

The Baird Weekly Star.

"TIS NEITHER BIRTH, NOR WEALTH, NOR STATE, BUT THE 'GIT-UP-AND-GIT' THAT MAKES MEN GREAT."

VOL. 3.

BAIRD, CALLAHAN CO., TEX., THURSDAY, OCTOBER 9, 1890.

NO. 44.

FIRST CALLAHAN COUNTY FAIR,

HELD AT BAIRD, SEPT. 25, 26, 27.



A BRIEF HISTORY.

About two months ago the people of Callahan county determined to hold a county fair. A stock company was organized with \$5,000 capital and duly incorporated. Maj. D. Richardson was elected President, Capt. J. L. Lea Vice President, N. T. Tucker Treasurer, H. Buchen Secretary and Ellis Richardson Asst. Secretary. The officers, backed by the energetic and enterprising citizens, went to work in earnest, the time being so short that not a moment could be lost. In a short time a catalogue was issued, advertisements inserted in all the leading West Texas papers, posters and hand-bills distributed and the Fair advertised in every conceivable way. The "Old Reliable" Texas and Pacific railway, as its accustomed liberality, granted exceedingly low rates and ran special trains between Ft. Worth and Big Springs, which contributed largely to the success of the fair.

Officers and directors all worked incessantly to the one object in view—that was to make the first Callahan County fair a grand success. In this connection THE STAR desires to say that the success of the fair was in a great measure due to the untiring efforts of H. Buchen, the Secretary of the Fair Association. He was the only one connected with the fair that had any practical experience in getting up a county fair, and that to his efforts the success of the fair is mainly due all will admit. Then the ladies too deserve special mention. Mrs. F. W. James, Mrs. J. L. Lea, Mrs. Pack, Mrs. Dr. Rettig (who contributed the beautiful silken banner painted for the Association with her own hands), Mrs. Judge Onins, Mrs. F. S. Gage, Mrs. J. R. Mahone and many others whose names we cannot now recall, as so many were connected with the fair it would be impossible to name them all. They one and all worked for the fair, sparing neither pains nor money; they provided refreshment on the grounds and entertainments at the Court House nightly during the fair; they also made the Ladies Department at the fair one of the best ever seen in West Texas.

The Baird Cornet Band also deserves especial mention, for they contributed their time and talents to the fair and added greatly to the interest of the occasion. They only practiced one month, under the able leadership of Prof. W. K. Miller, but they acquitted themselves creditably; following is the Band Roster: Leader, W. K. Miller; E. Flat, H. Schwartz and Cyrus Bowman; 1st. Tenor, Marvin Scott; 2nd. Tenor, Vet Rice; Alto, Geo. Dean; Tuba, T. J. Dean; Snare Drum, Adolph Schwartz; Bass Drum, Chas. Bowls.

*Addenda—Warren Bowman B Flat. The exhibitions in Agriculture and Horticulture were splendid and far beyond the expectations of the most enthusiastic. Here were marvelous pumpkins, and kershaws, fruits and vegetables, watermelons as large as nail-kegs, magnificent specimens of corn, cotton, and small grains, sorghum cane and millet. Capt. W. J. Maltby was on hand with his splendid exhibit which of itself would have been a credit to the county had no one else made an entry in this line.

S. H. French also deserves especial mention for his fine display of agricultural and horticultural products. R. A. Corbett had a splendid exhibit from the Elmwood poultry yard.

The Stock Department was well represented, but unfortunately we were so busy during the fair running a Daily that we did not get to visit the stock and racing departments, and cannot speak from personal observation.

J. N. Rushing had his fine Polled Angus on the ground; Ellis Richardson's registered Holsteins were there; Capt. W. C. Powell and M. E. Surles had their Jerseys.

There were some splendid horses there too; Jesse Cannon's Cleveland Bay was an especial favorite. In the racing department there were about 30 entries and some splendid racing was had during the fair.

The Management did their best to make the program each day as interesting as possible.

The fair was opened Thursday, Sept. 25 by Col. W. L. McGaughey Democratic nominee for Land Commissioner. Friday was Knights' of Pythias day, and many knights from abroad were in attendance. Ivanhoe Division No. 15 Uniform Rank K. of P. came out on dress parade at 3 P. M. on that day, dressed in their magnificent uniforms, headed by the Abilene Light Infantry Band also in uniform. Judge E. E. Solomon made a brief address at the grounds and the knights dispersed. Saturday was set apart as Farmers' Alliance day and a large crowd was in attendance, but owing to some cause no speaker appeared to address them as was expected.

The Fair, like all things terrestrial, had to come to an end, and Saturday night the three days festivities came to a close, and everyone felt relieved, as well as rejoiced that the fair on the whole was a magnificent success.

The weather was lovely, and everything seemed to conspire to work for the interest of the fair and make it a success.

In conclusion we desire to say that we are satisfied the Management of the fair tried in every way to make the fair interesting and attractive, and treat all fairly and honorably, whether from home or abroad, notwithstanding some very harsh criticisms by a contemporary in a neighboring town.

The outcome of the fair financially, was good; in fact all debts were paid off and a small balance in the treasury, but some reports to the daily papers, at least one in the Dallas News, rather overdoes the thing: The truth is good enough without unreasonable exaggeration.

AGRICULTURE, ETC.

E. H. Brooks, best bale of cotton \$40 cash.

E. C. Cummings, 2nd. best bale of cotton; 1 corn planter \$10.

J. K. Shelton, 10 heaviest open cotton bolls; 1 solid comfort sulky plow \$60.

W. B. Dodds, best five stalks of cotton; White sewing machine, \$45.

Mrs. J. Cummings, best 20 open bolls; 1 ladies hat, \$5.

W. J. McGowan, best sample lint cotton; 2 bushel corn meal \$1.50.

R. P. Nordike, best bushel shelled corn; 1 road cart, \$25.

J. M. Ferguson, best 10 stalks of corn; 1 corn planter, \$10.

S. H. French, best 50 ears of corn \$5 cash.

R. J. Harris, best peck milling corn; 100 lbs. fancy patent flour, \$3.50.

S. H. French, best one peck pop corn; 1 Thermometer, \$1.

Brick Maltby, best collection of

wheat, oats, rye, etc.; 1 silver pitcher \$10.

R. Cordwint, best bushel Mediterranean wheat; 1 clipper plow, \$10.

R. Cordwint, best bush. wheat any variety, \$5 cash.

R. Cordwint, best 3 bundles wheat; 1 box soap, \$5.

D. W. Claiborne, best bushel oats; \$5 worth of coffee.

S. J. McWaters, best 3 bundles oats; \$5 worth of coffee.

S. H. French, best collection of forage plants; 1 churn \$10.

C. P. Osborne, best peck millet heads; 1 Thermometer, \$1.

M. Terry, best bundle german millet; 1 pair brown Leghorns, \$3.

M. E. Aycock, best bundle sorghum; 1 pair boots, \$7.

H. R. Jordan, best half peck sorghum seed; 1 Thermometer, \$1.

Harry Gaither, best bushel broom corn; 1 wash tub \$2.

J. E. Gilliland, best bushel alfalfa; 1 Thermometer, \$1.

S. H. French, best peck irish potatoes; one box cigars, \$5.

Jesse Cannon, 2nd. best peck irish potatoes; \$2.50 cash.

Brick Maltby, best bushel sweet potatoes; sugar, \$5 worth.

S. H. French, best peck sweet potatoes; \$2.50 cash.

Brick Maltby, best three bushels grapes; tea, \$3.

Lee Champion, best half bush pecans; one case California fruit, \$3.

N. B. Coker, best peck onions; \$5 cash.

S. H. French, best peck tomatoes, \$5 cash.

W. J. McGowan, best peck green or dry peas, \$5 cash.

D. W. Claiborne, biggest pumpkin, \$5 cash.

O. A. Umphrey, best 3 heads cabbage, \$5 cash.

J. P. Hutchins, best 10 beets; one book, \$5.

S. H. French, biggest watermelon \$2.50.

S. H. French, best collection dry beans; 2 boxes crackers, \$3.

B. F. Looovorn, best 3 kershaws; one can maple syrup, \$2.

S. H. French, best peck turnips; one box soap, \$5.

H. Lee, best 6 cucumbers; one box crackers, \$1.50.

S. H. French, best stalk okra with pods; one can maple syrup, \$2.

R. A. Corbett, best display of honey; one gents hat, \$5.

R. A. Corbett, best honey in bottle, \$1 cash.

Mrs. S. E. Peters, best 6 stalks castor beans; one box cigars, \$3.

James Wyatt best half gallon home made molassis; pearl handle knife, \$2.

S. H. French, best bale hay; one pair wire tighteners, \$5.

J. M. Aycock, best collection native woods, \$2 cash.

R. Cordwint, best specimen building stone, \$1 cash.

Brick Maltby, best mineral exhibit; one box cigars \$10.

Capt. W. J. Maltby, best exhibit farm products; one sewing machine, \$45.

LIVE STOCK DEPARTMENT.

Forty eight Exhibit in Live Stock Department, Premiums were as follows:

Draft Horses. Best Stallion over 3 years old, R. Cordwint, Baird, First; B. B. Alvord, Cis-o, second; general purpose horse, Jesse Cannon, Clyde, first; Ben Williams, Putman, second; thorough bred any age, T. Porter, first; thorough bred mare any age, J. F. Reed, first; Standard bred trotter, any age, J. R. Welch, first; French Coach any age, G. W. P. Coats, first; best Stallion any age, C. Connellee, first; best Mare any age, J. R. Welch, first; best Yearling Filly, C. N. Connellee; best Jack any age, Seale & White, first; W. T. Wheeler second; best draft Mare, A. J. Nordyke; best matched buggy team, J. W. Paulter.

CATTLE.

Best Holstein Bull, R. A. Corbett & Son first; best grade Holstein, H. B. Price first, an eight month old Heifer calf, best Jersey Bull, John Surles, first; best Jersey Cow, W. C. Powell, first; best short horn Bull and Cow, E. A. Hearne, first; best graded Herd, E.

A. Hearne first; best Hereford Bull, Ellis Richardson; best Hereford Cow, Ellis Richardson; best display Registered cattle, E. Richardson; best beef herd, one Bull and four Cows, E. Richardson; best Polled Angus Bull, J. N. Rushing; best Polled Angus Cow, J. N. Rushing; best grade Polled Angus, E. A. Hearne.

SWINE.

Best Berkshire Boar, any age, M. R. Hally first; best Poland China any age, Young & Wilson.

POULTRY.

Best Trio Chickens, R. A. Corbett; second best Trio Chickens, R. A. Corbett; best pair Turkeys, J. W. Bates; second best Turkeys, J. M. Glover; best pair Ducks, Phillip Yost; second best pair Ducks, C. C. Jones.

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING!

I have just received a new and complete stock of FALL and WINTER clothing, FALL prints and ladies' dress goods, gents' furnishing goods, men's 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.



Boots and Shoes.

CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS!

TRUNKS AND VALISES!

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

Window Shades and Lace Curtains.

THE "STANDARD" SEWING MACHINES.

T. E. POWELL.

GO TO OFFICE SALOON,

For the Best Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

J. B. MAXWELL.

Yonge & McDermott

—DEALERS IN—

Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Feed.

[Continued on 4th page.]

Fraser's dandruff cure is a strictly scientific preparation and is guaranteed to cure, Baird Drug Co.

The old jail at York, Me., one of the conspicuous attractions to summer visitors, is believed to be the oldest structure of its kind in America.

It is difficult to find a mode by which judges shall be named so that the people on the one hand may know that the chosen men are suitable and the bar on the other be certain that the candidates are good lawyers as well as upright men.

There is practiced in Boston a method of putting a dyspeptic patient on a bread and milk diet—absolutely nothing else—and in two or three days the person loses all desire for elaborate dishes, and enjoys his nursery food with the keen zest of childhood.

The following "ad" recently appeared in the Liverpool Post: "Will the lady wearing spectacles, who, on Thursday evening, the 7th inst., drove a dark pony and four-wheeled phaeton, with groom behind, along Hallowood road, and injured a valuable saddle horse by not taking her side of the road, kindly get a better pair of glasses and take driving lessons before she ventures out again?"

A PARISIAN dealer in foreign titles and decorations has furnished an inquirer with the price list of some of the commodities that he offers, and contrary to the prevailing impression the rates are surprisingly cheap.

The criticism passed upon Germany for the alleged revival of the slave trade on the southeast coast of Africa has brought out the charge that English officials in the gold regions are also responsible for the infamous traffic.

It is the duty of society, in its organized capacity, to protect the weak against the capacity of the strong. And it is particularly its duty not to employ the powers with which it is invested so as to endure the strong with additional strength, and by means of franchises and privileges enable them to impose burdens upon the many for the benefit of the few.

EVERYTHING is fair in love and war—and strikes, but the fact that a little money may always be depended upon to develop a traitor in every camp is nevertheless a shameful reflection upon human nature.

SHAKESPEARE'S plays are full of learning, and Lord Bacon was a learned man. There are Latin and French in the plays, and Lord Bacon was a linguist; so was his mother, and his entire family was highly educated.

THE chaplain is becoming necessary in this country, not to protect the American girl from the wiles of our own men—for they stand ready with their life to defend true womanhood—but as a guard against the foreigner that is availing our society more and more.

ORSAKING KANSAS FARMS.

General Exodus Taking Place on Account of Continued Failure of Crops.

ROBBER TURNS OVER THE STOLEN CASH.

Will Continue Bootblackening, Notwithstanding He Has Fallen Heir to Considerable Property.

ATCHINSON, Kan., Oct. 4.—An extraordinary exodus of people from western Kansas is taking place on account of the crop failure. The rush is so great that the railroads have sent agents into the country to work for business.

Poisoned by Lobster Salad.

TRENTON, N. J., Oct. 3.—Two or three dozen members of Trenton's most exclusive social set, who attended a barn party at Col. Roebing's on West State street Friday night, are confined to their beds from the effects of what is supposed to be poisoning by lobster salad.

Will Continue Blacking Boots.

BRIDGEPORT, Conn., Oct. 4.—Charles Williams has long been the popular colored bootblack at the railroad station. He has just returned from Savannah, his native place, where the death of his father has left him heir to a farm of 196 acres.

Stolen Money Returned.

COLUMBUS, Ind., Oct. 4.—Thursday night Van H. Shriver, who was arrested in Detroit, Mich., for robbing the First National bank of this city of \$300,000 in cash and securities, November, 1888, and brought to this city and lodged in jail, sent for the bank officials and turned over to them all of his ill-gotten gains and will go before the judge and plead guilty and ask for mercy.

Excitement Over a Dead Negro.

MONTGOMERY, Ala., Sept. 30.—On Monday night at Dothan, Ala., a white man named A. M. Thompson had a difficulty with a negro named Oscar Kelly, and the negro cut him in the right side, inflicting serious injuries, from which there is little hope of Thompson's recovery.

Result of Fast Living.

LOS ANGELES, Cal., Oct. 2.—Joe Martin, a bookkeeper and cashier, and James Dunn, collector of the Santa Fe railway company, have disappeared, and the investigation shows that they have robbed the company of about \$500. Both are young men and unmarried and moved in good society.

He Takes the Medicine.

ARDMORE, I. T., Oct. 2.—A sensational horse-whipping occurred on the streets of Ardmore yesterday. A prominent cattleman of Paul's Valley attacked a doctor and wore a buggy whip out on him, declaring at the time that he was avenging slanderous talk published by the doctor about his family.

Georgia Election.

ATLANTA, Ga., Oct. 2.—Later returns show that the full Democratic ticket is elected by the usual heavy majority, there being practically no opposition. Both constitutional amendments have probably been carried. The general assembly is three-fourths Alliance.

A Rare Old Time.

