

Cerane B. Co



# THE SWEETWATER SUN

Volume Two.

NOLAN COUNTY NEWS

No. Seven.



Sweetwater, Texas, Saturday, April 28, 1906.

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## ANNOUNCEMENTS



For Governor of the State of Texas,  
**Judge M. M. Brooks.**

For Congress From 16th Congressional District,  
**Hon. W. R. Smith.**

The following-named gentlemen respectfully solicit the support of the voters of Nolan County at the Coming Election.

FOR COUNTY JUDGE, **John J. Ford.**

FOR COUNTY AND DISTRICT CLERK, **Simon O'Keefe.**

FOR COUNTY TREASURER, **W. M. Beall.** (Re-election.)

FOR TAX ASSESSOR, **T. W. Wheeler,** (of Hylton).

" " " **Oscar Russell,** (of Decker.)

" " " **S. J. Alexander,** (of Decker.)

" " " **S. B. Flinn,** (of Sweetwater.)

" " " **Silas George,** (of Sweetwater)

" " " **J. W. Martin.**

FOR SHERIFF and TAX COLLECTOR, **Thos. E. Crutcher.**

" " " " **R. F. Sellers.**

" " " " **L. B. Roebuck,**

" " " " **W. D. Hobbs** (Decker)

FOR COMMISSIONER, PRECINCT NO. 1, **J. R. Brannon.**

" " " " **W. K. Shipman**

" " " " **R. A. Ragland.**

" " " " **2, A. J. Rogers.**



## The GROGAN HOTEL

Our reporter has been making a point to watch the progress of the Grogan Hotel, for the purpose of seeing it, the Sun's opinion that a first class hotel, such as the Grogan, would be a paying investment in Sweetwater. We find that almost every night some have to be turned off for want of room to accommodate them, although the hotel has 45 rooms and the management have put two in a room when possible, every night. The patronage has so continued to increase that the proprietors have decided to add fifteen or twenty more rooms at once, which will make the hotel the largest outside of Dallas, Fort Worth and the larger cities, and otherwise it is already conceded to be the best equipped and best conducted hotel between Ft. Worth and El Paso. The fact the famous Grogan Wells, the mineral waters of which have proven so health-giving, are located within a stone's throw of the hotel and that patrons of the hotel can, without inconvenience, avail themselves of the health-giving benefits of baths in these waters at any time, makes the patronage a steady and an increasing one, to meet which the management have decided to

spare no expense in additions to the bath houses and the hotel. The increase in the patronage of Grogan Wells has been decidedly marked since the Grogan Wells and Mineral Water Company bought the premises, wells, etc., and, when they erected the magnificent \$40,000 45-room hotel they supposed that it would be large enough to accommodate the patrons for some years, but now they find that the indications are that before they are in a position to take care of their patronage they will have to increase the accommodation to at least 100 rooms. One great feature they have inaugurated and which brings large crowds to their hotel every Sunday, is the magnificent Sunday dinner which they serve and for which they charge only the price of a regular dinner. The Epicure who has not visited the Grogan Hotel and partaken of one of these elegant Sunday dinners has so far missed a treat and should lose no time in going there as early and as often as possible.

The hotel is about the biggest thing for Sweetwater ever inaugurated here and the people of Sweetwater appreciate the fact and also appreciate the enterprise of the proprietors in adding so desirable and beneficial an enterprise to our city.

### Phone 14 MOORE BROTHERS

for a sack of "Queen of the Pantry," the celebrated Missouri flour.

Horses \$1.00 per month, cattle 50c. Pasture 3 miles northeast of Sweetwater. Good grass and water.

G. E. McCONNEL,

M. B. Howard, our popular and efficient postmaster, spent Sunday with Roscoe relatives.

A barn belonging to Mr. Gwyn west of town destroyed by fire Monday night about 10 o'clock. Most of the feedstuff was saved but the building was a complete loss.

Messrs. Ed S. Hughes and J. M. Cunningham of Abilene were here Tuesday night.

Miss Nellie Everett is a guest of her aunt Mrs. George this week

W. T. Hightower and A. A. Prince left Sunday morning as delegates to the Re-union at New Orleans.

Dr. Roberts returned Sunday from a few days visit to his old home at Woodlawn.

W. F. Jones of Roscoe was here this week attending District court.

Tryon Lewis left for New Orleans Monday night.

E Durham is taking in the Re union at New Orleans this week.

Mrs. M. E. Freeman left Sunday for New Orleans to spend the summer.

Dr. Chapman is attending the State Medical Association in Ft. Worth this week.

Drs. Archer and Pope are attending the Medical Association in Ft. Worth this week.

## POSTAL DOINGS IN TEXAS.

### Portions of Pie Parceled Out to Patriots.

Washington: The Senate has confirmed the following appointments as postmasters: J. B. Schmitz, Denton; T. D. Bloys, Honey Grove.

The following appointments to offices of the fourth-class have been made: Ander, Goliad County, Helen Albrecht, vice F. Albrecht Jr., removed; Bonami, Jasper County, Levi L. Bean, vice C. A. Mixon, resigned; Bosqueville, McLennan County, Willie F. Keas, vice W. D. Williams, resigned; Brownsboro, Henderson County, Simeon Harrison, vice J. W. Carter, deceased; Cornhill, Williamson County, Thomas B. Thomas, vice J. W. Smith, resigned; Greenvine, Washington County, Orso J. Huehner, vice O. C. Moegel, resigned; Jones Prairie, Milam County, Eddie A. Flinn, vice F. F. Reid, resigned; Platt, Angelina County, John C. McKinney, vice W. L. Singleton, deceased; Port Neches, Jefferson County, William B. Sage, vice L. A. Burlington, resigned; Rockford, Lamar County, Benjamin B. Kinney, vice J. T. Rowsey, resigned; Rugby, Red River County, George D. Harris, vice C. A. Franklin, resigned; Sherry, Red River County, William R. Stagner, vice A. J. Cornett, resigned; Banquet, Nueces County, Alice Walker, vice Anna Radeker, resigned; Decha, Shelby County, Miles J. Lewis, vice Dr. M. Green, resigned; Lamesa, Dawson County, Robert S. Simpson, vice J. J. Lindsey, resigned; Lingleville, Erath County, William H. Parker, vice J. H. Dailey, resigned; Lovelace, Hill County, Galnes L. James, vice L. P. Phillips, resigned; Nome, Jefferson County, Andrew V. Orr, vice Tennie Patrick, resigned; Northfork, Gray County, Mattie Hawkins, vice Johnnie Housley, resigned; Proffitt, Young County, William S. Cagle, vice J. W. Proffitt, resigned; Spindletop, Jefferson County, Robert R. Staples, vice T. K. Harrison, resigned; Spurger, Tyler County, Matthew J. Perryman, vice C. A. Young, resigned; Tarrant, Tarrant County, James F. Rhodes, vice R. F. Farris, resigned.

