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On Short Notice

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VOL. 27. NO. 33

HASKELL, HASKELL COUNTY, TEXAS, SATURDAY, AUGUST 17, 1912.

WHOLE NO. 1385

SUCCESSFUL FARMING IN HASKELL COUNTY

Knowing the success of M. A. Clifton as a practical farmer in this county, we requested him to write his experience for publication in the Free Press, for the benefit of those who have come here after the agricultural field had been successfully pioneered. We do this to help along the people who are not acquainted with the uncertain seasons of this section, and to prove that there is a way to farm to hit in Haskell county. Now when you read what Mr. Clifton has to say, lay down your criticisms of what he says, and keep in view your own failures, and in this way you will get some benefit. Can you do this? Mr. Clifton writes as follows:

"In 1889, I came to Haskell county prospecting. On this trip I walked from Albany to Haskell. After getting two or three miles out of Albany, there was not a house for the 45 miles, except the old rock ranch on California creek. The only thing I saw like farming on my way to Haskell was a small patch of millet on Capt. C. P. Killough's place 2 miles south of Haskell, near Mr. Loving's place. I walked through the millet, which was as fine as any I ever saw in central or east Texas, and I knew if millet would do so well here, other crops would also do well. After visiting Haskell I returned to Limestone county, and in 1890, moved to Haskell, bringing my family and what little I had with me. In 1891, I purchased a tract of land where Cliff is now located, 18 miles north west of Haskell. At that time there was not a house between my place and Cliff, the country being open prairie, inhabited by rattlesnakes, prairie dogs and antelopes. I improved my farm and had to kill out the snakes and prairie dogs. The prairie dogs would not let any vegetation grow around their burrows that obstructed their view of the hawks and wolves, their natural enemies. I lived on this place for 15 years. You may ask how many crop failures I had during this time? I can truthfully say I never had one. Of course I had some short crops, and some plantings would fall but I would continue to plant. In writing this letter 'I have no axe to grind', but if I can be of any service to any one by giving my experience as a farmer I will be fully paid for this communication and justified in writing the same. I know we have many so-called farmers going around advising farmers how to farm, when some of them could not tell maize from gypsy corn, or red top kafir from red top cane. I do not propose to advise any one how to farm, but if my 22 years experience is worth while to read, I will proceed to give it. 1896 was the first real hard year, and crops were about as near a failure as I have ever made. Some people hauled their hogs away, 50 and 60 miles and sold them for one and a half cents per pound, for which fact T. A. Mays of Rule and F. G. Alexander of Haskell can vouch. This same year I sold fat pork in Haskell at five cents a pound, that was fattened on feed I raised on my farm. I had corn, oats, wheat Egyptian corn, and cane seed I

raised in 1895. I made some cane seed and corn in 1896, which I had ground into chops, and this and pie melons fattened my hogs that year and the meat was good. I also raised turkeys and have hauled them fifty miles to market and sold grown ones at 50 and 75 cents. In 1900 I made enough, if I had taken care of it to run me five or six years. I made that year, 50 bushels of corn, 100 bushels of oats and a bale of cotton per acre. The next hard year after 1896 was 1902. This year everything I planted in the spring died but the peanuts and cotton, but a good rain came the last of July and I planted June corn, maize and cane, and kept planting until the 12th or 15th of August, and made a good crop of everything I planted. Some people think a fellow can not make a living in years like the past three dry years we have had. In 1909, the year of the hail, the planting habit got hold of me again and saved me. When I laid my corn by, I planted maize in the corn middles. In a few days the hail came and destroyed the corn and the maize came up and made a good crop, while my neighbors who had to wait for the ground to dry before they could plant failed, and while they were planting I was plowing my young maize. On this same land last year I made oats good enough to cut and thresh, then planted the stubble in millet and made a good crop. This year I got a fairly good crop of millet from a part of this land and have resown the same for a fall crop of millet. On a part of this land this year I have gathered 37 bushels per acre weighed of maize.

"On my farm 6 miles south east of Haskell, the grass hoppers have destroyed three plantings on part of the farm, but I continued to plant. Last week on this farm I had hands cutting, planting and plowing maize on this farm. If I can break by November I break deep. The later I break the land the shallower I have it broken, and always cultivate shallow, and plant something nearly every month in the year and keep on planting. I replant all vacant spots and do not over crop my force. I plant milo maize, sorghum, kafir corn, peanuts, peas watermelons, canteloupes, pumpkins and cotton. I raise hogs and turkeys and Mrs. Clifton raises chickens, in fact, at my house we live at home and board in the kitchen. The farmer is the only independent man that lives if he only knew it.

"Some people will say that a man who has plenty can talk that way. I may add if the people will live within their income they can live that way. Stay out of debt. A mortgage stands up and interest eats up your income while you lay asleep. Now try this for one year, then you will be one year ahead. Do not try to keep up with society. When the farmer lives at home he has the best and can sell the other fellow the leavings. Do this for a few years and society people will run after us farmers."

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

COTTON MARKET- ING TALK NO. 2

ADVOCATING A JUST COMPENSATION FOR FARM PRODUCTS

No logical reason has ever been advanced to disprove the claim that, cotton should have a stable value and that such value can be placed upon it when properly controlled. Is it not proper then for all to join in placing the value of cotton on its true footing, that is, establish a stable price which gives the farmer a just compensation for his toil and allow the mills, the merchants and jobbers to look forward into the future with confidence to what the cost of their supplies must be. No legitimate work in the South is helped by the conditions existing today in the cotton market. The planter, under present conditions, must borrow money from his merchant or banker on condition of delivering so much cotton on a certain date; therefore, he must plant cotton, even at a loss—he must sacrifice his freedom of action and to that extent make himself a bondman. In two years, even in one, if the Southern cotton grower will exercise his power he can forever put behind him the debtor's burden which compels obedience to the creditor so as to make the planting of cotton necessary for its borrowing capacity; diversification of crops will then be a certainty. The Southern States Cotton Corporation is organized for this purpose and recognition of and co-operation with its plan can certainly make easy the proper marketing of cotton and obtain therefore a fair and reasonable price. Instead of the world calling upon the South to accept a loss upon its work, the users of cotton will be required to pay the growers interest on their heads, hands, lands and capital. Under existing conditions the farmer loses his labor (or it is so poorly paid for as to be practically lost), the mills while making money this year, must look ahead to the time when labor, ill paid, will refuse to produce, then their time of trial and loss will come. The merchants, the bankers, the manufacturers and industries of the country must cease to be profitable if the purchasing power of their customers is reduced or finally taken away from them. It is well to consider whether more actual wealth is not brought into the world by the agricultural land than is produced by the land covered by the city's population. How much more necessary it is to have conditions fair for those who produce and bring values into the world. If our customs and laws prevent the production of wealth by the farmers, the traders must soon lose the dollars with which they carry on their business in trading. Cotton growers individually cannot cope with existing conditions, consequently a reason is presented for forming an organization like the Southern States Cotton Corporation, which will enable the farmer to have a voice in regulating their income from an industry, in which they, after all, are the vital factors. For particulars write Southern States Cotton Corporation, Slaughter Bldg. Dallas, Texas.

READ TALK NO. 8, NEXT WEEK.

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

Time for Wonderful Saving in Mens, Ladies and Childrens Summer Shoes

This is the edge of the seasons for the store. Fall styles are gradually blending into and effacing the Summer showing. Yet these Summer Shoes are in the very height of YOUR wear time, and will be suitable way into the FALL. Summer Shoes, however, must go, regardless of price, and if you want to know how to save money by spending it, **COME HERE AND LOOK AROUND.**

For some time we have had two large counters of ladies and childrens summer shoes at very low prices and have sold a large per cent of them, however, we still have a big assortment for you to select from and we are going to sacrifice them at a still lower price. Many of these shoes selling at \$2.00 to \$2.50 are \$4.00 shoes but we are going to give you 10 per cent reduction on the already low price.

All regular stock in the shelves will go at 25 per cent off

All summer shoes will be included in this sale and will be sold at 1-4 off regular price.

All Summer shoes are selling at a most ridiculous figure and are well worth immediate purchase.

Special Prices on Hand Bags

We have a large assortment of hand bags in plain linen, crochet, and embroidered effects and are making special prices on them in order to close them out to make room for fall shipment.

Remnant Sale Continued

We have added many remnants to our remnant counter and the prices—well you will be surprised at the low price we have on them. Never before have we seen the trade respond more readily to an offer than they have in the last week, to the offer we have made on remnants. Although remnant sounds like a small item, yet there are great savings to be made on every one on our counter—they range in lengths from one yard to dress patterns, and they are conveniently situated too, being right under one of our electric fans where you can sit in cool comfort and look over them while we are showing you other goods.

We appreciate the way in which the trade responds to the offers we make through our ads, and it makes us realize still more the value of honesty in advertising.

To give the best value for your money has always been our ambition. It is this policy which brought us the big business, which we are now doing and of which we are so proud.

F. G. Alexander & Sons

THE BIG STORE

HASKELL COUNTY BLESSED WITH RAINS

Haskell was visited again Thursday night and Friday with showers. The precipitation for the past week will aggregate more than 3 inches. This was the best season that has fallen in so short a time in three years.

Texas Mills Crush Million and Half Tons of Cottonseed.

There were 209 establishments in Texas engaged in crushing cottonseed during the year 1911, according to a report recently issued by the United States Department of Commerce and Labor. The Texas mills crushed approximately one and one half million tons of seed during that year. Seventeen new cottonseed oil mills were opened for operation during 1911.

Boats Will Run on Trinity River September 15th.

Announcement has been made of the organization of a steamboat company at Dallas, Texas, to own and operate a boat line on the Trinity River between Galveston and Dallas. It is recalled that citizens of Dallas have been ad-

vocating the navigation of the Trinity for years and that several appropriations have been made by the Federal Government amounting to \$1,400,000 to construct dams, channels and other means of widening the river, making it accessible to traffic. It is reported that over 380 miles of the river bed have been improved that a steamer tow barge will be in operation by September 15th.

Galveston Ranks Second In Foreign Business.

Galveston ranks second in the value of foreign business for the fiscal year ending May 31st. New York comes first with \$1,657,824,295, Galveston second with \$218,370,185 and New Orleans third with \$211,793,492. Statistics compiled on cotton show that Galveston leads the country in export shipments of this product, the total being 3,513,267 bales valued \$190,264,995 as compared with 10,337,861 bales valued at approximately \$561,000,000 for the United States as a whole. Galveston exported more cotton than Savannah and New Orleans combined, the lead over these two cities being 191,086 bales.

Trade with Haskell merchants if you want your money's worth.

TEXAS RANKS FIRST IN COTTON GINS

The Department of Commerce and Labor at Washington has just given out a report that shows the number of cotton ginneries in the United States by states. Texas ranks first in number having 4,260 gins in operation during the ginning season. The number of bales ginned here per establishment in Texas last year 713 as compared with 533 bales in 1910. The average for the entire United States was 592 bales in 1911 and 443 bales in 1910.

Texas Cottonseed Values Increase In 1911.

According to a report given out by the United States Department of Commerce and Labor there were 1,893,000 tons of cottonseed produced in Texas in 1911, valued at \$33,410,000. This is an increase over the preceding year of 537,000 tons, or 39.6 per cent and \$50,000 in value. Texas produced 27 per cent of the cottonseed of the United States during 1911.

Subscribe for the Free Press.

Crazy Mineral Water

Rexall Remedies

Spencer & Richardson

Prescription Druggists

The Rexall Store

Phone 216—North Side Square

COLD DRINKS

Nyal's Medicines

LOCAL NOTES

Winn Whatley is visiting at Waco.

Mrs. R. E. Sherrill is visiting at Abilene.

Fine bread, cakes and pies at the City Bakery.

Get your bread tickets at the City Bakery.

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

Miss Ola Elliott left Saturday for Meridian.

Two Jersey cows for sale. See McNeill & Smith.

C. B. Dale of Stamford was in the city Tuesday.

If it is drugs you need the Corner Drug Store has it.

Miss Margaret Pierson is visiting in Colorado city.

Give us a trial and see what fine bread at the City Bakery.

Mrs. E. A. Chambers and children are visiting at Seymour.

Rube Brewer made a business trip to Clarksville last week.

Donald Van Pelt has gone to Texas City to make his home.

Mrs. Oates and daughter left Saturday for Putnam, Texas.

S. A. Mantooth made a business trip to Bartlett this week.

M. L. Perry and son Arnold left Saturday for Fort Worth.

Yes, the Corner Drug Store has what you need in the drug line.

F. L. Goose was called to Merkel Thursday to nurse a fever patient.

Mrs. W. R. Hunt of the east side is visiting at Wichita Falls.

Mr. J. Maxwell of O'Brien has been visiting friends in this city.

Every man is given a trial. Why not give us one? City Bakery.

Miss Ida Thompson left Saturday for a visit to friends at Bartlett.

Bring your chickens and eggs to W. D. Joiner in the Masonic building. 31-21

Mrs. N. A. Dunn, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. Mrs. G. E. Ballew of Rochester, took the train here Sunday for her home at Abilene.

Mr. and Mrs. L. W. Kirkpatrick of the east side were in the city Tuesday.

Wanted—I want to buy 500 guineas and turkeys, any age. M. A. Clifton.

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

Mrs. Roy Shook left Tuesday for an extended visit to relatives at Windsor, Mo.

For Sale—Black Amber sorghum seed. Apply to J. W. Cran at the oil mill. 2t-p.

Miss Sibyl Collins returned last week from an extended visit to Kaufman county.

Messrs J. L. Baldwin and W. H. Murchason attended the convention at San Antonio.

Mrs. Walter Cousins of Wichita Falls, visited her sister, Mrs. J. W. Collins last week.

Joe H. Williams has purchased the Westside Pharmacy. Read his advertisement in this issue.

Miss Daisy Simmons of Venita, Oklahoma is visiting Miss Anilda Hughes of this city.

Miss Ruth McCarty of Okla. City is visiting her sister, Mrs. G. E. Langford of this city.

Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Albin of Rochester, have returned from a visit to friends at Comanche.

Mrs. Della Marshall of A. lington, is visiting her sister, Mrs. E. B. Marshall of this city.

Editor Edward Cox of the Peacock Signal was a passenger on the south bound train Monday.

Miss Inez Nelson is now in St. Louis purchasing the fall stock of millinery for Hardy Grissom.

Miss Emma Dean of San Antonio, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Dean of this city.

LOST—Near Roberts, a lady's watch, 15 jewel Elgin. Finder will please report to C. H. Wisdom. 31-2t

Mr. Hardy Grissom leaves today for the northern dry goods market, to purchase his fall stock.

C. D. Long and Jno. B. Baker left Monday evening on a business trip to Abilene and other points.

C. G. Hudson, of Rochester, called on us last week and gave us his subscription to the Free Press. He reported that the crop were fine around Rochester.

Miss Lula Steenson returned Tuesday from Seymour, where she has been visiting with friends.

T. E. Russell left Monday to attend the Socialist convention at Waco as a delegate from this county.

Mr. Scott Key was the only delegate, who attended the state convention, at San Antonio, from this county.

Mr. I. P. Carr has returned from St. Louis after two weeks spent in the dry goods market of that city.

Mr. R. B. Fields and family have returned from California after several months visit on the pacific coast.

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

It will pay you to see W. D. Joiner before selling your country produce. He is located in the Masonic building. 31-2t

Miss Mamie McNatt, who has been visiting with Mrs. J. L. Robinson, has returned to her home at Abilene.

All kinds of drugs, toilet articles and drug sundries too numerous to mention. Get them at the Corner Drug Store.

C. M. Cotton of Rice, Texas, has purchased the Robertson drug store. H. H. Langford is in charge of the same.

Highest market price paid for chickens, eggs, hides, and all country produce by W. D. Joiner, in the Masonic building. 31-2t

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

A. B. Mason of this city and Mr. Penick of Rule left Monday for Dallas to attend the Republican state convention.

J. J. Chitwood has reported to us the arrival of a ten-pound maize header and calf wrangler at his home Friday the 9th inst.

Ship your

POULTRY, EGGS AND BUTTER

—TO—

ROBERTS & JONES

Wholesalers

Wichita Falls Texas

We pay day shipment is received

Write for prices, we want your business.

Misses May Fields and Nevada Baker have returned from an extended trip to Yellow Stone Park and the pacific coast.

Miss Dibrell, who at one time was the principal of the South Ward school, is now with the J. J. Stein land firm as secretary.

Mrs. W. B. Hammer of Winters, who has been visiting at Throckmorton, returned to her home last week, via this city.

I am making fly traps that catch them all before they get in the house. 50 cents each. J. E. Yeager.

The Corner Drug Store gets in a shipment of drugs once a week and you are sure to get fresh drugs when you buy from them.

Mrs. R. G. Fain, who has been visiting her brother, Mr. Lipscomb of this city has returned to her home at Hubbard, Texas.

Prof. W. J. Laney, of Cisco, began a three weeks' singing school at Ballew Monday, and is having satisfactory success with his class.

Mr. Ross Payne of Rule has purchased the tailoring business of Rube Brewer in this city, and Mr. and Mrs. Payne have moved to Haskell.

Bags Wanted—The Oil Mill will pay 3 cts. each for bran, cotton seed meal and oat sacks, and for Butter Fat Sacks will pay 5 cents each. Sacks without holes and in good condition only. Cogdell, Mgr.

Off to Buy New Fall Goods

Our buyer leaves Saturday night for Market to buy our stock of new fall goods. While away he will spare neither pains nor expense in his efforts to secure the newest and best the market affords.

It is the fixed policy of our store to handle only goods of Standard Merit and quality. Goods which we can guarantee to our customers as being dependable in quality and correct in style.

While in market the largest and most progressive retail stores are visited. The head of departments are consulted and a correct idea as to styles is secured before purchases are made. In this way we offer our trade, goods that are absolutely right. Goods of the same character and style you will find in the best city stores.

Our Milliner Already in Market

We have secured the services of Miss Inez Nelson as our milliner for the fall season. She comes to us highly recommended and is now in St. Louis studying the styles.

Seasonable Specials

We want to make a Clean Sweep of all summer goods, and to do this offer these most unusual values.

20c Flaxon for **10c**
 \$3.50 and 4.00 Spumps **\$1.95**
 Misses button oxfords \$3.00 quality for only **\$1.95**

Muslin Underwear Specials

UNDERSKIRTS AT HALF PRICE

\$3.00 skirts for..... **\$1.50**
 2.50 " " **1.25**
 2.00 " " **1.00**
 1.50 " " **75c**
 1.00 " " **50c**
 .75 " " **40c**

GOWNS FOR LESS THAN THEIR WORTH

\$2.50 Gowns **\$1.85**
 2.00 " **1.45**
 1.50 " **95c**
 1.25 " **85c**

CORSET COVERS

50c quality for..... **35c**
 35c " **30c**
 Ladies 20c vests 2 for ... **25c**
 10c light percale per yd. **6c**

HARDY GRISSOM.

Mrs. Will Furnace and little daughter, Wille Dean, and sister, Miss Hester Murray, left Monday for a visit with relatives at Jacksborough.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Bernard have returned from an extended visit to Shreveport, La. Mr. Bernard has gone to South Texas on a business mission.

Rev. Wagner and family left Saturday, his family going to Tennessee and he will go to Waco where he has work in the missionary field.

Dr. Odom kindly reported to us that Mr and Mrs. D. H. Hadaway have a fine boy at their home, and Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Davis have a daughter.

For Sale or Rent Cheap—The Lindell Hotel, of 36 rooms, north east corner of the square. J. G. Simmons, Haskell, Texas.

Wanted—Hogs of good quality weighing 100 pounds or more. Will pay six and a half cents per pound, delivered at the oil mill. Earl Cogdell.

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

Judge W. C. Ballard and wife and daughter Miss Willie, who have been visiting in this city have returned to their home at Dickens, Texas. Mrs. Ballard is a sister of W. H. Patterson of this place.

Mrs. L. Hatcher and daughter Miss Lela of Albany, who have been visiting with Mrs. C. D. Long, have returned to their home. Miss Effie Nola Long accompanied them home for a short visit.

To Trade for Haskell County Land—100 acres in Grayson county. 75 acres in cultivation, four room house, 3 acres in orchard, sandy land, plenty of timber. Write your propositions to Box 365, Haskell, Texas.

Bags Wanted—The Oil Mill will pay 3 cts each for bran, cotton seed meal and oat sacks, and for Butter Fat Sacks will pay 5 cents each. Sacks without holes and in good condition only. Cogdell, Mgr.

Mr. Paul Zahn sold a four months old lamb to J. P. Culp Saturday, that weighed 76 lbs. Mr. Culp will use the lamb for breeding purposes.

Mrs. T. L. Eastland has returned from a visit to Bartlett.

J. L. Swope made a business trip to Temple the 12th instant.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hallmark are visiting at Humphreys, Oklahoma.

R. D. C. Middleton returned the 8th instant, from a business trip to Temple.

Mrs. Emmet Barton has returned from a visit to relatives in Central Texas.

Will trade 100 acres of improved land, nine miles east of Haskell for small tract near Haskell. J. E. Walling.

For Sale Cheap—Dresser, washstand, kitchen cabinet, dining table and chairs and oil cooking stove. Phone 176. Mrs. Wirt French.

Balus and Aubrey Cox of the west side, went out to the Choates ranch, 12 miles south west of town Thursday evening and caught a wolf. The next morning they caught two more. They used a couple of young English grey hounds that picked up the wolves and killed them as fast as they could get to them.

Misses Aileen Rogers and Forrest Jones, two charming young ladies of Throckmorton, were visitors in our city a few days last week and while here paid this office a pleasant call. Miss Rogers was formerly associated with the Throckmorton Times.

The editors took a short drive in the country Tuesday evening, and were very much gratified with the prospects for cotton and feed. The young cotton seems to have never stopped putting on fruit, and the prospect is good for a bale to the acre in many fields.

I have bought the tailor shop formerly owned by Rube Brewer, and I earnestly desire a continuation of your trade. Have about 300 Fall and winter samples on display. But am looking for 1200 more in next few days, so come in and look the line over and let's all get acquainted.

Yours for business,
 Ross Payne.

Miss Margaret Calhoun of Huntsville, who has been visiting Miss Halla May Parish, returned to her home Sunday.

ANYTHING IN

DRUGS

-OR-

Drug Sundries, Patent Medicines, Soaps, Perfumes, Toilet Articles, etc.

-THE-

Corner Drug Store

-HAS IT-

ALWAYS WELCOME

New, Correct and

Attractive Styles

-FOR-

FALL AND WINTER--1912-1913

Style is an important factor in the tailored-to-your measure garment. It elevates you in a clothing sense—places you beyond the pale of the common place.

The line of samples we have are the result of much thought and study. Made by expert fashion men, who follow the trend closely among the world's best dressers, and the styles we are showing are recognized by authorities as the absolutely correct modes for the fall and winter seasons of 1912-1913. You are cordially invited to call and see them.

Hancock & Co.

"Cardui Cured Me"

For nearly ten years, at different times, Mrs. Mary Jinks of Treadway, Tenn., suffered with womanly troubles. She says: "At last, I took down and thought I would die. I could not sleep. I couldn't eat. I had pains all over. The doctors gave me up. I read that Cardui had helped so many, and I began to take it, and it cured me. Cardui saved my life! Now, I can do anything."

TAKE CARDUI The Woman's Tonic

If you are weak, tired, worn-out, or suffer from any of the pains peculiar to weak women, such as headache, backache, dragging-down feelings, pains in arm, side, hip or limbs, and other symptoms of womanly trouble, you should try Cardui, the woman's tonic. Prepared from perfectly harmless, vegetable ingredients, Cardui is the best remedy for you to use, as it can do you nothing but good. It contains no dangerous drugs. It has no bad after-effects. Ask your druggist. He sells and recommends Cardui.

Write to: Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga Medicine Co., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions, and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent free. J 54

Mrs. R. F. Smith is visiting at Seymour.

Mrs. J. L. Robinson is visiting in Fort Worth.

Mrs. N. I. McCollum has returned from Putnam.

Mrs. Mary A. Chitwood is visiting at Decatur, Texas.

Mrs. J. F. Moore is visiting friends at Blum, Texas.

Mrs. John Oates and Miss Carver are visiting in Stamford.

Mrs. B. J. Dunnand and children visited at Weinert last week.

Rev. W. P. Garvin is holding a revival meeting in Fisher county week.

Geo. Foster and Marion Thomas made a pleasure trip to Stamford Monday.

Phone No. 13 the Tailor Shop of Quality. See our line of fall suit samples.

Mr. C. M. Hunt left Thursday for St. Louis to purchase his fall stock of goods.

Mr. W. B. Black accompanied Bob Robertson to San Angelo for a fishing trip.

Mrs. B. H. Owsley and granddaughter returned from a visit to friends at Munday.

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Ellis left the 8th instant to visit friends and relatives at Anson.

Messrs Fairis Morrison and Gordon Odell spent Sunday in the Roberts community.

Mr. and Mrs. Newton and Miss Alva Williams attended the Socialist picnic at Stamford.

Mr. and Mrs. O. Neathery left Friday evening for Stamford, where they have moved.

Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Lambert left Wednesday to visit to visit friends at Cleburne and Fort Worth.

Albert Hutchings, now of Big Springs, but formerly of this place, was in Haskell last week.

Mr. and Mrs. G. F. Powell of Fort Worth, who have been visiting near Rule, took the train here the other day for their home.

Sole Elliott was operated upon for appendicitis at Abilene Tuesday night. He is reported doing well.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Reynolds spent several days visiting in this city the early part of the week.

Miss Fannie Baldwin returned the 8th instant from Stamford where she has been visiting with friends.

Mrs. Alice Nolan and son Mr. Richard Nolan have returned from an extended visit to their former home in Alabama.

J. S. Culwell and daughter, Miss Almde of Stamford, spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. K. D. Simmons of this city.

Phone number 13 your wants in the tailor line—we call for your clothes and deliver.

Parsons & Brewer's Tailor Shop Misses Dorothy and Mary Anthony, who have been visiting in this city for sometime have returned to their home at Austin.

Bill Lowry left the 8th instant for Petrolia where he will make his future home. Mrs. Lowry and little son will follow in a few days.

Lost—Gold Medal, Oratory 12, engraved on face, lost near Rose school house, finder please leave at this office and receive liberal reward. 2t.

J. C. Clements, living in the Weinert community, was kicked by his mule one day last week, and is now nursing a broken arm and split jaw.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Mendick left Tuesday for McCauley, where Mr. Mendick has been employed as principal of the public school.

Mr. J. F. Culp met our senior editor on his way to dinner Thursday and paid him two dollars on subscription account and made him a present of a fine melon.

Wanted—Hogs of good quality weighing 100 pounds or more. Will pay six and a half cents per pound, delivered at the oil mill. Earl Cogdell.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Murray left the 8th instant for a visit to friends at Clarendon. Mr. Murray is the section boss at Haskell for the Wichita Valley railroad.

Mr. Sam Chamberlain of Dallas, and sister, Mrs. A. B. Branch of Munday, who have been visiting their sister, Mrs. Chamberlain of this city have returned to their respective homes.

Miss Myrtle Roberts left the early part of the week for Dallas to purchase the fall Millinery stock for a house in Pittsburg, Texas, with whom she has been working the past two seasons.

Bags Wanted—The Oil Mill will pay 3 cts. each for bran, cotton seed meal and oat sacks, and for Butter Fat Sacks will pay 5 cents each. Sacks without holes and in good condition only.

Cogdell, Mgr.

We have recently bought the Club Tailor Shop, which we will run as an up to the minute tailor shop. Ladies work a specialty. Give us a trial.

Parsons & Brewer's Tailor Shop Phone 13.

