

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 \$25,000.
Total \$125,000.
DEPOSITS RECEIVED. MONEY LOANED.
General Banking.
Your business solicited, every facility for the transaction
of business.

The Star.

"'TIS NEITHER BIRTH, NOR WEALTH, NOR STAFF, 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, JAN 23, 1902.

NO. 8.

NOW IS YOUR TIME! TO BUY YOUR GOODS CHEAP.

In Invoicing we find we are heavily overstocked with goods that you are needing now, we have not time now to make a list of goods with prices, but will furnish one later. In Men's Overcoats, Suits and Underware we will make prices to sell the goods.

B. L. BOYDSTUN,

Doctors and Editors.

The doctor from Algona said that newspapers are run for revenue only. What in the thunder do doctors run for anyhow? Do they run for glory? One good healthy doctor's bill would run this office six months. An editor works half a day for three dollars with an investment of \$3,000; a doctor looks wise and works ten minutes for \$2, with an investment of three cents for catnip and a pillbox that cost \$1.37. A doctor goes to college two or three years, gets a diploma and a string of words the devil himself cannot pronounce, cultivates a look of gravity that he pawns off for wisdom, gets a box of pills, a broncho and a meat saw, and sticks out his shingle a full-fledged doctor. He will then doctor you until you die, at a stipulated price per visit, and puts them in as thick as your pocket book will permit. An editor never gets his education finished; he learns as long as he lives, and studies all his life. He eats bran mush and liver, he takes his pay in hay and turnips, and keeps the doctor in town by refraining from printing the truth about him. We would like to live in Algona and run a paper six months and see if the doctor would change his mind about our running a newspaper for revenue only. If we didn't get glory out of it we would take one of his pills after saying our prayers. If the editor makes a mistake he has to apologize for it, but if the doctor makes a mistake he buries it. If we make one there is a law suit, tall swearing and a smell of sulphur, but if the doctor makes one there is a funeral, cut flowers and a smell of varnish. The doctor can use a word a foot long, but if the editor uses it he has to spell it. If the doctor goes to see another man's wife he will charge the man for the visit. If the editor calls on another man's wife he gets a charge of buckshot. Any medical college can make a doctor. You can't make an editor. He has to be born one. When a doctor gets drunk, it is a case of "overcome by the heat," and if he dies it is heart failure. When an editor gets drunk it is too much booze, and if he dies it is a case of delirium tremens.

The editor works to keep from starving, while the doctor works to ward off

the gout. The editor helps men to live better, and the doctor assists them to die easy. The doctor pulls a sick man's leg, the editor is glad if he can collect his bills at all. Revenue only? We are only living for fun and to spite the doctors.—Iowa Medical Journal.

A BEAUTIFUL DECORATION.

IN HONOR OF A LOVELY CHILD.

From copies, recently received, of the Texas juvenile journal "Golden Sunbeams" and the "Dallas Daily Times-Herald," respectively, we clip the following which will be pleasant reading to the friends in this county of both Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Johnson who are well known here.

"One of the prettiest Christmas decorations in the city of Dallas during the Christmas-tide, just passed, was in the handsome home of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Johnson on McKinney avenue, for the pleasure of their lovely infant daughter Margie Marian who has been a little invalid for sometime.

Over the snowy bed of the little one a beautiful bisque angel was suspended among shining holly, mistletoe and Christmas bells of violet, cream and gilt; at its foot, from a handsome white, wicker table laden with gifts, rose a lovely Christmas tree with its glistening frosting, pretty, multi-colored ornaments and gifts many and dainty received by this little one from friends. At the fire-side under a violet offering hung her dainty Christmas stocking from which peeped a little lamb, and was futher filed with a set of tiny gold spoons ornamented with gold filigree scrolls, violets, roses, and lilies a gift from mamma; down further still lay a purple velvet case containing a little gold band ring and a little diamond ring from papa, together with some rare coins kept by him from his childhood; then the little stocking disclosed a white velvet case containing a lovely little gold ring set with rubies, the gift of her physician.

At six o'clock Christmas morning soft music from an exquisite, little music box awakened her, and her little eyes rested with baby wonder upon her first Christmas tree glowing with mellow light shed by rose colored tapers, and her smiles attested her

pleasure to her fond parents and a few near friends who viewed the pretty scene.

Celebrating little Margie Marian's first birthday and the New Year several friends gathered at her home and partook of her first birthday cake, while she was presented with a silver dish of ferns and white Roman hyacinths, but her crowning gift, from her papa and mamma was a little bible bound in white and gold, with the quotation: "Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven," and "Consider the lillies of the field, they toil not, neither do they spin, yet I say unto you that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."—Golden Sunbeams.

"Among the beautifully decorated homes during Christmas-tide was that of Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Johnson on McKinney avenue, who entertained during the week for their little daughter Margie Marian, who received many costly and beautiful gifts from her parents and friends both on Christmas and New Year."—Dallas Times Herald.

Little Margie Marian also received three little serenades from serenading parties during the holidays, as none know her but to love her.

Jno. W. Woods represents the old reliable "Hartford" Fire Ins. Co. Total assets over \$12,000,000. Has paid \$73,000,000. in losses and has the largest net premium income of any Company in the World doing exclusively a Fire Ins. Business. Charter perfected. 71f

John Trent represents the Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Co.

A Pastors Farewell.

A country minister took leave of his congregation in the following way: Brothers and Sisters, I come to say good-bye. I don't think you love me, because you have not paid my salary. Your donations are moldy fruit and wormy apples; ana the scripture saith, "By their fruits shall ye know them. Brother, I am going away to a better place—to be Chaplain of a penitentiary I go to prepare a place for you, and may the Lord have mercy on your souls. Good-bye.—The Companion, Columbus, O.

A Son's Tribute.

Week after week, for fourteen years, in my capacity as a newspaper writer, I have chronicled the departure from among us of relatives and friends, some near and dear, but the task now before me is the saddest that has ever fallen to my lot. As memory carries me back over the years that have past the hands falter and the eyes grow dim with tears. The best friend I ever had is gone. The mother who guided my youthful footsteps in the path of right, who prayed by my bedside and whose affections were bestowed with a lavish hand, lies in the silent city of the dead. The motherly breast, whereupon I was wont to sob away my youthful cares throbs no more with life, and the tender hands that have so often wiped away my tears and soothed my troubled brow are now cold and still. The gentle voice, which has dispelled many clouds and brought sunshine to my soul is forever stilled. Dear old mother is gone, gone.—John P. Stafford, editor Springdale News.

CHARACTER.

Character, like a plant, buds, blossoms, and brings fourth fruit. Reputation exists only by the props that hold it up to the public gaze, while character is its own support: stands alone amid the storms of adversity and shines with increasing splendor against the background of misfortune. Character is the growth of a life-time and will survive the wreck of fortune and decay of time. It will protect you from the winter's blast and the scorching rays of the meridian sun, it will sustain you in position when at best, reputation can only give. Build it within you and weave it about you as a garment. It will shine with increasing lustre the longer it is worn.—Selected.

JNO. W. WOOD,
Atty-at-Law and
Notary Public
Special attention to Abstracting and Perfecting Land Titles.
GENERAL INSURANCE AG'T.
Fire Life and Tornado.
Country Property and Gins Insured. Office 2nd story Court House.

WE THANK YOU ONE AND ALL.

FOR THE LIBERAL PATRONAGE

Extended us during the year just ended. We hope to merit a continuance of the same during 1902 and will endeavor to keep a first class stock of

Drugs, Medicines, Paints

OILS, WALL PAPER, JEWELRY.

We are expecting our first shipment of 1902 Wall Paper to reach us this month. Come and see us for new designs in Wall Paper.

If You Owe Us Please Settle—We Need It.

POWELL & POWELL
DRUGGISTS.

J. J. WELCH. J. W. SEAY.
TWO JIMS PALACE,
WELCH & SEAY Proprietors.
The Finest
Whiskies, Alcohols, Wines, Cigars.
ALWAYS ON HAND.
Sacramental Wine Always kept in Stock. Ice Cold Beer 5cts. a Glass.
Baird, Texas.

NOTICE.
The time for paying the past year's account is now at hand, and all who know themselves indebted to me will please come forward and settle at once. I have many heavy accounts to meet and must have the money to pay them. T. E. POWELL. 1-14

Go to Wilson & Oliver for fresh salt hams, pure leaf lard, soap grease and head cheese. We also buy hides and furs. 52-1f

FRESH BREAD.—Will have Rye Graham, Vienna, Cream and Plain bread every day. GEO. S. HANNON. 38

NO MORE LENIENCY.

Stern Tactics to Be Inaugurated Against the Filipinos.

BELL'S ORDER PLAIN.

He Says He Has Tried For Two Years to Pacify Batangas Peacefully but From Now on the Rigors of War Will Prevail.

Washington, Jan. 21.—Having failed, after two years' strife, in subduing the insurrection in Batangas province, which lies south of Manila, and having satisfied himself that lenient treatment of the insurgents is productive of no good results, Gen. J. Franklin Bell, military commander in that province, has determined on the enforcement of war in the most vigorous and determined fashion, involving reconcentration in modified form, application of martial law in all directions and unsparing pursuit and punishment of natives who act as spies and traitors to the United States.

The reconcentration order is dated at Batangas, Dec. 8 last. It provides for the establishment of zones around garrisons into which friendly inhabitants are to be required to come under the penalty of confiscation and destruction of their property. This is said to be necessary to prevent the collection of forced contributions from inhabitants by insurgents. Military officers are allowed to fix the price of the necessaries of life, and it is promised that people may return as soon as peaceful conditions are established.

This order is followed by a long circular by General Bell to his station commanders. It begins with the statement that he shares in the general conviction that insurrection continued because the greater part of the people, especially wealthier ones, do not really want peace, but the greatest good to the greatest number he says, can be brought about by putting a prompt end to the insurrection. Therefore, he directs the application of the general order No. 100 in force during the civil war in the United States, which practically regards an insurgent as guerrilla and outside the pale of civilized warfare, and subject to death penalty wherever such insurgent does not engage continuously in war and observe all rules of war. It is provided that there shall be no executions without the approval of superior officers.

It is pointed out there is no just cause for exceptional caution or apprehension in attacking insurgent bodies wherever found, as excessive caution will do the army incalculable harm. The best defense against insurgents, he says, is to assume vigorous offense; to retire in presence of the enemy is hazardous and discouraging. Special injunction is laid on commanders to hunt down through loyal spies secret sympathizers with and contributors to the rebellion, many of whom could be found among the municipal officers.

Deaths in the Army.
London, Jan. 17.—Owing to grave differences with the executive of the Salvation Army, Gen. Booth's son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Booth-Clibborn, have resigned from the army. It is understood that the teaching of John Alexander Dowrie is regarded by them with much sympathy.

Must Have Separate Schools.
Guthrie, O. T., Jan. 17.—Chief Justice Bunker issued an order that if there be any one colored child of school age in a school district, the authorities must provide a separate school house and teacher. This order takes in the entire territory.

Will Visit Several Cities.
Berlin, Jan. 21.—Admiral Prince Henry of Prussia, while in the United States will visit Chicago, Milwaukee, Niagara Falls and Boston. This program was submitted to Emperor William and Prince Henry and has been approved by them.

Parole After Six Years.
Paris, Tex., Jan. 21.—John Bates, charged with the murder of Joe Means, a transient cotton picker, near Paclo, Delta county, a year ago, was convicted of manslaughter at Cooper and given six years in the penitentiary.

Died of His Illness.
Marlin, Tex., Jan. 18.—John Jones, aged 22, died here from the effects of injuries received at the Marlin oil mill. While oiling the rollers his right arm became fastened in the cogs and was mashed from his body.

Violinist and Actor Dead.
New York, Jan. 21.—Joseph Burke, the violinist and actor, who achieved prominence as the accompanist to Jenny Lind on her tour in 1859-61, died here in his 86th year.

Chief Justice Dead.
Victoria, B. C., Jan. 17.—Chief Justice McCall died here Thursday night during a convulsion. He had been suffering for some time with Bright's disease.

Dies of Burns.
Sulphur Springs, Tex., Jan. 20.—Nathan Connolly, who was burned while celebrating with fireworks Christmas night, died Sunday.

Child Burned to Death.
Burkville, Tex., Jan. 20.—Allitha, the 3-year-old daughter of Prof. H. P. Webb, who was burned Thursday morning, died.

WASHINGTON NEWS.

House Takes up Urgency Deficiency Bill and Lively Debate Follows.

Washington, Jan. 21.—The time of the house was occupied Monday in general debate on the urgent deficiency bill. An item in the bill carrying \$500,000 for a military post at Manila precipitated a long debate, in which some of the ablest debators on both sides of the house took part. A semi-humorous speech by Mr. Clark of Missouri elicited a reply from Mr. Cannon of Illinois, which in turn drew the fire of Mr. DeArmond of Missouri. Others who participated were Mr. Richardson of Tennessee, Mr. Grosvenor of Ohio, Mr. Alexander of New York, Mr. Grow of Pennsylvania, Mr. Williams of Illinois and Mr. Underwood of Alabama.

Concerning the item of \$220,000 for rural free delivery service, Mr. Cannon explained that it was not a deficiency appropriation properly speaking, but one to provide for 1800 additional routes before the expiration of the fiscal year.

