The Baird Weekly Star.

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

VOL. III. BAIRD, CALLAHAN COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1890. NO. 13

QUATERMAIN'S WIFE.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

Author of "Colonel Quaritch, V. C.," "Mr. Meeson's Will," "A Tale of Three Lions," "Allan Quatermain," "She," "Jess," etc.

emigrant Boers some years before, but, as I learned presently, had quarreled with its leader, and was now trekking away into the wilderness to found a little colony of his own. Poor fellow! It was his last trek.

"How do you do, Meinheer Botha?" I said to him in Dutch.

The man looked at me, looked again, then, startled out of his Dutch stolidity, cried to his wife, who was seated on the box of the wagon:

"Come here, frau, come. Here is Allan Quatermain, the Englishman, the son of the 'Predicant.' How goes it, Heer Quatermain, and what is the news down in the Cape yonder?"

"I don't know what the news is in the Cape, Hans," I answered, solemly; "but the news here is that there is a Zulu impi upon your spoor and within two miles of the wagon. That I know, for I have just shot two of their sentries," and I showed him my empty gun.

For a moment there was a silence of astonishment, and I saw the bronzed faces of the men turn pale beneath their tan, while one or two of the women gave a little scream, and the children crept to their sides.

"Almighty," cried Hans, "that must be the Umtetwa regiment that Dingaan sent against the Basutus, but who could not come at them because of the marshes, and so were afraid to return to Zululand and struck north to join Mosilikaaye."

"Laager up, Carles! Laager up for your lives, and one of you jump on a horse and drive in the cattle."

At that moment my own wagons came up. Indaba-zimbi was sitting on the box of the first, wrapped in a blanket. I sailed him and told him the news.

"Ill tidings, Macumazahn," he said; "there will be dead Boers about to-morrow morning, but they will not attack till dawn, then they will wipe out the laager so," and he passed his hand before his mouth.

"Stop that croaking, you white headed crow," I said, though I knew that his words were true. What chance had a laager of ten wagons all told against at least two thousand of the bravest savages in the world?

"Macumazahn, will you take my advice this time?" Indaba-zimbi said, presently.

"What is it?" I asked.

"This. Leave your wagons here, jump on that horse, and let us two run for it as hard as we can go. The Zulus won't follow us, they will be looking after the Boers."

"I won't leave the other white men," I said; "it would be the act of a coward. If I die, I die."

"Very well, Macumazahn, then stay and be killed," he answered, taking a pinch of snuff. "Come, let us see about the wagons," and we walked towards the laager.

Here everything was in confusion. However, I got hold of Hans Botha and put it to him if it would not be best to desert the wagons and make a run for life.

"How can we do it?" he answered; "two of the women are too fat to go a mile, one is sick in childbed, and we have only six horses among us. Besides, if we did we should starve in the desert. No, Heer Allan, we must fight it out with the savages, and God help us."

"God help us, indeed. Think of the children, Hans!"

"I can't bear to think," he answered, in a broken voice, looking at his own little girl, a sweet, curly haired, blue eyed child of 6, named Tota, whom I had often nursed as a baby. "Oh, Heer Allan, your father, the Predicant, always warned me against trekking north, and I never would listen to him because I thought him a cursed Englishman; now I see my folly. Heer Allan, if you can, try to save my child from these black devils; if you live longer than I do, or if you can't save her, kill her," and he clasped my hand.

"It hasn't come to that yet, Hans," I said.

Then we set to work on the laager. The wagons, of which, including my two, there were ten, were drawn into the form of a square, and the disselboom of each securely lashed with reins to the underworks of that in front of it. The wheels also were locked, and the space between the ground and the bed planks of the wagons was stuffed with branches of the "wait a bit" thorn that fortunately grew near in considerable quantities. In this way a barrier was formed of no mean strength as against a foe unprovided with firearms, places being left for the men to fire from. In a little over an hour everything was done that could be done, and a discussion arose as to the disposal of the cattle, which had been driven up close to the camp. Some of the Boers were anxious to get them into the laager, small as it was, or at least as many of them as it would hold.

I argued strongly against this, pointing out that the brutes would probably be seized with a panic as soon as the firing began, and trample the defenders of the laager under foot. As an alternative plan I suggested that some of the native servants should drive the herd along the valley of the river till they reached a friendly tribe or some other place of safety. Of course, if the Zulus saw them they would be taken, but the nature of the ground was favorable, and it was possible that they might escape if they started at once. The proposition was at once agreed to, and, what is more, it was settled that one Dutchman and such of the women and children as could travel should go with them. In half an hour's time twelve of them started with the natives, the Boer in charge, and the cattle. Three of my own men went with the latter, the three others and Indaba-zimbi stopped with me in the laager.

The parting was a heart breaking scene, upon which I do not care to dwell. The women wept, the men groaned, and the children looked on with scared white faces. At length they were gone, and I for one was thankful of it. There remained in the laager seventeen white men, four natives, the two Boer fraus who were two stout to travel, the woman in childbed and her baby, and Hans Botha's little daughter Tota, whom he could not make up his mind to part with. Happily, her mother was already dead. And here I may state that ten of the women and children, together with about half of the cattle, escaped. The Zulu impi never saw them, and on the third day of travel they came to the fortified place of a Griqua chief, who sheltered them on receiving half the cattle in payment. Thence by slow degrees they journeyed down to the Cape Colony, reaching a civilized region within a little more than a year from the date of the attack on the laager.

The afternoon was now drawing toward evening, but still there were no signs of the impi. A wild hope struck us that they might have gone on about their business. Ever since Indaba-zimbi had heard that the regiment was supposed to belong to the Umtetwa tribe, he had, I noticed, been plunged in deep thought. Presently he came to me and volunteered to go out and spy upon their movements. At first Hans Botha was against this idea, saying that he was a "verdomde swartzel"—an accursed black creature—and would betray us. I pointed out that there was nothing to betray. The Zulus must know where the wagons were, but it was important for us to gain information of their whereabouts. So it was agreed that Indaba-zimbi should go. I told him this. He nodded his white lock, said "All right, Macumazahn," and started. I noticed with some surprise, however, that before he did so he went to the wagon and fetched his "mouti," or medicine, which, together with his own magical apparatus, he always carried in a skin bag. I asked him why he did this. He answered that it was to make himself invulnerable against the spears of the Zulus. I did not in the least believe his explanation, for in my heart I was sure that he meant to take the opportunity to make a bolt of it, leaving me to my fate. I did not, however, interfere to prevent this, for I had an affection for the old fellow, and sincerely hoped that he might escape the doom which overshadowed us.

So Indaba-zimbi sauntered off, and as I looked at his retreating form I thought that I should never see it again. But I was mistaken, and little knew that he was risking his life, not for the Boers, whom he hated one and all, but for me, whom in his queer way he loved.

When he had gone we completed our preparations for defense, strengthening the wagons and the thorns beneath with earth and stones. Then at sunset we ate and drank as heartily as we could under the circumstances, and when we had done, Hans Botha, as head of the party, offered up prayer to God for our preservation. It was a touching sight to see the burly Dutchman, his hat off, his broad face lit up by the last rays of the setting sun, praying aloud in homely, simple language to Him who alone could save us from the spears of a cruel foe. I remember that the last sentence of his prayer was, "Almighty, if we must be killed, save the women and children and my little girl Tota from the accursed Zulus, and do not let us be tortured."

I echoed the request very earnestly in my own heart, that I know, for in common with the others I was dreadfully afraid, and it must be admitted not without reason.

Then the darkness came on, and we took up our appointed places, each with a rifle in his hands, and peered out into the gloom in silence. Occasionally one of the Boers would light his pipe with a brand from the smoldering fire, and the glow of it would shine for a few moments on his pale, anxious face.

Behind me one of the stout "fraus" lay upon the ground. Even the terror of our position could not keep her heavy eyes from their accustomed sleep, and she snored loudly. On the further side of her, just by the fire, lay little Tota, wrapped in a kaross. She was asleep also, her thumb in her mouth, and from time to time her father would come to look at her.

So the hours wore on while we waited for the Zulus. But from my intimate knowledge of the habits of natives I had little fear that they would attack us at night, though, had they done so, they could have compassed our destruction with but small loss to themselves. It is not the habit of this people, they like to fight in the light of day—at dawn for preference.

About 11 o'clock, just as I was nodding a little at my post, I heard a low whistle outside the laager. Instantly I was wide awake, and all along the line I heard the clicking of locks as the Boers cocked their guns.

"Macumazahn," said a voice, the voice of Indaba-zimbi, "are you there?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Then hold a light so that I can see how to climb into the laager," he said.

"Yah! yah! hold a light," put in one of the Boers. "I don't trust that black schepsel of yours, Heer Quatermain; he may have some of his countrymen with him." Accordingly a lantern was produced and held towards the voice. There was Indaba-zimbi alone. We let him into the laager and asked him the news.

"This is the news, white men," he said. "I waited till dark, and creeping up to the place where the Zulus are encamped, hid myself behind a stone and listened. They are a great regiment of Umtetwas, as Baas Botha yonder thought. They struck the spoor of the wagons three days ago and followed it. To-night they sleep upon their spears, to-morrow at daybreak they will attack the laager and kill everybody. They are very bitter against the Boers, because of the battle at Blood river and the other fights, and that is why they followed the wagons instead of going straight north after Mosilikaaye."

A kind of groan went up from the group of listening Dutchmen.

"I tell you what it is, heeren," I said, "instead of waiting to be butchered here like a buck in a pitfall, let us go out now and fall upon the impi while it sleeps."

This proposition excited some discussion, but in the end only one man could be found to vote for it. Boers, as a rule, lack that dash which makes great soldiers; such forlorn hopes are not in their line, and rather than embark upon them they prefer to take their chance in a laager, however poor that chance may be. For my own part, I firmly believe that, had my advice been taken, we should have routed the Zulus. Seventeen desperate white men, armed with guns, would have produced no small effect upon a camp of sleeping savages. But it was not taken, so it is no use talking about it.

After that we went back to our posts, and slowly the weary night wore on towards the dawn. Only those who have watched under similar circumstances while they waited the advent of almost certain and cruel death, can know the torturing suspense of those heavy hours. But they went somehow, and at last in the far east the sky began to lighten, while the cold breath of dawn stirred the tilts of the wagons and chilled me to the bones. The fat Dutch woman behind me woke with a yawn, then, remembering all, moaned aloud, while her teeth chattered with cold and fear. Hans Botha went to his wagon and got a bottle of peach brandy, from which he poured into a tin pannikin, giving us each a stiff draw, and making attempts to be cheerful as he did so. But his affected jocularity only seemed to depress his comrades the more. Certainly it oppressed me.

Now the light was growing, and we could see some way into the mist which still hung densely over the river, and now—ah! there it was. From the other side of the hill, a thousand yards or more from the laager, came a faint humming sound. It grew and grew till it gathered to a chant—the awful war chant of the Zulus. Soon I could catch the words. They were simple enough:

We shall slay, we shall slay. Is it not so, my brothers?
Our spears shall blush blood red. Is it not so, my brothers?
For we are the sucklings of Chaka, blood is our milk, my brothers.
Awake, children of the Umtetwa, awake!

