

The Haskell Free Press.

VOLUME 25. NO. 45

HASKELL, HASKELL COUNTY, TEXAS, SATURDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 5, 1910.

WHOLE No. 1296

Collier's Drug Store Always in the LEAD. Magazines & Periodicals.

Made By The **WONDER WORKER** Process



Queen Quality SHOE

THE new "WONDER WORKER" machinery makes it possible to carry to a point of perfection the fine details of finish essential to good shoemaking, which are insisted upon by discriminating women.

C. D. GRISSOM & SON
The Store With The Goods

ment.

3.- We recognize the splendid work that is being done by the State Department of Agriculture through its efficient Commissioner and his able corps of assistants, and, knowing of the good that has been already accomplished by that department and the great possibilities that are before it, we urge the Twenty-Second Legislature to make liberal and adequate appropriations for its support and maintenance so that it may give the greatest possible assistance to the agricultural interests of the State.

4.- We appreciate the usefulness of the A. and M. College of Texas, and especially do we felicitate that institution on the establishment of its correspondence department whereby the farmers and other interested are able to get some of its benefits at a merely nominal cost, and we recommend that all progressive farmers avail themselves of this course of home study.

5.- We are profoundly impressed with the community of interest that exists between the town and country, and we urge that the support and encouragement that should be given. With confidence and co-operation given, there can be no barrier between the town and country, and we commend the institutions and agencies that are being employed in that direction. We further commend the efforts that are being put forth by the educational associations and the legislative bodies of the State to secure the teaching of Agriculture in the public schools. We also commend the conductors of teacher's normals for having lectures delivered on agricultural subjects as a part of the study of the teachers in such normals. The initial results have proven the importance of the movement in the development of the agricultural progress of our state; therefore, it is the sense of the Northwest Texas Dry Farming Congress that the legislature enact a law requiring all teachers in our public schools to pass examinations on elementary agriculture and horticulture before certificates are issued to them, and be it resolved further, that the requirement that the elements of agriculture and horticulture shall be included in the course of study in our public schools be enforced by the proper authorities as rapidly as possible.

7.- Realizing that the experiment stations and demonstration farms affords a most effectual method of giving practical lessons to the farmers of the state, we ask the thirty second legislature to pass a bill providing for the establishment of such stations in all counties in the state where substantial co-operation shall be offered by the counties desiring such station.

8.- We believe that such meetings as the one we are holding are of inestimable value to the farmers of west Texas and we earnestly recommend that Farmer's Institutes be organized in each county in west Texas to cooperate in this work, and the annual meetings of the Northwest Texas Dry Farming Congress be held and that all county Institutes be well represented at such meetings.

Respectfully submitted, Oct. 20, 1910.

Homer D. Wade,
J. E. Poole,
J. R. Smith.

Adopted by unanimous vote,
J. E. Poole,
Sec'y of the Congress.

ELKS ENTERTAIN.

On Thursday evening. The Elks entertained for the first time this season, with an informal reception and forty two parties. This is the beginning of the many social functions they will have this winter, which are always looked forward to with pleasure. After the games were over refreshments were served. Mr. and Mrs. H. G. McConnell won the prize for the highest score of the evening. Mrs. John Baker with her usual sweet voice rendered a very pretty solo, while Mrs. Chas. Irby accompanied her on the piano, they received quite an encore to which Mrs. Chas. Irby responded, and played quite a number of selections that was indeed appreciated and was one of the features of the evening. The success of the evening was due much to the committee. The occasion was greatly enjoyed by all. Those present were:

Mr. and Mrs. Clyde F. Elkins. Mr. and Mrs. H. G. McConnell. Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Hunt. Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Montgomery. Mr. and Mrs. Hardy Grissom. Mr. and Mrs. H. S. Wilson. Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Irby. Mr. and Mrs. Jno. B. Baker. Mr. and Mrs. Henry Alexander. Mr. and Mrs. C. D. Long. Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Collins. Mr. and Mrs. Tom Pinkerton. Mr. and Mrs. A. W. McGregor. Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Scott. Mr. and Mrs. Roy Shook. Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Adams. Mrs. Joe Irby. Mr. and Mrs. John Robertson of Weinert. Miss Bob Rickelmann of Weinert. Miss Bird Roebuck. Miss Julia Winn. Miss Docia Winn. Miss Frankie Terrell. Miss Vera Neathery. Mr. Will Birdfelt of Weinert. Mr. Henry Tandy. Mr. Wallace Alexander. Mr. T. M. Smith. Mr. J. E. Bernard. Mr. C. W. Norton, of Oklahoma City, Oklahoma. Mr. Overstreet. Dr. D. Nolen of Weinert.

MORRIS-LEMONS.

The cards are out announcing Monday evening, the seventh of November A. D. 1910 as the date of the marriage of Miss Kate Lemmons, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Lemmons of this city to Dr. John E. Morris of Spur, Texas, to occur at the M. E. Church of Haskell, at six o'clock. The Groom is a most promising physician, and the Bride is one of Haskell's most accomplished young ladies. The Free Press joins a host of friends and admirers in wishing them a long and happy life.

CLUB NOTES.

The regular weekly meeting of the Magazine Club was held at the Public Library October 28th. The members responded to roll call with quotations from Bret Harte, and a well written paper on "The Hawaiian Islands and Their resources" was read by Mrs. G. E. Lankford. There was a good attendance and a hearty welcome extended to the Club's new member, Mrs. A. M. Getz.

Reporter.

On Monday, Nov. 14, 1910. Mrs. H. R. Jones, music class will give an entertainment for the benefit of our Cemetery. Let every one come and enjoy a musical evening. Admission, adults 25 cts. Children under 12 10 cts.

DON'T LET IT SLIP
Through your FINGERS
PUT IT IN THE BANK



IT IS NOT HARD to save money if you'll only begin. You'll take more pride in your bank book than in any other book when you once begin to see the balance to your credit grow.

Make OUR Bank YOUR Bank.

The Haskell National Bank,
Haskell, Texas.

MOTHERS' CLUB.

Mothers Club had a call meeting Wednesday Oct. 26 at the North Ward. Many were present and much interest shown. The Report of Mrs. Posey to the Mothers Congress at Austin was given at this meeting. Report was splendid and the enthusiasm and ideas brought back will do more than compensate to the Club. Next meeting will be Wednesday Nov. 2 at 4:00 o'clock P.M. North Ward. All members urged to be present.

The Free Press made a contract with C. M. Hunt and Co. last week to print 20,000 circulars as large as two pages of the Free Press Messrs. C. M. Hunt & Co. has put on a big liquidation sale several of the merchants in other lines have put on special sales and people are coming from all over the country and adjoining counties to these sales. C. D. Grissom and Son have on a sale as well as Cason Co. & Co. Gambill Bros. and Dallas Bros. Haskell is reaching out for business.

NOTICE.

Evangelist Lee P. Mansfield will preach at Church of Christ next Sunday morning and night. Every body invited to hear him.

HORACE BOWMAN, DEAD.

Last Wednesday morning, Mr. T. E. Bowman of this city got a telegram from a physician at Amarillo that his brother Horace Bowman was very low with pneumonia; later in the day he got a telegram stating he was dead.

The deceased is a son of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Bowman, one of the oldest families in Haskell county. We regret very much to hear of his sudden death.

LOST— between South Ward School building and Post Office or Post Office and Racket Store, through Courthouse yard a solid gold Collar Pin, with A.C. engraved on front in Old English letters, finder will please return to the Racket Store and receive reward.

Mr. Carmean of Hico was in the city this week. The elder Carmean has been a subscriber the Free Press for several years. He called at our office while here and cashed up his subscription account to 1912. Mr. Carmean was accompanied by his son.

Milton Murchison, a sergeant in the 7th Cavalry, U. S. Army stationed at Ft. Riley, Kan. visited his brother W. H. Murchison this week.

QUALITY

QUALITY Merchandise is the kind you always get at the 'Hub'. We are headquarters for everything for men. Underwear, Coat-Sweaters, Shoes, Trousers, Etc. Agency for Carhartt's Work Clothing, Walk-Over Shoes, Stetson Hats, in fact we sell the best goods to be found in any store and the prices are as low as the quality is high.