Mrs. R. V. Robertson went to Seymour Sunday to spend a few days visiting with her parents. Mr. Robertson took advantage of her absence and has gone to San Angelo for a fishing trip with his brother, Mr. Walter Robertson of that city.

Mr. and Mrs. Boothe English returned from Roswell, N. M. Tuesday, Mrs. English, while visiting with Mrs. H. C. Smith at Hagerman in that state, had an attack of appendicitis and was taken to Roswell, where she underwent an operation.

First Bale of Cotton.

On Thursday, August 8th, Mr. Frank Gerik, who lives near Weinert, and Mr. J. O. Stark, who lives 9 miles south of town, each brought a bale of cotton to the gins in this place. Owing to the fact that the gins were not in condition to gin the cotton, it was not ready for the market until the 10th instant. Mr. Gerik brought his bale in about three hours ahead of Mr. Stark and got it ginned at Newsom's gin and had it on the local market about 30 minutes ahead of Mr. Stark. The local merchants made up a premium, and by agreement one third went to Mr. Stark. Last year the first bale of new cotton to show up in this market, came in on the 10th and was ginned and sold the 12th of August. W. W. Fields and Sons purchased the Gerik cotton at 12.60 and F. G. Alexander and Sons purchased the Stark cotton at the same price. Gerik's bale weighed 631 pounds and Mr. Stark's 420.

Below we give a list of the subscriptions to the premium:

W. W. Fields & Son\$2.50
Robertson Bros. & Co.2.50
F. G. Alexander & Sons2.50
O. B. Norman50
Jones, Cox & Co.1.50
McNeil & Smith1.50
Hancock & Co.1.00
Haskell State Bank2.50
Thomason & Lawley1.00
Farmers National Bank2.50
O. Neathery & Co.2.50
Will Marr50
J. V. Hudson50
C. M. Hunt1.50
I. P. Carr & Co.1.00
H. Grissom1.00
J. S. Keister & Co.1.00
Farmers Supply Co.1.50
Haskell National Bank2.50
Sherrill Bros. & Co.1.00
Total\$31.00

A vast amount of ill health is due to impaired digestion. When the stomach fails to perform its functions properly the whole system becomes deranged. A few doses of Chamberlain's Tablets is all you need. They will strengthen your digestion, invigorate your liver, and regulate your bowels, entirely doing away with that miserable feeling due to faulty digestion. Try it. Many others have been permanently cured—why not you? For sale by all dealers.

Subscribe for the Free Press.



Another Glass Please

No urging needed—you don't have to embarrass your guest by much urging to have "just one more glass" when you serve ice tea made with

White Swan TEA

Every sip is an invitation to take another—every glass an inspiration for "another glass please." It's got a flavor all its own—simply delicious.

Grocers Everywhere

sell White Swan Tea—four sizes in air-tight tins—10c, 25c, 40c and 75c. Should your grocer be one of the few who don't carry it write us for

A "Large Enough" Sample

so that you may learn all about White Swan Tea by the test of taste; we will, on receipt of your grocer's name and address and ten cents in stamps to pay packing and postage, send you a plenty large enough sample package for you to try it several times.

Waples-Platter Grocer Co.

Dallas
Denison
Ft. Worth



To The People.

When one offers for office he hopes to win, but often suffers defeat. In my defeat, I still have reason to be thankful for the kind words, encouragement and support of those who manifested their confidence in me by their vote. While I was defeated for the nomination for Tax Assessor, I have nothing but the kindest and most respectful feeling for my opponents as well as the people at large. Feeling as I do, I desire to express publicly my thanks to the people, and pledge my support to my successful opponent.

Otis B. Smithee.

One of the most common ailments that hard working people are afflicted with is lame back. Appy Chamberlain's Liniment twice a day and massage the parts thoroughly at each application, and you will get quick relief. For sale by all dealers.

No Calomel Necessary

The injurious effect and unpleasantness of taking Calomel is done away with by Simmons' Liver Purifier, the mildest known liver medicine, yet the most thorough in action. Put up in yellow tin boxes only. Price 25c. Tried once, used always.

Born.

Monday the 12th instant, Mr. and Mrs. Rdolph Furrier became the proud parents of a son. Mr. Furrier cabled his father in Switzerland of the good news, and told all of his friends down town. The Free Press extends congratulations and best wishes.

Galveston's Fourth Annual Cotton Carnival and Exposition will begin August 8th, lasting until the 18th. There will be automobile races, and fun of all kinds for those who attend this occasion. Excursion rates on all railroads. It will be a splendid time to visit our seaport town and enjoy a swim in the bay.

Money to Loan

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

SANDERS & WILSON.

Peach Pie Recipe.

Two cups of well cooked peaches, two-thirds of a cup of sugar, one teaspoonful of butter and one-half teaspoonful of all-spice. Mix thoroughly. Line a pie plate with flaky crust made by using 6 table-spoonfuls of melted lard and one-half teacupful of cold water, a pinch of salt and enough flour to dough just firm enough to handle easily. Fill the plate with the prepared fruit, spread over a crust thin and well punctured. Bake in a moderate oven until a delicate brown color.

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

Estray Notice.

To J. W. Meadors, County Clerk, Haskell, County, Texas:

In compliance with the estray law now in force, I herewith return the following estray which has been found running at large, and not estrayed, and state that the owner of the same is unknown.

One red cow, 4 years old, and one red heifer calf, one ear cropped; said cow and calf now running in J. P. Mcgeller's pasture about 13 miles east of Haskell, Texas.

W. J. Fairis, County Commissioner, Precinct No. 2 Haskell County, Texas.

Subscribe for the Free Press.

West Side Pharmacy

I have purchased the West Side Pharmacy, Haskell, Texas, and desire to say a word to the public.

I have an up to date stock of drugs, toilet articles and in fact the most extensive line usually carried in connection with a complete, modern drug stock. Our cold drink department is the finest the inventive genius of man can devise, and the service is both sanitary, refreshing and delightful.

RESPECTFULLY,

JOE H. WILLIAMS

I. & G. N.

Electric Lighted Sleepers
WACO to
Austin and San Antonio

(Open 9 p. m.)
(Dining Car in Connection)

SUPERIOR
PASSENGER
SERVICE

I. & G. N. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 110 S. 4th, St.
J. C. Jones, P. & T. A.—WACO TEX.

The Haskell Free Press

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The Free Press Publishing Co.

OSCAR MARTIN
JAMES A. GREER Editors.

Entered as second-class mail matter at
the Haskell Postoffice, Haskell, Texas.

Subscription Price \$1.00 Per Year
50 Six Mos.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Display advertisements under one-half
page 12 1-2 cents per inch per issue.
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, Aug. 17, 1912.

Some folks are so dignified that
were you to slightly touch them in
the side they would almost break
their backs in an effort to bend.

Extend a glad welcome and a
hearty handshake to those who at-
tend the Haskell County Singing
Convention which meets in this
city Saturday afternoon and Sun-
day.

Haskell City will have the op-
portunity to entertain and enjoy
the association of our friends
from the country today and to-
morrow. Let's show our appre-
ciation of this visit to the Hub of
Haskell county by meeting and
participating with them in their
exercises of singing praises to a
crucified Savior.

The Free Press is a firm believ-
er in the Christian religion, but
deliver us from a fanatic, one who
is so puritanical that he can not
see any good in anything that does
not happen to conform to his way
of thinking. Verily heaven will
have to have a secluded corner
for such a one in order to keep
his robe spotless from the contam-
ination of the benighted souls.

A town whose people consider
themselves too dignified to associ-
ate with the rural class or partici-
pate in their gatherings and modes
of past-time, where the object of
such has for the betterment and
uplift of mankind, will never suc-
ceed. A family is only a little
larger than an individual, usually
composed of a few individuals,
more or less; a community is only
a little larger than a family, com-
posed of several families, more or
less; a town is only a little larger
than a community, composed of a
greater number of families; taken
in the concrete, is an individual.
What effects one effects the other.
In an agricultural district like un-
to Texas, our interests are in com-
mon, and when we strive to uplift
and help our fellows, we do our-
selves a service. Neither class
can afford to be independent of
the other, and when either dele-
gates to itself all the virtues, in-
tellectuality and rights, it trans-
cends its prerogative and forfeits
the esteem and co-operation of
the other.

To The Democrats of Texas:
Now that the state primary is
over, I feel free to invite the more
active attention of Texas democ-
rats to the pending national
election.

I am sure that regardless of
pre-convention preferences every
democrat in Texas is gratified
that our party is united as never
before, and that we all rejoice in
the fact that there are unmis-
takable indications than the nominees
of the Baltimore convention will
be triumphantly elected.

It is everywhere conceded that
Texas has crowned herself with
everlasting glory, both as the
pioneer Wilson-for-President state
and in the stalwart conduct of her
delegation at the national con-
vention. Unquestionably Texas was a
dominant and possibly the deter-
mining factor. Certainly no other
state, as such, was so potential.

We now have a nation-wide
reputation to protect, and I know
you all greatly desire that the al-
most unprecedented prestige thus
acquired shall be fully and perma-
nently sustained.

The candidacy of Governor
Wilson must be continued in the
spirit of his own splendid conduct
when he repudiated the proffered
Ryan gold.

It requires a large amount of
money to meet the legitimate ex-
penses of a presidential campaign,
and since ours is a struggle to re-
store a genuine people's govern-
ment, we must look to the people
not only for votes but for financial
support.

To this end I now appeal to all
Texas democrats to at once pro-
ceed to the raising of a contribu-
tion to the national campaign fund
of such proportions as will be
worthy of the greatest democratic
state in the Union, a fund so large
as to place the Lone Star State
close up to the top in financial roll
of honor, as we are now univers-
ally recognized to be in bringing
about the nomination of Governor
Wilson.

Experience has demonstrated
that newspapers are the best
medium of raising a popular cam-
paign fund and I desire to earnest-
ly request every Democratic news-
paper and other publications in
Texas interested in the election of
Wilson and Marshall to at once
actively enter upon a campaign
for the accomplishment of such a
fund—asking for \$1 or other small
donations. In addition to this
proceedure I shall forthwith under-
take in other ways a systematic
and aggressive campaign covering
the entire state for the procure-
ment of larger donations, and that
no time may be lost and no one
overlooked. I now invite the
prompt sending of same to me
without further request. Let
Texas do her full share in never
ceasing effort to place a son of the
Southland in the White House.

Woodrow Wilson will be the
next president for the United
States.
CATO SELLS.

National Committeeman for
Texas. Cleburne, Texas, August
8th., 1912.

Don't Borrow Your Neighbor's Paper

Your children will wear out six dollars worth of
shoe leather in a year running back and forth, get-
ting and returning the paper. That's a foolish ex-
travagance for you, and an imposition on your
neighbors.

Be economical and independent by subscribing
today for the three leading journals of the south.

Free Press \$1
Farm and Ranch \$1
Holland's Magazine \$1

Our short time bargain
rate the three to \$1.75
the same address

**DEMOCRATIC COUN-
TY CONVENTION**

Haskell, Texas, Aug. 3, 1912.
The Democratic County Con-
vention of Haskell, met in the
District Court room in the City
of Haskell, at 2 o'clock p. m. and
was called to order by M. A.
Couch, County Chairman of the
Democratic Executive Commit-
tee.

Upon motion, Judge A. J.
Smith, was elected temporary
chairman and J. U. Fields, tem-
porary Secretary.

Upon motion each voting pre-
cinct represented selected one
of its delegates to serve on the
committee on credentials and
basis of representation, which
was done and the following dele-
gates were selected and served
upon said committee, to-wit:

Precinct No. 1, Haskell F. G.
Alexander; Precinct No. 2, Has-
kell, Jas. P. Kinnard; Precinct
No. 3, P. P. Roberts; Precinct
No. 4, J. F. Pinkerton. Pre-
5, Rule, J. A. Simpson; Precinct
No. 6, Rochester, A. B. Caro-
thers; Precinct No. 10, J. M.
Williams; Precinct No. 12, Martin
Arendt; Precinct No. 13, Gus
Grusendorf; Precinct No. 16, J.
H. Hiltbold; Precinct No. 17, M.
L. Jones; Precinct No. 19, H. J.
Leon.

Not represented precincts
Nos. 7, 8, 9, 11, 14, 15, 18.

The committee on credentials
reported as follows:

To the Hon. A. J. Smith,
Chairman, Haskell County, Dem-
ocratic Convention.

We your committee on creden-
tials, and basis of representation
beg leave to report as follows,
we recommend:

That each voting precinct be
allowed one delegate for every
Twenty Five votes cast for Gov-
ernor at the last primary elec-
tion on July 27, 1912, and a ma-
jority fraction thereof.

That the following voting pre-
cincts be entitled to the number
of delegates and that parties
are the duly elected delegates to
this convention:

Haskell, Precinct. Box 1, 188
votes is entitled to 8 votes:
F. G. Alexander, O. E. Patter-
son, J. W. Collins, Dr. Taylor,
J. U. Fields, H. G. McConnell,
E. F. Lamm.

Haskell Box 2, 158 votes is en-
titled to 6 votes, and the dele-
gates are:

J. E. Poole, M. A. Clifton, J.
J. Stein, G. B. McGuire, W. P.
Whitman, B. W. Bryant, W. R.
Hunt, Jas. P. Kinnard, G. J. Gra-
ham.

Haskell Box 3, 107 is entitled
to 4 votes, and the delegates are:
Will Marr, S. C. Bell, P. P.
Roberts, M. M. Webster.

Haskell Box 4, 98 is entitled to 4

votes, and the delegates are:

Jno. Chitwood, J. B. Cox, J.
F. Pinkerton, Geo. H. Morrison.

Rule Box 5, 241 is entitled to
10 votes, and the delegates are:
S. M. Davis, A. C. Foster, J.
F. Jones, R. M. Smith, W. A.
Earnest, J. F. Simpson, W. H.
Wilson, J. W. Kelley.

Rochester, Box 6, 133 is en-
titled to 5 votes, and the delegates
are:

Dr. Miller, W. B. Lee, A. B.
Carothers, T. C. Browning.

