

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 Baird Star.

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

Money to Lend on Land

Long time—Low rate of interest, Vendor's lien notes bought taken up and extended.
B. L. RUSSELL

VOLUME NO. 26.

BAIRD, CALLAHAN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, SEPT., 26, 1913.

NO. 42



ROYAL SOCIETY

PACKAGE OUTFITS

CONTAINS THE NEWEST IDEAS IN NEEDLEWORK.

Just received a large and new assortment of the newest ideas. Infant's Wear, Lingerie shown is thoroughly practical. Each package is complete, containing in addition to the stamped article sufficient embroidery floss in the correct size and twist to complete the embroidery. Carefully prepared working instructions included in each package, making it possible for even a beginner to execute the embroidery. The materials used are absolutely the best obtainable for the various uses. A closely woven chalk finish nainsook for all Underwear articles. A real linen finish lawn for Shirt Waists. The most effective art fabrics for Pillows, Scarfs, etc.



Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Department

We are showing a beautiful line of Ladies Coats, Suits and Dresses for Fall in the very newest materials and models at exceptionally low prices.

Ladies' Tailored Suits

We represent the Mandel-Weil Company and the Palmer Garment. Both do high-class work. Let us take your order for a tailored suit.

You are cordially invited to come in and see the new fashions, the pretty displays and above all note the low prices throughout our store. A welcome to all.



Kewpie Package Outfits

Everybody tells us we're the cutest, most lovable little creatures ever made to smile at people and make them smile. We came from Rose O'Neal's pen, then we've been dolls for the children, and now embroidery designs for the grown ups. You can only get us in Royal Society Package Outfits, for Rose O'Neal arranged so that we would belong to the famous Royal Society family of needlework designs. Kewpie Package Outfits are made in a charming line of Pillows, Dresser Scarfs, Bibs, Fancy Bags and other novelties.

Phone No. 10

B. L. BOYDSTUN

Baird, Texas

COMMISSIONER'S COURT.

Court met Monday and counted the votes cast at the Local Option election Sept. 6th. The result was found to tally exactly with the report published in THE STAR last week taken from returns sent County

Clerk Surles, who kindly furnished us with the votes by boxes as published. The majority for the pros was 94, same as published last week.

J. S. Burnam and Mr. Bailey of Seranton, were pleasant callers at THE STAR office last Friday.

PATHFINDER HERE.

W. D. Boydston, Judge B. L. Russell, County Commissioner, O. H. Burkett and J. H. Rowley, T. & P. Agent at Baird, went to Cisco Wednesday in an auto and returned with E. L. Ferguson, who is logging the auto route west. Mr. Ferguson is accompanied by his family, and was hospitably entertained while in Baird.

Mr. Ferguson addressed the citizens at a street meeting Wednesday evening and considerable interest in the projected route and good roads generally was manifested. Mr. Ferguson expressed himself as well pleased with the Callahan-Eastland route; but says more work must be put on the Putnam road from Mr. Finley's east.

Will Boydston is enthusiastic over the road and says we are sure to get it if we will do our duty in fixing up the roads. Eastland, Cisco and Putnam are all working energetically and Baird must not lag behind. We have made a start, but more work remains to be done and the road from here to Putnam and to Clyde must be placed in first-class condition. Let us not flatter ourselves with the idea that we are going to get the auto road anyway. We have got to work and work and work energetically if we succeed. We certainly would hate for this great auto route to go north of us all because of a lack of enterprise on our part. We feel that the people of Baird will realize the importance of prompt action in repairing the proposed auto road.

Mr. Ferguson and family went on to Abilene Wednesday evening.

Mrs. Ed Tucker, of Big Springs, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Gloucester King.

NOV. 5--6, GOOD ROADS DAYS.

Gov. Colquitt, at the request of numerous citizens, good road committees, Civic Leagues, etc., has issued a proclamation designating November 5 and 6th as good roads days in Texas. Callahan County is far behind neighboring counties in road building and now let us show that we can do something in the way of road building.

Every town and community should have a good roads organization and push the good work.

The editor of THE STAR has passed road working age and is not physically able to do the work required, but here goes for an additional subscription of \$10.00 for the Baird road fund. We have no money to throw away, but we realize if Baird and Callahan County is to keep pace with other towns and counties we must build better roads; and the work costs money. Up to this time we have contributed \$11.00 this summer to the road work, not much wish we could make it eleven hundred, but we are willing to do our best.

We have been preaching good roads in Callahan County for thirty years, 27 of that time through newspapers we owned and we are willing to strain a point and prove our faith by our works.

There are over 2000 voters in Callahan County, if each will put in two days work or pay the money to enable others to do the work, a wonderful improvement can be made in our rough roads. Don't be a piker, come across and let us put Callahan County in the column of good roads builders.

Join the Clean Up Crusade next Thursday, Friday and Saturday and let's be numbered among the clean towns.

NOTICE SINGERS.

The next session of the U. S. A. will be at Putnam, Oct. 11 and 12, 1913. Let each class appoint their delegates to be present at 2 o'clock p. m. on the 11th without fail as all business must be attended to on Sat-

urday. We are sending special invitations to Prof. R. H. Cornelius of Midlothian, Texas; M. D. Ussery of Abilene and other noted singers to be present. Come one and all.

H. C. Norsworthy, Pres.
Geo. B. Scott, Secy.

New Goods for Fall



are arriving daily and you'll surely enjoy seeing the latest arrivals.

A more splendid showing than we have ever had for your inspection now awaits your approval here.

Come and look the newest things over whether you want to buy or not. An inspection will prove very interesting: Today is a good time.

DRISKILL BROS.

Everything for Men to Wear

Your Groceries

should be carefully selected. Remember the health of your household depends greatly upon the purity of the food they eat. Give them the purest to be had. Our Groceries are carefully selected and we buy only the best. "Let us be your groceryman." Careful attention given all orders. Prompt delivery. Give us a trial.

PHONES 114 & 4

TIDWELL BROS.

FANCY AND STAPLE GROCERIES
FEED, FRUITS, VEGETABLES, ETC.

"The Sanitary Grocery Store"



CARE, SKILL AND PURITY

are features of our prescription work. Even the simplest medicines are prepared here with the utmost carefulness. For a simple prescription wrongly compounded may be a very dangerous mixture. Bring your prescriptions here where you can have confidence they will be faithfully made up.

HOLMES DRUG CO.
The Rexall Store Phone 11.

ADDITIONAL TRAIN SERVICE

EFFECTIVE AUGUST 31st VIA



AND

THROUGH SLEEPING CAR BETWEEN FORT WORTH AND SAN ANGELO

WEST-BOUND

Leave Ft. Worth T. & P. . . . 8:00 P. M.
Arrive Sweetwater T. & P. . . . 5:00 A. M.
Arrive San Angelo K. C. M. & O. 8:25 A. M.

EAST-BOUND

Leave San Angelo K. C. M. & O. 7:10 P. M.
Leave Sweetwater T. & P. . . . 9:00 P. M.
Arrive Fort Worth T. & P. . . . 5:30 A. M.

Local Sleepers between FT. WORTH and ABILENE and FT. WORTH and SWEETWATER may be occupied until 7:00 A. M. at destination. Try this service on your next trip.

A. D. BELL, Asst Gen. Pass Agt **DALLAS, TEXAS** **GEO. D. HUNTER** Gen. Pass. Agt

FURNITURE

I have a beautiful line of up-to-date Furniture, Carpets, Art Squares, Rugs, etc., and invite my friends and the public to come in and see my line.

GEO. B. SCOTT.

THE HOME LUMBER CO.

ALL HOME PEOPLE.

We carry a full stock of Lumber, Shingles and Builder's supplies. See us before you buy anything in this line.

W. M. COFFMAN, Mgr.

R. G. HALSTED

Dealer In

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES, FEED, CHOPS, BRAN AND HAY, CHINAWARE, GLASSWARE, TABLETS, PENCILS

I solicit a share of your trade. Low Prices and Fair Dealing. Prompt Delivery to all parts of the city.

WILL BUY YOUR CREAM. SEE ME ABOUT THIS.

PHONE 121

The Home Paper

Gives you the reading matter in which you have the greatest interest—the home news. Its every issue will prove a welcome visitor to every member of the family. It should head your list of newspaper and periodical subscriptions.

The Largest Magazine in the World.

Russell Hart

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER

Repairing Promptly and Neatly Executed. Prices to suit the times.

Market Street Baird, Texas

Today's Magazine is the largest and best edited magazine published at 50c per year. Five cents per copy at all newsdealers. Every lady who appreciates a good magazine should send for a free sample copy and premium catalog. Address, Today's Magazine, Canton, Ohio. 14.a

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

The State of Texas | County of Callahan

In the District Court of Brown County, Texas, Willie Preston et al Plaintiffs vs J. D. Allgood, defendant, cause No. 2898 on the docket of said court: Whereas, by virtue of an Execution and Order of Sale issued out of the District Court of Brown County, Texas, on a judgment rendered in said court on the 2nd day of July A. D. 1913, in favor of said Willie Preston and Jimmie Preston and against the said J. D. Allgood, in said cause No. 2898 on the dockets of said court, I did on the 11th day of September A. D. 1913 levy upon the following described parcels and tracts of land situated in the county of Callahan and State of Texas, belonging unto the said J. D. Allgood, to-wit: An undivided one-half interest in and to 160 acres of land situated in Callahan County, Texas, known as the J. J. Preston Pre-emption, granted to said J. J. Preston by patent dated February 2nd A. D. 1897, the same being located about five miles south from the town of Baird in said county and State and known as the J. J. Preston 160 acres. And on the 7th day of October A. D. 1913, the same being the First Tuesday of said month, between the hours of ten o'clock a. m. and four o'clock p. m. on said day, at the court house door of said Callahan County Texas, in the town of Baird, I will offer for sale and sell at public auction for cash all the right, title and interest of the said J. D. Allgood in and to said property.

Dated at Baird, Texas, this the 11th day of September A. D. 1913. F. F. Rains, Sheriff Callahan County, Texas.

The Public School is one of the greatest factors in our country. When reinforced by good, wholesome, reliable, newspapers, it gives the American child a practical education. Without the aid of newspapers the public school can not give a boy or girl, that degree of general intelligence that you wish your children to have. You can now get The Baird Star and The Dallas Seme-Weekly Farm New for one year, three papers a week, for \$1.75 We accept and receipt for subscriptions at this office. Do the ordering and take all the risk.

Change in Rates.

Parcel Post Rate:
1st Zone 150 miles, 1st pound 5c and 1c for each additional pound to 20 pounds. G. R. McManis, P. M

Wanted.—Your new or renewal subscriptions to The Ladies' Home Journal and Saturday Evening Post. —Miss John Gilliland.

Presbyterian Church.

Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. each Sunday. Sunday School at 10 o'clock. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night at 8:30 o'clock. H. M. Peebles, Pastor.

Old Papers for Sale.—At The STAR office. Can be used for putting under carpets, in shelves, etc. 25cts per hundred.

SOLICITING SUBSCRIPTIONS.

