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THE BRACKETT NEWS.

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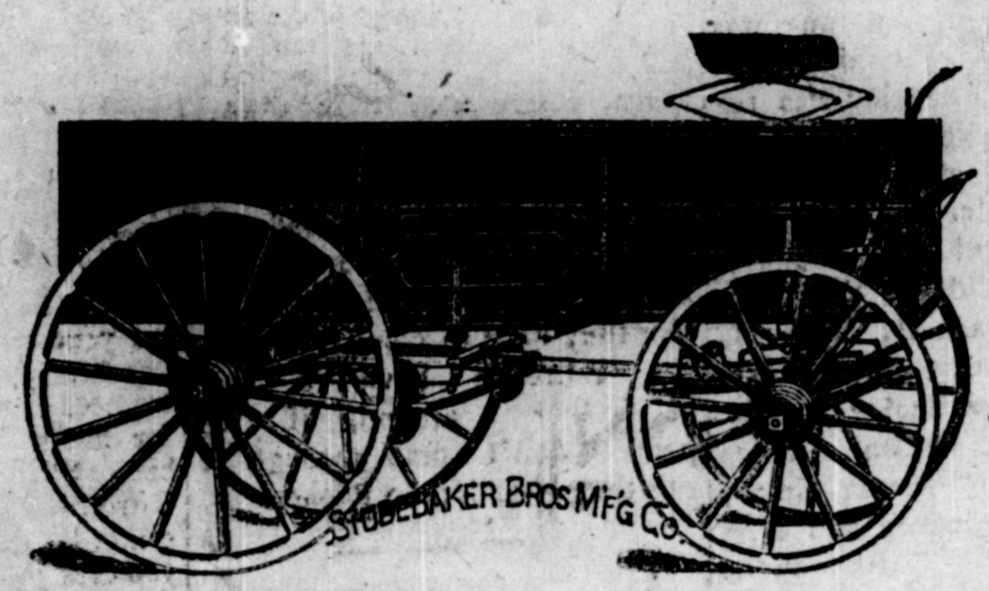
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STILL ANOTHER.

The Katy Building Through to The Border.

Eagle Pass Guide.
Still another railroad is headed toward Eagle Pass. Last week the Guide published a story of the plans of the Canyon City, Mainview and Southeastern Railway to build from Canyon City to Eagle Pass.

Now comes the cheering news that the Missouri, Kansas and Texas is building this way and will come to the border, either Eagle Pass or Del Rio.

A special dispatch from Dennison to the San Antonio Express, under date of August 28th, says: "Slowly but surely the Missouri, Kansas & Texas is pushing its plans for extensions into southwest Texas, by which it means to open a new territory and obtain a main line road from the Mexican border through Oklahoma to St. Louis and Kansas City. An outline of the plan to be pursued by the Katy was given some time ago in the Express and since then development have been demonstrating the correctness of the forecast.

"The plans as outlined were that the Katy would close the

gap between Oklahoma City and Wichita Falls, then take over the Wichita Valley Railroad that runs from Wichita Falls to Seymour and build from Seymour to Abilene or Sweet Water, going later from there to the Mexican border at Del Rio or Eagle Pass.

"A few days ago announcement was made that the Oklahoma City Wichita Falls line would be built and that the Katy will be undoubtedly back of the project. Announcement has been made that surveyors are in the field locating a line from Seymour to Abilene on the Texas & Pacific. The surveyors are doing the work for the Wichita Valley, but the general supposition is that the Missouri, Kansas & Texas is back of the deal."

THE ORIENT COMING.

The Orient road has just completed the preliminary survey for a line from San Angelo to the Rio Grande at Del Rio. This line will of necessity be extended to Eagle Pass for the reason that this is the only point within a reasonable distance of Del Rio at which, under the Mexican International railroad concession, it can connect with a Mexican railroad or cross the Rio Grande.

ORIENT LOOKING OUT.

Representative of the Orient

railroad have visited Del Rio and Brackett this week and were enthusiastically received by the public spirited citizens of both places.

Eagle Pass is again fortunate in that no matter whether Del Rio or Brackett or both get the Orient it is bound to come to this place to get into Mexico.

With three roads looking this way it would seem that "there's a good time coming by and by."

THE DEAD TOWN.

(MARYVILLE RECORD.)

A town that never has anything to do in a public way is on its way to the cemetery. Any person who will do nothing for his town is helping to dig the grave. A man who will curse his town furnishes the coffin. The one who is so selfish as to have no time from his business to give to city affairs is making the shroud. The merchant who will not advertise is driving the hearse. The man who is always pulling back from any public enterprise throws bouquets in the grave. The man who is so stingy and selfish as to be always howling hard times preaches the funeral sermon, sings the doxology and thus the town lies buried free from all sorrow and care.

Only Man is Lazy.

BY M. QUAD

To give the sloth and the tortoise their due, they haven't got a lazy hair in their heads. If they weren't always hard at it they would never get anywhere. There isn't a lazy animal to be found in the whole of nature's category, and the same holds good right down to the tumblebug and the skelter. Even the hibernating bear is sharpening his claws as he sleeps.

It's only when you ascend the

sliding scale to man that you find something with legs that can sit on the shady porch of a grocery all day and tell lies and talk politics and then go home to his supper of tortillas and frijoles and wish he was rich.

There may be a thief or a sheep dog or a liar in your community, but none of them is as great a public nuisance as the lazy man. Wherever six or eight men are gathered you will hear some lying but the lazy man is too lazy to even entertain any one with a lie.

Now and then he might furnish a bit of information—at least, as far as telling whom he has seen pass the store within the last hour—but it is too much of an effort or he is too busy cussing the fate that made him the son of a poor man.

Do you know him?

In the jails of Texas are more than one thousand unfortunates who have been adjudged insane but cannot be sent to the asylums owing to the crowded conditions of these institutions. Many could be restored to reason under proper treatment at the asylums, but herded in steel cells with criminals of every class and forced to undergo the hardships of prison life, their condition is only aggravated. Such condition are intolerable in a state of boasted wealth and civilization. If Texas were a pauper state, her treasury depleted and her people poverty stricken, the deplorable conditions now obtaining with reference to caring for the insane would not have the added sting of disgrace. But the reason for the inadequate facilities of our asylums lies in the meager appropriations for their maintenance, the slight attentions given them by our legislature and the general apathy of the people. It is time to wake up

and I right the wrong that is being perpetrated daily upon the miserable victims of a dethroned reason.—Beeville Bee.

There are men in this town and in every town are not entitled to credit and they should be required to plank down the cash before any character of services is performed for them or they are allowed to take any goods from a store. Nothing so harasses a man as to have the profits of his labors scattered among a lot of fellows who give the collector the high ball every first, or leave town to avoid him. The noblest work of God is the man who pays his bills promptly and cheerfully, but the fellow who doesn't pay his bills at all will never join old Elijah on the other shore, no matter if his prayers jar the roof.—Honey Grove Signal.

Has a man a right to spit? asks an exchange, and then it proceeds to answer the question thusly: "You bet he has, and right to breathe, a right to live, and a right to express his opinion; a right to kick and a right to work, also a right to vote and pay taxes, and to find fault with everybody and with everything he don't like.

Men has a whole lot of rights, but he should exercise them all like a gentleman."

A teacher in a certain city school was seeking to give her boys a definition of what a volcano was, therefore she drew a picture of one on a blackboard. Taking some red chalk, she drew fiery flames pouring from the summit of the volcano, and when the drawing was done she turned to the class before her and said. "Can any of you tell what it looks like? One boy immediately held up his hand and the teacher said, "Well, Joey you may tell us. It looks like hell ma'ma, replied Joey with startling promptness.—Ex.

An Irishman or returning home to his native land gave vent to his joyful feeling by exclaiming repeatedly. Hurrah! Hurrah for Ireland! much to the amusement of the passengers, but very much to the disgust of an Englishman on board, who finally retaliated with these words: Hurrah for Hell! That's right, answered Pat. Every man for his country.—Ex.

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Carefully Attended to : :

H. VELTMANN PROPRIETOR.

He Knows, of Course

"No, love," she said, "I do not say that I will give you all the space in my closet, bureau, trunk—I may ask for myself a little space. But you shall have your very own. The thing that you have longed for: Yes, you, because I love you, love. Shall have the lowest bureau drawer."

He thanked her. What else could he do? For well he knew her fond intent. To prove her love was wondrous true. Of sacrifice and yearning bent. "Oh, love," he said, "full well I know the wondrous love, affection sweet. That prompts you now to promise me a bureau drawer as mine, complete."

"Twas almost ten sweet years ago. And ever since when he has gone unto that drawer he's found, you know, Satins and laces, silks and lawn. And women's gloves, and bric-a-brac. And things no man would ever disclose. But still he minds it not at all. For he is married and he knows."
—Sunset Magazine.

AMINE ROMANCE

BY FRANK H. SWAZZ

(Copyright, 1905, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

"That is all, I believe," said Battlesea, as he rose and buttoned his coat across his breast. "I saw the Englishman in New York, and he will be on here next week. Have the report very specific, this and that vein outcropping at the surface, so much ore to the ton, and so many tons excavated with but a minimum of expense. He has unlimited money to squander, and is wild to throw it into mine holes; but he likes details. Give it to him in the way of veins and promising indications and computations. And, oh, yes, while about it you might take a peep in Faxon's mine adjoining. Make a few golden notes about that also. After purchasing from me, the Englishman may as well buy out Faxon. The two mines could be operated as one. We will impress that on him—after we have sold. Old Faxon can't afford to hire a mine expert himself and I shall be glad to help him a little. Make the reports all right. The Englishman has heard of you and will accept the report without question. You understand?"

Yes, Clint Bayland understood, and he understood the significance of a small roll which Battlesea's hand dropped carelessly upon his desk as he turned and went out. It was a first installment for his reputation. And Clara Faxon, the most beautiful girl twenty miles round, was the daughter of the old man whom Battlesea would be glad to help.

He walked irritably to the window of the office and looked out, not daring to trust his eyes with a second glance at the small roll on his desk. He did need the money, sorely, more than he would care to have any one know. And it was only an indication of what would come. With Battlesea, who owned more mine and town property than any ten men in the country, as his friend, his prosperity would be assured.

But somehow, the thought of the prosperity did not give him the pleasure that it ought. Oddly enough his mind went over the snow-clad peaks to the mother he had left in the East, and from her to—Clara Faxon. What would they think?

A smart runabout swung up to the office door, and a handsome young fellow of about his own age raised a beckoning finger. The other occupant of the runabout was Clara Faxon. Clint left the window and went to the door.

"Hello, Bayland," the man called affably; "be busy to-morrow?"

"In the morning, yes. But I can spare you part of the afternoon, Mr. Deeley, if that will do."

"Nicely. I want you to take a run through my mine and make a report of its general characteristics. I haven't opened it much yet, but the indications I think point to a good thing. However, there's a rumor of a big syndicate's buyer approaching and any of us will sell if we can get our price. Say two sharp, and I will be there to go through with you."

"Very well. You may look for me."

As the runabout whirled away, Clara Faxon's eyes flashed him a kindly glance over her shoulder. Of

worthless as an investment. And Faxon's was no better. The only difference was that old Faxon believed implicitly in his mine, while Battlesea did not. So in selling, at whatever price, one would be honest and the other a self-conscious swindler.

From Faxon's mine, Clint went straight to Deeley's, a quarter of a mile away, expecting the same result. But when he left it, late in the afternoon, there was a strange look on his face. He had examined many mines, some of them very rich, but none had been like Deeley's. If he made a conscientious report this would be the



"You did nobly, and I—"

mine sold, at a fabulous price, and Deeley, from being merely a prosperous man, would become an immensely rich one. Moreover, it would make Battlesea his bitter enemy, and practically would mean his ruin at this place. And ruin, of course, meant losing whatever chance he had of winning Clara Faxon.

The wrinkles were deep in his forehead when he entered the office and dropped down at his desk, his head upon his arms. He wanted to think, to reason the thing out in a sensible, practical manner, but could not. His mother kept slipping in between him and his thoughts, and with her came Clara Faxon. He knew what his mother's searching eyes meant, and he fancied there was something in the girl's straight gaze that looked upon life in much the same way. But she was on the other side of the black gulf, and he must step across to reach her. Once there, by her side, with those eyes as inspiration, he felt there could be no heights too great, no plains too broad, for them to compass together.

It was a long, bitter fight, lasting through the night and into the gray dawn of the next day; but in the end his mother won, and with haggard face he made the small roll into a secure package and returned it to Battlesea by his office boy, stating it was something that had been left in his office by mistake. Then from his notes he made out the reports for the three mines.

