The Baird Weekly Star.

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

VOL. II. BAIRD, CALLAHAN COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1889. NO. 29.

THE CONCEALED PAPER.

With a dull light thrown in spreading rays, the peculiar light which gives to the surrounding objects a mysterious and tragic air by sharpening shadows, the yellowish glare of the bull's eye lantern illuminates the scene. It was in the office of the commissaire of police of one of the quarters bordering the left bank of the Seine.

The bull's eye, placed on his desk, traces the outlines, like Chinese shadows, of a group of men gathered about something invisible and extended—a person or thing. One distinguishes the kepis of the sergents de ville, a few fashionably cut coats, a blue blouse, a hand clasping a sort of a bargeman's hook; and then, talking together at one side, the commissaire of police and a young doctor of a neighboring quarter.

On the command of the commissaire one of the sergents de ville lifts the bull's eye, the group divides and the luminous arrow falls upon a stretcher and a rigid form sharply defined, whilst the faces of the spectators and the rest of the room disappear in inky night with but a single fantastic reflection left upon the ceiling and a restless shadow or two upon the wall. The rigid form is that of a woman, young, blonde, very pretty, undisfigured, the simple woolen dress molded to the limbs by the weight of the water with which it is soaked and which drips to the floor. The little boots are coquettish, the stockings fine, the underlinen lace trimmed, the entire costume that of one of the better class of working women, probably a milliner in some shop on the boulevard. In her ears are tiny turquois forget-me-nots, and on her fingers rings.

The doctor, on one knee beside the stretcher, feels her hands, studies her face a moment, and speaks:

"Three days, at least three days, she has been dead."

Then commences the search for the identification of the drowned girl. In her pocket is a handkerchief embroidered with an "A," a purse containing ten francs twenty-five centimes, a bunch of keys, a gold thimble. One after another the commissaire receives and notes these objects.

"Murder or suicide?" he questions the doctor, who does not hesitate.

"Suicide!"

But to be sure of it he re-examines her neck, whose round, plump whiteness shows not the slightest mark; the calm face sleeps immovably; he lifts the arm and regards the wrist, where clink some Turkish bangles—nothing, not an abrasion, of the fine, delicate skin. He repeats, "Suicide."

As he drops the pallid hand again an object rolled into a ball and hidden in the closed palm of the dead remains between his fingers. It is a paper—perhaps the revelation of this gruesome mystery. Almost instinctively the doctor conceals it, if it proves of importance it will always be time to speak. Besides, in a case of suicide the reason of it is not a matter of importance, and that suicide it was is evident to all. These were the only indications that could serve to identify the young woman.

"Perhaps she will be recognized at the morgue," concluded the commissaire.

"Perhaps."

The young physician rises, bids him good night and the group separates.

* * * * * *

Once in the street, the doctor walks rapidly, mechanically fingering the scrap of paper which he had retained in the grasp. The sentiment which had kept him silent was a complex one which it would have been difficult for him to explain. He had acted from impulse and almost unconsciously. Was it pity for that young creature whom all those curious eyes had been searching? Did he think to hide from their vulgar and commonplace conjectures some sad and touching drama of love? Was he one of those who believed that the secret which the suicide had hoped to engulf with herself in those dark and straggling waters should not be wrested from her? A little of all these sentiments, perhaps, floated through the young physician's soul as he walked thus through the night.

All at once he stopped in front of a brilliantly lighted shop window, and smoothed out the crumpled paper, wet still with the water of the Seine, and read it.

"Three days did I say?" he murmured aloud; "three days—then—but no, no, I am wrong; it would be too horrible! Nevertheless, I will speak to him—I must speak to him—I must make him understand!"

And the doctor retraced his steps, turning this time towards the boulevard, his features drawn and agitated by a tenacious and unwelcome memory.

* * * * * *

Still young, his beard and hair untouched by time and work, his eyes clear, his figure supple and erect, Dr. Lucien Telurque was one of the most pleasing members of Parisian society, and at the same time a practitioner with a future. Tenacious and persevering like all Bretons, he had made his own way in the world, using in the service of an iron will a superb physique and an unbroken and robust constitution. Esteemed and appreciated by every one as he undoubtedly was, there were still not a few who did not pardon him for the brusque frankness which kept him constantly at war with the loose morals and careless, callous consciences of the majority of the worldlings with whom he associated.

Among his patients there was one in particular who chagreed with him, an old college companion and chum, "handsome Robert Berain," as he had been called, at present a stock broker, husband of a charming wife and father of three lovely children. Telurque felt for him a sincere and genuine friendship, although their characters differed as widely as the poles.

As a bachelor, when their college days had passed, Robert had been a thorough rake, always in some "affaire" or dangling at some woman's apron strings—briefly, through and through, though Telurque had refused to believe it, an unscrupulous scamp. In late years Lucien, by reason of his position, his manly character and serious way of regarding women and love, had engaged in many a hot discussion with his friend, whose sensuality, which he was beginning to find out, know no bounds and recognized no obstacles.

When Berain married Telurque had hoped for a time to see him change, but alas! at the end of six months of married life the rake had returned with greater self indulgence than ever to his bachelor vices, and Telurque was saddened and disheartened more than I can say.

"Ah!" he would exclaim when angered by some fresh proof of Robert's frivolous profligacy, "you belong to that class of men who call and believe themselves honest because you respect the contents of another's pocket and refuse to take a jewel from a woman's casket, you who would talk from her what is far more precious still—her honor!"

Robert listened smilingly and always turned aside this sermonizing, as he termed it, piously assuring Lucien that "the ladies had never yet complained of him, that those who did not wish to yield to his blandishments knew precious well how to guard their honor."

"All the same," the doctor would persist, "contact with sensuality perverts, whether she consents or not, and the unhappy woman whom you tempt and who listens to you is lost irrevocably, for you can make her no reparation whatever."

At this point in the discussion Robert usually ended it by retreating and leaving the floor to the doctor.

Such was the position of matters three days before the nocturnal scene in the commissaire's office on the left bank of the Seine, when Lucien Telurque, passing the Cafe Riche about midnight, heard his name called from one of the little tables which line the terrace and sidewalk in front of it.

"Hello there, doctor! Where are you going so late? Wait a minute and I'll accompany you."

It was Robert Berain, and, hastily shaking hands with his companion, he rose and joined Telurque, who, in obedience to his request, had stopped and waited for him. Berain's face was flushed, his eyes red and feverish—his whole appearance, in short, that of a man who had dined too well and passed an evening in debauchery. He was gnawing at the end of a cigar, but without smoking it.

The first glance gave the doctor the secret of his condition; his face darkened and he even contemplated pretending a professional engagement to rid himself of his companion. Robert, however, was in high spirits and observed nothing.

"Ah, my dear boy," he cried, "what an evening I have had."

Lucien Telurque with a word—a single violent word—threw his crime in Robert's face.

"Hein! What!" cried Berain, astounded and scarcely comprehending Telurque's epithet. He repeated it.

"And when we meet in future," he added, "you will be kind enough not to speak to me, for I know you not."

"Are you jesting?"

"Jesting! No, I am not jesting, henceforth and forever I refuse to touch the hand of other than an honest man."

And the doctor, at the moment in front of his former friend's door, turned his back upon him and walked away. This was three nights before the scene in the commissaire's office upon the bank of the Seine—three nights only.

* * * * * *

It was 11 o'clock when Lucien Telurque, who had walked rapidly, still crumpling between his fingers the wet and soiled paper taken from the suicide's hand, reached the Cafe Riche. He seemed to know intuitively that the one he sought would be there.

And Robert was there, sitting alone at a small table to one side. He stepped in front of him.

"I wish to speak with you," he said, briefly.

At first the other showed a little hesitancy, but the doctor's frigid, cutting tone impressed and disquieted him.

"All right," he answered. "I will hear you."

Telurque unfolded the paper he held in his fingers and placed it under his eyes.

"Do you recognize it?" he demanded.

Robert, astounded and apprehensive—why he could not have told you—read it once, twice, thrice.

"And you, how did you come by it?" cried he at last in a sullen, angry voice.

"How?" The young physician caught him roughly by the wrist and bent to his ear. "Listen—you shall know." And he told him everything—all that he had divined, all that he knew.

Crushed, humiliated, in consternation, with drops of anguished sweat upon his lowered brow, Berain could only hear him and stammer with ashen lips:

"Horrible! horrible! I swear to you I did not dream it—I swear it!"

"What would the result have been?" continued Telurque inflexibly, heedless of his excuses, "had another than myself been called by the commissaire, had this paper by chance come into the hands of the law? Think you that they could not have found you? My duty—you know it as well as I—is to restore this paper and let justice take its course"——

"But, Lucien, in the name of heaven and our old friendship"——

"Our friendship—do not speak of it, wretched man. It exists no longer, and if I am or become your accomplice, it is from pity for your wife and children, who without me would be the first victims of your cowardly act."

As the doctor turned contemptuously upon his heel to leave him Robert made a final and supreme protestation.

"It is the last, the very last!" he cried; "I swear it, Lucien, I swear it—believe me!"—Translated from the French for the New York Mercury by R. C. Waggoner.

A Smart Boy.

"Another one I heard from Taylor, the fruit man," he continued, "about his little nephew, who lives out west. He is a boy who is never at a loss for an answer, and his teacher says he is the most original boy she ever saw in this way. One day this teacher exhibited to the juvenile class in natural history the picture of an elephant. The tusks were pointed out and she asked what they were made of. 'Ivory,' was the correct response. 'Now, children,' she asked, 'who can tell me any articles made of ivory?' There was a painful pause. No one appeared to know. The teacher's eye sought the bright boy, who was never at a loss for an answer. He appeared to be in a brown study. Pretty soon his hand went up. 'Well,' said the teacher, kindly, 'what is made from ivory?' And he promptly answered, 'Ivory soap.' He made a big hit, with the teacher at least."—Chicago Herald.

Presents.

Oddly enough the average giver seldom consults the taste of his friends, but it is his own taste he gratifies in choosing the article he wishes to bestow. A person of refinement and of educated tastes selects presents with reference to them. He knows he is right, and therefore goes ahead. If the recipient doesn't like what is given, so much the worse for the recipient. Fortunately, good taste cannot err, because there are always heaps of beautiful and valuable things from which to choose. But whoever is about to make his friend a present must take into consideration several things. Its utility, its suitability, its intrinsic worth are paramount.—Detroit Free Press.

No Charge.

Mr. Holmes, hurrying along the road to catch a train, hailed Farmer Jones, who passed him in a gig, whereupon Mr. Holmes asked for a ride.

Farmer Jones consented, and all went well for a short time; but the horse was frisky, and after shying at several objects in the road, at last set off at a mad gallop, to the terror of Mr. Holmes, who was nervous and delicate, and rather afraid of horses.

"I say, Jones," he said at last, "I'd give $10 to be out of this."

"Hold your tongue, man!" replied Jones. "You'll be out for nothing in less than a minute." And so he was.—Youth's Companion.

South American Ahead.

We are not apt to look to South America for evidence of the greatest progress in science or art, and yet it is said that the sewerage system which is now being constructed in Buenos Ayres is the most perfect in the world. Measures have been taken which will result in putting every house in the city in perfect sanitary condition with in three years. Sanitarians will watch the result of this stupendous undertaking with great interest, and will be able to deduce from it many valuable practical lessons.—Science.

Extraordinary Hair.

In Brazil there is a tribe called the Cafusos, which has sprung into existence by the marriage of the long, stiff haired natives and the imported negro slaves. As might naturally be expected from the admixture of these extremes, this people possess hair of a very extraordinary kind. It rises perpendicularly from the head in thick, curly masses, and forms a wig of such enormous dimensions that the possessors must stoop low when entering their huts.—New York Telegram.

WHEN NIGHT FALLS AT NOONTIDE.

IN MEMORY OF ED F. WARREN.

(Fort Worth Gazette.)

"Adios, till I see you again."

So saying, my friend turned toward the now moving train, caught the hand-rail of the advancing car, swung his athletic figure easily to its platform, and with a smile and wave of the hand was lost to view.

A few weeks later as I read in a daily paper a brief mention of his sudden death in a distant city, his lightly spoken adieu, in its commendation to Deity until a future meeting, seemed fraught with a deeper significance than when I heard him utter it. Perchance some dim prescience of the nearing shadow with inverted torch suggested that particular expression—who can tell? Of those who go and those who stay at parting, the deeper sorrow falls often to the latter, for with them the moist eye and the heart of lead are not brightened and relieved by the moving incidents of flood and field that attend the traveler's way. Shall we not hope that the analogies of a merely temporal parting may apply even here? True, my friend has taken his journey into a far country, *sine animo revertendi;* and true also, that he has gone into a strange land where conditions of existence and happiness are essentially different from those of earth, and hidden from our view as with a veil of impenetrable mystery. Yet reason scarcely needs the revelations of sacred writ to know, as far as human ken may know this fact, that life in the beyond is, for those who deserve it, a higher and nobler stage of existence. And my friend having borne himself as one who heeded the apostolic injunction to the Corinthians, to "Quit you like men, be strong," the assurance that he

> "Who in Life's battle firm doth stand;
> Shall bear Hope's tender blossoms
> Into the Silent Land,"

shall not in his case in anywise prove in vain. I do not yet know, nor under what circumstances he died, but knowing the man, I do know that he met death like a man; not perhaps with the stoicism of Socrates, but rather with the sublimer courage and fortitude of men who, like Stonewall Jackson and Garfield, calmly bowed to the inevitable decree at a time when the currents of life were at the very flood-tide of human glory and success. In truth, it matters little either when or where men die if they but die aright. It might seem that one who in the orderly course of nature should come to the end of life hoary and forespent with age and toil, who could look back with satisfaction on much that had been done, while realizing that the strength to do more had departed, would cheerfully, even eagerly, surrender that which had become a burden, and which if prolonged could add only sorrow and disappointment. Yet it is not so. The pain of dying, the instinctive clinging to animal life is none the less; the sorrow of loved ones living is just as hard for them to bear. The good, if any, that life has accomplished cannot be understood. The terrors that may lie hidden in that dwelling place made for us ere we are born, or that shall confront us in the valley of shadow and beyond the realm of Charon cannot be known; and the spirit, weakened through its inter-dependence upon the age-enfeebled body, meets the dread ordeal of death with only the greater fear and suffering. If, then, death shall be more dreadful to-morrow than to-day, in what lies the virtue of life's prolongation?