**Postoffices Established**—Pebble, Kerr County, Emma Taylor, postmaster; Waterman, Shelby County, Wm. W. Waterman, postmaster; Vontress, Haskell County, George J. Clough, postmaster; Eldridge, Colorado County, Earnest Taber, postmaster.

### Coal Strike is Ended.

Fort Worth: So far as the State of Texas is concerned, the coal strike is now a thing of the past and all the miners resumed their labors with the exception of a mere handful of men at the Rock Creek mines, on the east side of Bridgeport. The owner of these properties is absent from the State, else he would have already signed the new contract. Under the new contract more than 1,400 miners at Rock Creek and Thurber resume their occupations and all unionized mines throughout the State of Texas with the exception of the Ashton diggings at Bridgeport are at work.

### Elk's Teeth Growing Scarcer.

Miss Nannie Howling Crane, the daughter of a former head of the Cheyennes, recently sold her "party robe" to some curio collectors for \$1,000. The gown was old and moth eaten, but its value consisted in its decorations, 728 elk teeth. As years go by the number of elk teeth is becoming smaller. Almost any genuine tooth will sell for \$2, while the choice varieties sell for as high as \$50 each. The top price is usually paid for a tooth that is turning green with age. An elk of the male sex produces only two good teeth, and the robe, therefore, represented 364 elk.

## THE DANCE OF THE SEAGULLS.

### Why Does Their Rhythmic Tread Bring Worms to Surface?

"It is no uncommon sight to see gulls, or other birds, dancing or padding upon the sand," says a writer.

"Curlews and most other shore-feeding birds do the same thing, the object being to frighten the worms from their retreat below, when they appear to be instantly swallowed up. But the really interesting part of the performance is—why should the worms be so frightened by the shaking produced in the sand as to come to the surface?"

"The inference, of course, is that they have a greater dread of some enemy beneath, whose approach they believe to be heralded by the vibration which his movements through it impart to the sand.

"When the angler wants to collect earth worms, in a place where it is not convenient to dig, he is accustomed to push a stick into the ground, and by moving that about impart a vibration to the soil around, which has the effect of forcing those worms within its influence to crawl to the surface. This is precisely the practice followed by the dancing gull and with the same result.

"But on land we are led to suppose that it may be an attack from a mole which the worm fears; while on the wet sands there are, of course, no moles to be dreaded.

"Are the worms thinking back, through a remote ancestry, to a time when they were dwellers upon dry land and were acquainted with the mole, or his forbears, or what is the true solution of the matter?"—Chicago News.

### Money in Dead Flies.

The Southwark county court judge was astonished to learn that the four shillings for which a corn merchant sued a corn dealer was the balance of an account "for dried flies."

"What on earth do you do with them?" inquired Judge Addison.

"They are used in the making of chicken food," replied the plaintiff. He explained that a bag of eighty-one pounds of dried flies was supplied to the defendant at eight pence per pound, and according to the custom of the trade the gross weight was charged for.

The defendant contended that he ought to pay only for the net weight.

"You surprise me when you talk about eighty-one pounds of dried flies in bulk," said the judge. "Where do you find all these flies?"

"They are imported."

"Where from?"

"America."

The case was adjourned for further evidence.—London Chronicle.

### A Short Cut.

"There goes a man," observed a steamship agent as he directed attention to a surly-looking individual who had just engaged passage for Europe, "whose efforts are devoted to constructing short cuts in business methods and in eliminating all time consuming men and their propositions from his busy existence. He is a man of very few words.

"Some years ago this gentleman crossed the ocean and had a very unpleasant trip. One morning a sympathetic passenger offered him a lemon, expressing a sincere wish that it would give him relief.

"The pale traveler seized the lemon, hurled it viciously into the ocean, and growled:

"This is a quicker way than the other."—New York Telegraph.

### Demand for Labor.

Labor is so scarce in New Zealand that the government of that colony has asked its high commission in London to find in England and send out 1,000 laborers for the construction of a new railway in the North Island. Three years' work is guaranteed, and inducements will be offered them to remain permanently. There is also great demand for agricultural laborers in western Australia.

## PLY THEIR TRADE AS OF OLD.

### Egyptian Water Carriers on the Nile Are Expert Climbers.

Few travelers on the Nile have failed to note the native Egyptian water carriers who ply their trade along the great waterway of the Pharaohs. Whatever changes have come to pass, whatever innovations of modern methods have taken place, the Egyptian water carrier remains as he was a thousand years ago. Tall, long of limb, agile and athletic, coal black, wearing nothing but his turban and his breech cloth, he hails every passing craft. If they need a fresh supply of water that is fit to drink



the passing boat turns in toward the bank and before it has slackened its pace a long bamboo stick has been raised and leaned against its side, and, spry as a monkey, the Egyptian is scampering up its side. Toes strong as steel and supple as rubber, an eye as clear as crystal and a head and neck of prodigious strength are the main qualifications of this Egyptian, for the load he balances on his cranium is heavy and the hold he has on his single stick ladder must needs be sure.

### ONLY PINNATED GROUSE KNOWN.

#### Flock That is Carefully Guarded on Martha's Vineyard.

Massachusetts has in a cover down on Martha's Vineyard a colony of eighty or more pinnated grouse, scientifically known as the tymanuchus cuspido. Marvelous as it may seem, these are said to be the only living representatives of this species in the entire world.

Natural history museums, taxidermists and students of nature have been pursuing them for years, until now specimens are said to be worth anywhere from \$100 to \$200 each. Recently a bill was passed in the legislature putting a close time on these birds until 1911.

The penalty for killing a pinnated grouse or having one in one's possession is \$100. Hitherto the fine was \$20, which was not enough to discourage hunting for museum specimens.

Dr. Field, chairman of the Massachusetts Fish and Game Association, says: "The pinnated grouse formerly roamed all over the country from Maine to Virginia and east of the Allegheny mountains.

"It is a most delicious food bird, but it has been hunted to the vanishing point. The flock at Martha's Vineyard is the only one in the world. I intend to put a man specially in charge to protect it from specimen hunters."—Springfield Republican.

### Town Boasts Many Sailors.

Just 142 captains of full-rigged ships have been born in Searsport, Maine, or have lived in that town while in command of their vessels. The largest ship in the list was the May Flint, which had a gross tonnage of 3,288 tons. The smallest was the Vistula, of 400 tons. Searsport's banner year in shipping was 1835.

## HAPPY AUGURY FOR THE BRIDE.

### Dove Alights on Young Woman's Shoulder as She Leaves Church.

It is seldom that such an augury of good luck greets a bride as was vouchsafed to Miss Mary Waters of Philadelphia a few days ago. As she stepped out of the church by the side of her newly acquired husband, Michael Doheny, a white dove alighted on her shoulder.

