

Say Boys



We have just unpacked the swellest lot of clothes for boys that has ever been in this town.

They are Perfection Clothes and they are as perfect as clothes can be. Blues, Tans and Grays are all here in abundance. Drop in and see them this week. We have just the suit you want and at the price you can pay—Prices \$3.50 to \$10. per suit.

And Your Shoes

They are here too. Tan or Black, Button or Lace, on neat, new lasts in all prices from \$1.50 to \$3.00. They are the best shoes we have ever had for the money so we are anxious for you to see them.

HARDY GRISSOM

THE FARMERS UNION PLAN

The Farmers' Union at Fort Worth have adopted a plan to hold cotton by borrowing money from the banks at 6 per cent. This plan would be all right if they could get the money—or a sufficient amount to hold off enough cotton to affect the market.

All cotton and financial men know that cotton held on this plan is a dangerous venture. Just when the farmers need money the worst to hold their cotton is when the banks are most skittish about lending it at all, much less at 6 per cent. Suppose the farmers of Texas should have five hundred thousand bales of cotton held on money borrowed from the banks at 6 per cent and another panic like that of 1907 should strike the country, what would happen? Every bale of this cotton would be forced on the market inside of twenty-four hours, and the result would be that Houston and Galveston would be gorged with cotton or offers to sell it that would at once break the price in all other markets in the world.

Whatever the promoters of the borrowing scheme may say, we know that no banks in Texas are going to tie up their money over thirty, sixty or ninety days in cotton unless they have a safe margin and interest at more than 6 per cent.

The only way to finance cotton is to have some large syndicate with plenty of money to take it over, and such syndicates do not engage to do business with men who have not credit for less than several millions.

Do not understand that we are at all making an effort to discourage or disparage the Farmers' Union. We are merely pointing out the faulty places in their plan. The union heretofore has claimed the credit of being able to dictate to their membership when and how to sell and relieve panics. We take issue with them, for the record

is against them. They have not been successful in stopping a decline one single time that we know of. If they had been, why did they not stop it last autumn when the market dropped about \$15 per bale below actual cost of production? The plain reason why they did not do it is because they couldn't get the money. It is unfortunate for the Farmers' Union, or any other agency for that matter, that they do not have leadership of the caliber to win the confidence of those who might be in position to assist them. There are too many well-meaning but impracticable and inexperienced men who lack the financial ability themselves or the executive ability to attract credit from financiers.

For these reasons we are frank to say that the banks will not lend the money to finance the crop—not at 6 per cent at any rate. A few banks may lend a little, but nothing like a sufficient amount to hold the cotton off the market in panicky or distressed times.—Cotton and Cotton Oil News.

Producer vs Buyer.

A news item from the Dallas market says: "Cabbage continues to be plentiful and cheap. This means that many thousands of dollars which formerly went out of Texas are kept at home. Large quantities of kraut have also been put up this season by local houses."

The above item contains a truth pregnant with great value to Texas. It is this: We should produce and manufacture in the state all things necessary to the needs of our population, and also to sell outside of the state instead of buying outside what can be produced and made here. Keep Texas money at home.

Texas should tan its own leather, manufacture its own shoes, leather goods, cotton and a multitude of other things it now buys outside. Should grow its own potatoes, onions, hay, make its own butter; produce and bottle all its own honey, preserves and pickles; can all its own fruits, vegetables and edibles. Let it be a producing and selling state instead of a buying state.

C. W. T. A. A. PROGRAM

Meeting called to order at Opera House at 10 a. m. by President A. D. McLaughlin.

Address of Welcome, James A. White, President Stamford Commercial Club.

Response by R. E. Sherrill, Haskell.

Address, "Peanut Growing in Central West Texas," C. M. Waters, Hawley.

Address, "The Object of County farm Demonstration Work," J. L. Quicksall, Agent in Charge of West Texas.

Query Box.

Noon.

Address, "Hog Raising in Central West Texas," C. C. French.

Address, "Co-Operation Between the Town and County," Hon. Peter Radford, President Texas Farmers' Union.

"My Experience in Farming in Jones County."

General Discussion.

Business Session.

The following prizes are offered to the farmers of Central West Texas for the best farm products to be brought to the meeting of the Central West Texas Agricultural Association in Stamford, September 12:

- First best dozen heads Maize \$2.50
 - Second best dozen heads Maize 1.50
 - First best dozen heads kaffir corn 2.50
 - Second best dozen heads kaffir corn 1.50
 - First 4 best and fullest stalks of cotton 2.50
 - Second 4 best and fullest stalks of cotton 1.50
 - First best collection farm exhibits 5.00
 - Second best collection farm exhibits 2.50
 - First best collection orchard exhibit 5.00
 - Second best collection orchard exhibit 2.50
- The entries are to be placed at the Commercial Club rooms and are to become the property of the Club.

Cotton Plan Endorsed.

The Farmers' Union of the State of Oklahoma in session at Shawnee on August 21st endorsed the plan of the Southern States Cotton Corporation. If all of the state unions had taken such actions three months ago it is more than probable that the price of cotton would have been several cents a pound better than it is today. But better late than never.

Music Class.

Miss Ida Maxwell will re-open her class in music Monday, Sept. 9th. Your patronage is earnestly solicited. Terms, \$4.00.

Studio at the residence of Mrs. Steadman, across street from High School building. Arrangements convenient for the pupils of the East and South wards will be made.

Will Stay With Us.

The many friends of Lonnie Swope who came back to Killeen a few days ago from Haskell for a visit with his mother and other relatives here, will be glad to know that he has accepted a place with Campbell-Root and will stay here. Mr. Swope is an experienced hardware man having had several years experience in that line and with his acquaintance here will be a valuable addition to that enterprising firm.—Killeen Herald.

DEPENDABLE EXPOSITION OF THE APPROACHING SEASON'S FASHIONS

THE NEW SEASON'S GARMENTS now hold sway in our Garment Section. Here you will find Fall Suits in the greatest advance showing we have ever made.

NEW SUITS AT POPULAR PRICES

Particularly strong line of New Tailored Suits and Coats from \$10. to \$14.00 and a wide range of selections at prices ranging from \$14.00 and upward to \$20.00. These values are extraordinary.

MORE TO COME

Within a few days we will receive the most elaborate stock of ladies Suits and Coats that has ever reached this part of the state. This line is manufactured by one of the most renowned manufacturers in the world, and his superior in this art is not in America or abroad. These will range in price from \$22.50 and upward to \$45.00. We will have these open in a few days and your inspection is invited.

THESE CUSTOM TAILOR MADE SUITS AND COATS

Are more than custom made, for every garment has the supervision of the keenest judges on the American Continent of tailor-made lines. Every garment has such length of lines which very few of the best custom tailors can give. Every garment when delivered, will fit faultlessly. Every garment will look good and remain correctly cut for months after purchase. The materials, we can not undertake to describe. You cannot appreciate the beauty and style of these new garments without seeing them.

ATTRACTIVE MILLINERY

We do not believe there is a lady in Haskell who will do herself the injustice of not making our millinery department an early visit. We have spared neither expense nor pains in our preparation to make this our banner Millinery season. Our first shipment of Gage hats are already here, and ready for your approval. Come early and select yours from the advance showing.

FAULTLESS FITTING FOOTWEAR FOR FALL

Our shoes are made to fit the foot—there is more than good leather in a good shoe. There's one rule in this concern that will stand as long as the house stands: "When it's a question of a few cents more profit or a few cents worth more of good shoe—the shoe wins.

OUR FALL DRESS GOODS

All the season's novelties will be seen in the display of dress goods now on in our Dress Goods Department. Spend part of the next few days seeing the advance guard of our Fall stock.

A BEATEN PATH TO OUR STORE

Emerson said: "If a man write a better book, preach a better sermon, or make a better basket than his neighbor; though he build his house in the woods, the world will make a beaten path to his door." So too, in the stocking of our store. We have separated the good from the bad, and picked the best from the good, for our stock and people who trade with us have found this out. The "Beaten Path" to our store is ever widening.

F. G. ALEXANDER & SONS

McCall Patterns

THE BIG STORE

G. D. Justrite Corsets

Haskell, Texas.

September 5th, 1912.

COME TO OUR STORE FOR
School Supplies

AND A COMPLETE LINE OF
FINE STATIONERY

OUR SCHOOL TABLETS ARE THE
BEST VALUE IN TOWN

Spencer & Richardson
"YOUR DRUGGISTS"
The Retail Store

LOCAL NOTES

All repair work is cash when done. Wm. Wells.

Marietta.

Penslar. Penslar.

Miss Day is visiting at Abilene.

All repair work is cash when done. Wm. Wells.

School supplies at Spencer and Richardson's.

Two Jersey cows for sale. See McNeill & Smith.

Get Ant Killer at Corner Drug Store.

A. B. Carothers of Rochester was in the city Thursday.

Fresh Potato Chips in bulk at F. G. Alexander & Sons.

F. M. Morton made a business trip to Gaines county this week.

Try us with your next prescription. Spencer and Richardson.

W. B. Bizzell, of Stamford, was in the city on business Wednesday.

F. L. Daugherty is now with the grocery firm of W. W. Fields and Son.

Mrs. Richard White of Abilene is visiting with Mrs. E. L. Wilkerson.

Earl Odell has taken the position as assistant in the Haskell Post office.

Mrs. W. P. Phipps of Kule, took the train here Wednesday for Abilene.

William Polston has returned from a visit to friends at McGregor, Texas.

B. M. Hight a young man from McKinney is bookkeeper for the Oil Mill this season.

Frank Moore has returned from Port Arthur, where he has been several weeks.

For all kinds of meats, fresh and fine, see J. Johnson, at the Palace Meat Market.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Smith of Temple are visiting their son, A. J. Smith and family.

Let us fill your doctor's prescription. They belong to you. Spencer and Richardson.

Mrs. G. W. Morris of Cooper is visiting her daughter, Mrs. E. E. Gilbert of this city.

Deputy County Clerk Roy English made a trip to Dallas and Fort Worth last week.

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.

Marietta.

Marietta.

Marietta.

We have Ant Exterminator now. Corner Drug Store.

Read the advertisement of F. G. Alexander & Sons on first page.

A good school or writing tablet can be had at Spencer and Richardson's.

Wanted—Fat cattle and hogs at the Palace Meat Market. Highest market price paid.

Dr. Taylor took his little daughter, Lucile, to a sanitarium at Abilene Monday and had her operated on for appendicitis. The little girl stood the operation well and will soon be home again.

Mr. G. W. Stinson of Ft. Worth, spent several days here last week buying mules. He shipped out 23 head on this trip. He will be back here about October, first to purchase another shipment of mules.

Six cars of cattle were shipped from this point to Ft. Worth this week. Williams and English shipped three cars, Smith and English shipped two and J. O. Chitwood shipped one car. Mr. G. R. Couch had a few head in the shipment. Messrs Couch, Chitwood, Smith and Eugene Williams accompanied the shipment to Fort Worth.

Walter Marsh and Dr. H. N. Robertson chartered a car this week and shipped their household goods to Port Arthur, which place they will make their future home. The families left Friday evening for that point. The Free Press regrets to see these estimable families leave Haskell, but hope for them all the success and happiness they can secure in their new home.

Arrangements have been made for Prof. W. J. Laney to teach a singing school in Haskell. It will be an open, or community school, and everybody who has an interest in learning to sing will be welcome to attend. Prof. Laney is paid a certain amount to teach the school and has a soon teach 100 as five. He is a teacher of 21 years experience and if you will attend you will be greatly benefited. The school begins next Monday night at the court house, lasting ten nights.

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

Mr. G. E. Langford, cashier of the Haskell National Bank, has a letter from W. C. Adoo, vice-chairman of the National Democratic Committee, requesting the bank to receive and forward subscriptions to the national campaign fund; the letter also suggesting that the bank act for all parties, if they act at all. Mr. Langford has wired Mr. McDoo that the bank will act. This plan has been endorsed by Gov. Wilson and is being participated in by all the banks, but in every instance the banks are acting for all the parties.

J. J. Stein & Co., the popular real estate firm, has decided to issue a monthly magazine, which will be issued from the Free Press Office. The magazine will contain write-ups of Texas improvements in general and Haskell county in particular, also contain a list of lands handled by this firm. The magazine will be called the "Texas Immigration Promoters." The main object of it will be to promote immigration to Texas, and particularly this section. This firm is composed of pushers, and we look for some good results from this project. In last week's issue of the Free Press this firm advertised some splendid bargains in ranch lands. If you did not read the advertisement it will pay you to hunt up a copy and see what is offered.

Come to the Free Press for your warranty deeds. We have them with or without the vendor's lien clause.



Stands for the best ring on the market, the sets are guaranteed by the maker to stay in.
Parsons & Brewer
North Side Square

MORE NEW GOODS

This week we have received many new things for all departments of the store. There are too many new things to attempt to mention them all, but we want to call your special attention to the **NEW SILKS**. We have these in many new patterns, including stripes and changables. They are nearly all 36 inches wide and sell for \$5.00 per Dress Pattern of 5 yards.

