

MEMPHIS DEMOCRAT

A Wednesday Publication in the Interest of Memphis and Hall Co.

MEMPHIS, TEXAS, WEDNESDAY, JULY 28, 1909

No. 4

A HOME IN HALL COUNTY--THE RECOGNIZED GARDEN SPOT OF TEXAS

WET DRENCHED.

Has Been Blessed With Rain And This Section Is Abundant Crops.

It is said, and truly so, that the Panhandle becomes absolute and it has proven this season. The rains in the Panhandle are getting late, and have run ten or twelve inches without very much to the standard of the Panhandle. The corn has suffered and is not considered in the Panhandle. The crops are faring in the present season. Our country is the largest crop in many seasons. There has been a great deal of rain in the pools. The country is far ahead of the other sections in East Texas. Some of our friends would grow if I did not move out of that they have been in bugs and boll weevils. The Upper Panhandle in Hall county is good to eat and health, which is the best life.

From Colorado.

Two weeks ago there were some of the Okla. Colonization Co. in the Panhandle. The chances in the Panhandle are good. The Kin Alley of Colorado has a club of fifteen members. The area of that number is the value of the work of the fifteen members. The purchase of chances, money is to be returned here at Memphis. J. G. (Uncle Sam) their representative judgment as it had been turned to be. Mr. from his trip of this week. He said there were representatives in different states and places in Texas. Every representative had turned down, but there

were a great many from other states that said the land was equally as good as had been represented. The owners of the land tried mightily hard to get Mr. Noel to report favorable on the proposition, but Mr. Noel is no traitor to his people who sent him on the mission of inspection, and he considered it best to turn it down and not let our people lose any more of their money. When they leave Hall county for good land, it will have to be par excellent or it will get turned down every time and Mr. Noel is a first class judge of good ground.

Hits Hard Luck.

The Melba Palmer Stock Company came to Memphis last week intending to show every night during the week. On Monday night, the night of the initial performance when the crowd began to gather they were told that the company had not arrived, but would be in on the delayed train. The train was so late that there was no performance that night. Tuesday and Wednesday nights they were not greeted by very large crowds. Thursday night it was announced that there would be no show and the company packed their seats and tents in a car and billed out for Childress, not filling the full week's engagement as they had announced. The company seemed to have been all broken up during their stay in Memphis from some cause.

Winnie Davis Chapter.

The W. D. C. met with Mrs. Ad. Smith Friday afternoon. Ten members answered to roll call. After the regular transaction of business, Miss Qua Wells gave a reading. Miss Emma Wheat read a sketch from the life of Stonewall Jackson. The W. D. C's are doing a grand work in the south, especially the Texas division. The home for Confederate women located at Austin is certainly an honor to the state. The daughters feel a great interest in it. They help in a small way to maintain the home. The next meeting of the Chapter will be with Mrs. Tomlinson, Friday, August 6th.

Notice.

Don't forget that the annual Non-Sectarian, inter-denominational Holiness meeting begins August 27 and runs to September 12, 1909. The promoters of this meeting seek the salvation and sanctification of the people only. Now let everybody get ready to come and take part in this, the great work of the Lord. E. O. SLOAN, Sec. Hall County Holiness Association.

GREAT UNION REVIVAL NOW IN PROGRESS

The Union Meeting Under the Leadership of Burton A. Hall, the Evangelist, is Creating a Deep Interest -- Large Crowds Attending.

There were seven souls converted to God at this service. Our business men are closing their store and office doors for the revival. Services are being held on the streets each afternoon at 5:15. From eleven to twenty ladies prayer meetings are being held each afternoon at 4 o'clock. The sweet gospel singer, Bro. Frederick Edson, of Mississippi, sings the gospel in power and in the spirit. Oh, how we love a man who sings out of his heart, not to be seen but to be heard for the glory of Jesus. God bless Bro. Hall and his co-workers in this meeting. We trust that under their leadership the whole town may be brought to God.

Contract Let For Baptist Church.

The building committee of the Baptist church have been working hard and faithful for the past few weeks and they have decided to let the contract for their new \$20,000 brick church. Cobb & Nelson, our local contractors being the lucky bidders. Work will begin on the excavation for the building as soon as the union meeting now in progress comes to a close. Material will begin to arrive at once and there will be no delay in the construction of the building when it is started. The facing brick for this handsome structure will perhaps be of pink and buff brick trimmed with white stone of a fine grade. The committee has made very wise selections in all the material to be used, and this will not only be one of the most handsome buildings in the Panhandle, but one of the most substantial buildings as well.

Ice Cream Supper.

The enterprising citizens of the Friendship community are going to have an ice cream supper at the Friendship school house on Friday night, July 30. The proceeds will be used for the purpose of digging a cistern for the school. This is something that every citizen of the community should feel an interest in and

should turn out and swell the proceeds to a real nice sum. Everybody is invited to come out and enjoy the evening. Don't forget the date, Friday night July 30.

Roberts-Fowler.

Mr. Dave Roberts the latter part of last week, quietly stole away supposedly to be on business, but when the morning train arrived in Memphis this Wednesday, Mr. Roberts alighted from the train and was accompanied by a young lady whom we thought to be Miss Hettie Fowler, but we were introduced to her as Mrs. David Roberts. We were then informed that Mr. Roberts had hied himself to Wolfe City, Texas, the home of Miss Hettie Fowler and there on last Monday, July 26, at 4 p. m. they were quietly married at the home of the bride's parents. Miss Fowler is a beautiful and accomplished young lady and has many friends here in Memphis who will be glad to welcome her back to Memphis. She was one of our most efficient teachers in our public schools here last year.

The groom was reared to manhood in Memphis and is one of our most highly respected young business men, and the happy couple have the best wishes of the Democrat for a long and happy married life.

Marriage License.

The following marriage license have been issued since our last publication: J. S. Warlick to Miss Della Blair; J. A. Johnson to Miss Lizzie Holland; J. R. Southward to Miss Lee Clinkscapes. The latter two couples were married at the county clerk's office by County Judge T. R. Phillips. The contracting parties are all of highly respected families of Hall county and they have the best wishes of the Democrat for a long and happy life.

Notice.

All subscribers to the Railroad Bonus who have not made some settlement of their assessments are hereby notified that unless satisfactory arrangements for settlement are made at once suit will be instituted to enforce payment.

RAILROAD COMMITTEE.

O. B. Fuller and family returned this Tuesday evening from a several days overland trip to Oklahoma. They report dry times over in that state.

Rufus Randal and Sammie Cunningham returned Sunday from Amarillo where they had been working for the electric light plant for a few days.

Memphis as Shipping Point.

A nice shipment of hogs and cattle were made from Memphis Saturday morning. Rolla Smith shipped two cars of fat cattle to the Fort Worth market. Memphis Milling Co., shipped one car of hogs and a Mr. Johnson shipped two cars of fine hogs, all going to the Fort Worth markets. The hog shipping industry out of Memphis is steadily growing and there is no doubt that Memphis is the largest hog shipping market along the Denver road. If a man wants to raise fine hogs he should purchase him a farm in Hall county as we have the most wonderful resources for diversified farming of any county in Texas, and we don't blush when we say so either, as we can easily prove our assertions.

County Court.

The county court was in session last week. There was not very much work to be transacted. The following cases were disposed of:

The State of Texas vs. E. R. Alexander, charged with obstructing the public road, dismissed. Stovall Johnson vs. M. H. Hughes, debt, settled by agreement. State of Texas vs. Sid Stout, verdict in favor of defendant. Hudspeth, Alexander & Co. vs. O. B. Burnett, et al, damage suite for breach of contract, verdict for defendant. The court then stood adjourned until Thursday, July 29, when they will proceed with other business on hand.

Railroad Committee Meets.

At a meeting of the railroad committee last Thursday there was some very important business up. But the most important was the enforcement of the payment of the delinquent subscriptions. There are quite a number of people who subscribed to the bonus who have not paid any part of their subscriptions just from carelessness on their part in not attending to same. This is working a hardship on the committee and those who have not paid should do so at once so that the work on the road can be advanced as rapidly as possible.

Local Market Report.

The following is a corrected market report for week ending Tuesday, July 27.

Butter, per pound	25c
Eggs, per dozen	12 1/2c
Chickens, per dozen	\$3.60
Indian corn in sack	70c
Indian corn in ear	60c
June corn in sack	70c
June corn	60c
Milo maize per cwt.	1.00
Kafir corn per cwt.	1.00

The Two Things Necessary To Possess A Bank Account

1. The Desire or Inclination. Every one has money--it is human nature, for it takes to possess the comforts and necessities of life. 2. The requirement is One Dollar or more. The deposit need not be large, and after the first money is deposited, you have a bank account. The size of your bank account rests with you.

Hall County National Bank
Memphis, Texas

A Private Talk With You



The FIRST NATIONAL BANK of Memphis is doing its best to please and take care of its customers--ARE YOU ONE OF THEM? If not we cordially invite you to open an account with us. For eleven years we have been serving the people of Hall county as a Bank, and our continued success shows to the public how well we have satisfied our customers. Try us...

The First National Bank

ABSTRACT OF TITLE

A complete abstract of Hall County and Memphis. RUSH WORK A SPECIALTY. DUNBAR BROTHERS Phone 206 Office Citizens State Bank

J. A. BRADFORD, President C. A. CROZIER, Vice-Pres.
W. B. QUIGLEY, Cashier

Citizens State Bank

Capital \$30,000.00

Facts About This Bank
It is growing, steadily growing. It is under State supervision. It is guided by a strong board of directors. It appreciates your account no matter how small.

Citizens State Bank :: Memphis, Texas

The Home Circle Column

PLEASANT EVENING REVERIES

A Column Dedicated to Tired Mothers as They Join the Home Circle at Evening Tide

Crude Thoughts From The Editorial Pen

How many there are who would be unhappy if they could not find something to be miserable about.

Men can be found who are willing to go to Africa as missionaries who are not willing to take care of a cross baby for the tired wife for half an hour.

The best way to keep the boys at home is to make it an object for them not to go out to seek amusements, for these they will have. Every farm home ought to be made a very heaven on earth to its inmates. Not alone the farm home either, but all the houses in the land. Learn each child's nature, and then work some home charm to keep him in your circle.

Of all places, praise should be most lavishly used in the family circle. How many of us keep all our words of kindness for strangers, for those in whom we have not one spark of vital interest; and to the hearts dependent upon us for sympathy and appreciation, have scarcely one cheery word. If we are so niggardly in the expenditure of the sweet charities of life that we cannot squander commendations on the home folks and strangers too, by all means let the home folks come in first for their share.

Parents oftentimes wonder who or what has ruined their boys. They have been in school every day, but the teacher either does not teach them any lessons of morality or else his teaching is a failure. The truth is, the boys are on the street from the time school closes until late at night. The street corner is the best place in the world for teaching vice, profligacy and crime, nearly all the bad language and idle, vicious habits of boys are taught on the street at late hours of the night. Teachers may be able to accomplish a little in counteracting these evil influences, but much of their labor is in vain until parents co-operate with them in keeping their boys off the street.

It is a proverbial saying among all women that husbands have no adequate idea of the work which a housekeeper must do, and consequently are careless of the extra work they make for her. Would this be so in the next generation if every mother would begin with her little boys and teach them to be orderly with all their belongings, and to wait on themselves? Not only this but teach them to help mother in every possible way; to keep the wood box filled with wood and the water pail with water; to save mother's tired feet by going upstairs and down cellar for her; let him put up the clothes line, turn the wringer and empty the tubs for her on wash-day as soon as he is old enough. He will be proud enough to think that he is growing strong enough to do these things better than mother. Be very sure that you show your appreciation of every helpful act, and let him see that you look to him for assistance.

A Scolding Husband Cured.

A woman whom her husband used frequently to scold went to a cunning man to inquire how she might cure him of his barbarity. The sagacious soothsayer heard her complaint; and after pronouncing some hard words, and using various gesticulations while he filled a phial with colored liquid, desired her,

whenever her husband was in a passion, to take a mouthful of the liquid and keep it in her mouth for five minutes. The woman quite overjoyed at so simple a remedy, strictly followed the counsel which was given her, and by her silence escaped the usual annoyance. The contents of the bottle being at last expended she returned to the cunning man and anxiously begged to have another possessed of the same virtue. "Daughter," said the man, "there was nothing in the bottle but brown sugar and water. When your husband is in a passion, hold your tongue, and my life on it, he will not scold you in the future."

Be careful how you speak of a woman's character. Think how many years she has been in building it, of the toil and privation endured, of the wounds received, and let no suspicion follow their actions. The purity of woman is the salvation of the race, the hope of future greatness, the redemption of man. Wipe out her purity and man sinks beneath the wave of despair, with no star to guide his life into a channel of safety. Think then before you speak, and remember that the hog can root up the fairest flowers that ever grew, so the vilest man can ruin the prettiest woman's character.

Mother As A Teacher.

The perception of beauty, dormant in the babe, is easily awakened with the other growing faculties. The kindergarten teacher's efforts in this direction are constantly bearing fruit, but let a word be given to mothers who have not had a kindergarten training.

Gather about your children a few beautiful objects; talk about them; let the children come, as they will unconsciously, under their influence; let beautiful ideas and images grow into their lives. Perhaps you have a dainty head in marble, put it on a low table to be admired, on the window-seat to cast a shadow, in the child's hand while he looks into the beautifully modeled face, at the smiling mouth, the wavy hair.

Take time to read and reread a gem of poetry, or to sing a sweet song to your children. Above all take time to study with your children the shading of the leaf, the bird, the bee, the stone, the pearls of dew on grass blade, the frost glitter, the snow crystal; take time to watch the trees in their grandeur, the stretch of meadow, the sparkling stream, the cloud mountains, the sunset glory. Beauties will be revealed to you you dream not of.

Even from our crowded city streets, to the eye that is opened and the heart that is awakened, beauty has not fled. The flickering light and shade weave themselves into exquisite patterns on our walls and pavements, the trees throw their long, dark shadows, the mists rise soft and gray, the sun pours its flood of golden light down the long dusty streets; to the ear that is attuned, harmony rises from the discord of sounds. He who loves beauty and is looking for it will find it everywhere. And the mother who keeps her enthusiasm alive by working with her children, developing their perception of beauty and love for the beautiful works of nature and art, and reverence for the beautiful truths divine, will give them a blessed inheritance which will lighten their burden as they grow beyond her sheltering care, and bring more of cheerfulness, and hopefulness, and youthfulness into their lives.

OFFERS EXTRAORDINARY!

By reason of the extensive advertising campaign recently inaugurated by the publishers of Farm & Ranch and Holland's Magazine, who are particularly desirous of enlarging their subscription list in our immediate vicinity, we are enabled to offer until further notice the following values:

Farm & Ranch regular price per year \$1.00. Memphis Democrat regular price per year \$1.00. Our Special Combination Price for a year's subscription to the two together **ONLY \$1.00**

Holland's Magazine regular price per year \$1.00. Memphis Democrat regular price per year \$1.00. Our Special Combination Price for a year's subscription to the two together **ONLY \$1.00**

Farm & Ranch is the best agricultural paper in the Southwest. It is of practical use to YOU. It deals with things right here at home. It answers weekly questions telling you how to grow your crops and how best to sell them. Marketing problems, how to feed and raise live stock and poultry, fruit and truck growing, and all of the latest scientific discoveries and most successful ideas are intelligently handled, and it is explained carefully how you can turn the latter to the most profit. A veterinary department answers questions concerning ailments of livestock and prescribes exact remedies. The dairying and household departments interest the housekeeper and hostess; and the children are not forgotten.

Holland's Magazine is brim full of good clever short stories written by some of the best fiction writers of America. It contains many beautifully illustrated articles on live topics of interest in any home. Special art, needlework, fashions and practical household departments, including a children's page which is instructive and amusing to the little folks completes the list of important features.

Better drop in today with your dollar and take your choice between the publications.

The Memphis Democrat MEMPHIS, TEXAS

HARRY MORGAN DEAD

Was Found Unconscious With a Small Wound on Front of His Head.

Sometime Thursday afternoon, at the J. A. Ranch, Harry Morgan, an employe, was found unconscious with a small wound on his forehead. It is supposed that his horse threw him or fell with him producing the fatal wound. His horse appearing at the round-up with a calf roped to the saddle and no rider caused alarm and a search was made and Mr. Morgan found. Dr. Carroll was notified and went in auto. The patient was brought to Clarendon in a hack and taken to the Denver hotel, where he had all the attention possible. His parents at Wellington were notified and his father and brother came.

He lingered without speaking or showing any sign of consciousness until Monday evening about 6:30 o'clock, when his spirit passed into the great beyond. Harry Morgan was born August 6, 1855 and died July 19th, 1909. He was a good quiet young man loved and respected by all who knew him. His fellow laborers of the ranch spoke in high terms of him and expressed their sorrow at his untimely taking off. He was converted about two years ago and joined the Methodist church. The funeral was conducted by O. P. Kiker at the Methodist church and the remains laid to rest in the citizens cemetery. The funeral procession was headed by the J. A. Ranch boys on horse back and followed by a long train of vehicles. The thoughtful attention and tender sympathy of the

J. A. Ranch manager and the employes is indeed commendable and demonstrates the big heartedness of the ranchmen and cow boys.

