The Baird Weekly Star.

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

VOL. 3. BAIRD, CALLAHAN CO., TEX., THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 20, 1890. NO.50.

LOCAL SHORT STOPS.

Money Lost.

Three ten dollar bills were lost between James & Johnson's restaurant and the court house last Saturday. Finder will be liberally rewarded by leaving the same at this office. 50t1

All kinds of Salt at Lea's.

Willow chairs at Schwartz'

Ladies' hats at Moon & Crowder's.

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

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

The best molasses and vinegar, very cheap, at J. L. Lea & Co's.

Highest cash price paid for corn and oats by J L. Lea & Co.

Strained honey only 10 cts. per pound at Yonge & McDermett's.

Twenty full yards of nice cotton checks, only $1 at Boydstun's.

Wood! Wood! Say it is getting cold, wood taken on subscription.

Did you know it? You can buy 16 yards of good bleach domestic for only $1 at J. D. Boydstun's.

Yonge & McDermett are giving bottom prices on flour and bacon.

Every body buy their hats from T. E. Powell, because he sells the best goods for the least money.

Tapioca, sago, and cornstarch always kept on hand at Yonge & McDermett's.

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.

Fraser's dandruff cure is perfectly clean contains no oil or vaseline and is guaranteed to cure, Baird Drug Co.

One 50 cent bottle of Fraser's dandruff cure is warranted to stop your hair from falling out after the third application, Baird Drug Co.

Fraser's dandruff cure does not change the color of your hair and will certainly rid your scalp of dandruff and stop your hair from falling out Guaranteed. Baird Drug Co.

Does your head itch intolerably? The very first application of Fraser's dandruff cure is warranted to stop it and one 50 cent bottle will cure it. Guaranteed, Baird Drug Co.

Scratch! Scratch!!

Scratch! Oh the horrible Dandruff. Do you want it cured? If so get a bottle of Fraser's remedy. 10 tf.

Best boys shoes in the World at Moon & Crowder's. 47

Isn't it a matter of fact that you can buy more Goods for the money from us than any one in town? Driskill & Norton. 47

Call and see our uncanvassed Breakfast Bacon, finest in the land. Driskill & Norton. 47

New Crop Head Rice at Driskill & Norton's. 47

I will prepay express charges on all goods ordered from me by Baird parties. N. PORTER.

New lot of Furniture just received —plenty more coming. We cannot be beat in style or prices, and kindly ask you to call and see for yourself. Ph. Schwartz & Bro. 47

A fine line of fancy goods of all kinds which will be sold at usual low prices. Ph. Schwartz & Bro.

Wagon sheets very cheap at Ph Schwartz & Bro. 46

Good syrups at Dean & McFarlane's

Why does Geo. B. Ely give such universal satisfaction in watches, jewelry, society badges etc? Simply because he furnishes better goods for the money than others and *will not decieve you*. See? 49.

If you want a really satisfactory five cent cigar try James & Johnson's "Key West." 48.

The best smoke in this town for the money is James & Johnson's 5 ct. "Key West" cigar. Try one. 48.

J. D. Boydstun is selling lots of goods these days. If you want a good suit of clothes, a fine hat, give him a call. 50.

To Subscribers.

About three hundred subscriptions to THE STAR expire on Dec. 1st. All who will renew before January 1st can get the paper for $1.00 for one whole year. On and after that date the subscription price will be $1.50 per annum. Renew while terms are low.

RANDOM SHOTS.

Sow wheat.

Adopt the cash system.

Don't go wild on cotton.

Help your neighbor by kind words if nothing more.

If every man was as good as he expects his neighbor to be, angels all would be.

'Tis truly said that ingratitude is the basest of all crimes. An ingrate will sacrifice his best friends.

Debt is a grinding, inhuman monster that weights a man down and grinds his life out. A word to the wise is sufficient.

Practical jokers think it awful funny while the joke is on the other fellow, but can't see the fun in having the joke turned.

You may do a man ninety-nine favors and refuse him the hundredth and he will get mad. Man is a queer animal, take him all around.

Some men are eternally dancing around with a chip on their shoulder as a dare for some one to knock it off. They meet the right man eventually.

Our thanks are due to W. E. Gilliland of the Baird STAR, and the Callahan County Fair Association for an invitation to visit the Callahan County Fair. Owing to heavy pressure of business we were unable to attend, but are glad to note the fair was a success in every way and did much to advertise Callahan's resources in a way that will be of great benefit to that county. In this connection we might remark that Baird has a bright and wide awake paper in THE STAR so ably presided over by Mr. Gilliland. —Texas Advertiser.

Blow the Trumpet.

Houston Post.

Blow the tom tom! Fire the peaceful anvil! And send the proclamation over hill and dale, announcing that the worth, virtue and intelligence of our country are going to rule it in spite of the cohorts of fraud, ignorance, plutocracy and putrocracy! The moral indignation of the whole land, North and South, East and West, has arisen in the majesty of its might and smitten the brazen forehead of the Quay-McKinley-Harrison conspiracy leaning upon that broken Reed of Maine—"Whereon if a man lean it will even pierce his hand."

Won't we thanksgive, though, this year? The democracy of the whole country should meet that day, assembling in a grand rally, rousement and rejoicment of thanksgiving for the glorious ballot box victory in favor of honest government, home rule, low taxes and good feeling among all classes and sections. Let us make it a National thanksgiving, indeed, one long to be remembered. Who will second the motion?

The South sends greeting to the North, East and the West, and rejoices at the prospect of returning peace and goood will, of National unity and paternity.

"Now let us have peace,"
Of hatred surcease!
Of ill will decease!
Of love great increace!
"To none malice!"

Then heart and in hand
United we'll stand
In this, our fair land,
With no threat'ning brand,
No hate's chalice!

Yes, let us have a National thanksgiving love feast of peace and good will.

JOHN M. RICHARDSON.
Daingerfield, Texas, Nov. 8. 1890.

We are going to give to our customers within the next three or four months an unlimited number of Encyclopædias, a book that no one should be without. Come get particulars; this book costs you nothing, absolutely free. MOON & CROWDER.

CRITICISING A YOUNG LADY

"She would be a pretty girl but for one thing."

"What's that?" asked Charley.

George—"Her face is always covered with purple and red blotches."

Charley—"Oh, that's easily enough disposed of. Used to be that way myself, but I caught on to the trouble one day, and got rid of it in no time."

George—"What was it?"

Charley—"Simply blood eruption. Took a short course of P. P. P. I tell you, it's the boss blood corrector. The governor had rheumatism so bad that you could hear him holler clear across the country every time he moved. He tried it, and you know what an athletic old gent he is now. If somebody would give Miss Daisy a pointer, she would thank them afterwards. All the drug stores sell it."

No. 267.

THE STATE OF TEXAS.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Callahan County—Greeting;

Oath therefor having been made as required by law, you are hereby commanded that, by making publication of this citation in some newspaper published in said county once a week for four consecutive weeks previous to the return day hereof, you summon J. A. McDonald, Defendant, to be and appear before the Justice Court of Precinct No. 1, Callahan County, Texas, to be holden in and for the aforesaid precinct at the Court House in the town of Baird, on the fourth Monday in November 1890, the same being the next regular term of said court, then and there to answer the claim of T. E. Powell, Plaintiff, filed in said court on the 22nd day of August 1890, and numbered on the docket of said court 267, against the said J. A. McDonald. Said Plaintiff's claim being for the sum of thirty-three dollars and ninety cents, for goods sold and delivered by said T. E. Powell to said J. A. McDonald, and said claim being evidenced by a certain bill of account marked "Exhibit A," duly verified and filed in said described cause.

Herein fail not, but have you then and there, before said court, this writ, with your return thereon, showing how you have executed the same.

Issued this the 12th day of November, A. D. 1890.

E. K. KANE, J. P.,
Pre. No. 1. C. C. Texas.

(SEAL.) Given under my hand this the 12th day of Nov. A. D. 1890.

Attest: E. K. KANE, J. P.,
Pre. No. 1. C. C. T.

No Advance at Harry Meyer's.

It is becoming well known that the McKinley Tariff Bill has caused a material advance in nearly all lines of goods usually kept in a first-class hardware store. And I wish, in this connection, to notify my friends and the public that, having bought in considerable quantities *previous to the rise in prices*, I shall continue to sell hardware, cutlery, tinware, etc, at former low figures. Call—you will find what you want, and will be treated right in every respect.

Respectfully,
47 Harry Meyer.

Cordwood wanted.

At THE STAR office. Will pay $3.00 cash for four or five cords of green or dry wood. 50tf

For Sale or Trade,

A second-hand buggy in good repair and at a bargain. A. G. WEBB.

The ladies get their jewelry etc, from Geo. B. Ely, because he has one of the best selected stock of jewelry, silverware etc. in Texas to order from and handles only *pure metal* and at bottom prices. 49.

Geo. B. Ely pays express carges on all repairing, jewelry watches etc. that he handles, that is the reason the people get such good bargains in dealing with him. 49.

A genuine marble clock worth $34 given away by Moon & Crowder. Come and see us.

Dyspepsia and Indigestion

In their worst forms are cured by the use of P. P. P. If you are debilitated and run down, or if you need a tonic to regain flesh or lost appetite, strength and vigor, take P. P. P., and you will be strong and healthy. For shattered constitutions and lost manhood P. P. P, (Prickly Ash Poke Root and Potassium) is the king of all medicines. P. P. P. is the greatest blood purifier in the world. For sale by all druggists.

FALL AND WINTER CLOTHING!

I have just received a new and complete stock of FALL and WINTER clothing, FALL prints and ladies' dress goods, gents' furnishing goods, men's hats, etc., which will be sold at prices lower than ever. Call early and examine our goods and prices.

Dress Suits,

Wedding Suits,

Business Suits.

Boots and Shoes.

CARPETS! CARPETS! CARPETS!

TRUNKS AND VALISES!

Largest, Best and Cheapest lot of Fur Hats in Baird!

Window Shades and Lace Curtains.

THE "STANDARD" SEWING MACHINES.

T. E. POWELL.

ATTENTION.

We invite our friends and the public generally to call to see us. We carry a larger stock than ever before and are offering real bargains in groceries, etc. The bottom on prices has fallen out. Do not be deceived, but price our goods before buying, we are determined not to be undersold by anybody. Dean & McFarlane, successors to W. A. McLaury & Co. 48.

A splendid assortment of cigars just in from Baltimore and Cincinatti. Our "Guaranteed," "Key West," "Young Fritz" and "Maryland Club" all five centers can't be beat for the money anywhere. We have also the finest ten cent or 3 for 25 ct. cigar in town. James & Johnson. 48.

R. Phillips has not only got the best fine cent cigar, but also a fresh supply of "Cacterine," the Catarrh cure, made from Mexican Cactus. Try it. 46

GO TO

OFFICE SALOON,

For the Best Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

J. B. MAXWELL.

Yonge & McDermett

—DEALERS IN—

Groceries, Provisions, Flour, Feed.

The Baird Star.

W. E. GILLILAND, Ed. & Prop.

Baird, - - Texas

IF the newspapers of the country can be prevented from aiding the lottery thieves by printing their advertisements, certainly the express companies can be prevented from aiding by collecting and delivering the plunder.

THERE is a good deal of ice in Alaska the greater portion of the year, and yet it is not so cold up there as we suppose it to be. The average temperature of Sitka, Alaska, in winter is 43° above zero. In forty years the mercury has fallen below zero but four times.

FROM a very remote period the moon has been supposed to exercise a mystic influence upon the earth and its inhabitants. But apart from astrological mysticism and poetical rhapsody, there is still a widespread belief that the moon is largely responsible for the eccentricities of the climate.

IF the Pilgrim fathers, who frowned on all amusement, and who did succeed, as well as mortals could, in eliminating it pretty effectually from their lives, could revisit this earth and take a look at any of our great cities they would be astounded, and probably not a little disheartened, to see the amount of time, money and ingenuity devoted to amusement—pure and simple.

PROF. TYNDALL, writing of the "formative influences" of his early life at a German university, tells how he kept himself in trim for working without weariness for sixteen hours a day. His thirty-six cent dinners consisted of several courses, but he says, "I usually limited myself to one, using even it in moderation, being already convinced that eating too much was quite as sinful, and almost as ruinous, as drinking too much."

IN a recent letter to Prince Bismarck from Troy Dr. Henry Schliemann tells about his excavations there. He is making comparatively slow progress, he says, on account of the depth of the deposit of earth on the ruins. Seventy men and three locomotives are employed by Dr. Schliemann. The doctor writes that the art treasures which he will give to the newly founded museum of Trojan antiquities at Berlin are of great value and beauty.

IN this country twenty-one states have no compulsory law, and where there is such a law it is seldom enforced. In New York Superintendent Draper has forcibly urged its enforcement; but it is the master's ferule, not the law, that the New York truant fears. When the law is feared, the schooling will be very much more general and efficient. But so long as the schools do not furnish adequate accommodation for the children a compulsory law is absurd.

WE have hopes of something from electricity. There ought to be somewhere a reservoir of knowledge, connected by wires with every house, and a professional switch-tender, who, upon the pressure of a button in any house, could turn on the intellectual stream desired. There must be discovered in time a method by which not only information but intellectual life can be infused into the system by an electric current. It would save a world of trouble and expense.

JOHN MORLEY, unless all appearances are deceptive, is the man among the English political leaders of the day who has the brightest career before him. Whether, in the event of Gladstone's death before the next general election, the man selected for the moment to take his place may be Sir William Vernon Harcourt, Lord Rosebery or Mr. Morley, the latter's ultimate assumption of the leadership of the liberal party is as certain as his present intellectual ascendency.

THE stock industry is looking up, and is gradually recovering from the depression which overtook it four or five years ago. The increased movement of the population to the southwest, and the occupation of the land by permanent settlers has not resulted, as was expected, in diminishing the stock products of that section, but has rather increased them. It has been demonstrated that the decadence of the range will not cut off the supply, but that it will render it more certain.

THE world is growing yearly more indifferent to the conviction that deterred Hamlet from resort to the bare bodkin—that the Everlasting hath fixed his canon 'gainst self-slaughter. The telegraphic reports of suicide show almost a daily augmentation. Mulhall, in his general compilation, mentions among the circumstances having to do with increase of voluntary death the increase of railways and commerce, the greater consumption of spirits and flesh meat, the spread of secular education and infidelity, the rapid growth of urban and decline of rural life, the higher ratio of insanity, the increase of wealth, the new system of divorce and the keener struggle of existence, owing to the greater density of population.

If My Wife Taught School.

If I had a wife 'at taught school I would go
To far away countries. I'd fish from the Po
In a gay gondolier and the plash o' my oar
Would be heard by the natives around Singapore.
If my wife taught school
I would, wouldn't you?
Er wouldn't yuh?
Enny way what would you do?

If I had a wife 'at taught school I would get
Something fine in the shape of a furniture set;
If I could pay my board and she could pay her'n;
There's a good many nice little things I could earn.
If my wife taught school,
I would, wouldn't you?
Er wouldn't yuh?
Anyway what would you do?

If my wife taught school you can bet I would fly
Like a condor, I'd roost pretty middlin' high:
I'd wear a silk tile and own hosses, I vow,
And do lots o' things that I ain't doin' now.
If my wife taught school,
I would, wouldn't you?
Er wouldn't yuh?
Anyway what would you do?

If my wife taught school like some women do
And I could earn quite enough for us two,
I'd go in the barnyard, without any fuss,
I would blow out my brains with a big blunderbuss.
If my wife taught school,
I would, wouldn't you?
Er wouldn't yuh?
Anyway what would you do?

—Bow Hackley.

JOE ROGER'S MOTHER.

If you have never been in the valley of the Tennessee—I mean that part of the famous valley that stretches southwestward from the great Sand Mountain to the picturesque table lands of Mount Sano—you have missed a scene fairest of all in that country of fair scenes. I will not attempt to describe it. I can not do it justice. No one can. It is the paradise of North Alabama, and in the heart of that far Southern district, devastated by war, and yet, thanks to its protecting bulwark of mountains, its pleasant homes and well tilled lands, escaped almost unscathed.

Not many miles to the north is Lookout Mountain and the battle-fields of Mission Ridge and Chickamauga. Further to the south and west, on the same great trunk line that passes within the shadow of the heights on which Hooker fought the "battle in the clouds," is that already famous young city of phenomenal growth, Decatur, and beyond that the new Sheffield and war-scarred Corinth.

But while this corner of the great valley saw little of either blue coats or gray—except, perhaps, an occasional foraging party that chance led away from the railroad and into the garden land between the big hills—the valley gave its best blood for the cause of the Confederacy, and sons and brothers left the cotton unpicked in the field to join Bragg and his gathering hosts across the border line of Tennessee, or to follow the fortunes of Morgan or Stuart on their cavalry raids to the North.

Back from the Tennessee, in a cove protected from the northers by the broad back of Monte Sano, a hardy mountain farmer had built a house of uncut stone—a poor place at best, but a home for the sake of what was in it. It was not a typical Southern home, for the good wife and mother was housekeeper, dairymaid and gardener all in one, while the two strapping boys, with their father, did the work which on other plantations fell to the task of the negro slaves. At the nearest store, at Maysville, old John Rogers was, with indiscriminate courtesy, dubbed "Colonel." Why, he never knew. Perhaps no one else did. Even before the war military titles were popular in Dixie. Now they are all colonels. So few privates escaped the war.

"Among the negroes "Colonel" John was looked upon with some disdain. A man who "worked" his farm without a single black "boy" was not likely to win the respect of "the quarters" at the big plantations on the river. Farmers who worked were "poor-ah white trash" in those days of easy indolence. But "Colonel" John thrived for all that, and never a home in all the broad valley was happier in the little cove under the shadow of Monte Sano.

News travels slowly in the country. In those days few newspapers found their way into the Tennessee Valley of Alabama, and the first shock of war at Fort Sumter was too far away to affect the tranquility of the people by the great river. Then came the frantic call for troops by the government at Montgomery, and the great valley was at last awakened to the horrors of war. A recruiting office was opened at Huntsville, ten miles away, on the other side of Monte Sano, and husbands and fathers and sons left their homes and people went away to the war. The valley of the Tennessee was desolate. The negroes went flocking northward in search of the army of emancipation, and the cotton was left in the bolls to spoil. There came a time when even food was scarce, and beef was worth its weight in the strange new scrip the Confederate government had issued.

"Colonel" John fared worse than many, although for months after the boys of the lower valley had gone away into Tennessee his sons yielded to the wish of the old folks and stayed at home. The time came, however, when honor compelled them to go, and they went; but the eyes of the aged mother were wet with tears and the face of the white-haired "Colonel" John was strangely old when they bade their boys good-by.

There are brave hearts here at home who remember those sad farewells, when the boys in blue went far away to fight and die on these Southern battlefields. There were the same sad partings in many a Southern home, and the war left hundreds of decimated families in that fair valley.

Months passed, and then years. Occasionally letters from the absent soldier boys came to the old folks in the cove, but they were few and very far between. They had gone north and enlisted in the Army of Virginia. They had been at Bull Run, and had been on the Peninsula in the checker-board operations of McClellan's campaign. The latest letter, scribbled in pencil and written in haste, and read in that little home with aching yet thankful hearts, told of good health and Confederate success. Side by side the brothers had fought, as yet unhurt. Now they were to go with Lee into the land of promise—the rich, corn-growing valleys of Pennsylvania.

