

The Baird Weekly Star.

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

VOL. III.

BAIRD, CALLAHAN COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1890.

NO. 9

DRUGS.

BAIRD DRUG CO.

—GENERAL DEALERS IN—

DRUGS

—AND—

DRUGGISTS' SUPPLIES.

A First-Class Drug Store.

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

A COMPLETE LINE OF

Patent Medicines,
Paints, Oils,
Sulphur Cement,
and Notions,
Envelopes of all kinds
and sizes.



School Books,
Bibles, Testaments,
Note, Letter, Foolcap,
Legal and Bill Cap Paper,
Pens in endless variety

PUREST AND BEST DRUGS.

BAIRD DRUG COMPANY.

MARKET STREET, BAIRD, TEX.

DRY GOODS.

FOY & RICHARDSON,

—DEALERS IN—

DRY GOODS,

NOTIONS, SHOES, HATS MILLINERY, FANCY GOODS, ETC., ETC.

We solicit a portion of your trade and hope to merit it, as we buy for cash and sell for cash, thereby giving our customers the benefit of goods bought at lowest prices to be had in America.

MARKET STREET, BAIRD, TEX.

LUMBER.

WM. CAMERON & CO.,

DEALERS IN

Lumber, Shingles, Sash, Doors, Blinds,

Moulding, Posts, Stays, Lime and Cement.

THIRD STREET, BAIRD, TEX.

MEAT MARKET.

OLIVER'S MEAT MARKET.

L. O. OLIVER, PROPRIETOR.

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

Market street. First door south of Ph. Schwartz.

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

MILLER BROS.,

Photographic, Art and Enlarging Gallery.

A beautiful "Basel and Wall Frame" given away with each dozen cabinet photographs.

PHOTOGRAPHS, VIEWS, STEROSCOPICS.

Old pictures enlarged to life size. Water Color and India Ink Portraits a Specialty. All work guaranteed to give satisfaction.

A FULL ASSORTMENT OF FRAMES

Always on hand. Patronize HOME INDUSTRY and visit

Miller Bros.,

EAST SIDE PINE STREET, ADILENE, TEXAS.

The Star Job Office

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

OK WORK A SPECIALTY

Announcements.

FOR SHERIFF.

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

FORAKER'S FAREWELL TOUR.

[National Democrat.]

It must be a sad, sad thought to Foraker that he is making before Billy Mason's committee his very last noise in the world. To a man like Foraker silence means collapse, failure, death. Yelling, the discharge of fire crackers and the beating of the tuncful tom-tom, represent energy, success, accomplishment. Foraker never made more noise than he did last fall, but he imagined that that was only the overture to the grand opera of racket that he was about to revel in. He supposed that the noise he was then making would result in his re-election to the governorship, and as the third term governor of Ohio he could make so much noise that the swarm of Republican bees would settle down into his reverberating tin pan, and that once in the White House he could yell "Foraker" so loud that his sonorous name would echo back and forth through the mountain tops of American history and finally go thundering down the ages.

But it did not come out that way. The people of Ohio put their fingers in their ears and demanded that Campbell and silence should "come like a poultice to heal the wounds of sound." Mr. Foraker is now lying on a side track while the express train of events is rushing along towards 1892 on the main line, and worst of all Foraker is on a side track that does not return to the main line, but ends in the abrupt and ignominious terminal facilities of a gravel bed.

It may be said that Foraker can continue to make a noise, even though no one may hear him, but we insist that in the light of scientific researches this is impossible. Sound is not the explosive emission of air from the lungs, nor the cracking of the heels together; it is an effect produced upon the air and where there is no ear there is no noise. Foraker cannot make a noise after the conclusion of this little ballot-box investigation, because no one will listen to him. He cannot cut the president of the United States, because he will not be in the procession. He can't defend the battle flags with his vociferous mouth, because he is merely a private citizen. He can't attack the character of an honorable opponent, because he won't have any opponent.

In the pending investigation the ex-governor insists that he did not know that the names attached to the pretended ballot-box contract were forged. This is a matter, of course. It is a custom of gentlemen at the bar to admit their innocence, and sometimes they even insist upon it. But the circumstances under which the pretended contract with its forged signatures reached him were enough to make him suspicious, even if he had no special warning. Foraker was promising Wood to get him appointed smoke inspector in return for a document that would damage Campbell and Butterworth. He was a long time trying to get this imaginary document, and Wood was trying to get the desired letter of indorsement without producing the paper the governor wanted. It was tolerably evident that Wood had concocted the document when he became convinced that he never could get the governor to indorse him for smoke inspector without it. But besides this, Wood testified that he told the governor that the names appended to the contract would not stand investigation; he stipulated that the document was merely to be shown around where it would hurt Mr. Butterworth, who, rather than Judge Campbell, was the object of Foraker's venom, and was not to be printed, obviously because that would lead to an exposure, and there is some evidence that the governor was struck by the fact that all the names were written in one kind of ink and had a general appearance of being forged; we have also the statement of the Governor and Mr. Halstead that Wood overdid the thing and attached more signatures than the governor cared to use and that he did not dare use the document in public, but knowing what kind of a man Halstead was he just brought Halstead and the document together.

The circumstantial evidence is pretty strong that Foraker entered into a conspiracy with Wood for the preparation of a forged document designed to disastrously affect the reputation primarily of a leading member of congress of his own party, and secondarily of his rival for the governorship. Of course he did not insist on Wood swearing to him that the signatures were forged; on the contrary Foraker took care to know as little as possible about the methods employed by Wood to get up the document, which the governor required of him, and for which he rewarded Wood; and that finding the document when manufactured to be loaded for more men than he cared to attack simultaneously, he gave the document to a hot-headed and unbalanced newspaper man with the expectation that he would publish it and relieve the governor of all responsibility. In other words, fearing that the gun would explode and kill the man who fired it, Foraker handed the gun to Halstead, prepared for his own part to harvest the game if Halstead happened to kill anybody besides himself with it.

We believe that no man who had attained the dignity of the governorship of a state, and who had risen so high as to entertain reasonable ambitions of the presidency itself, ever before stooped to such meanness as Foraker did in order to injure a rival within his own party and a competitor from the opposition party. Before an investigating committee of the house Foraker makes his last public appearance. He will never again assault the American tympanum.

West Virginia Democrats Win.

WHEELING, W. Va., Jan. 22.—The argument on the gubernatorial contest was opened in the legislature today in behalf of Judge Fleming by Judge Okey Johnson. His argument was of remarkable force and Democrats are jubilant over the presentation of their case. Johnson reviewed the frauds exposed in the various counties, and especially criticised the inconsistency of the Republican members of the contest committee. Under the force of his criticism both these members were compelled to arise in their seats and confess that they had changed their minds, that they now believed a large number of Republican votes were illegal which they had at first claimed were just and legal. The effect of these confessions were paralyzing to the Republicans, and it is admitted now that Goff has not the slightest chance to secure the governorship.

The Wheeling Intelligencer, the leading Republican organ of the state, confesses that the case is hopeless. Since his discovery of the weakness of Goff's case Colonel John A. Hutchins, Goff's leading counsel, and the ablest Republican lawyer in West Virginia has thrown up his brief and refuses to have anything more to do with the contest.