The vulture wheels, the jackal sniffs the air;
Awake, children of the Umtetwa—cry aloud, ye ringed men;
There is the foe, we shall slay them. Is it not so, my brothers?
S'gee! S'gee! S'gee!

Such is a rough translation of that hateful chant which I often hear to this very day in my dreams. It does not look particularly imposing on paper, but if the reader could have heard it as it rolled through the still air from the throats of nearly three thousand warriors singing all to time, he would have found it impressive enough.

Now the shields began to appear over the brow of the rise. They came by companies, each company about a hundred strong. Altogether there were thirty-one companies. I counted them. When all were over they formed themselves into a triple line, then trotted down the slope toward us. At a distance of a hundred and fifty yards, or just out of shot of such guns as we had in those days, they halted and began singing again:

Yonder is the kraal of the white man—a little kraal, my brothers;
We shall eat it up, we shall trample it flat, my brothers,
But where are the white man's cattle—where are his oxen, my brothers?

This question seemed to puzzle them a good deal, for they sang the song again and again. At last a herald came forward, a great man with ivory rings on his arm, and putting his hands to his mouth, called out to us asking where our cattle were.

Hans Botha climbed on to the top of a wagon and roared out that they might answer that question themselves.

Then the herald called again, saying that he saw that the cattle had been sent away.

"We shall go and find the cattle," he said, "then we shall come and kill you, because without cattle you must stop where you are, but if we wait to kill you before we get the cattle, they may have trekked too far for us to follow. But if you try to run away we shall easily catch you white men!"

This struck me as a very odd speech, for the Zulus generally attack an enemy first and take his cattle afterwards; still, there was a certain amount of plausibility about it. While I was still wondering what it all might mean, the Zulus began to run past us in companies towards the river. Suddenly a shout announced that they had found the spoor of the cattle, and the whole impi of them started down it at a run till they vanished over a rise about a quarter of a mile away.

We waited for half an hour or more, but nothing could we see of them.

"Now I wonder if the devils have really gone," said Hans Botha to me. "It is very strange."

"I will go and see," said Indaba-zimbi, "if you will come with me, Macumazahn. We can creep to the top of the ridge and look over."

At first I hesitated, but curiosity overcame me. I was young in those days and weary with suspense.

"Very well," I said, "we will go."

So we started. I had my elephant gun and ammunition. Indaba-zimbi had his medicine bag and an assegai. We crept to the top of the rise like sportsmen stalking a buck. The slope on the other side was strewn with rocks, among which grew bushes and tall grass.

"They must have gone down the Donga," I said to Indaba-zimbi, "I can't see one of them."

As I spoke there came a roar of men all around me. From every rock, from every tuft of grass rose a Zulu warrior. Before I could turn, before I could lift a gun, I was seized and thrown.

"Hold him! Hold the white spirit fast!" cried a voice. "Hold him, or he will slip away like a snake. Don't hurt him, but hold him fast. Let Indaba-zimbi walk by his side."

I turned on Indaba-zimbi. "You black devil, you have betrayed me!" I cried.

"Wait and see, Macumazahn," he answered, coolly. "Now the fight is going to begin."

CHAPTER V.

GASPED with wonder and rage. What did that scoundrel Indaba-zimbi mean? Why had I been drawn out of the laager and seized, and why, being seized, was I not instantly killed. They called me the "White Spirit." Could it be that they were keeping me to make me into medicine? I had heard of such things being done by Zulus and kindred tribes, and my blood ran cold at the thought. What a end! To be pounded up, made medicine of, and eaten!

However, I had little time for further reflection, for now the whole impi was pouring back from the Donga and river banks where it had hidden while their ruse was carried out, and once more formed up on the side of the slope. I was taken to the crest of the slope and placed in the center of the reserve line in the especial charge of a huge Zulu named Bombyane, the same man who had come forward as a herald. This brute seemed to regard me with an affectionate curiosity. Now and again he poked me in the ribs with the handle of his assegai, as though to assure himself that I was solid, and several times he asked me to be so good as to prophesy how many Zulus would be killed before the "Amaboona," as they called the Boers, were "eaten up."

At first I took no notice of him beyond scowling, but presently, goaded into anger, I prophesied that he would be dead in an hour!

He only laughed aloud. "Oh! white spirit," he said, "is it so? Well, I've walked a long way from Zululand, and shall be glad of a rest."

And he got it shortly, as will be seen.

Now the Zulus began to sing again:

We have caught the white spirit, my brother, my brother!
Iron tongue whispered of him, he smelt him out, my brother.
Now the Maboona are ours—they are already dead, my brother.

So that treacherous villain Indaba-zimbi had betrayed me. Suddenly the chief of the impi, a gray haired man named Sususa, held up his assegai, and instantly there was silence. Then he spoke to some indunas who stood near him. Instantly they ran to the right and left down the first line, saying a word to the captain of each company as they passed him. Presently they were at the respective ends of the line, and simultaneously held up their spears. As they did so, with an awful roar of "Bulata Amaboona" ("Slay the Boers"), the entire line, numbering nearly a thousand men, bounded forward like a buck startled from its form, and rushed down upon the little laager. It was a splendid sight to see them, their assegais glittering in the sunlight as they rose and fell above their black shields, their war plumes bending back upon the breeze, and their fierce faces set intently on the foe, while the solid earth shook beneath the thunder of their rushing feet. I thought of my poor friends the Dutchmen, and trembled. What chance had they against so many?

Now the Zulus, running in the shape of a bow so as to wrap the laager round on three sides, were within seventy yards, and now from every wagon broke tongues of fire. Over rolled a number of the Umtetwa, but the rest cared little. On they rushed right up the laager, striving to force a way in. But the Boers plied them with volley after volley, and, packed as the Zulus were, the elephant guns loaded with slugs and small shot did frightful execution. Only one man ever got on to a wagon, and as he did so I saw a Boer woman strike him on the head with an ax. He fell back, and slowly, amid howls of derision from the two lines on the hill side, the Zulus drew back.

"Let us go, father!" shouted the soldiers on the slope, among whom I was, to their chief, who had come up. "You have sent out the little girls to fight, and they are frightened. Let us show them the way."

"No, no!" the chief Sususa answered, laughing. "Wait a minute and the little girls will grow to women, and women are good enough to fight against Boers!"

The attacking Zulus heark the mockery of their fellows, and rushed forward again with a roar. But the Boers in the laager had found time to load, and they met with a warm reception. Reserving their fire till the Zulus were packed like sheep in a kraal, they loosed into them with the roers, and the warriors fell in little heaps. But I saw that the blood of the Umtetwas was up; they did not mean to be beaten back this time, and the end was near. See! six men had leapt on to the wagon, slain the man behind it and sprung into the laager. They were killed there, but others followed, and then I turned my head. But I could not shut my ears to the cries of rage and death, and the terrible S'gee! S'gee! of the savages as they did their work of murder. Once only I looked up and saw poor Hans Botha standing on a wagon smiting down men with the butt of his rifle. Then assegais shot up towards him like tongues of steel, and when I looked again he was gone.

I turned sick with fear and rage. But alas! what could I do? They were all dead now, and probably my own turn was coming, only my death would not be so swift.

The fight was ended, and the two lines on the slope broke their order, and moved down to the laager. Presently we were there, and a dreadful sight it was. Many of the attacking Zulus were dead—quite fifty, I should say—and at least a hundred and fifty were wounded, some of them mortally. The chief, Sususa, gave an order, the dead man were picked up and piled in a heap, while those who were slightly hurt walked off to get some one to tie up their wounds. But the more serious cases met with a different treatment. The chief or one of his indunas considered each case, and if it was in any way bad, the man was taken up and thrown into the river which ran near. None of them offered any objection, though one poor fellow swam to shore again. He did not stop there long, however, for they pushed him back and drowned him by force.

The strangest case of all was that of the chief's own brother. He had been captain of the line, and his ankle was smashed by a bullet. Sususa came up to him, and having examined the wound rated him soundly for failing in the first onslaught.

The poor fellow made the excuse that it was not his fault, as the Boers had hit him in the first rush. His brother admitted the truth of this and talked to him amicably.

"Well," he said at length, offering him a pinch of snuff, "you cannot walk again."

"No, chief," said the wounded man, looking at his ankle.

"And to-morrow we must walk far," went on Sususa.

"Yes, chief."

"Say, then, will you sit here on the veldt, or"—and he nodded towards the river.

The man dropped his head on his breast for a minute as though in thought. Presently he lifted it and looked Sususa straight in the face.

"My ankle pains me, my brother," he said; "I think I will go back to Zululand, for there is the only kraal I wish to see, even if I creep about it like a snake."

"It is well, my brother," said the chief. "Rest softly," and having shaken hands with him, he gave an order to one of the indunas, and turned away.

Then men came, and, supporting the wounded man, helped him down to the banks of the stream. Here, at his request, they tied a heavy stone round his neck, and then threw him into a deep pool. I saw the whole sad scene, and the victim never even winced. It was impossible not to admire the courage of the man, or to avoid being struck with the cold-blooded cruelty of his brother, the chief. And yet the act was necessary from his point of view. The man must either die swiftly or be left to perish of starvation, for no Zulu force will encumber itself with wounded men. Years of merciless warfare had so hardened these people that they looked on death as nothing, and were, to do them justice, as willing to meet it themselves as to inflict it on others. When this very impi had been sent by the Zulu King Dingaan, it consisted of some nine thousand men. Now it numbered about three; all the rest were dead. They, too, would probably soon be dead. What did it matter? They lived by war, to die in blood. It was their natural end. Kill till you are killed." That is the motto of the Zulu soldier. It has the merit of simplicity.

Meanwhile the warriors were looting the wagons, including my own, having first thrown all the dead Boers into a heap. I looked at the heap; all of them were there, including the two stout fraus, poor things. But I missed one body, that of the Hans Botha's daughter, little Tota. A wild hope came into my heart that she might have escaped; but no, it was not possible. I could only pray that she was already at rest.

Just then the great Zulu, Bombyane, who had left my side to indulge in the congenial occupation of looting, came out of a wagon crying that he had got the "little white one." I looked; he was carrying the child Tota, gripping her frock in one of his huge black hands. He stalked up to where we were, and held the child before the chief. "Is it dead, father?" he said.

Now, as I could well see, the child was not dead, but had been hidden away, and fainted with fear.

The chief glanced at it carelessly, and said:

"Find out with your kerrie."

Acting on this hint the black devil held up the child, and was about to kill it with his knobstick. This was more than I could bear. I sprang at him and struck him with all my force in the face, little caring if I was speared or not. He dropped Tota on the ground.

"Oh!" he said, putting his hand to his nose, "the white spirit has a hard fist. Come, spirit, I will fight you for the child."

The soldiers cheered and laughed. "Yes! yes!" they said, "let Bombyane fight the white spirit for the child. Let them fight with assegais."

