

# The Haskell Free Press.

THE HASKELL FREE PRESS AND THE HASKELL HEADLIGHT, CONSOLIDATED, APRIL 6, 1903.

VOLUME XVIII.

HASKELL, HASKELL COUNTY, TEXAS, SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 4, 1903.

NUMBER 28

## OILS...

We are supplied with—

Binder Oil, Wind Mill Oil,  
Plow Oil, Engine Oil,  
Castor Oil, Sewing Machine Oil,  
Neats Foot Oil, Gun Oil,  
AND OIL FOR EVERYTHING.

If you are running a reaper, plow, wind mill, or anything that needs a lubricating oil, you no doubt want

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and we are after your business, in this line, with a stock of the best oils we can buy.

Let us figure with you on any of the above oils, we might sell you something better than you have been using.

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WATCH!

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FOR ALL POINTS IN CENTRAL  
EAST AND SOUTH TEXAS TO  
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VIA Cotton Belt Route and Memphis,  
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I have fitted up my place for the summer business and offer you a clean, cool and quiet place in which to refresh yourself at your leisure.

Will Handle all of the Popular Cold Drinks.

Smokers will find the best brands of Cigars at my place.

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED  
**K. JONZ, Proprietor.**

## STATE CONTROLLER ASSASSINATED.

Hon. R. M. Love Shot to Death in His  
Office Without Warning.

### ASSASSIN KILLS HIMSELF.

Dying Words of Mr. Love Were of Resignation and  
Forgiveness of His Murderer.

Austin, Texas, June 30.—Hon. Robert M. Love, State Controller of Public Accounts, was shot down in his office this morning, and died a short time afterwards.

He received two bullet wounds. The fatal shots were fired by Wm. G. Hill, a former employe of the department. Hill turned the pistol on himself and fired a bullet into his own body, inflicting a wound which resulted in his death nearly six hours later.

At the time Hill shot himself he was struggling with S. J. Stephens, chief bookkeeper of the department, and it is not definitely known whether he fired the shot with suicidal intent or in an attempt to shoot Stephens.

To Col. Love there was not the slightest intimation of the impending death that was to come to him. He arrived at the office at the usual early hour and had dispatched a large amount of routine business. He was sitting at his desk about 10:20 o'clock talking to Rev. M. F. Cowden, a Presbyterian minister of Bonham, when Hill entered. Col. Love and Hill exchanged pleasant greetings and the latter was invited to a seat. The chair adjoining Col. Love's desk was occupied by Rev. Cowden and Hill seated himself on a leather couch close to and alongside of the roller-top desk at which Col. Love was seated. There was no outward appearance that Hill was laboring under any unusual excitement or heat of passion. He seemed perfectly cool and collected. He carried on a brief but pleasant conversation with Col. Love in a steady and unbroken tone of voice. This conversation was of an unusually friendly character on the part of both. Col. Love expressed deep regret over the recent death of the wife of a brother of Hill. The latter seemed to appreciate this sympathy.

Rev. Cowden listened to this conversation for a brief period, probably two or three minutes, and then arose and started to leave the office. Just as he was going out of the door leading to an adjoining room, he heard Hill say: "Col. Love, I have a letter here which I would like for you to read."

The letter was handed to Col. Love and an instant later two shots were fired in rapid succession. Col. Love fell over his chair and gave a call of agony.

The instant the shots were heard, S. J. Stephens, the chief bookkeeper of the department, whose room adjoined that occupied by Mr. Love, sprang through the open door and saw Hill attempting to reach the entrance leading into the corridor of the building. Mr. Stephens intercepted him and the two men had a desperate hand-to-hand struggle. While it lasted but a minute the time was sufficient for them to reach the outer doorway, passing through an adjoining room. Just as the corridor was reached Hill threw his hand, in which he still carried the pistol, forward, and turning it close against his left breast, it was discharged, a bullet passing through the lung and close to his heart. The moment the shot was fired Mr. Stephens, who was grasping the man around the waist from the rear, threw the body from him with full force. Hill fell to the tiled floor of the corridor and weakened rapidly, his pistol dropping near him in the fall. A crowd of clerks were upon him in an instant, but it was found that he could offer no further resistance and do no more harm. He was laid upon a couch in the corridor and Dr. Homer Hill summoned. The latter, it should be stated, is not related to the man whom he was called upon to attend. Col. Love was laid upon the couch where the man who shot him had been seated but a moment before. Gov. Lanham and the other members of the State Text-book Board were in the Senate chamber in session when the news reached them that Col. Love had been shot. They hurried to the scene. Drs. Thomas Wooten, Joe Wooten, B. M. Worsham, Superintendent of the Insane Asylum, and George R. Tabor, State Health Officer, were summoned and reached the side of the wounded man within a few minutes after the shot was fired. They held a hurried consultation and decided it was evident that the bullet which had entered the heart had inflicted a fatal wound, and that it would be best not to attempt to probe for it. Only a cursory examination of the wound was made. They administered the necessary drugs to aid the dying man in retaining his strength and to ease the pain to the fullest possible extent.

