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Vol. 12.

CLARENDON, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1900

No. 40

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## NEW YEAR'S FOLKLORE.

CUSTOMS PREVALENT IN OTHER DAYS.

**H**EARTY expressions of good wishes for a happy and prosperous New Year are the greeting of this season. But, if we may credit our English forebears, we may for ourselves forecast the general aspect of the next 12 months, says the Detroit News-Tribune. It is pleasant to be foolish sometimes, and a few minutes with the folklore and ancient customs of our ancestors cannot be time ill spent.

From a valuable manuscript in the library of Trinity college, Cambridge, we learn that if the New Year commences on a Sunday

The winter shall be good, I say,  
But great winds aloft shall be;  
The summer shall be fine and dry;  
By lightning and without loss  
Through all lands there shall be peace;  
Good time for all things to be done,  
But he that steals shall be found soon.  
What child that day may be  
A great lord he shall live to be.

And again, with regard to the weather, note carefully the atmospheric conditions of the first 12 days of the year. They will give you an unfailing indication of what weather to expect during the coming 12 months.

You are strongly advised never to lend anything on New Year's day, or you are sure to be unlucky the whole year through. Don't pay anything, either, for it is said

Pay away money on New Year's day,  
And the year through you'll have money to pay!

But by far the most general superstition is that of the "first foot," it being everywhere acknowledged that the fortune of a house entirely depends on the appearance and the sex of the first person crossing the threshold after the midnight hour has passed. It is hard to see what Judas Iscariot has to do with Christmas, but tradition asserts that Judas, in addition to his sins, was possessed of a monstrous crop of hair. Therefore no redheaded person or even one of fair complexion must place "first foot" in a house on this momentous morning. The question of complexion, however, is not altogether a settled one. In many places it is a fair and not a dark man who should place "first foot."

This harbinger of fortune must eat and drink when in the house and should, to make the charm most complete, enter by the front door, visit every room, carrying a piece of holly in his hand, and make his exit by the rear.

If the question of complexion is unsettled, that of sex is decidedly not. No female under any circumstances must be the first to enter a house on New Year's morning.

**The Tables Turned.**  
"We at here tonight," said the deacon, "to make good resolutions for the new year, which has full foul of us in the twinkling of an eye. Now, I want to start the ball a-rolling. You all know that I've got a high temper, and I've had considerable fight in the year that's past and gone like a man that owes you \$10. What I want to do is to swear off from fight in the new year, which, as I have said before, has full foul of us. But I can't stop till I lick Brother Jones, cos it's in me to lick him, and I want to ease my conscience. Ef he'll step outside with me for five minutes, I'll lick him and then swear off for good."

They retired to the outer darkness, but in less than five minutes the deacon returned, much the worse for wear.

"I can't swear off this time, brother-in," he said, "Ie licked me!"—Atlanta Constitution.

**Much to Learn in the New Year.**  
All beginnings are important and significant, but the true ears are not in the calendar, but in the heart. The new year's beginning—the real new year of grace and obedience, with their resulting gift of peace—is not an arbitrary period, but the hour of inward choice, when the will of man gives up the helm into the hand of Christ. In that new year there must be much to learn and suffer, but there shall be more to win and to enjoy.

**The New Year.**  
A royal welcome, baby year,  
The first of the century new,  
Yet for the old year's sake,  
Even while we are welcoming you,  
In memory dear of the dead old year  
Who left us a friendship to be.

Our hopes are with thee, young one,  
Such hopes as have weathered the blast,  
Of some time this year or fortune won,  
Withheld from us waiting the last,  
Some great task done, last year begun  
Or planned in our dreams to be past.

Fair child, there's one at least who prays  
That thou mayst bring less sorrow,  
Bring fewer long and weary days  
And more like the blessed tomorrow,  
With longing gaze at sunset rays,  
So sweet from the future to borrow.

—Buffalo Express.

## JAPANESE MOCHI MAN.

He is the Santa Claus of Japan and Appears on New Year's.

The great event of the New Year is the arrival of the mochi man, who is a tolerably fair substitute for Santa Claus. His coming is quite as mysterious also, as no child knows whence he comes or where he goes. However, at some hour of the day or night before the first of January he arrives, not with the jingle of sleighbells or the clatter of noisy hoofs upon the roof, for a Japanese house is chimneyless. Therefore the mochi man is obliged to enter through the shoji (paper windows), which he does so openly and so vauntingly as to do away with all that fascinating unreality that in its investiture of our king of the holiday reveals is so precious to the little ones. Nevertheless the children get a head at the appointed hour New Year's eve, and the little bias eyes try to go to sleep, but instead of reaching the "Land of Nod" the small people usually arrive at "Wideawakeville."

At last the mochi man announces his presence by dashing a heaping handful of rice and beans into the face of the supposed to be sleeping child, and this is the signal for a midnight frolic. The throwing of rice and beans at this hour and upon this occasion has been considered from time immemorial a desire on the part of the thrower to express three wishes for the good of the receiver. These wishes are respectively that he may have good luck and happiness the coming year and that he may be at "outs" with the oni (devil)—far from inappropriate symbolism to be woven into a New Year's greeting.

The mochi man always brings with him an infectious cheery confusion of earthen cooking stoves and earthen vessels to boil mochi in. This toothsome edible is mixed, boiled, stirred, cooled and stuffed before the very eyes of the youngsters, and finally it is evolved into a glutinous rice cake. In the beginning of its preparation, which is somewhat complicated, it is worked about in a wooden bowl with a bamboo stick until it looks much like strained honey. All this is aggravatingly sweet to the nostrils of the onlookers, who can scarcely wait until the mochi man treats them. Meanwhile this patron saint creates much laughter by his funny antics and beguiles the waiting time with still funnier stories of New Year's when he was a little lad.

**NEW YEAR'S MENU.**  
Oysters on Half Shell.  
Cream of Tartar.  
Celery, Olives, Radishes.  
Smelts Stuffed in Brown Butter.  
Cucumber Salad.  
Roast Turkey, Sautéed with Chestnuts.  
New Spinach, Potatoes Russeles.  
Mince Pie, Brown Bread, Ice Cream.  
Coffee.

**Egyptian New Year.**  
The Egyptian year began with the rising of the star Sirius, and consisted of 365 days. There were 12 months of 30 days each, and at the close of the year five days were intercalated. All reckoning was by this year; the festivals were celebrated by it, and as a consequence, like the Roman festivals of later times, circled around from one season to another on account of the omission from the calendar of the quarter day. Notwithstanding this omission the Egyptians seemed to have known that the addition of a quarter of a day each year was necessary in order to keep a correct measurement of time, which they called their "Sothic cycle." This cycle was a period of 1,461 vague or 1,460 true years, and was called "Sothiac" because its beginning was fixed at a date when the dog star, known by the Egyptians as Sothis, rose with the sun on the 1st of Thoth, which was the commencement of their year. This rising of Sirius and the sun on the 1st of Thoth took place in the years B. C. 2782 and B. C. 1322 and also in 138 A. D.

**Hard on the Old Man.**  
There are divers manners of forming resolutions for the new year that are always put into practice, and all have their devotees, even if the turning over of a brand new leaf only occurs at the close of their year, however, that has lost at least one devotee for all time in New Orleans. About 2 o'clock last New Year's morning, after the usual ushering in of the new year and as the family was about to retire, the head of the household of an old custom that was in vogue when he was a boy. He explained that in his boyhood everybody would open the Bible at random on the first of the year and the first text his eye should rest on would be a guide for his conduct during the coming year. The custom found ready acceptance, and one young hopeful produced a Bible, and, letting it fall open, his finger fell on the following text from Zechariah, chapter 1, 2: "The Lord hath been sore displeased with your fathers." It is needless to say that no other member of the family was coaxed to try the old custom.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**The Norseman's Calendar.**  
The ancient Norsemen reckoned by winters, and the beginning of their year was probably dated from the 16th of October. The festival in honor of Thor was held in midwinter, about the origin of the Christian holiday merrymaking. We got the names of at least three, if not four, of the days of the week from the Norse gods of the Odin religion. Tuesday is from Tir or Tiu-day, on which the offerings to fate were made and the courts of justice held; Wednesday is from Woden or Odinn, one of the Norse trinity; Thursday or Thor's day, from Thor, the chief of the trinity, and Friday is from Frigg, another of the minor deities of the trinity.

## NEW YEAR DIVINING.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS CONCERNING MATRIMONY.

**Tests of the Young Folks in Various Countries to Determine How Soon They Would Wed—The Suspended Ring—The Tea Test.**

**O**N THE principle of beginning the year well it has been customary in many countries to select New Year's day as most auspicious for matrimony, and indeed a remnant of this custom is found among ourselves, for no day is more highly favored in this regard than the 1st of January, says the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. In some countries the weddings of the year are all arranged with a view to their celebration on Jan. 1, and by a curious contradiction, in Islam and some mountain districts in India, the year's funerals are also celebrated on the first day of the succeeding year. Temporary interments take place a day or two after death, but on the first day of the following January the remains of those who died during the year are borne to their last resting place, the funeral feasts are celebrated at the same time with the weddings, and in the most literal manner the funeral baked meats do coldly furnish forth the marriage tables.

Advantage is taken of the day by the unmarried to ascertain how many years will elapse ere the bonds of matrimony are fixed upon them. The French peasant girl borrows her mother's wedding ring and suspends it by a hair from her own head, holding it as near as possible to the inner rim of a taceup. Then she counts, as rapidly as may be, the number of her own years. The tremulousness of her fingers causes the suspended ring to sway to and fro. Another notes while she is counting the number of taps of the ring on the taceup, and these betoken the years of single blessedness that lie before her.

In the country districts of Germany and England there is a tea and coffee test, which has the merit of limiting the years to a number so reasonable that any girl should feel satisfied with the result. As conducted, according to Gunter, this test is as follows: A tea-spoon is carefully balanced on the edge of a cup; then another spoon is partly filled with tea or coffee, which, drop by drop, is allowed to fall in the bowl of the balanced spoon, until the bowl outweighs the handle and the spoon falls into the cup. The merit of this divination lies in the fact that one or two good sized drops will destroy the balance and cause the spoon to fall, and, on this account, spoon divination is in high favor among the rural belles.

The custom of visiting and of sending presents and cards on New Year's day is so ancient that the historian of social customs does not record a time when in some form it did not exist.

**COUNTING THE TAPS.**  
The practice of using visiting cards has been known among the Chinese for thousands of years. The Chinese New Year's end is a curiosity to the occidental, for its mystic characters set forth not only the name, but all the titles, of the owner, and, as every Chinese man who is anybody at all has a dozen or two, the card assumes the form and something of the dimensions of a wall map. When sent to an acquaintance, however, this valuable token, made either of fine paper backed with cloth, or of silk, is not retained, but is returned by special messenger, and the day after New Year's the spectacle of crowds of servants, their arms full of rolls of paper or cloth, hurrying to and fro in the streets, is too common to excite remark. They are not on their way to a school of geography. They are only returning New Year's cards.

Whole volumes have been filled with the novelties of New Year's customs and the usages which in different parts of the world characterize the day. In Persia colored eggs are sent as presents, as with us at Easter. Throughout all Europe the wassail cup, in some form or another, is a feature of the day. In old times one cup of gigantic size served the entire company, and when a man rose and took the huge vessel in both hands to drink to the guests a trusted friend stood by his side lest he should be traitorously snatched from him. In Russia reverence to our Christmas is observed every country house there are processions and feasts in honor of the day, horses, cows, sheep and hogs being gayly dressed with garlands and led to the landlord's house. An essential part of the programme is that the animals shall be taken into the dining room but when the landlord does not care to have a nice apartment spoiled by the human and beastly procession he fits up a large room on the ground floor with tables and benches.

