

The Silverton Light.

VOL. 2.

SILVERTON, TEXAS, SATURDAY, Sept. 29, 1894.

No. 29.

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK.

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Have sold in every part of the country. We have the best wagons made. We have the best wagons made. We have the best wagons made.

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Starting Wagon, \$21.00. Double Harness, \$12.00. Single Harness, \$8.00. Riding Saddles and Fly Nets, \$1.00.

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Ft. Worth & Denver City Railway Company.

Union Pacific System

The only line passing through The Great Panhandle Country OF TEXAS.

The Greatest Wheat Growing Section in the world.

CHEAP HOMES FOR ALL

Also the only Direct route to WASHINGTON, IDAHO, MONTANA, OREGON, COLORADO, WYOMING AND ALL PACIFIC COAST POINTS.

We take you direct to the health resorts of Colorado. Send for a copy of our Summerland.

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THE BEST IS THE CHEAPEST.

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Silverton, Tex.

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M. M. Crane	Lieut. Gov.
T. W. Smith	Sec. State.
V. B. Wortham	Treasurer.
D. McCall	Comptroller.
W. L. McGaughey	Land Com.
C. A. Culberson	Atty. Genl.
J. M. Carlisle	Supt. Pub. Inst.
J. V. Cookrell	Congressman.
R. Q. Mills	U. S. Senator.
Richard Coke	U. S. Senator.

DISTRICT.

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J. R. Dean	Representative.
H. H. Wallace	Judge.
D. B. Hill	Attorney.

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Minor Crawford	Sheriff.
T. L. Anderson	Clerk.
R. I. Hanna	Treasurer.
Oscar Reeves	Assessor.
N. G. Waller	Surveyor.

COMMISSIONERS.

S. P. Huss	Precinct No. 1.
Jno. Grady	Precinct No. 2.
V. Wilkinson	Precinct No. 3.
W. L. Malone	Precinct No. 4.
W. P. Young	J. P. Prec. No. 1
M. E. Hopson	Constable.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

BAPTIST.

Preaching every first Sunday, at eleven o'clock, a. m.

I. B. Kinbrough, Pastor.

CHRISTIAN.

Services every second Sunday at eleven o'clock, a. m.

M. E. South,

Preaching every third Saturday night, and Sunday at eleven o'clock, a. m. Bible-reading services at night. Ed. R. Wallace, P. C.

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN.

Preaching every fourth Sunday at eleven o'clock, a. m.

J. W. Beck, P. C.

UNION SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Union Sunday school every Sunday at ten o'clock, a. m.

R. Sedgwick, Supt.

UNION PRAYER MEETING.

Every Wednesday night.

Silverton Lodge, A. F. & A. M., No. 754 meets Saturday night, on or before each full moon.

J. R. Wright, W. M.

T. L. Anderson, Sect.

Silverton Lodge, I. O. O. F., No. 382 meets every Tuesday night at 8 o'clock.

R. H. Coleman, N. G.

T. L. Anderson, Sect.

The Ladies Aid Society, of Silverton, meets every Saturday, at 2 o'clock P. M., at the Cumberland Presbyterian church.

Mrs. R. Sedgwick, Pres.

Mrs. Ed. R. Wallace, Sect.

The Silverton Alliance meets on the second and fourth Fridays in each month, at the court house, at 2 P. M. R. Sedgwick, President. M. E. Hopson, Secretary.

All who receive the Light with a mark across the page may know time has expired ordered to continue sending it to them we will stop it at once.

The Pullman employes that were some time ago discarded and made homeless, women and children starving, put into the streets, by the gentleman who is already famous by his generosity to the different churches, have turned a colony to locate near Lawrence Kansas, and will start a factory in opposition to Mr. Pullman. This enterprise is backed to an extent by Messrs. Perry Daniels, Mrs. Lease and others.

A man by the name of Allanson DeWitt, living near Logan port, Ind., is acting somewhat mysteriously of late. He, it is said, was disappointed in love, and in order to bow submissively and in quiet solitude, isolated, as it were, from civilization, he moved near what is known as Battle Ground, and has for many years lived there alone in a little log hut. For the last week he has been busily engaged in digging his own grave. He has also ordered his own monument, reading, minus capital letters as follows:

"A bachelor lies beneath:
this sod
who disobeyed the laws:
of God
advice to others thus I
give:
"Don't live a bach as I
did live."
regret!

When completed, the dealer has orders to erect it at the head of the newly excavated grave, and what the effect of the unquietude will be, time alone can tell.

Condensed, and taken from St. Louis Republic.

"DO UNTO OTHERS, AS YOU WOULD HAVE THEM DO UNTO YOU."

We know a lady who has three children and they are actually in need, the winter coming on and clothing not sufficient. They are members of a church, attend Sunday school regularly, and are positively known to be deserving and worthy. While this time last year they were comfortably situated, now they are known to be as much as three months behind in house rent, the children are in school, but owe for their books. This is a deserving little family, and while their personal pride is paining them and they have not asked assistance, except from God, we propose to assist in the following way: All money taken in on subscription, advertising or sales of articles advertised in either one of our papers, ZEPHYRUS or LIGHT from October 1st to 15th, we will cheerfully give to them, and not for a name, but for the good there is in it. Any one having surplus change for a good cause, could place it here. We propose that the money shall reach them in a mysterious way that they may not know where it came from, there is no reason why they should know. Any donation we will forward to a reliable christian lady who is doing all she can for them, and we can assure you they will get every cent of it. To our knowledge the family now in need, assisted the poor when they were able, now let those who can, assist them, if only with a 25 cent piece, enough of them will keep them from suffering. We are in hard circumstances ourselves, owe some little, but we are not suffering and do we owe any one who is, so we cheerfully make the above offer, and trust others will join us in this good work. Result will be published in the issue of Oct. 27th.

Send the LIGHT to some friend if from your most trusted neighbor.

DEMOCRATS AND PEOPLE'S PARTY CONSOLIDATE IN BRISCOE COUNTY ON ONE IMPORTANT FACT

That is: The LIGHT is the best paper published in Briscoe county and that every man in the county should not only take the paper himself, but send it to a friend in the old states, as it only costs you 75 cts. per year to send it away.

How is this?—In some 300 subscribers we have deducted 25 cts. on each subscriber, which amounts to about \$75 we actually give away to help send the paper abroad. Our expenses are about \$30 per month and spent in your town. The amount of local advertising is less than \$7 per month. Subscription is paid only once a year, and a great deal of that was paid before we took charge, but in all cases we carry out the contract. There are two general merchandise stores, one grocery store, one drug store, one blacksmith shop, two livery stables, one saloon, two hotels, one high school of some 70 or 80 scholars, two saddlery houses and a little 2x4 newspaper, called the LIGHT stuck away off behind the livery stable as though you were ashamed of it. What does the good book say you should do with your LIGHT? We neither favor or condemn any political party, each man so afflicted has our profound and heart-felt sympathy and our earnest prayer is that he may outgrow it, see his error, and come around and say he has repented and will now work for his country's interest awhile.

It by placing an "ad." in business, or sending off several copies. This is not intended as a lecture, we said sometime ago, a towns would speak louder than words, now we are patiently awaiting for Aer 1.

ATTENTION DEMOCRATS.

Inasmuch as the chairman of the Democratic Executive committee of Briscoe county has so far failed and refused to make this call, we the undersigned democrats do hereby call a meeting of all the Democrats of Briscoe county to meet in Silverton on Saturday, Oct. 6th, 1894, for the purpose of deciding whether or not, we should abide by the result which we believe to have been unfairly and unjustly obtained in the convention of Saturday Sept. 15th.