One afternoon, a week later, while writing to the management of a mining company in another state in regard to a position, he heard someone enter, but, thinking it the office boy, did not turn. Then:

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Bayland. Can I speak with you a moment?"

He whirled in his chair, to find Clara Faxon standing before him, her face a little pale, but her eyes glowing.

"Oh, Mr. Bayland," she cried impetuously, before he could speak: "Papa, and Mr. Battlesea are so angry with you. I thought you must have done something dreadful from the way they have been talking; but this morning I learned just how it was, and hurried here thinking you might feel bad at their being angry. You did nobly, and I—everybody ought to be proud of you. I—I—" She stopped suddenly, confusedly, for he had caught both her hands and was gazing into her eyes in a way that could not be misunderstood. Her breath quickened a little, then the eyes met his squarely, and the hands were not withdrawn.

The Pace That Kills.
"I wrote him a neat letter asking for the position."
"Did he answer?"
"Yes. Said that a man who takes time to dot his i's is too slow for him."

CHILDREN'S DEPARTMENT.

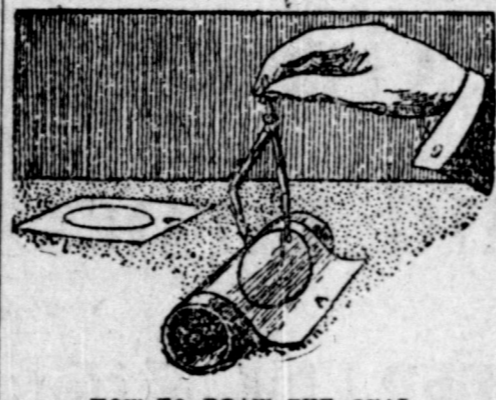


A SCIENTIFIC TRICK.

In making ornamental designs and various other things, especially photograph frames, it is desirable to be able to draw an oval.

Of course you know all about the old method of drawing ovals with the aid of two pins and a piece of string, but I don't believe you have ever heard that a very satisfactory oval of any desired size and proportions can be drawn with a pair of compasses as easily as a circle can be drawn.

All that is necessary is to wrap your paper around a cylinder of proper size—it may be a round ruler, a curtain pole, a round post or column, a stove pipe or a large or small bottle, according to circumstances. The length of the oval will be equal to the diameter of the circle which the



HOW TO DRAW THE OVAL.

compasses would draw on a flat surface if opened to the same extent. The breadth of the oval will depend on the size of the cylinder used.

Ovals drawn in this way are not true ellipses such as are made with the pins and string, but they can scarcely be distinguished from ellipses and are just as good for the openings in photograph mats and most other ornamental purposes.—New York Evening Mail.

WHO ATE THE RING?

Harold was having a birthday party because he was six years old, and Aunt Helen and grandma and Miss Nellie and ever so many big people were there, helping all the little people to have a splendid time. They played games and sat in the darkened parlor to look at the magic lantern pictures till the clock struck five, and then Harold knew what was coming.

Out in the dining-room the table was set with mamma's prettiest china, and there were candles and flowers and bon-bons just like a grown-up party.

Harold was very anxious to have all the children see the table. So he was glad when Aunt Helen said, "Now we are going to march to the dining-room." Miss Nellie played a bright little march, and the boys and girls formed a long line through the parlor and out on the piazza, "just like a long white ribbon," said grandma; for most of the girls wore white dresses and the boys white waists.

The tiny sandwiches and wee pickles vanished like magic, and all the grown-up people were kept busy waiting on the little folk. Playing games makes one very hungry, you know, and most of the guests had been too excited to eat much dinner that day. Altogether it was a very jolly supper, and when mamma wanted to make a little speech, she had to ring the tea bell several times.

"Now, children," she said, "I am going to pass some little cakes, and one of them has a ring baked in it. You must eat them very slowly and carefully, so some one does not swallow it. You must not break up the cakes to find the ring, but just nibble away till some little boy or girl says, 'I've got the ring!'"

Aunt Helen brought in ice-cream, made to look like dear little chickens, and the children ate the cakes, and the cream very slowly. At last all had been eaten, and still no one had said, "I've got the ring."

"That is very strange," said mamma. "I will ask Mary if any one took one of the cakes."
"No, ma'am," said the maid positively. "There has been no one but me in the dining-room since I put the cakes on the table."

"I just know I swallowed it," sobbed a little girl. "I felt it going down."

"So did I," said a tiny boy, and he had to cry too.

"There, there!" said Mrs. Clifford, much perplexed. "Two of you couldn't have eaten it, so don't cry."

"I feel bad, too," said another little girl. "I think it must have been in my cake."

I really don't know what would have happened just then if papa hadn't come in. He was so surprised to see tears at a birthday party that he had to inquire the cause, though he was in a big hurry.

"Well, well," he laughed. "I didn't know what a commotion I would cause by taking one cake. I was on my way to see a little patient who has been in bed a long time with a lame limb, and I wanted to take her some of the goodies. I slipped softly in here a little while ago and took some of the nice things without disturbing the party a bit. Even Mary didn't see me. Now, I just wonder if little Bess Ryan isn't wearing that ring this minute?"
"O papa, won't you go right over and see?" begged Harold.
"I hope she did get it," cried all the children. And, sure enough, in a few

minutes Dr. Clifford came back to tell how happy the little girl was with her treasure.

"She is sitting propped up in her old bed, looking at the pretty green stone in the gold band," said papa, "and I didn't go in at all. Are you all glad poor Bess got it?"
"Yes! Yes! Yes!" cried the children.
—Hilda Richmond, in Sunday-school Times.

JAMIE'S TRUST.

Flora had two babies. They looked like little yellow balls curled up beside her on the old coat in the barn. One had one black ear and one yellow ear, the other two yellow ears and a black spot on the end of his stump of a tail. How Jamie laughed when they stuck up their little back wet noses and made a funny yipping noise.

He went to the barn a dozen times a day to see the puppies. He wanted to take them some meat, but mamma said they were too little to eat meat yet. Once when Flora had left them for a minute Jamie carried them to the back porch to play with them.

They cried and went sniffing around the porch on their weak legs as if looking for their mother. Flora heard them and came running to the porch. How they came tumbling to her when they heard her whine! She poked them with her nose and licked them with her tongue. Then she seized one by the nap of its neck and lifted it from the porch.

Jamie was terrified. "Mamma! mamma!" he screamed, "Flora is eating her puppies!"

"No, no, she wants to take them to the barn."

One morning papa said: "I will have to take Flora to-day. I need her to watch the wagon."

He whistled and Flora came bounding from the barn. When she saw Prince hitched to the wagon she knew what was expected of her. She covered at her master's feet and whined piteously. "Come, girl, up with you," said papa.

Instead of jumping into the wagon she raced away to the barn. In a moment she returned, whining and barking. No amount of urging would make her get into the wagon.

"It's her puppies; she doesn't want to leave them," said mamma.

"I'll watch 'em for you," said Jamie, running into the barn with the dog.

Flora seemed to understand. She went to the old coat, and, taking a puppy up, laid it at Jamie's feet. Then she brought the other. Reaching up she gave Jamie a lap in the face with her tongue, as much as to say: "Be good to my babies," and, in a moment more, leaped into her place on the wagon.

How carefully Jamie watched Flora's puppies during that long summer day. He fed them milk from a saucer. He brought them out under the apple tree and made them a bed in the grass.

The puppies seemed to like it. They rolled around on the grass and snapped at the flies that lit on the red clover blossoms. Once one of them crawled up into Jamie's lap and went to sleep.

"It's nearly time for papa to come," said mamma late in the afternoon.

"Are Flora's puppies all right?"

"Yes, mamma, but I think they are tired."

"You had better sit down and let them rest."

So Jamie brought his little red chair to a shady spot at the side of the house near the nasturtium bed. He took the puppies up in his arms and sat down to wait. Before very long Prince's head appeared above the hill top. Flora saw Jamie while the wagon was still far up the road. Leaping from the seat she ran ahead. How the puppies whined and barked when they saw their mother! Flora immediately started for the barn with one in her mouth. Jamie followed her and laid the other puppy on the coat.

What a washing those puppies did get! Jamie certainly thought Flora would wear her great red tongue out.

"She doesn't seem to think you are a very clean nurse," said papa, laughing.
—Little Chronicle.

An Amateur Actor.

Mr. George Alexander is much troubled by amateurs, who believe themselves born for the stage, and who come to him for advice.

One of these, the scion of a noble family, whose talent is patent only to himself, was continually pestering Mr. Alexander, and various were the ruses which the latter adopted to evade him. The following is probably the best one:

Walking along the Strand one day, Alexander espied the would-be actor hurrying toward him. There seemed to be no way of escape. A barber's shop, however, was at hand, and into this Alexander dashed.

To the astonishment of the proprietor and his assistants, he seized an apron that lay on a chair, tied it around him, and commenced to lather one of the customers assiduously.

Meanwhile his tormentor entered the shop and looked around. "Pardon me," he remarked to the proprietor. "I thought I saw Mr. Alexander come in here, but I must have been mistaken," and out he walked, much to his victim's delight.

Iron, the first metal found in America, was discovered in Virginia in 1715.

NOVELIST'S INVENTION MAY REVOLUTIONIZE NAVAL WAR

"The Submarine Destroyer," a fiction story written by Morgan Robertson and printed in Everybody's Magazine, may revolutionize naval warfare. Mr. Robertson, the author, has already sold for \$50,000 his invention of a submarine searchlight to the Holland Submarine Boat company, and now has been employed by that company to develop other ideas of submarine warfare.



MORGAN ROBERTSON

The basis of the story, "The Submarine Destroyer," is a hypothetical war between Japan and the United States, brought on by the latter country deporting all Chinese from America to their native land. Japan notified the United States that if the transports carrying the deported orientals approached within the three mile limit of the Chinese coast she would construe it as an act of war. The United States delayed a response. Japan recalled her ambassador while the transports were still in midocean. The United States mustered seventeen submarines—the only kind of warships in use, all the powers having sent their battleships and cruisers to the junk yards—to protect the transports. Lieut. Ross, U. S. N., was in command of the flotilla. As the transports and the flotilla neared the mouth of the Yangtze river "The Submarine Destroyer" was discovered. The story goes on:

"Ross saw . . . a round, glistening steel hull, capped by a slant sided conning tower. It seemed like a huge globe, its curvature indicating a diameter of at least eighty feet, but it moved on a course to intercept the Vaquero (Ross' flagship) at a speed almost incredible in a ball shaped hull. There was nothing to betray its nationality. . . . The stranger stopped with unusual suddenness, and a head and shoulders rose out of the conning tower—those of a youngish man, with an alert, boyish face, and fine white teeth, much in evidence when he smiled.

"Hello there, lieutenant!" he called, when the Vaquero had crept up to him. "Got any oil—more than you need this trip?"

"Plenty of medium grade, if that will do," answered Ross doubtfully. "But who are you, and what have you there—a submarine?"

"Well, it's a periscope, as you see, and for the rest, it's a centrifugal pump and a high speed rotary. My oil's too thick and it heats up. That's about all I can tell you now."

"Hardly enough, considering the situation. What's your nationality?"

"I'm an American."

"But your boat?" asked Ross, impatiently.

"Depends upon what it can do tomorrow and which country buys me out."

"Are you an armed craft? Then you are a pirate if you meddle with the affairs of nations."

"I am not armed or armored and the affairs I meddle with will go to the bottom. The other side won't care."

"Don't quibble with me. I am a government officer with a tube trained upon you now."

"You couldn't hit me with every torpedo you've got, lieutenant," said the stranger, smiling again. "You'd have to strike a horizontal knife edge with the firing pin of your torpedo, and it's one chance in a million. You can't aim in a vertical plane."

"Ross puzzled over the statement, and the stranger went on:

"I've neither rudder nor screw to catch a torpedo. I can get thirty-five knots in five seconds. I can stop as quickly. I might—though I'm not sure—run away from a torpedo."

"Nonsense," said Ross. "It's beyond the power of machinery."

"For an answer the stranger ducked into the conning tower, closed the divided hatch; then, throwing a spoon shaped sheet of water high overhead, the curved object darted about 100 yards to starboard, stopped almost instantly, and darted back to its former position. Ross' eyes opened at the exhibition, and when the stranger again rose out of the hatch, he cried:

"What in the name of heaven have you got? How do you get that speed in a ball? I should say it was forty knots an hour."

"No, thirty-five, or a little less. It's twenty under water. I can catch and destroy any submersible afloat or submerged."

