

**There's No Use**

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The Star Job Office.



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

**Money to Lend on Land**

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

B. L. RUSSELL at First National Bank

**Married at Roswell.**

Dick P. Seay, of Amarillo, son of Mr. and Mrs. Ed Seay, of Roswell, and Miss Gertie Wiggins, of this city daughter of W. H. Wiggins, were quietly married last night at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. J. K. Bishop, at 205 North Missouri. The ceremony was performed in the presence of the members of Dr. Bishop's and Ed Seay's families by Elder C. C. Hill. The couple left this morning for Amarillo, where they will make their home.

The wedding was a surprise to the couple's many friends in Roswell. It is asserted that even the members of the families did not know it was to occur until six o'clock last night. Mr. Seay was here from Amarillo spending Christmas with his parents, and nothing was thought of his visit. The couple had been sweethearts for many years.

The groom, though quite a young man has unusual business sagacity and occupies the responsible position of Secretary of the Morrow-Thomas Hardware Co., at Amarillo. He is already to be classed among the successful business men of the Southwest. As a character he stands alone, there being only one Dick Seay, and those who know him best are his friends. His bride occupies a most cherished position in the hearts of the people of Roswell. Pretty and vivacious, she has talent in musical and other lines of accomplishments. Best of all, she has consideration of others that makes everyone her friend.

Everybody in Roswell wishes them well, but some of the young men are making it lively for them for "slipping up" on them.—Roswell (N. M.) Daily Record, Friday, Dec. 27th.

**Sow Strayed.**

One black sow with reddish spots, left ear cropped. About year and half old. Please notify.

J. H. HARRIS, Baird, Texas.

**PROGRAM.**

The following is the program the meeting of the United Daughters of the Confederacy to be held at the Court House Jan. 17, 1908:

- Invocation.—Bro. Chambliss.
- Music.
- Reading, "Echoes from the Confederacy"—Mrs. Faust.
- Music.
- Recitation, "To the Old Confeds."—Miss Mary Tisdale.
- Music.
- Address.—Dr. Collier.
- Music.
- Address.—Prof. Smith.
- Song, "How Firm a Foundation,"—By All.
- Prayer.—Dr. Collier.
- The Confederate Veterans will meet with the Daughters.

Judge W. H. Cliett and niece, Miss Willie Cliett, came in last Saturday from their Christmas holiday visit to Hillsboro and Walnut Springs and Miss Willie went out to Tecumseh Sunday to resume teaching school at that place. The Judge says the all-absorbing topic wherever he went was the financial crisis and the remedy therefore, and that times were no better anywhere else than in Callahan County.

**SCHOOL ELECTION.**

Be it remembered that at a meeting of the Board of Trustees of Baird Independent School District Officers and members being present to-wit: T. E. Powell, Pres., W. E. Gilliland, C. S. Boyles, Treas., C. H. Mahan, Frank Austin, W. M. Coffman, H. F. Foy, Sec., when the following proceedings were had by unanimous vote to-wit:

Be it ordered by the Board of Trustees of said Baird Independent School District that an election be held in the town of Baird, in the City Hall thereof in said District now on the 1st day of Feby. 1908 to determine if the Board of Trustees of said District shall have power to annually levy and collect a tax upon all taxable property in said District, for the support and maintenance of Public Free Schools in said Baird Independent School District of and at the rate of Twenty cents on the One Hundred Dollars valuation thereof. Such tax, if voted, to be levied and collected for the year 1907 and annually thereafter, unless it be discontinued as provided by law. F. S. Bell is hereby appointed manager of said election and he shall select the required number of Judges and Clerks to assist him in holding the same. None but property tax payers in said District whose names appear on the last assessment rolls, and who are qualified voters in the District shall vote at this election.

T. E. POWELL, Pres.  
H. F. Foy, Secy.  
Baird, Texas, Dec. 30, 1907.

**To The Citizens of Callahan Country.**

In presenting myself as a candidate for reelection to the office of Sheriff and Tax Collector I wish to thank you for favors shown me in the past and if the voters deem it expedient to place me in this position for another term, I shall endeavor to fill the place to the best of my ability. Wishing you all a happy and prosperous New Year. I am Yours to Serve,  
T. A. IRVIN.

**LOCAL OPTION.**

ATTORNEY GENERALS DEPARTMENT  
STATE OF TEXAS.

AUSTIN, JULY 11, 1905.  
MR. W. R. ELY, BAIRD, TEXAS.

DEAR SIR: We are in receipt of yours of the 7th inst. in which you submit the following statement and inquiry:

A party in a local option territory orders a quantity of intoxicating liquors and has it sent to him by express and after receiving it divides it amongst other parties, claiming that the goods were bought with the funds of the whole party, it being understood what amount each man would take before the order was made, and you desire to know if 'his is a violation of the local option law. The Court of Criminal Appeals has held under a statement of facts similar to this that the party was guilty of violating the local option law. (See Treadway vs State, 62 S. W. 574. Hillard vs State, 87 S. W. 821.)

Yours truly,  
CLAUDE POLLARD,  
Office Assistant Attorney General.

**\$5.00 REWARD**

A fine black and white pointer, bitch bird dog, named "Nett," rather poor, with a common leather collar on neck. Disappeared Wednesday morning, Jan. 1, about 8 o'clock. Will pay \$5 reward for her return.

J. H. TERRELL,  
Baird, Texas.

What Constitutional warrant can be found for Texas to guarantee bank deposits as advocated by some? The editor of THE STAR does not pose as a "constitutional lawyer" but if there is anything in the state constitution permitting the appropriation of one cent for any such project we have never seen it and would like for some one to "show us". If this could be done it should not because the state has no more right to guarantee bank deposits than it has to guarantee the farmers crops, or the subscription to THE STAR or any other newspaper. The scheme is paternalism gone to seed; but seems mighty popular in certain quarters. This is claimed as a cure-all for panics by those who want the state to go more and more into the private affairs of the people. The scheme is for the state and nation to compel the banks to put up the money to pay depositors of failed state and national banks. This is all right if it can be done without the state becoming responsible, but without this a government guarantee would be worthless, and the Texas constitution won't permit the state to guarantee deposits, if it involves the appropriation of state money. Let the banks run their business like other private concerns. If the government can guarantee deposits; why not guarantee everything. We are all struggling for wealth, some for a mere living. The idea this day and time seems to be to run all to government, we are swinging dangerously far away from the old time theory of Jefferson that "that government is best that governs least". Socialism seems to have captured some stalwart recruits in this government guarantee scheme and we are surprised to see life-long Democrats that have fought paternalism and socialism at every turn enthusiastically championing this scheme. It is wrong, radically wrong in principle as we see it.

Miss Bertie Rowland, of Abilene, is visiting Misses Louise Rogers and Bernice Foy.

Miss Bessie Walker, of Rochester Texas, arrived yesterday morning. She will stay with her brother, J. H. Walker, and attend the public school here.

**Will Preach at Putnam.**

I will preach at Putnam on the Second Sunday in January. Services at the Methodist Church at 11 a. m.  
JOHN P. HARDESTY,

Go to Hammans Bros. for your school tablets. 38

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

**DEAD LETTER LIST.**

The following is a list of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post-office for the week ending Dec. 21, 1907. Parties calling for the same will please say advertised.

- A. K. Scott.
- Mrs. S. D. Davis.
- Howard Belmont.
- List for week ending Dec. 28.
- Mrs. Pink Border, 2
- Oscar Casms.
- Miss Daisy Henderson.
- Mrs. Emma Littlepage,
- Bud Lamar.
- W. J. Million.
- W. M. Marx
- W. E. McBride.
- Millican Dewitt.

J. V. McMANIS, P. M.

**Known By Other Names.**

There are no set of diseases so misnamed as those that pertain to the stomach, liver and bowels. Many think their nerves are deranged, their heart diseased, their kidneys weak, their blood impure, when in reality they have stomach or bowell trouble Try Dr. Caldwell's Sprup Pepsin, the wonderful regulator, and see how quickly you will find yourself cured. 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., Monticello, Ill. It is sold by Powell & Powell at 50c and \$1 a bottle.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Johnson have returned from Santo where they spent the holidays with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Grinstead, and Mr. Will Elliott and sister, Miss Rennie Elliott, were in Baird trading.—Moran News.

**Old Family Bible, 100 Years Old.**

Brown Seay of Baird brought in an old family bible this week and asked us to put a notice in THE STAR, and perhaps the owners whoever they may be will see it. The Bible was left in the saloon perhaps twenty years ago by some one whose name was unknown. It was put away and forgotten and in cleaning up about the saloon since Local option went into effect the old Family Bible was found.

The Bible contains the family record of Isreal Dewey and family and dates back about seventy-five years. The bible is evidently very old as it is yellow with age. It is a small book bound in calf. Some writing in the book is dated 1850. The family record aside from the value as an old family record may be of value to the family. The Bible was evidently printed early in the last century. Isreal Dewey was born in 1791 and his wife whose name was Eliza Ann Mitchell was born in 1808 just one hundred years ago. Isaal Dewey and Eliza Ann Mitchell were married in 1832. Nothing to show where they lived but this may help to identify the old family relic.

Will our exchanges please copy and oblige.—EDITOR STAR.

The R. R. Commission have issued an order reducing the fare on railroad to 2 1/2 cents. The railroads say they cannot stand the reduction. They said the same thing when the rate was reduced from 5 to 3 cts. In a few years the rate will likely be 2 cents in all the states. With all the passes out there is no reason why the fare should not be reduced.

**CARD OF THANKS**

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

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

**Hammans Bros.**

BAIRD, TEXAS.