T. J. Morris, J. B. Woodard, H. C. Seaman, E. B. Thomas, J. L. Crum, Fles Skoen, W. D. Fisher, K. E. Bain, R. C. Fletcher and others.

HALF A DOLLAR TO KNOW IT ALL.

For only fifty cents you can get THE SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS (Dallas or Galveston) every Tuesday and Friday for six months.

This will take you, through and beyond what bids fair to be one of the most exciting state campaigns ever witnessed in Texas.

Send 50 cents to A. H. Be's & Co., Publishers, or hand it to us and we will forward it, and you will get full proceedings of the political procession in the best general news paper in the southwest—sixteen pages.

OUR LAST CAMPAIGN OFFER.

The Semi-Weekly Gazette four months on trial for only twenty-five cents. Issued on Tuesday and Friday of each week; eight papers to each issue. Largest circulation in Texas. The only newspaper of state circulation in Texas that stands for free silver coinage. Send for sample copy.

Address: THE SEMI-WEEKLY GAZETTE, Ft. Worth, Texas.

Judge McGill says that the people of Lubbock are either the best people, or the best organized set of thieves he ever saw. There are no cases on docket before Press-Leader.

When the great Napoleon stood bare headed in the Sphinx, and gazed with awe on the passive features of that wonderful creation of inspired genius, he felt the littleness of the present, as compared with the stupendous past. In a land of glorious history and among a people, the insignificance of descendants of a race whose achievements antedate all history, surrounded by a civilization older than the most dim and vague of man's traditions, the mighty conqueror of Europe bowed his head in humiliation, and offered homage to that inscrutable brow and to the solemn eye that seemed to him to pierce alike the future and the past.—Great Divide.

HAVING asked, and been asked many times who the "Duchess" really is, etc., and being unable to answer, we have kept an eye open for the desired information, which we find in the St. Louis Republic Daily, in a special from London.

She is known as authoress of many clever love stories, among them, "Molly Bawn," "Phyllis" and others. "Phyllis" was written ten before she was twenty years of age. She is none other than Hangerford, the wife of an English gentleman, and they reside in Bandon, only an hour's ride from London.

Her charming and brilliant studies of British and social life. Her maiden name was Hamilton. She is a conscientious worker, not content as a novelist, she branched out into the journalistic field. Each story is the outcome of a bundle of notes taken at all times on odd scraps of paper—the back of a letter, the edge of a newspaper or on the address side of a postal card. She has a husband and six children who never find that her literary work interferes in any way with her household duties. She is small and dark, she has the vivacious Irish temperament and thoroughly enters into all she does, let it be work or play.

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Silverton • Light.

TAKE IT FOR YOUR FAMILY

And send it to relatives, inquiring friends and would-be settlers in the East.

It Will Keep You Posted

On local and current events and afford you an opportunity to advertise

THE GREAT BRISCOE COUNTRY,

The home of your adoption and one of the grandest regions beneath the sun.

Now is the Time

To get in on the Ground Floor. The opportunity of a lifetime is offered to men of moderate means

To Obtain

Property in one of the best and most prosperous counties of the Central Plains. Anyone can get

A Home

this beautiful country. If you are interested, write and we will answer any question through the columns of

THE LIGHT. CITY DRUG STORE.

West Side of the Square, Crawford Building.

SILVERTON, TEXAS.

Has the Largest Stock of Drugs and Druggists' Sundries in the City. Patent Medicines, Varnishes, Brushes, Paints, Oils, Blank Books, Stationery, Crayons, Pens, School Supplies and Clocks.

ALSO A FINE LINE OF

Fine Wines and Liquors for Medicinal Purposes.

ARTISTS' MATERIAL.

A complete line of Perfumery, Perfumed Toilet Soap and

FINE CIGARS.

Prescriptions Accurately Compounded at all Hours

H. P. JONES, Prop.

Silverton Hotel,

RATES, \$1.00 PER DAY.

Your Patronage Solicited Upon the Merits of the House.

This hotel is strictly first-class in all appointments. Nothing will be left undone for the comfort of guests.

P. L. CRAWFORD, PROP.

TRY THE LIGHT AND DALLAS NEWS,

Both only \$1.75 per year. If your way is dark, then for goodness' sake

TAKE THE LIGHT AT ONCE

The Silverton Vigil.

Published Every Saturday.

W. C. HAWKINS, Editor and Publisher.

It was no less a distinguished judge of men than the late General Grant who said that Viceroy Li Hung Chang of China was the greatest man he ever met.

The men who fall and go down in oblivion belong to the class who never advertise, advertise occasionally or only as they think their trade will warrant.

The people in novels see such strange things. Here is the hero of a popular novel now in publication who as his eye caught the glance of the heroine "saw her face freeze suddenly," and it was not winter either. Possibly the phrase was employed as an euphemism for cold cheek.

PROBABLY the most hideous images in existence are the Chinese gods of war, who are invoked when a battle is imminent. Then countless chickens and ducks and pigeons and fishes and cakes and baskets are brought to the sacred temples as offerings to the gods, and to be eaten by the lucky priests.

LENA MERTHEHAL of Chicago may have a foreign sounding name, but she showed true Americanism when she broke her engagement with her young man because he would not celebrate the Fourth of July. That was the day of freedom for Miss Lena, who is astonished and grieved at the despairing young man's suicide.

MUSIC typewriters have been invented, one of which works directly and another is attachable to a piano forte so that improvisations can be recorded. But the climax of ingenuity in this line will not be reached until we have a typewriter for Chinese, and it must be able to print Chinese while you are punching the keys for English.

THE pacific speeches of Emperor William and other European rulers are of a character such as has been heard before and should not be taken without question. The German budget estimates an army expenditure of over \$150,000,000, which is a large advance on the expenditure of last year. Soft words are not always to be taken seriously.

In a recent magazine article Mr. W. D. Howells reports Nathaniel Hawthorne as saying in 1850: "I wish this country was out of the shadow of Europe." Had the clear-visioned novelist foreseen how that shadow would broaden and darken during the next thirty-four years, he might have expressed his wish still more emphatically.

In these times when all Europe is sensitive about even the suggestion of war, it would be well to intimate to London editors that the bundles of friendly powers should not be tampered with. Here is Vanity Fair, London, moving Vermont down to Central America, declaring "Vermont of Central America," to be the dwelling place of Rudyard Kipling.

A VERY Daniel has come to judgment at Champeourt, France, where a judge has decided that a man who fires blank cartridges at birds to scare them out of his crops is not required to take out a shooting license. The learned judge said that if you want to shoot birds you must take out a license, but you cannot kill them with blank cartridges, and the court was right.

THE public sentiment in favor of a more rigorous restriction of immigration is gaining strength constantly in all parts of the country. Keep out the idle, the vicious, the restless, the turbulent, the disorderly. America has been too long the wash pot of Europe. Restrict immigration. That is the urgent demand of truly patriotic Americans in this day and generation.

In a recent bicycle race in Detroit not fewer than twenty-five men broke the world's record for twenty-five miles because they had a good wind to help them. In trials of naval vessels allowances are always made for the influence of tides and currents. Ought not the same principle to govern in bicycle races, where the wind is always an important factor in increasing or retarding speed?