"If you are unarmed, how can you destroy anything, even though, as you claim, you are invulnerable to attack?"

"Watch out to-morrow. Keep your colors hoisted, even when submerged. I want to make no mistakes. I have a fluorescent searchlight, but it is none of the best."

"You are not a benefactor of humanity," said Ross, with a slight shudder.

"But, if your oil is any good, and my engine don't heat up, I'll prevent the drowning of several thousand people to-morrow. It all depends upon the oil. Now, let's have it, lieutenant, and I'll credit the government when I sell out."

The stranger got the oil he wanted and his mysterious craft disappeared beneath the waves. The story, continuing, describes the attack of twenty-six Japanese submerged warships, the sinking of the transports with their loads of human freight, and the all day combat between the Japanese and American submerged craft. Nine of the seventeen American boats were destroyed and the Japanese had lost seven. The battle finally ended and the Japanese flotilla was sighted making its way eastward.

The story continues: "And now out of the gray sea to starboard came something big, black,

and indefinite at first, then taking form—a curious form for a craft of any kind, surface or submarine. It resembled two salad bowls with edges together, convex above and below, concave horizontally for about twenty feet from the termination of the convex curve. It was circular in a lateral plane, without rudder, propeller, or any visible means of propulsion; and it darted up close to the Vaquero and stopped with a suddenness which, with its spherical upper body, identified it as the strange craft interviewed the day before.

"On the surface ahead of the Vaquero was a column of black craft steering east that Ross had no difficulty in recognizing as the Japanese fleet. There were twelve of them, and the height of their bow waves indicated full surface speed.

"Perhaps in the whole history of naval war a fleet was never sunk so quickly. The speed of the Japanese submersibles was at least twenty-five knots an hour, that of the destroyer thirty-five—a total of approach of sixty. The column was less than a mile long. In less than a minute, and before the leading craft had entirely disappeared, all had felt the touch of the sharp, circular knife, and were dipping, rolling, or staggering, according to the nature and location of the wound.

"But something seemed to have happened to the invincible craft that had wrought the destruction. As Ross looked at it he noticed that it had stopped and was settling. Then he saw a black spindle rise beside it, curve gracefully in the air, and dive into the sea."

The rest of the story is quickly told. The oil furnished the strange craft was inferior and its use deranged the machinery. Lieut. Ross, however, was able to save the huge, ball-shaped destroyer from destruction by himself destroying the Fulton, the only submarine craft left in the Japanese fleet. It was the effect of the inferior oil upon the machinery that prevented the strange craft from saving its transports.

The story is fiction, but Mr. Robertson, it is understood, has worked out the plans for a real submarine destroyer of the kind he has described, and as his plans have impressed themselves so strongly on the Holland company it is not impossible that a new type of a warship may be given to the world—a type that will revolutionize naval warfare.

Uncle Sam in Dire Peril.

President Castro of Venezuela has placed an order for \$2,500,000 worth of warships, big guns, ammunition and other paraphernalia of war for the purpose, he avers, of coming up to this country and fighting the Yankees. Poor Old Uncle Sam! With his 80,000,000 of people, his untold resources of wealth, his squadrons of battleships, any one of which is worth more than the entire navy which Castro is capable of building in the next ten years, what can Uncle Sam do with a valiant enemy who drops down upon him with \$2,500,000 worth of war apparatus and a South American thirst for gore? He will surely be forced to capitulate and place for the best terms obtainable for the implacable foe.—Atlanta Journal.

Overworked Railroad Employes.

Is it not a fair assumption that the railroads would have fewer accidents and kill fewer employes and passengers if they never off thousands of men from their payroll in a year of record-breaking traffic? When fewer men do more work it is likely to be found that many are overtaxed. On railroads that is often means fatal drowsiness at points of danger, carelessness from suspecting nature to excessive strain. American railroads exhibit wonderful growth in business, while they go from bad to worse in respect to the protection of human life. When this fatal weakness is remedied.—Cleveland Leader.

Real Founder of Family.

John Hanks, a farmer living near Williamsport, Pa., celebrated his ninety-third birthday last week by finishing four days of harvesting, in which he swung a cradle and kept up with men less than half his age. Later he had a family reunion, at which he danced with his great-grandchildren. Mr. Hanks is the father of twelve, grand-father of forty-six, and great-grand-father of thirty-nine, all of whom except seven are still living.



It was a first installment for his reputation.

late he had thought her manner a shade more friendly. Perhaps even Battlesea and Mr. Deeley—But, pshaw! and he turned abruptly and went back into the office. At the desk he stood for fully a minute, gazing down at the roll, the fine wrinkles again coming between his brows. Then with an impatient movement he swept the roll into his desk and turned the key. Some chance visitor might come in and notice it lying there.

The next day his examination of Battlesea's mine turned out as he feared—the property was absolutely

THE BRACKETT NEWS

WILL W. PRICE
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY

Entered at the Brackettville Postoffice as Second-class Mail Matter.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, \$2.00 A YEAR

LOCAL DIRECTORY.

DISTRICT OFFICERS.

B. C. Thomas, District Judge.
George M. Thurmond, District Attorney
O. F. Seagrave, District Clerk.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

E. A. Jones, County Judge.
O. F. Seagrave, County Clerk.
Tom Perry, Sheriff & Tax Collector.
Joseph Veitmann, Assessor.
R. Stratton, County Treasurer.
W. L. Clamp, County Attorney.
N. Castro, Com'r. Prec. No. 1
W. H. Hutchinson " " " 2
R. E. Cannon " " " 3
J. E. McCormick " " " 4

PRINCIPAL OFFICERS.

Henry Falcott, Justice of Peace Prct. No. 1
Albert Schwandaer, " " " 2
R. E. Cannon, " " " 3
F. O. Long, " " " 4
A. L. Cashell, " " " 5
Beccente Lerr, " " " 6

LOCAL.

Attend the Bazaar tonight.

Ice cream soda a specialty at Holmes'.

See the ball game tomorrow afternoon.

C. P. Diaz vs Ft. Clark tomorrow afternoon.

G. P. Diaz vs Fort Clark tomorrow afternoon on the post grounds.

The Baptist will give an entertainment tomorrow night at the church.

The Best made is the Reserved D. Whiskey. Sold by F. S. Fritter.

Henry Schwandner, of Nueces, was in town on business Wednesday.

A. Carlson left Sunday for Chicago where he expects to be gone for a week or ten days on business.

Chas. Kartes and family left Monday for Del Rio where Mr. Kartes has accepted a position in his father's store.

Mr. and Mrs. James Cornell returned from Ozona the first of the week, where Mr. Cornell had been on legal business.—Sonora Sun.

Not to pull down our neighbors, but lift up our trade by giving the best in quantity and quality for the least money is our motto. Come and be convinced.—Brackett Hotel

Jim Clamp is certainly a hustler. Last week Isaac Hart had cars ordered at Spofford to ship some stock to the Ft. Worth market. Jim jumped in his buggy and drove to Spofford and made Mr. Hart an offer and the result was he paid him a better price than Ft. Worth. The stock consisted of steers and spud heifers and he paid from \$16 to \$21. If you have any stock for sale, it will pay you to see Jim.

The citizens of Brackett held a meeting Wednesday night to devise ways and means for securing a railroad. After a hot discussion it was finally agreed to offer a right-of-way through Kinney county, depot grounds and \$20,000 in cold cash to the Orient people if they will only build their road by Brackett. We haven't heard the Orient's side of the question yet, but suppose we will soon, provided Burley Adams succeeds in safely landing Captain Millington across those Nueces Canyons.—Del Rio Herald.

Well Burley succeeded in landing him safely and it is assured fact now that we are going to get the Orient road.

Attend the Bazaar tonight.

Al Brooks, of Tularosa, was in town Saturday.

The best of everything at Holmes' Drug Store.

Jim Winn of Nueces, was in Brackett Saturday on business.

Hellow, Pard! What's the rush? I'm bound for the Brackett Hotel.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Martin, of Dolores, were in Brackett Wednesday.

Ice cream, cakes and all ingredients used, warranted fresh and pure.—Brackett Hotel.

For carpenter work windmill, building and repairing see C. M. SLATER Brackettville, Texas.

Satisfaction guaranteed money refunded for anything in the line of eatables at the Brackett Hotel.

The Bazaar tonight is assured success. Don't fail to attend. Music will be furnished by the 1st U. S. Cavalry band.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Sharp and children and Mrs. Morin returned Monday from a visit to relatives and friends in Del Rio.

Alamo City Commercial and Business College. Fall Term begins Sept. 5. Write at once for Free catalogue. Address, Shafer & Downey, Proprietors,

Quite a sad accident occurred near the Spring Monday evening. Gaudiupe Revira, a Mexican boy 10 years of age, was dragged and kicked to death by a burro. The little fellow was buried Tuesday morning.

Francisco Anru was shot in the right arm by Manuel Arredondo Saturday evening. It is reported that Manuel Arredondo had a rifle and pointed it at Francisco and was discharged the bullet piercing the arm of Francisco.

Miss Beulah Bogard, who has been spending the past three months with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Dan Bogard, in this city, returned to Brackett yesterday, where she is making her home with her grandmother, and attending school. Her father, Mr. Bogard, is deputy sheriff and jailer, under Sheriff Robinson.—Del Rio Herald.

Wednesday evening while Prof. Honnold was out walking some unknown person struck him in the face and bruised him up quite severely. A soldier near by the scene picked the Professor up and carried him to Dr. Gilson's office, where he was attended to. The particulars of the case is not yet known.

This is a Missouri story told by the Richards Progress: A young man not a thousand miles from here went with his sister to a dry goods store. He purchased a pair of gloves for his sweetheart. The sister bought a pair of hose for herself. Of course the clerk got them mixed. The explosion came when the sweetheart opened the package and found therein a pair of long black stockings. She blushed. Then she opened the note and read the following lines:

"I am sending you a little present. O, how I wish no other hands than mine would ever be permitted to touch them after you put them on. But alas, a score of fellows may touch them when I am not your side, and other eyes may see them when you are on the street or at parties. I bought the longest pair I could get and if they are too long you may let them wrinkle down. A great many girls I know wear them slipped down a little. Always wear them at parties. I want to see how they fit when I call Tuesday evening. You can clean them easily, dear, if you leave them on until they dry. I hope they are not too small. Blow in them before you put them on." The young man did call Tuesday night "to see how they fitted," but it is understood he failed to win a home.

Prof. Honnold, of Hondo, is spending a few days in Brackett this week.

Miss Ida Kroschel returned to Del Rio Sunday after a pleasant visit with her sister Mrs. E. A. Jones.

Mrs. Louis Fontana and Mrs. Candelaria Valancia, of Del Rio, are visiting relatives in Brackett this week.

WANTED—Bat caves from owners or will pay liberally for information, location and other advice. State particulars in first letter and if you can send samples of deposit.

Address Y. M. Milam, Fort Worth, Texas 613 Main St.

Once upon a time there was a lot of business men of a town who listened to a liar who was trying to sell them a lot of patent medicines, and who thought that a local paper wasn't much pumpkins, and they had better spend their money in a red blaze write up, giving them in a paper published 200 miles from the town. They believed him and gave him the required amount of orders, and each received so many papers to distribute, but nobody about town or in the country wanted the papers, and they were finally thrown away, or used for wrapping paper. The local paper was neglected, the editor's wife starved to death trying to live on a diet of bread and onions, and the editor shortly followed her to heaven, where he was given a harp and summoned to appear as a witness against the business men of that town and his delinquent subscribers on the day of judgment. The town is now covered with weeds and the business men and delinquents are waiting in fear and trembling for Gabriel's horn for they know they will have to meet that editor.—Weimar Mercury.

A Prospective Priester.

The editor and his wife are rejoicing in the arrival of a baby boy at their home 59 Byers' St. The youngster put in appearance at 6:20 Saturday August 23th, and is as lusty and has as strong lungs as a kid can have.—South Denver Bulletin.

Brackett Colored School Notes.

We are pleased to note the interest that pupils appear to be taking in both their studies and attendance.

The school is now graded and parents are requested to see that their children get to school on time and as regularly throughout the session, as possible, that the best results may be obtained in the end.

The Brackett colored school began the session of 1905-6 on Friday, Sept. 1. Notwithstanding the fact that many of the patrons of the school allow their children to remain from school during the pecan season, which lasts from Sept. to Dec. There was a good attendance.

And It Is Truth.

