A GALLANT FIGHT

MARION HARLAND.

Author of "Alone," "The Hidden Path," "Sunshine and Shadow," "Twice Married," "Beyond Dispute," "Common Sense in the Household," "Marion Harland's Cookery," etc., etc.

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CHAPTER XVII.

MRS Rufus Lee had been very ill all that day and evening. Distress, anxiety, the wearing thought that her momentary indiscretions, magnified by her tender conscience into an exhibition of temper, might impair her husband's useful ness, and would probably compel him to seek another pastor, handicapped by the stigma of "something wrong in this last field"—wrought upon the somewhat fragile frame until she was prostrated by nervous headache and fever.

Anna Marcy was a staff of strength in these sorrowful days at the parsonage. Helpful, sanguine and sympathetic, she was the parents' counsellor, the children's playfellow and custodian, and Hollis' confidante. Salome complained that she saw as much less of her than she had anticipated, and had she been less compassionate for the persecuted, distraught household, would have rebelled openly against Anna's increasing preoccupation. As her friend could not come often to her, the girl, with the generous participation of youth went daily and openly to the Lees. Flowers, fruit, books, carriage and horses were at the service of her new acquaintance. The children fell in love with her, and she gladly assisted Anna in relieving the overtaxed mother of their society and demands, whenever she could beguile them away from her.

That Mrs. Pitchett made capital of all this had not occurred to either of the friends as a possibility, until the relief stopped them one morning as they were getting into the wide, low phaeton with the two older babies. Lunch baskets were stowed under the seat, and their destination was a pleasant picnic ground a couple of miles out of town.

"So you two Calamities twins is off together again!" said the widow, with a wicked giggle. Folks is a-talkin' considerable about how the elegant Miss Phelps takes Mrs. Lee's nurse girl out ridin' every day. They 'spose, maybe, it's on account of her being too corpulent for t' walk fur."

The same story percolated through into noble strata of gossip to Mr. Lee's ear, and he forbade future airings for the little ones. Stout hearted Anna cared not a rush for ridicule and malice when she was the only target. She had cast out divers anchors to windward in the shape of letters to friends who had ecclesiastical influence, besides privately arranging with her mother for an asylum in their home for Ethel and the baby, should Rufus be driven again to candidating.

On this particular night she fed, bathed and put the children to bed, took the doctor's orders and executed them for the relief of the sick woman, and had the comfort of seeing her sink into profound slumber about 11 o'clock.

A basket of mending had been neglected during the house mother's illness. Hollis her deputy abstracted and carried down to the back parlor, the living room of the frugal household. She was surprised to find Mr. Lee there. He wore a shabby dressing gown; his hair was ruffled by the restless fingers he had ploughed it with, while trying to pray; an open book was in his hand, but he was not reading.

"Come in!" he said, rising to place a chair for her by the center table and door. "I left my study half an hour ago, and came down to Ethel's room, but seeing you busy with her, would not disturb you.

"I can neither read nor write nor think to-night. There was a joint meeting of standing and pastoral committees in church this evening, to which I was not invited. I suppose my fate was decided in the conclave, and I half expected—I could not ask it—that some friend would call in to tell me what was done. I begin—heaven help me! to fear that an unpopular pastor has no friends outside of his own home. I have labored diligently among these people, have stood at the bedsides of their sick and dying; have buried their dead and baptized their children. I can truly say that 'in all their afflictions I was afflicted,' and a partaker in all their joys. I loved them and believed that they loved me. Yet in one short fortnight all is changed, and through no fault or shortcoming of mine. Now I go so poor as to show me reverence! Satan's hand is against me; every dog feels free to lend me a kick down hill. That is the way of the world, it would seem, of the church."

"Is this God forsaken hamlet—perhaps!" rejoined Anna, snipping at the raveled edges of Bessie's flannel skirt. "Which is, however, a tiny scrap of the world, a mere shred of the fringe on the garment of humanity. I am thankful that something is likely to remove you to a better place, even if it takes the form of a social earthquake. Things always pull straight after awhile. We have Scripture warrant for that."

"If it were not for my wife and babes!" mused the poor man of God. He had enough of the pastoral cant to say "babes" and "lambs." "But for them I should have no solicitude; would ask tomorrow for dismission from the care of a church that has requited my labors so basely. There are always fields open for the occupancy of single men."

"Ethel flew at me like an infuriated sucking-dove yesterday, when I said that all clergymen should be vowed to celibacy," remarked Anna, demurely, the needle relieving the scissors. "I told her that St. Paul implied as much in wishing to have his disciples 'without carefulness,' and that he commended his own example to other apostles. If you had been ministering in the sanctuary, instead of being hidden with your wife to serve Mrs. Pitchett's tea-table, this row would not have come about. Eh bien—sweet, unoffending saint! is the disturbing element—not you. She and the babies are the clogs that hinder you from shaking the dust of Freehold from your feet to-morrow. And your flock—generous Christians that they are! are aware of your dilemma. The Roman Catholic clergy are in the right on this point."

