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

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Star.

Money to Lend on Land

Long time—Low rate of interest. Vendor's liens notes bought, taken up and extended.

B. L. RUSSELL
at First National Bank

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

VOL. 21.

BAIRD, CALLAHAN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, FEB. 14, 1908. NO. 11

We Have it for Less B. L. Boydston

"A Churchman" in the Clyde Sun says it is absurd to say that prohibition has caused any friction in the churches. It has caused more friction, not only in the churches but among neighbors and friends than any question in modern times. The people of Callahan county know this is true, "Churchman" to the contrary, notwithstanding. "Churchman" says the churches are more thoroughly united on prohibition than any other question. This proves, if it proves anything, that the churches, after scrapping among one another over dieputed religious questions for nearly two thousand years, have finally come together on a political question. If prohibition and religion are one and the same "Churchman" and all who believe this should join Dr. Cranfil's prohibition party, because Dr. Cranfil truly says all other political parties oppose prohibition. As to the balance of "Churchman's" article it is not necessary to notice, because we made no comparison of prohibition with the anti-slavery movement. We only stated a fact when we said these were the only two questions, prohibition and anti-slavery, that had been worked into the church, but this does not prove that either were right. The Jews sects were all solidly united against the Christian religion, but this does not prove that they were right, does it?

Harry Meyer is sick with the la-grippe.

Junior B. Y. P. U. Program.

Scripture Lessons for the week: Luke 10:25-37; 12:13-26; 15:1-16; and 19:11-18.

Memory verse: "Take heed how ye hear."—Luke 8:18.

Our Study—Some Parables.

1. How many parables do we find in the four Gospels?—Pencie Work.
2. Let the Juniors now name as many of them as they can think of.
3. Tell in your own language the parable of the good Samaritan, Luke 10:25-37. What lesson does it teach?—Hallie Hart.
4. The man who was not rich toward God, Luke 12:13-26.—Vernon Emmons.
5. The parable of the Lost Sheep and the Lost Coin, Luke 15:1-10.—Margueritte Boydston.
6. The parable of the Lost Son, Luke 15:11-32.—Alla May Brown.
7. The Parable of the Unfaithful Steward, Luke 16:1-14.—Katie Foy.
8. Parable of the Rich Man and Lazarus, Luke 16:19-31.—Clara Pearl Jackson.

O. P. (Oscar) Jones, of Shamrock came in from Fort Worth Saturday night and went out to Capt. Jones' ranch Tuesday. Oscar is in the banking business at Shamrock and says they never limited the withdrawal of deposits but only limited the amount of cash paid on cotton. He says his County, Wheeler is in fine shape.

SUMMER NORMAL.

The faculty for the coming Summer Normal of this district, met in Abilene last Saturday and organized. Abilene, being centrally located and otherwise suitable, the Normal will be held there.

The following as representatives from their respective counties will constitute the faculty.

C. E. Evans, Supt Abilene Schools Conductor.

H. D. Garrett, Supt Merkel Schools
W. M. Lackey, Supt. Midland Schools.

J. E. Smith, Supt. Baird Schools. In the near future, circulars of information will be mailed to each teacher in this district, and it is hoped that everyone will co-operate in making this the best session in the history of the Normal.

We are authorized to announce J. G. (Jack) Aiken for County Commissioner of Precinct No. 4. We have known Jack for twenty years when he came to the county a small boy. He is a splendid young man and well qualified to discharge the duties of the office and we are not saying too much when we say that should the people of Cottonwood, Cross Plains and Dressy country elect him to this office they will have a man who will look after their every interest as faithfully and efficiently as any one they could select for this responsible position.

Mrs. Jones, living near the round house, is reported very ill.

Baptist Prayer Meeting.

The Prayer Meeting at the Baptist Church is growing in size, interest and usefulness. The scripture lesson Wednesday night was Gal. 4:21-31. Next Wednesday night it will be Gal. 5:1-12.

The following persons were present and took a helpful part in the service Mesdames G. P. Horton, Fannie WeisJahn, Harry Berry, J. E. Tatum, W. E. Melton, J. E. Smith, Beulah Faulkner, M. Dawkins, W. D. Boydston, C. Mills, W. J. McGowen, Earnest Cooke. Misses Pearl Birmingham, Coryce Boydston Lillian Coffman, Maunie Work, Ada Cooke, Minerva Brooks, Cookie Work, Mattie Lovvern, Frenchie Emmons, Pencie Work, Mattie Scott, Louie Surlis, Annie Tatum, Lora Franklin, Genie Lambert, Marguritte Boydston. Messrs. Rev. S. A. Bryant, C. B. Holmes, M. W. Uzzell, G. P. Horton, J. G. Amacker, Tom Pool, Rollie Lambert, W. E. Melton Lewis Smith, W. D. Boydston, J. M. Joiner.

Gabe Smartt, of Admiral, was in town the first of the week.

C. S. (Vet) Rice, of McLean, Tex. came in Monday to attend the funeral of his father, Mr. John Rice, notice of whose death appears elsewhere. We are glad to learn that Vet is doing well in his new home as are all the other Callahan County boys.

Automomobile Causes Fight.

John Castles and Dolph Tisdale had a free for all fist fight on the side-walk in front of Terrell's Drug Store yesterday morning. The trouble is said to have come up over an automobile. Dolph says John tried to run over him on the street while driving a small auto. A few words passed that we could not hear and at it they went hammer and tongs. By-standers parted them before any serious damage was done. We are satisfied both regret the occurrence before this, but joshing often turns out just as this did.

For State Representative.

Capt. J. T. Tucker, of Merkel, writes us that he is a candidate for Representative from this District, Callahan, Jones and Taylor Counties composing the 103 District.

A good rain fell Tuesday but not enough to make much stock water. As we went to press last night the weather looked like rain.

"Butch" Wilson has added considerable improvement to his butcher shop, in the way of silver plated meat racks, etc.

The Llyod & Gentry Co has held the boards at Cooke opera house for the past three night and pleased all who attended. They have one the best band of musicians that have visited our town for sometime.

BANK AND VAULT BLOWN

Arkansas Institution Is Visited by Bandits.

THOUSAND DOLLARS GONE

Four Men Wreck the Building at an Early Hour Sunday Morning, Leaving With the Cash, Notes and Other Valuables on Horseback.

Sulphur Springs, Ark., Feb. 10.—Four men early Sunday morning blew open the vault of the Bank of Sulphur Springs and secured over \$1,000 in cash, besides notes and other valuables. The citizens were aroused by two explosions, but by the time the officers reached the downtown district the work of the thieves had been accomplished, and four men were seen to mount their horses and ride westward, in which direction the mountains are filled with many gorges, and it is believed that the men have made their escape good. The bank is wrecked and the vault is totally destroyed.

ROOSEVELT REPLIES.

Charges Are Declared as Being False and Malicious.

Washington, Feb. 10.—President Roosevelt Sunday made answer to the recent public statements that he has made use of Federal patronage to further the presidential interests of Secretary T. T. The answer is in the form of a letter to William Dudley Foulke of Richmond, Ind., and includes a letter from Mr. Foulke to the president suggesting the need of such a statement.

The president begins by characterizing the charges as "false and malicious." He follows this with an analysis of all appointments sent by him to the senate for his action to show that in no case has the proximity of a presidential contest influenced his actions.

CONTINUE THEIR WORK.

Burn a Warehouse and Barn and Keep a Town Under Guard.

Hopkinsville, Ky., Feb. 11.—Night riders at 3 o'clock Sunday morning burned a warehouse on the farm of A. H. Ardin in Crittenden county, containing 35,000 pounds of tobacco, purchased for Buckner, Dunkerson & Co. of Louisville, and a barn containing 10,000 pounds of tobacco belonging to Cardin & Co. Cardin is said to be the only independent tobacco buyer in Crittenden county. He was not at home at the time. A few shots were fired by the night riders, it is said, but no personal violence done.

They went through Fredonia, about six miles away, in Caldwell county, captured the telephone operator and several other persons, cut the telephone wires and kept the town under guard until the work at Carlin's was completed. The main body of the riders passed back through Fredonia about 5 o'clock in the morning.

KILLS HIS WIFE.

Half an Hour Afterward S. C. Cotton Blows Out Own Brains.

Talladega, Ala., Feb. 8.—S. C. Cotton, a farmer living near Lincoln, this county, shot and killed his wife and then blew out his brains. Cotton shot twice, but missed, and as his wife fled he reloaded his gun and shot her in the back of the head. After remaining on the premises about half an hour Cotton lay down beside his wife and blew off the top of his head.

Cotton accused his wife of intimacy with another man.

WHITE, BULLET-PROOF.

Held Up Four Times, but Always Got Best of Highwaymen.

Fort Worth, Feb. 7.—J. B. White, Fort Worth's bullet-proof man, turned the tables on two would-be burglars and they are now in jail.

Two men accosted him down town and forced him to go to the outskirts to rob him. White managed to telephone for the police on the way and the arrests followed.

Four times the last six months, White has been attacked by hold-up men, who fired upon him, but he always managed to beat them off.

COLQUITT ANNOUNCES.

Railroad Commissioner States He Is Candidate For Re-Election.

Austin, Feb. 8.—Railroad Commissioner Colquitt has announced for re-election as follows: "To the People of Texas: In 1902 you elected me railroad commissioner. Whatever of ability and intelligence I possess I have unstintingly devoted to the duties of the office in an effort to be of good service to the people of my state. I am now a candidate for re-election as railroad commissioner, subject to the Democratic primaries, to be held throughout the state next July, and if you deem me worthy and capable I shall be gratified to have your endorsement of my past service by re-election. O. B. COLQUITT."

L. K. Tarver Is Dead.

Belton, Tex., Feb. 8.—L. K. Tarver, a pioneer newspaper man, died here. Mr. Tarver was a native Texan, born in 1849, and was reared in Washington county, where he edited the Brenham Banner. He was at one time connected with the Galveston News and the old Fort Worth Gazette. He remained in newspaper service until forced by ill health to remain in his room.

To Have Banquet.

Tulsa, Okla., Feb. 7.—Oil men will have a banquet here Feb. 25.

CITATION BY PUBLICATION.

THE STATE OF TEXAS.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Callahan County, Greeting:

You are hereby commanded to summon T. A. Blair, by making publication of this Citation once in each week for four successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your County, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not then in any newspaper published in the 42d Judicial District, but if there be no newspaper published in said Judicial District, then in a newspaper published in the nearest district to said 42d Judicial District, to appear at the next regular term of the County Court of Callahan County, to be holden at the Court House thereof, in the City of Baird, Texas, on the first Monday in March, 1908, the same being the 2d day of March 1908, then and there to answer a petition filed in said Court on the 6th day of Feb'y, 1908, in a suit, numbered on the Docket of said Court No. 314 wherein C. H. Mahan is plaintiff and T. A. Blair, W. H. Hodges and L. N. Cantrell, are defendants, and said petition alleging that on the 19th day of September, 1907, for a valuable consideration these defendants made, executed and delivered to the plaintiff their promissory note for \$192.60 due December 1st after date, payable to the order of plaintiff at Baird, Texas, with 10 per cent interest per annum from date, and in event default is made in the payment at maturity and the note is placed in the hands of an attorney for collection or suit is brought on the same, then an additional amount of 10 per cent on the amount of the principal and interest of the note shall be added to same as collectors fees, (Meaning attorney fees) Plaintiff asks judgment for debt, collection fee (meaning attorney fees) interest, costs of suit and other relief.

Herein fail not, but have you before said Court, at its aforesaid next regular term, this writ, with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Witness Geo. B. Scott, Clerk of the County Court Callahan County, Texas.

Given under my hand and the seal of said Court, at office in Baird, this 6th day of Feb'y, 1908.

10-4 GEO. B. SCOTT, Clerk Co. Court Callahan Co. Tex.,

Even from the Mountains

Ballard's Snow Liniment is praised for the good it does. A sure cure for Rheumatism and all pains. Wright W. Loving, Grand Junction Colo., writes: "I used Ballard's Snow Liniment, last winter, for Rheumatism and can recommend it as the best Liniment on the market. I thought, at the time I was taken down with this trouble, that it would be a week before I could get about, but on applying your Liniment several times during the night, I was about in 48 hours and well in three days." Sold by Powell & Powell.

Clement & Price, sole agents for "Pleasant Cup" coffee. Guaranteed best in town. Try it. 45

Everybody says Schwartz has the most up-to-date line of dress goods in Baird. Come and see what you think of it. 46

FOR SALE.

East half of the McManis Ranch on Pecan Bayou. About 400 acres, 100 acres tillable land, 25 acres in cultivation. Plenty of water, good pecan timber and good three room house. Can fix to irrigate at small expense. Price \$10 per acre. 52

McMANIS BROS.

\$50.00 Reward.

We will give \$50.00 to anyone furnishing evidence that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any person or persons violating the Local Option Law.

T. A. IRVIN, Sheriff.
W. R. ELY, Co. Atty.

Go to McGowen Bros. for groceries

When you want a good work glove see Hammans & Bro. 35

All the new cloaks at Schwartz' Prices absolutely the lowest. 46

School tablets! Go to Hammans Bros. for them. 38

We have a nice line of books, stationery, etc. Hammans Bros.

See McGowen Bros. for groceries.

Go to Hammans Bros. for your school tablets. 38

If you want fresh groceries go to Clement & Price. 45.

Mesquite Posts—10 cts each at ranch. W. B. ELLIS, Dudley, Tex.,

McGowen Bros. sell everything in the grocery and feed line. 38

You want to eat, McGowen Bros. have what you want and in any quantity you want. 38

We have the largest and most complete line of post-cards in Baird. Hammans & Bro. 35

CITATION BY PUBLICATION.

THE STATE OF TEXAS.

To the Sheriff of any Constable of Callahan County, Greeting:

You are Hereby Commanded to summon T. A. Blair by making publication of this Citation once each week for four successive weeks previous to the return day hereof, in some newspaper published in your county, if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in any newspaper published in the 42d Judicial District, but if there be no newspaper published in said Judicial District, then in a newspaper published in the nearest District to said 42d Judicial District, to appear at the next regular term of the County Court of Callahan County, to be holden at the Court House thereof, in the City of Baird, Texas, on the first Monday in March 1908, the same being the 2nd day of March 1908, then and there to answer a petition filed in said Court on the 5th day of February 1908, in a suit numbered on the Docket of said Court No. 313 wherein C. H. Mahan is plaintiff and T. A. Blair et al are defendants, and said petition alleging that on heretofore to-wit, the 9th day of November 1907, for a valuable consideration the defendants made, executed and delivered to plaintiff their certain promissory note for \$385.00 due on the 1st day of Jan'y, 1908 and payable to plaintiff in Baird, Texas, with 10 per cent interest from date, and if default is made in the payment at maturity and if said note is placed in the hands of an attorney for collection or suit is brought on same to pay ten per cent additional as collector's fee that plaintiff has requested payment, but defendants refused and still refuses to pay the same, to plaintiff's damage \$500.00, for costs of suit, collectors' fees, judgment for his debt etc.

Herein Fail Not, but have you before said Court, at its aforesaid next regular term, this writ, with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Witness, Geo. B. Scott, Clerk of the County Court of Callahan Co. Texas.

Given under my hand and the seal of said Court, at office in Baird, Texas, this 5th day of Feb'y, 1908.

10-4t GEO. B. SCOTT, Clerk Co. Court Callahan Co. Texas.

EUPION OIL

Will not smoke your chimney and will give you a perfect light. The following dealers handle EUPION Oil exclusively:

J. C. Jones

Clement & Price

EUPION Oil is deodorized and is not dangerous. For further information write to the

WATERS-PIERCE OIL CO.,
Dallas, Texas.

Clement & Price

DEALERS IN

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and
Fancy

Groceries

Give us a trial we will appreciate your order and will deliver your goods promptly to any part of the city.

TELEPHONE No. 114 YOUR ORDERS

Austin & Gray,

HARDWARE
AND
FURNITURE

See us for Everything in the Hardware and Furniture Line.

Stoves, Guns, Saddles, Harness, Barb Wire, Queesware, Glassware, Hay Wire, Ammunition and Poultry Netting.