Harry leaves a father, mother, six brothers and one sister to mourn the loss of a dutiful son and a loving brother. The father and one brother were all of the family who could attend the funeral. The Banner-Stockman joins in hearty sympathy with the bereaved relatives and friends.

Badly Hurt.

An exchange in glancing over the papers has discovered a number of cases where people have been injured in various parts of the anatomy. Here are a few cases cited: While Miss Pearl Kinsmore of East Wind, Ind. was coming down stairs Tuesday, she slipped and bruised herself on the landing. Amos Mittleby, of Woolpost, Kan., while harnessing a fractious horse was kicked just south of the corn crib. He is able to be out again. While Harold Green of Beulah, Miss., was escorting Miss Violet Goof home from church sociable Saturday night a savage dog set upon them and bit Miss Goof four times on the public square. Joseph Tutt of Grimelsberg, Iowa, climbed on the roof of his house last week to find a leak and fell striking on his back porch, causing serious injuries. Isaiah Trimmer of Dolbery, Neb., was playing with a cat Friday when the animal scratched him on the veranda. Dalhart Texan.

John Hooker returned Thursday night from Lone Oak, Texas, where he had been on a visit to home-folks. He said they were needing rain down there very badly.

Church Directory.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH—Rev. Howard M. Frank, pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 o'clock a. m., and 7:00 p. m. Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Ladies' Aid meets on Thursday after the third Sunday of each month at 3:30 p. m. Ladies' Missionary Society meets on Thursday after the first Sunday at 3:30 p. m. Choir meets for practice every Friday night.

METHODIST CHURCH—Rev. Robt. B. Bonner, pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sunday school at 9:45 a. m. Joe J. Mickle, superintendent; Home Department, Mr. T. B. Norwood, Superintendent; Cradle roll, Mrs. W. D. Morgan, superintendent. Junior Epworth League meets Sunday at 4 o'clock p. m. Mrs. R. B. Bonner, superintendent. Senior Epworth League meets at 5 p. m. W. D. Morgan, president. Business meeting and social gathering every 4th Friday night. Woman's Home Mission Society meets at 3 p. m. every second and fourth Monday; Woman's Foreign Mission Society at 4 p. m. every first Monday.

BAPTIST CHURCH—Rev. W. L. Head, pastor. Services each Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m., Bro. T. R. Garrott Supt. B. Y. P. U. each Sunday at 4 p. m. Evangelistic services each Sunday night. Special music for these services. A cordial welcome to all.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH—Elder L. H. Humphries, pastor. Services every Lord's Day at 11 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m., Wm. Fore, superintendent. Teachers' training class and prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 8:30. J. M. Elliott, president, and L. H. Humphries, teacher. Ladies' Aid Society meets every Monday at the church at 2 p. m., Mrs. L. H. Humphries, President. Official Board meets on the first Sunday of each month. Everybody made cordially welcome to these services.

MISSIONARY BAPTIST CHURCH, ESTELLINE—Regular preaching services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. on the 1st and 3rd Sundays. Prayer meeting every Thursday night at 7:30 p. m. You are cordially invited to attend these services. G. W. Harrington, pastor. Sunday School every Sunday morning at 10 a. m. You are cordially invited to be present. A. E. Johnson, Superintendent.

M. E. CHURCH SOUTH, ESTELLINE—Regular preaching services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. on the 2nd and 4th Sundays. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night at 7:30. Choir practice every Friday night at 7:30. Sunday school teachers meeting each Thursday evening at 3:30 p. m. You are welcome at our church. J. W. Smith, pastor. Womans Home Mission Society meets on Wednesday evenings at 3:30 p. m., after 1st and 3rd Sundays. Would be glad to have all the ladies attend these services. Mrs. J. A. Johnston, President. Sunday School every Sunday morning at 10 a. m. We invite all strangers to be with us at this hour. Dr. P. L. Vardy, Superintendent.

Come and examine our line of Boy's Perfection clothing at the Pioneer Mercantile Co.

PROFESSIONAL

DR. J. W. M. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON Office northeast corner of Main and Commercial Streets. Phone: Office 137, Home 137. MEMPHIS, TEXAS

DR. C. F. W. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON Office West Side of Commercial Street. Phone 137. MEMPHIS

DR. J. M. E. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON Residence 111 North Side of Commercial Street. Office North Side of Commercial Street. MEMPHIS

DR. J. Q. D. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON Office on West Side of Commercial Street. Phone 137. MEMPHIS

NEWTON H. BOYD Practice limited Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. Telephone 137. MEMPHIS

DR. H. N. PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON RESIDENCE 111 North Side of Commercial Street. OFFICE OVER C. M. DRUG STORE. MEMPHIS

DR. W. S. C. Physician and Surgeon Office with Dr. J. W. M. Office Phone 76. MEMPHIS

DR. J. F. T. DENTIST Office over Citizel Phone No. 137. Memphis

H. D. Spencer SPENCER & P. Attorneys Up stairs in Commercial Street. Practice in all courts. Memphis

Tom J. Rich RICH & T. Attorneys Will practice in all courts in Court House. Memphis

J. M. Elliott ELLIOTT & ATTORNEYS Do a general legal business. No. 111 North Side of Commercial Street. Up stairs in First National Bank. MEMPHIS

Will Entertain Judge and Mrs. have kindly tented to the Non-Press Association in this city some of their elegant new southwest part of near completion in Childress know give a swell receipt good people. The doubt that this grade made a part of the The executive committee not yet been called hence the program made out nor the time is highly probable will be held the 1st August.—Childress

Mrs. A. S. Thom been very sick fever has recovered to be carried home at Well transferred the day.

DELICIOUS FOOD FOR CHILDREN



that are either sick or well you will find pure and delicately flavored ice cream to be. For the dyspeptic, the dainty appetite, or for entertaining at dinner or in the evening our ice cream is both food and refreshment. Better phone us your order today. Prompt delivery. TELEPHONE NO. . . . 12

The MEMPHIS BOTTLING WORKS

Professional Happenings
Items of Interest About Town and County

C. F. W. Democrat.
 A seed kept at Miller's. 41-1f
 A lady made a business trip to London Thursday.
J. M. E. Milling Co., has Nig-gal, both lump and 51-3tc
 Maitland lump coal to cheap coal. P. Dial.

R. J. O. D. Venable left Saturday for a visit with her family, at Estelline.
H. BOY Fite of Resaca, Ga. visiting in the family of the law for the past few days.
 Milling Co. have a head Lump Coal and Coal and will make Phone 65.

H. N. Neal and Frankie left Friday for a visit with friends and Weatherford and in his overland trip here he will take races which takes a dirty hat when they cleaned and here in Memphis the O. K. Tailor intended to be as good as in any city. 49tf

M. M. Mrs. T. J. Dunbar are for the arrival of a fine their home last Friday the first narrow-gauge step high and well. We ex- plications.

W. S. C. MONEY—Jas. Brown of Memphis has money to loan on improved patented farms on five years' time. Money ready soon as title shows clear. Office in Memphis Hotel. Anna Wood representative in office.
W. A. Lawrence last week bought lots No. 5 and 6 in block 99 joining his present home. These lots were bought from Mrs. J. W. Stewart and the three room house was included in the deal. Consideration \$500. This will give Mr. Lawrence plenty of room for a nice home place.

J. T. ROBERTS
 Painter and paperhanger, modern and artistic paper-hanging a specialty. Satisfaction guaranteed.
 Phone 56
 Memphis, Texas

Johnsey & Foreman
 Contractors and Builders
 Estimates and Plans furnished. Shop located on West Noel street, one-half block west of Public Square. Give us a trial.

PLUMBING
C. C. Herd can do the work.
 Sanitary Plumbing and Heating a specialty
 Estimates furnished free. All work guaranteed. Call on me

T. L. Martin left Saturday night for his home at Coyote, Texas, where he goes to prepare to move back to Hall county, he having bought some of the best property in the county.
Dunbar Bros. have moved their abstract and insurance office to the new Citizens State bank building, where they have commodious rooms fitted especially for their business. Their office fronts on 6th street.
The Citizens State bank moved Monday into their new home on the southwest corner of the square where they are now comfortably located for all time to come. They had some trouble with their tiling which caused some delay in their moving, but it is now in good shape.
Messrs. Ward Prock, Walter Prock, Townsite Agent Clark and Contractor Swafford came over from Hollis Sunday and spent Monday and Tuesday in Memphis. They are connected with the townsites along the A. R. & E. P. railroad and have been figuring on some very extensive advertising of Memphis.

Read the Democrat and live happy.
 Phone 65, Memphis Milling Co., when you want good coal.
 C. N. Ward of Newlin was a business visitor in Memphis Monday.

Phone 38 for Bradley's Transfer wagon if you want prompt and careful service. 49tf
 Misses Ruth and Naoma Cavinness of Eldorado, Okla., are visiting friends in Memphis several days.
 If you want first grade Nigger-head Lump Coal or Maitland Nut Coal give your order to Memphis Milling Co.
 Willie Allen and J. C. Williams went up to Lelia Monday where they will be engaged in building a nice residence.

Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Bishop living on Finch Bros. ranch are the proud parents of a fine baby boy born on the 17th. All doing well.
 T. J. Rich and family are enjoying a visit from Mr. Rich's mother, Mrs. R. J. Rich, of Woodville, Texas. Mrs. Rich will spend a month in Memphis.
 Mrs. W. L. English of Pope-ranch passed through Memphis Saturday morning on her way for a visit with her mother and other relatives at Boyd and Newark.

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POWER OF WATER.
 Under Certain Conditions It is Practically Irresistible.
 When a man goes in swimming at the seashore and slips the water forcibly with his hand or takes a back dive from a pier and lands squarely on his back he realizes that the unstable liquid offers not a little resistance. Yet, says a writer in the New York Tribune, it would surprise almost anybody to see what water will do under certain conditions.

A stream from a fireman's hose will knock a man down. The jet from a nozzle used in placer mining in the west cuts away a large piece of land in a day, toys with great bowlders as if they were pebbles and would shoot a man over the country as though he were a projectile from a cannon.
 There is a story of an eastern blacksmith who went west and made a bet that he could knock a hole through the jet of one of these nozzles with a sledge hammer. He lifted his arms, swung the sledge and came down on the ten inch stream with a force that would have dented an anvil. But the jet, never penetrated, whisked the massive hammer out of the blacksmith's hands and tossed it several hundred feet away into the debris of gold bearing gravel beneath a crumbling cliff. After this the blacksmith left out iron when he spoke of hard substances.

There is also a power plant near Durango, Colo., where a United States cavalryman one day thought he had an easy job in cutting a two inch stream with his sword. He made a valiant attack. The result was that his sword was shattered in two and his wrist broken.
 A little thinner jet of water descending 1,000 feet to a manufactory at Grenoble, Spain, and traveling at the moderate speed of 100 yards a second fractures the best blades of Toledo.
 Of course some people will not believe such stories without having seen the thing, and one may think it a proof of the scientific imagination to say that an inch thick sheet of water, provided it had sufficient velocity, would ward off bombshells as well as steel plate.

Nevertheless many persons while traveling have seen a brakeman put a small hydraulic jack under one end of a Pullman car and lift twenty tons or so by a few leisurely strokes of the pump handle, and the experience of riding every day in a hydraulic elevator tends to remove doubts of the magic power possessed by water hitched to a machine.

SIMPLE FAITH.
A Burly Burglar's Confidence in an Editor's Business Acumen.
 A man who admitted that he came direct from state prison tried to sell to the city editor of a New York newspaper a weird and startling story of a missing will which he declared had been revealed to him by a fellow convict. He was a burly fellow with a prognathous jaw, and he had lost an eye in battle. The mere look of him would frighten a timid citizen into trembling. White, the expert in criminal psychology, examined the man as follows:
 "Why were you in prison?"
 "Highway robbery, of course, highway robbery."
 "I suppose you were convicted?"
 "Nuh; dey had me right."
 Such engaging candor Mr. White felt that the man was truthful, and he was greatly disappointed when strict investigation disclosed the fact that the story of the missing will was all fictitious. The man was disappointed, too, at the failure of his romance, but he went away from the newspaper office in cheerful mood, with some remark about better luck next time.
 A week later Mr. White was summoned to the reception room of the newspaper, and there he found his friend, the burly highwayman, his shoulders broader, his single eye fiercer than ever. But his visit was quite friendly, although somewhat tinged with business. He evidently believed he could rely on Mr. White's good faith and business acumen. Fixing Mr. White with his glittering eye, the strong armed one plucked him by the sleeve over to a corner of the room and there in a loud, hoarse whisper inquired:
 "Say, couldjer do any'ting wit' a couple o' watches?"—Harper's Weekly.

Bimini and the Fountain of Youth.
 Bimini was a fabulous island firmly believed in by the Indians of the Antilles, though they could give no further clew to its location than that it lay some hundreds of leagues north of Hispaniola. On this island was the famous fountain of youth, giving perpetual health and vigor. It was the search for this fountain that led Ponce de Leon and Hernando de Soto to Florida, on the outskirts of which the island was generally supposed to be situated.

Concerning His Kissing of Her.
 Only one person with a mean disposition would have figured out this little prose poem. It runs as follows:
 Which do you think is the greatest slur?
 DID he kiss her?
 Did HE kiss her?
 Did he KISS her?
 Or,
 Did he kiss HER?—Cleveland News.

The Great Need.
 "Miss Dolly, you know the old ad-age—"
 "I don't want to hear anything about add-ages," she interrupted. "What we girls want is some subtract-ages."
 Woman's Home Companion.

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Something to Eat
 wish to announce to my friends and the public that I have opened the Oriental Cafe and will keep it in first-class order every day and our short order department will receive the most courteous attention. Our food will be kept clean and our service cool and will be kept clean at all times. Nothing but gentlemanly conduct allowed. A share of your business respectfully solicited,
C. D. BOST

GALVESTON STORM.
The Island City Again Visited by a Terrific Hurricane.
 The beautiful city of Galveston has again been visited by a severe storm on July 21. The only thing that kept the death list and property loss from being almost as great as the Galveston flood of a few years ago was their great seawall. Galveston has just passed through a most formidable storm, manifesting in its course some of the most violent incidents of cyclonic disturbances and its great seawall has completely vindicated its efficiency and protected the city from dangers from the sea, leaving such insignificant dangers as are incident to all storms. The city has passed through a very severe hurricane and the seawall has proved a grand success. The seawall has already been worth more to Galveston than the amount it cost to build it.
Costly Economy.
 A man who was too stingy to subscribe for his home paper, sent his little boy to borrow the copy taken by his neighbor. In his haste the boy ran over a \$4 stand of bees and in ten minutes looked like a warty summer squash. His cries reached his father who ran to his assistance, and failing to notice a barbed-wire fence, ran into it, breaking it down, cutting a handful of flesh from his anatomy, and ruining a \$5 pair of pants. The old cow took advantage of the gap in the fence and got out into the cornfield and killed herself eating green corn. Hearing the racket, the wife ran, upset a four-gallon churn of rich cream into a basket of kittens, drowning the whole flock. In hurry she dropped a \$25 set of false teeth. The baby left alone, crawled through the spilled cream and into the parlor, ruining a \$20 carpet. During the excitement the oldest daughter ran away with the hired man, the dog broke up eleven setting hens, and the calves got out and chewed the tail off four fine shirts.—Ex.
 Dr. N. F. Tate, Veterinarian of Quanah, Texas, will be in Memphis the first Monday and Tuesday of each month commencing the First Monday of September 09.

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 Respectfully,
Memphis Supply Co.

TO THE LAND OF THE SUNRISE

By ED. R. WALLACE

"The Only Flag"—South Doesn't Honor it Enough—Seasick—People Lose Timidity—Knickerbocker Groans—Unload at Your Feet—Sabbath at Sea—Homesick—Beautiful Island.

We went aboard the Koenigin Luise, and things were in a stir. Many interesting events occurred, but one I want to mention. A German came aboard, and his friends with him. When the time came for visitors to get ashore, there were exchanges of embracing, and tears. The tears were shed and some kisses exchanged. I noticed this German as he waved a United States flag, in his beautiful, broken, impressive English he cried out. "The only flag—the only flag is this," at the same time tears flowed freely down his cheeks. I thought, "here is an American from Choice—we, from birth and we made no choice of it at all." Again, it occurred to me that we do not honor our flag as we should—especially do many Southern people fail to do proper honor to "our flag." One man said to me once, "when I see that old flag I want to shoot it full of holes." He had gone four years a Southern soldier, and it was in his bones and blood. We are sailing now under the German flag, but ours is "the flag" to all true Americans.

We left just at 11 a. m., May 22, and in one hour we were called to dinner.