NEW DRESS TRIMMINGS

The new Trimmings this season are the prettiest yet. Macrime, Tatting Effects and Gold Trimmings are all good. We have some beautiful, new designs in all these trimmings priced from 35c to \$2.00 per yard.

COATS AND SUITS

Our showing of Coats and Suits is equal in the quality and style of garments shown to those found in the best city stores. See these at your first opportunity.

HARDY GRISSOM

The Ladies A. and M. Notes.

The Aid met Monday afternoon at the church at four o'clock, this being our first meeting since our disbandment in July for the Summer, much work of importance has accumulated during this time, and we urge a full attendance at our next meeting. The following officers were elected for the ensuing year.

Mrs. E. F. Lamm—President.
Mrs. J. N. McFatter—1st Vice-President.
Mrs. John R. Couch,—2nd Vice-President.
Mrs. Ira Ellis,—Secretary and Treasurer.
Mrs. A. J. Smith, Press Reporter.

A Certain Shot on Chills

I have been using your Cheatham's Chill Tonic in my family for sometime and can say it is a certain shot on Chills, says J. B. Blackshear, Lewisville, La. Money promptly refunded if it fails to cure. Price 50c. Sold by all dealers. An excellent tonic for invalids and feeble persons. Prepared only by A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Texas.

As cotton begins to come in, our subscribers are remembering the Free Press and are paying up their subscriptions. This we very much appreciate, as the money is coming in at a time when it does a lot of good. There are a few on our list who have not paid their subscriptions but they are a very few. These slow fellows have been on the Free Press list for about 26 years. Among those who have taken the Free Press for so many years we number our best pay, but a few seem to think they pay us such a high compliment by taking the paper that we are almost fully compensated for the same. We have had people to take the Free Press and send several copies to friends, and when we would finally present the bill they would pretend to think the account was wrong and contend for a discount.

Rather than contend we have been in the habit of knocking off a part of the bill to get a settlement. This habit is a fixed habit of years standing with this class of subscribers, and we would be glad any day to cancel all such and get them off our list.

We know these people and they know themselves and for this reason this article can not be unduly harsh or offensive to any one.

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

Dr. Daly will make his office at the Wright Hotel instead of at the office of Dr. Kimbrough as stated in his announcement in an other column of this issue.

Penslar. Penslar.

A Lecture On Health Demonstration

An illustrated lecture on public health, at the moving picture hall on the south side, will be given on Wednesday night, Sept. 11th, by the Haskell County Medical Society. The lecture will be illustrated by Dr. Phenix, district Councilor, of Colorado City, Texas. The lecture is for the purpose of educating the people, to enable them to avoid contracting disease.

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.

To Exchange For Haskell County Lands.

1st Tract—80 acres located 3 1/2 miles south of Hagerman in Grayson county, 60 acres in cultivation, good improvements.
2nd Tract—80 acres 5 miles from Hagerman in Grayson county, good land and good improvements.
3rd Tract—160 acres two miles north of Gainesville in Cook county, 120 acres in cultivation, a good black land place and well improved.
4th Tract—265 acres 4 miles southeast of Valley View in Cook County, 175 acres in cultivation, flowing well, good improvements.

If these don't suit you I have others, see me at once.

T. C. Cahill,
Haskell, Texas.

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

Notice of Sale of Real Estate.

By virtue of an Order of Sale, issued out of the District Court of Haskell County, Texas, on the 22nd day of August, 1912, in case No. 270, Angelina County Lumber Company vs. J. M. Davis, I. A. G. Lambert, Constable of Precinct No. 1 for Haskell County, Texas, did on the 4th day of September, 1912, at 9 o'clock a. m. seize and levy upon the following described real estate situated in Haskell County, Texas, to-wit:

First tract: Being Lots No. 1 and 2 in Block No. 99 in the T. G. Carney addition to town of Carney Texas, (now O'Brien Texas)

Second tract: Being Lot No. 15 in Block No. 47 of the town of Carney, (now O'Brien, Texas).

And notice is hereby given that by virtue of said Order I will proceed to sell said above described real estate at public auction at the County Court House door of Haskell County, Texas, on the first Tuesday of October, A. D. 1912, same being the first day of said month, said sale to be made between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. on said day. The said property is located in Haskell County, Texas, about 22 miles northwest of the town of Haskell in the Rebecca Farrow survey.

I have levied upon said property as the property of the defendant, J. M. Davis, to satisfy a judgment in favor of the Angelina Lumber Company in the sum of \$973.14 and all costs of suit, and to foreclose the vendor's lien thereon. Witness my hand on this the 4th day of September, 1912.

A. G. Lambert,
Constable of Precinct No. 1, Haskell County, Texas.

Notice of Sale of Real Estate.

By virtue of an order of Sale issued out of the District Court of Haskell County, Texas on the 3rd day of September, 1912, in case No. 292, Haskell National Bank vs. F. W. Crum, et al., I, W. D. Falkner, Sheriff of Haskell County, did on the 4th day of September, 1912, at 9 o'clock a. m. seize and levy upon the following described real estate situated in Haskell County, Texas, to-wit:

Lot No. 10 in Block No. 74 of the town of Carney (now called C'Brien).

And notice is hereby given that by virtue of said Order of Sale I will proceed to sell the said above described real estate at public auction at the County Court House door of Haskell County, Texas, on the first Tuesday of October A. D. 1912, same being the first day of said month, said sale to be made between the hours of 10 a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. on said day. The said property is located in Haskell County Texas, about 22 miles northwest of the town of Haskell in the Rebecca Farrow Survey.

I have levied upon said property as the property of the F. W. Crum, S. O. Bailey, T. G. Carney, S. S. Cordell, Earl Oox and W. A. Branton to satisfy a judgment in favor of the Haskell National Bank in the sum of \$150.50 and all costs of suit, and to foreclose the vendor's lien thereon.

Witness my hand on this the 4th day of September, 1912.

W. D. Falkner,
Sheriff of Haskell County, Texas.

Subscribe for the Free Press.

MONEY TO LOAN

On Farms and Ranches in Haskell and surrounding counties. Our terms are reasonable, and our service unsurpassed.

The only EXCLUSIVE loan man in the west—no side line, but devote all my time and attention to loans. Abstracts furnished at lowest rates. See me at State Bank, Haskell, Texas.

J. L. Robertson
"THE PROFITABLE LOAN MAN."

MARIETTA

Is it the name of the new railroad projected from Haskell to Rule? Is it the name of the big air ship of the Haskell Aviation Company which will soon carry passengers between Haskell and Dallas? If not, then

WHAT IS IT?

Democratic Campaign Fund.

Cato Sells, Democratic National committeeman for Texas, thinks it is possible to raise \$50,000 in this State for the campaign fund needed to promote the election of the presidential ticket nominated at Baltimore.

This looks like a small amount for five hundred thousand Democrats to contribute, even if none of them gave more than \$1 and half the number gave nothing at all.

Mr. Sells is not asking anyone to contribute more than a dollar, nor intimating that even a smaller sum will not be duly appreciated by the committee, but he realizes that only a comparatively small percentage of the voters can be relied on for campaign contributions in any amount, wherefore it is made known that larger contributions than \$1 from loyal Democrats anxious for the success of their party ticket will be gratefully accepted.

The desire of the leaders is that the Democratic campaign shall be financed by the people—not by the interests which might expect special favors in return, and to that end popular subscriptions are being solicited, not alone in Texas, but throughout the Union. It is not unlikely that the rank and file of the Democratic party might be relieved of the necessity of contributing any money whatever to the campaign fund which is

needed for legitimate expenses if certain moneyed interests were permitted to do the financing, as seems to have been done in Roosevelt's 1904 campaign and is now being done, apparently, by George W. Perkins, Medill McCormick, Frank Munsey and Bill Flinn for the Bull Moose. These men are multimillionaires, identified with the steel and harvester trusts or with other "big business," and it would be no trick at all for this quartet to raise \$2,000,000 or \$3,000,000 for campaign purposes from the trusts with which they are associated or from their own private purses.

The Democratic committee would not accept contributions from such sources and hardly looks for support from such quarters. It does not require a vast sum to meet all legitimate needs, not more than the people can give in a small way. But loyal Democrats must come forward with their mite promptly or the ticket may suffer for lack of the financial support it must have.—San Antonio Express.

Among the many things that are unhappy on the farm is the pig that is shut up in a tight pen; the calf that is turned out to the mercy of the flies; the colt that is left at home while its dam is in the field; the little girl who does the housework and has no horse to ride when she is through and the boy who can not go barefoot.

Haskell School Items.

Opening of School.
The Public Schools of Haskell will begin on next Monday—Sept. 9th. The term will be nine months in length and all work will be planned by the teachers on this basis. The short terms of school heretofore have caused all the grades of the school to be less advanced in the work than many of the city schools of the state. It is highly important that each pupil begin at the beginning of the term and attend regularly for the entire year that a good year of work may be accomplished.

"Overs" and "Unders".
"Overs" and "unders" may attend school this year by paying tuition. Any child who had not reached his seventh birthday by Sept. 1st of this year is an "under" and will be asked to pay one dollar and a half per month. Parents who desire to send children who are under age should start them the first of school that they may begin with the beginning class. Any pupil whose eighteenth birthday came before Sept. 1st of this year is an "over" and will pay tuition according to the grade in which such a pupil is enrolled. All tuition will be collected by the teachers at the beginning of each month.

Vocal and Instrumental Music.
Pupils whose parents desire them to take vocal or instrumental music are asked to try to arrange music schedules in such a manner as to be out of the school room as little as possible. Teachers need all of the pupils with them from 9 until the close of the day's work. There are many things a teacher desires to give a grade of pupils during the day which makes it wise for all pupils to be present all of the time. A great loss of time to a teacher and loss of help to a pupil occurs when a pupil is out of the class room part of the time. All of the teachers will continue to encourage pupils in taking music but wish to urge the parents of pupils to make every effort possible to prevent the pupils from being absent from the school room. There is much time before and after schools, on Saturdays, and during the vacations when pupils can get private lessons in music. If pupils make their grades and do well the work of the public school, it is to their interest and to the interest of others in the school room to be present all the time.

List of Teachers.
Miss Bessie Parks—First and Second Grades, East Ward.
Miss Mary Boynton—Third and Fourth Grades, East Ward.
Miss Minnie Ellis—Fifth and Sixth Grades, East Ward.
Miss Minadele Davis—First and Second Grades, South Ward.
Mrs. Louis Ellis—Third and Fourth Grades, South Ward.
Miss Bird Bell—Fifth and Sixth Grades, South Ward.
Miss Julia Lipscomb—First and Second Grades, North Ward.
Miss Edna Weedon—Third and Fourth Grades, North Ward.
Miss Blanche Randell—Fifth and Sixth Grades, North Ward.
Miss Bessie Gillam—Seventh Grade, North Ward.

High School Faculty.
H. E. Bell, Miss Marion Blanchard, R. J. Turrentine, Miss Vera Criswell.
Notice to Parents of Fifth and Sixth Grade Pupils.
Indications are that the division line for these grades will need to

be moved further north that more pupils may be in the South Ward. It will not be done unless absolutely required.

Some Land Bargains.

RED HOT SNAP—295 acres, about five and one-half miles southwest of Haskell; one set improvements; 185 acres in cultivation; one of the best little stock farms in Haskell county for the money; Sales school house in southwest corner of land. Owner in bad health, now at sanitarium. Must sell and is offering to take \$20 per acre; 1-3 cash, balance to suit purchaser. J. J. Stein & Co.

Second Tract—140 acres one mile north of Irby school building, 75 acres in cultivation, balance pasture practically all tillable, prosperous community and a real bargain at \$3,000 \$500 cash, balance to suit purchaser. J. J. Stein & Co.

Third Tract—120 acres eight miles north of Haskell, level black land, one set improvements, 90 acres in cultivation, 3-4 mile north Munk school; road on two sides; a real snap at \$3,000, \$5,000 cash balance on terms to suit. These tracts must be sold and are priced at 50 per cent of their absolute value. Call at the office or write J. J. Stein and Co. for particulars.

HASKELL COUNTY EDUCATIONAL DEPARTMENT

T. C. WILLIAMS, Editor.

Forty-five out of every hundred children are out of school each day during the school term and yet we boast of our great interest in school.

If a district pays a teacher four hundred dollars to teach one term and patronizes the school fifty-five days only out of every hundred taught, the total amount of loss financially to the district would be \$180.00 saying nothing of the loss to the state, county, the community, family and the individual child. It is therefore suggested that we begin a campaign of better attendance, soliciting the active sup-

port and assistance of pupil, patron, teacher, and trustee.

Let the trustees begin to plan to have the school house, school furniture, and school grounds ready for the opening of school; the pupils begin to review their books in order to be able to take the work where it was left off last year.

It is hoped that each board of trustees in the county as well as the patrons of the community will meet at the school house on the first morning and thereby show a more active and united interest in the progress of the school.



WILLOW PAINT SCHOOL HOUSE

Wasting a Good Fib.

An overdressed woman of a certain age met an acquaintance on the train.