O'Brien Box 7, 38 is entitled
to 2 votes. No delegates present.
Jud, Box 8, 57 is entitled to 2
votes, no delegates present.

Cliff, Box 9, 35 votes is entitled
to 1 vote, no delegates present.
Weinert, Box 10, 133 votes, is
entitled to 5 votes, and the dele-
gates are:

E. E. Cockerell, Jno. E. Rob-
ertson, J. W. Williams, H. Wei-
nert, W. M. Wood.

Brushy, Box 11, 68 votes is en-
titled to 3 delegates, no delegates
present. Cottonwood, Box 12,
75 votes is entitled to 3 dele-
gates: Martin Arent, I. N.
Furr, Roy Weaver.

Irby, Box 13, 39 votes is en-
titled to 2 delegates: J. C. Rik-
ley, Gus Grusendorf.

Howard, Box 14, 57 votes is en-
titled to 2 delegates, no delegates
present. Cobb, box 15, 18 votes
is entitled to one delegate, not
represented. McConnell, Box
16, 20 votes is entitled to one
vote, J. H. Hiltbold.

Sagerton, Box 17, 124 votes is
entitled to 5 delegates: E. C.
Burenger, M. L. Jones, Ed
Kaines, August Balzes. Alter-
nates: H. Shunnacker, T. E.
Sharff, E. C. Wenderbourn, E. J.
Boedeke.

Joe Bailey, box 18, 30 votes is
entitled to 1 vote, not repre-
sented. Willow Paint, box 19, 19
votes is entitled to one delegate,
W. W. Kitley, alternate, H. J.
Leon.

Whereupon, a motion was
made by Jas. P. Kinnard, a
member of said committee, to
adopt said report, and stated
that the basis of representation
recommended by the committee
was arrived at because of the

fact that the Commissioners
Court had since the last general
election redistricted the entire
county into voting precincts and
that material changes had been
made in the voting precincts and
boundaries of the same, which
motion being duly seconded was
carried. Upon motion Gordon
B. McGuire was elected perman-
ent president of the convention,
and J. U. Fields was elected
permanent secretary. The re-
port of the County Chairman
was presented showing the num-
ber of votes received by each
candidate for State and District
Offices. [This report was pub-
lished in last week's Free Press
—Ed.]

Upon motion duly seconded
the said report was adopted.

A motion was made by Jno. E.
Robertson, delegate from pre-
cinct No. 10, for the convention
to send one Colquitt man and
two Ramsey men as delegates to
the State Convention.

Whereupon, Jas. P. Kinnard,
delegate from precinct 2 moved
to table said motion which was
duly seconded, and the roll
being called by precincts the
motion prevailed by a vote of 34
to 20.

Whereupon, Hon. W. H. Mur-
chison, who was not a delegate
to the convention, arose and called
on all Colquitt men to walk out
of the convention, and a number
of delegates then left the con-
vention.

Upon motion the following
were selected as delegates to the
State Convention, to-wit: H. G.
McConnell, S. W. Scott, and Ex-
Governor Cambell, and Scott
Key and E. F. Lamm were chos-
en as alternates to the State
Convention with instructions to
vote as a unit upon all questions.

The following are the delegates
elected to the different District
Conventions:

Sixteenth Congressional Dis-
trict, W. P. Whitman; Second
Supreme Judicial District, H. R.
Jones; Senatorial District, B.
W. Bryant; 102nd Representa-
tive District, J. E. Poole; 39th
Judicial District, H. R. Jones.

Upon motion duly seconded,

the carried delegates to all Dis-
trict Conventions, were author-
ized to select proxies to repre-
sent them at said convention.

The following resolutions in-
troduced by Judge J. E. Poole,
was adopted, to-wit:

Resolved that in view of the
supreme importance of agricul-
ture in Texas, we ask of the next
Legislature more liberal appro-
priations for the support and
extension of the State institu-
tions whose mission is the teach-
ing of agriculture, and the dis-
semination of information among
the farmers of the State, partic-
ularly the A & M College and the
State Department of Agricul-
ture. We further ask for an in-
crease in the number of State
experiment stations, and demon-
stration farms, especially in the
Western part of the State, as
yet largely undeveloped, and
where special problems of soil,
climate, etc., must be solved and
where the State educational
work should be carried on along
lines especially designed to solve
these problems.

J. E. Poole.
Upon motion and seconded,
convention adjourned.
J. U. Fields,
Secretary.

\$10.00 Reward will be paid
for the delivery of one black
horse, weight 1100 or 1200
pounds. Large white spot in
forehead. Branded W on left
thigh. Has been wire cut on
fore legs. Last heard from be-
tween Royston and Hamlin, and
was going east.

Deliver same to Joe Heath,
Rotan, Texas. And get reward.

**Work Rushed on Katy Terminals
at Waco.**

The contractors who are build-
ing the Missouri, Kansas & Tex-
as shops and terminals in Waco
report that nearly all of the
foundation has been laid for the
buildings and the entire work
will be completed at an early
date. The contract calls for the
excavation of 250,000 yards of
dirt and over four hundred men
are being employed.

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 ser-
vice and best goods to be had in the future.

Farmers Supply Co.

**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.

My Lady of Doubt

BY RANDALL PARRISH

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

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY THIEDE

Copyright, A. C. McClurg & Co., 1911.

CHAPTER XVI.

The Remains of Tragedy.

It must have been the shock of this realizing suddenly how short a time remained in which I should have light

which restored my senses. I know I stared at the dim yellow flicker dully at first, and then with a swift returning consciousness which spurred my brain into activity. In that instant I hated, despised myself, rebelled at my weakness. Faith in Claire Mortimer came back to me in a flood of regret. If she had failed, it was through no fault of hers, and I was no coward to lie there and rot without making a stern fight for life. When I was found, those who came upon my body would know that I died struggling, died as a man should, facing fate with a smile, with hands gripped in the contest. The resolution served—it was a spur to my pride, instantly driving away every haunting shadow of evil. Yet where should I turn? To what end should I devote my energies? It was useless to climb those stairs again. But there must be a way out.

I gripped the old musket as the only instrument at hand, and began testing the walls. Three sides I rapped, receiving the same dead, dull response. I was in the darkest corner now, beyond the stairs, still hopelessly beating the gun barrel against the stone. The dim light revealed no change in the wall formation, the same irregular expanse of rubble set in solid mortar, hardened by a century of exposure to the dry atmosphere. Then to an idle, listless blow there came a hollow, wooden sound, that caused the heart to leap into the throat. I tried again, a foot to the left, confident my ears had played me false, but this time there could be no doubt—there was an opening here back of a wooden barrier.

Half crazed by this good fortune, I caught up the inch of candle, and held it before the wall. The dim light scarcely served as an aid, so ingeniously had the door been painted in resemblance to the mortared stone. I was compelled to sound again, inch by inch, with the gun barrel before I could determine the exact dimensions of the opening. Then I could trace the slight crack where the wood was fitted, nor could I have done this but for the warping of a board. Wild with apprehension lest my light fall before the necessary work could be accomplished, I drew out the single-bladed knife from my pocket, and began widening this crack. Feverishly as I worked, this was slow of accomplishment, yet silver by silver the slight aperture grew, until I wedged in the gun barrel, and pried out the plank. The rush of air extinguished the candle, yet I cared nothing, for the air was fresh and pure, promising a clear passage.

God, this was luck! With new courage throbbing through my veins I groped my way back to the table after flint and steel, and relit the candle fragment, shadowing the flame with both palms as I returned to where the plank had been pressed aside. However, I found such precaution unnecessary, as there was no perceptible draft through the passage now the opening was clear for the circulation of air. There had been two planks—thick and of hard wood—composing the entrance to the tunnel, but I found it impossible to dislodge the second, and was compelled to squeeze my way through the narrow twelve-inch opening. This was a difficult task, as I was a man of some weight, but once accomplished I found myself in a contracted passageway, not to exceed three feet in width, and perhaps five from floor to roof. Here it was apparently as well preserved as when first constructed, probably a hundred years or more ago, the side walls faced with stone, the roof supported by roughly hewn oak beams. I was convinced there was no great weight of earth resting upon these, and the tunnel, which I followed without difficulty, or the discovery of any serious obstruction, for fifty feet, inclined steadily upward, until, in my judgment, it must have come within a very few feet of the surface. Here there occurred a sharp turn to the right, and the excavation advanced almost upon a level.

Knowing nothing of the conformation above, or of the location of buildings, I was obliged to press forward blindly, conserving the faint light of the candle, and praying for a free passage. It was an experience to test the nerves, the intense stillness, the bare, gray walls, cold to the touch, the beams grating my head, and upholding that mass of earth above, the intense darkness before and behind, with only the flickering radius of yellow light barely illuminating where I trod. Occasionally the wood creaked ominously, and bits of earth, jarred by my passage, fell upon me in clouds. Altogether it was an experience I have

no desire to repeat, although I was in no actual danger for some distance. Old Mortimer had built his tunnel well, and through all the years it had held safely, except where water had soaked through, rotting the timbers. The candle was sputtering with a final effort to remain alight when I came to the first serious obstruction. I had barely time in which to mark the nature of the obstacle before the flame died in the socket, leaving me in a blackness so profound it was like a weight. For the moment I was practically paralyzed by fear, my muscles limp, my limbs trembling. Yet to endeavor to push forward was no more to be dreaded than to attempt retracing my steps. In one way there was hope; in the other none.

With groping fingers I verified the situation, as that brief glance ere the candle failed had revealed it. A beam had fallen, letting down a mass of earth, but was wedged in such a way as to leave a small opening above the floor, barely sufficient for a man to wiggle through. How far even this slight passage extended, or what worse obstruction lay hidden beyond was all conjecture. It was a mere chance in which I must risk life in hope of saving

it—I might become helplessly wedged beneath the timbers, or any movement might precipitate upon me a mass of loosened earth. It was a horrid thought, the death of a burrowing rat; and I dare not let my mind dwell upon the dread possibility. Slowly, barely advancing an inch at a time, I began the venture, my hands blindly groping for the passage, the cold perspiration bathing my body. The farther I penetrated amid the debris, the greater became the terror dominating me, yet to draw back was next to impossible. The opening grew more contracted; I could scarcely force myself forward, digging fingers and toes into the half earth floor, the obstructing timber scraping my body. It was an awful, heartrending struggle, stretched out flat like a snake in the darkness, the loose earth showering me with each movement. There was more than one support down; I had to double about to find opening; again and again I seemed to be against an unsurpassable barrier; twice I dug through a mass of fallen dirt, once for three solid feet, throwing the loosened earth either side of me, and pushing it back with my feet, thus utterly blocking all chance of retreat. Scarcely was this accomplished when another fall from above came, half burying head and shoulders, and compelling me to do the work over. The air grew foul and sluggish, but I was toiling for life, and dug at the debris madly, reckless of what might fall from above. Better to be crushed than to die of suffocation, and the very desperation with which I strove proved my salvation. For what remained of the roof held, and I struggled through into the firmer gallery beyond, faint from exhaustion, yet as quickly reviving in the fresher air. I had reached the end of the passage before I comprehended the truth. It opened in the side of a gully, coming out between the roots of a great tree.

I was a wreck in body and mind, my face streaked with earth, my hair filled with dirt, my clothing torn and disreputable. Laboring for breath, my fingers raw and bleeding, I lay there, with scarcely enough strength remaining to keep from rolling to the bottom of the ravine. For some moments I was incapable of either thought or action, every ounce of energy having been expended in that last desperate struggle. I lay panting, with eyes closed, hardly realizing that I was indeed alive. Slowly, throbbing with my heart came back into regularity of beat, and my brain into command. My eyes opened, and I shuddered with horror, as I recognized that dismal opening into the side of the hill. Clinging to the tree trunk I attained my feet, still swaying from weakness, and was thus able to glance about over the edge of the bank, and gain some conception of my immediate surroundings.

It was early dawn, the eastern sky that shade of pale gray which precedes the sun, a few, white, fleecy clouds sailing high above, already tinged with red reflection. I must have been in that earth prison since the morning of the previous day; it seemed longer, yet even that expiration of time proved that those who had imprisoned me there had left me to die. God! I couldn't believe that—not of her! Clear as the evidence appeared, I yet fought down the thought bitterly, creeping on hands and knees over the edge of the bank, to where I could sit, on the grass, and gaze about in the growing light. The house was to the left, an apple orchard between, and a low fence enclosing a garden. I could gain but glimpses of the mansion through the intervening trees, but it was large, imposing, a square, old-fashioned house, painted white, with green shutters. It appeared deserted, and no spirals of smoke ascended from the kitchen chimney. Apparently not even the servants were yet stirring. However, there was smoke showing farther to the right, but I had to move before I could see the cause clearly—the smoldering remains of what must have been a large barn. I advanced in that direction, skirting the orchard, and a row of negro cabins. These were deserted, the doors open, and two of them exhibited evidences of fire. A storehouse had its door battered in, a huge timber, evidently used as a ram, lying across the threshold, and many of the boxes and barrels within had been smashed with axes. The ground all about had been trampled by horses' hoofs, and only a smoldering fragment of the stables remained.

I stayed about perplexed, unable to decipher the meaning of such destruction. Surely Grant would never

care such a deed with his unarmed force. Besides Elmhurst was the property of a loyalist, ay! the colonel of his regiment. Not even the madness of anger would justify so wanton an act. Whatever the mystery I could never hope to solve it loitering there; the house itself would doubtless reveal the story, and I turned in that direction, skirting the fence, yet exercising care, for there might still remain defenders within, behind those green blinds, to mistake me for an enemy. I saw nothing, no sign of life, as I circled through the trees of the orchard, and came out upon the grass-plot facing the front porch. The sun was up now, and I could perceive each detail. There was a smashed window to the right, a green shutter hanging dejectedly by one hinge; the great front door stood wide open, and the body of a dead man lay across the threshold, a dark stain of blood extending across the porch floor.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Queen's Rangers.

