

LAWMAKERS WILL MEET

In Special Session July 19th and Repeal the Insurance Fire Rating Board Law.

Austin, Texas, June 15.—At 5 o'clock this afternoon Governor Campbell sprung a surprise on Capitol Hill in particular and the people of Texas in general by issuing a proclamation calling a special session of the legislature.

The special session is called to convene on July 19, for the sole purpose of repealing the fire rate insurance law and enacting such legislation as may be necessary on the subject of fire insurance.

No other subjects of legislation are mentioned in the call.

Calling the legislature at this time for the sole purpose of enacting insurance legislation would seem to set at rest rumors regarding the governor's intention toward other subjects of legislation.

The special session is evidently the governor's answer to the defy by Commissioner Hawkins, and the legislature may abolish an office which the executive arm was not long enough to reach with the ordinary big stick.

LETTER LIST.

List of letters remaining in the postoffice at Palestine, Texas, for the week ending June 14, 1910. Persons calling for any of this mail will please say ADVERTISED, and give date. A charge of one cent will be made on each piece of mail so advertised.

Geo. W. Burkitt, Jr.,
Postmaster.

Ladies' List.

Miss Annie Avery, Miss Bettie Petty, Mrs. Margaret Pugh, Mrs. Mary Smith, Mrs. Hellen White.

Miscellaneous.

Economy Grocery Co., Garrett Drug Co., Messrs. Sewell & Fields, Elite Confectionery Co.

Men's List.

W. H. Austin, N. Bourne, C. H. Buckner, Richard Crear, Andie Dean, Louis Lodonaran, A. B. Michinson, Mose Moseley, W. A. Morris, T. W. Pierce, W. A. Rushing, W. T. Taylor, Jim Tuberville, B. O. Wallace, James H. Wade.

Ready For Business.

Well, I am back and ready for business. I find there are other tuners in the field, but that is all right; there is work enough for all, and if I can't get all the work I can do without running down other tuners, I just won't get the work, that is all. I will get to my old customers as soon as possible. If you are in a hurry just drop me a guaranteed. Yours for piano tuning, card, or phone 1084. Would be glad to take any new customers that want me to do their work. Satisfaction H. M. Jones, Box 814. 2-28-10

Clerk-Carrier Examination.

An examination for the position of clerk and carrier in the postoffice service will be held at Palestine, Texas, by the local civil service examining board on Saturday, June 25th, 1910.

Applications for same must be on file with the secretary of the Tenth Civil Service District at New Orleans, La., not later than the close of business June 18th, 1910.

For further information and the necessary blanks, apply to the undersigned.

H. W. Stedman,
Local Secretary.

J. V. Harris

Has moved his shoe shop from the Avenue A triangle building to the old office of Dr. Tom Colley, on Avenue A, opposite the opera house, where he will be pleased to wait on his friends and customers, doing first-class shoe repairing and shoe making. 5-31-10

Why Not Own a Home?

A \$2,000.00 home for \$1,800.00. \$300.00 down, balance \$10.00 and accrued interest, making first payment \$22.50; cheaper than paying rent. Better not delay. Alfred Marschall, Red Rock, Texas, or Chas. Threasto at First National Bank. 3-25-10

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is sold on a guarantee that if you are not satisfied after using two-thirds of a bottle according to directions, your money will be refunded. It is up to you to try. Sold by Bratton Drug Co.

Inure your health in Prickly Ash Bitters. It regulates the system, promotes good appetite, sound sleep and cheerful spirits. Bratton Drug Co., Special Agents.

Have no automobile. Order your car in the evening, or early in the morning, or don't kick. Davis' Meat 3-12-10

Want ads. are result bring lines, three times. 25c.

QUEEN SAAV'S READY WIT.

A Story Appropriated From the Annals of Irish Royalty.

The anger of King Colm was terrible. 'Twas a fortnight before he could address himself to his queen or look her in the face and speak to her—and what he came to say to her then was that she was a shame and a disgrace to him, but sure what could he expect anyhow when he was such a notorious fool as ever to marry a beggar of a race of beggars. "Get up," says he, "and dress yourself, and leave my sight and my castle for evermore."

