

There's No Use

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

The Star Job Office.

The Baird Star.

Our Motto: 'TIS NEITHER BIRTH, NOR WEALTH, NOR STATE; BUT THE GIT-UP-AND-GIT THAT MAKES MEN GREAT."

Money to Lend on Land

Long time—Low rate of interest, Vendor's lien notes bought taken up and extended.
B. L. RUSSELL

VOLUME NO. 26.

BAIRD, CALLAHAN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, SEPT., 19, 1913.

NO. 41

New Fall Goods Arriving

Our new Fall and Winter stock of Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Etc. are arriving. We already have on display a beautiful line of new Silks in all the new materials, Ratine, Crepe, Foulards and Messeline in all the newest colors. Come in and see our line.

B. L. BOYDSTUN

Phone No. 10

Baird. Texas

TAKE NOTICE.

My place south of town is posted. All permits to hunt or fish on it are withdrawn. Parents will please see that their children do not trespass there on. W. C. Powell. 39-3tp.

BIRTHS.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Ben Halsted a girl.
Born to Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Bounds, a boy.
Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Cousley, a girl.

CIVIC IMPROVEMENT LEAGUE.

The Civic Improvement League met at the Fire Station Monday evening and organized with 19 members. Mr. Russell, acting as Chairman, made an excellent talk. The following officers were elected: Mrs. F. S. Bell, Pres.; Mrs. B. L. Russell, Vice-Pres.; Mrs. E. C. Fulton, Secy.; Mrs. L. M. Hadley, Treas.

It is a worthy cause and every lady who is interested in the cleaning up and beautifying of Baird, is invited to join and make the organization a success. The next meeting will be Tuesday, Sept. 23, 4 p. m. at the Court House.

The following ladies were present: Mesdames B. L. Russell, A. Cooke, W. T. Wheeler, J. B. Cutbirth, G. B. Scott, I. N. Jackson, G. M. Hall, L. M. Hadley, F. F. Rains, F. S. Bell, T. E. Powell, H. H. Ramsey, A. R. Day, M. J. Holmes, J. Q. Mitchell, E. C. Fulton, R. D. Green, J. C. Barringer.

Question Club.

Mrs. H. D. Driskill was hostess to the Question Club last Friday. "500" was played. Refreshments of chicken salad, olives, pimento sandwiches, crackers and ice tea were served to the following: Mesdames: W. S. Hinds, J. R. Jackson, L. M. Hadley. Misses: Nan Bell, Bernice Foy, Edith Collier, Lora Franklin.

Sam Fraser went down to Fort Worth to meet his brother, Wilson, who reached Fort Worth Monday from Vienna, Austria, where he has been studying music under Leopold Godowsky, the past summer. He will teach in the Music Department of Polytechnic College. After arranging his class, Wilson will come out home for a few days visit with his parents, Dr. and Mrs. Fraser.

"FERGUSON OF TROY"

The play, "Ferguson of Troy" by local talent, under the direction of Miss Frankie Terrell, was presented at the Royal Airdome Saturday night, and notwithstanding the weather conditions, there was a large crowd present and the play was highly pleasing to all. Miss Terrell is to be congratulated upon the success of the play, as is also each one who took part in the play as all them did excellent work. The play was repeated last night for the benefit of the Library.

Miss Terrell is a niece of Mr. J. H. Terrell and is no stranger in Baird, having visited here often. She has many friends here who appreciate her talent and are always delighted to have her come to Baird.

NOTICE. W. O. W.

Unveiling Ceremony, Sunday Sept. 21.

Baird Camp No. 570, W. O. W. will unveil the monument erected to the memory of Sov. J. W. Percy, Sunday afternoon, Sept., 21st at 3 p. m. The Woodmen will meet at the Hall at 2 o'clock and will leave the Hall for the cemetery at 2:45 p. m. All Woodmen are requested to be present on this occasion. The public is also invited to attend.

J. J. Price, C. C.
J. R. Black, Clerk.

WANTED.

Five hundred cotton pickers. Good cotton and good prices; Houses furnished for families; Reduced rates on Railroad. Will assist reliable people in R. R. fare. Don't write but come at once. For the farmers of Mitchell County. 41-2 L. C. Dupree, Colorado, Tex.

TEACHER'S INSTITUTE.

The Callahan County Teacher's Institute is in session here this week with about 75 teachers in attendance. This is said to be the largest attendance and more interest shown than any Institute for some years passed.

BAIRD PUBLIC SCHOOLS OPEN MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 22D.

The Public Schools will open next Monday and we hope to see every child in Baird within the scholastic age attend the first day and every other day of the session.

New Goods for Fall

are arriving daily and you'll surely enjoy seeing the latest arrivals.

A more splendid showing than we have ever had for your inspection now awaits your approval here.

Come and look the newest things over whether you want to buy or not. An inspection will prove very interesting: Today is a good time.

DRISKILL BROS.

Everything for Men to Wear



Your Groceries

should be carefully selected. Remember the health of your household depends greatly upon the purity of the food they eat. Give them the purest to be had. Our Groceries are carefully selected and we buy only the best. "Let us be your groceryman." Careful attention given all orders. Prompt delivery. Give us a trial.

PHONES 114 & 4

TIDWELL BROS.

FANCY AND STAPLE GROCERIES
FEED, FRUITS, VEGETABLES, ETC.

"The Sanitary Grocery Store"



SOME GLASSES HELP THE SIGHT

but hurt the appearance of the wearers. Not so with those furnished by us. When making glasses we are careful to have them conform to the features as well as to aid the sight. We fill oculists' prescriptions with absolute accuracy and guarantee no loss of attractive appearance as well.

HOLMES DRUG CO.
The Rexall Store Phone 11.

ADDITIONAL TRAIN SERVICE

EFFECTIVE AUGUST 31st VIA



AND

THROUGH SLEEPING CAR BETWEEN FORT WORTH AND SAN ANGELO

WEST-BOUND

Leave Ft. Worth T. & P. . . . 8:00 P. M.
Arrive Sweetwater T. & P. . . . 5:00 A. M.
Arrive San Angelo K. C. M. & O. 8:25 A. M.

EAST-BOUND

Leave San Angelo K. C. M. & O. 7:10 P. M.
Leave Sweetwater T. & P. . . . 9:00 P. M.
Arrive Fort Worth T. & P. . . . 5:30 A. M.

Local Sleepers between FT. WORTH and ABILENE and FT. WORTH and SWEETWATER may be occupied until 7:00 A. M. at destination. Try this service on your next trip.

A. D. BELL, Asst. Gen. Pass Agt **DALLAS, TEXAS**
GEO. D. HUNTER, Gen. Pass. Agt

FURNITURE

I have a beautiful line of up-to-date Furniture, Carpets, Art Squares, Rugs, etc., and invite my friends and the public to come in and see my line.

GEO. B. SCOTT.

THE HOME LUMBER CO.

ALL HOME PEOPLE.

We carry a full stock of Lumber, Shingles and Builder's supplies. See us before you buy anything in this line.

W. M. COFFMAN, Mgr.

R. G. HALSTED

Dealer In

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES, FEED, CHOPS, BRAN AND HAY, CHINAWARE, GLASSWARE, TABLETS, PENCILS

I solicit a share of your trade. Low Prices and Fair Dealing. Prompt Delivery to all parts of the city.

WILL BUY YOUR CREAM. SEE ME ABOUT THIS.

PHONE 121

The Home Paper

Gives you the reading matter in which you have the greatest interest—the home news. Its every issue will prove a welcome visitor to every member of the family. It should head your list of newspaper and periodical subscriptions.

Russell Hart

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER

Repairing Promptly and Neatly Executed. Prices to suit the times.

Market Street Baird, Texas

The Largest Magazine in the World.

Today's Magazine is the largest and best edited magazine published at 50c per year. Five cents per copy at all newsdealers. Every lady who appreciates a good magazine should send for a free sample copy and premium catalog. Address, Today's Magazine, Canton, Ohio. 14.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE-

The State of Texas
County of Callahan

In the District Court of Brown County, Texas, Willie Preston et al Plaintiffs vs J. D. Allgood, defendant, cause No. 2898 on the docket of said court: Whereas, by virtue of an Execution and Order of Sale issued out of the District Court of Brown County, Texas, on a judgment rendered in said court on the 2nd day of July A. D. 1913, in favor of said Willie Preston and Jimmie Preston and against the said J. D. Allgood, in said cause No. 2898 on the docket of said court, I did on the 11th day of September A. D. 1913 levy upon the following described parcels and tracts of land situated in the county of Callahan and State of Texas, belonging unto the said J. D. Allgood, to-wit: An undivided one-half interest in and to 160 acres of land situated in Callahan County, Texas, known as the J. J. Preston Pre-emption, granted to said J. J. Preston by patent dated February 2nd A. D. 1897, the same being located about five miles south from the town of Baird in said county and State and known as the J. J. Preston 160 acres. And on the 7th day of October A. D. 1913, the same being the First Tuesday of said month, between the hours of ten o'clock a. m. and four o'clock p. m. on said day, at the court house door of said Callahan County Texas, in the town of Baird, I will offer for sale and sell at public auction for cash all the right, title and interest of the said J. D. Allgood in and to said property.

Dated at Baird, Texas, this the 11th day of September A. D. 1913.
F. F. Rains,
Sheriff Callahan County, Texas.

The Public School is one of the greatest factors in our country. When reinforced by good, wholesome, reliable, newspapers, it gives the American child a practical education. Without the aid of newspapers the public school can not give a boy or girl, that degree of general intelligence that you wish your children to have. You can now get The Baird Star and The Dallas Seme-Weekly Farm New for one year, three papers a week, for \$1.75. We accept and receipt for subscriptions at this office. Do the ordering and take all the risk.

What about our Trades Day? Are we to have one or not? The time is drawing near.

Old Papers for Sale.—At The Star office. Can be used for putting under carpets, in shelves, etc. 25c per hundred.

SOLICITING SUBSCRIPTIONS.

I am soliciting subscriptions, both new and renewals, for the following magazines and would appreciate your orders. If I do not see you phone either No. 6 or No. 8, and I will call for your orders:
The Ladies' Home Journal \$1.50 yr
The Saturday Evening Post \$1.50 yr
The Country Gentleman, \$1.50 yr.
The Woman's Magazine, \$1.75 per yr.
Pictorial Review, \$1.00 per yr.
Woman's Home Companion, \$1.50 yr
The Delineator, \$1.50 per yr.
And several Club offers.
Miss John Gilliland, Baird,

Methodist Services.

Preaching at 11 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. each Sabbath. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer-meeting every Wednesday night at 8:30. Teacher Study Circle every Friday at 7:30 p. m. We invite all to attend these services and extend to you a warm welcome.
A. W. Waddill, Pastor,

MAYOR GAYNOR OF NEW YORK IS DEAD

END COMES WHILE HE IS SEATED IN CHAIR—SON, NURSE AND DOCTOR WITH HIM.

WAS ON WAY TO EUROPE

Ardolph R. Kline, Republican, President of Board of Aldermen, Takes Oath as Successor.

New York.—William J. Gaynor, mayor of New York City, voyaging over sea on the steamer Baltic in the hope of regaining his strength to enter the three-cornered municipal campaign as a candidate for re-election, died suddenly on the Baltic as the steamer was within a few hundred miles of the Irish coast Wednesday afternoon.

The first news of his death, flashed by wireless and relayed by cable from Europe, reached his secretary, Robert Adamson, Thursday morning. The mayor had succumbed to heart failure, the message said.

Later dispatches from his son, Rufus W. Gaynor, who was his father's only traveling companion, gave details which showed that the end had come with shocking suddenness.

"Father died at 1:07 p. m. Wednesday, the 10th," said a message from the son, received by Secretary Adamson. "His death was due to heart failure. He was seated in his chair at the time. I and the nurse and the ship's doctor were with him. I discovered him unconscious in his chair, though still alive. He died about three minutes later without recognizing any of us. Everything possible was done, but he seemed to go as a candle flickers out. Am all right and am trying to arrange to bring body back on Saturday, the 13th."

