

**Fashion**

**More New Lingerie and Tub Dresses**

Saturday's express brought us another shipment of beautiful lingerie dresses in white, light blue, pink, lavender and banana colors—These dresses are richly trimmed with fine lace or embroidery and are the greatest values you have ever seen at these prices, \$8.75, \$7, \$6, \$5.50 and— **\$4.75**

Other lingerie dresses, as high as— **\$17.25**

We have also received a shipment of Tub Dresses made of linene, batiste and gingham, in light blue, pink, champagne and black and white checks—dresses for street or house wear at real low prices—\$5.00, \$4.00, \$3.85 and— **\$2.50**



**More New Skirts**

This morning's express brought us a shipment of new skirt in black and blue made of voiles, chiffon panama and panama in the season's new styles—They are all extra good values and will sell fast at these prices—\$8.50, \$7.00, \$6.00, \$5.00, \$4.00 and— **\$2.98**



**OUR NEW YORK LETTER**

**Greek Peddler Sees No Justice in American Laws—Baby Rhino Is Ill—Other Notes.**

New York, March 7.—There wasn't a more disgusted man in town the other day than the Greek peddler who was fined in the police court for selling flowers on the street on Washington's birthday without having a license. When he was informed in court that he had violated the law, the Greek became indignant and gave drastic expression to his contempt for a country called "free," where it was unlawful to sell flowers on the birthday of the man who was called "the Father of his Country."

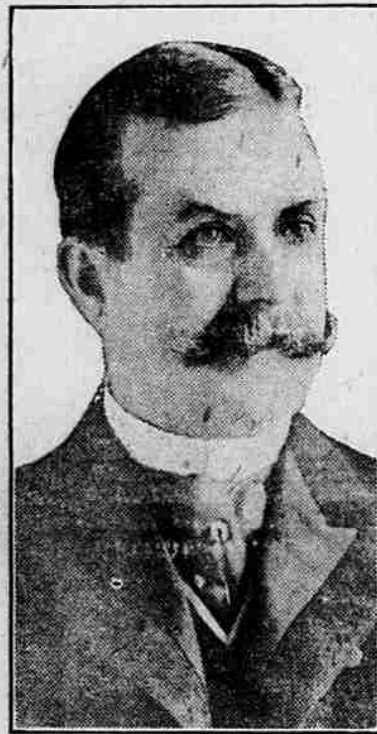
One of the New York theatrical managers has inaugurated a new method, somewhat on the order of civil service examinations, for selecting actresses for his shows. Heretofore the selections were mostly made at haphazard from the enormous number of applicants. That method proved highly unsatisfactory. Now every applicant is handed a printed slip containing some scene of the play to be given and it depends upon the manner in which they read and interpret the lines whether they are placed upon the list of successful applicants, from which vacancies in the casts are filled.

The baby rhinoceros at the Bronx Zoo has a severe cold in the head. Every person who was ever similarly afflicted will be sure to sympathize with the poor animal. The patient was put on a special diet and was given enormous doses of cough medicine, which it swallowed without protest. It is hoped that the baby rhinoceros will recover from its indisposition under the careful medical attention given to it. The illness of the little rhinoceros caused considerable annoyance to the other animals in the building, because they were kept awake by the sneezes of the patient, which sounded like high-pressure steam escaping from a boiler.

The publication of an alleged statement attributed to Mrs. Alma Webster-Powell, one of the leading suffrage advocates, caused considerable commotion among the suffragists and suffragettes of New York the other day. It was alleged that Mrs. Powell had advised her sisters in the cause of woman's suffrage to bribe the legislators in Albany with kisses into granting the women of the state the right to vote. In an open letter addressed to one of the daily papers, Mrs. Powell emphatically denied having given this advice. Many of the suffragettes, eager for new sensations and experiences, had welcomed the alleged suggestion and are disappointed over this denial. Of course it was merely a joke.

Taxicabs have fallen into disrepute through the brazen and impudent hold-up methods of many of the cab drivers. The manner in which they overcharge their "fares" shows that they have less conscience than trust presidents. The other day a man took a cab to convey him from his home Hooper street, Brooklyn, to Terrace Garden, Manhattan, where he intended to attend a ball. The distance about five or six miles. When he arrived at Terrace Garden the "cabby" tried to collect a fare of \$8.80. The passenger refused to pay that exorbitant rate and the cab driver had him arrested. The passenger was taken before Magistrate Barlow of the night court and the case was submitted to him. The magistrate figured out that \$4.00 was all the cab driver was entitled to and the prisoner was perfectly willing to pay that much. Finding himself balked at his little extortion game, the "cabby" accepted the \$4.00 and the prisoner was released.

