

# THE JOSHER.

A VERY WEAKLY PAPER, ISSUED MONTHLY, DEVOTED TO TROUBLE.

OUR MOTTO:—BE SURE YOU'RE WRONG, THEN WRITE IT.

VOLUME ONE,

COLORADO, TEXAS, MAY, 1902.

NUMBER 4.

READ THE  
BONUS BUSINESS,  
ON PAGE FOUR.

## PRIVATE LETTER TO LANHAM In Behalf of Confederate Soldiers and Others who are not Yet Dead.

To Hon. S. W. T. Lanham,  
Brigade, now enroute to Austin, Texas.

Dear Sir:—There is now but three things that can possibly prevent your election as governor of Texas, i. e., the famous biblical conflagration, your voluntary withdrawal or a bench warrant summons to appear before the Honorable the District Court of Paradise for the First Judicial District, then and there to testify in behalf of the defendant in the case of St. Peter vs. a Texas politician by the name of Lanham, there to be and remain from one to two minutes until discharged by the Court. I make this statement to show that I am not trying to prejudice your interest nor arouse public sentiment against your candidacy. I am noted for my liberality when I fully realize that the other fellow has the whole thing grabbed. I believe in being magnanimous, generous and forgiving toward a man who has you down and who has a physical and political opportunity and a judicial privilege to walk about on your carcass.

I remember very distinctly the first time we ever met, Colonel. It was at a Confederate re-union, to which I had assembled myself for many miles around. It was summer time, the red lemonade was in bloom, the festive candidate roamed around cheerfully and the welkin rang with eulogies of the heroes of the lost cause. How well do I remember your eloquent utterances on that occasion. I remember them so well because I have heard the same thing so often. I know what you said must be true because I have heard you say the same thing at more than a dozen re-unions, and every hero of the lost cause candidate has told the same sad story. Many times have

I sat within the radius of your wah-hoss voice and seen you single-handed and alone chase the whole blue bellied aggregation for miles and miles, the only objection to your military tactics being the directions you took with reference to the enemy; I

a Rocky Mountain waterspout down the precipice of the past, sweeping the enemy's stronghold with merciless bombs of rhetoric, only to find that the enemy had retired twenty years previously on a pension for life; I have seen you healing the wounds of regret with the balm of heroism; I have seen you attending the graves of the dead with bouquets of bravery and investing your eloquent energies in the bonds of brotherly love, from which you have clipped many a matured public office coupon.

Now, Colonel, as the son of an ex-Confederate soldier who entered Lee's army as a private, and by acts of bravery, obedience to commands and devotion to his country's cause rose to the rank of a corporal, captured the Union army three times, and inflicted two million pensioners on the next two hundred generations of tax-payers, I arise to address you on a very important issue.

I notice that in your platform, opening address, enunciation of principles, or whatever you call it, you completely ignore the only vital issue at present before the people of Texas, namely the lease law. Do you know that many an old ex-Confederate soldier, who gave to his country the prime of his life, now bowed beneath the weight of years and chained to poverty by the edicts of adversity, is heroically fighting a battle where the result of the issue is of far more concern to him than a rehabilitated photograph of the battle of Let's All Run?

Do you know that ex-Confederate soldiers, and the sons and daughters and grand-children of ex-Confederate soldiers are pleading for simple justice to give to them the use of the land which they legally own, that they may build homes in which to spend their fast declining days, and raise the future self-sustaining,

independent defenders of their country and its institutions?

Do you know that a country without homes is a country without patriotism? Do you know that the patriotism of men who fought for their homes before you were born are responsible for your present golden gubernatorial prospects, a calamity for which they are not personally to blame, however?

Do you know that the fairest portion of Texas is now monopolized into the hands of a few men as a result of the infamous lease law, while hundreds of worthy, honorable, industrious men are not getting for every acre of it that can be obtained by any means?

Do you know that every acre of public school land now under lease, if placed on the market to actual settlers, would be homesteaded within six months by the finest class of people on earth?

