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

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QUATERMAIN'S WIFE.

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SYNOPSIS OF THE STORY.

This story is supposed to be founded upon a manuscript found in the papers of Allan Quatermain, which were given to the author as literary executor. In it Quatermain tells the story of his marriage.

CHAPTER I.—Describes Allan's first meeting, when a child, with Stella Carson, at a Christmas gathering. Stella's dress caught fire and Allan extinguished the flames. Stella's mother was Spanish, and she eloped with a cousin, leaving Stella with her father, Squire Carson. He determined to leave England on account of the disgrace, and at about the same time Allan's mother died and Allan's father took him to South Africa, where Mr. Quatermain became a missionary among the Kaffirs. When Allan was 20 his father died.

CHAPTER II.

WHEN I had buried my father, and seen his successor installed in his place—for the station was the property of the society—I set to work to carry out a plan which I had long cherished, but been unable to execute, because it involved separation from my father. Put shortly, it was to undertake a trading journey of exploration right through the countries now known as the Free State and the Transvaal, and as much further north as I could go. It was an adventurous scheme, for, though the emigrant Boers had begun to occupy positions in these territories, they were still to all practical purposes unexplored. But I was now alone in the world, and it mattered little what became of me; so, driven on by the overmastering love of adventure, which, old as I am, will perhaps still be my cause of death, I determined to undertake it.

Accordingly I sold such stock and goods as we had upon the station, reserving only the two best wagons and two pairs of oxen. The proceeds I invested in such goods as were then in fashion, for trading purposes, and in guns and ammunition. The guns would have moved any modern explorer to merriment; but such as they were I managed to do a good deal of execution with them. One of them was a single barreled, smooth bore, fitted for percussion caps—a roer we called it—which threw a three-ounce ball, and was charged with a handful of coarse black powder. Many is the elephant that I killed with that roer, although it generally knocked me backwards when I fired it, which I only did under compulsion. The best of the lot, perhaps, was a double barreled No. 12 shot gun, but it had flint locks. Also, there were some old tower muskets, which might or might not throw straight at seventy yards. I took six Kaffirs with me, and three good horses, which were supposed to be salted—that is, proof against sickness. Among the Kaffirs was an old fellow named Indaba-zimbi, which, being translated, means "tongue of iron."

I suppose he got this name from his strident voice and exhaustless eloquence. This man was a great character in his way. He had been a noted witch-doctor among a neighboring tribe, and came to the station under the following circumstances, which, as he plays a considerable part in this history, are perhaps worth recording.

Two years before my father's death I had occasion to search the country round for some lost oxen. After a long and useless quest it occurred to me that I had better go to the place where the oxen were bred by a Kaffir chief, whose name I forgot, but whose kraal was about fifty miles from our station. There I went, and found the oxen safe at home. The chief entertained me handsomely, and on the following morning I went to pay my respects to him before leaving, and was somewhat surprised to find a collection of some hundreds of men and women sitting round him anxiously watching the sky, in which the thunder-clouds were banking up in a very ominous way.

"You had better wait, white man," said the chief, "and see the rain doctors fight the lightning."

I inquired what he meant, and learned that this man, Indaba-zimbi, had for some years occupied the position of wizard-in-chief to the tribe, although he was not a member of it, having been born in the country now known as Zululand. But a son of the chief's, a man of about 30, had lately set up as a rival in supernatural powers. This irritated Indaba-zimbi beyond measure, and a quarrel ensued between the two witch doctors that resulted in a challenge to trial by lightning being given and accepted. These were the conditions. The rivals must await the coming of a serious thunderstorm, no ordinary tempest would serve their turn. Then, carrying assegais in their hands, they must take their stand within fifty paces of each other upon a certain patch of ground where the big thunderbolts were observed to strike continually, and by the exercise of their occult powers and invocations to the lightning, must strive to avert death from themselves and bring it on their rival. The terms of this singular match had been arranged a month previously, but no storm worthy of the occasion had arisen. Now the local weather prophets believed it to be brewing.

I inquired what would happen if neither of the men were struck, and was told that they must then wait for another storm. If they escaped the second time, however, they would be held to be equal in power, and be jointly consulted by the tribe on occasions of importance.

The prospect of being a spectator of so unusual a sight overcame my desire to be gone, and I accepted the chief's invitation to see it out. Before midday I regretted it, for though the western heavens grew darker and darker, and the still air heralded the coming of the storm, yet it did not come. By 4 o'clock it became obvious that it must burst soon—at sunset, the old chief said, and in the company of the whole assembly I moved down to the place of combat. The kraal was built on the top of a hill, and below it the land sloped gently to the banks of a river about half a mile away. On the hither side of the bank was the piece of land that was, the natives said, "loved of the lightning." Here the magicians took up their stand, while the spectators grouped themselves on the hillside about two hundred yards away, which was, I thought, rather too near to be pleasant.

When we had sat there for awhile my curiosity overcame me, and I asked leave of the chief to go down and inspect the arena. He said I might do so at my own risk. I told him that the fire from above would not hurt white men, and went and found that it was a bed of iron ore, thinly covered with grass, which of course accounted for its attracting the lightning from the storms as they traveled along the line of the river. At each end of this ironstone area were placed the combatants, Indaba-zimba facing the east, and his rival the west, and before each there burned a little fire made of some scented root. Moreover, they were dressed in all the paraphernalia of their craft, snake skins, fish bladders, and I know not what besides, while round their necks hung circlets of baboons' teeth and bones from human hands. First I went to the western end where the chief's son stood. He was pointing with his assegai towards the advancing storm and invoking it in a voice of great excitement.

"Come, fire, and lick up Indaba-zimbi!

"Hear me, Storm Devil, and lick Indaba-zimbi with your red tongue!

"Spit on him with your rain!

"Whirl him away in your breath!

"Make him as nothing—melt the marrow in his bones!

"Run into his heart and burn away the lies!

"Show all the people who is the true Witch Finder!

"Let me not be put to shame in the eyes of this white man!"

Thus he spoke, or rather chanted, and all the while rubbed his broad chest—for he was a very fine man—with some filthy compound of medicine ai monti'.

After a while, getting tired of his song, I walked across the ironstone, to where Indaba-zimbi sat by his fire. He was not chanting at all, but his performance was much more impressive. It consisted in staring at the eastern sky, which was perfectly clear of cloud, and every now and again beckoning at it with his finger, then turning round to point with the assegai towards his rival. For a while I looked at him in silence. He was a curious wizened man, apparently over fifty years of age, with thin hands that looked as tough as wire. His nose was much sharper than is usual among these races, and he had a queer habit of holding his head sideways like a bird when he spoke, which, in addition to the humor that lurked in his eye, gave him a most comical appearance. Another strange thing about him was that he had a single white lock of hair among his black wool. At last I spoke to him:

"Indaba-zimbi, my friend," I said, "you may be a good witch doctor, but you are certainly a fool. It is no good beckoning at the blue sky while your enemy is getting a start with the storm."

"You may be clever, but don't think you know everything, white man," the old fellow answered, in a high cracked voice, and with something like a grin.

"They call you Irontongue," I went on; "you had better use it, or the Storm Devil won't hear you."

"The fire from above runs down iron," he answered, "so I keep my tongue quiet. Oh, yes, let him curse away, I'll put him out presently. Look now, white man."

I looked, and in the eastern sky there grew a cloud. At first it was small, but very black, but it gathered with extraordinary rapidity.

This was odd enough, but as I had seen the same thing happen before it did not particularly astonish me. It is by no means unusual in Africa for two thunderstorms to come up at the same time from different points of the compass.

"You had better go on, Indaba-zimbi," I said, "the big storm is coming along fast, and will soon eat up that baby of yours," and I pointed to the west.

"Babies sometimes grow to giants, white man," said Indaba-zimbi, beckoning away vigorously. "Look now at my cloud-child."