"I am astounded to hear such sentiments from the mouth of a Protestant girl!" broke forth the divine, and Anna's end was gained.

Argument better than the meat that perisheth, better than ruminating upon his own woes. The monstrous heresy so shamelessly enunciated must be combatted. In relating the occurrence in happier days, Anna declared that, under the fusillade of authorities, illustrations, demonstration and exhortation poured upon her, she could think of nothing but—

They sought him with thimbles, they sought him with care,
They pursued him with forks and with hope;
They stabbed his life with a railway snare,
They roasted him with smiles and with soap.

She stitched on serenely through the harangue, maintaining enough of unsanctified incredulity in smile and shrug to keep him up to his work. When he had talked himself breathless and away from the dreaded "conclave" he noticed her occupation.

"You ought not to be doing that! You are wearing yourself away to—" He shut his mouth with a gasp.

"To skin and bone? True enough! But I am fond of skeletons and cuticle, you see. At present, I am only amusing myself with these odds and ends until I see whether or not Ethel awakes at 12 o'clock for her medicine. Unless she does, I am not to disturb her. You ought to be in bed, however, Hollis has come in, I suppose?"

"No. He is not in his room. Did he say where he was going to-night?"

"To see Mr. Phelps on business," drily. "He seldom stays so late there or anywhere else for that matter. He may have been obliged to go to the office after his call."

"It may be that I am laying too much stress upon Mr Phelps' aid and comfort in this unfortunate affair," resumed the pastor after a pause. "But it would seem that the addition of so influential a parishioner to the society might, when it is understood that I have drawn him to the church, mollify measurably the general irritation."

Anna's lips parted impulsively, then closed without a word. Let the educated slave of illiterate despots express what balm he could from the hope that the spiritual influence of wealth and position might be a tree of healing to the bitter waters beside which he was sowing in tears. The whole framework of the pastoral relation was too far out of plumb for her to rectify, so much as a single beam. She sewed on buttons and tapes, relieving her feelings somewhat by jerking energetically upon each when it was fast; listening meantime, not without uneasiness, for the click of Hollis's key in the door.

The rain fell in torrents; the choked gutters gurgled and ran over in sheets and splashes; the fireless room was growing chilly. Canned coal and birchen logs and aromatic pine cones were not used as fuel in the parsonage. The heating of the ugly Latrobe in the dining-room under the front parlor was postponed as late in the season as was consistent with health and comfort. Coal was dear in Freehold, and the society knew just how many tons could be made to warm the minister's house during the long, tedious winter. Anna's feet and hands were cold; the breath of her cousin-in-law showed in thin vapor, as he continued to make talk, but neither spoke of remitting the vigil till 12 o'clock struck, and still no Hollis appeared. Their glances met uneasily.

"Don't you suppose—" Anna began, cheerily.

The feeble tingle of the door bell was an electric shock to both. Anna was upon the clergyman's heels as he drew back the bolt in agitated haste.

"Good evening, Mr. Le-e-e!" said a voice between chattering teeth.

"Mr. Phelps!" in extreme astonishment. "Walk in, sir!"

Anna could not wait for civilities.

"What has happened?" said she, eagerly, but gaurdedly, mindful of the sleeping patient up stairs. "Where is Hollis?"

The visitor was drenched and dripping; bareheaded, his hair streaming with rain and plastered to his head, hung about a haggard face. He was more like a drunken tramp, with his bleared eyes, faltering tongue and skulking gait than the gallant, gracious gentleman who had presented himself in the Lupton library less than four hours before.

"Hollis!" he said hollowly, "I don't know. I haven't seen him. I—am not—well, Mr. Lee I believe I have had—something—like a chill, ugh!" shaking from head to foot as his host led him into the parlor. "And I had—an—idea. It is gone now"—with a weak, foolish laugh—"but there was a—matter—of some—importance—about which—I ought—I came expressly—to consult you—as a good man—and my pastor. Oh, yes; as my pastor, you know. Of course, of course."

He fell to shivering anew, and passed from articulate incoherence to odd mumbings, his head drooping on his chest, his body "slumping" helplessly together in the chair where they had put him. Mr Lee chafed his hands, which were like soaked clay, Anna ran for brandy and hot water. Mr Lee met her in the hall when she brought them.

"He has been drinking already," he whispered. "His breath tells that. But he must have more or he will be in a state of collapse. What can it mean?"

Never was sound more welcome to waiting ears than the rattling key in the lock of the door behind them. Hollis was pale and excited, muddy up to the knees, damp all over.

"I ran in to say that I may not get home again, before morning," he began, talking very fast. "Mr. Phelps went out for half an hour this evening. Sat 8 o'clock. And has not come back. I have been walking the streets for an hour. Eh! what?" at length perceiving the frantic gestures that tried to check him.