A bullet had struck the hand rail, shattering one of the supports, and the broad steps were scarred and splintered. The man lay face upward, his feet inside the hallway, one side of his head crushed in. He was roughly dressed in woolen shirt and patched smallclothes, and wore gold hoops in his ears, his complexion dark enough for a mulatto, with hands seared and twisted. Surely the fellow was no soldier; he appeared more to me like one who had followed the sea. I stepped over his body, and glanced the length of the hall. The chandelier was shattered, the glass gleaming underfoot, the stair rail broken into a jagged splinter, and a second man, shot through the eye, rested half upright propped against the lower step. He was a sandy-bearded fellow, no better dressed than the one without, but with a belt about him, containing pistol and knife. His yellow teeth protruding gave his ghastly features a fiendish look. Beyond him a pair of legs stuck out from behind the staircase, clad in long cavalry boots, and above these, barely showing, the green cloth of the Queen's Rangers. Then Grant had not gone when this attack was



The Body of a Dead Man Lay Across the Threshold.

made, or else he had left some men behind? I dragged the body out into the light so I might see the face—it was the Irishman who had helped in my capture.

I stood staring down at him, and about me into the dismantled room, endeavoring to clear my brain and figure all this out. It was not so difficult to conceive what had occurred, every bit of evidence pointing to a single conclusion. Grant had searched the house for Eric, and discovered no signs of his presence; whatever had subsequently happened between the girl and himself, she had not felt justified in releasing me while he and his men remained. They must have departed soon after dark, well provisioned, upon their long march toward the Delaware, leaving Elmhurst unoccupied except for its mistress and her servants. The fact that neither the lady nor Peter had opened the entrance to the secret staircase would seem to show that the attack on the house must have followed swiftly. It had been a surprise, giving those within no chance to seek for refuge. There had been a struggle at the front door; some of the assailants had achieved entrance through the window, and that had practically ended the affair.

But what had become of Peter? Of the girl? Who composed the attacking party? The Indian had been despatched to Valley Forge with my memoranda; probably Peter, the Irishman, and a negro or two were alone left to defend the house. As to the identity of the marauders, I had small doubt; their handiwork was too plainly revealed, and those two dead men remained as evidence. Rough as were British and Hessian foragers, they were seldom guilty of such wanton destruction as this. Besides this was the home of a prominent loyalist, protected from despoliation by high authority. The hellish work must have been accomplished by one or more bands of those "Pine Robbers" who infested Monmouth county, infamous devils, hiding in caves among sand hills, and coming forth to plunder and rob. Pretending to be Tories, their only purpose of organization was pillage. Even in the army the names of their more prominent leaders were known, such as Red Fagin, Debow, West and Carter, and many a tale of horror regarding their depredations had I heard told around the campfire.

These came back to memory as I gazed about those lower rooms, dreading my next discovery, half crazed to think that Claire Mortimer might be helpless in their ruthless grasp. Better death a thousand times than such a fate.

I pushed forward into the rooms of the lower floor, more than ever impressed by their original magnificence. Now, however, they were all confusion, furniture broken and flung aside, walls hacked, dishes smashed into fragments. The scene was sickening in its evidence of wanton hate. Yet I found no more bodies, or proof of further resistance. In what must have been Mistress Claire's private apartment I stood with beating heart staring about at the ruin disclosed. The large closet had been swept clean, garments slashed with knives, and left in rags; drawers turned upside down in search after jewels; the very curtains torn from the windows. It was a scene of vandalism of which vagabonds alone would be guilty.

I stepped across the pile of things to the window, glancing out at the still smoldering ruins of the stable. Whatever had occurred, neither the lady nor Peter remained about the house. Of this I was satisfied, yet with the realization there came a sudden comprehension of my own helplessness to be of any aid.

From the window where I stood not a house was visible. Just beyond the orchard the roads forked, a well-traveled branch circling to the left, and disappearing over the edge of a hill. As I traced it with my eyes a considerable body of mounted men suddenly appeared on the summit. Without fear that they could see me at that distance I watched eagerly as they trotted down the long slope. They were plainly a squadron of British Dragoons, their arms and cross-belts shining in the sun, in spite of the dust kicked up by their horses' hoofs.

I waited until convinced they were coming to the house, before drawing back out of sight. It was difficult to decide what was best for me to do. Should I wait, trusting to my rough clothing, and pass myself off as a countryman, or take advantage of the brief time left in which to escape? If I essayed the first choice I could explain the situation, and start these troopers on the trail; if not they might fall to understand and ride on thoughtlessly. What such a body of mounted men were doing in the neighborhood I could merely guess at—either they were riding through to New York on some matter of importance, or else had been sent out hurriedly to discover what had become of Delavan's foragers. This supposition was the more likely, and they had taken the wrong road, thus missing Grant and his men in the darkness.

The must have cut through the orchard, leaping the low fence, for I heard the thud of hoofs even as I drew back into the upper hall. Then a voice gave a sharp command.

"Circle the men about the house, Simmons. There is something wrong here, and I saw a fellow at that upper window as we came down the hill. Move quick, now!"

I must face them, and went forward to the head of the stairs, anticipating an easy explanation of my presence within. Already quite a squad was inside the front door bending over the bodies and staring about curiously.

"Pine Robbers, eh, colonel?" said one contemptuously. "That fellow has cutthroat written all over him. Don't see any signs of our men here."

"Queen Ranger lying back of the stairs, sir," reported a soldier briefly; "Irish lookin' mug."

The man addressed as colonel, a Ranger himself from his green uniform, looked up quickly and saw me. He called out an order, and three or four men sprang up the stairs, grasping and leading me down. I made no resistance, not realizing I was in any danger. The colonel, a tall man with gray mustache and goatee, and dark, searching eyes, faced me sternly.

"What are you doing here, sir? Come, speak up! What does all this mean?" and he swept his hand about in gesture.

"I came along about thirty minutes ago," I explained, beginning to appreciate my situation, from the suspicious glances cast at me, and recalling how disreputable my appearance must be. "I found things just as they are now, sir. There's been a fight and robbery."

"That's plain to be seen; are these all the bodies?"

"Yes, sir, but the house is upside down from end to end."

"You saw no one? No British soldiers?"

I shook my head, conscious of the fierce grip with which I was being held. A couple of the men dragged out the body from behind the stairs, and as the face came into the light, the colonel's eyes saw it. I heard the sharp breath expelled through his lips, as he stared down into those ghastly features.

"Good Lord! Mike! What in the name of heaven does this mean? He was supposed to be with Claire!"

"There must be some mistake, Colonel Mortimer," insisted the other officer gravely. "Perhaps we can get the truth out of this bumpkin, if we take the lash to him."

I understood in a flash, and as swiftly chose a course of action. This gray-headed colonel was her father, and I would serve her in this emergency without thought of my own danger. No threat of a whip would open my lips, but memory would.

"Come, you dog!" burst out the colonel fiercely. "You know more than you have told. Speak up, or we'll skin you alive."

"I will, Colonel Mortimer," I said, looking him straight in the eyes. "Not

because of your threats, but because I wish to serve you. Now I know who you are, and I will tell you all I know about this whole affair."

"Was—was my daughter here?" he interrupted.

"Yes, sir."

"My God! And Eric?"

"Not to my knowledge—there was a man called Peter, this fellow, and a black slave or two. They were all I saw."

"But why should Claire have been here," he asked as though dazed, "unless she came to meet her brother? I supposed her safe in the city."

"I do not pretend to understand the cause of her presence. But if you listen to my story perhaps you may know what to do." I paused an instant to get a grip on my thoughts. I need not tell all, confess my identity, or mention my personal relations with the daughter. "I am a soldier, Colonel Mortimer, in Maxwell's brigade of Washington's army. What brought me here has nothing to do with the present story. I was in the fight over yonder near Mount Laurel night before last when we captured Delavan's forage train—"

"What!" burst in the dragoon officer. "Was Delavan defeated, then? Hadn't Grant joined him?"

"Yes to both questions, sir. Delavan was killed, and Grant surrendered. He and his men were paroled, and started for Philadelphia last evening from here."

"From here!" incredulously. "That must be a lie, colonel, for Mount Laurel is between here and the city."

"Nevertheless, it is no lie," I retorted promptly, looking the young fool in the eyes. "I was hiding here for reasons of my own when they came tramping in along that road about the middle of the forenoon yesterday. There was near a hundred Hessians and Rangers, with two German officers, and Grant. I heard them tell Mistress Mortimer this was the nearest place where they were sure of finding provisions, and that they intended to remain until night. I don't know what happened after that, except that the officers went inside, and the men marched around to the back to eat their breakfast."

"What became of you?"

"Oh, I had other business, and never got back along here until just at daylight this morning. Then I found things this way."

"You don't know what occurred, then?"

"No more than you do. But I've got my opinion. It's this—Grant and his fellows must have left as soon as it was dark, taking the west road, which was the cause of your missing them. It is likely from this man Mike's body, that your daughter and her party were still in the house. It couldn't have been much later when these others got here and made the attack. Mike must have fought them at the front door, but that was all the fight made; there's no sign of any struggle inside."

"Then they never got Claire," declared Mortimer positively. "That's a certainty, Seldon."

"She would have fought, sir?"

"Like a tiger. I know my little girl. And, besides, Peter would have died before the hand of one of those villains was ever laid upon her."

"But," I protested, "I have searched the house, colonel."

"I imagine your acquaintance with the house is somewhat limited," he replied coldly, turning away. "Seldon, place this fellow under guard in the library here. We will learn later what his business might be in the Jerseys."

CHAPTER XVIII.

At Cross Purposes.

It could not be considered an unpleasant place of imprisonment, yet it was useless for me to contrive any plans of immediate escape, for the door was securely locked, and two heavily armed dragoons sat within eyeing me rather malevolently. My attempt at approaching the window was instantly checked by a threatening gesture, and I sat down in the reading chair to await developments. The could not muffle my ears, however, and I heard the swift hoofbeats of an approaching horse being ridden furiously up the gravel driveway. At the door he was hastily checked, and a voice spoke peremptorily:

"Here you, take the rein!"

The fellow came up the steps hurriedly, almost ignoring the sentry at the door.

"I haven't time to stand here, you fool," he exclaimed roughly, "my uniform is pass enough. I wish to see Colonel Mortimer at once—at once." There was a pause, and then the same voice, and I recognized it now as Grant's beyond a doubt. "Ah, colonel, what in God's name has happened here? I heard that you were out hunting us at Farrell's blacksmith shop, and came back as swiftly as I could ride. But I never suspected this. Who were the miscreants?"

"That is a question not yet answered, Captain Grant," replied Mortimer slowly. "It looks like the work of Pine Robbers. Do you recognize this fellow?"

"Ay," and from the muffled tone he must have been bending over the body, "that is 'Tough' Sims, a lieutenant of 'Red' Fagin; there's one more devil gone to hell. But when did the attack occur? We left here after dark, and all was quiet enough then. Claire—"

"She was here, then? I hardly believed it possible."

"I talked with her—quarreled with her, indeed. Perhaps that was why she refused to accompany us to Philadelphia. But what did you mean, colonel, when you said you hardly believed it possible she was here? Did some one tell you?"

"Yes, we caught a fellow—"

house when we arrived. He had no time for escape—rough-looking miscreant, claiming to be a Continental. We have him under guard in the library."

"He confessed to the whole story?"

"Not a word; claimed to know nothing except that Claire was here. Said he saw you, and then went away, not getting back again until this morning."

"The fellow is a liar, colonel. Let me see him; I'll lash the truth out of his lips. Where did you say he was—in the library?"

I had barely time to rise to my feet when he entered. His eyes swept across the guard, and then centered upon me. Instantly they blazed with excitement, although I noticed he took a sudden step backward in the first shock of surprise, his hand dropping to the butt of a pistol in his belt.

"By all the gods!" he exclaimed sharply. "If it isn't the spy! I miss the red jacket, but I know the face, Master Lieutenant Portesque."

"Major Lawrence, if you please," I returned quietly.

"We'll not quarrel over the name. I've had occasion to know you under both; bearing one you were a spy, beneath the other a leader of banditti. I'll hang you with equal pleasure under either." Suddenly he seemed to remember where we were, and his face flushed with newly aroused rage. "But first you'll explain what you are doing here at Elmhurst. Do you know whose home this is?"

"Most assuredly," determined not to lose my temper, or to be moved by his threats. "It is the property of Colonel Mortimer, of the Queen's Rangers."

"And—and you—you came here to again see—the daughter?" he questioned, as though half regretting the indiscretion of such a suspicion.

"Oh, no, captain; you do the lady a grave injustice. I came here a prisoner, very much against my will, not even aware whose plantation this was. I had no suspicion that Mistress Mortimer was outside Philadelphia until I overheard your conversation with her."

"Overheard! You! In God's name, where were you?"

"In this room; with both doors ajar it was impossible not to hear. You spoke somewhat angrily, you may remember, not finding the lady as gracious in her reception as expected."

The sarcasm in my tone stung him, but the surprise was so great that he could only rip out an oath.

"I thought you would have also enjoyed swearing at that time," I continued coolly, "only you scarcely dared venture so far. You had previously boasted to me of your engagement to the lady, and it naturally was a surprise to observe how lovingly she greeted you—"

"Hell's acre!" he burst out. "Did the minx know you were there?"

"If you refer to Mistress Mortimer, I presume she suspected it. At least she came to me shortly thereafter."

"Then I understand better what troubled the girl. But, in God's name! how did you ever escape me? I was in every room of the house."

I smiled pleasantly. There was nothing for me to gain, or lose, by goading him, yet it was rather enjoyable.

"That, of course, I must naturally refuse to answer, captain. I might need to resort to the same methods again."

"These will be small chance of your having opportunity. Mortimer will hang you fast enough when I tell my tale. Don't look for mercy at his hands, for he's prouder than Lucifer of his family honor."

He was out of the door, striding down the hall, bent on carrying out his purpose. I heard his voice asking where the colonel was to be found; then the guard closed the barrier between us. Very well, of the two I would rather leave my fate to Mortimer than to him, and felt profoundly grateful that the captain was not in command. Had he been I should doubtless have been hung without the slightest formality of trial, but Mortimer would at least hear my version first; indeed, I could hardly believe he would issue so stringent orders without listening also to his daughter's story. I was an officer of rank; the consequences might prove rather serious were I to be executed summarily, and without proper trial.