"And how are you, after all these years? Yes, this is my little girl, just four and a half years old."

"The little girl turned, whispering: 'Mother, look at his hat. You needn't fib, he's not the conductor.'"

Verry Mysterious.

An old colored woman had occasion to call the doctor for her husband, who was very ill. The doctor made a diagnosis and pronounced it a severe case of gastritis.

"Oh, Lor', doctor", ejaculated the old woman, "how did he eber get dat gastritis? I hain't burnt a t'ing but coal ile in dis yere house, an' poweful little ob dat."

DR. J. W. GRACE, M.D.

CRAG BOYD

PALACE DRUG CO.

DR. ROBERTSON STAND

AUG. 29th, 1912.

To the People of Haskell and Surrounding Country:

We have purchased the Dr. Robertson stock of Drugs etc. in this city and will carry a stock second to none. Our Dr. Grace, Manager of the Drug department is a proficient physician and registered pharmacist of long experience and able to take care of your wants in this line. Come in and tell your troubles to him.

When you are thirsty come to our fountain where you will be served only the best, which is none too good for "our customers." We also handle all kinds of Drug Sundries, in fact everything usually carried in an "up to the minute" Drug Store. Thanking you in advance, we are.

Yours Very Truly

PALACE DRUG CO.

P. S. We would like to see you in our store.

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.

The Haskell Free Press

Published By
The Free Press Publishing Co.

OSCAR MARTIN
JAMES A. GREEN Editors.

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

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ADVERTISING RATES:

Display advertisements under one-half
page 12 1-2 cents per inch per issue.
One-half page, \$5.00 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, Sept. 7, 1912.

It takes very little brains and
much less piety to constitute a
first class grumbler.

Don't allow your children to
loaf on the streets, especially at
night. No possible good can re-
sult from it.

Don't fail to speak an encourag-
ing word to the young when they
show an ambition to do something
in the world.

There is no more pleasant art in
the world than that of saying
pleasant things in a pleasant way.
Don't say disagreeable things
about anyone to anyone, unless
absolutely necessary.

It is one thing to talk about
people and another thing to have
people talk about you. When you
are tempted to say something
mean about your neighbor, think
how you would feel to have that
neighbor say such things about
you.

Many of us grow despondent
over life's adversities. We some-
times think when we are burdened
with things out of the ordin-
ary that we are special objects
of Fortune's frowns. It is easy
to give advice and say that be-
hind the cloud is a silver lining;
it matters not how rough the
night, the stars are still in the
sky ready to send forth their
merry twinkle when the clouds
are dispersed. We know that
perhaps the bright green heart
of spring is beneath the deepest
snows. Many of us feel that in
looking up, the sweet tomorrow
may cause a forgetting of the
disappointments of today; that
the sun follows the rain and the
sea ebbs away to rise again.
We perhaps ought to remember
that only the highest mountains
rise above the clouds, and that
around the heaviest cross is
hung the prize, the brightest
crown. When we are plunged
beneath the waves of adversity
and misfortune grasp us in the
chilly grasp of a vengeful foe,
if we could but recall these com-
forting thoughts, perhaps it
would be a salve to our disap-
pointed hearts. But how many
take time to thus philosophize?
Not many, we opine.

A Parent's Responsibility.

Do parents really realize their
responsibility? We fear that
many do not. Very few parents
who have children seem to realize
that children are apt to think
what papa and mama do is bound
to be right. They have no ideal
of truth or righteousness but
yourself. Things that you do,
knowing them to be wrong, they
take to be right. They reason
this way, "papa and mama al-
ways do right; papa or mama did
this, therefore it is right." This
is good logic, but rather a bad
premise. No one ever gets over
having a bad example set him.
A parent's conduct more than
his teaching makes the impres-
sion. Your laugh, your frown,
your dress, your walk, your
greetings, your good-byes, your
comings, your goings, your
habits at the table, at church, at
any place, are making an im-
pression which will last for ages
even after you are dead.

Parents, be careful in what
you say and do, if you have the
welfare of your child at heart.

Growing Old.

Some people never grow old in
ways, and some are old by the
time they reach maturity. To
the young it is ever a look into
the future. To the middle aged
it may be a solemn thought that
it is midday between the cradle
and the grave, and some look
with regret upon the misspent
days of youth. At this period it
is the pensive autumn feeling; it
is the sensation of half sadness
that we experience when the
longest day of the year is past
and every day that follows is
shorter and the light fainter,
and the feebler shadows tell
that Nature is hastening with
gigantic footsteps to her winter
grave. So it is with man when
looking back upon his youth.
When the first gray hair becomes
visible, when the unwelcome
truth fastens itself upon the
mind that a man is no longer go-
ing up hill but down, and that the
sun is always westering, he looks
back on the things behind.
When we were children, we
thought as children. But now
there lies before us manhood
with its earnest work and then
old age, then the grave, then
our final home. There is a sec-
ond youth for man better and
holier than his first, if he will
look on and not look back.

A public spirited man should
ask himself if he is doing all he
can to attract people to his town,
by offering inducements to do
their trading there, or showing
why they might locate in his town.
No town is a success unless all
lines are working to extend the
trade as far as possible and trying
to bring a larger territory in the
circles in which the town is the
business center.

We may not be able to help
those who need help in a financial
way, but by encouraging words
we may be able to help them over
many a rough place.

Life of The Editor.

It is said that Bob Burdette
wrote his best pieces by the side of
his invalid wife. It was from her
bedside that he sent forth to the
world some of the best wit and
humor that ever made an appre-
ciative people laugh.

Sometimes the somber scenes
that surround the sick bed would
color compositions with a tint of
sadness, but almost all he said was
genuine wit, and between its lines
could not be read the silent sor-
row that brooded over his life.

No matter how the storms of
life gather about the editor's brow
or how the chilly winds sing about
him their sad refrain, he must to
all the world appear the picture of
lightheartedness and gaiety.

The rainy day gives the farmer
rest. The dull season gives re-
spite to the merchant. When the
courts are not in session the at-
torneys find time for recreation.
When the sturdy printer is throw-
ing the nimble type back into the
case and before one edition of the
paper has been mailed, the editor
is at work with pencil and shears
and paste preparing matter for an
edition that is to come.

There is scarcely a man or wo-
man in any town but who has not
at some time been the recipient of
kindness from the editor. He
chronicles their marriages and
births and deaths; their going and
their coming. He causes the pub-
lic to sympathize with their suffer-
ings and rejoice in their prosperity.
He invokes public sympathy and
aid for all the churches; he fosters
and encourages all festivals and
picnics and public rejoicings that
make glad the heart. He writes
the history day by day of his town
and the biography of its people.
He does more than all other
agencies combined to invite people
from abroad to visit his town and
invest in the lands and resources
surrounding it.

He is a philanthropist, a public
educator, a minister of law and
a servant always of the people.
He extends charity of the erring
and encourages the fallen to better
deeds. Yet the world loves him
only for what favor they can ex-
tract from him, his town appre-
ciates his efforts no more than
they do the efforts of the mer-
chants to sell goods, or the shoe-
maker to drive pegs.

But we plod on and on, alike
unmindful of the harsh criticisms
or of the praises of the public.
Some weeks there will be when
the chair at our desk will be
vacant. Our last copy will have
been printed, and when the last
line has been written and the last
proof read, let us go to the grave
with an inward consciousness that
we have done our duty to God and
to the public. If we feel that at
the threshold of the beyond we
will not feel sorry then that we
lived an editor's life.—Gatesville
Advance-Sun.

Latin-American Trade For Texas.

A dispatch from Mexico City
says that on account of the dis-
turbed conditions in Mexico and
of the early frosts in the highlands
and heavy rains early in July, the
grain-growing section of the
country, known as the national granary,
will be practically without crops
this year. The government will
probably import grain from the
United States and sell to the peo-
ple at cost plus the expense of
transportation.

A message from Nicaragua
says there has been a failure
throughout most of Central America
of the corn crop, which furnishes
food for the poorer classes, and
the governments of those coun-
tries will buy corn in the United
States to tide over the needs of the
people who face starvation there.
The Guatemalan consul at New
Orleans has already purchased 40,
000 bushels of corn.

Texas should be alive to supply
our southern neighbors not only
with wheat and corn, but with
many other articles they buy else-
where in this country or abroad.
Let the commercial clubs of Texas
keep in closer touch with the
needs of these countries and sell
them Texas products.

City Building Notes.

A commercial club is the front
door to the city.

A road like a chain is only as
good as its weakest link.

A general habit of wasted op-
portunities means a general con-
dition of want.

Make the local factories feel at
home first, then go out and search
for others.

Capital does not roam around
promiscuously. It makes a bee-
line for prosperity centers.

A considerable part of the lives
of great men is devoted to the
welfare of their community.

The handiwork of man should
be exploited through the brain
work of men—join the commercial
organization and boost your busi-
ness.

Improve the public highways
leading into town so that you may
be properly equipped to get your
share of this seasons proceeds
from the bountiful crops.

Our historians devote pages to
military or political phases of life,
while scarcely a page is given to
our industrial heroes who have
led the procession in our country's
substantial development.

For city building, make it pleas-
ant for all commercial travelers,
business men, and visitors, both
men and women who visit your
city. Do not leave all this to your
commercial club, but each citizen
should be a committee of one to
render all assistance possible to
such. By taking an interest in
these people, they will take a
much larger interest in your city
than they otherwise would do, and
will prove a walking advertise-
ment for your community.

Contribute To The Campaign Fund.

The democrats of Texas are
going to do their part in electing
Woodrow Wilson.

There is no serious opposition
to the democratic party in Texas.
But there are in the Union many
doubtful states. Texas demo-
crats should contribute to the
campaign fund in proportion to
their means.

Texas was the pioneer Wilson
state. At the Baltimore con-
vention the Texas delegation
deserves praise for what the
Hon. Cato Sells, democratic na-
tional committeeman, calls its
stalwart conduct."

The good work must go on.
The legitimate expenses of a na-
tional campaign are great.
Woodrow Wilson has to depend
on the rank and file of the voters.
He has no trust behind him.
He refused Ryan's money and
the pecuniary support of the
plutoeratic democrats. This is
the fight of the plain people.
Contributions from \$1 up should
be sent to the Hon. Cato Sells,
Cleburne, Texas.

In his recently published ap-
peal for funds Judge Sells says:
"Since ours is a struggle to re-
store a genuine people's govern-
ment, we must look to the peo-
ple not only for votes but for
financial support. To this end I
now appeal to all Texas demo-
crats to at once proceed to the
raising of a contribution to the
national campaign fund of such
proportions as will be worthy of
the greatest democratic in the
Union, a fund so large as to place
the Lone Star State close up to
the top in the financial roll of
honor, as we are now universally
recognized to be in bringing
about the nomination of Gover-
nor Wilson."

Every democratic national
committeeman in the country is
appealing to the democratic
voters of his state to come for-
ward and contribute to the
necessary fund. The democrats
of Texas must see to it that the
fund raised in Texas is worthy
of the banner democratic state.
—Houston Chronicle.

Weather Forecast

Cooler with rains causing Rheu-
matic pains. Hunt's Lightning
Oil stops aches and pains whether
from Rheumatism, Neuralgia,
Cuts, Burns or Bruises. The
Quickest Liniment known. 25
and 50c bottles. All Druggists.

PLEASE YOUR WIFE

Nothing pleases a woman more
than a neat and tasty kitchen
and dining room. Linoleum
makes the room appear differ-
ent, besides it saves scrubbing
See those new patterns we have
just received. The latest de-
signs. Come in and select
yours before the stock is picked
over.

JONES, COX & CO.

YOU CAN AFFORD IT.

\$50 pays for an unlimited
life scholarship in Bookkeeping,
Shorthand, Business Adminis-
tration and Finance or Telegra-
phy in the Tyler Commercial
College of Tyler, Texas. \$95
pays for any two of these courses
combined. Good board and
lodging with private families is
furnished our students at from
\$2.50 to \$3.00 per week. Stu-
dents enroll daily throughout
the year. Just as soon as their
courses are finished, their di-
plomas are issued, and they are
placed in good-paying positions.
Students upon arriving in our
city should come directly to the
college, where they will be given
prompt attention and choice as
to boarding place. If the read-
er is not familiar with our col-
lege, we would advise the writ-
ing for our 200 page beautifully
illustrated free catalog, which
will describe in detail America's
largest commercial college. The
average time required for com-
pleting our shorthand course is
three and a half months, book-
keeping or telegraphy, four
months, bookkeeping and short-
hand combined, five months.
Remember, we guarantee to
give you a better and more thor-
ough course in half the time, and
at half the expense of any school
teaching other than the Byrne
systems, or we refund your tui-
tion and pay your railroad fare

both ways. Some competitor
may tell you we can't do what
we claim. He is judging by the
systems he has to use. When
we used the same old systems
he is using we couldn't do it
either; it is the famous Byrne
systems that enables us to re-
duce the time and cost at least
one half. We will gladly pay
\$100 cash to anyone pointing out
a misleading statement in our
advertising matter.

Importance of Farm Development.