**Earl Carrington.**  
Named as Successor of Lord Minto, Governor General of Canada.



Earl Carrington, named as successor of the Earl of Minto as governor general of Canada, is considered one of Great Britain's ablest statesmen. He has been president of the board of agriculture and governor of New South Wales and has held other high offices.

The report from Pittsburg that the warden of the Western Pennsylvania penitentiary has decided to give congenial employment to a number of "artists" confined in that institution, by putting them to work painting elaborate frescoes upon the interior walls of the prison building, has created considerable interest among the men and women who make the amelioration of prison conditions their hobby. The plan is considered excellent from a humanitarian standpoint and an effort will be made to have the Pittsburg example imitated in the various penal and reformatory institutions of the state of New York. It is believed that even Harry Thaw might find his confinement at Matteawan less irksome if his cell walls were decorated with frescoes representing bathing nymphs or dancing bayaderes. Should any one of the prisons or lunatic asylums be shy of "artists" to do the work, the defect could easily be remedied. There are plenty of "artists" of the "impressionist" kind who ought to be in prison, in a lunatic asylum or some other place for safe-keeping.

Excursion rates via I. & G. N. R. R. to Fort Worth and return, account Fat Stock and Horse Show, March 14-19, 1910. Special low rates. For full particulars see Agent I. & G. N. Railroad. 45th St. Carpenter and general repair work. D. T. Michener, phone 1001. 2-21m

**SPOILED THE MORAL**

**ACT MADE FLAW IN MR. PETERSON'S LITTLE SERMON.**

**Observant Reader Will Be Inclined to Come to the Conclusion That He Aided and Abetted Bad Boy.**

Mr. Peterson did not mind being called a moralist. In fact, he was rather proud of the habit, which he sedulously cultivated, of discoursing in a high, ethical tone about whatever came to his notice. Mrs. Peterson, a silent, hard-working woman, listened to her lord's remarks faithfully, applauding and commenting at what she thought were appropriate spots. One day Mr. Peterson returned from the village hot with righteous indignation and overexertion. "These people!" he said, fanning himself rapidly with a palm leaf. "These people and their children! I am almost glad we haven't any children, Maria, for if we had, I'm sure we should train them up to be just as thoughtless and ill-mannered as the rest of the world."

"What—" began Mrs. Peterson, in her soft voice. "Begging!" answered her husband. "Plain, every-day begging! And John Lincoln's son, too! The little rascal! I don't think he's six yet."

"He was five last May," replied Mrs. Peterson, with a readiness which showed that although she herself had no children, her interest in her friends' offspring was keen.

"Anyway," maintained Mr. Peterson, "he's old enough to know better." This was somewhat illogical, seeing that only a moment before a virtue had been made of the lad's youth. However, Mr. Peterson was a moralist. "He's old enough to know better," said Mr. Peterson, "and he doesn't do better. This very morning, for example,"—he paused to emphasize again the fact that it was to-day, as if the date, made an important difference—"this very morning I was passing by John Lincoln's house on Vernon street, and there, in the front yard, was his son John, junior, playing with the puppy. No sooner did the boy see me than he said, 'Please, Mr. Peterson, give me a cent.'"

"I am surprised that Sarah Lincoln's boy—" began Mrs. Peterson. "I am not surprised at anything in this world," announced Mr. Peterson, "after the things I've seen and heard in my life. I am disappointed. So I said to him, 'What do you want with a cent, John?' And to this he replied, 'Buy something.' If any boy of mine—had I a boy—were seen on the public streets—"

"What did you say to him then?" asked Mrs. Peterson, becoming a little impatient to get to the point of the story, as she had cakes in the oven.

"Why," said Mr. Peterson, "I happened to have an extra cent in my pocket, and so I lectured him for several minutes on the crime of begging and—"

"Then you gave him the cent?" said Mrs. Peterson, with an odd smile on her lips.

Her husband nodded. "I thought I might as well."—Youth's Companion.

**Woodmen Circle.**  
Holly Grove Woodmen Circle No. 298 will meet Tuesday, March 8th at 7:30 o'clock, in K. of P. hall. Initiation of candidates. Members requested to be on time. Visiting sovereigns welcome. Clerk.

See our special \$25.00 new spring suitings, made up in any style you prefer, Mitchell & Donaghue, the Good Tailors. 9-1f

Phone John-- Ormond for wood.