When pressed for an explanation as to the reason for the proposed appropriation of \$40,000 for the emergency fund for the state department, Mr. Cannon admitted that it was for the entertainment of Prince Henry of Germany.

This caused considerable debate and took wide range.

The debate on the Philippine tariff bill began in the senate Monday. On behalf of the majority of the committee on Philippines, Chairman Lodge Monday reported the measure. Mr. Rawlins of Utah, acting for the minority of the committee, offered a substitute for the bill of the majority and announced that he would speak to it.

During the greater part of the session the measure providing for the establishment of a department of commerce was under consideration.

An effort was made by Mr. Nelson of Minnesota to secure a vote, but the opposition to many of its provisions became so strong that the effort had to be abandoned.

A house bill conferring upon Mrs. Ida S. McKinley, widow of the late President McKinley, the mail franking privilege was called up by Mr. Mason, chairman of the committee on post offices and post roads, and passed.

Mr. Cullom of Illinois introduced a bill to prevent the transportation of deleterious food and drinks and to provide for the appointment of a dairy and food commission.

The Democratic members of the commerce committee were given permission to file a minority report on the shipping bill.

Favor the Panama Route.
Washington, Jan. 20.—The president today transmitted congress supplemental report of the isthmian canal commission on the proposition of the Panama Canal company to sell their property to the United States government for \$40,000,000. The commission unanimously reports that after considering the changed conditions now existing, and all facts and circumstances upon which its present judgment must be based, the commission is of the opinion that the most practicable and feasible route for an isthmian canal to be under the control, management and ownership of the United States, is that known as the Panama canal route. The report is signed by all the members of the commission. It is accompanied by a letter of transmittal from the president to congress.

Pension for Mrs. McKinley.
Washington, Jan. 21.—The senate committee on pensions has ordered a favorable report on the bill to grant a pension of \$5000 a year to Mrs. Ida S. McKinley, widow of late President McKinley.

Presidential Appointments.
Washington, Jan. 21.—The president has sent the following nominations to the senate:
Collector, district of Saluria, Tex., Robert W. Dove.
Registers of land offices, Albert R. Mueller at Alva, Ok.; Emery D. Brownlee at Kingfisher, Ok., and Frank D. Neal at Woodward, Ok.
Receiver of public moneys, J. V. Admire at Kingfisher, Ok.
Postmasters: Albert Bondurant, at St. Joseph, La.; Frank C. Labit, at Crowley, La.; and William D. Jeffrey, at Clarendon, Ark.

Wrong Man Killed.
Shawnee, O. T., Jan. 21.—B. B. Hunt of Huntsville, Mo., was shot and killed here by John Seville, who mistook him for an enemy. He went to Seville's home and demanded admittance. Seville had experienced trouble Saturday with other persons, and supposing that they had returned to open the quarrel, refused to admit him, and shot through the closed door. Hunt dropped dead on the steps.

Fall Breaks His Neck.
Guthrie, O. T., Jan. 21.—Tom Kelly, the well known farmer who lived several miles northeast of Norman, was thrown from his buggy while on his way home from town Saturday night and killed. His neck was broken. He was driving a spirited horse, which became frightened at something and bolted with him, overturning the buggy.

Indians Want No Fences.
Muskoogee, I. T., Jan. 21.—News has been received at the office of the United States Indian agent at this place that the Snake Indians, who live southwest of Checotah, have been giving citizens in that neighborhood trouble about fencing their allotments. They are headed by Abe Grayson, and are ordering citizens to stop fencing.

MEMORIAL SERVICES.

Next Sunday McKinley Services Will Be Held in Many States.

Cleveland, O., Jan. 21.—The request by Governor George K. Nash of Ohio to the governors of all the states and territories to join with him in asking the people to properly observe the fifty-ninth anniversary of the birth of William McKinley has met with immediate and hearty response. Nearly every governor has either issued a proclamation or semi-officially requested that there shall be memorial services on the Sunday preceding—January 24—in all the churches, that contributions be there received, and that all people testify by their voluntary offerings their love and devotion to the dead president. In many states public schools will hold special exercises and give to the fund.

In any community where there is no local auxiliary of the McKinley National Memorial association contributions may be sent to the treasurer Myron T. Herrick, Cleveland, Ohio. The funds will be applied to the erection of a fitting memorial tomb to William McKinley, over his last resting place at Canton, Ohio.

NEW FREIGHT TARIFF.

Texas Railroad Commission Makes a Cut of Twenty Per Cent.

Austin, Tex., Jan. 18.—The railroad commission has announced its decision of the establishment of a new general tariff of freight rates in the state. Commissioners Storey and Mayfield agreed that where there is now effective and special or commodity rates lower than the new rates adopted they should not be repealed but will remain in full force and effective. Chairman Reagan dissented from the conclusions of the majority of the commission, being of the opinion that the reduction should not be quite so sweeping in its scope.

The reduction is about 20 per cent. on the present tariff. The new tariff becomes effective 20 days after date.

Withers Give Bond.

Kansas City, Jan. 18.—J. P. Withers, the Beaumont, Tex., bank president who was arrested last Saturday for alleged violations of the national banking laws, has given bond for \$500 for his appearance before United States Commissioner Nuckols next Saturday. Withers has been unwilling heretofore to give bond because he feared arrest from the Texas authorities. An understanding was reached and the banker will not be subjected to further arrest until the federal commissioner passes on his case.

Found Dead in Bed.

Alvin, Tex., Jan. 20.—A man who gave his name as Wat W. Berryhill came to the Wirtz hotel on the evening of Jan. 15 and engaged a dishwasher. Friday morning he was found dead in his bed. No evidence of any poison could be found and the doctor pronounced it a case of heart failure. He claimed to be a native of Missouri. He said he came south for his health and worked in a hotel at Ladonia, coming from there here.

San-garfest Dates Changed.

Houston, Tex., Jan. 17.—There was an important meeting here of the state Saengerfest committee at Turner hall. On a telegraphic request of President C. C. Slaughter of Dallas, president of the Texas Reunion association, the fest committee changed the date of the Saengerfest from April 21, 22 and 23 to May 5, 6 and 7 to avoid conflict of dates. The request was cheerfully complied with.

Gambled Rent Money Away.

Oklahoma City, O. T., Jan. 20.—Robert McKee, aged 45 years and a carpenter by trade, died here from the effects of a dose of morphine taken with suicidal intent. The dose of \$20 at a gambling table, which he should have paid for house rent, was responsible for his act.

Mark Lane Suffocated.

Corsicana, Tex., Jan. 20.—The building occupied by Silton's grocery store, on North Beaton street, caught fire early Friday morning and Mark Lane was suffocated by the smoke which filled the second floor. The fire was caused by the explosion of a lamp.

Dr. Curry Special Representative.

Washington, Jan. 17.—Dr. J. L. M. Curry has been appointed special envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary to represent the president at the coming age of the king of Spain. Dr. Curry is a native of Virginia and was formerly minister to Spain.

Run Over by a Wagon.

Memphis, Tex., Jan. 20.—J. E. Randall was instantly killed four miles northeast of here. A wagon, which was heavily loaded with cottonseed, broke in two, throwing him under the wheels, crushing his skull and breaking his neck.

Section Hand Killed.

Bryan, Tex., Jan. 18.—Frank G. Daner, about 25 years old, originally from Baltimore and employed as a section hand on the Houston and Texas Central railway, was killed by southbound passenger train No. 4 at Benchley.

Filipino Surrender.

Washington, Jan. 20.—The war department is advised of the surrender of 365 insurgents to Brigadier General James F. Wade at Cebu, P. I., Jan. 14. On Jan. 15 they took the oath at Tagibaran Bohol.

Brakeman Killed.

Waco, Tex., Jan. 18.—Charles Washington, brakeman on the Katy, was killed near Temple. He fell from the top of a car to the track and the train ran over him, severing his body in the middle.

A GOOD RECOMMENDATION.

"I have noticed that the sale on Chamberlain's Stomach & Liver Tablets is almost invariable to those who have used them," says Mr. J. H. Weber a prominent druggist of Cascade, Iowa. "What better recommendation could any medicine have than for people to call for it when again in need of such a remedy? Try them when you feel dull after eating, when you have a bad taste in your mouth, feel bilious, have no appetite or when troubled with constipation, and yet are certain to be delighted with the prompt relief which they afford. For sale by R. Phillips Baird, and Y. A. Orr Putnam."

Clothing! Clothing! Clothing!

Cheapest and prettiest line ever seen in Baird. T. E. Powell. 1-41

"Some time ago my daughter caught a severe cold. She complained of pains in her chest and had a bad cough. I gave her Chamberlain's Cough Remedy according to directions and in two days she was well and able to go to school. I have used this remedy in my family for the past seven years and have never known it to fail," says James Prendergast, merchant, Anabato Bay, Jamaica, West India Islands. "The pains in the chest indicated an approaching attack of pneumonia, which in this instance was undoubtedly ward off by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It counteracts any tendency of a cold toward pneumonia. Sold by R. Phillips Baird, and Y. A. Orr, Putnam. Jan 1-40

A Cure For Lumbago.

W. C. Williamson, of Amherst, Va. says: "For more than a year I suffered from lumbago. I finally tried Chamberlain's Pain Balm and it gave me entire relief, which all remedies had failed to do." Sold by R. Phillips Baird, and Y. A. Orr, Putnam. Jan 1-40

A Profitable Investment.

"I was troubled for about seven years with my stomach and in bed half my time," says E. Demick, Somerville, Ind. "I spent about \$1,000 and never could get anything to help me until I tried Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. I have taken a few bottles and am entirely well." You don't live by what you eat, but by what you digest and assimilate. If your stomach doesn't digest your food you are really starving. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure does the stomach's work by digesting the food. You don't have to diet. Eat all you want. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure cures all stomach troubles. Powell & Powell. Jan 1-40

Children Especially Liable.

Burns, bruises and cuts are extremely painful and if neglected often result in blood poisoning. Children are especially liable to such mishaps because not so careful. As a remedy De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve is unequaled. Draws out the fire, stops the pain, soon heals the wound. Beware of counterfeits. Sure cure for piles. "De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve cured my baby of eczema after two physicians gave her up," writes James Mock, N. Webster, Ind. "The sores were so bad she could take two to five dressings a day." Powell & Powell. Jan 1-40

For nice visiting cards go THE STAR office.

Don't Live Together.

Constipation and health never go together. De Witt's Little Early Risers promote easy action on the bowels without distress. "I have been troubled with constipation nine years," says J. O. Greene, Depauw, Ind. "I have tried many remedies, but Little Early Risers give best results." Powell & Powell. Jan 1-40

The worst after effects of influenza arise from deranged functions of the liver. Clear the blood at once with HERBINE, for it will strengthen the liver to withdraw from circulation the bilious poisons. Price 50 cents. For sale by R. Phillips

Child Worth Million.

"My child is worth millions to me," says Mrs. Mary Bird of Harrisburg, Pa. "yet I would have lost her by eroup had I not purchased a bottle of One Minute Cough Cure." One Minute Cough Cure is a sure cure for coughs, eroup and throat and lung troubles. The youngest child can take it with entire safety. The little ones like the taste and remember how often it helped them. Every family should have a bottle of One Minute Cough Cure handy. At this season especially it may be needed suddenly. Powell & Powell. Jan 1-40

NOTICE.

I desire to thank all those who so liberally patronized me during the past year and to express the hope that I may merit a continuance of the same this year.

To those indebted to me please come up and settle accounts. I have favored you in the past and will now appreciate it if you will favor me by prompt settlement. R. Phillips 541

Land it Pays To Buy.

In Callahan County, (North Central) Texas, on T. & P. Ry. 140 miles West of Ft. Worth. STOCK WATER plentiful and guaranteed absolutely permanent.

A 1120 ACRE STOCK FARM.

A 1120 acre Stock Farm at Vigo Switch, on railroad. Three good farms on it, over 200 acres in cultivation. Everlasting water. Splendid location for General Store, also for handling good cattle or horses. Price \$6.50 per acre, will cut and sell any part of it.

NOTICE—One acre at Vigo sold for \$50 cash lately, for a building site. If a neat dwelling and a store house, painted and all to cost \$1120 (\$1 per acre) were built, the entire tract ought to sell at 10 to \$20, average \$15, double cost. 2000 acres more adjoining lands can be bought reasonably if needed for colony.

\$150 CASH—I will pay \$150 Cash Commission for a buyer for the above 1120 acres, or \$100 if 640 acres is sold.

STOCK FARMS.

Others of 640 to 2000 acres, well improved and well watered, at \$6.50 per acre.

FARMS.

I have several nice Grain and Cotton Farms of 80, 100, 160 and 320 acres each at \$7.50 to \$15.00 per acre.

PASTURES.

A small pasture near Baird, 122 acres fenced and watered. All mesquite land, half of it tillable. Very cheap at \$6.50 per acre. Larger Pastures at \$5.50 per acre.

HORSES & MULES.

Grain Fed Horses, Mules and Mares in good shape, for sale cheap. Any number from one head to a car load.

CITY PROPERTY.

Several nice residence properties in Baird, at \$350 to \$1600, half cash, balance 5 years time. Also business lots the same way. The best unimproved business lot and location for \$475.

ABSTRACTS OF TITLES.

I can furnish an Abstract of any title in Callahan County neatly typewritten, so that you can read it, and understand it readily.

