

THE GRAHAM LEADER.

Entered at the Postoffice at Graham, Texas, as Second Class Mail Matter.

Vol. XX.

Graham, Texas, Friday, January 31, 1896.

No. 26.

Oklahoma Correspondence.

OAKDALE, Ok., Jan. 21, 1896.
Dear LEADER: As I seldom see anything in your columns from Oklahoma, I will drop you few dots from the south-east part of Washita county, on the Washita river, with as fine country around it as you would wish to see. For farming and stockraising it can not be excelled by any part of the West that I have ever seen.

Everything in the way of farm products that have been tried here have done well except wheat and oats, which were a failure last year. Cotton has not been tried very extensively here yet, but a large acreage will be planted this year. There are no gins here yet, but a splendid opening for some one who wants to put up a gin.

There are several saw mills and one grist mill in the county. We have excellent society for a new country. Preaching and splendid singing nearly every Sunday. A very good school system, the terms of county public schools being from three to six months in the year.

Land is cheap here yet, good claims selling at from \$300 to \$1500, according to improvements.

A. C. NICKELL.

The advocates of the single gold standard, from John G. Carlisle down to the pie counter cuckoo, continually misrepresent the position of the indefatigable advocates of silver coinage. The gold people assert that the silver people want to create a dollar out of fifty cents. That by legislative action they want to make fifty cents equal to an hundred cents. Those who make this assertion do so from a lack of knowledge or of sincerity. If the restoration of silver to its rightful place would result from it, prices would remain where they are. The true position of the silver people is, that by restoring silver to a full legal tender, its value would be increased by the increased demand for it. That at the same time the value of gold would be lessened. That the value of the metals would come together on a parity, that dollars would become cheaper and a general revival of prices and prosperity to all legitimate enterprises would result.—Texas Biometalist.

Information reaches here from Weatherford that a big tie contract has just been entered into by the Weatherford, Mineral Wells and Northwestern, and that fact is looked upon with some suspicion. It has been known for some time that negotiations have been pending for the extension of this road into Fort Worth, and it is generally believed that this big purchase of ties means something. The prediction is made that the Weatherford road will come in over the Albuquerque grade long before the close of 1896.—Gazette.

A young widow put up a costly monument to her late husband and inscribed upon it, "My grief is so great that I cannot bear it" A year or so later, however, she married again, and, feeling a little awkwardness about the inscription, she solved the difficulty by adding one word to it, "alone."

There is no sort of wrong deed of which a man can bear the punishment alone; you can't isolate yourself and say that the evil that is in you shall not spread. Men's lives are as thoroughly blended with each other as the air they breathe; evil spreads as necessarily as disease.—George Eliot.

What a wonderful invention is a printed volume. By means of it we can surround ourselves with the wisest and most gifted men and women of every age and clime. Day and night they abide under our roof, ready to converse with us whenever we open their pages.—Cuyler.

By desiring what is perfectly good, even when we do not quite know what it is, and can not do what we would, we are a part of the divine power against evil, widening the skirts of light and making the struggle with darkness narrower.—George Eliot.

Beat the Charge, Not the Retreat.

For the halting, doubting, weak-kneed, despondent and croaking democrats, who are making more courageous and far-seeing and faithful members of the party sick with disgust by their whining prophecies of impending defeat, the San Antonio Express publishes a good story from its Austin correspondent:

If there is anything in signs this will be a stirring year in politics. All along the lines the political armies are preparing for a mighty struggle, and experienced generals are already having their chargers caparisoned for the coming conflict. On one side will be the army of democracy, with disensions in its ranks. On the other will be allied forces of the republicans, the populists, the prohibitionists and the independents, all with one purpose and one hope—the overthrow of the democratic party. But the main danger to the democracy is from its own pretended friends.

These pretended friends have already raised the signal of distress, and they never miss an opportunity to deplore the fate of the party and the doubt they feel for its safety. This recalls an incident. Two well known democratic politicians met on the street. One of them was Mr. Ed. M. House of this city and the other we will call Col. Smith, because that was not his name.

"I'm afraid the party is gone," said Col. Smith.

"What makes you think that?" asked Mr. House.

"Oh, I don't know, but somehow I feel it in my bones. I feel that the party is gone, but I am going with it, for I am still a democrat," growled Col. Smith.

"Did you ever hear the story of Marc'ago?" inquired Mr. House.

"No," responded Col. Smith.

"Well, it was this way," resumed Mr. House. Napoleon thought he was whipped and ordered a drummer boy to beat a retreat. The boy stood motionless.

"Beat a retreat," again commanded the "Little Corporal."

"The boy looked up and with quivering voice replied: "I can't; but oh, sire, I can beat a charge that will rouse the dead."

"The charge was beaten and history now tells us of the grand victory Napoleon won at Marengo.

"And that is what the democratic party needs to-day, continued Mr. House, "drummers who know how to beat charges instead of retreats.

Victories are never won by crying defeat before the battle has been fought and if the grand army of democracy relegates its dissenters and grumblers to the rear and goes into the struggle with drummer boys who can beat none but charges, Marengo, in a political way, will be repeated in Texas and the flag of democracy will continue to wave over the Lone Star State."

When Mr. House finished speaking Colonel Smith seemed to catch the inspiration of his words about the drummer boy at Marengo, and vowing that he would never again talk defeat, sauntered off down the street, whistling "Dixie" softly to himself.

The moral of the story is commended to the careful consideration of the retreating democrats, the so-called soldiers who have confessed defeat before the fight.—Houston Post.

A new year, not simply another year. Many people may be said to live the same old year over and over again. Each succeeding year is the same unit added once more to the sum of life. There is the same task preformed in the same spirit with the same motive; the same imperfection of character, the same failures of conduct. The times may change and progress hasten, but if we stand still, we live only the old year once again. A new year never comes to the contented ox; he simply grows old. It is not the lapse of time or the progress of civilization, but our progress, which makes possible to us a New Year.—Josiah Strong.

Youth is not the age of pleasure. We then expect too much; and we are, therefore, exposed to daily disappointments and mortifications. When we are a little older and have brought down our wishes to our experience, then we become calm and begin to enjoy ourselves.

Short Items of Interest.

India has 300,000 acres of tobacco. Compressed air operates Paris clocks.

London has 206,000 domestic servants.

In 1895 we mined 195,000,000 tons of coal.

Potatoes are six cents a bushel at Plainfield, Wis.

Massachusetts has 1,131,203 savings bank depositors.

Seven-eighths of the bread baked in London is made of foreign wheat.

Japan had twenty-four steamers built in the United Kingdom last year.

Fifteen million tons of ice were used in constructing Leadville's ice palace.

Ex-Chief Justice Maxwell says that Nebraska's new sugar bounty law is unconstitutional.

White people at Perry, Okla., object to a court decision opening the public schools to negroes.

Mrs. Marion Spear, of Chicago, has recovered a child in New York that was stolen from her 9 years ago.

The shortage of Albert Wade, second assistant cashier of the First National Bank of Mt. Vernon, Ind., is said to be \$54,000.

William Wittland, receiving teller of the Grangers' Bank, in San Francisco, Cal., has disappeared with \$12,000 of the institution's funds.

Wesley C. Rippey, the eccentric old man who shot Millionaire John W. Mackay at San Francisco, Cal., several years ago, is dead.

The attorney-general of New Hampshire has decided that the appointment of women as notaries public in that state is unconstitutional.

Howard D. Newton, former professor of Greek and Latin in Harvard University, has been adjudged insane in Chicago and sent to an asylum.

A New York will contest has disclosed that the late Congressman Hawkins left several million dollars to his son, and only a \$1,500 annuity to his widow.