**A MODERN JACOB**  
By A. ROBT. GROH

Anthony Johnson had worked two years as hired man for Laban Walker. "Anthony is a good worker and has money in the bank. Why does he not buy a farm of his own?" people asked. Anthony knew why. So, also, did pretty Rachel Walker. It was for her smiles and presence that Anthony continued to toll for Laban Walker. Rachel knew that Anthony was in love with her a month after he came to work for her father. In her heart she rejoiced in his adoration. But, like many good women, she was something of a croquette, and so when, as they were driving home from church one day, Anthony asked her to marry him, she smiled roguishly and said: "Father wants me to marry Lafayette Fraser."

Anthony bit his lip and struck the horse such a cut with the whip that the animal jumped forward with a suddenness that threatened to upset the buggy. Fraser was a widower, but he owned more land than any one else in the county. Rachel had smiled on him when he called, especially when Anthony could see her. Fraser had tried in vain to find out whether Walker's farm was mortgaged, and had decided in the end that Rachel was a good "bargain" even without money.

Anthony drove along in silence after Rachel had given him her answer. Finally, when he could trust his voice, he said: "Do you think you love him—Rachel?"

"Well, why shouldn't I?" she asked, tossing her pretty head.

Anthony was not skilled in the maneuvers of such situations, and as he was not a woman he did not get by intuition the gift of acting well under such circumstances. So he said no more. His heart was too full for utterance.

They soon reached home, and he helped her out of the buggy. Then without a word he drove to the barn and put away the horse. He changed his clothes mechanically and did the chores, barely knowing what he was doing.

That evening, after Rachel had retired and when her father was dozing over the Farm Journal, Anthony approached him.

"My year's up next week, and then I must leave," he said.

"What—what's that?" exclaimed Walker. "Didn't ye tell me just last week that ye would stay another year?"

"Yes," admitted Anthony, "but circumstances have changed since then."

Nothing Walker could say would change his purpose, and he went off to bed, where he passed a sleepless night. What mattered now the money he had saved during the years of toll? She, for whom he had worked and saved and planned great things for the future was going to be another's. He ought never to have hoped for her, he told himself. He might have known he was a fool to aspire to the hand of such a girl.

Rachel had been a little worried during the night about her treatment of Anthony. "He took me so awfully seriously," she reflected. And then she took a little tintype out of a box and looked at it before she went downstairs to get breakfast.

Her father was there, and he told her of Anthony's determination. She was frightened. She hurried back to her room, so her father would not see the tears that welled up in her eyes. She had never dreamed that this could come from her bit of coquettishness.

That evening when Anthony came in from doing the chores he heard his name called in a low voice. It was Rachel.

"You—you didn't think I meant what I said about Lafayette Fraser, did you, Anthony?" she said, her voice trembling.

Anthony's heart gave a great leap of joy.

"Oh, Rachel, do you—can you mean you care for me?"

Her eyes were cast down and she was picking to pieces a flower. She looked up timidly at him, and in the half darkness he saw her slender form sway. The next moment he held her tight in his arms and her smiling eyes were upturned happily to his.

**Society of Breakers.**

The Secret Society of Breakers is a new organization in Atchison. If a woman receives a platter or any other breakable article as a gift from a friend and knows that to put it on display, where the donor expected it to be put, its ugliness will make a wilderness of her once pretty home, she drops a note to the Secret Society of Breakers, and this is what follows: A member of the society makes a call on the afflicted woman and while there asks casually to see the woman's china; she is so interested in china, she says. She also says she is clumsy and doesn't like to handle dishes. This clumsiness accounts for it when the platter falls to the floor and breaks. It is said of one woman whose husband got her an ugly lampshade that she let it fall herself and broke it without sending for one of the S. S. of B. This was a mistake, as her husband will always feel aggrieved at her carelessness.—Atchison Globe.

The man who does his best will hold his job longer than the man who could do better, but doesn't.

**ASQUITH AND LLOYD-GEORGE, LEADING FIGURES IN PARLIAM**



The session of parliament summoned by King Edward to meet in historic Westminster Feb. 15 is expected to become memorable in the history of the British empire. Two of its leading figures are Herbert H. Asquith, the premier and leader of the Liberal party, which has been returned to power by a majority of two, and David Lloyd-George, the chancellor of the exchequer and the most prominent man of today in the British empire. The rejection of Lloyd-George's radical budget by the house of lords led to the recent election.

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