GUMMIE, O. T., Oct. 5.—Yesterday was a day of excitement in the legislature, the occasion being the consideration

of the bill for the permanent location of the territorial capital. The lower house Wednesday passed a bill locating the capital at Oklahoma City. B-fre action had been taken on the bill in the upper house the motion in the lower house to reconsider the action of Wednesday was adopted. The friends of the measure, however, prevailed upon Speaker Daniels to sign the bill after a vote of reconsideration, and Representative Perry quietly possessed himself of the bill and was hurrying over to the chamber of the upper house to obtain the signature of the presiding officer of that body.

Whitecaps Shoot a Woman.

BIRMINGHAM, Ala., Oct. 1.—News was received here yesterday of a horrible whitecap outrage which occurred in Calhoun county Saturday night. A band of masked men went to the house of Mrs. Jane Coy, a widow, and dragged her from the bed with the intention of flogging her. They started to the woods with her, but she broke away and started to run. She had gone only a short distance when a volley was fired, and a load of buckshot took effect, inflicting a fatal wound.

K. K. Mills in Arkansas.

LITTLE ROCK, Ark., Oct. 6.—Hon. R. Q. Mills of Texas spoke Saturday at Paragould and Saturday night at Jonesboro in the first congressional district. He was greeted by a great audience, 8000 at the former place and 5000 at the latter. His speeches were mainly devoted to the tariff, although at Jonesborough he held an informal reception and did not attempt to make a formal speech.

Burned to Death.

DURBUCK, Ia., Oct. 6.—At 4 o'clock yesterday morning the residence of John McBee was discovered in flames. A neighbor ran across the street and tried to arouse the family. The flames were extinguished and the firemen entered the building and found Mrs. McBee and her three children at the top of the landing. They were removed, when it was found that the mother and eldest daughter, aged 18, were dead, and the youngest daughter, Bertha, and son Charlie, were alive, but terribly burned. This evening death came to the relief of the boy. Bertha cannot live.

A Mob After Him.

WILKESBARRE, Pa., Oct. 1.—Foreman Henry of the Wyoming Valley Stone Works at Meshoppen yesterday evening walked to the Riverside hotel with his wife. There he met a young stonecutter named Leslie Kellog and fatally shot him. The second shot fired by Henry hit a hostler named John Lord, inflicting a flesh wound. There was great excitement and all the evening Henry's life was in danger from a mob who threatened to lynch him. No cause can as yet be assigned for the shooting.

THE MARKETS.

Table with market prices for various commodities like Cotton, Wheat, Corn, etc. in New York, Chicago, and other cities.

UNCLE JIMMIE'S MISTAKE.

He Drinks Carbolic Acid For Whisky and Dies in a Few Minutes.

A BROTHER'S MOST RIGHTEOUS REVENGE.

The Demented Fireman of a British Steamship Dies After Persistently Refusing Food For Many Days.

ENNIS, Tex., Oct. 6.—An old, well-to-do and respectable citizen was killed from a swallow of carbolic acid. Mr. James S. Sanderson, residing some six miles southwest of Ennis, came into his house Friday evening warm and tired and going to the sideboard, where he usually kept some old bourbon, he, by mistake took hold of a bottle of carbolic acid that had been purchased by his son to doctor wounded cattle and that day had been put in the closet about where the whisky usually stayed, and from the bottle of acid he took a large swallow, which as soon as he had swallowed, he turned and asked his son what it was.

Favorite Gun Practice.

DENTON, Tex., Oct. 1.—A serious difficulty occurred yesterday morning about twelve miles northwest of here between Ed Copp and H. M. Bates, a young man who was renting on Copp's farm, in which Winchester were freely and effectively used. Several shots were exchanged, Bates taking shelter in his house and firing therefrom, while Copp received a dangerous wound in the thigh, breaking the bone. Bates was unhurt. Mr. Copp was taken to his residence near by and medical aid was called. The full extent of his injury is not yet known. Bates came to town, surrendered and was placed under a bond of \$500 to await the action of the grand jury, which is now in session. Complaints were filed against Copp and his son, who was present at the time of the difficulty.

Shocking Murder.

GAINESVILLE, Tex., Oct. 2.—The store of the Carey Bros., at Fred, Chickasaw nation, was robbed about dusk Monday evening by two men. After making J. H. Carey open the safe and turn over the contents, \$64, they filled a large bag with ready-made clothing. Turning upon W. A. Cary, the junior member of the firm, they shot him dead, then mounting their horses, made their escape. Over 100 men in that community have gone in pursuit of the robbers, both of whom are strangers. The body of the dead man was brought to Gainesville yesterday and taken to Denison for burial. The deceased was a formerly a citizen of Gainesville, keeping a grocery store here, and was in every respect a most estimable young man. He was unmarried and 27 years old.

A Demented Fireman.

GALVESTON, Tex., Oct. 6.—On Sept. 16, upon an affidavit made by Capt. Barber of the British steamship Trescoe, the fireman on the ship, John Stout, was placed under restraint, as he had become deranged and dangerous, the understanding being that he was to be held in custody until the vessel sailed, when he was to be taken back to Liverpool, where he has a family. He was very violent at times, necessitating occasionally the use of a straight-jacket. From the time of his incarceration he refused food absolutely, and from Sept. 19 to the time of his death, which occurred at the jail about 5:30 o'clock Friday evening, he had to be given liquid nourishment by an injection through the nostrils, which only prolonged life for a short time.

Mangled Remains.

PARIS, Tex., Oct. 2.—Yesterday morning a messenger from the country reported that a negro man had been found dead on the track of the Santa Fe railroad four miles south of the city. Justice Rountree went out and investigated. The mangled remains of Jack Pettus, a negro well known in this city, were found scattered along the track for 200 yards. Pettus left here Tuesday evening in company with another negro to go to the country to pick cotton and was very drunk. It is not known how he came to be on the track, but it was evident that two or three heavy freight trains had passed over him. The negro who was with him has not been seen.

Twice Arrested for Same Offense.

DAISYFIELD, Tex., Oct. 2.—Will Leok, arrested charged with breaking into and robbing the postoffice at this place about eight months ago and carried before the federal court at Jefferson and afterward released, as no proof of guilt could be brought against him, and who later on went to Los Angeles, Cal., was again arrested last Sunday at that place on the same charge and brought back to Jefferson, where he promptly gave bond and was released.

Mrs. Pendleton Divorced.

FORT WORTH, Tex., Oct. 6.—The barrier that has held W. S. Pendleton and pretty Annie Cullen-Pendleton apart was Saturday removed by the granting of a divorce in court to Mrs. W. S. Pendleton proper, the property of Pendleton and the children reverting to Mrs. W. S. Pendleton.

Had Two Fingers Cut Off.

BROOKSTON, Tex., Oct. 6.—Jeff Hostman, who has been employed at the Mann gin at Ambia, a small station three miles south of here, had three fingers taken off in the gin. He was brought to this place and is resting well.

A Big Strike Impending.

HOUSTON, Tex., Oct. 4.—Yesterday

G Wilkerson and Masterou of the brotherhood of trainmen and Grand Masterworkman Sargent of the switchmen and late Yardmaster Crooks called upon General Superintendent of the Houston and Texas Central railway company and asked an audience, which he granted. It proved to be a movement in the interest of the yard foreman, who recently resigned the place on account of the employment by the company of negro switchmen. After a two hours' conference, during which the reasons for asking the discharge of the negroes was set forth in strong terms by the committee, Superintendent Quinan informed them that his company would not discharge the negroes. The committee then retired and it is asserted that a strike will be ordered here today or Monday on the Central road. The company is not much surprised at the turn things have taken and will doubtless be prepared for a big strike.

Crossed the Great River.

TEXARKANA, Tex., Sept. 30.—On Thursday last Sheriff Edwards sent two of his deputies to arrest a man in the western part of the county who answered the description of a man wanted in another part of the state for stealing a mule. When the party saw the officers coming he opened fire on them, but without effect. They then fired and brought their man down and afterward brought him here in a wagon and placed him in jail, where he died yesterday morning. His name appears to have been Sam Stokes, but he did not divulge any of his antecedents, and it is not known positively whether he was the man wanted or not.

He Saw His Child Die.

GRAHAM, Tex., Oct. 4.—Vernon Wilkinson, who has been confined in the Sherman jail for the past eight months for alleged conspiracy in the Young county mob, was permitted by the United States marshal to visit his sick child, who died two hours after his arrival at home. The request for his return home was made by his friends in Young county and was granted on the physician's certificate, approved by the clerk of the United States court, that the child could not recover. All expenses of the trip, including the hire of two guards at \$5 per day each, had to be paid by Wilkinson.

Knocked from the Track.

GREENVILLE, Tex., Oct. 3.—A 5-year old child of Mr. A. R. Broz of this city narrowly escaped being crushed by the incoming Cotton Belt passenger train Wednesday evening. He had wandered away from home and was playing on the track near a curve in the line. The engineer discovered him, but not in time to stop the engine, although he used every effort to stop. The child was knocked from the track by the pilot and thus saved from a horrible death. He was bruised some, but not seriously.

Charged With Murder.

GAINESVILLE, Tex., Sept. 30.—City Marshal Sam Farmer of Fort Worth brought here yesterday from that city and turned over to Deputy United States Marshal Heck Thomas a negro named Bertie Smith wanted at Fort Smith to answer a charge of murder, having, it is alleged, shot and killed a prominent Creek Indian named Fee Jefferson last April near Eufaula, I. T. The national authorities of the Creek nation had a standing reward of \$400 for Smith's arrest.

Four Cars Wrecked.

GAINESVILLE, Tex., Sept. 30.—Four cars in a Santa Fe freight train jumped the track while rounding a short curve near Berwyn, I. T., Sunday morning, and were badly wrecked, causing the delay of south-bound passenger train due to arrive at Gainesville at 11 o'clock a. m., eight hours. Three of the cars were loaded, one with beer, one flour and one meat. The damage was considerable to the goods, besides the great damage to the cars.

His Shooting Irons Were Worthless.

TYLER, Tex., Oct. 3.—The case of John Jeffries, colored, charged with assault to murder, was tried yesterday. It appeared that the negro did the shooting, but it was also proven that the weapon used, a seven-shooter, was so worthless that it could not have produced any serious result at point blank range. The judge instructed the jury to bring in a verdict of not guilty.

Died from the Wounds.

SKIDMORE, Tex., Oct. 4.—James Russek, who was gored by a bull on Sept. 23, died Thursday night from his wound at his residence near here, and his remains were yesterday shipped to Schulenburg for interment. Mr. Russek, with a brother, had invested heavily in land here, and his death is a great loss to the country. He leaves a wife and four children.

A Brother's Revenge.

CALVERT, Tex., Oct. 6.—Jim Horton, a well-known character of this county, was shot and killed by Will Kidd yesterday in Dirr's saloon. This tragedy grew out of the killing some time ago of John Kidd by Horton. The general opinion is that William Kidd was justifiable, and Horton had been cursing him and following him up. Kidd has not yet been arrested.

Killed in a Wreck.

PITTSBURG, Tex., Oct. 3.—Yesterday morning about 1 o'clock, while a Cotton Belt freight train was passing the gravel pit three miles north of here, it ran into an open switch and wrecked several cars. Ben Randolph, the fireman, was killed, his neck having been broken. His remains were brought here and interred in the city cemetery yesterday afternoon.

Horribly Mangled.

BRECKINRIDGE, Tex., Oct. 3.—Jackson Roach had his arm caught in the saws of the gin at Ellaville, about twenty miles north from here. His arm was almost severed from the body and horribly mangled. He died from the effects of his injuries about an hour after it occurred.

Every person who casts a sheep-eye is not a muttonhead.

CHETOPA, KANSAS, Aug. 22, 1889. A. T. SHALLENBERGER & CO., Rochester, Pa. Gentl.—I enclose you money order for another dozen Malaria Antidote. In my own family we cannot do without these pills. They have cured the lung fever, prevented typhoid and shills by their use, and we have not needed a doctor since I have kept the pills for sale—more than two years. I gave them to a two-months-old baby that had chills, half a pill at a dose, and it worked like a charm. The medicine does not sicken the stomach, and does not affect the nerves like quinine. Truly yours, W. McI. MARTIN.

The man who stays too long at seaside watering places is not apt to leave many footprints on the sands of time.

Bull's Sarsaparilla has entirely cured me of rheumatism, from which I suffered for three long years. I have not been free from pain for several months and I have no doubt the cure is permanent.—I have Bridges, Uniontown, Ky.

If a person intends to be upright let him be downright upright.

Does Your Baby choke easily? Lazell's CHAFING. Send 2c. in stamps for large box. Sample free. Lazell, Dalley & Co., Box 158, New York.

There is just one thing in a man's life story that is satisfactory to all concerned—his funeral.

DR. HARVEY'S IRON TONIC. THE ONLY TRUE. Will Purify the Blood, regulate the liver and kidneys, and restore the health and vigor of youth, dyspepsia, indigestion, weakness, nervous debility, loss of strength, etc. Dr. HARVEY'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Dr. HARVEY'S MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

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NEW YOU AS A BOY.

True, 'tis said to man's a hero
To his valet but—tho' big
The contract—some folks can go
Even in dishabille can dig
Yet, your virtues may be legion—
Every one you may delect—
But they'll never 'fetch' the fellow
Who has 'known you as a boy!'

THE MUMMY'S TALE.

BY L. BOND MASON.

The wind and snow blew against our
windows in such fierce gusts that Jack
and I decided to spend the evening in
our den.

"I'll read you that odd manuscript I
was telling you about," said Jack, as he
began rummaging in an old cabinet.
"You know I found it in one of those
little hair trunks at the homestead in
Norwich. Ah, here it is!" he said a
moment later, showing me a queer look-
ing portmanteau; and taking out some
faded yellow sheets, he held them up to
view.

I began myself in an easy posture and
lighted my meerschaum, while Jack ar-
ranged the sheets in order.

"Only part of it is here; the first page
is missing. Well, this is the way it
goes." He cleared his throat and read
as follows:

"So do not think seriously of this,
Vertina, for perhaps I was only dream-
ing, but I promised that you should be
acquainted with your odd story at my
death. I will record it as I first wrote
it 40 years ago.

I was living in Boston at that time,
and was on the staff of one of the city
papers. Besides this, I pursued my other
literary work, which altogether brought
me quite a modest salary. With this I
could indulge my taste for furnishing
my apartments in the romantic way I
had them, and also add to my library.

"Your father and I had been great
friends until he proved a Benedict,
when, as a natural result, we saw less of
each other. On his wedding day he sent
me a mummy that I had often admired
for its wonderful state of preservation,
with a note stating that I would have no
cause for lonely hours, as I could always
enjoy the society of that charming
Egyptian lady. It was at that time your
father painted that ideal head which
made him so famous in four continents.

"Late one evening, about a year after,
I grew tired of reading, and tossing my
book on the table I stretched myself on
the divan and indulged in my customary
smoke. I had only taken a puff or two
before I felt the influence of a pair of
magnetic eyes on me, coming from the
direction of the mummy. Turning my
surprise was so great as to literally
paralyze all my faculties, except sight
and hearing. For there before me stood
an Egyptian girl of most wonderful
beauty. She smiled at my fright, and
then stepping nearer, spoke in the low
sweet tones that none but you, my dear
wife, have ever equaled.

"You are frightened, Gregory," she
said, as the smile deepened into a laugh.
"Hear my story. We loved—ah, how
we loved! Three thousand years have
passed since then, and during that time
it has grown. You have forgotten; yes,
like us all in the mortal state, we live
but for the present time, and forget all
the wretched terrible past. You were my
lover then, but now you do not know me.
Lisette, Gregory, while I tell you of
my crime." She moved one step nearer.

"We were soon to be wedded. We
were equals in the spiritual sense, but,
alas! not so in the mortal's idea. We
both had but one more life on earth,
when we would have left forever this
wretched world. How weak we become
when clothed in the flesh. The earthly
vanity which I thought I had conquered
overcame me, and I fell. Your love was
forgotten in the luxury that wealth can
give, and which I thought I enjoyed." She
stopped a moment and wiped the
tears from her face.