I am soliciting subscriptions, both new and renewals, for the following magazines and would appreciate your orders. If I do not see you phone either No. 6 or No. 8, and I will call for your orders:

The Ladies' Home Journal \$1.50 yr
The Saturday Evening Post \$1.50 yr
The Country Gentleman, \$1.50 yr.
The Woman's Magazine, \$.75 per yr.
Pictorial Review, \$1.00 per yr.
Woman's Home Companion, \$1.50 yr
The Delineator, \$1.50 per yr.
And several Club offers.

Miss John Gilliland, Baird,

Methodist Services.

Preaching at 11 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. each Sabbath. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer-meeting every Wednesday night at 8:30. Teacher Study Circle every Friday at 7:30 p. M. We invite all to attend these services and extend to you a warm welcome. A. W. Waddill, Pastor.

NEW YORK PRIEST AND WOMAN HE SLEW



Hans B. Schmidt, assistant priest in St. Joseph's church, New York, confessed to the horrible slaying of Miss Ann Aumuller, Schmidt, in his story to the police, told of how he murdered his victim while she slept, dismembered the body, packed the pieces in bundles and dropped them from the Fort Lee ferry boat. Last February Schmidt obtained a license, performed his own marriage ceremony and set up housekeeping in the Bronx, where he murdered the woman September 2.

WARSHIPS TO REMAIN LONG AS NECESSARY

WASHINGTON OFFICIALS DISCUSS REFERENCE HUERTA MADE IN HIS MESSAGE.

LIND IS ADVISED OF VIEWS

Question of Mexican Elections with Country in Turmoil Studied by Officials.

Washington.—So far as the Washington administration is concerned it is known that no move is contemplated in the Mexican situation at present. The elections of Oct. 26 now are awaited here with keen interest and the next step in the policy of the United States is likely to make its appearance thereafter.

Administration officials read long excerpts of Huerta's message to the Mexican congress published here, but no formal comment was made. It is understood that the administration does not attach much importance to the document, though there are passages in it which did not pass without careful notice.

The references to the expiration of the period during which American warships were authorized to remain in Mexican waters caused some discussion. Inasmuch as the ships are permitted to remain another month or until after the general elections are held no statement of policy in this connection is likely to be made until that time. Informally officials let it be known that the vessels would be kept in Mexican waters indefinitely if the United States deemed it necessary for the protection of its nationals.

Secretary Bryan sent a cablegram to John Lind at Vera Cruz advising him of the government's view of the Huerta message, but the contents of the dispatch were not disclosed.

In some quarters here there is a strong disposition to doubt whether there will be a constitutional election in Mexico on Oct. 26. Constitutional representatives point out that with the election only about a month away nobody knows who the candidates are or what their platforms will be.

Diggs and Caminetta Are Sentenced.

San Francisco, Cal.—Two years in the federal penitentiary on McNeil island, Washington, and fine of \$2,000 is the sentence imposed on Maury I. Diggs, former state architect of California, because of his flight to Reno with Marsha Warrington, a Sacramento girl. Eighteen months in the same prison and a fine of \$1,500 was the penalty given his friend and companion, F. Drew Caminetta, son of Anthony Caminetti, United States commissioner general of immigration, for a like offense. Caminetti eloped with Marsha Warrington's friend, Lola Norris.

Queer Trick of Storm.

York, Pa.—When a barn on a farm near this city was unroofed Mrs. Levi Shenk and Mrs. George Sipe were transfixed on a piece of timber and still pinned together were brought to the York hospital in an automobile. Their condition is serious. The timber entered the left arm of Mrs. Shenk and, passing through, penetrated the abdominal cavity of Mrs. Sipe, coming out through her back. The accident occurred during a terrific rain and wind-storm, which did much damage.

PRES. TO WORK IN SENATE

Three Democratic Opponents to Currency Bill Make it Necessary.

Washington, D. C.—Notwithstanding that the house passed the currency bill by an overwhelming vote with 24 republicans and 14 Progressives voting for it and only three Democrats opposing it, President Wilson has found it necessary to help in the effort to get the bill through the senate. This is due to the fact that three Democratic members of the senate committee on banking and currency, Senators O'Gorman, Hitchcock and Reed, are fighting the administration measure.

The banking and currency committee is composed of seven Democrats and five Republicans. With these three men antagonistic, the administration has but four democratic supporters on the committee. These are Senators Owen, Pomerene, Shafroth and Hollis. The Republicans on the committee are Senators Nelson, Brewster, Crawford, McLean and Weeks, who are opposed to the bill.

With this situation facing him, President Wilson has begun the task of putting the bill through the banking and currency committee. In this matter, he is dealing directly with the senators whose opposition threatens the measure at the very outset in the senate.

BODY OF GAYNOR ARRIVES HOME.

Was First Taken to His Home, Then to City Hall to Lie in State.

New York.—The body of William J. Gaynor, mayor of New York, who died at sea Sept. 10, lay Friday in his Brooklyn home. In a drizzling rain it was lowered at 4 o'clock Friday morning from the high decks of the liner Lusitania to one of the city's boats.

Through a mist that lay heavy over the harbor the boat steamed to pier A, at the battery. There a picked squad of 100 police who had stood all night in the rain formed its escort to Brooklyn.

A dozen stalwart sailors carried the body in its heavy lead casket from the mortuary chapel to the deck. The carpet of flowers under which it lay was removed and only the great American flag placed over the casket at Liverpool covered it, as a windlass lowered it slowly 25 feet down an inclined plane to the deck of the city boat.

At the late mayor's home the body was taken to a large room. The committee appointed by the city to receive it withdrew; the hundred policemen clattered back through the streets to their station houses and the body was left with only the family around it. It remained there until Saturday night. Privates services were held in the afternoon and at their conclusion the body was taken to the city hall, where it lay in state until Monday morning, when funeral services were held in the Trinity Church.

Loops Loop in Aeroplane.

Versailles.—The French aviator, Pe goud, who recently made an upside down flight at Juvisy and repeated the performance at Buc, accomplished another daring feat in his self-imposed task of proving the stability of the aeroplane. After mounting to a great height Pegoud dipped the left wing and his machine slowly turned over on its side. The aviator flew for some seconds head downward. He then regained the upright position by grace fully looping the loop.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

R. G. POWELL,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office over Holmes Drug Co.
BAIRD, TEXAS.

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

R. L. GRIGGS
Physician and Surgeon
Office with Holmes Drug Co.
Will answer calls day or night. Office Phone No. 11. Residence Phone No. 131.

OTIS BOWYER
ATT'Y-AT-LAW
Office in rear of Odd Fellows' Hall.
Practice in all State Courts

F. S. Bell
Attorney-at-Law
Will practice in all State Courts.
Up-stairs. Home National Bank Bld
Baird, Texas

W. R. Ely
Attorney-at-Law,
Will practice in all State Courts.
Land Titles examined and Perfected
Office at Court House.

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

V. E. HILL
DENTIST
Office Up-Stairs in Cooke Building
Baird, Texas.

MISCELLANEOUS CARDS

W. HOMER SHANKS
8 per ct. Loans and Abstracts
Notary Public
Vendors' Lien Notes Bought.

City Bakery

Furnishes pure and healthy Bread and Rolls, made of the very best material on the Market, absolutely free of alum or any other substitute. Fresh every day. Also a variety of Cakes. Phone 116.
O. NITSCHKE, Proprietor.

E. C. Fulton's

BARBER SHOP
Hair Cut 25c. Shampoo 25c.
Massage 25c. Singing 25c.
Shave 15c. Bath 25c.
Tonics 10c and 15c
We solicit your trade. First-class work and cordial treatment to all.

HOT AND COLD BATHS

Laundry Basket leaves Monday and Wednesday; returns Wednesday and Saturday.

Laundry Notice.
Basket leaves Mondays and Wednesdays. Returns Wednesdays and Saturdays. We are prepared to give you the very lowest prices and best service.
E. C. Fulton.
38 Phone 239.

JUST A FEW LINES

To The Public



EVERY MAN OR WOMAN is justly proud of a watch that keeps time. We are equally proud of the fact that we know how to make a watch keep time. If your watch is getting lax in its habits, just bring it in and let us take it in hand. It may merely need regulating or adjusting. In that event, we will be glad to put it in shape for you and there will be no charge. If it requires no repairs we will tell you so, frankly. On the other hand, if it needs fixing, we will do it right and do it promptly at reasonable cost. We absolutely guarantee to do this or refund your money. It may be that you need a new watch. If so, we will be pleased to show you the largest and best line carried in our city and explain to and show you the different makes and help you to make a good selection. : :

Let us also remind you that we Fit The Eyes with glasses that suit and we guarantee every pair or money refunded. : : :

Our Drugs are the purest and our Prescription Department is always in competent hands. : : : : :

"LET US BE YOUR DRUGGIST AND JEWELER"

A NAME TO REMEMBER

Here is a name---"Penslar"---that will mean a great deal to every man, woman and child in this city when they learn what it stands for. It is our duty and our pleasure to tell you. There is a great firm of Manufacturing Chemist in Detroit, The Peninsular Chemical Company, whose name on the label of a remedy is the best possible guaranty of its purity and medicinal worth. They prepare in their splendid laboratories over 100 remedies for household use. They do not believe in secret medicines. They think you have a right to know what you are taking. And you have. So they put the full formula on every label, the name and the exact quantity of every ingredient, all in plain English so you can judge for yourself. If they were not sure that each of these was the best possible prescription, if they were not sure that their skill in compounding these remedies was unsurpassed, they could not afford to do this. We like to handle drugs of quality. That is the way we get our trade. That is why we obtained the agency for these splendid remedies known as



Remedies. Remember the name "Penslar." Remember what it means, "Highest Quality and Formula-on-the-label." We've a great deal more to say about Penslar. Watch for it. Come in and ask about Penslar Remedies. You may need a really reliable remedy some day, learn about it now. : : : : :

THE PENSLAR STORE

J. H. TERRELL

The Druggist and Jeweler. Phone 91. Baird, Texas.

ALWAYS REFERRED TO AS THE BEST

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

W. E. GILLILAND, Editor and Proprietor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year.....\$1.00
Six Months.....50cts
Terms: Cash in advance.

TO ADVERTISERS To insure insertion for the current week copy for all display ads must be in this office not later than Tuesday.

Four weeks constitute a month, for display ads. When display ads run three months or longer the calendar month is used. Locals 5cts per line each insertion.

Say, Will Mayes may get in such a habit of acting as governor that the people may take a notion to make him a real governor.

Gov. Colquitt is off for a visit to the Panama Canal. He is accompanied by Mrs. Colquitt and his daughter, Miss Mary, and all will hope for a pleasant journey and a safe return for them.

State Topics' favors Joe S. Rice, a prominent business man of Houston for governor. Don't know about that.

Former State Treasurer Sam Sparks has been mentioned as a candidate for governor. Sam Sparks made a good sheriff and made good as State Treasurer and no doubt would make good as governor.

What would the people say if President Wilson and every member of his cabinet, Vice President Marshall and members of the Supreme Court were afflicted at once with the lecture bug as Mr. Bryan is affected?

There was some talk of a contest over the Clyde box, but nothing except a protest made by B. D. Shorshire of Fort Worth was made.

