

Artistic Job
Printing Done
On Short Notice

The Haskell Free Press.

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HASKELL, HASKELL COUNTY, TEXAS, SATURDAY, JUNE 7, 1913.

WHOLE NO. 1427

VALUE OF HASKELL PRODUCTS

The value of agricultural property in Haskell county is \$14,142,133 according to a report of the United States Census Department which has just been issued. Land represents 78 per cent of the total value of all farm property in this county, buildings 9, implements and machinery 2, and domestic animals, poultry and bees 11 per cent.

The total value of farm property in Texas is \$2,218,645,164 divided as follows: 74 per cent land, 9 per cent buildings, 3 per cent implements and machinery and 14 per cent domestic animals, etc.

The farm property of Haskell county has increased \$12,977,643 or 735 per cent during the past decade and that of the entire State has increased \$1,256,168,891 or 130 per cent. The per cent of increase for the entire United States during this period was twenty.

Mrs. W. C. Allen Dead.

On last Saturday, after a long illness, Mrs. W. C. Allen, the wife of Sheriff Allen, died at their home in this city. She leaves a husband and six children, four of whom are girls, the two youngest being twins about two and a half years old; the oldest child is 12 years of age. The deceased was buried at Jud, in the western part of the county, in the community from which Mr. and Mrs. Allen came to this city.

The Free Press joins the many friends of the family in sympathy and regret. In talking of the sad event to us, Mr. Allen expressed the deepest gratitude for the kind ministrations of friends who stood by them and assisted them during the long illness of the wife and mother.

Mule Raising, Important Industry

The Texas mule is gaining in prominence every day in the year, and the raising of these animals is becoming an important industry in Haskell county. It is estimated that twenty per cent of the mules that are being used in the building of the Panama Canal were bred in Texas, and in selecting material for his cavalry, Uncle Sam favors the Texas mule.

There are 4418 mules on the farms and ranges of Haskell county according to a recent census bulletin and their total value is \$505,590. Of this number 3932 are mature mules, 343 are yearling colts and 143 spring colts. Besides the mules on the farms of this county there are 99 of these animals owned by the urban

population which have a value of \$13,230.

The total mule population of the State is 709,331, divided as follows: 672,558 rural and 33,673 urban. The value of the mules on the farms and ranges of Texas is \$73,979,145 and those in the cities and villages of the State is \$4,123,188.

A Big Porker.

Paul Zahn sold a bunch of pure bred Durock Jersey hogs to Virgil Hudson this week. One of the hogs weighs 670 lbs. and brought 7c per lb. The pigs sold at \$5 apiece.

Card of Thanks

We wish to express our thanks and appreciation to all who so kindly assisted us during the illness and death of our baby boy.

Such kindness and sympathy as shown us makes our trouble much easier to bear.

May God bless each of you.
Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Spencer.

Senior B. Y. P. U. Program.

Sunday, June 8, 1913.

Subject, Spiritual Religion.

1. Usual opening exercises, including reading of I. Cor. 2:10-16 by leader.—Mrs. A. J. Smith.
2. What Do We Mean by Spiritual religion? (Five minutes).—Miss Mary Pierson.
3. Spiritual Religion and—(a). The Ordinances.—Mrs. J. A. Couch. (b). The Church.—Mr. O. B. Norman. (c). Personal Strength.—Miss Florence Couch. (d). Prayer.—Mr. T. B. Russell. (e). A Happy Christian Life.—Mr. Travis Arbuckle. (Short talks).
4. Closing Exercises.

B. Y. P. U. Program.

Subject, "The Gospel at Jerusalem."

- Leader, Mary Hughes.
Opening song; prayer.
Scripture reading, Acts 1:1-7.
General topic for quarter explained. Leader.
- Topic for today, "The Gospel at Jerusalem." Rev. J. A. Arbuckle.
- Thoughts for Juniors—
The discouraged disciples. Alfred Pierson.
The obedient disciples. Willie Jones.
The disciples blessed. Joe Thomas.
The great revival. Cora Killingsworth.
The first persecution. Alice Killingsworth.
Bad people excluded from the church. Abbie Norman.
The first deacons. Rice Pierson.
A great missionary preacher. Homer Arbuckle.
- Reports of committees; song; dismissal.

Community Cooperation

Copyrighted Farm and Ranch-Holland's Magazine

In nearly every community there are men and women who go or send to the larger cities for many of their purchases, believing that they can "do better" in the stores of the cities than at home.

These people are usually not malicious barriers to the growth and development of the communities in which they live. Nevertheless they retard rather than assist the progress of the entire locality.

In a certain small Southwestern town a woman, whom I will call Mrs. A., had just completed a very handsome home and had signified an intention of purchasing her furniture in a distant city.

A local furniture dealer was very persistent in his solicitation for the order, but to no avail—Mrs. A. simply thought she wanted better goods than could be had in his store, although she had not inspected his stock.

A few days prior to the date of the contemplated trip this progressive merchant learned, quite by accident, that her purchasing list included a certain standard make of kitchen cabinet and a well-known refrigerator. Both articles he kept in stock and, as he explained to Mrs. A., his prices were the same as elsewhere, and he could save her the freight.

Her visit to his store for the purchase of these two articles resulted in her buying practically the entire bill, amounting to over a thousand dollars. She found the class of goods desired and prices were right.

I do not ask any person to patronize his local merchants if he can do better elsewhere, but you should always give your local merchants the benefit of your purchases if they have the articles wanted and will offer as good inducements in the way of prices and service.

THE BIBLE STUDY CLASS ENTERTAINED

The Bible Study Class having closed the period of the Kingdom in Hebrew history, the leader, Mrs. R. E. Sherrill, made it the occasion of a little festivity. On Tuesday afternoon she entertained the class, with a few invited guests, in open session. Misses Francis and Carrie Sherrill furnished sweet strains of music and there were several thoughtfully prepared papers. "Saul."—Mrs. Walter Meadows. "The Youth of David."—Miss Eugenia English. "David a Fugitive."—Mrs. Lloyd. "David, King of Israel."—Mrs. Key. "David, the Sweet Singer of Israel."—Mrs. Getz. "Solomon."—Mrs. Sherrill. After this entertaining program, all were refreshed with cooling punch. The company then withdrew to the beautiful lawn of the Sherrill home for the little contest the leader had planned to add a little zest to the usual review. Under the shade of the trees the class lined up with Mrs. Key and Mrs. Getz as captains; and out of nearly a hundred questions asked by the leader, only eleven were missed at the first askings. An excellent showing when it is known that the class were wholly unaware of any of the questions save that they covered a certain period.

Mrs. R. E. Sherrill is the director of this most delightfully interesting study and will graciously welcome any who care to join. It is non-sectarian; the Bible is studied as literature, history and God's message to man.

The class are rejoicing in the possession of sixteen volumes of valuable reference books for this beautiful study of the Bible, the use of which it shall be their good pleasure to share with others who join.

A Guest.

The Free Press desires to call special attention to its job department. We are prepared to turn out as high class job printing as you can get anywhere. There is no need to send any printing away from Haskell. We can please you in workmanship, material and price.

A SHOWER FOR MISS PIERSON

Honoring Miss Margaret Pierson, a bride of early June, Mrs. T. C. Cahill entertained about fifty ladies at a very unique afternoon function. The home was beautifully decorated with "Marguerites" in compliment to the charming bride-elect.

The hostess gave a gracious welcome at the door; and after the assembling of the guests, Mrs. A. W. McGregor with her accustomed vivacity and wit announced that the hostess, contemplating a trip abroad and rather than store her rare and valuable works of art, had decided to sell them to the highest bidder. She impressed upon the ladies the unusual opportunity afforded, urging each to avail herself of this favorable occasion to own rare art treasures. Then in her unimitable manner, proceeded to take the part of the old time auctioneer with his "going once, going twice, going three times, and gone" to the very great amusement of those present. Among the valuables thus sold with which the hostess must have parted most unwillingly were:

"Departed Days" a gem in water color, perhaps by our famous George Innis. After a little bidding it fell to Mrs. Getz, and proved a last year's calendar. "The Latest Fiction" by a favorite author, and beautifully bound seemed a greater desire and after much spirited bidding was knocked down to Mrs. Earl Cogdell, and was found to be Montgomery Ward's latest catalogue. One of the immortal "Whittier's famous Nocturnes in Blue and Gray" caused great rivalry among the bidders, but Mrs. Baker is the fortunate owner of the five cent whistle which the package contained. A "Handsome Pin, an Heirloom" caused still more rivalry among the purchasers, bidding soared high and Mrs. Scott found herself in possession of a safety pin. Perhaps the liveliest bidding was over the package "To Make Bright" and when the auctioneer announced its capability to make and keep bright everything, even Intellect and wit,

there was a prolonged chorus of bids but Miss Moffett kept the bidding up until the package falling to her, she found herself the proud possessor of an empty bottle of "Liquid Veneer" "The Home of the Colonel," when it was announced to be that of the "Square Deal" Colonel, aroused much enthusiasm, but it finally fell to Mrs. Tom Pinkerton and was a corn cob from which the kernel had been taken. A "Famous Bust" by Michael Angelo occasioned still higher bidding and was knocked down to Mrs. Patterson—a box of "busted" china. A "Steel Engraving of the Much Famed Geronimo" was purchased by Mrs. Adms and was the Indian head on a penny. A "Rare Painting of a Monkey" was bought by Mrs. Bailey—a round mirror, and of course she who looked saw the monkey. A "Handsome Imported Tira" fell to Mrs. Roy Shook, being everyday hairpins. An "Ornament for the Clothes" Mrs. Wallace Alexander purchased to find an ordinary clothes pin.

Between whiles the auctioneer found various and sundry packages addressed to Miss Margaret Pierson, which were presented in a happy vein, and contained silk hose and dainty handkerchiefs.

The out-of-town guests who added greatly to the afternoon's pleasure were Mrs. Gaston Cogdell, Grandbury, Mrs. A. P. McGregor, Waco, and Mrs. Moffett of Cleburne.

The hostess was assisted in serving delicious ice and cake by Mrs. J. S. Keister, Miss Margaret Moore and Miss Ruby Cahill.

A Guest.

The Main Man.

James J. Hill, whose research laboratory has done much for modern farming, said at a dinner in Cleveland:

"I am glad, very glad, to help the farmer. There is a certain statue, a German statue, I think—which explains why I am glad.

"The statue represents a flight of steps. On the top step stands a king, with crown and scepter. On the second step stands a nobleman, sword in hand. Then comes a divine in his robe; then a financier with his money bags; then a soldier with his gun; then a beggar with his outstretched cup, and, last of all, a farmer, bent low under a heavy sack of grain.

"A sentence is written beneath each figure. The king says, 'I govern you all.'

"The nobleman says 'I lord it over you all.'

"The divine says, 'I pray for you all.'

"The banker says, 'I make money out of you all.'

"The mendicant says, 'I beg from you all.'

"And the farmer, at the very bottom of the group, the farmer sweating under his heavy load of grain, pants:

"Heaven's will be done, but I feed all six of you.—New Orleans States.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given, that the commissioners court of Haskell county, Texas, will convene and sit as a Board of Equalization on the second Tuesday in June, A. D. 1913, the same being the tenth day of said month, at the court house in the town of Haskell said county and state.

Done by order of said court, this May 24th, A. D. 1913.
R. R. English, County Clerk,
By Lucile Hughes, Deputy.

CITY BUILDING NOTES

No one can ever accuse the fly family of race suicide. Swat the fly.

"Build while you boost" is the motto of the ideal booster. Sticking together is better than sticking the other fellow.

Paint and prosperity are synonymous in city building.

Encourage the young man and the small merchant—either may become a master of industry in a day. Remember the adage of the little acorn.

It is the height of folly to seek immigration unless your town can make good on its promises when the prospective investor arrives.

Modern progressive towns all have appropriate slogans. A little dose of "acting" them at intervals is a mighty good tonic to go along with the "talking."

It will pay the bankers, the merchants and mechanics to assist the farmer in solving his problems by lending their heartiest cooperation.

Invite the farmers to participate in the activities of your commercial organization. You will find them substantial business men.

Wage your publicity campaign along lines upon facts. The truth in city building is stronger than fiction.

Make your town a magnet that not merely attracts the business of the surrounding territory but is strong enough to hold it.

Adequate transportation facilities are necessary adjuncts to the successful growth of every town and city.

Don't forget that the acorn adage applies to the small town.

The "knights of the grip" are the hives wires that visit your city. Get acquainted with the traveling men that make your town.

Our Merry Widows.

Uncle Sam has just put our merry widows on the adding machine and finds we have in Texas 114,712 "sod" and 9,283 grasswidows, a total of 125,995 of all ages. We have a total of 64,140 widowers and 57,862 are "sod" and 6,268 grass. We have 717,000 people in Texas who tread the narrow boardwalk of matrimony each year and 5,000 make their exit from wedded life though the divorce courts.

A pessimist has said, "eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow you may be married." Our divorce records would fare better if like the English sparrow, people would make themselves at home whether wanted or not. In the garden of love there seems to be weeds as well as flowers and what cupid needs most is a good pair of goggles so there would be fewer weeds plucked.

Notice to the Public.

H. N. Pope, assistant state lecturer and organizer for the Farmers' Union, of Texas, will be in Haskell county as follows:

- Pleasant Valley, June 9th.
- Roberts, June 10th.
- Rose, June 11th.
- Howard, June 12th.
- Haskell, June 13th.
- Rule, June 14th.

Speaking at night. Every-body invited.

J. W. Barbee,
County Secretary.

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

READ! READ! READ!

If you have land you want to exchange for other land or other property anywhere, list it with us and we will get you a trade. We have correspondents everywhere, and can do the business for you.

Our abstract books are up to date, and if you want a correct abstract we can furnish it on short notice at reasonable prices.

MONEY! MONEY! MONEY! MONEY!

If you want to borrow money on land, or sell vendors lien notes come and see us; we can supply you in short time.

We are land lawyers and make a specialty of examining and perfecting land titles.

SANDERS & WILSON

HASKELL, TEXAS.

Best Fountain Drinks

Spencer & Richardson

YOUR DRUGGISTS

THE REXALL STORE

Allegretti's & Liggett's Chocolates

Nyal's Agency

Rexall Remedies

LOCAL NOTES

Our drays are always subject to call. Pinkerton & Loe.

Oak Dale Nut coal E. A. Chambers.