"You lost all faith in man; you, you,
my dear Thothmes, now my Gregory, you
murdered the man who had ruined our
happiness. We have both suffered long
imprisonment for our crimes. You at
last are free, and will leave forever this
cruel planet on your death. But I—oh,
my Thothmes, free me; you, and you only
can do so. To-morrow, at early morn-
ing, your friend Monsieur Duval's wife gives
birth to a daughter. Let me be that
daughter. When the first streaks of day
are stealing across the city take the heart
that is wrapped within those bindings,"
and she pointed to the now tattered
case, "cast it into the fire, burn it on
your hearthstone, and I will once more
be free. Fail, and I shall be forever
doomed to this living torture until the
last hour of recorded time. Oh, my
Thothmes, hear me! promise you will.
Yes, and then we'll wed and drift to the
higher bodies together. Promise, promise,
my Thothmes, promise!"

"She stepped back to the case, and as
I stared in my spellbound way I saw the
snow white linen and the delicate purple
grow misty and dull as it once more as-
sumed the shape of the mummy wrap-
pings. The beautiful ivory face became
barb and thin, and the eyes lost all their
lustre.
"But only hear my story, and your fright
and amazement will give place to pity."
Her face assumed an earnest pathetic
expression.

"For 3,000 years, Gregory, I have been
waiting for this time to speak. For 3,000
years I have been doomed to haunt my
own mausoleum. Unable, like other
saints, to hover around the living
world, I was bound by the heaviness of
my crime to play about the bodies of my
relatives and ancestors. None, none but
those who have suffered the torments

that I have can know the torture of
such years of confinement." And as she
spoke a tremor of fear passed over her.
"Not long ago the curiosity hunter of
this century brought me out of my for-
gotten tomb. I was first taken to an in-
stitution of learning, but the ungenial
and philosophical minds of the professors
were unaffected by the suffering heart
of a young woman. They could never
see or hear me, as I pleaded, when they
unrolled the old bindings and speculated
on my age. Shortly afterward your
friend Monsieur Duval took me to adorn
his studio. "At last," I cried, "a poet
and a dreamer will be subject to my
power." He mistook my face for his
own inspiration, and has made his name
by painting my picture. For nearly one
year I have lived in these rooms, but
never until to-night could you see me.
Often I have kissed you; kissed in re-
pentance and in love. Yes, Gregory,
listen, listen!" The deep dark eyes grew
full of love and passion.

"O God! I cried. I was free, and
jumping up, I ran to the case, but
only a hideous mummy mocked me as I
gazed in fear.

"At that moment the gong sounded
four. I stepped to the window and could
see the first streaks of day coming over
the distant hills. "I must have been
dreaming," I said, and drew down the
shades and prepared to retire.

"Again I felt that awful spell upon
me. I turned, but all was quiet and still.
Then the case seemed to sway, then fell
with a crash to the floor. The heart
rolled to my feet. I picked it up, and
before another moment passed only
ashes remained of that faithless heart.

"My brain was all confusion, and I
thought sleep denied me, but I had
hardly touched the pillow before I be-
came unconscious. I must have slept
but a short time before I was awakened
by a pounding on my door. It was Du-
val, and when I admitted him he fell on
my neck and wept. His wife, his beau-
tiful Gertrude, had died that morning in
giving birth to a daughter.

"There is nothing more to say. You
know that you are that daughter, and
now my wife. You also know how
such that picture which your father
painted before your birth resembles you.
It is often called your picture, and I
wonder if it is not. Now, can I doubt
that we lived and were lovers cen-
turies before? I trust, my dear wife,
that your prophecy will prove true, and
that we may leave this life together."

"It ends there," said Jack, folding up
the sheets; "but I found an old diary
kept by my great aunt which said they
both passed away the same hour. And
now, what do you think of it? Is it to
be wondered at that I am eccentric, if
my grandparents were such fossils that
they could count their birthdays by the
thousands?"

"It certainly is a good way of account-
ing for your peculiarities," I answered.
"But, to put all joking aside, Bob, do
you know I really believe it is true?"
"Bosh!"

"Yes; I knew that you would say so,
but I have an old mummy case at home
that has been in the family for years,
and you know yourself about the pic-
ture."
"Yes; and I also remember your father
telling me that his paternal was given to
writing and to practical jokes; no doubt
this is one of them. Don't let a story
turn your brain, Jack."

"No, no; there again you are wrong.
He meant his father-in-law. He always
called him the paternal. I see there's
no use trying to convert you, but you
won't object to drinking to my Egyptian
parentage, any way." And he poured
out the wine.

Coral and Its Fishes.
At the present day coral is most largely
exported to such countries as Abyssinia,
the Congo, the Cape, India and Ceylon,
Siberia, China, and Japan. The choicest
pieces are used for the buttons of
Chinese mandarins or for ornamenting
the turbans of rich Mussulmans, while
the inferior qualities sent to less civilized
countries are employed for various pur-
poses. Coral has been often used as
money in some quarters, but that use of
it is now declining. Barbarous and semi-
civilized people employ it largely for or-
namenting arrows, lances, and pikes, and
also for decorating corpses before inter-
ment. Prices have varied much of late
years, a rapid decline in value having
taken place owing to the scarcity of good,
and the comparative abundance of inferior
qualities.

WIT IN A SMALL WAY.

It becomes second nature for an arm-
less man to do things in an off hand way.
—[Yonkers Gazette.]

"I don't care whether Congress repeats
the tobacco tax or not." "How's that?"
"You see, I only smoke cigarettes."

"How little and dried up the cheese ap-
pears to the rat after he is caught in the
trap." —[Atchison Globe.]

"The said that fishes have no sense,
But if the saying's meant,
How is it the shad never comes to Iowa,
Until long after Lent."

A theatrical man is advertising his play
by stenciling its name on the sides of a
lot of white horses. If it doesn't bring
out the bed-headed gits at least, nothing
will.

Honesty is the best policy, because it
is never ridiculed and the other shops are.
—[Pittsburg Press.]

The difference between a funny lawyer
and a poet is: One courts the Muse, and
the other amuses the court. —[Laugh.]

PEN PICTURE OF PLUMB.

REPUBLICAN SENATOR WHO
THINKS AND ACTS FOR HIMSELF.

Conking in the Rough, He Works
Like a Trojan While Making His
Speeches—Muscular Oratory and Un-
conscious Hayseedism.

A bull in a china shop exactly de-
scribes Plumb in the Senate. Tall, broad,
stout, he stands upon his firm legs, throws
back his big head, throws out his big
chest, and tosses defiance to all comers
and destruction to all breakables. He is
the very picture of a rough-and-ready
farmer from the wild and woolly West.
Plumb is a lawyer, and never was a
farmer, so far as I can discover, for up
to the time he left

Ohio for Kansas,
in 1856, at the age
of 29, he had done
very little since
his "chore" days
outside the print-
ing office in
Kenia, where
Whitelaw Reid
and he learned
the art preserva-
tive at adjoining
cases. But Plumb
is more farmer
like than the

horneist handed granger in the State of
Kansas, and if the Farmers' Alliance
ever gets a bill through Congress ap-
propriating \$100,000 for the statue of the
typical farmer to be erected in the cen-
ter of the Capitol laws, Preston B. Plumb
will be selected as the model. Hayseed
in the hair would not give the average
civilized Senator one-half the rusticity
which marks the junior Senator from
Kansas.

His very walk, to say nothing of his
conversation, must be worth thousands
of votes to him, revealing as it does a
seemingly acquaintance with plowed fields
of many years standing. He wears
very good clothes—expensive clothes—
made up by skilled tailors, fine linen
shirts, and pretty flowing scarfs of deli-
cate tints, and dainty shoes. Yet there
is something in the way he wears them
which makes them as rural as his col-
league's clothes are urban. You would
say, to look at Ingalls, that he had spent
the whole morning getting up the par-
ticular sympathy in gray, which he is
now wearing; and you would say, to
look at Plumb, that he had slept in his
clothes the night before, and made his
toilet in the shake of a lamb's tail.

Ingalls parts his hair with the minute
precision of his own epithets. Plumb parts
his hair—well, if he parts it at all, no
one is the wiser half an hour afterward.
He has the granger habit of running his
fingers through it, and one of his fa-
vorite gestures is to tumble it all up
roughly. George, of Mississippi, is the
only other Senator whose hair waves so
picturesquely. He seems to have bor-
rowed Plumb's comb and lost it. But it
is another of Plumb's unique gestures
which gives him such a grip upon the
farmers of Kansas. It is one of which
he is, I am convinced, entirely uncon-
scious, and therefore can not be accused
of using for effect.

Throwing down the big linen handker-
chief with which he has been mopping
the sweat of toil off his brows—for he
works his whole body when he talks—he
runs the thumb of his left hand in at
the left armpole of his vest and under
his suspenders—no "galluses"—and, jerk-
ing it up an inch or two, lets it suddenly
drop. The effect on the granger in the
gallery is electrical in its power and sud-
denness. It absolutely forces out the re-
luctant admiration of that conservative
hearer.

Fortunately for him, Plumb has been
able to edge along from one seat to an-
other since he came here in 1877, until
now he has the best seat in the cham-
ber for muscular oratory. It is on the mid-
dle aisle in the rear row, and gives its
occupant the full length and breadth of
the middle aisle (which divides the Re-
publican sheep from the Democratic
goats) to exercise in. Roscoe Conkling,
the greatest poser in our history, who
sat just in front of Plumb, in the seat
now held by the progressive Dawes, used
that middle aisle as no other man could
or would. Great actor as he was, he
made that narrow stage the Senate while
he was "on," and he strode its length
and breadth like a colossus beneath the
admiring eyes in the gallery. Plumb is
Conking in the rough—Conking in the
role of Cincinnati. He has none of the
airs and graces of the Apollo of the
Senate. He scorns airs and graces, like
a true man of the people. But he goes
at his work so vigorously and enthusias-
tically, that after pounding his desk for
a while he finds that too confining for
him, and moves out into the broader
field of that middle aisle, where he can
get elbow room, and then, in full sight
of both sides and Blair, the wanderer,
who sits just across the aisle, in the
Democratic corner, he pounds the life
out of the offending proposition.

He is a very fluent speaker—one of the
most fluent in the Senate—but his
thoughts come out in such a hurry that
he can not find words to express himself,
even in his ready vocabulary. So he
is becoming one of the "ur-ring brethren,"
as Blair says, pour out a stream of
thought, stop for a word—"ur—ur—ur"
—until they find it—and then pour on
again. His words are always modern
words, for all his situation until he be-
gan to read law was in the common
school and at the case in the country
printing office, and his reading since he
came to the bar has been of a current
kind. But he uses good terse English,
mixed with a little good expressive slang,
and he never leaves you in much doubt
as to what he means to say. Of course,
he has all the frankness of the Western
talker—brutal frankness sometimes—for
he speaks with the utmost directness,
and he believes in calling a spade a spade.
He hates hypocrites and delights in un-
masking them, and he is just as merci-
less to hypocritical propositions as to
hypocritical persons.

This plain speaking is what makes him
such a terror to the hypocrites on his side
of the Senate. His independent and
courageous plain speaking on the tariff,
which has so added to his reputation, is
only a new phase of his method. He has
ever since he came to the Senate and
been the thorn in the Republican side
astonished the old fogies by speaking and
voting just as though he had been there
for 25 years. His forcible frankness has
been like the Kansas breezes in the con-
ventional senate—producing a little cool-
ness now and then, of course, but doing
good on the whole.

I need not tell you that Plumb is a
very bright man, with unusual business
ability and great aptness for debate.
"Coming into this world without a dol-
lar in his pocket," as Elijah Adams
Morse is so fond of saying, he has made
a snug little fortune. Coming into the
Senate 13 years ago wholly unknown, he
has made a national reputation. He is
young yet, too, for he will not be 53
until October. But a great newspaper
man was spoiled when Plumb went off
after the prizes of law and of politics.
He has the newspaper instinct—the
"nose for news"—which in its higher
development becomes a subtle apprehen-
sion of the course of public opinion.
Trust Plumb to find out what the people
are thinking and to know before any one
else what they will be thinking to-mor-
row. This is what gives significance to
his revolt against high tariff legislation.
He shows what the people want. This
enables him, of course, to maintain his
popularity, since he is quick to avail
himself of it and head the way the wind
is going to blow. It accounts largely
for his three terms in the Senate. But
his hard work has done a great deal for
him. He is a tremendous worker. Beside
his severe service on the appropria-
tions committee and as chairman of the
public lands committee (he is a mem-
ber of three other committees) he looks
after his constituents and their wishes as
though he was the only representative of
the State had in Congress.

He is ubiquitous in the departments,
and at the same time ubiquitous at the
Capitol. His wife has been ill a good
deal, and so they have not had to go out
or to entertain, and Plumb has given his
whole time to work. One of his daily
tasks is to skim the hundreds of news-
papers which he takes for the things
which interest him. This helps out his
wonderful prudence. He does not have
to wait till his "attention is called"—
is something that he ought to see in a news-
paper, but (as he frankly admits, unlike
most of his affected colleagues) he reads
the newspapers.

Personally he is a bluff hearty man,
who treats everybody, from President
down, as an equal with the same amount
of rough courtesy. He is good to his
friends and bad to his enemies—and best
in his family. He is younger looking
than he is, with his thick dark hair and
his brown chin tuft, both apparently un-
touched by frost, and his cheeks ruddy
with health. But, like everybody else,
he shows the strain of this strenuous
struggle. H. B. F. McFARLAND.

Water Gluttony Said to Be a Sure Cure
for Consumption.

Dr. W. H. Burt, of Chicago, has ad-
vanced a new theory in the cure of con-
sumption. Eight months ago, when
reading of the wonderful change brought
about in the obesity of Prince Bismarck
through refraining from the use of water
and carbohydrates, it occurred to him
that an opposite treatment ought to re-
sult in the cure of all wasting diseases.
His experiments since have justified him
in the statement that excessive eating
and the excessive use of water will cure
50 per cent of all consumptive cases in
their first and second stages. He ex-
plained at length the tonic influences and
power in building up tissue possessed by
water, which forms three-fourths of the
human body, and stated that even in
health six pints a day were necessary to
meet the water waste and in disease
twelve pints charged with carbonic acid.
The doctor claimed it would give the
very life to the system and tissues de-
manded in consumption. He pronounced
the bacteria theory, so popular of late, as
pure nonsense. In detail his treatment
consisted of the free use of water every
hour in the day, nine hours' sleep regu-
larly, and if possible the sea or mountain
air. Above all the patient must look
upon the drinking of water for all time
as his life. Hereditarily the passing
danger, and Dr. Burt advocated the pass-
ing of Congress of a law forbidding the
marriage of consumptives. With this in
force 100 years from now consumption
could not exist in the United States.

A Precious Bedstead.
An English lady resident in Syria re-
ports the following interesting discovery
in the neighborhood of Beyrout: In a vil-
lage about one hour's ride from the
French road between Beyrout and Da-
mascus was found a bedstead made of
gold and silver, and inlaid with precious
stones. An inscription upon it in English
characters states that it belonged to
Eleanor, Queen of England. The bed-
stead was discovered in a little recess
dug out for the purpose within a natu-
ral cave, and must have been placed
there for security when Edward I left
the East in 1272.

The Turkish government has taken
possession of the treasure trove, though
the prevailing opinion in the district
seems to be that it should remain the
property of the man on whose land it
was found. It would be interesting to
know what the Turks propose to do with
it. But if the inscription calls Eleanor
Queen of England the words can not
have been placed upon it before Edward
left Syria, as he did not bear of his father's
death until he reached Italy. There can,
however, be little doubt that the bed-
stead has been buried in the earth
for the last six centuries.