No man comes into the world of his own accord, and no man rightfully goes out of it by any voluntary action of his own, designed merely for that purpose. But if he has fairly discharged life's duties he needs to have but little more concern as to the time and place of its ending than he had in relation to its beginning. To the finite and physical conception death at any stage is abhorent, and in its destruction of manhood's prime seems especially to be deplored. The beaming eye, the human form divine in all its symetry and strength, dissolves into loathsome and insensate earth; the beautiful column of life is rudely broken ere it is finished; the tender ties of love are ruthlessly dissevered; the man of intellect drops his studies, his pen, his pursuit of an immortality on earth, and leaving all his thoughts unsaid, goes down into the lasting silence of oblivion. This is one view from an earthly standpoint; certainly, however, not that of Him who sees the end from the beginning, nor yet the higher view to which even mortals may attain. Yet there is no view that adds importance to merely terrestrial existence. The result, the effect of any human life can be determined with even less certainty than its ulterior purpose. The victories which the patriotic soldier, Jackson, living, might have won would, perchance, have proved a curse instead of a blessing to his countrymen. Over the ruins of the loftiest towers that human skill can erect. *Illum fuit* shall come to be written at last. "For verily," said the Psalmist, "every man at his best estate is altogether vanity;" and from the sad truth of this summary there is no escape. Reason, then, however adverse it may be to human pride, is forced at last to accept as the theory of mortal life, that it is merely a probationary period of existence, having beyond this purpose nothing for its accomplishment whatever. In this view, death is but the promotion of the deserving; and when promotion is assured, when the test of life has been successfully met by the discharge of its duties and the faithful endurance of its trials, the purpose of life is already accomplished. The delay of death, then, deprives the man of his promotion, and, worse still, subjects him to the many vicissitudes incident to frail humanity, and which, until the last moment, threaten the security of what elsewise stands assured.

The true soldier does not seek his commander to demand assignment to a higher rank, nor yet, when the order for such an advancement comes, does he shun the promotion because of any dangers or uncertainties that may be thought to attend it. In this spirit the true man meets every issue of life or death, and reeks not that it shall be the one in preference to the other. The reluctant yielding up of life when it can no longer be retained, or if so, can no longer afford either joy or honor, is not to be compared to its fearless surrender at the call of duty, when all its hopes are high, and its fond illusions yet untried. Though the night of death fall at life's noontide, yet its shadow is over the living rather than the dead. The cypress shade obscures no sunlight from eyes and heart that lie in the unseeing stillness of physical death. But my friend has passed into a fairer light beyond, and his generous spirit, I doubt not, still extends to his companions of earth an invocation of divine care, "till I see you again."

Baird, Tex., June 12, 1889.

CALL FOR A CONVENTION.

Call for a convention of farmers, merchants, manufacturers, mill men, mechanics and working people of Texas to meet at Dallas, July 8, 1889, to consider the freight rate question.

The great burden now resting upon the people of Texas is the excessive and enormous rates charged by the combination of railroads now operating in Texas. This powerful combination is now exacting an unjust tax from the people of Texas that is stifling and paralyzing her entire productive interests. You might as well appeal to the Rocky Mountains for relief, as everything in that line that can be done has been done, and they simply turn a deaf ear to every appeal of both individuals, communities and cities. Millions of bushels of grain are now wasting in the granaries of the farmers of Texas for want of transportation at living rates. Every bale of cotton grown in the state has to pay an enormous rate to find its market. Every merchant in the state is struggling under an enormous load, as the policy of the combination is to build up foreign cities and states at our expense. Every manufacturer in the state is almost paralyzed and completely hedged in by the enormous local freight rates. The mines and minerals of Texas must remain undeveloped. The great state of Texas with her vast resources must necessarily take a back seat on account of this treatment, while the balance of the south less favored by nature and more favored by railroads is making rapid progress in agriculture, mining, manufacturing and general developments.

THE REMEDY.

All honor is due the convention that framed the constitution of the state of Texas for their foresight in seeing that such a state of affairs, as now exists, might come to pass and that a combination of the railroads of the state might oppress the people, notwithstanding the extreme liberality and generosity in granting the roads of the state valuable franchises and immense donations. The constitution of the state says, "the legislature of Texas shall fix reasonable maximum freight and passenger rates governing railroads."

Startling facts and figuras are being developed that will be made known at the convention. Now is the time to act while the question is up and the people are interested.

We invite all organized bodies of an industrious or business character to send delegates. We also urge business men in every city and town to meet and draft resolutions expressive their views on the subject, and to send a suitable representation. We also urge all persons interested in reasonable freight rates who can attend the convention to do so and participate in the proceedings. Very respectfully,

MANUFACTURERS' ASSOCIATION,
Dallas.

Dallas, June 11, 1889.

THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. Sold by R. Phillips. 1

SHILOH'S COUGH and consumption cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption. R. Phillips. 6

"Hackmetack," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. For sale by R. Phillips. 13

PRESS OPINIONS.

When you want to find out the enterprising men of a town, put on your spec's and look over the advertising columns of your county paper. You will sure find them there. Just take out your rule and measure its advertisements and you can tell how much it would take to buy the whole town. —Midland Gazette.

We have often wondered how Mr. Sam S. Gholson escaped the title of general, or colonel or captain. He is now, and from early boyhood, thirty years back, has been a prominent man on this frontier. He has been a leader in many a daring expedition after Indians and outlaws, and at one time was one of our largest cattlemen. He is still on the range and in good circumstances. One thing is certain, his own good name and reputation is more honorable in the estimation of sensible men than any high-sounding title bestowed by flattering strangers. Sam. S. Gholson is devoting his energies to the development of the country he helped to reclaim from the savage and wild beast, and is as unpretentious as he is meritorious, caring very little whether he is addressed as general, colonel or plain Sam Gholson.—Estacado News.

"Times are hard, money scarce, business is dull, retrenchment is a duty—Please stop my—" Whisky? "Oh, no, times are not hard enough for that. But there is something else that costs me a large amount every year, which I wish to save. Please stop my—" Ribbons, jewelery, ornaments and trickets? No, no; not those, but I must retrench somewhere. Please stop my—" Tobacco, cigars and snuff? Not those at all, but I believe I can see a way to effect quite a saving in another direction. Please stop my —" Tea, coffee and unhealthy luxuries? "No, no; not those. I must think of something else. Ah! I have it now. My paper costs $2 a year. Please stop my paper. That will carry me through the panic easily. I believe in retrenchment and economy, especially in brain."—Ex.

Examination of Applicants for the Huntsville Normal.

The following named gentlemen have been selected to conduct the examination of applicants for the appointment to the Sam Houston Normal school at Huntsville, the examination to take place at Baird, Callahan county, on Saturday, July 20, 1889. Board of Examiners: Gen. F. W. James, Hon. B. R. Webb and Judge I. M. Onins. The press of the district will please publish this notice for the benefit of those desiring to compete for the appointment. Respectfully,

ALF. H. H. TOLAR,
Representative Forty-third District.

County Treasurer's Report 1888.

The following twenty-one questions were recently addressed to our county treasurer by Commissioner L. L. Foster, and as the answers will be of interest to our readers we publish them in full. It will be seen that $23,531.03 of the bonded debt was paid off last year. Most of this was collected on the Milliken judgment. It will no doubt be a source of gratification to every taxpayer in the county to learn that the county's indebtedness is gradually being paid off and in a few years the county will be entirely out of debt. The bonded debt of the county at this time, so we are informed, is less than $10,000. Few counties in western Texas can make as good a showing:

Question—Rate of county tax on $100 valuation? Answer—27 1-2 cents.

Q.—Balance in county treasury December 31, 1888? A.—$1,627.86.

Q.—Outstanding court house bonds? A.—$32,000.

Q.—Outstanding jail bonds? A.—None.

Q.—Outstanding road and bridge bonds? A.—None.

Q.—All other outstanding bonds? A.—None.

Q.—Total bonded indebtedness? A.—$32,000.

Q.—All other indebtedness? A.—None.

Q.—Total county indebtedness, bonds and interest? A.—$33,531.03.

Q.—Bonds redeemed during year? A.—$23,531.03.

Q.—Expended for public buildings? A.—None.

Q.—Expended for repairs of public buildings? A.—None.

Q.—Expended for roads and bridges? A.—None.

Q.—Has the county a poor farm? A.—No.

Q.—Number paupers supported? A.—None.

Q.—Amount expended for paupers? A.—None.

Q.—Amount expended for paupers by contract? A.—None.

Q.—Amount paid grand jurors? A.—$408.

Q.—Amount paid petit jurors? A.—$1,760.50.

Q.—Total amount expended in support of couty during the year 1888? A.—5,848.34. C. ESTES,
Treasurer Callahan County.

April 26, 1889.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(DELAYED.)

Tecumseh Talk.

TECUMSEH, June 15, 1889.

We have had plenty rain of late.

Mrs. Hedley has been sick this week.

Mrs. Dave Parker has been suffering with a bone felon.

"Immersion" and "connection" respectfully referred to Dr. R.

Harvest is about over. Threshing will be the order of the day next.

We understand that the Eagle Cove Alliance folks have bought a thresher.

Peaches are very fine; apricots good; wild goose plums splendid. This is a pretty good fruit country after all.

Prof. Ed. Rowlands' school closed yesterday with a picnic, which was well attended. The professor gave satisfaction, which is evidenced by the patrons of the school wishing him to teach next session.

O. K.

West Caddo.

WEST CADDO, June 17.

Rain, rain; more rain. Who says it don't rain in Callahan county? The corn crop will make an abundance for ourselves and the large emigration we will have this year. A county with all our advantages cannot remain long without being densely populated, and by the best class of people. We join THE STAR in giving to Baird and Callahan county that "big boom" they so justly merit.

Mrs. John Odom and family, who have been visiting friends and relatives here, have returned home to Belle Plaine.

Hermon Aiken is at home after an absence of some months attending school in Bell county.

Your correspondent was around somewhat last week in the lower end of this precinct and never saw better prospects anywhere for crops. All are first-class farmers and are justly entitled to the bountiful harvest I think they will secure.

Messrs. Odell and Edwards have as good orchards as can be found anywhere. This is a good fruit country and grangers should give it more attention.

Pursuant to a call of the committee the Baptist convention met at Caddo Peak school house, the object of said convention being to decide whether an association be organized in and for Callahan county. The convention decided to organize the association, which will be done sometime in September. They were in session Friday and Saturday last.

"How do you like the make-up and get-up of THE STAR this week?" Well, indeed; think it an honor to the town and and county wherein published. Your sample copies received and duly distributed by

AN OCCASIONAL.

Demorest's Monthly for July.

"Land of the Midnight Sun" must indeed be an interesting portion of the earth's surface to visit if we may judge from the extremely interesting and beautifully illustrated article about that region that appears in Demorest's Monthly Magazine for July; and that the modes of travel in that far-off country are ages behind the times is clearly shown by turning to another article in the same number of this valuable Family Magazine. In a most charming manner we are told of the "Comforts of Modern Railway Travel" in our own country, and the illustrations give us a comprehensive idea of the luxury one may find in one of our palaces on wheel, from the kitchen to the boudoir. "Birds In Our Homes," by Oliver Thone Miller, also handsomely illustrated, will please all lovers of our feathered friends. "Aids to Beauty," a series of articles commenced in this number, will certainly be of great benefit to those who wish to enhance their personal charms. The stories in the July number are particularly attractive and summer, and the beautiful "Rose" frontispiece is a study in colors well worthy of framing.

Published by W. Jennings Demorest, 15 East 14th Street, New York.

Wichita county purposes to make up a car load of wheat for Johnstown.

A young man and his horse were killed Saturday evening in Hunt county by lightning.

Blind Tom the famous negro pianist and well known everywhere and his manager were lost in the great flood at Johnstown.

A well-known professional gentleman states that he has dabbled in Louisiana lottery tickets for a period of fifteen years and the extent of his luck is only $2.

WILL YOU SUFFER with Dyspepsia and Liver complaint? Shiloh's Vitalizer is guaranteed to cure you. For sale by R. Phillips. 2

CROUP, WHOOPING COUGH and bronchitis immediately removed by Shiloh's cure. Sold by R. Phillips.

SLEEPLESS NIGHTS, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's cure is the remedy for you. R. Phillips. 3

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Photographic, Art and Enlarging Gallery.

A Beautiful "Easel and Wall Frame" given away with each dozen of Cabinet Photographs.

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WHERE FRESH MEATS Of all Kinds are kept.

FIRST-CLASS MEATS Served in First-Class Style.

Give me a call when you want good meats,

L. O. OLIVER.

First Door North of J. L. LEA & CO'S, Baird, Texas.

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DRUGGISTS' SUPPLIES.

A First-Class Drug Store.

We take pleasure in informing the public that we retain the services of S. T. FRASER, M. D., who will have entire control of the Prescription Department, the Integrity, Competency and Reliability of this Gentleman, who is an old and well known citizen of Callahan county, is a sufficient guarantee that you will get your Prescriptions compounded in a thoroughly Scientific manner. Nothing will be dispensed but the best and purest drugs.

A COMPLETE LINE OF

Patent Medicines, Paints, Oils, Sulphur Cement, and Notions. Envelopes of all kinds and sizes.

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DRUG STORE,

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DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PATENT MEDICINES, AND A FULL LINE OF

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Shingles, Sash, Doors, Blinds, Moulding, Posts, Stays,

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Baird Weekly Star.

W. E. Gilliland, Editor, and Sole Proprietor.

SUBSCRIPTION $1 50 A YEAR

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

Advertising Free.

Remember that we will advertise all lost stock for subscribers free of charge. If you have lost any stock send us a description of them and we will advertise them for you.

NO WOOD CUTS.