I looked; the eastern storm had spread itself from earth to sky, and in shape resembled an enormous man. There was its head, its shoulders, and its legs; yes, it was like a huge giant traveling across the heavens. The light of the setting sun escaping from beneath the lower edge of the western storm shot across the intervening space in a sheet of splendor, and, lighting up the advancing figure, wrapped its middle in hues of glory, too wonderful to be described; but beneath and above this glowing belt his feet and head were black as jet. Presently, as I watched, an awful flash of light shot from the head of the cloud and circled it about as though with a crown of living fire and vanished.

"Aha," chuckled old Indaba-zimbi, "my little boy is putting on his man's ring," and he tapped the green ring on his own head, which natives assume when they reach a certain age and dignity. "Now, white man, unless you are a bigger wizard than either of us you had better clear off, for the fire fight is about to begin."

I thought this sound advice.

"Good luck go with you, my black uncle," I said. "I hope you don't feel the iniquities of a misspent life weighing on you at the last."

"You look after yourself, and think of your own sins, young man," he answered, with a grim smile, and taking a pinch of snuff, and at that very moment a flash of lightning, I don't know from which storm, struck the ground within thirty paces of me. That was enough for me. I fairly took to my heels, and as I went I heard old Indaba-zimbi's dry chuckle of amusement.

I climbed the hill till I came to where the chief was sitting with his Indunas, and sat down near to him. I looked at the man's face and saw that he was intensely anxious for his son's safety, and by no means confident of his powers to resist the magic of Indaba-zimbi. He was talking in a low voice to the Induna next to him.

"Hearken!" the chief was saying, "if the magic of Indaba-zimbi prevails against my son, I will endure him no more. Of this I am sure, that when he has slain my son he will slay me, me also, and make himself chief in my place. I fear Indaba-zimbi. Oh!"

"Black one," answered the Induna, "wizards die as dogs die, and, once dead, dogs bark no more."

"And once dead," said the chief, "wizards work no more spells," and he bent and whispered in the Induna's ear, looking at the assegai in his hand as he whispered.

"Good, my father, good!" said the Induna, presently. "It shall be done to-night, if the lightning does not do it first."

"A bad lookout for old Indaba-zimbi," I said to myself. "They mean to kill him." Then I thought no more of the matter for a while—the scene before me was too tremendous.

The two storms were rapidly rushing together.

The silence deepened and deepened, the shadows grew blacker and blacker, then suddenly all nature began to moan beneath the breath of an icy wind. On came the wind; the smooth surface of the river was ruffled by it into little waves, the tall grass bowed low before it, and in its wake came the hissing sound of furious rain.

Ah! the storms had met. From each there burst an awful dazzling blaze of light, and now the hill on which we sat rocked in the noise of the following thunder. The light went out of the sky, darkness fell suddenly on the land, but not for long. Presently the whole landscape grew vivid in the flashes; it appeared and disappeared; now everything was visible for miles, now even the men at my side vanished in the blackness.

Suddenly the thunder and lightning ceased for a minute, and everything grew black, and, except for the rain, silent.

"It is over, one way or the other, chief," I called out into the darkness.

"Wait, white man, wait," answered the chief in a voice thick with anxiety and fear.

Hardly were the words out of his mouth when the heavens were lit up again till they literally seemed to flame. There were the men, not four paces apart. A great flash fell between them; I saw them stagger beneath the shock. Indaba-zimbi recovered himself first—at any rate, when the next flash came he was standing bolt upright, pointing with his assegai towards his enemy. The chief's son was still on his legs, but he was staggering like a drunken man, and the assegai had fallen from his hand.

Darkness, then again a flash, more fearful, if possible, than any that had gone before. To me it seemed to come from the east, right over the head of Indaba-zimbi. Next instant I saw the chief's son wrapped, as it were, in the heart of it. Then the thunder pealed, the rain burst over us like a torrent, and I saw no more.

The worst of the storm was done, but for a while the darkness was so dense that we could not move, nor, indeed, was I inclined to leave the safety of the hillside where the lightning was never known to strike and venture down to the ironstone. Occasionally there still came flashes, but, search as we would, we could see no trace of either of the wizards. For my part, I believed that they were both dead. Now the clouds slowly rolled away down the course of the river, and with it went the rain; and now the stars shone out in their wake.

"Let us go and see," said the old chief, rising and shaking the water from his hair. "The fire fight has ended, let us go and see who has conquered."

I rose and followed him, dripping as though I had swum a hundred yards with my clothes on, and after me came all the people of the kraal.

We reached the spot; even in that light I could see where the ironstone had been split and fused by the thunderbolts. While I was looking about me, I suddenly heard the chief, who was on my right, give a low moan, and saw the people cluster round him. I went up and looked. There, on the ground, lay the body of his son. He was a dreadful sight. His hair was burned off his head, the copper rings upon his arms were fused, the assegai handle which lay near was literally shivered into threads, and, when I took hold of his arm, it seemed to me that every bone of it was broken.

The men with the chief stood gazing silently, while the women wailed.

"Great is the magic of Indaba-zimbi," said a man at length. The chief turned and struck him a heavy blow with the kerrie in his hand.

"Great or not, thou dog, he shall die," he cried, "and so shalt thou if thou singest his praises so loudly."

I said nothing, but thinking it probable that Indaba-zimbi had shared the fate of his enemy, went to look. But I could see nothing of him, and at length, being thoroughly chilled with the wet, started back to my wagon to get a change of clothes. On reaching it, I was rather surprised to see a strange Kaffir seated on the driving box wrapped up in a blanket.

"Hullo! come out of that," I said.

The figure on the box slowly unrolled the blanket, and with great deliberation took a pinch of snuff.

"It was a good fire fight, white man. was it not?" said Indaba-zimbi, in his high, cracked voice. "But he never had a chance against me, poor boy. He knew nothing about it. See, white man, what comes of presumption in the young. It is sad, very sad, but I made the flashes fly, didn't I?"

"You old humbug," I said, "unless you are careful you will soon learn what comes of presumption in the old, for your chief is after you with an assegai, and it will take all your magic to dodge that."

"Now you don't say so," said Indaba-zimbi, clambering off the wagon with rapidity; "and all because of this wretched upstart. There's gratitude for you, white man. I expose him, and they want to kill me. Well, thank you for the hint. We shall meet again before long," and he was gone like a shot, and not too soon, for just then some men came up to the wagon.

On the following morning I started homewards. The first face I saw on arriving at the station was that of Indaba-zimbi.

"How do you do, Macumazahn?" he said, holding his head on one side and nodding his white lock. "I hear you are Christians here, and I want to try a new religion. Mine must be a bad one, seeing that my people wanted to kill me for exposing an impostor."

CHAPTER III.

I MAKE no apology to myself, or to anybody who may happen to read this narrative in future, for having set out the manner of my meeting with Indaba-zimbi; first, because it was curious, and secondly, because he takes some hand in the subsequent events. If that old man was a humbug, he was a very clever one. What amount of truth there was in his pretensions of supernatural powers it is not for me to determine, though I may have my own opinion on the subject. But there was no mistake as to the extraordinary influence he exercised over his fellow-natives.

When I was at length ready to start upon my expedition I went to old Indaba-zimbi to say good-by to him, and was rather surprised to find him engaged in rolling up medicine, assegais, and other sundries in his blankets.

"Good-by, Indaba-zimbi," I said, "I am going to trek north."

"Yes, Macumazahn," he answered, with his head on one side; "and so am I—I want to see that country. We will go together."

"Will we!" I said; "wait till you are asked, you old humbug."

"You had better ask me, then, Macumazahn, for if you don't you will never come back alive. Now that the old chief (my father) is gone to where the storms come from," and he nodded to the sky, "I feel myself getting into bad habits again. So last night I just threw up the bones and worked out about your journey, and I can tell you this, that if you don't take me you will die, and, what is more, you will lose one who is dearer to you than life."

Now I was no more superstitious than other people, but somehow old Indaba-zimbi impressed me. Also, I knew his extraordinary influence over every class of native, and bethought me that he might be useful in that way.

"All right," I said; "I appoint you witchfinder to the expedition without pay."

