

CLARENDON NEWS.

SHERMAN TEXAS.

REV. L. H. CARHART, Editor
And Business Manager, Lock
Box 155, Sherman, Texas.

JAS. H. PARKS, Local Editor.
CLARENDON, DONLEY COUNTY, TEXAS

Clarendon News.

Christianity, Temperance, Civilization-- Westward.

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FIFTY CENTS PER YEAR

LOCAL ITEMS.

January 1st to 31st, 1880.

Weather report at Clarendon, Donley county, Texas.

Table with 4 columns: Day of month, 8 A. M., 12 M., 6 P. M., Remarks. Rows 1-26.

The month has been very pleasant not as much high wind as we have reason to expect, but we are preparing for a cold wet spell in Feb. or March.

Send fifty cents for this paper, or cards for our columns.

Copeland visits San Antonio for a few weeks.

There will be preaching regularly, at the usual hours for public worship.

The semi-monthly social gatherings have been pleasant and profitable.

S. P. Reed, Esq., was recently made Superintendent of our Sunday School, the session is at 9.30 a. m.

A young lady from New York is expected this spring to take charge of our school.

If you have a hide to sell be sure to take it to A. Wasson of Sherman (Texas). He pays the highest price and is a wide awake man.

Rev. Mr. Carhart, the editor, is expected to be at Sherman on or about the first of March. Correspondence should be directed there after Feb. 20th.

Mr. Bodwell of Dallas paid us a pleasant visit last month and is expected to return in February or March, with his family, we extend a hearty welcome.

We want a good blacksmith at Clarendon. Considerable plowed land in fine order is for rent at two dollars and fifty cents an acre.

A good saddler and harness maker with stock, especially in high priced saddles suitable for stock men, can find a fine opening at our town.

Five hundred more or less, of good stock cattle are wanted in exchange for a fine ranch embracing a fine lay out well watered. Address this office.

Paris Cox, of Ind., is now settled in Crosby county, and is forming a colony, mostly of Friends. His address is Mt. Blanco, Crosby county, Texas.

Mr. Cone, 30 miles south of town, recently examined his sweet potatoes and finds them keeping well. We have no doubt as to the preservation of vegetables in this country if properly cared for; so also says Mr. Cone.

The Clarendon House has changed hands and will be a private residence in future. Copeland and Glenn have dissolved and Glenn continues the hotel and boarding house business in Mr. Wright's recently completed stone building square meals and reasonable rates.

The library association has been re-organized. Mrs. J. H. Parks was made president; Mrs. L. H. Carhart vice-president; James Glenn, librarian and Mrs. N. D. Freeman chairman of executive committee. Donation of books or periodicals will be gratefully received and accepted for by the librarian.

Oley Rising & Co. made another trip to Sherman last month for goods, lumber, etc. they will return for another trip about March first, leaving Sherman for Clarendon, between the first and fifth of the month. Mr. Rising expects to meet his family from Mass. at that time and several others. The weather will not be settled, and chilly rains and winds may be expected, but for those desiring to come early, this is an excellent chance.

Faith and hope cure more diseases than medicine.

Mr. Rising has done a creditable job of fence and stable building recently. His family expects to join him in the spring.

We have many warm greetings from abroad and not a few who will probably see us at no very distant date.

The fires have been troublesome in the west part of the county, and some of our stock men have to battle bravely for the protection of their ranges.

The ladies supper given on Christmas night was not only excellent, but well patronized, and the proceeds decidedly creditable. The school house is to be repaired and put in better order.

The Christmas tree—briefly noticed in our last, was well loaded with gifts and presented an appearance that would have done credit to a town much larger than ours.

The annual "Round up" of stock from Canadian to Red river, a belt 100 miles in width, will commence about the first of April with the herd of Capt. Goodnight's.

Mr. Ward who made farm and garden at old Contonement, ten miles south-west of Elliott, says everything he planted did well last year. He made money, and will enlarge his operations this year.

We hope to have a Press and office soon at Clarendon, that our paper may be out more regularly and edited and managed more satisfactorily. The place is yet open, but will not remain so long.

Our mail departs from Clarendon northward now on Saturday, and arrives on Monday night. We sometimes have two full sacks of mail; having no express office here, all sorts of trade and goods come and go by the Post.

Express packages prepaid to Dodge City Kansas, and consigned to the care of Oley Rising & Co., Clarendon will be forwarded to destination safely by the mail line which also carries express goods when demanded.

Byers Bros. of Sherman (Texas) are just rolling out the goods to their numerous customers; they keep everything in their line from a plow point to a steam thrasher. Give them a call.

The man who stole our mailing list would steal anything. We verily believe he would steal the wool from a dead nigger's pate, and sell it to the upholster for curled horse hair.

First-class real estate, at half its value, given in security for a loan of 5,000 to 10,000 dollars for three or five years, with interest paid promptly. For name of parties and particulars address this office.

Six hundred and forty acres of land are patented, still for \$320. Small lots near town are in demand, and selling at \$1.50 to 2.50 per acre. This makes a farm and a home at small outlay. Town lots which are exempt from tax, are going every month. Let orders be forwarded early to insure good locations and low rates.

The Lesson Leaf for next year's Sunday school work comes bound in a little quarterly volume, neat and tasteful. The Methodist Episcopal church has cause to be proud of Mr. Vincent Secretary of the Sunday School Union and of the style of publication furnished the public. Our Pan Handle Sunday School is as completely equipped as any in the country. We are in the wilderness, but not of it.

We send this number of the News to many who are not regular subscribers and many who are in arrears. We most earnestly request all who have not subscribed already to do so, and to those of our friends who may be in arrears to pay up and keep going ahead taking our paper. We shall spare no pains to make it attractive, spicy, newsy and reliable, it will contain a vast amount of information in relation to our portion of the Empire State of Texas. It is exactly what every man wants who contemplates "making a move" to better his condition. Price 50 cents per year.

Wanted.

A party of our acquaintance wants to purchase a first class breech loading double barreled shot gun. Remington preferred. A good trade for city or other property given. Address this office with full description and terms.

An Explanation.

We have received notice from several of our subscribers that they had not received the January No. of our paper. While engaged in mailing that number, and before we were through, our mailing list in some unexplainable manner disappeared and although we have made a most diligent search, and offered a liberal reward for it we have not yet been able to get hold of it, hence the delay. We are making a new list and will send the missing number to all who have not received it as fast as we can. Any assistance our patrons may be able to render us in preparing a new list will be thankfully received and duly appreciated.

Ins and Outs.

The winter has been extraordinarily open and warm. With the exception of two or three days about Christmas time, we have had but little cold weather. The "snap" alluded to gave us ice six or eight inches thick, and the post-Ellettsville summer's supply. Our water is so fine we really do not greatly need ice, although there are times when it would be a luxury. Our weather report will be studied with interest by those at the North. We have no rains yet and roads are solid and fine for freighting. The freighting outfit of Oley, Rising & Co. has been continually on the go, and though able to carry about 20,000 pounds at a "haul," is unable to supply the demand. They will be at Sherman, and Gainesville about March 1st, affording a fine chance for those coming in the early spring to have a good escort. E. Burlingame has the responsibility of the transportation lines. It's a man's business to take an "outfit" safely over the rough places and through treacherous rivers and bring them all in on time and in good order. Local improvements are visible in the planting of shade trees and the erection of fences about various lots, yards and hocks and the general clearing and brushing up time always incident to the approach of spring. One year has wrought wonders on a small scale and the future will do yet more. Brothers Lyness and Rice will spend the summer in Kansas among old friends, and will undertake to make a crop in both places to make doubly sure. We regret even a temporary absence of these friends, foremost in every good work. Several families connected with the large herd of Curtis Bros. (now held about 60 miles southeast) are expected in February, and also others from abroad. So it happens that among all our jostling to and fro, incident to the settlement of every new country, we are getting more and more down to business and a staple and solid population. Such a victory as here projected is of so great growth, and subject to many a bump and thump, as are all juvenile enterprises. But we are well past the period of prophecy or experiment and among the fixtures of the Pan Handle. Property and lands are advancing in price and value. The past very dry season has given a back-set to farming of all kinds (cotton excepted) in Northern Texas, but we have not yet suffered worthy of notice in comparison with the states of Nebraska and Kansas in the not long ago. The grasshopper plague has not touched us, and on the whole we have no cause to murmur. People are making general preparations for the next season in faith and hope. The dry winter has greatly favored all our stockmen, and notably the proprietors of large herds of sheep. The nutritious grasses are perfectly dry and fine. The approaching spring never failed to bring the required rain. Sheep and cattle are wintering well and some offered in our market at 4 and 6 cents per pound were very fat. Fulton Market in New York could not produce finer cuts of beef than are now on our tables, to say nothing of turkey and other wild game. True our flour costs \$6 a hundred, bacon 12 and 15 cents and butter 40, while all kinds of merchandise is higher than in railway towns, yet on the whole the question, "what shall we eat?" is as quietly settled here as elsewhere, and our citizens find the Pan Handle the most difficult place they ever struck to accomplish actual starvation.

Not a serious case of sickness in the community this winter. Our climate is moderate and temperate. Between the "breath of balm" floating among the orange and magnolia groves of Florida with the soft and luxurious languor of the tropics, and the high field, greatly inspiring and overtaxing climate of Dakota, we sustain a midway relation, combining the good of both and excess of neither. These lines are pencilled at eight o'clock p. m. Jan. 16th, by an open window with the thermometer at 40°—having declined from 60° at noon. Nevertheless we are quite sure of more or less unpleasant weather in February or March.

We are expecting our weekly mail to be replaced by a tri-weekly mail. The mail line from Ft. Griffin, 251 miles, is a horseback line only. The mail from Elliott to Henrietta does not touch our place. Our mail contractors have recently measured distances carefully, and find it 51 miles to Elliott and 39 to Red River, south. Burlingame, with his freight line, has made several cut-offs en route to Henrietta, reducing the distance considerably. The Denison & Southwestern road, controlled by the grand old M. K. & T., is under contract 50 miles west of Gainesville. The Texas & Pacific is pushing for El Paso, and so we are slowly but surely getting railway facilities within easy reach. Wayside hotels or ranches are becoming so numerous on either route that with a lively team one can find covering and food at the end of nearly every day's drive, but with this dry, fair pleasant climate (save an occasional boom of a different nature) we care little for accommodation.

Our mail often fills two sacks, so we are in constant receipt of the latest and best from the great press and publishing

houses of the country; and like all other fragments of the human family, we are driven with work day and night, and of all these literary supplies we can only snatch a column or an article here and there, while oceans of perfume are wasted on the desert air. Spectacles and holders, as well as our citizens, keep clearly abreast of the march of events and shake their fists as lustily over the unspeakable villainies of Maine as if they dwelt in Bangor or Boston. We do not find half the unrest or disposition to tramp that is seen in numerous towns and cities in the East and West and along our over-thronged railway lines. This outpost of population, ever busy, and often four-handed and full-handed and seldom empty-headed, seem content and at ease in a sleep camp, the saddle, a "digout" or among these endless sweeps of hill and dale. This is said in view of the fact that very many of our letters contain sentences conveying an impression of a life so peacefully prevailing that this frontier life is necessarily associated with coarseness, ignorance and vice. You will seldom overtake disgusting ignorance or men of small mould by traveling west, unless you keep right on about twenty-five thousand miles. Yet while this is true we are prompt to note the absence of the many agreeable straggling dings found in old Eastern towns and cities. And we take this opportunity of hinting to men or women so constituted that they can only be happy amid the familiar scenes of childhood, or under the old roof-tree and in sight of native hills, that they had better not come to this, or any other new country, and thus save themselves and others endless trouble and waste. But to young men or women of energy, honesty and balance, anxious to get a start—with much or little capital—we can most safely and heartily say come.

