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# The Star.

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

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VOL. 21.

BAIRD, CALLAHAN COUNTY, TEX. THURSDAY. DEC. 26 1907. NO. 4

### "IDA."

If ever a star fell from Heaven into the arms of man—if ever a flower grew into a woman—that star and that flower was Ida Saxton McKinley. There was an aroma of sweetness and grace in the very name. Her husband never addressed her, never referred to her except as "Ida." By an interposition little short of divine the full knowledge of the supreme tragedy which descended into a life yet in its noon, was spared her; the angels drew a veil as of tears between her and its full realization.

God had given it to Ida Saxton to be fitly mated. There were many beauties and virtues in the character of William McKinley; his career was abundantly fulfilled, and the crown of glory he wore with such consuming modesty was studded with jewels both rich and radiant; the soldier, the civilian, the man of affairs and the party leader; but the rarest of all that shone in that priceless diadem was his devotion—simple, constant, unerring—to "Ida."

It seems a strange, a most mysterious, inexplicable decree of Providence that ordained the death by this assassin's hand of three such men as Lincoln, Garfield and McKinley, each so unoffending so filled with the love of human kind, so gracious and generous.

Of the three, McKinley was the least aggressive. Lincoln lived in deadly times and Garfield's very intellectuality raised up both enemies and enemies. Garfield, lovable as he was, had a rough side to him, and Lincoln, big of heart and brain, was outwardly, even as a gnarled oak McKinley lived a primitive Christian man. He emulated St. Paul in the desire to be all things to all men. It gave him pleasure to give pleasure; it gave him pain to inflict pain. No man ever grew as fast as he in the Executive Office, both in mental stature and breath.

He came to power during moving times. Immense responsibilities descended upon him. War, which he had religiously opposed, and for which the country was ill-prepared, was suddenly thrust upon him. The White House became an armed camp.

There was not an hour of the day or night, which the President could call his own. But, night or day, there came never a moment when that sweet voice might not summon him to the side of the wife whose peculiar affliction had imposed upon him the care of a nurse for a child—none other nurse than he. It was the knowledge of this in those who personally knew and loved them which gave to the awful finality at Buffalo an added, and inexpressible poignancy of grief.

The people of the South especially will ever hold the memory of William McKinley deep in the their hear of hearts. He it was to whom it was given to complete the sublime intention of Lincoln with respect to the disunited sections of the Union. He was quick to see the meaning and the opportunity of the Spanish War. The last, eternal treaty of peace between the North and South was written by the pen that signed the commissions as Generals in the army of the United States of Joseph Wheeler and Fitzhugh Lee and John Breckinridge Castleman, and never did statesman and patriot perform an act

greater in reach and more benign in effect than did William McKinley when he restored those Confederate soldiers to the service of a once more quieted country, literally turning gray into blue, and giving to generations of Southern men yet unborn the sign-manual, along with the deathless assurance, of complete moral emancipation.

Let the winged spirit take its way to the immortal spirit waiting for its mate. Much shortened is the distance to Heaven from Earth between these two. Around the seraphs

It is as well a custom play, and beautiful and stunning is the display of gowns in the famous ball room scene, and the tasteful dressing throughout the entire performance is one of its many features. Some of the most intensely interesting dramatic situations are relieved by fresh bits of unpretentious comedy and tender sentiment, and throughout the entire performance is a wave of morality that is uplifting; it reaches out over the footlights and sends us home with a feeling that there is a lot of good in life and that

### "WHEN WE WERE FRIENDS"

Do you remember "When We Were Friends"? You will never forget it after witnessing the performance at the Cooke Opera House Tuesday Dec. 31st. It is the one real dramatic treat of the season.

### Wood Heaters.

A few nice wood heaters left, closing them out at cost. Halsted Bros. 51st

Clement & Price appreciate your grocery trade. 45

### The Banks, The Press And The Crisis.

On the editorial page of the last issue of the Belton Democrat we find the following:

"When the banks of this country pass over the flurry without serious results, these institutions will owe to the press of their territory their salvation. The newspapers have been more than loyal to the banks. In fact, this flurry will cause the eyes of the bankers to open to the great benefits that a local paper is to a community."

The above statement would have come with more grace; perhaps, from a bank, it must be admitted, out that it comes from a newspaper does in no wise lessen its force, and and it is gratifying to know that there are bankers and men connected with banks who recognize as fully as business men in general that to the spirit and attitude of the press during the past six weeks—notably in Texas—is due, in largest measure, the spirit of confidence, patience and forbearance that has been displayed by the people who had money in the banks.

Of course there are bankers who have never given this matter even a passing thought; bankers who will probably be surprised to read that any one should hold or advance such an idea. But what of that? Men who will look at things differently—do so in entire sincerity. These are men, broad-gauged and big-brained men, conducting and having interests in banks, who realize the truth and are not lacking in appreciation. That is enough for the newspapers. The press had a duty to perform and should have performed it even had there been lack of appreciation—Waco Tribune.

### GOLDEN WEDDING.

Monday [Dec. 16th,] was the golden wedding anniversary of Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Ogle, and the worthy couple were the recipients of many congratulations. Mr. Ogle is 73 and his wife 70, and they apparently give promise of continuing together in good health up to the time of their diamond jubilee.—Roswell Tribune.

THE STAR extends congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Ogle and expresses the hope that they may live long and prosperous.

### Replies to "Subscriber."

BAIRD, TEXAS, Dec., 21, 1907.  
W. E. GILLILAND, EDITOR STAR,  
DEAR SIR:—In answer to an article signed "Subscriber" in issue of the 18th inst, will say that if he or she wants to know anything about any of the boys who joined the 1st Texas Battery at Dallas in '61 will write me I will be glad to answer as many of their questions as I can.  
Respectfully,  
THOS. H. FLOYD,  
1st Sargt. 1st Texas Battery, C. S. A.

Editor Gilliland of The Baird Star was in the city Tuesday with his "hurry up, I have got to go home," but he was among friends. Sure we understood that he had 60 odd teachers attending the institute in his town add then the paper and other duties had to be attended to.—Cisco Apert.



stand in robes of light. The gates are flung open wide. But, be sure a single voice will alone be heard, just only the one word, "Ida."

### "WHEN WE WERE FRIENDS"

Appropriately to the comedy drama, "When We Were Friends" has its striking contrast of comedy and pathos. A wonderfully interesting plot winds and unwinds itself leisurely through the entire performance and holds the audience in spellbound attention, and makes one laugh for each succeeding event.

we are really better for having seen a performance of such unusual excellence. Manager Cooke announces the engagement here for New Years Eve, Tuesday, Dec. 31st.

### PAY UP.

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

Ledgers, blank books, etc at Hamman Bros. 52th

Manager Cooke is expecting a capacity business for "When We Were Friends" and advises you to make your selection early if you want a choice seat. The engagement is announced for Tuesday Dec. 31st. William McCauley, who is well known to the theatre goers for his clever work, will appear in the leading role. Mr. McCauley's wardrobe is the most elaborate worn by any actor on the stage, and has received great praise everywhere he has appeared, for his excellent work as "Wallace Desmond".



# THE PRINCESS ELOPES

By HAROLD MACGRATH  
AUTHOR OF "THE MAN ON THE BOX," "HEARTS AND MASKS," ETC.

AND I WAS SEVERELY STRAINED. IT WAS something to be a consul, after all. But I counted my chickens too early.

"Where are the cigars?" I asked as Max sat down complacently.

"Cigars?"—blankly. "Hang me, I've clean forgotten them!" And then, oblivious of the probable storm that was at that moment gathering for a down-pour over his luckless head, he told us the reason of his delay.

"There was a crowd around the palace," he began. "It seems that the Princess Hildegarde has run away, and they believe that she has ridden toward the Pass in a closed carriage. The police are at this very moment scouring the country in that direction. She has eloped."

"Eloped?" we all cried, being more or less familiar with the state of affairs at the palace.

"Good-by to Doppelkinn's frau!"

"Good girl!"

"She has been missing since seven o'clock, when she drove away on the pretense of visiting her father's old steward, who is ill," went on Max, feeling the importance of his news. "They traced her there. From the steward's carriage was driven south, and that's the last seen of her. There won't be any wedding at the cathedral next Tuesday,"—laughing.

Queries and answers were going crisscross over the table, when I observed with dread that Lieut. von Storer had risen and was coming our way. He stopped at Max's side. Max looked up to receive Von Storer's glove full on the cheek. It was no gentle stroke. Von Storer at once returned to his table and sat down.

For a moment we were all absolutely without power of motion or of speech, Max's face grew as white as the tablecloth, and the print of the glove glowed red against the white. I was horrified, for I knew his tremendous strength. If he showed fight, Von Storer would calmly saber him. It was the custom. But Max surprised me. He was the coolest among us, but of that quality of coolness which did not reassure me. He took up his story where he had left off and finished it. For his remarkable control I could have taken him in my arms and hugged him.

The officers scowled, while Von Storer bit his mustache nervously. The American had ignored his insult. Presently he rose again and approached. He thrust a card under Max's nose.

"Can you understand that?" he asked contemptuously.

Max took the card, ripped it into quarters and dropped these to the floor. Then, to my terror and the terror of those with me, he tranquilly pulled out a murderous looking Colt and laid it beside his plate. He went on talking, but none of us heard a word he said. We were fearfully waiting to see him kill some one or be killed.

No one was killed. The officers hurriedly took down their sabers and made a bee-line for the door of which I have spoken.

Max returned the revolver to his hip-pocket and gave vent to an Homeric laugh.

"You tow-headed Dutchman!" I cried, when I found voice for my words, "what have you done?"

"Done? Why, it looks as if we had all the downs this half," he replied smartly. "Oh, the gun isn't loaded,"—confidentially.

Ellis fumbled in his pocket and produced his passports and tickets. These he showed over to Max.

"What's this for?" Max asked curiously.

"Ellis," said I, "it is very good of you, Max, take those. Mr. Ellis wishes to save your hide. Take them and get to the station as quickly as you can. And for the love of mercy, do not turn around till you're over in Doppelkinn's vineyards."

"Well, I'm hanged if I understand!" he cried. "I'm a peaceful man. A beggar walks up to me and slaps me in the face for nothing at all, and now I must hike, eh? What the devil have I done now?"