"Very well and good, me lord," says Saav, says she. "I'm ready. I was prepared for this, as you'll remember, before ever I married you; but," says she, "you remember your agreement—three back burdens of the greatest value I choose to carry out of your castle at my lady's?"

"Thirty-three," says he, "if you like 'Twill be a cheap price to get rid of you."

"Thanky, me lord," says she. "I'll only ask three. And before I've got them out maybe you'll think it's enough."

"What is the first back burden you choose?" says he.

"A back burden," says she, "of gold silver, diamonds and jewelry."

In a short time the king had a burden of them piled on her that nearly almost broke her back, and with it she went out over the drawbridge.

When she laid it down and came back in again says the king, says he, "What will your second back burden be?"

"For my second back burden," says she, "hoist up on me our baby boy."

The king gave a groan that'd rent rocks. But he wasn't the man to be daunted before any woman. He lifted with his own hands the boy in whom his heart was wrapped up and, setting his teeth hard, put him on Saav's shoulders. She carried him out over the drawbridge.

When she came back again says King Colm, says he, "Now then, name your third and last burden, and we're done with you forever, thank God!"

Says Saav, says she, "Get on me back yourself."

King Colm and his good Queen Saav lived ever after the happiest and most contented couple that Ireland ever knew, a parable for all kings and queens and married couples in the nation. Saav lived and died the wittiest as her husband lived ever after and died the justest and most generous, most reasonable, sensible, affable and amiable king that Ireland ever knew.—Everybody's Magazine.

Whistler Let Them Wait.

Whistler's laxity in the matter of engagements was notorious. No one ever knew if he were coming or not to affairs. But his point of view is explained in his answer to a friend of his who knew that he had an engagement to dine with some swells in a distant part of London and who felt that it was most impolitic for Whistler to offend them. It was growing late, and yet Whistler was painting away maddly, intently.

"My dear fellow," he said to him at last, "it is frightfully late, and you have to dine with Lady Such-a-one. Don't you think you'd better stop?"

"Stop?" fairly shrieked Whistler. "Stop, when everything is going beautifully? Go and stuff myself with disgusting food when I can paint like this? Never! Never! Besides, they can't do anything until I get there. They never do!"

If Jupiter Were Inhabited.

Calculations as to the size required for human beings on the other planets vary widely, according to the basis of reckoning. According to those based upon the attraction of gravity, Jupiter should be peopled by pygmies of twenty-eight inches. Wolfius, on the other hand, argued that Goliath himself would be accounted decidedly undersized upon that planet. He worked from the feebleness of the sun's light there, which would demand that the pupil of the eye should be much more dilatable. Since the pupil stands in a constant proportion to the pall of the eye and that to the entire body, said Wolfius, a little calculation shows that an average Jovian must be nearly thirteen feet seven inches tall—not quite four inches shorter than Og, king of Bashan, according to the measure of his bedstead given in Deuteronomy.

A Bright Blacksmith.

The greatest improvement in vehicle construction was when some bright blacksmith thought of heating the tires and shrinking them on the wheel. While many claim the honor, it is not known to whom it rightly belongs. Previous to this event tires were made in short sections and held on the felloes with nails. When starting on a long haul the driver always laid in a good supply of nails to use on the trip.—Shop Notes Quarterly.

Winding Up His Affairs.

"Look here, Ben, what did you shoot at me for? I ain't got no quarrel with you."

"You had a feud with Jim Wombat, didn't ye?"

"I did, but Jim's dead."

"I'm his executor."—Kansas City Journal.

Like the Moon.

"He's a star after dinner speaker, isn't he?"

"A star? He's a moon."

"How?"

"The fuller the brighter."—Cleveland Leader.

Persons who really wish to become angels should make a start in that direction while they are yet mortals.—National Magazine.

A TRICK IN FENCING

One Highly Distressing to an Accomplished Swordsman.

URNS A DUEL INTO A FARCE.

Used by a Weak or a Timid Opponent: It Renders His Adversary Practically Helpless—A Case of Two Playing at the Same Game.

A long and interesting chapter might be written on the humors of duels which never came off or which in some way fell short of deserving the name. A case which occurred a few years ago in Paris, the particular home and harvest field of the habitual duelist, merits mention.

