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

VOL. 7

BAIRD, CALLAHAN CO., TEX., FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1894.

NO. 23

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AND

A

TEXAS SADDLES.

SPECIALTY.

Arthur Yonge' Brick Building,

Corner Market and Second Street.

HE RODE WITH WILD NOLAN.

A veteran of the Crimea, a survivor of the glorious charge of the Light Brigade at Balaklava, William Hibbert by name, died yesterday morning in his humble home at No. 516 Sixth avenue of pneumonia, after an illness of one week. Mr. Hibbert was a native of Nottingham, England, and reached his sixty-fifth birthday the day before his death.

At the age of 20, fired with the patriotic fervor at that time, Hibbert enlisted in the Royal Enniskillen Dragoons, serving with them throughout the Crimean campaign, and being discharged as a Corporal at the expiration of his term of enlistment.

He came to this country over 20 years ago. He was twice married, and leaves a grown-up daughter, Mrs. Fanny Antil, by his first wife, at Nottingham. His second wife, whom he married in New York 10 years ago, survives him. The funeral will take place on Tuesday.

During the Columbian naval demonstration a year ago, Admiral Sir John Hopkins of the English Navy, on learning that a hero of Balaklava lived in this city, sent a noncommissioned officer to see Hibbert and invite him to visit the British fleet. Hibbert was received in the Admiral's cabin and was given the freedom of the flagship. The warrant officers were directed to pay him special attention.

Hibbert's last illness was very pathetic. On the day before his death, his birthday, he seemed a little better, and sat up in his shabby bed, propped by pillows. His worn eyes were pleased with the bright sunlight that had come at last, after days of storm. His mind wandered back over the exciting scenes of his life and he was glad to welcome a sympathetic visitor.

All day long he sat upright, propped with pillows, in his shabby bed. Every now and then he brushed back the disheveled hair long and white, from his wan forehead, and mopped away the big drops of perspiration that gathered there.

He gazed out of the window, and did not move for a long time; then stared about the humble furnishings of the room, at some odd color prints on the wall—prints such as could be bought in any junk-shop for half a dollar—then pursing up his lips and shaking his head as though to shake it free of recollections, he said to a visitor:

"They couldn't kill me in battle, but I'm about done now. There's a griffin on me here," and he put his hand to his throat, "an' I haven't got any pain, on'y I'm so weak. This pneumonia kills, they say."

Then he struck with a dog leash a feeble blow at the great red comforter with which his wife had covered him, and added:

"It's too bad, but it's got to come some time. It might as well be now, I never expected to be this old."

GLORY IN OBSCURITY.

The plain place which Hibbert called home, the place where he had laid down to die, is the top floor of a building just below Thirty-first street in Sixth avenue. For years he had gone up and down the dark narrow stairway there, to and from his work stocking making. He was to the folks who saw him just a plain, white-bearded old man with a keen eye and quiet ways. They never knew that that eye of the old man's had looked through smoke into the belching mouths of the Russian cannons at Balaklava, and that under his unpretentious old coat he wore the precious medal which told he was one of the 74 heroes who came back out of that awful charge of the Light Brigade.

He never displayed the treasure which any soldier in Britain would give his arms for. He just went on knitting in Parker's shop on the floor below and on Saturday nights carrying his earnings, about \$20 a week, up to his frugal wife. They used the hall landing for a sort of kitchen and washroom and general storehouse, and were pretty comfortable there. The only other member of the family was a particularly zealous pug dog,

who always followed close at the old man's heels when he went on the street. The prints upon the wall are pictures of the famous charge, and yesterday, pointing with his shaky old finger, he said in a voice scarcely audible:

"There, ye see? There's where we was goin' in. That's Nolan—Captain Nolan, him as brought the message that they had all the row about. History never found out who sent the message for us to charge them guns, but Lucan never sent it. Everybody always thought Raglan sent it to Cardigan; that was his brother-in-law. Oh!" and old Hibbert sighed and shook his head, "it was a pity, a sinful, terrible thing. I can remember it is as plain as if I saw it now, as Nolan rode up and gave the order."

"Cardigan turned on him and cried: 'Nolan who sent that order?' No answer. Then he asked again: 'Who sent that order?' But there was no answer. Third time he asked him, and all the answer Nolan made was—he pointin' to the breastworks: 'There's the enemy. Go!' Then he dashed on."

"Cardigan just threw back his head and said 'Well, here's the last.' For an hour and a half after that nobody knew what was happening, except that we was runnin' right into hell, as the poem said. Three miles away. It looks like a lifetime journey, and the men began to fall away as the shells yelled an' tore among us. Every time one toppled off his horse around me, I thought I was goin' next. The man who expected to come out of that would have been crazy. The four men next to me, in front, behind and on both sides, were killed and as I spurred on alone I saw a shell coming straight towards me, straight, straight 'Hibbert ye're gone' said I. But I give just one jab o' the spur into that mare, and she leapt like a shot. She swerved, I should think, about a dozen feet, and the shell took her nigh hind leg. I went tumbling. When I picked myself up there was a horse without any rider. I got into the saddle, and went on with the rush. It was terrible."

As the old man went on with his story his face took on color, and his wife, tears in her eyes, came over and said, "Please don't let him talk so much."

A BATTEFIELD COLLOQUY.

"Be quiet," said the veteran, "I'll be through in a minute. Well, sir, as I said, I spurred this big horse on, and I passed Captain Williams."

"Hello, Bill," says he "where's that mare o' yours?"

"Gone," says I. "A shell struck her. I found this fellow runnin' loose."

The Captain looked at me, and says, "Bill, if I get back out o' this alive you'll have a special mention for that." That was the last I saw of him.

"Well, when we got up to about 300 yards of the works they couldn't train the guns on us, and we just fought the Russians back an' cut 'em down an' spiked the guns. That was what we went for, ye see. We all had little spiken' mallets," and as he said this the old fellow's hand intuitively sought his belt, but there was no mallet there was no mallet there, nothing save the thick plaid shawl which was pinned tight about him.

"There," he said, after coughing feebly, "there's the picture of the comin' back. Ye can see it was awful, 74 come out. An' Nolan was the first that had been killed. I saw his body. The ball had cut straight through his chest. That's a good picture of him up there, a dashin' devil of a chap, an' the wildest Irishman an' that other picture, that's Cardigan."

THE PRICELESS MEDAL.

Close beside the bed lay the old soldier's waistcoat. He reached out and drew it to him, then tenderly unfastened from the breast of it the heavy silver trophy which told the story of the share he had borne in the struggles of Britain's arms in the horrors of the Crimea. Sebastopol, Inkerman, Alma and Balaklava were the fateful, glorious names upon the silver cross-bars. The lettering and chasing had worn away

with the years that the old man had carried the Queen's emblem next to his heart. But engraved around the edge of the medallion were these words: "Wm. Hibbert, 4th R. L. Dragoons."

When he went back to England Hibbert left the army and settled down to the old stocking trade which he had learned as 'prentice.' Then he married. After his wife died he commuted his pension, and taking what he could get in a lump sum, came to America. For 15 years he kept at the steady grind in Parker's shop, paying his debts promptly, they say, his word always as good as his bond, living manly, as a man should live who rode behind Wild Nolan and bore away from the bloody ramparts of Balaklava the brief boon of life and a fame that will outlast war.

"Oh, many a man sir," said the old soldier, "has looked at that badge and passed it by. They didn't know what it meant. But I know. That's all."

His lips and the weak half-whispering voice trembled, and the tears stood in his fine old blue eyes as he stroked the worn medal softly with one white hand.

RECOGNITION.

"When the Virginia regiments were up here some of the gentlemen saw me when I went into a public house to get a bit o' beer. An' they saw this on my vest and they took me and introduced me to the General, and his name was Lee, and he said it was the proudest moment of his life when he shook hands wi' me; an' I give him me likeness, an' he said as how every meeting they had they was always for havin' that piece spoke about the charge, an' always after this, w'en it was spoke they'd give me three rousin' cheers."

"Then I went aboard the Blake, too, and I got to know Admiral Hawkins, 'E asked my likeness too'—the old man, with his soft Nottingham-hire accent, said "lahkness." "When I wanted me to go back to England, but it's too late now. There's only three left of the seventy-four, sir. Ah'n' fahneyin' 'I'll be only two before I see you again sir. Thank ye for good wishes, though."

The veteran, courtly and gentle waved his weak hand in farewell, and the pug dog sprang to the bed and pressed close to Hibbert's pallid, seamed old face as it fell back upon the pillow.—New York World.

Belle Plaine Budget.

May 8.—Born on May 2 unto Mr. Mrs. W. J. Cutbirth a fine and healthy girl. Now we understand why the mind of our esteemed friend Pomp seemed to be rather preoccupied for the last few days. By this time he has fully recovered his equanimity especially as mother and child are doing well and the hurry and flurry of the of the happy event which falls heavily upon the shoulders of husband and father is over. Was it not a base trick friend Pomp of the womenfolks to tell you that it was another boy and make you believe it for several hours until the true sex of the new comer was revealed to you.

Mrs. A. M. Webb has returned from Abilene where she went to see her mother Mrs. Merchant. The venerable old lady is not suffering from any acute or chronic disease, general debility induced by the rare old age of 90 years is what ails her and threatens to extinguish the spark of life at any time. Uncle Dick Merchant her youngest son is confined to his bed with his old complaint and feels it deeply that he can't start for the sick room of his beloved mother.

Maj. Sam Cutbirth left Friday for the Territory and St. Louis.

John Flores is still buying cattle for Clabe Merchant and will start again Thursday from Ranger, Eastland county, for the Nation.

J. R. McFarlane and Cap Gilliland went west Saturday to look after the cattle they wintered out there.

J. B. Cutbirth delivered 700 two and three-year-old steers to Mr. Silversteen, of Fort Worth, last Friday.

My most sincere compliments to the last grand jury and its manly foreman for their substantial and well substantiated report. It hit the mark

and should be read by every tax payer and voter in the county. The Cottonwood Prodigal brought this interesting document in full, and I really wonder why THE BAIRD STAR failed to publish it.

There are reports afloat that the new road from Baird to Putnam, which costs already \$2,200 to the tax payers, is a failure. Will you, dear editor, or somebody else, enlighten the readers of THE STAR about this enterprise?

Misses Mamie and Bessie Magee, of Abilene, who were formerly shining stars in our society, and who have not yet forgotten their old friends, are the guests of Mrs. C. C. Seale.

Rain—it looks like we would have some these days, and especially this morning; but if you have any surplus please send some clouds in this direction.

H. B.

THE STAR did not publish the report for three reasons: First, we did not want to. Second, we did not have room. Third, the libel law. Anyone who knows anything about the law knows the report was libelous—that is, it would subject any person to civil and criminal prosecution who aided in its circulation, no matter whether true or false. The Pops evidently thought it a good campaign document, as they paid for a certified copy and had it published. It is liable to prove a boomerang to them yet.

As to the rumor that the Baird and Putnam road is a failure: The road is opened up and the public is using it daily. This does not look much like it was a failure. The road cost the county considerable for right of way and they are not through yet, one case is in court now for \$1500 damages. It is wonderful how a road bed increases in value as a road; and decreases the adjoining property valuations, by reason of the road.

