

SWEETWATER REPORTER.

VOL. 7 SWEETWATER, NOLAN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, NOV. 13, 1903. NO. 12

The Prohibition Election is Over

And we carry one of the best and cleanest stock of Staple and Fancy Groceries that can be found in the city. Come and see us.

Prompt Delivery.

BEALL & HUNT.

Telephone No. 78.

We Sell Grain and Other Feedstuf.

The Garland Stoves

Has Been Tested For Fifty Years

By the people of the United States and those who have used it still pronounce it the best stove made. You can't do better than buy a Garland. We have them in all sizes.

Barb Wire: A large shipment of Barb Wire just received. Let us figure with you if you have fencing to do.

We carry everything in Hardware, Implements, Vehicles, etc.

BRANNON & ROY,

Sweetwater, Texas.

Furniture and Funeral Supplies.

L. V. ELLINGTON,

has on hand a large and well selected stock of

Furniture and Coffins.

And can please their customers both in quality and price. Come right to his store when in need of anything in his line

Sweetwater, Texas

John H. Cochran,

ATTY AT LAW,

Land, Livestock, Insurance

and Collecting Agents.

Local Agent T & P. R. Co., lands, old surveys, and individual lands in small or large tracts, for sale at reasonable prices and on easy terms.

I represent one of the oldest, strongest and best Fire Insurance companies in the world. Also represent the Aetna Life and Accident Insurance Co. We solicit your insurance business.

If you want a small or large ranch here or elsewhere call on or write us for particulars.

I want your business and will attend to it.

Notaries Public in Office. Office second floor Bradford building.

Sweetwater, Texas.

Heavy Pecan Receipts.

The pecan business in San Angelo has been flourishing the past week. About \$5000 worth of pecans were sold by the local buyers which in most cases was distributed among people who sent the money right here in San Angelo. The pecan of the Concho Country will prove quite a revelation for San Angelo this season. H. H. Sigmund & Co., shipped out a total of nine cars the past week. Taylor & Johnson, two, A. W. Littlehale one, which has been purchased since last Saturday. —San Angelo Standard.

Disastrous Wrecks.

Carelessness is responsible for many of our wrecks, and in some cases are making human wretches of sufferers from the at a lung trouble. But since the advent of Dr. King's New Discovery or consumption, coughs and colds, even the worst cases can be cured, and a topless regeneration is no longer necessary. Mrs. Lois Craig of Dorchester, Mass., is one of many whose life was saved by Dr. King's New Discovery. This great remedy is guaranteed for all throat and lung diseases by S. Z. Williams, druggist. Price 50c, and \$1.00. Trial bottles free.

Steam Plowing.

A team plow that will cut 13 feet to a time and do the work of a six-horse team, is something of a little importance in business country. Mr. E. B. Kin started the plow to roll this week with a 25-horse power engine turning the turbine. Miss. He expects to break 1000 acres of new land and will plant it in cotton next year. There is a vast amount of good farming land in Runnels county and a the present time, and with steam plows to work it, it will not be long before this county will be obtaining farms. —Runnels count. Ledger.

Stepped Against a Hot Stove.

A child of Mrs. Geo. T. Benson, while getting his usual Saturday night bath, stepped back against a hot stove which burned him severely. The child was in great agony and his mother could do nothing to pacify him. Remembering her she had a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain-Exterminator in the house, she thought she would try it. In less than half an hour after applying it the child was quiet and asleep, and in less than two weeks was well. Mr. Benson is a well known resident of Kella, Va. Pain-Exterminator is an anesthetic and a specific for burns, scalds, bruises and sorrows. For sale by J. D. Douthett, Leading Druggist.

For a sick headache try Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It is a reliable remedy for all ailments of the stomach and bowels. For sale by J. D. Douthett, Leading Druggist.

A Blaze Near Olga.

On Sunday while the family was at church, B. Patterson, who lives near Olga in Coke county, lost his house and household goods. The origin of the fire could not be accounted for. Eleven negroes were in yesterday afternoon to rebuild Mr. Patterson's house. —Runnels County Ledger.

Not a Sick Day Since.

"I was taken severely sick with kidney trouble. I tried all sorts of medicine, none of which relieved me. One day I saw an ad of your electric battery and determined to try that. After taking a few doses I felt relieved and soon the matter was entirely cured, and have not seen a sick day since. Neighbors of mine have been cured of rheumatism, neuralgia, live and kidney trouble and general debility." This is what B. F. Bass, of Freeman, N. C. writes. Only 50c, at S. Z. Williams, Druggist.

LEAGUE PROGRAM.

Sunday, Nov. 15, 1903.

Leader—Miss Bertie Cox.
Organist—Miss Emma Hope
Topic—Gleanings of the Bible
What David teaches us is Sam. 16:11-13; Psalm 19; Job 6:42.
Song and prayer.
Ref. Psalm 8—Miss Mabie
Is subject Anna after God's will.—Ch. S. F. Roberts.
Ref. Psalm 122—Mr. Morris
Song and prayer.
David's sin, repentance and restoration.—Dr. Roebuck
Song
Ref. Psalm 23:1—Mrs. Hill
Select Reading—Harry Harry
League Bible edition

Just What You Need.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Bowel Remedy
When you feel ill after eating.
When you have no appetite.
When you have a bad taste in your mouth.
When your liver is torpid.
When your bowels are constipated.
When you have a headache.
When you feel nervous.
They will improve your appetite, cleanse and invigorate your stomach, and regulate your liver and bowels. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by J. D. Douthett, Leading Druggist.

Nov. 12, 13, and 14.

Dr. Adams will be at Sweetwater with Dr. Archer. He treats all Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat diseases or deformities that are curable.

Examination free, those found past relief are frankly told so hence they are out no time or money. For plain facts, up-to-date surgery and scientific treatment. Call and see him. Or send eyes straightened free.

Nov. 12, 13 and 14,

CITY BARBER SHOP.

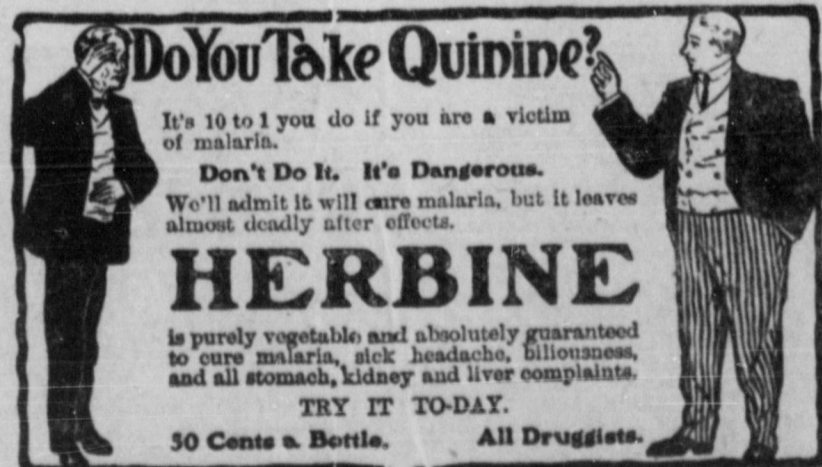
T. E. RADICAN, Prop.
Three chairs and only first class workmen employed. Your patronage solicited.

West Side of Square.
Sweetwater, Texas.

Dr. J. L. G. Adams, Eye, Ear, Throat, and Nose Specialist of Abilene, Texas will be in Sweetwater with Dr. Archer 12, 13 and 14 of November 1903. We are prepared to cure any disease or deformity of Eye, Ear, Nose and throat that is curable.

Examinations free. Those found beyond relief are frankly told so, hence we waste no time on hopeless cases.

Call and see us in our office, Room 8, Archer Building.



Do You Take Quinine?

It's 10 to 1 you do if you are a victim of malaria.

Don't Do It. It's Dangerous.

We'll admit it will cure malaria, but it leaves almost deadly after effects.

HERBINE

is purely vegetable and absolutely guaranteed to cure malaria, sick headache, biliousness, and all stomach, kidney and liver complaints.

TRY IT TO-DAY.

50 Cents a Bottle. All Druggists.

Made by MEDLOCK & MANOR, CHICAGO.

Sundown.

A late lark twitters from the quiet skies,
And from the west,
Where the sun, his day's work ended,
Lingers as in content,
There falls on the old, gray city
An influence, luminous and serene—
A shining peace.

The smoke ascends
In a rosy and golden haze. The spires
Shine and are changed. In the valley
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The
sun,
Closing his benediction,
Sinks, and the darkening air,
Thrills with a sense of the triumphing
night!

Night, with her train of stars
And her great gift—of sleep.
So be my passing!
My task accomplished and the long day
Done.
My wages taken, and on my heart
Some late lark sings on.

Let me be gathered to the quiet west.
The sundown splendid and serene. Death,
—W. H. Henley.

Two Letters

By Will S. Gidley.

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Her Letter to Him.

Dear Jack: I feel that I owe you an explanation and an apology, and I am going to send them, although you probably will not care for either at this late date.

I have good reasons for believing that you have forgotten me—I hear you are engaged to your cousin, May Holliston—but, forgotten or not, I still deem it my duty to set myself right in your eyes and let you know I am not the despicable and heartless being you must now regard me.

Last summer when I gave my lawn party I wrote you a nicely worded invitation, and until half an hour ago, when I discovered it in a pigeonhole of my desk among some empty envelopes, I supposed it had been duly sent, and that of course you had received it and—had not thought it worth your while to come to my poor party, or even reply to my invitation.

I am telling you this, Jack, not with the idea of winning you back—I have no hope of doing that, nor do I wish to take you from your cousin, who I am sure will make you happy. But I do want you to know the truth. Although we are nothing to each other now, I cannot think of your going through life believing that your name was purposely omitted from the list of invitations to my party. Right here I may as well say that I invited your old rival, Will Edson, chiefly out of sympathy, thinking that if he accepted and came he might find some fair charmer among the many present, whose smiles would more than compensate him for the slight loss sustained in my rejection of his addresses.

I hardly expected him to come, but when he did, and you did not, and someone told me you had started that very day for a two-weeks' fishing trip in Canada—well, I tried bravely to "smile with an aching heart" and play well my part of hostess, but I fear those present found me rather poor company. I know I never before passed such a miserable day in my life. And then at night, when they were all gone and I was left alone with my thoughts, I flung myself on my couch and—but why am I telling you all this? It is nothing, and I am well aware of that, and I know that it is silly in me to dangle my bleeding heart before you as if seeking for sympathy.

But, Jack, believe me when I say it is not sympathy I am striving for, but self-justification; I want to clear myself in your eyes, to have you know the truth, and then—kindly burn this letter and forget that the writer of it ever existed!

