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HASKELL, HASKELL COUNTY, TEXAS, SATURDAY, JULY 6, 1912.

WHOLE NO. 1379

IMPORTANT AGRICULTURAL MEETING

Central West Texas Agricultural Association Will Meet in Haskell July 11. INTERESTING PROGRAM

The next meeting of the Central West Texas Agricultural Association will be held in Haskell, Texas, July 11th., 1912. The organization is for the material upbuilding of Central West Texas, and the citizens of Haskell and Haskell County extend a hearty invitation to all of their neighbors to attend the meeting.

A strong program has been arranged for the occasion and is one of distinctive importance to Central West Texas. It is as follows:-

PROGRAM

Called to order at 9:45 a. m. by the President, Hon. A. D. McLaughlin, Hamlin, Texas.
Address of Welcome, Judge S. W. Scott, President Haskell Board of Trade.
Response, Judge L. M. Buie, Stamford, Texas.
Address—"Raising Broom Corn in Central West Texas," Geo. E. Courtney, Haskell.
Address—"My Farming Experience in Central West Texas," A. H. Carlton, McCauley.
Address—"The Aims of Farm Demonstration Work," Hon. J. L. Quicksall, Field Agent for West Texas. Agricultural Exhibit.
Dinner.
1:30 p. m.
Awarding of Prizes, Agricultural exhibit.
Addresses—"Relation of Agriculture and Education," L. T. Cunningham, County Supt. Jones County, and T. C. Williams, County Supt. Haskell County.
Introduction of Boys and Girl's Maize and Corn Club of Haskell County, by A. M. Latham, Farm Demonstrator of Haskell County.
Address—"Is Hog Raising in Central West Texas Practical?" C. C. French, Fort Worth Stock Yards Co., Fort Worth, Texas.
Address—"Peanut Culture," Capt. C. M. Waters, President National Peanut Growers Association.
General Discussion.
Business Session.

AGRICULTURAL PRIZES

The following general prizes are offered by the business men of Haskell:-

To all farmers attending from Jones, Taylor, Fisher, Stonewall, Crosby, Haskell and Knox Counties.

For 10 Best Heads Maize, 1st. prize \$1.50; 2nd prize \$1.00.

For 10 Best Heads Kaffir, 1st prize \$1.50; 2nd prize \$1.00

For Best Developed Stalk Cotton, 1st prize \$1.00; 2nd prize 75c and 3rd. prize 50c.

For Best Watermelon, 1st. prize, \$1.50, 2nd prize \$1.00.

For Best Bundle Wheat, 1st. prize, \$1.00, 2nd prize 50c.

For Best Bundle Oats, 1st prize \$1.00; 2nd prize, 50c.

For Best Bundle Millet, 1st prize \$1.00, 2nd prize 50c.

For Best Collective Exhibit from one farm, of farm, garden and orchard products, 1st prize, \$5.00; 2nd prize \$2.50.

The above prizes are offered by the citizens of Haskell. There are no other prizes, but it will be of interest and value to all for farmers to bring specimens of other crops, especially of any unusual or new crops being tried, and they are urged to do so.

The following prizes are offered to the Boys and Girl's Milo Maize Club of Haskell County:-

For 10 Best Heads Maize or Kaffir, 1st. prize \$2.50.

For 10 2nd Best Heads Maize or Kaffir, 2nd prize \$1.50.

For 10 3rd Best Heads Maize or Kaffir 3rd prize \$1.00.

The railroads have given rates on the convention basis for this meeting and the business men and farmers generally of Central West Texas are not only invited, but are urged to attend this important meeting.

This section of Texas has recently been favored with splendid rains and a splendid crop is practically assured.

Let's have a rousation meeting at Haskell, July 11, 1912, and work together for the upbuilding of Central West Texas.

Very truly yours,

A. D. McLaughlin, Hamlin, President.
J. E. Poole, Haskell, Vice-President.
Homer D. Wade, Stamford, Secretary.

JUDGE RAMSEY COMING TO HASKELL

WEDNESDAY, JULY TENTH, AT TWO P. M. YOU ARE EXPECTED, TOO

The Free Press is very much pleased this week to announce to its readers and citizens of Haskell county that Judge W. F. Ramsey, candidate for governor of Texas, will deliver an address at the court house Wednesday afternoon, July 10th, at 2 o'clock. Haskell has had Gov. Colquitt, Hon. Jake Wolers, Col. C. B. Randell, Hon. Morris Sheppard, and other prominent speakers to deliver addresses in the interests of their candidacies. Many have expressed a wish to hear Judge Ramsey, and he has been urged to come to Haskell and address the citizens. He has at last found an opportunity to come, and we sincerely hope that he will be accorded a large audience. He is a man of high character, prominent in political circles and popular with the people of Texas. Having served in a number of important positions in our state, he is eminently a capable man, an able speaker, and is entitled to the respectful hearing of our citizenship, whether his views are in accord with yours or not. Remember the date, and do not fail to be here to hear him.



MISS DAY MAY GO TO ABILENE

Miss Ella Day has been a guest of Mrs. S. F. Kirk the last two or three days and she thinks perhaps she will locate in Abilene.

She is a teacher in expression at Haskell, a graduate of Columbia College of Expression, Chicago, and for the last two or three years has taught large classes at Haskell with great success. While here, Miss Day met Supt. Burnett and Prof. R. A. Smith, both became impressed with her ability and attractive personality and hope she may be induced to organize a class here.

Within a few days she will leave for Chicago to do further work in her line.

She is pleased with Abilene and thinks she would like to locate here.—Abilene Reporter.

Miss Day has not decided definitely whether or not she will go to Abilene, but is inclined to think that she will, having received such gratifying encouragement. Her many friends here will regret to see her leave Haskell. She has given universal satisfaction in her work, and her personality has endeared her to the people. She is a most capable teacher in expression, and her superior training will be greatly missed. The Free Press joins her patrons and friends in the hope that she will find her new home pleasant and profitable.

BUNKER HILL SINGING CONVENTION

The Bunker Hill Singing Convention met last Sunday, June 30th, with a large crowd. Had some of the best singing that has ever been in Haskell county. The Stamford singers were there and did some good singing. We are glad to have the opportunity of complimenting our young singers in general. We believe we have talent that will compete with any in the state. Let us increase the work and let it go on to fuller success. Yours for good singing, W. H. Mansfield.

Don't You Owe Yourself Something?

For programmes and beautifully illustrated literature, (free of cost) relating to the Great Colorado Chautauqua at 'Beautiful Boulder' and numerous splendid, home-like and not unreasonably expensive resorts throughout Wonderful Colorado and along the Pacific Coast, address A. A. Glisson, General Passenger Agent, "The Denver Road," Fort Worth, Texas. Little vacations in these directions are always worth more than they cost.

Advertised Letters.

July 1st.
C. B. Caraway
J. C. Miller Co.
J. E. Russell
H. E. Whiteside
A. L. Meador
H. Meyer
Mrs. Kate Graves
John B. Baker, P. M.

Our Mid-Summer White Foot-Wear is Ready for Your Consideration Madam!

Right now the season for white foot-wear is at it's best.

We have in particular two styles that we want you to see. They are two styles that we have had made by the Krippendorf-Dittmann Co. of Cincinnati—made especially for us and according to our own designs and specifications.

One is a white canvas colonial pump, with straps to attach. You can remove the colonial tongue and wear it as a plain pump with or without the strap. It has a medium light-weight sole and the heel is made of leather.

PRICE \$2.50

The other is a four button oxford of white canvas with a medium weight sole. This is an ideal style for Mid-Summer street wear. The last is very shapely and we have had this shoe built on different widths so that we can button it over any instep without re-setting the buttons, thereby insuring a perfect fit. This one also has the leather heel.

ALSO PRICED AT \$2.50

Whether you are already wearing our shoes or are only thinking of wearing them later, we want you to see our splendid display.

We want you to know what excellent models of foot-wear we have provided for you.

We're sure that when you see these values you'll realize the advantage of wearing our shoes.

F. G. Alexander & Sons

The Big Store

We have many styles of pumps and oxfords in broken sizes that we are closing out at reduced prices.

THE RESULT OF THOUGHTLESSNESS

If we were commissioned to write over the doors of the homes of the American people what we consider to be the chief cause of the misery and unhappiness that is sweeping men and women into the vortex of ruin and premature decay, it would consist of one simple word—thoughtlessness; simple in its construction, but far-reaching in its meaning and its results. Very few people wilfully and wantonly say things or commit acts calculated to offend or injure, and oftentimes what is intended as an evidence of good fellowship, a friendly regard is taken as a shaft aimed from the bow of evil intent. Thoughtlessness upon the one and a misunderstanding upon the other prove the reef upon which the years of confidence, esteem and friendship is wrecked.—Denison Herald.

Wanted

100 head of stock to pasture in what is known as the Bascom pasture 3 miles southeast of Haskell. For particulars see T. R. Gordon or phone 212.

J. W. Meadors.

Money to Loan

on land at 8 per cent and 9 per cent interest, also to buy Vendor's Lien Notes. If you want a loan come and see us.

SANDERS & WILSON.

Subscribe for the Free Press.

PROSPERITY STARING US IN THE FACE

The Texas farms and ranches have been producing over a half billion dollars per annum, but this year promises to eclipse anything within the memory of man in the way of quantities and prices. The products of our mines and factories require six figures to express them and it is safe to estimate that the wealth produced in Texas in 1912 will amount to approximately a billion dollars. Then the increase in the value of our property runs close to a million dollars per day, and there is a vast amount of capital pouring into the state, and all these factors taken in the aggregate makes a magnificent prosperity.

Marketing Fruit.

A man be judged by the company he keeps and the fruit grower may be judged by the package he puts up. Next to the promoter who sells gold brick, the farmer who markets rotten eggs and the merchant who cheats in weight, is the producer who hides culls in the bottom of the package.

Singing School.

A singing school will begin at Dennis Chapel, July 15th. Terms, \$2.00 for children under 12 years old and \$2.50 for those 12 or over. \$7.50 for families. H. F. Haley. 27-11-pd.

I. P. CARR DRY GOODS CO.

Big Weekly Special Sale on all Summer Goods and odd Lots

We have decided to put on weekly Special Sales on all summer goods and odd lots beginning Saturday morning July 5th and continuing through July and August. We are forced to put these special prices on all summer goods and broken lots in order to get money with which to buy fall and winter merchandise. We only have about six weeks in which to sell summer goods, but you have several months to wear them yet. We leave the latter part of August for St. Louis and from now till then you must not fail to come in to see us as we positively will save you money. This first "Weekly Sale" begins Saturday morning, July 5th, and continues through to the next Saturday when we will put on another Special for the following week. Watch the Free Press for our Special Sales and don't fail to come.

THE ITEMS BELOW WILL APPEAL TO THE MOST ECONOMICAL SHOPPERS. READ EVERY ONE

Neckwear.	Ladies, Mens and Childrens Oxfords	Hosiery	Mens Shoes	Underwear
A big line to select from and the price only 19c	\$1.50 values for \$2.50	All 50c grades for 39c	We are discontinuing the "Walk-Over" shoes and Saturday we will have every pair of "Walk-Over" Oxfords out on tables. The regular prices are \$3.50, \$4.00, \$4.50 and \$5.00. Take your choice of the lot Extra Special \$2.50	We have all the best makes in both long and short drawers and long and short sleeves. The 50c quality for 39c 35c quality for 23c
Dress Goods	2.50 " " 1.98	All 25c and 35c grades 15c	Laces and Embroideries	Ladies vests at special prices.
Big lot of 10c and 12c lawn goods at per yard 8c	2.00 " " 1.75	All 20c grades for 10c	We will save you money on laces and embroideries. Come in and get our prices and we know you will buy.	Trunks and Suit Cases
15c quality for 11c	2.00 " " 1.75	All 15c grades for 9c		When you go on your vacation we want to sell you a trunk, bag or suit case. Our prices are extremely low. Come in and see them.
25c quality for 17c	1.50 " " 1.25	"Cadets Excepted"		
Big lot of foil-diamond gingham worth 12c, special 10c	1.25 " " .98	Mens Hats		
10c gingham for 8c	1.00 " " .75	One big lot of hats worth \$3.00, special for sale at only \$1.95		
8c gingham for 6c				

YOURS FOR A BIGGER BUSINESS

I. P. CARR DRY GOODS CO. You save money for us and we will save money for you

THE POLITICAL SITUATION

The greatest and most spectacular convention in the history of the democratic party, was held at Baltimore last week. The convention convened on Tuesday of last week with a fight on between William Jennings Bryan and the reactionary national committee. The committee nominated Judge Parker of New York for temporary chairman, and Bryan failing to get anyone to lead ran himself against Parker. Parker won by a good majority. Most of the Clark delegates were against Bryan, but those pledged to Gov. Wilson stood by Bryan. On permanent organization, the Bryan and Clark forces elected Ollie James of Kentucky permanent chairman. Bryan got thru a resolution to nominate the candidates before the platform was voted on. The next move Bryan made was to pass a resolution that the convention would nomi-

nate no man that was under any obligation to J. P. Morgan, Ryan or Belmont, or any other favor seeking interest. This resolution was passed by an overwhelming majority. On the 14th ballot Bryan changed his vote from Clark to Wilson, justifying his action by the resolution and stated he would support no man whose nomination depended on the support of the New York delegation. This move of Bryan's created a great sensation and started the wave that finally resulted in the nomination of Wilson on the 46th ballot, on Tuesday, just one week from the organization of the convention. Marshall of Indiana was nominated easily, on Wednesday for vice-president. The platform as recommended by the committee, was adopted without change. Thus passed into history one of the greatest conventions of the democratic party. The fight between Bryan and his enemies was bitter and stubborn. Thousands of telegrams were sent to Bryan encouraging him in his fight and thousands were sent to delegates demanding that they

CORNER DRUG STORE

When you want a cold drink, something that is delicious and refreshing get a **Coco Cola**, **Lime or Grape Juice** etc., dispensed by Jno. at **Corner Drug Store**, no one makes them just like Jno. can.