The famous Dumfries fitch of bacon is
claimed this year by no fewer than nine
couple, as a reward for perfect conjugal
harmony. However, the committee
have only chosen two of the number to
contest the prize, all middle aged folk.
It is nearly six centuries and a half since
Robert de Fitzwalter first promised a
fitch of bacon to the couple who could
declare honestly that they had neither
quarreled nor repented of their marriage
for a whole year and a day after the
union.

WOMAN WHO WRITES.

THE BEST KNOWN AMERICAN
WOMAN NOVELIST.

Mrs. Southworth Tells How Romances
Are Written—An Interesting Account
of Her Labors—Her Georgetown Home.
How She Appears.

Not the autograph of one who has
reached the scripturally declared limit
of three score and ten years would be
the popular verdict upon the chirograph-
y of which the sign manual given herewith
is a fair sample. And there
public opinion would err, for the au-
thoress of many books, the woman
whose brilliant mind, magic pen, and
never resting industry have charmed
millions of readers, the deep thinker,
the clever satirist, the painter of word
pictures, is inevitably nearing that
period in her existence when to the
making of many books there shall be an
end.

A wonderful woman is Mrs. E. D. E. N.
Southworth; wonderful in her mental
capacity and her power of sustained
thought; scarcely less wonderful in her



E. D. E. N. Southworth

physical make up. She was writing—
her chair and her desk out on the porch
of her Georgetown home—when a
Washington Star reporter called the
other afternoon to hear the gifted
weaver of fact and romance relate some
of her professional experiences.

A pleasant picture it was. In an easy
moving rocking chair sat the writer of
more than 70 novels. Her dress was
plain, black, and lusterless; the cuffs of
black velvet. A black leather belt, with
a huge gilt buckle, encircled her waist,
while a long gold chain dropped from
beneath the white fichu to the watch in
the belt, from which depends a fan. The
hands are ringless and the thumb and
forefinger of the dexter member were
liberally stained with ink. A more
kindly face—intellectual in every feature
—never smiled a welcome at a stranger.
Father Time has failed to wrinkle the
forehead or to distort a feature, so he
contented himself by liberally sprinkling
gray hairs in the hirsute crown Dame
Nature makes so beautiful in woman-
kind. A sweet clear voice, never heard
save when there is something to be said,
completes the sketch.

Out on the river—barely a stone's
throw away—a little steamer snorted
and puffed and whistled; row boats
moved more slowly and less noisily over
the brown gray surface. Almost im-
mediately beneath the porch was the
northern end of the Aqueduct bridge and
every passenger crossing the Potomac on
it was easily visible. To the south were
the hills of Arlington, covered with verdure,
at the foot of which, all its dirt and
squalor obliterated by distance, nestled
the dark hued phantom of Jackson City.
Westward was a great glare of depart-
ing sunshine that lit up indiscriminately
the towers of Georgetown University
and the hotels which immediately sur-
round that great structure.

"So you want me to tell you how I
write a novel," said Mrs. Southworth
to the reporter. "It is a difficult thing to
explain the workings of a piece of mechani-
cism with which no one is familiar."

"I have no method," said Mrs. South-
worth; "I never did have. I began with-
out knowing I could write a novel. My
first effort was a story for the Washing-
ton National Era; it was my intention to
complete this sketch in one number, but
I soon found that to be impossible, so
I had to write a second, then a third and
a fourth. By that time I found I couldn't
finish it in ten numbers, and thus was a
lengthy story evolved from a small
beginning; so was my first novel—'Retri-
bution'—written. That was in 1847,
and two years later 'Retribution'
was republished by the Harpers; the first
novel of which I know anything that
was ever reprinted from a newspaper or
a magazine.

"Do I need facts for my plot? Yes;
my novels are all founded on facts. To
give you a clear idea of how a novel is
evolved from small beginnings I will
tell you about the writing of 'The
Hidden Hand.' It was in the winter of
1857 and at the very last of the year. I
was in very bad health; my sister was
dying of consumption; all my surround-
ings were depressing to the last degree,
and yet, in the midst of that, the bright-
est and gayest of my stories came to me.
I happened to see in a New York paper
a short paragraph in which it was stated
that a little 9 year old girl, dressed
in boy's clothes and selling newspapers,
had been arrested. She was homeless
and friendless and was sent to some
asylum in Westchester county. That
was the origin of Capitola. The news-
paper item was a seed which dropped in
my mind and germinated there. When
the time came for me to write of it I had
to make an origin for Capitola. I re-
membered an incident that had, in the
days of my childhood, occurred just
across Benning's Bridge. An old monthly
nurse had been out one night by two
masked men, who blindfolded her and
took her up to a house. Still blindfolded,
she was conducted to a room where a
few hours later a child was born to
a young woman. The nurse
refused to make away with the child,
although bribes were offered her. The
young woman was also obstinate for the
preservation of her infant. Finally, the
mother being discarded by her family,
brought up her child, who was well
known in Washington and did well.
That was the reality upon which the

birth of Capitola was founded. Nearly
every adventure of Capitola came from
real life. Her bright rejoinders to Old
Hurricane were taken from many scenes
of the same kind between my sister and
her old uncle in Mississippi. Her adven-
ture with Black Donald was taken from
a somewhat similar adventure, in which
figured a woman of Maryland and a
colored ruffian who, in 1812, was the
terror of the neighborhood. Her duel
and its cause was also founded on fact:
A young girl, brought up among her
brothers—wild and hoydenish—was liv-
ing in Mississippi. She had been misun-
derstood and offended by a British offi-
cer. Her male relatives treated the
matter lightly and laughed at her, where-
upon she challenged the officer to a duel.
She met the officer accidentally, as I re-
lated in the story, and when she was
armed. A repetition of her challenge
was met with contempt and she then
fired at the officer—not with dried peas,
as my little heroine did, but with bullets.
He was severely wounded and she gave
herself up to the authorities. The magis-
trate, however, upon hearing all the
circumstances, discharged her. I do not
approve or defend such conduct as she
was guilty of, so I softened and modified
it in my little heroine. Capitola's en-
counter with Lenoir in the woods and
the ruse by which she escaped was also
taken from the adventure and escape of
a Maryland girl. The court martial, its
causes and scenes occurred during the
Mexican war. The incident from which
it was taken was related at uncle's din-
ner table by General G. P—

"All these separate incidents, from
the infancy to the maturity of my heroine,
were like beads; I strung them together."
"Despite the depressing circumstances
under which I labored when I began
that story I took great pleasure in writ-
ing it. When I left the sick bed of my
sister, where I had been all day, I fre-
quently sat down at my desk; then care
and sorrow would leave me; the bright
spirit of Capitola possessed me, and I
felt bright and happy myself.

"It was while this story was going
through the New York Ledger and the
London Journal that I was invited to
England by the publisher of the London
Journal to endeavor to do something
toward securing an international copy-
right. When we reached England we
found Capitola as popular there as in
America. There were Capitola boats,
Capitola race horses, Capitola hats for
ladies, and other Capitola fads.

"You have a favorite desk?" was
asked.
"Yes. On this I wrote my first novel,
'Retribution.'"
"This was a plain stand—a top but
about 18 inches square supported by 4
legs. Immediately beneath the top was
a single drawer.
"All my subsequent work with a pen,"
Mrs. Southworth resumed, pointing to
an old fashioned portable folding desk,
"has been done on this. It was my
father's, and the authoress smoothed
its antique surface very tenderly; it had
been her life companion.
"Writer's cramp has never troubled
me," said Mrs. Southworth in response
to an inquiry. "I have avoided it en-
tirely by increasing the diameter of my
pen holder each succeeding year. You
see how large it is now.
"To a limited extent in my case the
pen has been superseded by the type-
writer, which I have operated for three
years past. It has been a relief, a toy.
It is as though a man has his child out
walking with him. The child becomes
tired, and the father gives him his cane
to bestride. The child prances along
gaily, and is no more tired. Such a
relief has the typewriter been to me.
On Friday nights, when my task for the
week has been completed, I have
frequently sat down at the instrument
to make a few notes on which to work
during the following week.
"Will you give us any more novels?"
was asked.
"Oh, yes," was the reply, with a ring
of surprise in the tones. "I have two
of them on hand. One is complete, the
other is nebulous; requires to be crystal-
lized. The two are to be companion
novels, although you would hardly think
so from the titles. The one I have writ-
ten is 'An Incarnate Fiend,' the one I
am writing is 'An Angel Unaware.'
The first is a freer novel than any I have
ever written. Most of the previous ones
have been constructed as to please the
tastes of readers of the Ledger, but this
is without any embarrassment of style.
It points as true a picture of the
two phases of slavery as I could make.
I was familiar with the awful institution
from my earliest days, and have a
large fund of experience from which to
draw my material. One phase is the
truly patriarchal, where a master would
no more sell a slave than he would a
child; the other is that in which the
black man and woman were no more
than cattle—less cared for, in fact. In
neither book will there be found an
apology for slavery. I was an original
abolitionist.
"Did I ever have any taste for dra-
matic authorship? No; I never tried to
write a play. Many of my books have
been successfully dramatized, however,
and 'The Hidden Hand' was played in
three London theaters at the same time
with profitable results.
"Of what I may yet write I now know
nothing. For thirty years I wrote for
Robert Bonner's Ledger, and each year I
provided that paper with a new novel.
What is in the future is a mystery. I
am happy here; happy in a devoted son,
who is like a second self, whose heart is
in all my projects, and a dear daughter
in law, who is as loving as though I was
her own mother. My own daughter is
living in Yonkers, N. Y.; she is coming
to spend the winter with me, as she
always has done. She is happily mar-
ried and prosperous. What more could
I desire than I now have?"

The sunlight had gone; the river was
lost in gloom; the bridge was nothing
but two rows of lamps. The snort and
puff and whistle of the little steamer
were the only sounds in the night air.

Something Convincing.
Wife—I don't see how a married man
like you can run around after an ac-
tress.
Hubby—Wait till I just show you her
photograph.

Entered at the postoffice at Baird, Texas, as second class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION \$1 00 A YEAR

W. E. GILLILAND, Editor and Proprietor

Democratic State Ticket.

For Governor: **JAMES S. HOGG.**

For Lieutenant Governor: **GEO. C. PENDLETON.**

For Attorney General: **C. A. CULBERSON.**

For Comptroller: **JNO. D. McCALL.**

For State Treasurer: **W. B. WORTHAM.**

For Land Commissioner: **W. L. McGAUGHEY.**

For Supt. of Public Instruction: **H. C. PRITCHETT.**

For Congress: **S. W. T. LANHAM.**

For State Representative: **J. N. BROWNING.**

County Ticket.

For Sheriff,

J. T. PURVIS.

LEE McCAMMON.

J. W. JONES.

Assessor.

JNO. C. GREATHOUSE.

R. J. ESTES.

T. J. NORRELL.

M. M. TERRY.

H. BUCHEN.

Co. & Dist. Clerk.

F. P. SHACKELFORD.

I. N. JACKSON.

J. M. HOUSTON.

Treasurer.

JOHN. H. SURLS.

C. ESTES.

E. M. NORTON.

Inspector.

J. E. PACE.

W. C. ASBURY.

JAS. H. HILL.

Co. Judge.

E. E. SOLOMON.

Co. Attorney.

B. L. RUSSELL.

ALDEN A. BELL.

J. I. RAWSON.

County Surveyor.

M. R. HAILEY.

Commissioner Pre. No. 1.

S. C. PACK.

H. MEYER.

E. K. KANE.

JOHN COUCH.

Commissioner Pre. No. 2.

A. T. YOUNG.

J. F. BARTON.

Commissioner, Pre. No. 3.

J. R. JONES.

J. L. WOODS.

Justice of the Peace, Pre. No. 1.

E. K. KANE.

C. S. RICE.

[Continued from 1st page.]

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

CLASS A.

Most artistic article made of products of Callahan county; Pavillion made and decorated with straw, Mrs. S. C. Pack, \$5. Plaque decorated with all the seeds, weeds, grasses, grains and fruits grown in Callahan county, all bronzed so as to be perpetually preserved, Miss Fannie Maltby, fair premium \$5.

Most beautiful piece made of flowers; Transparency, Mrs. Rettig, premium \$1.

Best collection of grasses; Miss Fannie Maltby, premium \$1.

Hanging basket; Mrs. Tucker, \$1.

Cut flowers; special pre. Cut glass Cornucopia, Mrs. J. L. Lea.

Best collection of pot plants; Mrs Rettig, Pre. \$3. in dry-goods by T. E. Powell.

CLASS B.

Best Landscape in oil; Mrs. J. R. Mahone, Sealing set by J. F. Clark, Abilene.

Best Landscape in oil by girl under sixteen; Pearl Richardson, \$2.50.

Best portrait in oil; Miss Fannie Stone, \$5.

Best flower or fruit piece; \$2 lamp by Baird Drug Co., Mrs. Pack.

Best painting in water colors; Miss Media Dudley, \$2.50.

Best drawing in pencil; Miss Fannie Stone, \$2.00.

Best oil painting, not landscape or portrait; Miss Carrie Day, \$2.50.

Best crayon portrait; Mrs. Macdonald. Pre. Judge Solomon, \$2.50.

CLASS C.

Best painted china tea set; Mrs Mahone, \$5.00.

Best painted banner Mrs. Mahone, premium \$1.

Best painting on glass; Mrs. James Hill, \$1.

Best painted plaque; Mrs. Rettig \$2. premium by McLauri & Co.

Second best plaque; Miss Sallie Gould, \$1.

Hand decorated lamp shade; Mrs. Rettig, \$1.

Best hammered brass; Mrs. Macdonald \$1. Premium by S. C. Webb.

Best piece in plaster; Mrs. W. M. James, \$1.

Best painting on cloth; Mrs. J. J. Clinton, \$1.

Best 4 busts in Callahan clay, Mr. and Mrs. Cleveland, Shepherd boy and Mary Anderson; Mrs. S. C. Pack \$3.

CLASS D.

Best embroidery in silk; Miss K. D. Dugan \$5; pre. by Mrs. Cunningham.

Best embroidery in linen; premium by Moon & Crowder \$2.50.

Best drawn work; Mrs. Mary E. Best, premium by Moon & Crowder, \$2.50.

Handsomest toilet set; Miss K. D. Dugan, premium by Boydston & Co., \$2.50.

Best specimen Arasene; Miss J. E. Bush, premium by Mrs. Foy, \$1.

Handsomest lambrequin; Miss Dugan, \$1.50.

Handsomest sofa pillow; Mrs. Caggett, \$1.

Handsomest piano cover; Mrs. Schwartz, premium by B. C. Evans, dress, \$15.

Best home made carpet; Mrs. Ever-spacher, premium by Webb & Webb, \$2.

Prettiest home made rug; Miss Sallie Gould, \$1.

CLASS E.

One premium Silk Crazy Quilt; Mrs. Clinton, premium, Album, by R. Phillips, \$10.

Two premium Silk Crazy Quilts; Miss Inez Coppins, 2 wall frames R. Phillips, \$5.

Worsted Quilt; Mrs. Buckles, premium by Mr. Oliver, \$2.

Patchwork Quilt; Miss Mary McFarland, premium by Webb & Webb, \$2.

Handsome crochet spread; Mrs. E. M. Jones, premium Ph. Schwartz, \$2.50.

Handsome knit spread; Mrs. E. M. Jones, premium by T. E. Powell, \$2.

Oldest counterpane; Mrs. D. Richardson, premium by W. F. Lake Ft. Worth, Tea set.

Greatest number of pieces in a quilt, 2649; Susan Eness, premium by Mrs. Dorsey, work basket.

Best Quilt by blind woman, \$3.50.

CLASS F.

Best baby sacque and skirt; Miss Ora Whitley, Premium, pair vases.

Crochet edge in wool; Mrs. Shouse, premium by Mr. Buell, \$1.