No one tries to deny the import-
ance of an army and navy, but
there are other conditions which
are very needful to the welfare
of nation and state. One of these
is a strong and steady advance
in agriculture—supported, encour-
aged and nurtured by the govern-
ment. The time has passed when
it is recognized that "any old
method" will do for farming; that
a farmer is either a laborer or a
man of leisure who can, without
any scientific knowledge, secure in
farming the fullest measure of
success. And think what the cost
of a single modern battleship
would do for agriculture! It would
reclaim or irrigate tens of thous-
ands of acres of land and endow
scores of agricultural schools or
experimental stations.
Agricultural success in Texas is
handicapped by the small amount
of appropriations allowed by the
state to our agricultural depart-
ment. A niggardly policy in the
promotion and development of
agriculture is the poorest sort of
economy, in fact not economy at
all, but actual loss.

Friday September 20th

the

Texas Central

will run a

Special Train

through to

Galveston

without change of cars

Round Trip Rate From Stamford \$7.35

train will arrive at Galveston early Saturday
morning, tickets limited for return to leave
Galveston not later than Monday evening.

W. E. Seifer, G. P. A.
Waco Texas.

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.



See our display Saturday of W. W. W. guaranteed rings. A written guarantee goes with each ring.

Parsons & Brewer
North Side Square



Mrs. H. R. Jones will begin with her music class, September 9th., at the residence of Mrs. R. W. Tyson's. Your patronage solicited.

Mrs. S. J. Ridley is visiting at Cisco.

Ed Dodge of Albany was in this city last week.

Miss Minnie Ellis has returned from Canyon City.

For Sale — A diamond ring. Apply at this office. 2t-pd

Mrs. Theodore Wright visited in Wichita Falls this week.

Mr. M. C. Ridley is visiting at Harry, Texas, near Dallas.

Misses Ethel and Kitty Cameron visited in Weinert this week.

Mrs. J. S. Barnett visited with friends at Stamford last week.

Fresh oysters at the New Port Cafe. W. E. Dickenson.

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

Mr. Kendrick of Rule, took the train here Monday for Stamford.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Sanders visited with friends at Anson last week.

John Therwanger of the northeast side was in the city Monday.

Miss Mary Brather of Stamford was visiting in this city this week.

Judge H. R. Jones made a professional trip to Fort Worth this week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. D. Harris have moved to Grand Saline in east Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Atchison and Mrs. G. F. Atchison are visiting at DeLeon.

Drs. Meyers and Gibner left Monday morning for the plains country.

A. A. King and D. B. Thomas of Throckmorton were in the city Saturday.

Mrs. R. V. Robertson has returned from a visit to her parents at Seymour.

Mrs. Emma Steadman and daughter have returned from a visit to Waco.

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

C. C. Cunningham of Goree was a passenger on the northbound train Tuesday.

Thos. Sowell left last week for Oklahoma where he goes to locate a place to move.

Misses Ethel and Ina Weaver were visiting in Anson the early part of the week.

Mrs. Little of Stamford visited this week with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Garnier.

Miss Minnie Hefner of Goree visited with her sister, Mrs. O. M. Addison last week.

Miss Maxwell has returned from Cisco, where she spent the summer with her parents.

J. D. Roberts, Jas. Price and Dick Pogue of the northeast side were in town Monday.

The New Port Cafe is now serving fresh oysters. W. E. Dickenson.

Miss Edith Baldwin of Stamford, who has been visiting in this city has returned to her home.

Mrs. G. R. Couch spent last week visiting with her son A. R. Couch and wife of Weinert.

Master Othello Anderson who has been visiting at Abilene, returned to his home Sunday.

Prof. and Mrs. R. J. Turrentine, have returned from a summer visit to their old home in Mo.

Mrs. A. C. Bailey of Seymour, was visiting her mother, Mrs. M. E. Wright of this city this week.

Martin Arend of the northeast side was in town Friday, and reported good crops on his farm.

Mrs. D. H. Hamilton and daughter, Miss Eddie are visiting with Mrs. Lon Gardner at Wichita Falls.

Mrs. J. B. Butler of Wichita Falls, who has been visiting her mother, has returned to her home.

Miss May Fields left Friday for El Campo, Texas, where she will teach in the public schools of that city.

Misses Meck Cobb, Sadie Killingsworth, Katie and Fannie Hill visited friends at Stamford last week.

Mrs. Jas. P. Kinnard of this city is spending the week with her daughter, Mrs. A. R. Couch of Weinert.

We handle the only eight percent money to be had in Haskell County. Scott & Key, 8t Attorneys and Abstracters.

Mr. J. R. Mauldin and son Master Roy are spending the week with Mrs. Mauldin's parents at Monday.

Judge Kinnard has returned from Houston to which point he was called a few days ago on legal business.

Mrs. A. W. McDonald of Somerville, who has been visiting with Mrs. R. P. Glenn, has returned to her home.

Miss Inez Nelson has arrived in the city and has charge of the millinery department at Hardy Grissom's.

Mr. Wm. Howard and wife, who have been visiting in this county have returned to their home in Terry County.

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

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The West Side Pharmacy

is still doing business at the same old stand, with a full stock of fresh and pure drugs, the best cigars and most palatable drinks.

FULL LINE OF SCHOOL BOOKS

Messrs H. H. Langford and Grady French are in charge and will carefully attend to your wants. Mr. Langford is a druggist of many years experience. You may rest assured that your prescriptions will receive the most careful attention.

WEST SIDE PHARMACY

L. C. Ellis had business at Temple this week.

J. H. Hicks, of Rochester, was in the city Monday.

W. H. Murchison left Tuesday for a business visit to Bastrop.

W. A. Rhea of Stamford, was in the city Tuesday on business.

F. M. and W. J. Greer went up to Rochester to spend a few days.

S. C. Harrison, of Stamford, was in the city Tuesday on business.

J. F. Weaver left Tuesday evening for a few days' visit at Temple.

Miss Vera Neathery, of Stamford, spent a while in the city Tuesday.

M. A. Baldwin, of Stamford, spent a while in the city Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. A. C. Sherick, of Shep, came in Wednesday morning to spend a few days.

Mrs. O. Neathery, of Stamford, was the guest of relatives in the city a few days this week.

Mrs. Mabrey Lackey and children went down to Stamford Tuesday evening to visit relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Elkins and baby left Tuesday evening for a visit to Austin, San Antonio and other points.

Miss Day returned Monday from Chicago where she took a post graduate course in expression at Columbia college.

Mrs. Wert French left Sunday eve for El Paso where she will join her husband who has been in that city for some time.

Miss Ruby Poole left Monday for Spur, Texas, where she has a position as assistant in the post office at that place.

Mrs. M. C. Matthews, who has been visiting with the family of Mr. Munn of this city has returned to her home at Aspermont.

Mr. Jack Roberson and family who have been visiting K. D. Simmons of this city, returned to his home at Teague Sunday.

Only wind is needed to spread rumors, but for reliable news you must read your home paper. Subscribe for the Free Press.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. B. Tucker have as their guest, their daughter, Mrs. W. A. McMichael and little daughter, of Shreveport, La.

Eight per cent is all your farm loans will cost you if you get it through us. Scott & Key, 8t Attorneys and Abstracters.

DR. JOSEPH DALY
ABILENE, TEXAS

If you have Eye, Ear, Nose or Throat trouble, or if you need glasses, call and see him. He will tell you plain facts and will not treat you if your case is incurable. Will visit Haskell the first Monday of each month—next visit October 7th.

OFFICE WITH
DR. KIMBROUGH

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

If that farm debt is crowding you see us and get eight per cent money to relieve it. Scott & Key, St Attorneys and Abstracters.

Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hicks, of Rochester, spent Saturday night and Sunday with Judge and Mrs. D. H. Hamilton in the city.

Jas. A. Hankerson left Tuesday evening for Roby to attend district court and perform his work as stenographer of that court.

Mr. and Mrs. Greshum, who have been visiting with Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Montgomery of this city have returned to their home at Temple.

Dr. A. H. Norris has returned from Oklahoma, where he has been the past season buying cotton seed for the Haskell Oil Mill at this place.

W. H. Murchison has returned from a trip to Galveston and other points. Mrs. Murchison and the three little boys are visiting in south Texas.

Mr. and Mrs. C. F. Brown and son R. C., returned to their home Friday after a visit with Mrs. Brown's parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Whitmire.

Mrs. J. G. Walden will begin her fall term of music Sept. 9th, at residence one block south of Northward school building. Patronage solicited.

Mrs. Wiley Winslow of Arizona, who has been visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Cox of the south side has returned to her home in that state.

Miss Byrd Roebuck, who has been visiting in this city the past two weeks, left Monday for Plainview, where she will teach in the public school this winter.

Clement Guest, of Aspermont, spent Monday night and Tuesday in the city with W. A. Dunwoody and wife. He left for the Swenson ranch where he will work.

Mrs. Joe Irby and children left Tuesday evening for her home at Van Horn after an extended visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Alexander at this place.

We noticed a large watermelon at the Express office the other day, addressed to Miss Harby Hancock of this city, that weighed 96 lbs. The melon was from Weatherford and looked like some of the melons we have seen raised in Haskell county.

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OFFICE WITH
DR. KIMBROUGH

Notes From the W. M. Society.

Let some one might think this society has quit, we take this method of letting everybody know that we are still doing business at the same old stand. We met Monday Sept. 2, but on account of a shower of rain which came just at the hour for meeting only 8 members were present, but we attended to business just the same. The Kings business is always urgent and requires haste.

After the usual devotional exercises, the first thing to claim our attention was fixing the time for our district meeting, which is to be held in the Methodist church here. This district embraces all towns on the Wichita Valley R. R. from, and including, Seymour, to Stamford, and some country places. Our district secretary, Mrs. J. B. Smith of Stamford is preparing a program, in which some of our conference officers are expected to take part. This meeting should be of great benefit to us, and will be, if we will put our hearts in it and begin now to pray and plan for it. The date decided on is October 10, an all day meeting at the church. A very cordial invitation is extended, not only to our Methodist women and men, but to all who will come. Let's all go and have a pleasant as well as a profitable time and get better acquainted with our work in general and each other in particular. It has often been said that information is inspiration, and inspiration means consecration. Information, inspiration, consecration! A good trio, is it not? The first two will be the result obtained from real study of the work we have in hand. The third will come as a final summing up of all three, when we have heeded the injunction of the great Apostle, when He said: "Study to show thyself approved of God; a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of God and giving to each his portion in due season."

Next was a discussion of a Thanksgiving Bazaar, which we decided to have on Tuesday or Wednesday before Thanksgiving further notice of which will be made later.

Last, but not least, we call attention to the fact that we are near the end of the third quarter, and the last of September our treasurer, Mrs. Richardson must send her report. All members who have not paid up to Oct. 1st, will confer a great favor and save trouble for the treasurer by making arrangements for your dues right away, either by phone or in person.

Society meets each Monday at the church. Sister, if you are a member of the Methodist church and not of the Society, you are neglecting a great opportunity for doing good. God's helpless little ones are calling to us for aid. Will you not hear their cry? If you cannot give your time and your talent, you can at least share with them the material blessings. Come and join us and have some part in the great work we are doing. "Inasmuch as ye did it not to the least of these, ye did it not to me." Press Reporter.

\$50. REWARD. \$5.0

I will pay fifty dollars for evidence that will convict the boy or boys who placed the sticks in my tank east of town for the purpose of piercing through and murdering anyone who might dive off the spring board into the tank. M. A. Clifton.

Notice.

A large family of cotton pickers wanted. Will furnish house, wood and water. Will pay \$1.00 per hundred, for good picking. Apply to J. B. Thompkins' ranch, three miles north of Haskell. tf

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Notice of Sheriff's Sale.

(Real Estate)
The State of Texas, in the District Court of County of Haskell, Jones County, Texas. H. S. Abbott, et al vs W. F. Bullington, et al.

Whereas, by virtue of an order of sale issued out of the District Court of Jones County, Texas, on a judgment rendered in said court on the 2nd day of July A. D. 1912, in favor of the said H. S. Abbott and D. E. Stewart against the said W. F. Bullington, J. A. W. Cox and S. A. Martin, No. 1425, on the Docket of the said court, I did, on the 25th day of August A. D. 1912, at 10 o'clock a. m., levy upon the following described tract of land situated in the county of Haskell, State of Texas, belonging to the said J. A. W. Cox, to-wit: same being 215 acres of land out of the John G. Pitts & League survey, being the same land heretofore conveyed by U. E. Baker and wife to J. W. Caldwell, on the 12th day of April, 1907, being same land conveyed to defendant S. A. Martin by the plaintiff D. E. Stewart, both of said deeds being of record in the Deed Records of Haskell County, Texas; and on the 1st day of October A. D. 1912, being the first Tuesday of said month, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. on said day, at the court house door of said county, I will offer for sale and sell at public auction, for cash, all the right, title and interest of the said W. F. Bullington, J. A. W. Cox and S. A. Martin, in and to said property.

Dated at Haskell, Texas, this 28th day of August A. D. 1912. W. D. Falkner
Sheriff of 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. 50.
Dr. Neathery's Res..... No. 28.