Now, to return to the invitation: When I found it to-day the whole thing came back to me. I remember that I wrote your invitation first and sealed it with a—well, different from the rest of them—and then in some way (and I shall never forgive myself for my carelessness) it got mixed in with the empty envelopes, and when I got through my list, back it went into the pigeonhole with them, and after all these weeks it has at last turned up again, to accuse and haunt me.

Kismet! as the Turks say; so why should I fight against it? I feel sure



Her letter to him.
That you are happy in another's love.

and I hope she will make you as good a wife as you deserve. I have not the pleasure of your cousin's acquaintance (as matters stand it is perhaps as well that I have not; it saves embarrassment for both), but I hear her praises sung by all who know her, and I sincerely congratulate you on your choice.

She, I feel sure, will make you much happier than I could ever hope to do; and now, dear Jack (if I may call you that for the last time), please forgive and forget my carelessness, the fault of my head and not of my heart, and as you go on your chosen way and I on mine, though our paths may never cross, you shall always have my kindest wishes and earnest prayers for your prosperity and happiness.

Ever your friend,

MILDRED MERWIN.

P. S.—I feel that I can trust you to destroy this letter, and never, never mention its contents to anyone. It is for your eyes alone. Perhaps it might better have been left unwritten, but I felt that I must set myself right, and I know you will not misjudge me.

M. M.

His Reply.

My Darling Mille: Your letter of yesterday has made me the happiest man in the entire universe. You dear, precious little goose! What made you ever imagine I was engaged to my cousin May? I am sure I never told anyone so, and I am at a loss to know how the rumor ever started. She has been very kind to me, it is true, during the past few months, and has done her best to console me for the neglect of—well, of others; but it has all been done in a sisterly, or rather cousinly way, and there has never been even the remotest thought of marriage between us.

On the contrary, Cousin May (bless her wise little noddle!) has been constantly urging me to go to you for an explanation as to why I received no invitation to your party, saying she



His Reply.

was sure you could explain; everything satisfactorily if I would only give you the opportunity. But, like the stubborn mule that I am and always will be, I expect, until you've civilized me, I have steadily refused to obey her wishes, claiming that the explanation, if given at all, should come from you without any solicitation on my part.

I tell you it made me pretty desperate when I heard Will Edson boasting of having an invitation to your lawn party while I had none. I waited on tenter-hooks until the last minute, and then, not receiving the expected invitation, I packed up and started off with a couple of friends on a fishing trip. And I enjoyed the trip, of course! All that I remember about it now is that my friends both declared that I was the pokiest and most uninteresting fellow they ever had the misfortune to go fishing with—all I did was to sit around and mope. Just as if they wouldn't mope too, if they had lost what I supposed I had lost—the love of the only girl in the world worth having!

But, dearest, it is all right now. I know the truth, and the only thing I am sorry for is that I didn't take Cousin May's advice, and come to you and find it out long ago.

What a blind, stubborn fool I have been all these dreary weeks and months! Really, Mille, I don't half deserve the great happiness your dear letter has brought to me; but even the most unworthy of mortals cannot refuse to enter Paradise when the gates swing invitingly open before him.

You won't have to "win me back." My heart has never faltered in its allegiance to you, even if my body was temporarily a deserter from your side. But never mind, dear; no misunderstanding shall ever again come between us. We won't give it room. I'll be down to see you this evening, and we'll start in where we left off six months ago, and see if we can't make up for lost time.

Ever yours,
JACK.

A Very Large Family.

A book has lately been published in England. In it the author, the Marquis de Ruvigny, gives the names of all the known legitimate descendants of Kings Edward IV. and Henry VII. of England and of James III. of Scotland. Total number of living persons who so trace their descent is 11,723, and the author admits that this list is

incomplete, as there are several families he has been unable to trace. The names range from practically all the crowned heads of Europe to a large number of Smiths, Browns and Robinsons. It seems that, excepting the children of the Duchess of Fife, the last English king to have non-royal legitimate descendants is Henry VII., and his come chiefly from that Princess Mary who was first a Queen of France and then the wife of Charles Brandon and was the grandmother of the ill-fated Lady Jane Grey.

Non-Electric Umbrellas.

Any observer of little changes in fashion cannot have helped remarking this year the return of umbrellas made on wooden shafts instead of the steel rod that has been the correct thing for several years. A whim of fashion is not the reason of this change. It is due to the general fear of electricity. So many persons who ride in cars propelled by electricity are so fearful of getting a shock through a steel umbrella rod that their repeated demands for the old-fashioned wooden shaft have led the manufacturers to making them again.

Discouraged Brokers.

The gentlemen who hold seats as brokers on the New York Produce exchange are not making the money they did once. They are discouraged. Not only have they been hit by the general depression, but they have an account to settle direct with the West. The balance is steadily increasing against them, and, what is worse, seems to be growing each year. Chicago is handling direct most of the business that was once done in New York. The purchasers of food stuffs buy of the Chicago brokers, and thus eliminate one man in the transaction. Chicago is making the most of the fact that she is the natural outlet of the grain growing areas of America, and she does not intend to let New York do any business that she can do herself.

An American King.

Mrs. David O'Keefe, of Savannah, Ga., though never herself a queen, is to enjoy substantial advantages from the circumstance that her late husband, on being shipwrecked on a South Sea savage island, set up as King, of Yap and took to himself a dusky consort in person of the Queen of Dollyboy Island. King David of Yap exhibited as a royal personage a canny, albeit an adventurous and pleasure loving character. He went into trade—his island subjects being free from prejudices prevailing in Europe, built a fleet of schooners, made money and put it carefully away in the British bank at Hong Kong. His widow—she of Savannah—is now consoled for her husband's long absence and untimely demise by the prospect of a fortune of half a million dollars lovingly devised her by the deceased king. This is not a plot for a comic opera; it is a plain recital of a news story of the day.

Orient Barber Shop.

Hot and Cold Baths.

First class work. Your patronage solicited. West side of Square

J. B. COX,

Attorney-at-Law,
Real Estate and Insurance Agent

Your business solicited:—Office in Warren Building—the west rooms up stairs, over Williams' Drug Store.

MACK HALEY, FLOATER.

I am in the business for business and want a share of your business. Will appreciate a share of your patronage and will give you prompt service.

L. B. ROEBUCK,
Physician and Surgeon

Calls promptly answered during day from Williams' drug store, Phone 28. At night from the Burts residence, Phone No. 7.

R. E. MOODY,
Physician & Surgeon.

All calls answered promptly. Office near Residence in eastern part of town.

THOS. T. AMMELL.

R. L. McCAULLY

Thos. Trammell & Co., BANKERS

Sweetwater, - Texas

Careful attention given all business entrusted to us. Accommodations cheerfully extended. We solicit all desirable business.

Ragland & Crane,

Land Agents and Commercial Land Lawyers
Sweetwater, Tex.

Owns the only set of Abstracts of Land Titles of Nolan County.

Local Agent for the town lots of the Texas & Pacific Railway Company lots at Sweetwater. Local Agent for the lands of Cauda, Drake & Strauss, formerly T. & P. R. R. Land.

Local Agent for the lands of F. P. Olcott, commonly known as the H and T. C. R. R. lands, among which are the best watered as well as the best farming and grazing land in the country.

Have much improved and unimproved town and country property for sale.

Write Fire Insurance and represent none but strictly first-class companies.

If you want to buy or sell anything come to see me or write to me.

"No Trouble to Answer Questions"

Berry Hardware Co.,

Wm. Berry, Mgr.

Hardware, Wire, Vehicles, Implements,
Windmills.

We carry one of the largest stocks of everything in the Hardware line in West Texas and can save you money on almost anything you may need.

North Side of Square, Sweetwater, Texas.

Buy Your

Staple & Fancy Groceries

From GLASS & GOBLE

A nice and complete line of Fresh Family Groceries always in stock. Free delivery. Ragland building, north side of square.

Sweetwater,

Texas.

J. H. Beall.

W. W. Beal

BEALL & BEALL

Attorneys-at-Law.

Sweetwater, Texas.

Oldest law firm in the city—We do a general law and land business and have opened up at the beginning of the new year 1903, with new offices, new library, new abstracts and new energies.

Abstracting and Land Title Work

promptly done with accuracy. We have your titles in our office and would be pleased to have your business. Notaries Public in office at all times and will do conveyancing with dispatch. List your lands with us and we will sell them if any demand for them. Office in Warren building over Drug Store

R. H. Fitzgerald, Pres.

W. H. Fitzgerald, Cashier.

E. Q. Daniels, Ass't Cashier.

First National Bank,

Of Sweetwater

Capital paid in - - - \$40,000.

Directors:

R. H. Fitzgerald, W. F. McLaughy, J. H. Beall,
J. W. Meadors, E. Q. Daniel, W. H. Fitzgerald,

This is the only National Bank in Nolan county, and is of course under and subject to government inspection and direction. The funds of depositors are protected by the only Mosler Screw Door Burglar Proof Safe in the county. Accounts of firms and individuals solicited. Careful and prompt attention to all business entrusted to us.



The New Baby

Motherhood is woman's natural destiny—actual barrenness is rare—comforting words to childless women.

Many women are denied the happiness of children simply because of some curable derangement of the generative organs. Among the many triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is overcoming cases of supposed barrenness. Thousands of children owe their existence to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. This great medicine is so well calculated to regulate every function of the generative organs that its efficiency in this respect is vouched for by multitudes of women.

Nine Years Without a Child.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—We had been married nine years and never had children, and now we have a little baby girl nineteen months old, the joy of our life. She owes her existence to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound."

"Before taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound I was a constant sufferer. I had pains in my back and sides, especially before menstruation. I had doctored but received no benefit. He told me so much about the Vegetable Compound I decided to try it, and after taking six bottles was cured."—Mrs. T. H. GOULBEY, 1223 Nevada St., East Toledo, Ohio.



Portrait of a Baby Girl Who Owe her Existence to Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wrote to you some time ago asking why I could not have a child. I explained that I had displacement of the womb and ovarian trouble, and suffered with backache and headache. You sent me a nice letter in reply giving me full instructions how to treat myself, and in accordance with your directions I took your Vegetable Compound, and followed your kind advice faithfully in every respect, and now I have a little girl, the joy of our home. I never would have had my baby if it had not been for your advice and medicine."

"I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound enough for what it has done for me. I hope other childless women will see this letter."—Mrs. JOHN UBER-LACKER, 1111 Broadway, Cleveland, Ohio.

Another Happy Case in Brooklyn.

"DEAR MRS. PINKHAM:—I wrote to you a year ago telling you of my troubles. I had pains in the ovaries, menses were painful, and I had never borne children."