Let the Free Press do your job printing.

Miss Connie Griffin is visiting at Stamford.

Get a bath at the White Front Barber Shop.

J. R. and G. C. Carter went to Goree Tuesday.

We buy or exchange furniture. Wells-Pinkerton.

Miss Mamie Meadors visited in Stamford Sunday.

J. D. Conley visited at Throckmorton last week.

King chocolates on ice at West Side Drug Store.

Miss Deed Fitzgerald is visiting relatives at Merkel.

Miss Maxwell left Sunday for her home at Cisco.

Children, see those nice hats at the Farmers Supply. 18-tf

Bud Smith of Abilene was in this city Wednesday.

Best red ant poison. Spencer & Richardson.

Mr. and Mrs. G. T. Nix of Harold are visiting in this city.

P. P. Roberts made a business trip to Thompson this week.

Mr. and Mrs. O. J. Jones are visiting relatives at Holiday.

Miss Artie Bell Cummins is visiting Miss Demman at Abilene.

We sell new and second hand sewing machines. Wells-Pinkerton.

Mr. and Mrs. L. C. Kinney of Wichita Falls were in this city Friday.

Mrs. H. G. McConnell left Monday for Austin to visit with relatives.

For Sale—Sweet potato slips. 25cts per hundred. Henry Free 21-3t.

For Sale—Head maize and ear corn, corn 60c and maize 75c per hundred. Five miles north of Rule, route 2. 23-3t-p C. B. Burdine.

Miss Dess Wilfong visited at Wichita Falls the early part of the week.

It costs only 25c to get a good bath at the White Front Barber Shop.

Get a sweet and juicy milk chocolate at West Side Drug Store.

Mrs. J. F. Collier is visiting with her daughter, Mrs. Williams at Dallas.

Mrs. J. L. Baldwin is visiting her daughters, Mrs. Mode Collins of Olney.

Miss Zelma Ferguson has returned from Austin College at Sherman.

Cecil Koonce of Wichita Falls, was in this city the early part of the week.

Oak Dale Nut coal; mothers' delightful cooking fuel, sold at Chambers'.

Miss Lelia Jeanes, a teacher left Wednesday for her home at Waxahachie.

Mrs. Fleniken returned Wednesday from Paris, where she has been visiting.

Miss Willie Chambliss was a passenger on the south bound train Sunday.

We recommend Red Star Furniture Polish. Jones, Cox & Co.

Miss Whiteside of Abilene arrived Monday for a visit with Mrs. P. D. Sanders.

A shipment of fresh cakes and bulk crackers just received at the Farmers Supply. 18-tf

Miss Verena Lamar of Graham is visiting her sister, Mrs. Pat Lewis of this city.

Cotton seed for sale at 33% cents per bushel. J. T. Boatwright. 22-2t.p.

Miss Bessie Norman left the early part of the week for a visit to relatives at Alvarado.

Our popular express agent, Mr. Max King, visited his best friend at Wichita Falls Sunday.

We take the greatest care of your goods hauled by us. Pinkerton & Loe.

Miss Ruth Haley attended the Commencement Exercises at Baylor University this week.

Dr. J. F. Bunkley of Seymour was a passenger on the evening train Tuesday. He was taking his son to Temple for a surgical operation.

Grasshopper and all kinds of insect poisons can be found at Spencer & Richardson's.

Red Star Furniture Polish will not injure the finest finish. Jones, Cox & Co.

Miss Day of Abilene spent several days in this city last week, and returned to Abilene Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Alexander are with a fishing party who will be out for a couple of weeks.

Mrs. John R. Mauldin and sons, Masters Fred and Roy, visited relatives at Munday this week.

Victor Harris of Merkel, rural carrier, a friend of Geo. D. Foster, was in this city a few days ago.

Miss Erna Dean arrived Saturday for a visit to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Dean of this city.

Rev. J. G. Putman, the Presiding Elder of this district, preached at the Methodist Church Sunday.

Pasture your stock at 75c per month. One mile West of town in T. A. Pinkerton's pasture. 22-tf

Miss Mary Pierson returned Saturday from Waco, where she has been attending Baylor University.

Harvey Frost of Mineral Wells, is visiting in this city. He is a son of our fellow townsman, C. C. Frost.

Mrs. D. W. Pitchford of Wichita Falls, who has been visiting in this city, has returned to her home.

Mrs. H. H. Langford and children left Wednesday evening for a visit with relatives at Mooreville, Texas.

If you want red ant poison, we have a guaranteed exterminator. Spencer & Richardson.

J. R. Reeves of Munday was in this city several days this week. Mr. Reeves is a brother of J. W. Collins.

Mrs. P. A. Fowler, who lives near San Antonio, is visiting her daughter, Mrs. John Whitford of this city.

Have your doctor phone us your prescription if you can't bring it. Spencer & Richardson.

Miss Tarbet has returned to Stamford, where she has a position with the broom factory as stenographer.

J. J. Bedford and wife of Winters are visiting the former's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Bedford of this city.

Mrs. M. M. Corsey of Seymour, who has been visiting the family of W. C. Allen returned home Wednesday.

Just like you like it. Oakdale Nut, specially prepared for cooking fuel. Phone, 157. E. A. Chambers'.

Mrs. J. D. Warren of Wolf City, who has been visiting her mother, Mrs. Theo. Wright, has returned to her home.

The Stamford Brick yard can supply you with any quantity of bricks. Write for prices on car load shipments. 23-4t-p

Red Star Furniture Polish, cheapest and best. Jones, Cox & Co.

John Carothers came up from Waco Wednesday and spent several days with his father, S. E. Carothers of this city.

Miss Mamie Odell went down to the T. C. U. at Fort Worth, to attend the graduating exercises of her sister, Miss Mabel.

Sam Carothers, an old Confederate soldier, who resides at Goldthwaite is visiting his brother S. E. Carothers of this city.

Nice, comfortable rooms, plenty of good hot water and other conveniences for a bath at the White Front Barber Shop.

Tom Adams of Benjamin, an old timer, was in this city several days this week. Mr. Adams told a Free Press reporter he saw the first load of lumber unloaded at Haskell in 1884.

GUARANTEED Kirschbaum Clothes. ALL WOOL. HAND TAILORED.



BARGAINS IN MEN'S HIGH GRADE CLOTHING

We offer the Seasons Latest Creations in Men's High Grade Clothing at these Reduced Prices just to Reduce our Extra Heavy Stock.

By Buying a Suit NOW You will save some Good Money

\$25.00 Suits.....	\$18.95
20.00 "	14.95
17.50 "	12.95
15.00 "	10.95
12.50 "	8.95
10.00 "	7.95

Boys Clothes Bargains

\$10.00 Suits for.....	\$7.95
8.50 " "	6.95
7.50 " "	5.95
6.50 " "	4.95
6.00 " "	4.45
5.00 " "	3.95

Hardy Grissom

As the DOCTOR DIRECTS

You can bring your prescriptions to us, knowing your physician will be pleased—because of the assurance that the finished compound will be perfect in every way. Our drugs are the finest; Our Prescription Department is equipped with everything required for the scientific dispensing of Medicines, and our work is marked by the accuracy that comes of suitable training and ample experience.

Let Us fill your Prescriptions, they are filled by a Registered Pharmacist.

Corner Drug Store

Save your crops from destruction by grasshoppers and insects before it is too late. We have the dope. Spencer & Richardson.

The little Misses Arline and Albertine Rankin of Throckmorton are visiting with Mrs. J. D. Conley of this city. The little girls are twins.

Judge Irby left Tuesday for Fort Worth. Mrs. Irby and children will remain in Haskell for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Alexander.

You will find qualified and registered pharmacists ONLY do our prescription work. Bring us your prescriptions. Spencer & Richardson.

Homer Douglass of Lexington, Texas, and Frank Douglass of Eagle Lake, Texas, were in the city last week. They are interested in real estate in this county.

Will take washing to do, and will do good nice work. First house west from S.-W. corner of square, near Riley Stephens. 22-4t Mrs. Lula Estes.

Mrs. J. T. Arbuckle Jr., has returned from O'vala, where she been visiting her sister, Mrs. Gray Jenkins. Mrs. Jenkins accompanied her home for a visit in this city.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Bell left Tuesday for Stamford. From there Mrs. Bell will go to Michigan to visit her mother, and later in the summer Mr. Bell will join her in Michigan.

"Long live the king!" the people shouted as he passed by. We say, "Long live Rexall Remedies, and fewer there will be to die. Spencer & Richardson, The Rexall Store.

Caleb Terrell arrived from Galveston Sunday and joined Mrs. Terrell who is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Robert Branham of this city.

W. A. Whatley is the exclusive agent in Haskell, Jones and Knox counties for the Mitchell Automobiles. Figure with him before you buy. 23-3t

Judge Jas. A. Stephens of Benjamin, Jack Glasgow of Lubbock and Judge J. F. Cunningham of Abilene were attorneys in the McMillan murder case tried here this week. The trial resulted in a verdict of guilty and a penalty of two years in the penitentiary.

Mr. Harris and O. J. Hancock of Merkel paid a visit last week to Ned Roberts, who is confined to his bed from a gun shot wound.

Mrs. A. P. McGregor of Waco, who has been visiting her sons, Messrs. Chas. and A. W. McGregor, returned to her home Friday.

O. H. Hill of Garland Texas, a nephew of Mrs. Elkins, will be with Mr. Clyde F. Elkins as stenographer, having arrived here Friday.

Mrs. A. F. Moffet and children of Cleburne, who have been visiting with Mrs. Jno. B. Baker, have returned to their home in that city.

KODAKS

Get an **EASTMAN** They are the Best Full Line and All Kinds of Films and Supplies AT

WEST SIDE DRUG STORE

Also Dog Poison, Fly Poison, Grasshopper Poison, Rat Poison, at **PALATABLE PRICES** H. W. Langford, Mgr.

WHERE QUALITY REIGNS, SATISFACTION ABOUND

We invite a careful inspection of our stock believing we can prove to your entire satisfaction that the Quality of our goods is just as it is advertised.

Fresh Vegetables
Fresh Pineapples
Berries
Grape Juice

Heinz Baked Beans
Heinz Tomato Soup.
Olives
Condiments

THE FARMERS SUPPLY COMPANY THE STORE OF QUALITY

LISTEN TO THIS

Sherrill Bros. & Co.
Haskell, Texas

Sept. 30, 1912

Gentlemen:

I have a McCormick Row Binder bought of you nine years ago, and while I had some trouble the first year, it has not since given me trouble, except that I have had to get a good many extras. But I have cut on an average about 609 acres every year since I bought it, and it is now running day and night.

W. L. Norton.

Over 5,000 acres and still running day and night.

Listen Again to J. W. Wright

"Cut and bound this season with a 6 ft. broad cast McCormick Binder about 250 acres of cane, good deal of it 10 and 11 feet high, getting \$1 per acre for all of it, all paid, and all but one crop paid in money. No trouble and but few extras."

This machine was afterwards sold and run for 8 or 10 years cutting all kinds of feed.

Do you want a machine of this kind?

21-3t

Sherrill Bros. & Co.

RE-UNION MEETING

The following is the program of the Re-union meeting of Old Stonewall Association to be held at Anson, Texas, June 25th-29th.

Wednesday, June 25th

8 p. m. Inspirational.....J. B. Ashborn
8:30 p. m. Introductory Sermon.....I. N. Alvis
Alternate.....J. P. Siler

Thursday Morning

9-9:30 Inspirational.....W. P. Whitman
9:30-11 Occupying New Territory.....U. Collins
1 The Work of the First Missionary.....J. C. Denton
2 Organization of the Churches.....H. R. Jones
3 Character of the Leading Men and Development of the Work.....J. P. Siler
4 Difficulties and Encouragements of the Work.....J. V. Billberry (15 minutes each)

11-12 Sermon: Setting Up the Church.....A. T. Ford
Sermon Subject to Criticism

Thursday Afternoon

2-2:30 Inspirational.....M. V. Guest
2:30-5 Woman's Work,
Led by.....Mrs. L. T. Cunningham
8 Inspirational.....W. C. Martin
8:30 Sermon: Mission of the Church.....C. R. Taylor
Open Discussion

Friday Morning

9-9:30 Inspirational.....W. D. Haynes
9:30-12 The Layman and the Kingdom.....A. S. Barkley

Friday Afternoon

2-2:30 Inspirational.....S. Patton
2:30-5 The Sunday School Work.....O. F. Smith
1 The Pastors Relation to the Teaching Service.....W. T. Patterson
The Graded Sunday School.
Explanation—Advantages.....W. C. Martin
3 The Father's Obligation with Respect to Family and the Sunday School (To be supplied)

4 The Teacher.....C. R. Taylor
5 Practical Demonstration of Grading a small Sunday School.....O. F. Smith

8 Inspirational.....W. E. Dobbins
8:30 Sermon. Predestination.....J. A. Arbuckle
Open Discussion.

Saturday Morning

9-9:30 Inspirational.....J. W. Fielder
9:30-11 Organized Mission Work.....J. M. Reynolds
1 In the Church.....L. B. Owen
2 In the Association.....I. N. Alvis
3 In the State.....R. W. Merrell
11-12 Sermon. The Atonement.....J. P. Siler
Open Discussion

Saturday Afternoon

2-3 Meeting of the Different County Boards.
3-5 General Meeting of all the Boards in a Round Table. Led by.....J. H. Pace
8 Inspirational.....J. D. Reeves, Sr.
8:30 Sermon. Evangelistic.....J. H. Edmonds

Sunday

9:30-11 Anson Church
11 Sermon.....J. B. Gambrell
Song. "God Be With You Till We Meet Again." Old Fashioned Handshaking

By the Joint Committee from all the four Associations

F. M. Elliott
O. F. Smith
M. V. Guest
A. T. Ford
J. H. Pace
E. B. Speck
A. S. Barkley, Chair.
I. N. Alvis, Sec.

Miss Ruth Walden is visiting at Weinert.

Miss Vada Hart is visiting in Stamford.

Get your arsenic at Corner Drug Store.

Miss Morie Gregory of Cleburne is visiting in this city.

We have arsenic now.
Corner Drug Store.

E. E. Marvin made a trip to Wichita Falls Thursday.

W. T. Newsom made a business trip to Weinert Thursday.

H. C. Wych left Thursday for Seymour, where he has a contract.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Cobb were in this city from their ranch last Monday.