DR. W. WILLIAMSON,
RESIDENCE PHONE 118
OFFICE OVER
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WOMEN AND CHILDREN
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A. J. Lewis, M. D. C.
VETERINARIAN
Graduate of Chicago Veterinary College
Telephones - Office No. 214
Res. No. 256
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 Bldg 1/2 N W Cor Square

Gordon B. McGuire
Attorney-at-Law
Office in McConnell Bldg.

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My Lady of Doubt

BY RANDALL PARRISH

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

ILLUSTRATIONS BY HENRY THIEDE

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CHAPTER XXIV.

Forcing Clinton to Battle.

I was left behind at Coryell's Ferry, for the purpose of hastening forward any supplementary orders from Washington, when Maxwell, and the Jersey militiamen, pressed forward in an effort to retard the march of the enemy. From the reports of scouts we began to understand what was occurring. Before dawn on the eighteenth of June the British army began leaving the city, crossing the Delaware at Gloucester point, and by evening the motley host, comprising Regulars, Hessians, Loyalists, and a swarm of camp followers, were halted near Haddenfield, five miles southeast of Camden.

The moment this knowledge reached Washington, he acted. In spite of opposition from some of his leading officers, his own purpose remained steadfast, and every preparation had already been carefully made for energetic pursuit. Our troops fit for service numbered less than five thousand men, many of these hastily gathered militia, some of whom had never been under fire, but the warmth and comfort of the summer time, together with the good news from France, had inspired all with fresh courage. Whatever of dissension existed was only among the coteries of general officers, the men in the ranks being eager for battle, even though the odds were strong against us. There was no delay, no hitch in the promptness of advance. The department of the Quartermaster-General had every plan worked out in detail, and, within two days, the entire army had crossed the river, and pushed forward to within a few miles of Trenton. Morgan, with six hundred men, was hurried forward to the reinforcement of Maxwell, and, relieved from my duties at the ferry, I was permitted to join his column.

I know not when, during all my army life, I was more deeply impressed with the awful solemnity of war, than as I watched these volunteer soldiers land on the Jersey shore, and tramp away through the dust. In those ranks were sick and wounded scarcely able to keep up; occasionally one would crawl aside but the moment he was able would join some new body, and resume the march.

They were animated by a stern purpose which yielded power. Such as these were not to be trifled with. Others might scoff at their raggedness of line, their carelessness of discipline, their nondescript garments, and variety of equipment, but to one who had seen such in battle—who had had them with them at Trenton, Brandywine, and Germantown—they were warriors not to be despised, stern, grim fighters, able to hold their own against England's best drilled battalions. I watched them file past—Wayne's, Varnum's, Scott's brigades, and Jackson's and Grayson's regiments—marking the brown, dust-caked faces, the eager eyes, the sturdy, tireless tread, the well oiled muskets. Boys, men, graybeards, all alike exhibited in their faces the same expression. They were anticipating battle against a hated foe, and counted hardship as nothing compared with the joy of conflict. Every step brought them closer to the grapple of arms—to that supreme test of strength, courage, endurance, for which they had left their homes. They might be poorly drilled, ill-dressed, variously armed, yet these were fighting men.

It was midnight when Morgan led us up the steep bluff, and out upon the sandy road. We advanced silently, and in straggling column through the darkness, passing the embers of camp fires for several miles, the recumbent soldiery of other commands sleeping on the ground. At Hopewell, Washington was holding another council with his officers. As we swung past we could perceive his tall figure

standing in the glow of a fire, and there arose from the lips of our men a sudden, involuntary cheer, breaking strangely upon the solemn silence of the night. The group about him were startled and looked about, and he paused a moment shading his eyes.

"What troops are these?" he asked, his voice cutting across the distance. A hundred answered him:

"Morgan's riflemen!"

"Good, my lads!" and even at that distance I could see his face brighten. "There will be work for you at dawn." With a rolling cheer, echoing down our ranks from front to rear, we answered, swinging the guns over our heads, as we swept forward into the dark night. There might be discussion, dissension about that council fire, but there was none in the hearts of those who were going out to die. Already rumors were flying about regarding Lee's unwillingness to engage in battle. I saw him as I trudged past, standing beside Wayne, the firelight on his face, although his head was bowed. Even to our cheers he never once glanced up, and, as we passed beyond the radius of light, I laid my hand upon the mane of Morgan's horse.

"Is it true that Charles Lee thinks we should let Clinton go without fighting?" I asked soberly. "That was rumored at the ferry."

"'Tis enough," he answered, his eyes upon the dark column of plodding men. "And he seems to have others with him. I know not what has put the coward into the fellows of late. Saint Andrew! the odds are no greater than we have met before. But there'll be no fighting, lad, I fear, unless Washington takes the bit in his teeth and orders it. I'm glad the boys cheered him; 'twill give the man new heart."

"You favor the joining of issue?"

"Why not? Were we ever in better fettle? A retreating army is always half whipped, and we can choose our ground. Why, lad, 'tis reported Clinton's line stretches out full twelve miles, with train of baggage wagons and battery horses, and camp followers enough for a division. 'Twill be easy work attending to them, and most of his troops are Dutch and Tories."

By daylight we came up with the New Jersey militia, lying at rest along the bank of the Millstone river, waiting their turn to ford that stream, and join Maxwell on the opposite shore. From where I stood I could see the thin lines of Continentals spreading out like a fan, as the skirmishers advanced up the opposite bluffs. Down the trampled bank, men were struggling with a light battery, and suddenly in the press of figures I came upon Farrell. He was mud from head to foot, his face streaked with it, but he looked up with beaming eyes as I spoke his name, and our hands clasped.

"I thought you would be over there with Maxwell," he said, pointing across at the black dots, now clearly distinguishable in the glow of sunshine.

"I was left behind, and came up just now with Morgan," I replied. "But I am anxious enough to be with my own fellows. What means that skirmish line, Farrell? Are we already in touch with Clinton?"

He swept the hair out of his eyes with his great fist.

"No one knows exactly, but the British are not far off, and are headed this way. A scout came through with the news two hours ago—Clinton has taken the road to Monmouth." He chuckled grimly, glancing at my face, "And who think ye the lad was who told us?"

"Who?" my throat tightening.

"The same you was so anxious about a few days back."

"Mortimer! Eric Mortimer?"

"Aye, unless my eyes fail me already, it was the boy."

"You are sure? You saw him?"

"Well, I had a glimpse, as he came up the bank here from the ford, his horse dripping. It was dark still, and

God, and we'll have a go at the Redcoats. Lafayette commands the advance, and Wayne will be up within a few hours. We are to skirmish forward toward Monmouth Court House; Clinton has turned that way."

"You learned that from a scout?"

"Yes; he just came through; one of Charles Lee's men, I understood—a blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy, who said his name was Mortimer. He had ridden from Cookstown, and was reeling in the saddle, but would go on. Your men are over there, major, beyond the clump of timber. In my judgment we'll accomplish little today, for there is a heavy storm in those clouds yonder."

"How many men will we have when Wayne comes up?"

"About four thousand, with the militia. We are ordered to hang close to Clinton's left, while Morgan circles him to the right. 'Tis said the British have transports, at Sandy Hook, and are trying to get there; that was the word young Mortimer brought in."

The bath in the water seemed to have helped my horse, but I rode slowly up the valley toward the wood which served as my guide. Before I reached the skirmishers, great drops of rain fell, and then a downpour, utterly blotting out the landscape. Lightning flashed, the thunder unrelenting, the rain a flood, water leaped down the side of the hill cascades, and, blinded, I drew my horse back into the slight shelter of the wood, and waited, gripping him by the bit. Men ran back down the hill, seeking shelter from the fury of it, and I bent my head, soaked to the skin. For the first time I realized how tired I was, every muscle aching with the strain of the long night's march, my head throbbing from the awful heat of the early morning. I sat down in the mud and water; my arm through the bridle rein, my head against the trunk of a tree, which partially protected my face from the beating rain. But there was no sleep possible.

My mind pictured the field of action, reviewed the events leading up to this hour, and, as surely, reverted to Claire Mortimer. I had almost forgotten the sturdy downpour so intensely I was thinking, when a courier came spurting forward, blinded by the storm, yet riding recklessly. He must have seen the group of men huddled at the edge of the grove, for he drew up his horse, calling my name.

"Major Lawrence, I come from General Maxwell," he shouted between the crashes of thunder. "You are given command of the right of the line, and will press on regardless of the storm until the enemy is met in force. Dragoons have been seen two miles east. You understand, sir?"

"Yes," leading forth my horse, "Come on, lads, it's the top of the hill! What about the artillery?"

"We may not be able to move the guns," he answered, "but you are to keep your powder as dry as possible and hold Clinton to the road. Dry powder will be sent as soon as the storm breaks. That's all, sir."

I could scarce see the fellow as his horse whirled, and went splashing down the slope. Through the mist of rain the men gathered about were mere blotches.

"All right, you water-rats, come on!" I sang out cheerfully. "We'll give the Redcoats the butts of our guns anyhow."

There was a faint cheer as the drenched figures sprang forward racing after me. Twice we ran up against small parties of horsemen, exchanging shots, but these fell back, leaving the road clear. By dark we were at Englishtown, hungry and thoroughly worn out, and there we halted, sleeping upon our arms. All I had in my haversack was a single hard biscuit, after munching which I lay down upon the ground and fell instantly asleep.

CHAPTER XXV.

The Fight at Monmouth.

The next day—Sunday, the twenty-eighth of June, 1778—dawned with cloudless sky, hot, sultry, the warmest day of the year. Not a breath of air stirred the leaves, and in the tree branches above us birds sang gleefully. Before daybreak we, who had been permitted to sleep for a few hours, were aroused by the sentries, and, in the gray dawn, partook of a meager breakfast. A fresh supply of ammunition was brought up and distributed among the men, and, before sunrise, we were in line, stripped for a hot day's work, eagerly awaiting orders.

I can make no pretense at describing in any detail, or sequence, the memorable action at Monmouth Court House, but must content myself with depicting what little I saw upon the firing line of Maxwell's brigade. We advanced slowly eastward over a gently rolling country, diversified by small groves. In advance was a thin line of skirmishers, and to left and right were Dickinson's and Wayne's men, their muskets gleaming in the sunlight. Early the rumor crept about among us that Lee had come up during the night with fresh troops, and assumed command.

Who led us was of but small consequence, however, as there was now no doubt in any mind but what battle was inevitable. Already to the south echoed a sound of firing where Morgan had uncovered a column of Dragoons. Then a courier from Dickinson dashed along our rear seeking Lee, scattering broadcast the welcome news that Knyphausen and his Hessians, the van of the British movement, were approaching. With a cheer of anticipation, the soldiers fung aside every article possible to discard, and pressed recklessly forward. Before we moved a mile my horse became so lame, I was obliged to dismount, and proceed on foot. Never have I experienced a hotter sun, or a more sultry

air. Rapid marching was impossible, yet by nine o'clock we had passed the Freehold meeting house, and were halted in the protection of a considerable wood, the men dropping to the ground in the grateful shadow. Maxwell came along back of our line, his horse walking slowly, as the general mopped his streaming red face. He failed to recognize me among the others until I stepped out into the boiling sun, and spoke:

"What is that firing to the right, general? Are the Jersey militia in action?"

He drew up his horse with a jerk. "That you, Lawrence? Can't tell anybody in this shirt-sleeve brigade. What's become of your horse?"

"Gave out yesterday, sir. Have been on foot ever since. Is it going to be a fight?"

The grip of his hand tightened on the saddle pommel, his eyes following the irregular line of exhausted men.

"Yes, when Washington gets up, you need never doubt that. We'd be at it now, but for Charles Lee. I'd like well to know what has come over that man of late—the old spirit seems to have left him. Aye! It's Dickinson and Morgan out yonder, wasting good powder and ball on a handful of Dra-



We Were but a Handful—a Single Thin Line.

goons. Wayne has been ordered forward, and then back, until he is too mad to swear, and I am but little better. By the Eternal! you should have heard Lafayette, when he begged permission to send us in. 'Sir, said Lee, 'you do not know British soldiers; we cannot stand against them; we shall certainly be driven back at first, and must be cautious.' Returned the Frenchman: 'It may be so, general; but British soldiers have been beaten, and may be again; at any rate I am disposed to make the trial.'"

"'Tis not Nke General Lee," I broke in. "He has ever been a reckless fighter. Has the man lost his wits?"

Maxwell leaned over, so his words should not carry beyond my ear.

"'Tis envy of Washington, to my mind," he said soberly. "He has opposed every plan in council, imagining, no doubt, a failure of campaign may make him the commander-in-chief. There comes a courier now."

The fellow was sp streaked with dust as to be scarcely recognizable, and he wiped the perspiration from his eyes to stare into our faces.

"General Maxwell?"

"Yes; what is it?"

"Compliments of General Lee, sir, and you will retire your troops toward the Freehold Meeting House, forming connection there with General Scott."

"Retreat! Good God, man! we haven't fired a shot."