The Eagle Lake Headlight well and forcibly says:

"If the business men want a good, live newspaper published in their midst they must show their appreciation and good will towards such by getting in its advertising columns. A newspaper without a good advertising patronage is the poorest advertisement possible for a town. All the newspapers in the neighboring towns—with the exception of this town—are crowded with advertising. If the merchants and business men of Eagle Lake want a good newspaper—which is a necessity to every live town—and by the word good we mean a newspaper that is up to the times and one that is not made fun of wherever it circulates, then the merchants must patronize their local paper's advertising columns.

NUECES NEWLETS.

Mr. W. S. Hutchison and wife are spending a few days in San Antonio, visiting relatives.

The rain has fallen here the last few days, and the country is already getting green again.

Some new shafts are going to be sunk here, prospecting for minerals. Work will commence the coming week.

Mr. Bennett who has been spending a few weeks with Mr. Salmon, will leave for his home at Gatsville in a few days.

Mr. Henry Salmon has sold his ranch interest here, to Mr. Andrew Sheley. Mr. Salmon will leave here in a few days for New Mexico where he expects to locate.

Last Friday evening a hop and supper was celebrated at the home of Mr. W. S. Hutchison. A large crowd was in attendance, and a most enjoyable time was had. Supper was served at 11 p. m. and then the dancing was resumed until daylight, among the guests present were: Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, Mr. and Mrs. Lem Beckett, Mr. and Mrs. W. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Tidwell, Mrs. H. H. Levering, of Brackett, Miss Ella Woods, Miss Dossia Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Sheley, Miss I. Movria, Mrs. G. Crystal, Misses Jenaic, Nora and Thresa Nolan, Miss Bertha Hutchison and Miss Susie Brooks and a host of others. The music was alright and so was the barbecue meat and everybody reported having had a glorious old time.

Advertise in the News.

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ORIENT OFFICIALS VISIT EL DORADO.

Thursday morning our town was visited by a party of Orient officials composed of R. L. McCaulley, vice president; M. P. Paret, chief engineer and M. L. Millington, chief of the surveying corps.

They informed us that they were on a flying trip over the proposed route between San Angelo and Spofford Junction, and could possibly go to Del Rio.

The party was met here by the committee of the Business Men's Club, and their services tendered. They informed us that El Dorado would probably get the road but intimated that might have to dig up pretty well.

Mr. Millington informed us that the surveying corps will continue their work under Assistant Chief Buckaleu, and that they would soon be on up here again.

The party left Thursday about 9 o'clock for Thomson Bros. ranch, where they took dinner and were met by a committee from Sonora.

We feel assured the road will be built through El Dorado too, but our citizens need not think that they have to come anyway, for railroads have a way of finding a around, if the people don't come through to suit them.—Eldorado Paper,

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Give us your job work.

Sam Jeffries, of Mud Creek, was in town Wednesday.

California Fruit Co.'s goods Highest grade, broadest variety, lowest price.—Pauline Matthew, Agent, Brackett Hotel.

Does the Mule Kick? Col. George E. Jenkins of Fairbury, quartermaster and commissary general of the Nebraska Guard, says: "After a lifetime of close association with the mule, I have never known him to kick a man; nor have I ever met a man who knew another man of his own knowledge who had been kicked by a mule. "This is a bold statement, but it is true, nevertheless. You can question soldiers of the army everywhere, and I confidently predict that they will bear me out in this. I know I am uprooting a popular belief, but I ask you to stop and think and see if I am not doing our mule friend a deserved justice. Horses' kicks are plenty; mule kicks are as rare as promotions. Were you ever riding at night on the prairies, far away from comrades and camp; weary, looking for the distant, twinkling camp fires not to be found? Did you ever at such a time see your mule friend lift his tireless head and blow his resonant trumpet of discovery of the sought-for haven? He has not seen it, but he has smelt it, and in a moment is trotting a beeline for the distant picket line and forage ration. Were you ever riding across a dreary, dry, dusty country, thirsty, no water in sight, and its whereabouts undiscovered? Then the bridle loose on the mule's neck and give him his way, he will take you to water as unerringly as a carrier pigeon wings its way to its roost."

LOUIS GARCIA
CARPENTER and WHEELWRIGHT
Estimates Made on All Classes of Carpenter Work.
I Also Repair Windmills Satisfaction Guaranteed.
PRICES REASONABLE.

AMERICAN TAILOR SHOP.
I have just opened up a Tailor Shop in the Stone Building opposite Ross Hall. I am prepared to do any kind of work in my line.
PAUL OBERAUER, The American Tailor.

THE O. K. SALOON.
FINE OLD WHISKIES.
WALDORF CLUB
And many other Brands.
Blue Ribbon and City Beer.
CALL AND SEE US
SHARP & RIVERS Proprietors

ROUND TRIP \$2.00 PLUS ONE FARE
"COOL COLORADO"
The Gem of American Health and Pleasure Resorts and OUR NATIONAL SUMMER PLAY GROUND
Affording every essential for Physical and Mental upbuilding and advancement, may be visited and enjoyed at an extremely low cost.
COLORADO
Offers more Creditable Resorts and Health Retreats affording accommodations within the limits of moderate purses than can be found elsewhere upon equal area which, with its INCOMPARABLE CLIMATE AND MATCHLESS SCENIC GRANDEUR, makes it well nigh irresistible to those possessing a sense of appreciation.
"THE DENVER ROAD"
Leading thereto is "The Line of Least Resistance" and provides double daily solid trains with Pullman Palace Drawing Room Sleepers, all meals in Magnificently Appointed Cafe Cars (a la carte) at reasonable prices, the privilege of numerous stopovers and schedules saving many hours time. It is shortest by exceeding THREE HUNDRED MILES per round trip (see any map) and is the only line offering SOLID THROUGH TRAINS FROM THE SOUTHWEST.
Upon Postal request we will gladly mail to any address beautifully illustrated information booklets and advice of other interesting special arrangements.
Address A. A. GLISSON, Gen'l Pass. Agt., Fort Worth, Texas.
P. S.—UPON APPLICATION any Connecting Line will ticket you for "THE DENVER."

STRATTON & COMPANY

Dry Goods And Groceries,

General Merchandise Stock

Everything You Need.

Goods Delivered Free in Town or Post

SCHOOL NOTES.

Roy Vincent came to school Monday morning limping badly five bites by a vicious dog a few days ago.

Our enrollment at the opening is much larger usual being 180 on Monday. We want the school to be of benefit to every boy and girl in Brackett and there are others who ought to come and join in the work for education.

Latin has been made optional in our school. Pupils may study it if they choose, but they can be promoted or graduated with out, if they prefer. In its place a very thorough course in Rhetoric and Composition will be given, to compose correctly and readily when necessary.

The opening examination for Brackett High School were held last Friday Sept. 1. Very few who applied for examinations passed into higher grades, showing a lack of study during the summer months. Those who applied were mostly those who failed at the close of last session. Would it not be better for all to study hard, attend regularly and get a promotion card at the regular examination at the close of the session?

The Newspaper Man.

If the conductor of a newspaper knew every language, all science,

all history and all literature and possessed, in addition, through knowledge of banking, commerce and manufacturing of every sort and were an adept in law, medicine, theology, national, state and municipal politics and international economics, he would be none too well educated for the proper conduct of his business, and yet to his vast stores of knowledge he would have to add a certain quickness and alertness and comprehensiveness of mind to enable him to give attention to all that might be occurring at each moment in his purview in human affairs. The journalist must deal with such a vast variety of subjects, and he must handle them on the spur of the moment with so little opportunity for immediate study that he must have secured and stored up his information beforehand, or else he will often be placed at great disadvantage when he is pronouncing upon immediate occurrences. A slip of memory of other mistake at such a moment by journalists may subject his newspaper to ridicule or to a more serious action for damages. While the judge on the bench may be guilty of the grossest error of the official judgment, yet he is above criticism, although he has had all the time and opportunity desired to study the case. —New Orleans Picayune.

Clean up your yards.

FROM THE POST.

M. R. V. Sauer the milk and honey man was seen in the post Wednesday.

Mr. Nelson Spear was in the post Wednesday with a load of fine vegetables.

Sgt. Malteer troop D 1st Cavalry has been transferred to the signal corps U. S. Army.

A heavy and much needed rain fell here Saturday night and Sunday Sept. 2nd and 3rd.

Beginning Wednesday Sept. 6th, guard mounting will be at 10 a. m. instead of 9:30 as heretofore.

1st Lieut. Tilford 1st cavalry who has been on leave of absence for some time joined his troop G, Friday Sept. 1st.

The following promotions and appointments in the band 1st cavalry are announced: To be sergeant corporal Heidrich to be corporal private Morris.

Mr. Ollie T. Parcell, of Duff, Grayson Co. Ky. who has very recently completed a 3 years enlistment in the 3rd Cav. re-enlisted and has been assigned to troop G 1st cavalry.

Labor Day was duly observed in the post as a legal holiday, Monday, Sept. 4th by suspending all duty except necessary guard and fatigue and care of public animals.

2nd Lieut. Clarence Lininger, 1st cavalry who has been on the competition at Reno and on 1 month's leave, returned and reported to his commanding officer for duty with his troop G, Friday Sept. 1st.

The following promotion and appointments are announced in troop D 1st cavalry. To be Sgt. corp'l Biggs. To be corp'l Tpt. Keppe, Blks, Miller and Pvt. Pape. To be L. Corp'l private J. E. McMahon. To be saddler private Williams to be trumpeter private Szimikowski.

The men of troop D 1st cavalry are establishing a shooting gallery at their quarters for the purpose of interesting the men in target

ractice and also for the public generally. Winchester rifles and the army carbines will be used. The young men of Brackett are cordially invited to play us a visit and try our gallery.

The supplementary target season for recruits and third classmen opened here Saturday September 2nd with the 2nd squadron, 1st cavalry on the range, but the firing has been retarded a few days on account of the rain Saturday night filling the pit with water. Fatigue details from troops, E, F, G. and H reported to the adjutant Tuesday and Wednesday for the purpose of pumping the water out of the pit.

Sergt. 1st. P. Foltz, Regimental Quartermaster sergeant 1st cavalry who has been spending a 5 months furlough in Europe returned Tuesday Sept. 5th. A grand reception was tendered the Sgt Tuesday evening by the members of the Non-Commissioned Staff, 1st cavalry. On being questioned by the post scribe; Sgt. Foltz said: I had a splendid trip and if I had my say I would have stayed 5 months longer. It is glad to get back and all you one thing, I will never forget this reception. It shows that I have plenty of friends here and I am pleased to have it so far such a pleasant trip to the old country.

Notice Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given that all trespassing is hereby forbidden on our Silver Lake pasture.

JOLEY & STADLER.

Baptist Entertainment.

The Brackett Baptist Church will give an entertainment the first night air pay-day in September. We trust that every one will co-operate with us and help to make it a success and thereby advance Godwork in this place.

John Racer,
Edie Racer,
Emma Matthews,
G. Halloway,
Committee.

Quality as cleanliness at Holmes' fountain.

ORIENT BUYS EQUIPMENT.

Big Agreement with Car Company Guaranteeing Payment of Claim.

Guthrie, O. T. Aug. 29—There was filed today in the office of Territorial Secretary Grimes a copy of an agreement between the American Car & Foundry Company of New Jersey and the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient Railway, by which the latter secures fifty 80,000 pound capacity ballast cars for use on the Orient's tracks in the United States. The purchase price is \$9,822.40. There is also one clause in the agreement by which the St. Louis Union Trust Company guarantees the payment to the American Car & Foundry Company for Orient equipment amounting to \$2,000,000 to be purchased when ever the railroad shall be ready for it. —San Angelo Standard.

Have Finished Trip.

M. P. Paret, chief engineer of the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient railroad, and R. L. McCauley, vice president of the Texas corporation of the Orient have completed their trip over the proposed line from San Angelo to the Mexican border through Spofford Junction.

Mr. Paret went to Austin to consult with R. A. Thompson, chief engineer of the Texas railroad commission, and Mr. McCauley is back at Sweetwater. In press dispatches both men expressed themselves as being favorably impressed with the territory they covered and sanguine that this part of the

road would be built. —San Angelo Standard.

Look out for the Orient.

Also for Ellison's Short Order for the best coffee, steak and chili con carne. Next to Fritter's Saloon, Brackett, Texas.

New Paper at Del Rio.

We learn that a stock company has been formed at Del Rio for the establishment of an anti-Griner—anti-incorporation newspaper which will appear soon with Mr. W. C. Easterling, an exceptionally able and veteran newspaper man, in charge. —Eagle Pass Guide.

Quarantine Regulations.

August 25th, 1905.

ALL TICKET AGENTS: Until further notice all passengers for San Antonio or passing through that point must provide themselves with health certificates issued by authorized health officer. San Antonio board of health will have inspectors who will require all passengers leaving trains at San Antonio or passing through that point to present these certificates.