I had scarcely reasoned this out, however, when a corporal threw open the door, ordering my guard to conduct me into the colonel's presence. I was taken to the parlor, where the furniture had been somewhat rearranged, and found myself confronting Mortimer, the officer I had heard ad-



"Come, You Dog!" Burst Out the Colonel Fiercely, "You Know More Than You Have Told."

dressed as Seldon, and Grant. The latter was speaking vehemently: "I tell you, colonel, this has got to be done; he is a spy, and here for some infamous purpose."

"Well, I've sent for the fellow, Grant; what more do you want? I'll give him five minutes in which to explain, and that is all. Seldon, have the men go on ahead along the trail."

"Yes, sir, they are off already." "Very well. Have our horses outside; we can catch up within a mile or two." He wheeled sharply about, and looked at me sternly. "Well, sir, I have very little time to waste on you at present, but I advise truthful answers. What is your name?"

"Allen Lawrence." "You claim to be in the Continental service—what rank?"

"Major in the Maryland Line, Maxwell's Brigade."

"Dressed hurriedly, probably, and forgot your uniform."

"I have lately been serving with the Jersey militia, sir, as Captain Grant can testify," I answered civilly.

"And Captain Grant is only too anxious," broke in that officer impatiently. "If you will listen to me, colonel, I'll tell you what I know in two minutes or less. It will settle this fellow's status."

Mortimer glanced from my face to that of the speaker, evidently attracted by the vindictiveness of the voice.

"All right, Grant, go on," he said shortly. "Only I shall pass judgment as a soldier, and not because of any personal quarrel. What is it you know?"

"That this man came into Philadelphia three days ago dressed as an officer of British Infantry. He claimed to be Lieutenant Portesque of the Forty-second Foot, with despatches from New York. Howe vouched for him, and furnished him with a pass and orderly. He put in the whole day studying the positions of our troops, and in the evening was a guest at the Mischanza—Andre gave him a card. I heard—and danced there with your daughter. I doubted the man from our first meeting, and later picked up certain rumors which convinced me he was a spy. Some words passed between us on the dancing floor, and as a consequence I asked the man to meet me below. Some one either told him he was suspected, or else he had the heart of a coward, for he failed to appear."

(To be Continued.)

Lessons From The Farm—No. 8.

What fine cool weather we are having, and it is certainly appreciated by the busy house-keeper who has fruit to can.

Well-cared-for orchards are laden with luscious peaches, and home-keepers are doing their best to can and preserve so they may have palatable food to set before their families and friends during the long winter months which will come soon.

The easiest way is to fill a few jars every day while dinner cooks, or while one is waiting for the family to get ready to eat.

After gathering those beautiful blushing peaches it is not necessary to take a knife and peel off a long deep string of the best fruit.

The casing of soft, tough veiling which nature has provided to protect the delicate cheeks of the queens of our southern orchards, is easily removed by careful management immediately after having poured boiling water over the peaches and drained it off. Do not scald many at once, for they must not lie wet. Having pulled off the veiling, cut the peaches in as large pieces as possible and fill your glass jars. Three quart size Mason jars will stand comfortably on a fold of wrapping paper or clean cloth in an ordinary iron dinner pot. Pour in the pot cold water until it nearly covers the jars, which have on their rubber rings and lids not screwed down.

Set the pot on the stove when you begin to cook dinner, and when the water has boiled long enough to cause a peach flavored steam to escape when you open a jar, fill each jar (one at a time) to overflowing from that steamer of boiling fruit you have on the stove, screw the lid down tight, lift out of the pot and set on the cook table.

You have no time to admire them now—but perhaps you and the others will enjoy them later.

When your dinner is finished remove a stove lid and set the steamer of now pulpy fruit over the coals, and as it boils and bubbles fill a jar that you have scalded, supplied with a rubber band, and set in a vessel of warm water, seal it quickly and set aside.

It is not as pretty as the others

but its contents will make good peach rolls and pies next winter.

A Cook County Observer.

"I was cured of diarrhoea by one dose of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy," writes M. E. Gebhardt, Oriole, Pa. There is nothing better. For sale by all dealers.

Notice.

I have sold my business to Ross Payne, of Rule, and have left my accounts with F. L. Daugherty for collection. Please see him and settle your account. I need the money.

2tpd Rube Brewer.

"Were all medicines as meritorious as Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy the world would be much better off and the percentage of suffering greatly decreased," writes Lindsay Scott, of Temple, Ind. For sale by all dealers.

Texas Produced 27.4 Per Cent of Cotton in the United States in 1911.

The Department of Commerce and Labor at Washington has just issued its report showing the cotton production of the United States for 1911 by states. Texas produced 27.4 per cent of the crop of the United States in 1911 and 27.4 per cent in 1910. The Texas crop last year was 4,297,248 bales, an increase over the preceding year of 1,224,313 bales or 39.6 per cent. The total production for the United States in 1911 was 16,250,275 bales, which is an increase over 1910 of 4,244,588 bales or 35.4 per cent.

Stands Ahead

There is something about Hunt's Lightning Oil that no other Liniment possesses. Others may be good, but it is surely the best. It does all you recommend it for, and more. For sprains it has no equal on earth. It stands ahead on my medicine shelf.

Very truly yours,

T. J. BROWNLOW, Livingston, Tenn.

25c and 50c bottles.

Advertised Letters.

Advertised Aug. 12, 1912.

Tom Patterson.

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Catarrh Cannot be Cured

with LOCAL APPLICATION, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of two ingredients in what produces such wonderful results in curing catarrh. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props, Toledo, Ohio.

Sold by Druggists, price 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

When You Want

Lumber, Shingles, Doors, Sash, Molding, Post, lime, Brick, etc. you should not fail to figure with me, I keep first class material on hand at all times, and will do my best to please you, and will not be under sold, so when you fail to figure with me, you are going against your own interest. I want part of your trade and if honesty and fair dealings will secure same I am sure to succeed. Yours respectfully,

J. J. GUEST

Haskell, Texas.

Mr. W. S. Gunsalus, a farmer living near Fleming, Pa., says he has used Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy in his family for fourteen years, and that he has found it to be an excellent remedy, and takes pleasure in recommending it. For sale by all dealers.

Expression of Thanks.

Throckmorton, Tex., Aug. 5, '12. Mr. Editor.

Through the columns of your paper I desire to express to the Democrats of the 102nd legislative district my sincere and heartfelt thanks for their splendid endorsement on the 27th day of July, and especially is this message directed to my loyal and generous friends who so faithfully stood by me while the strife was on. We carried every county—Haskell by a narrow majority, in Baylor a landslide and in Throckmorton an avalanche.

I intend to do my utmost for all the people of the district, and in an official way I will have no enemies. There is no service that I would not gladly render to the people of the district, individually or collectively, and I invite communications appraising me of their wishes.

When in Austin don't forget the O. K. Wagon Yard—and long may you prosper.

Your friend,

Richard B. Humphrey.

Shocking Sounds

In the earth are sometimes heard before a terrible earthquake, that warn of the coming peril. Nature's warnings are kind. That dull pain or ache in the back warns you the kidneys need attention if you would escape those dangerous maladies, Dropsy, Diabetes or Bright's disease. Take Electric Bitters at once and see backache fly and all your best feelings return. "My son received great benefit from their use for kidney and bladder trouble," writes Peter Bondy, South Rockwood, Mich. "It is certainly a great kidney medicine." Try it, 50 cents at Jas. R. Walton's.

Notice to the Public.

This is to notify the public at large, and the people of Haskell and Haskell county in particular that I have purchased the Dr. Robertson Drug Store, of Haskell, Texas, and am preparing to renovate same and stock it up, with a complete and up-to-date line of Drugs, Medicines, Sundries and etc., such as are usually carried in a first-class drug store.

Mr. H. H. Langford, formerly with the West Side Pharmacy, will continue to be in charge of same as manager and prescription clerk, and Grady French, whom you all know as an expert fixing those thirst quenching beverages, has charge of the cold drink department. I am a Druggist myself, of many years experience and will endeavor to serve the trade to the very best interest and would indeed be glad to have you call in our place from time to time, and give us a share of your business.

Respectfully,

M. C. Cotton.

Saved Him

"It didn't kill me, but I think it would if it had not been for Hunt's Cure. I was tired, miserable and well-nigh used up when I commenced using it for an old and severe case of Eczema. One application relieved and one box cured me. I believe Hunt's Cure will cure any form of itching known to mankind."

CLIFTON LAWRENCE,

Helena, O. T.

To The Tax Payers of Haskell.

This is to inform you that the city council has instructed me to enforce the payment, by suit, of all delinquent taxes due the city of Haskell if not paid before the first day of September.

Clyde F. Elkins,

City Attorney.

FEED—We can save you money on horse and chicken feed. Wheat for \$1.40 per hundred, Maize and Oats mixed, excellent feed, \$1.30 per hundred. Any quantity above 25 pounds. We cannot deliver. Sherrill Elevator Co. 28-2t-pd.

Elberta Peaches For Sale.

From 100 to 125 bushels of Elberta Peaches for sale on my farm 5 miles east of Knox City, on Route one. For one week beginning August 19th.

J. B. Jones.

Big Land Deal.

Times never get too dull to make a sale of Haskell county land if a fellow knows how to do it, and has the right co-operation.

This week I closed a deal by which G. H. Stovall of Haskell county exchanged his 612 acres of land 4 miles south of Haskell to W. F. Prince of Cook county for 387 acres of very fine land one mile south of Gainesville.

This deal suited both of these men and both are pleased as well as benefited. The Haskell land was valued at \$40 per acre and the Cook county land at \$90 per acre, the total amount of this deal is \$59,310.00.

I have no other business only to sell land and bring people together on trades that are good for all concerned.

List your land with me and let me show you some good propositions. If you want to buy a place you had better let me show you some bargains.

P. P. Roberts.

SIMPLE MIXTURE HELPS HASKELL PEOPLE.

That simple remedy 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 antiseptizes the digestive organs and draws off the impurities.

Another Big Break In Price Of Cotton

New York, Aug. 12.—Another big break followed a week of generally declining prices in the cotton market, and October this morning sold at 11.44c, a decline of 36 points from Saturday's closing and fully \$9.50 per bale below the recent high record.

The selling movement appeared to be strengthened by favorable weather reports, the increasing new crop movement and reports that the big break in raw material values was checking the demand for goods.

A renewal of active selling caused a further and even more excited break late in the day, and October contracts sold at 11.29c, or 51 points below Saturday's close. The final tone of the market was weak, and last prices were the lowest for the day showing a net loss of from 46 to 51 points.

Country Town Sayings.

BY "ED" HOWE.

What has become of the old-fashioned little boy who ate so much that made him poor to carry it.

After a man becomes thoroughly worthless, instead of putting off until tomorrow what he should do today he puts it off until next Monday.

When a man asks your advice, he usually tells you just how he expects you to decide.

A girl wearing a new fall hat met a gentleman friend, "How do you like my new fall hat?" she asked. The man looked at the hat a moment, and inquired: "You can't trade back?" "No," the girl replied. "Well," the man said, "then I like it?"

When the weather is bright, and the women are on the streets, a man does nothing but take off his hat and bow, and tie buggy horses to telegraph poles.

When a woman gives a party, she figures on twenty-two guests to a gallon.

When men are not regretting that life is so short, they are doing something to kill time.

Some men, not satisfied with naturally ugly faces, whistle on the streets.

A campaigner says that when a man in the audience asks him a hard question he replies: "Thank you for reminding me; I am coming to that presently." And then the speaker forgets about it, and doesn't answer the question.

Trade with Haskell merchants if you want your money's worth.

YOUNG MEN.

They Have Solved The Salary Question. Read How They Did It.

Fargo, Ark.—"I owe all my success to the grand T. C., and I especially want to praise your station work. They work three operators here, and the work is heavy; it is a train register station. There are ten positions waiting for every operator you can turn out." J. W. Formby, Tallulad Falls, Ga.—"I was in the Tyler Commercial College just 56 days when I was able to copy 28 words per minute. I am holding a splendid position, and can highly recommend the T. C. C." W. R. Vie, Stoneham, Texas.—"Soon after leaving T. C. C. I was drawing \$75 per month. I advise any person desiring a thorough training to enter the Tyler Commercial College." R. W. Cook, Dustin, Okla.—"After attending your telegraphy departments three months, I am prepared to say that your work is thorough and complete. I find your station work identically the same as that used in railroad offices where I have worked."

Frank Henry, Atmore, Ala.—"After leaving your school I have started into a good telegraphy position at \$70 per month. The T. C. C. has my best wishes." D. M. Carr, Kaw City, Okla.—"Still have a good job with A. T. & S. F. My brother is with the Missouri Pacific at Pittsburg, Kans. Best wishes for T. C. C." J. H. Keele, Houston, Miss.—"I now have a good position with the T. O. M. & C. R. Co., and give your good school credit for being able to hold it." M. E. Oliver, Brookland, Texas.—"I am now agent at my home town, drawing \$71.50 per month, and a commission on Express and Western Union which makes me a little better than \$100 per month."

Leroy Bell, Bangs, Texas.—"In August, 1911 I accepted a position as operator with the G. C. & S. F. Ry. Co. Your college is the place to learn telegraphy." U. S. Branen, Elmer, Okla.—"After studying telegraphy in Tyler Commercial College, I can say it is the very best, and I have advised many of my friends to take a course in it." J. W. Maxwell, Keo, Ark.—"I attended the telegraphy department of Tyler Commercial College two and a half months at a total expense of \$90. I am now getting \$75 per month as agent at this place for the Cotton Belt R. R." B. F. Gleason, Midlothian, Texas.—"I have a good position as operator and am getting along nicely." R. M. Rodgers, Oklaunion, Texas.—"I recommend the Tyler Commercial College to any one who wishes to enter the railway service. Their good school of telegraphy and station work is the cheapest and shortest route to a good position." D. F. Carter, Paris, Texas.—"I am still with the Texas Postal. You put me on the right road. I can't recommend the T. C. C. too highly." "A few months in your school means success."—J. B. Smallwood.