Miss Beryl McConnell has a school friend from Vancouver Island visiting with her.

Miss Daisie Maud and brother, D. L. Cummins Jr. are visiting their parents in Bell County.

Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Boone, of the northeast side, were visitors at the Boone home in this city Wednesday.

Mesdames A. T. Johnson and T. J. Johnson Jr., of Stamford were visiting in this city the early part of the week.

Mrs. Wirt French arrived from El Paso Thursday for a visit to her parents Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Ramey of this city.

S. H. Foster and daughter, Miss Myrtle, left Thursday morning for Denton, where the Fosters are making their home.

Misses Imogene and Mary King, who have been visiting their brother, Max King of this city, left Thursday for their home at Memphis.

Mrs. Tom Preslar left Thursday morning for Seymour, where she will be joined by her husband who had preceded her to that point.

Mr. and Mrs. Gaston Cogdell of Granbury, who have been visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Earl Cogdell, of this city, have returned to their home.

Mrs. W. E. Johnson of Marlin and Miss Louise Gause of Fort Worth are visiting C. C. Frost, the Rikes, and Montgomerys of this city.

A prescription to have the desired result, should be compounded with accuracy and with pure drugs. We give you both.

Corner Drug Store.

Our prescription department is a busy place. Physicians appreciate our reliability. Let us fill your prescriptions.

Corner Drug Store.

Miss Beryl McConnell has returned from Dallas, where she has been attending Ursuline Academy. Miss Effie Nola Long and Mrs. McConnell went down there last week to attend the Commencement exercises, and to accompany Miss Beryl home.

Mayor T. C. Cahill, Post Master Baker, Virgil Hudson, W. H. Murchison, John Russell, Marvin Hancock, Bruce W. Bryant, Roy Shook, Mr. Meek, Henry Alexander, C. D. Long, Ross Payne, Hardy Grissom and Tom Pinkerton drove over to Throckmorton Tuesday and attended the picnic given by the citizens of that enterprising city.

Letter from a Confederate Veteran
Dawson, Ga. June, 2nd, 1913
Dear Free Press.

I reached Chattanooga safely Monday evening at 6 o'clock. Found the city beautifully decorated with flags and bunting. I spent two days with the comrades. Wednesday eve at 5 o'clock I boarded the Katy Flyer, reached Atlanta at 7:30 and then came to Macon at 11 o'clock. There I changed on the Georgia Central for Dawson, which place I reached in time for breakfast. Here I found a brother whom I had not seen for 33 years. His children came in from adjoining counties. I find crops good here, but a little dry. Oats fine, cotton knee high, corn tossing, gardens maturing, extra heavy crop of vegetables, watermelons coming in. I attended the Methodist church yesterday. Heard a fine sermon. This is a fine town of 4,000 in-

habitants, and first class people. District court convenes this morning. I see negroes do all farm work and furnish business for the courts. I rode out two days. I see a mule, a Georgia stock and a negro, all busy. I see two wagons drawn by one oxen with harness on. It was funny to see. All other farm stock good. I also see plenty of automobiles. I will leave for North Georgia tonight for a week, then for dear old Texas. Will stop and see my daughters in North Texas, then go on home, sweet home, dear old Haskell.

G. J. Miller.

Mr. Cogdell shipped out nearly all the cattle he had on feed at his oil mill. He has fed heavily during the past season, and has probably broken the record for cattle shipment at this point for shipments of fat cattle.

Notice

I have pumkin yam sweet potatoes slips for sale at 25ct per hundred.
22-4t Henry Free

Can't Keep it Secret

The splendid work of Chamberlain's Tablets is daily becoming more widely known. No such grand remedy for stomach and liver troubles has ever been known. For sale by All Dealers.

Notice

We have a position for 2 ladies who want to learn laundry business and looking for permanent work. Don't apply unless you can stay with the business.
23-1t Haskell Laundry Co.

Let the Free Press do your Job Printing. We are prepared to please you both as to workmanship and price. Let us figure with you on your next order.

ATTENTION LADIES

Mr. and Mrs. A. Mayo are at our Store For a Few Days

giving a free exhibition of art work on the Rotary White Sewing machine. They are displaying many pieces of Art Work, consisting of Battenburg, Embroidery, Point Lace and Mexican Hand Drawn Work, done on the White Sewing Machine. Mrs. Mayo is recognized as one of the leading demonstrators on the sewing machine in the United States.

A School of Instruction Will Be Conducted

For the purpose of teaching every purchaser of the "White" the many usages of the attachments which have made the "Rotary White" the most famous sewing machine in the world, besides giving everyone a complete course of instruction in all lines of art work.

This Course of Instruction will be Given at our Store Every Day from 8 a. m. to 6 p. m.

This is a rare opportunity to see a great art exhibit and no lady can afford to miss it. In the interest of art needle work we earnestly solicit the co-operation of every art club, embroidery and domestic science classes of the city schools.

JONES, COX & CO.
Haskell, Texas

While in our Store We ask you to inspect our line of Furniture
Your Credit is Good

PROTECT THOSE YOU LOVE

Give them an Insurance Policy on your Life, in the
Haskell County Home Circle
 Protection at Cost
 Join us. We need you, and we believe you need us. Remember, Life Insurance is a necessity, and not a luxury, and can only be obtained when death is apparently afar off.
Otis B. Smithee, Sect'y. Phones: 249. Res. 358

The Haskell Free Press

Published By
The Free Press Publishing Co.

OSCAR MARTIN
 JAMES A. GREER Editors.

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

Subscription Price \$1.00 Per Year
 .50 Six Mos.

ADVERTISING RATES:
 Display advertisements under one-half
 page 12 1/2 cents per inch per issue.
 One-half page, \$7.00 per issue.
 One page, \$12.00 per issue.
 Two pages, \$20.00 per issue.
 Advertisements on First Page, 15 cents
 per inch per issue.
 Local readers 5 cents per line per issue.
 Local readers in black face type 10
 cents per line per issue.
 Obituaries, Resolutions and Cards of
 Thanks, 3 cents per line per issue.

HASKELL, TEXAS, June 7, 1913.

Evil association will corrupt
 the best boys sometimes, and
 low down people like to see some
 scion of a high family disgraced.

All boys are born to be little
 savages, and if their parents do
 not give them the training they
 should have, they will get in
 trouble.

The committee to investigate
 the lobby at Washington, are
 putting every senator on the witness
 stand. They are all asked
 to disclose their interest in leg-
 islation.

District Court convened here
 last week with not a single felony
 case on docket that originated in
 Haskell County. There were
 two cases on the docket that
 were here on a change of venue.

There is one thing that exper-
 ience and the vicissitudes of this
 climate should have impressed
 upon every Western farmer, and
 that is you will just have to keep
 on planting, and following
 failures with replanting.
 If you fail to do this you had
 better not farm in the West, but
 if a fellow keeps seed in the
 ground he will hit the season
 right some time during the year.
 Men who do this have success in
 farming, men who do not lose
 out.

The grand juries meet twice a
 year and are liable to have your
 boy before them, and require him
 to tell something on his asso-
 ciates. This is going to tempt
 him to tell something else. Have
 you ever lectured your boy and
 told him what his duty is when
 called upon by the state to tell
 on his friend? Have you lectured
 him on his duty as a citizen,
 or are you going to leave him to
 the vicious or criminal lawyer to
 be trained along these lines?
 The vicious are always discuss-
 ing criminal ethics, and the code
 of honor among law breakers.
 It is your duty to fight criminal
 ethics and thus hit crime the
 most vital blow.

Let the Free Press do your Job
 Printing. We are prepared to
 please you both as to workman-
 ship and price. Let us figure with
 you on your next order.

FARM LOANS

We have placed over \$100,000 this season and still have
 plenty to handle all the desirable business offered.
 Loan business is our specialty, and no side lines to
 bother—hence we give the very best possible attention
 and quickest service to all business given us. Repre-
 sent several Companies and can give you loans on va-
 rious terms.

It will pay you to see me before placing your loan—
 large or small

J. L. Robertson

FARMERS STATE BANK HASKELL, TEXAS.

Trustee Sale

Whereas, on the 1st day of De-
 cember, 1911, E. P. Gaines exe-
 cuted and delivered to L. A. Elm-
 endorf as Trustee, a certain Deed of
 Trust, in which it is provided that
 should the said L. A. Elmendorf
 from any cause whatever fail or
 refuse to act, or become disquali-
 fied from acting as such Trustee,
 then the said L. A. Elmendorf
 shall have full power to appoint
 a substitute in writing who shall
 have the same powers as are by
 said Deed of Trust delegated to
 the said L. A. Elmendorf.

And, whereas, the said L. A.
 Elmendorf has failed and declined
 to further act as said Trustee and
 he, the said L. A. Elmendorf, by
 virtue of the power and authority
 given him in said Deed of Trust,
 did on the 23rd day of May, 1913,
 in writing appoint H. G. McCon-
 nell as Substitute Trustee:

And, whereas, by virtue of the
 authority vested in me as Substi-
 tute Trustee, under said Deed of
 Trust, which is recorded in vol-
 ume, 10, page 544 of the Deed
 Trust Records of Haskell County,
 Texas and which was executed
 and delivered for better securing
 the payment of one certain prom-
 issory note for \$230.27, executed
 by Texas Land & Lumber Com-
 pany, per E. P. Gaines, Secy. &
 Treas., E. P. Gaines, B. C. Pharr,
 J. B. Brewton, G. G. Gaines and
 Penn B. Thornton and endorsed by
 E. P. Gaines and bearing interest
 at eight per cent per annum from
 November 27, 1911 and providing
 for the payment of ten per cent
 additional on the amount of the
 principal and interest as collection
 fees, if default is made in its pay-
 ment at maturity and it is placed
 in the hands of an attorney for
 collection or collected through the
 Probate, Bankrupt or other Court:

And whereas the said L. A. El-
 mendorf is the holder and owner
 of said note and the makers above
 named have each and all made de-
 fault in the payment of the same,
 and the same is now past due and
 unpaid, principal, interest and at-
 torneys fees:

And, whereas, I have been re-
 quested by the said L. A. Elm-
 endorf to enforce said trust, I will
 offer for sale between the legal
 hours thereof, to-wit, between the
 hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4
 o'clock p. m. at Public Auction to
 the highest bidder, on the 1st
 Tuesday in July, A. D. 1913, same
 being the 1st day of said month,
 at the court house door, in the
 town of Haskell, in Haskell Coun-
 ty, Texas, the following described
 property, described in and convey-
 ed by said Deed of Trust, to-wit:
 All that certain tract or parcel of
 land situated in Haskell County,
 Texas, and described by metes and
 bounds as follows: Being 29 1/2
 acres, more or less, out of the
 Coryell County School Land Le-
 gue No. 60, the part of said survey
 hereby conveyed being all the
 tract heretofore conveyed by W.
 R. Ramage and Walter Jenull to
 E. P. Gaines on the 17th day of
 July, 1911; Beginning at a piece
 of Gas Pipe set in the ground for
 the S. W. corner of the L. C.
 Smith and Ada H. Johnson tract,
 which is 723 vrs. south of the N.
 W. Corner of Coryell County
 School Land League No. 60; thence
 south 121 vrs. to corner of
 Sandifer's pasture; thence south
 89° 37' E. along the N. B. line of
 the Wichita Valley RR Co. right of
 way, and continuing east 1335 vrs.
 to Haskell and Anson road; thence
 north 14° east 135 vrs to gas pipe
 set in; thence west 478 vrs to east
 line of said railway right of way,
 and continuing 1369 vrs along
 said Smith and Johnson land S. B.
 Line to the place of beginning
 containing 39 1-10 acres, more or
 less, together with all the rights,
 members and appurtenances
 thereto belonging.

Witness my hand this 26th day
 of May, A. D. 1913.

H. G. McConnell,
 Substitute Trustee.

Only and Best Itch Medicine
 Says Dr. W. V. Brockingham, of
 Kingtree, S. C. He writes, "Please
 send me by mail at once one dozen
 of Hunt's Cure, the only and best
 itch medicine to be found in the
 U. S." 50c per box and money
 promptly refunded if it fails in
 Itch, Eczema, Ringworm Tetter,
 etc. All druggists. Manufactured
 by A. B. Richards Medicine
 Co., Sherman, Texas.

**Editors Hear "Loud
 Speaking" Telephone.**

When at a recent meeting of the
 State Press Association in session
 in San Antonio, Gov. O. B. Col-
 quitt, while seated at his desk in
 the executive mansion at Austin,
 addressed the editors over the
 "loud speaking" telephone, sci-
 entists declared that the incident
 marked a new epoch, the first in
 a series of wonderful events by
 which all the people in America
 may ultimately be brought into
 one vast audience to hear the
 messages intended for as many as
 may care to listen.

This is said to be the second
 time the invention has been
 brought into actual service, and
 the possibilities seem now to have
 no limit. During the conversation
 a terrible electrical storm was
 raging throughout the eighty-
 one miles, the distance between
 the speaker and the audience.
 At the height of the address the
 storm in the city was of such mag-
 nitude that the electric light plant
 was partially put out of business,
 while telephone poles were blown
 down in many sections of the city,
 and along the line. In spite of
 this the voice of the Governor
 was plainly audible throughout
 the vast auditorium. No one
 could doubt the tones of the voice.
 There was no interruption. The
 practicability of the "loud speak-
 ing" telephone is now demonst-
 rated. What may now be expected?

Most Children Have Worms.

Many mothers think their chil-
 dren are suffering from indigestion,
 headache, nervousness, weak-
 ness, costiveness, when they are
 victims of that most common of
 all children's ailments—worms.
 Peevish, illtempered, fretful chil-
 dren, who toss and grind their
 teeth, with bad breath and colicky
 pains, have all the symptoms of
 having worms, and should be given
 Kickapoo Worm Killer, a pleas-
 ant candy lozenge, which expels
 worms regulates the bowels, tones
 up the system, and makes the
 children well and happy. Kickapoo
 Worm Killer is guaranteed. All
 druggists or by mail. Price 25c.
 Kickapoo Indian Medicine Co.,
 Philadelphia and St. Louis.

Born and Died.

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs.
 W. E. Spencer the 29th ult.,
 and lived only a few days. The
 child died Sunday and was buried
 in Willow Cemetery, this city.

The Free Press sympathizes
 with the young parents in their
 sorrow.

UNFAIR TO

THE DRUGGIST

The Old Joke About "Something Just as
 Good," Doesn't Apply to
 This Drug Store.