THE HUB

I. P. CARR & CO.

TOILET ARTICLES

KINGS CHOCOLATES

West Side Pharmacy

Lloyd & Co., Proprietors

H. H. Langford, Mgr.

BEST LINE OF CIGARS

PURE DRUGS

CITATION.
THE STATE OF ILLINOIS,
To the Sheriff
of

Six Hundred Thirty Three and
333-100 Dollars (\$1633.33), and
College that the annual
\$1 and 2-3 acres of
Dollars (\$570

dry and Henry Campbell are
defendants.
The nature of the plaintiff's
demand
to wit:
Broach by his deed in writing
conveyed the five notes for One
Thousand Dollars (\$1000.00)
each to this plaintiff by his deed
bearing date of Feb-
1, 1910

that plaintiff has
awarding his writ of
and all costs of suit.
Plaintiff also
other relief,
and

STRANGE ROMANCE of an ILLINOIS BOY WHO BECAME FIJI KING

ONE of the strangest stories that ever came out of the tropic seas is that of Edward Thompson, the only American who ever became a king in his own right. Nothing more romantic exists in poetry or legend than the tale of the lad from southern Illinois, who founded a kingdom in the far-off isle of Nalkeva. For a quarter of a century he ruled in his savage realm, forgetful of the world that had forgotten him. While he sat in judgment over the affairs of his tribesmen or led his warriors to battle the map of the world was being changed. Only the faintest echoes from civilization ever reached the island kingdom of Nalkeva, where ruled



his affairs. He came armed with letters of introduction that opened the most exclusive homes of the aristocratic English families to him. Among the many young girls that he met was the village belle, the affianced of the young Scotch-American. It was another variation of that old triangle, the woman and two men. From the first the friends of young Thompson could see that his cause was hopeless. His affianced wife and the young stranger spent more and more of their time together. Little rumors began to find their way about the village. The gossips, ever ready in a small town, were soon busy. Thompson, moody and hurt by her systematic neglect, was the last to hear and the last to countenance the whispered talk that was going the round of the village loafing places.

Walia Nambuka, "the Child of the Sun." To the simple-minded Islanders he was always looked upon as a supernatural being. His recent death plunged his people in gloom. The mourning robes of his subjects have been brought out of the napa huts and worn in the dead king's honor. His two little sons, the princelings of Nalkeva, will reign in his stead and King Walia sleeps at the crest of a gentle slope overlooking a coral reef, where the league-long breakers thunder hour after hour. His bones lie far from those of Scotch-American forbears, who settled in southern Illinois nearly a century ago.

A disappointment in love started him out upon the long road of adventure when he was a youth of nineteen or twenty years. One of these unfortunates who run to extremes in matters of sentiment, he fell in love with one of the pretty village girls of old Albion. Things move slowly in this, one of the oldest and proudest towns of Illinois. In the natural course of events it was to be expected that the two would marry in the fullness of time. There was a home to be built and preparations made for a start in life. Something of the methodical slowness of their English ancestors clung then, and still clings, to the everyday life of the citizens of Albion. The town has changed but little in the years that have flown since Thompson left under cover of nightfall. The same houses line the spacious public square. The same homesteads that sheltered the pioneers now shelter their descendants of the third and fourth generations. Red brick homes, low-eaved and with wide doorsteps, still line the older streets of the little southern Illinois town.

Outwardly the town has changed but little, and in spirit not at all, since the days when young Thompson waited for his girlish sweetheart at the half-lighted corner of the court house square. The Albion of the Flowers, the Thompsons, the Hulmes, the Birkbecks, of "Park House" and "Wanborough Place" still remains. Had the white monarch of the savage isle of Nalkeva come back to the place of his birth in the last year of his life he would have found "Little Britain," as the region is known, much as he left it. It is the same little city of schools and churches, of quiet homes and quieter streets that it was when he was a barefooted lad stealing away to fish and loaf along Bonpas creek. The future ruler of Nalkeva spent many an idle hour with hook and line along the shallows of old Bonpas, if the traditions of the folk of "Little Britain" are true. He was fond of making long trips to the shores of the Wabash with his chums, but he seemed to lack the ambition dear to every boyish heart, the hope of getting out and seeing the big, round world. There was nothing to set him apart from his fellows as one who would taste of strange adventures before his death in the antipodes. The prosy, uneventful life of a farmer, a storekeeper or at the most a humdrum professional man in a country town was all to which he could look forward.

There came an interruption, an awakening to his love's young dream that drove him out of his home town between sundown and sunrise one summer's night. This spur to his pride, this wound to his self-love sent him adventuring among the spicy isles of the south seas and made him a king in his own right before he was twenty-five. He was of that shy, retiring, loyal type of the Scotch who love deeply when they love at all. He had become engaged to the village beauty. The day had been set for the ceremony and the unmarried youth of the town looked upon him as one already lost to the fun and frolic of the single state.

About this time a new business house was opened in the little town and a youthful eastern merchant was sent on by the owners to look after

There was a great hue and cry along the quiet old streets one summer morning. Thompson's bride to be had disappeared. Her mother had gone to her room to awaken her and found her gone. She had gone with the young manager of Albion's latest business house, and from that day to this neither of them have been heard from.

Young Thompson changed in a day from a cheerful, happy lad to a grim-faced man. He became moody and silent. He neglected his work and never went near the home to which he had expected to lead his bride. Less than a month after the flight of the elopers there was more excitement in Albion. It was reported that Edward Thompson had disappeared. The strain and the shame of living in a town where every man, woman and child knew the story of his jilting had proven too much for his sensitive, high-strung nature.

While life flowed on in the same uneven current in the village of his nativity he was wandering here and there among the emerald islands, the lagoons and the coral reefs of the seas that behold the Southern Cross.

All the islands that lie off the familiar track of the steamers knew him first and last in the three or four years that he spent with the traders and copra buyers, the Philippines, the Ladrone, the Solomons and a dozen other island groups of the southern Pacific were visited by him in the epic years of his Odyssey. Finally he and his trading companions touched at the island of Nalkeva in the Fijis. One of the eternal civil wars that are always disrupting the peace of the little island kingdoms was brewing in Nalkeva when the tramp schooner dropped anchor inside the reef of coral that formed the harbor breakwater. A new claimant had risen for the throne and he and his followers were demanding the scepter and the head of the old king.

Thompson had left Illinois, had put the states behind him to escape the constant reminder of his lost love that he saw in every woman. The wandering life of three or four years had cleansed his heart of but little bitterness against woman-kind. He had put the old life behind him and dreamed only of adventure and never of bright eyes and loving lips. It was a mixed crew of Kanakas, Malaysians and half-castes aboard the little trading schooner. They cared but little for the kings and chieftains of the islands, but it was a part of their policy to be polite to the native sovereign and a part of the ship's company attended laden with calicoes, mirrors and brass rods as gifts. It was in the royal hut Thompson first saw the Princess Lakanta. She stood at the side of her father's throne when the white man entered the palm hut for their talk with the old king.

story of danger and distress. The rival claimant of the throne had demanded her hand in marriage, and had promised to spare the life of her father if she would consent to become his queen. It was but a matter of weeks, possibly of days, till his force would be strong enough to back his arrogant demands. In the end the white man knew that the island beauty had fallen in love with him. She pleaded with him to stay and help her escape from the clutches of the oppressor.

It is possible that Thompson would have lingered for a time if his companions had not been eager to get away from the island before the civil war began. They were traders, and as such they did not care to take sides in the dispute. It might hurt their business chances in case they ever made another trip to the island. The anchor was lifted, the brown sails spread and the ugly little schooner slipped out of the harbor of Nalkeva while Thompson stood on her deck and waved a farewell to the imperious little island beauty. At the very last she had reminded him of his promise to return to Nalkeva.

It was weeks after the departure of the ship from Nalkeva that Thompson was dramatically reminded of his promise to the Princess Lakanta. The sun had just set one night and Thompson was lying on deck smoking and watching the swift tropic dark come up out of the east. A native canoe scraped against the schooner's side and a native was heard calling for "the white man with the blue eyes." He was brought aboard and proved to be the faithful messenger of the distressed princess. He had followed the schooner across leagues of unknown seas in his open canoe searching for the only man upon whom she could rely for aid.

