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The Star Job Office.

The



Star.

Money to Lend on Land
Long time—Low rate of interest.
Vendor's liens notes bought, taken up and extended.
B. L. RUSSELL
at First National Bank

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

VOL. 21.

BAIRD, CALLAHAN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, MARCH 20, 1908. NO. 16

We Invite You



To come and see our new spring goods. We can best supply your needs because all new goods have arrived and our stock is now complete. You will find everything in new spring styles is here.

A big assortment of Silks, Woolen and Cotton Dress Goods, Lawns, Bastists, Etc.

Ladies, Misses and Childrens Slippers in all styles, pat tan, gun metal and vici, also a full line of fancy lace and plain hosiery.

A beautiful line of ladies shirt waists, suits, skirts and silk suits.

A full line of Men's and Boy's Suits, Straw Hats, Ties and Shirts. Mens and Young Mens low cut shoes, "Walk Overs" all styles in tan, pat, vici, calf and gun metal. Fancy half hose a specialty.

A full line of Laces, Embroideries, long gloves in pink blue, tan, white and black. See our assortment of Merry Widow Combs, Belts, Purses, Etc.

B. L. BOYDSTUN



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STICK, MICHAEL & SON

CITY HALL BURNS.

Sunday night about 2 o'clock the fire alarm was sounded when it was discovered that the City Hall was on fire. The fire boys and many others responded promptly, but to their dismay the fire was a raging furnace in the room around the hook and ladder truck and hose carts, and the boys, who have in by gone years done such gallant service in fighting the fire demon, found themselves much like veteran soldiers suddenly called to battle and finding the enemy had captured all their guns. A bucket brigade was organized and a fight made to stop the fire at the Reed building south of Mrs. Cunningham's building, which after a long hard fight proved successful. Many railroad men and others nobly assisted the fire boys and this alone saved the town from a destructive conflagration.

The City Hall was built of brick, two stories high 25x60 feet owned jointly by the city and Knights of Pythias Lodge No. 47 of Baird. The City owned and occupied the lower story; the front part was used as office for city officers and the rear part of the building was used by the Fire Company to store their hook and ladder truck, hose cart and everything used by the Company. The fire undoubtedly originated in this part of the building which it seems almost incredible that it was accidental. It looks the act of an incendiary, but of course there is no proof of this now. Mrs. Cunningham's

rooming house, a wooden building, adjoining the City Hall was also burned as it was impossible to save it, which could have been done had the boys had hose to fight the fire and confine it to the brick building.

The total loss is estimated at over \$8000 with only \$400 insurance as follows:

K. of P. Lodge, loss \$2600. Insurance \$400 on paraphernalia only.

Pythian Sisters lodge, \$600. No insurance.

Woodmen Lodge, \$300. No insurance.

Woodmen Circle, \$100. No insurance.

Fire Department, \$2,000. No insurance.

City of Baird, \$1,800. No insurance.

Mrs. Annie Cunningham, loss on building, estimated, \$750. No insurance.

Not a single thing was saved out of the City Hall or Lodge room above. Not a wrench, a foot of hose or nozzle was saved by the fire department. One section of hose, which had been left at one of the stores to have a coupling fixed after the fire at the cotton platform a week or two ago was all the hose the fire boys had except a short hose secured from the Round House, but this was only used to put out the burning embers after the buildings fell in.

The people saved all of Mrs. Cunningham's furniture, but the loss falls heavy on her as she had no insurance.

This is the most destructive fire in

Baird since the water works were put in. There was a fine pressure, but without hose the boys had no show. Fortunately there was very little wind or the entire block from the City Hall to the Postoffice would have been burned, possibly more. It certainly was a narrow escape.

The furniture and books were hurried out of the offices along the block, as no one believed the fire could be checked. But brave and determined grit on the part of the fire boys, ably assisted by everyone, who could be of assistance, the fire was checked at the Reed building, though the roof was on fire in a dozen places it looked at times. The twenty-five foot space between Mrs. Cunningham's and the Reed building was certainly fortunate for others in the block.

The Abilene fire department kindly loaned our Fire Dept. a cart with five hundred feet of hose until the city can get a new outfit.

Last Call.

Notice is hereby given that on April 1st, in accordance with ruling of the Postmaster General, THE STAR will be discontinued to all who are in arrears as much as one year. The date on your paper, it in county, shows when your subscription is due. If you cannot pay cash, send me a due bill for amount before April 1st. If those in arrears will not do this there is but one thing for me to do, discontinue the paper. Make due bill or check payable to

W. E. GILLILAND
N B—This is the last call.

WHEN IN DOUBT BUY OF BOYLES

We have the most complete line of Hardware, Buggies and Sporting Goods in Baird.

All kinds of Carpenters Tools, such as Diston Saws, Maydale Hammers, Bailey Planes, Squares, Rules, Pencils, Hatchets, Chisels, Auger Bits, Braces, Etc.

BUILDERS HARDWARE

Locks, Hinges, Nails, Screens, Spring Hinges, Door Catches, Screen Wire, Poultry Netting, Staples, Cupboard Catches, Carpenters Chalk, Etc.

SEASONABLE GOODS

Such as Gasoline Stoves and Ovens, Refrigerators, Ice Cream, Freezers, Rubber Hose, and a full line of Garden Tools, consisting of Hoes, Rakes, Spades, Spading Forks, Grub Hoes, Garden Plows, Etc.

"BOYLES MAKES THE PRICE"

Our line fishing tackle is immense. See our line of Buggies.

C. S. BOYLES

Notice, Stockowners.

All stock found running on the streets of Baird after this week will be taken up. Take care of your stock if you don't want to pay.

J. E. TISDALE,
16-1 Marshal.

Miss Mable Daniel spent Saturday and Sunday in Fort Worth.

LOST.

On Coleman road, between Bayou and Seale mule sheds, a small red back book, containing about two hundred and fifty names of residents of Baird. Finder please return to STAR office.

SPICY TIME IN SENATE.

Messrs. Tillman and Beveridge
Principal Figures.

OTHERS ALSO PARTICIPATE

Palmetto State Senator's Caustic Remarks Against the Administration Are Followed by Indianian Defending the Republican Party.

Washington, March 17.—During his remarks in the senate Monday in censure of the president and his administration, Senator Tillman, referring to next conferences at the white house to consider legislation, asked why it was that the efforts of the Republican party in the senate had been ignored.

"I am going to watch, and see," he added amid laughter from all parts of the chamber.

Mr. Beveridge asked the speaker if he would name the radical legislation he had said the president is sending to the senate. He replied that he disagreed with the doctrine to permit railroads to pool.

Mr. Beveridge asked whether Mr. Tillman favored the labor legislation proposed by the president.

"I shall never yield that one man shall say to another, that he shall not work," declared Mr. Tillman.

Unfolding roll containing exhibits of clearing house certificates, he handed them to Mr. Beveridge, and asked him "to pass them along among the faith-



ALBERT J. BEVERIDGE.

ful," on that side. Shaking their heads, Republican senators declined the offer amid general laughter.

Senator Hale suggested that Mr. Tillman address himself to the question of a remedy, and not merely condemn what has been done.

"The harangue of the senator—the able speech of the senator," said Mr. Hale, amid laughter as he corrected himself.

"Take the 'harangue' back, or take back the 'able address' said Mr. Tillman, "it can't be both."

Mr. Tillman spoke again on the acts of John R. Walsh of Chicago in connection with the banks of that city, and chided the committee on finance because it had not acted favorably on his resolution for an investigation of the affairs of Walsh.

Mr. Aldrich replied when that resolution was considered, all transactions concerning Walsh were before the grand jury in Chicago, and since that time he had been indicted, and convicted, and he added, that the action of the clearing house in Chicago in respect to the Walsh banks was in his opinion not only justified but entirely legal.

Senator Hopkins declared that the action of the clearing house was patriotic and just.

Mr. Aldrich stated that he would not oppose the resolution to require an inquiry whether the national banks of New York are in the habit of furnishing permanent capital for speculative purposes, and the senate passed the resolution without further discussion.

Senator Beveridge then made a spirited defense of President Roosevelt, and the Republican party, declaring that what had been termed the subserviency of Republican senators was merely an evidence of harmony between the president, and his party in congress. He took Mr. Tillman to task for having spoken of the "ignorant masses" and having referred to them as "poor simple souls."

President Johnson, he said, had been treated as he was because he had not the confidence of the people, while President Roosevelt possessed their entire confidence. It was, he said, one of the characteristics of the American government that that branch which is most beneficent is the one that has the confidence of the people. "There is no subserviency on this side to any power on the other," he said, "except to the demands of the people, and what the senator calls subserviency is nothing more than harmony with the wishes of the people."

By a slip of the tongue, Mr. Beveridge characterized the South Carolina senator as the "corn-fed lawyer." Mr. Tillman objected to that title, but added that he was mighty fond of corn

bread.

A long review was given by Mr. Beveridge of Democratic policies, and he declared that a conference had been held in this city for the purpose of coming to a plan for asking Mr. Bryan not to again be a candidate on the Democratic ticket, but when Mr. Bryan came, he said, not one of them had the courage to tell him what they had planned to do. This statement called forth denials from Mr. Tillman, Mr. McLaurin, and Mr. Rayner, all of whom declared that there had never been any idea of asking Mr. Bryan not to run on the Democratic ticket.

CALL FOR MEETING.

Beiley Campaign Committee Requests Delegates Be Sent.

Fort Worth, March 14.—The Bailey campaign committee has issued an address, in part as follows:

"To the Democrats of Texas: We invite your attention to the fact that on March 7 at Waco a number of men professing to be Democrats organized a movement with the sole purpose of injuring the prestige and usefulness of Hon. J. W. Bailey, a Democratic senator from Texas, who was nominated by the Democratic voters of this state in 1906 and elected by the Democratic legislature of Texas in 1907. So far as his office as senator is concerned, he is not in any sense a candidate, and by every rule of party loyalty he should have the united support of all true Democrats. He is a candidate for delegate at large to the national convention, not because he has desired that preferment, for, on the contrary, he has heretofore distinctly declared that such compliments, under ordinary circumstances, should be bestowed upon men who are not otherwise honored by the party, but he is compelled to become a candidate at this time in his own defense, for the reason that men who are now assailing him had announced that he should not be a delegate to the national convention, and if he had declined to be a candidate they would have heralded his absence from the convention as a rebuke by the Democrats of his state."

The committee requests that meetings be held in every county, clubs organized and delegates be sent to a convention to be held at their city March 28. This meeting is to be composed of representative Democrats who intend to vote for the nominees of the Democratic party in the election of November, 1908. If the executive committee should order a primary election it will be the purpose of this meeting to nominate four candidates for delegates at large to the national convention. If the committee should not order a primary election it will be in order for the state meeting to adopt measures for observing the order and rules of the executive committee to the end that only loyal Democrats may be chosen to represent the Democracy of the state in the Denver convention."

The address concludes as follows: "Mr. Bailey feels it is his duty, not only in his own behalf, but in defense of the party organization, to return to Texas as soon as possible and personally participate in this campaign. He would come instantly, but he is now engaged in the fight in the senate against the Aldrich bill, for which he has offered a Democratic substitute, and feels that he must remain at his post of duty. In a telegram just received from him on this subject he says:

"I can not leave here until the senate votes on the currency bill without feeling that I have neglected my public duty, and this, of course, my friends would not expect me to do."