"First serve, then ask for wages," he answered. "I am glad to see that you have enough imagination not to be altogether a fool, like most white men, Macumazahn. Yes, yes, it is want of imagination that makes people fools; they won't believe what they can't understand. You can't understand my prophecies any more than the fool at the kraal could understand that I was his master with the lightning. Well, it is time to trek, but if I were you, Macumazahn, I should take one wagon, not two."

"Why?" I said.

"Because you will lose your wagons, and it is better to lose one than two."

"Oh, nonsense!" I said.

"All right, Macumazahn, live and learn." And without another word he walked to the foremost wagon, put his bundle into it, and climbed into the front seat.

So, having bid an affectionate adieu to my white friends, at length I started, and traveled slowly northwards. For the first three weeks nothing very particular befell me. Such Kaffirs as we came in contact with were friendly, and game literally swarmed.

The first real adventure that befell me on this particular journey was with elephants, which I will relate because of its curious termination. Just before we crossed the Orange river we came to a stretch of forest land some twenty miles broad. The night we entered this forest we camped in a lovely open glade. A few yards ahead tambouki grass was growing to the height of a man, or rather it had been; now, with the exception of a few stalks here and there, it was crushed quite flat. It was already dusk when we camped; but after the moon got up I walked from the fire to see how this had happened. One glance was enough for me; a great herd of elephants had evidently passed over the tall grass not many hours before. The sight of their spoor rejoiced me exceedingly, for though I had seen wild elephants, at that time I had never shot one. Moreover, the sight of elephant spoor to the African hunter is what "color in the pan" is to the prospector of gold. It is by ivory that he lives, and to shoot it or trade it is his chief aim in life. My resolution was soon taken. I would camp the wagons for a while in the forest, and start on horseback after the elephants.

I communicated my decision to Indaba-zimbi and the other Kaffirs. The latter were not loth, for your Kaffir loves hunting, which means plenty of meat and congenial occupation, but Indaba-zimbi would express no opinion. I saw him retire to a little fire that he had lit for himself, and go through some mysterious performances with bones and clay mixed with ashes, which were watched with the greatest interest by the other Kaffirs. At length he rose, and, coming forward, informed me that it was all right, and that I did well to go and hunt the elephants, as I should get plenty of ivory; but he advised me to go on foot. I said I should do nothing of the sort, but meant to ride. I am wiser now; that was the first and last time that I ever attempted to hunt elephants on horseback.

Accordingly, we started at dawn, I, Indaba-zimbi and three men; the rest I left with the wagons. I was on horseback and so was my driver, a good rider and a skillful shot for a Kaffir, but Indaba-zimbi and the others walked. From dawn till midday we followed the trail of the herd, which was as plain as a high road. Then we off saddled to let the horses rest and feed, and about 3 o'clock started on again. Another hour or so passed, and still there was no sign of elephants. Evidently the herd had traveled fast and far, and I began to think that we should have to give it up, when suddenly I caught sight of a brown mass moving through the thorn trees on the side of a slope about a quarter of a mile away. My heart seemed to jump into my mouth. Where is the hunter who has not felt like this at the sight of his first elephant? I called a halt, and then, the wind being right, we set to work to stalk the bull.

Very quietly I rode down the hither side of the slope till we came to the bottom, which was densely covered with bush. Here I saw the elephants had been feeding, for broken branches and uprooted trees lay all about. I did not take much notice, however, for all my thoughts were fixed upon the bull I was stalking, when suddenly my horse made a violent start that nearly threw me from the saddle, and there came a mighty rush and upheaval of something in front of me. I looked: there was the hinder part of a second bull elephant not four yards off. I could just catch sight of its outstretched ears projecting on either side. I had disturbed it sleeping, and it was running away. Obviously the best thing to do would have been to let it run, but I was young in those days and foolish, and in the excitement of the moment I lifted my "roer" or elephant gun and fired at the great brute over my horse's head. The recoil of the heavy gun nearly knocked me off the horse.

I recovered myself, however, and as I did so, saw the bull lurch forward, for the impact of a three ounce bullet in the flanks will quicken the movements even of an elephant. By this time I had realized the folly of the shot, and devoutly hoped that the bull would take no further notice of it. But he had a different view of the matter. Pulling himself up in a series of plunges, he spun around and came for me with outstretched ears and uplifted trunk, screaming terribly. I was quite defenseless, for my gun was empty, and my first thought was of escape. I dug my heels into the sides of my horse, but he would not move an inch. The poor animal was paralyzed with terror, and he simply stood still, his forelegs outstretched, and quivering all over like a leaf.

On rushed the elephant, awful to see, I made one more vain effort to stir the horse. Now the trunk of the great bull swung aloft above my head. A thought flashed through my brain. Quick as light I rolled from the saddle. By the side of the horse lay a fallen tree, as thick through as a man's body. The tree was lifted a little off the ground by the broken boughs which took its weight, and with a single movement, so active is one in such necessities, I flung myself beneath it. As I did so, I heard the trunk of the elephant descend with a mighty thud on the back of my poor horse, and the next instant I was almost in darkness, for the horse, whose back was broken, fell over across the tree under which I lay ensconced. But he did not stop there long. In ten seconds more the bull had got his trunk round my dead nag's neck, and, with a mighty effort, hurled him clear of the tree. I wriggled backwards as far as I could towards the roots of the tree, for I knew what he was after

Presently I saw the red tip of the bull's trunk stretching itself towards me. If he could manage to hook it round any part of me I was lost. But in the position I occupied, that was just what he could not do, although he knelt down to facilitate his operations. On came the snapping tip like a great open-mouthed snake; it closed upon my hat, which vanished. Again it was thrust down, and a scream of rage was bellowed through it within four inches of my head. Now it seemed to elongate itself. Oh, heavens! now it had me by the hair, which, luckily for myself, was not very long. Then it was my turn to scream, for next instant half a square inch of hair was dragged from my scalp by the roots. I was being plucked alive, as I have seen cruel Kaffir kitchen boys pluck a fowl. The elephant, however, disappointed with the moderate results, changed his tactics. He wound his trunk round the fallen tree and lifted it. It stirred, but fortunately the broken branches imbedded in the spongy soil, and some roots, which still held, prevented it from being turned over, though he lifted it so much that, had it occurred to him, he could now have easily fished me out with his trunk.

Again he hoisted with all his mighty strength, and I saw that the tree was coming, and roared aloud for help. Some shots were fired close by in answer, but if they hit the bull, their only effect was to stir his energies to more active life. In another few seconds my shelter would be torn away, and I should be done for. A cold perspiration burst over me as I realized that I was lost. Then of a sudden I remembered that I had a pistol in my belt, which I often used for dispatching wounded game. It was loaded and capped. By this time the tree was lifted so much that I could easily get my hand down to my middle and draw the pistol from its case. I drew and cocked it. See the tree was coming, and there, within three feet of my head, was the great brown trunk of the elephant. I placed the muzzle of the pistol within an inch of it and fired. The result was instantaneous. Down sunk the tree again, giving one of my legs a considerable squeeze, and the next instant I heard a crashing sound. The elephant had bolted.

By this time, what between fright and struggling, I was pretty well done. I cannot remember how I got from under the fallen tree, or indeed anything, until I found myself sitting on the ground drinking some peach brandy from a flask, and old Indaba-zimbi opposite me nodding his white lock sagely, while he fired off moral reflections on the narrowness of my escape, and my unwisdom in not having taken his advice to go on foot. This reminded me of my horse—I got up and went to look at it. It was quite dead; the blow of the elephant's trunk had fallen on the saddle, breaking the framework and rendering it useless. I reflected that in another two seconds it would have fallen on me. I called to Indaba-zimbi and asked which way the elephants had gone.

"There!" he said, pointing down the gully, "and we had better go after them, Macumazahn. We have had the bad luck, now for the good."