A. G. WEBB,

Baird, Callahan County, Texas.

BEECH'S SALOON.

—DE LS IN—

Fine Whiskies, Wines, Cigars,

AND ICE COLD BEER AT 5CTS. A GLASS.

Only the best brands of everything in stock. 2nd door north of Sigal Hotel. Baird, Texas.

Billiard and Pool Room First Door South

R. B. Spencer & Co.,

LUMBER DEALERS.

We carry a first-class stock of Lumber, Shingles, Doors, Sash Cement, Posts, Etc. and can fill all orders promptly.

Successors to S. M. MOON & CO. Baird, Texas.

Staple and Fancy

GROCERIES.



A. W. McFarlane,
CROCERS.
Phone 27.
50 Queen of Panty Flour.

SIX OF THE BEST IN AMERICA.

Others as Good, but None BETTER.

Scottish Union and National, Organized	1824
Orient of Hartford,	1807
Pennsylvania Fire,	1807
Fire Association of Phila.	1825
New Hampshire Fire,	1817
Philadelphia Underwriters, composed of Insurance Co. of North America	1870
and Fire Association of Philadelphia, organized	1792 & 1817

All of the above Companies settle on demand. I ask for a share of your insurance, offering you choice from Six of the best Co's. in the WORLD. Let me quote you rates, I know I can please you.

JOHN TRENT, Agent.

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CASE 113

M. de Clameran
Little Gaboriau

CHAPTER I.

IN the Paris evening papers of Tuesday, Feb. 28, 1896, the following announcement appeared:

"A great robbery, committed against one of our most honorable bankers, M. Andre Fauvel, caused intense excitement this morning throughout the neighborhood of the Rue de Provence. The robbers with extraordinary skill and boldness succeeded in making an entrance to the office, in forcing the lock of a safe that has heretofore been considered impregnable and in getting away with the enormous sum of 350,000 francs in bank notes. The police, of the clerks, 'who never lets anything disturb him. The chief has quarreled with him twenty times for being tardy, and his remonstrances have no effect upon him whatever.'"

"And with reason—he knows he can get anything he wants out of the chief. Besides, how could he come any sooner? He sits up all night and leads a fast life. Have you noticed how pale he looks this morning?"

The cashroom door opened, and the cashier appeared before them with tottering step.

"Robbed?" he gasped out. "I have been robbed?"

Prosper's expression, his hollow voice and trembling limbs betrayed such fearful suffering that the clerks got up from their desks and ran toward him. He almost dropped into their arms. He was sick and faint and fell into a chair.

His companions surrounded him and begged him to explain himself.

"Robbed?" they said. "Where? How? By whom?"

Gradually Prosper recovered himself. "All I had in the safe."

"All?"

"Yes, all—three packages, each containing 100 notes of a thousand francs, and one package of 50,000. The four packages were wrapped in a sheet of paper and tied together."

With the rapidity of lightning the news of the robbery spread throughout the bank. The curious clerks rushed in.

"Did you find the safe broken open?" said young Cavillon.

"No; it is untouched."

"Well?"

"Yesterday I put 250,000 francs in the safe, and this morning it is gone."

A messenger had already informed M. Fauvel of the disaster, and at this moment he entered the room. M. Andre Fauvel appeared to be a man of fifty, inclined to corpulence, of medium height, with iron gray hair, and, like all hard workers, he had a slight stoop. Never did he by a single action belie the kindly expression of his face. He had an open countenance and a lively, frank eye.

"What's this I hear?" he said to the clerks, who stood before him respectfully. "What's happened?"

The sound of M. Fauvel's voice inspired the cashier with the energy of a great crisis. The dreaded and decisive moment had come. He arose and advanced toward his chief.

"Monsieur," he began, "having, as you know, a payment to make this morning, I yesterday drew from the Bank of France 350,000 francs."

"Why yesterday, monsieur?" interrupted the banker. "It seems to me that I have a hundred times ordered you to wait until the day of the payment."

"I know, monsieur, and I did wrong to disobey you. But the evil is done. Yesterday evening I locked up the funds. They have disappeared, and yet the safe has not been forced."

"You are crazy," exclaimed M. Fauvel, "or you are dreaming?"

"I am not crazy, neither, unfortunately, am I dreaming. I am simply saying what is true."

The calmness at such a moment appeared to exasperate M. Fauvel. He seized Prosper by the arm and shook him roughly.

"Speak!" he cried out. "Speak! Who do you say opened the safe? Answer me!"

"I cannot say."

"No one but you and I knew the secret word. No one but you and I had keys."

This was a formal accusation. At least, all the auditors present so understood it. Yet the cashier's strange calmness did not leave him. He gently released himself from the chief's grasp and said:

"In fact, monsieur, I am the only one who could have taken this money."

"Unhappy man!"

Prosper drew himself up, and, looking M. Fauvel full in the face, added:

"Or you?"

The banker made a threatening gesture, and there is no knowing what would have happened if they had not been interrupted by loud and angry voices in the entry. A man insisted upon entering in spite of the protestations of the employees and succeeded in forcing his way in. It was M. de Clameran. The clerks stood looking on, bewildered, motionless, in profound silence. It was easy to see that some terrible question—a question of life or death—was being weighed by all these men. The iron founder did not appear to observe anything unusual. He

advanced, his hat on his head, and said in the same impertinent tone:

"It is after 10 o'clock, gentlemen."

No one answered, and M. de Clameran was about to continue when he for the first time saw the banker. He went straight to him.

"Well, monsieur," he said, "I congratulate myself upon finding you in at last. I have been here once before this morning and found the cashroom not opened, the cashier not arrived; you were absent."

"You are mistaken, monsieur; I was in my office."

"I return, and this time not only the cashroom is closed, but I am refused immediately informed of the robbery, displayed their accustomed zeal, and their investigations have been crowned with success. Already, it is said, one P. B., a clerk in the bank, has been arrested, and there is every reason to hope that his accomplices will be soon overtaken by the hand of justice."

But this time the newspapers were inaccurate in their information. The sum of 350,000 francs certainly had been stolen from M. Andre Fauvel's bank, but not in the manner described. The following are the facts as they were related with scrupulous exactness at the preliminary examination:

The banking house of Andre Fauvel, 87 Rue de Provence, is an important establishment and, owing to its large force of clerks, presents very much the appearance of a government department. On the ground floor are the offices, with windows on the street, protected by strong iron bars, sufficiently large and close together to discourage all burglarious attempts. M. Fauvel's private office is on the first floor over the offices and leads into his private apartments. This private office communicates directly with the bank by means of a narrow staircase, which opens into the room occupied by the head cashier. This room, which in the bank goes by the name of the 'cashier's office,' is proof against all attacks, no matter how skillfully planned. Fastened in the wall by enormous iron clamps is a safe, a formidable and fantastic piece of furniture, calculated to fill with envy the poor devil who easily carries his fortune in a pocketbook.

The safe is opened by a curious little key. But this is the least important part of the mechanism. Five movable steel buttons, upon which are engraved all the letters of the alphabet, constitute the real power of this ingenious piece of furniture. Before inserting the key into the lock the letters on the buttons must be in the exact position in which they were placed when the safe was locked. In M. Fauvel's bank, as everywhere, the safe was always closed with a word which was changed from time to time. This word was known only to the head of the bank and the cashier. They each had also a key. There was but one danger—that of forgetting the word which was indispensable.

On the morning of the 28th of February the employees were all busy at their various desks about half past 9 o'clock when a middle aged man of very dark complexion and military bearing, in deep mourning, presented himself in the office adjoining the safe, where he found five or six employees. He asked to see the cashier. He was told that the cashier had not yet arrived and that the cashroom was not opened till 10 o'clock, a notice of which was posted in the entry.

"I thought," he said in a tone of cool impertinence, "to find some one here ready to attend to my business, having arranged the matter with M. Fauvel yesterday. I am Count Louis de Clameran, an iron maker at Cloron, and have come to draw 300,000 francs deposited in this bank by my late brother, whose heir I am. It is surprising that no orders were given about it."

Neither the title of the noble manufacturer nor his explanations appeared to affect the clerks.

"The cashier has not yet arrived," they repeated, "and we can do nothing for you."

"Then conduct me to M. Fauvel."

There was some hesitation, then a clerk named Cavillon, who was writing near a window, said:

"The chief is always out at this hour."

"Then I will call again," said M. de Clameran. And he departed without saying "Good morning" or even touching his hat.

"Not very polite," said little Cavillon. "But here comes Prosper."

Prosper Bertomy, cashier of Fauvel's banking house, was a tall, handsome man of thirty, with light hair and blue eyes, and dressed in the height of the fashion.

"Ah, here you are," cried Cavillon. "Some one has just been inquiring for you."

"Who? An iron manufacturer, was it not?"

"Precisely."

"Well, he will return. Thinking that I would be late this morning, I attended to the matter yesterday."

Prosper had unlocked his office and as he finished speaking entered and closed the door behind him.

"There is a cashier," exclaimed one

admittance to the office. I am compelled to force my way in. Will you tell me, yes or no, can I have my money?"

M. Fauvel listened, trembling with anger, yet he controlled himself.

"I would be obliged to you, monsieur, for a short delay."

"I thought you said—"

"Yes, yesterday, but this morning, this very instant, I find I have been robbed of 350,000 francs."

M. de Clameran bowed ironically and said:

"Shall I have to wait long?"

"Long enough for me to send to the bank."

Then, turning his back on the iron maker, M. Fauvel said to his cashier:

"Write a note to the bank for a loan of 300,000 francs. Send at once. Let the messenger take a carriage."

Prosper did not move.

"Do you hear me?" said the banker angrily.

The cashier trembled. He seemed as if he was in a stupor.

"It is useless to send," he said. "There is a credit to this gentleman of 300,000 francs, and we have less than 100,000 in the bank."

M. de Clameran evidently expected this answer, for he muttered:

"Naturally."

Although he only pronounced this word, his voice, his manner, his face, clearly said:

"This comedy is well acted, but nevertheless it is a comedy, and I don't intend to be duped by it."

"Oh, don't be alarmed, monsieur," said the banker. "This house has other resources. Have patience till my return."

He went out and up the narrow stairs leading to his study and at the end of five minutes returned, holding in his hand a letter and a bundle of securities.

"Here, quick, Courier!" he said to one of his clerks, "take my carriage, which is waiting, and go with monsieur to M. de Rothschild's. Give him this letter and these securities. In exchange you will receive 300,000 francs, which you will hand to this gentleman."

The iron founder was visibly disappointed. He seemed to wish to apologize for his impertinence.

"I assure you, monsieur, that I had no intention of offending. For some years our relations have been such that I—"

"Enough, monsieur," interrupted the banker. "I desire no apologies. In business friendship counts for nothing. I owe you money. I am not ready to pay you. You are pressing. You have a right to demand what is your own. Follow my clerk. He will pay you your money."

Then he turned to his clerks who stood curiously gazing on and said:

"As for you, gentlemen, resume your desks."

In a moment the room was cleared of every one except those who belonged there, and they sat at their desks with their noses almost touching the paper before them, as if absorbed in their work. Still excited by the even so rapidly succeeding each other, M. Andre Fauvel walked up and down the room with quick, nervous steps, occasionally uttering some low exclamation. Prosper remained leaning against the door, with pale face and fixed eyes, looking as if he had lost the faculty of thinking. Finally the banker, after a long silence, stopped short before Prosper. He had determined upon his line of conduct.

"We must have an explanation," he said. "Let us go into your office."

The cashier obeyed without a word, and his chief followed him, taking the precaution to shut the door after them.

Nothing in the cashroom bore evidence of the entrance of burglars. Everything was in perfect order. Not even a paper was misplaced. The safe was open, and on the top shelf lay several rouleaus of gold, overlooked or disinclined by the thieves. M. Fauvel, without troubling himself to examine anything, took a chair and ordered his cashier to be seated. He had entirely recovered his equanimity, and his countenance wore its usual kind expression.

"Now that we are alone, Prosper," he said, "have you nothing to tell me?"

The cashier started, as if the question surprised him. "Nothing, monsieur, that I have not already told you."

"What? Nothing? Do you persist in asserting a fable so absurd and ridiculous that no one can possibly believe it? It is folly! Confide in me. It is your only chance of salvation. I am your chief, it is true, but I am, above all, your friend—your best and truest friend. I cannot forget that here fifteen years ago you were entrusted to me by your father, and ever since that day have I had cause to congratulate myself on possessing your faithful service. Yes, it is fifteen years since you came to me. I was then just commencing to build my fortune, and you have seen it gradually grow step by step from almost nothing to its present state. As my wealth increased I endeavored to better your condition, you who, although so young, are the oldest of my clerks. At each inventory I increased your salary."

Never had Prosper heard his chief express himself in so feeling and paternal manner. Prosper was silent with astonishment.

"Answer?" pursued M. Fauvel. "Have I not always been like a father to you? From the first day my house has been open to you. You were treated as a member of my family. My niece, Madeleine, and my sons looked upon you as a brother. But you grew weary of this peaceful life. One day a year ago you suddenly began to shun us, and since then—"

The memories of the past thus evoked by the banker seemed too much for the unhappy cashier. He buried his face in his hands and burst into tears.

