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ANGELOLOGY.

There are Two Nations of Angels and They are Hostile to Each Other.

They are Divided into Cherubim, Seraphim, Thrones, Dominations, Principalities, Powers

Their Deathlessness, Their Intelligence, Their Number, Their Strength and Their Achievements.

(Gazette.)

BROOKLYN, N. Y., March 23.—The Academy of Music was filled to overflowing this morning by the tabernacle congregation and a large number of strangers anxious to hear the famous preacher. After the opening exercises, which commenced with the singing of the hymn,

Heaven is my Fatherland,
Heaven is my home.

Dr. Talmage announced as his text: Judges xiii, 19: "And the angel did wondrously." Following is a verbatim report of his sermon:

Fire built on a rock. Manoah and his wife had there kindled the flames for sacrifice in praise of God, and in honor of a guest whom they supposed to be a man. But as the flame rose higher and higher, their stranger guest stepped into the flame and by one red leap ascended into the skies. Then they knew that he was an angel of the Lord. "The angel did wondrously."

Two hundred and forty-eight times does the Bible refer to angels, yet I never heard or read a sermon on angelology. The whole subject is relegated to the realm of mythical, weird, spectral and unknown. Such adjournment is unscriptural and wicked. Of their life, their character, their habits their actions, their velocities, the Bible gives us full length portraits, and why this prolonged and absolute silence concerning them? Angelology is my theme.

There are two nations of angels, and they are hostile to each other the nation of good angels and the nation of bad angels. Of the former I chiefly speak to-day. Their capital, their headquarters, their grand rendezvous is heaven, but their empire is the universe. They are a distinct race of creatures. No human being can ever join their confraternity. The little child who in the Sabbath school sings, "I want to be an angel," will never have her wish gratified. They are superhuman; but they are, of different grades and ranks, not all on the same level, or the same height. They have their superiors and inferiors and equals. I propose no guessing on this subject, but take the Bible for my only authority. Plato, the philosopher guessed, and divided the angels into super-celestial, celestial, and sub-celestial. Dionysius, the Areopagite, guessed, and divided them into three classes—the supreme, the middle and the last—and each of these into three other classes making nine in all. Philo said that the angels were related to God, as the rays to the sun. Fulgentius said that they were composed of body and spirit. Clement said they were incorporeal. Augustine said that they had been in danger of falling, but now are being tempted. But the only authority on this subject that I respect says they are divided into cherubim, seraphim, thrones, dominations, principalities, powers. These superal beings are more thoroughly organized than

CONFOUNDED BEFORE IT.

The apostle says: "Which things the angels desire to look into." That is a subject that excites inquisitiveness on their part. That is the theme that strains their faculties to the utmost. That is higher than they can climb; deeper than they can dive. They have a desire for something too big for their comprehension. "Which things the angels desire to look into." But that does not discredit their intelligence. No one but God himself can fully understand the wonders of redemption. If all heaven should study it for fifty eternities they should get no further than the A B C of that inexhaustible subject. But nearly all other realms of knowledge they have ransacked and explored and compassed. No one but God can tell them anything they do not know. They have read to the last word of the last line of the last page of the last volume of investigation. And what delights me most is that all their intelligence is to be at our disposal, and, coming into their presence, they will tell us in five minutes more than we can learn by one hundred years of earthly surmising.

A further characteristic of these immortals is their velocity. This the Bible puts sometimes under the figure of wings, sometimes under the figure of a flowing garment, sometimes under the figure of naked feet. As these superhumans are without bodies these expressions are of course figurative, and mean swiftness. The Bible tells us that Daniel was praying, and Gabriel flew from heaven and touched him before he got up from his knees. How far, then, did the angel Gabriel have to fly in those moments of Daniel's prayer? Heaven is thought to be the center of the universe. Our sun and its planets only the rim of the wheel of worlds. In a moment the angel Gabriel flew from that center to this periphery. Jesus told Peter He could instantly have 60,000 angels present if he called them. What foot of antelope or wing of albatross could equal that velocity? Law of gravitation, which grips all things else, has no influence upon angelic momentum. Immensities before them open and shut like a fan. That they are here is no reason why they should not be a quintillion of miles hence the next minute! Our bodies hinder us, but our minds can travel the earth in a

ANY ARMY THAT EVER MARCHED.

They are swifter than any cyclone that ever swept the sea. They are more radiant than any morning that ever came down the sky. They have more to do with your destiny and mine than any being in the univers except God. May the Angel of the New Covenant, who is the Lord Jesus, open our eyes, and touch our tongues, and rouse our soul, while we speak of their deathlessness, intelligence, their numbers, their strength, their achievements.

Yes, deathless. They have a cradle, but will never have a grave. The Lord remembers when they were born, but no one shall ever see their eye extinguished, or their momentum slow up, or their assistance terminate. The oldest of them has not a wrinkle, or a decrepitude, or a hindrance; as young after 6000 years as at the close of their first hour. Christ said of the good in heaven "Neither can they die any more for they are equal unto the angels." They are equal unto the

quadrillion of miles in one sweep as easy as a pigeon circles a dovecot. They are never sick. They are never exhausted. They need no sleep, for they are never tired. At God's command they smote with death in one night 185,000 of Sennacherib's host, but no fatality can smite them. Awake, agile multipotent deathless, immortal!

A further characteristic of these radiant folk is intelligence. The woman of Tekoah was right when she spoke to King David of the wisdom of an angel. We take in what little we know through eye ear and nostril and touch; but those beings have no physical encasement, and hence they are all senses. A wall five feet thick is not solid to them. Though if they go without disturbing flake of mortar or crystal of sand. Knowledge! It flashes on them. They take it in at all points. They absorb it. They gather it up without any hindrance. No need of literature for them! The letters of their books are stars. The dashes of their books are meteors. The words of their books are constellations. The paragraphs of their books are galaxies. The pictures of their books are sunrises, sunsets and midnight auroras, and the conqueror on the white horse, with the moon under his feet, and seas of glass mingled with fire. Their library is an open universe. No need of telescopes to see something millions of miles away, for instantly they are there to inspect and explore it. All astronomies, all geologies, all botanies, all philosophies at their feet. What an opportunity for intelligence is theirs! What facilities for knowing everything, and knowing it right away!

There is only one thing that puts them to their wits' end, and the Bible says they have to study that. They have been studying it all through the ages, and yet I warrant they have not fully grasped it—the wonders of redemption. These wonders are so high, so deep, so grand, so stupendous, so magnificent that even the intelligence of angelhood is

THE REAPERS ARE THE ANGELS.
Yes, the Lord shall be revealed from heaven with mighty angels. Oh the numbers and the might and the glory of these supernals. Fleets of them! Squadrons of them! Host beyond host! Rank above rank! Millions on millions! And all on our side, if we will have them.

This leads me to speak of the offices of these supernals. To defend, to cheer, to rescue, to escort, to give victory to the right and overthrow the wrong, that is their business. Just as alert to-day and efficient as when in Bible times they spread wings, or unsheathed sword, or rooked down penitentiaries, or filled the mountains with horses or fire hitched to chariots of fire and driven by reinsman of fire. They have turned your steps a hundred times and you knew it not. You were on your way to do some wrong thing and they changed your course. They brought some thought of Christian parentage or of loyalty to your own home, and that arrested you. They arranged that some one should meet you at that crisis and propose something honorable and elevating, or they took from your pocket some ticket to evil amusement, a ticket that you never found. It was an angel of God, and perhaps the very one that guided you to this service, and that now waits to report some body impression to be this morning

help it. Or some celestial may be standing at the furthest outpost of immensity; and God may say "come!" and instantly, it is in His bosom. Abraham, Elijah, Hagar, Joshua, Gideon, Manoah, Paul and St. John could tell of their unhindered locomotion. The red feet of summer lightning are slow compared with their hegras. This doubles up and compresses infinitudes into infinitesimals. This puts all the astronomical heavens into a space like the balls of a child's rattle. This mingles into one the here and there, the now and the then, the beyond and the yonder.

Another remark I have to make concerning these illustrious immortals is that they are multitudinous. Their census has never been taken and no one out God knows how many they are, but all the Bible accounts suggest their immense numbers. Companies of them, regiments of them, armies of them, mountain-tops halloped by them, skies populous with them. John speaks of angels and other beings round the throne as ten thousand times ten thousand. Now, according to my calculation, ten thousand times ten thousand are one hundred million. But these are only the angles in one place. David counted twenty thousand of them rolling down the sky in chariots. When God came away from the riven rocks of Mount Sinai, the Bible says he had the companionship of 10,000 angles. I think they are in every battle, in every exigency, at every birth, at every billow, at every hour, at every moment. The earth full of them. The heavens full of them. They outnumber the human race in this world. They outnumber ransomed spirits in glory. When Abraham had his knife uplifted to slay Isaac, it was an angel who arrested the stroke, crying, "Abraham! Abraham!" It was a stairway of angels that Jacob saw while pillowed in the wilderness. We are told an angel led the hosts of Israelites out of Egyptian serfdom. It was an angel that showed Hagar the fountain where she filled the bottle for the lad. It was an angel that took Lot out of doomed Sodom. It was an angel that shut up the mouth of the hungry monsters when Daniel was thrown into the caverns. It was an angel that fed Elijah under the juniper tree. It was an angel that announced to Mary the approaching nativity. They were angels that chanted when Christ was born. It was an angel that strengthened our Savior in His agony. It was an angel that encouraged Paul in the Mediterranean shipwreck. It was an angel that burst open the prison, gate after gate, until Peter was liberated. It was an angel that stirred the pool of Siloam where the sick were healed. It was an angel that John saw flying through the midst of heaven, and an angel with foot planted on the sea, and an angel that opened the book, and an angel that sounded the trumpet, and an angel that poured out the vials, and an angel standing in the sun. It will be an angel with uplifted hand swearing that time shall be no longer. In the great final harvest of the world.