"Those were the orders, sir. It that Scott, over yonder?"

Maxwell nodded, too angered for words. Then, as the courier galloped away, turned in his saddle.

"By heaven! I suppose we must do it, Lawrence. But what folly! What asinine! We've got the Redcoats hemmed in, and did you ever see a better field? Pray God I may hear Washington when he comes up. I'd rather be dead then, than Charles Lee."

"We gave the orders, and the men fell back sullenly, sweating fiercely as they caught the rebellious spirit of their officers. Scarcely able to breathe in the hot, stagnant air, caked with foul mud to the waist, we attained the higher ground, and dropped helpless. Even from here the enemy were invisible, although we could see the smoke of their guns, and hear distant crackle of musketry. I sat up, staring through the heat waves toward the eminence on the left where Wayne's men remained, showing dimly against the trees. A group of horsemen were riding down the slope, heading toward our line. As they came into the sandy plain below and skirted the morass, I recognized Lee in advance, mounted on a black horse flecked with foam. Twice he paused, gazing across the hills through leveled field glasses, and then rode up the steep ascent to our rear. Maxwell met him not twenty feet from where I lay.

"What does this mean, sir?" Lee thundered hoarsely. "Why are your men lying straggled about in this unsoldierly manner, General Maxwell?"

"Are you unaware, sir, that we are in the presence of the enemy?"

Maxwell's face fairly blazed, as he straightened in the saddle, but before his lips could form an answer, a sudden cheer burst out from the crest of the hill, and I saw men leaping to their feet, and waving their hats. The next instant across the summit came Washington, a dozen officers clattering behind, his face stern-set and white, as he rode straight toward Lee.

"What is the meaning of this retreat, General Lee? My God, sir, how

do you account for such disorder and confusion?" he exclaimed, his voice ringing above the uproar, his angry eyes blazing into Lee's face. "Answer me."

The other muttered some reply I failed to catch.

"That's not true," returned Washington, every word stinging like a whip. "It was merely a covering party which attacked you. Why did you accept command, sir, unless you intend to fight?"

"I did not deem it prudent, General Washington, to bring on a general engagement."

"You were to obey my orders, sir, and you know what they were. See! They are coming now!"

He wheeled his horse about, pointing with one hand across the valley.

"Major Cain, have Oswald bring up his guns at once; Lieutenant McNeill, ride to Ramsey and Stewart; have their troops on the ridge within ten minutes—General Maxwell, these are your men?"

"They are, sir."

"Hold this line at any cost, the reserves will be up presently."

As he drew his horse about he again came face to face with Lee, who sat his saddle sullenly, his gaze on the ground. Washington looked at him a moment, evidently not knowing what to say. Then he asked quietly:

"Will you retain command on this height, or, not, sir?"

"It is equal to me where I command."

"Then I expect you will take proper means for checking the enemy."

"I shall not be the first to leave the ground; your orders shall be obeyed."

What followed was but a medley of sight and sound. I saw Washington ride to the left; heard Lee give a hurried order, or two; then I was at the rear of our own line strengthening it for assault. There was little enough time left.

Under the smoke of several batteries, whose shells were ripping open the side of the hill, the British were advancing in double line, the sun gleaming on their bayonets, and revealing the uniforms of different corps.

"Steady, men! Steady!" voice after voice caught up the command. "Hold your fire!"

"Wait until they reach that fallen tree!" I added.

Every man of us had a gun, officers, all. Coats as though we came from the haying field, the perspiration streaming down our faces, we waited. The rifle barrels glowed brown in the sun, as the keen eyes took careful sight. We were but a handful, a single thin line; if the reserves failed we would be driven back by mere force of numbers, yet before we went that slope should be strewn with dead. Crashing up from the rear came Oswald with two guns, wheeling into position, the depressed muzzles spouting destruction. Yet those red and blue lines came on; great openings were ploughed through them, but the living mass closed up. They were at the fallen tree, beyond, when we poured our volleys into their very faces. We saw them waver as that storm of lead struck; the center seemed to give way, leaving behind a ridge of motionless bodies; then it surged forward again, led by a waving flag, urged on by gesticulating officers.

"The cavalry! The cavalry!"

They were coming around the end of the morass, charging full tilt upon the right of our line. I saw that end crumble up, and, a moment later, scarcely realizing what had occurred we were racing backward, firing as we ran, and stumbling over dead bodies.

Maxwell rallied us beyond the causeway, swearing manfully as he drove us into position behind a low stone wall. Again and again they charged us, the artillery fire shattering the wall into fragments. Twice we came to bayonets and clubbed guns, battling hand to hand, and Wayne was forced so far back upon the left, that we were driven into the edge of the wood for protection. But there we held, out front a blaze of fire. It seemed to me the horror of that struggle would never end. Such heat, such thirst, the black powder smoke in our nostrils, the dead under foot, the cries of the wounded, the incessant roar of the guns. Again and again it was hand to hand; I could scarcely tell who faced us, so fierce the melee, so suffocating the smoke; I caught glimpses of British Grenadiers, of Hessians, of Queen's Rangers. Once I thought I heard Grant's nasal voice amid the infernal uproar. Stewart and Ramsey came to our support; Oswald got his guns upon an eminence, opening a deadly fire; Livingston's regiment charged, and, with a cheer, we leaped forward also, mad with the battle fever, and flung them back, back down that deadly slope. It was not in flesh and blood to stand; we cut the center like a wedge, and drove them pell-mell to where Lee had been in the morning. Here they rallied, flanked by thick woods and morasses. Too exhausted to follow, our men sank breathless to the ground.

It was already sunset, and our work done. The artillery still already, and I could see long lines of troops—Poor's and the Carolina brigade—moving to the right. Night came on, however, without more fighting, and, as soon as we had recovered sufficiently, we devoted ourselves to the care of the wounded.

fought, their guns beside them. The night was clear and hot, scarcely a breath of air moving. Here and there against the sky-line passed the dark silhouette of a sentinel. There was no sound of firing only an occasional footfall to break the silence of the night. The wounded had been taken to the field hospitals at the rear; down in our front lay the bodies of the dead, and among these shone the dim lights of lanterns where the last remaining parties were yet busy at their gruesome task. I was weary enough to sleep, every muscle of my body aching with fatigue, but the excitement of the day, the possibility of the morrow, left me restless. I had received no wound, other than a slight thrust with a bayonet, yet felt as though pummeled from head to foot. The victory was ours—the army realized this truth clearly enough; we had repulsed the red-coats, driven them back with terrible losses; we had seen their lines shrivel up under our fire, officers and men falling, and the remnant fleeing in disorder. It meant nothing now that a force outnumbering us yet remained intact, and in strong position. Flushed with victory, knowing now we could meet the best of them, we longed for the morrow to dawn so we might complete the task.

I reviewed the vivid incidents of the day, looking up at the stars, and wondered who among those I knew were yet living, who were dead. I thought of others in those lines of the enemy, whom I had known, speculating on their fate. Then along our rear came a horseman or two, riding slowly. A sentry halted them, and I arose on one elbow to listen.

"Lawrence? Yes, sir, Major Lawrence is lying over there by the scrub oak."

I got to my feet, as the first rider approached.

"This you, Lawrence?" asked a voice I instantly recognized as Hamilton's. "You fellows all look alike tonight. Where is your horse, major?"

"I have been on foot all day, sir," I answered saluting.

"Ah, indeed; well, you will have need for a horse tonight. Wainwright," turning to the man with him, "is your mount fresh?"

"Appears to be, sir; belonged to a British dragoon this morning."

"Let Major Lawrence have him. Major, ride with me."

We passed back slowly enough toward the rear of the troops, through the field hospitals, and along the edge of a wood, where a battery of artillery was encamped. We rode boot to boot, and Hamilton spoke earnestly.

"The battle is practically won, Lawrence, in spite of Charles Lee," he said soberly. "Of course there will be fighting tomorrow, but we shall have the red-coats well penned in before daybreak, and have already captured ammunition enough to make us easy on that score. Poor, and the Carolina men, are over yonder, while Woodford is moving his command to the left. At dawn we'll crush Clinton into fragments. Washington wants to send a despatch through to Arnold in Philadelphia, and I recommended you, as you know the road. He remembered your service before, and was kind enough to say you were the very man. You'll go gladly?"

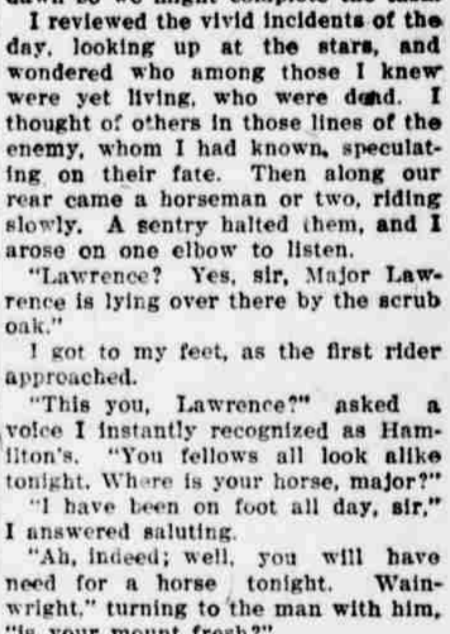
"I should prefer to lead my own men tomorrow, sir."

"Pshaw! I doubt if we have more than a skirmish. Sir Henry will see his predicament fast enough. Then there will be nothing left to do, but guard prisoners."

"Very well, colonel; I am ready to serve wherever needed."

"Of course you are, man. There should not be much danger connected with this trip, although there will be stragglers in plenty. I'm told that Clinton lost more than three hundred deserters crossing Camden."

Headquarters were in a single-roomed cabin at the edge of a ravine. A squad of cavalrymen were in front, their horses tied to a rail fence, but within Washington was alone, except for a single aide, writing at a rude table in the light of a half-dozen



Pardon Me, Sir, but There Are Horsemen Ahead.

candles. He glanced up, greeting us with a slight inclination of the head.

"A moment, gentlemen."

He wrote slowly, as though framing his sentences with care, occasionally questioning the aide. Once he paused, and glanced across at Hamilton.

"Colonel, do you know a dragoon named Mortimer?"

"I have no recollection of ever having met the man, sir. I have written him orders, however; he is a scout attached to General Lee's headquarters."

"Yes; I recall the name. He is the one who brought us our first definite information this morning of Clinton's position. I remember now, you were not with me when he rode up—a young, slender lad, with the face of a girl. I could but notice his eyes; they were as soft and blue as violets! Well, an hour ago he came here for

Glorious News

comes from Dr. J. T. Curtiss, Dwight, Kan. He writes: "I not only have cured bad cases of eczema in my patients with Electric Bitters, but also cured myself by them of the same disease. I feel sure they will benefit any case of eczema." This shows what thousands have proved, that Electric Bitters is a most effective blood purifier. Its an excellent remedy for eczema, tetter, salt rheum, ulcers, boils and running sores. It stimulates liver, kidneys and bowels, expels poison, helps digestion, builds up the strength. Price 50 cts. Satisfaction guaranteed by Jas. R. Walton.

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He Went by Me, Digging His Horse With His Spurs and Lying Close.

he only stopped to ask the road. I knew the voice, and the form—the lad is as slender as a girl—then he went by me, digging his horse with the spurs, and lying close. He had a Dragoon's cape flapping from his shoulders, but 'twas the boy all right. Ah! there go the guns up the bank. Now, perhaps, they'll let me take my fighting dogs across."

The way was open for me, at least, and I swung up into the saddle, and drove my horse down the slippery shore into the water. The stream was not deep, although the current flowed swiftly, and a moment later I had found Maxwell.

"Yes," he said to my first question, "we are going to fight, although it may not be anything more serious than skirmishing today. Washington has decided in spite of Lee, thank

CHAPTER XXV.

The Fight at Monmouth.

The next day—Sunday, the twenty-eighth of June, 1778—dawned with cloudless sky, hot, sultry, the warmest day of the year. Not a breath of air stirred the leaves, and in the tree branches above us birds sang gleefully. Before daybreak we, who had been permitted to sleep for a few hours, were aroused by the sentries, and, in the gray dawn, partook of a meager breakfast. A fresh supply of ammunition was brought up and distributed among the men, and, before sunrise, we were in line, stripped for a hot day's work, eagerly awaiting orders.

I can make no pretense at describing in any detail, or sequence, the memorable action at Monmouth Court House, but must content myself with depicting what little I saw upon the firing line of Maxwell's brigade. We advanced slowly eastward over a gently rolling country, diversified by small groves. In advance was a thin line of skirmishers, and to left and right were Dickinson's and Wayne's men, their muskets gleaming in the sunlight. Early the rumor crept about among us that Lee had come up during the night with fresh troops, and assumed command.

Who led us was of but small consequence, however, as there was now no doubt in any mind but what battle was inevitable. Already to the south echoed a sound of firing where Morgan had uncovered a column of Dragoons. Then a courier from Dickinson dashed along our rear seeking Lee, scattering broadcast the welcome news that Knyphausen and his Hessians, the van of the British movement, were approaching. With a cheer of anticipation, the soldiers fung aside every article possible to discard, and pressed recklessly forward. Before we moved a mile my horse became so lame, I was obliged to dismount, and proceed on foot. Never have I experienced a hotter sun, or a more sultry

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Road to Philadelphia.

