

THANKSGIVING DAY



Our Thanksgiving.
By Helen Chaffee.

We'd thought on this Thanksgiving Day
To eat our pumpkin pie
With dear old mother at the farm,
As in the days gone by.

But greater Power than we had wished
That mother shouldn't stay,
An' then we couldn't bear the farm,
When she had slipped away.

So brother John, he sent me word
To visit him a spell,
An' eat in this Thanksgiving Day
Up at his big hotel.

Well, such a bill o' fare as that
I never see afore,
With all the things I ever eat,
An' several dozen more.

I labored hard to do my part
At talk an' etiquette;
Though John was hardened to this world,
Sometimes his eyes wuz wet.

I knew that though his purse could buy
The costliest kind of dish,
For mother's rare Thanksgiving' treat
He often felt a wish.

An' when I left him for the night,
I couldn't help but say,
"It ain't the food nor yit the style
That makes Thanksgiving' Day."

The Children's Thanksgiving



"We are the first," whispered Nellie, as she seated herself near the reading desk.
"How queer Sunday school looks when it is empty," said her sister Ruth, climbing up by her side.
A scuffling step sounded in the aisle. "I know who that is," said Nellie, softly. "That is Annie Ridley. Her shoes are so old."
"Yes," said Ruth, peeping over the back of the bench. "Her shoes are all in holes, and her dress is patched, and—"
"Hush!" whispered Nellie.
Annie Ridley passed by without turning her head, sat down on the very end of the opposite bench, covered her shoes with her dress, and frowned.

"Is she cross?" asked Ruth.
"Hush!" said Nellie.
One by one the other scholars arrived, and as each prettily dressed girl came in Annie Ridley frowned at her and turned her head away. No one sat close to her—the children seemed rather to prefer to be crowded than to do so. At last one girl came to Nellie and said:
"Move up, please."
Nellie tried to move, but there was no room.
"Why don't you go over there?" said Ruth, pointing to the vacant seat by Annie.
"She is so ragged," replied the girl. "I don't like to."
"She is clean," said Ruth. "You may have my seat. I will go and sit by her. May I, Nellie?"
"Yes," she said, after a moment, "but you must be good."
"I am always good in Sunday school," replied the little one, and crossing the space between the benches she said to Annie:
"Please may I sit here?"
"You may if you want to," replied Annie, rather crossly.
All the scholars looked at each other and smiled. Her sister blushed.

"She is so small," she said to her neighbor.
Then the teacher entered, and Annie and Ruth were forgotten.
When the scholars stood up to sing, Ruth offered one side of her hymn-book to Annie, who took hold of the cover with the tip of her fingers and sang from it.
"How nice you sing," whispered Ruth. "I wish I could sing so."
Annie smiled.
"You are too little yet," she said, and moved closer. Then when the singing was over she added: "You are the nicest girl in the school."
But Ruth did not answer, for just then a gentleman began to speak, and she knew that she must pay attention. So she listened and he told them the stories of Thanksgiving day and ended by saying: "No one is too poor or too small to be of use."
"He don't know everybody," whispered Annie. "He don't know us."
Then she added suddenly: "Say, what is Thanksgiving for, anyhow?"
"Mamma said that long ago, when the people first came to America to live, they were so glad when the grain and pumpkins and potatoes were put away safe in the barn for the winter that they appointed one day to go to church and give thanks."
"Oh," said Annie, "but suppose they had no barn and no pumpkins and things. Then what?"
"We have no barn," replied Ruth, "but mamma buys the pumpkin and turkey at the store."
"My mother never does," said Annie.
"Why?" asked Ruth.
"Because she can't," answered Annie.
"Don't you have any Thanksgiving dinner then?" asked Ruth.
Annie shook her head.
"No," she said, "we don't often have bread enough, so you see I could not do anything for any one if I wanted to ever so much."
"And I am afraid I'm too little," said Ruth, thoughtfully.
Just then the collection plate was passed before them. Ruth had two five-cent pieces in her hand, but when she saw that her new friend had nothing to give she laid one of the coins on her lap.
Annie turned red, but she gave Ruth a shy smile and placed the money on the plate.
"You see you are not too little," she whispered.
"That was nothing," replied Ruth.
When it was time to go home she looked around to say good-by to Annie, but the child had slipped away.
Ruth was thinking so hard of poor little Annie that when Nellie dropped her hand and turned to speak to another girl she forgot to wait and started to cross the street alone, and half way across she tripped and fell. Before she could struggle to her feet a horse came swiftly around the corner. She had no time to be frightened, however, for the next moment her hand was seized and she was pulled back to the pavement.
It was little Annie Ridley, who had seen the accident, and ran back to help her.
"There," she said; "now wait for your sister."
She was darting away when Ruth caught her hand.
"You thought you could not do anything for any one," she said, "but you have saved me from being hurt. Mamma will be so glad."
"That was nothing," said Annie, and hurried away.
Of course when Ruth got home she told her mother all about Annie, and they may be sure Annie had a splendid Thanksgiving dinner that year, for Ruth's mother was so grateful to the little girl that she had helped her.