Terrell Register.

"Where shall we find rest?" asks a religious weekly. My dear sir, the best way to find rest, and plenty of it, is to become a clerk in a dry goods store that does not advertise.

HARD HIT.

(Farmersville Times.)

The Stephensville Empire hits the chronic malcontent between the eyes in a manner that is absolutely refreshing. It says:

"Some people who are beneficiaries of the free school fund are loud in their denunciation of the democratic state government. Some of the biggest howlers absolutely draw more money from the public free school fund than their taxes amount to. Recently we heard of one man whose taxes only amounted to \$1 flinging mud at the state government, and crushing the government generally. An intelligent citizen heard him in his bitter denunciations and asked him how many children he was sending to school, and the astounding fact was revealed that this recalcitrant disciple of the Chicago Express was absolutely drawing \$14 more out of the school fund for the education of his children than his taxes amounted to. The truth of the matter is a good many men have been misled by unscrupulous politicians. They are kickers, yet beneficiaries of an administration they seek to overthrow."

First Robber—"Gola' to rob Bronson's house to-night!" Second Robber—"Naw, First Robber why not?" Second Robber—"Ain't not him there. Bronson paid his gas bill yesterday."—(Life.)

"Well, now," said an old farmer when his cow had kicked him, the milk stool and the pail in different directions, "that's the worst fault this cow's got."—(Youth's Companion.)

REV. J. W. JOHNSON Dies from Injuries Received While Being Initiated into Masonry.

CINCINNATI, O., Jan. 14.—A funeral party passed through this city on its way to Hanibal, Mo., bearing the body of Rev. J. W. Johnson, pastor of the Methodist Episcopal church, South, at Huntington, W. Va. Deceased was passing through the ceremony of initiation into the royal arch chapter of Masonry on Friday night last at Huntington, when an accident happened which cost him his life. He was about to be lowered into a thirteen feet deep vault, symbolical of the search in the ruins in temple, when suddenly the rope upon which his weight was suspended, unwound from the tackle and he fell to the floor below. He was extricated by means of a ladder and no outward mark of injury could be found. He had struck on his left hip and suffered intense agony. He was conscious and absolved the brethren from all blame. He died Sunday morning. Another candidate had just passed safely through the ordeal. His funeral services on Sunday night were attended by an immense throng. The sad feature of the case was that Mr. Johnson was to have married Feb. 12 to a young lady in Catlettsburg. He had been in Huntington one year, having come from Hanibal, where his relatives live. No attempt to conceal the nature of the accident was made.

THE GALVESTON KILLING.

(Houston Post.)

A few weeks ago an attorney was shot and killed in the court house at Marshall; yesterday a prisoner in the custody of officers of the law was shot dead in the court house at Galveston. What a record to go out to the world from Texas! Where is the Texan who will not hang his head in very shame at the mention of these outrages—these deadly insults to the majesty of the law? Is it not enough, it seems, that a certain class in Texas may have resort to the six-shooter in adjustment of the most trivial disputes, and in a majority of cases escape adequate punishment for their hot-headed crimes; the halls of justice, those sacred precincts where all good citizens stand in uncovered reverence, must be made to run with human blood at the sweet will of the leaders of a most disgraceful vendetta. There is no use to inquire into the circumstances or the history of the unhappy feud which led to this deadly affair of yesterday. It is not for the The Post to say which side was wrong in the beginning, nor which has been wrong since. Kyle Terry killed young Gibson at Wharton, and the resentment of the surviving brothers was natural, especially in view of the circumstances of the killing, and if Vol. Gibson's vengeance had been excited elsewhere public sentiment would have been tempered and divided, at least to a degree. But to shoot a man down in the court house—a man under arrest—was an act in no sense excusable. It was an exhibition of an utter disregard of time, place and surroundings—a bitter mockery of the court, even then assembling with the solemn formalities with which a sacred custom has invested it. The Post would not wittingly say one word unjust to the living or the dead, nor pass judgment between the slain and the slayer, but The Post stands for law and order. It speaks for the people—for the peace and security of the community—for the good name of Texas, when it raises its voice against such occurrences as that enacted yesterday. And right here it is not too much to say that the sheriff of Galveston county is highly blamable. With the proper precaution he could have prevented this affair. He had no excuse for not doing so. He certainly had timely warning in recent events in Wharton and Fort Bend counties. He knew the men well, if not personally at least by reputation, and his failure to institute measures to prevent what took place was criminally negligent, not to call it by a worse term.

A Friend in Need.—Postage Stamp—"I've just been receiving a terrible flaking." Envelope—"Well, stick close to me and we'll get through all right."—(Drake's Magazine.)

The Hustler says: "A suspicious mother up north placed some nitro glycerine in her daughter's corset on the evening her fellow was coming. The girl loaned it to the cook, and they had to scrape the old man off the ceiling to get enough to hold an inquest over."

The World's All Right.

We may rail at the world just as much as we please. It is a fact that life is unfair in distributing pain. But the fact becomes plain when reviewed at our case. That the world's all right, and the fault's in one's self. For it's certain, however its favors are shown, That this world is the best one we've ever yet known! And unless we act more and grow less here below It may prove the best world that we ever will know. —New York Press.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our Regular Correspondent.)

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 27, 1890.—Mr. Blaine represents one side and Senator Quay and Representative Ray, of Pennsylvania, the other, in a very pretty fight over a post office in Pennsylvania. Mr. Ray, in whose district the post office is, selected a man for the position, got the endorsement of Senator Quay and handed the application to the postmaster-general with the expectation that the appointment would be immediately made. This was some weeks ago, and the Pennsylvanians have just discovered the cause of the trouble. Mr. Blaine gave a cousin of his a strong letter to the postmaster-general asking for the same postoffice. Mr. Wannamaker not wishing to offend either the senator or secretary has refused to recommend either's candidate. That's the present status of the fight. The end is looked forward to with interest.

Ex-Speaker Carlisle explained to a Democratic caucus of the house the changes that the Republican members of the committee on rules proposed making in the code of rules; he also pointed out why certain of the changes proposed would be particularly objectionable to the minority. There was a general discussion, both of the rules and of the now plainly to be seen, intention of the Republicans to give every Republican contestant the seat now held by a Democrat. No resolution of any sort was adopted, but it was nevertheless well understood that if the Republicans attempted to bring up and dispose of the contested case of Smith vs. Jackson, which has already been reported to the house, before the rules are adopted the Democrats would resort to every legitimate method of defeating them, even to the extent of breaking a quorum. In this connection the fact may be mentioned that the Democrats in the house lack discipline. They have splendid leaders but they don't properly support them. And worse than all many of them are constantly out of their seats just when their votes are most needed. Speaker Reed's decision might have been overridden on two occasions last week if the Democratic absentees had occupied their seats.

It took Senator Ingalls exactly two hours to tell the senate what he didn't know about the race problem. The language used was mild compared with the Kansas senator's previous speeches.

The world's fair isn't getting solved as easily and as promptly as it was generally expected to be. The senate committee is to meet Friday. The house committee meets constantly, but owing to its peculiar construction, does nothing.