The end was at hand in Nalkeva, and Lakanta and her father were about to be put to death. Help must come quickly, and it was more than possible that it was now too late. That night the stanch little trading vessel pointed her prow toward Nalkeva. In the final melee along the sands the old king and his rival were both slain and Thompson was stunned by a blow from a war club in the hands of a savage fighting man. When he revived he and his men began a hunt of extermination for all the revolters. They were wiped out and their villages fired before the party returned to the king's village, where the schooner lay anchored. Then the white hero was stricken by one of the malignant island fevers, brought on by his injury on the beach.

It was many days before he was able to recognize his free-trading companions. The princess had been his devoted nurse through his dangerous attack of tropical fever. Now that he was about to leave the island forever she grew sorrowful and listless. She drooped like a dying flower as the ship's preparations for sailing were being made. All his promises to return brought on fits of passionate weeping on the part of the little princess. She wanted him to stay.

"I fought that fever when it tried to take you away from me, and it was all for nothing," was her constant reply, "and now that you are well the white men are taking you away where Lakanta can never hope to see you again."

In the end her pleadings won. After all there was nothing in the outer world to which he cared to go back.

The good news spread quickly over the little kingdom. "The Child of the Sun" was to wed their princess and rule them in the wise ways of the white man.

Why the Boy Gave Thanks.
Alan had played the entire day with little brother without an impatient word. After saying his customary prayer that night, his mother suggested that he add: "I thank God I was not impatient with little brother today." This he did with much fervency; after which he remarked that there were some other things he would like to thank God for, and forthwith he closed his eyes and said: "I thank God I offered my candy to father before taking any myself." "I thank God I offered my candy to mother before taking any myself." "I thank God I offered my candy to little brother before taking any myself." "And I thank God there was some left."—Lippincott's.

All About It.
To appreciate fully this scrap of dialogue, quoted from London Punch, one should see the two odd characters engaged in it. Apparently they parted satisfied, one that he had imparted some real information, the other that he had received some. Said one man: "D'you recollect 'old wot's-is-name?'" "Im with the collar?" "Aye!" "Wot abart 'im?'" "E'ad to go down"—jerk of the head—"you know—they give 'im wot you call it—didn't art git it, I don't think!" "Reely!" "Adn't you 'eard, then?" "I did 'ear somefink, but no details, not afore now."—Youth's Companion.

Procrastination.
"I heard a tale the other day of a postponing chap, who thought he'd buy a wheel so gay, but—they will be cheaper, perhaps." And so he dallied year by year, the cheapest wheel to buy; but long before the cheapest gear, that yap he had to die! And so, by putting off the day, we miss the wine of life; and some there are in just that way who thus will miss a wife! Get busy now, you timid swain, procrastinate no more, for time is surely on the wane, and you a bachelor! Some wait too long to make a pick of husbands or of wife, and then some take a broken stick and make a mess of life."—H. B. Benedict, in Judge.

"That First Invented Sleep."
"Now blessings light on him that first invented this same sleep! It cowers a man all over, thoughts and all, like a cloak; it is meat for the hungry, drink for the thirsty, heat for the cold, and cold for the hot. It is the pleasure of the world cheap; and the balance that sets the king and the shepherd, the fool and the wise man even. There is only one thing, which somebody once put into my head, that I dislike in sleep—it is that it resembles death. There is very little difference between a man in his first sleep and a man in his last sleep."—From Cervantes.

The Exception.
"Doesn't your husband like cats, Mrs. Binks?" "No, indeed. He hates all cats except a little kitty they have at his club."

Some people treat the sermon as a table d'hote dinner, picking out the things that will not agree with them.

A good honest remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Sore Throat is Hamlin's Wizard Oil. Nothing will so quickly drive out all pain and inflammation.

Revenge is better than a greedy kind of gratitude.

Cattle drink pure water at less cost to you, if you have a bottomless tank. Booklet "A" free. Alamo Iron Works, San Antonio, Texas.

They who talk much of dying are usually dead already.

NOT A PENNY TO PAY

MUNYON'S EMINENT DOCTORS AT YOUR SERVICE FREE

We sweep away all doctor's charges. We put the best medical talent within everybody's reach. We encourage everyone who ails or thinks he ails to find out exactly what his state of health is. You can get our remedies here, at your drug store, or not at all, as you prefer; there is positively no charge for examination. Professor Munyon has prepared specifics for nearly every disease, which are sent prepaid on receipt of price, and sold by all druggists.

Send to-day for a copy of our medical examination blank and Guide to Health, which we will mail you promptly, and if you will answer all the questions, returning blank to us, our doctors will carefully diagnose your case and advise you fully, without a penny charge.

Address Munyon's Doctors, Munyon's Laboratories, 53d & Jefferson Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

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Best SHOES, \$2.00, \$2.50 & \$3.00. BEST IN THE WORLD.

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Don't Persecute your Bowels
No sirc,—I never saw anything stop a cough like Simmons' Cough Syrup. I use it every time I catch cold and it has never failed to do the work. It prevents pneumonia and consumption. Price 25c and 50c. All Drug Stores. Manufactured by A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Tex.

Don't Persecute your Bowels
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS
Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price
Genuine member Signature
Brentwood

2 CRUISES AROUND THE WORLD
TWO GRAND CRUISES of about three and one-half months' duration each. The first to leave New York Nov. 1, 1911, and the second from San Francisco Feb. 17, 1912, by the large transatlantic steamer "Cleveland" Rates from \$650 up including All Expenses. Also Cruises to the WEST INDIES, the GULF and SOUTH AMERICA. Write for Illustrated Bulletin HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE, 41-43 Broadway, New York. P. O. Box 1797

IF YOU HAVE
no appetite, indigestion, flatulence, Sick Headache, "all run down" or feeling weak, you will find
Tutt's Pills
Why not? They give you the weak

INTERNATIONAL FAIR
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Nov. 5th to 20th, 1910
LOW RATES ON ALL RAILROADS

MONEY IN TRAPPING
We tell you how and give you the best price. Write for references and weekly price list.
M. LABEL & SONS, LEWISTON, ME.
Patent in U. S. and Foreign.
Established 1880.

DEFIANCE STARCH—It causes no other starches only 15 ounces—same price and "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.

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For invention. Free health. Liberal Terms. Consult us. W. N. U. & CO., 1215 14th St., Washington; 20 Dearborn St., Chicago.

W. N. U., DALLAS, NO. 45-1910.

Every Man Should Fence His Yard
his garden, orchard or stock. It insures a certain degree of privacy and keeps out undesirable. The best fence to use for this purpose and the most economical is the American Fence. A combination of wood and wire, built on your regular fence showing it is wood and wire. Write for Circular and Sample to W. L. DOUGLAS, 289 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

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SPECIALS:

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- NYAL'S COUGH SYRUP
- NYAL'S COLD TABLETS
- NYAL'S FACE CREAM

SPENCER & GILLAM

ENDORSEMENT OF DRY FARMING.

Judge Fred Cockrell of Abilene makes suggestion

Judge Poole, secretary of our Board of Trade, showed us a letter the other day which he had just received from Judge Fred Cockrell of Abilene, one of the ablest lawyers and thinkers of West Texas, and Judge Poole consented to our request to allow us to publish it in order to show the popular chord which the "dry farming" movement has struck, and that our ablest men and deepest thinkers, who have given the subject any attention, endorse the proposed system. The letter follows:

Abilene, Texas. 10-31-10

Dear Judge; It is not too late to congratulate you on the call of the "Dry Farming Congress" No more important move has ever been inaugurated in this part of Texas. Unless farming can be put on a stable, profitable basis, there are more people in this country now than should be here. But I have more confidence now in this section than ever before in its ability to make to produce uniformly good crops. With only 5.33 inches of rainfall from Jan. 1st. to Aug., some farmers made good crops. The same methods would have done the same thing for others. The local newspapers have ever been most able and successful exponents of policies for the good of the country and its people. Can you not get each paper in the "Dry Farming" congressional district to run a column on "Dry Farming" each week, all running the same matter from some central office (say yours) and then such additional kindred items as each separately may choose. These could be collected at the end of six months or a year and would form a most valuable contribution to dry farming literature. Get local farmers to contribute every week to this column, also take excerpts from such publications as are issued by the Government and especially from Campbell's Soil Magazine, "Scientific Farming" and the Dry Farming Bulletin issued twice a month by the National Dry farming congress.