"We are sure that all Democrats will applaud his action in postponing his visit until this duty is discharged, and his friends will be glad to learn that he will greet them at the Fort Worth state meeting."

IS NOT LEGAL.

State Committeeman Gregg Thinks Primary Cannot Be Held.

Austin, March 16.—State Committeeman Gregg, who is a clerk in the secretary of state's department, is of the opinion that a primary election to select delegates at large cannot be legally held. If the matter is agreed to by both sides he will not oppose it, but at the same time the remedy could not be enforced against fraud. As to the legality on the original proposition he will oppose it, as he has done in the past.

Attorney General Davidson has won another case in the United States supreme court, being *Jadwin vs. the state*, involving the Galveston quarantine site. The Federal government tried to take the site away from the state, and was successful in the lower state courts. Appellate courts held against the government and it appealed to the United States supreme court. The Federal attorney general's department has wired Judge Davidson, admitting its error.

The governor has appointed Howard F. O'Neal of Cass county special associate justice of the court of criminal appeals to set in the case of *Rice vs. the state*. Justice Ramsey being disqualified.

MILLS DECLINES.

Says He Is Not a Candidate For Elector at Large.

Dallas, March 14.—The following communication was received by the Mills:

"I see that a convention of Demo-

crats has nominated me as elector at large. I beg to say through your columns that I left public life nine years ago with a fixed determination never to take part in it again, and I do not care to accept the position of elector, or any other.

"R. Q. MILLS.

Corsicana, Tex., March 13."

Bottle Beside Body.

Fort Worth, March 16.—S. B. Wharton, a prominent citizen of Springtown, was found dead in bed. An empty bottle which had contained carbolic acid was beside him. Mr. Wharton had resided at Springtown thirty years. A son—C. R. Wharton—is agent at Houston of the Rock Island railway.

Strike Sure to Come.

Denison, March 14.—Prominent coal operators of Oklahoma say a strike is sure to come. If strike breakers are introduced there will be serious trouble, they say.

Foot Fetches Fortune.

Greenville, Tex., March 16.—H. L. Redus was given judgment for \$10,000 against the Katy for the loss of a foot.

You want to eat, McGowen Bros. have what you want and in any quantity you want. 38

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.

The Protective Stock Association of Callahan and adjoining counties will pay above reward for the arrest and conviction of any person for the theft or unlawful branding of any horses or cattle belonging to any member of this Association, in good standing.

J. B. CUTBIRTH, Pres.
A. G. WEBB, Secy.

NOTICE.

All parties not on meters are notified that they will be charged \$1.50 per light for all lights left burning all night, unless other arrangements have been made. FARMERS & MER., GIN AND LIGHT CO. 8

New Spring Goods

Are arriving daily, and we are too busy to write an add. Watch this space for bargains.

H. Schwartz

Baird, Texas

POWELL & POWELL

DRUGGISTS

Thank their many friends of Baird and Callahan County for their liberal patronage the past year and we hope for a continuance of the same during 1908. Wishing all a prosperous year. We are Your Friends

Powell & Powell, Druggists.

W. F. WILSON'S MEAT MARKET

PHONE NO. 26

We keep only the best Beef, Pork and Sausage to be had.

FURNITURE

Matting, Bed Room Suits, Mattresses and Everything in House Furnishing line. Picture Frames made to order. All kinds of repair work. LEADER COOK STOVE, Wood and Coal Heaters, New Royal Sewing Machines, Reasonable Prices. Cash or Installments. Will trade for horses, cattle or any old thing.

HALSTED BROS.

THE IRON WAY

A Tale of the Builders of the West
By SARAH PRATT CARR
Illustrations by Art. Williamson

Copyright, 1907, A. C. McClurg & Co., Chicago

"Because you have gained it since?"
"Yes, and lost it again. I think I know—a little about—hades." He was looking down, and quite unaware of the dejection in his voice.
"You poor boy!" She stepped closer and put her hand on his arm. "You must tell me when you're in the mood of that trying experience. It must have been dreadful!"
"The kidnaping? Oh, yes, that was pretty bad; and the long illness after—what there! What a silly I am to unload my troubles before I've given you a decent how-do-you-do! That's what I used to do to my mother at home in—"
He trusted his voice no farther.

"I'm your mother in California, you know," she said softly.

He lifted her hand from his arm and kissed it reverently.

"Alfred, dear, I understand. Because you've been so long from things you need, have missed things, perhaps, that I don't know of, my sympathy has undone you. Some other time, when no guests are coming, forget that I'm not your own mother and tell me all your heart. Meantime, brighten up. The very dearest of my many girls is to be here to-night. I've been wishing you might meet her. She's a beautiful woman, a heroine, too—Miss Anthony."

Alfred started, and his lips straightened instantly. "Stella Anthony?" he asked thickly.

"No, Esther Anthony," Mrs. Harmon answered, noting his agitation. "She's not one you'd take the liberty of nicknaming. Sit down, Alfred, and let me tell you of her."

"Is she large, rosy, with red-gold-brown hair, very light, a dozen—all the colors of the sunset in it?" In



"Stella Anthony?" He Asked Thickly.

spite of attempted control, his words trembled with eagerness as he pushed forward a chair for Mrs. Harmon, and seated himself opposite her.

"Oh, no! She's queenly tall, but slender; an elegant figure."

Alfred winced at Mrs. Harmon's implied mental vision of Stella.

"Her complexion is—certainly not rosy; yet she has a lovely color, what one might, perhaps, call warmly pale. Her hair is wonderful. All the smoothing and pulling of the horrid fashion cannot banish the wave from it. Dark brown it is, almost black at night. In the sun it has rusty tints, shining threads. I'm sure you never knew her. She's just back from Vassar and from abroad."

"And where had she lived before that?" Alfred asked, eager yet, though hope was dying.

"Here in San Francisco. Oh, yes; out of town at the resorts in summer. I first met her two years ago last May in Callistoga. You mustn't think less of her, Alfred—she waited at our table."

"A waitress? And Vassar? I don't understand."

"No, of course not. It would take days to tell the strange and fine things I know of her. We both fell in love with her, the judge and myself. She was working her way through school."

"Yes," Alfred answered absently.

"She has an exceptional mind. The judge was very greatly interested in her."

"I begin to see how Miss Anthony accomplished Vassar. She—"

"But you don't see. She's not a

protegee, but one of the richest women in the city; and quite the rage, though she returned less than a month ago."

Alfred's hope glimmered away to oblivion. His heart had sung Stella's name through all the conversation; yet nothing of this woman's life or looks tallied with Stella. Still, if she were Stella—oh, if she were Stella!

"All the judge did was to manage her mining property," Mrs. Harmon went, "mines she had owned for years but supposed worthless. So they were until the railroad made the valley of the Humboldt accessible."

"That was fortunate for her. Has she finished school?"

"Yes, graduated with honors last spring. You should have taken her in to dinner if I had known you were coming; but I've promised her to Mr. Montague. She's—"

"Hello, Vincent! Here you are, making love to my wife again! Beginning right where you left off three years ago. I suppose, you young scamp!" The judge rolled in, fat, puffing and red with the exertion of hasty dressing; yet a man whose leonine head and kind, fearless eyes would arrest the most casual observer.

"Isn't it good to have Alfred here again?" she asked, as the two shook hands heartily.

"Of course you think so! Most any woman would enjoy this spruce young chap. Never mind the old man, Vincent. I don't blame you. She's a pretty nice sort of an old girl, isn't she? I'm in love with her myself. I—"

"George, you've twisted your tie. Let me change it," Mrs. Harmon interrupted, rising to adjust the knot under the fat, shaven chin, giving it a tender pat or two for a finish. "I do wish you'd get you a man; or—let me help you."

"A man!" he snorted. "When I can't dress myself to suit you, madam, I'll resign! Blast all this togery, anyhow. Spike-tail coats, dinner in the middle of the night—Don't marry, Vincent, or you'll be tied for life to just such petticoat tyranny."

"I've been accustomed to it in my youth, sir, all except dinner at night; that's new to me."

"It's the proper time to dine—at the close of the day—the only time; when there's leisure for guests, enjoyment and digestion. As for 'petticoat' tyranny," Mrs. Harmon smiled indulgently, "what would the judge's social position be with no wife to manage him? Why, he'd go with one pump and a boot to a ball! In a dressing-gown, too, perhaps, if some sane person didn't look after him."

The judge flung her a merry rejoinder and turned kind eyes to Alfred. "Mother, the boy's grown!"
Why the judge called his wife "mother" was a mystery to their friends. The more observant noticed that he used the name only when moved; seers read in it undying regret for the son that came but never breathed.

"Yes, it's true, judge," Alfred acknowledged. "In spite of hardship and roughing it I've laid on flesh."

The bell rang.
"There are the rest of the diners! Come on, Vincent, into the den with me. There'll be time for a good talk before the madam's train and Toy are ready for dining-room conjunction. I want to hear by eye-witness from the front."

The two went into a large rear room overlooking the Bay, the Golden Gate, Sausalito straggling down the Marin county hills to the shore, Tamalpais and all the rest of the blue and golden-brown panorama unrolled before them in eternal beauty.
Alfred declined cigars, but the judge smoked serenely, quite indifferent to the nearing dinner hour.

"Tell me, how's the iron horse coming on out there in the sage-brush? Crocker and Gregory getting in on the last heat?"

"Yes, sir; they're making fair time," Alfred replied. "They expected to be at Salt Lake City in the spring, but they've had to change the route, you know, to the north end of the lake."

"Yes; on account of the great swamps, they said. Was that necessary? It cuts out a pile of good territory."

"They decided it was necessary. The detour would carry the road far out of line, and take too long. Our company has already lapped the Union Pacific grade; still, it is uphill work; they can't build as fast as they ought."

"The refusal of the government to accept that 100 miles of Union Pacific road will delay them; I'm glad of that."

"But it hasn't. Those people are rushing right along, regardless of Uncle Sam's disapproval."

"Our folks surprised those U. P. chaps some, I expect, when we caught up with their west section of grade. What possessed the Union Pacific people to begin grading as far west as Humboldt Wells? They're poor calculators."

"There's a secret about that, sir. Did Mr. Crocker never tell you of Mr. Gregory's understudy?"

"Understudy? What of him?"

"Last autumn, when our people were pegging along near Winnemucca, a stranger came to Gregory wishing to study railroading at its latest and

best; said he was contemplating an Oregon enterprise; completely fooled the old man."

"Fooled Gregory!" The judge's laugh shook him as a craft tossed by a high wind.

"Yes, sir. The fellow was a U. P. spy. He went back by way of San Francisco and the Isthmus, and told his people we couldn't get to Salt Lake before '71. You should have heard Gregory's remarks. Good for indigestion."

"But how came the spy to be so out of reckoning?" asked the judge, grinning appreciatively.

"Based his calculations on the Palisade tunnel. That would have taken a good year."

"And our folks changed their minds and walked around it. Bully! What does Gregory say now?"

"Oh, that's history to him. He's busy driving his white men and Chinese like a modern Pharaoh."

"By hokey! It was lucky for us, that brag Durrant made."

"Durrant?" Alfred questioned absently. His mind was wandering with Stella in the past, her memory vividly aroused by Mrs. Harmon's description of her protegee.

"Yes. Didn't you hear of it? Vice-President Durrant of the Union Pacific telegraphed Stanford this: 'If we lay any track on your grading we'll pay you for your grading. If you lay any on ours we won't charge you a cent. We'll get them on that deal.'"