## No Sects in Heaven

**T**ALKING of sects till late one eve,  
Of various doctrines the saints believe,  
That night I doct in a troubled dream,  
By the side of a darkly flowing stream.

And a "Churchman" down the river came;  
When I heard a strange voice call his name,  
"Good father, stop; when you cross the tide,  
You must leave your robe on the other side."

But the aged father did not mind;  
And his long goun floated out behind,  
As down the stream his way he took,  
His pale hands clasping a gilt-edged book.

"I'm bound for heaven; and when I'm there,  
Shall want my book of Common Prayer;  
And, though I put on a starry crown,  
I shall feel quite lost without my gown."

Then he fixed his eyes on the shining track,  
But his gown was heavy and held him back,  
And the poor old father tried in vain  
A single step in the flood to gain.

I saw him again on the other side,  
But his silk gown floated on the tide;  
And no one asked in that blissful spot,  
Whether he belonged to the "Church" or not.

Then down the river a Quaker strayed;  
His dress of a sober hue was made;  
"My coat and hat must all be gray—  
I cannot go any other way."

Then he buttoned his coat straight up to his chin  
And steadily, solemnly waded in  
And his broad-brimmed hat he pulled down tight  
Over his forehead so cold and white.

But a strong wind carried away his hat;  
A moment he silently sighed over that;  
And then, as he gazed on the further shore,  
The coat slipped off and was seen no more.

As he entered heaven his suit of gray  
Went quietly, sailing, away, away;  
And none of the angels questioned him  
About the width of his beaver's brim.

Next came Dr. Watts, with a bundle of psalms  
Tied nicely up in his aged arms,  
And hymns as many, a very wise thing;  
That the people in heaven "all round," might sing.

But I thought that he heaved an anxious sigh,  
And he saw that the river ran broad and high,  
And looked rather surprised, as one by one  
The psalms and hymns in the waves went down.

And after him, with his MMS.,  
Came Wesley, the pattern of godliness;  
But he cried, "Dear me! what shall I do?  
The water has soaked them through and through."

And there on the river far and wide,  
Away they went down the swollen tide;  
And the saint, astonished, passed through alone,  
Without his manuscripts, up to the throne.

Then, gravely walking, the saints by name  
Down to the stream together came;  
But, as they stopped at the river brink,  
I saw one saint from the other shrink.

"Sprinkled or plunged? may I ask you, friend,  
How you attained to life's great end?"  
"Thus, with a few drops on my brow."  
"But I have been dipped, as you'll see now  
And I really think it will hardly do,  
As I'm close communion, to cross with you,  
You're bound, I know to the realms of bliss,  
But you must go that way and I'll go this."

Then straightway plunging with all his might,  
Away to the left—his friend to the right,  
Apart they went from this world of sin,  
But at last together they entered in.

And now, when the river was rolling on,  
A Presbyterian Church went down;  
Of women there seemed an innumerable throng,  
But the men I could count as they passed along.

And concerning the road they never could agree  
The old or the new way, which it should be,  
Nor even a moment paused to think  
That both would lead to the river's brink.

And a sound of murmuring, long and loud,  
Came ever up from the moving crowd:  
"You're in the old way, and I'm in the new;  
That is the false and this is the true."  
Or, "I'm in the old way, you're in the new;  
That is the false and this is the true."

But the brethren on'y seemed to speak,  
Modest the sisters walked and meek.  
And if one of them ever chanced to say  
What troubles she met with on the way,  
How she long'd to pass to the other side,  
Nor feared to cross over the swelling tide.

A voice arose from the brethren then,  
"Let no one speak but the 'holy men';  
For have ye not heard the words of Paul,  
'Oh, let the women keep silent all!'"

I watched them long in my curious dream,  
Till they stood by the borders of the stream;  
Then, just as I thought, the two ways met;  
But all the brethren were talking yet,  
And would talk on until the heaving tide  
Carried them over side by side—  
Side by side, for the way was one;  
The toilsome journey of life was done;  
And all who in Christ the Savior died,  
Came out alike on the other side.

No forms of crosses or books had they;  
No gowns of silk or suits of gray;  
No needs to guide them or MMS.;  
For all had put on Christ's righteousness.

—Crdited to Mrs. Cleveland.

## Turks Slaying Christians.

Reports last week say massacres of Christians by Turkish soldiers in the domain of the Sultan have been resumed. In Macedonia the scenes which horrified the civilized world during the Armenian trouble of a few years ago are, it is stated on the authority of Austrian representatives, being re-enacted.

The Austrian Consul at Salonica, Macedonia, sends the first definite information of the massacres. He states that Christians in the districts Ipek, Gostivar and Giljan are terrorized; that massacres are of daily occurrence, and that there is no security for life and property.

Eighteen villages, the Consul reports, have been completely destroyed by fanatic Mussulmans. The native Christian priests were tortured and many converts killed. The Consul estimates that more than 300 Christians thus far have been slain. Appeals to the Turkish authorities to check these new horrors have met with no response.

## Mexico Threatened by a Panic.

EL PASO, Tex., Dec. 21.—While the press of Mexico is non-committal, it is believed that a great money panic in that country is now on. George W. Hilsinger, manager of the El Paso and Juarez branch of the Banco Mexico, the strongest bank in Mexico City and Chihuahua, says the panic was becoming alarming and the government is about to let out the silver reserve, amounting to nearly 40 million dollars to relieve the situation.

## Rockefeller Has Added \$1,500,000 to Chicago University.

John D. Rockefeller, the founder of the University of Chicago, has added \$1,500,000 to the sum which he has given the university. The gift was announced by President Harper at the 36th convention of the university. Of this sum \$1,000,000 is allotted to the general endowment; \$100,000 is to be used for university press building and equipment; \$100,000 is for a heating and fighting plant for the university buildings, and the rest is to be used for the current expenses of the university for the year beginning July 1, 1901. The gift makes a total of \$8,500,000 which Mr. Rockefeller has given to the university, his last big gift being \$2,000,000, on April 1, 1900, which was promised on conditions that the college officials raise a similar sum. This was done.

## Hazing.

The undeveloped and the savage mind love a practical joke that causes injury. To tie a rope across a path or place a brick over a door so that the next person passing may get hurt is delightful to such a mind. The civilized mind prefers more delicate humor.

Hazing is nothing but coarse practical joking carried to the extreme. It is absurd to look upon it from any other point of view. Boys and young men are not disinterested enough to practice hazing merely for the good of the hazed. Unless the hazers could get their elemental kind of enjoyment from it, they would stop it and look for "fun" elsewhere.

That hazing is not necessary in order to make brave men is shown by the fact that the American patriots who made Valley Forge immortal were mostly unhazed farmers. And the Boers, who will be famous as fighters for a time, have known nothing of the hazing folly.

The cases of Brth and Booz should be enough to compel the West Point authorities to stop the practice, no matter how many cases of harm's hazing are given in evidence.—Post-Dispatch.

Our democratic friends say their party had too much Populism and the Populists are convinced they have too much Democracy. It is a case of agreeing to disagree.—Mo. World.

The government is paying railroad companies for carrying the mails enough to pay the interest on about one-third the cost of the roads at the rate the government can borrow money.—Ex.

INDUSTRIAL WEST.

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Clarendon, Texas, Dec. 28 1900.

We hope all our readers have had a merry Christmas and will have a happy New Year.

We invite every family in Donley county who is not taking the INDUSTRIAL WEST to start in with the new century.

WITH the close of the year and close of a century, we thank all patrons of the paper, both subscribers and advertisers for past pleasant business relations and kindly ask a continuance, believing we can please you in our service as a publisher.

NEXT Tuesday, we are told, Pap Reagan who has had hold of the public teat for over half a century, will retire from office. Rumor again has it that he is not yet ready to do so and the fellow who expects to step into his shoes will be disappointed. Defeat or death is about the only thing in Texas that will take a democrat out of office, and Mr. Reagan thinks he has a few more years on earth, besides the railroads may desire him to remain where he is. Anyway, he has a son-in-law who holds a good job at the hands of one of the biggest roads in the state.

Cape Colony About to Rebel.

LONDON, Dec. 26.—The position of Cape Colony is hanging in the balance. According to the Morning Post's Cape Town correspondent everything depends upon the quantity of ammunition in possession of the disloyal Dutch residents, 100 of whom have joined the Boers in the Philipstown district alone. Energetic measures have been taken to stem the invasion, but there is unquestionably danger that parties of Boers will get through into parts of the colony and raise the whole cape into rebellion. Reinforcements can arrive none too soon.

Lord Kitchener is in the heart of the disaffected district. He has the advantage of being personally acquainted with local conditions. Last March he supervised the suppression of a rising which occurred then. He is bringing down thousands of troops from the north. The Standard's Cape Town correspondent says the loyalists demand that martial law shall be proclaimed throughout Cape Colony, but adds:

"Such a step is now impossible owing to the lack of sufficient troops to enforce it."

The correspondent of the Daily Mail at Cape Town says:

"The pro-Boer press is singularly quiet. They have been made uneasy by the promptness and thoroughness of the military action, but reports from various parts of the western provinces foreshadow perilous possibilities."

"A responsible colonist who recently made a tour of the Colony declares that 90 per cent of the Dutch are simply waiting for the appearance of a resourceful leader to rebel."

The past three weeks we have been too busy to solicit business of any kind, not even holiday advertising, but now the rush of holiday trade is over, we invite your announcements for a new year, and such advertising that is desired to reach the public. You will find no medium better for you than the INDUSTRIAL WEST.

The Order of Railway Telegraphers, on strike on the Santa Fe system, has been defeated and the strike declared off.

Very cold weather and heavy snows were reported from Minnesota Sunday.

Hartford, Conn., doctors have agreed that cats spread diptheria.

There is to be a wedding at Claude Tuesday.

Prof. Silvey is being visited by his parents from Floyd county.

Monday Jan. 1st will be our last day to make photographs at The Globe Studio.

What Hoke Smith Says.

WASHINGTON—The Hon. Hoke Smith passed through here today on his way to Atlanta. In speaking of Mr. Bryan's future he said: "I believe Mr. Bryan will be entirely out of the democratic party four years from now. I think he and former senator Dubois of Idaho, Senator Towne and others will form a new fusion party in the Northwest and that they will not attempt to hold on to the democratic organization.—Atlanta Journal.

Government Inspection.

The Press Committee of the National Live Stock Association say: "The stockmen of the west and northwest are probably interested in having governmental inspection established for interstate shipments of live stock, in place of state inspection, by which they are held up at every state line they cross while in transit, and the defeat of the iniquitous Groat bill, now pending in Congress, more than any other subjects now attracting their attention. Some very decided action will be taken at the coming convention of the National Live Stock Association in Salt Lake upon these two measures. They are of so great importance to the northwest stockmen that a movement is now on foot to send strong delegations to the annual meetings of the Texas Cattle Associations at Fort Worth and San Antonio, for the purpose of soliciting united action before Congress.

"The delegates to the Fort Worth convention, a year ago, from Montana, Idaho, Utah, Colorado, Wyoming, South Dakota and Nevada, were so royally entertained by the Fort Worth people, that special efforts are being made for the entertainment of the delegates and visitors from the "Lone Star" state at the coming Salt Lake meeting. This feature of the program is expected to be a record breaker."

Washington Letter.

The river and harbor bill was completed Friday and Chairman Burton gave out a statement showing the amounts appropriated. The total is approximately \$60,000,000, of which about \$23,000,000 is in direct appropriations and about \$37,000,000 in the authorization of contracts for continuous work. Compared with former river and harbor bills the present bill is the second largest on record, and after the Senate has added amendments it is expected to be all of up to, if not ahead of, all previous records. The bill of 1900 carried \$29,958,165 and that of 1897, which was the largest on record, carried \$72,275,954. Among the appropriations are:

Texas—Galveston harbor, cash \$500,000, contract \$1,000,000; Sabine Pass, cash \$100,000; Aransas Pass, cash \$350,000; Sabine Pass extension, cash \$25,000.