For a moment I hesitated. What chance had I against this black giant? But I had promised poor Hans to save the child if I could, and what did it matter? As well die now as later. However, I had wit enough left to make a favor of it, and intimated to the chief through Indaba-zimbi that I was quite willing to condescend to kill Bombyane, on condition that if I did so the child's life should be given to me. Indaba-zimbi interpreted my words, but I noticed that he would not look on me as he spoke, but covered his face with his hands and spoke of me as "the ghost" or the "son of the spirit." For some reason that I have never quite understood, the chief consented to the duel. I fancy it was because he believed me to be more than mortal, and was anxious to see the last of Bombyane.

"Let them fight," he said. "Give them assegais and no shields; the child shall be to him who conquers."

"Yes! yes!" cried the soldiers. "Let them fight. Don't be afraid, Bombyane; if he is a spirit, he's a very small one."

"I never was frightened of man or beast, and I am not going to run away from a white ghost," answered the redoubtable Bombyane, as he examined the blade of his great bangwanar stabbing assegai.

Then they made a ring round us, gave me a similar assegai and set us some ten paces apart. I kept my face as calm as I could, and tried to show no signs of fear, though in my heart I was terribly afraid. Humanly speaking, my doom was on me. The giant warrior before me had used the assegai from a child—I had no experience of the weapon. Moreover, though I was quick and active, he must have been at least twice as strong as I was. However, there was no help for it, so, setting my teeth, I grasped the great spear, breathed a prayer, and waited.

The giant stood awhile looking at me and, as he stood, Indaba-zimbi walked across the ring behind me, muttering as he passed, "Keep cool, Macumazahn, and wait for him."

As I had not the slightest intention of commencing the fray, I thought this good advice.

Heavens! how long that half minute seemed! It happened many years ago, but the whole scene rises up before my eyes as I write. There behind us was the bloodstained laager, and near it lay the piles of dead; round us was rank upon rank of plumed savages, standing in silence to wait the issue of the duel, and in the center stood the gray haired chief and general, Sususa, in all his war finery, a cloak of leopard skin upon his shoulders. At his feet lay the senseless form of little Tota, to my left squatted Indaba-zimbi, nodding his white lock and muttering something—probably spells; while in front was my giant antagonist, his spear aloft and his plumes bending in the gentle breeze. Then over all, over grassy slope, river and koppie, over the wagons of the laager, the piles of dead, the dense ranks of the living, the swooning child, over all shone the bright impartial sun, looking down like the great indifferent eye of heaven upon the loveliness of nature and the cruelty of man. Down by the river grew thorn trees, and from them floated the sweet scent of the mimosa flower, and came the sound of cooing turtle doves. I never smell the one or hear the other without the scene flashing into my mind again, complete in its every detail.

Suddenly, without a sound, Bombyane shook his assegai and rushed straight at me. I saw his huge form come; like a man in a dream, I saw the broad spear flash on high; now he was on me. Then, prompted to it by some providential impulse, I dropped to my knee, and quick as light stretched out my spear. He drove at me; the blade passed over my head. I felt a weight on my assegai; it was wrenched from my hand, his great limbs knocked against me. I glanced round. Bombyane was staggering along with head thrown back and outstretched arms from which his spear had fallen. His spear had fallen, but the blade of mine stood out between his shoulders—I had transfixed him. He stopped, swung round slowly as though to look at me, then with a sigh the giant sank down—dead.

For a moment there was silence; then a great cry rose—a cry of "Bombyane is dead. The white spirit has slain Bombyane. Kill the wizard, kill the ghost who has slain Bombyane by witchcraft."

Instantly I was surrounded by fierce faces, and spears flashed before my eyes. I folded my arms and stood calmly waiting the end. In a moment it would have come, for the warriors were mad at seeing their champion overthrown thus easily. But presently through the tumult I heard the high cracked voice of Indaba-zimbi.

"Stand back, you fools!" it cried; "can a spirit then be killed?"

"Spear him! spear him!" they roared in fury. "Let us see if he is a spirit. How did a spirit slay Bombyane with an assegai? Spear him, rain maker, and we shall see."

"Stand back," cried Indaba-zimbi again, "and I will show you if he can be killed. I will kill him myself, and call him back to life again before your eyes. Macumazahn, trust me," he whispered in my ear in the Sisutu tongue, which the Zulus did not understand. "Trust me; kneel on the grass before me, and when I strike at you with the spear, roll over like one dead; then, when you hear my voice again, get up. Trust me—it is your only hope."

Having no choice, I nodded my head in assent, though I had not the faintest idea of what he was about to do. The tumult lessened somewhat, and once more the warriors drew back.

"Great white spirit—spirit of victory," said Indaba-zimbi, addressing me aloud, and covering his eyes with his hand, "hear me and forgive me. These children are blind with folly, and think thee mortal because thou hast dealt death upon a mortal who dared to stand against thee. Deign to kneel down before me and let me pierce thy heart with this spear; then, when I call upon thee, arise unhurt."

I knelt down, not because I wished to, but because I must. I had not overmuch faith in Indaba-zimbi, and thought it probable that he was in truth about to make an end of me. But really I was so worn with fears, and the horrors of the night and day had so shaken my nerves, that I did not greatly care what befell me. When I had been kneeling thus for about half a minute Indaba-zimbi spoke.

"People of the Umtetwa children of T'Chaka," he said, "draw back a little space, lest an evil fall on you, for now the air is thick with ghosts."

They drew back a space, leaving us in a circle about twelve yards in diameter.

"Look on him who kneels before you," went on Indaba-zimba, "and listen to my words, to the words of the witch-finder, the words of the rainmaker, Indaba-zimbi, whose fame is known to you. He seems to be a man, does he not? I tell you, children of the Umtetwa, he is no man. He is the spirit who gives victory to the white men; he it is who gave them assegais that thunder and taught them how to slay. Why were the impis of Dingan rolled back at the Blood river? Because he was there. Why did the Amaboona slay the people of Mosilikaaye by the thousand? Because he was there. And so I say to you that, had I not drawn him from the laager by my magic but three hours ago, you would have been conquered—yes, you would have been blown away like the dust before the wind; you would have been burned up like the dry grass in the winter when one fire is awake among it. Aye, because he had but been there many of your bravest were slain in overcoming a few—a pinch of men who could be counted on the fingers. But because I loved you, because your chief Sususa is my half brother—for had we not one father?—I came to you, I warned you. Then you prayed me and I drew the spirit forth. But you were not satisfied when the victory was yours, when the spirit of all you had taken asked but one little thing—a white child to take away and sacrifice to himself, to make the medicine of his magic of"——

Here I could hardly restrain myself from interrupting, but thought better of it.

"You said him nay; you said, 'Let him fight with our bravest man, let him fight with Bombyane, the giant, for the child.' And he deigned to slay Bombyane as you have seen, and now you say, 'Slay him; he is no spirit.' Now I will show you if he is a spirit, for I will slay him before your eyes, and call him to life again. But you have brought this upon yourselves. Had you believed, had you offered no insult to the spirit, he would have stayed with you, and you should have become unconquerable. Now he will arise and leave you, and woe be on you if you try to stay him. Now all men," he went on, "look for a space upon this assegai that I hold up," and he lifted the bangwan of the deceased Bombyane high above his head, so that all the multitude could see it. Every eye was fixed upon the broad, bright spear. For a while he held it still, then he moved it round and round in a circle, muttering as he did so, and still their gaze followed it. For my part, I followed his movements with the greatest anxiety. That assegai had already been nearer my person than I found at all pleasant, and I had no desire to make a further acquaintance with it. Nor, indeed, was I sure that Indaba-zimbi was not really going to kill me. I could not understand his proceedings at all, and at the best I did not relish playing the corpus vile to his magical experiments.

"Look! look! look!" he screamed.

Then suddenly the great spear flashed down towards my breast. I felt nothing, but it seemed as though it had passed through me.

"See!" roared the Zulus. "Indaba-zimbi has speared him; the red assegai stands out behind his back."

"Roll over, Macumazahn," Indaba-zimbi hissed in my ear, "roll over and pretend to die—quick! quick!"

I lost no time in following these strange instructions, but falling on my side, threw my arms wide, kicked my legs about, and died as artistically as I could. Presently I gave a stage shiver and lay still.

"See!" said the Zulus, "he is dead, the spirit is dead. Look at the blood upon the assegai!"

"Stand back! stand back!" cried Indaba-zimbi, "or the ghost will haunt you. Yes, he is dead, and now I will call him back to life again. Look!" and putting down his hand he plucked the spear from wherever it was fixed, and held it aloft. "The spear is red, is it not? Watch, men, watch! it grows white!"

"Yes, it grows white," they said. "Oh! it grows white."

"It grows white because the blood returns to whence it came," said Indaba-zimbi. "Now, great spirit, hear me. Thou art dead, the breath has gone out of thy mouth. Yet hear me and arise. Awake, white spirit, awake and show thy power. Awake! arise unhurt!"

I began to respond cheerfully to this imposing invocation.

"Not so fast, Macumazahn," whispered Indaba-zimbi.

I took the hint, and first held up my arm, then lifted my head and let it fall again.

"He lives! by the head of T'Chaka, he lives!" roared the soldiers, stricken with mortal fear.

Then slowly and with the greatest dignity I gradually arose, stretched my arms, yawned like one awaking from heavy sleep, turned, and looked upon them unconcernedly. As I did so, I noticed that old Indaba-zimbi was almost fainting from exhaustion. Beads of perspiration stood upon his brow, his limbs trembled and his breast heaved.

As for the Zulus, they waited for no more. With a howl of terror the whole regiment turned and fled across the rise, so that presently we were left alone with the dead and the swooning child.

"How on earth did you do that, Indaba-zimbi?" I asked in amaze.

"Don't ask me, Macumazahn," he gasped. "You white men are very clever, but you don't quite know everything. There are men in the world who can make people believe they see things which they do not see. Let us be going while we may, for when these Umtetwas have got over their fright they will come back to loot the wagons, and then perhaps they will begin to ask questions that I can't answer."

And here I may as well state that I never got any further information on this matter from old Indaba-zimbi. But I have my theory, and here it is for whatever it may be worth. I believe that Indaba-zimbi mesmerized the whole crowd of onlookers, making them believe that they saw the assegai in my heart and the blood upon the blade. The reader may smile and say "Impossible," but I would ask him how the Indian jugglers do their tricks unless it is by mesmerism. The spectators seem to see the boy go under the basket and there pierced with daggers; they seem to see women in a trance supported in mid air upon the point of a single sword. In themselves these things are not possible; they violate the laws of nature, and therefore must be illusion. And so, through the glamor thrown upon them by Indaba-zimbi's will, the Zulu impi seemed to see me transfixed with an assegai that never touched me. At least, that is my theory; if any one has a better, let him adopt it. The explanation lies between illusion and magic of a most imposing character, and I prefer to accept the first alternative.

(To be continued.)

Shiloh's Cough and Consumption Cure is sold by us on a guarantee. It cures consumption. R. Phillips.