This prosaic, practical bird, be it known, was hungry, and the rice-b showered bride was too good a chance to be missed. All in attendance held their breath, and the bride's heart fairly stood still for fear that the little creature might be frightened away.

After sitting on its chosen perch and pecking rice from the hat of the astonished bride until it had eaten a good square meal, it unfolded its wings of peace, and, after hovering a moment over the happy pair, flew back to its home in the belfry.

It is probable that such another symbolic occurrence might not happen again in a century and Mrs. Doheny is naturally delighted with the harbinger of peace which blessed her with its benediction at the outset of her married life.

### The Cheerful Bachelors.

With considerable ceremony the Bachelors' Amusement Society of Yorktown Pa., was inaugurated a few nights ago for the purpose of mutual defense against the blandishments of the other sex.

Before the inaugural proceedings began the members received a deputation of spinsters desirous of securing co-operation in the organization of an old maids' auxiliary league. But the bachelors were taking no risks, and the petition was promptly refused.

The Bachelors' Amusement Society denies the right to all members to flirt, ogle, talk, walk or hold hands with persons of the opposite sex. Before a candidate shall be admitted to membership he is required to subscribe to the following oath: "I swear or affirm, that I will never marry while a member of the club, and that I will sign a petition to be sent to Congress urging the adoption of a law limiting marriage to the healthy and wealthy."

### Curious Burmese Bell.



The bell, reputed to be a thousand years old, was found in Ava, where it was believed to ring the departed into paradise. It was smuggled to England in a barrel, marked "Forge—Lancers," and was consigned as old horse-shoes.

### Sultan's Big War Drum.

An interesting and unique war curio recently arrived at Khartum in the shape of the late Sultan Iambio's great war drum.

It is cut from a solid block of wood, and is intended to represent a buffalo, though, perhaps, the execution leaves something to the imagination. The whole thing is over 10 feet long, 4½ feet high and 4 feet wide, and requires eight or ten men to carry it.—Wide World Magazine.

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P. R. Hamilton, Asst. Cashier,  
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1 to 8, p. M.

PHONE 188

# MY FIRST CASE

BY J. A. TIFFANY

(Copyright, 1906, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

I had been engaged in the practice of law for a period longer than I care to state before I made as much as a policeman earns. My clients had been few and my fees still fewer.

As a matter of fact, I had barely made enough by the actual practice of the law to pay my office rent and to purchase the law books that I told myself I really needed, and I had been driven to eke out an existence by reporting for the law journals, and even by means less dignified than that.

But, now, I had been fortunate enough to secure the appointment of municipal court judge. It was purely a political appointment; I did not flatter myself with the belief that I had gained it by reason of any special fitness for the position. There were fifty lawyers in town possessing no more conspicuous disability for the office than myself.

This had been my first day of office, and there had not been a single case for trial. It looked as if my experience as a private practitioner was to be repeated in my official capacity. Even the law-breakers and litigants shunned me.

I was aroused from my meditations by the sound of footsteps. Somebody was coming up the stairs.

In a few moments a man's figure appeared in the open doorway. He glanced at me, and then turned and looked over the banisters, listening.

The man was unmistakably from the country. He wore ill-fitting clothes of coarse material; heavy boots and stubby beard of ginger hue.

A clumsy, ungainly man, apparently about forty-five years of age, he advanced toward my desk with stealthy, nervous step. The fellow had a hunted look.

"Say, mister," he said, in a whis-



"Say, mister, what will you charge to get me off?"

per. "what will you charge to get me off?"

"Off what?" I asked.

"Well, I don't want to tell, but I suppose I shall have to; it's all over town. Please don't let them take me to jail, mister."

"What's the trouble? What have you done?" I asked the fellow. "But, I may as well warn you, before you go any further," I added, remembering my new appointment, "that I am a judge, as well as a lawyer."

"You a judge!" the yokel exclaimed, in a tone of horror. "Oh, gosh I've run right into the arms of the law, when I was trying my best to escape. Please, sir, don't send me to jail," the fellow whined.

"If you are in need of professional

advice, I think you had better go to another law office, and not tell me anything about your troubles," I said.

"No, I think I would rather tell you, and get it over with. Will you let me off with a fine, if I make a clean breast of it, judge? You have a nice face, mister, and I'd rather tell you, if you'll only promise not to send me to jail."

"I can't promise anything," I answered impatiently. "If you deserve to go to jail, you'll no doubt get there, in time."

"Oh, don't say that, mister—for God's sake, don't say that! I am an orphan, sir—you wouldn't send an orphan to jail?"

"Well, my good man, I have already advised you to go to some other lawyer, and take advice. I can't send you to jail until you are brought before me in the ordinary course of justice."

"But, I don't want to go to jail at all, judge. I didn't think they would hold it against me all these years. I haven't been in the city in thirty years, and if you'll only let me go this time, I'll promise never to come here again."

"You can go home, for all I care," I said, indifferently, for the fellow impressed me more as a fool than as a criminal.

"Yes, but won't you give me a line in writing, to say that I can go free? Now, how much would it cost me to fix it up nicely between you and me?"

"I am afraid you don't understand, my good man," I said quietly, for the fellow was so simple and stupid that it was impossible to get angry with him. "If there is anything to be fixed up, it will have to be done in the regular course of justice—in open court."

"But, I don't want to be exposed, mister," he whined, "I don't want to be exposed. And I am sure I have been a peaceful, law-abiding man for the last thirty years. I think they might have let it drop instead of bringing it up, after all these years. Lots of boys have done worse things than that, and never heard anything of it."

"Now, see here, my man," I said sharply, for the fellow was becoming tedious, "if you have anything to say to me, I will listen to it, and treat it confidentially, so far as I can. But I advise you to go to some other lawyer, and ask his advice, if you are in trouble. But, you must either tell your story as briefly as you can, or get out of here."

"Oh, but I don't want to go to no other lawyers. They're such robbers, too. You look honest, mister. Perhaps you're an orphan, too. Are you an orphan, judge?"

"That's neither here or there," I answered shortly. "Either tell me your troubles, or go and tell them to some other lawyer."

"No," said the man, desperately, "I'll make a clean breast of it to you, judge. You see, mister, when I was a boy—thirty years ago—I came to the city one day, in my father's sleigh; and while the old man was around town doing his business, I played about the stable where he put up his horse. There was a lot of snow on the ground, and some of the city boys began calling me a hayseed, and pelting me with snowballs. I didn't like it—not so much the snowballing as their calling me a hayseed. So I made some snowballs myself and shied back at them. Well, just as I was throwing a good hard ball at one of the boys, a policeman came round the corner, and he knocked off his hat. I started and ran as hard as I could. I never stopped till I got to my father's farm, away out in the country, ten miles from here. I laid awake all that night, expecting that they would

be coming for me; and I've been expecting them ever since. But, as I had not heard of it in all these years, I plucked up courage and came in to-day, thinking it had all blown over. But I see that I was mistaken. They're after me."