Texas—Trinity River, cash \$150,000; contract \$600,000; Galveston ship channel and Buffalo Bayou, cash \$310,000, contract \$300,000; Brazos River between Velasco and Richmond, cash \$50,000.

The appropriation made for Galveston ship channel and Buffalo Bayou are not to be expended unless the projects receive the approval of a board of engineers to be appointed to examine and report upon them.

Christian Church.

Emmanuel Dabbs will preach for me at both services next Sunday. Don't fail to hear him. The ladies of the Christian church will give both dinner and supper next Tuesday—New Year's day. They are making ample preparation for a large number of diners. Don't forget them.

ARTHUR W. JONES, Pastor.

R. E. Morrison, town marshal of Mansfield, shot and killed R. A. House, whom he was trying to arrest, and wounded O. P. House, father of the man, Monday.

Will Robbins, who stole \$15.00 from a powder keg, and may be arrested at Clower the Jeweler.

Shanghai Pierce, an old south Texas cowman is dead.

Latest styles of Jewelry just received at Clower the Jeweler.

Fresh bread and plenty of nice cake every day at Johnson & Kelly's.

A fresh shipment of chile pepper, chile petin and garlic direct from Old Mexico at Anderson's.

Kruger Interviewed.

W. T. Stead, of London, has returned from The Hague, where he has had a long conference with Mr. Kruger, and his counsellors as to the present situation and future prospects.

Mr. Stead has written the following for the Associated Press:

First of all, nothing is decided about his visit to America at present. President Kruger has not abandoned all hope of securing the support of the Governments of the civilized world in his demand for arbitration. Until the last Government refuses absolutely to say a word in support of the principles which they solemnly laid down at The Hague conference, Mr. Kruger will not partake in popular demonstrations. It is recognized that if he cared to do so he could shake the continent. The popular enthusiasm for him is unparalleled since Garibaldi's visit to London, but until his diplomatic mission is exhausted an appeal to the people can not even be taken into consideration. Mr. Kruger is emphatic in disclaiming any desire to involve other nations in war in behalf of the Boers. What he asks is that the Governments which at The Hague declared their determination to use their efforts to secure amicable settlement of disputes by means of mediation and arbitration should make a united effort to bring the verdict of the civilized world to bear on Great Britain.

"The English," Mr. Kruger said, "are waging this war in South Africa like savages. They are burning homes, destroying dams, cutting trees, devastating fields and creating famine. They are unable to capture De Wit, but they are making prisoners of women and children, who are not treated with ordinary decency. Hundreds of women have been confined in a prison on Krall near Port Elizabeth, with only one chair, and several of them are expecting to become mothers."

Mr. Kruger avers that the provisions of The Hague convention and the laws and usages of war are trampled under foot, and he wants to know whether the signatories of this convention have anything to say on the subject.

The man on horseback at this moment is not Mr. Kruger but President Steyn. Delarey and De Wet are masters of the situation, having a better disciplined and more effective force than that which followed the Vierkleur (flag) at the outbreak of the war. They have plenty of ammunition, and replenish their stores continually from the British convoys. They have taken enough Lee-Metford rifles to arm all the burghers now in the field. I can not put their position better than in the words of one of Mr. Kruger's counsellors: "England is our accuser. England is the sole witness against us. England is the judge. England is the executioner, and England hopes to profit by our death. We appealed for arbitration before the war. We are fighting for arbitration today. We have the right to expect the sympathies of the civilized world."

I find Mr. Kruger hale. His bearing is not so good as it was. His mind moves somewhat more slowly, but every now and then the old fire flashes from his eyes, and you hear the deep, resonant voice which has so often rallied the burghers in battle.

Queen Wilhelmina is kindness itself. She has displayed pluck, in remarkable contrast to the timidity of many of her legal advisers. I found the old man's spirits unshaken by his many reverses. He disclaimed any desire to humiliate England; said he only wanted his rights. It may interest Americans to know that Mr. Kruger's appeal to the civilized world would be received everywhere with unanimous enthusiasm were it not for the deep-rooted distrust and jealousies of the dynasties of Hapsburg and Romanoff against the President everywhere. If he were a king arches dread the pope, and even made by this heroic figure pressing for justice.

This feeling, it is well to note, is not shared by Russia. The Boers will not listen to any proposals for a compromise. They are unanimous. Failing in independence or arbitration, they will prefer to die fighting.

If you want a heating stove or a range, Anderson will sell you a higher class of goods than any house in the Panhandle.

The National Live Stock Meeting.

We acknowledge receipt of an invitation to the above meeting, accompanied by the program and the following circular:

"When the stockmen on January 15, gather from the four quarters of the land for the annual convention of the National Live Stock Association in Salt Lake City, they will be given at least one treat which no other city in the world can give. On the program for their entertainment is a complimentary concert at the great Mormon Tabernacle. To the stranger in Zion this Tabernacle is a constant source of wonder. From the outside the immense building with its curved roof looks like a giant, sleeping turtle; within, a ceiling without visible support other than the walls, arches over seats enough to accommodate 13,000 people comfortably. It is a marvel of engineering and architecture and the idea was evolved from the fertile brain of Brigham Young. The acoustics of the structure are unequalled and no pilgrim in this land of the Latter-Day Saints can forget the experience of standing in the gallery at one end of the long building and hear the sound of a dropping pin on the speakers' table at the other end.

"In this fact lies the secret of the power and beauty of Tabernacle music. No where does melody sound so sweet; no where does harmony reach its fullness and purity in the degree that it does here. A quaver in a single voice or one false tone cannot escape detection. Therefore the Tabernacle Choir must be near to perfection. In ten years of lovely leadership Prof. Evan Stephens has brought his 500 or more singers as near to the ideal as is humanly possible. Their singing is indescribable. It combines the fervor of the religious with the art of the trained musician. It is a labor of love with them and a religious duty, for no member of this choir is paid for his or her services. They are called to the choir as missionaries are called to the mission field and the 2,200 teachers who are spreading Mormonism in every country in the world, are evidences of the obedience which the faithful accord to the heads of the church.

"The Mormons are proud of the musical feature of their worship. Individually they are proud of their voices and their ability to sing. The children are trained to it from infancy in the Sunday School classes, and they graduate into the choirs of the ward meeting houses. There are twenty-four of these meeting houses in Salt Lake City and each one of them is a good sized church. These twenty-four churches have choirs which surpass, perhaps, the paid and volunteer choirs in any of the other denominational churches. From the ward choirs the best and sweetest voices are called for singing in the Tabernacle, where general services are held on three Sunday afternoons in each month. It is a recognition which the ward singers strive for. It is the culmination of a life of devotion to voice culture. Once in the great choir their ambition is to stay there and perhaps some day become a soloist. Of the soloists each one is a superb artist.

There are grey beards and wrinkled faces to be seen among the 500 which sit tier above tier in front of the grand organ on Sunday afternoons, and there are girls in short frocks. But voice and not age is the consideration. They are good singers, all of them, and their ordinary Sunday music is enough to thrill the soul of the song lover to its very depths. On special occasions, like the coming concert for the stockmen, they fairly surpass themselves and the magnificence of the treat in store can hardly be realized.

This treat will be one of the many complimentary entertainments tendered the delegates and visitors to this great meeting. To enjoy this concert, however, the latter will be required to register their names as delegates with the Secretary of the Association at the Knutsford hotel on January 14th, and thereafter at the Assembly Hall, where the convention will be held, when a book of program tickets will be issued, which My son has older to this and all with chronic diarrhoea.

ago I persuaded him to take some of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. After using two bottles of the 25-cent size he was cured. I give this testimonial, hoping some one similarly afflicted may read it and be benefited.—THOMAS C. BOWER, Glencoe, O. For sale by Ramsey.

Only 2c per week will get this paper if taken by the year

STATE NEWS.

During this year there has been built in Texas 243 miles of railway, with 800 miles now contracted for.

The office and scales of the American Cotton Company's gin at Lewisville were burned Saturday night. Loss covered by insurance.

A passenger train on the T. P. was derailed by striking a cow near Texarkana Monday, the engine turned over, killed Fireman Cotterson and scalded and bruised Engineer Hubbarly. Mail Clerks Vaughan and Chambers were badly hurt.

T. P. Rush made a sale of cattle at Colorado City on the 20th, which the Spokesman says did not result in what the stock merited. The paper says the quality was the best ever offered there, and reports the following sales: 20 cows at \$236.50, an average of \$113.02 per head; 22 bulls at \$4320, an average of \$196.36 per head; 24 grades at \$1477.50, an average of \$61.56 per head.

Christmas Tragedies.

Judge Pudson's residence was burned at Calvert.

At Checotah I. T. W. W. Lankford was shot and killed by Jack Smith.

Walter Young of Hillsboro fell from a train at Grandview and was killed.

At Alvord George Davis shot a man named Smith in the leg with a 22 ball.

A cannon cracker took off several fingers for S. E. Shellito at Waxahachie.

At Pottsboro J. H. Jordan and his team were both killed by a train at a crossing.

At Vaughan, Hill county, Milton Mosley got his hand torn off by a giant firecracker.

Richard Clara was struck and instantly killed by the southbound train in the yards at Blum, Tex.

At Eufaula, I. T., a bad Indian became obnoxious and killed three people and wounded two more.

At Corsicana the barn of Joe Gardner was burned, involving a loss of several hundred dollars. Insurance \$100.

At Mount Vernon John P. Harrel's residence burned, supposed to have caught from a roman candle. No insurance.

County Attorney J. P. Slaton narrowly escaped death at Montague by an explosion of a heating stove in which powder had been put.

At Galveston A. T. Anderson, 39 years old, Robert Obis, 21 years old, and Sam Gallier, 20 years of age, were painfully burned by the premature explosion of a can of powder. Reports from all parts of Kentucky show on Christmas day that there were thirty deaths from violence in various parts of the state. This record has not been equaled in years.

At Mineral Wells the frame two-story building known as the Ballard House, located in the northern part of town, and occupied by R. H. Jones and Dr. Davis and owned by N. H. Lewis of Vernon, was totally destroyed by fire.

Near Fort Smith, Ark., Mrs. Adam Gahab was fatally burned. While moving about her room she was seized with a fainting spell and fell across a stove and when discovered had been so severely burned that death resulted in a short time. She was 66 years of age.

At Abbot, Tex., Ike Turner in attempting to board a northbound train, was caught under the wheels. Both legs were cut off and he died the next morning. Mr. Turner was a young man who had lived at Abbot for years and has many friends who deplore his unfortunate death.

The Twentieth Century.

The St. Louis Post-Dispatch will issue an elaborate Twentieth Century Souvenir Number on Dec. 30. It is designed to illustrate the great progress in newspaper making and will present the greatest list of special contributors ever appearing in any issue of any newspaper. The Post-Dispatch takes special pleasure in announcing that, included in this list, are signed articles exclusively for this number, from Grover Cleveland, Emilio Zola, Camille Flammarion, Joseph Jefferson, M. Coquelin, Sarah Bernhardt, Richard Mansfield, Cardinal Rampolla, Secretary of State to the Pope; Cardinal Satolli, ex-Papal Delegate to the United States; fifteen other Cardinals, Prof. Briggs, Bishop Andrews, Carolus Duran, Lady Jeanne, Queen Wilhelmina, Secretary of the

Edward Everett Hale, Andrew Lang, Justin McCarthy, Sir Norman Lockyer, Maurice Maeterlinck, George Bernard Shaw, Dr. Schweigger, Dr. Lapponi, body physician to the Pope, and many others equally prominent. The number will be illustrated in colors and half-tones. The number will be presented free with every copy of the Sunday Post-Dispatch of Dec. 30. File an advance order with the newsdealer or mail five cents in stamps to the Post-Dispatch publication office.

