Herald and Tribune.

VOL. XXVIX, NO. 1. JONESBORO, TENNESSEE, WEDNESDAY, APRIL 28, 1897. $1 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

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Whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, or blotchy, whether simple, scrofulous, or hereditary, from infancy to age, speedily cured by warm baths with CUTICURA SOAP, gentle anointings with CUTICURA (ointment), the great skin cure, and mild doses of CUTICURA RESOLVENT, greatest of blood purifiers and humor cures.

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How many thousands of intelligent good hearted men are held slaves in the chains of alcoholism? Freed from the awful, pernicious habit, they would be noble, public spirited, family loving men, instead of the degraded, brutal wretches they are. But, alas, so long have they succumbed to the insatiate desire for stimulant are, of their own free will, unable to shake off the irons that bind them. But don't despair; there is hope for you know; man need no longer say he can not rid himself of the drink habit.

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A GREAT SUCCESS.

THE REMARKABLE PROGRESS OF JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO.

In Spite of the General Stagnation in Business This Firm's Clients Continue to Increase —Honorable Methods and Intelligent Enterprise Result in Public Confidence—An Incresting Testimonial.

Washington, D. C., April 15.—In these days when depressed conditions mark almost all enterprises it is not remarkable that the success of one man should attract such general attention. The wonderful strides made within the past year or two by the well known patent firm of John Wedderburn & Co. have been noted by the most experienced business men with astonishment, but an investigation of the methods which Mr. Wedderburn has employed furnishes the key to the mystery. Heretofore the patent business has been conducted on a comparatively small scale and by the use of methods which in these days must be said to be antiquated. Thus the entire expense of maintaining a patent agency has been borne by a small number of clients whose fees have been based upon by the attorneys for a very considerable profit. Under such conditions it is not remarkable that but little progress should be made.

Mr. Wedderburn has brought to his aid the most approved modern methods. His office in Washington is within a few feet of the Patent Office and his force of more than 250 clerks is distributed through three large buildings. This little army of employees is made up of the most skillful experts that generous salaries can hire and only work of the highest possible character is permitted to leave the office.

In addition to his unusual facilities Mr. Wedderburn has placed his business before almost every inventor in the United States through the medium of the newspapers. He has in addition provided an endowment from which a handsome award of $150 in cash is made monthly to the inventor of the simplest and best device forwarded to the company. This award is similar in character to those made by the famous scientific societies of America and Europe, and is intended to enable the inventor fortunate enough to secure it either to develop his patent and place it on the market, to protect it in foreign countries, or to purchase a scholarship in one of the great industrial trade schools where the use of tools is taught in a thoroughly scientific manner and from which an inventor may graduate fully equipped to pursue his investigations in any direction of modern applied science and entirely competent to make with his own hands all the appliances, models, etc., he may require. The awarding of this handsome sum in cash is made monthly by a most distinguished board of prominent public and business men composed of United States Senator William M. Stewart, Chairman; Representative C. M. Swanson, of Virginia, John C. Eckloff, Cashier of the Second National Bank of Washington; Frederick C. Woodward, of the well known firm of Woodward & Lothrop, and A. C. Moses of the great business house of Wm. B. Moses & Sons. With their interests in the hands of such a Board of Awards it goes without saying that the inventors of the country feel entirely satisfied with the decisions rendered each month.

Mr. Wedderburn's method of conducting the patent business has drawn forth many expressions of approval from prominent public men hundreds of whom are his personal friends. Quite recently so distinguished a public man as Vice President Stevenson address the following letter to Mr. Wedderburn:

"United States Senate Chamber,
"Office of Vice President,
"February 2, 1897.

"John Wedderburn & Co., Washington, D.C.

"Gentlemen: You have been so highly spoken of to me by my friends as men of strict integrity and prompt in all business matters that I do not hesitate to commend you to such of my friends who may need the advice and assistance of a reliable attorney.

"Very truly yours,
"A. E. STEVENSON.
"Vice President United States."

Scores of senators and representatives have gladly availed themselves of Mr. Wedderburn's recognized ability and integrity to refer to him the business of their constituents sent to them "for reference to reputable attorneys."

It is, perhaps, natural that Mr. Wedderburn's success should be envied by some of his would be rivals whose business has suffered by comparison with the enterprise, publicity and guaranteed fairness that have characterized the system pursued by his firm. His position as leader in his profession is so impregnable, however, that even his most unscrupulous detractors have been unable to successfully assail him.

