

Clarendon News.

Christianity, Education, Temperance, Civilization---Westward.

VOL. 1. CLARENDON, TEXAS, MAR. 1, 1879. NO.10

QUESTION CORNER.

Is the colony distinctively Methodist? No. It so happens that a majority of our settlers are Methodists, but we extend an equally warm hand to all. We are not of the narrow gauge.

What wages do mechanics receive? \$1.50 to \$2.50 per day.

What is the best material for building? Stone, delivered on the ground at \$1.50 per perch. Stone, and clay for brick, in abundance. We have lime and sandstone and a soft white rock cut easily with saw or chisel.

Could a family live one year in a water-proof tent comfortably? Yes, if of suitable size and floored.

If three or four men should come out there this spring could they get employment? Not regularly. Better not depend too much on wages. Set yourself and friends at work on your own improvements and live cheaply.

Should a company bring seed grain; and of what kinds? A good plan to bring choice wheat, corn and garden seeds in small quantities.

What kind of trees grow most readily? Almost anything, we think; have not yet fully tested the matter. Cottonwood, hackberry, cedar, black walnut, etc., are found in the Pan Handle.

Can a man buy land for a home and not come for a year or so? Yes.

Do you think you can permanently exclude whisky? Yes, emphatically.

On what bank in New York shall we buy exchange? Your banker will advise you. Send by postal order or express if more convenient.

What will it cost me to reach your place alone? See railway agent and get terms to Dodge City, or Sherman. The stage fare from Dodge to Clarendon is about \$25.

Is the land flat, rolling or hilly? A little of each; rolling is the prevailing style of country.

What kind of grain is grown? Anything you wish.

What price will it bring per bushel? Can't say. Probably corn is sure to bring \$1 and upwards; and wheat from \$1.50 to \$2.00.

Is it a good place for wintering cattle, sheep and hogs? No better in the world. Cattle sell at about \$8 to \$12 per head; sheep \$1.50 to \$3.00 according to quality; hogs no quotations.

What is the prevailing religion? That which "turns the world upside down," Methodism.

Have you a church? A temporary erection, which meets all present needs. We have good society, Sunday schools, preaching, and the decencies and courtesies of civilized life, well observed.

Is there plenty of woodland? Not in western Texas, though enough for fuel and many other uses. Hedges and timber will be grown easily and rapidly.

Why is city property at Clarendon exempt from State and County tax? Because of one of the generous freaks of our State authorities.

What is the size of lots? 50x140 feet, and 25x140 feet.

Can persons find comfortable boarding at Clarendon, and at what price? Very fair boarding at \$4.50 to \$5.00 per week. Tables generally supplied with wild game.

How far would a man have to go to see or kill a buffalo? Possibly not over five miles. But these famous creatures begin to be cautious in coming too near a yankee settlement. Deer, antelope and wild turkeys are quite plentiful. Beef, mutton and wild game sell for 5 to 7 cts per pound.

Is there much snow in winter? But very little.

When is the best time to come? The best time is now, the most pleasant in May.

When will taxes be due on lands patented this year? When assessed. Probably next year.

What number of people are required to authorize a County organization? One hundred and fifty voters.

Whom shall I address on business at Clarendon? Mercantile, J. W. Recker; Surveying, J. H. Parke; Religious, Rev. J. Woodroffe; City property, educational

and miscellaneous, Rev. W. A. Allan and Dr. H. R. Fowler; sheep raising, Archibald Williams; house building, Andrew Bedall.

Are teams more expensive at Dodge City than at Sherman? About ten per cent.

Have you plows and implements for sale at Clarendon? Yes, generally.

What are the earliest supplies for the table? About the same as East.

Did your colony raise any corn, wheat, etc., last year? Yes, corn, oats, millet, potatoes and garden. The crop was good, considering the sod plowing and late planting.

Will cotton grow so far north? Yes, easily and readily; was tested last year.

Is the wheat grown of a spring or winter variety? Mainly winter; sown in October and November. Oats are sown in the fall, winter or spring.

Did Irish potatoes do well at Clarendon? Yes.

What are the disadvantages of that frontier life and country? Similar to what might be expected in all new countries west, nothing serious we think. Depends much on the settler himself.

What law about fencing? None at all. Stock must be herded. People will fence with wire, hedge, etc., as fast as they can.

What effect has your climate on catarrhal subjects? Very favorable.

Are the winds high, or low? About the same as in Colorado, Kansas, and other parts of the west.

How deep has the snow been this winter? Six to ten inches.

Does timber along the creek bottoms indicate poor land? No. Timber will grow anywhere in this country if the fires are kept out.

What will a tent cost to buy or rent? One 12x15, heavy duck, will cost about \$20. Ship it with your goods, unless you come via Sherman.

What will 4 or 5 yoke of oxen cost at Dodge? \$50 or \$60.

Are the lands generally level enough for the use of reapers and sulkey plow? Yes.

What constitutes an actual settler on school lands? Improvements, plowing, building and actual residence, more or less regularly, and annual payment of one tenth the cost (1.50 per acre), and interest on deferred payments at 10 per cent. See estimate of total cost in this number. The entire cost, 240 dollars, may be paid down if desirable.

Are the uplands thickly and closely covered with grass or is the grass in patches and bunches, with bare spots? Entirely coated with grass, so far as observed in our country.

How will your lands compare with those on the Kansas river, in Kansas? Never saw those lands but from reports we judge favorably.

Are there any lime stone lands in Donley Co? There is lime and gypsum in our county but not general, water is excellent and not very "hard."

We notice in Texas Iron Age, fare from St. Louis to Sherman and return is \$14. Is that correct? A miss print we think.

What is the price of a pony, saddle and bridle in Sherman? From \$20 to \$40.

Is there any cactus in you county. Not common.

Henrietta, Texas Jan. 15th 1879. Rev. W. A. Allan, Clarendon, Texas.

Dear sir:—I am just in receipt of a note from Gov. Throckmorton enquiring about points along the proposed mail route from Henrietta to Ft. Elliott by which said route should pass. I have sent him a sketch map putting Clarendon on the route and feel pretty sure we will get it.

Yours truly, W. B. Plemons.

The first Quarterly meeting for the conference year was held Feb. 22d and 23d. The Church is prospering finely under the leadership of Pastor Woodroffe.

STORY OF AN OLD PIONEER.

Written for the CLARENDON NEWS, By Mrs. Mary Helm.

CHAPTER VII.

This chapter must chronicle one of the exploits of the Texan war of 1835. While everything promised victory for the Anglo-Americans, the News came to Matagorda that Gen. Cos was defeated at San Antonio and de Baxa with such a bloodless victory and the fort taken by a mere handful of green volunteers.

The few that remained at home desired to win a part of the glory by driving from the country a small post at Labaha, a place not far from the river which empties into the bay of Matagorda, thus our heroes could go most of the way by water.

As it was well known that all old Spanish towns had government troops, more or less, they thought by attacking them in the night and surprising them, to make them an easy prey; and thus win a share of the glory so freely accorded to their comrades who had defeated Gen. Cos. After leaving their boats and while making their way in the greatest silence toward the town they suddenly heard the crackling of the bushes, and halted to hold a council of war. Did the enemy know of their approach? Was there a spy sentinel? And if so, should they take him prisoner? Finally they concluded to accost him in Spanish: "Who lives?" (the usual salutation among the Mexicans.) The response came: "My name is Collinsworth." Poor Collinsworth had been for years confined in a Mexican Bastille and did not know that any war was going on between the parties.

His friends had long mourned him as dead. Our heroes put Collinsworth ahead as the leader, marched forward and demanded the unconditional surrender of the town, which was granted after a few shots on both sides. But one American was killed, and that one was the heroic Collinsworth. Such is war! Cruel war! At the time when found he was making his way toward Matagorda, where some of his family lived, daring to travel only in the night; there I got his story, which I think has never before found its way into print.

