THE HEART OF HUNGARY.

Pest, Which Is Joined by a Hyphen and Five Bridges to Buda.

Situated on a river which hears more tongues than any other on its long journey to the sea, feeling the influence of the orient as well as the occident, expressive of the progress of a race whose heart is young, is Pest, one of the newest of cities, joined by a hyphen and five bridges to Buda, one of the oldest of capitals. Here there need be no strife between the sentiment that would preserve an ancient building and the enterprise that would put something more serviceable in its place. In much the same way that one may have portraits of his ancestors hung on the walls of a steam heated house, without interfering with the utilities, so the Magyar from a comfortable chair in his cafe, while he listens to stock exchange quotations or the opera over the telephone, may look across the Danube at the monuments of the Hungarian past. On our part we should have a parallel if Washington were the commercial metropolis as well as the capital and we moved the heights of Arlington farther down the Potomac and crowned them with Liberty hall, Castle William and Old South church.

In other European cities where an old municipal site adjoins a modern, though hills are leveled and moats filled, the cramping effect of narrow alleyways and crooked streets still remains. The heights of the Buda side formed a natural stronghold in the middle ages. There the first Hungarian king was crowned; there the Turkish janizaries were encamped for the hundred years that the walls of Vienna were an unyielding bulwark against the tide of Moslem invasion; there in later times the patriots inspired by Kossuth made a gallant stand. The successors of the old warriors and their people had only to cross the stream to find a plain which was equally suitable for a twentieth century city, where in peace they have won successes that they failed to win in war.—Frederick Palmer in Scribner's.

WHEN MAN IS ENVIED.

When he doesn't have to twist his arms to look his bodice up the back.

When he can wear his best hat in the rain without getting the curl out of the feathers.

When he gives his hair a neat little slick with a comb and, presto! his coiffure is complete.

When the children cry and he can whistle a tune, get his hat, bang the door and go out.

When he stows things away in his multitudinous pockets and saunters on with unincumbered hands.

When he trips up the street on a rainy day with his trousers jauntily turned up and no skirts to kick.

When he swings easily on and off a moving car without danger of tangling his heels in his petticoats.

When the dinner is spoiled and he chats unconcernedly and all the guests pity him because he is married to an incompetent, fussy, discomposed woman.—Chicago Journal.

Beauty's Varieties.

The French say there are several "ages" as well as kinds of beauty—the beauty of mere youthfulness, which they call la beaute du diable; also a beauty of "ugliness," of "old age" and of "thinness," called la beaute du singe. Frederika Bremer, the Swedish novelist, had the beauty of "plainness." She was so very plain of face that her expression of trustfulness, as though appealing to you to find some other qualities in her than mere "looks," shone out with a perfect radiance that ennobled her face and drew friends to her, because she had no other beauty. But Miss Bremer took pleasure in her well kept hands, of which she used to say, "Even hands have their moments of charm."

Wild Animals and the Human Voice.

Gordon Cumming was perhaps the first to discover the effect of the human voice upon wild animals. On one occasion he had a lioness in full retreat before him. He called loudly to her, whereupon she squatted like a huge dog and permitted him to approach. In a similar venture he checked the charge of a lioness by yelling at her and continued to do so, while she remained perplexedly sniffing the ground and allowed him to escape.

Time to Get Aboard.

"Porter, is my ticket good on this train?"

"Yes, sah. Step right in, sah."

"This is a fast train, ain't it?"

"It's de fast mail, sah."

"How fast does it run?"

"Sometimes a mile a minute, sah."

"Whew! Does it ever leave the track?"

"No, sah, but it sometimes leaves de passengers. Better git aboard, sah."—Kansas City Journal.

Squaring Himself.

Stage Carpenter (who has been sent in in an emergency to say a line)—Me lord, the police 'ave discovered your whereabouts and even now approach.

The Bold, Bad Baron—'Tis false—false!

The Stage Carpenter—All right. Then you go and ask the blooming stage manager. He told me.—London Telegraph.

After the Wedding.

He—It certainly was a pretty wedding, and everything was so nicely arranged.

She—That's just what I think. And the music was especially appropriate.

He—I don't remember. What did they play?

She—"The Last Hope."—Lippincott's Magazine.

POISON OF THE RATTLER.

Not Nearly as Dangerous as It Is Popularly Supposed to Be.

"There is a good deal more fright about the bite of a rattlesnake than there is actual danger," said a well known physician recently. "I do not mean to say that the bite of a rattler is not a very serious thing, but I do mean to say that this particular sort of snake is really not so ready or apt to 'get in his bite' as some others.

"In the first place, there is the now generally credited fact that the rattler is the most honest of snakes. He doesn't 'pick a fight.' He doesn't lay in wait for any one. He won't run away, of course, for he is a plucky reptile, but he will curl up and give you a fair warning from those rattles of his before he attempts to strike. I remember once in the west finding a rattler just ahead of my horse's fore feet. I had no weapon of any sort, so I rode on, passing within a few inches of the reptile. The snake was curled and ready for my horse in case the animal side stepped, but as we did nothing of that sort we were allowed to pass in peace.