Sole Agents for Sherwin-Williams Paints, Anchor Buggies, Quick Meal Gasoline Stoves, Standard and Paragon Sewing Machines, Deering Harvesting Machines, Twine, Etc.

NEW MEAT MARKET



JIM JONES, Proprietor
Maxwell Building

Beef, Pork, Lard and Sausage

PHONE 144

Free Delivery to all Parts of the City.

THE IRON WAY

A TALE OF THE BUILDERS OF THE WEST.

BY SARAH PRATT CURR

ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. E. RAY

CHAPTER I. Arrow and Fire.

Half a century ago the great region between the Missouri and the Sierra Nevadas, except for Denver, Salt Lake City, and a few mining camps, was a trackless, forestless desolation known only to Indian, coyote, and venturesome emigrant. Yet two men under the golden wing of the government planted a line of lonely posts, and linked them with a chain of stage coaches. Over this treacherous way sped daily messages, men and treasure; sped, and arrived—if frost and Indians permitted.

Late on an autumn afternoon the Overland Mail was toiling upward up a western rampart of the Rocky mountains. Two passengers were on the box with the driver. The center man, booked as Alfred Vincent, was slight, fair, and, to the superficial eye, young to boyishness. His air of one bred to the best of city refinements contrasted sharply with his fellow-traveler, who had been introduced as Mr. Phineas Cadwallader, though the driver afterwards called him "Blowhard Cad," which nickname he vindicated by a constant stream of gossip. But an astute observer would have seen that he was trying to penetrate the reserve, the slight mystery that surrounded his fellow-traveler.

Yet whatever the mystery, Alfred Vincent was now posting westward with a letter in his pocket signed by Collis P. Huntington, and directed to Leland Stanford, governor of California, and president of the Central Pacific Railroad company. Alfred paid slight heed to the others. His impatient imagination winged him far from present inaction, over mountain and desert, to the far west, to unguessed conflicts of the future.

"Holy Mackinaw! Only fools would think of building a railroad through this God-forsaken country!"

The caustic sentence roused Alfred from his reverie; and Phineas noted that "railroad" was the magic word that broke the spell. The driver, William Dodge, better known as "Uncle Billy," readjusted his quid of comfort, spat with precision, and touched up a lagging leader with the tip of his rod-long whiplash. "Well, I'm not taking the chances of calling Gove'no' Stanford a fool."

"Of course he ain't. He don't intend to build any railroad, either. Not over the Sierras, anyway. He's got a better thing." Phineas' sidewise look diligently sought a rift in Alfred's mask.

"Meaning?" Uncle Billy questioned.

"That Dutch Flat Swindle. Those C. P. fellows have their wagon road built over the Sierras, and—"

"How in blazes can they build a railroad, Cad, without a wagon road? Don't they have to feed their advance construction camps? And won't they have to do it for years, while they cut their miles of tunnels?"

"Oh, they'll put their railroad through to Dutch Flat maybe; but from there on they'll go it by mules; take all the toll they can get from the \$12,000,000 freightage Nevada pays every year to the transportation companies. The C. P. people want a bite of Louis McLane's pie, that's all."

"They're going to get it, you bet!" The driver smiled; yet his low, leisurely words seemed a flat.

"Not by a jugful!" Phineas lifted his voice and pounded the air; and Alfred detected the sham note, the bid for effect. "What do you suppose we are doing along the line? Why, San Francisco merchants can sit in their offices and sell to all California, to Nevada, Idaho and southern Oregon, at any price they choose to name. And McLane and all the other transportation folks can haul the goods at their own figures; they won't even let the towns have post offices because they like to carry letters at half a dollar apiece. San Francisco bay's full of ships, and the mountains are full of gold; and we're getting it going both ways, out and in."

"Yes, you're taking too much," the driver replied. "You're killing yo' gold-egg goose."

Phineas' smile was unpleasant. "Oh, no! She's hearty yet. And we won't divvy up the eggs, either, with those seven-by-nine shopkeepers in that mud hole they call Sacramento. Do you suppose we'll let them make a fishing-pond of the bay, and a winter watering-place of San Francisco? Not on your gold toothpick!"

Uncle Billy's eye flashed its first hint of resentment. "Stanford's worst enemy wouldn't think of calling him seven-by-nine; and I reckon California voters'll have something to say. Leland's got right smart influence with them."

"Yes. They voted both state and city bonds, didn't they, Mr. Dodge?" Vincent asked, joining the conversation at last.

"Oh, call me Uncle Billy," said the driver. "It's so long since anyone called me Dodge, I need an introduction to the name."

"You bet Stanford's got influence with the voters," Phineas broke in before Uncle Billy came to Vincent's question. "But San Francisco brains and dollars can beat voters any time. Did any of our citizens subscribe for stock? The rabble voted bonds for us, but have the supervisors issued them yet? You bet not!"

"I should think Gov. Stanford could compel the law's with him, isn't it?" Alfred asked, with a languid air that well concealed his interest.

"Compel? Compel nothing! The law's slower'n molasses at the north pole."

"Anyway," Phineas persisted noisily, "if anybody's going to build a railroad it'll be McLane and San Francisco. By Hokey! If anybody milks this government cow you bet it'll be us!"

"Well, we need the railroad," Uncle Billy said positively.

"Need it? What for? Does the east care about us? Not a pin, except for our gold. If they get a railroad they'll demand more of us; and if we don't pony up, they'll ship troops over our own road to whip us in. No, siree! We'll be a Pacific republic yet, California and the other coast states. And the renegades, red and white, here in this country that's the back door to hell—he waved his hand toward the poison-pooled, sage-fringed plain they were crossing—"they're just the fellows to stand off Uncle Sam."

"Isn't that secession?" Alfred asked with a scrutiny Phineas resented.

"Secession? No, it's self-preservation. Anyway, think of getting a railroad round Cape Horn! It'll take a century!"

"Then they'll tote it across the isthmus," Uncle Billy said calmly.

"Oh, you're dead stuck on them Sacramento chaps, Uncle Billy; and that is bad for you. They'll bust your game and leave you flat broke."

"Call on me in '70 and—" Uncle Billy began, when a trace caught on a rock and snapped. "Accident number 12. Thirteen'll be a whoopee, boys!" he remarked as nonchalantly as if he had only lost a whip snapper in a city street. He stopped the team, handed the lines to Alfred, and stepped lightly down to repair the damage.

"Guess I'll go inside for a nap," Phineas yawned and climbed over the wheel into the stage.

"Do you believe the Pacific railroad can be built?" Alfred inquired, when the swinging six had again settled to their steady trot.

"I'm betting on it."

"But McLane and San Francisco—it's an immense opposition to fight."

"You're dead right. They're setting up scarecrows all along the line. But Leland Stanford's a good buncombebuster; an' I'm betting on him and his kyah track!"

Alfred's eyes caught the light of Uncle Billy's enthusiasm. "I think I'll put my hand to their wheel if I can lay hold of a spoke."

The sun was hot, though the night had been painfully cold. The bare road, now sandy and silent, now rocky and ringing, stretched on and on through unpeopled solitudes. Moun-



The Road Was a Narrow Rock-Cut, Two White Men Lay Across It.

tain and cliff, magnified in the clear air, appeared, receded, and advanced—cheated the imagination with their

mysterious semblances of man's features. Alfred Vincent thrilled to each of these weird voices from the wilderness.

Yet homesickness gripped him as the rhythmic hoof-beats put him added miles from the home he still longed for. He thought of his sorrow-stricken mother, her love unvanquished by any deed of his; of her teaching; of the still more potent example of her pure life—these memories saddened, yet softened him; blended his eager vision of the approaching west with the benediction of the spired temple. And for a space his heart was attuned to prayer and psalm.

Uncle Billy broke the long silence. "Not yet, my boys," he said affectionately to his team.

They had left the black alkaline water behind, had climbed higher, where a thin film of more innocent-looking water was spread on the drab earth before them. The November sun was summer-strong, the dust intolerable; and the mules coaxed dumbly for water.

"Not yet, boys," Uncle Billy repeated. "Isn't it safe?"

"Yes, safe, perhaps, but this is the sink of the stream; the creek watch's a heap betteh a mile further on."

The mile was semi-perpendicular, and brought them alongside a brawling stream, willow-hung, with splashing trout in the still pools, and wild ducks skimming a large pond at the edge of a small mesa. After welcome draughts for man and mule they veered away to another climb. The gorgeous evening pageant was nearly over when the team swung around a sharp rocky point, and one of the leaders shied far out of the road. The driver brought them about to a quick standstill, facing back.

"There's fresh blood ahead. That Cooly mule can smell it a mile; it's the only thing he shies at. Hold these ribbons, young felleh, while I prospect a little."

He came back presently, his weather-beaten face sobered and stern. "Wake up in there! Them Injuns has blocked the road again."

Phineas, suddenly disturbed from his long and noisy nap, climbed out with poor grace. "The old man has no business to send passengers overland without escort. It's an outrage! It isn't my business to clear the road!"

"Here, come up here and hold the team! I'll help the driver," Alfred called.

"No! I can't trust my team with him! He don't—" Uncle Billy interrupted.

But authority rang in Alfred's tone. The change had been made, and he was already stalking after the driver.

Around the point the sight he suddenly came upon made him reel—turn sick and white.

"I know it would be too much for you, boy; but now you're hyah get to work. We haven't a minute to lose."

The road here was a narrow rock-cut. Two white men lay across it, one scalped, the other with his throat gaping horribly, and more than a dozen arrows buried in his flesh. Beyond, the ruins of an emigrant wagon blazed lazily.

"We can't stop for anything but to clear the road. These tracks come from Anthony's; and they're fresh and a heap of 'em. The arrows are nearly all different; that means a lot of tribes." He spoke in low, tense tones while, as fast as possible, he threw the burning debris over the lower side of the cut.

Alfred said nothing but joined in the labor with a quick skill that made Uncle Billy revoke his opinion of the small hands. Alfred's back was turned, yet he could feel—see—those—the gruesome spectacle behind. What could be done? How should they be disposed of?—but there was no time for question.

"Can you beah a hand hyah, Vincent, and quick?"

He turned. The driver had already lifted the shoulders of one; Alfred took the feet.

"Right forward hyah, round the point."

"You—you aren't going to—to leave—"

"Yes, we'll have to, if we don't want to look the same way mighty soon!"

"Can't we put them in the stage? It's awful to leave them!"

"It may be worse to take them; and I'm afraid we'll need the stage for the living if—we get through."

Alfred said no more; and Uncle Billy warmed to him as he saw the clear-cut jaw set and a steely light creep into the dark violet eyes.

"He's game!" Uncle Billy whispered to himself.

Gently they disposed of the poor, mutilated bodies, and hurried back to the stage. The driver armed each passenger with a rifle and revolver; and ordering Alfred beside him, and Phineas to keep the lookout from the top, he swung his team into the road and drove forward through the cut with slash and oath.

Dark was stealing on, yet the sun's good-night glory still lingered, its flaming banners striking into the overhead darkness, flooding earth and heavens with strange, sinister color. Alfred thought of what lay behind, and gripped his gun sharply. The team

slowed, and Uncle Billy's order pitched the lash.

"See that light there, away you to the left?"

"Yes."

"That's Anthony's, the next station. Some one's alive there, and that some one is white, or there wouldn't be a candle light; the whole place would be alight." Relief unspeakable breathed in his words, and a half mile passed in silence.

"This is a terrible way to earn a living!" Alfred said at last.

"Yes; but this job's easy compared to the trick the pony express boys used to play."

"This is dangerous enough. I wonder the company can induce men to undertake the work. Don't you find it wearing?"

"Oh, yes, I suppose it is. It's right smart skeery sometimes, specially at night when I make the trip alone. And I wonder passengers don't buck against being sent across without escort, like now."

"They would if they knew what they'd see. But it's infinitely worse for you drivers."

"Well, I reckon the Lord knows his business, an' mine, too. I figger all I got to do is to see he don't catch me asleep on the box."

A sudden admiration for this hero of the desert warmed Alfred's heart.

"This time I'd hated to let them bacon-colored critters get me before I got to Anthony's. Those tracks are all from Anthony's; and there's more than men and property—there's Anthony's little gal, and—"

Alfred shivered at the significant pause.

"Anthony's had hard luck. He's one of God's best, if he is set up a mite queer."

"Does he live alone? Oh, no; I suppose he has a helper as they have at other stations, hasn't he?" Alfred hoped the driver would tell him more of the station agent, not because of his own interest in the agent, but that he might be saved from thinking.

"Yes, he has a helper, Gid Ingram; but he's only a boy, if he is big. And Stella, pore little chicken! She—"

Alfred waited discreetly.

"Away back in the fifties Anthony struck it rich ovsh Washoe way," Uncle Billy began again in a steadier tone. "Struck it powerful rich; panned out money fast'n he could count it. And what did he do but put up the durndest biggest palace this side of Frisco—put it up right there where he struck tin. It was a bang-up place fo' sho'; big rooms with floweh gyardens in the carpets, and floweh gyardens on the walls; gold chairs, and looking glasses till yo'd see yo'self so many times yo'd think yo'd got 'em again."

"That there house," he continued presently, "stood in a little artificial-looking garden, just as sassy as a jaybird, setting there on the bare flank of the Si-eery Nevaydys. But the whole blanded outfit looked awful lonesome in spite of bein' so grand and handsome. It seemed durned out of place, like a peafowl in full spread on a snowbank."

"Didn't Mr. Anthony have a family?" Alfred questioned.

"Yes, one little gal; that was all. When he got those domestic cyards dealt out to suit him, he sent back east somewhere for her. She was a peart little slip 'bout nine yeahs old—come oveh from Sacramento in my stage. I used to drive in God's country those days."

"Anthony put her in as mistress of the mansion; an' there she'd sit in her high-back chair at the head of the table as big as life, the only bit of crinoline present when he'd give grand dinners to the Washoe quality. The men would toast her, and she'd stan' up and bow, solem as a funeral."

"What? No woman at all around her?"

"Oh, he had an old woman to look after her a mite, comb and mend, and such; a good old critter, but no thoroughbred. And except for her the little one never saw any but men."

"How did she learn anything?"

"Anthony himself taught her; he was a teacher once. She was as peart as chain lightning; and he had oodles of books."

"Anthony went flat broke a few yeahs back; lost everything, including his grip. Some friend put in a word for him with the old man, and he came oveh hyah to hold up this station."

"Is he going to keep her here, always?"

"No, that's fretting him. He told me on the quiet he was fixing to take her inside and put her to school this yeah in San Francisco."

"How old is she?"

"She's young enough. Say, young felleh!" Uncle Billy turned sharply, and his words were stern. "Likely she ain't cut afteh the pattern o' crinoline you're used to; but she's fast colohs all right. And if—we may see 'em like—like what's back yondeh—I want to stake you right now to stand by Stella Anthony."

"You can count on me."

The words were curt, but something in their utterance satisfied the driver. "Jiminy! The barn's gone!" Uncle Billy exclaimed as the stage drew near a square stone house, loop-holed like

a battle ship, with tiny points of light shining through.

A heavy bar rattled to the floor inside, the one door opened cautiously, and a woman appeared holding a candle in her uplifted hand. She was tall and straight, her figure youthful in spite of unusual size; but the flaring flame, gleaming down over her breeze-tossed hair, cast aging shadows on her face; and Alfred saw the candle-stick shake.

"It that you, Uncle Billy?" The voice was steady, yet Alfred caught its note of terror.

"Yes, honey." Relief and tenderness blended in the answer.

"The Indians—did you get through without any trouble?"

"Yes, without trouble, now that I see my little gal's safe." He was quickly on the ground, his arms around her.

"Oh, Uncle Billy, father's—oh, I don't know where he is! The barn's burned, the stock gone, and Gid and I've fought 'em all—" Her voice broke, and she hid her face on his shoulder.

CHAPTER II. Hall and Farewell.

Quickly Stella controlled herself and was going about the station duties with a quiet calmness that surprised Alfred.

"We've a little barley in her, fortunately, and some blankets for the mules; but the hay's gone. You'll have to unhitch for a few minutes, won't you, Uncle Billy? They can't double without a little rest, can they?"