It seemed that every one was at his place at the table and what a dinner we did eat! It was cold, the wind strong, and the waves high. It was only a few hours and land scarcely out of sight, before some began to get sick. No one seemed to be willing to yield, but yield we must, and yield we did until, finally, all except perhaps five or six got sure enough sea sick. As for one I was bent on not getting sick, right at once anyway. When the bell for supper (or dinner at 6) rang out I was on hand with a brave heart, and some stomach. I called to my crew to "come on to supper," but they did not come. I ate—but the first dish—a bowl of soup—seemed to be especially prepared for doing what the sea had failed to do. I did not desert it, however, until I had finished it down. They were at the table "few, and far between."

Well after I had finished my supper I did not feel so good, but I did not want my crew to find it out for I was brave to eat. So I went into my cabin to wash my face, imagining that would help my feelings some. I turned down the automatic wash bowl and turned in water to wash. I began; but, as I slapped my face with a double-handful of water my supper—soup and all—came out into the wash basin for inspection! My! It just would not stay down. I made a clean sweep of it, even drawing on my dinner for full measure. And it was a measure very nearly full. I hurriedly pressed the automatic basin lever, and washed it out. Then, in came Knickerbocker—I mean Hubert D.—and asked:

"How goes it old, boy?"

"Fine!" was my reply. Well, it had gone—the whole concern had gone, and gone well. So I answered him truly. It goes without any trouble!

It was now a good time to go to bed, for what else could one do? My berth was the upper one again, and in our cab of 10x10 feet we have four berths and four men and one man weighed about 300. His berth is full when he gets into it. He is a beer brewer and patronizes his own institution. Well, they had a can with hooks to hang on the

side-rails of our berths. The side-rail is to keep us from rolling out, and the can is for vomiting convenience. It was very convenient. You simply just lean over and proceed to disgorge—easily, but not quietly. Whooping cough is not in it for "y-e-o-whoops!"

The people seemed to loose timidly. They would be sitting around on deck and one would grow pale—start to go down to the rooms below, or take a walk to wear away the bad feeling, and at once begin to unload—right at your feet, perhaps—but you paid no attention for you would likely be next. So it went. If your neighbor loaned you an extra secondhand dinner; you paid him (or her) back in two minutes—on the spot! The first night was soon gone and the next day was the Sabbath. Well, I have spent many Sundays away from home, and in many ways, but that 23rd of May, 1909, was a new one to me. Eat? Why, no. I did not want to eat—nor even hear of it—nor smell it. Well, I did eat a few bites for my general good.

It was a day of meditation and prayer—much prayer. During the first three days at sea I did more praying than I had done in six months, it seemed to me. I prayed for my members by name, and hoped they were praying for me—I knew many would. I had sweet peace all the time and realized comfort from the abiding Comforter. My mind was possibly disturbed at times when I looked at my long trip before me, but all was well—not home-sick—just seasick. My mind went over the past and I surveyed in my memory, eighteen counties of Texas where I had been pastor of churches and my travels for the past 33 years—since my father settled in Texas. I reviewed the past and planned for the future. The old ship reeled and tossed, and all was confusion without, and within, for the three days. The sea then got smooth, we all got well and things were different. We were ourselves again.

That was the first time in my life that I had no one to listen to me when I groaned. I would groan and listen for an echo, which unfailingly came up from the berth below occupied by H. D. Knickerbocker. We kept each other company. I would not like to take the trip alone. It is good to be with friends. But we soon get acquainted with the passengers and it seems that we had known them for years. There are people from many nations on board this ship. A crew of Italians got on at Memphis and have gone our way, and will go with us to Naples. One man on board speaks seven languages. He is a silk manufacturer.

I remember when first I heard, or learned from Geography, that three-fourths of the earth's surface is water. I could not see how it could be, but now I see it must be. We have seen but two islands, so far. We came near St. Michael, an island of perhaps 30 miles in length and eight miles wide. We sailed to the south of the island. Dotted the south side of the island, and near the coast, is a chain of beautiful villages—a chain of villages stretching out for 25 or 30 miles. The little settlements would be from one to three miles apart, and every foot of the territory seemed to be used for vegetables, fruits and other farm products. The little patches looked to contain from 50 feet square to perhaps five acres, and all divisions were made by the use of a hedge of shrubs, beautiful and green. The land sloped to the south and the mountains behind rose very high. They could not lack for rain as the fogs and showers

come at night while the sun may drive the fog away by day. We enjoyed this view from our decks for two and one-half hours; and then all was gone. We were glad to behold the habitation of man for even that little time. The houses seemed to be of brick and lumber; everything is kept painted, which makes it show up beautifully. There must be 75,000 people on the island of St. Michael, or more, I do not know—and no one else (not even Boedecker) seemed to know, either.

Well, as to sea life: I take a bath in salt water, hot or cold, then take a shave, then take a walk on deck till breakfast at eight. After breakfast, read, write, take recreation, and dinner (lunch) at 12. In the afternoon, get acquainted, talk, walk, play some game, and be ready for supper (dinner) at 6. The same is repeated daily, only a musical concert by the stewards' (waiters) relieves the monotony of the dinner hour. Then bed at from 9 to 10 p. m. "Turn in," they call it at sea.

The second Sunday at sea was so different from the first. Being called to arise by a band of sweet music—a hymn—we enjoyed breakfast, and at 9 the Roman Catholic mass. At 10 Bro. Knickerbocker preached a fine sermon. The remainder of the day was, with the Catholics—as are other days—beer drinking, etc., but the few Protestants spent it somewhat as the day sacred to the Lord.

I may have a few more words to say about the voyage but at present I mail this at Gibraltar, June 1st and sail on for Naples, thence to Alexandria, thence to Jerusalem. At Jerusalem we expect word from home by a faster ship than ours via London and thence to Jerusalem; by rail and boat. We will spend ten days in Jerusalem; thence back to Athens, Rome, Florence, Venice and Innsbruck in Switzerland, taking in many intermediate points.

It seems to me that my letters are a little dull, but I will not attempt any exaggeration or word painting, but will try to tell things as they are, or as they seem to me. Good by for a week.

Passenger Engine Runs Away.

Friday night engine No. 257 which pulled passenger No. 8 into Childress had quite a thrilling experience.

The men in charge of the engine had brought her from the station to the cinder pit and left the engine there to have the fire drawn, thinking little that anyone would care to steal her and that she might walk away.

At any rate something happened and when discovered the one five-seven was going down the seven mile hill east of Childress. The yard crew were immediately notified and the switch engine, No. 64, made a fast run to overtake the passenger engine, but was a little too slow for the engine had reached the bottom of the long hill and was playing see-saw between the Childress and Kirkland hill.

The head-light was out and no other lights were burning on the engine and had a freight been tied-up at Kirkland waiting for No. 8 to pass, the story might have been different.

It is said that some one opened the throttle just to take a short ride in the yards and getting scared quite the engine.—Childress Index.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Allard are rejoicing over the arrival of a fine baby boy at their home Monday morning. All doing well but the father and the attending physician thinks he will pull him through all right.

For Rent.

Two 5 room cottages, close to public school building. All necessary repairs will be made see Mrs. C. S. Boykin or F. A. Hudgins

Behman's Compromise.

By W. F. Bryan.

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For a third time the "By Request" sign was hung in front of the music stand, and as Arthur Behman came slowly down the stairs from the restaurant on the upper deck the strains of "The Merry Widow" waltz filled the social hall. Behman fled.

It was not so bad on the forward deck, where the scraping of catgut was replaced by the music of the waves. Now and then the deep toned whistle sounded above the noise of the water, but a smart breeze from dead ahead carried off the sound of the man made music.

It was cool, almost cold, on the forward deck, and considerations of comfort as well as culture held the people inside the cabin. Behman was glad that it was so.

He had the deck to himself, so he lit a cigar and took a camp chair well ahead of the deck lights, shaded toward the bow that the port lights might be more easily seen by other boats.

There was no moon, but the stars shone brightly in the cloudless sky, and the Milky way, like some phantom banner, streamed across the blue expanse. Beyond the dark waters a darker tone told of the land, and here and there the lights of the beacons winked solemnly into the night.

There was the smell of salt in the air, the tang of the sea that Behman loved, and for the first time in weeks he almost knew content.

It was worth while, this communion of the night and the sea, and Behman was grateful to the musicians who had driven him from the cabin, with its satin upholstered chairs and its gaping occupants.

Somewhere inside sat Nell Wheaton. He had seen her in the dining saloon, and he had taken a seat close to the stairs—and the music—that he might be as far from her as possible.

He had no mind to let her think that he would seek to attract her attention. He knew that she had learned that her jealousy was entirely without foundation. It was her place to speak first. Probably she was in there, with other tourists, listening to the band.

He was better off here in the cool of the summer evening. It was a symbol perhaps. He was far better off, after all, even if she had broken the engagement, and he had vowed that life was no longer worth the living.

Down on the lower deck a boyish laugh rang out. Half a dozen youngsters were crowded into the sharp bow and were leaning over the rail watching the white fall of water on either side of the prow.

Their voices came to Behman vaguely and indistinctly, and he smiled indulgently as he caught the note of youth and love of life. He had felt like a boy himself only a week ago.

Now he was a man who would carry through life the thought that a woman's jealousy and a woman's pride had spoiled his career. Let the boys have their laugh. Their awakening would come all too soon.

Behman found it rather pleasant to sit and dream of the last few weeks. He was at the stage where self commiseration is a balm to wounded feelings, and he went over the incidents that had resulted in the breaking of the engagement by Nell Wheaton, assuring himself that his course had been blameless.

ears now. His own were moist as he listened, and when the boy struck up the song that had been their favorite his teeth met together through his cigar, and he tossed it over the rail.

This was a simple little southern air, half mournful, wholly musical, and she had always sung it as they had come in sight of the landing.

It had been their good night song, and as they had trudged up from the boat stage to the hotel she had always hummed it softly to herself. He wondered if she was humming it now. She might be. The wind would carry the song away from him.

The boy stopped, and the spell was broken, but another lad broke the silence.

"That last was pretty, Dunc," he called. "Play 'er ag'in."

The willing musician complied, and Behman rose to his feet. He could not sit still under that music, and he took a few nervous turns up and down the deck.

He came to rest beside the rail, so close that he could reach out and touch the girl had he desired.

She had removed her glove, and one bare hand rested white against the white of the rail. Her face was turned from him, and she was looking out across the sound, pretending an interest in one of the winking beacons whose lights she could not see through her tears.

The young musician ended his tune and without pause began to play another, a farewell song that had been familiar to Behman since his childhood.

He knew that it was a favorite of Nell's, and he wondered if the song would make her speak. There was a lift to the fragile shoulders, as though she was holding back her sobs, but she gave no sign of being aware of his presence.

The music paused abruptly in the middle of a strain, as the mother of the player came to call him to bed, and with a shout the little party hurried into the cabin.

Nell paused a moment, then turned as though to go, but a hand rested over her own and held the slender fingers firmly with a grip that pained.

"Don't go, Nell," pleaded Behman. "Stay here and make up."

"I thought that you would not even compromise," she said uncertainly.

"Compromise be hanged!" he cried. "I don't care what you think of me. I'm tired of waiting for you to be the first to speak. Will you be friends, dear?"

He felt the relaxation of her attitude, and he drew her within the circle of his arm.

"Is that the way you treat your friends?" she demanded, with a laugh.

"That's the way I treat bad little girls," he explained. "I've been bad too. If you want to punish me, why—"

He paused suggestively, but Nell only tapped his bronzed cheek with her hand.

"It was punishment enough to have to break your no compromise declaration," she said lightly.

"That was not a punishment," was the fervent assertion. "I enjoyed it. I'm glad I found it out, because now after we're married there'll be no need of compromise."

"There'll be no need for making up," promised Nell as she slipped her arm through his.

Nero as an Art Lover.

One fact redeems to a certain extent the memory of an emperor whose name is held in abhorrence by young students of history. The fact is that whenever excavations have been made in grounds known to have belonged to Nero, some genuine work of a Greek master has been sure to come to light. In other words, the only chance we have left of discovering lost masterpieces is to follow in the footsteps of Nero and search whatever building or site is known to have been inhabited by him—whether the golden house at Rome or the hunting box at Sublaquium or the sea cottage at Antium.

Born in the last named place on Dec. 15, A. D. 37, he seems to have been possessed of a double nature, one half of which was kind, generous, poetic, artistic, musical, while the other was unspeakably depraved. Nothing could show better this contrast in his personality than a comparison between two portrait busts, still extant, the first taken soon after his accession to the throne, while still guiltless of dissipation, the other after a few years of shocking decadence and depravity. The account given by Suetonius of the first period of his career is quite charming. The youth appears to have been devoted, body and soul, to sport and art rather than to the ruling of the empire.—Rodolfo Lanclani in Putnam's and the Reader.

No Hurry.

"Of course, Tommy," said the Sunday school teacher, "you'd like to be an angel, wouldn't you?"

"Well—er—yes'm," replied Tommy, "but I'd like to wait till I can be a full grown angel with gray whiskers."—Philadelphia Press.

Didn't Agree With Him.

"You should never take anything that doesn't agree with you," the physician told him.

"If I'd always followed that rule, Maria," he remarked to his wife, "where would you be?"—London Express.

A Willing Victim.

"Well, Mr. Bickers," said Lawyer Breef, "your wife sues for divorce and asks \$5000 a year alimony. Of course we will defend it."

"No, Mr. Breef, we will not defend," replied Mr. Bickers.

"But that is an enormous alimony."

"That's all right, but I am for peace at any price."—Detroit Free Press.

COURT DIRECTORS

District court meets in May and December. County court convenes Mondays in January, April and October. Justice court meets in each month. Commissioners court months beginning 2nd, 4th, 6th, 8th, 10th, 12th, 14th, 16th, 18th, 20th, 22nd, 24th, 26th, 28th, 30th.

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DOCTORS

Physicians of the
nineteenth Century.

THE PATIENTS.

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...tently infectious, any-
...ed a rise in tempera-
...ntly described by the
...llox, scurvy, spotted
...e maladies distinctive
...infection and first aid
...never dreamed of,
...was dosed with hor-
...nauseating compounds
...ery possible occasion.
...bled nine times for
...Bleeding killed the
...month and her hus-
...nob attacked the Duke
...use in 1765 the doctors
...strage by bleeding the
...orning. A young man
...st a marble table and
...en was treated by hav-
...of extra blood drawn
...by an expert surgeon,
...esteemed next to bleed-
...ble remedy for con-
...ash of raw snails,
...ken from a spoon.

HER MISTAKE.

The Way It Was Explained to Her by
the Clumsy Man.

Owing to the fact that the car lurched suddenly as he was passing along the aisle Bronson was deprived of his balance, with the result that in attempting to save himself from falling he clutched one of the shoulders of a handsome woman who had succeeded in getting a seat. Moreover, he knocked her beautiful hat awry and with great difficulty avoided stepping on her toes. As he succeeded in recovering his equilibrium the lady turned toward him and said:

"You contemptible pup! I wish you to understand that I am not a lamp-post or a piece of furniture to be clung to for support. You ought to ride in a cattle train. You have no right to crowd in where you can tear other people to pieces with your big, awkward hands. You pitiful clown! You ought to be thrown out into the street. You are not fit to be allowed to go where you are likely to interfere with the comfort of refined people. You unmannerly bumpkin! You deserve to be!"

"Excuse me, madam," Bronson managed to say, "you have made a mistake."

"A mistake!" the lady demanded, her eyes flashing with wrath. "What do you mean?"

"I am not your husband."—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE CLERMONT.

First Passage by Steamboat From
New York to Albany.

In August, 1808—the exact day is a matter of dispute—the steamboat Clermont made the first passage by steam from New York to Albany. The distance, somewhat less than 150 miles, was covered in thirty-two hours, a record hailed as a triumph in speed, for previously the passage between the two cities averaged four days.

Robert Fulton had experimented with steam several years, but the Clermont was the first boat he constructed on a large scale. As he could not get the engine he wanted in this country he ordered one from England. The Clermont was so reconstructed in the following winter that it gave more commodious accommodations to travelers, and the year 1808, which was the first year of regular travel by steamboat, Fulton made it a point to start his boat precisely on scheduled time. Curiously enough, a portion of the public complained of this. It was not until well along in the summer that travelers got accustomed to it. Previously boats had been held for two hours at the request of passengers who weren't ready. Fulton's perseverance won public approval before the season closed.—Anaconda Standard.

Cleared His Doubts.

A well known English gentleman engaged a tall and powerful highlander to act as gamekeeper on his estate. Having been a considerable time at his post and not having caught any poachers, the gentleman suspected his gamekeeper of carelessness. So one dark night he disguised himself and went out with a gun to poach on his own ground. He had fired only one or two shots when he was suddenly pounced upon from behind and his gun wrenched away. Then kicks and blows were showered upon him until he fell down half insensible. The highlander then walked away quietly, and when the gentleman recovered sufficiently he crawled home and took to his bed for two weeks. He has now no doubts as to whether the man can perform his duty or not.

The Fare.