When we returned home from a visit to New York, it was about the 15th of January, 1836, giving us plenty of time to get in our spring crops. Some of our friends had not yet returned from the fall campaign of 1835, being detained by sickness. These poor fellows were massacred while prisoners of war with their leader, Col. Fanning; and San Antonio was taken by an army twenty or more to one about the same time and every man put to the sword with no quarter given—all of which is a part of history well known. But there are some items not so well known. A negro man, an officer's servant, was spared to carry the news to the Americans, and when asked which one of our men killed the most Mexicans, replied: "Col. Crockett had the biggest pile."

When the news reached the country it created a panic. No one would venture to fall into such hands. Had our enemy been a civilized nation no one would have thought of leaving their homes, for none had any doubt as to the final issue. Still to put ourselves in their power was certain martyrdom. Hence the whole country moved at once in as great haste as did the Israelites from Egypt. All unprepared, without animals enough to carry provisions and people. The sick, and the young and helpless found graves all along the way; they had left comfortable homes surrounded by luxury and abundance.

(To be continued.)

Let such as would like escort from Dodge City to Clarendon be on hand March 5th to 10th.

On the Wing.

"Around the road the quickest way home," finds a lively illustration hereaway. From Sherman to Clarendon directly westward (and slightly north), is only 275 miles, but the stage team runs no further than Henrietta, in Clay county, 110 miles, leaving a chasm of open and unsettled country and requiring several days by ordinary conveyance; hence we double the cape by steam and save nearly one week of time via Parsons and Emporia, Kan., (384 miles) over the M. K. & T. R'y.; thence by the A. T. & St. Fe Road to Dodge City, 270 miles further; thence by stage line in about forty hours to Fort Elliot, 185 miles, and thence one day to Clarendon, forty-five miles, total, 784 miles in six days with one day's detention at Emporia, and another (the Sabbath) at Elliot.

We were not prepared for the snow and chilly weather encountered in Kansas, having had such delightful weather at Sherman for three weeks. A bluster-g norther for two days in Kansas, and a stout piercing head wind during the entire staging rendered much of our journey anything but a romance; but the distance faded rapidly, and ere we could hardly realize it we were again upon the scene of the past year's activities, glad and grateful. We found the spring opening for 225 miles southward from Southern Kansas, making a perceptible difference in temperature. A half dozen farms are being opened and everybody is astir with business.

Mr. Hefflebower's new two story house, (the first of like proportions in the Pan Handle,) and the new school house, also used for church, and likewise the first structure of the kind in a radius of 200 miles, are noteworthy—and much to our appearance and convenience. Miss Dora Hefflebower is teaching the first school, Rev. Mr. Woodroffe is filling the first regular pastorate, and our settlement is the first civilization in all this broad land with capacity for a state. We are making history. We have passed the crisis of existence, and by the blessing of the Highest this flank movement upon the wilderness, this effort to plant the work and interest of the church of our choice and affection, the "Christian Temperance Colony," will yet be heard from in the molding of coming events.

The winter, though no more severe than elsewhere, has been seriously felt, but bravely endured. For a time large numbers of Indians, starved, cheated and outraged by our most detestable and disgraceful system of "agencies," quit the reservation in disgust and sought food once again on their old hunting grounds. For a few weeks some fears were entertained as to their temper and conduct, but this also, like the winter of our discontent has passed and all is secure.

Quite large delegations are expected this spring and summer, and we hope to secure a complete county organization before the season ends.

We expect to meet several families at Dodge City in early March.

Texas Hogs.

As a general rule, far less labor and attention has been given to the raising of this animal than in any other State, hence the production is far less than it would be with ordinary care and attention bestowed upon them. The growth of all varieties and breeds is as rapid in any portion of this State as in any other part of the United States, and there are several breeds that can be made to weigh 300 pounds to the hog in twelve months, yet there is not sufficient pork raised within the boundaries of the State to supply home consumption, and those who have a surplus can always get ready sale and a large price. This scarcity, which is owing in part to the rapid immigration to our State, necessitates the importance of vast quantities, and could be avoided by more attention given to the hog, and by that means retain an immense amount of money that could be profitably employed in many other pursuits. During the past two years a large number of the improved breeds have been brought into the State,

and more attention is given to them. In Donley county we have many sections of the shin oak, full of nuts and finely adapted to hog ranches.

Personal.

A. Babbit, Esq. arrived in Clarendon January 27th, after a four-weeks journey from the lower part of the state. Himself and family consisting of wife and eight children are now in a small house on their farm one mile and a half south west of town. He is quite comfortably situated considering that he is only on the ground three weeks being completely sheltered and housed. He has also begun farming operations.

Misses Nellie and Rosa Babbit are welcomed by the young people of Clarendon into their society.

Levi Shick, of Ft. Elliott made a visit to Clarendon recently.

Wanted.

A suitable party with moderate capital to enter the merchandising business here. No better opening in the state.

A mail rout from Elliott to Griffin and Henrietta via Clarendon.

A thorough investigation of the alleged Indian swindles, starvation etc., at Fort Sill.

Still seriously in want of support, consorts and consolation for a host of bachelors. References not required.

A good boot and shoe maker with stock.

A hundred practical energetic farmers this spring.

To loan, money on real estate at 10 per cent.

(For the News.)

Henrietta, Tex., Jan. 15. 1879. Mr. W. A. Allan et al, Clarendon, Texas.—GENTLEMEN: Referring to your petition setting forth facts and praying "for the appointment of a Justice of the Peace for Donley county, etc." came to hand a few days back. I have been busy in court for several days, which accounts for my not answering you sooner. In reply to your prayer I am sorry to say there is no law that provides for the appointment of a justice of the peace in any unorganized county in this state. I know there ought to be such a law, and have before this urged upon our law makers its importance. I will send your petition and also one from Baylor county to same effect to our members in the Legislature, and urge them to procure the passage of a law providing for such emergencies.

I am yours truly, W. B. PLEMONS, County Judge of Clay Co.

Texas University, Asylum and School Lands.

Each county in the State has four leagues (a league is 4,427 acres).

The alternate sections of the land grants by the State to railroads are reserved for school purposes.

ARTICLE VII, SECTION 7. Separate schools shall be provided for the white and colored children, and impartial provision shall be made for both.

The Wife's Signature.

We have the following statement from two of the most reliable law firms of Sherman, touching a vital point. This will set us at rest:

"The wife has no right of dower of the lands of her husband in Texas. The husband can, without the concurrence of the wife, convey the real estate of the community, or his separate property, (if it is not homestead) without the signature of the wife."

Throckmorton, Brown & Bryant, Cook & Buckler.

SHERMAN, TEXAS.

REV. L. H. CARHART, Editor

and business manager. Look

box 155, Sherman, Texas.

JAS. H. PARKS,

Local Editor,

CLARENDON, DONLEY CO., TEXAS.

Coming and What They Say.

Rev. G. W., Boulder, Col. Myself and four others, but for the cold would have been on our way to see your country. You will see us as soon as the weather permits. We shall come with our own conveyance. God, truth, temperance and prayer, will make any place bud and blossom as the rose."

W. N., of Fannettsburg, Pa., and his brother will start for our colony in March via Dodge City.

Mrs. S. N. M., Centerville, Mich. We are looking toward Donley county, and when we can sell our land, &c., &c. Shall soon decide.

P. H. E., of Starkville, N. Y. Mr. T., who owns with me one-half of sec. No. 3, on Allan's creek, has decided to go west, and prefers on account of Christian society and privilege, to go to Clarendon.

C. R. R., of Leavenworth, Kan. Having seen my son-in-law, Mr. J. N., and finding him willing to go to Texas, I thought we had better go down and take a look this winter and if we liked the Pan Handle country, and the prospects of colony were good, and we could make suitable arrangements for land we would come. Mr. N. would like to go into the nursery and forest tree business.

W. C. G., Boston, Mass. I am asthmatic and want to get into a dry and healthful atmosphere where I might practice my profession, (law).