If we could arouse as much interest in the good roads problem as the politicians have stirred up in Texas over the Prohibition question we would soon have Texas checked with great piked highways, but we fear this is impossible.

nonsense over prohibition in ten years that they are likely to work up on the good roads question in a century. The effort, like the shearing of a hog, the sound is out of all proportion to the wool obtained.

TALK OF CONTEST.

Many have asked us if there will be a contest of the election held Sept. 6th. We do not know, but we hope not; because we believe the contest will fail and besides we consider that it would be a serious political mistake.

Banker Hart of Cross Plains was in town last week. He says they had 25 pros at C. P. that did not vote. Women and children perhaps, as no pro ever voluntarily missed a vote, that we ever heard of.

Much as thousands of people in Texas would prefer it otherwise, Prohibition is likely to be the main, if not the sole issue in the campaign.

George M. Conner, son of Hon. T. H. Conner, chief justice of the Second court of civil appeals, has returned from Chicago, where he recently completed his law course in University of Chicago.

state has had enough of prohibition and radical liquor legislation, but the politicians including the political preachers don't think so, mores the pity.

JUST TO KEEP THE RECORD STRAIGHT.

In a recent prohibition election Callahan county voted, by a majority of 94, to remain in the "dry column" During the last fifteen or twenty years Callahan has been voting on prohibition about every second or third year.

The first local option election ever held in Callahan County was in 1902 when the county went anti by 480 majority. As soon as the time expired the pros pulled off another election when the county again went anti by only 5 votes.

The antis have not tried to have another election since then until this year, over three and a half years, many antis preferring to give local option a fair test.

The antis were not organized, had no chairman or campaign committee and not a dollar to spend in the campaign. Not a circular was issued or a speech made by the antis while the pros had the District Judge, District Attorney, State Senator, one anti-saloon worker, and a prominent educator, all from the outside, speaking all over the county;

The pros really expected a majority of three to five hundred, and were surprised after all the fuss and noise made they did not have two or three hundred majority.

Callahan county is and always has been anti in sentiment, but many antis have always opposed the open saloon, and some have always voted against them, while many have always refused to vote in local option elections.

Had the people really understood the effect of the new law as we believe it will be, the result would have been different. The pros say the people can get all the liquor they want, at least told them so in a circular during the campaign.

JUDGE CONNER'S SON OPENS LAW OFFICE.

George M. Conner, son of Hon. T. H. Conner, chief justice of the Second court of civil appeals, has returned from Chicago, where he recently completed his law course in University of Chicago.

Worth, having resided with his parents here more than fifteen years. He was a student at Polytechnic before going to the University of Chicago. He took a prominent part in the athletics of the school, having been captain of the football squad in 1910.

OUR NEW SERIAL STORY, "MOLLY MCDONALD."

"Molly McDonald" our new serial story that began in THE STAR last week is full of stirring events of frontier incidents just after the civil war. The story is laid on the Arkansas, Cimmaron, Canadian and Washita Rivers in Oklahoma, Kansas and Nebraska.

He evened up the score with his old enemy at the battle of Washita and finally cleared his name of the disgrace brought upon him by his enemy, once believed to be his best friend and college chum.

Because of the cloud on his name he disappeared, he sought to hide himself in the regular army, there engaged in almost a continuous war with the savage plains tribes of Indians.

Molly McDonald, the heroine of the story is a lovable girl, the only daughter of Maj McDonald of the 6th U. S. Infantry and Commander of the army post, Fort Devere, southwest of Fort Dodge.

The story is interesting to all and especially to the old frontiersmen, as it brings back to mind the stirring events of the long ago when Indian raids were expected every light moon.

The ladies of the Civic Improvement League urges every one to clean up their premises, streets and alleys on next Thursday, Friday and Saturday.

Earl Hall, who has been working in the T. & P. shops here for the past eighteen months, has gone to Big Springs where he will complete his course as a machinist in the T. & P. shops.

Every town you hear from is cleaning up and beautifying their yards, streets and alleys. Let us join the band of clean towns. It not only looks good to the eye, but it is a preventative of disease.

Miss Bertha Cummings, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. John Estes, for the past month or so, left Friday for her home near Clarksville.

Better take a look at your flues now and put them in good shape before cold weather, it might save your home from being burned as is so often the case where the flues have been neglected.

Ladies before you buy your new coat, coat suit or dress, see our line, which is snappy and up-to-date.

To The Public.

I wish to say to my friends and the public generally that I have opened a new Hardware Store in the Cooke Building on the east side of Market Street and solicit a share of your patronage.

SHELF HARDWARE. BUILDER'S SUPPLIES BLACKSMITH'S SUPPLIES, HARNESS, ETC.

When in need of anything in my line, come in and look my stock and get price. I will be pleased to over show you my goods.

YOURS TO PLEASE

E. COOKE



CARRYING GOOD STATIONERY

is our special desire and ambition So we are seeking to build up a reputation for keeping the best and most dependable qualities only, in every class.

HOLMES DRUG CO.

The Rexall Store. Phone No. 11

Plenty of Money

Loans to place on farms and ranches at 8 per cent interest.

JACKSON & JACKSON

Home National Bank Building

BAIRD,

TEXAS

We Welcome Both Large and Small Depositors.

It matters not what amount of money you have to deposit—we will accept it at this bank. We welcome the small depositor, we extend to him the same consideration and courtesies accorded all our patrons.

The First National Bank of Baird

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS.

J. F. Dyer, President. Henry James, Vice President. W. S. Hinds, Cashier. J. W. Turner, Asst. Cashier. W. A. Hinds, Tom Windham



We are Showing the Favored Styles for Fall in Suits, Coats and Dresses

OUR READY-TO-WEAR DEPARTMENT

Our Ready-to-Wear department has never before been so complete and so attractive as it is now, with truly fashionable Fall Garments. The variety is great, and the style so varied that every woman can choose according to her own ideas, and to suit her own individuality.

Dress Goods and Trimmings

The new Fabrics for Fall cover a wide range of effects. Those which we are now showing are among the prettiest we have ever gathered at this early season. Among these we mention Brocaded and Plain Silk Poplins, Mercerized Poplins, Cotton Ratine, Silk Stripe Crepes, Oriental Crepes. We have a nice line of Fancy Bands, Tassels and Colonial buttons in shades to match the Dress Goods.

New Millinery

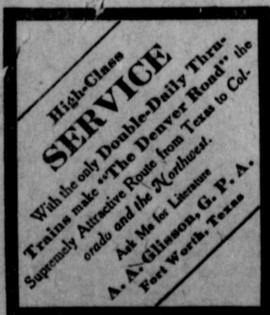
In Autumn Millinery we are showing a nice variety. Our selections for fall from well known authoritative sources is meeting the approval of our patrons and the public as never before. We are showing a nice line of dress and street hats in styles that offer every possibility for the full play of individual taste and preference. And you can select a charming graceful, hat here at a very moderate price.

"THE STORE WITH THE NEW GOODS."

WILL D. BOYDSTUN

Dry Goods

Millinery



PERSONAL MENTION

Lowery Blakeley was in from Crooked Creek, Wednesday.
W. T. Bursop, of Cottonwood, was in Baird, Monday.
Gabe Smartt and Alex McWhorter were in town yesterday.
Capt. and Mrs. J. W. Jones were in from Clear Creek, Saturday

J. B. Cutbirth made a business trip to Big Springs this week.
Sam Windham of Oplin, spent a few days in town this week.
Clean up days, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 2-3-4.
Coal—Coal—Coal. W. G. Bowlus.
J. O. Hall, and Tom and Arthur Young were up from the Bayou, Wednesday.
Mrs. John Estes and son, Master J. C., visited relatives in Anson, Sunday.
Tom Windham of Oplin, sold a car load of calves to L. M. Hadley the first of the week.
Buy your coal from W. G. Bowlus
The best and cheapest line of Ladies Dresses will be found at B. L. Boydston's. All new and latest designs, prices ranging from \$7.50 to \$18.00. 42-2t.

Misses Alice and May Eastham, of Admiral, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Eastham last week.
Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Eastham spent Sunday at Admiral with Mr. Eastham's mother, Mrs. Jack Eastham, who is quite sick.
Geo. M. Kerr, editor of the Clyde Enterprise, was in Baird Monday. We are sorry the editor was absent when he called at THE STAR office.
The noblest line of Ladies Fall and Winter Coats in Baird, prices \$7.50 to \$20.00. B. L. Boydston.
Fred Cutbirth returned to the ranch on Burnt Branch, Sunday, after spending a few days with home folks.
R. L. Darby, who for years was section foreman here, but has been working at Weatherford for a year or more; has again been made Section Foreman here and with his family have moved back to Baird. We are glad to have them back again.

Mrs. Mary Brightwell, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. J. I. McWhorter for the past few weeks, went out to Belle Plaine Wednesday to visit Mr. and Mrs. J. Y. Gilliland
We have Coat Suits ranging in price from \$12.00 to \$25.00, good material and latest style. B. L. Boydston. 42-2t.
Gerald Babb of Post City, spent a few days in Baird last week with his aunt, Mrs. J. E. Gilliland. Gerald was on his way to Austin where he will attend the State University.
You can get made to your order at popular prices Church Seats, Pew Ends and School Deaks at J. Y. Grier Planing Mill, near the A. and S. Depot, Abilene, Texas. 40-3t
Mrs. W. L. Henry returned Sunday from La Luz, New Mexico, where she spent two months with her daughter, Mrs. Jim Orr. She visited friends in El Paso on her return trip.

MORE RAIN.

It rained most all of Wednesday night and most all day yesterday a slow steady rain that is so much needed to put a good season in the ground. It is drizzling rain this morning and the wind is in the north making fires pleasant. We started the first coal fire of the fall in THE STAR office yesterday and it is cold this morning. The thermometer at THE STAR office registers 47 and coming after the recent hot weather makes summer clothing feel rather light.

NEW ADS.

We call attention to the following new ads in this issue:
D. W. Young, the tailor.
Peerless Creamery, Weatherford.
Compre Brothers, real estate and money to loan, Abilene.
Also see change in the following ads:
B. L. Boydston.
H. Schwartz.
Holmes Drug Co.
Home National Bank.
Jackson & Jackson.

WANTED.

Five hundred cotton pickers. Good cotton and good prices; Houses furnished for families; Reduced rates on Railroad. Will assist reliable people in R. R. fare. Don't write but come at once.
For the farmers of Mitchell County. 41-2 L. C. Dupree, Colorado, Tex.

FOR SALE.

Good four room house, two large lots in best part of town, a bargain if sold at once.—Jno. Laird. 40-4t
Furnished Rooms.—For rent, also furnished rooms for light house-keeping. Mrs. J. H. Hammans.

For Sale.—A good metal incubator, used only a short time. Phone No. 6.

Help Wanted.—A middle aged woman for general housework. For further particulars phone 12. 42

W. G. Bowlus can supply your coal wants, try him. 40tf.

J. B. Cutbirth has returned from a business trip to Big Springs.

Miss Lora Franklin has returned from a visit with relatives in Abilene.

B. L. Boydston has the nicest line of Ladies Coat Suits in Baird and at less prices. B. L. Boydston. 42-2t.

Mr. Head, father of Mrs. R. G. Halsted, returned a few days ago from a visit with relatives in Mills county.

