

F. W. JAMES, President. W. C. POWELL, Cashier.
HENRY JAMES, Vice President.

The First National Bank of Baird.

One of the Largest and Oldest Banks in the West.

Cash Capital \$100,000. Cash Deposits \$200,000.
Total \$300,000.

DEPOSIT RECEIPTS MONEY LOANED.
Imperial Banknotes
Your business solicited, every facility for the transaction of business.



When in Need of
NICE PRINTING.
GO TO
The Baird Star Job Office.

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

VOL. 14

BAIRD, CALLAHAN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, JULY 26, 1901.

NO. 34.

COURT HOUSE NOTES.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.
Mary T Denton to C C Edwards survey 248, 346, 352 and 252 (287) acres of the lands granted to G W Denton, \$10,048.50.
J B Field and wife to W J Taylor, 60 acres of block 18, city, \$50.
W C Haskin and wife to J J McLeod lots 4 and 6 block 14, city, \$300.
L D Harwell to J H Johnson 20 acres out of section 18 B O H lands, \$50.
A L Clemer and wife to T T Davis 60 acres described by notes and bounds, \$200.
M C Jobe and wife to J H Johnson 30 acres described by notes and bounds, \$250.
J D Lindsey and wife to J B Craig section 126 and 27 acres out of section 255 University Lands, also the J J Hendrix pre-emption, \$1100.
J N Hushing to H A Speer lot 7, block 35, city, \$850.
T & P Ry Co to Mary C Duran, blocks 42 and 47, and lots 4, and 9 town of Clyde, \$250.
W A Harris and wife to R J Phillips 234 acres out of the Juan Delgado survey, \$1500.
F F Howman and wife to R S Sargent S W 1/2 Section 33 T & P Ry Co, \$400.
R L Ray and wife to W T Burton survey 151 T & E I Co, \$1000.
E O Weinst to J M Chandler, 119 acres out of survey 34 T & P Ry Co, \$200.
O Weinst to T H Hampton 130 acres out of Sec. 34 T & P Ry Co, \$150.

Question Answered.

Yes, August Flower still has the largest sale of any medicine in the civilized world. Your mothers and grandmothers never thought of using anything else for indigestion or biliousness. Doctors were scarce, and they seldom dealt of Appetitizers, Nervous Prostration or Heart Failure, etc. They used August Flower to clean out the system and stop fermentation of indigestible food, regulate the action of the system, and that is all they took when feeling dull and had with headaches and other aches. You only need a few doses of Green's August Flower, in liquid form, to make you satisfied there is nothing serious the matter with you. Get Green's Price Advance H. Phillips. 30-1f

Hot Weather

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R. Phillips,
Wall Paper A Specialty and at prices that cannot be beat.

DRUGS.
BAIRD, TEXAS.

PALACE DRUG STORE.
We carry a full line of
Drugs, Patent Medicines, Etc.
We also carry a nice line of
WALL PAPER
Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Paint Brushes, Books, PERIODICALS, TOILET ARTICLES, ETC.
R. A. SPEER, Proprietor.

A Country School Ma'am

Some one who has studied the peculiar facilities required of the country school ma'am pays her the following eulogy: She must be a primary intermediate grammar grade; she must be able to build trees, adjust fallen stove pipes, put in window panes, sweep, dust, split kindling, drive a horse, keep out of neighborhood quarrels, know how, when, and where to buy a bad boy, understand the school laws, raise money for libraries, keep all kinds of record, plant trees on Arbor day, be of good moral character and pass an examination in all branches of modern education. For these accomplishments she receives \$30 a month. This is of a girl getting that salary. Out of this she pays her board, buys her clothes, attends the summer school, buys educational papers, and furnishes nice pencils for the pupils. What is left she adds to her bank account or starts a bank if she prefers.—

The whole island of New York

was originally bought of the Indians for about \$25. Today New York has a population of about 2,500,000, which is exceeded only by a other city—London. Its wealth is enormous. Its annual expenditures are more than twice those of the Republic of Mexico and almost one third as much as those of the German Empire. With its population of 52,000,000. And it has become the financial center of the world—Ladies Home Journal.

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Cheap or Cash.

We have just received a full line of Breech Loading Shot Guns and Targets, from \$3.50 to \$35 each.

We have the largest and nicest line of Cutlery in the City. Come and See.

R. E. HADLEY,
IDEALER IN
Earware, Vehicles, Stoves,
IMPLEMENTS, WIRE, ETC.
A Select Line of Saddlery Goods.

We do all kinds of tinwork promptly and Guarantee our Work, isn't that fair. We have a car load of Wagons and Buggies on hand that we are selling at reasonable prices, come and see them.
Ladies, come and see our line of Parlor Lamps, they are beauties and very cheap.

WE HAVE THE FINEST LINE OF CUTLERY EVER BROUGHT TO BAIRD.
GET MY PRICES BEFORE BUYING. Yours for Trade Phone No. 5.
R. E. CUB HADLEY;

Delftware.