"You answered my letter and I followed your advice. I was completely cured. Have just given birth to a fine, healthy babe, and during childbirth had a very easy time."

"Lydia E. Pinkham's medicines are a God send to women who want to be mothers."—Mrs. SCHULTZ, 12 Luzner St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Many women whose letters we print were utterly discouraged, and life lacked all joy to them when they wrote Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., without charge of any kind. They received advice which made them strong, useful women again.

Force
The Ready-to-Serve Cereal
for doctor and patient.

Has Eaten Three Cases.
"I was attacked last May by appendicitis. As I showed signs of recovery doctor and I began to cast around for a suitable diet and as a result we fell upon 'Force,' which has been a wonderful boon to me. I have eaten almost three cases." H. H. MILLER.

Before Night.

It is the hour when faints the long, gold day;
That hour when all the spent world sighs to rest.
The low wind sleeps, the lilies idly sway,
And drops the lee into the rose's breast.

Now the last weary swallow wheels on high,
A flash of silver on the rosy light;
Soon the first star shall gleam in the still sky,
And earth be clasped by the cool arms of night.

Now the round notes of nestless birds are dead,
Peace on the scented land and shimmering sea;
Now sorrow fades as fades the sunset red,
And with the tender night comes peace to me!

—Eleanor Norton, in Harper's Magazine.

Her Sacrifice

By Eleanor Lee

Copyrighted 1905, by The Authors Pub. Co.

He walked slowly along the dusty country road on a lovely July evening. His air was dejected, his clothes worn and shabby. A tramp, one might decide at first glance; at a second, one could see that he had known better days. Not age but a sense of failure had bowed his form and drawn lines on brow and mouth. He had wrecked his life; he had nothing to live for, no one to love.

The sharp click of shears suddenly attracted his attention. He raised his tired eyes from the road and turned in the direction of the sound. It came from a cemetery on a steep, green hill to his right. He could see the marble shafts gleaming through the trees. A neat picket fence enclosed it, and the gate was slightly ajar.

Impelled by a curious feeling he did not stop to analyze, he pushed it open and walked wearily up the slope. A young woman was on her knees beside a grave, clipping the grass along its edge. Her back was turned to him and she had not heard his footsteps on the turf. In a soft, cultivated voice she was singing:

"The sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice."

He felt a languid interest in watching the girl as she took some flowers from a basket and arranged them in a crown—white roses and pink, sweet peas—and scattered pansies on the velvety green sward.

Then she arose and stood at the foot of the grave, regarding it with a look of subdued satisfaction. Her face was turned in the direction of the lilac shrub, behind which the intruder stood, and the sight of it made his start violently and come forward hastily.

The girl's exclamation of surprise and alarm was cut short by the stranger's courteous lifting of his hat, any saying in the voice of a gentleman: "Do not be alarmed, madam. Forgive my intrusion; and may I ask your name?"

The girl pushed her hair from her heated forehead with a nervous movement. "My name is Alice Osborne," she answered.

"Osborne"—in a disappointed tone. "Are you not—you resemble my—someone I knew. Did you ever hear of Alice Dale?" He spoke eagerly and yet hopelessly.

Her eyes opened wonderingly upon him. "That was my mother's name. Is it she you mean?"

"It can be no other. You are her very image—when I saw her first. The same features, the same wavy hair, the same pretty color—your eyes—how like her you are!"

"I am glad you knew my mother," she said, gently. "Sit here on the grass and tell me about her. I was scarcely two years old when she died."

"And fortunate it was that she died then." The man's voice was full of bitter despair. "She escaped a world of trouble."

"We will not speak of my father now," the girl said quickly.

"Do you remember your father?"

"Yes," reluctantly.

"What became of you when he ab-



"Forgive my intrusion; and may I ask your name?"

scended with his partner's money?"

the man went on, as though taking a grim pleasure in raking up past misdeeds.

"A wealthy farmer adopted me. I am called Osborne now. I have a luxurious home and every advantage of education and travel. One great sorrow though—my foster father died a year ago. This is his grave."

The man looked at it with new interest. Then he noted the black ribbons on the girl's simple white dress. "And you are happy in your new home?"

"It is not new to me; I scarcely remember any other. I love my mother—

I have always called Mrs. Dale so."

"But your father," persisted the stranger, "do you never think of him? Or have your new friends taught you to forget him?"

Alice looked sadly up at the placid evening sky. "I pray for him always," she murmured softly.

The man's face gleamed with a sudden hope. "And would you be glad to know him? Would you forgive him?"

"I forgave him long ago." She turned to him quickly, and noted his agitated face. "You know where my father is—tell me."

"He has served his term of punishment. He is free once more. He is—Alice—I am your father!"

The rosy light died out of the girl's face, her hands clutched the grass at her side. Even in her worst dreams she had never pictured her father like this. She shrank involuntarily from him as he moved a little nearer. Her eyes had no welcome for him.

Without a word the convict turned away. The ray of hope faded from his face, and the old, bitter look returned. He got up slowly from the grass, and stumbled on his way blindly among the graves.

Alice watched him for a moment unrelentingly. Then the bent, gray head and stooping shoulders, the attitude of a man prematurely aged,



He stretched out his hand, tremblingly, to her.

She sprang up and followed him.

"Father!" she called.

The man turned. The girl's arms were around his neck, her lips touched his rough beard, her soft hair brushed his cheek.

"Father, what would you have me do for you?" the daughter asked after a pause.

"Take your mother's place. Make a home for me. Had she lived I would not have sinned. Help me to be a better man."

Alice drew herself from his arms with a sudden revision of feeling. Go away with him! live with him! She had not anticipated this. That she should shelter him for a time and provide money to start anew was all, surely, that could be expected of her. Money she knew she could obtain for him—was not that enough?

The sun had set behind grey clouds; the night breeze moaned through the trees; she shivered in her thin dress. It seemed that all the brightness had gone from her young life with the setting of the sun.

The man watched the expression of the girl's face, saw the struggle going on, the change from a light-hearted girl to a care-burdened woman. He was dimly aware of the magnitude of the sacrifice he had called upon her to make. And he knew, perfectly, that his destiny depended upon her decision.

As he watched her, now hopefully, now despairingly, the expression of the sweet face changed again to one of high resolve, of noble purpose, and he knew that Duty had won the victory over Self. In his heart there grew a strong resolve, with God's help, to live down the past.

He stretched out his hand, tremblingly, to her. "You will come," he said in a voice husky with deep feeling.

"For my mother's sake—and for yours," she said, and placed her hand in his.

MADE GOOD HIS "BLUFF."

British Admiral's Successful idea of Fooling Enemy.

In 1797, the Dutch, who were in alliance with the French, had equipped their fleet at the Texel, and had made precautions to embark in it their

whole army for an attack upon Ireland, says Pearson's Weekly. It was imperative that they should be watched in force and prevented from joining the French fleet then in Brest, and this task fell to Duncan's lot.

Just as he was on the point of sailing from Yarmouth with the North Sea fleet to blockade the Texel the famous mutiny at the Nore broke out, and eleven of his line of battleships turned back and joined the ringleader Parker at the mouth of the Thames. In spite of this desertion the gallant admiral went on to his destination with his own ship, the Venerable (seventy-four guns), the Adamant (fifty guns), and the Active, a cutter.

He then proceeded to bluff the Dutch. By keeping up a regular succession of signals to the Adamant in the offing, as though sending orders to a fleet outside, he actually induced the enemy to believe that he lay off the coast in force. In fact, the Dutch never discovered that there was only two ships and a cutter watching them until the mutiny was over and Duncan's other ships had rejoined them. Later on in the same year the great victory of Camperdown came to crown his triumph.

A Vanderbilt Sharpshooter.

Lieutenant Cornelius Vanderbilt, who was last week made a member of Governor Odell's staff, won honors as a sharpshooter at Creedmoor Saturday. When some of the best shots in the regiment failed young Vanderbilt qualified not only as a marksman, but as a sharpshooter. He had not been shooting with a revolver for any length of time, and his brother officers were surprised when he scored 18 at the 25-yard range with a .38-caliber revolver. His record for the marksmanship, made with a revolver, was 38 out of a possible 50. At the first range—50 yards—he astonished the officers by plugging the bull's eye twice.

He's a Connecticut Character.

A character in Putnam, Conn., is Phineas G. Wright, whom everybody calls "Gard" Wright. The old man has had his tomb and bust erected in the local cemetery in anticipation of his death. Beneath his bust is inscribed, "Going, but can't tell where."

Mr. Wright, who is one of Putnam's oldest and richest citizens, now says: "I am not satisfied with the bust. It don't look nothing like me—more than a Hottentott. Here I've gone and blown in \$500 or \$600 for the image, and it's the durndest looking plug I ever saw. But I ain't going to make no kick on the contractor. What's the use—the money's all spent now. Some people ask if I don't know where I'm going, what I want a monument for. Well, I'm going somewhere, ain't I? I'm honest when I say I don't know where. Ain't I right? If I knew where I was going I would put it on the bust."

Cosmopolitan New York.

Some idea of the cosmopolitan character of the great East side of New York may be had by the statement that eighty-two dialects are spoken there. In this district there are 84,000 families, the average size of which is five members, with two boarders in addition—for there are always at least two boarders in every family on the East side. The most crowded spot in any city in the world is in the northern part of this district in the blocks bounded by Broome and Stanton and Eldridge and Suffolk streets. Under the roof of the house at 171 Rivington street there are thirty-seven families, with 180 children, eighty of whom are babies. "Race suicide" is not encouraged on the East side, which is a world apart from most New Yorkers. They know of its situation and catch fugitive glimpses of its life through visits to a Bohemian restaurant at night or by tours through the shops where Russian brasses are sold by day.

Bought Island for 30 Cents.

Senator John E. Fox, of Harrisburg, Pa., owns an island in the Susquehanna river, opposite Harrisburg, which was purchased for 30 cents. The island was formed by the gradual accumulation of sand and alluvial deposit. It contains one acre and forty-four perches. Senator Fox filed a formal claim for it, and the internal affairs department decided the property was his. The price paid under the law was the regulation 30 cents. The senator will shortly take steps to make extensive improvements on his new buildings.

SWEETWATER REPORTER

By E. H. Kleier & Co
Subscription Price One Dollar a Year

SWEETWATER STILL A WET TOWN.

Is the Holding of the Commissioner's Court on the Ground That Two Elections Were Held.

