

**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.

**Money to Lend on Land**

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

**B. L. RUSSELL**  
at First National Bank

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

VOL. 21.

BAIRD, CALLAHAN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, MARCH 27, 1908. NO. 17

# We Invite You



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

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

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

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

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

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

## B. L. BOYDSTUN



### BAILEY MEETING.

A Bailey meeting was held at the Court House Monday night with a good crowd present. The meeting was called to order by A. G. Webb. F. S. Bell was elected chairman and P. H. Crook secretary. Speeches were made by F. S. Bell, Senator W. J. Cunningham, of Abilene, E. M. Faust and A. G. Webb. The band was out and enthusiasm was plentiful. Bailey was blown to the skies and Cone Johnson and others opposed to Baileyism, were blown the other way.

The following resolutions were adopted:

First. We, democrats of Callahan County, in mass meeting assembled, hereby reaffirm our allegiance to the time honored principles of democracy as enunciated and taught by such great democratic leaders as Thomas Jefferson, Andrew Jackson, Wm. J. Bryan and our own illustrious Texan, Joe Bailey.

Second. We hereby express and reiterate our high regard for and confidence in our Junior Texas U. S. Senator, Hon. Joseph W. Bailey, our great esteem and admiration for his transcendent ability, and our unshaken faith in his fidelity to the interests of the people, and in his exalted and unblemished character. And we do depreciate and condemn the unwarranted assaults made upon him and through him, against our organized democracy.

Third. We cheerfully and heartily endorse that pure and lofty patriot

Wm. J. Bryan, as nominee for president. We endorse Hon. Joe Bailey as delegate-at-large to the Denver National Convention, and at the same time endorse that gallant one armed Confederate, that brilliant lawyer, Col. R. M. Wynne, for State Attorney General.

Fourth. We recommend the appointment of a strong delegation to the Bailey Rally to be held in Fort Worth, March 28th, next.

E. M. FAUST, Chm. Com.

### THE BAILEY ISSUE IN TEXAS.

Ever since the meeting of the Texas legislature, at which charges brought against Senator Bailey, resulting in his technical vindication, it has been evident the matter was not settled to the satisfaction of the people of that state.

That the Bailey issue would be brought up again was freely predicted, and now the anti-Bailey sentiment has taken shape in a convention at Waco, at which emphatic resolutions condemning Bailey were adopted, delegates to Denver named, and the State Committee scored for refusing the party the right to vote in direct primaries for the delegates at large to the national convention.

The "Waco Hatfest," the Houston Post calls the gathering, but concedes the sincerity of much of the Bailey opposition. In view of the fact that nearly three-fourths of the counties were represented at the Waco convention, and the delegates numbered 2500, it seems idle to dis-

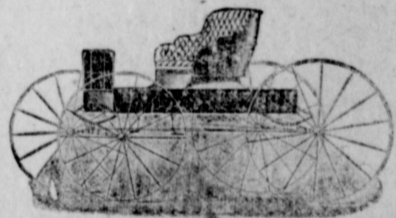
miss the movement as a spite scheme without political significance or real sentiment.

To our mind, nothing seems clearer than that such a wide and determined opposition among Texas democrats to a man of Bailey's ability and party services would have been impossible without a strong conviction of just cause. Even the friends of Senator Bailey have been cautious about pushing him for party honors or prominence, and there has been visible in the Bailey ranks a strong willingness to let sleeping dogs lie rather than invite them to activity and attack.

It is, to say the least, unfortunate for the democratic party, both in Texas and at Washington that Senator Bailey's vindication, at the hands of the Texas legislative committee did not carry more conviction to his constituency. For what seemed a brilliant political future has been clouded, and a valuable party asset has been discounted by the charges brought against him.—Nashville Tennessean.

### The Wednesday Club.

The Wednesday Club was entertained this week by Miss Ada Cooke. The afternoon was devoted to Shakespeare. Reading, "As You Like It," was given by Mesdames Harmon, Hilsewick, Schattz, Cross and Smith. Description of Westminster Abbey by Mrs. Schattz. Music, Mesdames Gray and Hilsewick Mrs. Rise, of Circleville, Ohio, and Mrs. Mayes, of Eastland, were guests of the Club.



# BUGGIES

Cash or on Time

Don't send off after a buggy, bring your "catalog" to us, we will meet any price. Call and see our line.

"BOYLES MAKES THE PRICE"

## C. S. BOYLES

Mrs. Belle Jensen and baby, Gwendola, of Springtown, are visiting Mrs. Jensen's parents, Mr. and Mrs. John R. Wilson in north part of town. Mrs. Jensen expects to be in the city two or three weeks and will be glad to meet all her old friends.

Lawrance Bowlus has gone to Dallas to take a course of book keeping in a commercial school there.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lambert spent Wednesday with Capt. and Mrs. J. W. Jones at the ranch on Clear Creek.



## PRIMARY TO BE HELD.

State Democratic Executive Committee So Decides.

## SECOND DAY OF MAY DATE

After a Lengthy Debate a Long and Strict Test For Those Participating Is Adopted, All but Two Members Voting In the Affirmative.

Fort Worth, March 23.—Pursuant to call, the state Democratic executive committee reassembled here Saturday.

Chairman Carden announced the resignation of Committeeman Buster of the Twenty-ninth district. Mr. Albert was elected his successor.

Committeeman John of the Fourteenth district resigned. Hon. W. J. Crawford, by one majority, was elected over Hon. John A. Little to fill the vacancy.

After a lengthy discussion the majority report of a subcommittee of five, to whom was referred the matter of a primary, was adopted by a vote of 25 to 2. Messrs. Edwards and Turner had submitted a minority report, providing the regular test, but finally voted for the majority report. Those voting in the negative were Messrs. Carpenter and Jameson.

The majority report, which was offered by Messrs. Imboden, Wallace and Standifer, was as follows:

"Resolved, By the Democratic Executive Committee of Texas:

"That a general primary is hereby called and directed to be held in all the voting boxes of this state on Saturday, May 2, 1908, for the purpose of electing delegates and alternates-at-large to the national convention to be held in Denver in July, 1908, and that said primary shall be held as far as practicable in the manner and in accordance with the rules and regulations governing primary elections for state officers, provided in the laws of Texas; provided, that the election officer of each box shall appoint two judges and two clerks to assist in holding the primary, one judge and one clerk being appointed by him for each combination of candidates for delegates at-large and alternates, and from the names furnished by the representatives of each combination.

"The return of each voting box shall be made by the presiding officer thereof, to the county chairman to the state executive committee in the manner provided by the primary election law for state officers.

"The executive committees of the various counties are hereby directed to hold the primary elections herein provided in accordance with these resolutions and to provide for the expenses for so doing.

"All qualified voters under the primary election law of Texas, except those of negro descent, who shall take following test, shall be entitled to vote in such primary in the voting precinct in which he resides. The test shall be printed upon the ballot, and is as follows:

"I am a Democrat, and pledge myself to support the Democratic presidential electors nominated by the Democratic party in 1908, and the nominees of the Democratic party to be nominated in the primary election law to be held in Texas in July, 1908."

"The names of the candidates for delegates and alternates at large, nominated by the Waco mass meeting, held March 7, 1908, and those to be nominated at the Fort Worth meeting to be held March 28, 1908, shall be placed upon the ballot in parallel columns, and shall be numbered as follows: No. 1 (name), No. 2 (name), No. 3 (name) and No. 4 (name), and in the order certified by the chairman of the respective mass meeting, and which shall be done by April 10, 1908, to the chairman of the state executive committee.

"In case any nominee shall refuse to serve, the chairman of the mass meeting nominating him may, within the time given for the preparation of the official ballot, certify another name.

"The chairman of the state Democratic executive committee shall prepare the form of ballot in accordance with these resolutions, and shall certify such form to the chairmen of the respective county committees on or before April 15, 1908. Said ballot shall be headed 'Democratic official ticket,' and shall be uniform throughout the state, and no ballot voted upon any other ticket than the official ballot shall be counted.

"The state executive committee shall meet and canvass the returns of the primary election on the day prior to the assembling of the Fort Worth state Democratic convention, which canvass shall be in the manner provided for by the Terrell primary election law for canvassing the returns of primaries for state officers. The candidate or candidates who shall receive a plurality of the votes cast in such primary election over those candidates whose names bear the same number for the same office shall be declared the elected delegates and alternates at large, as the case may be, by the state Democratic convention, to be held at Fort Worth, and the chairman of said convention shall certify such results to the national convention to be held in Denver in July, 1908."

A subcommittee of five will meet a day or two before the next meeting of the committee and tabulate the pri-

mary election returns.

## EXAMINING ABSTRACTS.

Some Flaws Are Found, but Is Probable They May Be Rectified.

Austin, March 21.—The attorney general's department is making a complete examination of abstracts of land recently purchased by the state penitentiary board in Fort Bend county. Two or three flaws have been found in the titles, but it is believed they can be adjusted so as to not interfere with the final transfer of the land to the state.

## FARCICAL FUMIGATING.

So Says Brumby In Bringing Suit Against Pullman Company.

Austin, March 23.—State Health Officer Brumby has returned from San Angelo. He states that he has filed there a suit on behalf of the state against the Pullman Palace Car company for penalties for alleged failures on the part of the company to properly disinfect its cars in accordance with law. Suit is directed against S. M. Carley, of Fort Worth, district superintendent, and a car cleaner of the company named Rutledge. This is the first suit to be filed in the state by the health department for violation of the law which requires car companies and owners of hotels and public buildings to properly disinfect them. The penalty for each offense is from \$20 to \$200. Dr. Brumby announced that this is just the beginning and that other suits are likely to follow, as present methods of disinfecting are purely farcical, he alleges. The suit was instituted in justice court.

Insurance Commissioner Love returned from St. Louis, where he has been investigating certain companies. He announced that the Great Western Life Insurance company of Kansas City had withdrawn its application for authority to do business in Texas. It is understood the company does not want to comply with certain provisions of the Robertson law.

The attorney general's department has forwarded to the United States supreme court twenty-five copies of the brief in the case of the Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio Railway company vs. the state, involving the constitutionality of the Love gross receipts tax law. This law was held valid by Texas courts. Attorney General Davidson and Assistant Attorney Hawkins will leave the last of this month for Washington to submit the case.

## HAD TO CUT PIPE.

In Consequence, One Thousand Barrels of Oil Flow Out.

Paris, Tex., March 24.—The Gulf Pipe Line company is having its pipe cleaned out with a wiper that is shoved through with the force pump. At a point twelve miles southeast of Paris near Clady the scrapings of mud and other deposits choked up the pipe. It became necessary to cut a joint to unchoke it and 1,000 barrels of oil ran out. Farmers in the vicinity carried away large quantities of the waste oil in barrels, buckets and other vessels. The waste oil formed large pools and a large force of employes was at work burning it to prevent it from spreading over the adjoining farms.

## FIRST DEPOSITS MADE.

State Mutual Life and North American Life the Companies.

Austin, March 24.—Two life insurance companies Monday made their first deposit of securities after approval by Insurance Commissioner Love, and qualified to do business under the Robertson act.

The State Mutual Life of Rome, Ga., deposited in the state treasury seven notes of \$5,000 each, signed by the Denison Construction and Real Estate company, to secure a deed of trust dated Feb. 8, 1908, being first lien on certain lands in the city of Denison. The notes mature each year from seven to thirteen years.

The North American Life of Newark, N. J., deposited in the state treasury one first-class mortgage note for \$1,400 on Dallas real estate and one for \$500 on real estate in Hamilton county.

## DAVIDSON DENIES.

Frisco's President Says Santa Fe Branch Is Not Bought.

St. Louis, March 24.—President Davidson of the Frisco positively denies that there is "one word of truth" in a report from Texas that the Frisco has bought the Santa Fe's Dallas-Paris line.

The rumor that the Frisco may run the Meteor train over the Santa Fe branch to Dallas was never heard of here.

## Caboose Burglarized.

Dallas, March 24.—Conductor A. C. Boyle and Trainman John Turner reported to the police the burglarizing of a caboose in the East Dallas yards of the Texas and Pacific railway. Two suits of clothing, other articles of wearing apparel, shoes, hats and a small amount of money in the pockets of the clothing were among the things lost.

## Wins Over Many Contestants.

Cleburne, Tex., March 24.—Mertz

# New Spring Goods

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

## H. Schwartz

Baird, Texas

## POWELL & POWELL

DRUGGISTS

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

We are Your Friends

Powell & Powell, Druggists.

## W. F. WILSON'S MEAT MARKET

PHONE NO. 26

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

## FURNITURE

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

## HALSTED BROS.

Williamson, son of Kendrick Williamson of this city, has received \$25 as a premium for writing the best essay for an insurance company at Philadelphia. There were about 1,000 contestants. Only one or two prizes were won in the south. The Cleburne winner is a student in the seventh grade at the high school.

## Secure Much Booty.

Mount Pleasant, Tex., March 24.—The hardware store of M. C. Rogers on the southeast corner of the square in this city, was entered last night by burglars, who forced an entrance through the rear of the building. About \$20 or \$25 worth of pocket cutlery, knives and razors and a lot of jewelry, rings, etc., are missing; no clew.

## High Price For Steers.

Fort Worth, March 24.—Beef steers on foot sold Monday at the North Fort Worth stockyards for 6 cents per pound, with one exception the record price.

## Large Donation For Church.

Rice, Texas, March 24.—The Methodists will erect an edifice to cost between \$15,000 and \$20,000. Mrs. W. D. Haynie contributed \$10,000.

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

## ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.

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

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

## NOTICE.

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



# THE IRON WAY

A TALE OF THE BUILDERS OF THE WEST.

BY SARAH PRATT CARR



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ART WILSON

town, fell in love with the young Pullman, a love he returned as ardently as any swain of her own people. Those who know the Monterey of that day say that the blood of a prairie princess mingled with the blue Andalusian of the Guerreros in Lolita's veins. Whether true or not, she had the imperiousness of a dozen royal maidens; and overriding all objections, she set a wedding day less than two months after the pair first met.

"Meantime the groom's brother, a lively young officer of a Boston merchantman, hove into port a week before the nuptials, with a budget of news and an appetite for diversion. With characteristic reserve the elder brother did not at once confide his secret, and thereof came the mischief. The young man was caught in the twinkling of two eyes—Lolita's eyes—and by way of trading on the capital his brother had made, told her, in the poor Spanish he could command and in the scant English she could comprehend, the story of his life, home and friends, a story that included a certain delicate maiden, his brother's betrothed, who embroidered interminably upon her trousseau and wept because her lover came not.

"The fiery beauty carried the situation with a high hand. More than that hour the younger man was swept forward by an amorous enchantment so adroitly exercised, so imperious, that had his heart not acquiesced he could hardly have escaped standing at the altar in his brother's place and taking to wife the woman who was to have been his sister-in-law. The spell she wove was deep and lasting. He loved her, endured her hasty temper, forgave the love she still bore his brother (though she called it hate), and died a heart-broken man when, two years later, the birth of their child cost her life. The last written word of the young husband was a plea to his brother for forgiveness and a request that Lolita's child, Gideon Ingram Anthony, might find a second father in his uncle.

"But William Anthony, melancholy, resentful, was wandering over the unpeopled wastes of Alta California, vainly seeking relief from a sore heart. And Gideon's grandfather, not trying very hard, it is suspected, failed to trace the baby's uncle. Letters from New England found him, however; told him that the faithful woman of his early love was slowly fading away. Conscience-stricken, he hastened back, married her, tried devotedly and with apparent success to nurse her to health, but buried her one year after their only child was born.

"Oh, my poor, poor mother!" Esther moaned. "No wonder you are so sad!" She drew the locket from beneath her dress and gazed a moment on the pictured face. Alfred's ring still hung on the chain, and she pressed it to her lips before hiding it again. "Like mother, like child!" she whispered scornfully. "Both foolish!" With a sigh she took up the paper and read on:

"Then came from Sutter's Fort the cry of 'Gold! gold!' that peopled California and swept away forever the dreamy, pastoral days of Hidalgo, fandango and league-long ranchos under Mexican rule. William Anthony came west with the first rush, found and claimed his nephew, mined, traded and grew enormously wealthy; though he lived always in the wilds, visiting cities only as compelled.

