near by and prepared a suit of clothes for him which I had never worn, which I felt assured would fit him, so neatly are we of the same size, provided myself with another make-up came here with him."

I sat down and another painful silence ensued, which was broken by Mr. Ford, who arose and in a firm, but sad voice, said:

"An ally as I have been represented, but not the absolute miscreant that you have reason to believe me. Please listen to my story, which will be brief."

"When the rebellion began my father was a wealthy farmer in the South at its close I was a penniless orphan."

"Unaccustomed to labor and used to having my every wish gratified, whose gratification money rendered possible, I drifted into evil ways for supporting myself, though I was never responsible for any heinous offense."

"Sickening of the life I was leading, I resolved to turn over a new leaf and, under an assumed name, in a state far removed from where I had ever been before, locate as a clergyman. I eventually settled here."

"Last Wednesday afternoon a certain associate, who had learned my whereabouts, came to my home and vowed that if I did not settle a debt of honor—amounting with interest to \$1,000—which I owed him, he would reveal my previous character. I informed him that it was impossible for me to do so, and he said if I would aid him in the attempt to burglarize the bank—whose spoils were to be his if the attempt was successful—he would call it square. After a considerable long consideration I decided to act in accordance with his proposition, erroneously believing that the crime would find me out, by reason of my position and the shower which prevailed. And I thought I could keep James a prisoner without being suspected, as I was temporarily doing my own housework, as I have much of the time since my wife's death."

"Why I resigned and why I arranged to have my house furnishings sent to a certain place after I had gone from W—, you will now understand."

"I intended, when I reached New York city to telegraph the cashier of the bank where James was and thereforward to be another than the Rev. Thomas Ford. I also intended to make good the bank's loss at the earliest possible moment."

"God knows that from the bottom of my heart I am sorry for what I have done. Regret or repentance will not satisfy the demands of justice, and I shall submit myself to such punishment as the law shall impose upon me unhesitatingly."

"I thank you for your many kindnesses to me since I came to W—."

TRACKED BY SOLDIERS.

NARROW ESCAPE OF A CONFEDERATE SCOUT.

The Rev. Frank Stringfellow Relates an Adventure During the War When He Served With the Confederate Troops.

The Rev. Frank Stringfellow, of the diocese of Virginia, whose lectures attracted so much attention in Washington last winter, gives the following account of one of his war adventures, during which period he acted as a Confederate scout. Stopping with a friend at a farm house, they were invited to join the family at supper, and were partaking of roast turkey—a rare luxury in those days—when the negro girl, who waited upon the table, returned from some errand to the kitchen breathless with excitement. A party of Union soldiers, she stated, had ridden into the yard, insisting that there was a Confederate spy concealed about the premises, and declaring their intention of taking him "dead or alive."

A large reward was at all times offered for his capture, and Stringfellow knew that, if taken, hanging would be his fate, says the Philadelphia Times. Springing to his feet he seized two loaded revolvers which he had laid aside during supper, and stood for a moment irresolute. His hostess had risen also; and, after some reflection, directed him to remove his shoes as quietly as possible and follow her.

In the meantime the party of Federals had made their way to the front door of the house, where they were endeavoring to force an entrance. There was no time to be lost, and following his guide they both passed with unobtruded feet, into the passage, now resounding with the hoarse cry of the party outside upon the heavy door, and in the hallway.

Arriving in the upper hall his hostess showed him a ladder leading into a loft above, and bidding him ascend it as quickly as possible, left him and rejoined her friends in the supper room. When Stringfellow had closed the trap door behind him he found himself in a large, low attic, only partly floored, at one end of which he perceived by the moonlight which streamed in from an uncurtained window an aperture formed by the roof of a small shed which adjoined the main building. Into this opening he squeezed himself, and lying at full length a pistol poised in either hand, awaited his fate.

That the Federals had accomplished their purpose was evident from the sounds which reached him as they passed from room to room in their search for him. Presently the sound of a gun was heard, and the party of Federals, who were climbing the attic stairs, and a moment after, plotted by the negro waitress bearing a tallow candle in her hand, they burst through the trap door and entered the apartment.

"I was certain that the girl was going to betray me," said Stringfellow, "and for the first time in my life I heard my heart beat. I was mistaken, however. Holding the candle in such a way as to throw my place of concealment into the shadow, she exclaimed:

"Dag, now, I done told you all he want here; but you wouldn't 'st satisfied with you saw for yourself; an' now you done let him git else way from you."

When the clatter of horses' hoofs, and the quiet which followed left no doubt as to the departure of the Federals, Stringfellow, preparing to emerge from his hiding-place, was startled by a rustling sound behind him. It was presently accompanied by a voice, which he recognized as that of his companion, who, impelled by the first law of nature, had preceded him into his place of refuge, and, congratulating each other upon their narrow escape, they rejoined the family below. Their friends advised their leaving the house at once, declaring that the soldiers might return at any moment, but Stringfellow begged that they might first be allowed to fortify themselves with a little supper.

Accordingly, they resumed their seats at the table and renewed their attack upon the turkey, which, though hot, had prudently thrust beneath a small settle. Their horses were gone, they discovered, and thinking it safer to separate, they set out on foot in opposite directions. After proceeding for some distance, Stringfellow discovered a hayrack near the road, and crawling beneath it slept there till morning. When day dawned he lay watching the road, hoping that some mounted Federal would pass and thus enable him to supply the place of his lost steed. Several parties of two and three clattered by, but this did not suit his purpose.

"What I wanted," he said, "was an ox-cart. Someone who seemed to be alone in the world and friendless."

Presently he spied his man trotting along on a high-stepping bay mare. Springing from his place of concealment he cleared the fence and covering the horseman with his revolver ordered him to dismount. Unarmed and entirely unprepared for the assault nothing remained to the Federal but acquiescence. As he drew his foot from the stirrup Stringfellow slipped his hand it and by the time he had reached the ground our hero was in the saddle. Putting spurs to the newly-acquired steed he dashed down the road, leaving the dismounted Federal to gaze after him in mute astonishment.

Electrical Sunstroke. It is now claimed that there is such a thing as electrical sunstroke. The workers around electrical furnaces in which the metal aluminum is produced suffer from electrical sunstrokes. The intense light causes very painful congestions, which cannot be wholly prevented by wearing deep colored glasses.

Prized on the Wrong Decision. Jack—I'll tell you what's the matter, George. You don't praise your wife enough. Even if things don't go right there's no use growling. Praise her efforts to please whether they are successful or not. Women like praise and lots of it. George—All right. I'll remember it, George.

Coal Dealer—Jim, how much did you send Mrs. Goodheart for that last ton? Jim—Seventeen hundred pounds. Coal Dealer—That's right. Now come and paint those popples black. Judge.

Anticipating What She Would Say. Tom Anjery, a student, applied to the professor for permission to be absent.

"I should like to be excused this afternoon, as I want to take my sister out driving."

The old professor, who is no fool, looked at the young man over the top of his spectacles and said slowly:

"Want to take your sister out driving, do you? Is she any relation to you?"—Boston Globe.

American Aristocracy. "The trouble about America," remarked DeWitts, "is that it lacks aristocracy. There is no privileged class here."

"No privileged class?" exclaimed Chamber. "Did you ever live in a Harlem flat with an imported janitor? You wouldn't bewail the absence of aristocracy if you had."

Young Husband—Isn't there something peculiar about the taste of these onions, my dear? Young Wife, anxiously—Oh! I hope not, my dear. I took such pains with them. I even sprinkled them with jockey club before I put them to boil to take away the unpleasant odor.—Irish Times.

The Honest Dealer. Coal Dealer—Jim, how much did you send Mrs. Goodheart for that last ton? Jim—Seventeen hundred pounds. Coal Dealer—That's right. Now come and paint those popples black. Judge.

LETTER-DAY FRA DIAVOLO.

For Nearly Half a Century Antonio Bellacosa Terrorized Corsica.

A very curious chapter in Corsican history has been closed by the surrender of the notorious Corsican bandit, Bellacosa, who has been "out in the bush" for forty-four years, and has baffled all the efforts of the gendarmes to capture him. He was born at Bocagnano, a small village in the center of Corsica, his father being a shepherd, and in 1848 he killed the assistant mayor of the village in a quarrel and took to the bush. His presence was betrayed to the gendarmes soon afterward, but Bellacosa, having got wind of this, lay in wait for his betrayer and killed him.

He was then joined in the bush by his brother Jacques, who had been preparing for the priesthood, and the two brothers led a very wild existence in the mountains of Corsica, killing several gendarmes who attempted to capture them. They do not appear, however, to have lost the esteem of their compatriots, for M. Emmanuel Arena, one of the deputies of Corsica in the French chamber, relates how, about fifteen years ago, he and the late Edmund About were received by the two brothers at breakfast, and how they were introduced to the different relatives of the brigands, all members of their respective communities. M. Arena, relates, too, how the late Baron Haussmann was breakfasting with them on another occasion when the gendarmes appeared in the distance, and the two brothers made off, leaving the guest to explain his presence there as best he could.

There was some talk of granting the two brothers an amnesty when M. Carnot paid his visit to Corsica two years ago, and the daughter of the younger brother was presented to him. Nothing was done, however, and the two brothers might have remained at liberty for the rest of their lives. But Antonio, the elder of the two, has at last been persuaded by his friends to give himself up to the authorities, and his mode of doing so was not less dramatic than the whole of his life has been. Another of his brothers, who was for several years himself an officer in the gendarmes, induced him to take the step and the two met at daybreak in the forest of Vianozzo, which is about half way between Ajaccio and Bastia. Then they went to a place where Captain Orsini, commanding the gendarmes of the district, was waiting for them, and Antonio Bellacosa laid down his arms in token of submission. They went by train, on the line newly opened, to Bastia and Antonio Bellacosa was delighted at this mode of locomotion, which was quite new to him.

Upon reaching Bastia, where he was to be tried at the next assize, he went to the principal hotel, writing his name and profession in the visitors' book as "Antoine Bonelli, commonly called Bellacosa; profession, bandit; born at Bocagnano, residence uncertain." He is not under the least sentence to death in consequence, but as all the murders for which he was condemned took place within the thirty years ago, they are covered by amnesty. And the only offense for which he can be tried is an attack he is accused of having made on a gendarme in 1880. The expectation is that he will spend the rest of his days untroubled among his friends.

What It Has Accomplished for the World's Fair.

Many of the smaller structures were notable for beauty and for size if they were not here made pigsties by contiguous grandeur. Like the larger buildings they are veneered with staff. Great is staff!

Without staff this free-hand sketch of what the world might have in solid architecture, if it were rich enough, would not have been possible. With staff at his command, Nero could have afforded to fiddle at a fire at least once a year. One of the wonders of staff as seen at Chicago is its color. Grayish-white is its natural tone, and the basis of its success at Chicago is that it will take any taint that one chooses to apply, and maintain a liveliness akin to the soft luster of the human skin. Staff is an excellent barometer for the Latin countries and much cultivated in South America. Any child skilled in the mechanism of a mud-pie can make it, after being provided with the gelatin molds and a water mixture of cement and plaster. How the workmen appeared to enjoy seizing handfuls of excelsior or fiber, dipping them in the mixture and then sloshing the fibrous mush over the surface of the mold. When the staff has hardened, the resultant cast is definite, light and attractive. A workman can walk to his job with a square yard of each arm and a Corinthian capital in each hand. While it is a little green it may be easily sawed and chiseled, and nails are used as in pine. Moreover little wet plaster serves to weld the pieces into a finished surface. In the rough climate of Lake Michigan staff is expected to last about six years, which is the average life of the abject English industry. Great is staff!—Century.