TRY ONE

CORNER DRUG STORE

stay with Bryan. The fight of publicity made by Bryan has no precedent in history of politics and was so unlike the methods of the politicians, that they were bewildered and astounded. They deeply resented the idea that any man should make use of the public in a political contest.

Champ Clark is bitter toward Bryan, and a New York delegate got up in the convention and denounced Bryan for everything mean in the political list of crimes, to all of which Bryan paid no attention but kept pushing the nomination toward the Wilson camp.

The nomination of Wilson was made by 990 votes to his credit, being, 216 more than the 773 votes, required to make a two-thirds majority of the convention. The Clark delegates from Missouri never did change their vote from Clark to Wilson. They showed the most stubborn disappointment to the last. The hound dog is still howling his own defeat in defiance of an otherwise united democracy. Tamany has taken their defeat like practical politicians as far as we are able to judge, as Murphy their leader has telegraphed his congratulations to Wilson, but we will see how they vote this fall.

The fight between Bryan and Tamany has no doubt settled all differences before the campaign opens. Tamany has taken defeat gracefully, and is not now trying to dictate the campaign committee of the nominees. The fact is Bryan settled it this way while he was doing things.

The nomination of Wilson has hit the Roosevelt move hard. From reports all over the coun-

try, we predict the colonel's third party will fail to materialize. The politicians of his faction have quit the Colonel and the progressives are turning to Wilson. In some states where the conservative republicans control the organization they will support Roosevelt solidly. The prospect of a sweeping democratic victory is now assured. Even New York will feel the patriotic impulse and go for Wilson, is our prediction.

Governor Chase S. Osborn, an ardent Roosevelt supporter during the colonel's battle for the Republican president nomination today issued a statement in which he declared his belief that there is no necessity for a new political party. He also stated he hoped Roosevelt would not be a candidate.

"The issue is clearly joined for the people," said the governor in his statement. "It is Wall St. versus Wilson. Woodrow Wilson's character, temperament, preparation and fitness is above the high average of American Presidents. He is a Christian, a scholar and a fearless citizen.

"Republicans can vote for Wilson without leaving their party or bolting. The real Republican party has no candidate for president this year. There has been no nomination. The action of the political freebooters at Chicago is not binding upon the Republican party, even if for the moment they bear aloft its stolen ensign."

Judge Ramsey's Dates.
We have been requested by friends of Judge Ramsey to announce his dates to speak in this section, as follows: At Hamlin,

Tuesday, July 9th 4:30 p. m.; Anson, Tuesday July 9th at 8:30 p. m.; Stamford, Wednesday, July 10th, at 10 a. m.; Haskell, Wednesday, July 10th, at 2 p. m.; Seymour, Wednesday, July 10th, at 8:30 p. m.

LADIES WILL SERVE DINNER

Dysentery is always serious and often a dangerous disease, but it can be cured. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has cured it even when malignant and epidemic. For sale by all dealers.

Band Entertainment.
Arrangements have been made whereby the Haskell concert Band will receive a good percent of the proceeds from the moving picture show at the Air Dome Wednesday night, July 10th. The band will furnish music. This will be the band's first appearance. Go and hear the boys and aid them in obtaining funds to further equip the band.

During the summer months mothers of young children should watch for any unnatural looseness of the bowels. When given prompt attention at this time serious trouble may be avoided. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy can always be depended upon. For sale by all dealers.

July 11th is the day the Central West Texas Agricultural Association meets in Haskell. Our merchants have invited many guests, and are making an effort to entertain the Milo Maize Clubs and many other visitors from adjoining counties are expected. The Mothers' and Civic Clubs have made arrangements to serve the dinners for the clubs. They have secured the use of the Oates building on the west side, with a seating capacity of 150. They ask the co-operation of every lady to assist them in some way, that this dinner may be remembered as one of the successful parts of the program.

The ladies of these clubs have also secured the building formerly occupied by the Farmers National Bank for a rest room for the women and children who may visit Haskell on this occasion.

Send The Free Press to a friend back East.

Band Entertainment Wednesday night July 10th

AT THE

AIR DOME

New and attractive pictures, a good time for all and the Haskell Concert Band will furnish music. The proceeds go to the band. Help the boys to equip themselves for better music in Haskell.

Admission

5c and 10c

Don't Forget the Date

Southern States Cotton Corporation

Can Obtain for Every **FARMER** and Owner of Cotton

15c per Pound

basis middling for his cotton at his home market. Now is the time for every grower of Cotton and man interested in its value to give this organization his moral and financial support. List your present growing cotton for fall delivery—help make a real marketing system. Only two months remain in which to perfect the system and prompt work is necessary in order to put it into effect this September.

Write or Call on

W. B. YEARY, V. P.

Rooms 401-402 Slaughter Bldg.

DALLAS, TEXAS

County News Items

Interesting Facts Gathered During the Week by Our Regular Correspondents.

Kirkdale.

Hello Editor and Chats:
Health in our community is not very good at this writing.
Mrs. W. W. Haley has been real sick for the past few days but we hope for her a speedy recovery.
Mrs. Viola Stodghill has been on the sick list.
Mrs. Frank Haley and children spent Thursday with Mrs. W. R. Hunt.
Mrs. I. A. Leonard and Mrs. W. R. Hunt spent Saturday eve with Mrs. Edd McNeal.
W. R. Hunt, I. W. Kirkpatrick and J. F. Kennedy of this place, attended the speaking at Weinert Saturday night.
Earl McNeal and Oscar Leonard had business in the city Monday.
Frank Haley had business in Haskell Monday.
Mrs. I. W. Kirkpatrick and daughter, Miss Nona, were shopping in the city Friday.
Misses Ruth and Bertha Hunt called on Mrs. Viola Stodghill Monday evening.
Tom Tyson and children spent Sunday with Charley McElroy and family.
U. T. Stodghill and family took dinner with Mr. Mapes and family, of Roberts, Sunday.
Mrs. Ed McNeal and mother, Mrs. Eaton, spent the day with Mrs. W. R. Hunt Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Stodghill had business in the city Tuesday.
Come again, all you good writers.
Vidette.

This Is So.

We wish to state in as plain and vigorous way as words can express it that Hunt's Cure will positively, quickly and permanently cure any form of Itching Skin disease known. One box is guaranteed to cure. One application affords relief.

Rose Chapel.

Good morning Mr. Editor and chats. As I was absent last week and delayed the week before, I will try and come a little soon this time. Health in our community is good.
Mrs. Anderson and family visited Mr. Carlyle and family Sunday.
Miss Nancy Piland and Mrs. Collins and baby visited Mrs. Rachel Parsons of Haskell Thursday eve.
Mrs. Nellie Barton spent a short while with Mrs. Johnston Saturday eve.
Miss Susie Bishop spent Sunday with Mrs. Becca Quillen.
Mrs. Besie Piland and baby visited Mrs. Ida Cloer and children Sunday.
Messrs. R. E. Barton and G. W. Piland attended 5th Sunday meeting at Gillespie.
T. R. Gordon had the misfortune to get his thumb pulled out of joint Saturday night.
Miss Irene Gordon made a flying trip to Mr. Bishop's Sunday evening.
Floyd Rose and Clyde Gordon and Miss Becca Quillen visited at Mr. Bishops Sunday.
A few of the Rose young people attended the ice cream supper at Mr. Sears Saturday night. All reported a jolly good time.
Thomas Pence of Haskell spent Saturday night and Sunday with Tom Johnston.
Mr. Culp and family spent from Friday until Saturday with Mr. Mr. Hallmark and family near Post.
A large crowd attended the party at Jim Rose's Wednesday night. All present reported a nice time.
Blake Johnston spent Saturday night with Horace Newton.
Wyatt Reeves and family visited T. J. Johnston and family Sunday.
Maude Lawhorn and Mildred

Arbuckle left Monday for Loraine for a short visit and from there she will leave for her home in Elgin.
Mose Hayes and wife went plum hunting Monday.
Misses Pearl Harwell and Eunice Jackson spent last week with John Harwell and family near Post.
Albert Barnett of near Haskell attended singing at Rose Sunday eve.
The Union Sunday School met last Sunday eve. We have enrolled thirty-six. Every body is invited to come and take part with us.
News has been received that Pansy was chilling. Hope she and her family are most through with those awful chills by this time.
Where has Unknown disappeared to. I think the Grasshopper has surely carried her away.
Snookums, I enjoyed your letter fine last week, come again. I wonder if Judge has reached the village of Sayles yet.
As news is scarce I'll be going, hoping to see letters from Jonquill, Mary Jane, Arkansas, Vidette, Blue Bells and Unknown, (if the grasshoppers haven't destroyed them) and all the rest of you good writers.
Marguerite.

The New Party.

The new party is the person who doesn't know that for Headaches, Neuralgia and Rheumatism Hunt's Lightning Oil is almost instant relief. It has been the standard pain reliever for thirty years.

Sayles.

Dear Editor and readers.
Here I come again after an absence of two weeks. People are all smiles since the big rain last week, and it looks as it might rain again to-night.
A crowd from this place attended singing at Mr. Dotsons, of town Friday night, they all report a grand time.
Fannie Bledsoe spent the day at Mr. Hardeman's Monday.
All who attended the singing convention at Bunker Hill Sunday report a grand time, fine singing and plenty of good dinner.
Mr. Malone and family left for Coleman county last week where they expect to make their home.
J. E. Fouts who has just finished a business course at Tyler, returned home a few weeks ago has accepted a position as bookkeeper with the Farmers Union Store in town.
A crowd of young folks, consisting of Wilks McClintock, Henry Bledsoe, Will, Emma, Tennie and Bessie Hardeman went to the river last Friday, returning Saturday night. They report a grand time and brought back plenty of plums.
Little Olen Dotson is spending a few days with his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Fouts of this place.
W. S. Fouts spent a few days last week in Jones county attending the Nicholson-Lockhart debate.
Next Sunday is our regular singing day; we cordially invite you all to come and be with us.
"Marguerite," I'm sorry you could not attend the picnic. Suppose you come to singing Sunday and get acquainted with us good looking folks, if you can get that far away from mama.
Tony and Guss Patterson of Center Point attended the singing at Mr. Dotsons Friday night.
Messames Fouts and Guinn visited Mrs. Hardeman one day last week.
Tennie Hardeman spent Monday night at Mr. Bledsoe's.
A crowd of young folks of this community attended the show at Haskell Saturday night.
Henry Bledsoe and Wilks McClintock were visiting in the Gauntt community Sunday afternoon.
'Snookums,' you seem to be

quite a "poet." That song was fine, can you furnish us with the music to it? Never mind I'll try to see if I can't make a poet of Jonquill if the editor will spare the space, and you shall be remembered. Think I know a little song too.

Come on all you good writers let's make our home paper more interesting. Jonquill.

For soreness of the muscles, whether induced by violent exercise or injury, there is nothing better than Chamberlain's Liniment. This liniment also relieves rheumatic pains. For sale by all dealers.

North East of Haskell

Good morning to you all how are you enjoying this fine weather.
Jesse Whitaker was on the sick list this past week.
Mr. J. P. Culp and family visited Mr. Hallmark and family near Post Saturday and Sunday.
Mrs. W. Cunningham and little daughter visited Mrs. C. Sears and children Sunday.
Misses Myrtle Patton and Mattie Praitor and Mr. Edd Patton visited Miss Lena Whatley and brother Wiley Sunday.
Mrs. K. D. Webb and children visited Mrs. Jim Treadwell Tuesday evening.
The cream supper and candy breaking at C. Sears Saturday night was very much enjoyed by a large crowd. We hope Mr. and Mrs. Sears will give us many such parties.
Beulah Tredwell and Virgie Smithee attended singing at Rose Sunday eve.
Misses Mattie Praitor and Myrtle Patton visited Miss Callie Webb Monday.
Several of the young people of Rose attended the cream supper Saturday night.
Jim Tredwell and family visited relatives near Rochester Saturday and Sunday.
C. D. and Hugh Webb and sister, Callie, visited John Stonifer and sister, Lelia, near Jud Saturday and Sunday.
Miss Minnie Barnett visited Misses Beulah and Hettie Tredwell Friday evening of last week.
Miss Mattie Praitor of near Rule is visiting her cousins, Myrtle and Julia Patton this week.
Mrs. W. T. Boatwright and daughter Lena, visited Mrs. K. D. Webb Friday evening.
Miss Maud Lawhorn visited Mrs. Middleton and sister Saturday and Sunday.
Philip Tredwell is visiting in Throckmorton county this week.
Misses Iola Hollis and Pearl Cimp attended the cream supper Saturday night.
Walter Patton and family attended the show at Haskell Saturday night.
Miss Callie Webb was shopping in Haskell Wednesday.
Virgie Smithee and brother, Otis, visited Beulah and Philip Tredwell Friday night of last week.
The cream supper at Mr. and Mrs. W. Cunningham's Wednesday night of last week was a great success and everybody had a very enjoyable time.
A few of the young people went picnicing on Red Creek Sunday.
N. A. Grisso and wife visited John Lackey and family Sunday.
Jewell Perdew visited Beulah and Hettie Tredwell Saturday night.
Mrs. N. A. Grisso visited Mrs. K. D. Webb Thursday.
I'll be going, hoping to see many good letters this week.
Blue Bells.

