

There's No Use

Sending out of town for Job Printing, you can get it done just as nice and just as cheap here.

The Star Job Office.

The Star.

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

Money to Lend on Land

Long time—Low rate of interest. Vendor's liens notes bought, taken up and extended.

B. L. RUSSELL
at First National Bank

VOL. 21. BAIRD, CALLAHAN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, FEB. 28, 1908. NO. 13

GRAND DEMONSTRATION

AMERICAN BEAUTY CORSETS



AMERICAN BEAUTY Style 626
Kalamazoo Corset Co., Makers



AMERICAN BEAUTY Style 768
Kalamazoo Corset Co. Sole Makers

You are most cordially invited to attend the Corset Demonstration at our store From March 2nd to March 7th, 1908 Mrs. Church representing the Kalamazoo Corset Co., will be present and will be pleased to advise you in reference to the particular model you should wear to secure comfort, ease and a stylish figure:--to produce that personal individuality so desired by every woman of refinement.

THE DAINTY CORSETS AND NOT EXPENSIVE--THEY ARE MODERATELY PRICED, \$1.00 AND UPWARD.

B. L. BOYDSTUN



AMERICAN BEAUTY Style 906
Kalamazoo Corset Co., Makers



AMERICAN BEAUTY Style 676
Kalamazoo Corset Co. Sole Makers

EULA LOCALS.

Good Morning, Uncle Billie, as it has been some time since we have written from our little city will write again.

Farmers are all about through plowing and are waiting and wanting it to rain. We are having plenty of northers but no rain.

Wheat is looking fine and oats are needing rain.

J. F. Hampton has gone to Fort Worth with a shipment of cattle.

Mrs. J. M. Merrick visited in Abilene Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. R. P. Stephenson and little son, Nunnally, spent Saturday and Sunday in Clyde.

Z. T. Webb and son went to Baird Monday returning Tuesday.

The health of our little city is good only a few bad colds.

Mrs. W. L. Harris, who has been ill with slow fever since November, is able to be up again.

Bascome Smith, of Abilene, was visiting in Eula Sunday.

Miss Beulah Miller, who has been visiting her uncle near Big Springs, has returned home.

Rod Kelton, who has been out at Midland, has returned home.

Herbert Hampton an I. M. C. Bowman of Clyde, was in Eula Saturday.

Dr. Bailey, of Clyde, was in Eula Saturday.

Vigal Bain, of Potosie, was in Eula Sunday shaking hands with the boys.

B. S. Adams made a business trip to Abilene Thursday.

W. M. Edwards was in Eula Monday swapping jokes with the boys.

Mr. John Collins went to Clyde Monday.

The Farmers Union are going to build a new Gin this Summer at Eula which will be a great thing for the

Eula country as the gin here is about run down.

As the northers has blown all the news away will ring off.

PATSIE.

Card to the Public.

On account of the ill health of Mrs. Lane, we, the Directors of the Home National Bank, are sorry to lose our very efficient cashier, Mr. Fred Lane, in fact, in his own words he says that his wife's health is more to him than all other things put together and for this reason he has gone to California to seek a more balmy climate for himself and family. We are very sorry to lose Mr. Lane, as he was very efficient, pleasant and congenial and we did everything in our power to get him to stay, but we believe that a man should look out for the health of his wife and family more than the dollar, and on the strong appeal of Mr. Lane we accepted his resignation. We wish him the joys of health and prosperity in his now field of labor.

On account of the resignation of Mr. Lane the Directors of The Home National Bank have elected T. E. Powell Cashier and S. L. Driskill President.

We are now in our handsome new building and these new officers are very anxious to meet all their friends and acquaintances at the office of the Home National Bank and promise each one to faithfully handle all the business entrusted to them. We assure you that our many years of experience in Callahan County has taught us what the needs of the people are. Mr. Powell and Mr. Driskill ask that every man, woman and child in the county call at their office and see their handsome new bank and while there they hope to interest you in doing all your bank-

ing business with them. With the reputation of these gentlemen at the head of the institution, with the strongest men in the county as their stock-holders and backers, we ask that you will patronize this bank in the interest of home industry, with the stock-holders all Callahan county citizens.

Now, again asking that all, whether you have business or not, will call at the bank and we will be more than glad to show you our handsome new building and fixtures.

Thanking you for what you have done and hoping that you will do more in the future, we remain

Respectfully,

- J. B. CUTBIRTH.
- C. C. SEALE.
- S. L. DRISKILL.
- FRED ALVORD.
- T. E. POWELL.
- A. G. WEBB.
- HARRY MEYER.
- H. W. ROSS.

Directors.

Baird, Texas, Feb. 26, 1908.

Presbyterian Church.

Rev. Mr. Gunn, of Cisco will preach at the Presbyterian Church next Sunday. There will be a business meeting of this Church members Saturday night at 7:30 and all members are earnestly requested to be present.

BIDS WANTED.

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

There Will Occur at Paul's Wagon Yard in San Angelo

MONDAY, MARCH 9th

The Combination Sale of High Class

HEREFORDS

Sixty-five Head, all Registered and of Both Sexes.

For one day only, Monday, March 9th, 1908, beginning promptly at 9 o'clock a.m., the undersigned will hold a bona fide auction sale of Registered Hereford Cattle, at which time sixty-five head of both sexes will be sold under the hammer, absolutely without reserve, to the highest bidder. Good stuff is going cheap, that's a certainty. We need the money and propose to sell these registered cattle at the bidders prices, for we need the cash, cash, cash. This is an absolutely bona fide auction sale and will be conducted in an honest and strictly straight-forward business manner. Buyers are not going to get something for nothing, but the buyers will get the best stuff at very cheap prices, and the breeders of Herefords, who fail to take advantage of this auction, will regret it.

Yours Sincerely
J. E. BOGG-SCOTT Ely & Salyer
H. Albert Shaw Lee Brothers

All stock offered will best condition for future usefulness. Three head, some show material, comes from J. E. Bogg-Scott; eight head of strong, useful cattle from H. Albert Shaw; twenty head like the kind rangemen like, from Ely & Salyer; and thirty head, all good ahes, some with show records, from the prize winning herd of Lee Brothers, proprietors of the Leedale Stock Farm. Do you want a catalogue containing all particulars and pedigrees. If so, address Phil C. Lee.

LEE BROTHERS

Proprietors Leedale Stock Farm, The Home of Herefords

STOESSEL CONVICTED.

Gets Death Penalty For Surrender of Port Arthur.

St. Petersburg, Feb. 20.—General Stoessel, who has been on trial some time on the charge of cowardice in connection with the surrender of Port Arthur during the war between Russia and Japan, was adjudged guilty by the courtmartial and given the death penalty.

General Fock has been reprimanded



GENERAL STOESSEL.

and Generals Smirnov and Reiss have been acquitted. The court recommends death sentence upon Stoessel be commuted to ten years' imprisonment in fortress and he to be excluded from service.

SENATOR LATIMER DEAD.

Passes Away From a Peculiar and Painful Ailment.

Washington, Feb. 20.—Senator Latimer of South Carolina, who was operated on Monday for twisting of the bowels, died this morning.

Asbury Churchwell Latimer of Belton, S. C., was born July 21, 1851, near Lowndesville, Abbeville county, South Carolina; was brought up on his father's farm; spent much of his life in active participation in agricultural pursuits, was educated in the common schools; took an active part in the memorable political campaign of 1876; removed to Belton in 1880; devoted his energies to his farm; was elected Democratic chairman of Anderson county in 1890 and re-elected in 1892; was elected to the lower house of the Fifty-fourth, Fifty-fifth, Fifty-sixth and Fifty-seventh congress; was elected United States senator to succeed Senator John L. MacLaurin and took his seat March 4, 1903. His term would have expired March 3, 1909.

Senator Latimer was taken to Providence hospital Sunday. He was operated on that day for appendicitis. It was then discovered he was suffering with twisting of the bowels, a far more serious ailment.

In the senate Thursday Senator Tillman announced the death of his colleague, after which the senate at once adjourned.

TEXAS DIVISION.

Members Meet in Regular Annual Session and Transact Business.

Dallas, Feb. 21.—Members of the Texas division of the Southern Cotton association in annual session. President Claridge presided and Hon. Chas. L. Brachfield of Henderson acted as secretary.

The auditing committee submitted a favorable report upon the finances and accounts of the Texas division, which was adopted. C. B. Metcalf of Tom Green county and Olney Davis of Collin county, composed the committee.

A resolution was unanimously adopted, commending the services of President Claridge and Secretary Bruce for the manner in which they had conducted the business and handled and reported upon the funds of the association.

The following were elected members of the National executive committee, the president being ex-officio a member: J. C. Hickey, Rusk county; C. B. Metcalf, Tom Green county; C. H. Jenkins, Brown county; R. R. Dancy, Harris county; J. L. Brooks, Van Zandt county.

R. R. Claridge was re-elected president by acclamation, and accepted subject to possible modification of a certain clause in the national constitution relative to a division of funds between the National association and the Texas division.

The matter of the selection of a secretary was left to the president. The treasurer will be selected by the executive committee. C. B. Metcalf of Tom Green county was re-elected vice president by acclamation. The members of the national executive committee were empowered to select an executive committee from each congressional district. They fill vacancies in June.

NEGROES STONE TRAIN.

Was Special Bearing Legislators to the Oklahoma Democratic Convention.

Muskogee, Feb. 22.—Negroes at Red Bird, incensed by the recent enact-

ment of the Jim Crow law, Friday night stoned the Missouri, Kansas and Texas special bearing officials and members of the state legislature from Guthrie to the Democratic convention here, and three members were cut by flying glass. The injured were Senator Roddie of Ada, Representative Stettmund and Henry S. Johnson of Perry. Windows were broken and the train was stopped. The passengers made an unsuccessful attempt to capture their assailants.

Expires in Chair.

Dallas, Feb. 22.—While seated in a chair William Woods, a negro, expired

See McGowen Bros. for groceries.

Go to Hammans Bros. for your school tablets. 38

School tablets! Go to Hammans Bros for them. 38

If you want fresh groceries go to Clement & Price. 45.

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

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

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

All the new cloaks at Schwartz. Prices absolutely the lowest. 46

TO RENT.

115 acres, near Putnam. Good house and barn yard land. Address E. M. Rust, Merkel, or J. H. Surles, Putnam, Texas. 11-3

Coming Soon—to B. L. Boydston's the American Beauty woman. Watch for date. 11tf

Clement & Price, sole agents for "Pleasant Cup" coffee. Guaranteed best in town. Try it. 45

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

FOR SALE.

East half of the McManis Ranch on Pecan Bayou. About 400 acres, 100 acres tillable land, 25 acres in cultivation. Plenty of water, good pecan timber and good three room house. Can fix to irrigate at small expense. Price \$10 per acre. 52

McMANIS BROS.

Even from the Mountains

Ballard's Snow Liniment is praised for the good it does. A sure cure for Rheumatism and all pains. Wright W. Loving, Grand Junction Colo., writes: "I used Ballard's Snow Liniment, last winter, for Rheumatism and can recommend it as the best Liniment on the market. I thought, at the time I was taken down with this trouble, that it would be a week before I could get about, but on applying your Liniment several times during the night, I was about in 48 hours and well in three days." Sold by Powell & Powell.

See Powell & Powell for Wall Paper. 10.tf

ESTRAY NOTICE.

THE STATE OF TEXAS, COUNTY OF CALLAHAN. Estrayed by Worth Williams, Commissioner Precinct No. 2, Callahan County. One sorrel horse branded JTY (connected) on left shoulder and J. W. R. on left thigh. About 14 2-4 hands high and 14 years old. The owner of said stock is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take the same away, or it will be dealt with as the law directs.

Given under my hand and seal of office, this 11th day of Feby. 1908. GEO. B. SCOTT, 1-4 Clk. Co. Court Callahan, Co.

ELECTION OFFICERS.

Election Officers appointed by Commissioners Court Feb. Term 1908.

Precinct No. 1. Baird—R. G. Powell, S. L. Driskill, C. S. Boyles, Martin Barnhill.

Precinct No. 2. Belle Plaine—A. T. Young, J. Y. Gilliland.

Precinct No. 3. Cottonwood—J. T. Respass, J. A. Brownlee, R. Burnesfield, and E. R. Norton.

Precinct No. 4. Tecumseh—J. P. Rye and H. Windham.

Precinct No. 5. Clyde—R. J. Estes J. T. Loveless, W. F. Pearsons, and W. R. Cook.

Precinct No. 6. Cross Plains—W. A. Hall, W. C. Adams, J. A. Barr, and G. B. Swan.

Precinct No. 7. Admiral—R. J. Harris and Gabe Smartt.

Precinct No. 8. Putnam—R. D. Williams, Y. A. Orr, L. J. Cook, A. L. Biggerstaff.

Precinct No. 9. Harts—W. D. Dunigan and T. E. Hayden.

Precinct No. 10. Eula—Rod Kelton W. P. Miller, R. P. Stephenson, and W. B. Ferguson.

Precinct No. 11. Caddo Peak—J. A. Moore and C. E. Gillett.

Precinct No. 12. Eagle Cove—D. M. Thomas, F. B. McGee, R. G. Cook and T. B. Holland.

Precinct No. 13. Atwell—J. J. Clark, and C. C. Andrews.

Precinct No. 14. Gilliland—W. E. Gillett and H. A. McWhorter.

Precinct No. 15. Wristenor Lamhan—J. M. Crow and J. A. Philley.

Precinct No. 16. Dressy—W. P. Ramsey and Jas. H. Johnson.

Precinct No. 17. Oplin—G. O. Creswell, H. C. Granthum, S. C. Harris and W. P. Brightwell.

Precinct No. 18. Pilgrim—G. W. Miller and Watson Sikes.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

The following is a list of letters remaining unclaimed in the P. O. at Baird Texas, for the week ending Feb. 16 1908. Parties calling for same please say advertised.

Will Darwin
O. W. Fowler
Lloyd Green
J. R. Hatte
J. H. Jordan
Egbert Oliver
Jim Rich

J. V. McMANIS, P. M.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

THE STATE OF TEXAS, COUNTY OF CALLAHAN. Estrayed by Worth Williams, Commissioner of Precinct No 2, Callahan County: One small bay Filley, star in face. No brands.

The owner of said stock is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take the same away, or it will be dealt with as the law directs.

Given under my hand and seal of office, this 20th day of Feby. 1908. 12-4 GEO. B. SCOTT, Clk. County Court Callahan County.

\$50.00 Reward.

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

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

Go to McGowen Bros. for groceries

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

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

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

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

Hammans & Bro.

EUPION OIL

Will not smoke your chimney and will give you a perfect light.

The following dealers handle EUPION Oil exclusively:

J. C. Jones

Clement & Price

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

WATERS-PIERCE OIL CO.,
Dallas, Texas.

Clement & Price

DEALERS IN

Staple
and
Fancy

Groceries

Give us a trial we will appreciate your order and will deliver your goods promptly to any part of the city.

TELEPHONE No. 114 YOUR ORDERS

Austin & Gray,

HARDWARE
AND
FURNITURE

See us for Everything in the Hardware and Furniture Line.

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

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

NEW MEAT MARKET

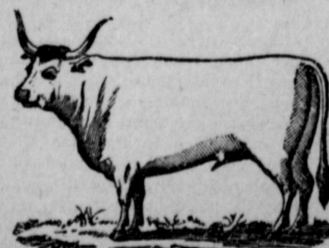
JIM JONES, Proprietor

Maxwell Building

Beef, Pork, Lard and Sausage

PHONE 144

Free Delivery to all Parts of the City.



THE IRON WAY

A TALE OF THE BUILDERS OF THE WEST.

By SARAH BERT CARR



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ART WILLIAMS

"I suppose we must not, after what he has accomplished for us." The treasurer's voice was weary. No mother with a lean purse and a hungry six could better plan through sleepless hours to make one dollar do the work of two than this watch-dog of the Central Pacific company's treasury, a treasurer hardly beset and seldom replenished. Not even his associates knew how, back of his gentle courtesy, always stalked the gaunt ghost of bills nearly payable, of bills due. Yet ever upon the threshold of exposure, Mark Hopkins laid them low. The Central Pacific company never failed to meet its obligations.

CHAPTER X.

The Lonely Battle with the Storm.

A fierce April storm, the severest of the year! Wet snow, melting almost as it fell, wrapped the town in a sheet of red mud.

It was wearing toward dark, and the stage, seven hours late, had not yet arrived. Stella stood alone by the hotel office window looking up at the mountain peaks, which loomed distant and ghostly through the fitful flakes. Rarely did snow fall at that altitude; and its untimeliness, after two months of summer-like spring, doubled Stella's depression. She was worn with anxiety. This was Uncle Billy's trip.