Now, as a linguistic breeder of prehistoric patriotism do you favor giving these lands to the people to be used as homes, developed, beautified and embellished to the benefit and honor of the state, or do you prefer to bellow about a lot of dead men, and a lost cause, leaving the living to such fate as political rascality may consign them?

Kindly give this matter your earliest consideration, and favor me with an immediate reply, or anything else for which you have no further use.

Now lookout for something terrible. The simlin headed, badger pulling, dog holding transmorgifier of English, Mister Common Cuss Watson of the Midland Cowcatcher, has telescoped his officious probosis into the Sterling Record-Ozona Kicker newspaper fight. The editor of the Record and the editor of the Kicker were having a sociable, pretty evenly matched set-to and it was none of an outsider's business, but Mister Watson, of Arkansas, had to butt in with a maudlin tongue reference to the Josher; but I never saw a fice that could keep quiet while two big dogs were fighting, hence Watson is excusable on account of an inherited

family trait of the most despicable breed of the dog tribe.

## JUST A FEW JOSHERASHUNS.

A certain politician in this town says he is going to Stephens county and call Ed. Davenport of the Breckinridge Democrat liar from the stump. I would advise the gentleman to see stump in the adjoining county use a long distance telephone was editing the Breckinridge Texian, Davenport's first with a hand roller, when a man dropped in one day to Davenport something foreign the truth. I had a letter that county ten years later ing that the bad man was recovering.

A lawyer-politician says regarding newspaper men most consummate liars on and after reading, in nearly every paper I pick up, a lot about some gall soaked, hunting, political hobo, thing like this, frinstance able lawyer, a man of to intellect, honorable in all firm and fearless in his tions, an uncompromising of the people, true to ever an aggressive, sworn en evil," etc., I am unable to the charge.

I understand that Judge ty, of Lubbock, says the Josher is a whole corn of liars, and now Hecterr Each-in is jealous of the and mad at the Judge.

John D. Hopson got a b in Eastland county and the dust kicked up by the caravan would have easily ried the county.—Breckinridge Democrat.

It is generally understood John D. couldn't climb th

And the Democrat gives right now that it is going more than free liquor, boot campaign liars to land the vote of Stephens county in anybody's column.—Breckinridge Democrat.

Well, for Heavings sake, man! What do you want for votes in your county, a half interest in the millennium?

THE JOSHER,  
One Don by the name of BIGGERS,  
Soul Owner and Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.  
One Year.....50 cents,  
Six Months.....25 cents,  
Three Months.....15 cents.

Reading notices 20 cents per  
line. No display advertisements  
accepted.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.  
FOR CONGRESS, 16TH DISTRICT:  
W. R. SMITH,  
Of Colorado.  
O. T. MAXWELL,  
Of Cisco.  
FOR SENATOR 28TH DISTRICT:  
W. P. SEBASTAIN,  
Of Breckinridge.  
FOR REPRESENTATIVE, 106TH DIST.  
W. J. MILLER,  
Of Big Springs.  
FOR SHERIFF AND TAX COLLECTOR  
FRANK JOHNSON.  
FOR COUNTY AND DISTRICT CLERK  
EARL MORRISON.  
FOR TAX ASSESSOR:  
C. C. BLANDFORD.  
J. W. NUNN,  
(Re-election.)

Present actual circulation of the  
Josher, 1639.

An Apology.  
Captain J. M. Patteson, of  
Memphis, Tennessee, writes that  
the Josher erred in giving out  
the impression that he wanted to  
come back here. He also makes  
mention of a shot gun and refer-  
ence to a social call at this office  
in case he does return. When  
the Captain was in this town,  
working on the Bull Journal and  
scheme to raise six bits or a  
dollar every month or two, and  
while the Josher man was also an  
ex-officio deferred payment at-  
tache of the Wigginton-McEach-  
ern journalistic gas works, we two  
were bosom friends and many  
were the mass meetings we have  
held to resolute on the financial  
crisis due to Hecterror's foreign  
policy, but now the Captain has  
a good cash-every-Saturday-  
night job and he gets as gay as a  
job-tailed calf in heel fly time.  
But here is what the Captain got  
by return mail for his limitless  
latitude of expression:

Cap'n Patteson:—You say the  
Josher does you an injustice by  
intimating that you want to come  
back here. Well, you may rest  
easy that I am not going to

have a capias profane issued to  
have you brought back. Now,  
if the people here get onto this  
statement and complain because  
it is a slander upon the town, I  
will make affidavit to the fact  
that it is made for the town's  
moral and commercial welfare.  
If you feel slandered I will ex-  
plain that it is intended for your  
own benefit. After reading this  
piece of diplomacy don't you  
think I ought to be made cam-  
paign manager of the Republican  
party?

You ask if the town is really  
dry. From a prohibition stand-  
point, yes; and from a climatic  
standpoint, you bet your sweet  
existence. There is a large, dark  
cloud hanging over our pros-  
pects, but I am happy to report  
that no clouds have ~~been~~ gathered  
with our balmy sunshine for sev-  
eral weeks. Our ozone industry  
is still prosperous, our bracing  
atmosphere factory is running  
day and night and our balmy  
climate flourishing beyond ex-  
pectations. A great deal of real-  
estate has changed premises this  
spring; but as all the ~~deals~~ offers  
were made suddenly, and with-  
out any abstract of title, the  
whole business is regarded as a  
big "windy" for the purpose of  
running a "sandy."

Yes, the boys on the Pumpkin  
Patch Agitator and Bull Journal  
gas factory are alright now.  
They don't have to work hard all  
week to earn their wages and  
then work hard all through life  
trying to collect the first install-  
ment. Mr. Robertson is now  
managing editor of the financial  
department, and Mr. Adams is  
chief engineer of the business  
department. Under their judi-  
cious administration the serial  
pay day story has been discon-  
tinued.

No danger of me taking prohi-  
bition too hard. Nothing but  
"soft" drinks here, now. I tried  
to trade some "soft soap" for an  
undivided half interest in a pint  
phial of "lemon extract" the other  
day. I still have the soap.

You needn't be in any hurry  
about coming back here to show  
me how your shotgun works, un-  
less you feel that you have re-  
pented and are now prepared to  
receive a lot of complimentary  
press notices under the head of  
obituaries.

We take orders for enlarged  
pictures for \$2.00, and furnish  
frames for 90 cents.

MCLURE BASDEN & Co.

D. J. Thomas, county attorney  
of Midland county, is a candidate  
for district attorney of this dis-  
trict.

## LOCAL & SOUPBOURBON NEWS

A. J. Payne sells pianos and  
organs cheap for cash.

I make all kinds of bridle bits  
and spurs. C. C. McBurnett.

Two communications, one from  
Iolanthe and one from Stanton,  
were necessarily omitted for lack  
of space.

A. J. Payne, Colorado, recog-  
nized as leader in men's furnish-  
ings.

Bicycles, guns and locks re-  
paired and keys made.

C. C. McBurnett, Colorado.

Somebody put three flasks, five  
Puruna bottles and a cracked  
jug on the editor's desk one day  
this week. They were all empty  
and the man that did it was a  
villian.

We have no hard stock to be  
below cost. Our stock is new and  
clean. HENRY BROS. Co. It

Furniture 25 to 30 per cent  
cheaper than ever sold before in  
Colorado. L. W. DELLING,  
At B. J. Norton's Old Stand.

Col. Dave Mitchell says busi-  
ness has been very dull this week,  
his sales having averaged less  
than \$16.35 per day for the first  
time in several months.

We treat the banker and farm-  
er alike. HENRY BROS. Co. It

Cabinet and repair work of all  
kinds, and furniture of any de-  
scription. L. W. DELLING,  
At B. J. Norton's Old Stand.

Mail orders solicited by A. J.  
Payne, Colorado.

Definition of a prohibition  
town:—Headquarters for "dry"  
goods.