# THE PRINCESS ELOPES

(COPYRIGHT, 1905  
BOBBS-MERRILL ©)

By HAROLD MACGRATH

AUTHOR OF "THE MAN ON THE BOX,"  
"HEARTS AND MASKS," ETC.

"Did you know me?" Her nostrils were palpitating and the corners of her mouth were drawn aggressively.

"Follow you?" amazed that such an idea should enter into her head. "Why, you are the last person I ever expected to see again. Indeed, you are only a fairy-story; there is, I find, no such person as Hildegarde von Heidelberg." Clearly he was recovering.

"I know it," candidly. "It was my mother's name, and I saw fit to use it." She really hoped he hadn't followed her.

"You had no need to use it, or any name, for that matter. When I gave you my name it was given in good faith. The act did not imply that I desired to know yours."

"But you did!"—imperiously.

"Yes. Curiosity is the brain of our mental anatomy." When Max began to utter tall phrases it was a sign of even-balanced mentality.

"And if I hadn't told you my name, you would have asked for it."

"Not the first day."

"Well, you would have on Tuesday?"

"Not a bit of a doubt." He certainly wouldn't show her how much he cared. (What was she doing in this carriage? She had said nothing that morning about traveling.)

"Well, you admit that under the circumstances I had the right to give any name it pleased me to give."

He came over to her end and sat down. Her protests (half-hearted) he ignored.

"I can not see very well from over there," he explained.

"It is not necessary that you should see; you can hear what I have to say."

"Very well; I'll go back." And he did. He made a fine pretense of looking out of the window. Why should this girl cross his path at this unhappy moment?

There was a pause.

"You are not near so nice as you were this morning," she said presently.

"I can't be nice and sit away over here."

"What made you jump into this compartment of all others?"

"I wasn't particular what compartment I got into so long as I got into one. As I said, I was in a hurry."

"You said nothing this morning about going away from Barseheitt."

"Neither did you."

Another pause. (I take it, from the character of this dialogue, that their morning rides must have been rather interesting.)

"You told me that you were in Barseheitt to study nerves,"—wickedly.

"So thought I, up to half-past nine to-night; but it appears that I am not,"—gloomily.

"You are running away, too?"—with suppressed eagerness.

"Running away, too!" he repeated.

"Are you running away?"

"As fast as ever the train can carry me. I am on the way to Dresden."

"Dresden? It seems that Fate is determined that we shall travel together this day. Dresden is my destination also."

"Let me see your passports,"—extending a firm white hand.

He obeyed docilely, as docilely as though he were married. She gave the paper one angry glance and tossed it back.

"George Ellis; so that is your name?"—scornfully. "You told me that it was Scharfenstein. I did not ask you to tell me your name; you took that service upon yourself." She recalled the duke's declaration that he should have her every movement watched. If this American was watching her, the duke was vastly more astute than she had given him the credit for being. "Are you in the pay of the duke? Come, confess that you have followed me, that you have been watching me for these four days."

How bitter the cup of romance tasted to her now! She had been deceived. "Well, you shall never take me from this train save by force. I will not go back!"

"I haven't the slightest idea of what you are talking about," he said, mightily discouraged. "I never saw this country till Monday, and never want to see it again."

"From what are you running away then?"—skeptically.

"I am running away from a man who slapped me in the face,"—bitterly; and all his wrongs returned to him.

"Indeed!"—derisively.

"Yes, I!" He thrust out both his great arms miserably. "I'm a healthy looking individual, am I not, to be running away from anything?"

"Especially after having been a soldier in the Spanish war. Why did you tell me that your name was Scharfenstein?"

"Heaven on earth, it is Scharfenstein! I'm simply taking my chance on another man's passports."

"I am unconvinced,"—ungraciously. She was, however, inordinately happy; at the sight of the picture of woe on his face all her trust in him returned. She believed every word he said, but she wanted to know everything.

"Very well; I see that I must tell you everything to get back into your good graces—Fraulein von Heidelberg."

"If you ever were in my good graces!"

Graphically he recounted the adventure at Muller's. He was a capital story teller, and he made a very good impression.

"If it hadn't been for the princess' eloping I should not have been here," he concluded, "for my friend would have had a waiter bring me that chair."

"The princess' eloping!"—aghast.

"Why, yes. It seems that she eloped to-night; so the report came from the palace."

The girl sat tight, as they say; then suddenly she burst into uncontrollable laughter. It was the drollest thing she had ever heard. She saw the duke tearing around the palace, ordering the police hither and thither, sending telegrams, waking his advisers and dragging them from their beds. My! what a hubbub! Suddenly she grew serious.

"Have you the revolver still?"

"Yes."

"Toss it out of the window; quick!"

"But—"

"Do as I say. They will naturally search you at the frontier."

He took out the revolver and gazed regretfully at it, while the girl could not repress a shudder.

"What a horrid-looking thing!"

"I carried it all through the war."

"Throw it away and buy a new one."

"But the associations!"

"They will look you up as a dangerous person." She let down the window and the cold night air rushed in.

"Give it to me." He did so. She flung it far into the night.

"There, that is better. Some day you will understand."

"I shall never understand anything in this country—What are you running away from?"

"A man with a red nose."

"A red nose? Are they so frightful here as that?"

"This one is. He wants—to marry me."

"Marry you!"

"Yes; rather remarkable that any man should desire me as a wife, isn't it?"

He saw that she was ironical. Having nothing to say, he said nothing, but looked longingly at the vacant space beside her.

She rested her chin upon the sill of the window and gazed at the stars. A wild rush of the wind beat upon her face, bringing a thousand vague heavy perfumes and a pleasant numbing.

How cleverly she had eluded the duke's police! What a brilliant idea it had been to use her private carriage key to steal into the carriage compartment long before the train was made up! It had been some trouble to light the lamps, but in doing so she had avoided the possible dutiful guard. He had peered in, but, seeing that the lamps were lighted, concluded that

one of his fellows had been the rounds.

The police would watch all those who entered or left the station, but never would they think to search a carriage into which no one had been seen to enter. But oh, what a frightful predicament she was in! All she possessed in the world was a half-crown, scarce enough for her breakfast. And if she did not find her governess at once she would be lost utterly, and in Dresden! She choked back the sob. Why couldn't they let her be? She didn't want to marry any one—that is, just yet. She didn't want her wings clipped before she had learned what a fine thing it was to fly. She was young.

"Oh!"

"What is it?" she said, turning.

"I have something of yours," answered Max, fumbling in his pocket, grateful for some excuse to break the silence. "You dropped your purse this morning. Permit me to return it to you. I hadn't the remotest idea how I was going to return it. In truth, I had just made up my mind to keep it as a souvenir."

She literally snatched it from his extended hand.

"My purse! My purse! And I thought it was gone forever!" hugging it hysterically to her heart. She feverishly tried to unclasp the clasps.

"You need not open it," he said

even proudly. "I had no

thought of looking into it, even to prove your identity."

"Pardon! I did not think. I was so crazy to see it again." She laid the purse beside her. "You see," with an hysterical catch in her voice, "all the money I had in the world was in that purse, and only heaven knows what misfortunes were about to befall me. There were, and are, a thousand crowns in the purse."

"A thousand crowns?"

"In bank-notes. Thank you, thank you! I am so happy!"—clasping her hands. Then, with a smile as warm as the summer's sun, she added: "You may—come and sit close beside me. You may even smoke."

Max grew light-headed. This was as near heaven as he ever expected to get.

"Open your purse and look into it," he said. "I'm a brute; you are dying to do so."

"May I?"—shyly.

Then it came into Max's mind, with all the brilliancy of a dynamo spark, that this was the one girl in all the world, the ideal he had been searching for; and he wanted to fall at her feet and tell her so.

"Look!" she cried gleefully, holding up the packet of bank-notes.

"I wish," he said boyishly, "that you didn't have any money at all, so I could help you and feel that you depended upon me."

She smiled. How a woman loves this simple kind of flattery! It tells her better what she may wish to know than a thousand hymns sung in praise of her beauty.

But even as he spoke a chill of horror went over Max. He put his hand hurriedly into his vest pocket. Fool! Ass! How like a man! In changing his clothes at the consulate he had left his money, and all he had with him was some pocket change.

The girl saw his action and read the secret in the look of dismay which spread over his face.

"You have no money either?" she cried. She separated the packet of notes into two equal parts. "Here!"

He smiled weakly.

"Take them!"

"No, a thousand times, no! I have a watch, and there's always a pawnbroker handy, even in Europe."

"You offered to help me," she insisted.

"It is not quite the same."

"Take a quarter of it."

"No. Don't you understand? I really couldn't."

"One, just one, then!" she pleaded.

An idea came to him. "Very well; I will take one." And when she gave it to him he folded it reverently and put it away.

"I understand!" she cried. "You are just going to keep it; you don't intend to spend it at all. Don't be foolish!"

"I shall notify my friend, when we reach Doppelkinn, that I am without funds, and he will telegraph to Dresden."

"Your friends were very wise in sending you away as they did. Aren't you always getting into trouble?"

"Yes. But I doubt the wisdom of my friends in sending me away as they did,—with a frank glance into her eyes. How beautiful they were, now that the sparkle of mischief had left them!

She looked away. If only Doppelkinn were young like this! She sighed.

"Can they force one to marry in this country?" he asked abruptly.

"When one is in my circumstances,"

He wanted to ask what those circumstances were, but what he said



"Permit Me to Return It to You."

was: "Is there anything I can do to help you?"

"You are even more helpless than I am,"—softly. "If you are caught you will be imprisoned. I shall only suffer a temporary loss of liberty; my room will be my dungeon-keep." How big and handsome and strong he looked!

What a terrible thing it was to be born in purple! "Tell me about yourself."