It was one of the saddest scenes ever witnessed in Austin. With his strong, robust body quivering with the pain from the terrible wounds and with full consciousness that death was near, and in possession of all his mental faculties up almost to the moment of his death, Col. Love called his loved ones around him and bid them goodbye. The grief-stricken wife and children were summoned from their home and brought to the office where the devoted husband and fond parent lay dying. It was a rare exemplification of Christian fortitude that he said his parting words. He said to Gov. Lanham, who had returned to his office from his first visit to his aide. The Governor quickly responded. The

dying man said to the Governor that he fully realized he was going to die; that he had no regrets to make of him, and that was that he would appoint Mr. Stephens, his chief bookkeeper, Controller after his death in order that the existing official family of the department might not be disturbed.

Gov. Lanham attempted no reply to the request, except to assure him that he was not going to die. Col. Love replied with resignation, which was closed with the pathetic remark that it was the will of God that he should die, and with the beautiful words, "The Lord's will be done." A few minutes later the end came, the time being 11:20, or about one hour from the time the wounds were received.

In the two adjoining rooms when the fatal shot was fired were Miss Ruth Love and Robert M. Love Jr., daughter and son of Col. Love. The shock was inexpressible great to them. A few minutes before his death Col. Love made the following dying statement:

"Mr. Hill shot me. He presented a letter of indorsement to me for a place in the office. I was reading the letter when he shot me. I had asked him about his brother's wife's death. I regretted her death very much. Mrs. Hill was a precious woman. He shot me while I was reading the letter. I have no idea why he shot me. May the Lord bless him and forgive him. I can not say more."

What transpired just prior to the killing is told by Rev. Cowden, who was the only other person present in the office when Hill entered.

"I was sitting talking to Col. Love when the man whom I afterward learned was Hill entered the room," Rev. Cowden said to The News correspondent.

"Col. Love said, 'Why, how do you do, Mr. Hill; have a seat?'"

"Good morning, Col. Love," Hill replied. He seemed to be in good humor and there was nothing unusual about his appearance. Col. Love then introduced us and I remained seated in the office for a minute or two. The only conversation carried on between Col. Love and Hill was this: 'Have you heard from your brother, Dr. Hill of Manor, lately?' Col. Love inquired.

"No, sir, I have not heard from him lately," Hill replied.

"I have not seen him since his wife died," continued Col. Love. "She was a splendid woman."

"At this juncture of the conversation I arose and bidding good-bye to Col. Love and his visitor I started to leave the room. Just as I reached the door I heard Hill say, 'Col. Love, I have a letter here which I would like for you to read.' I had walked only a few steps further when the first two shots were fired which resulted in the death of Col. Love."

It is evident that Col. Love had just broken the seal of the envelope and unfolded the letter to read it, when the shots were fired. It is supposed that he was standing when shot—that he had not resumed his seat after rising to bid Rev. Cowden adieu.

## You Are On The Right Side

If you buy your drugs and medicines from Terrell. We buy and sell nothing but the best. We know what to buy and how to buy it, and we also know what to do and how to do it. You take no risk when you buy your drugs from us. We take no chances, we know what medicine is, and how to use it. Your life, the physician's reputation and our success depends upon the quality of medicine and the qualification of the druggists.

If You Buy Your Medicine From  
**TERRELL**  
You Are On The Right Side.

It is certain that Hill has no real grounds for a grievance of the slightest kind against Col. Love. He had never been discharged from the office, but simply went out with a large number of his fellow clerks when the change of an administration was made at the end of Controller R. W. Finley's term.