Send to A. J. Payne for any-  
thing you want in the dry goods  
line. It

I understand that a certain in-  
dividual has been investigating  
the Josher's financial standing  
with a view to bringing a \$20,000  
damage suit. The aggrieved  
party can't sustain an action for  
damages to his character, for he  
hasn't any; and I am not going  
to voluntarily invest any of my  
hard earned wealth in "exem-  
plary damages," "mental an-  
guish," "blighted prospects," or  
"punctured consciences."

Having bought the B. J. Nor-  
ton stock of furniture at a bar-  
gain, I can offer furniture of all  
kinds at prices lower than ever  
heard of in this country.

L. W. DELLING,

At B. J. Norton's Old Stand.

We are now in our new quar-  
ters, next door to Majors' Jew-  
elry Store. HENRY BROS. Co.

I guarantee to cure interferers,  
cross-fires and forgers. Do all  
kinds of blacksmith work under a  
guarantee. McBurnett, Colorado.

Leave your laundry at the City  
Barbershop, if you want the very  
best work and prompt attention.

No man's name with us is as  
good as the cash.

It HENRY BROS. Co.

Frank Johnson announces for  
sheriff of Mitchell county. It is  
not to the interest of the newspa-  
per fraternity in general to en-  
courage the election of men like  
Johnson to public office; not be-  
cause he hasn't given satisfac-  
tion, but because he has been so  
blamed generous in that respect  
that there are no prospects of him  
having an opponent, and a coun-  
ty office that only nets one an-  
nouncement fee every two years  
is an infringement upon the pros-  
perity of the newspaper fraterni-  
ty. Mr. Johnson's universal  
popularity and efficient adminis-  
tration has knocked this publica-  
tion out of two sacks of flour, a  
load of stove wood, three pounds  
of steak, four pounds of butter,  
one pair of socks (for Sunday  
use only) one bar laundry soap,  
fifty cents worth of sugar, a hair  
cut, a shave, one bale of hay,  
a package of cheroots, and 85  
cents worth of dry goods.

We can interest any conserva-  
tive business man who wants to  
save 25 per cent on his purchases  
It HENRY BROS. Co.

I have some fine bargains in  
all kinds of real estate.  
L. E. LASSETER, Colorado.

People from neighboring towns  
are invited to send in their or-  
ders. Fair treatment and honest  
representations our motto.  
It HENRY BROS. Co.

The mumble-the-peg club rup-  
tured itself over politics.

The Josher has procured suf-  
ficient evidence to convict the  
Horseshoe Pitchers Association  
of the larceny of the editor's  
mule shoe, used as a paper weight  
in times of peace and as a em-  
blem of good luck in case of an  
armed invasion. P. S.—The shoe  
was not made especially for the  
editor to wear.

Dr. Ballard is curing some aw-  
fully bad looking eyes in a very  
short time—15 to 30 days. It.

The Dollar Pitching Club bust-  
ed up. In fact they were too  
badly busted to start the game.

Dr. Ballard must be fitting lots  
of glasses, for we hear some one  
most every day say that Dr. Bal-  
lard is an expert in fitting glasses.  
It.

I had very severe headache  
most all the time. Dr. Silas Bal-  
lard, of Colorado, Texas, fitted me  
with glasses which gave entire  
relief. Dr. Ballard also cured me  
of catarrh in a very short time. I  
write this that others may get  
cured.  
Mrs. J. D. BELL,  
Colorado, Texas.

## COMMUNICATED INFORMATION

### A Mighty Naughty Milk Man.

"Where are you going my pretty maid?"  
Out to John Scharbauer's bonus," he  
said;  
and he not only went, but begolly he  
stayed;  
though they cuss and they roar, and they  
fume and they fret,  
they can't get him off and he's living  
there yet.