The Pawnee chief, Crazy Horse, painted his brother with patent "bullet-proof" medicine and then shot at him with a rifle, with the result that the man is dead.

E. W. Agnew, president of the First National Bank of Ocala, Fla., convicted of embezzlement, has been sentenced to five years in the penitentiary at Brooklyn, N. Y.

A game of baseball between two nines on skates was played at Media, Pa., recently, on the ice. Five innings were played, and some good stops and throws really remarkable on ice were made on both sides. The batting was naturally weak.

George W. Tilliston, an employee of the West Side Shoe Shop of Manchester, N. H., punctured his lip with a tack a few days ago. Blood-poisoning set in, followed by erysipelas, and he died in great agony. His head and face were swollen to twice their normal size.

The projected elopement of Miss Elizabeth Dutterer, fifty years old, with Perry Umler, aged seventy-four, of Westminster, Md., was frustrated by the woman's brother, Jerome Dutterer. Mrs. John I. Starner, who acted as the go-between while arranging for the aged lovers to meet at her house, was peppered by duck shot fired by Jerome Dutterer.

Eight hundred tons of old cannon and 500 tons of shot and shell, which the confederates procured in the '60s for their defense of southern ports from the attacks of the Union navy, arrived at Philadelphia the other day from Pensacola. This entire consignment will be broken up for old iron. These cannon and ammunition were, in their time, up to date in the requirements of the government, but now the changes are such that they are entirely valueless except as old metal. Some of the cannon weigh a ton or more each, and because of their antique type are curiosities. They had laid so long abandoned, however, that the government ordered the entire lot to be condemned and sold. The confederate government spent thousands of dollars for these munitions.

Mama Was So Funny.

Miss Birdie McHennepin is one of the belles of Austin. Her intellect, however does not tower into sublime heights, but to use the cold language of truthfulness she is very much the same kind of a young lady that Gus de Smith is a young man.

Gus de Smith proposed matrimony. He proposed in good faith, in a solemn, impressive manner, upon which Miss Birdie inaugurated a giggle, until Gus was very much disgusted, and arising from his knees his anger found vent in words. He was mad.

"Miss McHennepin!" he finally ejaculated "with me this is no laughing matter. Why should you force anything ridiculous about it?" "You must excuse me Mr. de Smith—really you must, for I am not laughing at you—really, now, I am not. Ma's so funny, you know. Really, she is too funny for any use. I was laughing at Ma."

"At your ma?"

"Yes. You see ma told me only this morning: 'Birdie, you are so green some donkey will take you yet,' and here you come—"

But he was gone. It was he who banged the door so violently. "I wonder," said the deserted Birdie, "I wonder now if he is fondled at what ma said. But then ma always was too awful funny for any kind of use."—Texas Sifter.

Judge Kilgore was in Dallas from his home in the Territory not long ago and told the following:

An Indian owed a little fee to a lawyer, and having paid it, kept standing about as if expecting something. "What are you waiting for?" asked the lawyer.

"Receipt," replied the Indian.

"Receipt? Why, a receipt would not be of any use to you. You couldn't read one if you had it."

"No," replied the Indian, "but s'pose maybe me die, me go to Hebben; me find the gate locked, see 'Postle Peter; he say 'John, what you want?' I want to get in. He say, 'you pay Big Moud dat money?' What me do? Me hab no receipt; have to go down and hunt all over hall to find you."

That settled it and the Indian got his receipt.

The Burlington, Kansas, Independent preaches the following excellent sermon: If you have a home and are out of debt, don't worry and fret yourself and your good wife into the grave for the sake of making money. You have but one life to live, and it is brief at best. Take a little pleasure and comfort as you go along day by day, and try to do a little good to others. A morbid, insatiable desire to possess the earth, to grab everything in sight, is at the foundation of more misery than almost any one thing. Wealth alone will never keep your memory green after you are gone; a good life and kind actions will.

The death of Judge Nugent leaves the Texas populists without a leader. They are political orphans. Among their jaw-bone artists and wind-jammers there's not a name to conjure with. Nugent was a patriot and a statesman; Davis, Kearby Walton et al, are but monstrous bags of fetid wind.—Brann's Iconoclast.

We have read of a man who lost his wife and in his grief chafed these words to be engraved on her monument: "The light of mine eye has gone out." Within a year he was married again. Some one suggested that the words, "But I have struck another match," should be added.

I would have a man generous to his country, his neighbors, his kindred, his friends, and most of his poor friends. Not like some who are most lavish with those who are able to give most to them.—Pliny.

The man who introduced a bill in the Georgia legislature allowing women to vote was a long ways from home. It is not the vote the women are after; it is the voter, says the Waycross Herald.

Why a Teetotaler?

Edward W. Bok, editor of the Ladies' Home Journal, gives the following, among other reasons, for having never tasted liquor: "Another thing which led me to make up my mind never to touch liquor was the damage which I saw wrought by it upon some of the finest minds with which it was ever my privilege to come in contact, and I concluded that what had resulted injuriously to others might prove so to me. I have seen, even in my few years of professional life, some of the smartest—yea brilliant—literary men dethroned from splendid positions owing to nothing else but their indulgence in wine. I have known men with salaries of thousands of dollars per year, occupying positions which hundreds would strive a lifetime to obtain, come to beggary from drink. Only recently there applied to me, for any position I could offer him, one of the most brilliant editorial writers of the newspaper profession—a man who, two years ago, easily commanded one hundred dollars for a single editorial in his special field. That man became so unreliable from drink that the editors are now afraid of his articles, and although he can to-day write as forcible editorials as at any time during his life, he sits in a cellar in one of our cities, writing newspaper wrappers for one dollar per thousand."

Letter From Utah.

A letter from Corinne, Utah, says: We are now living under state government here in Utah. As a correspondent of the Salt Lake Tribune, I had some influence in the constitutional convention. My suggestions in relation to juries and judiciary were adopted in part. When parties to a suit desire immediate trial they may choose a judge protempore, if both parties can agree upon a choice, and can then proceed without waiting for the regular term of court. Grand juries are dispensed with unless demanded. Juries in District courts consist of eight members, in justice courts of four. In criminal cases, the verdict must be unanimous. In civil cases three-fourths may find a verdict. The governor recommends the Australian ballot system.

Fatal Result of a Joke.

An intended practical joke perpetrated by four young men near Cleo Springs, Oklahoma, resulted in the death of Levi Franks. He was of a superstitious turn of mind. He had never looked at a corpse and was greatly afraid of one, claiming bad luck followed such an act by any of his family. He was laughed at by his companions who last night got a young fellow drunk at a dance and laid him in a barn to recover. They cut a slit in his shirt and giving it a liberal painting with red ink and putting a knife in the hand of the unconscious man they asked Levi to come to the barn for a drink. They avoided the sleeper, but Franks following stumbled over him and lighting a match saw the horrible looking supposed corpse. He fell in a faint and died two hours later. Two of the young men interested in the joke have been arrested and the other two have left the country.

Miss Elizabeth Flagler will soon be put on trial in the criminal court of the District of Columbia on a grand jury indictment for manslaughter. Last fall, Ed Green, the son of a negro porter of Secretary Carlisle, and some other boys, were stealing peaches in the orchard of Miss Flagler's father in Georgetown, D. C. The young lady got a pistol and shot it, to frighten the boys away, being unused to fire-arms she pointed the pistol to the top of the trees and fired it. The negro boy was in one of the trees and the bullet took effect in his body and killed him. Miss Flagler is the daughter of Gen. Flagler, the chief of Ordnance. She was acquitted by the coroner's jury but the grand jury indicted her and she is under a \$10,000 bond to await trial for manslaughter. Nothing but acquittal is expected, as the boys were trespassers, and besides, no malice or intention to kill can be shown, the purpose of the young lady being to frighten the trespassers away.—Terrill Times-Star.

