

Clarendon News.

Christianity, Education, Temperance, Civilization---Westward.

VOL. 1. CLARENDON, TEXAS, NOVEMBER, 4, 1878. NO. 6

CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE COLONY

— IN —

NORTH-WESTERN TEXAS.

Several hundred sections of first-class farming and grazing lands, sold and unsold, in the county of Donley, in the

SOUTH PART OF THE PAN HANDLE.

Carefully selected and surveyed lands are patented directly to purchaser for \$300 per section (640 acres), or for fifty cents per acre in smaller lots.

TITLE PERFECT. TAXES LOW.

Good society, schools, churches, &c., and no whisky forever. A town is building up, settlers on the ground, crops growing. All portions of the country represented, from Connecticut to California. Read, Investigate, Act!

OUR LANDS

are in the county of Donley; except a limited amount in the south part of Gray, and some in Hale and Oldham counties. We are about fifty miles west of the western line of "Indian Territory," on the Middle Fork of Red River. Forty-five miles southwest of Ft. Elliot, an important military post in Wheeler county. About 150 miles east of New Mexico, 225 southeast of Dodge City, Kansas, and 250 miles west and northwest of Sherman, in the midst of a tract of country of great natural wealth and beauty.

THE SOIL.

Is a dark sandy loam, not unlike much in Kansas and the Northern States. In some places it is more nearly of a chocolate color; is of variable depth—from 18 inches to several feet. It plows easily, has no "sticky" substance, and by actual experiment produces well.

THE GENERAL SURFACE

of the county is rolling, in some places broken and abrupt; and again for many miles in extent, is nearly or quite level. The surface is cut by streams and lakes or basins, and also by valleys, in which there is no running water. A pleasing and profitable diversity of hill and dale—far superior for general occupancy to that which is almost entirely an unbroken plain. In some parts of the county, especially along the streams and gulches, there are ledges of rock, hard and soft. In other places rocky knolls, and in others hills quite too sandy for cultivation. There are no stones scattered about the surface, and there is not a square mile of land in the county which would not be valuable for stock and grazing, and be worth much more than the cost. No two tracts would be exactly alike, producing a pleasing and endless variety.

THE VEGETATION

consists of an ample growth of mesquit and buffalo grass, and a great supply of natural flowers, varying in hue, and mature from month to month. This grass is extremely nutritious and is greedily eaten by stock of all kinds, and fattens rapidly. We have cut and put in stack, this season, about one hundred tons of native grass, for the winter feeding teams. Ordinary stock need no feeding and the natural unevenness of the land affords secure shelter from storms. Nevertheless good barns and wholesome feeding and care of stock will pay in Texas as well as in other states.

TIMBER AND FUEL

are not abundant, but we have been surprised to find so much. Almost every stream and depression has more or less of trees. Cottonwood, hackberry, cedar-willow; while mesquit bushes abound everywhere and the earth in many places is full of immense roots. In some sections a peculiar species of oak is found. The land is evidently adapted to the growth of timber, and but for fires annually sweeping over the country, would now be densely covered with trees. Fortunately it is not; but enough has escaped the flames for present use, both for fuel and certain parts of building. In Armstrong county we have quantities of cedar, also in some parts of our own county. Near the center of the county there is a heavy belt of large trees and undergrowth. Twenty miles southeast on Indian creek, there is much timber; south on Mulberry, ditto; while twenty miles northeastward on McClellan creek, we have several sections well supplied with timber, and shall have a saw mill in operation soon. Pine lumber we have to haul from nearest railway connection. It is not found in the Pan Handle. Every farmer will at once commence the planting of trees and groves, and in a few years hedges and forests will abound.

WATER AND STREAMS.

The water is mostly soft, and very wholesome and agreeable. We have never seen or tasted better water than is found in a thousand springs and creeks in Donley county. The main branch of Red River running through the county from west to east, is fed by springs and maintains an even flow. The bed is sandy and gravelly, and the water about knee deep and from 30 to 60 feet in width, flows clear and pure. Into this stream several of lesser size, but of the same character, flow. One of the branches, "Carroll creek," coming in from the north, about 10 miles from the western edge of the county affords a fine mill power, or several of them, and at its junction with main stream gives a particular charm to the site for the town of Clarendon, now laid out and being built. The town has the main stream on the south side, and Carroll creek meandering through its center. Similar streams are found east and west of town. The main stream affords ample water power, one mile below town and five miles above it.