"Yes, sir; and it's lucky for us that ownership terminates where the iron meets instead of where the grades meet."

"Iron! That's the keynote. I wish we could act on Gregory's wish and get iron out across the Isthmus."

"It would be like spiking down silver track," Alfred said wonderingly.

"You bet! But we're making railroad for 1,000 years! Every mile we build now will in time pay for Isthmus-packed iron—yes, for silver track!" Alfred nodded, but was silent.

Toy, velvet-footed, and exquisite in his waiter's garb, came to the door. "Misses Harmon likee see judge, Misses Vincen' in pariah," he said softly.

The judge rose slowly and flipped the cigar ashes from his coat. "Good-bye, comfort. Come on, boy. She's the general, you know."

In the parlor Alfred was barely introduced to the other guests when through the hall archway Miss Anthony appeared. He stopped in the middle of a speech and stared open-mouthed. It was Stella!

He took a quick step forward, but halted. This was not his Stella. She dwelt only in memory, in the far, fragrant mountains. His long, fruitless search for her flashed upon him, his months, years of longing. Surely she had not wished to be found. He looked again at the stately woman before him. No, no; this was not his Stella.

Esther's entrance had immediately focussed attention. Alfred was glad that his perturbation had thus gone unnoticed. He took shelter behind a pillar and covertly followed her movements.

She was taller than before, he thought; and she carried herself regally. Her gown was white; and save the crimson rose drooping from her hair, the rich dress was relieved only by a string of priceless pearls, the most beautiful Alfred had ever seen.

Guests went forward to meet her, till she was encircled. Turning this way and that to make her replies, Alfred fancied she sent a fleeting glance his way. But before there was time for further speculation, dinner was announced; and in the slight confusion of finding partners, Esther, passing, looked at him without recognition.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Behind Her Mask.

Alfred sat at Mrs. Harmon's left, Esther at the left of the host. She thus had opportunity to study him leisurely. His face had been the first she saw on entering the parlor, her eyes drawn, perhaps, by his intense gaze. His quick movement toward her, his sudden halt, the step behind the pillar, she had noticed every motion; had believed then that her own unresponsive look had caused that withdrawal.

Between perfunctory replies to Mr. Montague Esther recalled the weeks of suspense after flight, when she had waited in vain for some news of Alfred's safety; the meager newspaper notice of his long illness in the hospital; the search he had made for her by way of letters that she had asked Sally B. to return unopened. How she had longed to read them! After that the printed personals, the detective she had so hardly escaped—would the dear Father forgive her many equivocations? Oh, Alfred had been tireless. His love, then, was true. There followed in her mind fleeting, half-formed pictures of those after days of ceaseless toil, long nights of study. Would she have survived if Mrs. Harmon had not found her?

"Speaking of stocks, the wildest plunger on the board is Bernard," the judge said, some one having brought up the topic.

The name arrested Esther's attention.

"I don't know how much he has

and him," the judge continued. "I'm told they live as if it was a good chunk. It'll have to be, if it stands the calls he makes on it."

"Isn't he lucky?" Esther asked with quick interest.

"Sometimes." The judge's tone left her solicitous.

"He's a rough old galoot," Mr. Montague said; "but genuine for all that."

"His daughter's a thoroughbred, if he isn't," Phineas Cadwallader asserted.

"She's not their own daughter," the judge's dinner partner exclaimed positively. "She can't be. She hasn't a trait like either of them."

"Oh, but she is, though, and a mighty pretty girl, whoever she's like," the judge said, shooting a sly glance at his wife. "That's why my wife won't ask her here."

"Nonsense, judge! You know I have a reason. That's none at all. As if the young men would let you claim attention from that lovely Miss Moneybags!"

"Oh, but she's lovely aside from her money," Amabel said sweetly.

"I know she is; yet what of her mother?"

"Why, she's the most amusing Mrs. Malaprop outside of a Sheridan comedy. Good as gold, too," Amabel replied.

"True," Mrs. Harmon rejoined. "She's too good for guests of mine to flutter at. And I won't insult the mother by inviting Miss Viola alone."

"You see? Isn't she cunning?" the judge queried with assumed solemnity. "She always has a virtuous reason for curtailing my pleasures."

"The Sacramento Clarion made an extra severe case against the Central Pacific in yesterday's editorial," Mr. Montague said in a lull in the talk.

"That's nothing new. I didn't see it, though. What was it?" The judge's tone was brusque.

"The paper arraigned the company for refusing to receive and carry merchants' freight; declared that President Johnson would not, and should not, issue bonds to the company till their methods and business were thoroughly investigated; declared also that the company was composed of men determined to get rich at the expense of others."

"Great Scott!" the judge burst forth. "I wish the company would buy out that calamity-howling Clarion! Put 'em out of business! Our people are fighting against a hundred odds—lack of time, lack of iron, lack of everything! And the Union Pacific coming west like—well, two-forty!" He scowled and smiled at the same time down the table at his wife. "The state, this city, the Clarion, all who

should be their proud friends fighting 'em, Injun fashion, in the back! The last outrage is the Goat Island proposition. It's the very spot for a terminus, but these blooming chumps are going to beat the company out of it. Worse yet, this city refuses them land for their depots."

"The company has more than it can do to move its own material. It's a wonder they won't stop work to haul gold watches and silk stockings to Nevada, now, ain't it? Getting rich at the expense of others, are they? It strikes me the Big Four have come nearer creating their own wealth than anybody; just built it out of God's own capital, pluck and unpreempted terra firma!"

"Do you know why the Clarion hates the Central Pacific generally, and Gov. Stanford specifically?" Phineas questioned of the judge.

Judge Harmon shook his head non-committally; but Mr. Montague hazarded a guess. "Because the company's figure isn't high enough?"

"You're away off there, Montague," the judge interposed. "All the money in the Nevada bank couldn't buy Norris or Bevins. They have no price."

"I think they did have," Phineas said quietly.

"Hey?" The judge looked up sharply. "By Jove! Cad's got a story. Out with it, man. Earn your dinner!"

"Some years ago," Phineas began after a slight hesitation, "I worked in the Clarion office long enough to learn something of the two men who do as much to shape issues in this state, perhaps, as any other two living. Do you think I'm right, judge?"

"You're not so far wrong as I wish you were, Cad."

"I never say any one who could flip the ivory and the pasteboard to beat Norris, or Bevins, either; or any two who could look more like preachers when they were at it. But once in their editorial rooms they changed coats, and the paper stands, as it has always stood, for the best side of life."

"Till they turned against the railroad," Mr. Montague interrupted.

Phineas nodded and went on. "You know, the Clarion was solid for the company from the first day's work clear up to the time when success appeared certain; then the paper suddenly became the company's worst enemy. One day, not long after the first mountain 50 miles had been accepted, I was in the Clarion office correcting proof for some company printing when I heard the two editors and the governor enter the outer office. They were in earnest conversation, but it never occurred to me to let them

know of my presence—I was only a cog in the machine to them—till I had heard so much I had to keep still."

"And now we claim compensation," Norris was saying as they entered.

"But, gentlemen, your request is impossible," the governor replied. "We



"We'll Send Your Road to Hades!"

have no such block of stone to spare to you."

"You discriminate in the disposal of your stock, do you?" Norris sneered.

"We claim that right," the governor said quietly.

"Yet you acknowledge the Clarion's part as a factor in your success?"

"Yes, we do," the governor assented, still self-controlled; though even where I was I could feel lightning in the air.

"Then what are your reasons for denying us a share of the plum we've helped you pick from the government tree? I fancied I could see the blue sparks snapping from Bevins' eyes."

"Gentlemen, my associates—I knew something was going to break loose then—my associates, Mr. Huntington, Mr. Hopkins and Mr. Crocker, with myself, have made a compact never to gamble, in stocks or in any other way; never to become connected with men or enterprises that can possibly jeopardize our great undertaking. You would gamble the hair of your heads! You shall never gamble with the Central Pacific Railroad stock so long as we four, or any one of us, hold a controlling interest. That's all. In the instant of silence that followed I heard him turn toward the door. The others were breathing as hard as a stage team."

"Then the two partners tried to bribe the governor with a string of temptations that would have made the Devil's layout on the high mountain look like a dime with a hole in it."

"Perhaps you don't know that Norris and I are planning to make you United States senator," Bevins said insinuatingly as a last hot shot.

"I'll be senator without any of your help!" the governor sent back at them savagely. "Gentlemen, your request is useless. You shall never have a chance to wreck the Central Pacific railroad."

"I'd have given a chasseur down the golden streets to have seen the two faces that looked into the governor's just then. It was Norris who spoke first. 'We'll send your road to—hades!' But that isn't the name he gave the place."

"Yes," Bevins said, with more profanity; "we'll fight you till you haven't a rail or a rag to your back!"

"I'll see you both dead in the poor-house first!" the governor shot back at them and was gone."

"By George!" the judge exclaimed. "Norris and Bevins are doing pretty well for their threat; but the governor's will come true first, or I'm no prophet."

"Please don't talk shop any more, judge. The railroad will win, of course, even against such a power as the Clarion; for Gov. Stanford and his company stand for destiny as well as for their own success. Let's go into the parlor and have some music," Mrs. Harmon rose as she finished.

The judge pushed his chair back reluctantly. "She always separates folks just when they've spotted a good time," he grumbled amiably to the women on either side of him; and with a comprehensive glance at the men, went on. "However, I'll beat her on one point; I'll go bail for those that would rather stop in my den for a smoke than serve out sentence in the parlor." He rose, and slid back the old-fashioned, glass-paneled, walnut-framed door, giving Esther an affectionate look as she passed through.

Phineas was the only one who accepted bail, and the smoke was short. Alfred was singing when the two men entered the parlor, and Esther saw the malignant gleam Phineas sent the unconscious singer.

By a ruse that cost him some time to perfect, Mr. Montague succeeded in sequestering Esther in the bay window. There he held her by an interminable story that would have been good if it had not been diluted for time's sake. As Alfred finished his song he

(CONTINUED ON ANOTHER PAGE.)

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Laces, Neckwear,
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This Line is Perfect in Style, Quality and Price. Come and See Them.

Wristen & Johnson

EAGLE COVE LOCALS.

March 17.—Well, Mr. Editor, as our pen and ink is not handy we will pencil you a few lines this week.

We are all very busy. That good rain we had last week and a few warm days have set some of the farmers to planting cotton this week.

The timber is fast putting on her coat of green, which indicates an early spring. Small grain looks fine and there is a good acreage this year.

We are sorry to say that our friend Hezzie Miller has left Eagle Cove, probably for quite awhile. He left Saturday bound for Sacramento, California.

M. C. Council, W. R. Butler and Mr. Bearden, of Clyde were in Eagle Cove last week on business.

Jim Walker and George Scott, of Baird, and Dr. J. M. Estes, of Clyde attended the W. O. W. meeting at this place Saturday night. Each of them delivered us a nice little talk on Woodcraft. We were certainly glad to have the boys visit our Camp and hope they will come again in the near future.

L. P. Laudermilk made a trip to Abilene Monday.

Lord Murray made a trip to Clyde Saturday.

J. G. Ramsey and W. J. Tharp go to "Whiskers" this week.

John W. Taylor was doing some stunts with a plow in the Cove Monday.