The Baird Weekly Star.

Entered at the postoffice at Baird, Texas, as second class matter.

SUBSCRIPTION $1 00 A YEAR

W. E. GILLILAND, Editor and Proprietor.

H. BUCHEN, is our regular authorized Agent at Tecumseh.

THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1890.

INTER-STATE CATTLEMEN'S CONVENTION.

This Convention has been called by the representatives of the different Associations throughout the Southwest to meet with the Northwest Texas Cattle Growers' Association at Fort Worth, on March 11, 1890, to inquire into causes which have led to the low prices of beef to the producers, without any corresponding benefit to the consumer.

Such a convention having been called, the citizens of Fort Worth extend a cordial invitation to the Governors of the different States and Territories, the representative stockmen and all others interested in the stock interests, asking that the Governors of such States or Territories appoint at least twenty-one delegates to attend and participate in the deliberations of this Interstate Cattle Convention, in order that an intelligent discussion may be had, and a conservative action held in the premises, leading to a solution of the difficulties which have for the last few years confronted the cattle breeders anb raisers of the country. This question is of vital importance to the farmers as well as to the cattlemen and a full attendance is hoped for, especially from Northwest cattle feeding States.

Respectfully yours,

JOHN R. HOXIE, AND OTHERS.

To the Press of Texas.

The Texas spring palace desires to acknowledge and return thanks to the press of Texas for the kind words of encouragement given the enterprise. The citizens of Fort Worth have decided to present the palace to the public a second time in May of the present year, and wish to impress upon the public the fact that the palace is for all Texas and invites every country, city and community to participate in the reproduction of this unique and interesting karporama. Again, we desire to acknowledge our appreciation and return our thanks for the generous encouragement accorded us by the press of the state, and to tender it a cordial invitation to attend and witness the result of our second effort.

Very respectfully,

TEXAS SPRING PALACE.

THE town election is near at hand and if there is a single candidate for any town office he has not materialized. It is time that the voters were beginning to discuss the matter.

A man who for years lives in one community and leads a reputable life, even though he be of moderate ability, will grow in the confidence and esteem of his fellows. On the same principle a newspaper advertisement becomes familiar with the readers. It may be seldom read, still it makes the name and business of the man familiar and its presence in the columns of a newspaper inspires confidence in the stability of his enterprise.—Albany News.

THE Big Spring Pantagraph last week paid the following compliment to one of Baird's live buisiness men:

T. E. Powel, a straight up-and-down all-round business man of Baird, was in the city this week looking for a location to open a branch dry goods business. Mr. Powell didn't make public any arangements that he might have made, but one thing is certain, if he can get a suitable location he will open a dry goods busness in town.

A baby born at Spadrs, Los Angelos county, Cal., was christened La Grippe Brown.

In Scotland it is said that to rock the empty cradle will insure the coming of other occupants for it.

A Kalamazoo grocery man gives away a copy of Stanley's "Travels" with every pound of cheese purchased.

The tooth extracted from a thirteen-year-old horse at Townsontown, Pa., weighed a quarter of a pound.

Parched coffee in bulk. S. L. Ogle.

***

Try our own baking power. S. L. Ogle.

***

Notice those men's suits at J. D. Boydstun's.

***

The only sugar house molasses in town S. L. Ogle.

***

Prairie Flour, canned corn at McLaury and Dean's.

Shomas Allen the man who took the first train out of Chicago in 1848, is still living in the city at the age of eighty.

One orange grower of San Diego keeps trees from being picked of ripe fruit by putting up placards: "These oranges have been poisoned."

The number of German emigrants in 1889, 90,259. In 1888 it was 98,515. Last year's immigration was less than during any year since 1881.

A Missouri women, who four years ago named her twin boys Blaine and Logan, and during the last campaign named another pair Harrison and Morton, has just been defeated in a post-office contest in her town.

A Ridgeway, Pa., physician says that olive oil is an antidote for rattlesnake poison. Half a dozen tablespoonfuls are sufficient, he declares, to cure case of snake bite.

A negro who attempted to rob a store at Palmetto, Ga., thought he would enter by way of the chimney. About half way down he stuck fast and yelled for some one to help him out.

Best shoe in town for the money. Moon & Crowder.

***

Lace and Hamburg flouncing cheap at Moon & Crowder's.

***

Pure California soap, also imitation California soap. S. L. Ogle.

***

We are the only firm that keeps a full assortment of groceries. S. L. Ogle.

***

Landreth's garden seed, sold by the Baird Drug Co., are the best in the market.

***

We have just received a new line of embroderies, ruching and novelties. J. D. Boydstun.

Harper's Bazar: Larkin A man in Pennsylvania has rooster trained to jump four feet high. Gazzam A spring chicken, evidently

Humoristiche Blatter: Landlord (to departing guest) I trust I may rely upon your recommending my establishment? Guest I don't happen to have at this moment a mortal enemy in the world.

Medical Times: Galligan Doctor, haven't you been attending old man Gilfullaw? Doctor Yes. "How is he today?" "He is beyond the reace of medical assistance, I fear." "what is he dying?" "Oh, no He's broke."

New York Weekly: Old Maid (who wants a portrait of her dog) Do you take instantaneous photographs here? Photographer's Boy Yes ma'am; run right in, and he'll take you afore you'er a minute older.

Car Wheel Gravely tobacco. S. L. Ogle.

***

Whitehead cabbage at McLaury & Dean's.

***

Call and see our ladies' $2 shoe. Moon & Crowder.

***

A full line of mixed paints at the Baird Drug Co's.

***

Come one, come all, and price our goods. McLaury & Dean.

***

We have just received a nice line of notions, etc. J. D. Boydstun.

***

Onion sets by the quart or barrel. Will not be undersold. S. L. Ogle.

***

Ladies notice those $1,50, $2, $2.50 and $3.25 shoes at J. D. Boydstun's.

Tommy: Pa, what is the national hymn Pa The question, my Son, is a mooted one. The honor however, lies between Russ Harrison and his pa.

"When does the sun rise and set these days, Mr. Pumpkin?" "wall, I dunno exactly. My son, he sets around ther saloon all night and rises in time fer supper, I believe."

Philadelpha Record: A Massachusetts man has invented a new and powerful foghorn, and wants a name for it. If it were a penny whistle the name that would suggest itself would be Ingalls.

Merchant Traveler: "What a wonderful age of invention it is," said Mrs. Peterson; "I see they are now making wire cloth and I'll have some this very week to put a seat in Johnny's every-day pants."

All kinds of Salt at Lea's.

***

Full line of coffins. L. Gould.

***

Pickles cheaper than ever at Lea's

***

Onion sets at McLaury & Dean's.

***

Seed potatoes and onion sets cheap at Lea's.

***

Kansas bacon, hams and lard at McLaury & Dean's.

***

Best vinegar in town at McLaury & Dean's.

***

Just received a large assortment of jeans and cashmere pants, very cheap and guaranteed never to rip. Moon & Crowder.

A health item says while walking in the wind it is better to keep the mouth shut. It some people would follow the advice and itinerate in the breezes forever how much better it would be. (From a man who married only six months ago.

New York Weekly: Little Edith Mama, did you say that we should all know each other in heaven Mama? Yes, my child. Little Edith: You can play that you're out though, can't you, mama, when people call that you don't want to see?

Furniture cheap at Gould's Furniture store.

Hamilton & Brown shoes. Powell.

***

All kinds of extracts at McLaury & Dean's.

***

Coffins put up at short notice. L. Gould.

***

Bran, Cotton Seed & other feed cheap at Lea's.

***

Go to McLaury & Dean's for 5-cent cigars.

***

New York red rose seed potatoes warranted, at Coppins & Driskill's.

***

All kinds of candies and nuts, cheap, at Lea's.

***

Bring in your wheat corn and oats. J. L. Lea & Co.

***

Hard-water soap at McLaury & Dean's. Every bar guaranteed.

***

The Giesecke hand-made boots. Every pair warranted. T. E. Powell.

***

Our $2 shoe can't be excelled by any ones $2.50 shoe. J. D. Boydstun.

New York Sun: Lover Don't withhold your consent on account of my income, sir. I can support your daughter on $25 a week. Pater, Then you are a jim dandy. I never could.

Munsey's Weekly: Snooper I have a brilliant scheme for making money. Simeral What is it? "Going to take a couple of camels and exhibit them in Kentucky." "There's no money in that." "Yes there is. I'll advertise that they go ten days without drinking, and everybody will want to see what they look like."

Hides and furs of all kinds wanted J. L. LEA & Co.

***

SETTLE UP.—We earnestly reques all who are indebted to us to come in

***

and settle up. Respectfully,

J. L. LEA & Co.

***

Coppins & Driskill, have the largest ssortment of tobacco in Baird.

***

Buy a White sewing machine from Moon & Crowder. The best in the world.

***

A large line of woolen hosiery to be sold strictly at cost. Moon & Crowder.

***

Coppins & Driskill have first grade flour of all brands and will not be undersold.

***

"Don't trust to luck," but rub on a little of Hunt's Cure for Itch, Tetter, Ringworm or Eczema.

Elbenvien: A traveler, calling at a hotel, left his umbrella in the stand with a label attached, on which was written in bold characters: "This umbrella belongs to a man who can deal a blow with his fist of the force of 250 pounds." Coming back in ten minutes." Having accomplised his errand, he went to look for his umbrella, but found in its place a card inscribed as follows: "This card belongs to a man who can run fifteen miles an hour. Isn't coming back."

Try our pure spices. All pure. S. L. Ogle.

***

Cakes and crackers of all kinds. S. L. Ogle.

***

Best keg pickles at McLaury & Dean's.

***

Our prices are the lowest. Foy & Richardson.

***

Try a gallon can of apple butter. S. L. Ogle.

***

Don't forget that Ogle's is the only one place that keeps genuine Eupion oil, 150 degree test.

***

At the Baird Drug Co's. you can buy floor paint in any color and quantity at a cheap price.

***

Churns, jars, crocks, jugs and flower pots to arrive. Will be sold at bedrock prices. S. L. Ogle.

***

The Baird Drug Co. has a full and well assorted stock of drugs and are anxious to sell you goods. Call on them.

***

New dry goods, sold as cheap as those who sell below cost. Give us a chance at your trade and we will prove the above assertion. Moon & Crowder.

NEW SPRING STOCK of CLOTHING

We have just received our NEW SPRING STOCK of Clothing, Dress Goods and Gents' Furnishing Goods, and we invite all to call and examine goods and prices. Call early before the assortment is broken. No trouble to show goods.

Men's Boots and Shoes. | **Best line of Ladies' Shoes.**

Trimmings. | **Gents' Furnishing Goods.** | **Dress Goods.**

LADIES: EXAMINE OUR NEW LOT OF LACES

J. D. BOYDSTUN.

Judge: The conversation had turned on the healthfulness of two localities. "In our village," said one, "we don't average over a death a year." "Why, that's a terrible mortality," replied the other; "in our town we only had one death in five years, and that was the doctor." "Couldn't he cure himself?" "No poor man; he died of starvation."