That the mayor's heart had been in a weakened condition for years was the statement of physicians who treated him at the time he was shot in the neck and almost done to death by an insane discharged employe of the city in August, 1910. They would not declare their belief that the wound inflicted by the bullet had led directly to the end, but did affirm that his general resistance had been lessened hereby to a very great extent.

The death of Mayor Gaynor automatically transferred the office of mayor to Col. Ardolph L. Kline, a Republican president of the board of aldermen. President Kline took the oath of office and his first official act was to call the board of estimate together to lay plans for the public funeral services of his predecessor.

Mayor Kline then declared that during his short term of office, which will terminate Jan. 1, 1914, he would carry out the policies of Mayor Gaynor, so far as he knew them.

RECORD WHEAT CROP FORECAST

Government Experts Believe Yield Will be Largest in Country.

Washington.—An enormous loss in the prospective production of corn and indications of the biggest wheat crop ever produced were features of the government September crop report issued Tuesday.

Hot weather and drought in a number of the principal corn-growing states during the month ending Sept. 1 caused a deterioration of corn which experts calculate has resulted in the loss of 320,000,000 bushels, reducing the corn crop estimates to 2,251,000,000 bushels. This destructive crop weather caused a loss of about 300,000,000 bushels during July and the August loss brought the total up to 621,000,000 bushels since the first estimate of corn crop prospects were made by the government.

Texas alone of the great corn states held her own during August. Nebraska was hardest hit, the deterioration there amounting to 30 per cent, bringing the condition of the crop to 37 per cent of normal.

Never before in this history of the country has there been such a bountiful wheat harvest as has been gathered this year. This was due principally to the bumper crop of winter wheat. The government's estimate of spring wheat showed increased prospects for that crop, making the total production 243,000,000 bushels, or an increase of 4.3 per cent over the August estimate. This increase brought the estimate of the total crop of the country of 754,000,000 bushels, or 6,000,000 bushels more than the great record crop of 1901.

Oat prospects, too, showed an increase of 3.7 per cent as a result of the conditions existing during August, and the crop now is estimated at 1,066,000,000 bushels, or 38,000,000 bushels more than predicted in August.

Explorers Believed Killed.

Chicago, Ill.—William L. Page and Wilbur F. Cromer of Chicago, commissioned to explore the head waters of the Amazon, are believed by relatives to have been slain by South American natives. Advice received from the Peruvian government state that an expedition found a group of Indians in possession of Page and Cromer's guns, baggage and other property. The Americans attempted to lay out a trail between the old Inca cities of Chiquita and Palalen.

CONVICT GUARDS RELEASED

Investigation Into Harlem State Farm Tragedy Brings Acquittal.

Richmond, Texas.—The first chapter of the prison probe that was started, when Saturday night eight convicts died from suffocation in the dark cell at Harlem state prison farm, camp No. 3, was closed Wednesday afternoon in a Richmond by F. M. O. Fenn, justice of the peace for Fort Bend county, precinct No. 1, who discharged sergeant S. J. Wheeler, Guards S. M. Fain and S. H. Stewart, after an all-day hearing on the charge of negligent homicide.

Applause from the band of some 50 spectators who had followed every word of the testimony greeted the decision of Justice Fenn. Seventeen witnesses heard during the day created a stenographic record of thousands of words taken down by Secretary Oscar F. Wolf of the Texas penitentiary system.

The witnesses were subjected to a cross-fire of questions shot at them alternately by C. A. Sweeton of Austin, assistant attorney general; by T. B. Pearson of Richmond, county attorney of Fort Bend county, and J. S. McEachin and Harris P. Darst of Richmond, attorneys for the three defendants.

Four of the witnesses were the four convicts who survived the night in the dark cell that stretched dead beside them eight of their comrades in their punishment.

The testimony of the negroes was admitted by Justice Fenn over the objections of the defendants' counsel. The court acknowledged the strength of the counsel's contention that the evidence was inadmissible, but overruled the objection on the ground that the investigation was of sufficient gravity to warrant the application of broad methods of procedure.

Assistant Attorney General Sweeton said he was satisfied he had heard all of the facts of the case after the camp inspection trip and the hearing and said that a full report of the affair would be placed in the hands of Gov. Colquitt at the earliest possible moment. He did not care to forecast the governor's probable line of action.

DALLAS JAIL CONTRACTS LET.

Awards Made for Structural Work, Cells Electric Equipment—Final Cost \$625,000.

Dallas, Texas.—County commissioners' court has awarded the contract for the construction of the new county jail and criminal courts buildings to Chrisman & Nesbit upon their bid of \$307,000. The contract for furnishing the jail cells was awarded to the Paully Jail Building Company of St. Louis on their bid of \$99,343, and W. M. Clower secured the electrical contract on his bids of \$5,560. All three were the lowest bids received. The awarding of the plumbing contract was postponed, pending an investigation of the ability of the lowest bidder to fulfill the contract.

The bid calls for completion of the eight-story jail building within 360 days. Upon a basis of the contracts awarded the new jail and courts building will cost when completed about \$625,000, including \$96,000 paid for the lot.

Houston Plumbers on Strike.

Houston, Texas.—Differences of opinion between the contracting plumbers and the journeymen plumbers as to whether the workmen shall be paid on the job at noon Saturday or shall go to the office of the contractors on their own time for their wages has precipitated a strike of the plumbers and steamfitters in Houston. A raise from \$6 to \$7 a day also is demanded. Approximately 140 workers are involved and the contractors on practically every large building under construction will be obliged to stop work on at least a part of their buildings.

SULZER IMPEACHMENT UPHELD.

Can Not Exercise Function of Governor's Office While Awaiting Trial.

Kingston, N. Y.—Justice Hasbrouck of the state supreme court decided that Gov. Sulzer was regularly impeached, and, while awaiting impeachment trial, was divested of the right to exercise his executive functions, including the power of pardon.

The question of the legality of Sulzer's impeachment came before Justice Hasbrouck in connection with habeas corpus proceedings, brought to compel the New York City authorities to honor Gov. Sulzer's pardon of Joseph G. Robin's pardon was invalid, quash the writ and sent Robin back to prison.

Taking up the claim that even if properly impeached disability does not fall upon the governor, Justice Hasbrouck discusses the contention that the law still presumes the innocence of the impeached.

Reclamation Crops Now in Texas.

Dallas, Texas.—Arthur A. Stiles, reclamation agent, and Engineer J. P. Murray have reached Dallas from the state reclamation department at Austin and are preparing for extensive surveys of overflow lands in North and Northeast Texas. The work now contemplated will cover approximately 250,000 acres of overflow lands in the territory named, and it is anticipated that there will be twice as much work done this winter as ever before in the history of the department.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

R. G. POWELL,
Physician and Surgeon,
Office over Holmes Drug Co.
BAIRD, TEXAS.

T. FRASER,
Physician and Surgeon,
Diseases of Females and Infants
Specialty. Office at Residence.
Phone 80.
BAIRD, TEXAS.

R. L. GRIGGS
Physician and Surgeon
Office with Holmes Drug Co.
Will answer calls day or night. Office Phone No. 11. Residence Phone No. 131.

OTIS BOWYER
ATT'Y-AT-LAW
Office in rear of Odd Fellows' Hall,
Practice in all State Courts

F. S. Bell
Attorney-at-Law
Will Practice in all State Courts.
Up-stairs, Home National Bank Bldg
Baird, Texas

W. R. Ely
Attorney-at-Law,
Will practice in all State Courts.
Land Titles examined and Perfected
Office at Court House.

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

V. E. HILL
DENTIST
Office Up-Stairs in Cooke Building
Baird, Texas.

MISCELLANEOUS CARDS

W. HOMER SHANKS
8 per ct. Loans and Abstracts
Notary Public
Vendors' Lien Notes Bought.

City Bakery

Furnishes pure and healthy Bread and Rolls, made of the very best material on the Market, absolutely free of alum or any other substitute. Fresh every day. Also a variety of Cakes. Phone 116.
O. NITSCHKE, Proprietor.

E. C. Fulton's

BARBER SHOP

Hair Cut 25c. Shampoo 25c.
Massage 25c. Singing 25c.
Shave 15c. Bath 25c.
Tonics 10c and 15c
We solicit your trade. First-class work and cordial treatment to all.

HOT AND COLD BATHS

Laundry Basket leaves Monday and Wednesday; returns Wednesday and Saturday.

Laundry Notice.

Basket leaves Mondays and Wednesdays. Returns Wednesdays and Saturdays. We are prepared to give you the very lowest prices and best service.
E. C. Fulton,
Phone 239.

JUST A FEW LINES

To The Public



EVERY MAN OR WOMAN is justly proud of a watch that keeps time. We are equally proud of the fact that we know how to make a watch keep time. If your watch is getting lax in its habits, just bring it in and let us take it in hand. It may merely need regulating or adjusting. In that event, we will be glad to put it in shape for you and there will be no charge. If it requires no repairs we will tell you so, frankly. On the other hand, if it needs fixing, we will do it right and do it promptly at reasonable cost. We absolutely guarantee to do this or refund your money. It may be that you need a new watch. If so, we will be pleased to show you the largest and best line carried in our city and explain to and show you the different makes and help you to make a good selection.

Let us also remind you that we Fit The Eyes with glasses that suit and we guarantee every pair or money refunded.

Our Drugs are the purest and our Prescription Department is always in competent hands.

"LET US BE YOUR DRUGGIST AND JEWELER"

A NAME TO REMEMBER

Here is a name---"Penstar"---that will mean a great deal to every man, woman and child in this city when they learn what it stands for. It is our duty and our pleasure to tell you. There is a great firm of Manufacturing Chemist in Detroit, The Peninsular Chemical Company, whose name on the label of a remedy is the best possible guaranty of its purity and medicinal worth. They prepare in their splendid laboratories over 100 remedies for household use. They do not believe in secret medicines. They think you have a right to know what you are taking. And you have. So they put the full formula on every label, the name and the exact quantity of every ingredient, all in plain English so you can judge for yourself. If they were not sure that each of these was the best possible prescription, if they were not sure that their skill in compounding these remedies was unsurpassed, they could not afford to do this. We like to handle drugs of quality. That is the way we get our trade. That is why we obtained the agency for these splendid remedies known as



Remedies. Remember the name "Penstar." Remember what it means, "Highest Quality and Formula-on-the-label." We've a great deal more to say about Penstar. Watch for it. Come in and ask about Penstar Remedies. You may need a really reliable remedy some day, learn about it now.

THE PENSLAR STORE

J. H. TERRELL

The Druggist and Jeweler. Phone 91. Baird, Texas.

ALWAYS REFERRED TO AS THE BEST

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

W. E. GILLILAND,
Editor and Proprietor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year.....\$1.00
Six Months.....50cts

Terms: Cash in advance.

TO ADVERTISERS To insure insertion for the current week copy for all display ads must be in this office not later than Tuesday. No notices, or advertising of any kind will be accepted, for the current week, after 12 M. Thursday. Please remember this.

Four weeks constitute a month, for display ads. When display ads run three months or longer the calendar month is used. Locals 5cts per line each insertion.

Good time to sow winter wheat and fall turnips.

A six inch rain fell at Baird, the wettest town every way in the west, last Thursday and Friday.

Gen. Otis, of the Los Angeles Times, recently received an infernal machine by parcel post, but was saved from injury by a Japanese servant, who was suspicious of the package. If Uncle Sam gets his clutches on the one who mailed the machine he will not be able to mail any more dynamite soon.

Well, as Baird has to get along awhile on nothing stronger than water to drink, let us get a move on and make Baird the wettest town in the west. We have by far the best and cheapest water system on the T & P, but we want more water. That Mexia dam will supply the needs of a town of fifty thousand people. It is worth striving for.

The Clyde Enterprise was fooled as to the number of antis at Clyde at any rate. The Enterprise said only 50 of the 105 signers on the petition for the local option election, would vote and that twelve of them were pros and that the antis would only get 38 votes at that box, and they got 64 and all of them did not vote either.