Gettysburg came, and the Army of Virginia, rudely awakened from its victorious security, was hurled back across Maryland and into Virginia again by the military genius of Meade. In the carnage of the first day the older brother was killed. The younger, while retreating with his decimated regiment from an unsuccessful charge, was taken prisoner. In company with several other Alabama soldiers, young Rogers, even then a mere boy, was brought to Philadelphia, and from there sent to Fort Delaware as a prisoner of war. There he remained until the surrender of Lee at Appomattox Court House.

The sad news of the battle of Gettysburg was slow in reaching the little home by Monte Sano, but when it did come it broke the spirit of "Colonel" John and turned still whiter the head of the sweet-faced mother; for it was said that in the battle both boys had fallen under the shower of Federal balls. It was not long before there was a "burying" from the house in the cove, and the body of "Colonel" John was laid to rest among the pines he loved so well.

And the mother? She too would gladly have died, but nature was too strong. The time came, moreover, when she was glad that death had spared her, for there came to her from far away Fort Delaware a letter from her surviving boy, telling of the older brother's death and the younger one's imprisonment. She read the letter many times, and as the tears rolled down her sunken cheeks she fell on her knees and thanked God that one son at least had been spared to her. A sudden resolution possessed her. She would leave the little home in the cove and go away to the North. She would go to Fort Delaware, and they would not refuse to let a mother see her son—even a "Confederate" mother. Once she had looked upon his face again she would have courage to wait for his release.

Traveling was slow. Weeks passed before she was enabled to get through the opposing lines and into Washington. At last, dying from want, sorrow and fatigue, she stood in the commandant's rooms at Fort Delaware with written permission to see and speak with the boy she loved so well.

They tell sad stories of Fort Delaware in the South. They call it the Libby Prison of the North. I don't like to believe it. Neither do you. They say that after a certain engagement the Northern generals accused the Confederates of outrageous cruelty, and in retaliation a score or more prisoners were taken from the fort and ignominiously hanged. Perhaps they were mistaken, and that there were better grounds for hanging than that.

By some means a rumor had gained credence in the prisoner's barracks that something of the kind was to take place, while the impression prevailed that special vengeance was to be meted out to the soldiers of Alabama, because of alleged outrages committed by regiments from that state. Young Rogers was not a coward, but he had no desire to meet so unsoldierly a death. With that inventive genius which develops so rapidly among those held in confinement, the prisoners in Rogers' "gang" dug out the stonework and earth under one of the banks, and thus secured not only a comparatively safe hiding place for pilfered provisions, but also for one or more of their number when occasion demanded that they should keep under cover for a time.

The rumor that retaliatory measures were in order struck consternation to many a brave heart, and when, for any reason, a Federal orderly came to the prisoners' barracks and called the name of "Johnny Reb," there was a general feeling of misgiving, and an effort made, when possible, to discover for what purpose the prisoner was wanted before answering to his name. So that when one day the barracks were excited to a fever point by the calling of a dozen names or more, and the name of "Joe Rogers" rang with startling distinctness in the ears of that young Alabamian, he did not wait to be seen, but hurriedly crawled into the "grub" hole and held his breath for fear of discovery and the consequences that would follow. Three times the orderly called.

"Joe Rogers! Joe Rogers! Joe Rogers!" rang through the long corridor.

Then the prisoners crowded around, and the orderly seemed to be unaware that Rogers had failed to answer to his name. He went away, and on the records it was written that Joe Rogers had been transferred—as even the officers thought—to be hanged.

A sad look came over the face of the commanding officer when the white-haired woman gave him the slip of paper that to her meant so much.

"Rogers is not here now," he said finally.

She looked at him, dazed by the intelligence.

"Not—here?"

"No; he has been transferred."

"Where?"

The officer had a heart.

"I—I do not know," he said. He could not tell the sad-eyed woman what he believed to be the truth.

But he could not deceive her.

"He is dead!" she cried, wildly, and tottering forward she clasped her hands across her breast and sank into a chair.

"My poor boy!" she sobbed. "I loved you too, and yet I was too late!"

The parched lips closed over the sad grey eyes; the tired head fell forward; the nervous fingers relaxed their hold.

"Come," said the officer kindly, "you must go now. I can not permit you to remain here."

There was no answer.

"I am waiting"—he began, and then he paused abruptly. Something strange in her appearance startled him, and he stooped down and peered into her face. As he did so tears came into his eyes. The sweet-faced mother would never see the valley of the Tennessee again.

She was dead.

News flies in jails as it flies elsewhere. In his hiding-place that night young Rogers was told the story of his mother's death. Strong man though he was, the shock was almost more than he could bear, and he grieved bitterly at the thought that, even dead, he might not look upon her face, but he was glad for one thing. There were kind hearts among the boys in blue, and they took the body of the dead mother across to New Castle, and there in the old church yard reverentially laid it to rest.

Rogers managed to escape detection for the few weeks remaining before the close of the war. After the surrender he was liberated and returned to Alabama. There he lives and there I met him. He told me this story, and I repeat it because it comes so near home. It interested me and I think it will you.—*Philadelphia News.*

STARTING A PIPE LINE.

Exciting Phenomena Attending the New Plan for the Transportation of Oil.

When the first pipe line was started in its work of conveying oil from the vicinity of the wells in Pennsylvania to the seaboard some peculiar phenomena were noted. The prospect that oil may soon be transported in a similar manner to Denver, not only from Morrison, but also from the Florence oil fields, will add interest to the recital of these phenomena. The story is told by John Ward, one of the watchmen on duty along the new pipe line. He was cautioned to watch a certain hollow where the pipe, coming over one eminence, passed down through it and up over a mountain to the eastward.

He tells how he heard the oil gurgling past, and as all seemed safe he followed the line two miles before turning back into this hollow. He says:

"Imagine my astonishment when I saw the place I had left a short time before so tame now hissing at ten thousand points. Jets of oil were flying twenty feet high and hundreds of barrels were flowing down Hiner's Run, never to see a market.

"I thought the pipe was gone up, sure. At first I was afraid to approach it, but soon grew valiant, and with a calking chisel I set to work to stop the leaks. I made poor headway; it was a dark night and I dared have no light. I had taken off my coat, the whizzing oil carried away my hat, and I very soon became drenched with oil. My pockets, my hair and my eyes were full, and if I was not then an oil man I would like to know what constitutes one. I at length grew sick, and supposed I would have to give up and all would be lost, and instead of an outpressure I could hear an in-drawing, a suction of air.

"I now realized the fact that the oil had been climbing the up-grade, but was now on the descent for Pine Bottom Run. This caused a suction and relieved the hollow at the springs.

"I again waited some time, when I received word to hasten to Haneyville, that the pipe was bursting. When I arrived there the people were greatly excited. The pipe was throbbing and wheezing at every pore. McClure Spring was nowhere. The oil was spouting from the pipe for miles. I knew from experience that the oil had reached and was climbing another high mountain, and the pressure was so great that I feared every moment the pipe would burst.

"We all stood still and looked on. Suddenly, as quick as thought, all motion ceased except a sucking in of air, and I heard the oil passing rapidly along the pipe. I knew that it had crossed the last mountain and that the oil line was an established fact."

The Coming Ocean Steamer.

Here is a very clever picture from the *Pall Mall Gazette*: She will be over a quarter of a mile in length, and will do the passage from Sandy Hook to Liverpool in thirty-six hours, being one night out. She will be driven by electricity and in such a fashion as to keep railway time despite storm or fog.

Passage can be secured by flash photo—Edison's patent—and the ticket will include an opera stall or a concert ticket or a seat in a church pew, the opera house, concert hall and church being all on board. A covered ring for horse exercise will be provided and a racing track for fast trotters. A base ball ground and tennis courts will also form a portion of the attractions. For business men a stock exchange will be operated, the quotations being posted from the tickers every two minutes, on the vibration system. The leading papers of all countries will be reprinted each morning by the electric reflection system.

A spacious conservatory, containing the choicest flowers of all climates, will afford an agreeable lounging place, and bouquets will be provided gratis. As at Monaco and Monte Carlo, a suite of apartments will be laid out for play, to be kept open all night—a sumptuous supper with the costliest wines free. English tailors and shoemakers will be in attendance, and clothes will be made and finished during the passage.

The millinery department will contain the French fashions of the previous day, and costumes will be confectoned while the ship is en route and delivered complete on arrival at dock. Accommodation will be furnished for 10,000 passengers.

A Story of Josh Billings.

A few years ago, riding up town in a Madison Avenue car, I was seated opposite the gentleman who is best remembered as Josh Billings. The rear platform was somewhat crowded, and in the course of our ride one of the passengers stepped off and on several times, in order to assist the lady passengers. Finally, when the car was just comfortably filled, and the courteous gentleman had taken his seat inside, Josh """ngs, seeing an opportunity for a joke, beckoned to the conductor, and pointing to the stranger, said,

"Don't you charge for every ride on this car?"

"Yes, sir," answered he.

"Well, I've seen that fellow get on this car six times, and you have collected only one fare from him."—*Harper's Magazine.*

Walldorf and the Astors.

The little town of Walldorf, near Heidelberg, where John Jacob Astor, the first, was born, has received, according to the German papers, 50,000 marks from William Walldorf Astor. The money is to be applied the Astor memorial in the memory of Mr. Astor's father. William Walldorf Astor has been elected an honorary citizen of the town.

MR. MUNN'S MURDER.

Mr. Budd was the leader of the city—a "bear," moreover.

He had faith in nothing but a financial total depravity. His bump of reverence was a concavity. He had a daughter, Pearl.

The best that can be said of her is that she did not take after her father; for Pearl was a beauty, and did not care whether stocks went up or down.

I met Pearl at the seaside, and, to cut a long story short, fell in love with her and told her so.

She said neither "yes" nor "no" when I popped the question, but hung her head and asked for time.

I soon found that another was the real stumbling block.

It always is another, who, in spite of what the prayer-book says, is wickedly putting asunder what Heaven would join together.

Another, in this instance, was a fat broker, old enough to be her father, and so like him that the two might have been twins.

He was called Mr. Munn; and to him, it seems, old Budd had some time before promised his daughter.

Pearl had no great liking for Mr. Munn.

What girl ever had for a man old enough to be her father—unless it was her father.

I was near her own age, and—well, I'll not flatter myself.

Pearl and I made up our minds to run away and get married—she confiding in paternal affection for forgiveness.

Mr. Budd watched his daughter like a hawk.

How to carry out our plan became a perplexing question.

The old fellow's eye was ever on us. To evade his vigilence would have been like giving the slip to Argus.

A bright idea struck me.

I had often amused Pearl by mimicking Mr. Munn. I could do his voice to a nicety; and I felt sure that with a little stuffing and other making-up I should be able to personate the old hippopotamus to peefection.

Mr. Munn was expected daily, and when he came, Pearl and I knew that with two to watch us, the execution of our scheme would be doubly difficult.

Accordingly we determined to bring matters to a crisis.

It was given out that I was going away not to return, it being privately understood that I was to come back the same evening, disguised as the broker, deceive Pearl's father as to my identity, carry her off at midnight, marry her, and boldly risk the consequences.

I took leave of Mr. Budd and his daughter, and took the next train for the city.

That evening, padded to portliness, and the frosts of fifty winters silvering the locks of my wig, I personated the broker.

I spent a dull evening with Mr. Budd. Pearl left us early to prepare for our midnight flitting, and the old gentleman fairly made my head swim with the questions he asked.

Bed-time came at last, and I hastened to my room, where I threw off my disguise and assumed my usual apparel, my purpose being to quit the house when all was quiet, meet Pearl at the appointed rendezvous, and convey her to the place at which the nuptial knot was to be tied.

It is an unromantic act to speak of in this connection, but one which subsequent events make it necessary to mention, that the excitement I was laboring under caused my nose to bleed freely.

I had barely succeeded in stanching the flow when a glance at my watch apprised me that I had no time to spare. I opened my room door softly and stepped into the hall.

"Ha!" exclaimed a voice.

I turned quickly, and found myself face to face with old Budd, who was evidently surprised to see me coming out of what he supposed to be Mr. Munn's apartment.

He did not stop to parley, but passed on, carrying his chamber-lamp in his hand.

I had gone but a few steps when Mr. Budd rushed out pale with alarm and shouted:

"Murder! Seize him!" pointing me out to those who came in answer to his call. "He has made away with Mr. Munn, who is nowhere to be seen, and the floor is covered with his blood!"

The haste with which I was seeking to beat a retreat added to the proofs against me, and I was caught and secured at once.

Next morning I was arraigned before a magistrate. I had but little to say. Of course I could enter into no explantions without compromising Pearl. I could only uge that Mr. Munn's body not having been found, there was not sufficient evidence of his murder. The non-appearance of the body only added to the horror of the crime. I did not attempt to clear up the mystery.

Mr. Munn had been seen to enter his room; I had been seen to come out of it, and he had been seen no more.

It was clear a foul crime had been committed, and circumstances pointed to me as the perpetrator. I was committed to stand my trial for murder, and was being led away by an officer when Mr. Budd, who had attended as a witness, as the crowd passed the railway station which was near at hand, gave a sudden start.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed.

"How are you?" said a portly gentleman, advancing to extend his hand.

Budd drew back as from a ghost.

"Wh—wh—at! Ain't you dead?"

Mr. Munn, for it was he, repelled the insinuation. Old Budd was mystified; and it was not until the disguise I had worn had been discovered, and other circumstances came to light, that the truth began to dawn upon him.

I was discharged, of course; and on my way to take the next departing train, I saw Pearl on the broker's arm, promenading the veranda of the hotel.

She made a mouth at me over her shoulder as I passed. No woman ever forgives a man for making her or himself ridiculous.

Pearl would have married me but for the misadventures of that night. As it was, she married the broker, and I am still a bachelor.

The Country Girl.

The girl was young and country bred
With a big straw bonnet upon her head,
And oh! she had eyes of the softest blue,
And she looked so sweet and so innocent too,
To the fellow who came to court her.

He was a lad from Gotham town,
His hair was black and his eyes were brown,
And the dainty moustache 'neath his Roman nose
Wasn't half so strong as the breath of a rose,
And he wore a black and white blazer.

"And oh!" said he, as he saw her there,
With the glint of the sunlight on her hair,
"I'll have some fun with this country maid,
She's deucedly pretty, but I'm afraid
She's as green as cabbage and clover."

He gazed in her eyes that shyly drooped,
And then, as he lower and lower stooped,
He kissed her pretty finger-tips,
Then sought and found her ripe red lips
That were sweeter than any posey.

"I'll teach you what love is," he softly said;
But the maiden tossed her pretty head,
And her answer fairly made him start:
"I know that lesson, sir, by heart;
Why, it's older than McGinty.

"For every year since I don't know when,
I've been taught it and told it by all the young men
That come down here for their summer vacation;
And though I look shy and as green as can be,
You'll get left if you're looking for flies on me."

Shetland Ponies.

The ponies are not an agricultural but a domestic necessity. In Shetland, as in parts of Ireland, every family depends for its supply of fuel on peat, and as the peat is seldom found near at hand where the houses stand but on the hill behind them—there is always a hill in the rear in Shetland, every island consisting mainly of a hill with a patch or two of "smooth" land in a few snug nooks by the shore and as it often is a distance of several steep and stony miles, each house requires several ponies, the number depending on the distance and character of the road. A family living "convenient" to the peat may require only two peat carriers, and another family may require half a dozen. The material, after it has been dug and dried in the usual manner, is carried home on the backs of the ponies in blankets called "cassies." It is obvious that the back which performs this kind of service should be broad and strong. The Shetland pony is a striking example of development; for generations past he has been bred and reared and trained with uniformity which could not have been secured in any other part of the United Kingdom. Hence his physique and general character, his hereditary instincts and intelligence, his small size, and his purity and fixity of type. A pony belonging to a breed which has to pick its zig-zag way down a steep declivity during many generations must be sure-footed. By the rule a pony whose grooms and playmates include a dozen juveniles—the children of the neighborhood, who roll about underneath him or upon his back—must be gentle; and the pony living on the scathhold, or air sometimes rather than herbage, must be hardy. The pony of the Shetland Isles, is in fact, the offspring of circumst nces. He is the pet of the family, gentle as the Arab's steed under similar training. He will follow his friends indoors like a dog, and lick the platters or the children's faces. He has no more kicks in him than a cat and no more bite than a puppy.—London Field.

Promising.

In a book lately published, "To Europe on a Stretcher," the author says that on board the Italian steamship, plying between New York and Marseilles, a white ox was kept as a supply of fresh meat; but the sailors grew too fond of it to give it up, and it went to the end of the voyage unharmed.

Among the passengers was a poor little Polish lady, sailing with a sick child, which needed for its health a daily supply of fresh milk. "O madam," said this woman to the author, "I was so happy to see the face of that ox. I thought now my boy will have what he needs—plenty of fresh milk!"

Heard in a Boarding School.

Chicago girl (referring to the novel she is reading)—It fairly harrows me soul!"

Boston girl—"What a prospect for a large corn crop!"—New York Herald.

PETRIFIED BODY EXHUMED.

Even the Flowers Placed Within the Caske Had Turned to Stone.

LIVELY SCENE IN THE OKLAHOMA SENATE

Jessie Turner, Daughter of a Wealthy Retired Merchant, Elopes With Her Papa's Private Secretary.

SUNBURY, Pa., Nov. 15.—Some days ago James Sewell of this place prepared to remove the dead bodies of deceased members of his family in the Sunbury cemetery to a new lot. The first grave opened was that of his daughter, Ella, who died in 1887. It required seven strong men to lift the casket. When the lid was removed the body was found to be in a perfect state of petrification. Even the flowers placed in the casket were petrified. The body looked like that of a peaceful sleeping girl. In life Miss Sewell was an attractive brunette, with dark hair. When the body was viewed her hair had turned to a snowy white.

Avenged a Wrong.

COLUMBUS, Ga., Nov. 12.—A sensational tragedy occurred on the race track at the Chattahoochie valley exposition, now in progress in this city, which has created intense excitement, owing to the prominence of all parties involved. Among them was F. C. Dawson of Glenville, Ala. There was probably 15,000 persons on the ground and the grand stand was packed with ladies and children. Immediately after the close of the race Dawson drove into the open space immediately in the rear of the judge's stand, directly opposite the grand stand. He got out of his sulky and in a few seconds the great crowd was startled by the report of a pistol and the sight of Dawson running, pursued by three men, who were firing at him. He turned on his pursuers and returned the fire. Dawson fell and expired. The grand stand was deserted by the crowd of ladies. The police were quickly on the ground and arrested three men, who were Dick and Robert Howard, brothers, and their brother-in-law, James Bickerstaff. The cause of the shooting had its origin in family trouble. Dawson married and deserted Miss Howard, sister of the two men named.

A Leap to Death.

JACKSON, Miss., Nov. 11.—Joe Jackson, one of Rube Burrows gang, confined in the penitentiary for some time awaiting trial for train robbery, and whose trial was to have begun yesterday morning in the federal court, suicided by jumping from the third floor of the corridor of the court to the ground, a distance of sixty feet. His neck was broken by the fall. Jackson had provided himself with a large knife, and when the officers unlocked his cell door he rushed out and ascended to the upper floor, where for some time he defied them. Finally the officers closed in upon him, when suddenly he plunged from his lofty perch to the brick floor beneath and to instant death. Rube Smith, also an alleged train robber, is now undergoing trial before the United States judge.

A Suicide's Parting Words.

KANSAS CITY, Mo., Nov. 13.—The suicide Tuesday night of Selby Jones, secretary and treasurer of the defunct Hall-Willis hardware company, is surrounded with sensational details. A meeting of stockholders of the concern was held yesterday for the purpose of examining the books, and a shortage of something like $100,000 was discovered. Jones was charged with being responsible for it and denied it. The meeting adjourned to meet again yesterday morning. Jones went to his home and shot himself. He left a note for his wife stating that he had been falsely accused, that his friends had deserted him and that he could not bear to live longer.