BUILDING MATERIAL

is abundant, (except pine lumber.) We find within a half mile of town, stones of richest quality; a variety of marble which takes a polish readily. The supply is exhaustless and without cost, except the quarrying (very easily done) and the hauling (stone masons are in demand.) In some places the quality inclines to a more sandy type, white and red. Five miles west of town, (and also east of it) we saw a red sandstone ledge or bluff eighty feet in height. The stone is easily cut and will make elegant buildings. Several houses of stone have already been erected (and others in process) at Clarendon, besides others of pine. Brick making will also pay and enter largely into the list of available building material. A machine for pressing is now in operation. We expect to use both the burnt and unburnt brick. The clay is exceedingly fine—would make a good quality of pottery. We have ample material for building and of the choicest quality.

FENCING.

At first, all stock will be herded. Hedges must be planted. Posts and wires can be used if needed, at ordinary expense.

COAL

has been found east of us in the "Territory," from which mines the entire Eastern and Northern Texas demand is supplied. Coal has been discovered on the Canadian, seventy-five miles north of us, and at Ft. Griffin, in Shackelford county, south of us. We have not yet had time to explore or "prospect." We expect to find an abundant supply in Northwestern Texas. But if not, we shall not be seriously hindered.

CLIMATE AND HEALTH.

We are about 2000 feet above the Gulf, high and rolling, with constant breezes and pure air. There is no stagnant water and no malaria perceptible. We do not think a more healthful locality could be found in this nation. Our company, embracing about 100 persons, first and last, up to date, (see 1st.) have been in good health. Not a case of serious illness. While the heat has been severe in Eastern Texas, our colonists, have had but little really hot weather. The nights are almost universally breezy and cool. Now and then a "Norther" cools off everything for 24 to 48 hours. Last winter our surveying party passed the first half of January in Donley county. We lived in a tent, and were in the saddle most of each day. The streams were slightly frozen, but not in the swiftly flowing channel, at any time. The ground was frozen four inches deep, at times, and this was our winter! We cannot give exact figures as to the "mercury," for we have not yet kept a record. Shall do so in future. We believe thousands of persons in the Northern and Eastern states, slowly but certainly perishing by reason of the severe seasons, could in this latitude, receive a renewed "lease of life." With this in view, we are preparing to make Clarendon a general "Resort," by the early erection of suitable buildings for public entertainment, (see "Wintering South," in Oct. "News.")

AGRICULTURE.

"Such soil as is here found, if decently tilled must produce well." Such was the expression of one company on first sight of this country. Since then we have plowed and planted, and although on "sod plowing," and late at that. We have grown successfully quite a quantity of corn, oats, millet, cotton, potatoes, and "garden stuff." There has been rain sufficient for all purposes this season, and stock men and hunters tell us the rain fall is ordinarily enough for the maturing of crops if every advantage is made of it. Crops must be planted or sown at the proper season, and the risk is not greater than in Kansas, the Territory, or other parts of Texas. As rain clouds usually follow large water courses, we think, being on the middle fork of the Red, with its vast arms on either side and with its net-work of branches, our chance to be in the "path of showers," to be very good. Wheat, oats and other grains, together with fruit and other trees, will next season be given an ample test! We have no doubt of success.

STOCK RAISING.

Too much cannot be said in favor of this general scope of country, in its adaptation to stock raising. The face of the country affords numerous natural coverings, essential for the protection of stock in cold storms. The grasses are fine, and in endless abundance. The water is good and easily found. The market is near. What can hinder a man with a herd of one hundred head of cattle (or sheep) from rapidly increasing in wealth? From five to eight hundred dollars will buy one hundred head of mixed stock. The increase will not be less than 33 1/3 per cent, above cost of herding, (especially with large herds.) There is but little risk, such property is sure to appreciate, and the way to competence open. Stock associations are being formed, several persons combining, for economy and convenience. We still have room for capital and good men.

RAIL ROADS.