This is how a driver of the prison van, known as Black Maria, distinguished himself. A would be wit on the causeway hailed him:

"Got any room inside, Robert?"

"There's room for one," replied the driver. "We keep it for you."

Not entirely disconcerted the wit made another shot.

"What's your fare?" he asked.

The answer entirely extinguished him.

"Bread and water—same as you had before!"—Pearson's Weekly.

A Dog Story.

At a farmhouse at which we have been staying a terrier, Rough, shares always his master's first breakfast, the bread and cream accompanying a cup of tea. Three corners he breaks off and gives to Rough, who eats the first two. Off the third he licks the cream, then carries the crust to a hen who each morning comes across the field where the fowls are kept and at the gate awaits her friend's arrival. Should others of the hens appear, Rough "barks them off" while his favorite devours her portion.—London Spectator.

There is a fine specimen of alfalfa on display at the First National bank brought in by G. H. Crews from his farm out near Bitter Lake. This specimen is forty-two inches high and is the second cutting. Mr. Crews makes five cuttings a year and understands. This is a very fine specimen and such specimens as these should be gathered together to send to the Dallas fair this fall.

E. C. Miller made a business and pleasure trip to Amarillo Tuesday.

Read the Democrat.

BULLET IN BRAIN TULSA EDITOR DYING

Mark Bassett Found By His Son on
Floor of Printing Plant.

Tulsa, Okla., July 25.—With a 22-caliber pistol lying on the floor beside him, Mark Bassett, editor of the Tulsa Daily News, former publisher at Mattoon and Kankakee, Ill., and manager of the Yates press bureau in the Republican primary campaign in Illinois last year, was found in the shop of A. F. Black Printing company this morning. This discovery was made by his little son, who had an appointment to meet his father there as the two were expecting to attend Sunday school together at the First Methodist Episcopal church.

The ball had not carried instant death with it, although Bassett was shot through the brain. He is still alive at the hospital, where he was removed. The statement was given out tonight that there is but little chance for recovery.

With no powder marks on the face when, in case of suicide, it is almost impossible to escape them, and without a known motive for self destruction, the suicide theory is divided with the opinion that a murder may have been committed.

The Tulsa News, heavily financed, was to make its appearance next month as the organ of the independent element in politics in this part of the state. Mr. Bassett was principal owner in the paper as well as its head. Among the promoters of the paper was Mayor John O. Mitchell.

The police have taken possession of the pistol found and a complete investigation of the mystery will be made.

Dial has now opened up a retail feed store with his coal business and asks for a part of your trade. Look at his prices. He delivers. 4tf

Dr. C. Z. Stidham of Lakeview, was a visitor in Memphis Monday.

Jenkins & Campbell

Successors to A. L. Thrasher

We now have charge of the old shop of A. L. Thrasher and want the public to come in and give us a call. We do any and all kinds of blacksmith and wood-work and have competent help in each department. Each and every piece of our work guaranteed. We also have with us Mr. H. H. Wilkins, a first class horse-shoer, who will work on your horses feet and keep them in their natural shape and fit the shoes to the natural foot and not draw the hoof to suit the shoe. His work is guaranteed by us. Give us a trial and be convinced.

Respectfully

JENKINS & CAMPBELL

W. T. REED

DRAYMAN

All kinds of hauling and transferring. Special attention given to the moving of pianos and safes. This is the man for you to get if you want good service, phone 114. I will appreciate anything you may do for me.

I handle the best Maitland coal.

W. T. Reed, Drayman

Coal! Coal!!

...SEE...

J. L. Smith

for coal. He will sell you coal right. He has before and wants to figure with you before you buy. He has the best Colorado coal and will make prices to suit for cash.

Office at Panhandle Land Co., Southeast Corner Square. Phone No. 182

Returning From the West.

W. R. Graves, of Wiregrass, stopped in a few moments last week on his return from a visit with relatives in the West. Mr. Graves stated that the West was suffering heavily this year from the drouth and that many were moving back to their old homes, among them many former Hunt county citizens. He stated that Mr. Henry Baker and family; John Elledge and family; Allen Gilliam and family and John Baker and wife were then on their way to the Wiregrass country where they had formerly lived and that others are coming. The blooming West failed to bloom this year and many people who have sought their fortunes there have been sorely disappointed.—Greenville Messenger.

Our friend Phillips of the Messenger must have been laboring under some mental delusion or false statements when the above article was written we don't know, but we do know that Hall county and this whole section of the Panhandle has the best crops and have better prospects for a record breaking crop this year of any place in Texas according to crop reports. We don't know what part of the west these people spoken of in this article are from, but they surely was not from the Panhandle. If they were, they certainly have not very much regard for the truth. The Panhandle is blooming and in fine shape. Some of our farmers have an average of 78 cotton blooms to the stalk and this is not in spots either. We invite our Hunt county friends to come to the Upper Red River Valley in Hall county and we will show you something that is good for your sore eyes.

E. S. O'Reilly, managing editor of the Light and Gazette leaves Saturday on a twenty-two hundred mile horse-back ride to Washington to invite President Taft to visit San Antonio in October. He will bear an invitation with signatures of Governor Campbell, Mayor Callaghan and citizens of San Antonio. O'Reilly goes attired as a Texas cowboy.

E. H. Floyd returned to Memphis today from Lockney where he has been for the past three months. He will remain in Memphis for some time.

Miss Ruth Neal of Lubbock, is visiting in the family of Mrs. A. W. Neal.

THREE DAYS PRO- GRAM OF U. C. V.

Following is an outline of the program for the first annual reunion of the Panhandle Association United Confederate Veterans, to begin in this city Wednesday, July 28, and continuing through three days:

FIRST DAY.

9 a. m.—Assembly meeting at the grounds for registration; appointment of committees to welcome guests; assignment of homes, etc.

1 p. m.—Dinner for Confederates.

2 p. m.—Music for assembly; call to order and announcements by Captain Will A. Miller, master of ceremonies. Invocation by Rev. Sensebaugh. Welcome address by Hon. Thos. F. Turner. Response by Dr. D. G. Gunn.

5 p. m.—Dismissal for all to visit auto fair grounds.

7 p. m.—Supper for Confederates.

THURSDAY.

9 a. m.—Music for assembly. Call to order by master of ceremonies. Invocation by Rev. Jenkins. Address by Dr. B. H. Carroll.

10 a. m.—Business meeting of Confederates; organization of regiment, etc.

12 m.—Dinner for Confederates.

2 p. m.—Music for assembly. Call to order by master of ceremonies. Address by Hon. J. F. Farrar.

3 p. m.—Reception by Daughters of Confederacy.

5:30 p. m.—Old fiddlers' contest.—Daily Panhandle.

FRIENDSHIP PICK UPS.

We had a nice shower of rain last night, but we would be glad to get a good rain.

Frank Cooper from Tarrant county arrived here Sunday. He says crops are very sorry, he says there are hundreds of acres that there isn't even a sprig of grass growing on.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Capp of Lakeview were visitors here last week.

Mrs. Rebecca Knowles who has been sick for some time, departed for Haslet, Tarrant County, Texas, where she will visit her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Elkins, and other relatives.

She will be away some six or eight weeks. She will probably visit relatives and friends in Ellis, Dallas and Rockwall counties. We hope her health will be greatly benefited.

Don't forget the ice cream supper Friday night, July 30, at Friendship school house. Everybody cordially invited to come.

Quite a number of the Friendship people attended church at Memphis Saturday night, Sunday, and Sunday night. The people seem to be very much interested in Bro. Hall's preaching. We feel that he will be a great benefit to the cause of Christ.

For several days things have been looking gloomy, but this rain promises us roasting ears to eat in a few days.

Quiet a number went wolf chasing this morning but we are glad to say they came in with sprinkled clothing and smiling faces.

We are glad to report that Mrs. Lizzie Capp is up again and able to do a part of her work again.

BRIGHT EYES.

WEBSTER HAPPENINGS.

Farmers are looking a little pale in this part of the country as crop prospects are gloomy.

Miss Lottie Capp of this community has returned home after several day's visit with relatives near Memphis.

Misses Ella Durham, Tessie Durham, Attie May Durham, Fannie Hightower and Eunice Nash were the guests of Miss May Smith Sunday.

Falconer Hightower and Miss Eunice Nash attended Sunday school at Webster Sunday.

Marvin Alexander's horse has learned the hitching post at Mr. Columbus Nash' and stalls every time he passes there.

Gabriel Upton says he believes his girl likes him but is too bashful to ask her about it.

RED ROSE.

Messrs. R. C. and I. R. Hightower were in the city this Tuesday from Lakeview. Mr. I. R. Hightower lives at Arcadia, La. He said it had been thirteen years since he had been to Memphis and he could hardly recognize it as the same place. There were only five business houses here when he was here last. He likes this country and may return to Hall county some time in the future.

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AND EDUCATIONAL OFFER EVER MADE

The Fort Worth Semi-Weekly Record and the Memphis Democrat together with the New Home Library Wall Chart showing splendid maps of Texas, the United States and the world, all for only \$1.75

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Remember, our paper one year, The Semi-Weekly Record, Tuesday and Friday, for one year, and the splendid Wall Chart, all three for \$17.5 when called for at this office. Fifteen cents extra is charged to cover postage and packing if the chart is to be mailed to you instead of being delivered at this office.

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Or the Semi-Weekly Record one year and the Wall Chart for \$1.00 at this office; fifteen cents extra if chart is to be mailed to you.

This is the greatest value for your money ever offered. Act now. Order at once, as our supply of charts is limited. Address all orders to

The Memphis Democrat

TO THE LAND OF THE SUNRISE

By ED. R. WALLACE

"The Only Flag"—South Doesn't Honor it Enough—Seasick—People Lose Timidity—Knickerbocker Groans—Unload at Your Feet—Sabbath at Sea—Homesick—Beautiful Island.

We went aboard the Koenigin Luise, and things were in a stir. Many interesting events occurred, but one I want to mention. A German came aboard, and his friends with him. When the time came for visitors to get ashore, there were exchanges of embracing, and tears. The tears were shed and some kisses exchanged. I noticed this German as he waved a United States flag, in his beautiful, broken, impressive English he cried out. "The only flag—the only flag is this," at the same time tears flowed freely down his cheeks. I thought, "here is an American from Choice—we, from birth and we made no choice of it at all." Again, it occurred to me that we do not honor our flag as we should—especially do many Southern people fail to do proper honor to "our flag." One man said to me once, "when I see that old flag I want to shoot it full of holes." He had gone four years a Southern soldier, and it was in his bones and blood. We are sailing now under the German flag, but ours is "the flag" to all true Americans.

We left just at 11 a. m., May 22, and in one hour we were called to dinner.

It seemed that every one was at his place at the table and what a dinner we did eat! It was cold, the wind strong, and the waves high. It was only a few hours and land scarcely out of sight, before some began to get sick. No one seemed to be willing to yield, but yield we must, and yield we did until, finally, all except perhaps five or six got sure enough sea sick. As for one I was bent on not getting sick, right at once anyway. When the bell for supper (or dinner at 6) rang out I was on hand with a brave heart, and some stomachache. I called to my crew to "come on to supper," but they did not come. I ate—but the first dish—a bowl of soup—seemed to be especially prepared for doing what "no one had failed" to do. I did not detect it, however, until I had finished it down. They were at the table "few, and far between."

Well after I had finished my supper I did not feel so good, but I did not want my crew to find it out for I was brave to eat. So I went into my cabin to wash my face, imagining that would help my feelings some. I turned down the automatic wash bowl and turned in water to wash. I began; but, as I slapped my face with a double-handful of water my supper—soup and all—came out into the wash basin for inspection! My! It just would not stay down. I made a clean sweep of it, even drawing on my dinner for full measure. And it was a measure very nearly full. I hurriedly pressed the automatic basin lever, and washed it out. Then, in came Knickerbocker—I mean Hubert D.—and asked: "How goes it old, boy?" "Fine!" was my reply. Well, it had gone—the whole concern had gone, and gone well. So I answered him truthfully. It goes without any trouble!

It was now a good time to go to bed, for what else could one do? My berth was the upper one again, and in our cab of 10x10 feet we have four berths and four men and one man weighed about 300. His berth is full when he gets into it. He is a beer brewer and patronizes his own institution. Well, they had a can with hooks to hang on the

side-rails of our berths. The side-rail is to keep us from rolling out, and the can is for vomiting convenience. It was very convenient. You simply just lean over and proceed to disgorge—easily, but not quietly. Whooping cough is not in it for "y-e-o-whoops!"

The people seemed to loose timidly. They would be sitting around on deck and one would grow pale—start to go down to the rooms below, or take a walk to wear away the bad feeling, and at once begin to unload—right at your feet, perhaps—but you paid no attention for you would likely be next. So it went. If your neighbor loaned you an extra secondhand dinner; you paid him (or her) back in two minutes—on the spot! The first night was soon gone and the next day was the Sabbath. Well, I have spent many Sundays away from home, and in many ways, but that 23rd of May, 1909, was a new one to me. Eat? Why, no. I did not want to eat—nor even hear of it—nor smell it. Well, I did eat a few bites for my general good.

It was a day of meditation and prayer—much prayer. During the first three days at sea I did more praying than I had done in six months, it seemed to me. I prayed for my members by name, and hoped they were praying for me—I knew many would. I had sweet peace all the time and realized comfort from the abiding Comforter. My mind was possibly disturbed at times when I looked at my long trip before me, but all was well—not home-sick—just seasick. My mind went over the past and I surveyed in my memory, eighteen counties of Texas where I had been pastor of churches and my travels for the past 33 years—since my father settled in Texas. I reviewed the past and planned for the future. The old ship reeled and tossed, and all was confusion without, and within, for the three days. The sea then got smooth, we all got well and things were different. We were ourselves again.

That was the first time in my life that I had no one to listen to me when I groaned. I would groan and listen for an echo, which unfailingly came up from the berth below occupied by H. D. Knickerbocker. We kept each other company. I would not like to take the trip alone. It is good to be with friends. But we soon got acquainted with the passengers and it seems that we had known them for years. There are people from many nations on board this ship. A crew of Italians got on at Memphis and have gone our way, and will go with us to Naples. One man on board speaks seven languages. He is a silk manufacturer.

I remember when first I heard, or learned from Geography, that three-fourths of the earth's surface is water. I could not see how it could be, but now I see it must be. We have seen but two islands, so far. We came near St. Michael, an island of perhaps 30 miles in length and eight miles wide. We sailed to the south of the island, and near the coast, is a chain of beautiful villages—a chain of villages stretching out for 25 or 30 miles. The little settlements would be from one to three miles apart, and every foot of the territory seemed to be used for vegetables, fruits and other farm products. The little patches looked to contain from 50 feet square to perhaps five acres, and all divisions were made by the use of a hedge of shrubs, beautiful and green. The land sloped to the south and the mountains behind rose very high. They could not lack for rain as the fogs and showers

come at night while the sun may drive the fog away by day. We enjoyed this view from our decks for two and one-half hours; and then all was gone. We were glad to behold the habitation of man for even that little time. The houses seemed to be of brick and lumber; everything is kept painted, which makes it show up beautifully. There must be 75,000 people on the island of St. Michael, or more, I do not know—and no one else (not even Boedecker) seemed to know, either.

Well, as to sea life: I take a bath in salt water, hot or cold, then take a shave, then take a walk on deck till breakfast at eight. After breakfast, read, write, take recreation, and dinner (lunch) at 12. In the afternoon, get acquainted, talk, walk, play some game, and be ready for supper (dinner) at 6. The same is repeated daily, only a musical concert by the stewards' (waiters) relieves the monotony of the dinner hour. Then bed at from 9 to 10 p. m. "Turn in," they call it at sea.

The second Sunday at sea was so different from the first. Being called to arise by a band of sweet music—a hymn—we enjoyed breakfast, and at 9 the Roman Catholic mass. At 10 Bro. Knickerbocker preached a fine sermon. The remainder of the day was, with the Catholics—as are other days—beer drinking, etc., but the few Protestants spent it somewhat as the day sacred to the Lord.

I may have a few more words to say about the voyage but at present I mail this at Gibraltar, June 1st and sail on for Naples, thence to Alexandria, thence to Jerusalem. At Jerusalem we expect word from home by a faster ship than ours via London and thence to Jerusalem; by rail and boat. We will spend ten days in Jerusalem; thence back to Athens, Rome, Florence, Venice and to Innsbruck in Switzerland, taking in many intermediate points.

It seems to me that my letters are a little dull, but I will not attempt any exaggeration or word painting, but will try to tell things as they are, or as they seem to me. Good-bye for a week.

Passenger Engine Runs Away.

Friday night engine No. 257 which pulled passenger No. 8 into Childress had quite a thrilling experience.

The men in charge of the engine had brought her from the station to the cinder pit and left the engine there to have the fire drawn, thinking little that anyone would care to steal her and that she might walk away.

At any rate something happened and when discovered the one five-seven was going down the seven mile hill east of Childress. The yard crew were immediately notified and the switch engine, No. 64, made a fast run to overtake the passenger engine, but was a little too slow for the engine had reached the bottom of the long hill and was playing see-saw between the Childress and Kirkland hill.