T. J. ANDERSON,

C. P. A. G. H. & S. A.

JOSEPH HELLEN,

A. G. P. A., G. H. & S. A.

Jersey ice cream with crushed fruit at Holmes'.

Sheriff Webb Townsend was able to drive out Wednesday and Thursday evenings and in company with Deputy Stone drove over to C. P. Diaz. —Eagle Pass Guide.

COME AND DRINK 20th Century Sanitary Soda.

From our New Soda Fountain.

The Fountain selected for exclusive use at the World's Fair, St. Louis, because of its Absolute Protection to Health. Syrups in sterilized glass containers on ice in plain sight. No corrosion, no germs, delicious, healthful
Be Sane, Be Sanitary, and Bring the Children.

Keys Kool Korner

PATRICK'S DRUG STORE.

Fresh Drugs, Chemicals
and Patent Medicines:

Complete Stock of Pure Drugs Always on Hand.
Toilet and Fancy Articles, Stationery and Cigars...

The Brackett News.

Publish Every Friday.

WILL W. PRICE, Editor and Proprietor.

BRACKETTVILLE, TEXAS.

EVENTS OF EVERYWHERE.

It is reported that a cloudburst at Tabasco, Colo., flooded the town and drowned nine persons. Considerable damage to property was caused also.

The strike in the factories at Warsaw and Lodz have ended. Trains are running from Warsaw on time. They are guarded and driven by soldiers.

A panther was recently killed on the desert east of El Paso that measured eight feet from tip to tip. He had killed some colts and one of the carcasses was poisoned and used successfully as a bait.

Admission was refused Nan Patterson at the Hotel Chamberlin, Old Point Comfort, and she came across Hampton Roads to Ocean View, where she had dinner, but was not assigned to a room.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen C. Depp of Hickory Run, Pa., are the parents of twenty-three children. The parents are only forty years old and claim to have the largest family in America, age considered.

H. C. Robinson, 65 years old, one of the best known residents of Camden, N. J., died suddenly of heart failure. Mr. Robinson was on Mr. Lincoln's staff of private telegraphers during the civil war.

A phenomenal electrical and rain-storm visited Cananea, Mexico, Friday afternoon. Two Mexicans were killed and a third fatally hurt. Lightning struck fully 100 places in an hour, the city being terrorized.

For over seven weeks, W. E. Burkes, aged 32, of Mason City, Iowa, has been asleep, not waking at any time to recognize any of the friends about him. Although he appears to be in health, he is slowly approaching what seems to be most certain death.

A legacy of \$100,000 or a Gentile wife was the alternative Jacob Sheurman, a Hebrew merchant in Des Moines faced. He chose the girl. Sheurman's father bequeathed to Sheurman \$100,000 provided he married in the Hebrew race.

Mrs. Sadie K. Coe, wife of Dr. Geo. A. Coe, who holds the chair of philosophy at the University of Chicago died in a sanitarium at San Francisco after a desperate operation. Mrs. Coe was a well known pianist and composer.

In the Federal court at Joplin, Mo., B. E. Moss of Dallas was awarded a verdict for \$18,000 against the Exchange Bank of Webb City. Moss lost the amount on a fake footrace a couple of years ago and charged the bank with being in collusion with the promoters of the race.

N. D. Creigh, a derrick man, employed at Spindletop, while working in the structure inhaled the fumes from the well and fell sixty feet, striking his head against the timbers, his skull being fractured by the fall. He lived but a short time.

Dr. William Rininger, a member of the faculty of Marion-Sims Medical college at St. Louis, was killed by an explosion of benzine in the laboratory of his home. The sacrifice of his life was indirectly due to his zeal in prosecuting a systematic study of symptoms and cure of consumption.

Edwin H. Conger of Iowa has resigned his position as American Ambassador to Mexico to take effect October 18 next, and President Roosevelt has accepted the resignation. Mr. Conger's retirement from the diplomatic service was expected.

The jail cure is to be tried on Chinamen who persist in smuggling into the United States at El Paso from Mexico for the purpose of being ordered deported and sent home at the expense of the government.

Tacana Volcano, which forms part of the range in which is also the Santa Maria Volcano, in Guatemala is in danger of erupting. The Santa Maria was active three years ago and did great damage to surrounding plantations.

A lioness breaking out of its cage at a pleasure resort at Vallsburg, N. J., caused a crowd of 5000 to stampede, but fortunately none were hurt. The lioness was caged after a two hour chase.

The Indian Territory Anti-Horse Thief Association met at Muskogee in annual convention and remained in session two days. The attendance was the largest in the history of the organization, delegates being present from every local association in the territory.

The two-year-old child of Frank Christian, living near Garrett, in Beaver County, Ok., was drowned in an irrigating canal, the body being carried through two head gates by the swift current.

NO ARMISTICE TILL TREATY SIGNED

Japan Insistent and Russia Expresses Surprise, Claiming Action Is Without Precedent.

Portsmouth, N. H., Sept. 1.—Japan has refused to consent to the cessation of hostilities until the treaty of peace has been signed. The Russian plenipotentiaries, accompanied by their secretaries, called on Baron Komura and Mr. Takahira shortly after noon yesterday and were in conference with them for half an hour. Japan having indicated Thursday night, through Baron Komura, her willingness for an armistice, M. Witte supposed that yesterday he would find them ready to sign. Baron Komura explained that while his government was ready to consent to an armistice, his instructions were that this should not take effect until after the signing of the treaty. The discussion lasted for half an hour, the Russian position being that Japan's contention was without precedent, and that if the armistice was not to take effect until the signing of the treaty it was practically unnecessary. However, the Japanese were insistent, and an agreement was accordingly entered into providing for an armistice which shall take effect the moment the treaty is signed. Mr. Sato, in explaining Japan's insistence that the armistice shall not go into effect until the treaty is signed, said:

"It is necessary that not only the commanders of ships, shall be notified, commanders of ships, shall be notified, and this necessarily requires a little time. Japan did not desire to have the armistice to go into effect until the commanders on sea and land had been notified, thus insuring the maintenance of the agreement."

It is pointed out in Japanese circles that an armistice has practically been in effect since the conference began, and it is declared that there is no ground for anxiety of a clash before the signing of the treaty.

CHINA BLOCKS GAME.

Imperial Boycott Placed upon the Boycott by Edict.

Oyster Bay, Sept. 2.—China has placed the boycott of American products under an imperial ban. An edict has been issued by the Government commanding Viceroy and Governors of provinces to take measures for the suppression of the boycott and holding them strictly responsible. The State Department has received a cablegram from Minister Rookhill giving a summary of the edict. The cablegram was forwarded immediately to the president and by his direction Secretary Loeb made it public yesterday.

The text of the cablegram follows: "An imperial edict published today shows that the (long and deep friendship has not been tried as now. The United States Government promised to revise the treaty and people should cheerfully await action of both Governments. Boycott is wrong and harming friendship. The imperial edict holds Governors and Viceroy personally responsible. Shanghai yesterday reported the situation improving. Will undoubtedly do good."

Alamo Deeds Filed.

San Antonio, Texas: At 10:40 o'clock yesterday morning Floyd McGowan, attorney for Miss Clara Driscoll, filed for record in the office of the County Clerk of Bexar county the deeds from Miss Driscoll to the State of Texas, conveying the Alamo. There were eleven instruments in the title, embracing affidavits as to corners, quitclaims from persons but remotely interested and deeds from several owners. Miss Driscoll is out over \$3,500 of her own money in the purchase of the Alamo for the State, besides a great deal of time and effort.

Woman Arrested.

Nacogdoches, Texas: Sheriff Buckner arrested and placed in jail a white woman last night by the name of Mrs. Bernie Lambert on a charge alleging that she had violated the local option law and that she has been working with Acree and Galloway, who are in jail on a similar charge. The woman is quite young and is very pretty. They were bound over to the full term of court, but they have not yet made bond.

New Case in Pensacola.

Pensacola, Fla.: One new case of yellow fever developed yesterday. The victim is George Dansby, a young man who came here one week ago from Marianna and secured employment in the district where the fever developed later. He was taken ill Sunday, and Dr. Guiteras last night pronounced it a mild type of the disease. One patient, W. J. Abell, died early yesterday morning.

The Fever Situation.

New Orleans, La.: Sept. 2.—Report to 6 p. m. yesterday: New cases, 9. Total to date, 1,958. Deaths, 4. Total deaths, 281. New foci, 10.

Negro Lynched by a Mob.

Rosette, Miss.: Word has reached here that a negro named Bees has been lynched by a mob near the Leakee plantation. The negro was charged with attempted criminal assault upon a white girl.

Calling Out Russian Reserves. St. Petersburg.—Telegrams from various centers, including Riga, Windau and Simbirsk, announce the beginning of an extensive mobilization of army reserve men. Rumors are current of the impending resignation of Gen. Durnovo, governor general of Moscow.

Took Strychnine.

Cameron, Tex.—J. S. Collins, a painter and paper hanger, took a grain and a half of strychnine. It is thought he will survive.

NOT SANCTIONED BY CHURCH

Mrs. Parkhurst's Marriage to Prince Unrecognized by Pope.

Cardinal Gibbons has announced from Baltimore that the marriage of Mrs. Marie Jennings Reid Parkhurst



Princess Rospiogliosi.

of Washington, to Prince Rospiogliosi has definitely been refused recognition by the Pope. The princess was the divorced wife of Frederick H. Parkhurst of Bangor, Me., when she married the prince in 1901. Three years ago the princess was refused the service of a Catholic nurse in Rome on the grounds that her marriage to Prince Rospiogliosi was nonexistent.

Virtue Is Its Only Reward.

Chicago, Ill.: A dispatch to the Tribune from Kankakee, Ill., says: E. W. Taylor, a real estate dealer found a pocketbook containing \$100 in bills, a check amounting to \$66.200 on a Birmingham, Ala. bank and a bankbook showing the owner had \$196,000 deposited in the same institution, on a Chicago north-bound train yesterday. The claimant, Frank P. Kountz, Jr., of Birmingham, a negro, gave the finder a \$500.

Offered to Teach.

Washington: Morgan H. Beach, United States District Attorney, who succeeded in obtaining the indictment of the men employed in the cotton leak in the Department of Agriculture, yesterday retired from office and will be succeeded by D. W. Jaker. The Attorney General has requested Mr. Beach to take charge of the prosecution of the men who have been indicted. Mr. Beach has this proposition under consideration, but has not as yet accepted.

Cotton to Mexico.

Brownsville, Texas: The exportation of cotton to Mexico is quite extensive of late, about 200 bales being exported this week by a local merchant. The duty on cotton is about three-fourths of a cent per pound, and shippers say they pay this duty and then realize more for the cotton than is being paid in Brownsville.

A Swindler in the Pen.

Chicago: Edward Lewis, the defaulting real estate broker of Wheaton, Ill., who by duplicate mortgages swindled widows and other poor persons to the extent of \$100,000, was taken yesterday to the penitentiary to serve an indeterminate sentence. Lewis last Friday secretly went before Judge Charles Bish in Wheaton and pleaded guilty.

Kuropatin's Command. London.—The Japanese correspondent of the Daily Telegraph at Moji, Japan, sends a report that General Kuropatin has signed his command and that his health has given way.

Bubonic Plague at Panama.

Washington, D.—Consul General Lee at Panama filed the state department yesterday that there was a death from bubonic plague at Panama on Saturday.

HONDURAS YELLOW FEVER EPIDEMIC

Three Towns Devastated and Almost Destroyed by Its Virulence--Many American Victims.

New Orleans, La., Sept. 1.—Spanish Honduras is devastated by the most terrible scourge of yellow fever that country has ever known. The outbreak is the first for nearly ten years, and its virulence seems to have accumulated during that time of quiescence. Three towns have been devastated and almost destroyed by yellow fever that has been raging since May. It originated in Belize, British Honduras, where many of the most prominent resident were victims, thence it spread to Puerto Cortez, Choloma and San Pedro Sula. The natives are pacific stricken. They tore up the railway at the beginning of the epidemic, in the hope of preventing its spread.

This information was received last night in a letter addressed to the Rev. W. T. Woodhams Deham, Rector of St. Georges Church, from Rev.

AGREE TO ARMISTICE.

Baron Komura and M. Witte Received Their Sovereigns' Consent.