A Genius Cuss. A wretch was condemned to death in court.

"You have three days in which to make an appeal," said the judge.

"Thanks," replied the culprit, "I would like to pass them with my family in the country."—Texas Siftings.

THE REV. FRANK STRINGFELLOW.

RELATES AN ADVENTURE DURING THE WAR WHEN HE SERVED WITH THE CONFEDERATE TROOPS.

The Rev. Frank Stringfellow, of the diocese of Virginia, whose lectures attracted so much attention in Washington last winter, gives the following account of one of his war adventures, during which period he acted as a Confederate scout. Stopping with a friend at a farm house, they were invited to join the family at supper, and were partaking of roast turkey—a rare luxury in those days—when the negro girl, who waited upon the table, returned from some errand to the kitchen breathless with excitement. A party of Union soldiers, she stated, had ridden into the yard, insisting that there was a Confederate spy concealed about the premises, and declaring their intention of taking him "dead or alive."

A large reward was at all times offered for his capture, and Stringfellow knew that, if taken, hanging would be his fate, says the Philadelphia Times. Springing to his feet he seized two loaded revolvers which he had laid aside during supper, and stood for a moment irresolute. His hostess had risen also; and, after some reflection, directed him to remove his shoes as quietly as possible and follow her.

In the meantime the party of Federals had made their way to the front door of the house, where they were endeavoring to force an entrance. There was no time to be lost, and following his guide they both passed with unobtruded feet, into the passage, now resounding with the hoarse cry of the party outside upon the heavy door, and in the hallway.

Arriving in the upper hall his hostess showed him a ladder leading into a loft above, and bidding him ascend it as quickly as possible, left him and rejoined her friends in the supper room. When Stringfellow had closed the trap door behind him he found himself in a large, low attic, only partly floored, at one end of which he perceived by the moonlight which streamed in from an uncurtained window an aperture formed by the roof of a small shed which adjoined the main building. Into this opening he squeezed himself, and lying at full length a pistol poised in either hand, awaited his fate.

That the Federals had accomplished their purpose was evident from the sounds which reached him as they passed from room to room in their search for him. Presently the sound of a gun was heard, and the party of Federals, who were climbing the attic stairs, and a moment after, plotted by the negro waitress bearing a tallow candle in her hand, they burst through the trap door and entered the apartment.

"I was certain that the girl was going to betray me," said Stringfellow, "and for the first time in my life I heard my heart beat. I was mistaken, however. Holding the candle in such a way as to throw my place of concealment into the shadow, she exclaimed:

"Dag, now, I done told you all he want here; but you wouldn't 'st satisfied with you saw for yourself; an' now you done let him git else way from you."

When the clatter of horses' hoofs, and the quiet which followed left no doubt as to the departure of the Federals, Stringfellow, preparing to emerge from his hiding-place, was startled by a rustling sound behind him. It was presently accompanied by a voice, which he recognized as that of his companion, who, impelled by the first law of nature, had preceded him into his place of refuge, and, congratulating each other upon their narrow escape, they rejoined the family below. Their friends advised their leaving the house at once, declaring that the soldiers might return at any moment, but Stringfellow begged that they might first be allowed to fortify themselves with a little supper.

Accordingly, they resumed their seats at the table and renewed their attack upon the turkey, which, though hot, had prudently thrust beneath a small settle. Their horses were gone, they discovered, and thinking it safer to separate, they set out on foot in opposite directions. After proceeding for some distance, Stringfellow discovered a hayrack near the road, and crawling beneath it slept there till morning. When day dawned he lay watching the road, hoping that some mounted Federal would pass and thus enable him to supply the place of his lost steed. Several parties of two and three clattered by, but this did not suit his purpose.

"What I wanted," he said, "was an ox-cart. Someone who seemed to be alone in the world and friendless."

Presently he spied his man trotting along on a high-stepping bay mare. Springing from his place of concealment he cleared the fence and covering the horseman with his revolver ordered him to dismount. Unarmed and entirely unprepared for the assault nothing remained to the Federal but acquiescence. As he drew his foot from the stirrup Stringfellow slipped his hand it and by the time he had reached the ground our hero was in the saddle. Putting spurs to the newly-acquired steed he dashed down the road, leaving the dismounted Federal to gaze after him in mute astonishment.

Electrical Sunstroke. It is now claimed that there is such a thing as electrical sunstroke. The workers around electrical furnaces in which the metal aluminum is produced suffer from electrical sunstrokes. The intense light causes very painful congestions, which cannot be wholly prevented by wearing deep colored glasses.

Prized on the Wrong Decision. Jack—I'll tell you what's the matter, George. You don't praise your wife enough. Even if things don't go right there's no use growling. Praise her efforts to please whether they are successful or not. Women like praise and lots of it. George—All right. I'll remember it, George.

Coal Dealer—Jim, how much did you send Mrs. Goodheart for that last ton? Jim—Seventeen hundred pounds. Coal Dealer—That's right. Now come and paint those popples black. Judge.

Haskell County.

Mer Resources, Advantages, Progress and Future Prospects.

Topography, Water, Soil, Products, Shipping Points, Railroads, Public Schools, and Mill Facilities.

Haskell county is situated in the southern part of the Panhandle on the line of the one hundredth meridian west from Greenwich. It is 1500 feet above the sea, and has mild winters and summers. It is thirty miles square and contains 875,000 acres of land. It was created in 1858 from a part of Fannin and Miller counties, and named in honor of Charles Haskell, a young Tennessee, who fell at the massacre at Gallatin in 1836.

It remained unsettled until 1874, when there was one or two ranches established. Other ranchmen followed, and in 1880 the county could boast of fifteen or twenty inhabitants. There was no further development until early in 1886, when the town of Haskell was laid off, and by donating lands a few settlers were induced to build residences, and in January 1885 the county organized with a polled vote of fifty-seven electors.

Up to 1884 the soil had never been turned by a plow, and the people depended upon raising cattle, sheep and horses, as the natural grasses furnish food both winter and summer for immense herds. The poorer people made money by gathering many thousands of tons of buffalo bones and shipping them east, to be made into fertilizer used in the old states.

Experiments were made in 1885 with garden products, corn, oats, wheat, rye, barley and cotton and the yield was bountiful. The average in farms have increased to at least 20,000.

TOPOGRAPHY. The county is an unindented plain, with occasional creeks and branches. It is bounded on the north by picturesque stream, the Salt Fork of the Brazos, and on the west by Double Mountain Fork.

There are a few washes and gulches along the breaks and rivers, but with rills, breaks, rocks and poor land combined their area in Haskell county would not exceed 10,000 acres that would not be fine agricultural land.

It is traversed by numerous creeks and branches besides the rivers mentioned, some of which are fed by never failing springs of pure water.

Besides the numerous branches that afford water for stock all the time, the south half of the country is traversed by Paint and California creeks with their numerous tributaries draining the south half of the county.

The north half is traversed from northwest to northeast by Lake and Miller creeks whose tributaries furnish water and drainage for the same.

Besides the surface water there is an abundance to be obtained by digging from 15 to 40 feet, and all of a good quality, some of which is unsurpassed by that of any section in the state for purity and temperature.

SOIL. The soil is an alluvial loam of great depth and fertility, varying in color from a red to a dark chocolate, and by reason of its porosity and friable nature, when thoroughly plowed, readily drinks in the rainfall and for the like reason the soil readily drains itself of the surplus water, thereby preventing stagnation of the water and the baking of the soil, and the germination of miasma. It is those peculiar qualities of soil that enables vegetation to withstand all varieties of weather.

Except mesquite grass and stumps which are easily extracted, there are no obstructions to plows and the land being level or generally rolling and easy worked, the use of labor-saving implements are profitable. One man with machinery and a little hired help has been known to cultivate over an 100 acres in grain and cotton.

Indian corn, wheat, oats, barley, rye, durum corn, millet, sorghum, castor beans, field peas, peanuts, pumpkins, and all the squash family, turnips and cotton are grown successfully and profitably. Sweet potatoes do well, and Irish potatoes as well as anywhere in the south. Garden vegetables grow to perfection, and melons luxuriate in Haskell county soil, growing to fine size of superb quality. Besides the native grasses that grow on the prairies, sustaining large numbers of cattle, horses and sheep throughout the year, Colorado grass grows to great perfection and the hay made from this grass form a valuable adjunct to the winter pasture. In keeping stock over winter.

FIELD AND PRICE OF FARM PRODUCTS. The average yield of Indian corn per acre is about 30 bushels and the price varies from 50 cts to \$1.25 per bushel, wheat yields from 18 to 30 bushels—averaging 25 bushels per acre, and sold in the same market for 90 cents to \$1.00 per bushel; oats yield 60 to 100 bushels

per acre, and usually sells at 20 cents per bushel; cotton yields a half to three-quarters of a bale per acre. Other crops make good yields and command corresponding prices. Home made pork is usually worth 6 to 8 cents per pound, fresh beef 4 to 6 cents; home made butter, sweet and delicious, usually sells at 25 cents per pound, chickens 15 to 20 cents each, and eggs 10 to 25 cents per dozen.

SHIPPING POINTS. As yet Haskell has no railroad, and our people do their principal shipping to and from Abilene, a town 52 miles south, in Taylor county, on the Texas and Pacific railroad, Albany on the Texas Central 45 miles from Haskell on the southeast, and Seymour on the Wichita Valley road 45 miles northeast.

RAILROADS. There is one road being built from Seymour to this place and one to be built from Fort Worth. The Texas Central will extend in a short time from Albany and Haskell is on the line as originally surveyed.

The land men of Austin have organized a company to build a road from that city to this section of the state, where they control nearly all the land, and one of the principal members owns 150,000 acres in this and Knox counties, besides he owns the large addition to the town of Haskell on the south.

Haskell is 52 miles north of the T. & P. R. R., and 90 miles north of the Ft. W. & D. R. R., and is situated on the direct line of the entire rail over which the Rock Island and T. & P. R. R. propose to extend their lines.

PUBLIC SCHOOLS. Our school fund is perhaps the best of any country in the northwest. In addition to the amount received from the state, about \$5.50 per capita, our commissioners' court have wisely executed a lease for ten years of our four leagues of school land, situated in the Panhandle, the revenue from which, added to the amount received from the state, gives us a fund amply sufficient to run the several schools of the county ten months in the year.

MAIL FACILITIES. There is a daily mail service from Haskell to Abilene via Anson, and a weekly mail north to Benjamin and a daily mail to Seymour, also a tri-weekly express line to Albany. These all carry express and passengers.

RELIGIOUS ORGANIZATIONS. The religious and moral status of the people of Haskell county will compare favorably with that of any people. The Methodists, Baptists, Christians, Old School and Cumberland Presbyterians each have organized churches in the town of Haskell, and have preaching on Sundays, also preaching at other points in the county.