Eczema is readily cured with "Chas Alff's Germ Exterminator" as our testimonials will show. Baird Drug Co., agents. 10-6.

***

Cloaks, blankets, and all winter Goods at exactly cost. Moon & Crowder.

***

If you ask what is the quickest safest and best Chill Tonic the answer will invariably be, "My friend, use Cheatham's, it is pleasant, too, and guaranteed."

***

When you want a town lot in Baird or a home in Callahan county call on D. RICHARDSON, Baird. 49-6m

***

A Nasal Injector with every bottle of Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. For sale by R. Phillips.

***

If you burn out to-night how much insurance money will be due you tomorrow? If you are not protected call before night on D. RICHARDSON, Baird. 49-6m

***

You will find California garden seed, D. M. Ferry's seeds and Crossman Bros.' seeds at Coppins & Driskill's.

***

All skin diseases readily cured with "Chas. Alff's Germ Exterminator," that best of all blood remedies. Baird Drug Co., agents. 10-6.

***

We see that J. L. Lea & Co. have in oparation a wire picket fence machine. This fence, besides being ornamental and cheap, is an ingenious contrivance for keeping stock and chickens out of our yards, orchards, and gardens. It is absolutely rabbit proof.

New York weekly: Teacher(after a lecture on geology) Now, children, I want to tell you of something I saw in Utah. There is a high mountain there, far from human habitation, yet the top of it is coverd with oyster shells. How do you explain that? Bright Boy Well, I dunno of course, but when we lived in Kansas a big cyclone struck our town, and the last I saw of the railroad restaurant it was on its way up in the air and headin' for Utah.

See Powell's fine French flannel and silk shirts.

French ginghams, batiste, shallio, organders, in fact everything you want at Powell's.

Ten per cent lower than any one's cost. POWELL.

I sell cheaper than anybody's cost. Call and see. T. E. Powell.

New crop breakfast bacon at McLaury & Dean's.

T. E. Powell carries a fine line of hand-made French kid shoes for the ladies.

Twenty-five hundred amateur photographers have taken out permits to use their cameras in Central Park, New York.

New dress goods, white goods, embroderies and other fancy stock will be coming in each week. Don't fail to get our prices before buying. We are not here to be undersold. Foy & Richardson.

FOR ALL FORMS of female trouble, feeble health, sick stomach and constipation, Thurmond's blood syrup is woman's dearest friend. For sale by R. Phillips.

A farmer near Chanute; Kas., sold a beef for two cents a pound to a butcher, agreeing to to take a quarter of it for his own use. The butcher charged him regular rates for the beef, and when they settled the farmer owed him $2.

BAIRD BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Dry Goods—T. E. Powell, P. H. Schwartz & Bro, Foy & Richardson, Moon & Crowder, J. D. Boydstun.

Groceries—J. L. Lea & Co., S. L. Ogle, Coppins & Driskill, McLaury & Dean.

Hardware—Harry Meyers.

Implements and Machinery—J. L. Lea & Co.

Furniture—L. Gould, Ph. Schwartz & Bro.

Millinery—Mrs. Annie Cunningham.

Drug Stores—Baird Drug Co., R. Phillips.

Printing—Baird Star Steam Printing.

Livery Stable—John Collins.

Wagon Yard—H. B. Price.

Bank—First National Bank, capital $85,000, F. W. James, president.

Fire Insurance—D. Richardson.

Carpenters—Geo. Burke, R. A. Williams, T. W. King, Bowlus Bros., D. J. Click.

Water Wagons—T. T. Kuykendall

Job Wagons—John Rice, B. W. Vaughan.

Painters—J. H. Huffman, Wm. Buell.

Saddlery—W. W. Ogle.

Boot and Shoe Shop—Martin Barnhill.

Barber Shop—T. J. Dean, N. F. Rudmose.

Land Agents—Star Land Co., office county judge's office, court house,

Lawyers—Webb & Webb, Otis Bowyer, W. H. Cliett, F. S. Bell, Thomas & McConnell.

Butchers—L. O. Oliver, E. Sigal, W V. Carlock.

Commission Merchants—J. L. Lea & Co.

Hotels—Whitley House, Front Street west, W. C. Whitley, proprietor City Hotel, Front street East, C. J Miller, proprietor.

Restaurants—Johnson Restaurant, Central Market street. James & John-

Jeweler.— Peter Sugar, at Ph. Schwartz & Bro's.

son, South Market street. Freuh & Max, Front street east.

Saloons—Palace, J. B. Seay, proprietor; Office, J. B. Maxwell proprietor.

Blacksmith—W. L. Henry.

Woodshop—R. A. Williams.

Lumber Yard—Wm. Cameron & Company.

Physicians—R. G. Powell, D. J. Wilson, S. T. Fraser.

Secret Societies—Masons, R. A. Masons, Odd Fellows, Knights of Pythshias, Knights of Honor, Temperance.

Churches—Methodist—R. F. Dunn pastor.

Baptist—R. A. Lee, pastor.

Presbyterian—B. F. Stone, pastor.

Cumberland Presbyterian—A. A. Baker, pastor.

Christian—T. J. Austin, pastor.

Episcopal—Geo. White, pastor.

New millinery at Foy & Richardson's.

Receivig new goods at McLaury & Dean's every day.

Car of fine salt just received at Coppins and Driskill's.

Sixty grain white wine vinegar at Coppins & Driskill's.

New York Early Rose seed potatoes at McLaury & Dean's.

Bucket jellies and preserves McLaury & Dean's.

New dry goods to arrive soon at Moon & Crowder's.

"Hackmetack," a lasting and fragrant perfume. Price 25 and 50 cents. For sale by R. Phillips.

R. PHILLIPS,

Baird, Texas.

Druggists' Supplies,

Paints, Oils, Patent Medicines, Stationery, Perfumery, Toilet Soap. Wall Paper a SPECIALTY.

Physicians prescriptinos carefully compounded. 11.90

Can Scirrhus Cancer be Cured!

This is a hard question to answer. Swift's Specific has cured thousand of cases of skin Cancer, and there have been many cases Scirrhus Cancer reported cured by it. We do say that S. S. S. is worth a trial in any case of cancer. We append a statefor m Miss Green, of Tallapoosa, Ga.:

In 1884 I had a small lump in my left braest, which proved to be a cancer. The first remedy I tried was to have it burned off. This did not cure it, for shortly afterwards it broke out again in a much worse form. I then consulted our druggist, who advised me to try Swift's Specific (S. S. S.), and after taking about one dozen bottles, was completely cured, and my general health was greatly improved. This has been over six years ago, and my cancer has never appeared since, nor has it troubled me in any way. I can cheerfully recommend Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) to any one suffering with cancer.

Miss T. E. Green,
Tallapoosa, Ga.

We will mail our Treatise on the Blood to any who send us their address. The Swift Specific Co., Atlanta, Ga.

Shiloh's Cure will immediately relieve croup, whooping cough and bronchitis. For sale by R. Phillips.

Shiloh's Vitalizer is what you need for constipation, loss of appetite, dizziness and all symptoms of dyspepsia. Price 10 cents and 75 cents per bottle. Sold by R. Phillips.

Mr. W. H. Baldridge, druggist, Escondido, California, says: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best selling medicine I handle. In fact I sell more of it than all other cough medicines combined. Everyone who has used it speaks in glowing terms of its efficiency." for sale by—Baird Drug Co.

Sleepless nights, made miserable by that terrible cough. Shiloh's Cure is the remedy for you. R. Phillips.

There is no blood remedy to compare with "Chas. Alff's Germ Exterminator." Save yourself the expense of a Hot Springs trip and try this unfailing remedy. Baird Drug Co., agents. 10-6

Advice to travelers. Before starting on your journey procure a 25 cent bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhœa Remedy. You will be almost certain to have use for it, and when needed it is worth many times it's cost. It is pleasant, safe and reliable. For sale by—Baird Drug Co.

Language is hardly strong enough to express my admiration of the merits of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It is the best remedy for croup and whooping cough I have ever used. During the past eighteen years I have tried nearly all the prominent cough medicines on the market but say, and with pleasure too, that Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is the best of all. Thomas Rhodes, Bakersfield, California. For sale by—Baird Drug Co.

Don't forget that we are still in the furniture business. We are selling them, too, and why? Because we have a full line and so cheap to price them means selling them. Call and see when you are in need. Ph. Schwartz & Bro.

Central House,

—South Market St., Baird.—

WILL M. BUELL, Proprietor.

Headquarters *for Farmers and Stockmen. Good meals and Clean beds.*

Meals 25cts. Beds 25cts.

3-12.

A full line of undertaker's goods always kept on hand. We also have ladies' and gents' burial robes, metalic caskets, etc. Ph. Schwartz & Bro.

Money to Loan.

We are now prepared to loan money in sums to suit on country property. We take up and extend vendors-lien notes. We have unequalled facilities for doing business promptly. Lowest rates. It will pay you to call on or write us.

HARRELL & WILLIAMS,
45tf Abilene, Tex.

Says editorially: "I received from A. K. Hawkes of Austin, a pair of his Crystallized Lens spectacles, and I must say I was surprised to find them so transparent and fine. I consider these spectacles the best in existance, and can highly recommend them to all those who are obliged to use glasses. I believe that these lenses really preserve the eyes, and not like so many inferior aed badley ground glasses do, injure the sight.

O. Dietzel,
Ed. and Prop. Texas(German) Post."

THOSE THAT suffer from that dangerous and loathsome disease, catarrh, have at last a remedy that will never fail to permanently cure, and it is in the reach of all; for bronchitis, ozana, asthma and catarrhal consumption it has no equal, and therefore can't be excelled. For sale by R. Phillips. 25

THE COURIER-JOURNAL,

The Representative Newspaper of the Southwest. Largest Circulation of any Democratic Newspaper in America.

It is the paper for the farmer, the merchant and the family circle. Popular and cheap. It advocates a reform of the present high tariff, and wages vigorous war on all subsidies and monopolies. It is emphatically the people's paper, and its immense circulation throughout the United States attests its power as the organ of the people.

THE WEEKLY COURIER-JOURNAL is the largest and best Democratic newspaper issued. It is an eight-page paper of eight columns to the page, and its sixty-four columns each week are filled with live and interesting matter. It is newsy, bright and clean, and leads the American newspapers of the day. The regular subscription price is only $1 a year, and to clubs of eight yearly subscribers at one time, with $8, an extra copy is sent one year to the address of the club-raiser, or to any other address desired. In other words, nine copies one year for $8. THE COURIER-JOURNAL is the one great newspaper west of the Alleghenies and south of the Potomac and Ohio which has had the courage, the independence and the ability to stand and resist the flood-tide of monopoly sweeping over the land and to make an upright and disinterested defense of the toiling, tax-paying masses of the people. Fighting all dishonest schemes, THE COURIER-JOURNAL is as a sentinel on the watch-tower, sleepless and vigilant.

☞Subscribe to THE WEEKLY COURIER-JOURNAL and learn the truth and join in the people's battle of resistance.