His hand strayed absently toward his upper vest pocket and then fell to his side. He licked his lips.

"Smoke!" she commanded intuitively. "I said that you might."

"I can talk better when I smoke," he advanced rather lamely. "May I, then?"—gratefully.

"I commend it!"

Wasn't it fine to be ordered about in this fashion? If only the train might

go on and on and on, thousands of miles! He applied a match to the end of his cigar and leaned back against the cushion.

"Where shall I begin?"

"At the beginning. I'm not one of those novel readers who open a book at random. I do not appreciate effects till I have found out the causes. I want to know everything about you, for you interest me."

He began. He told her that he was a German by birth and blood. He had been born either in Germany or in Austria, he did not know which. He had been found in Tyrol, in a railway station. A guard had first picked him up, then a kind-hearted man named Scharfenstein had taken him in charge, advertised for his parents and, hearing nothing, had taken him to America with him.

"If they catch you," she interrupted, "do not under any consideration let them know that you were not born in the United States. Your friend, the American consul, could do nothing for you then."

"Trust me to keep silent, then." He continued: "I have lived a part of my life on the great plains; have ridden horses for days and days at a time. As a deputy sheriff I have arrested desperados, have shot and been shot at. Then I went east and entered a great college; went in for athletics, and wore my first dress suit. Then my foster parent died, leaving me his fortune. And as I am frugal, possibly because of my German origin, I have more money than I know what to do with."

"Go on," she urged.

"When the Spanish war broke out I entered a cavalry regiment as a trooper. I won rank, but surrendered it after the battle of Santiago. And now there are but two things in the world I desire to complete my happiness. I want to know who I am."

"And the other thing?"

"The other thing? I can't tell you that!"—hurriedly.

"Ah, I believe I know. You have left some sweetheart back in America."

All her interest in his narrative took a strange and unaccountable slump.

"No; I have often admired women; but I have left no sweetheart back in America. If I had I should now feel very uncomfortable."

Somehow she couldn't meet his eyes. She recognized, with vague anger, that she was glad that he had no sweetheart. Ah, well, nobody could rob her of her right to dream, and this was a very pleasant dream.

"The train is slowing down," he said suddenly.

"We are approaching the frontier," she shaded her eyes and searched the speeding blackness outside.

"How far is it to the capital?" he asked.

"It lies two miles beyond the frontier."

Silence fell upon them, and at length the train stopped with a jerk. In what seemed to them an incredibly short time a guard unlocked the door. He peered in.

"Here they are, sure enough, your excellency!" addressing some one in the dark beyond.

An officer from the military household of the Prince of Doppelkinn was instantly framed in the doorway. The girl tried to lower her veil; too late.

"I am sorry to annoy your highness," he began, "but the grand duke's orders are that you shall follow me to the castle. Lieutenant, bring two men to tie this fellow's hands,"—nodding toward Scharfenstein.

Max stared dumbly at the girl. All the world seemed to have slipped from under his feet.

"Forgive me!" she said, low but impulsively.

"What does it mean?" His heart was very heavy.

"I am the Princess Hildegarde of Barseheitt, and your entering this carriage has proved the greatest possible misfortune to you."

He stared helplessly—And everything had been going along so nicely—the dinner he had planned in Dresden, and all that!

"And they believe," the girl went on, "that I have eloped with you to avoid marrying the prince." She turned to the officer in the doorway. "Colonel, on the word of a princess, this gentleman is in no wise concerned. I ran away alone."

Max breathed easier.

"I should be most happy to believe your highness, but you will honor my strict observance of orders." He passed a telegram to her.

"Search train for Doppelkinn. Princess has eloped. Arrest and hold pair till I arrive on special engine."

"BARSCHHEIT."

The telegraph is the true arm of the police. The princess sighed pathetically. It was all over.

"Your passports," said the colonel to Max.

Max surrendered his papers. "You need not tie my hands," he said calmly. "I will come peaceably."

The colonel looked inquiringly at the princess.

"He will do as he says."

"Very good. I should regret to shoot him upon so short an acquaintance."

The colonel beckoned for them to step forth. "Everything is prepared. There is a carriage for the convenience of your highness. Herr Ellis shall ride

horseback with the troop."

Max often wondered why he did not make a dash for it, or a running fight. What he had gone through that night was worth a good fight.

"Good-by," said the princess, holding out her hand.

Scharfenstein gravely bent his head and kissed it.

"Good-by, Prince Charming!" she whispered, so softly that Max scarcely heard her.

Then she entered the closed carriage and was driven up the dark, tree-enshrouded road that led to the Castle of Doppelkinn.

"What are you going to do with me?" Max asked, as he gathered up the reins of his mount.

"That we shall discuss later. Like as not something very unpleasant. For one thing, you are passing under a forged passport. You are not an American, no matter how well you may speak that language. You are a German."

"There are Germans in the United States, born and bred there, who speak German tolerably well," replied Max easily. He was wondering if it would not be a good scheme to tell a straightforward story and ask to be returned to Barseheitt. But that would probably appeal to the officer that he was a coward and was trying to lay the blame on the princess.

"I do not say that I can prove it," went on the colonel; "I simply affirm that you are a German, even to the marrow."

"You have the advantage of the discussion." No; he would confess nothing. If he did he might never see the princess again. . . . The princess! As far away as yonder stars! It was truly a very disappointing world to live in.

"Now, then, forward!" cried the colonel to his men, and they set off at a sharp trot.

From time to time, as a sudden twist in the road broke the straight line, Max could see the careening lights of the princess' carriage. A princess! And he was a man without a country or a name!

## CHAPTER X.

The castle of the Prince of Doppelkinn rested in the very heart of the celebrated vineyards. Like all German castles I ever saw or heard of, it was a relic of the Middle Ages, with many a crumbling, useless tower and battlement. It stood on the south side of a rugged hill which was gashed by a narrow but turbulent stream, in which lurked the rainbow trout that lured the lazy man from his labors afield. (And who among us shall cast a stone at the lazy man? Not I!) If you are fortunate enough to run about Europe next year, as like as not you will be mailing home the "Doppelkinn" post-card.

More than once I have wandered about the castle's interior, cavernous and musty, strolled through its galleries of ancient armor, searched its dungeon-keep, or loitered to soliloquize in the gloomy judgment chamber. How time wars upon custom! In olden times they created pain; now they strive to subdue it.

I might go into a detailed history of the Doppelkinn, only it would be absurd and unnecessary, since it would be inappreciable under the name of Doppelkinn, which happens to be, as doubtless you have already surmised, a name of mine own invention. I could likewise tell you how the ancient dukes of Barseheitt fought off the insidious flattery of Napoleon, only it is a far interest, and Barseheitt is simply a characteristic, not a name. Some day I may again seek a diplomatic mission, and what government would have for its representative a teller of tales out of school?

It was, then, to continue the fortunes and misfortunes of Max Scharfenstein, close to midnight when the cavalcade crossed the old moat-bridge, which hadn't moved on its hinges within a hundred years. They were not entering by the formal way, which was a flower-bedded, terraced road. It was the rear entrance. The iron doors swung outward with a plaintive moaning, like that of a man roused out of his sleep, and Max found himself in an ancient guard-room, now used as a kind of secondary stable. The men

dismounted.

"This way, Herr Ellis," said the colonel, with a mocking bow. He pointed toward a broad stone staircase.

"All I ask," said Max, "is a fair chance to explain my presence here."

"All in due time. Forward! The prince is waiting and his temper may not be as smooth as usual."

With two troopers in front of him and two behind, Max climbed the steps readily enough. They wouldn't dare kill him, whatever they did. He tried to imagine himself the hero of some Scott or Dumas tale, with a grim cardinal somewhere above, and oubliettes and torture chambers besetting his path. But the absurdity of his imagination, so thoroughly Americanized, evoked a ringing laughter. The troopers eyed him curiously. He might laugh later, but it was scarcely probable. A tramp through a dark corridor and they came to the west wing of the castle. It was here that the old prince lived, comfortably and luxuriously enough, you may take my word for it.

**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  
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**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

**WRISTEN & JOHNSON**  
 Complete Stock  
 of Watches  
 and Jewellery  
 in Hardware  
 Department  
**JOHN A. CASTLES**  
 Watchmaker

**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

**INSURANCE**  
 FIRE AND TORNADO  
 Insurance in either town or  
 county. Office just north  
 of postoffice, Baird, Texas.  
**JOHN TRENT.**

**The Best  
 and Nicest**  
 Place in city to have  
 your barber work done  
 in first-class order is at  
**FULTON'S.**  
 The only three chair  
 shop in the city.

**HOT AND COLD BATHS**  
 Laundry Basket leave Tuesdays  
 and returns on Saturday.

**C. D. RUSSELL,**  
**Att'y - at - Law**  
**and Abstractor**  
 Real Estate and Insurance Agent  
 Office at Court House Baird Tex.

A door opened, flooding the corridor with light. Max felt himself gently pushed over the threshold. He stood in the great living-room of the modern Doppelkinns. The first person he saw was the princess. She sat on an oriental divan. Her hands were folded; she sat very erect; her chin was tilted ominously; there was so little expression on her pale face that she might have been an incompleated statue. But

Max was almost certain that there was just the faintest flicker of a smile in her eyes as she saw him enter. Glorious eyes! (It is a bad sign when a man begins to use the superlative adjectives!)

The other occupant of the room was an old man, fat and bald, with a nose like a russet pear. He was stalking—if it is possible for a short man to stalk—up and down the length of the room, and, judging from the sonorous, rumbling sound, was communing half-aloud. Between whiffes he was rubbing his tender nose, carefully and lovingly. When a man's nose resembles a russet pear it generally is tender. Whoever he was, Max saw that he was vastly agitated about something.