EDITOR.

Abilene Notes.

May 7.—Saturday, yesterday and to-day have been warm enough to pass, at least for this time of year. The wind blows up here, too.

The picnics last Saturday—there are reported to have been eight—resulted in great pleasure to the children. The college girls say they will never go to another picnic in West Texas. They reported for themselves a dry, dusty, wearisome day.

One of the picnics was a negro picnic. When I came in on the train Saturday evening quite a number of them, the negroes, were coming in in some of the best livery outfits.

Our friend, H. Magee, is making himself famous by his ability in reading and reciting, quite often being on the program of the numerous entertainments, suppers, etc., given in town. Last night at prayer meeting he read, as a part of the exercises, that beautiful poem, "The Burial of Moses."

The Subject eliciting the greatest amount of comment, especially among the college students, is the report from Dr. Friley, now in Bryan, that the school will close May 17. As is always the case, some are joyful and glad that school closes. To others it is a great disappointment. The latter class are somewhat in the minority, judging from what is said, and in this class, along with others, will be found

T. D.

McManis Melancholy.

A certain young man, of unrivaled modesty, called on a young lady of this place the other evening. The results were sad and tragic. It happened thus: As he went in the front gate he was whistling the soul stirring tune of "Annie Rooney," but he had just put his foot within the sacred precincts, when he was confronted by a ferocious "Bull Purp," who resented his intrusion in a most exemplary manner. After a short sharp struggle Mc found himself on the outside of the front gate, with a void in his pants, while the triumphant and hard-hearted Bull dog sat in the middle of the front walk with a part of Mack's trousers in his mouth. Mack did not stop to argue with the unreasonable brute, but went home went home with a melancholy expression on his face, as if he had passed through a trying experience and as if he had lost something, (probably his pants).—Abilene (Gossip).

THE ANSWER.

The ghost of my old self I saw to-night.
To see the piercing eyes mine looked with fright.

BLIND JUSTICE

BY HELEN B. MATHERS.

CHAPTER IX.—CONTINUED.

It was the last straw. With a curious oath the Styrian stamped his foot and battered with his clenched fists on the door till a jailer came.

CHAPTER X.

Wandering from cliff to cliff aimlessly as my thoughts went beating hither and thither, my most abiding sensation was one of anger against Judith for her impolitic conduct.

And yet, when at nightfall I returned to find the hut still empty, I decided that he had gone back to his own country as suddenly as he had left it.

Something, too, of Judith's doubts in this man's power to save her assailed me now; after all, might he not have been affecting a knowledge that he had not, solely to obtain a sight of the woman he so passionately coveted?

He might have been, but I felt convinced that he was not. And a sense of baffled fury filled me at the thought of him, on his way back to Styria, carrying the undivided secret that would have made the two most miserable people alive the happiest, while from me would have been lifted an intolerable burden that would haunt me to my life's end.

Judge, then, of my joy when at dusk I heard the latch lifted, and saw standing in the aperture of the door a tall shape, whose dishevelled hair and muddy clothes bore witness to the violence of the physical and mental exercise that had racked it.

But I gave no sign of such weakness, and went on smoking my pipe as though he were not present, and, while I did so, resolved upon my plan of action.

Presently I rose, knocked the ashes out of my pipe, and going upstairs collected a few necessities I had there, put them in a portmanteau, and bringing it down proceeded to add certain other trifles that were lying about, then fastened it, and placed it ready by the door with my overcoat and rug, then resumed my seat opposite the Styrian and spoke.

"I am going away," I said, "but you are at liberty to use this place as long as you please. Jake will bring you all that you require."

Worn out as he was, the Styrian's eyes pierced me as he said:

"Why are you going?"

I shrugged my shoulders.

"Why should I stay?" I said, "I have neither the wish nor the heart to see a woman hanged for a crime that she did not commit, a woman whom a word too from you would save."

The Styrian laughed harshly.

"Is your blood so cold in your country?" he said, "do you always throw the women you love into the arms of other men? Living, she would be his; dead, she is as much mine as his."

"Not so," I cried, "since you have possessed neither her heart nor her. Go home, go home to your own country and hold up your head there if you can with the memory forever with you of the coward's deed you have done over here."

"It is I who have been deceived," cried the Styrian with heaving breast, "I came honorably to make her my wife, only to find that I was fooled by a scoundrel whom I had housed and fed when he was destitute, whom I taught and enriched till he had almost forgotten his former miserable estate, and who rewarded me as you know."

"What he did is no business of hers," I said, looking him full in the face with bitter contempt, "and all the sins of his mis-past life would weigh as nothing in the balance of your blood-guiltiness, for if she dies, you are her murderer."

"You are mad," said the Styrian sullenly, "the law of your country frowns her guilty, and your laws are just. I have lied to you, and I could not save her if I would. You think that Seth Treloar and I know some secret about arsenic that enabled us to take it with impunity—why then did he die from an overdose of it?"

"God knows," I said bitterly, "your confounded juggling with the cursed stuff is beyond me—but probably by some oversight he had not his antidote with him."

A flitting smile of contempt told me that I had missed the mark, then the Styrian said calmly:

"He never carried, for he never needed an antidote."

I shrugged my shoulders and

yawned, as one utterly weary of the subject.

"I give it up," I said indifferently, "I have wasted far too much time over the matter already. May I expect to see you on my return?"

"That depends upon when you return," said the Styrian. "Look you—she is a fool. On the one hand life and riches with me, on the other a horrible death and nothing—not even her proud fisherman for company. All to-night she will think and think, to-morrow I will go to her, and she will answer me differently. Eh?" he added, in a harsh note of interrogation?

But I made him no answer, only nodding my head in a curt farewell to him as I went out.

It was pitch night by now, and the breakers below the cliff seemed rolling to my very feet, but above their sound I heard the clashing of rough bolts and bars with which the Styrian hastened to barricade the hut.

Then I saw the blind pulled down, and heard the shutters close, and I had a curious feeling of being turned out like a dog from my own hearth as I stood in the darkness without.

But I was hungry, and had beside some arrangements to make, so, after concealing my bag and rug in a cleft of the rock hard by, I pursued the winding path that led down to Trevenick, and was soon inside the cheerful hostelry that I had more than once visited.

Smiles awaited me and a good homely dinner followed in due course, during which I saw many a shy glance stolen at me by the buxom landlady, as in the village I was looked upon as almost a wizard for the part I had played in bringing Judith to justice.

"So you've got a visitor to th' hut, sir," she said, as she set my modest dessert before me.

"A friend of Seth Treloar's," I said. "Awh," she said, looking grave, "better fo' 'un poor sawl if 'un had bided 'mongst 'un as wished them no harm. Who'd 'ever ha' thought Judith 'ud turn out sich a devil? For sare but Seth war a ne'er-do-weel, an' niver happy but when he war tormented, but nothin' him 'ever took did 'un the harm that war cup that Judith gied 'un when he comed home."

"You have always believed her guilty," I said.

"Iss, she 'ud 'd Steve powerfu' eno' to do anythin' so's them two should'n be divided, but part they'll have to now, befo' long."

But I did not feel so sure of that parting as an hour later I climbed the steep path that led to Smugglers' Hole.

CHAPTER XI.

I stood still to listen outside the hut, but all was silent, no glimmer of lights showed through the cracks of the crazy old shutters.

Evidently the Styrian had a little anticipated his usual time for retiring, and presently he gave an oral proof of it for a distant sound of snoring reached me, and I smiled at discovering the quarter whence it issued, being no less a place than the bed-room upstairs, which he evidently preferred to the shakedown I had made up for him below.

No sound could have pleased me better. He slept with barricaded doors, secure as a fortress, and with not the smallest fear of surprise to keep him awake. Exhausted as he was his slumbers were likely to be profound, and my spirits rose as I went round to the back of the hut, and lit the lantern with which I had provided myself at the inn.

The door of the small outhouse or lean-to yielded readily to my touch; I closed the door behind me, and looked through the narrow grating I have before mentioned, into the room beyond. The embers on the hearth still glowed, but the place was in total darkness, and at once I opened the door and stepped in.

Overhead came the long regular breathing of the Styrian. For awhile I stood listening, then I removed my boots, darkened the lantern, and with the utmost caution proceeded to creep up the stairs that ended in an open space, in one corner of which stood the bed upon which my unbidden guest had disposed himself.

He was fully dressed, so much I saw in the narrow blink of the lantern which I permitted myself to uncover, and bitter disappointment seized me, for I knew that the thing I sought was actually on his body, and that my chances for taking it from him were small indeed.

He lay on his back, one hand open and empty, thrown behind his head, the other hidden beneath the coverlid with which he had half wrapped himself.

At a little distance from the bed was a chair, and upon this I sat down to think, but thought availed me little. Nothing short of overcoming him by sheer physical strength, which outmatched his, which I did not possess, could wrest from him that little box in which he found nourishment and strength and in the fellow to which Seth Treloar had met his death.

Alone I could do nothing, but with the help of Jake—Jake whose clumsy movements would certainly have awakened the sleeper, I might by good luck have bound and robbed him, but I was alone, unarmed, and my wit failed me.

I may have sat there a minute or an hour when with a half groan he turned on his side, and suddenly threw out an arm that fell sheer across my chest and rested there.

It had all the weight of a blow, and I trembled under the shock, it was so horribly unexpected; but as the moments passed, and his regular breathing convinced me that he slept, I gradually shifted the lantern and cautiously stole a ray of light that showed me his strong fingers closed slightly on the horn box that I was perilling my life to steal.

Even had I the strength to unlock that iron grasp, he carried arms and would shoot me like a dog before I could escape. Involuntarily I thought of those snake charmers and Hindoo jugglers who, by the skillful use of a feather are able to make a sleeping man change his attitude or release his grip upon whatever he holds, but I had no such power to make flaccid this man's muscles, and in sheer helplessness and desperation I sat for what seemed to me a lifetime with that heavy arm weighing on my breast.

What real length of time elapsed, I cannot say, but suddenly he turned with a heavy groan, as if some spectre troubled his sleep, and his arm fell to the ground with a dull thud, then he fell to snoring loudly and regularly as before.

Knelling down, I ventured on a tiny shaft of light that showed me his relaxed hand lying on the ground palm uppermost, with—and the sight of it nearly took my breath away for joy—the horn box loosely held in the relaxed fingers.

For once in my life I rose to the emergency of the moment, and without hesitation slipped the box from beneath that nerveless touch and stole away.

But I had reckoned without that instinct, belonging of right only to animals, but found in savages and men who live almost entirely in the open air; an instinct that becomes developed almost into a sixth sense, that keeps sentinel over the others while they sleep, and gives instant warning of danger.

On the instant the Styrian awoke, found his hand empty, and held his breath to listen for the slightest sound that might give evidence of a stranger's presence. Then he swept his hand along the floor as thinking he might have dropped what he missed, and, not finding it, hurried his huge weight out of bed, and I said to myself, "Now if he possesses a light I am a dead man," and listened for the striking of a match that, thank God! did not come.