"On the bleak side of a Washoe mountain he built a palace, the wonder of the decade; sent for his daughter, and reared the two children in an isolated luxury that was the source of many Aladdin-like tales. But failure came, removal, wandering; and the Anthonys were lost to the world that had known them. Later the father was killed by Indians; and the children, by this time man and woman grown, drifted, unknown and unknowing, into the heedless stream of humanity.

"The sequel proves that William Anthony never forgave his brother; for the boy grew up as a dependent, called only Gideon Ingram, and never knowing his right to his uncle's name. Senor Guerrero died some years ago, willing his estate to his grandson and providing for a search for him. Yet it is probable he would have remained undiscovered had not the agents purchasing right of way for the Southern Pacific Railroad company needed his signature. His identity was discovered some time ago, but his story is now for the first time made public."

Here followed the interludes

"My cousin! Oh, he's my cousin!" Like an open book Esther read many things that had puzzled her—her father's contradictions, his gloom, his reserves; Gideon, tender, cruel, constant, vengeful; a passion, a flame; conquering, yet ever defeated. Poor Gideon!

Esther dreamed over the strange tale till she was reminded of her team, waiting as she had ordered, and restless. "I'll drive at once," she said, and hastily prepared, eager for the out-of-doors, for motion.

She was taking up the reins when a card was brought her—Gideon's. She started back and would not touch it, till penciled words caught her eye.

"Stella, I have wronged you; but if you have read the morning paper you know how your father wronged me. Blood makes us cousins. I must see you a moment, must a little atone."

How could she see him? Yet she must. Childhood memories, the injustice he had suffered, his sorrows, all pleaded for him. Yet not in the



He Was Haggard and Thin.

narrow closeness of a room. It would be easier out in the open, away from her own house.

"Tell him I'm driving," she said to the maid. "Ask him to step to the front door."

Esther drove around the house to find him standing, bareheaded, on the graveled road. He was haggard and thin, his shoulders stooped, his eyes gloomy. His clothes were handsome and well made; but they had a borrowed, misfitting look, that was pitiful to Esther. He did not speak, but stood waiting, slightly bent, only his somber eyes pleading.

"Will you drive with me, Gideon?" she asked quietly.

Without a word he put on his hat and stepped in beside her, tucking the robe carefully about her. Every movement had a gentle deprecation foreign to the Gideon she had known.

The team was restive, the streets crowded; and she could do no more than drive until a mile or more of hills had taken the first mettle out of her horses.

When they were on the road, following the shimmering bay shore around Fort Point to the sea, the plangent waves at their feet, the salt air blowing clean upon them, the vast farness of blue ocean sweeping away petty thoughts, bringing eternal verities—there Gideon and Esther found a common meeting ground.

Gideon freed her from her promise and would have explained, but she objected. "It's past, Gideon. Alfred is safe, well. Let me forget what I know, hear no more." Her heart bounded, yet was leaden again. Freedom had come too late. Alfred no longer loved her.

"Yes, one thing I would know. Did Phineas Cadwallader have anything to do with Alfred's—capture?"

"No."

"What makes him hate Alfred, then?"

"He hates him on more than one score. Vincent knows some important secret of his, and Vincent has also caught Cad in one or two tricks against the company. Cad's afraid he'll be reported. Besides all this, Cad was the last man seen with Vincent before he disappeared; and if the case is ever investigated Cad'll have hard work to clear himself."

"Were you—? Did any one find out—? Why were you not arrested?"

"There was not a scrap of evidence against me. My alibi was perfect."

Esther was long silent. Gideon looked out to sea, and wait—

"Have you told any one?" she asked finally. "You—you had the thing done, if you didn't do it yourself, didn't you?"

"Yes. And I—I've told no one—must not."

"Must not?" she questioned wonderingly. She knew he did not lack courage.

"Drag you into such a foul complication—the trial, your heart's secrets exposed, prison! To be sure, I didn't think of that three years ago. Now you are my cousin—my name yours—"

"But justice," she began, as he halted. "Ought respect for a name to stand in the way of that?"

"I've thought of that. But Vincent is free, as well in health as ever; no trouble or disgrace attaches; and he's better off in pocket than if he had not suffered from me, for I've been able to throw a thing or two his way. There are the lost years, and—and you. Do you think at this late day it would please him if I dragged your name before the public? Wouldn't that rather distress him?"

"On account of his own name, perhaps; he cares nothing for mine." She was thinking of Amabel's face as she had waltzed by her the night before, looking into Alfred's eyes.

"Of course! I knew that always," Gideon said dully, and gazed seaward.

On the veranda of the old Cliff house they stopped as does the tourist of today to watch the endless flip-flop of wet, glistening seals clambering the gray rocks only to drop into the sea again. The same brilliant, limitless panorama unfolded westward then as to-day—beetling cliffs, the sapphire sky, white, fantastic clouds, twin green promontories guarding the Golden Gate, the misty, enchanted Farallones, the eternal roar of the surf. But nature then was all unsubdued.

They lingered a little, both silent, Gideon nearer content than for years.

"Where have you been this long, long time, Gideon?" Esther asked on their way back to the city.

"Many places. Twice I went to Poughkeepsie. I saw you, though you didn't know it; saw that you were well and happy."

"Gideon!" Esther exclaimed, astonished.

"I've gridironed Nevada and Utah deserts looking for gold, and for wagon routes; and have found both. The last few months I've spent between San Francisco and the ranch. I've seen you often, Stella." He looked at her wistfully.

"Seen me?"

"Yes, in theaters, on the street, wherever society notes in the papers gave me a clew to your goings."

"And you never came—never spoke—"

"No. I knew you could not marry Vincent. He loves Charley Crocker's niece. As long as I was silent it—it seemed—I love you, Star, just the same; no, a thousand times more!" he went on despondently, using unconsciously the old familiar name. "But you need not fear me. I shall never trouble you after this. We're—we're cousins, yes, more like brother and sister; and I'm unfit—" His sentence went unfinished.

They were nearing Esther's home.

"What are your plans, Gideon?"

"To see the finish of the railroad, then sell out my holdings and go to my ranch."

"But, Gideon, you won't like that life!"

"Like? Life?" he repeated gloomily.

"I shall do no harm there. That is all."

Utter hopelessness was in voice and face. Yet Esther could think of no adequate word, and drove on in silence till they stopped at the doorway.

"Will you come in?"

"No, Stella. I shall not annoy you further. This is farewell."

She looked into his sad face and saw two generations of tragedy there. Resentment, aversion died. "Oh, Gideon, you are of my blood, the only one, my almost brother. Whatever you have done, will do, is mine to bear by right of kinship. Don't think I shall reproach you. Come to see me! I will be good to you."

His face lifted for a flashing instant, his eyes softened with glad tears. But the transformation passed almost as it came. "No, no, Stella! Thank you for those dear words. But I—I have only to atone. It's impossible! Good-bye."

He started hurriedly down the walk, but halted, turned back. "I saved Vincent's life once, here in the city. Never speak of it. I've only told you because—because I want you to know—I'm trying to even up the game."

He wheeled and went swiftly through the gate.

## CHAPTER XXVII.

**The Conquest of the Heart of Sally B.** Forty years ago, daring surgeons did not so often undertake to better nature's work, make joints where none had been, remake organs that had not fulfilled their functions.

Alvin Carter, despite his cheerfulness, had ever silently rebelled against his crutch. And when the idea was born to him that he might have his leg broken and made straight, he never halted till he found a surgeon willing to add his skill to Alvin's money and

pluck.

Three years with scarcely a day's vacation had won for him promotion and the confidence of officers as well as of fellow employes. Thus Alvin had the great eye and sympathy of the governor himself behind his brave venture into unfamiliar realms of surgery. When Alvin came through with two straight legs, the trifling shortness of one being corrected by a high heel, he gladly accepted the diversion of a trip to the Front while he was learning to walk on two feet.

Fresh from those exciting scenes, he presented himself at Sally B.'s home. Not for one moment had he faltered in his determination to win Viola, if she remained true, and he never doubted her. Yet now, sitting in the most beautiful room he had ever seen, perturbed by the obsequious butler's ill-concealed disdain when he had to send up his name instead of the requested card—all in an instant Viola grew remote, his aspiration to her preposterous. The modest cottage he had thought out—the plans were in his pocket waiting her approval—seemed but a miserable hut beside this magnificent palace.

Time for his heart to congeal had been ample when Sally B. swept into the room, paused a chilling instant, and came forward with her most imposing society manner.

"Why, Mr. Carter! This is elegant to see you! Elegant weather, isn't it? When did you come to the Bay? Elegant time of year to visit at the Bay, now, ain't it?"

With an astonishing swing of her sable draperies she seated herself back to the light, her face dimly outlined, while the late afternoon sun shone full upon him.

"I read of the crack operation the doctors performed on you, Mr. Carter. I congratulate you on it's bein' O. K. It's an elegant improvement. Won't you set—sit?"

She did not even look at him, he thought. Blindly he groped for a chair, his eyes burning as if she had slapped them with a hard hand. Had he but known, Sally B.'s keen vision had instantly noted and approved his erect manliness, his resolute countenance. Her heart warmed to him. He belonged to her world, appreciated her. Yet ambition held the rein. She suspected his errand, and purposely put him at a disadvantage, plying him with questions, intending to leave him no opportunity for personal topics. But for once she met her equal. She took the one topic that could best fire him; and in turn he caught her spirit in the flame of his enthusiasm, and consumed her society veil in a single sentence.

"Do tell me something about the railroad. I miss it powerful—ly."

"I've just returned from the Front; got back yesterday."

"Oh, go—" She hesitated. He could see her eyes shine, knew she was going to say "gosh!" and his self-possession flew home again.

"In a breath Sally B. caught herself, and went on.

"I'm just that hungry to hear all about things. Where'd they run the line? Across by Battle mountain—I know that; and where else?"

"They run 100 lines, I guess; just kept the surveyors sticking pins into the whole American desert till they'd picked out the best one. They've got the track away by Battle mountain now; past Be-o-wa-we, Argenta—that's the junction for Austin and Reese river—oh, they were way by Toano when I left."

"I knew them places; come across there in '54. Paw emigrated from Oregon to Salt Lake, didn't like it there, an' come over to Californy—California." She had almost forgotten her elegance.

Alvin breathed freely. "My! But it's cold over there!"

"I bet it is," she indorsed, emphatically. "How's Charley Crocker, an' Gregory, an' all the rest? Lord! I can smell the sage-brush now!"

"Working like blazes! Laying track by moonlight and stars! Just think of that! And big sage-brush bonfires to help out. It was the strangest sight; the men looked like goblins, and the hammer blows sounded far away, and made you creep."

"Gosh! They must be runnin' them U. P. folks hard."

"Not so hard as I'd like to see. The U. P.'s are coming like lightning, just a-whoopin' 'em up! They have a man for every rod for 100 miles. They've got good fuel and plenty of stuff. Glory! I wish our folks could hurry up some of those 35 iron ships out on the ocean, and scare up more men. That lot of rails the Washoe took up won't last any time."

"Say! That was a snifty trick, the way they snoop'd them 500 Chinamen straight from the ship to the train an' got 'em to the Front before they knew where they was goin'. I read about it in the paper." She moved her chair a little and the light reached her face; Alvin saw the old spirit looking out of it.

"It's awful, what our folks have to buck against. They can't build shops for lack of men and stuff—stuff that's coming in those ironships. And there's freeze-ups, slides, and wrecks—nothing settled and finished—and, the in-

mense cost of repairs, when they've nothing fixed right to make 'em. Why, a waterspout over on the desert sliced out a mile and a half of track as clean as a piece of cheese! And then—the papers, and San Francisco!"

"The Lord pizen them Clarion men! I wish't he would! There!"

"So do I!" Alvin assented heartily. Sally B.'s answering smile held a world of craft. She drew a deep breath of satisfaction. "By jinks! It's plumb good to talk railroad once more. Bill don't keer for it, but I do. I'd ruther live—" She changed the topic abruptly. "Is Lilly Dodge over there anywhere?"

"He's conductor on the Humboldt division; makes a bally cat, too!"

"I bet he does. He—"

Alvin squared about in his chair and interrupted her. "Mrs. Bernard"—it was her turn to wince at her surname—"I've come for Viola. Will you let me have her peacefully, or must I make a row about it?" He was quite himself; and Sally B. knew very well that no glamour of luxury or shadow of Vanity Fair could frighten him now. Yet she had one bomb left.

"She won't have you, Al. I'm sorry, but—"

"No, you ain't sorry; and that isn't the truth, anyway. It's you that won't have me; and I'll break her heart to please you." He rose and stood before her in quiet dignity.

Sally B. flinched at the stinging words. For a moment she was silent, then stood beside him, her hand on his arm, her voice full of pleading. "See here, Al! Vi's done without you a long time. She's taken the ed—education we've give her like a thorough-



"Come Back and See Vi! Gosh darn it, Al!"

bred. And she's beautiful—you ain't seen Vi lately; you don't know how handsome she is."

"Yes, I do!" he returned quickly. "I've read every scrap of the lots the papers have said of her. I've sent to the galleries for her pictures; and that one the Call spoke of, makes her a little princess."

"Every bit, an' better!" The mother's pride shone in her eyes. "Now, Al, we've give Vi culture; an' she's took to culture like a salmon to fresh water in spawnin' time. She's got the style for culture, an' the tin to set it off. An' these big bugs round here that's long on culture, too, they see it in Vi, an' take her right into their set. There's Freddy Bryan—you know who he is?"

Alvin nodded.

"Well, he's stuck on her, bad. An's there's that English lord, Lawrence; I don't know but he's her fyansee by now; he was here this afternoon. Maybe he ain't gone yet."

Alvin looked down at the floor and said nothing, though she waited for him to speak.

"Think of havin' an English lord for a son-in-law! Or at any rate, Freddy Bryan!"

"But what sort of a figure would you and Bill Bernard cut with that kind of people?" he asked, in sudden scorn. "We ain't that pattern of fool. We'd keep away," she returned intrepidly.

"And Vi? I suppose she'd never want to see her father and mother. She'd be quite happy without them." He turned contemptuous eyes upon Sally B.'s quivering face. "Lord! She ought to be happy without you! It's worse than Abraham's sacrifice if there had been no lamb! At least, Isaac would have burned quickly!"

He saw Sally B.'s face drop and gray shadows creep in. At last she found speech, and her words were steady.

"What's the use of money and beauty, an' Vi's aristocratic way, if Bill an' me was ready to tie her down to our kind? To life on the desert; maybe—Bill ain't no flandseer—to tough luck an' pore grub. That's what's bound to come if Bill's luck turns. Do you think that's lovin' her? That lord b'longs to folks that's always had money, an' always looked it. An' if he falls, there's Freddy Bryan; he's a man, the right kind. If he loses his money, he'll make it again—he's buckin' brigh—an' she'll live genteel."

(CONTINUED ON ANOTHER PAGE)



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W. E. GILLILAND,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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**12 Pages To Day.**

Every one will have ample as well as pleasant employment in attending to their own affairs without trying to regulate those of other people. This might be as appropriately applied to towns as well as individuals.

Texas has eighteen members in congress, but only one, Senator Bailey, is a candidate for delegate to the national Democratic convention. Senator Bailey and some of his friends seem to think the national convention could not be held were he absent.

There is a question of veracity between Judge Brooks, the boss mud-slinging judge, and Cone Johnson about Bailey entertaining Cone Johnson at his home in 1906. Johnson says he was never in Bailey's home in his life, and was in no sense Bailey's guest as Brooks charges. Johnson says Bailey asked him to make the nominating speech at Dallas—another flat contradiction of the mud-slinging judge.

Bailey's friends say he was forced into the race for delegate-at-large. Who forced him? Bailey practically announced himself as a candidate in his last speech before the legislature which "vindicated" him. His language could hardly be misconstrued. He said the opposition to him would seek to control the delegates to the convention and that he invited the contest. Well, he has got what he wanted — and more, too.

Gen. Stoessel, who made the only respectable reputation as a scrapper in the war with Japan, has been sentenced to prison for life by a Russian court. Our sympathies were with Russia in that war, but we are now convinced they deserved all the threshing they got at the hands of the Japs. Now, if some nation could give Japan a good licking the world would be happily rid of two national robbers and oppressors of other people.