Young man, solve the salary question; write today for catalogue of America's largest school of Bookkeeping, Shorthand and Telegraphy. Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Texas.

Notice.

To My Friends and Customers:—I am back in the City Bakery again and would appreciate it if my friends and old customers would give me a trial. We are baking fine bread now, and it is up to the good people of Haskell now, whether the City Bakery stays here or not. Unless you patronize home industry you can't expect Haskell to grow. Give us a trial, we are doing our best to give satisfaction, but unless we get the patronage of the citizens of Haskell we cannot afford to stay in business for the town is not large enough to afford two bakeries. Which will you do? help build up Stamford's business or Haskell's?

Thanking you for the past and soliciting your future patronage, I am yours to please.

S. H. Foster,

At City Bakery.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale.

(Real Estate)

By virtue of an Order of Sale issued out of the Honorable District Court of Jones County, on the 3rd day of August A. D. 1912, in the case of E. M. Rhea and W. A. Rhea, versus E. H. Clark and W. A. Snodgrass No. 1410, and to me, as Sheriff, directed and delivered, I have levied upon this 5th day of August A. D. 1912, and will between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., on the first Tuesday in September A. D. 1912, it being the 2nd day of said month, at the Court House door of said Haskell County, in the town of Haskell, proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, all the right, title and interest which E. H. Clark and W. A. Snodgrass had on the 20th day of February A. D. 1909, or at any time thereafter, of, in and to the following described property, to-wit:

Situated in Haskell County, Texas, and being two acres in rectangular form out of and extending along the entire north boundary line of a twelve acre tract of land out of survey No. 12 B. B. & C. Ry. Co., conveyed by V. O. Nabors and wife to E. M. Rhea and W. A. Rhea by deed dated October 20th, 1908, said twelve acre tract being described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a point in the west line of a twenty acre tract out of said Survey No. 12, 10 feet north of the N. W. Corner of Block "B" of the Nabors Addition to the town of Stamford, Jones County, Texas. Thence North with said West Line of said 25 acre tract 187 feet to the North West Corner of said 25 acre tract. Thence East with the N. line of same 415 feet to the N. E. Corner thereof; thence S. 1702 feet to a stake; thence W. 250 feet to a stake, thence S 185 feet to a stake, thence W. 165 feet to the place of beginning.

Said property being levied on as the property of E. H. Clark and W. A. Snodgrass to satisfy a judgment amounting to \$167.70, in favor of E. M. Rhea and W. A. Rhea, and costs of suit, given under my hand this 6th day of August A. D. 1912.

W. J. Falkner,

Sheriff Haskell County, Texas.

Dr. E. E. Gilbert

Physician and Surgeon

OFFICE AT

CORNER DRUG STORE

Dr. A. G. NEATHERY.

Physician and Surgeon.

OFFICE In Smith & Sutherland Bldg

Office Phone No. 80.

Dr. Neathery's Res. No. 28.

Dr. W. WILLIAMSON.

RESIDENCE PHONE 113

OFFICE OVER

Smith and Sutherland Build'g

Dr. JAS. A. ODOM

Physician and Surgeon

Special attention to diseases of WOMEN AND CHILDREN

Office over the Farmers National Bank

Haskell, Texas

Dr. L. F. TAYLOR

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON

Haskell, - - - Texas.

Office over Spencer & Richardson's

Office Phone No. 216.

Resident Phone No. 93.

A. J. Lewis, M. D. C.

VETERINARIAN

Graduate of Chicago Veterinary College

Telephones - Office No. 216

Res. No. 254

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

McConnell Build'g N W Cor Square

Gordon B. McGuire

Attorney-at-Law

Office in McConnell Bldg.

Northcutt & Ashcraft

DRAYMEN

LET US DO YOUR

HAULING.

We give careful and prompt

attention to all business of this

kind entrusted to us.

Phone 45

County News Items

Interesting Facts Gathered During the Week by Our Regular Correspondents.

Sayles.

Dear Editor chums.
My! my! haven't we had a fine rain? We should all be thankful to be blessed with such a rain, as it could not have come when it was more needed.

Prof. Mansfield has begun his singing school at Sayles. He has been getting along fine so far—a goodly attendance and all seem to be taking a great deal of interest in their work.

W. K. Hardeman, of Delia, Texas, has been visiting his parents here. Coming Saturday of last week and returned Friday night.

Mrs. Pate and children who have been visiting relatives here returned to her home near Mt. Calm last Thursday.

Miss Bessie Hardeman spent a few days last week with the Misses Pitman and Vivian Mayes.

Miss Ima Johnson spent the night with Lucile Mayes Thursday night.

Will Hardeman and Lick McClintock spent Saturday night with Tony and Guss Patterson.

Geo. McKinley of Arizona is visiting home folks here.

Mrs. G. McCutchen, of Gainesville arrived Tuesday on a visit to relatives here.

Edd Fouts visited in Rule Sunday.

Guss Patterson and Miss Jessie Haralson took supper with Bessie Hardeman Sunday.

Jesse Riley spent Friday night with Lick McClintock.

Mrs. Johnson attended singing school Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. Guinn and wife were in town Friday.

Mr. Dotson and wife of town were in our community Tuesday.

Buster Guinn spent Tuesday night in town with little Olen Dotson.

Our protracted meeting begins next Sunday. Everybody is invited to come and be with us as we hope for it to be the greatest meeting ever held at Sayles.

Jim Fouts has been attending the meeting at Post the greater part of this week.

"Marguerite" I think enough has been said on the "beauty" question, suppose you drop it?

What has become of all our good writers.

"Snookums" what has become of you and "Pansy" why not you all grace our page with another interesting letter.

Best wishes to the Free Press and its many readers.

Jonquil.

Severe Rheumatism

Grove Hill, Ala: Hunt's Lightning Oil cured my wife of a severe case of Rheumatism and my friend of toothache. I surely believe it is good for all you claim for it.—A. R. Stringer. 25 & 50c a bottle. All dealers.

Powell Chapel.

Hello editors and chats.
We sure did have a good rain in these parts.

Most of the farmers are planting feed.

Health in this community is very good at present.

Rube Gotcher left here today for Nolan county.

W. R. Odom and family of Coke county are visiting Ed Odom.

Neal Gossett and wife have returned home from a visit in Nolan county, where they have been visiting her mother.

Mrs. Floyd Horn spent Monday with her mother, Mrs. Powell.

Miss Josie Powell spent Tuesday at Ed Odom's.

J. F. Horn went to Rule Monday on business.

Dr. Gilbert of Haskell was in our community Monday seeing after some wood he had bought.

Ed Odom and wife spent Saturday night and Sunday with Jim Free and wife of Haskell.

Several of the young people from Howell attended singing at Ballew Sunday eve. All reported a nice time.

Miss Ruth Stovall visited Miss Mabel Porterfield Sunday eve.

Fl. yed Horn and family visited in Jones county last week.

Mrs. M. M. Powell and children spent Monday night with Ed Odom and wife.

Mrs. Hemphill was shopping in Haskell Monday and called on Mrs. Porterfield Monday eve.

Ed Odom has purchased his new moving picture machine with which he will entertain the public.

Rube Gotcher spent Sunday with Hardy Porterfield.

Mr. Gossett and son, John, was in Haskell Monday on business.

Mrs. Nalner and children visited Mrs. Porterfield Sunday eve.

Mrs. Whitaker and children were shopping in Haskell Saturday.

Miss Ruth Walden of Haskell spent a few days with Miss Josie Powell a few days ago.

Fred Munn of this community is attending the singing school at Ballew.

Come on all of you good writers. Old Sport.

Almost Lost His Life.

S. A. Stid, of Mason, Mich., will never forget his terrible exposure to a merciless storm. "It gave me a dreadful cold," he writes, "that caused severe pains in my chest, so that it was heard for me to breathe. A neighbor gave me several doses of Dr. King's New Discovery, which brought great relief. The doctor said I was on the verge of pneumonia, but to continue with the Discovery. I did so and two bottles completely cured me." Use only this quick, safe, reliable medicine for coughs, colds, or any throat or lung trouble. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Jas. R. Walton.

Kirkdale.

Hello editor and chats.
Health of our community is very good at this writing.

Wyatt Lancaster and family spent Wednesday with Arthur Atchison and family.

Mrs. Preston Baldwin and grand-mother, Mrs. Lyle spent Wednesday afternoon at J. F. Kennedy's.

G. F. Atchison left Thursday for Hale county on a prospecting trip.

Mrs. Johnny Hallmark, who has been spending the past week with her daughters, Mrs. Arthur Atchison and Will Dwyer, has returned to her home in the city.

Herley Howard and father-in-law, Mr. Newberry, spent a short while at Mr. Kennedy's Saturday morning.

Jake Hemphill and wife of Powell community spent Sunday with W. R. Hunt and family of this

place.

Brooks Hunt and Frank Kennedy of this place attended Singing at Ballew Sunday eve.

Will Dwyer and wife were in the city Saturday.

Messrs. Monroe Hallmark, Grover Davis, Earl Atchison and Willie Kirkpatrick had business at J. F. Kennedy's Friday afternoon.

Mrs. W. R. Hunt and little grand-daughter, Johnny Cantrell, left for Wichita Falls Friday, where she will visit her daughters.

T. S. Grimsley and daughter, Miss Bernie, were shopping in the city Monday.

C. J. McElroy and family spent Sunday eve with J. J. McCasland and family.

Fannie Williamson, of Roberts community spent Sunday with Bryan Hunt of this place.

Mrs. Cora Boyd and baby of Stevens county are visiting their cousin, Mrs. Bessie Leonard of this place.

Mr. McNeill and wife were shopping in the city Monday.

Misses Ruth and Bertha Hunt and Mrs. Viola Stodghill called on Mrs. Bessie Leonard Saturday eve.

Nona Kirkpatrick spent Sunday night with Hattie Mae Stodghill.

J. J. McCasland, J. F. Kennedy and I. W. Kirkpatrick were in the city Monday.

Come again Geranium and all you good writers. Vidette.

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, 2926 Olive Street, St. Louis, Mo. Sold by all druggists.

Hutto Locals.

Hello, Mr. Editor and chats.

How are you all by this time?

Health in our community is very good at present.

Mr. Holland and family visited Mr. Carroll and family Monday.

G. W. Choate made a business trip to O'Brien Tuesday.

Otis Smithee and sister, Miss Virgie, spent a few days with W. H. Day and family the first of the week.

Mrs. H. B. Newton visited Mrs. Day Friday evening.

Mr. Carroll and family visited Mr. Campbell and family Wednesday.

Mrs. G. W. Choate and her mother, Mrs. E. D. Wood visited Mrs. Day Wednesday.

Roy Day visited Sam Carter Tuesday.

W. H. Day and son Jewell visited Mr. McGregor Saturday eve.

Mrs. Day and son Jewel, visited Mrs. Carroll Sunday.

W. A. Day visited Mr. Abbott Sunday.

Mr. Brown and two sons and Mr. Hatfield made a call on Mr. McGregor.

Well, I will be going and leave room for better writers.

With best wishes to the Free Press.

Little School Boy.

Blamed a Good Worker

"I blamed my heart for severe distress in my left side for two years," writes W. Evans, Danville, Va., "but I know now it was indigestion, as Dr. King's New Life Pills completely cured me." Best for stomach, liver and kidney troubles, constipation, headache or debility. 25c. at Jas. R. Walton's.

Rose Chapel.

How are all this afternoon. Marguerite has just come in from Sunday school, but it wasn't much and the singing was so fine that you could neither see nor hear it.

Health in our community is very good at present.

Mrs. Roberts and children spent Saturday with Mrs. Culp and children.

Miss Mittie Lemmond of Farmer, Texas, is visiting her sister, Mrs. T. J. Johnston and family for a few weeks.

Mrs. R. E. Barton and children

returned home Saturday night from a three weeks visit in Navarro county.

Mr. Parson and family of Haskell visited in our community Sunday eve.

Mrs. Jim Rose and children visited Mrs. Russell and children Sunday eve.

Messrs. W. H. Russell, Jim Rose and Z. T. Rose and family spent a short while at Mr. Culp's Sunday eve.

Mr. Henshaw and family visited Mr. Harwell and family Sunday.

Jonquil, I heard that you almost got drowned Saturday. You had better be on higher ground next time.

The Methodist meeting closed last Wednesday night.

My! My! Haven't we been having some fine rains the past week. Feed and cotton are looking fine now.

Say, Pansy, have you had any rains down there yet?

Miss Reba Anderson is spending the week with her grandmother in Abilene.

Horace Newton visited Blake Johnston Sunday evening.

Mrs. Roberts and children visited Mrs. Middleton a short while Sunday eve.

Mr. Russell and family spent a short while with their daughter near Douglas Sunday.

As news is scarce I'll be going. Come again, Jonquil, Snookums, and all the rest of you good writers.

Marguerite.

Whitman.

Hello, one and all!

The farmers are sure delighted with the fine rain we had. It sure was fine.

Our Singing Class has elected as delegates to the Haskell County Singing Convention, which will meet next Saturday and Sunday. Messrs. S. M. Leflar, C. W. Bledsoe and Wylie Quattlebaum. Misses Thelma Bledsoe and Beulah Hays. We request that all the delegates be present at the Convention.

Mrs. Tom Eastland has returned from a visit to Williamson county.

Miss Beulah Hayes spent Saturday night and Sunday with Miss Lina Smith.

Miss Dona Baker spent Sunday night with Miss Thelma Bledsoe. Mr. Bledsoe and family visited Mr. Hays and family Wednesday.

Tom McNeely visited at Sayles Saturday night and Sunday.

Jim Ferrell and family visited his brother of O'Brien Thursday, and returned home Saturday.

Minnie McNeely visited Thelma Bledsoe Saturday night.