Two years ago Callahan county voted against state-wide prohibition by 116 majority, on September 6th, they voted for what is virtually the same as state-wide prohibition so far as this county is concerned, by a majority of 94. Vox populi is as fickle as the wind some thirsty souls will have to drink in place of booze unless there is a hole in that amended Allison law. Let's vote a road tax.

The Republicans in congress are bitter against the caucus rule of the Democrats. That is the only way to carry a party measure unless the party is practically unanimous, and as there was a wide difference of opinion among the Democrats in congress on both the tariff and currency bills the caucus was the only way to insure the passage of either bill through the senate. We know caucus rule is sometimes tyrannical, but what else is a party to do when that is the only way to pass a bill?

Congressman Timothy D. Sullivan "Big Tim," the idol of the Bowery and East Side New York, was buried Sunday. "Big Tim" is said to have helped more down and outs, and poor people than any other person who ever lived in New York and much of his fortune was dissipated in charity. He started as a newspaper boy, worked his way up and became one of the most powerful leaders of Tammany Hall. His early associates were among the tough element and "Big Tim" himself was called an all round tough by his enemies, be that as it may we had rather risk Big Tim's chances for heaven than some of more pretentious religious people of this county Big Tim was strictly temperate, never drank or smoked which is such an unpardonable sin with some of

the unco good. Big Tim will perhaps have more widows and orphans whom he has helped to plead for mercy for him before the great Judge in the final day than any one who ever lived in New York, that is if deeds of charity, not words count for anything in the final account. It is said Big Tim bought shoes and stockings for ten thousand poor children every winter; this besides his numerous other charities. No one ever appealed to the big hearted Big Tim for help and was refused. Brooding over the loss of a good portion of his fortune by bad debts, he lost his mind, and was never able to take his seat in Congress after his election last fall. Some weeks ago, after his return from Europe, he escaped from his keepers and a few hours afterwards was ground to death by a train and his body remained unrecognized for thirteen days and was only rescued from burial in the pottersfield by friends who recognized the mutilated remains of the great Tammany Chief. His funeral was attended by rich and poor alike who vied with each other in paying respect to the memory of one who lived for others and the good he could do, but his goodness was not of the accepted orthodox kind. He could lay no claim to religious pretensions or word; but he loved his fellow man and proved it by his works and like Abu Ben Adham, his name is enrolled high on the scroll of fame.

One of the really amusing incidents of the late Pro Campaign seems to have escaped general notice, though THE STAR did mention it in last issue before the election which reached the readers too late to attract much notice, and it was this: The Pros started out by twitting the antis about their old time claim that Prohibition did not prohibit; saying "we now have a law that will prohibit," and then wound up the campaign by trying to prove that the people could get all the liquor under the new law they wanted for a beverage or for medicine. See Pro Campaign Circular and the two papers, Clyde and Cross Plains, last week of campaign. We never witnessed more a complete reversal of tactics in any campaign we ever mixed up in. It equals President Wilson's in expressing a desire to knock Bryan into a cocked hat; then wound up by giving him the chief seat in his cabinet. The pros twit the antis about saying prohibition does not prohibit; and then wound up by admitting the antis were right. Wonder if they caught any antis with the last claim? If so somebody is liable to be disappointed; but that is another story.

Some parties in Dallas seem disposed to knock the Callahan-Eastland county auto road, and the representative of the government seems disposed to ignore this route altogether, claiming it is impracticable. This is unfair to the people living along this route, who are making every effort possible to put the road in good condition. A young man and his wife, living in San Angelo, stopped in Baird a short while Wednesday. They were enroute home from Dallas and came by way of the Callahan-Eastland route and say it is a better road than the Albany-Breckenridge road, and say they will use this route when traveling by auto hereafter in preference to the northern route. The lower, or Callahan-Eastland route, goes from Abilene via Clyde, Baird, Putnam, Cisco, Eastland, Ranger and Strawn thence to Mineral Wells. It is claimed to be a better road, with more hotel accommodations than the Breckenridge route, and we cannot see why Dallas autoist should knock this route, which it seems is done for the purpose of preventing even an inspection of the route by representatives of the government and auto association. The people who travel want the best and most convenient route and if the people of Callahan and Eastland counties cannot show that this is better than the Breckenridge-Albany route, then let the road go north, but the people of the two counties are entitled to a hearing, which some are disposed to prevent if possible.

OFFICIAL RETURNS PRO ELECTION, SEPT. 6, 1913 AS SENT TO THE COUNTY CLERK.

	1909		1913	
	Pro	Anti	Pro	Anti
Baird	120	221	106	194
Belle Plaine	25	12	19	16
Cottonwood	62	75	49	65
Tecumseh	6	24	5	18
Clyde	168	38	191	64
Cross Plains	59	58	108	78
Admiral	25	26	24	20
Putnam	93	49	86	75
Erath	22	21	10	12
Eula	61	44	64	45
Caddo Peak	16	7	15	10
Eagle Cove	58	28	27	28
Atwell	27	21	32	8
Gilliland	1	12	3	14
Lanham	11	4	9	2
Dressy	28	28	31	17
Oplin	25	66	20	58
Pilgrim	19	27	18	21
Denton			36	12
Harts			8	10
Total	826	761	861	767
Pro majority	65		94	
Total vote 1909				1587
Total vote 1913				1628

ARIZONA PRODUCES EGYPTIAN COTTON.

Production of Egyptian cotton on the irrigated lands of the Salt River Valley in Arizona is making notable progress. It began as an experiment two years ago, and one year ago there was an acreage of respectable proportions. This season there are 4,500 acres in Egyptian cotton under irrigation from the reclamation dam there. W. L. Rockwell of San Antonio, irrigation expert for the Federal Department of Agriculture, has just made a visit to the Salt River Valley, and took particular interest in the cotton fields there. He says the Egyptian cotton experiment has proven a complete success and the outlook is for that crop to divide honors with alfalfa on the 200,000 acres that are irrigated in the project there.

The crop of this season is now being gathered, and it is asserted by experts that it will average in a bale and a half to the acre for the entire acreage in cotton. The Government has bought about the establishment of a gin in the vicinity, and the cotton farmers of Arizona are in the full tide of their work. It will be a good deal larger crop of this highest quality of long staple cotton that Arizona will market this season than that which was shipped out through Galveston from the same source last year. This staple is worth more on the market than other long staple cotton grown in this country. It costs more to produce, however, than short staple cotton, the price for picking and ginning being about double that paid in the black lands of Texas.

GOOD ROADS.

(By Homer D. Wade, Stamford, Secretary Texas Good Roads Association.)

The road to ruin, is the road with bad ruts.

Do not worry too much about the kind of the road, but get good ones.

Good roads are monuments to man kind. Let every man build his own monument.

Since good roads are for all the people, they should be built by all the people.

The only things Julius Caesar did that exists today are the good roads he built.

One good turn deserves another, and one Good Road begets another, with much pleasure thrown in.

The most antiquated laws upon our statute books are our road laws. Good Roads can never be made a reality until these laws are modernized.

The children going to school, the farmers going to market, the old folk going to town and the tourist in his auto, all enjoy the benefits of good roads.

Long life to auto tires, much happiness to draught wagons, eternal pleasure and comfort can all be attained by having good public highways.

Arkansas & Alabama are to follow

Missouri in having Good Road's Day. How long will Texas let her sister states out stripe her in the improvement of public highways.

The man who trods his beaten path continually will eventually make a rut for himself. The state that permits her people to mire in the mud, will drop behind, educationally morally and commercially. Build good roads and be happy.

COTTONWOOD LOCALS.

Sept. 17th.—Owing to the fact that we have been very busy the past two weeks trying to locate our school teachers it has been almost impossible for us to gather any local news, but we are perfectly ready to proclaim the glad tidings that we have had rain and everybody and everything is looking cheerful, and as soon as the moon gets right we are going to sow turnips.

The cotton pickers are all down to business again and the gins are running full time now. Number of bales ginned up to Tuesday night, Sept. 16, 146, selling in Cottonwood today at thirteen cents.

Misses Fredda Griffin and Kate Mitchell left Monday morning for Denton where they will again enter the College of Industrial Arts.

Mr. J. M. Ferguson's family have moved to Abilene for the benefit of the schools at that place. Mr. Ferguson will remain here to superintend his Telephone business.

Mr. Tom Dawkins, Postoffice Inspector, is in Cottonwood going through our P. M. s. work this morning. Mr. Dawkins is a son of Mrs. R. C. Dawkins of Admiral. We presume he will find the office at this place up in ship shape.

Bruce Griffin has gone to Abilene to attend school this winter.

Miss Beulah Respass has entered Britton's Training School and will not teach this winter.

J. T. Respass visited the country around Moran Monday and Tuesday.

Miss Bessie Ayers has gone to Oklahoma and has entered a school there and will spend the winter there.

Mr. Luther Odell and Miss Kate Brooks were married at the residence of the bride's parents, two miles east of Cottonwood, Sunday, September 14th. J. M. Ferguson spoke the words that made them one. We wish them a long, useful and happy life.

Miss Melrose Jones left this morning for Boston, Mass., where she will enter Emerson College of Oratory. We presume the very fact that Miss Melrose is from Texas render her more or less conspicuous up in Yankeeedom.

Meade F. Griffin contemplates starting for Austin Sunday, the 21, where he will resume his studies in the State University.

Grady Bespass has been elected principal of the Erath school in the north-east part of this county, and will, if nothing prevents, begin teaching there November 3d.

Will the county went dry again and we are doomed to do without our toddy of mornings now until we can make other arrangements. We fear there will be many jngs with sun cracks in them, the result of the prevailing dry conditions.

Has Uncle Juan gotten home yet? We would like to feast our eyes on his beautiful old "Phiz" again and hear him "explavérate" some on the sights he saw on his trip.

We are glad to report Mrs. Everett, of three miles east of Cottonwood, who has been dangerously sick with typhoid fever, very much improved. "Uncle Jimmie."

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

The following list of letters remain unclaimed in the postoffice at Baird, Texas, for the week ending Sept. 13, 1913. When calling for same, please say "advertised."

One cent due on all advertised mail.

- Mrs. George Brady
- Mr. M. B. Rhodes
- Mr. Ben Ross
- Geo. R. McManis, P.M.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Franklin, Mrs. H. D. Driskill and little Resa Fay Enoch spent Thursday with Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Hill.

To The Public.

I wish to say to my friends and the public generally that I have opened a new Hardware Store in the Cooke Building on the east side of Market Street and solicit a share of your patronage. At present I have only a small stock on hand but hope within a short time to get in my new goods, which will give me a full and complete line of everything kept in a first-class hardware store. I will carry at all times a full and complete line of

**SHELF HARDWARE. BUILDER'S SUPPLIES
BLACKSMITH'S SUPPLIES, HARNESS, ETC.**

When in need of anything in my line, come in and look my stock and get price. I will be pleased to over show you my goods.

YOURS TO PLEASE

E. COOKE



THE BUSY MAN

has enough to bother him without being annoyed by poor stationery. Good stationery saves both time and worry. Order your stationery supplies here and things will go smoother at your office. Send here and get the best of everything in stationery from a bottle of ink to a complete office outfit.

HOLMES DRUG CO.

The Rexall Store. Phone No. 11

Abstracts Promptly

At reasonable prices. Accurate and courteous service

JACKSON & JACKSON

Home National Bank Building

BAIRD,

TEXAS

We Welcome Both Large and Small Depositors.

It matters not what amount of money you have to deposit—we will accept it at this bank. We welcome the small depositor, we extend to him the same consideration and courtesies accorded all our patrons. If you are a farmer and sell your farm products and carry the money home with you, not only your money is in danger, but also your life, because you do not know when you might be robbed. You should put your money in this bank.

The First National Bank of Baird

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS.