"Yes, but not for long. We've got to be at Maloney's in time to send help back hyah befo' day. The red devils ain't through hyah; there's whisky left, and brandy, I see, and—"

"Not so much, Uncle Billy. I burned all the brandy to make bullets—melted all the pewter stuff, too."

"Well, I sweah! I didn't reckon yo' fathe'd ever be short on ammunition."

"It's ordered long ago, but the agent hasn't sent it. Father'll come soon—I hope. It's too bad that you must help with the team, Uncle Billy."

"That's no matteh. The only thing is to feed and get away as soon as I can. Where'd yo' fatheh go?"

"He took some stock up to the meadows this morning; he should have been back before noon, and—"

She stopped abruptly and turned away.

The driver paled and looked quickly toward a tall young man busy at one of the lockers. He caught the driver's wordless question and nodded significantly.

Stella, facing away from them, was placing dishes on the table. "I'll have supper for you soon," she said presently. "We didn't dare begin to cook before for fear—"

"All right, Stella. These passengers, Mr. Vincent and Mr. Cadwallader, will eat; but Gid an' I'll go and look up the old man first."

Stella flashed him a grateful look before nodding to the strangers, the only acknowledgment of the introduction she took time for. She lighted a lantern and set it near the door; brought a whisky flask from behind the bar, and some white cloth, and placed both beside the lantern.

Alfred sickened at the broken sentences, sinister pauses, and still more sinister preparations; yet intently watched the hurrying workers.

"Gid, take out the barley and feed 'em double measure. I'll help you blanket 'em in a minute."

Gideon shouldered the barley just as Stella pulled a pile of heavy blankets from a shelf. Alfred started forward to help her, and felt himself bending under a load that she had lifted with ease.

"I'll take them, stranger." Gideon had dropped the barley and stepped quickly to Stella's side.

Alfred turned, startled at that which his sensitive ear heard in the voice. He met a pair of black, burning eyes in a swarthy face not yet divorced from boyishness, though full manhood spoke from the straight figure and sinewy movements. Alfred needed no interpreter for that jealous look, needed no one to tell him of the instant hostility that lurked in the darkling eye, and found quick response in his own heart. He relinquished the blankets and retired to his chair, his eye the busier since hands must be idle.

He looked about, upon the bar in the corner, its glittering glass and one kerosene lamp the only brightness in the gloomy room; upon the dark, weapon-hung walls, and the significant loop-holes that gleamed small and black against the starlit night without. Bare floors, rude home-made furniture—it was life more primitive than Alfred could possibly have imagined ten days before.

One object removed it from savagery, Stella's small cane rocking-chair. It queened the barbarous room, an omen of coming civilization. From the chair to Stella herself Alfred's eye wandered, noting her incongruous dress, a rich lavender silk skirt, once boasting a train, though now cut half-shoe short, disclosing costly French boots, one torn at the side. Her linen waist was jewel-clasped at the white

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Gov. Johnson of Minnesota is in the hands of his friends, but Bryan has the call on the democratic nomination for President. Bryan and Johnson would make a good team though.

Whenever the majority of the people of a state discover that they are unable to govern their appetites for liquor and must hand themselves and their fellow citizens over to the care of the police to be kept from getting drunk, they are wise in adopting prohibition laws. That such a necessity should exist in a "Christian" country argues a sad shortcoming somewhere.—American Israelite.

An epidemic of suicide seems to prevail among bank officials of the country. This shows the tremendous strain the banking business entails upon the officials in times of stress and panic. Most people imagine that the life of a banker is one glad sweet song all day long, every day in the year, but evidently this is not true. This only shows how little we know about the "other fellows" troubles.

The following should be pasted in every man's hat as a reminder of duty when speaking ill of any woman's character. Think of how many years she has been building it, of the wounds received, of the toil and privation endured, and let no suspicions follow her actions. The purity of woman is the salvation of the race, the hope of future greatness and the redemption of man. Wipe out her purity and man sinks beneath the wave of death with no star to guide his life into the channel of safety. Think, then, before you speak, and remember any hog can root up the fairest flower that ever grew, so with character.—Selected.

If the Baird Independent School District is illegal, or the people have exceeded the constitutional tax limit then every other Independent School District created as the Baird District was created is illegal, and every district that has voted more than 20 cents on the one hundred valuation has no tax. This practically means the repudiation of about three million dollars worth of bonds, nearly one half owned by the state. This is a proposition the courts have bumped up against in the suit now pending against this district. It is claimed the legislature can pass an act validating the bonds. Possibly this is easier said than done. The legislature might pass the law, but who is going to force the people to vote the tax to pay the bonds, provided they fail or refuse to do so. It will be merely a question of honor with the districts to voluntarily surrender about all the tax they can raise to pay for bonds already sold. There is no question but what this should be done, but THE STAR believes it will be hard to convince the people in every case that they should do this. All this possibly is what caused the Civil Court of Appeals to grant a new hearing and now hang fire on the decision.

MRS. ANSON JONES.

Mrs. Anson Jones, widow of Dr. Anson Jones, who was president of the republic of Texas during the period just previous to the annexation of that commonwealth to the United States, died recently at Austin, Texas. The Austin correspondent of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat says: "The marriage of Dr. and Mrs. Jones took place in Austin in May 1840. The wedding trousseau was brought all the way from Houston to Austin, a distance of 186 miles, by ox-cart. Mrs. Jones still has a receipt showing the freight charges upon part of the goods which were transported in this manner. The hauling of one pair of white silk hose from Houston to Austin cost \$9; black cotton hose, \$3 per pair; inserting, \$1 a yard; chally, \$3 per yard. The goods were not transported at a cost of so much per weight, but the freight charges were made according to the value of articles. Judge James Smith, who married Dr. and Mrs. Jones, was killed by Indians while out riding near Austin a short time after he had performed the ceremony. His five-year-old son, Lafayette, who was with him, was captured by the Indians and was held a prisoner for several months. The boy was finally sold to Santa Fe traders and was returned to his distressed mother in Austin. Mrs. Jones relates many interesting incidents that occurred in the Texas capital during the time that her husband was president of the republic. She says that the foreign ambassadors seldom traveled even a short distance into the country out of Austin without being provided with a guard to prevent attack by Indians. On one occasion, the French ambassador, M. De Saligny, wanted to take a pleasure ride a short distance beyond the outskirts of town. He applied to President Jones for an armed guard to accompany him. The guard was not available just at the time, and President Jones informed the ambassador that he was unable to comply with his request. The Frenchman became maddened and excited when his request met with refusal, Mrs. Jones says. He exclaimed as he left the president's presence in a huff: "I hope a d—Indian will kill me. Then see what France will do!" The ambassador went on his ride alone and returned safely. Dr. Jones, the last president of the Texas republic, was a native of Massachusetts. He came to Texas in 1833, before the new republic was born and located at Brazoria. He soon became prominent in the political affairs of the country after independence from Mexico was gained. He was a member of the Texas congress in 1838, and that same year he was appointed minister to the United States from Texas. He represented this republic at Washington for two years and returned to his home to fill the office of senator to which he had been elected. The seat of government was moved from Austin to Washington, Texas, in 1842, while Dr. Jones was president. He named the executive mansion at Washington Barrington, in honor of Great Barrington, Mass., the place of his nativity. Dr. Jones died in 1858. His widow lived for some time in Galveston, and in 1879 she moved to Houston, where she has since resided. The early life of this remarkable woman, before her marriage to Dr. Jones, was full of adventure and excitement. She was born in Lawrence county, Arkansas, and was the eldest child of John C. and Sarah Smith. Her father died in 1827. In 1833 she accompanied her mother on an overland trip from Arkansas to Texas, and when they reached Brazoria county they joined Austin's colony. When word reached them that General Santa Anna and his Mexican army were advancing upon

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the colony they made a hurried flight with other settlers to the eastern part of Texas. When they learned that General Sam Houston's forces were victorious at the battle of San Jacinto the mother and daughter returned to their home which had been made desolate by the invading forces. Everything that had been left there had been carried away, the crops were destroyed, and life had to be commenced over again.—The Commoner, Lincoln, Neb.

The Waco Times-Herald says the Prohibitionists have kidnapped Bro. Geo. C. Rankin, of the Christian Advocate.

Papers or people who wantonly and maliciously walk on the corns of other people need not expect honeyed words in return.

Mr. and Mrs. Sargent have returned home from a visit to Denison.

J. C. Jones has returned from Alvarado.

THE STAR has never yet tried to pull down a competitor or a political rival in order to boost itself. If we cannot make a living in the newspaper business after more than twenty years experience in Callahan County without pulling some one else down we will quit, but we want to say right now to those who throw mud and slime at THE STAR will find that, as unpleasant as the game is, this is the kind of game that two can play at.

T. B. Lyster, of Robert Lee, was in town last week. We regret to learn that his building and entire stock of drugs were destroyed by fire on January 8th. Loss eight thousand dollars on building and contents with only three thousand dollars insurance. This is a severe loss for a young business man but THE STAR predicts that T. B. will not give up but push on again in the battle of life.

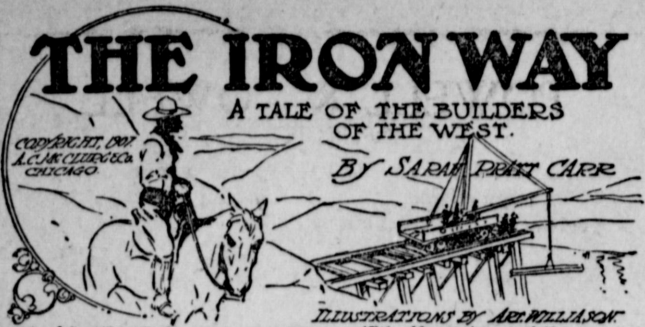
Coming Soon—to B. L. Boydston's the American Beauty woman. Watch for date. 11tf

- ANNOUNCEMENTS.**
- NOTE:—Announcement fees for all District and County offices \$10.00 payable in advance.
- We are authorized to announce the following candidates for office subject to the Democratic primary:
- For DISTRICT JUDGE.
42d District composed of the counties of Callahan, Eastland, Stephens, Shackelford and Taylor:
THOMAS L. BLANTON,
of Albany.
J. T. HAMMONS,
of Eastland.
D. G. HILL,
of Abilene.
J. H. CALHOUN,
of Cisco.
COUNTY OFFICERS.
- For County Judge.
C. D. (Clarence) RUSSELL.
W. R. ELY
For Sheriff & Tax Collector.
T. A. (Al) IRVIN.
For Tax Assessor.
T. J. NORRELL.
R. F. (Frank) BENNETT.
For County & District Clerk.
GEO. B. SCOTT.
J. H. (Joe) SHACKELFORD.
For County Treasurer.
W. E. (Eugene) MELTON.
W. C. (Charley) CONNOR.
For County Attorney
R. L. ALEXANDER
For Public Weigher Baird District
J. R. PRICE
For Commissioner Pre No. 1.
W. A. HINDS.
For Commissioner Pre. No. 2.
PHILLIP YOST.
For Commissioner Pre. No. 3.
GEO. ANTHONY.
For Commissioner Pre. No. 4.
J. G. (Jack) AIKEN.
CITY OFFICERS.
For City Marshal
J. H. HARRIS
C. W. MILLER.
J. M. ATCOCK.

THE IRON WAY

A TALE OF THE BUILDERS OF THE WEST.

By SARAH PRATT CARR



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ADRIAN LAYTON

neck and dotted with a zone of quartz crystals clear as diamonds. Her comb, banded with delicate pink coral, held in place a coronet of glinting golden-brown braids, adorning but not disguising the shapeliness of her perfectly poised head. And from all this misplaced elegance a short red calico apron screamed at the eye with the arrogance of a boor in power.

Calmly unconscious of Alfred's scrutiny, Stella was coming and going, preparing the late supper.

The team, unhitched but not unharnessed, was fed, blanketed and tied to the coach wheels in front of the door; and Uncle Billy stepped inside and addressed Vincent and Cadwallader.

"I reckon you two fellows will have to take turns gyarding that team while we're gone, if you'd care to get away from hyah with yo' own hair on. Fiah two shots, wait a minute and fiah one, if yo're molested."

Gideon came in with an armful of wood. Alfred saw him answer the driver's, unspoken call, saw both leave the house without looking at Stella, though her apprehensive eyes followed them through the door into the night.

The simple supper of bacon, biscuits, potatoes, beans and dried-apple pie was on the table. Stella pushed up a short bench and beckoned to Alfred.

He rose and shook his head. "No, I'll let Mr. Cadwallader eat first," he said, and took his gun and disappeared.

"Cracky, this is good!" Phineas exclaimed as he looked over the table. "Milk, by the eternal!"

"Yes, but it's our last, I guess. They got the cow. I—" She stopped abruptly and left the room.

Phineas was at heart a coward, yet he strove to hide it under bravado; and he took his turn in the darkness with a half merry, half contemptuous badinage that was sufficiently deceiving.

Alfred ate sparingly, silently, his mind intent on impending tragedy.

"Your hand is hurt, sir," Stella said as she placed the hot bacon before him. Without more words she cut the meat and buttered his biscuit. It was done quickly, incidentally. She did not falter, her face was calm. Yet when she came with old linen and home-made lotions to dress the angry burn her touch upon Alfred's hand was icy cold.

The dressing was barely finished when Phineas' challenge was heard, and a white man's voice replied.

"That's Curly Joe from Maloney's," Stella said. "Sit still and finish your supper," she added, as Alfred started to his feet. "It's not Indians; you won't be needed."

Heedless of her words he followed her to the door, where she stood looking out.

"Curly Joe's brought some stock," she said, glancing over her shoulder as he came near, "some they had a chance to buy I heard him say. It's in the nick of time for us."

She stepped back to the table and poured another cup of coffee. "Have this fresh cup, sir. You're not needed—now."

Alfred seated himself and she went to the kitchen, leaving him to ponder the adverb of time so significantly spoken.

Stella did not return, though Alfred finished his coffee and waited, the minutes dragging with his inaction, until the searchers returned.

Stella heard them and hastened to the door, peering into the darkness. A whispered parley kept her waiting. At last Uncle Billy stepped into the light. Stella gave him a quick look, read the answer to her mute question and fled. Alfred saw her white, set face as she passed.

Duty and love are weapons that affliction at her worst is compelled to respect. Alone Stella fought her quick battle for composure; and when she brought in supper for the two men her face was less stricken than Uncle Billy's. He went to her, took her hands in his own, lifted his reluctant eyes to her. "Honey, you—you must go—in an hour, less time if possible—"

She met his look bravely, her voice unflinching, though words came lamely. "But father—I cannot leave him. Where—where is he?"

"Child, we buried him—Gid and me. We did it—good, and I napped the pligs, so you can find—but not any injun. And, honey, you must—must get ready quick."

Stella's head drooped. Alfred saw her throat throb, her hands tighten convulsively on Uncle Billy's.

"But the station, and the company's property—I mustn't leave that till—" She lifted her face; her lips twitched pitifully.

"Gid, you tell her you ain't a boy—you're a man, and brave enough to stay hyah and keep the station till they send some one from Maloney's."

"Yes, Stella, you must go. Uncle Billy's the boss. I'll stay, as he says, till the station's manned again; then I'll follow you to—wherever you go—always."

Stella gazed alternately at her two advisers, dumbly striving to adjust her grief-stricken mind to this hard exigency.

"Oh, Gideon, I can't let you stay alone! I—"

Uncle Billy laid a tender hand on her arm. "Honey! Can't you buck up to the game just a mite? Wouldn't yo' paw tell you to?"

She nodded and turned aside. Both men looked at her intently, one with a passionately yearning gaze. In a moment she faced him, smiling resolutely, though Alfred saw unheeded tears on her cheek.

"If you and Gid will eat a little supper I'll get ready right away. I'll be—I'll be good." The words trembled off into a sob that was touchingly childlike.

"You go right to Jake Bennett," the driver said as he finished his coffee a little later. "He's on the railroad at the 'Front,' whereveth that is. You tell him I sent you. Bennett is one of Superintendent Gregory's foremen, a square man—his wife's even square—he'll deal you a straight game, little one. There's Sally B., too, she's white, and can mothe a whole brood like you and not let one chick get a cold toe."