I heard instead a click, ominous enough, and doubting if in the darkness he so accurately knew the position of the staircase as to cover it successfully, I stopped down, and, getting on my hands and knees, crawled to the stair-head with all the speed I could command.

Instantaneously, with the first sound I made, came a shot that passed directly over my head, and then the boards groaned under the Styrian's weight as he dashed across the narrow room towards me, just missing my heels as I slid down the stairs, checking my too rapid descent by grasping the low hand-rail that on one side guarded them.

He fired again with the same result as before, then came thundering after me, but I had the start, and knew that if I could reach the secret door (which I had left open) was safe.

But even as I slipped through it, a sharp report and a stinging sensation in my right shoulder told me that I was hit, and I had barely drawn the door close behind me, when he fell against it with a crash that shook the whole place.

I heard him cursing and raging on the other side, completely baffled by my disappearance, and probably not aware that he had winged me.

Softly I slipped out at the door, and sped down the winding path at the top of my speed never drawing breath till I reached the nearest cottage, where lived a fisherman with his three stalwart sons, all soundly asleep, and with difficulty awakened.

"I have been shot at, and wounded by the man at Smuggler's Hole," I said, "you must come with me at once and secure him."

The blood that dripped from my coat sleeve corroborated my story plainly enough when the three joined me, but the emergency left no time for those explanations that I should have been puzzled to give, and no more was said till we arrived at the hut.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Mending Umbrellas.

The Louisville Courier-Journal says that two young men of that city, salesmen in a dry goods store, hired bicycles and took a spin into the country. When they were perhaps ten miles out, they decided to have a race. One of them got far ahead of the other, and, in dashing around a turn, ran into a pile of stones. The wheel was demolished, and the rider found himself lying among the spokes. An old woman, who happened to be passing, was met by this second rider. "My good woman," said he, "have you seen a young man riding a bicycle ahead?" "No," said the woman; "but I saw a young man up the road a spell ago who was sittin' on the ground mendin' umbrellas."

Feeling His Way.

"Excuse me, ma'am," said the tramp, "have you got any wood you want split?" "No."

His face brightened. "Any coal you need carried?" "None whatever."

A smile stole over his features as he went on. "Is there any work of any kind you could call on me for?" "No."

With intense relief he said: "Thank yer, missus, for them assurances, even if yer charity don't go furdur. Yours is the fust house that's let me git 'round to the question to-day. Have yer got any cold victuals?"

Fine, Russian-Made Gloves.

The bulk of fine gloves made in Russia are made from foal skins, an industry in which Russian workmen excel. They are generally cut and sewn by hand. Out of 500 skins 1,200 to 1,500 gloves of the best quality can be made.

TABERNACLE PULPIT.

"THE GENERATIONS" AS A SUBJECT FOR SUNDAY'S SERMON.

"One Generation Passeth Away and Another Cometh," Ecclesiastes 1: 4.—Twenty-First Anniversary of Dr. Talmage's Pastorate Remembered.

BROOKLYN, May 6.—This was a great day in the history of the Brooklyn Tabernacle. The figures in flowers back of the platform, 1869 and 1894, indicated Rev. Dr. Talmage's time of coming to Brooklyn, and the present celebration, and was introductory to the great meetings in honor of Dr. Talmage's pastorate to take place on the following Thursday and Friday, presided over by the mayor of the city and ex-secretary of the navy, Gen. Tracy, and to be participated in by senators and governors and prominent men from north, south, east and west.

The subject of the sermon to-day was "The Generations," the text being Ecclesiastes 1: 4: "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh."

According to the longevity of people in their particular century has a generation been called a hundred years, or fifty years, or thirty years. By common consent in our nineteenth century, a generation is fixed at twenty-five years.

The largest procession that ever moved is the procession of years, and the greatest army that ever marched is the army of generations. In each generation there are about nine full regiments of days. These 9,125 days in each generation march with wonderful precision. They never break ranks. They never grieve arms. They never pitch tents. They never halt. They are never off on furlough. They come out of the eternity past, and they move on toward the eternity future. They cross rivers without any bridge or boats. The six hundred immortals of the Crimea dashing into them cause no confusion. They move as rapidly at midnight as midnoon. Their haversacks are full of good bread and bitter aloes, clusters of richest vintage and bottles of agonizing tears. With a regular tread that no order of "double quick" can hasten, or obstacle can slacken, their tramp is on, and on, and on, and on, while mountains grumble and pyramids die. "One generation passeth, and another generation cometh."

This is my twenty-fifth anniversary sermon, 1869 and 1894. It is twenty-five years since I assumed the Brooklyn pastorate. A whole generation has passed. Three generations we have known: That which preceded our own, that which is now at the front, and the one coming on. We are at the heels of our predecessors, and our successors are at our heels. What a generation it was that preceded us! We who are now in the front regiment are the only ones competent to tell the new generation just now coming in sight who our predecessors were. Biography can not tell it. Autobiography can not tell it. Biographies are generally written by special friends of the departed, perhaps by wife, or son, or daughter, and they only tell the good things. The biographers of one of the first Presidents of the United States make no record of the President's account books, now in archives at the capitol, which I have seen, telling how much he lost or gained daily at the gaming table. The biographers of one of the early secretaries of the United States never described the scene that day witnessed when the secretary was carried dead drunk from the state department by his own home. Autobiography is written by the man himself, and no one would record for future times his own weaknesses and moral deficits. Those who keep diaries put down only things that read well. No man or woman that ever lived would dare to make full record of all the thoughts and words of a life time. We who saw and heard much of the generation marching just ahead of us, are far more able than any book to describe accurately to our successors who our predecessors were. Very much like ourselves, thank you. Human nature in them is very much like human nature in us. At one time of life they were very much like we are now. At the time they were in their teens they were very much like you who are in your twenties, and at the time they were in their twenties, they were very much like you who are in your twenties. Human nature got an awful twist under a fruit tree in Eden, and though the grace of God does much to straighten things, every new generation has the same twist, and the same work of straightening out has to be done over again.

A mother in the country districts expecting the neighbors at her table on some gala night had with her own hands arranged everything in taste, and as she was about to turn from it to receive her guests, saw her little child by accident upset a pitcher all over the white cloth, and soil everything, and the mother lifted her hand to slap the child, but she suddenly remembered the time when a little child herself in her father's house where they had always before been used to candles, on the purchase of a lamp which was a matter of rarity and pride, she took it in her hands, and dropped it crashing into pieces, and looking up in her father's face expecting chastisement heard only the words: "It is a sad loss, but never mind; you did not mean to do it." History repeats itself. Generations are wonderfully alike. Among that generation that is past, as is our own, and as it will be in the generation following us, those who succeeded, became the target, shot at by those who did not succeed. In those times, as in ours, a man's bitterest enemies were those whom he had befriended and helped. Hates, jealousies and revenges were just as lively in 1869 as in 1894. Hypocrisy

smiled and looked solemn then as now. There was just as much avarice among the apple barrels as now among the cotton bales, and among the wheelbarrows as among the locomotives. The tallow candles saw the same sins that are now found under the electric lights. Home-spun was just as proud as is the modern fashion plate. Twenty-five years—yea, twenty-five centuries—have not changed human nature a particle. I say this for the encouragement of those who think that our times monopolize all the abominations of the ages. One minute after Adam got outside of Paradise he was just like you, Oh, man! One step after Eve left the gate she was just like you, Oh, woman! All the faults and vices, are many times centenarians. Yea, the cities Sodom, Gomorrah, Pompeii, Herculaneum, Heliopolis and ancient Memphis were as much worse than our modern cities as you might expect, from the fact that the modern cities have somewhat yielded to the restraints of Christianity, while those ancient cities were not limited in their abominations.

Yea, that generation which passed off within the last twenty-five years had their bereavements, their temptations, their struggles, their disappointments, their successes, their failures, their gladnesses and their griefs, like these two generations now in sight, that in advance and that following. But the twenty-five years between 1869 and 1894—how much they saw! How much they discovered! How much they felt! Within that time have been performed the miracles of the telephone and the phonograph. From the observatories other worlds have been seen to leave in sight. Six Presidents of the United States have been inaugurated. Trans-Atlantic voyage abbreviated from ten days to five and a half. Chicago and New York once three days apart, now only twenty-four hours by the vestibule limited. Two additional railroads have been built to the Pacific. France has passed from monarchy to republicanism. Many of the cities have nearly doubled their populations. During that generation the chief surviving heroes of the civil war have gone into the encampment of the grave. The chief physicians, attorneys, orators, merchants have passed off the earth, or are in retirement waiting for transition. Other men in editorial chairs, in pulpits, in governor's mansions, in legislative, senatorial and congressional halls. There are not ten men or women on the earth now prominent who were prominent twenty-five years ago. The crew of this old ship of a world is all changed. Others at the helm, others on the "lookout" others climbing the ratlines. Time is a doctor who with potent anodyne has put an entire generation into sound sleep. Time, like another Cromwell, has roughly prodded Parliament, and with iconoclast driven nearly all the rulers except one Queen from their places. So far as I observed that generation, for the most part they did their best. Ghastly exceptions, but so far as I knew them, they did quite well, and many of them gloriously well. They were born at the right time, and they died at the right time. They left the world better than they found it. We are indebted to them for the fact that they prepared the way for our coming. 1894 reverently and gratefully salutes 1869. "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh."

There are fathers and mothers here whom I baptized in their infancy. There is not one person in this church's board of session or trustees who was here when I came. Here and there in this vast assembly is one person who heard my opening sermon in Brooklyn, but not more than one person in every five hundred now present. Of the seventeen persons who gave me a unanimous call when I came, only three, I believe, are living.

And as for us who are now at the front, having put the garland on the grave of the last generation, and having put the palm branch in the hand of the coming generation, we will cheer each other in the remaining onsets, and go into the shining gate somewhere about the same time, and greeted by the generation that has preceded us, we will have to wait only a little while to greet the generation that will come after us. And will not that be glorious? Three generations in heaven together. The grandfather, the son and the grandson; the grandmother, the daughter and the granddaughter. And so with wider range, and keener faculty we shall realize the full significance of the text: "One generation passeth away, and another generation cometh."

The Indians of Guiana have a curious system of numeration. They count by the hand and its four fingers. Thus, when they reach five, instead of saying so, they call it a "hand." Six is, therefore, a "hand and first finger," seven, a "hand and second finger," ten is "two hands," but twenty, instead of being "four hands," is a "man." Forty is "two men," and thus they go on by twenties. Forty-six is expressed as "two men, a hand and first finger."

A couple living near New London, Conn., were recently married without the sanctity of a marriage ceremony. A dominie met the couple one day on the road face to face and stopped to talk to them. "Why don't you get married according to law?" he asked. "Now," said he, turning to the woman, "you are willing to take this man for your husband?" "Yes," she replied. "And you are willing to take this woman for your wife?" turning to the man, who unsuspectingly said "Yes." "Then," said he, "by the authority vested in me by the state of Connecticut, I pronounce you man and wife."

