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Which are now ready for your inspection, together with the materials from which the garments are made. The Fashion Plates and Samples of Materials represent a one-million dollar stock of Ladies Fine Wearing Apparel, made to order and ready-made, in the latest styles and at the lowest prices.

Mrs. C. J. GRIGGS,
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WHEN THE HOUSE SAILS
Over the tree tops' thoughts of

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Will be too late. Better decide to insure when your property is safe upon the ground. When the low cost of this class of insurance is considered it is surprising that anyone is without protection. The season of high winds is upon us. Don't delay any longer. Get a policy today from R. D. McCOMBS, who represents the best Tornado Companies in the world.

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**V. Trippet
FOR
Groceries**

THE TROUBLES OF DAD

Millie Suggests a Pension for the Man Who Rears Boys.

If ever I go to the legislature I am going to get a bill through to pension all men who raise to manhood more than two boys. My father raised four and he ought to have had four pensions. I am raising one and I say darn a darn boy, any way you take him. Hereafter I'll take girls in mine and risk the trifling son-in-law in the future.

Just as soon as a boy gets big enough to walk he will begin to play tricks on his daddy. His mama will always side with him and it makes no difference what the little galoot does, she will think he is smart. It doesn't take a boy and his mama long to form a combination against the old man that will make life interesting to him for all time to come.

I am the oldest of my father's children. In less than two years after my arrival Bud came to break the monotony, and with my help we broke it. I know only from hearsay how our boyhood went off, but I do remember our sleeping on the trundle bed, and how we used to fight over old Tom, the cat. I would want him and Bud would want him. I would get him by the head and Bud would get him by the tail and we would pull until old Tom would give us both a scratching and skin out to the barn to sleep in peace.

When we were older we were transferred to another room across the hall. We slept in peace as only boys can sleep, but when we were not asleep things were not so peaceful. Pa used to break the serenity of our hilarity once in a while with his peach tree limbs, but we continued to grow in stature as well as in meanness. We had lots of fun with each other, but the best of all came in getting Pa into scrapes. We generally got a whipping for our pains, but what cares a boy for a licking?

One day a fellow came to our home selling pear trees. He said he was just introducing the fruit, and as their stock was limited he could sell but two trees to a family. He said the pears would be as large as sugar bowls, as yellow as gold, and as sweet as sugar. He was a smooth artist and Pa took two at \$5.00 a piece. He planted them in the garden and read the riot act in regard to them to Bud and me. But the pear trees never gave us any concern until they bore. The fourth year one of them had two pears on it and they were dandies too. Pa read the law to us again about those pears Bud said he would never touch them because pears scratched his throat. I said I would never touch them because I was a good little boy and loved my Pa.

A night or two after that after Bud had gone to sleep I got pear hungry. I got up and put on Bud's old plow boots and went to the garden and plucked the forbidden fruit. I ate them right there. I left the peelings and cores to show that the pears had not evaporated. In the mean time I took special care to walk around in the plowed ground so as to show that the tracks were made by Bud's old run-down boots. I then went back to bed and slept till morning. But, you may bet your socks I was up and out to the barn feeding before Pa got up. Bud always did sleep like a log and he slept on. Just as the robins began to sing Pa arose and mosed out to look at his pears. He saw their remains and Bud's old boot tracks. It made him so mad that he took out his knife and cut the top out of one of the trees, trimmed it up and started to the house for Bud. I could see him from the barn and could tell from his maneuvers that the old scratch was to pay.

He went into our room, gave Bud a yank by the nape of the neck and says: "I'll show you how to play tricks on your father you young scamp. The pears tasted good did they? Didn't scratch your neck much I guess? But there will be no doubt about some scratching when I am through with you. You will not want any more pears for ten years. I'll cure your taste for pears." Then he struck at Bud with his pear top, but Bud was too quick and dodged. He ran out of the door, across the hall into Ma's room, and jumped into her bed with her. Pa followed still waving his pear top and madder than forty hornets. But Ma wouldn't let him touch Bud. "No, sir," she says, "Maybe he didn't do it, he says he didn't."