According to a verdict of a majority of the members of Commissioner's court, Sweetwater is still a wet town by a majority of 15 votes, it holding that Saturday, October 31st two elections were held instead of one. When court met Wednesday morning for the purpose of canvassing the returns of the late election a new and surprising question was sprung by Judge R. A. Ragland, and F. G. Thurmond, of Colorado, in behalf of the anti. The contention of these gentlemen was to the effect that the order for the recent election in Pre. Nos. 1 and 2 described the metes and bounds of the two precincts separately and that under the law two elections were held. The pros were represented by Judge J. H. Beal who claimed that the order was properly made for one election and denied the authority of the court to pass upon the question even though the order be defective in the manner claimed. The question was enthusiastically discussed by the representatives of each side and many authorities introduced. After the motion had been presented the court took in consideration behind closed doors, and if reports are true, there were warm discussions by members of this august body before a vote was taken, on which Messrs Hanna and Stout cast votes for holding that two elections were held, and Messrs Brannon and Greastine were of the opinion that one election was properly held and so voted, and that the court had no authority to act, further than to canvass the returns.

The pro representatives have filed a petition in the district court asking that the decision of the commissioners be set aside and that they be compelled to canvass the returns and announce the result as one election. It is thought that the matter can be heard and passed upon during the present term of district court.

Sweetwater Complimented:

In Mitchell county's prohibition election nearly two years ago the Colorado Clipper was a dyed in the wool anti-sneer and preached an untimely grave for that little city should the county adopt prohibition. Since that time there has been no change in management of the paper, but from the extract published below from an article appearing in the last issue of the Clipper a great change of heart is indicated:

The Clipper is proud of Sweetwater for once in its life, for this election shows that her people are getting right. Sweetwater is a nice and progressive little town, and to be one of some very enterprising people, and the adoption of local option by those good people shows they propose to keep step with the march of progress. Abilene is dry; Merkel is dry; Eskota is dry; Roscoe Lorraine, Colorado, was broken and later are all similarly afflicted, and Sweetwater has done herself proud by joining this noble galaxy. Westward the star of local option makes its way and Big Springs is the next point that comes within scope of the Clipper's solicitude. If Big Springs were only dry our cup of satisfaction would be chock full and running over, and we call upon the gallant local option cohorts to come to The Clipper's assistance and let us labor together unitedly for the redemption of Big Springs. The field is white unto the harvest, and there is work for all.

A FOUL MURDER. A Prominent Wedding.

Hank Richardson Found Dead on Sweetwater Creek and Circumstances Indicate a Foul Murder.

Sheriff McGaughy and J. H. Freeman, Justice of the Peace, were called to Sweetwater Creek where the bridge crosses on the Abilene road about three miles east of the city this morning by a message stating that a man had been killed. Upon going to the scene the officers found Hank Richardson, a man about 50 years of age, who has been working for A. J. Rogers for several weeks, dead. The corpse bore evidence of having been foully dealt with; the jawbone on one side broken and several ugly wounds on the head and face.

The circumstances as far as can be learned are as follows: Richardson left Mr. Rogers house just after dark saying that he was going down to the bridge which is only a short distance from the house, to talk with two acquaintances from Fisher county, Dolph Johnson and Wm. Dillard, who were camped on the east side of the creek. There was another party camped on the west side of the creek and these people testified that Richardson, Dillard and Johnson came to their camp about 12:00 o'clock in the night, all in an intoxicated condition and after about an hour returned to their camp across the bridge. About 2 o'clock in the morning the campers on the west side say that Johnson and Dillard came back to their camp and reported that Richardson had run against a wagon and killed himself. From the marks on the dead body it seems impossible for Richardson to have met death in the manner claimed, and suspicion was at once fastened upon Johnson and Dillard and they were arrested and locked up in the county jail.

At this writing an inquest is being held, but we are unable to get any of the facts presented.

Best Linctment on Earth.

I. M. McHany, Greenville, Texas writes, Nov. 2nd, 1900: I had rheumatism last winter, was down in bed six weeks; tried everything, but got no relief, till a friend gave me a part of a bottle of Ballard's Snow Linctment. I used it, and got two more bottles. It cured me and I haven't felt any rheumatism since. I can recommend Snow Linctment to be the best linctment on earth for rheumatism." For rheumatic, sciatic or neuralgic pains, rub in Ballard's Snow Linctment, you will not suffer long, but will be gratified with a speedy and effective cure. 25c, 50c and \$1.00 at Medlock & Maner, Druggist.

Dr. J. L. G. Adams, the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist, came in Thursday to fill his three days professional appointment at this place. He was joined here by his partners, Drs. Hubbert and Thompson who were accompanied by several patients who were operated upon at this place. These gentlemen have offices at Abilene, Colorado, Big Springs and Midland and those who have eye, ear, nose or throat affections flock to them on their visits to each of these places. They are experts in their specialties and have grateful patients in all parts of our state.

A Dangerous Month.

This is the month of coughs, colds and acute catarrh. Do you catch cold easily? Find yourself hoarse, with a tickling in your throat and an annoying cough at night? Then, you should always have handy, a bottle of Ballard's Horehound Syrup. J. A. Anderson, 354 West 5th St. Salk Lake City, writes: "We use Ballard's Horehound Syrup for coughs and colds. It gives immediate relief. We know it's the best remedy for these troubles. I write this to induce other people to try this pleasant and efficient remedy." 25c, 50c and \$1.00 at Medlock & Maner, Druggist.

Sweetwater never had two more popular young people to unite in holy wedlock than Mr. W. H. Jobe and Miss Zemma Irene Lewis, who were married at the First Baptist church, last Wednesday evening at 8:45. Loving hands had decorated the auditorium, which is as beautiful as a parlor within itself and the pulpit, with its immediate environs was a bower of flowers and ferns. Every seat was taken, and quite a number of the interested witnesses stood.

At the appointed hour Miss Manning presiding at the organ, began Mendelshon's wedding march and to its inspiring strains the ushers marched down the central aisle, followed by the groom and his beautiful bride.

Dr. R. T. Hanks, the officiating minister stood at the altar to receive them and pronounced the beautiful marriage ceremony. After the officiating minister had congratulated the groom and bride, the wedding party retired to the home of the bride's father our esteemed fellow townsman, Mr. John R. Lewis. After a few hours the couple left on the East bound train, to visit the home and relatives of Mr. Jobe. The Reporter joins their numerous friends in the very best congratulations.

Beautiful Clear Skies.

Leeblue exerts a direct influence on the bowels, liver and kidneys, purifying and strengthening these organs, and maintaining them in a normal condition; thus removing a common cause of yellow, mottled, greasy skin and more or less pimples, blotches and blackheads. 50c at Medlock & Maner Druggist.

Work on the Orient.

Belief That It Is to Be Pushed in Texas.

Austin, Tex., Nov. 11.—It is believed that the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient Railroad Company is to push the work on its line in Texas from Red River southeast via Sweetwater to the Mexican border. This belief is founded on a charter filed today, being that of the Interstate Construction Company, with principal office at Sweetwater; capital \$250,000; purpose, the construction of railroads. Incorporators, Charles N. Atkinson, Edwin H. Holcomb, Frank C. Allen, R. L. McCauley and H. C. Hord. Hord is the Texas general attorney of the Orient. —Dallas News.

Gene Hopkins and J. W. Hope have been holding horses and mules for shipment until patience has about ceased to be a virtue with them, and they are threatening to form a company for the construction of stock cars. More than a dozen people are holding stuff for shipment but are without the satisfaction of getting the promise of a car at any future date.

Doesn't Respect Old Age.

It is shameful when youth fails to show proper respect for old age, but just the contrary in the case of Dr. King's new life pills. They cut off ailments no matter how severe and irrespective of old. Dyspepsia, jaundice, fever, constipation all yield to this perfect pill. 25c, at S. Z. Williams' Drug store.

If you are of the opinion that no cotton of consequence was raised this year in the Sweetwater Country go to the cotton oil mill and see the hundreds of tons of seed stored away in the large seed shed. The biggest thing we have seen in West Texas is that pile of oil and cake producing seed, and its size is being daily increased.

Drs. Adams, Hubbert & Thompson at Sweetwater, Nov. 29 and 30, with Dr. Archer. Practice limited to Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. We tell you plain facts about your case. We waste no time on hopeless cases. At Sweetwater, Nov. 29 and 30.

We Should Be Careful.

The one case of smallpox that we now have in Nolan county is said not to be of mild type with which we have formerly had experience, but rather the severest type of the disease. This being the case and, the fact that we are just entering winter, the most favorable season for the disease makes it the duty of every citizen to join hands with health officer in his efforts to stamp it out. In the person of Dr. Sparks we have an intelligent and efficient health officer, and we believe it will be no fault of his that the disease is not stamped out in this county. The reasons are too many and too plain, why you should give your cooperation in stopping the disease so need mentioning.

Carpet For the Winter.

I have the best Loom in West Texas, my work speaks for itself. Bring me your rags and let me weave your carpet. Rags left at Douthitt's Drug Store will reach me. Miss Mollie Musgrove, Sweetwater, Texas.

Tendered His Resignation.

On account of declining health Prof. L. E. Buchanan, principal of our school and who has charge of the High School Department, has tendered his resignation to the board of trustees, and the same has been accepted.

Prof. Buchanan is a high toned gentleman and a teacher of ability and it is with much regret that we see him leave the position he has so ably filled.

Prof. M. K. Witt has been chosen to succeed him and Miss Annie Moss will take Prof. Witt's place, and they will enter upon their new duties Monday.

Rev. and Mrs. R. T. Hanks returned Wednesday evening from the General Baptist Convention at Dallas. Dr. Hanks was called from Dallas to Caldwell to perform a marriage ceremony Tuesday, and reached here not many minutes before the time scheduled for him to officiate in the marriage of Mr. W. H. Jobe and Miss Zemma Lewis.

Worm Destroyer.

White's Cream Vermifuge, not only kills the worms, but removes the mucus and slime, in which they build their nests; it purges, and quickly, a healthy condition of the body, where worms cannot exist. 25c at Medlock & Maner, Druggist.

Up to this writing the grand jury has returned 8 bills of indictment, all felonies. Two of the indictments were against Chas. and Wm. Pigg, the two boys who were arrested a few weeks ago at Roscoe on a charge of theft and were remanded to jail to await action of grand jury. Another one of the bills is against T. H. Hawkins who is alleged to have broken open the warehouse of E. Cranfill a short while back and appropriated several bottles of liquor.

A Runaway Bicycle.

Terminated with an ugly cut on the leg of J. B. Orner, Franklin Grove, Ill. It developed a stubborn ulcer unyielding to doctors and remedies for four years. Then Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured. It is just as good for burns, scalds, skin eruptions and piles. 25c, at Williams' drug store.

Mr. and Mrs. T. S. Patterson came over from Roby the early part of the week enroute to their new home at Midland. Tom went to the eastern market to buy goods for the new house with which he will be connected at the above named point, and Mrs. Patterson and the children will remain here until he returns.