Henry Betcher was in the Cove Sunday evening.

Mr. Dave Walden, of Dudley, was in our town Monday, stepping high whistling loud. We called him out to the field and asked him if he wanted a worm and he said no he had eat too many already.

ROCKY RIVERS.

Mrs. C. V. Bomar, of Yoakum, is here visiting relatives.

Mrs. R. E. Watham and daughter, Miss Laura, are visiting in Roswell, N. M.

Junior E. Y. P. U.

Program for March 22 Subject "The Cross."

Scripture for the week, John 18 and 19, Math. 27:57-66.

Memory verse: "And as Moses lifted up the serpent in the wilderness, even so must the Son of man be lifted up; that whosoever believeth may in Him have eternal life.—John 3:14-15.

Hymn. "There is a Fountain Filled with blood."

Prayer.

Hymn "What can Wash Away my Sins."

Plan of Study.

Jesus betrayed and forsaken by the disciples Jno. 18:2-12.—M. T. Ramsey.

Jesus before Annas, Jno. 18:12-14—Bessie Jones.

Peter denies Jesus, Jno. 18:15-18 Compare Luke 22:54-62—Marie Trulove.

Jesus before Caiaphas, Jno. 18:24 Comp Mark 14:54-65—Gussie Farmer.

Jesus before the Sanhedrin Jno. 18:23 comp Luke 22:66 and 23:1—Mella Farmer.

The suicide of Judas, Mat. 27:3-10—Roy Mitchem.

Jesus before Pilate, John 18:22-38—Elizabeth McGowen.

Jesus before Herod, Luke 23:5-12 Glendora Dunlap.

Jesus condemned to be crucified, Jno. 18:39 and 18:16—Ora Terry

Jesus crucified. Jesus bearing his cross to Golgotha John 19:16-17—Ethel Hinds

Jesus on the cross John 19:16-17—Mary Tisdale

Jesus dies on the cross, John 18:28-30—Katie Lee Surles

Jesus buried, John John 19:31-43—Mildred Foy

The grave closed and watched, Math. 57:66—Lizzie Russel.

A little poem by Charity Dunlay Hymn, "Must Jesus bear the cross alone

B. Y. P. U.

Lesson, Eph. 6: 1-18. Meeting conducted by President.

Song. Prayer.

Our relation in the home as children.—Miss Louie Surles.

Our relationship as husband and wife.—M. W. Uzzell.

Paper, "Companionship."—Miss Lillian Coffman.

Reading, "Fellowship"—Miss Ada Cooke.

Paper, "Friendship"—Miss Lillian Frazier.

Reading, For what shall my life count.—Miss Mattie Lovvorn.

Short talks by all. Collection.

JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Subject, Our Inheritance.

Leader—Lena Beck.

Song.

Lesson by leader, Luke 15:11-24. Lords Prayer in concert.

Song.

What is our inheritance? God's Blessing—Miss Annie Darby.

Song.

What shall we do with our inheritance?—Willie Boydston.

Song.

How to make our inheritance a blessing.—Edna Trulove.

How to make it a curse.—Miss Addie Day.

Roll call. Benediction.

SENIOR LEAGUE.

Leader—Miss Mable Daniel.

Song.

Lesson by leader, Mark 1:21-28; Psalm 4.

Song and prayer.

Comments on Mark 1:21-28—W. R. Ely.

Comments on Psalm 4—Tom Parks.

General discussion.

Song and benediction.

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"RANGER"

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TRULOVE & WILSON.

See W. F. Wilson for terms.

Mr. John Skinner, of Pilot Point, is visiting his daughters, Mrs. J. B. Cutbirth, of Baird, and Mrs. A. W. McFarland.

Misses Ruby Hill and Myrtle Cutbirth are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. C. S. Boyles.

LAMBERT BROS. ICE DEALERS

We have bought out the Phillips Ice business and now have ice ready to deliver. Let us have your order.

MOSE FRANKLIN ICE DEALER

I am still in the ice business and am ready to deliver ice anywhere in town. TELEPHONE No. 232. Phone me your ice orders and they will have prompt attention.

HIGH GRADE MILLINERY.

Latest New York styles just arrived. Quality and price to suit. Parlor opened April 4th. RACKET STORE, Cross Plains, Tex. 16-3t

Miss Jennie Harris, of Clyde, was in town Tuesday.

Miss Dulce Robinson and Connie Harris were in town Wednesday.

THE IRON WAY

A TALE OF THE BUILDERS OF THE WEST.

BY SARAH PRATT CARR



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARNOLD BRONSON

noticed the two seated apart. Esther saw his look, and turned a more interested face to Mr. Montague, heart and brain throbbing wildly with the old love she had thought dead or safely asleep. Would she meet him often? How, oh, how should she be able to show him ever a placid face? Presently she rose and went forward to her hostess.

"I'm sorry to go so early, Mrs. Harmon; but Mrs. Snow insisted, even if I didn't arrive till after the play began. I fear it will be half over; yet there's supper—they'll have enough of me, I think."

She passed around the room with a gracious farewell for each guest, as a daughter might have done. And Alfred, watching, acknowledged with a pang that Esther outshone his most ambitious dreams for his Stella of the long ago.

Pausing before Amabel and Alfred, she made some bright, impersonal remark that included them both, bowed, and, with a smiling good-bye, moved on toward the hall door, where the judge awaited her.

CHAPTER XXV.

Sally B. Cultivates Aristocracy.

Esther stood at the door of the Bernard mansion in Oakland. Sally B. was crossing the hall when the colored butler opened the door.

"Oh, honey! Steel—Esther, I mean!" She flew down the hall and caught the girl in a vigorous embrace. "I've been dying to see you ever since—since I read in the paper you'd got back from your tower. Come right up to my boardwalk."

"I only learned last week, at Judge Harmon's, where you were," Esther said as soon as released. "You've been away most of the time lately, and this is my first opportunity to come since you returned from the springs. Why Callistoga in the winter, of all places?"

Sally B. was fussing about happily, helping her out of her wraps. "Vi's been peaked lately, an' I took her up fur—for the sulphur water. That's good in the spring, you know."

"Yes; but February?"

"Oh, well, any time near Valentine's day's spring around the Bay. Stella! You've grown tall, and that elegant!"

"Grown, madame," interrupted a quiet voice.

Esther glanced curiously at a demure figure sewing in a corner of the elaborate room.

"I've been—been turribly im—" "Terribly, madame."

Esther saw a shade of annoyance pass over Sally B.'s face; but she went on again.

"I've been terribly impatient to show you my new house and our gold-plated traps."

"I'm sure I'm just as impatient to see them all. How long have you been here?"

"We bought a little better'n eight months ago—got a bargain. It only cost us—"

"Private expenses tabooed subject," the even voice broke in; though the girl never lifted her eyes from her work nor showed the slightest interest in the conversation.

Sally B. turned swiftly, shot an angry glance at the young woman and opened her lips with a spring that Esther well remembered. Yet her anger faded quickly. "Thank you, Marie," she said, and continued. "Set—sit down, Esther. I bet you'll have a—"

"I bet' is not quite elegant, madame."

Sally B. whirled on her heel in quite the old way. "Marie, you git!"

The girl rose and walked quietly out of the room. Before the door closed Sally B. was calm again. "There I go," she said. "That's two dollars she gits—gets to-day, an' it ain't—ain't two o'clock."

Esther did not try to conceal her laugh. "Two dollars for what?"

"For my bad language. I hired her to keep Vi up in her French, but mostly to correct my bad grammar. I pay her twenty-five a month, and a dollar every time I say slangy things to her. She's gittin'—gettin' rich!"

"I should think she'd retire when visitors arrive," Esther ventured.

"Her orders is— Say! do you say 'orders is' or 'are'?"

with a too persistent smile. "Her orders are to stick to me like a cockle burr to a mule's tail; let up for nobody except when I receive big bugs in the parlor. An' I'm sorry for her, that I am."

"How long has she been with you?" "Oh, ever since we bought."

"She's had time, then, to learn your good heart. If she hasn't, she deserves no sympathy."

Sally B. smiled broadly. "You tuck—took in the blarney stone on your tower, didn't you? What a plaguy shame we couldn't have towered together!"

"That would have been nice. Did you enjoy your travel?"

"Fine!" the other answered quickly; yet a dejected note crept into her next words. "I enjoyed it all right; but it didn't pay—not Bill an' me. We're too old, and didn't have no—any fit cultivatin' for such a crop. But it paid for Vi," she said exultingly. "She's come out just a little queen, Vi has. She fits all this fine stuff!" Sally B.'s sweep of arm included the whole magnificent villa. "An' her paw's that proud of her!"

Esther smiled sympathetically. "Tell me about your home, Mrs. Sally. How do you like it?"

"Oh, it's pay rock, sure; a thousand dollars to the ton. But some way, I like it better when I'm tellin' about it, or showin' it off, than I do just livin' in it. You know, I ain't used to bein' waited on—not personal—but I'm going to get used to it for Vi's sake; style, furrin servants—got five kinds, seven courses, church people—the hull hog!"

"Did you get the place already equipped?"

"Law me, yes. Furniture, horses, coachman, an' monnygram. They left a cook, too, a Frenchy; but I bounced him, fy, fy; an' Yic Wah hangs up in the kitchen now. Gosh! I—Say! I'm just going to take a vacation from grammar while you're here; it's too hamperin'. No use showin' off to you, Stee!—Esther; you know me from shoe to bonnet, anyhow."

"I don't love you for your grammar, good or bad, but for—I won't risk another reference to—to my travel in Ireland. How's Yic Wah?"

"Proud of the place as if he owned it. Come! I'll show you everything; him an' the kitchen with the rest."

She led the way, trailing her black skirts over the rich carpets from room to room, holding her head high and showing off her possessions with pleased pride. The house was large and in perfect taste. The former owners had fallen suddenly and sold to the first bidder, walking out with only their clothing. The two women halted in the library; and Esther looked curiously along the rows of books, most of them standard authors, and bound to order, with the owner's monogram on the cover. She wondered what part they played in Sally B.'s present life. "Have you read any of them?" she asked, glancing at the shelves.

A tired look crept into Sally B.'s face. "I've got to the sixth book on the fourth row from the top. I reckon it'll take about two year—years. Vi likes 'em, but I don't—leastways, not much of it."

Esther refrained from comment, though her heart ached for the heroic woman. "It's too bad about the monogram. L. B.'s so near right."

"It's just right! I've took—taken maw's name, Lang. See here!" She crossed the room and brought cards from the desk. They were in the extreme style, and read, "Mrs. Lang-Bernard. Lake View. First Thursday."

"Think o' Sally B. bein' that big a fool! But that's what you got to do if you want to git—get up; an' that's where I'm bound, to the very top notch! Of course, I don't b'long there, but Vi does, an' I'm going to boost her if money an' work can do it." She was leading the way to the ballroom at the top of the house, a beautiful, spacious apartment overlooking Lake Merritt and the Berkeley hills.

"I'm sure you're succeeding," Esther said as they sat near an open window. She wondered if it was wise to encourage Sally B.'s impossible ambitions.

"Yes; that is, Vi is. She gits invited into the genuine, bong tong set, where the men wears opery hats an' gold-headed canes, an' the women's all ladies."

"Does Viola enjoy it?"