A practical test of the utility of the horseless carriage is to be made in Cleveland, Ohio, where it is proposed to run horseless carriages on time schedules for the transportation of passengers over regular routes to different parts of the city for a fare of only 2 1-2 cents. The carriages to be used are noiseless gasoline motors and they are expected to be in use by June 1.

Chairman J. G. Dudley, of the state democratic executive committee, has called a meeting of the committee at Austin February 5th, at which time the time and place for the state democratic convention will be fixed. It will also be decided at this meeting whether one or two state conventions will be held.



SAY! MISTER! YOU'VE DROPPED YOUR Battle Ax PLUG A GREAT BIG PIECE FOR 10 CENTS.

SECRET SOCIETIES.
MASONIC.
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J. W. AKIN, H. P.
A. T. GAY, Sec.
YOUNG COUNTY LODGE No. 485, A. F. & A. M., meets on Saturday of or before the full moon of each month. A. R. McDONALD, W. M. J. W. AKIN, Sec.
Belknap Lodge No. 650, A. F. & A. M., meets on the first Saturday night in each month.
W. B. POPE, W. M. M. N. HARDY, Sec'y.
I. O. O. F.
ADDELPHI LODGE No. 291, I. O. O. F., meets on second and fourth Saturday nights in each month in Knights of Pythias hall.
W. J. HENRY, Edwar. Ryf. Sec. Sec'y.
K. O. F. H.
TWIN MOUNTAIN LODGE No. 2292, Knights of Honor, meets on the 1st and 3rd Tuesday nights in each month.
O. E. FINLAY, Dictator.
J. R. HARRIS, Reporter.
K. O. P.
Corinthian Lodge, No. 143, Knights of Pythias, meets in Castle Hall every Monday night. Visiting Knights invited to attend.
J. T. RICKMAN, C. C. Jo. W. AKIN, K. of H. & S.

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The Graham Leader.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
J. W. GRAVES,
GRAHAM, TEXAS.

Entered at the postoffice at Graham, Texas, as second class mail matter.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:
One copy one year, - - - \$1.00.
" " six months, - - - .50.

The devil smacks his lips every time a young man takes a drink over the bar.

A Brazoria county jury sent a man to the penitentiary for life and twenty years.

Senator Mills seems to be one of those senatorial statesmen whose good resolutions favorable to silver are made sextennially, just prior to a senatorial campaign.—Gazette.

A man in Georgia assassinated a minister because he preached a sermon, in which he denounced a sin of which the murderer was guilty. Guilty men are always the ones who denounce the exposure of sin.

The court of criminal appeals has decided that when a man has been sentenced to jail for violating the local option law, he must serve his sentence in jail, and cannot be hired out or given the liberty of the town.

The San Antonio Express says: "A great many of the county officials of Texas believe that a salary law is an inevitable event of the next session of the legislature, and they are trimming their sails accordingly."

If ever there was a mountain made of a prairie dog hill, the papers of Texas have made one of the little pile of trash Barnett Gibbs has been casting out of the hole he is crawling into.—Weatherford News.

The first number of the Health Resort, a new paper published at Mineral Wells by Jim Tom Story, Jr., has been received. It is a neat publication and is filled to the brim with choice matter concerning the Carlsbad of America.

A United States marshal has arrested five men at Fayetteville, Tenn., for delaying the mails. These men are said to have assisted in delaying the two males enroute to the penitentiary some months since, whom they and others took from the train and lynched.

The big "physical culture" contest between Maher and Fitzsimmons will come off near El Paso February 14th. Both men are in splendid condition and it promises to be the biggest prize fight ever witnessed in this country. Corbett says he will be present and will challenge the winner at the ring-side.

The Sherman Democrat says that "the farmer who has 'boarded at home' during the year 1895 and has his crib filled with corn and his smoke house full of meat is in a fair way of sustaining himself and his family without having to depend on anybody for supplies. It is a comfort and money for the farmer who will stick to the live at home policy."

The Alvarado Bulletin says: "Dallas seems to have gone to work in earnest to celebrate the semi-centennial birthday of the state of Texas. We are truly glad to note this fact. But Dallas must consent to put up most of the money, as she will be the chief beneficiary. The entire state, however, should join in the grand undertaking and put forth every effort to make it a success."

Charleston News Courier: "Judge Culberson, the Texas congressman, has an unusual record as a criminal lawyer. He has defended 110 men charged with murder in the first degree, and has never had a client sentenced to death." A record of this kind may be called a good record for the lawyer and his clients, but it may be a very bad record for the community in which the killers operate.—Dallas News.

Jerome Kearby of Dallas, who is contesting congressman Abbott's seat in congress, has made his plea before the committee at Washington and says he is confident that they will decide in his favor. The result of the Rosenthal-Crowley contest has not been decided but the former is sanguine that the committee will report adversely to Mr. Crowley and that he will be promptly inducted into his seat as the representative from the Galveston district.

Married His Niece.

Waelder, Tex., Jan. 27.—A girl aged 16, white, living with her father and mother at Round Rock, came to this place Oct. 6 last on a visit to her grandmother. About Dec. 1 the girl and her uncle, John Kook, were married without the knowledge or consent of the girl's parents. The grand jury of this county recently adjourned, found a true bill against John Kook charging him with incest and he was arrested on a capias and jailed at Gonzales, where he is now.

The matter has created but little stir until to-day, when the girl's parents came for the purpose of taking her home. All efforts to induce her to return home with them proved futile. Her father then proceeded to invoke the power of the court to accomplish his purpose, but it was Sunday, and as the court had compunctions of conscience as to opening the halls of justice on the Lord's day, nothing could be done. The parents then returned to their hotel to wait till Monday morning to get their daughter by law.

Waelder, Tex., Jan. 27.—Search was instituted this morning for Mrs. Kook, but she could not be found. At this writing she has not been found and her parents have returned to Round Rock without their daughter. The uncle and niece, parties to this affair, assign as a reason for their marrying that they could find nothing in the Bible that forbade it.

For fourteen years we have been exhorting democrats to make it a point to turn out whenever a primary convention was held in their voting precinct, and make their voices heard in the election of the men to fill the various offices. No one man has more of the responsibility upon his shoulders than another; and as all government is inherent in the people, the very sheet-anchor of our liberties repose in the precinct and ward meeting, for after them, every other convention to express the will of the sovereigns speaks by delegated authority, and it is folly to hope to make the voice of any one man available, after these precinct meetings. To supinely fold our arms and stay away from the local home conventions is to give our birthright of sovereign manhood to the keeping of our more alert and diligent neighbor, and is a crime—neglect of an imperative duty.—Parker County News.

Ardmore, I. T., Jan. 27.—The Indian solons are gathering at Tishomingo, the national capital, to attend the special session of the legislature, to convene there to-day. The object of the call is to raise money to pay off the indebtedness of the Chickasaw nation. The amount of indebtedness as given out by the comptroller is \$78,000. The legislature while in executive session will pass an act providing for three delegates to go to Washington to lobby before congress and protect the Chickasaw's interest during the present session. They will vigorously oppose any proposed town site legislation for the towns of the five civilized tribes, and any measure that in any way conflicts with their tribal government.

Philadelphia, Pa., Jan. 26.—The announcement was made to-day that the Hart line of steamers, which now run between this port and the West Indies, will establish a line to Aransas Pass, Texas, the first boat to make the trip in about two weeks. Captain Kerr, one of the owners of the line, says the town has recently had a boom. The firm of Alex Brown & Co., bankers, he says, has supplied the funds with which to improve the entrance to the harbor, a jetty and breakwater have been built and a vessel drawing twenty-five feet of water will soon be able to enter.