Furniture.

In what market can you find a nice saneset Rocker for \$1.25? A good iron bed for \$2.50? Cane chairs for 50c each? Better buy your furniture at Sweetwater this time. L. V. Ellingren.

Frank Atkinson has a force grading the street from near the north west corner of the square to the C. N. Atkinson residence. It is to be regretted that the city has not the funds to employ Frank and keep him employed until he could work every street in the city. He would make a wonderful and acceptable change.

For a Bad Cold.

If you have a bad cold you need a good reliable medicine like Chamberlain's cough remedy to loosen and relieve it, and to allay the irritation and inflammation of the throat and lungs. For sale by J. D. Douthitt, Leading Druggist.

A Solemn Ceremony.

A little community of colored people in Alabama had raised the money to build a new church and the dedication was to take place the next day. "Where are you going tomorrow?" the school teacher asked one little girl, smiling radiantly, she answered, "I'm going to the degradation of our church."—New York Evening Post.

Reports from Bryan say that a couple of farmers near that place have been "showing" the natives how to raise cotton. They were surrounded on all sides by fields alive with the boll weevil pest, but, nothing daunted, adhered steadily to the culture method, and as their seed was of the early variety, the plant matured in July. The result was a yield of 112 bales on 150 acres of land. Last week a convention of the cotton growing interests of Texas was held in Dallas, at which addresses were delivered by some of the most learned men in the state, yet no improvement on the simple means practiced by intelligent growers themselves was suggested. Mr. Wilson, the secretary of agriculture, admitted that the most exhaustive experiment conducted by his department had failed to disclose any method of exterminating the pest. Inasmuch as the weevil is too tough to kill by means of measures usually adopted for the checking of ordinary insect ravages, the only effective means of discouraging him is to keep him out of employment.—Ft. Worth Journal.

Tresspass Notice.

There are no county roads in my pasture, and after this date any one driving cattle, sheep or horses through the Rake B or DON pastures, in Mitchell or Nolan counties, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. This is also to notify all that hunting will not be allowed in either of my pastures.

John Carlisle,



LOWNEY'S
Chocolate Bon-Bons.

FOR SALE BY
MEDLOCK & MANER, Druggist
Sweetwater, Texas.

Nothing has ever equalled it.
Nothing can ever surpass it.

Dr. King's
New Discovery

For Coughs and Sore Throat

A Perfect Cure For All Throat and Lung Troubles.
Money back if it fails. Trial Bottles Free.

Don't Forget

That we have been Cotton Factors for over 30 years and that our Senior continues to give his personal attention to every detail of our cotton business.

That we own the largest Compress and the extensive and best equipped Warehouse in the South, enabling us to have direct supervisory over every bale of cotton from the time we receive it until we sell it.

That our business has steadily increased from year to year until we are receiving shipments of cotton from every County in the State and the Territories where cotton is cultivated.

That our books show the name of cotton shippers that for 30 consecutive years have never sold a bale of cotton in the country.

That we would not continue to ask for shipments of cotton unless we had produced results that have satisfied thousands of shippers and made them permanent customers.

W. D. CLEVELAND & Sons, Houston, Texas.

Will Smith, of Abilene, was here attending court Tuesday.

Jesse Douglass was here Tuesday from Abilene.

Attorney Mose Carter was here from Colorado this week.

Editor Boyd of the Roscoe Herald was in the city Wednesday.

Holiday goods are now being displayed by the dealers.

W. E. Feaster attended court at Fort Worth this week.

Mrs. G. H. Buntan entertained Tuesday evening.

E. W. Withers was in from the divide Saturday near Nolan.

W. R. Floyd was in the city Saturday from the ranch.

Fresh lightbread for sale by J. C. Patterson.

H. H. Lockett is here this week attending court.

J. W. Herndon was here Wednesday from Eskota.

W. B. Howard was down from Roscoe Wednesday.

Jesse Everett was up from Decker Saturday.

L. H. Faw was in from the divide Thursday.

Miss May Cowen will open her school at Decker Monday.

J. A. N. Bennett was here Monday from Capitola vicinity.

J. A. McCarty was here from Roscoe Wednesday.

Fresh lightbread for sale by J. C. Patterson.

L. V. Ellington, the furniture man, made a business trip west this week.

Attorney Thurmond was here from Colorado the early part of the week.

John Bond has renewed his license and his saloon is again open.

For Sale:—Five fattening hogs for sale at once. Apply to Mrs. J. C. King.

J. P. Causseaux was up from near Trent this week serving on the grand jury.

W. E. Barrow is here this week from his Stonewall county ranch.

Judge Homan was here Monday from Colorado attending district court.

Cars are now being hauled over the Orient track as far out as the oil mill.

B. L. McNay was here this week from Wingate in attendance upon district court.

J. W. Bettes and Mr. Fox was in the city Wednesday from the ranch east of the city.

Miss Jimmie Vandepool came over from Roby Thursday and spent the night.

J. W. Daniel, the Palma merchant, was in the city Wednesday buying goods.

Born:—On Sunday afternoon the 8th inst. to Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Martin, a boy.

Jim Stout was here from Hylton Monday with a load of vegetables for sale.

Lee Wilhite, the Hobbs merchant, was here Saturday buying goods.

Rev. and Mrs. W. W. Hopkins are visiting relatives and friends at Cameron, Milam county.

Jim Poy left for Fort Worth Monday night. He is a witness in a railroad suit pending in the court there.

Mrs. Dial and sister, Miss Dora Daugherty, have returned from their visit to the Stanton country.

Miss Ethel Posey has been employed to teach the Bitter Creek School which will open next Monday.

Wanted:—One thousand people to buy their meat from the Bullock & Sublett meat market.

Joe Martin was in from the Dora section Wednesday and was the guest of his old time friend, T. B. Logan.

We are informed that the Grover school will open Monday and will be taught by a young lady from McGregor.

Ex-Sheriff A. P. Kelley and Ed Hooper, of Fisher county, were here the early part of the week as witnesses.

A special venire of jurors are being summoned to appear here next Friday in the Wallace robbery case.

Up to date there has been 700 cases of yellow fever in Laredo and 60 deaths. San Antonio 15 cases and 8 deaths.

If it takes nice, fat and tender meat to please you our market is the place to get it. Prompt delivery. Bullock & Sublett.

Public school was dismissed for the evening, Thursday, in honor of the memory of Dr. R. E. Moody.

A number of witnesses were brought down from Roscoe Wednesday to go before the grand jury.

For Sale:—Nice blooded bronze turkeys for breeding purposes. Will deliver in Sweetwater about Nov. 16th. Mrs. H. B. Cassel, Roscoe, Texas.

A good thanksgiving dinner for only 25 cents will be served Nov. 26th by the ladies of the Methodist church.

We regret to learn that Miss Nora Lackey is still quite sick at the home of Rev. and Mrs. R. T. Hanks.

Drs. Adams, Hubbert and Thompson, at Sweetwater, Nov. 29 and 30, with Dr. Archer. Practice limited to Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. We tell you plain facts about your case. We waste no time on hopeless cases. At Sweetwater, Nov. 29 and 30.

Our friend, Morgan Bagley, of the Hylton community, renewed his subscription for The Reporter this week.

S. A. Collett was here Saturday from the Grover community.

Edgar Simmons is acting as door bailiff for the grand jury. Frank Polk is doing the walking and Bud Montgomery in the saddle.

H. M. Harrison and Jerry Hardy, who are well known here, came up from Abilene Wednesday evening to attend the Joe-Lewis nuptials.

Dr. I. E. Smith, Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Specialist of Weatherford, Texas will visit his patients in Sweetwater, Nov. 21 and 22.

For Sale:—I will take \$700 for a quarter section of land and 18 head of good cattle 12 miles north west of Sweetwater.

W. L. McGimpsey.

W. A. Lackey, of the firm of Lackey & Stout, general merchandise, of Hylton, was transacting business in the city Thursday.

Fields Childress, of Roscoe, has been assisting in the operating department of the T. & P. railway office during Agent Feaster's absence this week.

The case of the State of Texas vs. Louis McGinley, charged with breaking into a saloon, was tried in District Court Tuesday. The jury could not agree on a verdict.

B. J. Rhodes was in Monday from Dora with a load of oats for market. He came in to attend district court as a witness but the case was carried over until next week.

The indictment found against J. H. Wallace for robbery at a former grand jury was quashed in district court this week, but the grand jury re-indicted him and defendant was re-arrested.

Mr. and Mrs. Emmett Slater, who have been visiting relatives here and out at Nolan, returned Monday morning to their home at Quincy, Ill., well pleased with their visit.

Rev. R. W. Hammock, of Colorado, will fill his regular appointment at the Presbyterian church next Tuesday night. A cordial invitation is extended to all to come out.

Dr. T. J. Hubbert, of the firm of Adams & Hubbert, specialists Abilene, spent Thursday in the city the guest of Capt. T. B. Logan and family. Dr. Hubbert is a cousin to Mrs. Logan.

J. B. Lackey was up from Hylton this week and made The Reporter office an appreciated call. Mr. Lackey is one of Hylton's enterprising and substantial citizens and we are always glad to meet such men.

G. A. Sublett, who recently moved here from Coryell county and a cousin to our G. M. and J. L. Sublett, called to see us Wednesday and ordered The Reporter sent to a friend in Anderson county.

We understand that the school house which is being erected at the pumping station on Sweetwater Creek will be completed this week and the teacher, Miss Sue Ella Whitteburg, will open school next Monday the 16th.

The ladies of the Methodist church most cordially invite you to take dinner with them on Thanksgiving day, Nov. 26, the proceeds to be used for buying new seats for the Methodist church. Your patronage will be highly appreciated.

In the death of Dr. Moody Sweetwater has lost a Mayor who had every interest of the city at heart, and who never tired of struggling for everything that tended to its upbuilding and future welfare. It will be difficult to find one so capable for his successor.

Drs. Adams, Hubbert and Thompson, at Sweetwater, Nov. 29 and 30, with Dr. Archer. Practice limited to Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat. We tell you plain facts about your case. We waste no time on hopeless cases. At Sweetwater, Nov. 29 and 30.

DR. R. E. MOODY DIES.

Expires Suddenly at His Home Wednesday Night From Heart Failure.

One of the severest shocks received by the people of Sweetwater in many years was brought to them Wednesday night in the announcement of the sudden death of Dr. R. E. Moody, which occurred at his home about 10 o'clock. Apparently, the doctor was in the best of health and was not known to complain until Wednesday morning, when he was heard on different occasions to make slight mention of a pain in the region of the heart, but no one for a moment thought that his condition was serious. About 10:00 o'clock while lying down resting and without warning to the members of his family his heart ceased to perform its function and life's light was extinguished.