R. H., Wilmington, Del. "There are quite a number here thinking of emigrating, but the most of them have but from \$500 to \$1800, which seems to me inadequate for such an undertaking." (Depends on how it is handled).—Editor.

G. C. F., Burlington, Iowa. I expected long before this to have been at Clarendon. We had our party made up, but danger of yellow fever discouraged us. I am still expecting to go. Would like to start a sheep ranch, or buy one out. This weather, with thermometer sixteen degrees below zero gives me Texas on the brain. Hope the disease will get down into the feet soon.

W. K. A., of Wilhlem, Pa. I am seriously thinking of making my home with you. I am ready to make arrangements to go at any time if Mrs. A. will consent to go along. Hope she will think better of it soon.

Extract from the Constitution of the State of Texas, Relating to the Homesteads of Families.

ARTICLE XVI.—GENERAL PROVISIONS.

SEC. 50. The homestead of a family shall be, and is hereby protected from forced sale, for the payment of all debts, except for the purchase money thereof, or a part of such purchase money, the taxes due thereon, or for work and material used in constructing improvements thereon; and in this last case, only when the work and material are contracted for in writing, with the consent of the wife, given in the same manner as required in making a sale and conveyance of the homestead; nor shall the owner if a married man sell the homestead without the consent of the wife, given in such a manner as may be prescribed by law. No mortgage, trust deed, or other lien shall ever be valid, except for the purchase money thereof, or improvements made thereon, as heretofore provided, whether such mortgage or trust deed or other lien shall have been created by the husband alone, or together with his wife; and all pretended sales of the homestead involving any condition of defeasance, shall be void.

SEC. 51. The homestead, not in a town or city, shall consist of not more than 200 acres of land, which may be in one or more parcels, with improvements thereon. The homestead, in a city, town or village, shall consist of lot or lots, not to exceed the value of five thousand dollars, at the time of their designation as the homestead, without reference to the value and improvements thereon. Provided that the same shall be used for the purposes of a home, or as a place to exercise the calling or business of the head of a family. Provided, also, that any temporary renting of the homestead shall not change the character of the same when no other homestead has been acquired.

TEXAS TOPICS.

—Baylor county is making an attempt to organize.

—Texas is now supplying St. Louis and Chicago with fat sheep for mutton.

—There are 76 sheep-raisers in Webb county, owning from 1,000 to 80,000 head each.

—The Icard Brothers have three domesticated buffaloes in their cattle herd in Clay county.

—Taylorsville was destroyed on the 25th ult. by fire, leaving only two blocks unburned.

—The Examiner says the motto of the present legislature seems to be, "more dogs and less schooling."

—A Fort Bend county woman advertises that she will not, after this date pay debts contracted by her husband.

—Many farmers about Kosse, Lime stone county, are planting ribbon cane which proved a profitable crop last year.

—The Brazos bridge at Marlin was recently sold at trustee's sale. It only brought \$4,000. It cost when new over \$30,000.

—The legislature has passed a bill appropriating sixty thousand dollars to public schools, and the governor has approved it.

—When a \$2000 clergyman is offered a \$3000 parsonage, it is styled a "call," whereas, in point of fact, it is not a "call," but a "raise."

—Bananas have this season ripened in Dr. Litten's yard at Austin, specimens of which have been exhibited at the Statesman's banquet.

—A bill has been introduced into the legislature to establish a state paper and printing office, where all the state printing and advertising will be done.

—Collin county boasts of ninety odd public free schools in operation. They are taught from five to nine months, and the Advocate is justly proud of them.

—Robey's steam mill and cotton gin at Cooper, Delta county, was destroyed by fire last Sunday night. It is supposed to have been set on fire by lightning.

—Some unknown would be assassin attempted to shoot Tilman Enbark in his house, in Limestone county, last week. Several balls passed through his hat but no harm was done.

—Texas fever is devastating Georgia. In a late number the Atlanta Constitution says that "if the political issues of Georgia were pooled, the aggregate would not outweigh in importance the breaking down of the disposition of the average Georgian to seek fortune in Texas."

—The Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe railroad is making a flank movement on the roads leading to and through Texas by carrying immigrants at very low rates to Fort Dodge, at which point they procure teams and come down through the Pan Handle into Western Texas.

—On Thursday of last week, in Cleburne, Johnson county, Bob Wright, aged about six years, the son of Mary Wright, drank some whisky which some one had left in a room of Mr. Wright's hotel. He soon became dead drunk, and a physician was summoned, but it seems that he came too late to benefit the little boy. Bob died next day at 11 o'clock.

—In the vicinity of Dresden, Navarro county, last week, Mr. D. F. Colson and wife had a little girl who was sick and cross, and to amuse the child the mother gave her an old rusty pistol, not knowing it was loaded. The child was too weak to snap it, and asked her mother to do it, and to please her she said, "I will shoot Ann," placing the pistol at or near the daughter's head, and pulling the trigger the pistol fired, the ball entering the forehead, causing death in a short time.

—People need not fear that Texas will soon have no further room for new settlers. This state by the last census, with an area of 274,000 square miles, had a population of less than 1,000,000, or about four people to the square mile. The climate and soil are admitted to equal those of France or any other country; yet France has 182 persons to the square mile; England 268, and Germany 200. The reader can calculate what number of inhabitants Texas is destined to hold before she is overcrowded.—Galveston News.

—Unimproved lands can be bought in Shackelford county at \$1.50 per acre; improved lands from \$2 to \$5. Fort Griffin, the pioneer town of the county, is situated in the northern part. It has about twenty business houses. This town has been the center of the buffalo trade for the past four years, and commands a large trade from the surrounding county. Shackelford county possesses all the advantages of good grass, good water, good soil and an abundance of building stone. The productions of last year prove beyond a doubt that farming will become a profitable occupation, and that the small grain yield surpasses the general average, and as a stock-raising country it will rank with any in the state. There are now about 120 Tonkaway and Lipan warriors at Fort Griffin. These Indians are tame, and are used for scouting purposes. The Tonkaways are said to be particularly keen when placed upon a Comanche trail, which tribe they bitterly hate. A few weeks ago, the news reached Fort Griffin that the rangers had killed a Comanche, which information greatly pleased the Tonkaways, who put on their war paint and made demonstrations of joy thereat.—Albany Tomahawk.

—Mr. Finlay's Bell Punch bill was defeated in the Texas legislature last Saturday.

—Brenham has eight churches, and the ninth one is now in course of construction.

—It is rumored that the Texas Central contemplates buying the Dallas and Wichita.

—The growing wheat crop is looking unusually well all over Texas, and with favorable weather an immense yield will be harvested.

—The Texas legislature had the good sense to refuse to adopt a proposition to adjourn for the purpose of attending Mardi Gras at Galveston.

—It is estimated, by well informed cattle men, that during the season just closed northern Texas has shipped to market upwards of 100,000 cattle.

—Gen. Westfall recently captured five beavers on the Colorado river in Burnett county, and another party captured twenty-five during the past winter.

—Capt. King, the boss cattle man of Texas, has about completed arrangements to start his first drove of cattle from Nueces county to Kansas about the first of March.

—At Weimer, Colorado county, eggs are selling at 5 cents per dozen; chickens, 10 cents each; butter, 12 1/2 cents per pound; lard 7 cents per pound; sweet potatoes, 35 cents per bushel, and corn 50 cents per bushel.

—Cotton still continues pouring into all the towns and cities of Texas, and the quantity marketed is a matter of surprise to many old cotton buyers. Planters have evidently been holding their crop back for better prices.

—A herd of antelopes, of fully five hundred in number, came to the farm of George Reynolds, in Shackelford county, during the cold weather in January, and took shelter on the lee side of his stone fence. He succeeded in killing two of them, when they went from there to a Mr. Lockett's place, and that gentleman killed three more at one shot.

—Texas has produced a new medicine, which, from its intoxicant qualities, may be yet used as a tipple. It is derived from a bean grown on a plant known as the *sophora speciosa*. Professor H. C. Wood, of the University of Pennsylvania, has discovered in it an alkaloid, which he proposes to call *Sophoria*. Half of one bean, it is said, will produce a delicious exhilaration, followed by sleep lasting one or two days.