I have the proceedings of the Nat'l. D. F. Congress from the start, five or six years ago, and have found them most interesting. I also have all copies of Campbell's Scientific Farmer, both of his Manuals and other publications.

Pardon me for suggestion that has already probably occurred to you. The Farmers' Edition of the Dallas News would no doubt gladly take up this matter, and as the methods of this system are being largely adopted by the irrigation farmers of the West, no doubt the humid farmers of the eastern part of the state would also find them quite profitable. Yours, Fred Cockrell.

GIN NOTICE.

I will gin Wednesday, Friday and Saturday of next week. I have some good pigs for sale. Also a good wagon. It F. T. Sanders.

Chamber's Quotations

On Feed and Coal

Pure Corn Chops.	F. O. B. My Store	\$ 1.45.	Delivered	\$ 1.50.
Pure Rich Bran	"	1.40.	"	1.45.
Choice Alfalfa Hay	"	.70.	"	.75.
Choice Heavy Oats	"	.48.	"	.50.
Cotton Seed Meal	"	1.65.	"	1.65.
Hulls 500 lbs. or over	"	10.00.	"	11.00.
25 lbs C S Meal, 75 lbs Hulls or Me Hulls	"	1.00.	"	1.05.
Shelled Corn	"	.77 1-2.	"	.80.
Fancy Lump Coal	"	8.00.	"	8.50.

These Prices are for Cash. No Credit to any one.

E. A. Chambers.

THE HASKELL FREE PRESS

OSCAR MARTIN, Ed. & Pub. Office Phone No. 70

Entered at the Postoffice at Haskell, Texas, as Second Class Mail Matter.

SUBSCRIPTION:
One Year \$1.00 (Six Months .50c)
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING

RATES FOR ADVERTISING

- Display advertisements 10 to 15 cents per inch
- Local notes, 5c per line.
- Locals in black face type 10 cents per line
- Obituaries and Cards of Thanks 5 cents per line
- Special rates for page ads.
- Special rates on legal advert's.

There are some new railroad services pointing the way of Haskell and the day has arrived when Haskell will come unto her. The severe drouth over east Texas has tested the water estion and the wells of Haskell d the strain. The income to city from her water works, water shipped over the nita Valley railroad had hed the point where it was g operating expenses of the ater works. Our splendid vement have been alert et the demands of all hat were in need of water. the city council deserve roval of every citizen.

x's Barbed Wire Lini- not burn or blister, in quickly, and flies other the wound. For l Druggists.

NOTICE

no owe us for this ast two and three hose whose notes are st make arrangements out expect us to carry you ar. We need money. Do ik because your account it will make no differ- r, accounts are all small little helps. Call and gard to same or we will are you. No more credit wear. Collier's Drng Store.

New Kennel Building 20x feet comes next, and in this e found the latest conven- that go to make a bench popular.

Mr. Cliff Branham who is now at the head of the mechanical department of the Free Press, designed and set the advertisement of the Dallas Fair in the prize contest that won second prize. When we consider that this young printer had to compete with printers everywhere, the distinction he has won will appeal to our local pride. The Free Press is fortunate to have in its employ such a competent young printer. We have known Mr. Branham ever since he was an apprentice at his trade. By hard study of the best journals and a practical application of what he learned, he is way a head of those competitors, who neglect the study of the art of setting in an attractive way the advertising copy that comes to their hands. With him at the head of our mechanical department we will be able to display our costumers advertisement in the latest methods.

PLAINVIEW HAPPENINGS.

Hello, I will come again after an absence of about a month with a few dots from Plainview.

Things are dull around here now as nearly all the boys are away picking cotton.

Oh! no. Ballew Rambler Plainview isn't dead, merely sleeping after the busy summer and fall in order that its tired muscles and drooping spirits may revive, in about a month when people have returned home and cotton is out "Old P. V." will begin to look a live.

Our school has started and the teacher, Professor T. R. Odell is contemplating organizing a Literary Society.

The young people enjoyed a Social given by Mr. E. L. Kay last Friday night, among those present were Mr. Ray of Vontress, Mr. Gaber and Mr. Miller of Stamford, these young men are highly respected where ever they go and we invite them to visit Plainview again in the near future.

Mr. H. G. Ritts is moving to Waco this week.

J. I. Clark went to Seymour last Friday on business.

Rev. O. M. Addison of McConnel was the guest of W. M. Medlin the 31st.

Quite a number of the Plainview people went to the Singing Convention Sunday at Joe Bailey

Well I had better run along and milk the cows like a good little girl.

Weeping William.

Remember

GAMBLE BROS. BIG FRUNITURE SALE

At Haskell closes Nov. 12.

You had better hurry and get some Red Hot Bargains.

FURNITURE! FURNITURE!! The largest stock in West Texas now being slaughtered by

Gamble Bros., Haskell, Texas.

STOVES! Stoves! STOVES!

Cook Stoves from \$3.00 up to \$75.00.

Heaters, new and second hand, you can not hardly afford to pass up. When you need a Stove come in and look at them for yourself and see that my word is good. If your are from Missouri I will prove it to you. Have your Rockers fixed up. Do not drive them full of nails, nails wont fix them. FURNITURE-- Well just back your wagon up. You will think I am giving it to you.

COME AND SEE,

Wm. Wells.

The Furniture Man

AFTER SUFFERING ONE YEAR

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Milwaukee, Wis. — "Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made me a well woman, and I would like to tell the whole world of it. I suffered from female trouble and fearful pains in my back. I had the best doctors and they all decided that I had a tumor in addition to my female trouble, and advised an operation. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me a well woman and I have no more backache. I hope I can help others by telling them what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me." — Mrs. Emma Lutz, 838 First St., Milwaukee, Wis.

The above is only one of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which prove beyond a doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, actually does cure these obstinate diseases of women after all other means have failed, and that every such suffering woman owes it to herself to at least give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial before submitting to an operation, or giving up hope of recovery.

Mrs. Pinkham, of Lynn, Mass., invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health and her advice is free.

GOHLMAN LESTER & CO.

HOUSTON TEXAS

The oldest and largest exclusive cotton commission house in Texas solicits your consignments. Liberal cash advances made on consignments at very low rate of interest. We have best of storage and can hold your cotton under best of shelter at very low rates for storage and insurance. If interested write us for terms. We are glad to answer all inquiries.

ESTABLISHED 1866

Insomnia

"I have been using Cascara for insomnia, with which I have been afflicted for twenty years, and I can say that Cascara has given me more relief than any other remedy I have ever tried. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as being all that they are represented."

Thos. Gillard, Elgin, Ill.

LEWIS' SINGLE BINDER

You Pay 10c for Glass Not so Good.

W. F. LEWIS, Peoria, Ill.

ROOSEVELT'S OWN BOOK

"Admiral Game Trails"

Edited by Roosevelt for Christmas old New York (1904). A new and more complete edition than the last. Contains 100 illustrations. 10c. Sent by mail on receipt of 10c. Order to CHAS. SCRIBNER'S BOOKS, 15 E. 57th St., New York.

The MAN in LOWER TEN

BY MARY ROBERTS RINEHART
AUTHOR OF THE CIRCULAR STAIRCASE
ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. G. KETNER
COPYRIGHTS BY DOBBS - MERRILL COMPANY

SYNOPSIS.

Lawrence Blakeley, lawyer, goes to Pittsburg with the forged notes in the Bronson case to get the deposition of John Gilmore, millionaire. In the latter's house he is attracted by the picture of a girl whom Gilmore explains is his granddaughter, Alison West. He says her father is a rascal and a friend of the forger. A lady requests Blakeley to buy her a Pullman ticket. He gives her lower eleven and retains lower ten. He finds a man in a drunken stupor in lower ten and goes to bed in lower nine. He awakens in lower seven and finds that his bag and clothes are missing. The man in lower ten is found murdered. His name, it develops, is Simon Harrington. The man who disappeared with Blakeley's clothes is suspected. Blakeley becomes interested in a girl in blue. Circumstantial evidence places Blakeley under suspicion of murder. The train is wrecked. Blakeley is rescued from the burning car by the girl in blue. His arm is broken.

CHAPTER VIII—Continued.

Her voice and my arm were bringing me to my senses. "I hear," I said. "I'll sit up in a second. Are you hurt?"