Through a Trestle.

SALEM, Ore., Nov. 14.—Between 8 and 9 o'clock Wednesday night the overland Southern Pacific passenger train, southbound, went through a trestle over lake Labish, five miles from Salem. The trestle must have given away as soon as the engine struck it, and the train and trestle went down together. The engine was overturned and half buried in the mud, and following this were the tender, baggage and express cars, smoking car and tourist sleeper. All were broken to pieces. Engineer John Fadden, Fireman Teal and an unknown man were killed. The train carried over 100 persons, and only a few escaped injury.

Destitution in Nebraska.

LINCOLN, Neb., Nov. 14.—The yield of corn is much less than anticipated, the average of this part of the state being less than ten bushels to the acre, and further west even less. Farmers have nothing to feed with and quantities of hogs, half fattened, are being rushed to market and sacrificed at very low prices. Corn is selling on the streets for from 50 to 53 cents per bushel. It is impossible to disguise the fact that in the western counties there is much destitution. Many homesteads are heavily encumbered and a few have been abandoned.

Condemned to Death.

ST. LOUIS, Mo., Nov. 13.—Joseph Gazzalo, an Italian living at 1109 Vandeventer avenue of this city, has within the past two days received two letters signed by Mafia of New Orleans notifying him that he has been condemned to death by the society. Gazzalo cannot think of anything he has done that would be likely to bring about these threats. He is greatly alarmed and has turned the letters over to the chief of police.

Jail Delivery.

KANSAS CITY, Nov. 10.—Seven desperate negroes made a daring escape from the county jail yesterday. It is the custom of the prison officials to wake the prisoners at 9 o'clock every morning to empty their slop buckets. The prisoners were let out for this purpose, three at a full at a time. Jailer Andy O'Hara was the guard delegated to that duty yesterday morning. He had opened two cells and had marched the prisoners to the third and opened it when Green Reed struck him on the head with a heavy iron bucket, knocking him senseless. Peter Jackson snatched his revolver, while Edward Pendleton snatched the keys. Then the seven prisoners, with a yell of joy, ran to the door of the corridor, opened it with the stolen keys and fled through the corridor to the street and were free. Jackson, who had secured the guard's revolver, stopped at the door and fired two parting shots at the insensible guard, neither of which, however, took effect. The prisoners were all negroes. They were, Green Reed, sentenced to ten years for wife murder; Peter Jackson, sentenced to two years for highway robbery; Edward Patterson, awaiting trial charged with holding up Jeweler Wright in his store and stealing from him a tray of diamonds; Richard Pendleton, awaiting trial for highway robbery; Ed Moore, awaiting trial for highway robbery; John Franklin and Edward Judd, two boys, awaiting trial for burglary.

A Big Haul.

SHREVEPORT, La., Nov. 14.—A robbery, involving the loss of $4000, was made known to the public early yesterday morning. The store occupied by Abe Meyer was closed Wednesday night as usual between 10 and 11 o'clock, the two employes retiring to their rooms on the second floor. Nothing occurred to disturb their slumbers in the night, and the the theft was not discovered until Mr. Meyer came to his store yesterday morning. Upon going to the safe he found both the outer and inner doors drilled, the safe blown open and the cash drawer pryed off, the money and papers left therein gone, about $4000 in cash and $30,000 in bonds, notes, mortgages and valuable documents. It is the biggest robbery recorded here and must have been the work of experts.

Cupid's Capers.

PITTSBURG, Pa., Nov. 15.—A telegram received from Wheeling Thursday caused a young couple to be recognized at the union depot. One was a handsome stylishly dressed blonde, while the other was a stalwart young fellow in a business suit. They gave their names as Jessie Turner and Walter Ammon. The lady is the daughter of a wealthy retired merchant and Ammon was her father's private secretary. It was a case of the old, old story, and although papa Turner said it could not be, the young pair said it would be, and the chances are that it will be. They left for New York on the day express over the Pennsylvania railroad at 8 a. m., expecting to get married in the evening.

Removing the Capitol.

GUTHRIE, O. T., Nov. 15.—The capitol removal bill was reported by the committee Thursday, signed by the president of the lower house and sent to the upper house for the signature of the president of that body. The president refused to sign at once and insisted upon taking the bill under advisement. The members flew into a rage and every member was addressing the president at one time, many of them standing on their desks. The president persisted in his determination and a motion was passed declaring the chair vacant. The motion was finally reconsidered and the president signed the bill amid great enthusiasm and peace was restored.

Decapitated by an Elevator.

PHILADELPHIA, Pa., Nov. 11.—Mr. Alexander Hexter, senior member of the firm of Hexter & Bros., clothing manufacturers, 432 Market street, met his death in a horrible manner yesterday afternoon at the above place. At 3:45 o'clock the unfortunate man, who had been working on the first floor, started to go up to the fourth floor on the elevator, which was loaded with a lot of unfinished clothing. While the elevator was passing from the second to the third floor he stooped over to speak to an employe and before he could escape his head was caught between the elevator and the ceiling. Complete decapitation followed.

Dropped Dead.

NEW YORK, Nov. 11.—James Struthers dropped dead from apoplexy on the floor of the exchange yesterday. While the dead body lay on the floor surrounded by brokers not a word was spoken, but the brokers with uncovered heads waited for the officials to act. Business was at once suspended, but on account of the situation the officials could not close the exchange, and at 12:30 business was resumed.

THE MARKETS.

NEW YORK, Nov. 15	
COTTON—Middling	9⅝
WHEAT—No. 2 red	98⅛
CORN—No. 2	57¾
ST. LOUIS.	
COTTON—Middling	9 5-16
WHEAT—No. 2 red	92
CORN—No. 2	52
CHICAGO.	
CATTLE—Shipping	3 35
HOGS—Good to choice	3 95
SHEEP—Good to choice	4 30
WHEAT—No. 2	91⅛
CORN—No. 2	49½
PORK—New mess	9 50
BACON—Clear rib	5 45
LARD—Prime steam	5 60
KANSAS CITY.	
CATTLE—Shipping steers	4 75
HOGS—Sales at	4 05
WHEAT—No. 2	87
CORN—No. 2	49½
NEW ORLEANS.	
COTTON—Middling	9 5-16
GALVESTON.	
COTTON—Middling	9⅝
DALLAS.	
Cattle—Common to fair steers	1 75
Hogs—Choice	3 80
Sheep—Choice	3 80

SERIOUS RAILWAY ACCIDENT

A Special Runs Into an Elongated Freight, Causing a General Smashup.

CATTLE SCATTERED TO THE FOUR WINDS

Two Men Badly Crushed by a Bale of Cotton Falling on Them, From the Effects of Which One Dies.

GALVESTON, Tex., Nov. 17.—Quite a serious accident occurred yesterday morning on the Galveston, Houston and Henderson at Allen's switch, about four miles south of Harrisburg. The News' special train left Galveston as usual at 4 a. m., and was running on schedule time. The morning was very misty and dark. A long freight train, some sixty odd cars, was trying to make the siding at Allen's switch to give the special train the right of way. The freight was too long to go into the siding and the special ran it down before proper signals could be sent to the rear. They did however manage to get a torpedo on the track, but the engineer of the special states that this warning was so close to the scene of danger as to render it impossible for him to stop his engine in the small space between the point where the torpedo exploded and the rear end of the freight. The result was a general smashup. Fortunately no lives were lost.

Finds Surcease of Sorrow.

PARIS, Tex., Nov. 15.—About two weeks ago a man about 60 years of age came here and stopped at a small hotel near the Texas and Pacific depot. He gave his name as Auld and said he was from Montgomery, Ala., but had been to Oklahoma, from which place he came here. He also told the landlord that he would have been better off if he had never gone to Oklahoma. He was without means and was looking for money from relatives in Birmingham, Ala., but was disappointed in not receiving it from day to day. Thursday night he changed from an upstairs room to a cot downstairs in a small room adjoining the kitchen, and yesterday morning was found dead. The mattress was saturated with blood, which had trickled through and formed a pool on the floor. A pistol lying on the floor beside the cot and a bullet hole in his side told the story of his death at his own hands. A coroner's jury returned a verdict of suicide.

A Centenarian Dead.

BEAUMONT, Tex., Nov. 14.—The remains of Robert Kidd, who died at Sealy, Austin county, Wednesday, arrived here yesterday morning and were buried in the Magnolia cemetery in the evening. Mr. Kidd was a native of Virginia and born in 1774. At the time of his death he was aged 116 years, 3 months and 2 days and was no doubt the oldest person in the United States. Up to three years ago he was in good health. About that time he had a fall which laid him up for some time and he has been gradually failing ever since. His mind up to the last was particularly bright and he remembered events that occurred a century ago. He leaves four children, Marion Kidd, and Mrs. M. H. Cook of Sealy, and G. W. Kidd and Mrs. A. E. Caswell of this city.

Fatally Wounded.

GAINESVILLE, Tex., Nov. 15.—Thursday night at Wayne, a small station on the Santa Fe, fifteen miles north of Gainesville, Deputy United States Marshal Smith shot and fatally wounded a man named Craig, whom the officer was trying to arrest on a charge of peddling whiskey in the Chickasaw nation. The officer's horse was shot from under him. About fifty shots were fired altogether. Craig was shot through the body. Craig's companion was also shot, but to what extent is not known, as he made his escape in the dark. Smith was unhurt.

Right of Way Granted.

GREENVILLE, Tex., Nov. 15.—The city council met in adjourned session at the council chamber Thursday night. The principal object of the session was the consideration of the extension of the city street railway line. The street railway company appeared by petition, asking for the right of way over several of the most prominent streets of the city, and after due consideration on the part of the council the right of way was granted and the company will make extensions of several miles in the near future.

In Hot Pursuit.

DALLAS, Tex., Nov. 13.—Wednesday night shortly after midnight an old lady drove up to the police station in search of her daughter, who, she said, had run away from where she was at work at a laundry with a man who recently obtained a divorce from his wife. The lady said that if she caught up with the couple before morning her daughter should not marry the man. Otherwise she would compel them to marry.

Smallpox at Del Rio.

DEL RIO, Tex., Nov. 14.—Dr. Rutherford arrived here Tuesday night. Wednesday he crossed the river to Las Vegas and found only seven cases of small-pox. He thinks the disease can be stamped out by using disinfectants, and quarantine will not be necessary. No cases are reported on this side and all is quiet. The doctor will probably remain here several days and take a rest.

Took the Morphine Route.

ST. JO, Tex., Nov. 11.—Sunday morning John Stotts, a farmer living a few miles west of this place, took morphine with suicidal intent. Medical aid was quickly summoned, but the gentleman passed over the river despite all efforts to save him.

A Wife's Sad Narrative.

DALLAS, Nov. 11.—John B. Kunz, a lawyer and at one time deputy county clerk, was found dead at his home on Washington avenue near Ross avenue Monday morning. He was lying with his pants on across a bed. The one who made the discovery was his wife who, according to her own statement, had fled from home on the previous evening. With some hope that a vital spark yet remained a physician was called, but his services were not needed. Justice John Henry Brown held the inquest. In the evidence taken Mrs. Kunz stated that her husband had been under the influence of intoxicating liquor for three weeks, during which time he had treated her with violence on several occasions, and that on last Sunday afternoon he took their little child and struck its head against a window-pane with such force as to break the glass. She fled in terror to the house of a neighbor, Mrs. Carroll, where she stayed all night. On returning she found her husband alone in the house and dead.

The Deadly Wire.

DALLAS, Nov. 12.—The danger of the electric wire was illustrated Tuesday evening by an accident to Mr. Ed C. Smith, which for a moment seemed to have been fatal. In front of his transfer and cab establishment an electric wire had burned and fell to the sidewalk, hitting a horse on the back, causing it to plunge and run away. Mr. Smith the next moment, without having observed the accident to the horse, saw the wire lying on the sidewalk and proceeded to throw it out of the way. As soon as he touched it the circuit became established with the effect of a discharge of the electric fluid into his body, which knocked him senseless. He lay unconscious for about fifteen minutes, during which the attendants thought he was dead. His right hand is blistered and his head bruised from striking the sidewalk. The back of the horse on which the wire fell is badly burred.

A Very Wicked Candidate.

TAYLOR, Tex., Nov. 13.—Last summer J. D. Hall announced as a candidate for constable of this precinct, and to brighten his prospects for election, it is alleged, gave his note for $50 to William Frankel, a Bohemian, conditioned that said Frankel was to secure him not less than 300 foreign votes for constable. Frankel tried to trade the note at once in the city, but failed and the transaction became public. Hall, seeing that his prospects of reaching constabulatory honors were rather slim, withdrew from the race and announced for county commissioner. Frankel made affidavit that he had never received a cent to help Hall obtain votes for commissioner. Hall was tried before Justice Scott here yesterday, charged with bribery to influence votes, and the jury found him guilty and assessed his fine at $10. He says he will appeal.

Shot at Through a Glass Door.

COMANCHE, Tex., Nov. 11.—About 1 o'clock Saturday the report of a pistol was heard in the vicinity of the Buckhorn saloon, on the west side of the square. A large crowd ran to the scene and the following facts were learned: Col. William Stone, an old citizen of the county, had walked to the door of the saloon and taken hold of the lock from the outside, when a ranchman, living a few miles west of town, fired at him through the glass door, the ball missing its mark, but shattering the glass into Stone's face, cutting it severely. The shooter fled, but was followed by officers. He has not yet been caught. Former troubles were the cause.

Died of His Injuries.

GALVESTON, Tex., Nov. 17.—Mr. John Burke, the foreman of the switchmen's gang, was injured Saturday afternoon by having a bale of cotton fall upon him while in a ship's hold loading her, and died at 4 a. m. yesterday. The cotton slipped from the sling while being lowered into the vessel, the falling bale catching both Mr. John Burke and his brother George. The latter, however, was not so seriously injured and hopes are entertained of his recovery. The bale struck John Burke upon the head and back, dislocating his spine.

Cattle Stampeded.

COLORADO CITY, Tex., Nov. 17.—A tremendous rain fell here Friday night, continuing a number of hours, after which a severe norther blew up and Saturday was cold and misting rain. Cattle and sheep are in too good condition for the wet weather to effect the live stock interests. Several herds of cattle en route here for shipment were stampeded by the storm and are scattered to the four winds.

Accidentally Shot.

HONEY GROVE, Tex., Nov. 13.—Miss Henderson was accidentally shot by her sister with a target gun which was supposed to be unloaded. The ball passed through the bridge of the nose and entered the eyeball. The eyeball was taken out by a surgeon Tuesday, but the bullet was not found. The young lady's condition is serious.

Robbed.

MARSHALL, Tex., Nov. 13.—Adolph Cluss, inspector of public buildings, Washington, D. C., was robbed of $30 in cash and a railroad ticket from Shreveport to Galveston, at the depot in this city Tuesday night, while he was changing cars from the New Orleans Pacific train to the south-bound Texas and Pacific train.

Twins Burned.

MARSHALL, Tex., Nov. 12.—The residence of Jack Porter, colored, burned yesterday afternoon with contents. Two infants, twin children, were burned also. Porter and his wife were from home and there was no one on the place to save the babes.

Texarkana Federal Building.

TEXARKANA, Tex., Nov. 12.—Robert M. Jack and son of Wichita, Kan., arrived in town yesterday morning and will at once inaugurate work on the construction of the federal building.

CARNEGIE ON MONARCHY

UTTERANCES WHICH STIRRED THE BRITISH.

American Democracy a Government of the Poor—Free Land in Great Britain Would Soon Result in Self-Ruin of the Aristocracy.

The following speech of the Pittsburg steel millionaire, Andrew Carnegie, delivered recently in Dundee, Scotland, created a great sensation among all the worshippers of royalty and the flunkies who love a lord:

It is said that in America, although we have no aristocracy we are cursed with a plutocracy. Let me tell you about them. A man who carries a million dollars on his back carries a load. He cannot be elected for anything. You know the history of the American republic. Why, there never was a rich man nominated for the presidency. That would kill him at once. The men we nominate for presidents are workingmen. Abraham Lincoln split rails for a living—the greatest man in this century. Garfield—I notice you cheer Garfield and not Lincoln. There is where you make a mistake. Abraham Lincoln is to live forever. [Applause.] He was the man who with his pen struck the shackles off four millions of slaves and made them men—not only made them men, but did not die until the poorest and meanest negro was possessed of every right and every privilege which he himself possessed. All our presidents are poor men. You could not elect anybody else. If a man with an independent income were nominated for the presidency you would say to the nominator, "My dear friend, what is the matter with you to-day? What has democracy to do with the rich? Democracy is the government of the poor."

DEFINITION OF REPUBLICANISM.

O, you will say, it is not right that the rich should be discriminated against. Admitted; but as long as human nature is human nature you will never get the needle of justice and righteousness to point straight to the north. It will be swayed. A judge elected by rich men will judge for the rich, and a member of parliament with an independent income is unconsciously biased in favor of his class. I say that in this matter we cannot get exact justice—perfection—and it is a great deal better in any country that the doubt should always be in favor of the poor and not of the rich. The rich can take care of themselves, but in all such institutions as you have you practically deny justice to the poor man. In America the poor man who comes before a court or jury is received with favor because we know that the odds are against him at the start. That is what republicanism means. You cannot make an aristocracy of the dollar unless you enact such laws as you have. You can never maintain a hereditary aristocracy if you leave the economic laws. Make the land free, and in less than five years the aristocracy will have drunk and gambled themselves out of their heritage.

ROYALTIES AND ARISTOCRATS.

Do not understand me as condemning the men. When I speak against the royal family, I do not condescend to speak against the creatures who form the royal family. When I speak against the aristocracy, I do not speak against this duke or that lord—persons are so insignificant. I speak of principles and systems. If I had been born to privilege—if I had been born the Prince of Wales, probably I would not have turned out half so good a man. If George Washington had been surrounded with the sycophantic and pernicious atmosphere of a royal court he would steadily have deteriorated, and in less than six months his head would have been turned. Probably you will never get a better royal family than you have now. I do not condescend to any personalities. I stand for something much beyond that. I am no respector of persons. I stand for what is right, and I think your aristocracy have just done what you would have done if you had been the aristocracy and they the poor men. Ah! fellow citizens, it is the iniquitous system for which you are responsible and not the poor, miserable victims who are led into all kinds of temptation by having one rule of conduct for the prince and condoning conduct in him which you would consider disgraceful for a member of parliament or for a duke.

Beggar-Priests in Northern China.

It is no uncommon sight to meet one going about begging with four or five long iron skewers run through his forearm and little ribbons hanging therefrom. Two I have met had long iron rods running through their cheeks, and they had made oath to remove them only when they had collected a certain sum of money sufficient to repair their temples. One had had the iron rod through his face for over four months, living the while on soup and tea only. Another way of raising money is for a priest to take his seat in a little brick sentry-box and let himself be walled in, leaving only a small window through which he can see and can pull a rope by which a big bell is sounded and the attention of passers-by attracted. Here he will sit for months. I have known one to remain in his box for nearly a year without being able to lie down or stand up, but apparently perfectly happy and always ready to have a bit of gossip.

WHY DON'T HE TALK?

The One Time When the Educated Parrot Should Have Spoken Up.