The sixth of slender makes even a scaven-ger sick

A Spanish Millionaire. A Spaniard, a millionaire, is at present working as an ordinary paid workman in a soap factory at Berlin. He possesses the largest soap manufactory at Madrid. He wishes personally to learn the difference between the German and French modes of making soap.

Costly Diamonds. In the recent fire at Duncombe Park Lady Feversham lost her diamonds, which were valued at £10,000. Under the direction of the insurance company the ruins were most carefully examined where Lady Feversham's boudoir was, with the result that half the diamonds have been recovered.

Great effects come of industry and perseverance; for audacity doth almost blind and mate the weaker sort of minds.

The star sapphire shows in its depths a white star with five rays.

There is no place like home, yet many men are perfectly at home down town.



Clarence D. Crockett Murfreesboro, Tenn.

Almost Blind

Blood Purified, and Sight Restored by Hood's Sarsaparilla.

"Three years ago, Clarence, three years old, was taken with scrofula on the head which gradually spread until it got into his eyes and he became almost blind. His head and neck were one mass of corruption, and we thought he would lose his eyesight."

It was then that we commenced to use Hood's Sarsaparilla, and in less than three weeks his eyes began to improve. In a short time the sore took on a healthy appearance and gradually healed and now are all gone, and Clarence is a bright and healthy child." D. M. CROCKETT, Jr., Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

is a bright and healthy child." D. M. CROCKETT, Jr., Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

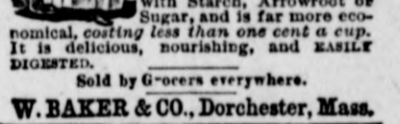
Hood's Pills cure Constipation by restoring the peristaltic action of the alimentary canal.

Unlike the Dutch Process

No Alkalies or Other Chemicals are used in the preparation of W. BAKER & CO.'S Breakfast Cocoa

which is absolutely pure and soluble. It has more than three times the strength of Cocoa mixed with Starch. Arrowroot or Sugar, and is far more economical, costing less than one cent a cup. It is delicious, nourishing, and EARLY DIGESTED.

Sold by Grocers everywhere. W. BAKER & CO., Dorchester, Mass.



Davis International Hand Cream Soap. Every 200 lbs. to 300 lbs. capacity. Every Separator guaranteed first class, send for circular. Agents wanted. Address, Davis & Rankin, Bldg. & Mfg. Co., Chicago, Illinois.

ELY'S CREAM BALM CURES CATARRH

PRICE 50 CENTS. ALL DRUGGISTS.

W. L. DOUGLAS'S SHOES equal custom work, costing from \$4 to \$6, best value for the money in the world. Name and price stamped on the bottom. Every pair warranted. Take no substitutes. See local papers for full description of our complete lines for ladies and gentlemen or send for Illustrated Catalogue giving instructions how to order by mail. Postage free. You can get the best bargains of dealers who push our shoes.

MY WIFE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT AND I PAY FREIGHT.

Buy our 3 drawer walnut or oak iron safe. Approved High Arm Heavy-duty machine all fully finished, nickel plated, adapted to light and heavy work, guaranteed for 10 years, with automatic safety. Window, Self-Threading Cylinder Shuttles, Self-Setting Needles and a complete set of Steel Attachments. Price not more than 50 Days' Trial. No money required in advance. Thousands in use. Write for Send money for machine or take free trial. Buy from factory and save dealer's and agent's profits. Catalogue, testimonials and list of agents free. FREE Cat This Out and send money for machine or take free trial. OFFICE: W. L. DOUGLAS, BROOKLYN, N. Y.

WALL PAPER

By sending 50c in stamps for our samples you can make satisfactory selections from the largest and most complete stock in the west or south. We can also mail you a circular which describes and gives cost of Parquet or Wood Carpeting.

NEWCOMB BROS. WALL PAPER CO., St. Louis, Mo.

EAT SCOTCH OATS FOR BREAKFAST

WANTED SALESMEN on salary \$1000 to \$1500 per month. California, \$1200 per month. To receive full particulars, send to PAN FINANCIAL CO., 1100 W. 12th St., San Francisco, Cal.

I Was Self-Defense.
Mr. T. M. Bridwell of Atlanta, Ga., had a high-strung horse, which became ill the other day, and it was necessary to bleed him. Naturally the horse, not seeing the necessity, resisted the operation, and his owner lost his temper and struck him a cruel blow. The horse struck back, kicking Mr. Bridwell in the abdomen. At first the thing was not thought to be serious, but in a short time Mr. Bridwell was taken with severe pains, and died the next day. If the horse should be indicted for murder he could certainly plead self-defense.

"Man wants but little here below," but it seems somebody else has it.
Some can ride a hobby with as much cruelty of spirit as others a war horse.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many, who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adopting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, and the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.

WE WILL MAIL POSTCARD
A Fine Panel Picture, entitled "MEDITATION"
In exchange for 15 Large Lion Heads, cut from Lion Coffee wrappers, and a 2-cent stamp to pay postage. Write for list of our other fine premiums, including books, a knife, pens, etc.
WOOLSON SPICE CO.,
450 HARRIS ST., TOLEDO, OHIO

A Five-Dollar Wife.
A New York paper tells a story of a sale of a wife, which took place not far from Carthage, in that state, a few days since. Mrs. Joseph Kipp is a very comely young woman and has been for a long time the admiration of all the neighboring woodmen. Kipp watched the attentions paid his wife with a careful eye, particularly when one of his fellow-workmen, a Frenchman named John Burall, was around. The Frenchman's love grew beyond his control, and at last he became bold enough to tell Joe of it, and to ask him to put a price on his wife. Joe declined to sell, but the Frenchman continued his importunities, and began to plead his cause. Kipp finally gave way, and while intimating that his wife was the dearest creature on earth, offered to part with her and all their household furniture for \$5. Burall, quickly pushed the money into Kipp's face, and a few minutes later Albert Droppo, justice of the peace, drew up a bill of sale, and Mrs. Kipp and Mr. Burall were happy. Kipp left soon afterward for Syracuse.

Electric Locomotives.
The Paris-Lyons Railway company has followed the recent lead of the Paris-Havre company and initiated the use of electric locomotives for running its trains. The former company has decided to abandon entirely steam as a motive power. The express trains of the Lyons company to Nice are now run by electric engines. One novel feature of the engines is that the entire fore part is wedged shaped.

A Man and Monkey.
A man living in Hastings, B. C., taught a pet monkey to drink a gin and beer, half-and-half, every morning before breakfast. Strange as it may seem the anthropoid acquired a liking for the beverage and when it was stopped the monkey took revenge on the man by biting off one of his ears. One thing led to another until the monkey was dead and the man so badly off that two doctors were called in.

Most Expert Dyers.
The Tyrians were the most expert dyers of ancient times. The fabrics dyed with the famous Tyrian purple did not assume their proper color until after two days' exposure to light and air. During this time they passed through a gradation of shades yellow, green, blue, violet and red, which the dyers understood how to arrest and fix at any moment.

Royalty's Ways.
The three or four weeks old Crown Prince of Bulgaria has been made Prince of Tirnowo, Duke de Saxe, knight of two orders and honorary chief of the fourth infantry, the fourth cavalry and the third artillery regiments.

FAMILY TRADITION COUNTS

A Dominant Force in the Politics and Society of Little Delaware.
No resident of a great state can easily guess the feeling of local loyalty and of almost clannish pride common throughout the tiny commonwealth of Delaware, says the New York Sun. When Wilmington is left out of account, the remainder of the state is peopled chiefly by a rural community, native to the soil and descended from ancestors often settled for two centuries within the bounds of the state. There are many families still holding lands under seventeenth century patents, lands that have descended from father to son all those years without the passage of title deeds. Little only a few years since a Delawarean about to remove to the West sold a piece of land that his ancestors had purchased from an Indian chief, as the representative of his tribe. Long descent in Delaware is confined to no self-constituted upper class, but is the boast of all sorts of people. There are many ancient churches in Delaware, and probably everyone includes within its congregation some families descended from those that took part in organizing the church. Rural communities throughout the state are curiously immobile. Surnames are few, and the region from which a man comes is easily guessed from his last name.

Family traditions are jealously treasured, and family traits reappear generation after generation. There is a numerous family in the northern county famous from the fact that nearly all its male members have red heads and heavy red beards. The characteristic is said to belong even to distant branches of the family in the West. Long descent, though so common, is highly prized, and even where a family is sunk into disrepute the fact of a respectable ancestry is held to make its members a little better than just every-day newcomers whose conduct is no worse. Neighbors in Delaware have tenacious memories, and old family scandals are whispered about for generations. An old gentleman of blameless life and excellent name never dared to become a candidate for public office because it was recalled that he had been born out of wedlock. Genealogies are carried in the heads of hundreds and old ladies often know the intricate family relationships of half the community. According to tradition, the Du Ponts, who have been making powder for a century, used to remember with satisfaction that an early Bayard had been a hatter. Every community has local traditions of this sort and every man lives with the knowledge that his family history is known to all who have good memories.

ORIENTAL METAL WORKERS.

Almost Without Tools, They Easily Distance Their Occidental Competitors.
It is one of the unexplained mysteries of Asia, says the London Spectator, that the achievements of its best metal workers, so long as their work is useless, should be so completely beyond rivalry. We can understand this as regards the setting of precious stones, for the instinct of the southern Asiatic living in bright sunlight is to blend the bright colors he works in till they do not hurt the eye. Consequently the enamel of Jeypore, though he uses flasks of ruby and emerald, produces a surface which looks, even in sunlight, absolutely cool. But what helps him or a Japanese, or even a Turk, if a sultana has given the order, to make a gold or silver ornament which the West can only gaze at in defeated admiration, is still a problem not completely solved. The Asiatic does not know anything particular about gold and silver; he has no tools except pincers and hammer, and he has not the power of producing intense heat, yet he will do things with metals which his European brother cannot do with all his appliances and skill. No doubt, if he is a hereditary workman, something has passed into his fingers which cannot be acquired by a new competitor, and he has the advantage of remembering patterns originally designed by the men of genius, who are apt, at intervals perhaps of centuries, to crop up in the artist families; but is that the whole of the matter? We doubt it greatly, and believe there is an Asiatic "taste" or instinct for the beautiful, which is as true in its way as the instinct of an Athenian sculptor or a Florentine wielder of the brush. It takes a different direction—we see that most perfectly when we compare the Alhambra with the Gothic cathedral—and it seems liable to strange long pauses, like the one said to have been recently observable in Japanese art; but it is real, it is original and we can see no reason, save want of demand, why it should ever die out. If that is true—and it must be true, more or less—and Europe can ever use the Asiatic fingers without taking the skill out of them in the collision of tastes between two races, the jeweler of Birmingham may justifiably begin to tremble. Machinery will not help him much and the "superior energy" of the British workman will not help him at all. Energy is not the quality wanted to produce a necklet or ring. What is wanted is a gift which the Asiatic workman in thousands did once possess and may display again, and the power of so utilizing the gift that it may manifest itself even when the designs are not stereotyped in the mind, but have been freshly taken in.