T. & P. TIME TABLE.

The following is the New Passenger train schedule, at Baird, taking effect, Sunday, August 31st.
East Bound.
No. 2, arrives - - 11:35 p. m.
" 4 " - - 12:20 p. m.
" 6 " - - 1:10 a. m.
No. 8, arrives - - 9:10 a. m.
West Bound.
No. 1, arrives - - 2:20 a. m.
" 3, " - - 4:00 p. m.
" 5, " - - 3:30 a. m.
No. 7 arrives - - 2:40 p. m.
By the above you will see that trains No. 1, and 2, have been restored.
J. H. Rowley, Agent.

W. O. W. UNVEILING.

Quite a large number of Woodmen and others attended the unveiling ceremonies at Ross Cemetery Sunday afternoon, when the monument erected at the grave of J. W. Percy was unveiled with the beautiful ceremony of the Woodmen of the World. Judge W. R. Ely delivered the memorial address and Miss Essie Walker read the memorial poem.

CLEAN UP DAYS.

The Civic Improvement League have started a clean up crusade and invite all the citizens of Baird to join them in a general cleaning up of the city on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of next week. All are requested to clean their premises, sidewalk and the street and alley adjacent to them, and burn all trash and rubbish that can be burned and haul away all other. Every man, woman and child is urged to join in this clean up crusade. Remember the dates, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Oct., 2d, 3d and 4th.
Yours for a clean town,
W. P. Kershner,
Mayor.

PUBLIC SCHOOL OPENS.

The Baird Public Schools opened Monday with a good attendance with Professor Green superintendent and Prof. Boren, principal. List of grade teachers was recently published in THE STAR.
We hope every effort will be made by the patrons of the school to cooperate with the teachers so that we can claim at the end of the term that this was the best school Baird ever had.
Capt. W. C. Powell, we are informed, has gone to Panama to view the big ditch. He left last week.

Most every day we are receiving shipments of Ladies' Coats, Coat Suits and Dresses. Don't fail to see them before purchasing. B. L. Boydston. 42-2t.



THE LAUGH WILL BE ON THE BURGLARS

who break into a place and after all their trouble find only a check book instead of the cash they expected. You can disappoint burglars the same way. Deposit your cash with The Home National Bank and it will be absolutely safe from thieves, fire, dampness, rats or any other similar danger. Isn't that security worth having?

The Home National Bank of Baird

S. L. Driskill, Pres. Harry Meyer, V. P. H. Ross, V. P.
T. E. Powell Cashier
F. L. Driskill, Asst. C. Will C. Franklin, Asst. C.

MOLLY McDONALD

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER



By
RANDALL PARRISH
Author of "Keith of the Border," "My Lady of the South," etc., etc.

Illustrations by
V. L. BARNES

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CHAPTER IV.

The Attack.

Slightly more than sixty miles, as the route ran, stretched between old Fort Dodge and the ford crossing the Arkansas leading down to the Cimarron; another sixty miles distant, across a desert of alkali and sand, lay Devers. The main Santa Fe trail, broad and deeply rutted by the innumerable wheels of early spring caravans, followed the general course of the river, occasionally touching the higher level plains, but mostly keeping close beneath the protection of the northern bluffs, or else skirting the edge of the water. Night or day the route was easily followed, and, in other years, the traveler was seldom for long out of sight of toiling wagons. Now scarcely a wheel turned in all that lonely distance.

The west-bound stage left the station at Deer Creek at four o'clock in the afternoon with no intimation of danger ahead. Its occupants had eaten dinner in company with those of the east-bound coach, eighteen miles down the river to Canon Bluff, and the in-coming driver had reported an open road, and no unusual trouble. No Indian signs had been observed, not

even signal fires during the night, and the conductor, who had come straight from Santa Fe, reported that troops from Fort Union had driven the only known bunch of raiders back from the neighborhood of the trail, and had them already safely corralled in the mountains. This report, seemingly authentic and official, served to relax the nerves, and the west-bound driver sang to himself as he guided the four horses forward, while the conductor, a saved-off gun planted between his knees, nodded drowsily. Inside there were but three passengers, jerking back and forth, as the wheels struck the deep ruts of the trail, occasionally exchanging a word or two, but usually staring gloomily forth at the monotonous scene. Miss McDonald and Moylan occupied the back seat, some baggage wedged tightly between to keep them more secure on the slippery cushion, while facing them, and clinging to his support with both hands, was a pock-marked Mexican, with rather villainous face and ornate dress, and excessively polite manners. He had joined the little party at Dodge, smiling happily at sight of Miss Molly's face when she unveiled, although his small knowledge of English prevented any extended effort at conversation. Moylan, however, after careful scrutiny, engaged him shortly in Spanish, and later explained to the girl, in low tones, that the man was a Santa Fe gambler known as Gonzales, with a reputation to be hinted at but not openly discussed.

They were some six miles to the west of Deer Creek, the horses still moving with spirit, the driver's foot on the brake, when the stage took a sudden plunge down a sloping bank where the valley perceptibly narrowed. To the left, beyond a flat expanse of brown, sun-scorched grass, flowed the widely-spreading waters of the Arkansas, barely covering the treacherous sandy bottom, and from the other side came the more distant gleam of alkali plains; to the right arose the bluffs, here both steep and rugged, completely shutting off the view, barren of vegetation except for a few scattered patches of grass. Suddenly a man rode out of a rift in the bank, directly in front, and held up his hand. Surprised, startled, the driver instantaneously clamped on his brake, and brought his horses to a quick stop; the conductor, nearly flung from his seat, yanked his gun forward.

"None of that now," called out the man in saddle quickly, both hands uplifted to show their emptiness. "This is no hold-up. I've got news."

He spurred his pony forward slowly, the animal seemingly barely able to move, and swung out of the saddle beside the front wheel, staggering a bit as though his limbs were cramped as his feet felt the ground.

"I'm from Fort Union," he said, "Seventh Cavalry, sent through by way of Cimarron Springs. There is hell to pay west of here; the stations at Arkansas Crossing and Low Water were burned last night."

"The devil you say," burst out the driver hoarsely, his startled eyes sweeping the horizon. "Injuns?"

"Sure, plenty of signs, but I haven't seen any bucks myself. As soon as I discovered what had happened at the Crossing I struck out on to the plateau, and came around that way to warn those fellows at Low Water. But when I got sight of that station from off the bluffs yonder it had been wiped out. Then I thought about this stage going west today, and came on to meet you. Must have ridden a hundred or twenty miles since yesterday; the Mustang is all in."

Moylan stuck his head out the nearest window.

"Look like they had much of a fight at the Crossing?" he asked.

"Not much; more like a night raid; two whites killed, and scalped. The

child man either was taken away, or his body got burnt in the building. Horses all gone."

"What tribe?"

"Arapahoes, from the way they scalped; that's what made it so serious—if those Northern Indians have broken loose there is going to be war this time for sure."

The men on the box looked at each other questioningly.

"I don't see no use tryin' to go on, Jake, do you?" asked the driver soberly. "Even if we do git through, thar ain't no hosses to be had."

The other shook his head, rubbing his gun-stock.

"Most likely those same red devils are layin' for us now somewhar between yere an' Low Water; whar the trail runs in between them two big rocks, most probable," he concluded. "Not havin' no ha'r to lose, I'm fer goin' back."

With an oath of relief, the driver released his brake and skillfully swung the leaders around, the coach groaning as it took the sharp turn. The man on the ground caught a swiftly passing glimpse of the young woman's face within, and strode hurriedly forward as the coach started.

"Hold on there, pardner," he commanded sternly. "This poor bronc won't travel another mile. There's plenty of room for me inside, and I'll turn the tired devil loose. Hold on, I say!"

The driver once again slapped on the brake, growling and reluctant, his anxious eyes searching the trail in both directions. Hamlin quietly uncinched his saddle, flinging it to the coach roof; the bridle followed, and then, with a slap on the haunch of the released animal, he strode to the stage door, thrust his Henry rifle within, and took the vacant seat beside Gonzales. With a sudden crack of the driver's whip the four horses leaped forward, and the coach careened on the slope of the trail, causing the passengers to clutch wildly to keep from being precipitated into a mass on the floor. As the traces straightened,

Miss Molly, clinging desperately to a strap, caught her first fair glance at the newcomer. His hat was tilted back, the light revealing lines of weariness and a coating of the gray, powdery dust of the alkali desert, but beneath it appeared the brown, sun-scorched skin, while the gray eyes looking straight at her, were resolute and smiling. His rough shirt, open at the throat, might have been the product of any sutler's counter; he wore no jacket, and the broad yellow stripe down the leg of the faded blue trousers alone proclaimed him a soldier. He smiled across at her, and she lowered her eyes, while his glance wandered on toward the others.

"Don't seem to be very crowded today," he began, genially addressing Moylan. "Not an extremely popular route at present, I reckon. Mining, pardner?"

"No; post-trader at Fort Marcy."

"Oh, that's it," his eyebrows lifting slightly. "This Indian business is a bad job for you then." His eyes fell on his seatmate. "Well, if this isn't little Gonzales!—You've got a good way from home."

"Si, senior!" returned the Mexican brokenly. "I think I not remem."

"No, I reckon not. I'm not one of your class; cards and I never did agree. I shot your game once down at Union; night Hassinger was killed. Remember now, don't you?"

"Si, senior," spreading his hands. "It was mos' unfortunate."

"Would have been more so, if the boys had got hold of you—Saint Anne! but that fellow on the box is driving some."

The thud of the horses' feet under the lash, coupled with the reckless lurching of the coach, ended all further attempt at conversation, and the four passengers held on grimly, and stared out of the windows, as if expecting every instant that some accident would hurl them headlong. The frightened driver was apparently sparing neither whip nor tongue, the galloping teams jerking the stage after them in a mad race up the trail. Hamlin thrust his head out of the nearest window, but a sudden lurch hurled him back, the coach taking a sharp curve on two wheels, and coming down level once again with a bump which brought the whole four together. The little Mexican started to scream out a Spanish oath, but Hamlin gripped his throat before it was half uttered, while Moylan pressed the girl back into her seat, bracing himself to hold her firm.

"What the devil—" he began angrily, and then the careening coach stopped as suddenly as though it had struck the bank, again tearing loose their handhold on the seats and flinging them headlong. They heard the creaking clasp of the brakes, the dancing of frightened horses, a perfect volley of oaths, the crunch of feet as men leaped from the top of the ground; then, all at once, the stage lurched forward, swerving sharply to the left, and struck out across the

flat directly toward the river.

Hamlin struggled to the nearest window, and, grasping the sill to hold himself upright, leaned out. He caught a momentary glimpse of two men riding swiftly up the trail; the box above was empty, the wheelers alone remained in harness, and they were running uncontrolled.

"By God!" he muttered. "Those two damn cowards have cut loose and left us!"