Ramble About Boston.

Well I've been to "Boston" real Boston, the great hub of this American universe. This is not my first visit, but I never before realized how many really beautiful places are in and about this great center. Coming from New York it seemed smaller, and its narrow winding streets more narrow, "original cow paths," they say, but those cows must have had some conception of right angles, they are of different species from the procession which we are accustomed to see parade morning and evening in such unwavering air lines to and from their houses and pastures.

We arrived in the morning, having left N. Y. at six o'clock the evening before, in the Newport steamer, there are three lines running constantly, starting every day, still every boat is crowded, and ours was no exception. Having staid on deck till quite late enjoying the fine view of the harbor and bay in the moonlight, we were surprised, on retiring to the cabin to find the floor covered with beds, and almost every one occupied, but still more so on reaching the ladies cabin to see the floor covered with women and children in all stages of dishevelment so thick that we were in danger of breaking our own neck, or someone else's bones in our attempts to reach our state-room, and after getting there in safety, to our great consternation there lay the most formidable obstacle of all; lying square across the front of our door, was the fattest woman we ever saw. She must have belonged to some traveling show or had strayed from Barnum's, it seemed an insurmountable barrier, but being very tired and sleepy, we made a desperate effort, and got over it, and were soon in dreamland, and awoke to eat our breakfast in Boston.

The next day we visited the "Old South Church" with all its historical curiosities saw the original house of "Mother Goose" which revealed passages, they say, hailed from this literary quarter.

We were told we must climb to the top of the State House in order to get a good view of city and harbor, but hearing that the equitable building was almost as high and owned an elevator we soon decided that would be view enough for us, especially as we wished to save strength for the ascent of Bunkers Hill Monument, at which we performed that afternoon. And it took great deal of winding round resting and perseverance for one with a tolerable share of avoirdupoise, we accomplished the 295 steps, and were well repaid by the splendid view we obtained. Boston, Charleston and Brooklyn on the south, on the east the extensive Navy Yards, George's Island on which is situated Ft. Warren, Ft. Independence on Castle Island, and a splendid view of the harbor extending from Nantucket to the city containing 75 square miles, from the west can be seen Harvard monument at Charleston, and Cambridge the seat of Harvard University, also Mt. Auburn the most perfect "City of the Dead," we found in our travels, much prettier than Green-wood both in natural location and design. In visiting it afterwards we were charmed with the grounds about the fine entrance. For quite a distance before you reach the entrance are gorgeous flower beds, fountains, and well kept, and ornamented lawns. Its first tenant was Hannah Adams who died 1831 at the good old age of 74 years, but now the home of many thousands, among whom are many famous

Gen. Warren Agassiz and many other familiar and notable names. The old common is now a place of no small interest, as it boasts of its handsome soldier's monuments of great height with life-sized figures and fine base reliefs. The Public Gardens opening on the common looked gorgeous in their summer array, a lovely place to rest in.

We visited Dr. Brook's church, which is built after a European plan, very fine and large, occupying nearly a whole square, the inside perfect in its arrangement, and in the blending of the subdued tints of its fresco and furnishings.

But you have either seen or heard all these things before, so I'll not detain you longer about the city, but take you down to Wellesley on a trip we took one day and hugely enjoyed. Ridge Hill is the name of a farm owned by Mr. Baker of the firm of Grove & Baker of sewing machine fame, and takes the palm for oddity and originality of design. Having made a fortune, some people said he was crazy, and did not know how to spend it, but he is still sane enough to make money, his last investment being a large hotel, which he has built in good style, and is continually full of invalids who come there on account of the elevated location and pure air.

He charges twenty-five cents for admission to his grounds which are thronged with sightseers most of the time. His private residence is surrounded with most beautiful grounds, flower beds laid out in the quaintest shapes imaginable, and ornamented with all manner of shrubs and trees, on the way to these extensive grounds you pass the "Tower," perhaps the chief attraction. It consists of seven stories, the lower one contains two large rooms filled with all kinds of paintings, sculpture, and large articles of interest, some very choice, and some very ridiculous. The tower runs up almost to a point making each story smaller and the windows in each story are of a different color so in one the landscape looks all green, in another yellow, in another blue etc. and each has a quaint inscription written on the stairway telling to what that department is devoted. The seventh story has room for nothing but the windows, which are of clear glass, and bears this inscription, "seventh department, looking down upon our own peculiar life, and up to the clear and far beyond."

As you reach the top of the stairs in the third story, you see tables occupying all the center of the room spread with snowy clothe on which is everything you could think of for a good square meal, our first thought was "this a restaurant" and being first and hungry enough to relish the good things, we stepped up to the tables to find every thing made of wax, but so perfect we forgot to be disappointed, and stopped to admire. On one end of the table is a card on which is printed in large letters, "Sooner or later we will all have our desert."

The rest of this department is devoted to the children, and in one corner is a large grove fitted up as fairyland, inhabited by beautiful dolls. In another part a room finished as in the time of our grandmothers time, table set spinning wheel and all.

And so at every corner you meet something interesting or comical. We cannot stop to examine the stables which contain many objects among them, the carriage Gen. La Fayette used.

The Grotto and Fernery are the crowning points of beauty, those you enter at the side of a small hill by a narrow passage for some distance as dark as midnight, emerging into the "smugglers cave," which has a high octagon roof of cut glass furnishing light enough to discern the smugglers with their trophies. From this you pass through a room filled with the skeletons of their victims, and then by a dark winding path into a very large high room lighted from the top from different colored windows, and this is the Grotto, a beautiful sight; there are walks all around, across, over and under each other in every way supported by pillars built from the edging of shells and bark interlaced with vines and moss. Streams of clear water run through the Grotto and beautiful shells of all shape and sizes meet the eye on every side. These with the many colored lights streaming down over all has a beautiful effect which my poor description but merely conveys to you. The walks are so arranged that as you follow in one path it takes you up and down, and around till you think you have come to the starting point, and enter the dark path to go out, when instead of coming out into daylight you find yourself in the Fernery, a room much like the Grotto but much more beautiful, the same streams but instead of shells are ferns, trailing vines, and moss cover the pillars and ceiling, and the walks are laid out over the rustic bridges one above the other in the center of the room. This is also lighted through different colored windows, and is really the most beautiful and picturesque place you ever saw.

Down below the Grotto is quite a menagerie and so many things I have not time to tell you of.

At the close of the war, Mr. Baker entertained the Southern Regiments here for a week and during their stay gave an immense dinner party and "Fig christening" at which Gen. Grant and many other

notables were present. The only thing now left to mark the tenting place is an immense bottle made up of white bottles and over the top the inscription "Departed Spirit." When you visit Boston don't ignore Wellesley and Ridge Hill farm and you will never regret it.

Wheeler County Court.

The first term of Court for this newly organized County, and to which County Donley and many other adjoining Counties are attached, for judicial purpose was held at Mobeile the County Seat, the last week in January. Only two cases were docketed—one for murder and one for theft. We believe both were continued. We made many pleasant acquaintances among them Judge Dubbs, Judge Lewis, Mr. Tombs the County Clerk and Mr. Flemming the Sheriff, Judge Flemmons, Sheriff Craig, Attorney Burgess were present from Clay County. Nearly every man who had been a year in the State and for six months a resident and freeholders in the Counties of Donley and Clay were summoned as jurors, though all excused and released after a day of skirmishing among the Lawyers, ministers, postmasters and all civil officers on duty, are exempt from such service if they choose to claim such exemption. But our interest before in a faithful executive of the Law, prompted a tolerably cheerful journey of fifty miles partly on the Sabbath in order to meet the appointed time and policy. We were greatly pleased with the ability and order with which this first and frontier Court was conducted. The report of the Grand Jury printed in this number of the "news" is well worth reading and reflects credit upon the men who made it. It is quite evident that lawlessness will be severely handled, and justice done and that life and property will be as safe here as elsewhere.

The little town of Mobeile (the Indian name for Sweetwater) is growing and deserves a better reputation than it has sustained. On Sabbath night a few friends circulated an announcement for preaching and in an hour a goodly congregation was assembled in the rude Court room an old and vacated Saloon, while the editor hereby discoursed from the fact, "Be thou strong therefore and show thyself a man" (1 Kings 2:2.) This was the first Sermon ever preached in the town. We hope to make this a part of a large circuit having Clarendon for a center this year. We acknowledge personal courtesies from Mr. Flemmings Surveyor Leach and family. This town is less than one year old, and lies about one mile East of the Post. Donley County will be next to organize the reason and importance of which will be evident in connection with tax-paying, etc. Having no whiskey in Donley County we shall have no crime and so very small bills of cost and expense and we can hardly afford to pay tax for these luxuries in neighboring counties as we must needs do while unorganized and these attachments remain. We find the County Clerk A. D. Tombs Esq. in order to receive and register deeds and provided with as fine a set of county records as can be found in the State. Deeds for lands in our county should now be recorded in Wheeler Co. if recorded before the organization of Donley County except such as has been already recorded in Clay County (to which we were formerly attached.) The officers of Clay County will furnish Wheeler County with the records there made. Patents direct, are on record at Austin and need not be recorded here unless parties desire. We shall at once receive the appointment of a Justice of the Peace, Constable and Deputy Sheriff, which will constitute us a "precinct" and afford us together with a Notary Public, all the facilities really needed for a little. What a wonderful change in affairs in the last two years, and the succeeding one or two years will produce yet vastly greater results for good.

Our Chief is still away and little Smith and the printer's devil still continue to preside over the destinies of the "News," and the "News" still continues to grow better and brighter, more sprightly, newsy and attractive. Of course it does! How could it be otherwise with two stars of such magnificent dimensions and dazzling brilliancy at its head. Our Chief will soon return,

And—and—and then no doubt, We'll step down and out! And—and—and then, we prophecy, The News will grow both dull and dry.

We desire especially to call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Mr. Lawford found in this issue. The medicine appears to be just the thing needed by our numerous sheep raisers, as it is not poisonous or corrosive, mixes freely with cold water, can be safely used in cold weather, and improves both the growth and quality of the wool. It will cost but little to give it a trial and if it proves as serviceable as is claimed for it, of which we have no reason to doubt, it will prove of immense value to our Texas wool growers. Try it.

TEXAS TOPICS.

—Corn planting is going on in Navarero county.

—Wheat in Erath county presents a most promising appearance.

—The acreage in oats in Erath county will be unusually large this year.

—A Sherman firm shipped on last Saturday 15,000 pair of petries, the largest shipment ever made from Texas.

“Oh,” she said, “I think soda water soda-licious.” He took the hint and soda dime on the harvest field.

—ELLI PERKINS is in the Indian country. The savages would have “raised” his hair, but they knew it was false.

—Edward Degener has orange trees in his garden in San Antonio, grown from seed, that have been bearing five years.