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EGRET IS A SHY BIRD.

How Hunters Secure the Fine Feathers for Millinery Purposes.

From the New York Sun: Nearly 6 feet high, very dark from the burning of a tropical sun, but sleek and strong in appearance, was Charles H. Mohrmann a few days ago as he related his story of the hunting of the egret in South America. At first glance he would be taken for an officer in the Spanish or Cuban army who had been exposed to the elements in a campaign. He started in his present career from the feather and hat district of New York city in an endeavor to reach the source of supply of this most valuable millinery decorative finery. In his quest he hunted through Mexico and Central America, only to find that the game was pretty much hunted out in those countries, and traveled on into Venezuela before he found the birds in rookeries, for it is in a gathering of this kind only that they can be shot with profit. These rookeries may be sought for years without success. The danger, the hunter explained, is not great, being principally from snakes, scorpions and centipedes. There is a popular error, he says, about alligators being ferocious. He says he has frequently waded out into a shallow stream crowded with them and armed only with a stick, he has shouted at them and clubbed them over the nose, when they would get out of the way as fast as they could. The long, lean kind are fiercer. Still, about the only danger when one gets into a school of alligators is that they will not move out of the way until shot at, and then in their scramble they may hit a side of the boat with the tail and splinter it. A wetting and loss of provisions follow. The egret is a shy bird. Their rookeries are in places not easy of access, but may be approached in a small launch. The birds roost in high trees standing in water. The hunter approaches cautiously, anchors under the trees, and then shoots from daylight until dark. A fowling piece is the weapon used. The bird falls near the canoe and is picked up by the hunter. Dogs are not used, because the alligators are very fond of dogs. These rookeries contain from 10,000 to 30,000 birds, about 15 per cent of which may be taken, as only the old birds are shot, and then not until the young ones are able to take care of themselves, which is when they are about six weeks old. The season varies. In Central America and Mexico it is from February to October. The best time is in March, April and May. After that the plumes become a little ragged. On the Orinoco the season is from about Sept. 1 to Jan. 1. There are big rookeries on Aprene, a tributary of the Orinoco. Two steam launches are now on that river and have made considerable money. Rookeries are on big cattle ranches, owned by natives, who jealously guard them. A privilege costs about \$2,000 and 50 per cent of the proceeds. Each bird is worth about \$125. The feathers for which they are hunted grow on the back and hang down over a short, stubby tail. About 8,000 ounces were shipped from Aprene region to New York last year. This would approximate about 200,000 birds. The amounts shipped to Paris and London are larger, but the figures are not obtainable. There are known to be immense rookeries on other tributaries of the Orinoco which have not been approached because the launches draw thirty-eight to forty-eight inches of water. In these streams for six months in the year during the dry season there is only twenty-four inches of water. Feathers are plucked, and, after being sorted into grades 1, 2 and 3, are dried and hermetically sealed in tin boxes for shipment. They are used for millinery purposes, and in the English army for officers' helmets. Mr. Mohrmann has been a hunter for three years and intends going back in September next.

FOR WOMEN AND HOME.

ITEMS OF INTEREST FOR MAIDS AND MATRONS.

Mary, Dear, in 1898.
"O, Mary, dear, O, Mary sweet:
Down at your little fairy feet—
Nay, lassie, do not scornful start—
I lay my fortunes and my heart."

"If you will be my own, own wife,
A dream of bliss will be your life,
And all that joy and gladness,
O, Mary dear, I'll do for you."

"I scorn your heart, I scorn your gold,
I have a sweetheart brave and bold,
One of a battleship's brave crew,
My sailor sweetheart tried and true."