He pressed into the parlor before them, knelt beside the patient, crouching form, and spoke in his ringing, young voice:

"Mr. Phelps, dear friend! I am so thankful to find you. They are terribly anxious about you at home. Brandy and water, hot—is it, Anna? Just the thing for you, sir! You have taken cold, and are thoroughly chilled. There! that will set you up!" as the potion was greedily swallowed. "Now, Anna, get shawls—blankets—something to wrap him up in, while I run for a carriage. We must get him home without wasting one minute."

He had knocked up the men at a livery-stable on the next block; helped them get in the horses, and was back in eight minutes by the clock to which Anna's gaze turned every other second after her charge was wrapped in shawls, and a blanket was ready to throw about him when he should be put in the coach. He had not spoken distinctly since Hollis's arrival, but he did not sliver except at intervals, and, she feared, would fall asleep before they could get him off. The brothers supported him to the carriage; the driver ceased to growl at being "drug out o' bed on such a devilish bad night," when he saw the limp figure, and lent active help in lifting him into the vehicle. The door was slammed, awakening sharp reverberations in the rain-washed street; the wheels rumbled away up the hill.

Anna was left alone in a chaos of fears and conjectures. Thoughts of bed and sleep were folly. She stole up to Edith's chamber and found her still slumbering sweetly; then, back to the parlor to wait for the brothers and news from her friends. The workbasket and pile of mended clothing on the table; the book Mr Lee had laid down; a few shreds on the carpet were tokens of their vigil and waiting. But for the blotches of wet on the floor, and muddy foot prints here and there, and the empty glass redolent of spirits, she might have dreamed the rest, so incongruous was it with all she had seen and heard of Richard Phelps, the flattered child of fortune, yet so generous in the distribution of her goods to others as to disarm envious fate.

Sorrow and Salome! The words would not fit together in the mind of the friend, whose loving admiration of the bright, joyous creature was a passion. In the chill, plainly furnished room, her hearing strained for returning footsteps, she lisped into musings—she could not have told how or why—of the May-day when Rex Lupton found them together in the balsam grove,—the afternoon when Salome finished the sketch of "The Maiden's Hand," and how vivacious prattle filled ear and heart with music.

The reverie lasted until the step of one man on the flooded sidewalk, and waiting at the door, prepared her to hear that Hollis had remained at the Phelps Place, while his brother sent the carriage for the family physician, and walked home.

"Mrs. Lupton was with mother and daughter—a ministering angel!" the pastor reported, feelingly. "He was quite unconscious when we got him home. His wife was fearfully white, but brave and collected. She and Salome went upstairs with us. Mrs. Lupton, with characteristic delicacy, kept in the background. She met me in the hall on my way out, and we had ten minutes' talk. A most charming woman! full of sense and feeling! She stated that Mr. Phelps had a wild, unsettled look while discussing some business matters with her—an affair in which she needed legal advice—and once or twice put his hand to his forehead in pain or bewilderment. He also told her, as he was going away, that his head 'felt strange,' and that he 'had had a trying day—a very trying day!'"

"Coupling this with a remark he made to his wife that his business trip had taken more out of him than he knew until he put into harbor,' there remains little doubt that return to the active duties of his profession after his long rest, has been too much for nerves that probably have never been quite normal in condition since the terrible accident that nearly cost him his life and reason. Mrs. Lupton regretted, with true womanly sympathy, that her library, in which the consultation took place, was very warm from a soft-coal fire kindled to expel the dampness. She fears that the change to rain and cold without may have induced congestion of the lungs. The danger, she apprehends, from the fact that the seizure took the form of a chill is pneumonia—a fearful scourge in this climate. She will stay there all night, which will be an unspeakable comfort to the afflicted family. One seldom meets with so clear a head united to so warm a heart."

"Was the business affair they discussed agitating?" ask d practical Anna.

"I thought of that, but she replied promptly that it ought not to have excited him. It was a simple question of bargain and sale. She had read some papers to him in evidence of former transactions, to which he listened attentively and intelligently and promised to send her a properly worded deed of transfer in the morning. It was in this connection that he spoke of the strange feeling in his head. It is a sad, sad affair! Ah, well! we see that wealth and popularity do not insure men against sorrow!"

The next day, and many other morrows brought no elucidation of the mystery. The bartender of a liquor saloon in one of the most disreputable quarters of the ultramoral town came forward with the testimony that Mr. Phelps had entered his place about 11 o'clock, wet to the skin and hatless, and asked gruffly for a "drink to keep out the cursed cold." He knew Richard Phelps well by sight, as did everybody in Freehold, and was surprised to see him in such a plight. But it was none of his business to make remarks upon his customer's looks and behavior. He served the gentleman with brandy, and he tossed off a glassful, raw—threw down his money and walked off a little "groggy" in the knees, it seemed to him. No, he had no thought of "trying to detain him, and sending word to his friends."