A peaceable looking gentleman was walking down one of the boulevards with a lady on his arm when out of a safe sprang a man, who dealt him a violent kick. The victim turned, only to meet the horrified apologies of the aggressor, who begged to assure him that it was wholly a mistake in identity. Instead of insisting upon an exchange of cards and the other customary forms, the kicked man answered, with much warmth, but admirable self control: "I cannot, sir, accept your expression of regret as sufficient. Your action may have been a mistake, as you say, but acquaintances of mine may have witnessed it and will go away and spread the news that I have submitted to an insult without avenging it. I must therefore and instantly slap your face with equal publicity." The other most becomingly assented, the first sufferer administering a ringing blow on his ear, and the affair ended with entire satisfaction on both sides.

Weak or timid fencers are sometimes taught by their masters to keep a more skillful antagonist busy by fixing the sword in one position, aimed straight at his sword hand, and then not moving except to retreat when pressed too hard. It is highly distressing to an accomplished swordsman to have to face a learner so instructed, for it means a great outlay of energy and wind to little purpose.

Comte de Dion once thus chased a retreating adversary across plowed fields for a mile and a half and finally under the wheel of a cab for the poor satisfaction of giving him a slight prod in the back. Dr. Clemenceau in his famous duel with M. Deschanel, after a swift and wearisome pursuit, halted, shouldered his rapier like a walking stick and strolled back to his original place, throwing the contemptuous remark over his shoulder, "And now, monsieur, I will await you here."

Catulle Mendes had a similar run after Lugne Poe through the forest of St. Germain, which he ended by flinging his own sword into the bushes, with the angry exclamation, "I am willing to die from exhaustion by the roadside, if need be, but not from running after a fool."

A yet funnier incident was that which occurred in Toulouse, where a lawyer of some note named Cazenave was called out by a landed proprietor whom he had offended by a speech in court. He repaired at once to a fencing master, as he knew nothing whatever about handling a sword. This teacher gave him the usual advice about keeping his adversary at arm's length with the poised and immovable rapier, but strongly enjoined him not to retreat. It so happened that the landed proprietor, being equally ignorant, applied to the same master for instruction. The master, who was somewhat of a wag, gave him the lawyer's lesson in duplicate.

When the two men met and their seconds had duly placed them a long and tedious stillness ensued. For more than five minutes each foeman stood with his sword arm extended at full length, waiting for the other to advance. Then the seconds intervened, claiming that both had proved themselves men of honor and courage and that nothing further was necessary but to shake hands and be reconciled.

And this recalls the occasion when Lieutenant Randolph Ridgely of our army while in the Mexican war was sought by two young officers who had quarreled and each of whom wished the lieutenant for his second. It was finally arranged that he should act as second for both. On the field, where the adversaries were armed with shot guns, Ridgely measured off a line of ten paces and placed them respectively at its two termini, cocked his own revolver and announced that he would give all the orders himself and in his own way and that he would shoot down whichever of his principals disobeyed him in the slightest particular. Then came the orders, very deliberately uttered: "Present arms!" "Carry arms!" "Shoulder arms!" "Take aim!" They took careful aim and waited almost breathlessly for some minutes for the command to fire. It never came. Instead came the orders: "Present arms!" "Carry arms!" "Shoulder arms!" "Right about face!" "Front!" "Forward march!"

They recognized his commands as given in deadly earnest and knew that it would be instantly fatal to rebel. He kept them marching till they reached his tent. There he halted them and bade them stand at parade rest till they had listened to a lecture on the folly of dueling which fairly made their ears ring. But he seasoned his dose of rebuke with a few words of praise for the soldierly mettle they had shown in facing each other's gun without flinching, and the two men became fast friends from that hour.—New York Post.

A BRAVE GIRL.

Her Terrible Experience While on a Smuggling Expedition.

This tale of heroism displayed by a young woman engaged in smuggling contraband goods over the Swiss-Italian border comes from Geneva: "Mile Poretta, aged eighteen, and her brother, aged twenty-three, left Swiss territory to cross the Baldisco pass carrying contraband goods into Italy. On the summit they were overtaken by a violent snowstorm and were soon in deep snow. The Poretts roped themselves, the young man leading. They lost their way, and while attempting to find the path Poretta fell through the snow into a crevasse into which he nearly dragged his sister. The girl, however, planted her ice ax in the snow and withstood the shock.