I have a nice line of blue delftware, consisting of Cups, Saucers, Sauce Pans, Tea Kettles, Coffee Pots, Etc. Every piece fully guaranteed.

Do you want an **AX** If so Come and see me.

zen. Now, answer me, what does he aim at now?"

In spite of all doubts Rosalind found herself trusting the monk. There was an air of conscious truth and power in his look and tone that won upon her.

"Good father," she returned after a few moments' thought, "he has sworn by a most sacred oath that he will have me for his wife."

"Ha!" uttered the monk, starting back and clapping his hands. "Does he mean that?"

"Oh, most truly he does!" the young countess replied, and she spoke more firmly now, for there was something in the sudden energy of the monk's exclamation that gave her hope.

"Then he wants your estates too. By my soul, he is aiming for wealth with a high hand! And do you suppose he fears Baric Nevel in connection with this scheme?"

"Yes, father!" will speak plainly, for I trust you. I do not think we can harm any one who never harmed you."

"Let the end of these things tell you that. But now finish what you have begun—about your thoughts of the duke."

"He knows, holy father, that I love Baric, and he knows, too, that I have loved him from the first. Under such circumstances fear that the noble youth will try to thwart him?"

"Very likely," returned Vladimir thoughtfully. "I will profit by this, and I am much mistaken if you do not also profit by it. I have those who will work for me. I cannot of course direct the work of your salvation, for Baric may never be found."

A quick groan escaped from Claudia's lips as the monk thus spoke, but before Rosalind could speak the door of the apartment was opened, and the Duke of Tula strode in! He stopped as he came nigh to where the company stood, and his eyes flashed and his frame trembled with emotion.

"How now?" he cried so soon as he could command speech. "What means this gathering here in my own palace? Meddling with the things you drag your detestable form hither? Out, reptile, out! And let me catch you here again and my dogs shall tear you up as they do carrion!"

Without a word the monk turned away. His face was pale as death and his hands were rigid. The fingers' ends seemed to stick before, but I did not surely recognize him then. I asked him why he was here, but he would not answer. He was trying to argue me to silence. Who was he, my son?"

The count was at first inclined to go to answer, but thought better of it and finally told the priest that it was Baric Nevel. The villain seemed much surprised at this, and he seemed to wonder why that fellow should come to that place. Urzen, who knew nothing of the falsehood which rested under all his reasoning, then arose and explained the nature of Baric's mission and its result. And thereupon Savotano expressed a wondrous desire to see the duke, and he was even presumed to bless God that such a reconciliation had taken place.

"And now," the priest resumed, after this matter had been disposed of, "how happened this sudden gathering in your disease, my son? The doctors thought you dying when I was here last."

"Yes, I know," answered the count, still hiding the deep disgust that moved within him; "but a new physician was called in, and he prescribed a new medicine. He said the medicine I had been taking was unsuited to my case, and so he gave me new. You can see the result."

"My lord," returned the countess, struggling hard to overcome her powerful emotions, "they were here—"

"But she could not finish the sentence. Her soul was too deeply moved. She only gave the foul words one look, and then, in disgust, and then, covering her face with her hands, she sobbed aloud.

If the bad man had anything further to say, he reserved it for some future time.

CHAPTER XIII.
THE FLOTTER IS AT WORK.

Count Conrad Damonoff was able to sit up. He was in a great strait, chief, lying with a favorite dog, while near by him sat Stephen Urzen. The young nobleman had gained rapidly since the visit of Baric, for the antidotes he had taken had proved efficient, and he soon came back to the point he had reached before the administering of the poison.

"Stephen," he said, pushing his dog gently from him, "has returned better and yet more hearty than ever."

"Not that I know of," said Baric. "Oh, I wish I were able to assist in my search! But you know anything of what suspicions may be entertained?"

is looked upon by some as having had some hand in it."

"Ha! And how does suspicion point toward him?"

"I know, in no direct way. I believe, I am sure, that he is innocent. All I know is he is suspected."

The count pondered a few moments, and he thought he could see it. Urzen did not know the secret of his friend's strange release, for that had been kept private. So he had no objection to the priest's true character, as the count possessed.

"I believe the fellow is a villain," Urzen resumed. "He is surely a villainous-looking man."

"So he is," responded the count. "I never saw such a wicked look before in any human face."

"Ah!" cried a voice close by the door. "Who comes in for the flattering remark, my friend?"

Both the count and Stephen turned, and the humpbacked priest himself stood in their presence.

"Ha!" he uttered as he noticed the count and the duke. "Up!" By the Virgin Mary, you are recovering!"

"Aye," returned Conrad; "I am gaining fast now, as you may see. The priest struggled hard with his feelings, and at length he managed to conceal the deep disappointment he felt at the sight of the duke. Stephen's eyes, but the count knew him too well.

"You have not been very punctual of late, father," the latter said, trying to conceal his real feelings.