"One can confide everything to his father without fear," resumed M. Fau-

vel. "A father not only pardons, but forgets. Do I not know the terrible temptations that in a city like Paris beset a young man? There are some inordinate desires which break down the firmest principles. Speak, Prosper, speak!"

"What do you wish me to say?"

"The truth. An honorable man may yield to temptation, but his first step toward atonement is confession. Say to me: Yes, I have been tempted, dazzled. The sight of those piles of gold turned my brain. I am young. I have passions."

"I" murmured Prosper. "I?"

"Poor boy!" said the banker sadly. He paused, as if hoping for a confession, which, however, did not come.

"Come, Prosper, have courage. Make a clean breast of it. I will go up stairs. Go again to the safe. I am sure that in your agitation you did not search thoroughly. This evening I will return, and I am sure that during the day you will have found, if not the 350,000 francs, at least the greater portion of it. And neither you nor I will tomorrow remember anything about this false alarm."

M. Fauvel had risen and was about to leave the room when Prosper arose and held him by the arm.

"Your generosity is useless, monsieur," he said bitterly. "Having taken nothing, I can restore nothing. I have searched carefully. The bank notes have been stolen."

"But by whom, poor fool? By whom?"

"By all that is sacred, I swear that it was not by me."

The banker's face turned crimson. "Miserable wretch," cried he, "do you mean to say that it was I?"

Prosper bowed his head and did not answer.

"Ah, it is thus, then," said M. Fauvel, unable to contain himself any longer. "You dare—Then between you and me, M. Prosper Bertomy, justice shall decide. God is my witness that I have done all I could to save you. You will have yourself to thank for what follows. I have sent for the commissary of police. He must be waiting in my study. Shall I call him?"

Prosper, with the fearful resignation of a man who abandons himself, replied in a stifled voice:

"Do as you will."

The banker was near the door. He opened it and after giving the cashier a last searching look said to an office boy:

"Anselme, ask the commissary of police to step down."

CHAPTER II.
THE commissary sent for by M. Fauvel soon made his appearance. A short man dressed in a full suit of black, which was slightly relieved by a crumpled collar, followed him. The banker, scarcely bowing to him, said:

"Doubtless, monsieur, you have been apprised of the painful circumstance which compels me to have recourse to your assistance?"

"It is about a robbery, I believe."

"Yes; an infamous and mysterious robbery committed in this office, from the safe you see open there, of which my cashier—he pointed to Prosper—alone possesses the key and the word."

This declaration seemed to arouse the unfortunate cashier from his stupor.

"Tardon me, monsieur," he said to the commissary in a low tone. "My chief also has the word and the key."

"I should have said so."

The commissary at once understood that these two men accused each other.

"Well," he said, "a robbery has been perpetrated, but by whom? Did the robber enter from without?"

The banker hesitated a moment.

"I think not," he said at last.

"And I am certain he did not," said Prosper.

The commissary was prepared for those answers, but it did not suit his purpose to follow them up immediately.

"However," said he, "we must make ourselves sure of it." Turning toward his companion, "M. Fauvelot," he said, "go and see if you cannot discover some traces that may have escaped the attention of these gentlemen."

M. Fauvelot, nicknamed "The Squirrel," was indebted to his prodigious agility for this title, of which he was not a little proud. Slim and insignificant in appearance, he might, in spite of his iron muscles, be taken for a bailiff's under clerk as he walked along buttoned up to the chin in his thin black overcoat. He had one of those faces that impress us disagreeably—an odiously turned up nose, thin lips and little restless black eyes. Fauvelot, who had been on the police force for five years, burned to distinguish himself, to make for himself a name. He was ambitious. Ains, he was unsuccessful, lacking opportunity or genius.

Already, before the commissary spoke to him, he had ferreted everywhere—studied the doors, sounded the partitions, examined the wicket and stirred up the ashes in the fireplace.

"It would be very difficult," said he, "for a stranger to enter here."

He walked around the office.

"Is this door closed at night?" he inquired.

"It is always locked."

"And who keeps the key?"

"The office boy, to whom I always give it in charge before leaving the bank," said Prosper.

"This boy," said M. Fauvel, "sleeps in the outer room on a sofa bedstead, which he unfolds at night and folds up in the morning."

"Is he here?" inquired the commissary.

"Yes, monsieur," answered the banker.

He opened the door and called:

"Anselme!"

This boy had been a confidential servant of M. Fauvel for ten years. He knew that he would not be suspected.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

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If not proven away will be dealt with as the law directs.
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Clerk County Court.
By J. H. Cochran, Deputy 3-4t

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J. B. CURRIE, President. F. S. BELL, Secretary.

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The Democratic Committee have ordered the primary election for Eastland county, to be held in April.

It begins to look as though we will not build that canal after all. That Panama diversion looks like a scheme to defeat the canal project.

Dr. Parkhurst, one of the chief fuglemen of the reform forces in New York says Low's administration is no better than Tammany's rule. It was ever thus. Political reformers usually stop when they get the offices. Possibly Dr. Parkhurst expects too much of the Lowe administration and possibly the reformers promised more than they can or ever expect to perform.

Smallpox has caused some of the Public Schools in Collin county to close. A number of cases of this loathsome disease have been reported in different parts of the State, and it behooves our officials, city and county, to be on their guard so as to prevent a spread of this disease. There is no town or community but what is in constant danger from this disease.

There are some people in Texas who sneeze when Senator Bailey takes cold; and there are still others who have a nightmare when Bailey eats cold cabbage for supper. Comanche Chief.

And some of them, no doubt, will feel like massacring the Chief editor for this little side-fling at their little god.

On another page will be found an article telling what Ex-Gov. Hogg thinks of Christ. It would be interesting to read what Christ thought of Hogg.—Comanche Chief.

Well, according to the Bible the opinion will be rendered when the books are opened on the last day, and possibly all of us will be more interested in our own cases than that of Gov. Hogg.

State Treasurer Robbins is a candidate for reelection. Mr. Robbins has a hard fight on his hands. He is the man who "broke a precedent" by depositing money in a bank which belonged to the State. The bank went defunct and Mr. Robbins was left with the sack to hold. However, the affairs of the bank have been straightened out and the State will come out whole.—Merick Mail.

It would be nearer correct to say that "the precedent broke on Robbins" because he followed the rule adopted by grand old Frank Lubbock, than whom a better or more honorable man never lived. W. B. Wortham, the immediate predecessor of Robbins, did the very same thing that Robbins did, but Robbins was the first State Treasurer to have a bank fail on him. As a matter of fact Robbins never deposited a dollar of the State's money in a bank. He simply deposited checks for collection in order to save remitters expense of collection. Johnny Robbins is an honest man, and we see no reason why the unfortunate episode of the Austin bank should be used against him, as any other man would have done just as Robbins did had he been in his place. The matter has been adjusted, the State having already recovered about one hundred thousand dollars and the balance of the debt amply secured.

Hon. Adlai Stevenson says the democrats must present a straight front in 1904. All right Adlai, "snow us" the front and if living, we'll be there.

Gen. Alban was killed a few days ago in the fighting near Panama. There seems to be some danger after all in these South American revolutions.

"Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth, when the evil days come not, and while the years draw nigh thou shalt say I have no pleasure in them," sayeth the preacher. The young man or young woman who heeds this admonition will lose nothing by so doing, and when they become old they will not regret it.

Mrs. Annie L. Diggs, the famous Kansas populist, says the pop party is dead and advises the members to join the democratic party, but says they should not expect front seats in the party councils or seek the offices for a time. Some of the populists have got in such a way of running that they can't wait. Many of them hit the democratic party running for office two years ago, before their places they vacated in the great party of reform got cold.

Hon. O. T. Maxwell, of Cisco, announces in THE STAR this week as a candidate for Congress subject to the action of the democratic convention. Mr. Maxwell is an honorable, high-toned gentleman, worthy and well qualified for the position to which he aspires and withal is a democrat tried and true. He was a member of the 25th legislature, the only position he ever sought or held, if we are not mistaken. Mr. Maxwell is well known to many of our people, having been in the drug business in Cisco for years. Eastland county is our next-door neighbor and we have many interests in common, and all things being equal naturally it is to our interest to support Mr. Maxwell.

The Colorado Stockman has opened its batteries on Senator Sebastian on account of his position on the cattle quarantine line, and we may expect other papers above the line to follow suit. Politics in this senatorial district now is ticks or no ticks and the battle promises to be red hot. Whether right or wrong many cattlemen below the line believe they are being unjustly treated. They also claim, with some foundation too, that cattlemen above the line are working for a closed line the year round. The cattlemen above the line have had things pretty much their own way heretofore, but cattlemen below the line have become aroused at last and they propose to take a hand in sending men to the legislature who will look out for their interests as well as those above the line. Let the battle begin and THE STAR suggests that the combatants use large bore muskets loaded with powder and ticks. Seriously, however, the matter is no joking affair with the southern cattlemen, and they will be heard from before the fight is over.

Gov. Hogg is out in a strong article against early primaries. He says:

"Midwinter primary elections are wrong and should be stopped. They force nominees upon the party without committing them on public issues. They are productive of boodles and bargains in politics. They provoke party disloyalty and disturb harmony in the ranks. They breed dissension within party lines; produce discontent in aspirants to office; stifle public discussion; fetter political principles; encourage independent candidates; and unless an end is put to them they will become disastrous to democratic supremacy in Texas. At best party primaries are of questionable expediency, very expensive and are fraught with danger to ambitious but honest men who aspire to places of honor. Their continuance threatens to bar poor men from office unless they are backed by schemers with special interests to subserve. No primary should be held until after the voters have had full opportunity to investigate and know all about the character and principles of the candidates. From the first of January until the middle of April the agricultural, professional and business classes are too absorbed with private affairs to engage in political discussions or to fully consider the merits of office-seekers. As a consequence professional politicians, understrike-loafers and officials who wish to perpetuate themselves in power are about the only ones who derive advantage from campaigns during this period. In view of the fact that the State convention is never held earlier than in July preceding the November election there can not be any plausible excuse or sound reason for such haste in deciding who shall be the democratic nominees for office; but there are many cogent reasons why they should not be held earlier than June."

There is good, sound sense in what Gov. Hogg says. There is no necessity for haste. Let the people have time to investigate the character of each candidate.

We have the largest stock of wall paper in the city. Come to see us for wall paper. Powell & Powell. 8-11

We will sell you a suit of clothes for \$8.50 that others get \$12.50. T. E. Powell. 1-11

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Ellis, of Teesumeh, came down on the train from Abilene yesterday morning.

JUST ONE BOY'S WAY

THE DRAMA THAT WAS ENACTED ON A STREET CAR.

A Pocket Exploration That Held the Passengers Breathless and Proved Eminently Satisfactory to the Persistent Youngster.

When this small boy on the Ninth street car went into his clothing after his car fare, the other passengers betrayed little or no interest in him. He was an ordinary, snub nosed, freckle faced boy of nine or ten, and it seemed pretty safe to assume that he had the nickel necessary for a ride or he would not have swung aboard, and so the passengers paid little or no attention to him. The men, as usual, occupied themselves in pretending that they weren't looking at all at the good looking women in the opposite seats, and the women, also as usual, endeavored to convey the impression that they didn't know there was such a creature as a man within a hundred miles of them.

But when this small boy began to have his troubles all hands got to looking him over. Everybody, it would appear, likes to see a small boy in trouble anyhow.

The boy plowed around in the lining of the right hand pocket of his shabby little overcoat, screwing himself into many possible attitudes as he stood and wriggled in the aisle, and finally, after terrific exertion, he brought forth a penny, half buried in a lot of woolly stuff from the coat. Then he turned his attention to the lining of the left hand pocket of his overcoat. After almost superhuman difficulties, in the process of which it looked as if the boy might get himself wrapped around an invisible axis several times in such a manner that he could never get right again, he produced another penny, also plentifully wadded in woolen lint belonging to the overcoat.

A couple of elderly men who were reading papers side by side at the end of the car began to get nervous. They pushed back their spectacles and studied the boy's movements anxiously.

"Fare, there, son!" said the conductor. The boy gazed reproachfully at the conductor, stuck the two found pennies in his mouth and continued his weird exertions to assemble his fare.

He unbuttoned his overcoat by the simple process of giving it a yank from bottom to top, and then he dug into the right hand pocket of his jacket. That pocket, too, seemed to be blingless, and the boy had to grope through it like a cat clawing for the exit of a bag. At length he got to the end of it, and an expression of acute relief crossed his freckled features. The hand was wedged in so tightly that he had about as much trouble in getting it out as he had had in getting it in, but it clutched another cent when it finally made its appearance. This went into his mouth to join the other two. At this point the two elderly men coughed violently and scowled at the boy as if to say that they wished the infernal business were done with, but the others who were watching the boy's moves looked sympathetic.

The boy next began a laborious exploration of his right hand knicker-bocker pocket, from which he produced and bestowed in his overcoat pocket many articles peculiar to boys—marbles, a piece of wax, a rusty looking knife, two or three printed celluloid buttons, and so on—and at the very bottom of this salvage was yet another penny. All the other passengers except the two elderly men breathed sighs of relief, but they wanted to read their papers, and yet they couldn't while this boy was engaged in his eventful search, with the chances about even whether he'd win out or not.

"Fare now there, kid!" said the conductor, once more tackling the boy. The boy handed him the four pennies from his mouth after very politely rubbing them off on his overcoat sleeve, and he said, with a very boyish grin: "I got the other one somewheres. Wait a minute, mister."