THE REAPERS ARE THE ANGELS.
Men and women of all circumstances, only partly appreciated, or not appreciated at all, never feel lonely again, or unregarded again. Angels all around, angels to approve, angels to help, angels to remember. Yea, while all the good angels are friends of the good, there is one special angel your body-guard. This idea, until this present study of angelology, I supposed to be fanciful, but I find it clearly stated in the Bible. When the disciples were praying for Peter's deliverance from prison and he appeared at the door of the prayer meeting, they could not believe it was Peter. They said: "It is his angel." So these disciples, in special nearness to Christ, evidently believed that every worthy soul has an angel. Jesus said of His followers: "Their angels behold the face of My Father." Elsewhere it is said: "He shall give His angels charge over thee, to keep thee in thy ways." Angel-shielded, angel-protected, angel-guarded, angel-canopied, art thou. No wonder that Charles Wesley hymned these words:

"Which of the petty kings of earth
Can boast a guard like ours,
Exalted from our second birth
With all the heavenly powers?"

Valerius and Rufinus were put to death for Christ's sake in the year 287, and, after the day when their bodies had been whipped, and pounded into a jelly, in the night in prison, and before the next day when they were to be executed, they both thought they saw angels standing with two glittering crowns saying, "Be of good cheer, valiant soldiers of Jesus Christ! A little more of battle and then these crowns are yours." And I am glad to know that before many of those who have passed through great sufferings in this life some angel of God has held a blessing coronet of eternal reward.

sickness, and all manner of trouble beating their discords into your heart and life. You gave up; you said: "I can not stand it any longer. I believe I will take my life. Where is the rail train, or the deep wave, or the precipice that will end this torment of earthly existence?" But suddenly your mind brightened. Courage came surging into your heart like oceanic tides. You said: "God is on my side, and all these adversities He can make turn out for my good." Suddenly you felt a peace, a deep peace, the peace of God that passeth all understanding. What made that change? A sweet, and mighty, and comforting angel of the Lord met you. That was all.

What an incentive to purity and righteousness is this doctrine that we are continually under angelic observation! Eyes ever on you, so that the most secret misdeed is committed in the midst of an audience of immortals.

NO DOOR IS BOLTED,
no darkness so Cimmerian, as to hinder that supernal eyesight. Not critical eyesight, not jealous eyesight, not baleful eyesight, but friendly eyesight, sympathetic eyesight, helpful eyesight. Confidential clerk of store, with great responsibility on your shoulder, and no one to applaud your work when you do it well, and sick with the world's ingratitude, think of the angels in the countingroom raptured at your fidelity! Mother of household, stitching, mending, cooking, dusting, planning, up half the night, or all night, with the sick child, day in and day out, year in and year out, worn with monotony of a life that no one seems to care for, think of the angels about the sick cradle, and all in sympathy!

Railroad engineer with hundreds of lives hanging on your wrist, standing among the cinders and the smutch, round the sharp curve, and by appalling declivity, discharged and disgraced if you make a mistake, but not one word of approval if you take all the trains in safety for ten years, think of the angels by the throttle valve, angels by the roaring furnace of the engine, angels looking from the overhanging craig, angels bracing the racing wheels of the precipice, angels when you mount the thunderbolt of a train, and angels when you dismount! Can you not hear them, louder than the jamming of the car-coupling, louder than the bell at the crossing, louder than the whistle that sounds like the scream of a flying fiend, the angelic voices saying, "You did it well. You did it well." If I often speak of engineers it is because I ride so much with them. I always accept their invitation to join them on their locomotive, because I not only get to my destination sooner, but because they are about

work is done. You know we are told an angel conducted Lazarus to Abraham's bosom. That shows that none shall be so poor in dying that he cannot afford an angelic escort. It would be a long way to go alone, and up paths we have never trod, and amid blazing worlds swinging in unimaginable momentum, out and on through such distances and across such infinitudes of space, we should shudder at the thought of going alone. But the angelic escort will come to your languishing pillow, or the place of your fatal accident, and say: "Hail, immortal one! All is well; God hath sent me to take you home;" and without tremor or slightest sense of peril you will away and upward, further on and further on, until after awhile heaven heaves in sight, and the rumble of chariot wheels, and the roll of mighty harmonies are heard in the distance, and nearer you come, and nearer still, until the brightness is like many mornings suffused into one, and the gates lift and you are inside the amethystine walls, and on the banks of the jasper sea, forever safe, forever free, forever well, forever rested, forever happy. Mothers, don't think your little children go alone when they quit this world. Out of your arms

INTO ANGELIC ARMS.
Out of sickness into health. Out of the cradle into a Savior's bosom. Not an instant will the darlings be alone between the two kisses—the last kiss of earth and the first kiss of Heaven. "Now, angels, do your work!" cried an expiring Christian.

Yes, a guardian angel for each one of you. Put yourself now in accord with him. When he suggests the right, follow it. When he warns you against the wrong, shun it. Sent forth from God to help you in this great battle against sin and death, accept His deliverance. When tempted to a

SPRING AND SUMMER CLOTHING.

I have just received a new and complete stock of spring and summer clothing, spring prints and ladies' dress goods, gents' furnishing goods, straw hats, etc., which will be sold at prices lower than ever. Call early and examine our goods and prices.



Dress Suits,
Wedding Suits,
Business Suits.



CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS!

TRUNKS AND VALISES!

Largest, Best and Cheapest lot of Straw Hats in Baird!

Window Shades and Lace Curtains.

THE "STANDARD" SEWING MACHINES.

T. E. POWELL.

ment, appropriate the promise: "The angel of the Lord encampeth around about them that fear him and delivereth them." Oh, I am so glad that the spaces between here and heaven are thronged with these supernatural taking tidings home, bringing messages here, rolling back obstacles from our path and giving us defense, for terrific are the forces who dispute our way, and if the nation of the good angels is on our side, the nation of bad angels is on the other side. Paul had it right when he said: "We wrestle not against flesh and blood but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." In that awful fight may God send us mighty angelic reinforcement! We want all their wings on our side, all their chariots on our side.

Thank God that those who are for us are mightier than those who are against us! And that thought makes me jubilant as to the final triumph. Belgium, you know, was the battle ground of England and France. Yes, Belgium more than once was the battle ground of opposing nations. It so happens that this world is the Belgium or battle ground between the angelic nations, good and bad, Michael, the commander-in-chief on one side, Lucifer, as Byron calls him, Mephistopheles, as Goethe calls him, or Satan, as the Bible calls him, the commander-in-chief on the other side. All pure angelhood under the one leadership and all abandoned angelhood under the other leadership. Many a skirmish have the two armies had, but the great and decisive battle is yet to be fought. Either from our earthly homes or down from our supernal residences, may we come in on the right side, for on that side are God and heaven and victory. Meanwhile, the battle is being set in array, and the forces celestial and

cal are confronting each other. Hear the boom of the great cannonade already opened! Cherubim, seraphim, thrones, dominations, principalities and powers are beginning to ride down their foes, and until the work is completed, "Sun, stand thou still upon Gideon, and thou, moon, in the of Ajjalon."

TEXAS NEWS.

Hillsboro has a board of trade. Cattle are dying on the Rio Grande frontier for lack of water.

The canning factory at Clarksville is now ready for business.

A movement is on foot to erect a \$300,000 opera house in Dallas.

Ground has been selected in Marshall for the new canning factory.

A Thorne type setting company has been organized at Fort Worth.

The union labor party met in convention at Clarksville and adopted the seven demands of the national farmers' alliance.

A call has been issued for a stock raisers' convention to meet in Corpus Christi on April 30.

The new county bridge across the Trinity river in South Dallas will be completed in about three weeks.

A company is to build a canal 300 miles long on either side of the Rio Grande from El Paso to Pena Blanch.

A recent decision of the interstate commerce commission is to the effect that railroads should not offer reduced rates for carload lots.

Instructions have been given to agents of the Texas & Pacific road not to receive cattle for the Cherokee strip unless consigned to an agent of the government.

Citizens of Clay county and of Henrietta have resolved to give to the Gulf, Brazos Valley and Pacific railroad right-of-way and \$1,000 per mile in Clay county, and depot grounds in Henrietta.

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GILLILAND, Editor and Proprietor.

BUCHEN, is our regular authorized at Tecumseh.

THURSDAY, APRIL 3, 1890.

TERRIFIC STORM was reported at Louisville, Ky., last week.

Pendleton, the democratic nominee for mayor of Fort Worth, defeated Dr. Broils Tuesday, by 705 majority.

JUDGE C. B. SABIN, judge of the United States district court for the eastern district of Texas, died at Galveston Sunday morning.

TELEGRAPHIC dispatches from Washington last week warned the people of the lower Mississippi to look out for the worst flood ever experienced in that turbid stream.

FROM a communication from Hon. J. N. Rushing in this issue it will be seen that he declines to be a candidate for the legislature. THE STAR placed Mr. Rushing in nomination without his knowledge or consent. We feel sure he would make a good representative and regret to see him decline. However, as he is the best judge as to whether or not he can afford to make the sacrifice—for it is a sacrifice for any man to accept the office in question. We reluctantly withdraw his name.

THERE has just been recorded in the clerk's office here, at the instance of Messrs. Webb & Webb, a certified copy of the last will of George W. Norton, of Louisville, Ky., who died last summer, owning several thousand acres of land in this county. Among other bequests is one of \$5,000 to the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary at Louisville, Ky., and \$200 and \$300 respectively, for two Baptist Sunday school libraries. One request by the testator is that his monument shall not cost exceeding \$5,000. Excepting special legacies the property is bequeathed in equal parts to the testator's wife and six living children. The amount and value of the property is not stated in the will, but some idea of it may be gathered from this recital: "Having heretofore given to my son, L. Norton, now dead, at I regard as a full part of my estate, I now give to Caldwell Norton and Ernest J. Norton, his sons, \$25,000 each." Whether or not boys have any need of these little ras does not appear.

NOT A CANDIDATE.