- J. F. Dyer, President.
- Henry James, Vice President.
- W. S. Hinds, Cashier.
- J. W. Turner, Asst. Cashier.
- W. A. Hinds
- Tom Windham



We are Showing the Favored Styles for Fall in Suits, Coats and Dresses

OUR READY-TO-WEAR DEPARTMENT

Our Ready-to-Wear department has never before been so complete and so attractive as it is now, with truly fashionable Fall Garments. The variety is great, and the style so varied that every woman can choose according to her own ideas, and to suit her own individuality.

Dress Goods and Trimmings

The new Fabrics for Fall cover a wide range of effects. Those which we are now showing are among the prettiest we have ever gathered at this early season. Among these we mention Brocaded and Plain Silk Poplins, Mercerized Poplins, Cotton Ratine, Silk Stripe Crepes, Oriental Crepes. We have a nice line of Fancy Bands, Tassels and Colonial buttons in shades to match the Dress Goods.

New Millinery

In Autumn Millinery we are showing a nice variety. Our selections for fall from well known authoritative sources is meeting the approval of our patrons and the public as never before. We are showing a nice line of dress and street hats in styles that offer every possibility for the full play of individual taste and preference. And you can select a charming graceful, hat here at a very moderate price.

"THE STORE WITH THE NEW GOODS."

WILL D. BOYDSTUN

Dry Goods

Millinery

PERSONAL MENTION

Monroe Dawkins is spending this week in Marshall.

Fred Cutbirth was in from Burnt Branch Wednesday.

Dick Cordwent of Cottonwood was in Baird Monday.

Roy Smith of San Angelo, visited friends in Baird Sunday.

Cold weather is coming, buy your coal from W. G. Bowlus. 40-tf.

Miss Verda Murphy left Saturday for Simmon's College, Abilene.

Joe Smartt, of Admiral, was in town with cotton yesterday.

The Commissioners Court will meet next Monday to count the vote of the late lamented election.

W. G. Bowlus can supply your coal wants, try him. 40tf

Mrs. Price McFarlane and daughters, Opal and Nina, were in town Monday.

Miss Lora Franklin went to Abilene yesterday to spend a few days with her cousin, Miss Willie Gilliland.

H. A. McWhorter and little son, Alex, were in from the ranch on the Bayou, Tuesday.

Quite a number from here contemplate attending Ringling's big circus at Abilene tomorrow.

Spike Blakeley was in town Wednesday after another load of cottonseed for the Dyer Ranch.

Get your coal early. W. G. Bowlus

Mr. Tom Woodward of Desdemona, visited Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ebert, Sunday.

Little Misses Glendol and Vera Belle Elliott are visiting their aunt, Mrs. Walter Pike at Big Springs this week.

Miss Addie Day is visiting in Merkel this week.

Mrs. E. M. Wristen is visiting in Abilene this week.

Homer Driskill spent a few days in Dallas last week.

Miss Irene Seay, who has been visiting her cousin, Miss Ruby Hill, for the past month, will leave for her home in Dallas, Saturday.

J. O. Hall of Venita, Okla., came in Tuesday and went on out to his ranch on the Bayou with Ed Horn, Foreman of the ranch who met him here.

Geo. Carter returned last Thursday from Carlsbad, Texas, where he was called by the illness of his father, D. C. Carter. Mr. Carter was some better and went home with his daughter, Mrs. Albert Dennis of Wichita Falls, where he and Mrs. Carter will probably spend the winter.

J. W. Long, who has been working for the T. & P. Ry., for nearly two years, left Monday for Waco where he goes to study music. Mr. Long says he may be absent ten months or longer.

Coal—Coal—Coal. W. G. Bowlus.

Gordon Phillips this week purchased of W. H. Rogers, the handsome bungalow at 608 Main St. Mr. Phillips has taken possession of his new home, Mr. Rogers moving to the S. E. Ord residence in North Big Springs.—Big Springs Herald.

Buy your coal from W. G. Bowlus

Cale Hall, brakeman on an east end freight, was pretty badly hurt at Thurber Monday evening by falling from his train. He was right badly bruised about the head and his leg wrenched. He narrowly escaped serious injury if not instant death. We hope he will be all right in a few days.

MARRIED AT OPLIN.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Allen at Oplin, was the scene of a pretty wedding Sunday evening, Sept. 14, 1913, when their eldest daughter, Miss Cora Allen was united in marriage to Mr. Willis Windham.

The parlor was beautifully decorated in garlands of green and white. The bridal party entered to the strains of the Wedding March played by Mrs. Wagner. The attendants were Misses Winnie Windham and Veda Harris, Messrs Ed Johnson and Olbern Russell. The bride entered with Miss Lollie Windham and the groom with Mr. Charley Straley and took their places beneath an arch of green and white where Rev. Mr. Hardy in a few well chosen words said the ceremony which made them man and wife in the presence of a large number of friends and relatives.

The bride's dress was of white silk messeline. Miss Lollie Windham and Miss Veda Harris also wore white dresses. Miss Winnie Windham was dressed in light blue.

After congratulations, the guests were invited into the dining room which was also decorated in the green and white, a large white wedding bell being suspended above the table which was beautifully decorated and laden with a delicious supper.

Miss Allen is a charming and popular young lady, who has grown to young womanhood in Oplin. Mr. Windham is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. H. Windham, who are among the pioneer settlers of this county, and is a young man of sterling integrity and we join the host of friends in extending to them many good wishes and congratulations. May their pathway through life lead through pleasant places and peace and prosperity attend them. They will make their home in the Oplin country. They were the recipients of many useful gifts.

Heavy suit cases, with strong handles, are now in great demand.

You can get made to your order at popular prices Church Seats, Pew Ends and School Desks at J. Y. Grier Planing Mill, near the A. and S. Depot, Abilene, Texas. 40-3t

Henry Lambert left Saturday for Granbury in response to a message that his sister-in-law, Mrs. M. M. Lambert, was seriously ill. A letter received from him yesterday states that she was slightly improved.

ART CLASS.

I will begin an Art School on Monday, Sept. 22nd, at my home. Any one who may want to take Art will be given terms by calling or phoning me. Jean Powell.

T. & P. TIME TABLE.

The following is the New Passenger train schedule, at Baird, taking effect, Sunday, August 31st.

East Bound.	
No. 2. arrives	11:35 p. m.
" 4 "	12:20 p. m.
" 6 "	1:10 a. m.
No. 8. arrives	9:10 a. m.
West Bound.	
No. 1. arrives	2:20 a. m.
" 3. "	4:00 p. m.
" 5. "	3:30 a. m.
No. 7 arrives	2:40 p. m.

By the above you will see that trains No. 1. and 2. have been restored.

J. H. Rowley, Agent.

FOR SALE.

Good four room house, two large lots in best part of town, a bargain if sold at once.—Jno. Laird. 40-4t

SCHOOL.

We represent 2 of the 3 school Book depositories in this state, and have the largest stock of tablets ever brought to this town.

We also have Lunch Baskets, and Lunch Boxes, School Bags and Straps, Crayon, Erasers, Pencils and Blanks of every kind, Drinking Cups in many patterns.

And in addition you will want a bottle of Peroxide of Hydrogen, the greatest disinfectant known, at our store 10 and 15cts.

Don't fail to see our window, and look at our goods before you make your purchase.

We buy for cash. We sell for cash 40-2t. Chambers Bros.

Program B. Y. P. U.

Sunday, Sept. 21, 1913.
Bible Study Meeting—Jehu.
Leader, Mrs. W. H. Norrid.
Scripture Reading, Prov. 1:22-33.
Song.

1. Introduction, by Leader.
 2. Jehu Before He Became King, Talk. See quarterly and also 2 Kings 9:1-10, by M. J. Holmes.
 3. Jehu's Killing of Jehoram, Talk by Mrs. Walker.
 4. Jehu Exterminates the House of Anab. Talk, Mrs. C. B. Holmes
 5. Jehu's Failure. Talk by W. H. H. Norrid.
- Song.
6. Lessons for us from the life of Jehu. Open Meeting.
Closing Song and Prayer.

Frank Russell was up from the Bayou yesterday with cotton.

Harve Finch, of Admiral, was in town Monday.

Mrs. Ferguson, of Fort Worth, visited her sister, Mrs. G. M. Hall, the past week.



Plenty of Funds

always on hand to meet all demands at this bank. We keep on hand a larger cash reserve than the law requires and honor our depositors' checks at sight. We make collections for our depositors also. An account here saves them much trouble and considerable expense. Let us explain how.

The Home National Bank of Baird

S. L. Driskill, Pres. Harry Meyer, V. P. H. Ross, V. P.
T. E. Powell, Cashier
F. L. Driskill, Asst. C. Will C. Franklin, Asst. C.

MOLLY McDONALD

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER



By
RANDALL PARRISH
Author of "Keith of the
Border," "My Lady of
Doubt," "My Lady of the
South," etc. etc.

Illustrations by
V. L. Barnes

COPYRIGHT 1912 BY A. C. McCLURG & CO.

CHAPTER I.

An Unpleasant Situation.

When, late in May, 1868, Major Daniel McDonald, Sixth Infantry, was first assigned to command the new three company post established southwest of Fort Dodge, designed to protect the newly discovered Cimarron trail leading to Santa Fe across the desert, and, purely by courtesy, officially termed Fort Devere, he naturally considered it perfectly safe to invite his only daughter to join him there for her summer vacation. Indeed, at that time, there was apparently no valid reason why he should deny himself this pleasure. Except for certain vague rumors regarding uneasiness among the Sioux warriors north of the Platte, the various tribes of the plains were causing no unusual trouble to military authorities, although, of course, there was no time in the history of that country utterly devoid of peril from young raiders, usually aided and abetted by outcast whites. However, the Santa Fe route, by this date, had become a well-traveled trail, protected by scattered posts along its entire route, frequently patrolled by troops, and merely considered dangerous for small parties, south of the Cimarron, where roving Comanches in bad humor might be encountered.

Fully assured as to this by officers met at Fort Ripley, McDonald, who had never before served west of the Mississippi, wrote his daughter a long letter, describing in careful detail the route, set an exact date for her departure, and then, satisfied all was well arranged, set forth with his small command on the long march overland. He had not seen his daughter for over two years, as during her vacation time (she was attending Sunnycrest school, on the Hudson), she made her home with an aunt in Connecticut. This year the aunt was in Europe, not expecting to return until fall, and the father had hopefully counted on having the girl with him once again in Kentucky. Then came his sudden, unexpected transfer west, and the final decision to have her join him there. Why not? If she remained the same high-spirited army girl, she would thoroughly enjoy the unusual experience of a few months of real frontier life, and the only hardship involved would be the long stage ride from Ripley. This, however, was altogether prairie travel, monotonous enough surely, but without special danger, and he could doubtless arrange to meet her himself at Kansas City, or send one of his officers for that purpose.

This was the situation in May, but by the middle of June conditions had greatly changed throughout all the broad plains country. The spirit of savage war had spread rapidly from the Platte to the Rio Pecos, and scarcely a wild tribe remained disaffected. Arapahoe, Cheyenne, Pawnee, Comanche, and Apache alike espoused the cause of the Sioux, and their young warriors, breaking away from the control of older chiefs, became ugly and warlike. Devere, isolated as it was from the main route of travel (the Santa Fe stages still following the more northern trail), heard merely rumors of the prevailing condition through tarrying hunters, and possibly an occasional army courier, yet soon realized the gravity of the situation because of the almost total cessation of travel by way of the Cimarron and the growing insolence of the surrounding Comanches. Details from the small garrison were, under urgent orders from headquarters at Fort Wallace, kept constantly scouting as far south as the fork of the Red river, and then west to the mountains. Squads from the single cavalry company guarded the few caravans venturing still to cross the Cimarron desert, or bore dispatches to Fort Dodge. Thus the few soldiers remaining on duty at the home station became slowly aware that this outbreak of savagery was no longer a mere tribal affair. Outrages were reported from the Solomon, the Republican, the Arkansas valleys. A settlement was raided on Smoky Fork; stages were attacked near the Caches, and one burned; a wagon train was ambushed in the Raton pass, and only escaped after desperate fighting. Altogether the situation appeared extremely serious and summer promised war in earnest.