Then the boy gazed up at the ceiling of the car and studied for a moment, while the other passengers except the two elderly men, who looked ferocious, rooted for him with all their might.

The boy felt tentatively at his left hand knickerbockers pocket, but it was plain to see that he knew that was no go. For about half a minute he looked worried, and the sympathetic passengers worried along with him, as could be seen by the tense expression on their faces as they regarded every movement of the boy with strained, almost feverish attention. Then the boy reached into a back pocket of his knickerbockers, brought forth one of those celluloid traveling soap boxes, somewhat battered, took off the lid, and there, buried in a lot of junk, was the other cent.

The sigh of relief that ran around that car was distinctly audible. The sympathetic passengers, men and women, settled themselves back in their seats and smiled at the boy, and two or three of them looked as if they wanted to jump up and suggest cheers. The two elderly men coughed violently again, readjusted their spectacles and began again on their newspapers.

Then the small boy sat down, took a neat looking change purse from the inside pocket of his overcoat, dumped the contents—about \$2 in quarters, nickels and dimes—into his hands and began counting it, whereupon the passengers who had been rooting for him but a moment before instantly froze and looked at him as if they considered him a bad lot and a boy bound straight for state's prison or worse.—Washington Star.

Lack of sense is too often blamed on lack of confidence.—Acheson Globe.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

Bunyan King of Rockwall, Tex., has made an assignment. Liabilities, \$15,000; assets, \$19,230.

The Jennings Bank and Trust company of Jennings, La., has failed.

At Hugo, I. T., George Knight, 14 years old, fell from a wagon load of wood and was run over and killed.

At Blackland, Tex., some children set fire to the barn of Ed Klutz, and one of them was burned to death.

The old Masonic hall at Colmesneil, Tex., has been destroyed by fire.

Will Manger of San Antonio, Tex., who shot a policeman in December, has been convicted and given five years in the penitentiary.

A man at Franklin, Tex., has invented a machine to press asphaltum into brick.

James Considine, a theatrical man, was given five-year-sentence at Cincinnati, O., for robbing the postoffice at Grantville, O.

Eleven prisoners broke out of the federal jail at McNellis, Wash., and made escape.

The business portion of Woodford, I. T., suffered from fire. Several houses were completely destroyed, causing a loss of \$9000.

At a negro dance near Montgomery, W. Va., a negro woman killed two musicians and shot another man. She was drunk.

The farmers of Oklahoma county, Oklahoma, refuse to sell their wheat for 80 cents a bushel.

All rural mail carriers will hereafter be paid from the postoffice at Austin, Tex.

John Sweeney, proprietor of a saloon at Kingman, Ind., in his place of business shot and instantly killed George Stull, Jr., a farmer.

James Blasengame suicided by cutting his throat at Weldon, Ill.

Pay of custom inspectors has been increased from \$3.50 to \$4 per day.

Cyclone swept Canary islands Friday doing damage to property and causing shipwrecks.

The imperial yacht Hohenzollern has sailed from Kiel for New York.

Fire at Skidmore, Tex., destroyed several business houses, causing a loss of \$12,500.

The Louisiana Purchase exposition at St. Louis, Mo., to be held in 1902 will not be postponed as rumored.

Engene Miller, a boy, accidentally shot and killed himself near Sunset, Tex.

James B. Condon, a prominent lawyer, died at The Dalles, Ore.

Senator Lodge will deliver the graduation address to Yale law students on June 23.

James Lane, aged 60, a Hardin county (Ia.) farmer, pleaded guilty to wife murder.

Near Nashville, Ind., Cora, the 6 year-old daughter of Isaac Sherrell was burned to death.

Near Columbus, Ind., Frank Prusser, aged 15, was thrown from a horse and killed.

Newport Brady was shot and killed by his father-in-law, John Leith, near Iuka, Miss.

Captain Joseph B. Eaton, at present captain of the Boston navy yard, has been selected to command the battleship Oregon.

In circuit court at Charleston, Ill., Mrs. Sallie Green was given a verdict for \$1250 damages against Thomas Hulton, a hotel man, because he ejected her from the dining room, and in so doing injured her arm.

Dave Middleton fell from a wagon at Gurley, Ala., and was killed.

Marion Cramer, an old soldier, was killed by a train at Danville, Ill.

It is announced that the board of directors of the Texas State Agricultural and Mechanical college will not elect a successor to the late President L. L. Foster until at the end of the present school term of that institution.

The cotton mill at West, Tex., has increased its capital stock from \$100,000 to \$125,000, and will use the additional money for enlarging the plant.

T. P. Priddle, merchant of Montgomery, Tex., has filed a petition for bankruptcy with liabilities of \$7771.

Thomas B. Clark of Houston, Tex., has been appointed a stenographer and typewriter in the postoffice department at Washington.

The tower and shakers of the Black Hawk mine at Farmington, Ill., were burned, throwing 175 men out of work. Loss, \$10,000.

The coal miners' strike at Raglesville, Ind., has been ended. The operators agree to pay the Indiana scale. The three mines will resume operations.

Miss Mary Otis, daughter of General Otis, is engaged to Ralph Isham of Chicago.

William Pitcher was killed by a gas explosion near Marion, Ind.

J. L. White & Co. of Thornton, Tex., have assigned with liabilities of \$5300.

At Springfield, Ill., Murray McHane was sentenced to three years' imprisonment for counterfeiting.

Mrs. M. J. Gast, aged 85, at Grandview, Ia., was burned to death.

Luella Hacker, employed in a laundry at Boone, Ia., caught her arm in a clothes wringer and it was torn from her shoulder, instantly killing her.

Fay Hight, who broke jail at Fort Scott, Kan., has been arrested at Griffin, Ga.

William Butcher, a driver 23 years old, was caught between a car and a wall of coal at a mine at Herrin, Ill., and crushed to death.

Senor Jose Teresa Y Miranda, the Mexican Minister to Austria-Hungary, died at Vienna after a surgical operation for gastritis.

Another move is on foot to bring together north and south Methodists.

School has been closed at Tib, Tex., on account of smallpox.

The population of Canada is 5,369,666, an increase of 536,425 in a decade.

The Santa Fe railway will spend \$13,000,000 for equipment during 1902.



The Bottom Has Fell Out OF PRICES ON

Hardware, Tinware, Saddles, Harness, Stoves, Wagons, Buggies, Etc.

We would be pleased to have you call and inspect our stock and get our prices. We have received a car Buggies, Road Wagons and New Moline Wagons, and can give you good goods at close figures. All kind of Farming Implements always in stock.

M. Summers,

T. E. Powell

Has it for less!

TAKE THE STAR.

D.W. WRISTEN & CO., DEALERS IN GROCERIES.



We are headquarters for all of the best brands of Groceries. Come and see us.

Phone No. 4. BAIRD, TEXAS.

THEY ARE THE BEST.

SHIRTS

They have the test of time well stood.

SHIRTS

THEY SELL THE BEST.

THEY WEAR THE BEST.

SHIRTS

They Fit correct, the make is good.

SHIRTS

THEY BEAT THE REST.



Nine-Tenths of all the People Suffer from a Diseased Liver.

HERBINE.

Pure Juices from Natural Roots. REGULATES the Liver, Stomach and Bowels, Cleanses the System, Purifies the Blood, CURES Malaria, Biliousness, Constipation, Weak Stomach and Impaired Digestion. Every Bottle Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction. LARGE BOTTLE, - SMALL DOSE. Price, 50 Cents.

Prepared by JAMES F. BALLARD, St. Louis, Mo.

For Sale by R. PHILLIPS, DRUGGIST, 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.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements for office in THE STAR for this year: to wit:
County Judge \$10.00
County & District Clerk 10.00
County Treasurer 10.00
County Sheriff and Tax Collector 10.00
Tax Assessor 10.00
Public Weigher, Baird, 7.50
Any other Precinct 2.50
County Attorney 5.00
" Surveyor 5.00
" Hide and Animal Inspector 5.00
County Commissioner 3.00
J. P. and Constable 2.50

The above rate is for announcements alone and does not include name on ticket for primary or at general election. Arrangements for name on tickets must be made with the Job Office. Cash in every instance must be paid in advance. Nothing in addition to announcement, except such editorial announcement I may make will be allowed. Any other write up or notice must be paid for at the rate of 5 cts per line.

W. E. GILLILAND,
Publisher.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce the following candidates subject to the action of the Democratic party.

DISTRICT CANDIDATES.

For Congress 16th District.
HON. O. T. MAXWELL,
of Cisco.

COUNTY CANDIDATES.

For County Judge.
B. L. RUSSELL.
For County Treasurer.
J. E. W. LANE
For County & District Clerk.
W. P. (DICK) COCHRAN.

The Best

and cheapest piano and furniture polish in town is at J. T. Sands furniture store, Baird, Texas. 7-tf

W. P. (Dick) Cochran announces

this week for County and District Clerk. Dick Cochran has made an honest and as efficient a clerk as Callahan county ever had, and that is saying a great deal, as those who know his predecessors, are aware.

Prairie dog poison freshly made.

Powell & Powell. 8-tf

Bub Gardner, of Eagle Cove, was

in town Monday.

To kill you, prairie dogs, get your

dog poison from Powell & Powell. 8-tf

Ed J. Barr and Mr. Harlow, of

Cross Plains, were in town yesterday.

The first shipment of our 1902 wall

paper just arrived. Come and see it. Powell & Powell. 8-tf

WANTED—To rent two furnished

rooms. Apply at Hotel Seay Chop House. 8-tf

Mrs. Mark Pace, of Cisco, is visiting

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Pace.

Squire Hugh Moore spent a few

hours in town Sunday on his way home from Albany, where he went to look after some gin business.

Stop a minute: go to Powell & Powell

and get some prairie dog poison and kill out the prairie dogs. 8-tf

A. L. Biggerstaff faced the sand storm

Monday coming to town, and says it was an experience he does not care to repeat.

Rev. W. D. Cooper, late of Grand Salene,

Van Zandt county, made THE STAR a pleasant call Monday. Rev. Cooper is a brother of Mr. J. L. Cooper, of Admiral, and has been called by the Baptist church at Anchor, south of Admiral, Caddo Peak, Cross Plains and one other point not remembered. Rev. Cooper is a pleasant, affable gentleman and we are glad that he is going to locate in our county.

Miss Del Triplett, assistant teacher

in the Public School here, received a message from Abilene last Friday informing her of an attempt to assassinate her brother, V. Triplett, on the Cockerell ranch in Jones county. Young Triplett's horse was killed and several bullets pierced his clothing by the concealed assassin, but we are glad to learn that the young man escaped unhurt. V. Triplett is a grandson of Hon. J. V. Cockerell, former congressman from this district.

The announcement of J. E. W. Lane

for County Treasurer will be found in this issue. Mr. Lane is a cripple, having lost his right arm, he is unable to make a living except by office work. No man in the county is better qualified for the position than Mr. Lane, he having had at least ten years experience in the Collector's office. He will make a faithful and efficient Treasurer if elected. Mr. Lane says it will be impossible for him to get out for some time owing to the constant work in the Sheriff's office, but will appreciate anything his friends in the country will do for him.

John Surles Jr., of Putnam was in

town on business Monday

CROSS PLAINS LOCALS.

Jan. 21.—There is nothing sensational or exciting to report from our little Hamlet this morning, every thing has been quite on the Patomac since Xmas.

Mr. Levi Haley has bought the eleven acre block of land north of Ueleno. Wagner's and is erecting him a nice dwelling on it which he will occupy when completed. We welcome Mr. Haley and family into our little town.

Rev. Webb of Tyler Tex. is holding a series of meetings at the Baptist church, which will continue until next Sunday night.

Rev Carter preached at the Baptist church last Wednesday night.

We hear that Rev. Cooper, a Baptist divine, will build him a home in this place in the near future.

Mr. Davis, of Yoakum and cousin Miss Maggie Knox, of Coleman have visited Bill Coffman and Miss Laura this week, and express themselves as being surprised to find Cross Plains such a thrifty little town.

Bro. Bullard preached to an appreciation at the school house Sunday.

Little K. Brooks at Dressy has been real sick this week and we are glad to hear he is improving.

Frank Ray's shop is completed and adds much to that part of the town.

Several of the young men from Dressy Sunday smiling on the fairer sex.

Mrs. Laura Westerman, of Dressy, visited Mrs. Lizzie Wagner last Saturday.

What has happened to our Sunday school?

Mr. Jim Cross has started with wagons after lumber to build him a residence on the south side.

Jno. Baum left with cotton for Cisco this morning. X

CLYDE CULLINGS.

Jan. 22.—We are sorry to have to report sickness in our town and community this week. One of Mr. Klepper's daughters is very sick, and has been so for several days. Mr. Suggs has a very sick child. There is some other sickness in the neighborhood, but do not know of any other serious cases.

The farmers here are going ahead with their work regardless of the dry weather. Plowing, grubbing, setting out trees and vines and etc. Mr. Monroe Appleton has quite a company of men grubbing land for him. Estes, Brock, Gulliford, Dugan and others are having land grubbed. It looks like the shinnery land around Clyde will all soon be in cultivation, and a large portion of it will be fruit farms.

Nursery men are canvassing the country and selling lots of fruit trees and vines for fall delivery, and Mr. Welch, our local fruit man, is selling lots of trees and vines.