"And I'll follow as soon as I can slip this," Gideon added, his glance sweeping the shadow-peopled room. "I'm coming myself, honey. I'm coming to be near you, and to watch that Sacramento four tackle the biggest job of building since Babel." Uncle Billy rose and went out.

Soon all was ready. Stella waited by her trunk for the coach to swing round.

"Oh, Gideon, how can I leave you?" she sobbed as he came to her side. "But I wouldn't go unless you stayed."

"All aboard, honey!" called the driver's kind voice from the dark. "Salt Lake City in ten hours!"

Gideon caught her in an embrace she long remembered. It was not farewell, but appropriation. "Good-bye, Moppett," he whispered, "I'll come soon."

CHAPTER III.

Alfred Promises Allegiance.

Alfred studied Gov. Stanford's face keenly while the latter re-read Mr. Huntington's letter.

It said in part: "For three years I have closely observed this young man and found him, I believe, peculiarly adapted to business of a delicate nature, for which we shall have growing need. He is older than he looks and wiser than his age. His character does not altogether show in his face, and few would suspect such a slender



Stella Felt His Solicitous Though Unspoken Interest.

youth of his capacity for the affairs you may require of him."

Alfred was gratified at what he saw in the governor's eyes as he looked up from the letter.

"Young man, because of Mr. Huntington's strong letter we're going to trust you beyond your years. It will be a varied and difficult task. Do you think you will be equal to it?"

"All that I can do, sir, is to promise my best effort and ask you to try me."

"Can you take hectoring good naturedly?" asked Mr. Crocker. "You can't go far on such a shape as you have out west here; there's too much Harvard college and ballroom in it."

The governor spoke at once. "I believe Vincent will safely weather remarks concerning his shape; he'll be in cities most of the time, anyway."

"It's not nice work we're putting you to, Vincent," he continued. "You'll have to meet craft with craft, scheme with scheme. And some of Cadwallader's schemes—they're the schemes of the men behind him, yet they don't sweeten in his hands—are far from savory. But we'll not ask



"You'd Hardly Trust Me If I Accepted Other Terms."

you to do anything for us that's less than honest."

"That's only safe, sir. You'd hardly trust me if I accepted other terms."

"Here's our cipher. Use it as sparingly as possible. No man can make a cipher some other man can't read."

"Unless he changes it often enough," Alfred added instantly.

The governor smiled and turned to the superintendent. "I guess he'll do, Crocker." His face relaxed, and Alfred caught a glimpse of the genial, hearty citizen who won men to his enterprises through his faith—faith in both enterprises and men.

"Your first business will be to learn more of the railroad. I'll ask our secretary, Mr. Miller, to let you have immediate access to the records. You'd better take a run over the road. That will speak louder in a day than any other record could in a year. As soon as possible you'll go to San Francisco, get in touch with the McLane crowd, McCoppin and our other enemies there and learn what you can of their plans against us." He glanced at the superintendent. "How can we wedge him in there the quickest, Crocker? It won't do for me to introduce him."

"I can fix that. The situation's right in my hand, and no smack of railroad in it, either. I'll send him to Harmon. No one knows that he's to work for us as soon as his term on the bench expires. Mrs. Harmon's the queen bee in society down there. She'll land the young man where we want him, first fling."

"Good enough. But we can't allow you much time in San Francisco, Vincent. You must work fast, mow as wide a swath as you need—don't mind the dollars, be the Boston aristocrat—and get through in time to cut in at Carson City. There's legislation pending in the 'third house' of that baby legislature over there that we need to know about."

Some further instructions ensued and the conference ended. And Alfred was soon engrossed in minutes of directors' meetings, supreme court decisions, newspaper reports and comments, state and national legislation—everything that would aid in making him master of the history of the road. He worked fast and thoroughly, inspired anew with enthusiasm for the great business to which he had promised allegiance.

Back of his ardent lay another spur, desire to see Stella. She was there, where he shortly would be, at the "front." She had written him of her safe arrival, of Jake Bennett's kind protection, of Mrs. Bennett's loving care and the invitation to remain with them.

CHAPTER IV.

The Whip of the Blast.

Deep in a small gulch, the red earth bleeding through its torn mantle, crouched a raw little railroad town. Cabins, tents, huts, lean-tos propped against trees, scraps of shops, false-fronted stores and "ginmills" huddled new and paintless between the clasp hills.

It was an hour before noon when a slender little engine, with spidery wheels and huge, overtopping smoke-stack, puffed into the rude shed that was hung up on the mountain side above the town and called by courtesy a depot.

A man paced the boards nervously,

impatient at the sacrifice of time required to meet so indefinite a personage as a telegram-introduced "young man in our employ who wishes to see your work." The restless man was George Gregory, superintendent of construction, the human engine that executed the commands of the officers at Sacramento. Alfred presented a letter from the governor, a magic bit of paper that arrested even George Gregory's lurid thoughts at the sight of this "dandified ballroom cublet."

The atmosphere was decidedly clearer when the superintendent looked up from the letter. "When will you be ready to go over the grading, Mr. Vincent? I'll have your horse sent any time you say after dinner."

"After dinner, sir? The train leaves at two o'clock, doesn't it?"

"Yes; but you'll not go back to-day, will you?"

"Can't I get to the Front and back by two?"

"No, not to the Front; yet you can see nearly all of the completed grade if you start at once. You'll miss your dinner, though."

"I don't wish to incommode you, sir. Could not some other person conduct me? Dinner is unimportant. I must return to-day if possible."

A shade of approbation crept into the superintendent's keen glance. "Very well, Mr. Vincent. I'll have your horse in ten minutes. You ride? Our stock is cantankerous at times."

"I ride a little; if not well enough, I'll have to walk."

"Plucky!" thought the older man, as he dispatched a messenger for Alfred's horse and employed the wait in sending telegrams to the Sacramento office.

Meantime Alfred wrote a short note to Stella explaining his haste and telling her that he would be at the hotel for a moment before he left in the afternoon, if possible. He had slipped the note with a coin into the stable boy's hand and was in the saddle when the superintendent came out of the hot little box that did duty as a telegraph office, and the two were quickly out on the grade.

"So this is the railroad Mr. McLane claims is standing on end and leading up to heaven instead of across the Sierras over Judah's route?" Alfred stopped his horse and looked back through the deep cut, across the deeper ravine where the bridge-builders were at work. "That spider web looks wickedly frail," he added.

"It's strong enough to hold our fly till we meet our time limit. Plenty of time for stiffening up and filling in afterward."

The horses' hoofbeats were now ringing clear on bare granite. "Where do you get earth for your fills? The trees here don't seem to have root-hold against a summer zephyr."

"That's one of my small troubles. Sometimes we have to go half a mile afield for soil. And carts—they can't make 'em fast enough. I've got 2,500 men and 300 carts; but we'll have to double that at once if we make our 50 miles on time. And where under the canopy the men are to come from I can't see. Talk of bricks without straw; Pharaoh's job was easy compared to mine."

They had pushed on as far as the finished grading and were returning. From the story of the pierced mountains and from George Gregory Alfred had proved Gov. Stanford's prediction about the "record of the road." It had told him more than words or pages of written details.

Gregory looked at his watch and up and down the line of the grading sharply. The noon hour had almost passed. "I guess you can find your way back alone. I'm needed here."

"Aren't you going back—going somewhere for dinner, Mr. Gregory?"

"No. I guess my stomach's as fast-proof as yours." Already his alert eye was elsewhere, and Alfred knew himself dismissed.

The superintendent snapped to his watch cover, regardless of the spring.



Alfred Stopped His Horse and Looked Back Through the Deep Cut.

"Blast that Simms! His gang's the last on duty again! Good-bye, Mr. Vincent. Come and look us over again," he

called, and dashed off toward the offending foreman. As Alfred passed on the trail below the superintendent's far-audible ire followed him, a unique word panorama, expressible only in dashes and stars.

Muscle-sore, Alfred alighted from his steaming bronco at the depot only five minutes before two. No time for Stella unless he stayed over night. Should he do it? Indeed, ought he not to remain to see with his own eyes how she was circumstanced in this rough town? He remembered his promise to Uncle Billy. Mr. Crocker himself had said Alfred could not get comfortably to the "Front" and back in a day. His answer to Mr. Crocker flashed back on his brain: "No man's comfort should count against railroad business." That decided him. To stay meant one day later in San Francisco, one day less to study a situation where any hour

might be the hour of fate for the Central Pacific railroad.

The fussy little engine was now facing west, waiting its message from the lever. The signal sounded and the train was starting when a barefooted boy came blowing round the rear car carrying a small package and informed the conductor breathlessly that it was for "that dandy feller that went off this morning with the boss."

"Here!" cried Alfred, reaching down as the boy ran alongside. Alfred caught the parcel and threw a coin to the bearer.

The train labored slowly up the grade and around the hill while Alfred untied his package. It was a neat luncheon; and wrapped in the folded napkin was a spray of wild forget-me-not. From Stella! Impulsively he lifted the blossom to his face, and in the action caught the flutter of a woman's gown high on a hill that overtopped the track. There stood Stella, a granite boulder for her look-out, behind her a shining laurel. Her hat hung by its ribbons, her cheeks were glowing from her hurried climb, and the wind fluttered her full skirts and tossed her shining hair. She waved her handkerchief as the train passed.

CHAPTER V.

The Coming of Uncle Billy.

Down the rain-soaked street of the railroad village hastened an alert youth carrying a yellow paper. Where all was hurry, one flying figure more or less would not have been noticed; but this one carried a crutch; one foot was turned backward and hung high above the ground. Yet one forgot to be sorry for the cripple, so quick was he, so shining with good nature. Every one called him "boy," though he was 20.

"Hello, Al! What's yo' hurry?" asked a bystander. "You can do mo' with a stick an' a foot than most folks with two good laigs."

"Aw, spare my blushes, Mr. Bennett! Say, is the old man in the hotel?"

"Yes. Can't yo' let him swalleh his dinneh in peace? He don't need but five minutes; an' it ain't often he gits a lick at Sally B.'s chicken fixin's. He wouldn't to-day if that thar ornery train wa'n't two hours late."

"Well, this dispatch 'll help his digestion."

"Thought yo' all wa'n't 'lowed to read the yalleh lightning."

"I didn't read it. And—I ain't giving it away. Sabe?"

The boy barely halted and was at the dining room door when Gregory came out.

"What's the racket, Al?" he said. "A message for me?" He spoke a little thickly, his mouth full of a fast disappearing apple.

The message was brief; and his comment was an explosion of oaths. Yet the boy grinned. It was glad profanity.

"Do you know what's in this, Al?"

"Yes, sir; I couldn't help it."

"How's that?"

"I've learned the telegraph since I've been messenger."

"The dickens you say! What's your speed?"

"I get most of the press dispatches, sir."

"How about sending?"

"Not so good, sir; but I'll soon catch up if—" He stopped abruptly.

"If what?"

"I'd rather not say, sir."

"On account of the operator?"

"He's an O. K. friend to me, sir."

"H'm!" The superintendent mounted and was in full gallop toward the station before he was quite seated. "I shan't forget you, boy," he called back over his shoulder.

Jake Bennett and Alvin Carter walked to the station together. They arrived at the station just as the train pulled in.

The first passenger through the car door was Uncle Billy.

"Why, darn my eyes! What 're yo' all doin' hyah, Bill Dodge?" asked Bennett as Uncle Billy stepped to the platform.

The two shook hands, but Bennett turned away with a hurried word and disappeared within the station.

Uncle Billy gazed blankly toward the office, his face clouding with a disappointment that did not lift while he

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

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

W. E. GILLILAND,
Editor and Proprietor.

Subscription Rates.

One year.....\$1 00
Six months......50 etc
Terms: Cash in advance.

12 Pages To Day.

Valentines—We have beautiful line of valentines. Hammans Bros.

Go to Hammans Bros. for valentines. 11-1

J. B. Hicks has put in a new fountain, a large mirror and has made other improvements which adds to the nice appearance of his confectionery store.

Valentines at Hammans Bros. 11

Mr. and Mrs. H. Schwartz left last Saturday night for St. Louis and other eastern markets to buy their spring and summer stock of goods. Phil Schwartz of Dallas, is looking after the business during the absence of Mr. and Mrs. H. Schwartz.

All kinds of valentines can be found at Hammans Bros. 11-1

Eggs For Sale—Full blood, single comb Brown Leghorn eggs at \$1.00 for setting of 15. Mrs. Frank Hinds, Baird. 11-2

Mrs. J. J. Barkman and two children of Texarkana are visiting Mrs. Barkman's sisters, Mrs. Luciel Bailey and Miss Jones.

POLL TAX.

Pre. No. 1, Baird	341
" " 2, Belle Plaine	38
" " 3, Cottonwood	185
" " 4, Tecumseh	40
" " 5, Clyde	240
" " 6, Cross Plains	137
" " 7, Admiral	64
" " 8, Putnam	192
" " 9, Harts	42
" " 10, Eula	132
" " 11, Caddo Peak	37
" " 12, Eagle Cove	125
" " 13, Atwell	61
" " 14, Gilliland	17
" " 15, Wristen	29
" " 16, Dressy	62
" " 17, Oplin	100
" " 18, Pilgrim	42
Total	1884

DEAD LETTER LIST.

The following is a list of letter remaining unclaimed in the Post-office for the week ending Feb. 8, 1908. Parties calling for the same will please say advertised.

- Millard Brown
- J. G. Bockman
- M. E. Crawford
- Miss Roxy Cook
- A J Day.
- John H. Knox
- Clarence Martin
- R H Mayfield
- J D McCormick
- Egbert Ohver
- J P Rye
- R A Smith
- J C Watkins
- Bert York
- Don Juan Hernandez (Mex.)
- Manuel River (Mex)
- J. V. McMANIS, P. M.

Valentines all kinds see Powell. 10t

See Powell & Powell for Wall Paper. 10-tf

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

R. G. POWELL,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office at Powell & Powell's Drug Store
Local Surgeon T. & P. Ry. Co.
BAIRD, TEXAS.

D. R. E. W. TISDALE,
Will answer calls in any part of
the county either night or day
Resident Phone 29 Office Phone 91
Baird, Texas.

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

MARTIN BARNHILL,
Boot and Shoemaker,
Repairing Promptly and Neatly Executed.
Prices to suit the times.
Market Street. Baird, Texas.

B. L. RUSSELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
Real Estate Agent
and Abstractor.
OFFICE AT CITY HALL.
BAIRD, TEXAS.

F. S. Bell
Attorney-at-Law
Will Practice in all State Courts.
Second Door South of City Hall
Baird, Texas

WRISTEN & JOHNSON
Complete Stock
of Watches
and Jewellery
in Hardware
Department
JOHN A. CASTLES
Watchmaker

CITY BAKERY.
Furnishes pure and healthy
bread and rolls, made of the
best material in the market
and absolutely free of alum
or any other substitutes,
fresh every day, also a great
variety of cakes. Phone 115.
OSCAR NITSCHKE

INSURANCE
FIRE AND TORNADO
Insurance in either town or
county. Office just north
of postoffice, Baird, Texas.
JOHN TRENT.

**The Best
and Nicest**
Place in city to have
your barber work done
in first-class order is at
FULTON'S.
The only three chair
shop in the city.

HOT AND COLD BATHS
Laundry Basket leave Tuesdays
and returns on Saturday.

C. D. RUSSELL,
Att'y - at - Law
and Abstractor
Real Estate and Insurance Agent
Office at Court House Baird Tex.

POWELL & POWELL
DRUGGISTS

Thank their many friends of Baird and Callahan County for their liberal patronage the past year and we hope for a continuance of the same during 1908. Wishing all a prosperous year. We are Your Friends

Powell & Powell, Druggists.

W. F. WILSON'S MEAT MARKET
PHONE NO. 26

We keep only the best Beef, Pork and Sausage to be had.

**CARD OF
THANKS**

We wish to extend to our friends and customers both town and country, our sincere thanks for the very liberal patronage given us during the past season, and we hope to merit a continuation of your patronage during 1908. Come in and see us on East side of Market Street.

We wish you one and all a Prosperous and Happy New Year.

Hammans Bros.

BAIRD, TEXAS.

