

Tell Them You Know!

You may tell your friends, on our "say so," that when they buy a package of the genuine Arbuckles' Ariosa Coffee they get the best of the coffee trade.

No coffee of equal quality can be sold in this town for the same price, whether it be sold out of a bag or a bin, or under some romantic trade-mark. You may tell them you know and that Arbuckle Brothers, the greatest coffee dealers in the world, will stand for it.

ARBUCKLE BROS., New York City.

NEWSPAPER CHAFF

come any more."

"Don't come any more? Why, I used to hear him standing under the window telling you his heart was melting."

"Yes, mum, but yez see, his ice was meltin' faster than his heart awn th' poor mon lost his job."—Chicago News.

A certain judge had been away from his native city for a number of years, and upon his return found it difficult sometimes to recognize former acquaintances. One morning a youngish woman accompanied by a tall boy, entered the trolley car and sat down next the judge.

"How do you do, judge?" she said cordially. "I don't believe you remember me? I am Mrs. X."

"Why, so it is! Mrs. X, I am delighted to meet you again. How do you do? And who is this with you? It can't be your son! Bless me, I would not believe you had a son so late."

"Oh, yes," replied the guileless Mrs. X, flattered by his cordiality. "He is my first born—my maiden effort, judge."—Lippincott's.

Of the sisters of a well known New York family one is married. She

has one little girl greatly petted by all the aunts, and subject to much advice from all of them. Of this last the little lady sometimes worries, which weariness on a certain occasion made itself shown in the following reply from her small ladyship:

Said one aunt: "If you were my child I should have you do this and thus." Said another aunt: "Were you my child I would do so and so." The remaining aunt made a similar remark.

The little lady thought it high time to express her own feelings. "But I have," she said, "always been so thankful that papa married the sister he did!"—New York Times.

Reformers are human, like other folks, and sometimes strange things are done to them. When John H. Coyne was elected mayor of Yonkers, N. Y., a good many clergymen were worried about the kind of a police commission he would appoint. So they picked out a delegation and sent it to give the mayor some suggestions. He received his visitors politely, listened to their ideas, and then shook his head. "You're too late, gentlemen," he said. "The commission is picked out, and I shall announce it tomorrow." Then he went on to say that he was going to appoint four men. One was a saloon-keeper whose place used to be raided about twice a week, another was a man who had been convicted as the keeper of a poolroom, the third was a notorious "sport" who had often felt the arm of the law, and the fourth was one of whom the best that could be said was that he had never been in jail. The next day the names were announced, but the ministers looked in vain for confirmation of their advance information. The mayor had appointed four of his best known and most respected citizens of the place, ignoring politics absolutely. —Exchange.

They were seated on a bench in Jackson Park the other night.

"Suppose, Marguerite," said the young man in low, but passionate, tones to the sweet young thing by his side, "suppose I told you every time I looked at you my head swims; suppose I told you your eyes are deep brown wells; suppose I told you the scent of your hair fairly intoxicates me; suppose (edging closer) I told you you are the sweetest, dearest little angel in all the world. What would you think?"

An answer came out of the dark-

ness clear and cool: "I would think you had a brainstorm."

The silence that followed was of the density commonly described as capable of being cut with a knife.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Charles E. Varney is telling a good story of the late Sam P. Jones and the chaplain's hopeful son and heir, Master Varney is about nine years of age, and has frequently gone on Chautauqua trips with his father. Consequently he had heard Mr. Jones several times and felt pretty well acquainted with him.

Well, they met again for the something time, and fell into conversation after Mr. Jones' lecture. The boy held up his end without any trouble, and presently remarked:

"Mr. Jones, I believe that you have changed more than your lecture has."

The evangelist was somewhat taken back for a moment. Then he answered with a smile:

"Well, you have to give them a variety in some way."—The Lyceumite and Talent.

"Biddy," said Pat timidly, "did ye ever think o' marryin'?"

"Share, now," said Biddy, looking demurely at her shoe—"share, now," the subject has never entered me mind at all, at all."

"It's sorry Ol am," said Pat, and he turned away.

"Wan minute, Pat," said Biddy softly. "Ye've set me thinkin'."—Tacoma Ledger.

He anxiously noted an unassuming reserve in his wife's manner.

"Why do you look so sad, my love?" he asked.

"I was thinking of a poor little beggar child that came here this morning," replied his wife. "Just think, Charles, the poor child was only 8 years old, and her father was killed in the Civil War and her mother died of sorrow within a year afterward."—Exchange.

A Wonderful Happening.