HASKELL. The town of Haskell is the county site of, and is situated one and one-half miles south of the center of Haskell county, on a beautiful table land, and is eight years old, and has a population of 942. Has no good water as can be found anywhere, which is secured at a depth of 18 to 22 feet. Also has two never-failing springs of pure water in the edge of town. The town of Haskell with her natural advantages of location, climate, good water and fertility of soil is destined in the near future to be the queen city of northwest Texas, and railroad connection for Haskell is all that is needed to accomplish these.





Whose Willing Working Wife.

The dewdrops in the early morning... The birds in the sky are dancing... But she never a moment to look at them...

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The balance was never paid, and it was rather hard lines that, on his becoming bankrupt in his poor little way a few years later, a judge in the Bankruptcy Court remarked that, as Miss Braddon was now making a good deal of money by her pen, she ought to come to the relief of her first publisher.

Took Her Hero's Name. "John Strange Winter" was not Mrs. Stannard's first nor de plume. For several years, writes Grace Wassell in the Ladies Home Journal, she signed herself "Violet Whyte," and before she was married she published forty-two novelettes under that pseudonym, but when "Cavalry Life" was about to appear her publishers advised a masculine non de plume and she accordingly chose "John Strange Winter," the name of one of her favorite characters in one of her own delightful stories. Of course Mrs. Stannard will always be known particularly by her portrayals of army life, and she has written some very successful stories written as her "Garrison stories," "Army Stories" and "Bootsies" stories. Perhaps her great success with these stories is in some measure due to the fact that she once lived in a barracks town—the fact that her father was originally an army officer, being one of the picked officers chosen from the Royal Artillery to attend the Queen at the coronation. He afterward entered the church. She has always loved the army and army life. Even after having achieved quite a success it was not generally known that John Strange Winter was a woman.

A Man's Club With Liberal Ideas. One of the principal clubs of St. Louis includes in its constitution a by-law which provides that the members' wives and daughters and lady friends shall have the right to enjoy the privileges of the club, and this provision is the organization's distinctive feature among its kind. So generous is the sentiment that one readily forgives the "lady friends" of its working. The plan to admit women to the club was at first ridiculed, then bitterly opposed and finally accepted, with the proviso that if found detrimental to the interests of the club the women would meet the fate of the Chinese. But the result has shown that what was considered to be a doubtful experiment has been the means of building up an institution the like of which is not to be found in the country, so the members claim. It is the boast of the club that no woman dwells in the city so pious that she would not wish to be known as a friend of the club, nor one of the boys that does not consider it an honor to be connected with the club. They have a membership of over 1,000, and the club has a fine library and accommodations for 1,000 guests, and the name is the Mercantile Club.

Crown's Daughter. A story goes that all that was left of Oliver Cromwell after the exposure, with Blake, etc., at Tyburn, was removed by night by Lady Faneborough and buried in Chiswick Church, where her ladyship is also at rest. She was an early convert to the faith, and died at Hampton Court and died at Sutton Court, next to Chiswick House, in 1713. In the Chiswick legend, says Leslie Hunt, she is the youngest daughter, but that she was not, the youngest being the famous Mrs. Charles II. He wished to marry, and who died as Lady Russell of the Buckinghamshire Chequers in 1720. Lady Faneborough, handsome and like her father, according to the legend, was known as the most conspicuous of Chiswick notabilities in her day. And the oldest inhabitant will tell you how he heard from another oldest inhabitant who had been the oldest inhabitant of the club long since, that the great event of the Sunday morning service in Chiswick Church in the later days of Queen Anne was the majestic old lady's arrival and respectful greeting.

Marquis de Lanza and Theosophy. The fact that the Marquis de Lanza, the novelist, was about to embrace theosophy, and if possible reach the exalted Mahatma stage where the astral body is developed, is erroneous. The Marquis, who is known in the United States as Clara Lanza, the daughter of Dr. Hammond, has embraced literature, but she is not troubled by any complex views on religion. Her friends assert that she has too much common sense to run after strange goals, even if she had the time. During the day she pushes a stub pen over many folios of paper and in the evening she entertains her friends. But neither Buddha, Gantama nor Joss is worshipped by the fair novelist.

A London School of Housewifery. A new scheme of housewifery has been organized by the committee of the London school of city guides, by which elementary school girls receive instruction in housewifery arts and an examination in housewifery is held at the end of the year. The course includes the elementary principles of ventilation, heating, sanitation, thrift and recreation, and the students are girls not more than 13 years of age. The sense and intelligence of the answers, the readiness and neatness with which the girls executed the practical part, were evidence of the appropriateness of such education for those that would become the heads of workingmen's homes.

Bound to Beat Her Neighbor. "I confess some high," declared the final little thing of the Chicago legal list. "O, no, ma'am," he replied. "What did Mrs. Haggerty pay for hers last week?" "Well, you may get me one for \$200, I'm no slouch."—Judge.

No Sympathy. The Brito-I told Jack I was going to give him something of my own cooking and he said I'd better try it on the first. Wasn't that a cruel suggestion?"

Her Bosom Friend—Very! And I thought your husband was so fond of dogs!—Once a Week.

Too Much for Him. "You're working on the Daily Kazoo any more, Billings?" "I am not. A city editor who will send a man to report a champagne supper one night and then send him out to write up a boiler-works next day is too deficient in that finer sense of the condition of things to suit me."—Exchange.

A Description. Crummer—Mr. Urbane is a very sarcastic man. Gilleland—Yes and wonderfully polite. Crummer—True. He can make a man feel at ease while stabbing him to the heart.—Truth.

Miss Eliza Sullivan Oakley of Saratoga is an enthusiastic vegetarian and she has a vegetable cat. The cat was taken from its mother when it was young and has never been permitted to eat meat.

QUEER KANAKA BELIEF.

SOME SUPERSTITIONS OF THE HAWAIIANS.

If the Sandwich Islander Wishes to Be Rid of an Enemy He Just Prays Him to Death—The Red Fish Fatal to Royalty.

But few who have read how the Hawaiian queen lost her throne have ever visited the Sandwich Islands and seen for themselves the life of a native Hawaiian as he lives it, or known how great his superstitions govern all his actions, notwithstanding the fact that he has been in the hands of the missionary for the last fifty years. The natives are all superstitious, according to the San Francisco Examiner, from Queen Liliuokalani to the humblest of her subjects. King Kalakaua was in some things as superstitious as the most ignorant negro in Central Africa, in spite of his travels and the efforts of the missionaries to wean him from his beliefs. It is the general opinion of the natives that he was "prayed to death" by a "kahuna" while on his last visit to this city, and no Kanakas will say that they knew when the large red fish appeared in the harbor that their king was no more in the land of the living. This belief that within three days of the death of some one connected with the royal family a school of bright scarlet fish comes into the harbor at Honolulu and stays until the death takes place is one of the strongest of the Kanakas' many superstitions, and that in the last thirty years, at least, has been strongly corroborated. The deaths of Lunalilo, Likelike, Queen Emma, Ruth, the "champion fat woman of the islands," Kalakaua and John Dominis, have all been heralded a day or two before their deaths by the coming of a school of "Kala Uluu," as the red fish are called.

But the superstition that the Kanaka holds dearest is that concerning the power of the kahuna, or native doctor. This power is almost limitless. If a native in any way offends a kahuna, he is in deadly fear that he will be condemned to die, and he immediately hunts up a kahuna higher in rank than the one whom he has offended and asks to have the curse offset and neutralized. The rank of the kahuna is settled by his age. The older one, or, claims to be, which, as the Kanakas very seldom keep any record of ages, usually amounts to the same thing as the more power he has over his fellow man. This kahunaism is now forbidden by the laws the Americans have made in the islands, and if a white doctor is caught in his practice he is given a long term on the "rock," as the Honolulu jail is called. But if a native should complain to the police that he was being persecuted by a kahuna, he would have every one of the white doctors against him and he would not live a year.

Their methods are peculiar. Less than a year ago a native man had owned for years a small piece of property on the seashore near Honolulu. Living next to him was a kahuna of great age and consequently high rank. These two had always lived peacefully until last summer, when the kahuna bought some young pigs. There had never been any fence between the two places, and the young porkers roamed havoc with the native's garden. So to stop this trouble he built a fence between his yard and his neighbor's. The kahuna was away at the time, and when he returned he was so enraged that he told the native he must either take it down or he would spray him to death. This praying to death is a pleasing little way the kahunas have of going to their victims' houses and for a while night at a time and very frequently making a noise with the ancient Hawaiian, asking that their enemy be killed. This has the effect of scaring the Kanaka that almost invariably he will actually die from fright.

This native, however, had probably been told by some white missionary that the kahuna's power was not so great as his people had for years believed, for he refused to remove the fence. The kahuna straightway began his incantations, but the fenceholder held out for a week, and a show of resistance. At the end of that time his old superstitions got the better of his new teachings, and he went to the kahuna, telling him he was willing to tear down the home of contention if he would remove his curse from him. The revengeful kahuna refused to intermit his prayers unless the native would give him a deed to his property, and the poor man was so frightened and was so sure that he would die inside of six months that he actually did put his own in the contribution box, and the farm was all his in the world.

When Cornwallis Surrendered. When General Cornwallis surrendered in Yorktown to the army of Englishmen consisted, according to military reports, of 7,247 soldiers and 840 sailors—8,087 in all. The number of locomotives now in use on American railways is 32,193—or four times as many as Cornwallis' soldiers and sailors. The number of cars is 1,200,000.

Had Done Him Injustice. "Madam," said the doctor to Mrs. Dullborg, "I regret to inform you that your husband has softening of the brain." "Meery?" she ejaculated. "Then I have been doing him an injustice for fifteen years." "I don't understand." "Why, I have always insisted that he was brainless."—Buffalo Express.

Following Papa's Example. "Darling, don't you think little Johnny resembles you more and more every day?" "Do you think so, dear?" "Yes, love. If you notice you will find that he never does as you want him to, and that he is continually overacting, and yesterday he kissed the servant." "That will do, Maria."—

Fin De Siecle Finance. Kytem—How does my bank account stand this morning? "There's a balance of \$13.47." Kytem—So much as that? Well, draw me a check for \$200.—Truth

LIFE BEGAN AT THE POLLS.

The Earth Was Too Hot Elsewhere, But Is Now Growing Cold.

As a matter of fact, says a writer in the Catholic World, this earth of ours has long passed its youth. It is now verging on old age, and with its poles covered by everlasting ice, it may be likened to a body whose extremities are bleached and paralyzed with years. Even in the postglacial period, which immediately preceded our own and which is known as the postpliocene, or quaternary, great changes took place, and man has been a witness to them. The rivers of today are mere brooks compared to what they were then, and in North America we can trace the shore lines of immense quaternary lakes which no longer exist. But while this fact may admit of a farthest point, it is a little, it does not, as one would expect so much as when we are told that once, instead of snow and ice, a luxuriant vegetation flourished not far from the poles. Indeed, the French naturalist, Buffon, believed that on our planet, which was slowly cooled and consolidated, life began at the poles; and that from thence it spread in the direction of the tropics, where at first the heat was too intense to admit of any kind of life. But it is only within recent years that we have been able to get a glimpse of the ancient arctic zone, which is much more accessible than the antarctic, and what has thus far been brought to light makes Buffon's dating conclusion appear not so very improbable.