EDITOR STAR:—One of the great, if not the greatest, blessings of our system of government is the right of any citizen, however humble, to offer himself a candidate for office, and the people also have the right to call upon whom they may serve them, and as ex-Governor Roberts once said no patriot had a right to refuse. Abstractly speaking, this sage law-giver is correct, but under the laws and constitution of Texas one must consider his own financial ability to make the sacrifice. And now as THE STAR has so kindly and unsolicited placed my name at its mast head as its choice to represent the Forty-third district in the Twenty-second Texas legislature, allow me to return my heartiest thanks for your generous consideration. It is indeed an honor to any man to fill worthily any office in the gift of the people, in which the greatest reward is a consciousness of a duty well performed, yet with all this, circumstances alter cases. The Forty-third district is composed of sixty-eight counties, larger than many of the states of the union, with a supposed diversified interest wherein no man could do justice to himself or constituents. The result would inevitably be many earnings and few blessings, and as we would love to fill a higher and more honorable place in our new state capitol, I decline to be a candidate and will cheerfully aid our mutual friend, R. R. Webb, in the race for attorney-general. Sincerely yours, J. N. RUSHING.

PROGRESSIVE COMMITTEE.

EDITOR STAR:—I notice in THE STAR of March 20 that you say let us organize a progressive committee and have a county fair in the fall. A man with you in both instances and say less push them through, and I think we can do it with the help of the progressive citizens of this place. We do not need to go far away from home to see what a committee of live, energetic and wide-awake men will do for a town. Look at Abilene. If we had but such men as John Hoey, Jr., and Otto Steiner and would give them the support they get at Abilene we would equal Abilene in a year. Abilene has a progressive committee in working the case of the railroad that are taking the life of Abilene. If Baird does not want to get behind, let us get on the side of the progressive citizens of this place.

standing our superior natural advantages. Abilene is ahead of us in everything and this was caused by our inactivity and her energy and enterprise. Unless we get up and hustle she will soon claim Baird as "East Abilene," and Baird will not go far to meet her either. I believe the two best things that could be done for our town would be to organize a progressive committee and get up an exhibit this fall. In no other way can we advertise our products and resources as well as by this exhibit. The county will want to make an exhibit at Dallas and the spring palace and we will have to work to do this, so why not let us advertise Baird and Callahan county as well as some other place. Let our business men think of these things, and not only think, but go to work: I will give one hundred dollars as premiums for the exhibit this fall. Let us hear from others on these subjects.

ELLIS RICHARDSON.

MUSIC HATH CHARMS.

I did not approve of my mother's idea of taking city boarders; still, as she said, as there were only two of them, it would not make much difference in our home life.

They were an aunt, Mrs. Morton, and her niece, Miss Emily Ives, and a strange contract they made in both appearance and demeanor. Miss Ives was shrouded in the deepest of mourning costumes, and a heavy black crape veil completely concealed her features. She was not a widow. That I knew, because in writing to engage the rooms Mrs. Morton had called her niece "Miss," and had furthermore added that she had sustained the loss of a friend which had thrown her into a state of almost hopeless melancholia; that Mrs. Morton's object in seeking a country place so far from New York as the Genesee valley was in the hope of effecting an entire change of scene and thought for her afflicted niece.

Mrs. Morton joined us at our little rustic board, but Miss Ives took her meals in her room, refusing to cross the sill of her door.

My curiosity was piqued. "Is she ill?" I inquired of mother one day.

"Oh, no," said mother, "she is in perfect health; but when Mrs. Morton urges her to come out with her and see the beautiful scenery, she says that the sight of nature, no matter how lovely, is hateful to her."

"Mrs. Morton says that, unless something is done to arouse Miss Ives from her lethargy, she is afraid that she will go melancholy mad—and, Geoffrey, I've been thinking that you may be able to do something to arouse her."

"I, mother?" I exclaimed, starting. "What could I possibly do to 'arouse' her, as you call it?"

"My mother replied to my question: 'What could you do? why, you could play and sing.'

This was a startling proposition, even though I was conceded to be the best musician and to have the finest tenor voice in all the Genesee valley.

"But, mother," I said, "how can I, who am nothing but an uncultivated country bumpkin, sing before an accomplished musician, as I am sure Miss Ives must be."

"Before she sank into this dull and dreadful state of despondency, Miss Ives was passionately fond of music—especially sacred music, but she will never listen to a note now if she can help it. Mrs. Morton and I have talked it all over; I told her that you have the kind of a sympathetic voice that would melt the heart of a stone, and she is very anxious that you should try the experiment."

"I don't ask you to sing before her; but this afternoon Mrs. Morton and I are going out. When we are gone, you sit down to the piano and sing some of those touching things you know so well how to sing."

When the ladies were well out of the way I sat down to the piano, and very softly began singing some quaint, old-fashioned and plaintive hymns. Between each one I paused awhile, fully expecting a peremptory message from Miss Ives for me to stop. None came, and after a while I fancied that I heard a light footstep overhead.

Evidently Miss Ives had risen from the sofa upon which she lay constantly. Was she coming in person to rebuke me for my temerity? My heart beat high with fear—and hope.

With my whole soul in my task I rapidly glided into the old, old hymn of "Jordan."

As the last words, "There is rest for me," died away, the door slowly opened and there advanced towards me a being who seemed to me an angel, so fair was she. I had never seen her face until now, but that figure I could never mistake.

It was Emily Ives who stood before me, with eyes upturned as if entranced. "Sing, sing those words again," she murmured.

Low almost as her own voice I sang: I have builded me a mansion That eternally shall stand, And my stay will not be transient In that fair and happy land; On the other side of Jordan, In the fair fields of Eden, There is rest for the weary, There is rest for me.

"In the grave only there is rest," she sighed, sinking wearily into a chair; speaking to herself she seemed, and unobservant of my presence.

I spoke no word, but followed up the advantage I had gained by softly striking into Herrick's "Prayer for Comfort."

When the board of many years. Like a fleet cloud disappears, And the future's full of fears, Saviour, Saviour, comfort me!

When the secret life's gone That my poor heart yearned upon, Desolate, bereft, alone, Saviour, Saviour, comfort me!

The effect was most unexpected. At the conclusion of the hymn she sprang to her feet with a look of amazement, almost of indignation.

"How came you, a stranger," she demanded, imperiously, "to know my story?"

I was astonished in my turn, but replied calmly: "I know nothing of your story, Miss Ives."

"Then, how came you to choose a hymn to fit it so exactly? Ah! I see! My aunt has told you."

"Your aunt has told me nothing, I assure you, Miss Ives; but it is easy to see that you are unhappy, and I selected a hymn which might comfort you."

"I am glad to hear that," she said, "but you are not a physician, and I selected a hymn which might comfort you."

the side of the piano. "I thank you for your sympathy; and since I have betrayed that I have a story—I will hear it."

"Gladly—most gladly," I answered, inwardly rejoicing that, by an accident in the choice of a hymn, I had induced her to bestow upon me her confidence, believing that one should

Give sorrow words; The grief that does not speak Whispers the o'erfraught heart And bids it break.

"I am desolate, bereft, alone," she began. "My desolation was wrought by a man who came into my life only to

wreck it. I was an orphan, with no relatives but my aunt, who has not strength enough of character to control or guide so obstinate and headstrong a girl! I am. The—the—man"—she paused, grew white, shuddered at the recollection; then by an effort mastered her emotion and went on—"was cashier in a bank when I had on deposit a considerable sum of money. We met frequently, and I was fascinated by him. He professed to love me, and we became engaged. My aunt did what she could to prevent my marrying him; but as she could urge nothing against his character she was forced to fall back upon the time honored and to me contemptible platitudes that he was my social inferior—only a bank clerk and 'poor.' I paid no heed to her. I loved him, and love levels all barriers. Our wedding day drew near; and as I wished him to make a good appearance and not to feel hampered as to means to make himself presentable, I gave him a blank check, signed, and told him to fill it up for three thousand dollars. He filled it up for the entire amount I had in the bank and fled to Canada. I concealed his theft and allowed the world to think that from pure caprice, coquetry, fickleness—what you will—I had broken off the match almost at the foot of the altar. It was really believed that, heart broken at my treachery, he had gone away to try and bury his grief."

"Try to forget him—forgiveness will follow."

"How shall I set about it?" she asked. "Begin," I said, "by casting aside those emblems of mourning which you wear. Go out into God's sweet air and sunshine, and you will soon return to a healthy and normal state of mind."

"I thank you," she said, simply. "I will try."

The next afternoon, with some misgivings as to the answer, I proposed that we should make a sort of family party and visit a few places of interest in the neighborhood. To my surprise and delight the invitation was accepted. I observed with great gratification that Miss Ives no longer wore mourning, but a suit of delicate pearl gray.

Mother could hardly conceal her gratification at my success, and Mrs. Morton fairly bubbled over with joy.

September came, and still our city boarders showed no inclination to leave us. Emily's cheeks had resumed their pristine bloom, the rosate hue of health. I had loved her from the first, and, as the charm and beauty of her mind and character unfolded themselves to me, I adored her. The social difference between us, my country breeding, above all, my poverty, held me tongue tied. And so October came—that loveliest of all months in the country—and with it a not altogether unexpected windfall for me. A suit which for years had been dragging along in the courts was at last settled in my favor, and mother and I divided the snug sum of \$20,000 between us. The homestead was partly mine, and would be entirely so at my mother's death. Why, why, I was rich! I laughed aloud in my glee; and Miss Ives was poor. Now, why should I not speak?

Come what might, I would know my fate, and end the suspense which was eating my heart out. And at last my well-guarded secret escaped me. I told her that I loved her, and—appalled too late at my temerity—waited for her to pronounce my doom or lift me into paradise.

Miss Ives did not seem as surprised as I had expected, nor did she show any resentment.

She only seemed to be thinking, but it was not long before she replied: "I do not know whether I love you or not. If I loved—that other—with the only real love of my life, then I do not love you; but if—"

"But if—what?" "If that was only a passing fancy, scattered at once and forever to the winds by his unworthiness?"

"Oh, tell me that it was!" I inter-rupted.

"This much I can tell you, Geoffrey," she said. "I once you the dearest gratitude that woman ever owed to man; and could the same misfortune befall me as in my betrothal, and you were the wrong-doer, I could forgive you, as I never can him."

"Then you love me!" I cried. "I am sure you do, for out of love only could such forgiveness come."

And, unreluctant, I gathered her to my heart.

I asked if she would be content to live at the old country home—she, her aunt, with mother and me; but, if she would not, I would take her back to the great city, for I was rich now. A queer look passed over her features when I said I was rich, causing me to flush and bite my lip with mortification, remembering how pally a sum \$10,000 must appear to a girl who had had \$30,000.