"He has no gold, but strong and leal,
He fearless guards his country's weal,
And as he loves his country so,
He'll love his own dear wife, I know."
—M. Phelps Dawson.

The Model Skirt.
It seems to be a foregone conclusion that the model skirt is to fit absolutely glove-like about the hips, defining the figure in an astonishing manner, and widening out at the bottom. The flounce has seen its best days, although much worn just at present, and the dressmakers advise flat trimmings that do not destroy the contour of the figure. Embroideries and novel braidings will be much used. The panel skirt will be chosen by those who wish something distinctive. The panel is usually the front breadth, narrow at the top and widening out toward the hem.

Among the new methods for achieving the lower fullness separately around the bottom of the upper skirt. The effect of one skirt draped above another so as to show the under one only in part by raising it an inch or two all round, and at one side raising the drape after the Greek manner, or opening the sides to show the under petticoat, are all charming models, which, if admirably, the under petticoat always being of the lighter shade.

Poloise motifs will abound in trimmings, and enter into separate parts of a skirt by the addition of a contrasting material to the poloise forming the length and fullness of the drapery. There is no good reason why the old style of double skirt should not appear later, since the way has been so well paved by it, unless the slenderness now required for the upper part of the figure remains as fixed as it now is.

PEOPLE TALKED ABOUT.

Table Manners.
"Awkward Girl" would like to have a point or two in table manners. She sees persons of evident good breeding take into their mouths long stalks of asparagus and then remove them after having extracted the soft pulp and juice. One of the persons who did this criticised a lady most sharply because she left her spoon in her cup. One authority says that there should be no spoons used where forks can be made to do duty; others insist that spoons are necessary and sensible. She asks what is one to do under such circumstances. Answer: There is no better course to take than to follow the manners and customs of those who occupy the leading positions in society where you live. There are certain ideas and habits which become ingrained into communities and may not be set aside by young persons or newcomers. Indeed, it would be the extreme of ill breeding for you, being a young person and a stranger, to utter even the least criticism on a family or a neighborhood where you are being entertained. Better try to conform to the prevailing mode rather than make yourself conspicuous and disliked.

Walking Exercise.
"No exercise," says a physician, "equals walking as a health-giver and a life-saver. I don't suppose that out of ten thousand persons a hundred can walk twenty miles a day. And yet every adult ought to be able to do so. Pedestrianism renews every part of the body. Try it, not as a necessity, but as an exercise. Get out every morning and walk. Your feet should be shod with care. Wear good walking shoes. Be sure and have room in the shoes for each toe to perform its functions, and see that the shoes do

Bonnet Bags.
In traveling, says a correspondent of the Boston Traveler, and particularly for summer journeys, when dust is most plentiful, bonnet bags will be found very useful. Even on short journeys to keep a hat protected from cinders and dust for a few hours adds much to its appearance upon arrival. For a long overland journey such are almost indispensable. Some women

The Absent-Minded Farmer.
He finds there is little cause for delight
And he fails to see any fun,
When he visits his turkeys at dead of night,
And gets shot by his own spring-gun.



THE NEWEST IDEAS IN FURS.

not slip at the heel. Wear thick woolen stockings, and see that they do not crease or bind. For a person unaccustomed to exercise let the first walk be three or four miles, leisurely taken. Add a half-mile every other day. Keep it up for three weeks, and you will be able to walk twenty miles a day easily and without fatigue. You will see the difference in the muscles of your limbs, will feel stronger in every part of your body, and your mind will do its best work."

A Dainty Frock for Little Maids.
It is really a mark of advanced civilization that little folk's frocks nowadays are as pretty as grown-up people's. A traveler was seen recently slipping the jacket of her traveling suit into a long, light bag provided for the purpose, which, when drawn together at its mouth by the shirt string and hung in a sleeping-car section, kept the jacket as perfectly as if it were lying at home on a closet shelf. This same woman had over her expensive seal and gold-mounted hand-bag a handsome cover of black cloth. It fitted neatly, with flaps conveniently arranged for the opening of the bag. When the latter was closed the cover strapped down so as to cover it completely with the exception of the handle. A large monogram was embroidered on the side of the cover in gold floss.