The wires had gone down. The last word had been from Coburn's, where he had passed safe and on time. But Coburn's was only at the eastern doorstep of the Sierras! Along Donner's frozen shore, zigzagging up the awful steeps, across the trackless Summit valley where the summer road lay twice a coach's length beneath the winter snow road—Stella trembled with fear and prayed that Uncle Billy's passengers might be men of courage and strength, young men. Poor Uncle Billy! He was so old!

Fifty, forty—even the prime of life is old age to youth so lately embarked on the soul's voyage.

Stella turned from the dark landscape to read again Gideon's letter that had come the day before, another perturbing portent.

It was dated at Virginia City. "Fortune has been good to me, sweet Star," he wrote; "so good that I pour libations to her shrine and trust her to give me in due time the one great gift that is all of life for me.

"I'm glad I dared fate. Such incredible luck I've had! I was prospecting in the gorge just above your father's old, worked-out mine, and in a dilapidated cabin—built since we left there, it was—I found a cigar box with a lot of bullion in it. It must have been years there; for it was half-covered with pine needles—fallen through a hole in the roof.

"I came to this city, sold the stuff, bought stocks, sold them, bought again, and have now \$5,000 good money in the bank, besides more that I've saved and my stock. That five thousand shall not be touched. It is to found a home, our home! I'm studying men. I'm trying to learn the things you'd have me know, and do something that you won't be ashamed of. I think it will be teaming. There are a couple of outfits here that go to sheriff's sale to-morrow. If I can get them cheap enough, and trusty men, I'll buy, and lease other teams.

"And soon I'm coming to you—when I'm used to my cane; and my clothes and I are older friends; and when I've picked up a few more points on stocks—and men.

"There's some secret on foot. Cadwallader has been here for a week or two. He was blowing harder than ever when he left two days ago; said Virginia was doomed, mines worked out, and a lot more. That means something's in the wind. I look for a strike somewhere—the announcement of it, rather. It has already happened, I'm sure; but the owners are keeping dark till they can buy in all the stock at bed-rock figures.

"Good-night, little Star! These long weeks have been years to me. When I come you'll see a different Gideon—the same heart, though—and you'll think me better than the old Gideon, your lover always."

It was his first man's letter to Stella. She marveled at his fluency, yet recalled their childish game of post-office and his smoothly worded though ink-blotted epistles.

Who was Gideon? Many times she had asked this question of him, once of her father. He told her that Gideon was a wail, and bade her think of something else.

She started from the window with sudden, unaiming energy, as if she

would shake free a hand already grasping her. The sharp rap and dull thump of Alvin's alternating crutch and shoe came down the street, welcome sounds to her.

Like a draught of cool air on a hot cheek came his merry voice.

"Are you here, Miss Stella?" he asked, poking his head through the door into the dim room. "You stood at the window a minute ago."

"Yes; and so glad to see you, Alvin. Come in."

"I can't stop a minute. Here's some stuff that's been on my mind ever since it went through on the wire before daylight yesterday. It's Choctaw to me. Some man's cipher, all right; but I'll bet a cookie that's Blowhard Cad's signature."

Stella looked up quickly, apprehension in her face. "That means—"

"Some devilry to our company. Say! You know everything; maybe you can figure it out. And say! Mum's



"It's Choctaw to Me."

the word. I ain't supposed to let any one see what goes over the wire, you know. So long." He handed her a bulky envelope and turned.

"Is it all this?" Stella began, when Alvin broke in:

"Oh, my work's in there, too. Say, Miss Stella, you're a bully teacher! My brains are growing so fast my skull aches. I must skip or my chief'll call me before I get back, and that'll mean—" He drew his finger across his throat, laughed merrily and almost closed the door when he turned back a sheepish face and in a voice to match said: "There's a note to VI in there; would you—would you—"

Stella laughed. "Oh, yes, I will; but I'll tell her mother, too."

"Ye-s, I s'pose that goes, O. K., too. Good-bye. I'm gone."

Stella heard him stumping off down the street, watched him through the dim light climb the muddy hill to the little box where he was jalled with the "clicker" 24 hours a day, save the three—sometimes only two—short respites the chief operator in Sacramento gave him for meals. Stella thought of the eerie nights, thought of Alvin's social nature and sighed. No wonder his predecessor had been discharged for drunkenness. But Alvin was made of better stuff.

To-night the budget went unopened. Stella extracted the note addressed to Viola, carried the rest to her home-made desk in grandma'am's room and went to supper.

But Yic Wah's best efforts were unappreciated. She toyed with her food, listening tensely for a herald of the stage and was gladdened at last by the shout that announced its coming.

Doors were flung open and anxious eyes peered into darkness, watching a black object embody itself from the night and labor up to the lamp-lit express office. Stella saw a rigid form on the box and ran down the sidewalk to learn for herself if it was really Uncle Billy. He did not move; only a feeble voice testified to life.

"Some one take the lines, I—I can't open—my fingers," he said, as kind hands held hot whisky to his lips. "Don't mind me yet." The words came thickly between swallows. "Take the po' fellows out from where they stand, won't you? Boys, you all take hold—those hosses played a lone hand—don't make 'em pull the ole—wagon up that muddy hill—to-night. Po' Snorteh! It's good-bye for him—I reckon. He's—"

His words dwindled to a whisper, and the huddled figure, relaxed from the long strain, drooped lower and lower.

"Boys, he'll fall! Some of you lift

him down!" called Sally—"Be careful! Don't straighten his fingers too quick!"

"And some of you bear me also to my downy couch, won't you? I, too, am a frozen wayfarer, Sally B." Phineas climbed out of the coach and stepped up to Sally B. with proffered hand.

"Oh, you git!" she said, half vexed, though she laughed. "Why didn't you set on the box an' spell Uncle Billy with the lines, you skunk? You are younger'n him."

"I ain't driving Charley Crocker's stage. I'm his passenger."

Sally B. hustled him aside and cleared the way for the men who carried Uncle Billy, protesting feebly, to her best chamber, where the two women took him in charge.

But their ministrations and the sight of Stella's pitying frowns, roused him for a minute only; he was soon in the vision-laden spaces where trickles make jest of human travail. For long hours, under a wearying conglomeration of angles and curves that grandma'am called a "dream of the night," poor Uncle Billy tossed and moaned, fought over again his lonely battle with the storm.

"Keep it up a little longer, boys. Lights ahead—no, lights out! Fly, boys! The mountain's falling! Po' Snorteh, down again! Git up, boy!

Pull up, there! Now, altogether! Uncle Billy must stick—by the stage, live—or die—save the treasure—don't, Stella, dear! The old man ain't worth a teah from—yo' sweet—good-bye, little one. Uncle Billy can't go any—"

Stella's tears fell unheeded on the stiff blistered hands while the story of the awful drive grew out of his fevered babblings. Towards morning he was quieter. Stella declared she could not rest, but Sally B. drove her to her room; and nature and youth soon prevailed. She awoke late in the morning, depressed by a dread her rest had not banished. Her first thought was of Uncle Billy; her next was of Phineas; and from him her mind flew to the strange dispatch. She dressed hastily and ran downstairs, attacking it at once. Fruitlessly she searched for a clew, some presence of its importance holding her to the task heedless of breakfast and of Uncle Billy. Suddenly the significance of the paper she had picked up on the hillside after her encounter with Phineas flashed upon her. She found it and began her work anew, rewarded at last by a message that whitened her cheek, unsteadied her hand. Waiting for neither breakfast nor wraps, she flew up the hill to the station.

CHAPTER XI.

Tracked.

Alvin saw Stella coming and sprang to the door. "Heard the news?" he shouted before she could speak. "Virginia & Truckee railroad's a go this time, sure. No sardines behind it, like before, but men; money, too. They'll build from Virginia to Reno; and we'll meet 'em there. It'll help us like sixty!"

All this was poured out impetuously as she came toward him, her mind scantily comprehending the import of his words, though a mental flashlight told her that the complexion of the roads would make forever unnecessary such drives as Uncle Billy's latest stormy trip.

"Oh, Alvin," she panted; "that cipher dispatch—it means—it means death! What shall we do? If the chief knew you showed it to me—"

"No matter what happens to me! Tell me, quick, what's in it!"

"But I mustn't get you discharged, Alvin." She had the woman's mind, that delays, protects, conserves; and she hesitated.

But Alvin had the masculine courage that destroys boldly to build again boldly. "The discharge of one or more two-bit operators don't count 'longside of this matter. Mr. Vincent's due on the extra in a minute. He's O. K. for company's inside business if he is only a brakeman."

"Every minute's precious," Stella said. "What if the train's late? If Mr. Vincent is not—" A whistle interrupted her.

"There she is!" Alvin exclaimed, turning toward the rock promontory that hid the train, though the reverberating whistle sounded from across the gorge.

"I'll start back," Stella said. "If Mr. Vincent's not aboard—they may have transferred him—wave to me when I come in sight under the hill."

The train puffed in. Alvin gave dispatch and translation to Alfred with a whispered explanation, and Stella saw no hand wave from the doorway.

It needed little time for him to read and verify Stella's solution. He took the shorter of the two messages first. "D. B., San Francisco. To be called for. Buy G. & C. at any price, contiguous lodes if possible. Big strike. Secret yet. C. P. 2 & 4."

Alfred scowled. "Secret information for favored buyers. When did you get this?"

"Wednesday morning before daylight."

"What were you up to at that time in the morning?"

"Nothing. The stuff waked me going through, it was so queer. The

minute I heard the signature I smelt a mice."

"What do you mean?" "C. P. 2 & 4 is Blowhard Cad's signature, I'm sure. I heard it once before."

"Those initials are ours."

"Sure, they're Cad's, too, backward. That's why he uses 'em, so anything crooked he does will be charged to us." Alvin grinned, but was quickly serious again. "There's worse—the wire's been tapped."

"How do you know that?"

"Cause I asked every operator clear down the line from Virginia if he heard any Choctaw going through, and not one clicker east of here had it. At Sacramento the night man heard it, but paid no attention to it."

"It's a state's prison offense."

"Oh, yes; but Cad won't go to prison. You'll see! How'll they catch him? And, anyway, the fellers he's working for in San Francisco 'll save him. They'll have to, if they save their own skins."

Alfred was heedless. He was reading the second dispatch. "A. C. & O., San Francisco. To be called for. Everything fixed. 'Flora' leaves Friday at ten, with five hundred tons iron. P. Q. undertakes the job for price we offered. No mistake. Timed for the straits. Don't let her take passengers. C. P. 2 & 4."

"Good heavens!" Alfred cried, dropping into a chair by the desk and reaching for slip and pencil. "This is Friday, and—" He took out his watch. "Nine-five! Got a San Francisco paper, Al?"

"Yes; but it's several days old."

"No matter! Find out quick what dock the 'Flora' leaves, then get to your key. We must beat lightning today!"

The two were silent, Alvin nervously turning the paper, Alfred scratching dispatches. Evidently the "Flora" was not a regular boat; her name was not in the shipping lists.

"We'll have to send the message on trust then. Quick, Al! Tell the operator down there it means life or death to officers and crew—this message does. Tell him to put a man on a horse—I'll stand the expense—anything to get word to the 'Flora' in time! Oh, sign my name. It won't do to have the company show up in this."

Alvin bent over his key. Men came and went, Alvin holding off trainmen and "commercial" messages alike with the decisive words, "company's business." He looked up at last, breathing freer as he spoke. "They'll do it," he whispered to Alfred. "They know where the 'Flora' lies. They have 20 minutes to catch her."

Alfred sent a second message to the company's office in Sacramento telling of Alvin's discovery and asking relief from his train for the day. A third dispatch went to the county sheriff, telling him of the wire tapping and of the evidence against Cadwallader.

While waiting for replies Alfred wrote to Gov. Stanford, inclosing the cipher dispatches and their translations. But this was soon done, and the two men, oppressed with their death-laden secret, watched the clock feverishly.

The minutes dragged as intolerably for Alfred, though he wore his mask more easily than Alvin. Would they be in time? Would they catch the little steamer before she left port for her fate? Even then, would they find the infamous secret before its fateful moment arrived? What would it be? Powder? A slit in the hull? A cunning injury to the boiler?

At last San Francisco called. Alvin sprang to the key. The steamer had started, had been hailed, had waited for a small boat and the message, and had gone on her way.

Alfred rose, as stiff with the tension as if minutes had been hours. "That's all we can do at that end. Keep your eye and ear busier than your tongue, Al, for the rest of the day. I'm off to settle with his nibs, Phineas Cadwallader. By the way, couldn't you contrive some way to get him left? The train reported late in leaving, false report, something like that?"

Alvin nodded. "Guess I can think up that trick in four hours."

At the hotel Alfred took only time to don riding boots and to find Stella for a hurried word. "Get Sally B. to hold Cadwallader here over train time, if it's possible," Alfred said before his good-bye. "It may mean everything to the company. I'll return to-night if I can."

A swift horse took him to the "Front," where he found the superintendent riding his beat. Alfred told his story briefly and asked if there was a lineman on the force.

"Jupiter! You can't track that man, Vincent! The snow's come and gone since that Hecate's job was done."

"But, Mr. Gregory, he'd have to cut the wire, and he'd have to climb a tree or a pole to do it. Could that be done without leaving a trace?"

"What then? How can you prove it was he?"

"How'll I know I couldn't prove it unless I try?"

"Linemen don't show up often in my diggings. I'll ask Bennett; his section begins here."

Tecury discovered an intelligent

man who had worked on the line. His climbers were at camp near by; and Mr. Gregory's resourcefulness provided horse and saddle. The two men set off without delay. They rode fast till within nearly five miles of Dutch Flat, Alfred judging that, since Phineas took the stage there, his exploit must be in that neighborhood.

The afternoon was past its half when they began to inspect each pole



Alfred's Eye Was Caught by the Gleam of a Crescent of Burnished Gold.

and wire-touched tree with close scrutiny. "We'll work east over these five miles to Dutch Flat," Alfred said. "If we find nothing we'll have to stay over night in town, go east a short distance in the morning, and then take it west from here."

For the first two or three miles their search was unrewarded by any sign. Just at sunset, in a windy little vale, the lineman's practised eye caught a peculiar piecing of the wire, and he climbed nimbly to inspect it. It was not a joining made by the regular force, but a recent cut. The marks of the climbers were also fresh.

"Is there anything about it to distinguish it from regular work?" Alfred asked.

"You bet! Any chump could tell, if he see it close, that it was the work of an amachure by the way the wires are tied."

That was something gained, but not enough. "How did the man get up there?"

Before the man could reply Alfred's eye was caught by the gleam of a crescent of burnished gold. Lying half imbedded in the wet remains of a snowdrift, its upper surface washed clean and shining, he found a cuff button of a peculiar design—a star within a crescent, the two free points tipped with diamonds. He knew it, he knew who owned its fellow! Turning it over he saw the engraved initials, P. C.

"Good enough!" he called. "We need no more evidence. You can go on to town for the night, or back to camp, as you choose. I'll ride too hard for you, perhaps."

The man chose to turn back. Alfred arranged for payment for the extra work and again rode east.

In a few minutes he arrived at the Dutch Flat office and telegraphed Alvin, asking of Phineas. Five minutes later he was reading the platform:

"C's here, pacing the regular like a mad gobbler. We did the leaving trick for the regular train O. K. But he thinks he's going on the special in spite of fate."

"Let him go in peace," Alfred wired back; and immediately sent a message to the sheriff at Auburn that was answered after two hours as follows: "Sheriff's office, Auburn. P. C. walked into my arms as unsuspecting as a lamb. He had no time to destroy incriminating evidence. Is now resting noisily in the cooler."

Alfred stretched his weary legs and went out into the cool evening. The day had been stressful and a bed would have been welcome. Yet Stella! He looked into the overhead blue and saw a young moon that might last till 11 o'clock.

"A light night! I can ride fast and do it by 9:30," he said to himself with sudden cheer. "Stella!"

A hasty snack at a nondescript restaurant, a fresh horse and he was again in the saddle, following the stage track westward, re-riding the miles that he might have an hour with Stella—dear Stella, who had discovered the plot and whose service to humanity and to the Central Pacific Railroad company might never be known to more than Alvin and himself.

CHAPTER XII.

"Our Banner Shall Float Red."

George Gregory urged his horse to a gallop over the rough path that skirted the long string of ties—ties that had waited many days for iron.

The noon hour was on. At all the camps men and beasts were feeding. The superintendent took letters and dispatches that met him as he dismounted, and, passing his bride to the man in waiting, went to the lee

CONTINUED ON ANOTHER PAGE

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

W. E. GILLILAND,
Editor and Proprietor.

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12 Pages To Day.

The Baird Public School is not exactly up in the air, but soon will be if the Court don't hurry up at Ft. Worth.

