

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

The First National Bank of Baird.

One of the Largest and Oldest Banks in the West.
Cash Capital \$100,000. Cash Surplus \$20,000.
Total \$120,000.
DEPOSITS RECEIVED. MONEY LOANED.
General Banking.
Your business solicited, every facility for the transaction of business.

The Star.

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

What Did You Pay For it?

T. E. POWELL.
Has it for Less!
WHAT IS IT
Dry Goods, Clothing, Ec.

VOL. 15

BAIRD, CALLAHAN COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, JULY 10 1902.

NO. 32.

.. MAKE .. My Store Headquarters.

We Keep Open Until 9 O'clock These Evenings.

This is done for the accomodation and comfort of our customers.

OUR BARCAINS ARE NUMEROUS AND ALL NEW GOODS.



Our line of 12 1/2ct White Goods have been reduced 25 per ct and in some cases we have made 1-2 former prices. We have reduced the price on our immense line of Slippers 25 per ct or 1-4 off former prices. Our line of Shirt Waist are already very cheap, but we want to sell everyone we have on hand and we will give you 25cts off on every dollar in this line. Come and see those silk waist for less than \$2 others get \$4 for the same. Come to the right place, we are selling Straw Hats at very much reduced rates and Millinery Goods at very much reduced rates, some at half price. Remember we carry the Hamilton Brown Shoes and they are the cheapest considering the quality and you know it. I want your trade and if the best goods and cheapest price is any inducement you cannot go anywhere else to do your trading. Remember the place.



T. E. POWELL.

I HAVE THE
Deering
Harvester,
Which I can deliver on short
order, we also have the
Rowe Binder.

I Sell Deering Twine,
and See our
New Buggies. **M. Summers.**

PUTNAM.

July 9.—Taken all together the glorious Fourth was about the quietest day that Putnam has witnessed in many years. No patriotic demonstration of any kind break the monotony and but for a remiscant talk by Uncle Bill Whitesides, in which he exposed his inability to win the prize offered by Uncle Henry Jones, one would have hardly recognized the day as the anniversary of American independence. Quite a number of Putnamites attended the barbecue at Baird. They all report a nice time, with plenty of everything, dust included.

Rev. A. L. Jobe returned from Brownwood Tuesday morning where he has been engaged in a revival. He reports plenty of ripe chicken, which is very essential to the success of a meeting.

We are still dry here. The showers Monday evening and Tuesday morning were too light to benefit growing crops to any great extent. What we need is a general rain. A few hours sunshine after one of these showers is all that is necessary to dry the ground and start clouds of dust flying in the air.

While threshing at Jim Cauthens last Thursday evening, Luther Jackson kicked by a horse and dangerously hurt. He was carried to the house and Dr. Brittain was hastily summoned. When the doctor arrived he found that two of Luther's ribs were broken and that he was also hurt internally. Late reports are to the effect that he is getting along nicely.

C. T. Hutchisyn is using a walking stick, the result of a horse falling on him. Nothing serious.

Grandma Clinton is still quite sick. D. C. Riley made a business trip to Strawn and Miferal City the latter part of the week.

Miss Jessie Harris has returned from Rising Star.

Uncle Henry Hinton, of Stephens county, is visiting relatives here.

Miss Mabel Taber is at home after a two weeks visit with friends at Strawn.

G. H. Corn is building a nice residence on his farm 2 miles north of town. J. H. Wilson has the contract.

On last Sunday night a horse belonging to Homer Woods disappeared in a very mysterious manner from a tree in the rear of Y. A. Orr's drug store. The horse had on a new sad-

dle bought of Hadley & Summers, Baird, Texas; and is supposed to be stolen.

J. C. Collins, night operator at this place has been transferred to Merkel. The night office here is discontinued for the present.

Next Saturday is trade day.

RUSTY RUB.

ICE! ICE!

I have opened an office at R. A. Speer's old stand. Phone me any time in the afternoon for ice. Phone number 59.

32nd

JESSE RICE.

Plantation Sarsaparilla 50c.

Is composed of sarsa partly, yellow dock, stillingia, poke root and iodide of potash and cures all impurities of the blood. Has cured thousands and will cure you. One million bottles sold annually is sufficient to convince any one of its worth. Manufactured by the Van Vleet-Mansfield Drug Co. For sale by Powell and Powell.

Some Eskimos Are Artists.

Some of the Eskimos possess truly wonderful drawing and carving ability, their pictured representations of arctic hunting and fishing scenes, etc., carved or drawn on ivory with the crudest of instruments, revealing the marvelous artistic bent of these untutored children of the great polar wastes.

Revolutionary Relics for Sale.

Major General Henry Dearborn's sword, used by him in the battle of Bunker hill, is for sale in New York; also the gold-laced dress coat which he wore when in 1822 he was presented at the court of Lisbon at the first American minister to Portugal.

To Hold Convention on Lake.

President Shaw, Secretary Farnsworth and other members of the Michigan Bankers' association are arranging to hold this year's convention of that body on a lake steamer, with which is proposed to visit Mackinac and the Soo.

Repulsive Features.

Blackheads, pimples, greasy faces and muddy complexions, which are so common among women especially girls at a certain age, destroying beauty, disfiguring and making repulsive, features which would otherwise appear attractive and refined, indicate that the liver is out of order. An occasional dose of Herbine will cleanse the bowels, regulate the liver and so establish a clear, healthy complexion. 50 at R. Phillips & Son.

Powell & Powell,

DRUGGISTS.

Carry a full line of Drugs, Patent Medicines, Paints Oils, Varnishes, Toilet Articles, Fancy Stationery, Clocks, Etc. We solicit your patronage, and will give prompt attention and courteous treatment to all. See our beautiful line of Wall Paper.

POWELL & POWELL

The Best Liniment For Strains.

Mr. F. H. Wells, the merchant at Deer Point, Long Island, N. Y., says: "I always recommend Chamberlain's Pain Balm as the best liniment for strains. I used it last winter for a severe lameness in the side, resulting from a strain and was greatly pleased with the quick relief and cure it effected." For sale by R. Phillips & Son, Baird Texas, and Y. A. Orr Putnam Texas.

REUNION AT BAIRD 4 & 5 OF JULY.

Do not forget to come to the Reunion and stop at Phillips's drug store and have your eyes examined free of charge.

Dr. A. Levey of San Antonio, the reliable optician, will be at Phillips's drug store for the benefit of old soldiers and others to have the eyes scientifically fitted.

Look Here!

When you buy \$1 worth of goods for cash or for every dollar paid on monthly accounts at our store you get a coupon good for 5cts. in merchandise at our regular price. Call for your coupons.

10 Per Ct. Off.

Until further notice we will offer our entire line of Wall Paper at regular price less 10 per cent, viz: 5 per ct. off and 5ct. coupon, or 10 per ct. straight without coupon.

KEEP YOU EYE ON THE GUN.

This coupon is a 5 per ct. discount while stamps are only 3 per ct. and you can get anything you can get anything at our store at once and not wait and send them off and then get something you have no need for. Patronize home.

R. PHILLIPS & SON.

Money to lend

ON FARMS AND RANCHES.

BLACKBURN Baird Tex.

T. & P. Ry SCHEDULE.

EAST BOUND.
 No. 6. departs.....1:20 a. m.
 No. 4. departs.....10:45 a. m.

WEST BOUND.
 No. 5. departs.....2:50 a. m.
 No. 3.3:25 p. m.
 J. B. HARMON, Agent.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES.
M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH. Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and at night. Rev. W. W. Moss, Pastor.
 Sunday School at 9:45 a. m. T. E. Powell, Superintendent.
BAPTIST CHURCH. Preaching 1st and 3rd Sundays at 11 a. m. and at night. Rev. J. Frank Leake, Pastor.
 Sunday School at 10 a. m. W. M. Coffman, Superintendent.
EPISCOPAL CHURCH. Services 2nd and 4th Sundays. Rev. J. W. Keeble, Pastor.
 Sunday school at 10:30 a. m. Mrs. F. W. James, Superintendent.
CHRISTIAN CHURCH. Preaching every 2nd Sunday. Church meeting at 2 p. m. every Sunday. W. A. Barnhill, Elder.
CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Preaching 1st and 3rd Sunday at 11 a. m. and at night. W. F. Kerby, Pastor.
 Sunday School at 10 a. m. J. N. Reahing, Supt.
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Preaching 1st and 3rd Sundays, 11 a. m. and 8:30 p. m. S. S. every Sunday 10:30 a. m. in Mr. J. C. Gray Supt. Prayer Meeting every Wednesday night 7:30 p. m. Pastors Reading Room at church, every Wednesday all day.
 REV. M. E. CHAPIN.

LODGES.
BAIRD LODGE, No. 522. A. F. & A. M. Meets every Saturday night on or before full moon at 7:30 p. m.
 K. G. Powell, W. M.
 Geo. B. Scott, Secretary.
BAIRD CHAPTER, R. A. M. No. 182. Meets 3rd Friday night in each month.
 HARRY MEYER, H. P.
 B. L. RUSSELL, Secretary.
BAIRD LODGE No. 47, K. of P. Meets in Castle Hall Odd Fellows building every Thursday night at 8 p. m. Visiting Knights always welcome.
 Van Jones, C. C.
 H. SCHWARTZ, K. of R. S.
BAIRD CAMP No. 508, W. O. W. Meets in the Odd Fellows Hall, 1st and 2nd Monday nights of each month.
 W. G. Howitt, C. C.
 Orlis Phillips, Clerk.
BAIRD LODGE No. 271, I. O. O. F. Meets every Saturday night.
 J. J. ALLEN, N. G.
 H. SCHWARTZ, Sec.
ABILENE COMMANDERY, K. of T. No. 27. Meets 2nd Monday of each month.
 J. H. PICKENS, E. C.
 C. W. ROBERTS, Rec.
BAIRD LODGE No. 142, A. O. U. W. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesday in each month. Visiting brethren fraternally invited and members expected to attend.
 J. A. EDMONS, M. W.
 JOHN J. ALLEN, Recorder.
**BAIRD LODGE No. 86 BANKERS UNION of the World meets in the Odd Fellows hall 1st and 3rd Monday nights in each month at 8 p. m.
 L. L. BLACKBURN, President.
 J. H. COCHRAN, Sec.
CAMP ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON, No. U. C. V. Meets at Baird at 1 p. m. 4th, Saturday in each month.
 No Text, Capt. J. E. W. LANE, ADJUT.**

LOCAL NEWS.

Geo. H. Sures, from Putnam, was in the City on business, Wednesday.
 Dick Burnfield from Cottonwood, was in the City several days this week.
 Mrs. Garrett, of Weatherford is visiting her sister Mrs. Mills this week.
 L. J. Cook, Alery Edwards, and other Putnamites, were up to witness the Baird-Ft Worth ball game Wednesday evening.
 Mrs. W. E. Hunter and little daughter, Frankie, came up from Fort Worth to spend the 4th with Mrs. Arnold.
 Mrs. C. C. Edwards and children, Haynie and Ruby, of Abilene, spent Friday and Saturday in Baird attending the reunion and visiting with relatives.
 Luther, the 18 year old son of Charley Jackson, living near Putnam, was kicked by a horse on July 3d and for a day or two it was thought he would die, but we are glad to learn that he is improving, and now considered out of danger.
 People were here to attend the reunion from all over the county, and we would like to give them all special mention, but if we had known all of them lack of space and type would prevent us mentioning one tenth of them.
 Miss Flora Mitchell, of Granbury, who came out on a visit to relatives a few weeks ago, was taken ill with slow fever at the home of her uncle, Henry Lambert, Monday was a week ago. She became so ill that her family was notified and her mother and brother, Leonard, came out after her Monday morning and carried her home, leaving her on the night train Monday. Miss Flora is quite sick and some apprehension was felt in carrying her home, but her mother was anxious to get her home as soon as possible. Miss Flora has made many friends during her short visit here who sincerely regret her illness and hope she will soon recover.

Among the 162 graduates from the University of Texas this year was a young man who made his way through the institution as a barber. In the afternoon, during the early morning and at night, he worked at his trade to earn money for his expenses and between these periods he snatched enough time for preparing his lessons and for recitations. Despite this drawback, his record for scholarship and efficient work was so pronounced that his during senior year a Fellowship was awarded to him, carrying salary enough to defray his college expenses. He graduated with distinction and with the profound esteem of his classmates and instructors.

FOR SALE.
 160 acres of fine bottom land ten miles N. E. of Baird, 50 acres in cultivation. On same premises a "Wonder Pump" boiler, engine and pipe. The above for sale at a bargain and on terms to suit. Address
 Mrs. J. M. INGLE,
 Abilene, Tex.
 28-4t

Cut this out and take it to R. Phillips Son's Drug Store Baird Texas or Y. A. Orr's Drug Store Putnam Texas and get a box of Chamberlain's Stomach & Liver Tablets. The best physic. They also correct disorders of the stomach. Price 25 cents.