"No, only bruised. Do you think you can walk?"

I drew up one foot after another, gingerly.

"They seem to move all right," I remarked dubiously. "Would you mind telling me where the back of my head has gone? I can't help thinking it isn't there."

She made a quick examination. "It's pretty badly bumped," she said. "You must have fallen on it."

I had got up on my uninjured elbow by that time, but the pain threw me back. "Don't look at the wreck," I entreated her. "It's no sight for a woman. If—if there is any way to tie up this arm, I might be able to do something. There may be people under those cars!"

"Then it is too late to help," she replied solemnly. A little shower of feathers, each carrying its fiery lamp, blew over us from some burning pillow. A part of the wreck collapsed with a crash. In a resolute endeavor to play a man's part in the tragedy going on all around, I got to my knees. Then I realized what I had not noticed before: The hand and wrist of the broken left arm were jammed through the handle of the sealskin grip. I gasped and sat down suddenly.

"You must not do that," the girl insisted. I noticed now that she kept her back to the wreck, her eyes averted. "The weight of the traveling bag must be agony. Let me support the valise until we can get it cut off."

"Will it have to be cut off?" I asked as calmly as possible. There were red-hot stabs of agony clear to my neck, but we were moving slowly away from the track.

"Yes," she replied, with dumfounding coolness. "If I had a knife I could do it myself. You might sit here and lean against this fence."

By that time my returning faculties had realized that she was going to cut off the satchel, not the arm. The dizziness was leaving and I was gradually becoming myself.

"If you pull, it might come," I suggested. "And with that weight gone, I think I will cease to be five feet eleven inches of baby."

She tried gently to loosen the handle, but it would not move, and at last, with great drops of cold perspiration over me, I had to give up.

"I'm afraid I can't stand it," I said. "But there's a knife somewhere around these clothes, and if I can find it, perhaps you can cut the leather."

As I gave her the knife she turned it over, examining it with a peculiar expression, bewilderment rather than surprise. But she said nothing. She set to work deftly, and in a few minutes the bag dropped free.

"That's better," I declared, sitting up. "Now, if you can pin my sleeve to my coat, it will support the arm so we can get away from here."

"The pin might give," she objected, "and the jerk would be terrible." She looked around, puzzled; then she got up, coming back in a minute with a dragged, partly scorched sheet. This she tore into a large square, and after she had folded it, she slipped it under the broken arm and tied it securely at the back of my neck.

The relief was immediate, and, picking up the sealskin bag, I walked slowly beside her, away from the track.

The first act was over; the curtain fallen. The scene was "struck."

CHAPTER IX.

The Maltese Breakfast.

We were still dazed, I think, for we wandered like two troubled children, our one idea at first to get as far away as we could from the horror behind us. We were both bare headed, grimy, pallid through the grit. Now and then we met little groups of country folk hurrying to the track; they stared at us curiously, and some wished to question us. But we hurried past them; we had put the wreck behind us. That way lay madness.

Only once the girl turned and looked behind her. The wreck was hidden, but the smoke cloud hung heavy and dense. For the first time I remembered that my companion had not been alone on the train.

"It is quiet here," I suggested. "If you will sit down on the bank I will go back and make some inquiries. I've been criminally thoughtless. Your traveling companion—"

She interrupted me, and something of her splendid poise was gone. "Please don't go back," she said. "I'm afraid it would be of no use. And—I don't want to be left alone."

Heaven knows I did not want her to be alone. I was more than content to walk along beside her aimlessly, for any length of time. Gradually, as she lost the exaltation of the moment, I was gaining my normal condition of mind. I was beginning to realize that I had lacked the morning grace of a shove, that I looked like some lost hope of yesterday, and that my left shoe pinched outrageously. A man does not rise triumphant above such handicaps. The girl, for all her disordered hair and the crumpled linen of her waist, in spite of her missing hat and the small gold bag that hung forlornly from a broken chain, looked exceedingly lovely.

"Then I won't leave you alone," I said manfully, and we stumbled on together. Thus far we had seen nobody from the wreck, but well up the lane we came across the tall dark woman who had occupied lower 11. She was half crouching beside the road, her black hair about her shoulders, and an ugly bruise over her eye. She did not seem to know us, and refused to accompany us. We left her there at last, babbling incoherently and rolling in her hands a dozen pebbles she had gathered in the road.

The girl shuddered as we went on. Once she turned and glanced at my bandage. "Does it hurt very much?" she asked.

"It's growing rather numb. But it might be worse," I answered mendaciously. "If anything in this world could be worse, I had never experienced it."

And so we trudged on bareheaded

of that walk. I had almost reached the limit of endurance; with every step the broken ends of the bone grated together. We found the farmhouse without difficulty, and I remember wondering if I could hold out to the end of the old stone walk that led between hedges to the door.

"Allah be praised," I said with all the voice I could muster. "Behold the coffee pot!" And then I put down the cup and folded up like a jack-knife on the porch floor.

When I came around something hot was trickling down my neck, and a despairing voice was saying, "Oh, I don't seem to be able to pour it into your mouth. Please open your eyes."

"But I don't want it in my eyes," I replied dreamily. "I haven't any idea what came over me. It was the shoes, I think; the left one is a red-hot torture." I was sitting by that time and looking across into her face.

Never before or since have I fainted, but I would do so joyfully, a dozen times a day, if I could wave again to the blissful touch of soft fingers on my face, the hot ecstasy of coffee spilled by those fingers down my neck. There was a thrill in every tone of her voice that morning. Before long my loyalty to McKnight would step between me and the girl he loved; life would develop new complexities. In these early hours after the wreck, full of pain as they were, there was nothing of the suspicion and distrust that came later. Shorn of our guards and

of the photograph on John Gilmore's bedside table. The girl McKnight expected to see in Richmond the next day, Sunday! She was on her way back to meet him! Well, what difference did it make, anyhow? We had been thrown together by the merest chance. In an hour or two at the most we would be back in civilization and she would recall me, if she remembered me at all, as an unshaven creature in a red cravat and tan shoes, with a soiled Pullman sheet tied around my neck. I drew a deep breath.

"Just a twinge," I said, when she glanced up quickly. "It's very good of you to let me know, Miss West. I have been hearing delightful things about you for three months."

"From Richey McKnight?" She was frankly curious.

"Yes. From Richey McKnight?" I assented. Was it any wonder McKnight was crazy about her? I dug my heels into the dust.

"I have been visiting near Cresson, in the mountains," Miss West was saying. "The person you mentioned, Mrs. Curtis, was my hostess. We were on our way to Washington together." She spoke slowly, as if she wished to give the minimum of explanation. Across her face had come again the baffling expression of perplexity and trouble I had seen before.

"You were on your way home, I suppose?" Richey—spoke about seeing you?" I floundered, finding it necessary to say something. She looked at me with level, direct eyes.

"No," she returned quietly. "I did not intend to go home. I—well, it doesn't matter; I am going home now."

A woman in a calico dress, with two children, each an exact duplicate of the other, had come quickly down the road. She took in the situation at a glance, and was explosively hospitable.

"You poor things," she said. "If you'll take the first road to the left over there, and turn in at the second pigsty, you will find breakfast on the table and a coffee pot on the stove. And there's plenty of soap and water, too. Don't say one word. There isn't a soul there to see you."

We accepted the invitation and she hurried on toward the excitement and the railroad. I got up carefully and helped Miss West to her feet.

"At the second pigsty to the left," I repeated, "we will find the breakfast I promised you seven eternities ago. Forward to the pigsty!"

We said very little for the remainder



"Then It's Too Late to Help," She Replied, Solemnly.

baubles, we were primitive man and woman, together; our world for the hour was the deserted farmhouse, the slope of wheatfield that led to the road, the woodland lot, the pasture.

We breakfasted together across the homely table. Our cheerfulness, at first sheer emotion, became less forced as we ate great slices of bread from the grumpy oven back of the house, and drank hot fluid that smelled like coffee and tasted like nothing that I have ever swallowed. We found cream in stone jars, sunk deep in the chill water of the springhouse. And there were eggs, great yellow-brown ones—a basket of them.