Hill served under Controller Finley for several years as mailing clerk of the department, and was also an employe of the office during the latter part of Controller McCall's administration. He was a quiet, faithful worker, and no clerk in the department was looked upon with more respect and had more friends than he.

When Col. Love failed to retain him he offered no word of complaint, not even to his closest friends, or his family. About eighteen months ago he obtained employment in the city waterworks and electric light office as assistant bookkeeper at a salary of \$60 per month. While the sum was not more than one-half of the amount he had received as clerk in the Controller's Department, it was supposed that he was satisfied for the time being.

It seems, however, that a short time after he had made application to Controller Love for appointment to a clerkship in the department and the latter offered him no encouragement.

That Hill was insane at the time he concocted and perpetrated the terrible deed is the opinion of every one who knew him. Those who were close in his acquaintanceship and friendship assert that he is the last man in the world who would be guilty of such a crime if in full possession of his faculties.

One of his sons is nearly grown, and while lying on the couch in the Capitol, after receiving his self-inflicted death wound, Hill begged the attendant physician to get a bottle of medicine out of his pocket so that he might take it and die easy. This medicine was found in Hill's pocket and proved to be laudanum. The bottle was full and had just been purchased at a local drug store.

After lying in the Capitol for about thirty minutes Hill was conveyed in the hospital ambulance to the sanitarium, where he weakened from the internal hemorrhage until he lost consciousness, and died at 3 o'clock this afternoon. His sons and other members of the family were summoned to his bedside.

As soon as Governor Lanham was advised of the death of Col. Love, he issued an order for all the State departments to be closed. This was done and it is understood that they will remain closed until after the funeral, which will occur tomorrow afternoon at Tehuacana, Limestone county, the old home of the Love family. The remains were taken to Tehuacana tonight, accompanied by Governor Lanham, all of the heads of departments, nearly all of the clerks in the office of Col. Love and an escort from the Masonic fraternity, of which the deceased was an honored member.

The services tonight at the Cumberland Presbyterian Church were largely attended.

All the local ministers took part. The address of the sad occasion was delivered by Rev. Dr. Cowden, who was in the Controller's private office a moment before the tragedy.

The body of Col. Love laid in state until nearly train time. The floral offerings were beautiful and profuse. A large arch of roses set off with a white-winged dove, rested between the pulpit and casket.

Hundreds of friends viewed the remains before their departure for Tehuacana.

The letter which Col. Love thought was an indorsement, but which he never read, was picked up and is retained by Mr. Stephens.

**ABOUT FOREIGN IMMIGRANTS.**  
Some interesting details as to how they are handled on arrival in this country.

The enormous increase in the number of immigrants will be better appreciated when it is known that in one day during the month of April, 1903, 12,784 people landed at Ellis Island. The New York correspondent for the St. Louis Republic says that "so congested has the port of entry become with the pauper hordes of Europe that the facilities for examining each individual considered adequate one year ago have been so overtaxed that the unusual procedure of inspecting steerage passengers at the pier was resorted to." Ellis Island's capacity for handling immigrants has been found to be 8,000 a day, but, according to the Republic correspondent, the island is now so thronged with immigrants that there is hardly room to move around. Officials of the immigration bureau say that the year 1903 will provide the highest record yet, for statistics so far show almost double the influx of last year.

An interesting description of the methods employed in handling immigrants is given by the Republic's New York correspondent. As each boatload arrives, the immigrants are directed up the main stairway in single file. Over the railing of the balcony high above the main floor, they see suspended before them, as they ascend, a large flag the design of which many of them behold for the first time—the stars and stripes of freedom. As the line moves up to the top of the stairway the paper of each immigrant are stamped with arrival date, and their first examination, that of the medical staff, takes place. Each immigrant is carefully scrutinized for the much-dreaded and contagious diseases—fetus and trachoma—concealed arms or hands are uncovered, and any lameness is inquired into. Suspects are put aside into the detention cage and further examined in the private rooms of the hospital board, and if in need of medical attention they are sent over to the hospital, a large, new structure opposite the boat slip, and thoroughly equipped with the most modern and up-to-date appliances for the treatment of any medical or surgical cases. Those who pass the medical inspection are taken into the various compartments located on the large main floor, which are numbered. Each immigrant is ticketed, and there are thirty of each number, that being the list of names on each manifest. When the recorders are ready for a squad they are led out of the compartment and form a line leading to the recorders' desks, of which there are twelve, at the west end of the building. Several lines of immigrants will not always remain the same time. THE FREE PRESS has

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The Haskell Ice wagon will make deliveries of ice every morning.  
Phone Your Orders to George Fields at K. Jones' Place.  
To regular customers taking 20 lbs. or more, the price will be at the rate of 85 cents a hundred pound.