Daily (except Sunday), one year, $10; daily (except Sunday), one month, $1; Sunday, one year, $2

Sample copy and premium supplement sent free of charge to any address. A variety of useful and attractive premiums is offered with THE WEEKLY COURIER-JOURNAL. Agent's canvassing outfit also provided free of charge. No traveling agents are employe by the Courier-Journal, but a good local agent is wanted in every community, to whom a liberal cash commission is allowed. Address

W. N. HALDEMAN
Pres. Courier-Journal Co., Louisville, Ky.

The Baird Star and Courier-Journal $1.85 per annum. Address, THE STAR, Box 98, Baird, Tex.

Many Persons

Are broken down from overwork or household cares. **Brown's Iron Bitters** rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. Get the genuine.

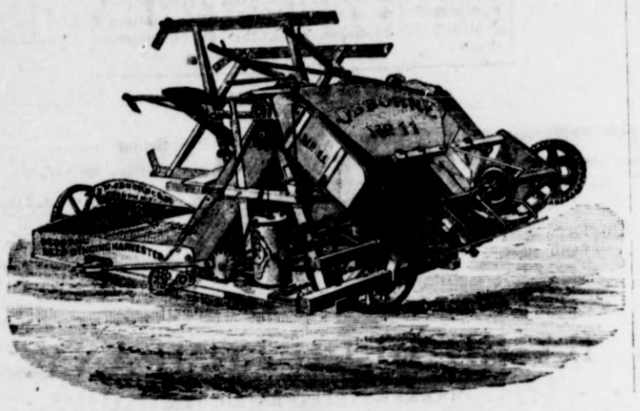
BIG STONE GROCERY STORE

J. L. LEA & CO.

Keep on Hand

The Largest stock of Groceries in town;

Therefore they buy and sell cheaper than anyone.



PLOWS,
WAGONS
DRILLS

AND ALL FARM IMPLEMENTS, CHEAPER THAN EVER FOR CASH OR ON REASONABLE TIME.

D. M. OSBORNE'S HARVESTING MACIHNERY

Cheap and on Liberal Terms.

We will Buy or Help You to Sell Your

COUNTRY - PRODUCE - FOR - CASH.

CASH PAID FOR

Cotton, Wool and Hides

DRY GOODS. | *CLOTHING.* | *BOOTS AND SHOES.*

1890: SPRING AND SUMMER: 1890.

Just received a large stock of

SPRING

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING!

Which will be sold at

ASTONISHINGLY LOW PRICES!

SHIRTS,

UNDERWEAR

SHIRTS.

AND NOTIONS

Dress Goods, New and Beautiful Colors.

Trunks and Valises.

T. E. POWELL.

Announcements.

FOR SHERIFF.

We are authorized to announce J T. Purvis, of Cottonwood, as a candidate for Sheriff of Callahan county at the ensuing election.

We are authorized to announce J. W. Merrick as a candidate for sheriff of Callahan county at the ensuing election.

BAIRD LODGE, No. 522, A. F. & A. M., meets on Saturday, on or before each full moon.
S. T. FRASER, W. M.
J. W. BROWN, Sec'y.

Local News Items.

See Boydstun's new ad.

County court is in session this week.

L. M. Hadley was in town Monday.

R. Phillip's residence is about completed.

Marion Blakely is going to move to Oklahoma.

Mr. Will Lynch and wife, of [illegible] are in town.

Every carpenter and painter in town is busy.

Ike Johnson and wife came in from Abilene yesterday.

Harry Parry rode the goat in the Blue Lodge Monday night.

Our Tecumseh letter was unavoidably crowded out this week.

A. L. Biggerstaff, of Putnam, was in town Monday attending court.

Wood wanted at the Star office; either for cash or on subscription.

Rev R. A. Lee is conducting a protracted meteing at the Babtist church.

Mr. Rowland is building a residence on lot south of Ed Coppin's residence.

Henry Lambert carried some attached witnesses to Bonham Monday.

T. B. Hadley called at the Star office yesterday and renewed his subscription.

A. W. McFarlane, sr., of Belle Plaine, made us a pleasant call Tuesday.

Phillip Yost, of Tecumseh, was taking in the sights in the city Monday.

There is some talk of a new stone grocery going up soon. Let the work go on.

What is Carbolinium Avenarius? See fourth page. For sale by H. Meyer.

Sheriff J. W. Jones went donw to Cross Plaines after some witnesses last Saturday.

We will publish a list of road overseers next week. Did not have time to get them this week.

We are indebted to W. C. Asbury, cattle inspector, for the list of stock shipped during February.

Look out, boys, another Richmond is in the field for sheriff. Who'l be the next candidate to announce.

Dr. S. T. Fraser has had the widow Stone building in the east part of town repaired and moved into same.

W. L. Jones has bought an interest in the grocery firm of McLaury and Dean. Look for change in card next week.

Newt Olds and family spent a few days in town this week. They also visited relatives in Abilene during the time.

Mr. and Mrs. John Muller, of California, are guests and at the Whitley House. They are attending county court.

Sam Driskill is having the Day residence overhauled and will move to town as soon as the work is completed.

Wm. Stewart, of Tecumseh, was in town Monday. Some say he was after marriage license for himself and Miss ——. Luck to you, William.

Newt Olds was in town this week, and we questioned him in regard to his being whipped. He said there was nothing of it and he had no idea why the report was stared.

Dress ginghams and checks at 8 1-3 cents a yard at Powell's.

J. W. Merrick's announcement for sheriff appears in this issue. Jim Merrick is an old settler in the county, is popular with all classes and if he has an enemy in the county we don't know it. He will make a good and faithful officer if elected.

We did not go out after pay locals this week as we got caught in a cold snap last week by being one day behind, so in order to catch up we did not have time to get locals.

Spring clothing at Powell's.

THE STAR job office is crowded with work and we are behind with orders. We are short of help but will do our best to catch up next week. Don't kick or send your orders off.

Trunks cheap at Powell's.

Mr. E. K. Kane received word Monday that his son Richard Kane, who has been firing on trains east of Fort Worth, was hurt in the yard at Fort Worth, but nothing serious. Dick was expected home last night.

Lace curtains at Powell's.

We forgot to call attention to the Central House card which appeared in last week's issue. The Central has been repaired and fitted up by the proprietor, Will M. Buell, who will use every effort to make this house a popular resort for travelers.

Low prices always gets there. T. E. Powell.

Mr. R. D. White and Miss Irene Kane were married at the residence of the bride's parents Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Kane, last Tuesday night. The bridegroom is well and favorably known in Baird, and the bride Miss Irene, is one of Baird's fairest and most accomplished young ladies. The happy couple have the best wishes of THE STAR. THE STAR is indebted to Mr. and Mrs. Kane for a plate of nice cake and a pitcher of wine which was highly appreciated.

If you want cheap goods go to Powell's.

THE STAR failed to reach Cottonwood last week on time so we are informed. We were unavoidably late last week, but the mail for Cottonwood and other points in the south part of the county was sent east on the train Friday, and should have reached Cottonwood the same evening. Uncle Sam was to blame in this instance, though we take the blame for missing the Eagle Cove and Tecumseh mail. We were just a little too late to catch the mail.

Largest and best line of hats at Powell's.

Preaching at Tecumseh.

We are requested by Rev. B. F. Stone to announce that he will preach at the Tecumseh school house next Saturday night, (8th) Sunday at 11 o'clock and at night.

The finest line of spring dry goods ever seen in Baird at Powell's.

Married.

At the residence of the bride's parents, in Baird, Texas, on the evening of March 4th, 1890, Reverend B. F. Stone officiating, Miss J. Irene Kane to Mr. Robert D. White, both formerly of Virginia. No cards.

Try the Japan Hyacinth, Tuberense, Wood Violet, Heliotrope, and White Rose colognes, they are the finest and latest. Baird Drug Co.

Notice.

The board of medical examiners for the 42nd judicial district will meet in Cisco, Texas, March 27, 1890, for the purpose of examining any person who may desire to practice medicine and surgery in said district.

W. M. POWELL M. D., secretary.

All wool jeans pants warranted not to rip, if so a new pair given in their place, for $1.50 at T. E. Powell's.

The White sewing machine has all the latest improvements and is the best in the country, and we can prove it in thirty minutes to any lady who wants the best. Moon and Crowder.

Wood! Wood!

Where is that wood you promised to bring us? If you did not promise to pay your subscription in wood bring us some anyway. Wood will always be recieved on subscription, wet or dry, hot or cold

Call and see all my new goods. No trouble to show you through, and I will thank you to come and get my prices. T. E. Towell.

STOCK SHIPMENTS.

The stock shipments from Baird during the month of February were as follows: Nat Skinner 1,506 steers, bought from Hearne Bros.; Wm. Little from Dick Cordwent, 179 steers; W. R. Wasson, 75 steers; Young & Hinds 344 steers; J. B. Wilson 576 steers; Nat Skinner 76 steers; all shipped to Vinetta, I. T. Frazier & Aines 2,057 steers to Coffeeville, Kas.; J. D. Merchant one car horses to Indian Territory.

FORT WORTH STOCK CONVENTION.

Round trip tickets will be sold March 9th 10th and 11th, good to return until March 21st. One fare for round trip. F. S. GAGE, Agent.

Floor paint at the Baird Drug Co's. It dries over night, and you are presented with a brush with which to do the work if you buy a one gallon bucket.

STOCKHOLDERS' NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an adjourned annual meeting of the stockholders and directors of the Texas & Pacific Railway company will be held at the office of the company in Dallas, Texas, on Thursday, April 15, 1890, at 10 o'clock a. m.

C. E. SATTERLEE, secretary.

Cheapest line of embroidery ever seen at Powell's. Come and see.

OBITUARY.

Our correspondent at Tecumseh writes on February 18: It is my painful duty to note the sad and premature departure of a true and noble lady, a kind daughter and sister, a faithful wife and loving mother, Mrs. Mary Covington, nee Martin, who died at Abilene last Sunday at 5 o'clock a. m. from consumption at the age of 36 years, and was buried yesterday at the Tecumseh graveyard, Rev. Snoddy, of the M. E. church, officiating. A heart-broken mother, three brothers and one sister, a devoted husband and three little children who all still need the care of a loving mother's hand, mourn her untimely loss. It is quite a severe affliction for the family, and the community feels the deepest sympathy with the bereaved. But the deceased rests now in peace from long and hard suffering and the dark valley of death opens in the elysian fields of eternal bliss and happiness where to meet again is the prayer and hope of the remaing.

CORRESPONDENCE.

COTTONWOOD.

Cottonwood, March 1.—As I have not seen anything lately I thought perhaps a few dots might be of interest to the many readers of your paper.

The la grippe is with us, but few cases have been fatal.

The general health is good.

We have had a fine rain and a little bracer from the north, which had a tendancy to make a fellow lose his grip. The farmers are plowing early and late. Some of them have been planting corn. Their teams are in fine condition and they have plenty of feed for man and beast.

We have many newcomers who have settled in this community, and yet there are many large tracts of land unoccupied.