The Baileyites are preparing for a big crowd at Fort Worth. The State has been drummed from one end to the other for large delegations. The railroads have made rates one half less than given the Waco convention. The idea is to have a big crowd, and the organs will split their pajamas yelling because of the immense throng and overawe the opposition by big crowds, bluster and wind. Bailey has a strong following; no one ever doubted that, but he and his friends realize he has the fight of his life, hence all this hurrah. They hope to carry the State by noise. Bailey said in one of his speeches last year that not ten per cent. of the Democrats of Texas were opposed to him. The mighty effort aided by the railroads and perhaps, every other corporation, big and little, in Texas, to muster a big crowd at Fort Worth Saturday to hear Bailey orate, shows that the estimate of ten per cent. is considered too low by somebody.

Remember none of us will travel this way again, and we should help each other as much as possible, on the way, and not do as some do, try to pull every one else down with whom they do not agree on all things, or mayhap consider, one a rival in business.

They say "cranks" makes the world go around. If that is true Texas alone has enough of them to supply the balance of the world and furnish a few choice specimens to Mars and some of the adjacent planets. If we had transportation facilities to these celestial orbs, possibly we could induce some of the political cranks of this vast state to emigrate there.

The Mineral Wells Index of last week makes a very attractive little story out of "The Letter That Was Not Mailed." By adding a little to the preamble it is really more readable than when it originally appeared in "Round About" column of THE STAR, March 13th. It was a true story and THE STAR can vouch for it, because the incident related occurred right here in Baird, but for good and sufficient reasons no names were given.

Texas is in an uproar from the Gulf to the Panhandle, and from the Sabine to the Rio Grande: all for what? That one man may or may not go to the National Democratic convention to help nominate a man whom he does not care a baube for, and a man who will be nominated too whether Texas is represented or not. It is really funny if you just look at in the right way.

Hon. Jos. H. Eagle was the principal orator at the Houston rally of Bailey democrats. Has Brother Eagle been a consistent and never-scratch-a-ticket Democrat?—Dallas Times-Herald.

Hon. Jos. H. Eagle was an ardent populist when he lived in the Pandle country. He went to Houston and ran against Tom Ball for congress when Ball was the democratic nominee. He fought Bryan to a finish in 1896. That's part of the record.—Alvarado Bulletin.

Judge M. M. Brooks, Judge of the Court of Criminal Appeals, descended from his high position to make a mudslinging speech at Dallas the other day that would not reflect any credit upon a very ordinary ward heeler. His contemptuous illusions to those who differ with him on the Bailey question will make his political pathway very thorny when he again seeks political preferment. The people of Texas have honored Judge Brooks, far above his deserts too, as his speech proves. That bulldozing speech will help neither himself or the man he is trying to assist. Many democrats that he so contemptuously alluded to have been his warm supporters in the past, but will never be again. Such speeches as this is not calculated to increase the esteem of the people of Texas for their higher courts, that stand none too high now in the esteem of the public. If members of the judiciary have no respect for their positions—how do they expect the public to respect them? THE STAR does not know how the public views it, but considers Judge Brooks' speech the most flagrant violation of the proprieties ever committed by a member of our higher courts elected by a democratic constituency. The political atmosphere of our large cities, that Judge Brooks has breathed so long, must be rotten indeed.

Primary election May 2nd to elect delegates to the National Democratic Convention.

Miss Julia Cooper and Miss Kennedy, of Cottonwood, spent Tuesday and Wednesday in Baird.



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We are authorized to announce the following candidates for office subject to the Democratic primary:

FOR DISTRICT JUDGE.  
42d District composed of the counties of Callahan, Eastland, Stephens, Shackelford and Taylor:

- THOMAS L. BLANTON,  
of Albany.
- J. T. HAMMONS,  
of Eastland.
- D. G. HILL,  
of Abilene.
- J. H. CALHOUN,  
of Cisco.

For State Senator 28th Dist.  
W. J. BRYAN.

**COUNTY OFFICERS.**

- For County Judge.  
C. D. (Clarence) RUSSELL.
- W. R. ELY
- For Sheriff & Tax Collector.  
T. A. (Al) IRVIN.
- W. A. MCGOWEN.
- For Tax Assessor.  
T. J. NORRELL.
- R. F. (Frank) BENNETT.
- M. W. UZZELL.
- For County & District Clerk.  
GEO. B. SCOTT.
- J. H. (Joe) SHACKELFORD.
- For County Treasurer.  
W. E. (Eugene) MELTON.
- C. W. (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. KUYKENDALL.
- For Commissioner Pre. No. 2.  
PHILLIP YOST.
- WORTH WILLIAMS.
- For Commissioner Pre. No. 3.  
GEO. ANTHONY.
- For Commissioner Pre. No. 4.  
J. G. (Jack) AIKEN.
- J. A. COATS.

J. B. STOKES President HENRY JAMES V. P. B. L. RUSSELL Cashier  
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We feel justified in asking for your banking business, assuring you always, courteous treatment and satisfactory service.

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- C. W. MILLER.
- J. M. AYCOCK.
- G. A. (George) CLEMENTS.
- W. P. (Dick) COCHRAN.

**TO SUBSCRIBERS.**

We have sent bills to all subscribers as much as one year in arrears and we have through the paper since January 1st warned all that under the Postal laws we would be required to discontinue the paper to all who are as much as one year behind. Most have paid but quite a number have not nor have they made any arrangements to settle same, though we offered to take a due bill for all who could not pay cash. Those who are in arrears can have the paper continued if they will send me a due bill for all past arrearages and one year in advance at any time in the future. This is the last paper any will receive who owe one or more

years on subscription until all due is paid either in cash or due bill. This is the last notice. The date of all subscription in the county is plainly printed on your paper. If you want the paper continued only four more days remain to make arrangements.

**Executive Committee Meeting.**

I hereby call a meeting of the Democratic Executive Committee to meet at the Court House at Baird Saturday April 4th 1908 at 2 p. m. to make necessary arrangements to hold a County primary election May 2nd to elect delegates to the National Democratic Convention. It is very important that every precinct in the county be represented. Let the democrats hold meetings and elect a member from each voting precinct if you do not know who your committee man is.

J. W. ROBBINS.  
Chm. Dem. County Com.

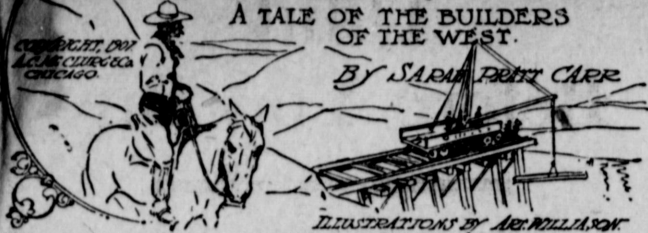
Miss Hattie Hammans, of Globe, Ariz., is visiting Mrs. J. H. Terrell.



# THE IRON WAY

A TALE OF THE BUILDERS OF THE WEST.

BY SARAH PRATT CARR



ILLUSTRATIONS BY MR. WILLIAMS

Ain't nothin' so bad as you might think 'bout them girls, though. Most of 'em comes from furrin parts, where their job ain't considered respectable."

All in the town carried arms, and there were occasional brawls, yet no stranger was molested who did not first molest. Night drew on, and the sleepy town awoke. Wood teams from the mountain chopping camps rattled in. The clatter of animals feeding, human and otherwise, stirred the air. The evening train whistled in from the west, with mail, passengers, a few workmen, much forage and supplies.

"Collis P.'s done the job!" cried the first trainman to enter the hotel. "His little game o' talk with the president won the tin. The bonds are issued!"

"When was it?" asked Sally B., excitedly.

"Oh, weeks ago, probably. It was done 'fore Andy Johnson went out of the White House, anyway."

"How much bonds?"

"Two million four hundred thousand," the man said, rolling out the words slowly and respectfully.

A small sum enough for eyes that read to-day. Yet to a railroad of the present, forty millions could not mean more than that sum meant to the struggling Central Pacific.

The train came in from the front, a lot of empty cars bumping over unsettled track. To-night came Louis McLane, a distinguished-looking gentleman; yet great man as he was, and earnestly as Sally B. tried to make him comfortable, other matters overshadowed him.

"Them U. P. fellers laid seven and a half miles of track the other day." The story ran from lip to lip.

"Huh! I bet a gause rooster George Gregory'll beat that when the iron comes. It's on the way now, they say." Sally B. looked challengingly about.

Waiting at table did not prevent her keeping up with all the railroad news, it rather aided her in doing so; and her comments were a sort of daily oral editorial that most of her patrons believed in, and all enjoyed.

"The U. P.'s discharged 12 engineers 'cause they wouldn't run at night," another loquacious diner remarked.

"Don't wonder they refused," a man from the east replied. "The grades are ticklish; the track ain't half finished, to say nothin' o' being settled; and the Injuns are raisin' Cain in triplets."

"That's the way it's been all the time over on the U. P.," a second stranger added. "Workmen never have had the proper protection. I was on the Denver line, and the chief of construction telegraphed for more force, saying, 'I have to fight while I dig.' But the company didn't help him out. Why, we had ten Injun fights in ten weeks. From one to seven white men killed every time. It wasn't fun, you can bet!"

Esther was in the dining room and heard. The dreadful day at the stage station came to her. Across the way violins began to twang, arousing Esther from her reverie. The caller's voice came clear, and the low, seductive rumble of dancing feet. One by one the men finished eating and went out. The voice of the town called louder and louder. Esther wondered, were she a man, if the calls would seem hideous as now; or would she, in the very joy of masculine freedom, look around, join the fringe of the curious onlookers, be caught by the siren, temptation, and drawn into the human vortex, carried down—down!

Of all the guests, Mr. McLane alone was left. He ate slowly in dignified silence, pried upon intermittently by Yic Wah. The wheedling voice of the town had no fascination for Mr. McLane. He went at once to his room, attended by Sally B.

Then the two women chatted a little longer, when Esther, still tired from her night spent sitting up in the car, went to her bed.

But not to sleep. Unhindered by tent walls the drone of the fiddles came in at her open window; and the clink of glasses, the rhythmic beat of many feet, the voices of the dancing girls between sets. How had she shown thankfulness for the boon of health, of friends, training, wealth—all that was between her and these poor girls? Had she not wasted her days in idle longing? Among even the noisy dancers yonder might there not be some one better, according to her miserable opportunity, than she herself had been with her wider chance? It should be so no longer! When the last tie was broken, she would

her home, her city. She would cease her foolish waiting for Alfred; and somehow, wherever the way opened, she would work for those less fortunate than herself, would put herself on record for the better side of life.

A peace long unknown stole over her; and she slept tranquilly.

## CHAPTER XXX.

### The Stroke of the Fang.

The days ran happily by for Esther, so far as she remained in her own little world. It was a joy to be with Uncle Billy a short late hour every other night when his train was in and his reports made; a joy to know that her presence comforted Sally B., whose heart, despite her busy life, longed for her only child, and grieved for the older child who dogged her footsteps, did her errands, followed her with meek, trustful eyes. The spell of the desert, and her ever deferred hope of seeing Alfred, still held Esther. Gideon was in the town, though he kept out of Esther's way. Sally B. met him abruptly one day, forced a kind word upon him and asked him of his stay; but he evaded her with a half-coherent reply about seeing the railroad through. She mentally substituted Esther for the railroad, knowing it was for chance glimpses of her he hung around the town.

The grading was finished. Engineers, their occupation gone, had already started for new barrens to measure. Bridge builders followed. Men of the pickaxe and shovel, drillers, strikers, teamsters, Chinese, cooks, scullions, camp-movers—a long procession faced westward toward "California, God's country."

It was the morning before George Gregory's great day; the day he was to outdo the Union Pacific feat of laying seven and a half miles of track at one stretch. He had chosen the flat spaces eastward by Kelton, where the grade was easy, culverts and bridges



"Drop That Gun, Pardner!"

few. Everything was in readiness. The iron was coming—on the road—due at the front that afternoon. All along the line betting ran high. Interest and excitement pervaded town, camp and home; touched even women and children.

The supply train backed, switched, loaded freight brought in the night before; yet did not pull out for the front as usual, but side-tracked and waited. The iron was coming! It was due at noon.

Hotel patrons had eaten and gone. Bill Bernard was out on an errand; and the house was deserted save for the cook and scullion, and the two women at their late breakfast. The sun had not yet thawed the frost of the night when a shot rang out from Sally B.'s barroom.

She caught her pistol from some near nook and rushed out, Esther flying after her.

"Go back, child!" Sally B. said sternly, from the doorway.

"Not unless you go," Esther returned in a voice as firm.

"Foller still, then," the other whispered, seeing opposition useless; and they entered the barroom noiselessly.

A man with beetling brows and fierce, resentful eyes stood with his back to them, holding a big revolver somewhat unsteadily over Shack Newbegin, whose hands were high in air. The intruder's clothes were soiled, his boots dusty and cut from much walking over rock. Notwithstanding his vicious, threatening attitude, his body drooped as from intense fatigue.

He did not hear the women, and his

savage, now-speechy manhood showed him dangerously sure of himself.

"Give me ten dollars out of that till. Do it quick, and keep still. And don't try shooting next time when a man asks you for money; you might get your wooden overcoat sooner'n you'd like. Hurry up, there!"

"Drop that gun, pardner!" Sally B. said quietly.

She had waited barely a breath on the threshold, yet Esther had smelled burned powder, seen Shack's pistol on the floor, his dishevelled hair and the bullet hole in the marauder's hat. Shack had had the first shot. How had the other mastered the situation?

The man wheeled, with blazing eyes, to meet Sally B.'s pistol barrel aimed at his head. His own weapon, unconsciously lowered, left him helpless, though he made a slight motion as if to lift it.

"Drop it, I say! Let go!" Her revolver touched his temple, and her black eyes blazed a message that compelled obedience.

He returned her look for an instant, lowered his eyes sullenly, glanced covertly about, and, stooping, laid the pistol on the floor.

"Now, git inter that cheer!"

Again he looked at her resentfully; but only for a breath, when he bent stiffly, and dropped heavily down.

"Tie him, Shack, to the cheer; an' his hands behind him, an' his feet together. How'd he git the drop on ye? I see ye got the first shot."

"Yes. But I reckoned he was only a drunk, an' wasn't lookin' fur him to fight. I only shot to skeer; but he jumped me like greased lightning."

"He looks holler; I 'low grub ain't ben plenty. Had anything to eat lately?" she asked her prisoner.

He shook his head sulkily.

"I thought so. Watch him, Shack," she ordered, and after the tying was done to her satisfaction, the two women went out.

They returned shortly, Sally B. with a generous breakfast; Esther, who refused to let her come alone, carrying the coffee. They arranged the food on a chair, and Sally B. took up her revolver again.

"Untie his hands, Shack."

"You're the beatin'est," Shack began, obeying her order reluctantly, "to go an' feed a man that's tried to rob ye."

"No matter. He's hungry. I wouldn't turn a hungry dog off without a bone. Get to work, now," she said gruffly to the bandit. "An' while ye're busy, tell what you wanted of ten dollars. Why didn't ye ask fur the hull till?"

"Because I wanted to be white an' take only enough to get out of the country with." Esther thought his face softened a trifle.

"Why don't ye work for it? The Boss wants choppers; an' everybody's flyin' west like ole Nick was after 'em."

"That's my business. I want to leave the country, not chop wood." The sullen look deepened.

"If ye're that partie'lar, you git that grub out o' sight, an' git! I earn my money workin', an' you can yourn."

He scowled at her; and no one saw the gleam in his wicked eye as he caught the flash from Esther's solitaire.

It was the only ornament of value she wore in this rude place. She had bought it for protection, and it had served its purpose well. Most people supposed it an engagement ring, a supposition she tacitly encouraged.

The man ate hungrily, and finished with a surliness "Thank you."

"Which way are you going?"

"West."

"We'll take yo' weepion, an' watch ye a piece out on the track. Shack, you keep an eye an' a gun on him till he gets to the turn. Ye couldn't come back fur another meal o' victuals," she continued to the fellow. "If ye do, ye'll find more'n one gun p'inted yore way. Skeddadle!"

"He's ben layin' round the town fur weeks, that cuss has; but I missed him yesterday." Shack said as the man started off slowly. "Thought he'd lit out."

Esther watched him with mingled aversion and pity; but Sally B. was already in conference with one of the railroad office boys that "lettered well," getting out a "Warning!" to be posted on one of the town's bulletin spaces. Whatever the reprobate might next undertake could not be done there. The town kept open eyes, by night as well as by day.