Then, as briefly as I could, I explained the enormity of his offenses. To take a chair from a table, as he had done, was a gross insult; to receive a slap in the face and not to resent it, was another insult; to tear up an opponent's visiting card, still another; to take out a revolver in Barseheit, unless you were an officer or had a permit, was worse than an insult; it was a crime, punishable by long imprisonment. They could excuse him of being either an anarchist or a socialist—red, coming to Barseheit with the intent to kill the grand duke.

laws, or that he was an alien, would remit not one particle of his punishment and fine; and weeks would pass ere the matter could be arranged between the United States and Barseheit.

"Good Lord!" he gasped; "why didn't you tell me that you carried a cannon in your pocket? Take Ellis' papers, otherwise you stand pat for a heap of trouble, and I can't help you. Go straight to Dresden, telegraph me, and I'll forward your luggage."

"But I came here to study!" Max argued.

"It will be geology in the form of prison walls," said Ellis quietly. "Don't be foolish, Mr. Scharfenstein; it is not a matter of a man's courage, but of his



"He Tranquilly Pulled Out a Murderous-Looking Colt and Laid It Beside His Plate."

common sense. Take the tickets and light out. I have lived here for three years, and have seen men killed outright for less than you have done."

"But you don't expect me to leave this place without punching that beggar's head?"—indignantly. "What do you think I'm made of?"

"You'll never get the chance to punch his head," said I. "We are wasting valuable time. Those officers have gone for the police. You have about 20 minutes to make the train. Come, for heaven's sake, come!"

He finally got it into his head that we knew what we were talking about. How we got him to the station I do not remember, but somehow we got him there. He sputtered and fumed and swore, as all brave men will who feel that they are running away in a cowardly fashion. He wasn't convinced, but he thanked Ellis for his kindness and hoped that he wouldn't get into trouble on his (Max's) account.

"Go straight to Dresden; say you've been studying medicine in Barseheit for three years, refer to me by telegraph if there is any question as to your identity," said I. "You're the only man in the world, Max, that I'd lie for."

He stumbled through the gates, and we saw him open the door of a carriage just as the train began to pull out. A guard tried to stop him, but he was not quite quick enough. We watched the train till it melted away into the blackness beyond the terminus covering; then we, I and my fellow diners, went soberly into the street. Here was a howdy-do! Suddenly Ellis let out a sounding laugh, and, scarcely knowing why, we joined him. It was funny, very funny, for every one but poor old Max! The American spirit is based on the sense of humor, and even in tragic moments is irrepressible.

We did not return to Muller's; each of us stole quietly home to await the advent of the police, for they would root out every American in town in their search for the man with the gun. They would first visit the consulate and ascertain what I knew of the affair; when they got through with the rest of the boys Max would be in Doppelkinn. The police were going to be very busy that night; a princess on one hand and an anarchist on the other.

There were terrible things, too, in the palace. Long before we watched Max's train and the vanishing green and red lights at the end of it the grand duke was having troubles of his own. He was pacing wildly up and down in his dressing-room. Clutched in his fist was a crumpled sheet of paper. From time to time he smoothed it out and reread the contents. Each time he swore like the celebrated man in Mandara

"You forced me and I warned you that I would do something desperate. Do not send for me, for you will never find me till you come to your senses. I have eloped. HILDEGARDE."

CHAPTER VIII.

Shortly before six o'clock—dinner in the palace was rarely served until half-after eight—the Honorable Betty sat down to her writing desk in her boudoir, which opened directly into that belonging to the princess, to write a few letters home. A dinner was to be given to the state officials that night, and she knew from experience that after that solemn event was concluded it would be too late for the departing mails. She seemed to have no difficulty in composing her thoughts and transferring them to paper. There were times when she would lean back, nibble the end of her pen and smile in a dreamy, retrospective fashion. No doubt her thoughts were pleasant and agreeable.

She had completed addressing three envelopes, when she heard the door leading into the princess' boudoir open and close. She turned to behold the princess herself.

"Why, Gretchen, where are you going?"—noting the gray walking-dress, the gray hat, the sensible square-toed shoes.

"I am going to visit a sick nurse," replied her highness, avoiding the other's eye.

"But shall you have time to dress for dinner?"

"That depends. Besides, the official dinners are a great bore." Her highness came forward, caught the dark head of the English girl between her gloved hands, pressed it against her heart, bent and kissed it. "What a lovely girl you are, Betty! always unruffled, always even-tempered. You will grow old very gracefully."

"I hope so; but I do not want to grow old at all. Can't I go with you?"—eagerly.

"Impossible; etiquette demands your presence here to-night. If I am late my rank and my errand will be my excuse. What jolly times we used to have in that quaint old boarding school in St. John's Wood! Do you remember how we went to your noble father's country place one Christmas? I went incognito. There was a children's party, and two boys had a flatcuff over you. Nobody noticed me those days. I was happy then." The princess frowned. It might have been the sign of repression of tears. Betty, with her head against the other's bosom, could not see. "I shall be lonely without you; for you can not stay on here forever. If you could, it would be different. I shall miss you. Somehow you possess the faculty of calming me. I am so easily stirred into a passion; my temper is so surface-wise. Some day, however, I shall come to England and spend a whole month with you. Will not that be fine?"

"How melancholy your voice is!" cried Betty, trying without avail to remove her highness' hands.

"No, no; I want to hold you just so. Perhaps I am sentimental to-night. I have all the moods, agreeable and disagreeable. . . . Do you love anybody?"

"Love anybody? What do you mean?"—rising in spite of the protesting hands. "Do I look as if I were in love with anybody?"

They searched each other's eyes.

"Oh, you islanders! Nobody can fathom what is going on in your hearts. You never make any mistakes; you always seem to know which paths to pursue; you are always right, always, always. I'd like to see you commit a folly, Betty; it's a wicked wish, I know, but I honestly wish it. There is certainly more Spanish blood in my veins than German. I am always making mistakes; I never know which path is the right one; I am always wrong. Do you believe it possible for a woman of birth and breeding to fall in love with a man whom she has known only three days?"

"Three days! Are you crazy, Hildegarde?"

"Call me Gretchen!" imperiously.

"Gretchen, what has come over you?"

"I asked you a question."

"Well,—a bit of color stealing into her cheeks,—it is possible, but very foolish. One ought to know something of a man's character," went on Betty, "before permitting sentiment to enter into one's thoughts."

"That is my opinion, wise little white owl." Her highness took her friend in her arms and kissed her, held her at arm's length, drew her to her heart and again kissed her. It was like a farewell. Then she let her go.

"If there is anything you need, make yourself at home with my cases." And her highness was gone.

Betty gazed at the door through which dear Gretchen had passed, gazed thoughtfully and anxiously.

"How oddly she acted! I wonder—" She made as though to run to the door, but stopped, as if ashamed of the doubt which flashed into her mind and cut again.

The little clock on the mantel chimed forth the seventh hour, and she rang for her maid. It was time that she began dressing.

(Thus, for the present, I shall leave her. There are several reasons why

my imagination should take this step; for, what should I know of a woman's toilet, save in the general mysterious results? However, I feel at liberty to steal into the duke's dressing-room. Here, while I am not positive what happened, at least I can easily bring my imagination to bear upon the picture.)

The duke was rather pleased with himself. He liked to put on his state uniform, with its blue-gray frock, the white doeskin trousers which strapped under the patent-leather boots, the gold braid, the silver saber and the little rope of medals strung across his full, broad breast. It was thus he created awe; it was thus he became truly the sovereign, urbane and majestic.

His valet was buckling on the saber belt, when there came a respectful tap on the door.

"Enter," said the duke, frowning. One can not assert any particular degree of dignity with a valet at one's side.

But it was only a corridor attendant who entered. He approached the duke's valet and presented a letter.

"For his serene highness." He bowed and backed out, closing the door gently.

At once the valet bowed also and extended the letter to his master. Formally is a fine thing in a palace.

"Ah, a letter," mused the duke, profoundly innocent of the viper which was about to sting him. "My glasses, Gustav; my eye-glasses!"

The valet hurried to the dresser and returned with the duke's state eye-glasses. These the duke perched deliberately upon the end of his noble nose. He opened the letter and read its contents. The valet, watching him slyly, saw him grow pale, then red, and finally purple,—wrath has its rainbow. His hands shook, the glasses slipped from his palpitating nose. And I grieve to relate that his serene highness swore something marvelous to hear.

"Damnation!" he said, or some such word. "The little fool!" Then, suddenly remembering his dignity and the phrase that no man is a hero to his valet, he pointed to his glasses, at the same time returning the letter to its envelope, this letter which had caused this momentary perturbation. "Call the minister of police. You will find him in the smoking-room off the conservatory. Make all haste!"

The valet flew out of the door, while the duke began pacing up and down the room, muttering and growling, and balling his fists, and jingling his shining medals. He kicked over an inoffensive hassock and his favorite hound, and I don't know how many long-winded German oaths he let go. (It's a mighty hard language to swear in, especially when a man's under high pressure.)

"The silly little fool! And on a night like this! Curse it! This is what comes of mixing Spanish blood with German, of letting her aunt's wishes overrule mine in the matter of education. But she shall be brought back, even if I have to ask the assistance of every sovereign in Europe. This is the end. And I had planned such a pleasant evening at cards!" The duke was not wholly unselfish.

In less than ten minutes' time the valet returned with the minister of police. The duke immediately dismissed the valet.

"Your serene highness sent for me?" asked the minister, shaking in his boots. There had been four ministers of police in three years.

"Yes. Read this."

The minister took the letter. He read it with bulging eyes. "Good heavens, it must be one of her highness' jokes!"

"It will be a sorry joke for you if she crosses any of the frontiers."

"But—"

"But!" roared the duke. "Don't you dare bring up that word scandal! Seek her. Turn everybody out,—the army, the police, everybody. When you locate her, telegraph, and have a special engine awaiting me at the station. And if you play a poor game of cards to-night I'll take away your portfolio. Remember, if she passes the frontier, off goes your official head!"

"And the fellow, who is he?"

"The good Lord only knows! That girl! . . . Witness these gray hairs. Put the rascal in irons; I'll attend to his case when I arrive. . . . Where is Steinbock?"

"He was arrested this morning in Berlin; I have already applied for his extradition."

"Good! Now, be off with you! Leave no stone unturned. The expense is nothing; I will gladly pay it out of my private purse."

"I'll find her," said the minister grimly. His portfolio hung in the balance.

All at once the duke struck his hands together jubilantly.

"What is it?" asked the minister. "A clew?"

"Nothing, nothing! Be gone; you are wasting time."