The head-light was out and no other lights were burning on the engine and had a freight been tied-up at Kirkland waiting for No. 8 to pass, the story might have been different.

It is said that some one opened the throttle just to take a short ride in the yards and getting scared quite the engine.—Childress Index.

Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Allard are rejoicing over the arrival of a fine baby boy at their home Monday morning. All doing well but the father and the attending physician thinks he will pull him through all right.

For Rent.

Two 5 room cottages, close to public school building. All necessary repairs will be made see Mrs. C. S. Boykin or F. A. Hudgins 51ft

Behman's Compromise.

By W. F. Bryan.

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For a third time the "By Request" sign was hung in front of the music stand and as Arthur Behman came slowly down the stairs from the restaurant on the upper deck the strains of "The Merry Widow" waltz filled the social hall. Behman fled.

It was not so bad on the forward deck, where the scraping of catgut was replaced by the music of the waves. Now and then the deep toned whistle sounded above the noise of the water, but a smart breeze from dead ahead carried aft the sound of the man made music.

It was cool, almost cold, on the forward deck, and considerations of comfort as well as culture held the people inside the cabin. Behman was glad that it was so.

He had the deck to himself, so he lit a cigar and took a camp chair well ahead of the deck lights, shaded toward the bow that the port lights might be more easily seen by other boats.

There was no moon, but the stars shone brightly in the cloudless sky, and the Milky way, like some phantasm banner, streamed across the blue expanse. Beyond the dark waters a darker tone told of the land, and here and there the lights of the beacons winked solemnly into the night.

There was the smell of salt in the air, the tang of the sea that Behman loved, and for the first time in weeks he almost knew content.

It was worth while, this communion of the night and the sea, and Behman was grateful to the musicians who had driven him from the cabin, with its satin upholstered chairs and its gaping occupants.

Somewhere inside sat Nell Wheaton. He had seen her in the dining saloon, and he had taken a seat close to the stairs—and the music—that he might be as far from her as possible.

He had no mind to let her think that he would seek to attract her attention. He knew that she had learned that her jealousy was entirely without foundation. It was her place to speak first. Probably she was in there, with other tourists, listening to the band.

He was better off here in the cool of the summer evening. It was a symbol perhaps. He was far better off, after all, even if she had broken the engagement, and he had vowed that life was no longer worth the living.

Down on the lower deck a boyish laugh rang out. Half a dozen youngsters were crowded into the sharp bow and were leaning over the rail watching the white fall of water on either side of the prow.

Their voices came to Behman vaguely and indistinctly, and he smiled indulgently as he caught the note of youth and love of life. He had felt like a boy himself only a week ago.

Now he was a man who would carry through life the thought that a woman's jealousy and a woman's pride had spoiled his career. Let the boys have their laugh. Their awakening would come all too soon.

Behman found it rather pleasant to sit and dream of the last few weeks. He was at the stage where self-commissioner is a balm to wounded feelings, and he went over the incidents that had resulted in the breaking of the engagement by Nell Wheaton, assuring himself that his course had been blameless.

Surely it was Nell's place to speak, and as he started out into the night Behman found pleasant occupation in wondering just how she would make apology.

She was clearly in the wrong, and it would never do to bow to her before marriage. He would be henpecked all his life, and Behman hated the sight of a henpecked man.

He would be rather stern at first. He might even make her plead a little, but in the end he would be magnanimous and would forgive her on her promise not to offend again.

For her own sake as well as his, for the sake of their future happiness, there must be no compromise. He had hinted as much to Bob Wheaton when the latter had offered his services as peacemaker between his sister and Behman.

So engrossed was Behman with his thoughts that he did not hear the light footfall on the canvas covered deck nor realize that his solitude had been intruded upon until Nell Wheaton stood beside the rail and looked out across the foam capped waves.

She did not see him until she had taken her stand beside the rail, and then she was too proud to beat a retreat. She stood quietly looking down upon the water, one hand clasping the rail, the other clutching her hat.

On the lower deck the boys had piled into chairs, and now one of them was playing on the mouth organ. He was rather skillful and played with expression bits of popular songs and snatches from current musical productions. Behman found this concert more musical than the efforts of the poorly paid band within doors.

Then the music changed from new to old, and the boy was playing some of the songs that Nell had softly sung in the weeks just gone as he had paddled the canoe or had drifted with the current.

In the dark of the night Behman could see the river again, with Nell's sweet eyes looking into his through the soft moonlight.

He wondered if she, too, recalled the scene and if her eyes were filled with

tears now. His own were moist as he listened, and when the boy struck up the song that had been their favorite his teeth met together through his cigar, and he tossed it over the rail.

This was a simple little southern air, half mournful, wholly musical, and she had always sung it as they had come in sight of the landing.

It had been their good night song, and as they had trudged up from the boat stage to the hotel she had always hummed it softly to herself. He wondered if she was humming it now. She might be. The wind would carry the song away from him.

The boy stopped, and the spell was broken, but another lad broke the silence.

"That last was pretty, Dunc," he called. "Play 'er agin."

The willing musician complied, and Behman rose to his feet. He could not sit still under that music, and he took a few nervous turns up and down the deck.

He came to rest beside the rail, so close that he could reach out and touch the girl had he desired.

She had removed her glove, and one bare hand rested white against the white of the rail. Her face was turned from him, and she was looking out across the sound, pretending an interest in one of the winking beacons whose lights she could not see through her tears.

The young musician ended his tune and without pause began to play another—a farewell song that had been familiar to Behman since his childhood.

He knew that it was a favorite of Nell's, and he wondered if the song would make her speak. There was a lift to the fragile shoulders, as though she was holding back her sobs, but she gave no sign of being aware of his presence.

The music paused abruptly in the middle of a strain, as the mother of the player came to call him to bed, and with a shout the little party hurried into the cabin.

Nell paused a moment, then turned as though to go, but a hand rested over her own and held the slender fingers firmly with a grip that pained.

"Don't go, Nell," pleaded Behman. "Stay here and make up."

"I thought that you would not even compromise," she said uncertainly.

"Compromise be hanged!" he cried. "I don't care what you think of me. I'm tired of waiting for you to be the first to speak. Will you be friends, dear?"

He felt the relaxation of her attitude, and he drew her within the circle of his arm.

"Is that the way you treat your friends?" she demanded, with a laugh. "That's the way I treat bad little girls," he explained. "I've been bad too. If you want to punish me, why—"

He paused suggestively, but Nell only tapped his bronzed cheek with her hand.

"It was punishment enough to have to break your no compromise declaration," she said lightly.

"That was not a punishment," was the fervent assertion. "I enjoyed it. I'm glad I found it out, because now after we're married there'll be no need of compromise."

"There'll be no need for making up," promised Nell as she slipped her arm through his.

Nero as an Art Lover.

One fact redeems to a certain extent the memory of an emperor whose name is held in abhorrence by young students of history. The fact is that whenever excavations have been made in grounds known to have belonged to Nero, some genuine work of a Greek master has been sure to come to light. In other words, the only chance we have left of discovering lost masterpieces is to follow in the footsteps of Nero and search whatever building or site is known to have been inhabited by him—whether the golden house at Rome or the hunting box at Sublaqueum or the sea cottage at Antium.

Born in the last named place on Dec. 15, A. D. 37, he seems to have been possessed of a double nature, one half of which was kind, generous, poetic, artistic, musical, while the other was unspeakably depraved. Nothing could show better this contrast in his personality than a comparison between two portrait busts, still extant, the first taken soon after his accession to the throne, while still guiltless of disrepute, the other after a few years of shocking decadence and depravity. The account given by Suetonius of the first period of his career is quite charming. The youth appears to have been devoted, body and soul, to sport and art rather than to the ruling of the empire.

—Rodolfo Lanclani in Putnam's and the Reader

No Hurry.

"Of course, Tommy," said the Sunday school teacher, "you'd like to be an angel, wouldn't you?" "Well—er—yes'm," replied Tommy, "but I'd like to wait till I can be a full grown angel with gray whiskers."—Philadelphia Press.

Didn't Agree With Him.

"You should never take anything that doesn't agree with you," the physician told him.

"If I'd always followed that rule, Maria," he remarked to his wife, "where would I be?"—London Express.

A Willing Victim.

"Well, Mr. Bickers," said Lawyer Breef, "your wife sues for divorce and asks \$5000 a year alimony. Of course we will defend it."

"No, Mr. Breef, we will not defend," replied Mr. Bickers.

"That's all right, but I am for peace at any price."—Detroit Free Press.

COURT DIRECTOR

COURT MEETS
District court meets in May and December.
County court convenes Mondays in January, April and October.
Justice court meets in each month.
Commissioners court meets beginning 2nd, 4th and 6th.

DISTRICT OFFICE
S. P. Huff, District Judge
Harry Mason, District Attorney
S. G. Alexander, District Attorney

COUNTY OFFICE
T. R. Phillips, County Clerk
T. J. Rich, County Assessor
Lon Burson, Sheriff

COMMISSIONERS
C. W. Broome, No. 1
T. N. Baker, No. 2
Joe McIntyre, No. 3
S. H. Lacy, No. 4

JUSTICE OF THE PEACE
B. F. King, Precinct 1
CITY OFFICE
D. Browder, Mayor
F. M. Trapp, City Clerk
J. H. Read, Secretary
J. W. Noel, Treasurer

ALDERMEN
Ward 1: J. G. Brown, W. T. Reed
Ward 2: W. H. Wade, A. L. Threlkeld
Ward 3: A. W. Reon, A. Baldy
Ward 4: F. J. Goble, John Dennis

CLERKS
Ward 1: W. T. Reed
Ward 2: W. H. Wade
Ward 3: A. Baldy
Ward 4: F. J. Goble

DRUGGISTS
Ward 1: W. T. Reed
Ward 2: W. H. Wade
Ward 3: A. Baldy
Ward 4: F. J. Goble

PHYSICIANS
Ward 1: W. T. Reed
Ward 2: W. H. Wade
Ward 3: A. Baldy
Ward 4: F. J. Goble

ATTORNEYS
Ward 1: W. T. Reed
Ward 2: W. H. Wade
Ward 3: A. Baldy
Ward 4: F. J. Goble

MECHANICS
Ward 1: W. T. Reed
Ward 2: W. H. Wade
Ward 3: A. Baldy
Ward 4: F. J. Goble

BUSINESS MEN
Ward 1: W. T. Reed
Ward 2: W. H. Wade
Ward 3: A. Baldy
Ward 4: F. J. Goble

ARTISANS
Ward 1: W. T. Reed
Ward 2: W. H. Wade
Ward 3: A. Baldy
Ward 4: F. J. Goble

LABORERS
Ward 1: W. T. Reed
Ward 2: W. H. Wade
Ward 3: A. Baldy
Ward 4: F. J. Goble

TEACHERS
Ward 1: W. T. Reed
Ward 2: W. H. Wade
Ward 3: A. Baldy
Ward 4: F. J. Goble

WOMEN
Ward 1: W. T. Reed
Ward 2: W. H. Wade
Ward 3: A. Baldy
Ward 4: F. J. Goble

CHILDREN
Ward 1: W. T. Reed
Ward 2: W. H. Wade
Ward 3: A. Baldy
Ward 4: F. J. Goble

OLD PEOPLE
Ward 1: W. T. Reed
Ward 2: W. H. Wade
Ward 3: A. Baldy
Ward 4: F. J. Goble

STRANGERS
Ward 1: W. T. Reed
Ward 2: W. H. Wade
Ward 3: A. Baldy
Ward 4: F. J. Goble

ADVERSARIES
Ward 1: W. T. Reed
Ward 2: W. H. Wade
Ward 3: A. Baldy
Ward 4: F. J. Goble

ENEMIES
Ward 1: W. T. Reed
Ward 2: W. H. Wade
Ward 3: A. Baldy
Ward 4: F. J. Goble

HATERS
Ward 1: W. T. Reed
Ward 2: W. H. Wade
Ward 3: A. Baldy
Ward 4: F. J. Goble

DESTRUCTORS
Ward 1: W. T. Reed
Ward 2: W. H. Wade
Ward 3: A. Baldy
Ward 4: F. J. Goble

OBSCURERS
Ward 1: W. T. Reed
Ward 2: W. H. Wade
Ward 3: A. Baldy
Ward 4: F. J. Goble

DISAPPOINTERS
Ward 1: W. T. Reed
Ward 2: W. H. Wade
Ward 3: A. Baldy
Ward 4: F. J. Goble

DISPRAISERS
Ward 1: W. T. Reed
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All kinds of concrete
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Lumber yard where
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produce. Chicago
Specially See
Side Square.
MEMPHIS

P. S. Don't forget the place, new
Brick Studio, east of postoffice.
Creator is making the finest pictures I ever saw in the Panhandle. They are beauties.
Yours,
CLEO.

DOCTORS

Physicians of the
nineteenth Century.

THE PATIENTS.

...beyond Diagnosis Was
...and Pills, Plaster
...and Bleeding Were the
...sides.

The remedy is worse
...must have been coin-
...cent century, when
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HER MISTAKE.

The Way It Was Explained to Her by
the Clumsy Man.

Owing to the fact that the car lurched suddenly as he was passing along the aisle Bronson was deprived of his balance, with the result that in attempting to save himself from falling he clutched one of the shoulders of a handsome woman who had succeeded in getting a seat. Moreover, he knocked her beautiful hat awry and with great difficulty avoided stepping on her toes. As he succeeded in recovering his equilibrium the lady turned toward him and said:

"You contemptible pup! I wish you to understand that I am not a lamp-post or a piece of furniture to be clung to for support. You ought to ride in a cattle train. You have no right to crowd in where you can tear other people to pieces with your big, awkward hands. You pitiful clown! You ought to be thrown out into the street. You are not fit to be allowed to go where you are likely to interfere with the comfort of refined people. You unmannerly bumpkin! You deserve to be—"

"Excuse me, madam," Bronson managed to say, "you have made a mistake."

"A mistake!" the lady demanded, her eyes flashing with wrath. "What do you mean?"

"I am not your husband."—Chicago Record-Herald.

THE CLERMONT.

First Passage by Steamboat From
New York to Albany.

In August, 1808—the exact day is a matter of dispute—the steamboat Clermont made the first passage by steam from New York to Albany. The distance, somewhat less than 150 miles, was covered in thirty-two hours, a record hailed as a triumph in speed, for previously the passage between the two cities averaged four days.

Robert Fulton had experimented with steam several years, but the Clermont was the first boat he constructed on a large scale. As he could not get the engine he wanted in this country he ordered one from England. The Clermont was so reconstructed in the following winter that it gave more commodious accommodations to travelers, and the year 1808, which was the first year of regular travel by steamboat, Fulton made it a point to start his boat precisely on scheduled time. Curiously enough, a portion of the public complained of this. It was not until well along in the summer that travelers got accustomed to it. Previously boats had been held for two hours at the request of passengers who weren't ready. Fulton's perseverance won public approval before the season closed.—Anaconda Standard.

Cleared His Doubts.

A well known English gentleman engaged a tall and powerful highlander to act as gamekeeper on his estate. Having been a considerable time at his post and not having caught any poachers, the gentleman suspected his gamekeeper of carelessness. So one dark night he disguised himself and went out with a gun to poach on his own ground. He had fired only one or two shots when he was suddenly pounced upon from behind and his gun wrenched away. Then kicks and blows were showered upon him until he fell down half insensible. The highlander then walked away quietly, and when the gentleman recovered sufficiently he crawled home and took to his bed for two weeks. He has now no doubts as to whether the man can perform his duty or not.

The Fare.

This is how a driver of the prison van, known as Black Maria, distinguished himself. A would be wit on the causeway halted him:

"Got any room inside, Robert?"

"There's room for one," replied the driver. "We kep' it for you."

Not entirely disconcerted the wit made another shot.

"What's your fare?" he asked.

The answer entirely extinguished him.

"Bread and water—same as you had before!"—Pearson's Weekly.

A Dog Story.

At a farmhouse at which we have been staying a terrier, Rough, shares always his master's first breakfast, the bread and cream accompanying a cup of tea. Three corners he breaks off and gives to Rough, who eats the first two. Off the third he licks the cream, then carries the crust to a hen who each morning comes across the field where the fowls are kept and at the gate awaits her friend's arrival. Should others of the hens appear, Rough "barks them off" while his favorite devours her portion.—London Spectator.

There is a fine specimen of alfalfa on display at the First National bank brought in by G. H. Crews from his farm out near Bitter Lake. This specimen is forty-two inches high and is the second cutting. Mr. Crews makes five cuttings a year we understand. This is a very fine specimen and such specimens as these should be gathered together to send to the Dallas fair this fall.

E. C. Miller made a business and pleasure trip to Amarillo Tuesday.

Read the Democrat.

BULLET IN BRAIN TULSA EDITOR DYING

Mark Bassett Found By His Son on
Floor of Printing Plant.