The iron train was two hours late, and the desert day so alluring that Esther decided to ride as usual. Immediately after the noon dinner her mount was brought to the door; but her kindly knight was missing. This was not alarming. His memory often failed him in the daily routine, when he saddled his horse and wandered alone in the hills hunting for "color," but always returned safe; and on such occasions Esther patiently went without her ride. But to-day she was disappointed. She wanted to get away from the memory of the morning.

"Had any one seen him go?" she asked. And Shack, hearing her question, told her that "Bill had saddled not a quarter hour ago, an' lit out west down the track."

"I can overtake him, then," she said to Sally B. as she mounted.

"I don't like ter see ye start off alone," Sally B. said; yet she was too fearless herself to suspect danger; and her protest was perfunctory.

"I'll find Mr. Bernard shortly; don't worry about me."

"Look out for that there breakfast guest of our'n. If you met up with him, he might take a shine to you, or yore mare."

"My lungs are good. And section men are too plenty and Swift's heels too nimble for any man on foot to hurt me," Esther replied nonchalantly. "Besides, he'll be far toward Wells by this time. That's his first chance for supper."

It was good to be out in the open this perfect day, to be alone. She kept on the lookout for her cavalier, expecting momentarily to overtake him. Presently she spied him climbing a high hillside to the north. It looked hot and breathless over there. She knew the succession of ridge and hollow in that direction. No wide, level spaces for gallops, no open vistas. She would have this one long afternoon to herself, listen for voices that spoke only to the solitary ear. She rode slowly, making subconscious notes of the smooth, trodden path beside the track, at places where she would give the mare her head when returning in the cooler afternoon.

A patch of brilliant desert flowers in a small nook where the melting snow had been gathered and held caught her capricious eye. She would be hidden from the town here, yet not far from the track and passing trackmen. It would be quite safe. Dismounting, she gathered a great bunch of the sun-colored blossoms, and tucked them in hat and habit front. She uncoiled the Mexican hair rope from beneath her saddle flap; and, giving Swift 40 feet of freedom, sat down, back to the track, to memories and day dreams—day dreams that purloined time unheeded, till the iron train thundered past.

Eyes that caught the vision of beauty in horse and rider silhouetted against the gray hillside lighted with sudden appreciation; and one pair flamed up curiously, watched eagerly till the vision vanished, then gloomed above set teeth and clenched hands.

Esther remounted and resumed her ride, still slowly. The mood for a speed had not come. A short distance farther on she came to a deep, curving cut. Instantly on entering an uncanny sensation possessed her, a presentiment of danger. Yet she derided herself, and touched Swift to a lope. Had not the train just passed? What menace could arrive in ten minutes?

Along the banks were a few cave-like depressions cut for, some purpose by the graders. As Esther rounded the curve a fleeting glimpse of a horseman coming toward the cut from the other end was interrupted by the voice of a man who sprang from one of the little holes and caught her bridle rein.

"I'll trouble you for that sparkler, miss; and don't take too much time getting off your glove. Keep them ruby lips shut, too, I might add by way of friendly advice."

Esther was looking into the barrel of a pistol held by the man she had that morning served with coffee. It was not courage that came quicker than reason to her; rather, a swift anger that this creature should presume to molest her.

"How dare you?" she cried fearlessly, striking the hand on her bridle a stinging blow with her whip. In the instant of surprise and pain that made him release her, she whirled the mare on two feet and was off.

Three shots rang out behind her. She heard the whizz of a bullet perilously near, yet raced wildly on, every sense alert to keep her horse's feet from pitfalls. No sounds followed her. She knew the man would not dare show himself, would probably hide from the other rider if possible; and the mare was putting the miles behind her in marvelously few minutes.

Esther began to breathe more freely. Near the town she slowed to a walk and looked back. Neither miscreant nor horseman could be seen. She stopped to put herself to rights. Her heart was beating fast, yet as much from the rapid riding as from fear, she told herself. All had happened so quickly, it now scarcely seemed real. Dread of making a scene was stronger than fear for what had passed; and it nerved her to ride quietly up to the hotel.

Sally B. met her at the door in great excitement. "Mrs. Gregory an' Mrs. Harmon both telegraphed you to come on an' see the show tomorrow. I been hopin' ye'd fly in 'fore the train left. I got yer things all packed!"

The train stood on the track less than a stone's throw distant. Its time just up. The conductor came forward as Esther dismounted.

"Will you go, Miss Anthony? I'll hold her ten minutes for you."

"Thank you. Yes, I'll go. Five minutes will do."

With Sally B.'s help she changed to another gown and sped downstairs.

"You're lightning, sure!" the conductor said with respect and approval.

as he took her bags, helped her into the high boxcar, made her as comfortable as he could, and went about his train work.

Following a half-hour behind the iron train, the little engine struggled noisily along for a time, dragging its string of loaded cars, when it came to a sudden halt on a mountain-side grade. Around a curve and just beyond, the track left the mountain and crossed a gorge over a trestle. The forward brakeman came running back with blanched face and a ghastly message.

"The trestle's gone down! the iron train's wrecked and piled up down there!" he finished, pointing with a trembling finger forward.

## CHAPTER XXXI.

### Ambrosia in Arcadia.

Passengers and trainmen went forward to investigate. Left alone, Esther leaned far out of the door and peered forward, but could see nothing of them. In front the train curved out of sight around the shoulder of the mountain. An undulating sweep of white sand and gray sage brush stretched on either side to the horizon—that was all. Breathless and apprehensive, she waited. She could hear the steady hiss of escaping steam, an occasional shout far beyond; for the rest, desert silence.

It was late in the afternoon, yet the sand reflected the heat in pulsing waves, burning her cheek. She climbed down after a little and walked forward, meeting one of the brakemen.

"Go back, Miss Anthony! It's no place for you—it's not—"

"Oh, what is it?" she interrupted anxiously. "Is any one hurt? Can't I help?"

"No; not now, anyway. No one can help one poor fellow; he's passed in his checks. We're trying to dig the other out before he dies."

Esther felt faint, yet kept pace with his hurrying steps.

"Miss Anthony, won't you please go into that car next? It's rough, but we'll need this for—for—" They were beside the rear car now.

"Yes, yes, I will—I know. But can't I do something? Won't you—"

"No, you can help most by staying right here—the conductor said so. But it may be hours—you'll roast in the car—"

"Never mind me. Don't wait—I'll manage."

He passed her and hurried into the car. In a moment he ran by again with blankets, a basin, and a bucket of water.

The car he had designated was partly filled with a great pile of cabbages, and looked rather impossible. Esther sat down on the end of a tie in the shade of the train and waited. Resourceful and efficient, the woman's part was especially distasteful to her. Yet here obedience was evidently the best service. Still, the hours were long.

But while the sky was yet red, welcome voices broke the spell. Four men came around the curve, holding carefully by the corners a blanket litter supporting a torn, bleeding form. Esther stepped between the cars, and with averted eyes waited for them to pass. With gentlest care they lifted him into the car. The sufferer moaned unconsciously, and Esther tried to believe that he knew nothing of his pain. Four more men appeared with a laden blanket; this was a winding-sheet. The men spoke no word, and were uncovered. Their burden, too, they bore on to the last car. Three more followed, one walking feebly, supported by the others, the conductor and brakeman of the supply train. He was pale, hatless and coatless, with a scarlet stain on neck and collar. Yet he was conscious, speaking freely.

"Don't mind me," he was saying.

"Alfred!" Esther sprang toward the trio, and caught one limp hand swinging by his side.

He straightened with sudden vigor; a wave of color warmed his pale



He Was Pale, Hatless and Coatless. cheek. "Stella! Stella!" he repeated, and stood still, gazing at her.

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK



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

W. E. GILLILAND, Editor and Proprietor.

Subscription Rates.

One year.....\$1 00 Six months.....50 cts Terms: Cash in advance.

12 Pages To Day.

It has been suggested by quite a number that a mass meeting be called sometime next week to select candidates for Mayor and Alderman to be elected on Tuesday, April 7th. Think the matter over. Many depreciate the factional fight that seems to have started and want a city council who will look solely to the interests of the town without bias for or against any local institution. For goodness sake let us keep politics and factional strife out of the city election if possible.

That Fool Lawyer.

One of the able editors in Texas is Will H. Mayes, editor of the Brownwood Bulletin. For many years he has maintained that position among the sons of the Fourth Estate Honorable, able and conscientious, he stands for the right at all times. Under the caption, "That Fool Lawyer," the Bulletin says:

"Attorney General Davidson has just recovered for the public free school land more than thirty-three sections or 21,160 acres of school lands lying in one cattle range in Brewster county Davidson says nothing and the people know who is fighting the battle. The statements of the Bailey organs that present attorney general is 'a fool' and 'weak lawyer' finds little room for lodgement in the minds of the masses of the people of Texas, when the same organs in order to give the news are forced to print victory after victory for the attorney general over some lawless corporation backed by the ablest attorneys that money can procure and aided by influence that money ought not to procure."

Davidson stands for the homeless and the landless, the friendless and the poor. Go search his official record and find a flaw. Before his election to high office he was an attorney for corporations. He served his clients well and loyally, but he never sold his manhood. He served one master and one alone. Honored by the people, he has served the people and the people alone. A man cannot serve two masters and Davidson is the people's servant and their servant alone. He has been loyal to the people, he will be loyal in the future, and the people, the men of Texas who believe in the rule of the people, will vote for his re-nomination and re-election. The Times-Herald has never stood for a man, a public servant, who was not loyal to the people. "A man cannot serve two masters."—Dallas Times-Herald.

Bailey Confers with Smith Occasions Some Talk.

A Washington dispatch of recent date says; Senator Bailey of Texas appears very much worked up over the political situation in his state. He has been hard at work on his speech on the Aldrich financial measure, which he delivered, evidently mindful of its importance in Texas.

Notwithstanding it is a very busy time with him he came over to the house today and talked with representative W. R. Smith of El Paso district for about an hour and a half. Senator Bailey remained standing all

the time, with the rear screen of the house coming up to his breast between them, and Mr. Smith remaining seated in his chair all the time. Mr. Beall and other members of the Texas delegation appeared at times to come to Mr. Bailey's aid, but Mr. Smith did not appear to commit himself any more at the close than at the beginning of the interview. Many democrats and republicans noted and remarked about the incident.

One prominent member of the Texas delegation said that the state was in a perfect turmoil over the Bailey situation, but now the temperance question has broken out on top of that and that things were fairly in a sizzling condition. He was trying to steer clear of the crash from either cause.

All he would say was that Bailey surely had the fight of his life on his hands this time, with the result in grave doubt.

CITY COUNCIL.

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

First Ticket mentioned.

For Mayor.

S. L. DRISKILL.

For Aldermen.

H. O. POWELL.

W. D. BOYDSTUN.

FRANK ALVORD.

Second Ticket mentioned.

For Mayor.

H. H. RAMSEY.

For Aldermen.

W. F. WILSON.

B. L. RUSSELL.

GRANT BOWLUS.

C. H. MAHAN.

DR. E. W. TISDALE.

Tickets are published in the order handed in.

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

What Happened to Jones.

Last week a tall, gaunt woman, with rose colored hair and an expression of great fierceness, strode into the office of a county clerk in West Virginia.

"You are the person that keeps the marriage books, ain't you?" she demanded.

"What book do you wish to see, madam?" asked the polite clerk.

"Kin you find out if Jim Jones was married.

Search of the records disclosed the name of James Jones, for whose marriage a license had been issued two years before.

"Married Elizabeth Mott, didn't he?" asked the woman.

"The license was issued for a marriage with Miss Elizabeth Mott."

"Well, young man, I'm Elizabeth. I thought I oughter come in an' tell ye that Jim has escaped."

All new spring goods have arrived at B. L. Boydston's. 15

"Our Old Kentucky Home" enthralled the heart with its soul stirring melodies. It is a play you will enjoy. At the Opera House Friday, March 27th

See the new embroideries at Boydston's. 15

Everything new for spring wear at Boydston's. 15

President Harrington, Peoria.

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

NOTICE.

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

Done by order of City Council of the City of Baird, this Feb'y 28th 1908.

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

A Guaranteed Article.

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

A Good Beginning.

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

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

Notice, Pythian Sisters.

On account of the loss of all our paraphernalia by fire, all members of the Pythian Sisters are requested to pay their dues promptly. Please don't neglect this. Phone 77.

MRS. G. M. HALL, Mistress of Finance.

CITY BAKERY.

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

OSCAR NITSCHKE

Think Before You Buy

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

Baird Drug Co.

BOYDSTUN & DAVIS, Proprietors BAIRD, TEXAS

EUPION OIL

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

Price & Trulove

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

WATERS-PIERCE OIL CO., Dallas, Texas.

Austin & Gray,

HARDWARE AND FURNITURE

See us for Everything in the Hardware and Furniture Line.

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

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

NOTICE.

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

See those beautiful art squares and rugs at B. L. Boydston's. 15

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

WALTER WHITLEY

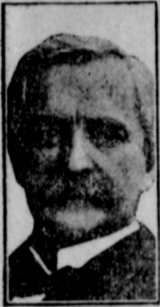
General Contractor and Builder of all classes of Buildings

Estimates and Designs Furnished BAIRD, TEXAS



## Does God Answer Prayer?

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



God as King hears and answers the petitions of his subjects. Prayerlessness ignores the ruler of the universe by refusing to petition him. The prayerless man has placed himself outside the pale of civilization by denying to the ruler the right to hear the petitions of his subjects. If he admits that there is a God, while at the same time he denies that he answers prayer, he has brought his God down to the position of the petty savage chieftain who lives for his own pleasure without regard to the welfare of his subjects. Prayerlessness is, therefore, a species of barbarism.

Any man as a subject of the King may come before him with petition. If he has a grievance, let him not tell it to others, and thus backbite the King. The King invites him into his presence, and will give audience even to his complaints. "Let him come boldly unto the throne of grace, that he may obtain mercy and find grace to help him in time of need." God is enthroned in "grace and invites every subject in need to approach with boldness. And the promise is clear: "My God shall supply all your needs according to his riches in glory by Christ Jesus." The resources of God's throne are at the disposal of all his needy subjects. With such a King would it not be wrong to refuse to make petition? Would it not be disloyal? Prayerlessness is, indeed, disloyalty to the King of the universe.

**God as Judge.**  
God as Judge hears and answers the prayer of a plaintiff. In the parable of the Unjust Judge (Luke 18:1-8) the widow has a grievance against her adversary, and pleads that he shall be punished. Though the judge is unjust, his judicial position compels him to hear her plea, and her importunity constrains him to grant her petition. The argument is that, if an unjust judge is compelled by official position to hear the plea, and constrained by the importunity of the plaintiff to grant it, how much more will a just God respect his judicial position and answer without demanding importunity.

But a just judge cannot forgive a man who has been proved guilty, unless satisfaction to justice can be made. Mercy is injustice. It may be based upon kindness, but that does not rid it of injustice. Then how can a prayer for forgiveness be answered without impeaching the justice of the judge? Only by another's bearing the sinner's guilt.

To say that confession of sin is atonement enough ignores the righteousness of God. Confessing debt does not pay debt; it rather enforces the obligation to pay. But if the debt has been paid by another, it would be flagrant injustice to demand a second payment.

**God as Father.**  
God as Father hears and answers the prayer of his child. If you confess the fatherhood of God and then deny that he is influenced by the cry of his child, you would degrade him below the level of the beasts of the field and the birds of the air, for they heed the cry of their young in distress and hasten to their relief. So right is it for the Father to hear the prayer of his child that the universal consciousness of mankind gives him no option. He must hear it, or be branded as infamously heartless. Even pagan ethics demands it. For a parent to be insensible to the cry of his child is a sign of insanity or depravity. To deny that God answers prayer, while we believe in his fatherhood, is, therefore, to charge him with insanity or depravity.

**Reward of Obedience.**  
The father has, of course, the right to use his superior wisdom in deciding whether or not the child's request shall be granted. The child has no right to command the father except by his obedience. In nature we can command only by obeying. If we obey the laws of electricity or steam, we may command them and they will do our bidding. But if we refuse to obey their laws, they refuse to obey us. And so when God promises upon certain conditions, and we fulfill the conditions, his promise becomes our command, and we may lovingly insist upon its fulfillment. As a father to give a child what every whim of fancy or selfish desire might prompt him to ask would be to injure the child and make the order of home give place to the anarchy of discordant demands.