FOR BARGAINS.
 For refrigerators call at J. T. Sands, Baird, Texas. 29-2t

The Same Old Story.
 J. A. Keller relates an experience similar to that which has happened in almost every neighborhood in the United States and has been told and re-told by thousands of others. He says: "Last summer I had an attack of dysentery and purchased a bottle of Chamberlain's Colic Cholera, and Diarrhoea Remedy, which I used according to directions and with entirely satisfactory results. The trouble was controlled much quicker than former attacks when I used other remedies." Mr. Kelly is a well known citizen of Henderson, N. C. For sale by R. Phillips & Son Baird Texas and Y. A. Orr Putnam Texas

Account of Fourth of July the T & P Ry will sell round tickets to any point on their line at rate of one and third fare for round trip. Tickets on sale July 3rd and 4th. Return limit July 5th 1902.

Summer complaint is usually prevalent among children this season. A well developed case in the writers case family was cured last week by the timely use of Chamberlain's Colic Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy—one of the best patent medicines manufactured and which is always kept on hand at the home of ye scribe. This is not intended as a free puff for the company, who do not advertise with us, but to benefit little sufferers who may not be in easy access of a physician. No family should be without a bottle of this medicine in the house, especially in summer-time.—Lansing, Iowa Journal. For sale by R. Phillips & Son Baird Texas, and Y. A. Orr Putnam Texas.

POSTED.—My ranch on the Bayou 15 miles south of Baird is posted and I forbid any one to fish or hunt on my ranch without my written permission.
 W. M. MCMANIS.

Poisoning the System.
 It is through the bowels that the body is cleansed of impurities. Constipation keeps these poisons in the system, causing headache, dullness and melancholia at first, then unsightly eruptions and finally serious illness unless a remedy is applied. DeWitt's Little Early Risers prevent this trouble by stimulating the liver and promote easy healthy action of the bowels. These little pills do not act violently but by strengthening the bowels enable them to perform their own work. Never gripe or distress. Sold by Powell & Powell.

Phillips & Son have a new stock of wall paper and are selling it at a 10 per cent discount. Call and see it. 21

Vacation Days.
 Vacation time is here and the children are fairly living out of doors. There could be no healthier place for them. You need only to guard against the accidents incidental to most open air sports. No remedy equals DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve for quick stopping pain or removing danger of serious consequences. For cuts, scalds and wounds. "I used DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve for sores cuts and bruises," says L. B. Johnson, Swift, Tex. "It is the best remedy on the market." Sure cure for piles and skin diseases. Beware of counterfeits. Sold by Powell & Powell.

"Beginning July 1st, there'll be two of 'em, each day. Is'n't that nice?" See Denver ad.

Jack Jones
Hotel Seay Barber Shop.
 YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS.
 WM. L. PRATHER, L.L.L. PRESIDENT.
 One hundred and twelve instructors and officers, more than 1100 students, not including 191 Summer students. Women admitted to all departments. TUITION FREE. Total expenses \$150 to \$250.
 Students from approved colleges admitted without examination, and given credit for work completed.

ACADEMIC DEPARTMENT.
 Session begins September 29; entrance examinations, September 24 to 27; matriculation fee \$10; 180 courses of study; university system of instruction and discipline; library of 40,000 volumes; Young Men's Christian Association; Young women's Christian Association; gymnasiums and gymnasium instruction for men and women; athletic field. Teachers' courses lead to permanent State teachers' certificates.

ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT.
 Session begins September 29th, entrance examination as above; matriculation fee \$10; no tuition; full courses leading to the degrees of civil clerical and mining engineering.

LAW DEPARTMENT.
 Session begins September 29; entrance examination as above; matriculation fee, payable once, \$30. A two years course leads to the degree of bachelor of laws, and entitles to practice in all State courts. Law students may pursue academic courses without charges.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT.
 (Located at Galveston). Four years course; faculty of 22 instructors; school of pharmacy; school of nursing [for women]; matriculation fee payable once, \$30. Complete equipment in all schools. Session begins October 1; entrance examinations the preceding week. Address Dr. Allen J. Smith, Dean, Galveston.

For catalogue of any department, or for information, address
 JOHN A. LOMAX, Registrar,
 Austin, Texas.

The Perfect Liver Medicine.
 Mrs. M. A. Jolley, Noble, O. T., writes: "I have used Herbine for a number of years, and can cheerfully recommend it as the most perfect liver medicine, and the greatest blood purifier. It is a medicine of positive merit, and fully accomplishes all that is claimed for it." Malaria cannot find a lodgement in the system while the liver is in perfect order, for one of its functions is to prevent the absorption of fever producing poisons. Herbine is a most efficient liver regulator. 50c at R. Phillips & Son.

"Beginning July 1st, there'll be two of 'em, each day. Is'n't that nice?" See Denver ad.

The Boss Worm Medicine.
 H. P. Humpe, Druggist, Leighton, Ala., writes: "One of my customers had a child which was sick, and threw up all food, could retain nothing on its stomach. He bought one bottle of white's Cream Vermifuge, and it brought up 119 worms from the child. It's the boss worm medicine in the world." White's Cream Vermifuge is also the children's tonic. It improves their digestion and assimilation of food strengthens their nervous system and restores them to the health, vigor and elasticity of spirits natural to childhood. 25c at R. Phillips & Son

During the past year more than one hundred students have either partly or entirely supported themselves by some sort of labor while in the University. Among this number was a young man who secured his Master's Degree, and who for the past five years has earned the money spent on his education and yet stood at the head of his class. Now a friend is to furnish funds and he will go to Harvard in the Fall and continue his studies in that great institution for two or three years. With such examples of courage and resourcefulness, no ambitious young man, however poor, need despair of getting an education. Texas has provided its system of free schools and a University with free tuition largely for the benefit of this class, who would be deprived of the beneficent influence of an education. In an institution where all classes mingle on equal terms, where character and mental powers alone receive distinction, democracy and its principles flourish; and the spirit thus awakened and fostered is the surest indication of the perpetuity of our form of government.

"I am using a box of Chamberlain's Stomach & Liver Tablets and find them the best thing for my stomach I ever used," says T. W. Robinson, Justice of the Peace, Loomis, Mich. These Tablets not only correct disorders of the stomach but regulate the liver and bowels. They are easy to take and pleasant in effect. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by R. Phillips & Son, Baird, Texas, and Y. A. Orr, Putnam, Texas.

CHURCH NOTICE.
 The work on the Methodist Church will be so advanced as not to interfere with the services next Sunday morning and night.
 The subject for the next sermon Sunday morning will be "Sacrifice for Christ's Sake". At night, "Heavenly Visitors Along The Highway of Human Life". All cordially invited.
 W. W. Moss.

J. N. (Nat) Davis, son of Maj. W. K. Davis, of Admiral, was drowned at Galveston on the 4th. Nat Davis, E. G. Rust and his son-in-law, Mr. Chandler, went bathing in the Gulf Friday evening and ventured out beyond the life lines or ropes put up for the safety of bathers and all three were drowned. Nat Davis lived in Callahan county where he grew to manhood and married here. His wife was a sister of Mrs. W. R. Lotz and a niece of Mr. Rust who lost his life at the same time Nat did. Nat Davis began his newspaper career on the old Callahan County Clarendon and after a time moved to Dallas, where he was connected with various papers. In 1893 he moved to Galveston where he accepted a position as reporter on the Galveston News and was night editor on that paper at the time of his death. Nat was a good boy and when he grew to manhood did not depart from the ways of his youth. The News paid him a splendid tribute and among other things said he was a quiet unassuming christian gentleman, as high a tribute as can be paid any man when deserved as in this instance we are sure it was merited in every respect. To his aged father, who was so proud of his noble son, we tender our most sincere sympathy, and to his brothers while expressing to them our sympathy let us say imitate the example of your brother and you will live respected among your fellow men and die regretted by all.

Ed Arnold came up from Dallas to spend the 4th with his mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Enoch of Santo, are visiting relatives in Baird.

Miss Kate McDermott is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Buckels.

Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Walker and children, of Putnam, spent the 4th in Baird.

Miss Bessie Franklin, who has been visiting at Santo and Thurber has returned home.

Ned Alexander and Charley Hardin of Fort Worth, spent the 4th with Baird friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Iley McWhorter returned home Tuesday after spending a few days with relatives in Baird.

Miss Sue Fraser, who has been visiting Miss Jennie Brightwell on the Bayou, has returned home.

Johny Trent who has been out on his uncle, Authur Anderson's ranch for two years, came in the first of the week on a visit to his parents.

Mr. and Mrs. Baylor Crawford, Mrs. Claib Merchant, Mrs. Medaris, Mrs. Mack Merchant and Miss Lena Medaris were among the Abileneites who spent the 4th in Baird.

A fire alarm turned in Wednesday evening, just after dark, caused the fire department to make a long run to east town. Some brush burning in Mr. Whittle's yard was the cause.

Judge Cliett went to Mineral Wells Monday to attend the Congressional Convention and will go from there to Hill county to visit relatives for two or three weeks. He will probably attend the State Convention.

Authur Anderson of Abilene visited his sister, Mrs. John Trent this week. Authur does not look much older than he did when he and this scribe hunted bear together in Callahan and Taylor county more than a quarter of a century ago.

See change in Dr Ramsey's Dentist ad this week. Dr. McCauley from Chicago is now associated with Dr. Ramsey. They have installed the very latest improved instruments for the painless extraction of teeth. Dr. McCauley will remain until fall or winter, when he will return home to assume his duties in the Dental College.

Seasonable Goods!



WATER COOLERS, SCREEN DOORS, SCREEN WIRE, ET.

Harry Meyer.

EX-CONFEDERATE REUNION.
 The exConfederate Reunion at Baird last Friday and Saturday, July 4th, and 5th will long be remembered by the people of Baird and Callahan county as one of the most pleasant events in our town. The dust, owing to the high wind was disagreeable, but the people seemed to enjoy themselves in spite of the wind and dust.
 A large arbor covered with cotton bagging and wagon sheets was erected just north of the Court House, where at 10:30 Friday morning as per program published in THE STAR last week, Capt. W. C. Powell, Mayor of Baird, in a short address welcomed the old Confederate veterans and visitors to the city of Baird. Capt. Powell was frequently applauded and we suspect convinced some others, if not himself, that our Mayor can make a first-class speech when the occasion demands.
 Judge B. L. Russell, a son of a Confederate soldier, responded to the address of welcome by the Mayor. The frequent applause of the audience showed that Judge Russell, as he always does, did himself and the old soldiers full justice.
 At the conclusion of Judge Russell's address the old familiar national song of the Confederacy, "Dixie", was played by the band.
 A recitation by Mrs. J. W. Woods was then given, which judging from the applause was well received.
 Gen. F. W. James then delivered an oration, but owing to the increased violence of the wind and dust unfortunately only those near the speakers stand could hear him, though Gen. James has a voice that noting but a West Texas wind storm can drown. We heard many compliments on Gen. James' speech. Dinner was then announced.
 After dinner there was tournament riding in which the prize was won by Lem Lambert. Climbing the greased pole.
 The second day was more pleasant as the wind was not so high nor the dust so bad.
 The first thing on the program for the day was an address by Rev. J. T. L. Annis, but he failed to appear.
 A recitation by Miss Belle Wilson pleased the old Veterans mightily and money was made up to buy her a medal.
 J. W. Woods then spoke in behalf of the Sons of Veterans. He made a good speech. Dr. John Collier then delivered an oration that must have pleased the Old Confeds, judging from

the frequent applause heard. John Asbury won the prize in the tournament contest in the evening.
 The reunion was a success in every respect. There was plenty of meat bread and coffee. The meat was well cooked for which R. A. Williams and his able corps of assistants deserve credit. Uncle Bill Jackson made the coffee and all pronounced it fine though it was served without cream or sugar.
 We would like to mention all who worked to make the barbecue a success, but for fear we might offend some by unintentionally leaving some names out who deserve praise we will resist, but we believe it nothing but fair and just to say that to J. B. Cutbirth and Sam Driskill who worked almost incessantly for near two weeks and until the reunion was over is largely due the success of the barbecue.
 Not a thing occurred to mar the pleasure of the occasion except the dust the first day. No serious accidents occurred, though a horse stepped on a little child and hurt it severely. We could not learn the name of the child. The very best of order was maintained on the grounds and in town during the reunion.
 The old soldiers experience meeting was interesting and some highly amusing stories were told.
 W. E. F. Shelton won the prize as one soldier who went through the war without stealing anything. The prize was a straw hat, but as some ungrudgy Philistia stole the hat, Uncle Henry presented Mr. Shelton with a real good hat to compensate him for the fun the old boys had at his expense.