"Bless your life, Mr. Lee!" Hollis being the interlocutor—"when yon've been in the trade 's long 's me, 's boy 'n man, yon'll learn to hold your tongue 'n not to be s'prised 't notbin', without its somethin' as isn't shady!"

On the second day of Mr. Phelps' illness Rex Lupton arriving at the railway station from New York was met before he had gone ten steps from the train by the ubiquitous Tom Johnston who turn about and walked six blocks out of his way with the new comer purposely to enjoy the effect of the latest sensation upon the fresh soil of an unprepared mind.

"You alat heard the news!" was his ejaculation at the outset. "I want to know! Why man alive, its in all the papers! The Freehold Landmark gave a full page with hen'some headin's to it this mornin', 'n the Springfield Republican had a real tasty note on it alludin' t' 'Richard Phelps, a prominent 'n' wealthy citterzin 1' th' thrivin' town o' Frenold. The Republican always patterniz es us a leetle you know! I say its out o' clear jealousy."

"What has happened to Mr. Phelps?" demanded Rex curtly. His features had taken on a pallor and rigidity which is the New England evidence of powerful emotion. They did not relax or flush, while he heard the distorted tale of the prominent "citterzin'e" wandering through the storm, and the critical state in which he now lay.

"It's an all-fired good card for Parson Lee!" interpolated the masculine gossip. "He's come out noble on this round. He 'a' his brother stay' t' it that Phelps come t' his house o' his own will 'n accord, but there's them what b'lieves they picked him up, wet's a drown' rat 'n' drunk 's a lord, out o' th' gutter, 'n' has born themselves together to hush up th' truth. Young Lee, he's a nussin' of him b' day 'n' night, 'n' I do s'pose he never had a job more t' his mind, seen, he's a goin' t' marry the daughter—"

"Hi! there!" shouted Rex to a passing hack, and before Tom Johnston could gulp another—"I wan't t' know!" the usually imperturbable young fellow had thrown himself and valise into the carriage, and was tearing up the street.

"The Phelps place! as fast as you can go!" was his impetuous command.

The fever that had driven the chill out of the sick man's veins ran higher than ever on this afternoon. As Mrs. Lupton had prognosticated, pneumonia was the result of the wet night's work. A Boston physician, summoned by telegraph, was in consultation with the local practitioner in the upper chamber. Salome, walking the drawing room restlessly, was unduted by suspenseful agony for speech or connected thought. Hollis Lee stood at a window with Anna Marcy, both too much occupied in watching the figure that went back and forth between them and the end of the apartment, to keep up a pretence of conversation. Mrs. Lupton, pale and abstracted, with dark rings under her eyes, lay back in an easy chair with folded hands and half-closed eyelids. She was, in truth, fearfully anxious and keenly alive to the importance of the imperiled life to the stability of her schemes.

"If I had but insisted upon having a written protest against the marriage, before he left me that night!" was the burden of her present meditations; "it would have the force of a death-bed injunction."

She was not prone to blunder, but she had made several grievous mistakes in the conduct of this intrigue. She saw them clearly, and belabored herself more severely for them than any other critic could have had the heart to do, had he seen her, now,—languid, colorless, a prey to such sympathy in her friends' distress, as wears upon the spirit with the weight of a personal grief.

To begin very far back—she was short-sighted not to keep the original of the copied epistle, instead of yielding to the womanish desire of stabbing to the heart her who had made the match between Marion Bayard and Rex Lupton, and who was so insolently-secure in the consciousness of her husband's fidelity and her friend's devotion. Had the plotter foreseen the unlikely complication of the second betrothal and the circumstances that made it disastrous, while the first was only distasteful, to herself, she would never have parted with her best weapon of defence. It was a stupid blunder, furthermore, since the doiterwitted wife had evidently, with her high flown maudlin notions of generosity and honor, destroyed unread, the sealed envelope deposited in Marion's drawer. Months of keenest scrutiny, and tests of finest ingenuity had brought the diplomate, with bitter reluctance, to accept this inference. Without the slightest desire, in her cool, critical soul, to divert his caresses to herself, the fascinating widow never saw Richard Phelps kiss or pet his wife, and marked the answering love in the matronly face, flushing under his tenderness, that she did not experience a sense of actual injury and repress with difficulty the inclination to proclaim the truth, arraigning one as a hypocrite, the other as a dupe. She used at these times, to despise the wife almost as much as she did the husband; to sing of the latter in her heart as:

Douglas! Douglas! tender and natural!

She took whimsical pleasure, when very much wrought up, in humming the line half articulately, in Madeline's hearing. The ways and thoughts of these large, slow natures irked her unconsciously. She had told no lie more glibly to Richard Phelps than that of her fondness of his wife.