The minister of police dashed out of the room as if pursued by a thousand devils. He knew the duke's mood; it was not one to cross or irritate. No sooner was he gone than the duke left his apartments and sought those of his niece. It might be a joke; it would do no harm to find out positively. But the beautiful suite was empty; even her highness' maid was gone. He then

knocked on the door which led into Betty's boudoir, not very gently either. "Open!" he bellowed.

"Who is it?" demanded a maid's frightened voice.

"The duke! Open instantly!"

"It is quite impossible," said another voice from within. It was calm and firm. "I am dressing."

"I must see you this instant. Open or I shall force the door!"

"Is your serene highness mad?"

"Will you open this door?"

"You command it?"

"A hundred times, yes!"

"Since you command it." The voice was no longer calm; it was sharp and angry.

The wait seemed an hour to his serene highness, serene no longer. At length the bolt slipped, and the duke shouldered his way in. The tableau which met his gaze embarrassed him for a space. He was even ashamed! The Honorable Betty stood behind a tall-backed chair, an opera cloak thrown hastily over her bare shoulders. Her hair was partly down. A beautiful woman in a rage is a fascinating sight. The duke stared at her irresolutely.

"Will your highness explain this extraordinary intrusion?" she demanded. "You have literally forced your way into my room while I am dressing. It is utterly outside my understanding."

"I am old enough to be your father."

"That is the weakest excuse you could give me. At your age one's blood ought to be cooled to a certain discretion. My father, if he had had anything important to say, would have remained on the other side of the door. I am not deaf. Your explanation is in order."

The duke had never been talked to so plainly in all his life. For a while he was without voice, but had plenty of color. "It is easily explained," he finally bawled out to her. "Her highness has eloped!"

The girl stared at him with wide eyes. "Eloped?" she breathed faintly.

"Yes, eloped."

Betty wondered if she heard aright, or if the duke were out of his mind; and then she recollected her conversation with the princess. Her mouth opened as if to speak, but instead she closed her lips tightly. That wilful girl; whatever would become of her!

"Give this letter to your mistress," said the duke to the maid. "I will station myself in the window while she reads it."

He strode over to the window and drew the curtains about him. Below, the night crowds were wandering about the streets; the band was playing in the Volksgarten; carriages were rolling to and from the opera; the fountain in the center of the square sparkled merrily in the glare of the arc lights. But the duke saw none of these things. Rather he saw the telegraphic dispatches flying to the four ends of the globe, telling the peoples that he, the Grand Duke of Barseheit, had been outwitted by a girl; that the Princess Hildegarde had eloped with a man who was not the chosen one. In other words, he saw himself laughed at from one end of the continent to the other. (There is something very funny in domestic troubles when they occur in another man's family!) No, the duke saw not the beauty of the night; instead of stars he saw asterisks, that abominable astronomy of the lampoonists. He had never doubted the girl's courage; but to elope! . . . And who the devil had eloped with her? He knew the girl's natural pride; whoever the fellow might be, he could be no less than a gentleman. But who, who?

"Your highness?" called a quiet (I might say deceptive) voice.

The duke came forth.

"Your highness will do me the honor to make out my passports to-night. I desire to leave the palace immediately. The affront you have put upon me, even under the circumstances, is wholly unpardonable. You imply that I have had something to do with her highness' act. You will excuse me to her serene highness, whom I love and respect. My dignity demands that I leave at once."

A flicker—but only a flicker—of admiration lighted the duke's eye. It was a plucky little baggage.

"I will issue your passports upon one condition," he said.

"And that condition?"—proudly.

"Tell me everything; where has she gone, and with whom?"

"I know absolutely nothing."

Silence. The duke gnawed his mustache, while his eyes strove in vain to beat down hers.

"Thank you, I believe you." Then, giving way to his wrath: "You English people, you are all the same! You never understand. I have brought up this girl and surrounded her with every luxury; against my will and reason I have let her become educated in foreign lands; I have given her the utmost freedom; this is how I am repaid."

"You forgot one important thing, your highness."

"What?"—haughtily.

"Affection. You have never given her that."

The duke felt himself beaten into silence, and this did not add to his amiability.

"Your passports shall be made out immediately; but I beg of you to re-



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

**HOT AND COLD BATHS**  
 Laundry Basket leave Tuesdays  
 and returns on Saturday.

**C. D. RUSSELL,**  
**Att'y - at - Law**  
**and Abstractor**  
 Real Estate and Insurance Agent  
 Office at Court House Baird Tex.

consider your extermination, and to remain here as long as you please. For the sake of appearances, I desire your presence at the dinner table."  
 "I shall leave as soon as the dinner is over." This girl's mind seemed immovable.  
 The duke shrugged. There was no use in beating against this wall. "I wish you knew whither she has gone."  
 "Frankly, if I knew I should not tell your highness. My father taught me never to betray a confidence."  
 "As you will. I beg your pardon for the abruptness of my entrance," he said, choking down his wrath. He could not allow himself to be outdone in the matter of coolness by this chit of an English girl.  
 "I grant it you."  
 The duke then retired, or, I should say, retreated. He wandered aimlessly about the palace, waiting for news and making wretched all those with whom he came in contact. The duchess was not feeling well; a wrangle with her was out of question; besides, he would make himself hoarse. So he waited and waited, and re-read the princess' letter. At dinner he ate nothing; his replies were curt and surly. The Honorable Betty also ate nothing. She sat, wondering if her maid could pack five trunks in two hours.  
 I had quite a time of it myself that night. As I predicted, I received a visit from the police in regard to Mr.



"He Was Not Alone."

Scharfenstein. I explained the matter the best I knew how, and confessed that he had hurriedly left the city for parts unknown. I did not consider it absolutely essential that I should declare that I had seen him enter a railway carriage for Dresden. Besides this, I had to stand sponsor for the other boys and explain at length that they were in no wise concerned with Mr. Scharfenstein's great offense. The police were courteous and deferential, admitting that Max was the culprit. He had drawn a revolver in a public restaurant; he had broken a grave law. The Inspector wrote a dozen telegrams and dispatched them from the consulate. I had, at his request, offered him the blanks.  
 At 11 I received a telephone call from the Continental hotel. It was a woman's voice, and my heart beat violently as I recognized it. I was requested to come at once to the hotel. I should find her in the ladies' salon. I walked the distance in ten minutes. She told me all that had happened.  
 "By this time it is all over the city. But it is all nonsense about her highness' eloping with any one. She is too nobly born to commit such a folly. She has simply run away; and I very much fear that she will be caught. The duke is in a terrible temper. I could not remain in the palace, for the duke suspects that I know where she has gone. I have my passports. The British consul is away hunting. You were the only English-speaking person to whom I could come for aid."  
 "I am very glad."  
 "Will it be asking too much of you to aid me in leaving Barschelt tonight? There is a train at one o'clock for Dresden."  
 "Leave Barschelt?" My heart sank dismally.  
 "Oh,"—with a smile,—"the world is small and England is even smaller."  
 "I shall have to give up the consulate,"—gravely.  
 She laughed. "I shall be in England for something more than a year. Truthfully, I hunger for mine own people. You know what that hunger is."  
 "Yes. I shall go home as often as possible now. I always stop a few days in London."  
 "Then I shall expect to see you; perhaps during the holidays. I am determined to leave Barschelt before the duke changes his mind. Heavens, he may put me in prison!"  
 "I doubt that."  
 I saw to it that she secured a sleeping compartment all to herself, took charge of her luggage and carefully examined her papers. Then we had a small supper. I wanted to ask a thousand questions, but my courage lacked the proper key.  
 "May I have the pleasure of writing to you occasionally?" I finally ventured. "I am sure that you would like a bit of Barschelt gossip from time to time."  
 "Write to me, by all means. I shall await these letters with great pleasure."

"And answer them?"—growing bolder.  
 "It is easily seen that you are a diplomat. Yes, I shall answer them. Heigh-ho! I shall miss my rides." What a brave little woman she was!  
 Finally we started for the station, and I saw her to the gates. We shook hands, and I was sure I felt a very friendly pressure; and then she disappeared. There was altogether a different feeling in my heart as I watched her train draw out. Eh, well, the world is small and England is smaller, even as she had said. It's a mighty fine world, when you get the proper angle of vision.

**CHAPTER IX.**  
 There was very little light in the compartment into which Max had so successfully dived. Some one had turned down the wicks of the oil lamps which hung suspended between the luggage racks above, and the gloom was notable rather than subdued. So far as he was concerned he was perfectly contented; his security was all the greater. He pressed his face against the window and peered out. The lights of the city flashed by, and finally grew few and far between, and then came the blackness of the country. It would take an hour and a half to cross the frontier, and there would be no stop this side, for which he was grateful. He swore, mumbling. To have come all this way to study, and then to leg it in this ignominious fashion! It was downright scandalous! Whoever heard of such laws? Of course he had been rather silly in pulling his gun, for even in the United States—where he devoutly wished himself at that moment—it was a misdemeanor to carry concealed weapons. He felt of his cheek. He would return some day, and if it was the last thing he ever did, he would slash that lieutenant's cheeks. The insolent beggar! To be struck and not to strike back! He choked.  
 Gradually his eyes became accustomed to the dim light, and he cast about.  
 "The deuce!" he muttered.  
 He was not alone. Huddled in the far corner was a woman heavily veiled. Young or old, he could not tell. She sat motionless, and appeared to be looking out of the opposite window. Well, so long as she did not bother him he would not bother her. But he would much rather have been alone.  
 He took out his passport and tried to read it. It was impossible. So he rose, steadied himself, and turned up the wick of one of the lamps.  
 He did not hear the muffled exclamation which came from the other end.  
 He dropped back upon the cushion and began to read. So he was George Ellis, an American student in good standing; he was aged 29, had blue eyes, light hair, was six feet tall, and weighed 154 pounds. Ha! he had, then, lost 30 pounds in as many minutes? At this rate he wouldn't cast a shadow when he struck Dresden. He had studied three years at the college; but what the deuce had he studied? If they were only asleep at the frontier! He returned the document to his pocket, and as he did so his fingers came into contact with the purse he had picked up in the road that morning—Hildegarde von Heidelberg. What meant Fate in crossing her path with his? He had been perfectly contented in mind and heart before that first morning ride; and here he was, sighing like a furnace. She had been merely pretty on Monday, on Tuesday she had been handsome, on Wednesday she had been adorable; now she was the most beautiful woman that ever lived. (Ah, the progressive adjective, that litany of love!) Alas! It was quite evident that she had passed out of his life as suddenly and mysteriously as she had entered it. He would keep the purse as a souvenir, and some day, when he was an old man, he would open it.  
 There is something compelling in the human eye, a magnetism upon which Science has yet to put her cold and unromantic finger. Have you never experienced the sensation that some one was looking at you? Doubtless you have. Well, Max presently turned his glance toward his silent fellow traveler. She had lifted her veil and was staring at him with wondering, fearing eyes. These eyes were somewhat red, as if the little bees of grief had stung them.  
 "You!" he cried, the blood thumping into his throat. He tossed his hat to the floor and started for her end of the compartment.  
 She held up a hand as if to ward off his approach. "I can hear perfectly," she said; "it is not needful that you should come any nearer."  
 He sat down confused. He could not remember when his heart had beaten so irregularly.  
 "May I ask how you came to enter this compartment?" she asked coldly.  
 "I jumped in,"—simply. What was to account for this strange attitude?  
 "So I observe. What I meant was, by what right?"  
 "It happened to be the only door at hand, and I was in a great hurry." Where was his usual collectedness of thought? He was embarrassed and angry at the knowledge.  
 (TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK)



**Look Out  
 for  
 "Stars"  
 Below**

The man at the top and the man below— all sorts of people look out for "Star" when they want a good chew.