As a Father, God gives to his child all he asks within the limitations of his superior wisdom.

As a subject petitioning a ruler, as a plaintiff pleading before a judge, as a child crying to a father, every one ought to pray. Not to pray is, therefore, to lead an immoral life in our relation to God and man, in that we are not doing what we ought to do. To pray in the name of Jesus Christ is to draw upon the resources of the King of the universe, to receive pardon from the "Judge of all the earth," and to have the constant care of a loving Father.

### MUSSULMAN AT PRAYER

He is Not Easily Disturbed When at His Daily Devotion.

When saying his prayers the true Mussulman is not easily disturbed. Hans Doering, in his account of his travels in Chinese Turkestan, writes: "It is an interesting sight to see a Mussulman perform his devotions. Through the piece of glass in my paper window I saw the interpreter spread his carpet in front of his house just opposite the one in which I was living. His wife and child sat quite close to him talking loudly with some visitors, but this did not in the least disturb the old man at his devotions.

"In spite of the noise the melodious chanting of the koran was quite audible. The worshiper kotowed several times and cried 'Allah! Allah! Allah!' Then for a while stood reverentially clasping his hands crosswise upon his breast, after which he joined in the conversation.

"His wife then went through the same performance, doing exactly the same as her husband. This they do every morning and evening whether there are friends with them or not."

### STILL WORSE.



Mr. Henpeck—Well, that green—what you call 'im—monster, has invaded my family now!

Mr. Comforter—You mean jealousy, I suppose.

Mr. Henpeck—No, sir; I mean trading stamps!

### THESE THEORISTS.

Senator Platt, seated on the porch of his hotel at Manhattan Beach, condemned certain new trends in politics. "Theories, theories," he said, with a wave of his hand. "Theories and theorists—they are apt to err, very apt to err."

Looking out at the white beach and the sunlit blue sea, he shook his head and chuckled. "Theorists go mad," he said, "over their theories. You know the theory that Bull wrote, 'God Save the Queen?' William Chappell and Joshua Maidwin were the most ardent supporters of this theory, but one day they found an inconvenient entry in a rare old Tudor manuscript that threw the gravest doubt upon their claim.

"In this case what did they do? They clubbed together, bought the manuscript, and burned it with great secrecy, solemnly ejaculating: 'Thank goodness, we have now got rid of that objection to our theory.'"

### BLINDNESS OF CONCEIT.

"Ever notice the density of a conceited person?" asked a business man. "To me that's the most striking thing about such an individual. Maybe he has some qualities that justify his good opinion of himself,

and any of his sense, just the same, and the proof of it is that he doesn't realize how he impresses his associates unpleasantly. If the average conceited man had the least idea of the handicap under which he is laboring he'd shed it mighty quick. But he hasn't, and it's impossible to drill it into him. He's the modern human ostrich with his head stuck into the sand, so far as any recognition of his disagreeable trait is concerned.

### REASON FOR HIGH PRICE.

"You charge me two dollars for that little dish of 'possum?" said the guest at the cross-roads hotel. "It's an outrage!"

"No, it ain't stranger," replied the landlord. "I wuz six nights ketchin' that possum, an' when I kotched him I kotched the rheumatism with him, an' I need the money for my doctor's bill!"

### Resolutions of Respect.

To the Worshipful Master, Wardens and Brethren of Baird Lodge No. 522 A. F. & A. M.:

We, your Committee appointed to draw up suitable resolutions upon the death of Brother A. D. Emmerson, a member of Mineral Wells Lodge No. 611 A. F. & A. M., whose remains were interred by this Lodge in the Baird cemetery Nov. 1, 1907, at the request of the Lodge at Mineral Wells, where our deceased brother resided and where he departed this life Oct. 31, 1907, submit the following:

Whereas, It has pleased our Supreme Grand Master to call from labor on earth Brother A. D. Emmerson a member of Mineral Wells Lodge No. 611 A. F. & A. M. Therefore be it

Resolved. That we express our sincere sympathy with the daughter of our deceased brother, Mrs. J. C. Gray, of our city, in the sad loss of her father and commend her to the kind consideration of the craft wherever dispersed,

Resolved. That in the death of Brother Emmerson, Masonry has lost a worthy member, his daughter a loving, kind hearted father, and society an honorable man and a good citizen.

Resolved. That these resolutions be recorded in our minutes and that the Secretary be requested to furnish a copy to Mrs. J. C. Gray, daughter of Brother Emmerson.

W. E. GILLILAND,  
H. O. POWELL,  
J. B. HARMON,  
Committee.

### Resolution of Respect.

To the Worshipful Master, Wardens and Brethren of Baird Lodge No. 522 A. F. & A. M.:

We, your committee, appointed to draft suitable resolutions upon the death of Brother J. N. Rushing, a member of this Lodge, submit the following:

Whereas, it has pleased Almighty God to call Brother J. N. Rushing from labor on earth. Therefore be it

Resolved. That in the death of Brother Rushing this Lodge has lost a useful and worthy member, society an honorable upright citizen, and his wife a kind and loving husband.

Resolved. That while we bow with humble submission to the will of Him who doeth all things well, yet it is with heartfelt sorrow that we bid our Brother farewell, but we have on abiding hope that; through merits of the Lion of the Tribe of Judah, he has found peace, joy and eternal rest in that Celestial City with all the redeemed of earth.

Resolved. That a copy of these resolutions be recorded in the minutes of this Lodge and that a copy be furnished the widow of our deceased brother, under the Seal of the Lodge.

W. E. GILLILAND,  
H. O. POWELL,  
J. B. HARMON,  
Committee.

### Resolutions of Respect.

To the Worshipful Master, Wardens and Brethren of Baird Lodge No. 522 A. F. & A. M.:

We, your committee, appointed to draft resolutions upon the death of Brother John M. Bryant, a member of this Lodge, submit the following: Whereas, death has again invaded our ranks and taken from among us Brother John M. Bryant, who departed this life Feby. 9th 1908, being the third member of this Lodge so called during the past four months Therefore be it

Resolved. That in the death of Brother Bryant the county loses a good citizen, his family a kind and affectionate husband and father and this Lodge an honored member.

Resolved that we tender our sincere sympathy to the wife and children of our deceased Brother in their hour of deep sorrow and assure them of the kind protection and care of the Masonic fraternity, whose membership extends to all parts of the earth. May He who rules all things and doeth all things for the best guard, guide and protect them.

Resolved. That these resolutions be recorded in our minutes and a copy furnished the family of our deceased Brother.

W. E. GILLILAND,  
HARRY MEYER,  
FRED LANE,  
Committee.

### Resolutions of Respect.

To the Worshipful Master, Wardens and Brethren of Baird Lodge No. 522 A. F. & A. M.:

We, your committee appointed to draw up suitable resolutions upon the death of Brother Thomas B. Hadley, who departed this life Nov. 13, 1907, submit the following:

Whereas, Brother Thomas B. Hadley has been called by an All-wise Providence from labor to rest. Therefore be it

Resolved. That we sincerely mourn the loss of our Brother and express our heartfelt sympathy with his bereaved family.

Resolved. That in the death of Brother Hadley this Lodge has lost a worthy member, his family a kind and loving husband, father and brother.

Resolved. That while we deplore the death of Brother Hadley we express the unflinching hope and belief that he has found rest and peace beyond the shores of time.

Resolved. That these resolutions be recorded in our minutes and a copy furnished the family of our deceased brother by the Secretary of the Lodge.

W. E. GILLILAND,  
B. L. RUSSELL,  
W. D. BOYDSTUN,  
Committee.

### Senior League.

Leader—Miss Laura Thompson.  
Song and prayer.  
Lesson by Leader.

The Awakening of China and the Gospel Opportunity. Acts 11:19-26 Ps., 2.

Song.  
The Awakening of China. General discussion.

Reading, Education in China.—Miss Mattie Scott.

The Gospel Opportunity—Mr. Tom Parks.

What I know about China.—Miss Mable Daniel.

Talk.—Bro. Chambliss.

See Powell & Powell for Wall Paper. 10.1f

### PAY UP.

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

### IN MEMORIAM.

Died on the 14th of March, 1908, in the eighty-fifth year of her age, Maria Champe, widow of the late Judge John W. Bell of Culpeper. She was the daughter of Eliza Carter and Col. Samuel Appleton Storrow, U. S. Army, whose fine estate was "Farley," Culpeper County, Virginia

It is often a hackneyed custom to indulge in eulogy and undue praise of the dead, but we can safely say that amongst the shining marks that have been struck by the arrow of death, none were lovelier in life, none more deeply mourned in death than this lovely and gifted woman.

The daughter of distinguished ancestry, gifted with rare beauty, charm of person and loveliness of character, her lot was cast in the days when the Virginia matron wore a scepter in right of her own peerless womanhood, the type of a race, alas! too rapidly vanishing. To the grace of her person, the refinement of her manner were united brilliancy of mind, which was stored with the choicest of learning. A matron in its highest and holiest sense; being formed to warn, counsel and command, as well as to love and be loved, the elements were so graciously mingled in her nature that she seemed at once wise mistress and household idol. While her path did not always lead by the still waters of life, yet she ever showed the bright insignia of her nature from out the citadel of her strong, Christian soul. As mother, whose intense love of the child, is always sublime, as wife and as friend, she unselfishly bore her part. The song of spring was ever sung in her kind and loving heart and she ever turned to humanity the better angels of her nature.

The aroma of her honored and beautiful life was full of the savor of righteousness and of peace for the truest religion was hers. Her life was gentle, tender and true and its brightness glitters in the reflection of those who best knew and loved her, and in whose hearts is her best and most lasting monument.

Those who stood by her deathbed must ever bear in their hearts the memory of those fleeting but sacred moments. Under the sanctifying influence of her calmness, doubt and fear fled and death itself grew beautiful. Gently as a wave dying along the silent shore, sweetly as the closing flowers at eventide her pure spirit passed away, with the blessed assurance that "The everlasting Arms were her support." And thus in the peace and quiet of her home, "The silver cord was loosed and the golden bowl broken," and her beautiful spirit drifted away on the bosom of the river which flows with resistless sweep into a shoreless sea.

And now we close this sacred theme, we leave this "Holy Mother in Israel," sleeping amid the gentle scenes and sounds of nature. Those count themselves fortunate, who knew and loved her and will ever keep in grateful remembrance their devotion and their love.

And hath been.  
A sound that makes us linger.  
Yet, farewell!

—Culpeper, Va., Enterprise.

Walkover low cut shoes for men B. L. Boydston's. Spring line now here. 15

Spring and summer shirt waists and suits at Boydston's 15

"Our Old Kentucky Home" with its appropriate scenery takes one back to the scenes of the Southland's early days. At the Opera House, Friday night, March 27th.

Call at B. L. Boydston's for your spring foot wear. 15

New spring suits for men and boys at B. L. Boydston's. 15



**EULA LOCALS**

March 24.—Good morning Uncle Bill. As we are feeling fine over the nice shower we had Monday we will come again, although news is awful scarce.

Wheat and oats are looking fine since the shower. Some have corn up. Most all have planted. We need to raise more feed and less cotton, for there is no money in raising cotton to buy 75 cent oats and corn.

Chas Simmons made a business trip to Clyde today.

Mr. Riley has a gang of Mexicans grubbing for him.

Master Nunnally Stephenson has a full grown case of the mumps.

Jasper Allen, of Lorraine, Texas, is visiting in Eula this week.

J. T. E. Smith made a trip to Baird one day last week.

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

Marian Farrer and family spent Sunday down at Eagle Cove.

J. M. Watts and family attended church at Eula Sunday.

Mrs. W. P. Miller and Miss Beulah Miller visited Mrs. Tinie Edwards and little daughter Saturday.

L. L. Johnson made a trip to Clyde Saturday.

R. P. Stephenson made a trip to Abilene Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Favors visited R. E. Balkman and family Sunday.

J. B. Williams was in Eula Monday.

Bill Mills is able to be at work again after several days illness.

PATSIK.

We are headquarters for screen doors and screen wire. Have a complete stock in both black and white wire. Biggest and most complete stock of screen doors in Baird. A complete line of fence material, also complete line of paints for wall, floor and roof. Try us, we will treat you.

17-4 MILLER & CHUMNEY.

**Junior League.**

Topic, A Bible Temperance Party Numbers, 6: 1-4.

Leader—Miss Addie Day.

Responsive reading, Ps. 15.

Hymn, "Rescue the Perishing."

Prayer.

Lesson by Leader.

Song.

Dan., 1: 8-16.—Lena Beck.

Central Truth.—Anna May Chambliss.

Prov. 31: 4, 5.—Annie Darby.

Song.

The Text.—Willie Boydston.

Isaiah, 28: 1-8.—Jeannette Driskill.

Story—Kate Darby.

Song.

Benediction.

**B. Y. P. U. Program, March 29.**

Subject—Missionary Meeting.

The Problem of the Immigrant.

Scripture—Matt. 25:25-40.

Legder—M. W. Uzell.

Why do the Immigrants Come to the United States in Such Great Numbers?

Address—A. B. Holmes.

The Religions of the Immigrants—Paper, Miss Louie Surles.

The Foreign Population in the United States and Its Influence on Our Lives—Paper, Miss Lillian Frazer.

Among the Immigrants—Reading, Miss Frenchie Emmons.

Recitation—Miss Lillian Coffman.

Acceptable Worship—Reading, Miss Bell Austin.

The Union is very interesting. Come next Sunday at 3 p. m. and enjoy an evening with us.

**Wanted.**—To trade for several second hand saddles. C. S. BOYLES.

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

**RESOLUTIONS.**

Whereas, Baird Lodge No. 47 Knights of Pythias has sustained the great loss of seeing their beautiful Castle Hall in ruins and ashes, and

Whereas, The Odd Fellows of Baird in true fraternal spirit has offered us a home without cost,

Therefore be it resolved that we, the members of Baird Lodge No. 47 Knights of Pythias extend to the Odd Fellows our sincere thanks and gratitude for their magnanimity in this hour of misfortune. Be it further resolved that this resolution be spread upon the minutes and published in the Baird Star.

A true copy I certify.

GEO. B. SCOTT,  
K. R. & S. No. 47.

Whereas, W. O. W. Camp No. 508 lost their regalia, Charter, etc., by fire in Castle Hall K. of P. Lodge No. 47 and

Whereas the I. O. O. F. No. 27 of Baird, Texas, has tendered us the free use of their Hall.

Therefore be it resolved that we extend to the I. O. O. F. No. 27 of Baird our sincere thanks and that a copy of this resolution be spread upon the minutes and also printed in The Baird Star and a copy be sent to the Secy. of the I. O. O. F. Lodge No. 27.

GEO. B. SCOTT,  
E. O. SUMMERS,  
W. G. BOWLES.

**AGENTS WANTED.**—16x20 crayon portraits 40c, frames 10 cents and up, sheet pictures one cent each. You can make 400 per cent profit or \$36.00 per week. Catalogue and samples free.

FRANK W. WILLIAMS COMPANY,  
1208 W. Taylor Street.,  
17-4t Chicago, Ill.

**HIDES WANTED.**

All the hides in Callahan County. Will pay highest market price.

2-tf C. S. BOYLES.

**Alice Roosevelt's Wedding.**

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

Yes, wanted, a girl!—a daughter, in thousands of homes—bright, smiling, helpful, always ready to hold the baby, set the table or to sweep the floor; and to do these things so well that the baby will look like a picture and good old grandmother can find no dust under the chairs or in the corners of the room. Wanted! a loving daughter, the touch of whose carressing fingers brings light to the weary eyes of father and mother; the sound of whose merry laughter is a joy to the household. Where is there a home in which such a daughter is not wanted? Does any one know such a girl? There is a situation open to her. She can have any place she wants; the world is hers—but why are there not more applicants? Ah, she is already occupied; she has a home that can not give her up; she is enshrined in the hearts of father and mother; her brothers cannot let her go.—Marvin Nichols.

T. B. Holland, of Denton, was in town yesterday.

**NOTICE.**

All parties are hereby warned not to dump trash, etc from town on the North Abilene road. If parties who are using this road as a dumping ground do not heed this notice they will be prosecuted as the law directs.

17 FRED THAYER,  
Road Overseer.

**\$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.

45 Mrs. Clifford and daughter, of Putnam, were in town Wednesday.

Go to McGowen Bros. for groceries

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

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

See McGowen Bros. for groceries.

