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CHRONIC BORROWERS.

Revelations by a Lady Writer Who Seems to Know All About Them.

If you are buying a house in a neighborhood unknown to you, you will naturally ask all kinds of questions. You will want to know if the drainage is good, if the air is pure, if there has ever been malaria, how far it is to the depot and postoffice, but ten to one you don't inquire if there are any borrowers in the neighborhood.

Now, a chronic borrower is a deadly nuisance in a community. A woman who is always "just out of salutaris" will stir up more trouble in a neighborhood than a mad dog and a flock of fifteen hens and roosters.

She will run in on you at any and all hours, and to borrow just a little sugar, or spice, till she can send to the grocer's. She really does not know she is anywhere near out till she has been borrowing for a week or more, and then she finds she hasn't a soul around anywhere that she could send out after any.

And she will tell you that she does so late to trouble you; for if there is anything on earth she dislikes to do it is to borrow—and she never does it when she can help it; but now her pie crust is all on the plates, and she was obliged to, because she could not spare the time to run to the grocer's. And she will sit down in your kitchen and stop half an hour, and talk about everybody in town; and, meanwhile, she will take an excellent breakfast for herself, and she will see behind your stove the cobwebs that you forgot to brush down this morning; and she will notice the old coat that your husband has on the wood-box to dry, and she will see that your lamp chimneys have not been washed, and that your dishes are in the sink, and that you had your breakfast by the spatter of grease on the stove; and when she goes into some other neighbor's house on a borrowing expedition she will give a report of what she saw in your kitchen, and swear the neighbor over to eternal secrecy regarding it; and the consequence will be that in a week it will be all over town that your fire is on loan, and that you are the most untidy housekeeper on the footstool.

When the borrower returns what she borrows it is always a little less in measure, if, indeed, she returns it at all. And you may congratulate yourself if you get half what belongs to you.

A regular borrower will borrow everything, from a piece of salt fish for breakfast to your boy, if you have one.

The book borrower is even a greater nuisance than the woman who borrows household supplies. She never hesitates to ask for the choicest or costliest books in your house. She does not seem to think that she confers a favor on you by asking.

And if you are fool enough to lend, the possibility is that you will have to get after the books in question, and will find on doing so that she has lent them to some friend of hers, who wanted to read them, and she will tell you that she knows you are not willing for kindling—if, indeed, we were lucky enough ever to set eyes on it.

So we say to all our friends, if it is possible to avoid it, never have a borrower for a neighbor.—New York Weekly.

Danger of a Little Knowledge.

The average layman considers that, when he employs a physician, he has the right to know what drugs are used in the treatment. He can scarcely be persuaded that in withholding such information his attendant has no selfish motive, but does so purely in the interest of his patient. Generally, the physician is ready to give such information if he is dealing with a person of intelligence, but in some instances it is nearly impossible to get the interest of his patient. If a person has been much benefited by a certain drug, of course, if he knows the name of it, he is certain to recommend it to every friend who has complained like it. Or if a prescription has been given him calling for agents which he knows nothing of, he loans his friend the empty bottle or copies for him the number on the label; the same medicine can then be obtained of the druggist who holds the prescription. In this way a great deal of harm is often done, leading, as it does, in some cases, to the abuse of powerful drugs, while in others to the application of the most erroneous treatment. The same distaste to two persons often demands quite distinct methods of treatment; a drug, or mixture of drugs, which is indicated for one might be clearly forbidden for the other. A correct application for drugs requires a discrimination which no non-professional can possess. Regarding the danger of popular prescribing, The Medical News says: "The self-prescriber has heard of sulphonal, and is taking it in the maximum dose in order to produce sleep. He is also recommending it to his friends who cannot sleep. The popular use of antipyrin, which has done no little injury; we have heard of sulphonal, and is taking it in the maximum dose in order to produce sleep. He is also recommending it to his friends who cannot sleep. The popular use of antipyrin, which has done no little injury; we have heard of sulphonal, and is taking it in the maximum dose in order to produce sleep. He is also recommending it to his friends who cannot sleep.