Still—for she was many leagues short of despondency—the copy had served her purpose up to date reasonably well, and she held the restored penciled note in Marion's handwriting—an undoubted original—to substantiate her report of the interview in which the father had pledged his word that his girl should not marry Reginald Lupton's son. Should Mrs. Phelps be left a widow, she would surely sacrifice her daughter's present (imaginary) good for the protection of her dead husband's name. Scenes were inevitable with her—with Salome, and with Rex—but let them come!

Isabel was not thinking so easily and clearly as was common with her—she discovered just here. Two sleepless nights and days of ceaseless anxiety had used up more cellular tissue than she could spare, and be her equable, ever ready self. To-night she would go to bed like a selfish, sensible heathen, and recuperate her forces by great, full draughts of bona fide slumber, such as came obediently at her call. Rex was not expected home until to-morrow—thank heaven!

The sharp rattle and scrape of wheels on the drive made the two at the window lean forward to peer out between the curtains, and Anna said involuntarily:

"It is Mr. Lupton, Salome!"

The girl was half way up the room in her restless promenade as the words reached her. With a low, thrilling cry, she sprang forward and met her lover in the door of the drawing room. Forgetful of lookers-on—of maidenly reserve—of everything except that here was strength on which her fainting heart could lay hold—love, comfort, calm!—she cast herself upon his breast.

"Rex! Oh, my darling! Thank God you have come at last!"

He caught her in his arms and bowed his tall head to kiss her in a mute transport of fondest compassion.

With a jerk that wrenched off the fastening Hollis tore open the two-leaved French windows and darted through, Anna following. The boy was livid with pain and rage. He threw up his arms to warn her back, retreating to the vine-recessed end of the colonnade. As loth to witness his paroxysm of horror and disappointment as he was to be seen, Anna ran around the corner of the house, regaining the hall through the back door, and there met Mrs. Phelps at the foot of the stairs.

The lady was wan and heavy-eyed, yet as she had been throughout the crucial period, composed in demeanor.

"I want Salome, my dear; where is she?"

Anna rested her fluttering breast against the balustrade and tried to breathe regularly.

"She is in there, Mrs. Phelps," with a backward wave of the hand. "Will not I do?"

"No, thank you. The doctors are still upstairs and I cannot be spared long. I must speak to her for an instant."

The brief dialogue went on in the subdued key learned in the sick chamber and Mrs. Phelps passed forward to the door of the drawing room, where she was transfixed by the sight of the group within.

Salome, still in the firm embrace of Rex's left arm, had hidden her face on his shoulder, clinging to him like a wind-tossed leaf. He, drawn up to his full height, the marble mask of its face wearing its coldest and haughtiest expression, confronted his stepmother. She too was on her feet, but the languid lines of shape and visage were the same as when she had lain back in the chair; her voice was lazily insolent. She even smiled slightly in speaking.

"I doubt it, I repeat, and I shall not wait for other proof than this pretty little scene—well-put together as it is!"

Salome would have started away from her shelter but for the firmer hold that kept her there. The part of the cheek that was visible, with her ear and neck, was hot scarlet.

"And I repeat," said Rex, in accents like flint, "that this is my betrothed wife, let who will dispute it. This is extraordinary conduct, Isabel!"

"Not extra-or-di-na-ry!" with the faintest possible indication of mimicry of his somewhat precise enunciation—"when I recollect that her father told me, not three days ago, that she should never marry you with his consent."

"I think—"

At her mother's voice, Salome broke away and fled to her; hands outstretched and eyes dilating.

"Mamma! mamma! can that be true?"

"Hush, my child! I think—" turning to the others, features and voice dignified and calm—"there has been enough of this for the present. This is not a time for explanation or denial. Salome, come with me! You can wait in the library, Rex. I will send her to you soon."

Left to herself by the sudden intervention of acknowledged authority, Mrs. Lupton walked deliberately to the long mirror between the windows, and regarded her image attentively. At first, sedately, then, with the wide, feline smile crossing the cheeks in which the color rose gradually.

"A question of identity!" she laughed behind her teeth. "Did she put me down? Yet this looks like myself!"

[To be Continued Next Week.]

Johnson's Eye Salve is rich in healing oil, so very soothing to sore eyes and skin diseases. Use it freely, too much cannot be used to do harm. Try it, so buy it, use it and be cured. Druggists Guaranteed to cure.

TEXAS CROPS.

the Weekly Bulletin of the State Weather Service—The Temperature and the Rainfall.

Frost Has Not Been Reported From Any Part of the State—Extracts From General Correspondence.

Special to the Gazette.

GALVESTON, TEX., Oct. 13.—Following is the Texas state weather service weekly crop bulletin:

During the last seven days the temperature in Texas was all that could be desired, although it was somewhat below the season average. The mean temperature for the state was 70.3, which is about the same as the average of last week. The highest temperature (96°), was reported at Cuero on the first of the week, and the lowest (45°) at Sour Lake on the 12th inst. Observers, with few exceptions, report the weather remarkably pleasant, with cool nights and warm days. Frost has not been reported from any part of the state.