In Spitzbergen and Greenland, in Alaska, along the banks of the Mackenzie river, even in Grinnell Land, between 80 and 85 degrees north latitude, fossil plants have been found belonging to carboniferous, jurassic, cretaceous and tertiary periods, and these plants have been described by Professor Oswald Heer, of Zurich, in his admirable work—"Flora Fossilis Arctica." The fossil sequoias of Grinnell Land bear an unmistakable resemblance to the living sequoias of California, while the fossil laurel—Laurus prinigenia—of ancient Greenland is said to be the direct ancestor of our present laurel. The cold which overwhelmed the arctic and polar regions is not arrested in its progress, the cause which first brought it on is still at work. Our sun is becoming more and more condensed, and by and by it will no longer find in the contraction of its diameter a source sufficient to keep up its energy, and with the extinction of the sun our earth must perish. The approach of this deadly world chill is infinitely slow—so slow that history takes no note of it; but in time the now crowded, busy portions of the earth must meet the fate of Greenland and Spitzbergen. This day is still far in the distant future, but far off as it is, the lesson of the past tells us that it is coming.

Strategy. Mrs. Meyer—When you were coming to me you were not very demonstrative; in fact, you were sometimes cold. If not absolutely indifferent, now that we are married you are quite the reverse.

Mr. Meyer—That's so; but I did that to fool the old man.

"You see, Clara, if I had been a very devoted lover, your father would have reasoned that I was bound to have you, and instead of \$10,000 he probably would not have given trouble he built a fence between his yard and his neighbor's. The kahuna was away at the time, and when he returned he was so enraged that he told the native he must either take it down or he would spray him to death. This praying to death is a pleasing little way the kahunas have of going to their victims' houses and for a while night at a time and very frequently making a noise with the ancient Hawaiian, asking that their enemy be killed. This has the effect of scaring the Kanaka that almost invariably he will actually die from fright.

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WAS A GENUINE SNAKE.

A TWELVE-FOOT ANACONDA SLIPS DOWN A GUTTER.

Two Old Sailors Were Positive He Was Snake and the Next Day the Reptile Was Found Frozen 800 in the Sewer.

Last winter Donald Burns, the animal dealer, got an order to supply the Chicago fair with a complete assortment of reptiles, according to the New York Sun. They wanted two or three specimens of every kind of snake in the world, and Captain Burns has been doing his best to come up to the order. He has been sending everywhere for snakes, and has seen gathering them together in the streets of his city, where he always has a pretty fair supply of anacondas, cobras and the like. At last he had nearly twenty snakes in his boxes in the loft. Most of them were huge creatures from ten to twenty feet long, members of the families of boas and pythons.

The day before he shipped them to Chicago one of the big boxes containing a few anacondas was left open, and when no one was watching the anacondas pushed back the lid and crawled stealthily and lazily along the floor. The building is old, and has a few many holes in the walls. The anacondas slipped through one of these holes and got out on the roof. From the view of the par of the McAnley Mission. Some one leaning from a back window of a tenement gave the alarm, and Burns and his assistants went out on the roof with bats and ladders. The anacondas gave them no trouble. In cold weather an anaconda is a pretty harmless creature with small interest in what is happening around him.

Mr. Burns made a careful count of all his snakes. He was a good deal annoyed when he found that one anaconda was missing. Roosevelt street is a densely populated neighborhood, with crowded tenements on every side. As long as the anaconda stayed in the open air it would do no harm, but if it got into a tenement that and placed its huge body in some warm place until it was thoroughly thawed out—well! Mr. Burns didn't like to finish the speculation. The anaconda is a constrictor and is very outrageous. It will coil its huge body around any human being—a child in the cradle or a man foolish enough to attack it unarmed.

About a year ago Burns had had a pretty bad fright of this sort. One of his anacondas got away and could not be found. It had slipped through a hole in the wall, and by crawling between the wall and the plastering got into the kitchen of one of the tenements of a tenement next door. There was a kettle, bottom upward, on the floor under the sink, and the anaconda managed to slip under the kettle and pack its coils away until the kettle was just full. The woman of the apartments came in and was working at the sink. She noticed that the cat was alarmed about something, and decided that there was a mouse under the kettle. She was a brave woman, so she gave the kettle a mighty kick, gave a scream and jumped on a chair. The kettle rolled over, and she saw that it was full of snake. The agitation of the neighborhood caused by her yells and shouts did not subside for several hours.

Mr. Burns had this incident in mind when he realized that one of his twelve-foot anacondas was loose in the neighborhood. He did not send out an alarm because he knew that all Roosevelt street would pick up its skit and coat tails and ladies and fly and return until the snake was found. But he began to search everywhere as best he could. As day after day passed with no news of the anaconda his alarm grew. The anaconda, as thought, had found a warm place, and was gradually thawing out and getting ready to get into the newspapers for breakfast.

There is a saloon a little further down Roosevelt street where a crowd of "longshoremen" is always to be found. They are stout drinkers, and toward midnight make Roosevelt street gray. There is a gas lamp almost in front of the door. Toward 1 o'clock the other evening two of these "longshoremen," having taken about all they could carry, pushed their way unsteadily into the street. The door had hardly closed behind them when those on the inside heard two terrific yells. "Who's who's here?" and they came tumbling back into the saloon with their eyes bulging.

"What's the matter?" said every body. "The man couldn't speak for a minute. Then they said: 'A snake!' This caused a wild show of laughter. But the men swore that the snake was not of that kind. 'We saw it slithering along in the gutter, and one of them, who was first to see it, and was as big and as any thing two arms in the crowd.' But they were so heartily laughing at that they decided that they had been mistaken. Nothing more was heard of the anaconda until morning. It was rather early when two laborers from the department of public works came with their tools to the man hole at Roosevelt and Front streets. They dug out the cover and let down a ladder into the sewer, and one of them leandered with a pick and shovel. He attacked the frozen mud at the bottom of the man-hole. Pretty soon his companion on the surface heard a series of rattled yells from the bottom of the man-hole.

"Woop! Woop! Hully gee!" "What's the matter?" he asked. "Let down that ladder." "Let down the ladder, and in a minute the other man was on the surface. 'There's a snake down there,' he said, 'the biggest I ever see.' The two men consulted, and finally sent for the local authority upon snakes, Mr. Burns. As soon as they old him he knew that his anaconda had been found. He went down the ladder, and there, sure enough, was his anaconda frozen hard in the mud. He dug it out and brought its stiff body to the surface. It was twelve feet long with a head about four inches long. Its body was as thick as a man's arm, being nearly twice as thick as its normal diameter of eight inches. The middle of the body was especially distended.

THREE SCORE AND TEN.

The British Span of Life Frequently Overstepped a Long Distance.

Whatever you have seen the span of life that contains the Psalmist's case in fact, three score years and ten, is much exceeded by large numbers of people, perhaps in all countries. It has been ascertained by Dr. Ogilvie, chief of the department of vital statistics in the general register office of England, that out of 657,000 males living at 25 years of age 159,000 die before attaining 65, and 363,000 die before reaching 65. The expectation of a male life at 25 is 45.98 years, or the age of 61. But forty-six out of 100 will not live to that age. Centenarians are an exceptional class, but according to the San Francisco Call, their number is much greater than is suspected. Recently there died in the southern part of California an Indian whose age was computed from 130 to 150. In the East there still lives the widow of a soldier of the war of 1812, who is credited with 115 years. It may be assumed that there are scores of people who have passed their one hundredth year and are still hale and well and anxious to "count time to grow old," as a venerable member of the Rothschild family once remarked to her doctor. Taking the preponderance of one population as a factor, we ought to have a considerably larger number of centenarians than the United Kingdom. Last year there were thirty-four persons of the age of 100 and upward who passed away in England, Scotland and Ireland. The sexes were equally divided, seven men and seven women. The United States of the thirty-four give a total of 3,000 years. One is said to have been 123 years old, two 110, two 108, three 106, three 105, three 104, ten 103, one 102, six 101, and three 100. Out of an obituary list advertised in a journal containing 7,772 names no fewer than 1,151 had passed the age of 80.

It is remarkable that many of the centenarians were in good health almost to the day of their death. One venerable lady died for sudden demise to a fall. Others could read without spectacles. Not a few had all their wits about them and had very retentive memories, probably not about recent occurrences, but about those of early life. A few were bedridden, but others could walk about as usual and even work. A small proportion died in the possession, but did not go there until they had passed 100 years. The children of some are over 80 years. One of the group, only one, is described as a teetotaler. He eschewed both beer and tobacco. The whole of this venerable band were born and reared before temperance peddlers took shape as an elevating influence of domestic and social life. If so minded they might have been among the first to take the pledge. In the days of their youth it was the custom to drink immoderately at tables. But it is quite certain that the centenarians were innocent of any abuse of either drink or drink. Theirs must have been simple food, easily digested. They must also have had patient, healthy work, with regular hours and a proper allowance of sleep. The energetic spirits of this generation may be inclined to regard such a life as vegetative, but in spite of sneers it is wiser to regard it as making the best use of the gift of life to prolong it to the utmost. Those who turn the candle at both ends by excitement and indulgence do not live, as a rule, half a century. Only one of the thirty-four centenarians who died in the United Kingdom last year followed a profession. He was a surveyor.

ABOUT TWILIGHT. It is the Hour When Malitia Gets in Its Worst Work. The special danger of the sunset hour in malarial regions may be owing to the following conditions. The miasmas or spores concentrate at a level a little above the ground, exactly as one may observe the dust of carriages in the mud in a thick horizontal layer settle on a warm, moist evening; then there is no lifting by ascending currents, but a sort of beating down to a level, and their coherency is caused by the disposition of vapor on the dust particles as the air cools. Thus, over a dried marsh, there would be great condensation of miasmas or spores, which could no longer disperse. They would gather about the height of a man's head, just as we see a ground fog in still, moist air after a warm day in autumn; the organisms were given off while the surface of the ground was warm, and they accumulated a little above it as radiation carries off the heat and cools the lowest stratum of air. About sunset the earth is still warm and exhales moisture into the air above it, and with the earth-vapor organisms are largely given off. The human body is at that time most susceptible to their action, because the rapid cooling of the skin drives the blood to the inner surfaces of the throat, and these congested inner surfaces favor the inoculation by germs drawn in with the breath. Later in the night the organisms have largely sunk by their own weight and that of deposited dew, says the Chicago News-Record, and moreover, the cooled air is not so much open to the attack of germs remaining in the air.

A Sad Alternative. A German officer, who was head and in debt, said to a friend: "I owe so much money that I have got to do one of two things." "Dig your debts or not pay them?" I expect you will choose the latter alternative." "No, that's not what I meant. What I mean is that I must marry a woman with money or commit suicide." "Well, marry for all means by all means. You will have plenty of time to shoot yourself afterwards."—Texas Sittings.

WIT AND HUMOR. Mr. Higgins—What a sad face that woman has! Mrs. Wilkins—Yes, poor thing. She has either loved and lost or loved and got him.

Mrs. Woulton—I shall never forget dear, how idiotic you looked when you proposed to me. Mr. Woulton, with emphasis—I was blind.

"Maggie" called Mulligan to his accomplished daughter. "What do you want?" "Is the planing in six or are you playing classical music?"

"Hill down do," said Uncle Elva. "ter take too much 'count on de face' dat er man looks good natured. As crossible had de bread's' grin on record."

Clerk at the book store—Here it is, Mr. Spitecash. Magazine for a busy man. The Review of Reviews. Mr. Spitecash, looking at it—Hum—too much of it for a busy man. Haven't you got a Review of the Review of Reviews?