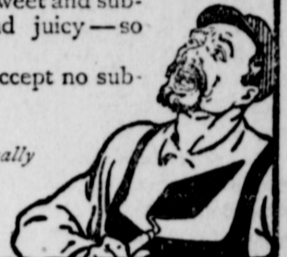
**STAR**

PLUG CHEWING TOBACCO

"Star" quality has never been equaled—"Star" value is beyond competition—"Star" sales are greater than the total sales of any five other kinds. The best is always the cheapest—"Star" is far more economical than other chews because it's so good—so rich and waxy, so sweet and substantial—so wholesome and juicy—so elastic and lasting.  
 Be sure and get "Star"—accept no substitute.

150,000,000 10c. pieces sold annually

In All Stores



**Big  
 Clearance  
 Sale**

You would think Clearance if you could see the ladies crowd in to buy the new styles for fall and winter. Come on, haven't time to write an ad.

**MRS. A. M. MILLER**  
 Baird, Texas

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

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

**\$50.00 Reward.**  
 We will give \$50.00 to anyone furnishing evidence that will lead to the arrest and conviction of any person or persons violating the Local Option Law.  
 T. A. IRVIN, Sheriff.  
 W. R. ELY, Co. Atty.  
 45

Tablets, Pencils, Ink etc. Powell & Powell, 41-tf.

School tablets! Go to Hammans Bros. for them. 38 35

Wall paper, paints oils, varnishes, etc. Powell & Powell. 41

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

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

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

New line of wall paper at Powell & Powell's 16-tf.

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

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



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

W. E. HILLILAND,  
Editor and Proprietor.

Subscription Rates.

One year.....\$1.00  
Six months......50 cts  
Terms: Cash in advance.

New Years Greeting.

To our Friends and Subscribers: We hope you have had a pleasant Christmas, and wish you one and all a Prosperous and Happy New Year.  
THE STAR.

"What's the use of running when there is plenty of time to walk"—W. B. Patton in Slow Poke. This might well apply to the sidewalk proposition in Baird.

Former State Senator Hawkins warns Senator Bailey by wire not to resign as he might not be reelected, says he speaks from personal knowledge. Senator Bailey has not resigned and not likely to do so, as much as he commended Hawkins for doing so.

News comes from Washington that Senator Bailey was considering the question of resigning and go before the primary next year as a candidate to succeed himself. Senator Bailey, however, says there is nothing in the report. Senator Bailey advised those members of the legislature who opposed him to resign and go back to the people, but he will likely not apply this rule to himself until his time is out.

There are many things the people of Callahan county should work for the coming year; but the two most important are better schools and better roads. Callahan county is lagging behind some new counties in the west on these two important questions. Good roads and good schools make a country attractive to new comers, but if they did not, the people of Callahan county deserve better facilities for both than they have. All we need is unity of action, but unfortunately we cannot always get this, but let us hope conditions will improve before the New Year goes out.

Congressman John Sharp Williams of Mississippi, and A. D. DeArmand of Missouri, engaged in a fist-fight in the Hall of Representatives a few days ago. The House had adjourned, hence no mention of the unpleasantness appears in the Record. DeArmand has for years aspired to be leader of the Democrats in the House of Representatives, but the party has invariably turned him down, and he has become a chronic kicker. He makes trouble for every man the Democrats select as leader and has been doing this for years. He seems to have a greater opinion of his ability than any one else and becomes angry because he cannot have his way. He become offended at Williams because of some committee appointments, and proceeded to raise a rough house with Williams just after adjournment. DeArmand made no end of trouble for Bailey and every other minority leader of the Democrats of late years. He is a chronic aspirant for something he cannot obtain from his colleagues, and failing kicks worse than a Missouri mule. If he cannot obtain prominence with his mouth perhaps he can do so with his fists, though he is not a heavy weight physically. He and Williams both do not weigh near as much as Secretary of War Taft.

THE COUNTY CAMPAIGN

The campaign in this county will probably open up in earnest early in the coming year from all indications. Candidates mentioned for county offices are not numerous. T. A. Irvin, the present sheriff and tax collector, authorizes THE STAR to say that he will be a candidate for reelection, and we expect his announcement possibly next week. Whether he will have opposition is not certain. Chas. Allen, of Oplin, and Lee McCammon of Clyde, have both been mentioned as probable candidates for Sheriff. Geo. B. Scott, county clerk, will be a candidate for reelection, so will County Superintendent R. D. Green, W. E. Melton, county treasurer, Uncle Tom Norrell, tax assessor; and T. H. Floyd, county surveyor. Whether any or all of these will have an opponent we cannot say as we have heard of none except for county school superintendent, Prof. H. C. Darden is mentioned for this place. Possibly there will be a number out for each office, though fewer men have been mentioned as probable candidates, we believe than in previous years up to this time. As the Democratic primary settles the question as to who will be our county officers, things will live up no doubt, soon after New Year's day.

The Republicans will hold their National Convention in Chicago and the Democrats at Denver.

With this issue THE STAR bids good-bye to the old year, as this is the last issue of THE STAR for this year. This makes twenty-one issues of THE STAR during Christmas week without a single omission, something few country weeklies in Texas, and none within a hundred miles of Baird, can say. Years ago it was the custom of country papers to omit an issue during Christmas week; THE STAR never observed the rule, and dislikes to do so after twenty years.

Our observation convinces us that prohibition whiskey will make a man cut about as many queer didoes as saloon booze. No difference that we can see as to the amount used, judging by those noticed under the influence of the stuff in Baird lately. But then they tell us prohibition is a great thing and perhaps is in many ways.

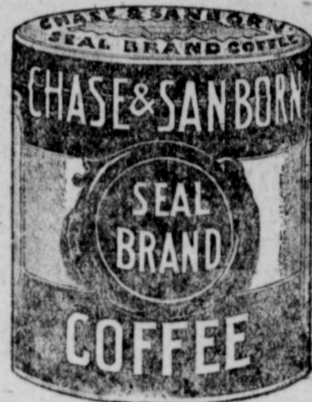
Did you ever stop to contemplate the vast array of aimless lives? There are throngs with nothing before them. There is no aim—and, then no telling shot. It is said that at the battle of Pittsburg Landing, during the Civil war, 6,000 shots were fired for every man that was killed. It was evident that they fired at random—and hit nothing. Don't aim until you have no time to shoot; but, be sure to take aim.—Marvin Nichols.

Judging from the amount of trade in Baird the past few days the so-called panic has no terrors for the people of either town or country in this section. We have no figures or amount of holiday and other goods sold this year but in the twenty years we have lived in Baird we never noticed such activity in the holiday trade, delivery hacks going everywhere and far into the night, and most every man, woman and child going home were carrying an armful of Christmas packages. Well we are glad to see such things as it proves that our people as a whole are prosperous and happy.

It is reported that Prof. Gross' dwelling was burned at Eula on Christmas eve.

Murray Harris Road Master on Eastern Division of the T. & P., is at home with his family for the holidays.

Now  
Is the  
Time  
to Buy  
Your



GROGGERIES

Phone No. 4

McGOWEN BROS.,

No Tickets Sold.

Mr. J. B. Harmon informed us this morning that for the first time, probably since the T. & P. road reached Baird, no tickets to the old states were sold at Baird, this Christmas. Tickets were on sale, but none were sold, partly because of a mistake about dates. A few came in to buy tickets, but come on the wrong day. Probably the main reason was that for the first time in twenty-years the T. & P. failed to advertise holiday excursion rates in THE BAIRD STAR. Mr. Harmon said he believed it would pay the Company to advertise in local papers, even if they had to pay cash. The railroad companies evidently don't think so, as few local papers in Texas carry any railroad ads since the anti-pass law went into effect. The railroad companies put all their advertising in the daily press in the large cities and ignore the local papers. Had the T. & P. advertised their holiday rates in THE STAR as heretofore we verily believe they would have sold enough tickets to pay for the cost of the ad more than a hundred fold. Failure to advertise rates in THE STAR may have had nothing to do with the fluke in sales, but it is significant that this is the first time in twenty years that holiday rates were not advertised in THE STAR and it is the first time in all that time that no tickets for the old states were sold at Baird. Advertising pays, but it is hard to convince even keen, shrewd men at the head of railroad and other corporations, as well as some merchants.

CONTINUED.—B. L. Boydston's Sweeping Sale has been continued until Dec. 25th. 2-2t

Guy Clauneh, aged about twenty two years, an employe at the Round House had a leg crushed by an engine near the Round House Saturday night. Dr. Powell, local surgeon for the Company was called and dressed the wound and the young man sent to Marshall to the Company hospital on the night train. Ed Lambert and Webb went with him as far as Fort Worth. Dr. Powell informed us this morning that he had heard that the young man was dead.

Bob Stephenson, of Eula, was in town Monday.

Go to McGowen Bros. for groceries

If you want fresh groceries go to Clement & Price. 45.

We regret to learn that Miss Mary daughter of our old friend, W. H. Perry, living west of town, has again become mentally unbalanced and will be sent to the asylum for the insane at Austin as soon as room can be made for her. She was unable to come to town and the officers County Judge C. D. Russell, County Clerk Geo. Scott and Sheriff Irvin went out the home Tuesday where a jury was summoned and case tried in accordance with the law. Mrs. Perry, mother of Miss Mary has been seriously ill for over a month and this is believed worried her daughter so as to cause a return of her old trouble. We sincerely sympathize with Mr. Perry and family in this affliction.