There was philosophy in this, though, to tell the truth, I did not feel particularly keen on elephants at the moment. I seemed to have had enough of them. However, it would never do to show the white feather before the boys, so I assented with much outward readiness, and we started, I on the second horse, and the others on foot. When we had traveled for the best part of an hour down the valley, all of a sudden we came upon the whole herd, which numbered a little more than eighty. Just in front of them the bush was so thick that they seemed to hesitate about entering it, and the sides of the valley were so rocky and steep at this point that they could not climb them.

They saw us at the same moment as we saw them, and inwardly I was filled with fears lest they should take it into their heads to charge back up the gully. But they did not; trumpeting aloud, they rushed at the thick bush which went down before them like corn before a sickle. I do not think that in all my experiences I ever heard anything to equal the sound they made as they crashed through and over the shrubs and trees. Before them was a dense forest belt from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet in width. As they rushed on it fell, so that behind them was nothing but a level roadway strewn with fallen trunks, crushed branches, and here and there a tree, too strong even for them, left standing amid the wreck. On they went, and, notwithstanding the nature of the ground over which they had to travel, they kept their distance ahead of us. This sort of thing continued for a mile or more, and then I saw that in front of the elephants the valley opened into a space covered with reeds and grass—it might have been five or six acres in extent—beyond which the valley ran on again.

The herd reached the edge of this expanse, and for a moment pulled up, hesitating—evidently they mistrusted it. My men yelled aloud, as only Kaffirs can, and that settled them. Headed by the wounded bull, whose martial ardor, like my own, was somewhat cooled, they spread out and dashed into the treacherous swamp, for such it was, though just then there was no water to be seen. For a few yards all went well with them, though they clearly found it heavy going; then suddenly the great bull sunk up to his belly in the stiff peaty soil, and remained fixed. The others, mad with fear, took no heed of his struggles and trumpetings, but plunged on to meet the same fate. In five minutes the whole herd of them were hopelessly bogged, the more they struggled to escape, the deeper they sunk. There was one exception, indeed, a cow with a calf managed to win back to firm shore, and, lifting her trunk, prepared to charge us as we came up. But at that moment she heard the scream of her calf, and rushed back to its assistance, only to be bogged with the others.

Such a scene I never saw before or since. The swamp was spotted all over with the large forms of the elephants, and the air rang with their screams of rage and terror as they waved their trunks wildly to and fro. Now and again a monster would make a great effort and drag his mass from its peaty bed, only to stick fast again at the next stroke. It was a most pitiable sight, though one that gladdened the hearts of my men. Even the best natives have little compassion for the sufferings of animals.

Well, the rest was easy. The marsh that would not bear the elephants carried our weight well enough. Before midnight all were dead, for we shot them by moonlight. I would gladly have spared the young ones and some of the cows, but to do so would only have meant leaving them to perish of hunger; it was kinder to kill them at once. The wounded bull I slew with my own hand, and I cannot say that I felt much compunction in doing so. He knew me again, and made a desperate effort to get at me, but I am glad to say that the peat held him fast.

The pan presented a curious sight when the sun rose next morning. Owing to the support given by the soil, none of the dead elephants had fallen; there they all stood as though they were asleep.

I sent back for the wagons, and when they arrived on the morrow, formed a camp, about a mile away from the pan. Then began the work of cutting out the elephants' tusks; it took over a week, and for obvious reasons was a disgusting task. Indeed, had it not been for the help of some wandering bushmen, who took their pay in elephant meat, I do not think we could ever have managed it.

At last it was done. The ivory was far too cumbersome for us to carry, so we buried it, having first got rid of our bushmen allies. My boys wanted me to go back to the cape with it and sell it, but I was too much bent on my journey to do this. The tusks lay buried for five years. Then I came and dug them up; they were but little harmed. Ultimately I sold the ivory for something over twelve hundred pounds—not bad pay for one day's shooting.

This is how I began my career as an elephant hunter. I have shot many hundreds of them since, but have never again attempted to do so on horseback.

CHAPTER IV.

AFTER burying the elephant tusks, and having taken careful notes of the bearings and peculiarities of the country so that I might be able to find the spot again, we proceeded on our journey. For a month or more we trekked along the line which now divides the Orange Free state from Griqualand West, and the Transvaal from Bechuanaland.

I found the country almost entirely depopulated. Not very long before Mosilikatzi the Lion, Chaka's general, had swept across it in his progress toward what is now Matapeleland. His footsteps were evident enough. Time upon time I trekked up to what had evidently been the sites of the Kaffir kraals. Now the kraals were ashes and piles of tumbled stones, and strewn about among the rank grass were the bones of hundreds of men, women and children, all of whom had kissed the Zulu assegai.

We were trekking parallel with the Kolong river when a herd of blesbock crossed the track. I fired at one of them and hit it behind. It galloped about a thousand yards with the rest of the herd, then lay down. As we were in want of meat, not having met with any game for a few days past, I jumped on to my remaining horse, and, telling Indaba-zimbi that I would overtake the wagons or meet them on the further side of a rise about an hour's trek away, I started after the wounded buck. As soon as I came within a hundred yards of it, however, it jumped up and ran away as fast as though it were untouched, only to lie down again at a distance. I followed, thinking that strength would soon fail it. This happened three times. On the third occasion it vanished behind a ridge, and though by now I was out of both temper and patience I thought I might as well ride to the ridge and see if I could get a shot at it on the further side.

I reached the ridge, which was strewn with stones, looked over it, and saw—a Zulu Impi!

I rubbed my eyes and looked again. Yes, there was no doubt of it. They were halted about a thousand yards away, by the water; some were lying down, some were cooking at fires, others were stalking about with spears and shields in their hands; there might have been two thousand of them in all. While I was wondering—and that with no little uneasiness—what on earth they could be doing there, suddenly I heard a wild cry to the right and left of me. I glanced first one way, then the other. From either side two great Zulus were bearing down on me, their broad stabbing assegais aloft, and black shields in their left hands. The man to the right was about fifteen yards away, he to the left was not more than ten. On they came, their fierce eyes almost starting out of their heads, and I felt, with a cold thrill of fear, that in another three seconds those great "bangwans" might be buried in my vitals.

On such occasions we act, I suppose, more from instinct than anything else—there is no time for thought. At any rate, I dropped my reins, and, raising my gun, fired point blank at the left-hand man. The bullet struck full in the middle of his shield, pierced it and passed through him, and over he rolled upon the veldt. I swung round in the saddle; most happily my horse was accustomed to standing still when I fired from his back, also he was so surprised he did not know which way to shy. The other savage was almost on me; his outstretched shield touched the muzzle of my gun as I pulled the trigger of the left barrel. It exploded, the warrior sprung high into the air, and fell against my horse dead, his spear passing just in front of my face.

Without waiting to reload, or even to look if the main body of the Zulus had seen the death of their two scouts, I turned my horse and drove my heels into his sides. As soon as I was down the slope of the rise I pulled a little to the right, in order to intercept the wagons before the Zulus saw them. I had not gone 300 yards in this new direction when, to my utter astonishment, I struck a trail marked with wagon wheels and the hoofs of oxen. Of wagons there must have been at least eight, and several hundred cattle. Moreover, they had passed within twelve hours; I could tell that by the spoor. Then I understood the impi was following the track of the wagons, which in all probability belonged to a party of emigrant Boers.

The spoor of the wagons ran in the direction I wished to go, so I followed it. About a mile further on I came to the crest of a rise, and there, about five furlongs away, I saw the wagons drawn up in a rough laager upon the banks of the river. There, too, were my own wagons trekking down the slope towards them.

In another five minutes I was there. The Boers—for Boers they were—were standing about outside the little laager watching the approach of my two wagons. I called to them, and they turned and saw me. The very first man my eyes fell on was a Boer named Hans Botha, whom I had known well years ago in the Cape. He was not a bad specimen of his class, but a very restless person, with a great objection to authority, or, as he expressed it, "a love of freedom." He had joined a party of the

(To be continued)

The Baird Weekly Star.

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

SUBSCRIPTION $1 00 A YEAR

W. E. GILLILAND, Editor and Proprietor.

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

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1890.

DICK HAWES, the Birmingham, Ala., murderer, will be hanged to-morrow.