If you are a housewife you cannot reasonably hope to be healthy or beautiful by washing dishes, sweeping and doing housework all day, and crawling into bed dead tired at night. You must get out into the open air and sunlight. If you do this every day and keep your stomach and bowels in good order by taking Chamberlain's Tablets when needed, you should become both healthy and beautiful. For sale by all dealers.

For Governor

Judge W. F. Ramsey will speak at Haskell,

Wednesday, July 10th at 2 o'clock p. m.

in the interest of his candidacy for the office of Governor.

The people of adjoining counties are invited to be present and hear Judge Ramsey, as well as every citizen of Haskell county. The business men will be requested to close their places of business during the speaking, and the occasion will be the biggest political event in the history of Haskell county.

Judge Ramsey has been both a member of our Supreme Court and Court of Criminal Appeals, and has earned a national reputation as a jurist. He is learned and is a fine speaker.

Come hear the issues involved discussed

The citizens of Haskell will unite to make the occasion pleasant for visitors, as well as do honor to a distinguished citizen.

Don't Forget The Date, July 10th

From Temple.

Temple, Texas.
July 2, 1912.

Mr. Editor and Chats:

We had a fine rain here recently and was glad you all got part of it. We were needing rain badly and cotton and corn are fine since the rain. Part of the county got a good rain Friday, but we missed it. We had the finest and largest wheat and oat crop here that we have had for years. Oats harvested from 75 to 100 bushels to the acre and wheat from 30 to 35.

Bell county will ship five hundred thousand dollars worth of oats this season.

We have plenty of vegetables, fruit and water melons.

Mr. and Mrs. D. H. Bell, recently of Haskell, stopped off here for a few days visit with friends before going to their future home in Bastrop. The Haskell Free Press is a welcome visitor in our home every week.

Two Jolly School Girls, why don't you write oftener as we do enjoy hearing from that community.

The W. O. W. are going to celebrate the Fourth of July with a big picnic out at Midway, the Traction Company's park, half way between Temple and Belton.

Saturday was Temple's 31st birthday anniversary. Thirty one years ago there was nothing here, not even a shade tree and now there is a hustling little city of 15,000 inhabitants and the prettiest shade trees in Texas.

The Wedemeyer Academy will locate here, coming from Belton. The construction of a \$10,000 building will begin right away in Bell View, on the trolley line. The prospects for a large enrollment, are very flattering, and inquiries from prospective students are received daily.

The Chamber of Commerce have before them a proposition for establishing a furniture factory here; and also a proposition for locating a branch house of the Cudahay packing house and an automobile tire repairing and

vulcanizing plant.

The Santa Fe is going to erect a large new modern Harvey House soon, using the present building for a laundry.

With best wishes to the Free Press and readers, will bring this to a close.

Daddy.

State of Ohio, City of Toledo,) ss.
Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is 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.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

A. W. GLEASON,

Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & Co., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Roberts Locals.

Hello Editor and chats:
We are back after a few weeks absence.

Health in our community is good at present.

Crops are looking fine.

The Baptist protracted meeting began Friday night, conducted by Bro. Jones.

Cortez Atchison spent Sunday with Ross and Lillie Roberts.

Mrs. Lucy Hamilton and children of Cottonwood attended church at Roberts Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Atchison spent Sunday with Arthur Merchant and family.

Floy Lancaster and wife spent Sunday with J. Hinkle and family.

Mrs. J. P. Wheatley and Mrs. A. F. Force and children left Saturday evening for Glen Rose to visit relatives.

A. F. Force visited D. A. Bunch Monday.

Will Atchison and wife visited

at Mr. Cobb's Sunday.

Mr. G. R. Couch spent Monday night at the ranch.

Mrs. H. M. King and daughter, Mrs. Eliga Atchison, returned from Fannin county Saturday, where they were called to the bedside of her daughter, Mrs. J. N. Thomas. We regret very much to learn of her death. The bereaved ones have our tenderest sympathy.

Mrs. Annie Wheatley spent Monday eve with J. P. Wheatley and family.

Mrs. J. C. Lewellen spent Monday eve with Mrs. Yates.

Eva and Emma Woolsey spent Sunday with Ivy Mapes.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Atchison took dinner with Henry Mapes and wife Sunday.

Misses Ruth and Bertha Hunt of Kirkdale attended church at Roberts Sunday.

As news is scarce we will be going.
Two Jolly School Girls.

\$100 Per Plate

was paid at a banquet to Henry Clay, in New Orleans in 1842. Mighty costly for those with stomach trouble or indigestion. Today people everywhere use Dr. King's New Life Pills for these troubles as well as liver, kidney and bowel disorders. Easy, safe, sure. Only 25c at Jas. R. Walton.

A card from R. S. Nolen from Ashland, Va., asks us to change his paper to Estes-Nolen Tailoring Co. Dick says he is making good in the tailoring business, a fact his many friends here will be gratified to learn. He says that country is a good one, but nothing to compare with "Dear Old Haskell."

A Texas Wonder.

The Texas Wonder cures kidney and bladder trouble, removes gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame back, rheumatism, and all irregularity of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women, regulates bladder troubles in children. If not sold by your druggist, will be sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00. One small bottle is two months' treatment and seldom fails to perfect a cure. Send for Texas testimonials. Dr. E. W. Hall, 3926 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo. Sold by all druggists.



Save Your Cream

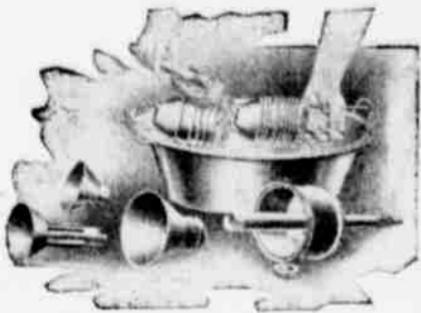
Five Cows Equal to Six

where you have a good Separator.

We have the best.

Call and See

McNeill & Smith Hdw. Co.



A Ranch Dinner.

On last Friday, Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Clifton provided entertainment for a party of friends at their ranch, six miles southeast of town. Among those who accepted invitations, were Mrs. Jas. P. Kinnard and daughters, Misses Allene Couch and Ruth Haley, Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Martin and daughter, Gladys Odom, Willie Stubblefield and Lucile Pace. Lee Killingsworth and Ben Clifton came out in the afternoon. Mrs. Clifton had prepared a splendid dinner for the party and had taken out two freezers and 150 lbs. of ice, and ten jersey cows at the ranch had already provided the milk for the ice cream. A fine dinner and the splendid hospitality of the host and hostess, made the day a most enjoyable one. Provision was made for a whole day and most of the company spent the entire day at the ranch, where supper was served to all the guests.

The occasion was highly enjoyed and furnished a splendid outing for those who attended.

There was a good crop on the farm and a fine bunch of young turkeys and chickens were in evidence. We also noticed some fine hogs and young pigs, and a bunch of good jersey calves. Even the horses and mules had been raised by Mr. Clifton on his ranch. While the weather was unfavorable the crops will make enough to supply the ranch. One feature the writer enjoyed was a detailed report made by the two smaller boys, to their father. First they reported a young calf, then a farrow of eight pigs, then the mishap of a young turkey with a broken leg, to all of which the father listened offering suggestions to the young sons who showed the sterling character of typical farmer boys. All of which brought back to us the happy memories of our boyhood days on the farm. Mr. Clifton told us that notwithstanding the bad crop last year, this small ranch place netted him about \$500. The tenant he had on the farm had become discouraged and sold out to Mr. Clifton just before it rained and was gone. So many people get in the habit of moving from place to place. Some of them almost accrue the roving habit.

The dove of peace and plenty seems to hover over our fair land. The indications are that there will be a sweeping democratic victory, and mother earth seems willing to yield up a bountiful harvest. Truly the land of the free and the home of the brave will soon come into its own, and the rejoicings of a loyal and worthy nation will be heard. In the meantime don't forget that Texas, and especially Haskell county, is the garden spot of the nation. So come to Haskell.

We are glad to note that the Haskell Concert Band is making gratifying progress. The boys have been doing some good work. They will play several pieces for the Ramsey speaking next Wednesday evening, also furnish music for the Agricultural Association Thursday. Being new, organized only about a month, they can not be expected to be as proficient as an old band, but you will be surprised at the splendid progress they have made when you have heard them.

You Can Afford It.

\$50 pays for an unlimited life scholarship in Bookkeeping, Shorthand or Telegraphy in our school. \$50 will pay for the board and lodging of the average student while completing one of these courses. Two of these courses combined will cost \$95 for life scholarship. The average time for completing two courses when taken at the same time is five months, therefore board and lodging would amount to about \$62.50. When one or more of these courses is finished, we will place the graduate in a position where his first two or three months salary will reimburse him for all necessary tuition and board paid for the course. The graduate will soon admit that if he had had to borrow every cent of the money to pay board and tuition, that it was the best investment he ever made.

With the famous Byrne Simplified Shorthand and Practical Bookkeeping, and our practical way of teaching Telegraphy and Railway Station Work, we give the student a more thorough training, in half the time and at half the usual cost of a course in other schools teaching other systems. This is conclusively proven by the endorsements in our catalogue from those who have attended other schools and studied other systems. We prove every statement we make, and that is why we have here today the largest school of Bookkeeping-Business Training, Shorthand, Typewriting and Telegraphy in America. Our catalogue is free for the asking, and it will give any parent or young person just the information they desire in helping them to make up their mind as to what school to patronize, what kind of a course to take, what it will cost, and what the course will enable the graduate to earn.

Fill in name, address and course interested in, and mail to Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Texas.

Name.....
Address.....
Course.....

An Ordinance.

AN ORDINANCE TO REGULATE THE RUNNING OF AUTOMOBILES AND MOTOR VEHICLES AND PROVIDING A PENALTY FOR THE VIOLATION THEREOF.

BE IT ORDAINED BY THE CITY COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF HASKELL:

If any person in charge of an automobile or motor vehicle shall drive the same upon the public square or upon any street within one block of the public square of Haskell at a greater rate of speed than twelve miles per hour or upon any street in the City of Haskell not within one block of the public square at a greater rate of speed than eighteen miles per hour, he shall be punished by fine of not less than one dollar nor more than one hundred dollars.

The rule calling for a second and third reading of an ordinance is hereby suspended and waived, and this ordinance shall be of force and effect after its passage. Passed, approved and adopted, July 3rd, 1912.

Attest:
Leon Gilliam,
City Secretary.
T. C. Cahill,
Mayor.

An Ordinance.

AN ORDINANCE PROHIBITING DRIVING OVER OR ACROSS ANY FIRE HOSE AND PROVIDING A PENALTY FOR A VIOLATION THEREOF.

BE IT ORDAINED BY THE CITY COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF HASKELL:

If any person shall drive any wagon, surry, buggy or other vehicle over or across any city fire hose, he shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and punished by fine in any sum not exceeding twenty five dollars.

The rule calling for a second and third reading of an ordinance shall be and is hereby suspended and waived and this ordinance shall become a law and be of force and effect from and after its passage.

Passed, approved, and adopted, July 3rd, 1912.
Attest:
Leon Gilliam,
City Secretary.
T. C. Cahill,
Mayor.

The Thomas School

A Boarding and Day School for Girls and Young Ladies, number limited. Thorough instruction, Careful supervision, Literary, Music, Art, Expression, Physical culture, Business and Domestic science departments. Prof. Carl Hahn, Director Piano Department.

Next session opens Sept. 10th, 1912

Write for catalogue. Address

A. A. Thomas, 927 S. Alamo St.
San Antonio, Texas.

Keeping Politicians Smiling.

Keeping politicians in good humor with each other is an important function in government which should not be ignored. It is quite common for ambitious politicians to raise rows and lower themselves, but any one who is too proud to weep and too polite to swear when defeated should not be permitted to run for office.

A whirlwind of public sentiment has frequently swept half-baked politicians into the arena in Texas, but the tyranny of fame has never so mastered passion as to excite rebellion, and while the two great political parties are feeling the clash of colossal powers within their ranks, and national conventions are engaged in melting the iron will of favorite sons, it is well to consider Texas as freed from the blights of unconquerable ambition.

We all have our troubles, but when the struggle for power is over, we will unite in the work of upbuilding Texas.

Subscribe for the Free Press.

County Candidate Speaking.

Rochester, Saturday, July 13th., at 2:00 p. m.

O'Brien, Saturday July 20th, at 2 p. m.

Haskell, at court house, July 25th., at night.

Every body requested to be present and hear these very interesting talks by the candidates on above dates.

Let the Free Press do your job printing. We are prepared to please you in workmanship, material and price.

DR. A. G. NEATHERY.

Physician and Surgeon.

OFFICE In Smith & Sutherland Bldg
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Special attention to diseases of WOMEN AND CHILDREN

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Haskell, - - - Texas.
Office over Spencer & Richardson's
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Resident Phone No. 93.

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Graduate of Chicago Veterinary College

Telephones - Office No. 216
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OFFICE—Spencer & Richardson Drug Store, Haskell, Texas.

Jas. P. Kinnard

Attorney-At-Law

Loans and Abstracts.

Haskell - - - Texas.

H. G. MCCONNELL.

Attorney at Law.

OFFICE IN
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Attorney-at-Law

Office in McConnell Bldg.