"No, no," returned Savotano in a perplexed manner; "I admit it. But I cannot get it to leave my mind. Let's see, I have not been here since the evening on which I found a stranger sitting by your side while you slept."

"Who was the stranger?"

"I do not know. I think I never saw him before. He was a good-looking young man. Perhaps he was some relative of yours?"

This downright falsehood, so bold and so unhesitatingly uttered, drew the count, for he knew the conversation which the priest had held with Baric on that occasion, and, quick as a flash, he perceived the thought of the sick man's mind that this was to hide the probability of his being suspected in connection with Baric's cure.

"I thought you knew that man," the count said, looking the priest sharply in the face.

"Yes, I may have seen him before, but I did not surely recognize him then. I asked him why he was here, but he would not answer. He was trying to argue me to silence. Who was he, my son?"

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was all condemned and an entire new course prescribed."

"And under this new treatment he is recovering, eh?"

"Well, have you not taken some means to fix the count's mind by the gods, Savotano, you must not let him slip now!"

"Ah, my lord, I have only told you what he explained to me. I have another explanation."

"What is it, sir priest?"

"Why, they simply know that someone has attempted to poison the count."

"Ha! Did they say anything?"

"No; there was no need. I know that the medicine he was taking here was the right kind of medicine, so far as it came from the hands of my surgeon. And then there is another thing—the count must have had some powerful antidote on purpose for the poison."

"How do you know that?"

"Simply because he would not have been alive had not such been the case. You may be sure, my lord, that I have not been administered. They have discovered it in some way and taken the most effective and speedy method of curing him."

"And do you think they suspect you?" the duke asked, with some show of uneasiness.

"I do not know; but I fear they do. However, that amounts to nothing—only to prevent me from working any further at present in the same direction. I have not had myself open to detection in any way. By heavens, 'tis too bad! In four and a half hours more he would have been a dead man."

"Then you know when the discovery was made?"

"Yes, I know. I was there before Baric Nevel was captured. I was there just before that, and the gunnaker was then there, and I noticed that he was safe and in the table, though I gave no signs then of having noticed it. They had even then commenced some treatment for his cure, but I could see that the appearance of his skin had changed. You may not blame me."

"I do not, Savotano; but there may be some way left yet."

"Oh, yes; there are a hundred ways in which we can dispose of him. But you may find some way yet before he gets out."

"Look ye," the duke said after a short pondering over his own thoughts, "I may have said much more. Something may turn up in our favor. You may find some opportunity to finish him yet. I wish you would try."

"I will do all I can, be sure of that. I shall watch narrowly. And now, about the other one. Young Nevel is safe and can be disposed of at any moment. I have let him live thus far because I had no orders otherwise."

"And that was right," replied Olga. And as he did so he arose and commenced to pace the room. The priest followed him with his eyes, but said nothing. At length the duke stopped and looked Savotano in the face.

"It will not be a difficult case to kill him," he uttered in a low whisper.

"Not at all. Nothing could be more easy than to kill him."

"And could detection ensue?"

"In no possible way."

"Then," spoke the humpback as Olga hesitated. "I strongly suspect that 'twas this same gunnaker that led to the investigation of that medicine, and if it was he then you were most likely suspected than I shall."

The body can be hidden so far in that he should come from it in summer time even to those in the villa itself. So, you see, that is easy."

"Then let the work be done at once—any to-night."

"Tomorrow night, my lord, will do better, for I am engaged to-night."

"Very well; let it be tomorrow night. But, mind, this is settled. You must not let me hear of this affair. When I see you again, I trust you will have no reason to offer why Baric Nevel has not been discovered yet. So let it be!"

"You need have no fears on that head, my lord. You may consider that the gunnaker is dead."

"And thus did the wicked duke dispose of Baric Nevel."

Again Olga took a turn across the room and when he stopped, there was a dark cloud upon his brow.

"Savotano," he said, "there is one more man whom at least would be sure to see me in my way. I mean that infernal monk."

"I saw him this morning, my lord, and I was not watching him. And he is not alone. He has others with him. I have been followed, and one of my men—the one who entrapped Nevel—told me two hours ago that he knew his steps had been followed."

"And do you think this monk is a spy?"

"I know it, for I have seen him when I knew he was watching me."

"Then why have you not got him out of the way?"

"Alas!" uttered the priest, with a dubious shake of the head. "We cannot make do as we would. But he shall not live long. If I can help him off, and I think the opportunity may offer itself."

"He is a bold fellow. Why, I found him only yesterday in my own palace—in the chamber of the countess."

"Ha! And could you not have disposed of him then?"

"Not well. It was in broad day, and he was seen by all. I could not catch him here again my sword shall find his heart. I have given him legal warning. But," continued the duke, "I have gone further, thought, 'you must be careful in your dealings with him. He may have some organized hand always about him.'"

"I will be caught in no trap," returned the priest confidently. "He shall find that I can be as keen as he can. But it is very strange."