Portsmouth, N. H., Sept. 1.—Japan, through Baron Komura, has agreed to the immediate conclusion of an armistice. At 11 o'clock last night Mr. Takahira went to Baron De Rosen's room and explained that he and Baron Komura received instructions to arrange terms of an armistice. Baron Rosen immediately communicated with M. Witte, and it is probable that a meeting will be held this morning for the proclamation of a complete suspension of hostilities preliminary to the arrangement of the details by the two Generals upon the battlefield. Rapid progress has been made in the drafting of the treaty of peace. Baron Komura, at M. Witte's request, tomorrow will probably name a day for its signature. Russia's consent to a suspension of hostilities reached M. Witte last night in a cablegram from Count Lamstorff, whom Emperor Nicholas has empowered to deal with the important phases of the negotiations.

To Marry at 120.

Omaha, Neb.: Without a tooth in her mouth and scarcely a hair on her head, Susan Johnson, a negro who says she is 120 years of age, is resting the matron's department at police headquarters before resuming her trip from Virginia to San Francisco, where she says she is to be married for the seventh time.

Boycott a Boomerang.

Washington: Consul General Rogers, at Shanghai, cabled the State Department yesterday that the situation there as to the anti-American boycott was improving. The officials of the State Department have come to the conclusion that the boycott has practically exhausted itself, the Chinese merchants finding that they themselves were the principal losers.

Taft Party Leaves Manila.

Manila: Secretary of War Taft and party sailed on the transport Logan at noon yesterday for Japan. There was a notable demonstration in the bay just before the Logan sailed. Many valuable presents were presented to Miss Alice Roosevelt by the natives after she had gone aboard the Logan.

Russian Army Shouted.

St. Petersburg: Prince Goltzian asserts that the army in Manchuria received the news of peace with shouts of gladness, which fact has affected the Czar. The satisfaction throughout the country with the ending of the war is growing. The Mayor of Moscow declares that the war was the main cause of the internal disturbances, and that now everything has quieted down.

Making Ice Night and Day.

Taylor, Texas: The Taylor ice factory is now running night and day and shipping carloads of ice to Austin, Round Rock, Hutto, Smithville, Bastrop, Bartlett and Pflugerville, besides supplying the home demand of ten tons daily.

Jadwin to Inspect Turtle Cove.

Corpus Christi, Texas: Capt. Jadwin will arrive tonight to go over the survey of Turtle Cove, recently made by Engineer Wilcox, and inspect progress of work at Aransas Pass.

Negro Sunday School Convention.

Wharton, Texas: The town is crowded with colored people from all sections, who are here in attendance upon the African Methodist district Sunday School convention, which will be in session the entire week.

Gonzales, Texas: Cotton received to date is 4,353 bales, against 2,472 this date last year. It continues very dry and the dust is insufferable. The nights, however, are delightfully cool and fall-like.

Charles Ridge Wesley, a Methodist minister in San Pedro, who is the only minister left. Among the victims at San Pedro are Mrs. Bennaton, wife of a prominent American merchant; Mr. Baird and Dr. Werdlin are also victims at Puerto Cortez; an American, John Clements of Atlanta, Ga., is the most prominent victim. The only doctor in Puerto Cortez was Dr. Edward Austin, an American, whose work among the victims of the epidemic is described as heroic. At Belize many prominent Americans and Englishmen fell victims to the plague, among them being Rev. T. Walter Cook, Rector of St. John's Cathedral, his wife and their nurse, leaving two little children, who have been sent back to England. The only daughter of Sir Binham Sweete Estcourt, Governor of British Honduras, was also a victim of the plague. Major Barnes, Chief of Police, was the last.

Aeronaut Dynamited.

Cincinnati, O.: A Times-Star special from Greenville, O., says: Aeronaut Goldwin of Los Antiville, Ind., was yesterday blown to shreds with his balloon at a height of 2,000 feet. He was giving an exhibition of the use of dynamite from a balloon for war purposes, and had three sticks of the explosive with him. When he was 2,000 feet in the air, in full sight of thousands of people attending the county fair, by some accident the dynamite exploded and the balloon and man were literally torn to fragments. Baldwin's wife was a witness of the horrible scene.

Down the Ways.

Quincy, Miss.: The new 16,000-ton battleship Vermont, built for the United States Government by the Fore River Shipbuilding Company, was successfully launched yesterday. Thousands cheered and waved their hats as the hull rushed into the water. After the launching the guests were entertained at a luncheon by the Fore River Company. Informal speeches followed the luncheon. President Roosevelt and the part he played in the peace negotiations were the favorite themes.

Bacteria Anthrax at Paris.

Paris, Texas: A disease has appeared among cattle a few miles to the southeast of town which has proved fatal among milk cows. The symptoms are lameness, drowsiness, attended with fever and a swelling under the jaw. It has been pronounced by a veterinary surgeon as bacteria anthrax.

Dakota's Sailing Date.

Seattle, Wash.: Consul Hismidsu of the Japanese consulate here has advised Baron Komura of the sailing date of the steamship Dakota. The vessel leaves Seattle for the Orient on September 20. It is believed the Japanese peace party will endeavor to close up affairs in time to make connections with the Dakota.

Farmers Put Money in Bank.

Flotonia, Texas: The First National Bank reports the largest day's business transacted in some years yesterday. Farmers are heavy depositors at this season of the year. Merchants here have been doing a good business, and collections have been good.

New Orleans Situation.

New Orleans, La., Sept. 1.—Report to 6 p. m. yesterday: New cases, 41. Total to date, 1,919. Deaths, 6. Total to date, 277. New foci, 6.

Mirror in Your Hat.

Chicago, Ill.: The National Milliners, who closed their convention last night, adopted the new fad of a mirror in the crown of all hats for women. It is convenient for making toilet anywhere. Fifteen hundred milliners attended the convention. The new styles call for larger hats and gaudy colors, with much higher prices.

Shipping Pears and Figs.

Alvin, Texas: The local produce dealers and truck growers are shipping about twenty-five to fifty barrels of Kelfer pears per day since the new express rate went into effect. The demand for figs far exceeds the supply, the crop being short.

Gonzales Rector Resigned.

Gonzales, Texas: Rev. John T. Foster, rector of the Episcopal church, has resigned the pastorate of the church of the Messiah and will take a position as missionary in the Dallas diocese.

Kenney, Texas: The deather still continues hot and dry, with but very little prospect of rain. Cotton picking is progressing nicely and the picking of it here will be picked during the next week with favorable weather.



CLEMENTINA GONZALES, OF CENTRAL AMERICA, RESTORED TO HEALTH. PE-RU-NA THE REMEDY.

Miss Clementina Gonzales, Hotel P. vencia, Guatemala, C. A., in a recent letter from 247 Cleveland Ave., Chicago, Ill., writes:

"I took Peruna for a worn-out condition. I was so run down that I could not sleep at night, had no appetite and felt tired in the morning. I tried many tonics, but Peruna was the only thing which helped me the least. After I had taken but a bottle I felt much better. I continued its use for three weeks and I was completely restored to health, and was able to take up my studies which I had been forced to drop. There is nothing better than Peruna to build up a system."—Clementina Gonzales.

Address The Peruna Medicine Co. of Columbus, Ohio, for instructive literature on catarrh.

MASON AND DIXON'S LINE.

Stones That Mark Border Are Badly Disarranged.

Mason and Dixon's line has been badly disarranged by Pennsylvania and Maryland, and with so much care and thoroughness that it promises to require more attention for a very long period of years. It had been badly disarranged, many of the marking stones and posts having been carried away in the nearly 140 years since they were set by Charles Mason and Jeremiah Dixon, two eminent English mathematicians and surveyors.

These gentlemen were employed to mark out the disputed boundary line between the state of Pennsylvania and the states of Maryland and Virginia. They began in 1763 and concluded in 1767, having been interrupted, when within thirty-six miles of the whole distance to be surveyed, by the hostile Indians.

The stones that marked the miles were brought from England, those at each mile having the initial P on one side and B on the other, and the five-mile stones having the arms of Baltimore on one side and those of William Penn on the other.

The term "Mason and Dixon's line," was used by John Randolph in the debates on slavery, before the admission of Missouri, as figurative of the division of the two systems of labor. It became popular as a phrase to denote the border line between the free and slave states, and was used in that sense up to the civil war.

Lesson for Women.

Jersey Shore, Pa., Aug. 28th (Special)—"Dodd's Kidney Pills have done worlds of good for me." That's what Mrs. C. B. Earnest of this place has to say of the Great American Kidney Remedy.

"I was laid up sick," Mrs. Earnest continues, "and had not been out of bed for five weeks. Then I began to use Dodd's Kidney Pills and now I am so I can work and go to town without suffering any. I would not be without Dodd's Kidney Pills. I have good reason to praise them everywhere."

Women who suffer should learn a lesson from this, and that lesson is "cure the kidneys with Dodd's Kidney Pills and your suffering will cease." Woman's health depends almost entirely on her kidneys. Dodd's Kidney Pills have never yet failed to make healthy kidneys.

While it is possible for a man to love his neighbor as himself, it depends a good deal upon the age and sex of his neighbor aforesaid.

A Berlin doctor lays it down that the piano should never be used by a child under sixteen years of age. Out of 1,000 girls who played before the age of twelve he found 600 cases of nervous diseases.

The first known, if not the original, use of the phrase, "Beauty is only skin deep," occurs in Ralph Venning's "Orthodox Paradoxes." "All the beauty of the world is but skin deep; a sunne blast defaceth it."

Only 66 per cent of the Russian peasants who till the soil in the department of Moscow are able to keep horses.

Be careful what you say to some people. N. B.—On second thought we have decided not to use the word "some."

Farmers Co-operative Union of America

OFFICERS OF STATE UNION.

E. A. Calvin, president, Wales J. A. Wheeler, vice-president, Belton E. F. Chapman, secretary-treasurer, general organizer, J. D. Montgomery, general organizer, Gordon, D. J. Neal, lecturer; J. P. Lane, chaplain; Gallatin; J. T. Mahon, doorkeeper; C. Neece, conductor, Frutland. Executive Committee, F. W. Davis, chairman, Woodbine; J. D. Jamison, secretary, Hillsboro; G. M. Garner, Snyder; N. A. Clifton, Cliff; J. R. Rice, R. F. D. No. 5, Grapeland.

With nearly 1,000,000 members of the Cotton Association and 250,000 members of the Farmers Union, all agreed on the matter of pricing our cotton, it appears to me that we are getting a pretty good shape to have a voice in fixing prices that will amount to something. Mr. Wian told us in his speech at the Park about two men paying \$5000 and \$7000 for membership in the Board of Trade in order to help price our cotton, yet, strange to say, many of us won't pay 25 cents for membership in the association which is for its object the same thing—fixing prices, as farmers, may price our stuff.—J. T. Smith, Dublin.

Those may deny it who will, but now is a most crucial period in the history of the Farmers Union. Right now is the time that it is most necessary to look out for "him that cometh by some other way." Farmers may be assured that no man is going to take hold of their concerns in an easy way without having in view some sort of recompense for time and labor. The history of the men that come to the front should be given a careful study, and, on occasion, it is best to have a "new deal all round." This gets rid of the chronic "leader," whose greedy nose always leads him to the crib, whether it be in politics, religion or business. Look out for the man afflicted with this "joining habit." He bestrides everything that goes toward the gate to gain. Know the history of the men you are putting to the front, and if it has the taint of the place-seeker and time-server upon him, bid him bide a wee, till he prove himself.

The Farmers Union has grown rapidly in Texas. The Texas State Union has 3500 chartered local unions in its jurisdiction and a membership of 225,000. Louisiana, Indian Territory, Oklahoma and Georgia have well organized Farmers' unions, with a total membership of 60,000, the combined membership of Indian Territory and Oklahoma being 40,000, and the remaining 20,000 being equally divided between Louisiana and Georgia. Farmers of Alabama met and organized August 23d, and Tennessee will fall in line shortly behind Alabama. The movement has entered the States of Mississippi, North Carolina, South Carolina and is fairly started in Virginia. Secretary Gresham predicted that when the National Farmers Union meets at Texarkana the State secretaries will be able to report an aggregate membership of over 500,000.