No wood cuts or cuts with wood bases will be inserted in THE STAR under any consideration. This applies to all contracts made on and after this date, and to all others on and after January, 1890. Advertisers at home and abroad are requested to take notice. March, 21, 1889.

THURSDAY, JUNE 27, 1889.

PENNSYLVANIANS will still take their 'key straight by 200,000 majority.

REMEMBER Rev. B. T. McClelland's appointment at the Frst Presbyterian church next Saturday night, Sunday and Sunday night.

THE STAR last week contained forty-four editorials, fifty seven miscellaneous items and sixty-nine locals; no paid matter counted. How many papers in western Texas make as good showing. Don't all speak at once.

SEE THE STAR supplement containing full list of premiums offered by the district fair. Let everyone in the county make an effort to exhibit something at this fair. The fair promises to be even better than last year and our county ought to be well represented.

SEE the call for a convention at Dallas July 8. A united and determined action of the people all over the state will bring the roads to terms—nothing else will. The people of Callahan county are vitally interested in this matter and we hope a good delegation from both town and country will attend the convention.

THE Seattle Post-Inteligencer, one of our valued exchanges, was burned out in the recent disastrous fire that occurred in that city. The first number of the Post-Intelligencer since the fire reached this office last week, giving a full and complete account of the fire. The P. I. is published in a tent and if the balance of the business firms show as much get-up-and-get Seattle will be speedily rebuilt.

THE Dallas Mercury says the Fort Worth Gazette threatens to make it warm for the railroads in the future if they don't stop discriminating against Fort Worth. The Mercury thinks there is no doubt that the railroads will weaken. Perhaps so, but the people will not weaken. There is one of two things, the state must either control the railroads or the railroads will control the state, at least it now looks that way.

HOW DO you like the make-up and get-up of THE STAR this week?—BAIRD STAR.

Finely, brother Gilliland; we find but one objection and that is that THE STAR does not help the independent reform press to show up the impositions, inconsistencies and unjust policy of the leaders of the old political parties and warn the people of the great danger to our government from such a policy.—Stephensville Headlight.

THE STAR and Headlight are working for the same object, but in different directions. We think the only hope is in the Democratic party, and that all these little side parties, while they have many things to commend them to the public, yet the tendency is to draw largely from the Democratic party, thus perpetuating Republican rule, which, in the dark days of reconstruction, ruined nearly every state in the South, and is responsible for the protective tariff, the money alogarchy and all manner of monopolies. Brother Minter thinks the salvation of the country depends upon smashing both the old parties, unite the best elements of the fragments and build a new party. Vain delusive hope a chimera, grand and sublime, in theory, but will end only in disappointment. Get aboard the old Democratic ship, brother Minter; no harm is going to come to this government by this party, who for half a century controlled the government and went out without a blot upon its good name. When the principles of Democracy die this proud republic will die. Corrupt politicians may, and do sometimes, get control of the party, but this is the exception, not the rule.

CISCO BARBECUE.

Editor Star:

On last Monday, in company with several citizens of Baird, I visited Cisco, in response to an invitation from the Masons of that thriving little city, to a public installation of their officers-elect and celebrate St. John's day. At 10 o'clock a. m. a procession consisting of about 300 Masons, clothed in white gloves and aprons, formed at their hall with the Eastland brass band in the lead. After marching through the principal streets of the city the head of the column was turned toward the picnic grounds, arriving there we found a beautiful grove and a very large and commodious arbor. The beautiful and impressive installation ceremonies of the various officers of their lodge was witnessed by perhaps some 2,000 people. Then this the well known and smiling countenance of Gov. Wheeler greeted the audience, which was the signal for a round of applause, which showed the high appreciation of the [illegible] that talented gentleman, who delivered a beautiful oration after which Judge Conner, in his accustomed happy style, made a few appropriate remarks and introduced Dr. H. R. Coleman, of Kentucky, who, in his inimitable way repeated the serio-comic poem "Who vouched for Du Pree," which kept the vast assembly convulsed with uproarious laughter for about twenty-five minutes. This acted as a good apetizer and dinner was immediately announced. Ladies invited first and Masons next. The dinner was all that could be wished for; the different meats were splendidly barbecued in a bounteous supply. It was a grand success. Dr. Coleman was again introduced and delivered the grandest and most eloquent Masonic address it has ever been my good fortune to hear, and I venture to say that every Mason who heard it was prouder still that he is a Mason.

Taking it all together the occasion was a joyous one and long to be remembered. Not the slightest thing happened to mar the harmony of the day, and the universal verdict for the brethren of Cisco lodge was "well done, good and faithful brethren; may you live long to enjoy many such happy occasions." S. T. FRASER.

Baird, June 27, 1889.

BROWNWOOD SUMMER NORMAL.

(Brownwood Appeal.)

All teachers of the Twenty-ninth senatorial district, composed of Brown, Comanche, Eastland, Stephens, McCulloch, Runnels, Taylor, Coleman, Callahan, Nolan and other counties, are interested in the success of the Brownwood Summer Normal. The Normal will commence July 17 and close August 16, 1889. The teachers, Prof. R. B. Halley, of the Sam Houston Normal Institute, Prof. Jones, superintendent of Cisco Public schools and Miss Minnie Halley, of the Gainesville Public schools, are recognized as in the ranks of the best teaching ability of the state. The rate of tuition for one month in all branches is only $5. Boarding can be obtained in private families at $12.50 to $15 per month. Two classes of certificates—first and second—valid for two years, anywhere in the state, will be issued. This is the only Summer Normal that will be held in the Twenty-ninth senatorial district this summer. Teachers who expect to progress in their profession cannot afford to miss it. The session will be held at the Coggin school building, three-fourths of a mile from the commercial center of the city. Nice, shady grounds, and clear, cold water. The people of Brownwood are noted for their warm-hearted hospitality and will give a broad welcome to all members of the institute. Arrangements will be made for a course of free lectures from representative men of the city of Brownwood. All papers of the Twenty-ninth senatorial district will please "clip" and publish this notice of the Normal. All communications addressed to Prof. Carl Vincent, Chairman of Executive Committee, will receive prompt attention.

LETTER FROM ABE MULKEY.

DUBLIN, June 25, 1889.

EDITOR BAIRD STAR:

Dear Brother:—We so often refer to our precious meeting at Baird somehow I want to let you all know through the columns of your paper of our whereabouts. We entered upon our duties in this sprightly little town June 18, with all the vigor of our God-given power, Rev. Wm. Price and assistants had all things ready. Four hundred people met us at the first meeting; the attendance increased until Sunday night, the sixth day, it was estimated that there were 2,000 present. We had an "overflow" service at the Baptist church and many were unable to get in the house. Seventy-three have given their names for membership. I think the meeting will grow in interest until the close, Thursday night. This is one of our most powerful meetings; they don't regard the clouds or wind. Men have sought forgivness, restored and every sign indicates that it is an Apostolic revival. God bless the young men's prayer meeting of Baird. I so often realize the power of God accompanying his word to the hearts of sinful men. I trust we will be aided by their prayers and presence in Albany October 18. I hear from your good works all along the line. Lou joins me in love to all. Your brother,

ABE MULKEY.

NOTE—Brother Mulkey need not ask to be remembered by the members of the young men's prayer meeting, for if there has ever been a meeting that a divine blessing was not invoked for both brother and sister Mulkey we do not remember it.—[ED.

To Demonstrate the Value of Advertisers.

(Cottonwood Prodigal.

We see from the last issue of the BAIRD STAR that the editor of that paper, in conjunction with E. E. Soloman and J. E. Gilliland, has gone into the real estate and agency business at Baird. There is no doubt but this is a strong firm, and if there is any good in rustling the said firm will be heard from before many days roll round with no uncertain sound. We are glad to hear of of this triumvirate embarking in business together, as now they have a practical opportunity of demonstrating to the most skeptical that there is merit in printers' ink, and that advertising judiciously does pay. We sincerely wish the new firm all the success they can wish themselves, and trust their venture may become a permanent and profitable one.

Since Ogle left goods have gone down and the boys say they cannot keep things on hand.

CONFEDERATE GENERALS.

Where Are the Gallant Commanders Who Led the Southern Soldiers in Battle? What These War Veterans

Are Doing Since They Put Aside Their Armor—A Sketch That Will Be of Interest to the Ex-Soldier of the Confederacy.

(Courier-Journal.)

WASHINGTON, June 9.—[Special.]—Here is something quite interesting to all ex-Confederate soldiers. It is written by the Lounger on the Avenue in to-day's Washington Herald:

What has become of the Confederate Generals?" is a question very often asked, but not so easily answered, and it is the Lounger's purpose to try to reply to this question in the presently coming column. Only those who have undertaken such a task can appreciate its immensity and trouble, but if it serves its purpose I shall be content. To begin with those of the highest rank of the five full generals of the Confederate army, Johnston, J. E., and Beauregard survive. Gen. Johnston is United States commissioner of railroads, and Gen. Beauregard lives in Louisiana, where he has created the finest body of militia for its numbers in America. He is also one of the commissioners for the liquidation of one of the old Louisiana State banks, besides which he has other important business connections.

There were twenty-one lieutenant generals in the Confederate army from first to last, and of these all were from the United States Army but four, viz: Richard Taylor, N. B. Forrest, Wade Hampton and John B. Gordon. Of them, the following are living: D. H. Hill, who is in North Carolina; Stephen Lee, Early, Buckner, Wheeler and A. P. Stewart, besides the two not from the old United States army, mentioned above. Gustavus W. Smith is the ranking major-general living, and makes his home in New York city. W. T. Martin lives at Natchez and is a railroad president. C. W. Field lives at Hot Springs, Ark. L. L. Lomax is superintendent of a prosperous school in Virginia. Frank Armstrong is the best United States Indian inspector under the government, for he was born in the Choctaw nation. Humse lives in Memphis, Tenn. Churchill was governor of Arkansas and lives at Little Rock. Colquitt was governor of Georgia and is United States senator-elect from that state. Col. Stone has returned from Egypt and is living here in Washington, and is chief of a division in the surgeon-general's office. Dibrell is a member of congress from Tennessee. Lyon, who commanded one of Forrest's divisions awhile, lives at Eddyville, Ky. Mackall, who was a brigadier-general and chief of Gen. Bragg's staff, lives over in Fairfax county, Va., not far from Washington. He is in wretched health. McGowan is a member of the supreme court of South Carolina. W. R. Miles is a cotton planting magnate on the Yazoo river, in Mississippi. Roger A. Pryor is a prosperous lawyer in New York. John G. Walker is down in Central America, as secretary of legation under Dabney Maurey, who is our minister there. Lord, how the world changes. Holmes is in Mexico mining, and I hear, making money.

Of the three Lees who were generals, Custis—who was Mr. Davis' chief of staff—is president of the Washington and Lee college in Virginia. William Henry Fitzhugh Lee, generally called "Runy," is a planter and member of congress from the Eighth Virginia district. Fitzhugh Lee, a cousin of the others, and a famous cavalry officer, owns the "Ravenswood" estate on the Potomac fifty miles below Washington, and is governor of the state of Virginia. Robert E. Lee, the general's youngest son, who served in the ranks a greater part of the war, lives on the James river and owns a handsome estate there. He is more like his great father in appearance and manner than any of the Lees. I have heard, though I do not know how true it is, that it is in contemplation by the Lees to remove the dust of their grandfather ("Light-horse Harry Lee," as Gen. Washington always called him) from Cumberland Island, Ga., and bury it by the side of Gen. Robert E. Lee. If I had to select the man who should represent mentally and physically the highest type of the younger southern gentleman I should choose Custis Lee. He is a man of strikingly handsome and well-bred appearance, and of perfect manners, and is the only one of the Lees who is unmarried.

Turning from the Lees, Gen. Longstreet, the ranking lieutenant-general of the Confederacy, I am sorry to know, is getting on badly. He lives at Gainesville, Ga., and his house there burned recently with all that was in it. Longstreet had the confidence of Gen. Lee to a greater degree than any of his officers, for barring Gettysburg, about which there is a wide diversity of opinion, Longstreet never made a mistake. Gen. Early, another of Lee's corps commanders, lives at Lynchburg and is in the practice of law. He is fairly well to do. Of Gordon I have spoken before.

Everybody knows what Gen. Hampton, who once commanded all the cavalry of the army of northern Virginia, is doing, and that Maj. Gen. M. C. Butler is his colleague in the United States senate from South Carolina.

Turning to the officers of Gen. Johnston's army of Tennessee, Lieut. Gen. A. P. Stewart is president of the university of Mississippi at Oxford, and Lieut. Gen. Stephen D. Lee is president of another Mississippi institution of learning. R. H. and Patton Anderson are dead. Gen. Bate is United States senator from Tennessee, and W. H., or "Red," Jackson one of Forrest's division commanders, is living near Nashville on a magnificent plantation. Gen. Wheeler, who commanded all of Gen. Johnston's cavalry when he was only 29 years old, is a planter in north Alabama, was a member of the last, and is a member-elect of the next, congress. Gen. Lawton, the quartermaster-general of the Confederacy, is a leading member of the Savannah, Ga., bar, and Gen. Gorgas, the Confederate chief of ordinance, died in Alabama the other day. Cockrell, the ranking Confederate general from Missouri, is the senior United States senator from that state. E. C. Walthall, of Mississippi, who was seriously considered as a possible commander of the army of the Tennessee in 1864 by Mr. Davis and his cabinet, is a United States senator from Mississippi and the attorney for the Illinois Central's southern connecting lines, at a salary of $12,000 a year. Just after the war he was a law partner of Judge Lamar at Oxford.