Tulsa, Okla., July 25.—With a 22-caliber pistol lying on the floor beside him, Mark Bassett, editor of the Tulsa Daily News, former publisher at Mattoon and Kanakkee, Ill., and manager of the Yates press bureau in the Republican primary campaign in Illinois last year, was found in the shop of A. F. Black Printing company this morning. This discovery was made by his little son, who had an appointment to meet his father there as the two were expecting to attend Sunday school together at the First Methodist Episcopal church.

The ball had not carried instant death with it, although Bassett was shot through the brain. He is still alive at the hospital, where he was removed. The statement was given out tonight that there is but little chance for recovery.

With no powder marks on the face when, in case of suicide, it is almost impossible to escape them, and without a known motive for self destruction, the suicide theory is divided with the opinion that a murder may have been committed.

The Tulsa News, heavily financed, was to make its appearance next month as the organ of the independent element in politics in this part of the state.

Mr. Bassett was principal owner in the paper as well as its head. Among the promoters of the paper was Mayor John O. Mitchell.

The police have taken possession of the pistol found and a complete investigation of the mystery will be made.

Dial has now opened up a retail feed store with his coal business and asks for a part of your trade. Look at his prices. He delivers. 4tf

Dr. C. Z. Stidham of Lakeview, was a visitor in Memphis Monday.

Jenkins & Campbell

Successors to A. L. Thrasher

We now have charge of the old shop of A. L. Thrasher and want the public to come in and give us a call. We do any and all kinds of blacksmith and wood-work and have competent help in each department. Each and every piece of our work guaranteed. We also have with us Mr. H. H. Wilkins, a first class horse-shoer, who will work on your horses feet and keep them in their natural shape and fit the shoes to the natural foot and not draw the hoof to suit the shoe. His work is guaranteed by us. Give us a trial and be convinced.

Respectfully

JENKINS & CAMPBELL

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DRAYMAN

All kinds of hauling and transferring. Special attention given to the moving of pianos and safes. This is the man for you to get if you want good service, phone 114. I will appreciate anything you may do for me.

I handle the best Maitland coal.

W. T. Reed, Drayman

Coal! Coal!!

...SEE...

J. L. Smith

for coal. He will sell you coal right. He has before and wants to figure with you before you buy. He has the best Colorado coal and will make prices to suit for cash.

Office at Panhandle Land Co., Southeast Corner Square.

Phone No. 182

Returning From the West.

W. R. Graves, of Wiregrass, stopped in a few moments last week on his return from a visit with relatives in the West. Mr. Graves stated that the West was suffering heavily this year from the drouth and that many were moving back to their old homes, among them many former Hunt county citizens. He stated that Mr. Henry Baker and family; John Elledge and family; Allen Gillam and family and John Baker and wife were then on their way to the Wiregrass country where they had formerly lived and that others are coming. The blooming West failed to bloom this year and many people who have sought their fortunes there have been sorely disappointed.—Greenville Messenger.

Our friend Phillips of the Messenger must have been laboring under some mental delusion or false statements when the above article was written we don't know, but we do know that Hall county and this whole section of the Panhandle has the best crops and have better prospects for a record breaking crop this year of any place in Texas according to crop reports. We don't know what part of the west these people spoken of in this article are from, but they surely are not from the Panhandle. If they were, they certainly have not very much regard for the truth. The Panhandle is blooming and in fine shape. Some of our farmers have an average of 78 cotton blooms to the stalk and this is not in spots either. We invite our Hunt county friends to come to the Upper Red River Valley in Hall county and we will show you something that is good for your sore eyes.

E. S. O'Reilly, managing editor of the Light and Gazette leaves Saturday on a twenty-two hundred mile horse-back ride to Washington to invite President Taft to visit San Antonio in October. He will bear an invitation with signatures of Governor Campbell, Mayor Callaghan and citizens of San Antonio. O'Reilly goes attired as a Texas cowboy.

E. H. Floyd returned to Memphis today from Lockney where he has been for the past three months. He will remain in Memphis for some time.

Miss Ruth Neal of Lubbock, is visiting in the family of Mrs. A. W. Neal.

THREE DAYS PRO- GRAM OF U. C. V.

Following is an outline of the program for the first annual reunion of the Panhandle Association United Confederate Veterans, to begin in this city Wednesday, July 28, and continuing through three days:

FIRST DAY.

9 a. m.—Assembly meeting at the grounds for registration; appointment of committees to welcome guests; assignment of homes, etc.

1 p. m.—Dinner for Confederates.

2 p. m.—Music for assembly; call to order and announcements by Captain Will A. Miller, master of ceremonies. Invocation by Rev. Sensebaugh. Welcome address by Hon. Thos. F. Turner. Response by Dr. D. G. Gunn.

5 p. m.—Dismissal for all to visit auto fair grounds.

7 p. m.—Supper for Confederates.

THURSDAY.

9 a. m.—Music for assembly. Call to order by master of ceremonies. Invocation by Rev. Jenkins. Address by Dr. B. H. Carroll.

10 a. m.—Business meeting of Confederates; organization of regiment, etc.

12 m.—Dinner for Confederates.

2 p. m.—Music for assembly. Call to order by master of ceremonies. Address by Hon. J. F. Farrar.

3 p. m.—Reception by Daughters of Confederacy.

5:30 p. m.—Old fiddlers' contest.—Daily Panhandle.

FRIENDSHIP PICK UPS.

We had a nice shower of rain last night, but we would be glad to get a good rain.

Frank Cooper from Tarrant county arrived here Sunday. He says crops are very sorry, he says there are hundreds of acres that there isn't even a sprig of grass growing on.

Mr. and Mrs. A. E. Capp of Lakeview were visitors here last week.

Mrs. Rebecca Knowles who has been sick for some time, departed for Haslet, Tarrant County, Texas, where she will visit her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. T. C. Elkins, and other relatives.

She will be away some six or eight weeks. She will probably visit relatives and friends in Ellis, Dallas and Rockwall counties. We hope her health will be greatly benefitted.

Don't forget the ice cream supper Friday night, July 30, at Friendship school house. Everybody cordially invited to come.

Quite a number of the Friendship people attended church at Memphis Saturday night, Sunday, and Sunday night. The people seem to be very much interested in Bro. Hall's preaching. We feel that he will be a great benefit to the cause of Christ.

For several days things have been looking gloomy, but this rain promises us roasting ears to eat in a few days.

Quiet a number went wolf chasing this morning but we are glad to say they came in with sprinkled clothing and smiling faces.

We are glad to report that Mrs. Lizzie Capp is up again and able to do a part of her work again.

BRIGHT EYES.

WEBSTER HAPPENINGS.

Farmers are looking a little pale in this part of the country as crop prospects are gloomy.

Miss Lottie Capp of this community has returned home after several day's visit with relatives near Memphis.

Misses Ella Durham, Tessie Durham, Attie May Durham, Fannie Hightower and Eunice Nash were the guests of Miss May Smith Sunday.

Falconer Hightower and Miss Eunice Nash attended Sunday school at Webster Sunday.

Marvin Alexander's horse has learned the hitching post at Mr. Columbus Nash' and stalls every time he passes there.

Gabriel Upton says he believes his girl likes him but is too bashful to ask her about it.

RED ROSE.

Messrs. R. C. and I. R. Hightower were in the city this Tuesday from Lakeview. Mr. I. R. Hightower lives at Arcadia, La. He said it had been thirteen years since he had been to Memphis and he could hardly recognize it as the same place. There were only five business houses here when he was here last. He likes this country and may return to Hall county some time in the future.

THE GREATEST SUBSCRIPTION

AND EDUCATIONAL OFFER EVER MADE

The Fort Worth Semi-Weekly Record and the Memphis Democrat together with the New Home Library Wall Chart showing splendid maps of Texas, the United States and the world, all for only \$1.75

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The Record presents at one sweeping view the whole area of events. The news of the country, state, nation and the world is given in each complete issue. Special departments each week that will interest every member of the family.

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Remember, our paper one year, The Semi-Weekly Record, Tuesday and Friday, for one year, and the splendid Wall Chart, all three for \$17.5 when called for at this office. Fifteen cents extra is charged to cover postage and packing if the chart is to be mailed to you instead of being delivered at this office.

Second Offer

Or the Semi-Weekly Record one year and the Wall Chart for \$1.00 at this office; fifteen cents extra if chart is to be mailed to you.

This is the greatest value for your money ever offered. Act now. Order at once, as our supply of charts is limited. Address all orders to

The Memphis Democrat

THE WITCH'S CURSE.

A Bucksport Legend of Colonial Days in Maine.

Close by the road on the outskirts of the old seaport town of Bucksport, on the Penobscot river, is a small family cemetery. Within its inclosure sleep the Bucks, the blue blooded folk who first settled the town and bequeathed it their name and a legend.

The largest and most conspicuous monument in the cemetery is a tall granite shaft, which is in plain sight of the highway. On one side is the inscription: "Col. John Buck, the Founder of Bucksport, A. D. 1762. Born in Haverhill, Mass., 1718. Died March 18, 1795."

On the other side is the single word "Buck," and also something not wrought by the marble worker. On the smooth surface of the pedestal is a curious outline, which can be easily imagined to be a foot of normal size. The people who say that it is a foot believe in the legend which has often been told in Bucksport.

The story is that Colonel Jonathan Buck was a very harsh man and the leading spirit in his day and generation. He was the highest in civil authority, and his word was law in the community in which he resided. He was an out and out Puritan, and to him witchcraft was the incarnation of blasphemy. Thus, so the story goes, when a certain woman was accused of witchcraft, at the first clamorings of the populace Colonel Buck ordered that she be imprisoned, and later she was sentenced to be executed as a witch.

The execution day came, and the woman went to the gallows, cursing her judge with such terrible words that the people shuddered, but the magistrate stood unmoved. All was ready, and the hangman was about to perform his duty, when the woman turned to Colonel Buck, and, raising one hand toward heaven, she said:

"Jonathan Buck, listen to these words, the last my tongue shall utter. It is the spirit of the only living God which bids me speak to you. You will soon die, and over your grave they will erect a stone, that all may know the spot where your bones lie and crumble to dust.

"Upon that stone the imprint of my foot shall appear, and for all time, after your accursed race has vanished from the face of the earth, will the people from far and near know that you murdered a woman."

She then turned to her executioners, and another act transpired to make a part of American colonial history. The "witch curse" had been almost forgotten until the monument was erected to the founder of Bucksport.

It had been in position hardly a month when a faint outline was discovered on it. It grew more and more distinct, until some person made the discovery that it was the outline of a foot. The old legend was revived.

They said that the "witch's curse" had been fulfilled. An attempt was made to remove the stain, but every effort only tended to make it plainer.

The imprint of the foot is there today as plain as ever. Amateur photographers have taken pictures of it, and a visit to the Buck cemetery to see the "witch's foot" is one of the pastimes of every summer visitor to the pretty little town.—New York World.

Encouraging the Boy.

"Son," remarked Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "I done heard you talk 'bout bein' a great hunter."

"Dat's what I said," answered pickaninny Jim. "I's gwinter hunt lions."

"An' you mentioned bein' er ahtle explorer."

"Yassir."

"Well, jes' by way of practice befo' you tackles any lions lemme see if you kin get de cow out'n pasture wifout bein' hooked, an' den as de winter comes along you kin train foh de north pole by wadin' out in de snow to de wood pile twice a day. An' don' lemme hyah no mo' 'bout not encouragin' yoh youthful ambitions."—Washington Star.

The Way to His Vote.

Lord Beaconsfield's skill in picking up stray votes was well known. An illustration of it is given in a book by Henry W. Lucy.

At the time that the Imperial titles bill was pending there was a certain pompous little Irishman, Dr. O'Leary, who seemed manageable and was desirable. One evening in the lobby Disraeli laid a hand familiarly on his shoulder.

"Dear Dr. O'Leary, the resemblance is most striking," he said. "I really thought I saw again my old friend Tom Moore."

The vain little gentleman was captured.

He Hits Back.

There had been a domestic spat at breakfast.

"You monster!" snapped the matron, who was always scolding. "You are not like my two former husbands. They were tender men."

"I never doubted that they were tender, Maria," ventured the meek man, "when you kept them in hot water all the time." And he just cleared the front porch two yards ahead of the rolling pin.—Chicago News.

Pat's Services.

Clergyman—Pat, there's a hole in the roof of the church, and I am trying to collect money sufficient to repair it. Come, now, what will you contribute? Pat—Me services, sor. Clergyman—What do you mean, Pat? You are no carpenter. Pat—No, but if it rains next Sunday O'll sit over the hole.—Pearson's.

How poor are they that have no patience! What would did ever heal but by degrees?—Shakespeare.

Phone No. 72

Cicero Smith Lumber Co.

It Pays

C. A. CROZIER, Manager

Nigger Head Coal

Lumber, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Lath, Shingles

You Place

THIRTY-SIX RESCUED FROM FISHING PIER

Daring Crew And Pilots of Steamship Texas Save Party.

Galveston, Tex., July 21.—The story of today's storm is not complete without honorable mention of the bravery of the crew and the pilots aboard the steamer Texas. Nerve and seamanship of the highest order were displayed by these gallant men in the rescue of thirty-six persons from the Bettison fishing pier on the north jetty, seven miles at sea. The rescue was effected early in the morning at the height of the hurricane, and had a man on board the Texas faltered lives would have been sacrificed. With the sea mounting high in its angry turmoil and the wind cutting the tops of the monster waves and dashing the spray like the needles in the faces of the men on board the Texas they braved the dangers of the hurricane and by the exhibition of skill and seamanship such as is possessed by only those who have spent their lives on the deep brought every person from the wrecked pier without a single accident.

Just in the nick of time these men arrived on the scene, for the last six of the thirty-six men on the pier were thrown into the sea, to be picked up by two men in a yawl or rescued by life lines in hands of the men on the deck of the Texas.

Sight Distress Signal.

The pilot boat Texas left her moorings at 4 o'clock in the morning and proceeded toward the bar. Directing its course toward Bettison's pier the crew noted the flag of distress and approached within 200 feet of the wharf. With Capt. Kelley at the wheel the Texas was kept within easy distance of the pier while the yawl was launched and deck hands Charles Hansen and Lewis Lawson bravely worked the boat through and over the mountainous seas to the pier and took aboard six of the men clinging to the wrecked structure. Five times did these men make the trip from steamer to pier until thirty men had been safely placed aboard the Texas, when with a crackling of timbers the remainder of the pier or house disappeared into the boiling sea. Two of the remaining men were rescued by life lines and the other four picked up by the men in the yawl, the entire thirty-six being saved without a single accident. The work of these men, including those who remained aboard the steamer, was an exhibition of more than ordinary bravery.

Calm in Face of Danger.

Not only did the crew and pilots aboard the Texas show nerve and coolness in the face of danger, but those aboard the wrecked pier must come in for much credit. Those who could not swim were sent forward first and placed aboard the Texas, while those who had some chance in the boiling seas coolly stood back until the last. In this way, and only because of this arrangement, the party was rescued without the loss of a single life.

W. M. Cross of the J. A. ranch was in Memphis Monday on business and called at the Democrat office. Mr. Cross says they have a fine season in the ground and that it rained enough in that part of the country to put plenty of stockwater in the pools. He said all the crops he passed on his way to Memphis was looking fine and that there would be a bumper crop made this year. The rain was general all over this whole section.

To the Public.

I am still handling the best grade of fresh meat in Memphis and will deliver to any part of the city. We handle high grade cured meats of all kinds at reasonable prices. Give us a trial and you will be a satisfied customer. Prompt attention given all orders no matter how small. Phone No. 12.

P. F. NEELEY.

BRUMLEY & LOFLAND

This is the style of the firm now doing business in the old stand of Moreman & Brumley on the east side of the square, and they wish to announce to their old customers and the public that they will always keep the freshest and brightest stock of groceries that is possible to keep. Courteous treatment to all, and prompt delivery will be made of goods to all parts of the city. Fresh vegetables will be handled at all times. They solicit a share of your trade. Give them a trial. Phone 281. Respectfully

BRUMLEY & LOFLAND

Memphis Land Co.

Can sell you

Farms, Ranches or City Property

On Easy Terms

CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED

BRUMLEY BROTHERS, Managers

- Letter Heads
- Statements
- Bill Heads
- Envelopes
- Cards

Anything and everything in the way of high-grade commercial printing. Our assortment of job type is complete, our press facilities of the best, and our workmen true typographical artists. This tells all the story of our facilities for doing job printing of the right kind at the right prices.

- Cards
- Envelopes
- Bill Heads
- Statements
- Letter Heads

Bradford Grocery Co.

We wish to announce to the public and our old customers that we have disposed of our entire interest in the Pioneer Mercantile Co., and we now have charge of the grocery department and will be glad to meet all our old customers and the public general in our same old stand on north side of square next to First National Bank. We will keep a new and fresh stock of groceries on hand at all times and we can accommodate responsible customers on thirty days accounts. We have the high-grade Belle of Wichita Flour and Golden Gate Coffees and Spices. Give us a trial. We are yours to please.