"What makes you think they are 'after you?'" I asked the fellow.

"There's notices all over the city," the man whined.

"What kind of notices?" I asked.

"I haven't seen anything of them."

"Why, one says, 'Bill posters beware' and another, 'Bill posters will be prosecuted!'"

"What's your name?" I asked, as a light seemed to break in on me in all this nonsensical tragedy.

"Posters," the man replied. "William Posters. But they generally call me Bill—Bill Posters."

"Ah, I see," I said, with a sigh of relief. "And you want to settle this quietly—without any exposure?"

"Yes, mister, if you will be so kind. How much will it cost me?"

"Well, this is a case, I am afraid, that can't be settled with a fine," I said, rising and confronting the vil-



lain, who shrank from me, and cowered near the door.

"You won't send me to jail, judge?" he pleaded.

"No, we'll settle it without that," I said. "Just turn round."

As Mr. Posters turned his back on me, I gave him a good, hearty kick, that sent him clear through the doorway.

"Is that all?" he asked, with a bucolic smile.

"Yes, that's all—for the present," I replied. "But, if you ever come near this office again, I'll give you a good deal more than that. Now—skeddaddle, Bill Posters, and get back on the farm, where you belong."

## Condition, Not Theory.

M. J. Irons, who has been growing plants with wonderful success under an acetylene light at the Cornell department of agriculture, said recently:

"Plants are like men. They adapt themselves to the conditions confronting them. If a plant can't have ten hours of sunshine it contrives to get along somehow on five hours."

"It is like mankind. A man said to his friend one day:

"Do you think two can live as cheaply as one?"

"Before my marriage I thought they could," the friend replied.

"And afterward?"

"Afterward I found they had to."

## Easily Explained.

"Why does Representative John Wesley Gaines of Tennessee get so many things from the House if he is so obnoxious to everybody?" asked a constituent of Representative Hepburn of Iowa.

"Suppose you were a business man, having business to attend to, and a man came in and sat down next to you and began to file a saw," answered Col. Hepburn, "wouldn't you give him what he wanted?"

## BACK TO EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

### Does the History of a Catalpa Tree in Pennsylvania.

There is in this town a peculiar remnant of a grand old catalpa tree—a gigantic stump more than twenty-five feet high, which, from one standpoint, looks like an elephant standing on his hind legs. It stands in front of Mrs. Edward Bruden's homestead and attracts more curious attention than any other object in the thoroughfare.

"The old elephant tree," as they call it, has a history that runs back before the Bruden advent to the days when the descendants of Samuel Laundez, an English Tory, flourished in the shade of the then young and blooming catalpa. The tree was planted in 1793 and grew and grew until it measured, just above the ground, 21½ feet in circumference, and near the top of the present stump, 16 feet. All the Brudens now hope it will hold its ground until the present grandchildren shall have grown up.—Bristol Correspondence Philadelphia Record.

## SLEEPER WAS NOT HER KITTY.

### Bald Head and Bushy Whiskers Alone Proved That.

Some years ago an elderly lady, Miss Armistead, from near Montpelier, Vt., had occasion to go to Boston with her niece, a young lady named Kitty. They traveled on the night train, but were unable to secure berths in the same sleeper, Miss Kitty having to take one in the second car and the aunt in the first.

In the morning, when about half an



### She tried the wrong berth.

hour distant from Boston, Miss Armistead entered the second car to awaken Kitty. She found the number, an upper berth, and putting her hand through the curtain, shook the occupant, calling: "Kitty! Kitty! It's time to get up. Kitty! Kitty!"

A bald head, with bushy whiskers around the face, poked itself through the opening of the curtains and said: "Excuse me, but my name is George."

The old lady gave a horrified scream and beat a hasty retreat. She had mistaken the number of the berth.

## Gruesome Snap Shot.

A newspaper photographer of Philadelphia has a photograph that is probably the only one of its kind in the world.

This man was one day at League Island navy yard making with a hand camera snap-shots of a body of marines at drill. High above him, on a trestle, a painter was painting a stack.

As the photographer worked away he heard a horrid scream and looked up to see the painter falling headforemost through the air.

Involuntarily he leveled his camera at the spot where the poor painter would fall and as the crash came snapped the shutter.

The result was a perfect 4x10 inch photograph of the painter striking the earth head first from a fall of nearly a hundred feet.

## PAID WITH A BLESSING

A maiden lady was blowing around the market-house on the last windy day. As she turned into Ninth street she saw an ancient colored woman sitting behind a plank stand under the shelter of the market eaves. On the stand were some badly frost-bitten cabbage heads, a few sprigs of herbs and a twist or two of tobacco. The woman behind this lay-out was huddled in what had been a blanket shawl in its prime, and a wooly something was wound around her head.

"Nice cabbages, lady—"

They were abominable cabbages, but the too generous description, so pathetic when told by a very old and forlorn creature to entice a few cents her way, caused the maiden lady to stop.

"It's dreadfully cold for you out here," she said. "You must be nearly frozen."

"Yas'm. It's right tollable cold, but I got my laigs kivered wiv a quilt an' my shawl's right smart comf'able; some nice tobacco twisses, lady?"

No genteel maiden lady wants "tobacco twisses."

"Why don't you go home? I see there are no other hucksters around? And, indeed, the street was deserted except for the wind, which had the edge of a razor.

"No'm. Dey ain't nobody heah but me. Dat's kase I ain't sold out. Got some nice yerbs, lady."

"But you ought to have a cup of good, hot coffee. You'll catch your death of cold."

"Yes'm. Cawfee's suttin'ly warm-in', but I ain't sold nothin' yet. Time I sells a little sumpin' I'm gwine inside de mawket an' git me a cup."

The maiden lady opened her purse and laid a coin on the stand. The old woman beamed and chuckled with open, childlike delight; then her voice deepened into the mystic melody that seems to be the general heritage of her race; and she almost chanted with seerlike solemnity—or was it just everyday jollyng—"Gawd in hebn bless yer, lady, an' may you git a fine husb'n an' a whole passle 'er chillen to rise up an' call your blessed."

Then the maiden lady blew away.—Washington Star.

## PROUD OF MIDGET TERRIER

Probably the smallest adult dog in the world is Pinkie, a toy black and tan terrier owned by Mrs. George H. Shapley of Newtonville, says the Boston Post.

At the present time Pinkie weighs a pound and a half and it is thought that she has about got her growth, although she is scarcely larger than a kitten.

Pinkie is now the pet of the Shapley household, but much as she is loved for her bright and affectionate ways she has not yet secured quite the same place in the heart of her mistress as that won by Toots, Pinkie's father. Toots recently died at the age of 11, but during his lifetime he was a very distinguished little personage. He was larger than his daughter, weighing three and a half pounds, and had gathered in blue ribbons enough to more than balance him in the scales.