Go to Hammans Bros. for your school tablets. 38

School tablets! Go to Hammans Bros. for them. 38

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

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

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

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

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

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

**Checks or Cash.**

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

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

**CLUBBING RATES.**

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

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

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

**The Best and Nicest**

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

**FULTON'S.**

The only three chair shop in the city.

**HOT AND COLD BATHS**

Laundry Basket leaves Tuesdays and returns on Saturday.

**THE WILLIAMSON HAFFNER CO.**

ENGRAVERS OUR PRINTERS

CUTS TALK

DENVER, COLO.

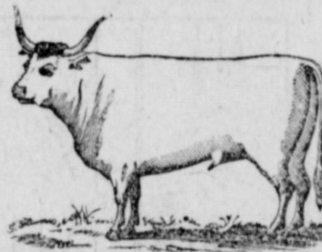
**Panics Come and Go**

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

**Hammans Bros.**

BAIRD, TEXAS.

**NEW MEAT MARKET**



JIM JONES, Proprietor

Maxwell Building

Beef, Pork, Lard and Sausage

PHONE 144

Free Delivery to all Parts of the City.

**WRISTEN & JOHNSON**

Complete Stock of Watches and Jewelry in Hardware Department

JOHN A. CASTLES Watchmaker

**C. D. RUSSELL, Att'y - at - Law and Abstractor**

Real Estate and Insurance Agent Office at Court House Baird Tex.

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

**To Whom it May Concern.**

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

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

When you see Powell think of drugs. 10-tf

When you think of drugs see Powell. 10-tf

**S. T. FRASER, Physician and Surgeon.**

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

**R. G. POWELL, Physician and Surgeon.**

Office at Powell & Powell's Drug Store Local Surgeon T. & P. Ry. Co. BAIRD, TEXAS.

**DR. E. W. TISDALE,**

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

**H. H. Ramsey, DENTIST.**

We have the 20th Century Apparatus, the latest and best for PAINLESS EXTRACTION. All other work pertaining to dentistry Office up stairs in Telephone Bldg. BAIRD, TEXAS.

**MARTIN BARNHILL,**

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

**B. L. RUSSELL,**

Attorney - at - Law, Real Estate Agent and Abstractor. OFFICE AT CITY HALL. BAIRD, TEXAS.

**F. S. Bell**

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



# "Look before you leap."

Is an old saying that holds good in starting a bank account

## Before You Place Your Money in a Bank Look for the Following Safeguards:

Notice the character and ability of the men who have charge of the bank; see that the officers are experienced bankers and the directors are responsible men. The bank should have ample capital, the larger the capital, the greater protection for the depositor. A large surplus and profit fund is also an additional protection. Read the bank's statements; notice whether or not they carry a good reserve in cash and demand loans; also notice if the bank is prospering—if a bank don't make money, it is not a safe bank.

All the above mentioned security is afforded our customers; if safety for their funds, with liberality and courtesy is what they want

## The Home National Bank of Baird

### 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

Herbert Hampton, of Clyde, was in Baird Monday.

M. R. Surlles, of Putnam, was in town Monday.

John Wagner, of Cross Plains, spent Friday and Saturday in Baird.

Miss Alyn Black, of Cisco, is visiting Mrs. Fred Lane.

Webb Joiner is visiting his parents Rev. Joiner and wife.

T. B. Holland, our old time friend of Eagle Cove, was in town yesterday.

Ed Lloyd was called to Lampassas county last Friday by the serious illness of his father.

Capt. and Mrs. J. W. Jones were in from the ranch on Clear Creek the first of the week.

C. W. (Charley) Conner, of Putnam, candidate for County Treasurer, was circulating among the voters in town last week.

A. J. (Nuff) Arvin, one of the old timers of Cottonwood, was in town with several bales of cotton this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil Caylor, who were called here last week by the illness of Mrs. Lee Estes, have returned to their home at Big Springs.

Mrs. Lee Estes who has been seriously ill for the last two weeks, is now improving and we hope will soon be well again.

Sidney Fan McGaughey, of Anson, little daughter of Mrs. Lou Castles McGaughey, visited her uncle, John Castles, and family the first or the week.

This is the last paper any will receive who are one or more years behind with their subscription. Guess some will get hot, but we can't help it; all have had ample notice so good by.

Miss Nettie Smartt, of Admiral, is visiting Miss Mamie Hart.

Gen. F. W. James, of Abilene, was in the city Monday.

M. W. Uzzell spent Friday and Saturday at Cross Plains.

W. R. Ely and S. E. Settle spent Friday and Saturday in Cottonwood.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Mahan spent Sunday and Monday in Ft. Worth.

Jack Jones made a trip to Cottonwood Friday.

Miss Hampton of Clyde, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Casseaux.

Mrs. Frank Mayes, of Eastland, is visiting Miss Ada Cook.

Prof. S. E. Settle went to Abilene yesterday morning.

Mr. and Mrs. Gorbet Gist, were in town Saturday.

Mrs. Bailey, of Clyde, visited Mrs. John McGowen Saturday.

Dr. Bailey of Clyde, was in town Wednesday.

Charley Neeb, of Cross Plains, was in town Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. E. M. Rise, of Circleville, Ohio, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. G. M. Hall.

Mrs. C. V. Bomar, Mrs. Scott Gilbert and Miss Sarah Frank McGowen, who have been visiting relatives here, have returned to Cross Plains.

Col. F. B. Bailho, one of the best known newspaper men in the State, now traveling for the Western Union ready print house, spent Saturday night with the editor and family. Col. Bailho is known personally to every newspaper man in Texas that have been in the business any length of time, and his visits are always enjoyed whether we buy anything or not. Col. Bailho was a strong supporter of Gov. Campbell before the primary and is yet, but says he don't think the Governor has given Attorney General Davidson the support he should in fighting the trusts of Texas. Col. Bailho believes Davidson's election assured because of the fact that nearly every trust, corporation and combine in Texas is fighting him. Col. Bailho thinks the people believe in enforcing the anti-trust laws and if they do Davidson's election is not a question of doubt, it is a forgone conclusion regardless of what the people do in Joe Bailey's case.

### Resolutions of Thanks.

Whereas, the Pythian Hall was burned March 16th, 1908, thereby depriving the Pythian Sisters of their meeting place, and the I. O. O. F. Lodge No. 271 at Baird so kindly extended to us a cordial invitation to meet in their hall, it is therefore

Resolved, by this Temple that we accept the kind offer and extend to them our heartfelt thanks, and

Resolved, That the M. of R. & C. have these resolutions published in the Baird Star, a copy to be sent to the I. O. O. F. Lodge and these resolutions spread upon our minutes.

This March 18, 1908.

Mrs. J. D. Boydston,

Attest: M. E. C.

Mrs. J. E. W. Lane,

M. of R. & C.

### FIRES.

The John Smartt school house near Admiral, was destroyed by fire Friday night and it is believed it was set on fire by some one. So far as we can learn nothing definite has been learned about it.

The celluloid films in the moving picture machine caught fire at the show in the Sigal brick building Saturday night and made things lively for a while, but the fire was extinguished without doing any great amount of damage to the building.

Miss Pearl Birmingham, who has had charge of the Primary Department of the Public Schools left Wednesday night for her home at Wylie, Collin County. Miss Birmingham is a most estimable young lady and a splendid teacher and so far as we can learn has given entire satisfaction to all. The children all loved and respected her and all regret to see her leave us, but the Public School closed Tuesday for lack of funds and Miss Birmingham decided to return home.

The pastor of the Baptist Church was made glad again last night by the good spirit that pervaded the prayermeeting. Not so many were present as usual but the interest was fine.

The following persons were seen to be present: Mesdames W. J. McGowen, A. G. Weeb, Frank Mayes, J. E. Smith, E. H. Dunlap, G. P. Horten, W. D. Boydston, Gussie Surlles, J. M. Joiner, Fannie WeisJahn. Misses Ada Cooke, Pearl Birmingham, Charity Dunlap, Olive Lingsy, Lillian Coffman, Louie Surlles, Pencie Work, Maggie Miller, Frenchie Emmonds, Minerva Brooks, Cookie Work. Messrs Earl Hall, W. B. Joiner, E. W. Rife, Dolph Copeland, J. M. Joiner, M. W. Uzzell.

### The Public School.

The Public School closed Tuesday as no money was in sight to pay the teachers. A private school in charge of Prof. Smith was begun Wednesday. All the teachers remaining except Prof. Settle, First Assistant and Miss Birmingham, teacher in the Primary Department. We learn that as many students attend the private school as could be expected.

### Diphtheria South of Putnam.

Dr. S. T. Fraser, County Health Officer, was called to Putnam by Dr. Brittan to see a case of diphtheria reported at Mr. Johnson's south of Putnam. In company with Dr. Brittan, Dr. Fraser went out to the home of the sick child. He found a well developed case of the disease and gave instructions as to care in such cases. Dr. Fraser received a message from Dr. Brittan yesterday that the child had died.

Scott Gilbert, of Cross Plains, was in town Wednesday.



The opening was a success in every sense. Thanks to my patrons. We keep a full line throughout the season.

Come and See.

## Mrs. A. M. Miller

### Resolutions of Thanks.

Whereas, the Knights of Pythian Hall was destroyed by fire on March 16, 1908, thereby depriving Holly Grove No. 270 Woodman Circle, of their meeting place and the I. O. O. F. Lodge No. 271, of Baird has kindly offered us the use of their Hall. Therefore be it

Resolved by Holly Grove No. 270. that we accept their kind offer and extend to them our sincere thanks.

Resolved that the Clerk send a copy of these resolutions to the I. O. O. F. Lodge, and the same be spread upon our minutes.

MISS DORA WARREN,  
Guardian.

MRS. CORA ESTES, Clerk.

### FISH ITEMS.

March 24.—The farmers are all smiles on account of the rain yesterday.

Health in our community is good. Rev. Johnson, of Clyde, preached for us Sunday morning, but on account of the norther blowing up did not fill his appointment Sunday night.

On account of the rain Monday B. J. Quilhan and J. A. Moses were forced to haul the banana man in to Clyde, from all accounts the event was enjoyed by all parties concerned. J. A. Moses and brother-in-law attended the ball game at Elmdale Saturday. The score stood 16 to 6 in favor of Abilene.

Mrs. Chera Young spent part of the week with her parents at Elmdale.

Willie Young went to Cottonwood Friday to take examination for carrier on the Rural Route out of Clyde.

Miss Corinthie Quillin and mother visited the Hamby community last week with a view to organizing a Woodman Circle.

Mrs. B. J. Quillin and daughter, Mrs. J. A. Moses visited in Clyde last Thursday.

Wade Hampton moved Walter Miller to Abilene last week.

"DAISY."

Mrs. S. M. Braswell, who has been visiting here for sometime, has returned to her home at Italy.

Miss Chassie Coffman, who is teaching in Cisco Public Schools, spent Saturday and Sunday with the home folks.

### OPERA NEWS.

"Our Old Kentucky Home", a story of the Kentucky Hills brimful of pleasing surprises and brings pleasure to the humorously inclined, to the lovers of the sweet songs of the Southland. At the Opera House Friday night, March 27th. Prices 25, 50, and 75 cents.

Milch Cow For Sale — Good; cheap and easy terms. Apply to J. L. Lea. 17

### ADVERTISED LETTERS.

The following is a list of letters remaining unclaimed in the P. O. at Baird Texas, for the week ending March 21 1908. Parties calling for same please say advertised.

Webb, J. T.  
Shield, Bob.  
Laudemilk, L. P.  
Jones, Ella.  
Fry, J. A.  
Edwards, Neil.  
Donnell, L. E.  
Cooper, Buck.

J. V. McMANIS, P. M.

### Notice, Note Lost.

Notice is hereby given that all persons are hereby warned against trading for or in any way acquiring title to one certain promissory note executed by J. R. McFarlane and L. J. McFarlane dated Jan'y 23d, 1908, payable to W. A. Hinds or order at Baird, Texas, for the sum of \$1,000.00 due twelve months after date thereof with interest thereon at the rate of ten per cent per annum. Said note has been lost and all persons are warned that the same is the property of the undersigned and that he has not given his consent to any person to handle said note, nor has he assigned said note to any person. 17-2 W. A. HINDS.

Misses Lafe and Lucy Lambert and brother, Lester, of Winters, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. H. A. McWhorter a few days this week.

Brown and Jim Seay returned several days ago from an extended trip through Old Mexico. They report a very pleasant time on their trip.



# SENATOR BRYAN DEAD.

Succumbs at National Capital to Typhoid Fever.

WAS YOUNGEST MEMBER.

Although Frail in Physique, Deceased Gave Promise of Becoming One of the Most Useful and Influential Men in the Upper House.

Washington, March 23.—United States Senator William James Bryan of Florida died at the Providence hospital at 8:30 o'clock Sunday morning of typhoid fever. It was only seventy-three days since he took his seat as the successor of the late Senator Stephen R. Mallory, who died Dec. 25, and thirty-five days of that time was spent in his fight against disease. Several times during Mr. Bryan's illness his friends despaired of his recovery, but as late as Saturday night the report was given out that his condition had taken a turn for the better. Mr. Bryan's death, therefore, came as a surprise and a distinct shock.

In physique Mr. Bryan was unfitted to withstand a protracted fever. He was slight of build and of nervous temperament. He came to Washington early in January from the warm climate



SENATOR W. J. BRYAN.

of Florida, and from the day of his arrival was far from well. Finally he was compelled to give up, and was taken to Providence hospital. During the last few days of his illness he was attended by specialists from Johns Hopkins University hospital, Baltimore.

In Mr. Bryan the senate loses the seventh member by death since the adjournment of the fifty-ninth congress on March 4, a year ago. They were the two late senators from Alabama, Mr. Morgan and Mr. Pettus, Mr. Mallory of Florida, Mr. Latimer of South Carolina, Mr. Proctor of Vermont, Mr. Whyte of Maryland and Mr. Bryan. Curiously, the last two were the oldest and youngest members of the body. Mr. Whyte was over eighty-four years old and Mr. Bryan less than thirty-two.

Although Mr. Bryan was in the senate too short a time to impress his individuality on legislation or to take a prominent part in the consideration of matters in common, it is conceded that had he lived he would have become a forceful part of the minority.

Mr. Bryan was born at Orange, Fla., Oct. 10, 1876. He attended the schools of his state and Emory college, Georgia, graduating from the latter institution in 1896. Three years later he was graduated from Washington and Lee university, and in 1899 began the practice of law at Jacksonville, Fla. Until a short time before his appointment to succeed Mr. Mallory in the senate he had served as solicitor of the Duval county criminal court.

## SHOT AT HIS FRONT DOOR

Independent Tobacco Raiser Is Victim of Band.

Carlisle, Ky., March 23.—A band of night riders early Saturday morning shot and killed Harlan Hedges, a prominent farmer, seven miles northwest of this place. This is the first murder by night riders in the "blue grass" region of Kentucky.

Hedges was awakened by shots before 2 o'clock. Apprehending trouble, he went to the front door with a shotgun and fired once. The night riders replied with a volley, which killed Hedges just as his wife reached his side. The masked men then rode away rapidly and did not attempt to set fire to Hedges' house or barn.

Hedges was in independent tobacco farmer and widely known over the country.

## CATTLE QUARANTINE.

Department of Agriculture Issues Annual Document on the Subject.

Washington, March 23.—The department of agriculture has announced

the annual quarantine against interstate shipment of cattle from fourteen states in which splenic fever or Texas fever exists. The quarantine is in effect April 1. The quarantine area includes parts of California, Oklahoma, Texas, Missouri, Arkansas, Louisiana, Mississippi, Tennessee, Alabama, Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia and Florida.

## No Sunday Baseball.

Montgomery, March 21.—According to an announcement made Sunday baseball will not be attempted this summer.

## NO ACTION CONTEMPLATED

Two of the Railroad Commissioners So Say.

Austin, March 20.—The railroad commission does not contemplate taking any steps toward the institution of suits against the Texas and Pacific railway or any other Texas lines for failure to comply with its improvement or equipment orders, according to statements obtained from a majority of the commission.