Three West Point governors and ex-Confederate generals rode at the head of the troops from their respective states in the New York centennial parade. They were Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia; Buckner, of Kentucky; and Nichols, of Louisiana. Nichols, who was terribly wounded, losing an arm and a leg, both close to the body, was elected governor for the second time in 1887, and inaugurated in 1888. Robert Lowrey, who was a brigadier-general in the army of northern Virginia, is governor of Mississippi, and Sull Ross, who commanded a Texas brigade in Forrest's troops, is now governor of the great state of Texas. Fagan lives in Arkansas, as does Govan and Louis Herbert, one of the best mathematicians that ever left West Point, who was colonel of the Third Louisiana Infantry and a brigadier-general, and who lives up in his native Attackapas, in Louisiana. Rosser lives near Charlottesville, and is rich, while B. H. Robertson, the courtly, gracious gentleman, is a resident of Washington City. George Stewart lives in Baltimore, as also does Bradley Johnson. William H. Payne lives here in Washington and at Warrenton, Va., and the attorney for the Virginia Midland. Thomas M. Logan, the youngest brigadier-general the Confederacy ever made, being just 21 when commissioned, is at the head of the great Richmond and West Point Terminal system. He lives in New York.

William P. Roberts, of North Carolina, a cavalry brigadier-general under W. H. F. Lee, and next to Logan in youth, lives in North Carolina and has been state auditor for a long time. Mahone is in Petersburg. John C. Brown, the ablest general officer from Tennessee, who was the first Democratic governor of that state after the defeat of the reconstruction policy here, is now the solicitor-general for the combined Gould system of railroads, with headquarters at St. Louis. George D. Johnson lives at Charleston, S. C., and is the superintendent of the Citadel Military academy. Gen. Ferguson lives at Greenville, Miss., and is a member of the Mississippi River Commission. Holtzclaw lives in Alabama, at Selma, I believe.

Gen. Buckner, who is worth a million, is governor of Kentucky. Lieut. Gen. Kirby Smith lives at Sewanee, Tenn., where he is president of the University of the south. McLaws lives at Augusta, Ga. Featherston lives in Mississippi. Slaughter, Gen. A. S. Jonston's inspector-general, afterward a general officer, is the Republican candidate for United States marshal of Northern Alabama. Harry Heth is in Texas. E. Porter Alexander is vice-president of the Georgia Central railroad. A. R. Wright, of Georgia, is dead. Pierce M. B. Young lives at Carterville, Ga. George D. Cosby, who was adjutant-general of California under Stoneman, lives in that state.

Kershaw is a judge in south Carolina. Conner has been attorney-general of South Carolina and is now a judge, and Chestnut, Bonham and Youmans are all living in that state. Walter Taylor, Gen. Lee's adjutant-general, lives at Norfolk. Corley, the quartermaster of the army of northern Virginia, shot himself several years ago, and Charles H. Marshall, the aide-de-camp who was with Gen. Lee when he surrendered, is a leading lawyer in Baltimore. C. M. Wilcox lives here and John Withers is living quietly at Mobile.

I could name others, but I believe I have mentioned the greater number of those who are best known to the public, north and south. Taking them all in all, the late officers of the Confederacy have steered remarkably clear of poverty and are generally very averse to having anything to do with politics, and their influence has always been in favor of law and order.

There are many named in this list who were not in the regular army before the war, but the information I am endeavoring to furnish would not be complete without mention of them.

We see that J. L. Lea & Co. have in operation a wire picket fence machine. This fence, besides being ornamental and cheap, is an ingenious contrivance for keeping stock and chickens out of our yards, orchards, and gardens. It is absolutely rabbit proof.

Lamp stoves for hot weather cooking. Try one and you would not be without it for anything. H. Meyers.

DOTS FROM WACO.

Baylor University Commencement and Other Items of Interest.

WACO, June 22.—The first thing the people of Waco did in the old frontier days was to anglicise the Indian word "Hueco," from which the city takes its name. Ever since that this city has progressed, and to-day it feels proud of its high place in the galaxy of Texas cities. Of none of its many excellent enterprises and institutions of learning is it more proud than it is of Baylor university, which closed its forty-third annual commencement with the Alumni banquet Friday night. The exercises this year were of unusual interest. Beginning on Friday night with the exercises by the primary department, which is presided over by Miss Emma Culbertson, the interest has been kept up throughout. Saturday night was the art levee, under the management of Prof. L. L. Cohen. The chapel walls were literally covered with choice paintings, all the work of students of the art class. The gold medal for greatest proficiency was awarded to Charles McGregor, son of Dr. G. C. McGregor, of Waco.

Monday was the "Lone Star School of Oratory" day, and closed one of the finest elocution entertainments at night that your correspondent ever attended. This department is presided over by Prof. W. W. Franklin, who is an accomplished scholar. The championship medal (a gold one, worth $400) was awarded to Miss Forrest Tucker, of Cameron; the second medal was won by Miss Ida Fawkins, of Whitney, and the third by Miss Annie Dean, of Waco.

Wednesday night was taken up by the orations in behalf of the university societies, and were delivered by Rev. J. C. Midyett, of Lampasas, and Rev. Jeff D. Ray, of Columbus. Among other things in his address, Mr. Ray said: "The Texas of fifty years ago—the Texas of savages, of buffaloes, of boundless prairies—has blossomed like the rose, and in its material progress and development in education, literature and morals, no man has contributed more than Rufus C. Burleson, the honored and venerable president of Baylor university."

Thursday night the exercises closed with the annual musical concert, under the auspices of Mrs. Twells, Mrs. K. L. Beach and Miss Hallie Harrison. This was the crowning event of the commencement. The music department is in very capable hands and I do not recall a more pleasant occasion.

The university this year matriculated 552 students, and during 1890 under the financial management of Dr. J. B. Cranfill, it is expected that the third building, the young men's dormitory, which is to cost $50,000, will be erected.

Our artesian wells continue to flow, and are proving a bonanza to the city.

During the storm the other night lightning struck the gas works. This has done a great deal to intimidate the fourth-of-July orator, who is ripe and almost ready to pull.

RANDOM.

Taxable Town Property.

Town Marshal Lane has completed his roll for this year, and the following is a tabulated statement of the taxable property and the amount of taxes on same. The First National bank is the largest tax-payer, followed by the Texas & Pacific railroad:

	Real Estate.	Personal	Total.	General Fund	Tax Poll Tax.	Total.
Resident	$88,167 00	$139,100 00	$338,267 00	$254 00	$146 00	$400 00
Non-resident	20,275 00	22,408 00	51,733 00	129 55		129 55
Unrendered	5,660 00	250 00	5,910 00	14 00	1 00	15 00
Total	$125,042 00	$161,758 00	$425,909 00	$397 55	$147 00	$544 55

FAIR NOTES.

The Texas State Fair and Dallas Exposition is getting out a list of premiums, which will be given the counties making the best exhibit. Here is an opportunity for our county to show what it can do. Let's have an exhibit there.

***

It is said that Chauncey M. Depew, the great centennial orator, has accepted an invitation to deliver an address at the Dallas fair. The Fair management is determined to have plenty of first-class attractions this year.

***

Presidents Harrison and Diaz and Secretary Blaine are to be invited to attend the Dallas Fair. We hope they will come. Texas would like to see a real live president.

***

The Texas State Fair and Dallas Exposition has secured the famous Cappa's Seventh Regiment Band for the Fair. This is one of the finest bands in the world, and will prove a great attraction.

Preaching.

Rev. B. T. McClelland, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Brownwood, will visit Callahan county during the latter part of this month and requests us to say that he will preach at the following places, viz: Cross Plains, June 28 at night; Baird, Saturday night, June 29, Sunday and Sunday night; at Tecumseh Monday night and Tuesday, July 1 and 2; at Mrs. Rebecca Gilliland's Wednesday night, July 3. All persons desiring their children baptised can have the rite performed at these appointments.

PEOPLE WITH WHIMS.

Those Who Fancy All Sorts of Things, More or Less Complimentary to Self.

Beware of the man who thinks he has none, for he is the man most likely to be permeated, saturated with whimsicalities.

Our whims become a part of our character, just as our virtues or our vices; indeed, with some of us they become so prominent that they overshadow everything else in our natures and we would not be recognized by our friends if, like Christian at the Beautiful Gate, we should suddenly lose the burden and appear before them.

I know a woman—a noble, generous hearted woman in most things—who tips the scales at 200 pounds, whose principal whim is that she is not so large as she looks. Wherever she goes, she becomes the terror of the modiste. Her first remark always, to a new one, is to be sure to remember that she is not so large as she seems at first sight. She is continually changing, because, as she says, they don't understand her figure and always make her look larger than she is.

I have known a man who fancies that his early teachers spoiled a first class artist by not encouraging his school day caricatures. He never speaks of art and artists without bringing up the thought that many an embryo Raphael has been killed by the frosts of disapproval. As he always supplements this assertion with his own personal experience, it is quite patent to his friends that when he says "many a one," he means particularly the one who wears his shoes.

I know another man so grotesque in feature that his face would make a good illustration for a comic almanac or a copy of Dickens, whose favorite whim is that he bears a great resemblance to the illustrious Benjamin Franklin. Never having crossed the path of any of the old statesman's heirs and acquainted them with his belief, he has lived to a good old age. He derives great comfort from the statement of the mental scientist who affirms that if two people look alike it betokens a similarity of mind. Difference in surroundings and circumstances only has prevented his attaining the learning and eminence of Franklin.

In the suburbs of a distant city lives a childless old couple who, when past middle life, suddenly became very rich through the legacy of a relative. Their previous life had been very simple and narrow, as far as any knowledge of the world outside the simple village life was concerned, but they immediately set to work to live as other moneyed people do. The old lady took up the study of the dictionary to improve her conversational powers. The old gentleman went to Europe, to Rome, and proved a good angel to the struggling students, many of whom found an unquestioning purchaser of their productions. He came home with the most wonderful collections of statuary and pictures, the most incongruous mass one could imagine. He made his house one vast picture gallery from basement to attic. The large grounds about the house he dotted with statuary till a stranger would imagine he was coming to a cemetery when he first caught sight of the gleaming marble through the foliage. Some of the results of the old lady's dictionary study have become old landmarks in the stock of local funnyisms of the community. For instance, a neighbor calls: "Good morning, Mrs. B——, is Mr. B—— at home?" "Yes, he is out on the memorandum pursuing Shakespeare." Another time, in answer to the same query: "Yes, he went out on the lawn—to—to oleander among the scrubbery."—Chicago Journal.

Height of the Tower of Babel.

The reputed height of this structure has at times been greatly exaggerated, some Jewish authorities fixing it at twelve miles and Jerome quoting contemporary assertions for its being four miles high. These estimates, however, give way to the sober testimony of Strabo, who states the height at 609 feet, which is the figure generally accepted. The distinction of forming the remains of the tower of Babel has been claimed for three masses of ruins in or near Babylon; but the majority of competent antiquarians have declared in favor of Birs Nimroud, which stood in Borsippa, a suburb of Babylon, eight miles distant from that city. Sir R. K. Porter showed that the summit had been exposed to intense vitrifying heat which must have been the result of fire operating from above, probably in the form of lightning, thus confirming the tradition of its destruction by fire from heaven. Sir H. F. Rawlinson discovered that it consisted of seven stages of brick work on an earthen platform, each stage being of a different color. Its ruins still rise 153 feet above the level of the plain. According to Herodotus the tower of Babel was adorned by colossal images and statues of solid gold, the value of which he rated at twenty-one millions sterling, probably as great an exaggeration of their worth as twelve miles was of the height of the structure.—New York Telegram.

Lotta Crabtree's Age.

A prominent Federal office holder was walking up Broadway some days ago when he passed Miss Lotta Crabtree. "Isn't it a pity," said he, "that that chipper young woman, in whose cheeks you see no wrinkles, whose brown eyes, fresh with the light of genuine youth, and whose step is as agile as a fawn's, should be saddled with the stigma of old age—for it is a stigma to professional women—only because she was an infant prodigy and went on the stage in her early years? The statements recently printed about Lotta's owning up to 40, and being in reality 46, are amusing to people who have known her nearly all her life, as I have. I knew her father for a quarter of a century and was familiar with the estate he left Mrs. Crabtree, in government bonds, for Lotta. In 1872 I was present at the transfer of these bonds from Mrs. Crabtree to Lotta, the former stating to me then, as the reason for the assignment: 'My daughter is now of lawful age.' Lotta's exact words on that occasion were: 'I have now become of age, and I agree with mamma that it is best I should take control of my estate.' That makes Lotta exactly 23 years old now, and to that age I am willing to make an affidavit."—New York World.

Many Building Associations.

From the present outlook I venture to say that in the course of three or four years St. Louis will be properly styled the foster city of building associations. At present there are about ninety associations in this city doing well, and there is a constant demand for stock in them, which necessitates the forming of a new association every month or two.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

There is a cradle in New York that has rocked over 12,000 babies. It began to rock nineteen years ago, when the Sisters of Charity started a little foundling hospital on Twelfth street, New York, with $5 in the treasury. Sister Irene was at the head of it, as she is still, a wonderful, frail little woman, whose genius and devotion will always be remembered by those who have once beheld her among the babies whom she has saved and succored.

FOY & RICHARDSON,

—DEALERS IN—

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, SHOES, HATS, MILLINERY, FANCY GOODS, ETC, ETC.

We solicit a portion of your trade and hope to merit it, as we buy for cash and sell for cash, thereby giving our customers the benefit of goods bought at lowest prices to be had in America.

FOY & RICHARDSON, BAIRD, TEXAS.

THREE-CENT COLUMN,

All advertising in this column three cents per line each insertion. This is the lowest rate ever offered in this county. Try it.

STICKY fly paper and goggles. R. Phillips.

FURNITURE of all descriptions low down at Ph. Schwartz & Bro.'s.

GOOD goods very cheap at Ph. Schwartz & Bro.'s.

FLY POISON—Baird Drug Co.

GET our prices on lead and oil; it will pay you. Baird Drug Co.

GUN FOR SALE. Apply at this Office. 21tf.

NOVELTIES in stationery—Baird Drug Co.

STICKY fly paper at Baird Drug Co.

TO MACHINE MEN—We can save money for you on lubricating oils. Baird Drug Co.

FLY traps and ice cream freezers at H. Meyers'.

MASON'S fruit jars with disk protectors at H. Meyers'.

WE HAVE just received new goods, such as prints, lawns and other dress goods. Call and see them before buying. Moon & Crowder.

UNDERTAKER'S goods, wooden and metalic caskets, ladies' and gents' burial robes at Ph. Schwartz & Bro's.