THE indebtedness of Callahan county is only $8,000 and is being paid off as it comes due. County scrip is worth its face value in gold.

SEVERAL applications for census enumerator for this county have been filed with David Redfield, the district supervisor, but so far we have heard of no appointments being made.

Gen. John M. Claiborn has bought an interest in the Cherokee Herald, at Rusk, Texas. Imboden and Claiborn will make a full team, and THE STAR wishes them unbounded success.

Mark this: When the proper time arrives for the selection of timber for the governor of Texas, Lieutenant Gov. T. B. Wheeler will prove to be one of the toughest sapplings in the grove.—Comanche Chief.

THE war is over in congress and a grand assault is being made on the surplus. In the meantime the election is drawning on apace, and while the Republicans have possession of all branches of the government they are far from happy.

GENERAL HOGG has formerly announced that he is a candidate for governor and some of his supporters are nearly going into fits about it, just as though everybody didn't know six or eight months ago that General Hogg was a candidate.

THE Strawn Sun visits the Star this week for the first time in about three months. The Sun says the population of Strawn has increased from 350 to 850 within the last twelve months, but we notice, however, that our namesake has not grown a particle during its long absence.

BROTHER IMBODEN, of the Cherokee Herald, says THE STAR perpetrates a joke on the public in suggesting that Lieutenant-Governor Wheeler would make a good race should he decide to become a candidate for governor. Governor Wheeler, so far as we know, is not a candidate, but if he does, you look out for squalls William.

THE Republicans have at last adopted a set of rules for the government of the house of representatives. It is needless to say that under the new rules the Democratic minority have no rights whatever, and for the good they can do, unless it be to call the attention of the country to the extravagance of the Republicans, they might as well go home.

WHAT is Callahan county doing towards aiding the Jeff Davis monument fund? Those who want to subscribe and aid in this worthy object will find a subscription paper at the First National Bank. The people of our county should do something to aid in building a monument to the dead Confederate chieftain, and we believe they will.

THE Weatherford Sun says THE STAR slandered the greatest living exponent of Democracy in assuming to doubt Mr. Cleveland's Democracy. Tut, tut. If the Sun had said the greatest living exponent of Mugwumpery it would have been nearer the truth. This greatest living exponent of Democracy cares nothing for the rank and file of the Democratic party.

THE Stephenville Headlight thinks THE STAR will be in a pickle if Mr Cleveland happens to be the next Democratic nominee for president. Not at all. There are plenty of men THE STAR had rather see nominated than Mr. Cleveland, but Cleveland is preferable to a Republican, and if we cannot get a whole loaf we will take a half loaf, i. e., if we cannot support a Democrat we will support a mugwump.

THE STAR is in receipt of a copy of the proceedings of the last session of the Texas Press Association, held in the hospitable city of El Paso. The work makes about sixty pages, and was gotten up in artistic style by the Light Printing House, of San Antonio. The membership of the Association now numbers nearly 200, and an earnest effort is being made to advance the interest of the press of the state. Every publisher in Texas should become a member of the association, as by united effort much good may be accomplished. A copy of the minutes (which contains a blank form for application) will be mailed any newspaper man by addressing the secretary at Huntsville, Texas.

ABILENE and Colorado City are working to try to have an extra passenger train put on the T. & P. as far as Colorado. Strong petitions have been sent up to the general manager of the road. Baird should also send up a petition and aid in the movement. An extra train is badly needed and we believe the railroad officials will grant the request if it can be shown that it is required. Let us send up a petition at once.

The atmosphere in old Cherokee is lurid with Hogg and anti-Hogg lore. The Cherokee Herald and New Birmingham Times have locked horns. The former championing and the latter opposing Mr. Hogg as a candidate for governor. Each has found a foeman worthy of its steel, for Imboden and Edwards are no sardines when it comes to a newspaper war. "Lay on MacDuff and damned be he who first cries hold, enough." The west is watching the contending gladiators with interest, though not particularly interested in the fight.

IT is said that leading Republicans are becoming alarmed at the national capital over the turn affairs are taking. With the great body of Republicans clamoring for a reduction of the tariff, and a vast horde of pension grabbers and a thousand other schemes and jobs to get rid of the surplus the Republicans are already in hot water. There will be no reduction of the tariff to amount to anything, and it is pretty well conceded that the surplus will soon disappear at the rate extravagant appropriations are being made.

THE Weatherford Sun thinks THE STAR has committed an unpardonable sin in stating that Cleveland is laying wires to capture the nomination for the presidency, and that he is not much of a Democrat anyway. Mr. Cleveland is undoubtedly a great man, but not the greatest man in the Democratic party by a long shot. If it is treason to the party to doubt Mr. Cleveland's Democracy THE STAR has lots of good democratic company. Some of the best and greatest men in the party have very little faith in Mr. Cleveland's Democracy, though perhaps they would be a little more guarded in expressing their convictions. The rank and file, as well as many leaders of the party, do not regard Mr. Cleveland the hero that the Sun would have him appear. Mr. Cleveland cannot carry New York and can the party afford to nominate a man that is so unpopular that he cannot carry his own state, and that state absolutely necessary to Democratic success. Now we admire the Sun, because it is one of the best edited and neatest weekly papers in the state, but we cannot agree with it that the Democratic party belongs to Grover Cleveland or anyone else. THE STAR is perfectly well aware of the drift of things in the party, at the same time we cannot help but see some things that the Cleveland adherents ignore and that is the danger nominating a man that has once been defeated. Has Cleveland any better showing of carrying New York than he had at the last election? We think not. Yet the Sun virtually says it is Cleveland or "bust." Well, it appears to us that with Cleveland it will be a bust. Time will demonstrate who is right.

See Powell's fine French flannel and silk shirts.

The value of beef reached the high water mark in 1882. The prices since have been ruled by the bears, but the bulls are coming and may gain the high water mark by 1892.

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

The Texas Stockman and Farmer says a good Texas steer sells in Chicago for from $18 to $22, and the next day one of the Big Four butchers him and the meat, hide, hoofs and horns combined bring about $80. If this count is correct every cattle man in the west needs to attend the convention at Fort Worth March 11, to aid in an effort to devise a means of lowering the difference between the price the producer gets and the price the consumer pays for his "steak."

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

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

Last Saturday was Washington's birthday. Washington was born about in 1732. He was a colonel of Virginia troops and fought the French where Pittsburg now stands in 1754, when he was only 22 years old. In the fall of 1758, when in his 26th or 27th year, he was colonel in command of the defences of Virginia, and while on his way from the front to Williamsburgh he stayed a night at Col. Chamberlayne's, in New Kent county, Virginia, on the Pamonky river, where he met Mrs. Martha Curtis, a young widow worth about $100,000, whom he married the following spring and moved with her husband to Mount Vernon.

New crop breakfast bacon at McLaury & Dean's.

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

One of the most unaccountable things in human nature is why so much crime when so few culprits go free. The spirit of the people in Texas is and has recently been to put due penalties on guilty persons. Train robbing in Texas for several years back has been engaged in by a number of desperate men, yet we venture to say if 100 men in the last ten years have engaged in train or other highway robbery than 10 per cent of the number have gone unpunished. The Cisco bank robbery is a fair illustration of the half dozen engaged in that enterprise. We think the last one is in the penitentiary or has been run down and killed. Why did Haws of Alabama, murder his wife and two innocent baby girls. He felt that he could do so and not be punished. He is to be hung on the 28th inst. Why did Davis of Texas, murder B. C. Evans: Simply because he thought he could do so and escape punishment. He is to-day condemned to be hung.

Call and see the T. E. Powell $2 ladies' shoes; guaranteed to beat any man's $2.50 shoe.

WEST CADDO.

February 7.—Our community received a snowfall right on Tuesday night, and a great deal fell on Wednesday following. This gives us a good season but made very little stock water, which we still need badly.

Good prospects for a rain.

The farmers are jubilant.

Oat sowing will be the order of the day as soon as the ground is in condition.

This good season will revive wheat and with a few more such will make a good yield. Wheat looks extremely well, considering so much dry weather.