A Distinguished Judge Says:

AUSTIN, Tex. Jan. 29, 1887.

MR. A. K. HAWKES—Dear Sir: I am 62 years old. I bought a pair of your Crystalized Lenses about a year ago, when I could with difficulty read very large print. After using your glasses three or four months I noticed that my sight improved, and I now read the finest print with the naked eye.

JAMES H. BELL.

Missed a good chance—Kind gentleman (picking up boy)—"That was an awful hard fall, my young man. Why didn't you cry?" Small boy—"I didn't know anybody was looking."—(New York Sun.)

IN A BAD BOX.

The Flight of a Louisiana Gentleman—He Loses His Finger Nails and Hair.

The following is an extract from a letter written by Wm. S. Loomis, of Shreveport, La., under date of September 19th, 1888:

For a year I was afflicted with a horrible case of blood poison, and upwards of five months of that time I was unable to do work of any kind. My finger nails came off, and my hair dropped out, leaving my head as clean and smooth as if it had been shaved. I consulted the best local physicians and spent hundreds of dollars for medicines of different kinds, but without receiving the slightest benefit. I was advised to visit Hot Springs. This I did, but becoming disgusted with the treatment I was receiving there, commenced taking Swift's Spe-

cific (S. S. S.) The effect that S. S. S. had on me was truly wonderful. I commenced to recover after taking the first bottle and by the time I had taken twelve bottles was entirely cured—cured by Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) when the world-renowned Hot Springs had failed.

—WM. S. LOOMIS, Shreveport, La.

S. S. S. is entirely a vegetable remedy; containing no mercury, potash or mineral poison. We have a complete treatise on blood and skin diseases, which will be mailed free to those who will send us their address.

THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO.
Atlanta, Ga.

Has No Quick.—"I am afraid your return cut Mr. Chestnut to the quick." "Impossible! He is a Philadelphian." —(New York Sun.)

"He shook, and shook, till his shaking was chronic." "He then bought a bottle of Cheatham's Chill Tonic." "He said to his friends, though a shaker of yore." Thanks to the C. C. Tonic, I'm a shaker no more."

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

Rebellion is spreading. Even in such conservative places as milliners' stores there have been several bolts of ribbon. —(Baltimore American.)

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

BROWN'S IRON BITTERS

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

Landlady—"I see that too human skeletons have been found in a solid rock out west." Border—"Yes'm 'n two of your old boarders. I presume." —(New York Journal.)

All the evils of grippe have not been told. New ones are constantly coming to the front. Among the latest is antipyrimism, a malady corresponding to alcoholism, which is said to result from excessive use of a drug extensively employed in the treatment of the grippe. The effect of the remedy, if not sparingly and cautiously used, is said to be worse than the disease. —Dallas News.

The pulpit, the bench and the bar recommend Cheatham's Chill Tonic as the finest antiperiodic in use, being free from poison and guaranteed.

Would-be-Suitor—"Has your sister an eye for the beautiful?" Small Brother—"I guess so, for she told me it makes her eyes tired to look at you." —(New York Journal.)

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

Stanley's New Book.

5,000 good active agents wanted at once, either sex, to introduce this great work. Here is a chance for you. Any one can sell the book as the whole world is interested. The book will contain a full description of all of Stanley's explorations in Africa, and especially of his latest expedition for the relief of Emin Bey. About 600 pages and 100 newly new illustrations, maps, etc. Complete canvassing outfit with all instructions will be mailed on receipt of 40 cents. Do not delay in writing; order outfit and get territory at once. The only genuine new Stanley book out. Address, HOLLOWAY PUBLISHING CO., 810 Olive street, St. Louis, Mo.

TRUNKS

Cheap at Post Office

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

SUBSCRIPTION \$1 00 A YEAR

E. GILLILAND, Editor and Proprietor.

H. BUCHEN, is our regular authorized agent at Teacumseh.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1890.

THE greatest show on earth—congress.

EX-SENATOR RIDDLEBAKER, of Virginia, is dead.

THE young king of Spain did not die after all, but is covering.

THE cry of hog and hominy and old roads are about worn thread-bare on the Texas press. What will be the next fad?

THE Aberdeen, Mississippi, affair gave Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, another chance to exhibit his hatred of the South.

J. M. MOORE, of Eastland county, the present secretary of state, is spoken of as a probable candidate for attorney-general.

THE Southern Mercury has recently donned a new dress, which helps its appearance wonderfully. The Mercury is a good paper.

THE Republicans are carrying on with a high hand in congress. The g. o. p.'s days are numbered and the thoughts make it desperate.

THE census enumerators will kill about one third of the population of every city and town in Texas when they get to work this summer.

"WHAT did you hear, a reed shaken by the wind?" This has no reference to Speaker Reed, for he refuses to be shaken by Democratic wind.

SPEAKER REED and the Harrison administration would wreck any party on a. h. The g. o. p. is playing a desperate game, but it won't win.

If the Democrats don't control the next house of representatives we will present a good hat to the first Republican that will remind us of the failure of this prediction.

THE Dallas News issued a thirty-two page edition last week. Look out for a Junbo edition of the Fort Worth Gazette soon. There are no flies on the daily papers of Texas.

THE Houston Post has at last yielded to a popular demand and will issue a Monday paper, beginning next Monday, the 10th inst. The Houston Post is the best edited paper in the South.

THE czar of Russia is said to be humane. No doubt the cruelty practiced by himself and ancestors upon political exiles in Siberia is enough to drive him crazy if he has any conscience.

THE effort of Speaker Reed and the Republicans in congress to gag the minority will be felt in the congressional election this fall. A Democratic victory this fall will be the result. Mark the prediction.

WHAT say the commissioners' court to putting a good iron fence around the court house? There are no reasons why it should not be done and many reasons why the court house should be fenced.

LATE advices from the eastern cattle markets give promise of a considerable advance in the prices of beef cattle this season. This is welcome news, provided of course, it should prove true.

SPEAKER REED is the most tyrannical speaker that ever wielded the gavel in the house of representatives. Even Blaine, bitter partisan though he was, never dared to gag the minority as Reed has done.

THE Breckinridge Texian, suggests to the Stephenville Headlight that it should publish extracts from the Declaration of Independence and other antiquated documents, in addition to its extracts from the report of the silver commission.

That was a foolish piece of business in hanging secretary of war Proctor in effigy in Mississippi. It did no good and only furnished the bloody shirters up north with a lot of campaign thunder, which they stood greatly in need of.

ALF H. H. TOLAR, of Abilene, the present member of the legislature from his district, is favorably mentioned by many papers in different portions of the state, as a suitable man for state land commissioner. Doctor Tolar is probably as well acquainted with land matters as any one who has been mentioned in connection with that office. He would make a good land commissioner, should he be elected.

On the first page we publish an account of the killing of a candidate while being exalted to the august degree of a Royal Arch Mason. This is the first instance of the kind in the history of Masonry so far as we have noticed.

THE race problem seems to worry the northern politicians of the Republican persuasion. If they think so much of the negro why don't they invite him to immigrate north where he will receive (?) better treatment than he does down south?