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J. L. JONES, Notary Public.  
**FOSTER & JONES,**  
Law, Land and Live Stock,  
HASKELL, TEXAS.  
WE HAVE FOR SALE THE FAMOUS  
**WILD HORSE PRAIRIE LANDS!**  
Also a large quantity of other very fine farming and ranch lands, and town property.  
We have a COMPLETE ABSTRACT OF LAND TITLES and give special attention to land litigation.  
CORRESPONDENCE SOLICITED. Write us for any information desired about land and live stock.

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WATCHMAKER and JEWELRY  
All kinds of Fine Repair Work on Watches, Clocks and Musical Instruments.  
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J. N. Ellis, Propr.,  
West Side of the Square  
Keeps all Kinds of Fresh Meats  
Obtainable Here.  
Solicits a Share of Your Patronage

**PLENTY OF 8 Per Cent.**  
We have just about caught up with the rush we had for loans last fall. The demand for money was enormous and it had taken us some time to get through with it, but we are now up and better prepared than ever to get loans through quickly and at very little expense to the borrower; the expense now being much less than it has been heretofore. Don't wait until you have to have the money before you apply, for you can't lose anything by applying now, and besides that by applying now you will be in plenty of time and avoid the rush this coming fall. We will inspect applications in July, so if you need money take it up with us immediately. We have plenty of money now in the bank ready for this business.

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Real Estate Dealers and Money Lenders.  
To Cure a Cold in One Day  
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine  
Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months.



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Carry a Complete Line of

## FURNITURE...

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Our popular firm is anxious to figure you when you desire anything carried in them. Their goods are first-class and prices are as reasonable as can be had in any town or city in WESTERN TEXAS.

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# TO THE LADIES.

We will certainly interest you if you will come in and look at a few articles that were bought especially for your use and convenience, such as—

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Standard authors in utility and convenience. **MARKET STORE.**

### THE DIXON MURDER CASE.

[CONTINUED FROM FIRST PAGE.]

