

COURT CONDENSATIONS.

The Grist Ground Out Since The Last Report--Evil Deeds' Terror Continues.

Henry McKnight, maintaining a nuisance, by jury: guilty. In this case the defendant appeared as his own attorney assisted by Judge Hardy.

John Strickland, assault and battery: guilty, \$15.

Joseph Lockwood, weapon: by jury, not guilty.

John Hogue and James C. Sagely, larceny: by jury, guilty.

James Mortimer, introducing: plead guilty, one year and a day in Columbus, Ohio and \$10.

W. T. Coblin, introducing: plead guilty, one year and a day at Columbus, Ohio and \$10.

Robert Runyon, introducing: plead guilty, one year and a day at Columbus, Ohio and \$10.

W. J. Cleamore, introducing: plead guilty, one year and a day at Columbus, Ohio and \$10.

Fred Franjillo, affray: tried by the court, guilty, \$15.

Elsworth Swinehart and Kenneth Hamilton, aiding prisoners to escape: by jury, not guilty as to Swinehart, and guilty as to Hamilton.

The following prisoners formerly convicted were arraigned and sentenced:

John Hogue, larceny: three months in jail and \$10.

James C. Sagely, larceny: six months in jail and \$10.

Kenneth Hamilton, aiding prisoners to escape: six months in jail and \$25.

J. A. Alexander, larceny, nine months in jail and \$100.

Stephen Tyson, larceny: twelve months in jail and \$10.

L. P. Best, larceny: plead guilty, six months in jail and \$10.

Mike Mackin, gambling: forfeiture of bond set aside and plea of guilty entered by his attorneys, \$25.

Thos. Bell, et al. disturbidg the peace: not guilty.

Drake Gooch, weapon: dismissed.

Guy Lawrence, larceny: plead guilty, three months and \$10.

Hugh Bear, malicious mischief, not guilty.

Motion for a new trial in the Cummings seduction case will be argued tomorrow morning.

Advertise in the ARDMORETTE.

Short orders served at all hours at the Cream Bakery. 8-11

Subscribe for the ARDMORETTE.

For sale or exchange—two hacks. Apply at once to Star Agency.

T. W. Lytton, formerly of this city, but now postmaster at Reagan, is in the city.

WANTED—A few day boarders in private family. Apply at once to this office.

WANTED—Wood in exchange for subscription to the Weekly ARDMORETTE. 100 cords will be thus accepted.

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Judge Stuart is quite indisposed, but not so seriously so as to cause him to adjourn court.

Uncle Knot Tracy of the Davis country is in the city as a witness before the federal court.

Judge Stuart passed a number of jail sentences this morning. They appear elsewhere in the days' court proceedings.

Attention is called to the change of ad. for Stomum Bros., the gents' furnisners of Gainesville.

E. H. Scrivener of Pauls Valley is in the city. Mr. Scrivener is one of the most reliable and efficient of the Par-Is deputy marshal force in the Indian Territory.

Mrs. M. Wheeler accompanied by her daughter, Miss Etta and son Bert left on the morning train for a few days among the wonders of the Dallas fair.

Mesdames H. P. Evetts, J. H. Jordan, B. H. Curlew, and M. E. Wyse returned last night from a visit to the Dallas fair. They report a most delightful time.

A. B. McCoy, of Daugherty, is in the city. He tried to do without the Ardmorette but a few weeks proved to him conclusively that life is too short for such a sacrifice, so he wisely renewed today.

Go to Julius Kahn for all the popular Territorial drinks.

GOOD PLACES DIFFICULT TO FIND.

A Young Country Girl Tells a Pathetic Story In a Police Court.

Before a police justice on the North Side a slim, pale girl was brought. She wore no hat, her hair was tangled, and clinging to it were fragments of dead leaves. Her gown, doubtless once a dainty piece of finery carried through the country by a peddler, was faded and torn, and her toes showed through holes in her shoes. She had not the appearance of a hardened sinner. Her mouth did not bespeak a long career of vice, and her eyes, though red, had not the dull glow of continued dissipation. The justice looked sharply at her.

"You have not been here before," he said, half as a declaration and half as a question.

"No, sir." Shame and grief were in her voice.

"What is the charge against her?" the justice asked.

"She was found drunk and asleep in Lincoln park," an officer answered.

The justice looked at her. She looked down. "How old are you?" he asked.

"Twenty-two," she answered.

"Where is your home?"