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DRAYMEN

LET US DO YOUR HAULING.

We give careful and prompt attention to all business of this kind entrusted to us.
Phone 45

The Haskell Free Press

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The Free Press Publishing Co.

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JAMES A. GREER Editors.

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One-half page, \$7.00 per issue.
One page, \$12.00 per issue.
Two pages, \$20.00 per issue.
Advertisements on First Page, 15 cents per inch per issue.
Local readers 5 cents per line per issue.
Local readers in black face type 10 cents per line per issue.
Obituaries, Resolutions and Cards of Thanks, 3 cents per line per issue.

HASKELL, TEXAS, July 6, 1912.

Prosperity and Democracy will travel hand in hand next year.

The fly in the victuals may mean a coffin in your home. Swat the pesky things every chance you have, and if you haven't a chance, make one.

A notable change in the appearance of the town is very apparent since the street cleaning has been done. On with the good work. Don't stop its progress.

There will be visitors from a number of our neighbor towns in our city next Thursday, the 11th. Let's finish some things started in the clean-up crusade and make our town as presentable as possible.

We call attention of our readers to the announcement of the speaking by Judge Ramsey in Haskell next Wednesday, the 10th inst. Come in and hear this able jurist in defense of his claims as a candidate for governor.

Our merchants are arranging to entertain the visitors to the meeting of the Central West Texas Agricultural Association in our city on the 11th inst. in a royal manner. These visitors will go away proclaiming the hospitality and liberality of Haskell.

City Building Notes.

By State Commercial Club Secretaries.

Prosperity prevails where progress predominates.

Capital will linger in a live town.

Texas Jobbers and Manufacturers are in a position to place merchandise at your door in first class condition — patronize home industry.

Let your motto be "Get there" not "Hot air."

Trees will protect the public highway and lessen the cost of upkeep.

Meet the stranger at the town gate with an extended hand of good fellowship.

A Commercial club is the foundation around which many a city has been built.

A good publicity outlet is necessary to the progress of any community; support your local paper and thereby increase its efficiency.

Posterity will boast of the forefather who voted in favor of the good roads bond issue.

Success usually depends on the way you approach a man. It is that way also with a city—improve the highway approaching town.

A goodly portion of the billion dollar harvest in Texas this season should be used in town developing — join the commercial club.

Increase the population by exterminating the breeding places of the fly and the mosquito.

Railroad and Interurban lines are mortgage lifters.

See Texas made goods first and you won't have to look the second time.

Wilson and Marshall. How does the ticket suit you?

Only three weeks until the agony will be over.

We have not heard anything definite about the public tabernacle, mention of which was made in last issue. We are very much in need of such a building. With a little effort and a few hundred dollars it can be built. Why not get busy right away?

It's Time to Visit the

Texas Gulf Coast Resorts

One fare plus \$1.00 for Round Trip from all points. Tickets on sale every Friday during the months of June, July, August and September.

YOU WILL ENJOY THE GOING

If your ticket reads Via

TEXAS CENTRAL R. R.

For further information call on agent or write,
H. B. Sperry, G. P. A.
Waco, Texas.

Take a little SODA for your Stomach's Sake



This advice certainly holds good with everyone this sort of weather.

Soda served at our fountain is more than a tasty thirst-quenching beverage. It is tonic and refreshing and every glass a strengthener for the stomach. Our Soda is absolutely pure, strengthening, reviving, refreshing and healthful. It "lands direct" on the "dry" spot and quenches thirst as nothing else will, because we serve it at just the right temperature.

Spencer & Richardson

The Rexall Store

LOCAL NOTES

Mrs. Theo. Wright is visiting at Abilene.

Dave Falkner was in Weinert Saturday.

T. W. Holder left Wednesday for Abilene.

Mrs. Chas. Irby is visiting in Fort Worth.

Wanted—\$3,000 worth of Haskell Co. scrip. J. H. Meadors.

Mrs. Bert Johnson has returned from Weinert.

Miss Norma Cobb left Wednesday for Putnam.

M. Pace made a business trip to Abilene Tuesday.

W. M. Collins of Gorman was in Haskell this week.

Bring your eggs and poultry to Co-operative Store.

For Sale—Clean cane seed. P. P. Quattlebaum. 4tp.

Judge Jas. P. Kinnard attended court at Anson this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Scott left Thursday for Colorado Springs Colo.

Miss Alta Jones was a passenger on the train Tuesday morning.

Cecil Koonce made a business trip to Wichita Falls this week.

We are in the market for poultry and eggs, Co-operative Store.

Miss Vada Hart of Stamford visited Miss Allie Irby this week.

J. W. Collins has returned from a visit to relatives at Wichita Falls.

Mrs. G. W. Lamkin left Friday to visit a daughter at Mart, Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hicks, of Rochester, spent Sunday in the city.

M. Pace returned Monday from a trip to Fort Worth and Rockwall.

Miss Pearl Earnest and Mesdames Morgan and McElre attended a wedding at Munday this week.

When You Go Away From Home

Carry Travelers Cheques of the American Bankers Association as they are payable anywhere without discount. No trouble to cash as your signature identifies you. More convenient and much safer than the old way of carrying money on your person. For sale by

Farmers National Bank
Haskell, Texas.

T. L. Montgomery, Pres. E. C. Montgomery, V. P.
G. E. Peterson, Cashier. L. Gilson, Asst. Cashier

500 acres of good land in Okla. to trade for Haskell city property. P. P. Roberts, The Real Estate Man.

Misses Zelma Ferguson and Sammie Foster visited Miss Myrtle Foster at the Summer Normal at Stamford, Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. J. S. Williams has returned from Putnam, where a party of Haskell and Rule ladies have been spending a few days at a summer resort.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Alexander, who have been visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Earl Cogdell at Granbury returned to their home in this city Saturday.

Miss Mary Irwin, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. F. D. C. Middelton of the east side, returned to her home the early part of the week.

E. C. McCullough and family left this week for Quanah to make that place their future home. Quanah was once Mr. McCullough's home.

J. W. Brazer of the south side has one hundred acres of oats bound and in the shock. What ever the season brings he is safe on the feed proposition.

Earl Cogdell was up from Granbury this week. Mr. Cogdell has made extensive improvements at his oil mill this summer and will be ready to start to crushing as soon as the season opens up and the new crop of cotton seed comes on the market.

Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Montgomery left Wednesday for Abilene by private conveyance. They will go by Mr. Montgomery's old ranch place and camp out on the way.

Capt. M. M. Roberts and son George Roberts, and Miss Lottie Webster, a grand daughter of Capt. Roberts, left Tuesday for a visit to Bell county, their old home.

Norheutt and Ashcraft are the people to do your hauling. Our drays are always easy to find. Services prompt and reasonable charges. Phone, No. 45.

Plant June corn. Now is the time for fall corn. Plant something for a fall crop in July. Keep your planters going all summer and you will not have to buy feed in this country.

Miss Tommie Boone and Mrs. Matthew Alexander left Wednesday for Canyon City, where they will visit friends. Miss Julia Winn was also with the party, and will go on to Amarillo to visit.

Misses Mattie Nelson and Ida Shaw of Stamford, were the guests of Mrs. James A. Greer last Sunday. Miss Nelson returned home Sunday evening, but Miss Shaw remained several days.

Hon. Homer D. Wade was a passenger on Wednesday's train on his way to Fort Worth, where he is to address the ad mens meeting Thursday. Mr. Wade will say some good things about the west.

White Buck and Canvas Shoes

The white season is now in full swing and before buying anything in this line, we would like to show you thru our White House line, ranging in price from \$1.50 to \$4.00

Our Rug Proposition expires August 1st, so we suggest that you come in before that time with your "Cash Coupon" and select out your Rug.

Hancock & Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Marshall Pierson and children of Rule took the train here Tuesday morning. Mrs. Pierson and children will visit relatives in Georgia, the state of Mrs. Pierson's nativity. Mr. Pierson will be in Dallas for some time.

Rev. J. G. Putman of Stamford, presiding elder of the M. E. church South for this district, will preach at the Methodist church in this city next Sunday at 11 a. m. and at night. He will hold a business session of the quarterly conference Saturday night.

Last week Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Scott of this city entertained a party of their friends at their ranch on the east side. Among the party were, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Montgomery, Mr. and Mrs. O. E. Patterson and Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Wilson. The fishing was said to have been fine.

F. L. Daugherty, an old time Thorndale boy, but now a resident of Haskell, is making the race in Haskell county this year for the office of county attorney. Friends of Mr. Daugherty here circulated a paper which was liberally signed recommending his candidacy to the voters of Haskell county. Mr. Daugherty was at one time assistant county attorney of Milam county. His old friends here know him to be able and competent to fill the position and hope for his election.—Thorndale Thorn.

Mrs. J. P. Wheatley and daughter, Miss Myrtle, and Mrs. W. J. Via and daughter, Miss Ruth, of the Roberts community, were pleasant visitors at this office last Saturday evening. Mrs. Wheatley and Mrs. Force left that night for Glen Rose to visit relatives.

In order to awaken an interest in the Sunday School work of our town the Free Press will with next issue begin the publication of the attendance and collection of the Sunday Schools of the different churches. Haskell should have twice the number of Sunday School pupils that we have.

For Sale—320 acre farm adjoining the city limits on the Southwest of Haskell city; 200 acres in fine state of cultivation, all fenced, no other improvements. Price \$35.00 per acre, one-third cash, time on the balance. For further information, write or wire Buchanan and Carter, Killeen, Texas.

A large party of Haskellites attended the barbecue at Goree 4th. Among the party were, Misses Levina Hallmark, Lula Weems, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. McFatter and daughter, Miss Helen, Mrs. Chas. McFatter, Mrs. Collins, S. E. Carothers, Judge A. J. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Koonce, Cap Lambert, Frank Moore, Miss Dean Wilfong and J. D. Collier.

Subscribe for the Free Press and keep up with Haskell.

IN THE Good Old Summer Time

When you are hot and thirsty your thoughts turn to a cool and refreshing drink. The place to find the latest and most palatable drinks in town is the

West Side Pharmacy

Our prescription department is in charge of Mr. D. J. Dunn, a registered pharmacist of long experience. Careful and personal attention is given to every prescription given us.

J. R. WALTON, Prop.

HASKELL, TEXAS.

Misses Jimmie and Elma Kinnard and Allene Couch visited Miss Louise Farley this week.

Mrs. M. J. Spurlin who has been visiting her son, Mr. Crow of this city, is visiting in Stamford this week.

C. W. McCowan of Cliff was in the city Tuesday. He was visiting his friend Mr. Whitford of this place.

E. D. Reynolds of Dallas spent several days the early part of the week with his sister, Mrs. H. S. Wilson.

Mr. and Mrs. T. M. Metcalf of San Antonio are visiting their daughter, Mrs. O. E. Patterson of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Lipscomb were called to Franklin to attend the bedside of Mr. Lipscomb's brother, who is ill.

Misses Mary and Emma Nicholson, who have been visiting in this city, have returned to their home at Jayton.

Who wants a good Oliver typewriter. We have a good one to sell cheap, or will trade for good milch cow.

Earl Cogdell left Tuesday for Grandbury, where he and his family will spend the summer with friends.

Mrs. Robert Reynolds of Anson was visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Hudson of this city this week.

Our abstract books are complete and up-to-date. Get your abstracts from Sanders & Wilson.

The Haskell Bakery furnished 1,000 loaves of bread for the Goree barbecue and the ice plant furnished the soda pop.

F. G. Rice of Walnut Springs, who has been visiting his sister, Mrs. M. S. Pierson, returned to his home Monday.

Mrs. J. T. Sowell and Mrs. Ritch left Thursday for the later's home at Jacksboro. They have been visiting Mrs. Walden of this city.

Maurice Durst and family of Rochester, spent Monday and Tuesday in the city visiting James A. Greer and family.

Miss Alma McCool, of Boyd, Texas, who has been visiting her aunt Mrs. Whit Williams, has returned to her home.

WANTED TO TRADE—Surrey or buggy for good horse, suitable for delivery wagon. McNeill & Smith Hdw. Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. McFatter, of Goree, spent Saturday night and Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. J. N. McFatter of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. Dan Couch of Aspermont were in the city last week. They also visited at Munday before returning home.

Misses May Fields and Susie Baker left Monday for Yellowstone Park. Miss Fields will visit Taft, California before returning.

Mr. O. Rice of Fort Worth, who has been visiting his daughter, Mrs. M. Pierson of this city, returned to his home Monday.

Mr. Lee Stubblefield and sister, Miss Willie, who have been visiting Mr. and Mrs. M. A. Clifton, left for their home Saturday.

Mr. J. C. Roberts and family have moved to Seymour. Mr. Roberts has been with the oil mill people here for past two year.

The Ferris Ranch in the northeast part of the county is putting up three silos. They will cut and fill the silos with green forage.

Mrs. J. S. Rike is visiting her daughter Mrs. Morrison at Graham, Texas. She will also visit at Farmersville before returning.

Mrs. L. Taylor of Coleman, who has been visiting the families of M. H. Gillham and T. C. Cahill, returned to her home Wednesday.

Miss Belle McCarty, who has been visiting Misses Myrtle and Lona Marr of this place, returned to her home at Aspermont Tuesday. Misses Myrtle and Lona accompanied her home for a short visit.

YOUR ATTENTION

You like to live well. You can't enjoy life in the best way without fresh and pure

GROCERIES

We appreciate your liberal patronage in the past, and promise to give you the best service and best goods to be had in the future.

Farmers Supply Co.