"What is strange?" asked Olga, starting, for he, too, had been thinking of a very strange thing.

"I saw that black monk should turn up here in Moscow so suddenly and commence the first thing to dog my footsteps and hang about your palace."

"Aye," responded Olga, "and the same thought was in my mind when you spoke. But never mind; he will not occur to me if he sees me much more. By heavens, they shall know that the Duke of Tula is not to be trifled with. There is but one power in Moscow above mine, and that is the emperor himself, and I may say that even he is not above me. He cannot get along without me. Does anything turn up puzzle him, he sends straightway for me."

"Then use your power for your own good, my lord."

"I will. Fear not for me on that score."

At this juncture the priest arose to take his leave.

"You have your instructions," said Olga.

IT IS FINISHED.

The great Cloudcroft Lodge has been completed, formally opened and is now in full sway. It is a splendid history, splendidly furnished and of being an incomparable cruise, under the management of Mr. J. W. Fisher, Proprietor of the famous Hotel Sheldon of El Paso, Texas.

You want an enjoyable summer. You want to get away from the oppressiveness of the City and low altitudes. Go to Cloudcroft, N. M. 8,900 feet elevation. On the summit of the loftiest peak of the Sacramento Mountains, 116 miles Northeast of El Paso, wonderful scenery, tennis courts and golf links, dancing pavilion, in fact everything desired and expected in an up-to-date, healthful summer resort.

Cloudcroft is known as the "Breathing spot of the Southwest."

There is but one way comfortably and quickly to go, but one way to avoid more than one change of cars; but one way to enjoy reclining chair, auto, seats free, and sleeping cars all the way through daily in El Paso. That way is via the Texas & Pacific Railway.

More information by letter of descriptive literature may be had of any ticket agent or E. P. Turner, G. O. A., Dallas, Texas.

IT Dazzles the World.

No discovery of medicine has ever created one quarter of the excitement that has been caused by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. In several tests have been on hopeless victims of Consumption, Pneumonia, Hemorrhage, Pharynx and Bronchitis, thousands of whom it has restored, to health. For Cough, Cold, Asthma, Croup, Hay Fever, Hoarseness, and Whooping Cough, it is the quickest, sure cure in the world. It is sold by Postels & Powell who guarantee satisfaction. For circulars, Large bottles 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free. July.

NOTICE.

Until further notice my store will be closed at 8:30 p. m.

T. E. POWELL.

BEECH'S SALOON.

—DEALS IN—
Fine Whiskies, Wines, Cigars,
AND ICE COLD BEER AT 5c. A GLASS.
Only the best brands of everything in stock. First door north of Signal Hotel.
BaIRD, TEXAS.

R. B. Spencer & Co.,

—LUMBER DEALERS—
We carry a first-class stock of Lumber, Shingles, Doors, Sash, Siding, Posts, Etc., and can fill all orders promptly.
Suggerton,
S. W. MOON & CO. BaIRD, TEXAS.

WE DOUBLE YOUR DOLLARS!

HOW?
By helping you to economize by offering you values that are worth having, by knowing the people's wants and then supplying that want.

LOW PRICE AND LOFTY VALUE.
Our line of Farmacines Goods is unexcelled in the city. Come and See.
New Hampshire Fire, 17c & 417.
Philadelphia Underwriters, composed of Insurance Co. of North America and Fire Association of Philadelphia, 17c & 417.
All of the above Companies settle on demand. I ask for a share of your insurance, offering you choice from the best in the WORLD. Let me show you rates, I know I can please you.

John Trent, Agent.

TWO TINS PALACE.
J. J. WELCH & CO. Proprietors.

The Finest Whiskies, Alcohols, Wines, Cigars, ALWAYS ON HAND.

Sacramental Wine Always here in Stock. Baked Ice Cream. Ice Cold Beer gets a Glass.

Eczema, Itching Humors, Pimples, Treatment Free.

Does your skin itch and burn. Disagreeable Eruptions on the skin so you feel ashamed to be seen in company? Do scabs and scales form on the skin, hair or scalp? Have you Eczema? Skin sore and cracked? Itch form your feet? Pruritic Pains in the skin? Swollen Joints? Falling Hair? All Run Down? Skin Pals? Old Sores? Easing Sores? Ulcers? To cure you best cure take B. B. B. (Hot and Blood Rich) which makes the blood pure and rich, then the scales will bleed and the itching of eczema stop forever. The skin becomes clear and the pores, B. B. B. sold at drug stores.

1. Trial treatment sent free and prepaid by writing to BLOOD BALM CO., Atlanta, Ga. Describe your trouble and we will free medical advice given. Over 300 testimonials of cures by B. B. B.