McDonald was rather slow to appreciate the real facts. His knowledge of Indian tactics was exceedingly small, and the utter isolation of his post kept him ignorant. At first he was convinced that it was merely a local disturbance and would end as suddenly as begun. Then, when realization finally came, it was already too late to stop the girl. She would be already on her long journey. What could he do? What immediate steps could he hope to take for her protection? Ordinarily he would not have hesitated, but now a decision was not so easily made. Of his command scarcely thirty men remained at Devere, a mere infantry guard, together with a small squad of cavalry

men, retained for courier service. His only remaining commissioned officer at the post was the partially disabled cavalry captain, acting temporarily as adjutant, because incapacitated for taking the field. He had waited until the last possible moment, trusting that a shift in conditions might bring back some available officer. Now he had to choose between his duty as commander and as father. Further delay was impossible.

Devere was a fort merely by courtesy. In reality it consisted only of a small stockade hastily built of cottonwood timber, surrounding in partial protection a half dozen shacks, and one fairly decent log house. The situation was upon a slight elevation overlooking the ford, some low bluffs, bare of timber but green with June grass to the northward, while in every other direction extended an interminable sand-desert, ever shifting beneath wind blasts, presenting as desolate a scene as eye could witness. The yellow flood of the river, still swollen by melting mountain snow, was a hundred feet from the stockade gate, and on its bank stood the log cavalry stables. Below, a scant half mile away, were the only trees visible, a scraggly grove of cottonwoods, while down the face of the bluff and across the fat ran the slender ribbon of trail. Monotonous, unchanging, it was a desolate picture to watch day after day in the hot summer.

In the gloom following an early supper the two officers sat together in the single room of the cabin, a candle sputtering on the table behind them, smoking silently or moodily discussing the situation. McDonald was florid and heavily built, his gray mustache hanging heavily over a firm mouth, while the Captain was of another type, tall, with dark eyes and hair. The latter by chance opened the important topic.

"By the way, major," he said carelessly, "I guess it is just as well you stopped your daughter from coming out to this hole. Lord, but it would be an awful place for a woman."

"But I didn't," returned the other moodily. "I put it off too long."

"Put it off! Good heavens, man, didn't you write when you spoke about doing so? Do you actually mean the girl is coming—here?"

McDonald groaned.

"That is exactly what I mean, Travers. Darned, I haven't thought of anything else for a week. Oh, I know now I was an old fool even to conceive of such a trip, but when I wrote her I had no conception of what it was going to be like out here. There was not a rumor of Indian trouble a month ago, and when the tribes did break out it was too late for me to get word back east. The fact is, I am in the devil of a fix—without even an officer whom I can send to meet her, or turn her back. If I should go myself it would mean a court-martial."

Travers stared into the darkness through the open door, sucking at his pipe.

"By George, you are in a pickle," he acknowledged slowly. "I supposed she had been headed off long ago. Haven't heard you mention the mat-



"Darned, I Haven't Thought of Anything Else for a Week."

ter since we first got here. Where do you suppose the lass is by now?"

"Near as I can tell she would leave Ripley the 18th."

"Humph! Then starting tonight, a good rider might intercept her at Fort Dodge. She would be in no danger traveling alone for that distance. The regular stages are running yet, I suppose?"

"Yes; so far as I know."

"Under guard?"

"Only from the Caches to Fort Union; there has been no trouble along the lower Arkansas yet. The troops from Dodge are scouting the country north, and we are supposed to keep things clear of hostiles down this way."

"Supposed—yes; but we can't patrol five hundred miles of desert

with a hundred men, most of them dough-boys. The devils can break through any time they get ready—you know that. At this minute there isn't a mile of safe country between Dodge and Union. If she was my daughter—"

"You'd do what?" broke in McDonald, jumping to his feet. "I'd give my life to know what to do!"

"Why, I'd sent somebody to meet her—to turn her back if that was possible. Peyton would look after her there at Ripley until you could arrange."

"That's easy enough to say, Travers, but tell me who is there to send? Do you chance to know an enlisted man out yonder who would do—whom you would trust to take care of a young girl alone?"

The captain bent his head on one hand, silent for some minutes.

"They are a tough lot, major; that's a fact, when you stop to call the roll. Those recruits we got at Leavenworth were mostly rough-necks—seven of them in the guard-house tonight. Our best men are all out," with a wave of his hand to the south. "It's only the riff-raff we've got left, at Devere."

"You can't go?"

The captain rubbed his lame leg regretfully.

"No; I'd risk it if I could only ride, but I couldn't sit a saddle."

"And my duty is here; it would cost me my commission."

There was a long thoughtful silence, both men moodily staring out through the door. Away in the darkness unseen sentinels called the hour. Then Travers dropped one hand on the other's knee.

"Dan," he said swiftly, "how about that fellow who came in with dispatches from Union just before dark? He looked like a real man."

"I didn't see him. I was down river with the wood-cutters all day."

Travers got up and paced the floor.

"I remember now. What do you say? Let's have him in, anyhow. They never would have trusted him for that ride if he hadn't been the right sort." He strode over to the door, without waiting an answer. "Here, Carter," he called, "do you know where that cavalryman is who rode in from Fort Union this afternoon?"

A face appeared in the glow of light, and a gloved hand rose to salute.

"He's asleep in 'B's' shack, sir," the orderly replied. "Said he'd been on the trail two nights and a day."

"Reckon he had, and some riding at that. Rout him out, will you? Tell him the major wants to see him here at once."

The man wheeled as if on a pivot, and disappeared.

"If Carter could only ride," began McDonald, but Travers interrupted impatiently.

"If! But we all know he can't. Worst I ever saw, must have originally been a sailor!" He slowly recalled his pipe. "Now, see here, Dan, it's your daughter that's to be looked after, and therefore I want you to size this man up for yourself. I don't pretend to know anything about him, only he looks like a soldier, and they must think well of him at Union."

McDonald nodded, but without enthusiasm; then dropped his head into his hands. In the silence a coyote howled mournfully not far away; then a shadow appeared on the log step, the light of the candle flashing on a row of buttons.

"This is the man, sir," said the orderly, and stood aside to permit the other to enter.

CHAPTER II.

"Brick" Hamlin.

The two officers looked up with some eagerness, McDonald straightening in his chair, and returning the cavalryman's salute instinctively, his eyes expressing surprise. He was a straight-limbed fellow, slenderly built, and appearing taller than he really was by reason of his erect, soldierly carriage; thin of waist, broad of chest, dressed in rough service uniform, without jacket, just as he had rolled out of the saddle, rough shirt open at the throat, patched, discolored trousers, with broad yellow stripes down the seam, stuck into service riding boots, a revolver dangling at his left hip, and a soft hat, faded sadly, crushed in one hand.

The major saw all this, yet it was at the man's uncovered face he gazed most intently. He looked upon a countenance browned by sun and alkali, intelligent, sober, heavily browsed, with eyes of dark gray rather deeply set; firm lips, a chin somewhat prominent, and a broad forehead, the light colored hair above closely trimmed; the cheeks were darkened by two days' growth of beard. McDonald unclosed, then clenched his hand.

"You are from Fort Union, Captain Travers tells me?"

"Yes, sir," the reply slow, deliberate, as though the speaker had no desire to waste words. "I brought dispatches; they were delivered to Captain Travers."

"Yes, I know; but I may require you for other service. What were your orders?"

"To return at convenience."

"Good. I know Hawley, and do not think he would object. What is your regiment?"

"Seventh cavalry."

"Oh, yes, just organized; before that?"

"The Third."

"I see you are a non-com—corporal?"

"Sergeant, sir, since my transfer."

"Second enlistment?"

"No, first in the regulars—the Seventh was picked from other commands."

"I understand. You say first in the

regulars. Does that mean you saw volunteer service?"

"Three years, sir."

"Ah!" his eyes brightening instantly. "Then how does it happen you failed to try for a commission after the war? You appear to be intelligent, educated?"

The sergeant smiled.

"Unfortunately my previous service had been performed in the wrong uniform, sir," he said quietly. "I was in a Texas regiment."

There was a moment's silence, during which Travers smoked, and the major seemed to hesitate. Finally the latter asked:

"What is your name, sergeant?"

"Hamlin, sir."

The pipe came out of Travers' mouth, and he half arose to his feet.

"By all the gods!" he exclaimed. "That's it! Now I've got you placed—you're—you're 'Brick' Hamlin!"

The man unconsciously put one hand to his hair, his eyes laughing.

"Some of the boys call me that—yes," he confessed apologetically.

Travers was on his feet now, gestulating with his pipe.

"Damn! I knew I'd seen your face somewhere. It was two years ago at Washita. Say, Dan, this is the right man for you; better than any fledgling



He Was a Straight Limbed Fellow, Etc.

West Pointer. Why, he is the same lad who brought in Dugan—you heard about that!"

The major shook his head.

"No! Oh, of course not. Nothing that goes on out here ever drifts east of the Missouri. Lord! We might as well be serving a foreign country. Well, listen: I was at Washita then, and had the story first hand. Dugan was a lieutenant in 'D' Troop, out with his first independent command scouting along the Canadian. He knew as much about Indians as a cow does of music. One morning the young idiot left camp with only one trooper along—Hamlin here—and he was a 'rookie,' to follow up what looked like a fresh trail. Two hours later they rode slap into a war party, and the fracas was on. Dugan got a ball through the body at the first fire that paralyzed him. He was conscious, but couldn't move. The rest was up to Hamlin. You ought to have heard Dugan tell it when he got so he could speak. Hamlin dragged the boy down into a buffalo wallow, shot both horses, and got behind them. It was all done in the jerk of a lamb's tail. They had two Henry rifles, and the 'rookie' kept them both hot. He got some of the bucks, too, but of course, we never knew how many. There were twenty in the party, and they charged twice, riding their ponies almost to the edge of the wallow, but Hamlin had fourteen shots without reloading, and they couldn't quite make it. Dugan said there were nine dead ponies within a radius of thirty feet. Anyhow it was five hours before 'D' troop came up, and that's what they found when they got there—Dugan laid out, as good as dead, and Hamlin shot twice, and only ten cartridges left. Hell," he added disgustedly, "and you never even heard of it east of the Missouri!"

There was a flush of color on the sergeant's cheeks, but he never moved.

"There was nothing else to do but what I did," he explained simply. "Any of the fellows would have done the same if they had been up against it the way I was. May I ask, sir, if you first upon one and then the other inquiringly, 'what it was you wanted of me?'"

McDonald drew a long breath.

"Certainly, sergeant, sit down—yes, take that chair."

He described the situation in a few words, and the trooper listened quietly until he was done. Travers interrupted once, his voice emerging from a cloud of smoke. As the major concluded, Hamlin asked a question or two gravely.

"How old is your daughter, sir?"

"In her twentieth year."

"Have you a picture of the young lady?"

The major crossed over to his fatigue coat hanging on the wall, and extracted a small photograph from an inside pocket.

"This was taken a year ago," he explained, "and was considered a good likeness then."

Hamlin took the card in his hands, studied the face a moment, and then placed it upon the table.

"You figure she ought to leave Ripley on the 18th," he said slowly. "Then I shall need to start at once to make Dodge in time."

"You mean to go then? Of course, you realize I have no authority to order you on such private service."

"That's true. I'm a volunteer, but

I'll ask you for a written order just the same in case my troop commander should ever object, and I'll need a fresh horse; I rode mine pretty hard coming tip here."

"You shall have the pick of the stables, sergeant," interjected the cavalry captain, knocking the ashes from his pipe. "Anything else? Have you had rest enough?"

"Four hours," and the sergeant stood up again. "All I require will be two days' rations, and a few more revolver cartridges. The sooner I'm off the better."

It he heard Travers' attempt at conversation as the two stumbled together down the dark hill, he paid small attention. At the stables, aided by a smoky lantern, he picked out a tough-looking buckskin mustang, with an evil eye; and, using his own saddle and bridle, he finally led the half-broken animal outside.