A friend of Col. Wynne says he is a democrat who has been on the firing line for forty years. That's a long time to be in a political warfare without hitting an office.

Smallpox is reported in many near by towns out west. Baird don't want any more of the deadly kind we had here last year, and the greatest care should be exercised to guard against it.

The best plan ever proposed to control the trusts was proposed by the late Gov. Hogg, who said put the head men in the penitentiary when they violate the law. What does the Standard Oil and other big trusts care for a fine? They make the people pay it and fines are a farce in such cases. Pen the responsible heads of these concerns and they will obey the law.

They accuse President Roosevelt with bringing on the panic by a too vigorous use of the "big stick." There maybe some truth in this, but then what are you going to do; let the trusts run the country in their own way without a protest? Has it come to pass that the lawless trusts will bring on panics and disaster to the country if the law is invoked to control them? There is two sides to the question. Possibly too much has been said against trusts and combines, but shall the people stop and let the oil trust and other robber trusts skin the people to their hearts content?

The following names have been suggested as delegates at large to the Democratic National Convention: Senators Culberson and Bailey, Gov. Campbell and Geo. A. Carden, state chairman; THE STAR has no objection to Senator Culberson and Gov. Campbell; but in order to make things entirely harmonious it is suggested that Culberson and Campbell be eliminated and George Carden given power to appoint some one in their place. The people, of course, have no choice in the matter, but must accept any one whom the bosses select for us to represent the banner Democratic State in the Union. What's the matter with Bailey, Carden, John Henry Kirby and Col. Imboden of the Austin Statesman as delegates at large?

If Davidson is such a bad man why did the Houston Post and Austin Statesman remain silent when he was a candidate? No one ever heard of either of these watch dogs of the democratic party objecting to Davidson until the political lines of Bailey and Davidson became crossed. Now Davidson is the meanest man in Texas according to the Post and Statesman. The Statesman is owned and controlled by John Kirby, the lumber boss of Texas and the Post would destroy any man politically who would dare attack the great political Joss of Texas. The Post and Statesman are going to be in a devil of a fix if Davidson is nominated.

Hearst is still hammering away with his clubs.

Good roads are worth more to the country than all the waring politicians we can gather together.

Some of the planks in the last Democratic platform should have been burned instead of being placed in the platform.

What has George Carden ever done for the Democratic party that we should honor him as one of the four delegates at large to the National Convention?

We supposed that John H. Kirby would have been trotted out by his admiring friends as a delegate for the state-at-large to the National Democratic Convention. Whats the matter with John Henry?

West Texas at least, wants less drastic laws, laws that will not unnecessarily hamper railroad building and keep out foreign capital. Make the corporations obey the law, but squelch the howling demagogue that only wants office.

The more people read and think for themselves the less power the political bosses will have. Party discipline is well enough in its way, but when it comes to using the party lash to make the average voter keep his mouth closed or his pen paralyzed in order to shield some big boss it is time for the people to wake up.

Graft and greed seems to permeate everything, politics and even the large schools and colleges of the country are not exempt. Petty graft is said to be at the bottom of the row in the A. & M. College. The Church itself is not entirely exempt from the withering, blighting curse of the age, if some of the members are not mistaken.

Letter from Attorney General.

AUSTIN, TEX, Feb 22, 1908.
MR. W. A. HALL,
CROSS PLAINS, TEXAS.

DEAR SIR: In reply to your letter of the 21st inst, I wish to advise that the opinion rendered by the Court of Civil Appeals on the 23d of November 1907 applied only to Independent School Districts created by special act of the Legislature. I will state, however, that that opinion has been set aside, and the Court of Civil Appeals at Austun has upheld the ruling of this Department upon the question. Yours truly,
J. T. SLUDER,
Office Assistant Atty. Gen'l.

Junior B. Y. P. U. Program.

Study, "A Dinner at Bethany," Scripture for the week: John 11:1-57; John 12:1-11; Mark 14:1-9. Memory verse, "Verily, I say unto you, wheresoever this gospel shall be preached in the whole world, that also which this woman has done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her." Mark 14:9. Connecting Links.—Mamie Sims. Plan of study.
1. Jesus in the home, Luke 10:38-48. Scripture Reading.—Jeanie Lambert. Comments—Coryse Boydston.
2. Jesus raises Lazarus from the dead. Reading of John 11:1-48—Wren Foy. Comments—Lucy Miller.
3. Mary anoints Jesus, John 12:1-11 and Mark 14:3-9—Mildred Foy. Comments—Olbern Russell.

Still On The Fencing Question.

We have an overstock of clear 6 inch lumber. Will sell at common lumber prices, for nice fencing. Better investigate. It is worth while. Good reduction all around.
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- THOMAS L. BLANTON, of Albany.
- J. T. HAMMONS, of Eastland.
- D. G. HILL, Of Abilene.
- J. H. CALHOUN, of Cisco.
- W. J. BRYAN.

For State Senator 28th Dist.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

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C. D. (Clarence) RUSSELL.
W. R. ELY
- For Sheriff & Tax Collector.
T. A. (Al) IRVIN.
- For Tax Assessor.
T. J. NORRELL.
R. F. (Frank) BENNETT.
- For County & District Clerk.
GEO. B. SCOTT.
J. H. (Joe) SHACKELFORD.
- For County Treasurer.
W. E. (Eugene) MELTON.
W. C. (Charley) CONNOR.
- For County Attorney
R. L. ALEXANDER
- For Public Weigher Baird District
J. R. PRICE
- For County Superintendent.
R. D. GREEN.
- For Commissioner Pre No. 1.
W. A. HINDS.
W. K. KUYRENDALL.
- For Commissioner Pre. No. 2.
PHILLIP YOST.
WORTH WILLIAMS.
- For Commissioner Pre. No. 3.
GEO. ANTHONY.
- For Commissioner Pre. No. 4.
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J. B. STOKES President HENRY JAMES V. P. B. L. RUSSELL Cashier
W. S. HINDS Assistant Cashier

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C. W. MILLER.
J. M. AYCOCK.

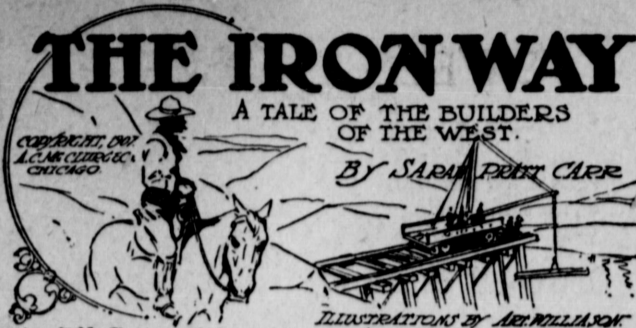
RAIN FALL.

COTTONWOOD, TEX. Feb. 1, '08.
EDITOR STAR: I will give you the rain fall from January 1, 1903 to January 1, 1908. The length of drouth in our section was from July 12th, to Oct. 4th, 1907.

	1903.	1904.	1905.	1906.	1907.
Jan.	3	1 1/2	3	7	0
Feb.	3 1/2	1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2	1/2
March	2 1/2	0	5 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2
April	2 1/2	3 1/2	5 1/2	5 1/2	1/2
May	2	4 1/2	11 1/2	1 1/2	4 1/2
June	6	4	1 1/2	7 1/2	2 1/2
July	6 1/2	2 1/2	2	6 1/2	2 1/2
August	3 1/2	1 1/2	0	10	0
Sept.	8 1/2	4 1/2	3 1/2	2 1/2	0
Oct.	1 1/2	3 1/2	4 1/2	1	5 1/2
Nov.	0	1/2	2 1/2	2 1/2	3 1/2
Dec.	1/2	0	1 1/2	1/2	1/2
Total	40 1/2	25 1/2	39 1/2	41 1/2	22 1/2

HUGH BREEDING.

A friend of mine recently asked me if I intended to oppose in the next election every friend of Joe Bailey. Not necessarily. I don't blame any man for being Joe Bailey's friend. I know hundreds of men who are friends of Joe Bailey who are absolutely opposed to the acceptance of fees, gifts, loans or bribes by public officials from any sort of trust or combination. In fact I believe every honest, sincere and patriotic man thinks that way. As a matter of fact, to contend otherwise would be not only absurd, but result in unlicensed political corruption. If, in the course of public prosecutions, a member of some trust should be convicted and sentenced to imprisonment, what would you think if the Governor, the State's attorney or any member of the board of pardons should accept a fee, a gift or even a loan from the officials of said trust? You need not answer. I know what the reply would be. As a matter of fact, if I desired to defeat any candidate who runs on the Bailey platform, I need not endorse or oppose him. The people will beat him any.—Klamity's Harpoon.



THE IRON WAY

A TALE OF THE BUILDERS OF THE WEST.

BY SARAH POPE CARR

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ART WILLIAMSON

side of the dining tent to read them before eating. One after another he glanced over yellow slips, tore open envelopes.

"No iron yet. 'Flora' detained," he read, and groaned as he thought of bare ties, and the 50 miles still far from finished.

Snatches of low table talk came to Gregory, fitful straws on gusts that swoop along the track of labor, contrary to the steadier gales of capital. "The Union Pacific ain't doin' nothin' neither; failed in their contracts," one voice said.

"If that company can't build a railroad next door to cheap food, cheap iron, good forage and a flat country, what do these C. P. fellers expect to do against a wall of rock standing on edge a mile an' a half high?"

"Yes; an' 40 feet of snow on top of that," a third added.

"An' thar's the iron—not enough to be had, no ships to tote it, an' 20,000 miles to come."

The superintendent heard, though eye and mind were reading letters. He thought of the delayed "Flora," and pain stabbed sharper at his temples.

A shuffling inside warned the superintendent that the meal was nearly finished. He moved off a little that the men might not guess themselves overheard; scrutinized them keenly as they filed out and sought here or there a sheltered spot for pipe or chew before the short respite ended.

The superintendent went inside and ate sparingly of the coarse food, digestion losing its fight to the overwrought brain. Why could not the dinner-time critics, with all their knowings, have gained yet a few other facts? Land jobbers and stock speculators held the Union Pacific franchise by the throat, dallied with the work, cheated their contractors. These cheated in turn, making their cuts narrow and ragged, their fills loose and brush padded, starving their men and falling with their time limit. No wonder United States commissioners refused the road!

But the men of pick and shovel—men upon whom, then as now, depends the success of all contests with nature—saw only the bare fact, failure. And failure in the east meant, doubly, failure in the west!

A second time Gregory read a San Francisco newspaper clipping enclosed in a letter from the treasurer:

"The Central Pacific company can never build on time as long as the present owners control the Sacramento Valley road. That little link, with its Freeport connection, and its arms outreached to McLane's road going east from Placerville, will put the iron horse to the state line long before Stanford can make good his bluff at his time limit. The state and the national government should haul McLane and his associates as their savors from a monstrous steal."

"That's the cussed stuff that works like slow poison among the men, making sight crooked and brains magoty," Gregory thought aloud as he went to a rude kit for paper and pen. He wrote steadily for an hour, handed letters and dispatches to a messenger and was off again.

Riding west to the end of the rails two hours later he rounded the elbow of a small hill and came upon a gang of track-layers working alone, the foreman being hidden by a second sharp turn. For a moment the men did not know themselves watched. Some were resting on their hammer handles, some snatching a surreptitious smoke, while low joke and dialogue ran lazily around. Others kept up a noise with half-hearted blows at the spikes.

"Take your time, boys. This is all the iron for a month o' Sundays. Something's gone wrong with the 'Flora,' an' the last lot was shipped on her."

The plunge of the horse, urged upon the men with cruel spur, startled them into rigidity. Gregory's hair bristled under his hat. His nose lifted threateningly. His cheek paled and his eyes flung a burning spark to every shirking soul.

"You hell-hounds! Call this work? Is this what you're giving the C. P. company for their good coin? You think any railroad under God's canopy can be built a-sitting on your hammers? I'll break your worm-eaten heads! I'll set men over you with shotguns! I'll send you into kingdom come without wooden overcoats! I'll —"

His invectives tore along the line like thunderbolts. "Tough men, desperate some of them were, cowed under his blasting tirade, breathing easily again only when he turned to meet the

luckless foreman coming round the point.

Late in the afternoon a hurrying messenger overtook the "boss" with dispatches. "The 'Flora' is at Sacramento. Iron at Front to-morrow. Crocker."

The superintendent handed the telegram to Bennett. "Pass it along," he said. "Let every man in camp know the iron is coming."

Bennett moved away, and Gregory took off his hat and threw back his head. A long breath of relief brought ease, and he lifted his eyes to the firmament. The gray day had passed. The sun paused in splendor on the western heights, flinging a triumphant red banner across to meet the approaching twilight curve.

CHAPTER XIII. Vanquished.

Alone in his chamber Phineas gloomed. The company had prosecuted on the charge of wire-tapping only. This troubled Phineas but little. Fulfilling his expectation in case of discovery, certain merchants of San Francisco had raised a large sum for his bail; retained for his defense the best lawyers in the state. As he had been held on the lighter charge he felt sure the plot to blow up the steamer was still secret. He fumed at the stupidity of his underlings, never suspecting another cause might have saved the "Flora."

Whether chance or plan had given Phineas his name he knew not; but he had believed in its meaning, gloried in it. Phineas, mouth of brass; Cadwallader, battle arranger. Many a brazen battle had he arranged and fought to a successful finish. But these were past. The easy, luxurious life was surely gone. The best seat, the finest room, the open cigar case, drinks that cost him nothing, the still-hunt for secrets, popularity, jollity—all that he best loved was lost. Instead—the—prison, perhaps. Restlessly he walked the narrow room, his courage rising, while his nimble brain wove him yet another bold plot. Through his attorney he contrived an interview with Gov. Stanford that came to pass with unexpected promptness.

The governor entered, outwardly the genial, rosy citizen adored by California's best, wrapped as with a mantle in his optimistic atmosphere of success. But to-day he was face to face with crime. Phineas' tricks might be veiled—his tricky heart was not. The governor measured him in an instant and went on guard.

"Yes, sir, I can do it; I can deliver the goods," Phineas said emphatically, after a full statement of his proposition and sharp questions from his listener.

"Let me understand you thoroughly. We'll go over it again, and slowly. It is too important a matter to be hurried—or bungled. You agree to deliver into our hands within one month from date a controlling number of shares in the Sacramento Valley railroad?"

"I do."

"You agree to enter our employ, and hereafter work for our interests as you have before now worked for those opposing us?"

"I do."

"You promise to keep secrets entrusted to you, and never by any sort of word or communication to disclose the nature of this interview, to give the slightest hint that it ever took place?"

"I do."

"Very well."

There followed a few further details of the bargain. At a nod from the governor toward the hall door, unseen by Phineas, a man with scratch-pad and pencil entered so quietly that only by the expression on the governor's face was his coming announced to Phineas. He turned and started half out of his chair, yet quickly composed himself again.

"Did you get that perfectly?" the governor asked of the stenographer. He nodded affirmatively.

"Read it." The governor's voice was stern.

Phineas went ashen as the sale of himself to the corporation he hated, sentence by sentence, was riveted. But he was intrepid still, sitting erect, listening carefully.

"Is that correct, Mr. Cadwallader?"

"Quite so, Gov. Stanford." In spite of himself his lips trembled. But his tone was steady. It would not be so bad, he thought.

"Then sign it," the governor said; and Phineas felt himself vanquished by the tone.

took up the pen, hesitated an appreciable instant, his face contracting slightly yet quickly clearing, and signed.

The governor did not fail to interpret correctly that hesitancy. He dismissed the clerk and turned to Phineas. "Mr. Cadwallader, I shall not attempt to conceal from you the satisfaction this transaction affords me. I hope it will not be otherwise with you. Serve us well and you will find the Central Pacific company a fair employer."

"I'm sure I shall, sir. I've been in sympathy with you from the start, but I had to serve those who paid me."

The governor scowled at the bald sycophancy. "Words are cheap, Mr. Cadwallader." He rose, stepped to the door to make sure of privacy, returned and stood near Phineas. His large body, powerful instrument of a still more powerful will, towered above Phineas unconsciously threatening. His eye, not kind as it ever was for friends and right doers, but the eye that confounded malevolence, burned into the other man's very soul, downed his gaze, held him cowering in his chair.

"We shall expect more than words from you, Mr. Cadwallader. And to insure your continual interest in our welfare I have to tell you that we hold a perfect chain of evidence convicting you of intent to blow up the 'Flora.' Our people found the powder, the fuse, the open packages of petroleum. We know the man you hired to carry out the plot, we have a correct reading of your cipher dispatch, some certified affidavits—all that is needed to send you to the penitentiary. This is fled away safely. The day you betray us



"Then Sign It."

by word or sign, or to the amount of a two-bit piece, you will be arrested and put on trial. Good afternoon."