THERE is a law in England giving bicycles the same rights on the streets as carriages. It is called, by way of distinction, "The Cyclists' Magna Charta." In France a bill is pending in the chamber similar to the English law of cyclists' rights. In this country the cyclists look what they wanted without any law—the rights of carriages in the street and of pedestrians on the sidewalk. A little law is needed, not to protect cyclists, but for the protection of other people.

A WRITER in the London Athenaeum is now proving that Mrs. Browning was born in 1806, instead of 1803. A lively controversy appears to be rising as to whether Robert Browning knew that his wife was in her fortieth instead of her thirty-seventh year when they were married. This might make a good subject for discussion at the Browning society next winter. Some doubtful and complex lines may be illuminated by this research. After all, what difference can it make, since they lived happily ever after and both died in peace.

WIDOWERS REVENGE.



It was the most exciting adventure I ever had in my life. I am an enthusiastic bicyclist, but the incident I am about to relate considerably damped my ardor for a time. It happened several years ago on an August bank holiday.

I was riding through a beautiful part of one of the southern counties, and had gone off from the main road into a series of long and pleasant lanes. When the ground was in sufficiently good condition I always liked to get off the beaten track of other cyclists.

I had no knowledge of the direction in which I was going, and I did not much care, as the scenery was so delightful and solitary. However, after I had gone several miles without passing a finger-post, a house or an individual, I thought it prudent to ascertain my bearing at the first opportunity.

Suddenly, on turning a corner, I came upon a charming old cottage lying back a little from the road, from which it was separated by a low brick wall, and a garden gay with a profusion of familiar flowers. A man was hurrying down the path to the little gate that opened into the road, and I jumped off my bicycle to speak to him.

"Where will this lane take me, please?" I said. "Step inside a moment," was the reply. Thinking that he contemplated showing me the position on a map, I followed him into the house. He led me into a snug little parlor that was very simply but tastefully furnished, the window of which overlooked the little front garden. After leaving me for a few minutes, he returned and, to my surprise, locked the door on the inside and placed the key in his pocket.

As he turned around me, I saw that I was in the presence of a tall, strongly built man, some thirty-five years of age. There was a slight bend in his figure, a sprinkle of gray in his black beard, and a solemn, far-away look in his deep-set eyes that told of some great trouble through which he had passed.

"So you are a cyclist?" he said, and there was a bitter sneer in his deep voice. "Yes," I replied, "cycling is a great source of pleasure to me." "Pleasure!" he exclaimed. "Is pleasure lawful when obtained at the cost of other people's lives? I consider you murderers, every one of you. Listen!

"Five years ago I was married to the most beautiful and the most amiable woman in the world. You doubt



THROW A BRICK AT ME. "It" he shrieked, striking his fist on the oak table between us, though I had not uttered a word or consciously shown any expression of dissent. "I tell you I have traveled a good deal in my time, though I am yet but a young man, and I never saw her equal in goodness or looks. When we were married all men were jealous of me, sought my wife's society, and tried to win her smiles from me. No I bought this cottage and brought her down here, and we were completely happy in one another's love. Everything I touch and everything I look at reminds me of her. Oh, how we loved one another!

"Nearly two years of wedded bliss and then—she was snatched from me—murdered! Yes, ruthlessly murdered! She was walking down the street of a neighboring village when she was killed by one of you cursed cyclists!"

How the first syllable of the final word hissed through his teeth! "She saw the vile machine swooping down on a little child that had wandered into the road from the open door of a cottage, and in saving its life lost her own. There was no excuse. It was willful murder!"

"And the man?" I said. "Man?" he exclaimed, clenching his fist in a frenzy. "Say, rather, fiend! He rode away—never stopped to pick up the woman he had killed—has never since been seen. He was dressed in uniform, as you are, but beyond that nobody could give a description of him—nobody could possibly identify him.

"And I swore a solemn vow. 'By heaven,' I said, 'somebody must pay for this! The first cyclist who falls into my hands, be it twenty years hence, shall die and avenge her I swear.' And you are that man!" One look at his face convinced me

that he meant to take my life—that he was mad. His great grief had unhinged his mind in his solitude. What should I do? Escape seemed impossible. I glanced at the door and he read my thoughts.

"Yes, it is locked," he said, "and the key is in my pocket. You cannot escape me." I crept backwards toward the fireplace and made a sudden dive downwards for the poker. In an instant he sprang on me like a tiger, and got one hand on my throat. In the struggle the poker was hurled across the room and rolled out of sight under an old bureau. Then we closed in a terrible wrestle for supremacy, and in reeling along the floor both stumbled over a chair and fell heavily to the ground.

We managed after a while to regain our feet, and disengaging myself from his grasp, I contrived to get the table between us. We stood for a moment gasping for breath and glaring at each other.

Then I saw he was fumbling with his hand at the table drawer. He suddenly drew out a long bladed carving knife, and for some minutes we dodged one another around the table. But I was too alert for him, and after several unsuccessful attempts to close with me he savagely hurled the terrible weapon at my head. The knife whizzed past my ear, making a very slight cut, and stuck quivering in the wooden wainscot.

A plan now occurred to me. Seizing a favorable opportunity, I threw all my strength on the table, and, pushing it along the floor, jammed him against the wall behind him. Here I held him pinioned and groaning with pain. My shouts, meanwhile, for help had been futile, for he had taken the precaution on my arrival, to send his only servant to the village.

It was impossible to hold my position long. My strength was giving out, and I saw that my assailant was gradually freeing himself. I therefore had recourse to a new stratagem. I waited until he was exerting considerable force on the table, and then, with a sudden jerk, drew it away. He fell forward and his head struck the table violently, half stunning him.

In a moment I dashed to the window, threw it open, and vaulted into the garden. Jumping over the low wall, I seized my bicycle. But the madman was close at my heels, and as I mounted my machine he dragged a loose brick from the top of the wall and threw it at me with such precision that if I had not seen his movement, and dipped my head in time, it must infallibly have dashed out my brains. As it was, it just grazed my scalp.

Once mounted I was soon whirling down the lane at a high speed, with the madman chasing me as fast as his legs would carry him. I was just congratulating myself on my escape, when I saw to my dismay that the lane ended in a short distance ahead, with a closed gate. Putting on the brake and slackening speed, I managed, with great care, to avoid a smash-up and alight at the gate, which led into a wide meadow.

On the opposite side of the meadow was a gate leading into another field rather smaller, and apparently skirted by a lane. This gate I vaulted, but, unluckily, in doing so I sprained my left ankle. This was a terrible misfortune, for every step I took caused me excruciating pain, and I could barely limp along.

The man behind had not failed to notice my accident, and as he rapidly gained on me, a short laugh or grunt of delight reached my ears. I saw there was no hope, and that soon we should be in the grip of death.

I was within twenty yards of a stile leading into the lane and shouted for help as well as I was able with my scant breath, but all was quiet and deserted. No help was at hand. In desperation and agony I struggled forward, with the short gasps of my pursuer becoming momentarily more audible. He was now within a few feet of me, and I was just preparing to turn and face his attack when I felt his hand strike my shoulder, and heard him fall with a groan and a heavy thud on the grass. He must have caught his foot in something and stumbled.

This gave me a temporary advantage, of which I did not fail to avail myself, and I reached the stile in safety. On getting over it I looked back and to my surprise saw the man still lying stretched at full length face downward on the grass. There was no movement whatever. Had he fainted? It could not be a pretense to allure me back, for he could have caught me with ease in the lane.