Toots was noted as being the only

singing dog in existence. His mistress is a famous vocalist and in some way she taught Toots to "carry a tune" as well as many people. The little fellow was a society favorite and nothing pleased him more than to be given an opportunity to show off his accomplishments. Mrs. Shapley took him everywhere with her and always made new friends. He is probably the only dog ever tolerated within the aristocratic portals of the Waldorf-Astoria, but Toots was so small and so winning that Herr Boldt could not refuse.

Tootsie participated in many charitable affairs. When he was a little more than 2 years old he took the blue ribbon at the Boston bench show and after that it was one procession of prize winning. But though he was so tiny he proved a good watch dog, twice arousing Mrs. Shapley when burglars were endeavoring to force their way into her apartments.

## THE WORLD AND RELIGION

Religion? Yes? Every Sunday you, In a certain church and a certain pew, With a solemn face and with earnest eyes  
Hear the preacher tell about paradise— And you think great thoughts while the anthems roll, And you feel a grace in your inward soul.  
Religion? Yes? Is it something that Goes with long frock coat and with high silk hat?  
On the six week days is your conscience mute?  
Do you put it on with your Sunday suit?  
Of course one knows that on Sabbath day He must put the wiles of the world away, And must view all folk with a kindly scan.  
And must have some thought of his brother man—  
For the stores are closed, and the banks are shut;  
It is through the week the coupons are cut;  
It is through the week that we grub for peif  
And the man who works has to think of self—  
But religion? Ah, when the day is here Do you put it on with your Sunday gear?  
Do you take it down from a wardrobe hook.

From a sheltered place in a quiet nook? Do you keep it nice, while the week goes through.  
Till on Sunday morn it looks neat and new,  
And no one who sees you would ever guess You would wear such a garb to your business?  
Has it neither wrinkle nor speck of dust, Nor a hidden patch, nor a trace of rust? Do you keep it spick, and serene, and fair—  
Do you put it on with your Sunday wear?  
Do you keep it free from your Monday scowl,  
From your Tuesday rush, and your Wednesday growl,  
From your Thursday sneer, and your Friday frown,  
And the Saturday scheme that you work downtown?  
Your religion? Yes? Can't you make it mix  
With the Sabbath day and the other six?  
Do you carry it through the dust and mire,  
Or assume its grace 'neath the high church spire?  
On the six week days is your conscience mute—  
Do you put it on with your Sunday suit?  
—W. D. N. in Chicago Tribune.

## WHERE EDITOR GOT EVEN

The Hon. William G. Salter of Lynn refused to serve on the committee to which he was appointed during his first term in the House of Representatives. The press generally condemned his action in this respect, and among the most severe was the Haverhill Gazette.

One day Mr. Salter called on one of the employes of the Lynn Item, who was a close friend of his, and asked him to edit a letter, handing him a number of sheets of manuscript which proved to be addressed to Mr. Wright, editor of the Haverhill Gazette, now deceased. After the Item man read the letter he advised Mr. Salter to assign it to the waste

paper basket, informing him that Mr. Wright was one of the most sarcastic, as well as one of the brightest, editors in New England. This Mr. Salter would not listen to. Accordingly, he fixed up the letter as best he could under the circumstances.

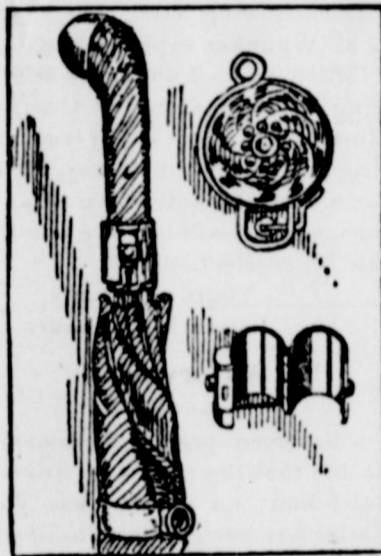
A few days later Mr. Salter called on the Item man again, and, with a very forced smile, handed him a letter he had received from Mr. Wright, and it certainly bore out all the Item man said about him. It was short and sarcastic, and closed with these lines:

"You act like an ass, you write like an ass, and, from this distance, you look like an ass."

## SHOWING THE WORLD'S PROGRESS

### An Umbrella Lock.

A New York man, realizing the annoyance and inconvenience experienced by the owner following the theft of an umbrella, has designed a simple device intended to prevent the taking of umbrellas, accidentally or otherwise, from umbrella stands, hatracks and similar places. As umbrellas are usually taken from umbrella stands when it is raining, and as they are usually taken not for their intrinsic value, but simply on account of the immediate protection which they offer from the rain, it follows that when it is discovered that an umbrella cannot be raised and will be of no use the person taking the same will return it to the stand. On this supposition the umbrella lock shown here would be of immense value, as it can be attached to any umbrella. It is made in the shape of a sleeve divided into two sections, connected by a hinge. Opposite this hinge is a lock, which cooperates with a catch in such a manner as to enable the sections to be locked together. For this purpose the lock has an opening through its casing, which enables the catch to pass in. At the extremity of one of the sections is a flange, which projects inwardly. In applying the lock to the umbrella the sleeve is snapped over the end of the cover, the flange lying between the handle and the ends of the ribs, which will evidently effectually prevent the removal of the lock. When it is not desired to lock the umbrella the device can be applied in an inverted position on the handle. In connection with the lock is a keyhole, which enables the lock



### Locks the Umbrella.

to be opened only by means of a key, which will, of course, be carried by the owner of the umbrella.

### Artificial Pumice Stone.

Artificial pumice stone is now being made by mixing sand and clay. Natural pumice stone for industrial purposes comes from the islands of Lipari, and is nothing but lava which was cooled rapidly under strong development of gases. It is not firm enough to last well; so the artificial variety, made in five grades, again demonstrates the superiority of art over nature—sometimes.

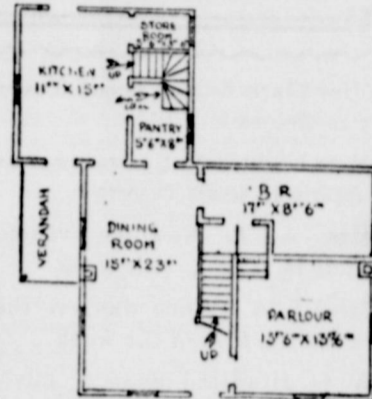
### Fusing Rubies.

Little rubies, the price of which is considerably below that of large ones of the same quality are finely powdered, and then fused together in the electric furnace. The mass is quickly cooled by some trick that is not made public, resulting in a gem of good size, and retaining the desired lustre and tint. Neither the sapphire nor the emerald can be subjected to this treatment.

## CHEAP AND ROOMY HOUSE.

Designed So That all Complete, Cost Would Be \$1,450.