This old gentleman was (or supposed he was) the last of his line, the Prince of Doppelkinn, famous for his wines and his love of them. There was, so his subjects said, but one tender spot in the heart of this old man, and that was the memory of the wife of his youth. (How the years, the good and bad, crowd behind us, pressing us on and on!) However, there was always surcease in the cellars—that is, the Doppelkinn cellars.

"Ha!" he roared as he saw the blinking Max. "So this is the fellow!" He made an eloquent gesture. "Your highness must be complimented upon your good taste. The fellow isn't bad-looking."

"When you listen to reason, prince," replied the girl calmly, "you will apologize to the gentleman and give him his liberty."

"Oh, he is a gentleman, is he?"  
 "You might learn from him many of the common rules of courtesy,"—tranquilly.

"Who the devil are you?" the prince demanded of Max.

"I should be afraid to tell you. I hold that I am Max Scharfenstein, but the colonel here declares that my name is Ellis. Who are you?" Max wasn't the least bit frightened. These were no feudal times.

The prince stared at him. The insolent puppy!

"I am the prince."

"Ah, your serene highness,"—began Max, bowing.

"I am not called 'serene,'"—rudely.

"The grand duke is 'serene.'"

"Permit me to doubt that," interposed the girl, smiling.

Max laughed aloud, which didn't improve his difficulties any.

"I have asked you who you are!" bawled the prince, his nose turning purple.

"My name is Max Scharfenstein. I am an American. If you will wire the American consulate at Barscheit, you will learn that I have spoken the truth. All this is a mistake. The princess did not elope with me."

"His papers give the name of Ellis," said the colonel, touching his cap.

"Humph! We'll soon find out who he is and what may be done with him. I'll wait for the duke. Take him into the library and lock the door. It's a hundred feet out of the window, and if he wants to break his neck, he may do so. It will save us so much trouble. Take him away! take him away!" his rage boiling to the surface.

The princess shrugged.

"I can't talk to you either," said the prince, turning his glowering eyes upon the girl. "I can't trust myself."

"Oh, do not mind me. I understand that your command of expletives is rather original. Go on; it will be my only opportunity." The princess rocked backward and forward on the divan. Wasn't it funny!

"Lord help me, and I was perfectly willing to marry this girl!" The prince suddenly calmed down. "What have I ever done to offend you?"

"Nothing," she was forced to admit.

"I was lonely. I wanted youth about. I wanted to hear laughter that came from the heart and not from the mind. I do not see where I am to be blamed. The duke suggested you to me; I believed you to be willing. Why did you not say to me that I was not agreeable? It would have simplified everything."

"I am sorry," she said contritely. When he spoke like this he wasn't so unlovable.

"People say," he went on, "that I spend most of my time in my wine-cellars. Well,"—defiantly,—"what else is there for me to do? I am alone." Max came within his range of vision. "Take him away, I tell you!"

And the colonel hustled Max into the library.

"Don't try the window," he warned, but with rather a pleasant smile. He was only two or three years older than Max. "If you do, you'll break your neck."

"I promise not to try," replied Max. "My neck will serve me many years yet."

"It will not if you have the habit of running away with persons above you in quality. Actions like that are not

permissible in Europe." The colonel spoke rather grimly, for all his smile. The door slammed, there was a



"Take Him Away!"

grinding of the key in the lock, and Max was alone.

The library at Doppelkinn was all the name implied. The cases were low and ran around the room, and were filled with romance, history, biography and even poetry. The great circular reading table was littered with new books, periodicals and illustrated weeklies. Once Doppelkinn had been threatened with a literary turn of mind, but a bad vintage coming along at the same time had effected a permanent cure.

Max slid into a chair and took up a paper, turning the pages at random.—What was the matter with the room? Certainly it was not close, nor damp, nor chill. What was it? He let the paper fall to the floor, and his eyes roved from one object to another.—Where had he seen that Chinese mask before, and that great silver-faced clock? Somehow, mysterious and strange as it seemed, all this was vaguely familiar to him. Doubtless he had seen a picture of the room somewhere. He rose and wandered about.

In one corner of the bookshelves stood a pile of boy's books and some broken toys with the dust of ages upon them. He picked up a row of painted soldiers, and balanced them thoughtfully on his hand. Then he looked into one of the picture-books. It was a Santa Claus story; some of the pictures were torn and some stuck together, a remainder of sticky, candied hands. He gently replaced the book and toys, and stared absently into space. How long he stood that way he did not recollect, but he was finally aroused by the sound of slamming doors and new voices. He returned to his chair and waited for the denouement, which the marrow in his bones told him was about to approach.

It seemed incredible that he, of all persons, should be plucked out of the practical ways of men and thrust into the unreal fantasies of romance. A hubbub in a restaurant, a headlong dash into a carriage compartment, a long ride with a princess, and all within three short hours! It was like some weird dream. And how the deuce would it end?

He gazed at the toys again. And then the door opened and he was told to come out. The grand duke had arrived.

"This will be the final round-up," he laughed quietly, his thought whimsically traveling back to the great plains and the long rides under the starry night.

**CHAPTER XI.**

The Grand Duke of Barscheit was tall and angular and weather-beaten, and the whites of his eyes bespoke a constitution as sound and hard as his common sense. As Max entered he was standing at the side of Doppelkinn.

"There he is!" shouted the prince. "Do you know who he is?"

The duke took a rapid inventory. "Never set eyes upon him before." The duke then addressed her highness.

"Hildegarde, who is this fellow? No evasions; I want the truth. I have, in the main, found you truthful."

"I know nothing of him at all," said the princess curtly.

Max wondered where the chill in the room came from.

"He says that his name is Scharfenstein," continued the princess, "and he has proved himself to be a courteous gentleman."

Max found that the room wasn't so chill as it might have been.

"Yet you eloped with him, and were on the way to Dresden," suggested the duke pointedly.

The princess faced them all proudly. "I eloped with no man. That was simply a little prevarication to worry you, my uncle, after the manner in which you have worried me. I was on my way to Dresden, it is true, but only to hide with my old governess. This gentleman jumped into my compartment as the train drew out of the station."

"But you knew him!" bawled the prince, waving his arms.

"Do you know him?" asked the duke coldly.

"I met him out riding. He addressed me, and I replied out of common politeness."

(TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)

**How To Order  
 Meat**

**PHONE NO. 26**

If you want your roast orders delivered in time for dinner, please phone us your order before 8 o'clock, as the wagon is delivering in different parts of the city and may not get around on time if ordered later.

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

**W. F. WILSON'S MEAT MARKET**

**LUMBER! LUMBER!**

We Have The Stock  
 We Have The Prices  
 We Give Prompt Service  
 We Are Anxious to Please

See Us! Figure With Us!! Deal With Us!!!

**F.P. Shackelford PUTNAM, TEX.**

**Big  
 Clearance  
 Sale**

You would think Clearance if you could see the ladies crowd in to buy the new styles for fall and winter. Come on, haven't time to write an ad.

**MRS. A. M. MILLER**

**Baird, Texas**

**NOTICE.**

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

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

**\$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

Tablets, Pencils, Ink etc. Powell & Powell, 41-1f.

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

Wall paper, paints oils, varnishes, etc. Powell & Powell. 41

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

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

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

New line of wall paper at Powell & Powell's 16-1f.

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

We have the largest and most complete line of post-cards in Baird. Hammans & Bro. 36

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.

**Forward!**

Let this be Baird's motto for 1908, "Forward!"

The past year is gone, let it go, the present year is before us, let us make the most of it.

Don't be a town knocker; it is an unpleasant occupation, and besides the habit breeds dyspepsia with all its attendant ills. Work for your town; talk good schools; good streets; good sidewalks and last but not least good roads all over the county.

The solid, substantial, law-abiding people of Texas are a unit in their commendation and support of Attorney General Davidson for the manly and courageous legal fight he is waging against the trusts and corporations who have been so long engaged in the wholesale violation of the laws of this State. The success that has attended his efforts thus far is proof positive of his ability and loyalty to the trust confided to him. The people will rally to his support for re-election in solid phalanx should he become a candidate.—Brenham Banner.

The people of Texas certainly will rally to Davidson's support if they really want the anti-trust and all other laws enforced, and THE STAR believes they do. If the people go back on Davidson, who has done more to enforce the anti-trust law than any Attorney-General Texas has ever had—possibly because he had greater opportunity—they will prove to the world that do not want these laws enforced. This is, we admit, a blunt way of expressing it; but that is the way it looks to THE STAR and that is the way the country at large will view it. The people of Texas are not going back on Davidson just to please Bailey or anyone else.

Prohibition contest just ended in Corsicana was a costly suit—both to the pros and antis, not saying anything about the hard feelings engendered, add it is to be hoped that the suit will rest. The antis got a majority in the election, but it seemed that the pros were not willing to abide by the voice of the people, carrying the matter into the courts and there lost out. Let us stop this everlasting bickering and be friends and brothers, and if two years hence the pros desire another election and win out let the antis quietly submit to the voice of the people. Life is too short to live in a continual wrangle.—Frost Star.