H. W. TAYLOR & SONS Carry the Largest and Best Assorted Stock of Hardware and Farm Implements In the Panhandle. Call and get prices on Windmills, Pipe, Casing, Tanks, Farm machinery of all kinds. Builder's Hardware, Stoves, Ranges, Tinware, Cutlery and Queensware. Blacksmith and wagonmaker's supplies, Painter's supplies. Stock Fresh and Clean.

Easum & Posey ARE THE Draymen and Coal Dealers That give Prompt attention to all Orders And take only a small profit. CLARENDON, TEXAS.

BUCK'S PATENT HARROWS HARTMAN for HARDWARE. Stoves, Tinware, Ammunition, Cutlery, Paints, Oils, Binder's Twine, Granite-ware, Etc. Tin work and Repairing of all kinds. Agent for Deering Harvesting Machinery. G. C. HARTMAN, Clarendon, Texas.

The Galveston Horror, Nearly 400 large pages descriptive of The Greatest Disaster of the Century! Death, Ruin, Crime and Carnage described and fully illustrated. The above thrilling book FREE to any one sending us only Five New subscribers at \$1 each cash. Or all our present subscribers who pay all arrearsages and one year in advance can have a copy at only \$1 additional. Publisher's lowest price, \$1.50.

HOME, CHRISTMAS, SANTA FE ROUTE. To the "Old Folks At Home" via SANTA FE ROUTE. This idea that comes simultaneously with that of Happy Yuletide in the Old States. As in previous years, the concerted efforts of a great railway system will be directed to the attainment of every comfort and convenience possible, and the public is assured of the opportunity to again enjoy the advantages of diverse routes and of through sleepers and chair cars provided by the Santa Fe. EXCURSION TICKETS WILL BE ON SALE DECEMBER 20TH, 21ST AND 22ND, 1900, LIMITED TO THIRTY DAYS FOR RETURN. We invite letters of inquiry no matter what your Choice of route. W. S. KEENAN, G. P. A.; Galveston, Texas.

Only 2 Cents per week Pays for this Paper if Taken by the year; can you afford to do without it?

\$16.75 Warranted High Grade We Dare to Describe All Our Sewing Machines. This is a thing that dealers in cheap rattle-traps are not doing. We sell you a high-grade machine at less than half factory list, calculating that each machine put into a home will sell many others for us without great expense. This machine, Corolla No. 4, is constructed of the best material in use, every bearing being of steel or case-hardened. The woodwork is of best quality, either Light Antique or Golden Oak finish. The motion is easy and light. It does not vibrate. It is a lock-stitch shuttle. The operation of the feed mechanism is positive, giving an accurate 4-motion movement to the foot without the use of springs. It has a self-lubricating needle-bar, which is always kept clean, well oiled, and the oil cannot drop on the work. The needle is absolutely self-setting. There is but one hole to thread through—the needle's eye. It is thoroughly inspected and tested before leaving the factory, and is strongly crated, each being accompanied by the factory warranty for 10 years. Accessories and Attachments complete free. TERMS: \$14.00 cash with order; balance C. O. D. At our remarkably close price this machine (usually sold at \$25 to \$35) will sell itself at sight. Your friends need but to see it to buy it. Customers may retain \$1.00 from every cash order they send us (retaining \$15.75 net). P. L. ENCELL & CO., 330 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

POPULAR PUBLICATIONS—POPULAR PRICES THE NEW-YORK WEEKLY TRIBUNE NEW-YORK TRI-WEEKLY TRIBUNE published on Monday, Wednesday and Friday. It is a complete up to date daily newspaper, three days in the week, with all important news of the other four days. Profusely illustrated, and filled with interesting reading for all who wish to keep in close touch with news of the nation and world. Regular subscription price, \$1.00 per year. In connection with The Tribune we offer to those who desire to secure the best magazines, illustrated weeklies and agricultural journals, the following splendid inducements: Regular Price With Weekly Tri-Weekly Tribune. With Weekly Tri-Weekly Tribune. With Weekly Tri-Weekly Tribune. North American Review, New York City... 4.00 4.00 4.50 Harper's Bazar, New York City... 4.00 4.00 4.50 Harper's Weekly, New York City... 4.00 4.00 4.50 McClure's Magazine, New York City... 4.00 4.00 4.50 Frank Leslie's Monthly, New York City... 1.00 1.35 1.75 Lippincott's Monthly, New York City... 1.00 1.35 1.75 Judge, New York City... 5.00 5.00 5.50 Review of Reviews, New York City... 4.00 4.00 4.50 Farm Journal, Philadelphia... 1.00 1.00 1.50 Youth's Companion, Boston... 3.00 3.00 3.50 Farm and Home, Springfield, Mass... 1.75 1.75 2.25 New England Homestead, Boston... 1.00 1.00 1.50 Good Housekeeping, Springfield, Mass... 1.00 1.00 1.50 Farm Field and Fireside, Chicago, Ill... 1.00 1.00 1.50 Orange Judd Farmer, Chicago, Ill... 1.00 1.00 1.50 Epitome, Indianapolis, Ind... 1.00 1.25 1.62 Michigan Farmer, Detroit, Mich... .80 1.00 1.50 Farm News, Springfield, Ohio... .50 1.00 1.50 Home and Farm, Louisville, Ky... .50 1.00 1.50 Tribune Almanac, 1901... .50 1.00 1.50 Please send cash with order. Those wishing to subscribe for more than one of the above publications in connection with The Tribune may remit at publishers' regular price. Address THE TRIBUNE, New-York City.

**THE TABLE**  
**Fort Worth & Denver City Railway.**  
**SOUTH BOUND.**  
 No. 1. Mail and Express—Leaves 8:21 a. m. Arrives 8:35 p. m. Leaves 8:21 p. m. Arrives 7:35 a. m. every Sunday.  
 Local, daily except Sunday—Leaves 8:15 a. m. Arrives 7:30 p. m. every Sunday.  
**NORTH BOUND.**  
 No. 2. Mail and Express—Leaves 7:21 a. m. Arrives 7:35 p. m. every Sunday.  
 Local, daily except Sunday—Leaves 7:35 a. m. Arrives 7:30 p. m. every Sunday.

**RELIGIOUS EXERCISES.**  
 Baptist, Every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.—Rev. W. L. Skinner, pastor. Sunday school 10 a. m. Prayer meeting Tuesday night, 8 p. m. U. S. 41 p. m. every Sunday.  
 M. E. South, services every Sunday—Rev. J. B. Benson, pastor. Sunday school 10 a. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night. Junior Epworth League at 3 p. m. Epworth League at 4 p. m. every Sunday.  
 Christian, — Elder Arthur W. Jones, pastor. Services every Sunday except 3rd. Society of Christian Endeavor every Sunday afternoon. Prayer meeting Friday nights, Sunday school Sunday 10 a. m.  
 Presbyterian, Services every Sunday 11 a. m. and 8:30 p. m. Rev. W. P. Hickey, pastor. Sunday school every Sunday 10 a. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday, 8:30 p. m. Meets in the Court House. Every body cordially invited.  
 Catholic, 8d—Rev. \_\_\_\_\_ priest in charge.

**SOCIETIES.**  
 I. O. O. F.—Clarendon Lodge No. 381, meets every Thursday evening in their hall in 3rd story of courthouse. Visiting brethren made welcome. J. A. Hill, N. G. W. C. C. P. A. White, Sec'y.  
 CLARENDON STATE ESCAPEMENT No. 148 I. O. O. F. Meets 1st Tuesday night in each month. J. A. Hill, N. G. W. C. C. P. A. White, Sec'y.  
 FRANK WARD, scribe.  
 A. F. & A. M.—Clarendon Lodge No. 590, meets 2nd Saturday night in each month over the Bank of Clarendon. J. F. Emsw, W. M. B. R. Blacksmith, Sec'y.  
 CLARENDON CHAPTER, No. 216 R. A. M.—Meets the 1st Friday night in each month at 8:30 o'clock. Visiting companions cordially invited. Visiting chaplains invited. A. B. Ewing, H. P. G. F. Morgan, Sec'y.  
 W. O. W. Woodbine Camp No. 472—Meets in Odd Fellows Hall 3d and 4th Friday evenings. Visiting chaplains invited. W. T. Jones, C. C. W. R. Silvey, Clerk.  
 CLARENDON CHAPTER, ORDER EASTERN STAR—Meets every third Friday of each month at 7:30 o'clock in Masonic Hall over Bank of Clarendon. Mrs. Grace Ward, Sec'y.  
 K. of P.—Panhandle Lodge, No. 90. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesday nights in every month in their Court Hall, in Johnson's Hall. Visiting Knights cordially invited. W. H. Cooke, C. C. MORRIS ROSENFIELD, K. of R. S.

**Business locals ten cents per line first insertion, five cents for subsequent, and all notices run and are charged for until ordered out. Job work cash on delivery, other bills on first of month.**

**Business Locals.**  
 kinds of china and crockery ware at Anderson's.  
 The largest doll and stick of candy are at Johnson & Kelley's.  
 For an up-to-date sewing machine go to Anderson.  
 Largest stock to select from at Clemons & Jeweler.  
 Fine display of all kinds of finest fruit on the market will be found at Johnson & Kelley's.  
 When you are around looking for Christmas nuts, candies, etc., don't fail to go to Griffin's. He has them.  
 Do not fail to try a sack of Anderson's famous B B Flour. Only \$2.25 per cwt.

**LOCAL ITEMS.**  
 Miss Flora McKillop is visiting in Decatur.  
 Fred Stocking is making a short visit home.  
 Miss Mamie Draper left for Ft. Worth last Tuesday.  
 Don't forget to hear "Uncle Rube" at the opera house Dec. 31.  
 T. P. Davis returned last night from his visit to Sherman.  
 Mr. and Mrs. L. D. Rhode returned Tuesday from San Antonio.  
 Uncle Isaac Smith has bought the Aycock place and will move to town.  
 The baby of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Smyer has been quite sick with pneumonia.  
 Crockett Taylor left Saturday morning for Denver to spend the holidays.  
 Fred Stocking who is attending Ft. Worth University is spending Xmas at home.  
 Christmas trees at all the churches made the children happy and passed off pleasantly.  
 Mrs. S. P. Gray and son Herbert spending the holidays with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Scott.  
 Mr. Frank Lee and Miss Florence Crabtree were married at the Christian church on Christmas day at 3 p. m. Arthur W. Jones officiated.  
 W. E. Anderson, brother of S. Anderson, with his two little boys are visiting here from Itasca, having arrived Wednesday night and will return Sunday morning.  
 Mr. B. T. Naylor and wife left Friday of last week to visit their relatives at Vernon during the holidays. They reported Tom Naylor slowly improving, but yet unable to walk.  
 Mr. Saunders Merrick, and Miss Orta Boydston, daughter of H. S. Boydston, were married by Eld. Arthur W. Jones, at the Boydston schoolhouse Christmas day on Monday night.  
 The members of the Baptist church fitted up their pastor, Rev. Skinner, with a new \$18 heater, which called forth grateful expressions from that gentleman, who, also, was the donor of a Christmas turkey.  
 Monday Jan. 1st will be our last day to make Photographs at The Globe Studio.  
 Round trip tickets to the Stock meeting will be one fare plus \$2 or \$3.75.  
 Send us your job printing.

