

There's No Use

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

The Star Job Office.

The



Star.

Money to Lend

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

B. L. RUSSELL
at First National Bank

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

VOL. 21.

BAIRD, CALLAHAN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, MARCH 6, 1908. NO. 14



Our Spring Goods



Are beginning to arrive now. Just a few days more and we will be ready to show you the snappiest line of Spring and Summer Goods that will be shown in Baird this season. This isn't idle talk. Many years continuous buying has taught us how to buy goods that sell and give satisfaction, and this season we are better prepared than ever to serve you. It will pay you to buy your goods in Baird this year and it pays to buy from us.

B. L. BOYDSTUN
DRY GOODS AND GROCERY DEALER
BAIRD, TEXAS.

VIGO Happenings.

B. F. Wathen, of Dallas, was in the city on business a few days ago, seeing about the new depot and about moving the section house.

J. M. Crow, of Loraine, has been appointed postmaster at Vigo.

Jim Houston is putting in a general merchandise store at Vigo.

We understand that the Railroad Company will begin the erection of a depot at Vigo as soon as they can get the material and the ground. An agent has already been appointed.

Joseph Leake, a carpenter from Cisco, has located at Vigo and is now erecting a general merchandise store.

Cody Henderson, of Baird, has located at Vigo.

Harry Ebert has purchased land at Vigo and will move here.

Dixon's Sermons.

Read Dixon's sermons published in THE STAR every week. He ranks among the ablest preachers in the United States.

Correspondents Wanted.

We want a good, live correspondent at Clyde, Putnam, Oplin and Cross Plains. Send us the local news, somebody. This invitation is to every community in the county.

Lee McCammon of Clyde was in town Monday.

EAGLE COVE LOCALS.

March 2.—As there has been nothing said of this place in quite a while we will tell you that March winds have arrived and much to our surprise have brought corn planting this way and most every farmer has his land well prepared for planting.

Our immediate neighborhood has few cases of lagrippe and colds.

If we could get a week's continuous rain after this last month of sand in the air it would put new life in the wheat and oats and would stop so much calamity howling. We are confident that our friend R. G. Cook could get a good clean shave for 15 cts.

Cliff Mercer has sold his farm near Eagle Cove to Charley Brown, of Jones county. Cliff will soon make a tour of Southern Texas and will visit the Alamo City before he returns.

One day last week while plowing on his farm near this place N. N. Laudermilk plowed up a silver dollar dated 1770. Search the spot good, Ned. there may be others.

L. P. Laudermilk made a trip to Abilene on the first.

Leonard Farmer planted his onions and potatoes together last week so if the onions get in the potatoes eyes there will be tears enough to keep the ground moist.

R. G. Cook and Lewis Laudermilk flew away to the creek to try to lure the finny tribe their way. They report a good catch.

J. G. Ramsey was on the street

Saturday after a few days illness.

Mr. T. A. Harrison and family visited Mrs. Harrison's father, Mr. D. A. Walden near Tecumseh Saturday and Sunday.

Mrs. John Taylor, Mrs. Ida Reynolds and Mrs. Lucy Kendrick visited their parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. O'Keefe Sunday.

Hezzie Miller says he is going to stay in this town and take care of his father in his old days. Mighty nice of you "Dock" "Dock" is a clever fellow and we all like him. He draws a pension that is three meals a day and downs a double six.

Here is to the Editor, and here is to THE STAR and the printer who will do the rest. ROCKY RIVER.

Subscription Accounts.

We are mailing out accounts to all who are in arrears on subscription. Very likely some errors will be made but if you know your account is not correct don't get angry, but notify us at once. Remember that it is hard to keep small accounts with over nine hundred people without making some mistakes. Whatever is done must be done quickly. On April 1st every person shown by the books to be one year or more in arrears will have their paper stopped. That is the law. We have bought a new mailing outfit, but names will not be set in new type until list is revised which will be on April 1st. Look at date on your paper; it shows when your time is out. Subscription to THE STAR has always been due in advance, but from now on the rule must be complied

WHEN IN DOUBT BUY OF BOYLES

We have the most complete line of Hardware, Buggies and Sporting Goods in Baird.

All kinds of Carpenters Tools, such as Diston Saws, Maydale Hammers, Bailey Planes, Squares, Rules, Pencils, Hatchets, Chisels, Auger Bits, Braces, Etc.

BUILDERS HARDWARE

Locks, Hinges, Nails, Screens, Spring Hinges, Door Catches, Screen Wire, Poultry Netting, Staples, Cupboard Catches, Carpenters Chalk, Etc.

SEASONABLE GOODS

Such as Gasoline Stoves and Ovens, Refrigerators, Ice Cream, Freezers, Rubber Hose, and a full line of Garden Tools, consisting of Hoes, Rakes, Spades, Spading Forks, Grub Hoes, Garden Plows, Etc.

"BOYLES MAKES THE PRICE"

Our line fishing tackle is immense. See our line of Buggies.

C. S. BOYLES

with. The credit business is dead at the Star office.

Rev. John P. Hardesty, of Clyde, in the city looking after the publication of his paper, the Missionary Banner, and attending the revival at the Methodist Church.

Business Changes.

George Clements has sold his interest in the firm of Clements & Price, grocers, to J. C. Trulove.

Ed Summers has bought an interest in the Gin & Light Plant from Virgil Jones; P. H. Crook is manager, assisted by Ed Summers.

ANARCHIST AFTER SHIPPY

Individual Attacks Official and Son at Residence.

ASSAILANT SHOT TO DEATH

Party Goes into Room Where Head of Chicago Police Department and His Boy Were Alone, Being Both Foiled and Losing His Life.

Chicago, March 2.—An unsuccessful attempt was made to assassinate Chief of Police Shippy at his residence Monday morning. A man entered the Shippy home, going into a room where the chief and Harry, his son, were alone. The man handed the chief a letter, which the official opened and began to read. Almost immediately the visitor drew a revolver and fired at Harry Shippy. The boy fell, badly wounded, to the floor and his father grappled with the assailant. James Foley, a servant, attracted by the shooting, rushed to his employer's aid. As the servant entered the room the anarchist broke from the chief's grasp, aimed at and shot Foley twice. Again the chief closed with the man, and the latter turned on him with a knife. Shippy attempted to grasp the weapon and received a deep cut on a hand. The police official then succeeded in reaching his own revolver, and poured shot after shot into the would-be assassin's body. Every bullet took effect, and the anarchist fell to the floor dead.

The attack on the chief is believed to have been inspired by the recent activity of the Chicago police, following the killing of the Rev. Leo Heinrichs, the Roman Catholic priest, who was shot by an anarchist at Denver.

News of the shooting in Chief Shippy's home reached the police department when a request was sent to nearby station for an ambulance. Every available detective in the city was placed upon the case.

The man was identified as a man named Lazarus Averbuch, who for the last three weeks has lived at 218 Wash avenue on the west side of the city. His identification was established through his sister, who was taken to the undertaking rooms.

Averbuch was twenty-two years old, and occupied rooms at the above address with his sister, Olga. He was a Russian student. He came to America three months ago from Austria, to which country he fled two years ago following the massacre of Jews in Kishiney, Russia, where his home had been previously.

His plans to kill Chief Shippey are believed to have been formed as a direct result of the latter's interference with a parade of unemployed men through the city several weeks ago. Averbuch had been employed recently by a produce commission firm.

MUCH MONEY STOLEN.

Bank Is Robbed of Three Hundred Thousand Dollars.

El Paso, Tex., March 3.—A telegram received from Chihuahua, Mex., says that the Banco de Minerio, owned by Ambassador Creel, has been robbed of \$300,000 in Mexican money. No particulars have yet been learned. Officers here, however, have been asked to watch the border closely.

The bank notes taken are in denominations of \$1,000, \$100, \$50 and \$10. A telegram from Governor Creel of Chihuahua was received by Chief Ponce of Jarez Monday afternoon, stating that a liberal reward had been offered for the capture of the bank robbers, and asked that the United States immigration authorities be requested to keep a lookout for suspicious characters, and for bills of the denominations missing. The immigration authorities here have issued instructions to their border riders and to officials at the stations along the line to keep a lookout for the missing bills.

BISHOP DUNCAN DIES.

Noted Southern Methodist Divine Crosses the River of Death.

Spartanburg, S. C., March 2.—Bishop W. W. Duncan of the Methodist Episcopal church, South, after an illness of some months, departed this life at an early hour Monday morning.

Bishop Duncan, who was one of the most eminent divines in the south, was born at Randolph-Macon college in Virginia, Dec. 27, 1839. He succeeded his brother as president of the college. While holding that position he was elected bishop.

CURRY'S AWFUL CRIME.

Kills Wife and Sister-in-Law, Firing Nine Loads Into Former.

Bristow, Okla., March 3.—In a family quarrel John Curry, living south of Bristow, shot and killed his wife and the wife of his brother, then fled. Officers and posse of citizens start in pursuit. Curry fired nine loads of buckshot into his wife's body.

SHERIFF PUT NEXT.

Fifty Men Go After Two Negroes, but They Were Spirited Away.

Livingston, Tex., March 3.—Fifty

men came out on a special train Sunday night from Knox Mills to secure the two negroes, Tom Miles and John Adair, charged with the murder of Gus Williams on Saturday night. Sheriff Chapman had, however, been put next, and was rushing his prisoners to Lufkin when the mob arrived.

Insect Bite Causes Death.

Denver, Feb. 29.—Gordon Phaurber died here from an insect bite received nine years ago in the Philippines.

Near Beaumont, Tex., M. A. Johnson was hit by a train and killed.

See McGowen Bros. for groceries.

Go to Hammans Bros. for your school tablets. 38

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

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

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

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

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

ESTRAY NOTICE.

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

Given under my hand and seal of office, this the 11th day of Feby. 1908. GEO. B. SCOTT, 1-4 Clk. Co. Court Callahan, Co.

The Good One Eilers Big Production

King of the Cattle Ring

A Western Melodrama in Five Acts by Hal Reid in a Special built tent

30 PEOPLE 30

Band and Orchestra

16 Acting Parts
14 Musicians

Calcium and Mechanical Effects—Up-to-date Specialties & Stage settings—Elegant costumes—traveling in 2 pull man cars.

Baird, Mar. 7th

ONE NIGHT ONLY

Curtain Rises Promptly at 8 O'clock

THE WILLIAMSON HAFFNER CO.
ENGRAVERS OUR PRINTERS
CUTS TALK
DENVER, COLO.

ADVERTISED LETTERS.

The following is a list of letters remaining unclaimed in the P. O. at Baird Texas, for the week ending Feb. 16 1908. Parties calling for same please say advertised.

J. V. McMANIS, P. M.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

THE STATE OF TEXAS COUNTY OF CALLAHAN. Estrayed by Worth Williams, Commissioner of Precinct No 2, Callahan County: One small bay Filley, star in face. No brands.

The owner of said stock is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges and take the same away, or it will be dealt with as the law directs.

Given under my hand and seal of office, this 20th day of Feby. 1908. 12-4 GEO. B. SCOTT, Clk. County Court Callahan County.

\$50.00 Reward.

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

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

Go to McGowen Bros. for groceries

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

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

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

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

Checks or Cash.

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

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

EILER'S BIG SHOW.

W. A. Eiler's presents "Ralph R. Riedarson in a new sensational five act western play, written expressly for him by the well known author, Hal Reid, entitled "King of the Cattle Ring" It is a charming story of love and adventure. The scenes are laid in the mining regions of the golden west, the play is rich in pathos and fairly bubbling over with fun, mirth and merriment. The members of the supporting company have been selected from the very best material which the dramatic market affords, and during the action of the play a number of pleasing specialties will be introduced. The scenery and all accessories are appropriate and abundant, and nothing has been neglected which may have a tendency to insure the success of the play. "The King of the Cattle Ring" will be presented at Baird on Mar. 7, 1908 under a big tent.

CLUBBING RATES.

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

BIDS WANTED.

The Commissioners' Court will receive bids at April Term (April 20, 1908) for painting Court House and Jail. See specifications with County Judge. 13

EUPION OIL

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

J. C. Jones
Clement & Price

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

WATERS-PIERCE OIL CO.,
Dallas, Texas.

Austin & Gray,

HARDWARE
AND
FURNITURE

See us for Everything in the Hardware and Furniture Line.

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

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

NEW MEAT MARKET

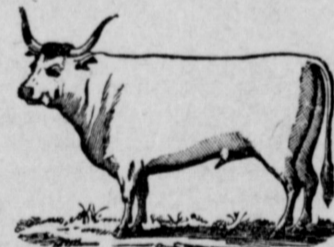
JIM JONES, Proprietor

Maxwell Building

Beef, Pork, Lard and Sausage

PHONE 144

Free Delivery to all Parts of the City.



See Powell & Powell for Wall Paper. 10.tf

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

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

Alice Roosevelt's Wedding. was something to be recorded in the annals of history. Herbine has been acknowledged the greatest of liver regulators. A positive cure for Bilious headaches, Constipation, Chills and Fever, and all liver complaints. J. C. Smith, Little Rock, Ark., writes, "Herbine is the greatest liver medicine known. Have used it for years. It does the work." Sold by Powell & Powell.

NOTICE.

I will pay \$50 reward for the arrest and conviction of any person or persons found guilty of stealing any horses, mules or cattle belonging to any citizen of Callahan County. 2-tf T. A. IRVIN, Sheriff.

PAY UP.

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

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

HIDES WANTED.

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

THE IRON WAY

A TALE OF THE BUILDERS OF THE WEST.

BY SARAH POIT CARP

COPYRIGHT, 1911
L. C. & C. CHICAGO



ILLUSTRATIONS BY ART WILLIAMS

give way. Why doesn't he come in spite of Charley Crocker and claim his dance like a man?"

"But he must stay if Mr. Crocker wishes," she said, her lips defending, her heart sore.

"Do you suppose 50 Charley Crocker or railroad jobs would keep me from a promise to you?" Gideon asked vehemently.

Something in Stella's passionate heart responded for a moment to Gideon's lawless flame, though deep in her soul she knew that she more honored Alfred's devotion to duty.

"Anyway, I'd think you would be ashamed to let him see so plainly that you love him. Men don't care for girls that fling themselves openly. They despise 'em."

Stung as by a lash, Stella rose, and without a word stepped out on the floor with Gideon. In any garb he was a striking figure. To-night his faultless dress enhanced his Spanish grace and joy softened his dark, inscrutable face. Since childhood the two had danced together. Even in the grim desert station Stella's father had often yielded to their coaxing and tuned their measures on his old violin.

She saw Alfred enter and pause suddenly in the doorway as Gideon whirled her on toward him. She caught the frank adoration in Alfred's eye as it rested on her and the gleam of almost savage hostility as his gaze shifted for an instant to Gideon. Her heart leaped with quick relief. Gideon did not know. Alfred did love her, did not despise her, would—

"Take me to my seat! Hurry, Gideon! I—"

The music stopped suddenly. Alfred was standing by Sally B., who was speaking. An unusual, solemn gentleness in her voice recalled Stella to her surroundings. Mrs. Sackett was dead! What did the people wish done with the money so generously given for her that night? Sally B. paused an instant, then went on a little unsteadily: "Will you have this you've paid in here go for the poor woman's debts, an'—an'—for the buryin'?"