This is not a day in which it is necessary to tell any sane person that the only road to large success is to organize for offensive and defensive work. None have suffered so much from offensive organization of counter interests as the farmers, and none have suffered with more patient resignation than the farmer. He has at all times known that "every man's hand was against him, but lack of honest and capable leadership has so often balked all effort toward an efficient organization of farmers; that despair has well nigh taken the throne of hope in his heart. Still there is no precious metal that has not been tried in the crucible. Repeated failure is sometimes the price of a successful issue that is worth the gaining. The one rock that has been the foundering of all the farmers' organizations has been that of personal or partisan greed—a greed that halted not at the wrecking of the best interests of the people upon whom all the progress and success of the government depends. Forewarned is not always forearmed, because this old human greed and ambition has so many ways of ingratiating himself into all human movements that he steals upon us unawares in new forms and by new ways. The success of the capitalist organizations should be the guiding star to us. Religion nor politics, nor even race or color has been allowed to feature in these organizations. The farmer to succeed must make this lesson home, and must not allow this party nor that party to dominate the organization. Factional fights must not find an arena for ex-

ploitation either in our meetings or in our councils. When the great iron masters meet they talk of methods to cheapen the product, to increase the price or to increase the market for iron. Farmers have a right to use common-sense business methods and less dabbling with the abstruse principles of government, and more attention to the business that we daily follow is what we need.

NATIONAL MEETING POSTPONED.

Yellow Fever's Spread Causes This Action.

Greenville, Texas, Aug. 22, 1905. I have received a great many letters from different places requesting that the meeting called for Texarkana September 7, 1905, for the purpose of organizing a National Union be postponed on account of the yellow fever epidemic, which, under the present State quarantine regulations, would prevent the attendance of all parties east of Texarkana. Therefore, in order to do justice to all and in compliance with requests received, the meeting is called off and another date will be arranged in the near future.

E. A. CALVIN,
President Texas State Union.

THE CO-OPERATIVE SPIRIT.

The true spirit of co-operation is not a thing that can be taken on and put off like a garment. It is a matter of growth and development. The habits of thought and action that have dominated humanity for scores of centuries cannot be radically changed in a day nor a year nor a generation. It must be brought about slowly, so that the molecules may have time to rearrange themselves in accordance with the new conditions and governing laws. It has taken three generations for co-operation to reach its present advanced state in Great Britain. The long years of struggle were necessary to educate and prepare the people for the permanent success that they are now enjoying. We Americans can profit by their experiences, but we can scarcely expect to do in five years what has taken them three score years to accomplish. The educational work must not be allowed to lag for a moment. It is the only means of success.

The spirit of conservatism is so strong in mankind that the tendency to return to the old conditions can only be prevented by the most constant and vigorous efforts. The facts of co-operation must be so thoroughly learned by all and the underlying principles so firmly fixed that co-operation becomes not only a habit, but a part of our very nature. Nothing that comes without effort is highly valued. If it took no effort to learn co-operation, the grandest law of the universe would command small appreciation. The best results are only obtained when all work together in harmony and each does his best. It will not do to let a few bear the whole burden. It must rest on all. The divinity of kings and the responsibility for the actions of the balance of mankind is now regarded as a medieval joke by all thinking people. This is the age of the common man, and he must bear the responsibilities as well as the burdens of the world.

The true co-operative spirit impels each to do his share and all to work together for the general good.—Co-operative Journal.

DOCKING DAMAGED COTTON.

Cotton sold recently at Hillsboro, Texas, was so badly damaged that the picked stuff from 100 bales made a huge pile—a white monument erected to the owners' carelessness and indifference. Many bales sold recently in West Texas, have given over 100 pounds of pickings. Now that the policy of "slow marketing" the cotton crop has abundantly justified itself, it would seem the part of wisdom to prepare against weather damage for the coming fall season.

On July 10, at Sherman, Texas, press reports tell of several bales of cotton sold. One lot of eight bales attracted attention by reason of a wrangle between the buyer and seller as to the number of pounds each bale could be docked. The cotton, which was picked last fall or winter had lain out in the weather ever since, and much of it is unfit for export use.

The lot was finally sent to the local mill at ten cents, with the understanding that all the lint unfit for use should be stripped from the bales. This was done, and the loss amounted to about 100 pounds per bale, or \$80 on the lot, but even this amount would have built a fine shed that would have sheltered the cotton and farm implements as well.

Again, at Campbell, Texas, on July 12, reports show that 250 bales sold

at prices ranging from 10.25 to 10.60 cents. But it is stated that much of the cotton is heavily damaged. Allowing only fifty pounds per bale, docking or "picking" on this lot of 250 bales, runs up to \$2500. Who lost this large sum? The grower. Here we have enough money to build a good warehouse to protect 1500 bales of cotton. Can the grower see the point?—Farm and Ranch.

MIND YOUR OWN BUSINESS.

The Union Farmer of Winfield, La., protests that "we of Louisiana do not feel too kindly towards certain papers and brethren of Texas for the presumptuous manner in which they are trying to manage our affairs. . . . In Louisiana all is harmony, and we want no dissension. If there is dissension in Texas, as claimed by some, we do not want to be dragged into it; neither do we want the pro-dissensionists of Texas to sow seeds of dissension in Louisiana. Let us be harmonious at all times. We need no fights in the Union, and we must not have them. At all times we are ready to receive advice, but we reserve the right to judge whether or not it is good for us to follow." Now, Texas Farmer wants to say that the protest of the Union Farmer is very mild, the impertinence of the people criticised considered. The Union Farmer, however, should not hold the Texas Union responsible for self-constituted advisers, and historic manipulators, who draw ideas only from the liver and logic from their gall.—Texas Farmer.

SAYS IT JUST RIGHT.

If the farmers will sell their cotton in a business way they need never take less than 10 cents per pound for it. They should always whether they make a big crop or a small one, take twelve months in which to market it.—Henderson Times.

It is all very well to talk about a farmer taking twelve months to consider the matter of marketing his cotton, but how many farmers are there in Texas or in the South who are able to carry their cotton crop for that length of time? The suggestion made by the Times is timely and wise. But it puts it in the wrong way. It should have said that the farmer should first farm so that his cotton crop should not be considered the sole food producer and mortgage extinguisher. He should raise hogs, corn and everything else necessary for him to live and live well before he considers the cotton crop at all. Then when he secures from the other crops all that is necessary for the maintenance of his family and of the farm he will be in a position to hold or sell his cotton as he thinks best. But as long as the cotton crop is considered the maintaining crop—that is, the crop from which the family is to be supported—so long it must be sacrificed as the needs of the farm and family require. You cannot feed the mule and the children from the cotton bale, and yet save the bale for a higher price.—Dallas News.

VALUE OF OLD SEED.

To get the earliest cucumbers, sow seed which is three years old. Market gardeners who know this secret frequently have a crop ready for market two weeks before their neighbors, who plant one-year-old seed. Many farmers who think that fresh seed is always the most desirable insist upon having that which was produced the previous season, and thereby make a great mistake.

This does not hold good, however, in the case of all vegetables. Parsnip seeds, for instance, give the best results when only eight months old, and after they are a year old are practically useless. Melon seed live longest, having been known to germinate at the end of thirty years. As a rule, the small, flinty seed will retain the germ of life longest. The little celery seed will reproduce after ten years.

When seeds are saved for several years the vitality of the plant or vines will not be so great as when fresh seed are planted, but the fruit will form and mature more quickly. The expert cucumber grower has learned this fact by observation.

No chances should be taken except with vegetables that have small seeds. Corn and peas remain alive for only about two years. Beans are uncertain. They retain the power of germination for from one to ten years. Vine seeds are hardy, as a rule, and will germinate after several years. Bulbs will live longer than most seeds; the difficulty is to keep them from sprouting before they are set in the ground.

Repose and cheerfulness are the badge of the gentleman—repose is energy. The Greek battle pieces are calm; the heroes, in whatever violent actions engaged, retain a serene aspect.—Emerson.

DARKEST RUSSIA

BY H. GRATTAN DONNELLY.
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CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

Caroline was silent. "It is a brave thought," at length she said. "But how are they to escape from the prison? The gates are closed."

"My husband will withdraw the guards there. They will be stationed in yonder room. The prisoners will come here to capture the house and will fall into the trap. Dare you do your part to aid in the escape of the man who saved your life at the risk of his own?" and Katherine fixed her eyes on the face of Caroline.

"Give me a moment alone—give me time to think," she said.

"I will await your answer," said Katherine eagerly. "It is, remember, to the effect the rescue of the young exile who snatched you from the jaws of death."

So saying, Katherine left the room. The girl rose to her feet. Her heavy bosom showed that she was under some intense strain. She walked up and down the room once or twice, her hands pressed to her throbbing temples. At the upper end of the room was a stack of arms. She cautiously approached it and examined the guns. They were of the old-fashioned percussion cap type. Taking the decanter of vodka which stood near, she gazed curiously around for a moment and then poured the liquor down the barrels of the guns. Just as she had finished this extraordinary act there was a sound at the outer door, and Karsicheff and Nicholas re-entered the room.

They looked curiously at the girl. "The lady has gone," explained Caroline. "but she will return presently."

"All right," said Nicholas, "we were afraid we might have interrupted your conversation."

At this moment the courier's door opened slightly. "Are you there, commandant?" he inquired.

"Yes," shortly answered Karsicheff. "Those pardons for Alexis Nazimoff and Ivan Barosky are not to be forwarded to Chitka until I see you in the morning. I have other papers to send with them to the ispavnik at Chitka."

"Your orders will be obeyed."

"Very well," and the courier closed his door.

"You had better get the pardons from mother," said Nicholas, in case he asks for them."

"There is plenty of time. She has them in her bosom and to ask her for them now would excite her still more. How has she succeeded, I wonder," and he looked at Caroline.

She had sunk into the chair, her head supported by her hand and her regular, heavy breathing showed that she was fast asleep. Karsicheff shrugged his shoulders. "Not a very promising instrument," he muttered.

Katherine came in at this moment, and her eye fell on the sleeping girl. She advanced with a soft step. "Why did you come in," she said with some annoyance. "I have got her almost to the verge of consent," and in a rapid whisper she went over the details of the plan she had proposed to Caroline.

Karsicheff's eyes sparkled. "Excellent," he said.

Nicholas was doubtful. "She has not the nerve to carry it out."

"Leave me—she shall see. Go and instruct the guard to give her free entrance to the camera, and to leave the gate open if you should desire. Then get your guards ready. If I can bring her to nerve herself to act all will go well and Alexis Nazimoff and Ivan Barosky will trouble us no more," and Katherine Karsicheff fairly gloated over the prospect.

"There must be no mistake," said Nicholas. "I will get a convict's suit and go into the camera where I can overhear and see what she does."

"Splendid—an admirable idea. Go at once," said his mother.

The two men left the room.

"Now for it," said Katherine, as she



placed her hand on the shoulder of the sleeping girl.

Caroline opened her eyes and with a start gazed around. "Pardon me, I—"

"You are fatigued," kindly said Katherine. "Perhaps, after all, what I suggested was too much for your strength, and we must abandon the poor fellow to his fate."

"No, I will try to do as you desire, madame."

"Brave, noble girl, you will not fail, and we shall have the happiness of seeing your preserver on the road to freedom."

"May God grant it," was the fervent

response. "And now, madame, give me the file and an opportunity to get into the prison pen."

"Let the signal be a pistol shot," said Katherine, with feverish haste. "Here is a file; my husband has given orders to admit you to the camera, and all will be well."

"Do not fear, madame. My success shall surprise you"; and so saying, Caroline quitted the room.

"Victory—revenge—oh, my plan is perfect," said the now exultant Katherine, as she went to the door and watched the girl enter the stockade. A moment later she saw a figure slink along in the darkness. It was Nicholas and he was following Caroline.

Even as she saw him disappear, Karsicheff approached, the guard followed him from the guardhouse. Silently they entered the house and taking their arms from the rack were conducted behind a door opposite to that which the convicts were to enter.

Katherine gave a signal for profound silence as Karsicheff disappeared with his men.

Then, drawing a revolver, from her bosom, she examined it carefully and replaced it ready for use.

All was going well—everything was perfect, all but the pardon of Ilda Barosky; and that was in possession of the courier. She stepped to his door on tiptoe.

But not softly enough. "Who goes there?" said a gruff voice.

"The wife of the commandant, colonel. I was anxious about your injuries. Can I do anything for your comfort?"

"Thank you, no. I simply need rest."

Katherine stepped back. "He is wide awake. The pardon can not be stolen while he sleeps." Then a thought occurred to her and she smiled. Evidently a happy thought. It was this: If Caroline could succeed in the one task, why not try to make her attempt the other.

"Every minute seemed an hour as Katherine, her heart beating with anxious throbs, waited the return of the girl. She peered out into the night, trying to pierce the gloom. It was not long until her patience was rewarded. With a light step and with an air that spoke of success, Caroline appeared on the outside of the stockade, ran across, and entered the house.

"Have you succeeded," asked Katherine, eagerly.

"Better, madame, than I had dared to hope."

"They will attempt to storm the house."

"They are getting ready now."