Tom Froment, fireman of the T & P company, was here last week inspecting the Co. wells, and said unless we get rain in a few days, they would put in a pump and shape up for trains to water here again.

Our school is moving along nicely, only the children nearly all have colds and coughs and are continually barking like they have something treed. KIRK.

TO THE U. C. V. AND OTHERS.

The regular meeting of the U. C. V. will be held at the Court House next Saturday at 1 o'clock. We very much desire a large attendance, and all are invited to come. We would be glad to have the Daughters of J. B. Gordan to meet with us, as we will meet with open doors would like any and all citizens to meet with.

JNO. TRENT.

A. S. Johnston Camp U. C. V. J. E. W. LANE Adj.

Bailey Smith living on Maj. McManis, ranch on the Bayou, who got one of his legs broken in a runaway two weeks ago is reported to be doing well.

Judge W. R. Smith, of Colorado City, Candidate for Congress in this district was on the east bound train yesterday on his way to Eastland County.

Hon. W. L. Grogan, ex-member of the legislature, and editor of the Sweetwater Review, stopped over in Baird last Sunday on his way home. Mr. Grogan is a candidate for State Senator from this, the 28th District.

Mr. E. A. Hill, of Eastland County, candidate for District Attorney was in town Tuesday interviewing the voters. Mr. Hill has served as County Attorney for four years which of itself is a good recommendation.

J. H. Walker of THE STAR office received a letter from his brother, Dee Walker, of troop H, 12th Calvary U. S. Army at San Antonio. He is getting along all ok. He says Fitzhugh Lee Jr., is 1st Lieut. of troop L, and a son of Secretary of War, Long is 1st Lieut. of troop M same regiment.

The ball has opened for the county and district campaign in Callahan county. Several announcements for office will be found in this issue of THE STAR.

Clooseness and Thrift.

Two prominent Wall street brokers while at luncheon at the Hoffman house one day last week, indulged in a series of good-natured recriminations about the tendencies of each to refrain from spending money. One said to the other:

"I don't blame you for being close. It is in the family. Why, I remember your father when he ran a grocery store. He was so close that if a fly settled in the sugar barrel he used to catch the fly, dust his feet off with a broom and let it go."

"So?" said the other. "You needn't get cheery. Your father was a farmer I can remember when he raised bees. He made those poor bees work hard all day, and not satisfied with that, he crossed them with lightning bugs and made them work at night."

"That's right," said the first good humoredly. "The old man was a thrifty chap. Why, I remember when he crossed strawberry plants and milkweed and got strawberries and cream."

Then they had a drink.—New York Tribune.

Bryan's Conundrums.

Those who think the mind of Hon. W. J. Bryan runs entirely to politics and the discussion of great economic questions are mistaken. In proof thereof read the following conundrums from the pen of the sage of Lincoln, clipped from a recent issue of the Commoner:

What is the difference between the manager of a theater and a sailor? A sailor likes to see a light-house and the manager doesn't.

Why is it that when a church is burned, nothing is so difficult to save as the church organ? Because the fire engine cannot play on it.

What did Jack Frost say to Lily? Wilt thou—and she wilted.

Why was Noah the best broker of ancient times? He could float more stock than any other man.

What is the difference between a hill and a pill? One is hard to get up and the other hard to get down.

Why do lovers linger long at the garden gate? Because so much can be said on both sides.

When are two heads better than one? When they are in a barrel.

When is a farmer like a dentist? When he is pulling out stumps.

Why is should the highest apple on a tree be the best one? Because it's a tip-top apple.

What is the most afflicted part of a house? The window, because it is always full of panes.

Why is milk like a treadmill. Because it strengthens the calves.

What is the most fashionable article in the world? A woman.

Why is a nice, but uncultured girl like brown sugar? Because she is sweet, but unrefined.

What are the most popular airs in the land? Millionaires.

Why is baseball likely to become epidemic? Because the game is catching.

What is the best size for a man? Exercise.

A fresh supply of dog poison just made. Powell & Powell. 8-tf

PREACHING.

There will be preaching at the Presbyterian church next Sabbath morning and night. A communion service at 11 o'clock and a special sermon on the Unity of Believers.

J. M. BROOKS, Pastor.

B. Y. P. U.

Program for Sunday, Jan. 20, 1902
Song.
Reading Scripture Lesson, Acts 11: 19-27. By Leader.
Prayer by President.
Song.
Paper, "The History of the Indian Oklahoma Territories"—Mrs. Lenke.
Paper, "The Value of Mission Work on the Frontier"—Miss Etta Coffman.
Song.
Short address, "How We May Help"
Leader.
Closing Song and Prayer.

A second-hand phaeton for sale. C. S. Boyles. 8-tf

G. W. Weeks, of Admiral, was in town Tuesday.

Judge B. L. Russell went to Dallas Tuesday night.

Clarence Russell is building a residence in north Baird near his uncle, Judge Russell.

The ex-Confederates meet at the Court House next Saturday, Jan. 25th. See notice.

A SERIAL STORY.

A serial story by Emile Gaboriau is begun in this issue. It will run four or five weeks. The plot is intricate and interesting. As usual the villain gets it in the neck and honesty is rewarded at the close of the story.

J. E. Pace has sold his stock of grain and hay to D. W. Wristen & Co. and has retired from the business.

Subscription Accounts.

We are sending out bills on subscriptions past due. As we have about 500 names on delinquent list it is possible that some errors will be made in accounts. If you know your account sent you is not correct, please notify us at once and we will correct it. W. E. GILLILAND.

TEACHERS INSTITUTE.

To be held at Baird, Texas, Jan. 24th, and 25th, 1902.

Morning session, Friday Jan. 24th, from 10:30 to 12. M.
Song.
Invocation.
Song.
Welcome address, B. L. Russell.

Response, J. K. Watson, Cross Plains.
Organization.
Afternoon session.

1:30 Supplementary Reading, Miss Corinne Treat and Miss Clack followed by general discussion.
2:00 Scope of first years work, Mrs. F. A. Duke and Miss Belle Norton followed by general discussion.

2:30 Teachers preparation for daily recitation W. R. Ely and Miss Jessie Kelley, followed by general discussion.
3:00 Class management, Miss Dell Triplett and Miss Bell Fite, followed by general discussion.

Saturday Jan. 25th, morning session.
10:00. Mistakes in Discipline, H. F. Powell and T. E. Lane, general discussion.

10:30. Physics-Heat J. K. Watson and Jas. Tate.
11:00 A Systematic Course of Study for Country Schools, Mrs. Ella Miller and H. C. Darden.

Civil Government, Legislative Branch, Fred McRee, Charles Allen and W. A. Smith.
NOTE.—The State Superintendent has ruled that teachers will not be allowed time for Friday, for attending Institute on Friday.

COURT HOUSE NOTES.

REAL ESTATE TRANSFERS.
J. A. and C. C. Rushing to W. Y. Chambers lots 4, 5 and 6 in block 5 Newlon's Addition to Baird, \$500.

W. A. Gardner and wife to W. T. Johnson blocks 24, 25 and 26 and part of block 13 in the town of Cottonwood, \$625.

Thomas Windham to Thos. E. Johnson 88+ acres out of the Jenks survey, \$1080.

J. L. Howell and wife to H. L. McDaniel 100 acres of the W. G. Anderson survey, \$800.

H. W. N. Raikes to S. H. Trotter 400 acres out of Sec 35 block 8 T & P Ry Co, \$3800.

F. T. Scott and wife to Q. A. Griffin, 19 acres out of the A. L. Eaves survey, \$400.

M. M. Conlee and wife to C. E. Barr 162 71-100 acres out of the Jesse Dyson survey, \$1780.80

H. B. Cox to J. W. Robbins 8 + of N W + sec 64 B B B & C R R Co, \$200.
Henson Wagley to O. F. Wagley W + of section 62 Lunatic Asylum Lands \$1900.

O. T. Maxwell and wife to J. P. Graves lots 9, 10 and part of 11 in block 39 city of Baird, \$750.

Fred Lane and wife to C. D. Russell 8 + of lot 63 R R Addition to Baird, \$100.

Fred Lane and wife to B. L. Russell N + of lot 63 R R Addition to Baird, \$100.

J. H. Johnson to N. A. Smedley 932 acres out of the Jas. Drake sur. \$2150

Paul Ramsey and wife to Missouri Ramsey 1-6 interest in blocks 18, 19 and 23 town of Cottonwood and 97+ acres out of the A. L. Eaves sur \$375.

T. P. Ry Co to Ben G. Richburg, lot 2 block 50, town of Clyde, \$25.
MARRIAGE LICENSE.

Egbert C. Fulton and Miss Dollie Scott.
Marriage license issued during year 1900 79

Marriage License issued during year 1901 93

Chattel mortgages filed during year 1898 481

Cnattel mortgages filed during year 1900 441

Chattel mortgages filed during year 1901 381

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

I have a few cuttings of that famous grape. R. Phillips. 7-tf

Notice.

All persons indebted to the firm of S. M. Moon & Co., are requested to settle up. The undersigned has the books and notes of said firm who are anxious to close up the business.
28-tf.
Ed COPPINS,
At Barnhill's Shoe Shop.

Persons who lead a life of exposure are subject to rheumatism, neuralgia, and lumbago, will find a valuable remedy in BALLARD'S SNOW LINIMENT; it will banish pains and subdue inflammation. Price 25 and 50 cents. For sale by R. Phillips.

Many an innocent little darling suffering untold agony and cannot explain its troubles. Mark your child's symptoms, you may find it troubled with worms; give its WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE and restore it to quietness and health. Price 25 cents. For sale by R. Phillips. Jan

If you want any Fire or Cyclone Insurance, see John Trent. 48-tf

See John Trent for insurance. He has the strongest agency in the West, representing such Companies as Phoenix, Aetna, Fire Association, Scottish Union & Co. 48-tf

Bring that wood you promised on subscription.

Boy's suits; haudomeest Christmas gift of all. Powell has the best and cheapest, suit worth \$7.50 sell at \$5.

If you owe The Star now is the time to PAY up. 8-tf

FRESH BREAD.—I will have Rye, Graham, Vienna, Cream and Plain bread every day. GEO. S. HARDIN. 35

Hamilton & Brown American Lady, the handsomest dress shoe in town. Get you a pair at T. E. Powell's 2-tf

"Say Mr. A., where did you get that suit? Perfect fit, good goods and worth \$16.?" "At T. E. Powell's, of course. He sells them for \$11. 2-tf

The neatest present for a lady is a pair of kid gloves. Go to Powell's and get your choice out of one thousand pairs. 2-tf

NOTICE

The holder of fire policy No. 4, of Home Insurance Company of New York, will confer a favor upon said company by delivering this policy to Mr. L. L. Blackburn, Agent Baird, Texas., in order that he may procure a copy of same for company, as this policy is missing and can not be found and has never been reported or accounted for to company by their former agent, Mr. J. H. Peters.

Any refusal to comply with above request on part of the holder of said policy will render same null and void and we will not recognize any claim thereunder whatsoever.

LEON DARGAN,
STATE AGENT.

DECEMBER, 1901.

Make Weak Women Strong.

I have taken your REMICK'S PEPINS BLOOD TONIC. I know it is the best TONIC ever made. It will make even weak women strong. I cannot praise it enough.—Mrs. O. D. Pickering, Ouley, Ill. For Sale by Powell & Powell. 1-tf

While they last, all the finest calicoes at 4 cents per yard. Come quick. T. E. Powell. 1-tf

PAY YOUR TAXES

Pay your taxes and save costs. Time is up on 31st day of this month, January. Ten per cent penalty will be added to all taxes delinquents on the 1st day of February.

FOR SALE OR TRADE

Two Norman Stallions, fine animals for stock purposes. Also ten head of full blooded Durham bulls, one and two years old, in fine condition. Ranch 15 miles south of Baird, Texas. 48-tf Wm. McMANIS.

TABLET'S BUCKEYE PILK OINTMENT

is the only remedy for blind, bleeding or protruding piles, indorsed by physicians; cures the most obstinate cases. Price 50 cents in bottles. Tubes, 75 cents. For sale by R. Phillips. Jan

Coughs and colds come uninvited, but you can quickly get rid of them with a few doses of BALLARD'S HOREHOUD SYRUP. Price 25 and 50 cents. For sale by R. Phillips.

This Will Interest Many.

To quickly introduce B. B. B. (Botanic Blood Balm), the famous blood purifier, into new homes, we will send absolutely free 10,000 treatments. B. B. B. quickly cures old ulcers, scrofula, painful swellings, aches and pains in bones or joints, rheumatism, catarrh, pimples, festering eruptions, boils, eczema, itching skin or blood humors, eating, bleeding, festering sores and even deadly cancer. B. B. B. at drug stores \$1. For free treatment address Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Medicine sent at once, prepaid. Describe trouble and free medical advice given until cured. B. B. B. cures the most deep-seated cases, after all else fails. B. B. B. heals every sore and makes the blood pure and rich. Nry it.

Try Sample Bottle

of furniture polish, only 25 cents, J. T. Sands, Baird, Texas. 7-tf

Hotel Seay Barber Shop.
YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

LOCAL NEWS.