"That buckskin's the devil's own," protested Travers, careful to keep to one side.

"I'll take it out of him before morning," was the reply. "Come on, boy! easy now—easy! How about the rations, captain?"

"Carter will have them for you at the gate of the stockade. Do you know the trail?"

"Well enough to follow—yes."

McDonald was waiting with Carter, and the dim gleam of the lantern revealed his face.

"Remember, sergeant, you are to make her turn back if you can. Tell her I wish her to do so—yes, this letter will explain everything, but she is a pretty high-spirited girl, and may take the bit in her teeth—imagine she'd rather be here with me, and all that. If she does I suppose you'll have to let her have her own way—the Lord knows her mother always did. Anyhow you'll stay with her till she's safe."

"I sure will," returned the sergeant, gathering up his reins. "Good-by to you."

"Good-by and good luck," and McDonald put out his hand, which the other took hesitatingly. The next instant he was in the saddle, and with a wild leap the startled mustang rounded the edge of the bluff, flying into the night.

All had occurred so quickly that Hamlin's mind had not yet fully adjusted itself to all the details. He was naturally a man of few words, deciding on a course of action quietly, yet not apt to deviate from any conclusion finally reached. But he had been hurried, pressed into this adventure, and now welcomed an opportunity to think it all out coolly. At first, for a half mile or more, the plunging buckskin kept him busy, bucking viciously, rearing, leaping madly from side to side, practising every known equine trick to dislodge the grim rider in the saddle. The man fought out the battle silently, immovable as a rock, and apparently as indifferent. Twice his spurs brought blood, and once he struck the rearing head with clenched fist. The light of the stars revealed the faint lines of the trail, and he was content to permit the maddened brute to race forward, until, finally mastered, the animal settled down into a swift gallop, but with ears laid back in ugly defiance. The rider's gray eyes smiled pleasantly as he settled more comfortably into the saddle, peering out from beneath the stiff brim of his scouting hat; then they hardened, and the man swore softly under his breath.

The peculiar nature of this mission which he had taken upon himself had been recalled. He was always doing something like that—permitting himself to become involved in the affairs of others. Now why should he be here, riding alone through the dark to prevent this unknown girl from reaching Devere? She was nothing to him—even that glimpse of her pictured face had not impressed him greatly; rather interesting, to be sure, but nothing extraordinary; besides he was not a woman's man, and, through years of isolation, he had grown to avoid contact with the sex—and he was under no possible obligation to either McDonald or Travers. Yet here he was, fully committed, drawn into the vortex, by a hasty ill-considered decision. He was tired still from his swift journey across the desert from Fort Union, and now faced another three days' ride. Then what? A headstrong girl to be convinced of danger, and controlled. The longer he thought about it all, the more intensely disagreeable the task appeared, yet the clearer did he appreciate its necessity. He chafed at the knowledge that it had become his work—that he had permitted himself to be ensnared—yet he dug his spurs into the mustang and rode steadily, grimly, forward.

The real truth was that Hamlin comprehended much more fully than did the men at Devere the danger menacing travelers along the main trail to Santa Fe. News reached Fort Union much quicker than it did that isolated post up on the Cimarron. He knew of the fight in Raton Pass, and that two stages within ten days had been attacked, one several miles east of Bent's Fort. This must mean that a desperate party of raiders had succeeded in slipping past those scattered army details scouting into the northwest. Whether or not these warriors were in any considerable force he could not determine—the reports of their depredations were but rumors at Union when he left—yet, whether in large body or small, they would have a clear run in the Arkansas Valley before any troops could be gathered together to drive them out. Perhaps even now, the stages had been withdrawn, communication with Santa Fe abandoned. This had been spoke of as possible at Union the night he left, for it was well

known that there was no cavalry force left at Dodge which could be utilized as guards. The wide map of the surrounding region spread out before him in memory; he felt its brooding desolation, its awful loneliness. Nevertheless he must go on—perhaps at the stage station near the ford of the Arkansas he could learn the truth. So he bent lower over the buckskin's neck and rode straight through the black, silent night.

It was a waterless desert stretching between the Cimarron and the Arkansas, consisting of almost a dead level of alkali and sand, although toward the northern extremity the sand had been driven by the ceaseless wind into grotesque hummocks. The trail, cut deep by traders' wagons earlier in the spring, was still easily traceable for a greater part of the distance, and Hamlin as yet felt no need of caution—this was a country the Indians would avoid, the only danger being from some raiding party from the south. At early dawn he came trotting down into the Arkansas valley, and gazed across at the greenness of the opposite bank. There, plainly in view, were the deep ruts of the main trail running close in against the bluff. His tired eyes caught no symbol of life either up or down the stream, except a thin spiral of blue smoke that slowly wound its way upward. An instant he stared, believing it to be the fire of some emigrant's camp; then realized that he looked upon the smouldering debris of the stage station.

CHAPTER III.

The News At Ripley.

Miss Molly McDonald had departed for the west—carefully treasuring her father's detailed letter of instruction—filled with interest and enthusiasm. She was an army girl, full of confidence in herself and delighted at the prospect of an unusual summer. Moreover, her natural spirit of adventure had been considerably stimulated by the envious comments of her schoolmates, who apparently believed her wondrously daring to venture such a trip, the apprehensive advice of her teachers, and much reading, not very judiciously chosen, relative to pioneer life on the plains. The possible hardships of the long journey alone did not appall her in the least. She had made similar trips before and had always found pleasant and attention-companionship. Being a wholesome, pleasant-faced girl, with eyes decidedly beautiful, and an attractive personality, the making of new friendships was never difficult. Of course, the stage ride would be an entirely fresh and precarious experience, but then her father would doubtless meet her before that, or send some officer to act as escort. Altogether the prospect appeared most delightful and alluring.

The illness of the principal of Sunnycrest had resulted in the closing of the school some few days earlier than had been anticipated, and it was so lonely there after the others had departed that Miss Molly hastened her packing and promptly joined the exodus. Why not? She could wait the proper date at Kansas City or Fort Ripley just as well, enjoying herself meanwhile amid a new environment, and no doubt she would encounter some of her father's army friends who would help entertain her pleasantly. Miss McDonald was somewhat impulsive, and her interest once aroused, impatient of restraint.

As a result of this earlier departure she reached Ripley some two days in advance of the prearranged schedule, and in spite of her young strength and enthusiasm, most thoroughly tired out by the strain of continuous travel. Her one remaining desire upon arrival was for a bed, and actuated by this necessity, when she learned that the army post was fully two miles from the town, she accepted proffered guidance to the famous Gilsey House, and promptly fell asleep. The light



Nevertheless He Must Go On.

of a new day gave her a first real glimpse of the surrounding dreariness as she stood looking out through the grimy glass of her single window, depressed and heartsick. The low, rolling hills, bare and desolate, stretched to the horizon, the grass already burned brown by the sun. The town itself consisted of but one short, crooked street, flanked by rough, ramshackle frame structures, two-thirds of these apparently snatched between, and huge piles of tin cans and other rubbish stored away behind. The street was rutted and dusty, and the ceaseless wind swirled the dirt about in continuous, suffocating clouds. The hotel itself, a little, squat, two-story affair, groaned to the blast, threatening to collapse. Nothing moved except a

wagon down the long ribbon of road and a dog digging for a bone behind a near-by tent. It was so squalid and ugly she turned away in speechless disgust.

The interior, however, offered even smaller comfort. A rude bedstead, one leg considerably short and propped up by a half brick, stood against the board wall; a single wooden chair was opposite, and a fly-specked mirror hung over a tin basin and pitcher. The floor sagged fearfully and the side walls lacked several inches of reaching the ceiling. Even in the dim candle light of the evening before, the bed coverings had looked so forbidding that Molly had compromised, lying down, half-dressed on the outside; now, in the garish glare of returning day they appeared positively filthy. And this was the best to be had; she realized that, her courage failing at the thought of remaining alone amid such surroundings. As she worked, using a towel of her own after a single glance at the hotel article, and did up her rebellious hair, she came to a prompt decision. She would go directly on—would take the first stage. Perhaps her father, or whom-ever he sent, would be met with along the route. The coaches had regular meeting stations, so there was small danger of their missing each other. Even if she was compelled to wait over at Fort Dodge, the environment there could certainly be no more disagreeable than this.

The question of possible danger was dismissed almost without serious thought. She had seen no papers since leaving St. Louis, and the news before that contained nothing more definite than rumors of uneasiness among the Plains Indians. Army officers interviewed rather made light of the affair, as being merely the regular outbreak of young warriors, easily suppressed. On the train she had met with no one who treated the situation as really serious, and, if it was, then surely her father would send some message of restraint. Satisfied upon this point, and fully determined upon departing at the earliest opportunity, she ventured down the narrow, creaking stairs in search of breakfast.

The dining-room was discovered at the foot of the steps, a square box of a place, the two narrow windows looking forth on the desolate prairie. There were three tables, but only one was in use, and with no waiter to guide her, the girl advanced hesitatingly and took a seat opposite the two men already present. They glanced up, curiously interested, starting at her a moment, and then resumed their interrupted meal. Miss McDonald's critical eyes surveyed the unsavory-looking food, her lips slightly curved, and then glanced inquiringly toward the men. The one directly opposite was large and burly, with iron-gray hair and beard, about sixty years of age, but with red cheeks and bright eyes, and a face expressive of hearty good nature. His clothing was roughly serviceable, but he looked clean and wholesome. The other was an army lieutenant, but Molly promptly quelled her first inclination to address him, as she noted his red, inflamed face and dissipated appearance. As she nibbled, half-heartedly, at the miserable food brought by a slovenly waiter, the two men exchanged barely a dozen words, the lieutenant growling out monosyllabic answers, finally pushing back his chair, and striding out. Again the girl glanced across at the older man, mustering courage to address him. At the same moment he looked up, with eyes full of good humor and kindly interest.

"Looks rather tough, I reckon, miss," waving a big hand over the table. "But you'll have ter git used to it in this kentry."

"Oh, I do not believe I ever could," disconsolately. "I can scarcely choke down a mouthful."

"So I was noticin'; from the East, I reckon?"

"Yes; I—I came last night, and—really I am afraid I am actually homesick already. It—it is even more—more primitive than I supposed. Do—do you live here—at Ripley?"

"Good Lord, no!" heartily, "though I reckon yer might not think my home wuz much better. I'm the post-trader down at Fort Marcy, jist out o' Santa Fe. I'll be blame glad ter git back thar soon as I'm tellin' yer."

"That—that is what I wished to ask you about," she stammered. "The Santa Fe stage; when does it leave here? and—where do I arrange for passage?"

He dropped knife and fork, staring at her across the table.

"Good Lord, miss," he exclaimed swiftly. "Do yer mean to say ye're goin' to make that trip alone?"

"Oh, not to Santa Fe; only as far as the stage station at the Arkansas crossing," she exclaimed hastily. "I am going to join my father; he—he commands a post on the Cimarron—Major McDonald."

"Well, I'll be damned," said the man slowly, so surprised that he forgot himself. "Babes in the wilderness; what, in Heaven's name, ever induced yer dad to let yer come on such a fool trip? Isn't thar no one to meet yer here, or at Dodge?"

"I—I don't know," she confessed. "Father was going to come, or else send one of his officers, but I have seen no one. I am here two days earlier than was expected, and—and I haven't heard from my father since last month. See, this is his last letter; won't you read it, please, and tell me what I ought to do?"

The man took the letter, and read the three pages carefully, and then turned back to note the date, before handing the sheets across the table.

"The Major sure made his instructions plain enough," he said slowly. "And yer haven't heard from him since, or seen any one he sent to meet yer?"

The girl shook her head slowly. "Well, thar shu't be wondered at, either," he went on. "Things has changed some out yere since that letter was wrote. I reckon yer know we're havin' a bit o' Injun trouble, an' yer dad is there to be pretty busy out thar on the Cimarron."