Will you give a plan for an inexpensive dwelling house, the main part to be about 24 feet by 28 feet, with an addition of suitable size. The main part is to be two stories high with square pitch of roof. I desire a medium sized kitchen, fair sized dining room as well as a large bedroom down stairs. Would like to have



Ground Floor.

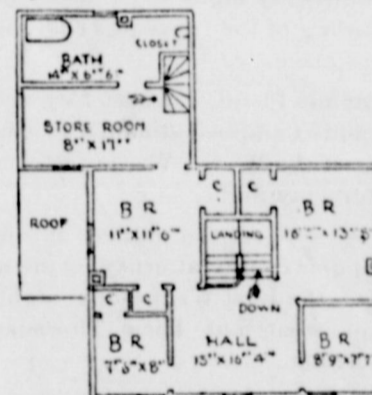
three bedrooms upstairs, each one to open into the hall?

In the plan here given, the main body of the house is 24 feet by 28 feet, and two stories high. Both stories have 10 foot ceilings. The kitchen is 16 feet by 18 feet and 12 feet high, the ceiling 8 feet 6 inches. There is a cistern under the kitchen and an entrance to cellar. Over the kitchen there is a bath and a tank could be built in the roof to receive water from the roof of main building, the overflow emptying into the cistern.

The house would cost all complete about \$1,450. There will be required for the foundation 9 yards stone, 23 barrels cement and 33 yards gravel.

The lumber bill would be as follows:

- 80 pieces, 2 in. x 10 in. x 11 ft. main
- 26 pieces, 2 in. x 10 in. x 18 ft. kitchen joists.
- 13 pieces 2 in. x 8 in. x 12 ft. sills.
- 52 pieces 2 in. x 6 in. x 14 ft. ceiling joists.
- 50 pieces of 2 in. x 6 in. 18 ft. rafters.



Second Floor.

- 90 pieces 2 in. x 4 in. x 20 ft. studs, body joists.
- 300 pieces 2 in. x 4 in. x 12 ft
- 3,400 feet dressed sheathing.
- 4,000 feet clapboards.
- 2,600 feet roof boards.
- 2,500 feet inch flooring.
- 15 M. shingles.
- 1,280 laths.
- 10 rolls sheathing paper.

In addition there would be the inside fittings and material for 16 windows and 22 doors.

### Material Required.

How much Portland cement and sand will it take for a wall of cellar 10 ft. x 10 ft. to be 10 ft. high and one foot thick?

It will require 10 barrels of Portland cement, 16 barrels gravel and 4 yards stone fillers mixed eight parts gravel to one part cement.

### Entirely Modern.

"Yes; I painted it without any help."  
"Hum. What period does it represent."  
"All my leisure hours for nearly a week."

# Local Events.

Miss May Beverly, Editor.

Miss Clara Eidson spent Tuesday in Colorado.

Miss Lightfoot of Loraine was shopping in town Tuesday.

Mrs. A. T. Newman visited friends in Abilene this week.

Mrs. A. A. Prince was on the sick list the first of the week.

W. G. Bradford made a business trip to McCauley Wednesday.

District court is in session with Judge J. L. Sheppard of Colorado presiding.

A. W. Hale who has been employed with W. K. Shipman has gone to Stamford.

Miss Katie Warren and Mr. Hubbard of Colorado were guests of Jim Warren's Sunday.

Mesdames H. T. Hood and Eusry McClaim of Roscoe were shopping in town Wednesday.

The 5th Sunday meeting is being held at the Baptist church, with a number of delegates in attendance.

Quite a crowd went to Roscoe Wednesday night to attend the opening of the skating rink of that place.

James Pruitt, Earnest Roy and Claude Campbell attended a meeting of the W. G. W. in Roscoe Thursday night.

A. S. Ford, the father of our popular county attorney, came in from the East Wednesday night, and went out home Thursday morning.

The seed house and a box car at the oil mill were destroyed by fire Tuesday afternoon about 2 o'clock. No waterworks.

Lost, strayed or stolen—One mayor and the city council. Information leading to their recovery will be gratefully received by J. H. Fultz at the Mercantile.

Messrs. C. O. Hamilton of San Angelo, C. W. Maddox of Rocky Ford, Colo., Jesse Allen of Texarkana, and Jim Pittman of Terrell, I. T., are here in the employ of W. K. Shipman.

Please remember that the first Sunday in May will be Home Mission day at the Christain church. The churches throughout the brotherhood will observe that day. Let us at Sweetwater unite in enlarging the fund for home Missions. Be sure to bring your offering to the worship the first Sunday in May.

L. Guy Ament,

### Notice,

The Sun office will move to new quarters the first of May and we will not be able to give our readers a paper next week.

### Married.

Mr. W. H. Stamps and Miss Pearl Wilson were quietly united in marriage Sunday afternoon at four o'clock. Rev. Heizer performing the ceremony in the presence of a few friends.

Mr. Stamps has been a resident of our city but a few months but has made hosts of friends who wish for him unalloyed happiness with the wife he has chosen.

Miss Wilson also numbers her friends by the score and they all unite in good wishes for her happiness.

The Sun tenders congratulations to the happy pair.

### Announcement.

The following letter from Mr. E. M. Whitaker explains itself.

Editor Sun:—I am today tendering my resignation as District Attorney of the Thirty-second Judicial District of Texas, and you are hereby authorized to announce that I will not be a candidate for re-election.

Yours very truly,

E. M. Whitaker.

### No Waterworks.

It has been practically demonstrated that the people of Sweetwater want no waterworks. The matter has been allowed to drop and nothing more is to be done.

The two fires we've had this week would not have resulted in one half the damage had there been a good waterworks system here. We will never have a town that we can be proud of with conditions as they are at present. We sit calmly by and let the good things go by without so much as lifting a finger to prevent it. We're a set of moss backs in the eyes of outsiders, and they have plenty of proof for their belief. This should not be true but it is and there's every prospect of it remaining so.

On the first page we print a picture of Judge M. M. Brooks our candidate for Governor—and the next Governor of Texas.

Congressman Smith, our candidate for Congress—who will succeed himself—will find his name in our announcement column.

### Destroyed by Cyclone.

The town of Bellevue was completely destroyed by cyclone at 6 o'clock Thursday evening and what little was left was set on fire by chemicals from a wrecked drug store.

Thirteen people are known to be dead with the probability of many others. Fifteen injured have been found and carried into the country for attention as nothing remains of the town but three buildings.

The cyclone originated about a mile southeast of the city and swept on the town, raced through it and ran eight miles northeast, completely destroying everything in its path a mile and a half wide.

The loss has been roughly estimated at \$150,000, but will probably amount to more. The damage was to the business section but the residence portion suffered severely and all livestock in the town were killed.

Congressman Smith of the Jumbo congressional district is about to win in his fight to have the land reclamation act applied to Texas, and if he succeeds he will have done more for Texas than the combined efforts of his colleagues almost since the days reconstruction.—Ft. Worth Telegram.