"Of course he says he didn't," says Pa, "he would say anything but his prayers and you would believe him any time before you would me." But Bud swore he never went about that garden. They all three went out and saw the tracks and they were made by Bud's boots, no doubt of that, the boots just fit the tracks. Ma had to give it up but she wouldn't let Pa whip him. She said she would talk to him.

Next day there was a barbecue and Pa wouldn't let Bud go. Ma was willing to that for she said he needed punishment.

I went and Pa gave me some money. He introduced me to a candidate for congress and told him what a promising boy I was, so truthful, etc.

Bud took his medicine like a little man, but when Pa and I got back he had it all figured out. He says to me: "You did that and I guess you think you are mighty smart. I'll get even with you and a-a-a you for get it."

I knew he would get even but I resolved to be in at the evening. The next week Bud went down on Peachson creek possum hunting. I suspected that there might be an evening up on his return. He always paid such debts with compound interest.

After he left I took a fine case

of the colic. Pa came into our room to doctor me. He rubbed my stomach, but that did no good, then Ma brought me some of the black berry wine, that helped but it did not entirely relieve me; finally, Pa gave me some of his apple brandy and that knocked all the colic out. I got to feeling pretty good and called him "governor," he boxed my ears and told me to shut up and go to sleep. I shut up but didn't go to sleep. Ma told Pa to stay in bed with me for fear I might have another spell. He lay over next to the wall and was soon fast asleep.

About midnight I heard the gate rattle and knew Bud had come back. I went out and stood by the corner of the house to watch him. He went to the cistern and got him a drink, then went around to the kitchen back door and got the bucket of slop. Now, that slop had the usual ingredients of dishwater, cabbage leaves, onion blades and about a gallon of blackeyed peas.

Bud got this mixture and started to our room for me, but when he got to the steps leading into the hall he sat down and sulked thusly: "Yes, he did fix me, but I'll fix him now if I am acquainted with myself. I know I'll get a thrashing, but it won't be the first one I ever got. Besides, Pa will get mad and whip us both and will give him the most because he is the elder."

He laughed a chuckle and went in with the slop. There Pa lay all silhouetted against the wall, and I have no doubt dreaming of his two good little boys.

Bud of course thought he was me. He hepped with his bucket and gave him a wave from his head to his heels, then he reversed his position and gave him a dash from his heels to his head. This time the peas hit the wall like so many buckshot. Pa jumped like a shot cat and lit right onto Bud. He thought Bud was me and that I was drunk on too much colic medicine. Bud thought Pa was me too, and such another fight you never saw. They fought like kilken cats and the fur flew. Bud pulled some of Pa's pretty burn whiskers and Pa made it so hot for Bud that he yelled so loud he brought out some of the neighbors.

Ma stopped the row, then cried and said we were all disgraced; then tried to explain to the bewildered neighbors and wound up by saying that Pa was to blame for it all.

Pa said he didn't care what she and all the neighbors and all the kin folks thought or said, that he was boss of the family and would whip Bud this time or bust.

"Just look at my whiskers, a bed ruined, and a room to be repaired. O, we are indeed a happy, happy family!"

But my "colic medicine" had overdone the thing with me and I laughed too much and too loud and made a few facetious remarks, which caused Pa and Ma to hold a joint council of war. I felt so good and so big that I never denied anything, but told it all and more too with gusto. I told them that I ate the pears, that I never had any colic, and asked Ma if she didn't think Pa was the softest old codger this side of the polar star.

They decided that I needed chastisement and that I was the prime cause of Bud's "slopping" Pa.

Pa got him a branch from a cedar tree and we retired to the wood shed where there was a "sound of revelry by night." He talked to me about jails and the gallows and intimated that I might some day come to a bad end. He did not "spare the rod and ruin the boy," but gave me a whipping that I shall remember till my dying day and I deserved it.

But as a man sows so shall he reap; sow the wind and you will reap the whirlwind.

Yesterday morning I went to put on my shoes when I found a dead

rat in one of them that had been put there by my five-year-old son. I started to spank the rat, but his mother said "no," and laughed at the trick her boy had played on his daddy. Then I thought: "woe unto the man who hath a wife and one or more sons for his path shall be rocky and the sons and mother shall combine against him and in the end he shall need a pension."—Millie.