**The College Entertainment.**  
 The entertainment last Friday night brought out a large audience. By 8 o'clock the house was well filled and by 8:15 the beautiful programs were distributed and the curtains drawn for the beginning. After prayer by Rev. Jones, of the Christian church, Misses Myrtle and Ethel Henson rendered a piano duet.  
 Twelve little boys dressed as brownies delighted the little folks with their performances in marching, playing leap-frog and other antics. Following the brownies came a recitation, "A Sisterly Scheme," by Miss Susie Patterson, which interested the audience.  
 Hazel Jefferies, in a manner that would have been creditable to one much older, rendered a beautiful piano solo. This was followed by "Were I Gardener," a vocal solo by Miss Florence Noland received applause for the manner in which she played one of Kowalski's compositions.  
 The next on the program was a beautiful pantomime prepared by Miss Vinson and acted by three little girls, Sicla Bugbee, Hazel Jefferies and Mildred St. John. The pantomime was a representation of the song, "My Faith Looks Up to Thee." Then came "Our Country Cousins," a dialogue, in which Roy Stocking and Miss Esther Russell played the "greens" from the country in such a way as to bring down the house. Hardy Alagood was a typical dude; Walter Hightower as "Uncle John," and Misses Ethel White and Minnie Beverly, as aristocrats, all performed their parts well.  
 The "Man in the Moon," or the "Drill of the Witches," in which seventeen girls in long, white robes, tall caps and hair hanging loosely about their faces, created considerable amusement by their grotesque appearance, their singing and marching. They were followed by Miss Emma Hawkins in a piano solo by Leybach.  
 The "Telephone Romance," as recited by Miss Minnie Beverly, was much enjoyed, as was the piano trio by Misses Ethel White, Delle Ward and Nora Talley. The male quartet received hearty applause for their well rendered selection.  
 I the dialogue, "The Jones Family," Miss Orene McClellan and B. W. Self, did their parts as if they were in earnest, and Willie Miller and Sambo (Robert Carter) could not be beat as "Boss Jones" and Little Nigger.  
 During the closing piece, "The Shadow of a Song," as recited by Miss Vinson, there was a stillness seldom witnessed in such a gathering. Every word of the song was audible, and above it could be heard the wail of a broken heart.  
 The proceeds of the entertainment, which were \$50.70, will be used in the purchase of books for the library. No more orderly or well behaved audience ever assembled for an evening entertainment.  
 The beautiful programs have been much in demand as souvenirs of the occasion.  
 Monday, Jan. 1st will be our last day to make photographs at THE GLOBE STUDIO.  
**Railroad Pickups.**  
 Foreman G. W. Hard was quite sick the first of the week, but is again able to attend to duties.  
 Engineer Rhode was taken sick at Texline Sunday, and was unable to come out on his run until Tuesday.  
 Fireman M. W. Boyd spent a few days at Quanah this week.  
 Gus Furlow, who has been sick with typhoid fever for several weeks, is reported slowly improving.  
 Ray Hard, of Fort Worth, spent Christmas with his parents.  
 Agent Kennedy is spending the holidays at Wichita Falls and Chicago.  
 Wm. Horner has accepted a position with the Denver as machinist and will go on the night force.

**Giles Gossip.**  
 Mr. and Mrs. T. A. Curtis returned to their home in Henrietta the 21st, after a month's visit to relatives near Giles.  
 Mrs. W. H. Rodgers took a short trip down the road one day this week.  
 Master Arthur Ransone and Miss Pearl Stone came down from Good-night college Friday. They will spend Xmas at home and return after the holidays.  
 Mrs. G. G. Willingham and her sister, Miss Cox, went to Memphis on Tuesday shopping.  
 Mrs. E. L. Mevis is on the sick list this week.  
 Mr. and Mrs. Cox and family came in Sunday from Altus, Ok., to spend Xmas with their daughter, Mrs. G. G. Willingham.  
 Mrs. W. H. Rodgers went to Carey the 25th to spend Christmas week with friends there.  
 Christmas dawned bright and beautiful, every one around Giles prosperous and happy—eat, drink and be merry was the program of the day. J. J. Simpkins was shaking hands with old time friends around Giles lovely around Northfork and people up there are prosperous. NESTER.  
 Fresh oysters at all times at Griffin's.  
 These new crop evaporated apples, peaches and apricots at Anderson's are too good to last long at the price he sells them.

**News and Notes From the Public School.**  
 The public school closed the 21st for a two week's holiday, and, although the spirit of Christmas got possession of a few pupils a day or two before the close, an excellent attendance is the record of the month. We wish every pupil of the public school a season of rest and recreation, and an inspiration for better work with the opening of the new year.  
 Miss Cody returned to her home near Panhandle to spend the holidays and Miss Hall will visit relatives at Cleburne. A host of children and the rest of the teachers join in wishing them a pleasant visit and a safe return.  
 Some one has said: "Only men of culture, conviction, courage and character should be chosen to serve on boards of education." Clarendon is fortunate in having material of this kind serving on the board at the present time. The present board is attentive to the needs of the school, and men whose business experiences fit them for the places they fill.  
 There never was a time in the world's history when education was so common as at the present time, but the future will make still greater demands for educated men and women. Boys and girls should avoid themselves of their opportunities to get an education before the responsibilities of manhood and womanhood fall upon them.  
 It is inspiring to any lover of children and young people to see the numbers of light-hearted happy children as they go to and from school each day. One is led to wonder what the individual desires and ambitions of these children are. To direct and train these energies of the child is the work of teachers and parents.  
 Free schools go hand in hand with free government. Wherever the United States government rules free schools have been organized. Already 96 per cent of the children of the Sandwich Islands have access to free schools, while a system of public schools have been established in Cuba and Porto Rico. Verily the public school lights the torch of civilization and progress wherever it is carried.  
 The closing examinations of the public school were searching and revealed the fact that most of the pupils were well up on the work they had been over. In the principal's room, out of an enrollment of fifty pupils, all took the examinations but three. Reports of a similar kind come from all the rooms. Such reports as these speak in the highest terms of the earnestness of our teachers and pupils.  
 There is no enterprise of a local character that would benefit Clarendon more than a good public school building. Already the attention of the surrounding counties is centered upon Clarendon on account of her reputation as an educational center; but before we can fully meet these expectations we must have a more commodious and comfortable building. It is true that it will cost money to build and furnish such a building, but we believe it will be money so spent that it will return a hundred fold to our merchants and business-men. Aside from this business view of the matter it will be money spent in one of the noblest causes that it could be invested in—the enlightenment and advancement of humanity. Why not build in Clarendon a public school building "that will be a thing of beauty and a joy forever?"  
 W. R. SILVEY, Supt.

Monday, Jan. 1st will be our last day to make photographs at THE GLOBE STUDIO.  
 Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment has been thoroughly tested for many years, and is a positive cure for this most distressing and embarrassing of troubles. Price, 50 cents in bottles. Tubes, 75 cents at Ramsey's drug store.  
**Holiday Excursions.**  
 On Dec. 23, 24, 25, 26, 31 and Jan. 1 we will sell excursion tickets to all points on this road limited to return until Jan. 3rd at rate of one and one-third fare for round trip. Children two-thirds of excursion rate. These tickets will also be sold through over several other Texas roads.  
 We will sell excursion tickets to Denver, Colorado Springs and Pueblo on Dec. 21, 22 and 23 limited to return until Jan. 25th at rate of one and one-third fare for round trip. Children two-thirds of excursion rate. No stop over allowed on any of above excursion rates. For further information enquire of F. A. KENNEDY, Agt.

**Nuts and fruits of all kinds at Griffin's.**  
**Hall of Honor for Clarendon Graded School.**  
 The following names are given as the roll of honor for Clarendon Graded School for the month ending December 21, 1900.

ROOM NO. 1.  
 TENTH GRADE John E. Coulter  
 Georgia McNeil Maude Duke  
 NINTH GRADE Walter Berger  
 Fred Chamberlain Mary Bourland  
 John McLean Ludy Graves  
 Maude Atterberry Lizzie Trupp  
 Mary Peobles Aris Blackwell  
 Gerlie Rosenfield Ola Jack  
 FIFTH GRADE Halle Ray  
 W. R. SILVEY, teacher.

ROOM NO. 2.  
 SEVENTH GRADE David Hooks  
 Lilla Woodward Guyton Skinner  
 SIXTH GRADE Stanhope McClelland  
 John Brinley  
 W. G. STEWART, teacher.

ROOM NO. 3.  
 SIXTH GRADE Ross Noland  
 Ivy McLean Richard Peobles  
 Richard Peobles FIFTH GRADE  
 Myrtle Blake Augustus Ray  
 Margie Edwards John Casey  
 Kittle Jones Sadie Woodward

ELSIE CODY, teacher.

ROOM NO. 4.  
 FIFTH GRADE Lotus Morris  
 Willie Cline FOURTH GRADE  
 Horace Stowers Willie White  
 Clarendon Hilderbrand Henry Johnson  
 Willie Hamilton  
 Bessie Brokebill James Mooney  
 May O'Neal Katherine Chamberlain  
 LULL HALL, teacher.

ROOM NO. 5.  
 THIRD GRADE Van O'Neal  
 Ruth Casey Ira Davis  
 Harriet Chamber-Villie Trupp  
 Wilfred Collinson Jimmie Kelley  
 Ceel Cross Mary Weatherspoon  
 Henry Kelly Edna Hamilton  
 Gordie Cross Myrtle O'Neal  
 Herman Gattin Francis Hamilton  
 MRS. PALMER, teacher.

Worms take refuge in the small intestine, where they can easily multiply. White's Cream Vermifuge will destroy these parasites. The verdict of the people tells plainly how well it has succeeded. Price, 25 cents at Ramsey's drug store.

No. 5463.  
**Report of the Condition of the First National Bank**  
 At Clarendon, in the State of Texas, at the close of business, December 13, 1900.

**RESOURCES.**  
 Loans and discounts \$81,346.03  
 Overdrafts, secured and unsecured 1,567.26  
 U. S. Bonds to secure circulation 25,000.00  
 Premiums on U. S. Bonds 781.25  
 Banking house, furniture, and fixtures 7,000.00  
 Due from National Banks (not Reserve Agents) 36,985.15  
 Due from approved reserve agents 17,786.16  
 Internal-Revenue stamps 347.00  
 Checks and other cash items 6.50  
 Protested. Unpaid check on hand 86.63  
 Notes of other National Banks 1,235.00  
 Fractional paper currency, nickels, and cents 14.71  
**LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:**  
 Specie \$13,532.65  
 Legal-tender notes 660.00  
 Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation) 1,250.00  
 Total \$187,688.39

**LIABILITIES.**  
 Capital stock paid in 50,000.00  
 Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid 4,137.10  
 National Bank notes outstanding 25,000.00  
 Due to State Banks and Bankers 247.95  
 Individual deposits subject to check 103,974.70  
 Demand certificates of deposit 873.91  
 Time certificates of deposit 2,701.00  
 Cashier's checks outstanding 568.10  
 Liabilities other than those above stated 185.54  
 Total \$187,688.39

State of Texas, County of Donley, ss:  
 I, W. H. Patrick, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.  
 W. H. PATRICK, Cashier.  
 Subscribed and sworn to before me this 22 day of December, 1900.  
 W. P. BLAKE, Notary Public.  
 Correct—Attest:  
 H. W. TAYLOR, JOHN A. THATCHER, ALFRED R. HOWE, Directors.

For family use in numberless ways Ballard's Snow Liniment is a useful and valuable remedy. Price, 25 and 50 cents at Ramsey's drug store.  
 Just received a fresh line of Christmas candles at Griffin's.  
 Socks are fitted at Dr. Stocking's store.  
 The place to buy ledgers, journals, cash books and all blank books is at Stocking's store.  
 Pig's Feet, New crop rice, Gedeney's pickles and kraut at Anderson's.  
 Go to Stocking's store for window glass.

**As a cure for Rheumatism Chamberlain's Pain Balm is gaining a wide reputation. D. B. Johnson of Richmond, Ind., has been troubled with that ailment since 1862. In speaking of it he says: "I never found anything that would relieve me until I used Chamberlain's Pain Balm. It acts like magic with me. My foot was swollen and paining me very much, but one good application of Pain Balm relieved me. For sale by Ramsey."**

The fine goods we keep, and the low prices at which we sell, makes misrepresentation unnecessary at H. D. Ramsey's.