My Lady of Doubt

BY RANDALL PARRISH

Author of "Love Under Fire," "My Lady of the North" and other stories

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY THIEDE

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Major Lawrence, son of Judge Lawrence of Virginia, whose wife was a Lay, is sent on a perilous mission by Gen. Washington, just after the winter at Valley Forge.

CHAPTER II.

Within the Enemy's Lines.

A long cavalry cape concealing the British uniform I wore, my horse and myself were ferried across the Schuylkill, just below the mouth of Valley Creek, and there, amid the silence and darkness of the eastern shore, I parted with Hamilton, who had accompanied me thus far, whispering final words of instruction. My horse was a fresh one, chosen from the stables of the Life Guard, but the trappings were of the British service. Within five minutes I was out of sight of the sleet fire on the river bank, riding steadily southeast through the night, every nerve alert. An hour's riding found me well beyond our outermost pickets, yet, in fear that I might encounter some body of irregulars, scouting the neutral ground, I held on to my passport until I perceived the first flush of dawn in the east. Then, convinced of close proximity to the British guard lines, I tore the paper into fragments. Avoiding all roads, and seeking every bit of concealment possible, it was already sunrise before I plunged suddenly into a Hessian picket post, the distant smoke of the Philadelphia chimneys darkening the sky ahead. Unable to speak German, my uniform won sufficient courtesy, so that I was escorted back under guard to an outpost of the Queen's Rangers, where I explained my presence and rank to a red-faced captain in Tory green, so insolent in manner as to be insulting, until I exhibited the sealed dispatch, and demanded to be escorted at once to Sir William Howe. This brought results, and I entered the city under escort of a dozen horsemen, their green coats faced with dingy white, cocked hats flapping as they rode.



I Explained My Presence to a Red-Faced Captain in Tory Green So Insolent as to Be Insulting.

It was thus we came to Callowhill, and the encampment of British grenadiers, an officer of the Fifty-fifth regiment volunteering to guide me to Howe's quarters in High street. He was a genial fellow, and pointed out various places of interest, as we rode more slowly through the streets close along the river side, questioning me often upon affairs in New York, to which I returned such vague answers as pleased me, paying small heed to the truth. All along the river were redoubts, well garrisoned, with black gun muzzles pointing out across the water. Many houses had been razed, and their debris, together with the fire ruin of the past winter, gave to everything a look of desolation. Much artillery was parked in the state house yard, and several vessels of war were lying at anchor in the stream, while the entire shore line was filled with barges, decorated as for a fête, a large force of men laboring about them. My companion, observing my interest attracted in that direction, reined up his horse to explain.

"These are the galleys being made ready for the Michianza, Fortesque," he said, waving his hand. "You came to us at a lucky hour."

"The Michianza?" I asked, puzzled by the strange term. "Some festival, you mean?—some gala day?"

"'Tis an Italian word, they tell me, signifying medley. The officers give it in farewell to Sir William, who will sail tomorrow. A pretty penny it costs. See, there is Major O'Hara now, one of the managers; there are three others, Sir John Wrottesley, Major Gardiner, and the chief engineer, Montrose. Do you know them? No? Oh, I had forgotten you have only just arrived. You will know them ere long, however, for they are the leaders in such affairs. That is Captain Andre there with O'Hara." He waved his hand, and the younger officer lifted his cocked hat in acknowledgment. "Let us spur over these, lieutenant, until I get you a ticket of invitation."

I followed, careless of the loss of time so I could both see and hear.

"Andre, this is Lieutenant Fortesque just in from New York with dispatches for Howe. I have promised him a ticket for tonight."

The young officer laughingly extended a hand.

"The more the merrier, Craig. With the Forty-second I see, sir; knew your colonial well. You'll find America isn't so bad, after you get used to it. We've had a gay time here, eh, O'Hara? The best of liquor, and the prettiest of girls, and now we'll show the town something it won't forget in a hurry." He held out a card to me. "Rather ornate, considering the printers in these colonies; designed it myself."

It was certainly a handsome souve-

to know I can retain my present staff. There was no special news in New York, Lieutenant."

"None of particular importance, I believe, sir. We landed only a short time ago."

"Yes, I understand. You were fortunate to get through here so easily—the Jerseys are a hotbed of rebellion. Do you return with me by water?"

"I believe that was left to my own discretion. I should be glad of a day or two in Philadelphia."

"Easily arranged. While I shall leave the city tomorrow so as to give Clinton a fair field, I shall remain on Lord Howe's flagship for some little time previous to final departure for New York. You had better mess here with my staff, Mabry," turning to the aide, "see that Lieutenant Fortesque has breakfast, and procure him a pass good indefinitely within our lines. You will pardon my withdrawal, as the officers of the garrison promise me an exceedingly busy day. We will meet again, no doubt."

He clasped my hand warmly, and withdrew, leaving me alone with the aide, half-ashamed, I confess, of having been compelled to deceive. Yet the very ease of it all stimulated endeavor, and I conversed lightly with Mabry over the mess table, and when the orderly returned with the necessary pass, I was keen to start upon my round of inspection, utterly forgetful of having been up and in saddle all night. Mabry could not leave his duties to accompany me, but courteously furnished a fresh horse, and assigned a private of dragoons to guide me about the city. By ten o'clock we were off, my only fear being the possible meeting with some acquaintance.

In this, however, I was happily disappointed, as there were few civilians on the streets, the throngs of soldiers, off duty for a holiday, with all discipline relaxed, being boisterous, and considerably under the influence of liquor. The uniform worn, together with my dragoon guard, saved me from trouble, and I found the fellow sufficiently intelligent to be of value. I dare not make notes, and yet recall clearly even now the stations of the troops, together with a clear mental outline of the main defenses of the city. I made no attempt to pass beyond the limits, but, from statements of the dragoon, and various officers with whom I conversed, mapped in my mind the entire scheme of defense. I visited a number of these encampments, finding in each merely a small guard retained for the day, the majority of the troops being off on liberty. Soon after noon these began to throng the water front, eager to view the coming spectacle. I was, myself, in the Yager's camp, finishing a late lunch, with a few officers, when the announcement came that the water procession had started.

CHAPTER III.

The Fete and Michianza. I confess that up to this time I had experienced little interest in the affair. After Valley Forge it was hard for an American soldier to admire such boys' play, or to enter into the spirit of British fun making. Besides the danger of my position, the fear of some slip of tongue betraying me,

the knowledge that I was in the very heart of the enemy's camp, with grim, stern duties to perform, and a return journey to accomplish, kept me nervous to a point where I thought of little else than my task. But now I dared not remain indifferent, and, indeed, the enthusiasm of my companions became contagious, and I joined with them eagerly, as they hurried forth to the best point of view. Once there the sight revealed aroused me to an enthusiasm scarcely less than that of those crowding about. Few, indeed, have ever witnessed so gorgeous a spectacle as that I then presented.

Well out in the stream lay the vessels of war—the Fanny, Roebuck and Vigilant—together with a long line of transports, stretching as far as the eye could see, flags flying, and decks crowded with spectators. The pageant came down with the tide, moving in three divisions to the inspiring music of several bands, the oars of galleys and barges keeping exact intervals. As they passed us the officers beside me named the various occupants. In the leading galley were Sir William, Lord Howe, Sir Henry Clinton, the officers of their suites and some ladies. In the last of the boats stood General Knyphausen, the Hessian commander. Between these were flat-boats, covered with green cloth, loaded with ladies and gentlemen, or else containing bands. Six barges, darting here and there, kept open space amid the swarms of small boats. Everywhere the eye swept over a riot of color, and the ear caught a babel of sound. As the last barge glided by the man next me growled in disgust:

"Those are lucky dogs of duty today." His eye caught mine. "Why don't you go after them, Fortesque? There will be plenty of fun afoot yonder where they land."

"Where is that?"

"At the old fort; follow the crowd, and you'll not go astray. Have you a ticket?"

"Captain Andre honored me with one this morning."

"Then you are good for the first row. Don't miss it, man," with enthusiasm. "Twill be such a sight as has not been witnessed since the Field of the Cloth of Gold."

"A passage at arms, you mean?"

"Ay! as gorgeous as those of the old-time knights; a fair conceit as I read the program. I'd be there now but for the damned orders that hold me here. If you ride hard you can make the spot before they come ashore."

There was no reason I should not go, and much in the glittering prospect appealed to me. Five minutes later I was trotting out of the Yager camp, pressing passage through the crowds, already headed southward, the dragoon riding silently at my heels. Mounted men that day were few, and doubtless believing we were connected with the pageant, the jam sullenly parted, and gave us opening, so we reached the site of the old fort as the barges began discharging their occupants. A glance about, however, convinced me as to where the lists were to be run, and I headed my horse in that direction and gained a point of vantage before the throng poured in.

I was somewhat to the right of the big stand, the restive heels of my horse keeping the crowd away, and with a clear view as far as the river bank. It was, maybe, 400 yards down a gentle slope to the water's edge, where the line was forming. This passageway was lined with onlookers, held back by numerous guards, while to my left extended a square lawn, perhaps 150 yards each way, surrounded by a double rank of grenadiers, the bayonets gleaming on their guns. This open space was equipped with everything needed for the coming tourney, and on three sides were tiers of raised seats. I had barely observed all this when the guns of the Roebuck, echoed by those of the Vigilant, began to boom a salute, and the head of the column of marchers began slowly mounting the slope. The costumes worn were as varied as those of a masquerade, representing all the changes since the days of chivalry. The whole line glowed with color, and gleamed with steel.

Like some great serpent, glittering in the sun, this procession passed under the triumphal arches and disappeared as its members took prescribed positions on the stands, or in the pavilions bordering the field of contest. As thus arranged the grouping of colors was most brilliant. In the front of each pavilion were seven young ladies, attired picturesquely in Turkish costume, wearing in their turbans those favors with which they meant to reward the knights contending in their honor. Behind these, and occupying all the upper seats, were the maidens representing the two divisions of the day's sports—ladies of the Blended Rose and ladies of the Burning Mountain. From the crowd surging around I heard name after name mentioned, as famous Philadelphia belles were pointed out, not a few familiar to me. Even as I gazed upon that galaxy of beauty, half angry that Americans should take part in such a spectacle of British triumph, the field was cleared for the lists, and a sound of trumpets came to us from a distance.

Onto the opening rode the contending knights, attended by equires on foot, dressed in ancient habits of white and red silk, and mounted on grayhorses. From the other direction appeared their opponents, in black and orange, riding black steeds, while to the center advanced the herald loudly proclaiming the challenge. I knew not who they all were, but they made a gallant show, and I overheard many a name spoken of soldiers met in battle—Lord Cathcart, Captain Andre, Major Tariton, Captain Scott. Ay! and they fought well that day, those

White and Black knights on the main field. At last the two chiefs—Lord Cathcart for the Whites, and Captain Watson of the Guards, for the Blacks—were alone contending furiously, when the marshal of the field rushed in between, and struck up their weapons, declaring the contest done, the honor of each side proven. As the company broke up, flowing forward to the great house beyond, the vast crowd of onlookers burst through the guard lines, and, like a mighty torrent, swept over the field. It was a wild, jubilant, yelling mass, so dense as to be irresistible, even these of us on horseback being pressed forward, helpless chips on the stream.

I endeavored to press back, but my restive animal, startled by the dig of the spur, the yells, the waving of arms, refused to face the tumult, and whirled madly about. For a moment I all but lost control, yet even as he plunged rearing into the air, I saw before me the appealing face of a woman. How she changed to that mob, I know not; where her escort had disappeared, and how she had become separated from her party, has never been made clear. But this I saw, even as I struggled with the hard-mouthed brute under me—a slender, girlish figure attired as a lady of the Blended Rose, a white, frightened face, arms outstretched, and dark blue eyes beseeching help. Already the front of the mob was upon her, unable to swerve aside because of the thousands pushing behind. In another moment she would be underfoot, or hurled into the air. Reckless of all else, I dug in my spurs, yelling to the Light Dragoon beside me, even as my horse leaped. I scarcely know what happened, or how it was accomplished—only I had the reins gripped in my teeth, both my hands free. That instant I caught her; the next she was on my arm, swung safely to the saddle, held to me with a grip of steel, the animal dashing forward beneath his double burden into the open field. Then the dragoon, riding madly, gripped the bit, and the affair was over, although we must have galloped a hundred yards before the trembling horse was brought to a stand. Leaving him to the control of the soldier, I sprang to the ground bearing the lady with me. We were behind one of the pavilions, facing the house, and she reeled as her feet touched the earth, so that I held her from falling. Then her lashes lifted, and the dark blue eyes looked into my face.

"You must pardon my roughness," I apologized, "but there was no time for ceremony."

She smiled, a flood of color coming back into the clear cheeks, as she drew slightly away.

"I appreciate that, sir," frankly, shaking out her ruffled skirts, "and you have made knighthood real."

"Then," I ventured, "may I hope to receive the reward, fair lady?"

She laughed, a little tremor of nervousness in the sound, but her eyes full of challenge.

"And what is that?"

"Your name; the hope of better acquaintance."

Her eyes swept my uniform questioningly.

"You are not of the garrison?"

"No; a courier just arrived from New York."

"Yet an officer; surely then you will be present tonight?"

"The privilege is mine; if sufficient tempted I may attend."

"Tempted! How, sir?"

"By your pledging me a dance."

She laughed again, one hand grasping the long silken skirt.

"You ask much—my name, a better acquaintance, a dance—all this for merely saving me from a mob. You are not a modest knight, I fear. Suppose I refuse?"