"Mr. Wedderburn's advent in the important field of patent soliciting," said Leslie's Weekly, in a recent issue, "has done more than any other one thing to kill off the so-called 'no patent, no pay' attorneys, who have been the bane of the guileless inventor from time immemorial. These attorneys pretend to secure patents on contingent fees, but they protect themselves by compelling the inventor to deposit in some bank either sufficient cash or good security to guarantee the payment of the fee as soon as the patent is allowed. This being done, the 'no patent, no pay' attorney devotes all his energies to securing a patent in the shortest possible space of time. As the Government always strenuously contests every claim of a patent, these unprincipled solicitors waste no time in controversy with the examiners in the United States Patent Office, but promptly yield every point down to a single claim, which, if the Government concedes, they make the basis of an application for allowance. The result is that the inventor, instead of securing a broad patent, covering his device at every point to protect him against infringement, obtains a one claim patent that is absolutely worthless, and which he could not dispose of at any price."

Mr. Wedderburn is most vigilant in protecting the interest of his clients. A few weeks ago certain patent attorneys anxious to injure his business began to circulate malicious and defamatory reports regarding his method of doing business. The purpose of these slanders was to cripple his enterprise and strike a blow at the interests of his clients. Mr. Wedderburn at once filed a suit for damages of $25,000 against C. A. Snow & Co., and this suit is now pending in the courts of the District of Columbia. Mr. Wedderburn declares that he will spare no expense to protect himself and his clients at all times and under all circumstances.—From Baltimore News, Thursday, April 15, 1897.

Many lives have been saved by the timely use of Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey. When a cold creeps upon you, or a cough racks your lungs, no remedy is so prompt or effctual. Can be given to children with perfect safety and is sure to produce beneficial results.

The Jarvis Bill.

Judge Cooper, in the Criminal Court recently, declared the Jarvis fee bill, passed by the last Legislature, unconstitutional. This is a triumph for the office holding class that fought the bill so hard when it was up before the Legislature. What officialism could not defeat in Nashville it has defeated, temorarily at least, in the courts. While nominally the case was brought by a few witnesses or jurymen to secure their fees on a case where a conviction was not had, and where the Jarvis bill denied them fees, it was really brought and fought by the office holders whose revenues were affected by the bill. Lawyers differ in their opinion regarding the constitutionality of the bill, and the Supreme Court must decide, because the case has been appealed to that tribunal. While no attempt should be made to forestall the finding of the Supreme Court, there are other phases of the bill, and of the history and defeat of all previous attempts at reform legislation on the same line, which are questions for consideration. In the first place, the office holders are to be complimented on their astuteness in the selection of counsel, and ex-Governor Turney is to be congratulated on the certainty of a snug fee and the prospect of a munificient fee. The ex-Governor was the man of all men to handle the case and represent the office holders, and he acquitted himself in a manner to vindicate the wisdom of his clients in making the selection of counsel which they did. Beginning at his old home, ex-Governor Turney appeared before Judge Estell, one of his own appointees, and argued the case exhaustively. Whiie Judge Estell was wrestling with the question which he had taken under advisement, ex-Governor Turney, with a spightliness that is gratifiying to his friends and indicative of many years of useful life remaining, hied himself to West Tennessee and appeared with the same argument in a similar case before Judge Cooper, who—and this is a mere, though unusual coincidence—was originally appointed to the office which he holds and adorns by ex Gov. Turney. Thus it will be seen that the ex-Governor was prepared to "play both ends against the middle"—to use a legal term, which at least some of the disciples of Blackstone will understand. Indeed, no small part of ex-Governor Turney's able and effective argument recently was the reading of a telegram in his appointee's (Judge Cooper) court from his appointee (Judge Estell) announcing that the latter had decided the law unconstitutional. It was a curious coincidence and a strange concatenation of circumstances. Ex-Gov. Turney's course was so eminently regular and wholly impeccable, and the intentions of the Judges no doubt were unimpeachable, whatever the Supreme Court may think of their legal acumen. The subtle sagacity of the office holders amounted to positive genius. Which perplexes the Philistine.