The governor left the room without a glance at the man behind him.

CHAPTER XIV. Hearts Revealed.

Phineas "delivered his goods;" and the historic Sacramento Valley railroad, the first bit of track on the Pacific coast, the iron link that proved to be the undoing of the spurious San Francisco & Washoe railroad, dropped mysteriously into the hands of the Central Pacific company.

The opposition, defeated, yet never dead, still cried "Wolf!" But no cry was loud enough to flutter the brave men at Sacramento. Only nature and the nation's extremities could retard them now. And against these enemies in the open, officers and employes, down to the humblest, took heart of grace and charged again the rocky ramparts of the Sierras.

When the angel of death swept down in the breath of the powder flash upon James Sackett, an unborn child was blighted. It came later to its birth, only to sigh and pass to the care of him who rules life and two eternities. Through weary weeks the mother lingered, unaroused to convalescence by hope or by skill of physicians. The warm frontier heart of the town watched and sorrowed with her, cheerfully adding the burden to their laden shoulders; supplying all possible comfort and every obtainable luxury.

Stella, regularly attentive in the sickroom, reported daily to Alfred. His humble berth of "extra" brakeman had brought his sleeping hours in the little town, left his evenings free. For several weeks he had devoted these to planning a benefit for Mrs. Sackett that was to invade jointly the domains of Thalia, Polyhymnia and Terpsichore.

For days Stella and Viola had toiled at the tasks Alfred set them. Details, as well as most of the men's parts, rested on Alfred, for men were too busy or too bashful for "play acting." He had chosen short extracts from one or two popular plays and planned a couple of charades representing local interests. He had drilled Viola in the rendering of some songs and a boy or two in recitation. But the ambitious part of the performance was to be two scenes from "Romeo and Juliet."

Under Alfred's tutelage Stella discovered a different Shakespeare from her father's pompous poet. Stella walked on air. Weight seemed to leave her body. Sleep and food were no longer necessities. All day she longed for evening; all night dreamed it over again. She was journeying the old, old rose-path, believing herself a discoverer!

On the morning of the day of days Gideon returned from his long absence. Stella knew nothing of his wanderings save the little told in his infrequent letters; and she was quite unprepared for the Gideon who presented himself before her. The change she saw in him was mysterious, almost uncanny. Something about him, his clothes, his bow, his voice, an atmosphere she could neither define nor understand, made her feel as if a character before unknown had stepped out of a book to meet her. She was glad there was no time for him, that she could plead the pressure of work for the evening.

He had hardly gone when Yic Wah poked his yellow face into grandma'am's room, where in spite of August heat, four women were plying hurrying needles in last preparations for the evening.

"Charley Crocker, he come now plitty soon."

"Cut my shoestrings! Extras, Yic; and hurry!" Sally B. rolled up her work with one hand, smoothed her hair with the other and was out of the room before the cook's reply was finished.

"You callee me Yic Wah! Sabe? All light. Extras plenty gosh quick. I damn hully," he called after her as he ambled to the kitchen, his words following her flying form to the office door.

Standing in the open doorway Sally B. began a voluble welcome to her distinguished guest while "he was yet a great way off," her high words carrying like arrows from a taut bowstring.

Not to the public wash basin and all-serving roller towel, but to her fastidiously clean best room, kept for such emergencies, Sally B. conducted Mr. Crocker for "a wash-up 'n hair-brush." Without actual need of the ceremony, he was too tactful to decline it, but used Sally B.'s home-wrought conveniences with an appreciative thoroughness that brought broad smiles to her face as she stood by, serving him, and retelling well-selected railroad gossip the while.

The dinner served to the superintendent, seated apart in a corner of the dining room, testified to Yic Wah's fine understanding of the laconic order, "extras." The flag-draped, fir-trimmed walls, and a stage at the end of the room, aroused Mr. Crocker's curiosity; and Sally B.'s description of the show to be held there that night "for the benefit of Jim Sackett's widge" was so eloquent that Mr. Crocker put in her hand the first five dollars for "a reserved seat," he said.

At six o'clock came a message from Alfred to Stella. "My train is ordered to the Front. You'll have to postpone the programme till I come. Set them to dancing, and get Sally B. to explain. She's hostess; it will come



"Where Women's Skurce, Partiality Breeds Fights."

properly from her. I'll be there as soon as possible. It will be after ten."

The dispatch met Stella as she went in to supper, early to-night and contrary to her custom.

Teamsters, trainmen, shopkeepers, saloonmen, gamblers, employes of Ingram, Finn & Gould's Fast Freight wagon train to leave in a day or so for the desert, the three musicians from Auburn, a traveling minister—it was an odd companionship of brawn, brain and guile there at supper under the yellow kerosene lights in Sally B.'s hotel. No table-talk served as a sauce to meat; no ceremony graced the daily meal. Men did not eat, they fed—three times a day, if work allowed.

A quick transformation from dining room to theater was followed soon by the arrival of the audience from shop and shack, from saloon, camp, distant ranch—a human mosaic. Sally B. made an effective speech of welcome and explanation; and the ball began. The sare and dip of candies twir-

ling in the greens; the twang of fiddle; the scrape of heavy boots in "bow and swing;" the few well-mated couples that whirled in the dizzying, old-fashioned waltz, winning time from the tired musicians because of their grace and beauty—how fascinating it all was! Stella had not before guessed the possibilities of her little world.

"Deal yer dances fair, Stella," Sally B. whispered as she sailed by, herself as popular as the light-footed Viola. "Where women's skurce, partiality breeds fights," she added a moment later, when her partner seated her near Stella. "An' look out fur Gid. He's got up to kill, hain't he? He'll be jealous, whether ye give him any call or no."

Stella but half listened to Sally B.'s wise advice; her heart was out in the wild with Alfred. She danced automatically, and forgot the warning because Gideon was quickest at her elbow.

"You know no one else can give you as good a dance as I, Stella," he pleaded almost before another had seated her, and bore her off in the face of a dozen disappointed ones.

Ten o'clock! Half-past ten! Would Alfred never come? Mr. Crocker came down to look on, and Stella wished desperately, unreasonably, that he had gone to bed. Was he only waiting for Alfred? Would business chain him? But surely Alfred would insist on this one night—what little there was left of it.

Ten-forty! A scared-looking boy came in with a note for Sally B. Stella, watching her as she read, saw her face grow white, saw her whisper to the boy and send him away. And she noticed that Sally B. danced and laughed no more.

Alfred came at last, panting, a red spot on his cheek, his lips dry, his boots rock-scratched and his trousers red with dust.

"No; no supper yet, there isn't time," he said to Stella as she met and questioned him in the hall. "Yes, I walked the nine miles, all that I didn't run." He saw the quick sympathy leap to her eye, but went on quickly. "Make things ready while I change and get my breath. You can begin without me, can't you?"

She nodded, flushed at the look he sent to her over his shoulder from the stair and ran in to help Sally B. set the programme in motion.

It was better than the usual experience of amateurs, for Alfred was practised in such work and had drilled his mumpers carefully. And the on-lookers were so ready to be pleased that the flimsy house quaked with frequent applause and rained pine needles and candle grease impartially on silk and fustian.

All the evening Stella had looked forward to the moment when she might dance with Alfred. During the programme Gideon had knocked at the door of grandma'am's room, then the "green room," to ask for coming waltzes, and had gone away scowling at Stella's refusal.

Their brief players' moment had passed, when Alfred's eyes had burned into hers, revealing his own heart in Romeo's words.

Yet, now that it was over, it seemed a dream, and Stella began to doubt, to fear. No formal words could more fully disclose them, one to the other; still an intangible veil had dropped between them. Alfred was withheld from her; or did he withhold himself? No matter what it was, this hour she would claim. One dance! Once to feel his arms about her, to fancy him her very own—she would dare fate for this; would borrow from the future this one little bit of time, nor care what usury she must pay.

As they neared Mr. Crocker standing by the office door the jam of onlookers halted them. Some one addressed Stella and she did not hear Mr. Crocker's low request for an immediate word with Alfred. He told her of it as they walked slowly down the room.

She saw an angry gleam in his eye, saw his set, stern jaw; but he spoke hardly a word. Stella almost felt that his anger was for her. In vain she looked for some tender glance, some whisper that would explain. She could not know that Alfred was fighting one of the few fierce battles of his life; that he was almost ready to strike out with his fist for possession of her, to defy Mr. Crocker, business, all the sane and safe and dutiful things of life. But the wild moment passed, and more than once on his way to the door he looked back tender messages to her.

The supper hour came; but she would not go with Gideon upstairs, where it was laid in the "corral," fearing that Alfred, in his first search for her, would miss her. Neither would she dance afterward, but sat out a schottische, refusing all on a plea of fatigue.

Gideon danced with no one but Stella, and hung about her, entranced by her new beauty. When at last a waltz was called love and anger joined hands. "Just a few steps, Stella," he pleaded; "when Vincent comes I'll

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PRISONERS ARE REMOVED.

**Sentenced To Twenty Years
Durance Vile In Mexico.**

So quietly that not a word of their intentions reached the public until they were fully carried out the authorities transferred the three condemned American murderers, Richardson, Mason, and Harle from the local prison to the Mexican Central train recently and started them on the journey to Vera Cruz, where they will be incarcerated in the famous fortress of San Juan de Ulua, where they will serve their sentences of twenty years imprisonment. They were taken by Chief of Police Antonio Piedras with a guard of five men. The transfer is done under the provision of the law which accords to any State Executive the privilege of having such prisoners as he may designate transferred to Federal prisons, and this is the policy where desperate and dangerous men with long terms to serve are concerned. This prison is on an island, and is considered by far the most secure prison in the Republic. It is spoken of with dread and horror by Mexicans, who look upon being transferred there as worse than death in many cases. The three Americans are considered, on account of their records, extremely dangerous men.

The first intimation the prisoners had of their fate was when the two coaches drove up to the gate of the prison, accompanied by guards, and entered to take them away. Then for the first time since his arrest did Richardson's iron nerve break. Upon seeing the armed men he turned deadly white, his eyes started in wild terror, and he cried: "Donde me van a fusilar? Estoy indultado?" (Are you going to shoot me? I have been given commutation.) Scarcely able to stand he was brought out by the guards who literally had to lift him by the arms into the carriage, Mason and Harle, though pale and showing their dread, walked firmly with no such sign of terror as their comrade in crime.

How little the prisoners had anticipated any move of this kind is shown by the fact that on the very afternoon of the day they were transferred Richardson endeavored to send a request to Governor Sanchez, asking that he be allowed to continue the brisk trade in Mexican hand-made shoes which he carried on from his cell the past two years or more and which was stopped on the rendering of the final decision.

At last Chihuahua has without a doubt seen the last of this trio, for if they survive their term of imprisonment they will come forth old men with but a few years more before them and probably broken in body and spirit.—Associated Press Dispatch.

CLUBBING RATES.

THE STAR and Dallas News one year, \$1.75.
THE STAR and Houston Post one year, \$1.75.
THE STAR and Fort Worth Record one year, \$1.75.

IN MEMORIAM.

Surrounded by friends and loved ones Grandpa C. C. Jackson, aged 83 years, 10 month and 24 days, passed to his eternal rest at the home of his son, J. A. Jackson, on Feby. 12, 1908 after an illness of 17 days.

Prior to this Grandpa had been in unusually good health and was visiting his grand-daughter, Mrs. Ebert, when he was taken sick with La-grippe and was afterwards removed to his son's, where he died.

The golden bowl is now broken, the silver cord is loosed and a bright spirit has winged its way to the spirit of God.

Rest in peace dear Grandpa, sadly do we miss you, yet we feel our loss is your great gain. We know your pure spirit soared to the realms of everlasting bliss and not until the loved ones join you there will the loved toned make music in your heart.

Grandpa was born in Hardeman County Tenn. March 18, 1824, where he lived until 1844, when he went to Ouchita County Ark. where he was married to Miss Sarah Lewis Nov. 25, 1847. Nine children were born to this union, six of whom with their mother are still living and were at his bedside. Their addresses are: W. E. Jackson, Granbury, J. A. Jackson, Baird, C. H. Jackson, Putnam, Mrs. Earlie Hart, Mrs. W. A. McLaury, and Stonewall Jackson Aspermont. Besides his wife and six children there were seven grand children and two great grand children at his bedside when the end came. Grandpa moved to Hood County, Texas in 1872 and lived there until the spring of 1877 when he moved to Callahan County, where he lived until his death.

He leaves a mourning household, and his aged wife, whose companionship he has enjoyed for 60 years, is left broken hearted, but with the consolation that their separation will not be long, that she will soon be called to cross the crystal sea, where their union will be unbroken.

Grandpa was a Confederate veteran, having fought four years in the struggle between the States.

The funeral services, conducted by Rev. Joiner, were held at the residence on account of the illness of Mr. and Mrs. Jackson and two youngest children who were unable to attend the burial. Just a few hours before Grandpa died he professed his faith in Christ and asked all around his bedside to meet him in heaven.

Rest dear Grandpa, Jesus keeps you

With a kind and loving hand,
Close beside the sparkling waters
In that bright and better land.

And with loving hearts dear Grandpa

We will try to follow you,
Hoping when we meet in heaven,
All our pleasures will renew.

HIS GRAND DAUGHTER.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Jackson and Mrs. Heslep, were in town Tuesday.

Tom Windham and daughter, Miss Winnie, of Oplin, were in town Monday.

H. A. McWhorter from the Bayou was in town Tuesday. Alex says he has just finished planting oats and now has one hundred and fifty acres in oats.

Phillip Yost, H. Windham, J. F. Barton and Albert Betcher of Tecumseh, were in Wednesday after lumber to rebuild Mr. Yost's house, recently destroyed by fire.

Mrs. A. M. Miller left last Friday for St. Louis to buy her spring and summer stock of millinery and notions. She stopped over in Dallas Saturday to see her daughter, Miss Mable, who is attending school at Ursuline Academy.

ROAD OVERSEERS.

List of Road Overseers appointed by Commissioner's Court, February Term 1908:

- Pre. No. 1. J C Holt
- " " 2, Will Appleton
- " " 3 Oscar Carnes
- " " 4, Ed Bourland
- " " 5, Oscar Williams
- " " 6, W W Hawkins
- " " 7, O Collins
- " " 8, O Allen
- " " 9, Jim Barton Jr.
- " " 10, H N Ebert
- " " 11, H D Taylor
- " " 12, R Willhitt
- " " 13, J F Kirby
- " " 14, W R Robbins
- " " 15, Oscar Harwell
- " " 16, John Chewing
- " " 17, L L McBain
- " " 18, W T Burson
- " " 19, A M Sprawls
- " " 20, Will Varner
- " " 21, Wylie Smith
- " " 22, C E Barr
- " " 23, Tom Harris
- " " 24, Jess Copeland
- " " 25, Mont Jones
- " " 26, Lee Payne.
- " " 27, Geo. Baum
- " " 28, Joe Austin
- " " 29, John Birchfield
- " " 30, Dave Bowen
- " " 31, E J Crawford
- " " 32, Joe Rucker
- " " 33, J C W Green
- " " 34 W L. Cutbirth
- " " 35, J T Stewart
- " " 36, Sam Yeager
- " " 37, C A Conlee
- " " 38, John Klepper
- " " 39, Ross Price
- " " 40, F F Suggs
- " " 41, W L Harris
- " " 42, J A Moses
- " " 43, F W Thayer
- " " 44, B M Rous-
- " " 45, J M Shirley
- " " 46, Will Motley
- " " 47, J Wesley Jones
- " " 48, Bob Caldwell
- " " 49, Leonard Farmer
- " " 50, F F Judd
- " " 51, W M White
- " " 52, Aaron Elliott
- " " 53, A W Warren
- " " 54, H L Breeding
- " " 55, John Barr
- " " 56, Jim Harlow
- " " 57, Will Trammell
- " " 58, Hardy Tyler
- " " 59, D A Farr
- " " 60, Clark Smith
- " " 61, David O'Keefe, E 1-2
- " " 62, Wayne Tart
- " " 63, A R Gray
- " " 64, A M Teague
- " " 65, J B Richardson
- " " 66, J R Whitfield
- " " 67, J D Golyghtly
- " " 68, Joe Smartt
- " " 69, Geo Wright (W 1-2 of No. 61.)
- " " 70, L P Taylor
- " " 71, Walker Morgan
- " " 72, Richard Graves
- " " 73, — Graham, (N 1-2).
- " " 74, J F Collins (S 1-2).

EILER'S BIG SHOW.