RESOLUTIONS.
 The following resolutions were adopted by Camp Albert Sidney Johnston, U. C. V.
 Resolved, That we express our appreciation and gratitude to the people of Baird for the kindness and liberality shown to the old Confederates at the Reunion.
 Resolved, That we extend our thanks to all the committees, and the Band for their efforts to make us enjoy ourselves.
 JOHN TRENT, Com.
 J. E. W. LANE, Adj.

Misses Nettie Estes and Eva Pratt of Abilene, were the guests of Misses Grace and Maude Whittle last week.
 Misses Rubie and Lillian Schwartz are visiting Miss Rubie Hill at her home South of Bell Plaine.
 Mrs. W. L. Henry is visiting her daughter Mrs. J. E. Orr at Tyler.

Baird College,

BAIRD, TEX.

Session opens Sept. 1902.

| | |
|-------------------------------|------------------------------|
| Board from 2 to \$3 per week. | |
| Tuition Primary Department | \$2 per month. |
| " Academic | " \$3 to \$4 per mo. |
| " Collegiate | " \$4 to \$6 " |
| " Music | " \$4 per month. |
| Elocution Class | \$2.50, private 5 per month. |

SESSION FIVE MONTHS OR TWENTY WEEKS.
 For further information write to
 REV. JOHN COLLIER D. D., Pres.

BARBECUE FUNDS.

The surplus left over from the barbecue has been turned over to the following committee to be used at the discretion in selecting a site for a park in or near Baird to be used for public gathering. THE STAR is requested to state that camp Albert Sidney Johnston has relinquished all claims on the money.

J. B. CUTBIRTH.
S. L. DRISLILL.
MAJ. R. E. WATHEN.
CAPT. W. C. POWELL.
T. E. POWELL.
Committee.

ATTRACTIVE WOMEN.

All women sensibly desire to be attractive. Beauty is the stamp of health because it is the outward manifestation of inner purity. A healthy woman is always attractive, bright and happy. When every drop of blood in the veins is pure a beautiful flush is on the cheek. When the blood is impure, moroseness, bad temper and a sallow complexion tells the tale of sickness, all too plainly. And women to-day know there is no beauty without health. Wine of Cardui crows women with beauty and attractiveness by making strong and healthy those organs which make her a woman. Try Wine of Cardui, and in a month your friends will hardly know you.

ADMIRAL.

July 14.—As there has not been any news from our little town in so long I thought I would give you a few of the latest items.

Some of the farmers who have been wearing long faces for a long time have had them straightened up by the late rains. It seems all the showers have been partial and rained in spots, but has now been over all the spots. Most of the corn has been cut and put in shocks so the rain did it no good. Cotton had quit growing but has commenced again.

Miss Bessie Hargrove who has been sick nearly all the year, is up, and at present at her sister's near Cross Plains.

Mr. Hawk and Cecil Walls returned last Friday from Mineral Wells, where they had been to carry O. D. Hawk and wife. Ode thinks if he will go and stay a year he will return permanently cured. We hope he will.

Grandma Ledbetter is down from Taylor county visiting friends and relatives. Grandma says she made a mistake when she left Callahan county and wishes she lived here again.

John Brown has gone on a visit to his son-in-law and expects to be gone about a month.

Quite a number of the people are thinking of taking a trip west and north-west this summer.

John McClendon and George Sanders have a summer's job on the Bayou making tanks for Mr. Hall.

Mrs. Hall who has been visiting her parents, Maj. and Mrs. Summers, returned to her home in Fort Worth Saturday.

The musicals are again coming to life and the young people will have some place to go.

Miss Minnie Smartt gave a party at her home Friday night. A large crowd of young people were present and report a good time.

Miss Collier, of Baird, and Miss Crowder, of Dann, Searcy county, are visiting Mr. Gabe Smartt's family.

Walter and Bub Linscumb, of Burnett county, are out visiting friends and relatives. Bud will go home today. Walter will remain sometime.

I will close for fear my letter finds its way to the waste basket.
Best wishes to THE STAR.

BESSIE B.

JULY FOURTH AT BAIRD.

When I see the old men coming
And hear the music play,
It reminds me of the sixties
When they wore the gray.

They are marching to the music,
Their steps are a little slow,
But they stepped a little stronger
Just forty years ago.

Now there is one among them,
I know that you all know,
We called him Captain Malby,
A long time ago.

It was on the frontier of Texas
My boyhood days were spent,
On many Sunday mornings
To the Ranger camps I went,
And there we met the Captain;

His heart was just as brave
As back in the sixties
When he wore the gray,
There he would bring the relief;
And the bows and arrows show,
That they captured from the Indians
A long time ago.

I was not in the army
To use a Southern gun;
My recollection does not date back
To the days of sixty-one,
But on a little later I heard the canon roar,
My recollection does go back to eighteen
sixty-four.

The next day after the battle
In a far and distant land
I was walking over the battle field
Holding to mother's hand,
And there I saw them dying;
I knew their hearts were true,
Lying there together,
Both the gray and the blue.

OLD TIMER

W. P. Brightwell was in town last Friday.

Mrs. Sophia Hill and little son, John, of Admiral, were pleasant callers at THE STAR office last Thursday.

IN MEMORY OF LITTLE PEARL ESTES.

The following is a contribution from a friend, who desires to console the hearts of Dr. J. M. Estes and wife, in their grief over the loss of their little babe, which God sent to brighten their happy home for one year before he called it to his embrace. Little Pearl took her departure from this earth at 8 o'clock p m Wednesday July 9, 1902.

The little babe has gone to rest,
To reign with God forever blessed,
Its little tongue will always praise
A Savior's love redeeming grace.
Far from a world of sin and strife,
It now enjoys a heavenly life,
And joins to praise and shout and sing,
And make the heavenly arches ring.
Could we but hear its little tongue
So sweetly sing the heavenly song,
Could we but see its smiling face,
Deighted with the happy place,
We could not wish her back again,
But say dear babe with God remain.
We hope to see that peaceful shore,
Where those who meet shall part no more.
Let us all strive, the prize to gain
And obey Christ, with him remain
And then we'll share in Jesus' love
And meet the little babe above.

MEMORIAL.

In loving memory of our departed sister and friend, Mrs. A. Orr. We desire to express our regret of a loss which is her eternal gain.

Grandma Orr, as she was familiarly known, was born Feb. 16 1827. Died May 19 1902, age 75 years, 3 months and 3 days.

She was a native of Alabama, and resided there until about 12 years ago she came to Texas, where she lived till God claimed her for His own. She became a christian when quite young, and has lived a most exemplary life, doing deeds of kindness, and scattering the good seeds. Though she rests with Jesus we know her works will follow her.

Shiloh Baptist Church depletes the loss of Sister Orr from membership, yet we submit to the will of God.

Those who knew her, knew naught but to love her, and her death is greatly mourned by many friends and relatives.

We tender our most sincere sympathy to the surviving children and grandchildren. May they ever be comforted by Him who doeth all things well.

Mrs. H. C. Martin.
Mr. J. Boen.
Mrs. R. J. Harris.

EPWORTH LEAGUE.

The Epworth League will meet at the Methodist Church Sunday July 20 1902, at 4 o'clock, and the following program carried out.

Leadea, Frankie Oliver.
Subject, Means of Growth. Phil. 3: 12-16; Col. 1: 10-14.
Song.

Scripture lesson.
Prayer.
Song.
Readings, Miss Aline Black and Carrie Wilkerson.
Roll call.
Song.
Benediction.

AT BAIRD.

Although the Straw team met their Waterloo at Baird, the boys came back highly pleased with their treatment, and Baird will always enjoy a good name so long as they give visitors the reception that the Straw boys received at that place.—Straw News.

A. G. Webb and J. T. Sand's are both on the sick list this week.

Why pay \$65 to \$75 for a range that Harry Meyer will sell you for \$60? 33tf

Mrs. J. D. Fletcher has gone to Colorado City, to visit her daughter, Mrs. Fred McKinzie.

Several wagons were in from Board Flat this week after lumber to build a school house at that place.

J. W. Woods leaves today for Henrietta to attend the convention of the 2nd Supreme Judicial District.

Miss Janie Vandervort, of Covington Ky., arrived last week and will spend the summer with her aunt, Mrs. Wm. McManis.

Will Carmene who has been visiting at Hico for the past week, returned home Wednesday and resumed his duties at Fulton's barber shop.

Carl Corbett, Will Boydston, Jim Johnson, Geo. Scott, Eob Cutbirth, Bud Oliver and Leyton Reed were among the number who chaparoned cattle to St. Louis last week.

The City Council meets Friday night for the purpose of devising means for the erection of a Fire Station and City Hall and improving the Fire Department generally. This is badly needed, and when done, no doubt a great reduction in the enormous insurance rates now on the city can be had. It is to the interest of every business man and property holder in town to help this project along.

MARRIED.

CAYLOR—ESTES.—At the Presbyterian Church, in Baird, Texas, by Rev. M. E. Chapin, on Wednesday, July 16, 1902, Mr. P. C. Caylor of Big Springs, and Miss Mayme Estes, of Baird.

THE STAR extends congratulations and good wishes to the young people and wish them a long life of happiness and prosperity.

NOTICE.

It has come to my knowledge from information and observation that parties with sprinkling privileges are abusing the privilege. The Marshall has positive instructions to cut off all so doing. So please be careful, and only use the water the assigned day and see the Marshall and get your proper day. The abuse above referred to reduces the pressure in the pipes every evening, and the Marshall's duty will be to investigate and remedy the cause.
W. C. POWELL,
33-11 Mayor.

LOST—Wednesday, a paper sack containing shears, thread, thimble and quilt scraps on road between my home and Frank Hinds. Finder will be rewarded. MRS. B. W. VAUGHN. 33-1

CATTLE SHIPMENT.

Hadley, Corbett & White 1 car calves
C. R. Corbett 1 car cows.
R. McDonald 2 cars steers.
Tom Windham 1 car calves.
J. W. Jones 1 car cows 1 car calves
J. B. Cutbirth 3 cars cows 1 calves.
Cutbirth & Sons 2 cars cows 1 car calves.

LAND FOR SALE.

Fourteen hundred acres of the finest kind of land near Tecumseh Peak. Rich, black, sandy loam. Plenty of timber and fine water. Will cut into tracts of 160 acres. One third cash, balance one, two and three years.
E. M. WRISTEN,
Baird, Texas.

NOTICE.

I will keep open from 12 to 1 o'clock on Sundays. Those wanting cream will please call.
J. A. CHRISTIAN.

Prof. A. W. Griggs, of Van Zandt county, was elected principal of the Baird Public School by the trustees this morning.

Prof. Geo. B. Beeson, of Hill county spent a day or two in town this week.

J. E. Erwin, from Mansfield, is now at work in E. C. Fulton's barber shop during the latter's absence.

E. C. Fulton and wife left Thursday night for Mineral Wells, where they will spend a week or so. Carmene and Erwin has control of Fulton's barber shop during his absence.

World's Largest Grapevine.

The largest grapevine in the world is growing in a secluded spot of the Carpinteria valley, Santa Barbara county, California. Its trunk measures eight feet three inches in circumference, and some of its branches three feet in circumference. Its branches cover nearly a half acre and require a frame having sixty stout posts to support it. It is kept cut back every year or it would cover a much larger area.

Royalties Use Typewriter.

The typewriter seems to have made more progress with European royalties than with European statesmen. Neither Lord Salisbury nor Mr. Balfour approves of it, and even Mr. Chamberlain seldom uses it. On the other hand, the Czar and Czarina are experts in its use, the Kaiser is its advocate and the King of the Belgians and the Sultan use it extensively for their personal correspondence.

Beginning and End.

A certain gilded youth, seriously smitten by the charm and grace of a demure-looking country damsel, ventured to remark: "How I wish you would give me that ring upon your finger. It exactly resembles my love for you—it has no end." "Excuse me, sir," replied the fair one, "I think I will keep it, for it is also emblematic of my love for you—it has no beginning."

Planted by Sir Walter Raleigh.

North Carolina boasts of a grapevine with a history. It is on the farm of B. F. Meekins, Roanoke Island, not far from the site of Fort Raleigh, and near the birthplace of Virginia Dare. It is claimed that the vine was planted by Sir Walter Raleigh's ill-fated colony in 1587. It is of the Scuppernon variety, covers an acre of ground, and yields about a ton of grapes annually.

Squaw's Unique Dress.

A dress owned by a Kiowa Indian squaw was sold in El Reno, Okla., for \$1,600, and the purchaser thinks he was lucky to get it at that price. It is lavishly decorated with elk teeth, which are becoming almost as valuable as pearls, and the squaw, like many of her paleface sisters, thought that \$1,600 was altogether too much money to be invested in one dress.

Seasonable Goods!



WATER COOLERS,
SCREEN DOORS,
SCREEN WIRE, ET.
Harry Meyer.

MISSING LINK APPLE CO.,

NURSERYMEN,

Clayton, / / / / Illinois.