Velvet Horns on the Hats.
Last winter there was a fancy for wearing a knot of white ostrich tips on the hats, straightly upstanding from a point somewhere just above the left temple. This season the same earnest attention will be given to velvet horns, jutting at corresponding angles from just above either side of the brow. Sometimes the horns are twisted and spring from jeweled circles, sometimes they stand straight forward and erect, like the pricked-up ears of an intelligent donkey, and sometimes they are laid back and close together in a very good imitation of a hulk's obstinate expression. But whatever the angle of the horns, there they are; pliant, aggressive and indisputably most chic and becoming.

Mushrooms Bouchees.
Melt one ounce butter in a saucepan, add half tablespoonful flour, stir and cook three minutes. Add half cupful mushroom liquor, half cupful white broth, half teaspoonful best extract, one even teaspoonful salt, one-quarter teaspoonful white pepper. Cook two minutes, add twelve canned mushrooms and cook slowly fifteen minutes. Mix the yolk of one egg with half gill of cream; add it to the mushrooms, draw the saucepan to side of stove, not allowing it to boil after the yolk has been added. Add half half tablespoonful lemon juice. Have ready six bouchees, or patty cases, of puff paste; heat them in the oven, fill them with the mushrooms and serve.

Curry of Oysters.
Drain one pint of large, fat oysters. Heat the liquor to boiling point, then strain. Melt one and a half tablespoonfuls of butter and add one-quarter cup of fine-sifted flour. Season with half a teaspoonful curry powder, one teaspoonful Worcestershire sauce, half tablespoonful lemon juice. Add oysters and enough of the liquor to make the sauce of the right consistency. Cook until the oysters are plump and season with pepper and salt.

Canned Mushrooms Stewed.
Drain the liquor from one can of mushrooms, place the mushrooms with one tablespoonful butter over the fire; season with half teaspoonful salt, one-quarter teaspoonful pepper and the juice of one lemon. Cover and stew slowly half an hour, then add half tablespoonful flour. Shake the saucepan for a few minutes, add the mushroom liquor, half cupful cream and boil five minutes. Add half teaspoonful grated nutmeg and serve over six slices of toast.

Mushrooms Baked.
Cut off a part of the stalks of twelve medium-sized mushrooms; peel the tops and wipe the mushrooms carefully and dry with a small piece of flannel and a little salt. Put them into a baking dish, with a little melted butter poured over each one; season with a sprinkling of white pepper, and bake twenty minutes. Serve on a hot dish with the sauce poured over.

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WAS PULLED TO THE PAVEMENT.

Little girl that she felt as though she could not do enough for her.
The next time Annie Ridley came to Sunday school she was dressed as nicely as any little girl need be, and her face wore a very pleasant expression instead of a frown.
A Close Shave.
"Look-a-ye, boys!" exclaimed the western sheriff as he ran across a large crowd of his fellow townsmen.



Reverend Party—Young man, do you realize what you have to be thankful for this day?
Brawny Footballist—"Sure, pop. I sent three fellers to the hospital today who belonged to the other team."

The Old-Style Pumpkin Pie.
Some like a fancy custard pie,
Or apple, mince or game,
Or some new-fangled article,
I low, just for the name,
I ain't so p'ticular's some I know,
And differs from the rest,
But the good old-fashioned pumpkin pie
Are what I love the best.

I'm hankerin' for a piece, right now,
Of the pie that mother made,
When I came home from school I'd get
A hunk and in I'd wade.
And, (p'raps my mouth is somewhat large),
Though I'd resort to tears,
She wouldn't give me another piece
Because it missed my ears.
I've lingered here a lifetime since,
Put up with what I got,
But off in dreams I'm back again
To that old familiar spot.
And then, at such times, I can sad,
On the battery shelf arrayed,
A row of good old pumpkin pies,
The kind that mother made.
—Philadelphia Times.

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The Haskell Free Press

J. E. POOLE,
Editor and Proprietor.

Advertising rates made known on application
Terms \$1.00 per annum, invariably cash in advance.
Entered at the Post Office, Haskell, Texas, as Second-class Mail Matter.
Saturday, Nov. 19, 1898.

LOCAL DOTS.