Assent was quiet but hearty. They did not move at once. Each spoke a few sympathetic words to his neighbor.

There was no more jollity. Admiring young eyes, regretful in the face of tragedy for the early close of their rare festival, watched as a sacred rite the unstringing and boxing of the instruments. Subdued, the people rose, the less bashful to clasp Sally B.'s hand in farewell, others wishing enviously for courage to do the same, yet passing out without venturing the conspicuous courtesy.

Soon all had stepped into the starry night; and the house slipped from merry-making to dreamland.

CHAPTER XV.

"Tis Eut Thy Name That Is My Enemy."

Alfred did not leave the dining room, but seated himself in the screened niche that had hidden the water cooler from the general gaze. He was glad to be out of the light, even the mild light of sputtering candles. He wished to think, to live over again some of the moments of the night. But the bustle of belated dancers and Sally B.'s hasty orders for his supper annoyed him, till Stella's voice was added to the hubbub, and he found himself straining to catch her every word.

"It's most ready, Stella," he heard Sally B. say as a soft step came nearer. "Everybody's gone, and—look out for yer silk trill! I've set a table in among them greens where you an' him play-acted; but the screen's in front so's nobody can see in the winder."

"How dear you are!" he heard Stella reply.

"Huh! It's Yic that's dear. You bet Al Vincent's the only feller Yic'd make a kitchen fire for at three in the mornin'. Yic's stuck on Al; says he's 'all samee red button Chinaman.'"

Stella made a light movement before she spoke again. "Oh, what nice things to eat, and linen napkins, hem-stitched! And china! Where did you find it all?"

"Oh, them's some bits of high life I've kep' hid fur a spell. You kin make the tea soon's the water biles; an' take in the tray. I'm dead tired. Good-night."

"Oh, Mrs. Sally, you're going to stay, too, aren't you?"

"Lawsy! You don't want me. An' I want 40 waks fore sunup."

Alfred blessed her understanding heart.

"You're so good to me," Stella said, and the swish of her silken skirt as she crossed to Sally B. reached Alfred's ear.

"Shucks! Good for nuthin'! I ben young myself onct."

An instance of silence followed, an audible kiss and Sally B. tramped out of the room by a side door, while Stella descended to the kitchen.

Alfred was grateful for the stillness, glad that, for the moment, even Stella was unaware of his nearness. He would not speak till there was no danger of interruption.

Yic Wah came in and put out all the lights save the one in the screened corner of the stage. Alfred heard him leave the room and pass through the kitchen, giving Stella an elaborate good-night before he shut and locked the outer door.

With the grating of the key and the assurance of no further intruding, Alfred slipped from the actual, the so-called, into the love-land his Romeo's dress recalled. The darkness was welcome. Not even yet would he call Stella. For a moment he would dream.

No need of lamp or candle; the splendence of his visions illumined him. The song in his heart throbbed melodiously on, it seemed for hours; yet it was only minutes, and but a few, when the rustle of skirts and a second light appearing behind the screen aroused him. The rustling went and came again, and a faint tinkle of china struck his ear. Then he heard his name!

"Mr. Vincent!" softly; and after a breath, hesitatingly, "Romeo."

Alfred sprang out of his nook, but did not speak. There she stood, above him on the high stage, the light from behind the screen flaring sidewise upon her; next him the cheek he had longed to kiss in the play, but did not. A little pale she was now, yet so fair and sweet! Her lips were apart, her hand lifted as if to catch the sound of his coming. How beautiful she was! How sweet and womanly! And in the lonely darkness how near and intimate—his own! his own!

She leaned forward a little, her draperies flowing softly about her feet behind the graceful stage-edging of fir tips, her dear, wistful eyes peering into the gloom. He knew she thought him out there somewhere in the dark; hungry, weary, waiting for her. He was not hungry, he was not weary; but he needed her—she little knew how he needed her. And no matter how far asunder lay their future, to-night he would have her, love her, accept the service of those dear hands.

Impulsively she called again: "Oh, Romeo, Romeo, won't you come?"

The tender voice with the heart-ache in it thrilled him, chided his silence; startled him with apprehension also, lest the association of the name lead her to say those other too true words:

"Tis but thy name that is my enemy."

It should be her enemy no longer! "Here I am Stella—sweetheart." He whispered the last word as he caught her down-reached hand and sprang up beside her.

As in a baby's face fresh-waked from sleep, the warm color swept up, rose-tipped cheek and lip, veined the white lids and paled off to the softly waving hair. Her eyes opened wide, frank and joy-flooded as a child's. She turned to him. Doubts and questions fled. He was there! He called her "Sweetheart!"

In the sheltered, spicy nook behind the screen, prudence, business, duty, all slept forgotten, while a nameless youth pledged life-long love and devotion to a dowdier, homeless, unworldly woman.

It was Stella, remembering his long fast, who cut short the precious moments and lured Alfred from his love's empyrean summits to his daily bread. She rearranged the dishes and went to the kitchen to make fresh tea, he following that no dear breath of her should be lost to him. Back to the table again they went, stepping lightly that they might wake no ear above; whispering, with gay little laughs suppressed with difficulty, lest eaves-dropping walls might hear and tell. Radiantly garbed, glowing, together they ate, the food ambrosia, the sequestered scene a rite, a pledge, prefiguring a home to be.

"I've known all the time I oughtn't to love you, still less ought I to win your love; yet—yet—oh, Stella, I couldn't help it!" said Alfred.

She regarded him earnestly, pityingly, a moment, her heart in her tender eyes; but he did not look up till she spoke. "Tell me, is it—Is it any fault

of your own that— She did not finish, but he understood.

"No." He paused uncertainly. "No, and yes. I cannot tell you freely—it is not all my secret. I am suffering for another's wrongdoing, yet I caused him to commit that wrong, unwittingly.—God knows, unwittingly!" The last words were vehement; and he looked, not at Stella, but away, as if he addressed another auditor.

She slipped to her knees beside him, her clasped hands against his breast, her gaze probing his soul.

"Dear heart, suppose I were your sister and her lover were in your place would you not have her say, as I am saying, 'All my heart, my trust, my life, are yours, now and always?'"

Alfred lifted his head. Her fervent words beat back his fears. He took her hands in his own, steadily giving her look for look, his eyes reverently reading the soul she laid bare. "On my honor, Stella, yes; though I should pity her for the long, dreary waiting ahead of her."

Stella sprang up, joy in her voice. "No waiting will be dreary when it is for you! Wherever you go I can think of you, see you. The world will be bright since you are in it and my own. I'll count off the days gayly and—make a little prayer for you each night."

"Mr. Crocker's special leaves at seven," said Alfred. "I go on that. And there are reports to make, packing to do. I'm not to work for the company—that is, openly. I'm to go on difficult errands, here and there. And I don't know when I'll see you again—Oh, my darling! I will not leave you!" His arms were outstretched to her, his voice throbbing with rebellion against parting.

She did not go to him, but smiled; and Alfred knew she would side with duty. "Ought you to go?" she asked gently. "And if you ought, will not going bring sooner the day when you may stay?"

"Already you are the better half of me," he answered tenderly, and followed the words with farewell.

CHAPTER XVI.

Sally B. Leads the Wagon Train. Busy nights made Sally B.'s risings



"All My Heart, My Trust, My Life Are Yours."

no later. She served as good a breakfast to Mr. Crocker the next morning as if the hotel routine had been unbroken.

The little town was full of confusion, and the center of it was the hotel. The dining room was overflowing. Added to the crowd of the night was a gang of men just arrived and clamoring for breakfast before they were hustled on the front. There was none of the expectant quiet of the supper hour in the green-embowered room. And Sally B. was everywhere, generalizing the situation masterfully.

There was meager time for dreaming, yet the heart of Stella dreamed on, though her head bent faithfully to its tasks at the office desk. The night in fairyland had passed, still its visions held. Across the gulch tender hands she knew were preparing the dead for burial; but often as her thoughts strayed there to death, stillness, mystery, she whipped herself back again to the bustle and hurry around her. This she could endure, float serenely over, with Alfred's eyes ever on her own, his kiss still thrilling her lips. Nor would she think of him as flying from her. Plenty of time to vision him far away, his mind occupied with alien concerns. Plenty of time to count off the days, the weeks—would it be months before she should see him?

Before noon a man came in from the east with two wagons and a six-horse team, bringing a message for Sally B. It was an old newspaper, crumpled and dirty.

"Just look a' here!" Sally B. said excitedly, as she entered the office and held the paper out to Stella. "I go to go to Bill humpin' quick—terrific, if I can git away. By golly! It'll beat the ole Harry for me to git ready!"

Stella took the unsavory paper and looked vainly for Sally B.'s message. The only noticeable thing was a string of crosses on the margin.

"Oh, I forgot. Of course, you can't read Bill's letter; nobody but me can. See them two crosses first there? Close together? Them means he's well. See them four with lines over 'n' under? That says he's struck it rich. Blamed rich. Lines under'd mean pretty good; but lines on top, too, means whoppin'! Them three crosses standin' apart, them's grub. There's a dot over each; that's all kinds. There's a line under 'em; that means lots of it. Oh, Bill's hit a big lead this time, no doubt o' that; an' he's layin' out to work it on the jump, an' with all the men he kin git." She looked at Stella exultantly, but turned quickly back to the hieroglyphics. "Here's one big cross standin' alone; that's me; an' the line under it means 'come.'"

"What does the picture of a pen mean?" Stella asked, curiously.

Sally B. looked a little conscious. "Oh, you know, I kin read, an' make a fair stagger at writin'; so when Bill has any very important business that goes by way of ink I have to help him out."

"But how can you leave in this busy season?" Stella asked.

"It's right smart pestersome, but I got ter. I got you, an' Vi, an' Yic. Grandma'm'll have ter—what's that word Al Vincent used the other day? shapper—shapperon you all."

Stella smiled half-heartedly. "Do you think we can manage?" She did not shrink from responsibility, but from the horde of men. Travelers, strangers, men of the town, all would make pretenses for lingering in the office or wherever they could find either girl; not from rudeness, but because of the woman-hunger, the longing for all that a good woman stands for to men of the frontier. And Sally B. would not be there for refuge and court of appeal.

"Of course you can manage. You got to. Sabe? Don't get skeered fore you begin. I've got Jinny Dart staked out by telegraph. She's the best dinin' room gal in Placer county. She'n Yic 'll run the eatin' end O. K. All you got ter do, Stella, is to boss the whole consarn." Sally B. whisked off to make her preparations, which began with a telegraphed order for goods that kept several clerks in Sacramento busy all that afternoon.

Toward supper time the three women were in the "corral," where Sally B. had "put through" a tremendous cleaning. The room was long and bare, with rows of neat beds, an occasional chair, several rough tables and a forest of nails uphanging various pieces of men's apparel.

"Now you'n Viola ain't to touch them beds, but just ha'n't that Chiny limb o' Satan, Wing, an' see 't he does 'em right. I'm goin' to make Shack Newbegin boss of the corral, an' he'll look out for any cuss that gits on a bender. He'll make him take leg ball too quick!"

Shackelford Newbegin had taken Gideon's place at the bar and had proved exceptionally trustworthy.

"Doggone 'em! Some of 'em sleeps in their boots, drunk or sober," Sally B. continued, her mind still on the beds. She scowled reflectively, her neat soul outraged by memories of back-aching seasons of blanket-washing, of ceaseless strife to keep the corral from "smellin' wuss'n a pig-pen!"

"When strangers wants beds, you two gals come together to show 'em up, an' have Wing bring up the carpet bags."

"Why, ma? You always bring 'em up yourself."

"That's all right; but you mind. I ain't goin' to have you an' your teacher totin' baggage just 'cause I hain't got no style."

Only the stage took the road ahead of Sally B. the next day. Do you think I'm goin' ter git mixed with Gid Ingram's outfit?" she asked when some one questioned her intention to lead. "If one o' them teams stalls, the whole procession is floored. No, strere! I got good wagons an' a good team; an' I'm goin' through on time, I am!"

The tarpaulin-covered wagons were drawn up in front of the hotel. Sally B. inspected everything with the eye of an old teamster—harness, couplings, the adjustment of the load.

"Why, ma, you looked it all over before," Viola said, tagging her mother like a shadow.

"I know that; but accidents happens in busy times. Then them pesky hostlers might think it was funny ter fertig something 'cause I'm a woman. Men think themselves so smart! That Shack 'lowed I didn't need any back-action with my load."

"Well, do you, ma?" Viola only asked to hear her mother vindicate herself before the admiring bystanders.

"Well, don't I? S'pose I'm goin' to use up yo' paw's fine stock a-puttin' all my load on one wagon? What did he send two wagons fur if I wasn't ter use 'em? I'll work that back-action on all the heavy spots, an' git the load an' yo' paw's team inter Virginia ahead of Gid's teams, an' in good order. See if I don't!"

"You bet you will, ma!" Viola exclaimed with ardor and unusual slang. The moment for starting came, and Sally B. turned to her lately arrived

helper. "My Dart, you do yo' prettiest fur the shebang an' I'll make yo glad," she said, and wheeled quickly to hug her dear "women folks." Viola she held in her arms for a silent moment.

"Take keer of her, Stella," she said softly, placing Viola's hand in her teacher's. "She's the hull world to me."

"I will, Mrs. Sally." Stella saw a tear on the dark cheek as Sally B. wrung her hand.

She was a picture as she climbed to the high seat and took up the lines, aptly as Uncle Billy himself. "Driver? What do I need of a driver? I've driv six—Golly! I wish I had a doller fur every mile I've driv six, the swing team a-buckin' sometimes like a fresh converted sinner agin Ole Nick."

She wore a short, dark woolen skirt, a calico waist, a white kerchief around her neck and a man's felt hat. "It'll last better'n a woman's," she told the girls. Huge-wristed gauntlets made her hands look ridiculously small, as did the high-booted foot that swung out on the brake.

The sun had chased the mercury far above the hundred mark in shady nooks. On the porch the heat was intolerable. Yet the hotel people and town folk were gathered there to see Sally B. off, and Yic Wah had donned four satin coats in her honor.

Sally B. loosed the brake a trifle, called to her leaders, waved a last good-bye and was off down the hill. The load shook a little and settled to its long haul, skyward as well as eastward. The horses, rested and fresh, snorted and tossed their heads, rattled their metal-buckled harness; and one of the swing team danced sidewise down the road and out of sight. Sally B. looked back frequently to see if her freight was riding safely; and at the last turn in sight, took off her hat and swung it to the girls and grandma'am, yet watching from the hot porch.