"My home was near Mukwonago, in Wisconsin. I haven't been here very long. I came here expecting to find office work, but failed. I didn't know where to go. I wandered about and finally got work in a cheap restaurant, and I worked there a few days for nothing and the thing failed. I don't hardly know how I lived after that, but I know that last night I was wandering about the streets. The air was cool, and I was hungry. There was no place open for me, and I went into a saloon. I knew it was wrong to go into the place, but where was I to go? I know that there are places for girls to go, where food and beds are provided for them, but they are always far off, while the saloon is always at hand. You have to hunt to find the good places, but the bad ones stand always in front of you. I don't know why this should be so, but it is. A number of men were in the saloon drinking, and one of them, sitting at a table, told me to sit down and have a drink. I told him that I wanted nothing to drink, but that I should like to have something to eat. He ordered something, and I ate it, and then he insisted until I drank a glass of beer. I don't know how many glasses I drank, but I know that it must have been a good many, for I recollect trying to dance. I sang old fashioned country songs, and they made me drink more. I don't know when I left them. The next thing I knew I was shaken by a policeman in the park."

It was a long time before the justice said anything. He sat looking at the girl, at her torn gown, at the leaves in her hair.

"You don't want to be a bad woman, do you?" he asked.

She looked up at him with a swift, surprised glance, and tears were in her eyes. "No, sir," she said. "What I have seen of bad life makes me hate it. I know that I'm not very smart, but I can work if I have the chance."

"And you shall have the chance," the justice answered. "Sit down over there."

"Are you going to send me to jail?"

"No, I'm going to send you out to my house, and I hope that hereafter you'll not find the good places so far away and the bad ones so close at hand."

—Chicago Inter Ocean.

USCS FOR OLD STREET CARS.

A Boston Man Starts a Movement Which Is Limited as to Possibilities.

While the huge traction corporation which has gripped the city with trolley wires was wondering if it would not be the cheapest way to take the old cars out by the shipload and dump them in some place where they would not interfere with navigation a citizen stopped in and bid \$30 for them. His first move after getting the cars was to put one in the back yard of a friend and to tell the children that they might use it for a playhouse. The children were in ecstasies and sat up nights to use the car. Other children came and peered through the pickets of the fence, and went home and teased for a street car. The demand was created, and soon the purveyor of broken down street cars did a rushing business.

Mothers found they could put their small children inside, and shutting the doors leave them with a feeling of security. It was the cheapest way, too, in many cases to provide shade. The cars could be secured for \$5 apiece, and the first outlay was the last. So cars were dragged by horses into back yards, and the trucks removed from under them, and the brakes taken off. Now that the new industry has been started it is surprising how many uses are being found for these ancient conveyances. At first they were thought of only as playhouses.

One purchaser turns his new acquisition into a henhouse. Another, who is a contractor, pays his men every Saturday night from the door of the old car. One man fixed his up as a carpenter shop for his boy, and one enterprising old woman in Cambridge made an offer for ten cars. Her idea was to wheel them down to the seashore and convert them into cottages and bathhouses, shifting their position with the tide. Her ingenious scheme, however, was thwarted by the refusal of the owners of the beach to sell her land for the purpose. Now that the ball has been set rolling next summer may see the introduction of "house cars for the campers out, picnickers and excursionists."—Boston Transcript.

Gladstone's Religion.

The Churchman of London is worked up over a religious article recently written by Mr. Gladstone. "Space," it says, "forbids our dealing more particularly with the clever but dangerous teaching of this article, which leaves us in doubt as to whether the marvelous man will die a Roman Catholic or a Baptist. Neither would much surprise us."

Collars and Headaches.

The stiff high collars, particularly when worn by short necked women, are being accused of producing nervous headache. They press at the back directly upon the sensitive base of the brain and compress, often to the point of injury, the veins and arteries of the neck, frequently causing a congestion that ends in headache.

JUDGE GIBBONS' COURT.

Two Assault to Kill Cases Heard Today--One Defendant Discharged and One Held.

James Fitzwater, of Price, was given a hearing by Commissioner Gibbons this morning on a charge of assault to kill and was discharged. The evidence showed that the boys alleged to have been assaulted went to Fitzwater's house and created such a disturbance that forbearance ceased to be a virtue. He took a shot at them with bird shot and peppered them considerably about the body.

Sim Stotts, who lives near Woolsey, was also arraigned on a like charge. The evidence in the case however showed an entirely different state of affairs and results. His accuser is J. E. Doyle.

It seems that Doyle folks accused Stotts of stealing their turkey, which caused ill feelings to exist between the two families.

Doyle states and swears, that last summer while he was thrashing grain, Stotts came to where he was and without warning made an attempt on his life with a pistol. Several shots were fired, two of which took effect on Doyle's person.

The prisoner was held to answer the amount of the bond not being learned cannot be stated.

WONDERFUL MINES.

The Asphalt Supply At Woodford Inexhaustible--First Class Plant Under Construction.