W. A. Eiler's presents "Ralph R. Richardson in a new sensational five act western play, written expressly for him by the well known author, Hal Reid, entitled "King of the Cattle Ring" It is a charming story of love and adventure. The scenes are laid in the mining regions of the golden west, the play is rich in pathos and fairly bubbling over with fun, mirth and merriment. The members of the supporting company have been selected from the very best material which the dramatic market affords, and during the action of the play a number of pleasing specialties will be introduced. The scenery and all accessories are appropriate and abundant, and nothing has been neglected which may have a tendency to insure the success of the play. "The King of the Cattle Ring" will be presented at Baird on Mar. 7, 1908 under a big tent.

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When you think of drugs see Powell. 10-tf

Our spring slippers have arrived B. L. Boydston. 11tf

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

Weak and Sickly Women.
It is hard to estimate how many women owe their female troubles, general weakness, nervousness, sal-low skin, etc., to constipation and indigestion, but doctors whose practice is among women say that 90 per cent. would be no exaggeration. It is well for them to know of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which cures constipation, indigestion, sick headache, heart-burn, hot flashes, etc., It is absolutely guaranteed to do what is claimed, and if you want to try it before buying, send your address for a free sample bottle to Pepsin Syrup Co., 119 Caldwell Bldg Monticello, Ill., It is sold by Powell & Powell, Druggists, at 50c and \$1 a bottle.

Coming Soon—to B. L. Boydston's the American Beauty woman. Watch for date. 11tf

Christian, Are You Winning Souls?

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



It is not enough for the Christian to be evangelical. He should be evangelistic. Jesus said: "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." An evangelical church may be a reservoir of pure water without a pipe running anywhere. If you will take the trouble to go

to it and climb the embankment you will get a good drink. The evangelistic church is a reservoir of pure water with a pipe to every heart in the community and every nation in the world.

Evangelical may mean truth on ice; evangelistic means truth on fire.

Evangelical may mean a bomb-proof for defense; evangelistic means an army on the march with every face toward the foe.

Evangelical sings: "Hold the fort, for I am coming;" evangelistic sings: "Storm the fort, for God is leading."

The need of the church is not evangelism as a thing to fight for, but evangelism as a force to fight with.

The evangelical creed merely held and defended becomes a fossil, only a thing of interest; but the evangelistic life which feeds upon evangelistic truth is a force against which the gates of hell cannot prevail.

An evangelical may be a mere formalist and there is no recognition of him in the New Testament, except as he is rebuked; but a New Testament evangelist is a man full of the life of God and making alive those to whom he ministers.

What It Means.

It is certainly more than inducing a person to join the church. That is important. There are too many believers who attend churches and refuse to become an organic part of any one. They are spiritual pleasure seekers. They are gospel tasters. They look at the papers and go where the subject or the music seems most attractive. At best they are only "bushwhackers" and ought somehow to be pressed into the regular army. "One shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight;" that is, two together are ten times stronger than one alone. Organization multiplies your influence by ten. You have no right, therefore, to remain outside the organized church of Christ. But you can join the church, be baptized and partake of the Lord's Supper without being a Christian. We may make our churches so worldly in spirit that worldly people will feel perfectly at home as members of them. They become adherents, and adherents, you know, are barnacles that help to sink the ship. The real convert has become a "partaker of the divine nature." (2 Peter 1:4.) He has been "born from above." (John 3:3.)

You Must Accept.

Conviction of sin, however, is not enough. "As many as received him, to them gave he the power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name." (John 1:12.) There must be acceptance of Jesus Christ. Even turning from sin is not sufficient. God did not tell the bitter Israelites merely to look away from the bite of the serpent, but to look to the serpent of brass uplifted in the camp. Reformation is simply turning from sin; regeneration is turning from sin unto Christ. Reformation is white-washing; regeneration is washing white. To reform is to remain deformed; to be born again by faith in the uplifted Jesus is to take into our hearts the life that will make Christly character.

You Must Have New Birth.

Jesus said: "Come ye after me and I will make you to become fishers of men." Now, it is not our mission to feed fish, that is, to cultivate the natural man until he has so greatly improved that he may be labeled a Christian. The fish that live in the lower realm of darkness, grub and gravel must be transformed by the new birth into sheep fitted for the higher realm of landscape, sun and sky. The Babel process of reaching heaven by building up from beneath is not the New Testament method. "Ye must be born from above." George Whitfield preached over 300 times from this text, and, when asked why he had preached so often from the same text, he replied: "Because ye must be born again." Christ can enter the hearts of the vilest and make them sons of God. The need of the day is a re-emphasis of sudden, instantaneous conversion, a crisis with a view to a process of growth.

The Secret of Power.

Back of real evangelism is a praying

church. Back of the reformation of the sixteenth century were the caloused knees of Philip Melancthon and the "Bene orasse est bene stuidisse" (to have prayed well is to have studied well) of Martin Luther. It was not the thunderbolt of Luther's anathema, but the power of persistent prayer that gave a new sunrise to the church of Christ. The habit of John Wesley was to rise for prayer and meditation every morning at four. There never was a genuine revival of Christianity which did not have its roots in prayer.

Shakespeare and Americans.

A London newspaper man who has been staying at Stratford-on-Avon says he asked his landlady one day: "Who is this Shakespeare of whom one hears so much down here? Was he a very great man?" To which she replied: "Lor, sir, 'e worn't thought nothing on a few years ago. It's the Americans as 'as made 'im what 'e is!"

Healthy Children.

As a rule every child is born into the world with an unblemished constitution, and there is no reason whatever that this condition should not continue, if those in charge of it would be guided by reason instead of being led astray by fallacies which are in reality more hereditary than disease is.—The Grand Magazine.

Frightened.

The "limited" train was rushing along at the rate of 60 miles an hour, when a five-year-old youngster, who was sitting at the window, was startled by the rush and roar of a passing train and fell back in his fright. Recovering quickly he looked up in his father's face and gasped: "Papa! did we swallow it?"

Age of Artificiality.

Paper bricks are used in Berlin for paving; many telegraph poles are now made of rolled sheets of paper; paper coffins are used in some places. Some straw hats, into which enters not an atom of straw, consist of narrow paper strips dyed yellow; artificial sponges can be made of paper pulp.

A Recommendation.

From the letter-bag of a fashionable medico: "Dear Doctor—Inclosed find check for professional services rendered by you to my late uncle. I thank you for your zeal in the matter and shall not fail to recommend you to all my other wealthy relatives."

Horse Baths in Mexico.

In Guadalajara, Mexico, there are public horse baths, where the animals thoroughly enjoy swimming after the day's heat and dust. After the bath the horses are given a thorough scrubbing and rubdown in the shallow, shady part of the pool.

Struck Youngster as Funny.

It was his first day at school. They sang "Mary Had a Little Lamb." When he came home he told his mother they sang about Mary's lamb, and that the lamb had "fleas as white as snow." "Wasn't it funny, mamma, to sing about fleas?"

Society Playhouse.

It is easier than it was to get out of one's own station in life both upward and downward. Birth and brilliance have always been admitted to the great playhouse of society, but to-day they take money at the doors.—The Spectator.

Not Even Saint Patrick.

Angry Scot—Look here, Mr. O'Brien! I've the verra greatest respect for yer country, but ye mauna forget this: Ye can sit on a rose, and ye can sit on a shamrock, but, O man, ye canna sit on a thistle.—The Sketch.

Overdoing.

You overeat if your food is not honestly earned. You oversleep if the mortgage is awake and growing. You overtalk if you have time to waste on gossip. You overwork if you meddle with the affairs of other people.

Mexico's "Death Column."

In the ruins of Mitla, Mexico, is the Death Column. The Indians say they can tell the number of years a person will live by the number of spans between his finger tips when he embraces the column.

Progress and Humor.

Good humor is decidedly a comfortable thing, both to have and to meet with, but for all that it were a sorry day for human progress if everybody should be good-humored all the time.—Puck.

Proof of Superior Intelligence.

Two citizens of the state of Washington had a prize fight over a girl. Then she rejected them both. Mossbacks still talk of the inferiority of woman's intelligence.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Japan's Mineral Productions.

On the list of the world's mineral productions Japan ranks fifth in its

production of sulphur; third in antimony, fourth in copper, sixth in petroleum, and eighth in coal.

Korean Gold Mines Opened.

The Korean government has decided to grant the right to work gold mines to citizens of England, Germany, France, the United States and Italy.

Uncle Allen Discovers Great Truth.

"It isn't hard to understand why some jokes tickle," spoke up Uncle Allen Sparks. "It's because of their whiskers."

Vast Output of Quill Toothpicks.

A toothpick factory near Paris turns out 20,000,000 quills annually. It is the largest plant of the kind in the world.

Whaling in South Atlantic.

Whaling is a growing industry in the south Atlantic, centering around the Falkland islands.

High Finance.

There is always room at the top— if you can push the other fellow off.—Life.

Use Electric Lights

Have your house lighted by Electricity, which is the cleanest, safest and most efficient light in the world. No lamps to clean and fill, no smoke and smut and no danger of oil explosions which you read of every day. You carry insurance for safety. Why not use an electric light and add to your security, it costs but little more than oil and lamps. There is no comparison in the light and conveniences. Have a light in all parts of the house without having to strike matches and carry lamps from place to place. We will wire your house or a reasonable price, or you can wire some one else to do your wiring and we will tie you on free of cost. We now have an up to date plant which is just finished and we are giving our customers good service. Try electric lights and you will always like them. We furnish light-on meters and flat rates. Let us have your lighting.

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NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE.

[REAL ESTATE.]

By Virtue of an Order of Sale issued out of the Honorable District Court of Callahan County, on the 20th day of Jany. A. D. 1908, in the case of H. W. Ross, Intervenor, versus J. T. Renfro and Oscar Renfro. No. 925, and to me, as Sheriff directed and delivered, I have levied upon this 4th, day of Feby. A. D. 1908, and will, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. on the first Tuesday in March A. D. 1908, it being the 3d, day of said month, at the Court House door of said Callahan County in the City of Baird, proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, all the right, title and interest which J. T. Renfro and Oscar Renfro had on the 20th day of May A. D. 1908, or at any time thereafter, of, in and to the following described property, to-wit: Beginning at the N. W. cor of Robt. Henderson survey No. 852 a stake from which a P. O. 8 in diameter, brs. N. 24. E. 19 vrs. thence south with west line of said Robt. Henderson survey 273 vrs. thence west 80 vrs. thence north 273 vrs. thence east 80 vrs. to place of beginning containing 4 1-2 acres of land more or less. Said property being levied on as the property of J. T. Renfro and Oscar Renfro to satisfy a judgment amounting to \$411.50, in favor of H. W. Ross, Intervenor, and cost of suit. Given under my hand this 4th day of Feby. 1908.

T. A. IRVIN,
Sheriff Callahan County, Texas.
104-t

NOTICE.

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

TO THE FARMERS OF CALLAHAN CO.

We want good tenants on the shares for farms suitable in size located at Vigo.

Will also sell in any quantity from 40 to 160 acre tracts on long time and easy payments. House furnished with each farm rented. Call on, or write

Chautauqua Townsite Co.,

At Hotel Seay, Baird, Texas.

Look Here

We are selling baby caps at half price, \$1.50 caps for 75c and the \$1 for 50c. Come and see

Hats at Greatly Reduced Rates

We have a complete line of Millinery Goods, Notions and Ladies Underwear. Come and see

MRS. A. M. MILLER

Baird, Texas

Think Before You Buy

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

Baird Drug Co.

BOYDSTUN & DAVIS, Proprietors
BAIRD, TEXAS

FURNITURE

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

HALSTED BROS.

PROGRAM B. Y. P. U.

Sunday, Mar. 1, 1908.
Meeting conducted by Pres. C. B. Holmes.
Scripture Reading 11:9-12—M. W. Uzzell.
Song.
Millets Angelus—Miss Louie Surlis
Work, paragraph 1—Miss Dana Moon.
Special music.
Love, par. 2—Miss Mattie Lovvorn
Worship, par. 3—Miss Lillian Coffman.
Song.
Play—Miss Bell Austin.
Business.
Dismissal.
A cordial welcome awaits all who come.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

The Eiler "King of the Cattle Ring" will show at night only on account of the calcium effects. Will show here on Saturday March 7 night only. Under a big tent.

CARD OF THANKS.

I wish to express through THE STAR, my hearty thanks to all the friends for their kindness to my wife and myself during her late and last illness. May God's richest blessings abide with them all.

G. W. D. JONES.

Fencing Time.

Calls for posts. We will make a reduction of 25 per cent on all posts for 60 days. All other material close. See us. R. B. SPENCER & Co. 12.5

Mrs. J. B. Ellis and children left last Saturday for Big Springs where they will make their home. Mr. Ellis now being on the passenger run between Big Springs and Toyah.

The booms in some of the West Texas boom towns have burst wide open, just as everybody who have watched the trend of events expected. A slow steady growth of a town or county beats an unnatural boom, always. As usual Callahan County is in better shape than nearly any other county in West Texas. One serious drawback, however, is our people have had to buy more feed stuff than usual and this has taken lots of money out of the county. With any thing like a season this year this county will raise its own feed and to spare.

Mark Twain on Prohibition.

"Crossing the Atlantic with Mark Twain last summer," said a W. C. T. U. woman, "I asked his opinion of the prohibition law. His reply was very characteristic, very humorous.

"I am a friend of temperance and want it to succeed," he said, "but I don't think prohibition is practical. The German, you see, prevent it. Look at them. I am sorry to learn that they have just invented a method of making brandy out of sawdust. Now, what chance will prohibition have when a man can take a rip saw and go out and get drunk with a fence rail? What is the good of prohibition if a man is able to make brandy smashes out of the shingles on his roof, or if he can get delirium tremens by drinking the legs off the kitchen chairs?"—Ex.

A Stitch in time

will save nine. So will a bottle of Ballard's Horehound Syrup always kept on hand save many a spell of sickness. A sure cure for coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and Whooping Cough. Mrs. S., Hot Springs, Ark. writes: "I keep a bottle of Ballard's Horehound Syrup in my medicine chest and thank my forethought many times. It has prevented many severe spells of sickness." Sold by Powell & Powell.

Be a Booster.

The man who says nothing about another unless he can say something good is much more likely to be a good citizen and a good friend than the man who feels it is part of his job to keep telling tales out of school or criticizing other men. The world is so small that he cannot tell when his words will come home to roost. Sometimes they come home when home is not prepared to receive them.

Where Content Was Not.

A man that had health, riches and several houses beautifully furnished, often moved about with his family from one dwelling to another. When a friend asked him why he took the trouble to move so often he replied: "In order to find content in some of them." But his friend knowing him well told him if he would find content in any of his houses he must leave himself behind.

Fisherman's Luck.

Fishing stories are always in order. A man who was enjoying great sport with the finny tribe at Rush Lake, Minn., went to the telegraph office and wired his wife as follows: "I've got one; weighs seven pounds and it is a beauty." In reply came the following, signed by his wife: "So have I; weighs ten pounds; he isn't a beauty; looks like you."—Argonaut.

His Band of Mourning.

"I don't think they hurt themselves going in black for their friends and relatives here in New York," said the Western girl. "I know a man who, when his father died, put a wide black ribbon on his eyeglasses, strung it across the side of his face and back of his ear, and let it go at that."—New York Press.

Woman's Triumph in One Line.

The woman who first taught school a hundred years ago was a demure, timid creature, who promised to teach writing, embroidery, "the use of the globes" and deportment as preeminent branches of education. To-day there are nearly 200,000 more woman teachers than men.

Peoples' Eyes Are Trained.

There are in New York city 14 clocks in public view that have no figures or Roman letters on their faces, using some advertising words with 12 letters in their places, and it is as easy to tell the time by their use as by the usual characters.

Apartments for Martin Colony.

J. H. Miller, a merchant of Denver, Lancaster County, in 1869 erected a martin box with four apartments. Additional boxes have been erected from time to time until about 75 pairs are now nicely housed during the breeding season.

Be Yourself.

Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another you have only an extemporaneous half-possession.—Emerson.

European Imitation Silk.

The process of manufacturing silk made from wood pulp is one which in Europe is jealousy guarded from inspection. The imitation silk sells for considerably less than real silk, but at a higher price than mercerized cotton.

Vindicative Allusion.

Only a Chicago paper would insinuate that the movement to make that St. Louis Apollo wear trousers is inspired by the fact that a bow legged citizen of that burg posed as the model.—N. Y. Herald.

Masculine Vanity.

Mankind likes being preached at; he feels important; he has a rare fondness for being considered a sad dog. But he cannot endure being laughed at. He would rather be good.—London Queen.

It's All Right in Washington.

"Iron Man Falls Dead," reads a headline in the New York Tribune. The strenuous life in New York must be getting pretty near the limit when even iron men give out.—Washington Post.