Port Byron, N. Y., has witnessed one of the most remarkable cases of healing ever recorded. Amos F. King, of that place says: "Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured a sore on my leg with which I had suffered over 30 years. I am now 85." Guaranteed to cure all sores by W. B. Frame, City Drug Store.

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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

DOUGHERTY.

Special Correspondence.

Dougherty, I. B. T., July 8.—These hot sunny days have brought renewed hope and courage to the hearts of our farmers. Cotton is growing and doing its best. Several of our farmers have extra fine fields, especially Farmer Watson who has some that is forming squares.

Corn is fine at present, but will soon need rain to save it. From the looks of the clouds it would seem as though it might arrive before night. Even the morning birds have taken heart of courage and are making up for lost time by singing night and day as though their little throats would burst.

The greatest revival ever known in Dougherty is in progress at the present time. "This is the old time religion, and the wonderful power and glory of the Holy Spirit is manifested nightly. Sinners are being converted, backsliders reclaimed, the church members quickened and from the white haired man, whose life is fast ripening for eternity, down to the children who are just starting out on life's journey—all are being greatly benefited. The meetings were started Sunday evening, June 30, by the pastor of the M. E. church of this village, Rev. B. P. Taylor. Tuesday night, July 2, he was reinforced by the Rev. G. M. Dillbeck, pastor of the M. E. church at Tuscumbia, Ala., and Miss Lida Dillbeck of Noble, Okla., and Miss Biddy Salles of Henning, I. T. Since the arrival of these consecrated workers and singers they have simply carried the work by storm. Thirty-one have been at the altar, and seventeen united with the church on July 7, and the work is growing in power rapidly. It is expected that these people will remain the rest of the week at least. How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publisheth peace.

Rev. J. S. Lamar, presiding elder of Wynnewood district is in town today to enjoy the revival meeting.

Willie Morris, a little fellow seven years old was drowned in the Washita river Thursday, July 4. His parents were out at work in the field and the child was taken with an epileptic attack, to which he was subject, and he was laid under a tree to rest from which he wandered to the river. His body was not found until Friday night. He was laid to rest Saturday afternoon in our village cemetery. The bereaved parents have the sin-

cere sympathy of their friends in their great sorrow.

Edwards and Graham of Ardmore, I. T., have a number of teams hauling asphalt ore from the Burnswick mines and have several carloads already piled at the station. This asphalt ore from these Burnswick mines is pronounced by experts to be the finest in the territory. One of Ardmore's finest streets is paved with this ore.

Miss Cora Morgan, who has been attending the summer normal at Sulphur, I. T., for the past month is again at home and reports a very profitable session.

Mr. J. W. Breedlove has not been at all well since his return from Siloam Springs, where he had such a pleasant time at the reunion of the old citizens.

T. J. Jones and family are spending a few weeks with friends at Koperi Texas.

Mrs. May Crum of Crusher is visiting friends at Denison and Gainesville, Tex.

G. H. Lantia, general manager at the Crusher, has returned from his vacation trip to Newton, Kan.

Mr. and Mrs. James Vandover have had a second baby daughter added to their family.

Mrs. John Tollason has a sister visiting her from Arkansas whom she has not seen for a number of years.

Mrs. Mattie Gibson, who has been spending a few weeks in Oklahoma is again at home.

Superintendent Hall of the Santa Fe, was a caller at the Dougherty office today.

Mr. Tom Collins visited Oklahoma City last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Laster Edmunson of Oklahoma City, who have been visiting friends in this village and Drake, returned home yesterday.

G. B. Burhans, After Four Years.

G. B. Burhans, of Carlisle Center, N. Y., writes: "About four years ago I wrote you stating that I had been entirely cured of a severe kidney trouble by taking less than two bottles of Foley's Kidney Cure. It entirely stopped the brick dust sediment, and pain and symptoms of kidney disease disappeared. I am glad to say that I have never had a return of any of those symptoms during the four years that have elapsed and I am evidently cured to stay cured, and heartily recommend Foley's Kidney Cure to any one suffering from kidney or bladder trouble." Hoffman Drug Co. and City Drug Store.

When men say "our faults" they usually mean yours.

We Are Soon to Have a New State

and now is the time to secure a business education. You will probably never have so great an opportunity as now. Just think of the great and growing demand for stenographers and bookkeepers. If you are thoroughly prepared for this line of work you can earn a salary of from \$50 to \$125 per month according to your proficiency. Did you ever notice the salary paid to stenographers and bookkeepers by Hon. Tams Bixby, and what he said about it? "Plenty of room and good salaries for firstclass stenographers and bookkeepers, but we have no room nor need for inferior ones." Now is the time to prepare yourself, and SELVIDGE BUSINESS COLLEGE is the place.

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