The crowd soon melted away and left the three alone. Stella put her arms around Viola, and they stood so an instant, both forlorn, oppressed. Yet with one accord they remembered grandma'am, and turned to help her



She Was a Picture as She Climbed to the High Seat.

back to her cool room. And in that service the homesick moment was conquered.

Ingram, Finn and Gould's train soon began to move. Through the long afternoon, excitement, hurrying orders, smothered expletives filled the air, penetrating even to grandma'am's room. One after another the teams pulled out, six mules, eight ten, sometimes 16 or 18 animals. There were "back-actions" and "double back-actions"; mules and horses hitched together, and many teams of horses alone, while at the rear a few plodding oxen bent patiently to their slower journey.

Finn and Gould were in Sacramento and Idaho respectively. Gideon was trainmaster, and would shortly pass and precede the train to look out for its welfare on the way. Before riding off he sought Stella. She was unaware of the quick admiration he had inspired in her, till she divined it from his satisfied, eager gaze. In the old life he had been but a quick-tongued boy she could always lead with her calmer will. He had left that day on the hill a determined, passionate man, yet yielding to her still. But now he returned a conqueror. She felt it in every movement of his large body, in each word of his confident speech.

Stella was thankful that the bustle of previous hours had held him captive; that now she could plead her own preoccupation as reason for giving him but a moment.

"I know it, Little Star," he said in answer to her excuse. "But I'm coming back soon—it will be to you, and for you, dear." He stopped to kiss her, but she pushed him away.

"No, no, Gideon! No man except my future husband shall—"

"And that is what I—!" Gideon began passionately, when Jinny Dart came for orders for supper.

CONTINUED ON ANOTHER PAGE

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Oh yes, the organs now are willing to have a primary election since they have begun to hear from the people.

Bailey has always said he was willing to leave anything to the people; but his friends on the State Committee did not agree with him, hence that faux pas in refusing a legitimate demand for a primary election to select the delegates at large to the Democratic National Convention.

Prohibition went into effect in Georgia January 1st and it is said that:

"Nearly every saloon in Georgia displayed the following legend before the first of the year:

Hush, little barroom,
Don't you cry,
You'll be a drug store
By and by."

Some of the big and little organs are very severe on the "gang" who had the audacity to ask for a primary election to elect delegates to the national convention. This was before they heard from Bailey, now that he favors it they all yell "me too." Bailey has more sense than some of his organ grinders.

Senator Mayfield, anti-Bailey and the Austin Statesman pro Bailey have both expressed a desire to pit Bailey and Davidson against each other as candidates for delegates at large to the National Democratic Convention. Friends of both men are foolish to thus aggravate the contest. Bailey says he is going to the convention if he can and some good democrat can be found to oppose him. Davidson has enough to do to take care of his own candidacy and if he is as sensible as we believe him to be, he will not be drawn into this kind of a contest.

Bailey's Rogue's Gallery speech is bearing fruit just as all expected it would. Yet some wonder why there is such bitterness against Bailey. With the Bailey and prohibition question to the front the Democratic party is going to have a strenuous time the next few months and if the party weathers the storm without a serious schism in its ranks it will be lucky. Kentucky was once almost as surely Democratic as Texas, but personal warfare between leading Democrats has made the State Republican. The party in Texas ought to be bigger than any one man, but if we don't mind personal politics and personal political machines will wreck the party.

And the Beckham machine in Kentucky went to pieces without accomplishing the object desired. Beckham does not deserve any sympathy, because his object seems to have been to rule or ruin the Democratic party in his state. Beckham's selfishness has brought defeat not only to himself but his party. THE STAR has not kept up with the row in Kentucky, but we cannot see how a loyal democrat could vote for a Republican. If the Democrats nominate a man known to be unworthy a Democrat might consistently refuse to vote for him, but he ought not to vote for one of the opposition party.

The most impolitic thing Bailey's friends ever did was when the state committee refused to allow a primary election to select delegates to the national convention. They are beginning to realize it now and are trying to hedge in every way possible. They are willing to have a primary "if" certain things about tests and so on are done. The law provides all the test necessary.

One of our exchanges denounces the opponents of Bailey who asked for a primary election as "that gang" Of course with some of the thick and then Baileyites no democrat who opposes him has any rights that the party is bound to respect. No epithet is too severe for that side to apply to those who do not endorse all Bailey does. "Sore heads", "bolters", "that infamous gang" are some of the choice phrases used by some of the Bailey organs and yet some people can't understand why the fight on Bailey is kept up. Those opposed to Bailey have to fight or take a sea bath, and most of them it seems prefer to fight, as it is too far to the gulf for most of them to travel.

So far as the Statesman is concerned, the man does not live whom it would support for a third term in the attorney general's office. If ever there be an office that the doctrine of rotation should be prescribed with respect to it is the attorney general's office. If it is not to apply to that office then rotation in office should not be made to apply to any office.—Austin Statesman.

Why the attorney general's more than others? The Statesman is a rank Bailey organ and Bailey is serving his seventh term in congress, yet that paper pretends to believe some great principle of the democratic party will be violated to elect Davidson to a third term. It is all right to elect Bailey and other politicians to unlimited terms, except the attorney general. Why this subterfuge? The people know why Bailey and his organs oppose Davidson. It is because Davinson is opposed to Bailey that and nothing more. The third term in Texas has never applied to any office except Governor and all know it. Then why does the Statesman and other Bailey organs try to throw dust in the eyes of the democrats by harping about a third term.

The so-called prohibition democrats are trying to have the party endorse state prohibition by submitting the question to the voters in the Democratic party. It is a shrewd scheme, but we believe it will be defeated. The claim that this is the only way to have a constitutional amendment submitted to the people is without foundation. A petition to the legislature is all that is necessary and even that is not required if the legislature chooses to submit the question. A fight in the Democratic party over the question is liable to defeat the very object the pros are working for. It will more than likely create such antagonism that the pros will fail to secure two-thirds in favor of the measure. If this question is forced on the Democratic party THE STAR hopes the anti will make a fight in every legislative and senatorial district in the State. It looks like a fight to a finish in the party and perhaps had as well come now as later. We are not opposed to submitting the question if the petition is made direct to the legislature and would not do anything to prevent it if we could, but do oppose making it an issue in the party.

Eight companies of the 4th U. S. Infantry from Kentucky in two special trains passed through Baird on Saturday bound for the Philippine Islands. With the finest fleet of battleships afloat and troops bound for the Philippines it looks like something is expected. The troops mentioned are a fine lot of men.

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FOR DISTRICT JUDGE.
42d District composed of the counties of Callahan, Eastland, Stephens, Shackelford and Taylor:

- THOMAS L. BLANTON,
of Albany.
- J. T. HAMMONS,
of Eastland.
- D. G. HILL,
Of Abilene.
- J. H. CALHOUN,
of Cisco.

For State Senator 28th Dist.

W. J. BRYAN.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

For County Judge.

C. D. (Clarence) RUSSELL.

W. R. ELY.

For Sheriff & Tax Collector.

T. A. (Al) IRVIN.

For Tax Assessor.

T. J. NORRELL.

R. F. (Frank) BENNETT.

M. W. UZZELL.

For County & District Clerk.

GEO. B. SCOTT.

J. H. (Joe) SHACKLEFORD.

For County Treasurer.

W. E. (Eugene) MELTON.

C. W. (Charley) CONNOR.

For County Attorney

R. L. ALEXANDER

For Public Weigher Baird District

J. R. PRICE

For County Superintendent.

R. D. GREEN.

For Commissioner Pre No. 1.

W. A. HINDS.

W. K. KUYKENDALL.

For Commissioner Pre. No. 2.

PHILLIP YOST.

WORTH WILLIAMS.

For Commissioner Pre. No. 3.

GEO. ANTHONY.

For Commissioner Pre. No. 4.

J. G. (Jack) ALKEN.

J. A. COATS.

CITY OFFICERS.

For City Marshal

J. H. HARRIS

C. W. MILLER.

J. M. AYCOCK.

G. A. (George) CLEMENTS.

W. P. (Dick) COCHRAN.

Without any reference to Bailey or any other congressman, THE STAR would like to know why we should elect congressmen delegates to the National Convention at all? We select certain men to go to Washington and make laws for us. Now it is a well known fact that the longer a man stays in Congress the less he knows about conditions at home. Yet we select these men to go to the national convention, nominate a ticket and make our platform for us. Now THE STAR has no prejudice against congressman or any other official class, but contends that the office holders should not be permitted to make our platform. Where do the people come in? Congressmen and legislators make the laws,

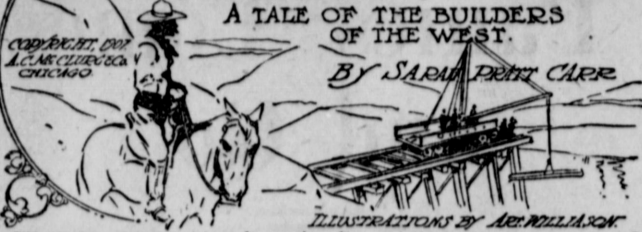
and you find them swinging around political conventions to formulate the demands for the people. Who are the masters, the people or the office holders? If the people are the masters then let them send delegates other than office holders to formulate the platform and name the ticket. The office holders seem to think they are the whole cheese. They make the political platforms and most of them ought to be killed (we mean the platforms of course) and then go to congress and the legislature to work platform demands into laws. If a platform demands an increase of salary, like that of District Judge for instance, you can bet your last dollar the platform will be obeyed. If it demands a decrease in offices you can gamble on it that the platform will be disobeyed.

Grant Bowlus has the contract to build a new residence for H. O. Powell. Work begins this week; Wristen & Johnson are fitting up the old Home Bank for their dry goods stock.

THE IRON WAY

A TALE OF THE BUILDERS OF THE WEST.

BY SARAH PRATT CARE



ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. WILLIAMSON

"I'll take good-bye and how-do-you-do both when I come again, Stella," Gideon said with significance. "I'm off!" He closed the door behind him; yet the tyranny of his presence remained. Back of his simple words lay a power that gripped and held Stella to inaction. Not till the girl had twice spoken did Stella rouse to present duty. Even then her mind worked automatically, and she breathed calmly only after she had seen Gideon ride out of town on his prancing horse.

CHAPTER XVII.

One More Step Up the Sierras.

On to Colfax! Fifty-four miles from Sacramento; yet miles short of the mountain fifty that must be finished and accepted by the government commissioners before the interest on the bonds would become payable; finished before the time limit expired, and with that, the franchise!

The September sun looked down on a new hive. The little terminus in the gulch had slipped into history in a night. Stables, shops, stores, saloons, shanty homes were taken down in sections and moved on by flatcar or prairie schooner.

Sally B., who gave Father Time's forelock many wrenches, was already installed in her rehabilitated hotel at Colfax when the first excursion train whistled in, bringing officers and visitors to celebrate this one more step up the Sierras.

The town, named for the reigning idol of America, would always be a junction for the travel of Nevada and Grass Valley regions, and Sally B., taking note of this, rebuilt her hotel with a glance toward permanence. Proudly she led the superintendent's niece, Miss Amabel Hamilton, to the best room, cloth-lined and gayly papered. Proudly Sally B. set her first banquet in the enlarged dining room; and proudly Yic Wah in his new kitchen rose to undreamed-of culinary masterpieces.

Alfred was attached to Mr. Crocker's party for the occasion, a sort of gentleman-in-waiting to Miss Hamilton. Yet during the bustle of arrival and adjustment to rooms, he found a quiet moment with Stella in Sally B.'s new parlor; and the long weeks of separation were forgotten in the space of a clock tick.

There was no time for leisurely reviews, confession of loneliness and counter confession—only a brief second with dreaded interruptions impending.

Alfred drew from his pocket a small parcel and broke its fastenings. "Oh, a golden comb for gold-brown hair. And milk-white pearls for a neck as fair; And silver chains, and all for thee; To-day our ship comes home from sea!" he paraphrased gayly, throwing over her head a triple strand of Roman pearls.

"Oh, how delicate and bonny!" Stella cried, slipping them through her fingers. "I never coveted anything in my life so much as Juliet's pearls that I wore that night—except you," she added, looking up shyly.

"That's because they suit you, and—" The rest of his reply was inaudible.

"Here is the golden comb, two of them." He tucked them in her hair, trying them this way and that, with lingering touches on the wavy brightness. "The silver chains are lacking, not because our ship's a canoe, rather because I wouldn't let silver come



"Oh, My Dear, I'm Afraid of the Ring!" near you. There's not a silver tint in your make-up. You're all creams and browns, with gold hinting everywhere,

self-assured woman had invaded her own domain. She took herself sharply in hand. Was this the way she should treat Alfred? Refuse his every request? "I'll go because you wish it, Alfred," she said heartily.

Miss Hamilton enquired, looking very trim and fit in her cool, blue linen gown, with hat, parasol and furbelow in harmony. She acknowledged the introduction prettily, bowing gracefully and taking Stella's hand.

"Dear me, Miss Anthony! How do you manage that exquisite complexion in this heat and dust? And how can you look so sweetly serene living here, where everything is in such a jumble?" she rattled on after the first words of greeting were past.

Stella blushed at the glib compliments. She hated herself for doubting Miss Hamilton's sincerity, and replied hesitatingly.

Alfred came to her rescue. "We shall start in a few minutes. Will you be ready and join us here? We'll wait for you."

"Oh, are you going out to view the iron track with us, Miss Anthony? How perfectly splendid! Get ready, quick, there's a dear."

The words were astonishing to Stella. Why did this stranger speak as if they had been friends for years? Stella shot a glance at Alfred, but he gave no sign of surprise.

In a vague, masculine way he tried to send Stella an encouraging glance; but he missed her eye as she stooped to gather up wrappings and boxes, and her wistful look from the doorway was unanswered because Miss Hamilton had impressed Alfred's eyes and fingers to her service.

"Dear me, Mr. Vincent! One of my shoe buttons is unfastened. Will you lend me your button-hook? Oh, perhaps you'll—" She put out her pretty foot.

Alfred was on his knee, back to Stella, when she closed the door. All the way upstairs she thought of the little scene below. Wide as was the gulf that separated Sally B. from herself, she knew the type Miss Hamilton represented was farther removed.

The coaches arrived and they drove eastward on the stage road till they came opposite the selected spot, when they alighted and climbed to the higher railroad grade.

Miss Hamilton took the center of the stage quite naturally. She wished to learn, took it for granted that Alfred would be a willing teacher. "Where in the world did you find enough men? How many have you, Mr. Vincent? A million?" She looked up bewitchingly; and Alfred was not impervious to the subtle flattery that for the moment invested him with the dignity of the owners and captains of the road.

He smiled. "We have just one two-hundred-and-fiftieth of that million, Miss Hamilton. We wish we had more. We're going to have more, if we have to steal them."

Miss Hamilton admired the confidence in his words.

"We've more than 1,000 horses and carts; and a \$25,000 order has just been placed for more stock and tools."

"Are men so hard to get?"

"White men are, Chinamen less hard."

"Why don't you use more Chinamen, then?" she asked, glancing down from a rock that jutted into the path.