**Have You Eyes?**  
 Then care for them. Dr. Stocking can fit you with Hawk's celebrated glasses. They are not sold by peddlers.  
 Remember that Griffin runs an oyster parlor in connection with his confectionery store.

**Notice Taxpayers.**  
 Notice is hereby given that to avoid penalty all taxes must be paid in by January 31, 1901.  
 W. H. OLIVER, Tax Collector.

**College Scholarships.**  
 Any deserving boy who is not able to pay cash and wants to pay for a scholarship in the Clarendon College in work can do so by making arrangements at this office.

**El Paso Mid-Winter Carnival.**  
 Those interested are not exaggerating in the least when they assert that the Mid-winter Carnival at El Paso will be one of the grandest exhibitions ever held in the Southwest.  
 In addition to numerous attractions which have originated in the minds of the promoters and deduced from suggestions of friends, the enthusiastic management has given a heedful ear and observant eye to the successes of the Mardi Gras of New Orleans, the Kalipha's pageant at Dallas, La. Fiesta de Los Angeles, and various other Carnivals, with the hope that no features productive of mirth, instruction, or interest will be omitted.  
 The Sons of Montezuma parade will be gorgeous, glittering and grand— eclipsing all former efforts in the history of historical pageants.  
 The volcanic eruptions of Mt. Franklin will afford a thrilling novelty in spectacular illumination.  
 The Bull Fights, introducing native Spanish Toradors, will continue each day during the Carnival.  
 Bands of Indians give their native dances daily.  
 Cattle roping, rough riding, prize roping contests between cowboys of Texas, Arizona and New Mexico and vaqueros of old Mexico, and various other "Wild West" features.  
 Reproductions of Mexican life.  
 International tournament between golf and tennis clubs of Arizona, New Mexico, Texas and Mexico.  
 Street Fair and Midway entertainments.  
 Splendid Mexican Music.  
 In fact, nothing has been neglected. Across the Rio Grande from El Paso is the city of Juarez with its Mexican costumes and customs still unchanged, and the city in itself is productive of unflagging interest.  
 A few days could not be spent to better advantage than in El Paso during this Carnival. It opens January 17th, 1901, and continues three days. The hotel accommodations will be of the best and prices reasonable. The Texas & Pacific Ry. will sell round trip tickets at unusually low rates. This is a trip for every one. See any ticket agent, or write for particulars to E. P. Turner, G. P. & T. A., Dallas, Texas.

**BURLINGTON ROUTE.**  
 Its New Line, Benz-Northwest, Via Billings.  
 The Burlington's Denver-North-west Main Line was completed September 10, 1900, and the Kansas City-Billings Line at Alliance, Neb. It is the short line, Denver to Helena, Spokane and the direct line to the entire Upper Northwest.  
 Only 36 hours Denver to Butte-Helena  
 Only 48 hours Denver to Spokane.  
 Only 62 hours Denver to Puget Sound.  
 This will be the main traveled road for passengers going via Denver to Northern Pacific points.  
 To Denver, Seattle, Colorado, Utah, Pacific Coast. Two great daily trains from Kansas City, St. Joseph. Weekly California excursions, personally conducted.  
 To the East: Best equipped trains to Chicago and St. Louis.  
 To the North: Best trains to Omaha, St. Paul, Minneapolis.  
 C. L. BEECH, L. W. WAKELEY, Gen. Passenger Agt. ST. LOUIS, MO.  
 HOWARD ELLIOTT, General Manager, ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Old papers for sale at this office 15 cents per 100.  
 For job printing by the Ind West

**ENDORSED BY SCIENTISTS AS PRACTICALLY INDestructible Over 500 Beautiful Designs.**  
**BETTER AND CHEAPER THAN ANY STONE.**  
 Send for Price List

MANUFACTURED BY THE MONUMENTAL COMPANY,  
 I am agent for the above and take pleasure in showing samples, quoting prices and orders solicited. Call or write to  
 W. H. OLIVER.

**TO YOU**  
 who enter our Store, stand face to face with  
**Great Bargains!**  
 The destiny of our Goods and prices is a Journey of Advertising for us.  
 You pay so little for so much value, you cannot help telling others about it.

**Our New Fall and Winter Stock**  
 is a mammoth Bargain Counter.  
 Do not fail to ask for coupons for Hand-painted China.  
**MORRIS ROSENFIELD,**  
 The Reliable and Popular Dry Goods merchant.

E. A. KELLY, President. B. H. WHITE, Vice President. W. H. COOKE, Cashier.

**THE CITIZENS' BANK,**  
 Clarendon, Texas,  
 Opened for business Nov. 1, 1899.  
 Will transact a general Banking Business.  
 We solicit the accounts of Merchants, Ranchmen, Farmers, Railroad men and Individuals.  
 Money to loan on acceptable securities.  
 Directors.  
 E. A. Kelly, B. H. White, W. H. Cooke, M. Rosenfield, J. G. Tackitt.

**ROBT. SAWYER,**  
 Dealer in  
**LUMBER,**  
 Sash, Doors, Blinds, Building Material, Etc.  
 Stock New, best quality and prices low. Call and see.  
 Clarendon, - - Texas.

**I. E. JONES,**  
**General Grocer.**  
 Buy and Sell All Kinds of Produce.  
 Clarendon, Texas

**H. W. KELLEY & CO.**  
 Contractors and Builders,  
 Plans and Specifications Furnished.  
 Fine Cabinet Work a Specialty.  
 CLARENDON, TEXAS.

**CLARENDON Livery Stable,**  
**BUNTIN & BAKER, Pros.**  
 Drummers Accomodated.  
 First-Class Turnouts, Horses boarded, Feed Sold Cheap.  
 Clarendon, Texas.  
 Miss ANNIE I. BABB,  
 Teacher of  
**Pianoforte and Theory of Music.**  
 Graduate of Cincinnati Conservatory of Music. Your Patronage kindly solicited.  
 For further particulars confer with her at her home.

**Holiday Excursion Rates.**  
**Cotton Belt Route.**  
 To the Old States, Arkansas and Cairo, Ill.—Tickets on sale, December 20, 21, 22; return limit 30 days from date of sale.  
 To Missouri (including St. Louis and Kansas City) Kansas, and points in Nebraska and Colorado—Tickets on sale December 21, 22, 23; return limit, Jan. 20, 1901.  
 To Points in Texas.  
 Tickets on sale December 23, 24, 25, 26, 30, 31, 1900, Jan. 1, 1901. Return limit Jan. 3, 1901.  
 To find out all about it, call on any agent or address T. P. Little, P. A. Corsicana; Gus Hoover, T. P. A., Waco; G. M. Morgan, T. P. A., Ft. Worth; John F. Lehar, G. P. & T. A., Tyler.  
 N. B. Don't forget to ask for our booklet "A Trip to the Old States" mailed free on request.

### THE WATCH NIGHT.

We give to have a watch night, wild experience  
en all.  
Ter tell about our don't's fun de springtime ter  
de fall.  
En I sorter feelin' shery, en I in a shuky way,  
kass, ter tell de livin' gospel, I des dunno what  
I'll say!  
I don't lak' New Year mornin', wen de preacher  
make you ples.  
I ruther read in private all my titles ter de oldest  
Dey starts me on ter talkin' 'bout my Christian  
hope, en den  
I sees de folks what knows me, en dey never says,  
'Amen!'  
Samm' ting wid all de brotherin', I knows 'um, lef  
en right.  
En wen dey go ter talkin, don't dey shet dey eye  
en tight?  
Dey can't see nuttin' round 'um while dey spoutin  
by de yard.  
Dey knows I lookin at 'um, en I tinkin mighty  
hard!  
But wen givins ter have de watch night (I wish he  
come en ole gone)  
Ter sen' de ole year whirin en he'p de new year  
on.  
I ain't in favor er it; I never tink it's wise;  
I ruther read in private all my titles ter de oldest!

### LOST IN THE PINE WOODS.

CLEM—her name was Clemence  
—buttoned up her jacket, pulled  
up her high fur collar up  
around her throat and struck  
off into the pine woods in pursuit of  
holly berries, for it was the day before  
New Year's.  
Clem was a joyous young girl, very  
pretty and very light hearted, the only  
lunatic of a white cottage on the out-  
skirts of the village besides Dr. Ran-  
dolph, her father, and old Nance, their  
housekeeper, her former nurse.  
Being 17 and unacquainted with the  
world's gayeties beyond an occasional  
simple gathering and an evening at the  
theater or opera when on a short visit  
to relatives in New Orleans, Clem's  
pleasures consisted in much reading,  
unlimited rambles through the woods  
and down the country roads and much  
practice on her violin.  
For an invalid, violinist of talent and  
reputation had sought refuge in that  
hazy pine region to rebuild health  
broken and shattered by too contin-  
uous and arduous work and, being Dr.  
Randolph's patient, had become Clem's  
teacher, with pleasure and profit to  
both.  
Professor Andrade, a first graduate  
from the Berlin conservatory, declared  
Clem had great natural musical gifts,  
and Clem never tired of her violin.  
The weather had been unexpect-  
edly cold all through November, and  
in the early part of December a flurry  
of snow had fallen, making the woods  
beautiful as it capped the green boughs  
and spread a white carpet over the  
mosses and thick bed of fallen pine  
needles underfoot.  
This New Year's eve the air was  
cold, still and biting, and when, in the  
afternoon, Dr. Randolph started off in  
his buggy to visit an old bedridden  
African man ten miles away Nance  
put an extra overcoat on the cushions  
and hot bricks wrapped in carpeting to  
keep his feet warm, and Clem slipped  
a flask in his pocket as she kissed him  
goodby, standing on the steps between  
the wheels to do so.  
"Now, don't stay late. Be sure you  
come back before the train comes in,  
for you know Ned is coming tonight,"  
she warned.  
"We have partridges for supper, re-  
member," she called out as Nance,  
the doctor's cook, started out at a pace  
that meant business.  
Nodding backward gayly the doctor  
swept down the street and disappeared  
at a curve.  
"I wonder what that silly, tiresome  
boy Ned has gotten to be?" said Clem  
aloud to herself as she inspected the  
supper table, already daintily set with  
old silver and cut glass.  
In the center a huge bunch of narcissus  
and hyacinths was placed, for the  
doctor was somewhat of a gourmet,  
and his life abroad and in big cities



"'OH, DIEU DE BONTE!' EXCLAIMED CLEM.  
Living left its mark upon him his was  
a clinging to aestheticism with an insis-  
tence for aesthetic and ornamental sur-  
roundings, so that their table was al-  
ways rarely appointed.  
The absence of decoration struck  
Clem as she saw a few touches to the  
celery, olives and wintergreen.  
Donning a warm suit and a fur lined  
jacket without telling Nance of her in-  
tention, she started off toward a spot  
she knew some miles away, where  
strong the high bank of a shallow, ru-  
rious stream grew trees of wolly in luxu-  
riant perfection.  
"I wonder what he has developed  
lately. He used to be a detestable and  
back mentally to the extent of being  
by the evening train of Edward's  
age, whose property, until he became  
of age, had been looked after by the  
doctor, according to the will of his old  
time friend, Ned's father.  
An attractive woman thrives on  
good food and sunshine, with plenty  
of exercise in the open air. Her  
form glows with health and her face  
blooms with its beauty. When troubled  
with a cough habit, she takes a  
few doses of Herbine to cleanse her  
system of all impurities. Price, 50  
cents at Ramsey's drug store.  
Just to keep things rolling and you  
posted we will furnish this paper  
until Jan. 1, 1902 for \$1.  
Send your job printing.