The Missing Link is a vigorous grower, exceeding any apple known to horticulturists for rapid growth, symmetrical form, never needing to be pruned while shaping the head. Branches heavily shouldered, making the tree absolutely wind and storm proof. Fruit large, oblong, flattened at ends, red and green when picked; green turning to rich golden yellow as the fruit comes into season for use. Stem long, thus enabling the fruit to sway with the wind, adhering firmly until picking time. Calyx large basin open deep furrowed, flesh yellowish marbled, tender and juicy, improving with age and highly aromatic. Season for use, March to September. Keeps twelve months or more in any cellar.

J. J. PRESTON,

Agent, Cross Plains, Texas.

Also carries a general line of fruit and ornamental trees.

They Threw Him Out.

This is Private John Allen's latest one: At a campfire a stranger arose and told of his prowess in two great battles. Whereupon a little man arose and called attention to the fact that the two battles were fought on the same day 1,500 miles apart. "Comrades," shouted the stranger, "there is a traitor in our midst. Throw him out!" And they did.

Construction of Pencils.

Pencils are very skillfully constructed. When the column of graphite has been prepared for use in the pencil it is laid in a slit cut for it, covered with another piece of wood, which is glued on; then, by means of ingenious machinery, the wooden covers are reduced to the proper size for pencils, and painted or varnished and set aside to dry.

The Towers of Silence.

The Towers of Silence are two tall towers used by the Parsees as cemeteries. They never bury their dead, but leave the body exposed on the top of one of these towers until the sun and the rain and the fowls of the air have cleaned the bones of all flesh. Then the bones are collected and placed in the other tower.

Ping-Pong in Paris.

Ping-pong has arrived in Paris, and society men cannot go anywhere without being lassoed into a game of ping-pong, so they have formed an anti-ping-pong league. The members wear a distinctive button, so that the ladies cannot feel offended when members refuse to play, since they have sworn never to participate in "this foolish, unmanly English pastime."

Highest Point of the World.

The highest point in the world—that is to say, the highest mountain top ever reached by a human being—rests now upon the writing desk of the king of England. It is a letter weight, made of a piece of stone taken from the summit of Mt. Gaurisankar, the highest mountain on the globe. It was presented to his majesty by a British officer.

Only the Mind Lacking.

A society bore once told Charles Lamb that he considered Shakespeare unworthy of the universal commendation bestowed upon him. "Had I the mind to do it," said the fox, "I could produce plays quite equal to those of Shakespeare." "Just so," responded Lamb, "of course it is only the mind that is lacking."

Baird College,

BAIRD, TEX.

Session opens Sept. 1902.

Board from 2 to \$3 per week.
Tuition Primary Department \$2 per month.
" Academic " \$3 to 4 per mo.
" Collegiate " \$4 to 6 "
" Music " \$4 per month.
Elocution Class \$2.50, private 5 per month.

SESSION FIVE MONTHS OR TWENTY WEEKS.

For further information write to

REV. JOHN COLLIER D. D., Pres.

T. & P. Ry SCHEDULE.

EAST BOUND.
No. 6, departs.....1 20 a. m.
No. 4, departs.....10 15 a. m.
WEST BOUND.
No. 5, departs.....2 50 a. m.
No. 3.....3 25 p. m.
J. R. HARMON, Agent.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

CHURCHES.

M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH. Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and at night, Rev. W. W. Moss, Pastor.
Sunday School at 9:45 a. m. T. E. Powell Superintendent.

BAPTIST CHURCH. Preaching 1st and 3rd Sun 1/2 at 11 a. m. and at night, Rev. J. Frank Leake, Pastor.
Sunday School at 10 a. m. W. M. Coffman, Superintendent.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH. Services 2nd and 5th Sundays. Rev. J. W. Keeble, Pastor.
Sunday school at 10:30 a. m. Mrs. F. W. James, Superintendent.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH. Preaching every 2nd Sunday. Church meeting at 2 p m every Sunday. W. A. Barnhill, Elder.

UMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Preaching 1st and 3rd Sunday at 11 a. m. and at night, W. F. Kirby, Pastor.
Sunday School at 10 a. m. J. N. Rushing, Supt.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—Preaching 1st and 3rd Sundays, 11 a. m. 8:30 p. m. S. S. every Sunday 10:30 a. m. Mr. J. C. Gray Supt.
Prayer Meeting every Wednesday night 8:30 p. m. in the Reading Room at church, every Wednesday all day.

REV. M. E. CHAPIN.

LOGGES

BAIRD LODGE, No. 522. A. F. & A. M. Meets every Saturday night on or before full moon at 7:30 p. m.
R. G. Powell, W. M.
Geo. B. Scott, Secretary.

BAIRD CHAPTER, R. A. M. No. 182. Meets 3rd Friday night in each month.
HARRY MYRLE, H. P.
B. L. RUSSELL, Secretary.

BAIRD LODGE No. 47. K. of P. Meets in Castle Hall Odd Fellows building every Thursday night at 8 p. m. Visiting Knights always welcome.
Van Jones, C. C.
H. SCHWARTZ, Kof R. S.

BAIRD CAMP No. 598. W. O. W. Meets in the Odd Fellows Hall. 1st and 2nd Monday nights of each month.
W. L. BOWLES, C. C.
Oris Phillips, Clerk.

BAIRD LODGE No. 271. I. O. O. F. Meets every Saturday night.
J. J. ALLEN, N. G.
H. SCHWARTZ, Sec.

ABILENE COMMANDERY, K. of T. No. 27 Meets 2nd Monday of each month.
J. H. PICKENS, E. C.
C. W. ROBERTS, H. C.

BAIRD LODGE No. 142. A. O. U. W. Meets 2nd and 4th Tuesday in each month. Visiting brethren fraternally invited and members expected to attend.
J. A. EMMONS, M. W.
JOHN J. ALLEN, Recorder

BAIRD LODGE No. 866. BANKERS UNION of the World meets in the Odd Fellows hall 1st and 3rd Monday nights in each month at 8 p. m.
L. L. BLACKBURN, President.
J. H. COCHRAN, Sec.

CAMP ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON, No. 10, C. V. Meets at Baird at 1 p. m. 4th, Saturday in each month.
JNO TRENT, Capt.
J E W LANE, Adjut.

LOCAL NEWS

Judge Russell left Sunday night for Austin to attend the State Convention.

Phillips & Son have a new stock of wall paper and are selling it at a 10 per cent discount. Call and see it. 24

B. F. Potts of McLennan county, who moved from this county last year, is visiting friends in the county.

W. T. Wheeler was in town Tuesday and informed THE STAR that he had thrashed about 8000 bushels of wheat and expected to thrash three or four thousand bushels more. The wheat crop in the county while very short is turning out much better than was expected.

Vacation Days.

Vacation time is here and the children are fairly living out of doors. There could be no healthier place for them. You need only to guard against the accidents incidental to most open air sports. No remedy equals DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve for quick stopping pain or removing danger of serious consequences. For cuts, scalds and wounds. "I used DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve for sore cuts and bruises," says L. B. Johnson, Swift, Tex. "It is the best remedy on the market." Sure cure for piles and skin diseases. Beware of counterfits. Sold by Powell & Powell.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

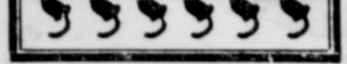
The following is a list of letters remaining in P. O. at Baird, Texas for the week ending July 12 1902. Parties calling for same please say advertised.
Mr. Sam Taylor.
Mr. Fred Woodland.
Wm. McManis, P. M.

"Beginning July 1st, there'll be two of 'em, each day. Is n't that nice?" See Denver ad.

Hotel Seay Barber Shop.
YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED

DOWN BY THE RIO GRANDE

By
H. S.
CANFIELD



"Yes!" she said softly and smiled at him through her tears. Slow-creeping, a blush mounted and surged over chin, cheeks and brow, bathing her face in pink. Her hands clasped loosely in front of her, she stood before him, timid, shrinking and downcast, mute appealing confession in every curve of her lovely figure. Allyn grew red, then pale, then red again.

"Why, dama me!" he burst out. "Why, Lois! Why—why—you don't mean—but it's pre-empt—but, yes, damn me, I believe it's so."

"It is so," she said, facing him bravely now.

"But he's a smuggler chap, a cattle—"

"Stop!" her hand was raised, her eyes were flashing; she was doing battle for her own. "He is not a thief; he is not a murderer; he is a smuggler for only three months. He will not be so again. He loves me. I love him. Don't you dare speak evil of him!" she broke down in a passion of sobs and clung to him for support.

"All right! All right!" he said soothingly, much touched and thoroughly frightened. "You know best, I'm sure. You wouldn't do anything except for the best. I can understand how it happened. He's a handsome rascally fellow, and has got good pluck, too. Just brace up, Lois, please, and tell me what you want."

She recovered with surprising rapidity and still cling to his coat sleeve. She smiled at him and said:

"I want a message from him and he is across the river not far from here. Get it for me."

"Am I to ride over there, and ask every one I meet whether he has seen a pale, beautiful rustler with a lame wing, and keep on asking until I find him, and then have him write to you or shoot him if he refuses?"

"Well," said Allyn, "it's a nice business, but I'll do it. I'm your brother, ain't I?"

"And you love me only as a sister?"

"Only as a sister?"

"Only as a sister. Don't be a goose." Three days afterward Allyn, dusty and worn, returned at the noon hour from a supposed chase of cougars in the Mexican hills. He dismounted in front of the rancho-house, stalked into the school-room, handed a crumpled note to Lois, chuckled "Palomita" under the chin and walked out again. The note ran:

"Your friend has come to me. God bless him for it, and you for sending him! I start southward tomorrow, in hope and love, to return in the early summer. Wait for me, in hope and love. My darling! My darling!"

CHAPTER XIV.

A Case of Mistaken Identity.
Lois arose at daylight, with a night-formed determination in her mind. She believed that ere he turned his face to the south Weston would come once more within view of the rancho. If only to look afar upon the building where they had met. She dressed hurriedly, called one of the peons even then astrid and ordered her horse saddled. Long before Allyn had taught her to ride and one of the numerous gentle ponies about the place had been designated as her animal. Not waiting for so much as a cup of coffee, she mounted from the platform built for that purpose and started toward the river. She recognized even then that she was on a wild-goose chase, but it was some relief to her to be decreasing the distance between them by ever so little. There was no dew—there seldom is on the Rio Grande—and the flinty soil of the prairie rang under the rapid hoof-beats of the quick little steed. In many places the constant winds had blown the ground bare of all herbage and tiny dust circles rose and whirled away. There was life in the cool, crisp dry air and the blood mounted to her cheeks in the swift gallop. Her tawny hair, loosened by the motion so that it hung almost to her shoulders, her wide sombrero tilted backward, her lithe graceful figure swaying to each leap of the horse, one small boot fitted neatly into the stirrup, one gauntleted hand held low with the reins, sitting easily and carelessly, she seemed some divinity of that far, wild country as she swept along.

Reaching the American bank of the river and pausing at the beginning of the ford, she placed her right hand to her eyes and under it explored the opposite bank, just then beginning to show the gold of the sun which had risen behind her. She looked long and fruitlessly. Once she thought that

she saw a movement in the chaparral, but gazing more intently all was still. Once she thought she heard a movement in the undergrowth behind her, but deeming it only the rustle of some small animal did not turn her head. On either side of the path by which she had come the cactus and catclaw grew to the water's edge. Indeed it was within five feet of her on either hand as she sat in the saddle. Realizing at last that any hope of seeing her lover was vain, she slipped lightly down, unwound the stake rope from the horn of the saddle and permitted the pony to walk into the water for his morning drink. Standing thus and idly swinging the rope to and fro, her thoughts far away with the lonely man riding toward the interior of that unknown country, she heard again the rustle behind her and wheeled instantly.

Still holding to the rope and startled but not frightened, she confronted a small, dark man, dressed in the extremity of the gaudy Mexican fashion. At the same instant on either side of the trail a dozen of his companions rose. In silence each of them lifted his sombrero and bowed gravely, each of them said in concert, "Buenas dias, Senora!" each of them replaced his hat, each of them placidly blocked the path.

WANTED INVENTORS
to write for our confidential letter before applying for patent, it may be worth money. We promptly obtain U. S. and Foreign

PATENTS
TRADE MARKS OR return ENTIRE attorney's fee. Send model, sketch or photo and we send an IMMEDIATE FREE report on patentability. We give the best legal service and advice, and our charges are moderate. Try us.

SWIFT & CO.,
Patent Attorneys,
Opp. U.S. Patent Office, Washington, D.C.

Need More Help.
Often the over-taxed organs of digestion cry out for help by Dyspepsia's pangs, Nausea, Dizziness, Headaches, liver complaints, bowel disorders. Such troubles call for prompt use of Dr. King's New Life Pills. They are gentle, thorough and guaranteed to cure. 25c at Powell & Powell drug store.