"Then am I soldier enough to come unasked, and win my welcome."

"I thought as much," the long lashes opening up to me the depths of the blue eyes. "I promise nothing."

"You are an American, then?"

"By birth, yes," unhesitatingly. "We are of those loyal to the king, but—I admire men."

It was with an effort I restrained my words, eager to proclaim my service, yet comprehending instantly that I dare not even trust this plain-spoken girl with the truth. She respected the men, sympathized with the sacrifices of Washington's little army, contracted all they endured with the profigacity of the English and Hessian troops, and yet remained loyal to the king's cause. Even as I hesitated she spoke again.

"What is your regiment?"

"The Forty-second Foot."

"You have not yet been in action in America?"

"No, but I have just crossed the Jerseys with dispatches."

She shook her head, her cheeks glowing.

"My home was there when the war began," she explained simply. "Now it is hate, pillage and plunder everywhere. We fled to Philadelphia for our lives, and have almost forgotten we ever had a home. We loyalists are paying a price almost equal to those men with Washington. 'Tis this memory which makes me so bitter toward those who play amid the ruins."

"Yet you have seemed to enter into the gay spirit of the occasion," and my eyes swept over her costume.

"Oh, I am girl enough to enjoy the glitter, even while the woman in me condemns it all. You are a soldier—a fighting soldier, I hope—and still you are here also seeking pleasure."

"True; I yielded to temptation, but for which I should never have come."

"What?"

"The dare in your eyes this afternoon," I said boldly. "But for what I read there I should be out pondering through the night."

She laughed, yet not wholly at ease, the long lashes drooping over her eyes.

"Always the woman; what would you do without my sex to bear your mistakes?"

"But was this a mistake? Did I read altogether wrong?"

"Don't expect a confession from me, sir," demurely. "I have no memory of any promise."

"No, the barest suggestion was all your lips gave; it was the eyes that challenged."

then, nor forbid. But there is Captain Grant seeking me. If I do not speak of gratitude, it is nevertheless in my heart, sir," she swept me a courtesy, to which I bowed hat in hand, "and now as I revere."

I stood as she left me, staring while she crossed the lawn and joined a dark-faced officer of Rangers. Once she glanced back over her shoulder, and then disappeared in the crowd of revellers.

I had not intended to remain in Philadelphia through the night. Already I had secured the information sought, and now must consider the safest and quickest method of escape. It seemed to me this night, given up to revelry, afforded the best possible opportunity for my safely passing the British guard lines. Tomorrow discipline would be resumed, the soldiers

would return to their posts and the citizens of the city would again appear on the streets. This would greatly intensify my danger, for, at any moment, I might encounter some one who knew me, who might denounce me to the authorities.

That this was the exact truth of the situation could not be denied, yet, now, every reckless impulse of my disposition urged me to remain; the invitation of those laughing blue eyes, the challenge I read in the lady's fair face, the unsolved mystery of her identity, all combined in a temptation I found it impossible to resist. For a dance with her, a possible understanding, I was willing to venture life itself.

It must have been nearly nine o'clock when, in company with a young cornet, I rode up to the house given up to festivities, and, turning over our horses to the care of cavalry grooms, climbed the wide steps to the door leading into the hall.

All was a riot of color, rich, bewildering, with smiling faces, and laughing lips everywhere. In such a spot, amid such surroundings, war seemed a dream, a far-off delirium.

My companion disappeared, and, to escape the pressure of those surging back and forth through the wide doorway, I found passage close to the wall, and half circled the room, finally discovering a halting place in the recesses of a window, where, partially concealed myself by flowing curtains, I could gaze out over the brilliant assemblage. Half ashamed of the plainness of my own attire, and feeling a stranger and an alien, I was yet consciously seeking the one face which had lured me there.

"Enough conversation reached me to disclose a promised display of fireworks on the lawn, and almost immediately a magnificent bouquet of rockets shot up into the black sky, illuminating everything with a glare of fire. This was followed by the lighting up of the triumphal arch, and the bursting of balloons high overhead. Attracted by the spectacle, I was starting out at the dazzling scene, when a voice spoke at my shoulder.

"'Tis a relief to see even one soldier present ready for duty."

I turned to look into a pair of steady blue eyes, with a bit of mocking laughter in their depths, the face revealed clearly in the glare of the rockets.

"Necessity only," I managed to reply. "I can be as gorgeous as these others, had I brought a bag with me."

"No doubt; every British regiment tries to outdo the others in ribbons and gold lace. Really they become tiresome with such foppery in war times. See how they play tonight, like children, the city practically unguarded from attack," she waved an ungloved hand toward the dark without. "I venture there are men out yonder, sir, who are not dancing and laughing away these hours."

My cheeks burned.

"You mean Washington's troops?"

"Ay! I saw them here in Philadelphia before Sir William came," her voice lowered, yet earnest, "and they are not playing at war; grim, silent, sober-faced men, dressed in odds and ends, not pretty to look at; some tattered and hungry, but they fight hard. Mr. Conway was telling us yesterday of how they suffered all winter long, while we danced and feasted here, Washington himself sleeping with the snow drifting over him. You do not know the Americans, for you are not long across the water, but they are not the kind to be conquered by such child's play as this."

"You are an American, then?"

"By birth, yes," unhesitatingly. "We are of those loyal to the king, but—I admire men."

Caught Her—the Animal Dashing Forward Beneath the Double Burden into the Open Field.

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"You must have dreamed; perhaps you recall the suggestion?"

"I took it to mean that you would not be altogether averse to meeting me again through the kindness of some mutual friend."

"No doubt you have found such a friend?"

"I have scarcely seen a face I know tonight," I pleaded. "I cannot even guess from what place of mystery you appeared so suddenly. So now I throw myself upon your mercy."

"I wonder is it quite safe?" hesitatingly. "But, perhaps, the risk is equally great on your part. Ah! the lights go on again."

"And the band plays a Hungarian waltz; how better could we cement friendship than to that measure?"

"You think so? I am not so sure, and there are many names already on my card."

"Do not look," I interrupted swiftly, "for I claim first choice since this afternoon."

"You do?" and her eyes laughed into mine provokingly. "And I had forgotten it all; did I indeed promise you?"

"Only with your eyes."

"Oh, my eyes! always my eyes! Well, for once, at least, I will redeem even that visionary pledge," and her glance swept the room hastily. "But I advise that you accept my surrender quickly, sir—I am not sure but this was Captain Grant's dance, and he is coming now."

CHAPTER IV.

The Beginning of Trouble.

Her hand was in mine, my arm already around her waist, when the officer bowed before us. He had been

but a dim figure in the afternoon, but now I saw him for a tall, slender man, somewhat swarthy of face, with black hair and moustache, and a keen eye, attired in the green and white of the Queen's Rangers. He smiled, but with a sarcastic curl to the upper lip not altogether pleasant.

"Your pardon, Mistress Claire," he said boldly, sweeping me with a supercilious glance, "but am I mistaken in believing this waltz was pledged to me?"

"By mistake, captain," her lips smiling, her eyes steady. "It seems I overlooked a promise made during the afternoon."

"Oh, indeed," he turned toward me, staring insolently. "The hero of the rescue, I presume."

I felt the restraining pressure of her hand upon my sleeve, and her voice replied calmly, before I succeeded in finding words.

"This is the gentleman who protected me from the mob, if that is what you mean. Permit me to present Captain Grant of the Queen's Rangers, Lieutenant—pardon my having already forgotten your name."

"Fortesque," I stammered, intensely hating the necessary deception.

"Ah, yes—Lieutenant Fortesque of the Forty-second British Foot."

We bowed coldly, neither extending a hand, the captain twisting his moustache as he continued staring at me.

"Fortesque," he repeated slowly. "Fortesque; not of this garrison, I believe."

"No, from New York," coolly. "I regret having interfered with your program."

"Don't mention it; there are other ladies present, and no doubt, your gallant act was worthy the reward; a pleasant evening, sir," and he withdrew aside, stiffly military. Eager to lose as little as possible of the measure, I swung my partner forward, catching glimpses again of the man's face as we circled.

"Pleasant disposition," I ventured, without meaning to be unkind.

"Oh, very," and her eyes met mine frankly. "But you must not quarrel with him; that is his one speciality, you know."

"Is the warning on your account, or my own?"

"Both, perhaps. Captain Grant's family and mine are neighbors—or were before war intervened—and between our fathers exists a life-long friendship. I could never consent to be the cause of his quarreling with anyone, and I have reason to know how quick tempered he is."

"I have little use for any man who swaggers about seeking trouble," I returned, as she hesitated. "It has been my experience that there is usually cowardice back of such a disposition."

"Not in this case," earnestly. "Captain Grant's courage has been sufficiently tested already. I warn you not to presume on your theory so far as he is concerned. I advise the safer course."

"What is that?"



"If I Leave You Now as You Request, I Must First Have Promise of Welcome Again."

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Let the Free Press do your job printing. We can please you.

Her eyes met mine, smiling slightly, and yet grave enough in their depths. "To let this one dance prove sufficient reward for your act of rescue."

"You request this?"

"Oh, you must not place the entire burden of decision on me, sir. I can only suggest."

"Has Captain Grant any authority to dictate who shall be your partner?" Her lashes lifted, and then fell before my gaze.

"He at least assumes the power, and generally with fair success. I must ask to be excused from discussing this matter further now, but—but," her voice trembled to a whisper, "I am sure your safety depends upon your leaving me."

Astonished by these words, suddenly wondering if she suspected me, scarcely comprehending what she meant, I stared into her face, as we circled the room. Grant stood stiffly against the wall where we left him, his eyes fastened moodily on the crowd; I realized his presence, yet my whole thought was concentrated on the girl, the strands of her hair brushing my lips, her steps lightly following the music, her eye downcast. Into the cheeks there came a flush of pink, and she glanced up to read the surprise in my face.

"Do I need to say more?"

"Yes, you must," I insisted, "you can never believe I would leave you because of personal fear."

"I did not know—at first. Now I realize it will require a higher motive to influence you; not love of life, but love of country."

I felt the closer clasp of her fingers on my guiding hand, and knew I took a deep breath of surprise.

"Lean your head just a little closer," she whispered. "I—I know you, Major Lawrence, and—and I wish you well."

How I kept to the measure I cannot imagine, for, in an instant, all my house of cards crumbled into nothingness. She knew me, this blue-eyed girl; knew me, and sought to aid my mission, this daughter of a loyalist, this lady of the Blended Rose. It was inconceivable, and yet a fact—my name had been whispered by her lips.

Suddenly she looked up laughing, as though to make others feel that we conversed lightly. We passed Grant, even as I held my breath, almost afraid to venture with words. Yet they would not be restrained.

"You certainly startled me; how do you know this? Surely we have never met before?"

"I refuse to be questioned, sir; it means nothing how I know—the fact that I do should be sufficient."

"Must Mistress Claire—"

"Rather Mistress Mortimer."

"Yet the captain called you Claire."

"And we were children together—you can scarcely claim such familiarity."

"I warrant you can name me."

"Allen, is it not, sir?"

"What was it the witch did not know! This was no guess work, surely, and yet how could her strange knowledge be accounted for? Sweet as the face was, greatly as it had attracted me, there was nothing to awaken a throb of memory. Surely I could never have seen her before, and forgotten; that would have been impossible. The music ceased, leaving us at the farther extremity of the hall.

"And now you will go?" she questioned eagerly.

"You mean, leave here?"

"Yes; you said once tonight, that but for me you would be riding yonder. I realized all you meant, and you must not remain. The guard lines are slack tonight, and you can get through, but if you wait until tomorrow it may be too late. Believe me, I am your friend, a friend of your cause."

"I do believe you; I could not connect you with deceit, but I am bewildered at this sudden exposure. Does Captain Grant also suspect my identity?"

"I think not—not yet, at least, for if he did you would be under arrest. But there are others here who would recognize you just as I have. There is no mystery about it. I was in Philadelphia when the Continental troops were here, and you were pointed out to me then. No, we have never met, yet I was sure I recognized you this afternoon."

"I was pointed out to you by whom?"

"My brother—my twin brother on the staff of General Lee."

"Did you not inform me your family were loyalists?"

"Yes; it is true," earnestly, her foot tapping the floor, as though annoyed at such persistent questioning. "I have a father and brother in the king's service—but one is a renegade, and I—I—"

"You are what?"

"I am merely a woman, sir, unable to determine whether to finally become loyalist or rebel."

I looked gravely into her eyes until they fell, veiling their revelation of truth behind long lashes.

"Mistress Mortimer," I murmured, bending so close to her pink ear, I felt the soft touch of her hair on my lips, "you dissemble so charmingly as to even puzzle me. But if I leave you now, as you request, I must first have promise of welcome again."

"Then you mean to return—a prisoner? I am always merciful to the suffering."

"No; we are coming back to Philadelphia victors, and soon. I am not afraid to tell you. I have learned much to-day, and go back to report to Washington that the exchange of British commanders means the early evacuation of the city. When we meet again you will not be a lady of the Blended Rose, nor will I be wearing this uniform."

Her eyes sparkled brightly into mine, then dropped demurely.

"I—I rather like the colors you are wearing now, and am sure this dress is most becoming. I—I have a passion for masquerade."

"I recognize that, but have already discovered where I can read the truth beyond the masque—what is occurring now?"

She turned to look, attracted as I had been by the change and bustle about us. A few feet from where we stood conversing, large folding doors, previously concealed by draperies, were suddenly flung wide open, revealing a magnificent dining hall. Dazzled by the magnificent spectacle, I turned to my companion, unable to resist temptation. She must have instantly read the purpose in my face, for she grasped my sleeve.