Sally B.'s face sobered instantly. "I don't know. Vi's changed some. She was always quiet; now she's deep. I can't make her out. She goes a heap, always does the right thing, wears her clothes like a queen, she does. An'

Freddy Bryan—his old Lora Bryan's son, you know; the old man's on his third million now; an' they're fast families, O. K.—well, Freddy's shinin' up to Vi fine! Then there's Mr. Reginald Lawrence; they say he's really a lord's son. I kta see't he likes Vi, but he's one o' them stand-off English fellers; you can't tell about 'em. Cut my—H Vi'd ketch a lord—" She stopped and beamed on Esther.

"But he might not make Viola happy."

"N—o," Sally B. acquiesced reluctantly. "Anyway, he's shy lately. Reckon he's waiting to size up Bill's pile." Sally B.'s honesty extended to herself, no matter how unflattering. "Vi's 19 next week," she went on. "She's goin' to have the doggondest ball—inventions ben out a week—on silk, they are. An' I've staked out the best decorator an' the best caterer round the Bay."

"Whom have you invited—besides me? I received my invitation safely."

"Oh, all the big bugs—all the other big bugs," Sally B. smiled at Esther, "I kin git. All that's called on me, an' a lot that hain't The 'Piscopal church folks, too; they're bong tong, all right."

They discussed the ball a little more, when Esther asked suddenly: "What of Alvin? Haven't you let those two meet again?"

The other woman's countenance fell. "I reckon Vi still likes him. But how can I let my little thoroughbred marry



"I've Got to the Sixth Book on the Fourth Row from the Top."

that cripple? An' if he wa'n't crooked, he's nobody, no more'n I be. Vi's got to go up! You hear me! She's bound to go up!" She rose and walked down the room, stopping by another window an instant before she returned. "She ain't seen Al in two year."

Esther saw the battle between love and ambition, and said nothing. Poor Viola! Must she be sacrificed? Esther knew that the crooked leg would be condoned if Alvin had a hyphenated name or a long purse.

"Come on down to my room," Sally B. said presently; "I want to show you my clo'es. Oh, that's my church, St. Andrew's." She stopped on the stair and pointed out an ivy-hung building of unmistakable Episcopalian architecture.

"So you go to church?" There was surprise in Esther's tone.

"Reg'lar as eatin'."

"It seems odd somehow." Esther looked speculatively at Sally B.

"Course. I wa'n't raised to it—been miles from churches all my life. But it's the proper caper, an' I go the hull thing, you know."

Esther asked Sally B. how she liked her fellow parishioners.

"Tain't no matter how I like them. What I've started to do is to make them like me. But it's no go. They'll take to Vi, an' to my money; but they'll never swaller me."

"How do you know?"

"Oh, they eat my dinners; say they're splendid. An' they invite me to theirn. But most gene'ally it's Bill an' Vi an' me a-playin' a lone hand fur visitors. Or if they's other folks, they wink an' tech—touch one another when I talk. They think I don't size 'em up; but I ain't a durn fool all the time, if they do bleed me like thunder."

"Bleed you?"

"You bet! They think they do it slick, an' I don't let on, but just give, to all kinds of missionaries, an' all kinds of poor boxes, till I wonder how much they pay the man that invents so many ways."

"I can imagine how generous you are," Esther said approvingly.

"There's one piece of work they let me run my own way, an' I like it; that's looking after the poor. Somehow, I can understand them folks; tell whether it's grub or a boost o' the spirit they need most. I s'pose we're right smart happier with folks that needs us. That's why I ain't—well, not exactly hilarious with the big bugs; they don't need nothin' I got—except my daughter."

Esther sighed. Did any one in all the world need her? "How does Mr. Bernard like the new home?" she asked, stepping across the room for another view of the beautiful

"On, like me, bang up. I bet what you're raised to don't git out of the blood in a minute. An' I know Bill dreams at night of the mountains an' the mines, 'cause he hollers out in his sleep about 'em."

She was busy bringing from hook and shelf and drawer a billowy flood of heterogeneous finery. Her tongue voiced a new mood; and Esther, not without sympathy for the "big bugs," recognized Sally B.'s company manner.

"This here is made by Worth of Paree. I hope it will be worth as much to me as it was to him. Ain't it orfay? And here's one that's just magnif! I brought them all over myself—wore 'em all first to save duty. My! But maybe you think 't wa'n't no job to flop around a hotel parlor in a new dress four times a day! Whew! It makes me sweat now to think of it! Ain't that red just—"

"Regal!" Esther finished, as Sally B., for a wonder, paused for a word.

"Like it?" Sally B. displayed with pride the scarlet satin robe, spangled from hem to throat, and finished with costly gold lace. "That's my own design, an' my favorite of all I got."

Worth told me never to tell it was his make. Wouldn't put his tag on it. Didn't want to steal my thunder, I s'pose. Clever of him, wa'n't it? Say! With my diamonds—they're in the bank or I'd show 'em to you—I look—"

"We've used the only word, Mrs. Sally—regal." Esther laughed, thinking of her at a fancy dress ball as the Queen of Sheba.

"Oh, what a pretty thing this is!" she said, lifting a pale gray gown from the filmy heap.

"Yes, I s'pose the toot onsembl of that's good. But them pale colors don't fit me; an' the work on that won't stand the eyes of a con- sioner."

"I suppose Mr. Bernard has a lot of things, too," Esther said as soon as she could control her face.

"You bet! Only men's things ain't interestin' like women's. I wish men wore lace an' things, like they did when that picture was took." She glanced up at an exquisite engraving of a scene at the court of Louis XIV.

"I presume Mr. Bernard would rather wear the dress of 1869."

"Yes. An' I'd rather he would. His manners don't somehow fit what he's got now. I never noticed that Bill was short on manners when he was wearin' a blue shirt, an' punchin' mules, or huntin' a lead. But in this fine house, him a pushin' victuals with a silver knife, an' eatin' soup audible, while people sets round an' tries not to laugh; an' the flowers and the pictures someway shammin' him—why good feller as he is, I wish he'd go back to his blue shirt an' mules, or else buy some manners. An' the worst of it is, I know I got just as bad a case of not fittin' here myself; only I'm that stuck on myself, I can't see it. I've—been going back right now on all my polish for a coon's age."

Esther ventured no reply, and the other woman began to put away her wardrobe. "Ain't it too bad maw had to die fore I got a chance to wear half these here new things? Black's so unbecomin'! An' I can't even wear white ruches; them's for widders."

Esther was startled. No wonder conventional people could not understand Sally B. Esther knew that no more devoted daughter had ever lived than Sally B. had been; yet who, that knew nothing of this would believe it in the face of her last remark?

"Bet she had a good time," the other went on. "We took her all over Yerup; an' she lived two months after we come home. I bought her more clo'es than she'd had in all her life before; she could put on a different dress every day in the month! We took her riding in the victoria, took her to the theater, the Cliff, an' everywhere! She didn't suffer none; I thank God for that." She went in and out of the closet once or twice without speaking, and Esther waited.

Her sentences had been tossed by gusts of emotion; now speech was entirely wrecked. While she struggled for calmness Viola entered.

"Oh, Stella! Esther!" Viola's arms went round the other girl impulsively and she burst into tears.

"What under the canopy are ye crying for?" her mother asked; yet she knew; and her own tears were hardly restrained.

"Oh, ma, it's so good to see her! She belongs to the old, honest time when we said what we thought, or kept still."

The mother winced. Viola's unusual emotion disclosed unwelcome facts. She was taller, and had blossomed into a soft, wood-violet sort of beauty that yet had something mystic about it; as rare as felicitous.

She spoke of many things, Viola's womanhood unfolding her in a mantle of sedateness. Esther knew she had been defrauded of her girlhood, and longed to set her free from her un- youthful self-control; wondered if she would, at the last test, sacrifice herself to her mother's ambition.

They went the round of the bedrooms, the kitchen, where Yic Wah greeted Esther with voluble cordiality; the stables, conservatories, and breeze-swept gardens; and Esther was se-

paing for the street when the maid brought a card.

"Mr. Bryan, ma," Viola said. Her face grew gray and dull; while her mother's was swept by a quick panorama of doubt, question, mother love, ambition.

She put her arm about Viola's slender waist. "Honey, mammy expects a heap of you. Will you do it?"

Viola turned suddenly, spoke with strange impetuosity. "Don't, ma! I can't do it! Freddy Bryan's honest. He'd ask me just the same if I was poor. I thought I would say yes, when I told him I'd give him my answer to-day. But I won't cheat him. I'll tell him I can't care for him as he deserves. It's no use, ma." She put up a protesting hand, and even Sally B. was held to silence by the new sternness in her daughter.

And Esther, distressed at the tragedy in the girl's face, made her adieu quickly, that Sally B. might not see the angry resentment in her heart.

CHAPTER XXVI.

Gideon's Story.

Between the social gardens of Sacramento and San Francisco Amabel flitted, gathering the honeydew she fed upon. When Esther met her she was as gay with one cavalier as with another, until Alfred appeared. He was never her escort; yet if he came to party or theater she claimed him at once. Esther became convinced that the barrier that had once separated herself from Alfred now existed between him and Amabel; that for Amabel's sake he insisted on her perfect freedom in the eyes of society. This conviction did not bring tranquility; and Esther asked herself bitterly, why, in all the throng that followed her, there was not some brave and honest soul that could dislodge Alfred from her heart.

As the winter waned she found herself very weary of the monotonous round, of the days and nights that loomed before her, stretching to blank, gray years. And when the warm sunshine adorned the hills with rioting bloom, more and more she spent solitary hours on the road with her smart team, her most conspicuous extravagance.

"Valentine's day," she mused this morning, as she leaned out of the open window to the brilliant, close-bending sun of California. Fuchsia and nasturtium vied with perfumed heliotrope and jasmine in the long climb up the house-side; but purple and white won through their fragrance, and she gathered a feathery cluster for her belt.

She met her housekeeper in the dining room, and looked over the attractive heap brought by mail and messenger; valentines of the old lace paper sort, hiding tiny mirrors and ardent poetical requests to "look on my fair"; flowers, books, gems which she would never accept—all the what-not of sentimental Valentine's day 40 years ago. One offering charmed her. It was a golden arrow of delicate Mexican filigree, light, graceful, wonderfully brilliant, a brilliance Esther did not at first discover as coming from many tiny diamonds, each hardly larger than a pinpoint, set very closely together.

"How exquisite!" exclaimed Mrs. Brockett, who was friend as well as housekeeper. "I never saw anything like it. For your hair, isn't it?" She took it from Esther and shot it through her big brown coil, the feathered end standing high, the pointed shaft shining just back of her ear. "It's the most beautiful ornament you have. Won't you keep it?"

"I see no way to return it," Esther said, searching wrappers and box for a clew to the sender. "There isn't a word, a letter—not even the merchant's name on the box. How did it come?"

"The Chinaman said a small boy brought it this morning before seven o'clock," Mrs. Brockett replied, as she left the room.

The trinkets did not interest Esther. She took up her paper instead. At the first glance she cried out.

"Gideon Ingram Anthony—His Romance!" were the first words she saw. She stared uncomprehendingly for a moment, then read on feverishly. It was a strange tale, pieced together from many sources, and confirmed by appended interviews with several "oldest settlers."

"The story of Gideon Ingram, of the well-known freighters, Ingram, Finn & Gould, reads like one of Mrs. Southworth's novels; yet it is only one of the many dramas resulting from the clash of Latin and Anglo-Saxon in California."