The Iron Way

"The Iron Way" presents a faithful picture of the stirring times which it describes, of the trials, disappointments, failures and successes of the "big four" and of the plot and counterplot in the struggle to make California an integral part of the Union, in fact as well as in name. The love episodes and romantic incidents are interwoven in the story with a skill that shows the author to be a real master of literary style.

Seattle Post-Intelligencer.

**THE
IRON
WAY**

By
SARAH PRATT CARR

"The Iron Way" is one of the strongest stories of the times of the California growth that has ever been written. — Fort Worth Telegram.

"The Iron Way" is a lively, hustling story, full of action fitting the times, and blending fact and fiction dextrously. — Detroit Free Press.

You will find this remarkable story of the West a rare treat; one that is not only worth reading, but one that is worth remembering. It is a story that has made a sensation in the literary world and with reason; a story in which is combined a stirring and important incident in American history and the most pleasing romance.

You Will Find in This Issue
the Opening Chapters of

The Iron Way



WALTER WELLMAN.

Weak and Sickly Women.

It is hard to estimate how many women owe their female troubles, general weakness, nervousness, sallow skin, etc., to constipation and indigestion, but doctors whose practice is among women say that 90 per cent. would be no exaggeration. It is well for them to know of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which cures constipation, indigestion, sick headache, heart-burn, hot flashes, etc. It is absolutely guaranteed to do what is claimed, and if you want to try it before buying, send your address for a free sample bottle to Pepsin Syrup Co., 119 Caldwell Bldg Monticello, Ill. It is sold by Powell & Powell, Druggists, at 50c and \$1 a bottle.

When you see Powell think of drugs. 10-tf

Fancy line of Valentines at Powell & Powells. 10-tf

CLUBBING RATES.

THE STAR and Dallas News one year, \$1.75.
THE STAR and Houston Post one year, \$1.75.
THE STAR and Fort Worth Record one year, \$1.75.

Get your Pencils, Tablets, Ink etc from Powell & Powell. 10-tf

When you think of drugs see Powell. 10-tf

Heald's Reformation

By ROBERT CARTON BROWN

(Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.)

Bob Heald was 20 when his father died and left him over \$100,000 which was to be his at 21. He began at once to live on the interest and a single man at 20, fresh from two years at college, can live rather well on the interest of \$100,000.

Heald did live well; in fact, rather too well. There were certain little ways of spending money which Bob had learned at college that he enlarged upon as soon as he left school and began to pose as a young man-about-town.

One of these ways was cigarettes; another, cards; another, highballs, and still another—theater tickets. It must be owned that Heald was fast and only 20. But one can learn a great deal in two years at college on an allowance of \$200 a month, and Heald had learned it all.

He knew as much at 20 as most of us at 30; that is, he thought he did—and that is about all that counts, anyway. He had tired of golf and tennis, he had tired of girls and receptions; dancing and calling, he had given up since the end of the last Lenten season.

Nothing now attracted this young bachelor but auto trips and the theater. Yes—the theater—he was almost a monomaniac on the subject and had vowed he would become an actor, marry an actress, and consecrate his life to frivolity and amusement. But all this was before his father died. When he came into his, somehow, the stage, or, in fact, anything which looked like a profession, ceased to appeal to him. Now, his life was consecrated to spending something over \$6,000 a year and he felt that it was really worth while.

He did not, however, give up one part of his early ambition, he would compromise and—marry an actress. The stage and all connected with it appealed strongly to Heald and at least three times a week he occupied a box at a different theater and looked on critically, and often fell in love, with some new star or other in comic opera, or musical farce, or even vaudeville; for Heald's taste in art was not of the highest.

He attended the first night of Mme. Grisette, a Parisian importation, and was as enthusiastic as any of the bald-heads below him.

That night he dreamed of her, and every night during that first week. For Heald did not miss a single performance, he engaged the box for the two-week engagement of Mme. Grisette and sat, eagerly drinking in the melody of her voice, each night. On Friday she noticed his persistency and rewarded him with a smile. How he treasured up and gloated over that token of affection, for it could be nothing else, she must be interested in him. Bob's heart gave an ecstatic bound with each thought and he hardly had time to dream of her that night, so little did he sleep.

At the three succeeding performances she smiled pleasantly to him and once kicked—with her dainty little foot—a rose, which had fallen from her corsage, to the foot of Heald's box. He leaned over, picked it up, kissed it meaningly, and sat entranced through the remainder of the performance.

"I must meet her, I must meet her," his brain repeated, incessantly, that night, and he awoke in the morning with a great resolve.

After some trouble, he gained an introduction to the stage manager and through him arranged to meet Mme. Grisette that night after the performance.

The world was too small for Heald all that day. He was happy, happy, and continually he thought of that ambition of his to marry an actress. He would marry her—he would—that was all there was to it. He had been in the habit of having things his own way throughout his life and he would—he would. She

had already taken a great interest in him, he argued, of course she would marry him, there could be no other solution. He would go slow, be cautious, take her out to dinners and things, show her that he had money and was not afraid to spend it. She was already prejudiced in his favor, he felt sure, he would follow her about and in a month he would win her, there could be no doubt of it.

That night he was late to the performance. His toilet was the cause of the delay and when he did finally enter his box, he was a most splendid and resplendent Mr. Robert Worthy Heald.

She saw him and kissed her hand to him. He blushed, his heart pounded and he swallowed hard—he was so happy.

And then, suddenly, the last act ended. The whole thing had not been half-an-hour long to Heald's excited mind and now—now, he was to meet her and eventually win her.

With his heart in his mouth, his cheeks purple from perpetual blushing, he passed through the stage entrance. The manager met him with a smile and led him to her dressing-room.

There she was—ablaze in all her beauty—smiling at him and holding out her two tiny, perfect, jeweled hands. Heald was enraptured. He



Led Him to Her Dressing-Room.

could but bow to her rapid salutation in French.

"She hasn't mastered English yet," explained the manager, after the introduction.

How Heald cursed himself for having neglected his French at school—but he could, at least, stand and look at her—drink in the divine love in her bewitching black eyes. She would soon learn English and he French, Heald figured, as he stood there listening to the manager and Mme. Grisette talking together.

Suddenly, a horrid-looking little man with waxed mustaches entered her sanctified presence. Heald looked coldly at the intruder, the manager turned and smiled pleasantly to the newcomer. And then—then—he introduced Heald to Monsieur Grisette.

Cold perspiration sprung out all over the young fellow's body as he saw the horrid little man greet his wife.

Heald, muttering an apology, staggered toward the door and shut it behind him savagely, but he was not quick enough to miss monsieur's query to the manager: "Vill ze boy buy ze wine? Then call hem back, call hem back."

As he rode home sadly in his cab that night, Heald made a solemn vow; and now you could no more give him a theater ticket than get him to admit that he ever saw anything fascinating in Mme. Grisette.

A GREAT MISTAKE.

"In my country," said a Swedish engineer, "they make a brown cheese of goat's milk. It is a delicious cheese, but to a foreigner its aspect is not inviting. It is made in little bricks.

"In Sweden last summer I sent to some of my Harrisburg friends a few of these cheeses, along with some Swedish punch and other native

delicacies.

"One letter of acknowledgement that I got said:

"Thanks, awfully, for the punch and salmon. The soap, too, is very nice, but we find great difficulty in making it lather."

NOT ELIGIBLE.

Deacon Brown—An' yo' neber stole nuffin?

Applicant for church membership—"No sah."

Deacon Brown—Not eben a little chicken?

Applicant—No, sah.

Deacon Brown—No watermelons?

Applicant—No, sah.

Deacon Brown—Ain't neber had no deevoces?

Applicant—No, sah.

Deacon Brown—Look yere, niggah! Git away f'um yere! Dis yere ain't no political pahty—dis yere's a chu'ch!

Use Electric Lights

Have your house lighted by Electricity, which is the cleanest, safest and most efficient light in the world. No lamps to clean and fill, no smoke and smut and no danger of oil explosions which you read of every day. You carry insurance for safety. Why not use an electric light and add to your security, it costs but little more than oil and lamps. There is no comparison in the light and conveniences. Have a light in all parts of the house without having to strike matches and carry lamps from place to place. We will wire your house for a reasonable price, or you can hire some one else to do your wiring and we will tie you on free of cost. We now have an up-to-date plant, which is just finished and we are giving our customers good service. Try electric lights and you will always like them. We furnish lights on meters and flat rates. Let us have your lighting.

10 F. & M. GIN & LT. CO.
V. F. JONES, P. H. CROOK, MGRS.

NOTICE OF SHERIFF'S SALE.

[REAL ESTATE.]

By Virtue of an Order of Sale issued out of the Honorable District Court of Callahan County, on the 20th day of Jany. A. D. 1908, in the case of H. W. Ross, Intervenor, versus J. T. Renfro and Oscar Renfro. No. 925, and to me, as Sheriff directed and delivered, I have levied upon this 4th, day of Feby. A. D. 1908, and will, between the hours of 10 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m. on the first Tuesday in March A. D. 1908, it being the 3d, day of said month, at the Court House door of said Callahan County in the City of Baird, proceed to sell at public auction to the highest bidder, for cash in hand, all the right, title and interest which J. T. Renfro and Oscar Renfro had on the 20th day of May A. D. 1908, or at any time thereafter, of, in and to the following described property, to-wit: Beginning at the N. W. cor of Robt. Henderson survey No. 852 a stake from which a P. O. 8 in diameter, brs. N. 24. E. 19 vrs. Thence south with west line of said Robt. Henderson survey 273 vrs. Thence west 80 vrs. Thence north 273 vrs. Thence east 80 vrs; to place of beginning containing 4 1-2 acres of land more or less. Said property being levied on as the property of J. T. Renfro and Oscar Renfro to satisfy a judgment amounting to \$411.50, in favor of H. W. Ross, Intervenor, and cost of suit. Given under my hand this 4th day of Feby. 1908.

T. A. IRVIN,
Sheriff Callahan County, Texas.
104-t

NOTICE.

All parties not on meters are notified that they will be charged \$1.50 per light for all lights left burning all night, unless other arrangements have been made. FARMERS & MER., GIN AND LIGHT CO. 8

TO THE FARMERS OF CALLAHAN CO.

We want good tenants on the shares for farms suitable in size located at Vigo. Will also sell in any quantity from 40 to 160 acre tracts on long time and easy payments. House furnished with each farm rented. Call on, or write

Chautauqua Townsite Co.,

At Hotel Seay, Baird, Texas.

Look Here

We are selling baby caps at half price, \$1.50 caps for 75c and the \$1 for 50c. Come and see

Hats at Greatly Reduced Rates

We have a complete line of Millinery Goods, Notions and Ladies Underwear. Come and see

MRS. A. M. MILLER

Baird, Texas

Think Before You Buy

And come to our store for Drugs Medicines, Jewellery, Paints, Oils, Wall Paper and Toilet Articles. See our fine line of Musicales Instruments.

Baird Drug Co.

BOYDSTUN & DAVIS, Proprietors
BAIRD, TEXAS

FURNITURE

Matting, Bed Room Suits, Mattresses and Everything in House Furnishing line. Picture Frames made to order. All kinds of repair work. LEADER COOK STOVE, Wood and Coal Heaters, New Royal Sewing Machines, Reasonable Prices. Cash or Installments. Will trade for horses, cattle or any old thing.

HALSTED BROS.

TARTS FOR A CAKE

The Star's Reply to A. G. Webb in The Clyde Sun

THE STAR'S TROUBLES.

We really feel sorry for The Star after reading its last issue. Truly The Star gets into more trouble, makes more bad breaks and has to make more apologies, corrections and explanations than any paper we have ever known or heard of. And it is all on account of prohibition, which seems to be the one word in the English language that stirs all the bad blood in The Star's anatomy. Just say prohibition and The Star's snakes begin to "stir up" and crawl and hiss for "strife". After declaring that The Star never opposed any man because of prohibition, it proceeds to criticize all kinds of pros includea with The Sun and Taylor County News, the preachers and churches and all kinds of good people, classes them all with anti-slavery people of half a century ago, seems to think that opposition to the slavery imposed on the people by the liquor traffic is about as bad as the opposition to human slavery was back in the 40's and 50's still worrying over the negro slavery 50 years ago. Yet tell us the liquor traffic slavery for which The Star has whooped and hurraed with all its power for all these long years up to right now cuts no ice and is of no consequence at all, doesn't care a snap whether a man is a pro or an anti, so to speak. Now doesn't that sound desperate for a paper that has fought and suffered in the ranks of the army of Generals Slitz, Pabst and Busch in a vain effort to destroy another generation of the American people with their filthy poisonous brews? Can it be possible that after all The Star has a conscience, and that its conscience is lashing it back toward the straight and narrow path into and along which its church and its Bible, its pastor and its parents guided it in early life, before the glare of the lights and music, and tinsel and show of the beautiful open saloon put its spell over it and thoroughly convinced it that a few "fanatical pros" could never in a thousand years down this beautiful institution of sin, with its Dutch brewers and their millions of money behind it.

Truly the revelation has been wonderful and the strain on the Star's mental and moral anatomy terrible. While the Star professes to love the pros just as the antis we notice all of its worst troubles during the five year scrap has been because of its unfair treatment of pros. Take the cases of Mr Barrett of Jones County, that of the Baptist preacher of Taylor Texas, and lately with Senator Looney, each calling for very earnest explanations, all three of these gentlemen were openly avowed friends of prohibition. And yet we have never heard of an anti complaining that The Star did not treat them kindly, even lovingly, still it makes no difference with the Star whether a man is a pro or an anti.

Hereafter when the Star slips a knife under the fifth rib of a pro candidate, we will understand that Mr. Candidate is wrong on the "trust" or the tariff, or the reciprocity with Germany, no prohibition in it at all. Stand up brother Star and take the cake.

A. G. WEBB.

The only possible way to get more false statements in a communication than is contained in the above would be to make it longer.

Before attempting to answer the above we must say that we are astonished at the cool affrontery with which the truth is perverted, but most of all why the communication at all. THE STAR has made no attack on A. G. Webb, has not even mentioned his name for months, unless perhaps in the local news columns. We are at a loss to understand why he should rush into print with insinuations if not direct charges that he knows are not true.

The article is apparently written as an editorial in reply to THE STAR, and possibly the Sun man slipped a cog in letting A. G. Webb's name appear. Possibly the Sun man is tired of being rode by a lot of scribblers who have not got the courage

to sign their own communications, but prefer to make attacks on THE STAR under an assumed name, as so many of them have done in the past few months. We paid little or no attention to these niccompoos, because as a rule a man who will attack another in print anonymously is too insignificant for a decent man to notice. Possibly this apparent indifference on our part lead the Grand Mogul of the prohibition forces and the self-appointed defender of the church in Callahan County to put on a bold front and write over his own name, believing perhaps that we would treat it with the silent contempt that we have his anonymous contributions, thereby getting for himself a great name among the faithful; but if that was his expectation he has reckoned without his host one time too many.

We dislike to answer such articles as this, because it is impossible to do so without dealing in personalities, that we detest in politics or anything else, but this time we cannot afford to let his false and infernal charges go out unchallenged to the public, as even some who know A. G. Webb best, might conclude that there is some basis for his unfounded charges.

The article is a covert, attack personally on the editor of this paper, and deals mainly in innuendoes, the most contemptible of all methods of attack, and fair minded men in this day and time rarely resort to it, except in self defense.

Take the entire article, boil it down and what is there in it; nothing under heaven but an attempt to discredit the editor of THE STAR before the people of Callahan county. Does he produce one argument for prohibition? No. He says he is sorry for THE STAR because it made these mistakes and corrected them. Is he as densely ignorant as he pretends or is this a willful perversion of the truth? No paper can run any length of time without making corrections frequently, that is no paper that is honest and fair. The daily press frequently makes corrections, weekly papers do the same. "A. G." reads the papers and could see them almost daily. THE STAR in twenty years has made three corrections and this self-righteous Pharisee says he never heard of so many. We'll bet he has had to make a hundred times more in the same length of time about his land, horse and cattle deals. We know of more than three and we can truthfully say that among all the land agents of our acquaintance we never knew one that had to make as many explanations as our friend A. G. Webb. Talk about conscience; lots of people in Callahan county don't believe "A. G." takes his conscience with him in a land deal or horse trade; possibly THE STAR alone among all his acquaintance believes he has any conscience at all in any kind of a trade. At any rate we are willing to leave the question of conscientious action of "A. G." and the editor of THE STAR to the people of Callahan county, as they know both pretty well.