Let us whip to a frazzle the fallacious idea that we need a grand army in uniform to consume our substance. What the country needs is customers with money to pay for our products or goods to exchange for them. We want peace and free trade.—Dallas News.

The Garland News "favors Galveston as the place for holding the regular state democratic convention for nominating a state ticket. This convention is usually held in August, the hottest month in the year, and Galveston is about the pleasantest summer city in the state."

A 17-year-old messenger boy in San Francisco has just been divorced from his 16-year-old wife. He believes in going it while he's young.

Tom Bean Estate.

Sherman, Tex., Jan. 25.—The case of Sarah A. Dove et al. vs. H. P. Howard et al., a suit to settle the heirship of the celebrated Thos. C. Bean estate, came to a close in the district court, presided over by Judge Garnett, this afternoon. The charge of the court contained a large number of counts which covered every phase of the litigation brought to the attention of the jury by evidence adduced by deposition and orally.

The jury, after remaining out a few minutes, returned a finding for Sarah A. Dove and H. P. Howard et al., and the long list of heirs, maternal and paternal heirs represented by them including perhaps seventy-five persons in all and represented by administrators Howard and Hume at this trial. The first appraisement of the estate included considerable property, which has since been sold or gotten possession of by parties bringing suit against the administration of the estate to try title. However, it is a very conservative estimate to place the value of the estate to-day awarded to the parties at \$350,000.

Judge Garnett will Monday next appoint a commission, whose duty it will be to divide the said estate.

To Keep Up the Reserve. Cleveland, Ohio, Jan. 25.—Postmaster John C. Hutchins of this city has suggested a plan to Secretary Carlisle, which will probably be acted upon and in a measure assist the government to maintain the gold reserve. A large portion of the receipts of the postoffice in this city are in gold; and Mr. Hutchins suggests if the gold received at all postoffices throughout the country, amounting perhaps to millions annually, could be placed in the United States treasury and not deposited with the national banks, as is done under the present system, the scheme would result in materially helping the maintenance of the gold reserve.

The postmaster has received a letter from Secretary Carlisle thanking him for the suggestion, and has also had considerable correspondence with the Postmaster General Wilson in reference to the subject. The postmaster general has instituted an inquiry among all larger post-offices as to the amount of gold received and where it is deposited.

With a republican house, a free silver senate and a gold bug president, things seem to be evenly divided at Washington and not much devilment can be kicked up during this congress.

The populist leaders have very emphatically refused to fuse with the republicans in Texas. They remember the late Coney-Clark combine and are afraid.

A Bloomington (Ill.) man has been fined \$150 for threatening to shoot an editor from whom he demanded a retraction. We are surprised that so foolish a man lives in Illinois.

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"Some time since, our boy then four years old was in the hands of the family doctor for treatment for scrofula. He had been afflicted with this trouble from birth and we had been unable to give him
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We decided to give him Hood's Sarsaparilla and are glad to say 6 bottles of Hood's entirely cured him. Our oldest daughter has been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla for rheumatism with good results. We have used from first to last some \$10 worth of the medicine and have received the equivalent of several hundred dollars' worth of doctor's treatment and good health to boot. We cannot speak too highly of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a blood purifier. It is all that is claimed for it."
C. E. MYERS, Windom, Kansas.

Hood's Pills not harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. 25c.

The J. B. Norris Hardware Co.
ARE CARRYING AN IMMENSE STOCK OF

- BUGGIES
 - CARRIAGES
 - SURREYS
 - CULTIVATORS
 - HACKS
 - WAGONS
 - PHAETONS
 - HARROWS
- AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,**
WIND MILLS, TANKS, PUMPS, PIPING, ETC.

IN FACT, EVERYTHING FOUND IN A FIRST CLASS HARDWARE HOUSE.
Our Tin and Repair Shop is Complete.
AND ALL ORDERS WILL BE EXECUTED ON SHORT NOTICE.
A large Stock of Heating and Cooking Stoves,
Among which are the "SUPERIOR," "WOOD CHAWK," "CHAR-TER OAK" and other popular brands, which we are selling at Reasonable Prices.

GRAHAM TEXAS.
PORTER & EDDLEMAN,
MANUFACTURERS OF AND DEALERS IN
Saddles, Bridles, Harness, Whips, &c.

Everything in our line kept constantly on hand or made to order on short notice.
BUGGY TOP REPAIRING PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO.

E. B. Norman, President. W. T. Stewart, Cashier.
J. F. Auld, First Vice President. J. N. Norman, Ass't. Cashier.
J. B. Norris, Second Vice President.

The Beckham National Bank.
Capital, \$100,000. Surplus, 25,000.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.
I Now Have for Sale the Following LANDS:

Most all of which are of an extra good quality. I will subdivide and sell in quantities to suit purchasers, taking a Small Cash Payment down and giving from 5 to 10 years time on the balance. viz:
T. E. & L. Surveys Nos. 9, 106, 619, 406, 30, 1187, 2369, 4, 1648 1589, 321, 778, 603, 745, 463, 1212, 2905, 2384, 309, 343, 751, 2950, 1455, 1452, 1463, 1462, 1453, 1483, 1484 and 1450.

I also have 1660 acres in a block that I will sell on favorable terms, and a few improved farms. I have also completed arrangements by which I can loan money in any amount on Farms and Ranches at reasonable rates. I am now in the market with plenty of Free Silver. In the sale of the above lands I will take all Silver in payment of the same. Let me hear no more complaint of want of money, but come unto me all ye that are weary and heavy laden for want of money and I will make you glad.
Respectfully,
R. C. McPHAILL,
land and loan Agent,
Graham, Texas.

ENSOR TREATMENT,

For the Cure of the Whiskey, Opium and Tobacco Habits.
DR. R. N. PRICE, Agent, Graham, Texas.
RUPTURE! Also Guarantee to Cure any case of RUPTURE without operation of knife or hyper-dermic injection. It is endorsed by many physicians who have been cured by this treatment. These Cures Absolutely Guaranteed—No Cure No Pay.

HOLIDAY PRESENTS
Will Soon be in Demand.

A Large Stock of Goods Already Received. Presents Suitable For All, Without Regard to Age, Sex, Color, Race or Previous Condition.
Fine Center Tables, Rocking Chairs, Pictures, Wall Pockets, Table Covers, Hassocks, Work Tables, Clocks, Silverware, Glassware, CHINAWARE, SMYRNA RUGS, TOYS, And an Hundred Other Useful Presents.
Call Early and Stay Late, at the Great Northwest Furniture and Crockery House of
W. S. McJIMSEY.

New Firm, New Goods.
MATTHEWS & TIDWELL,
Have Just Opened a Spick Span New Stock of
STAPLE and FANCY GROCERIES.
Will MAKE YOU LOWEST PRICES AND GUARANTEE TO PLEASE.
FIRST NATIONAL BANK BUILDING.
You are Respectfully Invited to Call and Examine Our Goods and Prices

J. B. ROBERTSON & CO.,
DEALERS IN

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES.
East Side of the Square.
GRAHAM, TEXAS.

D. M. HOWARD,
Of Mineral Wells, Texas, Carries the Largest and Best Assorted Stock of
Dry Goods, Groceries, Millinery, Etc.
In This Section of the Country.

I will sell you goods as cheap as any house in Northwest Texas. Will buy Cotton and Wheat. Give me a call, I will treat you right.
D. M. HOWARD.