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No discovery of medicine has ever created one quarter of the excitement that has been caused by Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. In several tests have been on hopeless victims of Consumption, Pneumonia, Hemorrhage, Pharynx and Bronchitis, thousands of whom it has restored, to health. For Cough, Cold, Asthma, Croup, Hay Fever, Hoarseness, and Whooping Cough, it is the quickest, sure cure in the world. It is sold by Postels & Powell who guarantee satisfaction. For circulars, Large bottles 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free. July.

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T. E. POWELL.

For Next Few Days



WE WILL SHOW THE GREATEST LINE OF

Mens and Boys Tailor Made Clothing,

In all the Latest Colorings and Designs, at unheard of Prices, money saved is money made. Think of it, all wool suits for \$7.50 worth \$10.00.

We Will Sell You



\$12, \$13, and \$14 Suits
FOR ONLY
For only \$8, \$9 and \$10.

All we ask is a chance to prove what we say. These goods are worth the Money they claim, other people ask big prices, so do not pay high prices until you see us and see how much you can save by buying from us.



Strong argument backed up by the strongest line of Clothing ever seen in Baird.

SEEING IS BELIEVING

So Please Call and Examine our stock.

T. E. POWELL, Baird, Tx.

LOCAL NEWS

John Aiken, of Caddo Peak, passed through Baird Thursday of last week on his way to Lubbock county, where it is said he will locate. We regret being absent when "Juan" called at "The Star" office. We hope he will make a fortune in West, yet we regret to see him leave old Callahan.

Good rains now would make most people in West Texas forget all about the drought in a short time. There is plenty of time to make lots of feed yet.

Showers have been falling in the county nearly every day, for a week. We hope however that a general rain will come before the winter sets in.

Hon. J. N. Rushing invested in some real estate at Mineral Wells during his recent trip there.

Baird Chapter No. 182 I. O. O. F., installed officers last Friday night. List of officers appeared in this Star last week.

W. B. Ellis and H. C. Granham, of Teacumseh, were down last Friday.

Harry Meyer has had the building in rear of Home National Bank extended back to the alley. W. A. Hinds had the contract.

J. T. Sande says he is receiving two cars of furniture.

The protracted meeting which has been going on for two weeks at the Methodist church, closed last Sunday night and Rev. J. H. Leach left for Mineral Wells Monday.

Free for the Asking.
Our booklet "Told by a Doctor," a discussion of the diseases of the digestive tract, and testimony of hundreds who have been cured of constipation, dyspepsia and stomach troubles by the use of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. If interested write today to the Pepsin Syrup Co., Monticello Ill., or see Powell & Powell. July.

Remember the handsome line of Orfords and sandals, 25 per cent cheaper than you can buy them any where else.—T. E. Powell. 194.

W. K. Boatwright was in town Saturday and says the grasshoppers have cleaned up everything on his farm on Lower Deep Creek. This is the second year Mr. Boatwright has thus suffered from the pesky hoppers. He says he is a little disgusted of course, but is not entirely discouraged and hopes the hoppers will let him alone another year. Deep Creek Valley from head clear through the county seems to have suffered severely from the hoppers. G. W. Weeks, living near Admiral, several miles above Mr. Boatwright, reports a complete loss of all crops.

"THE GUNMAKER OF MOSCOW."
Last week on inside page the serial story now running in "THE STAR" was marked "Continued on last page," which from inquiries received at this office confided quite a number of our readers. It was intended to run a part of the story on last page, but later found it would be impossible to do so owing to the amount of reading matter in type and we forgot to call attention to the change in program. The story ended for last week where it was marked "Continued on last page."

THE YOUNGER BROTHERS.
Cole and Jim Younger, who have been confined in the Minnesota state prison for twenty-five years, have been paroled "The parole" does not make them entirely free by any means, but is doubtless preferable to the close confinement that they are so long endured. From the St. Paul (Minn.) Dispatch we take the following parole agreement made out for Cole Younger. An exact duplicate was also made out for Jim Younger.

PAROLE AGREEMENT.
"Known all men by these presents, that the board of managers of the Minnesota state prison, desiring to test the ability of T. C. Younger, an inmate of said prison, to refrain from crime and lead an honorable life, do, by virtue of the authority conferred upon them by law, hereby paroled the said T. C. Younger, and allow him to go on parole outside the buildings and inclosure of said prison, but not outside the State of Minnesota, subject,

T. E. POWELL, President HARRY MEYER V. P. FRED LANE, Cashier.

The Home National Bank. OF BAIRD.

The above bank solicits from the people of Baird and Callahan County a share of their patronage.
PROMPT AND COURTEOUS TREATMENT TO ALL.
We appreciate all business entrusted to us, whether large or small, and have money to lend on good security.
Modern Fire Proof Vault.
CALL AND SEE US.

however, to the following rules, regulations and conditions, to be made and provided by law, and by the rules governing the conduct of life prisoners while on parole:

"First—He shall not exhibit himself in any time museum, circus, theater, opera house, or any other place of public amusement or assembly where a charge is made for admission.

"Second—He shall proceed at once to the place of employment provided for him, viz: With _____, and there remain until further orders.