"In the early '40s a young New England teacher, William Anthony by name, sea-voyaging for his health, dropped into Monterey out of curiosity, and remained, entranced by the climate and bewitched by a pair of beautiful Spanish eyes. Influential letters opened the best doors of the capital to him; and his own fine personality soon won him popularity. Lolita, the spoiled and only child of Senor Hernandez Guerrero, heiress to half a county and the toast of the

Entered at the postoffice at Baird, Tex., as second class mail matter.

W. E. GILLILAND, Editor and Proprietor.

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Six months......50 cts
Terms: Cash in advance.

12 Pages To Day.

IN MEMORY.

In memory of Lucy Johnson who departed this life March 13, 1908, after an illness of several months.

Dearest darling she has left us!
Left us, yes, forever more.
But we long to meet
On that bright celestial shore.

Weep not, that her trials are o'er
Weep not, that her race is run,
Oh may we all rest as calmly,
When our work like her's, is done

And, till then, we yield with sadness
Our loved one to Him to keep,
And rejoice with sweet assurance
That he gives our loved one sleep

Lonely the house and sad the hearts
Since the dear one has gone,
But a brighter home than this
In Heaven is now her own.

There was an angel band in Heaven
That was not quite complete,
So God took our darling Lucy,
To fill the vacant seat.

Oh, our darling how we loved thee
Oh how hard to give thee up;
But an angel came down for thee
And removed thee from our flock

A True Friend.

Dressy, Texas, March 16, 1908.

COTTONWOOD LOCALS.

We are having some warm weather for March. Some of our farmers have got good stands of corn and some are just planting.

You can hear politics cussed and discussed on the streets most any old time.

Mrs. Quincy Mitchell visited her parents Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Melton last week.

Dave Carter made a business trip to Gaines County last week.

J. H. Johnson lost one of his work horses last week.

Jim Coffman, of Cross Plains, was in town Thursday.

Mrs. Press Clifton has been sick the past week.

Paul Ramsey went to Putnam last Friday to carry G. B. Everett, who went to South Texas for the benefit of his health.

Wayne Tartt's family have nearly all been sick the past week.

W. N. Grants little boy who has been sick for several days is getting along nicely.

M. W. Uzzell, candidate for Tax Assessor, was shaking hands with the voters in town Saturday.

W. F. Griffin and family attended church at Deer Plains Sunday.

R. D. Carter filled his regular appointment at the Baptist Church Saturday night and Sunday.

J. M. Ferguson preached at the Christian Church Sunday.

The money panic does not seem to be effecting our merchants from the way they were selling the goods Saturday.

CICERO.

See Powell & Powell for Wall Paper. 10.1f

PAY UP.

All persons indebted to Ramsey & McCauley are requested to settle up. These accounts must be closed up. Books at H. H. Ramsey's office. 46

PRIVATE SCHOOL.

Under the existing conditions which the public generally understands, Baird Public will be compelled to close the 24th of this month, thus making the session two and a half months shorter than was expected. As only about two thirds of the work required in each of the grades has been accomplished, no promotions can be made at the end of the public term. But a private school of two months will follow, and will be taught by as many of the present teachers as the attendance will justify. At the close of the private term, as many as have completed the work of their respective grades, will be promoted.

Tuition will be at the following rates payable at the end of each school month.

- 1st, 2nd and 3rd. Grades, - \$1.50
4th and 5th Grades, - - - - 2.00
6th and 7th Grades, - - - - 2.50
8th and 9th Grades, - - - - 3.00
10th Grade, - - - - - 3.50

All the teachers have done their best to make the school a success thus far, and we earnestly solicit the hearty co-operation and patronage of everyone interested in the education of their children.

Respectfully, J. E. SMITH, Supt.

CITY COUNCIL.

The following names have been handed to THE STAR as good men and true who will serve as a city officer if the people want them. Lest some may accuse THE STAR of making the list we will say that no one connected with THE STAR had anything to do with selecting or even suggesting a single one of the persons named on the two tickets but unhesitatingly say that any six of the men mentioned will be satisfactory to most people.

First Ticket mentioned.

- For Mayor, S. L. DRISKILL.
For Aldermen, H. O. POWELL, W. D. BOYDSTUN, FRANK ALVORD.

Second Ticket mentioned.

- For Mayor, H. H. RAMSEY.
For Aldermen, W. F. WILSON, B. L. RUSSELL, GRANT BOWLUS, C. H. MAHAN, DR. E. W. TISDALE.

Tickets are published in the order handed in.

NOTE: Two of the parties named in one of the proposed tickets requested us to withdraw their names. [Ed.]

Notice, Assignment.

THE STATE OF TEXAS, COUNTY OF CALLAHAN. To the Creditors of J. C. Jones: You are hereby notified that J. C. Jones, of the County of Callahan, on the Seventh day of March 1908, executed a deed of assignment, conveying to the undersigned all of his property for the benefit of such of his creditors as will consent to accept their proportional share of his estate, and discharge him from their respective claims and that the undersigned accepted said trust, and has duly qualified as required by law.

All creditors consenting to said assignment must, within four months after the publication of this notice, make known to the assignee their consent in writing, and within six months from the date of this notice file their claim, prescribed by law, with the undersigned, who resides at Baird, Texas, which is also his post-office address

Witness my hand this 9th day of March, A. D. 1908. J. B. STOKES.

President Harrington, Peoria.

The word of a prominent and respected business man should be listened to. Mr. F. M. Harrington, president of the Harrington Manufacturing Co., Peoria, Ill., writes that he was for years a constant sufferer from indigestion and constipation, which nothing seemed to relieve, and he had almost given up hope when he began to take Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and it made a new man of him. It is absolutely guaranteed to do what is claimed, and if you want to try it before buying, send your address for a free sample bottle to Pepsin Syrup Co., 119 Caldwell Bldg. Monticello, Ill. It is sold by Powell & Powell at 50c and \$1.00 a bottle.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an election will be held at the City Hall in the City of Baird in Callahan County, Texas, on Tuesday, April 7th 1908 for the purpose of electing a Mayor, five Alderman and Marshal of said City of Baird. Ed Coppins is hereby appointed Presiding Officer of said election.

Done by order of City Council of the City of Baird, this Feby 28th 1908.

Attest: J. B. CUTBIRTH, Mayor Pro. Tem. H. O. POWELL, Sec. 14-4

A Guaranteed Article.

Many things are advertised and many promises are made, but it is not always that these promises are made in good faith nor can they always be kept. With a laxative remedy like Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, it is different. This remedy will cure constipation, indigestion, liver trouble, flatulency, heartburn, sour stomach in old or young. A rich company is behind every statement made. It is absolutely guaranteed to do what is claimed, and if you want to try it before buying, send your address for a free sample bottle to Pepsin Syrup Co., 119 Caldwell Bldg. Monticello, Ill. It is sold by Powell & Powell at 50c and \$1.00 a bottle.

A Good Beginning.

Everything in later life depends on how we began it. You cannot be successful in life if you haven't good health. To insure good health in later life it is necessary to start right. Many of life's serious ills are caused by constipation, indigestion and liver trouble. The best way to cure them in old or young is to use Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It is absolutely guaranteed to do what is claimed, and if you want to try it before buying, send your address to Pepsin Syrup Co., 119 Caldwell Bldg. Monticello, Ill. It is sold by Powell & Powell at 50c and \$1.00 a bottle

EGGS.—American Single Comb White Leghorn chickens eggs \$1.50 for 15. E. W. TISDALE. 14-4

For Rent.—A small cottage. 15tf Mrs. Luceil Bailey.

CITY BAKERY.

Furnishes pure and healthy bread and rolls, made of the best material in the market and absolutely free of alum or any other substitutes, fresh every day, also a great variety of cakes. Phone 115. OSCAR NITSCHKE

WALTER WHITLEY

General Contractor and Builder of all classes of Buildings Estimates and Designs Furnished BAIRD, TEXAS

Think Before You Buy

And come to our store for Drugs Medicines, Jewellery, Paints, Oils, Wall Paper and Toilet Articles. See our fine line of Musical Instruments.

Baird Drug Co.

BOYDSTUN & DAVIS, Proprietors BAIRD, TEXAS

EUPION OIL

Will not smoke your chimney and will give you a perfect light. The following dealers handle EUPION Oil exclusively:

Price & Trulove

EUPION Oil is deoderized and is not dangerous. For further information write to the

WATERS-PIERCE OIL CO., Dallas, Texas.

Austin & Gray,

HARDWARE AND FURNITURE

See us for Everything in the Hardware and Furniture Line.

Stoves, Guns, Saddles, Harness, Barb Wire, Queesware, Glassware, Hay Wire, Ammunition and Poultry Netting.

Sole Agents for Sherwin-Williams Paints, Anchor Buggies, Quick Meal Gasoline Stoves, Standard and Paragon Sewing Machines, Deering Harvesting Machines, Twine, Etc.

NOTICE.

I will pay \$50 reward for the arrest and conviction of any person or persons found guilty of stealing any horses, mules or cattle belonging to any citizen of Callahan County. T. A. IRVIN, Sheriff. 2.tf

Farm For Rent.

Good sandy land farm of 95 acres, 80 acres in cultivation. 15-2 L. L. Blackburn. Our spring slippers have arrived B. L. Boydston. 11tf

The Bible a Universal Book

By REV. A. C. DIXON, D. D.,
Pastor of the Chicago Ave. (Moody's)
Church, Chicago.



The Bible is not intended exclusively for Christians. The word "Christian" occurs in it only three times. The reading of it makes Christians, and Christians get most out of it, for they believe, love and study its pages. But the Bible is for the wicked as well as for the good. Its law, as Paul declares, is for evildoers, while its Gospel is for all who will accept it.

If you would trace the history of the material universe, you may have any theory of evolution or mutation, but you will come at last to a point where you need and must have the first words of Genesis: "In the beginning God." If you study the history of nations and would trace them to their origin and early developments, you cannot do without the Bible. If you would know the history of jurisprudence and would be a well-equipped lawyer or judge, you must study the Bible, for it contains the foundation of law and all civilized nations.

History of Literature.

If you would study the history of literature you must know your Bible, for hundreds of thousands of volumes in our great libraries were written because the Bible exists. Theology, which is the science of God, the greatest science in the world, is unintelligible without the Bible; and archaeology, that fascinating science, which with pick and shovel has unearthed the buried treasures of Egypt and Assyria, is inexplicable without the Bible. The poet's corner cannot be appreciated without a knowledge of the Bible. It will be conceded by all lovers of poetry that among the greatest English-speaking poets are Shakespeare, Tennyson, Longfellow and Browning, and a knowledge of the Bible is absolutely essential to an understanding of any one of them. They teem with Biblical allusions. Milton and much of Byron are sealed books to the man ignorant of the Bible. Indeed, if you would write poetry, you cannot become great if you ignore the great thoughts about God, eternity, life, love and immortality which the Bible contains. Take out of English literature the classic books that demand a knowledge of the Bible for their proper appreciation, and you have blotted the sun out of our literary sky.

The History of Art.