THE Dallas Southern Mercury advises the farmers to hold primary elections to decide who they want for office. This is undoubtedly the fairest way to select candidates and THE STAR would be glad to see the plan in vogue in every county in the state.

THE Brownwood Bulletin must have more editors than the average country weekly, as it reports the local editor and assistant editor both down with the gripe. The editor-in-chief of THE STAR, the assistant editor, the local editor, the business manager, the press-man and the engineer, in one person, however, was down with the gripe two days last week.

Many papers scout the idea that any other candidate, save the names of Hogg and Throckmorton will be before the next Democratic convention. The efforts of the friends of the above named gentlemen to cry down all other candidates does not meet with universal favor. There are plenty of good men in Texas.

THE Comanche Chief says THE STAR is wonderfully improved, but says the plate matter will show up. Yes, the plate matter shows up when we use it, but we'll wager a dime to a ginger cake the Chief cannot always tell the plate matter from that set up in this office. It so let the Chief designate the plate in this issue.

NELLIE BLY, sent out by the New York World, and Miss Bisland, by the Cosmopolitan, have both arrived in New York, having circumnavigated the globe in a few hours less than seventy-three days, a feat heretofore deemed impossible. Miss Bly made the trip in a few hours less than her competitor and of course is the heroine of the hour. When you come to think of it what good have they accomplished. Simply nothing.

THE Cisco Round-up is justly indignant at a subscriber who received that paper for three years without paying a cent and then had his postmaster write to the publishers that the paper was not worth anything. If the Round-up was the biggest fraud in the state (which it is not, but a real good county paper) it would not be half as big a fraud as the man who would resort to such a subterfuge to evade paying his subscription.

ON the 9th of January THE STAR offered ten dollars reward to any one who would designate the plate matter in that issue. The offer was made in just as there was not a line of plate matter in the issue of THE STAR, but we received several letters from "experts" on the subject. That little squib has demonstrated one thing and that is this, all things are not what they seem and even a practical printer cannot always tell whether matter is "plate or home set."

THE Brownwood papers have been claiming from 4,000 to 5,000 inhabitants, yet in that town only 248 votes were polled in the late city election. Baird is only a town and never claimed over 1,000 inhabitants, yet 131 votes were polled at the town election in January. The usual rule is to count five inhabitants to every voter. This would give Brownwood 1,240 inhabitants and Baird 655 inhabitants. City elections and the census taker are the sworn foes of large as well as small cities.

It is a habit of leading Democratic papers to refer with pride to the readiness with which Mr. Cleveland went to work on his retirement from the presidency. About the only work any one has heard of him doing is to keep himself before the people as a candidate for president. He does work, for a fact, but it is his mouth that he works, and he works it strictly for Grover Cleveland. Cleveland is about as much of a Democrat as the "Old Alcalde" is a Republican. Cleveland is a Democrat for revenue only.

EVERY town with any pretensions in western Texas, Baird excepted, support their schools by local taxation. We advocate a school tax, not because it is fashionable or fear of being called a mossback, but because our experience has taught us that it is almost, if not entirely, useless to expect good schools without supplementing the state fund by local taxation. The state should either abolish the free school system or make the taxes high enough to support the schools at least eight months in the year. A three or four months school in a year is, and always will be, a failure. The only remedy we see is to levy a district tax, and this the people of Baird refuse to do. Is it because our people oppose good schools?

We think not, because we do not believe there is a single individual in town who does not want a good school, the trouble is we can't agree as to the best means to use in building up our school. Can we not lay our differences and prejudices aside and all unite on some plan to have a good school in our town for at least eight months in the year.

SPEAKER REED of the national house of representatives is carrying things with a high hand. He goes upon the theory that might makes right, i. e.: the Republicans are in the majority and they are going to rule or ruin. The speaker ruling last week in the Virginia contested election case was simply outrageous. The Democratic minority, however, are making a determined fight for their rights, and a lively time may be expected until the house adopts a set of rules, which up to the present time it has not done.

MR. A. McEACHIN, editor of the Anson Western, announces himself as a candidate for county judge of Jones county. Mac says he is no lawyer, but that he has common horse sense which he thinks will pull him through. There is not a doubt in the mind of THE STAR but what the editor of the Western deserves well at the hands of the people of Jones county, but running for an office is rather a ticklish business, and the outcome uncertain. However, THE STAR hopes the editor of the Western will get there with both feet by at least one thousand majority.

A certain one horse daily down in south-west Texas made a proposition to exchange with THE STAR, provided THE STAR would publish an extract each week from this aforesaid o. h. daily. The offer was respectfully declined with thanks, because it was nothing but an advertising scheme pure and simple, yet many of our exchanges have no doubt accepted the terms of the great 6x9 daily, that does not even receive the morning or evening dispatches, and from the notices of said sheet some of them are endeavoring to carry out their contracts by publishing an extract each week. THE STAR verily believes some country papers would take an advertisement for the Devil if his satanic majesty would ask them to do so.

SPEAKING of the trial of deputy Sheriff Perry at Cottonwood, last week, growing out of the affair at Newt Olds, reported in THE STAR Jan. 9th, the Brownwood Bulletin says THE STAR's account of the affair is incorrect. We got our information from parties present and eye witness to the affair. As the Bulletin says the report is incorrect it should state in what particular it is incorrect, and further, how does the Bulletin know THE STAR's report was not true? If the report as published did the deputy any injustice we are more than willing to correct it on a proper showing, because we do not believe Jesse Perry (we did not know who the deputy was at the time) would do wrong intentionally. The Bulletin however, contradicts THE STAR, and we think it but right for us to ask in what particular the report was incorrect.

We notice some counties publish a complete financial statement for the year, showing amount of each piece of script issued, to whom and for what issued, other counties only publish a very meagre report and some ignore the law altogether. Now, the question is, why is the law construed one way in one county and differently in some other county and ignored in others? If the law requires a complete tabular statement to be published not one half of the counties in the state are complying with the law. If, on the other hand, the law does not require a complete report to be published some counties are violating the law by paying more for these reports than they should. Our exchanges are now publishing the county financial reports for last year and no two reports are alike. The next legislature should repeal the law or make it plain enough to be understood.

- All kinds of Salt at Lea's.
- Full line of coffins. L. Gould.
- Pickles cheaper than ever at Lea's
- Nicest bacon in the market. Ogle.
- Our prices are the lowest. Foy & Richardson.
- For the best assortment of groceries call on S. L. Ogle.
- Garden seed cheaper than anybody. J. L. Lea & Co.
- Sewing machine oil; best made, at Moon & Crowder's.
- Stop at G. W. Ratliff's wagon yard when you go to Coleman.
- All groceries fresh and good. Ogle does not keep shoddy goods.
- Machine, engine and wagon oils at J. L. Lea & Co.'s. Cheap and good.

DRY GOODS. CLOTHING. BOOTS AND SHOES.

Bargains! Bargains! Bargains!

We can give you the best bargains in town in

FLANNELS .: and .: UNDERWEAR.

We have a large stock of

CLOAKS! .: CLOAKS! .: CLOAKS!