So, like two children awakened from a nightmare, we chatted over our food; we hunted mutual friends, we laughed together at my feeble witticisms, but we put the horror behind us resolutely. After all, it was the hat with the green ribbons that brought back the strangeness of the situation.

All along I had had the impression that Alison West was deliberately put-

ting out of her mind something that obtruded now and then. It brought with it a return of the puzzled expression that I had surprised early in the day, before the wreck. I caught it once, when, breakfast over, she was tightening the sling that held the broken arm. I had prolonged the morning meal as much as I could, but when the wooden clock with the pink roses on the dial pointed to half after ten, and the mother with the duplicate youngsters had not come back, Miss West made the move I had dreaded.

"If we are to get into Baltimore at all we must start," she said, rising. "You ought to see a doctor as soon as possible."

"Hush," I said warningly. "Don't mention the arm, please; it is asleep now. You may rouse it."

"If I only had a hat," she reflected. "It wouldn't need to be much of one, but—" She gave a little cry and darted to the corner. "Look," she said triumphantly, "the very thing. With the green streamers tied up in a bow, like this—do you suppose the child would mind? I can put \$5 or so here—that would buy a dozen of them."

It was a queer affair of straw, that hat, with a round crown and a rim that flopped dismally. With a single movement she had turned it up at one side and fitted it to her head. Grotesque by itself, when she wore it it was a thing of joy.

Evidently the lack of head covering had troubled her, for she was elated at her find. She left me, scrawling a note of thanks and pinning it with a bill to the table-cloth, and ran upstairs to the mirror and the promised soap and water.

I did not see her when she came down. I had discovered a bench with a tin basin outside the kitchen door, and was washing, in a helpless, one-sided way. I felt rather than saw that she was standing in the doorway, and I made a final plunge into the basin.

"How is it possible for a man with only a right hand to wash his left ear?" I asked from the roller towel. I was distinctly uncomfortable: Men are more rigidly creatures of convention than women, whether they admit it or not. "There is so much soap on me still that if I laugh I will blow bubbles. Washing with rain water and home-made soap is like motoring on a slippery road. I only struck the high places."

Then, having achieved a brilliant polish with the towel, I looked at the girl.

She was leaning against the frame of the door, her face perfectly colorless, her breath coming in slow, difficult respirations. The erratic hat was pinned to place, but it had slid rakishly to one side. When I realized that she was staring, not at me, but past me to the road along which we had come, I turned and followed her gaze. There was no one in sight; the lane stretched dust white in the sun—the moving figure on it, no sign of life.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Cold and Afoot.

"Lord Curzon, during the visit that ended in his marriage to Miss Letzer proved very interesting in his cold, proud way."

The speaker, a Chicagoan, smiled and resumed:

"Cold and proud as young George Curzon was, he regarded the house of lords as colder and prouder. He told me once that when he asked his father if his first speech in the house of lords had been difficult the old gentleman replied:

"Difficult! It was like addressing sheeted tombstones by torchlight!"

A Mother's Anxiety.

Willie—Ma, can't I go out on the street for a little while? Tommy Jones says there's a comet to be seen.

Mother—Well, yes; but don't you go too near.—Boston Transcript.

WRONG IN THAT DIAGNOSIS

Physician's Method May Have Been All Right, but Here He was at Fault.

We are told that the latest sensation in the medical world is the assertion of a doctor that he is able, by looking into a patient's eye, to make an accurate diagnosis of the complaint which the patient is suffering. But is this really as novel as it is supposed to be? I recollect hearing some time ago of a doctor who said to a patient who was under examination: "I can see by the appearance of your right eye what is the matter with you. You are suffering from liver."

"My right eye?" asked the patient.

"Yes," returned the doctor. "It shows me plainly that your liver is out of order."

"Excuse me, doctor," said the patient, apologetically. "My right eye's a glass one."

One of the Best Rest Cures.

Is a good story.

To many women it is as good as a trip away from home.

When you are tired out and your nerves are on edge, try going off by yourself and losing yourself in some good story. You will, in nine cases out of ten, come back rested and invigorated.

One woman who has passed serenely through many years of hard work and worry that go with the managing of a house and bringing up of a large family of children, said that she considered it the duty of every busy housekeeper to read a certain amount of "trash," light fiction, for the rest and change to the mind that it would give.

Try it, you who lead a strenuous life, and who sometimes grow exceedingly weary of the same.



"No, I Did Not Intend to Go Home."

BETTER HEALTH WILL RESULT

To the thousands of persons who suffer from ailments of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys or Bowels, and who therefore, feel half-sick all the time, we want to urge an immediate trial of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. We know from past experience that it will be of great benefit to you and bring about an improvement in your health. It is for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Constipation and Malarial Fever. Try it today.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT

CURES SWINNEY.

Mr. R. S. Swinney, of Hill, N.C., writes: "I used Mexican Mustang Liniment on a very valuable horse for swinney and it cured it. I always keep it in my stable and think it the best liniment for horses and gals."

Mexican Mustang Liniment is made of the best of oils and penetrates straight thru flesh and muscle to the bone. Contains no alcohol and cannot scorch or torture the flesh. Buy a bottle to-day and be ready for any emergency.

25c. 50c. \$1 a bottle of Drug & Con'l Stores.

Texas Directory

AT LAST! AT LAST!
Edison Records on Exchange

Two old records and 20 cents buys new 20-cent record. Send for exchange list. We have records in all foreign languages. Special rates for all makes of talking machines.

DISCOUNTS: Buy in quantities of 100 or more. Buy in quantities of 1000 or more. Buy in quantities of 10000 or more. Buy in quantities of 100000 or more. Buy in quantities of 1000000 or more.

Houston Photograph Co., 210 South St., Houston, Tex.

HED-LYTE

The new liquid headache and nervous medicine.

Sold, Pleasant and Effective.

It is the best medicine of all Drug Stores. Manufactured by THE HED-LYTE COMPANY, DALLAS, TEXAS.

THE BEST STOCK SADDLES on earth.

Available prices, with the best illustrated catalogue.

A. H. GIBBS & CO., 101 North St., Dallas, Tex.

PATENTS for all kinds of machinery and electrical apparatus.

Write for our book and we will send you a free copy.

W. H. BERRY & COMPANY, 101 North St., Dallas, Tex.

CITATION.

THE STATE OF TEXAS.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Haskell County—Greeting:

You are hereby commanded, that you summon, by making publication of this citation in some newspaper published in the County of Haskell for four weeks previous to the return day hereof, Mrs. E. J. Parker and husband D. J. Parker, Sam Evans, Mrs. Laura Reagan and husband John E. Reagan, Josephine Murchison and husband, John Murchison, Lucy St. Amant and husband F. A. St. Amant, J. B. Sikes and wife Sallie V. Sikes, Laura Kountz and husband L. L. Kountz, Chester Haile, Lizzie Millican and husband W. O. Millican, Virginia Parker, Rebecca Boone, Adam Parker, Frederick Jones, T. J. Parker, R. C. Barbee, James Douglas, Estell Douglas, Lilly Douglas, Lee Douglas, Ola McVey and husband Robert McVey, Francis Emory Jr., Edward S. Emory, Maria S. Emory, Caroline S. Emory and Francis F. Emory Jr., as independent executors under the will of Francis F. Emory Sr., A. J. Sweet, J. J. Sweet, Wm. S. Sweet, Laura Bell and husband C. D. Bell, B. J. Parker, whose residence is unknown, to be and appear before the Hon. District Court, at the next regular term thereof, to be holden in the county of Haskell at the Court House thereof in the city of Haskell on the 21st day of November A. D. 1910, then and there to answer a petition filed in said court on the 7th day of October A. D. 1910, in a suit numbered on the docket of said court No. 696, wherein A. A. Aldrich and George W. Grook are plaintiffs and W. P. Whitman, T. G. Carney, E. P. Thomason, A. C. Foster, H. G. McConnell, S. W. Scott, Mrs. E. J. Parker and husband D. J. Parker, Sam Evans, Mrs. Laura Reagan and husband John E. Reagan, Josephine Murchison and husband John Murchison, Lucy St. Amant and husband F. A. St. Amant, J. B. Sikes and wife Sallie V. Sikes, Laura Kountz and husband L. L. Kountz, Chester Haile, Lizzie Millican and husband W. O. Millican, Virginia Parker, Rebecca Boone, Adam Parker, Frederick Jones, T. J. Parker, R. C. Barbee, James Douglas, Estell Douglas, Lilly Douglas, Lee Douglas, Ola McVey and husband Robert McVey, Francis Emory Jr., Edward S. Emory, Maria S. Emory, Caroline S. Emory and Francis F. Emory Jr., as independent executors under the will of Francis F. Emory Sr., A. J. Sweet, J. J. Sweet, Wm. S. Sweet, Laura Bell and husband C. D. Bell, D. J. Parker, are defendants. The nature of the plaintiffs demand being as follows, to-wit: Suit for partition as well as title to and possession of certain real estate under allegations as follows:

That the plaintiffs, are the owners of an undivided interest, amounting to 81 1/2 acres of land and to a 1280 acre survey patented to Isaac Parker, assignee of Richard Finch, on the 12th of August, 1857, by patent No. 915, volume 3, situated in Haskell County, Texas, about 59 miles north 87 degrees west from Fort Belknap fully described by field notes contained in said patent, to which reference is here made for full description of said 1280 acres; and the plaintiffs bring this suit for partition of said land, and allege that the above named defendants and the plaintiffs constitute all of the joint owners or joint claimants of said land.