I will give you the statistics of a few farms as reported by owners, which are as follows: Cotton, 1,310 acres yie'ded 669 bales; 667 acres of corn yielded 21,599 bushels, and all other crops as good in proportion.

Provided this scrap finds space in your paper I will try to send you a few more dots soon. OLD RUSTY.

J. B. Cutburth called at THE STAR office Tuesday and had his name placed year ahead on the book.

Don't Read This.

We want a good live agent and correspondent for THE STAR at each postoffice in the county. We want to double our subscription list this year and to those who will act as agents for us we will pay a larger commission than any country paper in western Texas. Write us for terms at once. Only one agent appointed at each postoffice.

Ladies

READ THIS UNPARALLELED OFFER.

To any lady sending us the names of twenty other ladies with their address, we will make a handsome present worth several dollars. Address (enclosining four cents for postage) Texas Portrait Co., Dallas, Tex. 2-3m

Stanley's New Book.

5,000 good active agents wanted at once, either sex, to introduce this great work. Here is a chance for you. Any one can sell the book as the whole world is interested. The book will contain a full description of all of Stanley's explorations in Africa, and especially of his latest expedition for the relief of Emin Bey. About 600 pages and 100 entirely new illustrations, maps, etc. Complete canvassing outfit with all instructions will be mailed on receipt of 40 cents. Do not delay in writing; order outfit and get territory at once. The only genuine new Stanley book out. Address,

HOLLOWAY PUBLISHING CO.,
810 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

Educational.

EDITED BY PROFESSOR F. E. HAYNES.

SELF-RELIANCE.

We think this element of character naturally grows out of manliness—manliness tends to produce it.

The boy that learns to rely upon his own exertions has learned a more important lesson than if he had found a grammar machine that would convert all his uncouth sentences into elegant English.

Nothing can take the place of self-reliance in life's earnest struggles.

Too many teachers play the part of burden bearers for their scholars. They are always tempted to help the pupil before he has tried to help himself. A teacher cannot do a pupil a greater wrong than to teach him to depend upon others for assistance. What all boys need to learn is this lesson of self-dependence, of self-hood. Without it we have poor beggars, miserable hangers-on, leeches, parasites, toadies, and flunkies, instead of men creatures who dine at others' tables and eat the fruit from others' trees. They are the idlers who rely upon luck instead of pluck to win them fortunes.

They think a little sharpness and small trickery will help them through the world.

Teach a boy or girl to respect self-hood, and you have done more for them than if you had put clothes on their backs, money in their purses and roofs above their heads. Teach them self-dependence and you have lifted them out of the pauper class into the ranks of manhood. The fathers and mothers who teach their children to depend upon servants for all their daily comforts are helping them to make failures of life. Four-fifths of the gamblers and paupers of this country came from respectable families who thought it ignoble to work, or who, out of mistaken kindness, have sheltered their children from hardships. Some teachers seem never to conceive the idea of developing character in the schoolroom. They do not realize that when they master a boy's difficulties for him they are weakening his moral powers. The teacher who runs to his pupil's relief before he has fully tested his own strength is guilty of inflicting a wound from which recovery is doubtful. He does just as great a wrong to his pupil's character as he would to his body if he should steal and eat his food. Remember, teachers, that when you give your pupils unnecessary help you are taking bread out of their mouths and money out of their pockets. Nay, you are doing worse than that, you are debauching their characters.

Upon the self-reliant class rests all the burdens of society, both their own burdens and those of the miserable shirks that hang upon their brave shoulders.

Our self-reliant men are the men that support the churches, sustain our schools that pay the taxes and fight the country's battles.

The parent who learns of his child's unruly actions in school and does not himself use efforts to correct him is doing his child a positive injury and unfitting him for the coming duties of life. Discipline is required in after life just as much as it is in school, and the parent who winks at his child's depredations in the school room is doing an irreparable wrong.

No child will accomplish anything in the school room if his parents listen to his complaints should he carry them home.

Our next topic, pertaing to our discussion on character, will be "Honesty."

Teachers of Callahan county:—Editor Gilliland feels an interest in the school work, and has demonstrated the fact by giving us a column each issue of his paper. There are a great many things that could be bettered in our schools and systems, but it would be poor policy for us to wait with folded arms for this to occur. The greatest defects that have been overcome have been accomplished under the most trying circumstances.

A good teacher can make his work felt despite obstacles, and be assured that the quickest way to obtain the reforms needed is to show yourself a master of your profession. The teacher must make his work felt and, nothing else will so speed the day when all wrongs (educational wrongs) are righted and all needed reforms effected. Who will be first to send us a paper discussing some subject of interest?

A PROBLEM FOR SCHOOL CHILDREN.

We will give a nice school journal to any boy or girl under 12 years old who finds the "missing cent:"

"Two boys together sell sixty apples, each one selling thirty. One boy sells his apples two for one cent and receives fifteen cents. The other boy sells his apples three for one cent, and receives ten cents. Both together receive twenty-five cents. The next day one boy says he alone will sell sixty apples at the same rate as they both did the day before, viz: Five apples for two cents, and he does so but only receives 24 cents. What becomes of the missing cent?"

If more than one answers we will give each of them a journal with nice reading in it.

Family Bibles.

Anyone wishing to get Family Bibles, religious books, periodicals or Christian literature of any kind, can get the same by applying to R. F. Dunn, Pastor Methodist Church, Baird

Don't Read This.

We want a good live agent and correspondent for THE STAR at each post-office in the county. We want to double our subscription list this year and to those who will act as agents for us we will pay a larger commission than any country paper in western Texas. Write us for terms at once. Only one agent appointed at each postoffice.

Ladies

READ THIS UNPARALLELED OFFER.

To any lady sending us the names of twenty other ladies with their address, we will make a handsome present worth several dollars. Address (enclosining four cents for postage) Texas Portrait Co., Dallas, Tex. 2-3m

Saddlery.

In order to keep my present force of workmen at work during the winter months at my factory I am still making big reductions in all saddlery and harness goods. Parties wishing to buy largely would do well to call on me before buying. N. Porter, 25 Pine street, Abilene, Texas. 52

Stanley's New Book.

5,000 good active agents wanted at once, either sex, to introduce this great work. Here is a chance for you. Any one can sell the book as the whole world is interested. The book will contain a full description of all of Stanley's explorations in Africa, and especially of his latest expedition for the relief of Emin Bey. About 600 pages and 100 entirely new illustrations, maps, etc. Complete canvassing outfit with all instructions will be mailed on receipt of 40 cents. Do not delay in writing; order outfit and get territory at once. The only genuine new Stanley book out. Address,

HOLLOWAY PUBLISHING CO.,
810 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

A GENTLEMAN having been cured of Nervous Prostration, Seminal Weakness, Premature Decay, and all the evil effects of early indiscretion and youthful folly, is anxious to make known to others the simple mode of self-cure. To those who wish and will give him their symptoms, he will send (free) by return mail a copy of the recipe so successfully used in his case.

Address in confidence, James W. Pinkney, 42 Cedar street, N. Y.

THE COURIER-JOURNAL,

The Representative Newspaper of the Southwest. Largest Circulation of any Democratic Newspaper in America.

It is the paper for the farmer, the merchant and the family circle. Popular and cheap. It advocates a reform of the present high tariff, and wages vigorous war on all subsidies and monopolies. It is emphatically the people's paper, and its immense circulation throughout the United States attests its power as the organ of the people.

THE WEEKLY COURIER-JOURNAL is the largest and best Democratic newspaper issued. It is an eight-page paper of eight columns to the page, and its sixty-four columns each week are filled with live and interesting matter. It is newsy, bright and clean, and leads the American newspapers of the day. The regular subscription price is only $1 a year, and to clubs of eight yearly subscribers at one time, with $8, an extra copy is sent one year to the address of the club-raiser, or to any other address desired. In other words, nine copies one year for $8. THE COURIER-JOURNAL is the one great newspaper west of the Alleghenies and south of the Potomac and Ohio which has had the courage, the independence and the ability to stand and resist the flood-tide of monopoly sweeping over the land and to make an upright and disinterested defense of the toiling, tax-paying masses of the people. Fighting all dishonest schemes, THE COURIER-JOURNAL is as a sentinel on the watch-tower, sleepless and vigilant.

☞Subscribe to THE WEEKLY COURIER-JOURNAL and learn the truth and join in the people's battle of resistance.

Daily (except Sunday), one year, $10; daily (except Sunday), one month, $1; Sunday, one year, $2

Sample copy and premium supplement sent free of charge to any address. A variety of useful and attractive premiums is offered with THE WEEKLY COURIER-JOURNAL. Agent's canvassing outfit also provided free of charge. No traveling agents are employed by the Courier-Journal, but a good local agent is wanted in every community, to whom a liberal cash commission is allowed. Address

W. N. HALDEMAN
Pres. Courier-Journal Co., Louisville, Ky.

The Baird Star and Courier-Journal $1.95 per annum. Address, THE STAR, Box 93, Baird, Tex.

Advice to Mothers.

MRS WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and is the best known remedy for diarhœa, whether arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-five cents a bottle. AUGUST, 1st, '88.

PATENTS, CAVEATS, TRADE MARKS AND COPYRIGHTS obtained, and all business in the U. S. Patent Office attended to at moderate fees. Our office is opposite the U. S. Patent Office, and we can obtain patents in less time than those remote from Washington. Send model or drawing. We advise as to patentability free of charge, and we make no charge unless we obtain patent.

We refer here to the Postmaster, the supt. of Money Order div., and to officials of the U. S. Patent Office. For circular, advice, terms and references to actual clients in your own State or county, write to

C. A. SNOW & CO.,
Opposite Patent Office, Washington, D. C

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The undersigned having been restored to health by simple means, after suffering for several years with a severe lung affection, and that dread disease CONSUMPTION, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To those who desire it, he will cheerfully send (free of charge) a copy of the prescription used, which they will find is a sure cure for CONSUMPTION, ASTHMA, CATARRH, BRONCHITIS and all throat and lung maladies. He hopes all sufferers will try his remedy, as it is invaluable. Those desiring the prescription, which will cost them nothing, and may prove a blessing, will please address Rev. Edward A. Wilson, Williamsburg, Kings county, New York. 31-1y

La Grippe—A Few Pointers.

Persons who have a cold are much more likely to take the influenza or so called, la grippe.

It is much more severe when accompanied by a cold.

The most critical time is when recovering from the disease, as slight exposure will often cause a relaps and that is almost certain to end in lung fever or pneumonia.

The feet should be kept dry and warm, the body well clothed and care used to avoid exposure.

The bowels should be kept regular and persons physically weak should take quinine to keep up the vitality.

With these precautions and a free use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a prompt recovery is reasonably certain. That remedy is unequalled for a servere cold and this disease requires precisely the same treatment. For sale by Baird Drug Co.