Lome Bledsoe spent Wednesday night with Ruth Hayes.

Mr. Simpson of Gauntt visited our Sunday School Sunday afternoon.

Chris Parr and Miss Lucy Adams visited the singing at Ballew Sunday eve.

Miss Annie Eastland is visiting in Stamford.

Chris Parr and Misses Lucy Adams and Thelma Bledsoe visited the singing school at Sayles Wednesday afternoon.

Robert Hayes and Miss Claudie Stephens visited the singing at Ballew Sunday eve.

Our paper is improving nicely. Come on all you good writers. Good luck to one and all.

Rose Bud.

Northeast of Haskell.

Kind Editor and Chats.

As I have not written for some time I will come with a few items.

Little Maggie Tredwell was on the sick list last week but we are glad to report her better.

Walter Patton and family visited Mr. Barnett and family of near Weinert Sunday.

Harve Smithee and Miss Lena Whatley attended singing at Ballew Sunday evening.

Mrs. W. J. Boatwright returned home Monday of last week from a visit to Navarro County.

Emett Polk and wife are the proud parents of a fine girl, mother and babe doing well.

Several of the young people of this community attended the dance at Mr. Hutchens near Rose on Wednesday night of last

GEORGE & I KNOW WHERE TO GO FOR HATCHETS & HARDWARE



George Washington Never Lied

that's why he had the confidence of millions, and why we respect him to this day and always will.

We do not need to mis-represent our merchandise. The brands we sell have stood the test of time. Some of our special leaders, Moon Bros. and Enterprise Buggies and carriages, Bain Wagons, Bridge and Beach line of Cook Stoves and Ranges, New Home Sewing Machines, Diamond Edge Cutlery.

We call your Special attention to our line of cooking utensils in aluminum ware.

McNeill & Smith Hdw. Co.

week. All reported a jolly time.

Mrs. Jim Tredwell visited Mrs. C. Sears Monday evening.

Myrtle Patton visited her sister, Mrs. Barrett of near Weinert last week.

Mesdames Cunningham and Webb visited Mesdames Strain and Polk and baby Monday.

Mr. N. A. Grisso attended the Socialist encampment at Leuders last week.

Miss Hettie Tredwell spent Sunday with Miss Ocie Smithee.

Edd Patton and Flossie Smithee attended singing at Ballew Sunday.

Misses Ida and Lena Mires were shopping in Haskell Monday.

Misses Beulah and Hettie Tredwell, Lela Whatley, Myrtle Patton and Mrs. W. T. Boatwright visited Mrs. K. D. Webb and daughter Tuesday.

Mrs. C. Sears visited Mesdames Polk and Strain Sunday.

The little Misses Foxes of Haskell visited Mrs. Cunningham and little daughter, Linnie May, Monday.

Callie Webb visited Misses Zula and Myrtle Patton a short while Sunday.

Minnie Barnett visited at Mrs. Strain's Monday.

Miss Beulah Tredwell and Mr. Arthur Barton attended the meeting at Whit Chapel Sunday night.

Kellie and Earl Sears visited Willie Mires Sunday.

Ethel Webb spent Sunday evening with Maggie and Ruth Tredwell.

Guss Mires spent Sunday evening with W. T. Boatwright and wife.

John Lakey and little son Cecil, visited his sister Mrs. N. A. Grisso Sunday.

Mrs. Cunningham and daughter Miss Effie, who have been visiting her son and family are visiting relatives at Ballew before returning to their home in Dallas.

I'll be going hoping to see Marguerite at the convention. Blue Bells.

Subscribe for the Free Press.

Foster.

Everybody has been greatly blessed with a good rain which will be a great help to everything.

Lots of the Foster people attended the Methodist meeting at Pinkerton last week.

Mr. R. B. Williams and family spent Sunday with their son Jack Williams.

Mr. J. M. Thompson had the misfortune of getting his barn badly damaged by a fire also two loads of maize.

Mr. Ira Scurlock visited Messrs. Al and Charlie Spraberry.

Mr. Lim Kitchens wife and mother, Mrs. Harmon of Rochester visited the latter's daughter Sunday.

Misses Mabel and Ruby Aycock have been visiting Jesse Cluck this past week.

Miss Fadrall Parnell spent the night with Miss Addie Harwell Saturday.

Dave Parnell and family visited Mrs. J. M. Densmore Sunday eve; Miss Addie Harrell also.

Mrs. J. M. Denson returned home Monday from Stamford where she has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. Ruby Hickman the past month.

John and Robert Barnett visited Jim Williams Sunday.

Bro. Lamb and family visited relatives near Sagerton Sunday where a Baptist meeting is being held.

Bro. Billy Megowan, wife daughter and son-in-law Mr. Walton, and Mrs. Cora Lamb, visited relatives near Weinert Sunday.

Mrs. Dave Walker and baby, Virgil, visited Mrs. R. B. Williams Monday eve.

Bill Williams spent the night with John Caldwell Saturday night.

J. M. Thompson and family visited his parents of Haskell, Monday.

Miss Addie Harrell spent last Friday night with Miss Jessie Cluck of Pinkerton.

Amzion Williams visited John Caldwell Monday night.

Mrs. Ara Walker and baby spent Tuesday with her father, Mr. Brown.

Jim Burleson of Rochester, spent the night with his cousin, Ben Caldwell Monday night.

Best wishes to Free Press and readers. Texas Green Horn.



Are new and attractive. Our prices are reasonable.

Wichita Marble & Granite Works

C. F. Crane, Haskell, Texas Salesman.

These Hot Days

You will want something cool and refreshing. There is not a better place in town than the

WEST SIDE PHARMACY

to cool your parched tongue and slake that consuming thirst.

The most palatable drinks, the best ice cream, the finest cigars, the purest drugs can always be found at this popular drug store. Lowneys chocolates, delicious and fine, always kept on ice.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED

Yours to please

J. R. WALTON, Prop.

Haskell, - - - - - Texas.

The Best Proof.

Haskell Citizens Cannot Doubt It.

Doan's Kidney Pills were used—they cured.

The story was told to Haskell residents.

Time has strengthened the evidence.

Has proven the cure permanent. The testimony is from this locality.

The proof convincing.

C. C. Willard, 1922 Eighth St., Wichita Falls, Texas, says: "I have had no occasion to use Doan's Kidney Pills for two years. At that time I suffered constantly from my back and kidneys. I got Doan's Kidney Pills and although other remedies had failed, they effected a permanent cure. Although I was never laid up, nevertheless every move I made sent sharp twinges through my back. I am all over that now and never tired recommending Doan's Kidney Pills." (Statement given December 9, 1910.)

No Trouble Since.

When Mr. Willard was interviewed on December 27, 1911, he said: "We still use Doan's Kidney Pills when occasion requires a kidney remedy and have always been greatly benefited. You are at liberty to continue using my statement as heretofore."

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.

According to His Kind.

A copper was the complaining witness in a case in which he had made the arrest. The prisoner had reviled him, it appeared.

"Your Honor," began the policeman, "how would ye like to be called an Irish goat?"

The magistrate smiled a little and observed that the case could hardly be settled on such procedure. "Besides," he added, "I am not Irish."

"Suppose he called ye a German goat?"

"The same objection lies. I am not German."

"Well, then, suppose he called ye the goat that ye are?"—Chicago Post.

City Building Notes.

By State Commercial Club Secretaries.

Business combinations are sometimes considered violations of the Sherman Anti-Trust Law. This does not apply though when the union is for the up-building of a community. Let everybody boost.

The knock of opportunity is sometimes unheard because of the turmoil and strife within. Let peace prevail.

To rest is to grow rusty. Lift a hand towards the future prosperity of your city.

It is a good policy to play fair with capital.

It takes push to start a proposition but it usually takes capital to finish it.

Hospitality will create a lasting impression on the stranger and as a result the city will receive a lot of free advertising.

Investors generally buy land in a growing community or at least a locality that shows promise of advancement.

Some young men give as their reason for not returning to the farm that the city is so far away. You can reduce the distance by improving the public highway.

Lots of towns are side tracked by capital because of the indifference of the citizens.

Who does not like to invest in a clean city?

A friendly spirit to co-operate in a fair way with all public officials, utility companies, traffic men and others, pays big dividends in a city's successful growth.

Small profits and a big business are better for a town's prosperity than high prices and a "nothing doing" look about the streets.

Friendly, polite and obliging citizens are a big drawing card to strangers and intending investors.

He Won't Limp Now

No more limping for Tom Moore of Cochran, Ga. "I had a bad sore on my instep that nothing seemed to help till I used Bucklen's Arnica Salve," he writes "but this wonderful healer soon cured me." Heals old, running sores, ulcers, boils, burns, cuts, bruises, eczema or piles. Try it. Only 25 cents at Jas. R. Walton's.

Striking Points in Wilson's Speech.

We must speak, not to catch votes, but to satisfy the thought and conscience of a people deeply stirred by the conviction that they have come to a critical turning point in their moral and political development.

Plainly it is a new age. It requires self restraint not to attempt too much, yet it would be cowardly to attempt too little, in the broad light of this new day. We stand face to face with what? Plainly, not with questions of party, not with a contest for office, not with a petty struggle for advantage. With great questions of right and of justice.

There are two great things to do. One is to set up the rule of justice and of right in such matters as the tariff, the regulation of the trusts and the prevention of monopoly. The other, the additional duty, is the great task of protecting our people and our resources and of keeping open to the whole people the doors of opportunity through which they must, generation by generation, pass if they are to make conquest of their fortunes in health, in freedom, in peace, and in contentment.

The tariff question, as dealt with in our time at any rate, has not been business. It has been politics. Tariff schedules have been made for the purpose of keeping as large a number as possible of the rich and influential manufacturers of the country in a good humor with the Republican party which desired their constant financial support. When we act we should act with caution and prudence, like men who know what they are about, and not like those in love with a theory. There should be an immediate revision and it should be downward, unhesitatingly and steadily downward.

No group of directors, economic or political, can speak for a people. They have neither the point of view nor the knowledge. Our difficulty is not that wicked and designing men have plotted against us, but that our common affairs have been determined upon too narrow a view, and by too private an initiative. Our task now is to effect a great readjustment and get the forces of the whole people once more into play. We need no revolution; we need no excited change; we need only a new point of view and a new method and spirit of counsel. The forces of the nation are asserting themselves against every form of special privilege and private control, and are seeking bigger things than they have ever heretofore achieved.

The working people of America; if they must be distinguished from the minority that constitutes the rest of it; are of course, the backbone of the nation. No law that safeguards their life, that improved the physical and moral conditions under which they live, that makes their hours of labor rational and tolerable, that gives them freedom to act in their own interests, and that protects them where they cannot protect themselves.

In dealing with the Philippines, we should not allow ourselves to stand upon any mere point of pride. We hold them in trust for the people who live in them. They are theirs for the uses of their life. We are not even their partners. It is our duty, as trustees, to make whatever arrangement of government will be most serviceable to their freedom and development. Here again we are to set up the rule of justice and of right.

A presidential campaign may easily degenerate into a mere personal contest and so lose its real dignity and significance. There is no indispensable man. The government will not collapse and go to pieces if any one of the gentlemen who are asking to be intrusted with its guidance should be left at home.

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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. 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. 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, the is sufficient water in Elm Creek to irrigate with. Price \$95 per acre.

No. 21. 36 room frame hotel, 2 story, northeast corner square, about \$1200 furniture on lot 75x105. For Rent. Price, clear, \$5,500.00. * * One 5 room residence on two lots, close in. Price, clear, \$750.00. * * One 3 room residence on two lots, close in, \$500. * * 14 business lots, well located, clear, at a bargain. * * 22 residence lots, well located, clear, at a bargain. * * This a bargain and the lots that the hotel is on are worth more than the price asked for it. Building cost over \$5,000.

No. 22. 240 acres of land 7 miles southeast of Haskell, 140 acres in cultivation, good 5 room house with hall and porches, good well water. \$1,100 incumbrance, on easy time.

No. 23. 164 acres in Fisher county, 135 acres in cultivation, fairly good 6 room house, well water, good cistern and tank, on public road, one-half mile of good school, two miles of small railroad town, fine orchard, all tillable, a little rolling but does not wash, fine crop on this land now. \$1,400 incumbrance, in loan company payable, \$140 each year, price \$40 per acre.

No. 24. 175 acres with 15 acres excess, two miles south of Haskell, 55 acres in high state of cultivation, balance extra good grass land, well of water, good tank, plenty of timber, on public road, two room house, best location around Haskell for dairy farm. \$2,000 incumbrance, in loan company \$230 per year, the soil is a chocolate loam and black sand, made good crop of oats and millet this year. Price \$40 per acre.

No. 25. 160 acres 4 1/2 miles north of Haskell, on public road and rural route, 140 acres in high state of cultivation, every foot black land, good new 5 room house, with 8x16 feet hall and 80 feet of porches, two cisterns, good deep tank, good two story barn, good crop on this land now, \$1,600 incumbrance, in loan company due 1914 at 8 per cent. Price \$5.00 per acre.

No. 26. Splendid 6 room residence, in north Haskell, large lots, nice shade trees and fruit trees, fine well of water, 3 blocks of High School Building, clear of debt, price \$2,000. Can trade No's. 23, 24, 25 and 26 for good farm in Cook or Denton counties.

No. 26. 140 acres of fine black land 3 miles north of Haskell, 100 acres in high state of cultivation, every foot good tillable land, 5 room house, fair outbuildings, young orchard; well, tank and cistern water, public road on north and east of land, good school and church in one-half mile, price \$50 per acre, would trade for good private boarding house in good Central Texas town, \$750 incumbrance, easy.

No. 27. 400 acres of land 4 miles southeast of Goree, Knox county, 135 acres in cultivation, balance in pasture, plenty of mesquite timber, 4 room house, fair outbuildings, good tank and cistern water, dark Chocolate soil, on public road, rural route and telephone, this is a bargain, at \$35 per acre. \$1000 cash and 10 years on balance.

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.
HASKELL - - - - - TEXAS.

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