WALNUT GROVE.

Walnut Grove, March 21.—More rain, more mud, but we are delighted to say that the past few days have been such that farmers have begun to plant corn.

Mrs. Taylor and daughter, Miss Tennie, went to Midlothian today. B. F. Cherry left for Fort Worth this morning to attend the cattle convention.

Miss Dora Smith, who has been spending the winter with her sister at Duncanville, has returned home. Mr. Frank Summers has gone to Mineral Wells to spend a few weeks. Mrs. Cherry and family visited Mrs. Clayton Stokes last Sunday.

Several of the farmers disposed of their cotton during the last advance in the market.

Mrs. E. J. King was a pleasant visitor of Mrs. Jack McDowell this week.

Miss Kirk visited Miss Mamie Kirk last Sunday.

Mr. John Sanders came in from Oklahoma last week to spend a few days visiting friends and relatives in this community.

Miss Maud Hays visited Miss Tinnie Taylor last Sunday.

Mrs. Tinnie Lilwall who has been visiting friends in Waxahachie, has returned to this community.

Mr. Bryant and family visited the family of Mr. Bud Pollock.

Mr. Joe Cavender spent last Sunday with the family of his uncle Steve.

Noah Fay and Mr. and Mrs. Ed Smith visited the family of Mr. Thomas Curry.

STATE OF OHIO, City of Toledo, Lucas County.

Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and state aforesaid, and that this firm will pay ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

FRANK J. CHENEY.
Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1886.

(Seal) A. W. GLEASON,
Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts direct on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo O.
Sold by all druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation. 3d

Epworth League Program.
Program for Sunday, March 26.

Topic: Missionary. Acts XIII, 26-32.

Leader, Mr. Brooks.

Provisional Preparation for the Gospel—Mrs. Jett Thomas.

The Preparation of the Message and Messenger—Miss Lizzie Reymuller.

His Missionary Call—Miss Lucile Arnold.

His Missionary Travels—Anson Alderdice.

His Missionary Spirit—Henry Lee Ingram.

Notice.

The ladies of the Episcopal church will have a Saturday market at Mrs. J. P. Cleveland's, 308 Elm street, where salads, cakes and pies will be on sale, and will take orders for same at any time.

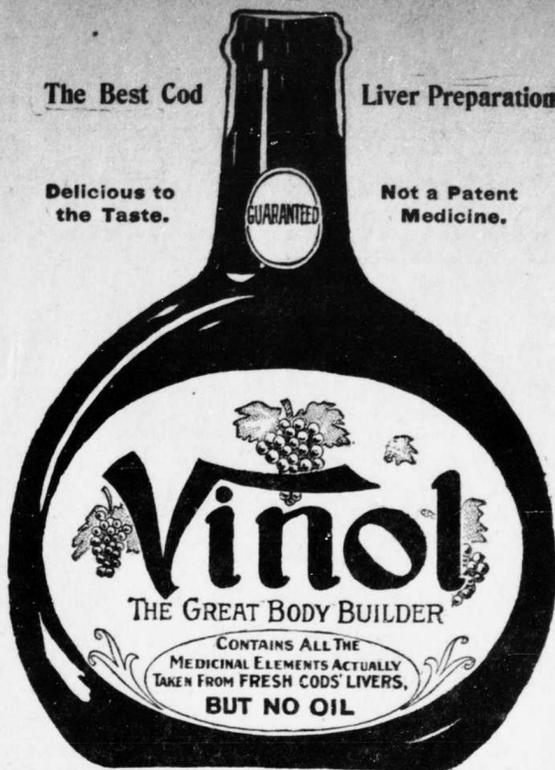
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A Trip To Egypt

By C. Herbert Kerr, writer of "The Beauty Doctor," Etc. SPARKLING SONG HITS—"The Girlie With the Wink," "Rose, Sweet Rose," "That Little Black Gal of Mine," Sextette—"Stroll Together." Elaborate scenic Display, New and Novel Electrical Effects, A Ballet of Punny Dancers, Gorgeous Costumes, Funniest Play of the Season. Seats on Sale at Hood & Martin's. PRICES—25c to \$1.00. Curtain held until 9 o'clock.