Bradford Grocery Comp'y

MEMPHIS, TEXAS

A Wierd And Mysterious Letter.

Editor Waco Tribune: Stamford, Texas, June 9, '09.—I enclose you a clipping from a newspaper in which you will find a letter from Christ, and written at the foot of the cross. I will kindly ask that you print same in your valuable paper. Yours truly, W. E. HUSLEY.

W. R. Hillen handed us the following letter last week with the request to publish same, with the thought that it might be interesting to our readers. It is a letter purported to have been written by Christ at His crucifixion. The letter is headed: "A letter from Christ," and reads as follows:

Greenfield, Tenn., March 18.—The Greenfield Times published this week what is purported to be a letter written from Christ just after His crucifixion on the cross. The letter was published at the request of Miss Rubia Crutchfield, Route 1, Trezevant, Tenn., who said that she had had the letter for three years, and that bad luck had continually followed her until she decided to obey His injunction and have it published. The letter says: "And he that hath a copy of this letter without publishing it to others shall not prosper. But he that publisheth it to others shall be blessed by Me, and if their sins shall be as many as the stars of the night, and if they truly believe they shall be pardoned."

Mrs. Fannie Wortman of Marion, Ind., knows something of the history of the letter. It was when Mrs. Wortman had the letter published that Miss Crutchfield is supposed to have gotten possession of it. The following is taken from a Marion paper: "Mrs. Wortman says she lived in Dallas, Ga., until last August, when she came to this city. She said the letter given below was first found under a stone at the foot of the Cross on which Christ was crucified and that on the stone was written, 'Blessed is he who shall turn me over.' No one knew what this inscription meant until a child turned the stone over and found the letter written by Christ Himself. The letter came into the hands of a man who had been converted and who had kept it as a sacred instrument of the Savior. He, however, refused to have it published, according to the orders of Christ, and as a consequence he never prospered. He kept the fact that he possessed the letter a secret, and on his death gave it to his oldest son. Thus the letter was kept in the family for over a thousand years and was brought to this country by early settlers.

More Ill Luck

It was kept a secret by the family while they lived in Virginia, but they never prospered, and ill luck continually followed them as it did their ancestors. On the death of the only daughter the letter was turned over to a Mrs. Townson, who, not wishing to disobey the orders of Christ, at once had it published in the Tribune, of Rome, Ga., Oct. 31, 1891. The Citizens of Dalton, Ga., copied the article and Mrs. Wortman of Marion, Ind., clipped the article and has had it in her possession for a number of years. She has never had it published and states that she has had bad luck since she has been keeping the article and believes that her misfortunes have all come from the fact that she never gave it out for publication. In the letter was written the Commandments of Christ and signed by the Angel Gabriel 99 years after the Savior's birth.

The Letter

Whoever works on the Sabbath day shall be cursed. I command you to go to church and keep holy the Lord's day without any manner of work. You shall not idle or misspend your time in bedecking yourselves in superfluities of costly apparel and vain dressing. For I have ordered it a day of rest. I will have that day kept holy. That your sins may be forgiven, you will not break my commandments. But observe and keep them, they being written by my hands and spoken from my mouth. You shall not only go to church yourselves but your man servant and your maid servant. Observe my words and learn my commandments. You shall finish your work every Saturday at six o'clock in the afternoon at which hour the preparation for the Sabbath begins.

I advise you to fast five years, beginning on Good Friday, and continuing the four days of remembrance of the wounds I received for you. You shall love me and cause them that love me to come to the church of Holy Sacrament, that I will send hardness and especially on hypocrites and penitent unbelievers given to the poor and the bath day for the Seven taken as a resting day. The injunction—copy of this letter was and spoken by Myself to it without publishing it not prosper! But he that it to others shall be blessed. And if their sins be as many as the stars of the night, I believe they shall be pardoned. E. J. ... they that believe no my commandments in a plague upon you and I have given you. D. of what I have suffered. If you do it well of the world and the world Whomsoever shall this letter and keep it nothing shall hurt the lence, lightning or any woman be in his trust in me she shall her child. You shall news of Me except Scriptures until the ment. All goodness shall be in the house this letter shall be to

Homer Peck Springs, Texas, Saturday with some melons he had Hopkins county large fine melons take much time to piece of car he had reached Memphis

Mrs. A. L. B. dren of Thornton, visiting her brother mer. They have other for eighteen meeting was a occasion to both husband also can night for a visit.

Found The Papers were s Norwood's offi secure a loan following Sate money was reced loans, see T. B.

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second class about its mailing privilege, in the post office at as second class mail

C. TIME TABLE

7:15 p. m. 8:20 a. m. 9:05 a. m. 8:53 p. m.

FRIDAY, JULY 28

season in the Memphis and Hall crops in abundance... three-quarter acre, Hall her reputation the best county Worth.

storm struck Thursday and tele and electric light strewn over the were blown down, and the three towers were blown in the neighbor-

Wabash railroad as City and St. when the engine went into the Six lives were fatally injured. track had been by the high waters

IN union there is strength. Lets all get together and pull for the upbuilding of Memphis and Hall county. We have the best country in the world around us, and why not get together and tell it to the outside world. Show the people of the north, east, south and west, that we no longer wear the long horns, but that our country is settled up with the cream of the country and that we have the most liberal, big-hearted people in the world.

BLACK ANTS EAT THE BOLL WEEVIL

Government Agent Makes Accidental Discovery Which May Solve Problem.

Durant, Ok., July 25.—Ants, the little black species which frequently infest kitchens and pantries, may be experimented with near Durant by the Government next year to exterminate boll weevils. The discovery was recently made by Special Agent S. W. Murphy of the department of Agriculture, who is located in this city, that the ants will devour the young weevil and the larvae before they hatch, and that they are fond of the weevil as a food.

The discovery was made entirely by accident in the following manner: Mr. Murphy had visited a local cotton field and secured several weevils which were about ready to hatch. They were taken to his office for observation under a magnifying glass to determine what effect, if any, the recent hot weather had had upon them. They were placed on a newspaper and left upon a table while Mr. Murphy went to dinner. When he returned scores of little black ants were devouring the weevils. He watched the ants with the aid of his glass until he was thoroughly satisfied that they were really devouring the weevils and not attacking them by chance. He then wrote a full report of his discovery and observations to Dr. Knapp, head of the Bureau of Plant Life Industry, under whose direction Mr. Murphy is working.

Mr. Murphy has made further observations of the habits of ants and is confident that in them he has found an insect which will destroy the boll weevil without damaging the crop. His explanation of the reason why the ants have not already exterminated

the weevils is that the advent of the latter into this country is of comparatively recent date, and that since their coming they have spread and increased much more rapidly than the ants. He intends to colonize as many ants as possible in a cotton field near this city next year, and to assist him in his efforts he has asked that a Government expert be detailed.

If the ants can be successfully colonized and propagated Mr. Murphy's discovery will prove of untold worth to the cotton-growing industry, and the ants, which are now regarded as household pests, may prove a blessing.

Condition at Velasco.

Galveston, Tex., July 25.—T. J. Holbrook of the Mistrot Bros. establishment today received a letter from a prominent business man of Velasco giving additional accounts of the storm in that section and reciting the need of the people whose homes have been wrecked. The letter in part says:

"There are but three houses left in anything like good shape. My home was totally wrecked and contents destroyed. We worked hard all day trying to dry much of my goods. If I only had a big tent and some boxes to put them in I think I could get cost of the larger per cent of them. The crops are all gone, simply gone. No mistake about it. I am here, and not financially able to get away, and have no money to put any shelter over my wife and children. Do you suppose I could get any help from the interior? I hate to ask it of anyone, but there are times one certainly ought to have it. We are all beaten up from flying debris."

Mr. Johnson had the misfortune of losing four of his fine hogs Saturday while they were in the pin waiting to be loaded for shipment for the market. This is quite a loss as the hogs were very fine and they are bringing fancy prices just at present.

For Rent.

Four nice rooms, up stairs in brick building, fronting west on square. Apply at Democrat office.

JIM'S HOT FINISH.

By COLIN S. COLLINS. Copyrighted, 1905, by Associated Literary Press.

"What luck?" asked Ben Strome, as Jim Pettie his partner, and the other half of the Altair Brothers, emerged from the red light wagon, where Richard Clute was "counting up" the afternoon receipts.

"Worst sort of luck," was the reply. "I thought if I tackled the old man after a good matinee I could catch him in a fine humor, but it seems that the sheriff held him up just before I got there. One of the grafters he pinched told that the old man got a rakeoff, and the sheriff came around to get his—and I got mine. The old man's going to send Daisy to boarding school, and he mentioned a place I might go to—but it's nowhere near Daisy's school. You can bet on that."

"Can't you two hook it?" suggested Ben. "It's pretty close to the end of the season. If we lose a couple of weeks, I can stand my share of the loss if I don't get a chance to work a single act at some of the late fairs. See what the kid thinks."

"I don't have to see," was the gloomy response. "I know now what her answer would be. She won't beat it. She's going to have a regular wedding, with the old man giving her away or there won't be a wedding. She's told me that a dozen times, and she means it when she says it."

Strome nodded. Ever since they had joined the Clute show in midseason Pettie had been making violent love to Daisy Clute, the owner's daughter. It was not a large circus—a one ring affair—though they traveled by railroad instead of by wagon.

The performers all lived in a single car and in theory formed one large family. Daisy and her father had a car to themselves, but she was much around the tents, and her preference for the clean limbed young gymnast had soon become a matter for comment. By supper time the fact that the old man had refused his consent to their marriage was all over the dressing tent, and you'd not need Daisy's red rimmed eyes and Pettie's frown to confirm the report. Daisy was standing near the entrance when Pettie came out for the double act. He did a turn on the flying rings earlier on the bill, while Strome did a strong man act in the ring. Their double act in the air was the "hot feature of the show"—the "hottest act in the business," they claimed—and Daisy always tried to be near in case of accident, though she could not bear to watch them.

Strome did the "bearing," catching Jim as he leaped from his own trapeze to Strome's hands. He was a reliable worker, but Daisy always feared that some night those steady nerves would fall and that Jim's body would go hurling through the air until it struck the ring bank or the seats, a limp and lifeless mass. She had seen one accident, and it had remained vivid in her memory. Presently Strome joined the pair as they stood talking, and an instant later the four horses used in the double riding act dashed into the tent, followed by Paul and Letty Murphy, who boasted very different names on the bill. The band struck up their music, and the two men ran into the ring. It was the work of a moment to climb to their perches. The apparatus consisted of two trapeze swings, one long one used by Pettie for the leaps and the shorter one from which Strome hung when he made the catches. On Pettie's end there was a platform from which he leaped to gain momentum, and this was but a few feet from the center pole which held up the tent.

The first two swings were made without trouble, and then Strome did some single work to give Pettie an opportunity to rest. Jim leaned against the ropes to steady himself and glanced below at the well filled tent. A sea of faces, white in the flare of the lamps, gazed intently upward as Strome hung by his toes from the short swing.

An odd roar caught Pettie's attention, and he glanced at the lamps. A cluster of gasoline flares hung from the center pole and supplied light for the tent. Two huge reservoirs were fastened together to form a ring about the pole, and from these radiated the burners. Clute was old fashioned in many of his ideas, and his fondness for the old fashioned light amounted to a hobby. Jim could see that one of the tanks had sprung a leak, and in some way the escaping gas had caught fire from the flames below. The heat was vaporizing the inflammable liquid more rapidly than usual, and it was only a matter of minutes before the heat would cause an explosion that would send the blazing fluid flying over the crowd below and the tinderlike tent.

There had been no rain for several days, and on the other hand, the blazing sun had been pouring its rays on the tent since early morning. The flames would run to the guy ropes, and when these gave way the crowd below would be enveloped in a mass of flame. There was no time to signal below to lower the lights. It was too far to jump to the pole. Strome was just "limbing to the trapeze bar for a moment's rest, and Jim seized his own swing.

Strome gasped as he saw the movement and hurried to reverse on the trapeze. Jim took the count from his swing, and Strome could not understand the move. As the long swing

reached the limit of its flight Strome caught Jim's voice.

He heard only the words "Emergency lights," but he guessed the rest, and as coolly as though it was a part of the act he dropped to the net below as being the quickest way down.

The big swing reached the platform and went beyond, then with increased momentum swung toward the opposite side again. A second time it swung toward the platform, and as it reached the farthest point Jim let go and kept on toward the pole.

Straight through the air he flew until his arms clasped the blue pole, and for a moment he hung there, the breath forced from his body by the shock of the impact. Then he began to climb upward.

The lights dazzled his eyes, and the heat was terrific, but he did not realize it. He knew only that seconds were precious, and right into the very heart of the blaze he climbed to reach the valve wheels that regulated the supply for the burners.

In a second the place was in darkness, but the hand played its noisiest and the ring attendants were patrolling the ring and shouting that there was no danger, even while they kept their eyes on the single flame that still burned above the tanks.

Unmindful of the hot burners Jim forced his way between them, though they seared his skin through his thin silk shirt, and a moment later he clapped his hand upon the flame and held it upon the heated metal until the blaze was gone.

For a moment he swayed dizzily in the darkness; then from below there came a glare of light, and he heard Strome's voice above the blare of the band.

"Ride the lights down!" he was shouting, and Jim threw his blistered arms about the reservoirs as the men started to lower the apparatus.

They were within a few feet of the ring when strength failed, and Jim let go his hold. A dozen men swarmed to his aid, and accompanied by two physicians from the audience, they bore him to the dressing tent.

When he came to the main tent was dark, and only the light in the dressing tent was burning.

"Did they get out?" he asked weakly. "Every one of them," declared the old man's hearty voice. "They thought it was the 'sensational finish' we advertised until they saw what you were up to, and then we had the emergency lights going, and the crowd went out in order. It's a pity you didn't hear the applause they gave you."

"I was busy—just then," explained Jim, with a faint smile. He half raised his head to look about him, and Clute guessed his thoughts.

"Daisy has gone on the train to make up a berth in our own car," he explained. "She insists upon nursing you herself. The ambulance will be here in a minute to take you down. You want to get well quick, Jim, for there's a wedding ahead of you, and it's to be Clute & Pettie's show next year, with our own electric light plant."

Clute hustled away to look for the ambulance, and Jim turned to his partner. He was too happy to realize how his burns hurt. He thought only of the fact that he had won Daisy.

"Ben," he said, with a grin, "we always told 'em we did the 'hottest act in the business,' but that's the hottest finish we ever did. It's a pity we can't keep it in."

A ONE NIGHT CONVERT.

Incident in the Temperance Career of Father Mathew.

In 1843, when Father Mathew was crusading for total abstinence in London, he created no small amusement for a large party at the hospitable mansion of an Irish nobleman by his attempts, partly playful, but also partly serious, to make a convert of Lord Brougham, who resisted good humorously, but resolutely, the efforts of his zealous neighbor. The incident is related by Katharine Tynan in her biography of Father Mathew.

"I drink very little wine," said Brougham, "only half a glass at luncheon and two half glasses at dinner. And, though my medical adviser told me I should increase the quantity, I refused to do so."

"He was wrong, my lord, for advising you to increase the quantity, and you were wrong in taking the small quantity you do," said Father Mathew. "but I have my hopes of you."

And so, after a pleasant resistance on the part of the learned lord, Father Mathew invested his lordship with the silver medal and ribbon, the insignia and collar of the "new order of the Bath."

"Then I will keep it," said Brougham, "and take it to the house, where I shall be sure to meet old Lord—the worse for liquor, and I will put it on him."

The announcement of this intention was received with much laughter, for the noble lord referred to was notorious for his potations.

Lord Brougham was as good as his word, for on meeting the veteran peer he said, "Lord—, I have a present from Father Mathew for you," and passed the ribbon rapidly over his neck.

"Then I tell you what it is, Brougham. I will keep sober for this night" was the peer's unexpected response. And he kept this vow, to the amazement of his friends.

Reason For Worry.

"Men worry more than women." "Yes; they not only have everything to worry about that the women have but they also have the women to worry about too."—Smart Set.

There are few persons who would not be ashamed of being loved when they love no longer.—Bohnefoucauld.

Lodge Directory.

MEMPHIS COMMANDRY No. 50, K. T., meets in Masonic Hall on the fourth Monday night of each month. Visiting Sir Knights welcome. D. H. ARNOLD, Em. Com. J. HENRY READ, Secretary.

MEMPHIS COUNCIL, No. 156, R. & S. M., meets in Masonic Hall on the Saturday night after full moon. Visiting Companions are welcome. D. A. GRUNDY, Th. Ill D. H. ARNOLD, Secretary.

MEMPHIS CHAPTER, No. 220, R. A. M., meets in Masonic Hall on the Saturday night after full moon. Visiting Companions are welcome. J. M. ELLIOTT, H. P. D. H. ARNOLD, Secretary.

MEMPHIS LODGE, No. 729, A. F. & A. M., meets in the Masonic Hall on the Saturday night occurring on or before the full moon. Visiting brothers are welcome. G. R. DICKSON, W. M. CHAS. WEBSTER, Secretary.