You have probably heard doz-
 ens of times the old story that a
 drug store was a place to get
 "something just as good." There
 is at least one druggist in the
 world that you can't say this
 about.

It is certain that an inferior ar-
 ticle will never be substituted for
 a guaranteed one by the Corner
 Drug Store. Take for instance a
 safe, reliable, remedy for consti-
 pation and liver trouble like Dod-
 son's Liver Tonic. This harmless
 vegetable liquid has proved so
 satisfactorily a liver stimulant and
 reliever of biliousness, and to en-
 tirely take the place of calomel
 without any danger of restriction
 of habits diet, that there are
 dozens of preparations springing
 up with imitations of its claims.

But Dodson's Liver Tonic is
 guaranteed to do all that is claimed
 for it, and if you are not satisfied
 with it the Corner Drug Store
 will hand your money back with
 a smile. Any person going to
 this store for a bottle of Dodson's
 Liver Tonic will be sure of getting
 a large bottle of this genuine rem-
 edy in exchange for his half
 dollar.

**Notice of Sheriff's Sale of Real
 Estate.**

Whereas, by virtue of an order
 of sale issued out of the District
 Court of Dallas County, Texas,
 14th Judicial District of Texas,
 on a judgement rendered in said
 court on the 15th day of February
 1913, in favor of the Southern
 Rock Island Plow Company, and
 against Solomon Implement Com-
 pany, P. D. Solomon, J. E. Solo-
 mon, L. O. Pardo, Geo. B. Cox and
 Chesley Smith, No. 8926—A on
 the docket of said court, said
 judgement being, among other
 things, a judgment of foreclosure
 of a lien on the following described
 land, to-wit: Lots One (1) to
 Twelve (12) inclusive, in Block
 Six (6), of the Bond Addition to
 the town of Haskell, in the county
 of Haskell, State of Texas; and I
 did on the 29th day of May A. D.
 1913, at 4 o'clock P. M., levy upon
 said land, and on the 1st day of
 July A. D. 1913, being the first
 Tuesday of said month, between
 the hours of ten o'clock A. M. and
 four o'clock P. M. on said day,
 at the court house door of said Has-
 kell County, Texas, I will offer for
 sale and sell at a public auction,
 for cash, all the right, title and
 interest of the said Solomon Im-
 plement Company, P. D. Solomon,
 J. E. Solomon, L. O. Pardo, Geo.
 B. Cox and Chesley Smith in and
 to said land.

Dated at Haskell, Texas, this 26th
 day of May 1913.

W. C. Allen,
 Sheriff Haskell County, Texas.
 By M. S. Edwards, Deputy.

**Texas Woman Awarded Law De-
 gree**

More than 250 young men and
 women will receive degrees from
 the University of Texas in June
 which is the largest number ever
 conferred in one year. Among
 them will be two or three young
 women graduates in medicine,
 while one young woman, Miss
 Rose Zelosky of Fort Worth, will
 take her diploma in Law. She is
 the first young woman to gradu-
 ate from the Law Department.

**Manager of a Railroad cured of
 Eczema by Hunt's Cure.**

At one time I had a very bad
 case of Eczema. It troubled me
 for seven or eight years, and, al-
 though I tried all kinds of medi-
 cine and several doctors, I got no
 relief until I used Hunt's Cure. I
 used several boxes, and it finally
 cured me, and I have always kept
 a box with me for fear it will come
 back.

A. D. Goodenough,
 General Manager Lida Valley
 Railway Co., Goldfield, Nev.
 50c per box at drug stores.

SOME FARM FACTS

By Peter Radford, President Farmers Union.



Make your farm and to the
 charms of the neighborhood.

A large total
 yield of any crop
 brings less money
 than a smaller
 crop.

Why make two
 blades of grass grow where one
 grew before unless you can sell
 them.

The producer is not always
 permitted to participate in the
 benefits of a bountiful harvest.

There is more in the man than
 there is in the land and to devel-
 op the land we must first develop
 the man.

Heath farming is the most
 scientific farming of today. Suc-
 cess is due to him who solves his
 problems by the fireside.

The tenant farmer is, as a rule,
 conscious of being on thin ice
 but usually heedless of his
 peril.

The free pass holder on the
 "Opportunity Special" is the
 man with mind, money, and mus-
 cle.

Opportunities on the farm are
 of little value unless at some fu-
 ture date they can be turned in-
 to cash.

The trouble with the city man
 is that he thinks production is
 the whole thing and his interest
 in the farmer usually stops with
 production.

All the farmer asks is a square
 deal and a chance to get his pro-
 ducts to the consumer at a price
 the consumer can afford to use
 them and at a price the farmer
 can afford to produce them.

Lost motion on the farm is a
 heavy expense. Eliminate the
 waste of time as well as material.
 Thoughts are but seeds. As
 you think today so you will be
 tomorrow.

Be at war with your vices, at
 peace with your neighbors and
 let every day find you a more
 diligent worker.

No man is a failure until he is
 dead.

Itching Piles.

I want you to know how much
 good your Hunt's Cure has done
 me. I had suffered with Itching
 Piles for 15 years and when I was
 traveling through Texas a man
 told me of your Hunt's Cure. I
 got one 50c box and it cured me.

JOHN BRADLEY,
 Caney, Kansas.



Another
 glass
 please

It is so delicious!
 Nobody can resist "just one more" when
 it is ice tea made with

**White Swan
 Tea**

Nothing could be more refreshingly welcome to the
 chance guest; no meal-time drink could be more cooling.
 No tannin taste to White Swan Tea—just the real tea
 taste with a palatable smoothness and refinement of
 flavor that belongs peculiarly to White Swan Tea.

Better than the law requires

Your grocer will be glad to recommend
 it because he knows that you'll come
 back for more.

Waples-Platter Grocer Co.
 Texas

Womans' Missionary Society.

Although Monday was a bad day, the Women's Missionary Society met at the home of Mrs. R. C. Montgomery. As this was a regular business meeting, several important matters were discussed. We are to meet only on the first and third Mondays of the three summer months; the first for business and the third to sew and plan for the annual bazaar.

After the business meeting we had a nice social meeting, there being several visitors present. The absent members missed one of the most enjoyable meetings of the year. If all the members could catch the spirit of our president we would have an ideal society.

Press Reporter.

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

A WOMAN'S WORK

sometimes reduces her strength to the depths of weakness—her devotion to household cares prevents sufficient rest and recreation. Thousands of women in this condition find Scott's Emulsion exactly what they need; it is predigested body-food so medically perfected that every drop yields direct returns in strengthening the organs and tissues and in making healthy, life-sustaining blood. Scott's Emulsion is devoid of alcohol or any harmful drugs, and overcomes tiredness and nervousness in a marvelous way.

I. & G. N.

FROM WACO
Superior Service

Waco to
Austin and
San Antonio

Electric lighted
Sleepers.

(open 9 p. m.
Departs 10:40 p. m.)

City Ticket Office 110 S. 4th. St.
J. C. Jones, P. & T. A.
WACO, TEXAS.

Dr. J. W. Du Val

Eye, Ear, Nose
and Throat
Glasses Fitted
Lady Attendant
Best equipped office in West Texas
First National Bank Building
WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS.

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

VETERINARIAN
Graduate of Chicago Veterinary College
Telephones - Office No. 216
Res. No. 256

OFFICE—Spencer & Richardson Drug
Store, Haskell, Texas.

Dr. L. F. TAYLOR

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON
Haskell, Texas.
Office over Spencer & Richardson's
Office Phone No. 216.
Resident Phone No. 93.

D. A. G. NEATHERY.

Physician and Surgeon.
OFFICE in Smith & Sutherland Bldg
Office 'phone..... No. 50.
Dr. Neathery's Res..... No. 23.

W. H. Murchison

LAWYER
Haskell, Texas

H. G. McCONNELL,

Attorney at Law.
OFFICE IN
McConnell Bldg'g N W Cor Square

Gordon B. McGuire

Attorney-at-Law
Office in McConnell Bldg.

A Mother's Scare

By EDITH V. ROSS

Mrs. Jaeger was not an educated woman; but her husband having many years before started in the soap boiling business and built up a large manufactory, the family were wealthy. Two children came to the Jaegers, a boy and a girl. Their parents gave them an excellent education, and they were both very fond of reading. There was a library in the place where they lived from which they constantly drew books. Tom Jaeger read a great many works of fiction that have long ago passed out of date and are only now read by those who value them chiefly for the pictures they give of a former time. His sister, Ruth, was more modern in her taste.

Mrs. Jaeger was an ambitious woman and desirous that both her children should marry well. That meant that she proposed to watch them to make sure that they made no unfortunate engagements. One day there was a ring at the telephone and Mr. Jaeger answered the call.

"Is Tom in?"
"Well, what is it?"
"Tell him Evelina's here."

Whoever was at the other end of the wire was evidently in a hurry, for the receiver was dropped, and Mrs. Jaeger was cut off from further inquiry.

"Who was Evelina?" Mrs. Jaeger was at once seized with a sudden terror. She had never heard her son speak of her, and this call for him to come and meet her boded trouble. She said nothing to him about the call—nor she. If the young woman were bold enough to telephone to the house for him she could not help it, but unless he should reply to the call himself it would avail nothing. Nor would Mrs. Jaeger say anything about the matter. If he were getting entangled with a girl she would not let him know that his secret was hers. Nothing would feed the flame of love so much as opposition.

But what was her consternation when a few days later there came another ring at the telephone, and Ruth was called for.

"What is it?" asked the mother.
"David Copperfield has just come in."

There was the same click that had followed the announcement that Evelina was waiting for Tom, indicating the same hurry. Was it hurry? Did not this go-between shut off the phone that there might be no opportunity for the person receiving the message to ask questions? David Copperfield? Never had she heard her daughter mention any such person, and Ruth talked of all her friends freely. If the fond mother feared for her son she was in terror for her daughter. But Mrs. Jaeger treated the matter with the same caution she had practiced in the case of her son. She would set a watch on Ruth, but would not put her on her guard by telling her that she had stumbled upon this secret affair.

Mrs. Jaeger did not consider it practicable to shadow her son, but she had a maid whom she bribed to watch her daughter. Never did Ruth go out but this young woman found some errand to take her out also. One afternoon she came in from shadowing the young lady and reported that she had seen Ruth go up the steps of the library at the same time with a young man whom she appeared to be much pleased to meet.

"Aha!" said Mrs. Jaeger. "It's the library where they meet. And they have been hounding me for a subscription to buy books. Them cozy alcoves are just the places for young people to meet and flirt."

Mrs. Jaeger was called up again, and her son was inquired for. This time it was: "Tell him I would like to see him about Evelina. There's another man waiting."

Some one other than the speaker butted in, and the sentence was not finished. But Mrs. Jaeger had heard enough. Heaven grant that the other man would get the girl away from Tom and he would be saved a misalliance.

The good lady's patience was beginning to wane. She was drifting toward a point where she would not be able longer to keep her knowledge a secret from her son and daughter. Despite her watchfulness she could get no further information of either of those clandestine affairs. One afternoon her son and her daughter were talking together in her hearing.

"I'm through with 'David Copperfield,'" said Ruth.

"And I'm through with 'Evelina.'" She was due at the library a week ago.

"I'm glad you two have got through with your beloveds. I've been worried to death about you. I've known all about these meetings at the library. First I got a telephone message that Evelina was waiting for Tom there, and the next message was that this Mr. Copperfield was waiting for Ruth at the same place. Who are these persons anyway? I've never heard nothing about them before."

Tom and Ruth looked at each other and would have burst into a laugh had the speaker not been their own mother. As it was Tom said:

"Mother, 'Evelina' is a novel written by a young girl about a hundred years ago. 'David Copperfield' is the name of one of Charles Dickens' books. The librarian, Sue Young, whenever a book we want is out holds it for us when it comes in and bottles us over the telephone."

"Well, I am mightily relieved," replied the fond mother.

A Matrimonial Ad.

By ESTHER VANDEVEER

Anna Trowbridge was apparently destined to a life of toil. Her father had never got on in the world, and it was evident as she grew to womanhood that she would have to work for her living. When she was seventeen she had a love affair with a young fellow who was still in college and with three or four more years of study before attaining his profession. Both were too young for a serious affair, and the young man never spoke to his parents of the girl he fancied.

Anna studied stenography and typewriting and at twenty went to work. But that kind of work did not please her. She pined for a home and all that a home brings. She was attractive and doubtless might have married, but every year she grew more particular as to the man she should choose.

There are persons who believe in going forward, even if one goes wrong instead of right, while their opposites are always fearful of striking into new paths. Anna belonged to the former class. The firm for which she worked was a large advertiser, and she had ample opportunity to observe the remarkable results that accrue from advertising. One day the subject of matrimonial advertisements occurred to her. She was aware that the results of such were not in keeping with those pertaining to business. Why should they not be available? She had read that in certain cities abroad marriage brokers are in constant requisition and the marriages they effect are as liable to turn out well as those made in other ways.

Some months after this idea occurred to her she came home one evening tired and sick at heart. In a fit of desperation she took an advertisement she had written long before from a writing desk, read it over, affixed in lieu of signature the three letters T. O. T., put it in an envelope addressed to a newspaper and, taking it to a letter box at the corner, dropped it in.

"There," she said on returning to her room, "it's done, and I can't undo it."

She fortunately escaped answers from persons who look upon such advertisements as inserted from improper motives, but this was doubtless from the wording of her message to bachelors. She received a number of replies from men who took her ad, in the spirit in which it was meant, but Anna could easily tell from their tone that they were written by men she would be willing to marry.

There was one that was very far above the rest. The writer was evidently a gentleman and educated. It seemed to Anna that he had read her heart. He said that he pitied her for being obliged to resort to a means evidently repulsive to her to obtain what was every woman's natural right, marriage, motherhood, home. He regretted the drift of the times which tended to separate the sexes and obliterate the home. He proposed a correspondence as a first step toward an acquaintance to be followed by whatever fate might have in store for them. The letter was full of feeling, of sympathy. Indeed, it seemed to Anna that it had been written by a lover instead of a stranger.

Anna was delighted. She wrote a reply which she kept for a few days, then read it again and, finding that she had written too much from the heart, wrote another better adapted to the occasion. This elicited a note that, while it was perfectly deferential, the writer seeming to try to write with the consciousness of addressing a stranger, evidently could not repress something akin to love. Anna interpreted this to mean that he was, as she expressed it, heart hungry.