"They're afraid of drill and powder," Alfred replied to the question.

They were on the grade now, creeping around the shoulder of Cape Horn. Hundreds of feet above towered straight granite walls. Thousands of feet below, sheer and jagged, the walls met the foot of the opposite mountain; and in the narrow, crooked crack at the bottom the American river seethed and tumbled its tortuous way to the ocean.

As they came to a point where the stupendous scene opened fully before them, Miss Hamilton's gay chatter ceased. Men hushed their talk of stocks and bonds, purchase and sale. Stella, too, forgot the blood and flame in her attire, forgot even Alfred and his bright companion.

"This must be Ossa piled upon Pelion," Miss Hamilton said softly, breaking the long silence. She looked up, and below, trying to measure the dizzying depths.

"How ever did they get here first? And how did they dare insult that rock monarch with powder?" Miss Hamilton's gaze crept up, and up, to the sky-robbed summit.

"With ropes. They let men down from the top, who picked out standing room; and from that they worked a narrow path around to the grade."

"Got plenty of engines, Crocker?" one of the visitors asked.

"Six engines and over 100 cars," Mr. Crocker replied proudly, "and as many more ordered."

"That isn't a beginning to enough. You'll be dropping an engine or a car over into that gulch every day."

Miss Hamilton closed her eyes and shivered. "Oh, how terrifying!"

"Mr. Crocker forgot to mention our powder car," Alfred added.

"Powder car?" she repeated. "Surely Pluto and Proserpina will arrive together when powder rattles over this hot, rocky spot. Do you think it is necessary far to—Tartarus?" She

said.

"But you never heard of a powder car like ours; it is iron-doored and rubber-tired," Alfred explained. "And we're surely deceiving their majesties of Hades, since the work at Summit tunnel goes on ceaselessly, eating our right of way six feet a day and night, through the heart of the Sierras."

"Oh, yes! Uncle Charley's very jubilant about that tunnel—indeed, about the splendid way all the work goes on."

"If we only had iron, iron! That's what hinders us. There isn't half enough to be had in the whole country."

"Why don't you buy abroad?"

"Our franchise forbids that; and American foundries can't make it fast enough. What we do buy is so long getting here! Twenty thousand miles! That's a sail for you. And the gales, and wrecks! By George! I wish it was quicker and safer."

As they neared the camps their conversation changed from railroad to other subjects—the latest book; the newest dance; the poem or picture most in the public eye. From topic to topic they flitted, up and down the polite world of their day.

To Stella, striving to lose no word, it was new, intoxicating. "That's my world, too," she thought. "I could say things like those. I know a little of mythology and history." She wondered why she had never used such language with Alfred, why he had not talked with her as he did now with Miss Hamilton.

Stella lifted her head in a spirit of rebellion quite new to her. She could never acquire this subtle manner; and she should not stand in Alfred's way. He would succeed. From serving he would soon advance to ordering. He would need a wife like Miss Hamilton.

Mr. Crocker called Alfred for some questioning, and in his absence Miss Hamilton turned to Stella. "I'm afraid I'm monopolizing this opportunity, Miss Anthony. It's my first visit, you know."

"It is my first visit here, also," Stella replied.

"Your first?" Miss Hamilton's eyes opened wide with not too civil question. "Oh," she laughed, "if you live here and don't care enough to come and see these wonderful things I shan't let my conscience sit up nights over my monopoly of Mr. Vincent—and the conversation." She turned to smile at Alfred reappearing, and Stella was without opportunity to explain that, despite enthusiasm and appreciation, the railroad grade was not a proper promenade for a girl alone.

The young people lagged, in spite of the call of the leaders, and arrived at the camps to find them already alive with men and beasts.

"Oh, I must see the Chinese camps," Miss Hamilton cried. "I've heard of them."

They were in time to see the cooks serving from great cauldrons to each man his little keeler full of boiling water. There was also an array of big black pots simmering over camp fires, yet white and savory messes were within, announced by attractive odors. "What do they do with those little tubs?" Miss Hamilton asked, as she saw the coolies disappear within tents or brush shacks.

"Each man takes a hot sponge bath and dresses in clean clothes before he eats."

"Is to-day any special occasion?" she questioned, wonderingly.

"They do that every night in the year. They never sup in their working clothes."

"What an example to Americans! My respect for the disciples of Confucius has risen to a hundred."

She wished to stay to see the yellow men in "dinner dress," squatting with their little bowls and chop-sticks, chattering over their "licey;" but her uncle sent back a second hurrying summons that held a note of impatience; and Stella pushed ahead with sure steps, following her temporary escort. But Miss Hamilton, unused to rough going, and in spite of Alfred's watchfulness, turned her ankle and arrived at the road pale and weak with pain, leaning heavily on his arm. Yet her gay bravery deceived her uncle, though she clasped Stella's extended hand sharply as the two men lifted her into the coach.

It was quite dark when they drove up into the hotel brilliance. Stella alighted after the others; yet she heard Miss Hamilton's graceful thanks to Alfred, saw the lingering hand-shake, the appeal in her eye, while she leaned upon her uncle's arm.

Sally B. came out to meet them; and the lantern swinging in the evening breeze threw fantastic, dancing shadows on the group. Suddenly Stella felt out of it all, remote; for Alfred, lifting his hat impressively, backed away from the open door and did not see her standing in the shadow, alone.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Little Woman in Blue.

Sally B.'s ready skill soon had the ankle rubbed to comparative ease. She prescribed bed; but Miss Hamilton declared for the banquet even if she must be carried there, and gladly accepted Stella's offer of help with the

dressing. Miss Hamilton's lingerie was hardly less costly and dainty than my lady's of to-day. White silk hose and satin slippers; multiplied skirts more lace than cambric; the combination of lace and blue silk tissue that was the filmy little gown—with careful hands Stella unpacked and laid them, a snowy heap, on the bed.

The toilet went slowly. Stella had been taught a decent respect for the human body; and her innate love of beauty and order had blossomed into an honest personal neatness. But such complicated hair-dressing, such caressing of eyebrow and lash; such critical attention to hands and nails; the bathing, hot and cold; the rubbing and patting of cheek and arm, before lotion, powder, and a wee touch of rouge went on; the examinations at each stage with hand glass and mirror, Stella holding one of the lamps which she continually adjusted to new angles of reflection—this was an amazing revelation to her of Eve-old feminine adoration at the altar of self-adornment.

A rap at the door and the hearty voice of Mr. Crocker called from without: "How's the ankle, Amabel? How soon will you be ready?"

"Better, thank you, Uncle Charley. You may come for me in five minutes. I can do by myself now," she confided to Stella as her uncle walked down the hall. "It's splendidly kind of you to help me, and so beautifully. If you ever need work I can get you a position as lady's maid. I'll give you a fetching character."

Stella winced, yet chided herself for it. She knew Miss Hamilton was only "in fun." Still, how could this delicately reared city girl believe such a big, awkward creature as herself capable of filling any but a menial position? The real unkindness for which Miss Hamilton failed to apologize, the scant minutes she had left Stella for her own toilet, went unnoticed; for Stella was too generous a giver to count the cost of her givings.

In her own room she smiled to herself while she quickly made ready, coiling as usual her thick wavy hair, but adding her "golden combs," slipping hurriedly into her simple white gown and its simpler accompaniments.

A cluster of tiger lilies, an offering from flower-loving Yic Wah, caught her eye. She pinned them on her breast, and hastened downstairs, meeting Sally B. and Viola in the hall.

"Oh, here you be! What made you so late? I was jest comin' fur you. I see they've reserved a seat on both sides o' Al Vincent's. One's fur you, I reckon. I'm sittin' third from Charley Crocker—big bugs is next to him—an—cut my shoestrings! You look splendidous!" she exclaimed as they came under the lamp.

"Don't she, ma?" echoed Viola, heartily.

"Say, honey, them tiger lilies suits you; an' I'd never 'a' thought it. They got colors in 'em like yo' hair an' eyes, shore's yo're born. Then they're kinder secret an' powerful lookin', like they could do things to all the other flowers."

"What an odd idea!" Stella said wonderingly.

"Is it? Well nobody won't git their secrets a-studyin' of their looks; no more will they your'n, Stella. Your face gits secretar an' elegantar every day." Sally B. never paused for a word. It might not be the right one, but her meaning carried, as the message of the master in spite of poor instrument and blundering fingers.

The band was playing as they entered.

Stella's quick eye noted with sudden aversion the three reserved chairs, and the absence of Alfred and Miss Hamilton. "Let me sit on this side with you and Viola, won't you, Miss Sally?" she asked softly.

"But there's no seat on this side, chikken." Sally B.'s whisper was far audible.

A gentleman rose at once and offered his arm, which Stella accepted to save further confusion. She was rosy with embarrassment, though no other hint of it showed in her stately walk around the long table. And Sally B. watched delightedly the following of admiring eyes.

Stella was hardly seated when Miss Hamilton entered, leaning on Alfred's arm in the dependent style of the time.

Miss Hamilton had timed her coming to that awkward instant common to banquets, when all await some incomprehensible delay, and when any diversion is welcome. The two walked slowly down the long room, Miss Hamilton's step and movements so perfectly artful that they seemed artless—young women were so trained then.

A hum of admiration went round. Stella had not before seen Alfred in evening dress. The night he wore Romeo's velvet and laces he was more splendid; but this conventional dress, finely displaying his slim figure, belonged to a world she knew not. She noticed proudly that he wore his clothes with an accustomed ease, saw

CONTINUED NEXT WEEK

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For several years we have heard more or less of the Beckham political machine in Kentucky. The young governor was successful in everything he undertook. Old time democrats like Joe Blackburn, Senator McCreary and Henry Watterson went down and out before the irresistible machine. Protests were unheeded, the young governor was riding a high horse. Every democrat who refused to bow at his behest was denounced as a traitor to the party. The Beckham machine became all powerful in Kentucky politics. Beckham had all his plans arranged to elect himself to the senate at the end of his term as governor. He took advantage of Senator McCreary, who was busy at Washington and pulled off a primary election two years ahead of time. Beckham won the nomination because his machine was in complete working order. Protests amounted to nothing. It was rule or ruin, and ruin it was both for the Democratic party and Beckham. Last fall the people of Kentucky revolted and elected a republican governor, but the democrats had a scant majority in the legislature. A few democrats refused to support Beckham when the legislature convened, but the Beckham forces felt secure, Beckham was the nominee and no compromise would be entertained. It was Beckham or nobody. W. J. Bryan went to Kentucky and made a speech to the legislature for Beckham, but the half dozen recalcitrant democrats refused to bow to the Beckham machine that has controlled Kentucky for many years and last week former republican governor, W. O. Bradley, was elected senator after daily bolting for two months. Three or four democrats voted for him and the Beckham machine was broken. Great confusion followed, Beckham and other prominent democrats flocked to the legislative hall and implored the few democrats, who had voted for Bradley to reconsider before the result was announced. The Beckham forces promised to vote for any other democrat. They would withdraw Beckham, the man who has rode the democratic party to inglorious defeat and demoralization in Kentucky, but the four democrats informed them that the offer came too late. The Beckham forces had steadily refused to consider any other democrat and the four democrats now refused to yield, they let the vote stand. Thus we see the effect of ring rule in a democratic state a democratic legislature elects a republican senator, something, we believe without a parallel in this country. THE STAR does not regret Beckham's defeat, possibly he richly deserved what he got, but it does look like some other democrat could have been agreed on by the warring factions. The result in Kentucky should be a warning to ringsters and self constituted political bosses. The people will not stand everything the bosses may put on them. Party discipline is all right and necessary, but when machine politicians ride rough shod over the people as they did in Kentucky and are doing in Texas by refusing to allow the people a primary election to select their delegates to the National Convention, something is going to happen.

Methods of Fishing for Men

By REV. A. C. DIXON, D. D.,
Pastor of the Chicago Ave. (Moody's) Church, Chicago.



"Come ye after me," says Jesus, "and I will make you to become fishers of men." Jesus had various methods of soul-winning. He preached to the great multitude. He talked with the individual. In the temple and synagogue he spoke to the godly and religious. He went into the streets, the markets and the lanes proclaiming the gospel to the wicked and irreligious. He opened the gates of heaven that he might entice his people into the Father's house. He opened the gates of hell, that they might see "the fire that is not quenched," and "the worm that dieth not." It was Jesus who did this—not Milton nor any mediaeval monk. And he did it because love prompted him to be faithful and tell the whole truth. He went into every department of human life from the cook mixing the meal in the kitchen to the king on his throne inviting to his son's marriage, that he might get an illustration, a handle by which the people might take hold of the truth.

Tact Is Needed.
In fishing there must be skillful adaptation. There are fish that you cannot catch singly. They go in schools. They do not bite hooks. If you ever catch fish of that kind, you have to draw the seine around the whole school. There are people like these fish. They are fond of crowds. You can reach that class of people only through the crowd. They are social beings and you must touch them in their social nature. There are other fish that do not go in schools. Like the brook trout, they hide in out-of-the-way places. They are timid and wary. A fly out of season has no attraction for them. The fisherman must keep out of their sight; and if he breaks a stick, he has lost his chance of catching that fish. There are men of this kind. They dislike the crowd. They are timid. They do not like the personal approach. If you go in the open, you will frighten them away. We need the wisdom of God in tactful approach, that we may say just the right word and speak it in the right spirit. Nicodemus could not in the right spirit.

The Heroic Method.
There are others that you must win in more heroic fashion. Saul of Tarsus could never have been won in a quiet way. To have mentioned the fact that you wanted him to become a Christian would have led to your arrest. It took the light from heaven, the flash from God; it took the blinding and the dark to bring him to consider and make him pray. Edward Payson, with his tones of tender love, put some people to sleep. What they needed was a Jonathan Edwards with a thunderbolt against sin in every paragraph. "Gypsy" Smith, with his fascinating gypsiness, that has in it the fragrance of the wild flowers and the sweetness of the bird's song in the woods, is very attractive to some; and they are glad to hear the gospel as he preaches it. But there are others (and perhaps the larger number) who need the sledge-hammer blows of R. A. Torrey and the fiery zeal of Billy Sunday.

Do not fish for trout as you do for sturgeon. Try your trout bait on sturgeon and you will get no fish; try your sturgeon bait on trout, and you will not fill your basket. So do not criticise the trout fisher because he refuses to use the sturgeon method; and do not criticise the sturgeon fisher because he refuses to use the trout method. "By all means save some."

A Word as to Process.
A word as to process. "Come ye after me and I will make you to become fishers of men." If you are not a soul-winner, Christ can make you one. Just transfer the experience of your business to the spiritual realm, and see how it works. You are a merchant? "Come ye after me," says Jesus, "and I will make you a merchant of men. I will help you to deal in goods that do not perish with the using—in merchandise better than gold." Are you a carpenter? "Come ye after me, and I will make you a carpenter of men, building structures of character that will outlast marble and granite." Are you a sculptor? "Come ye after me, and I will make you a sculptor of men, chiseling into shape that which will stand after the marble of Phidias has crumbled into dust." Whatever your occupation, let your experiences in that occupation be projected into the fishing for men.