Good advice. Prohibition is not the only question before the people, and there is no earthly reason why people should be in a wrangle all the time over this one question. The people of Callahan are in a position to appreciate what The Star says; as we have had a continuous wrangle about prohibition for the past six years and the pros finally won. A few not satisfied with the victory won, threatened to carry the contest into the primary this year, but the proposition got such cool comfort from the people that we hear nothing about it of late. The people of this and all other counties, show evidence of weariness over the prohibition question, because matters, such as good roads, good schools and public improvements in town, of vastly more importance to the public, are often neglected in these bitter wrangles that array friend against friend, neighbor against neighbor. Our be-

lief is that when either pros or antis win fairly, honestly and legally that there should be no contest, and all should abide the result of the election until the time comes around for another election. Heretofore the antis have brought most of the contest suits, natural in one sense, because in many cases men were thrown out of a legal business that they had followed for a lifetime and everything they owned was invested in the business. Of late, however, the pros show no better disposition to submit to the popular will than the the antis. The law should be changed so as to make the elections at least five years apart and we hope the legislature will make such a change in the law.

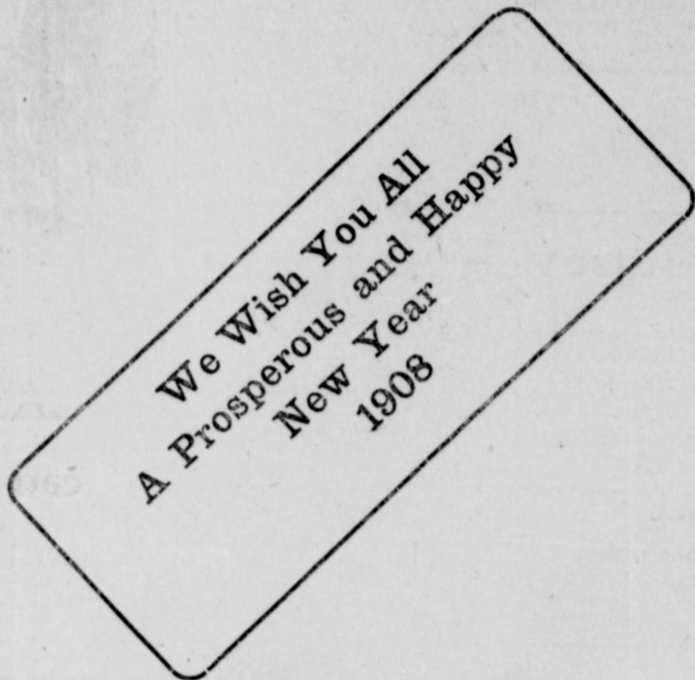
About forty anti-Bailey men met in Dallas a few days ago to confer with Attorney General Davidson, and at the close of the meeting Col. W. L. Crawford gave to the press a statement from Mr. Davidson to the effect that he will be a candidate for another term as attorney general. Of course it is expected that the war cry will be "Down with Bailey" and in the language of the bard of Avon the reply will go back: "Lay on Macduff, lay on, and damned be he who first cries, hold, enough."—Mexia Herald.

Has it come to pass in Texas that any candidate who does not endorse all that Senator Bailey has done or may do must be considered as making a personal fight against him because he announces as a candidate for office? Does Bailey own and control every office in Texas from governor down to Constable; and shall none but Baileytes be considered for any office? It would seem that Bailey and some of his friends think so from the way they talk. In Davidson's case the cry need not be "Down with Bailey" unless Bailey and his friends choose to make it so. In that case they will find plenty of Macduffs that will lay on with vigor enough to give the Baileytes all the scrapping they want and more too, possibly. Things have come to a pretty pass in Texas when one man has the gall to say to the Governor of Texas that "you can be elected if you will be good," to another that he shall not be reelected Attorney General because he was too officious in showing up Baileys secret financial deals with Pierce, the head of the out-lawed branch of the Standard Oil Trust. If Bailey wants to make an issue with Davidson, let him do so. The latter could ask nothing more to strengthen his cause before the people of Texas. In other words we believe Davidson will be stronger with Bailey's active opposition than he would without it. Bailey has been all powerful in Texas politics for six years, but if there is anything in the signs of the times he is going to get all the "laying on" next year that he wants; that is if he attempts to carry out his threat to defeat every candidate for office that is opposed to him. The Bailey machine seems to be heading for a smash up in Grand Old Texas. Let 'er smash.

The signs of the times indicate a warm county and state campaign. Let's not devote too much time to politics, internal improvements should not be neglected. The government will still live no matter who fills the offices; but we cannot use those good roads, streets and sidewalks if we don't build them.

There was considerable booze or or some other kind of tangle foot drank at Baird during the holidays. Many say they saw no difference now than when the saloons were open. Personally we never noticed many drinking, about what we usually see uptown on Christmas. Some were hilarious but good natured, but some took up board in the county bastel.

Uncle Sam proposes to separate the publishers and their delinquent subscribers whether they want it that way or not. Renew your subscription to THE STAR or we will be compelled by law to discontinue the paper to your address.



Phone No. 4

**McGOWEN BROS.,**

**ANNOUNCEMENTS.**

NOTE:—Announcement fees for all District and County offices \$10.00 payable in advance.

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.

**COUNTY OFFICERS.**

For County Judge.

C. D. (Clarence) Russell.

For Sheriff & Tax Collector.

T. A. (Al) Irvin.

For Tax Assessor.

T. J. Norrell.

R. F. (Frank) Bennett.

For County & District Clerk.

Geo. B. Scott.

For County Treasurer.

W. E. (Eugene) Melton.

Uncle Sam says a subscriber who is a year in arrears for his paper is not a "subscriber" are "transients" and if the publisher wants to continue business relations with them he must put a one cent stamp on each paper of this class or the paper will be barred from the office. Well for one we cannot afford to pay one cent a week on a subscription that is not paid and are not going to do it; and we will be forced to comply with the law or quit business. No pay no paper hereafter.

J. B. STOKES President HENRY JAMES V. P. B. L. RUSSELL Cashier  
W. S. HINES Assistant Cashier

**The First National Bank of Baird**  
Capital Stock \$50,000.00

If we are strangers to you, call and let us get acquainted. We want your business, and will put forth our best efforts to get and retain it. Careful attention given to the business of our patrons.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hamilton spent the holidays with relatives in Palo Pinto.

Will Powell, of St. Louis, spent the holidays with his parents, Capt. and Mrs. W. C. Powell. He will return to St. Louis in a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe Harris have returned to their home at Fort Worth, after spending a week or so with relatives here and at Admiral.

Edwin and Milton Kane, of Fort Worth, sons of Engineer Dick Kane, visited relatives here the first of the week.

**Clement & Price**

DEALERS IN

Staple and Fancy

**GROGGERIES**

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

TELEPHONE No. 114 YOUR ORDERS

# New Year Is Here

And so are we with the largest and most complete line of Staple and Fancy Groceries ever brought to this City, and the prices that we are making for CASH are astonishing the people. We can save you money on your grocery and feed bill. Come and try us.

PHONE US YOUR ORDERS

## J. G. Jones

The Grocer  
Phone 231  
Baird, Tex

### It's Financial Strength

Your attention is directed to the names of the following well known business men, who comprise our Board of Directors

T. E. Powell      S. L. Driskill  
H. W. Ross      Fred L. Alvord      A. G. Webb  
Harry Meyer      Fred Lane

In addition to the above, we have a strong body of stockholders, all home people who you know, whose standing and responsibility give increased strength to the institution.

### THE HOME NATIONAL BANK

Baird, Texas.

Ed Lambert returned home Sunday from Granbury. He was accompanied home by his cousin, Burr Lambert.

Miss Emily Russell left Sunday for Wristen, in the north-west part of the county, where she began her school Monday. Miss Emily graduated at the Baird Public School last year, she also took a course in the Abilene Normal and is well qualified. She is one of our most worthy young ladies and we wish her every success in her chosen work.

T. A. Irvin announces as a candidate for reelection to the office of Sheriff and Tax Collector. Al has filled the office for several years to the satisfaction of a majority of the people at least. He has discharged his duties faithfully as he understood them, and makes no other promise than to continue in the future as in the past, if the people should honor him again with the office.

Mrs. Max Miller, of Abilene, visited her mother, Mrs. Baumann, the first of the week.

R. F. (Frank) Bennett, of Cottonwood, announces this week as a candidate for Tax Assessor. Those who know Mr. Bennett say he is a splendid young man, and well qualified in every way for the office to which he aspires. See his announcement in the regular column.

Henry Estes met with a serious accident at the Wilson meat market yesterday evening, in which he got one of his fingers cut off in the sausage mill. He was hurried over to Terrell's drug store where Dr. Tisdale dressed the wound, but before doing so had to amputate more of the finger as the bone was badly crushed. Henry was carried home. He complained a good deal of pain, but is doing as well as could be expected today.

#### 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.  
Go to McGowen Bros. for groceries

T. J. Norrell announce this week as a candidate for reelection to the office of Tax Assessor. Uncle Tom Norrell is known by nearly every man, woman and child in the county and of course needs no introduction to the people. That he has discharged his duties faithfully and honestly as he understood them, none, even his enemies if he has any will deny. They have proven this time and again by reelecting him. Uncle Tom says all he asks is an even break and a fair field.

W. E. (Eugene) Melton announces this week as a candidate for reelection to the office of County Treasurer. Eugene has held the office only one term, but has discharged the duties of the office with marked ability, and possibly may not have any opponent as this is his first term. Remember him when you cast your ballot.

J. M. Harlow, of Cross Plains, is in town.

#### FOR SALE.

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

C. D. (Clarence) Russell's announcement for County Judge appears in this issue. Clarence has held the office only a short time, but has proven himself an able and efficient officer. He will serve the people honestly, faithfully and as efficiently and impartially as any man the people could elect. He asks a careful consideration of his qualifications as a candidate for the most important office in the county. Clarence Russell is as able, fair and impartial county judge as the county ever had.

George B. Scott, County and District Clerk, announces for reelection this week. George has made a faithful and efficient officer. He is obliging and courteous to all and attends strictly to business; qualities that have made him many friends, who want to see him reelected.