—Look out for the new stock of shoes and boots at S. L. Robertson's.
—Judge H. G. McConnell returned Tuesday.
—Even money gets a sack of flour at Carney & McKee's.
—Mr. J. O. Rhome went to Fort Worth this week.
—All kinds of dry goods and groceries for sale by S. L. Robertson.
—A new daughter arrived at the home of Mr. Bob Dickenson on Wednesday.
—Pure Louisiana sugar-cane molasses, New crop, at S. L. Robertson's.
—Mr. Joe McCrary now has a position to sell goods for Mr. S. L. Robertson.
—Nice stock of Cloaks and Capes to arrive this week.
CARNEY & MCKEE.
—Mr. T. G. Carney is adding some substantial improvements to his residence.
—Fresh groceries received every week and always sold at lowest prices at S. L. Robertson's.
—Mrs. G. W. Hazlewood left Monday on a visit to relatives at Palo Pinto.
—S. L. Robertson has just received a big stock of hosiery, corsets, gloves, etc.
—Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Tandy left Thursday, Mrs. T. going to visit in Fort Worth and Mr. T. to his ranch in the I. T.
—Don't be fooled on prices; if you don't want but \$1 worth it will pay you to figure with Carney & McKee.
—Messrs. R. B. Fields and W. T. McDaniel left this week with a lot of mules which they intend taking into Louisiana for sale.
—S. L. Robertson is strictly in for business and wants your trade. Go and see him, he will always treat you right.
—Capt. B. H. Dodson left Wednesday on a business trip to the eastern portion of the state and Arkansas.
—Credit and credit prices are gone with us for this year—try us with the cash and we'll surprise you in prices. CARNEY & MCKEE.
—Mrs. S. L. Robertson and Misses Laura Garren and Rob Lindsey accompanied by Mr. Emmett Robertson went to Abilene Thursday for a visit of a few days.
—Pure Whiskey HARPER. Perfect Whiskey HARPER. Every bottle guaranteed HARPER. Sold by KEISTER & HAZLEWOOD, Haskell, Texas.
—Judge Hamner failed to go to Throckmorton county this week to hold the regular term of district court and the local bar elected B. F. Reynolds, Esq., as special judge.

NEW DRY GOODS!

S. L. Robertson is receiving a full line of dry goods this week. Nice line of ladies dress goods and trimmings, flannels, outings, percales, waterproofs, etc.
—Parties indebted to Dr. A. G. Neathery and wishing to make payments will find the notes and accounts in A. W. Springer's hands.
—Carry all hides and furs you have for sale to W. W. Fields & Bro., they will pay you the highest market price for them.
—All the county officers, have given bond and qualified, but Mr. Collins can not take charge of his office until notified of the approval of his collector's bond by the state comptroller.
—Pay up; if you owe me why will you wait for me to dun you? I need the money to meet my liabilities. Don't wait, as what you owe me is already due. Respectfully,
S. L. ROBERTSON

Beckler's Arnica Salve.

The best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chillsblains, Corns and Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by A. P. Mclemore.

At A Great Bargain: Lots 7 and 8 in block 5 in the town of Haskell, and Block 15 containing 40 acres adjoining town, being part of Scott survey. For terms write
A. G. Wills,
Trust Building, Dallas, Texas.

Card of Thanks

As I can not see everyone in person, I am pleased to take this method of publicly expressing to all those who supported me with their votes and influence in the late election my thanks and appreciation, which are no less sincere because I failed of election. Very truly, etc.,
J. M. BALDWIN.

B. Y. P. U.

Program for Nov. 20th, 3 p. m.
Leader—Miss Zoodle Johnson.
Song—Prayer.
Lesson—Jer. 2:12-13-19. The Folly and Bitterness of Sin.
Paper on Lesson—Miss Jessie Armstrong.
Song.
Talk on Lesson—Bro. Rogers.
Duet—Misses James and Lindsey.
Recitation—Ophelia James.

Thanksgiving Services.

On Thursday night at the Presbyterian church a committee consisting of Judges P. D. Sanders and J. M. Baldwin and Prof. J. B. Jones, prepared the following program for Thanksgiving exercises to be held on Thursday Nov. 24th, at Baptist church, 11 a. m.
Divine services by Rev. E. T. Ingal with Rev. W. S. Rogers as alternate.
Music rendered by combined choirs led by Mrs. H. R. Jones.
All stores are requested to close so all may attend.

An Error.