Emily acquiesced in all my propositions and arrangements, and we were married most unostentatiously at the old homestead. Emily positively declined to invite any of her friends, so on her side her aunt only was present.

Emily declared that she wanted nothing that reminded her of her old life. Mrs. Morton did not like our homestead any as well as her niece did, and cheered her days by having a number of New York papers sent to her. I gave her a room, but one day Emily ran her eye over a newly arrived batch, and surprised me by exclaiming in a tone of irritation:

"Ah, I have not been able to escape the reporters even here!"

At her words my heart seemed to stand still. "Escape?" "Reporters?" after my rural mind reporters only followed up those who were "wanted" for some misdemeanor. The horrible thought flashed through my mind that perhaps I had married an adventurer—even a criminal! For I knew positively nothing about her, and she had been won so easily—by a simple country boy.

Emily glanced at me and laughed lightly. "Why, Geoffrey," she said, "how pale you are! And what a look of anxiety you wear! Here, read what the reporters say of me."

NEW SPRING STOCK of CLOTHING

We have just received our NEW SPRING STOCK of Clothing, Dress Goods and Gents' Furnishing Goods, and we invite all to call and examine goods and prices. Call early before the assortment is broken. No trouble to show goods.

Men's Boots and Shoes. Best line of Ladies' Shoes. Trimmings. Gents' Furnishing Goods. Dress Goods.

LADIES: EXAMINE OUR NEW LOT OF LACES

J. D. BOYDSTUN.

MILLER BROS.,

Photographic, Art and Enlarging Gallery.

A beautiful "Easel and Wall Frame" given away with each dozen cabinet photographs.

PHOTOGRAPHS, VIEWS, STEROSCOPICS.

Old pictures enlarged to life size. Water Color and India Ink Portraits a Specialty. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF FRAMES

Always on hand. Patronize HOME INDUSTRY and visit

Miller Bros.,

EAST SIDE PINE STREET, ABILENE, TEXAS.

R. Phillips,

Druggists' Supplies.

Paints, Oils, Patent Medicines, Stationery, Perfumery, Toilet Soap Wall Paper a SPECIALTY Physicians prescriptions carefully compounded. 11.90

LAND FOR SALE BY STAR-LAND-CO.

Farms for sale, farms for rent, town lots for sale, city residences for sale and to rent, country residences for sale and to rent

FOR SALE—We have a large tract of land on the Bayou for sale in quantities to suit purchasers.

FOR SALE—Home and lot No. 19, block 11, in Belle Plaine; the house has 5 rooms and a good cistern; price \$400.

FOR SALE—1,200 acres of land 2 miles northwest of Baird at \$4 per acre; \$1,000 cash, balance on 6 months.

FOR SALE—440 acres situated 10 miles N.E. of Baird, has house of 3 rooms, good chimney, good tank, smoke house, sheds and lots. Small farm in cultivation. Price \$1,500, one half cash balance in 12 months. Also 50 head of stock cattle, price, \$400; will take improved town property in part payment.

RANCH—1,700 acres of land 20 miles southeast of Baird, all under good wire fence, plenty of lasting stock water, fine grass, good buildings, with 4 rooms, barn and other out-buildings, 60 acres in cultivation; price, \$8,500; one-third cash, balance in two annual payments. Nearly all this pasture is tillable land. Star Land Co.

FOR SALE—140 acres of land at Belle Plaine 40 acres in fine state of cultivation; good orchard, house with 6 rooms and out-buildings; good cistern, fine tank cost \$600; plenty of wood; best barn in the county; only half a mile from Belle Plaine college; price, \$2,000; will trade for cattle, horses or sheep; improvements worth the money. Apply to STAR LAND CO.

FOR SALE—The fine residence of Joe Rushing in Baird, all under good wire fence, cash. Will exchange for good agricultural land. Dwelling has six rooms, gothic roof. Finest residence in the city. Ten acres under fence, two acres in trees and one acre in grape. 100 barrel cistern, well of unexhaustable water. Private water works. This is one of the best bargains in Callahan county. STAR LAND CO.

Advice to Mothers. Mrs. Winkler's SCORPION Syrup should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and gives the best known remedy for diarrhea, whether arising from teething or other causes. "Twenty-five cents a bottle. ACCEPTED, 1st. '89."

Don't Read This. We want a good live agent and correspondent for THE STAR at each post-office in the county. We want to double our subscription list this year and to those who will act as agents for us we will pay a large commission on every country paper in western Texas. Write us for terms at once and we will be appointed at once.

W. D. JOPLING, a fine practical WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER.

Over five years steady practice at the bench. Fine tools, fine recommendations. First-class work promptly done. Call and be convinced. Very Respectfully, W. D. JOPLING.

More, Baird, Texas.

JO VIRGIL, The Norman horse will make the season fourteen and one-half miles south of Baird, on Coleman road. A. VANDERVORT and J. C. DAUBENSPECK. DESCRIPTION AND PEDIGREE. Jo Virgil is a bay with black points and star in the face, four years old, weight 1,600 pounds. Sired by Favory 765. Favory was imported by M. W. Dunham, of Wayne, Ill.; he by French Monarch 206 (734) by Ildericus 5302, by Valentine 5301, by Vieux Chasin 713, by Cold 712, by Mignon 715, by Jean C. Blanc 739. Sire of first dam France 340 (1182); second dam Comet 178 (103). France and Comet were imported by Virgin & Brown, of Fairbury, Ill. 16

OLIVER'S MEAT MARKET. L. O. OLIVER, PROPRIETOR. Fresh meats of all kinds always on hand. Give me a call when you want good meats. Market street. First door south of Ph. Schwartz.

WM. CAMERON & CO., DEALERS IN Lumber, Shingles, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Moulding, Posts, Stays, Lime and Cement. THIRD STREET, BAIRD, TEX.

W. A. McLAURY, W. L. JONES, T. J. DEAN. NEW GROCERY. McLAURY, JONES & DEAN, Dealers in STAPLE and FANCY GROCERIES. MARKET STREET, BAIRD, TEX.

BAIRD DRUG CO. GENERAL DEALERS IN DRUGS AND DRUGGISTS' SUPPLIES.

A First-Class Drug Store. We take pleasure in informing the public that we retain the services of S. T. FRASER, M. D., who will have entire control of the Prescription Department, the Integrity, Competency and Reliability of this Gentleman, who is an old and well known citizen of Callahan county, is a sufficient guarantee that you will get your Prescriptions compounded in a thoroughly Scientific manner. Nothing will be dispensed but the best and purest drugs. A COMPLETE LINE OF Patent Medicines, Paints, Oils, Sulphur Cement, and Notions, Envelopes of all kinds and sizes. School Books, Bibles, Testaments, Note, Letter, Foolscap, Legal and Bill Cap Paper. Pens in endless variety. PUREST AND BEST DRUGS. BAIRD DRUG COMPANY. MARKET STREET, BAIRD, TEX.

W. D. JOPLING, a fine practical WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER. Over five years steady practice at the bench. Fine tools, fine recommendations. First-class work promptly done. Call and be convinced. Very Respectfully, W. D. JOPLING. More, Baird, Texas.

TOWN ELECTION APRIL 1 1890. The following is a list of the vote. The vote for aldermen was scattering, and a great many persons were voted for who were not candidates, some of them have requested that their names be left out, so we only give the names that were printed on the tickets.

For Mayor.	
E. K. KANE	53
D. RICHARDSON	83
For Marshal.	
HORACE B. PRICE	74
R. A. WILLIAMS	34
J. E. W. LANE	29
For Aldermen.	
W. W. OGLE	45
DR. S. T. FRASER	65
JOHN RICE	103
W. C. POWELL	95
T. E. POWELL	100
JUSTIN COOK	95

Note.—The last five names stood aldermen.

Local News Items.

BAIRD LODGE, No. 522, A. F. & A. M., meets on Saturday, on or before each full moon.

Baird Chapter, No. 182, R. A. M. Meets every 2d, 4th, and 5th Friday night in each month.

Baird Lodge, No. 47, K. of P. Meets every Thursday night.

Announcements.

FOR SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce J. P. Purvis, of Cottonwood, as a candidate for Sheriff of Callahan county at the ensuing election.

We are authorized to announce W. L. Jones as a candidate for sheriff of Callahan county at the ensuing election.

We are authorized to announce Lee McCannon as a candidate for sheriff of Callahan county.

Bob Kinsey is able to be out again. J. B. Short, of Putnam, was in town Monday.

Last Monday was rather cold for a spring day.

District court convenes in Baird next Monday.

Dick Kane came in from Fort Worth, Tuesday.

Maj. Stanley M. Jones made a trip to Austin, Fort Worth and Vernon last week.

Miss May Burns returned Saturday from a two weeks' visit to friends in Abilene.

Rev. G. W. Caperton and daughter, of Albany, are in town, guests of Maj. D. Richardson.

Wm. Cranston, of Abilene, was down last week to see Ellis Richardson's Herefords.

French gingham, batiste, shallop organizers, in fact everything you want at Powell's.

J. W. Jones and wife and Mrs. W. E. Gilliland and children went out to Tecumseh last Sunday.

The best molasses and vinegar, very cheap, at J. L. Lea & Co's.

Biney Jones returned home from Fort Worth last Saturday, where he has been attending school.

Pure barrel lard, warranted, at Coppins & Driskill's.

A. L. Bandy, of Hulttown, was in town Saturday and left a silver dollar on deposit with this paper.

A new line of goods just received at J. D. Boydston's.

Max Zimmerman received the sad intelligence, Tuesday, that his mother had recently died in Germany.

We have just received a nice line of surah silks—Summer shades. J. D. Boydston's.

J. D. Boydston and his brother, B. W. Boydston of Rockwall, are expected in town this week.

T. E. Powell carries a fine line of hand-made French kid shoes for the ladies.

Judge I. M. Onins was in town several days last week and this. THE STAR acknowledges a pleasant call from him.

The oil inspector says S. L. Ogle keeps the best and safest oil of any dealer in his district.

Maj. Wm. McManis, our esteemed postmaster, moved his family to town last week. He has rented the Joy house.

Car lot of sugar and molasses direct from New Orleans. Will sell by barrel very cheap for cash. S. L. Ogle.