Two darkies in the country made, in partnership, a splendid cotton crop and shipped it to New Orleans, says the New Delta. One of the partners came down with it to sell it and to buy the provisions for the next year. After the sale of the cotton he was walking down the street looking for something to buy as a present for his partner. In passing a bird store on Charles street his eye was caught by a parrot and he went in and priced it. He was told $25. "Huh!" said he "$25 for that bird?" "Yes," said the dealer, "that bird can talk." "Lemme hear him," said the darky. And the parrot was put through his paces. The darkey bought him, and, as he had to stay over and buy the provisions for next year, he shipped him up on the boat leaving that afternoon, directed to his partner. The next week he went up, and as he stepped off the boat was met by his partner, when, after the usual salutations, the following conversation took place:

"Well, Tom, how did you like dat bird I sent you?"

"He wuz a mighty putty bird, but he pow'ful tough."

"Tuff? Tuff? You doan' mean ter tell me dat you dun eat dat bird?"

"Fat dat bird? In course I dun eat dat bird."

"My gawd, nigger, dat bird cos' twenty-five dollars, an' he cud talk like er lawyer."

"Well, ef dat bird cud talk, when I had him by de neck and wuz a gwine ter wring his head off, why de debbil didn't he say so."

Home-Made Caramels.

Our candy was to be sold for a cent a stick, but the sticks were not scanty little snips by any means. Mrs. Cartwright made us a present of the molasses, Lois brought the sugar from home, Al Fay brought the saleratus, Patty remembered about the vinegar, and Majorie produced the butter.

These were the ingredients: A half gallon of New Orleans molasses, a cup of vinegar, a piece of butter as large as two eggs, a good teaspoonful of saleratus dissolved in hot water.

We melted the sugar in the vinegar, stirred it into the molasses, and let it come to the boil, stirring steadily. The boys took turns at this work.

When the syrup began to thicken we dropped in the saleratus, which makes it clear, then, flouring our hands, each took a position, and pulled it till it was white.

The longer we pulled, the whiter it grew. We ate some of it, but we girls were quite firm in saving half for our sale.

Then we made maple sugar caramels. Have you ever tried them? They are splendid. You must have maple sugar to begin with; real sugar from the trees in Vermont if you can get it. You will need a deep saucepan. Then into a quart of fresh sweet milk, break two pounds of sugar. Set it over the fire. As the sugar melts, it will expand. Boil, boil, boil, stir, stir, stir. Never mind if your face grows hot. One cannot make candy sitting in a rocking-chair with a fan. One doesn't calculate to, as great aunt Jessamine always says.—Young Folks.

The Old Man Went, Too.

"Pop," said the small boy, "do you care if I go ter the circus?"

"Yes, sir, I do. Circuses are demoralizing, and there is no telling what may happen to you."

"But I want to."

"Got yer mind made up, have yer?" said the old gentleman, looking up from his paper with an expression of interest that was momentarily quickening into enthusiasm.

"Yes, sir," said the boy, with some hesitation.

"Nothin' will change ye?"

"No, sir" (with growing confidence).

"Ef I didn't give you the money you'd sneak in under the tent, an' maybe get arrested, wouldn't ye?"

"Yes, sir" (with great positiveness).

"Well, it never shall be said that I was the cause of my own child's gettin' arrested, and to make sure that nothing happens to ye, I'll go along with ye."—Washington Post.

Cruel Innocence.

It is a little hard, sometimes, to teach children to be humane. A little girl stepped purposely upon a beatiful caterpillar on the porch and crushed it to death. Her aunt took her in hand.

"Dorothy, dear," said this relative, holding her by the arm, "don't you know that God made that caterpillar?"

"Well," said the child, looking up archly, "don't you think he could make another one.—Boston Transcript.

It Turns the World.

The ballot is the greatest thing
That man within his gift controls,
For if it's looked at fair and square
The whole earth turns upon the poles.

Not In It.

"Well," said Jonah, as he stood on the shore and watched the whale swim away, "for once I'm glad I'm not in it."—Brooklyn Life.

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

J. U. VINCET and Col. Cary W. Styles are making the old Stephensville Empire hum.

GIVE us a candidate for president next time with some human blood in him and not a cold blooded lizard.

OLD Sitting Bull is causing trouble among the Souix Indians in the north west and a general uprising among the Indians is feared.

PROTECTION for our infant industries, so called, is an arrant humbug and the only wonder is the people were so long in finding it out

THE days come and go and Baird still has an insufficient school system. True it will not always be thus, but what is the use of delaying the matter.

THE Commanchie Chief says: "The Democrats will doubtless find the treasury building when they return to Washington." Very likely, but they will find it empty.

SHOULD Mr. Cleveland be the nominee of the democratic party in 92, he will have to modify his views on the silver question, or the farmers in the northwest will defeat him.

COULD not the land agents of the county agree on some form of advertising our county abroad? An advertisement placed in some leading Southern paper would be a good scheme. Think of it.

MANY Texas newspapers are declaring in favor of Gov. Hill for president in '92. This is all wrong. Texas belongs to Grover Cleveland—for has he not been told so time and again by the politicians.

EX-PRESIDENT Cleveland lost New York in the last presidential election by 11000 majority while Hill carried the State for governor by 17000 majority, yet Mr. Cleveland's friends claim that he is stronger than Hill.

SEVERAL candidates for speaker of the next congress have already announced, although the fifty-second congress will not convene before December 91 unless there is a called session on the 4th of next march.

THE Memphis Appeal has bought the Avalanche for $260,000 and the two papers have been consolodated under the name of Appeal-Avalanche. The A-P is the largest daily in the South, and has a large and growing circulation in Texas.

THE late election demonstrates the fact that New York is not absolutely essential to Democratic success in 92. If the warring factions in that State will not settle their disputes let the democratic party take a western man and leave New York out.

HON. J. N. BROWNING, our able Representative, is favorably spoken of by several papers for speaker of the next legislature. THE STAR would be gratified to see Mr. Browning in the speaker's chair, because he is worthy and well qualified for the position.

THE water company is not doing anything now trying to push the scheme, but don't imagine for a moment that they intend to abandon the enterprise. Every one is so busy now that no one has time to bother with it, but as soon as the busy season is over work will be pushed forward rapidly.

WHAT became of Sargent of the Rayner Lasso and McEachan of the Anson Western? Say boys, did the Cyclone hit you on the wrong side on the fourth? We have anxiously looked for the two papers above mentioned but neither has shown up since the election.

THE National Democrat published a map of the United States, showing the strength of the two great political parties by states. From this map it will well be seen that Republicanism is traveling westward, and it is confidently believed it will land in the Pacific ocean in '92.

THE South no longer contains a majority of the Democratic congressmen. Leave outevery southern Democrat and the northern Democrats would out-vote the republicans in the next congress by fifty-five majority. Democracy is gaining ground in the north at a rapid rate.

THE Cisco Round-up says Mr. Cleveland was far in advance of his party on questions of reform at the last presidential election and consequently was defeated, but now the party has caught up with Mr. Cleveland, etc. Hon. John G. Carlisle, Allen G. Thurman, Hendricks, McDonald, Mills, and hundreds of others could be named that were prominent leaders in the Democratic party and advocates of tariff reform long before the country outside of Buffalo heard of Mr. Cleveland. It was only by strong pressure brought to bear on him that caused Mr. Cleveland to take the step he did on the tariff question. On the silver question he is not in accord with his party, so we would like to know on what particular question he was so far ahead of his party. Mr. Cleveland was defeated mainly because he was so stubborn and mule-headed that he would not listen to the murmurings of his own party, and his studied insults to the time-honored leaders of the party caused them to turn from him, or at most give him a very lukewarm support. Mr. Cleveland is in advance of his party in allowing Republicans to remain in office under Democratic rule, because the Democrats believe in the doctrine "to the victors belong the spoils." Cleveland don't. The Democratic party believes in free coinage of silver, at least most of them do. Cleveland believes that Wall street should dictate the financial policy of the government. Mr. Cleveland gave the country a good, clean, easy-going administration and is a pretty decent sort of a mugwump, but THE STAR would not bet much on his democracy. Cleveland's influence had about as much effect in causing the Republican disaster in the late election as one of Bill Nye's smiles would in melting an iceberg at the North Pole. Mr. Cleveland refused to assist his party in any way, and now that it is all over his friends hasten to assure the public that he is the whole sole cause of the magnificent triumph achieved by the Democrats.

THE STAR has always advocated levying a special school tax for the reason that it will tend to build up the town and give us a school system that we can not get otherwise. The argument that one man sha be taxed to educate another man's children is always brought up against anything of this kind when agitated, and sometimes defeats the measure just as it did in Baird last year. This is no argument at all. We have the public school system and we should make it as efficient as possible. The only way to have good schools is to supplement the state school fund by local taxation.

CALLAHAN COUNTY is not receiving the share of immigration that it should but the late county fair and the exhibit made at Dallas by the county, and by Capt. Malley individually, is beginning to attract attention, and now with little effort our county will receive its due proportion of the people that are flocking to the western portion of the state.

COL. MILLS of Texas is a candidate for speaker of the next congress and stands a good showing of being elected should he insist upon his candidacy, for there is no doubt that he is very popular with the northern democrats. We believe it would be the better policy though to elect some western man.

THERE was a considerable flurry in financial circles in New York and London last week. The great banking house of Barring Bros., London, became embarrassed and a panic of world-wide proportions was only averted by the prompt action of the Bank of England and the Rothschilds. As it was, several firms failed in New York, but all the leading papers say the worst is now over. Money in New York commanded a premium of two hundred per cent. on call during the excitement. The price of cotton was somewhat affected, causing a sharp decline.

THANKSGIVING.

Gov. Ross has issued the following proclamation:

By the Governor of the State of Texas:

In accordance with the custom and in conformity with the proclamation of the President of the United States, I, L. T. Ross, Governor of Texas, by virtue of the authority in me vested, designate Thursday, November 27, '90, as a day of thanksgiving in this state.

In testimony whereof I hereunto sign my name and cause the seal of state to be affixed at the city of Austin this 11th day of November, A. D. 1890.

[Signed] L. S. ROSS,
Governor of Texas.

By the Governor:
J. M. MOORE, Secretary of State.

M. E. Church South Conference.

The Northwest Texas conference of the M. E. Church, South, opened Thursday morning at 9 o'clock sharp in the new church, Bishop Joseph S. Key presiding. The Bishop read the XXIII psalm, followed by singing, after which the Bishop offered an invocation to God, all joining in repeating the Lord's prayer at the end. The whole congregation then sang a good old Methodist hymn, led by Bro. Barcus. Rev. John M. Barcus was elected temporary secretary, and the roll of members of conference and lay delegates was called. Then followed the election of a permanent secretary and his assistants. They were: John M. Barcus, secretary; B. F. Boone, A. S. Hudson, E. A. Smith, assistant secretaries. The appointment of chairman of committees was made by the Bishop, followed by the passing on the characters of the ministers. Each and every inquiry was met with "nothing against him."

All the standing committees were elected. Communications from the agents of the Southern Methodist Publishing House, and reports from the curators and trustees of the Southwestern University were read. The hours for the opening of the conference daily will be 9 a. m. and closing at 12:30. If an evening session is deemed necessary the hours will be announced.

A number of ministers of other conferences, some of whom are transfers to this conference, were introduced. Dr. Morrison, formerly pastor of the M. E. church of Atlanta, Ga., but now missionary secretary, was present and delivered a short address.

During the passage of characters, speeches were made and songs sung with emotion and tears. It was a sound to stir the depths of the soul to hear the manly voices swell in one grand chorus in praise to God. No organ notes were heard to detract from the magnetic effect of the human voice; which has power to move the heart far more than any instrument ever can. The session closed by singing the long metre doxology and pronouncing the benediction.

The conference will probably last a week, as there is a great deal of work to be done. No grander specimens of manhood ever met in convention than are present at this conference.—*Abilene Reporter.*

THE Waco Day seems to think that if Mr. Mills is made the next Speaker of the House it will be a recognition of the "spoils system," and refusing to nominate him would "refute the charge of sectionalism." There isn't a Democrat in Congress with a wider national reputation than Mr. Mills, and probably there is no other from the West, East or North who would be more acceptable to the Democracy of the country or to those who are likely to vote with the Democratic party in 1892. However, Col. Mills is a man too patriotic to allow his name to go before the House for any position in which he is likely to become a bone of contention—he will sacrifice any personal ambition or interest for the success of his party. If he is the next Speaker it will be at the unanimous call of members of the House from every section of the country and we predict that this will be the case. We wrote a paragraph last week favoring him for the position, believing we were first to suggest his name, but before our item appeared in print our Texas exchanges came to us almost "as the voice of one man," making the same suggestion—the same unanimity will de manifested for him from every section of the country. However, we may be all a little premature; it would not surprise us if Mr. Mills were the Democratic nominee for Vice President in 1892.—*Waco Plaindealer.*

IN eighteen states of the Union not a single Republican congressman was elected on Nov. 4th last, which shows that the north is now about as solidly democratic as the south. The condition is a phenomenal one, and wholly unprecedented in the history of the republic.—*Abilene Reporter.*

From many miles away they come to trade at T. E. Powell's because the fame of his big stock of dry goods, clothing, hats, boots, shoes, and the fame of his low prices and strictly square all-round fair dealing has spread abroad in the land. 49.

Boots and shoes—oh my! how cheap and in what splendid variety, you are hard to please if you can't find a boot or a shoe to suit you at T. E. Powell's. He carries the biggest stock; he sells the cheapest. Examine the Hamilton and Brown shoe. Our shoes and slippers, too, for all people. T. E. Powell's is the place. 49.

DAILY GRAND OPENING OF

FALL AND WINTER GOODS,

AT

J. D. BOYDSTUN'S

GREAT MARKET STREET BAZAAR

A Dandy Stock to Select From. The Largest, Best Lighted, Best Ventilated Dry Goods Store in Baird to Buy in. Magnificent New Goods. Stupendous Quantities. Unheard of Bargains. Competition defied.

IT WOULD BE TOO NUMEROUS TO MENTION.

GENT'S FURNISAINGS,
ART NEEDLEWORK,
LADIES' DRESS GOODS,
WINTER SKIRTS,
HANDKERCHIEFS,
EMBROIDERIES.

J. D. BOYDSTUN.

NOTICE TAX PAYERS

I Will be at the folliwing places to collect the State and Co, Taxes for 1890.

Cross Plains	Dec.	8 & 9
Cottonwood	"	10 & 11
Putnam	"	12 & 13
Tecumseh	"	15 & 16
Clyde	"	18 & 19
Bell Plains	"	22 & 23

J. W. JONES, Tax Cllector,
Callahan Co, Tex.

Special Notice.

Notice is hereby given that T. J. Dean and W. A. McFarlane have bought out W. A. McLaury, and all persons knowing themselves indebted to the firm of W. A. McLaury & Co. are hereby requested to come and settle their accounts as we want to settle all accounts up to the first of this month. DEAN & MCFARLANE.

Baird, Tex., Nov. 11, 1890. 49

Millinery At Cost.

Mrs. Cunningham will sell a nice line of Millinery at cost for the next ten days. Any one wishing to secure a bargain, would do well to call early, as the goods are nice and will sell rapidly. 49 3t.

TO THE LADIES:

All men admire a full suit of hair is yours falling out? One 50 cent bottle of Fraser's dandruff cure will stop it and give your hair a rich and glossy appearance, it is guaranteed, remember contains no oil, does not grease your clothes. Baird Drug Co.

Mr. Jones, brother of W. L. (Fayette) Jones, is building a dwelling near his brothers in the east part of town. Why not call this Jones Hill? The Joneses are getting so numerous in that part of town.

Two or three more marriages will take place in Baird the first thing you know.

Foy & Richardson have sold their stock of goods, which will be moved to Albany.

The new Board of Directors for the County Fair Association, will without a doubt give a good account of themselves next year. True, much is expected of them by the public, but THE STAR confidently believes they will be equal to the occasion.

A prominent Railroad Superintendent, living in Savannah, one suffering from Malaria and general debility, says, on having recovered his health by the use of P. P. P., thinks that he will live for ever, if he can always get P. P. P. (Prickly Ash Poke Root and Potassium.) This party's name will be given on application. Baird Drug Co. 48.

WANTED.

917 Men, Women and Children 917

TO INSPECT

HOLIDAY GOODS!

AT

R. PHILLIPS'.

Call and see the Latest Novelties of the season. HOLIDAY GOODS from the Finest to the Cheapest, and in Endless Variety. In fact anything that could be desired in the line of Holiday Novelties. Call and examine no matter whether you want to purchase or not.

Jewelry a Specialty

R. PHILLIPS.

WM. CAMERON & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Lumber, Shingles, Sash, Doors, Blinds,

Moulding, Posts, Stays, Lime and Cement.

THIRD STREET, BAIRD, TEX.

Jewelry and Repairing!

I desire to call the attention of the public to the fact that I have just completed arrangements by which I can furnish customers with any and all kinds of jewelry, watches, etc., (except "shoddy" goods, which I positively will not handle,) also an excellent line of clocks, also repairing of watches and jewelry by the fines workmen in the country, and I guarantee to those placing their orders with me, to attend to their business with promptness and special care, and to furnish their goods and repairing at Ft. Worth prices. I have the very extensive stock of jewelry, etc. of Messrs. Howard Tully & Co. of Ft. Worth, to order from, and respectfully solicit your patronage, being confident that I can give you satisfaction in every respect.

Yours truly,
GEO. B. ELY.

Baird, Texas.

DO YOU KNOW WHAT AILS YOU?

You feel tired—Do you know what it means? You are nervous—Why? You cough in the morning—Do you realize the cause? Your appetite is poor—What makes it so? You seem like a changed person to your friends—Do you know what is the matter, or has the change been so gradual it has escaped your notice?

You have Consumption!

We do not say this to frighten you, but it is true. These are the sure symptoms of this terrible disease. There is one thing which will check it and that is

DR. ACKER'S ENGLISH REMEDY.

It is recommended by the best physicians in Europe and America.
25 cents, 50 cents and $1.00 per Bottle.

W. H. HOOKER & CO., 46 West Broadway, New York.

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.

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

Cures Indigestion, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Malaria, Nervousness, and General Debility. Physicians recommend it. All dealers sell it. Genuine has trade mark and crossed red lines on wrapper.

Gents furnishings at T. E. Powell's. 49.

Do your trading at T. E. Powell's. 49.

New calicos at Boydstun's. 49.

New dress goods at Boydstun's 49.

Don't buy boots and shoes till you have seen Boydstun's fine stock. 49.

The ladies will find new and seasonable dress goods at T. E. Powell's. 49.

You will find the celebrated Hamilton and Brown shoes at T. E. Powell's 49.

First-class jewelry supplied and repairing of all kinds by Geo. B. Ely. See his advertisement. 49.

Don't wear that old hat any longer, but go at once to Powell's and get a new one. Hats so cheap you can't miss the money. 49.

Say!!

Did you know Geo. B. Ely could furnish you a better clock or watch than you can get for same price, in this market? Just give him a trial order and see. 49.

Young men, dont buy that new Sunday suit before you have seen Powell's stock. 49.

When you want a society badge, remember that Mr. Geo. B. Ely receives orders for and supplies all kinds, Masonic, K. of P., etc. at lowest prices. Call and see his catalogue of elegant designs. 49.

Do you need a new suit of clothes, and have you been thinking of buying one? Don't do so till you have looked over Powell's splendid stock. Wedding suits, dress suits, business suits and overcoats for the young, middle-aged and old, and the best goods for the least money. Powell's is the place to buy that new suit. 49.

The ladies of Baird and vicinity are specially and respectfully requested by Mr. Harry Meyer to call at his store and examine the Streeter's New Magic Fluting and Polishing Irons. It will be to your advantage. The Streeter's irons save time and fuel.