W. H. GEORGE,
DEALER IN

FURNITURE, CARPETS And Household GOODS,
Window Curtains, Matting, Picture Frames, Etc.
Undertaking a Specialty. Coffins Furnished Promptly.
Mineral Wells, Texas.

Mineral Wells Lumber Co.,
Successors to the Carey-Lombard Lumber Co.,
Carry a Full Stock of Lumber, Shingles, Mouldings

Sash, Doors, Etc.
liberal Discount on large Bills. — **W. L. KEARNS, Mang.**
At the Old Stand, Mineral Wells, Texas.

B. F. HOWARD & BRO.,
DEALERS IN

Harness and Saddles, Hardware, Queensware and Implements.
The Trade of Young County is Respectfully Solicited.
MINERAL WELLS, TEXAS.

H. N. FROST, Successor to J. M. ROBERTS & CO.

Dealer in **Lumber, Shingles, Doors.**
Window Blinds, Brick, Lime, Paints, Oils, Etc.
Your Trade Solicited. **MINERAL WELLS, TEXAS.**

FORT WORTH HOUSE, T. J. FOSTER, Prop.
Rates \$1.00 Per Day, \$6.00 Per Week,
Mineral Wells, Texas. Free Carriage to and From Bath Houses.
Opposite the Gibson Well and the Sangre de Cristo Wells and Bath House.

THE LEADER.

Published Weekly by J. W. Graves.

Subscription \$1.00 a Year.

LITTLE LOCAL LEADERS.

Dr. Burns has gone on a trip west. Indications are favorable for some more weather.

W. I. Tidwell left this morning for Johnson county.

Sheriff Williams visited Ellasville yesterday on official business.

Mrs. V. F. Gorrissen has been quite sick, but is now about well again.

Lawyer Frank Girand came up from Mineral Wells on Monday's stage.

City Marshal Taylor impounded a bunch of seven hogs Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Virg Eddleman have returned from a visit to Memphis, Texas.

Prof. G. A. Gray of South Bend spent Saturday and Sunday with friends in the city.

Services at the Christian church Sunday and Sunday night. All are invited to come. IRA ADAMS.

Rev. E. V. Butler of Belknap was in the city Tuesday and favored THE LEADER with a pleasant call.

There a few cases of sickness in town, but none of a serious nature so far as we have been able to learn.

Miss Leila Hamilton of Jack county is visiting relatives and friends in Young, her native county.

Rain, rain, more rain; but it puts the ground in good condition for oat sowing, and corn planting a little later on.

Witt Adare's horse, while attempting to jump a gate Tuesday, got one foot entangled and was badly cut and bruised.

Flower Seeds—a large collection—all kinds. Call early and make your selection. D. R. AKIN & Co.

The Weatherford Hide Co., J. M. Haman, agent, wants to buy all the hides, peltries, etc. in the country. See their advertisement.

The new buildings of Jno. E. Morrison & Co. and S. B. Street & Co. are receiving the finishing touches and are about ready for occupancy.

We have had no severe winter here during the month just passed. "Old probe" say we can look out for winter during the month of February.

THE LEADER'S subscription list continues to grow. It is election year, you know, and everybody, including the populists, want to keep posted.

With each cash purchase amounting to \$2.50 we will give 25 cents worth of choice, fresh garden seed. SHUMAKER BROS.

E. H. Cook and wife returned Tuesday from a two weeks' visit to relatives and friends in Wise county. Mr. Cook unfortunately lost a goose during his visit.

There have been but few people from the country in town this week; business in all lines has been comparatively dull and consequently there is a dearth of local news.

Mr. Farrar and family are moving from the old Bower place on Oak street to a farm on the river, and it is said that Mrs. Sloan will open a hotel in the house vacated by them.

The names of six probable candidates are mentioned for assessor on the democratic ticket, and this number will doubtless be doubled when all the aspirants for this office are heard from.

For garden seeds go to Shumaker Bros. They are giving them away.

The ladies of the Presbyterian church will spread an elegant oyster supper in Jno. E. Morrison & Co's new building this (Friday) evening. Let all patronize this enterprise and aid a worthy cause.

Mrs. W. O. Clark returned on Wednesday's stage from a visit to Mexico and Van Alstyne. She was accompanied by her niece, Miss Daisy Baldwin, who will remain here on a visit for some time.

The concert at the public school building for the benefit of the library fund, last Saturday evening, was fairly well attended and netted about \$18.00, which will be used in the purchase of new books for the library.

The roads were getting good again and the mills arrived at a more reasonable hour. Mr. Smothers "surprising the natives" Monday by coming in on schedule time; but the recent rains have spoiled it all and belated everything.

Sheriff Williams returned Saturday from Terrell, where he placed Gus Young in the asylum. Mr. Williams says he arrived in Terrell at night and that it took six able-bodied men to put Young in jail for safe keeping until the next morning.

The local option question is being agitated in a vigorous manner and each side are warming up to the subject in hand. Those favoring the measure are confident of an overwhelming victory, while the anti-seem to be equally confident of success.

If you want a good Sewing Machine cheap for cash or otherwise, call on SHUMAKER BROS.

S. R. Jeffery's steers are taking on flesh rapidly at his feeding pens near the mill. He has quite a number of steers now weighing more than 1500 lbs. each, and when he gets them ready for market they will be the finest lot of steers ever shipped from this section.

Marion Wallace, E. M. Wallace, Walter True and others have been subpoenaed to appear before the federal grand jury at Dallas next Monday. As they were witnesses in the examining trial of the alleged counterfeiters now in jail here, it is supposed the federal grand jury is investigating the matter.

John Smith and Hiram Harmon had another fight Tuesday, or rather the second installment of fight No. 1, which occurred a short time ago. Hiram says he came out second best this time. Mr. Smith entered a plea of guilty and paid his fine and complaint against Hiram was filed.

THE LEADER and its readers are disappointed this week in not hearing from "Citizen" in answer to "Free American" et al on the all-sorbing question of local option. "Citizen" informs us that circumstances over which he has no control has prevented him from writing this week; but that he will be on hand in our next issue, loaded to the muzzle with hot shot upon the subject of prohibition.

Grandma McLoud has been low the past week and at one time her life was despaired of, but she is now somewhat better and may recover. She is, however, quite old and may take a turn for the worse at any time.—Memphis Herald.

Grandma McLoud is well known here, being the mother of Mrs. R. H. Burns of this place and having lived here for many years. Her old friends in Graham wish her a speedy recovery.

The body must be well nourished now, to prevent sickness. If your appetite is poor take Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Mr. Preston Brooks and Miss Ada Horton were united in marriage at the residence of the bride's mother on Wednesday evening, Judge N. J. Timmons officiating. The marriage of this popular young couple was not a surprise to their many friends, as the groom recently bought a nice little home on Pecan street, which he had furnished nicely and had acted so suspiciously that his friends had "caught on." Preston was raised in Graham and vicinity and is favorably known as a deserving gentleman, having been engaged for some time as deputy sheriff, which position he has filled with a marked degree of efficiency, and he has now made the most important capture of his life—one of the purest and most beautiful of Graham's lovely ladies. The bride is loved and admired by all who know her and in whom the popular groom has won a jewel of inestimable worth. THE LEADER does its file and wishes them a long life of unalloyed happiness.

Persons in the country having local option petitions are requested to send them in by the middle or last of next week. The petition must be filed with the clerk before the meeting of the Commissioners' Court, which meets on the 2nd Monday, (10th day,) of Feb.