RAIN FALL.

During last week Texas was favored with more than the average amount of sunshine, which is reported to have improved the prospects for late cotton very much. There was very little precipitation, the average for the state reaching 16 inches. The following named places report rainfall in inches and hundredths: Abilene, .05; Belton, .01; Cleburne, .40; Columbia, .12; Corsicana, .08; Decatur, .07; Longview, .37; Mesquite, .16; Palestine, .12; San Antonio, .09; Tyler, .25; Galveston, .14.

Although the country is not suffering for want of rain, yet a light moisture is needed some in the northern and central portions.

EXTRACTS FROM REPORTS.

Eastland, Belton—The weather has been damp. Picking is progressing rapidly with warm and bright weather. Late bolls will mature quickly. On the whole, the prospect is very oright.

A. G. Sloan, Brenham—The weather is favorable. Cotton is coming in rapidly, much of it being stored and held for higher prices.

William M. Spitler, Burnet—It is still favorable for cotton, which still continues to come in rapidly and more plentifully than expected by the most sanguine.

J. P. Boyce, Dallas county—The weather has been rather cool, but otherwise favorable to the cotton crop. There has been no frost, though the nights have been seemingly cool enough for frost.

I. C. Osborne, M. D., Cleburne—Crops planted in June are good. Fruit is immature and in danger of frost. The foliage is still green on the oldest plants. Late frost is desirable. The lowest temperature, 45°, was on the 7th.

T. B. Elrod, Columbus—The weather has been very fine for picking and young cotton is doing well. The farmers are handling the crops to advantage and will get a larger yield than expected.

J. S. Rogers, Columbia—The weather has been remarkably pleasant and favorable for the maturing of both cotton and cane.

W. H. Hamilton, Corsicana—The acreage of cotton is below the average and is below half a bale per acre. The weather is favorable.

Decatur (H. D. Donald observer)—Had rain on the night of the 8th and 9th, which was needed. It cleared off warm and did not injure cotton. The cotton crop is turning out better than was expected.

William B. Banter, Henderson—Potatoes are being gathered. The yield is good. Cotton picking is progressing slowly, caused by light showers. The health of the county is extremely good.

George Buckingham, Huntsville—The weather favorable. There are no worms of any consequence. Cotton is coming in slowly. There were several short rains during the week at night time.

James Cottam, LaGrange—The nights are cool and the days pleasant. Cotton picking is brisk. There is plenty of cotton to pick, but hands are scarce. Five thousand and eighty-one bales have been shipped from LaGrange to date.

G. N. Keich, Longview—Cotton is coming in more freely. Days and nights are cool.

Silas J. Lackey, Mesquite—The rain has affected the crops injuriously. Cotton is opening here slowly.

San Antonio (John McGlowe, observer)—The weather has been dry and pleasant with bright sunshine. The weather is favorable to crops.

C. E. Wood, Tyler—We had a very few small showers but not enough to interfere with cotton picking. The weather is favorable for crops.

William Schmidt, Victoria—No rain and weather favorable to crops. There was a very heavy fog on the morning of October 6. The pecan crop will yield moderately. Most of the trees were destroyed during the storm of August, 1886, this being the first crop since that date. A few have been gathered for local use, but none have been put upon the market.

The "Tonic" Blood Purifier and "Tonic" Old Peach and Honey Cordial and Stomach Bitters.

Big Odds.

Chicago Herald.

Representative Cox and Senator Evarts met the other day and good-naturedly bantered each other about the result of the election. Cox offered to bet that Cleveland would be elected. "I won't bet exactly," said the Senator, "but I will agree that if Cleveland is elected I will read in the Congressional Record every speech you make next term in Congress. If Harrison is elected you shall similarly read mine." Mr. Cox at first demurred at this stupenduous odds, but afterward said it was a bargain. Expressed in money the odds offered by Mr. Cox is about equal to $1000 to a cent, and the bet is the most striking illustration of Democratic confidence yet seen.

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Will pay for THE WEEKLY GAZETTE by the single month, or $1.00 by the year.

ROSS AND MARTIN.

They Address Five Thousand People at Sunset--Both Make Exhaustive Speeches--Governor Wheeler There.

Colonel August Belknap Will Run for Congress on a Protective Platform Against Hon. J. D. Sayers.

Humphrey to Oppose Martin—Thurman's Letter of Acceptance to be Given to the Press To Night.

Ross and Martin at Sunset.

Special to the Gazette.

SUNSET, TEX., Oct. 13.—To-day has been a gala day for Sunset. Fully 5000 people assembled here to-day to hear Governor Ross and Marion Martin speak. Music was furnished by the Crafton and Alvord Consolidated Band. Speaking began at 10 o'clock, and the opening address was by Judge F. E. Piner. Governor Ross was the next speaker, and for two long hours he discoursed pure Democratic doctrine in a most eloquent manner. He was loudly applauded, and his speech was well received.