Our nearest connection is at Dodge City, Kansas, 225 miles northward. We anticipate an extension of the narrow gauge road from Denver southeastward. The "Galveston, Col. & Santa Fe" is now in operation at either extremity and its early completion looked for. The "Texas Pacific" is now in operation to Ft. Worth, and the Trans Continental Branch will soon be in operation to Gainesville, 36 miles west of Sherman. Another line from Denison westward, is being constructed by the M. K. & T. Company. Texas abounds with actual and incipient railway enterprises. The building of a railroad to and through our section of the Pan Handle of Texas is but a matter of a few years. In the meantime a large home demand will call for all the surplus products. Stock is most economically driven to market.

HOW THE LAND IS SO CHEAP.

Not because it is worthless, or of inferior quality; but because bought with State rather than with United States warrants, companies and corporations to whom land warrants have been issued by the State for work done were compelled to have cash, hence the sale of the warrants, their purchase and location. Our lands have been "thus purchased," and hence the low price at which we can sell. "Fifty cents per acre buys our best lands," and when sold in lots of 640 acres, the sum of \$300 will buy an entire section. Near town there are tracts selling for considerably more, according to location. Can sell in lots of 20, 40, 80, 160 or 320 acres, to suit.

THE TITLE.

When purchase is made in entire sections, is a Patent direct to purchaser, by the State, and is perfectly solid and reliable. When lands are sold in tracts less than 640 acres the title is a Warrant Deed, made from Patent and equally as good. Patents need no recording being already recorded at Austin. County records are regularly opened. Deeds in our county may be recorded at Henrietta, Clay county, or at Jacksboro, Jack county; but we advise all receiving deeds to hold the same until our own county (Donley) shall be duly and legally organized and records open and thus save expense. We hope to accomplish the organization of Donley county during the present winter. For full information in regard to taxes and tax-paying, see an able article in the October Number of the Clarendon News, by Judge T. S. Underhill, whose utterances are available.

EARLY SETTLEMENT.

Seventeen states and considerably over one hundred families are represented by our recent purchasers. About a dozen good families now reside at Clarendon, and many others are enroute and others will come this winter and the following spring. Houses are going up, lands opening, neighbors are not troublesomely near, but are coming. Elliot, 45 miles northeast of C. is quite a town, and the county of Wheeler is applying for permanent organization. A New York colony, mostly of Methodists, under the leadership of Hon. Horatio Graves will soon occupy Hale county, 75 miles S. W. of us. There are numerous settlements on the Canadian and in Potter county 75 miles north of us. Judge Doan has fixed his headquarters 30 miles east of Clarendon, and Paris Cox Esq., of Boxley, Ind., is engineering a large settlement of friends, to be planted in Crosby and Lubbock counties. There are sundry scattering families and companies here and there. Our colony is the earliest on the ground and the largest yet established. Our settlers are known from the extreme east, west and the border states. Numerous parties and families are coming to us from various portions of Texas. In many respects there is no portion of this immense state equal to the extreme northwest, generally known as the Pan Handle. We shall not be subject to a long frontier probation. Our people come prepared to live in a modern and civilized manner at once. The people are intelligent. Society is good. The Sabbath is recognized and observed. Religious work, preaching, Sunday school, &c., are already well organized. School will be opened soon as needed. Homes are being built. Mails are regular. Eight-tenths of our lands now sold are owned by actual or prospective occupants. A printing press, one of the arms of pow-

er, will be in position at Clarendon in early spring, and the "Clarendon News" be printed as well as edited and published there. We extend a welcome to tradesmen, laborers, mechanics and capitalists.

EDUCATION AND TEMPERANCE

Constitute two of the foundation stones. "Allanton Seminary" will be early and vigorously fostered and developed. In laying out the city of Clarendon, (also the seat of Donley county), a large and valuable "College Reserve" has been made. This will be deeded to a Board of Trustees and the proceeds of sale, above actual needs for Campus, will be devoted to the erection of buildings and the support of the school. With this foundation and the aid available from State Educational fund we shall be enabled to build up an institution worthy of consideration, and as good as any state or town affords.