Captain Nat Smith, the sage of Woodford is in the city. From him it is learned that work on the plant for the reduction of the asphalt supply at that place is progressing most satisfactorily. He says the plant will be complete and first class in every particular, and that the works will be in full blast in the near future. When asked as to the extent of the supply, he replied that it was simply inexhaustible; that there is enough of the mineral in sight to justify the assertion that the streets of every city in the United States could be paved from it and yet have left enough to work on for a century to come. The captain is a great enthusiast and predicts wonderful things for Woodford, the chief of which is a railroad to transport the products to market.

The oil mills are now running full blast, having started up yesterday. Enough seed are on hand to keep a constant run the remainder of the season.

Dr. Yarbrough, of Springer, is in the city. He says he is free to acknowledge that he was among the false prophets who predicted the downfall of the Ardmorette in its early days, but that he is glad to now realize that he was wrong.

GUS BUCKHAM

Dealer in fine liquors.

All orders given prompt attention.

Corner Elm and Commerce Sts., Gainesville, Texas.

F. M. McLELLAN, 1200 Main St., Fort Worth.

J. M. McLELLAN, 1200 Main St., Fort Worth.

W. C. McLELLAN, Gainesville, Tex.

W. C. MULLINS, M. D.

Practice limited to diseases of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat.

Will be in Ardmore, at the Winsor Hotel, second and fourth Sundays of each month.

MONEY TO LOAN On Diamonds and Watches.

See Robt. Hoffman at T. H. Parker's.

Chicken on the Shell.

In a certain rather pretentious but cheap priced restaurant I witnessed a scene which, though funny enough to the outside onlooker, could not but have been extremely mortifying to the proprietor. The proprietor was also the cook, and he was engaged in industriously frying a number of pancakes on a griddle placed for show in the window when a party of three who had just entered ordered a trio of eggs apiece. The proprietor thereat seized nine of the omelets from a box beneath the counter and began to break them one after another upon the griddle. He had reached the eighth egg when, lo and behold! instead of a yolk and albumen spreading itself temptingly into view, came a small confused mass of feathers, minute claws, a beak, etc. A look of horror spread itself over the man's face as he gazed at the unwelcome apparition, and then gazing over his shoulder and seeing that his action was unnoticed he swept the griddle clear of its offending burden, greased it anew and proceeded with his work. O cookery, how many frauds are practiced in thy name!—Brooklyn Standard-Union.

The Count and His Trout.

The Germans are laughing at an incident concerning Count Kanitz, one of the leaders of the agriculturists whose opposition to the government was so strongly rebuked by the emperor the other day. When the emperor visited Konigsberg, Kanitz, who counted on obtaining an invitation to the imperial banquet, requested to be allowed to furnish the trout. The offer was accepted, and the count sent 420 trout. Then he received a dispatch saying that his name had been struck off the list. The count telegraphed to Konigsberg to stop the fish, but the supply had already been sent, and all the guests at the banquet greatly enjoyed them. The emperor, when afterward informed, laughed heartily over the incident.—Berlin Letter.

She Could Not Resist.

Miss Nora Welton, the assistant in the postoffice at Argenta, Mason county, is charged by postoffice detectives with opening letters addressed to a young man. Miss Welton has made a full confession. She was in love with the young man, and as he was writing to a rival she read the letters, delaying the missives until investigation followed.—Deatur (Ills.) Dispatch.

ENDING OF AN EPOCH.

This Is What the Death of the Prince of American English Essayists Means.

With the death of Oliver Wendell Holmes America comes to the end of its first epoch in distinctive native poetry.

With Emerson, Bryant, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, in particular—with Poe, Drake, Percival, Halleck and Whitman also if one wishes to be truly catholic—the genial ripened soul that has now been garnered unto rest constitutes the galaxy of singers whose names for all time will crown the first century of the letters of this young republic.

It is not, however, as a poet of the first magnitude that the three generations of American readers who were his contemporaries will chiefly honor Oliver Wendell Holmes. As essayist and philosopher rather than poet or novelist his memory will be the most widely and most tenderly cherished by his survivors and transmitted to the generations that are to be. He had in a degree rarely given to man the faculty of making the reader of his quaint philosophy and kindly cheer his friend and lifelong grateful beneficiary.

He was the prince of American English essayists. He had the sense and insight of William Hazlitt, the grace and sympathy of Leigh Hunt, the strength and confidence of William Cobbett and at will and upon occasion the polished diction of Macaulay. It is a proof of the virility of Oliver Wendell Holmes' genius that he has left in the field of English prose that he trod a crop of imitators and disciples. Would that his school of writers might have inherited the mantle of their preceptor, might have derived something of the profoundness, the geniality and the cheeriness of Oliver Wendell Holmes.—New York Telegram.

GAMBLING IN ENGLAND.