Much gardening will be done next week, which has been greatly retarded by lack of rain.

We all anticipate another big crop, and stock men are much elated over the prospects of an advance in the price of cattle.

We all look on the bright side.

We have all got over the grip, and are able to eat all we can get. Come down and join us.

News scarce, as you will perceive.

We have had delightful weather for the past few days and all have taken advantage of the same.

A great many oats have been sown and much land turned and farm work has been generally pushed.

The snow put the ground in splendid condition.

The grass is growing right along, and if we had plenty of stock water our cattle would be doing fine.

The acreage in grain in this section will not be so large as last year.

Wheat is looking fine.

We learn that Newt Olds has traded quite a number of cows for Baird property. A good investment. Property in your city is destined to be valuable ere long.

Let me throw out a few suggestions, by the way. You fellows should pull more together and all at once, then you will get your roller mill and incorporate for school purposes, like all other towns of note, and you will realize a great prosperity. Excuse the presumption of an outsider.

R. P. Odom is feeding quite a number of steers for the early market.

Allen Hudson and Capt. Teague have some as fine Poland China hogs as can be raised in any country. People should raise more "hog and hominy" and less cotton, I think.

Grandma McFarland, of Belle Plaine, was down this week selling the Life and Adventures of Stanley, doubtless a good work.

The wide-awake and energetic Caufman, of Cross Plains, is going into the dry goods and grocery business. He will also act as agent for all kinds of machinery from a knitting needle to a 40 horse power engine.

Our popular p. m., C. J. Oglesby, has greatly increased his stock of merchandise. C. J. is a good p. m. and don't propose for Caddo Peak P. O. to be discontinued as some would like.

ONCE A WEEK.

All kinds of Salt at Lea's.

***

Full line of coffins. L. Gould.

***

Pickles cheaper than ever at Lea's

***

Onion sets at McLaury & Dean's.

***

Seed potatoes and onion sets cheap at Lea's.

***

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

***

Best vinegar in town at McLaury & Dean's.

NEW SPRING STOCK of CLOTHING

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

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

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

LADIES: EXAMINE OUR NEW LOT OF LACES

J. D. BOYDSTUN.

Best keg pickles at McLaury & Dean's.

***

Our prices are the lowest. Foy & Richardson.

***

Furniture cheap at Gould's Furniture store.

Hamilton & Brown shoes. Powell.

***

All kinds of extracts at McLaury & Dean's.

***

Coffins put up at short notice. L. Gould.

***

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

***

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

***

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

***

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

***

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

***

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

***

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

***

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

***

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

***

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

***

and settle up. Respectfully,
J. L. LEA & Co.

***

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

***

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

***

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

***

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

***

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

***

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

***

Cloaks, blankets, and all winter Coods at exactly cost. Moon & growder.

***

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

***

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

***

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

***

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

***

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

***

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

***

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

BAIRD BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

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

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

Hardware—Harry Meyers.

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

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

Millinery—Mrs. Annie Cunningham.

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

Printing—Baird Star Steam Printing.

Livery Stable—John Collins.

Wagon Yard—H. B. Price.

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

Fire Insurance—D. Richardson.

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

Water Wagons—T. T. Kuykendall

Job Wagons—John Rice, B. W. Vaughan.

Painters—J. H. Huffman, Wm. Buell.

Saddlery—W. W. Ogle.

Boot and Shoe Shop—Martin Barnhill.

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

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

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

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

Commission Merchants—J. L. Lea & Co.

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

Restaurants—Johnson Restaurant, Central Market street. James & Johnson, South Market street. Freuh & Max, Front street east.

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

Blacksmith—W. L. Henry.

Woodshop—R. A. Williams.

Lumber Yard—Wm. Cameron & Company.

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

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

Churches—Methodist—R. F. Dunn pastor.

Baptist—R. A. Lee, pastor.

Presbyterian—B. F. Stone, pastor.

Cumberland Presbyterian—A. A. Baker, pastor.

Christian—T. J. Austin, pastor.

Episcopal—Geo. White, pastor.

New millinery at Foy & Richardson's.

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

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

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

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

Bucket jellies and preserves McLuary & Dean's.

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

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

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

Five Strong Points of S. S. S.

1st. It is entirely vegetable, contains no minerals or poison of any kind, and builds up the system from the first dose.

2d. It cures cancer of the skin. No other remedy or treatment was ever known to cure it.

3d. It cures hereditary blood taint, even in the third and fourth generations. No other remedy has ever done it.

4th. It has never failed to eradicate scrofula (or King's Evil) in all its forms from the system.

5th. It cures contagious blood poison in all its stages by eliminating the horrible virus from the system, thus giving relief from all the consequences of this bane of the human family.

"My blood has been so out of order during the summer of 1888 that I virtually had no health at all. I had no appetite; nothing I ate agreed with me. I was feeble, puny and always feeling bad. I had tried various remedies without receiving any benefit until at length I commenced on Swift's Specific (S.S.S.). That medicine increased my weight from 155 pounds to 177 pounds in a few months, and made me as well and heathly as any man now living. S.S.S. is undoubtedly the greatest blood purifier to-day on the American continent. John Bellow,
449 North State St., Chicago, Ill."

Treatise on blood and skin diseases mailed free.

SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.,
Atlanta, Ga.,

I bought a fifty cent bottle of Chamberlain's Pain Balm and applied it to my limbs, that had been afflicted with rheumatism at intervals for one year. At the time I bought the Pain Balm I was unable to walk. I can truthfully say that Pain Balm has completely cured me. R. H. FARR, Holywood, Kansas. For sale by Baird Drug Co.

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

Perhaps the readers of THE STAR would like to know in what respect Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is better than any other. We will tell you. When thirs remedy is taken as directed, as soon as cold has been contracted, and before it has become settled in the system, it will counteract the effect of the cold and greatly lessen it's severity, if not effectually cure the cold in two days time and it is the only remedy that will do this. It acts in perfect harmony with nature and aids nature in relieving the lungs, opening teh secretions, liquefying the mucus and causing it's expulsion from the air cells of the lungs and restoring the system to a strong and healthy conditon. No other remedy in the market possesses these remarkable properties. 50 cent and one dollar bottles for sale by Baird Drug Co

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

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

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

Mr. T. A. Deroven, merchant, Deroven, Louisiana, says: "The St. Patricks Pills went like hot cakes." People who have tried them are never satisfied with any other kind. Their gentle action and reliability as a cathartic is what makes them popular. For sale by Baird Drug Co. 52

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

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

Money to Loan.

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

HARRELL & WILLIAMS,
45tf Abilene, Tex.

Central House,

—South Market St., Baird.—
WILL M. BUELL, Proprietor.

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

Meals 25cts. Beds 25cts.
3-12.

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

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

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

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

Daily Hack Line
Between
BAIRD and COLEMAN.
Hacks leaves each point at 7 a.m. and arrives at 5 p.m. FARE $4 00.
Hacks make connection with Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe trains at Coleman and westbound Texas & Pacific trains at Baird.
Collins, Thompson & Co., Proprietors.

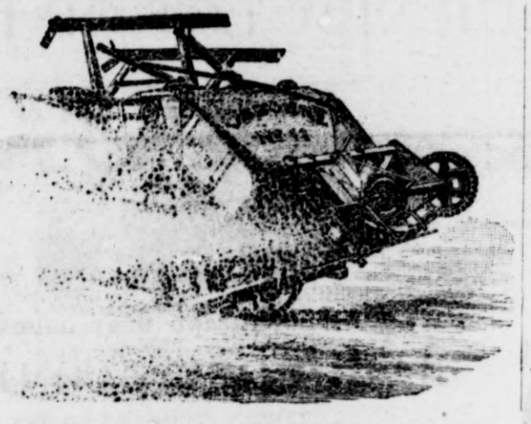
BIG STONE GROCERY STORE

J. L. LEA & CO.

Keep on Hand

The Largest stock of Groceries in town;

Therefore they buy and sell cheaper than anyone.