In the correspondence that ensued Anna discovered in the writer's letters all that could be expressed in them. But she had not seen him. Her heart sank within her at remembering that he might write lovely letters and still be unattractive in appearance and he might be the latter and a villain. She proposed an exchange of photographs. Her correspondent wrote that such likenesses often gave a very different impression from the real being and he would prefer to see and be seen in the flesh.

Up to this point Anna had proceeded without any qualms or regrets, but a number of emotions now came to her. She had never had but one love, and that had ended long ago. She had not heard of the young student for five or six years. Nevertheless she could not but contrast a love like that with an affair like the present. She shrank from the ordeal of meeting a man she had found by a matrimonial advertisement. Several times she determined to give the matter up. But one day she decided to receive a call from her correspondent and posted her letter as she had done in the first place that she might not have an opportunity to change her mind.

Not being willing to bring her correspondent to her boarding place, she appointed a meeting in a park at a certain place at seven and a half o'clock on a June evening. She went there a few minutes before the appointed time and sat on a bench.

A pair of arms was thrown around her neck from behind. She was at once released so that she could turn and saw her young lover, grown to manhood.

In their clandestine correspondence she had signed herself T. O. T., and when she wrote her ad, hunting for a name, it had occurred to her. The initials had happened to catch the eye of her girlhood lover.

Twenty Years After

By REGINALD D. HAVEN

One day I went up into the garret to find something I needed. While rummaging over old trunks and old boxes I found a trunk that was marked "Family Documents." Curious to learn if I had stumbled on anything valuable, I opened it and spent some time examining its contents.

While overhauling a lot of old papers I came across two batches of letters bound together with a ribbon that had once been pink, but had now faded to no particular color, and tied in a bow-knot. I knew by the knot that a woman had done the job and, by a faint perfume that hung about them, that a part of the bundle at least had belonged to a woman.

I loosened the packages and saw that they were without envelopes, probably sacrificed to reduce bulk. Those in one package had been written in a woman's hand, those in the other in a man's hand. I opened one of the latter and read a dozen lines.

"That's the worst love twaddle I ever read in my life," I said to myself. "I wonder what idiot wrote it."

Taking up one from the other package, I read some of it and wondered that any young woman could be so infatuated with a man as to write such silly stuff. The letters had evidently passed between a couple many years before, for the paper was tinged with yellow, and the ink in some instances had faded. Wondering which of my progenitors had written them, I examined the signature of one of the superfine packages and saw that it was signed "Your loving Ethel."

My wife's name being Ethel, I looked more carefully at the handwriting and noticed for the first time that it was quite like Ethel's—indeed, it was Ethel's handwriting with twenty years' change attached. I dropped it, took up one of the other lot and discovered that it was my own penmanship at nineteen.

I felt the hot blood mounting to my cheek. Could it be possible that I had written that sickening stuff? And Ethel—she must have been dejected.

When I had somewhat recovered from my surprise and abatement the idea occurred to me to inflict one of those old love letters of mine upon my wife. I wished to see how she would take me on paper as I was two decades ago. Our oldest son was now about the age I was when I wrote the letters, and incidentally I thought he might be doing the same thing. Also quite likely our oldest daughter was or soon would be encumbering the mails with what she in time would be quite ashamed of.

I selected one of the most love-laden of my letters and one of a near subsequent date of Ethel's. These I put in my pocket to be kept till she should go into the country with the children. When that time came, instead of saying, "Now write tonight, dear," she said, "Don't let it be a week before you tell us how you're getting on." I asked her how she would like to have me write her a real nice long letter, and she said she thought it would be lovely.

She had been gone but a day when I sent her the love letter I had written her twenty years before and, taking the one she had written me, inclosed it in the first envelope I received from her that I might draw it on her when attacked for sending her such an epistle.

When sufficient time had elapsed for her to receive my letter I received a telegram asking if I were ill. I replied in the negative; I was perfectly well and would spend the week end with her and the children. I arrived in the evening just before dinner, but had not announced my train. When I got home I saw at once that there was anxiety in the family, and it was on my account. My wife looked at me scrutinizingly, especially studying my eye, which is an indicator of insanity.

"What's the matter?" I asked.
"What's the matter with you?" was her counter question. "Have you any brain trouble?"
"Brain trouble? No. What makes you think I have?"
"Read that," she said, producing the letter I had sent her.

"Well, what's the matter with it?" I asked.

"The matter with it? Do you mean to say that you were in your right mind when you wrote it?"

"I do—as much as you were in your right mind when you wrote the reply."

"What reply?"

I drew out the letter I had in my pocket for her. She took it and began to read, but had not turned a page before she stopped and exclaimed, "What rubbish is this?"

"Rubbish! Do you call your epistolary production rubbish?"

"My epistolary production?"

"Certainly. You wrote it."

Quickly turning her eyes upon it, again she read a few sentences further, stopped, looked at the date, then at the signature. Slowly shame rose in her cheeks as she realized that she was reading one of her love letters to me when she was a girl.

"You've been playing a trick on me," she cried, turning away impatiently.
"Papa," said Ethel junior, "I wonder if I'll ever get such a lovely letter as the one you wrote mamma."

AN AESTHETIC WIDOW

By M. QUAD

Copyright, 1913, by Associated Literary Press.

Mrs. Abigail Longbody was a woman living in the town of Farmdale. She was a widow. She was almost six feet tall and weighed nearly 200 pounds. The Widow Longbody had a female friend over at Clover Hill, who had become aesthetic. She saw beauty in the despised sunflower. She pined when she saw cutly growing. She raised her eyes to heaven over burdocks and pigweeds. At the first go off the widow laughed about it, but when seriously informed that it was the thing to do she adopted it.

Deacon Tracy, widower, had been courting the widow and had almost decided to pop the question. He had dropped in and was just clearing his throat to say something that the world has forever lost when she stopped him with:

"Deacon, you look like a fright with those whiskers, and I hope you will have them hoed off before you call again!"

"Hoe off these 'ere whiskers!" he exclaimed in amazement. "By gum, but do you know what you're talkin' about?"

"Then for mercy's sake get them dyed! The color grates on me!"

"I'd like to see myself dyed to them whiskers! Anything else on your mind?"

"You drag your legs when you walk!"

"I do, eh? I remind you of an old knee sprung horse, do I? Well, I kid drag them legs right outer your house and take my whiskers with 'em!"

Mr. Johnson, who bought better and eggs and shipped them away to the city, had also an eye on the widow Longbody. She always entertained him very pleasantly when he called, and he had begun to feel the rose of love blooming in his heart. On what proved to be his last call the widow queried of him:

"Mr. Johnson, why don't you wear a wig?"

"A wig?"

"Yes, a wig. You always sit with your legs poked out like a pair of posts. A man with such shanks as yours ought to hide 'em!"

"I have been insulted, woman! I'll leave your house!"

"And have your eyebrows thinned out!" was the widow's parting shot.

In front of the widow Longbody's home ran a stream they were pleased to call Pig River. A bridge across it had long been needed and talked of, and the county finally voted it.

Every bridge in the country districts has always been painted red, if painted at all. It was red for this bridge. The widow was away for three days, and when she returned the bridge was half painted.

"Stop, stop! It cannot be! It shall not be!" cried the aesthetic.

"What's the kick?" asked the man who had the work in charge.

"It screams! It howls! It shrieks! It murders harmony and kills the landscape! I could not live here a day with that red thing staring me in the face. Ugh!"

She was told that she would have to endure it or move. Aestheticism was all right when applied to sunflowers and bull thistles, but when it came down to red bridges that was a matter of business.

"Oh, it is, eh?" was answered. "Well, there's another thing that is a matter of business."

Along the western side of the town the widow owned a strip of land which had a hill on it—a hill and a spring. With her free consent the water was piped down from the spring to supply many families and used to sprinkle the streets. When they refused to change the color of the bridge the water refused to flow downhill. The people howled, but they were helpless. After a week it was agreed that the aesthetic might name the color. She decided on a pearl gray. After a third of the bridge had been covered she changed it to vivid green. Then she wanted white with green trimmings.

"No more fooling!" was the decision of the taxpayers when they realized that the widow Longbody might finally demand that the bridge be covered with gold leaf.

"Very well," replied the woman as she prepared her second surprise.

Her husband had opened a street for his own convenience and had never deeded it to the town. People had bought sites and erected houses. They suddenly found themselves fenced in. When they went to the lawyers the legal talent hunted the matter up and replied:

"If you touch the fence she can have you arrested for trespass."

The town hated to be bidden by a woman and was talking about a big lawsuit when along came a lightning rod man. He was a Jim dandy of a man. He was a wooer from Wooversville. He talked and he wooed and he won. In a fortnight he had won the widow's heart and hand. When this fact was rumored the bridge committee called on her to ask:

"Well, what about the bridge?"

"Paint' it any old color you want to!"

"And that fence across Kirby street?"

"Tell 'em to tear it down!"

"And you—you are no longer aesthetic!"

"Not by a darned sight! Jim and I have already settled on corned beef and cabbage for our bridal dinner. Sorry I've had trouble with the town, but you see I was living on water crackers all the time and trying to be the next thing to an angel."

SIX WEEKS
SUPERB ENTERTAINMENT
AT THE
Colorado Chautauque
at "Hoodler-the-Beautiful"
Conclude this season at Home
Waco, Tex. For Full Program
Write to
A. J. Chilton, C. P. A.
Waco, Tex.

Abilene Summer Normal and Summer School of SIMMONS COLLEGE

Nineteenth Annual Session.
June 9--July 31

The strongest Normal of the Central West. Faculty of College and University graduates. College work and College credits. Five credits in Simmons College will give you a first grade certificate without examination.

College equipments and surroundings: Delightful location for pleasant summer work. Board in College Dormitories \$15. per month. Tuition for eight weeks \$10.

You cannot afford to waste your time and spend your money at a second rate normal. For further particular address
Pres. J. D. Sandefer,
Abilene, Texas



Vacation land is calling now, and it only remains for you to make up your mind when and where to go.

The low fares, to more than a hundred attractive resorts, and the conveniences to be had in reaching them will help you solve the question.

For fares, berths or any other travel information desired, address

W. G. Crush, General Passenger Agent
Katy Building, Dallas, Tex.



SUMMER EXCURSION RATES

JUNE 1st and after

To the NORTH, EAST and WEST VIA



LOCAL EXCURSION RATES

ONE FARE PLUS TEN CENTS EVERY SUNDAY

ROUND TRIP MINERAL WELLS EVERY DAY

For full particulars see T & P By Agents or write
A. B. BELL **GEO. B. HUNTER**
Asst. Gen. Pass. Agt. Genl. Pass Agent
DALLAS, TEXAS

Like One of the Family
Wooten Wells, Texas, 5-21-1913.
Editors Free Press,
Haskell, Texas.

Dear Sirs:
I've appreciated your sending me the Free Press very much while here, as I have read it so long its pages are sort of like the face of one of the family. Now, as I am going away to be gone a month to the reunion at Chattanooga, Tenn., and to see my people in Mississippi, you needn't send the paper here any more.
My health is much better than when I left home. I have gained eight pounds in weight since I came here. I enclose a little poem—publish for the good of your neighbors. Yours respectfully,
W. P. Whitman.

FAMOUS WOOTEN WELLS.
Have you got the "Rheumatism?"
That aching feeling tells.
You needn't dread it any more
Come to Wooten Wells.

Does your stomach trouble you?
As if 'twas filled with shells,
Just run away a week or two
To noted Wooten Wells.

Has Dropsy "got you by the neck?"
Till your body's filled with "swells"
Don't worry; it can be cured
At curing Wooten Wells.

Or perhaps 'tis Bright's disease,
With the torture of torty bells,
Relief is sure, perhaps a cure,
At wonderful Wooten Wells.

No matter what your trouble is,
Except 'tis bronchial cells,
Rest assured, it can be cured
By healing Wooten Wells.

Everything's so nice and clean,
And sweet as Mountain dells,
The place to rest and gain your
health,
Is famous Wooten Wells.

To Cure a Cold in One Day
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine. It stops the
Cough and Headache and works off the Cold.
Druggists refund money if it fails to cure.
E. W. GROVE'S signature on each box. 25c.

Haskell County Has Large Families.
The average size of a Texas family is 4.9 compared with 5.4 ten years ago. The average family in Haskell county contains 5.3 persons and we have 3086 families residing in this county according to a census report which has just been issued. Haskell is one of the 117 Texas counties whose families are larger than the State's average and if all the families in the State were as large as those of our county Texas' population would be nearer the five million mark.

For Weakness and Loss of Appetite
The Old Standard general strengthening tonic,
GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC, drives out
Malaria and builds up the system. A true tonic
and sure Appetizer. For adults and children. 50c.

Notice
We have a position for two ladies who want to learn the laundry business and looking for permanent work. Don't apply unless you can stay with the business.
23-1t Haskell Laundry Co.

Cures Old Sores, Other Remedies Won't Cure.
The worst cases, no matter how long standing
are cured by the wonderful, old reliable Dr.
Porter's Antiseptic Healing Oil. It relieves
Pain and Heals at the same time. 25c. 50c. \$1.00

A Good Prayer
A Virginia clergyman was called to dedicate a colored church in Richmond. After the services the minister called upon the colored deacon to offer the closing prayer. Here it is: "Gib dis pore brudder de eye of de eagle dat he may spy afar off. Glue his hands to de gospel plow. Tie his tongue to de line ob truf. Nail his years to de gospel pole. Bow his head way down between his knees, oh Lord, and fix his knees way down in some lonely, dark and narrow valley, where prayer is much wanted to be made. 'Noint him wid de kerosene ile of salvation and set him afire. Amen."—Dubuque (Ia.) Telegraph-Herald.

Shake Off Your Rheumatism.
Now is the time to shake off your rheumatism. Try a twenty-five cent bottle of Chamberlain's Liniment and see how quickly your rheumatic pains disappear. Sold by All Dealers.

Subscribe for the Free Press.

A Delightful Musical Recital.
The graduating exercises in music, of Miss Gladys Huckabee at the Baptist Church last, Friday night was a very enjoyable occasion for those in attendance.