Touching the exclusion of spirituous liquors, their sale and use, we are so nearly a unit as to declare ourselves unanimous. So determined on this point is the policy of the county that he who dares to transgress will be handled with merciless severity. "Free whisky" means idleness, ignorance, poverty, violence, death. To prevent these results, to shield our children and those who make a refuge with us, no violence can be to violent. Every piece of property within the incorporation will work a forfeiture of title whenever so employed, and fall into the public treasury. "Our precinct" will be inclusive of all colonial territory. Let all who read understand, and stand from under.

CHRISTIAN LIBERALITY.

Although representatives of the Methodist Episcopal church, control the "management" of the colony; the widest and most cordial invitation is given to all right-minded, orthodox people, receiving the bible as the standard of faith, to settle among us. Sites will be cheerfully donated for churches actually to be built, and every christian and business courtesy extended. "Whoever will, let him come."

MILLS.

We have in our county several valuable sites for water power, and certain parties are contemplating an early improvement. We need a saw and flouring mill at once. Both will pay at once. Our nearest flouring mills are 150 miles eastward. Capitalists can obtain liberal terms in the improvement of water power.

FREIGHTING.

is mostly done from Sherman and Denison, Texas, and Dodge City, Kansas. We can now contract heavy freights at \$30 per ton, from Sherman. The heavy wagons are put in "train" and loaded with from five to eight tons of merchandise. To these are hitched five or eight yoke of oxen handled by a single driver. Then away! at the rate of fifteen miles per day for twenty or thirty days, to destination. A tremendous power, slow but sure. These oxen cost from \$40 to \$60 per yoke and subsist upon the native grasses enroute. The conductor of this train is paid about \$25 per month and furnished with subsistence cooked by himself. In many cases mules are used instead of oxen. Our freight teams require about 20 to 30 days according to weather and condition of roads to make a trip from Sherman to Clarendon. With passengers we make the same distance in eight or ten days. The roadways, though generally unmarked are good and the wheeling easy. We sometimes suffer detention by swollen streams. We seldom have "muddy roads" after we get fifty miles from Sherman. Supply stores are found enroute, but prices are higher and full supplies had better be taken from place of departure. By and by we shall make this journey by rail in a few hours.

INDIANS.

are kept upon their reserves, east of us by military authority, except occasional small parties on hunting excursions by special permit and under escort. Our colonists have not seen an Indian since they have been at Clarendon and no fear is entertained. Our numbers and strength are now a full guarantee even in emergency, should danger threaten.

SNAKES AND REPTILES.

We have ridden and traveled for whole days without seeing a single snake. As in all new countries there are a few, but generally harmless. Poisonous insects are not troublesome. Concerning all these things, there is no occasion for concern or alarm.

GAME.

Our colonists are every day killing the deer, antelope, buffalo, wild turkey, birds, &c., &c. Our tables are largely supplied from this source. For a year or two to come our hills plains and valleys will continue to be an aradia for the sportsman, prolific of food, necessities and recreation.

CONCLUSIONS.

This enterprise is on the right basis. It is safe. Investments can but be profitable. It is the opening and opportunity of a life time. Push on. The poorest can now receive a home, if he desires. People can come at any time. The autumn, or very early spring is best. Valuable stock should be shipped by chartered car. It will pay to ship valuable furniture and household goods also in the same manner. Teams, wagons and supplies can be bought low. Our territory and lands for sale are every day diminishing. A few months will exhaust all we have. If you are coming to Texas, and want good society, cheap lands, health, arrange to become members of our Christian and Temperance Colony in Donley county. The "Clarendon News," published monthly at fifty cents per year will give full particulars in detail. Address L. H. Carhart, General Manager, Sherman, Texas, or Rev. N. A. Allen, Clarendon, via Ft. Elliot, Texas.

This work is handled in the interest of our frontier and Missionary work in Texas. For map of county, town of Clarendon, and further particulars, address (inclosing stamps.)
L. H. Carhart, box 155, Sherman, Texas.

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Special Agent for Charter Oak Stove and Dupont's Powder.

The Clarendon News.

Rev. L. H. CARHART, Editor.

SHERMAN, TEXAS.

Terms, 50 Cents per Year.

TEXAS TOPICS.

—Waco has the scarlet fever, but the physicians claim that it is of a very mild form.

—A colored farmer near Houston has just harvested a rice crop of 60 bushels to the acre.