We can conscientiously say that we never deliberately and without provocation, in the newspaper business or otherwise, attempted to injure anyone. "A. G." cannot say this because the above article proves that he deliberately, without excuse or provocation attempts to injure our good name and business. He makes charges that are not true and he knows it. He draws inferences that he knows are false. A case in point: He attempts to discredit our statement that we never opposed any

candidate for office because he was a pro. He knows as well as he knows he is living that we supported Smith, pro. for congress at last election against Cunningham, anti. As a rule a man who will suppress part of the truth to carry his point, does not have to go far to reach the point when he would not hesitate to tell a falsehood to attain the same end.

The effort to wring in the Taylor County News is on a par with the fair and manly (?) methods of this pro disciple. The News was not mentioned in reply, but The Sun that misrepresented THE STAR either intentionally or unintentionally about Senator Looney. We had already answered that before "A. G." rushed into print to air his stale views.

As to comparing prohibition to slavery, that is another misrepresentation. "Churchman", "A. G." for short, only quoted enough of that to make a false impression and draw a false conclusion. Of this article it is not necessary to quote here further than this: "There is more politics to the square inch in prohibition than any other question ever raised, except the slavery question. These are the only two questions, slavery and prohibition, that have been successfully worked into the church." This is the unvarnished truth. Why did not Dr. Jekyle and Mr. Hyde quote this if he wanted to fight fair? He quoted enough to suit his purpose, which was to misrepresent THE STAR.

This champion of the people says we criticised the church, the preachers and every body else that was pure and good including "A. G." alias "Churchman". The readers of THE STAR knows this is not true, but we warn all of them that they cannot hide behind the church and throw rocks at THE STAR with impunity. THE STAR has for years taken the ground that prohibition should not be discussed in the church. Two of the best pastors and best men who ever served the Methodist Church at Baird years ago told us they opposed bringing this into the church, that it would breed dissension and discord. Perhaps others agreed with them, but these two expressed themselves freely, and flatly refused to be drawn into the prohibition fight in this county. This, however, was before the first election. Some of the pastors and preachers in Baird today oppose dragging prohibition into the church. They know it will hurt the cause. If we cannot leave our politics out when we go to church what more is the church than a political party?

As to the statement that THE STAR has whooped and hurraed for the liquor traffic; the statement is absolutely and unqualifiedly false. We never wrote a line in defense of the liquor traffic in our life—not a single word. The charge has been made repeatedly, but an oft repeated falsehood can never make one grain of truth. The point is this; and we believe we can make it so plain that even a child can understand it if "A. G." cannot. The fight in this county has always been against the open saloon in Baird, and the open saloon only. Is not that so? Have you not repeatedly heard pro speakers say so? We have, and we know others have heard them say this. Did the pros ever tell you that you should not ship whiskey or beer to this county if the saloons at Baird were voted out? Not an your tin type; they were fighting the open saloon, the legal sale of whiskey in Callahan county. Is this not true? Did not they tell you this? Did not they tell you that you could ship in all you wanted for your own use? Has not A. G. himself told you this? THE STAR and those believing with it, believing the open saloon in Baird would be better than the jug trade, opposed the abolishment of the saloon. So the question was

not a fight against the liquor traffic by the pros. It was merely a question of saloon or no saloon. In other words the pros wanted the saloons out, the antis did not. It was not a fight on either side for or against the liquor traffic, because both sides knew the traffic would go on. A. G. Webb himself has admitted this time and again and he cannot deny it. Personal knowledge of prohibition towns in Texas and some other states convinced us that the licensed saloon in towns the size of Baird, if properly regulated and controlled, was better than local option. Time and again we have said the principle of local option was right, and no doubt best for many places, but did not believe it best for Baird. Yet because we did not agree with the ultra pro theory on this question this self appointed guardian of the morals and religious welfare of the people of Callahan county has the unmitigated gall to make the charge that we championed the liquor traffic when the traffic was never considered; never threatened by prohibition in Callahan county. There would be just as much reason and truth in any one making the charge that A. G. Webb was champion of the liquor traffic as carried on by old Hayner and other liquor shippers because they championed local option, as to say THE STAR or any other anti championed the liquor traffic because they opposed voting out the saloons. The saloons are closed, but the liquor traffic still goes on. Liquor is coming to Baird every day.

Was Jeff Davis a champion of the liquor traffic because he opposed prohibition? No sensible and unprejudiced man will make such a charge against the dead Chieftain of the Confederacy, one of the most scholarly and best posted men of his day.

Only last Sunday Cardinal Gibbons of the Roman Catholic Church in New Orleans said:

"I am satisfied it is practically impossible to put prohibition into effect in any large community, and the best means, therefore, to promote temperance is to limit the number of saloons by high license.

"I would be in favor of inflicting severe punishment on proprietors of saloons who violated the law, in the first instance and in the second instance of violation I would revoke their license altogether.

"In country places I suggest local option as an excellent means for the repression of intemperance, if in the judgment of a majority of voters the sale of liquor should be entirely eliminated.

"Laws like prohibition that are certain to be violated are best not to be made, for the incessant violation draws down upon them disrespect."

Can anyone justly accuse Cardinal Gibbons of favoring the liquor traffic? His knowledge of the world and long experience with all classes of people, no doubt, has convinced him that the best way to deal with the liquor traffic is to regulate it, not attempt the impossible—prohibiting the use of intoxicants. Possibly he is not swayed by prejudice and sentiment as some others. Doubtless our friend "A. G." will have seventeen kinds of duck fits because we quote from a Catholic though one of the reputation of Cardinal Gibbons.

THE STAR said prohibition breeds discord among the people. If any one doubts this after reading A. G. Webb's article let us quote from Chairman Jenkins of the judiciary committee of the lower house of congress when the various and sundry liquor bills now pending were under discussion. Replying to Rev. S. E. Nicholson who appeared for the anti-saloon league, Mr. Jenkins said that 90 per cent of these liquor bills were aimed at the very throat of the government. The plea was put up to pass the Littlefield bill that prohibits interstate shipment of liquor into prohibition territory. It was contended that all

such bills were unconstitutional. The pros wanted them passed up to the Supreme Court. Mr. Jenkins said it was the duty of his committee to prevent legislation known to be unconstitutional. He said:

"We are trying to save this government, and don't want to be continually reporting bills for the sake of Christianity or anything else that will be turned down by the courts. I have been in prohibition territory and seen how the laws were evaded. There I saw the man with the prayer book in one hand and a knife for an enemy in the other."

Yes, and you can see it everywhere in prohibition territory, especially the prayer book and knife part. "A. G.'s" article breathes the very essence of Puritanical intolerance. He would consider it a Christian act to destroy, if possible, THE STAR and its editor in a business way because the editor has the temerity to stand up for what he believes to be right, regardless of sentiment. His letter breathes a spirit of intolerance totally at variance with Christ's teachings, it savors more of the spirit of the Scribes and Pharisees who would destroy the Saviour because he condemned the man-made machine they had set up in the name of religion. So for as the editor of THE STAR is concerned his conscience does not trouble him in the least. No one has a more profound respect for the church, all churches, than the writer, but we don't agree with some of them, especially those that make prohibition a part of their creed. This critic of THE STAR appears to be very devout to the church. Not many years ago the pastor of his own church held a protracted meeting in Baird that continued for twenty-three days with two to three services a day, yet "A. G." absented himself from all but four services we believe, possibly six. His excuse was that he did not have time to attend church. For years this scribe taught the bible class in his church and managed to get "A. G." to attend one time. Now he is so devout that he would destroy THE STAR editor politically, religiously and make it impossible for him to make a living in his chosen profession. For years he has vainly tried to get an opposition paper started in Baird to drive THE STAR out of business, but we want to inform him right now that he is going to find that driving THE STAR out of business a harder a task than he had in selling that Vigo farm, where those hogs ten feet high ranged for years.

As to Barrett, Looney and Arbuckle, only the last was known to us to be a pro. The criticism of the others had no connection whatever with prohibition, and A. G. Webb knows it. Barrett was charged with favoring the new county and THE STAR said if the report was true the people of Callahan county should demand an explanation before voting for him. That was the substance of the criticism; as to Looney the question of prohibition had nothing to do with it, as antis as well as pros were criticised for their spite work against the press of Texas. We were mistaken as to Senator Looney as well as Barrett and set them right before our readers. Webb knew this, but his unlimited gall would not permit him to do THE STAR even simple justice. After using the columns of THE STAR given free to the W. C. T. U. to promote temperance, and in violation of an agreement to leave out prohibition, and with the assistance of A. G. Webb the column was for more than two years devoted mainly to boosting prohibition. THE STAR received more criticism from the antis all over the county for this than from the public for any other cause since we have been publishing THE STAR. Yet he has the sublime cheek to publish to the people of Callahan

CONTINUED ON LAST PAGE

Full Weights



You can rest assured that you are getting all that you pay for when you buy your GROCERIES and FEED from me. We handle only the best grade of goods and give you value received for every dollar that you leave at our store. Try us with your next order.

PHONE 231.

J. C. JONES

The Grocer Baird, Tex.

This is to remind you that we have removed our banking office to our new building, and we extend you a cordial invitation to come and see us, and let us show you around.

HOME NATIONAL BANK

T. & P. R'y. SCHEDULE.

EAST BOUND
 Arrives.
 No. 4. Through train, Mail. 11:15 a.m.
 No. 6. Mail 12:50 a.m.
 No. 8. Ft Worth local, no mail 9:45 a.m.

WEST BOUND.
 Arrives.
 No. 5. Toyah local, mail.... 4:10 a.m.
 No. 7. Sweetwater local, mail. 4:00 p.m.
 No. 3. Through train, no mail 6:30 p.m.
 J. B. HARMON, Agent.

PERSONAL

Mrs. T. B. Kehlenger, of Eula, was in town Monday.

Miss Nettie and Selman Lonis visited friends here this week.

Allen Shackelford was up from Putnam Sunday.

L. D. Boyd spent Sunday with relatives in Clyde.

Miss Lucy McCoy spent Sunday in Baird.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Austin went to Fort Worth last Sunday.

Prof. S. E. Settle attended the Teachers' meeting at Clyde Saturday.

Miss Chassie Coffman entertained a number of her friends Saturday in honor of Miss Wills, of Cisco.

Miss Pansy Moon, of Abilene, is the guest of Miss Nannie Bell this week.

Mrs. L. M. Hadley and little son and Miss Elizabeth Manning have returned from Oklahoma.

Misses Chassie and Jessie Coffman and Miss Virginia Wills, of Cisco spent Saturday and Sunday in Baird.

Our spring samples are here. Get your suit order in early. B. L. Boydston. 11tf

Mrs. John Harris, of Wheeler county, is visiting relatives here and at Eula.

Owen Leaverett left Sunday for Big Springs.

Bob Stephenson was in from Eula Tuesday.

Miss Jennie Harris is visiting in Abilene.

J. A. Wagner, of Cross Plains, was in town Saturday.

Mrs. J. V. McManis entertained Wednesday evening in honor of her sister, Miss Stoltenberg. Many different games were played. Several guests contributed to the pleasure of the occasion by rendering some lovely musical selections. Cake and punch was served.

DEATHS.

Mr. John Rice an old and respected citizen of Callahan county, died at his home near Belle Plain Saturday night after a brief illness. Interment at the Baird cemetery Monday evening.

John M. Bryant, of Clyde, died Sunday night of pneumonia following an attack of la grippe. He was only ill a few days. He was buried in the Baird cemetery Monday evening with Masonic honors by Baird Lodge No. 522 A. F. & A. M.

C. C. (Uncle Charley) Jackson, one of the oldest citizens of the county died at the home of his son, Andrew Jackson, on Deep Creek, Wednesday morning. Interment at Callahan City cemetery Thursday.

Weldon Bee, infant son of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Hailey, died Wednesday morning. Interment in Baird cemetery Wednesday evening.

A Pleasant Evening.

Eight o'clock Tuesday evening, the 11th found a good number of Eastern Star members assembled in the Masonic Hall. The Chapter was duly opened and considerable business transacted. After closing all present united in making the following hour one of the most pleasant the Chapter has ever known. Dainty refreshments were served after which we were highly entertained with some lovely musical selections. Then "Goodnight" was said with wishes from each for many more just such pleasant evenings. x x x

Hans Hanson.

Hans Hanson will be at the Cooke opera house Friday, Feb. 21st. This Company played here last year and is one of the best that ever played here.

PUBLIC LIBRARY.

The following new books have been added to the Public Library during the past month:

Devota, Wingless Victory, A Young Mutineer, Under The Lilac, Call of the Wind, Boy Employers, Daughter of Anderson Crow, Inez, Ralph Raymond's Heir, Time of Roses, Lady of the Forest, Three Bright Girls, A Young Salesman, Elsie Dinsmore, Sam's Chante, Store Boy, The Best Man, The Shuttle, Making His Way, Palace Beautiful, Averil, Their Little Mother, Lady of Decoration, Shifting for Himself, Life of McKinley, Seats of the Mighty, Driven From Home, A Young Outlaw, Andy Gordon, Andy Grant's Pluck, Hector's Inheritance.

The Library now contains over six hundred volumes of the latest and best works of fiction and reference for children and grown people. The subscription price is \$1.00 per year for grown people and 25c for children, this entitles them to children's books only. Books can be rented at rate of ten cent per week. The library is situated in the rear of Mr. Bell's office, but will soon move to room in the new bank building. This room was given the Library by the Stockholders of the Home National Bank.

Library is open from 3 to 6 o'clock every Tuesday and Saturday. Any donations to help furnish the new room or to buy new books will be gratefully accepted.

For information of any kind in regard to Library call on Miss Nannie Bell or Miss Ada Powell.

Our spring slippers have arrived. B. L. Boydston. 11tf

Carry Hinds, of Big Springs, came down with his automobile this week and gave a number of Bairdites a ride in the gasoline snorter.

Lecture.

Miss Hughes, Field Secretary for the Woman's Home Mission Board of the Presbyterian Church U. S. A. will deliver a lecture at the Presbyterian Church Friday evening at 8:45. Everybody invited as she is one of the best lecturers of her sex.

S. A. BRYANT.

Treatment of The Eyes.

Hundreds of people are today taking treatments from high priced oculists when there is nothing the matter with their eyes but an optical defect not properly corrected. If you have money to burn take the treatment, but if you haven't, be sure your glasses are right. You can find out by calling to see Dr. Levey, the well known optician, from San Antonio, Texas. He will be at Baird Drug Co's store February 21, and 22d. 11-2

TO RENT.

115 acres, near Putnam. Good house and barn yard land. Address E. M. Rust, Merkel, or J. H. Surles, Putnam, Texas. 11-3

Dr. A. Levey.

Dr. A. Levey, the well known optician from San Antonio, Texas, will be at the Baird Drug Co's store Feb. 21st and 22d. Eyes examined free and glasses fitted. 11-2

Order your Easter suit early. See those beautiful samples at B. L. Boydston's. 11tf

Commissioners' Court is in session this week with all members present. Co. Judge C. D. Russell, Commissioners Hinds, Kennedy, Burnam, Williams. They will be in session, perhaps all the week.

Mrs. Cunningham and Miss Mary Shackelford, of Putnam, were shopping in Baird Wednesday.

LEAKE AGAINST BRYAN.

New Jersey Congressman Opposes Nebraskan.

IS HISSED BY DEMOCRATS

During His Remarks the Speaker Said the Big Stick Had Been Taken Away From the Chief Executive and Big Slipper Presented, Him.

Washington, Feb. 11.—A brief but fiery speech by Mr. Leake, Democrat, of New Jersey, enlivened the house Monday. The speaker outlined his opposition to the nomination of Hon. W. J. Bryan for the presidency and was hissed by Democrats.

Referring to Mr. Bryan, Mr. Leake said: "He has taken the big stick from the president of the United States, and to use his own simile, he is now 'crucifying' the principles of Democracy, and American individuality, and ambition on the cross of socialism." The president thus being deprived of his big stick, Mr. Leake declared, has resorted to the big slipper.