WHAT IS CARBOLINEUM AVENARIUS?
[Registered]

It is a Wood and Stone Preserving Compound Oil Stain, applied with an ordinary brush. It is guaranteed to preserve any kind of wood, above or under the ground or water, for at least fifteen years, and keep off all kinds of insects. It is used by the U. S. and almost all foreign Governments; Telegraph, Telephone, Railroad, and other large Corporations, as well as all Real Estate Owners, where it is kept for sale.

For further information and Circulars please address or call on

THE BEST SEEDS are those put up by D. M. FERRY & CO. Who are the Largest Seedsmen in the world. D. M. FERRY & Co's Beautifully Illustrated, Descriptive and Priced SEED ANNUAL for 1890 will be mailed FREE to all applicants, and to last season's customers. It is better than ever. Every person using Garden, Flower or Field SEEDS should send for it. D. M. FERRY & CO. DETROIT, MICH.

Will M. Buell,
House, Sign and Carriage
PAINTING.
All work done with neatness and dispatch. 11tf

D. J. WILSON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON
(Local surgeon for Texas & Pacific Railway company). Office with Baird Drug Co. Office days Tuesdays and Saturdays.

R. G. POWELL,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office third door south of the post office
Baird, Texas.

GO TO THE
OFFICE SALOON
For nine-year-old
KENTUCKY COMFORT WHISKY.
J B. Maxwell, Proprietor.

WHITLEY HOUSE,
FRONT STREET, BAIRD.
The table always supplied with the best the market affords. Board and lodging. Rates reasonable.
W. C. WHITLEY, PROPRIETOR.

Daily Hack Line
Between
BAIRD and COLEMAN.
Hacks leaves each point at 7 a. m. and arrives at 3 p.m. FARE $4 00
Hacks make connection with Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe trains at Coleman and westbound Texas & Pacific trains at Baird.
Collins, Thompson & Co.,
Proprietors.

W. A. McLAURY. T. J. DEAN.
:. NEW :. GROCERY :.
McLaury & Dean,
—Dealers in—
STAPLE : and : FANCY : GROCERIES

LAND
FOR SALE BY
STAR-LAND-CO.
Farms for sale, farms for rent, town lots for sale, city residences for sale and to rent, country residences for sale and to rent

FOR SALE--A 2-room house, lot 1, block 41, in west part of town; price $200.

FOR SALE--We have a large tract of land on the Bayou for sale in quantities to suit purchasers.

FOR SALE--House and lot No. 19, block 11, in Belle Plaine; the house has 8 rooms and a good cistern; price $400.

FOR SALE—1,600 acres of land 2 miles northwest of Baird at $4 per acre; $1,000 cash, balance on easy terms.

160 ACRES of land 15 miles southeast of Baird; good grazing land, fine spring; price, $480; one-third cash, balance in two equal annual payments. Star Land Co.

FOR SALE--640 acres situated 10 miles N E of Baird, has house of 3 rooms, good chimney good tank, smoke house, sheds and lots. Small farm in cultivation. Price $1,500, one half cash balance in 12 months. Also 55 head of stock cattle; price, $440; will take improved town property in part payment.

RANCH--1,763 acres of land 20 miles southeast of Baird; all under good wire fence, plenty of lasting stock water, fine grass, good dwelling with 4 rooms, barn and other outbuildings, 60 acres in cultivation; price, $8,815; one-third cash, balance in two annual payments. Nearly all this pasture good tillable land. Star Land Co.

FOR SALE--140 acres of land at Belle Plaine 40 acres in fine state of cultivation; good orchard, house with 6 rooms and out-buildings; good cistern, fine tank cost $500; plenty of wood; best bargain in the county; only half a mile from Belle Plaine college; price, $2,000; will trade for cattle, horses or sheep; improvements worth the money. Apply to STAR LAND CO.

FOR SALE—The fine residence of Joe Rushing in Baird, is for sale. Price, $3,000, cash. Will exchange for good agricultural land. Dwelling has six rooms, gothic roof. Finest residence in the city. Ten acres under fence, two acres in trees and one acre in grape. 150 barrel cistern, well of unexhaustable water. Private water works. This is one of the best bargains in Callahan county. STAR LAND CO.

☞Address or apply to E. E. SOLOMON, at Court House, Baird, Texas.

THE "WHITE" IS KING.

New Bent Wood Work,
New Attachments,
Beautiful Stand.
It is the best made, lightest running, quickest and simplest in the world.
WARRANTED FIVE YEARS.
Protection Guaranteed in Exclusive Territory.
Retail Prices Established,
Universally Popular.
Needles, Oils and Parts
For all machines.
Responsible dealers and agents who wish to make the most money on their investment and labor, address for particulars
WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.
1114 OLIVE STREET, ST. LOUIS, MO.
FOR SALE BY
MOON & CROWDER
BAIRD, TEXAS.

CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN
Has attained a standard of excellence which admits of no superior.
It contains every improvement that inventive genius, skill and money can produce.
OUR AIM IS TO EXCEL.

WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.
These excellent Organs are celebrated for volume, quality of tone, quick response, variety of combination, artistic design, beauty in finish, perfect construction, making them the most attractive, ornamental and desirable organs for homes, schools, churches, lodges, societies, etc
ESTABLISHED REPUTATION.
UNEQUALED FACILITIES,
SKILLED WORKMEN,
BEST MATERIAL
COMBINED, MAKE THIS
THE POPULAR ORGAN
PIANOS, STOCLS, BOOKS.
Catalogues on application, FREE.
CHICAGO COTTAGE ORGAN CO.
CHICAGO ILL.

ONE DOLLAR.

We have decided to put the subscription price of The Star at $1.50, payable at the end of the year, or $1 if paid in advance. This rule will be strictly enforced hereafter.

WHY WILL YOU suffer and at last die of some kind of blood poisoning, when one bottle of Thurmond's Blood syrup will cleanse your system of all traces of blood trouble. Cure constipation and indigestion; acts on your kindeys and restore you to good health in less time than any remedy that was ever given to humanity. Sold by R. Phillips. 25

Catarrh cured, health and sweet breath secured by Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy. Price 50 cents. Nasal Injector free. Sold by R. Phillips.

IF YOU WILL get a bottle of Thurmond's Lone Star catarrh cure you can cure that bad case of catarrh you have been suffering with so long. Will cure in thirty days. For sale by R. Phillips. 25

Croup, whooping cough and bronchitis immediately removed by Shiloh's Cure. Sold by R. Phillips.

Agents Wanted.

Agents wanted in every county. Big inducements to good men to introduce our work. For terms address (enclosing stamp) Texas Portrait Co., Dallas, Texas. 2-3m

Our Clubbing List For 1890.

The Star and Dallas News	$2 00
The Star and Ft. Worth Gazette	1 80
The Star and Houston Post	1 80
The Star and Detroit Free Press	1 65
The Star and Courier-Journal	1 95
The Star and National Democrat Washington, D. C.	1 80
The Star and Texas Farm and Ranch	1 55

Cash invariably in advance. Any of our subscribers who have paid in advance for this year can have any of the above papers by paying additional amount as per above rates. Address The Star, Box 93, Baird, Tex.

WEAR
Brown-Desnoyers
SHOE CO.'S
"TRADE MARK"

—FOR SALE BY—
T. E. POWELL,
BAIRD, - - TEXAS

TRUNKS

Cheap at Powell's.

THAT FIGHT
The Original Wins.
C. F. Simmons, St. Louis, Prop'r M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine, Est'd 1840, in the U. S. Court DEFEATS J. H. Zeilin, Prop'r A. Q. Simmons Liver Regulator, Est'd by Zeilin 1868.
M. A. S. L. M. has for 47 years cured INDIGESTION, BILIOUSNESS, DYSPEPSIA, SICK HEADACHE, LOST APPETITE, SOUR STOMACH, ETC.
Rev. T. B. Reams, Pastor M. E. Church, Adams, Tenn., writes: "I think I should have been dead but for your Genuine M. A. Simmons Liver Medicine. I have sometimes had to substitute "Zeilin's stuff" for your Medicine, but it don't answer the purpose."
Dr. J. R. Graves, Editor *The Baptist*, Memphis, Tenn. says: I received a package of your Liver Medicine, and have used half of it. It works like a charm. I want no better Liver Regulator, and certainly no more of Zeilin's Mixture.
VERDICT OF THE COURTS AND THE PEOPLE

PIMPLES. I will mail (free) on receipt of a 2 cent stamp, a recipe for a simple Vegetable Balm that will remove Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Blotches, Black Heads, etc., leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful.
Touch with this compound the soft lily check,
And the bright glow will best its virtues speak.
Also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address--A. D. Stempel, 69 Ann street, New York. 31-1y

DRUGS.

BAIRD DRUG CO.
—GENERAL DEALERS IN—
DRUGS
—AND—
DRUGGISTS' SUPPLIES.

A First-Class Drug Store.

We take pleasure in informing the public that we retain the services of S. T. FRASER, M. D., who will have entire control of the Prescription Department, the Integrity, Competency and Reliability of this Gentleman, who is an old and well known citizen of Callahan county, is a sufficient guarantee that you will get your Prescriptions compounded in a thoroughly Scientific manner. Nothing will be dispensed but the best and purest drugs.

A COMPLETE LINE OF

Patent Medicines, Paints, Oils, Sulphur Cement, and Notions. Envelopes of all kinds and sizes.
School Books, Bibles, Testaments, Note, Letter, Fools cap, Legal and Bill Cap Paper. Pens in endless variety

PUREST AND BEST DRUGS.
BAIRD DRUG COMPANY.
MARKET STREET, BAIRD, TEX.

DRY GOODS.

FOY & RICHARDSON,
—DEALERS IN—
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS, SHOES, HATS MILLINERY, FANCY GOODS, ETC., ETC.
We solicit a portion of your trade and hope to merit it, as we buy for cash and sell for cash, thereby giving our customers the benefit of goods bought at lowest prices to be had in America.
MARKET STREET, BAIRD, TEX.

LUMBER.

WM. CAMERON & CO.,
DEALERS IN
Lumber, Shingles, Sash, Doors, Blinds,
Moulding, Posts, Stays, Lime and Cement.
THIRD STREET, BAIRD, TEX.

MEAT MARKET.

OLIVER'S MEAT MARKET.
L. O. OLIVER, PROPRIETOR.
Fresh meats of all kinds always on hand. Give me a call when you want good meats.
Market street. First door south of Ph. Schwartz.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

MILLER BROS.,
Photographic, Art and Enlarging Gallery.
A beautiful "Easel and Wall Frame" given away with each dozen cabinet photographs.
PHOTOGRAPHS, VIEWS, STEROSCOPICS.
Old pictures enlarged to life size. Water Color and India Ink Portraits a Specialty. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.
A FULL ASSORTMENT OF FRAMES
Always on hand. Patronize HOME INDUSTRY and visit
Miller Bros.,
EAST SIDE PINE STREET, ABILENE, TEXAS.

The Star Job Office

Turns out as good work as any office in west Texas.

: BOOK ·. WORK ·. A ·. SPECIALTY :

THE BAIRD WEEKLY STAR.

$1.00 A YEAR
IN ADVANCE.

Now is the time to Subscribe.