Old Gent—When the children of today get to be old folks I don't see how they are going to get their thoughts right by. Friend—What's to hinder? Old Gent—When I was a boy we used candles, and they gave light enough for young eyes like mine, then, as I grew older, we changed to lamps and later to gas; and now we have the electric light and I'm all right yet. I can read by that as well as I used to with candles. But what's to become of the children who begin with the electric light? That's what I'd like to know.

What's the world are you strutting around in? Potts—Yellow collar, me a bag.

CAUGHT BY THE DOG.

A Newfoundland Pet Keeps His Mistress From Roping.

Miss Nettie Colton, a recognized name of Apple Orchard, Maine, who is the organizer of the Apple Orchard church. Her father, a well-to-do farmer, was very much opposed to the match, which she and John Styles, a young farmer of the place, were arranging between themselves on the basis of mutual affection. Father Colton put his foot down and forbade Styles' attention to his daughter, and ordered the young woman to have nothing more to do with her lover. The young couple met clandestinely, however, and arranged to elope with Mr. Colton.

One Sunday night Miss Colton went to church with her parents and presided, as usual, at the organ. As the last hymn, preceding the sermon, was sung, the organist slipped quietly from the church and entered the sleigh, with which her lover was waiting for her outside. The young couple would have got away unobserved by man, but they had not counted on the late entrance of Bruno, Miss Colton's big pet Newfoundland. He was waiting in front of the church and regarded the proceeding with evident distrust. As the sleigh started the dog leaped to the horse's head and seizing the reins in his teeth, hung on with all its weight. This brought the horse to a standstill.

Styles ordered, and Miss Colton, entreated the dog to leave, but Bruno clung fast, until Mr. Colton, whose suspicions were aroused by Bruno's barking, left the church and discovered the trouble. A stormy scene ensued. Miss Colton refused to obey her father's order to leave the sleigh. The larger part of the congregation surrounded the party and their sympathies were with the young people.

After some words Mr. Colton gave way and the party adjourned to the church. When the services were over the pastor married the couple.

Show Him no Mercy. "Boys, what's the trouble?" asked a man who had come upon a Kentucky lynching party.

"This chap killed his father." "Oh, well the old man would have had to die sometime."

"He killed his brother, too." "That's nothing. Cain did that but nobody lynched him."

"But he stole a mule, too." "You don't say! String him up!"—Jury.

What's the world are you strutting around in? Potts—Yellow collar, me a bag.



# EXECUTIVE MANSION.

## HISTORY OF THE PALACE ON THE POTOMAC.

Designed by James Hoban, an Irish architect, who had won the contest for a Model for the White House as the Executive Mansion.

It is the dream of every man to build a home for himself. The White House is not a home, but a palace. It is a monument to the nation, and a symbol of its power. It is a place where the nation's business is conducted, and where the nation's history is made. It is a place where the nation's future is decided, and where the nation's destiny is sealed.

It is a place where the nation's honor is defended, and where the nation's interests are protected. It is a place where the nation's glory is celebrated, and where the nation's greatness is proclaimed. It is a place where the nation's soul is nurtured, and where the nation's spirit is kindled.

It is a place where the nation's wisdom is gathered, and where the nation's strength is united. It is a place where the nation's courage is tested, and where the nation's faith is strengthened. It is a place where the nation's hope is kindled, and where the nation's love is shared.

It is a place where the nation's justice is served, and where the nation's peace is maintained. It is a place where the nation's freedom is preserved, and where the nation's unity is secured. It is a place where the nation's progress is achieved, and where the nation's future is bright.

It is a place where the nation's destiny is written, and where the nation's story is told. It is a place where the nation's legacy is passed on, and where the nation's dream is realized. It is a place where the nation's hope is kindled, and where the nation's love is shared.

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# INDUSTRIAL WORLD.

## A GLANCE AT THE PROGRESS OF OUR TIMES.

An Automatic Stamp Mailing Contrivance—New and Startling Discoveries of Recent Record.

Ever since the capitulation of the British in the Indian Ocean, the place on Dec. 1, 1810, the soldiers who have been stationed at the artillery barracks of Port Louis, the capital of the island, have noticed a gigantic turtle in the bay, and in the place. The animal, now almost blind, has lived there almost ever since it was first discovered by the victors in 1810, and today, eighty-two years after, is the almost daily companion of another generation of soldiers, since that time the casemates having been turned into a museum.

Such cameras have been devised, but it is only quite recently that they have assumed a fairly satisfactory form. The desired result is brought about by means of a peculiarly constructed lens, consisting of a positive lens in front and a negative lens of much shorter focal length in the rear. This gives an image several times as large as that obtained with an ordinary camera.

With such an instrument photographs of birds and other animals which cannot be approached closely can be made, showing them in their natural attitudes and of sufficient size to exhibit their characteristic features. It is also suggested that this method of photography will prove useful in astronomy.

The common anemone is only egg-shaped, colored purple by manganese and iron. The largest anemone in the world is the one which is found in the tincture of the sea, and is so called because the light-colored variety. It is a plant of all dates and of every style of color, and is found in all parts of the world. It is a plant of all dates and of every style of color, and is found in all parts of the world.

There can be no doubt as to the existence of diamond in Madagascar. This is the first time that this precious stone has been found in a wild country, and is considered its primitive ground. In all the rocks where it has been hitherto found, it is found in the form of small fragments, and is not found in the form of large crystals.

A very practical little invention on the part of some Frenchman, who seems to have taken pity on the American in their warlike with the new Columbian postage stamp of the Egyptian Museum at Cairo, containing a collection of dried plants remarkable for their age and preservation. They have been used in recent times to adorn the dead. The French scientist, V. Lorey, has published a book under the title of "The Pharaonic Flora," in which he describes this wonderful herbarium.

Strip's method of working is as follows: The workman, in a room, in the desired position, a sheet length, is bent into a pipe which is to shelter a corresponding length of the copper wire along which the electric current will ultimately pass.

The iron pipe having been fixed, Strip is called, has the end of the copper wire fastened to her collar, and the workman's sign, goes in at one end of the pipe, and comes out at the other end, says an intelligent but busy reader. Not so, however, the other end of the iron pipe has a bar across it, and comes out at the other end, says an intelligent but busy reader.

The Toronto working girls have organized a labor union for mutual protection and just rights. "What reason is there in justice to women leader of the movement announced from the platform with gentle but earnest words. "We should work shorter hours, the same as men. It is a common thing for the whole town to be in a state of starvation wages. We must organize and fight our own battles. No one will do it for us. It is not a good thing for one girl to complain, but it is a good thing for a group of girls to speak for a girl who has spent her life in the mill, to be able to speak for the whole of the women."

Located It. Hies There? For once I'll know where that collar stand is when I want it. Hies—Where is it? Hies—The baby has swallowed it. Exchange.

De Jones—My poor little mother never had any advantages. She only knew me when she was an old to be held by it.—Bazaar.

# THE RUSSIAN THISTLE.

## A NEW DANGER THREATENS THE WHEAT FIELDS.

It Has Powers of Swiftest Locomotion, and When the Prairies Are on Fire It Is Blown Along in Balls of Flame.

A new vegetable pest threatens the agricultural prosperity of the Northwest. Though only a week, it possesses powers of the swiftest locomotion. At times it takes the shape of a flying ball of flame, setting fire to the houses and crops of the farmers. They have appealed for help to the department of agriculture, which has sent an expert botanist to investigate the subject.

This remarkable plant, which is spreading rapidly over the two Dakotas and Minnesota, is called the Russian thistle, or Russian clover. It is really neither a thistle nor a clover, but a salt wort, closely related to the tumble weed. In Russia it is known as the tatar weed. It is an annual, growing each year from seed. Each plant, attaining each year a height of from six inches to three feet, branches profusely and forms a dense bush.

When these three fierce rage across the prairie they are blown along in balls of fire, setting fire to the houses and crops of the farmers. They have appealed for help to the department of agriculture, which has sent an expert botanist to investigate the subject.

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# "German Syrup"

Two bottles of German Syrup cured me of Hemorrhage of the Lungs when other remedies failed. I am a married man and, thirty-six years of age, and live with my wife and two little girls at Durham, Mo. I have stated this brief and plain so that all may understand. My case was a bad one, and I shall be glad to tell anyone about it who will write me. PHILIP L. SCHRECK, P. O. Box 45, April 25, 1896. No man could ask a more honorable, business-like statement.



AT BEDTIME I TAKE A PLEASANT NERVOUS DRINK

THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER. My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a pleasant laxative. This drink is made of pure herbs, and is prepared for use in either of the following ways:

**LANE'S MEDICINE**

All druggists sell it at 50c and \$1 a package. If you cannot get it in your neighborhood, write to Lane's Medicine, 100 Broadway, New York, N. Y.

## Two Stepping Stones

to consumption ailments we often deem trivial—a cold and a cough. Consumption thus acquired is rightly termed "Consumption from neglect."

## Scott's Emulsion

not only stops a cold but it is remarkably successful where the cough has become deep seated.

Scott's Emulsion is the richest of fat-foods yet the easiest fat-food to take. It arrests waste and builds up healthy flesh.

Prepared by Scott & Bowen, N. Y. All druggists.

## DO YOU COUGH

DON'T DELAY TAKE

# KEMP'S BALSAM

THE BEST COUGH CURE

It cures Croup, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price, 50c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Address: Scott & Bowen, N. Y.

## THE DUCKSKIN DREECHES

BEST MADE, BEST FITTING, BEST WEARING

## JEAN PANTS

IN THE WORLD.

Manufactured by THE GOODWIN CLOTHING CO., EVANSTON, ILL.

## S.S.S. CURES

ULCERS SCROFULA RHEUMATISM BLOOD POISON

And every kindred disease arising from impure blood cured by that never-failing and best of all medicines.

## TOWER'S FISH BRAND SLICKER

The Best Waterproof Coat in the World!

The FISH BRAND SLICKER is warranted waterproof and will keep you dry in the heaviest storm. It is made of the finest material, and is guaranteed to last for years. It is the only slicker that is made in this country. It is sold by all druggists and hardware stores. Price, \$1.00 per coat.

## SHILOH'S CURE

Cures Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat, Whooping Cough, Sore Throat, Croup, Influenza, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in first stages, and a sure relief in advanced stages. Use at once. You will see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price, 50c per bottle. Sold by all druggists. Address: Scott & Bowen, N. Y.

## THE FARM AND HOME.

### MARRIED AND SINGLE MEN AS HELP ON THE FARM.

Scarcely of honest, industrious Farm Laborers—To Plough Without a Dead Furrow—Farm Notes and Home Hints.

**Help on the Farm.**  
The difficulty arising from the inefficiency of farm laborers at the present time is such as to need solution by the owners of farms, who need extra help in the best manner.

After carefully reading Mr. Cook's letter, I must confess that I was disappointed. I was a writer in the American Cultivator, not that Mr. Cook has not written an admirable letter, and stated the case in its true light, by giving the faithful man the praise that is due, and saying but little against the shiftless man. There is scarcely a farmer who is not annoyed by the inefficiency of his help at the farm, also by their leaving without notice in times of greatest need for help.