The old story was again told. Yesterday's court proceedings was but a repetition of the past in every detail. In 1879 a fee bill was passed, or a reform measure enacted, and it was contested by the office holding class. The ablest legal talent in the State was employed and the constitutionality of the measure attacked. When their fees are threatened the office holders become strict constructionists of the constitution, and they worship that venerable instrument with an Eastern idolatry. "No doubt the measure was desirable and well intended, and no doubt but what a law could be passed on the subject that would not conflict with the constitution, but—" and the subjunctive objections repudiated the previous concessions and destroyed the constitutionality of the measure. This case was the State vs. McCann, 4th Lea. Those gentlemen who doubted not that a reform measure could be passed have never taken the trouble to show how it could be done. Again in 1895 a reform measure was enacted raising the grade of felonies and reducing costs. Eminent counsel was employed by the office holding class to contest the constitutionality of the bill. "No doubt," they argued, "a bill could be framed covering the case, but—" again the subjunctive arguments vanquished predicate and principle, leaving the sapient legislative enactment a victim to the legardemain of logic. How to prescribe the necessary and possible law was never indicated by the legal gentlemen. This measure is embalmed in the case of Shelton vs. the State, 96 Tenn. Lastly comes the Jarvis bill. Before the ink on it was dry the affected office holders have again drawn sword in defense of the constitution. "No doubt," said ex-Gov. Turney, speaking for them, "but what a law could be passed, etc., but—" and again a confessedly wise and salutary measure is whelmed in the maelstrom of legal argumentation. Which confuses the layman.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

At this season of the year colds generally affect the lungs worse than at any other time. Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey will break a cold in less time than any known remedy, and it strengthens and invigorates the lungs and bronchial tubes.

Weary of Self Made Men's Brag.

Mr. Moody has a popular and very telling way of "hitting" the errors which are so rife in the theological thinking of many persons today. Speaking of salvation by grace, he says; "It is well that a man can't save himself, for if a man could only work his own way to heaven you never would hear the last of it. Why, down here in this world, if a man happens to get a little ahead of his fellows and scrapes a few thousand dollars together, you'll hear him bragging about his being 'a self made man' and telling how he began as a poor boy and worked his way up in the world. I have heard so much of this sort of thing that I'm sick and tired of the whole business, and I'm glad we shan't have men bragging through all eternity how they worked their way into heaven."—St. Louis Mid Continent.

I heard of Dr. Bell's Pine tar Honey, and seeing many recommendations from different persons, of its wonderful valuable merits, I thought I would try a bottle. I have been seriously affected for twenty five years with a cough and pains in my side and and breast that was causing me a miserable life. I spent hundreds of dollars with doctors and for medicines, but every thing failed until I found this wonderful remedy. It beats the world and has saved my life. I recommend Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey to everybody with weak lungs. It is a great success. J. B. Rossell, Grantsburg, Ill.

THE SAILOR BOY'S FATE.

A woman sat by an open window
In the cottage by the shore,
And thought of him a sailor once,
But a sailor nevermore.

The ship was anchored out at sea;
The sails were fanned by morning breeze;
He said, "Good by," with longing steps,
And left to sail upon the seas.

His face looked sad as he cried back,
As the boat was pushed from the sand;
"Will you remember me," he said,
"When in some foreign land?"

He waved his hand till the ship was gone
Far out on the rolling sea,
And she thought of the last words he said:
"Will you remember me?"

The sun went down in golden red,
A cloud rose out at sea,
And oh, those words her boy had said:
"Will you remember me?"

The thunder crashed, and rolled and died,
The lightning gleamed as bright as day.
And she thought of him, her son, her pride,
Oh why had he gone to sea.

Next morn the waves were still once more;
They beat no more upon the strand,
But oh, another scene was there—
A corpse upon the shining sand.

They buried him quietly at the close of day;
A sailor boy he was to be,
For he proved to be her own dear boy
That lived in the cottage by the sea.

Ten years rolled o'er that mother's head;
No boy was there to take her hand,
But she remembered those words he said,
For he was in a foreign land.

—Anonymous.

A TRUE HEROINE.

A Little California Girl Who Gave Her Life for Her Brother.

She lived in Placer County, not far from where the pretty town of Auburn now stands, for it happened many years ago, in the early '60's, and I expect that but few now residing there have any recollections of the affair. The family, consisting of her father, a miner, her mother and little brother, dwelt in a small shanty erected under cover of a convenient ledge. The shanty was a miserable structure of two rooms, but it held what many a grander dwelling failed to contain, a loving household. The mother lay sick with fever, and Carmen, then a girl of 12, peformed the drudgery of the house. Her little brother, a curly headed romp of 5, was Carmen's great responsibility. The father was away from early morning until late at night at his work, and so the little hands of 12 found plenty to do. In common with the custom of miners, the father kept a store of giant powder in the house, which in the present case was contained in a sack placed in old box that stood by the foot of the bed where lay the sick mother. The upper part of the shanty, under the sloping board roof, was utilized as a storage place for old dunnage and rubbish. One night the father was absent in the mine, on night work. By some means the shanty took fire, probably from the cracked and defective adobe chimney. Carmen awoke to find that the roof was afire and sparks dropping down.