"Again, the truth is that the poison of the rattler does not get into the wound inflicted by the fangs in the average human being. For the average human being nowadays is clothed, and the holes in the fangs through which the poison comes are rather far up toward the roof of the mouth. Consequently very often the point of the fangs may enter the skin, while the poison dribbles out harmlessly enough upon the trousers or the boot. It is then that the 'victim' gets scared, fills up on whisky—a bad thing in bona fide cases of rattlesnake bite—and believes himself marvelously cured when he wakes up next day."—Philadelphia Press.

APHORISMS.

Set a beggar on horseback and he will ride a-gallop.—Burton.

The hearing ear is always found close to the speaking tongue.—Emerson.

To be conscious that you are ignorant is a great step to knowledge.—Disraeli.

Humility is a virtue all preach, none practice, and yet everybody is content to hear.—Selden.

A life spent worthily should be measured by a noble line—by deeds, not years.—R. B. Sheridan.

Health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of, a blessing that money cannot buy.—Walton.

When a man assumes a public trust he should consider himself as public property.—Thomas Jefferson.

Everybody likes and respects self made men. It is a great deal better to be made in that way than not to be made at all.—O. W. Holmes.

Little Henry's Questions.

Little Henry was reading ancient history stories. "Pa," said he suddenly, "can I ask you a question?"

"I guess you can, Henry. You seem to have a fair command of English."

"Well, may I, then?" little Henry continued.

"Yes," said pa. "Fire ahead."

"That's funny," said little Henry. "I was just thinking of such things. Now, did the old Romans light their houses with Roman candles?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said pa, chuckling. "Nero, at least, indulged in a good deal of fireworks. Anything else?"

"Yes," replied little Henry. "Did the people of Athens do all their cooking with Greek fire?"

Then pa got mad and said he couldn't be bothered with any more silly questions.—Household Ledger.

Laying the "Ghost."

The Earl of Onslow tells a very effective story. His beautiful old place, Clandon, suddenly became possessed of a "ghost," and the servants of the place were almost terrified out of their wits by the noises they heard and the sights they saw or imagined. The reputation of the mansion became noised abroad, and at last Lord Onslow took a short cut to end the mystery. He assembled his servants and gave it out to them that he was determined to have no more of this sort of thing. For the future all members of his family would sleep with loaded revolvers by their side, and at the first suggestion of a noise they would send a bullet in its direction to investigate the cause. Clandon nowadays is quite commonplace in its immunity from the uncanny.—London Globe.

An Irish Compliment.

When Earl Spencer was lord lieutenant of Ireland the people of Dublin called the beautiful countess, one of the loveliest women of her time, "Spenser's Faerie Queene."

But when their excellencies were about to return to England Irish gallantry was shown in a characteristic way. At the farewell banquet in their honor an Irish gentleman got up and said, with much fervor and many bows:

"We all hope soon to see you back again, you and the work of art by your side."

Knew Paris.

Bobson—I see that a Parisian countess is obliged to earn her living at the washtub. Too bad, isn't it?

Deacon Bingle (who knows something about Paris)—Well, I don't know. Those Parisian washerwomen seemed to be a decidedly jolly lot.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Heartless Female!

Young Wife—What do you do when your husband gets cross and wants to scold?

Wife (with experience)—I read him one or two of the letters he used to write to me before we were married.—Baltimore American.

"DAVID HARUM."

What promises to be the largest advance sale of seats for a distinctly dramatic performance that has been known in this city for some time is that which begins today for the presentation of "David Harum" at the Robison Opera House Thursday, January 21. There is no questioning the fact that extraordinary interest centers in the production of this play. As a story of life in central New York the book has had a tremendous vogue and the play adapted from it will in all likelihood find favor for many years. Thus far the play has won much success and it contains a good many things that appeal to the average theater-goer. The story is pretty and simply told, and its humor is fresh and quaint. Its characters are deftly drawn and to readers of the book it will seem that they have just stepped out from the printed pages of the book onto the stage. The presentation of the play is being awaited with much interest. Everyone is anxious to get a look at David Harum and Aunt Polly, Dick Barrabee, John Lenox, and the other characters; to see David sell Deacon Perkins the bay horse and to hear his story of his visit to the circus as told by him to the Widow Cullom, and the promise is made that the production will be found to be a very complete and elaborate one. The play ran for sixteen weeks in New York, six in Chicago, two months in Boston and six weeks in Philadelphia.

Cured Lumbago.

A. B. Canman, Chicago, writes Mar. 4 1903: "Having been troubled with lumbago at different times and tried one physician after another; then different ointments and liniments, gave it up altogether. So I tried once more, and got a bottle of Ballard's Snow Liniment, which gave me almost instant relief. I can cheerfully recommend it, and will add my name to your list of former sufferers." 25c, 50c and $1. Sold by W. B. Frame.