MEXICAN Amole toilet soap; something new; washes well in hard water. R. Phillips.

BEAUTIFUL photo and autograph albums very cheap.

AN elegant line of stationery just in; some very unique designs.

ICE cold soda, vichy and seltzer waters; grateful and healthful.

RECEIVING constantly new additions to our line of notions.

DURING the heated term we will dispense cold mineral waters.

DO YOU know that vichy and seltzer are very healthy drinks

REMEMBER that we are always pleased to have you call.

UNDER no circumstances will we allow inferior drugs dispensed.

GREAT bargains in all plush goods, vases, card baskets, etc.

COME and see us; we will endeavor to make your call pleasant.

ON lamps, fixtures and chimneys we can offer you special inducements. BAIRD DRUG CO.

WANTED—500 lines in this column, at the extraordinary low price of 5cts each.

WANTED—You to report to THE STAR every thing of a local nature that will be of interest to our readers. Such as the arrival and departure of friends, relatives, prospectors, cattle buyers, cattle sales, etc. We want the news and will take pleasure in publishing it if you will send it in. We want to make THE STAR strictly a local paper, second to none in the west. To do this we ask the assistance of every reader in getting up news items. Will you do it?

ESTRAY NOTICE.

$10 REWARD—Iron gray horse, 2 years old, branded R I K on left shoulder; will pay above reward for his delivery to me at Baird. Ellis Richardson.

$10 REWARD—One bay mare mule, about 14 hands high, branded O J on left thigh and 9 on left side of neck. Clyde, Texas, May 20. W. P. MAY.

$25 REWARD—Six head of horses described as follows: One sorrel mare branded O K (bar); one sorrel mare I I, on left shoulder and H on neck; one bay mare T over open A; one 3-year-old gray, half Norman stallion, no brand; and two yearling colts not branded. Last heard of them they were on Long Branch, Eastland county. Will pay the above reward for information leading to their recovery J. D. MITCHELL, Deep Creek. Postoffice, Baird, Tex.

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy—a positive cure for catarrh, diphtheria and canker mouth. For sale by R. Phillips. 12

For lame back, side or chest, use Shiloh's porous plaster. Price 25 cents. For sale by R. Phillips. 5

"Love thy neighbor." You can never do this if you allow your neighbor to suffer with Itch, Tetter, Ringworm, etc., without advising him to use Hunt's Cure. Cure guaranteed.—Baird Drug Co. 24-4t

Cheatham's Chill Tonic is peculiarly adapted to persons in enfeebled health and invalids. It assists digestion, and is a perfect strengthener and appetizer. Satisfaction or money refunded.—Baird Drug Co. 24-4t

SHILOH'S VITALIZER is what you need for constipation, loss of appetite dizziness, and all symptoms of dyspepsia. Price 10 and 75 cents per bottle Sold by R. Phillips.

Shiloh's Cure will immediately relieve croup, whooping cough and bronchitis. For sale by R. Phillips. 14

For dyspepsia and liver complaint you have a printed guarantee on every bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. It never fails to cure. For sale by R. Phillips. 15

Are you made miserable by indigestion, constipation, dizziness, loss of appetite, yellow skin? Shiloh's Vitalizer is a positive cure. For sale by R. Phillips. 10

CATARRH CURED, health and sweet breath secured, by Shiloh's catarrh remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal injector free. Sold by R. Phillips. 4

THOSE THAT suffer from that dangerous and loathsome disease, catarrh, have at last a remedy that will never fail to permanently cure, and it is in the reach of all; for bronchitis, ozana, asthma and catarrhal consumption it has no equal, and therefore can't be excelled. For sale by R. Phillips. 25

Cheatham's Chill Tonic is acknowledged to be the best. Physicians use and prescribes it. Cure guaranteed. —Baird Drug Co. 24-4t

WHY WILL YOU suffer and at last die of some kind of blood poisoning, when one bottle of Thurmond's Blood syrup will cleanse your system of all traces of blood trouble. Cure constipation and indigestion; acts on your kindeys and restore you to good health in less time than any remedy that was ever given to humanity. Sold by R. Phillips. 25

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box.

For sale by BAIRD DRUG CO.

Ogle has gone to Missouri, but his business goes on all the same.

LEGAL NOTICES.

ESTRAYED—Before D. J. Click, J. P., Callahan county, Texas, by J. I. McWhorter, May 14th, 1889. One brown horse 7 years old, 13 hands high, branded 6 H X, with line drawn through 6 and under H X, on left hip. I. N. JACKSON, Clerk.

ESTRAYED—Before J. B. Norton, J. P., Callahan county, Tex., by Tom West, May 27, 1889. One bay horse 4 or 5 years old branded D on left shoulder and thigh; also one roan horse 5 or 6 years old branded J C on left D shoulder and J C on left thigh. I. N. JACKSON, clerk.

ESTRAYED—By J. D. Crutchfield before P. E. Smith, J. P., Callahan county, June 12, 1889: One yellow horse 12 years old, about 15 or 14 hands high, branded F U (connected) I R 3 P on left thigh, 46 on right hip. One sorrel mare 5 years old branded C H L. One brown pony 5 years old branded A O S. 27-3t I. N. JACKSON, county clerk.

PROFESSIONAL.

D. J. WILSON,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

(Local surgeon for Texas & Pacific Railway company). Office with Baird Drug Co. Office days Tuesdays and Saturdays.

R. G. POWELL,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

Office third door south of the post office, Baird, Texas.

R. F. LE MOND, M. D.—

Practice limited exclusively to the

EYE, EAR AND CATARRHAL

Diseases.

Address me at ABILENE, Texas.

MISCELLANEOUS.

CITY BARBER SHOP—

Third door north of Ed Coppins', Baird, Tex.

If you want a first-class shave, hair cut or shampoo, give me a call.

T. J. DEAN, Proprietor.

FOR SALE.

LAND FOR SALE—

140 acres of land at Belle Plaine; 40 acres in a fine state of cultivation; good orchard, house with 6 rooms and out-buildings, good cistern, fine tank cost $500; plenty of wood; best bargain in the county; only half a mile from Belle Plaine college; price, $2,600; will trade for cattle, horses or sheep; improvements worth the money. Apply to STAR LAND CO.

TOWN LOT FOR SALE—

Lot 4, block 43, next to Central hotel opposite J. L. Lea & Co's; size 25x140; warranty deed; price, $250; if sold at once will take $200. Apply to Star Land Co.

FARM FOR SALE—

One of the most desirable farms in Callahan county for sale, situated 4 miles from Baird, 560 acres in tract 75 acres in fine state of cultivation, balance in pasture. Good buildings, stock water lasts the year round.

For further particulars write to THE STAR, Box 93, Baird, Tex.

Farm containing 160 acres, 44 acres in cultivation, 75 acres under fence; farm house of 4 rooms and out-houses; fine cistern and small tank, small orchard, peaches and plums; situated in Eastland county half mile from Savanna creek, which contains water the year round. School house within half mile; Jewel postoffice within two and a half miles; title clear; no better land in the county. Price, $1,100 cash. Star Land Co.

HOTELS.

WHITLEY HOUSE.

FRONT STREET, BAIRD.

The table always supplied with the best the market affords. Board and lodging. Rates reasonable.

W. C. WHITLEY, PROPRIETOR.

PATENTS, CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS AND COPYRIGHTS obtained, and all business in the U. S. Patent Office attended to at moderate fees. Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent Office, and we can obtain patents in less time than those remote from Washington. Send model or drawing. We advise as to patentability free of charge, and we make no charge unless we obtain patent.

We refer here to the Postmaster, the supt. of Money Order div., and to officials of the U. S. Patent Office. For circular, advice, terms and references to actual clients in your own State or county, write to

C. A. SNOW & CO.,

Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

Let us give the readers of The Star a little timely advice. Hot weather is coming and with it colic cholera morbus, dysentery and diarrhoea. The only safe way to combat these diseases is to keep some reliable remedy at hand, and all who have tried Chamberlain's colic, cholera and diarrhoea remedy will admit that it is the most prompt, reliable and successful medicine known for these complaints. It costs but 25 or 50 cents, and may be the means of saving you or your family much suffering, if not life itself, before the summer is over. For sale by Baird Drug Co.

Have you heard what Mr. G. L. Weast, of Cambridge City, Ind., says of Chamberlain's colic, cholera and diarrhoea remedy? If not, here it is: "During last summer I was troubled very much with severe pains in the stomach and bowels, and was induced by a friend to try this remedy. I took one dose, as per directions, and it gave me almost instant relief. I cheerfully recommend it to the afflicted." 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Baird Drug Co.

There is nothing uncertain about effects of Chamberlain's colic, cholera and diarrhoea remedy. The fact is, it is the only preparation in the market that can always be depended upon, and that is pleasant and safe to take. 25 and 50 cent bottles for sale by Baird Drug Co.

COTTON FACTORS AND Commission Merchants.

CASH PAID FOR COTTON, WOOL, AND HIDES.

Big Stone Grocery Store.

J. L. LEA & CO.

KEEP ON HAND A LARGER STOCK OF GROCERIES, THEREFORE BUY AND SELL CHEAPER THAN ANYONE.

PLOWS, WAGONS, DRILLS

AND ALL FARM IMPLEMENTS, CHEAPER THAN EVER FOR CASH OR ON REASONABLE TIME.

J. L. LEA & CO.

We will Buy or Help You to Sell Your COUNTRY PRODUCE FOR CASH.

J. L. LEA & CO.

D. M. OSBORNE'S HARVESTING MACHINERY Cheap and on Liberal Terms.

J. L. LEA & CO

The Attention of the town trade is called to the fact that we have a Big Stock of Canned Goods of all kinds at New Prices, Bought Since the fall.

J. L. LEA & CO.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY

STATE OFFICERS.

Governor ..... L. S. Ross
Lieutenant-governor ..... T. B. Wheeler
Comptroller ..... J. D. McCall
Treasurer ..... F. R. Lubbock
Com. G. L. Office ..... R. M. Hall
Attorney-general ..... J. S. Hogg

DISTRICT OFFICERS.

District Judge ..... T. H. Conner
District Attorney ..... B. D. Shropshire

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge ..... E. E. Solomon
County & District Clerk ..... I. N. Jackson
Deputy Clerk ..... O. P. Jones
Sheriff ..... J. W. Jones
Deputy Sheriff ..... H. J. Lambert
County Attorney ..... D. H. Palmer
County Treasurer ..... C. Estes
Tax Assessor ..... T. J. Norrell
Surveyor ..... M. R. Hailey
Hide Animal Inspector ..... W. C. Asbury

CITY OFFICERS.

S. Bell ..... Mayor
W. Lane ..... Marshal
Gould ..... Alderman
C. Powell ..... Alderman
Cook ..... Alderman
Richardson ..... Alderman
E. Gilliland ..... Alderman

COMMISSIONERS.

Precinct No. 1 ..... Harry Meyers
Precinct No. 2 ..... J. F. Parton
Precinct No. 3 ..... R. J. Harris
Precinct No. 4 ..... A. W. Conner

COURTS.

District court convenes on the 9th Monday after the First Monday in February, and on the 11th Monday after the First Monday in August, and may remain in session three weeks.

SECRET SOCIETIES.

I. O. O. F.—Meets every Saturday night. T. W. King, N. G.; H. Schwartz Sec.

K. of P.—Meets every Thursday night. Harry Meyers, C. C.; W. C. Powell, K. of R. and S.; H. Schwartz, M. of F.

K. of H.—Meets 1st and 3d Tuesday nights of each month. W. C. Whitley, D.; H. Schwartz, Reporter; Harry Meyers, F. R.

MASONS—Meets on or before each full moon. S. T. Fraser, W. M.; E. E. Solomon Sec.

LOCAL NEWS.

Cap Gilliland is in town.

C. O. Morris was in town yesterday.

Get your Trunks from Powell

Andy Young was in town last night.

Bring in your wheat and oats. J. L. Lea & Co.

H. Windham, of Tecumseh, was in town Tuesday.

P. H. Carter of Abilene went down to Cisco Tuesday.

Low prices always gets there. T. E. Powell.

Mrs. F. S. Gage returned Saturday from her visit east.

John Rice was rather seriously, though not dangerously, hurt on his float a day or two ago.

Our prices are the lowest. Foy & Richardson.

J. H. Breeding, of Cottonwood, was in town yesterday.

W. H. and W. L. Gilliland were both in town yesterday.

Ladies' slippers 65 cents; worth $1 T. E. Powell.

Now is the time to plant your advertisement for the fall harvest.

Shop made boots and shoes at T. E. Powell's.

W. A. George, of Abilene, was on the eastbound passenger Tuesday.

Six spools J. & P. Coats' thread, 25 cents at T. E. Powell's.

N. T. Tucker has bought the A. M. Robertson house from J. N. Rushing.

When business is dull then is the time to advertise. Did you ever think of this?

Judge W. H. Cliett reports considerable activity in real estate matters this week.

Best cotton plaids for shirting; 7 1-2 cents, worth 10 cents. T. E. Powell.

Dr. S. T. Fraser went down to Cisco to attend the pharmaceutical convention yesterday.

Rev. W. G. Caperton will preach at the Rock church to-night upon the subject of prayer meetings.

The west-bound passenger was nine hours late Tuesday, caused by several washouts this side of Strawn.

Mrs. W. E. Gilliland and children are out at Tecumseh visiting Dr. J. D. Windham, Mrs. Gilliland's father.

Buy none but the Hamilton & Brown shoes; none better. Powell.

Judge W. H. Cliett on Monday last sold $1,713 worth of 2-year-old steers to Mr. Seavers, of Chickasaw Nation, I. T.

A big line of shoes arrived this week and I will be so crowded that I will almost give them away to get room. Come quick. T. E. Powell.

There are three "Bill" Gillilands in Callahan county and Jeff Dean, the barber, says he sheared every one of them yesterday.

Rev. R. R. Raymond and wife, of Sipe Springs, came in Monday on their way to Sweetwater to attend the district conference.