Is your subscription to THE STAR out? If so send us the money or if not wanted any longer notify us, but don't forget to pay up when you do so. 34-tf

If you have any news give it to THE STAR. We cannot always know what you know if you do not tell us.

Best equipped prescription department and Laboratory in the city at Terrell's 28

NOTICE.
If you want to buy or sell land. If you want to buy or sell horses. If you want to buy or sell mules. If you want to buy or sell buggies. If you want to buy or sell wagons. If you have property to rent. If you have debts to collect. If you have business to adjust. I will give you a square deal. Call on or address.

J. H. SURLS,
Putnam, Texas.

Bring that wood you promised on subscription.

There is something new at the Home Studio. Ask Swafford to show you, and tell you about them. 16.

Kodacks and kodack supplies at Terrell's 28-tf

More than \$250.00 worth of new wall paper to select from at Powell & Powell. 29-tf

Bring the babies to the gallery before 4 o'clock in the evening. Swafford

Soda fountain and ice cream at Terrell's. 28-tf

Get A Ticket
and trade out \$5 with either Meyer, Phillips & Son, Wilson & Oliver, Christian or Hotel Seay and bring it checked to Home Studio and you are entitled to a 16x20 high grade picture free with a job of our \$4.00 platino, which would cost you otherwise \$5.50.

Lowest prices in the city on wall paper sold by samples at present, but will save your money. Terrell 28-tf

Kodol
Dyspepsia Cure
Digests what you eat.

This preparation contains all of the digestants and digests all kinds of food. It gives instant relief and never fails to cure. It allows you to eat all the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of dyspeptics have been cured after everything else failed. It prevents formation of gas on the stomach, relieving all distress after eating. Dieting unnecessary. Pleasant to take. **It can't help but do you good**

Prepared only by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. The 81c bottle contains 2 1/2 times the 30c size.

The small man spoke in fair English, but slowly:

"Senor Vavara, at the Senora's service. We have watched the Senora for several days. Her wanderings have taken her toward the river. The river belongs as much to the true people as to the Americans. The Senora's husband is responsible for a recent attack on us. He caused the death of our lieutenant, the brave Weston, and of one, Juan Garza, a man of mine. No harm will come to the Senora; I beg her to believe that; I, Ramon Vavara, have said it." He pointed to his breast dramatically. "But the Senora will come with us in all honor. Surely the Senor, her husband, will pay ransom for her."

"For whom do you take me?" The girl's voice was thick and her face a dead white, but her bearing undaunted. Vavara smiled, showing brilliantly white teeth, and bowed again even more subserviently than before.

"For la Senora Glynn. It is so unquestionably."

"It is not so. My name is English—Lois English—the Senora's English." Vavara's knowledge of the language was limited, but he saw a chance for a jest. He smiled even more broadly and said:

"The Senora is English; that is so without doubt; but she must come with us; patriots must live as well as other men. Besides the brave Senor Weston and the brave Garza must be paid for."

"But I tell you—"

He waved his hand deprecatingly and she paused.

"The Senora will have much time for talk hereafter. Time presses!" He turned to his men with a slight nod. Instantly four of them closed round her. A scarf slipped over her eyes and knotted behind her head. She remained passive, knowing the uselessness of resistance. To struggle or scream would have been fruitless. She saw the error that had been made and retained control of herself sufficiently to know that it would be cleared up shortly. She felt herself lifted to her saddle. A moment afterward Vavara mounted upon a black steed brought to him from the chaparral near by and seized her bridle-rein. She heard him give a command and then the splashing of the water under the hoofs of her horse. She gathered from the sounds that the mounted leader led the way, while his



"Senor Vavara, at the Senor's service," men waded beside her, the river to their middles. The scarf was tied tightly and brought down below her nostrils so that she was visionless and breathed through her lips, but she knew when the opposite bank was reached and could feel her stout pony clambering up the incline. After slow progress for fifteen minutes or so, there was a halt. A little afterward she heard the other members of the band mounting horses which had been left in the Mexican chaparral. Vavara placed his hand on her shoulder with a muttered apology, and then the scarf was removed.

Looking about her, she saw that they were in a tangle of mesquite and cactus. The view was limited to ten feet in any direction. The trees branching over them hid the sun so that she could not tell whether she faced north, south, east or west. Ahead ran a narrow trail, merely a goat-path, that twisted crazily. Vavara said:

"I ask a thousand pardons for the scarf, but the Senora will be returned to the rancho soon—when she is paid for—and she must not know the road to our camp."

Lois made no reply. It was evident from his manner, which was deferential in the extreme, that she would be treated with respect. It was money the gallant Captain wanted, not beauty. As for the others, sweeping her eyes over them she could not tell that they were aware of her existence. They sat their horses with the ungraceful but sure seat of their kind. They did not look at her, or away from her. Some were whispering; others were rolling cigars. It was merely a matter of business with them; so much of a day's work. If they had an expression at all it was one of gentle melancholy because their breakfasts were delayed. She learned afterwards that they had crossed the river on the evening before, lain hidden in the thicket all night and had intended moving nearer to the rancho during the day in a desperate effort to hear her off when she took her afternoon walk. Her wild attempt to catch a glimpse of Weston had saved them much trouble. There was some philosophy in the girl, much courage and a strong dash of romance. As they wound their way through the masses of thorny vegetation she began partly to enjoy her novel situation. She was not fearful of any harm and looked upon her release in a little while as a certainty. Here was sensation enough to last any reasonable young woman for a lifetime, and whether the experience was to prove pleasant or the reverse the memory of it was certain to prove indelible. There was even sense of the ludicrous in being mis-

taken for the tall, pale and languid Mrs. Glynn and she smiled as she pictured the conduct of that novel-reading lady under similar circumstances. Vavara did not speak again, but rode at a sharp trot. Her reins had been restored to her, because there was no possibility that she could diverge from the trail in an effort to escape, and she followed him closely. Behind her clattered the men, gay bridles jingling, stirrup leathers creaking and the frou-frou of the slight, thorny branches catching at their leggings.

After an hour's ride between high hills, Vavara turned sharply to the left, crossed a bold, clear stream which evidently made its way to the Rio Grande, rode up the further slope at a gallop, plunged down into a hollow, swept two hundred yards to the left, still at a gallop, checked his horse and pointed ahead of him.

She saw a camp pitched by a creek that ran through a large and beautiful grove of pecan trees. This grove was in the middle of a level space some acres in extent and green with late grasses. On every side it was sheltered by the rising hills. It must have been a very furnace of heat in summer, but at that season its temperature was delightful. No tents were visible. Instead, jacals of mesquite poles had been erected and roofed with water grasses. They were arranged regularly upon either side of the stream, facing it some twenty feet away. They thus presented the effect of a rude, single street, with the bright water in its center. At the far end, under the low spreading limbs of a mighty pecan, was a hut twice the size of any one of the others and constructed with more care. Vavara signified to her that it was his "palace" and contained his offices and living quarters. It was to be given up to her exclusive use, he assured her, until "the Senor, her husband," chose to buy her back. He himself would be content with ruder quarters elsewhere.

"The Senora shall have a maid," he went on, "who will prepare her meals. She need fear no harm. While we are contrabandistas, we admire, we reverence, we worship beauty, and the Senora will forgive me for saying that she is very beautiful. We have quite a little colony here. Most of my men are married and live with their families in the houses you see."

Indeed, Lois had already noticed a half-dozen brown semi-nude children rolling about on the grass and felt much cheered thereby. It came to her that her value in Vavara's eyes rested solely upon his mistake; it was evident, too, that he regarded the Glynnas as people of great wealth and importance. It followed therefore that the more of hauteur and nonchalance she showed as befitting a Hidalgo's wife, the more respectfully she would be treated. So, with a languid and haughty wave of the hand, she signified her desire to be conducted to her hut. The smuggler hastened to obey. He helped her from the saddle gracefully and strongly and led her to the door. With an implied apology, he entered after her and proceeded to enlarge upon the comforts at her command. It was rudely but substantially furnished, with a table, some chairs and a hammock. Hanging to hooks upon the wall was a carbine, which he proceeded hastily to remove. The cabin was of two rooms and in the rear chamber was a rude washstand, jug and bowl of gaudily figured Mexican pottery, a huge wicker jar suspended by grass-plaited cords from a joist, an iron bedstead and a closet nailed to the wall, which contained tableware of various kinds. There was also a fireplace with cooking implements. The floors of both rooms were of the hard earth. Vavara stepped to the rear door and called softly. In response there came a slender figure, a Mexican girl of not more than fourteen years old, with the plump oval face, straight black hair, liquid eyes and white teeth of her age and class. She was singularly pretty, with a serious, wistful gaze and a footstep as light as a fawn.

"This," said Vavara, "is Jucosa, of our band. Her father was killed below Eagle Pass last year and her mother went to the good God long ago. She is fond of English and Americans because of the brave Senor Weston, now unhappily dead. He was kind to her and while in this city—it was characteristic of the bombastic rascal to speak of his camp as a city—he taught to her something of the reading. She will be to you a companion of your own adored sex. I go, honored Senora, to communicate with the noble Senor, your husband. I shall hear from him, the latest day after the morrow when I trust you will be restored to your friends and kindred." With a sweeping bow which carried the rim of his sombrero to the dirt floor of the jacal, he was gone, walking backward.

Lois was growing faint with hunger and Jucosa rapidly prepared a breakfast of strong coffee, tortillas and eggs. This was served on red earthenware, with no knife or fork. It is the Mexican fashion to use the tortilla as knife and fork in eating eggs. Red pepper permeated the food and chilli-con-carne gravy was poured over it in a stream. Lois was well enough acquainted with the cookery of the country to understand its peculiarities and to enjoy it. While she ate, she talked to the girl who stood apart respectfully, watching and admiring the strange and different beauty of her new companion.

"You knew and liked the Senor Weston?" Jucosa was asked.

"Oh, well; much," was the quick reply, the hands passionately clasped.

"Why?"

"He was so strong, so brave, so kind; not like these others. Gregorio wished to marry me; Vavara wished it; I did not love Gregorio; I wept; the Senor Weston would not permit it."

"You think him dead?"

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"Surely, Senora! He was slain near the river."

Lois rapidly told her of Weston's rescue, recovery and escape to Mexico. The childwoman's eyes filled and overflowed. She sobbed, laughed, sang and danced excitedly about. Then she ran to the American and threw her arms about her waist, calling her "Good lady! Kind lady!" Then she said "You will see him again"

Lois blushed. "I hope so; I think so."

Immediately came the next assertion, the woman of her making it: "You love him, and not as I do."

Lois was silent. Jocosa knelt at her feet. "It is so," she said slowly, "for you nursed him and knew him. He will come for you. Then may I go with you? He is dear to me also."

The other woman, so much older, wiser and stronger, laid her hand upon the black head. "If he wishes it, Jocosa," she said. "It must be as he wishes."

At that moment there was a quick beat of hoofs outside, a sharp challenge and exclamation of wonder from a sentry and a tall form stood in the doorway. Then she was foisted into Weston's arms.

CHAPTER XV.

Senior Vavara Displays His Inner Quality.

"I was riding toward the ford for one last look at the ranche," he told her, stroking her hair, "and I saw your capture at a mile off. I could not recognize you, but I knew that Vavara was up to some deviltry and I followed him of the chieftain's error"

"That is the meaning of it?" he said. "The man is bolder and more resourceful than I thought. However, I will set the matter right."

He had extended a hand to Jocosa, who was kissing it passionately, when Vavara appeared in the doorway and behind him every man and most of the women in the camp. They pressed into the room and surrounded the three. Vavara grasped Weston's arm effusively and said:

"My brave, brave lieutenant. It is as one come back from the tomb. Tell us yourself of it, my pride!"

The others stood about, their black eyes shining, broad smiles on their faces.

"All in good time," said Weston. "Whom do you think you have here?"

"Do you not know? The Senora

Glynn, of the rancho Balcones, held by me, Vavara, for ransom."

"You were never more mistaken, my Captain. This is Miss Lois English, a teacher of the Glynn children, my affianced wife."

Vavara's dark, handsome face set evilly and his eyes turned inward. He stood silent for a moment, then said: "It cannot be. There is no such woman. Would not my spies have told me of her? How do you know?"

Weston, speaking slowly and distinctly and using the Mexican vernacular that all of his hearers might understand, told the story of the shot at the hidden ford, his saving by the Seminoles, his illness at the ranche, his nursing, his recovery, his escape and his intention to start for the interior when he had witnessed the capture. Vavara listened closely, his small right foot beating the ground, his fingers clenching and unclenching. Now and then he interjected a "Ha!" or "Is it so?" He would not believe all hope of ransom must be given up. He loved money better than anything in the world. He was naturally suspicious. He had been jealous of Weston's strength and prowess and feared his influence with the band. He had been angered, too, by the American's belief that the band was organized purely for smuggling purposes. Now, drawing in a deep breath he began to speak, restraining his excitement with difficulty.