—The Rockport Transcript says that during the cold snap Christmas week hundreds of red fish and trout were frozen to death.

—The splendid stone court house at Dallas, which cost a few years ago, \$90,000, was burnt on the night of the 3rd inst. The fire, it seems, caught in the eupola, and was, probably, the work of an incendiary. The massive walls are still standing, but all above the second floor destroyed. The records were all saved. The loss is from \$20,000 to \$25,000. No insurance.

—The mineral taken from the mine east of Montague, in Montague county, has been assayed by a practical German assayer, and found to yield as follows: Silver, 21 ounces to the ton; cobalt, 14 per cent., or 280 pounds per ton; nickel, 9 per cent., or 180 pounds per ton. Silver, at 41 1/2 grains to the dollar, \$24.43; cobalt, at 20 cents per pound, \$20; nickel, at \$1.50 per pound, \$270. Total value per ton, \$320.43.

—The Burnet Bulletin says there is used in its office as a paper weight a piece of iron ore weighing thirty-five or forty pounds, which was picked up on the McCarty land, some four miles south of Burnet town. It is said the mountains near the town of Burnet have vast beds of iron in them. The Bulletin thinks a narrow gauge railroad from Austin might develop rich iron mines, as it certainly would the finest quality of building marble in Burnet county.

—The cattle men of northwest Texas met at Henrietta on the 2nd inst. and formed a pool for the shipment of their cattle north and east. Each member of the combination is requested to give bond in the sum of \$5,000 for the faithful carrying out of the contracts entered into by the shipping committee. The object is to place all the cattle to be shipped at the disposal of the railroad that will make the best rate. If the freights are not sufficiently low, the cattle, amounting to upwards of two thousand car loads, are to be driven to Kansas. The meeting adjourned to meet at Jacksboro, Texas, on March 8. The stock men feel confident of getting material reductions in freights.

—A. B. Smith, says the Hesperian-Gazette, has invented an apparatus to shield the laboring man from the baking sun. It is thus described: “It is so constructed that the man has free access of his arms, hands and legs, and it rests on the shoulders, and it being so light you hardly perceive that you have anything on while working. It has a curious appearance and its formation resembles a large grasshopper, or the shell of a turtle. It stands out from the body or near to it just as desired. It shades down to the knees, thus protecting the body from the heat. It stands directly over the head if desired, or can be made to turn in any direction so that you may work in the shade, no matter in what direction the sun may be. It is a complete success and applicable to any kind of work.”

—Gatesville Sun: The staked plains were named from the fact that a party of Mexicans traveled from Santa Fe to San Antonio, many years ago, and set stakes on the way to guide them back. This is a sort of traditional version. The staked plains are table lands elevated above the country below them. They terminate rather abruptly, and form at the lower edge a large number of small hills and valleys. There are numerous springs of good water to be found there. In the valleys some timber can be had. Wild plum trees are abundant. The fruit is palatable and healthy. Stock men are penetrating this hitherto almost unknown country. The grass is luxuriant and abundant. The prevailing kind is curly mesquite. In some localities the species furnishes a fine winter pasture.

—Two boys, still in the middle of their teens, named respectively Simon D. and Daniel Florence, residing four miles north of Mesquite, Dallas county, started farming on their own account the 1st of last March, and for the nine months ending with the last day of November, making the following showing: D. Florence cultivated 18 acres of land, from which he raised 12 bales of cotton, averaging 520 lbs. each, or 6,240 lbs. of lint cotton. The staple was disposed of on the Dallas market at 10 1/2 cts. per lb., netting \$650.20. He did his own work, employing no labor, and averaged for himself \$72.80 per month. Daniel Florence cultivated 24 acres of land, raising 18 bales averaging 500 pounds each, or 9,000 pounds of lint cotton, which he disposed of on the Dallas market at 10 1/2 cents per pound, his proceeds being \$945.00. He incurred the following expenses in cultivation: Board, \$52.00; horse feed \$6.00; help in gathering crop,

\$125.00; rent, \$236.25; total expense, \$422.25; leaving him a profit balance of \$522.75.

—The railroad bridge across the Brazos, between Whitney and Morgan is now finished, and is five hundred and seventy-five feet long.

—Ed Black, of Grayson county, recently lost a little child, who while playing around a tub of water fell in and was drowned. Its agonized parents could give no assistance.

—The late marshal, Sam Ball, of Sherman, was buried by the Knights of Honor and Firemen.

—Cattle are dying very fast in Mason county, owing to the scarcity of grass. A Mexican lion has killed quite a number of calves in the neighborhood of Castle spring.

—A Washington county exoduster to Kansas has returned. Last summer he sold his mule, four out of eight dogs, and the “bulk of his other things.” His assets now consist of a wool hat and only one dog.

—Just as the Denison Herald was about to draw its check for \$100,000, for the relief of the Irish sufferers, the dispatch was received stating that the New York Herald had gotten ahead of it. Its no use in anybody trying to get ahead of Bennett.

Comanche Chief: Upon inquiry we learn that nearly all the bees in this county are dead. One gentleman, a well-to-do farmer, who year before last made more from the honey he sold than from his farm, we are sorry to learn, lost every swarm.

—In Gonzales county fig trees are budding profusely, and in many instances the green fruit has made its appearance. Grapes are sprouting, roses and other flowers are blooming, gardens are growing rapidly, and the trees are fast putting on their spring foliage.

—Menard county is rapidly settling up, and stock of all kinds continue to arrive. New houses are being built, lands being purchased, the soil being returned, and everything denotes prosperity and thrift. She is now furnishing the nutritious aliment for 50,000 sheep, 20,000 head of cattle, 1,000 horses, and has fattened 1,500 porkers last season.

—Wilbarger, the next county west from Wichita, will, in the near future, contain the largest settlements of any of these western counties. The entire county was located by the H. and T. C. railroad, and the alternate sections belonging to the state can be purchased at low figures on long time. The fertile soil, with plenty of good water and timber, is attracting many emigrants, and settlements are rapidly forming eighty miles west of any organized county.

—An old man named Kenneth Albro, who says he is from Texas, where he is reported to have been extensively engaged in raising cattle, was robbed in New York city on the 6th inst., of \$125,000 in registered United States bonds, while ascending the steps of the sub-treasury building. He alleges that he was accosted by two men, one of whom dropped a pocket book before him, and on his attention being called to it he was pushed down and the satchel wrenched from his hand. He has no clue to the thieves, except an answer to an advertisement which he caused to be inserted in the morning papers, offering \$5,000 for the return of the bonds. The answer agreed to surrender them on payment of \$25,000.

—Mr. Thomas Allen, president of the Iron Mountain railroad, is in receipt of a letter from Frank S. Bond, vice-president of the Texas Pacific railroad, relative to the prospects of that important thoroughfare. The letter states that the road bed has been graded from Ft. Worth to Weatherford, a distance of thirty miles, and that before the 1st of March the contractors will commence grading westward. It is hoped that within twelve months the road will be graded to a point 150 miles west of Fort Worth. The iron for that distance has been contracted for, despite the high price of rails and other material, and will be delivered at Fort Worth on March 1. Mr. Bond writes further that after this year the road will be pushed forward at the rate of 250 miles a year until the projected line of 800 miles is completed. From another source it was learned that John and Daniel Casement had been given the contract to extend the road. The Casement brothers are well-known in railroad circles, having built the Union Pacific railroad from Julesburg to its connection with the Central Pacific road. They were both in St. Louis last week. John Casement left for Kansas City, and his brother departed for Washington, both on business connected with the contract. It is understood that they have telegraphed to Colorado and engaged “Captain” Clayton, their old superintendent of construction, to proceed at once to Fort Worth, Texas, to engage in the new undertaking.

A DAY or two since a quiet and dignified gentleman was walking through the street when he was startled by a woman who rushed up to him, all out of breath, and seizing him by the arm gesticulated wildly and panted out: “Whistle! sir, whistle!” He looked at her in amazement, and while he stared she again urged him: “Whistle! whistle!” He finally found breath to tell her that he wasn’t much of a whistler, but if she would nominate the tune he would do the best he could. Her eyes flashed and she showed decided anger. With one arm stretched out toward a retreating car she shook him off and said something which sounded to him like: “Confound a fool that can’t whistle for a horse-car to accommodate a lady.”

THE world is now set down to come to an end next July. Set it down for the fifth day, and then about one-half the male population will feel mean enough to have anything happen.

Oklahoma—The New Territorial Bill.

The following is the substance of the bill now in the hands of the committee on territories. As its adoption is almost a certainty, it will be read with great interest not only by the residents of the Indian Territory, but by our citizens:

The bill for the establishment of a temporary territorial government in what is known as the Indian Territory, to be known by the name of Oklahoma. The governor is to be appointed by the president, for two years, and is to receive a salary of \$4,000. A secretary is also to be appointed, who shall send a copy of the laws and journals of the legislature, and of the executive proceedings and official correspondence, to the president, semi-annually, two copies to be sent to each Indian tribe in the territory. The committee consists of thirteen members, and the house of representatives of twenty-six. Representation is to be apportioned among the several tribes, nations, or districts, based upon the number of qualified voters in each. The length of each session after the first is limited to sixty days. At the first election, any male Indian twenty-one years old, who is a member of one of the tribes which have adopted the customs of civilized life, and all citizens of the United States who have lawfully resided in the territory one year, and are twenty-one years old, can vote, and no person is to be deprived of the right to vote or hold office on account of race, color or previous condition of servitude. Full provision is made for the establishment of courts. The lands are to be surveyed, and each person who is a member of any tribe or nation occupying a reservation, including adults and minors, male and female, is entitled to a homestead of 160 acres in reservation of his or her tribe, and if in actual possession of land improved or cultivated by him or her, shall have a prior right to the quarter-section on which the improvements are. Adults are to select their own homesteads, and those of minors are to be chosen by fathers, mothers, or guardians. Alienation or sale of these homesteads is prohibited for twenty years. Directions are given for the enumeration of the Indians and the allotment of the lands. Any Indian can become a citizen by making application and proving that he has resided in the United States for five years; is a resident of the territory; has behaved during the two years last past as a man of good moral character; that he has sufficient intelligence to control his private affairs, and that he has adopted the habits of civilized life. He must then swear to support the constitution, and absolutely and forever renounce all fidelity and allegiance to every Indian power whatever, and particularly to the tribe to which he has belonged. Such Indians are to be paid their proportion of the cash value of the funds of the tribe held in trust by the United States. The bill repeals all acts granting lands in the territory to railroads, upon the extinguishment of the Indian title, and reserves sections 16 and 36 for school purposes.

Iron Ores of Western Texas. The most important of these ores are in the northwestern portion of Llano county, near a Mr. Epperson’s, where there is a granite hill about two hundred feet high, above a stream which flows at its base. This hill is almost covered with pieces of magnetite or magnetic iron, many of which are of several hundred pounds weight. These fragments are the debris of the upper portions of large veins, some of which are many feet wide, and extend to the base of the hill and across the stream. The hill was formerly much higher than at present, the wear of many ages having worn it down. The granite is of archaic age, of the oldest geological period. This ore yields from eighty to ninety per cent. of iron, being equal to the best of Swedish ores. At and around this iron hill there is an inexhaustible supply of ore; nor is it confined to this locality—there being many other places in Llano and Burnet counties which abound in this same magnetic ore.