The share in said land to which the plaintiffs are entitled is as above alleged, 81 1/2 acres or 251.3840 of the entire tract, and the share or interest of the defendant H. G. McConnell in said land is 103 3/4 acres or 31.384 of the entire tract; and the share or interest of each of the other joint owners or joint claimants is to the plaintiffs unknown.

The estimated value of said tract of land is Twenty Five Thousand Six Hundred Dollars (\$25,600)

Plaintiffs allege and charge that on the 1st day of January, 1910, they were and now are the legal and equitable owners of said interest of 81 1/2 acres of land, and that on the date last above mentioned they were holding the same in fee simple, and on said date the defendants unlawfully entered into possession of said property and ejected plaintiffs therefrom, and now wrongfully withhold from plaintiffs possession thereof to plaintiffs damage One Thousand

Six Hundred Thirty Three and 33-100 Dollars (\$1633.33), and plaintiffs allege that the annual rent of said 81 and 2-3 acres of land is of the value of Five Hundred Fifty Dollars (\$550.00).

Plaintiffs allege that they acquired title to said property by purchase from the lawful heirs of Isaac Parker, deceased, to whom said land was patented, said heirs of Isaac Parker so conveying said property being then and there authorized to have and to hold the same, they being the absolute owners thereof at the time of such conveyance, the conveyance from said heirs to said plaintiffs being all duly recorded in the deed records of Haskell County, Texas; that the defendant, H. G. McConnell, acquired the title and right to the 103 3/4 acres owned by him, as aforesaid, under a deed from W. C. King, said W. C. King having purchased from Lucy Ann Haile and her husband, and the said Lucy Ann Haile having held and owned same as an heir of Isaac Parker, deceased, and by virtue of a deed made to her by the said Isaac Parker in his life time; the deeds conveying the title to said H. G. McConnell in the manner aforesaid being all duly recorded in the deed records of Haskell County, Tex., and the said H. G. McConnell also claims this title by reason and by virtue of the statutes of five and ten years limitations and by reason and by virtue of a judgment this court rendered in the case of J. W. Yarbrough, et al, vs. W. P. Whitman, et al; said judgment being rendered in this court on the 15th day of June, 1906, and which was afterwards appealed to the court of civil appeals for the second supreme judicial district of Texas, and in that court the title of the said H. G. McConnell to the 103 3/4 acres was by the judgment of such court confirmed; that the nature, and the claim, title or interest of the other defendants in said land is to the plaintiffs unknown, and the plaintiffs further allege that if there are other joint owners or claimants of said property they are to said plaintiffs unknown.

Wherefore, the plaintiffs pray for citation in terms of the law to be issued and served upon each and all of the defendants in the manner authorized and required by law, that upon final hearing plaintiffs have judgment against all the defendants for the title to and possession of the 81 1/2 acres of land above alleged to be owned and held by them, and that commissioners be appointed by the court to divide and partition said land after the adjustment of the title to said property, and that a specific number of acres corresponding in value and amount to the number of acres held and owned by the plaintiffs be by said commissioners of partition set aside, and then decreed by the court to be absolutely vested in plaintiffs, and that the remainder of said land be divided among the true owners as the same may be ascertained and determined by the court. Plaintiffs also pray for such other relief, general and special, legal and equitable, as the law and facts will authorize.

Herein fail not, and have you before said court, on the said first day of the next term thereof, this writ, with your endorsement thereon showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and seal of said court, at office in Haskell, this 7th day of October A. D. 1910.

J. W. Meadors, Clerk, District Court
42 4t Haskell County Texas.

CITATION.

THE STATE OF TEXAS.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Haskell County—Greeting:

You are hereby commanded, that you summon, by making publication of this citation in some newspaper published in the County of Haskell for four weeks previous to the return day hereof, Henry Campbell, whose residence is unknown, to be and appear before the Hon. District Court, at the next regular term thereof, to be holden in the County of Haskell at the Court House thereof, in the city of Haskell on the 21st day of November A. D. 1910, then and there to answer a petition filed in said Court, on the 10th day of May A. D. 1910, in a suit numbered on the docket of said Court No. 660, wherein C. A. Bell is plaintiff and J. J. Deaver, J. M. Deaver, M. F. Deaver, Mrs. A. E. Brewer and her husband C. E. Brewer, Mrs. Minnie Caudry and her husband D. D. Caudry and Henry Campbell are defendants.

The nature of the plaintiff's demand being as follows to wit: Suit for title to and possession of certain real estate and rescission of sale of said real estate under allegations as follows:

That the plaintiff was on the 1st day of January, 1910, lawfully seized and possessed of a certain tract of land situated in Lamb county, Texas, known as section No. 15 out of league No. 244 of Dickens county school land as shown on a plat of the subdivisions of said league recorded in the deed records of Lamb county, Texas, formerly recorded in Castro county, Texas, to which said Lamb county was formally attached for registration purposes, and reference is here made to said plat and said record for a minute and particular description of said section 15; that on the day and year last aforesaid the defendants, J. J. Deaver, J. M. Deaver, M. F. Deaver, Mrs. A. E. Brewer, Mrs. Minnie Caudry and Henry Campbell, who are her alleged to be the sole and only heirs at law of N. R. Deaver, deceased, unlawfully entered upon said premises and ejected plaintiff therefrom and now unlawfully withhold from the plaintiff the possession thereof to his damage Ten Thousand Dollars (\$10,000.00); that the annual rents of said premises is of the value of One Thousand Dollars (\$1000.00)

That the plaintiff is entitled to the possession of said property for and on account of the following facts, to-wit: On the 1st day of June, 1908, said property above described was held and owned by W. F. Tompkins, and on that day said W. F. Tompkins conveyed said property to N. R. Deaver, who then resided in said Haskell county, Texas, for a recited consideration of Ten Thousand Dollars (\$10,000.00); the sum of Three Thousand One Hundred Two and 29-100 Dollars (\$3102.29) in cash and One Thousand Eight Hundred Ninety Seven and 71-100 Dollars (\$1897.71) assumed to be paid by the said N. R. Deaver to Dickens county, being part of the purchase money then due and owing by the said W. F. Tompkins to said Dickens county as a part of the purchase money for said land, and secured to said Dickens county by first lien thereon; the balance of said consideration for said deed was and is evidenced by five notes, each for the sum of One Thousand Dollars (\$1000.00) executed by said N. R. Deaver, payable to the order of said W. F. Tompkins, providing for the payment of interest at the rate of 10 per cent per annum, payable annually as it accrues, both principal and interest payable at Haskell, Texas, and in each of said notes it is provided that failure to pay same or any installment of interest thereon when due, shall at the election of the holder of them or any of them mature all of said notes, and in each of said notes the maker specially agreed that if same should be placed in the hands of an attorney for collection or if collected by legal proceedings to pay an additional 10 per cent on the principal and interest due thereon as collection fees, which notes were and are secured by the vendor's lien expressly reserved in the deed from W. F. Tompkins to N. R. Deaver above referred to, and which deed provides that the same shall become absolute only upon the payment of said notes according to their face, tenor, effect and reading, and said deed is now in the possession of the defendants in this case, and they are each and all hereby notified to produce same upon the trial of this cause or else secondary evidence of the contents thereof will be introduced.