### The Oliver Land and Immigration Company.

Bob Pyron, manager of the Oliver Land and Immigration Company of Ft. Worth, was in town Saturday and gave out the following for publication.

"The company has just closed a deal with Oliver parties for 1,280 acres of land north of Roscoe and the cattle on the ranche. Consideration about \$21,000.

This land will be cut up in

quarter sections and sold to farmers. The intention of the company is to secure good working farmers from the North and put them in the country north and west of Sweetwater and their style of doing business and system is such that they will put many people here between now and fall.

We have now four prospective buyers from Missouri who are very much pleased with the country and they are going back home and tell their friends they have at last found THE place to go to.

We also have a car load of people at Dundee in Archer county, which is on the line of the Wichita Valley Ry. In the Co's. opinion the people should plant more wheat and small grain which would be of far more benefit to them than the cotton and corn they now confine themselves to.

Our company was organized in September and we have already sold something like \$75,000 of land. We expect to do and have in sight now about \$200,000 worth of business. We are devoting most of our time to this part of the country for we realize the great future in store for it. We do business in a personal way and have agents all over the North to interest the people in the Sweetwater country.

You might also state that the Sabinal Mining Co. in Mexico has made a good strike in the last few days. The mine is located about 100 miles southwest of El Paso on the Sierra Nadie railroad. This mine is controlled by myself, and to all who are interested, I want to say it is a paying proposition.

You will do well to list your land with the Oliver Land and Immigration Co. They do business in a quick way.

# Wood. Coal.

## SAWED and SPLIT WOOD

I Will Deliver Sawed and Split Wood and Coal to any part of the city in any quantity from 50 cts worth up, but parties wanting smaller loads must come or send after it. I will keep a full supply of the best fire wood on hand and will be pleased to receive your orders.

**A. J. ROY, Phone 69**

## GLASS & GOBLE, Staple and Fancy Groceries.

Your Patronage Solicited.

## Get You a Home

Some Good Advice Given by the Late  
Governor James Stephen Hogg.

For many years my advice has been, is yet, and will continue to be, that every man in the State, either in the country or town, should acquire a home. The longer our citizens wait to make this important acquisition the more difficult it will be for them. Land prices continue to rise, and the population is fast increasing. There are now 171,447,640 acres of land and about 3,500,000 people within the limits of Texas. If these lands were equally divided among the people they would have only about forty-five acres each. Twenty-one years from today the youngest living child will be grown. Keeping up the ratio of increase in the past two decades there will be at that time only about twenty acres of land per capita in this State. Thus it will be seen that the longer a man waits the less opportunity he will have to get a home. More than twenty years which compose the essence of civilization and happiness. Here he would become permanent, known to his neighbors and profit by the good character for probity, punctuality and loyalty that he should form. As he prospered and accumulated wealth he could buy other lands and pay for them to meet such necessities as might arise from the growth of his family. Should he be so unfortunate as to lose a member of his family he could have a grave ground in which to bury the dead. As insignificant as this may first appear to the average man, it has more influence on the formation of the characters of people than most any other property or incident of their lives. Let a tenant lose his first-born and bury it upon rented premises or in a strange woodland or church-yard near by. His family are new-comers in the community, and the neighbors, unacquainted with them, do not feel at liberty to make the calls to solace them that they would on older settlers.

Grief stricken over her loss and heart-broken from what appears to be the indifference of people, the

### Man and His Power.

When you view man in his animal aspect he is the most defenseless in the whole line of creation. Deprive him of the power that comes through the avenue of mind and he would soon become extinct. But crowned with this attribute he is the king of creation. He stands at the head of the list and holds the scepter of power over every form of flesh, and is gradually becoming acquainted with cosmic forces, directing them in channels to his own service. He has conquered space and brought the "ends of the earth" in instant touch. Ocean, mountain and desert fail to serve as obstructions to his onward movement. He keeps moving. The earth, sea and sky seem to hold no secret that he may not discover. Yet, in view of the grandeur of what he has done and his capability to do—the extent of his dominion over the lower creation and his power to bring under control the forces of nature to his own service, all of which is attributed to that one quality called mind—we see that after all, his efforts have been mainly directed on a lower plane, on that wherein

mother cannot endure another year in that community. There is no inducement, save the child's grave, for them to remain there longer and they decide to leave it. They move, they drift, they go from cabin upon the lands of others—discontented, unsatisfied, and continue to move year after year. As three moves are equal to a fire, these people once on wheels, continue rolling down the hill of disappointment until they believe the hand of man is against them, and, consequently, are transformed from good citizens to misanthropes, if not government haters.

This is an extreme picture but it is the common condition of migratory tenants. It applies as well to the town as to the country tenant. When he fails to buy a home he stands in his own light; he inflicts a cruel wound upon his family, brings upon himself severe burdens of distress, loses the opportunity of better citizenship and fails to educate and refine his children. In times of sickness, when rents are due and cannot be paid, he may find neighborly indulgence and sympathy, but instead thereof the cold hand of an avaricious landlord. At this moment of his darkest gloom threats of dispossession and snarls and growls of bill collectors take the place of neighborly visits and the night songs of cheerful friends. These suggestions must unfold to the mind on the one hand the many pictures of sorrow and distress that must hover over the settled tenant, and on the other hand they should furnish the pictures of contentment, of happiness and prosperity that light up every well-regulated home.

Home, the center of civilization! Home, the pivot of constitutional government! Home, the ark of safety to happiness, virtue and Christianity! Home, the haven of rest in old age, where higher elements of better manhood can be taught the rising generations by the splendid examples of settled citizenship! Every man should have a home.

the prime motives are cauterized with the love of physical comfort and the exercise of selfish power. He has conquered his environment; he stands king in his own right relative to mechanical knowledge; there never springs a necessity to his material welfare but what his ingenuity is equal to the task, but yet, he has not conquered himself. Self is his master. For self he will hate, envy, and destroy his fellows. The philosophy of the golden rule, enunciated centuries ago, he has yet to learn. Oh, that if the energy that has thus far marked his steps along purely intellectual lines, should be directed in eliminating the weeds from his moral garden what a wonderful transformation would take place in his life's history. The songs of poets, the claims of philosophers and the predictions of prophets would become actualized. The prisons would become vacant; the instruments of war would be converted into that of husbandry; the term "friendship" would have a real significance, and the soul of man would show its kinship to the divine.—Florence Vidette.

### THE NEGLECTED PEANUT.

#### A Valuable Texas Crop for Nuts and Forage.

Notwithstanding the difference between the prices paid for wheat and corn, the latter commodity, by reason of its immense volume, yields to the country the larger gross income.

When the corn crop is unusually large and prices not unusually low, the western farmer prospers and in turn the railroads through his territory pay dividends; manufacturers make money and the commercial conditions generally are good.