Miss Estell Stallings, of Eula, is visiting in the city

#### PERSONAL

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

Capt. J. W. Jones was in from the ranch Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowery A. Blakeley were in town Tuesday.

Mrs. Barclay and Mrs. Cagle from near Cottonwood, were in town yesterday.

Mrs. Malicote, of Alvarado, is visiting her sister, Mrs. J. C. Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Geo. C. Carter returned Sunday from San Angelo, where they spent Christmas with Mr. Carters' sister.

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

Emery F. Baker, of Oplin, was in after lumber Monday. While here he called at THE STAR office and renewed his subscription for another year.

Miss Frankie Winston who has been the guest of Miss Frenchie Emmons, returned to her home at Gorman.

**Born**—To Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Jones on Friday, Dec. 27, 1907, a girl.

Miss Willie Chambliss, of Haskell, and Miss Beulah Chambliss, of Cisco are visiting their parents, Rev. and Mrs. Chambliss.

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

### 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.

## THOUSANDS SICK IN BED

Pittsburg Is In the Midst of a Mighty Epidemic.

### GRIPPE LEADING AILMENT

Virtually Every Family In the City Has One or More Members Ill, and the Scarcity of Help Is Proving to Be a Serious Problem.

Pittsburg, Dec. 28.—What is said to be the worst epidemic of sickness since 1889 is being experienced at Pittsburg. Physicians estimate thousands of persons are prostrated by pneumonia, typhoid fever and especially grippe throughout the city. Probably every home is affected in some manner, and the scarcity of employes in large office buildings is seriously felt. The Pittsburg Railway company is having difficulty in manning its cars on account of conductors and motormen being laid up with grippe.

City Physician Booth says the present epidemic of grippe exceeds in scope and severity all but that of 1889—the worst in Pittsburg's history—and may yet break the record. He considers it contagious, and believes the germs of the disease may have originated far from here. Dr. Booth says people affected do not give up quickly enough and go to bed.

### IN NICK OF TIME.

#### Sheriff Had Hand Upon Lever of Gallows.

Birmingham, Dec. 27.—Just as the black cap was about to be placed over the head of Henry Thaxton, a negro convicted for killing S. T. Hunstucker, white, a year ago, a telegram was delivered to the sheriff, who stood at the lever of the gallows in the jail yard here. The telegram was from Governor Comer and he ordered suspension of the execution for fifteen days. The scene was most dramatic. The prisoner lifted his hands upward and exclaimed: "My God!" The few spectators were dismissed and the prisoner led back to jail praying and crying.

### "CONVERTS" CALLED.

#### Two Hundred Men Stormed a Store to Secure Promised Suits.

Chicago, Dec. 28.—Amos Stewart's clothing store, says a Record-Herald dispatch from Garrett, Ind., was stormed by 200 men who claimed suits of clothes as recompense for accepting the Baptist faith. Mr. Stewart is a loyal Baptist and recently announced that he would present a suit to each man who came into the church. Rev. Dan Shannon, a Baptist revivalist, has been holding meetings here during the last three weeks and has increased the number of his converts at a surprising rate. Apparently every citizen in the place who needed a suit of clothes was coming to the front on the evangelist's call. Shannon and Stewart will decide who of the converts are actually converted. These will be given new wardrobes.

### SHREVEPORT'S BIG BLAZE.

#### Queen City Manufacturing Company Sustains Considerable Loss.

Shreveport, Dec. 28.—Loss estimated at \$110,000 occurred from fire. The entire manufacturing department of the Queen City Furniture Manufacturing company was totally destroyed. The insurance carried was \$70,000. Origin of the fire is unknown. As the factory was 2,600 feet from the water mains, the fire department was unable to offer any help. Raw material worth \$10,000 and a warehouse with \$40,000 worth of furniture were not reached.

### LOCOMOTIVE TURNS OVER.

#### Engineer Receives Injuries Resulting in Death and Fireman Hurt.

Lovelady, Tex., Dec. 30.—Near this place on the Texas railroad a passenger train was wrecked by a split switch. The engine turned over. The baggage and mail cars were derailed. Engineer Sam Brandt, one of the most popular and best known railroad men in the employ of the Texas railroad, received injuries which resulted in his death. Both legs and one arm were cut off, and he was otherwise injured. Fireman Green was also hurt, though his injuries are not considered fatal.

### PARDON BOARD BUSY.

#### About Four Hundred Applicants Have Come Before It.

Austin, Dec. 30.—During the past year the state pardon board has passed on about 400 applications for pardons. Its work is completed up to date.

Information has reached here that the commissioners' court of Caldwell county has issued a notice to the taxpayers of that county that if taxable values are double next year the present rate they will be cut in two, and

ask the co-operation of the people in determining property values when making rendition.

### Drug Store Burns.

Muskogee, Dec. 28.—The three-story building of the Whitlow Williams Wholesale Drug company, with its \$100,000 stock, burned. The firemen were unable to check the flames. It was the only wholesale drug house in the eastern part of the state.

### Cholera Raging.

Constantinople, Dec. 30.—Cholera is ravaging the pilgrims in Mecca. The deaths at Mecca Medina and Yembo are averaging 100 a day.

### WHY HEALEY STOLE.

#### Said He Could Not Support His Family on Salary.

Chicago, Dec. 28.—John J. Healey, for twenty years an employe of the Chicago postoffice and the father of ten children, was arrested for the theft of a letter containing \$4.

"I didn't make enough to take care of my family," said Healey, as he was being led away to jail. "I took it for them."

When the inspector reached Healey's house there was no coal in the stove and the place was damp and chilly. There was so little food that if the ten children had all asked for some there would not have been enough to go around. Their clothing was old and worn. Postmaster Campbell ordered the bureau of charities notified. Healey was unable to furnish bond and was lodged in the county jail.

Healey has been receiving \$1.100 a year. He is forty-eight years old.

### PROHIBITION CAMPAIGN.

#### Friends of the Movement to Hold a Meeting Jan. 16, 1908.

Dallas, Dec. 27.—The members of the executive committee and the field workers of the Texas Local Option association held a conference here. After the meeting H. A. Ivy, secretary of the executive committee, said:

"After a free discussion of the various phases of the work, it was decided by the conference to hold a more general meeting in Dallas on Thursday, Jan. 16, 1908.

"It was the general sentiment of the meetings that a campaign for state prohibition was imminent, and it was thought best to invite a conference of representative friends of the movement from all over the state to consider the most judicious methods of handling the preparatory stages of the campaign.

The general expressions regarding the situation were to the effect that the friends of prohibition in the state had been exasperated by the attitude of the liquor dealers until the campaign was inevitable. It was clear that the movement will be projected upon strictly non-partisan lines and steered clear of all entangling political alliances with other issues."

### MERGER MADE.

#### Principals and Superintendents Join With the Teachers' Association.

Houston, Dec. 27.—Principals and Superintendents' association merged with the teachers. J. H. Hubbard was elected chairman of the section.

Texas Teachers' association elected the following officers: President, S. M. N. Marrs, Terrell; first vice president, Miss Katie Kalfan, Dallas; second vice president, J. W. Cantwell, Corsicana; third vice president, R. D. Green, secretary, A. E. Day, Centerville; treasurer, R. F. Davis, Nacogdoches; transportation secretary, P. W. Horn.

### ASSASSINATED AT DOOR.

#### Body of Mulatto Terribly Mutilated by Close Range Shots.

Temple, Tex., Dec. 28.—While standing at the door of her cabin Christina Johnson, a mulatto woman, was shot to death at short range. Both barrels of a shotgun were fired. Her right arm was torn to shreds and breast and abdomen terribly torn. She was called to the door. A warrant was issued for a negro.

### KINGA BELT DEAD.

#### One of the Captors of President of Confederate States.

Thornville, O., Dec. 28.—Kinsa Belt, one of the captors of Hon. Jefferson Davis, the president of the Confederate States, died at Thornville, in Fairfield county, aged sixty-two. He was a member of the Twelfth Ohio Volunteer cavalry, and acted as a dispatch bearer.

### LADY'S RASH DEEDS.

#### Gives Child Carbolic Acid, Also Swallows Some and Both Die.

Rheme, Tex., Dec. 27.—While temporarily insane Mrs. J. W. Bramer administered carbolic acid to her infant, and swallowed a large dose herself. Both died almost instantly.

### No Negotiations.

Houston, Dec. 30.—President Green of the Trinity and Brazos Valley railroad positively denies any present negotiations to remove headquarters of

the road here. No dicker for a building is in progress. He says, however, Houston is the logical place for headquarters, and eventually—perhaps in five years hence—the road may move from other quarters. The affirmation is made that removal is certain in the no distant future.

### Less Whisky Shipped.

Mount Vernon, Tex., Dec. 27.—R. W. Porter, express agent at the depot here, says that last year Christmas Eve his office delivered nearly \$1,800 worth of whisky, most of which was C. O. D. shipments. This time he had only twenty-five small packages to deliver. The new C. O. D. law has caused the difference.

### Kleptomaniac Accused.

Waxahachie, Tex., Dec. 30.—Something of a sensation was created when the fact was developed that at a social function several articles of jewelry, furs and other things disappeared. Among them were two costly necklaces. It is believed to have been the work of a kleptomaniac.

### Hours to Be Cut.

New Orleans, Dec. 27.—Workmen at the Texas and Pacific railroad shops, numbering about 200, claimed they had been notified their hours would be cut from eight to seven daily.