"Third—In case he finds it desirable to change his employment or residence he shall first obtain the written consent of the said board of managers, through the warden of said state prison.

"Fourth—He shall, on the twentieth day of each month, write the warden of said state prison a report of his moral state whether he has been constantly at work during the last month, and if not, why not; how much he has earned and how much he has expended, together with a general statement as to his surroundings and prospects, which must be indorsed by his employer.

"Fifth—He shall in all respects conduct himself honestly, avoid all associations, obey the law, and abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors.

"Sixth—As soon as possible after reaching his destination, he shall report to _____, show him his parole and at once enter upon the employment provided for him.

"Seventh—He shall, while on parole, remain in the legal custody and under the control of said board of managers.

"Eighth—He shall be liable to be re-taken and again confined within the inclosure of said state prison for any reason that shall be satisfactory to the board of managers, and at their sole discretion.

"Ninth—This parole to take effect and be in force only upon the unusual consent and approval of the members of the state board of pardons expressed in writing.

"The management of said state prison has a lively interest in the subject of this parole, and he need not fear or hesitate to freely communicate with the warden in case he loses his situation, or becomes unable to labor by sickness or other disability."

THE ETHICS OF LOOT.

Galveston Tribune.
About the most shocking things that has appeared in all the recent literature of the Chinese empire is a paper in the current issue of the Forum, entitled "The Ethics of Loot," by Rev. Gilbert Field, D. D., an American missionary. In a spirit of levity that is almost sacrilegious, he undertakes to make light of the outrageous pillage that was practiced in Peking and other Chinese cities immediately after the success at arms of the allied forces.

While the powers that be are seeking to show that the looting was not exceptionally bad, and while each is endeavoring to clear the skirts of its own people, Dr. Reid has the brazen to justify the pillage under the customs of war, and regrets that he did so little of it himself. Nothing that has been said against the missionaries will do half so much to discredit their cause as this unblushing defence of robbery.

Here is a sample of Dr. Reid's reasoning:

"The kind dogwood express forgot to make arrangements for our wants during the siege and after, but during each period we adapted ourselves to circumstances and got along.

Owing to the fact that two of the missionaries, both connected with the American board succeeded in occupying the palaces of two princes, there

arose an opportunity—the only one of a lifetime—to put up for sale looted goods.

Personally I regret that the guilty suffered so little at my own hands. "The troops of the different nationalities secured their rest through 'change of occupation.'" To them the question was not so much which Chinaman was the worst, but which house was the richest.

To go down and the loot actions at the British legations furnished the worst, but which house was the richest.

The pillage of a town or place even when taken by assault, is prohibited. Family honor and rights, individual lives and private property, as well as religious convictions and liberty, must be respected.

Pillage is absolutely prohibited. But if there had never been a line written upon the subject or a custom established, it would seem that the teachings of the Master ought to have been sufficient for the dullest of His followers. The Christian churches will do well to disavow the unchristian teachings of Dr. Reid—and Dr. Vestal along with them.

For nice visiting cards go THE STAR office.

Don't fool your money away with agents for portraits and large prints but simply get all picture work done at the Home Studio, we will treat you right.

For when you want a good meal go to the St. James. 34-4

We have a racket store; but carry a first class stock of drugs and druggists' supplies, come and see us for drugs.—Powell & Powell. 21

No Mistake.
Because we have your negative, is why we can make a portrait cheaper and better than any one else.—Swafford's.

When the babes are healthy and rosy is the time to get them photographed.

Those who live on farms are liable to many accidental cuts, burns and bruises, which heal rapidly when BALLARD'S SNOW LINTIMENT is promptly applied. Price 25c and 50c. For sale at H. Phillips. July.

FREE—NEW CURE FOR ECZEMA. and skin eruptions, REMICK'S ECZEMA CURE and REMICK'S PEPERIN BLOOD TONIC have never yet failed to cure. FREE TRIAL—Write today the Samples are free. Havana Medicine Co., 1124 Locust St., St. Louis Mo. For sale by Powell & Powell. 33-4

Perfection mixed paints are the best and cheapest at Powell & Powell's. 20

See our new line of shoe polish for ladies and gents shoes,—you put the polish on; it does the rest—latest and best.—Powell & Powell. 21

We sell \$15.00 suits for \$10.00. The handsomest line ever shown in Baird. T. E. Powell. 194.

VEAL—Fresh yeast for sale at Mrs. E. K. KANE'S.

\$100 REWARD.
The Stock Raisers' Association of Coleman and adjoining counties hereby offer a reward of \$100 for information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any person or persons who are guilty of stealing or killing any stock belonging to any member or members of this association. To be paid when satisfactory proof is made to the executive committee of the association.
J. R. BARNETT, Secy. R. H. OYBALLE, Pres. 12-11

Why pay higher prices when T. E. Powell sells it for less? 194.

You will find home news and house ads on every page of THE STAR this week. Read 'em.