"Senora Weston, the story is well told, but it will not serve with Vavara, for it is a lie. This woman is the Senora Glynn, I know. How could it be otherwise? Surely this is true. I have never understood—the manner in which we were surprised at the ford, a surprise which cost us the life of the brave Garza. We supposed you slain because you were not with us. Not one of us saw you after the river was reached and then you were in the rear, whereas you should have been in front. You say you have been for days at the rancho Balcones. That I can believe, but that you were shot by our American friends I do not believe. You may tell me that you have a wound, but self-inflicted wounds are common among traitors. I accuse you here and now of giving secret information to the gringo soldiers, of betraying us, of causing the death of a comrade, of seeking to rescue the Senora without ransom. You have been false to the cause of the band. Men, what is to do next?"

From twenty throats came the answer: "The trial."

"And after the trial, what?"

"Upon conviction, death."

"I, Vavara your chieftain, am the accuser. Arrest him!"

The men closed in upon Weston who stood passive, knowing that resistance was vain. Lois had not understood a title of the talk, but when she saw him grasped rudely and his arms bound behind him, she comprehended. She turned swiftly to Vavara with a passionate protest, but he motioned to the men, who immediately drew Weston outside. Wheeling in the doorway the chieftain faced her sternly, his small figure drawn to its full height, a savage smile on his face:

"All honor shall be paid you Senora," he said, "for you are precious to us all, but you will do well to remain quiet. Even the prospect of ransom may not be sufficient to restrain some of my brave ones, who are much angered by the traitor."

Indeed a glance at the figures crowding about her lover as they urged him onward and a moment's listening to their stormy voices convinced her that she would serve him and herself by stillness. She turned instinctively to Jocosa. The Mexican girl was standing in the rear room, her face a sickly white, her eyes blazing. Two drops of blood from her bitten lip had fallen upon the bosom of her gown. Her form was tense, her fingers tightly locked. She was breathing heavily and half-crouched, as if a young tigress for a spring.

"Vavara is a devil!" she said in a hissing whisper. "They will try my dear friend, your lover, Senorita, and they will shoot him. That is the smuggler's law for traitors. He is not a traitor—oh, no, no, never! But Vavara can make them do as he wishes. They will listen only to him and they will say the things he wishes them to say. I know him and them. He is evil! But it must not be."

All of the fine courage of Lois rose to meet this emergency. She did not permit herself for a moment to reflect upon the murderous outcome of it. Weston must be saved. That was her one thought. But how?

"Go outside," she said to the girl. "Mingle with the men and women. Ascertain all that you can. Then come here and tell me. Meanwhile I must think."

Jocosa was gone in an instant. Lois closed and barred the door, sat down and clasped her head in her hands. Not a half-hour before his kisses were warm on her lips and now he was in deadly peril. What was to be done? For five minutes thoughts whirled through her brain with lightning swiftness. Then her New England blood and training asserted themselves and she set herself to find a way out of the maze. There came to her first the figure of Allyn. Then, like an inspiration, followed a memory of her visit to the Seminole camp with Harding and his kindly, earnest promise to help a countrywoman. There was the solution of the problem. In some way, somehow, she must reach Harding. Jocosa rapped lightly on the door. She closed it and fastened it behind her when admitted and said at once:

"He will be tried in the afternoon and, if found guilty, will be sentenced to be shot tomorrow morning at sunrise. He is guarded in a jacal at the far end of the camp."

"Jocosa," asked Lois, "are you brave?"

"No," said the girl, intent on the instant, "but I love him."

"Do you know the road we came this morning from the ford?"

"Surely; well."

"What is the distance?"

"Two leagues, barely."

"And from there to the ranche-house is another league, nine miles, and from the ranche to Fort Clark twenty miles; twenty-five miles; fifty-eight miles to go and come back between now and tomorrow morning—at sunrise." She shuddered at the words and the picture they brought before her, but went on: "It must be done. Jocosa, can you leave the camp and carry a message to the ranche—a message to a man there, who may bring the soldiers in time?"

"I cannot now," was the soft, slow answer, "but I can when dark comes, though the evil spirits of the river may get me."

"There will be no evil spirits, Jocosa, my brave child. You will be on God's errand and the spirits will be harmless."

"I will go. I meant to say that I would go."

It would be dark by six o'clock, there being no twilight. Jocosa, swift of foot and tireless because of life in the open air, might be trusted to reach the rancho by nine. Allyn should start his messenger northeastward by half past nine and he should reach the fort a little after midnight. It would require reckless riding over a rough country in the dark, but she felt it would be done. She felt, too, that this messenger would be Allyn himself and she half smiled. If Harding came—and surely his pledge would hold him. thought fifty international complications resulted—his troop should be in the saddle by one in the morning. She knew how swiftly the Seminoles prepared for a scout. This should bring them to the ranche by four o'clock and they would have two hours in which to cover the intervening nine miles. It was a desperate chance. The slightest slip or failure would doom her lover to death and herself also, she felt. Precious hours would be wasted before the night came, but it could not be helped. Indeed, Jocosa told her that an attempt to leave the camp in daylight would be certain to result in failure, as sentries surrounded it completely.

"I must slip out when dusk settles," the girl said, "crawling on hands and knees between the guards. Once on the trail I shall fear nothing except the spirits. I will not fear even them," she added stoutly. "It is the good God's message."

In a drawer of the table in the room

which Vavara called his "office" Lois found some paper. She wrote and sealed a note to Allyn, detailing her capture and Weston's peril and begging him to send or ride for Harding. "He will be shot at sunrise," the note ended. "The girl Jocosa will guide you. For God's sake, for the sake of those dear to you at home, do not fail me." It was signed: "Your sister, Lois." Indeed, she had no shadow of distrust of him. Her only fear was he, with the others, might be scouring the surrounding country in search of her. This note the Mexican girl put in the bosom of her dress and then thrice pinned it through the cloth.

Lois explained to her the message was to be given to Allyn, and failing him to any Englishman at the rancho, "except a tall man with black eyes, named Maude." Jocosa understood. "He, too, love you," she said.

The noon hour having passed, dinner was prepared, and, strange to say, eaten with reasonable appetite. Then the two women set themselves to a task that would have killed, or crazed a man. That task was to sit idly and wait for dark. They had no fear that Vavara would disturb them. They knew that he was busily making ready for the trial, going from man to man and spreading Weston's certain guilt before him. He had no intent that any liking or sympathy for their former leader and comrade should interfere with his vengeance. He believed thoroughly that Weston had proven false; he did not know which most angered him, the supposed treachery or the assertion that he had been foolishly mistaken in the identity of his female captive; and the inborn cruelty of his Spanish blood rose to domination of every other passion or desire in him. The man was a literally transformed, brusque, imperious, savage, thirsty for the death of one whom he had known and trusted.

While the women sat in the semi-gloom of their hut, the camp was astir in excitement. At its outer edge a huge pecan tree had fallen in some previous storm and this had been lopped clear of its branches. At 3 o'clock in the afternoon six Mexicans, selected by ballot, took their seats on this log, facing toward the creek. In their front was an open grassy space twenty feet square. They were judges and jury. Ranged about the further edge of the space were all of the other men and the women of the band, except the

two because I was tired of you. The woman you hold as prisoner is not Mrs. Glynn. That dancin fool there," pointing to Vavara, "has simply argued himself into error. Her name is English, she is an American and if you harm her the United States government will exact heavy pay from each of you."

He became silent and looked at them carelessly. After a whispered conference the judges announced their verdict:

According to their law, John Britton Weston, having been guilty of treason to the band, had merited death. He was to be blindfolded and shot at sunrise on the following morning. According to custom, his executioner would be the Captain of the company. No priest would be furnished to him for the good reason that none was to be had. His guard would remain outside of the jacal and his devotions would be undisturbed.

CHAPTER XVI.

How Harding Fulfilled his Pledge.

At dusk Jocosa had slipped from the rear door of the jacal and, throwing herself face down on the ground, had wriggled like a snake into the underbrush. So silent and swift were her movements that Lois, watching her through a crevice in the side of the little building, could not have told how or when she disappeared. Then the lonely woman turned for consolation to her knowledge of the character of the two men upon whom she depended for aid. Again and again through the long night hours she started from her chair in the belief that she heard the roll of hoofs only to realize that it was the sound of the wind in the huisaches and to sink wearily back again. A more dreadful vigil it would be difficult to imagine, for her terror was for another much dearer to her than herself.

She was standing in the door of the jacal with her ear bent in keen listening when the stars began to grow pale in the east and the first faint bars of the coming light showed in the sky. She knew that that the time of trial was near at hand and that every moment was as precious as though minted from diamonds. Still there was no sound save the slight murmuring of the breeze in the branches. Gradually, as the light grew, the camp began to stir. A woman appeared and went down to the stream for water. Then a man came out and went the rounds of a few huts, knocking at the door of each. In response armed smugglers appeared and fell into line with some semblance of military precision. These were the sentries or the morning. Each of them took his post and the relieved men came in, pale and yawning. Smoke began to rise from the dirt chimneys and by broad daylight every one apparently was awake. If Lois had known the Mexican character better she would have known that she had more time, for whether criminal, or law abiding, it is a people that never does anything promptly. Indeed, the first red rays of the sun had shot far up the heavens before breakfast was ready. Her own was not brought to her. Vavara believing that it would be prepared by Jocosa. That gallant and sanguinary chieftain made his appearance only when called. He came at last from a little hut at the far end of the colony, dressed in his bravest. Lois had gathered that he was to play the welcome part of butcher and she noted sickeningly that in the crimson sash about his waist

"I must slip out when dusk settles," guards of the prisoner, eight in number. Vavara himself hatless, weaponless and swelling with importance, stood a little to one side. He was witness and prosecutor. There was to be no attorney or testimony for the defendant, though the law of the band permitted that he speak in his own behalf. At a signal given by the oldest of the jury, the guard emerged from the jacal in which Weston was confined. He walked among them, his hands bound behind him with raw-hide thongs. He, too, was hatless, his face pale from recent illness, but calm, and when assigned to his station, he looked at Vavara with a contemptuous smile. The latter was not in any way affected by it. He felt at the moment that he was the central figure of the universe. He placed his left hand upon his hip akimbo, faced the judges, waved his right hand widely and said:

"Behold the traitor!"

This caused an audible sensation and some of the women exclaimed: "Valga me Dios!"

Being told by the judges to proceed, Vavara laid his complaint. Its substance has been already given. Weston, he said, had come to him in Laredo some three months before and offered to join the band, giving as his reason for it that he was tired of the dullness of his life and wanted excitement. Ascertaining that he was totally a stranger to the frontier and liking his face and manner, he had accepted him. For some time thereafter the prisoner had done good work as a smuggler. There had been no cause to suspect him until the night of the intercepted cattle raid. The plans for that raid had been laid carefully by him (Vavara) and they all knew that certain success followed everything he undertook. Success would have crowned their efforts on this occasion but for the traitor, and so forth and so on. He followed the statement with a fiery denunciation of Weston which occupied a half-hour. Susceptible to eloquence, the judges were plainly convinced. When Vavara ceased, somewhat exhausted, but much pleased with himself, Weston was asked what he had to say:

"Why, nothing, you cowardly dogs," he replied easily, "except to state that you are even more cowardly dogs than I had believed you. If you cared to examine me you would find a hardly closed bullet wound through my shoulder. You might have seen me shot on the night of the raid if you had been less cowardly dogs. I have told you the truth. I was going into far Mex-

"Yes, that's the way of it." was stuck a glittering revolver with an ivory handle. He moved slowly and seemed in no hurry to expedite matters. He took his breakfast leisurely, squatting upon the grass under a spreading pecan and keeping two of his attendants busy waiting upon him and trotting for fresh food. Then four of the smugglers came bearing a tray upon which tables were placed. They entered the hut in which the prisoner was confined and closed the door after them. Evidently he was not to be sent to his death hungry.

It occurred to the girl, even in her agony, that she should spare no effort to delay the execution as much as possible, so, waiting until Vavara had finished, brushed the crumbs from his tight velvet trousers and rolled a cigarito, she beckoned a passing woman and in broken dialect begged her to tell her overlord that the "Senora Glynn" wished to speak to him. He came at once, all politeness and attention. She stood in the doorway to prevent him entering and said:

"It is time, I think, Senior Vavara, that deception should cease. I am willing to say to you now that I am the Senora Glynn and I wish to ask whether you have as yet communicated with my husband and fixed my ransom."

Every white tooth in his dark face flashed as he bowed and said:

"I was sure that the Senora would see the propriety of admitting her identity. I have not as yet commun-

Continued on last page.)

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All in good time.