At a Big Reduction.

Big Variety of Trunks!



Big line of

Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes

At Prices that CANNOT be Undersold.

J. D. BOYDSTUN.

LOUIS BOYDSTUN, Manager.

You can always get the best and cheapest suit of clothes at J. D. Boydston's.

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

"Rhen" fine shoes for ladies; guaranteed the best for \$3.25. For sale by Foy & Richardson.

Don't forget to call and settle your last year's account. I must have my old books balanced. S. L. Ogle.

Fresh garden seed. S. L. Ogle.

Coffins put up at short notice. L. Gould.

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

Call and examine our lard in bulk. S. L. Ogle.

Furniture cheap at Gould's Furniture store.

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

The Anchor patent is the best flour ever brought to Baird. S. L. Ogle.

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

Splendid line of gents' ladies' and children's shoes just received. J. D. Boydston.

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

Our sugar and molasses are from 5 to 10 per cent cheaper than any other house in town. S. L. Ogle.

We are informed that J. L. Lea & Co. are ready to buy oats and wheat at liberal prices for cash.

You will find nothing but first-class groceries of every kind. If you don't believe it call and see. Coppins & Driskill.

Just received one car of salt. S. L. Ogle.

Seed potatoes and onion sets cheap at Lea's.

Try the XXXX coffee. Superior to the Arbuckle. S. L. Ogle.

Red and white onion sets at Coppins & Driskill's.

J. L. Lea & Co. are selling stone-ware cheap; 12 1-2 cents per gallon for jars and 15 cents for jugs.

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

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

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

To arrive in a few days a fine and large assortment of men's, boys', ladies' and misses' shoes, which, of course will be sold as cheap as possible. Live and let live is our motto. Ph. Schwartz & Bro.

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

Largest and best selected stock of groceries in town. S. L. Ogle.

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

Don't forget that Ogle carries the largest stock of mince meat, apple butter, jellies and preserves in bulk.

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

Largest lot of sugar and molasses ever brought to this market. Call and examine quality and get prices before you buy. S. L. Ogle.

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

Mr. T. A. Deroven, merchant, Deroven, Louisiana, says: "The St. Patrick's Pills went like hot cakes." People who have tried them are never satisfied with any other kind. Their gentle action and reliability as a cathartic is what makes them popular. For sale by Baird Drug Co. 62

Reward.

I will pay \$10 reward for the delivery at any livery stable in Abilene for the following described horses:

One brown pony 14 1-2 han is high, 6 years old, long mane and tail, branded L E E up and down the shoulder. Also one small brown pony, unbroken, some white in the face, branded S (with half circle at top). They were last heard of in the vicinity of Baird. Will pay \$7.50 for the L E E pony alone. C. A. Woodridge, Abilene.

\$1,000,000

Are Saved Annually

By Painting Your

SHEDS, ROOFS,

Floors, Joists, Posts and Awnings

With our Patent Oil Stain,

CARBOLINEUM

AVENARIUS,

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

Every Real Estate Owner

Should use it, as it is cheap.

H. Meyer,

Baird, Texas.

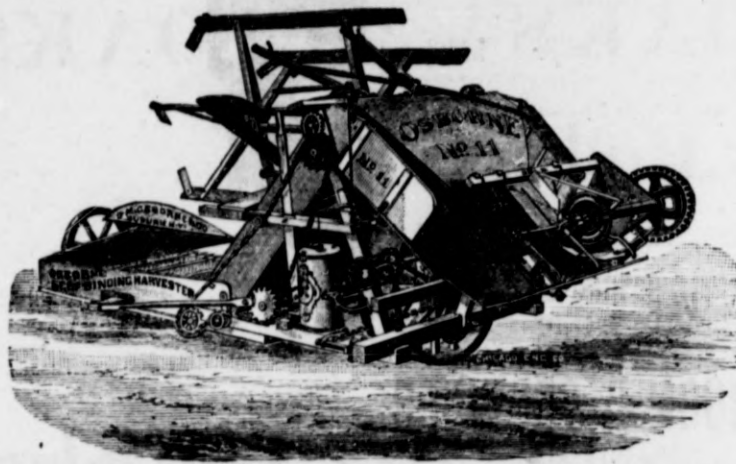
BIG STONE GROCERY STORE

J. L. LEA & CO.

Keep on Hand

The Largest stock of Groceries in town;

Therefore they buy and sell cheaper than anyone.



PLOWS, WAGONS, DRILLS



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

D. M. OSBORNE'S HARVESTING MACHINERY

Cheap and on Liberal Terms.

We will Buy or Help You to Sell Your

COUNTRY - PRODUCE - FOR - CASH.

CASH PAID FOR

: Cotton, : Wool : and : Hides :

DRY GOODS.

CLOTHING.

BOOTS AND SHOES.



MAMMOTH STOCK!



Just received a large stock of

DRY : GOODS : AND : CLOTHING!

Which will be sold at

ASTONISHINGLY : LOW : PRICES!

SHIRTS,

::

UNDERWEAR

:: SHIRTS.



AND NOTIONS ::

Newmarkets! - Newmarkets!

Trunks and Valises.

T. E. POWELL.



WHAT IS IT?

Keep an Eye Out, and You'll See!

Local News Items.

Still dry and dusty. Fence the court house. The town council meets next Tuesday night. Commissioners court meets next Monday. Constantly receiving fresh goods. S. L. Ogle. A good rain would help things wonderfully. Kansas bacon, hams and lard at McLaury & Dean's. The only pure Eupion oil in town at S. L. Ogle's. C. P. Lisman, of Eagle Cove, was in town Tuesday. Gents' fine hand-made kangaroo shoes at T. E. Powell's. Copius & Driskill, have the largest assortment of tobacco in Baird. T. E. Powell, shipped a bill of goods to Arizona last week. Best keg pickles at McLaury & Dean's. E. J. Hicks, of Eagle Cove, went to Cisco yesterday on business. Trunks cheap at Powell's. Nat Skinner shipped 1,500 head of cattle to Vineta, I. T., this week. Gents' furnishing goods, good quality, low prices. Foy & Richardson. H. J. Lambert and Phillip Yost, of Tecumseh, were in town yesterday. Best California dried grapes at McLaury & Dean's. Dick Cordwenter sold 200 steers to Wm. Little, of the Indian Territory. We have the best \$2.75 men's shoes ever found in Baird. J. D. Boydston. W. R. McDermett, was in town this week, looking as natural as an old shoe. Go to McLaury & Dean's for 5-cent cigars. Maj. McManis, our postmaster, informs THE STAR that he will move to town soon. T. E. Powell carries a fine line of hand-made French kid shoes for the ladies. The post office will in the near future be moved to Moon & Crowder's dry goods store. The Standard sewing machine is the latest patented and the best. Sold by T. E. Powell. The commissioners' court should put a good iron fence around the court house yard. All kinds of extracts at McLaury & Dean's. T. E. Powell, will leave for the east in a few days to buy his spring stock of goods. Jeans! Jeans!! Jeans!!! Powell. Herman Schwartz is absent at Dallas, attending the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows. A large line of woolen hosiery to be sold strictly at cost. Moon & Crowder. J. D. Boydston came up from Rockwall Tuesday night. He will probably return to-morrow. The Giesecke hand-made boots. Every pair warranted. T. E. Powell. R. C. Dawkins says he killed a shoat this winter that weighed 318 pounds, aged eight months and ten days. Who can beat it, counting age? The largest line of clothing and cheapest ever seen in Baird. Powell. Nat Skinner, Wm. Little and other cattle buyers are in the county. They want two and three year old steers mostly. I buy my onion sets cheaper than any one, and therefore sell cheaper than any one. Call and price them. S. L. Ogle. Dr. D. J. Wilson returned from Buffalo, New York, last week. He got back right in the nick of time as the gripe is making lots of work for the doctors. Hamilton & Brown shoes. Powell. Tax Assessor T. J. Norrell was in town yesterday. He says he will start out next Monday on his annual round-up. Best vinegar in town at McLaury & Dean's. A great many cases of gripe are reported in town, but no deaths so far and no serious cases. The doctors seem to think the worst of the epidemic is past. It is pretty dry, but wheat is not injured to any great extent so far as we can learn; in fact, some of our best farmers predict a better wheat crop for this year than last. If you want cheap goods go to Powell's. W. M. James and Frank Johnson have formed a co-partnership in the restaurant business, and this justly popular restaurant will no doubt do an increased business. I sell cheaper than anybody's cost. Call and see. T. E. Powell. Everybody in Baird has had the grip except the man with the little bill. He is as lousy as ever and turned up on the first with the time-worn interrogation how are you "fixed?" We will have a fine line of gents' furnishing goods to arrive this week, which will sell awful cheap. J. D. Boydston. Read the notice of "reward" in this issue. The horses are probably in this county and some one can make ten dollars very easily by delivering the horses to C. A. Woodriddle, Abilene.