In a moment I decided to make the best of my opportunity and bind him hand and foot before he recovered consciousness. I rapidly tied his feet together with my pocket handkerchief, and took hold of his hands with the intention of securing them also. But I now discovered at a glance that these precautions were unnecessary. The poor fellow was quite dead.

In Persia. The ordinary Persian bill of fare sounds something like the banquet described in fairy tales. While traveling in that country a correspondent found that the best overture to a wayside repast is a watermelon, not cut in slices as is done in this country, but eaten like an egg, one end being cut off and the contents eaten with a wooden spoon. The rosarians said trickling all the time to the bottom and affording a fragrant drink when the first course is over.

Liked Solitaire. Balletouse—I will give you a place in my heart, M. le Baron. The Baron—Thank you, but I'm not fond of a crowd.—Journal des Debats.

IMPORTANT FOOD TESTS.

How to Produce More Economical and Healthful Articles for the Table.

The official food analyses by the United States and Canadian governments have been studied with interest. The United States government report gives the names of eighteen well-known baking powders, some of them advertised as pure cream-of-tartar powders, which contain alum.

The report shows the Royal to be a pure cream-of-tartar baking powder, the highest in strength, evolving 160.6 cubic inches of leavening gas per single ounce of powder. There were eight other brands of cream-of-tartar powders tested, and their average strength was 111.5 cubic inches of gas per ounce of powder.

The Canadian government investigations were of a still larger number of powders. The Royal Baking Powder was here also shown the purest and highest in strength, containing forty-five per cent. more leavening gas per ounce than the average of all the other cream-of-tartar powders.

These figures are very instructive to the practical housekeeper. They indicate that the Royal Baking Powder goes more than 33 per cent. further in use than the others, or is one-third more economical. Still more important than this, however, they prove this popular article has been brought to the highest degree of purity—for its superlative purity this superiority in strength is due—and consequently that by its use we may be insured the purest and most wholesome food.

The powders of lower strength are found to leave large amounts of impurities in the food. This fact is emphasized by the report of the Ohio State Food Commissioner, who while finding the Royal practically pure, found no other powder to contain less than 10 per cent. of inert or foreign matters.

The statistics show that there is used in the manufacture of the Royal Baking Powder more than half of all the cream-of-tartar consumed in the United States for all purposes. The wonderful sale thus indicated for the Royal Baking Powder—greater than that of all other baking powders combined—is perhaps even a higher evidence than that already quoted of the superiority of this article, and of its indispensableness to modern cookery.

Oldest Life Boat. It is said that the oldest lifeboat in existence is one now in South Shields, England. It has been in service since 1830, and has been instrumental in saving 1,028 persons.

Empires are broken down and profits of administration are so great ambition is satisfied with obtaining Put not your trust in money your money in trust.

Harvest Excursion. Mr. P. A. Mims, Agent, has arranged for a largely reduced round trip to Minnesota, D. S. (taxa points are announced) Northern Railway for Sept. 11, and Oct. 9th.

Some men are born great, and some are elected. If your Back Aches, or you are a little out, good for nothing, it is general delusion. Brown's Iron Bitters will cure you, put your strength, cleanse your liver, and give a good appetite—tonic the nerves.

Power of uncontrollable decision is of the most delicate and dangerous nature. Weak and Wear-y. Overcome by the heat or extraordinary exertion, the physical system, like a machine, needs to be renovated and repaired. The blood needs to be in the grip of death.

Hood's Sarsaparilla. Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. Hood's Cures. Hood's Pills cure all liver ills. Hood's Cures.

Populist Newspapers. Does Your County Need a Straight People's Party Paper? ARE YOU THINKING OF STARTING ONE?

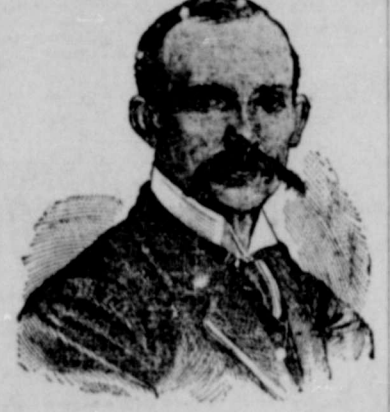
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WORN NIGHT AND DAY. CATARRH. PRICE 50 CENTS. ALL DRUGGISTS.

A New Drunk Cure.

A St. Louis physician claims to have discovered a new cure for the drinking habit, which will operate speedily and cure the worst case. What it is he keeps to himself, but a newspaper man relates a case that he saw operated on, and it certainly will sober up a drunken man in short order. The patient had a royal jag, which he had been several days accumulating, and when he had reached the doctor's office under the conduct of several friends, he wanted to smash everything in sight, the doctor included. The physician, after a good while maneuvering, got the patient into a chair, and, producing a hypodermic syringe, injected a few drops of his specific into his arm. Shortly afterward the man fell into a sound sleep, from which he awakened in about half an hour, evidently a great deal soberer than when he went to sleep. Another injection was administered and another sleep followed, this lasting for more than an hour, and when the man woke up he was perfectly sober. After bathing his face and hands he went away, saying that he felt quite as well as he ever did in his life. The physician maintains that a few doses of his treatment will effect a permanent cure in the worst case of drunkenness.



Prof. Andrew Jackson De Voe.

The great meteorologist whose weather forecasts, published in the Ladies' Birthday Almanac, have attracted so much attention, was born in Ridgefield, N. J., May 26, 1848. At a very early age he commenced to foretell storms simply by intuition. Since then, by deep study, Prof. De Voe has probably acquired as much information of storms as any man in the world. For years his forecasts, prepared a year in advance, have appeared regularly in the Ladies' Birthday Almanac, published by the Chattanooga Medicine Co. of Chattanooga, Tenn. It is said that no great storm has recently appeared without being very accurately predicted by De Voe, and his name has become a household word in thousands of homes where this almanac circulates. The snow of February of this year, a severe freezing weather in that killed thousands of dollars' worth of fruit and vegetables, and in the West, were foretold by De Voe and are mentioned as proof of the accuracy of his work. He announced that the Chattanooga Medicine Co. have just closed a contract with Prof. De Voe for the exclusive control of his predictions for the next ten years.

The true epic of our times is not "Arms and the Man," but "Tools and the Man," an infinitely wider kind of epic.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance. Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

A HANDSOME PICTURE FREE

WE WILL MAIL POSTPAID A Fine Panel Picture, entitled "MEDITATION" in exchange for 18 Large Lion Heads, cut from Lion Coffee wrappers, and a 3-cent stamp to your post office. Write for leaflet or other 50c postcard, including books, a knife, game, etc. Write to: **WORLD'S BEST CO., 210 HOBAN ST., TOLEDO, OHIO.**

DR. MCGREW
SPECIALIST WHO TREATS ALL PRIVATE DISEASES, Weakness and Nerves, **MEN ONLY** Women excluded. Will examine free. **DALLAS, TEX.** Location of office given later.

BRISCOE COUNTY.

IT IS THE BANNER COUNTY OF THE PANHANDLE.

The Eden of Texas, the Abiding Place of Enterprise, and the Paradise of the Homeseeker.

Five years ago the territory now comprising Briscoe county was a wide uninhabited expanse of prairie with nothing to break the reigning quiet of the primeval plains save, now and then, the howl of a hungry coyote, the hiss of a rattlesnake, or the gloomy, oft repeated call of the lonesome curlew. The buffalo was gone, the mustang was no more, the cowboy of the '70s had crossed the Great Divide, and all things were ready to welcome the advance of an ever restless civilization, and it came—came with a firm, rapid tread that gave evidence of permanence, stability and security, and how well that evidence has been verified let the result show.