An error occurred in our election returns last week in putting Mr. S. E. Carothers' total vote at 55 when it should have been 93, and Mr. C. M. Brown's total at 128 when it should have been 132 and his majority 16 votes. No vote for F. M. Greer, who had withdrawn. This occurred mainly from the figures in the Lake creek column getting slipped up one place opposite the tax assessors' names. Persons who want to preserve the returns for future reference can make these corrections with a pencil.

How to Cure Bilious Colic.

I suffered for weeks with colic and pains in my stomach caused by biliousness and had to take medicine all the while until I used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy which cured me. I have since recommended it to a good many people. Mrs. F. Butler, Fairhaven, Conn. Persons who are subject to bilious colic can ward off the attack by taking this remedy as soon as the first symptoms appear. Sold by A. P. Mclemore. 48

Longfellow to be Illustrated.

Last year Charles Dana Gibson illustrated "The People of Dickens" for The Ladies' Home Journal. The pictures were so successful that this year, and during next year, W. L. Taylor, the New England artist who has made such rapid strides in his art, will illustrate "The People of Longfellow"—also for The Ladies' Home Journal. The poems selected are "The Psalm of Life," "Hiawatha," "Evangeline," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "The Children's Hour," "The Village Blacksmith," and others.

Robbed the Grave.

A startling incident of which Mr. John Oliver of Philadelphia, was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying 'Electric Bitters,' and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they saved my life and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50cts per bottle at A. P. Mclemore's drug store.

DR. J. F. TOMLINSON,
DENTIST.
Permanently located in Haskell.
Solicits your patronage.
Guarantees all work.
Office in Hook building at Moxdora Hotel.

Simple Way to Kill Fleas, Chicken Mites and Chinchias.

Take a sufficient quantity of cedar leaves and twigs, cover well with water and boil gently until one-half the water has evaporated. Sprinkle this liberally around the haunts of fleas and they will leave "instanter." To rid the dog: With one hand rub the hair the reverse way and as the skin is exposed pour on the tea. It is amusing to see the fleas evacuate. Will kill every one it touches. For mice and chicken lice sprinkle liberally about the floor, perches and walls. Dampen the nest straw. Mix cedar leaves with all the straw about the house, pushing in all cracks and crevices and no difference how many mites and lice are present, they will flee from it as from a pestilence. Will kill every one it touches. Use this tea liberally about beds, walls and baseboards, and bedbugs will give you a wide berth. Scatter the cedar leaves under carpets and mats will not trouble. Will keep moths from clothing far better than the much advertised moth balls. Don't use such dangerous substances, friends, as bi-sulphide of carbon when you have such remedies as these growing all about you.
DR. W. J. HAVNES.

of St. Louis, in Farm and Ranch. If the above will do as claimed it will be worth more than the subscription price of this paper for a year to every family.

Remarkable Rescue.

Mrs. Michael Curtain, Plainfield, Ill., makes the statement that she caught cold, which settled on her lungs; she was treated for a month by her family physician, but grew worse. He told her she was a hopeless victim of consumption and that no medicine could cure her. Her druggist suggested Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption; she bought a bottle and to her delight found herself benefited from first dose. She continued its use and after taking six bottles, found her self sound and well, now does her own housework and is as well as she ever was. Free trial bottles of this Great Discovery at A. P. Mclemore's drug store, large bottles 50 cents and \$1.00.

Bryan on the Election.

A special from Lincoln, Neb., where Col. W. J. Bryan is now at home on furlough recuperating his health, gives his first public expression in regard to the recent election. Explaining that his silence during the campaign was on account of his view of his military duty, but that the election being over he would express his views on the situation as a private citizen. He said to the reporter:

"Compared with the election of 1896 the republicans have gained in some places and lost in others. It was not a sweeping republican victory. On the whole the result is not surprising when it is remembered that the administration is just concluding a successful war. While a majority of the soldiers are probably anti-republican, the management of the war has been entirely in republican hands and the strongest argument used during the campaign was that a republican defeat would discredit the president in the eyes of foreign nations, while his commissioners were engaged in making a treaty."
"It was not a trial upon the issues now before the people, but a successful plea for a continuance of the case."
"The people have not accepted the gold standard; they have not fallen in love with the plan to give the banks a monopoly of issue of paper money; they have not decided to retire the greenbacks; they have not surrendered to the trusts."
"These questions were forced into the background by the declaration of war, but they must be faced again as soon as peace is restored. The Chicago platform presents for public consideration certain vital economic questions. That platform has not been abandoned by those who indorsed it in 1896, it will be reformed in 1900, because it gives expression to the hopes and aspirations of a large majority of the party."
"When the democrats, populists, silver republicans favored Cuban independence, they understood that war would give a temporary advantage to the party in power, but they were willing to risk defeat in order to aid a people fighting to be free."
"Neither can the election be regarded as an indorsement of any definite foreign policy. Until a treaty of peace has been entered into and

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the terms made known the people can not pass judgment upon it. Whether the war will raise any questions of sufficient importance to turn public attention away from domestic problems remains to be seen."