(CONTINUED FROM THE PAGE.)

lamp which had just power enough to light the room gloomy and dim. The six men sat about a table on which were a book and sword, and the most prominent man was Vladimir, the monk.

"And Vladimir alone exposed his face. All the rest wore black masks, their robes being of the same material as the case. They sat there silent as death, Vladimir gazing down on the table and the other five gazing fixedly upon him. They were stout men, all of them, and they bore themselves toward Vladimir as bears a servant to his acknowledged master.

"The hour is waxing late," said Vladimir at length, looking up from the table. His voice sounded in that place like the echo of a tomb. It was low and hollow, and the others started as they heard it.

"There's time yet to spare, master," replied one of who sat next the monk.

"I trust we shall not be disappointed," said Vladimir at the expiration of a few moments more.

To this no answer was returned. At length there came a dull echo from overhead, and the six dark circles started up to listen. The sound grew louder, and soon it sent down into that dismal chamber the notes of coming footsteps. In a few moments more the heavy iron door had opened its hinges, and three men entered, and soon behind them came three more. Those who came in advance were two of them leading the third as a prisoner. And so it was with those behind. The iron door closed again, and when the black bolts had been shoved into their sockets the two prisoners were led forward.

"Master," spoke one of the newcomers, "we have brought you two prisoners—two of them as you commanded."

"It is well," said Vladimir. "Let them be brought before me. As the two men are brought to where the light can strike upon their faces we see the two guides who conducted Ruric Nevil to his place of confinement. One of them was he who met Ruric in the street, and the other is the one who guided him into the old bathhouse with the lantern in his hand. They shuddered fearfully as they gazed around upon the dismal scene, and their looks plainly showed that they knew not why they had been brought thither.

"Lesko Totma!" pronounced Vladimir.

"The first of the prisoners—he who had met Ruric in the street—started as he heard that name and tried to speak.

"Are you the man?" asked the monk, looking into his face.

"Yes, holy father," the wretch tremblingly replied.

"Then stand you here in front of me." The fellow was moved up in front of the table, and surprise and fear seemed to be struggling for the mastery over him, for he recognized now the man who had met him when he had probably heard so much.

"Lesko Totma," said Vladimir low and slowly, "you have been seen much in the company of a hump-backed priest named Savatovo. You know such a priest, do you not?"

"The man hesitated. He gazed furtively about him and trembled more than before.

"Answer me!" "Yes, sir, I know him."

"And now, sir, be sure that you answer me directly and truly. Do you know a young gunmaker named Ruric Nevil?"

"The fellow started with a perceptible quake as this question was asked, but he seemed to have been prepared for it, for his answer was direct.

"No, sir, I do not."

"Hil! Beware! Think well before you speak."

"If you mean the man who fought the duel with the Count Damonoif, then I have heard of him, but I do not know him. He had not struck out of the apartment as Viska came forward."

"Beware! If you have any regard for your own welfare, you will answer me truly. Where is Ruric Nevil?"

"I tell you I know nothing about him—nothing at all."

"And of this you are sure?" "Who are you that assume to question me?" "I know you not."

Viska spoke this in a tone of virtuous indignation, probably thinking that that turn might serve him. He will let you into the secret by and by," the monk returned, with a peculiar shake of the head.

"But I will ask you once more, do you know where Nevil is?" "No."

"You need not speak quite so loud. We hear easily."

"Then don't ask me impertinent questions," retorted the prisoner. Vladimir started half way up, and his fists were clenched, but the quick flash passed from his face, and he sat back again.

"Look ye," he said as soon as he was sure his anger would not manifest itself, "I know you not, but you know what I ask I would not question you thus. And now, once more I ask you, will you give me some idea of the whereabouts of Ruric Nevil?"

"I'll answer you once more. I know nothing about him. You must not think that this dark place and you men all dressed in black can fright me into telling a lie as it might a child."

At last Vladimir turned to one of his men, one of those who helped bring the prisoners in, and said:

"You know this to be the man?" "Yes, my master."

"And you have seen him in private confab with the humpbacked fellow?" "I have."

"And the other things you told me are true?" "Yes, my master."

"Then let down those interpreters."

At this command two of the attendants moved to the back side of the room, where they unhooked a stout chain from the wall, and as they allowed it to slide through their hands a curious piece of machinery descended directly in front of the table. It consisted of a stout bar of iron which was suspended midway upon the chain and there rested parallel with the ceiling. Upon each end of this bar were straps of iron armed with springs and hooked to the chain and there were two small cups which were slipped over the thumbs.

After these had been firmly secured the man was raised, and the fellow's hands were raised far above his head. There were two results produced by tightening the chain. First, the man was raised, and the fellow's hands were raised far above his head. There were two results produced by tightening the chain.

"Now, sir," spoke Vladimir lowly and deeply, "I am going to ask these questions again, and you will answer them truly. Will you tell me where Ruric Nevil is?"