1 A Safe Investment.

Is one which is guaranteed to bring you satisfactory results, or in case of failure a return of purchase price. On this safe plan you can buy from our advertised Druggist a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. It is guaranteed to bring relief in every case, when used for any affection of Throat, Lungs or Chest, such as Consumption, inflammation etc. It is pleasant and agreeable to taste, perfectly safe, and can always be depended upon. Trial bottle free at Baird Drug Co's Drug store.

R. J. Harris was in town Tueday.

H. Buchen was in town this week.

Cal Windham of Tecumseh, was in town Tuesday.

John Oliver, of Tecumseh has moved to town.

Vet Rice is building a new dwelling near Mr. Rudmose.

Turkeys are roosting higher as Thanksgiving draws nigh.

Dr. Wilson is still on the sick list, but hope he will soon be out again.

Chris Johnson and his sister, Miss Lillie, of Tecumseh came in Tuesday.

Lark Hearne was in town yesterday, and paid four years subscription for THE STAR. Thanks.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Meyer are visiting in Galveston this week—taking in the deep water Jubilee.

Austin Hensley, nephew of Mr. J. B. Hensley of our town, has accepted a position as typo on THE STAR.

Alex McWhorter came in from the Nation Saturday last. Alex says it is getting too cold for him up there.

The carpenters are all busy as bees building and repairing dwellings. Baird needs several more dwellings yet.

See R. Phillip's new Holiday ad. He is receiving lots of Christmas goods and will please you both in style and price.

J. B. Norton of Cottonwood, was in town Monday. He informs us that he will move in town in about two weeks.

Hugh Ross is having an addition built to his house north of town and Madam Rumor says there will soon be a new occupant for same.

Mr. Webb of Liberty, Miss., nephew of Messrs. Webb Bros. of Baird, arrived in town Monday and will probably make this place his future home.

Mr. and Mrs McDonald of Baird returned last week from Scotland, where they have been visiting relatitves of Mr. McDonald for the last two months.

R. P. Patty don't speak to ordinary folks now—cause a new boy arrived at his house last Friday. Mother and child doing well, but the father seems to be demoralized.

Robert Heatly came very near getting killed about ten days ago, caused by a runaway team on the Carmicheal place. He is pretty badly crippled, but is able to be about.

Several typographical errors inadvertantly creeped into our last week's issue, but our lack of help and being taxed to our utmost they were not noticed until the whole edition had been worked off.

Rev. H. S. Little, D. D., of the Presbyterian church will be at Baird November 28th and will remain several days. He will preach at the Presbyterian church. All are cordially invited to be present.

T. K. Murray of Lampassas county, was in town this week delivering fruit trees sold this summer. Mr. Murray is from our old native county, Washington. To talk with him made us feel as though we had met an old acquaintance.

Judge Solomon has appointed the following persons as delegates to the Columbian convention to be held at Houston, Tex., December 10th: W. E. Gilliland, J. L. Lea, B. R. Webb, Otis Bowyer, W. J. Maltby, T. E. Powell, J. N. Rushing, P. D. Norton, J. N. Alvord and Tom Slaughter.

Once in a while we let a subscription run over time paid for, and probably after five or six months the postmaster will notify us that the paper is refused. The right and only honorable way is to notify us in person or by writing that you want the paper stopped. We have no desire to force the paper upon any one.

Every one should use P. P. P., because at this season nearly every one needs a good medicine to purify, vitalize and enrich the blood.

Ladies, we have opened a nice line of Millinery one door south of Dean & McFarlan's grocery store, and ask you to come and see us when in need of ladies' and children's hats, and other goods in our line. Respectfully,

THE MILLINERY CO.

New crop Louisiana molasses and mince meat, at Lea's.

Eupion Oil! Genuine Eupion Oil 150 Test at R. Phillips.'

Fresh kraut at Yonge & McDermett's.

Car Kansas salt to arrive this week at Driskill & Norton's. 47

Best and cheapest flour in town at Driskill & Norton's. 47

Remember, we keep the best Eupion oil. Dean & McFarlane. 48.

Best Louisiana molasses only 75 cts. per gal. Yonge & McDermett. 46 tf.

S-a-l-t. Fine barrel and sack salt at Dean & McFarlane's. 48

N. Porter's hand made horse collars will be sent to you free of express charges at regular price, try a pair.

N. Porter is sole agent for the Harris patent sweat proof sweat leather, warranted as represented.

"Cacterine" or extract of Mexican Cactus is a dead shot for Catarrh. 46
R. Phillips, Baird, Texas.

Fresh Kraut at Dean & McFarlane's 48.

Keg pickles, Keg and barrel mackerel at Dean & McFarlane's. 48.

Hams, bacon, lard, at Dean & McFarlane's. 48.

James & Johnson's is the place to buy cigars. They have just put on sale a splendid line. Their "Key West' pure all havana filler can't be beat anywhere. 48.

Cure Your Corns by Using

Abbot's East Indian Corn Paint for Corns, Bunions and Warts, it is great. Baird Drug Co. 48.

Flour, the best in town; we guarantee every sack. Dean & McFarlane. 48.

Do you smoke? Try one of James & Johnson's "Key West" cigars, all havana filler guaranteed. They are splendid. 48.

Land For Sale.

320 acres all fenced south-east of Belle Plaine, 30 acres in farm, houses etc., at $2.50 per acre.

Lot 6 in Block 9, Newlon Addition. Price $75. Small house. For sale.

PUTNAM.

Meyers Hotel, $175.
Reddock Residence, $500.

BAIRD.

Lot 7 block 29, $750.
640 acres, six miles west of Baird, $5.00 per acre. Star Land Co.

HOUSE AND LOT FOR SALE.

Lots 9 and 10 in Block No. 29, house of 3 rooms for sale, price $550.
STAR LAND CO.

NOTICE.

Owing to repeated advances in lumber at mills, we are forced to advance the price of lumber here. We very much regret to have to do so, but we can not help it. We hope the public is aware of the fact that lumber has advanced at all mills.

Thanking all who have so kindly favored us with their patronage in the past and soliciting a share of your trade in the future. We are yours most truly, Moon & Crowder. 40tf.

I will give free of charge to all ministers of the Gospel who suffer from Catarrh, Bronchitis, Asthma or any throat trouble—one $2 outfit of "Cacterine" or extract of Mexican Cactus. The only sure cure for Catarrh. R. PHILLIPS. 46

I will pay railroad fare both ways for parties from Baird and vicinity, who will buy as much as $15 worth of saddlery goods from me.
45-tf. N. PORTER.

Sam Windham, living near Byrds Store, Brown county, is in town this week on business.

D. Wn-Desnoyers SHOE CO.'S "TRADE MARK"

—FOR SALE BY—

T. E. POWELL,
BAIRD, - - TEXAS

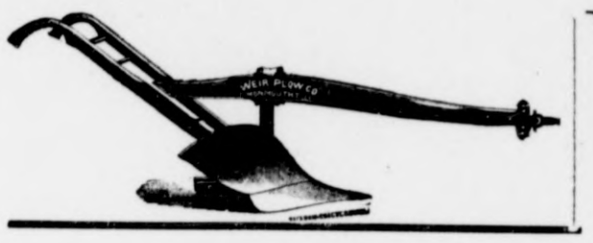
BIG STONE GROCERY.

J. L. LEA & CO.

Keep on Hand

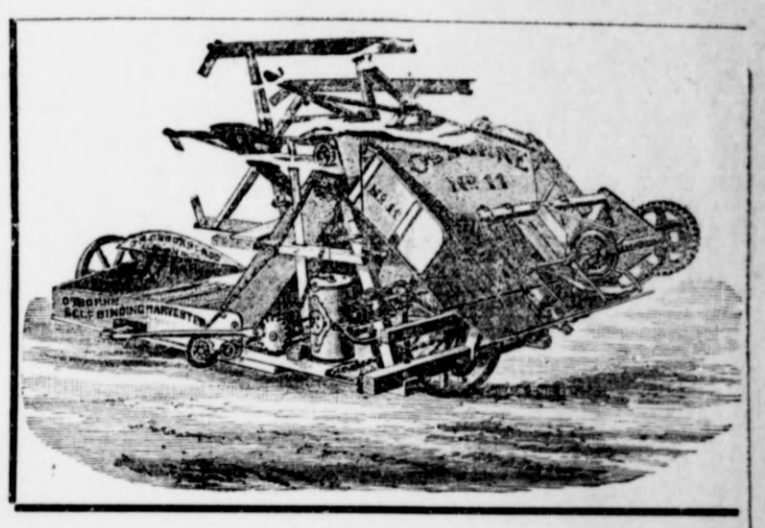
-: THE LARGEST STOCK OF GROCERIES :-

Therefore they buy and sell cheaper than anyone.



Wagons, Drills, Plows.

D. M. OSBORNE'S HARVESTING MACHINERY.



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We will buy or help you sell your

COUNTRY PRODUCE FOR CASH.

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Cotton, Wool and Hides.

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PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
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Baird, Texas.

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

BOWLUS BRO'S,
CARPENTERS AND CONTRACTORS.
Wagon and Carriage Work A Specialty.
☞New Shop; First Door North of W. L. Hreny's Blacksmith Shop 40tf.

Baird Cotton Gin

—88—

I am now prepared to gin all cotton that may come in, all reports to the contrary. All modern conveniences for unloading and handling cotton. Bring in your cotton; Gin will run DAY and NIGHT if necessary. J. B. HENSLEY. 41tf

BRUSHES. COMBS. TOILET PRESCRIPTIONS.

BAIRD DRUG COMPANY,
DRUGGISTS AND PHARMACISTS.
MARKET STREET, BAIRD, TEXAS.

J. H. HOFFMANN,
House, Sign and Carriage Painter

PASSING OUT OF JERUSALEM

An Eloquent and Touching Farewell to that Noted Ancient City.

THE INFLUENCE OF A WOMAN'S PRAYERS.

The Story of Rizpah and Her Fate Repeated by American Mothers—Political Parties Scored.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 9.—Today Dr. Talmage preached the seventh of his course of sermons on his recent tour in Palestine. As on previous Sundays the sermon was preached before two large audiences. In the morning it was preached in the Academy of Music in this city, and at night Dr. Talmage preached it again in the New York Academy of Music. During the six meetings thus far held in New York, 90,000 people have endeavored to hear Dr. Talmage preach. Of these, 30,000 have been admitted and 60,000 have been turned away for lack of accommodation. Following is the sermon from the text, "So I lifted up mine eyes the way toward the north." (Ezekiel 8:5.)

At one o'clock on a December afternoon, through Damascus gate, we are passing out of Jerusalem for a journey northward. Ho! for Bethel with its stairs, the bottom step of which was a stone pillow, and Jacob's well with its immortal colloquy, and Nazareth with its Divine boy in his father's carpenter shop, and the most glorious lake that ever rippled or flashed:

Blue Galilee, sweet Galilee
The lake where Jesus loved to be;

and Damascus with its crooked street called Straight, and a hundred places charged and surcharged with Apostolic, evangelistic, prophetic, patriarchal, kingly and Christly reminiscences.

In traveling along the roads of Palestine, I am impressed as I could not otherwise have been, with the fact that Christ for the most part went afoot. We find him occasionally on a boat, and once riding in a triumphal procession, as it is sometimes called, although it seems to me that the hosannas of the crowd could not have made a ride on a stubborn, unimpressive and funny creature like that which pattered with Him into Jerusalem, very much of a triumph. But we are made to understand that generally He walked. Ho! much that means only those know who have gone over the distance traversed by Christ. We are accustomed to read that Bethany is two miles from Jerusalem. Well, any man in ordinary health can walk two miles without fatigue. But not more than one man out of a thousand can walk from Bethany to Jerusalem without exhaustion. It is over the Mount of Olives and you must climb up among the rolling stones and descend where exertion is necessary to keep you from falling prostrate. I, who am accustomed to walk fifteen or twenty miles without lassitude, tried part of this road over the Mount of Olives and confess I would not want to try it often, such demand does it make upon one's physical energies. Yet Christ walked it twice a day—in the morning from Bethany to Jerusalem, and in the evening from Jerusalem to Bethany.

Likewise it seemed a small thing that Christ walked from Jerusalem to Nazareth. But it will take us four days of hard horseback riding, sometimes on a trot and sometimes on a gallop, to do it this week. The way is mountainous in the extreme. To those who went up to the Tip-Top house on Mount Washington, before the railroad was built, I will say that this journey from Jerusalem to Nazareth is like seven such American journeys. So, all up and down and across and recrossing Palestine, Jesus walked. Abab rode. David rode. Solomon rode. Herod rode. Anthony rode. But Jesus walked. With swollen ankles and sore muscles of the legs, and bruised heel and stiff joints and panting lungs and faint head, along the roads and where there were no roads at all, Jesus walked.

We tried to get a new horse other than that on which we had ridden on the journey to the Dead Sea, for he had faults which our close acquaintanceship had developed. But after some experimenting with other quadrupeds of that species, and finding that all horses, like their riders, have faults, we concluded to choose a saddle on that beast whose faults we were most prepared to pity or resist. We rode down through the valley and then up on Mount Scopus and, as our dragoman tells us, that this is the last opportunity we shall have of looking at Jerusalem, we turn our horse's head toward the city and take a long, sad and thrilling look at the religious capital of our planet. This is the most impressive view of the most tremendous city of all time. On and around this hill the armies of the crusaders at the first sight of the city threw themselves on their faces in worship. Here most of the beseiging armies encamped the night before opening their volleys of death against Jerusalem. Our last look! Farewell, Mount Zion, Mount Moriah, Mount of Olives, Mount Calvary! Will we never see them again? Never. The world is so large and time is so short, and there are so many things we have never seen at all, that we cannot afford to duplicate visits or see anything more than once. Farewell yonder thrones of gray rock, and the three thousand years of architecture and battlefields. Farewell sacred, sanguinary, triumphant, humiliated Jerusalem! Across this valley of the Kedron, with my right hand I throw thee a kiss of valedictory. Our last look, like our first look, an agitation of body, mind and soul, indescribable.

And now, like Ezekiel in my text, I lift up mine eyes the way toward the north. Near here was one of the worst tragedies of the ages, mentioned in the Bible. A hospitable old man coming home at eventime from his work in the fields, finds two strangers, a husband and wife, proposing to lodge in the street because no shelter is offered them and invites them to come in and spend the night in his home. During the night, the ruffians of the neighborhood conspired together and surrounded the house and left the woman dead on the doorstep and the husband to rally in revenge the twelve tribes, cut the corpse of the woman into twelve parts and sent a twelfth of it to each tribe, and the fury of the nation was roused, and a peremptory demand was made for the surrender of the assassins and, the demand refused, in one day twenty thousand people were left dead on the field and the next day eighteen thousand. Wherever our horse today plants his foot, in those ancient times a corpse lay, and the roads were crossed by red rivulets of carnage.

Now we pass on where seven youths were put to death and their bodies gibbeted or hung in chains, not for anything they had themselves done, but as a reparation for what their father and grandfather, Saul, had done. Burial was denied these youths from May until November. Rizpah, the mother of two of these dead boys, appoints herself as sentinel to guard the seven corpses from beak of raven and tooth of wolf and paw of lion. She pitches a black tent on the rock close by the gibbets. Rizpah by day sits on the ground in front of her tent, and when a vulture begins to lower out of the noonday sky seeking its prey among the gibbets, Rizpah rises, her long hair flying in the wind, and, swinging her arms wildly about, shoos away the bird of prey until it retreats to its eyrie. At night she rests under the shadow of her tent and sometimes falls into a drowsiness or half sleep. But the step of a jackal among the dry leaves or the panting of a hyena arouses her, and with the fury of a maniac, she rushes out upon the rock crying, "Away! Away!" and then examining the gibbets to see that they still keep their burden, returns again to her tent till some swooping wing from the midnight sky or some growling monster on the rock again [illegible]

A mother watching her dead children through May, June, July, August, September and October! What a vigil! Painters have tried to put upon canvas the scene and they succeeded in sketching the hawks in the sky and the panthers crawling out from the jungle, but they fail to give the wanness, the earnestness, the supernatural courage, the infinite self-sacrifice of Rizpah, the mother. A mother in the quiet home watching by the casket of a dead child for one night exerts the artist to his utmost, but who is sufficient to put upon canvas a mother for six months of midnights guarding her whole family, dead and gibbeted, upon the mountains? Go home, Rizpah! You must be awfully tired. You are sacrificing your reason and your life for those whom you can never bring back again to your bosom. As I say that from the darkest midnight of the century Rizpah turns upon me and cries: "How dare you tell me to go home? I am a mother. I am not tired. You might as well expect God to get tired as for a mother to get tired. I cared for those boys when they lay upon my breast in infancy and I will not forsake them now that they are dead. Interrupt me not. There stoops an eagle that I must drive back with my agonized cry. There is a panther I must beat back with my club."

Do you know what that scene by our roadside in Palestine makes me think of? It is no unusual scene. Right here in these three cities by the American sea coast, there are a thousand cases this moment worse than that. Mothers watching boys in the rum saloon, that annex of hell, has gibbeted in a living death. Boys hung in chains of evil habit they cannot break. The father may go to sleep after waiting until twelve o'clock at night for the ruined boy to come home and giving it up, he may say: "Mother, come to bed; there's no use sitting up any longer." But mother will not go to bed. It is one o'clock in the morning. It is half-past one. It is two o'clock. It is half-past two when he comes staggering through the hall. Do you say that young man is yet alive? No; he is dead. Dead to his father's entreaties. Dead to his mother's prayers. Dead to the family altar where he was reared. Dead to all the noble ambitions that once inspired him. Twice dead. Only a corpse of what he once was. Gibbeted before God and man, and angels and devils. Chained in a death that will not loosen its cold grasp. His father is asleep, his brothers are asleep, his sisters are asleep, but his mother is watching him, watching him in the night. After he has gone up to bed and fallen into a drunken sleep, his mother will go up to his room and see that he is properly covered, and before she turns out the light, will put a kiss upon his bloated lips. "Mother, why don't you go to bed?" "Ah!" she says, "I cannot go to bed. I am Rizpah watching the slain!"

And what are the political parties of this country doing for such cases? They are taking care not to hurt the feelings of the jackals and the buzzards that roost on the shelves of the grog shops and hoot above the dead. I am often asked to what political party I belong, and I now declare my opinion of the political parties today. Each one is worse than the other, and the only consolation in regard to them is, that they have putrefied until they have no more power to rot. Oh, that comparatively tame scene upon which Rispah looked! She looked upon only seven of the slain. American motherhood and American wifehood this moment are looking upon seventy of the slain, upon seven hundred of the slain, upon seventy thousand of the slain. Woe! Woe! Woe! My only consolation on this subject is that foreign capitalists are buying up the American breweries. The present owners see that the doom of that business is coming as surely as that God is not dead. They are unloading upon foreign capitalists, and when we can get these breweries into the hands of people living on the other side of the sea, our political parties will cease to be afraid of the liquor traffic, and at their conventions nominating presidential candidates, will put in their platform a plank as big as the biggest plank of the biggest ocean steamer, saying: "Resolved unanimously that we always have been, and always will be opposed to alcoholism."