Would you study the history of art in sculpture and painting, you must be acquainted with the Bible, for the best paintings of the old masters and the finest statuary were inspired for the most part by scenes and ideals drawn from the Bible. You must remain ignorant of the genius of Raphael and Michelangelo if you refuse to know the Bible, for the scenes and characters they depicted with brush and chisel were Biblical. The paintings of Dore, Tissot and Sargent, modern master artists, cannot be understood without a knowledge of the Bible. The great musicians, whose masterpieces have thrilled the souls of millions, cannot be interpreted and appreciated without a knowledge of the Bible. Handel's oratorios of the "Messiah," "Esther," "Saul," "Joshua," "Jephtha" and "Israel in Egypt," all of them masterpieces of musical composition, cannot be understood without a knowledge of the Bible. Mendelssohn's "Elijah" and Beethoven's "Mount of Olives" are enigmas without Biblical knowledge.

History of Education.

If you would know the history of education, from the little country schoolhouse to the great university, you cannot ignore the Bible, for these schools and universities were founded by men who read their Bibles and drank from its pages the love of knowledge as well as of virtue and religion. The Pilgrims and Puritans of New England built first the church and then the schoolhouse. Next came the college and the university.

It's Christ Universal.

He is "the Son of Man." There is something exceedingly emphatic in that expression. "Son of Man," writes Frederick W. Robertson; "our Master is not called the 'Son of Mary,' but as if the blood of the whole human race were in his veins. He calls himself the Son of Man. He was not the Asiatic. He was not the European. He was not the Jew. He was not the type of that century stamped with its peculiarities. He was not the mechanic. He was not the aristocrat.

But he was the man." No one could mistake Mohammed for such a "Son of Man." He was a son of Arabia, and nothing more. The Koran is, therefore, a sectarian book, and Mohammedanism is cruelly sectarian. Buddha was a son of India, and nothing more. No one could mistake him for a "Son of man." His writings are, therefore, sectarian. They are not adapted to the occidental mind. Confucius was a son of China, and nothing more. His writings are therefore sectarian in their national narrowness. Zoroaster was just a son of Persia. Only Christ is the universal Man.

Eat Regularly.

Time is the essence of all contracts; every meal is a new contract with one's stomach; therefore, be in time. In other words, eat regularly. There are many important dietetic rules—none more important than this. The man who eats one meal to-day and four to-morrow, or who dines at any convenient hour, all the way from five p. m. to midnight, is on the direct road to digestive purgatory.

The Screen of Rejections.

Belmont Purdy, the gentleman jockey and sometime writer for magazines, has a unique screen in his studio. It is composed of rejection slips from every magazine and newspaper in the world. Mr. Purdy prides himself upon the fact that no existing magazine or newspaper has been slighted in the making up of his very original screen.

Nobility of Ascent.

If there be no nobility of descent, all the more indispensable is it that there should be nobility of ascent—a character in them that bear rule so fine and high and pure that as men come within the circle of its influence they involuntarily pay homage to that which is the one preeminent distinction, the royalty of virtue.—Bishop Henry C. Potter.

New Use for Automobile.

"I like the automobile for style," said the old Georgia farmer, "but for safety an' solid comfort give me the slow, old-fashioned ox cart; but I'd like to collar one o' them automobiles an' hitch about four plows behind it in a 20-acre field, then turn on steam an' let it give the old mule team lessons in gittin' over ground."

Gods of the Borneos.

The natives of Borneo place rudely carved images of female figures by the side of the entrances to their huts. The image represents a goddess, which protects the house from any harm or sickness. If there should be illness previously to the placing of the butong at the entrance she prevents it from becoming worse.

Author's Bitter Words.

In a catalogue of autograph letters the following words have been discovered written by Wordsworth, evidently to some member of the family of an unappreciative critic: "It is lucky for your publisher that the buyers of books have for the most part as little sense as the reviewers of them."

Wild Rabbits in Chimney.

An Atherton (England) sweep named Joshua Folland was sweeping the chimney of a home which had been unoccupied for some time at High Beckington, when, to his great surprise, he swept down seven full-grown live wild rabbits, which he bagged.

Carry Offerings to Infant.

A singular custom prevails in Yorkshire, England. In parts of the West Riding it is quite common for visitors to a house in which a new baby has appeared to carry with them as an offering to the infant a new laid egg, some salt, a piece of bread and in some cases a penny.

Roses as Place Cards.

When the guests at a recent entertainment in Paris went to dinner each one found at his plate a beautiful fresh rose spray with his name inscribed on a petal, in white, to take the place of the usual dinner card. The writing on the rose was done by electricity.

Red Flag of Distress.

An incapacity to blush is considered a sign of hardened wickedness or of absolute innocence; but when one hangs out the red flag of distress for nothing, one is in the painful position of looking guilty without the satisfaction of being so.—Black and White.

Low French Birth Rate.

The lowest birth rate is possessed by France, the births only averaging 21 a 1,000 of the population, and when the fact that its death rate is as high as 19.6 a 1,000 is considered, the small increase in the total population shown above is explained.

Ideal Golfer.

The really good golfer, indeed, is not so much the producer of exceptional skill as of a finely blended nature, which always hugs the sunny

side of the wall, married to a reliably high proportion of golfing science.—Country Life.

Wireless Message Far Astray.

A wireless telegraph station at Point Loma, Cal., recently picked up a message which a battleship of the Atlantic coast was sending to Washington.

Experience.

"Experience," said Uncle Eben, "is a good teacher, but she doesn't hesitate 'bout makin' a scholar wear a dunce cap."—Washington Star.

Forgot the Tune.

At an entertainment a little girl, falling to recall the piece she was to read, exclaimed, "O, I forget the tune of my speech."

Poverty in London.

There are in London over 304,000 persons who live in one-room houses, and over 701,000 in two-room houses.

Value of Enthusiasm.

Emerson: Nothing great was ever achieved without enthusiasm.

RED SHIRT AN ACCIDENT

Uniform Made Popular by Garibaldi Was Not the Result of Pre-arranged Plan.

The most popular uniform of its day—perhaps of any day—in Europe was the Garibaldi shirt, whose prosaic origin was little suspected by its adorers. In a note to Mr. Trevelyan's "Garibaldi's Defense of the Roman Republic," this origin is explained by Admiral Winnington-Ingram, who was in Montevideo in 1846, when and where the uniform was first assumed: "Its adoption was caused by the necessity of clothing as economically as possible the newly-raised Garibaldi legion. A liberal offer having been made to the government to sell at reduced prices a stock of red woolen shirts that had been intended for the Buenos Ayres market—now closed through the blockade—it was thought to good a chance to be neglected, and the purchase was therefore effected. These goods had been intended to be worn by those employed in the Saladeros, or great slaughtering and salting establishments for cattle at Ensenada and other places in the Argentine provinces, as they made good winter clothing, while by their color they disguised in a measure the bloody work the men had in hand."—London T. P.'s Weekly.

WORLD'S TALLEST WOMAN.

A charming and kindly disposition is hidden beneath the somewhat impassive demeanor of Marie Fassnauer, the world's tallest giantess. Marie has lately arrived in London, and is now appearing at a variety hall in the West End. Standing eight feet high, she claims to be the tallest woman in the world.

She has expressed a desire to devote a large portion of her salary to charity, and, being passionately fond of children, she employs nearly all her spare time in knitting stockings, gloves and mittens for the little boys and girls of her native village in Tyrol.

Hereditary tendencies perhaps account to some extent for the abnormal growth of this Tyrolean giantess. Her grandfather was a giant, although her brothers and sisters, on the other hand, are all of normal proportions. Curiously enough, Marie ceased to grow when she was 15 years of age; she is now 27; and is extremely intelligent.

The appetite of Marie is quite as remarkable as her size. Her first English breakfast consisted of 14 boiled eggs, three pints of tea, two ounces of butter and half a dozen rolls.

ELEPHANT FERRY.

One of the strangest ferries in the world is to be found in India. A Hindoo chanced to save the life of a prince, and as a reward received one of the largest elephants in the royal stables. But this honor caused the recipient much anxiety, as the animal's appetite was too great for the owner to satisfy. The Hindoo's house stood near a turn in the river, where many people crossed, and as the stream was at times a raging

flood, boats and men were often carried out of their course. On one occasion when the elephant was in bathing in the river, it suddenly occurred to the owner to use the animal as a ferryboat. A harness was made for the elephant with a long rope as a trace, which was fastened to a heavy boat. The latter, with loaded passengers, was successfully towed over the river, and since that time the animal has been a source of profit to his owner.

JUST THE SHADE.

The crafty old farmer was getting up his summer advertisement to lure the unwary boarder from the city.

"And now about the sky," he said as he put on the finishing touches; "should I say it is as blue as azure or blue as ultramarine?"

The press agent for the wandering minstrel troupe grinned. "Just say it is as blue as the boarders when they leave in the fall, old man, and you'll hit it to a dot."

AUTHOR BUILDS OWN TOMB.

Gabriel d'Annunzio, the famous Italian dramatist, is busy overseeing the construction of his own sepulchral monument, which is being carried out by the head architect of the Florence cathedral. The tomb is to be erected by the source of the river Pescara, so prominent in D'Annunzio's writings.

CIVIC PUZZLES FOR WOMEN

Other Work Than That of the Home is Now Laid Out for the Broad-Minded.

"There is nothing that women cannot do but the work must be planned with a thoroughness that precludes failure, and done with a modesty which is the inherent charm of the superior sex," says a writer in the Woman's Home Companion. "As I said, every community has its own problem. Most of these originate outside of the home. Pure water, pure food, pure air, clean streets, sanitary schools and tenements, district nursing, education of the ignorant in the care of babies, the question of paupers, the public baths and traveling libraries, the treatment of our women prisoners in prison and after, the lodging-house problem—these are only a few of the civic puzzles crying for trained women to solve.

"A woman does probably her greatest share of her duty as a citizen when she makes home a safe and happy harbor of refuge from a stormy world, when she brings up her children into noble manhood and womanhood and when she does not destroy her husband and family by bad cooking and bad temper; but that same woman crowns her career as a citizen when she interests herself in and becomes a vital part of some problem of government. A woman successful in home life is desperately needed in civic life."

IN NEW YORK.



Stranger—Won't you please give me my car fare?
Kind Old Gentleman—Certainly; where do you live?
Stranger—In Mexico.

LAW FOR THE AEROPLANE.

There is an ancient maxim of law which reads as follows: "He who owns the land owns it up to the skies."

This venerable rule of property is said to be as good to-day as it ever was, and is therefore full of ignac-

ing significance to the aeroplane builder, for the effect of this rule of law is that the owner of land has the exclusive right to the air over and above the four corners of his property, and any interference therewith, however slight and practically harmless, constitutes a trespass for which the owner can always recover nominal damages.

This right is not a mere technical one. It has been frequently asserted in law courts, and to it has always been accorded strict recognition, the consequence of all which is that the aeroplane builder will be unable to pass over his neighbor's land without rendering himself liable to be sued for damages. Though such damages would most likely be small, still the verdict would be sufficient to carry the costs with it.

FEMININE DIPLOMACY.

Most diplomatic girl I ever saw, that Miss Eastlake.

"She's engaged to young Horrocks, isn't she?"

"Yes, and do you know how she caught him? He's a frugal sort of chap, you know. Well, he invited her out to dinner one evening, and she refused to let him order anything more than a tongue sandwich and a glass of ice water for her. On the spur of the moment he asked her to go again some time, and before he knew it she had him."

HE HAD ENOUGH.

"Here's a note," said the postal clerk, "from a man complaining that his mail isn't delivered regularly."

"What's his name?" asked the chief.

"Vladevoledoweschowski."