Ribbons in endless variety. Powell. Largest and best line of hats at Powell's. Cloaks, blankets, and all winter goods at exactly cost. Moon & Crowder.

Ed K. Harris was in town Monday and made THE STAR a brief call. He was in town to look at the Day mill with a view to purchasing it and moving it to Eagle Cove. Is it possible that we will sit down and let this valuable property leave our town. Onion sets at McLaury & Dean's. Low prices always gets there. T. E. Powell. Marion Terry was in town Monday. He wanted to know what had become of the mill project. We don't know, but our private opinion is that it is taking a Rip Van Winkle nap. Whether it will do like Rip did, wake up, is more than we can tell. All who read this ad can buy red flannels and waterproof at cost, next week at Foy & Richardson. Deputy Sheriff J. M. Perry, of Brown county, and others, were tried in Cottonwood last week for shooting at Fayette Eley at New Olds' some time ago. All the parties were discharged without bail as it was shown that it was a mistake, at least the state failed to make a case. Hard-water soap at McLaury & Dean's. Every bar guaranteed. A big line of flannels cheap at T. E. Powell's. Just received a large assortment of jeans and cashmere pants, very cheap, and guaranteed never to rip. Moon & Crowder. Ten per cent lower than any one's cost. POWELL. Seed potatoes. McLaury & Dean. Just take a squint at Harry Meyer's new ad on second page. Harry Meyer carries a full and complete line of everything in the hardware business and sells as cheap as any house in western Texas. Come to Baird when you want hardware, wire, wagons or machinery. Our \$2 shoe can't be excelled by any ones \$2.50 shoe. J. D. Boydston. Lots of onions at McLaury & Dean's. Call and see the T. E. Powell \$2 ladies' shoes; guaranteed to beat any man's \$2.50 shoe.

ought to call it a CITY PAPER. (Cottonwood Prodigal.) THE BAIRD STAR came on Monday, but that was caused by setting up the new engine. It came to us as is the general custom with this paper—one of the best printed country papers in the state. But now that it is a steam printing office and Baird a city, may be we ought to call it a city paper, but city or county, it is a hummer just the same. SETTLE UP.—We earnestly request all who are indebted to us to come in and settle up. Respectfully, J. L. LEA & Co. CARD OF THANKS. Mr. Editor—Allow us through the medium of your excellent paper to express our sincere thanks to you and our many friends in Baird for your kindness to us in our great hour of trouble, also to our neighbors in the country for their kindness and help in this our double sorrow. The sympathy that has been extended to us in our great loss has very greatly endeared us to our new home and new friends. Wm. McMANIS, M. E. McMANIS. If you burn out to-night how much insurance money will be due you to-morrow? If you are not protected call before night on D. RICHARDSON, Baird. 49-5m

ROLL OF H

The following accounts were on subscription to THE STAR for 9 week ending February 5th:

A. H. Heath	\$1 00
Nick Sharkey	1 00
Lee McCammon	1 00
R. C. Dawkins	1 00
E. K. Harris	3 75
W. M. James	1 00
Dr. H. Lindley	1 00
Albert Dams	1 00
W. P. Barton	1 00
Tom Johnson	1 00
Prof. J. A. Kirksey	50
S. W. Berry	1 00
W. F. Coates	1 00
H. C. Berry	1 00
T. J. Norrell	1 00
Phillip Yost	2 25
J. R. McCleskey	1 00

CORRESPOND

Feb. 1.—Divine services were held last Sunday by Rev. Osborne, Baptist minister from Cottonwood. The sudden death of Bud Morgan, as reported already to the STAR, cast deep gloom over the whole community and was the more alarming as at the same time the insidious character of the epidemic seemed to increase. There is hardly a house in this neighborhood where there isn't two or three or even four members are prostrated and the hospital flag could be run up on almost every homestead. It was a trying time for Dr. Rumph, as the great number and severity of the cases and the long distance combined put his energies to a severe test. But, although two riding animals gave out under him, our young M. D. kept up manfully and was ready day and night to fight and conquer the dreadful disease. Among the more dangerous cases were Mr. Rogers, whose sickness on Tuesday last took such a critical turn that Dr. Fraser, from Baird, and Dr. Isbell, from Abilene, were summoned, and Chas. Dudley; but it affords me great pleasure to state that both are in a fair way to recover. Nearly all of the other patients are doing well at this time, and there is hope that the backbone of the disease is broken. S. H. Gilliland arrived from Abilene to spend a few days among his numerous friends. He enters upon his new duties at Trickham. A general warfare is going against the prairie dog. There are several colonies of these little rodents in the neighborhood and the interested land owners are making it warm for them. Plows and beams are kept busy in the fields and nearly all of the more progressive farmers have their land well prepared for the next crop. In my modest opinion it is the best policy to break the land as early as possible, so that weeds, stubble, etc., have ample time to rot and serve as manure. A second working just before planting will be of marked benefit and save work afterwards. Besides, the plowed fields will get and keep their full share of the long wished for rains, if they set in. As it is now the ground is getting very dry and stock water scarce. Good rains would be very welcome now, and will in a short time become a necessity. Mrs. Powell, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. Dr. Shaphard, starts for her home between Ft. Davis and Toyah, to-day. H. BECHEN.

WEST CALMO.

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La Grippe—A Few Folders.