In the Swedish department of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, in 1876, the writer saw that the specimens of iron ore which the two counties of Llano county that the two could not be distinguished if mixed.

If these iron ores were near a railroad they could now be smelted with great profit at the present prices of iron. The iron mines of Pennsylvania and other places at the north are not furnishing a sufficient supply of ore for their manufactures; hence pig-iron is being imported from Great Britain. The hills and valleys at and near the Llano ores have an abundant supply of post oak, pecan, elm and cedar, to afford fuel for smelting during many years. Limestones for a flux in smelting are also near. Nor are the bituminous coal beds of Brown county far distant.

Why is it that with such immense quantities of the best of iron ore, and best of materials for its manufacture, including wood and coal, all in a delightful and healthy climate—why is it that iron is not made in Texas instead of importing it from abroad, as is now done? The causes for this are the absence of railroads in the iron and coal regions under consideration, and also the late hard times and consequent decrease in the demand for iron, which caused many of the northern iron works to suspend operations. The then low price of iron gave little or no encouragement for its manufacture in Texas. But now all is changed, and returning prosperity causes the demand for iron to be greater than the supply in the United States; hence iron is now being largely imported from Europe.

The Sunset railway of this state has lately received 1,500 tons of steel rails from England. The duty was \$42,613—an amount greater than the original cost.

A few years ago the writer urged some members of the legislature to pass a law for the encouragement of manufactures in Texas, exempting from taxation for a term of ten years all manufacturers of iron from Texas ores, and also those of cotton and wool. Had this been done, it is probable that our taxable property would have been greater than it is now—caused by an increased immigration, and also from property outside of the factories belonging to their owners and operators.—S. B. Buckley in Texas Christian Advocate.

Extension of the Waco Branch.

The Waco branch of the Houston and Texas Central railroad is to be immediately extended from the Brazos river northwesterly to a point within twenty-five or thirty miles of an intersection with the Texas & Pacific, in Stephens or Shackelford counties. The company is receiving bids for the construction of the extension in question. The initial point of the contract to be let is Morgan, in Bosque county, and the terminus the center of Eastland county, a distance of eighty miles. The extension of the Waco branch to this point will not only place the Houston & Texas Central in a position to take advantage of any railroad movement southwesterly, but will relieve her of dependence upon the Missouri, Kansas & Texas railway for coal. The coal beds in Eastland county are estimated, both as to quality and quantity, as being as good, if not the most desirable in the state. This item will add immensely to the carrying trade of the road.

—An Indian named John Write, who went hunting stray cows on Red river, last week, had a desperate encounter with a wild cat. His gun failed to shoot and the “varment” mounted him, severely lacerating various portions of his body. A sword swallower in a Vienna show swallowed one sword too many and died.

ers. Mr. Prather finding that they had been removed, hunted them up, and discovering them in a cotton yard, seized upon them under the landlord’s lien. In the meantime Southern had fled, carrying with him the money of the purchasers, and the bales afterward being fully identified by Mr. Prather, suit arose, to try title. The court decided in Mr. Prather’s favor. This seems to be a hardship on cotton men, who, when they purchase cotton, cannot at all times, nor indeed in a mart like this, even a greater portion of the time, tell whether they are buying of a landlord or tenant. But unfortunately for them about all the law says is, “beware;” and it is presumed every man knows the law, or, at least, if he does not, he cannot offer his lack of information as an excuse for not visiting upon him its provisions. The case just decided should make landlords and cotton buyers take some steps, one to protect the other, from the encroachments of wrongly disposed tenants.

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El Rio de los Brazos de Dios.

BY TREB CAM YENNEK.

Very early in the history of Texas, when the interior was almost unknown, and when Lafitte had his practical headquarters on Galveston Island, a party of travelers were preparing to leave Nacogdoches for San Antonio de Bexar. In those days the Catholic priests were the only persons who could travel across the country, and they were in danger from the Indians.

Nacogdoches was in communication with New Orleans via Red river, and San Antonio, with the City of Mexico; but communication between the two places was by trains, traveling across the interior, by the “old San Antonio road.”

Padre Rafael La Vega had gathered at Nacogdoches quite a number of persons who were to accompany him on his trip to San Antonio, thence to the City of Mexico. He had some dozen soldiers, and the remainder were travelers, adventurers, etc. One of the number was Juan Guido (Garcia), a Spanish Creole, of New Orleans, who was traveling simply for pleasure and excitement. He was of a wealthy family, and had leisure. Mounted on a thorough-bred, coal black horse, all his equipments were in accord with his wealth and social position. He was about twenty-five, handsome, and of noble figure.

Cecilia Josefa Palvador was the only daughter of an old Castilian, living at Nacogdoches, near which he had a large tract of land, granted to him by the king of Spain for gallant service in the Spanish army.

She was under charge of the Padre, to be taken to the City of Mexico to her relations, where she was to be educated. She was about sixteen, full form, large black eyes, with beauty of the marked Castilian type. Having been reared in Texas, and having been but little in society, she was shy and rather constrained in the company of strangers.

The party at last started, late in the summer, and traveled as far as the Indian village, Tejas, from which Texas takes its name, on the Trinity river, where they learned that the Cherokees and Wacoos were at war. The Padre was a little alarmed at this, especially for Josefa, but she had known Indians all her life, and told him not to hesitate to go on, on her account. She was anxious to see the City of Mexico.

They crossed the Trinity, and for a day or two saw no Indian sign, but soon they began to cross large trails, and found positive evidence of fighting, whereupon the Padre began to enforce discipline among his men, and take every precaution at night against surprise. Both tribes were at peace with the Spanish, but that was no surety that they would not try to steal their horses.

One night, or rather, about four o’clock one morning, an effort was made to stampede the horses and pack mules, but the guards were on the alert, and prevented it. In the attempt the Indians shot several arrows among the horses, hoping to wound some and make them unmanageable. One of the soldiers on guard fired his gun in the direction of the Indians, after which no further effort was made by them.

To reach the river the next day would require a very hard day’s trial, but to do so seemed the only safety, as the Padre was satisfied the Indians would not follow him beyond that, unless they intended to attack him. It was discovered at daylight that an Indian had been hit by the shot, and probably killed, and if so, the Padre knew that the danger was now real, and he must reach the river that night. As the road lay through prairie nearly all day, he thought he could do it. So a hurried start was made, without breakfast or allowing the horses to graze. Guido was in his saddle and assisting to get the train under way as fast as possible, while Josefa was mounted and ready as soon as the order to start was given. The travel was as rapid as was safe, so as not to break down the horses and mules, only stopping for water, and that but once. On they sped, keeping close watch for Indian signs, but there seemed to be no danger. Late in the afternoon, the timber skirting the river was seen, and now was the critical time. If they were to be attacked, the Padre knew it would be either at the river or as they approached the timber.

Josefa and Guido had gradually dropped back toward the rear of the train, and seemed to be indifferent to the danger, until when the Padre ordered the line to close up. In the hurry and confusion of obeying the order, they found themselves some way behind. They at once galloped up, supposing the front to be attacked. Then Josefa found that her mustang was showing signs of fatigue and of failing. He was young and “grass fat;” the want of food, with the unusual march, was too much for him. Still, neither she nor Guido felt any uneasiness, as the river was not very far off.

The sun had begun to cast very long shadows as they proceeded down the ravine to the low bottom of prairie of a mile or two wide, with the skirt of timber on the river. Suddenly the cry came down the line, “The Indians! the Indians!” To the left of them, and about half a mile behind, there filed down into the flat a long line of Waco warriors in full paint, mounted on ponies.

The race now was for the timber. The travelers had the start, but their animals were tired, and nearly exhausted. The Indians wanted the cover of the timber, and the others to place the river between them. The Indians soon saw that they could not accomplish what they wanted, so converged towards the others, seemingly determined to close in before reaching the timber. The pack mules gave out and were abandoned. The soldiers spurred forward, followed in disorder by the remainder of the party, except the Padre, Guido and Josefa, who were some distance in the rear, as Josefa’s horse was certainly failing. The Padre was well mounted, but he was determined not to leave her, and so had fallen back to keep her company. Guido had determined to sell his life as dearly as possible in her defence. The Indians were gain-

ing on them, but the timber was very near.

Josefa began to realize the possibility of capture and all the attendant horrors. The Padre, she thought, could not carry her if her horse failed, even if there should be time to remount. The war whoop was close in the rear, and as for Guido, he was a stranger, and for him to be captured by her would do no good. He could make the timber, as his horse was not, seemingly, much fatigued; and certainly she could not expect him to peril his life for her.

The Indians were now certain of the “white squaw,” as they saw her horse was failing, and their yells were continuous. The timber was almost within gun shot, and if her horse would only hold out a few minutes more, she would be safe. In crossing a deep wash, across the road, they went down into it; her horse attempted to rise the steep bank on the opposite side, faltered, reeled, and fell. Now the savage shout went up, and a flight of arrows fell around them. But, Josefa did not go down with her horse. Before she could realize her danger, the arm of Guido was around her, and she found herself partly lying and partly sitting before him on his steed. A few strides of the noble beast, and they were under the protection of the carlines of the soldiers drawn up in the woods. A volley checked the Indians, while Guido and Josefa crossed the river and joined the company. They were all safe for the present. The soldiers also fell back across the river, and the guards were stationed. Night closed in dark and cheerless.

A little before daybreak, a sound was heard like the rapid approach of a mighty host; louder and louder it grew. The Indians were coming in strength to murder the entire party; to save which no power less than God could do. Josefa invoked the protection of the Virgin, while Guido thought of mother and home, but determined to die by her fair side.

The shout came from the river’s bank, “The waters! They rise! We are saved, saved!” All rushed forward, and in the feeble morning light they saw a volume of booming water. The river, bankful, sweeping down, down to the gulf. The Padre fell on his knees as he raised the golden crucifix at his girdle, high in the air, and exclaimed, “El Rio de los Brazos de Dios!” “The River of the arms of God!”

Josefa and the Padre arrived safely in the City of Mexico, so did Guido, and all remained there until spring, when Josefa, instead of further following the plans of her father, deliberately went back to Nacogdoches with a returning party, Guido accompanying them. So they retraced, together, the same well-remembered road, camped on the banks of the “Brazos de Dios,” and marked well the spot where the mustang gave out.

At Nacogdoches a wedding, then a bridal tour to New Orleans; all which gives a rosette tint to the traditions of the name of the Brazos river.

The Printed Page.

Hon. B. Gratz Brown says, “the power of the Printed Page so far transcends any personal speech, in these days of universal reading, that comparison would be futile.”

When the strongest array of facts, the most cogent reasoning possible, persuasion that melts into pathos, or ringing sentences that leap electric from point to point in the argument, can all be compassed in a form, and struck off by the hundred thousand, and transmitted in a day to the people of a whole state, what voice even though syren or saint, can hope to compete with its influence?

This Power of Print, wonderful as it now seems, is only at its beginning; for inventions are already rife with methods of rendering it vocal as human speech, instant as photography, and infinite in reproduction.

Few yet realize its full importance. Editors and publishers utilize it after a fashion, but earnest teachers in sections secluded from the great cities should recognize its capacities. Every teacher can make of himself, if he chooses, the center from which shall flow forth to all in his vicinity presentations of the worth of school training, which no antagonist can refute and no cavalier can question.