"I don't know."

"I have not seen him since he fought the duel with Damonoif."

"I have not."

"Mark me, I have had you watched, and I know that you have seen Nevil within three days. This I know, so I have no hesitation in the course I am about to pursue. Once more, where is Ruric Nevil?"

"The man hesitated, but his answer was still the same: He would not tell."

without ceasing. Nearly the whole of his weight bore upon his wrists and thumbs, and the latter were drawn over almost to the wrist. But he would not answer. He had a deeper fear than this. He feared to break the horrid odds by which he was bound to the scheming priest.

One more pull upon the chain, and the man's feet were clear of the floor. His whole weight now bore upon his thumbs, and he groined in pain at the torture. He held for a few moments, but his coward soul could bear no more.

"Oh God! Down, down! Let me down!" "That answer. Where is Ruric Nevil?"

"I—don't."

"Hoh! You false hearted villain!" shouted Vladimir in a voice of thunder. "This is the last of this torture, but when we take you from here we can put you into a state compared with which the pain you now experience is real joy. Each particular limb shall be wreathed all out of shape, and your very eyes shall start out like."

"Down, down! O great God, down!" "Where is Ruric Nevil?" "I'll tell you! I'll tell you if you spare me!"

"I'll tell me first!" There was a moment more of hesitation, a single moment, and then the miserable wretch gave up.

"It's in the bathhouse."

"In the old bathhouse near the river on the Tula pass in one of the vaults."

"Very well. Let him down." The chain was slackened up, and Frederic Viska was once more upon his feet. He trembled yet, for there was pain in his arms.

"Now carry him out," ordered Vladimir, "and bring the other one in."

In a few moments more Lesko Totma was before the strange tribunal. He trembled fearfully, for he had been where he could hear his companion's groans without hearing what he said.

"Lesko Totma," spoke the monk in a low, deep tone, "you have given you time for thought, and mayhap you have your memory brightened by this time. Now, where is Ruric Nevil?"

"I don't know."

"Ah, you still forget, eh?" "I never know."

"You are a strange forgetfulness. I must confess. Let the interpreters be adjusted!"

"Oh, my Ruric! Don't murder me!" But no notice was taken of his cries. The straps and coil cups were adjusted and the chain drawn tight. At the first turn of the self acting screw the fellow shrieked. It was not so much with the present pain as with the fear of what was to come. The very pressure of the place, so dark and tight, had more effect upon his mind than it had upon his companion.

At a second pull of the chain he groined and begged for mercy. He had heard of this dark place, and he fancied that men who came there seldom went away alive.

"Hark ye, Vladimir!" the monk said, "if you do not tell me where the young gunmaker is I'll have you torn limb from limb. Another pull, there!"

As the wrench came again the villain fairly shouted with pain.

"Oh, let me go! Let me go! I'll tell!"

"Then tell. You leave not his place alive until you have told."

A COURT OF INQUIRY.

It Will Look into Macley's Attack on Admiral Schley.

ADMIRAL ASKS FOR IT

Secretary Long Says an Investigation Will Be Made in Justice to Schley—Devel Will Be the Head of the Court.

Washington, July 21.—Secretary of Navy Long has received a letter from Admiral Schley asking for a court of inquiry. Nothing beyond this announcement has been made public. The secretary is now in conference with Judge Advocate General Lemly, Admiral Crowninshield and Captain Cowles, assistant chief of the bureau of navigation, presumably concerning the matter.

Admiral Devel arrived at the navy department shortly after 10:30 o'clock this morning, having been summoned from his private home near this city by secretary Long. The conference which was in progress between the secretary, Admiral Crowninshield, Captain Cowles and Judge Advocate General Lemly was immediately dissolved on the arrival of Admiral Devel and the admiral and secretary Long held a long conference.

In his letter to secretary Long Admiral Schley does not specify any of the criticisms to which he takes exception, but asks, in view of the statements and innuendoes and abusive language contained in Macley's history,

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"You are a strange forgetfulness. I must confess. Let the interpreters be adjusted!"

"Oh, my Ruric! Don't murder me!" But no notice was taken of his cries. The straps and coil cups were adjusted and the chain drawn tight. At the first turn of the self acting screw the fellow shrieked. It was not so much with the present pain as with the fear of what was to come. The very pressure of the place, so dark and tight, had more effect upon his mind than it had upon his companion.

At a second pull of the chain he groined and begged for mercy. He had heard of this dark place, and he fancied that men who came there seldom went away alive.

"Hark ye, Vladimir!" the monk said, "if you do not tell me where the young gunmaker is I'll have you torn limb from limb. Another pull, there!"

As the wrench came again the villain fairly shouted with pain.

"Oh, let me go! Let me go! I'll tell!"

"Then tell. You leave not his place alive until you have told."

"Very well. Let him down." The chain was slackened up, and Frederic Viska was once more upon his feet. He trembled yet, for there was pain in his arms.

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