PLOWS,
WAGONS,
DRILLS

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

D. M. OSBORNE'S HARVESTING MACIHNERY

Cheap and on Liberal Terms.

We will Buy or Help You to Sell Your

COUNTRY - PRODUCE - FOR - CASH.

CASH PAID FOR

Cotton, Wool and Hides

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

1890: SPRING AND SUMMER: 1890.

Just received a large stock of

SPRING

DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING!

Which will be sold at

ASTONISHINGLY LOW PRICES!

SHIRTS, SHIRTS.

UNDERWEAR AND NOTIONS

Dress Goods, New and Beautiful Colors.

Trunks and Valises.

T. E. POWELL.

Will M. Buell,

House, Sign and Carriage

PAINTING.

All work done with neatness and dispatch. 11tf

Announcements.

FOR SHERIFF.

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

Local News Items.

Cow men are plentiful in town this week.

Lace curtains at Powell's.

Don't forget the roller mill that is to be built.

Our goods are new and fresh. McLaury & Dean.

John Laird has had a cistern dug at his residence.

Spring clothing at Powell's.

J. A. Ayers, of Cottonwood, was in town yesterday.

Car Wheel Gravely tobacco. S. L. Ogle.

Mr. and Mrs. W. R. McDermett were in town Monday.

Trunks cheap at Powell's.

Steve Warren has bought out the Sigal meat market.

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

J. E. Ross, of Mexico, Mo., arrived in town yesterday.

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

C. Estes has built a nice wire picket fence around his residence.

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

Bob Adams and Mr Hines, from near Toro, were in town this week.

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

Louis Boydstun is going to Rockwall next week to visit his parents.

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

S. L. Robertson returned Sunday from Rayner where he has been for sometime.

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

A light shower of rain fell last night, and a stiff norther is blowing this morning.

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

W. B. Farmer, of Cross Plains, was in town Monday and made THE STAR a pleasant call.

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

L. M. Wyatt was called to Cross Plains last week to see his brother, who was reported quite sick.

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

Cattle shipments at Baird this week, 120 cars. Baird is a cattle shipping center and don't you never forget it.

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

W. C. Struby, clerk in the bridge departmhnt of the T. & P., returned last week from a week's visit to New Orleans.

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

Mr. F. S. Gage informed us that one hundred and twenty stock cars had been ordered by stock men to be used the first of this week.

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

Sam Cutbirth was in town yesterday. He informed us that he shipped three train loads of cattle from Abilene Tuesday in the Territory.

Largest and best line of hats at Powell's.

The special May edition of THE STAR will consist of eight pages or more, and not less than 5,000 copies. Will make it 10,000 if necessary.

Whitehead cabbage at McLaury & Dean's.

Mont Somes, who has been at work on THE STAR for about a year, left for the west yesterday. The best wishes of THE STAR go with him.

If you want cheap goods go to Powell's.

Fayett Jones made a trip to the lower part of the county last week. He reports considerable improvemets going on in the southern part of the county.

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

Many persons in Texas have large red ants about their yards. The cheapest way to get rid of these pests is to go to the drug store and get 25 cents worth os "London Purple" Put one teaspoonful in each hole. Repeat this every four days for several weeks and the last red ant will be gone.

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

THE STAR job office printed a fifty page pamphlet last week for Major Stanley M. Jones that would be a credit to any office in the State, if we do say it.

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

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

Parched coffee in bulk. S. L. Ogle.

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

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

Major Stanley M. Jones leaves today for New York on business. He will visit his friends and relatives in Maryland and Virginia. THE STAR wishes him a pleasant and successful trip.

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

Miss Rosa Rosenthal, sister of Mrs. Ph. Schwartz, began teaching a class in the Baird school last Monday. Miss Rosenthal is from Dallas, and comes highly recommended as a teacher, and will no doubt give satisfaction.

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

Miss Jane Martin came from Strawn on the 17th inst., where she had been on a month's visit to friends. She went out to Eagle Cove on the 20th with Mrs. Mal Shelley.

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

Callahan county could not spend $100 to a greater advantage than in collecting and displaying cereals, fruits, grasses and vegetables at the Texas Spring Palace. Will she do it? If not, why not?

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

ALLEN QUARTERMAIN'S WIFE—The foreman in making up the forms last week left out a column in the new story. This is the reason part of the story is republished this week.

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

The success of strikes is a misnomer. The percentage of successful strikes run as low as eight or ten. When the laboring masses want better wages they will more often succeed in raising their wages by appealing in a friendly spirit to employers than by going out in anger hoping to force the employers to raise their wages.

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

THE STAR last week failed to mention the visit of Captain R. S. Goss, formerly of Belle Plaine college, but now connected with the Fort Worth University. The captain came in on the 15th inst., accompanied by Harry Cook and Master George Parvin, of Baird. They spent a day or two in town with friends and returned to the Fort.

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

W. H. Gilliland was elected president of the new national bank at Big Springs last week and Gen. F. W James, president of the First National Bank of Baird, was elected first vice-president. Callahan county capitalists seem to be launching out into other fields. The bank at this place recently increased its capital stock from $75,000 to $100,000.

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

THE STAR begins an educational department this week, edited by Prof. F. E. Haynes, of the Baird school. The object is to awaken a more lively interest in educational matters in the county. Contributions to this department are solicited from teachers trustees and patrons of the public and private schools in the county. Address Professor F. E. Haynes.

Prairie Flour canned corn at McLaury and Dean's.

Late Monday night J. F. Patterson noticed a man in Mr. Joe Blair's yard, which is on an adjoining lot, and thinking it was a tramp or some one with evil intent, he hurled a stick of stove wood at the man. Mr. Patterson was considerably surprised to find out that the supposed tramp was none other than Mr. Blair himself. Mr. Blair was struck in the face and considerably brused. It was a surprise party all around. Moral: "Be sure you are right then go ahead."

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

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

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

A Patent Gate.

Judge T. J. Austin, of Belle Plaine, had a model of a gate on exhibition at Harry Meyer's hardware store last Monday that is the most complete thing of the kind we have ever seen. A person in a wagon or on horseback can open the gate or gates, for there are two gates, open in the center, after the person passes through he can, by pulling another cord, close and latch them. This model is entirely different from anything of the kind patented and if Judge Austin can succeed in having it manufactured at a reasonable price we believe it will prove a valuable invention. He has filed his caveat and will apply for a patent at once.

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

CORRESPONDENCE.

TECUMSEH.

February 22.—Divine services were held last Sunday at the new school house by Rev. Snoddy, of the M. E. church.

Our friend R. E. Richards had bad luck with the well he undertook to dig close to his dwelling. He went down nearly eighty feet, but striking solid rock with no show for water, he decided to give up the expensive job. It is an old but true rule: First secure the water and then build the house.

Several social gatherings last week.

We are sorry to learn that Mrs. Dr. Shaphard, who left a few weeks ago for St. Louis, is seriously sick. The good lady had a trying time these last years. The protracted and severe illness of her sister, Mrs. Powell, the death of her niece and brother, and that all shortly after she had lost her husband, the lamented Dr. Shaphard, were events to exhaust even a strong constitution. We all would be glad to receive better news soon.

Miss Tillie Watters has returned to Abilene.

A young lady of this neighborhood —something like sweet sixteen—was asked the other day by a young man in a joking way if she would marry him. The darling answered blushingly, but promptly; Yes, if mamma says so. The young man did not ask mamma.