—A mad dog bit several persons in Dallas last week, and in attempting to kill the rabid animal a policeman was also bitten.

—Well matured and finely flavored oranges are grown in considerable quantity in the Gulf counties of Texas. The production of this favorite semi-tropical fruit is one of the latent resources of Texas that has heretofore been neglected but promises to be very profitable in the future.

—All trains entering Texas are crowded to their utmost capacity with immigrants. The danger of yellow fever visiting the Lone Star State having passed, the embargo on travel has been raised. Cheap and productive lands, a good market, and a healthful climate are inducements to immigration that are rapidly filling up the Empire State of the Great Southwest.

—Mrs. Martin, wife of Col. D. B. Martin, of Hunt county, met with a serious accident on Wednesday evening of last week. It seems that a gun had been left under her bed by one of her sons, and in passing around the bed Mrs. Martin struck it with her foot, when by some means it was discharged, lodging a charge of small shot in her foot and mangleing it in a frightful manner.

—Some sixty immigrant wagons passed through Denison on Monday of last week. They were nearly all from Missouri, and were bound for all portions of the State. From one of the parties, who seemed to be well posted, it was learned that the emigration from Missouri to Texas will be unusually large this fall. Most of these parties seemed to be the right kind of people, and will prove a valuable acquisition to any community.

—The annual exports of cattle from Texas amount to \$6,000,000; Wool, \$1,000,000; Hides, \$1,800,000; Beef in barrels, \$1,300,000; Fruits, \$3,000,000. Its cotton crop exceeds that of any other State, reaching 680,000 bales in 1876, which is one-seventh of the entire yield of the United States. Its wheat crop is immense; the yield is greater per acre than that of other States, and is frequently 40 bushels to the acre. The wheat is the heaviest, the earliest and the best in the market.

—Texas has an area of 274,366 square miles, embracing more than 175,260,000 acres of as good land as can be found in the world. Her territorial extent is greater and grander than Ohio, Virginia, Pennsylvania, Maryland, New York and the six New England States combined. Its soil is seldom equalled, never surpassed. Its climate is equable, and highly enjoyable; the mercury rarely reaching one hundred degrees in summer, and, except in the extreme northern part, scarcely ever falling to the freezing point in the winter. The rainfall averages greater than Illinois or Missouri; neither wet seasons or long droughts are common.

—If necessary the people of Texas could live independent of the outside world. They can make their own wool and thousands of bales of cotton produced annually; they produce their own bread and meat, sugar, molasses, vegetables, fruits, rice; in fact, everything necessary to support the human race can be produced from the fertile soil of Texas, and can be produced with less labor than in any other State in the Union. All Texas needs is a thrifty, industrious immigration to develop her vast natural resources, and they are coming, several hundred thousand strong.

—The frontier counties of Texas are filling up so rapidly with new settlers that all kinds of farm products find a market there at better prices than in the older settled counties where railroads and marketing facilities are better. There are two reasons for this. Farmers on the frontier devote more time to the more profitable pursuit of stock raising, while the large influx of new comers creates a demand for corn, wheat, oats and vegetables until they can raise a crop. Corn often sells at from 40 to 60 cents per bushel on the frontier, while along the railroads it can be purchased for 25 to 50 cents per bushel.

—Heretofore the fair name of Polk county has been unblemished with the blood-stains of horrible murder, but now it leaps to the front with one of the most atrocious crimes ever perpetrated. A son skips out, carrying the blood of his father upon his hands. A few days since, Mr. W. A. Stagner, who lived eight miles north of Moscow, was shot down and a most instantly killed by his own son. It occurred about as follows: While at the supper table, Stagner threatened to whip his little girl, ten years of age. The murderer, who is about seventeen years old, said he would kill him if he (the father) should strike the child. After supper, heedless of the threat, Stagner began whipping the child, when the boy presented a shotgun and said, "It must cease, or I will kill you." The father rushed at him, saying, "shoot, shoot," and true to his word, the boy fired upon him, the shot taking effect in the wrist, and coming out at the elbow. When he had accomplished his fiendish work, the boy leaped out of the door over the body of his dying father, and fled to parts unknown. Stagner bled to death before medical aid could reach him. He was a good citizen—well respected by all who knew him.—*Polk County Banner.*

Why Come to Texas?