The coyote's howl and the curlew's call have been succeeded by the low of cattle, the "gee, haw" of the sturdy farmer and the glad shout of the schoolboy. The ring of the hammer and the hum of the saw are heard in the land, windmills dot the county everywhere, houses of worship have sprung up as if by magic and religion and civilization here, as elsewhere, go hand in hand. Here, where four years ago was not to be seen a human habitation, the passerby can hear the sheriff from the second-story window of a magnificent courthouse crying, "Oh, yes! oh, yes! the honorable district court of Briscoe county is now in session."

"The Plains" is a vast undulating prairie averaging 3,000 feet above sea level. The banks that surround the plains rise precipitously and at intervals are broken by canyons that wind their circuitous way back into the interior. In one of these wonderful and awe-inspiring works of nature, the fierce and once powerful tribe of Comanche Indians made their last great struggle against the resistless march of a civilization that was to ruthlessly wrest from the ill-starred red man his possessions in the new world. Here the Comanche brave made his last desperate stand against the unrelenting palefaces, and here he fought with that desperation that carries with it the idea of "liberty or death," but he fought in vain—the goddess of fortune turned the scales, as usual, for her chosen favorite, the Caucasian, and immediately Gen. McKenzie gathered the fragments of the once haughty and powerful tribe and removed them to their meagre reservation, where now they are forced to submit to contact with a civilization that they hate with all the intensity of their passionate natures. McKenzie's troops had hardly completed their work when the surveyors came forward looking for land on which to locate railroad certificates that had been issued by the state. Slowly the prospectors climbed the vine-entangled bluffs that surround the plains, while here and there a wolf would flee to his subterranean home, a venomous serpent warned the intruder of his presence, and a hooting owl, from a dismal grotto, complained that man should come to "disturb her ancient solitary reign." When these weary prospectors reached the capstone of the picturesque embankment they saw stretching before them a view fit for the gods. A wide shoreless expanse of gramme and mesquite grass, and they were wont to exclaim: "It is enough; we have reached the Eden of the new world; verily we have discovered a new paradise in a new country!"

In the midst of this fertile country is Briscoe county, with her rich, coccolate loam soil, inexhaustible wells, thousands of acres of grazing land, and her rapidly developing agricultural possibilities. Here land can be bought for a song—in fact a purchaser does not have to sing all the song, one verse will do; besides, there is some vacant land still in the county and those who come first can avail themselves of this opportunity of getting a home. There is still large bodies of school land that can be bought for \$2.00 per acre on forty years credit. The large basins on the plains go dry in summer and in their bed grow as fine hay as was ever shipped from Henry Clay's farm in Kentucky.

There is a fine quality of red cedar growing in the different parts of the county, which is sufficient in quantity to fence all the land in the county for a century and also supply wood for "the million."

The county was organized in 1892 and by wise management of the financial affairs of the county we are in the best financial condition of any county in the Panhandle. No heavy taxes, no burdensome loads to carry, no big courthouse debt to carry; on

the other hand, low tax, good people, good land, public spirit and universal enterprise.

Silverton, the county site, was laid out in 1892. Now we have stores, hotels, blacksmith shops, drug stores, physicians, livery stables and lawyers, also a six-column newspaper, published every Saturday, subscription price \$1 a year. Don't take it if you don't want to keep posted on everything. We have daily mails, lodges of the different secret orders and, in fact, everything that goes to make up a progressive, thriving town. We have strictly a cosmopolitan population. We have people from everywhere. Here the small truck farmer from the north meets on a common level the big cotton planter from Dixie. Here the fruit man from north Arkansas clasps hands with the big ranchman of the Panhandle. Here the genial, jovial Irishman converses with the matter-of-fact German about Gladstone's home rule policy; here the conventional Englishman greets the hardy emigrant from the land of the ill-fated Mary Stuart and asks him what is the news across the "gloomy sea;" here the dreamy-eyed and ever chivalrous Spanish knight tells of his adventures in the ancestral hills of Andalusia, and here in fact all meet on a common level and work for the upbuilding of the town and county. Capital finds safe investment and labor has sure reward. The soil will produce anything that will grow in the temperate zone and responsive to the plowshare may now be seen all over Briscoe county fields of waving grain, such as wheat, oats, millet and everything that satisfies the temporal wants of God's creatures. Aladdin has thrown the rays of his wonderful lamp across our "Garden of the Gods," and civilization and progress have sprung up as if by magic. The wand of the magician has swept over us and truly the spirits that hover o'er this favored county seem to possess the whistle carried by the Danish boy with Jason in his celebrated trip in the Argo in search of the Golden Fleece.

A cordial invitation is extended to homeseekers to come; the land is inviting to the man who wants to live in peace and plenty; the people say come, the county says come, the newspaper says come and who-soever will let him come and share in the healthy development of a country that has attracted the attention of two continents and must at last to the land where the lion and the lamb shall lie down together. Come! come! The very birds will meet you and in their sweetest notes bid you welcome, thrice welcome, to the land of hospitality, generosity and enterprise.

They stood at the crossing of Fourth and Eleventh street. The old lady was completely occupied with a bird cage on each arm and the old man was obliged to deposit a parcel, two baskets and a satchel before he was able to wave one free hand at a passing car. This latter act, however, made necessary the gathering up of the bundles anew, and progress from the curb to the car was slow and painful. The old lady, whose natural stoutness was tremendously augmented by the bird cage additions presently took the car door sideways and secured a seat without mishap though the car was somewhat crowded. Her husband, however, was only able to stagger on board, drop two satchels and a basket on the platform and gasp for breath.

The other basket was a large covered one, and he clung to it with such solicitude as to excite the irritated conductor's suspicions.

"What have you got?" he demanded.

"None of your business."

"It's a dog?"

"Tain't."

"Yex it is. Got off the car."

"I won't," said the old man stoutly, hugging his precious basket and pushing inside the car.

"Get off or I'll put you off," said the conductor roughly. "No dogs allowed on these cars." And he reached for the strap.

"You leave that old man alone," called a muscular man up toward the front.

"Mind your business," snapped the conductor. "He's got a dog, and he's got to get off."

"He hasn't a dog. He hasn't a dog," screamed the old woman peering excitedly over the bird-cages.

"I haven't a dog," echoed her husband.

"Leave that old man alone," yelled the muscular passenger. "You wouldn't dare to monkey with a young man. Come out and settle it wid me."

The conductor made no reply to this seductive invitation, but by a quick movement he pried up the lid of the basket intending to look in, but before that was possible out popped the green and solemn head of a large parrot.

The new arrival calmly surveyed the astonished car and then remarked: "How do you all do? Polly want a cracker? Everything goes."

This last remark may have been suggested by the conductor.

He was already on the back platform, gazing pensively down Fourth avenue.

"Dog hey?" came shrilly from behind the bird cage barricade. "Stop the car! Put us off! No dogs allowed! You pore scound! sure 'tain't a cat!"

Some New Harbors.

New important harbors on the North Sea are projected by both Belgium and Germany. Belgium wants to make a large port at Heyst, the little fishing place beyond Ostend, best known as a quiet bathing resort and as a spot where the old form of Viking ship can still be seen in the fishing vessels. Antwerp is up in arms at the idea of such a rival. Then Germany proposes to develop Cuxhaven into a big port of war, feeling that since the development of her navy she is badly off with only two such harbors—Wilhelmshafen on the North Sea and Kiel on the Baltic. Cuxhaven has the advantage of being at the mouth of the Elbe and close to the entrance of the North Sea Canal. Emperor William would like also to see the coast connected with the interior by a net work of canals which should unite the big rivers of the empire. Unluckily parliament will not vote the necessary funds for the latter scheme.