Even as the unrestrained words leaped from his lips he realized the only hope—the reins still dangled, caught securely in the brake lever. Inch by inch, foot by foot, he wiggled out; Moylan, comprehending, caught his legs, holding him steady against the mad pitching. His fingers gripped the iron top rail, and, exerting all his strength, he slowly pulled his body up, until he fell forward into the driver's seat. Swift as he had been, the action



"There Is Hell to Pay West of Here."

was not quickly enough conceived to avert disaster. He had the reins in his grip when the swinging pole struck the steep side of the bluff, snapping off with a sharp crack, and flinging down the frightened animals, the wheels crashing against them, as the coach came to a sudden halt. Hamlin hung on grimly, flung forward to the footrail by the force of the shock, his body bruised and aching. One horse lay motionless, head under, apparently instantly killed; his mate struggled to his feet, tore frantically loose from the traces, and went flying madly down the slope, the broken harness dangling at his heels. The Sergeant sat up and stared about, sweeping the blood from a slight gash out of his eyes. Then he came to himself with a gasp—understanding instantly what it all meant, why those men had cut loose the horses and ridden away,

why the wheelers had plunged forward in that mad run-away race—between the bluffs and the river a swarm of Indians were lashing their ponies, spreading out like the sticks of a fan.

CHAPTER V.

The Defense of the Stage.

There were times when Hamlin's mental processes seemed slow, almost sluggish, but this was never true in moments of emergency and peril. Then he became swift, impetuous, seemingly borne forward by some inspiring instinct. It was for such experiences as this that he remained in the service—his whole nature responding almost joyously to the bugle-call of action, of imminent danger, his nerves steady into rock. These were the characteristics which had won him his chevrons in the unwarded service of the frontier, and, when scarcely more than a boy, had put a captain's bars on the gray collar of his Confederate uniform.

Now, as he struggled to his knees, gripping the iron foot-rail with one hand, a single glance gave him a distinct impression of their desperate situation. With that knowledge, there likewise flashed over his mind the only possible means of defense. The Indians, numbering at least thirty, had ridden recklessly out from under the protection of the river bank, spreading to right and left, as their ponies' hoofs struck the turf, and were now charging down upon the disabled coach, yelling madly and brandishing their guns. The very reckless abandon of their advance expressed the conception they had of the situation—they had witnessed the flight of the two fugitives, the runaway of the wheelers, and believed the remaining passengers would be helpless victims. They came on, savage and confident, not anticipating a fight, but a massacre—shrieking prisoners, and a glut of revenge.

With one swing of his body, Hamlin was upon the ground, and had jerked open the inside door of the coach, forcing it back against the dirt of the bluff which towered in protection above. His eyes were quick to perceive the peculiar advantage of position; that their assailants would be compelled to advance from only one direction. The three within were barely struggling to their feet, dazed, bewildered, failing as yet to comprehend fully those distant yells, when he sprang into their midst, uttering his swift orders, and unceremoniously jerking the men into position for defense.

"Here, quick now! Don't waste time! It's a matter of seconds, I tell you! They're coming—a horde of them. Here, Moylan, take this rifle barrel and knock a hole through the back there big enough to sight out of. Hit it hard, damn you, it's a case of life or death! What have you got, Gonzales? A revolver? Into that window there, and blaze away; you've got

the reputation of a gun-man; now let's see you prove it. Get back in the corner, miss, so I can slip past—no, lie down below the fire line!"

"But—but I will not!" and she faced him, her face white, but her eyes shining. "I can shoot! See!" and she flashed a pearl-handled revolver defiantly. The Sergeant thrust her unceremoniously aside and plunged across to the opposite window, gripping his Henry rifle.

"Do as I say," he growled. "This is our fight. Get down! Now, you terriers, let them have it!"

There was a wild skurrying of mounted figures almost at the coach wheels, hair streaming, feathers waving, lean, red arms thrown up, the air vocal with shrill outcries—then the dull bark of a Henry, the boom of a Winchester, the sharp spitting of a Colt. The smoke rolled out in a cloud, pungent, concealing, nervous fingers pressing the triggers again and again. They could see reeling horses, men gripping their ponies' manes to keep erect, staring, frightened eyes, animals flung back on their haunches, rearing madly in the air. The fierce yell of exultation changed into a savage scream, bullets crashed into the thin sides of the coach; it rocked with the contact of a half-naked body flung forward by a plunging horse; the Mexican swore wildly in Spanish, and then—the smoke blew aside and they saw the field; the dead and dying ponies, three motionless bodies huddled on the grass, a few dismounted stragglers racing on foot for the river bank, and a squad of riders circling beyond the trail. Hamlin swept the mingled sweat and blood out of his eyes, smiled grimly, and glanced back into the coach, instinctively slipping fresh cartridges into his hot rifle.

"That's one time those fellows ran into a hornet's nest," he commented quietly, all trace of excitement vanished. "Better load up, boys, for we're not through yet—they'll only be more careful next time. Anybody hurt?"

"Somethin' creased my back," replied Moylan, complainingly, and trying vainly to put a hand on the spot. "Felt like a streak o' fire." The Sergeant reached across, fingering the torn shirt cautiously.

"Scared the flesh, pardner, but no blood worth mentioning. They've got some heavy artillery out there from the sound—old army muskets likely. It is our repeating rifles that will win out—those red devils don't understand them yet."

"Senior, you tink we win out den?" and Gonzales peered up blinking into the other's face. "Acere! dey vil fight acerefer de nex' time. Ze Amerigaine musketeer, eet carry so far—eet get not so?"

Hamlin patted his brown barrel affectionately as if it were an old friend, and smiled across into the questioning eyes of the girl.

"I'm willing to back this weapon

against the best of them for distance," he replied easily, "and it's accurate besides. How about it, Moylan?"

"I'd about as soon be in front as behind one of them cannon," answered the sutler soberly. "I toted one four years. But say, pardner, whar's yer name? Yer a cavalryman, ain't yer?"

"Sergeant—forgot I wasn't properly introduced," and he bent his head slightly, glancing again toward the girl. "Hamlin is the rest of it."

"Brick! Hamlin?"

"Sometimes—delicate reference to my hair, miss," and he took off his hat, his gray eyes laughing. "Born that way, but doesn't seem to interfere with me much, since I was a kid. You've heard of me then, Moylan? So has our little friend, Gonzales, here."

The sober-faced sutler merely nodded, evidently in no mood for pleasantries.

"Oh, ye're all right," he said finally. "I've heard 'em say you was a fighter down round Santa Fe, an' I know it myself now. But what the hell are we goin' to do. This yere stagecoach



"Do As I Say," He Growled. "This Is Our Fight."

ain't much of a fort to keep off a bunch o' redskins unless they git their mad up. Them musket bullets go through like the sides was paper, an' I reckon we ain't got no oversupply o' ammunition—I know I ain't fer this Winchester. How long do yer reckon we kin hold out?"

Hamlin's face became grave, his eyes also turning toward the river. The sun was already sinking low in the west, and the Indians, gathered in council out of rifle-shot, were like shadows against the glimmering water beyond.

"They'll try us again just before dark," he affirmed slowly, "but more cautiously. If that attack fails, then they'll endeavor to creep in, and take us by surprise. It's going to be a

clear night, and there is small chance for even an Indian to hide in that buffalo-grass with the stars shining. They have got to come up from below, for no buck could climb down this bluff without making a noise. I don't see why, with decent luck, we can't hold out as we are until help gets here; those fellows who rode away will report at Canon Bluff and send a rider on to Dodge for help. There ought to be soldiers out here by noon tomorrow. What troops are at Dodge now?"

"Only a single company—infantry," replied Moylan gloomily. "All the rest are out scouting 'long the Solomon. Darned if I believe they'll send us a man. Those two cowards will likely report us all dead—otherwise they wouldn't have any excuse for runnin' away—and the commander will satisfy himself by sendin' a courier to the fellows in the field."

"Well, then," commented the Sergeant, his eyes gleaming, "we've simply got to fight it out alone, I reckon, and hang on to our last shots. What do you make of those reds?"

The three men stared for some time at the distant group over their rifles, in silence.

"They ain't all Arapahoes, that's certain," said Moylan at last. "Some o' 'em are Cheyennes. I've seen that chief before—it's Roman Nose."

"The big buck humped up on the roan?"

"That's the one, and he is a bad actor; saw him once over at Fort Kearney two years ago. Had a council there. Say!" in surprise, "ain't that an Ogalla Sioux war bonnet bobbin' there to the right, Sergeant?"

Hamlin studied the distant feathered head-dress indicated, shading his eyes with one hand.

"I reckon maybe it is, Moylan," he acknowledged at last gravely. "Those fellows have evidently got together; we're going to have the biggest scrap this summer the old army has had yet. Looks as though it was going to begin right here—and now. See there! The dance is on, boys; there they come; they will try it on foot this time."

He tested his rifle, resting one knee on the seat; Moylan pushed the barrel of his Winchester out through the ragged hole in the back of the coach, and the little Mexican lay flat, his eyes on the level with the window-casing. The girl alone remained motionless, crouched on the floor, her white face uplifted.

The entire field stretching to the river was clear to the view, the short, dry buffalo-grass offering no concealment. To the right of the coach, some fifty feet away, was the only depression, a shallow gully leading down from the bluff, but this slight advantage was unavailable. The sun had already dropped from view, and the gathering twilight distorted the figures, making them almost grotesque in their savagery. Yet they could be clearly distinguished, stealing silently forward, guns in hand, spreading out in a wide half-circle, obedient to

the gestures of Roman Nose, who, still mounted upon his pony, was traversing the river bank, his every motion outlined against the dull gleam of water behind him. From the black depths of the coach the three men watched in almost breathless silence, gripping their weapons, fascinated, determined not to waste a shot. Gonzales, under the strain, uttered a fierce Spanish curse, but Hamlin crushed his arm between iron fingers.

"Keep still, you fool!" he muttered, never glancing around. "Let your gun talk!"

The assailants came creeping on, snakes rather than men, appearing less and less human in the increasing shadows. Twice the Sergeant lifted his Henry, sighting along the brown barrel, lowering the weapon again in doubt of the distance. He was conscious of exultation, of a swifter pulse of the heart, yet his nerves were like steel, his grip steady. Only a dim fleeting memory of the girl, half hidden in the darkness behind, gave him uneasiness—he could not turn and look into her eyes. Roman Nose was advancing now at the center of that creeping half circle, a hulking figure perched on his pony's back, yet well out of rifle range. He spread his hands apart, clasping a blanket, looking like a great bird flapping its wings, and the ground in front flamed, the red flare splitting the gray gloom. The speeding bullets crashed through the leather of the coach, splintering the wood; the Mexican rolled to the floor, uttering one inhuman cry, and lay motionless; a great volume of black smoke waivered in the still air.

"Wait! Wait until they get to their feet!" Hamlin cried eagerly. "Ah! there they come—now lumber."

He saw only those black, indistinct figures, leaping out of the smoke, converging on the coach, their naked arms uplifted, their voices mingling in savage yells. Like lightning he worked his rifle, heart throbbing to the excitement, oblivious to all else; almost without realization he heard the deeper bellow of Moylan's Winchester, the sharp bark of a revolver at his very ear. Gonzales was all right, then! Good! He never thought of the girl, never saw her grip the pistol from the Mexican's dead hand, and crawl white-faced, over his body, to that front seat. All he really knew was that those devils were coming, leaping, crowding through the smoke wreaths; he saw them stumble, and rise again; he saw one leap into the air, and then crash face down; he saw them break, circling to right and left, crouching as they ran. Two reached the stage—only one! One pitched forward, a revolver bullet between his eyes, his head wedged in the spokes of the wheel; the other Hamlin struck with emptied rifle-barrel as his rod hand gripped the door, sending him sprawling back into the dirt. It was all the work of a minute, an awful minute, in

tense, breathless—then silence, the smoke drifting away, the dark night hiding the skulking runners.