Crochet edge linen three inches wide; Mrs. Mahone, Silver thimble.

Knit edge; Etta Blakely, Silver thimble.

Handsome Tidy; Mrs. Rettig, premium by Foy & Richardson, \$2.50.

Prettiest dressed doll by girl under twelve years old; Mary Callahan, premium, nice Tea set.

Childs dress machine work; Mrs Anderson, \$1.50.

Drawn work in linen, child's dress and under skirt; Miss Addie Day premium by T. E. Powell, machine, \$45.

Fancy apron; Mrs. Crowder, premium, Napkin Ring.

Handsomest piece darned net; Mrs Rudmose premium by Ph. Schwartz, \$1.

Best home knit and spun cotton socks; Mrs. Shouse, premium by Foy & Richardson, \$2.50.

Home knit woolen socks; V. O. Harris, \$1.

Home knit silk mitts; Mrs. Bates, premium by Mrs. Lea, \$1.

Best embroidery on sewing machine; Mrs. Crowder, \$1.

Best display fancy work by girl under fourteen years old; Gertie Burrell, Gold thimble.

CLASS G.

Plum Preserves; Mrs. Nelson, \$1.

Peach preserves; Mrs. Asberry \$1.

Citron preserves; Mrs. Nelson premium by T. E. Powell, \$1.50.

Tomato preserves; Mrs. Callahan, \$1.

Apple jelly; Mrs. Frank Rettig, premium by Dr. Powell, \$1.

Plum jelly; Mrs. Dorsy, premium by Dr. Powell, \$1.

Blackberry jam; Mrs. E. D. Foy, premium by Webb & Webb, \$1.

Peach marmalade; Mrs. Nelson, premium by Oscar Jones, \$1.

Sour pickles; Mrs. Claggett, \$1.

Sweet pickle peach; Mrs. L. D. Young, premium by Oscar Jones, \$1.

Sweet pickle melon; Mrs. Callahan, \$1.

Best assortment under class G., Mrs. Asberry, \$3.

CLASS H.

Layer cake; Mrs. J. F. Patterson, \$1.

White sponge cake; Mrs. Dorsey, \$1.

Ornamented cake; Mrs. John Cross, premium by T. E. Powell, \$1.

Doughnuts; Mrs. James, \$1.

Lemon pie; Julia Brown, \$1.

Wheat bread; Ethel Connon, premium by Mr. Whitley, \$2.50.

Corn bread; Nellie Connon, \$1.

Best Butter; Mr. Corbet, premium by Mrs. James, \$2.

Best home made cheese; Mrs. J. N. Rushing, \$1.

Largest display; Mrs. French, premium by Gen. James, \$5.

Cub Hadley won the \$75 saddle in the cow roping contest.

Clint Pace won the saddle in the tournament.

Ladies driving contest Miss Kittie Pace fine gold handle whip, Miss Delia Wilkinson fine lap robe.

In the ladies riding contest Miss Alice Bowman 1st premium, ladies saddle, Miss Onie Shelly 2nd premium ten pounds of candy.

Col. W. L. McGaughey made S. H. French a present of 100 selected plum trees, valued at fifty dollars, for the splendid display he (French) made at the county fair.

Why not organize a progressive committee and push Baird and Callahan county to the front.

We issue a special Fair edition this week of 2000 copies. Send some copies to your friends in distant states; price five cents per copy.

Master Lige Stewart's speech at the county Fair has made him famous. If the racing had went off satisfactory all around perhaps the speech would not have been noticed.

The McKinley tariff bill is being discussed and cussed from Maine to California and from Dan to Beersheba; tin plates and hardware of all kinds have advanced fifty per cent since the bill went into effect.

Osman Pasha, who made such a gallant defense of Plevna in the war between Russia and Turkey was drowned last month on his return to Turkey from Japan, where he had been on official business for the Sultan.

Buck Kilgore admits that he kicked open the door of the House of Representatives, which was ordered closed by the speaker. He is destined to go down in history as the great kicker as well as an objector.

One dry goods house in Baird reports an increase of sales of \$1,500 over the same month last year. We will remark by way of parenthesis that this house has never missed an ad of some kind in THE STAR since the paper was founded.

Callahan county will be at the State Fair in elegant shape; Maj. D. Richardson has secured space, and the Texas & Pacific railroad officials have furnished a special car to carry the exhibits to Dallas free of charge. Hurrah for Callahan county!

The Fort Worth Gazette intimates that certain members of the legislature and members of the press were bribed to oppose the railroad commission bill. The Gazette virtually says the Galveston and Dallas News were bribed; what other papers and what members of the legislature sold themselves to the railroads? If the Gazette knows who the guilty parties are let it speak. The people have a right to know who of the public servants have sold out to the railroads and the press of the State should demand of the Gazette to name the papers, big or little, that have betrayed the people for a price. Turn on the calcium.

The last legislature sat down rather hard on Dr. Tolar's uniform text book bill, but the people have been turning the matter over in their minds and figuring on the enormous cost of a change of books every time a change of teachers is made; and now in all probability the next legislature will pass the bill or one similar to the one they so unceremoniously kicked out at the back door of the legislature last session. The people demand a set of uniform text books and the people usually get what they want, though, in this instance they will have to contend with some of the largest and wealthiest book concerns in the United States.

BELLE Plaine college opens next Monday.

DAILY GRAND OPENING OF FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

J. D. BOYDSTUN'S

GREAT MARKET STREET BAZAAR

A Dandy Stock to Select From. The Largest, Best Lighted, Best Ventilated Dry Goods Store in Baird to Buy in. Magnificent New Goods. Stupendous Quantities. Unheard of Bargains. Competition defied.

IT WOULD BE TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION.

GENTS' FURNISHINGS,

ART NEEDLEWORK,

LADIES' DRESS GOODS,

WINTER SKIRTS,

HANDKERCHIEFS,

EMBROIDERIES.

J. D. BOYDSTUN.

The Secretary of the Texas State Fair and Dallas Exposition sends out an invitation to the press of the State in a one cent envelope requesting them to call at the gate and get tickets to the Dallas blow out. Fancy Cox, of the Merkel Mail, for instance, yelling at the top of his voice, "I'm Cox, editor and proprietor of the Merkel Mail, give me a ticket, please sir."

The county Fair was a success because the people were practically all one mind and all worked with the one object in view. It practically demonstrated what a town, though small in numbers, can do when they get together and acting together. Let us not spoil the fruits of our labors now by grumbling because we did not do better.

Every publisher in Texas has paid the price of one ticket to the Dallas Fair twenty times over, yet the courteous secretary informs them on a cheap John circular that if they will call at the gate like a common beggar or a dead beat, they can have a ticket. The newspaper man that would accept a ticket under such circumstances deserves to be squeezed to death in a Washington hand press.

If the land agents and business men of Baird and Callahan county will assist us we will advertise Callahan county more in the next six months than it has been advertised in ten years. The county Fair was a splendid advertisement, now let us follow it up and make the dry bones rattle. If the land agents and business men would all pull together we could advertise the county at a very small expense and large profits to themselves. Call at this office and we will tell you how it can be done.

The last legislature sat down rather hard on Dr. Tolar's uniform text book bill, but the people have been turning the matter over in their minds and figuring on the enormous cost of a change of books every time a change of teachers is made; and now in all probability the next legislature will pass the bill or one similar to the one they so unceremoniously kicked out at the back door of the legislature last session. The people demand a set of uniform text books and the people usually get what they want, though, in this instance they will have to contend with some of the largest and wealthiest book concerns in the United States.

BELLE Plaine college opens next Monday.

WM. CAMERON & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Lumber, Shingles, Sash, Doors, Blinds,

Moulding, Posts, Stays, Lime and Cement.

THIRD STREET, BAIRD, TEX.

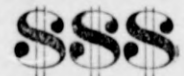
MILLINERY.

Th ladies of Baird and surrounding country when in need of fine Millinery should call on Mrs. Annie Cunningham and examine her superb stock. Latest Styles in Hats, Bonnets, etc. All the latest Novelties.

Stock will be fully kept up during the season.

MRS. ANNIE CUNNINGHAM.

ATTENTION!!



I have opened up a Shop in Baird, first door north of Johnson's Resturant, where I propose to do general repair work on Guns, Sewing Machines, Clocks, I can make almost any old clock good as new and at a trifling cost and warrant satisfaction. Locks and Keys Light turning in Iron, Steel, Wood, etc.; Sharpening Scissors, Shears and all kinds of cutlery, filing Saws, making pocket knife blades, small parts to Steam Engines and other Machinery. In fact almost any thing that may be needed in this line; and I feel sure that, with over Thirty Years Experience, I shall be able to give general satisfaction. Please bring in your work.

Respectfully, etc.,

GEO. B. ELY,

Baird, September 30, 1890.

WEBB & WEBB,

ATTORNEYS

Land and Live Stock Agents,

Have full Abstracts of Titles for Callahan County.

LOCAL.

SHE WAS POISONED!



Not by anything she drank or took, but by bad blood. Is it any wonder she feels "blue?" In most cases blues are only another name for bad blood. A man or woman feels unhappy. Life seems dark. The heart is heavy. Bad blood is carrying its poison all over the body, and we call it "blues."
 Read these experiences:
 Mrs. C. C. Hutchinson, of Pittston, Pa., says: "I consider Dr. Acker's English Blood Elixir the best medicine in the world, not only for blood troubles, but also for dyspepsia, with which I have been afflicted."
 "Both my wife and myself firmly believe that Dr. Acker's English Blood Elixir is the best of all blood medicines, and will remove all impurities of the blood."
 GEO. V. SUGGER, Valley City, Dak.
 This grand Elixir is sold by druggists in all parts of America. It is a pure, honest medicine; not a cheap sarsaparilla. Try it to-day.

For Sale by R. PHILLIPS.

Four thousand copies of THE STAR were issued during Fair week and were scattered from Maine to California and will do a great deal towards advertising our county. We issue 2000 copies this week and will send them out to parties East, if our people won't do so themselves. Help us advertise the county abroad by distributing this paper.

The Abilene Reporter praises the county Fair held here last week in every thing except the races. The way brother Hoony rails against the judges, one is lead to believe that he put his money on the wrong horse. The Reporter makes some serious charges against Mr. Seal, the manager of the speed ring and the judges, charging them with fraud in awarding, which seriously reflects on the Fair management and through them the good name of the county. THE STAR knows nothing about the matter in question but the charges are serious and they should be met and refuted. What is the Fair association going to do about it? So far as the Reporter's intimation that Master Lige Stewart's speech, which he so heartily condemns as being prepared by his school teacher, brother Hoony forgets that Professor Haynes, Master Lige's teacher is a Taylor county man, and says he had nothing to do with the speech. The little boy's older brother Andrew, a lad about sixteen years old wrote the speech without consulting any one.

To the Voters of Callahan County.

Being a candidate for Assessor, I beg leave to address the voters in this way, as I am not able to see them personally.

You will agree with me that the first point in the choice of public officers is to select men who are able to fulfill their duties to the fullest extent. The next point would be to find the most deserving man. As to the first point I refer to my neighbors and other men from different parts of the county who know me and will tell you that as to business ability, honesty and integrity I can stand any trial. The open acknowledgement of the authorities for my clean and correct work as Census Enumerator speaks for me also, and that I took some active part in starting and arranging the first Callahan County Fair will be kindly remembered by you. I can further refer to the numerous articles in THE STAR and other papers where I always advocated earnest cooperation in the development of the natural resources of our county. I believe firmly with every public spirited citizen that in building up our county and fostering the welfare of all classes of inhabitants every one helps himself. As to the second point I have only to say that on account of my long suffering from Asthma and increasing heart trouble I am not longer able to do hard work or attend any regular business. I have no home of my own. I am getting old with no hope of cure for my sickness and try this as a last effort to secure a more solid basis for the remainder of my days.

I leave it now entirely with you, fellow citizens, if you will help me in this effort and enable me to devote time, energy and experience to the best interests of this, our beloved county.

H. BUCHEN.

Hamilton & Brown shoes. Powell

Abilene Reporter: Abilene sent 500 visitors to the Baird fair. The success of the fair demonstrates the fact that there would have been a greater success this year than last.

Abilene Reporter: The ladies of Baird contributed largely to the success of the first fair, and should share a large portion of the credit for the same. Their great interest could be seen everywhere in the exposition and art department, and visitors were kindly received and delightfully entertained by them.

Abilene Reporter: Ellis Richardson, assistant secretary of the Baird fair, made many friends by the courteous manner in which he treated exhibitors and the owners of horses competing in the speed ring. A resolution of thanks, signed by the horse men, was presented to him at the close of the fair. Ellis had been to one or two fairs in his time, and knew how to treat the patrons.

The STAR will print 3000 Democrat tickets about the 25th of this month, all candidates who desire their name on the ticket must deposit one dollar in this office before that date. Almost pay in advance.

Dr. D. J. Wilson, Captain, and E. E. Solomon, Lieutenant, of Ivanhoe Division, No. 15, K. P., of Baird made a trip to Vermont last week for the purpose of instituting a Division of the Uniform Rank at that place. They report having a splendid time. Dr. Wilson has also been commissioned by Gen. Caranah to institute the new division now forming at Big Springs. Ivanhoe division will probably attend in a body.

Court will soon be in session, and that prince of boys, Mr. W. C. Whitley, of the Whitley House, is making big preparation to serve the public in his line during court; the capacity of this hotel was severely tried during the late fair but it proved fully equal to the test, entertaining from one hundred to two hundred and eleven persons every meal. You will be well treated at the Whitley house, and at very moderate charge.

Go to McLaury & Co's for nice fresh cheap groceries.

When in need of wall paper call at R. Phillips and examine his large stock. Price no object. Paper must sell at any price offered in Baird. Will meet out prices of any house. Come and see. R. Phillips. 41 tf.

Go to Ogle's for new crop Ribbon cane syrups; better than honey.

Everything fresh—new crop oat meal, rice, grits, etc.; in fact everything the market affords, at S. L. Ogle's.

Notice to Tax Payers. The tax rolls for 1889-90 are now ready and all who desire can pay their taxes.

W. JONES, Sheriff and Tax Collector.

Mr. Ph. Schwarz went to Ft. Worth Sunday to accompany his wife, who has been for some time in Dallas, seeking medical relief, to San Antonio. The sympathy of the people of Baird is with Mr. and Mrs. Schwarz in the severe affliction of the latter, and it is hoped that the efforts being made for her recovery may prove successful.

Good syrups at McLaury & Co's.

For Sale at a Bargain. Two Horses, five head of stock cattle, apply at once if you want to make a good trade. J. E. GILLLAND, 44 tf. Baird.

Miss Sadie O'Hara of Colorado, who has been visiting in Baird, and whose exquisite singing at some of our recent entertainments is well remembered, left recently for Cincinnati, where she enters the conservatory of music, it is understood that she will be absent several months.

New and seasonable goods are being constantly added to the already mammoth stock of T. E. Powell. Call on him when you want anything in the way of dry-goods, clothing, hats boots and shoes (immense stock of boots and shoes) and so forth. See his goods and get his prices. New goods, good goods, cheap goods, polite and attentive salesmen.

Mr. J. B. Hensley returns his sincere thanks to Mrs. Jas. Uley and Lee Estes for giving the prompt alarm of fire the night his girl caught fire, thereby saving not only him a pecuniary loss but a loss of our entire town.

Having bought the entire stock of furniture and undertaker's goods of Dr. L. Gould, we respectfully ask you one and all to call and examine our stock. We propose to sell cheaper than ever before and to show the largest and best assorted stock of furniture in the West.

Respectfully, PH. SCHWARTZ & BRO.

The northerners are coming! Be prepared! A complete line of men's and ladies' furnishings, at J. D. Boydston's. The goods are seasonable and cheap.

Men's white shirts for 50 cts. to \$1.50; mens' negligee shirts for 25 cts. to \$5, at J. D. Boydston's.