While the greater part of those who seek new homes annually better their condition, it is very probable that but a small proportion do as well as they might. To the man seeking a new home and investments, the all important question is, where are to be found the greatest measure of advantages? A farmer cannot move without more or less sacrifice, and when he once moves from the "land of his fathers," he should secure the greatest number of benefits. Few, however, will stop to inform themselves as to the relative advantages offered in different sections, but excited by the fabrications of free circulars and "free transportation," they rush forward to learn by bitter experience that they made a mistake. Our verification of this proposition may be found in the number of people that are crowding forward into the North-western States, while the same States are supplying a heavy immigration to Texas.

"But, why come to Texas?" is an oft repeated and pertinent question to every one seeking a new home and more land. Why not stop off in the other States that are nearer home? We are aware that the distance has kept thousands of good people away from this State. If a man can afford to move at all, we submit that he can better afford to choose a strictly first-class location at once than to move the second time or forever be dissatisfied. What is a half day's additional ride at a cost not to exceed \$5.00, when the results of a whole life-time are involved? What the additional expense of reaching a home in this State when \$500 or \$1,000 more profit can be realized each year by the farmer of ordinary means?

To make out a case strong enough for Texas, it is not necessary to lay claims to richer lands, or a more healthy climate, although tens of thousands at the North afflicted with catarrhal, bronchial, and lung diseases, would find in this climate, restored health and prolonged life.

The superior advantages which the climate of this latitude offer the farmers and stock-raisers over those found in any colder latitude, comprise the good and sufficient reason why any man should come to this State for profitable farming. In this article we will not mention the scores of secondary inducements afforded by this climate, but will simply present a few of the principal advantages.

The conditions for the most profitable stock-raising are found in the period of vegetable growth each year, in the labor to supply feed for winter, in the capital required for barns, sheds, hay-making, implements, etc., and in the cessation of growth and shrinkage of stock caused by cold. In proportion as the ground is frozen vegetation ceases, additional labor is required, capital employed and stock-raising rendered expensive. Natural conditions have made this State the home of wild cattle, horses, sheep and hogs. Who, then, will claim priority for a State or section where the labor and skill of man are required to protect stock from cold and starvation. Men may greatly err in efforts to make profitable any business antagonized by natural conditions, but nature ever observes the "eternal fitness of things," and makes no mistake in the distribution of her creatures over earth's surface. Experience, fatiguing and expensive, has convinced stock-raisers of the Lake States, that there is no money in the business there, except in speculative transactions, their prolonged winters proving a ruinous tax upon the business. Why, then, choose Kansas, or any section that has a three months winter with its labor and expense? Why not, at once, come to the natural home for stock, where the winters necessitates the least possible labor and expense,—to the State recognized by English stock men to be the best known to civilization.

The superior advantages which Texas offers to grain farming are no less important than in stock-raising. Fertility of soil being equal the essential element of successful farming is economy of time and labor. Every day spent in plowing, sowing and harvesting, is a source of profit, while every day spent in meeting the demands of winter is a consuming tax. About one-half of the time of Northern farmers may be devoted to productive labor and the other half to waste or in consuming the products of summer. How different in this climate where the farmer may drive his plow, his seeder or his reaper twelve months in each year. While ice bound in the North, here he may plow or sow almost without interruption. One man at less expense for machinery can here perform annually the productive labor that will require two or three to perform in winter bound regions. Considering this most important element of profit in farming, why choose a new home where even two or three months each year must be worse than wasted?

Not only in the absence of winter but in diversified products, does the farmer find profitable employment of time. Soil and climate suited to the raising of

but one or two kinds of crops, must limit the farmer to a very short planting season. In proportion as a man sows shall he be permitted to reap. Many sections of Kansas, Nebraska, Iowa and Illinois are only adapted to corn raising, and the planting season is limited to about two weeks. The same holds true in many sections of the North where wheat is the only reliable crop. How restricted the productive labor season where such is the fact. Where even a greater number of crops can be raised, there is little advantage gained if the planting of the same must be done at about the same time. A man cannot plant only in proportion as he has had time to plow, so that where the plow is ice bound until in April or the first of May, spring plowing and planting comes on at the same time.