Dr. Moody came to Sweetwater over twenty years ago and has been continuously engaged in the practice of medicine. He was a good physician; and honorable and loyal citizen, and a devoted husband and father.

The esteem with which he was held by the people of Sweetwater was demonstrated that every business house in the city was closed, Thursday evening, during the hours of the funeral and never in the history of the community has a longer procession followed a corpse to its burial place.

Dr. Moody leaves a wife and five children and the tender sympathy of all our people go out to them in deep and sad affliction.

Dr. Moody was a prominent member of the Masonic Lodge and after the funeral sermon, preached by Rev. Dr. Collier of Baird, the remains were turned over to that order for burial.

LOW PRICES.

I have no sham cost or below cost sale to offer you, but believe if you will accept the invitation to come to my place you will find that you can buy anything in the dry goods line cheaper at my house than anywhere else. I have a large stock of seasonable and stylish goods and have marked the smallest possible living profit on them. It will require but little time for you to come and see me, and no money if you should not buy. I simply want you to see what I have and will depend on the prices and quality of goods to do the selling.

J. P. COWEN.

Smallpox in Our County.

T. S. Rounsaville Returns From Louisiana With a Well Developed Case.

T. S. Rounsaville, who has been in Louisiana for the past few weeks with horses, returned home Saturday morning and soon after his arrival County Health Officer Dr. Geo. Sparks was called to see him and found Mr. Rounsaville with a thoroughly developed case of smallpox. The Doctor reports it one of the most pronounced cases he has ever seen, and for a few days much uneasiness was felt about the patients condition. Mr. Rounsaville is quarantined at his home 6 miles east of town and he is now convalescing.

Notice.

Hunting, fishing, woodhauling, pen-and-gathering on our farms and pastures in Fisher and Nolan counties, is hereby forbidden. Parents and guardians are especially asked to look after their small boys. C. C. Herndon.

NOTICE.

Your accounts and notes were due first of Oct. 1903. Please come in and settle at once and save further cost.

BRANNON & ROY.

J. R. Pennington and Mrs. J. M. Ellis, father and aunt of Mrs. R. A. Wilkinson, of Selman, La., paid their relatives here a visit this week. Mr. Pennington has gone to Mineral Wells to spend a few weeks for his health, but will spend awhile here before returning home.

The Best Remedy for Croup.

(From the Abilene, Kan. Daily Globe.)

This is the season when the woman who knows the best remedies for croup is in demand in every neighborhood. One of the most terrible things in the world is to be awakened in the middle of the night by a whoop from one of the children. The croup remedies are almost as sure to be lost, in case of croup, as a revolver is sure to be lost in case of burglars. There used to be an old fashioned remedy for croup, known as hive syrup and tolu, but the modern mothers say that Chamberlain's cough remedy is better, and does not cost so much. It causes the patient to "throw up the phlegm" quicker, and gives relief in a shorter time. Give this remedy as soon as the croupy cough appears and it will prevent the attack. It never fails and is pleasant and safe to take. For sale by J. D. Douthett, leading druggist.

Dr. J. L. G. Adams, Eye, Ear, Throat, and Nose Specialist of Abilene, Texas will be in Sweetwater with Dr. Archer 29 and 30 of November 1903. We are prepared to cure any disease or deformity of Eye, Ear, Nose and throat that is curable.

Examinations free. Those found beyond relief are frankly told so. Hence we waste no time on hopeless cases.

Call and see us in our office Room 8, Archer Building.

Dolcino to Margaret.

The world goes up and the world goes down, And the sunshine follows the rain; And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown Can never come over again. Sweet wife, No, never come over again. For woman is warm, though man be cold. And the night will hallow the day; Till the heart which at even was weary and old Can rise in the morning gay. Sweet wife, To its work in the morning gay. —Charles Kingsley.

Her Miniature

By Lucy Vaughan Foster

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The Reverend Houghton flung down his pen and threw himself back in his chair, utterly weary and despondent. "It's all of no use," he said, aloud, "I can deceive myself no longer; I have neither heart nor inclination for the work."

Outside he could just see the girlish figure of his wife, half hidden in the folds of a large hammock in which she was reclining; then, as if she had heard him, the words of a hymn she was singing fell in apt reproof upon his ear.

The sweet voice died away, and an expression of sadness came over the bright upturned face, he had listened breathlessly while she sang, for he loved her with a depth of feeling amounting almost to idolatry; and yet although she was his wife, she was as a stranger to him. She had opposed their marriage till the very day on which it had been solemnized, but he had not known it until the ceremony was over—then, with burning cheeks and dark, defiant eyes, she had told him plainly that she hated him.

The revelation made, Cecel had swept scornfully out of the room, and left her husband with his bright dream of love and happiness shattered. Six months had passed, and during all that time, they had lived together as mere strangers, treating each other with rigid politeness when the demands of social life or church work required them to be present together at some entertainment or meeting.

As he sat looking at her now and noted the sad expression on her face, he longed to go to her, but he dared not. Then straightening himself, he took up his pen, again, and resolved that for her sake he would persevere. Before he began again he glanced once more at her, and started to his feet, for large tears were standing in her eyes, and she was trying to look through their blinding brightness at a miniature which she held in her hand. He wondered vaguely whose it was, and a spasm of jealousy smote him as he saw her press it passionately to her lips and then place it in her bosom. He turned away—the pen fell unheeded from his hand, and his resolve was completely forgotten. In an agony of despair he threw himself on a couch, worn out as he was, from loss of sleep and a long nervous strain, his eyes gradually closed, and his troubles were drowned in oblivion. It was evening when he awoke. He tried to recollect how he came to be sleeping there at such an hour, when a suppressed sob at the foot of the couch caused him to look in that direction. There, crouched upon the floor, was Cecel. Instantly the events of the morning came crowding to his mind; but instead of scorn or anger, he felt only pity for his wife. He determined that somehow, in some way, she should be free; he despised those who sought divorces, and never before had he been able to imagine any case which might be considered pardonable; but it was different in their case; she was his lawful wife to be sure, but more than that she was not, and she must be free—as free as before her marriage—he would tell her—tell her now—but, O heaven! what a sacrifice!

"Cecel." "She started to her feet with a cry. "O Nell, are you awake at last?" Her face was flushed with crying and tears stood in her eyes and dampened her cheeks. She had never called him by his Christian name before, and something like a thrill passed through his frame as he noted the change—then something dropped to the floor. It was the miniature. He was sitting upright in an instant, while with a deep flush covering brow and neck she stooped hastily and picked it up. As she raised herself, her eyes encountered his—they were fierce and determined. He had forgotten his resolution to free her—forgotten everything but the pain which nearly stifled him and made him furiously angry at her now. "Give that to me!" he commanded.

Instantly she straightened, her dark eyes looked coldly and calmly into his. "Never!" she answered, briefly, and with heightened color, but no other perceptible sign of agitation, she replaced the miniature in her bosom, and turned to leave the room. He stepped to the door and barred her way.

"You shall not leave this room until you give me that picture."

"Then I shall never leave it," was the reply.

"I might take it from you," he threatened.

"You may be a coward if you wish."

Her words stung him to the quick; a dark flush mounted to his brow as he stood aside. "I beg your pardon, Cecel; I am sorry that I so far forgot myself as to speak to you in such a manner. I hope that you will at least try to forgive me."

She answered not a word, but with head erect walked past him and left the room. A minute later the dinner-bell rang. Mechanically he made a hasty toilet and entered the dining room to eat his meal in solitude, for Cecel was not there. Hungry as he was, he soon finished the lonely repast and found that it was quite late. He knew that he must pass a long, sleepless night; it would be wretched enough at best; but this uncertainty must be over, and he must have an understanding with his wife that very evening. Ascending the stairs, he tapped at the door of her dressing room.

"Come in," came faintly from the



"You shall not leave this room until you give me that picture." He entered. "Won't you sit down?" she asked gently.

A little surprised at the tone, he took the chair she motioned to. "I suppose you wonder why I have intruded myself upon you," he began, "but, believe me, I do not wish to pain you; all I have to say—all I wish to do—is for your happiness. You cannot deny that you are unhappy here—that you love another man, and that you hate me—and, Cecel, I have loved you so long and so truly that all I desire is to make you happy, no matter at what cost to myself. I will keep you prisoner no longer—we must have a divorce."

"O no; I never, never meant it. I did not know—O Nell!" she sobbed, incoherently.

"You mean that you do not hate me?" he asked turning a pair of incredulous eyes toward her; "you mean that you do not wish for a divorce?"

"No, no; unless you want to send me away. I was never happy till I came here."

Even then, although it brought a kind of gladness to his heart, her meaning did not dawn upon him. His gaze fell unconsciously upon a large picture leaning against her dressing-table. Gradually he became aware of a familiarity in the outlines, and looked at it more closely—it was his class picture; how did it come there? he wondered. Crossing the room he picked it up; a prominent hole in the left-hand corner showed where the head of one of the students had been cut out—and, lo! it was his own! He turned inquiringly to his wife; her head was thrown back among the cushions of the chair, and her hands were clasped above it. She was watching him with flushed cheeks and shining eyes; the shawl had fallen away from her shoulders, and among the snowy laces at her breast something gleamed bright and yellow. In an instant he was by her side and had taken it gently from its hiding place. The color in her face deepened and her eyes danced mischievously, but she offered no resistance. One glance at the miniature sufficed; the next moment he was on his knees by her side, with one arm thrown about her waist, while the other drew the bright head down till their lips met.

"Forgive me, darling," he whispered. But she only wound her white arms around his neck, and laying his head upon her shoulder, let her eyes meet his.

"As a Little Babe."

The man who had traveled had finished telling his hearers of the terrific physique of the natives of South American republics. He described them as big, massive men, with brawny arms and scraggy muscles. In fact, his speech gave the idea that they were the biggest men to be encountered anywhere on earth—or elsewhere.

"Why," said the man who had merely stayed at home and read the papers, "I thought they were very babyish."

"What gave you that impression?" asked the man who had traveled. "Surely nothing has ever been printed about them. They are certainly giants. What made you think they were babies?" "I had read," said the other, "that they are nearly always up in arms."

g Wit

The late ... of Salisbury used to be very fond of whist, which he played with exceptional skill. Naturally, therefore, it disgusted him to be placed with a bad partner, and when he had a bad partner innumerable were the comments, as biting as acid, which in his quiet voice he would make upon the latter's faults.

At a house party in Devonshire Lord Salisbury one evening was playing whist, impeded by a partner of unusual stupidity. Nevertheless the two were carrying off the honors; it almost seemed, so brilliant were Lord Salisbury's plays, that they would win.