A cotton vest made from a piece of cloth woven 114 years ago is owned by John B. Perry of Dawson, Ga. The cotton was woven by Mr. Perry's great-grandmother.

Anaesthetics.
The introduction of anaesthetics marked a great era in the progress of surgery. Before the effects of chloroform and ether were known it was the great object of the surgeon to operate rapidly, so as to keep the patient in pain as little time as possible. No time was wasted in deliberation, and the knife and saw were used without stopping to check the flow of blood. But that has all been changed. Now the patient breathes in the vapor of an anaesthetic for a few minutes, and sinking into a deep sleep, lies a motionless, unconscious body, upon which the operator can work carefully and deliberately. He knows that he is causing no pain, and can take all the time necessary to make the careful explorations and carry out the numerous precautions which are now known to be necessary to secure the best results.

His First Ambition.
The first ambition of every Chinaman is to have a splendid coffin. A poor man will starve himself for years to have one. It is always received with great ceremony on its arrival at the house, and is regarded as the most valuable piece of furniture in the establishment. It is kept in the place of honor. No one is ever buried till there is ready money enough in the house to do so without the family running into debt. There are many strange customs connected with the funeral rites. One of these is the burning at the tomb of paper horses, idols, umbrellas and clothes. These are supposed to be necessary and useful to the man when he gets to heaven. By being burned they undergo some material resurrection and meet him there.

Did You Ever Meet a Truly Good Man?
No doubt you think you have, but will wager a dime or so he did not have the rheumatism. If he did, he swore occasionally, and so on man can be truly good who swears occasionally. Health, nerve tranquility and morality are apt to go hand in hand. Painful spasmodic diseases like rheumatism and neuralgia ruin the temper, make one morose, peevish and rebellious. This is a sad fact, but it is none the less true. Drive away the pain, mollify the temper, restore tranquility of mind in cases of rheumatism and neuralgia with Hostetter's stomach Bitters, an anodyne and tonic of comprehensive range and effect. It healthily stimulates the kidneys, bladder, stomach, liver and bowels when inactive, and induces sleep and appetite. A very quieting effect, not an unnatural stupefying one like that of an opiate, is produced by a wine glassful before retiring. It is incomparable in malarial disease.

One thing is clear to me that no indulgence of passion destroys the spiritual nature so much as respectable selfishness.

E. B. WALTHALL & CO., Druggist, Horse Cave, Ky., say: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cures every one that takes it." Sold by Druggists, 75c.

The stroke of disaster is frequently a blessing in disguise.

In 1850 "Brown's Respiratory Troches" were introduced, and their success as a cure for Coughs, Asthma, and Bronchitis has been unparalleled.

Under the freest constitution ignorant people are still slaves.

BRECHAM'S PILLS, the certain cure for biliousness and sick headache, are pleasantly coated and nice to take. Price, 25 cents.

It is hard to be a friend to a man who is an enemy to himself.

Cheap Rates to Memphis, Tenn., via Cotton Belt Route, May 10th and 11th.

Account of meeting of the Epworth League and General Conference M. E. Church, South, which are held in Memphis, Tenn., in May, the "Cotton Belt Route" will sell round trip tickets to Memphis, Tenn., and return at one lowest first-class fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale May 10th and 11th, 1894. Limited good to return to May 21st. For this occasion free Reclining Chair Cars and Sleepers will be run from Ft. Worth and Waco through to Memphis without change. For further information address, S. G. WARNER, G. F. A. TYLER, Tex.

A. A. GLISSON, T. P. A., Ft. Worth, Tex.

We hand folks over to God's mercy, and show none ourselves.

"Hanson's Magic Corn Salve." Warranted to cure or money refunded. Ask your druggist for it. Price 15 cents.

A man can get religion, but he can't stay mean and keep it.

Shiloh's Consumption Cure Is sold on a guarantee. It cures Chronic Consumption. It is the best Cough Cure. 25c, 50c, & \$1.00.

The actions of men are the best interpreters of their thoughts.

Highest of all in leavening strength.—Latest U. S. Gov. Food Report

Royal Baking Powder
ABSOLUTELY PURE

Economy requires that in every receipt calling for baking powder the Royal shall be used. It will go further and make the food lighter, sweeter, of finer flavor, more digestible and wholesome.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 WALL ST., NEW YORK.

A Fortune Teller Told Him.

It is not often that people come into fortunes through the assistance of fortune tellers, but Nelson Chance of Auburn, Me., says that he did. Some two months ago the clairvoyant told him that there was a great fortune awaiting him, and that he had better find his half-brother. He looked up that missing relative, Wm. T. Phelps of Boston, and told him what the fortune teller had said. They began to look up their relatives, and found that two uncles had died in California leaving between them a fortune of \$5,000,000, which was in the custody of his legal heirs, and have instituted proceedings to recover the money.

Sunday More Respected.

It seems that the Sunday night entertainments, recently so popular in London, are beginning to pall upon those for whom they were intended. Out of five clubs which used to give orchestral or other concerts on Sunday nights in the west end only one remains. The Sunday discussions upon theatrical matters are also, it is alleged, not nearly so well supported as the Thursday night smoking concerts. The chief difficulty in the organizing and developing of Sunday concerts and entertainments lies in the fact that the vast majority of Londoners live in the suburbs, and prefer their family circle and their home to a journey to town on Sunday evening.

A New Roof.

Anyone may easily calculate for himself how many shingles are needed to cover a given space. As a rule, 100 shingles laid with four inches exposed to the weather will cover 100 square feet of surface and five pounds of shingles will fasten them on. With a foot-rule and five minutes' figuring anybody can ascertain the expense of a new roof.

Pshaw!

In a somewhat speculative conclusion of a recent paper Mr. Preece mentioned the effects of an aurora on telephone circuits and stated that it was not a wild dream to say that we may hear on this earth a thunder storm in the sun.

Learn what you can do, and do it with all the energy at your command.

Mer 200th Voyage.

The ship Britannic recently completed her 20th round voyage and 40th passage across the Atlantic. This means she has traveled a distance of nearly 1,500,000 statute miles with her original engines and boilers, an achievement probably without parallel in the history of steam navigation.

HOUSEHOLD TREASURE.

Growing Popularity of the Oxford Sewing Machines.
There is nothing more truly a household treasure than a good sewing machine. To be without it is to be willfully deprived of the immense advantage of the greatest of all inventions. A machine once bought is a perpetual treasure. It demands no wages, occasions no expense or trouble, and is always ready without a moment's notice to render the work of the laborious housewife tenfold more efficient and expeditious. Some machines combine the best ideas and suggestions which have been so abundantly introduced in this remarkable mechanism.

A machine which exhibits in liberal combination all the best features introduced as the Oxford Sewing Machine, made by the Oxford Manufacturing Company, Chicago, with lock-stitch, shuttle running light and quiet. These machines have the following important features: Cheapness, perfect, self-adjusting and graduated tension, are under control of the operator and are always positive in their working. They are entirely self-threading in all points, including the shuttle. The needle is self-setting, the attachments are quickly and easily placed and fastened. The shuttle has an easy oscillating motion, causing it to keep its proper place against the race. Their Oxford, No. 14 and Columbia machines, with attachments, were awarded the medal premium at the World's Columbian Exposition, Chicago.

There are 1000 ways of being a fool, and they are all easy to find.

Colorado Gold Mines.
If you wish to know all about the late wonderful strikes, send fifty cents for a year's subscription to the Gold Miner, Denver, Colo.

It takes a strong-minded person to get back on his own mistakes.

Dr. J. A. Hunter, Specialist.
In diseases of the Throat, Lungs and Heart, Catarrh and Deafness, 31 Main street, Dallas, Tex. Send for pamphlets.

People who cross a bridge before they get to it always pay high toll.

Pathos, poverty, trouble and strife; how along, dir along, sich is life!



If the following letters had been written by your best known and most esteemed neighbors they could be no more worthy of your confidence than they now are, coming, as they do, from well known, intelligent, and trustworthy citizens, who, in their own neighborhoods, enjoy the fullest confidence and respect of all who know them. The subject of the above portrait is a well known and much respected lady, Mrs. John G. Foster, residing at No. 33 Chapin Street, Canandaigua, N. Y. She writes to Dr. R. V. Pierce, Chief Consulting Physician to the Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute at Buffalo, N. Y., as follows: "I was troubled with eczema, or salt-rheum, seven years. I doctored with a number of our home physicians and received no benefit whatever. I also took treatment from physicians in Rochester, New York, Philadelphia, Jersey City, Binghamton, and received no benefit from them. In fact I have paid out hundreds of dollars to the doctors without benefit. My brother came to visit us from the West and he told me to try Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. He had taken it and it had cured him. I have taken ten bottles of the 'Discovery,' and am entirely cured, and if there should be any one wishing an information I would gladly correspond with them, if they enclose return stamped envelope."

For a while I saw no change or benefit from taking the 'Discovery,' but I persisted in its use, keeping my bowels open by taking Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets, and taking as much outdoor exercise as was possible, until I began to gain in flesh, and gradually the disease released its hold. I took during the year somewhere from fifteen to eighteen bottles of the 'Discovery.' It has now been four years since I first used it, and though not using scarcely any since the first year, my health continues good. My average weight being 155 to 160 pounds, instead of 130, as it was when I began the use of the 'Discovery.' Many persons have benefited me of my improved appearance. Some say I look younger than I did six years ago when I was married. I am now forty-eight years old, and stronger, and enjoy better health than I have ever done before in my life." Yours truly,

J. A. Buxton

Thousands bear testimony, in equally strong terms, to the efficacy of this wonderful remedy in curing the most obstinate diseases. It rouses every organ into healthy action, purifies, vitalizes and enriches the blood, and, through it, cleanses and renews the whole system. All blood, skin, and scalp diseases, from a common blotch, or eruption, to the worst scurf, are cured by it. For tetter, salt-rheum, eczema, erysipelas, boils, carbuncles, galls, or thick neck, and enlarged glands and swellings, it is an unequalled remedy. Virulent, contagious, blood-poison is robbed of its terrors by the "Discovery," and by its purifying use the most fetid system renovated and built up anew. A Book on Diseases of the Skin, with colored plates, illustrating the various eruptions, mailed by the World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y., on receipt of six cents for postage. Or, a Book on Scrofulous Diseases, as Hip-Joint Disease, "Pever Sores," "White Swellings," "Old Sores," or Ulcers, mailed for same amount in stamps.

Sure Cure for Sprain, Bruise or Hurt!
Use **ST. JACOBS OIL**
You'll Use it Always for a Like Mishap.

MORE HEALTH WEALTH COMFORT LESS WORRY WORK WEAR.

FOR ALL WOMEN WHO USE CLAIRETTE SOAP.
SOLD EVERYWHERE
MADE BY THE N.K. FAIRBANK COMPANY, ST. LOUIS.

FREE! Madame FACE BLEACH
Ruppert's
MRS. A. RUPPERT, 6 E. 14th St., N.Y. City

HUNIK & BOSSO,
Machinery Supplies
MACHINERY

WORN NIGHT AND DAY.
HEALTHY TRUSS
MARRIED LADIES

PILLS CURED FOR
W. N. U. DALLAS, 10-24
When Answering Advertisements Kindly Mention the Page.