—The following are the changes in the seat of government of Texas during the different phases in its civil condition. First at San Felipe, 1835; next at Washington, March, 1836; next at Harrisburg, same month; next at Galveston, April 16, 1836; next at Velasco, May, 1836, where the treaties with Santa Anna were signed; next at Columbia, October, 1836; next at Houston, May, 1837; next at Austin, October, 1837; next at Houston, 1842; next at Washington, November, 1842, where the capital remained until established again in Austin, 1845.

—Mr. J. J. Cochran, of Henrietta, is in the city, and from him we learn that the condition of the cattle on the ranges of Clay county is entirely satisfactory. He says that in all that vast region of country tributary to Henrietta, there have been no losses sustained by the cattle men beyond that of a few old cows. The cattle are generally in good condition, three and four-year-olds, as a rule, being good beef. One thing, however, that is rather bad—the herds are scattered and divided up into small bands, so that it will require a good deal of labor to get them on the range in the spring.—Sherman Courier.

—Among the crops of Caldwell wheat has been receiving great attention. According to the estimate of the threshers, 140,000 bushels were raised last year, the crop averaging, according to the estimate as above, of Mediterranean wheat, 25 to 30 bushels, and of Nicaragua wheat, 30 to 35 bushels. Oats yield 70 bushels to the acre. Barley yields from 40 to 60 bushels to the acre; corn, 35 to 40 bushels, and in some instances as high as 60. Cotton is about the average of that crop; some years more than a bale to the acre is produced. One farmer of the county made last year thirteen bales on nine acres of ground. Ribbon sugar cane of fine quality has been raised by irrigation. Mr. Stroud last year cut and sold, for cutting purposes, two hundred dollars worth from less than an acre of ground near Lockhart. Sorghum cane grows profusely, and the people revel in its sweetness, while much of it is grown as food for stock. Water-power is abundant on the San Marcos river, and good gins and mills, driven either by horse, water or steam-power, are in operation in all parts of the county.

—The traveling correspondent of the San Antonio Express writes from the town of Goliad: I found one of the prettiest, compact villages of about 2500 inhabitants that I have seen in the state. It is on the east side of the river, on elevated ground, and well filled with live oak trees. In the center is a good rock, two-story courthouse, surrounded by a substantial fence, and on all sides are solid blocks of business houses. The crowning glory of Goliad is her college. Antiquity is an especial claim of San Antonio, but here I find a formidable rival in La Bahia, opposite Goliad. It is a small Mexican hamlet, clustered about the extensive ruins of Mission de San Antonio de Padua. The ruins are more extensive than any about San Antonio, and are said to have been built in 1719. They are of a similar character—semi-military—and the church is in a very good state of preservation and the interior is neatly whitewashed, and services are regularly held. In the small inclosure in front is hung an old bell having the following inscription, "S. Antonio de Padua, 1748," and in the church is another one of use with the following: "El Santissimo Sacramento, 1796." On this side was also a mission known as the Mision de Aramama, said to have been built in 1717, two years before the former.

A Texas Extension.

The correspondence submitted by Senator Kellogg in connection with his Pacific railroad bill contains no slight material for comfort and satisfaction. There are two letters—one from Chas. A. Whitney, president of the Morgan railroad and steamship company, and another from Mr. T. W. Picke, president of the Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio railroad. Mr. Whitney's letter, after announcing that his company already have a railway eighty miles long, and terminating at Morgan City, on Atchafalaya bay, goes on to explain that they have, in addition, a graded road sixty-three miles in length, and running westward in the direction of Houston. Upon this bed they are rapidly laying ties and iron, and will soon have it in running order. Beyond the western terminus of this road-bed, and for the remaining 105 miles between that point and the Sabine river, arrangements have been made which will result in the completion and running order of the road within eighteen months from the 20th of November last. Thus we have the certainty that by the 1st of June, 1880, New Orleans will have a direct air-line communication with Houston, since the railway is already in operation westward from the Sabine to Houston. There is no need, at this time, to expatiate upon the importance of this road, and its value to New Orleans, in a commercial point of view. The community at large, and particularly the merchants and business people, know how great an accession the opening of this line will be, not only as concerns its immediate consequent benefit to our trade, but also as concerns the large and fertile territory that will be opened to industry, and made tributary, sooner or later, to the metropolis. When we are told that in a little more than a year we shall have a rail road direct to Houston, we understand thoroughly well how much of advantage to New Orleans is in that prospect. Mr. Peire's statement refers to the railroad now being built westward from Houston to El Paso, toward which point, it is said, the Southern Pacific road, Mr. Huntington's road, is reaching out, in a southeasterly direction, from California. The indications seem to favor an early completion of that road also, and of course this will involve a transcontinental railway, of which New Orleans is the eastern terminal. We are not sure, however, that the construction of such a road, under its present auspices, will be as great a benefit to the nation as it ought to be, for unless the new Pacific railroad comes into competition with the one already built, the result will only be to fortify the monopoly, and to give it a new lease of life. If some means can be devised for preventing such a consummation as this, and for protecting the people from extortion, we shall be as glad to see Mr. Huntington's road constructed as to see any other constructed. Otherwise we do not and shall not affect to desire its success. The road certainly offers New Orleans great apparent advantages, of which we should be only too glad to avail ourselves, but we do not believe that any wholesome or lasting prosperity can be founded in an arrogant or extortionate monopoly, and so, for the present, we find greater satisfaction in the Houston connection than in the projection westward beyond that point to join Mr. Huntington's road. From what Mr. Whitney says, however, we are more glad and grateful than we can express. It is enough to infuse new life into our commercial community to read such hopeful and encouraging assurances.—N. O. Times.

Railroad News.

The Texas and Pacific railroad company has a charter for the construction of a branch road from Sherman to Whitesboro and Gainesville, and work is progressing on the line. The divergence from the grade of the transcontinental, eight miles west of Sherman, is not an abandonment of the charter that calls for a branch from Sherman to Gainesville. The force has recently been increased, and we are sure that when the directors meet on the second Saturday in April, a move will be made to push the road through to this point during the summer, in order to secure the fall shipping.—Gainesville Heeperian.

Conductor Murphy, of the D. and P., informs the Denison News that Whitesboro will be reached by the 10th of next month. Some delay has been caused by bridging. Mr. Jas. W. Gollodge informs the Galveston News that trains on the Corpus Christi, San Diego and Rio Grande railroad are making regular daily trips to Collins, about forty miles, and seem to be doing well in the way of freight and passengers. Eight thousand dollars of the \$12,000 asked by the company from San Diego, to complete the road to that place, has been raised, and the balance will soon be forthcoming. Mr. Legg, the railroad contractor, has

just entered into a contract to lay down the iron from Carrollton directly to this city, and it is confidently expected that the east line will be here in forty days from this time.—Sulphur Springs Gazette.

Taylor, of Fannin, chairman of the committee on internal improvements, to whom was submitted a bill to repeal the act to encourage the construction of railroads in Texas, approved August 16 1876, reported that as a large portion of the state had not had equal benefits of the law donating lands to railroad companies, that it would be unjust to repeal the act. Therefore the committee reported it back, with a recommendation that the bill do not pass.

Trade With Mexico.