In the middle of the game a young woman paused beside the noted statesman. She put her hand on his sturdy shoulder and she said:

"Well, how are you getting on?" "Very well, indeed," replied Lord Salisbury, "considering I have three anniversaries."

Consul Skinner's Romance.

Robert P. Skinner, United States consul at Marseilles, France, who is going to confer with King Menek, of Abyssinia, in regard to better trade relations with this country, figured in a romance during McKinley's administration. Skinner was then publishing a paper in Ohio and the president, who knew him very well, asked him one day why he did not marry the girl to whom he had been paying attention for some time. The young man candidly said he was not in a position to do so. "Now, Bob," answered the president, "you go and get married. I'll see about the position." Mr. Skinner took the hint and shortly after being united to the girl of his choice he was appointed to his present place.

More Valuable Than Gold.

A hundred pounds of ambergris has been seized at Seattle as stolen property. The appraised value is \$30 an ounce, or \$48,000 for the 100 pounds. A hundred pounds of pure gold would not be worth as much as \$16,000. Ambergris is scarcer than gold. It is more of an uncertain quantity. It is harder to find and harder to transport. It is found floating in lumps in the ocean, and occasionally in the intestines of the sperm whale. There are, however, few sperm whales available, and the lumps of ambergris have been growing scarcer as the whales have decreased in number.

Gambling Clubs in New York.

Men who like to play for big stakes have at last found a way to circumvent the police of New York. The Marquette Club, which opened a few days ago, provides the opportunity in an entirely legal manner. The club is exclusively for members, and the members can play anything they choose and for any sized stakes they desire. It was reported that John W. Gates was backing the enterprise, but this is denied in a telegram from Mr. Gates, dated Chicago. The manager admits that many of the Waldorf crowd are members, but denied that Mr. Gates is one of them.

Towne Aids Tammany.

The spectacle of the Hon. Charley Towne, populist candidate for vice president in 1900, clinging to the rear end of a truck wagon and haranguing crowds along the Bowery in the interests of the Tammany ticket must be a source of mingled astonishment and amusement to his old friends in Minnesota whom he used to represent in congress. Crossing the gulf between republicanism and democracy on the silver plank, he has watched that plank fall into the abyss and resolved to remain with his newly found friends—not so newly found, either, for Towne has not been a regular republican for seven or eight years, and has been a pronounced democrat ever since he was appointed to a six weeks' senatorship. He has all the zeal and enthusiasm of a convert, and, able orator that he is, he is a valuable acquisition not only to Tammany, but to the democracy.

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The better they take—
Growing better with
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The Kind You Have Always Bought, and which has been
in use for over 30 years, has borne the signature of
and has been made under his personal supervision since its infancy.
Allow no one to deceive you in this.
All Counterfeits, Imitations and "Just-as-good" are but
Experiments that trifle with and endanger the health of
Infants and Children—Experience against Experiment.

What is CASTORIA

Castoria is a harmless substitute for Castor Oil, Paregoric, Drops and Soothing Syrups. It is Pleasant. It contains neither Opium, Morphine nor other Narcotic substance. Its age is its guarantee. It destroys Worms and allays Feverishness. It cures Diarrhoea and Wind Colic. It relieves Teething Troubles, cures Constipation and Flatulency. It assimilates the Food, regulates the Stomach and Bowels, giving healthy and natural sleep. The Children's Panacea—The Mother's Friend.

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Woman's Nature

Is to love children, and no home can be completely happy without them, yet the ordeal through which the expectant mother must pass usually is so full of suffering, danger and fear that she looks forward to the critical hour with apprehension and dread. **Mother's Friend**, by its penetrating and soothing properties, allays nausea, nervousness, and all unpleasant feelings, and so prepares the system for the ordeal that she passes through the event safely and with but little suffering, as numbers have testified and said, "it is worth its weight in gold." \$1.00 per bottle of druggists. Book containing valuable information mailed free. **THE BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.**

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FACTORY LOADED SHOTGUN SHELLS.

It's not sentiment—that makes the most successful shots shoot Winchester Factory Loaded Shells. It's the results they give. It's their entire reliability, evenness of pattern and uniform shooting. Winchester "Leader" shells, loaded with smokeless powder, are the best shells on the market. Winchester "Repeater" shells loaded with smokeless powder are cheap in price but not in quality. Winchester "New Rival" black powder shells are the favorite black powder load on the market on account of their shooting and reloading qualities. Try either of these brands and you'll be well pleased. They are **THE SHELLS THE CHAMPIONS SHOOT.**

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Cures Cholera-Infantum, Diarrhoea, Dysentery and the Bowel Troubles of Children of Any Age. Aids Digestion, Regulates the Bowels, Strengthens the Child and MAKES TEETHING EASY. Cures Eruptions and Sores, Galls, Hives and Thrush. Removes and prevents Worms. TEETHINA Counteracts and Overcomes the Effects of the Summer's heat upon Teething Children, and costs only 25 cents at Druggists, or mail 25 cents to G. J. MOFFETT, M. D., St. Louis, Mo.

CRUSHES OUT THE LIFE

The most loathsome and repulsive of all living things is the serpent, and the vilest and most degrading of all human diseases is Contagious Blood Poison. The serpent sinks its fangs into the flesh and almost instantly the poison passes through the entire body. Contagious Blood Poison, beginning with a little ulcer, soon contaminates every drop of blood and spreads throughout the whole system. Painful swellings appear in the groins, a red rash and copper colored splotches break out on the body, the mouth and throat become ulcerated, and the hair and eye brows fall out; but these symptoms are mild compared to the wretchedness and suffering that come in the latter stages of the disease when it attacks the bones and more vital parts of the body. It is then that Contagious Blood Poison is seen in all its hideousness. The deep eating abscesses and sickening ulcers and tumors show the whole system is corrupted and poisoned, and unless relief comes soon this serpent disease tightens its coils and crushes out the life. The only antidote for the awful virus is S. S. S. It is **nature's remedy**, composed entirely of vegetable ingredients. S. S. S. destroys every vestige of the poison, purifies the blood and removes all danger of transmitting the awful taint to others. Nothing else will do this. Strong mineral remedies, like mercury and potash, dry up the sores and drive in the disease, but do not cure permanently. Send for our home treatment book and write us if in need of medical advice or special information. This will cost you nothing. **THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., ATLANTA, GA.**

Magazine to Bury a Treasure.
It is said that the managers of a foreign publication have buried gold amounting in value to no less than \$2,500 in a secluded spot, probably in a pot at the foot of a rainbow, and propose to permit their readers to search for it. The quest may be as vain as that of the deluded seekers of the capital prize in the Louisiana lottery, but the scheme may possibly bring about renewed and extensive sales of Robert Louis Stevenson's fascinating tale of the pirates of "Treasure Island."

A Washington Story Spoiled.
The Hartford Courant demolishes one of the numerous Washington traditions. George Washington stopped over night once at the home of Oliver Ellsworth. Tradition has reported that on that auspicious occasion he took the twin Ellsworth boys in his lap, and was found in the nursery dandling them on his knees and singing to them the well known hymn called "The Darby Ruff." But the visit of General Washington was in 1789, and the twins were born in 1791.

Germany's Temperance Bill.
A bill has been prepared, to be offered in the next session of the reichstag, restricting the sale of intoxicants in the German empire. All saloonkeepers will be obliged to keep on sale non-intoxicating beverages, such as lemonade, milk, tea, coffee, as well as cold foods. The number of barmaids is limited, and there is a strict prohibition of credit. The imperial health office in Berlin has come around to the belief that the use of alcoholic drinks is strongly prejudicial to the welfare of the country and the people, and issues pamphlets for popular distribution recommending total abstinence.

No Suffering.
"For four days and nights, suh, I was without water—didn't have a drop."
"My! You must have suffered greatly. Major."
"No, I didn't suffer exactly, but it was very disagreeable, suh. My face and hands certainly needed washing."
"But you must have been dreadfully thirsty?"
"Oh, no. Fortunately I had two full quarts with me."

Destroying a Shakespearean Relic.

In a letter to a London daily Sir Edwin Arnold bewails the impending destruction of the ancient Verona building, which was the home of Shakespeare's Juliet. It is now being used as an inn, with stables attached, but the owner has decided to demolish it, as it is not a profitable possession. Sir Edwin makes eloquent plea for the preservation of this interesting structure, but it is pointed out that, inasmuch as Englishmen are allowing London landmarks to be removed to make way for modern buildings, his appeal is likely to fall on heedless ears. "This is a practical age," says one writer, "and Juliet has been dead 600 years."

He was the Oldest Marine.

After serving in the Marine corps for more than forty-five years, and for nearly twelve years as the head of that arm of the service, Major General Charles Heywood has retired, having reached the age limit of 64 years. He was the only member of the Marine corps who had the rank of major general, and when he laid down his command there was no officer in the United States army or navy on the active list who had more years of service to his credit than he.

Monument to Himself.

Because Colonel James Smith, Crawford county's mammoth farmer, who hauls cotton into Macon 20 bales to the wagon, erected a \$2,000 monument, higher than any other in Union church cemetery in his own memory, while he is yet hale and hearty, citizens in that neighborhood are indignant. A mob with firearms began the demolition of the shaft. It is of pure white marble and stands thirty feet above ground, the figure being a splendid reproduction of Colonel Smith. He offered a \$500 reward for the person who defaced the shaft, whereupon the citizens burned the colonel in effigy and offered \$1000 for any one who would find out who they were.

Mexico Has Few Workers.

More than 8,000,000 of the 13,500,000 people in Mexico do not work. Counting out the children and aged there remain 3,774,148 possible producers who produce nothing absolutely. Then—and here is an astounding figure—there are in domestic service 1,488,024, as against 116,000 of dignified salary earners.

Close Enough.

First Cat—Willie Pussy and Tommy Kitten had a milk-drinking race last night.
Second Cat—Which won?
"Tommy Kitten, by a lap."

A Lesson for Young Men.

About eighteen years ago Valentine P. Snyder, who was then a messenger in a country bank, went to Washington to become private secretary to Secretary of the Treasury Manning. He subsequently became a special examiner of mints, deputy controller of the currency, a national bank examiner and an assistant cashier of a bank in New York. Then he became president of the National Bank of Commerce of that city, which under his management, and by the absorption of other banks, has now become one of the greatest financial institutions ever organized. It has a capital of \$25,000,000, a surplus of over \$5,000,000, and deposits exceeding \$110,000,000. It is a conspicuous illustration of what energy, capacity and fidelity can accomplish in the world of finance, as elsewhere.

Street Cries in Cairo.