The Baird Star.

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

Subscription Rates.

One year \$1.00
Six months 75 cts
No subscriptions received for less than 6 months.

Payable in advance.

W. E. GILLILAND, Editor and Proprietor

BAIRD, FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1894.

Every Pop is a prophet of ill-o-men.

The Pop cryeth woe! woe! and casteth dust upon his head, and refuseth to be comforted, because he is afar off from the flesh pots over which the wicked Democrats and Republicans preside.

The Democratic Executive Committee will meet to-morrow, and there is no doubt, so far as we have been able to learn, but what they will order a primary election to nominate a county ticket. The committee should not pay any attention to what the Pops propose to do. One thing certain, the Pops will not do anything that they think will benefit the Democrats.

It is amusing to see how serious a Populist becomes when one speaks of Coxe's movement. The Pop will shake his head ominously as he makes us of such as follows: "I tell you this is a serious business, no man can tell where it will end! It looks like a revolution," and so on, as long as one will listen to this prediction of the woes and disaster that is at hand. Fact is Populism would die a natural death if it was deprived of the pleasure of making dark and gloomy pictures for the future.

From present indications, this year will mark the beginning of the end of Populism in Texas. The Pops are making a great racket about continued accessions to their ranks, but when it is sifted down, nine times out of ten it will be found that they have no grounds for such extravagant claims. They are depending on many Democrats being so disgusted with the National administration that they will either not vote at all or support the Populist ticket. The Pops will fine out their mistake when the election comes around. Very few Democrats will go over to the Pops and support their wild and visionary schemes, no matter how much they dislike President Cleveland.

Capt. Trent made a short talk in the Populist convention last Saturday in favor of Lee McCammon's resolution declaring for county nominations. The Captain told an anecdote to illustrate his point, and applied it by saying he wanted to see if the Democrats could run. The Captain was anxious to see if the Democrats could run in this county two years ago, and he was more than gratified—in fact he was utterly disgusted the way the Democrats ran away from the county Populist ticket. The Captain will be gratified this year. The Democrats will put a ticket in the field and we advise him to take a good look at the racers when they start, for his party will be so far behind the winners when they come under the wire that he cannot see them. Let the band play; the ball is open.

The Populist in their convention last Saturday adroitly squelched Lee McCammon's resolution which declared for county nominations, while every delegate was heartily in favor of it. The idea was to steer clear of any expression either way, and they did it most skillfully. The Pop idea is to let the Democrats nominate first and then they will raise the howl and cry that the Democrats forced them to nominate. The people of this county know that the Populist are responsible for drawing party lines, and they cannot handicap the Democrats by any such by-plays as this. If they were sure they could elect their ticket, all this twaddle would cease and they would do as they did two years ago, nominate a ticket and say be ——— to the Democrats. They are very considerate now, after twice secretly and once openly trying to elect a Populist county ticket. This repentance is not sincere and the people know it. The Populist have drawn the lines and the Democrats will keep up the fight until all organized opposition ceases.

The Dallas News quotes the following from the Cincinnati Southwest: The representative papers of Texas are the San Antonio Express, The

Galveston News and The Dallas News, and they are with Mr. Cleveland on the financial question. They declare boldly that the people of Texas are with the president, and that while the honest money men do not make so much noise they outnumber the other faction in voting strength by a large majority.

The idea that the above named papers represent the people of Texas on the financial question is too ludicrous to even mention, much less try to refute. All the papers named adhered to the Clark faction, and in spite of the assistance of the Republicans who indorsed Clark, Gov. Hogg, the regular Democratic nominee, defeated him by more than 50,000 plurality. The Express and News do not represent one-third of the Democracy of Texas, on the financial question, and they know it.

THE POPULIST CONVENTION.

The Callahan county Populist met in convention at the court house, in Baird, last Saturday. There were fifty-five delegates present; all from the county; not a single Pop to represent the county capitol. Two years ago there was one Populist in Baird and he was made chairman, but doubtless becoming lonesome and disgusted at the unequal struggle, he gave up the fight and moved away. The convention was a very tame affair and, for a wonder, there was not a single speech on the financial question.

Who ever before heard of fifty-five Populist coming together in a convention and remain there three or four hours without anyone making a speech? This is the most remarkable thing about the whole proceedings. During a lull in the business, while the committee on credentials was out, we thought sure we were going to have a speech, but narry a speech. The Star man became impatient and called on one of the leading Populist to make a few remarks on finance, so that we might feel that we were really in a Populist convention, but blamed if he would open his head, notwithstanding we offered to report his speech verbatim ad libitum. He said he had nothing to say for publication.

The convention was called to order promptly at 11 a. m., by C. Cummins, county chairman, who stated the object of the convention, which was to elect five delegates each to the state, congressional, senatorial and representative conventions.

The chair then appointed a committee of three, viz: J. H. Breeding, C. J. Oglesby and W. A. Jones on credentials.

The chair ruled a motion to appoint a committee on resolutions out of order until convention was organized.

The committee on credentials reported as follows:

We, your committee on credentials, find the following credentials to be correct:

Precinct No. 1, Baird, not represented.

No. 2, Belle Plaine, N. L. Gist, J. H. Shafer, J. I. Rawson, Will Hailey.

No. 3, Cottonwood, D. A. Ivey, F. M. Miller, C. J. Wilson, R. W. Bennett, J. M. Reed, J. E. Shipman, J. M. Shelton, B. E. Higgins, J. H. Breeding, J. W. Carden, W. J. F. Brown, John Holley.

No. 4, Tecumseh and Rough Creek, John Trent, N. M. Dudley, R. E. Martin, F. X. Prew.

No. 5, Clyde, L. L. Johnson, J. D. Crutchfield, Charley Jones, J. M. King, P. E. Smith.

No. 6, Cross Plains, J. D. Moore, E. F. Bond, Will Moore, Samps Moore, P. Smith, Foster Bond, J. D. Bryson, W. A. Jones, J. H. House.

No. 7, Callahan City, H. Burnett, Andy Jackson, J. B. Eastham, H. M. Frazier, J. B. Wright.

No. 8, Putnam, R. T. Short, John Surlis, Sr., J. B. Short, L. R. Clemmer, F. J. Short, J. R. Whitesides, C. A. Clemmer.

No. 9, Harts, Kuy Eubank, J. L. Pate, W. L. Sandlin.

No. 10, Pecan, M. F. Aycock, Lee McCammon, C. A. Merrick, J. T. Umphrey.

No. 11, Caddo Peak, 3 delegates; C. J. Oglesby, C. W. Gillett.

C. Cummins was elected temporary chairman and C. J. Wilson temporary secretary.

Committee on permanent organization, Lee McCammon, John Trent, H. Burnett.

Committee on resolutions, H. B. Eubank, C. A. Clemmer, D. A. Ivey.

Report of committee on permanent organization: To Hon. C. Cummins, chairman. We, your committee on permanent organization, beg leave to make the following report: C. Cummins for permanent chairman and C. J. Wilson permanent secretary. As order of business we recommend that we elect five delegates to state

convention. We also recommend that delegates to state convention be delegates to congressional convention. Recommended that five delegates be sent to state senatorial and representative convention.

JOHN TRENT,
LEE McCAMMON,
H. BURNETT.

Motion to elect delegates by ballot, lost. Convention elected delegates by rising vote.

Delegates to state and congressional convention: John Surlis, Sr., H. B. Eubank, H. Burnett, John Trent, C. Cummins.

A hitch in the proceedings came right here. Some of the proposed delegates asked to be excused on account of the expense.

Report of committee on resolutions: We, your committee on resolutions, beg leave to make the following report:

FIRST—That we re-affirm the People's Party platform, adopted at Omaha, Nebraska, on July 4, 1892, and also the state platform adopted at Dallas in 1892.

SECOND—That we recommend that the calling of a county primary be left to the county chairman and executive committee, to be decided in the future. Respectfully submitted,

H. B. EUBANK,
D. A. IVEY,
C. A. CLEMMER.

Senatorial and representative convention:

Delegates nominated: C. J. Wilson, J. K. P. Wright, Eli Cummins, R. T. Short, J. S. Burnham, A. J. Rucker, J. T. Umphrey, Lee McCammon, J. I. Rawson. First five delegates elected. Lee McCammon offered a resolution as follows:

RESOLVED, That we favor the nomination of a full county ticket, from, constable up, by primary election.

John Trent favored the resolution. C. J. Wilson opposed the resolution on the ground that primary elections were too expensive.

Moved that the resolution be tabled. Tabled by a vote of 41 to nothing.

Moved that the delegates to the state convention be instructed to cast their vote as a unit for Thos. L. Nugent for governor. Carried unanimously.

Instructed for H. E. McCulloch for treasurer, unanimously.

Moved that the 18th congressional convention be held at Waco; carried.

Kuy Eubank moved that the delegates be instructed to vote for Marion Martin for Lieutenant governor; carried.

Moved that delegates to the representative convention be instructed to cast their vote for J. W. DeSpain, of Moran, carried.

Charley Wilson offered the following resolution:

RESOLVED, That having heard that the management of the Advance and Mercur's publishing company have locked out and discharged Union printers in their employ, and have in their employ scab or rat labor, at wages that are not sufficient to keep men in decency, therefore, be it

RESOLVED, That we bitterly condemn the said management for said locking out of said printers.

Opposed by Eli Cummins. Tabled. Adjourned sine die.

EXPORTS OF PRODUCE.

The exports of produce from the United States during March included nearly 16 million dollars in provisions, nearly 14 millions in cotton, 3 1-2 millions in petroleum, and 12 1-2 in breadstuffs. The total of these four items was 45 1-2 millions, against a little more than 44 millions for March of last year, a gain of 5 millions in the exports of cattle and provisions more than making amends for a decrease of 1 1-2 millions in cotton and 1 3-4 millions in breadstuffs. The exports of cotton for seven months and of the three other items for the first nine months of fiscal year amount to 445 millions, being a gain of nearly nine millions over the figures for the corresponding time one year previously. The totals for the longer time show a gain of 25 millions in cotton, with a loss of 19 million in breadstuffs and a gain of 2 1-2 millions in cattle and provisions.—Chicago Drover's Journal.

The Coxe Army, Oh!

We are a band of gallant soldiers,
With a strong distaste for toll,
And we're marching on to Washington,
To demand our share of the soil;
We'll redistribute the country's wealth
From Maine to Mexico,
For the man who trampas formed in camps
For Coxe's army, oh!
We're going to down the plutocrats
And twist monopoly's tail,
And every gold bug on the earth
We're going to put in jail;
We'll make them work upon the roads,
And while they wait with woe,
They'll rue the day they came in the way
Of Coxe's army, oh!
—Indianapolis Journal.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

PHYSICIANS.

R. G. POWELL.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office fourth door south of the Bank.
Baird, Texas.

D. J. WILSON.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Local Surgeon for T. and P.;
Also City and County Physician.
All professions calls promptly answered.
OFFICE AT REAR OF FLYNN'S SADDLE SHOP.