Mr. Cook thinks that he has solved the difficulty in his case, by renting the tenant house system, and by employing married men to occupy his houses and board themselves, while working for him on his farm. By his letter, it seems to have proved a success with him during the past two years. Having had large experience in hiring help, both single and married, and with the tenant house system, I will give a few cases of both methods of employing help on my farm in past years, and their results. It will certainly amuse and possibly instruct, some of your readers.

My first experience in employing a married man on my farm, arranging that he should board himself, was in 1884. That spring I hired a man for the summer who had a wife and child. He would only hire out for the crop season, as he intended to go West in the fall. The first of November, we were so well pleased with each other that we made a new bargain for a year from that date. The wages paid were \$18 per month, with house room for the year at \$18. At the expiration of that year, another year's labor was bargained for on the same terms, with the addition of keeping a cow for the hired man, on pasture in summer and with hay in winter, the same as my own cows were supplied with, he to furnish any grain feed. The price was \$2 for the year. The third year I paid him \$20 per month, house rent \$20 for the year, cow keeping \$26, as before.

With such a hired man, boarding himself, I was satisfied. The man who had saved in the time \$100 each year from his compensation. This was in the time of comparatively low prices, and before the war of the rebellion, hence it was for some reason easier to secure good help on the farm than it has been since that time. There were less foreign laborers than at present, in this vicinity at least. There was more regard for a man's word, less quitting, without cause on the part of help employed, especially at times of the greatest need on the farm.

Previous to employing this married man I had employed single men and boarded them in my family, with generally satisfactory results on both sides. One of the best men ever employed came to engage work, and, seeing small children at play in the yard, remarked to me that he sometimes swore, but never indulged in profane language in the presence of small children. He remarked that he should endeavor never to swear before them. I told him I should not like him to swear at all, but, when alone, if he could do any good by swearing, he might indulge by himself in the presence of his wife and children. He said he would give it up altogether.

We made a bargain for a year's labor on his part, which was renewed at the expiration, from year to year, for seven years. All these years were pleasant ones to employer and to the man employed. The habit of swearing, to which he was addicted, was given up entirely, possibly through my influence.

From these two cases, covering a period of ten years, there was very little change in the value of the labor in boarding of the married man, which I confess is a great relief. In both these cases, however, the hired man were models, both American born, with strict and honest adherence to their bargains.

Of late years I have been much more annoyed by men with wives and families, who boarded themselves, than by single men, who boarded in family of the married man. The married man was often quite as willing to leave as the single man, without giving a moment's notice, and that, too, without a word of fault with the employer. I have had one of the best men I ever employed, while single boarding in my family, who, after getting married and living in the tenant house, did not do nearly as well as when a single man. His engagement for a year expired. It was thought best to seek different help. He sought employment from a neighbor, but, not getting, was obliged to seek employment elsewhere.

I have had excellent help from men of foreign birth, Irish, Welsh and Scotch, all having proved faithful, valuable help, both Protestant and Catholic alike. It may also be said that men of all nationalities have proved themselves in certain instances to be headless and negligent to my interests. Such men have wanted large wages, which they did as little as possible, being ready to quit at a moment's notice on their part without any reason or provocation.

In the past few years farm laborers in this vicinity have been scarce. Many farmers have been unable to secure help to supply their wants, at any reasonable price, not because they were no men unemployed, but because there would not work on the farm.

From my own experience with farm help, both single and married men, I have found but little to choose, where both were men who valued their integrity and good name. Those who desired to do right because it was right so to do were desirable help.

whether single or married. On the other hand, men who did not regard their word but claimed the word owed them a living, were in my experience even more headless of their promise among the married men than among the single ones, especially if the former could manage to get into debt to their employer. In my experience they seemed to be as ready to quit without notice as the single man. I have been worse treated by married men living on my farm than by single men employed to do farm labor. If a farmer has a good man he should keep him, if possible, whether he be married or single. Good, faithful, honest men, who will work on the farm industriously and faithfully, are scarce.

**More Thought of Meadows.**  
It is about as uncommon a sight to see a nice, clean meadow of clover and timothy as it could be to get a sight of a farm garden the last of August, when the weeds do not overtop everything else. If every farmer could utilize the difference in actual yield between a ton of early cut timothy and clover made by good soil and a mixture of dry dairy stubble, wild grass, brinks and weeds of every kind, I think our meadows would have more attention. I have been a visitor at an old farmer's in Salem every winter for several years, and in looking over his ten cows have noticed their good condition. I asked him how much grain he fed. "None," he said. "Nothing but hay." It was mostly timothy, and as green and fresh from the mow as could be had. I saw his cow had all the water she could get in a clean soft water right in the yard. His wife told me she sold over 200 pounds of butter per cow, after deducting home use for a family of five. Now these cows are not "barnyard stock," but would come under the name of scrub. It is of big importance to look after our meadows.—Orange County Farmer.

**The Best Fruit the Cheapest.**  
One of the most encouraging facts about fruit growing here, that the less and slowly progress are being surely worked out of the business. There is no money in trying to grow poor fruit cheaply, allowing nature to do all and man nothing. When nature does in such cases it is to multiply insect enemies and fungus diseases. If nature is to do all, man will take all and leave the large member of the firm nothing. On the contrary, if man will work with nature, counting insects and diseases, he will get so much more fruit that it will sell itself at good prices, while the poor fruit can hardly be given away. The best fruit can now, under careful treatment, be produced cheaper than it was in a state of nature. Now it can be guarded so as to be a sure crop every year. In the olden times, the good and poor crops rapidly alternated with many more poor than good.—American Cultivator.

**Farm Notes.**  
Excessive growth is at the expense of food.  
Under-dressing permits the air and warmth to penetrate to the roots.  
If there is new or sod land to plow, take the first opportunity for doing so.  
The most intelligent and successful farmer is the one that plans ahead.  
To secure the best result from the manure heap it should be well decomposed.  
If farming does not pay a good profit, one is at least reasonably sure of a good living.  
Make the yield as good as possible as this helps materially to reduce the cost of production.  
Raising stock allows the fertility to be maintained and it is the only way it can be done.  
When the land is foul with the white grub-sowing to buckwheat is a good remedy to kill out.  
Look closely after the small things and the big ones will nearly always take care of themselves.  
Manure cannot afford food to plants until it decomposes and its soluble material can be appropriated.  
To keep potatoes from running out, good soil and good cultivation must be given as well as good seed be used.  
Red clover and orchard grass make a good mixture to sow together for hay, as they ripen at the same time.  
Wood ashes are a valuable application to soil deficient in potash and insure the decomposition of coarse manures.  
**Home Hints.**  
Molasses, for all kinds of cooking, is much improved by boiling and skimming.  
Ordinary sticking plaster makes a good remedy for cuts, as it keeps them soft and prevents rubbing.  
Custard has not failed in my use to remove warts to which it was applied once a day for two to six weeks.  
Crackers that are stale from long standing should be put in a pan and baked over. They will be as crisp as fresh ones.  
To make plain taffy, boil a cup of sugar, one of molasses and a tablespoonful of butter for twenty minutes. Test and, if not brittle, boil longer.  
A very effective remedy for a cough caused by a tickling in the throat is made by adding to the beaten white of an egg the juice of a lemon, and then thickening with sugar.  
There is said to be a crude greenness in onions and potatoes that make them very hard to digest. For health's sake put them into warm water for an hour before cooking.  
To clean rug carpets, bring a cloth out of warm water and rub the carpet with it, dipping the cloth in the water each time as a new space is to be rubbed. Do not wet the carpet, but only dampen it. A soap and brush may be used in the most soiled places.  
Beeswax and salt will make rusty flatirons as clean and smooth as glass. To a lump of wax in a rag and keep it for that purpose. When the iron is hot, rub down first with the wax rag, then scour with paper or cloth sprinkled with salt.  
Never put away food in tin plates. Fully one-half the cases of poison from the use of canned goods is because the article was left or put into the can after using. China, earthenware or glass is the only safe receptacle for food "left over."

**INTERESTING EXPERIENCE.**  
Told by the Psychological Research Society Secretary to Unitarians.  
Ernest Allen, secretary of the society of Psychological Research, related some queer incidents before the Unitarian ministers of Boston.  
One experience of his own was quite interesting. A friend of his died, and the widow was about to dispose of the household furnishings when one day, a little more than a week from the date of the death, the speaker entered his own room, felt distinctly the presence of the dead friend. It then came into his mind that he should write to the widow and tell her not to sell the furniture because another friend would come on from the West and arrange matters more satisfactorily.  
To convince himself, if possible, that this was not a hallucination but a bona fide communication from his dead friend, he immediately visited two families who live near him, one of whom he had known and without the slightest suggestion from him of the nature of his visit, this lady informed him that the spirit of the doctor, the dead friend, was present. He therefore wrote to the widow, as he had been moved to do, and later on he learned that the Western friend had come on without the intervention of any one and had succeeded in getting the furniture dealer of whom the goods were bought to exchange the pieces which he so many unhappy associations for the widow for other articles.  
**HE WASN'T THERE.**  
The Course of True Love is Crossed by the Small Brother.  
When the course of true love does not run smooth it frequently happens that a small brother of one of the lovers is the rock in the stream.  
That was the case with Mr. Spatts and Miss Kissam. The young man was waiting for his beloved one to descend to the parlor when Tommy came in and observed curiously: "I don't see 'em."  
"Don't see what?" asked Spatts, mystified.  
"The two strings."  
"What two strings?"  
"Why, the two strings tied to you."  
"What on earth do you mean?" Tommy asked the young man.  
"Ain't your sister's hair?" demanded Tommy, who thought the best way to answer questions was by asking more.  
"Why?" replied Spatts. "I suppose that in colloquial terms I might be alluded to in that way."  
"Then you must be the chap she meant."  
"Who meant?"  
"Sister."  
"What did she say?"  
"I heard her tell mamma she had two strings to her bow."  
"That is why, when Miss Kissam came into the parlor five minutes afterward, looking just too sweet for anything, Mr. Spatts wasn't there."

**MISDIRECTED LETTERS.**  
Tricky Tourists Who Put Hotel Men to Considerable Trouble.  
"You think that big hotel can take care of a good many people, don't you?" said the assistant postmaster, pointing to a tall extravaganza, "but it would take seven stories more on top of it to accommodate all the people who have their mail sent there."  
"How's that?" asked a bystander.  
"Well, you see, everybody that has ever heard of San Francisco, also knows of some big hotel, and people coming out from the East tell their friends to, and their mail to some such place, because it sounds well and people always want to appear to be traveling first-class. But it is really a fact that more than half the mail which comes here addressed in care of the fine hotels is ordered elsewhere in the city, and those tourists who are supposed by their friends to be reveling in the luxury of a high-priced hotel with a grill room are really stopping at some four-dollar-a-week lodging house.  
"Trouble! Well, I guess it does make trouble for us who have to separate all those letters and send them to other addresses, but the friends at home are pleased and the vanity of the tourists is gratified at our expense."

**QUEER TRADES IN PARIS.**  
Every Possible and Improbable Method of Earning a Living Utilized.  
M. Hossignol, the well-known Parisian police officer, has just compiled a list of some of the extraordinary "trades" exercised in Paris, of which the following is a selection: Ratters, who capture living rats and sell them to exhibitors of curious beasts; collectors, who gather sewer grease and seize the corals and stoppers at the Suresnes sewer grating; stamperers, who beg bread crusts, which they sell again; ant egg collectors, who take their gatherings on Sundays to the bird markets; bird "professors," who offer their services at the market as trainers of blackbirds, canaries and parrots; "senators" who are none other than the commissioners of the flower market; and merchants for the sale of night shelter numbers, who stand in a line and resell their tickets to their more fortunate brethren.