Some Men.

"Some men," said Uncle Eben, "is like locomotive whistles. Dey don't do no partic'lar work, but dey manages to keep a lot o' people awake nights."—Washington Star.

Shareholders Get the Money.

Life insurance companies in Japan are paying 16 per cent. dividends. In one of them the directors got only \$3,100 fees for their year's work.

Growing Old or Hopeless.

We have forgotten how to stand upon our own feet and face the combat with the joy of it in our hearts.—N. Y. Evening Post.

Not a Man of Frivolity.

Dr. Dougal of Keith, who was made an honorary member of the Aberdeen society in 1795, had a reputation for bluntness. A talkative woman went to him one day and said to him: "Doctor, what is the matter with my tongue?" "Just needin' a rest," he replied, shortly. On another day a patient went to him and complained: "I have a deal to suffer with my eyes, doctor," whereupon he answered: "Better suffer with them than without."

Clothes Reveal the Man.

A quiet study of the individual who is prone to make weird appearances in his personal adornment will generally find him to be lacking in stamina, shifty in his methods and incapable of bringing his mind to bear upon any situation or difficulty requiring decision, forethought and calculation upon the idiosyncrasies of human nature.—Outfitter.

Faint-Hearted Modern Lovers.

The average modern young man cares only for "tame rabbit coursing." He labors under some new-fangled delusion that it is undignified to woo unless you're more than half sure of winning. Naturally, the sport is dull both to pursuer and pursued. The dainty art of courtship is nearly forgotten.—Woman at Home.

Wasps Prey on Flies.

Wasps prey on flies—a fact which is well known in Italy. On any summer or early autumn day in the Tuscan country parts, when the luncheon table is blackened by flies, one may see a wasp sail in at the open window, select a fly, roll it over, curl it up and carry it out into the sunshine and soon return for another.

Killed in Strange Accident.

In Goldfield the other day a deputy sheriff's pistol was jerked out of his pocket by the restiveness of the horse he was riding, and fell in the road. The horse stepped on it and so discharged a cartridge, the bullet from which killed a girl who was passing on the sidewalk. It cut her jugular vein.

Widows Thought to Be Unlucky.

Widows are said to be unlucky; that is, they bring bad luck to other people, and there is a superstition that starting out on a journey, undertaking some new business or making other new effort will be attended by bad luck if a widow crosses the path.

Many Deer in Japan.

Deer are relatively numerous in various parts of Japan, and in such show places as Maru and Miyajima are held as sacred, becoming so tame as to eat from the hands of visitors. They are generally smaller in size than the American deer.

Lonely.

"So you are to be married again? But do you remember that at the death of your first wife you declared that your grief was too great—that you could not endure it?" "Oh, you misunderstood me! I merely said that I could not endure it alone."

Thought She Had Had Enough.

When the doctor was called and his mother went back to bed again one morning recently, the three-year-old boy said to her: "What are you going back to bed for, mother? You've had a good fat sleep already."

Magician Had Good Excuse.

The English wife of a Chinese "magician" summoned him for desertion. He explained that she had grown so stout that it was now impossible for him to perform his trick of turning her into a duck.

Pugnacious Youngster.

"I think my new baby brother is a quarrelsome little chap," said Mabel. "When he can't get a chance to pull my hair he pulls his own, and when no one is near enough he punches his own head."

Lesson in Physiognomy.

It is all right to rave over Grecian noses in poetry, but the nose we admire in everyday life is the nose that is kept out of other people's business.—Atchison Globe.

Wise Uncle Eben.

"I ain't got no patience," said Uncle Eben, "wif de kind o' patience dat consists in jes' sittin' down com'f'able an' waitin' foh good luck to strike you."

Inducement to Attend Church.

A clergyman in a London suburb has promised to entertain his congregation next winter by reading novels to them, with musical interludes.

Where Death Levels All Things.

In some parts of Switzerland all the dead are buried by the government, without respect to wealth or position.

Hope for End of London's Smoke.

To do away with London's smoke it

is proposed to use electric power generated elsewhere, for heating, etc.

Requisites for Victory.

A man with great mind, money, heart and bravery can conquer any difficulty.

The Proper Foundation.

Good fortune and prosperity are the fruits of labor, economy and truth.

Nor in the Same Flat.

Happiness and suspicion cannot dwell under the same roof.

Society's Latest Pet Dog.

The Japanese spaniel, or sleeve-dog of Japan, is one of the long-coated varieties which is much admired. They have been hard to acclimatize, and many discouragements have been met with in their introduction. They have large heads, with big, dark eyes set wide apart and very full. Their little tails curl up over their backs like feather dusters. One pound is the true sleeve-dog weight.—Suburban Life.

Good News for Him.

"I know a most improvident fellow down in Tennessee," says a native of that state. "One day his wife asked him to buy some flour, of which they had none. 'I can't,' he told her, 'I haven't a cent.' 'But we can't starve,' she expostulated tearfully. 'I'm glad to hear it,' he replied. 'I was afraid maybe we could.'"—Kansas City Times.

Value of Good Intentions.

I don't believe very much in good resolutions; for my experience is that the people who make plenty of them are not always as good at carrying them out. You see it takes so much out of one to make a really fine resolution. A solid ounce of good trying is worth more than a whole pound of good intentions.—Woman's Life.

Embarrassed by a Bulldog.

Walter Godden of the Tinklepaugh laundry, while making his rounds for laundry, was pursued by a bulldog, which seized his clothing at the sitting-down part and tore out a good-sized piece. The young man was compelled to disappear from the public streets until he had made a change of clothing.—Olean (N. Y.) Herald.

One of Civilization's Benefits.

In the cities of northern Mexico where American commodities are in use the native olla often is replaced by the tin cans of the Standard Oil company. The carriers, by attaching two or more cans to their yoke, carry double the quantity possible in the old receptacles.

Historic English Church.

The oldest Protestant church in England is the Moravian. Recently the London congregation celebrated the 450th anniversary of its organization. This was held in the same building where John Wesley experienced his wonderful change of heart.

Still Mourn Gen. Wolfe.

One British regiment has been in mourning for nearly a century and a half. This is the old forty-seventh, the Loyal North Lancashire regiment. The officers wear black blended with the gold braid in memory of Gen. Wolfe, who was killed at Quebec.

Sayings of Childhood.

One morning a mother said: "To whom did you say your prayer last night, dear, when I was away?" and the little innocent answered: "Papa was busy writing and Bridget had company, so I just said it to God."—Chicago Tribune.

Applied Truth.

"I never complained of my lot," said the Persian poet, Sadi, "but once—when my feet were sore and I had no money to buy shoes; but I met a man without a foot and I became content with my lot when I saw him."

Rust Spoils.

Next time you have a rust spot to deal with try this: Wet the spot in cold water, cover thickly with cream tartar, and hold over the steam of a boiling tea kettle. The rust will disappear in a few moments.

Hanging Round the Hook.

"De man dat wins a little money on a boss race," said Uncle Eben, "reminds me of a fish dat managed to get away wif jes' enough of de bait to keep 'im hangin' roun' de hook."—Washington Star.

Oldest British Holiday.

The Saturday afternoon is the oldest British holiday. It originated in the eleventh century, when an edict of King Canute enacted that "every Sunday be kept from Saturday noon to Monday's dawn."

Keeping It Dark.

Although men are obliged to conceal the fact for all they are worth, their secret opinion of women is high.

er now than it has been for some seasons past.—Lady's Pictorial.

Or Almost Always.

It's a queer thing, but it doesn't matter how lazy a man may be, he is always able to find some soft-hearted, hard-working woman who is willing to marry him.

Japs in South America.

Japanese merchants who speak both Spanish and English are steadily extending their trade in the larger cities of the west coast of South America.

Checkrein Tolerated in Germany.

There are no laws in Germany preventing the use of the checkrein on horses, with the exception of the police ordinances of Berlin.

New York's Increase in Wealth.

Real estate values in New York city, according to the assessment figures, are increasing \$1,096,970 each day.

And at All Other Times.

Truthful and honest action in the morning will help you at noon and night.

British Joke.

Modern honorable gentlemen who wish to show their reading display it in the invention of such sesquipedalities as "Terminological inexactitude." The outsider fails to grasp the humor of it; it reminds him only of Chrononhotonthologos "immersed in cogitundity of cogitation."—London Saturday Review.

The Real Thing.

"That ain't the college yell the young feller is givin' now," explained the old inhabitant. "The old man is wearin' out a few hickories on him in the barn, an' what he's a-givin' us now is the home yell, with no Greek or Latin trimmin's."—Atlanta Constitution.

Pity the Millionaire.

Don't grumble. Think of the poor, dyspeptic millionaire who has to live on milk and crackers in this world, and then tackle milk and honey in the next one, when they never did agree with him!—Atlanta Constitution.

Germans in the United States.

According to conservative estimates, the United States contains 12,000,000 to 13,000,000 inhabitants of German blood. The census of 1900 gives 2,666,900 as born in Germany and over 7,500,000 whose parents were born there.

Rescued from Perilous Position.

Adrift in San Francisco bay in a disabled launch loaded with dynamite, without food and with the waves dashing over them for two days and two nights, is the plight from which two badly frightened men were rescued.

Boys as Household Servants.

Housemen and houseboys are being introduced with great success in houses in Melbourne, Australia, to alleviate the domestic servant problem. Boys, it is found, work more quickly than girls.

Wealth in Stubs.

It is estimated by the head of one of the large tobacco establishments of New York that at least \$5,000 worth of tobacco is daily thrown away in the city in unconsumed cigars and cigarettes.

Growth of Japan's Prosperity.

In three years the gold circulation of the Bank of Japan has increased \$5,000,000, the silver circulation \$1,000,000; while the note circulation has only increased by \$8,500,000.

Little Money Wasted There.

Though the half yearly net profits of the Industrial Bank of Japan amounted to \$350,000, only \$10,000 was paid out for "directors' fees and bonuses."

In Theory Only.

According to an estimate made by a banker who is fond of figures, each adult person in New York city is carrying an average of \$26.

Much Paper Money Printed Daily.

The average valuation of the paper money printed daily by Uncle Sam totals over \$3,000,000.

If They Are His First Crop.

Nothing is more pathetic than an old man who is trying to sow wild oats.

Valuable Mahogany Tree.

A single Honduras mahogany tree cut into boards was sold for \$10,000.

The Truth About Mischief.

French proverb: Mischief comes by the pound and goes away by the ounce.

At the Top.

There is always room for jealousy at the top.

Full Weights



You can rest assured that you are getting all that you pay for when you buy your GROCERIES and FEED from me. We handle only the best grade of goods and give you value received for every dollar that you leave at our store. Try us with your next order.

PHONE 231

J. C. JONES

The Grocer
Baird, Tex

This is to remind you that we have removed our banking office to our new building, and we extend you a cordial invitation to come and see us, and let us show you around.

HOME NATIONAL BANK

T. & P. R'y SCHEDULE.

EAST BOUND

Arrives.
No. 4. Through train, Mail. 11:15 a. m.
No. 6. Mail 12:50 a. m.
No. 8. Ft Worth local, no mail 9:45 a. m.

WEST BOUND.

Arrives.
No. 5. Toyah local, mail.... 4:10 a. m.
No. 7. Sweetwater local, mail. 4:00 p. m.
No. 3. Through train, no mail 6:30 p. m.
J. B. HARMON, Agent.

PERSONAL

J. H. Whitley, of Rowden, was in town on business.

W. B. Ellis, of Eagle Cove, was in town Saturday.

Mr and Mrs. Lowrey Blakely were in town Wednesday.

Clark Smith, John Walker, G. W. Weeks and others from Admiral were in town this week.

L. D. Harwell, of Putnam, was in town Wednesday for the first time in three months, he says.

Phillip Yost, John Aycock, Albert Betcher, H. Windham, Jim Barton and others from Tecumseh were in town Tuesday after lumber.

Mr. S. S. Ramsey, of Cottonwood, moved to town last week. He has bought the Beall place in the west part of town.

Miss Jennie Harris has returned to Clyde to resume her duties as trimmer for B. L. Boydston.

Miss Maggie May Flores, of Cisco, is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Flores, at Belle Plaine.

Miss Jennie Brightwell, who has been spending sometime with relatives in Baird, returned home Wednesday. She spent several days the first of the week at Belle Plain the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. Y. Gilliland and Mrs. Jno. Flores.

Don't look like hard time in Baird when people can buy automobiles and such like. One fine machine was sold here last week by Carry Hinds and we learn others may buy. We hope the time will soon come when all in town can afford an auto.

W. J. Bryan, of Abilene announces as a candidate for State Senator this week. Mr. Bryan, as representative of this district for seven or eight years, is so well known that he needs no introduction to the people of Callahan County. Mr. Bryan has served the people of the district honestly, faithfully and efficiently, while the people have repeatedly shown their appreciation of his services by electing him by an overwhelming majority each succeeding election. John Bryan will make us a good senator and look out for the interest of the entire district as well as any man we could select.

Henry Pratt, of Stamford, spent Sunday with friends in Baird.

Landy Holland and Mr. Grinstead of Moran, were here Saturday.

C. B. Holmes spent Sunday in Big Springs.

B. L. Boydston went out to Toyah last Saturday.

Miss Dulcie Robinson has returned to her home at Admiral.

Miss Lillie Robbins, of Clyde, spent Saturday and Sunday in Baird.

W. K. Kuykendall, of Clyde, announces this week as a candidate for County Commissioner for Precinct No. 1. Mr. Kuykendall is an old resident and thoroughly identified with the people. He is a good man and we believe he will endeavor to serve the people honestly and to the best of his ability if he should be the choice of the people for this important office.

Town Stock Law.

THE STAR was asked last week to notify the people of the town that the stock law is still in force—not repealed or knocked out as some claim. Everyone who permits their stock to run at large in town is violating the law and if they are not fined they ought to be. Why don't the City Council secure a pound to pen the stock running around town?

Protracted Meeting.

Rev. McIntosh is holding a protracted meeting at the Methodist Church. The meeting is well attended and interest in the meeting is growing and quite a number of conversions are reported. Mr. McIntosh held a very successful meeting at Clyde just before coming to Baird and it is said there were one hundred and eighteen conversions, most of them grown people. Quite a number of Clyde people are attending the services here.

J. B. and Jim Seay of Baird, Jules Jennett, of Abilene, and Bob Seay, of Dallas, left several days ago for a trip to Old Mexico. The last heard of them they were at Monterey heading for Tampico.

Judge K. K. Leggett, of Abilene, President of the Board of Directors of the A. & M. College, was on the west bound train Tuesday on his way home from Bryan, where he has been for sometime trying to settle the "strike" among the students. Judge Leggett says the trouble is practically settled for the present, at least.

SPECIAL SERVICES.

Rev. W. M. McIntosh requests THE STAR to announce that special services for men and boys, only, will be held at the Methodist Church next Sunday evening, March 1, at 8 o'clock

Have Your Piano Tuned.

A. S. James, an expert piano tuner and Professor of music, of Dallas has spent the past two weeks in town. Mr. James is well known in Baird and there is no risk to run in having him to see after your instrument. He has had twenty years experience in the manufacturing of pianos. 13-1p

Notice To Subscribers.

We are mailing out statements to all in arrears on subscription as fast as possible, and within the next week will finish the county list. We have no choice in the matter, all who are in arrears as much as one year will be dropped from list on April 1st, unless paid for before that date. Some of our old subscribers will be among the number we fear, but the postal authorities say you must pay or we must put a one cent stamp on your paper each week and we cannot afford to do this. Feby. 28th. THE STAR.

Reamus Edwards, after a week's layoff, has resumed his duties as fireman between Baird and Big Springs.

The Good One
Eilers Big Production

King of the Cattle Ring

A Western Melodrama in Five Acts
by Hal Reid in a Special
built tent

30 PEOPLE 30

Band and Orchestra

16 Acting Parts
14 Musicians

Calcium and Mechanical Effects—
Up-to-date Specialties & Stage
settings—Elegant costumes—
es—traveling in 2 pull
man cars.

Baird, Mar. 7th

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Curtain Rises Promptly at 8 O'clock

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

PRIEST SHOT TO DEATH

Cowardly Murder Is Committed by an Anarchist.

SLAIN CELEBRATING MASS

Advancing to the Altar Rail While the Clergyman Was Upon His Knees the Man Placed the Weapon to Father Heinrich's Body and Pulled Trigger.

Denver, Feb. 24.—Father Leo Heinrichs was shot and killed when administering the sacrament at early mass in St. Elizabeth's Roman Catholic church at 5 o'clock Sunday morning. Kneeling at the altar rail between two women, Getarnacoto pressed the muzzle of a revolver against the body of the priest, after receiving the consecrated wafer, and shot the priest through the heart, exclaiming, "My God! My God!" Father Leo fell prone in front of the altar, and died without uttering another word.