To the left. You were east of him? Yes. And these horses were still further west? Northwest; the wagon was about due west. Was Dixon between you and the horses? Yes, sir. And you were both facing like this? Yes, sir, a little more. Now then, in order to see those horses you would have to look around that way, wouldn't you? We wasn't looking at the horses. Well, you answer my question. Well, we were not looking at the horses. But if you did? Yes. And you could keep your feet in the same position? Yes, sir. And you were on this side? Yes, sir, on the left side. How close were you standing to Dixon? Right close together, about arms length. Was Dixon whittling, did he have a knife? If he had one when he was standing at the fence I didn't know it, we were both whittling when we were sitting down. Mr. Hickey, have you ever been in the penitentiary? Judge Woodward: Object, and ask that you have the jury retire, Judge. Jury retires. Objection sustained, and jury instructed not to consider the question. Mr. Hickey, how old did you say you were? Thirty-six years old the 22nd day of this month. How long did you live in Abilene? I was in Abilene between a year and a half and two years. Why is it that you don't know what relation you are to Mrs. Dixon? Well, I just don't know, I have not been with them much, I guess is the reason. Well, did you have to ask them what akin you were to them. No; I have only seen them about twice in the last twelve or fifteen years. Did you ever ask them? Don't know that I did. Well, why is it that you don't know now? I just hadn't thought anything about it. Didn't think about it, when you came up there you thought about it, didn't you; when you found a stopping place, did you stop there because you was kin to them? Because you thought it was a safe place to keep your money in? This body of land, three small colonies, and I thought I had the privilege to stay there again? Well, Mr. Dixon insisted on my staying there. When did he insist on you staying there? Well, after I went there and he found out I was going to sell organs. How came you to go there? Because we were old friends. Not because you were related to Mrs. Dixon, then? No, not specially, we were old friends. Where did you first meet Dixon? I have seen him ever since I was a boy. Met him where? In Eastland county, as well as I remember, when I was a small boy. Then what were you doing in Eastland County? I thought you said you were raised in Erath? Well, I visited him; he was at father's house a number of times, and we all visited around down there. Why was it you visited the family? Well, because I was related and friends, I guess. Then if you are related, and friends, why don't you know what relation? I know that we are first or second cousins one. Well, why don't you know which? Well, I just don't know. Because you just don't know? Yes. Who was the first person who requested you to assist in a division of this property? Who, was the first? Yes, who was the first, was it Joe Dixon? Mrs. Dixon told me that they had agreed, if I would accept it, at the supper table, when I came from Stamford. At the supper table—who was present? I could not say. Was Tom there? No, Tom had gone out. Tom wasn't there then? No, sir, he was not present. When you came down to surrender to the officers Mr. Hickey, for the killing of Tom Dixon on the 11 day of February last, did you state that the first shot you fired struck him in the ear and cut out a part of his ear? I said I thought maybe it did. Why? Well, he was trying to cock his gun, and turned his head and it hit him about here. But you state now that it did not? But I thought from the turn he made it would hit him about here. Did you state that day that it hit him in the ear? No, sir, I don't know, but he was trying to shoot me again, and trying to cock his gun and the hammer hung, and he sorter turned around this way like he was going to run, and I shot him. Shot him in the ear did you? I don't know. Well, you stated that you shot him in the ear didn't you? I don't know what I stated I was so badly excited. Do you deny that statement? I don't know what I stated, I was very much excited at that time. Well, you had thought it all over as you came down here hadn't you? I hadn't thought of it.

that day, you say now that it was because you were excited? I didn't say I made any. If you had I say? I suppose it was. You said you were excited? Yes, I was, sir. Were you excited when you went up to the house and told them that you had killed him to save your own life? I think I was excited, of course. Were you excited when you came to town and said you killed him to save your own life? I was, I suppose. Then if you made any misstatement, it was because you were excited? Yes, sir. Because you understood excitement? Well, I don't know. Now Mr. Hickey, how long did Tom Dixon live after you shot him? I don't know. Didn't you state after you came into town here how long it was? No, sir. Now if you did, Mr. Hickey, was it because you were excited? No, sir. Now, didn't you tell Jno. Culbert that he lived three minutes? No, sir. Notwithstanding the fact that you were excited? Yes, sir. You were not so badly excited that you would make a misstatement about how long a man lived? No, sir. Now you know that, regardless of whether you were excited or not? Yes, sir, I do. Mr. Hickey, how long were you engaged in the organ business at Abilene. About a year and a half or two years. And I understood you to say that you contemplated going into the same business here in Haskell? Yes, sir, that is what I expected to do. And I also understood that you went to Stamford to get some organs? Yes, sir. Now where did you put these organs, did you put them here at Haskell? No, sir, I took them up to Mr. Dixon's. I thought you were contemplating putting in a stock of organs at Haskell, was it at Dixon's? No, it was here at Haskell. Well, why didn't you put them right here at Haskell? Well, as I said, I had not been in the country very long, and I was looking around to see if this would be a good place to handle organs. Well, did you find a place where you could handle these organs up there? Well, the weather was bad, and I could not get out to sell organs much, and did not do much. How did you transport these organs to Dixon's? In a hack. Did you pass through Haskell? Yes, sir. Were you expecting to make permanent headquarters at Dixon's? No, sir. Where did you expect to take them then? Well, I thought I would take them somewhere and sell them. Did you have any special trade on foot? No, sir. How far is it from Dixon's to Stamford, the place where you got these organs? I suppose it is about thirty-three or thirty-five miles a team of your own? I had one horse. Where did you get the other one, had two didn't you? Joe Dixon furnished it. Was Joe a partner with you? Well, he was in with me on the road, I was going to pay him for his services. Were you paying him for his services? No, sir, but I contracted to. Joe was interested in that organ business then? Yes, that much; he was going to help me on the road in the country. Yes, he was furnishing one horse, and working for wages, getting pay for his services? Well, he thought I was going to pay him whenever I went to work. How long since you had seen Joe Dixon, when you came up here that time, the 26th of January? Last Christmas was a year ago. Where at? At Dublin. He was down there on a visit. Who did he go to visit? I could not say, he went to my father's from there, and stayed around down there a while. What was he doing? I don't know. What were you doing there? I was an officer there. I thought you was in the organ business at Abilene a year and a half? Yes, but not at that time. What Christmas you say it was that Joe was at Dublin? Last Christmas was a year ago. About a year and a half ago now? I suppose so. How long after Joe had been there before you quit business at Dublin? Well, I came up here the 26th of January. Came from Dublin right on up here? Well, I came to Stamford 22nd and here the 25th, and on to Dixon's the 26th. How long since you worked at Abilene—before that that I worked at Dublin? Yes, before that that I worked at Abilene. Who did you work for at Abilene? J. H. Walder, a part of the time, and a part of the time for myself. Which time did you work for him and which time for yourself? I worked about a year for myself. About a year for yourself? Yes, and about six months for Walder. Don't you know when you went back to Dublin? I don't remember the date. Who did you work for at Dublin? The Sheriff, Mr. Hines. Where is Mr. Hines now? I don't know, sir. You have supposed quite a number of witnesses did you summons Mr. Hines? No, sir. When you left Dixon's premises af-