The Baltimore Sun remarks as follows on the present interest manifested in the increase of friendly and commercial relations between this country and Mexico: The need for an increase in the export trade of the country is severely felt, and it is natural to look to the countries south of us as the nearest and most available fields to work up. Several strong parties have obtained railroad concessions in Mexico which they feel sure will be very valuable if they can be utilized, and some of the most promising mines in Mexico are now held by Americans, who are only waiting for an opportunity to develop them. The Texas railroad interests are also anxious to secure connections across the border, and it is perhaps at the instigation of these that the contemporary commercial visits to Mexico and commercial conventions there have been undertaken, as it is also probably in the same interests that the United States are asked to aid in the construction of a railroad from San Antonio to the Rio Grande and El Paso. These various influences are felt in Washington, and the house committee on foreign affairs has already taken action in the premises. Mr. Casey Young, of Tennessee, some time since offered a resolution, which was referred to this committee, providing for a new treaty, and on the basis of this resolution, the committee, through Mr. Wilson of West Virginia, to whom the whole subject was referred by chairman Swann, has prepared a report and resolutions, which have been approved by the committee. Mr. Wilson appears to be sanguine that the house will adopt the report and resolutions. The report refers to the border troubles, which it attributes chiefly to the defective character of the extradition treaty of 1861, and to the anomaly of the zona libre or "free zone," and the smuggling habits encouraged by this strange provision of the Mexican law. By this regulation it was provided, in 1861, when the tariff of the United States was increased, that Mexican territory for thirty leagues south of the Rio Grande should constitute a "free zone," where Mexican and United States commodities might be exchanged free of duty. The report recommends such a new treaty as will provide for the unconditional abrogation of the zona libre, and for further and more stringent treaty stipulations in regard to the prompt rendition and punishment of fugitives from justice. It urges the fact that the two republics are divided by lines which are almost imaginary; their forms of government are nearly identical; each is rich in products needed by the other, and all that is required to cement perfect amity is that close commercial and social intercourse which should subsist between two countries so situated. Hence, to carry out the relations sought to be established by the Guadalupe Hidalgo and the Gadsden treaties, to extend and increase the exchange of products and foster the most liberal commercial relations between the two countries, as well as to encourage American capital to go into Mexico and embark in mining, banking, merchandizing, the construction of railroads, and stock-raising, the committee recommend and resolve to request the president to open diplomatic correspondence with Mexico looking to further treaty negotiations. These are expected to cover not only the essential matters referred to above, but also a more prompt settlement, by arbitration or otherwise, of the divers grievances, claims and demands that have arisen upon the part of citizens of one republic against the citizens of the other. For the accomplishment of this latter object the report recommends a sort of permanent joint commission, to sit as a court of claims and determine cases properly before it on the demand of either government. The report further says that the proposed new treaty should put an end to the forced loans and illegal and onerous taxes and exactions to which citizens of the United States residing in Mexico are sometimes subjected, and also to the raids across the border and the frequent ravagings of the adjacent territory. It is certainly very desirable that our trade relations with Mexico should be extended, and if through such negotiations as proposed the object can be facilitated, they should be undertaken.

Arizona.

Tucson, in Arizona, is one of the oldest towns in the United States, having been settled by Colorado's army in 1560. Nine miles distant from Tucson, down the valley, is the old mission church of St. Francis Xavier, which is one of the greatest objects of interest in the country. It was built about two hundred years ago by a community of Franciscans. Compared with a majority of these old churches, it is in a good state of preservation. One of the turrets is gone, but the belfry still stands, in which hang four or five bells in silver cadence; the others have either been carried away or stolen. You reach the belfry by a narrow, winding stair, built in the solid wall, the steps worn into deep holes and depressions, by ascending and descending footsteps in years gone by. The church is cruciform, and is an immense edifice, with magnificent arches, and with really wonderful acoustic facilities. Strange to say, there was not a nail used in its construction. It is built of a peculiar kind of cement, hard, and resembling granite. The art of making it is now entirely lost. The interior is elaborately ornamented; the paintings and colorings upon the walls are still vivid and bright, as though recently executed, and gorgeous in effect. The altar-piece and several other pictures are evidently the work of artists, but the others, which are numerous, were evidently done by pious, but not artistic hands. At the end of the transept, high up, midway between the floor and ceiling, is the most ghastly spectacle imaginable. A cross of huge proportions is deeply imbedded in the wall, surrounded by rays of black, or dark brown and white. The body once extended upon it has either fallen or been torn down, leaving one arm, lean and brown as that of a mummy, with bones protruding, nailed to the arm of the cross. It is a spectacle to make one shudder in spite of himself. There are still seventy-five life-like statues of apostles and saints left standing in their niches. Upon the faces of some of them the expression is marvelous. Some have fallen down, and others are mutilated by time or the irreverent. They all show skillful workmanship, and must have been brought by the fathers from Spain. The gilding over and above the main altar is still very heavy and rich. The main altar itself is covered with beaten virgin gold, taken by the monks or their Italian proselytes from the mines. The altar screen, which is also of solid gold, was carried away a few years ago by some priests who came from Mexico for the purpose, and there are but two small vessels left to show what the other and larger pieces must have been. There are still some of the rich vestments left, but their gorgeous texture is marred by long service and abuse. The heavy doors are made of solid wood of great thickness, which is joined together in panels by grooves. The large outer doors were not only made of this thick timber, but were covered by sheets of copper, procured from the mines and smelted by the monks themselves, which, in conjunction with the enormous bars, on the inside, make them impervious to any attack from their savage enemy. In connection with the church is the monastery or cloister, and within the surrounding inclosure is the mortuary chapel—a huge sepulchre, where those who kept their vigils and toiled in a strange, inhospitable land to lead into the paths of peace the benighted nations, rest from their labors and are forgotten.

Diphtheria and Scarlet Fever.

For the benefit of our readers who may have loved ones suffering with that dreaded disease, diphtheria, we publish by request, a remedy for it. Dr. May, of New York, who has so successfully treated very many cases of scarlet fever and diphtheria with the newly utilized remedy of sulpho-carbonate of soda—a cure for the above diseases, says: "The use of sulpho-carbonate of soda in diphtheria has become a settled fact by the best physicians of New York, Brooklyn and Philadelphia to be the only certain specific for that dreaded disease, diphtheria, which has taken off so many children in the United States during eight years. In its use it is certain to destroy the parasite fungus in the throat and glands in two hours. Ten grains dissolved in a tumbler full of cold water, and take from half to a teaspoonful every hour until the parasite is destroyed; then one in two or three hours according to the circumstances of the case. There is no use in physicians fighting against this remedy, for they will have to use it if they have success in the treatment of scarlet fever and diphtheria. It is a specific in both diseases, as they are both zymotic in their nature, and are produced by the parasite in the system. It will prevent both diseases if given before an attack, as well as a remedy. This remedy has been used for diphtheria and scarlet fever for over three years, and if given before gangrene sets in will work wonders in every case. It was discovered in 1871 by an English physician, and has grown into favor as a specific

ever since, particularly with children. "The trichina parasite of pork as soon as it enters the stomach is absorbed by the blood, then into the muscles of the body. It is not so with the diphtheria parasite; it is generated in the stomach, and when it spreads up the esophagus it produces such a high state of inflammation that gangrene sets in, dissolves the parasite, and carries it all through the blood, which is always fatal. Gangrene always dissolves the parasite, but before that takes place the use of sulpho-carbonate of soda will save every case. I have written these lines by special request of very many citizens and friends who desire it made public for the benefit of all."

Heat and Light in a Sick Room.

A recent writer gives the following sensible suggestions on this subject: Each person in a room should be supplied with three thousand cubic feet of air per hour; and this should be done, where possible, without creating a perceptible draught, for the nervous irritation induced by draughts is liable to produce internal inflammations. The temperature of a sick-room should be kept at a uniform height, the best average being from sixty-five to seventy degrees (Fahrenheit), except for infants or very old people, who require a temperature of from seventy-five to eighty degrees (Fahrenheit); and for these it is especially important to guard against changes, and to keep it as uniform as possible. All cases of fever require a temperature lower than the average, as from fifty to sixty degrees Fahrenheit, to assist in reducing the high temperature of the body; but when the fever subsides, and there is much debility remaining, the temperature should be raised somewhat above the average. As a patient can bear a greater degree of cold when in bed than out of it, convalescents from severe disease, fevers especially, should have the temperature of their rooms higher than that maintained during the height of the attack. Diseases of the air passages, as croup and diphtheria require a high temperature (eighty to eighty-five degrees Fahrenheit) and a moist atmosphere. The best mode for heating the sick-room is by the pen grate fire. The sick-room should be darkened by blinds, except where there is a disease of the eyes, with photophobia, or when the patient is very restless and cannot sleep; then strong light must be excluded. Otherwise the sunlight should be allowed to enter and act chemically by decomposing the noxious gases, and thus purify the air. Of course, it is not advisable to place the patient under a strong, uncomfortable glare of sunlight, nor in summer to allow the sun's rays to shine into the room and raise the temperature too high. Artificial light has no useful effect, but does harm by burning up oxygen.