It must have been 10 o'clock, and, if I had slept at all, I was scarcely conscious of it. All about me the men lay outstretched upon the ground, still in their shirt-sleeves, as they had

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a favor; it seems the boy is a son of Colonel Mortimer, of the queen's rangers.

"Indeed; Wayne reported the colonel killed in front of his lines."
"Not killed, but seriously wounded. The son asked permission to take him home to a place called Elmhurst near Laurel Hill."

"I know the plantation, sir," I said, my interest causing me to interrupt. "It is on the Medford road."
"Ah, you have met the lad, possibly, major," and he turned his face toward me. "The boy interested me greatly."

"No, sir; I endeavored to find him at Lee's headquarters, but failed. I have met his father and sister."
"A lovely girl, no doubt?"
"To my mind, yes, sir."

His grave face lighted with a sudden smile.
"I sometimes imagine, Colonel Hamilton," he said quietly, "that this unhappy war might be very pleasantly concluded if we could only turn our young officers over to the ladies of the enemy. Would such a plan meet with your approval, major?"

"I should prefer it to the present method."
"No doubt, and Mistress Mortimer?—But let that pass, until we had council of war upon the subject. Just now we shall have to be content with the more ordinary plans of campaign. I gave the boy permission to remove his father, and they are upon the road ere this. I would that all the British wounded had homes close at hand. You have informed the major of his mission. I presume, Hamilton, and there is nothing I need add."

"He understands clearly, sir."
"Then I will complete the letter. Be seated, gentlemen."

He wrote for several minutes steadily, once pausing to consult a map, signed the paper, and enclosed it in another sheet, across which he scratched a line of address.

"You will deliver this to General Arnold in person, major; do not spare horse-flesh. You were in the action today?"

"With Maxwell's brigade."
"That was a hard fight along the stone wall; you came out unhurt?"
"A slight bayonet wound, sir; nothing to incapacitate me from duty."

"Very well; take ten dragoons as escort. Hamilton will write you an order. I have told Arnold our victory is practically complete. Clinton may slip away in the night, for he is a wily old fox, but he has lost his power to injure us in the Jerseys. I hope to bottle him up before morning, so that any retreat will be impossible, but even if he succeeds in getting his army to the transports at Sandy Hook, he has lost prestige, and the victory is ours. Good-bye, major, and the Lord guard you on your journey."

Ten minutes later, mounted on a rangy sorrel, my dragoon escort trotting behind, I rode south on the Plainsboro road, as swiftly as its terrible condition would warrant.

The evidences of war, the wreckage of battle, were everywhere. Several times we were compelled to leap the stone walls to permit the passage of marching troops being hurried to some new position; several batteries passed us, rumbling grimly through the night, and a squadron of horse galloped by, the troopers greeting us with shouts of inquiry.

We took to the fields, but, as there seemed no end to the procession, I turned my horse's head eastward, confident we were already beyond the British rear-guard, and struck out across country for another north and south road. We advanced now at a swift trot, the sound of our horses' hoofs on the soft turf almost the only noise, and, within an hour, came again to parallel fences, and a well travelled road.

This was the road running a mile, or so, to the west of Elmhurst. It led as straight as any, toward Philadelphia, but whatever stragglers the British army had left behind would be found along here. However, they would probably be scattered fugitives, unwilling to interfere with as strong an armed party as this of mine. If I was alone it would be safer to turn aside. Then, it was a strong temptation to me to pass thus close to Elmhurst. It would be after daylight when we reached there; I might even get a glimpse across the apple orchard of the great white house. Would Claire be there? It seemed to me quite probable, as Eric was taking the wounded colonel home for nursing. The girl's face rose before me against the black night, and my heart beat fast. When I came back, I would ride to Elmhurst—surely she would be there then. The sergeant touched my arm.

"Pardon me, sir, but there are horsemen ahead."
"Indeed? I was lost in thought, Conroy. Coming this way?"
"No, sir, they seem to be traveling south slowly. I noticed them first as we turned the corner back there; I could see outlines against the sky."

"How large a party? They form merely a lumping shadow to my eyes."
"Not more than three or four, sir, with a covered rig of some kind. They're halted, now; heard us coming, I reckon."

I could perceive the little group, but merely as a black smudge. Then a mounted figure seemed to detach itself from the darkness, and advance toward us.

"Halt your men, sergeant," I said quietly. "I'll ride forward and learn what the fellow wants."

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Escort.

The figure of the man approaching was hardly distinguishable, as he appeared to be leaning well forward over

the saddle pommel, yet my eyes caught the glimmer of a star along a pistol barrel, and I drew up cautiously, loosening my own weapon.

"Who comes?" he questioned shortly, the low voice vibrant. "Speak quick!"
"An officer with dispatches," I answered promptly, "riding to Philadelphia—and you?"

"We are taking a wounded man home," was the reply, the speaker riding forward. "Are you Continental?"
"Yes, Major Lawrence, of Maxwell's Brigade."

"Oh!" the exclamation was half-mothered, the rider drawing up his horse quickly. I could distinguish the outline of his form now, the straight, slender figure of a boy, wearing the tight jacket of a dragoon, the face shadowed by a broad hat brim.

"Unless I mistake," I ventured cordially, "you must be Eric Mortimer."
"Why do you suppose that?"
"Because while at General Washington's headquarters he mentioned that you had asked permission to take your father—Colonel Mortimer, of the Queen's Rangers—to his home at Elmhurst. You left, as I understand, an hour or two ahead of us. Am I right?"

"Yes, sir; this is Colonel Mortimer's party."
"Then we will pass on without detaining you longer, as we ride in haste. I met your father once; may I ask if his wound is serious?"

"Serious, yes, but not mortal; he was shot in the right side when Monkton fell. His horse was hit at the same time, and the animal's death struggles nearly killed his rider. The surgeon says he may be lame for life."

I reached out my hand, and with just an instant's hesitation, he returned the clasp warmly.

"My father is suffering too much for me to ask that you speak to him, Major Lawrence," he said a little stiffly. "Perhaps later, at Elmhurst."

"I understand perfectly," I interrupted. "I am very glad to have met you. We shall ride within a short distance of Elmhurst. Shall I leave word there that you are coming?"

"Oh, no," quickly, his horse taking a step backward, as though to a sudden tug of the rein. "That would be useless, as there is no one there."
"Indeed! I thought possibly your sister."

The lad shook his head, glancing toward the carriage. The slight motion made me think again of the wounded man we were detaining, and reminding me as well of my own duty.

"Then good-night, sir. Sergeant, we will trot on."
The lad touched my sleeve, even as I pricked my horse with the spur, and I drew the rein taut in surprise.

"What is it?"
"Could you send your men forward, and ride with me a moment? You could catch up with them easily within a mile or two. I—I have a word I wish to say to you—alone."

The voice was low, tremulous; the request one I saw no reason to refuse.

"Why, certainly. Sergeant, take your men down the road at an easy trot. I will join you presently."
They went by us like shadows, leaving a cloud of dust behind. The boy spoke a brief word to those in charge of the carriage, and it also began to move slowly forward.

"We will go ahead," he said, suiting the action to the word. "What I wish to say will not take long."

Within a minute, riding side by side, our horses walking rapidly, we were out of sight of the lumping shadow of the ambulance. I glanced aside curiously at my companion, noting the outlines of his slender, erect figure, wondering vaguely what his message could be. Had Claire spoken to him of me? Was he going to tell me about his sister? We must have ridden a quarter of a mile before he broke the silence.

"Major Lawrence," he began, and I noticed the face was not turned toward me. "I am sure you are not deceived, although you act the part well."

"I hardly understand."
"Oh, but I am sure you do. I—I could not permit you to go away despising me."
"But, my boy, this is a mystery—"
"Do you mean to insist you do not know—have not recognized me?"
"—What can you mean?"

"Merely that I am Claire Mortimer," and lifting the hat, the young officer was revealed in the dim light, as my lady. "Surely you know?"
"But I did not," I insisted, earnestly, recovering from my surprise, and leaning forward to look into her face.

"Why should I? General Washington told me it was Eric who came for his father. Why should I suspect in this darkness?"

"I—I represented myself as Eric," she stammered.

"And was it you also who rode into our lines yesterday, telling of Clinton's whereabouts?"
"Yes," hesitatingly, her eyes lifting to my face.

"But you must listen to me, Major Lawrence; you must learn why I did so unwomanly an act."
"First answer one question."
"Gladly."
"Is there an Eric Mortimer?"
"There is," she answered frankly; "my brother. It was for his sake I did all this."

A moment I sat in my saddle silently, our horses walking side by side through the night, while I endeavored to grasp the meaning of her confession. I knew that she was riding bare-headed, her face turned away.

"Go on," I said at last, "tell me the whole story."
"I will," firmly, her head uplifted. "I was tempted to do so at Elmhurst, but something seemed to seal my lips. There is now no longer any excuse for silence. I—I wish you to know, and, then, perhaps, you may feel more kindly disposed toward me."

"Your father is aware—"
"No, not even father. He is scarcely conscious of what is going on about him. Peter knows, and Tonepah," with a wave of her hand into the dark shadows.

"They are with you, then—keeping guard over him?"
"Yes; they have known from the beginning; not everything, of course, for that was not necessary. Peter is an old servant, silent and trustworthy. He would never question an act of mine, while the Indian has reason to be grateful and loyal to me. Whatever indiscretion, Major Lawrence, I may have been guilty of, I have gone nowhere unaccompanied by these two. You will believe that?"

"Yes, and whatever else you tell me."
"That, now, must necessarily be the entire story. As I proceed you will be convinced, I think, that only a true confidence in you would enable me to speak with such frankness. I—I know of no one else in whom I could confide, and—and the time has come when I must have help—the help of a friend. I should have explained to my father—indeed intended to do so—but now he is helpless to aid me. There is no one else I feel able to trust. I—I you were in my thought to-night; I—I am not sure I did not even pray for your coming, and—and then God sent you."

My hand sought hers, and held it against my horse's mane.

"Tell it in your own way, dear," I whispered.

She flashed one glance into my face, leaving her hand in mine, while our horses took a dozen strides.

"It will not take long," she began, in so low a voice, that I leaned forward to listen, "and you already know many of the characters and can judge their motives. I have been strangely situated since the commencement of this war, only, surely ours is not the only family divided in its loyalty. My father was a King's officer, and felt it his duty to serve the crown. While he has said little, yet I know that down in his heart his sympathies have been with the Colonies. Those of my brother were openly from the start, and my father has never attempted to interfere with his actions. They talked it all over together, and Eric chose his own course. Only Alfred Grant made trouble, presuming on what he termed our engagement, and endeavored to force my brother to join the King's troops. The two quarreled bitterly, and Eric, a hot-headed boy, struck him. Grant has never forgiven that blow, nor Eric's influence over me. To the latter he attributes my dislike—yet this was not true; it was because as I grew older I realized the ill character of the man."

She paused a moment, gathering the threads of thought more closely. I did not speak, preferring she should tell the story in her own way.

"The two did not meet after that for many months. The Queen's Rangers, in which regiment my father secured Grant a commission, were in New York, while Eric was stationed up the river with Morgan's riflemen. When New Jersey was invaded, both commands came south, and, because of Eric's knowledge of this country, he was detailed as scout. This reckless life was greatly to his liking; I saw him occasionally by appointment, usually at Elmhurst, and became aware that his old quarrel with Captain Grant was seemingly forgotten. There appeared to be some understanding, some special connection between them. They met once, at least, and I delivered one note between them."

"Perhaps I can explain that later," I interrupted, "from something mentioned at Lee's headquarters."
"You! Oh, I wish you could, for their relationship has mystified me; has made me afraid something might be wrong with—with Eric."

"I think not, dear; say rather with Grant."
"If that be so, then it may prove the key to all the mystery. What made their intimacy so difficult to understand was that I knew the captain's dislike of Eric had in no way diminished. He spoke of him as savagely as ever."

"Perhaps he played a part—his ultimate purpose revenge."
"It might be that—yes, it might be that, and—and the consummation of that revenge may account for all which has occurred. But I must go on with what I had to tell."

I had forgotten the passage of time, the men riding steadily in advance, constantly increasing their distance, even the possible importance of the dispatch within my jacket pocket. The

evident distress of the girl riding beside me, whose tale, I felt sure, would fully justify her strange masquerade in male garments, her risk of life and exposure to disgrace in midst of fighting armies, held me neglectful of all else. I realized that, whatever the cause, I had unconsciously become a part of its development, and that I was destined now to be even more deeply involved. Whatever the mystery, I must solve it for her sake. My hand again sought hers, holding it in firm clasp. There was a sound of hoofs on the dusty road behind us.

"It is Peter," she whispered. "What can have happened!"
The rider barely paused, turning his horse's head even as he spoke hastily.

"Captain Grant is with the ambulance, Mistress Claire," he reported. "He came up alone about five minutes ago."