Springing up she loudly cried to awaken her mother and Tommy, but the little boy became frightened and hid his head beneath the covers of his bed. Carmen sprang to lift him from the bed when she saw the shower of sparks falling upon the powder box. Recognizing the awful danger, she attempted to leave the child for the moment and carry out the powder, but in her excitement she caught her foot in the overhanging bedclothes and fell to the floor, breaking her thigh bone. Unable to rise, the brave girl crawled to the box of powder, and drawing herself up, covered the box with her body. The mother had by this time succeded in getting out of bed and getting outside the now furiously burning shanty, and managed to take with her the little boy. The cries of Carmen: "Oh, take Tommy out, won't you," turned for a time the mother's thoughts from her daughter's danger. The fire had aroused some of the neighbors, who speedily ran to the burning shanty and lent what aid they could. Carmen was discovered and removed. Her rescuers found her almost hidden beneath a mass of burning cinders, her back frightfully burned. Tender hands bore her to a neighboring shanty, where all that could be done to alleviate her suffering was eagerly bestowed. But human aid came too late. The brave little spirit lingered until the following day and then departed for a brighter land. It was not known until after she had recovered consciousness, a short time before she died, that she had broken her leg. Her last words were: "Kiss me, Tommy, dear; I've saved you and I'm so happy."—San Francisco Call.

How many deaths can be traced to a "slight cold?" The record of mortality would be greatly reduced if every home was supplied with a bottle of Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey. The great exterminator of coughs, colds, croup and kindred affections.

Economic Value of Birds.

The economic value of birds is untold. This fact might be placed beyond dispute if it were possible to prepare two tables—one showing how many wireworms it would take to destroy a mile of turnips, how many grubs to ravage the wheat harvests of a dozen farms, how many insects to strip the leafy blades of a forest bare, how many to spoil the fruits of wide orchards, the other recording the fact that these very numbers of insects are eaten by a few humble birds in the course of the year. That the result would be conclusive evidence of the birds' value may be safely foretold by a glance at a few facts which have already been brought to bear upon the question.

In the spring, when there are are clamerous young birds in the nest, the house sparrow returns every three or four minutes, each time bearing spoils in the shape of insect food. Calculated at its lowest possible value—that is, allowing only one insect to each journey—this thankless task represents tens of thousands of captured insects as the work of one pair of birds in one month. Swift fliers like the swallow that hawk for food in the air may rank higher. They slay hundreds of thousands.—Fortnightly Review.

Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey cures coughs and colds. It soothes the air passages. It heals the bronchial tubes. It strengthen weak lungs. It builds up the tissues. It enables the blood to receive its proper supply of oxygen.

A Strong Story.

The latest snake story comes from South Africa. It is recorded in the Transvaal, published in Cape Town, as cold fact, that in Sekukiniland a native ran across a boa constrictor measuring about forty seven feet, which had just swallowed a young koodoo buck, all except the horns. The horns stuck out on each side of the reptile's mouth. The native recognized the horns as those of a buck he owned, and he ran and got sticks and penned the serpent, which was dormant, to the ground. Then he got hold of the horns and pulled and twisted. He got the buck out inch by inch, until half its body showed, and then it came with a jerk, and the boy fell over on his back. Before he had time to think twice the snake, relieved of his load of mutton, was upon him, and it seized his head in its mouth, and in three minutes the native had taken the place of the buck, only he was all inside; there was nothing left out to pull on, even if a rescuer had come along. Having swallowed the boy the reptile deliberately swung its head around and grabbing its tail swallowed eight feet of it, thus closing the mouth and throat, down which the native had disappeared, and making escape absolutely impossible. The Transvaal vouches for the truth of the story.—London Times.

Whenever a druggist tells you he has something just as good for coughs, colds, grip, etc., as Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey, he is thinking of his profits, and not of your welfare. We make the genuine and authorize all druggists to guarantee it to be the best on earth. The E. E. Sutherland Medicine Co., Paducah, Ky.

Why He Was Anxious.