T. B. Holland came in from Dallas last Thursday, where he went on business. He took in the Fort Worth show on his trip.

We are informed that J. L. Lea & Co. are ready to buy oats and wheat at liberal prices for cash.

Commissioners' court was sitting yesterday as a board of equalization. Commissioners present: Conner, Barton, Meyers and Harris.

Tennant, Stribling & Ely Shoe Co.'s shoes. The best for the least money. Foy & Richardson.

R. M. Hudson, of Caddo Peak, was in town yesterday. Bob says everything is booming down his way. Crops fine and people happy.

T. J. Norrell, our tax assessor, was in town yesterday attending the board of equalization. He will begin making out his tax rolls next week.

One thousand dotted silk veils at 10 cents each. T. E. Powell.

We did not publish amount received on subscriptions for May. Names and amounts received for both May and June will be published the first week in July.

Several Masons of Baird attended the barbecue at Cisco Monday. They all speak in the highest terms of the treatment received at the hands of the brethren of our sister city.

Dr. Wilson, Judge Solomon and several others went to Abilene Tuesday to attend the ceremony of laying the corner stone of the public school building at that place, by the Masons.

D. J. Click resigned the office of Justice of the peace of precinct No. 1, and E. K. Kane was appointed to fill the vacancy. Mr. Kane is well qualified and will make a first-class officer.

Get your underwear from T. E. Powell. He has the finest, cheapest and best line in Baird.

Rev. R. F. Dunn and wife, accompanied by Mrs. R. R. Raymond, left Monday for Sweetwater to attend the district conference. Mrs. Dunn and Raymond stopped at Abilene, intending to go on the next day.

A good rain fell at Baird Monday night and in the south part of the county heavy rains are reported. Several washouts occurred down near Strawn and all west-bound trains are considerably delayed.

The town council let out a contract Saturday night to put in six stone crossings on Market street and on all cross streets from the depot to the court house. Fred Thayer is the contractor.

T. E. Powell carries the largest line of hats and the lowest prices. Call and see.

Corbett Gist, Peter Sugar, Martin Barnhill and John Paylor attended a party at Mr. Swenson's in the Hubbard Timbers Tuesday night. The boys say they had a real good time and everything passed off pleasantly.

Ellis Richardson went down to Waco last week to attend the Baylor University commencement and returned Sunday. Miss Bettie Richardson, who has been attending the university, returned with him. Miss Kate Richardson came with them from Fort Worth.

Buy your oil from J. L. Lea & Co. and get a syphon free of charge. They do not give you the the syphon, but loan it to all their customers who deposit 75 cents for same, or they will sell you the syphon for $1.50. They are the best and cheapest lamp filler ever made. Try one and be convinced.

Frank Vernon, of the Sipes Springs Cyclone, went through on the east bound passenger Tuesday. He was returning from Abilene, where he went to have Dr. LeMond perform an operation upon his eyes. Frank says the Cyclone still keeps up a steady blow and gets there all the same.

W. R. McDermett, of Caddo Peak, is in town to-day. Mac says he will have to move to some town where he can send his children to school. Let Baird incorporate for school purposes and thus offer better inducements for such men to move to our town. Procrastination is the thief, etc. Wake up.

The young men's prayer meeting was very well attended last Monday night. If you are a church member why don't you attend and encourage the young men? All church members are cordially invited to attend these meetings, and all Christians should make it a point to do so when possible.

Ed Coppins, not to be behind other merchants has bought him a bran spanking new delivery wagon, harness and horse and all complete, and now has the best delivery outfit in town. Coppins will deliver your goods now in short order—anything from a pint of peanuts to a barrel of molasses. Some say Coppins is giving groceries away just to get to deliver them. He says this is a mistake, but he is still selling goods at the old bed-rock prices and no charge for delivery of goods.

A runaway freight train caused considerable excitement at the depot last Thursday evening. A freight train going east lost the caboose and one or two cars west of Clyde, which was not discovered by the engineer until he had gotten some distance this side of Clyde. The grade being very great the engineer was unable to stop the train at Baird, the conductor and brakemen being in the caboose. The train went through the yard at the rate of fifty miles an hour, but owing to the coolness of the switchman, H. B. Price, the train was given a clear track and sped on east at a fearful rate. The engineer and fireman managed to stop the train about three miles east of town and backed up to this station. The engine came near turning over as it rounded a curve near one of the bridges this side of Clyde. It was a narrow escape all round.

Barbecue.

There will be a barbecue at Baird, July 11. Full program will appear in next week's STAR.

Banquet.

The Royal Arch Masons will meet at the Masonic hall Friday evening at 1 p. m., for the purpose of conferring the council degrees upon all Royal Arch Masons who have not taken them degrees. A banquet will be given in the hall at night and the "Good Samaritan" degree will be conferred upon all who are entitled to it. Gen. John Sayles and several companions with their wives, also several companions from Big Springs and Cisco will attend, and a good time is anticipated. All Royal Arch Masons are invited. The following is a list of the various committees:

Committee of Arrangements.— H. Meyers, J. Turriff, F. Wohlenburg, J. N. Rushing.

Committee on Decoration and Banquet.—S. F. Gage and wife, J. H. Peters and wife, J. Turriff and wife, Ed Coppins, wife and daughters.

Reception Committee.—S. T. Fraser, J. N. Rushing, E. E. Solomon, and all Royal Arch Masons.

Ladies!

You are invited to call and see the greatest and best invention of the Nineteenth century. It cannot be surpassed for comfort, and no lady's wardrobe is complete without it. Call at Mrs. Annie Cunningham's millinery store between the hours of 1 and 7 p. m., Tuesday, July 2, and I will show something that will surprise and please you. MRS. W. R. LOTZ.

A CARD.

FELLOW CITIZENS: Being compelled to resign the trust that you so kindly reposed in me, and which, I hope, I have in no way dishonored or betrayed; I have this to say to each and all who voted for me for justice of the peace of precinct No. 1, I am as proud of the vote as if it had been for the highest office within the gift of the people. I have discharged every duty incumbent upon me conscientiously and to the best of my ability. I feel assured that there are plenty of good men in the precinct from which a selection can be made that will serve you equally as well, if not a great deal better, than I could. In conclusion I desire to return my thanks to all, and more especially the legal fraternity, for the many favors shown me during my term of office and I hope that any error I may have made may be regarded as an error of the head and not of the heart. Feeling that I am still identified with the people of the precinct—and I have never met a better or more generous class of people anywhere—I remain at your service as a common citizen. DAN CLICK.

Family Bibles.

Any one wishing to get Family Bibles, Religious books, Periodicals, or Christian Literature of any kind, can get the same by applying to

R. F. DUNN,
Pastor, Methodist Church, Baird, Tex

1889. SPRING AND SUMMER. 1889.

Clothing, Hats, Caps and Notions.

T. E. Powell

Comes to the Front Again with a Magnificent Stock =OF= DRY-GOODS,

And a thousand and one things, too numerous to Mention.

COME ALL AND SEE MY BRAN NEW STOCK.

Boots, Shoes and Dress Goods.

T. E. POWELL, BAIRD, TEXAS.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Tecumseh Talk.

TECUMSEH, June 22.

We had quite a norther yesterday morning accompanied by a little rain.

We had a severe hail storm Sunday night, doing some damage to standing grain, cotton and corn. Some loss of life reported in the poultry department.

The Methodist quarterly meeting at Eagle Cove school house closed last Sunday. The sermon on Sunday morning by Presiding Elder Wallace was very good. The sermon in the evening by Parson Hulse was a good old-time sermon. The dinner that was spread on the ground was excellent and calculated to do a great deal of good. We didn't notice anything small about the whole affair, except the meeting house, which did not contain over one-half the congregation. We would say to the good people of Eagle Cove "build larger."

Lark Hearn and friend passed through the city yesterday morning.

Philip Yost will start on his annual threshing threshing tour in a few days. O. K.

BAPTIST ASSOCIATION-PROGRAM.

Fifth Sunday meeting of the Worker's Intsitute, Sweetwater Association, Baird church, Friday, June 28, 1889.

1st. Introductory sermon by D. H. Burt, Friday, at 7:30, p.m.

2nd. Saturday, from 8 o'clock to 9, devotional services, led by the pastor of the church.

3rd. From 9 to 10, G. W. Scarbough, subject: The church and its offices, what is it and who are they?

4th. From 10 to 11, R. A. Lee, subject: The ordinances of the church how many and what are they?

5th. From 11 to 12 preaching by A. J. Tant.

6th. From 3 to 4, J. W. Patterson, subject: The mission of the church.

7th. From 4 to 5, G. W. Wells, subject: The duty of members to the church.

8th. From 5 to 6, G. W. Smith, subject: The duty of the church to the pastor.

9th. Sunday, 11 a. m., sermon by G. W. Smith, subject: Missions.

10th. 3 o'clock, massmeeting, subject: Sunday school and its work.

11th. 7:30, sermon by R. A. Lee.

W. G. CAPERTON, Pastor.

Polled Angus Bulls For Sale.

Four grade Angus bulls for sale cheap. Now is the time to buy. Inquire at this office or on ranch.

29-4t CHAS. F. ANNIS.

We are informed that disc harrows, sulky plows, and seed drills, are now sold much cheaper than formerly by J. L. Lea & Co., and we advise our friends to look at them.

CHICAGO LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Corrected weekly by the Chicago Live Stock Commission Company.

UNION STOCK YARDS, CHICAGO, June 22, 1889.

Special to the STAR.

TEXAS CATTLE

Corn fed steers, 1,000 to 1,100 lbs, $5.00@5.65 ₱ lb; cornfed steers, 800 to 900 lbs, $2.65@3.00 ₱ lb; grass-fed steers, 1,000 to 1,100 lbs, $2.70@3.00 ₱ lb; grass-fed steers, 800 to 900 lbs $2.40@2.65 grass-fed steers, 700 to 800 lbs, $2.25@2.50 ₱ lb; grass-fed cows, 800 to 900 lbs, $2.15@2.35 ₱ lb; grass-fed cows, 700 to 800 lbs, $1.85@2.15 ₱ lb; grass-fed bulls, 1,100 to 1,300 lbs, $1.60@1.85 ₱ lb; grass-fed bulls, 900 to 1,000 lbs, $1.80@1.95 ₱ lb; grass-fed yearlings, 450 to 600 lbs., $1.60@1.80 ₱ lb; grass-fed veal calves, 180 to 300 lbs, $4.00@7.00 per head.

TEXAS CLIPPED SHEEP.

Fat Wethers, 85 to 100 lbs., $3.80@4.15 per lb; medium Wethers, 70 to 80 lbs, $3.40@3.75; common light, 60 to 70 lbs., $3.00@3.25; ewes and mixed lots, 60 to 80 lbs., $2.90@3.20

Receipts of Texas cattle are hardly as heavy as they were during the week just past, but the tendency is again downward on account of the heavy decline in the price of natives. About 20 or 25c has been taken off the price of natives within the past few days. Bulls, cows and veal calves have declined more than good fat steers. Sheep receipts have been liberal but the market is good for fat desirable stock, and prices close strong.

Young Men's Prayer Meeting.

Young Men's Prayer Meeting every Monday night at the Methodist church, and the Young Ladies' Prayer Meeting at the Presbyterian church every Friday evening at 4 o'clock.

Ladies' Aid Society.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Methodist church wish to announce that they will take patching, darning and fancy work of all kinds. Anything left with Mrs. Thomas, Mrs. R. F Dunn or Miss Sallie Gould, will be promptly attended to.

MRS. BROWN, President.

Spectacles.

A. K. Hawkes' crystalized lenses at R. Phillips.

Saddlery.

I am now prepared to put up a good wool-lined stock saddle. Genuine Oregon No. 1 leather on good trees from $20 to $35. Call and examine my stock before you buy.

N. PORTER, North Side, Abilene.

18-2m

Go to Coppins' for fancy candies.

Stick candy a foot wide and 18 inches long at Coppins'.

New lot of dry goods at Ph. Schwartz & Bro.

Car of flour just received from Fort Worth. Cheaper than ever. J. L. Lea & Co.

Ft. Worth Anchor patent and gem flour, best in market at Coppins'.

Positively the cheapest goods at Moon & Crowder's.

Do you want to save money on your purchases? If so, come to see us. Our goods must go. Moon & Crowder.

Ed Coppins says business is very satisfactory. He does not make much of a spread but gets there all the same.

New lot of Dodson & Hils' horse radish, catsup, and pickles of all kinds, at Coppins'.

SPECIAL MENTION.

Wall paper. R. Phillips.

All kinds of Salt at Lea's.

The "736" cigar at Coppins'.

Cheap cow and horse feed, at L.

Pickles cheaper than ever at Lea's

Try Ogle's fine evaporated apples.

Barrel mixed pickles at Coppins.

Go to Powell's for your nice hats.

Rock, barrel and sack salt at Coppins.

Best maple syrup you ever saw, at Lea's.

Bran, Cotton Seed & other feed cheap at Lea's.

No. 1 lard oil at R. Phillips.

15 yds. 10c. Domestic, $1.00, at Powell's

Go to Moon & Crowder's for your spring goods. They have a nice line and will sell cheap.

All kinds of candies and nuts, cheap, at Lea's.

Cash tells the tale at Moon & Crowder's. Try them.

Hides and furs of all kinds wanted J. L. LEA & Co.

Ed Coppins is receiving new goods every day.

Sack and rock salt. S. L. Ogle.

Best syrup in market. S. L. Ogle.

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Special bargains for the next thirty days at S. L. Robertson's.

Go to Moon & Crowder's for skirt width embroidery. Cheap.

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Large invoice of boots and shoes to arrive at Moon & Crowder's soon, and will be sold cheaper than ever before. Give us a call.

If you want a thresher or gin outfit J. L. Lea & Co. can fit you up better and cheaper than anybody. They represent the only old, reliable and substantial makers of these goods west of the Mississippi river. Kingsland & Douglas Manufacturing Co., St. Louis.

Nice line of the celebrated Fox brand of pocket cuttlery, razors and shears. H. Meyers.