Where it Never Rains.

In Peru, South America, rain is unknown. The coast of Peru is within the region of perpetual southeast trade-winds, and though the Peruvian shores are on the verge of this great southeast boiler, yet it never rains there. The reason is plain. The southeast trade-winds in the Atlantic ocean first strike the water on the coast of Africa. Traveling to the northwest, they blow obliquely across the ocean until they reach the coast of Brazil. By this time they are laden with vapor, which they continue to bear along across the continent, depositing it as they go and supplying with it the sources of the Rio de la Plata and the southern tributaries of the Amazon. Finally they reach the snow-capped Andes; here is wrung from them the last particle of moisture that a very low temperature can attract. Reaching the summit of that range, they now tumble down as cool and dry winds on the Pacific slope beyond. Meeting with no evaporating surface, and no temperature colder than that to which they were subjected on the mountain tops, they reach the ocean. Thus we see how the tops of the Andes become the reservoir from which are supplied the rivers of Chili and Peru.

Mennonites Coming.

It is anticipated that this year will see the greatest immigration to this country of Mennonites that has ever yet taken place. Some time ago a ukase was given out by the czar of Russia that the Mennonites were to be exempted from military service until 1880. As they were a peaceful people, holding views akin to the Quakers, they have ever since been coming to this country by thousands. They universally rent farms in the south of Russia, and are sometimes wealthy. In 1876, twenty families that landed at Castle Garden, New York city, were worth together \$50,000. As this is the Mennonites' last year of exemption from a military life in Russia, multitudes are preparing to follow their neighbors hither. They are selling off their stock, and purchasing tickets for this country. It is expected that at least 15,000 Mennonites will land at Castle Garden, before May next.

THE FUNERAL OF HOPE.

The following sad but beautiful lines were written by the late Richard Liles, Esq., of Danville, Va., a gentleman of genius, a fine scholar, and a lawyer of distinction. The lines speak of the sad experience and fate of the author:

I have been to the funeral of all my hopes,
And entombed them one by one;
Not a word was said,
Not a tear was shed,
When the mournful task was done.
Slowly and sadly I turned me round,
And sought my silent tomb;
And there alone
By the cold hearthstone
I wooed the midnight gloom.
And as the night winds deepening shade
Lowered above my brow,
I wept o'er days
When manhood's rays
Were brighter far than now.
The dying embers on the hearth
Gave out their flickering light,
As if to say,
This is the way
Thy life shall close in night.
I wept aloud in anguish sore
O'er the blight of prospects fair;
While demons laughed,
And eager quaffed
My tears like nectar rare.
Through hell's red halls an echo ran,
An echo loud and long,
As in the bow,
I plunged my soul,
In the night of madness strong.
And there within that sparkling glass
I knew the cause to lie;
This all men own
From zone to zone,
Yet millions drink and die.

DICK.

Dick was a tall, thin, starved-looking boy, with a little jacket, the sleeves of which crept half-way up his arms, and a hat that was nothing but a brim; and when she first saw him he was eating a crust from a gutter. She was only a poor old woman, who kept a little shop for candy and trimmings, and poor enough herself; but, as she said, he looked a little like what her Tom might have been if he had grown up and been neglected, and she couldn't stand it. She called to him:

"Come here, sonny," said she; and the boy came.

Before she could speak, he said: "I didn't do it. I'll take my oath on anything, I didn't do it."

"Didn't do what?" asked the old woman.

"Break your window," said the boy.

"Why, I broke that myself with my shutter last night," said the old woman.

"I am not strong enough to lift that."

"If I'm about here when you shut up, I'll come and do it for you," said the boy.

"What was it you wanted me for?"

"I wanted to know what you ate that dry crust out of the gutter for," said she.

"Hungry," said he; "I've tried to get a job all day. I'm going to sleep in an area over there after it gets too dark for the policemen to see, and you can't have a good night's sleep without some supper."

"I'll give you some that's cleaner," said the old woman.

"That will be begging," said he.

"No," said she; "you can sweep the shop and the pavement, and put up the shutters for it."

"Very well," said he. "Thankee then. If I sweep up first, I'll feel better."

She brought him a broom and he did his work well. Afterwards he ate his supper with a relish. That night he slept, not in the area, but under the old woman's counter.

He had told her his story. His name was Dick; he was twelve years old, and his father, whom he had never seen sober, was in prison for killing his mother.

The next morning the old woman engaged a clerk for her small establishment. The terms were simple—his living and a bed under the counter.

When the neighbors heard of it they were shocked. A street boy—a boy whom no one knew! Did Mrs. Briggs really wish to be murdered in her bed? But Mrs. Briggs felt quite safe. She had so much time now that she was going to take in sewing. Dick attended to the shop altogether. He kept it in fine order, and increased the business. Pennies came in as they never came in before, since he had painted signs in red and blue ink to the effect that the real old sugar-candy was to be got there, and that this was the place for nuts.

And in the evening, after the shop was shut up, the old lady began to take him into her confidence. The dream of her life was to buy herself into a Home for the Aged. It would cost her five hundred dollars. She was saving for it. She had saved three years, and had ninety of it. But it costs so much to live, with tea so high and loaves so small; and she had been sick, and there was the doctor, and Mrs. Jones' Martha Jane to be paid for minding her and the shop. After this, Dick took the greatest interest in the savings, and the winter months increased them as though he had brought a blessing.

One night in spring they took the bag from under her pillow, and counted what it held. It was two hundred dollars.

"And I'll begin to make kites to-morrow, Mrs. Briggs," said the boy, "and you'll see the custom they will bring. If a little shaver sees the kites, he'll spend all he has on them, and then coax his mother for more."

"You're a clever boy yourself," said

the old woman, and patted his hand.

It was a plumper hand than it had been when it had picked the crust from the gutter, and he wore clean, whole garments, though they were very coarse.

"How wrong the neighbors were!" she said; "that boy is the comfort of my life."

So she went to bed with the treasure under her pillow, and slept. Far on in the night she awoke. The room was quite dark—there was not a ray of light—but she heard a step on the floor.

"Who is that?" she cried.

There was no answer, but she felt that some one was leaning over her bed. Then a hand clasped her throat, and held her down, and dragged out the bag of money, and she was released. Half suffocated, she for a moment found herself motionless and bewildered, conscious only of a draught of air from an open door, and of some strange noises.

She hurried into the shop.

"Dick! Dick!" she cried. "Dick! Dick! Help! Wake up! I'm robbed!"

But there was no answer; the door into the street was wide open, and by the moonlight that poured through it, she saw, as she peered under the counter, that Dick's bed was empty. The boy was gone!

Gone! Gone! Oh, that was worse to poor Granny Briggs than even the loss of the money; for she had trusted him, and he had deceived her. She had loved him, and he had abused her love. The neighbors were right; she was a fool to trust a strange street boy, and had been served rightly when he had robbed her.

When the dawn broke the wise neighbors came into poor Granny's shop to find her crying and rocking to and fro; and they told her they had told her so, and she only shook her head. The shop took care of itself that day. Life had lost its interest for her. Her occupation was gone, but not with her savings. Money was but money after all; he had come to be the only thing she had loved, and Dick had robbed her!

It was ten o'clock. Granny sat moaning by the empty hearth. Good-natured Mrs. Jones from up stairs was "seeing to things" and trying to cheer her, when suddenly there came a rap on the door, and a policeman looked in.

"Mrs. Briggs?" he said.

"Here she is," said Mrs. Jones.