"No; you must not think of remaining a moment longer. There will be a seat reserved for me, and Captain Grant is coming this way now. Something is wrong, I am sure; I have no time to explain, but promise me you will leave here at once—at once."

Her eyes, her words, were so insistent I could not refuse, although as I glanced about I felt convinced there was no danger in this assemblage, not a familiar face meeting mine. At the instant Grant came up, elbowing his way through the press, and staring insolently into my eyes, even as he bowed politely to the lady beside me.

"At least this is my privilege," he insisted, "unless there be another person engaged of which I am ignorant."

"Oh, no," and she rested her hands on the green eelgrass, smiling from his face into mine. "We were waiting for you to come. Goodnight, Lieutenant Fortesque."

They had taken a step or two, when Grant halted, holding her arm tightly as he glanced back to where I stood.

"Would Lieutenant Fortesque spare me a moment after I have found the lady a seat?" he questioned politely.

"Gladly, if you do not keep me waiting too long."

"Then there will be no delay. Shall we say the parlor below?"

I bowed, conscious of the mute appeal in the lady's face, yet with no excuse for refusal.

"As well there as anywhere, sir."

Once again we bowed with all the punctilious ceremony of mutual dislike, and he whispered something into her ear as they disappeared in the stream of people. My cheeks burned with indignation at his cool insolence. What could it mean? Was he merely seeking a quarrel? or was there something else concealed behind this request? In either case I knew not how to act, and yet felt no inclination to avoid the meeting. Studying over the situation I pushed my way through the crowd along the floor of the ball-room. There were a few people still lingering on the stairs, but, except for the servants, the parlors below were deserted. I walked the length of one of the great rooms, and halted in front of a fireplace to await Grant's coming. I was eager to have this affair settled, and be off. I comprehended now the risk I had assumed by remaining so long, and began to feel the cords of entanglement drawing about me. There was a door opposite where I stood, and, staring toward it, I saw it open slightly, and, back in the darkness, the beckoning of a hand. Startled, yet realizing that it must mean me, I stepped closer, gripping the hilt of my sword, half suspecting treachery.

"Quick," and I recognized the deep, contralto of the voice. "Don't stop to question; there is not a moment to lose."

CHAPTER V.

The Threat of Swords.

Stepping from the glare of those gleaming parlor lights into the gloom of that narrow passage, blinded me for the instant, yet a moment later, I became aware of the distant glimmer of a candle, the faint reflection revealing the girl's face.

"Please do not talk; do not ask anything—yet," she urged hurriedly, noticeably closing the door at my back, and as instantly gripping my sleeve. Her breath came quickly; her voice trembled from surprised excitement. "Come with me, beyond the light yonder."

I followed her guidance, bewildered, yet having every confidence the reason for this mysterious occurrence must be fully justified. The passage curved slightly, terminating at a closed door. Scarce a reflection of the candle reached us here, yet my eyes were by now sufficiently accustomed to the gloom so that I could trace the outlines of her face. A vague doubt took possession of me.

"You are causing me to run away from Grant," I protested blindly. "You are making me appear afraid to meet him."

"No, it is not that," she swiftly. "He was not coming to you personally at all—you were to be arrested!"

"What! He knew me then?"

"I am not sure—some one did, and mentioned his suspicions. Captain Grant was glad enough of an excuse, no doubt, but he," the soft voice faltering, "he made a mistake in twitting me for being friendly toward you."

"And you came to warn, to save me!" I exclaimed, pressing her hand.

"That was nothing; I could do no less. I am only glad I knew the way."

"You mean how you might reach me first?"

"Yes; it came to me in a flash when he first left me alone, only I was not certain in which parlor you would be waiting. I ran through the kitchen and down the back stairs; I helped the officers plan their decorations, and in that way learned of this private passage beneath the stairs. It was easy, but—oh, listen! they are in there now!"

We could hear voices through the intervening wall clearly enough to even distinguish words, as the speakers exercised little restraint. I felt the girl's slender figure press against me in the narrow space where we stood, and I clung to her hand, both remaining motionless and silent.

"That fellow has run, Grant," boomed some one hoarsely, "either afraid, or else what you say he is. See here, boy, did you see anyone in here lately in scarlet jacket?"

"I don't just 'member, sah," answered a negro, hesitatingly. "I was busy over dar' cleanin' de sideboard."

"Well, he's not here now, that's certain," broke in Grant impatiently, "and we've been in all the parlors? What next, MacHugh?"

"Try to head him off before he can get out of the city, of course. That's his game, probably. Osborne, have Carter come here at once. Why didn't you nab the fellow upstairs, Captain? Fool play that, sending him down here."

"I didn't wish to create a row in the ball-room; he was with Claire Mortimer."

"Oh, I see," laughing coarsely. "Something besides military duty involved, eh?"

"I'll trouble you to be a trifle more careful, MacHugh," Grant said stiffly. "The fellow did her a small service in the afternoon, and she couldn't refuse dancing with him, as he was in uniform, and apparently all right. I advise you to drop that part of the affair. Here's Carter now."

I could hear the click of the newcomer's spurs as he crossed the room. MacHugh chuckled.

"Touchy about it just the same, I see; however we'll pass up the lady. Carter, there has been a spy in here tonight, calling himself Lieutenant Fortesque, of the 42nd Regiment. He came through the lines this morning with despatches for Howe, I understand. Did you meet him?"

"No, sir, but one of my men was riding about with him all day—Watts; I heard him telling about it an hour ago."

"Is that so? Where'd they go?"

"Covered everything, I judge, from Callowhill to the Lower Battery. Watts said he asked questions of everybody they met, but he didn't take any notes. He liked the fellow, but thought he was mighty inquisitive. Where is he now, sir?"

"The devil knows, I don't, and you'll have to find out. He'll head north-west likely; he'll never try to cross the river here. How many men have you?"

"Twenty."

"Scatter them to every north post. The fellow had no horse, and your troopers can easily get ahead of him. Hurry up now." Carter departed with click of steel, and MacHugh evidently turned to his companion.

"We'll catch the lad all right, Grant. Some of those outposts will nab him before daylight. No use our waiting around here; let's go back upstairs."

The girl's nervous grasp on my arm tightened, her lips pressed close to my ear.

"I—I must get back to my place at the table," she whispered. "Surely you know what to do; this is a rear door; there are stables a hundred feet away; you must get a horse, and ride fast—you—will you do this!"

"Yes, of course—but how can I thank you?"

"Don't try; don't ever even think of it again. I hardly know what mad impulse sent me here. Now I have but one thought—to hurry you away, and get safely back myself—you will go?"

"Yes—but—"

"Not now! there is no time for explanation, promises, anything. You heard what they said; every avenue of escape will be blocked within an hour. If you go at once you can outride them—please, please go!"

She held out her hand, and I grasped it warmly, unable longer to war against the pitiful appeal in her voice.

"Yes, I'll go, at once. But I take away with me a memory which will never permit me to be satisfied until we meet again. We have been together so short a time—"

"Had it been longer," she interrupted, "you would know me better, and care less, perhaps. I am a sham; a cheat," a trifle of bitterness in the tone. "You will learn all that some day, and laugh at yourself. Oh, I know you will; so not another word, sir. I am going; then, perhaps, you will."

There was a slight pressure of her fingers, and she had vanished so quickly I could only stare blindly along the deserted passage. Yet, an instant later, the perl of my predicament flashed back upon my mind, and I faced the immediate necessity for so-

HASKELL COUNTY EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT

T. C. WILLIAMS, Editor.

The County Board of Education has planned a series of joint meetings with the District Trustees of the county to confer over school interests and get what information can be had before classifying the various schools of the county. The schools

must be classified before the new teacher's contracts can be made, and we want to receive and also give all possible information before this classification is made.

The Board will meet on July 5th at Weirert, July 6th at Roch-

ester in the morning and at Rule in the evening, and at Haskell July 9th to close this work. Every district is urged to have at least one representative at one of these meetings, the one most convenient to you, to see that your needs and wants are properly attended to. You should give this your personal attention if you want satisfaction.



ROSE SCHOOL HOUSE

mon. What her strange words might mean could not be interpreted; I made no attempt to comprehend. Now I must find means of escape, and learn the truth later. I opened the door cautiously, and stepped without, every nerve taut, every muscle braced for action. It was a star-lit night, and the numerous rear windows of the mansion cast a glare of light for some distance. The dark shadow of a high fence alone promised concealment, and, holding my sword tightly, I crept in that direction, breathing again more freely as I reached its protection unobserved. There was a guard stationed before the stable door—a Grenadier, from the outline of his hat—and others, a little group, were sitting on the grass a dozen feet away. If they had not been already warned I might gain a horse by boldness, but the probability was that here was where Carter had mounted his squad, and I would merely walk forward into a trap. I had better chance the possibility that some visitor had left a horse tied in front, or to one of the stands. With this possibility in mind I turned, and skirted the house, making myself as inconspicuous as possible. There were soldiers on the outside steps; I heard their voices without seeing them, and was thus driven to run swiftly across an open space, memory guiding me toward the opposite pavilion. Breathless, with heart beating fast, I crouched low in the shadow, endeavoring to make out my more immediate surroundings. There were no horses there, but I could clearly distinguish the stomping of restless hoofs somewhere to the right. As I straightened up, determined upon discovering an empty saddle if possible, the figure of a man suddenly loomed directly in front, advancing toward me. In startled surprise I took one step backward, but was too late. Already the eyes of the newcomer had perceived my presence, and he sprang forward, tugging at his sword.

"Hold on there! hold on!" he commanded shortly. "Who are you? What the devil are you skulking about out here for?"

It was Grant beyond a doubt; I would recognize the peculiar snarl of that voice in a thousand. He had not gone upstairs then; had not rejoined the lady in the dining-room. What would she think of his absence? What would she do when she realized its probable meaning? Somehow I was not frightened, at this meeting him, but glad—if those others would only keep away, and let us settle the affair between us. Here was his test—a coward would cry out an alarm, summon the guard to his assistance, but, if the fellow's nerve only held, or if he hated me badly enough, he'd fight it out alone. All this came to me in a flash, and the words of challenge spoken before he even grasped the thought of who I was.

"So I have discovered you, have I? Why did you fail to keep our appointment within?"

He drew up sharply with an oath, peering at me through the dark, bewildered by my speech.

"The spy! Ye gods, what luck! Do you mean to insinuate I ran away, sir?"

"How else could I interpret it?" I questioned coolly, determined to taunt him to action. "I waited where you told me till I was tired. Perhaps you will oblige me by explaining your purpose."

He muttered something, but without comprehending its purport I went on threateningly.

"And I think you made use of the word spy just now. Did you mistake me for another?"

"Mistake you? No; I'd know you in hell," he burst forth, anger making his voice tremble. "I called you a spy, and you are one, you sneaking night rat. You never waited for me in the parlor; if you had you'd now be under arrest."

"Oh, so that was the plan?"

"Yes, that was it, Mister Lieutenant Fortesque."

"Well, Grant," I said sternerly, "I've

LOCAL NOTES

Mrs. C. J. Phillips is visiting at Abilene.

Mrs. J. T. Nicholson is visiting in this city.

Mrs. M. Novak left Thursday for a visit at Waco.

Mr. G. W. Waldrip of Waco is visiting in our city this week.

Mrs. N. I. McCollum and children are visiting at Clyde and Putnam.

Let the Free Press do your job printing. We are prepared to please you.

F. A. Arnold, of Anson, spent Tuesday in the city with O. F. Kolb and family.

Mrs. E. L. Swope has arrived from Bell county and is visiting relatives in the city.

Don't turn a deaf ear to the calls of the Civic Club in its pleas for a cleaner Haskell.

Mrs. W. P. Garvin came home from Putnam Sanitarium very much improved in health.

Don't fail to attend the moving picture show Wednesday night. Benefit of the Haskell Concert Band.

Mrs. Mac Taylor and babies, Mary and Mac Jr., of Snyder, were guests of Miss Flora Garvin this week.

Cleveland Pierson returned Monday from Aspermont, where he visited relatives and friends a few days.

Kay Baker who has been attending A. & M. College the past term returned home this week to spend the summer with his parents.

Mrs. R. V. Colbert and children and Mrs. F. J. Grayum were over from Stamford Tuesday to spend the day with the Garvin family.

Mr. J. Johnson, who lately moved from Limestone county to this place took his family to his farm eight miles south of Haskell, Wednesday, which was the first time they ever saw the farm. Mr. Johnson has three tenants on his place who have 225 acres in cotton and 109 acres in maize and other feed stuff. He said the feed stuff was needing rain but the cotton was doing fine.

(To be Continued.)

Buy it now. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is almost certain to be needed before the summer is over. Buy it now and be prepared for such an emergency. For sale by all dealers.

Stray Horse.

There is a stray horse in my pasture, three miles west of Haskell, on the Haskell and Rayner road, he is a light bay about 16 hands high. Owner call and get the horse and pay for this notice.

27-3t R. H. Highnote.

A Notable Visitor.

As a result of previous correspondence Judge Poole is in receipt of a telegram informing him that Hon. Chas. S. Hotchkiss, commissioner of publicity of the province of Alberta, Canada, will attend the agricultural meeting here on the 11th inst., as a representative of the International Dry Farming Congress.