But I must spur on our Arab steed, and here we come in sight of Beeroth, said to be the place where Joseph and Mary missed the boy Jesus on the way from Jerusalem to Nazareth, going home now from a great national festival. "Where is my child, Jesus?" says Mary, "Where is my child, Jesus?" says Joseph. Among the thousands that are returning from Jerusalem, they thought that certainly He was walking on in the crowd. They described Him, saying: "He is twelve years old, and of light complexion and blue eyes. A lost child!" Great excitement in all the crowd. Nothing so stirs folks as the news that a child is lost. I shall not forget the scene when in a great out door meeting, I was preaching and some one stepped on the platform and said that a child was lost. We went on with the religious service, but all our minds were on the lost child. After a while a man brought on the platform a beautiful little tot that looked like a piece of heaven dropped down, and said: "Here is that child." And I forgot all that I was preaching about, and lifted the child to my shoulder and said: "Here is the lost child, and the mother will come and get her right away, or I will take her home and add her to my own brood!" And some cried and some shouted, and amid all that crowd I instantly detected the mother. Everybody had to get out of her way or be walked over. Hats were nothing, and shoulders were nothing, and heads were nothing in her pathway, and I realized something of what must have been Mary's anxiety when she lost Jesus, and what her gladness when she found her boy in the Temple of Jerusalem, talking with those old ministers of religion Shammai, Hillel and Betirah.

I bear down on you today with a mighty comfort. Mary and Joseph said: "Where is our Jesus?" and you say, "Where is John? or where is Henry, or where is George?" Well, I should not wonder if you found him after awhile. Where? In the same place where Joseph and Mary found their boy—in the temple. What do I mean by that? I mean, you do your duty toward God and toward your child, and you will find him after awile in the kingdom of Christ. Will you say, "I do not have any way of influencing my child." I answer you have the most tremendous line of influence open right before you. As you write a letter and there are two or three routes by which it may go, but you want it to go the quickest route, and you put on it "via Southampton," or "via San Francisco," or "via Marseilles," put on your wishes about your child "via the throne of God." How long will such a good wish take to get to its destination? Not quite as long as the millionth part of a second. I will prove it. The promise is, "Before they call, I will answer." That means at your first motion towards such prayerful exercise the blessing will come, and if the prayer be made at ten o'clock at night, it will be answered five minutes before ten. "Before they call I will answer."

Well, you say, I am clear discouraged about my son, and I am getting on in years, and I fear I will not live to see him converted. Perhaps not, nevertheless I think you will find him in the temple, the heavenly temple. There has not been an hour in heaven the last one hundred years when parents in glory have not had announced to them the salvation of children whom they left in this world profligate. We often have to say "I forgot," but God has never yet once said, "I forgot." It may be after the grass of thirty summers have greened the top of your grave, that your son may be found in the earthly temple. It may be fifty years from now when, some morning, the towers are chiming the matins of the glorified in heaven that you shall find him in the higher temple which has "no need of candle or of sun, for the Lord God and the Lamb are the light thereof." Cheer up, Christian father and mother! Cheer up! Where Joseph and Mary found their boy you will find yours—in the temple. You can, God could not afford to do otherwise. [illegible] of the promise He has positively promised in the Bible is that He will answer earnest and believing prayer. Failing to do that, He would wreck His own throne, and the foundations of His palace would give way, and the bank of Heaven would suspend payment, and the dark word "repudiation" would be written across the sky, and the Eternal Government would be disbanded and God Himself would become an exile. Keep on with your prayer, and you will yet find your child in the temple, either the temple here or the temple above.

Out on the Western prairies was a happy but isolated home. Father, mother and child. By the sale of cattle quite a large sum of money was one night in that cabin and the father was away. A robber who had heard of the money one night looked in at the window, and the wife and mother of that home saw him, and she was helpless. Her child by her side, she knelt down and prayed among other things for all prodigals who were wandering up and down the world. The robber heard her prayer and was overwhelmed, and entered the cabin and knelt beside her and began to pray. He had come to rob that house, but the prayer of that woman for prodigals reminded him of his mother and her prayers before he became a vagabond, and from that hour he began a new life. Years after that woman was in a city in a great audience, and the orator who came on the platform and plead gloriously for righteousness and God was the man who many years before had looked into the cabin on the prairie as a robber. The speaker and the auditor immediately recognized each other. After so long a time a mother's prayers answered.

But we must hurry on, for the muleteers and baggage men have been ordered to pitch our tents for tonight at Bethel. It is already getting so dark that we have to give up all idea of guiding the horses and leave them to their own sagacity. We ride down amid mud cabins and into ravines where the horses leap from depth to depth, rocks below rocks, rocks under rocks. Whoa! whoa! We dismount in this place, memorable for many things in Bible history, the two more prominent, a theological seminary where of old they made ministers, and for Jacob's dream. The students of this Bethel Theological Seminary were called "Sons of the Prophets." Here the young men were fitted for the ministry, and those of us who ever had the advantage of such institutions will everlastingly be grateful, and in the calendar of saints, which I read with especial affection, are the doctors of divinity who blessed me with their care. I thank God that from these theological seminaries there is now coming forth a magnificent crop of young ministers who are taking the pulpits in all parts of the land. I hail their coming and tell these young brothers to shake off the somnolence of centuries and get out from under the dusty shelves of theological discussions which have no practical bearing on this age, which needs to get rid of its sins and have its sorrows comforted. Many of our pulpits are dying of humdrum. People do not go to church because they cannot endure the technicalities and profound explanations of nothing, and sermons about the "eternal generation of the Son," and the difference between sub-lapsarianism and supra-lapsarianism, and about who Melchisideck wasn't. There ought to be as much difference between the modes of presenting truth now and in olden time, as between a lightning express railtrain and a canal boat. Years ago I went up to the door of a factory in New England. On the outside door I saw the words, "No Admittance." I went in and came to another door over which were the words, "No Admittance." Of course I went in, and came to the third door, inscribed with the words, "No Admittance." Having entered this I found the people inside making pins, beautiful pins, useful pins and nothing but pins. So over the outside door of many of the churches has been practically written the words, "No Admittance." Some have entered and have come to the inside door, and found the words, "No Admittance." But persisting, they have come inside, and found us sounding out our little niceties of belief, pointing out our little differences of theological sentiment—making pins!

But most distinguished was Bethel for that famous dream which Jacob had, his head on a collection of stones. He had no trouble in this rocky region in finding a rocky pillow. There is hardly anthing else but stone. Yet the people of those lands have a way of drawing their outer garment up over their head and face and such a pillow I suppose Jacob had under his head. The plural was used in the Bible story and you find it was not a pillow of stone, but of stones, I suppose, so that if one proved to be of uneven surface he would turn over in the night and take another stone, for with such a hard bolster he would often change in the night. Well, that night God built in Jacob's dream a long, splendid ladder, the feet of it on either side of the tired pilgrim's pillow and the top of it morticed in the sky. And bright immortals came out from the castles of amber and gold and put their shining feet on the shining rungs of the ladder, and they kept coming down and going up, a procession both ways.

I suppose they had wings, for the Bible almost always reports them as having wings, but this was a ladder on which they used hands and feet to encourage all those of us who have no wings to climb, and encouraging us to believe that, if we will use what we have, God will provide a way and if we will employ the hand and the foot, He will furnish the ladder. Young man! Do not wait for wings. Those angels folded their's to show you wings are not necessary. Let all the people who have hard pillows, hard for sickness or hard for poverty or hard for persistence, know that a hard pillow is the landing-place of angels. They seldom descend to pillows of elder-down. They seldom build dreams in the brain of the one who sleeps easy.

The greatest dream of all time was that of St. John with his head on the rocks of Patmos, and in that vision he heard the seven trumpets sounded, and saw all the pomp of heaven in procession cherubic, seraphic, archangelic. The next most memorable and glorious dream was that of John Bunyan, his pillow the cold stone of the floor of Bedford jail, from which he saw the celestial city, and so many entering it, he cried out in his dream: "I wish myself among them." The next most wonderful dream was that of Washington sleeping on the ground at Valley Forge, his head on a white pillow case of snow, where he saw the vision of a nation emancipated. Columbus slept on a weaver's pillow, but rose on the ladder let down until he could see a new hemisphere. Demosthenes slept on a cutter's pillow, but on a ladder let down rose to see the mighty assemblages that were to be swayed by his oratory. Arkwright slept on a barber's pillow, but went up the ladder till he could see all England aquake with the factories he set going. Akenside slept on a butcher's pillow and took the ladder up till he saw other generations helped by his scholarship. John Ashworth slept on a poor man's pillow, but took the ladder up until he could see his prayers and exertions bringing thousands of the destitute in England to salvation and heaven. Nearly all those who are today great in merchandise, in statesmanship, in law, in medicine, in art, in literature, were once at the foot of the ladder, and in their boyhood had a pillow hard as Jacob's. They who are born at the top of the ladder are apt to spend their lives in coming down, while those who are at the foot, and their head on a boulder, if they have the right kind of dream, are almost sure to rise.

I notice that those angels, either in coming down or going up on Jacob's ladder, took it rung by rung. They did not leap to the bottom, nor jump to the top. So you are to rise. Faith added to faith, good deed to good deed, industry to industry, consecration to consecration, until you reach the top, rung by rung. Gradual going up from a block of granite to pillar of throne.

That night at Betuel, I stood in front of my tent and looked up and the heavens were full of ladders, first a ladder of clouds, then a ladder of stars, and all up and down the heavens were angels of beauty, angels of consolation, angels of God, ascending and descending. "Surely God is in this place," said Jacob, "and I know it not."

FARM AND HOUSEHOLD.

TIMELY SUGGESTIONS FROM GOOD AUTHORITIES.

Salting Stock in Winter—Poultry's Many Enemies—Neglected Orchards—Milking Young Cows—General Farm Hints and Stock Notes.

Salting in Winter Time.

In the winter time the importance of a regular and constant supply of salt is not fully appreciated by all stock growers, and especially by those who keep only a few animals. The average farmer gives the salt to the animals when he happens to think of it, and this is sometimes not very often. The best results can be obtained from rock or lump salt placed in the feed boxes. The danger from taking too much salt comes not from having it on hand all of the time, but from denying the animals of it for a long period. Then in their eagerness to satisfy their natural cravings they will sometimes eat more than their systems really require. It is seldom that an animal will take in more food or water than they really require. They know when to stop even if their masters do not. Salt is an essential constituent of the blood, and salt hunger may lead to excess when the animal is suddenly permitted an opportunity of supplying its lack. Many of the common foods given to the animals are lacking in salt constituents, and hence this essential must be supplied artificially. Animals on one farm will need more of it than on another, for on some soils it is lacking in the soil itself, and the grains grown on it must necessarily be deficient. Salt is also a common constituent of milk, and if not given to the cow it must be drawn from that stored in her blood tissues. This cannot be done without seriously impairing the health of the animal. One cannot thus tell how much the animals need. The quantity must be left to them, and this can only be done by keeping rock salt near them all the time.

Enemies to Poultry.

A correspondent of the Practical Farmer says: Minks, skunks, weasels and similar depredators are great nuisances to the poultry raiser, and in some places it is necessary to wage war against them. They will find some way to get into the most ingeniously contrived hen-house, and feast off the best eggs or the fattest hens. Poultry houses constructed near water enable the sly enemies to sneak up and do considerable damage to the flock in the daytime, but as a rule the greatest damage is done at night. A pair of minks in a poultry house over night would do more damage than all the chicken diseases put together. Where these nuisances are specially active and numerous it would be well to set traps for them—the common steel trap being the best—and at the same time put some protective wire around the poultry house. This can be done very easily and cheaply. Securely close the hen-house, either inside or outside, with a strong, close wire netting. Even the floor inside should be covered with it so that no mice can enter. If a ventilator is used cover that also with the wire.

Milking Young Heifers.

The fact that young heifers will not give so much nor so rich milk as the same animal will when fully matured is well known. It should not, however, prevent good feeding and careful milking. More than usual pains should be taken to milk clean, by which is meant getting the last drop that the udder produces. Too many careless farmers only milk heifers while they only produce considerable amounts, and if the milk comes slowly they stop, thinking to make the heifer grow. As this last milk is the richest, its absorption makes the heifer fat rather than thrifty, and this tendency to fatten decreases the cow's value as a milker ever after.

Neglected Orchards.

A good deal of care and judgment is required in deciding how to prune neglected trees or vines of any kind. Severe pruning, especially while the buds are dormant, forces so much sap into the few buds that are left that they grow coarse, sappy, and even if blossoms appear on them the fruit will not set. Old grape vines that have not been pruned for two or three years should be left with more top than would be advisable for regular pruning. The second year this top may be reduced to what it should be, in the meantime training up new shoots and cutting out the old.

Intelligent Hired Men.

He must be a very unintelligent farmer who is not often benefited by suggestions from his hired men, especially if they have had farming experience. The best hired man is not the one who only cares to do what he is told, regardless of consequences, but rather the one who exercises thought in caring for his employer's interest. The farmer who snubs his hired man when making a respectful suggestion, is certainly very foolish.

Yellows in Peach Trees.

The best preventive of this disease is liberal supplies of hard wood ashes or potash in other form where this cannot be had. In some way, the potash not only feeds the tree, but neutralizes the conditions under which the yellows spreads. If the yellows is not too far progressed, it has sometimes been arrested by extra large doses of potash and cutting out affected parts. Do not use knives that have cut diseased trees to prune others without careful cleansing.

Records.

The farmer or dairyman who does not keep a daily record and an account book in which are entered facts and observations and all money transactions, fails to practice that economy which is the fundamental basis of prosperity. The most interesting book in a farmer's library is the small volume in which he has written down every evening the events of the day and the facts of interest he has observed. This writing not only makes a permanent record but fixes the knowledge gained on his mind.

Stock and Dairy Notes.

The butter extractor gets rid of every old fashioned implement and utensil between the milk pail and the butter package and what a world of labor and trouble and anxiety is thus disposed of.

Dairying and market vegetables may go together very conveniently and profitably. The waste of the crops, as defective vegetables, will afford excellent feeding for the cows while the manure will pay for all.

There is no reason why horses and cows may not be kept in the same building, but they should be kept in separate stables. Few horse stables are free from the strong odor of ammonia and this would infest the cows' milk even through the breathing of impure air.

One by one the bugbears which have been exhibited to the dairymen by so-called experts are dissolving from view like morning clouds. First the pellicle of the butter globule faded away; then the churn dasher, and some others, and now the sweet cream butter which needs only a similar process of ripening for a day or two to acquire all the aroma of the best ripe cream butter. When we learn why things should be done we may make the how to suit ourselves.

Do you hear anything about the general purpose horse? one to plow and mow, go in a carriage, or under a saddle and sell for a roadster? Not much or often. Every man who buys a horse wants the animal to be suited for his special purpose, and if for draft, it is quite a different horse from the saddle or driving animal. And yet the old fad about general purpose cows, good for milk, butter and beef is still tossed about by some of the dairy experts, who neither milk cows or make butter or cheese except on paper.

Hints to Housekeepers.

To stop hiccough, take a lump of sugar saturated with vinegar.

Put bits of camphor gum in trunks or drawers to prevent the mice from doing any injury.

To brighten carpets, wipe them with warm water in which has been poured a few drops of ammonia.

To freshen leather chair seats, valises, bags, etc., rub them with the well-beaten white of an egg.

It is not generally known that tin cleaned with newspaper will shine better than when cleaned with flannel.

A clothes wringer can be easily cleansed from the lint that collects on the rollers by saturating a cloth in kerosene and rubbing it over.

Butter or cans of milk may be kept perfectly cold by being wrapped in a cloth and set in a deep dish containing a little water, where air is circulating.

Do not fan a sick person unless you are required to do so or there is a good reason why you should. A nervous person is often made very uncomfortable by it.

To make good mucilage without using gum arabic, take two parts of dextrine, five parts of water and one part of acetic acid. Dissolve by heating, and add one part of alcohol.

Keep the back, especially between the shoulder blades, well covered; also the chest well protected. In sleeping in a cold room, establish the habit of breathing through the nose, and never with the open mouth.

To make a convenient arrangement for drying collars and cuffs use a piece of muslin, on which you sew buttons in numbers and positions to suit, and fasten that strongly on to the clothes line, and the linen articles will not get torn and lost.

Farm Hints.

The last person in the world to get the panics should be the farmer. He can the least afford it. Yet he does. Three or four years ago farmers had the sheep panic, and they had it bad. They all said, "Sheep don't pay," and then they tried to sell out, and thousands did sell out, or rather gave out.

After the panic, like a fever had had its run, men and women too began to think sheep were useful on the farm, and if the wool did not bring much it sold readily for cash, and this cash came at a good time. It has been found out that a good ewe will bring from $3 to $4, with ordinary care, and with a little extra attention it will bring from $4 to $5 when four to six months old.

Almost every farm needs sheep to help to keep down the weeds and bushes. They are busy partners in this business, and I have found out that there is a gain in turning weeds into mutton and pork, and bushes into mutton. These are little economies, but they count. Every farmer can manage to have some clover hay, and the more the better. And with this he can winter his sheep and convert this hay into valuable manure.

SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON.

LESSON VIII.—NOV. 23—JESUS CRUCIFIED.

Lesson Topic: "Jesus Crucified as King."—Golden Text: "The Lord Hath Laid on Him the Iniquity of Us All."—Is. 53: 6.

The time of the crucifixion of Christ was between 9 a. m. and 3 p. m. on Friday, April 7, A. D. 30. Jesus had passed through the terrible ordeal of scourging—a punishment so severe as often itself to cause death; the mocking that followed was brutal in its derisiveness; the trial that it brought both to body and mind was such as to leave the Savior still further exhausted. Silent, submissive, divinely patient, he endured all the suffering inflicted and all the ignominy heaped upon him. The lesson lets us see how he bore himself during the agonies of crucifixion.

(Revised Version.)

33. And when they came unto the place which is called the skull there they crucified him, and the malefactors, one on the right hand and the other on the left.

34. And Jesus said, Father, forgive them; for they know not what they do. And parting his garments among them, they cast lots.

35. And the people stood beholding. And the rulers also scoffed at him, saying, He saved others; let him save himself, if this is the Christ of God, his chosen.

36. And the soldiers also mocked him, coming to him, offering him vinegar.

37. And saying, If thou art the King of the Jews, save thyself.

38. And there was also an inscription over him, This is the King of the Jews.

39. And one of the malefactors which were hanged railed on him, saying, Art not thou the Christ? save thyself and us.

40. But the other answered, and rebuking him said, Dost thou not even fear God, seeing thou art in the same condemnation?

41. And we indeed justly; for we receive the due reward of our deeds: but this man hath done nothing amiss.

42. And he said, Jesus, remember me when thou comest in thy kingdom.

43. And he said unto him, Verily I say unto thee, To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise.

44. And it was now about the sixth hour, and a darkness came over the whole land until the ninth hour,

45. The sun's light failing: and the veil of the temple was rent in the midst.

46. And when Jesus had cried with a loud voice, he said, Father, into thy hands I commend my spirit: and having said this, he gave up the ghost.

47. And when the centurion saw what was done he glorified God, saying, Certainly this was a righteous man.

The procession consisted of Jesus with two criminals and guarded by four soldiers under the guard of a centurion. After these followed "a great multitude of the people," including many women. The sublimity of divine love is seen in the prayer "Forgive them." What a spectacle of degraded humanity was the scoffing of the rulers, v. 35—the religious leaders of a people reviling and mocking a dying man whose only crime had been his efforts to save them. "King of the Jews," v. 37—spoken contemptuously, as if a Jewish king would be naturally an object of ridicule. "Art not thou the Christ?" v. 39 is better than the accepted version. By the petition of the second malefactor we see that he accepted Jesus' true kingship, and that he evidently accepted the belief that Jesus would soon come to earth again and reign among men. Abbott's explanation of v. 43 is that "the repentant brigand only asks remembrance in some far future time or day in Christ's second coming," but "Christ promises remembrance to-day."