**The Little Innocent.**  
Gertie's parents have staying with them on a visit an aunt whose charms are chiefly of an artificial character. The little girl would like to sleep with her and her wish is gratified. Next morning Gertie comes running to her mamma in the greatest alarm. "Oh, mamma, I think I'd rather sleep again with you, for, do you know, auntie takes to pieces."  
**Full of Fear.**  
Are those disorders which, beginning with an apparent trivial malady of the kidneys or bladder (terminates in Bright's disease, diabetes and cystitis). The first two not only interrupt the functions of the renal organs, but destroy their structure with as much certainty as a tubercular consumption does the lungs. Hostetter's Kidney and Bladder Pills are an excellent diuretic, promoting the activity of these organs, and thus causing them to excrete the deadly maldies in which their function is so prone to terminate. The people who suffer from the most distressing kidney troubles should, but do not, when inactive, exercise another hazardous effect of this incomparable medicine, stimulant and cathartic. The Bladders is, in all cases, too a powerful restorative of vigor and aid to digestion. It cures malarial disease and banishes food complaint and constipation.

**What in me is dark, blundering, what I low, raise and support.**  
Ask Your Neighbor  
If Preston's Red-Ake is not the best thing on earth for headache. It cures you while you wait, and you wait only 15 minutes. It is guaranteed.  
What we know is but little, what we do not know is immense.

A good speech is a good thing, but the verdict is the thing.  
**THE EVOLUTION.**  
Of medicinal agents is gradually assigning the old-time herbs, pills, draughts and vegetable extracts to the rear and bringing in to general use the pleasant and effective liquid laxative, Syrup of Figs. To get the true remedy see that it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only. For sale by all leading druggists.  
Every good picture is the best of sermons and lectures.  
It Can Be Cured.  
No matter what the doctors tell you, keep in mind that Treble Female Tonic has cured more female derangements than a thousand doctors. It is as pleasant to take as a cherry wine.  
The smallest act of charity shall stand us in great stead.  
If the Baby is Cutting Teeth.  
To soothe and cure the pain and fever, Mrs. Woods' Sore Gums is the best medicine.  
Babies only learn the house, but virtue abhors the person.  
For Dyspepsia, Indigestion, and Stomach Disorders, use Brown's Iron Bitters. It rebuilds the system, cleans the Blood and strengthens the muscles. A splendid medicine for weak and debilitated persons.  
Do not look upon the vessel, but upon that which it contains.  
Lane's Medicine Moves the Bowels Each Day. In order to be healthy this is necessary. Cures constipation, headache, indigestion and liver troubles, and regulates the stomach and bowels. Price 50c and \$1.00 at all dealers.  
Vanity is the sin, and affliction is the punishment.  
Fits, all its stages, from Dr. Kline's Great Nerve Restorer. Sold by all druggists. Price 50c and \$1.00 at all dealers.  
Gravities men are public trousers and store houses where every man hath a share.  
"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Ask your druggist for it. Price 50c.  
Knowledge without integrity is dangerous and dreadful.  
Malaria cured and eradicated from the system by Brown's Iron Bitters, which strikes the malarial parasites, kills them, digests them, and carries them out of the system in general health, giving new energy and strength.  
Toll is the lot of man, and not of the poor man exclusively.  
World's Fair Visitors.  
An interesting visitor to the World's Fair at Chicago should have no less than the possibility of securing a reliable and accurate record of his visit at either the main office or one of the branch offices. The World's Fair Souvenir is a book of 100 pages, containing a full and complete record of the fair, and is a valuable souvenir for every visitor. It is sold by all druggists and bookstores. Price 50c and \$1.00 at all dealers.  
To be sure you are getting the best of the fair, you should have a copy of the World's Fair Souvenir. It is a book of 100 pages, containing a full and complete record of the fair, and is a valuable souvenir for every visitor. It is sold by all druggists and bookstores. Price 50c and \$1.00 at all dealers.



**LUCAS COUNTY, S.E.**  
FRANK J. CHENEY MAKES OATH THAT HE IS THE SENIOR PARTNER OF THE FIRM OF F. J. CHENEY & CO., DOING BUSINESS IN THE CITY OF TOLEDO, COUNTY AND STATE AFORESAID, AND THAT SAID FIRM WILL PAY THE SUM OF ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS FOR EACH AND EVERY CASE OF CATARRH THAT CANNOT BE CURED BY THE USE OF HALL'S CATARRH CURE.  
Frank J. Cheney  
SWORN TO BEFORE ME, AND SUBSCRIBED IN MY PRESENCE, THIS 6TH DAY OF DECEMBER, A. D. 1896.

## Hall's Catarrh Cure

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces.  
E. H. WALKER & CO., Druggists, Toledo, Ohio.  
J. A. JOHNSON, M.D., N. Y. says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh."  
REV. H. F. CARSON, Scotland, Pa. says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh."  
J. C. SIMPSON, Manager, W. Va. says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh."  
HALL'S CATARRH CURE is sold by all Dealers in Patent Medicines.

Price 75 Cents a Bottle.  
The only Genuine HALL'S CATARRH CURE is Manufactured by F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. BEWARE OF IMITATIONS.  
Testimonials and free on application.

SMOKED FOR OVER TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

## Blackwell's Bull Durham Smoking Tobacco

Has been popular with smokers everywhere for over twenty-five years. It is just as Good Now as Ever.

Its FLAVOR, FRAGRANCE and PURITY have contributed largely to the growing popularity which pipe smoking enjoys. Pipe smoking is growing in favor because finer, sweeter and better tobacco can be had in this form and at much less cost than in cigars.

BLACKWELL'S DURHAM TOBACCO CO., DURHAM, N. C.

## You Should Know THAT P-R-E-S-T-O-N'S HED-AKE CURES ANY HEADACHE AND IT WON'T CURE ANY OTHER THING ELSE! IT IS GUARANTEED TO DO THAT, IT WILL DO IT IN 15 MINUTES! YOU PAY ONLY FOR THE GOOD IT DOES. NO CURE - NO PAY.

## Unlike the Dutch Process No Alkalies

Other Chemicals are used in the preparation of W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa which is absolutely pure and soluble.  
It has more than three times the strength of the best cocoa made with sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than any other cocoa.  
It is delicious, nourishing, and easily digested.  
W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.

## W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE

Do you want shoes that will give you more comfort and service for the money than any other make. Best in the world.  
\$5.00 \$3.00  
\$4.00 \$2.50  
\$3.50 \$2.00  
\$2.50 \$1.75  
\$2.00 \$1.75  
GENTLEMEN LADIES  
W. L. Douglas Shoes are made in all the Latest Styles.

## MEND YOUR OWN HARNESS WITH THOMSON'S SLOTTED CLINCH RIVETS.

No tools required. Only a hammer needed to drive and clinch them easily and quickly, leaving the cloth absolutely smooth. Requiring no hole to be made in the leather nor any of the threads. They are STRONG, TIGHT and DURABLE. Millions now in use. All lengths, uniform or assorted, put up in boxes.  
Ask your dealer for them, or send 40c in stamps for a box of the assorted size.  
JUDSON L. THOMSON MFG. CO., WASHINGTON, D. C.

## THE LATEST SENSATION! CATARRH

Positive Cures by the  
It cures all cases of Catarrh of the Bladder, Uterus, and Vagina, and is the only medicine that cures them without the use of any other medicine.  
It is sold by all druggists and bookstores. Price 50c and \$1.00 at all dealers.

## PRATT GINS AND GINNING OUTFITS.

HOWARD F. SMITH, M'GR., Houston, Texas.

## Patents, Trade-Marks.

W. N. O. DALLAS, 10-93



# A. P. McLemore, The Leading Druggist of Haskell, wants your trade in the DRUG LINE.

I carry a full line of patent medicines, toilet articles of all kinds, writing tablets, paper, pens, ink, pencils and tablets. The finest line of box paper in town, musical instruments of all kinds, Lamps, Lanterns, Lamp-chimneys, in fact everything that is kept in a first class establishment. When you come to town come in to see me, I am always glad to see you and when you need anything in my line I am more than glad to serve you. Respectfully,  
**Dog Poison of all kinds.**  
**A. P. McLEMORE.**

BRICK DRUG STORE NORTHEAST CORNER OF THE SQUARE, HASKELL, TEXAS.  
**New Line of Wall Paper of all kinds**

## The Haskell Free Press

**J. E. POOLE,**  
 Editor and Proprietor.

Advertising rates made known on application.

Terms \$1 per annum, invariably cash in advance.

Entered at the Post Office at Haskell, Texas as second class Mail Matter.

Saturday April 25, 1893.

### LOCAL DOTS.

—Bran and oats at S. L. Robertson's.  
 —Buy California Dog Poison at McLemore's.  
**WINE OF CARDUI, a Tonic for Women**  
 —Mr. J. W. Belcher and wife of Rayner were over Monday trading.  
 —McLemore's is the place to buy California Dog Poison.  
 —Mr. Wylie Robertson returned on Monday to Wichita Falls.  
 —Fresh Lemons at the Palace Drug Store.  
 —Mr. C. C. York is quite sick with typhoid pneumonia.  
 —Men's and boys pants 75 cts. to \$4.00 at S. L. Robertson's.  
 —Buy California Dog Poison at McLemore's.  
**BLACK-DRAUGHT** tea cures Constipation.  
 —California Dog Poison at the Palace Drug Store.  
 —McLemore's is the place to buy California Dog Poison.  
 —See those lovely silks at Ladies' Emporium.

McLemore's is headquarters for what you want in the Drug Line.  
 —Buy your tobacco and cigars at the Palace Drug Store.  
 —The best stock of boots and shoes at S. L. Robertson's.  
 —McLemore's is headquarters for what you want in the Drug Line.  
**McLemore's WINE OF CARDUI for female diseases.**  
 —Hamilton Brown shoes for ladies at S. L. Robertson's.  
 —McLemore can save you money when you want Drug.  
 —Choice Fresh Groceries at lowest cash prices. S. L. Robertson.  
 —Everybody is requested to come and settle their accounts made last year. Ladies' Emporium.  
 —Capt W. W. Fields paid Roby an enforced visit this week, being an attached witness.  
 —Ladies carry your dresses to the Ladies Emporium and have them stylishly made.  
 —Mr. J. W. Agnew and wife visited the latter's parents in Knox county the first of the week.  
 —McLemore can save you money when you want Drugs.  
 —All persons indebted to Rike & Ellis are requested to call and settle at once, don't forget it.

**McElree's Wine of Cardui** and **THE DRAUGHT** are for sale by the following merchants in Haskell, H. E. Martin and A. P. McLemore.  
 —Dr. F. M. Oldham will leave in a day or so for a two or three weeks trip to the plains country.  
 —Millet Seed, genuine large German at S. L. Robertson's.  
 —Have you tried one of those Boquet de Habana cigars at the Palace Drug Store.  
 —Don't forget that the Ladies Emporium will sell goods at cost for the cash every Saturday.  
 —Dried Fruits: apples, peaches, Grapes—fancy evaporated apples and apricots at S. L. Robertson's.  
 —Mr. J. F. Jones is having a neat and comfortable residence built on his lots on the south side of town.  
 —The gentlemen are requested to look at our furnishing goods. Johnson Bros. & Co.  
**Try BLACK-DRAUGHT** tea for Dyspepsia.  
 —Don't fail to be on hand at the railroad meeting at the county court room Monday evening.  
 —Mr. Rufus Christopher, who was at one time a resident of Haskell, is here this week with a phonograph.