Dinner was announced and a recess for one hour was taken.

Marion Martin began speaking at 1:30 p. m. and notwithstanding he was a very sick man he delivered a masterly address of some two hours length. He said he was not fishing office, but principles. He was hardly cheered during his remarks.

Lieutenant Governor Wheeler was the next speaker who delivered a masterly Democratic speech which will surely have his effect. Governor Wheeler is a fine speaker and was cheered from the beginning to the end. Everything passed off quietly and pleasantly.

Republican Candidate in the Tenth District.

Special to the Gazette.

SAN ANTONIO, TEX., Oct. 13.—At the meeting to-day in this city of the Republican Tenth Congressional district convention Colonel A. Belknap, president of the San Antonio Street Railway Company was unanimously nominated for Congress to oppose Hon. J. D. Sayers, the Democratic nominee. Colonel Belknap will have his formal letter of acceptance ready for publication by Tuesday or Wednesday. He will make the race on a strong protection platform as opposed to Mr. Sayers' alleged free trade course in Congress. The Republicans, who were here to-day from all parts of the district, seemed confident of success, and contend that they can easily carry Travis, Williamson, Bexar, and two or three large counties in the west by such majorities as to be able to defeat Mr. Sayers.

Thurman's Acceptance.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, Oct. 13.—Judge Thurman to-day completed his letter of acceptance and it will be given to the press to-morrow night.

To Oppose Congressman Martin.

Special to the Gazette.

PALESTINE, TEX., Oct. 13.—About twenty delegates of the Union Labor party of this, the Second, congressional district met here to day for the purpose of nominating a candidate for Congress to oppose Colonel W. H. Martin, the present Democratic member. Their selection fell upon R. M. Humphrey of Houston county.

Judge Ferrell at Denton.

Special to the Gazette.

DENTON, TEX., Oct. 13.—Judge A. W. Terrell of Austin, Democratic state elector, made the most telling speech of the season here this evening. The news of his coming was not generally known, nevertheless our large courthouse was filled with an intelligent and attentive audience, anxious to learn immutable truths from the great statesman. A good number of ladies were present, and among the audience was a good per cent. of the yeomanry of the county, who by their hearty reception of his remarks seemed to be in full accord with his position. The Judge showed the fidelity of the Democratic party to the constitution, and proved that they had never jawered from the great doctrine of strict construction. He also showed conclusively that the departure by the Republicans from their doctrines was the prime cause of the evils to which we have drifted. The whole of his speech served to demonstrate the great prominence of Democratic principles over that of any other political creed or doctrine. His theory of railroad control was well received and the necessity of a railroad commission strongly put. Upon the whole, the speech was a masterly effort, and it is thought it will do a great deal toward allaying the disaffected element in this county.

Senator Eustis Talks.

Special to the Gazette.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 13.—Senator Eustis of Louisiana, who has just returned from a visit to New England, says he was surprised to find a majority of the young men in Boston talking and working for the Democratic party. In many instances the sons of famous Republican statesmen are a vocating Democratic principles. Among them are the sons of William Lloyd Garrison and Governor Andrew, and men of similar standing in the Republican ranks. He is confident that Cleveland and Thurman will be elected, as a majority of the people of this country favor a reduction of taxation. In every grade of society taxation is onerous and the people are beginning to realize that the Democratic party is in earnest in its promise to try to reduce it.

WASHINGTON NOTES.

TEXANS IN WASHINGTON.

Special to the Gazette.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 13.—Eleanor Ward of Texas, has been appointed to a clerkship at $100 in the War Department, after serving a probatory term of six months.

Charles S. Curtice of Fort Worth, was married here yesterday to Miss Addie H. Beale of this city.

SIOUX VISIT WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 13.—Sixty chiefs and sub chiefs from the great Sioux reservation in Dakota, composing delegations from the several tribes of the Sioux nation, which have come to Washington to confer with the President and the Secretary of the Interior, were escorted to the Interior Department at 10 o'clock this morning, where they met Secretary Vilas and several other officials. The Secretary made a speech to them and invited them all to talk freely in return, but they said they were very tired from the long trip and asked to have the meeting postponed till Monday, which was granted.

TO BE TRIED IN NOVEMBER.

Special to the Gazette.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 13.—The case of Colonel James G. Tracy, formerly of Texas, who is under indictment for an assault on J. B. Turner last July will be tried early in November. Three important witnesses cannot now be secured necessitates the delay. They are Lee Chambers, Charles Stewart and Judge Gustave Cook of Houston. Colonel A. H. Jackson is counsel for Tracy.

DEFECT IN THE CRUISER BALTIMORE.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 13.—A large crack has been discovered in the steel stern post of the new cruiser Baltimore, which was launched last Saturday. The ship is now in the water, and it will be necessary to dock her before the defective stern post can be attended to.

TEXAS PENSIONERS.