A certain wealthy cowman, of  
Fort Worth, filed on four sec-  
tions of land near Midland, which  
land he had previously held un-  
der a transferred lease. Soon  
after filing on said land the  
"western waste" developer from  
Fort Worth erected thereon a lit-  
tle box shanty 14x28 feet, brought  
his wife from a magnificent home  
in Fort Worth, in the county of  
Tarrant, and with her resided,  
aboded, and remained on the  
"Dear Old Homestead" for three

four days when he re-  
turned to her home in Fort Worth.  
Soon thereafter the man from the  
Fort commenced an effort to sell  
his right, title, prerogative and  
possession in and to said land to-  
gether with a leasehold on five  
sections of railroad land, offering  
the whole kit and caboodle, in-  
cluding the beautiful castle of  
Polecat-by-the Dog Town, con-  
fidentially explaining to a couple  
of prospective purchasers that he  
couldn't sorter afford to live on  
the land three years, as the law  
directs, and that he would sell  
it cheap, and was about to close a  
deal for \$5,100, when, on the 3rd  
day of May, 1902, Anno Domino,  
one J. F. Lewis, a regularly or-  
dained dealer in lacteal fluid,  
in the town of Midland, got the  
idea into his head, after reading  
a decision of the supreme court  
concerning the prior rights of  
sub-lessees, that the Fort Worth  
man's beautiful country estate  
of Coyotes-Among-the-Catclaws,  
was liable to get lost, strayed or  
stolen, so he went out and took  
possession as an actual settler in  
reality and not in Fort Worth.  
On learning of the conduct of the  
aforementioned milk vender Lew-  
is, the prospective purchasers  
backed up to the next station and  
the deal fell off on the blind bag-  
gage side; and the "actual set-  
tler" from Fort Worth lost his  
bonus, his temper, his sangfroid  
and two miles of barbed wire  
fence.

He threatens to keep the mat-  
ter in court for twenty years or  
win out, but the old dairyman is  
used to kickers, and doesn't wor-  
ry much about the snorts and  
fidgets of the bovine bronco from  
the Fort.

### Mr. Jarrett Has a "Job."

Lubbock, Tex., April 12.  
Editor Josher:

There are some three hundred

sections of unsurveyed lands sit-  
uated in Hockley, Terry and  
Yoakum counties, which were by  
act of the legislature of 1900  
transferred to the school fund.  
The same law placed these lands  
entirely under the control of the  
land commissioner, authorizing  
him to have them surveyed and  
placed on the market to actual  
settlers, and an appropriation  
was made to pay the expenses of  
such surveying, which appropri-  
ation the land commissioner now  
claims was insufficient. These  
lands have been in demand for  
settlement at all times during the  
past two years, in fact people  
have been clamoring for them,  
for I am informed the greater  
part are the very choice lands of  
the Central Plains country. A  
great many people have moved  
onto these lands and made ap-  
plication to purchase, which the  
land commissioner refused, giv-  
ing as his reason that there was  
no money to pay for the neces-  
sary work of surveying. During  
all this time the land commis-  
sioner has leased this land to  
cattlemen.

Some two months ago Mr.  
Ragsdale, of Brownwood, a state  
surveyor under Rogan, showed  
up here and proceeded to survey  
these lands under the direction  
of a lawyer by the name of Jar-  
rett, of this place. Jarrett began  
by entering into contracts with  
any and everybody he could;  
charging at first \$75 per section,  
but his price has now advanced  
to \$200 per section, and many of  
the first to make agreements with  
him have been let out as they  
could not stand the raise. It is  
said that Jarrett is paying all of  
the expenses and accompanies  
the surveying party, generally  
supervises the work and is of  
course the only person except the  
surveyor, having access to the  
field notes and plots, and is  
thereby enabled to place every  
acre of the land.

The people here are anxious to  
know how and why the state  
lends its assistance to such a  
scheme. Mr. Jarrett guarantees  
awards from the general land of-  
fice, and this together with the  
heavy expenses of making the  
survey, indicates a stand-in, and  
it looks as though the people are to  
be "done" to the extent of from  
forty to fifty thousand dollars,  
besides many will lose their  
homes unless they toe the mark.

There is a great deal of guess-  
ing as to who gets the large sum of  
money, and there are no few who  
think people in high office will  
get part of the "spoils." What  
do you say?

What in the devil is the use to  
say anything?