In Oriental countries the recklessness of drivers of vehicles and their disregard of foot passengers is very marked, but in Cairo they have a series of curious cries with which they warn a footman. They specify the particular part of his anatomy which is in danger, as thus: "Look out for thy left shin, O uncle." "Boy, have a care for the little toe on thy right foot." "O blind beggar, look out for thy staff," and the blind beggar, feeling his way with the staff in his right hand, at once obediently turns to the left. "O Frankish woman, look out for thy left foot." "O water carrier, look out for the tail-end of thy pigskin water bottle."

Sale of Dickens' Birthplace.

The house in which Charles Dickens was born, 393 Commercial road, Portsmouth, was sold by auction at Portsmouth recently, and realized 1,125 pounds. There were only two bidders—the mayor, Sir W. T. Dupree, who was acting on behalf of the town, and a competitor whose name was not disclosed. The bidding started at 300 pounds, and in less than two minutes had advanced by 100 pound bids to 700 pounds. Then the competition rose by 50 pounds to 850 pounds. At this point Mr. J. Clark, who was the auctioneer, consented to take 25 pound advances, and in less than a quarter of an hour from the opening of the sale the bidding reached 1,125 pounds, at which price the house was knocked down to the mayor Mr. F. G. Kitton, representing the Boz Club and the Dickens fellowship, congratulated the mayor on his purchase of the house for the town, and promised the assistance of the society he represented in converting the place into an interesting Dickens museum. The auctioneer mentioned that 500,000 strangers visited Portsmouth every year, and if a tenth of these visited the house and paid 6d each the purchase money would be reimbursed in the first year.

New York's Big Hotels.

There are now about sixty first-class hotels in New York. The addition of the fifteen new ones will increase the number to seventy-five. If they seventy-five hotels were piled on top of one another they would make a structure 750 stories high—taller than the tower of Babel. Or, to look at it in another way, if they could be conglomerated into one huge composite it would be twenty-seven stories high and occupy a ground space of seventeen acres, more than four city blocks, including the interesting streets. This great building would cost \$75,000,000, have 22,500 bed rooms and accommodate 50,000 guests daily.

A Book Worth \$5,000.

The most notable recent bibliographic find is a second copy of Shelley's "Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire." Shelley's "Proposals for an Association of Philanthropists" sold last spring for \$2,650, and as the "Victor and Cazire" is not only rarer, but has the distinction of being Shelley's first book, it is expected that it will fetch something like \$5,000 when it is offered by auction this month.

Many Deaths in the Alps.

Some statistics published in Berlin of accidents during mountain climbing indicate that this season stands out as peculiarly unfortunate. The figures include Switzerland, the Tyrol, Italy and Germany. Altogether 148 serious accidents are recorded, involving 196 persons. One hundred and thirty-six persons have been killed either by falls, lightning, frost, or other causes. Sixty have been injured, and of these several subsequently succumbed to their injuries. The fate of ten persons who disappeared in the mountains has still to be discovered. July is accountable for thirty-seven accidents. August forty-four, September thirty, the others being spread over the remaining months of the year. Geneva authorities put the number killed at 300.

A Circuitous Route.

Rear Admiral Lambertson, who was recently ordered to the command of the South Atlantic squadron, had to proceed to his station from Washington by way of England. In commenting on the fact the Army and Navy Journal says: "The incident merely illustrates the almost criminal neglect by the United States of its commercial opportunities in South America. Instead of acquiring our legitimate share of South American trade, assuming a place of control in South American finance and establishing direct steamship lines with South American ports, we have foolishly allowed our European competitors to monopolize the whole field so completely that an officer of the navy assigned to duty with the south Atlantic squadron, in order to reach his station is the speediest way, is obliged to cross the Atlantic to Southampton in a foreign ship, and recross it in another foreign ship to South America."

When Labouchere Walked Home.

Henry Labouchere, as a young diplomat, was fond of amusing and bewildering his superiors. For instance, it is said that once he was instructed to come home to London from Constantinople. He wasn't heard of for some time, and was apparently lost in the midst of the Black forest, or some of the other lands that intervened between him and home. He was at last traced; and then calmly wrote that he was obeying orders, and was making his way homeward; but that as his chief had forgotten to send him any money to pay the expense by the ordinary methods of traveling, he was working his slow passage on foot.

Prerequisites to Success.

The various periodicals about the country are stocked full of hints as to how to attain fame and fortune. Courses in this, that and the other ology or business are offered and apparently the only thing requisite for one to succeed in life is to send for Jimjohn's course of instructions, read them and, presto! Dame Fortune stands waiting. All of which reads very pretty. About the best incentive to become famous or wealthy—the two, however, are generally synonymous—is poverty. The man who has in the words of an old philosopher, to "git up and git," is the one to accomplish great things. Give a young man health, grit, poverty, and if he doesn't accomplish wonders it will be because he doesn't live long enough to carry out his plans.

May Enlarge Rules Committee.

It is an open secret that Congressman Cannon has little love for Dalzell, of Pennsylvania, and less for Grosvenor, of Ohio, and would welcome their retirement from the house committee on rules. But he does not care to leave them out, as that would be going against precedent. As a way around the difficulty, the speaker-to-be is credited with more than half an intention to put two more members on that committee, which would vastly reduce the power of the statesmen named.

Chamberlain's Resignations.

The fact is brought out in connection with the resignation of Joseph Chamberlain, that although cabinet resignations have not been altogether rare in the history of English politics, it is very seldom indeed that a minister has figured in two resignations. Indeed, among modern politicians the distinction of having twice resigned belongs only to Mr. Chamberlain and the late Lord Carnarvon. Mr. Chamberlain's first resignation occurred when he left Mr. Gladstone's cabinet on the question of home rule in 1886. The two occasions on which Lord Carnarvon resigned his seat in the cabinet were in 1867 and in 1878, when he left Disraeli's cabinet.

She Saw the Train.

Mrs. Overton, who lives near Gleason, Tenn., came in town the other day for the purpose of seeing a passenger train. She is 90 years old and has lived within fifteen miles of the railway nearly all her life, but has never even seen the track up to this time. On hearing the train approaching she became very much excited and refused to go near the track, thinking the train a great monster capable of doing her harm if it desired. She returned greatly worked up over her adventure.

Sceptre's Rich Stakes.

The most successful race horse of the year seems to be the mare Sceptre, one of the most successful thoroughbreds ever raised in England. Up to the present time she has won something like \$180,000. She has won the Jockey Club stake of 10,000 and the classic Two Thousand Guineas, Thousand Guineas, The Oaks, and St. Leger. She was fourth in the Derby, and in the Eclipse stake was defeated by Ard Patrick by a short head after having lead him all the way home. The only other mare that has approached her as a stake winner was the famous La Fleche, who won \$172,940. Donovan holds the record for racing horses, having won \$275,265 in his racing career.

BARGAIN SALE

We offer to the citizens of Nolan and adjoining counties our stock of Goods a Bargain prices. This sale is for Spot Cash, as money now is what we want.



Shoes.

50 pairs ladies and childrens 1\$,25 Shoes at 75c per pair,
 One lot ladies fine \$2.50 and \$3.00 and \$3.50 Shoes, choice \$2.00 per pair. On display on folding She. ving near front.
 One lot Childrens 75c Shoes at 50c.
 Queen Quality ladies Shoes, \$3.00
 Edwin Clapps Fine Shoes for men, \$5.00 and \$6.00.

Clothing.

We have received this week three cases of clothing, and you will save money by buying now.
 Grey Cherviot, fancy lined, satin piping, \$7.50 suits at \$5.50.
 Gray striped Cassimere \$12.50 suits at \$8.50.
 Fancy Plaid alifornia suits 12.50 values at \$8.80.
 Wool steel color \$7.50 Suits, \$5.50
 Fine Pepper and salt worsted \$15 Suits at \$11.
 Fancy Plaid Worsted \$15 suits, \$11
 Fancy Worsted \$11 suits at \$8.80.
 Small check plaid worsted \$10 suits at \$6.60.
 Plaid Worsted Satin linen \$10.00 suits at \$7.50.

Waists and Skirts.

One lot Ladies waists 75c to \$1.50 values at 25 cents each,

One lot Flanel Waists \$1.50 values at \$1.10 each.

One lot 2.0 Flanel Waists at 1.75
 " " 3.00 Brown Skirts at 1.50
 " " 2.50 Dark " " 1.50
 " " .00 Brilliantine Skirts 3.50
 Ladies \$15. Melton Jackets at 10.00
 " 10. " " " 8.00
 " 8.50 " " " 7.00

Ten per cent discount on other Skirts, Jackets and Waists.

Fine line Childrens and Infant cloaks

Millinery.

One Lot Ladies \$1.25 Hats at 75c

One lot 2 25 and 2 50 Hats at 1 50

One lot Ladies 3 50 Hats at 2 50

Ten per cent discount on all other millinery Goods.

Staples.

Calico s at 4 and 5 ce s
 C t on Ch eks, 25 l ch, goo
 b av ou rd th ad 4 4c v rd
 Canton Flanel, 5 t 10 ct v rd.
 O c H e or Wo l Jean 20 yd.
 Heavy y rd de D mestie at 5c
 O m s at 5, 8 1/2 and 10c v rd
 Ging ams at 5, 7 1/2 and 10c v rd.
 Fan y F ec Des G oods at 8 1/2
 a d 10 cen s per yard.

You know what cotton is worth now. We could not replace today many of the goods at the price we advertise them, but we bought early, got a bargain, and are dividing with our customers.

Dress Goods.

36 inch French Plaid Flannel 40c goods at 25c per yard.

32 inch 25c Henriettas at 18c per yard

36 " 35c " " 27 - 2 yard

36 " 65c Flannel " 25c per yd.

36 " 45c Dress Flanel 25c per yd.

Fifty-six inch Moth proof heavy Skirting, blue, grey and mode, \$2.00 goods at \$1.65 per yard.

Forty-six inch 1.50 Skirting, brown and gray at 1.25 per yard.

Three ten dollar patterns, in gray, brown and navy blue, reduced to \$8.25 per pattern.

\$850 Patterns reduced to \$7.00.

Five dollar patterns reduced \$4.40.

The above patterns are this seasons goods and far below value

Fifty-four inch Lady Cloth, one dollar goods, in blue and green, Seventy-five cents per yard.

If you need a dress now is the time to buy, ten per cent discount on all other Fine Dress Goods.

Car Best Piedmont West Virginia Blacksmith Coal to arrive in a few Days.

We want to figure with you on your Grocery Bill. We are receiving this week new East Texas Syrups, New Rice, New Oat Meal, Cox & Gordon Meats and Lard, and Perfection Flour. We have a few Stoves we are closing out at a Bargain.

The Sweetwater Mercantile Company.