Miss Gladys is a very talented young lady! She showed thorough training by her teacher, Miss Maxwell, as well as a devotedness to music by herself. Her technic was splendid, and the audience showed their appreciation of this young lady's popularity, both personally and musically, by hearty applause after each number rendered. Miss Huckabee was aided in her recital by Miss Vada Hart, of Stamford, who favored the audience with several readings and a vocal solo. Miss Hart once resided in Haskell, and has many warm friends here, and her appearance in this entertainment was a source of much enjoyment to her friends, and the unstinted applause which greeted her showed her popularity in this city.

Hon. W. H. Murchison presented the gold medal to Miss Huckabee in a well delivered address, which contained the eloquence and well-rounded phrases that Judge Murchison is so eminently capable of producing. When this talented speaker arises, a Haskell audience knows that something useful, helpful and brilliant will be said, and they were not disappointed on this occasion.

Take Plenty of Time to Eat.
There is a saying that "rapid eating is slow suicide." If you have formed the habit of eating to rapidly you are most likely suffering from indigestion or constipation, which will result eventually in serious illness unless corrected. Digestion begins in the mouth. Food should be thoroughly masticated and insalivated. Then when you have a fullness of the stomach or feel dull and stupid after eating, take one of Chamberlain's Tablets. Many severe cases of stomach trouble and constipation have been cured by the use of these tablets. They are easy to take and most agreeable in effect. Sold by All Dealers.

Mrs. Cogdell Entertains.
Mrs. Earl Cogdell entertained with a series of parties in honor of her charming guests, Mr. and Mrs. Gaston Cogdell, of Granbury.

On Tuesday afternoon she was at home to about twenty-five ladies for progressive forty-two. The gracious welcome of this lovely hostess in the beautiful home with new furnishings added much to the spirit of the game.

The out-of-town guests on this merry occasion were the honoree, Mrs. Gaston Cogdell, Mrs. Will Tandy of Canadian, Mrs. Moffett of Cleburne, and Miss Mary Jones of Moody.

On Thursday evening Mrs. Cogdell was hostess to about five couples for progressive five hundred and again on Friday evening to the same number for forty-two.

On these two evenings a new secret society was instituted and the gentlemen duly initiated into the mysteries of the "Scolofoliciatia." Anyone desiring membership may obtain full particulars from Mrs. Earl Cogdell or Mr. Henry Alexander.

A Guest.
Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy.

Every family without exception should keep this preparation at hand during the hot weather of the summer months. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is worth many times its cost when needed and is almost certain to be needed before the summer is over. It has no superior for the purposes for which it is intended. Buy it now. For sale by All Dealers.

Subscribe for the Free Press.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale.
(REAL ESTATE.)

By virtue of an alias execution issued out of the Honorable District Court of Denton County, on the 10th day of May, A. D. 1913, in the case of J. M. Ferrell vs. W. C. Dickson, No. 5624, and to me, as sheriff, directed and delivered, I did on the 14th day of May, A. D. 1913, at 4 o'clock p. m. levy upon the land herein below described, and will, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. on the first Tuesday in July A. D. 1913, it being the 1st day of said month, at the court house door of Haskell county, in the town of Haskell, proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, all the right, title and interest which W. C. Dickson had on the 14th day of May, A. D. 1913, or at any time thereafter, of, in and to the following described property, to wit:

First Tract—204 acres of land in Haskell county, Texas, out of the east one-half of section 28 in block No. 1, of the H. & T. C. Ry. Co., lands, known as certificate No. 844, abstract No. 529 and patented to A. L. Rhomberg, patent No. 53, Vol. No. 6. Said 204 acres being all of the east one-half of said section 28, save and except 120 acres off of the south end of said east one-half and being the same land conveyed to W. C. Dickson by J. M. Ferrell by deed dated April 11th, 1911 and recorded in Vol. 52, page 550, Haskell county deed records.

Second Tract—120 acres of land in Haskell county, Texas, off the south end of the east one-half of section 28, in block No. 1, of the H. & T. C. Ry. Co., lands, known as certificate No. 844, abstract No. 529, patented to A. L. Rhomberg, patent No. 53, Vol. 6, and being the same land conveyed to the said W. C. Dickson by Melissa E. Ferrell by deed dated April 11th, 1911, recorded in Vol. 52, page 551, Haskell county deed records and both of said tracts being all of the east one-half of said section 28 in said Block No. 1.

Said property being levied on as the property of W. C. Dickson to satisfy a judgment amounting to \$735.15 in favor of J. M. Ferrell and costs of suit.

Given under my hand this 3rd day of June A. D. 1913.

W. C. Allen,
Sheriff Haskell County, Texas.
By M. S. Edwards, Deputy.

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed. Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give one hundred dollars for any case of deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.
F. J. Cheney & Company, Toledo, Ohio.
Sold by Druggists, 75c.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Ulcers and Skin Trouble.

If you are suffering with any old, running or fever sores, ulcers, boils, eczema or other skin troubles get a box of Bucklen's Arnica Salve and you will get relief promptly. Mrs. Bruce Jones of Birmingham Ala., suffered from an ugly ulcer for nine months and Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured her in two weeks. It will help you. Only 25c. Recommended by West Side Pharmacy.



U. S. MODEL B WINDMILL

Come and examine this and you will find it the STANDARD OF WINDMILL BUILDING.

We Strive to Handle Nothing but the Best

We handle the best Twine, The Plymouth
The best Wagons, The Bain
P. & O. and Avery Implements. Moon Bros.
Buggies. The Celebrated Bridge and Beach
Cook Stoves and Ranges.

We consider the Best None too Good for our Customers,

McNeill & Smith

Hardware Co.

Jackass Statistics.

In the spring of 1910 the enumerators of the Federal Census Department visited every farm house in Haskell county and made inquiries pertaining to the various phases of our agriculture. The result of the canvass has just been published and reveals some unique, as well as interesting, information. According to the reports there are 112 jackasses on the farms and ranges of this county and their total valuation is given at \$12,243.

The jackass population of Texas is 20,408 which have a total value of \$1,720,074. Only two farms out of one hundred reported jackasses at the last census and the total number of Texas farms reporting was 8151. The average value per head is \$84.28 or \$22.47 more than that of the Texas horse.

PUT ONE EYE OUT.
Suffered 36 Years From Skin Disease.

I suffered from a skin disease for 36 years, and about six months ago it attacked one of my eyes and put it out. After it was too late I got a box of Hunt's Cure and began to use it, and I must say that it is the best remedy I have tried in 36 years, and I believe it will cure any skin eruption.

P. H. Chaney,
Caney, La.

Notice.

Notice is hereby given to all persons having claims against the estate of Loomis Da C. Nolen, deceased, to present the same to me at Weinert, Texas, within 12 months of the 5th day of May 1913 for payment.

Leona B. Nolen,
Administratrix.
Subscribe for the Free Press.

Classified Column

Advertisements in this column will be charged for at the rate of one cent per word per insertion. No notice taken for less than 15 cents per insertion.

Black eyed peas, no weavels, for seed or to eat. Write or phone,
B. M. Whitaker & Co.

Fire, Tornado, Hail, & Live Stock Insurance. All in the best companies.
B. M. Whiteker & Co.

WANTED—A woman to keep house for two, four miles south of Haskell. Route three, box five.
21 4tp

Stamford Normal Opens Monday.

On Monday June 9, the sixth annual session of the Stamford summer normal opens for an eight weeks term. Reduced rates have been granted by all railroads on the round-trip plan. One and one-third fare pays for the round trip.

All indications point toward a large attendance. It is highly important that all students be present on Monday morning, as—at that time—classes will be organized in accordance with the demand of those present.
R. J. Turrentine.

Itch! Itch! Itch!

Constant Itch. Intolerable agony, ECZEMA!
A few drops of a mild, simple, wash—Instant relief—all skin distress GONE.
D. D. D. Prescription for Eczema
Sounds too good to be true? We guarantee it.
The first full size bottle free if D.D.D. cannot reach your case. For your comfort's sake, it is worth a trial. Come in and let us tell you about it. Also about D.D.D. Soap—it helps.
Corner Drug Store.

Let The Free Press do your job printing. We are prepared to please you in design, material and price. Don't send your printing away from Haskell when we can do it as good here.



Copyright 1909, by C. E. Zimmerman Co.—No. 13

Some People wear glasses with grace and ease because they are fitted properly.

They fit both their face and eyes. Not only do we employ skill in the selection of the lenses, but in the fitting as well. So, in buying your glasses from us, you are assured a graceful appearance together with scientific adjustment of the lenses, which means so much that we cannot understand how anyone with improperly fitted glasses can neglect this important matter when such a service as ours is at your disposal.

Meek & Clough
Spencer & Richardson's
Drug Store

A New Story About the Great Caliph

By RUTH GRAHAM

In the city of Bagdad many years ago, when the good old Caliph Haroun-al-Raschid was going about in disguise to see how his subjects were getting on, that he might supply their deficiencies, right their wrongs and be of general service to them, he one evening passed by the shop of a money changer, who was looking very lugubrious.

"What troubles you?" asked the caliph, who was dressed in the garb of a vendor of dates and had on his arm a basket containing the fruit.

"What need to tell you, a poor date seller?" replied the other. "You have an honest and sympathetic countenance, but you cannot help me."

"Not with money surely," replied the caliph, "but with advice."

"Ah," said the money changer, "there is a great deal more advice in the world than of money! Any one can give advice. I am overrun with it, especially about my children. There's not one of my neighbors who cannot tell me just how to train them, though, I confess, those who are most explicit in their instructions have never had any children of their own."

The caliph was much impressed with this information, which was new to him, for no one would dare give him advice as to the training of his children. "Tell me your trouble," he said to the money changer, "and if I do not help you I will give you all the dates I have in my basket." So he told the caliph what grieved him.

"I change money. I lend money," he said, "and I receive money to keep for others which I loan again at interest. This morning three men came in, each with a hundred pieces of gold they wished me to keep for them. I took the money and signed a receipt for it which they had drawn up, and by its terms I was obliged to pay the gold to them all together and not to any one of them separately."

"Soon after they had gone away one of them returned saying that he wished to count the money, for he feared there were not the 300 pieces he had received for, because, after leaving, one of his party had said: 'That man is a fool. I gave him for my share only eighty pieces of gold, and he will have to pay me a hundred pieces.'"

"I took the gold from my strong box and laid it on the table before this honest man, and while we were counting it there came a knock at the door. There stood the two other depositors, who said to me: 'If our third man comes to you and asks you to let him count the money we left you do not permit him. He is a rogue.' I told them I would be very careful and tried to get away from them to go back to the man with the gold, but they insisted on telling me why they suspected their colleague. And by the time they had finished and I got back to the room where I had left him he had gone with the money, having stepped out through a window into the street."

"He had not been gone long before the other two men came back and said they had an opportunity to use their funds and demanded that I should return them their deposit. I have not so much on hand; besides I must eventually lose 300 pieces of gold. They have cited me to appear before the judge tomorrow, and since I cannot return their deposit I shall be sent to jail."

When the caliph had heard this story he frowned that there should be such rascals in Bagdad. But the matter was one of law, and the good man never interfered with legal processes except in wise judgments like Solomon of old. "I will not give you any advice," he said to the money changer, "and since I must keep my contract I will leave my dates with you. But you will see me at the court tomorrow, and I think I know a way to help you."

The money changer did not wish to keep the dates, but the caliph would not take them away with him. The next day, when the money changer went to court, whom should he see on the judge's bench but the date vendor to whom he had confided his story. The two men who had demanded their money entered, and the judge told them to make known to him their complaint against the money changer. They told the same story as the latter, whereupon the judge called for the receipt which had been given for the gold. Having read it, he asked of the complainants:

"Where is the third man to whom the money is to be paid?"

"We do not know. He has made off with it, but that is not our fault. It is the fault of the money changer, of whom we demand the return of our dues."

"This receipt," said the judge, "compels the money changer to return the funds left with him to all the depositors and not to any one or two of them separately. Bring the other man and he will repay you."

The two men hung their heads and made no reply.

"I believe," continued the caliph, "that you are as dishonest as he, but I cannot prove it or I would send you to prison." Then, turning to the money changer, he said, "If these men trouble you again appeal the case to the caliph, Haroun-al-Raschid."

The judge stepped down from the bench, and as he went out to the street a number of slaves who were waiting for him bowed down their heads before him. The money changer asked who he was and was told that he was the caliph himself.

A Choice Between Two Roads

By F. A. MITCHEL

Having occasion to journey through a portion of Tennessee, the region of the Cumberland plateau, I was obliged on one occasion to travel by wagon. A countryman with some supplies was going over the route I proposed to take, and when I offered him good pay to take me with him he accepted the proposition.

We hadn't got far on our route when we came to a house standing beside the road, and a girl carrying a carpetbag—it was an old timer, really made of carpet—came out of the house, evidently to meet the wagon. She was "dressed up"—that is, she had on her best clothes instead of the calico dress and sunbonnet of the typical southern country girl.

"Josh," she said, "I reckon I'll go with you."

"All right, Sairy. Climb up yere." There was room for three on the seat, but since my driver—Saunders—was his name—and the girl seemed inclined to be spunky I removed myself to a soft bale of some kind of goods in the wagon behind them, saying that I would have a smoke.

Josh and Sairy, as they called each other, were evidently enjoying the trip together. Neither gave me any information as to their relationship or how the girl knew that she would pass the house where she joined us at that day and hour.

Having nothing to do, I amused myself trying to work out the relationship between them. While they said nothing directly to indicate it, they said a great deal indirectly. At one time the girl would chat about a certain farm, mentioning all sorts of devices for making the house on it attractive. She would put up some curtains she had that would fit very neatly and paper several of the rooms herself—she had done papering before—and line the porch with flowers, and make a lot of improvements besides. Josh assented to all this every time she stopped long enough to give him an opportunity, saying: "Just so. That would look mighty fine—beautiful." But it seemed to me that he was listening to a story rather than facts. If she were picturing a future home in which he was to participate he gave me the idea that he considered the girl to be a rainbow chaser.

Striking a crossroad, we found a man sitting on a fence whittling a stick. He took no notice of us till we came opposite; then he said: "Howdy, Josh? Howdy, Sairy?" "Howdy, Mart?" said Josh, pulling up.

"What yo' goin'?" asked Mart. "We're goin' to Jasper."

"What yo' goin' to do thar—get married?"

Josh looked at the girl, but since she did not seem inclined to make a reply he did so himself. "We allowed we might get married if we can find a pa'son to marry us."