"Some one wants to see you at headquarters," said the policeman. "There is a boy there and some money."

"Dick!" cried Mrs. Briggs. "Oh, I can't bear to look at him!"

But Mrs. Jones had already tied on her bonnet, and wrapped her in a shawl, and taken her by the arm, and was hurrying her off.

"The wretch!" Mrs. Jones said. "I'm glad he is caught. You'll get your money back."

And she led Mrs. Briggs along—poor Mrs. Briggs, who cried all the way, and cared nothing for the money! And soon they were at the police station, and then, and not before, the policeman said to the two women:

"He's pretty bad. They'll take him to the hospital in an hour. I suppose you are prepared for that. He's nearly beaten to death, you know."

"Did you beat him, you cruel wretch?" asked Mrs. Briggs. "I wouldn't have had that done for twice the money."

"I beat him!" said the man. "Well, women have the stupidest heads. Why, if I hadn't got up when I did, he'd have been dead. He held the bag of money tight, and the thief was pummeling him with a loaded stick; and the pluck he had for a little shaver—I tell you, I never saw the like. 'You shan't take granny's money,' said he, and he fought like a little tiger. If it's your money, old lady, he's given his life for it, for all I know."

Then old Mrs. Briggs clapped her hands and cried:

"Oh, Dick! Dick! I knew you were good. I must have been crazy to doubt you!"

And then she wrung her hands and cried:

"Oh, Dick! for just a paltry bit of money!"

And so she knelt beside the pale face upon the pillow, and kissed it, and called it tender names.

And Dick, never guessing her suspicions of him, whispered:

"I was afraid he'd get off with it if he killed me, granny, and you in such hopes last night."

He did not know what she meant by begging him to forgive her. It would have killed him if he had, for he was very near death.

But Dick did not die. He got well at last, and came back to the little shop; and though Granny Briggs had her savings, she never went to the Home; for long before she died Dick was a prosperous merchant in the city, and his home was hers, and she was very happy in it.

BASHFUL lover (to his sweetheart): "Abem, miss, I want to see your father. I've an important matter to propose to him." Young lady (considerately): "I'm sorry papa is not at home, but couldn't you propose to me just as well?" He did, and with perfect success.

THE ONEIDA COMMUNISTS.

Some of the Peculiarities of a Peculiar People.

A correspondent at Syracuse, N. Y., telegraphs as follows from that place:

In the town of Lenox, Madison county, about four miles south of the village of Oneida, lies the estate of what is widely known as the Oneida community. It consists of 600 acres, and is about one mile in extent from north to south. Through this large tract the New York and Oswego Midland railroad runs, the station near the Mansion being known as "Oneida Community."

When the community started, some twenty-seven years ago, its capital was \$100,000, invested in lands, buildings, etc. Good business management and good investments have increased the property, and it is now believed to be worth several millions. The community was founded by John Humphrey Noyes. He graduated from Dartmouth college and entered the theological seminary connected with Yale college. In 1833 Noyes was licensed to preach by the New Haven association. The next year he came out as a perfectionist, and was excommunicated from the Congregational church in Putney, of which he had been a member, for heresy and breach of covenant. Driven from Putney by the force of public opinion in 1847, Noyes afterwards turned up at Oneida, and summoning around him the disciples which he had made, he founded the Oneida community. To-day the community numbers 500 members, and is rapidly spreading.

The buildings of the community consist of the mansion—a stately house—a trap shop, a silk factory, and the willow place residence. The mansion is a brick building, with two large wings surmounted with towers and a mansard roof. In this building "the family meet for social exercises and criticism." The men in the community are permitted to dress as they please, and in this respect do not differ from ordinary people. The women, however, have adopted a sort of "Bloomer" costume, the dress reaching to the knees, terminating with a close-fitting straight pantaloote, which reaches to the top of the shoes. They are very plainly attired, and present a dejected, careworn appearance. "Willow Place Community," an offshoot of the parent tree, is located a mile north of the community proper, and has nineteen members. Here also the trap shop and silk factory are located.

The community is a family, as distinctly bounded and separated from promiscuous society as ordinary households. The tie that binds them together is as permanent as that of marriage, for it is their religion. "Bible communism or complex marriage," they term it. They receive no new members who do not give heart and hand to the family interest for life and forever, and the community of property extends just as far as the freedom of love. Every man's care and every dollar of their common property are pledged for the maintenance and protection of the women and children of the community.

The affairs of the community are conducted on the most business-like principles. Their canned fruits, rat-traps and silk thread have no superiors in the country, and find ready markets all over the United States. Financially, the community thrives, for the reason that the very best articles here are manufactured. Thus far the community have successfully defied the sentiment of the surrounding people of Central New York, and have carried out the practice of their system unmolested. The superiority of their manufactures, and their honesty in business dealings, have naturally led another and very large portion of the population in the immediate neighborhood of the community to protest against any agitation of the question of interfering with its workings.

The Clean Newspaper.

There is a growing feeling in every healthy community against the journals which make it their special object to minister to perverted taste by seeking out and serving up, in seductive form, disgusting scandals and licentious revelations. There is good reason to believe that the clean newspaper is more highly prized to-day than it was four or five years ago. It is also safe to predict that as people in all ranks of life, who protect their own at least from contamination, become more conscious of the pernicious influence of a certain class of journals, called enterprising, because they are ambitious to serve up dirty scandals, they will be careful to see that the journals which they permit to be read in the family circle are of a class that never forget the proprieties of life. What would be done with a person who should enter a refined circle, and in the presence of women and children, commence detailing the particulars of some low scandal; or recounting the details of some disgusting crime; or repeating any matter of doubtful propriety? Such a person would naturally be shown the door. That is exactly in kind what

should be done with the unclean newspaper—it should be shown the door—pitched into the grate, and denied further admittance into respectable fellowship until it mends its manners. The newspaper cannot and should not be kept from the children. It should never contain a line or a word unfit for them to read. The public journal that comes nearest to this high standard will be the family newspaper of the future.

The Printer.

B. F. Taylor once paid the following tribute to the toilers at the case:

"The printer is the adjutant of thought, and this explains the mystery of the wonderful word that can kindle a hope as no song can—that can warm a heart as no hope can—that word 'we,' with a hand-in-hand warmth in it, for the author and printer are engineers together indeed! When the little Corsican bombarded Cadiz, at the distance of five miles, it was deemed the very triumph of engineering. But what is that range to this, whereby they bombard ages yet to be?"

"There at the 'case' he stands, and marshals into line the forces armed for truth, clothed in immortality and English. And what can be nobler than the equipment of a thought in sterling Saxon—Saxon with the ring of spear on shield thereon, and that commissioning it, when we are dead, to move gradually on to the 'latest syllable of recorded time.' This is to win a victory from death, for this has no dying in it."

"The printer is called a laborer, and the office he performs, toil. Oh, it is not work, but a sublime rite that he is performing, when he thus 'sights' the engine that is to fling a worded truth in grander curve than missile e'er before described—fling into the bosom of an age yet unborn. He throws off his coat indeed; we but wonder, the rather, that he does not put his shoes from off his feet, for the place whereon he stands is holy ground."

"A little song was uttered somewhere long ago—it wandered through the twilight feebler than a star—it died upon the ear. But the printer caught it up where it was lying there in the silence like a wounded bird, and he equips it anew with wings, and he sends it forth from the ark that had preserved it, and it flies forth into the future with the olive branch of peace; and around the world with melody, like the dawning of a spring morning."

How the type have built up the broken arches in the bridge of time. How they render the brave utterances beyond the pilgrims audible and eloquent—hardly fettering the free spirit, but moving—not a word, not a syllable lost in the whirl of the world—moving in connected paragraph and period, down the lengthening line of years.

"Some men find poetry, but they do not look for it as men do for nuggets of gold; they see it in nature's own handwriting, that so few know how to read, and they render it into English. Such are the poems for a twilight hour and a nook in the heart; we may lie under the trees when we read them, and watch the gloaming, and see the faces in the clouds, in the pauses; we may read them when the winter coals are glowing, and the volume may slip from the forgetful hand, and still, like evening bells, the melodious thoughts will ring on."