E. R. SARTOR.

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Calls promptly attended day or night, in city or country.
Office, East side Market Street,
Opposite T. E. Powell's store.
BAIRD, TEXAS.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

W. H. CLIETT,
Attorney-at-Law,

BAIRD, TEXAS.

Practices in all our State
221-y and Federal Courts.

BOOT AND SHOEMAKING.

MARTIN BARNHILL.

Boot and Shoemaker.

Repairing Promptly and Neatly Executed.

Prices to Suit the Times.

Market Street, [6] Baird, Texas.

PAINTERS.



J. H. HOFFMANN,
PAPER HANGING AND HOUSE
PAINTING, ETC.

TRAVEL IN COMFORT

BY TAKING ADVANTAGE
OF THE
SUPERIOR TRAIN SERVICE

ELEGANT EQUIPMENT AND FAST TIME
—VIA THE—



THE SHORT LINE
To New Orleans, Memphis
and points in the
SOUTHEAST.

Take "The St. Louis Limited,"
12 hours saved between
Texas and St. Louis.
and the East.

The direct line to all points in
Mexico, New Mexico, Arizona,
Oregon and Cal.

THE ONLY LINE OPERATING
Pullman Tourist Sleepers
FROM TEXAS TO CALIFORNIA.
Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars

TO—
ST. LOUIS, LITTLE ROCK, SHREVEPORT,
NEW ORLEANS, DENVER, EL
PASO, LOS ANGELES AND
SAN FRANCISCO.

Lowest ticket rates, time tables and all desired information will be furnished by any of the ticket agents of the Texas & Pacific Ry. or W. A. DASHIELL, GASTON MESLER, Trav. Pass. Agt. Gen. Pass. & Ticket Ast. L. S. THORNE, 3d Vice President and General Manager. DALLAS, TEXAS. F. S. GAGE, Agent, Baird, Texas.

WANTED.
An active agent in each county in United States, to solicit subscriptions for the Twice-a-week Republic. A liberal commission will be paid to hustlers. Address, Superintendent Circulation, THE REPUBLIC, St. Louis, Mo.

You Must Have One!

Be sure and don't let next Sunday find you without a new suit on. They are new and nobby, and no one can afford to buy elsewhere. They range in price from \$7.50 to \$20. A fine line of pants are also shown. We are also head quarters for Boys suits.

Don't Listen to That Old Song:

"Get a Carpet Next Year." It will not do to let rich ideas deprive you of the comforts at present. You can buy straw matting, oil cloth and carpets at almost nothing from us.

We carry the finest line of window shades to be had, and the latest designs. Ask to see our new line of shoes. They are for sale at low prices.

Order you a new Brussels Carpet while they are cheap.

B. L. BOYDSTUN.

Groceries

DID YOU SAY?

WELL, we have them. Any and everything you want in that line, and as cheap as can be bought for cash anywhere in West Texas.

FURNITURE!

Yes, we have a line of that too, and furthermore, it is for sale. If you don't think so get our bottom figures before you buy.

Wagons and Farming Implements.

We carry everything in that line. When you want anything in our line give us a call.

FREE DELIVERY.

VAUGHN & CO.

GREETING FOR THE SEASON.

1 Of the greatest blessings to men is a good dinner.
After he has that there is other things to wish for.

8 Men out of ten will tell you that their home is a happy one if their food is pure and wholesome.

9 Women out of ten will tell you that they keep their husbands in a good humor by giving them good meals of fresh, wholesome food.

4 Things you should remember are, that I carry only the purest and freshest Groceries, that my prices are very low, that my stock is always replete and that my clerks are always polite and attentive.

Yours for Trade,

D. W. WRISTEN.

Do You Carry Insurance?

J. H. PETERS,
General Insurance Agent
and Notary Public.
Over \$125,000,000 Capital Represented.

The Mutual Reserve Fund Life Association of New York, Capital..... \$48,000,000 00
Liverpool and London and Globe..... 45,000,000 00
Hartford, of Hartford..... 7,000,000 00
Northwestern National..... 1,700,000 00
Mechanic and Traders..... 700,000 00
Home, of New Orleans..... 400,000 00
Aurora, of Texas..... 300,000 00
Concordia..... 400,000 00

New York Plate Glass, Standard Accident,
Aetna Livestock, of Glen's Falls, New York.

Office, with Vaughn & Co., BAIRD, TEXAS.

H. N. EDWARDS, R. C. DUDLEY.

EDWARDS & DUDLEY,

(Successors to W. R. McDermott.)

—DEALERS IN—

GRAIN, HAY, AND FEED.

Wagon Yard, Good Camp House
and Plenty of Water. Patronage Solicited.

T. & P. R'y SCHEDULE.

TEXAS AND PACIFIC.	
Passenger, East bound.....	12 m.
West bound.....	3:10 p. m.
F. S. GAGE, Agent.	
MAILS.	
BELLE PLAIN.	
Arrives Daily.....	11:30 a. m.
Leaves.....	3:30 p. m.
TOMATO, COTTONWOOD, CADDO PEAK CROSS PLAINS.	
Leaves Baird.....	8 A. M.
Arrives.....	5 P. M.
PUTNAM AND CLYDE.....Train schedule.	
TECUMSEH AND EAGLE COVE.	
Daily, except Sunday.....	
Arrives.....	12 m.
Leaves.....	1 p. m.
Wm. McMannis, P. M.	

NOTICE—Local reading matter 10c a line first insertion, 5c thereafter. Locals run until ordered out. Transient advertising must be paid for in advance.

All job work spot cash on delivery of goods. No advertiser is entitled to, nor will they receive THE STAR, unless paid for at regular rate.

All contracts for advertising and job work are made on a strictly cash basis, and settlement must be made accordingly.

I do not promise or agree to take goods or anything but money for advertising and job work.

I will not be responsible for any debts contracted by any employe of this office, or anyone else except members of my own family, and all parties are hereby notified not to charge anything to my account except on written orders, otherwise than above mentioned.

W. E. GILLILAND, ED. STAR.

LOCAL NEWS.

BAIRD, FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1894.

Col. Mose Jones was in town last Wednesday.

Murray Harris, of Eddy, N. M., was in town last Sunday.

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

Miss Ora Whitley visited friends Albany the latter part of last week.

Mr. Carter, of Cisco, was in our city last week talking pianos.

Prof. B. L. Bond, of Cross Plains, went to Fort worth last Saturday.

Frank Windham returned from a week's visit to Tecumseh Tuesday.

Dr. S. T. Fraser has been in the Cross Plains neighborhood the past week.

Cal Windham and daughter, Miss Edna, of Tecumseh, were in town Wednesday.

The Populist were out in force last Saturday to attend the county convention.

FOR SALE—Blank chattel mortgages, crop mortgages, blank notes, etc., at STAR office.

J. W. Jones' name is subject to action of the action of the Democratic Party. See announcement.

Any candidate can have his announcement changed at any time by giving notice to this office.

Misses Eliza and Amy Gilliland and Fannie Windham are visiting relatives at Tecumseh this week.

Eli Cummins, one of the recent proprietors of The Pilot, at Cisco, was a caller at THE STAR office Friday last.

We call attention to change in A. A. Callahan's announcement this week. He announces subject to Democratic primary.

Wiley James, of Baird, was kicked in the breast by a horse and seriously, though not fatally injured, one day last week.

Several fishing parties have gone out this week, but for fear the traditional luck befalls them we give no names.

J. H. House, who was up attending the Populist convention last Saturday, made THE STAR a pleasant call during the day.

The campaign is on in earnest now, and Democrats who expect to submit their names to the Democratic primary are hustling.

The wheat and oat crop of this country will be almost an entire failure. Corn is looking fine, and cotton ditto, where it has been planted.

H. Wagley, of Putnam was a pleasant caller at our office Monday and took advantage of our liberal offer on THE STAR and Dallas News.

Miss Hattie Black returned Friday from an extended visit to friends in Hallettsville and other sisters in Southern Texas, much to the delight of her many friends here.

Mrs. Cora Henson, sister of our townsman, B. L. Boydston, passed through our city Friday last en route to California and Oregon where she will spend some time visiting friends.

The men elected this fall to our state senate and house of representatives should be in political harmony with the majority of the people. Look to this in the primaries in making endorsements.

Judge Cliett states for himself a pleasant and enjoyable time fishing in Lake Park, near Vigo, last Saturday. There must have been a couple or more "roses" parties to the occasion.

A large assortment of bed room suits, side boards, wardrobes; in fact, everything in the furniture line can be seen at my store. Prices are made low to suit the times. LEO STERN, 214 Successor to H. Schwartz.

At a meeting of the Baird Base Ball Club the following officers were elected: T. E. Powell, pres.; J. F. Claggett, vice pres.; J. H. Peters, secy and treas.; S. C. Selden, field capt. All communications and challenges should be addressed to the secretary at Baird, Texas.

Mr. Clark McManis, a prominent contractor of Princeton, Ill., made a short visit last week to his uncle, Maj. McManis, of Baird. He arrived on Thursday and left on Saturday. Mr. McManis was in Fort worth on business and ran out to see his relatives.

T. B. Morgan, living on Deep Creek, met with a serious accident, which we failed to chronicle last week because we did not hear of it until THE STAR was issued, although it happened early in the week. Mr. Morgan had a leg broken just below the knee by a horse. Dr. Powell was called in to set the broken limb and at last accounts Mr. Morgan was doing as well as could be expected.

The Democratic Executive Committee will meet in Baird to-morrow and the mode and time of nominating a county ticket will be discussed. THE STAR is in favor of nominating everything from constable up, and we hope the Democrats will do so all over the county. It is a settled fact that we will have to make a fight against a secret nomination or have an open warfare. We prefer the latter. Neither give nor ask any ground is our motto.

Prof. J. H. Wood, first assistant teacher of the Baird public school during the last term, has been appointed first assistant teacher in the public schools at Eddy, N. M., at a salary of \$80 per month. The term begins Sept. 1st, and continues for 9 months. THE STAR congratulates Prof. Wood on his preferment, at the same time regrets that he did not continue in the public schools at this place. Prof. Wood left for Missouri yesterday on a visit to his little son, and will return to Eddy in July.

ATTENTION DEMOCRATS.

To the Democratic Executive Committee of Callahan County:

You are hereby requested to meet at the Court House in Baird on Saturday, May 12, 1894, at 1 o'clock p. m., to take action in regard to the nominating of candidates for county officers and such other business as may properly come before the committee. The county chairman and the various precinct chairmen compose the executive committee.

W. H. CLIEET.

Ch'm. Dem. Ex. Com. Callahan Co.

The following is a list of the Democratic Executive Committee of Callahan county:

- Pre. 1 Dr. S. T. Fraser, Baird.
- " 2 C. C. Seale, Belle Plaine.
- " 3 J. E. Tisdale, Cottonwood.
- " 4 S. L. Barnes, Tecumseh.
- " 5 O. S. Marshall, Clyde.
- " 6 J. A. Wagoner, Cross Plains.
- " 7 J. H. Finch, Jr., Callahan.
- " 8 J. M. Cunningham, Putnam.
- " 9 Henson Wagley, Harts.
- " 10 J. W. Bates, Pecan.
- " 11 J. W. Payne, Caddo Peak.
- " 12 E. F. Thrallkull, Rough Creek.