With an inarticulate scream the assassin sprang into the aisle, and dashed to the door. For a moment the hundred or more people in the church were dazed, then became panic-stricken. Women fainted, and many became hysterical. Several men rushed to the aid of the priest, and others started in pursuit of the murderer. Among the latter was Patrolman Cronin, who overtook the fleeing Italian on the steps. The latter attempted to shoot the policeman, but was foiled, and overpowered only after a desperate fight in which several men came to the assistance of the officer. The murderer was hurriedly removed to the city jail, and as threats of summary justice were made by men in the crowd who quickly gathered in front of the church, Chief of Police DeLaney called out the reserve force of patrolmen. Deputy Coroner Hayes took charge of the priest's body, which was removed to the city morgue.

A single hole in the white communion robes of the priest showed that the bullet had gone straight to the heart. The bullets remaining in the revolver had sharpened points.

Murderer made the following statement: "I just went over there because I have a grudge against all priests in general. They are all against the workingman. I went to the communion rail because I could get a better shot. I did not give a d—n whether he was a German priest or any other kind of a priest. They are all in the same class."

"I left Italy three months ago; went first to Central America, and then came to the United States and to Denver. I am an anarchist and I am proud of it. I shot him, and my only regret is that I could not have shot the whole bunch of priests in the church. I am a shoemaker, but have not worked since coming to Denver."

Father Leo was born in Koeln, Germany, Aug. 15, 1867. He came to Denver last September from Paterson, N. J. He was three years at Oregon, N. Y., where he distinguished himself by rebuilding the church, monastery and other buildings that were destroyed by fire in 1902.

Although no actual demonstration against the murderer of Father Leo had been made, there was much talk around town of the justice of lynching him. In order to avoid an attack on the city jail Getarnacoto was taken to the county jail, a more easily defended building, where he remained several hours. Small groups of men began to congregate near the county jail, and after a consultation the authorities decided to take Getarnacoto out of town. Accordingly, he was hustled into an automobile and a fast run was made to Littleton, fourteen miles from Denver, where a train was boarded for Colorado Springs.

BULLET ENTERS NECK.

Ella Thurman, a Negro Woman, Shot to Death, Husband Under Arrest.

Fort Worth, Feb. 24.—Ella Thurman, a negro, twenty-seven years old, was shot and instantly killed while seated in a rocking chair at her home, 713 Elm street.

A bullet from a revolver struck her. It entered her neck and ranged downward, causing almost instant death.

Ollie Thurman, husband of the woman, was later taken into custody and charged with the killing, although he contends the shooting was accidental. He told the officers that he was cleaning his pistol, when it was accidentally discharged, the bullet striking the woman, who was seated but a few feet away.

FLESH FELL OFF.

Dreadful Fate That Overtook Ida Woolrich, a Negress.

Chappell Hill, Tex., Feb. 24.—Ida Woolrich, a negress, was so badly burned she died. She was actually roasted alive, pieces of burned flesh falling off with the burned clothing from every part of the body.

Posey's Purse Purloined.

Dallas, Feb. 24.—S. Posey of Alabama reported to the police that he had been robbed of \$216. He said that he was on a train of the Texas and Pacific railway, westward bound, at a

point between the two depots here a man passed hurriedly by him and snatched from him his pocketbook and the money it contained.

Eight-Hour Violations Charged.

Liberty, Tex., Feb. 24.—At the instance of the district attorney of this district, papers were served on the operators of the Texas and New Orleans railroad as well as the company for alleged violation of the eight-hour law.

Six Brothers Pallbearers.

Fort Worth, Feb. 24.—Six brothers officiated as pallbearers at the funeral of Mrs. James Allen, wife of Assistant Chief of Police James A. Allen.

JAPANESE MURDERED.

Corpse of the Unfortunate Man Then Set on Fire.

Richmond, Tex., Feb. 25.—One of the most mysterious crimes ever committed in this county was brought to light in the finding of the charred body of a Japanese cook, John Woodward, at the construction camp of Contractor Gillaspie of Houston, six miles north of Richmond, on the Frost and Campbell Rice company's plantation.

From all indications the Japanese had been struck upon the head with an ax, his clothing saturated with kerosene and an attempt made to conceal the crime by destroying the body with fire. So far as can be learned there was no motive for the crime, unless that of robbery. This theory is exploded by the investigation leading to the disclosure that nothing of any value whatever is missing from the camp.

When discovered by returning bodies of workmen to the camp, the Japanese was lying under the burned portion of his cook and living tent. One entire side of his head had been crushed in, as though dealt a terrible blow by a blunt instrument. A bloody ax was lying near by. The man's clothing was burned from him in parts and those shreds left upon his body smelled strongly of kerosene. The tent was lying on the ground and also partially destroyed by fire.

The dead man was last seen alive, it is stated on Sunday night. The workmen engaged on the Frost & Campbell Rice company canal left camp early Monday morning, leaving the Japanese cook alone. So far as could be ascertained there had been on one within the camp of the workmen during the day.

The body was brought to Richmond and shipped to the Japanese colony at Houston.

TEXANS GET ONLY COUPLE

State Board Has Made Known the Selections.

Austin, Feb. 21.—The state textbook board has announced its awards of textbooks for Texas schools for the next five years. Texas publishers fared rather badly in the awards made by the board, as only two books adopted were by Texas concerns, being Towne's Civil Government, and Mrs. Pennybacker's Texas History. Great disappointment prevails among publishers who did not get contracts.

Books selected are as follows:

Speller—The Century Spelling Book (conditional), Silver, Burdett & Co.

Basis Readers—Wheeler's Primer, W. H. Wheeler & Co.

Our Country's Readers—One to five. Southern Publishing company.

Language—Modern English Lessons, Newson & Co., also grammar.

Composition—Webster, Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Geography—All three grades to American Book company.

Arithmetic—Elementary and grammar schools, to Scott, Foresman & Co.

Mental Arithmetic—To MacMillan & Co.

Physiology—D. Appleton & Co.

Hygiene—MacMillan & Co.

Towne's Civil Government—Austin Printing company.

Elementary United States History—Southern Publishing company.

Advanced United States History—Ginn & Co.

Pennybacker's Texas History—Mrs. Percy V. Pennybacker.

Elementary Agriculture—MacMillan & Co.

Writing Books—Berry & Co.

Algebra—Ginn & Co.

Supplementary Readers—Wheeler's First, Second and Third, Wheeler & Co.

WORK COMPLETED.

State Textbook Board Has Revoked One of the Contracts.

Austin, Feb. 25.—The State Textbook board completed its labors Monday and incidentally revoked the conditional contract heretofore granted W. H. Wheeler & Co., of Chicago because that company was twenty days late in paying its gross receipts occupation tax. The assistant treasurer of the company, a young lady, lost her father in the country, some distance from Chicago, and the remittance did not reach Texas until June 1. The primer that Wheeler & Co., had secured was then awarded to Ginn & Co., and is by Cyr. The price is 20 cents and exchange allowance 10 cents. The three supplementary readers were taken from Wheeler and, given to Atkinson

Mentzer & Grover, being what is known as the art literature readers. The prices are 20 cents, 30 and 40 cents, there being no exchange prices.

Negro Enlists In Navy.

San Antonio, Feb. 25.—The first negro recruited for the navy in a long time here has just done so. He is Albert Canton and will be given a position as mess attendant. There is nothing to prevent negroes from joining, but owing to their aversion to the sea and the fact that they receive a warm reception at the hands of the sailors, very few join.

Beall's Resolution Passes.

Washington, Feb. 21.—The house passed Representative Beall's concurrent resolution permitting the use of the unexpended balance of the citizens' fund for Trinity river lock and dam No. 2. Mr. Keifer of Ohio questioned the authority of congress to divert the fund from the purpose originally subscribed by citizens, but refrained from objecting to the passage of the measure.

No Drinking In Courthouse.

Sulphur Springs, Tex., Feb. 24.—The commissioners' court ordered that a fine of \$25 be assessed against any one drinking whisky or other intoxicants in the courthouse.

JORDAN RE-ELECTED.

Southern Cotton Association to Meet Next at Wilmington.

Dallas, Feb. 21.—At the second day's session of the Southern Cotton association Captain B. W. Marston of Shreveport excoriated the New Orleans cotton exchange and said President Thompson of that institution had absolutely severed his position in eighteen months.

Hon. Walter Clarke of Clarksdale, Miss., one of the biggest cotton growers in the south was the next speaker. Mr. Clarke discussed the question of how to "Restrict Cotton Production by Diversified Agriculture." He is a diversificationist himself and told how he had taken sixteen acres of poor land and had made it very profitable. The best profit, he said, came from one and one-half acres of sorghum "that any fool can raise." He said he detested the growing of cotton but that he loved to grow corn. "Twice my corn crop has saved me from utter bankruptcy," he added. He stated that God had never intended that cotton should be grown on the land between Dallas and Texarkana, but that it was ideal soil for grain and grasses.

Mr. Clarke has visited Liverpool, Manchester and Bremen and said he was ashamed of the way American cotton is baled. He said cotton grown in other countries presented a splendid appearance after it makes a long voyage but that some times 55 per cent of American cotton is utterly ruined and thrown away. He advocated a law for all states compelling public ginners to keep cotton covered and railroads to do likewise. "Not a drop of water should fall on a bale of cotton," said the speaker.

Mr. Clarke also paid his respects to "bucket shops," and attributed 90 per cent of the failures in Mississippi to this cause.

The organization of bonded warehouses, the backing companies of which should number among their memberships not only farmers but bankers, and lawyers and others dependent upon cotton for a living, was advocated by Hon. Charles C. Moore of Charlotte, N. C., and formerly president of the North Carolina state division of the association. Mr. Moore based his remarks on the subject of the "Best Plan for Protecting Weak Cotton."

He declared that during his whole trip from Houston to Dallas he had not seen one barn that was of sufficient size to support the provender needed for stock to keep the farm going. What Texas needs, he said, is more barns. He related his own experiences, in endeavoring to get away from the raising of cotton to the exclusion of every other farm product, and as an earnest of his hardships, exhibited, with many humorous observations, old spoons, knives, forks, combs and other articles of household paraphernalia, which were badly worn and bent. It is a foolish policy, he declared, for the farmer to sell his cotton for \$40 per bale and pay \$150 for it manufactured in cotton goods. The man who sells the manufacturer the spools, he declares, receives more for the wood than the farmer who sells the cotton out of which the thread is made.

E. O. Smith of South Carolina made a plea for organization, and declared that supply and demand is myth. The arbiters and price, he declared, are organization, the consuming power of the world, the cost of production and the price of cotton substitutes. He said that diversified farming in the south was possible only to the extent of providing for home consumption, and that cotton is the one exporting crop.

A system of cotton certificates in times of financial stringency as outlined by C. H. Jenkins was approved. Resolutions condemning the gambling exchange, calling for more reliable government crop reports, asking Federal aid for fighting the boll weevil across the Mississippi, asking the prohibition of future trading in every state, encouraging spot exchanges, recommending an acreage decrease of 25 per cent should cotton be less than 15c

Buy You a Home

8000 acres good land near aird for sale in large or small tracts.

On Easy Terms

L. L. BLACKBURN W.D. BOYDSTUN
BAIRD, TEXAS.

SEAY & HASH BRO'S.

LIQUOR DEALERS
STRAWN, TEXAS

Hill & Hill,—bonded—per gallon.....	\$5.00
Casco,—bonded—per gallon.....	4.50
Guckenheimer,—bonded—per gallon.....	5.50
Dixie Rye,—case goods—per gallon.....	4.00
Bond & Lillard—case goods—per gallon.....	4.00
McBrayer—case goods—per gallon.....	4.00
Mellwood—case goods—per gallon.....	4.00
Texas Club—case goods—per gallon.....	4.00
International—barrell goods—per gallon.....	4.00
International—case goods—per quart.....	1.25

All original packages. Money must accompany all orders, and they will have prompt attention.

at planting time, recommending the protection of cotton in the hands of carriers and the suggestion of a readily expansive local currency were adopted. H. W. Summers of Dallas delivered an address on the downfall of gambling in cotton futures and argued in favor of the co-operative marketing of cotton.

Wilmington, N. C., was selected as the next meeting place, to be held in August.

Hon. Harvie Jordan again accepted the presidency. His railway and office expenses were fixed at \$6,000 per year and each cotton state was pledged to pay \$50 for every 100,000 bales of cotton raised in 1906.

Walter Clarke of Mississippi was elected president and E. D. Smith of South Carolina was elected general organizer. The selection of the secretary and the treasurer was left with the president. The president and Mr. Smith were selected as delegates to the convention of master spinners of Europe to be held in Paris, France, in June.

Following a speech nominating him for the office of president, Walter Clarke of Mississippi advised that the Southern Cotton association temporarily disband its organization and retire from the face of the earth, as it were.

E. O. Smith was also placed nomination, while Walter Clarke named J. C. Hickey of Texas.

While the ballots were being prepared C. H. Jenkins of Texas nominated Harvie Jordan. The other gentlemen withdrew and Mr. Jordan was re-elected by acclamation.

Ex-Journalist Suicides.

New Orleans, Feb. 22.—L. B. Clark, formerly a well known Alabama newspaperman, and promoter, committed suicide here by shoot himself in the head with a revolver.

Thaw's Release Demanded.

Richmond, Ind., Feb. 21.—Teachers' association of this county demands Thaw's release from asylum.

Needed the Year Around.

You needn't suffer with sick headaches, indigestion, constipation or any other trouble arising from disordered stomach, liver or bowels. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin will cure you and keep you well. It is a wonderful laxative and regulator. It is safe and pleasant to take and should be in every American household. Tens of thousands already use it. It is absolutely guaranteed to do what is claimed, and if you want to try it before buying, send your address for a free sample bottle to Pepsin Syrup Co., 119 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill. It is sold by Powell & Powell at 50c and \$1 a bottle.

Don't be blind and buy your fall suit before you price Schwartz' 46

Ledgers, blank books, etc at Hammans Bros. 52t

Wall paper, all kinds and designs and prices right. Baird Drug Co. 6

When you want any kind of wall paper see Baird Drug Co. 6tf

See our book department, some of the best and latest works of fiction. Childrens' books, etc. Hammans Bros. 52 tf

PAY UP.

I earnestly request all who are indebted to me to come in and settle up. I need the money to meet my obligations. H. H. RAMSEY.

Clement & Price appreciate your grocery trade. 45

A Baby

should be sunshine in the house, and will be if you give it White's Cream Vermifuge the best worm medicine offered to suffering humanity. This remedy is becoming the permanent fixture of all households. A mother with children, can't get along without a bottle of White's Cream Vermifuge in the house. Sold by Powell & Powell.

They are selling more boys clothing at Schwartz' than ever before. Why? Because the price is right.

The prettiest line of china and queensware in town at Hammans & Bro. 35

Mrs. Wheeler, Freetown, Ind

Women get run down without knowing just what is the matter with them and doctors don't seem to understand their case. Mrs. Isabelle Wheeler Freetown, Ind., was nervous and debilitated and could find no help until she took Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and that cured her. She says people come to her for miles around to ask what medicine she took that did her so much good. This remedy is absolutely guaranteed to do what is claimed, and if you want to try it before buying, send your address for a free sample bottle to Pepsin Syrup Co., 119 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill. It is sold by Powell & Powell at 50c and \$1 a bottle.

REEMBER—The American Beauty Flour is by odds the best on the market. Recommended by the thousands who are now using it. Sold by J. C. Jones, Baird, Texas.

A Stitch in time

will save nine. So will a bottle of Ballard's Horehound Syrup always kept on hand save many a spell of sickness. A sure cure for coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and Whooping Cough. Mrs. S—, Hot Springs, Ark. writes: "I keep a bottle of Ballard's Horehound Syrup in my medicine chest and thank my forethought many times. It has prevented many severe spells of sickness." Sold by Powell & Powell.

When you need a good suit of overall or work clothes, high grade. Union make go to Hammans & Bro.

LOVE TO THE LOCKES

Metropolitan Insurance Attorneys Cited to Appear

AND BACK UP A CHARGE.

State Commissioner Holds Statement in a Brief Submitted by Legal Firm to Be a Serious One and Wishes it Thoroughly Explained.