The darkness spoken of in v. 44 was not an eclipse, as it was the time of the full moon, but a supernatural phenomenon. "The whole land" refers to the land of Judea. "The veil of the temple," v. 45, was the curtain which separated the Holy of holies from the Holy place. He then gave up the spirit of life, v. 46. Among the centurions there was one who was willing to accept and asknowledge the truth—another remarkable tribute to Christ's true nature.

A cruel death on the cross was the end of the earthly life of Jesus, a life of unexampled, self-denying love. He knew that it was to come, Matt. 20:19, and such was the sinfulness of man that he could foresee their rejection of him and the hatred that must result in his death. Yet he never wavered in his work, but suffered the cruelty that men might see as in no other way the depth of divine love. This is why Christ's follower preaches Christ and him crucified. This is why the cross of Christ is the Christian's watchword.

The selfish man of the world finds it hard to see how any man can possess power and yet decline to use it for his own personal benefit, yet here in this graphic account of the most supreme hour in the life of the best of men, we have the lesson that is the easiest to learn if one has the love of man in his heart.

BRIEFLETS.

The city of Hamburg has a surplus of $2,250,000.

"I sell cigars in seven languages" is a sign in Philadelphia.

A counterfeiter at Little Rock, Ark., stared his bogus money in his wooden leg.

A citizen of Baker City, Oregon, paid $120 freight on two terriers from England.

Reading, Mich., has a girl seventeen years old who has been married four years.

ST. JACOBS OIL

THE GOVERNOR OF MARYLAND SAYS:

IT EXECUTIVE CHAMBER. IS

Annapolis, Md., Jan. 6, '90.

"I have often used ST. JACOBS OIL, and find it a good Liniment."

ELIHU E. JACKSON, Gov. of Md.

THE BEST.

Wives! Sons! DAUGHTERS!

We will send you for three months FARM POULTRY, the best poultry paper, if you send us ten names of persons who keep hens, (few or many), also 25 cents for one pack of Sheridan's Condition Powder.

POULTRY for PROFIT. We will send for 22 cts. or 15 cts. if you mention this paper, FARM POULTRY, a 20 page magazine, six months. Sample copy free. L. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass.

NOTHING ON EARTH WILL MAKE HENS LAY LIKE SHERIDAN'S CONDITION POWDER

Highly concentrated. Dose small. In quantity costs less than one-tenth cent a day per hen. Prevents and cures all diseases. If you can't get it, we send by mail post-paid. One pack, 25c. Five $1. 2 14 lb. can $1.20; 6 cans $5. Express paid. Testimonials free. Send stamps or cash. Farmers' Poultry Guide (price 25c.) free with $1.00 orders or more. L. S. JOHNSON & Co., Boston, Mass.

PURIFY YOUR BLOOD.

But do not use the dangerous alkaline and mercurial preparations which destroy your nervous system and ruin the digestive power of the stomach. The vegetable kingdom gives us the best and safest remedial agents. Dr. Sherman devoted the greater part of his life to the discovery of this reliable and safe remedy, and all its ingredients are vegetable. He gave it the name of

Prickly Ash Bitters!

a name every one can remember, and to the present day nothing has been discovered that is so beneficial for the BLOOD, for the LIVER, for the KIDNEYS and for the STOMACH. This remedy is now so well and favorably known by all who have used it that arguments as to its merits are useless, and if others who require a corrective to the system would but give it a trial the health of this country would be vastly improved. Remember the name—PRICKLY ASH BITTERS. Ask your druggist for it.

PRICKLY ASH BITTERS CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC

TRADE MARK. THE ONLY TRUE

Will Purify the Blood, regulate the Liver and Kidneys and Restore the Health and Vigor of Youth. Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength and Tired Feeling absolutely cured. Bones, muscles and nerves receive new force. Enlivens the mind and supplies Brain Power. Suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex will find in DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC a safe and speedy cure. Gives a clear, healthy complexion. Frequent attempts at counterfeiting only add to the popularity of the original. Do not experiment—get the ORIGINAL and BEST.

LADIES

Dr. HARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS Cure Constipation, Liver Complaint and Sick Headache. Sample Dose and Dream Book mailed on receipt of two cents in postage.

Dr. HARTER MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

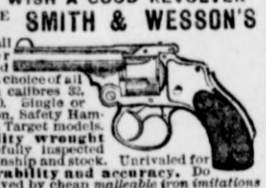
For Coughs and Colds

There is no Medicine like

DR. SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP.

It is pleasant to the taste and does not contain a particle of opium or anything injurious. It is the Best Cough Medicine in the World. For Sale by all Druggists. Price, $1.00 per bottle. Dr. Schenck's Book on Consumption and its Cure, mailed free. Address Dr. J. H. Schenck & Son, Philadelphia.

IF YOU WISH A GOOD REVOLVER PURCHASE ONE OF SMITH & WESSON'S



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Hold seven diplomas and two gold medals from Dallas and San Antonio Fairs. These colleges, at the Dallas Fair of 1889, received the five and only premiums competed for by Business Colleges. Write for fine illustrated Catalogue and Journal before deciding to go elsewhere. Address R. H. HILL, Prest., Waco or Dallas, Texas.

G 311. Cures in 1 TO 5 DAYS. Guaranteed not to cause Stricture. Manf'd only by the Evans Chemical Co. Cincinnati, Ohio. Trade Mark

I prescribe and fully endorse Big G as the only specific for the certain cure of this disease.

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We have sold Big G for many years, and it has given the best of satisfaction.

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OLD COINS WANTED

If you have any *plain dates* before 1871, send list. We pay from five cents to $1000 premium on hundreds of kinds. Enclose stamp for particulars. May mean a fortune to you. W. T. SKINNER, P. O. Box 3046, Boston, Mass.

STEREOPTICONS MCINTOSH Battery & Optical Co. CHICAGO, ILL. MAGIC LANTERNS.

A DOCTOR'S CONFESSION.

He Doesn't Take Much Medicine and Advises the Reporter Not to.

"Humbug! Of course it is. The so-called science of medicine is a humbug and has been from the time of Hypocrates to the present. Why the biggest crank in the Indian tribes is the medicine man."

"Very frank was the admission, especially so when it came from one of the biggest young physicians of the city, one whose practice is among the thousands, though he has been graduated but a few years," says the Buffalo *Courier*. "Very cozy was his office, too, with its cheerful grate fire, its Queen Anne furniture, and its many lounges and easy-chairs. He stirred the fire lazily, lighted a fresh cigar, and went on."

"Take the presciptions laid down in the books and what do you find? Poisons mainly, and nauseating stuffs that would make a healthy man an invalid. Why in the world science should go to poisons for its remedies I cannot tell, nor can I find any one who can."

"How does a doctor know the effect of his medicine?" he asked. "He calls, prescribes, and goes away. The only way to judge would be to stand over the bed and watch the patient. This cannot be done. So, really, I don't know how he is to tell what good or hurt he does. Sometime ago, you remember, the Boston *Globe* sent out a reporter with a stated set of symptoms. He went to eleven prominent physicians and brought back eleven different prescriptions. This just shows how much science there is in medicine."

There are local diseases of various characters for which nature provides positive remedies. They may not be included in the regular physician's list, perhaps, because of their simplicity, but the evidence of their curative power is beyond dispute. Kidney disease is cured by Warner's Safe Cure, a strictly herbal remedy. Thousands of persons, every year, write as does H. J. Gardiner, of Pontiac, R. I., August 7, 1890:

"A few years ago I suffered more than probably ever will be known outside of myself, with kidney and liver complaint. It is the old story—I visited doctor after doctor, but to no avail. I was at Newport and Dr. Blackman recommended Warner's Safe Cure. I commenced the use of it, and found relief immediately. Altogether I took three bottles and I truthfully state that it cured me."

Love in a cottage is lovely, but love in a flat is just to suite to last.

A Pleasing Sense

Of health and strength renewed and of ease and comfort follows the use of Syrup of Figs, as it acts in harmony with nature to effectually cleanse the system when costive or bilious. For sale in 50c and $1.00 bottles by all leading druggists.

Modesty always charms, if it just has some snap about it.

A man will tell a thing that he wouldn't have published for the world.

Why does this man stare so? He is simply listening to the marvelous cures effected by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery.

The following case illustrates:

February 14th, 1890.

WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.:

Gentlemen—A remarkable case has occurred in our territory. J. N. Berry, a man about thirty years of age, was going down rapidly. He tried physician after physician, patent medicines, home receipts—in fact, everything. He went to a noted sanitarium and returned no better. We all thought he was dying with consumption, and only a few weeks of life were left for him.

He commenced "Golden Medical Discovery," and at the same time commenced to mend. He has used about two dozen bottles, and is still using it. He has gained in weight, color and strength, and is able to do light work. It is just such a case as we should have listened to rather suspiciously, but when we see it we *must* believe it.

It has trebled our sales of "Golden Medical Discovery."

JOHN HACKETT & SON, Druggists, Roanoke, Ind.

In all bronchial, throat and lung affections, lingering coughs, spitting of blood, weak lungs and kindred ailments, the "Discovery" effects the most marvelous cures.

Dr. White's Dandelion Alterative. I find it the best remedy for Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Kidneys. It purifies the blood, makes the weak strong and gives to the old the vigor of youth.

DRINK LION COFFEE

A True Combination of MOCHA, JAVA and RIO.

Picture Card Given With every pound package. For Sale everywhere. Lion Coffee Co., Tulsa, O.

A REAL AIR-LINE RAILROAD.

Engineer Le Van's Proposed System of Pneumatic Trains.

From Philadelphia to New York in twenty minutes. That is what W. Barnet Le Van, the well known engineer of Philadelphia, proposes shall be one of the first accomplishments of the twentieth century. It is to be done by means of pneumatic tubes ten feet in diameter run in as near an air-line as possible between the two cities, the cars to be propelled by exhausting the air in front of them.

Mr. Le Van first enunciated his system in an address before the Franklin Institute in January, 1882, at which time it met the approbation and indorsement of the practical engineers of that body. Since that time Mr. Le Van has given much further thought to the matter, and developed the system into much more perfect shape.

The principle of pneumatic propulsion has long been in active operation in the transmission of packages and other materials. There is a pneumatic freight road in London which has been in successful operation for many years past. It shoots the cars five miles inside of seven minutes. A friend of Mr. Le Van, who took a trip over this road, said that the only inconvenient sensation was being in the darkness, which would, of course, be obviated in a passenger road. The pneumatic tubes which carry money and small packages through the big stores of the city are on the same principle as Mr. Le Van's proposed line to New York.

In describing his system recently Mr. Le Van said there should be two perfectly round tunnels between the cities, one for up trains and the other for down trains. They should be of brick, finished smooth on the inside and ten feet in diameter. This would be the case when the tunnel runs underground. In passing over rivers and cuts the tunnel would be of boiler iron or steel.

The cars would be cylindrical, made of steel and made to fit air tight in the tunnel by means of leather or rubber packing. Any number of cars could be used, as there would be no need for couplings on the train. In going down an incline the first car could not leave the train without creating a partial vacuum between it and the next car for the reason that each car has its packing between it and the tube. The plan for operating the road is to have stations located every five miles, at which would be placed large exhaust fans of precisely the same pattern as is used in drawing foul air from mines. These would withdraw the air in front of the trains and deliver it behind them, thus providing a double propelling power, both pulling and pushing.

"It would only take a pressure of one pound to the square inch," said Mr. Le Van, "to propel the cars at a rate of 150 miles an hour, and this could be easily attained. The distance from the public buildings in Philadelphia to the city hall in New York is eighty-one miles in an air line, and this could be covered in twenty minutes. There would be no necessity for trains to stop at any station unless it was so desired, for balance gates would be provided which would open automatically for through trains.

HUNGRY ELEPHANTS.

How They Gratify a Taste for Dainties on All Occasions.

One favorite food of the African elephant is the tender, juicy roots of the mimosa tree, which grows in scattered groups through most of the meadows and lowlands of central Africa.

When an elephant finds a young tree of this sort, it is not difficult, as a rule, for him to get at the roots, especially if the surrounding soil is moist and loose, as is often the case after it has been soaked by the heavy rainfalls of the tropics.

If the tree is loose, the elephant, knowing his strength, winds his trunk firmly round the tree, and plucks it from the earth, a feat which is no harder for him than the pulling up of a flower is for a child.

But the elephant does not stop here; experience has taught him the most comfortable way of enjoying his prize, so without relaxing his hold, he turns the tree completely over, and stands it with its upper branches thrust down into the place where the roots were. Then the earthy roots, now replacing the branches, remain within easy reach of the strong and deft trunk.

African travelers tell us of great tracts of country almost covered with these inverted trees. Seeing the dry trees turned upside down one would be more likely to think a wood had been reversed by some mischievous fairies, than to suppose hungry elephants had been feeding there.

Sometimes an elephant will find a tree which defies his greatest efforts, and absolutely refuses to be uprooted. But the elephant does not give it up. Not at all. He either brings another elephant to help him—a thing they often do when the work is too much for one—or, if he cannot find a friend, he sets his own wits to work. He makes use of his tusks as levers, thrusting them, as if they were crowbars, deep under the roots, and pries away slowly and steadily until the tree is loosened; and then with a great wrench he completely uproots it and it goes toppling over, leaving the elephant victorious.—Caryl D. Haskins, in November St. Nicholas.

What Ailed Him.

"Good evening, uncle."

"Ebenin'g, boss; ebening."

"How are you getting along?"

"Tol'ble, sah, tol'ble; gwine to go a leetle slow, case de roomatism got er grip in dese laigs er late."

"You are not quite as spry as you used to be?"

"No, I ain't dat."

"Where is your brother Sam?"

"Oh, he done dies out o' dis life two yeahs ergo, he did."

"Did he die in bed?"

"No, an' he didn't want to, neither; four er five men tried to mek him to do it, but dey couldn't hol' him dar, so dey couldn't."

"Why, what was the matter with him?"

"Well, de doctahs said ez how he had de hilarious trimens, but I guess it was de snaiks, an' dey wuz big ones, regular boa 'strictors, dey wuz. Yes, he had 'em large, mighty large, boss. Dey done got erway with him, dey did."

Caught.

"I think photography is very interesting," she said to a young man who is in that line.

"Yes, it is."

"I should like to have you make a picture of me."

"With pleasure."

"How would you prefer to take me?"

He looked at her with a face that showed deep thought and then replied, slowly, but in a firm voice, "For better or for worse, by all means."

All at the Fair Grounds.

She—Where do you suppose Goldsmith got his idea for his "Deserted Village?"

He—Probably he had visited a country town when a circus performance was in progress.

With Great Pleasure.

A paper refused lately to publish eulogiums, but added:

"We will publish the simple announcement of the death of any of our friends with pleasure."

Accommodating.

He—I hope you don't object to my smoking!

She—N—not in the least. That is—if you don't object to my being sick.

When a man insists upon reminding you that he is your friend, you may be sure he believes you are his enemy.

Vigorous Men and Women.

The vigorous are they who pay attention to the laws of health, of which one of the foremost is, Take care of your digestion. Should a temporary attack of the enemy, dyspepsia, surprise you, foil his subsequent assaults with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. From the stomach come the fundamental supplies which minister to vigor, and, thoroughly transmuted into blood actively circulated, are the maintenance of the system. Pallid in countenance, nervous, attenuated in figure, appetiteless, poor sleepers, are the dyspeptic. Reinforced and built up by the great stomachic, the wan and thin increase in color and bulk, appetite improves, nervous symptoms disappear, sleep grows tranquil and refreshing, and the intranquility of mind and despondency noticeable in invalids gives place to light heartedness, a capacity for the racy enjoyment of the good things of this life. Use the Bitters for malarial, bilious, rheumatic and kidney troubles.

A Texas town has an Alamo drug store. Look out, son, the Alamo had no survivors.

The Perils of Youth.

How few have any material sympathy for youth at that period when

"Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river meet,"

They are urged forward by Nature's stern decree to assume the powers and duties of manhood and womanhood. And yet this is the most critical point in the voyage of human life. Then it is that the danger of a shattered nervous system reaches its crisis and ignorance seizes its opportunity to plant the seed of future ill-health and misery. Then it is the quack secures his victim and his purse. This is the occasion when the hand of experience should take the hand of inexperience and guide its feet to the solid rock upon the farther shore. At the approach of puberty and during the first years of this new order of being, there are weakening tendencies that should be guarded against. A medicine that has the power to strengthen the various parts of the body and to regulate and give control to its various functions is essential at frequent intervals. Such medicine has the eminent Dr. John Bull of Louisville, Ky., given to the world. It is known as Dr. Bull's Sarsaparilla. Don't fail into the hands of quacks, but demand this remedy of your druggist. Take no other. It is exactly what is needed and will carry you safely through to strength and robust health.

Every man talks too much, but he does not realize it until the next day.

How's This?

We offer One Hundred Dollars reward for any case of catarrh that cannot be cured by taking Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO, Props., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions, and financially able to carry out any obligations made by their firm.

WEST & TRUAX, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

WALDIN, KINNAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

In examining the faults of our neighbors nearly all of us use a microscope.

Swedish Asthma Cure never fails. Send your address. Trial package mailed free. Collins Brothers' Drug Co., St. Louis, Mo.

The fox carries the bad news, while the turtle crawls with the good.

Delays are dangerous. Don't wait for your child to have an epileptic fit. Kill at once the worms that are making her feel so poorly by giving Dr. Bull's Worm Destroyers.

Passion united with principle makes great men.

SUMTER, SOUTH CAROLINA, June 2d, 1887. Dr. A. T. SHALLENBERGER, Rochester, Pa. *Dear Sir*:—I have been using your Antidote for Malaria in my family for several years. For more than a year I had chills, and was so low down that I had not strength to walk. Mr. Whomsley begged me to try the Antidote, and it cured me at once. I am now a strong, healthy man. We use no other medicine in the family, as we find it the quickest, safest, and also the cheapest. Yours very truly, SAMUEL CLARK.

Etta cut her etiquette when she ate peas with her knife.

The Favorite Line East

is the Union Pacific Ry., with their Vestibuled Train of Pullman Palace Cars, running daily between Denver and Chicago via Council Bluffs and The Chicago & North western Ry., without change. Free Reclining Chair and Dining Cars are run on all trains. Rates always as low as the lowest. Better time is made by this route than by any other. Tickets over the Union Pacific Ry. are on sale at all stations.

People call it backache and do nothing for it until the doctor is called and he pronounces it rheumatism. If they had used Salvation Oil in time the doctor's bill could have been saved.

Friends, like dollars, are easier to get than they are to keep.

"When the robins nest again," she said, "I suppose my cold will get well." So he felt very sad, but suddenly bethought him of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup. The cough was cured and those two were happy.

The goat makes a good butter because it churns its own milk.

Does Your Baby chafe easily? Lazell's "LY-CO-DINE" Nursery Powder positively CURES CHAFING. Send 25c. in stamps for large box. Sample Free. Lazell, Dalley & Co., Box 1378, New York.

The early bird worms its way through life.

A Sore Throat or Cough, if suffered to progress, often results in an incurable throat or lung trouble. "*Brown's Bronchial Troches*" give instant relief.

There is one gate with a patent that man cannot infringe—the eternal gate.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, for Children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. a bottle.

A Newark barber has lost his voice, and he is doing the largest business in town.

MANY people think that the word "Bitters" can be used only in connection with an intoxicating beverage. This is a mistake, as the best remedy for all diseases of the blood, liver, kidneys, etc., is Prickly Ash Bitters. It is purely a medicine and every article used in its manufacture is of vegetable origin of known curative qualities.