J. M. Baker, of Sabano, was a pleasant caller at THE STAR office yesterday.

We carry a full stock of California blankets. T. E. Powell. 2-tf

Mr. John D. Hopson, of Breckenridge, candidate for District Attorney, arrived yesterday evening and will remain in town to-day and perhaps longer.

If you want a handsome overcoat call early at T. E. Powell's. 2-tf

R. M. Hudson, of Caddo Peak, called at THE STAR office yesterday and wanted to know when it was going to rain. As the weather editor was absent we could not give him the desired information.

I have fresh yeast for sale. Mrs. E. K. Kane

But the idea of being connected with a robbery is terrible, and he entered the room trembling like a leaf.

"Did you sleep in the next room last night?" asked the commissary of police.

"Yes, monsieur; as usual."

"At what hour did you go to bed?"

"About half past 10. I had spent the evening at a cafe near by with monsieur's valet."

"Did you hear no noise during the night?"

"No, and still I sleep so lightly that if monsieur comes down to the cash-room when I am asleep I am instantly awakened by the sound of his footsteps."

"Does M. Fauvel often come to the cash-room at night?"

"No, monsieur; very seldom."

"Did he come last night?"

"No, monsieur; I am very certain he did not, for I was kept awake nearly all night by the strong coffee I had drunk with the valet."

"That will do," said the commissary. "You may retire."

When Anselme had left the room, Fauferlot resumed his search.

He opened the door of the banker's private staircase.

"Where do these stairs lead to?" he asked.

"To my private office," replied M. Fauvel.

"Is not that the room," asked the commissary, "to which I was conducted when I first came?"

"Precisely."

"I would like to see it," said Fauferlot, "and examine the entrance to it."

"Nothing is more easy," said M. Fauvel eagerly. "Come, gentlemen, and you come, too, Prosper."

M. Fauvel's private office consisted of two rooms—the waiting room, sumptuously decorated, and the study, where he transacted business. The furniture in this room was composed of a large office desk, several leather covered chairs and on either side of the fireplace a secretary and a bookshelf.

These two rooms had three doors. One opened on the private staircase, another into the banker's bedroom, and the third into the main vestibule. It was through this last door that the banker's clients and visitors were admitted. M. Fauferlot examined the study. He seemed puzzled like a man who had flattered himself with the hope of discovering something and had found nothing.

"Let us see the adjoining room," he said.

He passed into the waiting room, followed by the banker and the commissary of police.

Prosper remained alone in the study. Notwithstanding the disordered state of his mind, he could not but perceive that his situation was every minute becoming more serious. Seating himself on a sofa near the fireplace, he was absorbed in the most gloomy forebodings when the banker's chamber door suddenly opened and a beautiful girl appeared upon the threshold. She was tall and slender. A loose morning gown, confined at the waist by a single black ribbon, betrayed to advantage the graceful elegance of her figure. Her black eyes were large and soft, her complexion had the creamy pallor of a white camellia, and her beautiful dark hair, carelessly held together by a tortoise shell comb, fell in a profusion of soft curls upon her exquisite neck. She was M. Fauvel's niece, Madeleine, of whom he had spoken not long before. Seeing Prosper Bertyon in the study, where probably she expected to find her uncle alone, she could not refrain from an exclamation of surprise.

"Ah!"

Prosper started up as if he had received an electric shock. His eyes, a moment before so dull and heavy, all at once sparkled with joy as if he had caught a glimpse of a messenger of hope.

"Madeleine," he cried, "Madeleine!"

The young girl blushed crimson. She seemed about to hastily retreat and stepped back; but, Prosper having advanced toward her, she was overcome by something stronger than her will and extended her hand, which he seized and pressed eagerly. They stood thus face to face, but with bowed heads.

Finally Madeleine said in a scarcely audible voice:

"You, Prosper—you?"

These words broke the spell. Prosper dropped the white hand which he held and answered bitterly:

"Yes, this is Prosper, the companion of your childhood—suspected, accused of the most disgraceful theft—Prosper, whom your uncle has just delivered up to justice and who, before the day is over, will be arrested and thrown into prison."

Madeline, with a terrified gesture, cried in a tone of profound sympathy:

"Good heavens! Prosper, what are you saying?"

"What? Do you not know? Have not your aunt and cousins told you?"

"They have told me nothing. I have scarcely seen my cousins this morning, and my aunt is so ill that I felt uneasy and came to tell uncle. But for heaven's sake speak. Tell me what has happened."

Prosper hesitated. Perhaps it occurred to him to open his heart to Madeleine, of revealing to her his most secret thoughts. A remembrance of the past coming up chilled his confidence. He sadly shook his head and replied:

"Thanks, mademoiselle, for this proof of interest, the best doubtless, that I shall ever receive from you. But allow me, by being silent, to spare you distress and myself the mortification of blushing before you."

Madeline interrupted him with an imperious gesture:

"I insist upon knowing," she said.

"Alas, mademoiselle," answered Prosper, "you will only too soon learn my misfortune and my disgrace. Then, yes, then you will applaud yourself for what you have done."

But she became more urgent. Instead of commanding she entreated, but Prosper was inflexible.

"Your uncle is in the adjoining room, mademoiselle, with the commissary of police and a detective. They will soon return. I entreat you to retire that they may not find you here."

As he spoke he gently pushed her through the door, she resisting, and closed it upon her. It was time, for the next moment the commissary and M. Fauvel entered. They had visited the main entrance and waiting room and had heard nothing of what had passed in the study. But Fauferlot had heard for them. This excellent bloodhound had not lost sight of the cashier. He said to himself: "If he believes himself to be alone, his face will betray him. I shall detect a smile or a wink that will mean something."

Leaving M. Fauvel and the commissary to pursue their investigations, he posted himself to watch. He saw the door open and Madeleine appear upon the threshold. He lost not a single word or gesture of the rapid scene which had passed between Prosper and the young girl. It mattered little that every word of this scene was an enigma. M. Fauferlot was skillful enough to complete the sentences he did not understand. As yet he only had a suspicion, but a suspicion is a point to start from. He was prompt in building a plan upon the slightest incident, thinking he saw in the past of these people whom he did not know glimpses of a domestic drama. If the commissary of police is a skeptic, the detective has faith. He believes in evil.

"This is the situation," said he to himself. "This man loves the young lady, who is really very pretty, and as he is quite handsome I suppose his love is returned. This love affair vexes the banker, who, not knowing how to get rid of the important lover by fair means, has to resort to foul and plans this pretended robbery, which is very ingenious."

Thus to M. Fauferlot's mind the banker had simply robbed himself, and the innocent cashier was the victim of an odious machination.

Meanwhile, the search up stairs completed, the searchers returned to Prosper's office. The commissary, who had seemed so calm when he first came, now looked serious. The moment for taking a decisive part having come, he hesitated.

"Well, gentlemen," he began, "our search has only confirmed our first opinion."

M. Fauvel and Prosper assented.

"And what do you think, M. Fauferlot?" continued the commissary.

The detective did not answer. Occupied in studying the safe lock, he manifested signs of surprise. Evidently he had just made an important discovery. Noticing this, M. Fauvel, Prosper and the commissary rose and surrounded him.

"Have you discovered any trace?" asked the banker eagerly.

Fauferlot turned around with a dissatisfied air. He reproached himself for not having concealed his impressions.

"Oh," said he carelessly, "I have discovered nothing of importance."

"But we should like to know," said Prosper.

"I have merely convinced myself that this safe has been recently opened or shut, I know not which, with great violence and haste."

"Why so?" asked the commissary, becoming attentive.

"Do you see this scratch near the lock?"

The commissary took a magnifying glass that the detective had used, stooped down and carefully examined the safe. He saw a light scratch on the outer coat of varnish.

"I see it," said he. "But what does that prove?"

"Oh, nothing at all," said Fauferlot, "as I said before."

Fauferlot said this, but he did not think it. This scratch recently made had for him a significance that escaped the others. He had discovered a confirmation of his suspicions. If the cashier had stolen millions, there was no occasion for his being in a hurry. The banker, creeping down in the dead of the night softly for fear of awakening the boy in the anteroom in order to ride his own money safe, had every reason to tremble, to hurry, to hastily withdraw the key, which, slipping along the lock, scratched the varnish. Resolved to unravel by himself the tangled thread of this affair, the detective determined to keep his conjectures to himself. For the same reason he was silent as to the interview which he had overheard between Madeleine and Prosper. He listened to withdraw attention from the scratch.

"To conclude," he said, addressing the commissary, "I am convinced that no one outside of the bank could have obtained access here. The safe is intact. No suspicious pressure has been used on the movable buttons. I can affirm that the lock has not been tampered with by burglar's tools or false keys. Those who opened the safe knew the word and had the key."

This formal affirmation of a man whom he knew to be skillful ended the hesitation of the commissary.

"That being the case," he replied, "I must request a few moments' conversation with M. Fauvel."

"I am at your service," said the banker.

Prosper foresaw the result. He quietly placed his hat on the table to show that he had no intention of attempting to escape and passed into the adjoining office. Fauferlot also went out, but not before the commissary had made him a sign and received a response. The sign signified, "You are responsible for this man." The detective needed no admonition to make him keep an attentive watch. His suspicions were too vague, his desire for success was too ardent, for him to

lose sight of Prosper an instant. Therefore following the cashier into the office he seated himself in a dark corner of the room, and, pretending to be sleepy, he fixed himself in a comfortable position for taking a nap, gaped until his jawbone seemed about to be dislocated and finally closed his eyes.

Prosper seated himself at the desk of an absent clerk. The others were burning to know the result of the inquiry. Their eyes shone with curiosity, but they dared not ask a question. Unable to restrain himself any longer, little Cavillon, Prosper's defender, ventured:

"Well, who is the robber?"

Prosper shrugged his shoulders.

"Nobody knows," he replied.

Was this conscious innocence or hardened recklessness? The clerks observed with surprise that Prosper had resumed his usual manner, that sort of icy haughtiness that kept people at a distance and made him enemies in the bank. Never would a stranger entering the room have supposed that this young man, idly lounging in a chair and playing with a pencil, was resting under an accusation of robbery and was about to be arrested. He soon stopped playing with his pencil and drew toward him a sheet of paper, upon which he hastily wrote a few lines.

"Ah, ha!" thought Fauferlot the Squirrel, whose hearing and sight were wonderfully good in spite of his profound sleep. "Eh, eh! He makes his little confidences on paper, I see. Now we will discover something positive."

Having written his note, Prosper folded it carefully in the smallest possible size and, after furtively glancing toward the detective, motionless in his corner, threw it to little Cavillon with a simple word:

"Gipsy!"

Fauferlot was confounded and began to feel a little uneasy.

"The young man has more pluck and nerve than many of my oldest customers. This, however, shows the result of education."

Yes, innocent or guilty, Prosper must have been endowed with great self-control and power of dissimulation to affect this imperturbable calmness and presence of mind at a time when his honor, his future happiness, all that he held dear in life, were at stake. And he was only thirty years old. Either from natural deference or from the hope of gaining some ray of light by a private conversation the commissary determined to speak to the banker.

"There is no doubt, monsieur," he said as soon as they were alone, "this young man has robbed you. It would be a gross neglect of duty if I did not secure his person."

This declaration seemed to distress the banker. "Poor Prosper!" he said.

Prosper was now called in with Fauferlot, whom they had much trouble to awaken, and with the most complete indifference listened to the announcement of his arrest.

In response he calmly said: "I swear that I am innocent."

M. Fauvel, much more disturbed and excited than his cashier, made a last attempt.

"There is still time, poor boy," he said. "In the name of heaven, reflect!"

Prosper did not appear to hear him. He drew from his pocket a small key, which he laid on the mantel, and said:

"Here is the key of your safe, monsieur. I hope for your sake that you will some day be convinced of my innocence, and I hope for your sake that it will not come too late." Then, as every one was silent, he added:

"Before leaving, here are the books, papers and accounts necessary for my successor. I must at the same time inform you that, without speaking of the stolen three hundred and fifty thousand francs, I leave a deficit in cash. There is a deficit of three thousand five hundred francs on my cash account, which has been disposed of in the following manner: Two thousand taken by myself in advance of my salary and fifteen hundred advanced to my fellow clerks. This is the last day of the month. Tomorrow the salaries will be paid, consequently—"

The commissary interrupted him.

"Were you authorized," he demanded, "to draw money whenever you wished to to make advances?"

"No, but I knew that M. Fauvel would not have refused me permission to oblige my friends. What I did is done everywhere. I have simply followed my predecessor's example."

The banker made a sign of assent.

"As regards that spent by myself," continued the cashier, "I had a sort of right to it, all of my savings being deposited in this bank—about fifteen thousand francs."

"That is true," said M. Fauvel. "M. Bertyon has at least that amount on deposit."

This last question settled, the commissary's errand was ended, and his report might now be made. He announced his intention of leaving and ordered the cashier to prepare to follow him. Usually this moment, when stern reality stares us in the face, when our individuality is lost and we feel that we are being deprived of our liberty—this moment is terrible. At this fatal command, "Follow me," which brings before our eyes the yawning prison gates, the most hardened sinner weeps and begs for mercy. But Prosper lost none of that studied phlegm which the commissary secretly pronounced consummate impudence. Slowly, with as much careless ease as if going to breakfast, he drew on his overcoat and gloves and said politely:

"I am ready to accompany you, monsieur."

The commissary folded up his pocketbook and bowed to M. Fauvel, saying to Prosper:

"Let us go."