Glynn, of the rancho Balcones, held by me, Vavara, for ransom."

"You were never more mistaken, my Captain. This is Miss Lois English, a teacher of the Glynn children, my affianced wife."

Vavara's dark, handsome face set evilly and his eyes turned inward. He stood silent for a moment, then said: "It cannot be. There is no such woman. Would not my spies have told me of her? How do you know?"

Weston, speaking slowly and distinctly and using the Mexican vernacular that all of his hearers might understand, told the story of the shot at the hidden ford, his saving by the Seminoles, his illness at the ranche, his nursing, his recovery, his escape and his intention to start for the interior when he had witnessed the capture.

Vavara listened closely, his small right foot beating the ground, his fingers clenching and unclenching. Now and then he interjected a "Ha!" or "Is it so?" He would not believe all hope of ransom must be given up.

He loved money better than anything in the world. He was naturally suspicious. He had been jealous of Weston's strength and prowess and feared his influence with the band.

He had been angered, too, by the American's belief that the band was organized purely for smuggling purposes. Now, drawing in a deep breath he began to speak, restraining his excitement with difficulty.

"Senora Weston, the story is well told, but it will not serve with Vavara, for it is a lie. This woman is the Senora Glynn, I know. How could it be otherwise? Surely this is true. I have never understood—the manner in which we were surprised at the ford, a surprise which cost us the life of the brave Garza. We supposed you slain because you were not with us. Not one of us saw you after the river was reached and then you were in the rear, whereas you should have been in front. You say you have been for days at the rancho Balcones. That I can believe, but that you were shot by our American friends I do not believe. You may tell me that you have a wound, but self-inflicted wounds are common among traitors. I accuse you here and now of giving secret information to the gringo soldiers, of betraying us, of causing the death of a comrade, of seeking to rescue the Senora without ransom. You have been false to the cause of the band. Men, what is to do next?"

From twenty throats came the answer: "The trial."

"And after the trial, what?"



"I must slip out when dusk settles,"

guards of the prisoner, eight in number. Vavara himself hatless, weaponless and swelling with importance, stood a little to one side.

There was to be no attorney or testimony for the defendant, though the law of the band permitted that he speak in his own behalf.

At a signal given by the oldest of the jury, the guard emerged from the jacal in which Weston was confined.

He walked among them, his hands bound behind him with raw-hide thongs. He, too, was hatless, his face pale from recent illness, but calm, and when assigned to his station, he looked at Vavara with a contemptuous smile.

The latter was not in any way affected by it. He felt at the moment that he was the central figure of the universe.

He placed his left hand upon his hip akimbo, faced the judges, waved his right hand widely and said:

"Behold the traitor!" This caused an audible sensation and some of the women exclaimed: "Valga me Dios!"

Being told by the judges to proceed, Vavara laid his complaint. Its substance has been already given. Weston, he said, had come to him in Laredo some three months before and offered to join the band, giving as his reason for it that he was tired of the dullness of his life and wanted excitement.

Ascertaining that he was totally a stranger to the frontier and liking his face and manner, he had accepted him. For some time thereafter the prisoner had done good work as a smuggler. There had been no cause to suspect him until the night of the intercepted cattle raid.



"Yes, that's the way of it." was stuck a glittering revolver with an ivory handle. He moved slowly and seemed in no hurry to expedite matters.

He took his breakfast leisurely, squatting upon the grass under a spreading pecan and keeping two of his attendants busy waiting upon him and trotting for fresh food.

Then four of the smugglers came bearing a tray upon which tables were placed. They entered the hut in which the prisoner was confined and closed the door after them.

Evidently he was not to be sent to his death hungry. It occurred to the girl, even in her agony, that she should spare no effort to delay the execution as much as possible, so, waiting until Vavara had finished, brushed the crumbs from his tight velvet trousers and rolled a cigarito,

she beckoned a passing woman and in broken dialect begged her to tell her overlord that the "Senora Glynn" wished to speak to him. He came at once, all politeness and attention. She stood in the doorway to prevent him entering and said:

"It is time, I think, Senior Vavara, that deception should cease. I am willing to say to you now that I am the Senora Glynn and I wish to ask whether you have as yet communicated with my husband and fixed my ransom."

ated with the Senor because of other matters which have claimed my time. The matter shall be attended to today. As for the ransom, \$10,000 would be a small price to pay for so great a beauty and so fond a spouse. Surely it is so, no?"

She waved the compliment aside and asked: "What is to be done with the Senor Weston?"

"The answer was savage and instant: 'The traitor is to be shot directly.' 'By whose hand?'"

"By mine."
"But surely you will listen to me. I, the Senora Glynn, tell you that the Senor Weston was shot by one of the Englishmen at the secret ford, was brought to the ranche almost in a dying condition, was nursed back to life and made his escape in the night time only a few days ago. The information of the raid was given by Juan Garza who was a ranche hand and was sent to you to enlist so that you might be betrayed. Garza is at Balcones."

Now, Vavara had had some misgivings during the night and the words of the woman whom he believed to be the ranche mistress convinced him, yet he was jealous of Weston and was moreover as obstinate as a pig, so he said:

"The Senora may trust me to know a traitor when I see one. The man has been tried and legally convicted and must die in a little while. Indeed, it is now time that he were put out of the way. I wish to spare the Senora's nerves and she will oblige me by going inside and shutting the door. No? Then I must call my men and use some slight force."

He had turned to beckon his followers when Lois, seeing that further argument was useless, closed the door and bolted it, standing in the dim light, secluded and trembling. With hands clasped and head bent, upon the verge of swooning yet kept up by her supreme courage, she listened for the charge of the cavaliers, or the single shot which should tell her that Weston was no more. She did not then believe that Jocosca had reached the ranche and the very air seemed tinged with blood.

Weston was brought from the hut, his arms bound behind him and walking in the midst of his guards. He was grave, and unconcerned. Save for one long look, behind which, he seemed to know instinctively, his sweetheart stood, he apparently took no note of anything. A more equable man never went to death. The party marched to a point on the far side of the little prairie and halted. One of the Mexican, at a sign from Vavara, produced a scarf and began to bind the condemned man's eyes, but Weston shook his head impatiently and the chief remarked shrilly: "Let it be! Let it be! I prefer that he should see me." The prisoner contemptuously stepped aside when one of the men stooped to bind his ankles.

"What are you afraid of?" he asked. "I shall not attempt to escape. I would not give you the pleasure of thinking that you frightened me."

The guard fell away from him at these words, leaving his arms still bound. Vavara advanced and took a position six feet in his front, holding a revolver loosely in his right hand. The little man's face was set in an expression of tigerish cruelty. He seemed literally to gloat over his victim. Indeed, as with bent knees he appeared to crouch, his resemblance to a predatory animal was so marked that it evoked wondering comment from some of the heavily breathing men. Like a tiger, too, he seemed disposed to play with his quarry.

"Are you ready, Senor Weston?" he asked, cocking the weapon and presenting it full at the broad chest.

"Quite ready." The dark grey eyes did not close, nor was there any blanch of cheek. Vavara smiled and lowered the weapon.

"I have to tell you first," he said. "that you are a traitor."

"You lie, you dog!" The retort was prompt and clearly delivered, but with no emotion. Vavara flushed and again raised the pistol.

"I kill you now for that," he said furiously, held the weapon level for a moment and lowered it. He let down the hammer, whirled the cylinder around and said:

"I like not the look of that cartridge. It would have missed fire and then the Senor Weston would have fainted."

No response. Indeed, the prisoner was looking steadily over his head, giving him no sort of attention whatever. This time, in raising the weapon, Vavara jammed it against Weston's breast with such force that he staggered slightly and once more the bandit permitted it to fall by his side. A mild glance of inquiry greeted him from the man he intended to murder, and there were murmurs of protest from the men behind him.

"You—you," he said, the avowal wrung from him in spite of himself, "you are a brave man."

"By God! I am a brave man."
The words were simply and quietly spoken without a trace of boasting. They were merely a statement of a fact. The leader of the contrabandistas stood stock still. Plainly he was baffled by his inability to inspire fear. As he stood irresolutely swinging his pistol to and fro and endeavoring to conjure up something sufficiently brutal and biting to cause emotion in the bound man before him, there was a crash in the underbrush not twenty feet away and slightly to his left. As he glanced up, startled but with no thought more definite than that some one of the loose horses had become frightened, Captain Harding and Allyn sprang out of the wall of mesquite and dashed between him and his prey.

Next instant the barrel of a pistol, strongly and scientifically swung, crashed down upon his heavy sombrero and he fell as if stricken with an axe. In another second, before one of the startled Mexicans had moved a

foot toward the aid of their leader, the space was filled by the horses and men of the Seminole troop. The smugglers, unarmed, were surrounded and stood quietly looking at their captors. Not an exclamation came from any one of them.

Harding leaped to the ground and united Weston's hands, saying with a laugh:

"We were in plenty of time, my bold friend. For five minutes we have been sitting on our horses looking at the comedy through the leaves. If these rascals had been less intent they must have heard us, though the horses of my men do not neigh or stamp. Permit me to echo the words of the large gentleman, lying there: You are a brave man, sir."

Weston bowed in acknowledgment, too dazed and weakened by the long strain to reply audibly. Allyn, led by Jocosca, who had sprung from her seat behind one of the troopers, dashed across the space and threw himself against the door of the large jacal, calling excitedly. It was open in an



"Look here, you rascals," he said. "It's all right, Lois," when her arms were about his neck and she was sobbing excitedly.

At a word from the officer, the Seminoles layed each of the butts and secured every weapon in sight. Vavara was picked up and taken to the creek, where one of the men threw water over him. He revived in a minute or two and sat up, feeling his head and looking about him with black eyes dulled by pain.

"Cristo!" he groaned. "Have I been thrown again?"

"No," one of the Seminoles grinned. "You just fell down an' 'b'ut yo' self."

Harding, talking busily to Weston was surprised and amazed by a flying figure which rushed past him and clung to the tall form of the man he had rescued. He was even more surprised when he saw it to be the dignified Miss English, her red hair all abroad, her face flushed, her cheeks wet with tears, in eminent danger of hysteria. He whistled softly and turned upon his heel to Allyn, who stood near, with the consciousness of duty well performed in him, but not seemingly profoundly happy.

"That's the way of it, is it?" said Harding, jerking his thumb backward over his shoulder.

"Yes, that's the way of it, old chap. It's a jolly nice mess, ain't it?"

"Well may I be—" "So may I!"

Arm in arm the lover strolled apart, deep in a thousand things to say. Little Jocosca, dead white, lay upon the grass, her liquid eyes following them to and fro. The dusty squat Captain of cavalry looked at them, then looked at his swart troopers who stood guarding the hooded smugglers, among whom was Vavara, his glory quenched under a dirty white handkerchief bound around his head.

"Look here, you rascals," said Harding suddenly. "Listen!"

Most of them understood English. Vavara came forward with a pitiful imitation of a smile of cordiality.

I would like to take you back to the other side of the river and put you in jail where you belong. Unfortunately I am prevented by law. I have no right on this ground. That is neither here nor there. The location of this camp will be reported to the Mexican authorities tomorrow. If you have any sense, which I doubt, you will make yourselves scarce. Your weapons will be confiscated by me. As for you, Vavara, if I lay my hands on you outside of Mexico you will not be tried or shot; you will be hanged to the nearest tree. Now, you can get us some breakfast and after that you can mizzle."

At 10 o'clock each trooper, except those detailed to guard duty, was loaded with full stomach on the bank of the stream. Harding sat crosslegged on the grass, the center of an admiring and profoundly grateful group. Lois had thanked him as only she could thank and had given him such a kiss that he remembered it for years. He vowed that he could ride a thousand miles for another one. He had accepted Weston's statement of his connection with the band like the frank soldier he was. Allyn was sprawled near the betrothed, smoking placidly. He said to Weston only:

"By Jove! If I thought I'd have any such luck I'd turn smuggler tomorrow, old chap." Jocosca, petted and made much of and with her faith in evil spirits diminished, sat holding the hem of the American girl's gown, never to leave her more. Harding said:

"You will understand, Mr. Weston, that, for a time at least, you can not return to the United States. What do you propose doing?"

"I shall go southward into Mexico. I have some money, my belt having been brought to me by one of your men just now. It was under Vavara's pillow. The road is broad and open. This band is scattered and no longer to be feared."

"That is so, And you?" he turned to Lois. She blushed, but laid her hand bravely on the hand of her lover: "I shall go with him—Jocosca and I shall leave a good part of my heart with you and Allyn, Captain, but I shall go."

"It is for you to decide. I trust you will be happy. With good horses—and there are plenty of them about—you should reach Piedras Negras, opposite Eagle Pass by nightfall. Meanwhile, when I return to the ranche I will see that your gowns, so dear to the soul of every woman, are sent to you there. You have the story of our ride. We have heard of your captivity. Is there anything else? Experience teaches me that partings should be short."