Fame has sold out to notoriety and patriotism is now pie.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The cat of nine lives is a screaming bundle of resurrections.

I have been an invalid since my sixteenth year, until five months ago, I began a use of Dr. Bull's Sarsaparilla. Now at the age of twenty-three I feel myself, for the first time in my life, a man filled with health and ambition. I want you to publish this, although I do not sign my true name.—*James Smith, Lexington, Ky.*

Teresa Tua, a young violinist, will make a Tua through this country next year. Good luck Tua.

Children always Enjoy It.

SCOTT'S EMULSION

of pure Cod Liver Oil with Hypophosphites of Lime and Soda is almost as palatable as milk. Children enjoy it rather than otherwise. A MARVELLOUS FLESH PRODUCER it is indeed, and the little lads and lassies who take cold easily, may be fortified against a cough that might prove serious, by taking Scott's Emulsion after their meals during the winter season.

Beware of substitutions and imitations.

MOTHERS' FRIEND MAKES CHILD BIRTH EASY IF USED BEFORE CONFINEMENT. BOOK TO "MOTHERS" MAILED FREE. BRADFIELD REGULATOR CO., ATLANTA, GA. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS.

BIRD MANNA

The Great Secret of the Harz Mountains, Germany. Canary Breeders of the world. Bird Manna will restore the song of Cage Birds, will prevent their ailments & keep them in good condition. It makes canaries sing even while shedding feathers." Sent by mail on receipt of 15 cts. Sold by all druggists. Directions free. Bird Food Co., 400 N. 3d St., Phila., Pa.

PERSONS DESIRING SITUATIONS May register their application free of registration fee by writing to us and enclosing this advertisement. Bureau Information, 600 Main St., Dallas, Tex.

FLORIDA FREE INFORMATION. Cheap homes for all. Send stamp for illustrated "Homeseeker." O. M. Crosby, 20 Franklin St. S. L.

VASELINE.

FOR ONE DOLLAR sent us by mail, we will deliver, free of all charges, to any person in the United States, all the following articles carefully packed in a neat box:

One two-ounce bottle of Pure Vaseline 10 cts.
One two-ounce bottle Vaseline Pomade 15 cts.
One jar of Vaseline Cold Cream..... 15 cts.
One cake of Vaseline Camphor Ice..... 10 cts.
One cake of Vaseline Soap, unscented.... 10 cts.
One cake of Vaseline Soap, scented..... 25 cts.
One two-ounce bottle of White Vaseline 25 cts.
—$1.10

Or for stamps any single article at the price.

If you have occasion to use Vaseline in any form be careful to accept only genuine goods put up by us in original packages. A great many druggists are trying to persuade buyers to take VASELINE put up by them. Never yield to such persuasion, as the article is an imitation without value, and will not give you the result you expect. A bottle of Blue Seal Vaseline is sold by all druggists at ten cents.

CHESEBROUGH M'f'g. Co., 24 State St., New York.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable. Price 25 Cents.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., NEW YORK.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

TAR-OID

A new method of compounding Tar. SURE CURE for PILES, SALT RHEUM and all Skin Diseases. Send 3 2c stamps for Free Sample with Book "79" Sold by all Druggists, and by TAR-OID CO., 73 Randolph St., Chicago. Price 50c. Meyer Bros. Drug Co., Agents, Dallas, Tex.

BORE WELLS! MAKE MONEY!

Our Well Machines are the most RELIABLE, DURABLE, SUCCESSFUL. They do MORE WORK and make GREATER PROFIT. They FINISH Wells where others FAIL! Any size, 2 inches to 44 inches diameter. Catalogue FREE!

LOOMIS & NYMAN, TIFFIN, - OHIO.

PENSIONS.

The Disability bill is a law. Soldiers disabled since the war are entitled. Widows who are dependent are included. Also Parents dependent today, whose sons died from effects of Army service. If you wish your claim speedily and successfully settled, address

JAMES TANNER, Late Commissioner of Pensions, Washington, D. C.

MEN YOUNG and OLD who are WEAK, NERVOUS and debilitated, suffering from Early Evil Habits, Nightly Emissions, Lost Manhood etc. send for BOOK OF LIFE with particulars for Home Cure. No Cure no Pay. Dr. PARKER, 553 N. Spruce St., Nashville, Tenn.

"Sanativo" CURED ME.

ARE YOU WEAK? If you suffer from LOST MANHOOD, NERVOUS DISEASES, OR LOSSES of any kind from EXCESSES, we will give you a FREE TRIAL of this WONDERFUL MEDICINE. WE GUARANTEE A CURE in every case. Write us to send you a FREE sample package sealed in plain wrapper with testimonials, explanations, directions and prices. MADRID CHEMICAL CO., 417 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

Home Decoration.

Our improved Novelty Rug Machine uses 2 needles; coarse needle for rugs, mittens, &c., and fine needle for zephyrs, or silk, on plush or velvet. Machines sent by mail for 1.10. Price list of Machines, rug patterns, fine embroidery, patterns on Muslin, yarns, zephyrs, plush, &c., sent free. Liberal terms to agents. E. ROSS & CO., Toledo, O.

MOTHERS Dr. Snyder's Kidney Balsam cures. Ensures BED-WETTING. Price $1 per package by mail. For sale by all druggists or at office. For circulars and testimonials address, with stamps, Dr. O. W. P. SNYDER, 248 State St., Chicago.

Ask your Druggist to order it for you.

OPIUM Habit, and diseases of the Nervous System generally, treated. Address Texas Sanitarium Co., Brownwood, Texas.

OPIUM and Whisky Habits cured at home without pain. Book of particulars sent FREE. B. M. WOOLLEY, M. D., Atlanta, Georgia. Office, 65½ Whitehall Street.

BAKER BROS, Nurserymen FORT WORTH, TEXAS. Save 50 per cent by buying direct from growers. Write for catalogue.

AGENTS WANTED For The Story of Man, by J. W. Bull, and Story of the Old West, by Buffalo Bill. Fast sellers, big terms and free territory. Canvassing outfit only $1.50. Address, A. P. POSTER & CO., Dallas, Texas.

FAT FOLKS Reduced 15 to 25 pounds per month by harmless herbal remedies. No starving, no inconvenience. Consultation free. Send 6c. for circulars and testimonials. Address, DR. O. W. P. SNYDER, 248 State St., Chicago, Ill.

ASTHMA CURED. FREE A trial package by mail to sufferers. Dr. R. SCHIFFMAN, St. Paul, Minn.

MEN WEAK from Nervous Debility, Vital Wasting etc. Send for my free Book of Remedies and cure yourselves at home. Dr. J. Rennert, 41 S. Clark st., Chicago

LADIES can have smaller feet. Solid comfort. Pamphlet free. Sample pkg., 10c. The Pedine Co., New York.

YOUNG MEN Learn Telegraphy and Railroad Agent's Business, are secure good situations. Write J. D. BROWN, Sedalia, Mo.

W. N. U. DALLAS. 47-90

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. HAZELTINE, Warren, Pa.

"Thrift is a good revenue."

Great Savings results from cleanliness and SAPOLIO:

It is a solid cake of scouring soap. Try it in your next house-cleaning and be happy.

CHEAP COMFORT

Can be secured by the small investment in one cake of SAPOLIO when you have a house or kitchen to clean. From the paint to the pots and pans, and including the windows and floors, it is the very best labor-saving soap for scouring and cleaning. All Grocers sell it.

Ely's Cream Balm for CATARRH THE POSITIVE CURE.

THE - STAR - LAND - COMPANY.

Baird, Texas.

Property Advertised FREE OF CHARGE.

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

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.

FOR SALE--640 acres of land. Section 309, one mile south of PUTNAM. Fine grazing and farming land. Terms,one-fourth cash, balance on six years time. Price $3.00 per acre.

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. Smallfarm 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

FOR SALE--140 acres of land at Belle Plaine 40 acres in fine state of cultivation; good orchard, house with 6 rooms and outbuildings; 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.

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 50 barrel cistern, well of unexhaustable water. Private water works. This is one of the best bargains in Callahan county.

Address all communications to E. E. SOLOMON, Baird, Texas.

THE PALACE SALOON,

J. B SEAY, PROPRIETOR.

FINEST WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS IN BAIRD.

MAX' CHOP HOUSE AND RESTAURANT.

Open day and night. | Front Street. | The best the market affords.

Will M. Buell,

HOUSE, - SIGN - AND - CARRIAGE - PAINTING.

All work done with neatness and dispatch. 1lt

THE WHITLEY HOUSE

W. C. WHITLEY, Proprietor.

The table supplied with the best the market affords. Board and lodging. Rates reasonable

Dean & McFarlane,

—Dealers in—

Staple and Fancy Groceries.

MARKET STREET, BAIRD, TEX.

MILLINERY.

Th ladies of Baird and surrounding country when in need of Millinery, from the finest and most costly articles down to the very cheapest goods, call on Mrs. Annie Cunningham and examine her superb stock. Latest Styles in Hats, Bonnets, etc. All the latest Novelties.

Stock will be fully kept up during the season.

MRS. ANNIE CUNNINGHAM.

OLIVER'S MEAT MARKET.

L. O. [illegible], PROPRIETOR.

Fresh meats of all kinds always on hand. Give me a call when you want good meats.

Market street, one door south of Ph. Schwartz.

(4) WEAR

Brown-Desnoyers SHOE CO.'S

—FOR SALE BY—

T. E. POWELL,

BAIRD, - - TEXAS

Mr Geo. B. Ely has at hand an elegant, complete, and finely illustrated Catalogue of jewelry, silverware, etc. and invites the people to call and look through the pages, and if they need or expect to need anything in those lines, place their order at city home enterprise.

DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC

TRADE MARK.

THE ONLY TRUE

Will Purify the Blood; regulate the Liver and Kidneys and Restore the Health and Vigor of Youth. Dyspepsia, Want of Appetite, Indigestion, Lack of Strength and Tired Feeling absolutely cured. Bones, muscles and nerves receive new force. Enlivens the mind and supplies Brain Power.

LADIES Suffering from complaints peculiar to their sex will find in DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC a safe and speedy cure. Gives a clear, healthy complexion. Frequent attempts at counterfeiting only add to the popularity of the original. Do not experiment—get the ORIGINAL and BEST.

(Dr. HARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS Cure Constipation, Liver Complaint and Sick Headache. Sample Dose and Treatise Book mailed on receipt of two cents in postage.)

Dr. HARTER MEDICINE CO., St. Louis, Mo.

8 **Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy.**

Shiloh's Catarrh Remedy, a marvelous cure for Catarrh, Diptheria, Canker Mouth, and Head-Ache. With each bottle there is an ingenious Nasal Injector for the more successful treatment of these complaints without extra charge. Price 50 cents. Sold by R. Phillips. 46m9

THE FIGURE "9"

The figure 9 in our dates will make a 1 on stay. No man or women now living will ever date a document without using the figure 9. It stands in the third place in 1899, where it will remain ten years and then move up to the second place in 1900, where it will rest for one hundred years

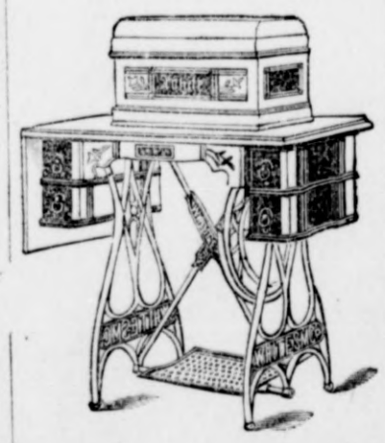
There is another "9" which has also come to stay. It is unlike the figure 9 in our dates in the respect that it has alredy moved up to first place, where it will permanently remain. It is called the "No. 9" High Arm Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine.

The "No. 9" was endorsed for first place by the experts of Europe at the Paris Exposition of 1890, where, after a severe contsent with the leading machines of the world, it was awarded the only Grand Prize given to family sewing machines, all others on exhibit having recieved lower awards of gold medals, etc. The French Government also recognized its superiority by the decoration of Mr. Nathaniel Wheeler, President of the company, with the Cross of the Legion of Honor.

The "No. 9" is not an old machine improved upon, but is an entirely new machine, and the Grand Prize at Paris was awarded it as the grandest advance in sewing machine mechanism of the age. Those who buy it can rest assured, therefore, of having the very latest and best.

For sale by FOY & RICHARDSON.

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.,
CLEVELAND, OHIO.

FOR SALE BY

MOON & CROWDER,

BAIRD, TEXAS. 46-6m

5 **Dyspepsia and Liver Complaint.**

Is it not worth the small price of 75 cents to free yourself of every symptom of the distressing complaints if you think so call at our store get a bottle of Shiloh's Vitalizer. Every bottle has a printed guarantee on it, use accordingly, and if does you no good it will cost you nothing. Sold by R. Phillips. 46m9

Texas & Pacific Ry

The great popular route between

THE EAST AND THE WEST

Short line to New Orleans and all points in

LOUISIANA, NEW MEXICO,
ARIZONA, CALIFORNIA.

Fovorite line to the North, East and Southwest.

PULLMAN PALACE SLEEPING Cars Daily Between

ST. LOUIS, DALLAS, FT. WORTH, EL PASO, SAN FRANCISCO, MARSHALL and NEW ORLEANS.

WITHOUT CHANGE.

Fast trains from El Paso to St. Louis.

Fast time, first-class equipment, sure connection.

See that your tickets read via Texas and Pacific railway. For maps, time tables, tickets, rates and all required information, call on or address any of the ticket agents or

JNO. A. GRANT,
General Manager.
B. W. McCULLOUGH,
Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agt.
Dallas, Texas.

Who Wants a Wagon?

Driskill & Norton, the grocers, have added a new feature to their business. They now represent the manufacturers of the celebrated GESTRING WAGON, and are ready to supply the public. See them before buying a wagon; they can save you from ten to fifteen dollars and every wagon is guaranteed. 48.

How I Was Cured of So-Called Cancer.

LULATON, GA.

DEAR SIR—This is to certify that I was a sufferer with a place on my under lip for fourteen years, and was under treatment of different physicians, but they done me no good. I then went to a doctor living in Florida, who treated them by art. After going to him it got well apparently, for a while, but returned as bad as ever. I then concluded to try P. P. P. (Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium) and after taking five bottles (pint size) was cured. I also find it to be a good medicine to give a good appetite and to give proper digestion.

Yours truly,
L. J. STRICKLAND.

Baird Drug Co. 48.

STONE MASON.

If you want a cistern dug or a chimney built, write to J. J. Preston, Belle Plain. No smoky chimneys. All work guaranteed. Leave orders at THE STAR office. 15-tf.

1 **Merit Wins.**

We desire to say to our citizens, that for years we have been selling Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Dr. King's New Life Pills, Bucklen's Arnica Salve and Electric Bitters, and have never handled remedies that sell as well, or that have given such universal satisfaction. We do not hesitate to guarantee them every time, and we stand ready to refund the purchase price, if satisfactory results do not follow their use. These remedies have won their great popularity purely on their merit. Baird Drug Co's.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

THE BEST SALVE in the world for Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands, Chilblains Corns, and all Skin Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction, or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. FOR SALE BY Baird Drug Co.

Best ladies shoes in Baird at Moon & Crowder's. 47

LIPPMAN'S PYRAFUGE,

A SURE CURE FOR CHILLS & FEVER, DUMB AGUE & MALARIA.

LIPPMAN BROS., Wholesale Druggists,
Sole Proprietors, Lippman's Block, Savannah, Ga.

A Spring Medicine FOR TIRED MAN AND WOMAN.

P. P. P. will purify and vitalize your blood, create a good appetite and give your whole system tone and strength.

A prominent railroad superintendent at Savannah, suffering with Malaria, Dyspepsia, and Rheumatism says: "After taking P. P. P. he never felt so well in his life, and feels as if he could live forever, if he could always get P. P. P."

If you are tired out from over-work and close confinement, take

P. P. P.

If you are feeling badly in the spring and out of sorts, take

P. P. P.

If your digestive organs need toning up, take

P. P. P.

If you suffer with headache, indigestion, debility and weakness, take

P. P. P.

If you suffer with nervous prostration, nerves unstrung and a general let down of the system, take

P. P. P.

For Blood Poison, Rheumatism, Scrofula, Old Sores, Malaria, Chronic Female Complaints, take

P. P. P.

Prickly Ash, Poke Root and Potassium.

The best blood purifier in the world.

LIPPMAN BROS., Wholesale Druggists,
Sole Proprietors,
LIPPMAN'S BLOCK, Savannah, Ga.

Sold by Baird Drug Co.

Just received a supply of the new crop of Louisiana molasses. Try it Yonge & McDermett. 46 tf.

One of the handsomest lots of Ladies' Cloaks ever brought to Baird can be seen only at Schwartz.' We respectfully ask all to call and examine same. We can please the most fastidious. Ph. Swartz & Bro.

48

To The Public.

Beginning Nov. 1st., I shall give a course of instruction in the French and German languages. Terms reasonable.

46 4t. pd. F. Weisen.

ESTRAYED.

ESTRAYED before E. K. Kane, Justice Peace, Callahan county, October, 21 1890, by J. H. Clifford.—

One brown pony mare, about 10 years old, about 14 hands high, blind in right eye, scar on right foreleg, branded A [with bar under] on right shoulder.

One dark brown or black mare mule, one year old past, not branded.

47 4t I. N. JACKSON, Co. Clerk.

4 **Oh, What a Cough.**

Will you heed the warning. The signal perhaps of the sure approach of that more terrible disease, Consumption. Ask yourselves if you can afford for the sake of saving 50 cents to run the risk and do nothing for it. We know from experience that Shiloh's Cure will cure your Cough. It never fails. This explains why more than 3 Million Bottles were sold the past year It relieves Croup and Whooping Cough at once. Mothers, do not be without it. For Lame back, Side or Chest use Shiloh's Porous Plaster. Sold by R. Phillips. 46m9

6 We have a speedy and positive cure for Catarrh Diphtheria, Canker Mouth, and Head-Ache in SHILOH'S CATARRH REMEDY. A Nasal Injector free with each bottle. Use it if you desire health and sweet breath Price 50 cents. Sold by R. Phillips. 46m

2 **Answer This Question.**

Why do so many people we see around us seem to prefer to suffer and be made miserable by indigestion, Constipation, Dizziness, Loss of Appetite, Coming up of the food, Yellow Skin, when for 75 cents we will sell them Shiloh's system Vitalizer, guaranteed to cure them. Sold by R Phillips. 46m

1 **Shiloh's Consumption Cure.**

This is beyond question the most successful Cough Medicine we have ever sold, a few doses invariably cures the worst cases of cough, croup and bronchitis, while its wonderful success in the cure of consumption is without a parallel in the history of medicine. Since its first discovery it has been sold on a guarantee, a test which no other medicine can stand. If you have a cough we earnestly ask you to try it. Price 10 cents, 50 cents, and $1 00. If your lungs are sore, chest or back lame, use Shiloh' Porous Plaster. Sold by R. Phillips 46m9

ABBOTT'S EAST INDIAN CORN PAIN

REMOVES CORNS BUNIONS WARTS SPEEDILY AND WITHOUT PAIN.

LIPPMAN BROS. Druggists Sole Agents SAVANNAH, GA.

Fraser's Dandruff Cure.

It is perfectly harmless, and a cure is GUARANTEED in every case, where directions are followed. Please remember this.

For Sale by Baird Drug Co.,

Baird, Tex.