"Eight years! That's a long time,"  
mused Clem.  
"Well, I hope his travels have im-  
proved him, for his college days were  
bad enough."  
"Heigh ho! I wish he would stay  
away and not tumble down on us to  
spoil our delightful New Year's. I never  
could stand him."  
Clem recalled what a villainous  
tease Ned had been when on his visit  
to them during vacation.  
"He was a tease, but he was a hand-  
some boy," she concluded.  
Then, casting Ned out of her  
thoughts, she stopped to gather a great  
armful of the glorious holly.  
The distance was greater than Clem  
had supposed, and the afternoon had  
darkened considerably when her flam-  
ing branches of berries were tied with  
a wisp of gray moss and she turned to  
go home.  
Skirting the edge of the "Branch,"  
as those streamlets which cut through  
the forest are called, she came to  
a sudden halt.  
From which side had she come? And  
how rapidly twilight drops into night  
these short December days!  
Of course she passed that big elm  
and those pines, and—  
Clem was bewildered and had to con-  
fess most reluctantly that she did not  
know whether she came by the right  
or by the left.  
Her heart gave a flutter as the word  
"lost" ran through her mind, but she  
had lived all her short life more or less  
in the woods, so beyond a slight tremor  
Clem was not frightened.  
What added to Clem's bewilderment  
was the light snowfall, which covered  
up all paths and made everything un-  
familiar.  
But for that Clem might have real-  
ized where she was going and not de-  
flected away, as she did toward a  
stretch of heavily timbered swamp  
land totally unfamiliar. Night was  
drawing on with cruel rapidity, and  
the forest shades were deepening into  
black patches and somber vistas, while  
above, as Clem looked up, she could  
see a few stars beginning to glimmer.  
Suddenly she remembered with ter-  
ror that she had left the house without  
seeing dear old Nance or telling her  
anything about her proposed quest  
after holly berries.  
The wind was rising, and—well,  
night and darkness had come. Clem  
was lost in the heart of the woods.  
Clem went steadily forward, knowing  
that if she stopped she would be a  
thousand times more frightened.  
At last Clem's steps faltered. Stag-  
gering, she sat down exhausted at the  
foot of a tall pine, in whose branches  
the night breezes were playing as on  
an Aeolian harp. "Oh, Dieu de bonte!"  
exclaimed Clem, lapsing into French,  
her mother's tongue, as she often did  
under excitement or when in distress.  
But her French blood soon asserted  
itself, and, rousing, she peered around  
in the darkness which enveloped all  
things. What was that dark object  
a little way off? Clem got up and be-  
gan a cautious approach.  
Her heart gave a bound of pleasure  
on recognizing an abandoned coal burn-  
er's hut.  
The door, as she pushed it open,  
though sagged, still held on its hinges,  
and, feeling around, Clem found a  
piece of candle sticking to a board and  
some scattered matches.  
Clem's heart was beating furiously.  
Suppose they were too old to light?  
But the one she scratched sputtered  
and lit, as did her candle, and Clem  
found herself in a hut begrimed with  
smoke, bare, but clean, in which were  
a rude bench, a table and a heap of  
dried pine needles in the corner.  
Clem sank down with an exclamation  
of hysterical gladness. Placing her  
bunch of berries on the table, Clem  
closed the door and drew the bench  
against it, while the wooden shutter  
of the window was held fast by its  
rude fastening.  
Throwing herself on the soft mat of  
pine needles, Clem sent a prayer heav-  
enward whose anguish intensity she,  
being 17 years, had never imagined.

There were various vexatious delays.  
The evening train on which Edward  
Singleton was leisurely smoking was  
run at increased speed to make up for  
lost time.  
Suddenly there were a crash, shouts,  
cries and a terrific commotion, an awful  
bumping, a hissing and roaring  
noise, a shattering of glass and direful  
shrieks, and the coach, toppling half  
way over, stood still.  
Tearing his way out, Ned realized  
what the accident was.  
Running over a terrified coach, the en-  
gine was derailed. It had torn its way  
through an adjoining field, where it  
finally stood, panting and hissing, while  
two coaches were wrecked, and the one  
in which Ned had been was overturned  
and dented.  
Of the crew and passengers no one  
was killed, but it was ascertained that  
there were confusions innumerable,  
while the accident was.  
Ned was a good walker, and the pros-  
pect did not appal him specially.  
He would get to Dr. Randolph's late;  
but, it being New Year's eve, no one  
would be in bed before 12, an excellent  
hour for supper.  
Ned remembered with pleasure the  
epicurean tastes of the doctor.  
A short cut! At the crossroads!  
Straight across country! Excellent!  
Ned buttoned his overcoat, lit a cigar,  
took his handbag, and bidding adieu to  
the wrecked train and lamenting pas-  
sengers, struck out for the village by  
cutting through the woods and follow-  
ing the old military road.  
To Edward Singleton's utter aston-  
ishment, after an hour's brisk walk he  
realized that not only had he lost the  
government road, but that he was in  
the trackless forest, and that he was  
lost, and direct him out of nothing to  
be had, a grin and a curse and  
self for an unimagined fool in attempting  
the proverbially unadvised short

Disease and danger lurk in the  
vital organs. The blood becomes  
vitiated and the general health is  
undermined whenever the stomach  
and liver fail to perform their func-  
tion as nature intended. Herbine will  
tone up the stomach, regulate the  
liver, where other preparations only  
relieve. Price, 50 cents at Ramsey's  
drug store.  
Ring us up, phone number 20,  
when you have a new item or want  
a job printed.

cut. It was too cold to stand there, so  
he went rapidly forward.  
"There must be some sort of habita-  
tion between here and the Atlantic,"  
said Ned after a long and silent tramp.  
As if in answer, a faint glimmer  
greeted him from afar. With light-  
ened spirits he strode on and, approach-  
ing, found it to be a streak of gleam  
coming through a disjointed door or  
hut. Rapping sharply, he asked who  
was within.  
A dead silence answered him. Call-  
ing again, with an imperious rattle,  
he proclaimed his pacific intentions, his  
desire for information or a night's lodg-  
ing, supplemented by a hint of reward,  
but with no better success. Supposing  
the hut deserted, Ned gave the door a  
wrench and, throwing it open, stood  
dumfounded at the spectacle within.  
A young and lovely girl, richly dress-  
ed, glistened with fear, stood by a rude  
table on which lay a heap of crimson  
holly berries, while a candle burned  
beside them.  
Clem and Ned gazed at each other.  
"I see—be—your—pardon!" was all  
Ned could manage to say under the  
spur of the dilemma.  
Clem's inheritance of pluck and of  
merit under the direst conditions  
came to the fore, and, the peculiarity



of the situation striking her with a  
keen forcefulness, a flood of color rush-  
ed to her face and a half smile brought  
out its bewitching beauty.  
"Please come in," she said, with a  
simple directness.  
"I got lost in the woods and stumbled  
accidentally on this hut, I am glad to  
say."  
"I am lost also," explained Ned, put-  
ting down his handbag. "I attempted  
a short cut through the woods, and  
here I am."  
They laughed, and Clem's terrors van-  
ished like mists before the rising sun.  
"Allow me to introduce myself," said  
Ned, sitting on the bench, while Clem  
sat on the pine needles, after they had  
run over their mishaps.  
"You need not," said Clem. "You are  
Ned, and I am Clem."  
"You are Clem?" repeated Singleton  
in blank astonishment.  
"Why shouldn't I be?" asked Clem,  
nettled.  
"Because you are—so!"  
"Well!" said Clem, with a simple  
composure.  
"I will tell you tomorrow," Ned said  
hastily.  
"In the meantime how are we to get  
home?" asked Clem distressfully, a re-  
membrance of her father's anguish  
coming to her.  
Ned lit his lip, for it was certainly  
more than he could say. To plunge  
back into the forest would be an act  
of sheer folly, and to wait there with  
Clem was equally impossible.  
"You are tired," he said at last, gen-  
tly, but firmly. "You must lie down  
on those pine leaves and let me cover you  
with my overcoat." He built a fire out-  
side and watch until Dr. Randolph  
comes, for of course he will search  
through the woods for you."  
Nor would he be galsaid. Clem was  
forced to admit, now that her fears  
were allayed, that she was mortally  
tired and spent. Sinking on the soft  
balsamic leaves and covered with  
Ned's overcoat, which he wrapped  
around her with a masterful obstinacy,  
unheeding her remonstrances, Clem  
soon fell into a profound sleep, while  
Ned paced back and forth outside,  
smoking and replenishing the fire be-  
hind him. It was his glare, a long dis-  
tance off, which guided Dr. Randolph  
to the hut some two hours later.  
"God in heaven!" he exclaimed when,  
shaking him violently by the hand,  
Ned led him to the door and showed  
him Clem, sleeping tranquilly, with  
her great bunch of holly berries by her  
side.  
"It was only a five mile drive back to  
Dr. Randolph's house. Nance greeted  
them with an explosion of tears, joy  
and reproaches.  
"Come, come," said the doctor, un-  
corking a bottle, while Clem, gayly  
chatting, was covering the table with  
holly and coronna berries.  
"Here's to you, Edward Singleton,  
for saving Clem's life!"  
"Here's to you for bringing me and  
my holly berries home!" said Clem,  
while the hot snipe were being put on  
the table.  
"Here's to a glorious New Year's,"  
said Ned, "and to my life's happiness!"  
—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

**New Year's Resolutions.**  
For three or four days after the new  
year has dawned there is a sound of  
crashing and smashing in the atmos-  
phere. It is the world breaking its  
good resolutions. All the little domes-  
tic ones fall one by one. Nellie was  
never to resent the little hourly cor-  
rections; Willie was to stop teasing;  
Mother was to stop worrying. All these  
have been disregarded. Nellie is as  
touchy as ever; Willie is a worse tease  
than ever; mother's brow looks like a  
cloud; the old heaven ways are  
gone. Chicago Times-Her-

**The Missouri World.**  
Published weekly at Chillicothe, Mo., at  
50c a year, is a good paper for general  
news is uncomparably Populist in all  
its local, but intended for  
the States. Send

**LABOR'S DEADLY BATTLE.**  
Master Workman Chamberlain Says  
It Is Back to the Front.  
Organized labor has long been a clog  
upon the machinery of greed and a  
watch at the home of the wealth pro-  
ducer, whether he is in the union or  
not. We believe that in the near fu-  
ture a deadly battle is to be fought  
between organized labor and organized  
capital. It is to be a death grapple by  
the united forces of labor unions on  
the one side and the united forces of  
the money unions on the other, and  
the highest court, the bankers' union,  
the lawyers' union, the trust union and  
the union of the professional politi-  
cians, the newspaper union, the eccle-  
siastical union and the international  
union of ancient snobbery, backed by  
the armies and navies of the world,  
labor, that kicks and strikes against  
conditions that it could remedy at the  
ballot box. The supreme court has al-  
ready affirmed the decision, appealed  
from Los Angeles, that to be a member  
of a labor union that may include a  
strike is to be a criminal. The federal  
government sent a special assistant  
attorney general to Hazelton to assist  
in establishing the right to shoot strik-  
ers. The military spirit is in the saddle.  
The rights of man are now made  
second to the dollar. We have cast  
the statue of Charles Sumner into the  
rubbish room, the Goddess of Liberty  
is hauled down from the capitol at  
Washington, the toiler who asks for  
humane treatment is called the "scum  
of creation" and the dia- finger of  
modern civilization moves down to an  
aristocracy of wealth, supported by a  
forced tax of "interest, profit and  
rent," wrung from every toiler. As  
long as the workman depended on  
the strike remedy, he was content with  
the proprietor, he was happy in the  
belief that he was a sovereign, and the  
boss was contented because the army  
and the Gatling gun were behind him.  
It is because the Samson of labor has  
begun to recognize his duty and be-  
cause it is now cheaper to destroy the  
unions than to pacify them, because the  
toilers must hereafter be content with  
smaller wages, so that the larger share  
of profits can be given to the capitalists,  
that we make this prediction.—Annual  
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Chamberlain to Knights of Labor.