ESTELLINE LODGE, No. 823, A. F. & A. M., meets in Masonic Hall on Saturday nights on or before the full moon. Visiting brothers are welcome. C. L. SLOAN, W. M. P. M. BENNETT, Secretary.

MEMPHIS CHAPTER, No. 351, O. E. S., meets in Masonic Hall on the second Friday night in each month. Visiting brothers and sisters are welcome.

MRS. ETHEL E. TAGGART, W. M. MISS FRANKIE TAYLOR, Secretary.

ESTELLINE CHAPTER, No. 235 O. E. S., meets in the Masonic Hall on Saturdays at 2 p. m., on or before the full moon. Visiting brothers and sisters are welcome.

MRS. LILLIE DELANEY, W. M. MRS. ETHEL PREWITT, Sec'y

MEMPHIS CAMP, No. 12624, M. W. A., meets in M. W. A. Hall first and third Friday nights. Visiting Neighbors are welcome.

C. T. PALMER, Consul.

A. P. BUNCH, Clerk.

M. W. of A., ESTELLINE meets in W. O. W. Hall every First and Third Saturday nights in each month. Visiting brothers are welcome.

J. A. EDWARDS, Con. D. M. WRIGHT, Clerk.

MEMPHIS COUNCIL, No. 396, Modern Order Praetorians, meets every Thursday night in I. O. O. F. Hall. Visiting Praetorians are welcome.

R. A. BOSTON, Sublime Augustus. D. H. ARNOLD, Recorder.

MEMPHIS LOCAL, No. 4497, Farmers' Educational and Co-Operative Union of America, meets in the court house on the second and fourth Saturdays of each month at 2 p. m. Visiting members are welcome.

H. H. SMITH, President. EDGAR EWING, Secretary.

M. W. A. Newlin meet every Saturday night.

C. N. WARD, Counsel, VENUS DAVIS, Clerk.

MEMPHIS CAMP, No. 1091, meets on the second and fourth Saturday nights of each month in Woodman Hall. Visiting Sovereigns are welcome.

L. L. FOREMAN, C. C. C. N. HEADRICK, Clerk.

NEWLIN CAMP, No. 616, W. O. W., meets in Newlin, W. O. W. hall every second and fourth Tuesday nights in each month. Visiting sovereigns are welcome.

W. T. CROW, Con. Com. J. H. PIERCE, Clerk.

HEDLEY CAMP, No. 2318, W. O. W., meets on second and fourth Saturday nights of each month in the Hedley Woodman Hall. Visiting Sovereigns are welcome.

G. A. WIMBERLY, C. C. S. A. MCCARROLL, CLERK.

ESTELLINE CAMP, No. 2157, W. O. W., meets in W. O. W. Hall on the first and fourth Friday nights in each month. Visiting Sovereigns are welcome.

P. M. BENNETT, C. C. IRA SMITH, Clerk.

ELI CAMP, No. 2179, W. O. W., meets in the Eli W. O. W. Hall on the second and fourth Saturday nights of each month. Visiting Sovereigns are made welcome.

T. R. PHILLIPS, C. C. J. E. GLASS, Clerk.

LAKEVIEW CAMP, No. 2353, W. O. W., meets in the Lakeview W. O. W. Hall on the first and third Saturday nights. Visiting Sovereigns are made welcome.

W. H. YOUNGBLOOD, C. C. J. E. DAWSON, Clerk.

MEMPHIS LODGE, No. 444, I. O. O. F., meets in I. O. O. F. Hall every Tuesday night. Visiting brothers are welcome. GORDIE KING, N. G. J. H. HEADRICK, Secretary.

MEMPHIS ENCAMPMENT, I. O. O. F., meet in Odd Fellows hall on first and third Wednesday nights in each month. W. P. CAGLE, CHIEF PATRIARCH. J. H. IGLEHART, GRAND Scribe. FLORA LODGE, No. 346, D. of R., meets every 2nd and 4th Monday night in I. O. O. F. Hall. Visiting members are welcome. MRS. ANNIE HOUGHTON, N. G. MISS LEONA JOHNSON, Secretary. NEWLIN LODGE, No. 673, I. O. O. F., meets in Newlin I. O. O. F. hall every Thursday night. Visiting brothers are welcome. C. N. WARD, N. G. L. M. CARDWELL, Secretary. ESTELLINE LODGE, No. 625, I. O. O. F., meets in W. O. W. Hall every Monday night. Visiting brothers are welcome. H. W. MITCHELL, N. G. C. E. VARDY, Secretary.



Best is the Cheapest in the Long Run

ially When Applied to Cutlery. R steel soon loses its life--the blades when sharpened to hold the edge and have to be thrown away. Choosing anything whatsoever, in the line of cutlery, knives, jack knives, table cutlery, etc., see that it bears the BUCKS trade-mark, the mark of sterling quality. Goods we guarantee, there are none equally as good, price is no higher.

YOU SHOULD OWN A STAYER BUGGY

Light-running STAYER is a Stayer." Simplicity, strength, style economy have made STAYER vehicles the best sellers of the season. Don't buy trouble when you buy a STAYER. Let us show you the advantages today.

Refrigerators. Every nice refrigerators left, which selling at special bargains. TODAY AND SEE THEM YOU WILL BE TOO LATE

Table with 2 columns: Specials and Prices. Items include Large ice tea glasses, 3 gal. tin churns, 4 gal. tin churns, 5 gal. tin churns, Milk coolers, Ice shavers, Ice picks.

THOMPSON BROS. CO., HARDWARE. Corner Fifth and Main Streets MEMPHIS

Read the Democrat this year and be happy.

We fill any physicians prescriptions at Randal Drug Co.

Phone 125 for Standard Maitland coal at prices equal to cheap coal.

Benton Moreman is out on the streets again after quite a siege of fever.

I make a specialty of hurry-up repairs. V. R. Jones, the Watchmaker and Engraver. 51-tf

Attorneys Spencer and Patterson left Saturday morning for a several days business trip at Decatur.

Would be glad to order that suit of clothes now. Guarantee a good fit. Ed Smith, agent, Lodge, Texas.

D. A. Castleberry is enjoying a visit from his two daughters from Fort Worth. They will remain with him for a month.

G. H. Broome went to Amarillo Monday morning for a visit with his son, O. E. Broome, and to take in the Old Soldiers Reunion there this week.

Drs. Stidham, Wilson, Ballew and Dickey are in attendance at the Panhandle Medical association which is in session at Amarillo this Tuesday and Wednesday.

We are now handling the Carlsbad and Palo Pinto Mineral Water in bottles. Will keep it on hand at all times. This is Nature's own remedy. Try it.

CITY BAKERY.

Mr. and Mrs. I. H. Chancey who have been visiting their daughter, Mrs. Hammonds of Memphis, and their son W. S. Chancey, of Lakeview, will return to their home at Saint Jo, Texas, Thursday.

A mule team ran away Saturday which caused quite a little excitement. There was a load of hogs on the wagon when they started to run but they were split in the race. No serious damage was done.

Harrison Wooldridge of Atlas, Lamar county and Zack Bailey from Hardeman county were in Memphis Monday on a prospecting trip. They are very favorably impressed with Memphis and Hall county and will probably return later on.

Mrs. Elizabeth Dandridge, daughter of Zachery Taylor, twelfth president of the United States, died at her home in Westchester, Va., Sunday. She was 85 years old, and death was due to heart failure following a long illness. She was buried Tuesday at Westchester, Va.

Subscribe for the Democrat for 1909.

Prescription work a specialty at Randal Drug Co. 1-2t.

Capt. G. J. Adkisson is reported on the puny list this week.

Memphis Milling Co., has Niggerhead coal, both lump and nut. 51-3tc

Mrs. J. D. Bird was real sick the past week but is better at this writing.

Will swap meal for corn any time at Memphis Milling Co. Phone 63. 32tf

Mrs. A. Z. Collins and nieces went up to Amarillo Monday to spend a few days visiting.

The Pioneer Mercantile Co., handle the celebrated Fay Stockings. Call and examine them. 51-tf

Memphis Milling Co., shipped out another car of fine fat hogs this Tuesday for the Fort Worth Market.

Bert Trimble left Friday for Childress where he will accept a position with the Wells Fargo Express Co.

The Church of Christ closed a very successful ten days meeting Sunday night under the leadership of Bro. T. E. Phillips.

J. B. Schloss left Monday for Amarillo and other points on the plains where he will spend thirty days before returning to Memphis.

Sheriff Burson will leave Sunday for Galveston where he goes to attend the state meeting of Sheriff's association which meets there next week.

W. B. Redus of Shannon, Miss., is in the city visiting the family of W. F. Cunningham. He is prospecting with a view of locating and he is very favorably impressed with this section.

Harry Soneman, representing Schloss Bros. of Baltimore, Md., has been in the city all this week with headquarters at the Pioneer Mercantile Co., taking orders for the Celebrated Schloss clothing. He will leave tonight.

W. F. Cunningham on Tuesday bought from E. R. Alexander of Childress a 160 acre tract of fine farming land twenty miles west of Memphis on Bitter creek. Mr. Cunningham traded his remnant of dairy stock and his horses in on the deal.

Four stalks of cotton from the farm of J. H. Dennis two miles north of Memphis was on display at the Bradford Grocery store this week. The stalks all show a good healthy growth and the average was forty bolls and squares to the stalk.

LADIES' GOODS

New Jet combination Barrettes. 35 and 50c
Elastic Webbing, black with jet clasp for. 50c

Lawns

India Linon reduced to yard 7c
Linen Lawn reduced to yard 45c
Figured Lawn reduced to yard 4 1/2c
Persian Lawn reduced to yard 25c
Checked Nainsook reduced to yard 8c
Fancy White Goods reduced to yard 18c

Low Shoes

Child's Roman Sandals now \$.59
Misses' White Canvass, solid soles now .50
Boys' well made Low Quarters now 1.00
Boys' Buster Brown Oxfords now 1.50
Men's Oxfords, \$5.00 grade now 4.00
Men's Oxfords, 4.00 grade now 3.00
Men's Oxfords, 3.00 grade now 2.50
Ladies' Oxfords, 3.75 grade now 3.00
Ladies' Oxfords, 3.00 grade now 2.50
Ladies' Oxfords, 2.50 grade now 2.00
Misses' Oxfords, 2.25 grade now 1.75
Misses' Oxfords, 2.00 grade now 1.50
Misses' Oxfords, 1.75 grade now 1.35

Flour

Light Crust leads the race. sack \$1.85
Amarillo Best is good sack 1.75
Tip Top is Texas Highest Patent sack 1.65

Honey

Another shipment of Nath Hudgin's Pure South Texas Comb Honey. Come and get a bucket of this nectar prepared in Nature's own factory.

T. R. GARROTT COM'Y

Read the Democrat and be happy.

Prescriptions accurately compounded at Randal Drug Co. 1-2t.

For first-class watch repairing go to the Panhandle Jewelry Store. 30tf

Dr. J. W. Greenwood returned Friday from a business trip up on the plains and New Mexico.

Old papers for sale at this office at 15 cents per hundred.

For up to date fountain drinks, call at Randal Drug Store. 1-2t.

Bring your dressmaking to Mrs. Kimbler at the O. K. Tailor shop. 36tf.

R. P. Brice spent several days last week with his daughter in Collingsworth county.

Silent Thoughts of a Christian

The following is a beautiful poem written by Burton A. Hall, the great evangelist now holding a great revival in Memphis. This gem of thought was written by inspiration while in his study at the hotel on the afternoon of July 27, 1909:

1. In a barren world of sin and shame
I dare not walk alone,
I'll follow him who died for me
To that eternal home.
2. I'm poor and weak and stumble here
O'er many a rugged place,
But some day I shall walk with Christ
See Him face to face.
3. A stranger a pilgrim away from home
I walk this lowly path,
I'll some day shed this mortal coil
And reach my home at last.
4. And O! how sweet 'twill be in heaven
There'll be no sorrow there,
But joy and peace by the Savior given
Our souls shall ever share.
5. For there on golden glory-lit stran
In our eternal home,
With harps of gold and joy untold
Will shout around the throne.
6. O! brother take courage, faint not by the way
"The Lord is thy stay and thy staff,"
He'll lead you, He'll guide you,
Over every rugged place
And take you to himself at last.
7. When you stand by the coffin of a loved one
By the grave of a friend so dear,
Falter not for a friend is beside thee
The friend who is always so near.
8. How sad are the partings of earth
How mercilessly crushing they seem,
But out from the windows of heaven
The light of eternity doth gleam.
9. Some day when the last beam fadeth
From life's setting sun here below,
I'll rise on the wings of the morning
And home with my Savior I will go.
10. Farewell to old earth with her struggles
All heart-breaks are forever past,
I'm safe in the mansion of heaven
My joys forever shall last.



Sit Down and Do a Little Figuring

If you cannot figure out where it will be the best kind of economy to make certain repairs about the place, or put up certain much needed buildings; and do it right now, instead of putting it off, we will be very much mistaken. The longer you put off these things, the more they are bound to cost you. So why wait any longer?

So far as the cost is concerned, we will make you prices for any lumber that you may want, that will certainly not embarrass you. And as the quality of our stock is exceptionally fine, there is no better time than the present. Drop in any time and let us quote you on what you need.

Wm. Cameron & Co.
W. H. Wallace, Manager

The Democrat and the Farm & Ranch, one year for \$1.00.

Omer Mickle is crippling around this week from a bum knee.

C. M. Buttrill left Saturday night for a visit with homefolks at Mansfield.

There will be quite a number of Memphis people attend the different attractions at Amarillo this week.

G. J. Herd and wife left Thursday for Oklahoma to attend the bedside of a sister of Mrs. Herd's who is quite sick.

FOR SALE—At once, my home and three lots in Lakeview a bargain for cash.

It J. B. WAGNER.

Mrs. J. M. Massey had an operation performed for a growth on one of her eyes Monday. She is getting along very well at present.

F. L. Adair and family returned from Graham in Young county Monday night where they spent a month very pleasantly fishing and hunting.

W. H. Carlton and wife who have been visiting Mrs. Carlton's father, J. T. Bass, and the family of J. L. Bain, left this Tuesday morning for their home in Hobart, Okla.

A bale of cotton was on the square today from Lesley, Texas. It was last year's cotton and was owned by J. G. Martin. Up to time of going to press there was no bids on it.

W. E. Anthony came up from Estelline Saturday and spent a few days with his daughter, Mrs. C. W. Broome. He will leave today for Amarillo where he will take in the Old Soldiers reunion.

There will be a big barbecue and picnic at Estelline on Wednesday, August 4. This will be an old fashioned barbecue and there will be plenty of sport and amusement for all. We would like to take this in, but it happens on press day and we cannot possibly attend.

A. Baldwin and George. Forgy left Monday night for the northern markets where they will purchase a complete line of fall and winter dry goods and clothing for the popular firm of Baldwin & Co. They will pass through Saint Louis on their way to the New York markets.

W. L. Risch bought two young badgers Tuesday afternoon. They were caught up in Donley county when they were quite small and they are becoming tamed very fast. Mr. Risch is very proud of them and will probably send them back east where they are not so common.

H. Myrick Committee

Parties coming in on the train from the (Wednesday) report Myrick had committed with the night-ager Guy Young of company at once to Quannah to verify and he was informed the truth. Mr. Myrick's boarding house and committed with have not been a further particulars.

LATER—We are Mr. Myrick committed Tuesday evening house and the in the house at the shooting except the daughters of the home Mr. Myrick. We understand that rick was in Freder the time of the de in Quannah this W ing.

Shoots at

Rosenberg, T. After filing a charge assault against R. bler of Rosenberg, ident of a local ba Harris of Boer caliber bullet directed missed. Both and taken to Rich and released on ben

Mrs. Harris, and gowned in black Rosenberg yesterday until the arrival of Houston she boarded stopped just above When the train station and as Kirt ed to board it, M him on the steps, revolver, fired o pierced his sleeve

Goodnight College

Dr. J. M. Balle Goodnight Friday meeting of the t Goodnight colleg probable that the brick dormitory built at the colleg fine colle rapid its since its are continue facilities growth.

Feed!

Dial will Rich wheat Corn chops Kafir and milo Alfalfa good One grade good Phone 125. J. C. Morris and mother of wood, are visiting Mrs. T. K. Murr for a few days.

Lakeview

Lakeview is the newest town in Hall county. Lakeview is situated on the A., R. & M. Lakeview is in the center of the most fertile of Hall county, Texas. Lakeview has four general stores. Lakeview has one drug store. Lakeview has two gins. Lakeview has a new telephone system. Lakeview has two churches. Lakeview has a nice new school building. Lakeview has in sight the following enterprises: A bank, a lumber yard, a grocery store and a livery barn. Lakeview lots are now on sale cheap and price will be advanced in a few days.

Buy now and get in on these low prices have some special inducements to offer who will improve lots at once. Call on **C. R. HARDY, Townsite** for the A., R. & E. P. R. R.

D. H. Davenport, LAKEVIEW