Touching the rumored receivership of the Texas and Pacific, Commissioner Colquitt said that he would not vote on any motion or order of the commission to sue the Texas and Pacific for the appointment of a receiver or for forfeiture of its charter. He does not think that conditions justify such a step with this or any other Texas line. He declared that reports of the Texas and Pacific show that during the past six months its earnings are several hundred thousand dollars in excess of the corresponding six months previous; that the commission has not issued an order requiring additional equipment, as that company has recently purchased three millions new equipment, but order is for improvement of roadbed. Continuing, Mr. Colquitt said in his opinion that rumored receivership of Texas and Pacific is done for political effect.

Commissioner Storey said that in his opinion the commission has no power to sue a railroad for forfeiture of its charter or for the appointment of a receiver for failure to comply with its orders; that as far as the commission can go under the law would be to sue for penalties and this would not keep management of the road from applying for a receiver and placing the road in the hands of a receiver.

These two members constitute a majority of the commission. Chairman Mayfield being the other member; consequently it will be seen that no action is to be taken by the Texas commission in the premises.

## SLAIN BY SMUGGLERS.

Bodies of Two Customs Officials Found.

El Paso, March 21.—Customs Inspectors Charles R. Logan and C. E. Jones were found dead in a lonely spot in the abandoned river bed of the Rio Grande river a short distance from this city.

One of the bodies had a bullet hole through the heart and the other a bullet through the right breast. They had been sent out from the local station as border riders, and their horses were tied to the same bush, about sixty feet from where the bodies lay.

The bullet that killed Logan was fired at such close range that powder burned the shirt over the heart and blackened a big spot around the wound.

Both leave families—Logan a widow and one child, and Jones a widow and three children.

## SAM JOHNSON SLAIN.

Another of the Brothers Gets Away From Captors.

Muskogee, March 24.—Sam Johnson, one of the four Johnson brothers, outlaws, and alleged cattle thieves, was shot and killed by members of a sheriff's posse near Tallhina. The brothers were accused of numerous cattle raids in southwestern Oklahoma and for years had defied the officers of the law. Last week Sheriffs Noble and Ellis of Pushmataha and LeFlore counties organized a posse, and on Sunday the four brothers were surprised in their home in the Kiamichi mountains. Buck, Dutch and Grant Johnson surrendered, but Sam, with a pistol, broke through the line of deputies, and fled, firing at his pursuers, who riddled him with bullets. The posse set out with their prisoners for the county jail of Pushmataha county, and in the night ride, Grant Johnson, the most daring of the brothers broke away and was not retaken.

## DR. GODBEY CHOSEN.

Methodist Divine President of Texas Sunday School Association.

Austin, March 21.—Dr. V. A. Godbey, pastor of the Tenth Street Methodist church, was elected president of the Sunday School association. Five thousand dollars was raised for the advancement of the work of the association. The sum was raised by individuals and pledged by county and city delegates for their respective

schools.

A reception at the capitol, during which the 600 or more delegates met Governor Campbell, was the feature of Friday afternoon. A group picture was taken in front of the state house.

Reports of the executive officers show a material growth in the organization since last year. These statements enter into minute details of the work.

Pupils of the state institution for the blind were present at the Friday afternoon session and rendered several choral selections.

Other officers chosen are: Vice presidents, R. H. Coleman, Dallas; W. A. Wilson, Houston; R. E. Vinson, Austin; treasurer, Paul Dana, Dallas; recording secretary, Miss Elsie Haynie, San Antonio; members of the international committee from Texas, V. A. Godbey, George T. Jester, W. N. Wiggins and J. E. Adams.

## Bryan Forty-Eight Years Old.

Lincoln, Neb., March 20.—Hon. W. J. Bryan was forty-eight years old Thursday.

## Long Time Ambassador.

Constantinople, March 19.—British Ambassador O'Connor, stationed here since 1888, is dead.

## TRAIN WRECKED.

Two Fatalities Result and Several Persons Injured.

San Antonio, March 20.—The lives of 300 Kansas and Oklahoma homeseekers, en route to Las Padinas, Mexico, were endangered when the second section of the International and Great Northern passenger train went into the ditch four miles south of Pearshall Thursday afternoon. Two trainmen were killed, six persons badly injured and many passengers slightly injured. The engine broke loose from the train and the crew escaped unhurt. The dead are:

Baggage man V. H. Meyers, residing at 2018 West Commerce street, San Antonio.

M. E. McElroy, lineman Western Union, residing at 921 Buena Vista street, San Antonio.

The injured: Walter Carevon, conductor, San Antonio, shoulder broken; W. H. Hopper, Dowe, Okla., badly bruised and internally injured; Brake man Webb, San Antonio, arm badly bruised; W. J. Patterson, Collinsville, Okla., bad bruise over left eye; Mrs. R. Ettman, Alton, Kan., head bruised; L. D. Russell, Pittsburg, Pa., right leg crushed.

Seven other passengers were slightly injured, but they proceeded on the journey to Mexico and their names could not be learned.

The train consisted of two coaches. After the engine had passed over a section of the track the rails spread, derailing the tender. The engine then broke loose and the two baggage cars were telescoped with the tender.

Five coaches, all sleepers, left the track. The train was running so fast that the tender and the two telescoped cars were thrown clear of the right of way. All of the sleepers remained upright. Another train was run from Laredo and the passengers transferred and proceeded on their journey. Those who were injured were brought to San Antonio and placed in the hospital.

Baggage man Meyers was instantly killed, his body being crushed. He was twenty-four years old, unmarried and resided with his uncle, Samuel E. Meyers, an International and Great Northern conductor.

McElroy lived several hours after the wreck, but died before arriving at the hospital.

## MUCH BUSINESS DONE.

Cattlemen Adopt a Great Number of Resolutions of Importance.

San Antonio, March 20.—Cattle Raisers' Association of Texas Thursday adopted resolutions as follows:

Indorsing the Culberson-Smith bill now pending before congress; recommending to congress an increase of the appropriation of \$100,000 for the eradication of fever tick; inviting the attention of congress to the foreign situation; recommending to the legislature a revision of the state livestock laws so as to meet present conditions; recommending that congress enact interstate rate laws to meet present charges; recommending to congress the leasing of public lands to enable the stockmen to obtain the use thereof; indorsing the administration of the United States agricultural department in the stamping out of and preventing of contagious diseases among cattle in the further experimenting of this department; extending the thanks of the association to the press; indorsing the work of the state sanitary board in reducing the prevalence of disease and pledging the board the support of the association and urging upon the legislature a liberal appropriation for carrying on this work; amending Art. 13 of the by-laws of the association appertaining to the pasturage of cattle and fixing the liability; commending the work of the agricultural and mechanical college of Texas in fostering and stimulating the livestock industry by inculcating into the youth the knowledge and importance of the industry; congratulating the Thirtieth legislature on its action in making an appropriation for this work and recommending to the Thirty-first legislature to make an appropriation sufficient to maintain and further carry out this work; indorsing the work of the Texas ranger service and recommending to the Thirty-first legisla-

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Bond & Lillard—case goods—per gallon.....	4.00
McBrayer—case goods—per gallon.....	4.00
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All original packages. Money must accompany all orders, and they will have prompt attention.

ture to the state appropriation to extend the work as conditions may demand.

## OFFICERS RE-ELECTED.

Fort Worth Selected as Next Place of Meeting by Cattlemen.

San Antonio, March 20.—With the re-election of President Pryor and the other officers and election of executive committee and selection of Fort Worth as next meeting place the convention of the Cattle Raisers' Association of Texas adjourned.

## RESTORATION PROBABLE.

Kirby Lumber Company Settlement Said to Have Been Concluded.

Beaumont, March 20.—It has been learned here that the settlement between the Kirby Lumber company and the Houston Oil company, involving a receivership in both companies, which has been in progress in New York City for several weeks, has been concluded satisfactorily, and that it may be expected that the Kirby company will be taken from the hands of receivers just as soon as so large a transfer can be carried out. Mr. Kirby has been in New York for several months, and may be expected home in a short while, after which there may probably be some definite announcement as to the proceedings which will be instituted looking to the complete restoration of this large concern.

## Robbed on Train.

Fort Worth, March 20.—H. G. Fitterling of Warrensburg, Mo., arrived here, having been robbed on a Santa Fe train at Cleburne. Fortunately he left \$600 in a Houston bank. In a crowd some person pinioned his arms while another went through his pockets.

## LISTEN.

And remember the next time you suffer from pain—caused by damp weather—when your head rears up bursts from neuralgia—try Ballard's Snow Liniment. It will cure you. A prominent business man of Hempstead, Texas writes, "I have used your liniment. Previous to using it I was a great sufferer from Rheumatism and neuralgia. I am free from these complaints. I am sure I owe this to your liniment." Sold by Powell & Powell.

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

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## 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.

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

## Don't Complain.

If your chest pains and you are unable to sleep because of a cough. Buy a bottle of Ballard's Horehound Syrup and you won't have any cough. Get a bottle now and that cough won't last long. A cure for all pulmonary diseases. Mrs. J., Galveston, Texas, writes: "I can't say enough for Ballard's Horehound Syrup. The relief it has given me is all that is necessary for me to say." Sold by Powell & Powell.

## 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 for a reasonable price, or you can hire 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 lights on meters and flat rates. Let us have your lighting.

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should be sunshine in the home, and will be if you give it White's Cream Vermifuge, the greatest worm medicine ever offered to suffering humanity. This remedy is becoming a fixture of well regulated households—a mother, with children, can't get along without a bottle of White's Cream Vermifuge in the house. It is the purest and best medicine that money can buy. Sold by Powell & Powell.



# THE IRON WAY

A Tale of the Builders of the West

By SARAH PRATT CARR

Illustrations by Art. Williamson

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"I guess you'd call it lovin' her to drag her away from all that, an' tie her up to a little four-by-six life with you a-trampin' along the railroad!" It was her turn for scorn, and it burned deep.

Alvin walked abruptly away to the open window. The beautiful palm garden with its waxen-crested calla hedge and vine-wrapped trellises was full of winter bloom and fragrance; but he saw nothing. His eyes were misty. He was looking into a dun future without Viola, a future never before contemplated.

Sally B., watching, saw her battle won; and a quick revulsion of feeling set in. She admired his square, manly shoulders. Freddy Bryan was thin, and stooped a little, and the lord was small for an Englishman. Alvin's plain, well-fitting business suit had a wholesome, honest look that appealed to her. She remembered how valiantly he had fought his way on a crutch through half-starved boyhood to manhood, honorable manhood. Even his straightness touched a new chord—she was proud of the courage that had pioneered an operation that was the talk of the papers. And he had done it for Vi!

Alvin felt her changed attitude, and when he came back to her and spoke, his voice was very gentle. "May I see Viola before I go? It'll be my last chance, you know."

"Oh, Al!" she cried out, and stopped. Alvin was astonished at her emotion, yet waited.

Almost, ambition had lost; not quite. "Al, boy! Do you think you'd better? Won't it be harder for you? An' for her, too?" she added after a breath.

Alvin's face contracted. Give her up without one more look into her dear face? Not see for himself that it was well with her? That she could love—at least, be content with—the man her mother would secure for her? His heart beat clamorously; and he told himself he would see her, would see her!

Yet he took up his hat, looked calmly for his gloves and turned steady eyes to where Sally B. stood, her white-knuckled hands grasping a chair-back desperately.

"Tell Vi—tell Vi—no, don't tell her anything!" he said, with forced calmness. "Good-bye, Sally B." He bowed slightly and walked out of the door.

"Oh, Al Carter, you're the best man I ever—" She caught her breath and stopped, staring after him.

Neither to the right nor to the left did he turn his eyes as he walked down the winding, rose-lined avenue to the iron gates. Life seemed at an end!

"Al! Al Carter!" screamed a shrill voice behind him. Through the gates Sally B. flew, her hair disordered, her full draperies billowing to the wind like pirate sails, her crape ruffles dragging out behind her. "Al, come back!" she cried breathlessly, catching him by the arm, hurrying him through the iron gates again, through the rose-lined avenue to the house. "Come back an' see Vi! Gosh darn it, Al! I throw up the game! What does a shamming old Greaser like me want of a big bug for a son-in-law? You're good enough, right smart better'n I deserve; an' good enough for Vi, too. Go 'long in the music room there, an' find Vi. Tell her if she's said 'Yes' to Reg Lawrence or to Freddy Bryan, or to any other feller, I'll say 'No' to him! Go!"

She dragged him into the hall, pushed him toward the music room; and, sobbing wildly, ran up the soundless stairs.

Alvin stood still, dazed, half-conscious of ripping, tearing ruffles on the stair, when a little figure sprang forward to meet him.

"Oh, Alvin!" she cried in quick rapture, then halted questioningly.

"Viola, your mother has accepted me for you," he said softly, and took her in his arms. And long years of misery were cut from the lovers' calendar.

## CHAPTER XXVIII.

### The Battle on the Desert.

Out in the sage-covered wilds a horde of pigmies charged the ice-bound earth with pick and powder. Fighting desperately against endless malignant obstacles, George Gregory forged on toward Salt Lake, the goal of his dreams.

Side by side, mile after mile, the rival companies ran their grades, the Central Pacific working steadily east, the Union Pacific rushing west from their main front, and pushing east with the grade they had begun at Humboldt Wells. They hoped to outrun their rivals and meet their own iron far west of Salt Lake.

Thus the days sped. Gregory's life became a profane prayer for iron. For ten days his men worked but four hours a day. The rest of the time they slept, visited or tramped. A few quarreled, some gambled on the sly. Yet these men averaged well, and it was not for them Gregory held his sleepless vigilance, but for the tide of rif-raft setting westward from the oncoming Union Pacific, from the remote mines and camps, and taking toll of mischief as it passed.

One night, worn with fruitless courtship of sleep, Gregory rose and went out into the desert cold, striding noiselessly down the sleeping tented town. He turned the other way, passed the boarding train, the commissary, the shops, and on by the Chinese camps. Returning, a slight noise caught his ear as he neared the wheeled bakery. He stopped, listened, and sent his lantern ray against the door. It was ajar.

Presently a man came out with a loaf of bread and climbed down the steps into Gregory's light. He was a recent comer, thick, sturdy, with beetling brows and fierce, resentful eyes.

"What are you doing here?" thundered Gregory.

"I walked too far to get back for supper, and went for some bread," the man answered readily enough.

"How'd you open the door? Wasn't it locked?"

"Yes, sir; but I got the key. I—"

He got no farther. Gregory dropped his lantern and flew at him. Hot anger and the power of authority reinforced Gregory's more than usual strength. He rained blows and invective on the offender; fisted him and booted him; kicked him under the wagon finally, with a last irate charge.

"Lie there, you dog! till daylight, if you want to; but be out of this camp before I see you again, you son of iniquity! Blast your eyes! I'll see if stealing can't be stopped here!"

Gregory hurried away, but not fast enough to escape the man's defiant rejoinder: "Taking a loaf of bread in place of supper's no stealing. I'll be even with you for this, you damned slave-driver!"

The voice was weak, but Gregory felt the venom, and its threat.

"There's a man under the bakery that I've ordered out of camp," he said to the watchman, as the two met. "See that he goes; but give him this—on the quiet, you understand." The watchman took the five dollars. "He's only worked two days; there won't be much coming to him, poor devil," the superintendent said compassionately. This was side of Gregory's varied character that won for him the allegiance and service of the men he drove hard, though less hard than he drove himself.

Gov. Stanford established headquarters at Salt Lake City, and Superintendent Crocker flitted up and down the line to the Front whenever the Sacramento office did not claim him.

The movements of the directors seemed fatally slow to Gregory, the man of steel, who must ask no questions but execute their office-made plans. He chafed more than ever over delay in forwarding materials, for he was desperately near the end of all the rails on the coast.

"Why don't you get iron across the Isthmus?" he asked of Mr. Crocker when the latter had told of the delayed ships carrying iron, locomotives and other supplies.

"What?" the superintendent cried in dismay. "Pack iron across the Isthmus? Preposterous! The directors would never consent. Hopkins—he'd go crazy! We—"

"Good heavens, Mr. Crocker! Don't let him—let them hold us up now!"

"But, Gregory, we're planting money under every foot of track, finished and unfinished. Think of the things that need to be done, rebuilt, mended. And last week we killed 20 Chinamen. We'll have—"

"Dead Chinamen needn't bother us; it's live ones we want."

"Yes, but the dead ones make it hard for us to get more live ones. And they fear the cold, too. They say, 'Too muchee snow! Too muchee kid!' And you're always howling for more Chinese, you know."