(To be Continued.)

County News Items

Interesting Facts Gathered During the Week by Our Regular Correspondents.

Whitman.

Hello Mr. Editor and Chats. After an absence of three weeks I will step in for a short chat.

Mrs. Lawson visited Mrs. Wilkerson Sunday of last week.

Mrs. Mosier of Rule visited her daughter, Mrs. Jim Ferrell, Friday and Saturday.

Miss Lina Smith spent Wednesday night with Miss Beulah Hayes.

Bro. Griffin organized a Free Will Baptist church with about twelve members and he will preach every 4th Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Lome Bledsoe spent Sunday with Miss Alice Adams.

Bro. O. M. Addison of Pinkerton spent a short while with G. L. Hayes Monday.

Robert Hayes is spending a while in Bell county.

Sam Cearley has returned home from Waco.

Paul Frierson and wife visited Mr. Bledsoe and family Saturday night.

C. C. Burson and wife are visiting relatives in Bell county.

Mose Hayes of Rose visited his father, G. L. Hayes, Saturday.

The entertainment at Mr. Eastland's Friday night was enjoyed by a large crowd. All reported a time.

Mrs. Clyde Williams visited Mrs. Eastland Sunday afternoon.

G. L. Hayes and wife visited S. M. Leflar Sunday eve.

Jim Ferrell and wife visited in Rule Sunday.

Hilery Stone, Henry Smith, Tom McNeeley, Misses Lina Smith, Beulah, Alice and Effie Hayes and Minnie McNeeley visited at Mr. Bledsoe's Sunday of last week.

As news is scarce I will be going and leave room for better writers. Good luck to all.

Rose Bud.

Powell Chapel.

Dear Editor and Chats. How are you all standing this warm weather. Goodness! Isn't it hot for cotton picking? Most everybody is picking cotton these days.

Mrs. Munn and sister are visiting Hardy Porterfield and wife this week.

Arthur Barton and Miss Laura Odom spent last Sunday with relatives at Cottonwood, also Elmer Gardner.

Ed Odom and wife and mother, E. C. Odom and son spent the day at Mrs. M. Powell's Sunday.

Mrs. Jake Hemphill was shopping in Haskell Monday morning.

Mr. Thompkins called on Ed Odom Monday morning on business.

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

Miss Hazel Powell spent Wednesday night with her sister, Mrs. Mettie Odom.

Mrs. Odom and sons, Adam and Ben, and Elmer Gardner returned to their home in Nolan county last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Odom's baby is quite sick this week.

G. F. Wood and family have moved back to Haskell and are

picking cotton for J. B. Thompkins. They say the crops are very good in Nolan county.

Mrs. Bertha Horn and children spent Sunday with her mother, Mrs. Powell.

Misses Josie and Hazel Powell visited Miss Ruth Walden Monday eve.

As news is scarce I will be going. Old Sport.

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

Roberts Locals.

Hello, how are you all enjoying this blustry weather? Health of the community is good at present.

Cotton picking is the order of the day.

Several of the Roberts people attended the unvelving at Haskell Sunday.

Mrs. J. A. Mapes and children spent Sunday with her son, Ed Mapes and family.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Atchison spent Saturday night at Mr. Cobbs.

Miss Lillie Roberts and sister, Rosa, took dinner with Miss Willie King Sunday.

Misses Ivy Mapes, Cortez Atchison, Myrtle and Docia Wheatley spent Sunday with the Misses Woolsey's.

Frank Lewellen and Willie Wallace spent Sunday with Erwin McDaniel.

Tommie Mapes and Richard Giles had business in Haskell Sunday morning.

Collin McCullough spent Sunday with Jim Wheatley.

Yes, Vidette, we ate a watermelon about the size of your fist in the cotton patch the other day. Ha, ha, he, ha, ha.

Mrs. Alverine Merchant and baby spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Lou Atchison.

J. P. Wheatley and wife spent Sunday eve with Roy Weaver and wife.

Mrs. Eula Mapes spent Sunday eve with Mrs. Rena Mapes.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Weaver are the proud parents of a fine girl.

Well as news is scarce I will be going.

Two Jolly School Girls.

HASKELL DRUGGIST

DESERVES PRAISE

The Corner Drug Store deserves praise from Haskell people for introducing here the simple buckthorn bark and glycerine mixture, known as Adler-ka. This simple German remedy first became famous by curing appendicitis and it has now been discovered that A SINGLE DOSE relieves sour stomach, gas on the stomach and constipation INSTANTLY. It is the only remedy which never fails.

Kirkdale.

Hello Editor and Chats. Health in our community is good at present.

Mr. I. W. Kirkpatrick and wife called on Mr. W. R. Hunt and wife Tuesday afternoon.

Mrs. Ada Stodghill and children spent Saturday eve with Mrs. Bessie Leonard eve.

Mrs. Newberry and daughter, Mrs. Herley Howard and baby spent Thursday with Mrs. Ada Stodghill.

Mrs. Viola Stodghill called on Mrs. Bessie Leonard Sunday evening.

Mr. G. W. Brown and wife of Plainview who have been visiting the latter's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Hunt of this place returned to their home Monday.

Mrs. C. J. McLeroy and children spent Sunday eve with Mrs. Bessie Leonard.

Mrs. Ed McNeil had business in Haskell Saturday.

Mrs. Lyle spent the day with

Mrs. W. R. Hunt Wednesday.

Mrs. Allie Bunch and daughter, Miss Lila, of Haskell took dinner with Mrs. M. L. Hunt Thursday.

Brooker Hunt, G. W. Brown and daughter, Grace and Misses Ruth and Bertha Hunt spent a short while at Mr. Kennedy's Saturday night.

Earl McNeil and Brooker Hunt had business in the city Monday.

Well as news is scarce I will be going. Vidette.

Cold Blooded and Death Dealing

Chills: Rev. James Reed, Gainesville, Texas wrote: "I have used your Cheatham's Chill Tonic in my family and can recommend it to everyone affected with Chills and Fever. It cured when various other remedies failed." As a tonic for invalids and feeble persons it has no equal. Any one buying this medicine and not pleased with it will get their money back on request. Price 50c. Sold by all dealers. Prepared only by A. B. Richards Medicine Co., Sherman, Texas.

The Reason.

Mrs. Ware rang the bell at the home of rich Mrs. Smith.

"Is Mrs. Smith at home?" she asked of the negro girl who opened the door.

"No'm," grinned the darkey, "she say she ain't at home."

"Mrs. Smith Senior," queried the caller.

"Yes'm, she seen yeh. Dat's de reason she say she ain't at home."

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.

His Peculiarity.

"You must find that impediment in your speech rather inconvenient at times, Mr. B—?"

"Oh, no; everybody has his little peculiarity. S-stammering is m-m-mine. What is yours?"

"Well, really, I am not aware that I have any."

"D-do you stir y-your tea with your right hand?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"W-well, that is y-your peculiarity; most people u-use a spoon."

An article that has real merit should in time become popular. That such is the case with Chamberlain's Cough Remedy has been attested by many dealers. Here is one of them. H. W. Hendrickson, Ohio Falls, Ind., writes, "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best for coughs, colds and croup, and is my best seller." For sale by all dealers.

Easy Enough.

There were twin boys in the Murphy family. At six months of age they were as much alike as two peas. Neighbors often wondered how Mrs. Murphy knew them apart. One day Mrs. O'Flaherty said to her: "Foine pair o' boys ye've got, Mrs. Murphy, but how do yez iver tell them apart?" "Faith, an' thot's easy, Mrs. O'Flaherty," replied Mrs. Murphy; "I puts me finger in Dinny's' mouth an' if he boites it's Moike."

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

National Bank of Commerce, Toledo, O.

A Horrible Example.

"Willie," said the mother sorrowfully, "every time you are naughty I get another gray hair."

"Gee!" said Willie, "you must have been a terror. Look at grandpa."

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.

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COUNTY DEMOCRATIC NOMINEES

For District Attorney, 39th District:
Jas. P. Stinson.
For Representative 102nd Legislative District:
R. B. Humphrey.
For County Superintendent Public Instruction:
T. C. Williams.
For County Judge:
A. J. Smith.
For County Attorney:
Gaylord Kilgus.
For District Clerk:
Gay O. Street.
For County Clerk:
Roy English.
For County Treasurer:
Emory Monfroe.
For Tax Assessor:
J. W. Tarbett.
For Tax Collector:
J. E. Walling.
For Sheriff:
W. C. Allen.
For Commissioner Precinct No. 1:
J. S. Monfroe.
For Commissioner Precinct No. 2:
E. L. Ridling.
For Commissioner Precinct No. 3:
S. R. Rike.
For Commissioner Precinct No. 4:
G. W. Sollock.
For Justice of Peace Precinct No. 1:
J. S. Post.
For Constable Precinct No. 1:
A. G. Lambert.
For Public Weigher Precinct No. 1:
E. L. Northcutt.

"Mother, which is the correct way to express yourself in speaking of a hen—to say she is setting or sitting?"

"My son, that does not interest me at all. What I want to know when I hear a hen cackle is whether she is laying or lying."

Lady Wanted.

To introduce our very complete Fall line of beautiful wool suitings, wash fabrics, fancy waistings, silks, handkerchiefs, petticoats, etc. Up-to-date N. Y. City Patterns. Finest line on the market. Dealing direct with the mills you will find our prices low. If others can make \$10.00 to \$30.00 weekly you can also. Samples and full instructions packed in a neat sample case, shipped express prepaid. No money required. Write for particulars. Be first to apply.
Standard Dress Goods Company, Dept. 608, Binghamton, N. Y.

Mabel—"Marry you? Why, you couldn't even dress me."

George—"I wasn't asking for a position as lady's-maid."

Nineteen Miles a Second
without a jar, shock or disturbance is the awful speed of our earth through space. We wonder at such ease of Nature's movement, and so do those who take Dr. King's New Life Pills. No gripping, no distress, just thorough work that brings good health and fine feelings. 25c Jas. R. Walton.

Anxious Passenger—Do you have many wrecks on this line?

Conductor (reassuringly)—Oh, no; you're the first one I've seen for some time.

The Thomas School

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

Next session opens Sept. 10th, 1912

Write for catalogue. Address

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

Perplexing.

When Doris climbed on her father's knee it was plain that a deep problem was troubling her.

"Papa, was it a wise person who said, 'The good die young?'"

"Yes," he replied, "I suppose he must have been very wise."
"Well," the child replied, after thinking it over for a time, "I'm not so much surprised about you, but I don't see how mama managed to get growed up."

Repels Attack of Death.

"Five years ago two doctors told me I had only two years to live." This startling statement was made by Stillman Green, Malachite, Col. "They told me I would die with consumption. It was up to me then to try the best lung medicine and I began to use Dr. King's New Discovery. It was well I did, for today I am working and believe I owe my life to this great throat and lung cure that has cheated the grave of another victim." Its folly to suffer with coughs, colds or other throat and lung troubles now. Take the cure that's safest. Price 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at Jas. R. Walton.

"Does it cost much to feed the giraffes?"
"No; you see, a little goes a long way with them."

The implicit confidence that many people have in Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is founded on their experience in the use of that remedy and their knowledge of the many remarkable cures of colic diarrhoea and dysentery that it has effected. For sale by all dealers.

No Brighter.

"When you were a boy, did you always mind your father?" asked the young hopeful.

"Not always, my son," replied the governor, "but I was soundly thrashed every time I disobeyed him."

"Gee, then you didn't learn any easier than I do, did you, dad?"—Detroit Free Press.

Running up and down stairs, sweeping and bending over, making beds will not make a woman healthy or beautiful. She must get out of doors, walk a mile or two every day and take Chamberlain's Tablets to improve her digestion and regulate her bowels. For sale by all dealers.

Peach-Fed Pork.

Texas has led the United States the past month in agricultural novelties by marketing peach-fed hogs. A well-behaved hog can have a better time in Texas than in any other state in the Union and our farmers are so anxious to tote the hogs of the nation to Texas that they not only give them a bountiful supply of all the staple foods as a regular diet, but give them fine Elberta peaches for dessert.

We usually supply watermelons for the Christmas trade, keep the market stocked with strawberries during the winter months and ship out fruits and vegetables the year round, but will soon be able to supply the nation's dinner table with peach-fed pork.

Few, if any, medicines, have met with the uniform success that has attended the use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. The remarkable cures of colic and diarrhoea which it has effected in almost every neighborhood have given it a wide reputation. For sale by all dealers.

His Sacrifice.

He was a good little boy, and very thoughtful. He had heard about the drouth and the great scarcity of water throughout the country. He came to his mother and slipped his hand into hers. "Mama," he said, "is it true that in some places the little boys and girls have hardly enough water to drink?"

"That is what the papers say, my dear."

"Mama," he presently said, "I'd like to give up somethin' for those poor little boys and girls."

His mother gave him a fond look. "Yes dear. And what would you like to give up?"

"Mama," he said in his earnest way, "as long as the water is so very, very scarce, I think I ought to give up bein' washed!"

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 dreen, 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, there 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.