**New York Sventshops.**  
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was retold with new and dreadful de-  
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Chairman de Costa of Clear Makers'  
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spector's department during the last  
16 months has issued 25,000 licenses  
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In a Division street bedroom the vis-  
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had given it for alteration to her up-  
town tailor.—New York Journal.

**A SURE CURE FOR CROUP.**  
Twenty-five Years' constant use with  
out a failure.  
The first indication of croup is  
hoarseness, and in a child subject to  
that disease it may be taken as a cer-  
tain sign of the approach of an attack.  
Following this hoarseness is a peculiar  
rough cough. If Chamberlain's  
Cough Remedy is given as soon as  
the child becomes hoarse, or even  
after the croupy cough appears, it  
will prevent the attack. It is used  
in many thousands of homes in this  
broad land and never disappoints the  
anxious mothers. We have yet to  
learn of a single instance in which it  
has not proved effectual. No other  
preparation can show such a record  
—twenty-five years' constant use with-  
out a failure. For sale by Ramsey.

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pers and this paper at the annexed  
prices for the two:  
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Scientific American 3.00  
Phrenological Journal 1.10  
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stomach. Use the pure Brand named  
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paper as good as a magazine—and better  
for it contains the latest by telegraph as  
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and late fashions and finds recreation  
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That's how the good old song  
goes. But now the people ride  
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traveling toward  
**"The City of Saints."**  
The National Live Stock Asso-  
ciation will hold its great an-  
nual convention in Salt Lake City,  
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Say, Brother are You With Us?  
Only one fare, plus two dollars,  
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ver (with special train service)

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cess in caring for and entertain-  
ing conventions, and you don't  
have to apologise for riding on  
the Denver Road.  
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CHAS. L. HULL, T. P. A.  
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Daily News, Dallas Morning News—and cash  
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THE WATCH NIGHT.

We give her a watch night, wid experience on all. For t'is watch night our d'ar's fun de springtime ter de fall.

I don't lak New Year mornin's, w'en de preacher make you glee. I rather read in private all my titles ter de s'kies!

Some t'ing wid all de brotherin, I know 'em 'un, lak 'em right. En w'en dey go ter talkin, don't dey sh' dey eye on light!

But we gwine ter have de watch night (I wish he come on gone). Ter see de s'le year wh'itin en he'p de new year on.

I don't in favor of it, I never lik it 'is w'ise. I rather read in private all my titles ter de s'kies!

LOST IN THE PINE WOODS.

CLEM—her name was Clemence—buttoned up her jacket, pulled up her high fur collar, and stepped out into the pine woods.

Clem was a joyous young girl, very pretty and very light hearted, the only inmate of a white cottage on the outskirts of the village besides Dr. Randolph, her father, and old Nance, their housekeeper, her former nurse.

Being 17 and unacquainted with the world's gayeties beyond an occasional simple gathering and an evening at the theater or opera when on a short visit to relatives in New Orleans, Clem's pleasures consisted in much reading, unlimited rambles through the woods and down the country roads and much practice on her violin.

For an invalid, violinist of talent and reputation had sought refuge in that balmy pine region to rebuild health, broken and shattered by too continuous and arduous work and, being Dr. Randolph's patient, had become Clem's teacher, with pleasure and profit to both.

Professor Andrade, a first graduate from the Berlin conservatory, declared Clem had great natural musical gifts, and Clem never tired of her violin.

The weather had been unprecedentedly cold all through November, and in the early part of December a flurry of snow had fallen, making the woods beautiful as it capped the green boughs and spread a white carpet over the mosses and thick bed of fallen pine needles underfoot.

This New Year's eve the air was cold, still and biting, and when, in the afternoon, Dr. Randolph started off in his buggy to visit an old bedridden Arabian woman ten miles away Nance put an extra overcoat on the cushions and hid bricks wrapped in carpeting to keep his feet warm, and Clem slipped a flask in his pocket as she kissed him goodby, standing on the steps between the wheels to do so.

"Now, don't stay late. Be sure you come back before the train comes in, for you know Ned is coming tonight," she warned.

"We have partridges for supper, remember," she called out as Dumps, the doctor's cob, started out at a pace that meant business.

Nodding backward gaily the doctor swept down the street and disappeared around a curve.

"I wonder what that silly, tiresome boy Ned has grown to be?" said Clem aloud to herself as she inspected the supper table, already daintily set with old silver and cut glass.

In the center a huge bunch of narcissuses and hyacinths was placed, for the doctor was somewhat of a gourmet, and his life abroad and in big cities

There were various vexatious delays. The evening train on which Edward Singleton was leisurely smoking was run at increased speed to make up for lost time.

Suddenly there were a crash, shouts, cries and a terrific commotion, an awful bumping, a hissing and roaring noise, a shattering of glass and direful shrieks, and the coach, toppling half way over, stood still.

Tearing his way out, Ned realized what the accident was.

Running over a terrified cow, the engine was derailed. It had torn its way through an adjoining field, where it finally stood, panting and hissing, while two coaches were wrecked, and the one in which Ned had been was overturned and ditched.

Of the crew and passengers no one was killed, but it was ascertained that there were contusions innumerable, while night had already come.

Ned was a good walker, and the prospect did not appall him specially.

He would get to Dr. Randolph's late; but, it being New Year's eve, no one would be in bed before 12, an excellent hour for supper.

Ned remembered with pleasure the epicurean tastes of the doctor.

A short cut! At the crossroads! Straight across country! Excellent!

Ned buttoned his overcoat, lit a cigar, took his handbag and, bidding adieu to the wrecked train and lamenting passengers, struck out for the village by cutting through the woods and following the old military road.

To Edward Singleton's utter astonishment, after an hour's brisk walk he discovered that not only had he lost the road, but that he was in a place he had never seen before.

Discuss and danger lurk in the vital organs. The blood becomes vitiated and the general health is undermined whenever the stomach and liver fail to perform their function as nature intended.

Just to keep things rolling and you posted we will furnish this paper until Jan. 1, 1902 for \$1.

"Eight years! That's a long time,"

misled Clem. "Well, I hope his travels have improved him, for his college days were not enough."

"Heigh ho! I wish he would stay away and not tumble down on us to spoil our delightful New Year's. I never could stand him."

Clem recalled what a villainous temper Ned had been when on his visit to them during vacation.

"He was a tease, but he was a handsome boy," she concluded.

Then casting Ned out of her thoughts, she stopped to gather a great armful of the glorious holly.

The distance was greater than Clem had supposed, and the afternoon had darkened considerably when her flaming branches of berries were tied with a wisp of gray moss and she turned to go home.

Skirting the edge of the "Branch," as those streamlets which cut through the pine forests are called, she came to a sudden halt.

From which side had she come? And how rapidly twilight drops into night these short December days!

Of course she passed that big elm and those pines, and—

Clem was bewildered and had to confess most reluctantly that she did not know whether she came by the right or by the left.

Her heart gave a flutter as the word "lost" ran through her mind, but she had lived all her short life more or less in the woods, so beyond a slight tremor Clem was not frightened.

What added to Clem's bewilderment was the light snowfall, which covered up all paths and made everything unfamiliar.

But for that Clem might have realized where she was going and not deflected away, as she did toward a stretch of heavily timbered swamp land totally unfamiliar. Night was drawing on with cruel rapidity, and the forest shades were deepening into black patches and somber vistas, while above, as Clem looked up, she could see a few stars beginning to glimmer.

Suddenly she remembered with terror that she had left the house without seeing dear old Nance or telling her anything about her proposed quest after holly berries.

The wind was rising, and—well, night and darkness had come. Clem was lost in the heart of the woods. Clem went steadily forward, knowing that if she stopped she would be a thousand times more frightened.

At last Clem's steps faltered. Staggering, she sat down exhausted at the foot of a tall pine, in whose branches the night breezes were playing as on an Aeolian harp. "Oh, Dieu de bonté!" exclaimed Clem, lapsing into French, her mother's tongue, as she often did under excitement or when in distress.

But her French blood soon asserted itself, and, conscious she peered around in the darkness which enveloped all things. What was that dark object a little way off? Clem got up and began a cautious approach.

Her heart gave a bound of pleasure on recognizing an abandoned coal burner's hut.

The door, as she pushed it open, though sagged still held on its hinges, and, feeling around, Clem found a piece of candle sticking to a board and some scattered matches.

Clem's heart was beating furiously. Suppose they were too old to light? But the one she scratched sputtered and lit, as did her candle, and Clem found herself in a hut begrimed with smoke, bare, but clean, in which were a rude bench, a table and a heap of dried pine needles in the corner.

Clem sank down with an exclamation of hysterical gladness. Placing her bunch of berries on the table, Clem closed the door and drew the bench against it, while the wooden shutter of the window was held fast by its rude fastening.

Throwing herself on the soft mat of pine needles, Clem sent a prayer heavenward whose anguished intensity she, being 17 years, had never imagined.

LABOR'S DEADLY BATTLE.

Master Workman Chamberlain says it is soon to be fought.

Organized labor has long been a clog upon the machinery of greed and a watch at the home of the wealth producer, whether he is in the union or not.

We believe that in the near future a deadly battle is to be fought between organized labor and organized capital.

It is to be a death struggle by the united forces of labor unions on the one side and the united forces of the money unions on the other, and the highest court, the bankers' union, the lawyers' union, the trust union and the union of the professional politicians, the newspaper union, the ecclesiastical union and the international union of ancient snobbery, backed by the armies and navies of the world, will combine to overthrow organized labor, that kicks and strikes against conditions that it could remedy at the ballot box.

The supreme court has already affirmed the decision, appealed from Los Angeles, that to be a member of a labor union that may include a strike is to be a criminal.

The federal government sent a special assistant attorney general to Hazleton to assist in establishing the right to shoot strikers could be worked to organize a strike when the market is overstocked, as long as the workman depended on the strike remedy, but voted with the proprietor, he was happy in the belief that he was a sovereign, and the boss was contented because the army and the Gatling gun were behind him.

It is because the Sanson of labor has begun to recognize his duty and because it is now cheaper to destroy the unions than to pacify them, because the tollers must hereafter be content with smaller wages, so the larger share of profits can be given to the capitalists, that we make this prediction.—Annual Address of General Master Workman Chamberlain to Knights of Labor.

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The woman who reads the "Twice-a-Week" Republic gathers a bit of valuable information about household affairs and late fashions and finds recreation in the bright stories that come under both the headings of fact and fiction.

Ho For Oklahoma! Oklahoma has authorized the opening opportunities to the Kansas Kiowa and Cheyenne lands and the professional Morgan's Manual, a book of nearly 200 pages, tells you how to initiate a perfect your claims. A complete set of Morgan's Manual, a fine sectional map of this country and Oklahoma and a book, illustrated over 100 pages, containing information on receipt of \$1.00. Address Dick T. Morgan, Land Attorney, Perry, Oklahoma.

The Missouri World. Published weekly at Chillicothe, Mo., at 50 cents a year, is a good paper for general news is uncompromisingly popular in all local, but intended for the States.

Prize the bridge of courage. Morgan's Professional Map has brought so many over throat and lung troubles, such as coughs, colds, bronchitis, etc., that its praises are sung everywhere. Price, 25 and 50 cents at Ramsey's drug store.

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'WE'RE MARCHING TO ZION'

That's how the good old song goes. But now the people ride in comfort and luxury when traveling toward

"The City of Saints,"

The National Live Stock Association will hold its great annual convention in Salt Lake City, January 15-18, 1901.

Say, Brother are You With Us?

Only one fare, plus two dollars, for the round trip, via THE DENVER ROAD, and your choice of routes west from Pueblo, Colorado Springs and Denver (with special train service)

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