He becomes thus the peer in influence of any in the land.

Religious Belief of the Presidents.

The religious belief of the nineteen persons who have filled the presidential chair in the United States, as indicated by their attendance upon public worship, and the evidence afforded in their writings, may be summed up as follows: Washington, Madison, Monroe, Harrison, Tyler, Taylor and Buchanan were Episcopalians; Jefferson, John Adams, J. Q. Adams and Fillmore were Unitarians; Jackson and Polk were Unitarians; Mr. Van Buren was of the Dutch Reformed church; President Pierce, a Trinitarian Congregationalist; Lincoln attended the Presbyterian church, though he did not belong to any; Johnson was a Methodist; Grant and Hayes, though not members, attended the Methodist church.

Young man don’t swear. There is no occasion for swearing outside of a newspaper office, where it is useful in proof-reading and is indispensably necessary in getting forms to press. It has also been known to materially assist the editor in looking over the paper after it is printed. But otherwise it is a very foolish habit.

An old woman who has pasted nearly five thousand medical recipes in a book during the past forty years has never been sick a day in her life, and she is growing discouraged. Some people are born to ill luck, she says.

The Glendon News.

LINES TO A ROCK.

Old rock, couldst thou but speak, what untold legends
Wouldst thou relate of ages gone before,
When unknown races peopled these fair regions
And unnamed cities decked this beautiful shore
For, although thou art a cold, unsmiling boulder,
Passed unobserved and in oblivion hid,
Yet thou art perhaps art many centuries older
Than Babe's tower or Cleopatra's pyramid.
Did antediluvian empires, great in power
As those of modern Greece and Rome, arise?
Did cities, unsurpassed in beauty, tower
In awful grandeur to the sapphire skies?
Did powerful Kings, in regal pomp and splendor,
Lead forth their countless legions to the fight,
Did famished strongholds close-bested sur-
render,
And weak dominions yield to those of might?
And when the lightning rent the heavens asunder,
Rendering more terrible the dreary gloom,
When peal on peal burst forth the awful thunder,
Foretelling awful man his dreadful doom,
Did none escape the great Creator's anger?
Was there no ship, no ark of refuge built,
Were none more favored warned of coming danger,
To shun the fearful doom of crime and guilt?
Whence came the simple savor, meek and lowly?
King of the soil, he roved the forest's realm,
Sleeping in reverence, pure of thought and holy,
Adored the Manitou on banded knee.
His deafening war-cry o'er the valley sounded,
Echoed his low-voiced through the silent grove;
Swift to the chase, the skillful hunter bounded—
Long were his tales of wild romance and love.
His pride is crushed, his council fires extinguished,
No longer here he finds a place of rest;
His father's birth-right long has been relinquished,
He, humbled, conquered, seeks the distant West.
The pale usurper, Japhet's great descendant,
Favored by fate, crested by the realms
Monarch unrivaled, free and independent,
Hews down the forests, cultivates the plains.
Ages may pass, great works of art be crumbled,
And Japhet's sons, like chaff, be swept away;
Great empires fall, and mighty Kings be humbled,
And other races rule with iron sway.
Yet thou, oh wondrous wrought, unmoved, un-
broken,
Sun-browned and worn by beating winds and
rain,
Shall stand alone, mute witness, silent token—
Man's greatest works decay, decay the least remain.
DORIS DREAGER.

THIEF-CATCHING BY WIRE.

[From the Montreal Gazette.]
The following is an actual occurrence, and took place a few years ago in Canada. I was working at the time in a city office. The line extended a couple of hundred miles from Montreal to Caradell. About midway was a large town, Binville; the other offices were at country villages. The operator at Binville was a young man named Charlton, who had been some years in the states, and was a very expert operator, and a clever fellow at anything. He was not the actual agent of our company. The agent was a respectable lunatic named Chiggle, who was also postmaster. He knew little or nothing of his business, but insisted it all to Charlton, who did pretty much as he liked. So Charlton was in effect postmaster and operator.
Perhaps you don't understand the workings of the postoffice. A few words will explain all that is necessary you should know to understand my story. When they dispatch a mail from an office they send with it a letter-bill. On that bill is entered the amount of postage due on letters forwarded to the office to which the mail is sent, and the amount of postage in money or by stamps on letters mailed at the dispatching office. On the right hand half of this bill are entered the number and addresses of all registered letters and parcels forwarded by that mail. When a letter is registered its address and number are entered in a book and on the letter bill. The receiving postmaster enters it on his book and initials the letter bill as an acknowledgment.
There was an agency at the Caradell Bank at Binville, and every week, sometimes twice a week, the head office remitted packages of its own notes to be put in circulation there. These packages contained from \$4,000 to \$6,000, and were sent by mail registered. You will see that if through the omission of the mailing clerk such a parcel was not entered on the letter-bill, the receiving clerk could pocket the parcel and say he never received it. There would be nothing on the bill to show that such a parcel was forwarded.
On Sunday morning, in April, while Charlton was sorting the mail from Caradell by the flickering gaslight, he came across a large package from the Caradell Bank. He threw it aside, as usual, till he had completed the task of sorting the mail. When he came to compare the registered letters with the bill he found seven letters in the parcel, and only six entered. The clerk at Caradell had omitted to enter the bank parcel.
Charlton sat down and thought it over. It was a big temptation—\$6,000. It was Sunday, and no offices were open. Chiggle never looked at bills, the postmaster at Caradell would never suspect anything wrong, the agency at Binville would wait till Tuesday, expecting their parcel. He had two days' start. He sat down an honest man and rose up a robber. It was a terrible temptation to go through, and I think that many a stronger fellow than Charlton would have fallen. He put the parcel into his satchel, went home to breakfast, came back and attended to his office duties. At noon the office closed and his work was over. He broke up the parcel, stowed the notes away about him, changed his dress and hired a horse to go to a French village some dozen miles from Binville. It was a wet Sunday, the early spring roads were deep with a sticky mud, the wheels sank to the axles and slipped in the cavernous ruts. Arriving at this village he left his horse and walked three miles to a wrinkled old habitant, a furry horse and a springless cart on the representation that he was a telegraph repairer

sent out to fix some damage done to the line. On he jolted until he reached the village of Kena, about twenty-five miles from Binville.
He left his venerable charioteer at a tavern and walked boldly over to the telegraph office, which was in a private house. It was presided over by a fat girl in hat and red shawl. She was about the pluggist of plugs that you ever heard of. Her instruments about matched her. They were shabby, old-fashioned, out of all adjustment, apparently compounded out of a threshing-mill and a wooden clock. The weather was abominable. The instruments worked accordingly, sometimes getting off a hundred fine dots utterly invisible to the naked eye, and concluding with a stubborn dash six feet long. The operator was almost crying over it, and no wonder.
But Charlton's practiced ear caught two words, "robber escaped."
His breath came quick for a minute, the room swam before him, and he almost fell. In another second his self-possession came back, and he asked the mixed operator if the line was working well now. The girl turned round and asked his name, John Bell, a repairer. He was sent down to investigate the working of the offices and see after the line generally. The poor girl was overjoyed to see the providential Bell. The line was working wretchedly, the weather was bad, the instrument old, and she had an important message to take. It was addressed to the Chief Constable, and she could not make out a word. Would Mr. Bell help her?
Of course he would. So he cut off the register, and working on the feeble, rickety old relay the following message ticked faintly off:
BINVILLE, 10th.—To Chief Constable, Kena: The operator here, one Charlton, has stolen parcel bank notes, \$6,000. Robber escaped. Probably passing your way. Bills on Caradell bank. Arrest him. Officers on his track. About an hour behind.
SAMUEL CHIGGLE.
If you think, however, that Charlton copied out his message you are mistaken. He listened to it, and then interrupting the sender, asked him to repeat it slowly, as the lines worked very badly. The operator swore and recommenced. Charlton calmly wrote out this:
BINVILLE, April 10.—To Chief Constable, Kena: Postoffice robbed of \$6,000. Caradell bank bills. Robber escaped up your way. One thousand dollars reward. He will try to pass himself off as a detective in pursuit of Mr. Charlton, and has a forged warrant. Seize him.
SAMUEL CHIGGLE.
This message was sent to the Chief Constable, a fat little Canadian, principally clad in a pair of beef boots and a fur cap. One thousand dollars! He would be a millionaire—a thousandaire, rather. Local prints would narrate his sagacity and bravery, and his grandchild would talk of him as the man who, single-handed, captured the desperate robber of Caradell bank.
But there was no time to lose. The valiant Chief Constable and six myrmidons hid themselves in the adjoining room, having first cinched themselves elaborately for the fight. Charlton asked the next office when the detective had passed, and saw that he had a clear half hour before him. He went to the tavern, ordered his patriarchal charioteer to sup and be ready to leave in an hour, ordered his own supper, left his satchel conspicuously on the table, went to the office and telegraphed that the robber was arrested, and that they need not be on the watch, and then took to the fields. He went down toward Binville, and at the turn in the road met a cart reeling and rocking furiously thro' the swathing mud. A stout man was lashing the horse furiously with the rein and swearing lustily at the road inspector. Charlton crunched under the fence until he passed and then struck for the river. He found an old wrinkled habitant who came grumbling and shivering to the door, shading his fluttering candle with his dirty fingers. Charlton hired this old man and his two head-eyed, black-haired boys to row him across the river. It was a case of life and death, he said. The river was high and the ice running. The course of the stream was choked by huge, grinding sheets of ice. Occasionally crooked channels of clear water showed between these, smoking in the chill night air under the light of the moon. They pushed off in a crazy wooden canoe, and with bold hearts ventured into the floating ice. Sometimes it was fair paddling through the channels, every minute becoming narrower as the icefields came together. Then they had to leap out and drag the canoe over a cake of ice, straining wearily at the gunwale. Plashing into clear water, then one leg in the canoe, the other in floating puddle, impelling it onward. After four hours' hard work they reached the opposite shore, five miles down the stream. Half an hour afterward Charlton was clattering and plashing over the roads in a French cart bound for the frontier. He dodged along unfrequented roads, and at 2 o'clock on Tuesday morning was across the lines in the land of freedom—to him. He got away, and probably is a flourishing and enterprising mer-