But fishing depends upon more than skill. It depends upon the elements above us; the sun, moon and stars, for some fish can be caught only at flood tide.

You can argue with the science of it; but when you go fishing you find that the catching of fish depends upon the wind, weather and tide. Our success in fishing for men depends upon the wind that comes from God, the tides that are moved by heavenly influences, the atmosphere that comes from Pentecostal prayer and preaching.

Woman.

Woman is like a flower and needs gentle warmth and congenial surroundings to bring out her best points. Man, like the oak, may be hardened and tempered by the cold winds of adversity—though not all men can stand this very severe test; but undoubtedly warmth, physical and sentimental, is wanted to allow the fair sex to blossom forth in all its delicate beauties of mind, body and spirit.—The Queen.

Disorder Makes Trouble.

It is astonishing how all of us are generally cumbered up with the thousand and one hindrances and duties which are not such, but which, nevertheless, wind us about with their spider thread and fetter the movement of our wings. It is the lack of order which makes us slaves; the confusion of to-day discounts the freedom of tomorrow.

Hemp Millionaires of Yucatan.

The wealth of the mines of Mexico is proverbial, yet there are nearly as many millionaires in Merida, the capital of Yucatan, a state with practically no mineral resources, as there are in all Mexico combined. Henequin, or sisal hemp, as it is sometimes known, has made Merida and its people rich.

Raises Frogs for a Living.

A prominent resident of Shamokin, Pa., who owns a farm near Trevorton, thinks there is a greater demand for frogs than grain, dairy products or garden sauce and will devote his attention to frog raising on a large scale as fast as the necessary dams can be erected and the spawn can be procured.

Johnnie's Little Mistake.

Johnnie was anxious to take part in the public monthly exercises of his Sunday school, so his mother searched out a short verse, which was, "I am the bread of life." When Johnnie's turn came he created something of a sensation by calling out promptly and shrilly, "I am a loaf of bread."

Gen. Grant and the Prince.

The Japanese premier, Prince Kung, tried to compliment Gen. Grant, when he was in Japan, in English, by assuring him that he was born to command. His words were, however: "Sir, brave general, you were made to order!"—Army and Navy Life.

English Method Most Popular.

In England, most of the work of resetting jewels is put into the hands of English jewelers, because the English jeweler's method of having all the metal work at the back of the stones, instead of round the sides, as in France, is most popular.

All Were Convenient.

"It was real convenient for him," says a Billville exchange, "that when the train run over him and killed him he was in the company of his uncle, who is a lawyer, his brother, who is a doctor, an' his brother-in-law, who is the town undertaker!"

Garden Designed by Wordsworth.

Few people know that the poet Wordsworth designed an elaborate winter garden for Sir George Beaumont, his friend, and that the garden exists at the present day. Dr. Frederick Peterson recently visited and photographed it.

Emerson's Advice.

I look upon the simple and childlike virtues of veracity and honesty as the root of all that is sublime in character. Speak as you think, be what you are, pay your debts of all kinds.—Emerson.

Well-Watered Canada.

Lake Ontario is as large as Wales, Lake Superior exceeds Scotland in size, Lake Huron equals the sea of Holland and Belgium combined. No other country can match Canada for lakes and rivers.

Invisible Mosquito Screens.

The newest mosquito screens are what is called invisible. They are buried in the lower part of the window casing on a spring roller. They follow the sash as it is raised and lowered.

Willing American Gulls.

The larger an impostor's profession the more readily is he believed, especially by half-educated people such as form the bulk of population of the

Panics Come and Go

But we are still here selling goods at the same old stand with a full and complete stock of most everything from the cheapest to the best and at prices in the reach of everybody. Come in and see for yourself and compare goods and prices yourself. Below mentioned is but a few of the many lines which we handle: In the Dry Goods lines, Clothing, Towels, Counterpanes, Lace Curtains, Table Linen, Handkerchiefs, Underware, Hosiery, Collars, Ties, Gloves, Suspenders, Mens and Boys laundry and work Shirts, Overalls, Stationery, Books, Cutlery, Tin and Graniteware, Light Hardware, Pictures, Frames and all kinds of notions. We can save you money if you buy from us. No trouble to show you goods.. Yours to Please,

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United States - Texas Medical Journal.

For Papa.

Do you jaw your boy a good deal? If so, would you do it if he were your size? Don't you suppose your boy often thinks you are considerable of a bully?—Kansas City Journal.

"Chapped" Hand Caused Death.

An inquest was held recently in London on a woman who died from blood poisoning caused by the infection of a "chapped" hand.

Test of Greatness.

The greatest living American may be a man who does not care a whistle whether anybody knows it or not.—Dallas News.

Damage by Surface Cars.

Surface cars on Manhattan island do daily damage to persons and property in the average sum of \$2,750.

Cotton Used by New York.

New York city consumes 118,150,000 pounds of cotton each year.

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Mrs. Than Warren returned home last Thursday from a two month's visit to Mr. and Mrs. Dennis Ryan at Tucson, Arizona.

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J. F. CUNNINGHAM AT EL PASO.

El Paso News.

With ringing voice that pierced the dome of the court house and that aroused his hearers to vivid enthusiasm Judge James F. Cunningham of Abilene denounced the political ring of El Paso county and called upon the voters of West Texas to crush what he called the "Kelleyocracy" that has enslaved the Democracy of El Paso and disgraced the name of Texas and the Southland. Declaring that the political bossism of El Paso has made of her a mockery and a by-word he called upon the Democrats of the county to throw off the yoke and to assert their independence and their manhood before their sister counties of Texas.

Cheers rent the air and shrieks of "Go on! Give it to them!" met the speaker as he sneered at the bossism which has held El Paso county in abeyance to the humiliation of her Democratic faith. And when he referred to "Kelleyocracy" as the ring rule which drives men like herded oxen under the yoke while the pins are fastened in to bind them and declared that he would see the boss of El Paso withering in the lowest pit of hades before he would lift his hat and say, "You are my boss!" the audience which filled the thirty-fourth district court room, screamed their approbation and applauded his sentiments to the echo.

Introduced by Dean.

To the music of Concha's band the crowd began filing into the court house shortly before 8 o'clock in the evening and when 8:15 arrived the court house was filled. The speaker was introduced by Judge John M. Dean.

In introducing Judge Cunningham Judge Dean declared that he was about to present an able and industrious leader who could be depended on to stand straight out for Democracy in the national capitol, one whose heart was in the work of uplifting the great Southwest and its metropolis, one who would work indefatigably not only for irrigation but for every industry and every enterprise for the welfare of his district and one who would look beyond the present needs into the future and work for the promotion of a government assay office in El Paso, a larger garrisoned military post, an enlarged custom house, a greater federal building, and a progressive immigration policy, having in view the establishment of an immigration bureau in El Paso, such as are now located in New York and San Francisco. He introduced the speaker as his loyal personal friend, who worked for El Paso when his opponents were behind the firing line and then presented the man from Taylor county, Texas.

Cunningham Speaks.

Liberal applause greeted the speaker as he took his place on the rostrum behind the bench of Judge James Harper of the thirty-fourth district court and opened his address. He said:

"Gentlemen of El Paso County and City: I am glad to be with you on this occasion. I am here as a candidate for congress, here so that you may look on the hideous monster whom the bosses of El Paso have been picturing to you week in and week out for these many weeks.

"Tonight I am going to speak to you on the questions of immigration and its effect on labor, on gambling in stocks and futures and its effect on business, on the necessity for security to depositors in national banks, on the question of irrigation and last on the phenomena which makes Republicans desire to butt into 'Kelleyocracy', and turn the warm side toward the corporate aristocracy which

has become a thoroughbred, a mixture of all breeds.

His Words on Immigration.

"When these United States were but thirteen in number we were an asylum for the oppressed, the lowly and the down trodden of every land. For more than 100 years we have remained so. I wish it were so today. But they came by thousands, tens of thousands and millions. For the last five years the price of homes has risen. Today the poor man can hardly get for a home the sandiest reef on the great American desert. These are results. And it occurs to me that the time has come to close the doors at least in part. I have not a word to say for the man who wants to come to our shores. But our own country and our own children and their future.

"Let me call your attention to the fact that it was not until the administration of President Cleveland that any check was put on immigration. Since then the Republicans have done little. The corporations want the aliens to come. In 1907 there were 1,285,000 arrivals to these shores. These men must either steal or work. If they steal they will bankrupt the United States for prison fare; if they work it means 1,285,000 positions of other lands.

"In the last ten years the tide of immigration has increased 51 per cent. If the ratio continues there will be 30,000,000 more arrivals in the next ten years, or one-third of the present population of the United States. Italy in 1906 sent 787,000 of its people to other countries. Most of them came here. Their reports show that their leaving Italy made economic conditions better there, benefited industry and decreased the number of unemployed. It doesn't take a statesman, it doesn't take a philosopher to see that we will suffer as they benefit.

"It took all the diplomacy of America to prevent war with Japan. Why? Because the Japanese were fighting to come to this country. And let me say if there is not a check war will yet come. And when that time comes it will be the working men who fight. It will not be the corporations who schemed to bring the hordes of aliens here for cheap labor. And the attorneys who represent these corporations will be behind neat desks with a subsidy at such a time and not in the cannon's mouth.

"Those who are coming here in such hordes have lived under such tyranny for centuries. They are people who have no appreciation of a free government in which the people have a voice. They have no respect for government; they hate all government. And these are the men who furnish our anarchist.

"Texas had a frontier of over 1,000 miles, practically unprotected against the aliens who wish to come. I for one am in favor of tightening the screws and closing the doors against this undesirable immigration.

Gamblers of Wall Street.

"Next let me call your attention to the mania for gambling that is paralyzing industry. We are a nation of gamblers. Gambling today has gone far beyond the old poker game of our forefathers. Now the game is a game at which only millionaires may play; and the place is Wall street."

Here the speaker read a quotation from Abraham Lincoln in which Lincoln, in speaking to George William Curtis, asked what he thought of "these men who gamble at such a time as this," and himself answered the question by saying: "I wish everyone of them had his devilish head shot off." He then read an extract from President

Roosevelt's recent message, taking occasion to call the President "the plain, simple, eloquent, brave Theodore Roosevelt." In the portion quoted the President said those who gambled in Wall street with millions were no different from those who played at a poker game or at the race track.

"I claim there is a difference," continued Judge Cunningham. "The little poker game hurts nobody but the two men who play it. The world feels the pall of the game played in Wall street and innocent millions suffer.

"What produced the recent panic? At the hour when prosperity was at its height, when industry was flourishing, there swept down on the country like this blizzard which swept down on El Paso tonight, a blast that paralyzed industry and a frost that has reached every home in the nation. A conference between copper kings and oil kings, a gamble on the stock market, a few banks damaged, a sear on the part of the public, a hoarding of money by all the banks, and an industrial cataclysm that has brought with it misery and suffering to millions. This is the history of the panic.

"And what is the remedy? There are two remedies. Let us deny the gamblers the use of the mails. And let us force congress to pass a national law prohibiting national banks from loaning money to the gamblers. That will cut off nine-tenths of their power.

For Secured Deposits.

"Today there is as much money in the United States as there was twelve months ago. Then industry was flourishing; today it is dead. There is a lack of confidence. Everybody is scared. Let us restore this confidence by securing the deposits of the patriotic citizen who is willing to put his earnings in the red arteries of trade and commerce.

"The Republicans are in power by an overwhelming majority and there is no hope of relief. It was said the president would call an extra session of congress to meet the situation and guarantee the deposits. But no! Fifteen years ago William Jennings Bryan, while yet a congressman, introduced a bill such as that proposed today. The Republicans defeated it. Why? They feared the prestige such a measure would give to a Democrat like the Nebraskan. Let me call your attention to the fact that two years ago I was the only candidate for office in Texas who espoused the cause of secured deposits. I could not see as far in the future as Bryan. But I saw two years farther than my opponent in this campaign.

Slanders on Irrigation.

"Now I want to talk on irrigation. I have been misrepresented on this subject more than any other. Let me review the situation.

Fifteen years ago I was a member of the state legislature. There I met W. W. Turney and John M. Dean. On two occasions these men stood by me and saved from defeat a bill for my home county. John Dean came into my office at Abilene and told me he was a candidate for congress. I listened to his picture of the Rio Grande valley reclaimed by irrigation. Smith was my friend then. Yet I espoused the cause of Dean. I went through my county and out of it and worked to the greatest of my ability for Dean and irrigation. The victory was all but won at one time.

Men of El Paso, it was John Dean who selected me as his floor manager at the Mineral Wells convention. And it was there that we forced on convention the instructions to the nominee which pledged him to work for irrigation. And Congressman Smith has been doing nothing but following out those instructions.

He has done well. He has worked hard. But tell me why they say I am an enemy of irrigation?

It was at that convention that we fought for a blanket primary. Our opponents in this campaign fought it. But it has since been incorporated in the state law. What has it done for El Paso? It has strengthened her two-fold. It was our men who fought for El Paso then. But the voice of Kelleyocracy says we are the enemies of El Paso. We fought for her. We made her irrigation triumph possible. But we are slandered and not only robbed of the credit, but called the enemy of your country.

And when the news came that the victory was won and the great dam would be built without delay to whom did the glad news come and who was given the credit? John Stevenson the man who did more for irrigation than any man in Texas, was not mentioned, nor was Burleson. And the news which came of the victory did not come to the men who sowed the seed for the harvest.

The glad news did not come to Juan Hart, who was born on the banks of the Rio Grande, it did not come to Joseph Magoffin, nor to Morehead, nor to the county judge, the mayor of the city, Judge Dean, nor Stanton. But it came to Smith's manager, his Mexican friend, Felix Martinez.

And why? It took the Republican paper El Paso to "smell the rat" Here was read an extract from the Herald telling how a government representative would arrive in a few days to give the contract for 300,000 barrels of cement to the Martinez and Courchesne cement plant. Laughter and howls followed the reading of the extract. "Do you see the motive?" continued the speaker. "This is the secret of the patriotism of Kelleyocracy. It is not patriotism, but pie. Smith will send his man down here to order the cement. There will be no competition, no bids. The only question will be that of time to get it out!

They told me when I came here that Martinez joined the ring. I don't know whether Martinez joined the ring or the ring joined Martinez. Whether the nigger went fishing or the fish went niggering.

Here Judge Cunningham again reviewed the last campaign. "When I knocked at the door of your people I asked for bread and you gave me a stone. And Kelleyocracy is trying to poison me in other counties. Smith is circulating a letter written by Mayor Sweeney of your city which tells how my support were Mexicans and niggers thrown in for coloring matter and the people believe it must be true coming from so high a source as the mayor."