Old People.
For people who require medicine to regulate the bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in Electric Bitters. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whiskey nor other intoxicant, but acts as a tonic and alternative. It acts mildly on the stomach and bowels, adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby aiding Nature in the performance of the functions. Electric Bitters is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. Old people find it just exactly what they need. Price 25 cents and \$1.00 per bottle at Akin & Co's. Drug Store.

If you want a pair of Shoes, go to Shumaker Bros., and they will save you money and sell you good shoes.

They Say

That the weather is inclement. That gardening will soon be in order.

That the crop of candidates will be large.

That the matrimonial market is quiet now.

That the mails get in "terribly late," of late.

That the campaign promises to be a warm one.

That Graham is the best inland town in Texas.

That John Taylor makes an A 1 city marshal.

That we have the best school in this part of the state.

That the population of Graham is increasing rapidly.

That the churches are largely attended on Sundays.

That Young county has the best sheriff in Texas or elsewhere.

That the prospect was never better for a bountiful crop of wheat.

That strangers are constantly seeking homes in Young county.

That the farmers will plant a large acreage in cotton this year.

That the democrats will have a walk-over in the election this year.

That S. B. Street eats only the finest "bronze" turkeys, \$1.25 each.

That the fruit crop is in danger of being killed if winter does not come soon.

That there are more pretty girls in Graham than in any town of its size on earth.

That the Graham roller mill is still a-grindin' to supply the people with its products.

That Jeff Short is trying to "corner" the hog market by buying all the hogs in the country.

That a young man can't make love to two girls in the same town, when the girls are confidantes.

That we have had the longest spell of cloudy weather the "oldest inhabitant" ever witnessed.

That the "corporation tank" has been full of water this week and should be stocked with fish.

That Young county will add to her many other desirable features by voting prohibition pretty soon.

That Graham has several young gentlemen who are thinking of matrimony, but are waiting for the girls to propose.

Oyster Supper.

The Ladies' Aid Society of the Methodist Church will give an Oyster Supper at the Court House, Tuesday night, Feb. 11. The proceeds to be used in paying for the church seats.

MARRIED: At the residence of Eld. Dan Carpenter, on the 29th inst., Mr. John Galloway to Miss Idella Brooks, Elder Carpenter officiating.

For Rent.

Eighty acres of good, river valley land, either for money or share of crop, on liberal terms. Apply to J. W. HONKER, Graham, Texas, Jan. 24, 1896.

C. P. BENSON makes a specialty of colony lands. Call and get prices before buying.

SILVER IS AN ISSUE.

There is no longer a chance for timorous politicians and wary "financiers" to dodge it. The question whether the currency of the country shall consist of gold and silver, and treasury notes redeemable in either coin, according to the constitution and traditional Democratic policy, or whatever the bulk of it shall be the notes issued and controlled by private banking corporations, will probably be settled for a quarter of a century at the coming election.

The Fort Worth Gazette is for a currency issued by the government and controlled by the government, and against a currency issued by private interests. It is the only great newspaper in Texas advocating this cause.

If you are a bimetalist, you should read the Gazette to keep up with your own side. If you are a monometalist, you should read it to keep up with the other side.

Subscription price: Daily Gazette, six months, \$2.00; three months, \$1.00. Weekly Gazette, one year, 60 cents; six months, 30 cents.

Sample copy of either edition free. Agents are wanted to canvass every community. Recommendation required. Address: THE GAZETTE, Fort Worth, Texas.

Advertised Letters.

In the Graham Post Office for the week ending Jan. 28, 1896. If not called for within two weeks the same will be sent to the dead letter office.

Curt Pendleton, Mrs. Zack Shirley. When calling for the above letters please say "advertised."

G. H. CHAMBER, P. M.

Free American.

In last week's LEADER "Free American" touches upon what he considers to be the advantages of the sale and use of intoxicating drinks. From his style he must be a lawyer with a poor client, having all the testimony against him. He arranges the praying church members who tip the glass occasionally, and of tenses. He seems to feast on the weakness of those who oppose his views and with a gigantic effervescence of verbiage he tells his readers that the whiskey traffic is only dangerous to the man who has not sense enough to control his hoggish appetite, which is admitting that the man who follows drink has such an appetite and therefore needs all the moral restraints for the protection of himself and family.

He says the existence of the saloon is legal and exists by the active consent of the people. If their existence is legal, their non-existence is illegal and they may be voted out of existence by the active consent of the people. So there is as much legality in their non-existence as there is by their active existence.

"Free American" says "religion and whiskey will mix." He attacks every church member that he can get his hands on and accuses them of being produced by the client he undertakes to defend. He charges the churches as being partners in the whiskey when he says that the churches will not fire a bullet drunkard as long as bushhead pays his bills. Not being a church attendant I cannot say more than to tell you that your charge is very flimsy and weak when you beg the question in the beginning. It is known to every church member that the "bushhead brethren" are "turned out" unless a reformation is promised. Then there is something singular in "Free American's" attack on the churches. It is evident that he considers the church the enemy of his client. The church is the enemy of "bushhead." Moral people are the enemies of king alcohol and all of his partners in crime. This last statement needs some explanatory remarks. Visit the cities and find domiciled near the saloons and dens of vice such things as bawdy houses. They are not often found anywhere else. Drink and fornication go hand in hand in the cities. They become the hot beds of crime—robbery, murder, stealing and all the living vicious crimes of the day.

Visit our own dear Young county. Only a few days ago a gathering of about 4000 of our little city, gathered at the premises of a saloon and left a husband and four side walk men who bought a social and general gathering of the town believe the saloons.

We do not question what the business men believe. They might believe that clay is gold, but that would not make it so; though in most things their judgment is good. Yes, the saloons bring trade—trade to the saloons. This is not all they bring. Occasionally there may be seen a few old toppers who can not walk without the aid of the bailiff, (not quoting scripture as Col. Adare) but making the green earth and all decency blush with shame and pity at the wrecked condition of both body and mind. Let your minds picture to themselves a few of these "Free Americans" who "bring trade to town" and patronize the calaboose. A few dollars is not all they leave. They leave an impress of immorality upon the minds of the little street boys who stand around with their mouths and plastic minds open, ready to receive what seed the poor, delirious creature sows in their young hearts.

Then, if the saloons were closed, the old lady would not have the dyspepsia and the doctor's prescription would be for something less dangerous. The money that goes for "lick" would be spent for groceries, dry goods, books, newspapers, homes, etc. The same money would go into other channels of trade; the carpenter, the day laborer, the lawyer would be certain of his fee.

Farmers are for "lick," he says. Well, the farmer knows it will pay for no land, buy no plows, put up no house, buy no clothes, save him no cash. Then what does the farmer want with it? Just to be a "Free American" is the only reply. He sacrifices the necessities of life, his moral character, his home, his wife, his children, his decency, just for the sake of being a Free American.

"Free American" tells the readers that the merchants are against local option, the farmers and the large crop of candidates. Let the candidates vote as they please. This is not a personal matter. The fight is not against the saloon men. We will not make a war on them as you have on the church.

When time allows we will come again. All in the name of FREE AMERICAN No. 2.

Hood's is Wonderful.

No less than wonderful are the cures accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla, even after other preparations and physicians' prescriptions have failed. The reason, however, is simple. When the blood is enriched and purified, disease disappears and good health returns, and Hood's Sarsaparilla is the one true blood purifier.

Hood's Pills are prompt and efficient and do not purge, pain or grip.

Facts From Farmer.

Make room for Farmer again this week for we're coming.

Health is very good. Measles were reported to be close to us, but they have "not arriv" yet.

Judge Timmons paid the school a much appreciated visit last week.

Prof. A. H. Wilson of the Cottonwood school, Archer county, visited his brother, Dr. J. D. Wilson, last Saturday and Sunday.