There was a sleight of hand performance in the opera house that night, and way down on the front seats there sat a man holding a shiny silk hat ostentatiously before him, with an expression of deep anxiety and watchfulness upon his face

Before the performance began a friend who sat immediately behind him and had noticed his manner leaned over and asked him what the trobule was.

"Well, you see, Tom," said the man with the hat, confidentially, it's this way: I've been in politics now for ten years, and I've been cussed and abused and called all sorts of hard names until I'm just longing to hear somebody address me in a decent manner one more time. When this magician comes on the stage he's going to say: 'Will some gentleman kindly loan me his hat?' and I'm going to jump up and give him mine. It'll make me feel good for a month to be spoken to that way. I've been looking forward to this occasion for two weeks. You'll excuse me now, for I'll have to jump quick when he speaks, for I see one of our aldermen sitting on the front row with his brown derby in his hand, and I'll bet a dollar he's up to the same game."—Detroit Free Press.

Whether it's a stubborn cold or just a sniffle, you can cure it for good with Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey. This famous remedy taken in time will stop the progress of consumption and bring the color of health to the pallid cheek.

Polite Car Conductor.

A little black eyed and nimble tongued Irish street car conductor on a branch of Boston's West End Railroad is a source of no end of amusement to the passengers along his route by reason of some of his startling utterances, says Harper's Bazar.

One day he came into the car and called out in his peculiarly penetrating voice: "Wan seat on the roight! Sit closer on the roight, ladies and gintlemen, an' mek room for the leddy phawt's standing."

A big, surly looking man who was occupying space enough for two said, sullenly:

"We can't sit any closer."

"Can't yeez?" retorted the little conductor. "Begorry, you niver wint coortin', thin."

It is needless to add that room was made "on the roight" for the lady.

Tennessee's Burden.

Tennessee's judiciary costs about twice as much as that of any other State the size of this and is about four times as expensive when it comes to passing laws which it will approve.—Knoxville Sentinel.

CASTORIA.
The fac-simile signature of Chas. H. Fletcher is on every wrapper.

HER SIMPLICITY.

Light Was Slow in Breaking, But it Brought Comfort.

"Several years ago," remarked a well known inventor, "I was in the Ozark Mountain country of Arkansas, and one day when I was on a hunting trip and stopped at a wayside cabin to get a glass of milk from a spring house which looked very inviting from its site in a shady nook by the clear waters of the mountain stream.

"The woman of the house, a typical mountain woman of that class, served me, and while I was drinking she was waiting and talking with me. Incidentally, in reply to some of my questions about what her husband did for a living, besides running the little farm they had, she said he hoped to make something on a door latch he had invented. He had shown it to several men at the county seat, and they had told him it was a good thing, and he ought to get it patented.

"'And why doesn't he?' I asked.

"'Well,' she replied in a tone of great disappointment, 'he was agoin' ter and writ ter find about it, but he got a letter from the lawyers yistiddy, and they told him it would cost $65, and so he gave it up.'

"'What did he do that for?' I inquired. 'He ought to be able to raise that amount.'

"'Yes, but you see, mister, the price of the latch wuz ter be only 15 cents.'

"'What of that? If it's a good one, that price will only be to its advantage.'

"She looked at me as if she didn't quite understand what I was trying to get at.

"'But,' she argued, how's he going to pay $65 fer what he only gits fifteen cents for?'

"This time I caught a glimmer of the situation and began to see what was troubling the woman.

"'You understand,' I said, trying to keep from smiling at her ignorance, 'that the $65 dollars covers all the expense, and when that is paid there is no more to pay?'

"'J'ou mean,'' she began, and her eyes gleamed full of hope, 'that the $65 pays for all the patents?''

"'Tnere's only one,' I explained. 'That covers the patent on one lock to begin with and all that may be made off of the same pattern afterward.'

Without a word she turned and ran up to the house, where she caught up a long tin dinner horn and began blowing with all her might, fast and slow, and generally like a fire or riot alarm, and then she came back to me.

"'That wuz to call up Ezry,' she explained. 'He'll be here in a few minutes, and I want yer to tell him what you've been tellin' me, fer he thinks, jist ez I done, that the $65 meant $65 fer every latch he made, and we knowed mighty well thar wa'n'a no money makin' 15 cent latches at them kind uv figgers.'

"Then she fairly shouted for joy, and told me what a disappointment it had been for them both, and when her husband came running from the field to see what the matter was, and I told him what I had told his wife, there was a great season of rejoicing, and they insisted on my taking all the milk I wanted, and it didn't cost me a cent."—Washington Star.