A London Journal Says That Everybody Is Panting For The Uncertain Increment.

Private roulette tables have become common in cultivated society and are openly sold by fashionable furniture dealers. Both sexes assiduously cultivate the "bucket shop," sometimes making money, but in too many instances making fearfully wry faces when they find that they have to settle up their little differences with their outside brokers. The "play" has become emphatically "the thing," although in a sense far different from that intended by the Prince of Denmark.

Substantial business men find it irksome to make a railway journey of an hour and a quarter without producing a pack of cards and getting up a nice, quiet game of whist, and it can scarcely be said that in this year of grace 1894 there is a single section of society outside the strictly religious classes that is not in some form or another addicted to gambling. The incitements thereto, goodness knows, are numerous and exciting enough, from gold mines in the mountains of the moon to tickets in the German lotteries.

Everybody is panting for the uncertain increment. Everybody yawns to eat, drink and be merry, to wear fine clothes and to sparkle with jewels, to be bought with money for which no work has been done. There is gambling in the highest and gambling in the lowest of our couches sociales.—London Telegraph.

A STINGING REBUKE.

Americans in London Enjoy the Roasting Given the Antilynching Society.

No utterance of the London Times for a long time has been so much enjoyed by Americans in London as that paper's stinging rebuke to English antilynching busybodies, says a correspondent. It is peculiarly appropriate that the governor of Alabama's reply to the letter of the English Antilynching society should appear in the same newspaper with the report made to the British government by Sir Robert Hamilton of his investigation into the pitiable hardships of the inhabitants of the British island of Dominica, in the West Indies. The forms of oppression inflicted by the British colonial government there are almost incredible.

The people of the island are impoverished and barely able to keep soul and body together, but in lieu of the payment of taxes the authorities compel men, women and children to work at roadbuilding. No exceptions are made, and this leads Sir Robert mildly to recommend to the British government that women who are about to become mothers should not be forced to work upon the roads. Three examples of women being delivered within a few hours of doing their contribution to the road tax are given. When the revenues of the island admit, says the royal commissioner, women should be relieved of contributing to this tax either in money or labor.

Are You Joined to Your Idols?

Would you rather pay 25 and 35c for flannels than to pay Kloski 20 and 25c for the same goods?

Would you rather pay 25 to 45c for a good jeans than to pay Kloski 15 to 33 1-3c.

Would you rather pay Kloski 10, 12, 15, 20c for worsted dress goods, all new styles, than to pay others 15, 20, 25 or even 35c for the same goods.

Would you rather pay Kloski \$1.75, 2.50 and \$3.25 for a full size all-wool blanket (any color) than pay others \$2.50, 3.50 and \$4.50 for the same blanket?

Would you rather pay Kloski \$1.25, 1.50 and 2.00 for a Guaranteed Hamilton-Brown shoe than to pay others \$1.50, 1.75 and 2.25 for a shoe not as good.

Do you want Cheap Shoes, paper soles, spongy insoles—Kloski don't keep 'em.

Do you want a good jeans at 20, 25 and 33 1-3c that other stores sell for 25 to 50c—Kloski has it.

Kloski sells Boys and Children's suits from \$1.50 per suit to \$4.30 and dares any one to beat them at \$2.50 to \$7.

Kloski received this week One Hundred Overcoats. They are marked to sell \$2.50 to \$10. Beat the price if you can at \$4.50 to \$16.

Kloski's Carpet, Floor Oil Cloth and Mattings need no advertising as his trade is so good on carpets he has employed extra help to attend to it.

Remember distinctly that Kloski has everything you want, and if you are not JOINED TO YOUR IDOLS see him and price his goods before you close a trade.

Yours ALWAYS THE LOWEST.

A. KLOSKI.

Stylish and Durable

CLOTHING.

Our reputation as leaders for all kinds of Clothing is well known all over the state. We carry the largest and best selected line of woollens of any tailors in North Texas, and no one can surpass our make and fit. In

READY TO MAKE CLOTHING

We have no competitors. Our own designed garments speak for themselves. All those who are wearing our make of clothing are happy and contented, and those who never tried our clothing will be surprised at the quality of goods, also at the low prices. We carry a large line of

GENTS' FINE SHOES.

We carry all styles and qualities of Hats. In Gents' Furnishing we are the leaders. A call at our establishment will convince you that we are advertising facts.

HENINGER BROS.

Tailors, Clothiers and Men's Outfitters. GAINESVILLE, TEX.

As tempting as a promise and prices as easy as making a mistake.

By the way, it would be making a decided mistake to let slip such chances as solid silver belts from \$2.50 to \$4.50. There is always a rush for our clocks because they go so well.

MAX ROY, JEWELER,

Gainesville, Texas.

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Gainesville, Texas.

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