Persons who have a cold are much more likely to take the influenza or so called, la grippe. It is much more severe when accompanied by a cold. The most critical time is when recovering from the disease, as slight exposure will often cause a relapse and that is almost certain to end in lung fever or pneumonia. The feet should be kept dry and warm, the body well clothed and care used to avoid exposure. The bowels should be kept regular and persons physically weak should take quinine to keep up the vitality. With these precautions and a free use of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy a prompt recovery is reasonably certain. That remedy is unequalled for a severe cold and this disease requires precisely the same treatment. For sale by Baird Drug Co. Mr. R. L. Smith, a merchant at Dundas, Mo., says: "Chamberlain's Cough Remedy gives the best of satisfaction. The trouble is that people wake up at all times during the night, wanting it for cough." For sale by Baird Drug Co.

OBITUARY.

Whereas, it has pleased God through His divine wisdom to summon from our midst our beloved lady friend, Mrs. M. E. Fuller, overshadowing all with gloom and sorrow, to know that we have been called upon to bid a final farewell to so beloved a friend, who departed this life Jan. 23rd, 1890, after a few days of sickness. Mrs. Fuller lived at Belle Plain with her daughter, Mrs. Denham, but was visiting Mr. Brown Seay's family at Baird when she was called away to a better home above, where pain and sickness is never known. She left many loved ones to mourn her absence, but we trust God will comfort them in their hour of distress as He alone can do. She has gone from our home, but not from our memory. May the Lord bless the bereaved family. A FRIEND, Belle Plain, Jan. 25, 1890.

A LETTER.

DALLAS, TEX., Jan. 16th, 1890. Major and Mrs. McManis, Baird, Texas. FRIENDS—We are just in receipt of a letter telling us of dear Nettie's death. Thus it is: One more pearl is plucked from life's treasures for eternity, and another void in heart, home and friendship's circle is made, but God knows best. He gathers these jewels of life for His keeping, gathers them in their freshness and purity ere yet the breath of sin and wrong dims their lustre, and thus this relief only is left aching hearts, while "Sorrow treads heavily and leave a print Time cannot wash away." To gentle, modest Nettie McManis, sinless in heart, tender and true, the warmest friendship of my heart went out and she won my admiration, and why not? She in her innocent, clinging, tender ways, reminded me ever of a pretty line always appropriate to her: "A pearl rosebud dashed with dew found in life among its thorns." But she is no more. No, I will not say it so! Her spirit lives again beyond this life to bud, blossom, and shed its beauty still, throughout the cycles of eternity. Gathered home with another loved one gone before her, Nettie is free from suffering and the storms of life, safe in the Haven of eternal peace and rest. Oh! aching heart, could you wish her back? But in your grief we would again ask that you accept the sympathy for yourself and family of our entire

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Office at Baird, Texas. Published weekly. \$1.00 A YEAR. J. H. HILLIAND, Proprietor.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 6, 1890.

HIS PARTNER'S DAUGHTER.

(Saturday Night.) Mr. Brewster handed his partner's daughter to the large plate-glass doors, bowed low, showed his fine teeth in a warm smile, and stood looking after her as she walked away—smiling still. Mr. Brewster was forty-odd, and a well-preserved and handsome man. Margaret Clifford was twenty and a charming girl. This was not the first time a certain girl had presented herself to Mr. Brewster. He had thought that he had finished with all that sort of thing when a tender passage in his life had closed disastrously, twenty years ago—when there had been a foolish quarrel and a betrothal ring sent back, and then, a few months later a cruel marriage notice in the papers. He thought that his lonely life must be his punishment for his hasty injustice, and that he could never care for another woman. But when Margaret Clifford had burst upon him one day, beautiful and radiant, he felt a new sensation. When she had brightly talked with him, perched on a dry goods box, perhaps, he had felt his heart grow warm within him; when she had made a little call in his private office—but she was at home all over the store and good friends with all the employes—and laughed and chatted with him from an arm of his big chair, he had felt odd, new hopes stirring in his breast. He knew well enough how George Clifford would view it. The marriage of his daughter to his partner, who ranked with the solid business men of the city, would be a disgrace to him. He thought that he might like to care for her. Better some young scapegrace who should make her miserable. She would be a charming mistress for the fine old man. He could give her. Twenty years older? What of that? He would make her too happy to think of it. He pulled his mustache, just touched with gray, to disguise the broad smile he could not repress. There was a fresh bill of goods upstairs to be invoiced, and Mr. Brewster took the elevator to look at it. Not but John Carruthers would attend to it perfectly. Carruthers was the up-stairs manager, and a treasure—only twenty-five or so, but uncommonly clever and efficient and honest: the sort a fellow to make his mark. Mr. Brewster was not thinking of John Carruthers just now; he had before him a distinct picture of oval cheeks and a sweet smile, which hopelessly confused all else. He had paused behind a mammoth box of the newly arrived goods, and looked absently down into the street. What were those fellows chattering about back there? It put his glowing visions to rout. That was Carruthers' voice, though, and Carruthers never chattered; a tall, square-shouldered, good-looking young half-Scotchman he was, who could attend to his own affairs and say little. But that was his voice. "I tell you, Stiles, I might as well want the moon, he was saying, as though in emphatic repetition. His voice had a dry tone. 'I shall never get her. It could never be possible. Everything is against it. I haven't a chance. I don't say it's unreasonable, either. It's a law of nature. What could you ask or expect? She is the daughter of one of the owners of the house which employs me. Would it be likely that her father would consent with joy to my proposal for his daughter? It's likely he'd discharge me on the spot.' So, so! Mr. Brewster stood still. He might have slipped away, but he felt somehow rather powerless to move. He tugged at his mustache, and listened. "Go in and win," said Stiles boldly. "Thank you," said John Carruthers, hopelessly. "But do I want to plunge her into a sea of trouble, Stiles? An angry father and a husband who couldn't take care of her by any means as she has always been taken care of—that isn't a pleasant situation for any girl. Don't think I'm growling; I'm prepared to submit to the inevitable. Only it is inevitable. There isn't any hope for us." "Us?" said Stiles, interrogatively. "Does Miss Clifford—have you spoken, or— There was a silence, which John Carruthers broke with a softened, unsteady voice. "I think she cares for me," he said slowly. "There are ways you can tell, you know—things you can't mistake. I'm not boasting; it's only to show you how hard it is for me. It's more than