Successful Co-Operation.

The town of LeClair, an hour's ride from St. Louis, is organized on the co-operative, profit-sharing ideas proposed by the philanthropic Frenchman for whom the place is named. LeClair taught his doctrines fifty years ago, but the town was founded four years since by Mr. N. O. Nelson. The experiment so far is said to be a success in every way. The profits of the labors of the whole community are divided to the earners, according to the value of the services and the needs of each, and the people are reported to be prosperous, contented and happy. The founder of the place believes in matrimony, and whenever one of the members of the community gets married his share in the profits is increased.

A New Word.

Electroler is a word that has found a place in the business world, and even in some dictionaries, though the great republic, with the characteristic conservatism that held on to "chandeliers" after oil and gas had displaced candles, still refuses to adopt the new word. As to the thing itself, it is a puzzle to decorators, since there is a genuine difficulty in producing just the right form so long as people skeptically demand a double instrument that can furnish gas when the electric fails to run.

A New Crank.

"Frutarians" are the latest novelty in the world of cranks. They are ascetic beings, who consider modern civilization far too luxurious, and therefore agree to live upon nothing but fruit and water, to live in bare huts without any comforts and to wear as little clothing as possible. The society is headed by a retired German lieutenant, who has gone to the Sandwich Islands to found a colony in some out-of-the-way spot, where his disciples can follow out their doctrines undisturbed.

Too Poor to Pay \$10.

The tenement-house instinct seems strong even in the suburbs of New York, and a land owner who built a few graceful little cottages to rent at \$20 a month, after having them to lie empty on his hands, saw one of them sublet by a tenant on the tenement-house plan. Neighboring high-shouldered structures, easily divided into suites of small apartments, rented promptly. The public taste was not for the graceful cottage, but for the cheapest place of shelter.

Nearly Equal.

A French statistician says that the number of men and women in France is more nearly equal than in any other country of the world, there being only 1007 women to 1000 men. In Switzerland there are 1064 men to 1000 women, and in Greece only 933. The conditions in Hong Kong, according to this authority, are "appalling," there being only 366 women to 1000 men.

Rabbit Island.

Felt hat makers here and elsewhere are much interested in an experiment undertaken on the Delaware coast, where rabbits were turned loose on an island with the expectation that they would in time multiply so largely as to furnish a great number of skins for felting. There has long been a considerable trade in the rabbits' skins all over the peninsula of Delaware and Maryland.

Killed Her Baby.

A strange dream so disturbed Mrs. Samuel Buffing of East Greenfield, Ohio, that she awoke with a start. She imagined that she had been frowning cats in a well and their pit-crow wails aroused her. Then she discovered that she had dashed her own infant out of the bed with such force that its skull was crushed.

Our own heart, and not true men's opinions of us, forms our true honor.

Avoiding Pain and Peril.

Intensive measures against the foe are ever adopted by a wise commander. You are commander of the situation and strike a decisive blow at the start at that dangerous and relentless enemy, rheumatism. If attacked by it by resorting in time to Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, which checks permanently the progress of a malarial, among the most obstinate, painful and possibly dangerous, against which medical skill and the resources of materia medica are arrayed. No evidence is more concurrent and convincing than that which proves that the Bitters neutralizes the malarial poison and checks its further development in the system. For neuralgia and kidney trouble, eye trouble, want of vitality, nervousness, liver complaint and constipation, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the leading remedy.

While thus hastening, anxious for thyself immortal riches.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally. Price, 75c.

The young mouse feels complimented when it sees a trap.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

The Color Line in France.

The idea that the antipathy, which unquestionably exists between the whites and negroes in the south, results from the former condition of the negroes as slaves, is refuted by the fact that the same crops out wherever the two races are brought into intimate relations. It is coming out in France, where some negro students are in the military schools. They were received at first on a basis of equality, but latterly there has been a some feeling against them among the white students, and the other day it led to a duel. One of the white students addressed an insulting epigram to a negro, who replied to it with a challenge. At first the white man refused to fight, but afterward consented to do it, provided the negro had white seconds. The affair came off, and the white man got the best of it, being severely wounded in the stomach. This has served to intensify the feeling between the two factions of the school. Hitherto the race feeling between the two factions has been unknown in France. One of the greatest military heroes, General Boddas, has black blood in his veins, and the same is true of at least two members of the French Academy.

India's Acreage.

India has 27,000,000 acres in rice, 18,000,000 in wheat, 75,000,000 in other food grains, 1,600,000 in sugarcane, 251,000 in tea, 10,000,000 in cotton, 1,000,000 in indigo, 300,000 in tobacco.

He who brings ridicule to bear against truth has in his hand a blade without a hilt.

Even a dead man has a ghost of a chance.

For Impure or Thin Blood, Weakness, Malaria, Neuralgia, Indigestion and Biliousness, take Brown's Iron Bitters—it gives strength, making old persons feel young—and young persons strong; pleasant to take.

The weak man is worse than the last one—needs more watching than a mule.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure every corn, ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

Kindness is the sun of life, the charm to captivate, the sword with which to conquer.

Karl's Clover Root Tea. The great blood purifier, for freckles and clearness to the complexion and cures Constipation, 25c. 50c. \$1.

Courage is as apt to be wrong as right, but true bravery don't make such mistakes.

To Our Readers.

The Frisky Ash Bitters Company, of St. Louis, Mo., have just published a thirty-two page book entitled "Useful Information." Every one should have it. It is written in plain language, omitting medical terms as much as possible. You will find therein a great many useful things you should know. Send your address to the company and receive a copy of "USEFUL INFORMATION."

Gravity is only the bark of wisdom, but it preserves it.

A LIGHT HEART, strong, nervous, bodily comfort—these come to a woman, with the use of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. You can't be anything else but nervous and spiritless, as long as you suffer from any womanly ailment. This is the only medicine that relieves such condition. It builds up your general health, too, better than any ordinary tonic.

PIERCE'S GREAT CURE. can do—and, by restoring the natural tone, it brings back health and strength.

St. Matthew, Orangeburgh Co., N. Y. Dear Sir: I have used your medicine for several years, and I am able to say that I have cured all my ailments, and I can assure you that I have never seen any other medicine that does all that I claim to do. I can assure you that I have cured all my ailments, and I can assure you that I have never seen any other medicine that does all that I claim to do. Yours truly, *Edw. Matthews*

CLAIRETTE SOAP.
BRIGHT HOUSEWIVES USE NO OTHER.
THE BEST, PUREST & MOST ECONOMICAL

SOLD EVERYWHERE.
MADE BY THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, ST. LOUIS

W. L. DOUGLAS \$3 SHOE IS THE BEST, NO SQUEAKING.

65 CORDOVAN, FRENCH MANUFACTURED.
\$3.50 FINE CALF SKIN SHOES.
\$3.50 POLICE, 3 SOLID.
\$2.50-2 WORKINGMEN'S EXTRA FINE.
\$2.50-2 BOY'S SCHOOL SHOES.
LADIES' \$3.50-2 \$2.50-2.

BEST DONGOLA, GENUINE CANTON, W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

You can save money by wearing the W. L. Douglas \$3.00 shoe.