Mr. Leake expressed the opinion that the American people did not need spanking from the president of so-calleding from Mr. Bryan, to the latter of whom he sarcastically referred to as "The Gentleman from Nebraska." He thought the health of the American community was such that a doctor was needed, and he hoped that either of the two great political parties would get one, and that in his administration of the remedies for the care of many ills he would not forget when men condemn the American railroads that the American system was one of the greatest in the world, and that American business men and American enterprise were the best on earth.

Mr. Leake provoked laughter when he expressed the hope that one of the two political parties would nominate a "specialist in statesmanship."

"If that should be done he declared, 'that center aisle of the chamber would no longer mark the difference between Democrats and Republicans, but the difference between radicals and conservatives.'"

"Will the gentleman name the doctor?" interjected Mr. Gaines of Tennessee.

"I don't propose to name the doctor," Mr. Leake replied, "I think that is the privilege of the delegates to the Chicago and Denver conventions."

"When the gentleman talks about railroads and the good things they have done for the country," interrogated Mr. Shackelford of Missouri, "did he have in mind Mr. Harriman?" Mr. Leake replied that he did not, but said he referred to the fact that American railroads had given cheaper and better service than the railroads of any other country.

Messrs. Heflin of Alabama and Hepburn of Iowa were on their feet each protesting that Mr. Leake was out of order, but that that juncture Mr. Leake's time expired, and he took his seat amid the commotion his remarks had created.

JO ABBOTT NO MORE.

Former Congressman Passes to Rest at Hillsboro.

Hillsboro, Tex., Feb. 11.—Hon. Jo Abbott died at his residence in this city at an early hour this morning.

Jo Abbott, who was born Jan. 15, 1840, near Decatur, Ala., came to Texas with his family when twelve years old. He worked on a farm and attended school until June, 1859, when he began the study of law. In 1861 he entered the Confederate army, being first lieutenant in the First Texas company. Though wounded he continued until the war ended.

In 1866 he was licensed to practice law, his first law office being at Springfield, Limestone county. He removed to this city in November, 1869, he was elected to the state legislature and served one term. In 1878 the governor appointed his district judge of the Twenty-eighth district, which position he held two years and was then elected by the people and served four years. In November, 1886, he was elected to congress from the Sixth district. He served in the Fifteenth, Fifty-first, Fifty-second, Fifty-third and Fifty-fourth congresses.

Mrs. Abbott died some weeks ago in the state of Washington, where she went in search of health. Her husband brought her remains here.

CLASH AT COLLEGE.

Senior Class Is Declared to Have Been on a Strike.

Bryan, Tex., Feb. 11.—It is reported that differences arose between the senior class of the agricultural and mechanical college. From what can be gathered the two principals are President Harrington and Dr. Joe Gilbert, the resident physician and surgeon. It is also reported the senior class is disposed to uphold Dr. Gilbert in his alleged disagreement with President Harrington. Rumor has it that the senior class refused to attend lectures or participate in class work and that

the reason for it was that Dr. Gilbert had not been sustained in some stand he had taken.

Commissioner of Agriculture Milner has arrived at the college from Austin to investigate the affair.

Maraculous Escape.

Fort Worth, Feb. 10.—The crew of a freight train on the Texas and Pacific, which wrecked at Wiles, report the train, while speeding forty miles an hour, dashed across a viaduct ninety feet high with a pair of trucks derailed. The crew was unaware of its perilous situation. It is considered a miracle that the train was not thrown into the canyon below.

HUTCHINS KILLS HIMSELF

Second Vice President of Bank Suicides In Building.

Fort Worth, Feb. 10.—Linton C. Hutchins, forty-nine years of age, second vice president of the Fort Worth National bank, one of the largest financial institutions in the city; also vice president of the Manning Lumber company, was found dead in the bank building, corner Fifth and Main streets, just before the noon hour Sunday, with a pistol shot wound in his right temple, near the center of his forehead, and a pistol clutched in his hand, which was folded across his breast.

His lifeless body was found by one of the clerks. It was lying upon the floor of the washroom, at the west end of the bank, a portion of his skull torn away by the bullet and a pool of blood beside the head.

Mr. Hutchins' family attribute his act to intense nervousness.

Major Van Zandt, president of the bank, with whom Mr. Hutchins had been associated for thirty years, was greatly affected by the occurrence, and attributed it to a nervous breakdown, due to overwork. He said that Mr. Hutchins, whose duties at the bank were very heavy, had shown signs of a nervous collapse for some time, and that his associates had urged him to take a month's vacation. Mr. Hutchins had agreed to do so, and was arranging his affairs. His accounts are correct in every way, says Major Van Zandt.

Mr. Hutchins was regarded by his associates and by bankers generally as one of the most expert bank men in this part of the country. He had all details of the business of the institution with which he had been connected for so many years at his fingers' ends. His standing in the community, in which he had resided since boyhood, was of the highest, and he was a consistent member of the Christian church.

GAMBRELL ENDS LIFE.

Former Newspaper Man Kills Himself at a Fort Worth Hotel.

Fort Worth, Feb. 10.—The night watchman at the Hotel Worth at 8 o'clock Sunday night heard a pistol shot in a room on the third floor. Entering, he found Eric C. Gambrell, a former newspaper man, breathing his last from a wound just over the heart. He was lying on the floor. A pistol lay on the other side of the room.

Gambrell had divested himself of his hat, coat, vest and shoes, and had written two letters, one of which was a sealed message to his wife at Dallas, and the other an open note addressed to Hunt McCaleb, a newspaper man of this city, asking that his family at Dallas be notified.

Eric C. Gambrell, who was the third son of Rev. Dr. J. B. Gambrell of Dallas, was about forty years old. He had done newspaper work here and at Dallas. Recently he had practiced law at Dallas, but signified his intention of resuming journalism. A widow and little son are left.

SLAIN BY YAQUIS.

Charles Foster, a Civil Engineer, Meets Death at Their Hands.

El Paso, Feb. 10.—According to a letter from James Baker, engineer in charge of the locating party working in the state of Sonora, his party was attacked by a band of Yaqui Indians. After a fight, Charles Foster, a member of the engineer corps, was killed and several Indians were wounded.

The letter says the attack occurred several miles west of Molatos. When the Indians opened fire the Mexican helpers accompanying the engineers fled. Seven engineers stood their ground and returned the fire.

The Yaquis were seen carrying off several wounded.

FATAL FIST FIGHT.

John D. Rogers Succumbs to Hemorrhages and Dr. Spradlin Arrested.

Dallas, Feb. 10.—John D. Rogers, a young man, had an altercation Thursday with Dr. J. Q. Spradlin. It was a fist fight and quickly stopped, neither man seeming to be injured. Sunday Rogers died. Death is said to have been a result of hemorrhages under the skin. He was said to be subject to bleeding spells.

Dr. Spradlin, who had previously been under \$500 bond on charge of assault to murder, as soon as Mr. Rogers expired, gave himself up.

No Seat, No Fare.

Guthrie, Feb. 10.—The state corporation commission issued an order that exempts any person who is unable to

secure a seat in a railway coach from paying his fare or giving over his ticket. Unless rescinded the order will become effective in city days.

Much Cotton Consumed.

Bartlett, Tex., Feb. 10.—On the Joe Young farm, eight miles southeast of here, 130 bales of cotton and forty tons of cotton seed burned; origin of fire unknown; no insurance. They were piled in the field near the gin, and from the cotton the flames spread to the seed house. The loss is about \$9,000.

Another Pipe Line.

Paris, Tex., Feb. 10.—It is reported that in the spring the Gulf Pipe Line company will begin laying a second line from the Tulsa oil field to Beaumont. The single line is being heavily taxed to carry off the oil at present, and new wells are being brought in.

Shot Causes Death.

Alba, Tex., Feb. 10.—In this (Wood) county, four miles from here, Poley Moore shot himself. He died several hours afterward.

Sam O. Smith Dead.

Dallas, Feb. 7.—Sam O. Smith, a leading fire insurance man, is dead.

FAVORS HIGH LICENSE.

Cardinal Gibbons Opposes Prohibition In Large Cities.

New Orleans, Feb. 8.—Cardinal Gibbons was interviewed here on prohibition. He said: "I am satisfied that it is practically impossible to put prohibition into effect in any large community and the best means, therefore, to promote temperance is to limit the number of saloons by high license. I would be in favor of inflicting severe punishment on proprietors of saloons, who violated the law, in the first in-



CARDINAL GIBBONS.

stance, and in the second instance of violation, I would revoke the license altogether.

"In country places I suggest local option as an excellent means for the repression of intemperance, if, in the judgment of the majority of voters, the sale of liquor is entirely eliminated. Laws, like prohibition, that are certain to be violated, had best not be made for incessant violation draws down upon them disrespect."

SEIBRECHT PASSES AWAY.

Eight Times United States Marshal of West Texas District.

San Antonio, Feb. 11.—George L. Seibrecht, for eight years United States marshal of the western district of Texas, with headquarters in this city, former postmaster at LaGrange and for years a leading Republican, died of kidney and liver troubles at his home in Elmendorf, where he had resided for the last year.

Captain Seibrecht was born in Hanover and was sixty-eight years old. He emigrated from Germany before reaching his majority and for a time was employed in building the Kansas City and Pacific railroad. He moved to LaGrange in 1866, where he resided until appointed United States marshal. He was closely identified in politics with former Congressman Hawley of Galveston. He was one of the greatest exponents in Texas' Republican party of anti-race suicide, being the father of sixteen children, including three sets of twins. Eleven of his children survive him.

When asking reappointment about a year ago he had himself photographed with his family and sent the photo to President Roosevelt, and while he received a very complimentary letter from the president, he failed of appointment.

BY OWN HAND.

John M. Lusk Terminates Mortal Career With Aid of Pistol.

Fort Worth, Feb. 12.—John M. Lusk, a consumptive, about thirty-eight years of age, formerly a professional nurse at the epileptic hospital at Abilene, but who had been residing in this city for the past five months, shot himself through the head Monday and Justice Mabens' verdict as coroner was that the case was one of self-destruction. The tragedy occurred in the toilet room of a pool and billiard hall on

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8000 acres good land near aird for sale in large or small tracts.

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LIQUOR DEALERS
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Hill & Hill,—bonded—per gallon.....	\$5.00
Casco,—bonded—per gallon.....	4.50
Guckenheimer,—bonded—per gallon.....	5.50
Dixie Rye,—case goods—per gallon.....	4.00
Bond & Lillard—case goods—per gallon.....	4.00
McBrayer—case goods—per gallon.....	4.00
Mellwood—case goods—per gallon.....	4.00
Texas Club—case goods—per gallon.....	4.00
International—barrell goods—per gallon.....	4.00
International—case goods—per quart.....	1.25

All original packages. Money must accompany all orders, and they will have prompt attention.

PAY UP.

I earnestly request all who are indebted to me to come in and settle up. I need the money to meet my obligations.
H. H. RAMSEY.

Clement & Price appreciate your grocery trade.
45

A Baby

should be sunshine in the house, and will be if you give it White's Cream Vermifuge the best worm medicine offered to suffering humanity. This remedy is becoming the permanent fixture of all households. A mother with children, can't get along without a bottle of White's Cream Vermifuge in the house. Sold by Powell & Powell.

They are selling more boys clothing at Schwartz' than ever before. Why? Because the price is right.

The prettiest line of china and queensware in town at Hammans & Bro.
35

Mrs. Wheeler, Freetown, Ind.

Women get run down without knowing just what is the matter with them, and doctors don't seem to understand their case. Mrs. Isabelle Wheeler, Freetown, Ind., was nervous and debilitated and could find no help until she took Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and that cured her. She says people come to her for miles around to ask what medicine she took that did her so much good. This remedy is absolutely guaranteed to do what is claimed, and if you want to try it before buying, send your address for a free sample bottle to Pepsin Syrup Co., 119 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill. It is sold by Powell & Powell at 50c and \$1 a bottle.

REEMBER—The American Beauty Flour is by odds the best on the market. Recommended by the thousands who are now using it. Sold by J. C. Jones, Baird, Texas.

A Stitch in time

will save nine. So will a bottle of Ballard's Horehound Syrup always kept on hand save many a spell of sickness. A sure cure for coughs, Colds, Bronchitis and Whooping Cough. Mrs. S., Hot Springs, Ark. writes: "I keep a bottle of Ballard's Horehound Syrup in my medicine chest and thank my forethought many times. It has prevented many severe spells of sickness." Sold by Powell & Powell.

When you need a good suit of overall or work clothes, high grade Union make go to Hammans & Bro.

MAIN STREET, BETWEEN NINTH AND TENTH streets at a time of day when the large hall was crowded with players and loungers. These were thrown into a state of consternation by the loud report of the pistol emanating from the rear of the house. An immediate investigation disclosed that Lusk was sitting upright inside the toilet room, his feet against the door and with life extinct. A jagged hole in his skull, where the bullet had plunged, the blood-bespattered walls and a pistol clutched in his hand, told the rest of the story. The bullet had entered just above the right ear and had come out near the top of the head, directly over the left ear, tearing off a portion of the skull several inches in diameter.

Lewis Trustee.

Houston, Feb. 8.—John W. Lewis, who had previously been appointed receiver, was elected trustee in the bankruptcy case of the Farmers and Bankers' Warehouse Building association, of which Dave H. Shapira is president, at a meeting of the creditors. A number of creditors from over the state were present, although the majority were represented by attorneys.

Twenty Affinities Alleged.

Philadelphia, Feb. 11.—Mrs. Mary McCormick sues her husband for non-support, charging he has twenty affinities. She claims the women have written McCormick a pile of letters three feet high.

Accused of Rape.

Denison, Feb. 10.—Claiming with raping Annie Brown, a twelve year old girl of his race, Skitt Bryan was committed to jail at Sherman without bond.

Shoots Doctor Who Worries Him.

Columbus, Ga., Feb. 11.—Claiming Dr. L. F. Myers worried him with telepathic powers, Ed. Powers probably fatally shot the osteopath.

Needed the Year Around.

You needn't suffer with sick headaches, indigestion, constipation or any other trouble arising from disordered stomach, liver or bowels. Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin will cure you and keep you well. It is a wonderful laxative and regulator. It is safe and pleasant to take and should be in every American household. Tens of thousands already use it. It is absolutely guaranteed to do what is claimed, and if you want to try it before buying, send your address for a free sample bottle to Pepsin Syrup Co., 119 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill. It is sold by Powell & Powell at 50c and \$1 a bottle.

Don't be blind and buy your fall suit before you price Schwartz'. 46

Ledgers, blank books, etc at Hammans Bros. 52t

Wall paper, all kinds and designs and prices right. Baird Drug Co. 6

When you want any kind of wall paper see Baird Drug Co. 6tf

See our book department, some of the best and latest works of fiction, Childrens' books, etc. Hammans Bros. 52tf

ELI ENTERS ETERNITY.

After Two Fights Negro Taken From Troops and Swung.

Brookhaven, Miss., Feb. 10.—Eli Pigot, the negro who criminally assaulted Miss Williams, a young white woman in this county several weeks ago, was taken from the custody of a Jackson military company and posse of deputies Monday morning and hanged from a telegraph pole within less than 100 yards of the courthouse, where he was to have been tried for his crime. The military company and posse were overpowered by a mob of more than 2,000 citizens. Several shots were fired during the melee, and two members of the mob wounded.

Pigot reached here shortly after 7 o'clock from Jackson in the custody of Sheriff Greer and under an armed escort of the Capital Light guards, ordered into service by Governor Noel to protect the negro. When the train stopped at the depot and the sheriff and the soldier escort disembarked with the prisoner, the mob surged around them and a fierce hand to hand fight ensued, in which fists were freely used and the soldiers clubbed many members of the mob with guns. The fight lasted about five minutes or more and officers and soldiers managed to retain the custody of the negro and resumed their journey to the courthouse. When within about 100 yards of the building the mob, which by this time had been thoroughly organized, charged the officers and soldiers again, and another fierce battle ensued, but it was only a hand to hand fight, the soldiers failing to use their guns, and the mob managed to get possession of the prisoner. Pigot was dragged about fifty yards away, a rope secured and he quickly swung up. His body was then riddled with bullets.