chant by this time.
But to go back again to our heroic detective, who was swearing along the road to Kena. He arrived there and drove direct to the office. He leaped from his seat and dashing up the steps, panted:
"I am a detective."
"Hurray!" shouted the vigilant rustic chief, bursting from his ambush and followed by his myrmidons, clapping himself upon his city confere.
The warriors bore triumphantly down upon the officer. "Hurray! the thousand dollars is to us—is to us!" In vain his assertions, his protestations—in vain the warrant. They were prepared for that. The unfortunate man was bound hand and foot, placed in a cart and escorted by the able-bodied population of Kena, at once started for Binville. It was 2 o'clock in the morning when they arrived there. The news had preceded them and the little city was all awake to see the triumphant entrance of the daring robber. On wound the mournful procession, the village chief, intoxicated with joy, dancing in front of the cart, his faithful myrmidons encircling it, like Indian bearers around a palanquin. The captive had howled and kicked himself hoarse, and was now lying exhausted in the cart, occasionally giving an apathetic wriggle or a despairing bleat. They hanghtly waved back the throng and led him to the jail. The gray-haired old janitor came wheezing forth with his keys clanking.
"Let me get at him!" howled the fiery Chiggle, bursting through the crowd. "Let me strangle him!"
In furtherance of this charitable intention Mr. Chiggle seized the prisoner by the throat. Then with an unpronounced shriek, a perfect hash of a word, he stove in the salutatory country constable's hat.
"Great heavens," he cried, "it is the detective!"
Tableau.
The Longevity of Icebergs.
Karl Weyprecht, in his work on the Polar sea, discusses the longevity of icebergs. Icebergs are subjected to disintegration after somewhat the same manner as rocks. They are full of crevasses, into which the water formed by melting penetrates. In winter this water freezes, and by its expansion all through the glacier a rupture of the mass ensues. "It is highly probable," he says, "that most of the icebergs afloat in winter are in such a condition that a very slight cause is sufficient to make them burst because of their state of internal tension. Every polar traveler can tell how a shot, the driving in of an ice anchor, or any other sudden vibration has brought about the catastrophe; cases have even occurred in which the sound of the voice alone was sufficient. An iceberg is always an unpleasant neighbor." So many are the causes which tend to destroy icebergs that the author concludes that "no berg exists which could withstand them more than ten years, and that commonly the life of a berg is much shorter." However this may be, doubtless the much larger Antarctic bergs last very much longer, as must necessarily occur, because of the greater uniformity of the climate to which they are exposed.
A Royal Fabric.
Velvet was originally an Asiatic production, introduced into Rome at the time of the Emperors. It seems that the ancient Greeks were not acquainted with it. In the middle ages some manufactures of velvet were established at Constantinople, and in some other towns of the Eastern empire. At a later time the fabrication of velvets prospered at Venice, at Genoa, and at other towns in Italy, before they were known in France. Two Genoese imported this branch of industry into Lyons, where they established a manufactory under the auspices of Francis I. in 1536. Velvet, by the richness of its texture, at once took the priority on the continent of all tissues. It became the chief material of the costumes of the middle classes, the ornament of ceremonials, and was employed to set off sumptuous apartments.
His Name Was Smith.
In the grammar department of one of our public schools, a few days since, the teacher, after talking with her class on the subject of mythology, read to them as follows:
"Vulcan, smith, architect and charioteer for the gods of Mount Olympus, built their houses, constructed their furniture," etc.
The following day the subject of the preceding day was given as a language lesson, and, as no mention was made of Vulcan, the teacher asked the class who built the houses for the gods on Mount Olympus? For a while the children seem lost in profound thought, when suddenly a gleam of intelligence illumined the face of one little girl, and she replied:
"I can't think of his first name, but his last name is Smith!"—Boston Transcript.
Her Husband's Clock.
She laid her pretty hand upon her husband's shoulder. "Henry, love, there's something the matter with the clock; will you see to it?" So he took off his coat, removed the face and fingers, examined the interior parts with a large magnifying-glass, blew into them with the bellows, oiled them thoroughly, and did all that mortal ingenuity could devise. But it was of no avail, and so, despairing, at a late hour of the night, he went to bed and slept the sleep of the righteous. Next morning at breakfast quoth she: "Harry, dear, I know what was the matter with the clock." "Well?" "It only wanted winding."
A CHANGE of base is always a desideratum to the small boy who is being spanked.

A Strange Romance.

That "truth is stranger than fiction" is once more aptly exemplified by the following curious narrative, which reaches the *Nazione* from its correspondent at Lucca: "Some years ago a native of Casamaggiore emigrated to America, leaving behind him his wife and two children. Shortly after his arrival in the States, where he promptly found lucrative employment, he sent 100 lire to the priest of his native place, to be by him conveyed to his family. A few months later this remittance was followed by a second of 1,000 lire; and at subsequent periods other sums were forwarded in the same manner, to the total amount of 25,000 lire, or £1,000. The priest, however, to whom this money was transmitted put it in his own pocket. One day, having come to the conclusion that he had derived sufficient profit from his agency, he sent for the woman and informed her, with many consolatory reflections, that her husband was dead. About the same time he wrote to the emigrant, stating that the latter's wife and children had succumbed to an epidemic which had had all but depopulated Casamaggiore, and inclosed in his letter an official certificate of their death and burial. It appears that, after a while, the emigrant, believing himself to be a widower, married again. He prospered in business, became a wealthy man, and a few months ago determined to visit the place of his birth. In due time he arrived with his second wife and family at Casamaggiore, where he took up his quarters at the principal inn. Strolling out to look up some of his old acquaintances, a little beggar boy followed him, importuning him for alms. Something in the child's appearance arrested his attention. He asked the boy his name, and found him to be his own son. Further inquiry soon elicited the fact that his wife and two children were living, but in the utmost poverty and distress. The reverend embezzler, when confronted with his victims, offered to refund the 25,000 lire; but the affair had come to the knowledge of the police authorities, who refused to permit any compromise, and arrested the holy man, against whom proceedings have been taken by the state. Meanwhile, his unfortunate ex-patriation funds himself saddled with two wives and families, between whose claims upon his affection and support there is, equitably speaking, nothing to choose either way.—London Telegraph.

Suicide of the Scorpion.

Mr. Allen Thomson in a letter says: While residing many years ago during the summer months at the baths of Lucca, in Italy, in a somewhat damp locality, my informant, together with the rest of the family, was much annoyed by the intrusion of small black scorpions into the house, and their being secreted among the bedclothes, in shoes, and in other articles of dress. It thus became necessary to be constantly on the watch for these troublesome creatures, and to take means for their removal and destruction.
Having been informed by the natives of the place that the scorpion would destroy itself if exposed to sudden light, my informant and her friends soon became adepts in catching the scorpions and disposing of them in the manner suggested. This consisted in confining the animal under an inverted drinking glass or tumbler, below which a card was inserted when the capture was made, and then, waiting till dark, suddenly bringing the light of a candle near to the glass in which the animal was confined. No sooner was this done than the scorpion invariably showed signs of great excitement, running round and round the interior of the tumbler with reckless velocity for a number of times.
This state having lasted for a minute or more, the animal suddenly became quiet, and, turning its tail or the hinder part of its body over its back, brought its recurved sting down upon the middle of the head, and, piercing it quite forcibly, in a few seconds became quite motionless, and, in fact, quite dead. This observation was repeated very frequently; in truth, it was adopted as the best plan of getting rid of the animals, and the young people were in the habit of handling the scorpions with impunity immediately after they were so killed, and of preserving many of them as curiosities.

The Velocity of Ice-Boats.

Some time ago the question whether or not an ice-boat would go faster than the wind which propelled it was discussed in the columns of the press, and for a time it divided attention with the momentous problem, "Does the top of a wheel go faster than the bottom?" somebody wrote to me in the *Evening Post* about the ice-yachts, and as the staid old *Post* never goes yachting, either on ice or water, I referred the matter to Prof. Loomis, of Yale, and President Barnard, of Columbia. These grave gentlemen, of course, did not practically indulge in any such levity as skimming over the ice, but they are noted mathematicians, so they undertook to figure it out, and the result was a very figurative answer. They both agreed that the ice-boats could go faster than the wind. The *Scientific American* here dipped in its oar, and thus remarked: "In thus putting themselves squarely on record in opposition to a fact of common experience in ice-boating, these learned gentlemen furnish one more instance to the long list of mistakes by eminent scholars, who have declared results to be impossible after they have been practically achieved." It then showed plainly how the yacht could exceed the speed of the wind, and the learned professors at once came down and acknowledged themselves mistaken.
To saw and split wood, carry water, coal, and wood, plow, harrow and thresh, and in cities sweep the streets, are, says the Berlin *Tagwacht*, among the avocations of German women.

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Manufactured by the Dr. Harter Medicine Co., No. 212 N. Main Street, St. Louis.
The following is one of the very many testimonials we are receiving daily:
"Gentlemen—Some three months ago I began the use of DR. HARTER'S IRON TONIC, upon the advice of many friends who knew its virtues. I was suffering from general debility to such an extent that my labor was exceedingly burdensome to me. A vacation of a month did not give me much relief, but on your IRON TONIC, which I realized almost immediately, I returned to my work. The old energy returned and I found that my natural force was not permanently abated. I have used three bottles of the TONIC. Since using it I have done twice the labor that I ever did in the same time during my illness, and with double the ease. With the tranquil nerve and vigor of body, has come also a clearness of thought never before enjoyed. If the Tonic has not done the work, I know not what. I give it the credit."
THOMAS J. WATSON, Pastor Christian Church, Troy, O.
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CAUTION.

The great success of the Holman Liver Pad has induced unscrupulous persons to manufacture a counterfeit pad.
One has been lately put on the market, well calculated to deceive the most careful. The outside appearance of the box, labels and signature are nearly a fac-simile of the genuine the Pad itself is a worthless imitation, and the odor quite different to the genuine.
The utmost care should be exercised by purchasers, as there is every reason to believe that the counterfeit Pad is positively injurious. As a great many of these counterfeit pads will reach this State in all probability, you should see, before purchasing, whether my private stamp, and green label are on the cover of each Pad Box; if they are not, the evidence is presumptive, that it is counterfeit.
Prices—Infants' Pads, \$1.50; Women's Pads, \$2.00; Men's Pads, \$3.00; XXX for Chronic Cases, \$5.00.
Sold by all Druggists. Address all correspondence to WESLEY TAYLOR, Manager, P. O. Box 368, 169 East Market St., Galveston.

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Parsons' Purgative Pills make New Rich Blood, and will completely change the blood in the entire system in three months. Any person who will take 1 pill each night from 1 to 12 weeks may be restored to sound health, if such a thing be possible. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 10c per stamp to T. S. JOHNSON & CO., Bangor Maine.

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An English Veterinary Surgeon and Chemist now residing in this country, says that most of the fowls and Cattle Powders sold here are worthless trash. He says that Sheridan's Condition Powders are absolutely pure and immensely valuable. Nothing on earth will make hens lay like Sheridan's Condition Powders. Dose one teaspoonful to one pint food. Sold everywhere, or sent by mail for 8 letter stamps.

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Liver Complaints, Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Fevers, Nervousness, Impurities of the Blood, Inflammation, Costiveness, Pains in the Head, Breast, Sides, Back or Limbs, Female Diseases, and whenever an Aperient, Alterative, or Purgative Medicine may be required.

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they are unequalled. As a LIVER INVIGORATOR they are acknowledged by one and all unparal- leled. As a HEADACHE PILL they are without a rival, and with proper diet never fail to cure Dyspepsia. Taken into the stomach, THEY IMMEDIATELY GO ABOUT THEIR WORK, removing all obstructions to the General Good Health, whatever those obstructions may be.
If taken in time to remove the bile from the stomach, they will counteract the causes which commonly produce the Yellow or Bilious Fevers, Fever and Ague, Bilious Colic, Pleurisy, Worms, Dysentery, Vomiting, Sick or Foul Stomach, Headache, Loss of Appetite, Flatulency, Spasms, Coughs and Colic, Rheumatism, etc. Many days of sickness and hours of distress may be avoided by a timely dose of MORLEY'S T-X-S LIVER PILLS.
They are so certain in their effect, that one, and not more than two doses, taken as directed, gives full and lasting relief, entirely expelling the old theory of taking a "peck" of pills to cure a "pin" of disease, and every family should have them on hand for their protection, and relief when required, for those who have used them find the benefit they seek.