Special to the Gazette.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 13.—The following Texas pensions were issued to-day: Increases—Edward Cook, Edgewood. Mexican Survivors—Calvin M. Car, Weatherford, Tex. Mexican Widows—Mary, widow of John Sewell, Elvile; Sarah, widow of John W. McKinney, Hico; Martha, widow of George W. Sanford, Hubbard.

TEXAS POSTOFFICES.

Special to the Gazette.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 13.—The following Texas postmasters were appointed to-day: Francisco Grazetta, Poly, Bandera county; A. B. Garrison, Ivy, Childress county.

Dr. Pierce's Pellets or Little Liver Pills are the smallest, mildest and best. One in a dose. Sugar coated, strengthening, invigorating. Druggists.

A TEXAS TASCOTT.

A Man Arrested in Hamilton County Tallies With the Chicago Murderer.

Special to the Gazette.

BROWNWOOD, TEX., Oct. 12.—J. G. Homan, our city marshal, went to Hamilton yesterday and arrested a party supposed to be Tascott, the murderer of the Chicago millionaire, Snell. If he is not the murderer of Snell, it is evident he has done something wrong, as he tells under several different names, and his actions are suspicious. He claims to have been a newspaper correspondent in Europe, and that he has traveled all over the north. His present appearance denotes that he has seen hard times, but he tallies exactly with the description of Tascott. His photograph has been sent to Chicago.

THE LOG CABINS of America have been birthplaces of some of the grandest men. Lincoln, Grant, Sheridan, first saw the light of day through the chinks of a Log Cabin. Warner's Log Cabin Sarsaparilla also originated in a Log Cabin, and stands preeminent as the blood purifier of to-day as Warner's "Tippecanoe" does as a stomach tonic.

UNPRECEDENTED ATTRACTION
OVER A MILLION DISTRIBUTED.

L. S. L.

Louisiana State Lottery Company.

Incorporated by the Legislature in 1868 for Educational and Charitable purposes, and its franchise made a part of the present State Constitution in 1879 by an overwhelming popular vote.

Its GRAND EXTRAORDINARY DRAWINGS take place Semi-Annually, (June and December,) and its GRAND SINGLE NUMBER DRAWINGS take place on each of the other ten months in the year, and are all drawn in public at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, La.

"We do hereby certify that we supervise the arrangements for all the Monthly and Semi Annual Drawings of The Louisiana State Lottery Company, and in person manage and control the Drawings themselves, and that the same are conducted with honesty, fairness, and in good faith toward all parties, and we authorize the Company to use this certificate, with fac similes of our signatures attached, in its advertisements."

G. T. Beauregard
J. A. Early
Commissioners.

We the undersigned Banks and Bankers will pay all Prizes drawn in The Louisiana State Lotteries which may be presented at our counters.

W. H. WALMSLEY, Pres. Louisiana Nat'l Bk.
P. LANAUX, Pres. State Nat'l Bk.
A. BAUMAN, Pres. New Orleans Nat'l Bk.
CARL KOHN, Pres. Union National Bank.

GRAND MONTHLY DRAWING

In the Academy of Music, New Orleans, Tuesday, November 13, 1888.

Capital Prize. $300,000!

100,000 Tickets at Twenty Dollars each. Halves, $10; Quarters, $5; Tenths, $2; Twentieths, $1.

LIST OF PRIZES.

1 PRIZE OF $300,000 is	$300,000
1 PRIZE OF 100,000 is	100,000
1 PRIZE OF 50,000 is	50,000
1 PRIZE OF 25,000 is	25,000
2 PRIZES OF 10,000 are	20,000
5 PRIZES OF 5,000 are	25,000
25 PRIZES OF 1,000 are	25,000
100 PRIZES OF 500 are	50,000
200 PRIZES OF 300 are	60,000
500 PRIZES OF 200 are	100,000
APPROXIMATION PRIZES.	
100 Prizes of $500 are	50,000
100 Prizes of $300 are	30,000
100 Prizes of $200 are	20,000
TERMINAL PRIZES.	
999 Prizes of $100 are	99,900
999 Prizes of $100 are	99,900
3,134 Prizes amounting to	$1,054,800

NOTE.—Tickets drawing Capital Prizes are not entitled to terminal prizes.

For Club Rates or any further information desired, write legibly to the undersigned, clearly stating your residence with State, County, Street and Number, when prompt rapid return mail delivery will be insured by your enclosing an envelope bearing your full address.

Send POSTAL NOTES, Express Money Orders or New York Exchange in ordinary letter. Currency by Express (at our expense) addressed

M. A. DAUPHIN,
New Orleans, La.

or M. A. DAUPHIN,
Washington, D. C.

Address Registered Letters to
NEW ORLEANS NATIONAL BANK,
New Orleans, La.

REMEMBER That the presence of Generals Beauregard and Early, who are in charge of the drawings, is a guarantee of absolute f