According to the correspond-

ent's statement it certainly looks  
as though Mr. Jarrett has a "job"  
and congratulations are in order.  
He is not the creator of the con-  
ditions working so profitably to  
his interest and business tact  
would but dictate to him, or any  
one else, the course he is pursuing  
and from a coldblooded business  
standpoint he is subject to no  
further criticism, but the official  
lending even his acquiescence to  
a scheme of this kind would be a  
disgrace to a burglars associa-  
tion.

Why didn't Mr. Rogan say to  
the people making application to  
purchase "pay for having the  
survey made and the land will be  
awarded to you," or else give no-  
tice that the land would not be  
placed on the market under any  
conditions until the legislature  
had made proper provision for  
having the surveying done?

Why relegate a state's authori-  
ty to an individual who "guaran-  
tees" to his clients that a state  
official will comply with his be-  
hests? Why confer upon an in-  
dividual autocratic power over  
300 sections of public school land,  
enabling him to practice the most  
merciless extortion, not for ser-  
vices rendered but for exclusive  
privileges controlled, privileges  
that not only embrace a state's  
authority, but an individual's  
unrestrained greed.

Charles Rogan, land commis-  
sioner of Texas, has but one  
ground upon which to base a de-  
fense of his infamous administra-  
tion, and that is, that he is a pit-  
iable, incompetent imbecil, irre-  
sistibly influenced by hellish de-  
signs of incarnate devils; and  
failing to prove this he must  
stand convicted of debauching a  
state's honor by prostituting the  
virtues of its most important of-  
fice to the slimiest depths of fi-  
nancial corruption.

Why send to Chicago for a  
sewing machine when you can  
get a High Arm Drop Head and  
a five year guarantee for \$15 at  
McLure, Basden & Co's.

### No Dry Weather Prices.

We sell at the same price all the  
time and our prices are as low as  
the lowest for cash.

1t HENRY BROS. Co.

The editor of the Denton Mon-  
itor refers to the editor of the  
Josher as an Adonis, a model of  
physical perfection and personal  
beauty, proud and haughty but  
sensitive. If I thought the Mon-  
itor man could appreciate the ap-  
pearance of a telegraph pole  
attired in a pair of degenerated,  
highwater jeans I would give him  
a comparison that would enable  
him to treat more accurately of  
my personal appearance. A man  
that would refer to the editor of  
the Josher as an Adonis would  
doubtless describe a bull bat as  
resembling a flock of pigeons.

Here to stay.—Henry Bros Co.

The citizens of Tom Green  
county in mass meeting assem-  
bled in San Angelo a few days  
ago took very positive action in  
opposition to the lease law. The  
meeting also took some timely  
but drastic action in regard to  
public thoroughfares—that is,  
they exploded two cars of resolu-  
tions under a Hill as an evidence  
of their earnestness in the good  
Rhodes movement.

Typewriters of anykind re-  
paired and work guaranteed.  
C. C. McBurnett, Colorado.

Frank Givens, of Colorado,  
Texas, says that he had catarrh  
of the head ever since he can re-  
member. That he has never in  
his life been able to smell any-  
thing, until Dr. Ballard, of Col-  
orado, cured him. Now he can  
smell alright, and he feels so  
much better that he is all the time  
singing Dr. Ballard's praises. 1t

We make a specialty of selling  
good goods cheap.

1t HENRY BROS. Co.,

Nothing makes an intelligent  
fair-minded man sicker clear to  
the bed-rock of his stomach than  
to see where an office hunting po-  
litical fakir, generally a candidate  
for the state senate or legislature,  
"subject to the action of—" fools  
if they elect him, has bravely de-  
clared himself something like  
this: "I am in favor of placing  
the public school lands on the  
market subject to actual settle-  
ment whenever it may become  
evident that such lands are in  
demand for actual settlement,  
until then I favor leasing these  
lands in such manner as to pro-  
vide a certain and efficient avail-  
able school fund." I would like  
to take a look at the brain cells  
of a degenerated jackass that  
could look a coyote in the face  
and bray such a medley without  
blushing. What more evidence  
does any one want that the pub-  
lic school lands are now and have  
been for months in demand for  
actual settlement than that fur-  
nished by these notorious and  
oft published facts: A wild rush  
and frenzied scramble for every  
acre of public school land that  
comes on the market; hundreds  
of good, solid men anxious but  
unable to obtain school land; the  
beneficiaries of the lease law  
spending thousands of dollars  
every election and thousands  
more at every session of the leg-  
islature to maintain an infamous  
law that gives them the use of  
the land, the advantage of ac-  
quisition by collusion, and ef-  
fectively prevents settlement and  
development?