As some of the kind readers may remember, I expatiated in one of my last letters a little about the true and sad feelings of a poor lonesome bachelor. To-day I feel better, even elated, on account of the single blessedness. There was among my mail a few days ago a letter postmarked in this county, but without the name of the writer. I am sorry for that, because I would like to make the personal acquaintance of the gentleman just for the purpose to swap experiences with him. The following is the condensed meaning of his writings: You seem to envy us married folks, but I think you would change your opinion if you had my experience. I carried the other day a two-gallon jug of molasses on horseback for eight miles to please the "old gal" and, bless the luck, that jug fell and broke just when I attempted to carry it from the horse to the house. I shall say nothing about that norther with thunder, hail and lightning that greeted me from these sweet lips, I was perfectly willing to stand that, being already a little used to it, but that the old woman treated me to cold biscuits for three days makes my bile boil, etc. Well, my dear lady I declare cold biscuits for three days is an agravated crime against your lord and husband whom you vowed to love cherish and obey. Indeed it shows that the feminine heart can develope depths and abysses which the deepest sea explorers never have dreamed of. The husband has my unmeasered sympathy. As to the other anonymous note from Baird I feel very much obliged to the kind writer for his, or her, encouraging and flattering words, but would appreciate it much higher, if there was no mask. I love to know my friends as well as my foes.

John Day, of Belle Plaine, passed through our town last Tuesday on his way to Runnels county.

H. BUCHEN.

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

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

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

Educational.

EDITED BY PROFESSOR F. E. HAYNES.

IS CHARACTER THE TRUE AIM AND END OF EDUCATION?

Teaching, in its broadest sense, includes both instruction and training. I fear that all our school teachers have not fully comprehended this important fact. It has been too generally supposed that the main purpose of teaching is to instruct the young and draw our pay. If we have maintained discipline in our schools it has been that we might instruct better and get better pay. We have not thought that good school government is of more real importance than what we have too carelessly called good teaching. We have blindly surrendered to a fiction of liberty the right to teach good morals to our students. We have ceased, in a large measure, to equip them for the real struggles of daily life. We prepare them for the counting room, the court room, or for the political arena, but not for the hardships of common existence. One of the most solemn questions of the day is: Are we training our Texas boys and girls for life?

I am now addressing teachers and parents who are to teach the children of Callahan county, the great majority of whom are—and I fear hopelessly—poor.

They will be under the strongest necessity of working for a living, and the most of them of doing what many would call nothing but drudgery. Now we wish to insist that, as teachers of this class of children, we should endeavor to prepare them for real and not for an imaginary existence.

I wish further to say that I honor and even reverence the man or woman who is honest enough and brave enough to make an honest living in an honest way.

We have introduced these reflections that we may better prepare you for the position we shall take in regard to character being the true end of education.

We announce as a proposition that the elements of a good character are more essential in the struggle of life than the elements of language, mathematics, science and philosophy. It is better to know justice than rhetoric, to know virtue than science, to know truth than philosophy.

I hope you will not imagine that there is in my mind any doubt as to the importance of these studies, or that I hold that they do not in themselves encourage the virtues. But I am far from believing that mere knowledge is a sufficient equipment for life.

Let me call your attention to some of the important and necessary elements of education which we think can be successfully taught in all of our public schools.

First—Manliness—We do not think there is any acquirement that can take the place of true manliness. It matters not what other virtues a man may possess, if he lacks this one trait, his education is a failure. We use the term here in its dictionary sense—the possession of boldness, courage, dignity, bravery, true heroism.

A man without courage is weak and contemptible. He is nothing but a football, to be driven flying every whither the latest kick may chance to send him. All his mathematics or philosophy cannot keep him from under the feet of impudence and snobbery. Your scholar may quote Latin and Greek like a Coleridge or a Joseph Scallages, but if he lacks bravery to meet opposition and hardships he will be the sport of every mind. He may be a master of eloquence, he may speak with as much sweetness, grace, and power as Cicero, but if he be as great a coward as the Roman orator, his education is incomplete.

Our American youth needs more courage, not bravado or braggadocio, but a spirit of valor, intrepidity and dauntless will. They need an energy that defies opposition, that breaks down barriers, that surmounts difficulties.

We think it is needless for us to say that the basis of this development is manhood. We contend that all our schools should encourage, among our boys especially, such sports as are calculated to develop physical courage.

Many a man lacks moral courage because he is contemptible physically.

We would be far from encouraging such exercises as are practiced in some of our eastern schools.

Let young men and boys learn on the play ground to give and take in a manly spirit. Let them not play the woman and run from a ball. Let them court the cold and brave the storms of winter without whining about it.

I venture to say that the boy who wins in his sports and takes the leadership of his companions in their contests has a better chance to win in the battle of life than the poor little coward that thrusts his hands in his pockets and shivers by the fire.

Give us the boy that can run a boat, swim a river, milk a cow or whip a bully if it is necessary, and we will vouch for his success if he stands for an election or runs a railroad.

Let our boys know what it is to be hungry without growling, to be cold without crying, to be sleepy without moping. Such are the boys that succeed in the race of life. They are the boys that address themselves to the world's wants and supply them. They make the men that build railroads and construct telegraphs, that edit our papers, that make our laws and that should teach our schools and preach our sermons. A manly boy is very apt to make a manly man; one who will push himself to the front in spite of poverty or other disadvantages.

We state as the next element of true character to be acquired in school is self-reliance.

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

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

LAND

FOR SALE BY

STAR-LAND-CO.

Farms for sale, farms for rent, town lots for sale, city residences for sale and to rent, country residences for sale and to rent

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

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

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

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

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

FOR SALE--640 acres situated 16 miles N E of Baird, has house of 3 rooms, good chimney good tank, smoke house, sheds and lots. Small farm in cultivation. Price $1,500, one half cash balance in 12 months. Also 55 head of stock cattle; price, $440; will take improved town property in part payment.

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

FOR SALE--140 acres of land at Belle Plaine 40 acres in fine state of cultivation; good orchard, house with 6 rooms and out-buildings; good cistern, fine tank cost $300; plenty of wood; best bargain in the county; only half a mile from Belle Plaine college; price, $2,000; will trade for cattle, horses or sheep; improvements worth the money. Apply to STAR LAND CO.

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

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

Advice to Mothers.

MRS WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used when children are cutting teeth. It relieves the little sufferer at once; it produces natural, quiet sleep by relieving the child from pain, and the little cherub awakes as "bright as a button." It is very pleasant to taste. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, relieves wind, regulates the bowels, and gis the best known remedy for diarhœa, whethe arising from teething or other causes. Twenty-ve cents a bottle. AUGUST, 14, '88.

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

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

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

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

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New Attachments,
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MOON & CROWDER

BAIRD, TEXAS.

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

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

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It contains every improvement that inventive genius, skill and money can produce.

OUR AIM IS TO EXCEL.

WARRANTED FOR FIVE YEARS.

These excellent Organs are celebrated for volume, quality of tone, quick response, variety of combination, artistic design, beauty in finish, perfect construction, making them the most attractive, ornamental and desirable organs for homes, schools, churches, lodges, societies, etc.

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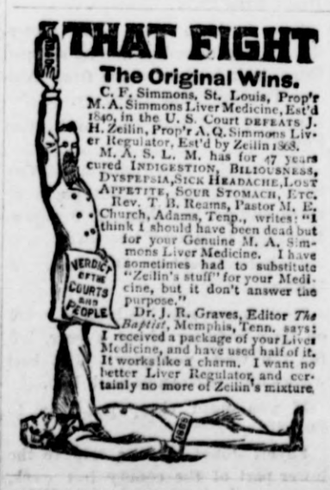

PIMPLES. I will mail (free) on receipt of a 2 cent stamp, a recipe for a simple Vegetable Balm that will remove Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Blotches, Black Heads, etc., leaving the skin soft, clear and beautiful.

Touch with this compound the soft lily cheek,
And the bright glow will best its virtues speak.

Also instructions for producing a luxuriant growth of hair on a bald head or smooth face. Address--A. D. Stempel, 60 Ann street, New York. 31-ty

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

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We gudrantee a pine post painted with this Compound will stand in the ground for 15 years.

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(4) WEAR Brown-Desnoyers SHOE CO.'S "TRADE MARK" LADIES' SHOES

—FOR SALE BY—

T. E. POWELL,

BAIRD, - - TEXAS.

ONE DOLLAR.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Our Clubbing List For 1890.

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

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

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BAIRD DRUG CO.

—GENERAL DEALERS IN—

DRUGS

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DRUGGISTS' SUPPLIES.

A First-Class Drug Store.

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

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