### HEAVY SHOCK.

#### Vibrations of Earthquake Felt For Two Hours.

Washington, Dec. 31.—A very heavy earthquake was recorded on the instruments at the coast and geodetic survey observatory at Cheltenham, Md., Monday morning, it commenced at 32 minutes and 30 seconds past midnight and lasted two hours. The maximum displacement was 64 millimetres.

The weather bureau issued the following bulletin. "A distant earthquake of considerable intensity was recorded by the seismographs at the weather bureau this morning commencing at 12:33 a. m., and lasting for over an hour. The first preliminary tremors continued for four minutes and fifty-five seconds and the strongest motion occurred at 12:45 a. m., at which time the actual movement of the ground at Washington was about five millimetres."

### FOUND ON TRACK.

#### Aged Woman Comes Near Being Crushed Under Wheels.

Wichita Falls, Tex., Dec. 31.—Discovered by the engineer of a freight train just in time to stop his engine before crushing her to death under the wheels, Mrs. Martha Brumley, sixty-five years of age, whose home is in Arkansas, was picked up unconscious from the Fort Worth and Denver railroad tracks near Harrold suffering from cuts about the head and face, which will possibly cause her death.

She had fallen from the Pullman of the northbound Fort Worth and Denver passenger train, No. 7, and had lain unconscious more than an hour. She was taken to Harrold, where physicians were called. Her condition is serious.

Mrs. Brumley was on her way to Memphis, Tex., to visit a son.

### SWALLOWS NEEDLES.

#### Twelve Not Extracted at Time of Woman's Death.

New York, Dec. 30.—Mrs. Mollie Desmond, who attempted to commit suicide eighteen months ago by swallowing a package of 144 needles, died Monday after physicians had made twenty-five surgical operations upon her and removed all but a dozen. Domestic troubles induced Mrs. Desmond to try this extraordinary method of suicide in June 1906, when she swallowed a set of needles varying in size from a darning needle to the smallest used in fine sewing.

### FELL OVER DEAD.

#### Den Stratton Had a Most Remarkable Business Record.

Sherman, Tex., Dec. 30.—Den Stratton, one of the most prominent citizens of Sherman, dropped dead at his home here. He had started to retire and fell over dead. Mr. Stratton had a remarkable business record, having served the Wells-Fargo Express company as an agent for twenty-five years and the Waters-Pierce Oil company for the same length of time in the same capacity. For ten years he was agent for both companies at the same time. He was retired by the Waters-Pierce Oil company three years ago on half salary for life. He leaves a widow. His only child, a son, died a few months ago. He was sixty-five years of age.

### NEW FUEL.

#### Channing Man Utilizes for This Purpose Corn and Bacon.

Channing, Tex., Dec. 31.—During the recent snow Judge H. W. Eubank, a prosperous farmer near here, had his wood pile snowed under. Having a large surplus of corn and bacon, Judge Eubank proceeded to make fires with it. He says it is a little more expensive than wood, but that these two

## Buy You a Home

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

## On Easy Terms

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

## SEAY & HASH BROS.

LIQUOR DEALERS  
STRAWN, TEXAS

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

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

There is no surplus corn and hogs in this country, considering the population, than any part of Texas, it is declared.

### Important Measures to Come Up.

Houston, Dec. 30.—Reduction of cotton acreage, diversification of crops and a permanent plan for financing and handling the cotton crop of 1908 are to be decided on at the meeting of the National Farmers' union at Memphis, Jan. 7, according to union officials here.

### Child Fatally Burned.

Sherman, Tex., Dec. 30.—The four-year old child of Andrew Flourney, a negro, was fatally burned Monday when the residence caught fire. The house was only slightly damaged. The child was on the bed and the bed clothing burned.

### No Reason Assigned.

Palestine, Tex., Dec. 30.—Murray Stewart, a well known young man of this city, committed suicide by taking carbolic acid. He leaves a wife and two children. No reason is assigned for the rash act.

### Aged Lady Run Down.

San Antonio, Dec. 30.—While on her way to church, Mrs. Lucy Morin, eighty-six years old, was run down by a train while crossing a track. One limb was cut off, and she received internal injuries of a fatal character.

### Found Dead In Hotel.

Strawn, Tex., Dec. 31.—J. G. Bump, a stockman of Ironi, was found dead in bed in a hotel here.

### Postoffice Safe Blown Open.

Dripping Springs, Tex., Dec. 30.—The postoffice safe was blown open and all the cash stolen.

### Killed by a Train.

Jefferson, Tex., Dec. 30.—Robert Byrnes was killed here by a train.

## HOME STUDIO

Is the place to go to get first-class high grade

## Photo Work Done

We finish kodak work and keep a large line of local photo post card views.

Only Genuine Hawks Eye Glasses at Powell & Powell. 16-1f.

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

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

When you think of drugs see Powell. 41

Nice line of folding beds, both upright and mantle. Halsted Bros.

### 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.

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

### Wood Heaters.

A few nice wood heaters left, closing them out at cost. Halsted Bros. 51f

Clement & Price appreciate your grocery trade. 45

We carry the best bed springs on the market. We guarantee them. Halsted Bros. 51

Bed-room suits and kitchen cabinets, cheapest and best. Halsted Bros. 51

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

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

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

### HIDES WANTED.

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

### 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."

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

We have some school books. They are cash. Powell & Powell. 41

Get your pencil, Tablets, Ink, etc from: Powell & Powell. 41-f.

Go to Halsted Bros. for your new heating stoves. They have a large line to select from. 44-f

Don't forget school books are cash. Powell & Powell. 41

## COMBINATION CHARGED.

Head of Texas Farmers' Union Issues Statement.

## DRIVE THEM TO JUNGLES.

President Neill Accuses Certain Men of Endeavoring to Bring About the Disruption of Organization by Bringing on Financial Flurry.

Fort Worth, Dec. 30.—In a statement issued by D. J. Neill, president of the Texas Farmers' union, it is charged there is a far reaching and powerful combination outside of the union to get control of its business affairs and usurp the functions of its officers and subvert the true principles of co-operation and turn it to the profit of a few organized conspirators. He says:

"A few months ago in Texas I fought a similar combination down. Now they have invaded other states and propose to capture the cotton business of two or three states.

"I am going to the Memphis meeting, Jan. 7, and I expect to warn the entire membership and drive those meddlesome grafters to the jungles, from whence they will never be heard of again.

"The financial flurry that was precipitated early in the fall was purposefully arranged to defeat and delay the victory of the Farmers' union of the south and if possible discourage them and break down their organization. The union is not responsible for the banks closing and the money stringency, and I know there is nothing that will defeat us in receiving 15 cents for our cotton but the combination of the money panic and the organized power of the exchange gamblers and speculators."

## COMES HIGH.

Special Session Would Cost Hundred Thousand Dollars.

Austin, Dec. 30.—In the event the governor decides to call an extra session of the legislature for the purpose of passing a bank guarantee law, or any other measure, several special election would have to be held in different legislative districts to fill vacancies caused by deaths, resignations and removals. Special senatorial elections would have to be held in the Red River district to elect a successor to Senator Chambers, who has moved to San Antonio; also to elect a successor to late Senator Bob Green of San Antonio. Special elections would have to be held in the following legislative districts: Dallas county, for a successor to Speaker Love, Bexar county, on account of the resignation of T. D. Cobbs; Milam county, on account of the removal of Clifford Braley; Fannin county, owing to the removal of J. A. Thomas; Hill county, on account of the resignation of Representative Graham; Bastrop county, on account of the removal of Representative Orgain, and Cameron county, on account of the removal of Representative Elkins. Besides there would have to be a new speaker elected. Should the lawmakers meet it is estimated the special session would cost \$75,000 and these special elections \$15,000. Consequently it will be seen that the special session would cost in the neighborhood of \$100,000.

## HARRIS BANK CLOSES.

Private Financial Institution at Tyler Did Not Open Monday.

Tyler, Tex., Dec. 30.—One of the oldest and the only private financial institution in this city—the Harris Exchange bank—failed Monday morning to open its doors for business. A notice was posted up and signed by bank officials. It is alleged the bank owes deposits of \$100,000, with assets only \$81,000. It is impossible to obtain an interview with the cashier and manager, Mr. Harris, but from trustees appointed by Referee Reaves the schedule of assets show only about \$2,200 in cash in the bank, with outstanding notes of approximately \$45,000.

The Harris Exchange bank up to Saturday night seemed to have done a satisfactory business and it was a surprise to many for the failure.

In addition to the bank's failure, the mercantile houses closed their doors—the Tyler Novelty company and the Tyler Paint and Wall Paper company. These were owned by the bank.

No fear is entertained that any other business will be effected by the failure. The two national banks are not affected in the least.

## MANY LETTERS STOLEN.

Mail Sacks Taken to a Thicket Near Waco and Rifled.

Waco, Dec. 30.—Officers have just disclosed the fact that bushels of letters registered, packages, etc., were stolen from trucks at Temple, probably Saturday night, and taken to a thicket half a mile west of here and opened. About \$15,000 worth of checks, money orders and drafts were found in a pile, where the letters had been torn open, but all registered names

and money in the letters have been taken. Letters were from many points in Texas, but chiefly from the San Angelo branch of the Santa Fe.

Officers are working on the case. They think the man who stole the mail sacks got off the train here and went to a thicket and opened the letters. It is impossible to tell how much money and registers were secured. Letters were for all points all over the United States.

## Peanut Refinery.

Paris, Tex., Dec. 31.—North Texas peanut growers talk of establishing a refinery here.

## MERELY MOON.

Bryan Says This Is His Place in Democratic Firmament.