A Slow Train.

The Hon. G. T. — tells a good story of a slow railroad in the northern part of New Jersey. He says he went there gunning, and came to a short line of road on which was run a single car, the forward end of which was partitioned off for baggage. He took his dog in the car with him, and put him under the seat. Presently the conductor came along, and insisted that the dog should go into the baggage-room, but after some altercation, was done; but here the baggage-master demanded a fee of fifty cents, which was denounced a "swindle," a "put-up job" between the conductor and the baggage-master, and that sooner than pay it he would tie the dog to the train, and let him "work his passage." The conductor assented, and the dog was hitched to the rear of the train. The dog, so T. — says, kept along easily with the train, but the conductor began to get uneasy, making frequent trips to the engine, urging him to increase the speed of the train, and back again to watch the effect upon the dog. The latter began to show signs of fatigue, but after a while caught his "second wind," and was keeping along as before. The conductor now ordered the engineer to leave all the coal into the furnace, and stir up the fire, which, being done, the speed was perceptibly increased. The conductor again went to the rear of the car to observe the effect, but the dog had disappeared, whereupon he triumphantly called T. —'s attention to the fact. The latter, after taking a glance at the situation, quietly pointed to the crack in the floor of the car, "and there," says he, "was the dog, comfortably trotting along under the car, and licking the grease from one of the axle-boxes!"—Harper for March.

A Story of Real Life.

Mr. Marooncy is foreman of a foundry, and gets a salary of thirty dollars a week. With his salary the family ought to get on well and save money, but they do not. Mr. Marooncy has a cousin, a shoemaker, who only gets fifteen dollars a week, yet sails right along like lightning express, while Marooncy comes lumbering along like a freight with a hot box.

"How do you manage it, Jack," he would frequently ask, "to get along the way you do? Here, you actually keep your family, and save money on fifteen dollars a week, while it takes every cent I make to live, and I get double the pay!"

"Oh, I don't manage it at all," says Jack, "just take my money home to the old woman every Saturday night, and she takes her five dollars to run the house with, and puts the rest away."

"Do you give her all the money?" asked Mr. Marooncy, musingly.

"Oh, no, not quite; I keep a little for tobacco during the week, and a trifle to keep me from being lonesome. If I kept it all in my pocket, I would spend it sure, but Mary keeps it tight and safe."

Mr. Marooncy talked it over with his wife that night, and they concluded to try Jack's plan. The following Saturday night he brought home his thirty dollars, and she determined to do her level best to set the table on five. The first week she squeezed through somehow and got along with six and a half.

Mr. Marooncy was quite pleased and began laying awake at night thinking about what kind of a house he would build. He thought a plain rustic cottage would be about right. The next week the expenses footed up five dollars and eighty cents, and Marooncy changed his design for a future residence from frame to brick. The next week she brought it down thirty cents more, and he added a wing with a wash house. Then she made a superhuman struggle, quit buying milk, and came within two shillings of the goal for which she had been striving. Mr. Marooncy decided on an iron fence in front of the premises. The next week she lost ground, slipped and came out at the six-dollar post. Mr. Marooncy thought a neat paling fence was good enough for anybody, but when the ensuing week she came in with flying colors and struck the five-dollar mark in both eyes, Mr. Marooncy had the top rail reinstated and granite running up to the door. The next week she took the money she had saved, went and bought her a love of a hat, too out for anything, a black silk dress, a cherub of a cloak that made the woman next door cry with envy till her nose got sore, and Mr. Marooncy came to the conclusion that it didn't pay to live in one's property, keeping up repairs, insurance, etc., and the worry and stew and dread of fire and earthquakes more than counterbalanced any trifling advantages there might be.

Buffalo Bill's Mistake.

From the Indianapolis Sentinel.

Buffalo William, Esquire, or in the language of the vulgar, Buffalo Bill, spent his last day in the railroad city in an unhappy frame of mind. It was not because he drew thin houses of the vociferous readers of wishy-washy weeklies, and blood and thunder dime novels, for the contrary was the case. William will, in all probability, go hence on the war-path with well replenished wallet. Nor could his dependent state have resulted from a lack of fire-water, supposed to be one of the necessary concomitants to raising hair and shooting redskins, to which the bandit-like denizens of the far west is supposed to be addicted, for Bill was to be seen as of yore raising foaming beakers of most villainous stuff to his facial orifice with an evident satisfaction and gratified look of pleasure that disproved any disagreement of Indianapolis deceptions with his cultivated and aristocratic palate. No, it could not have been the weak quality of his daily beverage that made William sad, for the gin mills of the city can furnish as vile a palate-raking potion as is to be found anywhere, which the same can easily be tested by the skeptical. Neither did it seem probable that the visit of a savage-looking ballif to the temporary abiding place of the wild rover of the prairie could have caused the look of woe to spread over the face of the bold hunter after the red man in the west, and the equally successful hunter of pungent red eye in the east. It is a well-known fact that not the most trivial incident of the great escapes the eye of history; thus it was with the untamed hunter of the buffalo, his dejected looks ere nightfall were accounted for. He had grown tired of the slow monotony of life in the gay cities, and longed once more for the braising air and untrammelled freedom of his native plains, even as the thirsty toper after a lively attack of the jimjams pants for the flowing bowl. But he did not intend to fly alone. The arrow of cupid had pierced his heart,

and long association with Dove Eye, of the blood and thunder troupe, in which Bill is a shining light, had made him a slave to her charms. It may be as well to state here that Dove Eye, who passes for a dnsky maiden—an untintored and gentle denizen of the forest—is a native of the county of Wexford, and passed her early years in the City of Cork, in the gem of the sea. How she derived her Indian descent, according to the bills and posters of the company, is not stated, and remains a nut for the coming ethnologist to crack. However that may be, Bill was in love with Dove Eye, as before remarked. He loved her with a devotion which was only equaled by his love for red eye. Yesterday he approached the object of his affection, and in accordance with the dime novel mode of etiquette, cast a longing look at Dove Eye, and exclaimed: "Fly with me. Let us once more live on the boundless prairie, never to return to the haunts of the pale face. Towards the setting sun we will rear our dusky race, and swear them to eternal enmity to the whites in general, and constables and other varmint in particular. My steed awaits, let us go; or, I mean to say, we can take the Kankakee route—time shorter, and fare as low as by any other route"—said Bill, remembering that steeds were played out. "Dove Eye, fly with me to the desert; remember that there is but one change of cars on the great Kangaroo through line; the heart of the buffalo slayer is lonely; there is no one to share his wigwag; none to cook the leathery buffalo when he returns home weary from the chase, and he boils the joint of roast dog and other aboriginal luxuries in solitude. There is no charge for omnibus transfers, and two experienced doctors, with a full complement of amputating apparatus on all through trains." William would have said much more had he not been pretty well charged with fire-water, and had he not tried to encircle the slender waist of Dove Eye to give emphasis to his wooing. This change of tactics brought conversation to a sudden close. Dove Eye, the real and loving—for further particulars see small bills—has a temper of her own, the warmth of which is accounted for by her aburn ringlets. She made no reply, but picked up a war club used on the stage, and laid it with such gentle force and precision over the bison hunter's occiput, that he rolled to the floor. "I'll tache yees ye long-haired spalpeen to be calling a decent girl all them names," said she, in a brogue of the untutored man from over the waters. With this sole observation she proceeded to sit down on William's manly but prostrate form with a heftiness that left him little breath for war-whoops in the evening performance. He has also a dim recollection that a few handfuls of blonde locks that he lost were twisted out of his scalp in the fray. As soon as Dove Eye got out of breath, William left the room a sadder and a wiser man, and will at once advertise for another Indian maiden, prefacing the same with the positive assurance that no red-haired ones need apply.

"There's music in the heir," says Mr. Jones. Jones has a brand-new baby at his house.

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