Big Trees in New Jersey.

There are some very large oaks and other trees still standing in swamps, or on ground surrounded by swamps, in that region. Mr. Richard S. Leaning and Dr. Coleman F. Leaning told me of a white oak which was 9 feet across the stump and 40 feet to the first limb, and this limb was over 2 feet in diameter. At this height the tree was more than 4 feet through, and all below that to the first limb was a solid trunk. The tree was 100 feet in height, with a clear trunk 40 feet, or more in length. Both the trunk and the growth. The same gentleman told me of a tulip tree 10 feet in diameter, with a clear trunk 40 feet, or more in length. Both the trunk and the growth. The same gentleman told me of a tulip tree 10 feet in diameter, with a clear trunk 40 feet, or more in length. Both the trunk and the growth.

Concerning Ink.

The Boston Herald has an article upon the subject of "Authors' Ink" and it says that violet is the color as much affected by American writers that it has come to be known as "Authors' Ink." We should like to see their literature that American authors use violet ink.

Still we do not think that violet is a terrific ink. It is sure to fade; green ink will fade, and so will blue. Black ink is the best by all odds, and next to black comes carmine.

We have seen many a book with next to different inks and different colors of ink upon parchment. An ink that will hold its color upon genuine sheepskin for one year is a mighty good ink. The average book ink will fade therefrom in less than forty-eight hours; green will go about as soon; the so-called indelible red ink will fade in a week or two. Some of the most famous authors of the world will last as long as the parchment itself.

A writer should, however, use the ink that suits him best. His ink, his paper and his pens should be what he regards as the finest; he should have the best tools to work with, and then he will be more likely to do good work. A writer should take pride in his copy; printers have some rights which should be respected. Very many professional writers write execrable and some of them (miserable creatures) are really very good at their wretched chirography. Quite often an awkward or blind chirographer covers his mistakes by training in the lines that is betrayed by loose handwriting.—Chicago News.

An Extraordinary Will.

French judges have decided a most extraordinary will case. A Frenchman of widely known name had conceived an intense hatred for his country. When he died, five years ago, he willed his property to the "poor of London" after these words: "I have always been oppressed in my native land. I have arrived at the age of 45, and have never been my own master. Horrible nation! People of cowards and traitors! I should like to have millions to give to the English, who are the born enemies of this idiotic France. This is clear and to the point." The relatives of Mr. Travers naturally dispute it. This will of the great testator was not of sound mind, and that the will, being framed in hatred of France, was contrary to "public order, and, lastly, that it could not be carried out in England, as there was no legal representative of the poor. But the court overruled all these objections, and the appeal subsequently made was justly rejected.—Chicago Herald.

Concerning Garters.

It is considered best to lose a garter, it being the foreboding of a greater loss—that of a sweetheart or friend. No part of a woman's dress is said to have such power in change as her garters. They should never be left knotted together or thrown carelessly about, either representing enemies who will annoy her. If a young lady sleeps in a strange bed she should tie her garters about the headboard somewhere, at the same time reciting these lines:

This knot I knit, this knot I tie,
To see will dream of her sweet heart,
To make it sure she must tie her garter under the bed post nine times.—Leisure Hours.

London has twenty-nine vegetarian restaurants, the staple articles of whose bill of fare are the cereals, the legumes such as peas, beans, haricots and lentils and various kinds of fruit.

Surgeons on Emigrant Ships.

Emigrant ships are always advertised as carrying a competent surgeon. We know something of the surgeons they frequently carry, nor do we deny that they are generally clever young men. The pay, which is calculated on percentage or commission, is good, and candidates have to produce excellent certificates. But when the ship owners have fulfilled their part of the contract the responsibility shifts on to the shoulders of the young aspirant to celebrity. If he is ambitious and means to succeed in his profession there is little danger of his being supplanted. The risk is rather on the side of professional care. He has a rare opportunity of experimenting "on his own hook" such as never could have come to him at home in the hospital. "First experimentum in corporibus vili" is his motto. Each case of serious illness is an agreeable sensation; a superb compound fracture is a godsend; each sudden malady is a joy and a treat for the rest of the voyage. He tries all number of empirical remedies with the best intentions; he reveals in the uncontrolled use of his instruments in the interests of the patient—and success. It may be lit or miss, kill or cure, but somehow even a well principled young man can reconcile anything to an elastic professional conscience. We have considered at reminiscences from one of those emigrant floating hospitals, told in good faith, in moments of confidence by practitioners who honestly believe they had been experimenting in the cause of humanity.—Blackwood's Magazine.