A Girl's Wild Midnight Ride

To warn people of a fearful forest fire in the Catskills a young girl rode horseback at midnight and saved many lives. Her deed was glorious but lives are often saved by Dr. King's New Discovery in curing lung trouble, coughs and colds, which might have ended in consumption or pneumonia. "It cured me of a dreadful cough and lung disease," writes W. R. Patterson, Wellington, Tex., after four in our family had died with consumption, and I gained 87 pounds. Nothing so sure and safe for all throat and lung troubles. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by J. S. R. Walton.

Chiggers and Mosquitoes.

Are now in their glory—their business is good and they are happy. There is no earthly use of letting them chew on you, however, if you do not like their ways. A little Hunt's Lightning Oil applied to exposed parts will keep them off and immediately relieve the irritation caused by their bites. Rub a little on and see for yourself.



"If You Go at Once You Can Outride Them. Please, Please Go!"

Pains All Over!

"You are welcome," says Mrs. Nora Guffey, of Broken Arrow, Okla., "to use my letter in any way you want to, if it will induce some suffering woman to try Cardui. I had pains all over, and suffered with an abscess. Three physicians failed to relieve me. Since taking Cardui, I am in better health than ever before, and that means much to me, because I suffered many years with womanly troubles, of different kinds. What other treatments I tried, helped me for a few days only."

TAKE CARDUI The Woman's Tonic

Don't wait, until you are taken down sick, before taking care of yourself. The small aches and pains, and other symptoms of womanly weakness and disease, always mean worse to follow, unless given quick treatment.

You would always keep Cardui handy, if you knew what quick and permanent relief it gives, where weakness and disease of the womanly system makes life seem hard to bear. Cardui has helped over a million women. Try it.

Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent free. 151

The Price of Evil.

It was announced that the devil was going out of business and would offer all his tools for sale to whoever would pay his price. On the night of the sale they were all attractively displayed and a bad lot they were. Malice, envy, hatred, jealousy, sensuality, deceit and all the other implements of evil were spread out, each marked with its price. Apart from the rest lay a harmless looking wedge shaped tool, much worn and priced

higher than any of them. Some one asked the devil what it was. "That's discouragement," was the reply. "Well, why do you have it priced so high?" "Because," replied the devil, "it is more useful to me than any of the others. I can pry open and get inside a man's consciousness with that when I couldn't get near him with any of the others, and when once inside I can use him in whatever way suits me best. It is so much worn because I use it with nearly everybody, very few people yet know that it belongs to me."

It badly needs to be added that the devil's price was so high that it was never sold. He still owns it and is still using it.—Ex.

Why Take Calomel.

When Simmon's Liver Purifier is so easy and pleasant yet acts just as thoroughly as those harsh purgatives. [In yellow tin boxes only.] Tried once, used always. Price 25c.

A talkative woman pressing her viands upon a guest at her table, asked: "Are you fond of tongue?" "Yes," said the wearied man, "I always was fond of tongue, and I like it still."—Ex.

Frightful Polar Winds

blow with terrific force at the far north and play havoc with the skin causing red rough or sore chapped hands and lips, that need Bucklen's Arnica Salve to heal them. It makes the skin soft and smooth. Unrivaled for cold-sores, also burns, boils, sores, ulcers, cuts, bruises and piles. Only 25c at Jas. R. Walton's.

Judge For Yourself.

Which is Better—Try an Experiment or Profit by a Haskell Citizen's Experience.

Something new is an experiment.

Must be proved to be as represented.

The statement of a manufacturer is not convincing proof of merit.

But the endorsement of friends is.

Now supposing you had a bad back.

A Lame, Weak, or Aching one, Would you experiment on it?

You will read of many so-called cures.

Endorsed by strangers from far-away places.

It's different when the endorsement comes from home.

Easy to prove local testimony. Home endorsement is the proof that backs every box of Doan's Kidney Pills.

Read this case:

E. F. Strain, Haskell, Texas, says: "My back was extremely lame and I suffered constantly from headaches. My back and kidneys were weak and I was also subject to dizzy spells. Since I used Doan's Kidney Pills, these difficulties have been relieved. I have never neglected an opportunity to recommend this remedy."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.

Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

Only Guideposts.

A well-known Fourth avenue banker was sitting in a downtown restaurant eating mush and milk. "What's the matter?" inquired a friend.

"Got dyspepsia."

"Don't you enjoy your meals?"

"Enjoy my meals?" snorted the indignant dyspeptic. "My meals are merely guideposts to take medicine before or after."—Pittsburg Post.

SIMPLE MIXTURE HELPS HASKELL PEOPLE.

That simple remedies are best has again been proven. The Corner Drug Store reports that many Haskell people are receiving QUICK benefit from simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as mixed in Adler-ika, the German appendicitis remedy. A SINGLE DOSE helps sour stomach, gas on the stomach and constipation INSTANTLY because this simple mixture antiseptically cleanses the digestive organs and draws off the impurities.

Tautology.

"Here," said the editor. "You use too many words. You say, 'He was poor but honest.' You have only to say that he was honest!"

"Again you say, 'He was without money and without friends.' Simply say that he was without money."—Cotton and Cotton Oil News.

A Hero in a Lighthouse.

For years J. S. Donahue, So. Haven, Mich., a civil war captain, as a lighthouse keeper averted awful wrecks, but a queer fact is, he might have been a wreck, himself, if Electric Bitters had not prevented. "They cured me of kidney trouble and chills," he writes, "after I had taken other so called cures for years, without benefit and they also improved my sight. Now, at seventy, I am feeling fine." For dyspepsia, indigestion, all stomach, liver and kidney troubles, they're without equal. Try them. Only 50c at Jas. R. Walton's.

Hub (angrily)—"Here! What do you mean by waking me out of a sound sleep?"

Wife—"Because the sound was too distressing."—Boston Transcript.

Customer—"I want a ton of coal."

Dealer—"Yes, sir. What size?"

Customer—"Well, if it's not asking too much, I'd like to have a 2,000-pound ton."—Brooklyn Life.

Let the Free Press do your job printing.

HASKELL COUNTY

This county is thirty miles square. The soil in the north west part is deep sandy alternated with stretches of black. The balance of the county is deep Black sandy soil, with occasional stretches of red loam. All the soils of Haskell county are extremely fertile. Ninety per cent of the county is tillable. There is mosquito timber enough for fuel and fence posts.

THE CITY OF HASKELL

Haskell, the county seat, was laid off in 1884. It is a modern town, substantially built in stone and concrete, has an up-to-date water system owned by the city, supplied with never failing wells of the purest water. Electric light and ice plant of modern construction, Oil Mill, Broom Factory, Grain Elevator and Creamery. This city is in the center of the county and has 3000 inhabitants. Is on the Wichita Valley railroad, near the geographical center of the state. Cotton, corn, kaffir, maize, millet, alfalfa, wheat, oats, sorghum and fruits, such as peaches, plums and apricots do well. Forty pound watermelons are an average and they have been raised that weighed as high as 104lbs. Cantelopes are a sure crop. Haskell county never fails to produce one bale of cotton for every inhabitant, and the census shows it to produce more cotton than any other county in Central West Texas.

FOR SALE

No. 2. 160 acres 3 miles east of Haskell. 90 acres in cultivation, all of balance tillable except about 3 acres in one corner, abundance of well water, with wind mill, dark chocolate soil of the best grade. 9 room two story residence, one of the best in the county. 250 barrel underground cistern, walled with brick and cemented; on public road, rural route and telephone. Price \$60 per acre. Will take \$5,000 in good trade.

No. 3. 200 acres, 4 miles south of Haskell, on public road. Rural route and telephone. 100 acres in cultivation, 75 acres more tillable; fenced and cross fence, good soil. Enough mesquite timber for wood good tank, underground cemented cistern, 8x20 ft; good three room house with porch, and out buildings. Price \$5,000, \$3,000 cash and good terms on balance.

No. 4. 439 acres of land 10 miles south of Haskell and 6 miles north of Stamford on Paint Creek. Public road on two sides, rural route, School and church 1-2 mile, 95 per cent tillable. All fenced and cross fenced. 250 acres in cultivation, one 4 room house and one three room house on this place, abundance of never failing water, (wells) creek just across one corner. This land will grow alfalfa. Clear of debt. Price \$35 per acre. 1-3 cash, good terms on balance at 8 per cent.

No. 5. 320 acres 10 miles west of Haskell and 4 miles south of Rule. 150 acres in cultivation; all tillable, dark chocolate soil. Fine well water. Good three room house, 3-4 mile to good school; on public road, rural route and telephone. Price \$35 per acre. 1-3 cash, good terms on balance 8 per cent.

No. 7. 160 acres 2 1-2 miles a little southeast of Haskell, 120 acres in cultivation, balance in pasture modern 6 room house with hall and porches abundance of good pure well water and tank in pasture, on public road and rural route, this is a splendid farm and home, soil is a sandy loam and nearly all lays level. There is a small ravine through the pasture but is no disadvantage to the farm. There is a debt of about \$1,800 payable \$250 each year with 8 per cent interest, will exchange equity for a farm or good stock of mds., in northwest Oklahoma or northwest Arkansas or sell for \$40 per acre.

No. 8. 197 acres northeast of Haskell, 90 acres in cultivation; balance in pasture. Two room box house with out buildings, about 40 acres more of this land could be put in to advantage, public road by place, good church and school just across road from farm. Price \$4,000, \$1,500 cash, balance good terms.

No. 9. 7000 acre farm and ranch in Stonewall county, 6 miles from R R town fully 6000 acres tillable. 1500 acres in cultivation, 14 rent houses, a good three stand gin plant. Soil is red sandy loam and very productive. Price \$15 per acre. There is a loan of \$28,000 on this land on good terms, will trade for smaller farms and good revenue bearing city property, this is a snap.

No. 10. 18 sections of ranch land in Culberson Co., Texas, all fenced and cross fenced, abundance of water. 16 other sections under the same fence and leased for a long time at six per cent per acre, 8 of the 18 sections are good agricultural lands. 10 sections are rough but good grass lands, there is a State debt of \$1.38 due in 30 years at 3 per cent. Price \$2.50 per acre bonus, one third cash, balance on good time, would exchange for good revenue bearing city property that is clear of debt.

No. 11. 640 acres, near Ample, Haskell, county, 500 acres in cultivation, balance tillable, two sets of good improvements, public road on two sides of land, abundance of good water, soil is a dark chocolate, land has about an 18 inch slope to the East just enough to drain, good school and church in one mile, one of the best communities in the county, rural route and telephone. This land has been improved in the last 3 years and it is in fine shape. There is \$4000 debt on this land on easy terms at 8 per cent. Price \$40 per acre.

No. 12. 20 1-2 Sections in El Paso county near Sierra Blanco. This is a splendid ranch proposition or a fine colonization proposition. If you are interested in a proposition like this get in communication with me at once, this is a snap.

No. 14. 120 acres in Cherokee county, Texas, 10 miles from Jacksonville. 4 room house, 60 acres in cultivation, \$600 incumbrance, and a 6 room house and 1-2 acre land in Haskell City, 3 blocks northwest of South Ward school, clear. Will trade 120 acres and city property for good small farm near Haskell or Goree, must be clear. Price of 120 acres, \$30 per acre. Price of city property \$1500.

No. 16. 1160 acres 12 miles from Haskell. 2 1-2 miles of good R. R. town, 100 per cent tillable, 560 in cultivation; three good new 4 room houses all fenced and cross fenced, abundance of never failing water, public road on two sides of land. 200 acres not in cultivation can be grubbed for \$1 per acre balance of pasture has good mesquite timber and fine mesquite grass, almost as level as a floor, this place is a bargain at \$40 per acre.

No. 17. 2,000 acres five miles south of Hamilton, town, Hamilton county, lies nearly square, fenced with four wire fence, 500 acres in one body of fine black land ready for the plow, and land just across the fence from this raises a bale of cotton to the acre, there is about 175 acres in another part of the land of the same kind of land as the 500 acres, there is everlasting running water in the other portion of the place and all this land is fine grass land. Price clear \$10 per acre, \$5,000 cash, balance to suit purchaser, would take the \$5,000 in good trade worth the money. This is an estate and the exceptionally low price is to get a quick deal.

No. 18. 374 acres adjoining the city of Gainesville, Cook county, practically all of this land is tillable, 325 acres in cultivation, one of the best farms in Cook county. Two sets of improvements, water in abundance from deep well; also good underground cistern, Elm Creek runs across one corner of this land and leaves about 275 acres that can be easily irrigated if one so desires, there is sufficient water in Elm Creek to irrigate with. Price \$95 per acre.

No. 19. 522 acres of land 1 1-2 miles north of Gainesville. 156 acres in high state of cultivation, balance natural meadow and pasture, every rod of this land can be plowed, not an acre of waste land on tract, improvements consist of one 4 room house in good repair; one two room house; two good hay barns, one 60x84 ft., the other 40x60 ft; and all in good repair. Two good deep wells and windmills, other out buildings in good repair, two ground tanks that afford plenty of stock water. This we consider one of the best farms in Cook county, having all city conveniences, telephone in house, also the quietude of the country. Investigate this this if you are in the market for an ideal suburban home. Price if sold at once for cash \$95 per acre.

No. 20. 400 acres 12 miles from Spur, Dickens county, all tillable, no improvements except fenced, if sold at once will take \$6.50 per acre, \$2,250 cash balance 3 and 4 years at 8 per cent, this is a snap.

In connection with the above we have hundreds of other good farms ranches and city property, for sale and exchange. If you don't see on this list just what you want, write us and tell us what you want and where you want it, also tell us what you have to exchange, list your property with us and get a SQUARE DEAL. Yours for business,

P. P. ROBERTS, The Real Estate Man.

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