Boydston's is the place to buy corsets. All the way in price from 50 cts. to \$2.

Gossamers! Gossamers! Handsome line of ladies and misses gossamers just received at Boydston's. Call and see them.

Did you know it? You can buy 16 yards of good bleach domestic for only \$1 at J. D. Boydston's.

Twenty full yards of nice cotton checks, only \$1 at Boydston's.

J. D. Boydston will sell you 20 yards of good brown domestic for one dollar.

We have just received a large and well selected stock of Dry Goods, and notions, boots and shoes. Moon & Crowder. 40tf.

I will save you money on goods in our line such as Dry Goods, notions, boots, shoes, hats, caps, and ladies' hats, Moon & Crowder. 40tf.

Straw goods 50 per cent of cost. They must go. Ph. Schwartz & Bros.

The only genuine Eupion 150 test in the market. We challenge anyone to publish the test of their oil and produce certificate. S. L. Ogle.

Wood! Wood! Say it is getting cold, wood taken on subscription.

Land For Sale. 320 acres all fenced south-east of Belle Plaine, 30 acres in farm, houses etc., at \$2.50 per acre. Lot 6 in Block 9, Newlon Addition. Price \$75. Small house. For sale.

PUTNAM. Meyers Hotel, \$300. Reddock Residence, \$600.

BAIRD. Lot 7 block 29, \$750. 640 acres, six miles west of Baird, \$5.00 per acre. Star Land Co.

Stockholders' Meeting. A meeting of the stockholders of the Callahan County Fair Association is hereby called to meet at the Court House in Baird at 2 P. M. Saturday, 9th day of November, to elect officers for the ensuing year, and to transact all other business proper to come before said stockholders' meeting.

H. BUCHEN, D. RICHARDSON, Secretary, President. Baird, Tex., Oct. 6, 1890.

NOTICE. Owing to repeated advances in lumber at mills, we are forced to advance the price of lumber here. We very much regret to have to do so, but we can not help it. We hope the public is aware of the fact that lumber has advanced at all mills.

Thanking all who have so kindly favored us with their patronage in the past and soliciting a share of your trade in the future. We are yours most truly, Moon & Crowder. 40tf.

Laid to Rest.

Last Friday after the arrival of the Noon train from the west a little cortege was seen sadly wending its way to the Baird cemetery there to pay the last sad rites to a sweet little girl, Nellie, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Chatfield, and grand daughter of Dr. L. Gould. She died in Las Vegas, New Mexico, September 30, and the body was shipped here for interment, and buried beside her little sister in the Baird cemetery. The coffin was opened at the grave, and all were astonished at the life-like appearance of the features. The body was embalmed, and it had scarcely changed its position in its long journey.

The casket was covered with rare flowers that seemed as fresh as though they only been plucked the day of burial. After a brief ceremony by Rev. Mr. Davis of the M. E. church South, the body was lowered to the grave and forever lost to the sight of mortals. THE STAR tenders kind sympathy to the parents who were far away while their darling was being laid to rest; their dear little one was cared for as tenderly by kind and loving hands as they could have done had they been present. Doctor and Miss Sallie Gould Grand-father and Aunt of the deceased little girl delayed starting to New Mexico until the body arrived. They left on the evening train for New Mexico.

Moon & Crowder sold six White Sewing Machines last week. This is the Machine THE STAR gave at the Fair as a premium for the five best stalks of cotton.

L. M. Wyatt is clerking for T. E. Powell. THE STAR is glad to welcome him back to town.

BIG STONE GROCERY.

J. L. LEA & CO.

Keep on Hand

THE LARGEST STOCK OF GROCERIES

Therefore they buy and sell cheaper than anyone.

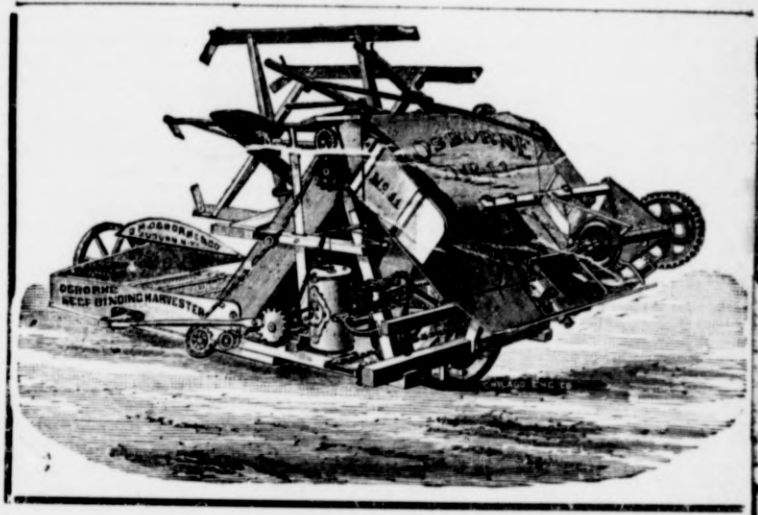


Wagons, Drills, Plows.

D. M. OSBORNE'S

INVESTING

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.

W. H. CLIETT, Attorney at law, Baird, Texas.

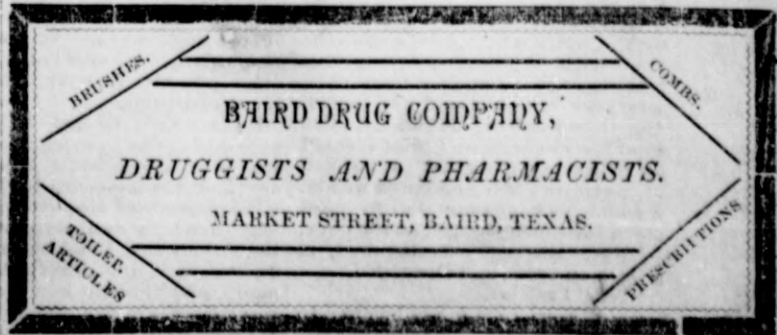
R. G. POWELL, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office fourth door south of the Bank. Baird, Texas.

D. J. WILSON, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. (Local surgeon for Texas & Pacific Railway company). Office with Baird Drug Co. Office days Tuesdays and Saturdays.

BOWLUS BRO'S, CARPENTERS AND CONTRACTORS. Wagon and Carriage Work a Specialty. New Shop, First Door North of W. L. Hreny's Blacksmith Shop 40tf.

Baird Cotton Gin

I am now prepared to gin all cotton that may come in, all reports to the contrary. All modern conveniences for unloading and handling cotton. Bring in your cotton; Gin will run DAY and NIGHT if necessary. J. B. HENSLEY. 41tf



J. H. HOFFMANN, House, Sign and Carriage Painter

WHY THEY TWINKLE.

When Eve had led her lord away,
And Cain had killed his brother,
The stars and flowers the poets say,
Agreed with one another.

To cheat the cunning tempter's art,
And teach the race its duty,
By keeping on its whiskered heart,
Their eyes of light and beauty.

A million sleepless lids, they say,
Will be at least a warning;
And so the flowers would watch by day,
The stars from eve to morning.

On hill and prairie, field and lawn,
Their dewy eyes upturning,
The flowers still watch from reddening dawn
Till western skies are burning.

Alas! each hour of daylight tells
A tale of shame so crushing,
That some turn white as sea-bleached shells
And some are always blushing.

But when the patient stars look down
On all their light discoveries,
The traitor's smiles, the murderer's frown,
The lips of lying lovers.

They try to shut their saddening eyes,
And in the vain endeavor
We see them twinkling in the skies,
And so they wink forever.

—O. W. Holmes.

ONE AWFUL NIGHT'S WORK.

London Saturday Review.

NE night I went to bed with glossy brown hair, and the face of a girl of 18; next morning I left my room with hair as gray as it is now, though forty-two years have passed away since then.

In one night an awful horror struck me suddenly with the weight of scores of years.

My father was a Mr. Marriot, a ship broker, who lived in Russell square with his family, consisting of my mother and four children of whom I was the eldest. One morning, in the December of 1842, while we were sitting at breakfast, my mother said, as she finished reading a letter which had just been delivered, "It's from Judith. She wants Ellen to go and stay a month at The Willows. But I do not like the idea. She never even called on us when she came back to England last summer. Besides, we have known almost nothing of her for years past."

"Oh! I should like immensely to see Aunt Judith," I cried.

"But you have never seen her," replied my mother. "It is nearly ten years now since I saw her, and she didn't leave a very pleasant impression on my mind. I had not seen her of course, since I was a child, but, as I have often told you, there was something curious and weird about her that was not to my liking. In fact, she did not seem like a sister of mine."

Aunt Judith was my mother's elder sister by fifteen years. When she was about twenty she married a German baron who was a professor in a university. Why it was nobody knew, but some two years or so after her marriage Aunt Judith became very apathetic as regarded her relations in England, and but rarely corresponded with them.

Her husband, the baron and professor, died about three years before the time of which I speak. Mourning cards were unknown at those days; still she might have sent a word to inform her sister of her bereavement. To our great astonishment, it was only from a friend who attended his funeral that we heard, casually, that he was dead and that she was a widow.

Well, both my father and my mother were unwilling to let me go to The Willows; my mother, because she had, or seemed to me to have, a prejudice against her sister; my father, for no reason that I could make out, except that he echoed my mother. At all events, I overcame their opposition at last, and started, one fine, or rather gloomy, morning—for the clouds were dark and heavy.

I remember, as I left London—for The Willows, a mansion in Warwickshire which had been left to my Aunt Judith by my grandfather. Traveling was slower in those days than it is now, and it was not until 6 o'clock in the evening that I drove, in the lumbering coach which conveyed me, up the dreary carriage path which led to The Willows.

Aunt Judith had only returned to live there during the past six months, so I was not surprised to find the place in a very untidy state. Such, at least, was my impression from what I saw through the darkness of the evening.

Things, however, seemed to change for the better when we drew up to the house itself. It was a great, straggling building, which stood for more than a century, and was cold and forbidding to look at from the outside. But from the windows, and what I could see of the hall, it seemed to be well lit, warm and well appointed within. A female servant came out to meet me as the coach stopped at the door.

"Mlle. Marriot?" she inquired, in a German voice, as I descended.

"Yes," I replied.

"Ah! your aunt would like well to see you," she said. "I shall take you to her. She is dressing for dinner." I followed her upstairs, and into a large bedroom. Standing before a glass at the end of the room was a tall woman whom, from the description I had heard of her, I immediately recognized as Aunt Judith.

Her figure was very erect, almost majestic, but her face puzzled me.

The features were very regular, and clearly drawn. There was in them a considerable amount of power, and yet, what I could not understand, a curious, wizened, almost craven expression, which just bordered on being sinister. It was only a girl at the time, and knew nothing of physiognomy, but, instinctively, I felt a sense of uneasiness as I met her keen gray eyes, which seemed never to rest for a moment, to wander about as if at the bidding of an uneasy spirit, though her demeanor was otherwise curiously calm and self-possessed.

"Your room is not ready yet, but it will be presently, she said, when we had greeted each other: "You can dress here. We have a few friends to dinner to-night. Your parents are well, I hope."

"Your parents?" and this in allusion to her own sister, whom she had not seen for years! Her greeting—in fact, her manner, everything about her—was perfectly polite, but strangely cold. "Yes," I replied, "they are all quite well, thank you."

"You can come down stairs when you are ready," she continued, as she stood before the glass, giving the last touches to her toilet. "Dinner will be on the table in about twenty minutes. I had better go down—they will be waiting for me," saying which she left the room.

A curious woman, I thought, when she was gone; and, altogether, I did not care much about her—perhaps, also, I was a little sorry that, against the wishes of my parents, I had come to the Willows at all. When I came into the drawing room I found a party of about a dozen people assembled there. There were, besides my aunt and an elderly German lady, who was a relative of her late husband, the clergyman of the parish with his wife and two daughters, the local doctor—a good looking young man of about six or seven and twenty; the squire and three or four others, who, like myself, were staying on a visit at the house. Dinner passed very pleasantly. We had music and a dance when the gentlemen came up stairs. Altogether I enjoyed myself very much, and it was past midnight when we arose from the supper table. One thing I did notice almost unconsciously during the evening, and this was a strange, absent, and at the same time searching expression which sometimes came upon Aunt Judith's face. It was as though she were looking at or for something which was invisible to everybody else.

Well, when supper was over, and those of the guests who were leaving the house had taken their departure, I went with Aunt Judith to her bedroom, "to see," she said, "whether Sophia had got my room ready yet."

Sophia was waiting for us when we entered the room, and my aunt and she immediately began to talk in German. What they were saying I could not tell, as I did not understand the language; but somehow, from their manner or the tone of their voice, it seemed to me as if they were discussing something which they did not want me to know about.

"My dear, I am sorry the room I had intended for you is not ready yet. It will be ready to-morrow, but for to-night you must sleep in another room."

Here Sophia said something in German, and after a moment's pause Aunt Judith said, as if in answer: "The blue room. Yes, my dear," she continued, speaking to me, "it is an old-fashioned room, but very comfortable. Sophia will show you to it. Good night, dear."

Again the curious look I had noticed before came over her face as I left the room with Sophia, who walked before me with a candle.

We went up a flight of stairs that led to a part of the building which seemed to be but little used. At the top of these stairs there was a long narrow passage, the walls of which were lined with oak panels. When we got to the end of this passage we turned to the right and went a few yards down another and similar passage, until the servant opened a door that led into a spacious bedroom.

Having put the candle on the mantelpiece, and laid my traveling bag, which she carried with her, on the floor, she looked earnestly round the room, and then, when she had bidden me good night, went out and shut the door. I felt very nervous as I looked about the apartment, which seemed to be in an uninhabited part of the large house, and was furnished, I thought, in an antique and rather grewsome manner. The lofty walls, paneled as they were with wood painted blue, contrasted strangely with the heavy silk window curtains, which were of a dark red color, and with old portraits in oil that hung in massive oak and ebony frames. The chairs and tables were all cumbersome and old-fashioned, and, as to the bed, it almost frightened me to think of sleeping on it, so vast and gloomy did it look with its huge canopy and somber curtains.

It is not easy to get to sleep at once during the first night of one's stay in a strange house, especially if anything has happened to make the mind uneasy and suspicious. For a long time I lay awake wondering at the curious look I had seen on Aunt Judith's face, and shivering now and again, as I thought how far away I was from the rest of the household.

If I were to be taken suddenly ill, or if anything were to happen to me during the night, what could I do? There was a bell rope in the room, but I had forgotten to ask Sophia whether it communicated with a bell, and, if so, whether there was any one to answer my ring. Isolated as I was in this large and gloomy chamber, my mind was agitated with vague fears,

and it must have been nearly two hours before I got to sleep.

How long this state lasted I do not know, when suddenly I awoke. In a moment I was wide awake, staring before me into the black darkness and listening intently to the profound about me. Why was I doing this? I asked myself, but could not give any answer. Something must have happened to awake me. What was it? I wondered. I looked and listened. There was only blackness and silence.

For many seconds I lay thus peering and listening, and was just on the point of shutting my eyes again, when, glancing at them through the darkness, I saw two other eyes, and hot on my cheek came the breath of something—man, or beast, or monster! I drew my head some inches back; the eyes, to which mine were riveted, advanced. I felt a form bending over the side of the bed. It stopped. The eyes stopped, the form became motionless. In the pure agony of the moment—actuated by that alone—I rose a little in my bed, and bent my head forward; the form also rose, and the eyes, which were still fastened to mine, retreated. As they did so, to my unutterable horror I discerned the outline of a human face!