Richard Cordwent, the well known ranchman was in town Tuesday.

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

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

NOTE:—Announcement fees for all District and County offices \$10.00 payable in advance.

We are authorized to announce the following candidates for office subject to the Democratic primary:

FOR DISTRICT JUDGE.

42d District composed of the counties of Callahan, Eastland, Stephens, Shackelford and Taylor:

- THOMAS L. BLANTON,  
of Albany.
- J. T. HAMMONS,  
of Eastland.

DEAD LETTER LIST.

The following is a list of letters remaining unclaimed in the Post-office for the week ending Dec. 14, 1907. Parties calling for the same will please say advertised.

- Aleman Sn. Aurelio.
- J. H. Balkner.
- J. M. Brown.
- G. W. Cox.
- Oscar Castros.
- J. H. Jordan.
- M. A. Jones.
- Luna Snr. Liandro.
- Rev. John R. Morris.
- Jas Vaughn.
- J. V. McMANIS, P.M.

Pete Fulcher of Oplin was in town Tuesday and renewed his subscription to THE STAR.

J. K. P. Wright, of Admiral, was in town Saturday. He seem to have regained his health completely. He has suffered for two years with a cancer on his right ear, and many of his friends believed he would never recover. He went to an old cancer doctor in Burnet County who cured him sound and well.



# New Year Is Here

And so are we with the largest and most complete line of Staple and Fancy Groceries ever brought to this City, and the prices that we are making for CASH are astonishing the people. We can save you money on your grocery and feed bill. Come and try us.

PHONE US YOUR CHRISTMAS ORDERS

## J. G. Jones

The Grocer  
Phone 231  
Baird, Tex

### It's Financial Strength

Your attention is directed to the names of the following well known business men, who comprise our Board of Directors

T. E. Powell S. L. Driskill  
H. W. Ross Fred L. Alvord A. G. Webb  
Harry Meyer Fred Lane

In addition to the above, we have a strong body of stockholders, all home people who you know, whose standing and responsibility give increased strength to the institution.

**THE HOME NATIONAL BANK**  
Baird, Texas.

#### PERSONAL

**Farms For Rent.**—I have three good farms for rent.  
3tf H. H. Ramsey.

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

Ed Lambert spent Christmas with relatives at Granbury.

Miss Alice Gilliland from Polytechnic College, Fort Worth, is at home during the holidays.

Misses Hallie and Daisy Powell from St. Marys College, Dallas, are at home for the holidays.

Miss Jennie Bee Bonham is spending the holidays with the home folks at Cleburne.

Mrs. Dora Barringer, of Rockwall, spent Christmas with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. D. Boydston.

Miss Zettie Dean, who is attending the State Normal at Denton, is at home for the holidays.

Miss Ella Alvord, who is attending school at Weatherford, came home to spend the holidays.

Miss Pearl Birmingham, the popular teacher in primary department of the Baird Public School, is spending the holidays at her home at Wylie.

Misses Mable Miller and Margaret Seale from Ursaline Academy, Dallas are spending the holidays with the home folks.

All the new cloaks at Schwartz. Prices absolutely the lowest. 46

C. B. Holmes is visiting in Big Springs.

Miss Jennie Harris spent Christmas day with her parents at Admiral.

Mr. and Mrs. S. M. Braswell left last night for their home at Italy.

Mr. and Mrs. Lonnie Day are visiting in Eastland.

Mrs. I. N. Jackson entertained a few young people at a "42" party Christmas night.

Mr. Hughes, of Abilene spent Christmas day with J. B. Stokes.

Harry Meyer and Dolph Tisdale have gone to Hamlin.

Henry Pratt of Stamford, is visiting friends here.

Gray Powell, Jesse James, Rupert and Lelan Jackson, from Carlisle's Military Academy, Arlington, are at home for the holidays.

Miss Roma Foy, of Stamford, Hugo Foy, of Palestine and Fred Foy from the A. and M. College, Bryan, are at home for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Henson, of Kansas City, are visiting Mrs. Henson's parents, J. D. Boydston and wife.

Earnest Lowe, who has been working in Boydston's dry goods store for sometime, left Tuesday for his home at Rockwall.

**Ring Lost.**—Ladies ring, set with several small opals. Lost on Christmas day between Postoffice and Spencers' lumber yard. Finder will be rewarded by returning to 4tf Mrs. J. B. CUTBERTH.

Miss Kate McDermott who has had charge of the millinery department of Wristen & Johnson's store, left Monday for her home near Dressy.

Dan Bean, of Dressy, was in town Tuesday.

Doc Hornsby was in town Tuesday.

Mrs. Oris Phillips and Horrall Phillips of Rotan are visiting Mr. and Mrs. R. Phillips.

Mrs. Thos. Brigance and Miss Cora McDermott of Fort Worth, are visiting their parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. McDermott.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Hinds and daughter Miss Ethel, are spending the holidays at Big Springs.

L. D. Boyd spent Christmas with friends in Strawn.

Miss Hattie Griggs, who is attending school at Brownwood, is spending the holidays with her parents near Baird.

Ed Arnold has returned from El Paso, where he spent several days visiting his brother, Walter Arnold.

Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Austin, of Clyde, spent Christmas day with Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Webb.

Bennie Russell Jr. who is attending the Scranton school, is spending the holidays with relatives here.

Dennis Ryan, formerly of Baird, but now living at Tucson, Arizona, was in Baird last Friday enroute home from Pittsburg, Pa., where he was called by the death of his only brother. Mrs. Than Warren went home with Mr. Ryan for months visit.

Rev. J. H. Chambliss was called to Wheatland the first of the week by the illness of his daughter, Miss Kate Chambliss, who was teaching music at that place. Rev. Chambliss returned home yesterday morning bringing his daughter with him. We hope the change will help her.

#### FOR SALE.

East half of the McManis Ranch on Pecan Bayou. About 400 acres, 100 acres tillible land, 25 acres in cultivation. Plenty of water, good pecan timber and good three room house. Can fix to irrigate at small expense. Price \$10 per acre. 52 McMANIS Bros.

A. T. Young, John Blakely and a whole lot of other Belle Plainites were in town Monday.

John Walker, W. H. Dawkins, Uncle Billie Smartt and others from Admiral were in town Monday. The two first named renewed their put-up-in-advance subs to THE STAR.

R. G. Cook, of Eagle Cove, dropped into THE STAR office Tuesday and had his name enrolled on our subscription list. Mr. Cook has been in this County about two years and says he always took his County paper, but neglected it longer than usual this time.

Some say this has been the noisiest Christmas in Baird for years, more fireworks than usual were used and the racket began, Tuesday and kept up until far into the night both Tuesday and Wednesday night. The streets everywhere are littered with the debris of exploded fire crackers, rockets and roman candles. There was considerable drinking, but the crowd were usually good natured and only out for fun, we only heard of one fight, though several rows were reported. Only one serious accident reported that we heard of. Marcin Terry was shot in the eye with a roman candle last night and painfully hurt, but could not learn whether the sight was destroyed. That no serious fire resulted certainly is fortunate for the town. We believe in letting all have as much fun as possible, but promiscuous use of fire works on the main streets should not be permitted in the future.



## SENATOR MALLORY DIES.

Distinguished Southerner Has Passed Away.

PROMINENT IN POLITICS.

Soldier and Midshipman in Confederate Cause, Served in Both Branches of Florida Legislature and Member of National House and Senate.

Pensacola, Fla., Dec. 23.—Senator Stephen Russell Mallory died at his residence in this city at 12:40 o'clock this morning.

Senator Mallory was born Nov. 2, 1818. He entered the Confederate army in Virginia in the fall of 1864. In the spring of 1865 he was appointed midshipman in the Confederate navy. He was graduated from Georgetown college, District of Columbia, in June, 1869, and admitted to the supreme court of Louisiana at New Orleans in 1873. He removed to Pensacola in



SENATOR STEPHEN R. MALLORY OF FLORIDA.

1874, where he practiced his profession. Was elected to the lower house of the Florida legislature during 1876 and to the senate of Florida in 1880, and was re-elected in 1884. He was elected to the Fifty-second and Fifty-third congresses from the First district of Florida, and was elected to the United States senate by the Florida legislature for the term beginning March 4, 1897, and was re-elected in 1897. His term of service would have expired March 3, 1909. The degree of L. L. D. was conferred upon him by the Georgetown university in 1904.

Senator Mallory was a member of the state committee on commerce, fisheries, naval affairs, Philippines and Porto Rico, patents, public health and national quarantine and the revision of the laws of the United States.

### JURY OF WOMEN.

Decided That a Garment in Controversy Was Proper Fit.

Denver, Dec. 21.—For the first time in Colorado's history, and perhaps in the history of the country, a jury composed entirely of women has served throughout a law suit, finally rendering verdict. The suit was tried before Justice Carlon and involved the question whether a garment purchased by a woman from a local merchant fitted the purchaser. The jury decided that it did fit.

### CANNOT ENDORSE PROHIBITION.

Donates Estate to Church and Will Leave the Tar Heel State.

Asheville, N. C., Dec. 23.—Because this city endorsed prohibition, John A. Roebing, the second largest local taxpayer, whose father built the Brooklyn bridge, has donated Brauxchenna, his \$500,000 estate, between Asheville and Billmore, to the Presbyterian Church of America and will return to Trenton, N. J., his former home. Mr. Roebing says he will never again set foot on North Carolina soil.

### WILLIAM GARLAND SUICIDES.

Noted Author and Son of Late United States Attorney General.

Little Rock, Dec. 23.—William Garland, son of the late United States Senator and Attorney General Garland, committed suicide at the Marion hotel. Mrs. Garland was the author of a number of interesting books.

### QUICKLY EXPIRES.

Arises, Takes a Bath, Feels Pain Over Heart and Soon a Corpse.

San Antonio, Dec. 19.—Julius C. A. Piper, sixty-four years old, fifty years a resident of this city and a prominent business man, arose early, as was his custom, took a bath, felt a pain over his heart and died in a few minutes.

### Bullet Kills Girl.

Asheville, N. C., Dec. 23.—Saying he wanted "to hear it sound," Joe Lance, a passenger on a train, shot his revolver near Buena Vista, killing Miss Athens Green. The train was stopped and Lance arrested. He came

near being lynched.