Extracts were then read from the Herald and Judge Cunningham took occasion to show the motives behind the red lines of that paper in boosting "Kelleyocracy." He characterized the paper as one with the reputation of an anti-ring paper for years, and showed why it changed front on the ring and irrigation. He referred to editorials in which Republicans were asked to support Smith and to an interview in which Smith was called the next best thing to a Republican in the national congress.

"I tell you William Jennings Bryan is going to beat Taft" declared Judge Cunningham amid applause "and you want a Texan, a loyal democrat in the house and not a man whose hands can be laid on and patted as the next best thing to a Republican.

Denounces Bossism.

"It is the bossism of El Paso that has been slandering me on irrigation. They are digging up speeches in which they say I opposed it. I am willing to give all my speeches to a paper for publication. I fought the scheme to place power like that of a

czar of Russia in the hands of the secretary of the interior and tax the old settlers of this valley as he saw fit. But I stood loyal for irrigation, and wanted only an amendment. Clandestinely, secretly, privately, publicly I have been denounced in red ink lines in a bitterly partisan paper. Why? Martinez is at the head of it and Smith is furnishing the pie.

I have nothing personal against Henry Kelly. I would welcome the day when I could meet him as my friend and shake his hand. But I would see him writhing in the lowest depths of hades before I would lift my hat and say, "You are my boss."

I was raised in the wilds of Arkansas. I have driven oxen under the yoke and fastened in the pin. And this is all right for oxen. But what of men? Do you mean to tell me this the thing for men? For Texans? For Democrats? Do you mean to tell me Texans must walk under the yoke and allow the political boss to put in the pin?

Not in all the southland is there a place that submits to bossism like your city of El Paso. Only New York submits to boss rule like you do here. Bossism—that word carries with it the corruption of the civilized world. And are you going to continue it here? I am told that Billy Rynerson has been picked out for slaughter because he dared call his soul his own and espoused my cause. Two years ago Henry Kelly took the Kelleyocratic whip and whipped his poor, dumb, ignorant Mexican supporters into line. Yaleta? Fort Hancock? the Smelter? These are the places he did it. And now when a man with the blood of his Kentucky father in his veins says he is for Cunningham Kelleyocracy picks him out for slaughter.

Men, the czar of Russia is not more the owner of his Asiatic subjects than Henry Kelly is the owner of the political liberty of El Paso. Think of it. The czar of Russia rules ignorant, uneducated Asiatics. The czar of El Paso rules the Christians, educated men, he rules southerners, he rules Texans, the sons of men who fought at San Jacinto.

I am going to win in this election. Kelleyocracy notwithstanding (Cheers) And when the campaign is over I am coming to El Paso to meet your people. I will meet Juan Hart, be he for or against me. I will meet that old Roman Morehead, and that patriarch, Magoffin. I will meet Joe Nealan and Cobb and that noble woman who is working for me, Mrs. DeGroff. Then I will go down to the poor suppliant Ysleta and meet those people, forget the past and work for El Paso."

Judge Cunningham concluded by referring to Congressman Smith's violation of the doctrine of the Texas Democracy against nepotism, saying he appointed his own son to office. He made an appeal to the democracy to send him to congress as a straight out uncompromising democrat who would not work with the Republicans when he got to Washington.

"What an awful howl went up from the Kelleyocracy when I told of the dinner to twenty-seven in this city when three Republicans, one Democrat and a Mexican spoke!" He concluded by saying he would stand for El Paso in all her enterprises if elected to congress and would not be found wanting when the people of any part of the district needed him.

Cheers and applause greeted the conclusion of his speech and many of those present walked to the front to shake the candidate's hand and pledged their support in the campaign.

Get your Pencils, Tablets, Ink etc from Powell & Powell. 10-1f

Our spring slippers have arrived. B. L. Boydston. 116

GRAND Millinery Opening March 17th and 18th

The Spring Millinery Goods of 1908 are far more beautiful than any previous season.

Don't forget the dates, Tuesday and Wednesday, March 17th and 18th.

There will be bargains on the above dates that will not be offered again this season. **WHY?** Because I have an immense stock and haven't room to show goods to an advantage, space is at a premium. Come first and get your choice.

Yours to Please,

MRS. A. M. MILLER



RESOLUTIONS.

Resolutions adopted by Camp A. S. Johnston, No 654 U. C. V. February 22d 1908.

Whereas on February 12, 1908, inscrutable providence of the Almighty God, the summons came to our well-beloved and honored comrade C. C. Jackson, to pass over to those unchartered shores beyond the grave. The old soldier was found ready and obeyed the summons and we, his survivors, humbly bow our heads to the divine power and repeat "Thy will be done." "Uncle Charley" as he was lovingly and familiarly called by all who knew him, and his acquaintance was large, during a lifetime of over eighty-three years; acknowledged allegiance to three different Southern States of the Union. Born in Tennessee, he was a Tennessean until manhood, then moving to Arkansas he was an Arkansan during the dark and fearful days in the '60's which tried men's souls, and promptly proved his love and allegiance to his adopted state by volunteering in her defense against the invading and usurping foes by joining Co. I, 6th Battalion of Arkansas Cavalry, where he did noble and true duty until the end. After the war he moved to Texas and threw the weight of his mature judgment and fearless aid in advancing the Western frontier of his newly adopted state, thus assisting in developing an empire in itself. Therefore be it resolved:

That in the death of Comrade Jackson A. S. Johnston Camp No. 654 has lost an honored, true and upright member whose loss we undividually deplore. Be it further resolved:

That in the dark hour of their bereavement we extend to his family his deepest sympathy. And be it further resolved:

That copies of these resolutions be furnished his family and the

county press for publication and be spread upon the minutes of our Camp.

Attest: W. C. POWELL, Com.
J. E. W. LANE, Adjt.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that an election will be held at the City Hall in the City of Baird in Callahan County, Texas, on Tuesday, April 7th 1908 for the purpose of electing a Mayor, five Aldermen and Marshal of said City of Baird. Ed Coppins is hereby appointed Presiding Officer of said election.

Done, by order of City Council of the City of Baird, this Feby 28th 1908.

Attest: J. B. CUTBIRTH,
Mayor Pro. Tem.
H. O. POWELL, Sec. 14-4

A Guaranteed Article.

Many things are advertised and many promises are made, but it is not always that these promises are made in good faith nor can they always be kept. With a laxative remedy like Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, it is different. This remedy will cure constipation, indigestion, liver trouble, flatulency, heartburn, sour stomach in old or young. A rich company is behind every statement made. It is absolutely guaranteed to do what is claimed, and if you want to try it before buying, send your address for a free sample bottle to Pepsin Syrup Co., 119 Caldwell Bldg. Monticello, Ill. It is sold by Powell & Powell at 50c and \$1.00 a bottle.

Mrs. W. E. Hunter returned to her home at Ft. Worth Tuesday, after spending several days with her mother and brother here. Mrs. Hunter called at THE STAR office while here and renewed her subscription.

Wanted—to trade for good Jersey milk cow. C. S. Boyles. 14-2

President Harrington, Peoria.

The word of a prominent and respected business man should be listened to. Mr. F. M. Harrington, president of the Harrington Manufacturing Co., Peoria, Ill., writes that he was for years a constant sufferer from indigestion and constipation, which nothing seemed to relieve, and he had almost given up hope when he began to take Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and it made a new man of him. It is absolutely guaranteed to do what is claimed, and if you want to try it before buying, send your address for a free sample bottle to Pepsin Syrup Co., 119 Caldwell Bldg. Monticello, Ill. It is sold by Powell & Powell at 50c and \$1.00 a bottle.

You can save money by buying your garden tools at Boyles. He makes the price. 14-2

Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Johnson entertained a number of their friends very pleasantly Tuesday evening.

Fishing tackle, fishing tackle at Boyles. 14-2

A Good Beginning.

Everything in later life depends on how we began it. You cannot be successful in life if you haven't good health. To insure good health in later life it is necessary to start right. Many of life's serious ills are caused by constipation, indigestion and liver trouble. The best way to cure them in old or young is to use Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. It is absolutely guaranteed to do what is claimed, and if you want to try it before buying, send your address to Pepsin Syrup Co., 119 Caldwell Bldg. Monticello, Ill. It is sold by Powell & Powell at 50c and \$1.00 a bottle.

EGGS.—American Single Comb White Leghorn chickens eggs \$1.50 for 15. E. W. TISDALE. 14-4

When in doubt buy of Boyles.

Think Before You Buy

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

Baird Drug Co.

BOYDSTUN & DAVIS, Proprietors
BAIRD, TEXAS

The Best and Nicest

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

HOT AND COLD BATHS

Laundry Basket leave Tuesdays and returns on Saturday.

WALTER WHITLEY

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

Still On The Fencing Question.

We have an overstock of clear 6 inch lumber. Will sell at common lumber prices, for nice fencing. Better investigate. It is worth while. Good reduction all around.

R. B. SPENCER & Co.
Lumber Dealers,
Baird, Texas.
13-2

CITY BAKERY.

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

Habit Controls Us

"Get the habit" of doing things certain ways and of thinking certain thoughts. We make good habits or bad habits. Now "we have the habit" of devoting our attention to Groceries and good things for the table and as a result we are fully prepared to take care of your wants in this line. We sell you the best the market affords--guaranteed to please you as to price and quality. Would appreciate it if you would "get the habit" of ordering your Groceries from us, We give you courteous treatment and prompt deliveries. Phone us at No. 231.

J. C. JONES

The Grocer
Baird, Tex

WHAT DO YOU KNOW ABOUT THIS BANK?

WHEN you connect yourself with a bank you naturally want to know something of the men behind it. Have you examined the personnel of this bank's Board of Directors? We want you to. We are proud of the men behind our institution. Have you made it a custom to study our financial statement? Only in this way can you form an opinion of our stability and ability to serve you. A strong directorate means a wise management, and our strong statement indicates just what that management has done for us. You can only afford to affiliate yourself with a substantial bank. Come in and get acquainted and let us tell you more of the advantages we have to offer. Your business is safe with this bank.

J. B. Cutbirth C. C. Seale S. L. Driskill Fred Alvord
T. E. Powell A. G. Webb Harry Meyer H. W. Ross Fred Lane
DIRECTORS OF

The Home National Bank of Baird

PERSONAL

J. C. Truelove has returned from Ft. Worth.

J. U. Johnson spent Monday at Oplin.

Roy Windham, of Tecumseh, was in town Wednesday.

Mrs. Grantham and children, of Oplin, were in town Wednesday.

Boyles has a full line of garden tools. See him before you buy. 14-2

W. P. (Dick) Cochran announces for City Marshal. He served several years as deputy county clerk and succeeding County Clerk W. W. Dunson held the office four years. He is perhaps as well qualified for the position as any man in Baird. He has resided in Baird for 12 or 15 years. If the people should elect him the Star feels warranted in saying that he will discharge the duties of the office satisfactory to the public.

Miss Jennie Frost, of Santo, is the guest of her sister, Mrs. C. E. Johnson.

Miss Lufe Lambert, who has been the guest of her sister, Mrs. H. A. McWhorter, for several months has returned to her home at Winters.

The race for City Marshal is warming up, and a new candidate announces or is mentioned nearly every day, but still you hear but little talk about the city election. It is time to think about it.

J. M. Gibson, of Eula, was in town Tuesday. He reports everything in good shape out his way, farm work well advanced, but says rain is needed now for grain, especially.

The city election is just one month from tomorrow. Whom do you want for Mayor, also five Alderman?

J. W. Tatum, one of the old timers, was in town Monday.

Say did you know that THE STAR contains more reading matter than any country weekly in fifty miles of Baird.

Miss Lena Jones, who has been visiting relatives here for sometime will leave this week for her home at Memphis Tenn.

Judge and Mrs. Parker who have spent several months at the Hall ranch on the Bayou, left Sunday for their home at Vineta, I. T.

Summer weather has prevailed at Baird for several days. The thermometer registered 88 in the shade several days. Peach and plum trees are in full bloom, some trees bloomed more than a month ago. It looks like spring, but you had better keep up your heating stove for a while longer.

The Second and third battalions of the Fourth Infantry passed through Baird last Saturday evening en route to San Francisco, from there they will sail for the Philippines on March 5th. This is said to be the third time the Fourth Infantry has gone to the Philippines for duty. The officers and veterans of the regiment have already twice encircled the globe. Rather a remarkable record.

G. A. (George) Clements announces this week as a candidate for City Marshal. George says if the people elect him he will do his very best to make a faithful and efficient officer, in enforcing every city ordinance. George Clements is so well known to the voters of Baird that nothing from THE STAR if necessary to tell them who he is. He has been in business here for sometime but sold his interest in the firm of Clement & Price on the first of the month.

Mr. J. C. Barenger was in Abilene Tuesday.

Miss Jennie Harris spent Sunday here.

Mr. N. Coleman, of Abilene, was here Monday.

Mrs. S. M. Brazwell, of Itasca, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. R. Phillips.

Mrs. G. M. Hall has returned from a visit to Brazos.

The Wednesday Club met with Mrs. F. S. Bell Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Bird, of Okla., is visiting her brother, L. L. Blackburne.

Horrall Phillips, of Rotan, spent Saturday and Sunday with his parents

M. W. Uzzell spent Tuesday at Clyde.

Joe Shackelford, of Putnam, was here Monday.

Mrs. A. R. Day is visiting in Eastland.

Mr. A. R. Day spent Sunday in Eastland.

Chas. Neeb, of Cross Plaines, was here Wednesday and Thursday.

J. B. Stokes has returned from Fort Worth.

Assistant Supt. of the T. & P. J. D. Gilbert was here Tuesday.

Mrs. S. D. Hill, of Admiral, was in town Tuesday.

E. M. Wristen has gone to St. Louis to buy his spring stock of dry goods, etc.

Mr. Smythe, representing the Southwestern Paper Co., Dallas, was a pleasant caller at THE STAR office yesterday.

Don't say you didn't know we sold hardware. We have a full line and the price is right. C. S. Boyles.

M. W. Uzzell of Baird announces this week as a candidate for Tax Assessor. Mr. Uzzell is an exemplary young man and has lived in Baird for about eight years, where he has worked for various dry goods firms and all his his employers speak well of him. He is competent and worthy and if he should be the choice of the people at the coming primary we feel sure he will make a faithful and efficient officer.

J. H. Surlis, of Putnam, was up Monday.

When in doubt buy at Boyles' 14-2

Frank Russell was in from his Bayou farm Saturday.

Buy your screen wire and poultry netting from Boyles. 14-2

F. T. (Tobe) Scott, of San Angelo, is visiting his son, County Clerk Geo. B. Scott.

Fishing tackle galore at Boyles' drop in and let us show you. 14-2

Miss Ruby Hill has returned from Abilene where she spent a week visiting relations.

Mr. A. R. Teeple, of Hagerman, N. M., came down to attend the marriage of his sister, Miss Emily Teeple of DeLeon.

How about that new buggy? When in doubt buy at Boyles'. 14-2

Sixteen bales of cotton were practically destroyed by fire at the cotton platform Saturday. The fire boys turned out and did good service, but the fire seems to have got under considerable headway before it was discovered.