COUNTY COURT.

County Court convened last Monday in regular session. The first case called was:

State vs W. O. Orr, charged with unlawfully carrying a pistol. Verdict not guilty.

State vs J. A. Kirksey, carrying a pistol. Defendant plead guilty and was fined \$25.

The next case was H. Burnett vs Callahan county. Suit for \$1000 damages for right of way, etc., for the Baird and Eastland road. Verdict for \$200. Notice of appeal given by both parties.

BAYOU FARM FOR SALE.

A well improved farm of 160 or 200 acres, situated on the Coleman road, leading from Baird. Everlasting water. Will be sold on long time, with a small cash payment. As good a farm as there is in Callahan County. Enquire of

Wm. McMannis,
Baird Texas. 15 2m

This country was visited by a fine rain and everybody is happy.

NOTICE.

Candidates and business men should get our special three months rate to subscribers in the county. If you have a few friends you want to send the paper to it will pay you to get our reduced rates. The rate is exceedingly low and the only conditions are you must take not less than ten copies of THE STAR for 3 months, and pay the cash.

Patent flour \$1.75 per hundred at Driskill & Norton's. 23a

THE SPRING RACES.

Last Saturday afternoon quite a crowd gathered at the Richardson race track to witness the Baird Spring Races. Everything passed off very quietly and pleasantly, and the affair was a decided success. It is hoped that the success of this spring will induce others to become interested and that our fall races will be superior to anything of the kind ever undertaken here. The races Saturday resulted as follows:

First Race—Three-eighths mile, matched between Butler and Reubedo, Butler won. Purse, \$400. Time 0:39.

Second Race—One-half mile dash, John Boston, Jr., first; Slow Joe, second; Sandy Chilton, third; purse, \$300. Time 0:51.

Third Race—Ooe-fourth mile dash, Butler first; Gulliver, second; purse, \$100. Time, 0:25.

Good ribbon cane syrup at 25 cents a gallon at Driskill & Norton's. 23a

EXCURSION RATES.

Reduced rates for conventions and meetings are authorized as will be shown below:

Special rate to Sam Jones meeting at Weatherford May 5 to 15, one and one-third fare for the round trip. Tickets on sale May 5, 6, 8, 10, 12, 13 and 15, limit for return three days from date of sale.

For the Southern Baptist Convention at Dallas May the 11th to 18th one fare for the round trip tickets on sale May 10, 11 and 12th limited for return to May 18th.

F. S. GAGE,
Local Agent T. & P. Ry.

Car of cane and millet seed just received, cheaper than ever, at Driskill & Norton's.

SHERIFF'S SALE—REAL ESTATE.

Notice is hereby given that by virtue of an execution issued out of the Justice court, precinct No. 1, Taylor county, Texas, on the 12 day of April, 1894, cause No. 1580, in which Cameron & Phillips vs J. T. Walling, in which judgment was obtained against defendant J. T. Walling and in favor of Cameron & Phillips, on the 28 day of November, 1892, for \$54.46, with interest and cost of suit. Said execution being directed to the sheriff or any constable of Callahan county, Texas, that on the 7 day of May, 1894, I levied upon the following real estate situated in Callahan county, state of Texas, as the property of defendant J. T. Walling, to-wit:

The East 1-2 of section No. 56, fifty-six, Blind Asylum lands in Taylor and Callahan counties, Texas, beginning at the N. E. corner of sec. No. 56, Blind Asylum lands, thence south 1900 varas, S. E. cor. of same. Thence west 950 varas, a stake. Thence north 1950 varas, to a stake and pile of rock. Thence east 950 varas to the place of beginning, containing 320 acres of land.

I will sell said land at the court house door of Callahan county, at Baird, Texas, on the first Tuesday in June, 1894, it being the 5th day of said month, within the hours prescribed by law, to the highest bidder for cash in hand, to satisfy said execution.

Witness my hand this 7 day of May, 1894. TOM PERRY,
Constable Precinct No 5, Callahan county, Texas. 23 4t

Sow your wheat land in cane and millet and buy your seed from us, because we are selling them very cheap. Driskill & Norton.

The heavy rain yesterday washed Fred Lane's dam away, making the second time this spring.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following is the rates of announcements for 1894 in THE BAIRD STAR:
For Congress.....\$15 00
All other District offices..... 10 00
COUNTY OFFICERS:
County Judge..... 10 00
County and District Clerk..... 10 00
Sheriff and Tax Collector..... 10 00
Tax Assessor..... 10 00
County Treasurer..... 10 00
County Attorney..... 10 00
County Surveyor..... 10 00
Inspector..... 10 00
Public Weigher..... 10 00
Precinct Offices..... 5 00

The above rate includes name on the Democratic ticket at general election; and in every instance CASH MUST BE PAID IN ADVANCE. No CREDIT GOES. In the event candidates do not announce in THE BAIRD STAR, one-half the regular announcement fee will be charged for their name on the Democratic ticket at general election. Should anyone withdraw after having announced no part of their fee will be refunded.

FOR COUNTY JUDGE.

E. E. SOLOMON.
(Subject to Democratic primary if held.)

FOR DISTRICT AND COUNTY CLERK.

W. W. DUNSON.
(Subject to Democratic primary if held.)

A. A. CALLAHAN.

Subject to Democratic primary.

E. D. FOY.

Subject to Democratic Primary.

J. E. W. LANE.

Subject to Democratic Primary.

W. F. (FRED) GRIFFIN.

Subject to Democratic Primary.

FOR TAX ASSESSOR.

J. E. (ELI) GILLILAND.

(Subject to Democratic Primary.)

FOR SHERIFF.

J. W. JONES.

Subject to the Democratic primary.

W. E. MAYES.

FOR COUNTY TREASURER.

T. B. HOLLAND.

(Subject to Democratic primary if held.)

W. R. McDERMETT.

FOR COUNTY SURVEYOR.

T. H. FLOYD.

M. R. HAILEY.

FOR HIDE AND ANIMAL INSPECTOR.

T. J. WISE.

(Subject to Democratic Party.)

BUSINESS LOCALS.

Alert advertisers advertise in THE STAR.

Go to Foy's for dry goods. 14tf

Tan shoes and oxfords. Powell a19

Go to Foy's for shoes. 14tf

Go to T. E. Powell's for fine dress goods. 11

Window Shades 35 cts worth 75cts at Powell's. a 19

Boy suits at Foy's; wont-rip; extra pair of pants free with each suit. 16tf

Wedding Suits \$10 and up at Powell's. a19

If you want good goods go to Powell's. a19

Straw hats, all sizes and prices at Powell's. a19

Don't fail to breed a good mare to Argus. His colts are all bays and good size. a 19

If you breed to Argus your colts will have style, color, size and fine action. a 19

Competition in prices "not in it" New millinery at H. F. Foy's. Come and see it. 16tf

A full line of mid-summer millinery and a complete line of sailor hats, new styles, just received at Mrs. Cunningham's. 21 2t.

All advertising and announcements must be in this office by 12 o'clock on Thursday if to appear in the current issue.

Without fear of contradiction goods are sold lower than any other place in town at Leo Stern's, successor to H. Schwartz. 52

Fly time is at hand. Keep them out by putting up screen doors and windows. Harry Myer can fit you up with anything you need in this line. a 19

The people are invited to call and examine my stock. I will save you money on your purchases. Leo Stern. 52.

A full line of Furniture, never cheaper than now. Come and see prices, also a full stock of coffins, at Leo Stern. 22.

When one stops at G. W. Ratliff Wagon Yard in Coleman City they always return. Reason, they are always treated square and fair. 34

—GEO. W. DEAN, BARBER, East Side - Market Street.

HAIR CUTTING, SHAVING AND SHAMPOOING.

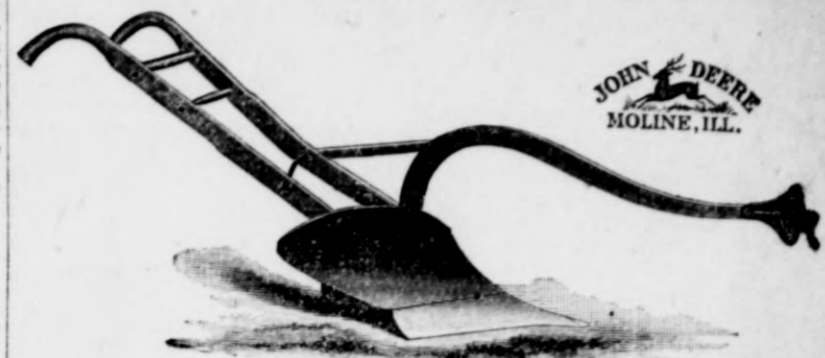
Polite attention to all customers. Your patronage solicited.

LOUIS STELLMAN,

DEALER IN

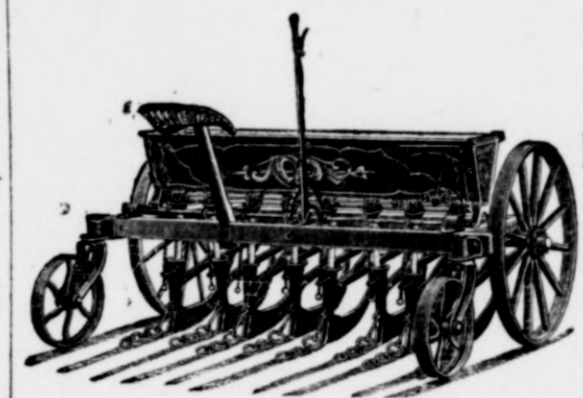
Implements, Pumps, and Wind Mills.

—AGENT FOR—



JOHN DEERE
MOLINE, ILL.

John Deere, Garden City Clipper, Canton Clipper and Keystone Plows. Solid Comfort and Cassady Sulky Plows.



Buckeye
Grain
Drills,

BUCKEYE CULTIVATORS,
STANDARD CULTIVATORS,
STANDARD PLANTERS,
ECLIPSE PLANTERS,
DISC HARROWS,
STAR STEEL WIND MILLS,
PLANO BINDERS AND MOWERS.

Respectfully invites the citizens of Callahan county to give him a call when in need of anything in the implement line.

Moon & Crowder

DEALERS IN

Lumber, Shingles. Sash, Door

MOULDING, CEMENT, PAINT AND CEDAR POST.

BAIRD, TEXAS.

HEARN & AUSTIN.
PROPRIETORS OF THE
City Meat Market.

Fresh Beef, Pork, Sausage, Fish, Poultry. All meats Refrigerated and the animal heat thoroughly extracted before offered for sale.

Everything neat and clean and only the Best of Meat Sold

Buy Your Drugs

Where They are the Purest and Cheapest.

We have a complete stock of Pure Fresh Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints, Oils and Varnishes. Glass, Putty, Wall Paper, Stationery, School Books and Toilet Articles of all Kinds, and for sale,

T. L. OLIVER & CO.,