Lois hesitated. Then she said: "Mr. Maude is not with you, is he?"

Allyn laughed. "He is not," he replied, "nor is he at the ranche. Fact is, Lois, when you disappeared and we were all crazy about you, Maude was kind enough to say that you went willingly, and other pleasant things. Quex-Deveraux, a good little chap, did not wait to put on the gloves. When the rumpus was over Allyn suggested to Maude that things would be pleasant without him. So we bought him out and he started east. It all happened in an hour, I assure you."

Three strong horses were brought up. Two of them bore side saddles. Lois, Weston and Jocosca rose, the others with them. Not a word was spoken. Lois clasped the brown hand of Harding in both her own and tears were on her cheek. She looked long into the kindly eyes of Allyn. "I wish write," she whispered. The two girls were swung into their saddles. Weston shook hands with the men.

"I won't forget you," he said deeply moved. "You won't regret this, nor shall she. You will hear from me sometime."

A moment later they had disappeared, Jocosca leading. The close-packed trees closed behind them as a wall.

CHAPTER XVII.
By the Waves of the Mexican Gulf.

An hour after sunset that night a fat Mexican priest in the old town of Piedras Negras dispensed with all publication of banns and made John Britton Weston and Lois English man and wife. The Alcalde of the town, also fat and good humored, first read the civil contract and then gave the bride away in his capacity as father to all that part of the Republic. Jocosca cried happily and softly. Three days later they were far in the interior, borne on one of the rushing Central trains, tearing across abysmal gorges, whizzing through mountains, rolling over vast and fertile mesas, flying southward, ever southward.

They found, when they paused beyond the Mexican capital a country where every natural gift has been poured out with lavish hand—a country just waking to the demands of the modern and calling loudly for men—a country wherein pluck and skill and industry and honesty were at high premium. Weston was a man of force and of great natural aptitude. He was upborne, moreover, sustained and soothed by a wife fitted to him. With his modest capital he became a contractor on a railway then being driven through the granite heart of the land southwestward. His knowledge of the language and of the people aided him. With increased resources, he settled to coffee planting. Still in the first flush of his good fortune he had not known a moment of regret.

Upon a plateau which, from a height

of five hundred feet overlooks the waves of the Gulf, he built his home. Tall trees surround it and about it brilliant tropic flowers bloom—ever, alive the day long with birds not less gorgeous than themselves. Swept by the breezes of the sea that sing murmuringly through the foliage, it knows not extremes of heat or cold. It is far away that scarcely an echo of the world's turmoil reaches it, yet a mile distant, runs the railway he assisted to build and the morning paper is laid upon his table. If people knew of his single lapse from strict morality, they would be apt to say that fortune has been too good to him, for people in general distinctly lack charity and are possessed by the belief that fortune is too good to every one except themselves. It is plain that his wife does not think so, as she smiles at him across the snowy cloth, while the morning wind, soft as an infant's kiss, pours through the window. It is plain that Jocosca does not think so, glancing in now and then from a hammock swung on the balcony. Jocosca is busily endeavoring to absorb more of "the reading." With a laugh of enjoyment he reads from a letter, brought by the small Mexican boy on the small Mexican pony from the railway station just after daylight.

Balcones Rancho, Texas, U. S. A., March 20, 19—

My Dear Weston and My Dear Lois:—I sold a cow yesterday and, being



provided with means, I will be with you almost as soon as you get this. The ranche is here yet and is unchanged. You may have seen in the papers an account of Maude's death. He was killed in a gambling den in San Antonio three months back. His had been a hard life, poor devil, and I am not one to judge him. Vavara, captured not long ago by the Mexican authorities and being promptly tried, has returned as a convict to the army in which he was, I think, an officer. If ever you see him buy him a pair of shoes and a package of cigarillos for old sake's sake. The English are still endeavoring to make money playing polo. I am tired of this place. For why? We have a new governess from a place she calls Nook Yawk. She has said that she loves me as a sister. Bob Harding has been here three times within a fortnight and has had no mind to do anything, except spoon. I remember with wonder that there was a time when I liked sparring. Mr. Glynn is well and "Palomita" is much stronger. "Toddy," I regret to say, has returned to his evil courses and we looked for thirty-six hours recently before we found "Miggis" curled under a cactus with a rattle, also asleep, within a yard of him. This is all due to Harding and the new governess. From the time of your fitting until last night Mrs. Glynn has not mentioned your names. At dinner, however, she laid down her knife and fork, looked at each of us in turn and said deliberately: "It was a charmingly romantic affair, don't you know. I shall write a novel about it." We knew what she meant and Lascellas, who was always an ill-mannered pig, choked himself with bread to keep from shouting. Until I see you again!

Affectionately,
"ALLYN."
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A FAMOUS HIGHWAY.

The Cumberland Road, Which Was Projected by Henry Clay.

The most remarkable highway built in the United States early in the nineteenth century was the so called Cumberland road, which was to extend from Cumberland, Md., through southwestern Pennsylvania, over the Alleghany mountains to the Ohio at Wheeling, W. Va., and then on to St. Louis. It was so well constructed that it is a good road today. Henry Clay was its projector and chief supporter, and his services in its behalf are commemorated by a monument near Wheeling. We are told by letters written at that period that "there were sometimes twenty gayly painted four horse coaches each way daily. The cattle and sheep were never out of sight, and canvas covered wagons were drawn by six to twelve horses."

On this great road, which eventually passed into the hands of the states through which it runs, the government expended no less a sum than \$7,000,000. Within a mile of it on either side the country was a wilderness, but on the highway itself the traffic was as dense as in the main street of a large town. Ten miles an hour was the usual speed for coaches. From Baltimore to Wheeling ran lines of freight wagons, which carried ten tons, drawn by twelve horses and with wheels ten feet in diameter.—Pearson's Magazine.

Curious Migrations.

In Norway and Sweden a curious migration takes place, the irregular migration of the lemming. There is no telling where this strange animal will begin its march southward through Norway and Sweden in search of food. The interval between one migration and the next is seldom less than seven years or, as in one instance, more than seventeen years.

The lemming is a species of rodent and resembles in some ways our common water rat. Once started, these strange creatures press on in a straight line. There is no checking their march. If a wall or a house is in their way, they will try to climb it rather than go around it, and if they come to a stack of corn they will eat it and then go forward. The lemmings are good swimmers, and so they do not mind rivers and ponds, although they cannot keep afloat in rough water.

The migration comes to a fatal finish. Taking a direct course toward the southwest and southeast, the animals arrive after awhile at the seashore. Still they must press on, and the lemming migration ends for another seven years.

Too Familiar.

It was the 6 o'clock rush hour, and the Sixth avenue elevated station at One Hundred and Sixteenth street was packed with an impatient crowd trying to escape to their homes.

In the thick of it was a cloaked figure, apparently that of a plump little girl of eleven or twelve. She was having a hard struggle in the crush, and a big, good natured man behind her just put his hands on her shoulders to help her along.

"Sir!" piped a shrill but quite mature voice as she turned so violently that she created an eddy in the crowd and turned upon the big fellow a pair of snapping black eyes.

"Caesar's ghost! It's a woman!" he exclaimed as he made an opening for himself through the laughing throng and fled in pink faced dismay.—New York Mail and Express.

Shakespeare's Genius.

"An Old Baconian" asks—very foolishly—"Where is the trace of genius in the youth, manhood or old age of the man William Shakespeare?" And a correspondent of Public Opinion answers pertinently enough:

"The same question might be asked with much more reason and answered with much more certainty of the man Oliver Goldsmith. To all his acquaintances he seemed little better than a fool, and yet he was undoubtedly a genius. The proof of his genius is to be found—like Shakespeare's is—in his works."

Diplomats Without Missions.

"Well," said a senator who had been engaged in a sharp tilt with a colleague, as he met a senate employee, "do you think that I made a fool of myself?"

"Senator," was the reply, "if I said that you made a fool of yourself I would be disrespectful; if I said you did not, I would be saying what is not true."

All the diplomacy is not in the state department.—Washington Post.

France's Red Ribbon.

So freely has the ribbon of the Legion of Honor been distributed in France that it is no longer considered such an overwhelming honor to be presented with it.

A pertinent story is told of a Parisian who suddenly disappeared. The police on being appealed to for aid asked how he might be identified. "Oh," was the answer, "that's easy. He doesn't wear the ribbon of the Legion of Honor."

None Missing.

"Dear me!" exclaimed Mrs. Droptin as she heard Mr. Sputter in the next room. "What dreadful language!"

"I hope you won't mind it," replied Mrs. Sputter. "My husband is merely giving an imitation of a missing word contest without any words missing."—Columbus (O.) State Journal.

His Various Vocations.

One of the old time dummies on being asked how he was making out replied in this fashion:

"Well, suh, times is mighty tight wid me, but I manages ter make a livin' by doin' a little plowin', a little votin' en a little baptizin'!"—Atlanta Constitution.

ALABAMA HIGHWAYS

GROWING SENTIMENT IN FAVOR OF BETTER COUNTRY ROADS.

Relation of Good Roads to Public Schools—Accessibility a Factor in Education—A State Is Measured by Its Roads.

The counties of southern Alabama met in convention at Mobile recently and organized a good roads association, elected officers and adopted a series of resolutions demanding such legislation as will place the state in a position to plan and construct public roads in a more scientific manner than at present obtains.

The Hon. J. W. Abercrombie, superintendent of public instruction for the state of Alabama, discussed the subject of "Good Roads and their Relation to Country Schools." He spoke in part as follows:

"The enrollment in the white schools of Alabama is only 64 per cent of the school population. In the colored schools it is only 48 per cent. Deducting 25 per cent for withdrawals and irregularity in attendance, which is a very low estimate, we have a daily attendance in the white schools of 48 per cent of school population and in the colored schools a daily attendance of 36 per cent. In those states where the roads are good the average daily attendance is from 25 per cent to 35 per cent greater. It is reasonable to conclude then that something of a general interest is necessary.

"Though the interest be widespread and intense, the enrollment and attendance will be regulated greatly by the cost of going. For several years our common schools have been practically free. Now they are entirely free for at least four months in the year. Yet the attendance is not as large or as regular as it should be—not as large or as regular as it is in many other states. Hence we conclude that something besides general interest and free tuition is needed.

"Somebody may suggest that the great necessity is a competent teaching force. It is conceded, I believe, by those who are experienced in such matters that no school can be a success, in the fullest sense of the term, without a thoroughly qualified teacher, one in whom the people have faith. It was for that reason that the lawmaking power established recently a new system for the examination and certification of teachers, by which the qualifications of the teachers in the public schools have been increased more than 100 per cent. The board created for that purpose has labored faithfully and impartially and fearlessly to eliminate from the ranks of the educators those who are not qualified for the service. Great things have been accomplished in that direction. Our teachers are better fitted for efficient service than ever before. Yet the attendance upon the schools, the country schools especially, is too frequently small and irregular. Something is necessary other than general interest or free tuition or qualified teachers.

"A school may have all these things, may be perfectly equipped as to building, furnishings and trained teacher, and at the same time prove to be a failure on account of lack of accessibility. Accessibility depends upon the quality of the public roads. Our good public roads are on a par with our good schoolhouses. The one would be about as difficult to find as the other. What is the encouragement to erect good buildings along impassable highways? We do not build good residences even in such places. Business establishments and industrial enterprises do not flourish there. Inaccessibility and high civilization seldom accompany each other. Senator John T. Morgan spoke truly when, in a recent letter to Mr. L. L. Gilbert, secretary of the Montgomery Commercial and Industrial association, he said: 'Not only are good roads pleasant and ornamental features of a country, but they are the wisest and most economical bestowal of money and labor. Every civilized country is measured by its roads as much as it is by its industries in the estimate that men place upon its value.' It is possible to have good roads without good schools, but it is absolutely impossible to have the best of schools without good roads. As a rule, the efficiency of a country's common schools may be measured by the condition of its public roads."

President D. P. Bestor of the board of trustees of the Medical College of Alabama discussed good roads in their relation to the medical profession and the patient. He said the good roads movement had been making splendid progress. It must be remembered that it took nearly 100 years to get the central government interested in the question of rivers and harbors. Even Calhoun and King, who was an Alabamian, had been opposed to making these appropriations, and other great statesmen had been slow about taking up the question of internal improvements. But the good roads movement had met with a prompt public response, and there was much to be thankful for.

Coming down to the question of the physician's interest in good roads, he said during a recent visit to another state he was impressed by the fact that many of the physicians used bicycles. They could not do it in Alabama. In the state to which he referred the physicians only charge \$1 for a visit. An Alabama physician charges \$3. They had to do it, and the bad condition of the public roads was responsible for it. Better roads would mean that the physician, whose lot is a hard one at best, would endure fewer hardships and he would be able to reach the patient more quickly and would be able to do a better part by the patient.