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"When the spring time comes, gentle Annie," And the chills and fever bloom once more," "You had better buy a bottle of Cheatham's Chill Tonic" From the man who runs the nearest drug store."—Baird Drug Co. 24-4t

Why will you cough when Shiloh's Cure will give immediate relief. Price 10 cents, 50 cents and $1. For sale by R. Phillips. 11

IF YOU WILL get a bottle of Thurmond's Lone Star catarrh cure you can cure that bad case of catarrh you have been suffering with so long. Will cure in thirty days. For sale by R. Phillips. 25

FOR ALL FORMS of female trouble, feeble health, sick stomach and constipation, Thurmond's blood syrup is woman's dearest friend. For sale by R. Phillips.

A Nasal Injector free with each bottle of Shiloh's catarrh remedy. Price 50 cents. For sale by R. Phillips. 16

Advise to Mothers.

MRS WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and gives the best known remedy for diarhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle AUGUST, 1st. '88'

LADIES

Needing a tonic, or children that want building up, should take

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

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Or you are all worn out, really good for nothing it is general debility. Try

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS.

It will cure you, and give a good appetite. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

THAT HACKING COUGH can be so quickly cured by Shiloh's Cure. We guarantee it. Sold by R. Phillips. 1

SHILOH'S COUGH and consumption cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption. R. Phillips. 6

"Hackmetack," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. For sale by R. Phillips. 13

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DR. TALMAGE.

"Where Wast Thou When I Set the Sockets of the Earth!"

"The Mightiest Weapon is the Gospel"--His Subject and His Text the Words: "There Is None Like That; Give It Me."

BROOKLYN, N. Y., June 23.—"The Mightiest Weapon Is the Gospel." His text was I Samuel xxi, 9: "There is none like that; give it me." The preacher said:

David fled from his pursuers. The world runs very fast when it is chasing a good man. The country is trying to catch David, and to slay him. David goes into the house of a priest, and asks him for a sword or spear with which to defend himself. The priest, not being accustomed to use deadly weapons, tells David that he cannot supply him; but suddenly the priest thinks of an old sword that had been carefully wrapped up and laid away—the very sword that Goliath formerly used—and he takes down that sword, and while he is unwrapping the sharp, glittering, memorable blade, it flashes upon David's mind that this was the very sword that was used against himself when he was in the fight with Goliath, and David can hardly keep his hand off it until the priest has unwound it. David stretches out his hand toward that old sword, and says: "There is none like that; give it me." In other words, "I want in my own hand the sword that has been used against me, and against the cause of God." So it was given him. Well, my friends, that is not the first or the last sword once used by giant and Philistine iniquity which is to come into the possession of Jesus Christ, and of his glorious church. I want, as well as God may help me, to show you that many a weapon which has been used against the armies of God is yet to be captured and used on our side; and I only imitate David when I stretch out my hand toward the blade of the Philistine, and cry: "There is none like that; give it me!"

SCIENCE IS SOMETIMES FALSELY USED.

I remark, first, that this is true in regard to all scientific exploration. You know that the first discoveries in astronomy and geology and chronology were used to battle Christianity. Worldly philosophy came out of its laboratory and out of its observatory, and said: "Now, we will prove, by the very structure of the earth, and by the movement of the heavenly bodies, that the Bible is a lie and that Christianity, as we have it among men, is a positive imposition." Good men trembled. The telescope, the Leyden jars, the electric batteries, all in the hands of the Philistines. But one day, Christianity, looking about for some weapon with which to defend itself, happened to see the very old sword that these atheistic Philistines had been using against the truth and cried out: "There is none like that; give it me!" And Copernicus, and Galileo, and Kepler, and Isaac Newton came forth and told the world that, in their ransacking of the earth and heaven, they had found overwhelming presence of the God whom we worship; and this old Bible began to shake itself from the Koran, and Shaster, and Zendavesta with which it had been covered up, and lay on the desk of the scholar, and in the laboratory of the chemist, and in the lap of the Christian, unharmed and unanswered, while the towers of the midnight heavens struck a silvery chime in its praise.

THE WORDS OF WORDLY PHILOSOPHY.

Wordly philosophy said: "Matter is eternal. The world always was. God did not make it." Christian philosophy plunges its crowbar into rocks, and finds that the world was gradually made, and if gradually made, there must have been some point at which the process started; then, who started it? and so that objection was overcome, and in the first three words of the Bible we find that Moses stated a magnificent truth when he said: "In the beginning."

Worldly philosophy said: "Your Bible is a most inaccurate book; all that story in the Old Testament, again and again told, about the army of the locusts—it is preposterous. There is nothing in the coming of the locusts like an army. An army walks, locusts fly. An army goes in order and procession, locusts without order." "Wait!" said Christian philosophy; and in 1868, in the southwestern part of this country, Christian men went out to examine the march of the locust. There are men right before me who must have noticed in that very part of the country the coming up of the locust like an army; and it was found that all the newspapers unwittingly spoke of them as an army. Why? They seem to have a commander. They march like a host. They halt like a host. No arrow ever went with straighter flight than the locusts come—not even turning aside for the wind. If the wind rises, the locusts drop and then rise again after it has gone down, taking the same line of march, not varying a foot. The old Bible right every time when it speaks of locusts coming like an army; worldly philosophy wrong.

Worldly philosophy said: "All that story about the light 'turned as clay to the seal' is simply an absurdity." Old time worldly philosophy said: "The light comes straight." Christian philosophy said: "Wait a little while," and it goes on and makes discoveries and finds that the atmosphere curves and bends the rays of light around the earth, literally "as the clay to the seal." The Bible right again; worldly philosophy wrong again. "Ah," says worldly philosophy, "all that illusion in Job about the foundations of the earth is simply an absurdity. 'Where wast thou,' says God, 'when I set the foundations of the earth?' The earth has no foundations." Christian philosophy comes and finds that the word as translated "foundation" may be better translated "sockets." So now see how it will read if it is translated right: "Where wast thou when I set the sockets of the earth?" Where is the socket? It is the hollow of God's hand—a socket large enough for any world to turn in.

GOD IS ALWAYS RIGHT.

Worldly philosophy said: "What an absurd story about Joshua making the sun and moon stand still. If the world had stopped an instant, the whole universe would have been out of gear." "Stop," said Christian philosophy, "not quite so quick." The world has two motions—one on its own axis, and the other around the sun. It was not necessary in making them stand still that both motions should be stopped—only the one turning the world on its own axis. There was no reason why the halting of the earth should have jarred and disarranged the whole universe. Joshua right and God right; infidelity wrong every time. I knew it would be wrong. I thank God that the time has come when Christians need not be scared at any scientific exploration. The fact is that religion and science have struck hand in eternal friendship, and the deeper down geology can dig and the higher up astronomy can soar, all the better for us. The armies of the Lord Jesus Christ have stormed the observatories of the world's science, and from the highest towers have flung out the banner of the cross, and Christianity to-night, from the observatories of Albany and Washington, stretches out its hand toward the opposing scientific weapon, crying: "There is none like that; give it me!" I was reading this afternoon of Herschel, who was looking at a meteor through a telescope, and when it came over the face of the telescope it was so powerful he had to avert his eyes. And it has been just so that many an astronomer has gone into an observatory and looked up into the midnight heavens, and the Lord God has, through some swinging world, flamed upon his vision, and the learned man cried out: "Who am I? Undone! Unclean! Have mercy, Lord God!"

A WORLD OF TRAVELERS.

Again, I remark, that the traveling disposition of the world, which was averse to morals and religion, is to be brought on our side. The man that went down to Jericho and fell amidst thieves was a type of a great many travelers. There is many a man who is very honest at home who, when he is abroad, has his honor filched and his good habits stolen. There are but very few men who can stand the stress of an expedition. Six weeks at a watering place has damned many a man. In the olden times God forbade the traveling of men for the purposes of trade because of the corrupting influences attending it. A good many men now cannot stand the transition from one place to another. Some men who seem to be very consistent at home in the way of keeping the Sabbath, when they get into Spain, on the Lord's day always go out to see the bull fights. Plato said that no city ought to be built nearer to the sea than ten miles, lest it be tempted to commerce. But this traveling disposition of the world, which was adverse to that which is good, is to be brought on our side. These rail trains, why, they are to take our Bibles; these steamships, they are to transport our missionaries; these sailors rushing from city to city all around the world, are to be converted into Christian heralds and go out and preach Christ among the heathen nations. The Gospels are infinitely multiplied in beauty and power since Robinson, and Thompson, and Burckhardt have come back and talked to us about Siloam, and Capernaum, and Jerusalem, pointing out to us the lilies about which Jesus preached, the beach upon which Paul was shipwrecked, the fords at which Jordan was passed, the Red sea bank on which were tossed the carcasses of the drowned Egyptians. A man said: "I went to the Holy Land an infidel; I came back a Christian. I could not help it."

I am not shocked at the idea of building a railroad to the Holy Land. I wish that all the world might go and see Golgotha and Bethlehem. If we cannot afford to pay for muleteers now, perhaps when the rail train goes we can afford to buy a ticket from Constantinople to Joppa, and so we will get to see the Holy Land. Then let Christians travel! God speed the rail trains, and guide the steamships this night panting across the deep in the phosphorescent wake of the shining feet of him who from wave cliff to wave cliff trod the stormed Tiberias. The Japanese come across the water and see our civilization, and examine our Christianity, and go back and tell the story, and keep that empire rocking until Jesus shall reign

Where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run.

And the firearms, with which the infidel traveler brought down the Arab horseman and the jackals of the desert, have been surrendered to the church, and we reach forth our hands, crying: "There is none like that; give it me!"

RELIGION GOOD FOR EVERY ONE.

So it has also been with the learning and the eloquence of the world. People say: "Religion is very good for women, it is very good for children, but not for men." But we have in the roll of Christ's host Mozart and Handel in music; Canova and Angelo in sculpture; Raphael and Reynolds in painting; Harvey and Boerhaave in medicine; Cowper and Scott in poetry; Grotius and Burke in statesmanship; Boyle and Leibnitz in philosophy; Thomas Chalmers and John Mason in theology. The most brilliant writings of a worldly nature are all aglow with scriptural allusions. Through senatorial speech and through essayist's discourse Sinai thunders and Calvary pleads and Siloam sparkles.

Samuel L. Southard was mighty in the court room and in the senate chamber, but he reserved his strongest eloquence for that day when he stood before the literary societies at Princeton commencement and pleaded for the grandeur of our Bible. Daniel Webster won not his chief garlands while he was consuming Hayne, nor when he opened the batteries of his eloquence on Bunker Hill, that rocking Sinai of the American revolution, but on that day when, in the famous Girard will case, he showed his affection for the Christian religion and eulogized the Bible. The eloquence and the learning that have been on the other side came over to our side. Where is Gibbon's historical pen? Where is Robespierre's sword? Captured for God. "There is none like that; give it me!"

So, also, has it been with the picture making of the world. We are very anxious on this day to have the printing press and the platform on the side of Christianity; but we overlook the engraver's knife and the painter's pencil. The antiquarian goes and looks at pictured ruins, or examines the chiseled pillars of Thebes, and Nineveh, and Pompeii, and then comes back to tell us of the beastliness of ancient art; and it is a fact now, that many of the finest specimens—merely artistically considered—of sculpture and painting that are to be found amidst those ruins are not fit to be looked at and they are locked up. How Paul must have felt, when, standing amidst those impurities that stared on him from the walls and the pavements and the bazars of Corinth, he preached of the pure and holy Jesus. The art of the world on the side of obscenity and crime and death.

In later days the palaces of kings were adorned with pictures. But what to unclean Henry VIII was a beautiful picture of the Madonna? What to Lord Jeffries, the unjust judge, the picture of the "Last Judgment?" What to Nero, the unwashed, a picture of the baptism in the Jordan? The art of the world still on the side of superstition and death. But that is being changed now. The Christian artist goes across the water, looks at the pictures, and brings back to his American studio much of the power of those old masters. The Christian minister goes over to Venice, looks at the "Crucifixion of Christ," and comes back to his American pulpit to talk as never before of the sufferings of the Saviour. The private tourist goes to Rome and looks at Raphael's picture of the "Last Judgment." The tears start, and he goes back to his room in the hotel, and prays God for preparation for that day when,

Shriveling like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll.

THE POWER OF CHRISTIAN PICTURES.

Our Sunday school newspapers and walls are adorned with pictures of Joseph in the court, Daniel in the den, Shadrach in the fire, Paul in the shipwreck, Christ on the cross. Oh that we might, in our families, think more of the power of Christian pictures! One little sketch of Samuel kneeling in prayer will mean more to your children than twenty sermons on devotion. One patient face of Christ by the hand of the artist will be more to your child than fifty sermons on forbearance. The art of the world is to be taken for Christ. What has become of Thorwaldsen's chisel and Ghirlandajo's crayon? Captured for the truth. "There is none like that; give it me!"

So, I remark, it is with business acumen and tact. When Christ was upon earth, the people that followed him for the most part, had no social position. There was but one man naturally brilliant in all the apostleship. Joseph of Arimathea, the rich man, risked nothing when he offered a hole in the rock for the dead Christ. How many of the merchants in Asia Minor befriended Jesus? I think of only one. Lydia. How many of the castles on the beach of Galilee entertained Christ? Not one. When Peter came to Joppa, he stopped with one Simon, a tanner. What power had Christ's name on the Roman exchange, or in the bazars of Corinth? None. The prominent men of the day did not want to risk their reputation for sanity by pretending to be one of his followers. Now that is all changed. Among the mightiest men in our great cities today are the Christian merchants and the Christian bankers; and if to-morrow, at the Board of Trade, any man should get up and malign the name of Jesus, he would be quickly silenced or put out. In the front rank of all our Christian workers today are the Christian merchants; and the enterprises of the world are coming on the right side. There was a farm willed away some years ago, all the proceeds of that farm to go for spreading infidel books. Somehow matters have changed and now all the proceeds of that farm go toward the missionary cause. One of the finest printing presses ever built was built for the express purpose of publishing infidel tracts and books. Now it does nothing but print Holy Bibles. I believe that the time will come when, in commercial circles, the voice of Christ will be the mightiest of all voices, and the ships of Tarshish will bring presents and the Queen of Sheba her glory and the wise men of the east their myrrh and frankincense. I look off upon the business men of our cities and rejoice at the prospect that their tact, and ingenuity, and talent will, after a while, all be brought into the service of Christ. It will be one of the mightiest of weapons. "There is none like that; give it me!"