It requires only a short memory to recall the time when corn, year after year, was burned for fuel or allowed to rot ungathered in the fields. This was when corn was fed to cattle and meal entered very little into the diet list of man. The west used some corn, so did the South, but in the East it was almost unknown and Europeans regarded it as unfit for food.

The grit, determination and energy of the West was concentrated to conquer this condition and a united movement was engineered to instruct non-users of corn how this important food product might be utilized.

Western expositions, state fairs, and country shows had corn palaces, and representatives were sent to the Atlantic seaboard and across the ocean, exhibiting at all great centers corn and its products. Now that cereal is never burnt unless a careless cook forgets her duty.

At the Jamestown Exposition the southerners have determined to emulate the wisdom of their western brethren and will erect an immense peanut palace where this esculent tuber will hold sway.

German chemists have recently proven the nutritive value of the peanut and the ration of the soldier contains sausages made of peanuts. It is very nutritious, pleasing to the taste, and contains more units of food energy than a sausage of similar size made from pork.

The peanut as ordinarily used roasted, is undoubtedly toothsome and gently soporific. Most mild cases of insomania yield to a late supper of peanuts. In candy it is known to many, but its use is by no means general. Peanut butter, peanut brittle, ground peanuts for sandwiches, have a certain vogue, but it is restricted.

The by-products of peanuts are many and useful, yet, year after year, peanut planters use their plants as fertilizing material, cutting them down and plowing them under to enrich the earth.

The Peanut Palace of the Jamestown Exposition is intended, like the corn palaces of the West, to be not a final undertaking, but the beginning of a movement in bringing to the peanut its due meed of appreciation.

#### Texas Can Furnish the Land.

Weekly meetings held in New York for the evident purpose of giving discontent a chance to voice itself now and then become the means for a manifestation of common sense. At one of them recently, in the midst of expressions of dissatisfaction with surroundings and conditions in the city, one man shouted: "If you don't like the city, why don't you leave it?" He knew what he was talking about. He had tried the city and found it wanting, and was enjoying comparative prosperity and happiness in the country. If several thousand men who are strug-

gling in the cities merely to escape starvation could only understand what opportunities the country presents they would lose no time in getting to the farm. Many of them, to be sure, are unfit at present to do more than the heavy work of agriculture under intelligent direction, but it would not take long for them to learn to do other things and to become proprietors instead of employees. Ten acres are still enough for a man to make a living on for himself and his family, and there are several million ten acres in the United States still waiting for the hoe and the plow. A large number of these acres are in the South and any willing worker may quickly find his way to them upon application to the proper official of any of the great railroad systems of the South or to the executive officers of immigration or agricultural departments in the several Southern States.—Southern Farm Magazine.

#### For Town and Country.

Don't wait until the summer time to clean up your place and put it in first-class sanitary condition, but do it now. Now is the time when insects and germs of all diseases begin to breed, and if you kill them now a little effort later on will keep them under control. Now is the time when the trash and filth of the winter in your back yard alleys begins to emit its odors. Now is the time when the mosquitoes begin to lay their eggs. The mosquito question has developed considerable importance since it was discovered that mosquitoes are the sole means of transmitting malaria and yellow fever. And even if these insects were not a source of danger, they are very annoying and troublesome. Screen your cisterns, keep a little oil about, scatter lime plentifully around your premises.

Weeds are showing themselves in yards and along sidewalks. This is a very good time to start in to keep them down. By all means let us have a clean town this year. Situated as it is, there should be little trouble in making it the cleanest and most sanitary town in the state. Summer visitors naturally expect to find things clean in a health resort, and if they find filth it is not likely that they will want to come back.

Things about town should be slightly as well as sanitary. Keep the trash and papers from off the streets. Of course, the cleaning gang takes up the trash once in a while, but it does not look well while it is there. Back alleys are often the dirtiest places about a town and these deserve special attention. Do not confine spring cleaning to the houses, but clean up the yards, the streets, and do it now.—Lampasas Leader.

#### Get the Log Drag.

Any farmer can make a split log drag. Not every farmer, however, will do so, and not every farmer will use it systematically after he has made it. The thing to do is to convert the Texas farmer to the economy of good roads and the efficacy of the split log drag method of making them. To the first proposition our black land farmers who are mud-bound for several months in the year are already converted. If they will investigate what the split log drag has done for Missouri, Iowa, Illinois and other States in the middle west in the matter of making their county roads superior to the macadam thoroughfare, they will be speedily converted to the second proposition.—Exchange.

**LANDS. HOMES. LANDS.**

**W**E Are Pleased to be able to announce that the Entire Herndon Ranch, Consisting of about 10,000 Acres, in the vicinity of Eskota, has been cut up into small tracts, specially adapted and for home purposes, and is now on the market at reasonable prices and on easy terms.

We will sell these lands in quantities to suit all purchasers and invite all desiring good homes to look into this opportunity. We will furnish prices and terms upon application.

**BEALL & BEALL, Agents.**



**Mrs. N. L. HALL**

Up-to-Date

**MILLINERY**

Fine line of goods; stock all new and fresh. I invite my friends and others to call and see me. Am located at L. J. Mashburn's.

**Goods Bought Right**

**Can be Sold Right.**

This is the Way we Buy Ours:

- 2 Cars Implements
- 2 Cars Furniture
- 1 Car Wagons
- 1 Car Wire and Nails

We are now making special prices on all goods and, especially Implements -- for cash.

**J. H. Snell.**

**Ed. SANSBURY, Tailor.**

— SUCCESSOR, TO ELDER, & SANSBURY. —  
Cleaning, pressing, dyeing and remodeling neatly done. Tailor made clothing and ladies' skirts a specialty. Goods called for and delivered and work guaranteed.  
SWEETWATER, TEXAS.

**Bargains! Bargains!**

— AT THE —

The following are a few of the many bargains we are offering.

- Lanterns, regular price, 75c, selling for 50c.
- " " " \$1.50, " " \$1.00.
- Lamps, " " 75c, " " 50c.
- " " " \$1.25, " " 90c.
- Galvanized buckets, regular price, 35c, selling for 25c.
- Granite stew kettles, " " 75c, " " 60c.
- Set of 65c cups and saucers for 50c.
- Set of \$2.25 cups and saucers for \$1.00.
- Set of 65c plates for 50c.
- Decorated glass berry sets, price \$1.25, sell for 75c.
- Nice water or lemonade sets, price \$2.00, sell for \$1.75.
- Brass King wash boards for 35c.
- Tubs worth \$1.00 for 80c.

**5c and 10c Goods a Specialty.**

\*\*\* Special Sale Every Saturday. \*\*\*

EVERYTHING AT GREATLY REDUCED PRICES

**RACKET STORE**

**Sansbury Bros.**

Ask

**RAGLAND & CRANE,**

The Real Estate Men.