### Captain and Wife Drown.

New Haven, Conn., Dec. 24.—Captain Henry Scribner of the barge New Haven and wife were drowned off here. Seven barges in tow of tug James McWilliams foundered. Six men were rescued by the McWilliams' crew.

### Talk Brings Cash.

New York, Dec. 24.—Rev. Dr. Aked, pastor of the Fifth Avenue Baptist church, informed his congregation Sunday he would have to have \$7,000 at once. It was raised.

### REQUEST REFUSED.

Supreme Court Rules Adverse to the State.

Austin, Dec. 24.—The supreme court in an opinion by Associate Justice Brown, refused the State's motion to appoint a receiver for the Waters-Pierce Oil company or of a custodian or guardian for the property. The court decided nothing as to the propriety of the appointment of Eckhardt or its regularity, but contented itself with saying that the defendant company had the right to appeal from said appointment. In this connection, however, the court failed to respond to the State's contention that the statutes did not authorize a supersedeas bond in receivership matters. The court held that inasmuch as the court had permitted it to be superseded that the court could not disturb that status.

The court sustained the state's view that it had the inherent power to appoint a receiver when necessary to protect its jurisdiction, but did not think it was necessary in this instance.

Although the court of civil appeals held that the action of the Federal court in taking charge of the property was an invasion of the jurisdiction of the state court, and although the attorney general called the court's attention to the invasion and represented to that court that the Federal receiver was paying out money contrary to the mandate of the United States circuit court of appeals, the supreme court took but slight notice of that situation.

### HIT NEAR HEART.

Blacksmith Accidentally Shot, Exploding in Thirty Minutes.

Fort Worth, Dec. 24.—While engaged in shoeing a horse Jesse R. Tacker, thirty years old, stepped into the office of his blacksmith shop for a few minutes and about ten seconds later (those outside heard the report of a pistol. Tacker was found with a wound in his left breast where the bullet had penetrated near the heart. He was conscious until just before the end came, which was in thirty minutes. He explained to those about him, as he grew weaker, that the shooting was accidental. The bullet was from a .38-caliber hammerless pistol. Coroner's verdict was accidental death.

### NATIONAL BANKS.

Their Condition at Close of Business on Dec. 3.

Washington, Dec. 24.—A statement showing the condition of the national banks of the United States at the close of business Dec. 3 was made public by the controller of the currency. It shows that the total loans and discounts of the banks aggregate \$4,532,327,694; individual deposits, \$1,176,375,717; cash resources, \$660,784,736; capital stock, \$901,681,682; United States deposits, \$223,117,982. The new balances of clearing house certificates in the banks on the date named was \$484,344,128. The percentage of legal reserve to deposits is 21.31 per cent.

### DOZEN DEMOLISHED.

Dynamite Explosion And Great Damage and Some Persons Hurt.

Ottawa, Ill., Dec. 24.—As a result of a dynamite explosion here upward of a dozen houses were wrecked and glass was shattered in more than fifty houses. Several persons were injured but not fatally. The property loss exceeds \$50,000.

The dynamite, which was for use in small quantities in excavating a river, was accidentally exploded.

### FRIGHTFUL FIGHT.

Emptied Revolvers, Clinched and Wound Up With Knives.

Vaiden, Miss., Dec. 24.—Maury Davis, a young white man, was killed by William Spinx, a negro, with whom he had quarrelled. The negro was fatally wounded. He two emptied their revolvers at each other, and then clinched, finishing the fight with knives.

### Failed to Agree.

Laredo, Tex., Dec. 24.—The jury in the Essary murder case, where the father and son were charged with killing young Arturo Alexander at Palafox, the father being on trial, was discharged this evening, being unable to agree on a verdict, after being out for nearly a week.

## DOUGLASS DIES.

Superintendent of Reformatory Quickly Expires.

Austin, Dec. 20.—The governor received a telegram announcing the sudden death of Captain E. G. Douglass, superintendent of the Gateville reformatory. The cause of his death was not given. Deceased was former state senator from Grayson county.

In the district court in the case of the Santa Fe against the railroad commission to set aside the lumber rate north of Beaumont Judge Wilcox sustained the demurrer interposed by the attorney general to the effect that one lumber rate could not be assailed without attacking all lumber rates. The Santa Fe gave notice of appeal to the court of civil appeals.

### GUTHRIES' GREETING.

Mr. Bryan Kept Busy Shaking Hands With Thousands of People.

Guthrie, Dec. 23.—Hon. W. J. Bryan addressed the legislature Saturday and was given an ovation. Mr. Bryan arrived at Guthrie from Wichita, Kan., early in the day. He was met at the station by state officials, members of supreme court, members of Democratic central committee and others of prominence. Previous to addressing the legislature, he was given a reception, shaking hands with several thousand people. When he entered the legislative building Mr. Bryan was given an ovation. His address was applauded most enthusiastically.

At night the Nebraskan was tendered a banquet, at which many were present.

### FIENDISH ACT.

Individual Sets Fire to House Containing His Bedridden Wife.

Bridgeport, Conn., Dec. 20.—Thomas McCann set fire to the house in which his lay bedridden. Their daughter rushed through the smoke and flames and carried her mother to safety. Both women were slightly burned and nearly suffocated. They will recover. McCann later gave himself up to the police, saying the house was his and he had a right to burn it if he wanted to. His family refused to leave the house, he said, and he was trying to smoke them out.

### DIVES INTO WELL.

Illness and Financial Worry Drive George Gill to Suicide.

Homer, La., Dec. 21.—Illness and financial worry were responsible for the suicide of George Gill, manager of the local cotton exchange. Interrupting an interview with his physician, Mr. Gill walked over to the rear of his residence and dived into a well. He fractured his skull on a bucket.

### GIVES HIMSELF UP.

Stated That He Had Killed a Man at Mount Vernon, Tex.

Mount Vernon, Wash., Dec. 23.—William Vigerstaff walked into the sheriff's office and surrendered himself, saying that he was wanted at Mount Vernon, Franklin county, Texas, for murder. Vigerstaff informed the authorities here that the Texas killing occurred in an election row, he being deputy sheriff at that time.

### USE NITROGLYCERIN.

Postoffice Burglarized and Considerable Cash Is Secured.

Sulphur, Okla., Dec. 20.—The postoffice here was burglarized and the robbers escaped with \$600 in money order funds and a considerable amount of registered matter. The freebooters entered the postoffice by prizing up a rear window, and used nitroglycerin to blow open the safe. Residents heard the explosion, but no alarm was turned in. The safe door was blown off and the funds within the steel box secured.

Pittsburg, Dec. 24.—W. Watias, a billiardroom proprietor, was shot and fatally injured by a highwayman at McKeesport, near here. Athias knocked one of the thugs down by striking him with a canvas bag containing \$50 in silver. The highwaymen escaped.

### Cathedral Dedicated.

Seattle, Wash., Dec. 24.—With impressive services the cathedral of the newly constituted Catholic diocese of Seattle was formerly dedicated and opened for worship. It was erected at a cost of \$500,000.

### Due to Carelessness.

Des Moines, Ia., Dec. 24.—Fire practically destroyed the W. J. Pratt wallpaper company plant here. Loss is \$100,000. A careless employ dropped a match on the floor which fired two earloads of wallpaper.

### Demise of Denison Pioneer.

Denison, Dec. 23.—M. J. Fitzgerald, for twenty years superintendent of the waterworks, is dead.

### Were Praying.

Jacob's Creek, Dec. 24.—Some Dart mine corpses were found on their knees.

## LUMBER! LUMBER!

We Have The Stock  
We Have The Prices  
We Give Prompt Service  
We Are Anxious to Please

See Us! Figure With Us!! Deal With Us!!!

F.P. Shackelford PUTNAM, TEX.

## SEAY & HASH BRO'S,

LIQUOR DEALERS  
STRAWN, TEXAS

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

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

J. B. STOKES President HENRY JAMES V. P. B. L. RUSSELL Cashier  
W. S. HINES Assistant Cashier

The First National Bank of Baird  
Capital Stock \$50,000.00

If we are strangers to you, call and let us get acquainted. We want your business, and will put forth our best efforts to get and retain it. Careful attention given to the business of our patrons.

## How To Order Meat

PHONE NO. 26

If you want your roast orders delivered in time for dinner, please phone us your order before 8 o'clock, as the wagon is delivering in different parts of the city and may not get around on time if ordered later.

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

W. F. WILSON'S MEAT MARKET

## Buy You a Home

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

## On Easy Terms

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

Only Genuine Hawks Eye Glasses at Powell & Powell. 16-17.

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

Don't be blind and buy your fall suit before you price Schwartz'. 46

When you think of drugs see Powell.

Nice line of folding beds, both upright and mantle. Halsted Bros.

## HOME STUDIO

Is the place to go to get first-class high grade

## Photo Work Done

We finish kodak work and keep a large line of local photo post card views.



## SENSATION IS PUBLISHED

Rumor of a Compromise in the Waters-Pierce Case.

## VIGOROUS DENIAL MADE.

Attorney General's Department States That Action of This Kind Will Not Be Sanctioned by Prosecution Under Any Circumstances.

Austin, Dec. 23.—Quite a stir was created here in the Waters-Pierce Oil company litigation by a story printed in the Statesman to the effect that a compromise was on foot between the state and attorneys for defendants looking to an early settlement of the litigation. This story is strenuously denied by Attorney General Davidson and other attorneys representing the state. Assistant Attorney General Lightfoot said that attorneys for the Waters-Pierce Oil company have frequently suggested that they would like to settle the case, but to all overtures the attorney general has turned a deaf ear; that the company is operating in violation of law, and the state would never compromise or settle the suit, or in anyway sanction defendant company's right to do business in Texas.

Governor Campbell announces that he would not appoint members of the state school text book board until after his return from his outing with Colonel W. J. Bryan.

The comptroller has received a letter from Federal Receiver Dorchester of the Waters-Pierce Oil company enclosing two checks, one for \$16,475 and the other for \$7,644—the first covering the amount of taxes due by this company for the past two quarters on its gross receipts, and the other being the full amount of the penalties due for failure to pay tax when due. Comptroller Stephens has grave doubts about accepting this money at this time, as it may sanction the company's right to do business in Texas. He has taken up the matter with the attorney general's department. It will be remembered that this company had refused to pay this tax until directed by Federal Judge Bryant.