Miss Rosenthal is still teaching a class at the school house, and we are informed she is giving general satisfaction.

The Giesecke hand-made boots Every pair warranted. T. E. Powell.

Baird lodge No. 522, A. F. and A. M., meets next Saturday night. There will be work in the fellow craft degree and perhaps others.

We will receive, in a few days, another car load of flour, meal and bran. Every sack of flour guaranteed first-class. Coppins & Driskill.

Rev. J. T. L. Annis came down from Big Springs last week. Of course he called to see us for he knew better than to do otherwise. Well, we are always glad to see him.

New line of gingham, price 8 1-2 cents. J. D. Boydston.

It was right cool Monday and only those merchants who had taken their stoves down during the late warm spell could appreciate how cold it was.

District court convenes next Monday. When not in the court house call on T. E. Powell and he will show you more cheap goods than any other dealer in Baird. No trouble to show goods.

The ladies of the Methodist church will give an oyster supper on the night of the 9th of April. Oysters 50 cents a dozen. Cake and lemonade extra. All are invited to attend.

A full line of ladies trimmed hats, at J. D. Boydston's.

The cash price of THE STAR is one dollar, payable strictly in advance, not two or three years credit. Remember the subscription is one dollar only on condition that it is paid in advance.

Just received a fresh lot of jellies and preserves direct from the factory. S. L. Ogle.

B. F. Williams succeeded in having J. W. Cheek's bond filled and he was released last Thursday and returned to Putnam. Mr. Cheek was quite sick while he was confined in jail, and his friends worked hard until he was finally released.

Cheapest line of embroidery ever seen at Powell's. Come and see.

Charley and Grant Bowlius, Mont Somes, Martin Barnhill and Will Whitley went fishing last Wednesday and returned Thursday. The editor received a nice mess of fish, a present from the boys, which was highly appreciated.

Carpet warp, cheap. J. D. Boydston.

Nothing has been heard from Alden A. Bell for some time, and his friends here are becoming uneasy about him. The last heard from him was his letter to THE STAR, which was written from Havana, Cuba, in December. He was to sail from there to Rio de Janeiro, South America, and thence to Samangambia, Africa. THE STAR hopes he will return safe and sound.

Garden seed and onion sets at S. L. Ogle's.

C. J. Willson, editor of the Cottonwood Prodigal, spent several days in town last week on business connected with his paper. Charley says the Baird merchants are good patrons of the Prodigal, which of course shows their wisdom. Printers' ink is the best investment a business man can make, and all good business men are fully aware of this fact. THE STAR is glad to know that the Prodigal under Charley's management is so prosperous.

For Blank books of all kinds go to R. Phillips.

Little red amber cane seed at McLauri, Jones & Dean's.

There has been a rumor that one or more candidates for sheriff have withdrawn from the race. W. L. Jones says that the report that he was one of those who had withdrawn from the race is a mistake. He desires THE STAR to say that he is in the race to stay until the election.

We desire to speak a word of caution to the public in behalf of the candidate who have or may hereafter announce in this paper. Pay no attention to any rumors you may hear about the withdrawal of any candidate who has announced for any office through this paper. So long as his name appears in this paper the public can take it for granted that said person is a candidate and they should not believe anything to the contrary, for when any candidate desires his name withdrawn THE STAR will announce it at the personal request of the candidate and not otherwise.

Five hundred pieces of Surah China and Moray Silk at 50c, 65c, 75c and \$1 per yard, worth from 75c to \$1.59. Call and see. T. E. Powell.

The finest line of spring dry goods ever seen in Baird at Powell's.

Floor paint all colors at Baird Drug Co.

Withdrawal.

J. W. Merrick authorizes us to say that he has, after mature consideration, withdrawn his name as a candidate for sheriff. His business is such that he cannot make as thorough a canvass of the county as he would desire. He desires to return his sincere thanks to his friends who promised him their aid and support, and highly appreciates their efforts in his behalf, and shall ever hold them in grateful remembrance.

While in town during court we respectfully invite you to call and examine our large stock of dry goods. Come in and see us whether you want to buy or not, make yourselves at home at our store where you will receive a hearty welcome.

Ph. Schwartz & Bro.

Ladies of the Baptist Church.

We are requested to announce that the ladies of the Baptist church will give a dinner and supper next Monday at the Central. Meals 25 cents, ice cream 15 cents a dish or two for 25 cents.

All wool jeans pants warranted not to rip, if so a new pair given in their place, for \$1.50 at T. E. Powell's.

Dousens hankerchief extract. Very fine and cheap. Baird Drug Co.

To Subscribers.

We have a great many subscribers who are in arrears for from one to three years, and we will offer the following inducement to all who will pay up between now and the first day of May. The subscription price of THE STAR for 1888 was \$1.50 in advance.

Look out for the fine display of spring goods at J. D. Windham & Sons' store, ordered direct from St. Louis. The special attention of the ladies is called to the all selected variety of new and fashionable goods which will please every taste and style.

Advertisements to above.

paid at the end of the year and some did not pay at all. We reduced the price last year to \$1.25 if paid in advance, or \$1.50 if paid at the end of the year. This year we have reduced the price to \$1, strictly in advance, or \$1.50 if paid at the end of the year. A great many have not paid even this, although four months have passed since we began the third volume. All who will pay up between now and May 1 can settle same at the following rates: For the year 1888 \$1.50, 1889 \$1.25, 1890 \$1. If you owe us for three years we offer you the same rates as those who paid in advance. We make this offer in order to induce all to pay up, because we need the money. All who do not pay up by May 1 will be charged the regular credit rate, which is \$1.50 per annum.

Keep your children cool by buying a sailor hat from Foy & Richardson.

Call and see all my new goods. No trouble to show you through, and I will thank you to come and get my prices. T. E. Towell.

Lace curtains, bed sets and pillow shams, very cheap. J. D. Boydston.

NEW LUMBER YARD IN BAIRD.

We desire to inform the public that we have started a lumber yard in Baird and we propose to compete with surrounding towns both in price and quality of lumber and building material, in fact, we propose to sell lumber cheaper than ever sold in Baird. The yard will be continued so long as the patronage will justify. We respectfully solicit the patronage of the public and guarantee satisfaction in price and quality of lumber. MOON & CROWDER.

Spring clothing at Powell's.

Trunks cheap at Powell's.

Lace curtains at Powell's.

Ten per cent lower than any one's cost. POWELL.

Largest and best line of hats at Powell's.

Low prices always gets there. T. E. Powell.

See Powell's fine French flannel and silk shirts.

Dress gingham and checks at 8 1-2 cents a yard at Powell's.

TECUMSEH NEWS.

TECUMSEH, March 29.—Dr. J. D. Windham started Sunday last on a trip to Brown county, accompanied by Dr. D. M. Rumph. The esteemed gentleman hoped that a change of air and surroundings would benefit his recovery, and for Dr. Rumph it was a welcome recreation after last winter's hard and trying work. Both gentlemen returned Thursday in good health and improved spirits.

D. S. Avery left Sunday for Abilene to attend the district court as juror.

Frank Kelly, a young cowboy, dropped in Sunday evening from Midland suffering from the bite of a polecat. Dr. Windham's far-famed madstone was applied and sticks most tenaciously to the wound, so that a full and timely recovery of the man may be hoped for.

Sheriff J. W. Jones and lady came out from Baird for a short visit on Tuesday.

George B. Martin, the gallant boy who held high Callahan county's colors and carried off first honors in the great roping contest at the Abilene fair, arrived last week from his ranch in Dickens county. He traded some cattle, about sixty head, to Tom Windham for young horse stock, bought a number of horses from H. Windham and others and started for home Thursday with Hez Smith as aid-de-camp. George is a fine fellow and I wonder if he was looking exclusively after his stock interests while here. There were certain rumors afloat and I drove several miles out of my road to investigate the interesting matter, but no ringing of the merry marriage bells, no smell of wedding cake, Well, well, it seems some kind friends north of here tried to unload a story upon your confidential reporter, but I am now on the inside track and only say, let us wait for developments.

I failed to chronicle the arrival of a new comer at the house of R. E. Richards, which occurred about six weeks ago. Don't blame me for that omission; it seems certain things are going on quite mysteriously. Nevertheless, I am glad to report now that the little blue-eyed lady is developing finely, that mother and father are the more happy as it is their first girl, and that worthy grandma Richards introduced your humble correspondent to her grand daughter with remarkable pride.

Mrs. Gerald Cresswell started Thursday for her old home in England, while Capt. and Mrs. Markham are remaining as guests at the Cresswell ranch.

We are sorry to hear that Mrs. W. B. Ellis is still retained at Abilene by sickness.

Look out for the fine display of spring goods at J. D. Windham & Sons' store, ordered direct from St. Louis. The special attention of the ladies is called to the all selected variety of new and fashionable goods which will please every taste and style.

Advertisements to above.

twenty cents per line, and always charged to correspondents.—(Ed.)

I crowded too early about the last rain. It was only a very homoeopathic dose, about a teaspoonful and a half, since that little shower again a week passed without a drop of rain and things began to look blue.

The school at Eagle Cove is now for nearly six months in full run and will continue about two months more, with a total enrollment of more than fifty and an average attendance of about thirty-five. The teacher, Miss Jones, a young lady from Tennessee, is spoken of in the highest terms and gives general satisfaction. Of course there seems to prevail the right kind of harmony and unity of action by trustees and patrons, and only when parents and teacher work together satisfactory results can and will be reached. It would be a good thing for other school communities to act in the same way. H. BUCHEN.

All kinds of Salt at Lea's.

Full line of coffins. L. Gould.

Wool sacks cheap at Lea's. 15-4t.

Seed potatoes and onion sets cheap at Lea's.

Fine Imported Havana Cigars at Office saloon.

You will always receive kindest attention at Office saloon.

Pickles cheaper than ever at Lea's.

Coffins put up at short notice. L. Gould.

Bran, Cotton Seed & other feed cheap at Lea's.

Furniture cheap at Gould's Furniture store.

Our prices are the lowest. Foy & Richardson.

All kinds of candies and nuts, cheap, at Lea's.

Car of fine salt just received at Coppins and Driskill's.