A National Flower.

What a pleasing variation from the present national emblem would a flower be in the profusion of the decorations and commemorative designs. A national flower would be just as distinctive upon a badge or our shield or flag or large winged eagle, and would be susceptible of many more dainty handling artistically. There is no doubt, I suppose, but that we all would be glad to have a national flower, but how shall we select upon one? Cannot some method be suggested by which the popular preference can be ascertained? Would a popular vote upon the subject be impracticable?

How else can it be decided? Various persons of note have offered suggestions upon the subject, but of course they are without authority to decide the matter, and it is not likely to be settled until a very general interest is felt in it. The press can do much to arouse this interest, and let us hope it will be in the good cause.—Lady in New York Star.

Paganini and Balow.

In Trevelyan's "Life of Macaulay," a passage from one of Macaulay's letters is quoted, in which the great historian and essayist gives a specimen of the brilliant performances of Paganini. "His effect," says the writer, "is to fall like flakes from the instrument, and then, rising into the air, crystallize and form stars." The charming observation is quoted in the Musical Times. "In the high white light of a matchless musically intellectual mind," says the writer, "he is to be looked upon as a man with a vivid life. The tone leaps up to meet his electric touch; and lo! a marvelous tonal edifice is erected under our very sight, or rather hearing."—London Life.

Benefit of Fencing.

The success of the ladies' fencing class has proved beyond a doubt the propriety of fencing as a ladies' pastime. It is not too violent, for each one can regulate her activity to suit herself, and remain on the defensive or assume the offensive as she feels like it. Twenty minutes of active fencing will give more exercise to all the muscles of the body than two hours of pretty fast walking. One of the members of the ladies' class said to the writer that in her opinion one month's fencing will teach a girl better how to walk and carry herself in a drawing room than a year's lessons in dancing or calisthenics.

Those who have seen the lithe, straight figure and graceful motions of the ladies who indulge in fencing will be inclined to agree with her fully and to wish success to those who are just commencing. Fencing is an exercise so eminently fitted for the use of the fair sex and for their physical development.—New York Star.

Two Powerful Words.

Native—You have traveled in every country of Europe?
Traveler—Yes.
Native—And cannot speak anything but English?
Traveler—No. Two English words will carry you anywhere. Every country has its own language.
Native—What are they?
Traveler—How much!

The Cat Was Right.

In a family in town there is a cat which is much petted. One day the lady of the house was talking to her husband, and either to relieve her feelings or a bit of innocent diversion, gave vent to a little whistle. Immediately the cat sprang up to her lap, and with its scathed paw struck her on the forehead. The lady thought this strange, but at first hardly connected it with the whistling. However, a little time afterwards she was in another room, she happened to repeat the whistle, and immediately the cat sprang up and struck her again. This time she fully thought it was the whistling which gave pussy offense, and so, with "malice aforethought," whistled again. Sure enough, the cat clattered her with another blow, sure in the face. About the only possible explanation is that in the whistle it fancied a call was being given to the pet dog and was jealous thereat.—Hendrew (Canada) Mercury.

Fired Harry All Right.

A smart 10-year-old boy living on Charlotte avenue is greatly interested in amateur theatricals. The other evening he concluded to write a play. After some time he said to his mother: "I wish you would let me what to do with Harry." "I'll let you do what you like," said his mother. "I've killed all the rest of the boys off, but Harry's a stumper. I don't know what to do with him." "Why not leave him out, then?" "Leave Harry out? I guess you don't know him, mamma. Why, he'd be mad and wouldn't speak to me for a week." After thinking a few minutes he said: "Mamma, what is it to cremate?" His mother told him, when his face brightened, and he exclaimed: "I'll needn't tell any more, mamma. That's just the situation, I'll cremate Harry."—Indianapolis Journal.