They left the room, and, with a distressed face and eyes filled with tears that he could not restrain, the banker watched their departure.

"Good heaven!" he exclaimed, "Gladly would I give double the sum stolen to regain my old confidence in poor Prosper and be able to keep him with me!"

Fauferlot had resolved to obtain possession of Prosper's note, which he knew to be in Cavillon's pocket. To obtain this written proof, which must be an important one, appeared the easiest thing in the world. He had simply to arrest Cavillon, frighten him, demand the letter and, if necessary, take it by force.

Fauferlot began talking with an office boy and, after a few apparently idle questions, had discovered that the bank had no outlet on Victory street and that consequently all the clerks were obliged to pass in and out through the main entrance on Province street. From this moment the task he had undertaken no longer presented a shadow of difficulty. He rapidly crossed the street and took up his position under a carriage gate.

After awhile Cavillon appeared at the door of the bank, but before stepping on the pavement he looked up and down the street hesitatingly. He soon decided, entered the Faubourg Montmartre and walked up Notre Dame street so rapidly, utterly regardless of the grumbling passersby, whom he elbowed out of his way, that Fauferlot found it difficult to keep him in sight. Reaching Chaptal street, Cavillon suddenly stopped and entered the house numbered 39. He had scarcely taken three steps in the narrow corridor when he felt a touch on his shoulder and, turning abruptly, found himself face to face with Fauferlot.

He recognized him at once, and, turning very pale, he shrank back and looked around for means of escape. But the detective, anticipating the attempt, barred the passageway. Cavillon saw that he was caught.

"What do you want with me?" he asked in a voice tremulous with fear.

"You will be kind enough, my dear monsieur," said Fauferlot, "to excuse the great liberty I take. It is only about a trifling matter, and you will overwhelm me with obligations if you will do me the honor to accept my arm and step outside for a moment."

What could Cavillon do? He took Fauferlot's arm and went out with him.

"What I wished to say is, my dear monsieur," began the detective, "that M. Prosper Bertyon threw you a note this morning. I am sure you will be kind enough to give it to me. Believe me, nothing but the most absolute necessity—"

"Never!" exclaimed Cavillon. And, believing the moment favorable, he suddenly attempted to jerk his arm from under Fauferlot's and escape.

But his efforts were vain. The detective's strength was equal to his savvy.

"Don't hurt yourself, young man," he said, "but take my advice and quietly give up the letter."

"I am in your power," said Cavillon, then suddenly drew from his pocketbook the unlucky note and gave it to the detective. Fauferlot's hand trembled with pleasure as he unfolded the paper. Yet, faithful to his habits of fastidious politeness, before reading it he bowed to Cavillon and said, "With your permission." Then he read:

Dear Nina—On the receipt of this note take everything you have in the house, absolutely everything, and establish yourself somewhere at the other end of Paris. Do not appear in public, but conceal yourself as much as possible. My life may depend on your obedience. I am accused of an immense robbery and am about to be arrested. You will find 500 francs in the secretary. Leave your address with Cavillon, who will explain what I cannot say. Be hopeful, whatever happens. Goodby.

Had Cavillon been less bewildered he would have seen blank disappointment depicted on the detective's face after the perusal of the note. Fauferlot had cherished the hope that he was about to possess a very important document, and who knows but that it would clearly prove the guilt or innocence of Prosper. Whereas he had only seized a love letter written by a man who was evidently more anxious about the welfare of the woman he loved than about his own. Vainly did he puzzle over the letter, hoping to discover some hidden meaning. It proved nothing for or against the writer. The two words "absolutely everything" were underscored. It is true, but they could be interpreted in so many ways. Fauferlot folded up the note and slipped it into his pocket.

"A thousand thanks, monsieur, for the information, and in return, if you please, I will relieve you of the trouble of executing your commission. I will myself take this note to Mme. Nina Gipsy. I will also give you a piece of advice. If I were in your place, I would return quietly to business and have nothing more to do with this affair."

The poor fellow obeyed. Slowly and with swelling heart he returned to Notre Dame street. He asked himself how he could serve Prosper, warn Mme. Gipsy and, above all, be revenged upon this odious detective who had just made him suffer such cruel humiliation. He had no sooner turned the corner of the street than Fauferlot went into the house, gave his name to the porter as Prosper Bertyon, went up stairs and knocked at the first door he came to.

A young servant dressed in the most fanciful livery opened the door.

"Is Mme. Gipsy at home?"

The little groom hesitated. Seeing this, Fauferlot showed his note.

"M. Prosper charged me to hand this note to madame and wait for an answer."

"Come in, and I will let madame know you are here."

The name of Prosper produced its effect. Fauferlot was ushered into a little room furnished in blue and gold silk damask. But he had no time to pursue his inventory. One of the door curtains was pushed aside, and Mme. Nina Gipsy appeared. Mme. Gipsy is,

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 12-11

[Continued on Last Page.]

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W. E. GILLILAND, Editor and Proprietor.

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BAIRD LODGE No. 522. A. F. & A. M. Meets every Saturday night at 8 o'clock before full moon at 7:30 p. m.

BAIRD LODGE No. 142. A. O. U. W. Meets first and third Tuesday in each month.

BAIRD LODGE No. 86. BROTHERS UNION of the World meets in the Odd Fellows hall 1st and 3rd Monday nights in each month at 8 p. m.

CAMP ALBERT SIDNEY JOHNSTON, No. 14. U. G. W. Meets at Baird at 1 p. m. 1st, 3rd, 5th and 7th Saturday in each month.

TO COUNTY SUBSCRIBERS.

I am sending out statements on subscriptions past due, and we earnestly request all who are in arrears to pay up without delay.

ROLBED OF DIAMONDS

A Drummer Loses Between \$10,000 and \$12,000 Worth.

TAKEN FROM TRUNKS

The Sparklers Were Secured From Sample Cases Left in the Depot. Other Valuables in Trunks Were Not Molested.

Glendive, Mont., Jan. 21.—Robbers secured between \$10,000 and \$20,000 worth of unset and set diamonds here by stealing two trunks from the baggage room of the Northern Pacific station.

The trunks were the property of C. B. Clausen, traveling representative of S. H. Clausen & Co., wholesale manufacturing jewelers of Minneapolis.

Brenham, Tex., Jan. 21.—Prof. W. C. Grossman and his son Willie were mangled to death at 3 o'clock Sunday evening while out for a stroll through the country.

Brenham, Tex., Jan. 21.—Mrs. W. C. Grossman died Monday at Wallis while en route to Cuero to attend the funeral of her husband and son.

Ennis, Tex., Jan. 21.—Will Gibson, a merchant of this city, was found early Sunday morning at a livery stable here in an unconscious condition.

New York, Jan. 18.—The supreme court has rendered a verdict for \$6629 in favor of Prof. Rudolph Witthaus, who had sued the city to recover \$6180 for services rendered by him in making a chemical analysis on portions of the remains of Henry Barnett.

London, Jan. 20.—Lord Chief Justice Alverstone sustained contention of the defense of Dr. Krause that charge of inciting to murder must fall, as there was no evidence that letters in the case had reached Brocksman.

Sherman, Tex., Jan. 21.—Fred Kiser, aged 21 years, an employe of the firm of contractors who are constructing the bridges and trestles of the Texas, Red River and Southern railroad, is in a precarious condition in his room in East Pacific street with his right leg and left arm broken.

Des Moines, Jan. 18.—As practically closing the act of his administration Gov. Shaw made public the names of 473 prisoners whom he had extended executive clemency within the last two years.

Denton, Tex., Jan. 21.—Wm. Brice of Fort Worth and W. C. Weeks of Arlington have purchased twenty acres of land in the southern part of the city and have begun work thereon erecting a big pressed brick plant.

Graaf-Reinet, Cape Colony, Jan. 21.—Lord Kitchener has confirmed the death sentence upon the Boer commandant, Scheepers, who was captured last October. He will be shot next Saturday.

FIGHTING AT PANAMA.

Government Warships Fighting Insurgent Vessels in Harbor. Colon, Colombia, Jan. 21.—A naval battle, which began at 6 yesterday morning, is in progress in the harbor of Panama.

Washington, Jan. 21.—The state department has received the following cablegram from Consul General Gudgeon, dated Panama: "Fighting in bay. Governor was killed; excitement great."

Report of Fighting Confirmed.

Washington, Jan. 21.—The state department has received the following cablegram from Consul General Gudgeon, dated Panama: "Fighting in bay. Governor was killed; excitement great."

Two Warships Destroyed.

New York, Jan. 21.—The Panama Railroad company here received a cablegram from Colon saying that three insurgent and two government vessels had been sunk in the naval engagement in Panama harbor.

A SERIOUS FIGHT.

One Man Killed and Another Believed to Be Fatally Hurt.

South McAlester, I. T., Jan. 21.—Sunday night at Wilburton a shocking tragedy was enacted and as a result one man is dead and another fatally injured.

Where Schley Met Mrs. Schley.

Chicago, Ill., Jan. 21.—A tinge of romance will attend the visit of Admiral and Mrs. Winfield Scott Schley to Chicago this week.

Confederate Veteran Dead.

Austin, Jan. 21.—Thomas Hartigan, aged 90 years, an inmate of the State Confederate home, died very suddenly at that institution Sunday.

Pan-American Adjourns Date.

City of Mexico, Jan. 21.—The Pan-American conference at its session Monday adopted a resolution to adjourn on Jan. 31.

Beiton Bank Fails.

Beltoz, Tex., Jan. 21.—The Citizens' bank of this place did not open its doors Monday morning.

Killed by a Fall.

Galveston, Jan. 21.—Leon Burger, 18 years of age, a carpenter's apprentice, fell from the roof of the new powerhouse of the street railway here and was killed.

Life Sentence for Murder.

Palestine, Tex., Jan. 21.—In the district court here the case of G. A. Tippen, Jr., charged with the killing of his father, George Tippen, here a few weeks ago, was called for trial and the defendant entered a plea of guilty to the charge.

Died of His Injuries.

Navasota, Tex., Jan. 21.—J. M. Barrow, who was run over by a Santa Fe train Thursday, died from the injuries received.

E. R. SARTOR

Physician and Surgeon. Office at R. Phillips' Drug Store. BAIRD, TEXAS.

REMARKABLE CURE OF CROUP.

A Little Boy's Life Saved.

I have a few words to say regarding Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It saved my little boy's life and I feel that I cannot praise it enough.

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

SCHEDULE OF ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF MAILS.

Mails from the night trains, No's. 5 and 6, is received at the P. O. at 5:30 a. m. for distribution.

NOTICE.—Mrs. Kane requests us to say that she is now able to furnish her customers with fresh bread.

BRAIN-FOOD NONSENSE.

Another ridiculous food fad has been branded by the most competent authorities. They have dispelled the silly notion that one kind of food is needed for brain, another for muscles.

If Its "Batavia," It's The Best. HARDIN HAS "BATAVIA"

- "Batavia" Corn.—packed in the State of Maine. "Batavia" Extra Fine Peas—better than French. "Batavia" Strawberry Sugar Beets.

BESIDES

The above, which are the finest products of the packers and preservers art and skill, I offer the various "standard" brands of goods, lower in price and lower grade but NOT poor in quality.

Don't Overlook

'Swan's Down' Cake Flour. IN PACKAGES. HAVE YOU TRIED JERSEY CREAM FLOUR, CHEAPEST AND BEST.

ALL GOODS GUARANTEED. Phone No. 44. George S. Hardin. GROCER. Baird, Texas.

Poverty Soshul.

THE WIMMENS HUM MISSION SOCIETY WILL GIVE A POVERTY SOSHUL AT MRS. R. A. KENDALL'S

Friday Eve, Jan. 24th, at 7 O'clock.

REWLS AND REJULASHUNS.

FIRST. Every womin what kum must ware a Poverty dres and apers er somethin eckely er appropriate, a leave her boodle dorg to hum.

SECOND. Know gont with billed shirt and dood koller will be aloud to kum onless he pays a fine of five cents.

Cykenot. No apers. Kid gloves. Hat with flowers or fethers. Earring plane. Earring dimon. Trimmed apers. Velvet ground. Finger wring.

VITTELS

Koffy 5 Sents, Ginger Kake 5 Sents. Kum at at Kandie Lighting and Stay til Bedtime.

NO OBSTREPROUS ER BAD BOYS WANTED.

Wilson & Oliver, Dealers in Beef, Pork, Sausage, Lamb and Game in Season. Baird, Texas. Image of a cow.

THE LONG TRIAL OF THE CATTLE RANGE.

has given prominence in history to the new world famous Texas Panhandle. But a few years ago the wonderful possibilities to this region as a wheat country became known.

Matilda Fletcher

Silver Tongued Lady Orator.

Will Lecture at The BAIRD-COLLEGE

Under the auspices of the Philomathean Literary Society

on the Subject of

The Heart of a Man

SATURDAY EVE, FEB. 1, AT 8 O'CLOCK.

PRESS NOTICES.

She has few equals and no superiors.—Chicago Tribune.

All the audiences that have heard her have been greatly pleased.—New York Tribune.

She is possessed of all the qualities that go to make an efficient speaker. Eloquence, wit, logic, originality and beauty, and wherever she goes she is bound to meet with success.—Bee, Omaha, Neb.

ADMISSION 35c.