Because we are the largest manufacturer of the grade of shoes in the world, and guarantee their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom, which protects you against high prices and the milliner's profits. Our shoes equal custom work in style, easy fitting and wearing qualities. We make them and everywhere at lower prices for the value given than any other make. Take no substitute. If your dealer cannot supply you, we can.

MY WIFE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT AND PAY FREIGHT.

MARLIN Model 1893 is the best in the world. The only repeater in the market for these cartridges.

Light Repeating Rifles. Light, Trip, Big action. Made in Mass. (Boston). Write for Catalogue to **THE MARLIN FIRE ARMS CO., New Haven, Conn., U.S.A.**

UNIVERSITY OF NOTRE DAME
THE FIFTY-FIRST YEAR WILL OPEN TUESDAY, SEPT. 6TH.

Mechanical and Chemical Engineering, through theoretical and experimental courses. In Edward's program, it is unique in the consistency of its program. Catalogue sent free on application to **DR. PATRICK CHAMBERLAIN, U. S. C., Notre Dame, Ind.**

Patents, Trade-Marks, Examination and advice in all matters of invention. Send for "Inventor's Guide to How to Get a Patent." **PATENT OFFICE, WASHINGTON, D. C.**

DAVIS' Cream Separator churns, powers hot water and feed cow with combined agitator. Send for circular. All sizes Hand Operated Separators. **Davis & Hanson H. & H. Co., Chicago.**

GOLD in silver dust found with M. A. N. E. in the blood. The perfect cure for M. A. N. E. is **W. U. DALLAS, BOSTON, MASS.**

CONSUMPTION FOR Consumption and people who have weak lungs or Asthma, should use **Pinkettes** for Consumption. It has cured thousands. It has not injured any. It has not taken hold of the lungs. It has not injured the kidneys. It has not injured the stomach. **CONSUMPTION.**

W. N. U. DALLAS, BOSTON, MASS.
When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention this Paper.

The Silvertown Light.

Published every Saturday.

W. C. HAWKINS, Ed. and Pub.

Entered in the Postoffice at Silvertown Texas as second class mail matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATE.

One Dollar per annum. Residents can send copies outside of Briscoe county, at a rate of Seventy-five cents per year. Let the cash accompany the subscription if possible.

Advertising Rates.

MADE KNOWN UPON APPLICATION

Larger "ads" at reduced rates according to size. Yearly contracts at special rates. All advertisements, unless specified as to time, will run "ad lib" (until forbid) and charged for accordingly. Reading notices, 5 cents per line. Any thing of a personal nature 5 cents a line.

SATURDAY, Sept. 29, 1894.

Announcements.

The following rates will be charged candidates for announcing, a complimentary notice and name on all tickets. Cash or its equivalent must accompany the announcement.

DISTRICT OFFICES. \$10.00
COUNTY OFFICES. \$5.00
PRECINCT OFFICES. \$2.50

We are authorized to announce the following gentlemen as candidates for the respective offices of the 47th Judicial District and the county of Briscoe, in the November election 1894.

DISTRICT OFFICES.

TORNEY—
W. L. Saye
J. W. Link

COUNTY OFFICES.

CLERK—
J. N. Stallbird

COUNTY AND DISTRICT CLERK—
T. L. Anderson

SHERIFF AND TAX COLLECTOR—
Miner Crawford
G. F. Holland

TREASURER—
Z. G. Fogerson

TAX ASSESSOR—
O. T. Reeves
J. B. Bryant

SURVEYOR—
N. G. Waller

FOR COMMISSIONER.

We are authorized to announce R. P. Huss as a candidate for reelection to the office of County Commissioner, Precinct No. 1, of Briscoe county.

We are authorized to announce W. P. Young as a candidate for Commissioner, Precinct No. 1; also for the office of Justice of the Peace.

Send the Light to some friend back east, it will cost you only 40 cents for six months, 75 cents a year. Help to boom your county.

It is not believed that the enterprising Mr. Desha Breckinridge proposes to fight every man who thinks his father was justly defeated. He has already done enough to convince Kentucky that the father should have retired to private life for not thrashing more sense into the son in pliable boy hood days.—Republic.

THE SILVERTOWN LIGHT...

HOOD'S CURES when all other preparations fail. It possesses curative power peculiar to itself. Be sure to get Hood's Sarsaparilla.

GOULD'S FORTUNE.

A new claim puts in appearance and it seems to be well founded. Mrs. J. F. Pierce, of Wyoming, now claims the vast estate on the following grounds: On May 16th, 1853, it is claimed Jay Gould was married to one Miss Sarah Ann Brown, of Rouse's Point, Clinton county, N. Y. She has the marriage certificate given by Rev. J. Hannah, of M. E. Church, there are the names of two witness on the certificate, one of which still lives. Mrs. Gould (No. 1) is yet alive and claims while she and her husband were never divorced, yet they parted before the birth of their child. She informed him of the existence of the child in 1859, and of the adoption of it to Mr. and Mrs. Morton. He then promised to settle a certain amount on his daughter, but failed to do so. Mr. and Mrs. Pierce have had interviews with a man who proposed to be Jay Gould, but they have a cause for believing it was his physician, this was of course before Mr. Gould's death. Mrs. P. has written repeatedly to George and Miss Helen, but so far they have ignored her. The time is not far distant when they will give her their whole attention, as Mrs. Pierce has employed counsel, and claims to be, and proposes to substantiate said claim by living witnesses and the marriage contract, etc., that she (Mrs. Pierce) is the only legitimate child of the great railroad magnate, Jay Gould.

A Great Chance!

If in need of any of the following articles, consult your own interests by considering the quality of the article and the low price we give. If you consider it a bargain, take it, if not, don't take it.

One Climax Sewing Machine, made by the New Home company, price \$45 and we will deliver it to your home for \$27.50.

Revolver, 38 caliber, Smith & Wesson model but made by Marlin Arms company and Pearl handle, finely engraved and price \$15, we will deliver for \$11.50.

Bicycle Brewer make, price is \$100, will deliver for \$90.

Organ Beethoven make "Agate" price \$53.75, will deliver at \$47.50.

Shot Gun, Winchester Repeating, Colt action fine gun and price \$25 will take \$12.50 and you pay the freight.

One Cottage Organ style G-5 and will deliver for \$62.50.

Star Sewing Machine manufactured by Union company delivered at \$27.50, the price is \$40.

One Style 3 Champion Sewing Machine price \$50 and will deliver for \$27.50.

Marchal & Smith Organ No. 2575 price \$80. A great bargain at \$60 delivered.

Cornish & Co. Organ price \$60 and the due bill for \$30 and good for 2 years from date of Aug 15, 1894. Will take \$12.50 for due bill and organ can be purchased any time in two years, thirty dollars accompanying due bill or the organ will be delivered now for fifty dollars.

New May wind-mill a little below the manufacturer's wholesale price. Their Steel mill same way. You pay freight.

Any \$300 Piano that is in stock C. H. Edwards of Dallas, we will deliver anywhere in the United States for the sum of \$240.

Two Buggies made by the Parry Manufacturing company of Indianapolis, Ind. Price \$85 and you pay freight, but we will sell them for \$60 each and deliver them to your door. See Mr. E. J. Crawford's buggy, has one of them and would not take \$60 for it today, and it has been used some and in a runaway or two. See it and you know what you are getting.

Our Solid Silver Watch guaranteed solid silver, gent's size, hunting case and delivered for only \$9.