See ice ad of Lem and Ed. Lambert. They received a car load of ice Tuesday and are now ready to supply all customers. Give the boys a trial.

BRADLEY BEAT BECKHAM

Republican Elected Senator in Bluegrass State.

FOUR DEMOCRATS CHANGE

Two Senators and the Same Number of Representatives Record Their Votes in Favor of Man Who at One Time Held the Governorship.

Frankfort, Ky., Feb. 29.—Amid scenes of wildest excitement on the floor of the house of representatives, former Governor William O'Connell Bradley, Republican candidate, was Friday elected to succeed James B. McCreary in the United States senate for a term of six years, beginning March 4, 1909. He received sixty-four votes, barely enough to win, and was enabled to gain victory through the assistance of four anti-Beckham Democrats, Senators McNutt and Charlton and Representatives Mueller of Louisville and Lillard of Boyle county.

The balloting for senator began on Jan. 15, and ballots were taken each day thereafter when a quorum was had. Friday's deciding ballot was the twenty-ninth.

Until Friday they had voted for Democrats for senator, and their sudden rally to Bradley took the Beckham men completely by surprise, although the latter claim to have information that a deal was effected by which the liquor forces were to elect Bradley in return for the defeat of the county unit bill in the senate.

The completion of the first roll call showed Bradley, 64; Beckham, 60; Blackburn, 1; James, 1. Before the speaker could announce the result the Democrats obtained a recapitulation, and attempted to break the quorum by leaving the hall, but came back accompanied by Beckham, who authorized the withdrawal of his name, and released the Democrats from the primary nomination pledge to him in the hope that some other Democrat would be named who could defeat Bradley.

The four bolting Democrats were surrounded by life long party friends and urged to withdraw their support from Bradley and elect James B. McCreary, or any Democrat they might name, but they remained obdurate, declaring that the proposition came too late. The Democratic leaders promised a caucus to select a candidate to which the name of Beckham would not be presented, but the recalcitrants refused all offers, and the result could not be changed. The ballot was finally completed after the Democrats finished changing the votes, which was as follows:

Bradley, 65; Beckham, 15; James, 15; McCreary, 16; Mayo, 5; Allen, 2; Smith, 2; Newman, 1; Elliston, 1; Stanley, 1; Blackburn, 1; Cantrill, 1; Ellis, 1; Cammack, 1; Sullivan, 1; McElroy, 1.

There was great disorder in the senate during the recapitulation, the Republicans demanding that the speaker announce the result and the Democrats seeking to delay, hoping to induce one of the Democrats to leave Bradley.

In a speech accepting his election, Bradley thanked the speaker for his fair and impartial rulings. He promised to use every effort as senator to secure the repeal of the 6-cent tax on tobacco.

Representative Lillard was the only one of the Democrats to explain his vote for Bradley. He said he thought the time to throw off the party shackles to break up the machine had come, and although he did support the Democratic ticket for fifty years, he believed his vote for Bradley was the best Democratic vote he ever cast.

Deems It a Misfortune.

Memphis, Feb. 29.—The News-Scimitar prints a brief interview with Hon. W. J. Bryan in regard to the election of former Governor Bradley as United States senator from Kentucky, in which Mr. Bryan says: "I cannot see where the selection of Mr. Bradley will have any effect on national politics, but I consider it a great misfortune."

BOMB WAS CRUDE.

Attempt Made to Blow Up the President of Argentina.

Buenos Ayres, Feb. 29.—Dr. J. Figueroa, president of the republic, early Friday was the object of an abortive attempt at assassination at the hands of a native of Argentina. He hurled a crude bomb at the president as the latter alighted from his carriage in front of his residence. The missile did not explode.

The miscreant, who is believed to be insane, was arrested, and three other persons, who were acting in a suspicious manner, also were taken into custody by the police.

Dr. Alcorta was not at all perturbed. He considers the action that of an insane man.

MOTHER'S AWFUL FEELS.

Takes Lives of Three of Her Children and Then Suicides.

Baltimore, Feb. 29.—Mrs. J. G. Spires, wife of a farmer, three miles west of Basil, killed three of her children,

perhaps fatally wounded a fourth and then committed suicide. One of the children was drowned in a well and the others were shot and their throats cut. The dead children are Catherine, aged three years; Luella, aged two, and Jesse, aged one. The surviving boy is four years old.

Experimental Farms.

Cameron, Tex., Feb. 29.—George Banzohf, who is assisting Government Director Campbell in establishing experiment farms in Milam county, reports that they have succeeded in fitting about 125 for this year. They are in different portions of the county.

HANGED TO LIMB.

Negro's Body Found Suspended From Elm Tree.

Conroe, Tex., Feb. 28.—"Warning to Negroes Found Prowling in White Folks' Houses." This placard was tied to the feet of a negro, Charley Scott, whose dead body was found swinging to a big elm tree at this place. The negro, who was eighteen years old and was regarded by many as feeble minded, was quietly lynched by unknown parties. No noise was made and no shots were fired and nothing was known of the lynching save by those taking part until Friday morning, when the sun revealed the gruesome sight of a dead body dangling and waving pendulum fashion by the breeze.

A neighbor named Willett heard Mrs. Powell Alley, wife of a leading white citizen, scream before daylight Thursday morning. He rushed over in time to catch Scott emerging from the house. The negro could give no explanation of his presence. Mr. Alley was away from home. A warrant charging criminal assault was sworn out, but the negro was released on bond. He was last seen alive at 8 o'clock Thursday evening at a local hotel seeking his grandmother, who cooked there.

STRICT COMPLIANCE.

Receiver Freeman Will Adhere to All Orders of the Commission.

Austin, March 2.—Judge T. J. Freeman, receiver for the International and Great Northern railway, had a conference here with the railroad commission, during which he stated that as receiver of the International he would adhere to all orders of the railroad commission, including the recent order for the physical improvements of the road; that after all fixed charges are paid, the betterment of the physical property of the road will be entered into.

Judge Freeman said that temporary headquarters of the company would remain at Palestine.

He again reiterated that there was absolutely no truth or foundation for the report that the Texas and Pacific would be placed in the hands of a receiver. He called on Attorney General Davidson and discussed matters with him.

ATTAINED UNUSUAL AGE.

Lady Born During Administration of John Adams Dies.

San Antonio, Feb. 28.—Born when John Adams, second president of the United States, was in office but a few months, and when, to the American people Texas was but yet a part unknown in the vast regions beyond the borders of the thirteen states, Mrs. Trinidad Perez has died at the age of 110 years. For more than a century she had lived within the area that now constitutes Bexar county, her last years being spent at the ranch of her nephew by marriage, John Welch, who lives ten miles from San Antonio, on the Leon road.

DARING ROBBERIES.

Couple of Safes Blown at Town Twenty Miles From San Antonio.

San Antonio, Feb. 28.—Two bold robberies occurred at Laverna, twenty miles from this city. Safe in the mercantile house of Koot, Linn & Reid was blown open and \$90 secured. The Wells, Fargo Express company's building was next visited. The safe there was also blown and \$300 stolen. The express building was badly wrecked. All the windows in the first named establishment were shattered. Nitroglycerin was used in each instance.

THOUSANDS TAGGED.

Dallas Ladies Give Out Great Numbers and Receive Much Cash.

Dallas, March 2.—The leading business streets were lined with ladies Saturday giving out tags and receiving in return considerable cash. The money they receive is to be used for the benefit of the children of Dallas in the way of providing play grounds and other benefits for the little ones. The man who did not have one of the little pasteboards on his coat was one who did not appear upon the downtown thoroughfares.

Plenty of Operators.

Fort Worth, Feb. 28.—Railroad officials here received messages from different parts of the country requesting them to head off influx of telegraph operators as the supply now equals the demand. A short time ago other states called upon Texas for operators because of the national eight hour law becoming effective. Over 250 key men left the state within the last

month, nearly all obtaining employment.

Death Comes Suddenly.

Sherman, Tex., March 2.—R. R. Dulin, a citizen of Sherman for forty years and also one of the leading business men of this section, was found dead in bed Saturday morning shortly after 4 o'clock. He worked until 11 o'clock Friday night and was seemingly in his usual health that day.

Shot Over Left Eye.

Denison, Feb. 28.—C. C. Vargas, a farmer living two miles east of here, was shot over the left eye, the bullet fangling downward and coming out under his chin. Several teeth were knocked out. The wound is not fatal. Archie Carpenter gave \$500 bond.

Fire Destroys Warehouse.

Waxahachie, Tex., Feb. 28.—Fire destroyed the large warehouse belonging to the Waxahachie Planing Mill company. Two or three carloads of lumber burned. Loss is about \$5,000; insurance partial.

Fought With Knives.

Fort Worth, March 2.—Near Kennedale a knife duel resulted in the death of John Batey, whose throat was cut. B. M. Probst claims self defense.

TEXAS ODD FELLOWS.

They and Rebekahs Hold Annual Meetings.

Fort Worth, March 2.—Mayor Harris, turned the keys of the city over to 2,000 Odd Fellows Monday attending the Texas grand lodge meeting of the order. Four hundred Rebekahs are also present. The opening exercises were held at the city hall. After an invocation by A. Supler, grand chaplain, responses to Mayor Harris' address of welcome were delivered by John A. Martin, Mrs. John A. McKee, H. Schwartz, grand master of the order, and Mrs. N. L. Kossey, president of the Rebekah assembly.

Reports submitted show the Odd Fellows to have experienced a most successful year since the last grand encampment. The membership has increased 5,000. The total enrollment in Texas is 31,000.

Sixty-four new Rebekah lodges have been added the past year, with a gain in membership of 4,000.

C. B. Lewis of Ennis succeeds Grand Master Schwartz as head of the Odd Fellows grand encampment. The order is in most excellent financial condition.

BONHAM MAN HONORED.

W. A. Spangler Elected Grand Master of Texas Odd Fellows.

Fort Worth, March 3.—The grand lodge of Odd Fellows elected the following officers:

Grand Master—W. A. Spangler, Bonham.

Deputy Grand Master—A. T. Goodrich, Houston.

Grand Secretary—W. H. Walker, Dallas.

Grand Treasurer—S. W. Porter, Sherman.

Grand Warden—W. F. Boggess, Del Rio.

Grand Representative to Supreme Grand Lodge—Dr. J. A. Hubbard, Kaufman.

New officers of the Rebekahs' assembly:

President Mrs. Nellie Wood Houston.

Vice President—Mrs. Geneva D. Carson, Sherwood.

Grand Warden—Mrs. R. Denett, Seymour.

Grand Secretary—Mrs. J. D. Alexander, Cisco.

Grand Treasurer—Mrs. Will Cullwell, Gainesville.

Member Advisory Board—Mrs. Matilda Wiley.

Following the invocation at the opening exercises by Grand Chaplain Mason the girls from the widows and orphans' home at Corsicana rendered musical selections. The appearance of the girls dressed in various uniforms and wearing badges of various lodges occasioned an outburst of applause lasting some time.

At the executive session of the grand lodge the principal feature was the installation of the grand officers elected at the last meeting at San Antonio last year. These are as follows: Grand master, Charles D. Lewis; deputy grand master, W. A. Spangler; grand warden, A. T. Goodrich; grand secretary, W. H. Walker; grand treasurer, S. W. Porter.

Gen. Rainey of Iowa, general commanding the Patriarch Militant, the Cantonment, or uniform rank of the order, delivered an address.

GOVERNOR NO CANDIDATE.

Hopes That a Solid Bryan Delegation Will Be Sent to Denver.

Austin, March 3.—Governor Campbell said: "I am not a candidate for delegate at large to the national convention, and will not be. I am very busy now with the duties of the office I hold, and these duties, together with my interest in state affairs and in making good the pledges upon which I was elected governor, demands my whole time and requires the employment of all my energies."

*I am interested in securing a solid

Buy You a Home

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

On Easy Terms

L. L. BLACKBURN W. D. BOYDSTUN
BAIRD, TEXAS.

SEAY & HASH BROS.

LIQUOR DEALERS
STRAWN, TEXAS

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

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

PAY UP.

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

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

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

Don't Complain.

If your chest pains and you are unable to sleep because of a cough. Buy a bottle of Ballard's Horehound Syrup and you won't have any cough. Get a bottle now and that cough won't last long. A cure for all pulmonary diseases. Mrs. J., Galveston, Texas, writes: "I can't say enough for Ballard's Horehound Syrup. The relief it has given me is all that is necessary for me to say." Sold by Powell & Powell.

Use Electric Lights

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

10 F. & M. GIN & LT. Co.
V. F. JONES, P. H. CROOK, Mgrs.

A BABY

should be sunshine in the home, and will be if you give it White's Cream Vermifuge, the greatest worm medicine ever offered to suffering humanity. This remedy is becoming a fixture of well regulated households—a mother, with children, can't get along without a bottle of White's Cream Vermifuge in the house. It is the purest and best medicine that money can buy. Sold by Powell & Powell.

SEVEN CARS DITCHED.

Bailey Stevens Loses His Life and Two Others Badly Hurt.

Alvord, Tex., March 3.—By rails spreading a Fort Worth and Denver freight train had seven cars ditched. It happened two miles from here.

Bailey Stevens, a mechanic of Alvord, was killed. John Cunningham of Ballinger was perhaps fatally injured. Otto Legman of Cincinnati, O., was seriously hurt and John Wootson of New York sustained slight injuries. The men were riding in a freight car. Dick Calhoun of Crockett, Tex., who was in the same car, narrowly escaped.

Attempt to Burn Failed.

Holland, Tex., March 3.—While the family of Otto Eckerman, a prosperous farmer living near Holland, was absent from home, unknown parties attempted to burn their home. The house was fired on the back porch, consuming several plans of the floor and in some manner extinguished. Mr. Eckerman cannot account for the act.

Hearing Date Set.

Washington, March 3.—The supreme court set the Waters-Pierce Oil company receivership case for hearing on its merits for April 16. This is the appeal on the certiorari of Henry Clay Pierce and other stockholders from the decision of the United States circuit court at New Orleans ousting Receiver Dorchester and recognizing Receiver Eckhardt.

Appropriately Remembered.

Austin, March 3.—Texas Independence day was appropriately observed here, all departments being closed. Appropriate ceremonies were held at the University of Texas.

LISTEN.

And remember the next time you suffer from pain—caused by damp weather—when your head nearly bursts from neuralgia—try Ballard's Snow Liniment. It will cure you. A prominent business man of Hempstead, Texas writes, "I have used your liniment. Previous to using it I was a great sufferer from Rheumatism and neuralgia. I am free from these complaints. I am sure I owe this to your liniment." Sold by Powell & Powell.

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

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

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

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

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

ANDREW HAMILTON DIES.

Former Insurance Counsel Expires Alone.

Albany, N. Y., March 3.—Andrew Hamilton, formerly counsel to the New York Life and other insurance companies, and in charge for many years of insurance litigation and legislative matters in all parts of this country and Canada, was found dead in bed



ANDREW HAMILTON.