"I reckoned so. That's the reason I jist thought I'd wait fo' yo' yere." I changed my position so that I could see the girl's face. All the light heartedness had gone out of her. I inferred that the man sitting on the fence was a claimant for her herself, but he was a red headed, freckled, loose jointed, disagreeable looking fellow, and I didn't see how he could have any chance with Josh, who was quite good looking and otherwise attractive. Neither Josh nor Sairy made any comment on Mart's last statement, and presently he drawled:

"See here, Sairy, this has been goin' on long enough. Yo' see the signboards pointin' the way? The road yo're goin' leads to Jasper, fo' other one to Chattanooga. Air yo' goin' to Jasper with Josh or air yo' goin' to Chattanooga with me?"

There being no immediate reply to this, there was a dead silence. It was evident that the two men were waiting for the girl to decide between them. Presently Mart added: "This ends the foolin'. Yo' go to Jasper or to Chattanooga, and whichever way yo' go yo' stay. There's no go back."

Half a minute elapsed before the decision came and then not in words. Josh must have seen it in the girl's face, for I saw him reach down under the seat, take out Sairy's carpetbag and hand it to her. At the same time Mart approached and handed her down on to the road. Then Josh drove on. Looking back, I saw Mart and Sairy trudging along on the road to Chattanooga.

Taking the seat I had vacated in favor of the girl, I handed Josh a cigar.

"Smoke?"

"Reckon I will."

"What does all this mean?" I asked when he had lighted up.

"Waal, there's some wimmen bes a powerful influence over some men and some men over some wimmen. That gal has been wantin' to marry me fo' a long spell, but that feller wouldn't let her. Did yo' hear her talkin' about the house we was to live in arter we was married? I'd heard all that afore. I knowed it didn't mean nothin'."

I knowed Mart was a watchin' her and I had his spies out on her and she wouldn't get far afore he'd stop her."

"Does she fear him?"

"No. If he'd 'a' tried to force her I'd put a bullet inter him."

I asked Josh if Mart noticed the girl, explained to him what hypnotizing meant, but all he had to say to this was:

"I dunno."

LIKE CURES LIKE

By ELIZABETH WEED

Dr. Vermatille, the renowned Paris stomach specialist, being overworked, broke down and was obliged to give up the practice of his profession, at least temporarily. Before starting for the Riviera, where he proposed to recuperate, he turned over his patients to Dr. Hartwell, a young American who had studied medicine in Paris and after graduation had accepted a position with Dr. Vermatille's preparatory to setting up for a specialist in America.

The two were sitting together in Dr. Vermatille's office, going over an alphabetical list of patients and a brief statement of the symptoms of each. Under the letter "L" came the name of Lassant, Louise.

"Mlle. Lassant," said Dr. Vermatille, "you will find a difficult case to diagnose. At least I have not yet made up my mind as to the nature of her disease. She is laugid, takes no interest in anything, has no appetite and is inclined to melancholy. I have recommended a diet of the most digestible food and given her charcoal and other stomach remedies. She has responded to none of them. Possibly you may stumble on the weak spot that is causing the trouble, and if you do, as you well know, the battle is half won."

"Lassant?" said Dr. Hartwell, striving to recall the person to whom the name belonged. "Is not she a young lady about twenty years old, very beautiful, with chestnut hair and soft brown eyes? I think I visited such a patient one day—no; it was her mother—when you were out of town."

"Perhaps so," replied Dr. Vermatille and proceeded to give a statement of the case of the next patient on the list. A few days after Dr. Vermatille's departure Dr. Hartwell while making his round of visits called upon Mlle. Lassant. He found her dressed in negligee costume lying on a lounge in her boudoir reading a novel. On seeing the doctor a slight flush came into her cheeks.

"A little fever this morning, eh?" said the doctor cheerily, at the same time gently pushing a gold bracelet up on to her arm that he might feel her pulse. The moment he touched her wrist he felt a quickened throbbing. "Feverish, not fever," he continued. "There is a difference, I assure you."

Then the doctor asked her if she felt loss of breath in going upstairs, whether she suffered distress after eating, if she slept well. To all of these questions she gave satisfactory replies. Hartwell, being no wiser as to her case than before, resorted to the usual device of physicians, took out his prescription blanks, and filling one out with some hieroglyphics which any properly educated druggist would know meant pure water with an agreeable flavoring, he took his leave, promising to call again in a few days.

"At what hour?" asked the young lady.

"About the same as today," replied the young man.

On his next visit he found his patient in a ravishing morning costume, some cut flowers in a vase standing on a table and a silk blanket of colors becoming to the young lady's complexion thrown over her.

"Ah," he exclaimed, "I see that you are much better?"

"Better? I assure you I am much worse. I thought you said you were coming again in a few days?"

"This is Friday. I was here on Monday."

"But I expected you on Wednesday." "Pardon my neglect. Since Dr. Vermatille's departure I have been very busy."

When this morning the doctor took the round wrist between his thumb and the tips of his fingers he felt not only a quick throbbing in his patient, but a tingling of his own, which, courting through his arm, thrilled him.

"I think," he said, "that your trouble is in the heart."

The patient lowered her eyes. "You need fresh air. There is nothing like pure oxygen to build up the system. Instead of giving you drugs I will take you out to the Bois de Boulogne. The buds are swelling and the birds are singing. My carriage stands at the door. What do you say?"

Throwing off her silken blanket, she sprang from her couch, ran into another room to change her costume and presently returned charmingly dressed for a drive.

Paris in the spring has always been a delightful city, and the spring season is admirably adapted for making love. The young doctor, having discovered the kind of medicine his patient required, gave it in sugar coated doses. He drove her out every day that he could possibly snatch from his duties, and when not able to see her in the daytime he made up for the loss by a long visit in the evening. Indeed, most of his time during his chief's absence was given to one patient, the only one of the lot who did not need his professional attention.

When Dr. Vermatille returned he sat down with his assistant to listen to a report of the condition of his patients.

"Lassant, Louise," he said, reading from the list.

"Recovered. I found that from the date of my visit to Mlle. Lassant some time before your departure her daughter suffered from cardiac trouble."

"What treatment did you apply?"

"I acted on the homeopathic principle of 'like cures like.'"

"Eh! The next is Lavigne, Henri."

A TIMID GIRL

By JOHN B. OVERAKER

Nellie was her name, though if she had been born in New England when they were naming children for the human virtues they would have called her Modesty. Timidity would have also described her, for she appeared to be afraid of her shadow. She was a typewriter in my private bank out in the western town of B. My institution was a small one, and I required but a small force. There was one teller, who paid and received; also a bookkeeper, a boy and my typewriter.

One day a party of robbers rode into an adjoining town, pulled up at the bank, shot the cashier dead, emptied the loose currency into bags and galloped away, all within seven minutes. Their leader was known to be a desperate youngster called Kid Malone, scarcely twenty-two years old.

When Kid Malone a few days later rode into another town and robbed another bank with only one man to assist him and in less time than before, it occurred to me that I had better be taking measures to prepare for an attack on my own institution. I called my little force together for consultation. The cashier proposed that a revolver be so fixed in the door of my private office that I could fire it immediately on the appearance of a robber and another be similarly fixed to his window. The bookkeeper should also be armed. Bob, the boy, said he intended to arm himself with hand grenades. When it came Nellie's turn to make suggestions she said she couldn't think of anything. In case a robber came she would duck under her typewriter table. But after a number of propositions, none of which seemed to be practical, she gathered her wits and surprised us all by a very sensible proposition.

"These preparations to fight desperate men frighten me. It seems to me that they should rather be met by artifice. Until this scare is over how would it do to conceal the cash in something that could be easily removed? I know you'll think it ridiculous, but I have an idea that I think I could work myself if I could only keep enough courage. How would it do to have a baby carriage standing near the back door with a lot of little pillows and blankets and quilts in it, just as though there was a baby asleep, and under the covering to keep the cash during banking hours? Then if this Kid Malone comes to rob the bank I can shriek, run to the baby carriage and wheel it away."

"That's an idea worth considering," said I.

The more I thought about Nellie's plan the more I approved of it. A baby carriage was procured, and as soon as the bank opened in the morning the bulk of the funds was put in it and kept there till after 3 o'clock, when we closed the doors. The carriage stood in a hallway, the opening to which was screened so as to conceal the bank officials when they went to it to put in or take out cash. Nellie's machine was within a few feet of the passage, and in case of trouble it would be the most natural thing in the world for her to take to flight through the exit. All I feared was that if we were attacked the girl would be so frightened that she wouldn't stop in her flight to wheel away the treasure.

We kept up our precaution for three days, and since it was quite inconvenient in doing business I was about to abandon it, but Nellie said she had dreamed that Kid Malone had appeared and somehow had got away with a lot of money. I am ashamed to confess that I was influenced by this dream, which decided me to keep up our precaution for another day.

About 11 o'clock the next morning a clatter of horses' hoofs was heard coming down the street. Nellie heard it and turned pale. She didn't wait for robbers to reach the bank. She ran for the baby carriage, and both she and it disappeared. I heard the riding party stop before the bank and sat still, intending to submit to a robbery of what few bills there were on the counters. The teller crouched down below his window, the bookkeeper ducked under his desk, and, as for Bob, he followed Nellie out through the back door.

I waited every minute expecting to see armed men come in through the front door, but nobody came. Then I heard the horses without trot away. I was wondering what it all meant when Bob came in and cried:

"Stung!"

He had been running and was out of breath. When he recovered he said that Nellie had gone from the back around to the front door, where one of the party of riders had helped her on to a horse, while another had taken the contents of the baby carriage under his arm, and, mounting, the party had ridden out of town.

I could not believe the story and hurried out to the street, where I saw the baby carriage standing on the sidewalk. A crowd was gathering, several of whom assured me that they had seen my typewriter riding away beside a man whom they recognized for Kid Malone.

I went back into the bank and told my force to keep their mouths shut. I was not entirely broken up by the loss, though I was badly crippled. Fortunately we kept only enough cash in the bank to get on with, the rest being hidden in my home.

Nellie was Kid Malone's girl, and she had secured a place in my bank on purpose to assist him to rob me.

A Transmigration Story

By F. A. MITCHEL

In the city of Bangalore, in India, one Kadur, an old man, lay dying. His wife knelt by his bedside—there were no children—waiting for the end and praying to Vishnu in his behalf. In India they believe in the transmigration of souls, and the woman prayed that in order that she might have her husband near her his spirit might pass into the body of one of her pets, of which she had a great many. When she was satisfied that he was dead she left the body where it lay and, weeping, went out to another room. As she opened the door she saw in the middle of the floor a tiny monkey that had just been born looking up at her with a peart face and a pair of bright eyes. Whether or not it was her imagination that made this human-like countenance appear in her eyes to resemble her late husband it is impossible to say. Certain it is that she took the little creature up in her arms and hugged it to her bosom, at the same time thanking her god that he had answered her prayer, for she did not doubt that the soul of him she loved had passed into the body of the monkey just born.

Now, the woman was rich, and this is what she did. She made a will, leaving all her property to the monkey so long as it lived, and at its death it was to go to her nephew, Rustom, a boy of whom she was very fond. She also bequeathed the monkey to a woman in whom she had great confidence, who was to have a large sum for its care as long as it lived. It was thus made the interest of its keeper to preserve its life as long as possible.

The widow lived three years after her husband's death. When she died her nephew, Rustom, was about eighteen years old and had a sweetheart. Naturally he wished to marry and needed the money. But the woman, Dulmara, who was getting large pay for taking care of her ward, realizing that Rustom was interested in its death, redoubled her efforts to keep the monkey alive. She put it in a wing of the house, had iron bars put on all the windows, and no one was permitted to go in to it without passing through apartments occupied by herself.

But these precautions were not necessary for Rustom had been brought up to believe that his uncle's soul was in the monkey and if he killed it he would be guilty of a crime. But Agya, the girl he wished to marry, had been a Christian mission school and did not believe in the transmigration theory. She could not see why a monkey should prevent her and the youth she loved from enjoying a fortune. Indeed, she thought no more of killing a monkey than a dog. Besides, it was plain that Dulmara might at the monkey's death substitute another monkey in its place and keep on thus substituting monkeys till the crack of doom. She therefore determined that the little beast should die.

Fortunately for her intention, Rustom's love for her was not known to Dulmara, nor had Dulmara ever seen her. One day Agya appeared to Dulmara and said that she had a singular dream. But before she told the dream she looked about her at the pets which were wandering around. A hen was sitting on some eggs, upon seeing which Agya told her dream. She said that a woman had appeared to her in her sleep and said that her husband's soul was in a monkey in a house which she described. The woman herself had died and passed into the body of a cow (sacred in India). The cow was about to die, and the woman's spirit had been permitted by Vishnu to be born in the house where her husband lived in a monkey's body. She would come out of an egg. The girl was instructed to go to the house described, and the first chicken hatched in that house would contain the spirit of the wife of the man whose spirit inhabited the monkey. She was to have the care of the chicken.

There is no end to the superstition in the people of India, and Dulmara believed the story. While the two were talking a wee chick picked through the shell of an egg, and this settled the matter. Dulmara did not dare to turn Agya away for fear of the wrath of the tiny bird which might contain the soul of her from whom she drew her stipend. The girl was at once taken into the household and given the care of the chicken. She took it in to see the monkey, but the little brute evidently did not recognize it as its wife, for it permitted to get at it would have eaten it.

Agya, having effected an entrance to the household as well as access to the monkey, lost no time in carrying out the rest of her plan. Soon after her arrival the monkey sickened and died the next day.

Though Agya did not admit that she had poisoned the monkey, she threw off the sham she had put on and, leaving her little ward to take care of itself, went to Rustom and told him that he had succeeded to his fortune. She being a witness to the death of the monkey, he had no trouble in securing his property. The two were married, but Agya did not then dare to tell her husband that she had killed the monkey lest he consider her a murderess.

Years after, when she had converted him to her religion, she confessed. He was scarcely prepared for such a sin, and in order to make him feel more comfortable she told him that his uncle had appeared to her in the form of a bird of paradise and thanked her for poisoning it.

A MOCK ELOPEMENT

By MARTHA BILLINGS

Jim Dunlap was a hardworking farmer boy. His father died when Jim was very young, and the boy was obliged to scratch early for a living. He worked hard and studied nights, for there was ambition in Jim, though no one would have suspected it. Nevertheless he seemed content with hard work and not inclined to take a stand above mediocrity.

May Stanley was the belle of the village. The moment Jim Dunlap saw her he fell in love with her.