It was within a few inches of my own and now my eyes, becoming accustomed to the darkness, could see that it was covered with hair. There was a dreadful gibber—such as might come from an ape or a dumb man in pain—and before my fascinated gaze flashed two rows of shining teeth. The creature—monster or maniac—was by my side, ready, waiting to spring upon me. Hot upon my face came its breath, while the awful eyes shone like the eyes of a tiger. It was on the spring—to tear me limb from limb. Just one thing stayed it. Just one thing was keeping off the awful death that threatened me. In all the ecstasy of my terror I comprehended what that one thing was. It was the power of my eyes. I was fighting an eye battle with the monster.

Into its dreadful eyes I gazed, as though I was gazing into the very gates of hell. Like the eyes of a wild beast, they seemed ever restlessly pouring forth a tumultuous torrent of passion, and ever restlessly in search of mine, which yet they shrank from when they met. Constantly as they did so, there was the same hideous inarticulate gibber of baffled rage.

Thus some two or three hours at least must have passed until the daylight began to steal in through the curtains, which were only partly drawn.

When the light came the sight before me was even more horrible than my imagination had conjured in the dark. Crouching by the side of the large bed, between the window and the door, was a man! A tall man in a flowing gown, with long, matted, unkempt yellow hair and beard, his face deadly white, but every muscle in it throbbing in convulsive sympathy with the fires that blazed from his wild and awful eyes!

Minute after minute passed, though I took no heed of them. All my strength was concentrated into one weapon I had—my eyes. Still, I felt at last that I could not prolong the battle much longer. What was I to do? My strength was giving way. The monster or maniac was becoming more and more excited, forming at the lips and uttering short, sharp cries, while his long, cruel fingers worked convulsively, as though they were impatient to be on their prey.

So long as I could ward him off with my eyes, he dared not approach me nearer; directly, through faintness, I dropped them, he would fall upon me and tear me to pieces. My strength was going. A look of exultation came upon his face. The daylight had lasted for a long time. Oh, God! would no one ever come? His glare of triumph increased. My eyes were getting dim. His face was getting nearer and more exulting.

It seemed as though another spirit came suddenly into my body—I was hardly conscious of what I did—looking into his eyes with a strength that did not seem to be mine, I rose in my bed, bent forward my body, eye to eye, drove the creature back till he was more than a yard from the bed—slipped from the bed—gave one spring—caught the handle of the door, and was in the passage running. There was an awful noise behind me of wild yells and laughter and pursuing feet. As I fled, screaming, down flight after flight of stairs, it grew nearer and nearer. The monster was upon me. A number of people seemed to be about me. I heard shouts and blows—a confused trampling, shouting and scuffling—and then all was dark.

When I awoke I was in bed. I had been very ill for many days, they said. It was a long time before I was allowed to see a looking glass when I did I found that my beautiful brown hair was gray. It had changed its color in that one awful night. The maniac was Aunt Judith's only child, who had escaped during the night from the room where he was confined. Aunt Judith and the baron who he was alive had secretly kept the poor creature since it had been discovered during its infancy to be insane. The constant sorrow and anxiety which it entailed was, I may add, the cause of most of what was strange about Aunt Judith.

He: will you marry me, Miss Hauteur?—Miss H. I would be pleased to, if I was a clergyman. Who is the happy girl?

How much older than you is your eldest sister?—By: I don't know. She takes off a year annually, and I expect we will be twins before very long.

"A LIGHT IN THE WINDOW."

The Beautiful Story on Which the Well-Known Novel Was Founded.

Few are probably the persons who have not one time or other heard the Sunday-school song, "A Light in the Window." Unless I am mistaken it is founded upon a story told upon the little Island of Sylt, but which might easily have its exact counterpart on almost any seashore where a mother's heart beats with yearning love for her sailor son and keeps its fond promise from night to night.

Among the simple fisher folks on the island lived a woman and her son. He was her only child, the pride of her heart as well as the source of constant dread, for the boy loved the sea as his father before had loved it, and nothing gave him so much pleasure as to watch the peering tide tumble its curling waves over the sands. No sooner was he strong enough to wield an oar or steer a boat than he joined the men in their fishing expeditions.

The mother, with all her fears and the fate of a long line of sailors in her mind, yet would not have had it otherwise, for it would have been deemed dishonour among the hardy coasters to have kept the boy at home or sent him safely at work for some farther. Whatever the dangers, they must be faced for the sake of family pride. Had not the boy's grandfather been a captain when he went away the last time? Had not his father sailed his own ship when he went down in a great storm? The child was the last of his race, but he must not dishonor it by tame and cowardly safety on shore. So the boy grew up, tall of his age, straight as a mast, nimble as the fleetest and handiest boat, blue-eyed, fair-haired, true-hearted, a real son of the sea. The fishermen taught him the tricks of his craft until he knew how to sail a boat, splice a rope, or do many little things which a sailor must know. Whenever a ship was in the offing he was soon aboard, learning the rigging and how work was performed upon her. He was a great favorite among the "long shore folk" and with the sailors, and when he obtained the consent of his mother to go to sea, he easily found a good ship and captain. Then there was parting and tears, shed by the mother, while he looked forward into the great, wide world with all the joyous eagerness of a boy. But with her last blessing the widowed mother promised that every night a light should burn in the seaward window of her cottage to light him homeward and to show him that she still lived, awaiting his return.

The ship sailed. Six months passed and sailors dropped into the village and told how she had been spoken and all was well, and the neighbors came to the cottage and told the pleasant news to the waiting mother, who nightly trimmed the candle, lit it, and set it in the window to make a bright path up the sands. Again six months elapsed, and other sailors arrived from far-off lands, but they had no news to tell of the ship. A great storm had happened and she was overdue. She might yet make port, but—and the people shook their heads and carried no tales to the widow, whose candle burned brightly every night and cast long streamers of light out upon the sea. Another year passed, but the sailors going or coming brought no news of the ship, and the neighbors whispered apart and shook their heads whenever they spoke of the widow's son, but no one was cruel enough to cut the slender threads which held the anchor of her hope. And thus the light continued to glow out toward the sea at every gloaming and burned steadily through every night.

Years came and went. The children who had played with the sailor lad had grown to be men and women; her own head had been silvered with age; her form was bowed, yet no one dared to cut the cables of her hope. Tender words cheered her and tender hands smoothed the way for her as she patiently waited for the home-coming of her fair-haired boy, and every night the glow of her candle streamed out to seaward and told the story of the loving heart waiting at home.

How many years did she watch and wait? I do not know. But one day, at eventide, there was no gleaming patch of light across the sands. The window remained dark, and the accustomed beacon failed the fisher folk, and when they wondered and went to the cottage they found that the mother's soul had gone out to seek her son.—*Louisville Times.*

Preservation of the Hair.

The first and most important condition of preserving the health and attractiveness of the hair is that it shall be kept scrupulously clean, yet in many cases this is not by any means an easy task. There is nothing for which dust has a greater affinity than a thick head of hair, especially when slightly damp or oily. The flying particles lodge indiscriminately among the most attractive tresses or the unkempt shock of the careless laborer, and once lodged they cling with greatest persistence. Especially when traveling, the exposure to dust necessitates constant care in keeping the head and scalp clean. The face would tell its own story after a week or so of exposure, but the scalp is covered and the hair is a partner in untidiness. Usually, hair which is brushed for a few minutes night and morning will require comparatively little extra care to preserve it in beauty and cleanliness. The brush is very much more efficient than the comb, but of course a time comes when neither will meet the requirements; and at reasonable intervals, depending upon circumstances, a careful washing of the hair and scalp is necessary. This will be greatly assisted if a little ammonia or borax is added to the water, which should be merely warm, neither hot nor cold. Another very excellent application in this connection is an egg thoroughly beaten and well rubbed into the roots of the hair, which, of course, must be immediately and carefully rinsed, else the last condition will be worse than the first. It is a mistake to suppose that any hair-dressing, pomade, or other application of that sort, will cleanse the scalp. They merely add another element of vexation, attract-

ing and holding the dust and the dirt, which a dry brush would generally remove.

Promiscuous washing and frequent wetting of the hair is very detrimental, especially sea bathing, unless the salt water should be carefully washed out of the hair with fresh soft water, and the hair carefully dried. Keeping the hair damp has an especially injurious effect, not only rendering it brittle and rough, but causing a disagreeable odor, which is annoying to every one, and which can be easily prevented. When the head is to be washed, warm soft water with castile soap should be used. The hair should be immediately dried. An occasional shampoo, with a vigorous rubbing of the scalp with the finger ends, not only removes dirt and dandruff, but assists the circulation and promotes a healthy condition. As soon as the hair has been dried it should be carefully inspected. The broken ends should be clipped to promote the growth, and this is generally best as well attended to at home as at the hands of a professional hair-dresser.—*Good Housekeeping.*

FEEDING A SNAKE.

An Appetizing Meal of Rabbits that a Boa Constrictor Delights In.

Three corpulent rabbits of Belgian breed were caged in a soap-box quietly awaiting their fate. They were the meal for which the snake was anxiously awaiting, says a writer in the *Chicago Inter-Ocean*. He had not tasted meat in four months and his voracious maw yawned like a bottomless pit for the unfortunate trio in the soap-box. Manager Bell appeared and drew forth one of the rabbits. After stroking "bunny" on the back for a moment he opened the door to the snake's den and thrust him in. The huge boa had coiled himself up in a corner, but at once uncoiled himself for action. He was fully twelve feet long, and having recently shed his winter coat, his skin glistened and shone like satin. He raised his head a foot or so from the floor and viewed the first course of his quadri-annual meal. The rabbit showed no signs of fear, but rather seemed to enjoy his new quarters. The snake slowly covered his head and cautiously began to stretch himself along the sides of the den. He never once took his eyes off the rabbit, which was still unconscious of his danger. Suddenly the rabbit began to act strangely and to cut all sorts of ridiculous capers. He would leap back and forth over the snake and then rub against it, and appeared to be fascinated. Slowly and stealthily the snake turned his head about until it was within a foot of the rabbit's haunches. Then, quick as a flash, he darted forward and seized the rabbit in his mouth and in another instant there was nothing to be seen of the little animal save the tips of his ears, which protruded from between the folds of the snake.

The huge serpent then raised his head full two feet from the floor, darted out his forked tongue and hissed horribly at the motley group watching him. If there was any struggle on the part of the rabbit it was not visible. The snake had him in his awful coils. Then the coils slowly, but with a strength which was terrible to look at, began to tighten till every bone in the poor rabbit's body must have been broken. This done the coils relaxed, and the limp, lifeless body of the portly rabbit of a few moments before lay ready to be swallowed. First the serpent nosed his victim all over. The eyeballs of the dead rabbit were protruding from their sockets, and by way of beginning the boa licked them with his tongue. Once more he coiled about his victim, leaving his head and shoulders free. Then he gnawed his monstrous jaws and, taking "bunny's" head therein, began to swallow. Soon the head and shoulders were out of sight, and in less than three minutes the hind legs followed.

Lucky Jim.

Jim was my friend, till one unhappy day the usual cause—a pretty girl—came in our way. From that day on we seemed to drift apart. For each seemed to win his maiden heart. And though I tried each art and winning wile, 'Twas none but she who gave her sweetest smile. Each day I saw my chance grow more dim. Until—some despair—some day she married Jim. Ah, lucky Jim!

How I envied him!

Three years passed on—long years they seemed to me—

And then he died, and once more "she" was free.

Before I rose the fond hopes of the past, I wept, I wept, and married her at last. I've got my way; and now she is my wife, I know just what there is in married life. And what I think of Jim, though under ground.

Enjoying peace and quiet most profound—

Ah, lucky Jim!

How I envy him!

—Terre Haute Express.

Natural Gas.

Natural gas was discovered in paying quantities, and its "boom" began in 1888. At the end of three years its annual displacement of coal was 12,906,000 tons estimated in value at \$20,000,000 which is believed to be only about half the rate of the present displacement. There are now more than nine thousand miles of mains, exclusive of smaller conveying pipes. The cheapness of the gas and the enterprise of strongly competing companies have been the principal stimulants in its introduction. These competitions have resulted in the rapid acquisition and development of territory, and in very many cases gas is furnished free to consumers. Not counting the hundreds and thousands of companies that have organized to prospect, bore wells, strike water and quit the business, the total capitalization in the name of natural gas in this country exceeds \$100,000,000. Recent as has been the great uses of natural gas, it has been known for many years. For example, Fredonia, N. Y., has been using it for half a century. General George Washington, the father of our country, was the first well-known owner of natural gas stock, he having, while engaged in a salt well enterprise, purchased the burning springs in the Kanawha Valley of Virginia.

The synod of the reformed Presbyterian church has forbidden the use of liquors and tobacco by church members. No one will be admitted to membership who uses either.

WHAT A FAMILY COSTS.

Statement of a Man Who Counted Expenses Twenty-six Years.

What does it cost to bring up a family? A gentleman whose experience will be recognized as having points in common with other householders, has preserved an account of the expense to which he has been in rearing a family of four children. He has entered the following statement in his diary. It might be a valuable statistical fact for the census takers:

"To-day I close my diary. Twenty-six years ago to-day I undertook to keep an accurate statement of all my earnings and expenses, so that I might know actually how much it costs to live in the married state. Then all was anticipation. I and my young wife counted our resources and our expectations. I received \$15 a week, with a promise of more. I owned a house comfortable enough for frugal young people to begin life in. We were spared house rent, therefore, and our expenses have never included this item. Retrospectively I see that we have brought up four children in comparatively easy circumstances. My health has been good, and my earnings constantly received. I now receive \$30 a week, and we still own the homestead without any great additions to its wealth, except in an increased amount of furniture. I have little more money than I had when first married. Perhaps, all told, I have \$2,500 now of assets; then I had perhaps \$2,500. We have never wanted for bread. Sometimes we have felt in need of more money. Three of the children are now making their own way. Next week the fourth graduates at the high school, having received the same schooling that the others have had, and will begin to look out for himself.

"I shall not necessarily be at any more expense on account of my children, and the diary properly ends now. Would I be willing to go through the same experience again of raising a family? I asked my companion, who had borne the greater part, this question, and I know that she spoke with a heart full of love, but was compelled to say: 'Not for all that money could buy would I go through again what has been necessary to rear a family.'

"Expressed in dollars, the totals are these: In 25 years we have received from my wages and incidental moneys that came through my wife and the children, \$40,000—or say \$40,000—besides the amount of increase in the permanent assets. Given a plant of about \$3,000 and two employees, a man and wife, it has taken therefore about \$10,000 to each man produced. This, of course, includes all employees' expenses. The plant is slightly enhanced in value, but the employees have seen their best days. The quality of the goods is yet to be demonstrated. Prospects happily point to cessation of labor and an increase of receipts, but there is no certainty about this. The employees are proud of their work, but don't want another job.

"Some of the items of expense have been these: Doctors' bills (27 years), \$2,100 (and all paid, probably the only instance on record); groceries, average per week first five years, \$7; next three, \$9; remainder of the 26 years, \$13 a week. For 10 years it has taken on an average one pair of shoes per week for the family, including myself and wife. The most annoying thing I have ever known is the rapidity with which children wear out shoes. Only one thing approaches it—the high prices of children's shoes. I never could understand how, with all the civilization of the age, and the demand for cheaper results, children's shoes have not been reduced in price. The human shoe is a failure. No man not rich can afford to buy shoes for a family, and if I had it to do I would go to Timbuctoo, where neither horses, mules, camels, nor men are shod."—*Indianapolis News.*

BORROW SQUEEZE.

A well-rounded "bust" failing for a million.

The stuttering man can never make a pronounced success.

A dead-beat can generally stand a loan, even if he can't support himself.

The burglar and the United States Senate have to do business in executive session.

The slot-machine points a good moral: That every man should pay his own weight.

The revolver and the bank cashier are alike, they never go off unless they are loaded.

Time will tell, but the ordinary man with an important secret won't give time a chance.

When a man doesn't impose on his wife she acquires the idea that he no longer loves her.

There are some men to whom a loss of their reputation would mean mighty good luck.

The new two-cent stamp is the color of a half-ripe pomegranate, and tastes like fried egg-plant.