Spring Requires

That the impurities which have accumulated in your blood during the winter shall be promptly and thoroughly expelled if good health is expected. When the warm weather comes these impurities are liable to manifest themselves in various ways and often lead to serious illness. Unless the blood is rich and pure that tired feeling will afflict you, your appetite will fail and you will find yourself "all run down." Hood's Sarsaparilla tones and strengthens the system, drives out all impurities and makes pure, rich, healthy blood. Hood's Sarsaparilla is the one true blood purifier and the best spring medicine. Be sure to get only Hood's.

Explanation Needed.

It is now about time for some loyal member of the Legislature to get up in meeting and tell us just how much he has done for its salary. When one comes to think of it the pretensions and promises of three months ago, and then of the infinitesimal amount of useful legislation accomplished, he is almost tempted to wish that our Legislature had had a Hunter-Blackburn fight on its hands. Then it could at any rate have done no harm except to waste money, and that it done in any case.—Lexington Republican.

Too Much Discomfort.

There was an Irishman who sought employment as a diver, bringing with him his native enthusiasm and a certain amount of experience. Although he had never been beneath the water, he had crossed an ocean of one variety and swallowed nearly an ocean of another. But he had the Hilbernian smile, which is convincing, and the firm chanced to need a new man. And so on the following morning Pat hid his smile for the first time in a diving helmet.

Now, the job upon which the crew to which Pat had attached himself was working in comparatively shallow water, and Pat was provided with a pick and told to use it on a ledge below in the manner with which he was already familiar.

Down he went with his pick, and for about fifteen minutes nothing was heard from hem. Then come a strong, determined, deliberate pull on the signal rope, indicating that Pat had a very decided wish to come to the top. The assistants pulled him hastily to the raft and removed his helmet.

"Take aff the rist av it," said Pat.

"Take off the rest of it?"

"Yis," said Pat "Oi'll worrik no longer on a domn job phere Oi can't spit on me hands."

For the Herald and Tribune.

LETTER FROM TEXAS.

MISSOURI CITY, TEX., April 14, 1897.

Since the hurrah and bustle of the election is over I will again knock at the door of your sanctum sanctorum, and see if I can once more be admitted into your columns. Spring is sure here. Strawberries were ripe in March and are about all gone; dewberry pie graces the table and peas and Irish potatoes will be in soon. The woods are green as can be; corn planted in February is now being cultivated, also some cotton, but still there is a good deal of cotton to plant yet and will be until the first of May. The mowing machines and hay presses are being oiled and repaired and will be used next week, as the wild prairie grass is ten to fourteen inches high and makes good hay, although not so good as clover and timothy. Sorghum makes our best hay of which two and sometimes three crops are cut from one sowing; garden beans are in bloom and watermelons are growing nicely; cabbage set last fall have been on the table quite a while. I will say to Uncle Fuller's Brother and Dbale: If you are tired of the old red roads of Tennessee, why not change colors, come to Texas and try black waxie; they won't have any wheat or bacon to haul to town here, but cotton, watermelons and garden truck, and that is generally in summer while the roads are good. I think probably a change of climate might be good for their constitution and bylaws. There are thousands of acres here only waiting for the plow, no grubbing or rolling stones, only fence with three wires, can be bought at from $5 up to $100; or if they are only able to afford a good team they can make a good living and save pocket change besides—that is if they are not like the writer, too lazy to work; they can always count on from a half to one and a half bales to the acre, and one man sold sixty dollars worth of watermelons from one acre after having all his large family could eat; the town boys carried away a good many at night, and several rotted on the ground. Fall cabbage pay well, coming in early in spring and are good sale. We had strawberries New Years, but the cold spell of January 25, 26 and 27, when the thermometer was 12 below zero there, it stood 18 above here, checked them and made them a little late. That cold spell only lasted about four days here then all was mild and pleasant as spring. Cyclones occasionally visit Texas—one came this way the 28th of March, blowed down the barn and house in which I am living, carried the house about 100 yards and me in it; when it was bottom side up and so was I, but I came out unhurt. I had bit off the end of a cigar and was going to enjoy a smoke when the cyclone came and I didn't get it lighted, but I came out with cigar in hand all right, but it rained so I couldn't light it, so I learned one thing

There is many a slip,
After touching the lip.

JACK RABBIT.

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"What, and destroy him? Nit."

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