Sixty grain white wine vinegar at Coppins & Driskill's.

A full line of mixed paints at the Baird Drug Co's.

Best sugar house molasses in town. McLAURY, JONES & DEAN.

Four cans good lye for 25c. S. L. OGLE.

Car load of flour, meal and bran to arrive next week.

McLAURY, JONES & DEAN.

Hides and furs of all kinds wanted J. L. LEA & CO.

Coppins & Driskill, have the largest assortment of tobacco in Baird.

Buy a White sewing machine from Moon & Crowder. The best in the world.

Landreth's garden seed, sold by the Baird Drug Co., are the best in the market.

A large line of woolen hosiery to be sold strictly at cost. Moon & Crowder.

Coppins & Driskill have first grade flour of all brands and will not be undersold.

You can always find the very best Kentucky Whiskies at the Office saloon. Call and see for yourself.

A few more roomers wanted at the Central house. Rooms well furnished. Rooms kept especially for transients at 25 cents per night. Rooms to let by week or month.

If you burn out to-night how much insurance money will be due you tomorrow? If you are not protected call before night on D. RICHARDSON, Baird. 49-6m

All skin diseases readily cured with "Chas. Alf's Germ Exterminator," that best of all blood remedies. Baird Drug Co. agents. 10-6.

We see that J. L. Lea & Co. have some fine cultivators, good and cheap, also excellent corn and cotton planters, cheap. 15-6t.

A full line of undertaker's goods always kept on hand. We also have ladies' and gents' burial robes, metallic caskets, etc. Ph. Schwartz & Bro.

Eczema is readily cured with "Chas. Alf's Germ Exterminator" as our testimonials will show. Baird Drug Co. agents. 10-6.

When you want a town lot in Baird or a home in Callahan county call on D. RICHARDSON, Baird. 49-6m

I have just received from California fine Old Port Angelica and Sherry wines. Office saloon. J. B. Maxwell, proprietor.

The White sewing machine has all the latest improvements and is the best in the country, and we can prove it in thirty minutes to any lady who wants the best. Moon and Crowder.

Every barrel of oil we handle bears certificate of inspection of 150 test, and we challenge anyone to publish the test of their oil and produce the certificate. Don't you know they would publish it quick if it would bear the test? S. L. OGLE.

Dr. J. E. Hempstead, dentist, will be in Baird on the 7th of April, to remain during court. Office at the Whitley house. 16t

Large lot of extracts, jellies, preserves and pickles at Coppins & Driskill's.

Call and examine our beautiful line of lamps and glassware. H. Meyer.

A full line of colognes and Florida waters, elegant and cheap. Baird Drug Co.

I keep constantly on hand a good supply of lemons, oranges and bananas. S. L. Ogle.

Elegant line of silverware to arrive soon. Harry Meyer.

Get your White Rose and Clarette soaps at Coppins & Driskill's.

BIG STONE GROCERY. J. L. LEA & CO.

Keep on Hand THE LARGEST STOCK OF GROCERIES Therefore they buy and sell cheaper than anyone.

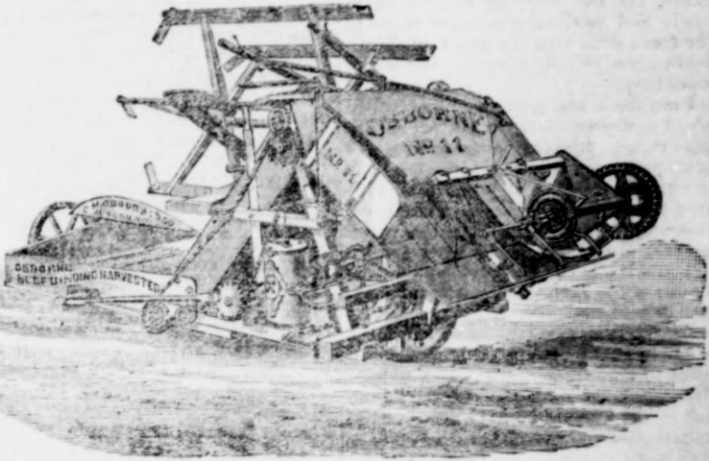


Wagons, Drills, Plows.

D. M. OSBORNE'S

HARVESTING

MACHINERY.



Cheap and on Liberal Terms.

We will buy or help you sell your COUNTRY PRODUCE FOR CASH.

CASH PAID FOR Cotton, Wool and Hides.

New invoice sugar house syrups and sugar at Coppins & Driskill.

New invoice of pipes at Coppins & Driskill's.

White bolted corn meal. McLauri, Jones & Dean.

Fresh keg small pickles. McLauri, Jones & Dean.

Highest cash price paid for corn and oats by J. L. Lea & Co.

Just received one car Kansas flour at McLauri, Jones & Dean.

R. Phillips still has a few goods for sale. Call and see.

Flax fibre buckets, wash pans, chamber pails. Harry Meyer.

Mr. W. H. Baldrige, druggist, Escondido, California, says:

"Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best selling medicine I handle. In fact I sell more of it than all other cough medicines combined.

Everyone who has used it speaks in glowing terms of its efficiency." for sale by—Baird Drug Co.

Says editorially: "I received from A. K. Hawkes of Austin, a pair of his Crystallized Lens spectacles, and I must say I was surprised to find them so transparent and fine. I consider these spectacles the best in existence, and can highly recommend them to all those who are obliged to use glasses. I believe that these lenses really preserve the eyes, and not like so many inferior acid badley ground glasses do, injure the sight. O. Dietzel, Ed. and Prop. Texas (German) Post."

Go to W. D. Jopling's for fine watch and jewelry work. He proposes to make quality and not quantity the price of success. 16t

FOR SALE. A four room dwelling in west part of Baird, at a bargain. Star Land Co.

Stallion. I will stand my stallion, YOUNG SAMPSON, for the season at J. B. Posey's, four miles west of Cross Plain. N. CIRCLE.

STONE MASON. If you want a cistern dug or a chimney built, write to J. J. Preston, Belle Plain. No smoky chimneys. All work guaranteed. Leave orders at THE STAR office. 15-1t.

LADIES. Needing a tonic, or children that want building up, send for BROWN'S HONEY BITTERS. It is pleasant to take, cures Malaria, Indigestion, and Biliousness. All dealers keep it.

A Peculiar Case.

Dr. H. C. Edmunds, of Elberton, Ga., writes: "A very peculiar and strange case of blood poison came under my attention a short time ago. A gentleman came here from Athens, Ga., where he had been bitten on the hand by a vicious mule that he was breaking to work. The hand was in a horrible condition and the inflammation was rapidly extending throughout his entire system. Every knuckle on his hand was an ulcer that was deep and sloughing. He stated to me that he had consulted several physicians, and taken their medicines without deriving any benefit. I gave him a course of Swift's Specific (S.S.S.) and in a few days he reported to me a marked improvement, and in one week from the time he commenced taking S.S.S. the hand was healed up and the poison entirely eradicated from his system. It is my opinion that he would have lost his life had it not been for the health-giving properties contained in Swift's Specific. He frankly admits himself that S. S. S. did the work. Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. Swift Specific Co., Atlanta Ga.

Money to Loan.

We are now prepared to loan money in sums to suit country property. We take up and extend vendors-lien notes. We have unequalled facilities for doing business promptly. Lowest rates. It will pay you to call on or write us.

HARRILL & WILLIAMS, Abilene, Tex.

Saddlery.

In order to keep my present force of workmen at work during the winter months at my factory I am still making big reductions in all saddlery and harness goods. Parties wishing to buy largely would do well to call on me before buying. N. Porter, 25 Pine street, Abilene, Texas. 52

Family Bibles.

Anyone wishing to get Family Bibles, religious books, periodicals or Christian literature of any kind, can get the same by applying to R. F. Dunn, Pastor Methodist Church, Baird.

ONE DOLLAR.

We have decided to put the subscription price of The Star at \$1.50, payable at the end of the year, or \$1 if paid in advance. This rule will be strictly enforced hereafter.

GO TO THE OFFICE SALOO

For nine-year-old KENTUCKY COMFORT WHISKY. J. B. Maxwell, Proprietor.

Daily Hack Line

Between BAIRD and COLEMAN.

Hacks leave each point at 7 a. m. and arrive at 3 p. m. FARE \$4 00

Hacks make connection with Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe trains at Coleman and westbound Texas & Pacific trains at Baird.

Collins, Thompson & Co., Proprietors.

PETER SUGAR, JEWELER.

Special attention given to repairing. First-class work guaranteed. —At Ph. Schwartz & Bro.—

CITY MEAT MARKET.

We respectfully solicit a share of public patronage. FRESH MEATS ALWAYS ON HAND.

Rowland & Warren, Pr'ps.

WHITLEY HOUSE, FRONT STREET, BAIRD.

The table always supplied with the best market affords. Board and lodging. Rates reasonable.

W. C. WHITLEY, Proprietor.

Will M. Buell, House, Sign and Carriage PAINTING.

All work done with neatness and dispatch. My

A GENTLEMAN having been cured of Nervous Prostration, Seminal Weakness, Premature Decay, and all the evil effects of early indiscretion and youthful folly, is anxious to make known to others the simple mode of self-cure. To those who wish and will give him their symptoms, he will send (free) by return mail a copy of the recipe so successfully used in his case.

Address in confidence, James W. Pinkney, 42 Cedar street, N. Y.

QUATERMAN'S WIFE.

By H. RIDER HAGOARD.

Author of "Colonel Quartermaster," "The Moon's Will," "The Tale of Three Lions," "Allan Quartermain," "She," "Jack," etc.

(Continued from last week.)

he pointed to a spot in the horizon where it would have been about an hour and a half before. "The two dogs were with her," he added. I turned and ran towards the graveyard, which was about a quarter of a mile from the huts.

When I got near the graveyard I met one of the natives, who by my orders, had been set round the kraals to watch the place, and noticed that he was rubbing his eyes and yawning. Clearly he had been asleep. I asked him if he had seen his mistress, and he answered that he had not, which under the circumstances was not wonderful.