"Early the next morning several smugglers crossing the pass from Swiss territory into Italian found the young girl near the ordinary route taken by smugglers and recognized her at once, as she belonged to a smuggler's family and lived at Chlavenna. The smugglers at once drew up the brother, but found that he had died during the thirteen hours his sister had held him by the rope. He had received severe injuries in the head, and his body was frozen.

"The smugglers carried down the brave girl, who was almost unconscious, as well as the dead body of her brother, and notified the Poretta family at Chlavenna. On reaching the valley the girl had recovered sufficiently from her terrible experience to explain that she and her brother had spoken for several hours after the accident and at last he had said that he felt nothing and wanted to sleep.

"A warm night followed the snowstorm, or two dead bodies would have been found. Under the great strain the rope had cut through the girl's clothes and her waist was bleeding when she was rescued."—Chicago News.

MISERY AIDING MISERY.

The Helping Hand Among the Beach Combers of Marseilles.

Harry A. Franck in "A Vagabond Journey Around the World" writes of the trying times when he was a beach comber in Marseilles: "Long, hungry days passed, days in which I could scarcely withstand the temptation to carry my kodak to the mont de pieté (pawnshop) just off the sailors' square. Among the beach combers there were daily some who gained a few francs by an odd job, by the sale of an extra garment or by 'grafting' pure and simple. When his hand closed on a bit of money the stranded fellow may have been weak with fasting, yet this first thought was not to gorge himself, but to save his fortune with his companion under hatches. In those bleak November days many a man ranked a 'good' outfit by his more fortunate fellow beings toiled all day at the coal wharfs of Marseilles and tramped back, cold and hungry, to the Place Victor Gelu to divide his earnings with other famished miserables whom he had not known a week before.

"More than one man said the only shirt he owned to feed a new arrival who was an absolute stranger to all. These men won no praise for their benefactions. They expected none and would have opened their eyes in wonder if they had been told that their actions were worthy of praise. The stranded band grew to be a corporate body. By a job here and there I contributed my share to the common fund, and between us we fought off gaunt starvation.

"In a dirty alley just off the place was an inn kept by a Greek in which one could sleep on the floor at 3 sous or in a cot at 6, and every evening a band of ragged mortals might have been seen dividing the earnings of some of them into three sou lots as they made their way toward 'L'au-berge chez le Grec.'"

Halley's Achievements.

Edmund Halley was a very great man. He was not only the first to predict correctly the return of a comet, that which is now known by his name, but also—before Newton had announced his results to any one—arrived at the conclusion that the attraction of gravitation probably varied inversely as the square of the distance. While these and other important achievements of his are well known it seems to have been forgotten that Halley devised a method of determining the age of the ocean from chemical denudation.—Dr. G. F. Becker in Science.

Tommy Knew.

Teacher (addressing class)—A philanthropist is a person who exerts himself to do good to his fellow men. Now, if I were wealthy, children, and gave money freely to all needy and unfortunate who asked my aid I'd be a philanthropist. She broke off abruptly to point at a boy in the class.

"What would I be, Tommy?" she asked.

"A cliché!" shouted Tommy.—Exchange.

The Cure.

He—There is a certain young lady deeply interested in me, and while I like her, you know, still I never could love her. I want to put an end to it without breaking the poor girl's heart. Can you suggest any plan?

She—Do you call there often?

He—No, indeed; not any oftener than I can possibly help.

She—Call oftener.

What Did He Mean?

Mrs. Benham—Death is the debt we owe to nature. Benham—Nature does not send out her bills often enough.—New York Press.

Mrs. W. J. Gaynor Poses For First Snapshot Photograph



Photo by American Press Association.

Mayor Gaynor of New York is being boomed by his friends as a possible candidate on the Democratic ticket for president. This suggestion is being attacked on all sides by W. R. Hearst. While Mayor Gaynor has of course been silent on the subject, his wife and daughter have been taking an active part in various social affairs in and around New York. This picture shows, reading from left to right, Miss Edith Gaynor, Mrs. Gaynor and Miss Pat Matilda Page. They were the guests of General Howe at Governors Island, New York. General Howe refused to permit Mrs. Gaynor to be photographed until she had given her consent. "I might as well get used to it now," Mrs. Gaynor said before posing for the photographer.

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