Now, while Jim Dunlap was a plodder, with nothing brilliant whatever about him, May was a little witch. She was witty, droll and much inclined to mischief. Her face was a mirror for her thoughts. Nevertheless if she had a preference for any of the young men of the village—there were no newcomers—none of her friends could discover it. But a girl, be she ever so communicative on other subjects, may keep that one secret deep hidden in her breast. As has been said, there was one young man with whom she was never associated in the minds of her friends. That was Jim Dunlap. Indeed, she had been heard to very unfeelingly apply to him the name of "sorrel top."

While Jim was plowing by day and a student by night, a gangling, awkward man of twenty, Walter Swift, the son of a neighboring well to do farmer, was getting ready to leave college with a degree. He came home with a good deal of chest, with a fraternity badge on his coat and a reputation for scholarship. The girls looked for him to take an interest in May Stanley as the only one of their number capable of attracting one who had a university cut about him and more civilized manners than any of the rest. But some of them declared that he wouldn't look at May even. These latter he disappointed by not only looking at her, but looking at her with longing eyes. There was that in her that attracted both sexes—a reckless, better skelter, devil-may-care way she had, which is always fascinating in young persons, especially to young persons.

Swift's appearance fresh from college tended to put Jim Dunlap by comparison only further in the background. His joints seemed larger, his hair redder, while his freckles seemed like brown autumn leaves that some one had tramped all over his face. Not that he appeared to feel any inferiority, for he plodded on in the same awkward way as before. It was rather a feeling in those who saw the two young men in contrast.

That winter after Swift's coming home was a gay one among the younger set of the village. It isn't every small town that can number a full fledged college graduate among its social attractions, and Swift, who had played his share of pranks while at the university, originated a good many methods of amusement. When the winter was drawing to a close and Lent was coming on the boys and girls were wondering what they would do by way of a carnival. One of their number suggested that they have a fancy dress ball, but they had had one the year before and wanted something newer. Swift came to the rescue by proposing an elopement.

"An elopement!" all exclaimed at once. "What do you mean by that?"

"In colonial times," he said, "when a couple were married it was the custom for the bride and groom to race with the guests for a tavern, the party reaching the goal last to pay for a supper. I propose that we select a couple to elope (for fun, of course) and run for the Beaver Inn, the rest to follow, the supper to be paid for as in colonial times."

The idea was accepted with enthusiasm. May Stanley was just the girl to play the part of the bride, and the proposer of the scheme was the man for the groom. May was chosen, but Swift was not. While he was the admiration of the girls, the boys were inclined to be jealous of him. But the boys couldn't settle upon one of their own number—each desiring to be the eloper—till some one in jest nominated Dunlap. All laughingly assented, and it was considered that there would be more fun with him for groom than any of the others. He would make the affair more ridiculous.

Tuesday night before the opening of Lent Jim saddled two horses, one with a woman's saddle, and at 10 o'clock pulled up under May Stanley's window. She jumped down into his arms, he put her on one of the horses, and away they galloped.

At the same hour and minute the rest of the party started from an equidistant point, both making for the Beaver Inn. Jim and May stopped for twelve minutes by the way; but, having been given the advantage of the best road and Jim making a cut across fields, the elopers arrived first.

"My friends," said Jim, "I'll pay for the supper, for this is the happiest night of my life. May and I stopped by the way at a parson's just long enough to be married."

No one considered his words in earnest, and all set up a shout, but May produced a certificate that was passed around among the girls, and at last it began to be understood that the pair were married.

"For heaven's sake, where and when did they do their courting?" was the universal question.

Jim Dunlap is now a judge on the bench.

FURNITURE

We opened a new car last week and now have the most complete stock ever seen in Haskell.

Come and see the new styles in Iron Beds, Buffets and Davenport, Don't fail to see the Quartered Red Gum Bed Room Furniture. It looks like Walnut, Wears like Walnut, but will cost much less.

We will take pleasure in showing you through our lines, and feel sure you will enjoy your visit.

JONES-COX & CO.

Notice of Sheriffs Sale. (Real Estate.)

By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the Honorable District Court of Jones County, on the 21st day of May, A. D. 1913, in the case of First National Bank of Stamford, versus J. L. Haskew No. 1470, and to me, as sheriff, directed and delivered, I did on the 23rd day of May, A. D. 1913, at 10 o'clock a. m. levy upon the land herein below described, and will, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m., and 4 o'clock p. m., on the first Tuesday in July, A. D. 1913, it being the first day of said month, at the Court House door of said Haskell County in the town of Haskell, proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, all the right, title and interest which J. L. Haskew had on the 16th day of April A. D. 1908, or at any time thereafter, of in and to the following described property, to-wit:

All that certain five (5) acre tract or parcel of land, situated, lying and being in Haskell county Texas, and being a part of section No. Twelve (12) of the B. B. & C. R. Co. land, except Wichita Valley right of way, and being the same conveyed to J. C. Haskew and W. R. West, and the interest of said West having been conveyed to J. C. Haskew, and the said J. C. Haskew by two different deeds having conveyed the same to me, all of which more fully appears from said deed of trust duly recorded in Deed of Trust records of Jones county Texas, in Vol. 11, page 278, and Deed of Trust records in Haskell county, Texas, Vol. 7, page 533.

Said property being levied on as the property of J. L. Haskew to satisfy a balance on a judgment amounting to \$2574.10, in favor

of First National Bank of Stamford and costs of suit.
Given under my hand this 3rd day of June A. D. 1913.

W. C. ALLEN,
Sheriff Haskell County, Texas.
By M. S. Edwards, Deputy.

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Many Haskell People Have Kidney Trouble and Don't Know It.

Do you have backache?
Are you tired and worn out?
Feel dizzy, nervous and depressed?

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Highly colored; contain sediment.

Likely your kidneys are at fault.
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Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other.

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Don't Suffer!

"I had been troubled, a little, for nearly 7 years," writes Mrs. L. Fincher, in a letter from Peavy, Ala., "but I was not taken down, until March, when I went to bed and had to have a doctor. He did all he could for me, but I got no better. I hurt all over, and I could not rest. At last, I tried Cardui, and soon I began to improve. Now I am in very good health, and able to do all my housework."

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How to Get A Husband

By LOUISE B. CUMMINGS

"Murthy, my dear," said Mrs. Griggs, "you'd ought to get married. Your father is liable to be taken from you at any time, and he ain't got a red cent to leave you."

"It's very easy to say 'git married,'" Aunt Jane, "but how's a girl to git married unless some one axes her?"

"Management, my dear; management. I had to manage to git my husband, but I done it."

"How?"

"Well, I'll tell you, seein' it's you, though I never tole any one before in my life. I wanted a husband, and I wanted John. I couldn't tell him I wanted him, so I told him the next best thing. He wasn't thinkin' o' gittin' married, so far as I knew. He was a hardworkin' young man, attendin' to his duties and tryin' to git his farm in good payin' condition."

"One spring mornin' I went by where he was plowin'. 'Mornin', Mr. Griggs,' says I. 'Mornin', Miss Haskell,' says he. 'Beginnin' the season's work?' says I. 'Yes,' says he. 'I'm startin'.' 'I don't see,' says I, 'how you git on with your housekeepin' when you're at work on your farm. What d'ye do when you go in after a hard day's work and don't find no supper ready?' 'I get the supper myself,' says he."

"I see, Aunt Jane. Then you told him he needed a wife, and he asked you to marry him."

"Laws a-massy, child, you don't suppose I blunder like that? I didn't do nothin' of the kind. I jist looked at him as though my heart was breakin' for sympathy for him. Then he said he'd been thinkin' that if he had a wife to do the inside work and the milkin' and the rest of the dairy work it would be easier on him. I told him I reckoned he'd have to go into the next county for one, since, so far as I knew, all the girls w'oth havin' near by was spoken for. He looked kind o' sorrowful at that. He was leanin' on his plow handle and lookin' off over the field and didn't say nothin'."

"There's a widdler woman over to Berksville that might suit you," I said. "She's a little older 'n you and has a couple o' children, but mebbe you wouldn't want a widdler." He didn't say nothin' to this, only jist looked on over the fields. The mornin' was kind o' springlike, and the country was lookin' fresh, but I knowed he wasn't takin' it in. He was thinkin' about the wife I'd put into his head.

"If you wouldn't want a widdler—and I reckon the children might bother you; they're always kickin' up a racket in a house—I know a young woman that might suit you over to Hilton crossroads. She ain't purty, havin' red hair and freckles, besides bein' kind o' loose jointed, but she's mighty strong and kin do a heap o' work."

"Reckon," he said, kind o' mournful, "I'll have to take what I kin git."

"Oh, no, you won't," says I. "There's nice girls that would be glad to git you; only you'd have to go somewheres else for 'em, seein' those about here are taken up."

"I ain't heard o' your takin' up with no young man, Miss Haskell," says he.

"Oh, I! I don't count. None o' the young men would want me."

"Is that so?" he says, lookin' kind o' surprised.

"No," says I. "I'm not the kind of a girl most young men would fancy. I've noticed that men nat'ually take to a different kind of a girl from me. Besides, I'm needed at home. Dad couldn't get on without me."

"Seein' he's a widdler he might get a wife to supply your place."

"Oh, dad, he couldn't get on with no one else except me. I've tuck care of his house ever since maw died and a long time before that, and any one else comin' in to do the work would jist set him crazy. You see, dad can't bear a spot on a pillowcase or a sheet or a cobweb anywhere or dust accumulat' under the furniture. And he's awful particular what he eats, bein' inclined to indigestion. I know jist how to make the kind o' bread he likes and muffins and griddlecakes, and, as to cookin' his meat, I never dry it up like some persons, but always leave the juice in it. Then when it comes to apple or huckleberry pie dad says I'm the only one can make 'em to suit him. Suit him, mind you. I don't say I could suit anybody else."

"Well, I could see that his mouth was waterin' for some o' them things I'd tole him about, so I asks him how he'd like to come over for dinner the next Sunday and try some of 'em. He said he'd like to mighty well."

"That's as far as I wanted to go right then. So I passed on with a 'Mornin', Mr. Griggs. We eat dinner half an hour after church is out Sunday. Goodbye."

"There's no use tellin' you the rest o' this story. I made a beginnin' that would work shore, 'cause I attacked him through his stomach. Some girls would 'a' talked soft; some would 'a' cried. Cryin' is the best way to bring a man down next to feedin' him well, but I'd rather rely on the stomach than on sympathy myself, but each girl must decide for herself. Now you go and experiment on Ben Hathaway. I know you want him, and if no other girl has got ahead of you you can get him—if you work it right."

Marthy experimented on Mr. Hathaway with success. She didn't follow the advice exactly as it was given her, but near enough to produce the desired result. At any rate, she got him.

A Wrong Decision

By ARTHUR W. BREWSTER

My uncle, Nathan Travers, was a rich man without children of his own, and I was to be his heir. He was a man who never forgave an injury. If any one tried to get an unwarranted advantage of him he would beat him, if possible, and in any event would never forgive him. He lived in a suburban town alone except for the servants, received no company and never went out socially. I went to see him at least once a week, often remaining all night.

One morning, after having dined with him the evening before and remained all night, intending to take an early train to the city, I went into his room to bid him goodby and was shocked to find him dead in his bed. He had been stabbed to the heart. I was about to call the servants when it occurred to me that, being my uncle's heir, I was in a position to be suspected of his murder.

Would it be better for me to be before the world the discoverer of my uncle's having been killed or to leave the house, pretending not to know anything about it? I had been asked the night before by a maid if I would have breakfast prepared for me and had said that I would breakfast in the city.

If I went out, as was to be expected, the servants would discover and announce the murder. I gave but a few seconds to deliberate whether I should leave the house thus or announce the murder, then decided on the former course.

On my way to the city I was much agitated and fearful that I had decided wrong. It turned out that I had. A maid had arisen and was descending from the story above when I was leaving my uncle's room. She saw me and later, when she went to awaken her master and found him dead, remembered having seen me leaving his chamber. The result was that when I was told of the tragedy and looked surprised and shocked I was at once arrested and brought to trial.

The explanation I have given here was without any effect on the jury. My attorney only relied on it so far as it could be corroborated by other evidence. He introduced the statements of those who knew my uncle and who swore that he was a man having many enemies. During his long life several persons had said to him, "You shall pay for this," or "I'll have your heart's blood," or "Just you wait." My defender took the ground that some one of these persons had done the deed. But my unwise action on discovering my uncle's dead body had fixed his death irrevocably on me unless the real murderer could be discovered.

I was convicted. My lawyer resorted to the usual methods to secure delay, and my execution was put off from time to time. Finally, all these subterfuges having failed, a day was set for my death.

Books and newspapers were allowed me, but I could read only the latter. One day I was trying to keep my mind off my horror by reading a morning journal when I saw that a burglary had been committed and the robber had been arrested with the plunder on him.

His portrait was in the rogues' gallery and identified him as Peter Ritterhof, with several aliases. He had but recently left state prison, having been sent there for a robbery committed five years before.

Ritterhof! Where had I heard that name? Some Ritterhof had crossed my path at some time, but I could not remember when, the circumstances or the person. The memory does not always act instantly. There are cases wherein it requires time. Presently I recalled that the name was connected with a scene in court. Then the fact came to me that my uncle had once sent a workman to the penitentiary who had been engaged in his house and whom he accused of purloining certain valuables. Lastly, Ritterhof and this workman became identical in my mind.

I sent for my attorney at once and told him what I have given here. Not wishing to excite in me a hope that might be dashed, he went away, simply saying that he would make a thorough investigation. In time he returned, saying that he had examined the records and found that this Peter Ritterhof had been "sent up" exactly ten years and ten days before the date of the murder for stealing articles from my uncle's house.

So affected was I by the announcement, which I considered tantamount to a reprieve, that I toppled over. When I came to myself again my attorney impressed upon me the importance of fixing the murder upon this man and told me he proposed to do it by the process called third degree.

I had another temporary breakdown when he came to my cell the next day and announced that he had secured the desired confession. He acquired it by assuring Ritterhof that he had three witnesses ready to swear that he had said he would kill the man who caused his imprisonment and had evidence of his having been seen leaving my uncle's house during the night of the murder.

Within a few days I walked out of jail into a fortune. But I never entirely recovered from the narrow escape I had had and never hear of the conviction of any one for a first offense without thinking he may be innocent.

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