I ran from the graveyard and called aloud at the top of my voice, but no answer came. Meanwhile the native was more profitably engaged in tracing their spoor. He followed it for about a hundred yards till he came to a clump of mimosa bushes that was situated between the stream and the ancient marble quarries just above the waterfall, and at the mouth of the ravine. Here he stopped, and I heard him give a startled cry. I rushed to the spot, passed through the trees, and saw this little open space in the center of the glade had been the scene of a struggle.

In the soft earth, were the marks of three human feet—two shod, one naked—Stella's, Tota's and Hendrika's. Nor was this all. There, close by, lay the fragments of the two dogs—they were nothing more—and one baboon, not yet quite dead, which had been bitten in the throat by the dogs.

My wife and Tota had been carried off by the baboons. As yet they had not been killed, for if so their remains would have been found with those of the dogs. They had been carried off. The brute, getting under the direction of the woman-monkey, Hendrika, had dragged them away to some secret den, there to keep them till they died—or kill them!

For a moment I literally staggered beneath the terror of the shock. Then I roused myself from my despair. I bade the native run and alarm the people at the kraals, telling them to come armed, and bring me guns and ammunition. He went like the wind, and I turned to follow the spoor. For a few yards it was plain enough—Stella had been dragged along. I could see where her heels had struck the ground, the child had I presumed, been carried—at least there were no marks of her feet. At the water's edge the spoor vanished. The water was shallow, and they had gone along in it.

At least Hendrika and her victims order to obliterate the trail. I turned and fled a moment toward the huts. As I drew near I could see that my messenger had roused the settlement, for natives with spears and knives in their hands were running up towards the kraals. When I reached the hut I met old Indaba-zimbi, who wore a very serious face.

"So the evil has fallen," Macumazahn, he said.

"Keep a good heart, Macumazahn," he said again. "She is not dead, nor is the little maid, and before they die we shall find them. Hendrika loves her. She will not harm her or allow the baboons to harm her. She will try to hide her away from you—that is all."

"Pray God that we may find her," I groaned. "The light is going fast." "The moon rises in three hours," he answered. "We will search by moonlight. It is useless to start now; see, the sun sinks. Let us get the men together, eat and make things ready. Hamba gchie. Hasten slowly, Macumazahn."

As there was no help I took his advice. I could eat no food, but I packed some up to take with us, and made ready ropes and a rough kind of ladder. If we found them they would scarcely be able to walk. Ah! if we found them! How slowly the time passed! It seemed hours before the moon rose. But at last it did rise.

Then we started. In all we were about five hundred men, but we only mustered five guns between us, my elephant roe and four that had belonged to Mr. Carson.

CHAPTER XIII.

I gained the spot by the stream where Stella had been taken. The natives looked at the torn fragments of the dogs, and at the marks of violence, and I heard them swearing to each other that whether the Star lived or died they would not rest till they had exterminated every baboon on Babayan's peak.

We started on along the stream, following the spoor of the baboons as we went, and as the stream left no spoor, we had to guess the direction by the marks of the dead animals.

Still we wandered on. All night we wandered through the lonely moonlit valleys, standing the silence into a thousand echoes with our cries. But no answer came to them. In vain our eyes searched the sides of precipitous formed of water-riven rocks fantastically piled one upon another. In vain we searched through endless dells and fern clad crannies. There was nothing to be found. How could we expect to find two human beings hidden away in the recesses of this vast stretch of mountain ground, which no man yet had ever fully explored? They were lost, and in all human probability lost for ever.

To and fro we wandered hopelessly, till at last dawn found us footsore and weary near at the spot whence we had started. We sat down waiting for the sun to rise, and the men ate of such food as they had brought with them, and sent to the kraals for more.

I sat upon a stone with a breaking heart. I cannot describe my feelings. Let the reader put himself in my position and perhaps he may get some idea of them. Near me was old Indaba-zimbi, who sat staring straight before him as though he were looking into space, and taking note of what went on there. An idea struck me. This man had some occult power. Several times during our adventures he had prophesied, and in every case his prophecies had proved true. He it was who, when we escaped from the Zulu lair, had told me to steer north, because there we should find the place of a white man who lived under the shadow of a great peak that was full of baboons. Perhaps he could help in this extremity—at any rate it was worth trying.

"Indaba-zimbi," I said, "you say that you can send your spirit through the doors of space and see what we cannot see. At the least I know that you can do strange things. Can you not help me now? If you can, and will save her, I will give you half the cattle that we have here."

"I never said anything of the sort, Macumazahn," he answered. "I do things. I do not talk about them. Neither do I seek reward for what I do like a common witch doctor. It is well that you have asked me to use my wisdom, Macumazahn, for I should not have used it again without being asked—no, not even for the sake of the Star and yourself, whom I love, for if so my spirit would have flown away. In the other matters I had a part, for my life was concerned as well as yours; but in this matter I have no part, and therefore I might not use my wisdom unless you thought well to call upon my spirit. However, it would have been no good to ask me before, for I have only just found the herb I want, and it produced a handful of leaves of a plant that was unfamiliar to me. It had prickly leaves, shaped very much like those of the common English nettle."

"Now, Macumazahn," he went on, "bid the men leave us alone, and then follow me presently to the little glade down there by the water."

I did so. When I reached the glade I found Indaba-zimbi kindling a small fire under the shadow of a tree by the edge of the water.

"Sit there, Macumazahn," he said, pointing to a stone near the fire, "and do not be surprised or frightened at anything you see. If you move or call out we shall learn nothing."

I sat down and watched. When the fire was slight and burning brightly, the old man himself stalked naked, and going to the foot of the pool, dipped himself in the water. Then he came back shivering with the cold, and leaning over the little fire, thrust leaves of the plant I have mentioned into his mouth and began to chew them, muttering as he chewed. Most of the remaining leaves he threw onto the fire. A dense smoke rose from them, but he held his head in this smoke and drew it down into his lungs till I saw that he was exhibiting every sign of suffocation. The veins in his throat and chest swelled, he gasped loudly, and his eyes, from which tears were streaming, seemed as though they were going to start from his head. Presently he fell over on his side, and lay senseless. I was terribly alarmed, and my first impulse was to run to his assistance, but fortunately I remembered his caution and sat quiet.

Indaba-zimbi lay on the ground like a person quite dead. His limbs had all the utter relaxation of death. But as I watched I saw them begin to stiffen, exactly as though rigor mortis had set in. Then, to my astonishment, I perceived them once more relax, and this time there appeared upon his chest the stain of decomposition. It spread and spread, in three minutes the man, to all appearance, was a livid corpse.

I sat amazed watching this uncanny sight, and wondering if any further natural process was about to be enacted. Perhaps Indaba-zimbi was going to fall to dust before my eyes. As I watched I observed that the discoloration was beginning to fade. First it vanished from the extremities, then from the larger limbs, and lastly from the trunk. Then in turn came the stage of relaxation, the second stage of rigidity, and the first stage of after-death collapse. When all these had rapidly succeeded each other, Indaba-zimbi quickly woke up.

I was too astonished to speak; I simply looked at him with my mouth open.

"Well, Macumazahn," he said, putting his head on one side like a bird and nodding his white lock in a comical fashion, "it is all right; I have seen her."

"Seen who?" I asked.

"The Star, our wife, and the little maid. They are much frightened, but unharmed. The babyan-frau watches them. She is mad, but the baboons obey her and do not hurt them. The Star was sleeping from weariness, so I whispered in her ear and told her not to be frightened, for you would soon rescue her, and that meanwhile she must seem to be pleased to have Hendrika near her."

I had a lock of her hair in my pocket-book. He told me to give it to him. I did so. Going to the fire, he lit the lock of hair in the flame, and let it burn to ashes, which he caught in his left hand. These ashes he mixed up in a paste with the juice of one of the leaves of the plant I have spoken of.

"Now, Macumazahn, shut your eyes," he said. I did so, and he rubbed his paste on my eyelids. At first it burnt me, then my head swam strangely. Presently this effect passed off, and my brain was perfectly clear again, but I could not get the ground with my feet. Indaba-zimbi led me to the side of the stream. Beneath us was a pool of beautiful clear water.

"Look into the pool, Macumazahn," said Indaba-zimbi, and his voice sounded hollow and far away in my ears.

I looked. The water grew dark; it cleared, and in it was a picture. I saw a cave with a fire burning in it. Against the wall of the cave rested Stella. Her dress was torn almost off her, she looked dreadfully pale and weary, and her eyelids were red as though with weeping. But she slept, and I could almost think that I saw her lips shape my name in her sleep. Close to her head upon Stella's breast lay the little Tota, who sat in a skin thrown over her to keep out the night cold. The child was awake, and appeared to be moaning with fear. By the fire, and in such a position that the light fell full upon her face, and engaged in cooking something in a rough pot shaped from wood, sat the baboon-woman, Hendrika. She was clothed in baboon skins, and her face had been rubbed with some dark stain, which was, however, wearing off.

In the intervals of her cooking she would turn on Stella her wild eyes, in which a terrible madness, such as I had never seen, and an expression of tenderness that amounted to worship. Then she would stare at the poor child and gnash her teeth as though with hate. Clearly she was jealous of it. Round the entrance arch of the cave peeped and peered the heads of many baboons. Presently Hendrika made a sign to one of them: apparently she did not speak, or rather grant, in order not to wake Stella. The brute hopped forward, and she gave it a second rude wooden pot which was lying on the ground. It took it and went, and then returned with a small basket of wood, which he laid on the ground. She saw us and a foam of rage burst from her lips. She screamed aloud to me the sound was a more inarticulate cry, but the baboons clearly understood it, for they began to roll rocks down to us. One baboon leaped past me and struck down a Kafir behind; another fell from the roof of the arch on to a man's head and killed him; Indaba-zimbi lifted his gun to shoot Hendrika; I knocked it up so that it flew over her head, crying that he would kill the child.

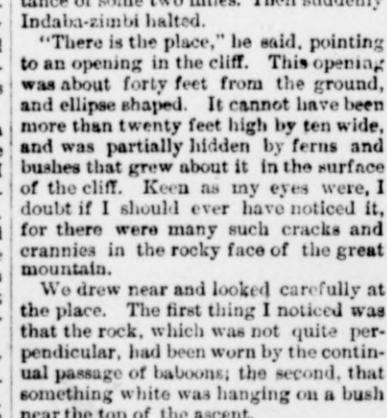
Then I turned and began to open out my hand to take the child from the side of the shelving gully. Furious at the loss of their two comrades, they obeyed me, and keeping in the water way myself, together with Indaba-zimbi and the other Kafir, I gave the word to charge.