ter the killing, didn't they request you to send a doctor up there? Some one told me to tell a doctor to come up there, but what doctor it was I don't remember, I never did know after that, I didn't know the doctor. You never did think which doctor any more? No, sir, when I got here I didn't know the name. Who told you to send a doctor? I don't remember. Who for? I suppose for her. Whose her? Mrs. Dixon. What was the matter with her? I am unable to say. How do you know the doctor was for her? I supposed it was for her. Anybody tell you who for? Yes, some of them said she was sick, that Mrs. Dixon was sick, and to send a doctor. Didn't you state here in the presence of Judge Knowles and county attorney Wilfong, that they told you to send a doctor up there that Mrs. Dixon was about to die, and that when you left you thought the whole family would die? Well, they asked me—Will you answer my question? I did not. Then the whole business, or nobody, was sick, so far as you knew? No, sir. Then why did you suppose the doctor was intended for Mrs. Dixon? I don't know, I just supposed she was excited. Did you need a doctor? No, sir. You were excited too, weren't you? I was. Why did you think she would need a doctor for the same ailment that you had, when you didn't need one? I don't know, I don't know whether she was the one or not. You didn't state, then, that you thought the whole family was going to die if you didn't get a doctor? No, sir. Didn't know what doctor you wanted? No, I can't tell. Why can't you tell? I don't know why, just can't remember. It may be possible that it was one of the doctors that stay at Terrell's. Which one of them was it told you that, one of them told you didn't they? Yes. Well, why do you say they, then? I don't know what the man's name was. I mean up at home, up where you killed Tom Dixon? I don't know, whoever it was, he halloved from the house. How far were you from the house? Eight or ten steps. Did you look back? I cannot say that I did. Did you say that you didn't look back? No, sir. You are acquainted with the family, are you not? Yes, sir. Why didn't you know who it was halloved? I don't know. Did they call the name of the doctor here? They did, whoever it was told me, but I don't remember the name. Did they tell you what they wanted with a doctor? No, sir. Did you or not go up in the house after the killing? Yes, sir, I went in and got my overcoat. Where abouts in the house was it? I think it was in the northwest corner. Northwest corner? Yes, sir. Now, which door did you go in to get that overcoat? Went in at that door right there. You came right in through here, up to where your coat was? Yes, come right in here at this door on the east side of the house; it was hanging right in here—that is where I generally kept it hanging. Where was the family? Back in here somewhere. Where was the organ box? Generally right about there. Right close to where your overcoat hung? Tolerably close. Now, your coat was right in this corner, what did you hang it on? Don't know, hung it on something there. Was there a nail there that you had to hang it on? I don't remember what I hung it on. Did you have that for your special place to hang your coat? Yes. Did you have your overcoat on when you came to town? I suppose I did, I don't know. Where is your overcoat now? Down at the jail. Now, where was the organ? Right about there is where they kept it. Close to the northwest corner? Yes, sir. And you had your coat right in there? Right close to that corner, right in here. Did you and Tom Dixon sleep together Sunday night before the killing? We slept together one night, I suppose it was that night, it was the night we came in from the pasture. You didn't have any trouble that day, did you? No, sir. What were you doing that day? Catching horses and looking over the stock. Taking an inventory of the community estate of Tom Dixon and wife, were you? We were not doing any business that day. Did you know how much property belonged to Tom Dixon and wife? No, sir. You say you were not out dividing the property that day, did he tell you what the property consisted of? He told me several times, told me Sunday morning. What did he say the valuation of the property was? It is generally conceded that Williams & Whitaker have the most complete line of staple and grocery to be found in Haskell.