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CLARENDON NEWS.

Special Notice.

Correspondents and business should be directed with further notices to L. H. CARHART, Clarendon, Texas, via Dodge City, Kansas.

THE GRAND JURY.

To the Hon. H. A. Lewis Special Judge Dist. Court, Wheeler County, Texas.

The Grand Jurors empanelled at the January term A. D. 1880, of the district court Wheeler county Texas, respectfully report to your honor that they have closed their labors at the present session of this court.

That this being the first term of the district court held in the Panhandle of Texas, a county heretofore without civil law, the Grand Jurors have in their investigation confined themselves to the more serious offenses against the laws of the state.

But it is not to be inferred that the less serious offenses have been entirely ignored such as for instance gambling.

The Grand Jurors are of one opinion that it cannot be expected of a community just settling a new country that the laws concerning the public morals have been as strictly complied with as in the more densely populated district where the laws have been for a long time years enforced and understood, nor can it be expected that the mere fact of the civil organizations of a county in a remote and unsettled region will immediately return and correct abuses of the laws of the state concerning misdemeanors. Such reforms must necessarily be gradual.

While the Grand Jury defer indictment for such violations of the law yet the public is cautioned that a future Grand Jury may not be so lenient, and as all misdemeanors may not be prosecuted upon an information, the attention of the county officers is invited to article 378 369 of the penal code of the state, and further recommend that the county officers cause information to be filed in the misdemeanor cases which may be prosecuted in the county, and justice courts.

The Grand Jurors are of opinion that a great deal of timber has been cut off the state school lands in Wheeler county and adjoining counties, but owing to the fact that the surveyor of Wheeler county has not yet perfected the transcripts of surveys in Wheeler county and can do no official work until the same are perfected the Grand Jurors are unable to determine with sufficient exactness the location of said school lands. It is universally recommended to the public that they assist the Surveyor of Wheeler county by pecuniary aid to obtain the transcripts necessary to enable him to perform his official labor, as the settlers in the county are extremely desirous of having their lands surveyed.

The Grand Jurors in behalf of the people of the Pan Handle acknowledge their sense of gratitude of the members of the Clay county bar who have interested themselves in the welfare of the people of this region to the extent of having traveled a distance of 200 miles across an unsettled country for the purpose of holding a district court and the members of this first Grand Jury held in this county in behalf of this county think that especial mention, should be made of the name Hon. Wm. B. Plennans county Judge of Clay county to whom the authority lay for the organization of Wheeler county. His courtesy in coming to this place for the purpose of organizing the county was an act which should recommend him favorably to the people of the Pan Handle. The Grand Jury also express their thanks to your Hon. for the courteous and able manner in which you have discharged the duties imposed upon you.

The Grand Jurors also congratulate Henry Fleming the sheriff of Wheeler county upon the able manner in which he has enforced the law in suppressing acts of lawlessness and violence in the county and especially at the county seat. And the county officers generally cannot be too highly lauded for the determined and successful manner in which the lawless and outrageous conduct of one Walter Johnson a deputy U. S. marshal was opposed. The Grand Jurors further deem it their duty to mention favorably the officers who have complied with their obligations, they believe that the establishing of mail routes in a new country creates encouragement to settlers and it is to be hoped that the postal department will see fit to increase such service as to meet the growing demands of a rapidly settling country.

The county commissioners are earnestly requested to adopt measures for the early construction of a court house and jail in Wheeler county. With congratulations to the public at large for the past success and the promise to our new country of a bright future. We remain your most obedient servant, F. M. PATTERSON, Foreman.

A combination of circumstances not likely soon to occur again, makes us a little behind time in issuing this number.

Lester & Hardeman raised 30,000 pounds of corn at there farm 25 miles north of Clarendon. The field embraced 26 acres of bottom land and was well worked. Twelve acres was on "sod" or new breaking. It readily commands \$2.50 per 100 pounds, shelled. Mr. Lester says from his experience wheat, oats, rye, etc. will do well on all mesquite lands. The address of Mr James Lester is Clarendon, Texas.

Trees.

Quite a large number of shade trees are being put out this winter, along the more public streets. The trees are to be about two inches in diameter and cut off at the tops not less than six feet from the ground. Cottonwood and black walnut will be mainly set. A number of umbrella china and soft maple, set in nursery last fall have survived the dry season and will be set variously this spring. Let any who wish order trees to put out. We shall endeavor to protect as well as possible and water them if needful. The cost, set in good shape, will be fifty cents each. They will be set about twelve and one half feet apart, leaving space for side walks. Orders Address to Orey, Rising & Co. will receive careful attention.

A Mill at Clarendon.

Rev. Geo. Noss of Stransbury Vt., who visited our colony last spring and made a careful survey of our water power thus writes, sending a map and diagram of his work:

Find map of mill seat with seventeen foot wheel (over shot) a very good and safe power, actually found by measurement on the ground, the dam not over five feet from low water mark, the seat of the dam without much sand, the head of race in prairie clay, the pit and tail race with unusually good natural advantages. It was also found that a little way to the stream, the hills come in to favor the formation of a reservoir and to hold water in time of drouth. It is also believed that a mill of improved metal gearing, the friction reduced to minimum, with a burr of medium size, would find Carroll Creek sufficient to run it day and night at common low water. It was also found there was more living running water in Carroll Creek, than in some of the small rivers between Clarendon and Dodge City. It is calculated that the head, or accumulated water in the dam, will bear upon the wheel with equal weight with that collected in the race, so that when the water is put in motion at the wheel, that motion will reach the extremest point of back water in the dam, and so maintain the continued force of the wheel, unless the supply of water should not prove equal to the demand. When that takes place the miller stops the wheel until the water should increase or so gauge the mill to run with the flow of the creek only.

Note—Col. Noss has written very carefully and no doubt inside of facts. Carroll creek is fed by springs and never goes dry or gets very low. It is one of the few streams about us with rock bottom, we notice more water now, in winter, than in summer, though we have had no rain to cause the increase. This excess is caused, no doubt, because in winter the evaporation is much less than in hot weather. Some of the best observers think there is water enough for two run of stones for twelve hours each day. Col. Noss further says in a personal note that the one fifth (toll) of what wheat can be grown on 640 acres, at 12 bushels to the acre, and valued at two dollars per bushel, its present worth for flour, would pay for the erection of a mill in one year, and proposes, if a stock company can be found, to come down and superintend the work, and take some of the stock, though he is now over 60 years of age. We feel confident of enough to grind by the time the mill is complete. Liberal terms will be given on the site, and we have the finest of stone in easy reach for all purposes.

Editor.

The Curse of Rum

Was never more evidently, or more keenly felt than now, in most parts of Texas and the south. Here at Clarendon we are safe, and some have wisely fled to us for shelter and security, and a drunken man is never seen, except some passer-by, in the middle of his second supply of whisky. But our neighbors have enough of the bloody nose, red eyes, poverty and woe, dance houses, jails and potters fields, to keep us in a lively consideration of the ceaseless tide of death, sweeping ever and resistless on. If this heartless destruction would take only the men of small covetous, miserly mould in society, our sorrow could not be so deep, but when the most generous and noble, and but for this the most effective, ready and useful of our men and women; our brothers and sisters fall, and are borne in shame to a hopeless future, who can refrain from weeping day and night. Of earthly agencies the omnipotence of Legal prohibition can only stay or reach this cause, O! though mighty Jehovah, helper of the weak and fallen, come quickly to our aid.

Building a Church.

A site has been selected, a board of trustees chosen, subscription opened and the ball set in motion for a church edifice. Details are not yet fully settled, but all seem agreed upon a stone building 30x50 in the clear, neatly finished and costing about two thousand dollars. This, the first church building, in the Pan Handle, will be historic in the future and should and doubtless will illicit active sympathy, at home and abroad. The best architectural style will be consulted.

Another Advocate.

We are just in receipt of the first member of the "North Texas Christian Advocate" published at Fort Worth, and edited by Rev. H. H. Brooks, pastor of St. Pauls M. E. Church. We append the introductory prospectus and bid the enterprise good speed. The pulpit and the press fully sanctified to God and his work will soon establish the truth in all the earth. Let all who read this send the editor and publisher fiftycents for a year's subscription weekly. The "News" extends a lightning grip across this chasm of 300 miles.

PROSPECTUS.

This paper is intended to advance the Christian Faith, and advocate the cause of the Methodist Episcopal Church in Texas.

It will for the present be issued every Friday morning.

We contemplate enlargement at an early date.

We invite correspondence from our friends on religious matters, specially that which relates to our church.

We depend upon the sympathy and patronage of all the ministers and laity of the church in Texas, and in return will endeavor to make this little sheet a blessing to all.

We exclude from the advertising columns everything that tends to demoralize mankind.

This is the only avowed advocate upholding our cause published in this State.

We "cast our bread upon the waters."

Send all communications to HENRY H. BROOKS, Editor North Tex. Christian Adv., Fort Worth, Texas.

Our first colony baby pet, Fannie Reed, was nearly deluged with gifts by old Santa, during his visit Christmas night, and also were the two new arrivals, remembered in a variety of ways.

One of our citizens proposes for \$250 to bring a full supply of water from Carroll creek, into town for all use and for irrigation. This offer only covers cost of races etc. but not the expense of distribution. The work will undoubtedly go forward.

December twenty fourth ult. was about the coldest weather ever known here. Ice was cut and packed at Elliott eight inches thick. Our thermometer indicated several degrees below zero. A surveying party in the north part of the county was driven to cover after a short trial, but the day after was greatly changed, and on the twenty seventh at noon the mercury stood at sixty and above, with a warm south wind and indication of rain.

Silk Worms in Texas.

Mr. C. F. Hurst, who for the past two years has been experimenting with silk worms, has about four or five acres of ground in the suburbs in a fine condition and is now awaiting the arrival of about a thousand mulberry trees of the Japanese, Italian and French varieties. He has quite a number of stalk worm eggs on hand and will this spring continue his experiment. He has already demonstrated that the worms can be raised here and has kept the eggs over from one season to another.—Wills Pointer.

Beautiful Extract.

I saw a temple, reared by the hand of man, standing with its pinnacle in the distant plain. The storm beat upon it—the God of Nature hurled his thunderbolts against it—and yet it stood as firm as adamant. Revelry was in its halls—the gay, the happy and the beautiful were there. I returned, and the temple was no more; its high walls lay scattered in ruins; moss and wild grass grew there. The young and gay that had revelled there, had passed away.

I saw a child rejoicing in his youth the idol of his mother, the pride of youth became old-trembling with the weight of heart, he stood the last of his generation—a stranger amidst the desolation around him.

I saw an old oak standing in all its pride, on the mountain—the birds were caroling on its boughs. I returned; the oak was leafless and supple; the winds were playing at their pastime through its branches.

"Who is that destroyer?" said I to my guardian angel.

"It is Time," said he. "When the morning stars sang together in joy over the new made world, he commenced his course, and when he shall have destroyed all that is beautiful of the earth—plucked the son from its sphere—veiled the moon in blood; yet when he shall have rolled heaven and earth away as a scroll, then shall an angel from the throne of God come forth, and with one foot on the sea and one on the land, lift up his hands toward heaven eternally and say: Time is, Time was, but Time shall be no more!"—Ex.

Words sometimes wound more than swords.