Sunday morning at his home in this city. An autopsy disclosed an acute infarction of the heart, which must have caused his instantaneous death some time during the night.

SHAH'S CLOSE CALL.

Three Persians Killed by Bomb Intended For Ruler.

Teheran, Feb. 28.—An attempt was made in this city to assassinate the shah by bombs. His majesty was not hurt. Three out riders who accompanied him were killed. The bombs were hurled Friday afternoon.

The shah owes his escape to the precautions taken to protect him from just such an attempt as was made. He was on his way to a nearby town, where he intended to pass a few days. The procession left the palace traveling on a narrow street, when two bombs were hurled down at it from the roof of a house. One exploded in the air, but the other struck the ground near the shah's auto. This missile in exploding killed three outriders, wounded the chauffeur and a score of bystanders and shattered the vehicle. The shah, however, was not in his auto. He had taken the precaution to send his motor car on ahead and ride himself in a carriage further in the rear of the procession. The motor car was a closed one, and it was thought the sovereign was inside. As soon as the shah heard the explosion he alighted hurriedly from the carriage and entered a neighboring house. Here he remained quietly while while attendants sent word for a detachment of troops. Soldiers hurried to the scene and formed in front of a house where the shah was. He then came out and surrounded by a big body guard returned to the palace. The house from which the bombs were thrown and buildings nearby were searched by the police, but no arrests made.

DEADLY DUEL.

Fully Ten Shots Were Exchanged and One Participant a Corpse.

Laredo, Tex., March 2.—A killing took place on one of the most public streets in the city Sunday, which has stirred up much excitement. The result is that a well known Mexican, Lucio Gonzalez, is dead and Alex. Trembel, a custom house inspector, is in jail awaiting an examining trial. Deceased fell lying on his face on the sidewalk with five wounds in his body and Trembel standing over him with a pistol in each hand. Fully ten shots were exchanged.

FOUR BOYS DROWN.

Boat Overturns on Lake, but Two Other Lads Cling to Bottom.

Mart, Tex., March 2.—A boat containing six boys on a small lake near here overturned. These four were drowned: Bailey Yancey, Harvey Vinson, Willie Riley and Rupert Gossett. Elbert Broughton and Robert Johnson clung to the boat's bottom nearly an hour before rescued.

No Reflection Intended.

Austin, Feb. 28.—In answering Commissioner Love's query, Attorney Locke of the Metropolitan Life Insurance company said he intended no reflection against any insurance company by using the word "irresponsible" in his brief.

Cousin Takes Cousin's Life.

Sallisaw, Okla., March 2.—George Chuculate killed John Chuculate, his cousin and brother-in-law, with six shots of a revolver at close range after a knife fight. The cause is unknown. All parties are of a prominent full blood Cherokee family.

No Nine-Hour Extension.

Washington, March 3.—The interstate commerce commission decided by a unanimous vote to deny all petitions for extensions of time within

which to comply with the so-called hours of service laws—the nine-hour law.

Head Nearly Torn Off.

Tahlequah, Okla., Feb. 29.—Defending his mother from an assault Edward Twist, a twelve-year-old Indian boy, shot a man, almost tearing his head from his body. Twist was placed in jail.

Tries to Hang Himself.

Atlanta, March 2.—George Lawhorn tried twice to hang himself in jail. He is charged with carrying concealed weapons.

WORLD IN PARAGRAPHS.

Kaufman county, Texas, is on a cash basis.

Morocco will take stringent steps to stop anarchy.

A bottling factory is being built at Colorado, Tex.

Railroads cannot carry government fish free to Texas.

Scott Davis, a negro, was found dead in bed at Texarkana.

It is denied that Turkish troops have evacuated Persian territory.

John Stierman, a negro, drowned in White Rock creek, near Dallas.

Near Brenham, Tex., Valentine Stieglitz was found dead in a tank.

Over 1,200 rabbits were shipped from Windom, Tex., this season.

Ellen May DeHart, thirteen months old, died from scalds at Houston.

Two miles from Sherman, Tex., Judson Thomas lost his life by a cavein.

Aggregate value of cargoes shipped from Galveston last week is \$4,255,158.

The Frisco railway will build at El Reno, Okla., a five-story office structure.

George Spedel of Ballinger, Tex., was robbed at a San Antonio depot of \$150.

E. A. Stillwell says the two Orient railway divisions will soon be connected.

Near Center, Tex., Tommy Wallington, a boy, lost his life by a dynamite explosion.

Nevada State Journal of Reno, Nev., Democratic thirty-four years, is now independent.

Linda Mills, four years old, fell in a mill race near New Braunfels, Tex., and drowned.

John Gaines, convicted at McKinney, Tex., of criminal assault, got twenty years.

Levi Ables, a negro, was held up by two highwaymen at Dallas and \$70 taken from him.

Fire at Natchez, Miss., destroyed a negro church and three residences. The loss is \$75,000.

Fearing a strike, the Rock Island railway is storing at El Reno, Okla., 100,000 tons of coal.

Dallas postal receipts for February were \$40,367.75, an increase of \$990.64 over February, 1907.

Northern Texas Traction company is spending at Handley for improvements nearly \$200,000.

Dallas heads Texas cities in number of telephones. Houston comes next, followed by Fort Worth.

C. F. Oliver of Tyler, Tex., claims to have been knocked in the head at Dallas and robbed of \$140.

Merger of the Mexican Central and Mexican National railways has been signed at the City of Mexico.

East Texas summer normal will be held at Terrell, beginning June 1. Prof. H. P. Walker will be conductor.

R. W. McFarlane has withdrawn from the race for the Arkansas Democratic gubernatorial nomination.

Chancellor Lyell of Mississippi holds the Mississippi and Louisiana Retail Dealers' association is a trust.

A bill has been introduced in the house providing for the deepening and widening of Galveston harbor.

Rule, Haskell county, Texas, has a population of 2,000. Three are negroes. The place is not two years old.

Fire in Chicago Telephone company building caused \$40,000 damage. Forty-eight girls were panic stricken.

Near Granger, Tex., John Vitek was run over and killed by a train. He leaves a widow and several children.

Three business houses and the City hotel at Barstow, Tex., were destroyed by fire. The loss is estimated at \$75,000.

Representative Burleson has introduced in the house a bill appropriating \$50,000 for a government building at San Marcos, Tex.

The infant of Mrs. Leonard of Denison, Tex., fell into a lard pail head foremost and drowned. The pail contained water.

Twenty-eight miles northwest of Muskogee a monster gas well has been brought in. The roaring can be heard six miles.

George Plummer, a boy, fell from a tree at San Antonio on a fence. A picket penetrated his body six inches. He may recover.

By the accidental discharge of his shotgun while hunting D. S. Besland, an alderman of Natchez, Miss., was shot in the heart.

Although in jail, Caleb Powers is a candidate for the Republican congressional nomination in the Eleventh Kentucky district.

The transcript in the W. O. Brown murder case, filed in the court of criminal appeals at Dallas, consists of over 500 typewritten pages.

Two Peruvian doctors made a pro-

New Spring Goods

Are arriving daily, and we are too busy to write an add. Watch this space for bargains.

H. Schwartz

Baird, Texas

POWELL & POWELL DRUGGISTS

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

Powell & Powell, Druggists.

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

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

FURNITURE

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

HALSTED BROS.

essions visit to Auntie Evans. They say he has gout and rheumatism, but that his condition is not serious.

Gas escaping from the register at the Green Avenue Baptist church, Detroit, overcame one dozen persons. They were revived by physicians.

Severest weather of winter was experienced Sunday in England, Scotland and Wales. In parts of Scotland snow was piled fifteen feet high.

C. McDonald, a Frisco switchman, had both legs crushed at Ada, Okla., by a train running over him. He died while en route to a sanitarium at Sherman, Tex.

Ten miles from Buffalo, N. Y. Anthony Schultze and three of his children were burned to death during the destruction of their house. The mother and four other children were rescued.

Pat Garrett, one of the most noted characters of the southwest, slayer of "Billy the Kid," was shot to death near Las Cruces, N. M., by J. Wayne Brazel, a ranchman, in a dispute over a ranch lease.

Governor Campbell has appointed Meadames J. N. Porter of Dallas and Elbert Hertsberg of San Antonio delegates to the International Congress on the Welfare of the Child, to be held at Washington March 10 to 17.

ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.

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

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

NOTICE.

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

We Ask All to Call and See Our

Spring Embroideries,
Laces, Neckwear,
and Belts, Etc.

This Line is Perfect in Style, Quality and Price. Come and See Them.

Wristen & Johnson

ROUND ABOUT TOWN.

The boys have a good joke on T. E. Powell, cashier of the Home National Bank. Tom has not been in the banking business long and has not caught onto all the legal holidays. So Monday morning he came down to the bank, found no one there and proceeded to open up the bank, all the while berating the boys for their tardiness. It was Texas Independence day, but Tom had forgotten all about it, but like a loyal Texan closed the bank when notified that March 2d was down on the calendar as a legal holiday.

The preachers who are conducting the protracted meeting at Methodist church requested all the merchants to close their stores at 7 o'clock at night so the employes can attend church. Among others Bro. Chambliss called on H. F. Foy and courteously requested him to close up. Mr. Foy flat-footedly refused to close up at 7 o'clock, which rather stumped the preacher, who remarked that, of course, he could use his own pleasure about it. Mr. Foy finally explained that the reason he would not close at 7 was because he closed his store every night before that hour at this season of the year. The joke was then on the preacher; at least the crowd thought so.

A merchant remarked to a representative of the Star this week that he does not know what is going to become of some of the children of town. Said he, it is a common thing to catch large boys and girls purloining small articles in the store and said the Lord only knows how much we lose every day. Several boys were caught this week but for obvious reasons no fuss was made about it; but if this thing goes on some parents will be mortified by having their boy or girl arrested on

a serious charge. Some parents let their children roam at will over the streets, and the children are liable to get into mischief. This merchant said that for several months past the theft of small articles and some of considerable value had become serious, and the practice seems to increase. Parents cannot be too careful in training their children. When children get the habit of swiping everything they can get their hands on the fault is at home. The parents have failed to properly instruct their children. The child does not realize the serious disgrace of petty thefts, unless some one teaches them. Petty thieves as a rule become burglars and outlaws when grown.

The Baird public school will soon close unless some plan can be devised to pay the teachers, and the trustees see no way to raise the money. The loss of the special tax is the cause. The trustees had to borrow part of the money to pay the incidental expenses of the school and do not feel like incurring any more expense. The outlook for the public school at Baird is just about as poor as it could well be, and nothing can be done until the law suit now pending in the higher court is decided.

Eugene Irion returned from Big Springs Tuesday. Gene thinks Big Springs is one of the best towns in the west. He says everything is flourishing there.

Miss Clara Gilliland, daughter of Mrs. Jennie Gilliland, of Abilene and Mr. Arthur Sides, of Merkel, were married at Abilene Wednesday, March 4, 1908. THE STAR extends good wishes and congratulations to the happy young people.

5000 Club.

THE STAR is requested to announce that a meeting of the Club is called to meet at Mahan's store Monday next. Business of importance.

MARRIED.

Mr. W. E. Lowe, of De Leon and Miss Emily Teeple were married at the residence of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Teeple, Wednesday morning at 9:45 March 4, 1908. Rev. J. M. Joiner pastor of the Baptist Church officiating. The wedding was a quiet home affair only the family and a few most intimate friends being present to witness the ceremony.

Miss Emily has lived in Baird since early childhood and has many friends here who join THE STAR and extend to her good wishes and to Mr. Lowe congratulations. Mr. Lowe is a prominent citizen of De Leon. He holds the responsible position of Cashier of the Farmers & Merchants National Bank of that place.

Mr. and Mrs. Lowe left on the 9:45 train for De Leon.

Candidate For Tax Assessor.

Without solicitation and without issue I enter the field as a candidate for Tax Assessor. I have lived in Baird eight years and have worked for the firms of T. E. Powell, Wristen & McGowen and am at present with B. L. Boydston, thus feeling that I am duly identified with the people of Callahan County and need no introduction.

I intend to run a clean race on principle and have no mud to sling at my opponents for I deem them both as honorable men and am not running on their demerits if they have any.

Elect me and I promise to do my duty to the best of my ability and will do the best thing possible for you without doing violence to my oath of office. As for being a democrat, I am like Bon Ami, "Havn't scratched yet." Yours Respt. M. W. UZZELL.

The Great Revival.

Baird is now in the midst of an old time revival. The meeting is being held at the Methodist Church while it is not called a union meeting all the pastors and churches are heartily working together to save the lost of Baird.

The meeting is attracting large crowds and there is much interest manifested. Up to this time there have been 85 conversions. Quite a number have joined the different churches. The stores are closing at 7 p. m. that all the merchants and clerks may have an opportunity to attend.

There is nothing of the sensational about the methods of the evangelist Mr. McIntosh preaches a plain pointed gospel and believes it has in it the power to save. He is earnest and talks straight to the heart of his hearers.

Mrs. McIntosh is quite an efficient helper. She has organized ladies prayer meetings, and many of the women meet every morning at two different homes and pray and plan for the success of the meeting. The fine singing is quite a feature of the meeting. The splendid choir is led by that consecrated singer of Clyde, Prof. Easterling. The meeting will continue through the week. Mr. McIntosh will hold another meeting Sunday afternoon for men and boys only.

This is a great occasion for Baird and all should avail themselves of the opportunity to improve their spiritual well being. All Christians workers are cordially invited to attend the services and take part in trying to save the unsaved. Services at 4 and 7:30 p. m.

Henry Austin, of Cross Plains, was in town with a lot of preserved fruits, yesterday

LAMBERT BROS. ICE DEALERS

We have bought out the Phillips Ice business and now have ice ready to deliver. Let us have your order.

Rural Route.

Congressman Smith writes us that the route has been established with one carrier effective May 1, we suppose means service will begin then. Notice from the 4th Assist. Postmaster General was enclosed with Judge Smith's letter.

The following persons from Baird are attending the annual meeting of the Grand Lodge I. O. O. F. at Ft. Worth this week: Grand Master H. Schwartz; Grand Conductor C. H. Mahan; Representative, Jake Emmons, Oscar Nitschki, J. C. Trulove and W. J. Ray. Members of Rebekah Lodge: Mrs. H. Schwartz Mrs. J. D. Boydston, Misses Jaffe Lambert, Lillian Schwartz and Inez Franklin.

Sale of Herefords.

Remember the sale of high-grade Herefords at San Angelo Monday, March 9th, as advertised on first page of the Star last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver T. Wright, of Oak Cliff, are visiting Mrs. Wright's parents, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Mills. Mr. Wright was for some time editor and manager of the Baptist Young People published at Dallas, but resigned on Jan'y and is now on the lookout for a position with some good paper.

Error in Date.

By an oversight we printed 75 copies of the four inside pages under date of Feb'y 23, last week's date, before the error was discovered. If you get of this kind, it is this week's issue all the same.