State Health Officer Brumby returned from a tour of the oyster beds in different bays of the state, making investigation as to complaint that bad oysters are being shipped out. He says that he found no evidence of such conditions, although the investigations are being continued. He was accompanied by Pure Food Commissioner.

### GRANTED.

Will Pass on the Writ Certiorari.

Dec. 23.—The United States supreme court granted a stay of the mandate of the New Orleans Federal court in the Waters-Pierce Oil company case until it can pass on the writ of certiorari, as requested by defendant company. T. W. Gregory, representing the state of Texas, was given five days to file a reply to the oil company's petition for the writ. The chief justice announced it will not take long to dispose of the petition. The decision means the Federal receiver will not be ousted until further orders from the supreme court.

Young Indian Assassinated Just After Making Social Call.

Ardmore, Dec. 20.—John Arlington, an Indian resident at Graham, this county, was instantly killed by an assassin at the home of Rev. Guirin in that town. Young Arlington was making a call, and as he entered the front gate he was fired upon from the shade of the fence. A portion of his head was blown off, and death was instant. The assassin escaped in the dark.

### Bullet in Breast.

Shawnee, Okla., Dec. 19.—A man with letters on his person addressed to Ernest L. Earn of Winnipeg, Manitoba, was found dead here with a bullet hole in his breast. Three men were arrested.

### Aged Dallasite Dead.

Dallas, Dec. 21.—Louis C. Dessaint, a longtime resident and wealthy property owner, is dead, aged ninety-two years.

### Forty Per Cent Less.

Calcutta, Dec. 19.—The yield of Indian cotton this year is estimated officially at 40 per cent below that of last year.

### Found Dead in Bed.

Fort Worth, Dec. 21.—V. S. Smith was found dead in his bed near Handley; natural causes.

### Construction Company Chartered.

Guthrie, Dec. 19.—Manhattan Construction company of this city, capital stock \$100,000, has been chartered.

### Cholera Case.

Honolulu, Dec. 23.—A case of cholera was discovered here. The patient is a Hawaiian stevedore.

## HENDERSON IS NO MORE.

After Several Weeks' Illness He Crosses Death's River.

Dallas, Dec. 23.—After a long illness, Hon. John N. Henderson, associate justice of the Texas court of criminal appeals, breathed his last at his residence in this city at 10 o'clock Sunday night. For the past thirty days his condition was critical.

John Nathaniel Henderson was born in the Abbeville district of South Carolina, Feb. 26, 1843. With his father's family he came to Texas in 1846, the family settling on a farm in Washington county, where he grew to manhood.

After receiving his elementary instruction in the neighborhood schools, he, at the age of fifteen years, entered Baylor university at Independence, where he had for preceptor the veteran educator, Dr. Rufus C. Burison, until interrupted by the war between the states. At the age of seventeen he volunteered as a private in the Dixie Blues, John D. Rogers (now of Galveston), captain. Proceeding to Virginia the company was attached to the Fifth Texas infantry, forming an original constituent of Hood's Texas brigade.

At the battle of Sharpsburg, Va., young Henderson had an arm so badly shot amputation was necessary. After recovering he re-entered the service and served on the staff of Gen. Jerome B. Robertson.

At the conclusion of hostilities Mr. Henderson completed his law course at Baylor university and after graduating he opened office at Bryan with two of his old college mates, A. Bledsoe and J. S. Perry, the firm continuing for several years. In 1874 Judge Henderson was elected district attorney of the Bryan district, composed of Brazos county and adjoining counties. This office he held until 1880, when he was elected state senator from the Bryan district. He served one term as state senator and declined a re-election. In 1888 he was appointed a district judge of the Bryan district by Governor Ross, to fill a vacancy, and was elected to the same office by the people in 1890.

In 1894 he was elected associate justice of the court of criminal appeals, re-elected in 1900 and again in 1906.

Judge Henderson was twice married. His first wife was Miss Hester Hubert, who died in 1871, leaving him one daughter, now Mrs. W. M. Foster of Waco. His second wife, who was Miss Kate Evans of Bryan, survives him. By this union there were three children—Mesdames B. B. Stone of Ballinger and Russell C. Watkins of Houston, and a son—John Thrus-ton Henderson. Surviving sisters and brothers are Mrs. George L. Chandler of Anderson, Mrs. T. C. Fowler of Lampasas, Mrs. J. W. Rhodes of Navasota, Mrs. Ada Henderson, Sam R. Henderson of Bryan and Hon. T. S. Henderson of Cameron.

Judge Henderson removed his family to Dallas about six months ago.

Deceased was a fluent speaker and able writer. Before the state Democratic convention at Galveston he nominated General L. S. Ross for governor. He frequently spoke at Confederate reunions and on other notable occasions.

### STOCKMAN ROBBED.

Held Up by Four Men and Relieved of Large Sum of Money.

San Antonio, Dec. 23.—Near Bracketon, eight miles from San Antonio, W. Schaeffer, a stockman, was held up by four men and \$1,200 which he had just realized from a sale of livestock, taken from him. He resides in Comal county.

### BURGLARS' BIG HAUL.

Blew Open Safe and Secured a Considerable Amount.

Grant, Okla., Dec. 24.—With nitroglycerin burglars blew open the safe in the store of Miller & Nelson, securing \$800 in cash and \$600 in due bills.

### Lightning Strikes Home.

Hillsboro, Tex., Dec. 24.—The home of Peter White, a negro, two miles from here, was struck by lightning. The east wall was torn off. White's two daughters were rendered unconscious.

### Swine Breeders' Meeting.

McKamey, Tex., Dec. 24.—President J. P. Moulden of the Texas Swine Breeders' association announces the annual meeting will be held at Cleburne Jan. 7 and 8.

### Foot Burned to Crisp.

Idabel, Okla., Dec. 21.—Six miles west, Sissy Fisher, a Choctaw woman, while alone, fell in a fireplace. Her right foot was burned to a crisp.

### Young Man's Neck Broken.

Grant, Okla., Dec. 24.—Mack Richardson, a young resident of West Paris, Tex., was thrown from a horse near here. His neck was broken.

### Robbed of Large Sum.

Chickasha, Okla., Dec. 24.—At the point of a knife John A. Rolland, a farmer, was held up by two negroes and \$550 taken from him.

### Colonel Keene Passes Away.

Dallas, Dec. 24.—Colonel G. W.

Keene, a Mexican war veteran, died at his residence here, aged eighty-six years.

### Randall County Bonds.

Canyon City, Tex., Dec. 19.—By sixty-four majority this county voted \$53,000 courthouse bond issue.

### Three Carloads of Peanuts.

Terrell, Tex., Dec. 19.—Three carloads of peanuts have been received by the Terrell Peanut factory.

### Electric Light Plant.

Okeene, Okla., Dec. 19.—An electric light plant has been installed here.

B. L. Boydston's Sale is continued until Dec. 25. 2-2t

When you see Powell think of drugs. 16-ft

### ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS REWARD.

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

J. B. CUTBIRTH, Pres.

A. G. WEBB, Secy.

### A Good Ending

Old people are especially prone to stomach, liver and bowel ailments. Old age can be made the pleasant time of life if these diseases can be avoided. They can be avoided, and cured by the use of Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which cures chronic constipation, dyspepsia, liver troubles, heartburn, sour stomach, flatulency, indigestion, etc. It is guaranteed to do what we claim, and if you want to try it before buying, send your address for a free sample bottle to Pepsin Syrup Co., 119 Caldwell Bldg Monticello, Ill. It is sold by Powell & Powell at 50c and \$1 a bottle.

### PAY UP.

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

Wanted:—Every lady in Baird and Callahan county to call and inspect our new line of furniture. We claim the largest and most complete line ever displayed in Baird, at reasonable prices. Halsted Bros. 51

### THAT'S IT!

Cough yourself into a fit of spasms and then wonder why you don't get well. If you will only try a bottle of Ballard's Horehound Syrup your cough will be a thing of the past. It is a positive cure for Coughs, Influenza, Bronchitis and all Pulmonary diseases. One bottle will convince you—at your druggist, 25c, 50c \$1.00. Sold by Powell & Powell

### Cook Stoves.

We carry more cook stoves than all the balance of Baird combined. Halsted Bros. 51

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

### WHAT'S

worth doing is worth doing well. If you wish to be cured of Rheumatism use Ballard's Show Liniment and you will be cured. A positive cure for Sprains, Neuralgia, Bruises, Contracted Muscles and all the ill that flesh is heir to. A. G. M. Williams Navasota, Texas, writes: "I have used Snow Liniment for sprained ankle and it gave the best satisfaction I always keep it in the house." Sold by Powell & Powell.

### Notice.

"Magnolia" and "Angel Food" flour, guaranteed best in town. Sold by CLEMENT & PRICE. 45

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

See McGowan Bros. for groceries.

A lot of new bracelets. See them Powell & Powell. 16-ft

Remember B. L. Boydston's Sweeping Sale continues until Dec. 25th. 2-2t

Clement & Price, sole agents for "Pleasant Cup" coffee. Guaranteed best in town. Try it. 45

G. A. Clement

J. J. Price

## Clement & Price

Dealers in

Fancy and Staple Groceries

Also

Fresh Fish, Oysters, Pork and Sausage

And we handle the

Best Flour Made

Give us a trial

We will save you some money

We guarantee satisfaction

PHONE 114

# GREETING

We wish to thank our friends and patrons for the patronage and favors we have received during the past year, which has proved to be the most successful year in the history of our business, and hope for a continuation of the same for the coming year. Wishing all a Merry Xmas and a Bright Happy New Year. We remain yours for future business,

## H. Schwartz

Baird, Texas



## NARRATED IN NOTES.

By 275 majority Mills county, Texas, remains dry.

About \$4,000 worth of liquor was seized at Guthrie.

Immense crosscut works are being erected at Corral, Chila.

First National bank of Eagle Lake, Tex., has resumed business.

Work on the new street railway for Ardmore begins Jan. 1.

One hundred Nebraska lumbermen will visit Texas in February.

On the 20th Amarillo, Tex., had eight inches of snow on the level.

Fred Marr, chief clerk in the Chickasaw land office at Ardmore, died.

Hessman has made its appearance in northern Oklahoma wheat fields.

Armour Packing company's branch at Ardmore was damaged by fire \$1,000.

Oklahoma banking board elected, Lieutenant Governor Bellamy chairman.

J. D. Garner, eighty years old, died at Denison. He went to California in 1849.

Seven barrels of whisky labeled "mosses" were confiscated at Pawnee, Okla.