CHAPTER VI.

The Condition in the Coach.

Mechanically—scarcely conscious of the action—the Sergeant slipped fresh cartridges into the hot rifle chamber, swept the tumbled hair out of his eyes with his shirt sleeve, and stared into the night. He could hardly comprehend yet that the affair was ended, the second attack repulsed. It was like a delirium of fever; he almost expected to see those motionless bodies outstretched on the grass spring up, yelling defiance. Then he gripped himself firmly, realizing the truth—it was over with for the present; away off there in the haze obscuring the river bank those indistinct black smudges were fleeing savages, their voices waiving through the night. Just in front, formless, huddled where they had fallen, were the bodies of dead and dying, smitten ponies and half-naked men. He drew a deep breath through clenched teeth, endeavoring to distinguish his comrades.

The interior of the coach was black,



All He Really Knew Was That Those Devils Were Coming, Leaping, Crowding.

and soundless, except for some one's swift, excited breathing. As he extended his cramped legs to the floor he touched a motionless body. Not until then had he realized the possibility of death also within. He felt downward with one hand, his nerves suddenly throbbing, and his finger touched a cold face—the Mexican. It must have been that last volley, for he could distinctly recall the sharp bark of Gonzales' revolver between his own shots.

"The little devil," he muttered solemnly. "It was a squarer death than he deserved. He was a game little cock."

Then he thought of Moylan, wonder-

ing why the man did not move, or speak. That was not like Moylan. He bent forward, half afraid in the stillness, endeavoring to discover space on the floor for both his feet. He could perceive now a distant star showing clear through the ragged opening jabbed in the back of the coach, but no outline of the sutler's burly shoulders.

"Moylan!" he called, hardly above a whisper. "What is the trouble? Have you been hit, man?"

There was no answer, no responding sound, and he stood up, reaching kindly over across the seat. Then he knew, and felt a shudder run through him from head to foot. Bent double over the iron back of the middle seat, with hands still gripping his hot rifle, the man hung, limp and lifeless. Almost without realizing the act, Hamlin lifted the heavy body, laid it down upon the cushion, and unclasped the dead fingers gripping the Winchester stock.

"Every shot gone," he whispered to himself dazedly, "every shot gone! Ain't that hell!"

Then it came to him in a sudden flash of intelligence—he was alone; alone except for the girl. They were out there yet, skulking in the night, planning revenge, those savage formless—Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Ogallas. They had been beaten back, defeated, smitten with death, but they were Indians still. They would come back for the bodies of their slain, and then—what? They could not know who were living, who dead, in the coach; yet must have discovered long since that it had only contained three defenders. They would guess that ammunition would be limited. His knowledge of the fighting tactics of the Plains tribes gave clear vision of what would probably occur. They would wait, scattered out in a wide circle from bluff to bluff, lying snake-like in the grass. Some of the bolder might creep in to drag away the bodies of dead warriors, risking a chance shot, but there would be no open attack in the dark. That would be averse to all Indian strategy, all precedent. Even now the mournful wailing had ceased; Roman Nose had rallied his warriors, instilled into them his own unconquerable savagery, and set them on watch. With the first gray dawn they would come again, leaping to the coach's wheels, yelling, triumphant, mad with new ferocity—and he was alone, except for the girl.

And where was she? He felt for her on the floor, but only touched the Mexican's feet. He had to lean across the seat where Moylan's body lay, shrouded in darkness, before his groping fingers came in contact with the skirt of her dress. She was on the front seat, close to the window; against the lightness of the outer sky, her head seemed lying upon the wooden frame. She did not move, he could not even tell that she breathed, and

for an instant his dry lips failed him utterly, his blood seemed to stop. Good God! Had she been killed also? How, in Heaven's name, did she ever get there? Then suddenly she lifted her head slightly, brushing back her hair with one arm; the faint starlight gleamed on a steel barrel. The Sergeant expelled his breath swiftly, wetting his dry lips.

"Are you hurt?" he questioned anxiously. "Lord but you gave me a scare!"

She seemed to hear his voice, yet scarcely to understand, like one aroused suddenly from sleep.

"What! you spoke—then—then—there are others? I—I am not here all alone?"

"Not if you count me," he said, a trace of recklessness in the answer. "I haven't even a scratch so far as I know. Did they touch you?"

"No; that is, I am not quite sure; it—it was all so horrible I cannot remember. Who are you? Are you the soldier?"

"Yes—I'm Hamlin. Would you mind telling me how you ever got over there?"

She straightened up, seemed to notice the heavy revolver in her fingers, and let it fall to the floor.

"Oh, it is like a dream—an awful dream. I couldn't help myself. When the Mexican rolled off on to the floor, I knew he was dead, and—and there was his revolver held right out to me in his hand. Before I realized I had it, and was up here—I killed one—he—he fell in the wheel; I—I can never forget that!"

"Don't try," broke in Hamlin earnestly. "You're all right," he added, admiration in his voice. "And so it was you there with the small gun. I heard it bark, but never knew Gonzales was hit. When did it happen?"

"When—when they fired first. It—it was all smoke out there when I got to the window; they—they looked like—like wild beasts, and it didn't seem to me I was myself at all."

The man laughed lightly.

"You did the right thing, that's all," he consoled, anxious to control her excitement. "Now you and I must decide what to do next—we are all alone."

"Alone! Has Mr. Moylan been hit also?"

"Yes," he answered, feeling it was better to tell her frankly. "He was shot, and is beyond our help. But come," and he reached over and took her hand, "you must not give up now."

She offered no resistance, but sat motionless, her face turned away. Yet she knew she trembled from head to foot, the reaction mastering her. A red tongue of flame seemed to silt the outside blackness; there was a single sharp report, echoing back from the bluff, but no sound of the striking bullet. Just an instant he caught a glimpse of her face, as she drew back, startled.

"Oh, they are coming again! What shall we do?"

"No," he insisted, still retaining her

hand, confident in his judgment.

"Those fellows will not attempt to rush us again tonight. You must keep cool, for we shall need all our wits to get away. An Indian never risks a night assault, unless it is a surprise. He wants to see what he is up against. Those bucks have got all they want of this outfit; they have no reason to suppose any of us were hit. They are as much afraid of us as we are, but when it gets daylight, and they can see the shape we're in, then they'll come yelling."

"But they can lie out there in the dark and shoot," she protested. "That shot was aimed at us, wasn't it?"

"I reckon it was, but it never got here. Don't let that worry you; if an Indian ever hits anything with a gun it's going to be by pure accident." He stared out of the window. "They're liable to bang away occasionally, and I suppose it is up to us to make some response just to tell them we're awake and ready. But they ain't fr-



"Have to Guess the Distance," He Muttered in Explanation.

ing expecting to do damage—only to attract attention while they haul off their dead. There's a red snake yonder now creeping along in the grass—see!"

"No," hysterically, "it is just black to me."

"You haven't got the plainsman's eyes yet. Watch, now; I'm going to stir the fellow up."

He leaned forward, the stock of the Henry held to his shoulder, and she clutched the muzzle of the rifle wavered slightly, then steadied into position.

"Have to guess the distance," he muttered in explanation, and pulled the trigger.

There was a light flash, a sharp

ringing report, a yea in the distance, followed by the sound of scrambling. Hamlin laughed, as he lowered his gun.

"Made him hump, anyway," he commented cheerfully. "Now what comes next?"

"I—I do not know," she answered, as though the question had been asked her, "do you?"

Somehow she was not as frightened as she had been. The calm steady coolness of the man was having its natural effect, was helping to control her own nerves. She felt his strength, his confidence, and was beginning to lean upon him—he seemed to know exactly what he was about.

"Well, no, honestly I don't; not yet," he returned, hesitating slightly. "There is no use denying we are in a mighty bad hole. If Moylan hadn't got shot we might have held out till help arrived; I've got about twenty cartridges left; but you and I alone never could do it. I've got to think it out, I reckon; this has been a blind fight so far; nothing to it but blazing away as fast as I could pull trigger. Now, maybe, I can use my brains a bit."

She could not see him, but some instinct led her to put out her hand and touch the rough sleeve of his shirt. It made her sure of his presence, his protection. The man felt the movement, and understood its meaning, his heart throbbing strangely.

"You are going to trust me?"

"Of—of course; how could you doubt that?"

"Well," still half questioning, "you see I'm only an enlisted man, and sometimes officers' ladies think we are mostly pretty poor stuff, just food for powder."

She tightened her grip on his sleeve, drawing a quick breath of surprise.

"Oh, but I am not like that; truly I am not. I—saw your face this afternoon, and—and I liked you then. I will do whatever you say."

"Thank you," he said simply. "To know that makes everything so much easier for me. We shall have to work together from now on. You keep sharp watch at the window there, while I think a bit—there's ordinarily a chance somewhere, you know, if one is only bright enough to uncover it."

How still the night was, and dark; although the sky was cloudless, the stars shone clearly away up in the black vault. Not even the howl of a distant coyote broke the silence. To the left, seemingly a full half-mile distant, was the red flicker of a fire, barely visible behind a projection of bank. But in front not even the keen eyes of the Sergeant could distinguish any sign of movement. Apparently the Indians had abandoned their attempt to recover the bodies of their dead.

(To be Continued.)

DEMOCRAT TARIFF BILL PASSES SENATE

LA FOLLETTE AND POINDEXTER VOTE WITH MAJORITY AND APPLAUSE FOLLOWS.

VICTORY FOR THE PRESIDENT

With Straight Party Majority of One Record Shows Forty-Four Ayes to Thirty-Seven Noes.

Washington.—The two months' struggle over the tariff in the senate ended rather quietly shortly before 6 o'clock Tuesday evening, when the first big legislative measure of the Wilson administration was passed by a vote of 44 ayes to 37 noes, Senators Thornton and Ransdell of Louisiana Democrats, deserting their party and voting with the Republicans, while Senators La Follette and Poindexter, Progressive Republicans, cast their lot with the Democrats and voted for the bill, after having done all in their power to amend it so as to make it more nearly conform to the Progressive Republican scheme of tariff revision.

When Vice President Marshall announced the result of the final vote and declared the great measure had passed the senate, there was applause on the floor and in the galleries, that, however, did not compare in vigor and noisiness with the applause that had followed the affirmative votes of La Follette and Poindexter. There was no applause in any quarter and no sort of demonstration when the two Louisiana senators cast their votes against the bill because it provided for an immediate reduction of the sugar duty and free listing of that article at the end of three years. The only senator who was absent without a pair was Burleigh of Maine, who is ill. Senator Culberson of Texas and Senator Dupont of Delaware, who are also absent on account of illness, were among the Senators who were paired.