"I hereby offer \$500 for the arrest and conviction of the scoundrel who hit my dog with a rock." is an advertisement in a Trenton paper to which Henry Armstrong signs his name.

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ONE WAY TO TRAIN A BRONCO.

A Western Lad Who Does Not Believe in the "Throwing" Principle.

It has been and is still believed by some that to break a bronco he must be roped, thrown, beaten, conquered before he can be utilized. I believed so once, but the method has always struck me as a dead failure. We were the breaker of an fine intellect as the bronco, in many instances he might gracefully submit to a reversal of situation, and allow the bronco to train him, out of the brain of broncos we may learn wisdom, as well as out of the mouths of babes and sucklings.

I had a friend once, as brave a man as could be found, leveled a Winchester or loved a child, and owned a bronco. If he would saddle the animal once or three times a day the pony must be roped, thrown and blinded on each occasion. My friend said it was the "nature of the brute." I knew he could not be wondrously unkind to anything. It never occurred to me that it might be education, and that nature had nothing to do with it.

Several years later the madam and I were camped near an old log road in the mountains in the vicinity of a friend's ranch. One morning, as I was about building the fire for coffee, the ranchman's son, a lad of 18, came up the road with a bridle on his arm. He stopped near us and began to whistle, as if one would for a dog. After he had whistled a few times I heard a whinny, and in a few moments the rapid beat of a horse's hoofs broke upon my ears. A dappled gray pony, with ears erect and mane flying, his neck was outstretched and his eyes seemed to flash with exquisite pleasure; he came leaping on as if moved by an unseen force of love, and his neck pressed against the lad for the expected caress. It is a good twenty years since that bright morning, and yet the memory of it is as fresh as if I saw it now; I can taste again the very sweetness of the balsam laden air, can see the tender blue mist that lingered about the distant hills, and I can feel the pony's head resting against the boy's shoulder; and it seemed to me then as it does now, that if there had been hands instead of hoofs, he would have hugged the boy and would have kissed him on the lips, instead of on the hand, had he known how.

"Where did you get that horse, Harry?"

"Out of —'s hand."

"You don't mean to say he's a bronco—he's too kind and handsome!"

"That's what he is."

"How long have you owned him?"

"About three months."

"But how did you break him? I supposed that they had to be roped and beaten and!"

"Now, don't you believe a word of it. I haven't even spoken cross to him; have I, Dick?"

The pony corroborated the statement made by the madam went out and shook hands with the boy and hugged the horse, and I should not have blamed her had she hugged the boy, as I looked down into his honest, laughing gray eyes.

Patience and its attendant genius, kindness, without any exhibition of electricity replaces of air. The first device of this kind was in operation in the Drane colliery, near Uxbridge, Clearfield county, Pa. The motor, which has been patented in the name of the inventor, is a simple and compact device, consisting of a dynamo, is connected with the cutter by a five-eighths inch rope belt. By mounting the motor on a track so that it can be easily moved it is able to run three cutting machines, for coal may be removed from two of the rooms while the motor is at work in the third. It has been estimated that the cost of equipping a mine for the purpose of operating machinery with electricity is only about one-half the cost of equipping with compressed air, and the price of maintenance shows about the same proportion of saving.—New York Telegram.

A Little Learning.

A teacher in one of the Hartford city schools requires her pupils to write sentences containing the words in the lesson. These sentences are sometimes very funny. Here are two.

One of the words in the lesson was "urchin." A little fellow who would evidently rather stay at home and play than go to school, wrote:

"The father is urchin his boy to go to school."

The following is more subtle. The word was "pacify," and the sentence written was:

"The author pacifies the poem."

"Why, what do you think 'pacify' means?" asked the teacher.

"The dictionary says it means 'composure,'"—Hartford Courant.

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