TWO NEGROES HANG.

Second Man Executed Five Minutes After First.

Lake Charles, La., Feb. 10.—Albert West and Charles Williams, both negroes, were hanged in the parish jail here. West was hanged first. The rope broke when the trap sprung, but he was quickly strung up again and soon strangled to death. Williams was hanged five minutes after West's body was cut down. West was hanged for the murder of John Chancy, a white man, whom he chopped to death with an ax.

West maintained to the last that he acted in self-defense.

Williams killed Alice Charles, a negro woman, with whom he lived. He confessed his guilt.

CARRIED LONG TIME.

Deed Travels About Country For About Twenty Years.

Denison, Feb. 10.—After traveling around over the country since 1888, the last acknowledgment has been taken here to a deed to a tract of land situated in Ellis county, valued at \$750,000. The deed and acknowledgment attached made a sheet sixteen feet long. The land involved is the undivided property of fifteen heirs. Mrs. L. M. Mank, who made the last acknowledgment, stated to the notary public that she had been carrying the deed around for the past twenty years getting the various signatures.

NEGRO STRUNG UP.

Charged With Murdering White Man Without Any Provocation.

Delhi, La., Feb. 7.—Robert Mitchell, an alleged negro murderer, was taken from a deputy sheriff by a mob at Oak Grove, near here, and lynched. A rope was placed around the negro's neck and he was hanged to a nearby railroad water tank.

Mitchell is alleged to have shot and killed without provocation Leon Theikeld, manager of the Pioneer Cooperative company, two miles west of Oak Grove. He escaped, but later was captured and turned over to the parish officers. A deputy sheriff was on the way to Floyd, La., with the prisoner when he was met by the mob.

The body of Mr. Theikeld was shipped to his old home, Harrisburg, Ill.

Hanged at Last.

Birmingham, Feb. 11.—Henry Thaxton, a negro, convicted for killing W. E. Hunsucker, white, two years ago, after being thrice respited by the governor, once while on the gallows, was hanged here Monday. He mounted the scaffold smiling. His neck was broken by the fall, death being announced in fifteen and a half minutes.

Prominent Alabamian No More.

Montgomery, Feb. 10.—A. S. Knowles, head of the Knowles Dry Goods company, for years a leading merchant and citizen, died of tuberculosis.

Boy Decapitated.

Shawnee, Okla., Feb. 10.—A train cut off the head of Leander Adams, ten years old. He was walking the track.

Drunken Men Shoot at Priest.

Youngstown, O., Feb. 8.—Father O'Byrne, a Roman Catholic priest, was shot at by drunken men, but not hit.

Two Little Ones Perish.

Anniston, Ala., Feb. 10.—Two small children of Will Fuller burned to death

near here. They were alone.

Burns to Death.

Mobile, Feb. 10.—The four-year-old child of Joseph Gooseby burned to death near here.

Killed by Trolley Car.

Mississippi City, Miss., Feb. 10.—T. P. Cleary was hit by a trolley car and killed.

Howard on Retired List.

Washington, Feb. 8.—General O. O. Howard has been placed on the retired list.

NARRATED IN NOTES.

El Reno, Okla., is to have more sewers.

A barrel of whisky was seized at Minco, Okla.

Oklahoma City Elks will build a \$50,000 structure.

Georgia Democratic primaries will be held June 4.

J. C. Lawrence, proprietor of two New York hotels, is dead.

Tulsa county, Oklahoma, has 6,500 children of scholastic age.

The British government denies that it will replace old Pacific fleet.

Miss Mary Barnes of Denton, Tex., sixteen years old, dropped dead.

F. Dobert, a prominent business man of Brenham, Tex., died suddenly.

During a rabbit hunt in the vicinity of Troy, Tex., 325 cottontails were laid low.

The Pullman company will park at Dallas during the Elks' reunion 1,000 cars.

Farmers' Exchange and Lindsay (Okla.) National banks have consolidated.

Charlie Diggs, a negro boy, was found dead in bed at Fort Worth; natural causes.

O. L. Hatcher was killed and C. Taylor shot three times in a pistol duel at Meridian, Miss.

During January there were 117 births in Grayson county, Texas, and thirty-five deaths.

Warehouse and 528 bales of cotton were consumed at Waxahachie, Tex., entalling \$10,000 loss.

By a fire at Shattuck, Okla., \$75,000 loss was sustained. A restaurant and several stores burned.

After losing his fortune speculating Edward C. Brooks suicided in the New York produce exchange.

Six horses afflicted with glanders near Beaver, Okla., were killed by a deputy state veterinarian.

The 5,000 Japanese residents of southern California wish to assist in welcoming the Pacific fleet.

Seton Majors, a resident of Tarrant county, Texas, fifty years, died at Fort Worth, aged eighty-one years.

Four days after his wife's death Y. H. McAdams of Chicota, Lamar county, Texas, followed her to eternity.

A bomb big enough to blow up a town was found in a bootlegging joint at Pawnee, Okla., during a raid.

Hon. R. B. Cousins announces his candidacy for re-election as Texas state superintendent of education.

While hunting near Plainview, Tex., J. D. Stone of Amarillo lost his life by the accidental discharge of his gun.

In a special message Governor Noel of Mississippi favors the legislature passing a 2-cent passenger railroad fare bill.

North Louisiana Canning company, composed of seventy truck growers, has let the contract for a cannery at Shreveport.

Near Middletown, Conn., the body of Mrs. James Bowers, a widow, was found literally hacked to pieces. An ax lay near by.

John W. Gates has organized a steamship company to operate between Port Arthur, Tex., Porto Rico, Cuba and Mexican ports.

Reese S. Allen of Houston and other Texas capitalists have purchased the sixteen-story Liggett building at St. Louis for \$1,500,000.

A Mobile and Ohio railway passenger train was partially derailed near West Point, Miss. The negro fireman was seriously injured.

Hardwood Manufacturers' Association of the United States, in session at Cincinnati, re-elected J. B. Ransom of Nashville president.

The residence of R. A. Adams, seven miles from Paris, Tex., was destroyed by fire. Mr. Adams' twin daughters barely escaped cremation.

Merchants' association of New York City, representing wholesale and retail interests, announces its opposition to the Aldrich financial bill.

While changing a \$20 bill at Dallas for a young man the latter snatched \$50 from the hands of R. M. Burlingame of Durant, Okla., and fled.

The body of Pat Stonecypher, a saw-mill owner, was found some miles from Grand Saline, Tex., with a bullet hole in his head. Two arrests were made.

Telling her husband she would cook no more biscuits, Mrs. Genie Owens, a wife of two months, sang and prayed, then shot herself to death at Rockport, Ky.

At Sherman, Tex., Mrs. Eliza Alexander got judgment for \$6,000 against the Houston and Texas Central Railway company for the death of her husband.

Four miles from Snyder, Okla., the four-year-old daughter of W. H. Brewer was burned to death. Her clothing caught fire during the burning of a

GREETING

We wish to thank our friends and patrons for the patronage and favors we have received during the past year, which has proved to be the most successful year in the history of our business, and hope for a continuation of the same for the coming year. Wishing all a Merry Xmas and a Bright Happy New Year. We remain yours for future business,

H. Schwartz

Baird, Texas

Don't Put Off

until tomorrow what you can do today. If you are suffering from a torpid liver, or constipation, don't wait until tomorrow to get help.

Buy a bottle of *Herbine* and get that liver working right. Promptness about health saves many sick spells. Mrs. Ida Gresham, Point Texas, writes: I used *Herbine* in my family six years, and find it does all it claims to do." Sold by Powell & Powell.

NOTICE.

I will pay \$50 reward for the arrest and conviction of any person or persons found guilty of stealing any horses, mules or cattle belonging to any citizen of Callahan County.

2-1f T. A. IRVIN, Sheriff.

Notice.

"Magnolia" and "Angel Food" flour, guaranteed best in town. Sold by CLEMENT & PRICE. 45

PAY UP.

All persons indebted to Ramsey & McCauley are requested to settle up. These accounts must be closed up. Books at H. H. Ramsey's office. 46

Jack For Sale.

I have a black Spanish jack, 8 yrs. old, well marked. For sale cheap at my place 6 miles south of Eagle Cove. 7-4p J. M. FREEL, Eagle Cove, Tex.

We have a beautiful assortment of counterpanes. Come and see them. Hammans Bros. 52-2

Most anything you need in merchandise in all lines can be found at Hammans & Bro. 35

Mr. Miller, Moweaqua.

The best way to form an opinion about an article is to use it yourself, yet the testimony of others should carry much weight. M. H. Miller of Moweaqua, Ill., says that the only thing he knows of that will surely cure stomach trouble, indigestion and constipation is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, the great herb laxative compound, which is safe and also pleasant to the taste. It is absolutely guaranteed to do what is claimed for it, and if you want to try it before buying, send your address for a free sample bottle to Pepsin Syrup Co., 119 Caldwell Bldg. Monticello, Ill. It is sold by Powell & Powell, Drag-gists, at 50c and \$1 a bottle.

DO IT NOW.

We are making a special sale, for cash only, of our Red Hodge fence, 3, 4, and 5, ft. at the remarkably low price of \$4.50, \$5.00 and \$6.00 per 100 lineal feet. We will sell at these prices for the next thirty days, Feb. 25th. MILLER & CHUMNEY 8-3

Old papers for sale at THE STAR office, 25 cents per hundred.

Checks or Cash.

THE STAR will take on subscription checks, bank notes, greenbacks, gold or silver, no matter whether or not the latter two have on them the old familiar motto "In God we Trust." The main thing is to get any medium of exchange that we can pay debts with. "THE STAR."

HIDES WANTED.

All the hides in Callahan County. Will pay highest market price. 2-1f C. S. BOYLES.

pasture.

Jerome Taylor, recovering in an El Paso hospital from an appendicitis operation, was arrested on charge of killing five years ago at Merrill, Miss., John McGinnis.

After a three-day session the grand lodge of the Ancient Order of United Workmen of Oklahoma, which held its annual session at Enid, adjourned to meet next year at Muskogee.

In a house at Pittsburg the corpse of Matthew Redmandtz, a boy, dead nearly a week was found. The parents and seven children were nearly starved, two dying from hunger.

During the Florida Republican state convention at St. Augustine city marshal and police were kept busy ejecting unruly delegates. There were numerous fights and two sets of delegates elected.

The jury in the case at Durant, Okla., of Tom Lawrence, accused of complicity in the lynching of a negro at Sterrett last spring, was instructed by Judge Richardson to render a verdict of acquittal.

House rivers and harbors committee favors accepting the balance of \$35,000 contributed by Dallas citizens to be used in constructing Trinity river lock and dam No. 2. Dallas' total contribution was \$66,000.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.

The Protective Stock Association of Callahan and adjoining counties will pay above reward for the arrest and conviction of any person for the theft or unlawful branding of any horses or cattle belonging to any member of this Association, in good standing.

J. B. CUTBIRTH, Pres. A. G. WEBB, Secy.

Oxen For Sale.

For sale or trade six yoke of well trained work oxen, broke to plow. Also horses, mules, land, houses and lots in the town of Clyde for sale, trade or rent. See or write me for bargains. PERRY KLEPPER, 8-4 Clyde, Texas.

To The Public



We desire to thank you one and all for your patronage during the past year, and express the hope that you will continue with us during the present year. Come in and bring your neighbors with you.

Look for our ad next week, too busy to write an ad this week.

We wish you one and all a Prosperous and Happy New Year.

Yours for business for 1908.

Wristen & Johnson

BAIRD, TEXAS

TARTS FOR A CAKE

CONTINUED

county that we have treated the pros unfairly. He refused to allow the antis a line in the New Era for pay. He used, or assisted in using THE STAR for years free to boost prohibition. He is a nice specimen to set himself up as a critic of the editor of THE STAR or any one else.

It is said that people who live in glass houses should not throw rocks at others. That being true A. G. Webbought to be as afraid of throwing a rock as the Devil is of holy water.

In conclusion; save your sympathy THE STAR does not need it, and for every cake you hand it you will give you a warm tart in exchange. Possibly we may have spoken too plain in this reply, but when we are as unjustly attacked as in this case a reply does not call for sugar coated words but a plain, blunt exposure of the party who makes the attack. Had we written a reply the day we first saw this unjustifiable attack on us we might have used some harsh words, but to the best of our ability we have eliminated all but what we deem necessary to reply to this Pharisaical screed.

We crave the pardon of our readers for devoting so much space to this "scribe" and we want to do so no more. If any more is needed short paragraphs will answer we think.

Card of Thanks.

To those who were so kind and attentive to our husband and father, Jno. Rice, during his late illness and death we wish to express our heartfelt thanks and assure you that such kindness will ever be remembered and appreciated by us.

Mrs. SARAH RICE AND CHILDREN.

'Hans Hanson'

WILL BE AT

Cook's Opera House

ON

Friday, Feb. 21st

Mr. Cook says that "Hans Hanson" is one of the best companies that will make Baird this season and that lovers of good Opera will be delighted will be delighted with it. Seats will be on sale at Hicks.

Fine Print.

Say, had you noticed the fine print on THE STAR the past two weeks? New rollers cause it. THE STAR is growing in size. It is now 12 pages "all home print." Note the contrast with some other papers in other towns. As the paper, so is the town. THE STAR is growing thank you, so is Baird. The size of THE STAR will depend on amount of advertising. The Abilene Reporter alone excepted, THE STAR is now the largest "all home print" paper in West Texas. Pretty good, that.

Chautauqua Lot Sale.

The sale of lots at the above place took place last week. Quite a crowd from Baird and nearby towns were present. The number of lots sold was small. E. Sigal of Baird bought the first lot.

J. C. Jones made a business trip to Alvarado last week.

J. H. Burnam, the old faithful commissioner from the Putnam Precinct informs us that he will not be a candidate for reelection. He says he has enough of it and will retire. He has made a splendid Commissioner and all will miss him.

Program B. Y. P. U.

Sunday, Feb. 16, 1908.
Devotional exercises conducted by M. W. Uzzell.
Bible Reading—Great Chaptets 1 John 1:1-10.
Leader—Miss Louie Surlis.
Paper—Asia Minor—Miss Lillian Coffman.
Duet—Mrs. Boydston and Miss Tisdale.
Memory verses, 1 John 2:1-2—Miss Dana Moon.
Paper—The Apostle John—C. B. Holmes.
Prayer.
Question in Quartely Miscellaneous Roll Call.
Benediction.

The Union is growing both in membership and interest. You miss something if you don't come.

We extend our thanks, and are not without appreciation, to THE STAR for this continued kindness from week to week in printing programs etc. COMMITTEE.

W. A. Hinds announcement for County Commissioner of Pre. No. 1 will be found in this issue. Mr. Hinds has served the people of the Precinct and the county faithfully and efficiently. Possibly today he knows more about the county affairs coming before the court than any other man. He is well posted on road and bridges, two important questions, being a practical workman and contractor of long experience his services are valuable to the whole county. His past record, satisfactory to his constituents as they have frequently attested, is a sufficient guarantee of his future course should he again be the choice of his Precinct for Commissioner.

WALTER WHITLEY

General Contractor and Builder of all classes of Buildings Estimates and Designs Furnished. BAIRD, TEXAS



Rev. J. M. Joiner of the Baptist Church says there is no doubt that advertising pays, as his prayer meeting doubled in numbers in one week since he wrote it up in THE STAR last week. See report for this week. THE STAR is always more than willing to help in any good work and will do as much for other churches as we are doing for the Baptist Church if they desire it. Advertise; it pays in religion and politics as well as business.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

THE STATE OF TEXAS, COUNTY OF CALLAHAN. Estrayed by Worth Williams, Commissioner Precinct No. 2, Callahan County. One sorrel horse branded JTY (connected) on left shoulder and J. W. R. on left thigh. About 14 3-4 hands high and 14 years old. The owner of said stock is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take the same away, or it will be dealt with as the law directs.

Given under my hand and seal of office, this the 11th day of Feby. 1908. G. B. SCOTT, 11-4 Clk. Co. Court Callahan, Co.