Austin, Feb. 24.—A sensational turn was taken here Monday in the suit of the Metropolitan Life Insurance company against Insurance Commissioner Love, which constitutes a general assault on the Robertson law. The turn is in the form of a letter to Attorney's Locke & Locke, in which they are summoned to appear before the commissioner to substantiate a serious charge made in their brief in the supreme court. Mr. Love's letter in substance, is as follows:

"In a recent printed brief filed in the supreme court in the case of the Metropolitan Life Insurance company vs. Love, commissioner of insurance, signed by the firm of Locke & Locke, of which, as I am informed, you are sole members as counsel for the plaintiffs, there is contained the following statement: 'By creating a vacuum to be filled, it (the Robertson act), has brought into Texas a horde of irresponsible companies, such as it never knew before, save only for the time, a few years ago, when a legislature of good intentions by deficient information put at every road crossing a fire insurance company without assets, other than its gaudy stationery. The evil of these concerns have done will live after them.' After mature deliberation I am convinced that these associations thus publicly made constitute charges of grave violations of the insurance laws of the state, which it is my duty as commissioner of insurance to enforce. Whether or not this may be correct it is certain that they constitute charges affecting life insurance companies doing business in the state, which it is my duty in interest of policy holders to promptly, fully and thoroughly investigate. By article 3061 of the revised statutes of 1895 the commissioner of insurance is given the power to summon and examine any person in the state under oath relative to affairs and conditions of any insurance company. You will therefore, consider this letter due notice and summons to appear before me as commissioner of insurance in Austin, Feb. 27, 1907, or at any earlier date that may better suit your convenience of which you will advise me, for the purpose of answering all questions that may be propounded touching the companies referred to in your said brief before mentioned."

Commissioner Love asks that they wire him on receipt of letter whether they will appear.

Attorneys General Hadley, Jackson and Davidson had quite a lengthy conference with Governor Campbell and then left to hold a conference between themselves. While it is generally believed that the so-called lumber trust is under scrutiny, it is intimated that something else is receiving attention. J. W. Blake of Dallas took charge of the Zulch State Bank of Zulch, Madison county, by direction of Bank Commissioner Love.

The attorney general's department through Mr. Hawkins gave out a statement correcting statements heretofore made that suit had been filed against the John Hancock, Mutual Life Insurance company for failure to comply with Robertson law. The suit was filed against this company before the Robertson law became effective and is to cancel its permit.

The M. P. Exline Printing company of Dallas amended its charter by increasing the capital stock from \$100,000 to \$125,000.

Scott, Foreman & Co., the book publishers of Chicago, obtained a permit to do business in Texas. Capital stock is \$100,000. Dallas is Texas headquarters.

ATTEMPT TO BURN.

Couple of Arrests Have Been Made and Arson is Charged.

Hillsboro, Tex., Feb. 25.—Shortly after midnight Monday morning an attempt was made to burn a two-story brick building on the north side of the public square owned by G. D. Tarlton, the first floor of which was occupied by the Seachery Furniture company, and the upper story by offices and a music studio. The fire originated in the studio. It destroyed the contents of this room and burned through the floor, badly damaging a considerable portion of the furniture stock before it could be extinguished by the fire department. Damage to the stock and fixtures is about \$2,500, damage to building \$700. The contents of the studio, including pianos, were entirely destroyed. Insurance on studio is \$2,200. Two arrests were made.

CHILDREN CREMATED.

Three Little Ones Lose Their Lives by Explosion of Gasoline Stove. El Paso, Feb. 24.—Three children of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Davis, the eldest four years old, were burned to death in a fire destroying the Davis home of Santa Rosa, N. M. It is supposed the

fire was started by the explosion of a gasoline stove.

Squirrel Shot Breaks Neck.

Palestine, Tex., Feb. 24.—Ben Sloan, twenty-two years old, was shot and killed at the salt works, six miles west of here. A load of squirrel shot was fired, breaking his neck. N. D. Norton was arrested. He claims the shooting was accidental.

Ninety True Bills.

Sherman, Tex., Feb. 24.—The Grayson county grand jury reported ninety true bills—twenty-five felonies and twenty-one misdemeanors.

NARRATED IN NOTES.

St. Petersburg police are rounding up plotters.

James McBrearty was robbed at Dallas of \$113.

Roads of Hall county, Texas, are to be improved.

Shriners at Oklahoma City initiated sixty-five candidates.

Many inquiries are being made for the Hugo, Okla., bonds.

People of Australia want the Pacific fleet to visit their land.

The city hall at Cleveland, O., was damaged \$70,000 by fire.

Louisiana Gas company of Shreveport has been reorganized.

Colonel J. M. Comparet, a prominent Texan, died at Blanco.

Several mills in the Pittsburg district have resumed operations.

At Newport, Tenn., H. Clay Boyer was fatally shot by David Profit.

The badly mutilated body of H. Anderson was found in Galveston bay.

Nine deputy sheriffs captured at Dallas a "policy shop" and three negroes.

Terrorists to the number of fifty were arrested by St. Petersburg police.

By the derailment of a train near Thomasville, Ga., five passengers were hurt.

A. C. Pratt banking house at Hammondsport, N. Y., has suspended business.

G. W. Baty, eighty-one years old, a Confederate veteran, passed away at Austin.

Master Sheet Metal Workers' Association of Texas was organized at Galveston.

Of fifty persons examined at Guthrie for admission to the bar forty-nine passed.

Two Fort Worth negroes fought with knives and razors. Both were badly carved.

In recent fight in Morocco French had four men killed and twenty-seven wounded.

Naval recruiting stations are to be established at Dallas and Fort Worth March 1.

Interstate Cottonseed Crushers' association meets May 19, 20 and 21 at Louisville.

J. J. Flynn, a Rock Island railway brakeman, was run over and killed at Dow, Okla.

Katy Lee, two years old, burned to death in Collin county, Texas, near Blue Ridge.

Near Hearne, Tex., Mrs. J. S. Wilson was horribly burned. She died in three hours.

In the Praetorian well at Dallas a fine water flow was struck at a depth of 1,525 feet.

Wichita Falls, Tex., will, beginning June 15, have free mail delivery, with four carriers.

In a fire drill test in a San Angelo, Tex., school the building was emptied in one minute.

The store of the Halleyville (Okla.) Coal company was robbed of \$300 worth of silks.

By the explosion at Guthrie of a gasoline stove Mrs. Sarah C. Hight was burned to death.

Just as she stepped from a train at Dallas W. A. Hays of Grady, Ala., was robbed of \$250.

Harry Payne Whitney denies that his sister, Miss Dorothy, is engaged to Count Esterhazy.

J. M. Holland, after being married a week at Piggot, Ark., was arrested on charge of bigamy.

Zeke Cook, an old man, fell in front of a locomotive at Longview, Tex., and was run over and killed.

Just as she finished addressing the Free Thinkers' society of Chicago Mrs. Sophia Jacobson fell dead.

A mule near Paris, Tex., had a leg cut off by a stalk cutter. The animal fell in front of the implement.

A bill for an Oklahoma clearing house has been introduced in the legislature by Representative Hart.

Victor A. Bradley, one of Caleb Powers' attorney in his four trials, died at Covington, Ky., of pneumonia.

East side of the business district of Russellville, Ala., was wiped out by fire; loss, \$40,000, with \$10,000 insurance.

Senator Culberson is unable to accept an invitation to address the Mississippi legislature, congressional duties preventing.

George Fay was caught in machinery of the J. M. Guffey Petroleum company at Batson, Tex., and frightfully mangled. He died.

James Jackson, a negro, was shot to death five miles from Seagoville, Dallas county, Texas. John Chelsea, white, was arrested.

Election in Mason county, Kentucky to elect a successor to the late Representative McKnight in the legislature

New Spring Goods

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

H. Schwartz

Baird, Texas

will be held March 7.

C. G. Ritchie, former Kentucky judge, was arrested at Oakland, Cal., his present home, on charge of passing a bogus check for \$10.

John Gaines, a negro, charged at McKinney, Tex., with criminal assault upon his young stepdaughter, was convicted and given twenty years.

A dispute over the killing of a yellow dog six miles from Jonesboro, Ark., resulted in G. B. Garner killing Reuben and Will Tolley, father and son.

High waters of the Alabama and Tombigbee rivers have done great damage in southwest Alabama. In places the Tombigbee river was six miles wide.

A dynamite bomb was thrown into yard at Holland, Tex. of Ben Zapata, a Mexican. No damage was done, although the detonation was heard all over town.

Midshipman B. Lombard of Hillhouse, Miss., has been sent from the naval academy to the government insane hospital at Washington. Strain of studies and too much athletics are assigned causes.

In a speech at Peoria, Ill., Congressman Longworth defended the administration of his father-in-law. He declared President Roosevelt had no more to do with the panic than he did with the eruption of Mount Vesuvius.

Don't Put Off

until tomorrow what you can do today. If you are suffering from a torpid liver, or constipation, don't wait until tomorrow to get help.

Buy a bottle of *Herbine* and get that liver working right. Promptness about health saves many sick spells. "Mrs. Ida Gresham, Point Texas, writes: I used *Herbine* in my family six years, and find it does all it claims to do." Sold by Powell & Powell.

NOTICE.

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

T. A. IRVIN, Sheriff.

Notice.

"Magnolia" and "Angel Food" flour, guaranteed best in town. Sold by CLEMENT & PRICE. 45

PAY UP.

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

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

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

Eggs For Sale—Full blood, single comb Brown Leghorn eggs at \$1.00 for setting of 15. Mrs. Frank Hinds, Baird. 11-2

Mr. Miller, Moweauqua.

The best way to form an opinion about an article is to use it yourself, yet the testimony of others should carry much weight. M. H. Miller of Moweauqua, Ill., says that the only thing he knows of that will surely cure stomach trouble, indigestion and constipation is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, the great herb laxative compound, which is safe and also pleasant to the taste. It is absolutely guaranteed to do what is claimed for it, and if you want to try it before buying, send your address for a free sample bottle to Pepsin Syrup Co., 119 Caldwell Bldg. Monticello, Ill., It is sold by Powell & Powell, Druggists, at 50c and \$1 a bottle.

DO IT NOW.

We are making a special sale, for cash only, of our Red Hodge fence, 3, 4, and 5, ft. at the remarkably low price of \$4.50, \$5.00 and \$6.00 per 100 lineal feet. We will sell at these prices for the next thirty days, Feb. 25th. MILLER & CHUMNEY 8-3

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

Checks or Cash.

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

HIDES WANTED.

All the hides in Callahan County. Will pay highest market price. 2-1f C. S. BOYLES.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.

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

J. B. CUTBIRTH, Pres.

A. G. WEBB, Secy.

DEAD LETTER LIST.

The following is a list of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post-office for the week ending Feb. 8, 1908. Parties calling for the same will please say advertised. J. V. McMANIS, P. M.

We Ask All to Call and See Our

Spring Embroideries,
Laces, Neckwear,
and Belts, Etc.

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

Wristen & Johnson

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

—OF THE—
FARMERS' NAT'L. BANK,
At Cross Plains in the State of Texas,
at the close of business, Feb. 14,
1908.

Resources.	
Loans and Discounts	\$27,520 20
Overdraft secured and unsecured	401 47
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	6,300 00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	322 88
Banking house, furniture, etc.	1,928 24
Due from National Banks (not reserve agents)	9,704 23
Due from State Bank and Bankers	472 48
Due from Approved reserve Agents	954 63
Checks and other cash items	474 82
Notes of other Nat'l. Banks	415 00
Fract'l paper cur'cy nickels and cents	13 41
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:	
Specie	1,687 50
Legal-tender notes, 2,334 00	4,023 50
Redemption fund with U. S. Treas, 5 per ct circulation	315 00
Total	\$52,847 86

Liabilities.	
Capital stock paid in	\$25,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	2,500 01
National Bank notes outstanding	6,300 00
Due to other National banks	235 89
Due to State Banks and Bankers	471 15
Individual deposits subject to check	17,312 56
Time certificate of deposit	1,000 00
Cashier's checks outstanding	28 25
Liabilities other than above stated Uncertified stock	
Total	\$52,847 86

STATE OF TEXAS
COUNTY OF CALLAHAN } S.S.
I, S. F. BOND, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
S. F. BOND, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 25th day of Feb, 1908.
W. A. MCGOWEN,
Notary Public, Callahan Co.
Correct—Attest:
E. J. BARR,
T. B. VESTAL,
J. O. BARR } Directors.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

—OF THE—
FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF BAIRD.
At Baird, in the State of Texas, at the close of business Feb. 14, 1908.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts	\$167,388 77
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	10,018 48
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	25,000 00
Premiums on U. S. Bonds	1,000 00
Stocks, Securities, Etc.	
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	4,014 90
Other real estate owned	5,390 22
Due from National Banks (not Reserve Agents)	2,596 58
Due from State Banks and Bankers	274 03
Due from approved reserve agents	5,528 87
Checks and other cash items	3,554 64
Notes of other National Banks	1,839 00
Exchanges for clearing house	
Fract'l paper cur'cy nickels and cts.	153 93
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:	
Specie	7,654 00
Legal-tender notes	19,000 00
Redemption Fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent of circulation)	750 00
Due from U S Treas'r, other than 5 per ct. redemption fund	
Total	\$214,733 39

LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in	\$ 50,000 00
Surplus Fund	
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid	2,486 37
National Bank notes outstanding	25,000 00
Due to other National Banks	6,801 93
Due to State Banks and Bankers	1 67
Due to approved reserve agents	
Rent Account	
Dividends unpaid	120 00
Individual deposits subject to check	100,318 61
Demand certificates of deposit	
Time certificate of deposit	10,000 07
Certified Checks	
Cashier's checks outstanding	1,050 24
Notes and bills re-discounted	
Bills Payable, including certificates of deposit for money borrowed	18,000 00
Liabilities other than those above stated	
Total	\$214,733 39

STATE OF TEXAS, } ss.
County of Callahan, }
I, B. L. Russell, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
B. L. RUSSELL, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 25th day of Feb, 1908.
W. H. CLIBETT,
Notary Public, Callahan county, Texas.
Correct—Attest:
HENRY JAMES,
J. B. STOKES,
Ed. S. HUGHES } Directors.
Dr. S. T. Fraser is out in Reagan County visiting his daughter Mrs. Sam Cutbirth Jr.
Miss Allie Hurst, of Eula, was shopping in Baird last Saturday.

REPORT OF THE CONDITION

—OF THE—
HOME NATIONAL BANK OF BAIRD
At Baird, in the State of Texas at the close of business, Feb. 14, 1908.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and Discounts	\$158,779 43
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	15,787 11
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	12,500 00
Premium on U. S. Bonds	345 09
Banking house, furniture, and fixtures	15,808 00
Due from National Banks (not Reserve Agents)	5,602 62
Due from State banks and bankers	
Due from approved reserve agents	12,515 13
Checks and other cash items	6,049 98
Notes of other National Banks	1,000 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	272 10
LAWFUL MONEY RESERVE IN BANK, VIZ:	
Specie	\$17,917 00
Legal-tender notes	5,000 00
U. S. Certif's of Deposit for legal tenders	
Redemption fund with U. S. Treasurer (5 per cent circulation)	25 00
Due from U. S. Treasurer, other than 5 per ct. circulation	
Total	242,751 36

LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in	\$50,000 00
Surplus Fund	7,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses	3,551 16
National Bank notes outstanding	12,500 00
Due to other National Banks	17,075 03
Due to State banks and bankers	
Dividends unpaid	
Individual deposits subject to check	132,886 85
Time certificate of deposit	9,735 30
Cashier's checks outstanding	
Bills Payable, including certificates of deposit for money borrowed	5,000 00
Notes and bills rediscounted	5,000 00
Total	242,751 36

STATE OF TEXAS, } ss.
COUNTY OF CALLAHAN, }
I, T. E. Powell, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
T. E. POWELL, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 26th day of Feb, 1908.
W. H. CLIBETT,
Notary Public Callahan Co., Texas
Correct—Attest:
H. W. ROSS,
J. B. CUTBIRTH,
S. L. DRISKILL } Directors
Jim Bryant, who has been sick, at Tom Johnson's near Oplin, for about two months, came in last Thursday. He was attacked with rheumatism after his spell of pneumonia and has to use crutches, but says he is improving. Jim has grown a set of whiskers which changes his appearance considerable.

CARD OF THANKS

We wish to extend to our friends and customers both town and country, our sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage given us during the past season, and we hope to merit a continuation of your patronage during 1908. Come in and see us on East side of Market Street.

We wish you one and all a Prosperous and Happy New Year.

Hamman Bros.

BAIRD, TEXAS.

Selman Lones after spending a short time with friends here, left Sunday night for his home at Bay City.

E. H. Dunlap received a message Sunday that his brother was dying at Little Rock Ark. He left on the morning train for that place.

Mr. Barrett, of Jones county, candidate for the Legislature from this district, was in Baird Tuesday. He went to Clyde in the evening.

Misses Charlie Sartor, Fay Sublett and two other young ladies whose names we did not learn, from Cottonwood, attended the meeting of the Rebekah's here last Friday.