For the latest dots in Fashion goods call on Dodson & Halsey.  
 —Good, better and worse, 'So and Hose from 5c to 75c per pair at Johnson Bros. & Co.  
 —Everybody loves something good to eat, and the cash gets lots of it at W. W. Fields & Bro's. store.

**McLemore's WINE OF CARDUI for Weak Stomach.**  
 —If you buy for cash you can save money by buying from S. L. Robertson's.  
 —If you are in need of a new spring suit take a peep at Dodson & Halsey's stock before buying.  
 —A nice stock of Gents' Furnishing Goods just received at S. L. Robertson's.  
 —Remember that Rike, Ellis & Jones are 'still in it' when it comes to cheap Groceries.  
 —We are showing the robbiest line of spring suits ever brought to Haskell. Dodson & Halsey.  
 —Mr. J. E. Glover is here this week shaking hands with his old friends and selling them jewelry cheap.  
 —New millinery goods of the latest styles are now arriving at the millinery establishment of Mesdames Paris & Wright.  
 —Messrs. Clay Haskew, H. S. Post, R. D. C. Stephens and W. H. Patterson are recent additions to our subscription list.  
 —Mesdames Paris & Wright have just received a new lot of millinery goods which they are offering very cheap.  
 —Messrs S. W. Scott and J. M. Bogart left yesterday morning for Abilene. Mr. Scott will go on to Austin on legal business.  
 —F. G. Alexander & Co. received today, another lot of new goods. Failing to make your purchase there is losing money.  
 —Mr. Lee Gragg accompanied by sheriff Anthony as an escort attended the Fisher county district court this week, as an attached witness.  
 —Jack Baldwin desires the FREE PRESS to say that he is under many obligations to those who assisted in saving the opera house from the fire.  
 —A book agent done the town this week. What have we done that we have to endure a fire and a book agent all in one short week?  
 —Mr. D. M. Winn, an old citizen of Haskell, but now of the firm of Gass & Co., of Hale City, was here this week.  
 —Mr. J. E. Jones of Stephens county, son of Mr. W. C. Jones of this place, visited his parents and other relatives here this week.  
 —Misses May Shipley and Minnie Lindsey were around Thursday soliciting aid for the orphans of Buckners Orphans home of Dallas.

—We think that we can give parties who intend putting in gin machinery some interesting information. Address us and name size of outfit wanted. Ed. S. Hughes & Co.  
 —Mr. Crabtree a deputy sheriff of Floyd county, passed through town yesterday going to some of the western counties with an attached witness.  
 —Be sure to place your order for Harvesters in time to get it in and ready to cut an early crop. We have the McCormick. Sherrill Bros. & Co.  
 In the county court yesterday W. W. Fields & Bro. recovered a judgment against the county for \$210.00 claims for wolf scalps previously rejected by the commissioners court.  
 —We now have a nice line of bird cages at prices from 75c. to \$1.50. If you need one call and examine our line. Sherrill Bros. & Co.  
 —We would call the attention of the ladies to our new line of spring and summer dress fabrics, in which we are showing some pleasing novelties. Dodson & Halsey.  
 —We will carry the most select stock of Dry Goods in the town, and we invite the ladies to come around and see our new goods. Johnson Bros. & Co.

—We tackled Mr. Oscar Martin yesterday for a news item, but he said he didn't know straight up. Feeling quite happy that we had for once caught him in the truth, we passed on.  
 —Mr. J. E. Davis was in town Thursday with his head banded up, but some angry looking scratches still showing. His explanation was that he had had a difficulty with a cow.  
 —Mr. J. S. Rike informs us that some beans, etc., which he had planted about ten days ago are coming up nicely, a fact which indicates that there is still enough moisture in the ground, where it has been previously well cultivated, to carry the wheat crops a while longer without serious danger.

# Groceries! Groceries! Groceries!

A CARD!

To our friends and patrons of Haskell and adjoining counties: We want to thank you for the liberal trade you gave us in 1892, and to solicit your patronage for 1893. We have the largest stock of Groceries in West Texas, and can offer you inducements to do business with us and are in a position to extend favors to those who want it. We are strictly Headquarters, and will not be undersold. Come and see us.  
 Yours Truly,

## J. M. RADFORD,

ABILENE.

1893.

TEXAS.



I am happy! Have been buying at

### F. G. Alexander & Co's.

See What They Have!

### New, Stylish Spring Dress Goods,

### DRY GOODS AND SILKS, Gloves, Hosiery, Parasols etc,

and in fact everything required by a lady to make up a modern toilette, from the plainest to the most fashionable.

While we have taken great pains to please the ladies we have not neglected the wants of our gentleman friends, for our stock of gents'

### CLOTHING AND FURNISHING GOODS

is complete in all the latest styles, as to cut, finish and pattern of goods.

### OUR BOOT SHOE and HAT

department is well stocked in all styles and qualities for ladies, gentlemen and children. If you want the best there is, — We've Got 'Em —

Light for cash at Bottom Prices. and will give our customers the benefit.  
**F. G. Alexander & Co**



I didn't buy 'em, but I wish to thunder I had.

—We tackled Mr. Oscar Martin yesterday for a news item, but he said he didn't know straight up. Feeling quite happy that we had for once caught him in the truth, we passed on.  
 —Mr. J. E. Davis was in town Thursday with his head banded up, but some angry looking scratches still showing. His explanation was that he had had a difficulty with a cow.  
 —Mr. J. S. Rike informs us that some beans, etc., which he had planted about ten days ago are coming up nicely, a fact which indicates that there is still enough moisture in the ground, where it has been previously well cultivated, to carry the wheat crops a while longer without serious danger.

—We wish to call your attention to the fact that we are agents for the celebrated J. I. Case Thrashers and Engines. It is best to get your order in early.  
 —We have received our '93 catalogues and will take pleasure in mailing them free to all who anticipate purchasing or are interested in knowing how the Case keeps ahead of all competitors.  
 Ed. S. Hughes & Co.  
 —Just think—Watches, chains, rings, gold ear drops, brooches, etc. at cost, actually. At Haskell April 17th. Respectfully,  
 W. A. R. & Co.  
 per J. E. GLOVER.  
**For Sale!**

—We offer for sale, 263 1/2 acres of land out of block 5, George Harris league, Abstract No. 157, situated about 9 miles S. W. from Haskell, formerly owned by J. W. Burks.  
 This land is situated on Willow Paint creek and a part is in cultivation.  
 We shall be glad to receive offers for the property.  
 CENTRAL NATIONAL BANK, Dallas, Texas.

We hope everyone who owns a horse will read the advertisement of the Elkhart Carriage and Harness Manufacturing Company, of Elkhart, Indiana, appearing in this paper.  
 —County court was in session this week and disposed of the cases of Alexander & Co. vs John Threshanger and Johnson Bros as guarantors and Threshanger vs Johnson Bros. verdict for plaintiff in both cases.  
 —Mr. T. G. Carney and wife were visitors in town this week. Mr. Carney is one of the enterprising and prosperous stock men of this county, his principal attention being given to horse raising. He has one of the finest places and best equipped ranches in the country.

—They say that when the flutere rose high from the top of the Lindell the other night that the thoughts of Messrs E. J. Hunter and C. C. Riddle turned, the one to his thoroughbred Jersey, the other to his fine horse, wives, children and homes being forgotten while they "quit the flat and went to the hills" each accompanied by his pet animal.  
 —Has not Haskell had enough experience with the fire fiend to teach its people the wisdom, expediency and value of arming themselves for battle with the remorseless monster? The FREE PRESS thinks so. We suggest that the matter come in for discussion while the people are together Monday evening, after the railroad business is finished.

—MARRIED.—On Thursday morning, the 20th inst., E. B. Bumpass and Miss Mollie Dewberry, at the residence of the bride's parents at this place; Rev. W. G. Caperton officiating. Mr. Bumpass is a prosperous young stockman of Stonewall county, and the bride is a daughter of Mr. J. M. Dewberry of this place, accomplished and popular. The FREE PRESS echoes the general expression of good wishes for their future happiness and prosperity.

### Found at Last!

A grubbing machine that will pull any kind of stump, and you can not do without it.  
**Light;** One man can use it.  
**Cheaper** Than any other first-class machine.  
**Durable:** will last a life-time.  
 We have sold these machines and they have been thoroughly tested, and we guarantee them to give perfect satisfaction. Be sure and see it.  
 Yours Truly,  
**ED. S. HUGHES & CO.**  
 ABILENE, TEXAS.

—Go to The Ladies' Emporium for your Spring and Summer Suits, where you will find the Largest and best selected stock of Millinery and Fine Dress Goods that have ever been shown west of Fort Worth.  
 Among the novelties in our dress goods are Silks, Challies, Organdies, Mulls, Piques, Ginghams, Satteens, Zephyrs, fine wools and a beautiful line of white goods.



—J. E. Glover, with W. A. Rutledge & Co., of Seymour, will be in Haskell on April 17th, with a fine assortment of Jewelry and Watches of stock that is being sold at cost at Seymour, for one week. Remember, and get a bargain.  
 Respectfully,  
 W. A. R. & Co.  
 per J. E. GLOVER.

**WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY**  
 The necessary of the "Unabridged."  
 Ten years were spent revising, 100 editors employed, and over 200,000 expended before the first copy was printed.  
 Everybody should own this Dictionary. It answers quickly and correctly the questions of a constantly arising concerning the history, spelling, pronunciation, and meaning of words.  
**A Library in Itself.** It also gives a full and complete reference to the facts, a valuable containing eminent persons, events, and places, the countries, cities, towns, and natural features of the globe; translations of foreign quotations, words, phrases, and proverbs, etc., etc.  
 This Work is Invaluable to the teacher, scholar, professional man, and self-educator.  
 Have your bookseller show it to you.  
 C. C. Merriam Co., Publishers, Springfield, Mass.  
 Send for free prospectus and sample pages, etc., etc.

**SSS CURES MALARIAL POISON**  
 Nature should be assisted to throw off impurities of the blood. Nothing does it so well, so promptly, or so safely as Swift's Specific.  
**LIFE HAD NO CHANCE.**  
 For three years I was troubled with malarial poison, which caused my appetite to fail, and I was greatly reduced in flesh, and life lost all its charms. I tried mercurial and potash remedies, but to no effect. I could get no relief. I then decided to try a few bottles of this wonderful medicine made a complete and permanent cure, and I now enjoy better health than ever.  
 J. A. RICKS, Ottawa, Kan.  
 Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.  
**SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.**

**300 VARIETIES, FREE!**  
 Our new 1893 catalogues are now ready. We have a large collection of flower seeds, and will send you a free copy of our new catalogue if you will send us a few lines. We will also send you a few seeds free of charge if you will send us a few lines. We will also send you a few seeds free of charge if you will send us a few lines. We will also send you a few seeds free of charge if you will send us a few lines.

**ANOTHER GREAT OFFER!**  
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 Our book on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.  
 Send for free prospectus and sample pages, etc., etc.