There are twelve mild cases of smallpox at Georgetown, Tex. All are isolated.

A \$40,000 issue of Young county, Texas, bridge bonds have been registered.

Thomas C. Garner, a switchman, had an arm cut off by a train at Texarkana.

By a coal oil explosion at Tulsa, Okla., Jacob Vaughan was fatally burned.

Mrs. George Pense was thrown from a buggy at Tulsa, Okla., receiving fatal injuries.

The Oklahoma Jim crow law becomes effective in sixty days from passage.

Bank of Sugden, Okla., capital stock \$10,000, a state institution, has been chartered.

Leon Harper, a prominent young man, shot himself to death at Stone- wall, Miss.

Jan. 1 Judge Lauch McLaurin becomes professor of law at the University of Texas.

A Dallas meat dealer was adjudged guilty of violating the pure food law and fined \$50.

Roman Catholic Bishop Forrest of San Antonio has recovered from his severe illness.

Bids will be asked for the construction of a reservoir dam for the Denison waterworks.

Arthur Jackson of Providence, R. I., was frozen to death on a rock in the Pawtucket river.

Several citizens of Muskogee claim to have seen a cigar-shaped airship pass over that city.

J. T. Kindred, seventeen years old, was run over and killed by a loaded wagon near Olney, Tex.

Several killings and robberies have occurred at Teheran, Persia, as result of political disturbances.

While engaged in a liquor raid at Smithtown, N. C., J. W. Hendricks, a revenue officer, was killed.

Congressman Randall introduced a bill in the house to appropriate \$100,000 to fight the green bug pest.

Governor Haskell has appointed C. C. Worrall, editor of the Hobart Chief, state expert printer of Oklahoma.

At Muskogee Aaron Suggs and Lewis Woods, charged with robbing the post-office at Fort Gibson, were acquitted.

Captain E. N. Beauforth of the Royal Scots infantry, a British regiment, was robbed at San Antonio of \$70.

Senator Gore has introduced in the senate a bill providing for the election of United States senators by popular vote.

While shooting at a chicken a playmate seriously shot Johnnie Shaw, a boy, in the stomach at Wilburton, Okla.

Major H. B. Curry, paymaster of the department of the gulf, was thrown from an automobile at Atlanta and killed.

Sanity Anna ranch house, near Terrell, Mex., was robbed by bandits of \$5,000. Two fine horses were also stolen.

While shaving, Professor Eugene Farmer, a leading New Hampshire educator, cut his throat seriously at Concord.

Henry Beasley, who escaped from the asylum at Terrell, Tex., was recaptured at Paris. This is his third escape.

A negro entered the jewelry establishment of H. W. Bounds at Dallas in daylight and escaped with a large diamond ring.

Admiral Evans authorizes the statement that he believes the warships en route to the Pacific will return via the Suez canal.

Alferman Markham of Ada, Okla., was badly scalded by a valve exploding in the plant of the Ada Oil and Cotton company.

C. J. Watkins, general manager of the California Fruit Growers' association, was run over and killed by a wagon at San Bernardino.

At Ensey, Ala., United States Senator Hankhead was operated on. He has been ill several months at Jasper, his home, but is improving.

## PELL DEAD AT DEPOT.

While Talking to a Friend A. Hunter Suddenly Expires.

Waco, Dec. 24.—A. Hunter, who came here six months ago from Paris, Tex., fell dead at the depot while talking to a friend. Heart trouble. He leaves a widow and daughter.

J. W. Bass, engineer of the Katy, whose leg was cut off, died.

Gabe Wesley, a faithful negro, who worked for Mayor Baker thirty years, was shot in the stomach and fatally wounded by a burglar.

## HUNDRED IN MINE.

All Have Been Accounted For and None Lost Their Lives.

Pittsburg, Dec. 24.—It became known that about 100 miners were in Schoonberg mine, near Monongahela, when fire broke out and they narrowly escaped death. The mine is burning freely, but it is said all miners have been accounted for.

## Burned to Death.

Sherman, Tex., Dec. 24.—Advice from Fort Smith, Ark., received here confirm the first news of the death of James A. McVittie of this city, who was burned to death in his room there early Sunday morning. His wife, who is here, is prostrated, and is in a critical condition.

## Merchant Kills Planter.

Shaws, Miss., Dec. 21.—A. A. Wilson, a prominent merchant, shot and killed Bud Doughty, a wealthy planter in the former's store here. It is claimed Doughty was using improper language before ladies in Wilson's store.

## Passed Away at Sea.

Galveston, Dec. 24.—James Beckett of Waco, a cotton man, en route from Galveston to Liverpool on the Leyland steamer Irada, died at sea. A cablegram was received from Liverpool.

## Front of Engine Stove In.

Kinwa, Okla., Dec. 24.—A head-on collision occurred here. Three trainmen were slightly hurt. Front of one engine was stove in.

## Killed at Celeste.

Denison, Dec. 21.—Ted Cassett, a brakeman, was killed at Celeste. His remains were brought here.

Bandits assaulted a ranch house near Tecali, Mex. A man named Morales had his head cut off and his brother disemboweled. The bandits got \$300.

Tax Assessor J. D. Cleary of Dural county, Texas, was shot in the back and killed while in a San Diego restaurant by an unknown party, who fired from the outside.

En route from his home at Rule, Haskell county, Texas, to visit Mississippi relatives, R. L. Nowlin was robbed on an Interurban car between Fort Worth and Dallas of \$80 and four deposit slips on the First National bank of Rule. He had 25 cents left.

## CHILDREN'S

favorite tonic is White's Cream Vermifuge, the cure for worms and all children's diseases. It not only kills the worms, but removes the mucus and slime in which they build their nests. Its action on the child is mild and leaves him in a healthy condition. Joe Daniel, Surmae, Tenn., says that he gave one of his children White's Cream Vermifuge when the doctor thought it had colic and from the first dose the child passed 73 worms. Sold by Powell & Powell.

We carry a full line of comforts, quilts, rugs and mattresses at lowest prices. Halsted Bros. 51

## Mrs. Fenbee of Tennessee.

The stomach is such an easy organ to get out of order. One is troubled with it in the form of indigestion, another constipation, another heart-burn, flatulency, etc. Mrs. Fenbee of Cumberland Furnace, Tenn., suffered for seventeen years from sour stomach. Naturally she tried every thing, and she says nothing ever benefited her until she took Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, and that cured her. It is absolutely guaranteed to do what is claimed, and if you want to try it before buying, send your address for a free sample bottle to Pepsin Syrup Co., 119 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill. It is sold by Powell & Powell at 50c and \$1 a bottle.

Go to Hammans Bros. for your school tablets. 38

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

## SPARKS FROM AN ANVIL.

BY J. MARVIN NICHOLS.

Written specially for THE STAR.

You may own vast loads of gold in some mountain gulch and then be very poor. Wealth is not real until available.

Not what you say you are, but what you do. Put your goods on the market—that's it.

Don't wait for things to turn up—turn up things while you wait. That's the genius for this rapid age.

If you are leading a "dog's life" be sure it is the life of a St Bernard—those splendid watchers of the Alps.

Time is nothing until it records the impact of human thought and action.

If you will put your ear close to the world's great heart, you will hear that which sounds like the sobbing of the sea.

The breadth and beauty of human character is dependent on the ideals so constantly before us.

After all the world stands for one or two creeds. Either, "Down with everything that's up" or "Up with everything that's down."

Just as soon as a fellow gets a fortune, he gets busy trying to prove that he's poor.

Luck smiles on him who has a mind and will do. Indolence prophesies failure—sure and certain.

To my mind, one of the finest periods in modern oratory was delivered by the late Senator John J. Ingalls, in his speech on "The Democracy of Death."

"In the democracy of the dead, all men at last are equal. There is neither rank nor station nor prerogative in the republic of the grave. At this fatal threshold the philosopher ceases to be wise, and the song of the poet is silent. Dives relinquishes his millions, and Lazarus his rags. The poor man is as rich as the richest. And the rich man is as poor as the pauper. The creditor loses his usury, and the debtor is acquitted of his obligation. There the proud surrenders his dignity, the politician his honors, the worldling his pleasures, the invalid needs no physician, and the laborer rests from unrequited toil. Here at last is nature's final decree in equity. The wrongs of time are redressed, injustice is expiated, the irony of fate is refuted, the unequal distribution of wealth, honor, capacity, pleasure, and opportunity which make life so cruel and inexplicable, and the weakest needs no defense. The mightiest captain succumbs to the invincible adversary, who disarms alike the victor and the vanquished."

It takes a great character to stand alone. The man that would go with the majorities only borrows his strength. He's a leech—nothing more. The majesty of a man cannot be measured until he is seen standing in a magnificent minority.

It is said that blessings always come in disguise. Every rose has its thorn, every sweet its bitter. The blacker the storm cloud, the more intensely bright the chain of fire stretched across its bosom. The darker the night, the brighter the day. After all, the shadow may be the price we pay for sunshine.

The toils of the way are many. There are mountain passes deep and wild. Countless are the roads that lead o'er rugged heights. Overtopping the hills of conscious self-abasement lies the summer-land of life. Crosses here—crowns yonder wreaths and palms of victory. Why ture of this world? After all its a good old world! It must be good if from out of it we enter a realm where for ages the eye is "fire and the heart flame.

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## Mrs. Northup, Quincy, Ill.

Mothers should be grateful to know of a remedy for their own stomach, bowel and liver troubles as well as for those of their children. Mrs. Alice Northup of Quincy, Ill., after trying many methods is free to admit that the best one is Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which she uses herself and gives to her family. This grand laxative and tonic is absolutely guaranteed to do what is claimed, and if you want to try it before buying, send your name and address for a free sample bottle to Pepsin Syrup Co., 119 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill. It is sold by Powell & Powell at 50c and \$1 a bottle.

Don't forget school books are cash. Powell & Powell. 41

## Mr. Joseph Murphy.

The number of people who suffer from stomach trouble is beyond telling. Often, too, it is the strongest and more robust who suffer in this way. Joseph Murphy, 1727 W. Market St., Indianapolis, Ind., was so afflicted and for years tried every thing, but he was not cured until he took Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, the great herb laxative compound, which also cures constipation, indigestion and all liver and bowel troubles. It is absolutely guaranteed to do what is claimed, and if you want to try it before buying, send your address for a free sample bottle to Pepsin Syrup Co., 119 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill. It is sold by Powell & Powell at 50c and \$1 a bottle.

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