BE DOWNHEARTED NO LONGER.

Now, if what I have said be true, away with all downheartedness! If science is to be on the right side, and the traveling disposition of the world on the right side, and the learning of the world on the right side, and the picture making on the right side, and the business acumen and tact of the world on the right side—thine, O Lord, is the kingdom! Oh, fall into line, all ye people! It is a grand thing to be in such an army, and led by such a commander, and on the way to such a victory. If what I have said is true, then Christ is going to gather up for himself out of this world everything that is worth anything, and there will be nothing but the scum left. A proclamation of amnesty goes forth now from the throne of God, saying: "Whosoever will, let him come." However long you may have wandered, however great your sins may have been, "whosoever will, let him come." Oh, that I could marshal all this audience on the side of Christ. He is the best friend a man ever had. He is so kind—he is so lovely, so sympathetic. I cannot see how you can stay away from him. Come now and accept his mercy. Behold him as he stretches out the arms of his salvation, saying: "Look unto me, all ye ends of the earth, and be ye saved; for I am God." Make final choice now. You will either be willows planted by the water courses or the chaff which the wind driveth away.

Praying Mantis.

The genuine lover of animals finds in their acts and habits an endless fund of amusement. It is said that there are many extraordinary insects in Japan, but for real eccentricity the praying mantis is supreme among them. He is thus described by the Hon. Lewis Wingfield, who is evidently capable of noting all the creature's points.

Now and then a praying mantis would call, and his performances would amuse me for an hour; a large, top heavy creature, first cousin to the grasshopper; delightfully out of drawing, with a slim waist in the wrong place, protruding eyes, which give an expression of preternatural wakefulness, a pair of arms twice too long, and hands a size too large. These, when he is molested, he clasps together, as if in mute petition.

He has a round little mouth, of the "prunes and prism" order. His energy and vital power do him credit, in such a climate, and are a reproach to languid mortals. He climbs, with much difficulty, up the paper window screen, and totters along the ceiling, his great eyes gazing inquiringly at the queer haunt of man. Suddenly he loses his hold and falls flop upon your head. You seize him, and are about to punish his temerity.

At once he puts his hands together; his eyes assume a sad, deprecatory expression; his round mouth seems to say: "I can't speak, or I would. Let me go. Surely you would not harm one who is so anxious to improve his mind!"

Such a plea is not to be resisted, and accordingly he is released. Presently he resumes his investigations, and tumbles into a jam pot, from which he has to be rescued and his wings gently cleaned. He is a comical visitor, vastly entertaining in his way, awkward and restless, but doing injury to no one.—Youth's Companion.

Roman Relics in London.

The old Roman wall of London, laid bare by the excavations for the new postoffice at St. Martin's le Grand, becomes daily more interesting to antiquarians as further portions are uncovered. A London paper notes the fact and then goes on to say:

"From the better view now obtained it is evident that the Romans dug about four feet into the London clay, filled up the trench for two feet with a mixture of clay and flints, surmounted this structure with two feet of the hardest concrete, and then laid the tile in sets of three courses, each separated by five feet of stonework. Apparently the wall was nine feet six inches high. A bastion has been found at the northwest corner of the ground exactly coinciding with that marked on the map of Strype's edition of "Stow" in 1756, but seemingly of later work than Roman times, probably mediæval. Many pits have also been found filled with animals' bones, which may either have been used for the rubbish of the city or for the refuse of the slaughter houses in the butchers' colony, which from Saxon time existed close by in Moorgate street, etc. When the side of the French Protestant church is excavated it is expected that a complete section of the wall and the ancient town ditch may be discovered.

Electric Coal Cutting Machines.

Mr. F. M. Lechner, who is the inventor of coal cutting machinery, and the first to operate compressed air in mines for this purpose, has now adopted electricity in place of air. The first device of this kind was in operation in the Drane colliery, near Osceola, Clearfield county, Pa. The motor, which has been operated in the mine 1,600 feet away from the dynamo, is connected with the cutter by a five-eighths inch rope belt. By mounting the motor on a track so that it can be easily moved, it is able to run three cutting machines, for coal may be removed from two of the rooms while the motor is at work in the third. It has been estimated that the cost of equipping a mine for the purpose of operating machinery with electricity is only about one-half the cost of equipping with compressed air, and the price of maintenance shows about the same proportion of saving.—New York Telegram.

A Little Learning.

A teacher in one of the Hartford city schools requires her pupils to write sentences containing the words in the lesson. These sentences are sometimes very funny. Here are two.

One of the words in the lesson was "urchin." A little fellow who would evidently rather stay at home and play than go to school, wrote.

"The father is urchin his boy to go to school."

The following is more subtile. The word was "pacify," and the sentence written was

"The author pacifies the poem."

"Why, what do you think 'pacify means?" asked the teacher

"The dictionary says it means 'compose.'"—Hartford Courant.

Doubtful.

Ada—I have begun French lessons

Ella—Who is your teacher?

Ada—Herr Julius Stauffenbrecher bergensteinlitz.

Ella—An Italian?—The Epoch.

On June 1, 1783, a Massachusetts vessel commanded by Capt. McNeal arrived at Riga, and displayed the flag of the United States. This was the first appearance of an American vessel in a Russian port.

ABSENT MINDEDNESS.

The Fellow Who Forgets Is As Unreliable As He Who Knows Nothing.

The man who does not have his mind with him when it is most wanted is not much better equipped than the man who has no mind. At times the absent minded man is as unfortunate as a crippled man or a fool. A man runs away from a bear because he has no gun. Another man may run away from a bear because he is forgetting he has his gun with him, loaded and ready to shoot. The fool would probably stay with the bear and be hugged to death. Years ago, when chestnuts were new and boiled, it was related that a mother put her child in a pot of boiling water with vegetables and carefully took up a leg of mutton in her arms to nurse. The incident is probably as untruthful as a campaign lie, but it goes to show a certain mechanical presence of muscle and an almost entire absence of mind.

The poor spring poet spoke a positive truth when he said he could write like Shakespeare if he had a mind to. What he said was not all brag. To be useful a man must not only be the possessor of a mind; he must have it with him when it is wanted. A thoughtful and studious young captain of a holiday militia company was drilling his command on the levee. Marching toward the river and too near he gave the word "about"—and then forgetting what he was himself about, forgot to say "face." The company kept on marching to the water, and the first four fell in the river before getting the complete command to change direction. Upon that the balance of the troop mutinied and discarded the tactics of the absent minded drillmaster.

The man with habitual presence of mind is most apt to do and say the right thing at the right time. The absent minded man cannot trust himself and never knows what important thing he may forget to do. The memory of a man has much to do with his mind. A good working memory is of immense value. The memory is the mind's store house.

It may be said of a man, in a general way, "Oh, he has read everything, seen everything and knows everything." If he knows how to use the lumber in the memory storehouse of his mind he is well equipped for an argument or a story. If he cannot get at what he knows, and cannot use it at the proper moment, he is mentally lame. Absent mindedness is an infirmity, and the absent minded man is to be pitied, and not laughed at.—New Orleans Picayune.

Weather Prognostics.

Lord Palmerston, one fine morning, when riding across Salisbury Plain in company with a delicate friend who much feared a wetting, asked a shepherd what his opinion of the weather was. Looking critically around him, not at the heavens, but at the movements of his sheep, the man replied: "It'll rain afore evenin.'" The two horsemen were incredulous, for the weather was simply superb at the time, the perfection of a summer day—a day the like of which can hardly be met with in any country but England, when sun and air mingle in such sweet proportion and so temper each other that the man would be hard indeed to please who could not attune his nature to his surroundings—a day, in fact, which would be likely to evoke another pleasantry from our Cockney commentator, in the remark that it was "a fine day for the race!"—meaning the human race. So the friends, disregarding the shepherd's warning, rode on, and were thoroughly drenched by a shower which fell soon after noon. "How did you guess it would rain?" asked Lord Palmerston, as, damp and disconsolate, he and his friend passed the same shepherd on their return homeward. "Whenever you see you old tup rubbin' of hisself agin' that post of a mornin'," answered Conlin, "be sure it'll rain afore night!"—Chambers' Journal.

An Extraordinary Will.

French judges have decided a most extraordinary will case. A Frenchman of wealth named Travers had conceived an intense hatred for his country. When he died, five years ago, he willed his property to the "poor of London" after these words: "I have always been oppressed in my native land. I have arrived at the age of 45, and have never been my own master. Horrible nation! People of cowards and blockheads! I should like to have milliards to give to the English, who are the born enemies of this idiotic France. This is clear and to the point." The relatives of Mr. Travers naturally disputed this will on the ground that the testator was not of sound mind, and that the will, being framed in hatred of France, was contrary to "public order," and, lastly, that it could not be carried out in England, as there was no legal representative of the poor. But the court overruled all these objections, and the appeal subsequently made has just been rejected.—Chicago Herald.

Concerning Garters.

It is considered bad luck to lose a garter, it being the foreboding of a greater loss—that of a sweetheart or friend. No part of a woman's dress is said to have such power in changing luck as her garters. They should never be left knotted together or thrown carelessly about, either representing enemies who will annoy her.

If a young lady sleeps in a strange bed she should tie her garters about the headboard somewhere, at the same time reciting these lines

This knot I knit, this knot I tie,
To see my love as he goes by

Then she will dream of her sweetheart. To make it sure she must tie her garter around the bed post nine times.—Leisure Hours.

London has twenty nine vegetarian restaurants, the staple articles of whose bill of fare are the cereals, the legumes such as peas, beans, haricots and lentils and various kinds of fruit.

ODDS AND ENDS.

Creosote is proposed as fuel for torpedo boats.

We ought not to judge of men's merits by their qualifications, but by the use they make of them.—Charron.

A well known London bookseller has been sentenced to three months' imprisonment for publishing Zola's novels.

A wife must be one of two things to her husband. She must either be his crown of glory or his crown of thorns.

In time of trial, let a man set his heart firmly upon this resolution: I must bear it inevitably, and I will, by God's grace, do it nobly.—Richter.

During a thunder storm near Dunfermline, the lightning passed down a chimney and lifted a grate from its place into the center of the room, scattering the fire all over the floor.

A man at Hamilton, O., had an old building torn down and all the nails saved, and when he got through and figured up he found that they had cost him thirty-three cents per pound.

It makes those "older people," whose memory goes back as far as the war, feel very old indeed to read childish reminiscences of Memorial day written by the generation whose recollection does not go back beyond the institution of that holiday.

In Paris the saccharine or sugar made from coal has been unanimously condemned by the medical profession, because it seriously troubles digestion. In consequence of their recommendation a law has been enacted prohibiting the use of coal sugar as an article of food.

Anton Pzokswizkzits, August Ludwigowski, Andrew Perbobitzky, John Pasckke, John Szzgel, Alexander Picharienen and C. G. Gzsler are some of the Polish residents of Otter Tail county, Minn., who have received a part of the seed grain distributed by order of the legislature.

The following erratum appears in an exchange: "In the piece on our fourth page entitled, 'We Must Not Lag Behind,' instead of the line, 'That moulds its dirty shirt,' please read, 'That would its duty shrink.'"

It is stated that the spirits produced in France are now for the greater part distilled from molasses, and the annual production reaches 18,492,000 gallons. The distillation of beet root juice is also very important, producing alcohol of a good quality.

The evil effects of an atmosphere surcharged with dust in factories have been attracting so much attention in England that the factory acts are about to be amended, and a bill is to be brought before the house of commons compassing an effectual means of preventing injury from the inhalation of dust.

A New York chemist declares that every remedy for tobacco smoking and chewing and the opium habit contains morphine and opium in dangerous quantities, and that those who sell them ought to be prosecuted.

A new industry has been invented by a clever English girl. She calls herself an accountant and auditor for large households. She finds plenty of employment in looking after the business of a few families of large expenditure whose heads have no taste for the work.

Hereafter women will be admitted to the Hartford Theological seminary on the same terms as men. This action has been taken by the trustees to meet the needs of women who desire to prepare themselves for Christian work either at home or abroad.

Among the Yankee notions that open the eyes of French sightseers at the Paris exhibition are roll top desks, American tobaccos and smokers' supplies and typewriters. Crowds surround the typewriters, and the pretty girls who operate them never lose their tempers in answering thousands of questions.

"Nineteen people out of twenty," says a Chicago doctor, "speak about this or that food or drink being 'healthy.' No food is healthy. Various things may be unwholesome, but no food can give health. The idea is to know what won't injure the system."

The military review at the Paris exposition has made the critics think that the French army is better than it ever was. The artillery is generally pronounced the finest arm; but, curious enough, the guns are horsed with dark and white horses alternately. The French are bound to interject a suggestion of art even into war.

A Bordeaux correspondent, defending French claret, says that it is quite true that "large quantities of so called wine are yearly manufactured in France from dried currants; but it cannot be too widely known that none of this decidedly inferior article ever reaches the foreign market, being consumed solely by the French lower classes on account of its cheapness."

Two Akron young men, says a paper of that city, one of whom is a thoroughly educated watchmaker, have completed an electric clock which promises to revolutionize the clock making industry in this country. So far as can be learned the clock is the most simply devised thing ever invented, and must not be confounded with the so called electric clocks now made, which are only self winding and have a barrel and a mainspring. The Akron clock has neither, and, in fact, is so simple that a little child can see into it. There are a few details yet required, but in a short time a complete and elaborate description of it will be given.

Dull Times.

A boy's pocket has many uses. At a pinch, it has been found to answer very well in place of a calendar.

"Cryus," said a woman to her husband at bedtime, "what day is this?"

"Wednesday," answers Cyrus.

The wife holds up a small pair of trousers at arms' length. "I'm afraid Johnnie isn't well. At this time in the week he generally has a pound or two more of marbles in his pocket than he has to-night."—Troy Times.

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