A pound of care will not pay a pound of debt.

Excursion.

Several parties are anticipating a visit to Clarendon next season. Permit us to suggest June 1st, and city of Sherman as the time and place of departure. Let the approximate time embrace six weeks. All who wish can provide themselves with transportation and subsistence. For others, who would not wish to be troubled with such details, we will furnish both conveyance and boarding at the lowest rate possible. Must be assured ten or more in company to justify time and attention. Those desiring can make the half trip and return via Dodge City by stage or remain at Clarendon. Those preferring can ride on horseback, and board with the party. Baggage weighing over one hundred lbs will be charged extra. Tent will be provided for sleeping, or protection in event of storm. Conveyances will be on springs and covered. The driving will be by easy stages, and with regard to comfort rather than speed. Ladies or persons in slender health can make the journey easily and safely. Growlers and fault finders always stay at home, we therefore expect a most enjoyable party to the entertainment of which all will have ample opportunity of contributing. Any who can avail themselves of this rustic and novel excursion will find in it rest, recreation and health. Fifty dollars per ticket is a present estimate of total cost of passage and board for the round trip. Entertainment while at Clarendon will be outside of these figures and at the option and dictation of each. Correspondence on this line is in order. Name should be enrolled by May first.

CLARENDON HOUSE,

JAMES GLENN, PROPRIETOR.

Good table and comfortable accommodations. Terms Reasonable.

Important

SHEEP GROWERS!

The New (patented) Sheep Dip.

LITTLE'S CHEMICAL FLUID.

Non-Poisonous, Non-Corrosive!

Will not injure even the eyes of Sheep.

Kills lice, ticks, scab insects, also ants, bed bugs, and fleas on dogs, cures gape in chickens.

Improves growth and quality of the wool, the first prize for wool given in London June last was awarded to wool clipped from sheep that had been dipped in this fluid.

The advantages over the other dips is that it mixes perfectly with cold water and is not unsafe to use in cold weather and one gallon of the fluid makes 100 gallons ready for dipping.

It is perfect disinfectant and antiseptic. Send stamp for Prospectus and testimonials.

T. W. Lawford (general agent) Baltimore, Md. Agents wanted.

City Property

In CLARENDON, the (will be) county seat of Donley county. The location which the city is situated exempt from state and county tax for a term of 25 years. We have fine building and residence lots, 50x100 feet, for \$25, \$25, \$25, \$25 and \$25.

25 DOLLARS

Will purchase a beautiful well-located lot. Business lots are 25x100 feet, street 100 feet and alley 20 feet in width. Soil for gardening excellent.

Address, L. H. CARHART, Sherman, or Clarendon, Texas.

To Printers.

We desire a practical printer to take charge of the publishing department of the Clarendon News, who can bring to Clarendon with him a printing office complete. He will require a half or quarter medium jobber, body type for a four column paper complete, job and advertising type for small office. To some responsible party with this outfit we will give the publishing of the paper with control of advertising etc., retaining only the editorial management.

Five Acre Lots.

To accommodate those who do not wish to reside several miles, more or less from town, on their farms, and yet find town lots too narrow to afford scope for gardening or farming in a small way, we have laid out an addition to the original town plat of Clarendon—a large tract sloping gently southward and rendering the entire town and much of the surrounding country, and cut it up into lots of about five acres being 300 by 630 feet each, so situated as to make each a corner lot or giving a street on two sides of each division. Each block contains about 20 acres or (4 lots) with street on all sides. Each lot will afford room for large garden—shrubbery and even corn and grain in a limited way—will be near enough to have all the benefit of town and yet be out side the incorporation. The lots will be broken or plowed and ready for occupation and planting. The soil is a black sandy loam. For plat of same with prices and terms address L. H. CARHART, Sherman, Texas.

Who has a good cabinet organ to sell on reasonable terms?—Please advise this office at once

Cheap Homes for the Multitude!

640—320—160—80—40—20 acres.

Select farming land, \$1 and \$2 per acre from one to ten miles from the town of Clarendon. Growing very rapidly and will be the seat of the county and the centre of an immense population. Apply early, 100 acres for \$160. Address, L. H. CARHART, Sherman, Texas.

F. G. JANSEN & CO.

MANUFACTURERS OF

FURNITURE,

AND DEALER IN—

Carpets,

Oil Cloth and

Window Shades.

Warerooms East Side Public Square,

Sherman, Texas

Window Cornice and Picture

Frames Made to Order.

6m Factory: Quincy, Illinois.

WESTERN LAND

AND

CITY REAL ESTATE AGENCY

Weatherford, Texas.

3,000,000 Acres For Sale.

We make a specialty of selling lands in small or large bodies in eastern and northern portions of Texas, real estate agents, colonists, and for actual settlers. We locate land at lowest rates. Property insured and taxes paid. City residence and business property for sale. Stock farms and stock ranches for sale. Wild and improved lands sold in small or large bodies. Land warrants and railway bonds for sale. Collections made and money loaned or invested for eastern capitalists. Railway bonds converted into land, horses and farms rented. Property of all kinds sold on commission. Land titles perfected and abstracts issued. Maps and plat of land sent free to any address. Office 406 north main st., in Hart's granite block.

JOHN S. WAIN, Sec'y and Treas. B. Com. & L. L. Wain, and.

O'KEY, RISING & CO.

DEALERS IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

CLARENDON, DONLEY CO., TEXAS.

Groceries,

Dry Goods,

Hardware,

Boots & Shoes

Hats & Caps,

Tobacco,

Cigars,

Drugs, &c.

A full line of SUPPLIES will be kept on hand, which we shall furnish stockmen at reasonable rates.

O'KEY, RISING & CO.

BYERS BROS.,

DEALERS IN

Shutter, Fish and Labelle

WAGONS,

Buckeye Mowers and Reapers, Buckeye Harvester and Binder, Buckeye Wheel Drill, Gilson Barbed Fence Wire, Phoenix Cotton Gin, Salky Hay Rakes, Marsh Harvester and Binder, Ford & Bradley City Plows, Kentucky Wheat Drill, Planters Press, Sewerstakes, Thrashers, Engines and Horse Powers, Corn Shellers, Hay Cutters, Etc., Etc.

BYERS BROS.,

SHERMAN, TEXAS.

Send for circulars and prices.

H. B. HAWKINS, T. R. HASSAR.

HAWKINS & HASSAR,

CONTRACTORS and BUILDERS,

—ALSO DEALERS IN—

Stone and Lime,

Clarendon, Donley County, Texas.

WRIGHT, BEVERLY & CO.,

DODGE CITY KANSAS.

GENERAL OUTFITTERS,

Wholesale and Retail Headquarters for

FREIGHTERS, STOCKMEN,

EMIGRANTS, Etc., Etc.

WRIGHT, BEVERLY & CO.

A. WASSON,

DEALER IN

HIDES AND WOOL,

Sherman, - - - Texas.

JAS. H. PARKS,

NOTARY PUBLIC, DEPUTY SURVEYOR OF JACK LAMB DISTRICT AND AGENT TEXAS LAND COMPANY.

Will make local surveys and locations in any county of the Pan Handle; and will attend to legal business, act as agent for those desiring to transact business in Clarendon. Will secure good locations on School or State lands, furnish specimens of soil and a full and accurate description of land, and transact any other business entrusted to his care.

J. H. PARKS, Clarendon, Texas.

MERCHANTS and PLANTERS'

BANK,

Capital - - - \$250,000

OFFICERS:

C. C. BINKLEY - - - President,

R. A. CHAPMAN - - - Vice-President

TOM RANDOLPH - - - Cashier.

DIRECTORS:

TOM RANDOLPH, C. A. ANDREWS,

JOS. BLEDSOE, R. A. CHAPMAN

C. C. BINKLEY, T. J. BROWN,

EDWARD EASTBURN.

Does a general banking business. Drafts drawn on all the principal cities of Europe.

TEXAS & PACIFIC RAILWAY

And its connections form the

MOST DIRECT and QUICKEST ROUTE

From all points in

TEXAS

TO—

ST. LOUIS, MEMPHIS,

CHICAGO, NASHVILLE,

CAIRO, INDIANAPOLIS,

LOUISVILLE, CHATTANOOGA

TOLEDO, ATLANTA,

—and all points—

North, East, and South-East.

Trains arrive at and leave Sherman as follows:

ARRIVE. LEAVE.

6:50 P. M. Mail and Express. 9:30 P. M.

12:45 P. M. Through Freight. 11:10 A. M.

CONNECTIONS.—At TEXARKANA, with all trains on St. Louis and Iron Mountain and So. Ry. For all points North, East and South-East.

At Longview Junction and Minerva with all trains on International railroad for Tyler, Palestine, Houston, Austin, Galveston and San Antonio.

At Dallas with trains on the Houston & Texas Central railroad for Corsicana, Mexia, Brenham and all points in Middle and Southern Texas.

At Sherman with the H. & T. C. railroad for all points on the line of the Texas & Pacific.

At Shreveport with Red River Steamers for New Orleans.

Pullman's Palace Sleeping Cars,

FROM—

FT. WORTH, DALLAS and SHERMAN,

TO—

ST. LOUIS.

Any information in regard to rates of Freight and Passage, Time and Connection will be cheerfully given on application to

J. H. NEWMAN, Gen'l Supt. Marshall, Tex.

W. H. NEWMAN, Gen'l Agt., Marshall.

R. W. THOMPSON, P. & T. Agt., Marshall.

Beautiful Indian Territory.

When we went to Texas, we picked out the route down through the finest portions of Missouri, by way of the "Queen City," Sedalia, thence to Ft. Scott and Emporia, through the garden portion of Kansas, passing along the wonderful "Valley of the Neosho," with its rolling upland prairies, broad majestic rivers, springs of pure water, deep ravines, rich plains of waving corn, dotted here and there with pretty farm cottages nestled under the slope.

Going south from Emporia, Kansas, our route led down toward the line where the Gulf of Mexico, and we entered the CHARMING INDIAN TERRITORY, just below Chetopa, Kansas. Beautiful Indian Territory, broad prairies, its resources, with its mines, forests and prairies; its mountains, canyons and canyons; its valleys, dunes and streams, the brightest dunes, the grandest sunsets, the softest twilight, and the most brilliant moon and glittering stars; her fair surface covered with the most beautiful flowers; home of the wild horse, deer, elk, bear, turkey, grouse and birds of song. Broad, winding streams, clear as the crystal mirror in the halls of the fairies, flow along the broad prairies stretching in airy undulations far away, as if the ocean in its gentlest swell stood still with all its rounded billows fixed and motionless forever.

No other country on the globe equals these wonderful lands of the red man. With a lingering look at them we crossed the Red river and entered Denison, the "Gate to Texas." From this point led through the finest and richest portion of Texas, through the grain and cotton growing districts, and the wonderful show of the prairie ranches. What wonderful marks of progress we saw! Our earnest advice to those going to Texas, is to be sure and take the route through the beautiful Indian Territory, and enter the Gate City, Denison; see that you go by the way of the Great Missouri, Kansas & Texas Railway.

If you wish a beautiful illustrated Guide Book, describing Texas and Kansas, and containing articles on sheep and cattle raising, and where the best lands are, it will be sent you free of charge by addressing JAS. D. BROWN, Texas and Kansas Emigrant Agent, ST. LOUIS, MO.