"Yes, sir. Never have enough. Can't you do that slick trick again, Mr. Crocker? Catch another shipload on the fly and yank them over here before they have time to find out whether it's hell-hot or heaven-cold here? And white men, too. Great guns! Men! Men! Anything that can drive a spike!"

"But what do you want of men if your iron's nearly out?"

"You'll get me iron across the Isthmus"

"We can't. It'll cost—"

"Jove and all the little gods! What does money, piles of it at any interest, if you haven't got it on hand, count for a man that's got more than 150 miles of road

to 'all time'?"

"A hundred and fifty miles? What do you mean?"

"It's that far from here to Ogden. The U. P. people get every mile they can clap iron on first. Yet their iron's away east of Ogden; and I can beat 'em there, if you'll get me the iron! Think what the business of Salt Lake valley will amount to in 10, 30, 50 years! You've simply got to have that piece of road!"

"You can't do it, Gregory!"

"By the eternal, I can! I've set my pins for it ever since that blamed spy hornswoogled me last summer. The minute the engineers cut out the Pallisade tunnel I knew I was O. K. Now, don't play Pharaoh on me, Mr. Crocker! I can't build your road without iron. Get it for me, if you have to steal a foundry and pre-empt the Isthmus of Panama!"

"It can't be done in time."

"It can, sir! Telegraph the governor at Salt Lake. He'll telegraph the order, rush the foundries, a dozen of 'em. By jiminy! You can put the iron afloat in a week, have it here in 40 days!"

Mr. Crocker caught fire. "By George, Gregory! I believe we might do it. I'll have a talk over the wire with the governor." He was about to turn away, but stopped to give Gregory a paper. "There's Tuesday's Clarion. Interesting reading there. They're begging the Union Pacific to fly by us, come into California by Beckworth pass and snatch our trade."

"Let the Clarion blow. We're giving the U. P. about all the knitting work they can 'tend to, we and those dried-beef-colored Sioux."

"Hold on, Gregory! We'll be charged with murder, yet," laughed the other. "There's the train!" he added, as a whistle pierced the still air.

The men walked along the newly-laid track, past the construction train to the rear and awaited the approaching iron train.

"Only five cars!" roared Gregory.

"It won't keep the spikers going any time."

"Who's that woman standing in the car door? Well, if it isn't Sally B.!" Mr. Crocker exclaimed, and went forward.



"Lie There, You Dog! Till Daylight."

There she stood, smiling, alert, her mourning discarded, her traveling suit the smartest, her strong personality raying out hypnotically to all within reach. The moment the train halted she tripped down the steep steps, and went quickly toward the two men, calling out voluble greetings on the way. First Mr. Crocker, then Mr. Gregory, she embraced with impartial cordiality, and kissed each audibly on the cheek.

"It's the same old Sally B. Time can't touch her, youth can never forget her," Mr. Crocker said gallantly.

"Thank ye, Mr. Crocker; but it's me that's got to do the blarneying. I've come begging," she said bluntly, yet with her old, confident smile.

"Whatever I can do for you—" Mr. Crocker began heartily, when Gregory interrupted.

"I'll leave you to your business now, Sally B.—excuse me, Mr. Crocker—but as soon as you've finished, you go right forward to our car—first on the other side of the construction engine there. The madame'll hail you as an angel in the desert. We—"

"But I'm goin' right back to-day."

"No, you won't! You'll stay all night with us and cheer up the madame. Plenty of room." He lifted his hat with a grace that revealed somewhat of the secret of his ability to meet all situations.

That night Sally B. told her story to the sympathetic Gregorians. The human units that swung Gregory's hammers and covered under his fierce energy little dreamed of his gentler side, of the man who cherished and comforted a delicate, sensitive wife still mourning the death of their only child.

"Yes, Bill's broke all to pieces; won't never be no 'count agin, the doctor says. That last buck of his'n against the stock board tuck his pile, an' him, too, mighty nigh." Sally B.'s acquired culture dropped from her like a loosely pinned mantle. The desert, the bustle, the railroad, even rudeness and crudity, appealed to her elemental nature. Every fiber of her being re-

ponded to the life about her. She bounded to its call as the long-tethered cavalry horse to "boots and saddles!"

"And all your money gone? How can you take care of him? It's too bad! Too bad!" consoled Mrs. Gregory.

"Too bad nothing! I'm glad—about the money, I mean. This is the first good clean breath I've had in three years. If Bill was O. K. I could yell with joy for gittin' away from money, an' style, an' big bugs. Vi's fixed. Yes, goin' to marry Al Carter next week. His house's all ready—bang up, it is, too. He's on top; good's salt-risin' bread, an' straight as an Injun now!" It would have pleased Alvin's mother to have seen the proud flash in Sally B.'s eye. "And I'm comin' out here to work for—for Bill." Her voice trembled.

"What did the Boss give you?" Gregory asked a little later.

"Toano eatin' house."

"Good enough! There's a chump there now that don't know beefsteak from a mule's hoof. I'm glad he's got to go. It's a good stand. You can hook trade from the U. P. outfit there, too."

"You bet I will! I'm just dead gone on Charley Crocker. He's been that good to me! I'm going to live now, you bet! I'm goin' to keep the dog-gonest best eatin' house this side the Bay. An' I'm goin' to carry Bill on a feather pillar's long's he lives. Pore Bill! Lord! But I'm tired!" She finished breathlessly, and collapsed in tears—tears that frightened George Gregory, who had not supposed that Sally B. possessed them.

## CHAPTER XXIX.

### The Message of the Dancing Girl to Esther.

To Esther, restless, unoccupied, came Sally B.'s urgent invitation to visit her at Toano. Esther accepted it at once, deciding not to wait for the Harmons. Business had delayed the judge, and now fear of small-pox for his wife. A pitted face testified his own immunity. But Esther had no fear of the disease; Toano was free from the scourge; and the breath of the wide, free desert breezing from Sally B.'s letter roused the wings of Esther's spirit.

She timed her going to catch Uncle Billy's train out from Winnemucca. Through all the years she had written him at intervals, sending her letters at first through Sally B.

She wished to surprise him. He was therefore quite unprepared for the tall, elegant young woman who waited impatiently at the rear end of the car to greet him. She saw him glance toward her as soon as he entered, and her heart leaped. But he came calmly on, from passenger to passenger, stopping here and there for question or direction. He looked her way inquiringly once or twice, but blankly.

When he was yet a few seats away, recognition came. She sprang to her, his face transfigured. Thought of stranger eyes, of official dignity, fled. He caught her hands in his own. "Honey! Stella!" he cried softly as he kissed her on the cheek, the years' hunger for her shining in his misty eyes. "Where undeh the canopy did you come from, honey?"

She smiled her joy, but said no word.

He still held her hands, her rings cutting under the pressure neither marked till later, his eyes searching her glowing face. Her mask had dropped; her soul was open to him.

He made her as comfortable as possible in the rough car that did duty as sleeper, coach, parlor and emigrant car all in one. When the meager business after leaving each infrequent station was dispatched he came to her again; and the long day was not half time enough for the tale of Esther's eventful life, every detail questioned and appreciated by her rapt listener.

Esther opened her eyes the next morning upon a strange life, new, yet old. The Wizard Desert wrapped her again with the mantle of his enchantment. As of old, the hills walked out of their spaces to meet her. She was back in her own world, back to Sally B.'s loving arms, to Uncle Billy's tender solicitude.

"Are you happy, Mrs. Sally?" Esther asked, following her from one to another of the rough rooms, as the mistress deftly touched each chaotic spot to order.

"Lord love ye, child! I didn't know how powerful pestered I was there in Oakland an' the city till I got back here where I b'long. There's folks of course that's made for totin' society's pack; some of 'em's soft, squasy critters, an' some of 'em's plumb good like Freddy Bryan; but the plains, an' work, an' men with blood in 'em, an' freedom—that's what I was born to; an' it's what I'm fit fur." She was tearing an unspeakable bed to pieces with merciless scrutiny. "Gosh! The way a man runs a hotel without no woman is 'nough to make a skunk sick!"

Esther marveled at Sally B.'s reversion. Nothing of her violent effort at culture remained; and her old speech and manner seemed doubly vigorous for the long rest.

"U only JILL was—was right near"

ag. Sally B. began, but stopped abruptly and shook a pillow vigorously near to its undoing.

"Did you hear about Blowhard?" she asked a little later.

"I overheard his name in the car yesterday, but learned nothing definite."

"He's arrested for stealing from the company."

"Oh, surely not for stealing!" Instantly Esther's mind flew back to the desert station, the overland journey, the scene on the hillside, to many lesser visions of him, even to her last meeting at Judge Harmon's. Always the same aversion to him, the same wonder that the company trusted him.

"Yes, stealin'. They gave him a passenger out of Sacramento, an' he didn't run it three weeks till they caught him. The boys say there's something back of that, too, an' it'll go hard with him. Pore devil! He was bright 'nough fur meanness; pity he couldn't a' tried bein' white. Come on. I got to go to the kitchen."

Here again reigned Yic Wah, the imperturbable.

"Do you like it here?" Esther asked him.

He grinned. "You bettee! Heap good. One dollah man out here; no two bittee man. Heap plenty loom. You likee say 'damn,' all light. No matter."

"Yic got converted down in Oakland," Sally B. said when out of his hearing. "It'll give ye a crick in yer side to hear him singin' 'sams. He's the best hollerer Charley Crocker's got. McLane's comin' through to-night. The boys has stuffed Yic with a lot about Mac, told him Mac's goin' to do up Crocker's railroad; and I'm powerful 'fraid Yic'll sass Mac." There was a trifle of worry in Sally B.'s laugh.

"How can he hinder our company now?"

"He can't hinder 'em, but he kin pester 'em a heap, him an' the gang he's actin' fur. He ain't any wuss'n the rest, only smarter. He's on his way home from Washington and New York now. Been tryin' to fix congress agin,



"Gosh! The Way a Man Runs a Hotel Without No Woman is 'Nough to Make a Skunk Sick."

I'll lay. But I bet Collis P. beats him! I bet on Collis P. every time. Read this." She tumbled over a pile of papers, found a recent copy of the Clarion and pointed out a short telegraphic dispatch. "Read it aloud, honey. I like to listen when our fellers spouts at the government powwow."

It was an appeal from Mr. Huntington to Andrew Johnson, as the head of the outgoing administration, on behalf of the Central Pacific railroad.

"Likely it's ter spike that gun, that Mac's been east. The boys says so. But I bet on Collis P. all the same. Ding that Clarion!" she continued, whipping from one topic to another with astonishing suddenness. "They're cluckin' to the U. P.'s now to pass us and come on to California; an' howlin' about pushin' the Southern Pacific to bust the C. P. If I was Gov. Stanford I'd mortgage my chance o' heaven, maybe a little bit o' the other place, but what I'd git holt o' that Southern Pacific."

"What is the Southern Pacific expecting to do?"

"Build across the continent and have a competin' line."

"What? Two railroads? Surely, one will be enough."

"If them four git a holt of it, they'll put it across all right. One lin' ? They'll be half a dozen some day. An' you bet the C. P.'s won't let nobody git the start of them if they only git a fair show."

The strange town stirred Esther's imagination. Like a flock of vagrant, ugly birds, the shacks and flimsy wooden houses squatted on the inhospitable mountain top or huddled beside the brawling stream. The most pretentious places were saloons. A very long tent caught Esther's eye.

"That's the dancehouse," Sally B. said. "They've got an extra big troupe of hurdy-gurdies in now—there's the place where they sleep just to the left there. Sufferin' ears! They make a racket at night, they an' the men."

CONTINUED ON ANOTHER PAGE



# 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

The first Bryan club organized in Fort Worth adopted the following resolutions which the Bailey organs refused outright to publish:

Resolved, That this, the first William J. Bryan club organized in the State of Texas in the year 1908, heartily favors the nomination of that peerless statesman and Democratic leader, the said Hon. William J. Bryan, for the presidency of the United States, by the national Democratic convention to be held next June in the city of Denver; and we recommend to our fellow-Democrats throughout the State of Texas that clubs of like character be formed in every precinct of the State to aid in having none but loyal Bryan Democrats sent as delegates from this State to the said convention. Be it further

Resolved, That it is the sense of this club that only men who are and always have been warm political supporters and friends of Hon. Wm. J. Bryan should be sent as delegates to the said national Democratic convention."

The second Bryan club, organized in Austin, and which the friends of Senator Bailey strove to turn in his favor, adopted the following resolutions:

"Whereas, Hon. Charles A. Culberson and Hon. T. M. Campbell have declined to become candidates for delegate at large from Texas to the national Democratic convention to be held at Denver, Colo., stating as their reason for so declining that said candidates should be elected from the ranks of the Democracy of Texas, and that said honor be conferred upon those not holding official position; and

"Whereas, This organization sincerely appreciates and commends the patriotic sentiment of our senior Senator and Governor, and

"Whereas, That great convention

of Democrats that met at Waco on the 7th inst. and selected four loyal Democrats as candidates for delegates and four alternates and two national electors, all of whom being men worthy to represent the Democrats of this great State, implicit confidence in the men as selected by said convention, being men of unquestioned honor and marked fidelity and loyalty to the Democratic party and to that great commoner, Hon. William Jennings Bryan, "the greatest living democrat," therefore be it

Resolved, The Club ratify the action of said Waco convention in endorsing the candidates so selected by them, and pledge to them our unqualified support.

Who can wonder that the "organizer," who is said to be an ardent Bailey man, announced his purpose to make a break for a Bailey town? —Dallas News.

In a speech to an audience of ten thousand people in Chicago last Thursday night W. J. Bryan said in part:

"Assuming that reforms are necessary, what party can best be intrusted with the work of serving them? I beg to present the claims of the Democratic party. What are the evils to be corrected? The greatest of all the evils—and it is the fruitful source of almost all the other evils—is the domination of politics by the favor-seeking corporations. By dominating politics they dominate the government, National and State. There is no question upon which the people are thinking which does no, to a greater or less extent, involve this question—shall the government be administered in the interest of the whole people by unpurchasable and incorruptible representatives of the people, or shall the favor-seeking corporations control the elections,

raise their representatives to power and through them exploit the country?"

That is the keynote of the present campaign in Texas, shall we send delegates to Denver who are in hearty accord with Mr. Bryan on the question, or shall we send men here unfriendly to him personally, and whose personal entanglements with some of the great corporations will have a tendency to influence their actions in formulating a platform not in accord with Mr. Bryan's views on the questions of officials or committeemen acting as agents or attorneys for public service corporations while holding offices of emolument or honor in the Democratic party? The question is up to the Democrats of Callahan county to say whether they endorse Mr. Bryan's oft-repeated opinion on this subject.

"While you're happy, somewhere the storm-clouds are heavy; sad spirits sigh for light. Hearts listen to the sighings of a sea whose fretted moanings will not hush. Some poor heart veils its eye while it grows so dizzy on the verge of despair. Some soul watches the approaching cloud that will shut out the stars. Somebody is crying over their loved and lost. And, sometime, out yonder in life's pilgrimage, you too will weep alone. The nights will be long and the valleys deep and dark."

W. R. Robbins, of Cottonwood, was in town Wednesday.

Miss Kate Talley, of Santo, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Garnet Isble.

The Rebekahs have changed their meeting nights to the 1st and 3rd Monday nights.

## PRICE & TRULOVE 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 city.

TELEPHONE No. 114 YOUR ORDERS.



### "RANGER"

We will stand the well-known stallion, "RANGER" at Baird, Ranger sired by Rattle Brooks time 2;17 1-2 at 3 year old, dam Certrude, time 2;18, sire of Gertrude, Jim Malone, her dam Sunset, Sunset by Oganila, dam Maggie Boggs.

TRULOVE & WILSON.  
See W. F. Wilson for terms.

J. A. Wagner, of Cross Plains, was in town several days the past week but never showed up at THE STAR office, think the Bailey men had him too hot guess he forgot there were any but Bailey men in town.

### LAMBERT BROS. ICE DEALERS

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

### MOSE FRANKLIN ICE DEALER

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

### HIGH GRADE MILLINERY.

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

Miss Jennie Frost, of Santo, who is the guest of her sister, Mrs. C. E. Johnson and Little Miss Evelene Johnson visited Miss Frost's brother, T. W. Frost at Abilene Tuesday.