"I—I do not think I do. I have seen no papers since leaving St. Louis. Is the situation really serious? Is it unsafe for me to go farther?"

The man rubbed his chin, as though undecided what was best to say. But the girl's face was full of character, and he answered frankly.

"It's serious 'nough, I reckon, an' I certainly wish I was safe through to Fort Marcy, but I don't know no reason now why you couldn't finish up your trip all right. I was out to the fort last evenin' gettin' the latest news, an' thar hasn't been no trouble to speak of east of old Bent's Fort. Between thar and Union, thar's a bunch o' Mesquero Apaches raisin' thunder. One lot got as far as the Caches, an' burned a wagon train, but were run



"The Major Sure Made His Instructions Plain Enough," He Said.

back into the mount'ns. Troops are out along both sides the Valley, an' thar ain't been no stage held up, nor station attacked along the Arkansas. I reckon yer pa'll have an escort waltin' at the crossin'."

"Of course he will; what I am most afraid of is that I might miss him or his messenger on the route."

"Not likely; there's only two stages a week each way, an' they have regular meeting points."

She sat quiet, eyes lowered to the table, thinking. She liked the man, and trusted him; he seemed kindly deferential. Finally she looked up.

"When do you go?"

"Today. I was goin' to wait 'bout yere a week longer, but am gittin' skeered they might quit runnin' their coaches. To tell the truth, miss, it looks some to me like thar was a big Injun war comin', and I'd like ter git home whar I belong afore it breaks loose."

"Will—you will you take me with you?"

He moistened his lips, his hands clasping and unclasping on the table.

"Sure, if yer bound ter go. I'll do the best I kin fer yer, an' I reckon thar sooner yer start the better chance ye'll have o' gittin' through safe." He hesitated. "If we should git bad news at Dodge, is there anybody thar, at the fort, you could stop with?"

"Colonel Carver."

"He's not thar now; been transferred to Wallace, but, I reckon, any o' those army people would look after yer. Ye've really made up yer mind to try it, then?"

"Yes, yes; I positively cannot stay here. I shall go as far as Dodge at least. If—if we are going to travel together, I ought to know your name."

"Sure yer had," with a laugh. "I fergot all 'bout that—it's Moylan, miss; William Moylan; 'Sutler Bill' they call me mostly, west o' the river. Let's go out an' see 'bout that stage."

As he rounded the table, Milly rose to her feet, and held out her hand.

"I am so glad I spoke to you, Mr. Moylan," she said simply. "I am not at all afraid now. If you will wait until I get my hat, I'll be down in a minute."

"Sutler Bill" stood in the narrow hall watching her run swiftly upstairs, twirling his hat in his hands, his good-natured face flushed. Once he glanced in the direction of the bar-room, wiping his lips with his cuff, and his feet shuffled. But he resisted the temptation, and was still there when Miss McDonald came down.

(To Be Continued.)

Wanted.—Your new or renewal subscriptions to The Ladies' Home Journal and Saturday Evening Post. —Miss John Gilliland.

Are You a Woman?

Take Cardui

The Woman's Tonic

FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS

REUNION OF GRAND ARMY OF REPUBLIC

FORTY-SEVENTH ANNUAL ENCAMPMENT OF VETERANS IS HELD IN CHATTANOOGA.

35,000 VISITORS IN CITY

Mobile, Ala., Houston, Tex., and Detroit, Mich., Are Candidates for Next Convention.

Chattanooga, Tenn.—The formal opening Monday of the Grand Army of the Republic's 47th annual encampment was occupied chiefly with sight-seeing tours to historic battle fields in this vicinity. A drizzling rain, which lasted until midnight, did not deter thousands of veterans from making pilgrimages to Lookout mountain, Chickamauga Park and Missionary ridge.

The day was officially designated as "Lookout mountain day." For this reason a majority of the veterans visited the scenes of the struggles 50 years ago of Confederate forces under Gens. Bragg and Longstreet and Union troops commanded by Gens. Grant and "Pap" Thomas.

The first general business session of the National encampment will be called to order Thursday morning and the election of officers is likely to take place soon thereafter.

Representatives from three cities have entered the contest for the 48th annual encampment. Delegations from Mobile, Ala., Houston, Texas, and Detroit, Mich., are seeking this honor.

Estimates place the number of veterans and visitors in the city at 35,000. This includes delegates to the allied organizations holding simultaneous meetings in connection with the National encampment.

ARMY PLANS AVIATION CENTER.

Big Establishment Will Probably be Put Up at San Antonio.

Washington. — Plans tentatively adopted for an army aviation center at Fort Sam Houston, Texas, which include buildings costing about \$180,000, are being considered by Major General Aleshire, chief of the quartermaster corps of the army. It also has been proposed to buy at least two non-rigid balloons, which probably would have to be purchased abroad, as a cost of \$175,750 each, as no attempt yet has been made to manufacture the larger types in this country.

A rotating hangar costing \$122,500 also has been recommended, and this with 16 automobile tractors, would bring the cost of the proposed plant and equipment, including provision for personnel, up to about \$1,000,000.

Culberson to Resume Duties.

Cromwell, Conn.—United States Senator Charles A. Culberson of Texas, who has been at a sanitarium in Cromwell several weeks because of illness, is reported as making rapid recovery and plans to go to Washington in a few weeks to resume his duties.

First Argentine Beef Arrives.

New York.—The first commercial shipment of Argentine beef that ever reached New York was brought here last week by the steamer Vandyke, Buenos Ayres. It consisted of 1,000 quarters. With domestic beef high, the importers expected to make a good profit.

Three Trainmen Blamed for Wreck.

New Haven, Conn.—Three employes of the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad are held by Coroner Eli Mix to be criminally responsible for the disastrous wreck at North Haven on Sept. 2, when the White Mountain express plunged through the second section of the Bar Harbor express, exacting a toll of 21 lives. Those held are Augustus B. Miller, engineer of the White Mountain express, and Bruce C. Adams and Charles H. Murray, conductor and flagman, respectively, for the Bar Harbor train.

Children Mourn for Gaynor.

New York.—The death of Mayor William J. Gaynor has caused sorrow among the children of the East Side. Expressions of their sorrow and sympathy were conveyed to Mrs. Gaynor in a letter delivered at her Brooklyn home by a delegation of ten little boys. The letter speaks of Mr. Gaynor as "indeed a champion of the weak and defenseless" and says that his death is regarded by the East Side as an "irretrievable loss."

American Refugees Safe.

City of Mexico.—The American refugees, numbering 100, who were reported to have fallen into the hands of rebels while journeying from Torreon to Saltillo, have reached the latter place in safety.

Witness Against Sulzer Disappears.

New York.—Frederick L. Colwell of Yonkers, regarded as a star witness against Gov. Sulzer at his forthcoming trial on impeachment charges, has disappeared, according to the assembly board of impeachment managers.

To Erect New Shops at Large Cost.

Dallas, Texas.—Construction work will be started within a short time on shops for the Dallas electric railway system to cost about \$125,000.

"TWILIGHT MAGIC."

By Ernest G. Keisses.

In Baird, mid cactus and mesquite

I dream,

Dream in the twilight glow,

And I touch the lips of one I love

Loved since the long ago.

She comes at twilight, stealthy,

unheard,

From out you glowing sheen

And light as a moonbeam ray she

treads,

The sand a smiling queen.

She seems a phantom of contented

youth,

Youth with it's roses sweet;

And her lips? They murmur a

low sweet word,

A word of love completed.

Her eyes dark, sparkling, an

affection show,

Affection beyond fault;

From her lungs there comes a

faint perfume

And from her hair a salt.

So close is she that I can feel her

breath

Or touch her garments fine

And I wrap my arms about her

waist

And draw her heart to mine.

Yes! in the twilight glow I dream

Dream of the girl I love,

Dream until the birds are wrapped

in sleep,

And the stars dance far above.

COLEMAN COUNTY FAIR.

Coleman, Texas, Sept. 3, 1913.

The Coleman County Fair, scheduled for October 3 and 4, in this city, will be in many respects the most unique

affair of its kind ever pulled off in this part of the State, and although it is a month off it has attracted much attention even beyond the county limits. Excursion rates have been announced over the G. C. & S. F. railway from San Angelo, Eden Temple and intermediate stations, and similar rates are definitely promised over the P. & N. T., and C. S. S. & L. V., which taking into

consideration the class of roads and schedule of trains gives us unsurpassed railway accommodations.

The Fair proper, and that means the display of Coleman county products, enjoys the distinction of having more thoroughbred

cattle than any other county in Texas, will be located on Commercial Avenue, the principal street of the town, which is 120 feet wide and will be equipped with numerous sanitary drinking fountains and lighted for the evening of the occasion with several hundred special tungsten lamps, this street will be roped off for a distance of 1,320 feet, so as to exclude therefrom all traffic and turn it over entirely to the throngs seeking enlightenment and pleasure.

Except for half a dozen parades, including that of the Baby Beef Class, the largest of its kind in the world, Commercial Avenue will be kept free from shows, stands and other obstructions so that all may move with perfect safety and freedom. Even the smallest children will be quiet safe, barring an occasional mashed toe or healthy tumble.

A number of Carnival Companies have sought space adjacent to the Fair for their attractions but this has been consistently refused on account of the fact that all these concerns are accompanied by a number of objectional features which they seem to be unable or unwilling to eliminate. For the reason the Coleman committee has dealt with each and every attraction separately, and each has been chosen upon its own merits or rejected entirely. This has taken much time and expense but as a result we will have the greatest string of attraction ever seen in Texas with the "skin game" left out. This may keep away a bunch of folks who trail around after such gatherings in search of coarse and vulgar but their absence will certainly be welcomed by the thousands of people who come to see the best products of Coleman County.

Change in Rates.

Parcel Post Rate:

1st Zone 150 miles, 1st pound 5c and 1c for each additional pound to 20 pounds. G. R. McManis, P. M.

COULD SCARCELY WALK ABOUT

And For Three Summers Mrs. Vincent Was Unable to Attend to Any of Her Housework.

Pleasant Hill, N. C.—"I suffered for three summers," writes Mrs. Walter Vincent, of this town, "and the third and last time, was my worst.

I had dreadful nervous headaches and prostration, and was scarcely able to walk about. Could not do any of my housework.

I also had dreadful pains in my back and when one of those weak, sinking spells would come on me, I would have to give up and lie down, until it wore off.

I was certainly in a dreadful state of health, when I finally decided to try Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I firmly

believe I would have died if I hadn't taken it.

After I began taking Cardui, I was greatly helped, and all three bottles relieved me entirely.

I fattened up, and grew so much stronger in three months, I felt like another person altogether."

Cardui is purely vegetable and gentle-acting. Its ingredients have a mild, tonic effect, on the womanly constitution.

Cardui makes for increased strength, improves the appetite, tones up the nervous system, and helps to make pale, sallow cheeks, fresh and rosy.

Cardui has helped more than a million weak women, during the past 50 years. It will surely do for you, what it has done for them. Try Cardui today.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper. J-6

GOOD ROADS.

(By Homer D. Wade, Stamford, Secretary Texas Good Roads Association.)

How to keeps boys on the farm—build good roads.

A soft answer turneth away wrath but a soft road turneth up wrath.

Conservation of energy concerns all. It is clearly and fully involved in the question of improved highways.

The fable of the hare and the tortoise would be a literal truth, if the hare was traveling on some of the Texas highways, and the tortoise upon one of the improved roads.

Bad roads are taxes upon all and they place an appalling limitation upon the business and social life of the rural districts.

Good farms, efficient schools, well filled churches and correct social conditions are never found along a poor highway.

There are three ways to build good roads viz: private subscription, taxation and by the issuance of bonds. The first is inadequate and would

have to be local; the second is too expensive and is therefore temporary, the third is permanent and enduring.

MODERN STEAM LAUNDRY.

First-class laundry work of all kind. Cleaning, dyeing and pressing a specialty. Basket leaves Mondays and Wednesday, returns Thursday, and Saturday. All work called for and delivered. I will appreciate your patronage. Phone 152.