Thereafter on the 5th day of August, 1908, the said W. F. Tompkins, for a valuable consideration, sold, transferred, assigned and conveyed the five notes for One Thousand Dollars (\$1000.00) each above described to S. A. Broach by his deed in writing bearing that date, and in which deed and transfer the vendor's lien reserved in the deed first above mentioned was also conveyed to said Broach together with all the right, title interest, estate, claim and demand both legal and equitable of the said W. F. Tompkins to said land, and every part thereof was also conveyed to the said S. A. Broach, and said instrument in writing making said conveyance was on said date, as aforesaid, executed and duly acknowledged by said W. F. Tompkins. Thereafter the said S. A. Broach by his deed in writing conveyed the five notes for One Thousand Dollars (\$1000.00) each to this plaintiff by his deed in writing bearing date of February 12, 1910, wherein and whereby not only said notes were conveyed but all and singular the contract lien, the vendors lien, rights, equities, title and interest in said land then held and owned by the said S. A. Broach, which deed and instrument in writing bearing date as aforesaid, was duly executed and acknowledged by the said S. A. Broach and delivered to this plaintiff, together with the transfer from W. F. Tompkins to S. A. Broach aforesaid.

By virtue of his purchase of said notes and the interest held and owned by the said W. F. Tompkins and S. A. Broach in and to said land as aforesaid, this plaintiff became subrogated to all the rights originally held by said W. F. Tompkins as against the said N. R. Deaver his heirs or assigns to recind said sale upon failure to perform the contract or purchase by said Deaver or his heirs, and is now the legal and equitable owners and holders of said notes and said interest in said land, and said rights to recind said sale as fully as the said W. F. Tompkins would have been if he had not transferred said notes or his rights and interest in said land. Plaintiff alleges that subsequently to the execution and delivery of said notes by N. R. Deaver to W. F. Tompkins said N. R. Deaver has died and left surviving him the defendants named in this case as his sole and only heirs as above alleged; that said N. R. Deaver died intestate; that there is no administration pending upon his estate and no necessity for any; that no installment of interest and no part of the principal of either of said notes for One Thousand Dollars each above described, has ever been paid, and the defendants each and all have failed and refused to pay the note which became due and payable June 1, 1909 and each and every installment of interest on said notes as they became due, and thereby plaintiff became entitled to the right to declare each and all of said notes due and payable, which he has done, and subsequently thereto each and all of said notes have been placed in the hands of H. G. McConnell, an attorney-at-law for collection, with the agreement and understanding that said McConnell should have 10 per cent of the amount of the principal and interest of said notes as his fee for collecting same, which is here alleged to be a reasonable and proper fee to be paid said attorney for said services; and thereby the full amount of the principal, interest and collection fees provided for in the five notes for One Thousand Dollars (\$1000.00) each above described has fully matured and has become due and payable at Haskell, Texas, payment of which, as aforesaid has been refused by each and all of the defendants, and said sum of principal, interest and attorneys fees of said notes, amounting now in the aggregate to the sum of Six Thousand Five Hundred Thirteen and 80-100 Dollars (\$6513.80), which, according to the provisions of said notes, bear interest from this date at the rate of 10 per cent per annum until paid.

Wherefore, this plaintiff, being the legal holder and owner of the legal title to said property, and being the holder and owner of the right to recind the contract of sale and the sale made by W. F. Tompkins to N. R. Deaver by reason of failure to pay said notes as aforesaid, has elected and does now elect to recind said sale and reinvest himself of said property, and brings this suit for a rescission of said contract of sale and said sale as aforesaid, at the place where said contract was performable as shown upon the face of said notes, which are in writing and duly signed by the said N. R. Deaver. The plaintiff prays for citation in the terms of the law to be served upon each and all of said defendants, requiring them to appear at the next term of this honorable court and make answer hereto, and upon the hearing that he have judgment recinding the sale of said property made by the said W. F. Tompkins to the said N. R. Deaver, as aforesaid, and cancelling any claim, right or title thereto by any of the defendants, and that the full title and the possession of the above described property to be divested out of said defendants and vested in this plaintiff; and

that plaintiff have judgment awarding him his writ of possession and all costs of suit.

Plaintiff also prays for such other relief, legal and equitable, general and special as the law and facts of the case will authorize.

Herein fail not, and have you before said court, on the said first day of next term thereof, this writ with your endorsement thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Given under my hand and the seal of said court, at office in Haskell this, the 7th day of October A. D. 1910.
J. W. Meadors Clerk
District Court, Haskell County Texas.

By W. W. Murphy, Deputy.

IT'S A BAD WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD.

Young Friends, if crops are short and business dull in your community, there is no better time for you to secure a practical business training for which the business world is anxious to pay cash than now. The sooner you qualify, the sooner you will have the privilege of selecting a successful vocation. With a thorough practical course of Bookkeeping, Business Training, Shorthand, Typewriting, or Telegraphy, you are not compelled to work at any one thing in any one section of the country. You can keep books, do shorthand work or operating for some one else; you can work into a firm as a partner, go into business for yourself, work your way through a law school or any professional course by doing the stenographic work of the President of the institution at your spare moments; you can work your way to the presidency of a railroad thru the telegraph key or stenographers pencil, as many others have done. You can work your way to the head of a great business concern that will produce you large dividends besides a nice annual salary. In other words, you can soon work yourself up to where your scope of business will be sufficiently broadened that it will not be materially affected by all local drought.

For facts as to the great advantages of the above named courses, and for the names and addresses of many of our former pupils who have advanced you would be proud to occupy, fill in and mail the following blank to the Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Texas, and receive our large beautifully illustrated catalogue. Lets get down to business; if you are not making the money the money that will give you a comfortable living and advancement, it is a business proposition to you that you be developing your ability along practical lines for which the business would pay cash, so that you can move onward and upward. What we have done for thousands of others, we can do for you, and we can convince you with facts before you leave home. It doesn't take much money to attend our school and an honest purpose and a lot of determination are the main requirements.

Name _____
Address _____
Occupation _____

BALLEW HAPPINGS.

Hello Chats, how are you all, fine I hope. Every body is just about done picking cotton around here.

Mr. John F. Thomas and family are moving up close to Wichita this week.

Mr. J. H. Cunningham and family spent Sunday with Mrs. P. C. Cunningham.

Mr. J. W. Dennington is in Dallas this week.

School will start here next Monday (31).
We had a nice little rain Tuesday but did not get any stock

water but very good season.

We had right good prayer meeting Sunday night, it was conducted by Sister Thomas. We should work more for our Master.

The little four year old daughter, Vera of Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Sears, said to her mother while standing by her little bald headed brother mamma, brother has cut some little teeth when will he cut some hair.
Rambler.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

- 1 Dr. Brewer.
- 2 Rev. J. W. Dodgen.
- 3 Mrs. Maggie Brock.
- 4 W. M. Bronner.
- 5 Mrs. Maud Webb.
- 6 Miss Carrie Russell.
- 7 Will Simon.
- 8 Mrs. Ethel Jones.
- 9 Miss Charlie Johnson.
- 10 Mrs. Laura McMinn.
- 11 S. J. Patterson.

The Chops you get from Sims, has not been screened. 44-4t

As a household remedy for cuts, burns, bruises, piles, pain and soreness of all kinds, Dr. Cox's Barbed Wire Liniment, 25c size, has no equal. If not satisfactory, money refunded. For sale by All Druggists.

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DENTIST
Office-Smith & Sutherland Bldg
Phone { Office No. 12
Residence No. 111

Dr. W. A. KIMBROUGH
Physician and Surgeon
Office Phone No. 246
Residence " No. 124
Or Collier Drug Store
HASKELL, TEXAS.

Dr. A. G. NEATHERY.
Physician and Surgeon.
Office in Smith & Sutherland Bldg
Office Phone No. 50.
Dr. Neathery's Res. No. 25.

Dr. W. WILLIAMSON,
RESIDENCE PHONE 119
OFFICE OVER
Smith and Sutherland Bldg's

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Physician and Surgeon
OFFICE in McConnell Building
HASKELL, TEXAS.

Dr. F. C. HELTON
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