The Touchstone of Democracy. Anent the approaching struggle of the political parties for supremacy in the control of the policy and affairs of this government, the following editorial from the New Orleans Times-Democrat is of interest to every man who appreciates the differences in the underlying or basic principles of the two great parties. The article has added interest also from the fact that the Times-Democrat is at this time regarded as perhaps the leading exponent of true democracy among the great papers of the South. It says: The question of the democratic leadership for 1904 seems to vex the souls of many men who have not the slightest idea of supporting the party's candidate, whoever he may be. These meddlers and marplots are of two kinds—republicans who begin to fear that Roosevelt is a reincarnation of Bryan, and pseudo-democrats who believe, or affect to believe, that wisdom will die with their idol. We need hardly say that the choice will not lie with these officious patriots who, by their own account, enacted the role of Brutus in the elections of 1896 and 1900. It is the merest dream to imagine that sackcloth and ashes will be the garb of the six millions who voted for the Nebraskan in both those memorable contests. Rather is it to be supposed that this great electorate will think and act for itself. If history has any lesson on such points, we must infer that the republican party will become more republican, and that the democratic party will become more democratic, as the years roll on. As a matter of fact, the differences between the rival organizations are congenial, and pierce to the very marrow of their being. A fanatical lover of the Hub once declared that Boston is not a place, but a state of mind. It may likewise be affirmed that republicanism and democracy are not mere badges to be worn or discarded at pleasure, but are habits of thought which draw thinkers in opposite directions, just as the centrifugal and centripetal forces draw material things toward or away from the earth's center. This view of the case is exceedingly well put by Mr. Bryan in a letter which he has recently addressed to the New York Independent: "The difference upon the money question, among those who understand it, was not so much a difference of opinion as a difference of sympathies," and that difference explains today as it did then." This is but another way of saying that a peopled is to be recognized by his unchangeable spots. It is indeed perfectly true that the silver question, terribly important in itself, was but one item of a long program; for the demonetization of the white metal, stripped of all technicalities, simply stood for the capitalist's eternal hunger after the unearned increment. So, too, advocates of a prohibitive tariff seek an unfair advantage, and lovers of government by injunction would prostitute public powers to private ends. Between these believers in utterly opposite creeds there can be neither compromise nor reconciliation. The great gulf is fixed in human nature and will endure to the last syllable of recorded time. The struggle of 1904 will turn upon the old issues, though they be modified as to outward form. For our own part, we care little about the personality of the democratic nominee, provided only that he represents the principles for which the party must fight, if it is to have the slightest claim to the suffrages of the American people. At the council-board of the first president there at two masterful men who embodied ideas which are coeval with the race itself. Hamilton's name is synonymous with privilege and centralized administration, while Jefferson's renown rests upon his defense of the many against the few. If those pre-eminent statesmen should return to the land of the living, they would find no difficulty in alighting themselves on the controversies of this generation. The trimmer may perform a useful function in periods of dead calm—when the ship of state is in the doldrums and therefore needs no resolute helmsman. It is not so when the huge craft is in the straits, menaced by breakers and storm-clouds. In that event, there is supreme need for a navigator whose vision is keen, whose nerves are of steel and whose knowledge of the chart is without a flaw. No fresh water sailor is to be accepted as a pilot now, nor will we have a captain who would take us to sea under sealed orders. The democratic party has made one voyage of that kind, and has no stomach for another. If the country prefers republican policies, the reins of power should be endued to republican hands; if democratic remedies are desired, a truly democratic doctor should be called in. Let us have no more of the quacks who give bread pills and poison by turns, without thought of the patient's disease. The practitioner of this kind is but the undertaker's advance agent.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

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