F. S. Groener of Jacksboro was in Farmer on business last Saturday.

Rev. J. J. Harris preached an excellent sermon at the M. E. church here last Sunday.

Mr. Frank Hefner, father of Mrs. J. B. Wear, and his daughter, Mrs. E. E. Hughes, and Miss Vernie Hefner of Gertrude visited in Farmer a few days since.

J. M. Keen is off to Olney this week on business.

Rev. E. W. Simmons and his son Eppie were in Farmer this week.

Geo. McNew, late of Bowie, who has followed the barber trade for several years, takes hold of his farm work like a "nester" of years' standing. Farmer community will take several more just like him if they are to be had.

Seed oats will be plentiful here, notwithstanding they were thought to be scarce.

Dr. Terrell has rented his farm to a Mr. Isham of Denton county, who will move to it in a short time.

Glad to hear that Gee A. Gee is on the up-grade. He will soon be a living example of the theory of evolution if he keeps on. Think he was rather selfish, however, in not inviting his professional friends to witness the "sloughing off" of his cultural appendage. The South Benders may expect some music about March.

Ellasville Echoes.

On last Sunday morning at eight o'clock Mrs. Wood, wife of Mr. Gid Wood, departed this life. Mrs. Wood was a long sufferer from dropsy. Mr. Wood has had the best physicians in the country constantly employed and has tried many reputable remedies, all to no avail. He leaves a husband and four children.

Rock Creek Cullings.

Everything moving along nicely in this community.

W. A. Bennett and wife left last week on a visit to relatives in Wise county.

Farmers have commenced their work in earnest.

Chasing wild cats is all the go, since two have been caught in one night.

The young folks enjoyed a pleasant dance at the residence of Mr. Kimbole a few nights ago.

Express and Passenger Service.

We have appointed Mr. J. M. Wood, at the postoffice, our agent. He will handle all express matter carried by us and will collect all charges before delivery of same. He will also sell tickets for transportation of passengers on our line to Mineral Wells and intermediate points, and no one will be allowed transportation without having procured a ticket.

41. DEWEY & SCHLITTLER.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The Best Salve in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by D. K. Akin & Co.

English Spavin Liniment removes all Hard, Soften Calloused Lumps and Blemishes from horses, Blood Spavins, Curbs, Splints, Sweeney, Ring-Bone, Stifles, Sprains, all Swollen Throats, Coughs, etc. Save \$50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known. Sold by R. G. Graham, Druggist, Graham, Texas.

MINERAL WELLS, TEXAS.

Rapidly becoming the greatest watering place of the South, is reached only via the Weatherford, Mineral Wells and Northwestern Railway. Excursion tickets are on sale with the principal roads of the State. All Santa Fe and Texas & Pacific trains make connection at Weatherford, Texas, for Mineral Wells. For further particulars, address, W. G. FORBES, G. F. & P. A., Weatherford, Texas.

SAVE YOUR EYES.

No matter how bad your eyes are, nor how long they have been sore, the Waterman Eye Remedy will cure them. It has cured the worst cases of Chronic Sore Eyes. This is no humbug nor idle boast. A trial will convince you. Call on or address JAMES M. WOOD, AGT., Graham, Texas.

STRAYED OR STOLEN.

One bay horse, about 15 hands high, 8 years old, branded a Spanish Gourd on right thigh and 78 on left thigh. Five dollars reward will be paid for the delivery of the above described horse to me at Graham. HENRY SCHLITTLER, Graham, Texas, Dec. 13, 1895.

WEATHERFORD HIDE CO.

Pay the Highest Cash Market Price for HIDES, PELTRIES, ETC.

Satisfaction Guaranteed. Give us a trial. York Avenue, Near Cameron's Lumber WEATHERFORD, TEXAS. HAMAN, Agent.

H. H. CHISM, Dentist and Photographer, GRAHAM, TEXAS.

West Side Public Square, First Door South of Shumaker Brothers.

PRICE BROS., Manufacturers of a Dealers in SADDLES & HARNESS. We carry a full and complete stock. Fine Hand Work a Specialty. All Repairing Done Promptly at Low Figures. GRAHAM, TEXAS.

S. B. STREET & CO., Graham. Popular Prices in Dry Goods and Clothing.

UNDER ALL OTHERS. ENOUGH SAID!

During January will move into our new house.

THE OLD BELL COW.

When I was but a boy I used so happily to roam Through every nook and corner of the dear old-country home. At every nook and corner I would drive the cows, and when the sun was fading in the west I drove them home again. There was one among their number I remember very well. It seemed as if I saw the cow that wore the bell. She wasn't any prettier nor of a better breed. But all the others followed her wherever she would lead. And in my youthful mind I used to wonder why and how It was that all the cattle tagged the old bell cow. Strange years of shadow and of shine have passed away since then. And now I mingle daily with the busy hosts of men. And still I muse as earnestly as what I used to do. For men, I find, are likewise quite peculiar creatures, too. While some are nature made of gold, without a speck of silver, others are of a mixed metal. And while the modest, worthy man the world may never heed, the counterfeiter, who loudly brags, steps in and takes the place of the true. The one who "roasts his term" is sure to get the crowd, and now I know why all the cattle tagged the old bell cow. —Nixon Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

STEMBLE'S INVESTMENT.

BY CHARLES DUDLEY RHODES.

The town marshal, ex-officio editor of the Lariat. The Exponent afterwards declared that he had luck that night with the rain. It first came leaking through the roof about midnight, and, finding a convenient crease in his blankets, trickled slowly downward, until it awoke him with a start. Being a man of few words, he simply gave a grunt of disgust, leaped over to a corner of the diminutive room, seized an umbrella, opened it, thrust it accurately under the leak, and calmly fell asleep. In the morning things were in even a worse state. The bed was a miniature island, the type-cases were half filled with water, and the press, a foot-power affair, stood cheerlessly in a damp corner as if waiting to be resuscitated from its all-night exposure. Even then Hank made no remark—his first act after sitting up in his blankets being to pull forth slowly a huge plug of tobacco from his hip-pocket, take a generous chew, and then, as if fortified against all manner of disagreeable things, to spring up and begin putting things to rights. There was a knock at the door. "Come," he shouted, gruffly, and there appeared to view a little old gentleman whose black frock-coat, white collar—and an unusual luxury in Lariat—and air of quiet dignity accorded well with his gray hair and mustache. "Fardon me," he said, with a slight air of diffidence, "but is this the editor of the Exponent?" Hank nodded. "I am Col. Stembel," the little old fellow continued, affably, "and I am up here on special business for the Black Butte Cattle Company. Now, in coming to the point, I am very anxious to have a special edition of your paper published today." Hank looked an empty tin under the press, and kicked hard at his boots. The man went to say that he was a cautious man. "It will pay," the little old fellow continued, "and this will give you some idea of my wishes." He handed the editor some pencil notes and a new greenback. "Get the paper out by three o'clock at the latest, and above all things make it interesting." "I'll do it," Hank replied, with customary brevity; and then, with renewed energy, he resumed the renovation of the little one-story shanty which served as editorial office, press-room, and home. The old gentleman smiled to himself as he trudged away—such a paternal, benevolent smile as to seem almost out of place in such an unconventional wickered little frontier town as Lariat. As far as the eye could reach were to be seen the temporary structures of canvas and tarred paper which were the homes of the inhabitants. Ep and down the railroad the first-comers had pitched their tents, and as the town grew rough streets had been formed, ranging back to the line of low hills at the east. Lariat enjoyed the distinction of being the extreme end of the new railroad which was rapidly pinning its way through Wyoming towards the great northwest. Crouch's, down the road, had until recently enjoyed that honor. But one fine morning after the first train had pushed on to the present site of Lariat, the inhabitants of the older town had emigrated in a body, and Crouch's was no more. True to the editor's promise, the Exponent appeared at the time named, but not until Hank O'Doughall, a man in whose veins ran a strain of thirty Scotch blood, had engaged in several mysterious transactions with certain property owners of Lariat, in exchange for some ready money that the editor had been hoarding up for many a day, the latter became the owner of a considerable strip of land along the railroad—an acquisition afterwards explained by the following announcement which appeared in the Exponent: "We take pleasure in announcing the arrival of Col. C. H. Stembel, agent for, and a prominent stockholder in, the Black Butte Cattle company. This English syndicate, having been struck with the advantageous location of Lariat, is contemplating the erection of enormous stock yards in our city, for the shipment of cattle from the Powder river valley. It is needless to comment upon the great influence that this deal will have upon Lariat, the city so confident of the future of Lariat, so jovial, and withal so lavish with his money, as he. Incidentally, it may be said that the bar of the Alganian did a big business, and that he handled proprietors of Lariat, Hank McDougall especially, awakened to the fact that they had a good thing. The next morning the colonel, notebook in hand, and accompanied by the leading citizens of the town, inspected property available for the uses of the Black Butte Cattle company. In the afternoon—for the agent's time was limited—the purchasing began. The