Houston, Dec. 30.—After a successful and delightful hunt of two days at Lake Surprise, Galveston county, Hon. W. J. Bryan and party came to this city. Before 6,000 persons, many of them members of the Texas State Teachers' association, who had invited him to address them, Mr. Bryan appeared at the skating rink. He told of his travels and of the curse of landlordism. The average man was his real theme, including in his list clergymen, doctors and lawyers. The speaker paid tribute to the "cornfield lawyers," whom, he declared, threshed out great problems before their city brethren got hold of them. Farmers and artisans were declared the country's backbone. The framers of the Oklahoma constitution were complimented. Governor Campbell was praised, trusts were termed the product of bad laws. "Calves and pigs grow big enough to wean," he said, "but no trust infant industry ever voluntarily relinquished the public teat."

Mr. Bryan said Thomas Jefferson was the real sun of Democracy, and he merely the moon.

The address was filled with scriptural quotations and anecdotes, and liberally applauded. The audience yelled when lawyers were referred to.

## REAGAN MONUMENT FUND.

Hon. W. J. Bryan Delivers a Lecture at Palestine For This Purpose.

Palestine, Tex., Dec. 30.—Hon. William Jennings Bryan arrived here Monday morning from Bryan. He was met at the depot by a large number of representative citizens. A public reception was held from 11 to 12 at Fort Houston, the residence of Mrs. John H. Reagan. A luncheon in honor of Col. Bryan was given at a cafe by the monument committee. He delivered a lecture at 3:30 o'clock for the benefit of the Reagan monument fund. A large number of out of town people were here for the occasion. The opera house was crowded.

## HARRISON NO MORE.

Prominent Banker of Fort Worth Succumbs to Heart Trouble.

Fort Worth, Dec. 30.—John C. Harrison, a leading banker, died at his residence Sunday afternoon from an illness brought on by heart trouble.

Mr. Harrison, who was born at Clarksville, Tex., June 28, 1858, was the second son of the late Colonel W. M. Harrison. His boyhood days were spent at Jefferson. In 1883 he removed here, and since that time has been connected with the State National bank, nearly all that time being cashier. In 1885 he was married to Miss Sarah Ward of Jefferson.

Mr. Harrison was a member of the Knights Templar grand lodge and a devout attendant of the Cumberland Presbyterian church. Aside from the immediate members of his family the following survive him: Brothers, W. B. Harrison and James Harrison, president and director, respectively, of the State National bank; sisters, Mrs. Schluter and Mrs. Charles A. Culbertson, wife of the senator, now of Washington.

## ZIONISTS MEET.

State Convention Attended by Three Hundred Delegates.

Dallas, Dec. 30.—Zionists are in annual convention here. There are 300 delegates. Dr. S. Burg of San Antonio, president, delivered a stirring address in which he stated conditions were excellent in Texas. He spoke of the oppression of Jews in Russia.

## WACO NEXT TIME.

Rabbi Jasin of Fort Worth Is Elected as President.

Dallas, Dec. 31.—State Zionist association choose Waco for next meeting place.

Election of officers resulted as follows: Rabbi Joseph Jasin, Ft. Worth, president; Dr. J. Willner, Houston, first vice-president; Phil Goodstein, Houston, second vice-president; Phil Garonzik, Dallas, treasurer; I. D. Geetch, Dallas, secretary; chairman of the organization and propaganda committee, Louis A. Freed, San Antonio.

## FIVE SCORE AND TWO.

Mrs. Samuel Spencer Passes Away at an Advanced Age.

Gilmer, Tex., Dec. 30.—Mrs. Samuel

Spencer, 102 years old, and for more than fifty years a resident of this county, is dead, due to the infirmities of old age. She was the widow of the late Samuel Spencer and was known to almost every man, woman and child in Upshur county.

## Bryan at Bryan.

Bryan, Tex., Dec. 30.—To a large audience Hon. W. J. Bryan delivered a lecture here Sunday on missions. He made no reference to politics, saying this is a subject he never discusses on the Sabbath. He spoke in the First Baptist church. Representative Davis introduced Mr. Bryan as the next president, and was applauded, but the Nebraskan made no reference to the matter.

## Factory Resumes Operations.

Manchester, N. H., Dec. 31.—Factory of F. M. Hoyt & Co., boot and shoe manufacturers, closed down several weeks, resumed operations Monday. Nearly 750 hands are at work.

## Beetle Causes Boy's Death.

Atlantic City, N. J., Dec. 30.—After suffering for months Somer Braddock, a boy, died. After death a beetle was found in an ear.

## 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.

## The Joy

of living is to have good health. Use Herbine and you will have bushels of joy. You need not be blue, fretful and have that bad taste in your mouth. Try a bottle of Herbine, a positive cure for all liver complaints. E. Harrell, of Austin, Texas, writes: "I have used Herbine for over a year, and find it a fine regulator. I gladly recommend it as a fine medicine for Dyspepsia." Sold by Powell & Powell.

# GREETING

We wish to thank our friends and patrons for the patronage and favors we have received during the past year, which has proved to be the most successful year in the history of our business, and hope for a continuation of the same for the coming year. Wishing all a Merry Xmas and a Bright Happy New Year. We remain yours for future business,

## H. Schwartz

Baird, Texas

## 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

**Wanted:**—Every lady in Baird and Callahan county to call and inspect our new line of furniture. We claim the largest and most complete line ever displayed in Baird, at reasonable prices. Halsted Bros, 51

## All The World

is a stage, and Ballard's Snow Liniment plays a most prominent part. It has no superior for rheumatism, stiff joints, cuts, sprains, and all pains. Buy it, try it and you will always use it. Anybody who has used Ballard's Snow Liniment is a living proof of what it does. Buy a trial bottle, 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Sold by Powell & Powell.

## Cook Stoves.

We carry more cook stoves than all the balance of Baird combined. Halsted Bros. 51

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

## Carrie Nation

certainly smashed a hole in the bar-rooms of Kansas, but Ballard's Horehound Syrup has smashed all records as a cure for coughs, Bronchitis, Influenza and all Pulmonary diseases. T. C. H—, Horton, Kan. writes: "I have never found a medicine that would cure a cough so quickly as Ballard's Horehound Syrup. I have used it for years." Sold by Powell & Powell.

## Notice.

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

See McGowan Bros. for groceries. A lot of new bracelets. See them Powell & Powell. 16-1f

Remember B. L. Boydston's Sweeping Sale continues until Dec. 25th. 2-2t

When you see Powell think of drugs. 16-1f

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

G. A. Clement J. J. Price

## Clement & Price

Dealers in

## Fancy and Staple Groceries

Also

## Fresh Fish, Oysters, Pork and Sausage

And we handle the

## Best Flour Made

Give us a trial

We will save you some money

We guarantee satisfaction

PHONE 114

# To The Public



We desire to thank you one and all for your patronage during the past year, and express the hope that you will continue with us during the present year. Come in and bring your neighbors with you.

Look for our ad next week, too busy to write an ad this week.

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

Yours for business for 1908.

## Wristen & Johnson

BAIRD, TEXAS

### BAIRD PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

The School Trustees in order to guard against an adverse decision of the Supreme Court, should it come, have ordered an election to be held February 1st to decide whether or not a tax of 20 cents on the hundred shall be levied in the Baird Independent School District to maintain the schools. The Court at Fort Worth held that the people in voting 50 cents to maintain the schools and 25 cents for bonds had exceeded the Constitutional limit, which they contend is 20 cents for Independent School Districts. If the Supreme Court affirms that decision Baird is left without any special tax to maintain the schools and the school term will be reduced nearly one-half. The 20 cents voted in the old district was lost when the new district was created, hence if the Supreme Court decides the case adversely to the district we have nothing but the state fund, and that can only be used to pay teachers. If the Supreme Court decides in favor of the district, of course this 20 cent tax will not be used, because it will be void. If we wait until the case is decided it may be too late to collect any special tax either for this year or next year. That would mean ruin to the schools.

This 20 cent tax is for the maintenance of the schools to supplement the fund received from the state and county. No part of the 20 cents can be used to pay bonds, if that objection should be raised, because if the district loses the case the bonds voted can not be issued, and besides all of the 20 cents at present valuations will be needed to run the school.

Every one who favors the public schools should work and vote for the tax. None regret the tangle the school question is in more than do the trustees, but it is not their fault.

They have followed the advice of the Attorney General's Department, which have been approving bonds similar to the Baird District for 16 years and if the Baird District has exceeded the tax limit every other district in Texas that has issued bonds have done the same thing. A number of suits have been had in these districts, so we learn, and this question was never raised before and we are informed that it was not raised in this case, but the Court from the record discovered what it considered a violation of the constitution by the tax rate exceeding the rate of 20 cts. In order to be on the safe side vote the tax. That is the only thing to do now. If we gain the suit it won't be needed and if we lose we will still have the 20 cents.

The schools have incurred an expense of about three hundred dollars to pay for wood, water, rent, janitor etc. and the patrons are asked to pay one dollar for each child they have attending school. The State money cannot be used for this and heretofore it has been paid out of the special tax. We feel sure that none will object to paying this small amount. A record of the name and amount paid by each child will be kept by Prof. Smith and the money turned over to the Treasurer, C. S. Boyles, and if the special tax is collected for this scholastic year, the money will be refunded to those who pay, but if we collect no special tax for this scholastic year, of course there will be no way to pay it back. Certainly none who want their children to go to school will begrudge this pittance. It would certainly be a slam on the town if the patrons should refuse to pay for the actual necessary expenses to carry on the school. Should they do this and refuse to vote the special tax the schools will be closed next winter because there will be no money to

buy wood, pay rent for extra building, janitor, etc. But the people will pay the expense already incurred and vote the tax. We have no fears on that score, but some may kick because they don't understand, and some may refuse to pay even when they understand, but the number will be small.

### NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS. PAY UP.

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