"Huh! with that name you'd think he had all the letters he needed."



SENATOR JOSEPH B. FORAKER.

Quite Simple.

Lady (to nursemaid)—Caroline, see you don't let the children sit on the wet grass; they might catch cold. If they are tired you can sit on it yourself and take them on your knee."

Care of Umbrella.

Always unroll an umbrella when not in use. After it becomes wet open and dry. When dry stand with handle down. This method prevents cracking silk.

Save Time in Kitchen.

Use fine wire for hanging up such articles as rolling pins, chopping knives, potato mashers and pastry boards. The wire loop is perfectly clean.

Battle Sometimes Necessary.

Peace is not all the theorist would have it. Many of us have fought our way into our closest friendships.—John A. Howland.

Women and Intuition.

Women are so gifted with intuition that they can discover a hundred secrets where there isn't one.

WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

Sweetwater, Tex., had an \$8,000 fire.

Shawnee, Okla., is again on a cash basis.

Pantheon at Madrid is to be soon dismantled.

San Angelo, Tex., reports many sales of livestock.

Prince Stephen of Montenegro, five years old, is dead.

Fifty Chicago schools were found in an unsafe condition.

Wichita Falls, Tex., is to have a \$32,000 opera house.

A large wolf was captured a few miles from Texarkana.

If Roby, Tex., raises a \$50,000 bonus she will get a railway.

Mrs. J. W. Kyle, a pioneer of Temple, Tex., has passed away.

Shawnee, Okla., is to expend \$200,000 on street improvements.

Bomb exploded at Barcelona, Spain, seriously wounding a woman.

Bradstreet's report says the millinery business is moving rapidly.

A farmer near Cereal, Okla., is experimenting with German clover seed.

In an avalanche near Tomsk, Siberia, eighteen persons lost their lives.

In a riot at Budapest fifty arrests were made. Several men were badly hurt.

Question of Anglican religious marriages is exciting much attention in Japan.

An artesian well flowing 75,000 gallons per day has been bored at Longview, Tex.

Sam Pickens, a negro, was given at Sherman, Tex., fifteen years on robbery charge.

Great Britain suggests that the powers guarantee the integrity of European Turkey.

United States grand jury is investigating the demonstration at Kentwood, La., against Italians.

W. F. Moss, eighty-six years old, died at Frankston, Tex. He was justice of the peace ten years.

Former Bank President Walsh of Chicago was denied a new trial and given five years' sentence.

Between Ardmore and Shawnee, Okla., Hawthorne Lolly fell between cars. A leg had to be amputated.

J. C. Garrett was struck at Shawnee, Okla., by a train and badly hurt. He was thrown twenty-five feet.

Charles Hyatt fell from the Katy bridge at La Grange, Tex., to the rocks below. Death was instantaneous.

While seated on a wagon near Whitesboro, Tex., conversing with a neighbor, Nat Sullivan fell off dead.

J. Will Moore, a prominent union printer, was terribly cut in the face at Dallas. Dave Johnson was arrested.

The Russian minister of justice wants \$1,000,000 appropriated to enlarge the prisons. They are overcrowded.

Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt attended the National Mothers' congress at Washington, and was given a gracious welcome.

In Sterling county, Texas, V. Escalante, a sheep herder, died from burns due to rolling while asleep into a camp fire.

A cyanide plant is to be established in Mexico. It will have a daily capacity of 1,000 tons, and cost \$2,000,000 in gold.

Fort the first time in sixty years A. G. Gresham of Indianapolis and J. H. Gresham of Paris, Tex., brothers, have met at the latter city.

Delegates of Improved Order of Red Men met at Oklahoma City and decided to confine the organization of Oklahoma and Indian Territory.

Miss Lucille, daughter of Colonel Zach Mulhall, soon goes to Europe to exhibit her feats of riding. She has trained "Haskell," a new horse.

The shop force of the Queen and crescent railroad has been reduced, 1,600 men being out. The latter refused a 10 per cent wage reduction.

George Munson, several years manager of the St. Louis Browns Stocking Baseball club and a noted sporting authority, died at St. Louis of double pneumonia.

Threat that Black Hand was to dynamite school connected with St. Peter's Catholic church at McKeesport, Pa., caused 75 per cent of the pupils to remain away.

United States Judge C. D. Clark died at Chattanooga of Bright's disease and tuberculosis, aged sixty-one years. He was appointed by President Cleveland Dec. 17, 1904.

Cyrus Raspberry was convicted at Chandler, Okla., of holding up and robbing at Stroud seventy-five Bulgarians and given life imprisonment. His wife and daughter were discharged.

Camp county, Texas, remains in the dry column by about 561 majority. Three years ago the majority was eighty-four. Last time Pittsburg, the county seat, gave 148 pro majority. This time it was 299.

Representative Lilley says that if given the opportunity he expects to prove that the Electric Boat company, through its agents, contributed to the campaign funds of both the Republican and Democratic parties.

Ex-Fire Chief Bonner of the New York department is dead. He joined the department in 1860. The government sent him to Havana, where he established a fire department.

ed as chief of the latter place for a time.

Giuseppe Alla, under death sentence at Denver for the murder of Father Leo Heinrichs, attacked a "trusty" with a razor, cutting a gash in the man's neck. Alla had to be beaten into insensibility by two men before he could be subdued.

Congressman Sims of Tennessee has received a letter signed "Red Hand, Black Flag Society," stating "you are going to be killed, and if your devilish prohibition bill should pass, the capitol, with everybody in it, will be blown up." A postscript says: "Your days are numbered."



VICE PRESIDENT CHARLES W. FAIRBANKS.

Quite a Difference.

You may have noticed: Some people smile readily; others are merely ready to smile. There's a difference.—John A. Howland.

Sheep Dip Destroys Locusts.

Ordinary sheep dip is now being extensively used for the destruction of locusts in South Africa.

Greek Proverb.

A lazy man goes far, and he who shuns labor labors doubly.

Meanness.

There are some people so mean that if they got a free seat in heaven they would sell it to a speculator.—Judge.

No Use There.

Men sometimes laugh at jokes which are on them, but not when they are alone.

Sayings of Childhood.

When Mary is happy she says: "It is nice weather in my heart."—Chicago Tribune.

Big Production of Saltpeter.

Electric furnaces at Notodden, Norway, are capable of producing about 1,000 tons of Chile saltpeter annually.

King's Cap of Coral.

The king of Benin wears a cap made of coral beads, with a tassel of large beads at one side.

Sufficiency.

That is never to be called little which a man thinks to be enough.—Danish.

We have a beautiful assortment of counterpanes. Come and see them. Hammans Bros. 52-2

HIDES WANTED.

All the hides in Callahan County. Will pay highest market price. 2-tf C. S. BOYLES.

Alice Roosevelt's Wedding.

was something to be recorded in the annals of history. Herbine has been acknowledged the greatest of liver regulators. A positive cure for Bilious headaches, Constipation, Chills and Fever, and all liver complaints. J. C. Smith, Little Rock, Ark., writes, "Herbine is the greatest liver medicine known. Have used it for years. It does the work." Sold by Powell & Powell.

\$50.00 Reward.

We will give \$50.00 to anyone furnishing evidence that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any person or persons violating the Local Option Law.

T. A. IRVIN, Sheriff.
W. R. ELY, Co. Atty.

Go to McGowen Bros. for groceries

Mesquite Posts—10 cts each at ranch. W. B. ELLIS, Dudley, Tex.,

McGowen Bros. sell everything in the grocery and feed line. 38

See McGowen Bros. for groceries.

Go to Hammans Bros. for your school tablets. 38

School tablets! Go to Hammans Bros for them. 38

We have a nice line of books, stationery, etc. Hammans Bros.

Our spring samples are here. Get your suit order in early. B. L. Boydston. 11tf

When you want a good work glove see Hammans & Bro. 35

Everybody says Schwartz has the most up-to-date line of dress goods in Baird. Come and see what you think of it. 46

BIS WANTED.

The Commissioners' Court will receive bids at April Term (April 20, 1908) for painting Court House and Jail. See specifications with County Judge. 13

We have the largest and most complete line of post-cards in Baird. 35 Hammans & Bro.

Most anything you need in merchandise in all lines can be found at Hammans & Bro. 35

Checks or Cash.

THE STAR will take on subscription checks, bank notes, greenbacks, gold or silver, no matter whether or not the latter two have on them the old familiar motto "In God we Trust." The main thing is to get any medium of exchange that we can pay debts with. "THE STAR."

Old papers for sale at THE STAR office, 25 cents per hundred.

CLUBBING RATES.

THE STAR and Dallas News one year, \$1.75.

THE STAR and Houston Post one year, \$1.75.

THE STAR and Fort Worth Record one year, \$1.75.

The Best and Nicest

Place in city to have your barber work done in first-class order is at

FULTON'S.

The only three chair shop in the city.

HOT AND COLD BATHS

Laundry Basket leave Tuesdays and returns on Saturday.

THE WILLIAMSON HAFFNER CO.
ENGRAVERS OUR PRINTERS
CUTS TALK
DENVER, COLO.

Panics Come and Go

But we are still here selling goods at the same old stand with a full and complete stock of most everything from the cheapest to the best and at prices in the reach of everybody. Come in and see for yourself and compare goods and prices yourself. Below mentioned is but a few of the many lines which we handle: In the Dry Goods lines, Clothing, Towels, Counterpanes, Lace Curtains, Table Linen, Handkerchiefs, Underware, Hosiery, Collars, Ties, Gloves, Suspenders, Mens and Boys laundry and work Shirts, Overalls, Stationery, Books, Cutlery, Tin and Graniteware, Light Hardware, Pictures, Frames and all kinds of notions. We can save you money if you buy from us. No trouble to show you goods. Yours to Please,

Hammans Bros.

BAIRD, TEXAS.

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JIM JONES, Proprietor

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Beef, Pork, Lard and Sausage

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Free Delivery to all Parts of the City.

WRISTEN & JOHNSON

Complete Stock of Watches and Jewellery in Hardware Department

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Diseases of Females and Infants Specialty. Office at Residence. Phone 80. BAIRD, TEXAS.

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Will answer calls in any part of the county either night or day Resident Phone 29 Office Phone 91 Baird, Texas.

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We have the 20th Century Apparatus, the latest and best for PAINLESS EXTRACTION.

All other work pertaining to dentistry Office up stairs in Telephone Bldg. BAIRD, TEXAS.

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Repairing Promptly and Neatly Executed. Prices to suit the times. Market Street. Baird, Texas.

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F. S. Bell

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Will Practice in all State Courts. Second Door South of City Hall, Baird, Texas

Order your Easter suit early. See those beautiful samples at B. L. Boydston's. 11tf

To Whom it May Concern.

If this concerns you, read carefully: Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin is positively guaranteed to cure indigestion, constipation, sick headache, offensive breath, malaria and diseases arising from the stomach, liver or bowel troubles in old or young, and you can make no mistake in keeping a bottle in your house. You may need it any moment. It is absolutely guaranteed to do what is claimed, and of you want to try it before buying, send your address for a free sample bottle to Pepsin Syrup Co., 119 Caldwell, Bldg., Monticello, Ill. It is sold by Powell & Powell at 50c and \$1.00 a bottle.

Get your Pencils, Tablets, Ink etc from Powell & Powell. 10-tf

When you see Powell think of drugs. 10-tf

When you think of drugs see Powell. 10-tf