courteous old gentleman who had entertained them so hospitably the night before did not haggle over prices. He paid cash for his new acquisitions in crisp, new \$500 notes—a proceeding which, to make change, unfortunately, drained the town in a short time of all its smaller denominations. By evening the English syndicate had acquired a choice tract of land lying on both sides of the railroad, in the heart of Lariat, for which it had paid out some \$25,000. McDougall, editor and town marshal, had made some thousands by the deal, and had been a ready speaker would probably have said: "These Englishmen are the biggest suckers I ever saw." But, as it was, he contented himself with the simple words: "Bents all!" It wanted but a few minutes of training, next day, when the colonel, carrying his compact little valise, his face beaming with happy good nature, sauntered leisurely down to where the big engine was pulling and blowing, preparatory to its long trip down the road. "I must leave just at this time," he said, "to transact some very important business in Cheyenne. But I'll be back in a week or ten days, and begin work immediately." And he treated the little crowd about the train to cigars. The whistle tooted a warning note, the bell rang and the colonel cordially shook hands all around. Stepping on the rear platform of the train, he turned about once more and waved his good-byes to persons in the distance. Just at the moment that the wheels began to turn, Hank McDougall, his marshal's star gleaming on his vest, he swung around, came running down Wyoming avenue from the post office, a yellow paper in his hand, which he waved dramatically over his head. "Stop that train!" yelled the town marshal. But the conductor and engineer did not hear, and the train moved on. "Jump, you scoundrel, jump!" again yelled Hank, at the same time drawing his gun. The colonel's only answer was a polite wave of the hand. Then Hank took a snap-shot at the fast-departing train, and—would you believe it?—that little old man whipped out two pistols from somewhere, quick as a wink, and for a few moments the way the bullets whistled about the heads of the crowd along the track was something wonderful. And as the train grew smaller and smaller in its straightaway course over the prairie, the last act of the lone passenger on the rear platform was to wave a white handkerchief towards the little city of Lariat and disappear within the car. The town marshal replaced his gun in his hip-pocket and turned sadly away. Bent to repeated inquiries as to the meaning of it all, he disappeared within the editorial sanctum; for in the midst of all excitement he still remained that, ex-officio, he was an editor, and—was both a thrifty and a cautious man. An hour later another edition of the Exponent appeared, double-headed, as if in mourning, and the copies sold for a dollar apiece. The editorial was brief and to the point: "From a telegram received only too late by our town marshal, because of the necessity of forwarding it by mail from Crouch's, it appears that the distinguished visitor, Stembel, is none other than the birthright of Hank O'Doughall and to the keeping of a fugitive. It is painful to see diligent neighbors of the greenbacks which are being ever counterfeited, in exchange for which he carried away thousands of dollars of our citizens' earnings. The editor of the Exponent bids farewell to his many friends, and announces his intention of pulling up stakes and moving immediately to the Big Horn country."—Lippincott's Magazine.

Texas Cowboy and His Successor. The first edition of the "Cowboy" is out of print. The cuts were appropriated by the "County Seat Weekly" to advertise a hair restorer, and the type is used by the advancing "nester" as shot for the flying prairie chicken. No longer do the small towns go into the hands of a receiver at his coming; no longer does the city constabulary look like an itinerant infirmary; no longer do the little brass lamps leak out their precious lives at the crack of his cultivated "Colt;" no longer does the village citizenship require indemnity from the Almighty, and a paid-up policy for being compelled to live at all; no longer do the county bridges resound with the expiring echoes of his bucking bronco's heels as he flies from the wrath of a city marshal, who is securely lodged in the fork of a strong determination to stay at home. Those dear old days got discouraged at the douth and local option, and they sold out on installments and went back to where they came from—eternity. The precinct policeman has surrendered his badge to the W. C. T. U., and his club to the chairman for a gavel. The justice of the peace has closed his criminal docket because he has no jurisdiction of the local option cases. Immigration has increased as well as taxes. The soil has been broken in several distinct places, but hopes are entertained that it will heal. The cowboy laid nothing upon the earth but his blanket. The "nester" has it well-protected from the winter's cold by water-proof lithograph mortgages. The cowboy built the fences and then cut them in sections to suit convenience. The "nester" never built any to cut, but, instead, petitioned the legislature to enact a law that "all land in the panhandle shall hereafter be deemed well fenced," and to provide a severe penalty against any man who shall "willfully" deem it otherwise. The cowboy sought the scalp of thieves and law-breakers, who murdered and injured. The "nester" and the legislature, in turn, after the fashion of "heep big Ipin" General on the difference to the subject, the postmaster general has instituted an inquiry among all larger post-offices as to the amount of gold received and where it is deposited. With a republican house, a free silver senate and a gold bug president, things seem to be evenly divided at Washington and not much of a convention can be kicked up during the winter. The anatomy with which the cowboy was wont to brand mark-ers have been converted on the "nester's" lips into cousin's government. The ambition of the long ago lasso-flinger was to "round up and cut out;" the ambition of his sluggish successor is to cut out and round up. The Texas plains never were fit for anything but cattle. Still, there may be such kinship between cattle and asses as to justify the belief that the life of the average farmer there is not entirely without hope. The remaining representative of the cowboy is a changed man. He was once "Bow-tie Knife Jim" or "Six shooter Bill;" he is now "Rialdo" or "Francisco." He was once a distinct type of intrepidity, six shooter and toad-fender; now he is a passive partisan in precinct elections. He was once the subject of facile pens, from which genius allured the sweetest and most chivalric stories. Now he is the subject of the "nester's" cottage when old folks spoon about the fire and talk of their daughter's marriage. He was once a man who scorned the selfish aims of life and hated the cowardice of even the laws of his country enough to break and defy them; now he seeks to drive a bargain to the best advantage, and will, in all probability, run for the legislature. There were some, of course, who were brutal and mean and worthless, just like there are some members of the legislature who are disloyal and unwise, but in the main, they were drawn on their bones, kept a pretty strong current of blood in their hearts and a loaded persuader in their pockets. Their chivalry was rough, but their aim was rather sure. It is a pity that millions of acres of land, useless for anything save stock raising and cowboy tenancy, should be spread out upon our hemisphere, upon which the sun wastes its ceaseless splendors, over which the wind must whisper its lonesome "Annie Laurie," and about which politicians must resolve and legislatures enact. But

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