"Brave girl. Oh, had I now but possession of the pardon of Ilda Barosky, my triumph would be complete."

"Ilda Barosky," said Caroline, "an absent friend?"

"No," responded Katherine, "she is my bitterest enemy, and in three days she will be free. The courier lies asleep in that room with her pardon in his possession. Could you but secure that pardon I would give you any reward you could ask in my power."

"He is asleep, you say?" asked Caroline.

"Yes, I think so. Will you try?"

"I will try."

"But," said Katherine "if he should be awake—here—take this—defend yourself—but get that pardon at any cost," and she handed her the revolver.

No sound broke the silence save the hard breathing of the two women. Caroline went softly to the door, opened it, and disappeared in the hall within. Katherine ran to her husband's greatcoat and secured another revolver. Then she waited.

Another moment and the girl entered the room.

"Have you succeeded," asked Katherine with feverish anxiety.

"Ay, madame, but you have failed."

"Failed!" gasped Katherine.

"Yes, the pardons you have in your bosom for Alexis Nazimoff and Ivan Barosky are false papers."

With a cry of rage, Katherine tore open the bosom of her dress and pulled forth the envelope. Taking out the pardons she exclaimed: "No, they are genuine. See the great seal," and she pointed to the paper.

The girl grasped the document with a grip of iron. "Yes, they are genuine, thank God."

"Yes, yes! give them to me now," said Katherine.

"Never!" shouted the girl in a loud voice. "These pardons that make Alexis Nazimoff and Ivan Barosky free are mine!"

"What do you mean?" screamed Katherine. "Give them to me, I say," and drawing her revolver she sprang for the girl.

"Never!" was the reply, as Caroline struck the hand that held the weapon a second before it was fired.

One pistol shot.

pardoned by the czar. Their pardons are here," and she waved the papers high above her head.

Katherine sprang at her, but recoiled at the cocked revolver leveled at her head. "Woman, devil, serpent, spy," she screamed, "who are you?"

"Tearing off the blonde wig which had so effectually disguised her, the girl with flashing eyes confronted the maddened woman as she exclaimed: "I am Ilda Barosky! and the courier has my pardon! I too am free!"

A great cheer went up from the exiles, while the soldiers looked on in helpless wonderment. As the cheer died away there came to the ears of all the sound of galloping horses, the jingle of sleigh bells, and a moment later the voice of Septimus Cobb, who burst through the crowd with a paper held in his hand:

"It is here, colonel," he said. "I have kept my word!"

"Down with them all!" yelled Karsicheff in a very paroxysm of puffed rage.

Nicholas had come in, in his convict garb.

"Stop!" commanded the courier in a loud voice as he glanced over the paper handed to him by Cobb. "Constantine Karsicheff you are my prisoner."



er. Here is the order of the governor dismissing you in disgrace, and ordering you to be sent as a common criminal with the first convoy going to the mines of Kara."

At this moment cries of "Help! help!" were heard from the room where Olga had been confined. Ivan sprang up and with one mighty effort burst in the door, and Olga was in his arms.

There is no need to dwell further on the scenes which followed. Retribution had at last overtaken the Karsicheffs and a week later they were on their way to the mines.

About three months after the events we have just described a great ocean steamer was leaving Hamburg bound for New York. As the mighty vessel cleared the Elbe a groupe of passengers standing on deck turned their faces to the east—in the direction of Russia. They looked for a moment and then turned their eyes toward the west.

They were our friends, Alexis and Ilda, Ivan and Olga, and Gen. Cobb, the proud and happy husband of a titled wife, who stood smiling and happy by his side. They were silent for the time, for the thoughts of all of them were of the scenes in which they had borne a part in the past. They were going to a new home beyond the broad Atlantic, and as the steamer turned her stem to the west, and they saw the glorious sun set in resplendent glory on the broad bosom of the waters, it seemed to be an augury of brighter and happier days, that would banish the memory of their hours of sorrow in Darkest Russia.

(The End.)

A Sufficient Disguise.

Senator Beveridge was talking about severe rebukes.

"As severe a rebuke as I know of," he said, "was one that a New York millionaire administered to his son last winter."

"The son, like many millionaires' sons, is a hard drinker. He does no work. Most of the day he lounges at some one or other of his clubs, taking a brandy and soda every hour or so, and in the evening, after a good deal of wine with his dinner, he drinks steadily until bedtime."

"Nevertheless, he is a young and handsome chap, and he goes out during the season a great deal."

"One day he received an invitation to a bal masque, and that evening he discussed with his family the various disguises that he might reasonably wear. After a good deal of talk he was still undecided, and, turning to his father, he said:

"How would you advise me to go to this masque, sir?"

"Go sober," the father answered, bitterly."

No Credit in This Pupil.

Miss Harriet Hosmer, the noted American sculptor, was talking at her Watertown residence about celebrities she had known. Of a certain noted New Yorker she said:

"He was an awkward dancer, but he told me once that he had taken dancing lessons in Boston. His teacher was a charming old Frenchman, a true artist; and when he came to leave Boston he said to the old man:

"I am going back to New York now, monsieur, and if there is any favor I can do for you there I shall be only too glad to serve you."

"The aged teacher, with an embarrassed smile, replied:

"I will take it as the greatest accommodation, sir, if you will tell me one of whom you learned to dance."

Kansas City Live Stock Market
As Furnished by Stroller Live
Stock Commission Co.

August 30, 1905.
Cattle receipts 14,000, calves 16,000. The supply of medium to common westerners was liberal today. Choice to fair kinds were scarce. Several trains were expected to arrive after 2 o'clock. Medium to heavy western steers were in good demand at fully steady prices. Light weight common steers were slow sellers at weaker prices. The best heavy grassers sold at \$4.00 to 4.55. A string of 970 lb. "shoe bar" feeders sold at \$3.85. A string of 1200 lb. horned Texas grassers sold at \$3.75 the same as Monday. A string of common Texas grassers sold at \$3.15 late. The bulk of the medium grades sold at \$3.25 to 3.75. The Montgomery Bros. string of Colorado steers sold late Tuesday at \$3.50 to killers and \$3.55 and \$3.60 to feeders. Cows and heifers were active and fully steady. One load of 1130 lb. grass cows sold \$3.65. The bulk of sales ranged from \$2.40 to 2.75 for medium western grass cows. Calves are 50c higher than last week, the tops bringing \$6.00.
Sheep receipt 5,000. Market generally steady but slow. There has been no material price changes since last Wednesday.

The copy problem is a big one in nearly every printing office. Sometimes we think we will be compelled to do as a certain Kansas editor does; not provide any.

What do you think of a man selling his wife for a bottle of beer at auction, and actually endeavored to turn her over to the purchaser? Well, it happened in Colorado and they had been married just three weeks, consequently a case for a divorce—Press.

The editor of an Eastern magazine recently sent the usual bill to a delinquent subscriber. It was returned in an envelope with an inch wide black border containing the following letter: Mr. Smith has changed his address; smallpox took him off. I am his widow. Respectfully, Mary Ann Smith.

An exchange says a local merchant asked the editor to roast the city administration for letting an itinerant peddler come in there and undersell him on goods. This is what the editor wrote: "City dads, you will hereby take notice that you are roasted for permitting peddlers to sell goods here. The merchants for whom we do this favor has his job work done in Chicago."

A Kansas man away from home received a despatch from his wife saying: "Come to see me at once, I am ing." He took the train immediately and reached home an hour later. His wife received him joyfully. When he was able to speak he asked her what she meant by sending such



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a message. "I wanted to say that I was dying to see you," the woman explained. "but the man would only let me send ten words for a quarter."—Cleveland Plain-Dealer.

In sizing up the chronic kicker, an exchange says: "If the paper was printed on gold with ink of silver and the subscription price only 50 cents per year, some poor deluded specimen of humanity would kick because there was not a diamond set in each corner of the page and want the subscription price to be only a quarter."

The "home paper" never loses interest in you. It chronicles your successes and your sorrows wherever you may be. Those who would forget you but for the home paper, are ever and anon reminded of your existence by some item in the village paper where you spent your boyhood days. Others may deceive and defraud you, but the little home-paper never forgets. What do you give the editor in return for his constancy?—Blanket Signal.

A traveler who passed through a small English town noticed a post on which was marked the height to which the river had been during a recent flood.

Do you mean to say," he asked a native, "that the river rose as high as that in 19—?"

"Oh, no," replied the native. "but the village children used to rub off the original mark, so the mayor ordered it to be put higher up so as to be out of their reach."—Harper's Weekly.

If the preachers talked more to the people about their home lives and less about the future life, the latter would take care of itself. The man who makes a good husband, father and citizen will make a good angel when the time comes. The woman who renders her home the most peaceful and lovely place on earth will adorn heaven when she reaches there and its gates are opened wide to receive her.—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.

The New York World.

Thrice-A-Week Edition.

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For the autumn season now at hand the most valuable paper to you will be the New York Thrice-a-Week World, because it offers you more at the price than any other paper published anywhere in the world.

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The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$3.00.

California Fruit Co's, goods Highest grade, broadest variety, lowest price.—Pauline Matthews, Agent, Brackett Hotel.

Well Paid for Sermon.
Perhaps the highest sum ever paid for a sermon goes each year to a lucky German preacher, who receives \$4,000 for his effort. In 1690 a wealthy French baron named Fayart, who lived in Elberfeld, died and bequeathed his money to the Protestant church there on the condition that it should be invested and the interest given annually to some clergyman, chosen haphazard from those holding the poorest livings in the see, on condition that he preach a short sermon extolling the good deeds of the dead baron.

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SOCIETIES.



Las Moras Lodge No. 444 A. P. & A. M. meets 1st and 3rd Saturday in each month in Masonic

Hall, over Stratton & Co's store. A cordial invitation extended to all visiting Brethren. O. P. Sargeant, W. M. E. A. Jones, Sec'y.



Echo Lodge No. 279 I. O. O. F. meets every Thursday night at their

Lodge room in Filipone hall, Visiting brethren cordially invited to attend. Frank Smith N. G. Geo. W. Fairchild, Sec



Las Moras Lodge No. 122. K. of P. meets every Monday night at their hall

Visiting Brethren cordially invited to attend.



Rosewood Camp No. 128 W. O. W. Meets every Wednesday night in K. P. Hall T. S. Sweeney, C. C. O. F. Sargeant Clerk.



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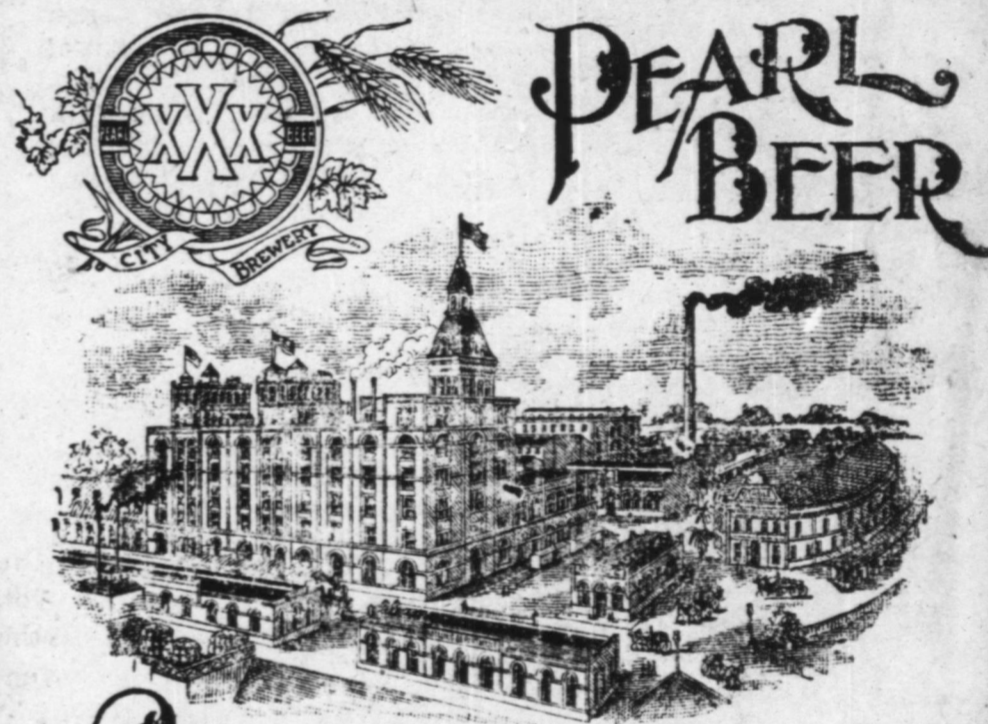
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