SENATOR J. J. INGALLS ON THE GOLD STANDARD.

There Can be no National Prosperity Built on Gold.

Back in the Forty-fifth congress, before the republicans had fully settled the policy of the party on the financial question—before all the republicans had been "fixed" by the Wall and Lombard street crowds, senator J. J. Ingalls, always a stalwart republican, was fighting the idea of a single gold standard and in a speech (on record in Vol. 7 page 1052 of the Congressional Record.) gave one of the best expositions of its evil effects that has ever been made. After reading it and studying the meaning of every sentence it is hard to believe that Senator Ingalls believes in what he now advocates. He then said:

"If we are to have a monometallic standard, I believe silver to be immeasurably preferable to gold. It is less subject to fluctuation; its production is more steady, its cost more uniform."

"No enduring fabric of national prosperity can be builded on gold. Gold is the money of monarchs; kings covet it; the exchanges of nations are effected by it. Its tendency is to accumulate in vast masses in the commercial centers and to move from kingdom to kingdom in such volumes as to unsettle values and disturb the finances of the world. It is the instrument of gamblers and speculators, and the idol of the miser and the thief. Being the object of so much adoration, it becomes haughty and sensitive and shrinks at the approach of danger, and whenever it is most needed it always disappears. At the slightest alarm it begins to look for a refuge. It goes from the nation at war to the nation at peace. War makes it a fugitive. No people in a great emergency ever found a faithful ally in gold. It is the most cowardly and treacherous of all metals. It makes no treaty that it does not break."

"It has no friend whom it does not sooner or later betray. Armies and navies are not maintained by gold. In times of panic and calamity, shipwreck and disaster, it becomes the chief agent and minister of ruin. No nation ever fought a great war by the aid of gold. On the contrary, in the crisis of greatest

peril it becomes an enemy more potent than the foe in the field; but when the battle is won and peace has been secured, gold reappears and claims the fruits of victory. In our own civil war it is doubtful if the gold of New York and London did not work us greater injury than the powder and lead and iron of the rebels. It was the most invincible enemy of the public credit. Gold paid no soldier or sailor. It refused the national obligations. It was worth most when our fortunes were lowest. Every defeat gave it increased value. It was in open alliance with our enemies the world over, and all its energies were evoked for our destruction. But as usual, when danger has been averted and the victory secured, gold swags to the front and asserts the supremacy. But silver is the money of the people. It is the money of wages and retail. Its tendency is toward diffusion and dissemination. It enters into the minute concerns of traffic and is exchanged day by day for daily bread.
"It penetrates the remotest channels of commerce, and its abundance, bulk, and small subdivision prevent its deportation in sufficient amounts to disturb or unsettle values. If it retires at the approach of danger, or from the presence of an inferior currency, it still remains at home ready to respond to the first summons for its return. During a late visit to a remote portion of Arkansas I was surprised by the amount of old silver in circulation, including Mexican and pillar dollars and American halves and quarters coined half a century ago. Seeking an explanation, I was told by the merchants that upon the withdrawal and retirement of the fractional paper currency that these old coins immediately appeared in sufficient quantities to supply all needs of trade, conclusively showing that when silver vanished at the beginning of the legal-tender-paper period it had been carefully hoarded among the people and had promptly returned to circulation when its presence was required. I have no doubt that two hundred and fifty millions of silver would be thus readily absorbed among the people of the United States, forming a vast, permanent, stable accumulation which would be an enduring basis of prosperity, less liable than any other currency to the mutations and vicissitudes of financial panics and disasters."

M. S. PIERSON, President.
A. C. FOSTER, Vice-President.
J. L. JONES, Chas. LEE PIERSON, Asst. Chm.

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