SPECIAL CLUBBING OFFER.

Special effort is made by the publishers of the Dallas Semi-Weekly News to give full and complete Territory service. In fact it covers the field included in Texas and the adjacent states and territories both by a general Associated Press scrivce and its own Special Paid Correspondents, thus giving quick and unsurpassed news service from the Southwest in general and the Territories in particular. This feature in addition to its fine agricultural and live stock page and other specially edited pages, for the family, makes the Dallas Semi-Weekly News a most useful and interesting paper to the farmers and stockmen of Oklahoma and Indian Territory. You can now get the News in connection with the Weekly Ardmoreite for the small sum of $1.50 a year.

Subscribe now and get the local news and general news, too, at a small cost. ARDMOREITE,
Ardmore, I. T.

When bilious try a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets and realize for once how quickly a first class up to date medicine will correct the disorder. For sale by F. J. Ramsey, Ardmore Drug Co., W. B. Frame.

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Calls answered for baggage at all hours, day or night. We meet every train. Never sleep. Phone 261.
23-1m J. S. ROWLES & SON.

You get more for your money in heating and cook stoves at Spragins' than any other place. He sells the Leader and the Garland. Can you think of better stoves?

Children Poisoned.

Many children are poisoned and made nervous and weak, if not killed outright, by mothers giving them cough syrups containing opiates. Foley's Honey and Tar is a safe and certain remedy for coughs, croup and lung trouble, and is the only prominent cough medicine that contains no opiates or other poisons. Bonner & Bonner.

When a woman wants to assume command, she leaves the word "obey" out of the marriage ceremony—in her own mind at least.

A Life at Stake.

If you but knew the splendid merit of Foley's Honey and Tar you would will prevent an attack of pneumonia or la grippe. It may save your life. Bonner & Bonner.

These are the days when the world reformer, upon leaving college, is job hunting in a pretty good sort of reformed world.

Some people scowl wrinkles into their faces; others laugh wrinkles into their faces. Which do you do.

It is not alone the one touch of nature that makes the whole world akin. A sense of humor has something to do with it.

Either the farmer prays for rain or cusses it because there is too much of it.

CITY GOVERNMENT.

R. W. Dick.....Mayor
John L. Galt..... Police Judge
D. E. Booker.....Chief of Police
J. H. Mathers.....City Attorney
G. H. Bruce.....City Clerk
Frank Butt.....Treasurer
W. R. Roberts.....Ass'r and Collector
Bob McGee.....City Scavenger
J. W. Moffett.....City Physician

Aldermen.

First Ward—R. Hardy, J. S. McCharen.

Second Ward—J. S. Mullen, C. F. Fraley.

Third Ward—C. L. Byrne, R. W Randol.

Fourth Ward—W. A. Gilliam, W. F. Whittington.

Board of Health.

Dr. J. W. Moffett, city physician; Drs. S. S. Carr, J. W. Smith, Walter Hardy, Mayor R. W. Dick.

Committees.

Finance—R. Hardy, chairman; C. L. Byrne, W. F. Whittington.

Street and Alley—The aldermen for each ward are the committee for their respective wards, with the mayor as chairman over them all.

Police.—C. F. Fraley, chairman; J. S McCharen, W. A. Gilliam.

Fire—W. A. Gilliam, chairman; C. F. Fraley, R. W. Randol.

Waterworks—C. L. Byrne, chairman; W. F. Whittington, R. Hardy.

Ordinance.—J. S Mullens, chairman; R W. Randol, C. L. Byrne.

Cemetery—R. W. Randol, chairman; W. A. Gilliam, J. S. McCharen.

Sanitary—J. S. McCharen, chairman; C. F. Fraley, J. S. Mullen.

Improvement—W. F. Whittington chairman; R. Hardy, R. W. Randol, C. L. Byrne.

SANTA FE EXCURSIONS.

Sunny South Handicap Shoot, Brenham, Tex., Jan. 16 and 17. Rate $12.35.

See ticket agent for summer tourist rate.

W. A. DASHIELL, Ticket Agent.

Pleasant and Most Effective.

T. J. Chambers, Ed. Vindicator, Liberty, Texas, writes Dec. 25, 1902: "With pleasure and unsolicited by you I bear testimony to the curative power of Ballard's Horehound Syrup. I have used it in my family and can cheerfully affirm it is the most effective and pleasantest remedy for coughs and colds I have ever used." 25c, 50c and $1. Sold by W. B. Frame.

Beauty may be only skin deep, but there is no need of biting through.

The prevention of consumption is entirely a question of commencing the proper treatment in time. Nothing is so well adapted to ward off fatal lung troubles as Foley's Honey and Tar, Bonner & Bonner.