We're friendly to the colored race, but we can't help thinking that when a negro gets into a post-office he is in po' business.

When a man is going down hill he finds the attraction of gravitation and the encouragement of the public a great help to him.

"I've been through a good many scrapes, but that one was the worst of the lot," said Blinks when young Guttenfest had concluded his violin solo.

Belle (suddenly)—I'm afraid all this talk about students is rather frivolous for Sunday. May (easily)—Oh, but they're all theological students, you know.

"What is ability?" "Ability, my dear, is knowing how little you really do know and keeping others from finding it out."

—*American Commercial Traveler.*

You little Tyler infidel, you little narrow-eyed fool, a fly can sit on your nose and paw you in one eye and kick you in the other.—*Sam Jones at Tyler, Texas.*

Fond Mamma—Why, what have you in your apron? Little Daughter (breathlessly)—Oh, mamma! Such good luck! Doty Dimple's cat had six kittens and her mamma would not let her keep but one, so she gave me the other five.



STAR LAND CO

Office at Court House,
Baird, Texas.

30,000 Acres of Land, in Callahan and adjoining counties, For Sale at Very Low Prices.

Now is the time to invest in Callahan County Lands, because lands are cheap, cheaper than they will ever be again. All questions in regard to Callahan county cheerfully answered.

All Property placed in our hands Advertised Free of charge.

E. E. SOLOMON, Manager.

THE PALACE SALOON,

J. B. SEAY, PROPRIETOR.



FINEST WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS IN BAIRD.

FOY & RICHARDSON,

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, Ladies' and Children's Hats Gents' Hats and Underwear.

MAX CHOP HOUSE AND RESTAURANT.

Open day and night. Front Street. The best the market affords.

Will M. Buell, HOUSE - SIGN - AND - CARRIAGE - PAINTING. All work done with neatness and dispatch.

THE WHITLEY HOUSE

W. C. WHITLEY, Proprietor. The table supplied with the best the market affords. Board and lodging. Rates reasonable.

GROCERIES.

W. A. M'LAURY & CO.

Dealers in— Staple and Fancy Groceries. MARKET STREET, BAIRD, TEX.

R. PHILLIPS,

Druggists' Wall Paper Supplies. A Specialty.

Paints, Oils, Patent Medicines, Stationery, Perfumery, Toilet Soap. 11-90. Physicians prescriptions carefully compounded.

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.

LOCAL SHORT STOPS.

All kinds of Salt at Lea's.
Willow chairs at Schwartz'
Ladies' hats at Moon & Crowder's.
Go to R. Phillips for your reading matter and stationery of all kinds.
Best Eupion oil at W. A. McLaury & Co.
Bran, Cotton Seed and other feed, cheap at Lea's.
All kinds of candies and nuts, cheap, at Lea's.
Dry goods and notions at lowest prices. Moon & Crowder.
The best molasses and vinegar, very cheap, at J. L. Lea & Co's.
Highest cash price paid for corn and oats by J. L. Lea & Co.
Moon & Crowder have something to say about lumber too. Read their card.

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.

We can fit you up in any kind of yellow pine lumber. Also sash, doors, and moulding at prices reasonable and solicit your trade. Moon & Crowder.

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.

Every body buy their hats from T. E. Powell, because he sells the best goods for the least money.

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. 15-4f.

SPEAKING

about cotton, it is evident that the crop this year will far exceed that of any past season, if you are interested, read the advt. of H. W. HUBBARD, Dallas, Tex., in another part of THE STAR. 24-4m.

Go to T. E. Powell's and see the finest display of Dry Goods in West Texas.

New crop Louisiana molasses and mince meat, at Lea's.

Just Received a car load of the best flour ever seen in the market. S. L. OGLE.

Mesdames Irene Rose and Emma Snively, mother and sister of Mrs. R. Phillips and who have been visiting her during the past month, left Tuesday for their home in Illinois.

To the farmers, stock men and the public generally, I want your trade and am determined to have it if small profits, fair and square dealings will get it. Call and see me. H. MEYER.

Streeter's new magic fluting and polishing irons saves time and fuel, ladies are respectfully requested to call and see them. HARRY MEYER.

Call and examine our handsome stand and hanging lamps. H. MEYER.

Women's balmoral shoes worth \$2, cost you only 75 cts. at Boydston's.

Hams, bacon and lard at W. A. McLaury & Co's.

Keg pickles at W. A. McLaury & Co's.

Remember we keep the best Eupion Oil, W. A. McLaury & Co.

Oats and cotton seed, at W. A. McLaury & Co's.

Kraut at W. A. McLaury & Co's.

Keg and barrel mackerel, at McLaury & Co's.

For Domestic Sewing Machine call on R. Phillips. He is selling them at reduced prices.

Fraser's dandruff cure is perfectly clean contains no oil or vaseline and is guaranteed to cure, Baird Drug Co.

One 50 cent bottle of Fraser's dandruff cure is warranted to stop your hair from falling out after the third application, Baird Drug Co.

Tapioca, sago, and cornstarch always kept on hand at Yonge & McDermett's.

Fresh kraut at Yonge & McDermett's.

Strained honey only 10 cts. per pound at Yonge & McDermett's.

Yonge & McDermett are giving bottom prices on flour and bacon. Special Rates.

Tickets to the Dallas State Fair on sale October 16th. to November 1st, good until November 4th., \$5 for the round trip. For any other information apply to F. S. Gage, agent at Depot. 44-3t

Does your head itch intolerably? The very first application of Fraser's dandruff cure is warranted to stop it and one 50 cent bottle will cure it. Guaranteed, Baird Drug Co. Send this issue of THE STAR abroad.

CITATIONS.

No. 249.

THE STATE OF TEXAS.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Callahan County—Greeting:

Oath therof having been made as required by law, you are hereby commanded that, by making publication of this citation in some newspaper published in said county once a week for four successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, you summon Sarah A. Onion Defendant, to be and appear before the District Court, to be holden in and for the aforesaid County of Callahan at the Court House thereof, in Baird, Texas, on the eleventh Monday after the first Monday in August, 1890, then and there to answer the petition of Joseph Onion Plaintiff, filed in said Court on the 8th day of September 1890, and numbered on the docket of said Court 249 against the said Sarah A. Onion and alleging in substance as follows:

That Plaintiff and Defendant were inter-married on or about July 13th 1870. That they lived together as husband and wife until the 23rd day February, 1890, at which time said Defendant abandoned said Plaintiff. That since the 6th day of December 1889, said Defendant has committed adultery with various persons and still lives in adultery. That the bond of matrimony existing between said Plaintiff and Defendant be dissolved and for general and special relief.

Herein fail not, but have you then and there, before said Court, this writ, with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Issued this the 8th day of September, A. D. 1890.

Witness: I. N. JACKSON, Clerk, Dist. Court, Callahan Co.

Given under my hand and the Seal of said Court, at office, this the 8th day of September, A. D. 1890.

Attest: I. N. JACKSON, Clerk Dist. Court, Callahan Co.

The foregoing is a true and correct copy of the original citation now in my hands, I certify, this Sept. the 8th, 1890.

J. W. JONES, Sheriff, C. C. Tex.

No. 255.

THE STATE OF TEXAS.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Callahan County—Greeting:

Oath therof having been made as required by law, you are hereby commanded that, by making publication of this citation in some newspaper published in said county once a week for four consecutive weeks previous to the return day hereof, you summon J. A. McDonald, Defendant, to be and appear before the Justice Court, of Precinct No. 1, Callahan County, Texas, to be holden in and for the aforesaid Precinct, at the Court House in the town of Baird, on the fourth Monday in September, 1890, the same being a regular term of said Court, then and there to answer the claim of James & Johnson, a firm resident, and doing business in said town, county and state. Plaintiff, filed in said Court on the 14th day of August, 1890, and numbered on the docket of said Court 255, against the said J. A. McDonald, Defendant. Said Plaintiff's demand being for the sum of Twenty Seven dollars and forty-eight cents, of which the sum of twenty-five dollars and sixty-eight cents is for board furnished by said Plaintiff to said Defendant, and the sum of one dollar and eighty-cents is for goods sold and delivered by said Plaintiff to said Defendant; and said claim being evidenced by a certain bill of account, duly verified and filed in said described cause.

Herein fail not, but have you then and there, before said Court, this writ, with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Issued this the 25th day of August, A. D. 1890.

Witness: E. K. KANE, J. P.

P. No. 1, C. C. Tex.

Given under my hand, at office, this the 25th day of August, A. D. 1890.

Attest: E. K. KANE, J. P.

P. No. 1, C. C. Tex.

No. 191.

THE STATE OF TEXAS

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Callahan County—Greeting:

Oath therof having been made as required by law, you are hereby commanded that, by making publication of this citation in some newspaper published in said county once a week for four consecutive weeks previous to the return day hereof, you summon W. L. Hanna, Defendant, to be and appear before the County Court, to be holden in and for the aforesaid County of Callahan at the Court House thereof, in Baird, Texas, on the first

Monday in November, 1890, and there to answer the petition of P. Bingham, Plaintiff, filed in said Court on the 24th day of September, 1890, and numbered on the docket of said Court 191 against the said Hanna and alleging in substance as follows:

That about September 1889, defendant sold to plaintiff a bay horse, branded R on left side, for a price of two hundred dollars; then paid to him, defendant, a good and sufficient title to said horse; that afterwards, about May 1889, one R. H. Redell, in the County of Ellis county Texas, procured title to said horse, and judgment therefor against plaintiff, and deprived plaintiff of said horse, whereby the said horse entirely failed; whereupon Plaintiff, sues for \$200, said price of said horse, with interest from 23rd, 1889, alleging that defendant is a non-resident of this county, which an attachment is procured for judgment for plaintiff's debt, interest and cost of suit.

Herein fail not, but have you then and there, before said Court, this writ, with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Issued this the 24th day of September, A. D. 1890.

Witness: I. N. JACKSON, Clerk of the County of Callahan County.

GIVEN UNDER MY HAND AND THE SEAL OF SAID COURT, AT THIS THE 24th day of September, 1890.

ATTEST: I. N. JACKSON, clerk County Court Callahan county.

T. E. Powell's clerical assistance has received a helpful addition in the person of Mr. Wyatt of Dallas. By the way, the clerks here are a goodlooking set, and mighty hard to beat for politeness and faithful attention to duties.

Bowling Bros' equipment has been treated to a new well-painted sign.

A party of young people were entertained at the residence of Capt. J. L. Lea one evening week.

In vain the chilly and hungry citizen scans the streets for a load of wood.

They want to let to "trip the light fantastic toe" of the young men are talking of organizing a dancing school and seeking a competent instructor.

Baird has historical and musical talent—why not have a musical and dramatic club?

It rained hereabouts last Sunday; it did, for a fact. The young men looked blue and their sweaters too. Religious services were almost entirely prevented, and the people of Baird being a church-going people, felt the disappointment keenly.

The face of the Gas-agent is often seen in Baird and cheek thereof is prominent. Don't buy too many books, and buy good books.

Richard Lynch.

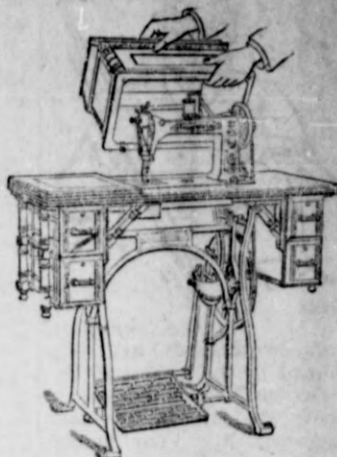
Cards are out announcing the marriage of Mr. Ellis Richardson of Baird and Miss Josie Lynch of Albany, to take place at Albany, Oct. 15, at the Methodist church. Mr. Richardson is one of Baird's live business men and one of Callahan county's leading stockmen, and is son of Maj. D. Richardson, mayor of Baird. Miss Lynch is one of Albany's fairest and most accomplished daughters. Her father, Judge J. C. Lynch is one of Western Texas' leading stockmen, and is well known throughout the State. The wedding promises to be a brilliant one owing to the presence of the parties to the contract. Mr. and Mrs. Richardson will sit the Texas state fair and Dallas exposition and will return to Baird, the home, on Nov. 5, where they will be welcomed by their many friends and residents of the little city of churches.

The foregoing is from the society column of the Dallas News of Monday. THE STAR extends congratulations in advance to the happy young people, and wishes for their union all that youth, love and prosperity can bestow.

Mr. T. E. Powell departed a few days ago for Little Rock, Ark., to meet and accompany to Baird Mrs. Powell, who has been visiting relatives in Louisville, Ky.

Last week Dr. Cheek disappeared from Putnam, where his bondsmen became alarmed and telegraphed the Sheriff to look out for him. J. E. W. Lane, Deputy, started after him, and met the Doctor at Eastland on his way back to Putnam; as his bondsmen had surrendered him, he was brought to Baird and lodged in jail.

John Matthews had a windmill at the county fair, and it ran as steady as a clock.



THE FIGURE '9'

The figure 9 in our dates will make a 1 on stay. No man or woman now living will ever date a document without using the figure 9. It stands in the third place in 1890, where it will remain ten years and then move up to the second place in 1900, where it will rest for one hundred years.

There is another '9' which has also come to stay. It is unlike the figure 9 in our dates in the respect that it has already moved up to first place, where it will permanently remain. It is called the 'No. 9' High Arm Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine.

The 'No. 9' was endorsed for first place by the experts of Europe at the Paris Exposition of 1889, where, after a severe contest with the leading machines of the world, it was awarded the only Grand Prize given to family sewing machines, all others on exhibit having received lower awards of gold medals, etc. The French Government also recognized its superiority by the decoration of Mr. Nathaniel Wheeler, President of the company, with the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

The 'No. 9' is not an old machine improved upon, but is an entirely new machine, and the Grand Prize at Paris was awarded it as the greatest advance in sewing machine mechanism of the age. Those who buy it can rest assured, therefore, of having the very latest and best.

For sale by FOY & RICHARDSON.



A Spring Medicine

FOR TIRED

MAN AND WOMAN.

P. P. P. will purify and vitalize your blood, create a good appetite and give you whole strength on the least exertion. A recent eminent railroad superintendent at Savannah, suffering with indigestion, dyspepsia, and rheumatism says: "After taking P. P. P. he never felt so well in his life, and feels as if he could live forever, if he could always get P. P. P."

If you are tired out from over-work and close confinement, take

P. P. P.

If you are feeling badly in the spring and out of sorts, take

P. P. P.

If your digestive organs need toning up, take

P. P. P.

If you suffer with headache, indigestion, debility and weakness, take

P. P. P.

If you suffer with nervous prostration, nerves unstrung and a general let down of the system, take

P. P. P.

For Blood Poison, Rheumatism, Scrofula, Old Sores, Malaria, Chronic Female Complaints, take

P. P. P.

Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium.

The best blood purifier in the world.

LIPPMAN BROS., Wholesale Druggists, Sole Proprietors, LIPPMAN'S BLOCK, Savannah, Ga.

Sold by Baird Drug Co.

Bran at S. L. Ogle's.

Pure strained honey at McLaury & Co's.

Mat Brown and his mother Mrs. Oliver of Tecumseh are in town.

Bob and Allan Hudson were in with cotton Tuesday.

J. M. Bailey of Eagle Cove was in town Tuesday.

Wedding suits at Powell's.

Scratch! Scratch!! Scratch! Oh the horrible Dandruff. Do you want it cured? If so get a bottle of Fraser's remedy. 40 ft.

R. A. Corbett, of this county has been appointed superintendent of the poultry department of the state fair at a salary of \$5 per day. This is quite a compliment to a worthy and industrious poultry breeder. Mr. Corbett will have some fine specimen at the state fair from his poultry yard north of Baird.

See Baird Drug Co.'s handsome display ad.

Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Wilson were in town yesterday.