One Ladies' size Solid Gold open faced watch, guaranteed as represented and only \$18.

Bicycles anywhere from \$35 to \$150, prices according to the quality of the bicycle. For list or orders.

If in need of anything mentioned here, call on me or write, address W. C. Hawkins, Silvertown, Texas.

LOCAL.

Subscribe for the Light.

Mr. R. I. Hannan was in town on Tuesday.

Mrs. Sedgwick was visiting in town last Wednesday.

Shoes at from \$1 to \$4 at L. C. Fisher's. Call and see them.

Mr. Ware made a trip to Amarillo this week.

Mr. Ware made a business trip to Plainview this week.

Grandpa Cowart was in to see us last Tuesday and chatted with us a while. Call again.

Gents hats from 10 cts to \$3 at L. C. Fisher's, west side square.

Watermelon parties are all the go just now.

Take the Light and be enlightened—on Briscoe county.

Just received a full and complete assortment of spectacles and eye-glasses, at L. G. Fisher's.

Go to Pinkston & Ayres for Flour, \$1.60 to \$2.00 per 100.

Mr. John Gray was in to see us Wednesday.

Boots, shoes and slippers at rock bottom prices, at Pinkston & Ayres. Call and get prices.

Commissioners Court met Wednesday of this week.

School books, slates, stationery, inks, pencils, school supplies generally, at L. C. Fisher's.

Mrs. Sedgwick and Fisher called by our office one day this week. Call again some day when we are printing, perhaps it may be more interesting to you.

IT IS NOT what we say but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does that tells the story of its merit. When in need of medicine remember HOOD'S CURE.

Read Wooten, Nobles & Co's, locals and patronize them. They assist by patronizing your county paper, return the favor, please.

The cells have arrived and have been put up in the new stone jail. Mr. Miner Crawford's hotel is now ready to receive occupants. Who is first to blot the register?

HOOD'S AND ONLY Hood's Sarsaparilla is the medicine for you. Because it is the best blood purifier. HOOD'S CURES.

R. H. Coleman does all kinds of work on saddles, harness, boots and shoes. Prices moderate, give him a call. He is located on the south side of the square.

Miss Isabella Howell, of Plainview, has been selected to assist in the school at this place, and has arrived and entered into her duty with a vim. We are indeed glad to welcome her in our midst.

There was general free shooting affair in Silvertown last Monday, in which the sheriff and five others participated. It occurred between Coleman's saddlery and the printing office. No one killed or even seriously injured, as they were only shooting at a target with a 22 rifle. See the pint!

READY FOR FALL TRADE! We are now receiving a large and complete stock of Fall and Winter Dry Goods, carefully selected in the best Eastern Markets, by our buyer who is thoroughly familiar with the wants of this country. Prices are way down and we are offering tremendous bargains in all lines. Saving you from 10 to 30 per cent.

Don't forget that our Grocery Stock is always complete and buying in car lots enables us to supply you at the lowest figures.

Very Respectfully,
WOOTEN, NOBLES & CO.
Amarillo, Tex.



Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon of Piqua, O., says the Physicians are Astonished, and look at her face now.

Raised from the Dead

Long and Terrible illness from Blood Poisoning

Completely Cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

Mrs. Mary E. O'Fallon, a very intelligent lady of Piqua, Ohio, was poisoned while assisting physicians at an autopsy 5 years ago, and soon terrible sores broke out on her head, arms, tongue and throat. Her hair all came out. She weighed but 73 lbs., and saw no prospect of help. At last she began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla and at once the sores, which soon got out of bed and walk. She says: "I became perfectly cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla and am now a well woman. I weigh 120 lbs., eat well and do the work for a large family. My case seems a wonderful recovery and physicians look at me in astonishment as almost like one raised from the dead."

HOOD'S PILLS should be in every family medicine chest. Once used, always prepared.

Mr. Jones, our clever young druggist is doing a nice business, he has a great many novel ways of drawing trade. Music now and then. A large watermelon which weighs about sixty pounds, and last but by no means least, and the cutest of all, is his advertisement in the Light. See it on the other side of this paper. He patronizes us more liberally than any other firm, pays the cash and we are both happy. Give him your patronage, please.

The play, "Ten Nights in a Bar Room," will be produced somewhat under difficulties, as we were disappointed on Wednesday in regard to the character of Swichel, and on Wednesday, rather than to disappoint the audience, Mr. W. D. Fisher, who plays the part of Joe Morgan, kindly consented to take the part of Swichel until the killing of Slade, when it will be then taken up by W. C. Hawkins, who has the part of Slade. The doubling of the characters is something we dislike to do, though it is this or disappoint you. One of the strange freaks is, after Slade has sent his wife to the asylum, has drank liquor until he is as big as a barrel, and is finally killed and Satan takes him—he then appears as Swichel and is happy with Mehitabel, and as Sample Swichel in first part is played by Mr. Fisher, who is fleshy, it will seem as though, as soon as he quit drinking he "shunk all up." It will be all the funnier however. We mention this that you may understand and not get the characters mixed.

WHAT DO YOU TAKE MEDICINE FOR? Because you are sick and want to get well, of course.

Then remember that Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures.

All we ask is, that in taking Hood's Sarsaparilla you will do so with perseverance equaling or approaching the tenacity with which your complaint has clung to you. It takes time and care to eradicate old and deep-seated maladies, particularly when they have been so long hidden in the system that they have become chronic. Remember, that all permanent and positive cures are brought about with a reasonable moderation. Hood's Sarsaparilla attacks disease vigorously and never leaves the field until it has conquered.

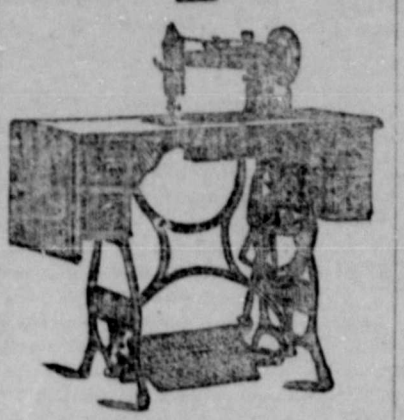
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Physician & Surgeon.
SILVERTOWN TEXAS

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A strictly high-grade family sewing machine, possessing all modern improvements.

GUARANTEED EQUAL to the BEST

Prices very reasonable. Obtain them and make comparisons.

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BELVIDERE, ILL.

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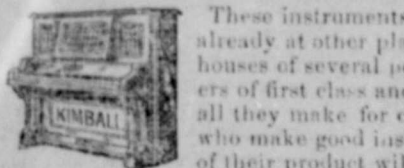
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These instruments are liable to have been on sale already at other places and may have been in the houses of several people and rejected. Manufacturers of first class and reputable instruments can sell all they make for cash to reliable dealers. Those who make good instruments and consign a portion of their product will naturally select the best for cash buyers; this is common sense. You can easily ascertain whether the instrument offered for sale belongs to the consignment class or not, by simply offering to purchase it on easy terms without signing notes. Consignment agents, when selling instruments, demand not only iron clad contracts, but notes with interest, and frequently these notes carry an additional 10 per cent legal fees. Notes are not taken as additional security but generally for the purpose of transferring to manufacturers or selling them in order to raise money to secure further credit. These notes must be paid on the day they become due or the loss of instrument and all the cash paid must be expected. We have six large houses in Texas. We carry a larger stock than all other dealers in Texas combined. We have been established over 28 years in Texas. We do not ask for notes on time sales. We refer to any bank in Texas.

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