I know how to bear," he burst out, desperately. And then the office boy came up with inquiries from Mr. Clifford, and the junior partner could hear Carruthers responding in his usual steady manner and Stiles walking away. Mr. Brewster sat down in the dusty window seat feeling somewhat used up. Here was a state of things. He rubbed back his hair in bewilderment; it was hard to take it all in at once. His confidential clerk in love with his partner's daughter? But no—it was not strange; in truth it was hardly to be wondered at. That was not the queer part. The queer part was—John Carruthers in love with the girl, whom he, Daniel Brewster, meant to marry? Something of a mixture, was it not? Mr. Brewster stroked his chin. If it had been Stiles or Robinson, or Downing or any of them, Mr. Brewster would have had plenty of epithets to apply—bold upstart, impudent puppy and the like. But John Carruthers could hardly be disposed of in that way; Carruthers had too much of dignity, and too much of his employer's respect. What Carruthers said or did demanded consideration in any other case. But this? The young rascal! A handsome fellow he was, with his broad shoulders and his clear cut face. And twenty-five or so. Mr. Brewster, with a sudden impulse, took out his pocket-mirror. Yes, he looked his forty years. The wrinkles were beginning a subtle appearance, and his hair and mustache were dusted with gray. Forty-odd years old; and something of an old fogey, he supposed. And John Carruthers was energetic, bright-mannered, thoroughly pleasing—and twenty-five. Mr. Brewster's visions of a half-hour ago fell and shattered themselves. He thought she liked him, eh? Most likely. Any girl would, as Stiles had said. Liked him and would marry him, if he should ask her, no doubt of it. She was a firm spoken, independent girl. But Carruthers was afraid to ask her, though, on forty dollars a week? How would sixty do, then? That was the salary of the busier downstairs manager, and he was leaving next month for another city. And once George Clifford's son-in-law, the young fellow's future would be plain. He would be the leading partner in ten years, and he and Clifford could take a rest. What was he planning? Why, the destruction of his own hopes. Half an hour ago he had seen himself a proud husband, now he was the same lonely bachelor and would always be. Most men would ignore John Carruthers' case, merely. What if he did spend a love-sick week or so? He would get over it; so would Margaret. And, on his own behalf, he knew that a word to George Clifford— John Carruthers came around behind the box, started at the sight of his employer and stepped back; but Mr. Brewster shook his head. "Don't go, Carruthers," he said. "I want a word with you. I've been here for fifteen minutes, Carruthers." His manager flushed hotly, with a hurt gaze on him. "I have heard the whole business, Carruthers," Mr. Brewster added coolly. "I know that you have fallen in love with Miss Margaret Clifford, and she with you." "I did not say so, Mr. Brewster," poor Carruthers stammered. "I said I thought—I hoped—" "It's all the same. I think I gathered the main facts. And I want to propound Mr. Stiles' query, Mr. Carruthers: why don't you ask her?" "You've been very kind, Mr. Brewster," Carruthers said rather huskily. "I don't believe one man in a thousand would have done this. They would have laughed at my presumption and let it go. I can never forget it, sir. If I come to anything now, it is you who have been the making of me, for I don't think I could have come to much without her." "I would like to know you better, Mr. Brewster. It's a good deal to ask, but couldn't you make us a call some evening. I live with my mother and my aunt, Mrs. Joyce, at Number Seventy-nine, Major street. They would be so glad to see you." He started at the change which came over his employer's face. "Joyce?" said Mr. Brewster, clearing his throat and growing suddenly white. "Not Helena Graham?" "Did you know her Mr. Brewster?" said Carruthers warmly. "Yes that was her maiden name. She's my mother's youngest sister. Her husband died twelve years ago and she has lived with us since. I don't think you could forget her if you have known her. She was always handsome and I can't see that she gets older. I never heard her speak of you." "She wouldn't be apt to," said Mr. Brewster, in a voice which shook with his depth of shaken feeling. "She has a very good cause not to. She—Did you say I could come and see call on you?" said Mr. Brewster, after a silence. He had turned away and brushed his eyes with his handkerchief. "Carruthers, I have no right to—

have no business to, Carruthers—but I shall come." Assuredly Mr. Brewster was a marked case of virtue its own reward, for he was married after all, and before John Carruthers was. His pretty notion of a church wedding was carried out, too, to the letter, except that his bride was the only woman he cared for, and who had been brought to forgive and comfort him, and that John Carruthers and Margaret Clifford were best man and bridesmaid. A gentleman, through a free ad, in the Press, made \$250 on a trade. He gave the editor fifty cents cash. If it were not for the generosity of our friends we would be compelled to seek some other field of labor.—[West Point (Ga) Free press.] FOR ALL FORMS of female troubles, feeble health, sick stomach and constipation, Thurmond's Blood Syrup is woman's dearest friend. For sale by R. Phillips. "What do you mean by lagrippe, count, in France? It seems such a strange name for a cold in the head." "Yais, Mees Hartingtonne, eet ces singuliere I sink ze grippe in America is sort of—what you call a hand-shake—nest ee pas? And perhaps zat has something to do with what you call ze malair—ze shakes? C'est la meme chose, pairhaps."—[Harper's Bazar.] IF YOU WILL get a bottle of Thurmond's Lone Star catarrh cure you can cure that bad case of catarrh you have been suffering with so long. Will cure in thirty days. For sale by R. Phillips. Home Industry.—Briscoco—"Those are odd looking tiles on your hearth." Dempster—"Yes; those are some of the first loaves of bread my wife baked after we were married."—[Time.] Many Persons are broken down from overwork or household cares. **Brown's Iron Bitters** rebuilds the system, aids digestion, removes excess of bile, and cures malaria. Get the genuine. KNOX—"Oh I'm in no hurry to die. I'm willing to wait until the Lord wants me." Hicks—"Until the Lord wants you? Great Scott! do you mean to live forever?"—[Boston Transcript.] Writing poetry is recommended as a mental exercise. You can get physical exercise by attempting to read it.—[Terre Haute Express.] Agents Wanted. Agents wanted in every county. Big inducements to good men to introduce our work. For terms address (enclosing stamp) Texas Portrait Co., Dallas, Texas. 2-3m Saddlery. In order to keep my present force of workmen at work during the winter months at my factory I am still making big reductions in all saddlery and harness goods. Parties wishing to buy largely would do well to call on me before buying. N. Porter, 25 Pine street, Abilene, Texas. 52 Ladies READ THIS UNPARALLELED OFFER. To any lady sending us the names of twenty other ladies with their addresses, we will make a handsome present worth several dollars. Address (enclosing four cents for postage) Texas Portrait Co., Dallas, Tex. 2-3m Family Bibles. Anyone wishing to get Family Bibles, religious books, periodicals or Christian literature of any kind, can get the same by applying to R. F. Dunn, Pastor Methodist Church, Baird. Our Clubbing List For 1890. The Star and Dallas News \$2.00 The Star and Ft. Worth Gazette 1.80 The Star and Houston Post 1.80 The Star and Detroit Free Press 1.65 The Star and Courier-Journal 2.00 The Star and National Democrat Washington, D. C. 1.80 The Star and Texas Farm and Ranch 1.55 Cash invariably in advance. Any of our subscribers who have paid in advance for this year can have any of the above papers by paying additional amount as per above rates. Address The Star, Box 93, Baird, Tex. Agents Notice.—Any of our agents are authorized to receive subscriptions at the above rates, but no commissions will be allowed on any paper clubbed with The Star, though regular commission will be allowed on The Star when subscriptions are received in connection with any of the above papers same as for The Star alone. Agents receiving subscriptions on any of the above papers must remit full amount for such paper and The Star less commissions. As we have to pay for all papers in advance we positively will not send off subscriptions unless accompanied by the cash. ONE DOLLAR. We have decided to put the subscription price of The Star at \$1.50, payable at the end of the year, or \$1 if paid in advance. This rule will be strictly enforced hereafter.

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