Send to A. J. Payne, Colorad  
for your hat or clothing.

## THE BONUS BUSINESS.

### A Refutation of Some Slanderous Statements.—The Principal Product of the Lease Law is the Bonus Business.

#### STATEMENT OF NATURE AND RESULT OF THE TROUBLE.

I make the following allegations and now have the alligator on exhibition in the Josher office.

1st, That men having big bodies of school land leased are the real beneficiaries of the bonus business.

2nd, That a man having public school land leased can sell the lease on said land at any time previous to its expiration for from \$320 to \$640 per section.

3rd, That the bonus on such land is worth more than twenty times the average value of improvements placed on said land by the "poor, innocent lessee," and that the loss of his bonus, or profits on a legalized shame, is the secret of the lease holders' dread of an abrogated lease law.

4th, That if the state should offer to pay the lessees back every dollar paid for the use of land and improvements made that the lessees would still cry "ruin, shame, repudiation," etc., and so forth, unless they could also get the market value of their bonuses.

5th, That this state of affairs is notice to the world that the public school lands are in urgent demand for actual settlement, that it is proof positive that the enactment of the lease law was a disgraceful, fuddle-brained, inexcusable error, and that to perpetuate it for a day beyond the limit when a remedy can be applied would be a dirty, burning shame, an additional disgrace to the state's already polluted name.

6th, That the "bonus hunter," "bounty jumpers," etc., of whom the lease-holders, their contemptible, unprincipled flunkies, and sub-sidized, fawn act sheets, are mental myths in the ratio of 2 to 200.

Nevertheless, somebody has lied and I propose to prove it by the following statement of facts.

#### SOMEBODY HAS LIED.

Just at present by far the most lucrative and extensive industry in western Texas is the bonus business. Stock raising, farming and merchandising are merely incidental institutions.

I don't publish the following facts in regard to our wonderful bonus industry with a view to inducing a heterogeneous influx of immigration to this country, but because some miserable second-hand chaw of Battle Ax tobacker spread and caused to be

spread an injurious, incongruous, misleading and malicious report, statement, assertion or big windy namely, towit, viz, as follows: That "the country covered by the present lease law is a 'worthless western waste,' too poor to support itself, and fit only for big pastures," and I don't propose for any such hideous off-hand statement to go unchallenged—a statement, calculated to reduce the price of public confidence by placing our fair, fertile and lovely country before the general public in the light of blighted virtue on the bosom of nature, a barren burlesque in the regions of barbarity. I have examined this sentence thoroughly, and think I partly understand what it means.

To prove that the bonus business is an extensive and lucrative industry in this country, one inquiring certain, sufficient and satisfactory returns I submit the following official statement:

The bonus is a very hardy, indigestible product. Under ordinary circumstances one bonus will support a lawyer's family for several weeks. A large, well matured bonus is equal to about one half the market price of the land it grows on. A section of land worth \$640 will produce a bonus worth \$320, f. o. b.

Bonuses grow almost exclusively on public school land. A section of public school land will support forty or fifty head of cattle for several years, and produce \$300 to \$600 worth of bonus, half a dozen lawsuits, trespass to try title, general and special demurrers, allegations, insolvency, misunderstandings, funerals, heirs, assets and assignees. A bonus will generally get ripe about six weeks before the lease expires; although a bonus may be gathered at any time. The only trouble about gathering a bonus too soon is the fact that you can pasture the land to its full capacity for several years and then get the same price for your bonus. All you have to do to raise a bonus is to seed the land well with lease law, which costs only three cents per acre, and it requires no cultivation. By pasturing a bonus with thirty head of cattle per section for a period of five years, 640 acres of public school land will net the following returns:

Bonus, not less than	\$320,
Profit on use of land, (very low estimate)	680,
Total,	\$1000.