None of the amendments that were offered to the bill during the afternoon were adopted, the Democratic line standing firmly by the finance committee and the administration to the end. The story of the fight for the enactment of the measure in the form in which the president desired it is one of the most remarkable in the history of congress. That the president and the senate managers should have won so signal a victory, in view of the fact that the Democratic majority in the body consisted of a single vote, reflects the highest credit

on the firmness and practical statesmanship of the president and those who have stood at the forefront of the battle during the four months the tariff measure has been under consideration in the finance committee and in the senate itself.

REPUBLICAN QUITS HIS PLACE.

Anderson of Minnesota Resigns From Ways and Means Committee.

Washington.—As the climax of the vigorous Republican condemnation of Democratic legislative methods, which has marked the currency debate, a Republican representative, Sidney Anderson of Minnesota, resigned as a member of the powerful ways and means committee. In a speech bitterly assailing legislation through caucus action and partisan consideration of the Underwood tariff bill and the Glass currency bill in committees, Representative Anderson declared that the "system of legislation established here" made his efforts on the committee a "farce and a fraud."

Urges Hog Cholera Campaign.

Washington.—Inauguration of a country-wide campaign to eliminate or to control hog cholera is urged in a special report by Marion Dorset of the bureau of animal industry, who estimates that during the past year about \$60,000,000 worth of hogs died of the disease. After experimenting for more than 25 years, the department of agriculture finally discovered a serum that will prevent the disease and which now is being distributed in 30 states.

'NO GOVERNMENTAL AID FOR CANDIDATE'

MEXICAN PROVISIONAL PRESIDENT GIVES OUT STATEMENT REGARDING POLITICS.

IS FOR ORDERLY ELECTIONS

Declares Army Will Be Used, if Necessary, to Prevent Disturbance of Public Peace.

City of Mexico.—"Not only would it be an anomaly that the government should have a candidate, but it can be further said that the government has no predilection for, nor will it aid, any candidate."

In these words Provisional President Huerta replied to the question as to whether he favors a candidate in the coming presidential election. The interrogation was prompted by the speculation which has been freely indulged that Gen. Huerta intended to throw his support this or that man for the presidency to succeed himself.

Huerta explained the attitude which the administration will maintain, especially in the present circumstances, "as one of absolute impartiality," and added that it would only take precautions to prevent any disturbance of public peace and order and would suppress any effort in that direction.

The president said he would use the army, if necessary, to keep order, but pointed out that the army in such event could not be said to be discharging a duty imposed by politics, but would be acting solely for the maintenance of democratic institutions.

CITY PAYS TRIBUTE TO GAYNOR.

Thousands Disregard Showers to View Body of Dead Mayor for Last Time.

New York.—In a double line that never seemed to diminish as the day wore on, thousands of persons Sunday filed through the flower-filled rotunda of the city hall and past the body of William J. Gaynor, lying in state. Unmindful of a heavy downpour of rain in the morning, frequent showers during the afternoon and threatening skies at night, the people came in a continuous stream silently to find places in the long, slow-moving procession that extended for half a mile along lower Broadway and through City Hall Park to the city hall. It was New York's spontaneous tribute to its dead mayor.

FINDS \$650,000 NECKLACE.

London Workman Will Probably Receive \$50,000 Reward.

London.—A workman found on a sidewalk practically the entire pearl necklace, valued at \$650,000, which was stolen on July 16 while in transit by mail from Paris to London.

The man was going to work when he noticed the pearls lying in a heap. There are 58. He took them to a police station, where they were recognized as a part of the missing necklace, from which only one pearl is now missing.

Three Englishmen and two Austrians were arrested Sept. 2 when trying to dispose of some of the pearls in London.

A \$50,000 reward for the return of the jewels probably will go to the workman.

The necklace, said to be the most valuable in the world, was in transit between dealers when stolen. Rumor indicated that it was destined for Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt.

Belton Editor Appointed.

Austin, Texas.—Gov. Colquitt announces the appointment of O. P. Pyle, editor of the Belton Journal, to be the third member of the state industrial accident board, created by the employees' compensation act of the last legislature. Mr. Pyle accepted the po-

sition, with the understanding that if he has to move to Austin and the duties interfere with his work, he will give up the place. The other two members are ex-Gov. Joseph D. Sayers, president, and William J. Moran.

Mrs. Pankhurst Will Visit America. New York.—The immigration authorities did not molest Miss Joan Wickham when she arrived from Liverpool to prepare the way for Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst, the British militant suffragette leader. Mrs. Pankhurst is expected here Oct. 18.

Colquitta Depart for Panama.

Austin, Texas.—Gov. Colquitt, Mrs. Colquitt and Miss Mary Colquitt left Monday morning for Houston, where they were joined by the other members of the party who are going on the Panama trip. They will sail from New Orleans.

Texas Gold and Silver Yield.

Washington.—Amounts of gold and silver produced by the principal states during 1912 include: Texas, gold \$2,209, silver \$379,800.

One Dead, Three Wounded in Fight. Brownsville, Texas.—Lieutenant of Police Octavio M. Puig is dead, Policeman Henry Havre is wounded, Sheriff C. T. Ryan will lose a finger and Deputy Sheriff Jose Longoria may lose his right forefinger as the result of a gun fight between members of the police department on one side and members of the sheriff's department and friends on the other. The shooting resulted from the attempt of Puig to arrest Sheriff Ryan and others on a charge of discharging firearms within the city limits.

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY.

Honorable Consul Commander, and Members of Baird Camp 508 Woodmen of the World, we your committee appointed to draft suitable resolutions of sympathy upon the death of Sov. W. T. Austin's father, beg to submit the following to your kindest consideration:

Whereas, It has pleased our Heavenly Father to remove from this earth, the life and soul of Sov. Austin's father, who endeared himself to all who knew him during his lifetime, whose integrity, honesty and fairness was never questioned, and

Whereas, All men are born to die, the death of Mr. Austin is only in keeping with the divine plan,

Therefore, Be it resolved, that we extend to Sov. Austin and his family and sorrowing relatives our heartfelt sympathy in this dark hour of their life, and commend them to the all wise Father in Heaven, who doeth all things well for further consolation

Be it further resolved, that a copy of these resolutions be mailed to Sov. W. T. Austin, a copy spread upon the minutes of this Camp, and a copy furnished The Baird Star for publication.

Respectfully submitted,
Lawrence Bowlus,
H. Schwartz,
Jack Jones,
Committee.

Honorable Consul Commander, and members of Baird Camp No. 508, Woodmen of the World, we your committee appointed to draft suitable resolutions of sympathy upon the death of our esteemed Brother and Sovereign Joe W. Percy, beg to submit the following to your kindest consideration:

Whereas, It has pleased the Almighty to remove from our midst, by death, our esteemed friend and brother Joe W. Percy, who has for a number of years occupied a prominent rank in our midst, maintaining under all circumstances a character untarnished, and a reputation above reproach,

Therefore, Resolved, that in the death of Mr. Joe W. Percy, we have sustained the loss of a brother whose fellowship it was an honor and a pleasure to enjoy; that we bear willing testimony to his many virtues, to his unquestioned stainless life; that we offer to his bereaved family and mourning friends over whom sorrow has hung her sable mantle, our heart-felt condolence, and pray that Infinite Goodness may bring speedy relief to their burdened hearts and inspire them with the consolation that hope in futurity and faith in God give even in the shadow of the tomb.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family of our deceased brother Joe W. Percy, also a copy spread on the minutes of this Camp, and a copy

HUSBAND RESCUED DESPAIRING WIFE

After Four Years of Discouraging Conditions, Mrs. Bullock Gave Up in Despair. Husband Came to Rescue.

Catron, Ky.—In an interesting letter from this place, Mrs. Bettie Bullock writes as follows: "I suffered for four years, with womanly troubles, and during this time, I could only sit up for a little while, and could not walk anywhere at all. At times, I would have severe pains in my left side.

The doctor was called in, and his treatment relieved me for a while, but I was soon confined to my bed again. After that, nothing seemed to do me any good.

I had gotten so weak I could not stand, and I gave up in despair.

At last, my husband got me a bottle of Cardui, the woman's tonic, and I commenced taking it. From the very first dose, I could tell it was helping me. I can now walk two miles without its tiring me, and am doing all my work."

If you are all run down from womanly troubles, don't give up in despair. Try Cardui, the woman's tonic. It has helped more than a million women, in its 50 years of continuous success, and should surely help you, too. Your druggist has sold Cardui for years. He knows what it will do. Ask him. He will recommend it. Begin taking Cardui today.

Write to: Chattanooga Medicine Co., Ladies' Advisory Dept., Chattanooga, Tenn., for Special Instructions on your case and 64-page book, "Home Treatment for Women," sent in plain wrapper. J-66

furnished The Baird Star for publication.

Respectfully submitted,

Lawrence Bowlus,
H. Schwartz,
Jack Jones,
Committee.

God called thee home
He thought it best.

Fraternally submitted,
H. Schwartz,
C. W. Conner,
F. L. Walker,
Committee.

MODERN STEAM LAUNDRY.

Whereas, God in His infinite wisdom has taken from our midst our Sov. D. W. Williams,

Resolved by Baird Camp No. 508 that we express the keen sense of our loss in the departure of one who proved himself so efficient a member of this camp,

Resolved that we extend to the widow, parents, brothers and sisters our heart felt sympathy in this sad hour of bereavement and point to the Father above who can heal all their sorrows and dry all their tears away.

Sleep on dear Sovereign
And take thy rest

First-class laundry work of all kind. Cleaning, dyeing and pressing a specialty. Basket leaves Mondays and Wednesday, returns Thursday, and Saturday. All work called for and delivered. I will appreciate your patronage. Phone 152.
Mrs. Emma Ashton, Agent.

DISC SHARPENERS.

Save time, money and feed by having your discs ground by Dickey & Bounds. We can grind your discs, plows or harrow. When you want your horse shod see us. We have just put in a lot of new machinery.
Dickey & Bounds, opposite The Star office. 46-Af.

Be Independent! Be Progressive!

The dairy districts are the most prosperous sections of the world

Are You Getting Your Part? If Not--Why Not?

Produce Cream and ship to us. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Accuracy in Weighing and Testing and Highest Market Price is our Motto.

PEERLESS CREAMERY

D. M. MEBANE, Mgr. WEATHERFORD, TEXAS.

Plenty of Eight Per Cent Money

We lend money on farms and ranches, or will sell you some land 14 miles West of Cross Plains and give you a long time to pay for it, or will take a small farm as cash payment on a larger tract. Our Mr. C. C. Comper will be at the Farmers' National Bank at Cross Plains on the 7th and 8th of October. Meet him there if you want a loan, buy or trade land.

Write Us What You Want or Come to See Us.

COMPERE BROTHERS

ABILENE TEXAS

REBELS BLOW UP TRAIN, KILLING 50

PASSENGER ON MEXICAN NATIONAL ROAD DYNAMITED NEAR SALTILLO.

NO RECORD OF THE INJURED

Two Second-Class Coaches Blown to Pieces, Along With Baggage and Express Cars.

Laredo, Texas.—Fifty people, were killed when rebels dynamited a passenger train on the Mexican National railway, sixty miles south of Saltillo, Friday afternoon, according to official reports to federal headquarters in Nuevo Laredo. The train was then looted and the surviving passengers robbed, it is said.