Mrs. Emma Ashton, Agent.

Presbyterian Church.

Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. each Sunday. Sunday School at 10 o'clock. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night at 8:30 o'clock.

H. M. Peebles, Pastor.

DISC SHARPENERS.

Save time, money and feed by having your discs ground by Dickey & Bounds. We can grind your discs, plows or harrow. When you want your horse shod see us. We have just put in a lot of new machinery. Dickey & Bounds, opposite the Star office. 46-1f.

A Popular Trio

The Baird Star \$1.00 a year
Farm and Ranch \$1.00 a year
Holland's Magazine \$1.00 a year

ALL THREE A YEAR TO YOU FOR \$1.75

All the news, the latest farming information, high class stories and household helps will be found in this trio.

Every business man, Merchant, and Farmer should get these publications regularly. Send your order today to

THE BAIRD STAR
Baird, Texas.

RANGERS CAPTURE MEXICAN SMUGGLERS

FEDERAL TROOPS ALSO TAKE PART IN BRIEF BATTLE ON BORDER.

2 KILLED; BAND ALL TAKEN

No Americans Were Hurt in Engagement—Cavalrymen Are Asked For by County Judge.

Carrizo Springs, Dimmit county Texas.—Sheriff Gardner, with posse came up on the Mexican smugglers Saturday in the Toro pasture, about six miles north of the Rio Grande. The band was surrounded about 8 o'clock and a battle began immediately.

Two of the Mexican smugglers were killed, two wounded and 16 captured. Neither the sheriff nor any of his men were hurt. One of the posse lost his horse.

The sheriff's posse and rangers were joined by some soldiers who were keeping watch on the river front.

Soon after the battle the sheriff loaded the wounded into a government wagon and started for Carrizo Springs with his prisoners.

Much excitement prevails among the citizens here as to the probable results in the future. But little danger, however, is anticipated by authorities.

County Judge J. O. Rowe sent Congressman John T. Garner the following from Mexico will cross to rescue bandits, armed, organized, with strange flag, captured by sheriff's posse, killing two, wounded others in desperate fight. Incitements and trial for murder will follow immediately. Persistent rumors that organized band from Mexico will cross to rescue bandits. Conditions critical; intense anxiety; town defenseless. Please urge sending cavalry troop for our protection immediately.

GENERAL RAINS GREAT VALUE.

Practically Every County in Texas Gets Good Supply of Moisture.

Dallas, Texas.—During the last week practically every county in Texas has received valuable rains, and the precipitation in some sections has been unusually heavy, accompanied by a considerable fall in temperature.

The greater part of Oklahoma has also received much moisture within the same time.

Both states have been materially benefited by the rains, and, while there has been some damage to cotton open and awaiting the pickers, the aid to other crops, such as late feedstuffs, and the value to the farmers or their fall plowing campaigns will be greater than the loss of the staple. Also, the bolls on the late crops of cotton will be helped by the rain, and the yield from them may be better than had been anticipated. The fact that but in few places the rains have been accompanied by winds makes it probable that the per cent of cotton stained or ground soiled will be found not as large as expected by some.

Numerous streams were rising, storage tanks and stock ponds have been

filled and an excellent season has been put in the ground.

The heaviest rain in Texas within a period of 48 hours was at Galveston, where the precipitation was more than 10 inches.

Reports from a number of other places tell of registrations of one to six inches and scores of towns report liberal quantities and down to showers.

MEXICANS KILL DEPUTY SHERIFF

Two Officers Are Captured in Fight With Bandits, but One is Saved.

Laredo, Texas.—Deputy Sheriff Ortiz was killed by ammunition smugglers after having been taken a prisoner by them during a battle with officers near Carrizo Springs, Dimmit county, Thursday morning. Sheriff Buck, taken with Ortiz, was recaptured by another posse later in the day. This posse came into possession of several thousand rounds of ammunition and considerable dynamite which had been abandoned by the smugglers.

Full details of the first battle have not been received, but it is said that one Mexican was killed and several other were fatally wounded. It is supposed that the remainder of the smugglers escaped into Mexico, although all crossing points along the border are being closely guarded.

Gov. Colquitt was among the first to be notified of the trouble. He offered to send the rangers to the scene, but this offer was later declined. Regular troops have been dispatched to that country with orders to endeavor to capture the smugglers. If the latter have not crossed the river into Mexico, it is pretty certain that there will be more trouble and probably further fatalities later on.

Fatal Explosion on Torpedo Boat.

Savannah, Ga.—One man was killed and five injured by an explosion on the United States torpedo boat Craven, at sea. Details of the accident have not been secured.

Boy Drowns in Lake Near Ft. Worth.

Ft. Worth, Texas.—Charles Johnson, aged 11 years, son of C. E. Johnson of Stop 6, Dallas interurban, drowned in a lake near his home. The boy had evidently attempted swimming and cramped.

MADERO'S BROTHER LEADS REBS.

Raoul is in Field Near Herradura With Force of 600 Men.

San Luis Potosi.—A list of rebel and bandit chiefs in this and bordering states, compiled from reliable sources, shows a total of 43 at the head of bands ranging from 30 to 600 men each. Data gathered from ranch owners, refugees, federal officers, railroad men and residents of towns raided show an aggregate of 5,600 men in this section under arms against the government.

The largest group, numbering 600 and commanded by Raoul Madero, brother of the late president, is near Herradura, 100 miles to the northwest.

Other bands of 400 or 500 each, under Ernesto Santocoy, Alberto Torres and Jose Cabo, are operating in the

NEW GOODS

FOR FALL AND WINTER

Our Fall and Winter stock of Dry Goods, Shoes, Men's and Boys Clothing, Ladies and Children's Ready-to-Wear garments are arriving every day and our store is being rapidly filled with the best goods to found in the Eastern Markets. We have a nice line of Gingham, Percale, Etc. for the Children's school dresses, which they will need soon as school begins on September 22d. Come in and let us show you the newest creations in the world of fashion. A glimpse of the many new things to wear will please you, and we will be glad of an opportunity to show you our beautiful line. Pay us a visit.



H. SCHWARTZ

Come to Abilene to Trade Buy at Campbell's Where Selections are Better and Prices Lower

A new Fall Stock, that for magnitude, quality and style, eclipses all records in West Texas, and with prices that again tell the story of our underselling power. We are prepared this season as never before to offer the people of this section of the State an economical place to trade.

While many merchants have not bought as heavily for fall as usual, our rapidly growing business demands increased buying, hence our fall stock is even more complete than ever before. So the advantages offered here are exceptional. Large buying in the best markets on spot cash basis enables us to offer you goods at lower prices. That we do undersell competition is evidenced by the ever increasing number of customers who make this store their shopping place.

Among the many popular departments, we call special attention to our Ladies' Ready-to-wear Department and Millinery Parlors, which have no superior in all the Southwest. All the new Autumn styles and exclusive designs of the north and east are here and on display. And because our styles are exclusive and superior, yet our prices are not higher; in fact they are lower than such styles can be bought for in the fashion centers the country over. We earnestly solicit a visit to the store, where you will see a selection of styles that speak for themselves, and at prices that will please you with their smallness.

CAMPBELL'S

ONE PRICE, THE LOWEST.

Abilene, Texas

north, east and south portions of the state. The remainder are widely scattered over San Luis Potosi and the neighboring states of Nuevo Leon, Tamaulipas, Querretaro and Zacatecas.

Rain Adds to Misery of Fire Sufferers.

Hot Springs, Ark.—A steady rain combined with a high wind, added greatly to the misery of those fire sufferers here who have been living in tents furnished by the relief committee since the big fire. Many who did not take the precaution to place a door inside the tents have been flooded out, and others fled to higher ground Sunday. The relief committee was in session all day and a steady stream of fire victims called at the business men's league for assistance, which was promptly given.

First Civilization.

It was Egypt, in all probability, that the condition we call civilization had its rise at a time when the very idea of writing was unknown to other nations. An attempt is now being made to show that the idea of the settled and more or less orderly and peaceful social state to which we give the name of civilization came from Chaldea, or Babylonia, where that sort of thing existed long before it was brought to Egypt. But not as yet is the theory clearly proven, though its advocates are making some pretty strong points in its favor. So far, however, the "Land of Egypt" holds the title.

"BIG TIM" SULLIVAN DEAD

Body of Missing Congressman Was Identified for Thirteen Days.

New York.—"Big Tim" Sullivan, the New York politician who rose from newsboy to congressman, is dead.

His mangled body was identified by his step-brother, Larry Mulligan, after it had lain for 13 days in a local morgue.

Sullivan, who was ill, eluded his nurses in the early morning of Aug. 31, and a few hours after was struck and killed by a train at Pelham Parkway.

With no identifying marks, the body lay in Fordham morgue awaiting identification. Saturday it was sent to Bellevue morgue. There was stationed Peter Purfield, a policeman, who had

known "Big Tim" before the congressman's mind became clouded. Something about the expression of the features stirred Purfield's memory and he remarked to a reporter: "That looks a little bit like 'Big Tim.'"

Peering long at the mutilated and discolored face, the reported thought so, too. The telephone brought "Big Tim's" East Side friends to the morgue, but none recognized in the changed features the man they had known in his prime.

Barry Mulligan, Sullivan's step-brother, was summoned. He looked at the face once and turned away. "It's 'Big Tim,'" he said.

Sullivan's body was on its way to the potter's field when the chance observation led to its identification. The transfer from Fordham to Bellevue morgue is the usual preliminary to interring the city's paupers and unidentified dead in the public burying ground.

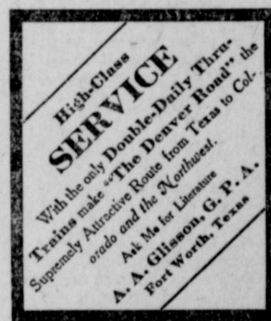
CORRECTED.

Some time ago some one phoned THE STAR office that Mr. and Mrs. Frank Hinds had a new boy at their home, but in setting up the notice the printer put it a girl, so Frank says we owe an apology to somebody, as it is a 15 lb boy.

John Walker is still bringing in cotton. How about that 2 bales, John?

There was a fire at the Callahan County Gin Co.'s plant yesterday that destroyed some cotton, but no great amount of damage. That gin is liable to cause the destruction of a good portion, if not all of the east part of town some day. It ought never to have been put where it is in the first place and should be moved to where it would not endanger half the town if it should burn, and the history of gins is that practically all of them burn in time.

Attention is called to the ad of W. J. Ray on last page. He handles all kinds of domestic and blacksmiths coal.



AMERICAN BEAUTY AND MADAME GRACE CORSETS

Exclusively Made by KALAMAZOO CORSET COMPANY

Any figure, however difficult to fit, can find among these satisfactory and stylish corsets, just the correct model that will surely give the greatest pleasure to its wearer. With an American Beauty or Madame Grace Corset available it is extremely easy to find complete comfort and corset gratification. To those who have not yet tried one of these corsets we emphatically urge them to purchase one when next in need of a good corset.

American Beauty Corsets, \$1.00 and upwards. Madame Grace Corsets, \$3.00 and above. We cordially invite you to look through our complete stock.

B. L. BOYDSTUN

It is reported that R. D. Williams of Putnam, had a stroke of paralysis Monday, but was doing very well at last report.

STREETS NOT PROPERLY DRAINED

The City Dads ought to have the gutters in the streets opened up. Some naturally smooth streets are being ruined with flood waters because the ditches are choked up. That ditch at the S W corner of the Home National Bank should be turned down Market Street the proper place for it, as the distance to the railroad ditch is 300 feet shorter down Market than down 2d Street, besides it is an infernal nuisance the way the water now runs, flooding E. 2d Street for one half a block every hard rain.

COAL! COAL! COAL!

See or phone me for your Winter coal All kinds of Domestic and Blacksmith coal for sale. Orders promptly filled.

W. J. RAY

RESIDENCE PHONE 230.

OFFICE PHONE 33.