Where as many as 20 sections of bonuses are controlled in a body by an individual, firm, or corporation, the expenses per

section for five years will be as follows:

Lease rental,	\$ 96 00
Improvements,	75
Total,	\$96 75
Net Profit,	\$904 25

The man who buys a bonus will come out as follows:

Cost of bonus,	\$ 320.
Six lawsuits,	3000,
Twelve fist fights, at \$12 each,	144,
Three big shooting scrapes, one eye out,	1700,
One more shooting scrape and coroner's inquest, etc.,	free
Doctor's bill, medicine and funeral expenses,	567,

Total expenditures, \$5,731.

The bonus buyer's profits will be as follows:

Life insurance, about,	\$1000
Transportation to Paradise, via the Cemetery,	63 50
Experience, (generously bequeathed to the general public.	\$4667 50

Total, \$5731 50

This statement should also include a "total" disregard for the truth, as covered by the statement of the party who said this country was too poor to produce anything.

I wouldn't advise any one to buy a bonus. The great profits in the bonus industry accrue exclusively to the producer and seller, and I reiterate that Western Texas is the greatest bonus producing portion of the American continent. And if the he hound that said that Western Texas was a "worthless waste" has a conscience as big as a chigger's jaw tooth he will now come forward and apologize.

Probably you have already heard of a party by the name of Bounty Jumper? Well, he and his whole tribe are now dead. It happened like this:

Bounty Jumper saw that others were making fortunes out of the bonus business. He knew these bonus crops were being raised on public school land, and that the bonus output was being monopolized and controlled by a few big lease holders. Furthermore Mr. Bounty Jumper well knew that the land ought to be on the market to actual settlers, he knew the lease law was a fraud, and he knew a great deal more of like character. He asked a fellow by the name of Common Justice why the land wasn't put on the market to actual settlers, thereby giving everybody a chance to raise pure, fresh home made country bonuses. Common Justice was a little deaf on that particular oc-

cosion and pretended to not hear the previous question of Mr. Bounty Jumper, but a celebrant by the name of Old Chesli answered, "the land out here ain't no account; you can't raise anything on it."

One day Mr. Bonus hunter a fellow by the name of Attorney Atlaw found something laying around loose in a big pasture. They had an assayer by the name of District Court to pass on the find and he pronounced it a genuine bonus, worth at least \$600. This discovery led to a considerable rush, and every now and then some fellow would find a bonus laying around loose, but pretty soon all the detached and available unpre-empted bonuses were gathered and then Bonus Jumper died of inertia. He was a busy individual but a certain class are busy till this day cussing his memory.

Here are a few terms in common use here, and which will be of great service to any one desiring to locate in this country and become familiar with our language:

"Wooley."—Anybody trying to make an honest living on less than twenty sections of land.

"Rabbit-Twister."—About the same thing. (See Coke and Sterling counties.)

"Four section hoppers."—Any person, not in collusion with a lease-holder, caught attempting to get a home by legitimate, actual settlement.

"Red Belly."—Same thing.

If you want a bargain in real estate call or write to L. E. Laseter, Colorado, Texas.

#### Just as the Moon Went Down.

A Tom cat stood on the backyard fence,  
And music from him flowed,  
Like water after a water-spout  
Flows down a public road.

The man in the moon looked down and smiled

A smile so broad and bright  
That it filled the whole community

With a cheerful, silvery light.

Just then a window upward went,  
And a shotgun hove in sight,  
And Thomas did from life depart

Before he could make flight;

For a thunderous, jarring noise aroused

That peaceful, slumbering town  
And Thomas ceased to sing on earth,

Just as the moon went down.

Parties desiring public school land for homes will please address the Honery Chowles Rother the famous realstate and rental agents, Austin, Texas. Special attention given to buncoing the public.