Forty federal soldiers and ten second-class passengers comprised the official death list. The number of injured was not given.

W. W. Marvin of San Francisco, the only American on the train, is said to have escaped injury, but was robbed in the looting that followed.

Two dynamite mines were set off by electricity, according to accounts from the scene of the disaster. The first-class coach was only derailed, but the baggage, express and two second-class coaches were blown to pieces.

RACE RIOT AT BENTON, ILL.

Double Murder of Two American Results in Street Fighting.

Benton, Ill.—A race riot between American and Polish miners occurred on the town square here Monday night as a result of the double murder Sunday night of Ewell Hutchins and Quincy Drummonds, who were killed by a band of drunken miners while returning from a Polish dance, where they had furnished the music.

The disturbance soon assumed such proportions that Mayor Espy swore in twenty-five extra policemen and sent for the Sheriff of Franklin county. The mayor then mounted a box in the center of the square and sought to pacify the Americans. In spite of his address trouble started.

Twenty-five foreigners who appeared on the square were severely beaten and pursued to their homes in the Polish colony. Every other foreigner who was found on the street met similar treatment.

GOV. SULZER MUST GO TO TRIAL.

High Court of Impeachment Overrules Motion to Dismiss Case.

Albany, N. Y.—Gov. William Sulzer must go to trial. This was decided by the high court of impeachment Monday night, when, by a vote of 51 to 1, its members overruled the motion of the governor's counsel to dismiss the proceeding on the ground that he was unconstitutionally impeached by the assembly because that body was in extra session when the impeachment was brought.

Senator Gottfried H. Wende of Buffalo, Democrat, an ardent supporter of the governor, cast the solitary nay while seven members of the court were absent.

The governor's defeat was the second that has marked the battle waged by his attorneys to annihilate as far as possible the impeachment proceedings. Last week the court thwarted their attempt to prevent four senators from sitting as members. Their remaining ammunition consists of arguments to prove that certain of the offenses charged against the governor are not impeachable.

3 Killed, 20 Hurt in Wreck.

New York.—Three persons were killed and twenty injured in a head-on crash of two Long Island railroad electric trains at College Point, L. I. Of the injured one will die. Most of the injured were mill employes on their way to work. The trains, running 46 miles an hour, rounded a curve near the station from opposite directions, almost simultaneously, and the crash was inevitable. The steel cars buckled, but did not telescope. This fact doubtless saved many lives.

Four Killed in Explosion.

Philadelphia, Pa.—Four workmen were killed and one injured by an explosion in the gelatine mixing house

of the Dupont powder works at Gibbstown, N. J., near here. The four men killed were simply obliterated. According to workmen, the largest part of any of the four found was a hand. Only four men were employed in the gelatine building. The shock was felt through Southern New Jersey, Philadelphia and other places between here and Chester, Pa.

Slayer of Two Men Hanged by Mob.

Franklin, Texas.—On the charge that he shot and killed two white men and wounded a third, Will Davis, a negro living in the Petteway community, 15 miles north of Franklin, was hanged after the tragedy, which occurred at noon, Sunday. One of the white men killed was Tom Rushing, a brother of the sheriff, Will Rushing. Luke Hodge, the other white man killed, and Tom Maxwell, the one wounded, were both residents of the Petteway community.

Fire in Gainesville Causes Death.

Gainesville, Texas.—The home of Mr. and Mrs. Thad Harrison in this city was destroyed by fire and Mr. Harrison received burns that resulted in his death a few hours later.

Gen. Otis Gets Bomb Through Mail.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Gen. Harrison Gray Otis, owner of the Los Angeles Times, received an infernal machine by mail Tuesday. It was the second time within three years that Gen. Otis' life has been attempted by a bomb. Any chance of his being killed or injured was foiled by the watchfulness of Gen. Otis' Japanese servant, who became suspicious of the package and called his employer's attention to it. The first infernal machine sent to Gen. Otis was found at his residence a few hours after his newspaper plant had been destroyed through the efforts of the McNamara conspirators.

Milch Cow and Pigs For Sale.

Extra fine Jersey-Holstein milch cow; also pigs, shoats and hogs for sale. J. H. Terrell. 42-3t.

NEW MAGNETO PROVES WINNER.

Mea, a German Product, Taking Many Prizes in Competitive Tests.

SETS NEW EFFICIENCY STANDARD.

Europe and American are watching a new magneto which is gaining fame abroad. The latest success of this magneto, which it called the Mea, was made in a race across the hills in Craiganlet, Ireland, a few weeks ago, when it was awarded two first prizes. These Magnetos were carried in this race on a Gregoire and a Nom motor car, and though the test was extraordinary the magnetos responded to the unusual demands with absolutely perfect scores.

Another triumph for the Mea came in the Grand Prix de l'A. C. F., at the races at Dieppe, France, considered the most important of all foreign motor car events. This race was won by a Peugeot car fitted with the Mea. The car winning second prize in this race also carried a Mea.

This achievement is all the more remarkable because of the fact that the races in both places were controlled by competitive products, and the magnetos were all selected from stock and the awards were made on the basis of unmistakable merit.

The winning cars carried only one magneto each, so the entire fortune of each entry depended on the Mea Magneto, while all competing makes carried an extra or reserve magneto on each racing car to guard against failure.

The Mea Magneto has made numerous records which have gained

Our New Fall Goods are now Ready for Your Inspection

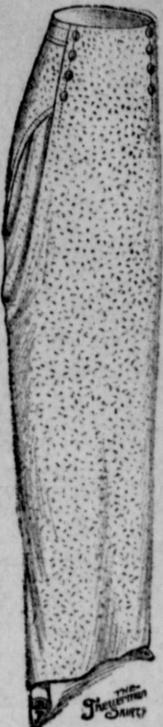
Ladies' Suits

In our Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Department we have by far the most complete stock we have ever shown. We have many new models in Ladies' Suits in every favored material and style effect of the season. Suits from

\$10.00 to \$30.00

Ladies' Skirts

Separate skirts will be more in demand this season than ever before. Our skirt line is beyond a doubt the largest and best to be found in our city. Being ready to show these garments we cordially invite you to inspect this line.



Ladies' and Children's Coats

The new Coat Style will please you. It will only take a glance to convince you that the many new styles we are showing are indeed out of the ordinary.

Ladies' Coats from \$5.00 to \$30.00
Children's Coats from \$1.75 Up

Shoe Department

Shoe buying is easy for you here. We have a complete line of Children's shoes especially for school wear. Our line of Men's, Ladies and Misses Shoes in correct models for every use merits special attention.

Gent's Furnishings

Our Gent's Furnishing Department is full to overflowing with the latest and best that could be bought. You men who want the smartest styles ought to see early the new models we have brought together for this season.

WE CORDIALLY INVITE YOU TO VISIT THIS STORE AND INSPECT THE NEW GOODS AND SEE THAT OUR CLAIM OF GOOD GOODS AND REASONABLE PRICES IS TRUE

H. SCHWARTZ

it great popularity, and it is said the apparatus will be strongly in evidence in America in the year 1914.

The Mea is manufactured in Stuttgart, Germany, and Americans will be interested in knowing that Adolphus Busch, of St. Louis, is the principal stockholder. Marburg Bros. Inc. 1790 Broadway, New York, General Agents for United States and Canada.

ADMIRAL DOTS.

Good Morning, Mr. Editor. We have had a fine rain since I wrote last and volunteer wheat and oats are looking fine now and the farmer say they will make grain this time. Master Walter Martin has gone to Abilene where he will again attend school.

Mr. Jes Walker and sons have

gone to the Clyde settlement to pick cotton.

Mrs. Jack Eastham is on the sick list this week. We hope she will soon be well again.

Our Sabbath School at Admiral yesterday was a grand success, and several of our young people attended the Bible reading at Cedar Grove in the evening.

Mr. George Heslep and brother, Cage, went to Union Hill yesterday to attend church.

Mrs. Nellie Smartt has returned from Colorado where she was called to see her brother who was very ill, she reports that he is better.

There was a reunion at the home of G. W. Weeks yesterday and the following were present: their daughter from Putnam, Mrs. Week's brother and sister, Mr. Crewe from Jack County and Mrs. Sullivan of Titus County; Mrs. Walter Williams and Mrs. Ida Litscomb from Oplin. All enjoyed the day.

Mrs. John Wright of Turkey Creek was in Admiral yesterday on her way to Clyde to visit her son, we wish her a very pleasant visit.

Mrs. J. B. Smartt was called to see her granddaughter, Miss Ethel Sikes who is very ill.

Mr. and Mrs. Tom Anderson and family are going to Coleman county this week.

Misses Sallie and Eunice Sanders are visiting friends at Eula this week.

Mrs. Lee Robinson is visiting relatives and friends at Admiral this week.

Irving Jones is picking cotton at Mr. Ledbetters this week.

Will McAdoo of Scranton was over at their old home place Sunday Oscar Black and wife visited her parents at Belle Plaine last Sunday. George Gilbreath and family leave

today for Comanche County.

Mrs. F. L. Walker of Baird, is here to help nurse her mother, Mrs. Mrs. Jack Eastham, who is quite ill.

I am afraid my letter will find its way to the waste basket, so will close by sending all good wishes to The Star.

"A. W."

ADVERTISED LETTERS

The following list of letters remain unclaimed in the postoffice at Baird, Texas, for the week ending Sept. 20, 1913. When calling for same, please say "advertised."

Mrs. Mollie Jones,
Mrs. L. F. Nixon.

One cent due on all advertised mail.
Geo. R. McManis, P.M.

Cold weather is coming, buy your coal from W. G. Bowlus. 40-tf.

Miss Mattie Scott has returned from Clouderoft and Kenna, New Mexico, she visited her brother, W. B. Scott at the latter place.

AMERICAN BEAUTY AND MADAME GRACE CORSETS

Exclusively Made by
KALAMAZOO CORSET COMPANY

Any figure, however difficult to fit, can find among these satisfactory and stylish corsets, just the correct model that will surely give the greatest pleasure to its wearer. With an American Beauty or Madame Grace Corset available it is extremely easy to find complete comfort and corset gratification. To those who have not yet tried one of these corsets we emphatically urge them to purchase one when next in need of a good corset.

American Beauty Corsets, \$1.00 and upwards.
Madame Grace Corsets, \$3.00 and above.
We cordially invite you to look through our complete stock.

B. L. BOYDSTUN

Mrs. F. L. Walker is at Admiral this week helping to nurse her mother, Mrs. Jack Eastham, who has been quite sick for the past week.



Made-to-Measure

garments are the first choice of every clever dresser. They offer the best value, the greatest comfort, and the most lasting satisfaction.

"The Tailoring You Need" is made by A. E. Anderson & Company, Chicago, and is backed by a double guarantee covering the fit, materials and workmanship. The linings are guaranteed to wear as long as the suit.

Why not order your Fall suit to-day? You can't invest a few dollars in anything that will bring bigger returns. Our door is open and the tape measure is ready. Come in.

D. W. YOUNG

COAL! COAL! COAL!

See or phone me for your Winter coal
All kinds of Domestic and Blacksmith coal
for sale. Orders promptly filled.

W. J. RAY

RESIDENCE PHONE 230.

OFFICE PHONE 33.