Then the real battle began. It is difficult to say who fought the more fiercely, the natives or the baboons. The Kafir charged along the slopes, and as they came, enwrapped by the screams of Hendrika, who rushed to and fro holding the wretched Tota before her as a shield, the apes bounded at them in fury. Scores were killed by the assegais and many more fell beneath our gun shots, but all just now, because they were so fearless. Occasionally a man did slip, or be pulled over in the grip of a baboon. Then the others would fling themselves upon him like dogs on a rat, and worry him to death. We lost five men in this way. But they received a bite through the fleshy part of the arm, but fortunately a native near me assailed the animal before it was pulled down.

At length, and all of a sudden, the baboons were up. A panic seemed to seize them. Notwithstanding the cries of Hendrika they thought no more of fight, but only of escape; some even did not attempt to get away from the assailants of the Kafir, they simply hid their horrible faces in their paws and, meaning pitiously, waited to be slain.

Hendrika saw that the battle was lost. Dropping the child from her arms, she rushed straight at us, a very picture of heroic insanity. I lifted my gun, but could not bear to shoot. After all, it was but a mad thing, half ape, half woman. So I sprang to one side, and she landed full on Indaba-zimbi, knocking him down. But she did not stay to do any more. Walling and shouting, she rushed down the gully and through the arch, followed by many of the surviving baboons, and vanished from our sight.

CHAPTER XIII.



HE FIGHT was over. In all we had lost seven men killed, and several more were severely hurt. While my fellow had escaped without some tokens whereby he might remember that a baboon's teeth and claws are like. How many of the brutes we killed I never knew, because we did not count. It was a vast number. I should think that the stock must have been low about Babayan's peak for many years afterwards. From that day to this, however, I have always avoided baboons, feeling more afraid of them than any beast that lives.

The path was clear, and we rushed forward up the water-course. But first we picked up little Tota. The child was not in a swoon, as I had thought, but paralyzed by terror, so that she could scarcely speak. Otherwise she was unharmed, though it took her many a year to recover her nerve. Had she been older, and had she not remembered Hendrika, I doubt if she would have recovered it. She knew me again, and flung her little arms about my neck, clinging to me so closely that I did not dare to give her to any one else to carry lest I should add to her terrors. So I went on with her in my arms. The fears that pierced my mind may well be imagined. Should I find Stella alive or dead? Should I find her at all? Well, we should soon know now. We stumbled on up the stony way, course, notwithstanding the roughness of the path, for the weight of Tota, I led the way, for suspense and my wings. Now we were through, and an extraordinary scene lay before us, only a amphitheatre over shaped by man and the walls were formed of precipitous cliffs, ranging from one to two hundred feet in height. For the rest, the space thus inclosed was level, studded with park-like trees, brilliant with flowers, and having a stream running through the center of it. As I afterwards discovered, we had found the ground at the head of the open space.

We spread ourselves out in a line, searching everywhere, for Tota was too overcome to be able to tell us where Stella was hidden away. For nearly half an hour we searched and searched, scanning the walls of rock for any possible opening to a cave. In the end we could find none. I applied to old Indaba-zimbi, but his foresight was at fault here. All he could say was that this was the place, and that the "Star" was hidden somewhere in a cave, but where the cave was he could not tell. At last we came to the top of the amphitheatre. There before us was a wall of rock, of which the lower parts were here and there clothed in grasses, lichens and creepers. I walked along it, calling at the top of my voice.

Presently my heart stood still, for I thought I heard a faint answer. I drew nearer to the place from which the sound seemed to come, and again called. Yes, there was an answer in my wife's voice. It seemed to come from the rock. I went up to it and searched among the creepers, but still could find no opening. "Move the stone," cried Stella's voice, "the cave is shut with a stone."

I took a spear and prodded at the cliff whence the sound came. Suddenly the spear sank in through a mass of lichen. I swept the lichen aside, revealing a boulder that had been rolled into the mouth of an opening in the rock, which it fitted so accurately that, covered as it was by the overhanging lichen, it might well have escaped the keenest eye. We dragged the boulder out; it was two men's work to do it. Beyond was a narrow, water worn passage, which I followed with a beating heart. Presently the passage opened into a small cave, shaped like a pickle bottle, and coming to a neck at the top end. We passed through and found ourselves in a second, much larger cave, that I at once recognized as the one of which Indaba-zimbi had shown me a vision in the water. Light reached it from above—how I know not—and by it I could see a form half sitting, half lying on some skins at the top end of the cave. I rushed to it. It was Stella, surrounded with strips of hide, her hair, but not all Stella, and alive.

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I took a spear and prodded at the cliff whence the sound came. Suddenly the spear sank in through a mass of lichen. I swept the lichen aside, revealing a boulder that had been rolled into the mouth of an opening in the rock, which it fitted so accurately that, covered as it was by the overhanging lichen, it might well have escaped the keenest eye. We dragged the boulder out; it was two men's work to do it. Beyond was a narrow, water worn passage, which I followed with a beating heart. Presently the passage opened into a small cave, shaped like a pickle bottle, and coming to a neck at the top end. We passed through and found ourselves in a second, much larger cave, that I at once recognized as the one of which Indaba-zimbi had shown me a vision in the water. Light reached it from above—how I know not—and by it I could see a form half sitting, half lying on some skins at the top end of the cave. I rushed to it. It was Stella, surrounded with strips of hide, her hair, but not all Stella, and alive.

She saw me, and a foam of rage burst from her lips. She screamed aloud to me the sound was a more inarticulate cry, but the baboons clearly understood it, for they began to roll rocks down to us. One baboon leaped past me and struck down a Kafir behind; another fell from the roof of the arch on to a man's head and killed him; Indaba-zimbi lifted his gun to shoot Hendrika; I knocked it up so that it flew over her head, crying that he would kill the child. Then I turned and began to open out my hand to take the child from the side of the shelving gully. Furious at the loss of their two comrades, they obeyed me, and keeping in the water way myself, together with Indaba-zimbi and the other Kafir, I gave the word to charge.

Then the real battle began. It is difficult to say who fought the more fiercely, the natives or the baboons. The Kafir charged along the slopes, and as they came, enwrapped by the screams of Hendrika, who rushed to and fro holding the wretched Tota before her as a shield, the apes bounded at them in fury. Scores were killed by the assegais and many more fell beneath our gun shots, but all just now, because they were so fearless. Occasionally a man did slip, or be pulled over in the grip of a baboon. Then the others would fling themselves upon him like dogs on a rat, and worry him to death. We lost five men in this way. But they received a bite through the fleshy part of the arm, but fortunately a native near me assailed the animal before it was pulled down.

At length, and all of a sudden, the baboons were up. A panic seemed to seize them. Notwithstanding the cries of Hendrika they thought no more of fight, but only of escape; some even did not attempt to get away from the assailants of the Kafir, they simply hid their horrible faces in their paws and, meaning pitiously, waited to be slain.

Hendrika saw that the battle was lost. Dropping the child from her arms, she rushed straight at us, a very picture of heroic insanity. I lifted my gun, but could not bear to shoot. After all, it was but a mad thing, half ape, half woman. So I sprang to one side, and she landed full on Indaba-zimbi, knocking him down. But she did not stay to do any more. Walling and shouting, she rushed down the gully and through the arch, followed by many of the surviving baboons, and vanished from our sight.

HE FIGHT was over. In all we had lost seven men killed, and several more were severely hurt. While my fellow had escaped without some tokens whereby he might remember that a baboon's teeth and claws are like. How many of the brutes we killed I never knew, because we did not count. It was a vast number. I should think that the stock must have been low about Babayan's peak for many years afterwards.

The path was clear, and we rushed forward up the water-course. But first we picked up little Tota. The child was not in a swoon, as I had thought, but paralyzed by terror, so that she could scarcely speak. Otherwise she was unharmed, though it took her many a year to recover her nerve. Had she been older, and had she not remembered Hendrika, I doubt if she would have recovered it. She knew me again, and flung her little arms about my neck, clinging to me so closely that I did not dare to give her to any one else to carry lest I should add to her terrors. So I went on with her in my arms. The fears that pierced my mind may well be imagined. Should I find Stella alive or dead? Should I find her at all? Well, we should soon know now. We stumbled on up the stony way, course, notwithstanding the roughness of the path, for the weight of Tota, I led the way, for suspense and my wings. Now we were through, and an extraordinary scene lay before us, only a amphitheatre over shaped by man and the walls were formed of precipitous cliffs, ranging from one to two hundred feet in height. For the rest, the space thus inclosed was level, studded with park-like trees, brilliant with flowers, and having a stream running through the center of it. As I afterwards discovered, we had found the ground at the head of the open space.

We spread ourselves out in a line, searching everywhere, for Tota was too overcome to be able to tell us where Stella was hidden away. For nearly half an hour we searched and searched, scanning the walls of rock for any possible opening to a cave. In the end we could find none. I applied to old Indaba-zimbi, but his foresight was at fault here. All he could say was that this was the place, and that the "Star" was hidden somewhere in a cave, but where the cave was he could not tell. At last we came to the top of the amphitheatre. There before us was a wall of rock, of which the lower parts were here and there clothed in grasses, lichens and creepers. I walked along it, calling at the top of my voice.

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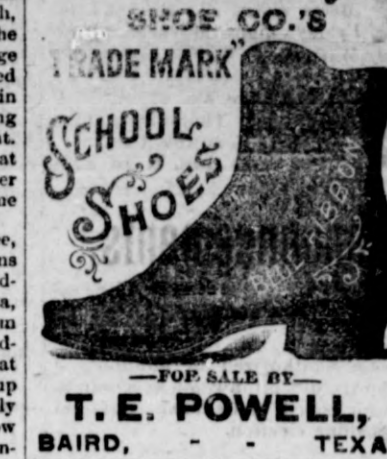
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answered as loud as I could. You know the rest: and, oh, my dear husband, thank God! thank God! and she fell weeping into my arms.

(To be continued.)

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