How different again in Texas where the farmer is given two months in the fall for wheat sowing, one month in the winter for sowing wheat, oats and barley, two months in the spring for corn planting, and one month for cotton planting, leaving still ample time for plowing and harvesting. To the above crops may be added all the other crops grown on this continent, and scarcely any two need come in conflict for reasonable planting or harvesting, if properly diversified.

Another great advantage offered in Texas, to the man who has not the means to buy a large farm, is the adaptation of soil and climate to double cropping each year. Cotton, corn, or millet may be planted on a stubble in the spring from which has just been taken a heavy crop of wheat, oats or barley, as the above grains may be harvested by the first of May. Then in the fall or winter of the same year wheat, oats or barley may be re-sown on the same land with a like repetition of crops the following spring. It will thus be seen that one acre of rich Texas land will yield twice the products annually and give a net profit four fold greater. These superior money-making advantages to be secured in Texas from any given cash capital, great or small, are incontrovertible. The inconvenience, sacrifices, and privations are certainly no greater in this than in any other State. Whether a person chooses a frontier home or a home within the limits of well settled districts, railroad advantages, schools and churches, he can secure any fixed grade of land in Texas at less price than the same is offered in any other State. Within two to ten miles of thriving railroad towns, in the midst of improved farms, choice lands, beautiful and healthy, can be bought at from \$3 to \$10 per acre, the prices varying as well from circumstances of owners as from difference in quality. Space forbids our mentioning many points in this argument, but in our candid judgment the intelligent farmer and citizen will find good and sufficient reasons why he should invest and locate in Texas rather than in any other State.—*Texas Products and Progress.*

No Yellow Fever in Texas.

It is a notable fact, and one that gives Texans great cause for thanksgiving, that the yellow fever scourge has not invaded their fair State. While a large proportion of the State, no doubt, lies above the "fever" altitude, still portions of the State, under the same conditions, are perhaps as liable to its ravages as the many towns of Mississippi and Tennessee, so sorely scourged. To her efficient and timely quarantine regulations must the escape be credited, and to the foresight of Governor Hubbard in early issuing his quarantine proclamation, and to the officials of coast and border cities in enforcing the same, should go forth popular gratitude for the deliverance so happily enjoyed. This State has demonstrated the efficacy of quarantine and sanitary regulations as a sure safeguard against that much dreaded plague of the land of perpetual frowns.

—Fort Griffin is situated on an elevation on the south bank of the Clear Fork of Brazos, in Shackelford county, distant about one hundred and forty-five miles from Fort Worth. The county town of this county is Albany, distant about eighteen miles from the post. The town of Albany has about four, or perhaps five hundred people, and is situated on one of the branches of Hubbard's creek. The land of this section is generally tillable, and the valleys are very rich. North of Fort Griffin is a village of the same name, sitting in the lovely valley of the Clear Fork of Brazos, above high water, where may be found about four hundred people. The place is healthy, the valley rich, and the water obtained from wells very good.

—The post office at Towash Hill, McLennan county, was robbed about a year ago, and the matter had almost been forgotten, when, Friday evening of last week, the sheriff of Hill county started the whole community by arresting four young men, boys almost, whose parents reside at Towash, as the parties who burglarized and robbed the post office. One of the young men was dressed to go to a ball, and was just on the eve of starting in company with a young lady, when the sheriff laid his hand on his shoulder, saying "you are my prisoner." The scene may be imagined.

LIFE IN TEXAS.

Some Popular Misapprehensions Set Aside by an Observant New Yorker.

(From the New York Sun.)

"Look at Texas!" proudly shouts the Shreveport *Sentinel*. Ah, yes, we see, we see he has the drop on him, hasn't he? Yes indeed; there he goes. Now the crowd has caught him. Now they are hanging him. Now the crowd returns; now they are—but somebody has shut the saloon door, and we can not see what the crowd inside is doing. "Look at Texas?" Oh, certainly, Nice place for a policeman.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

"How do I like Texas?" was the responsive question of a quondam New Yorker in reply to friends, who were congratulating him upon his return from a more than two years sojourn in the Lone Star State. "Well, I have been answering that in a general and loose way all day, and still it embarrasses me by its vagueness. What do you mean by Texas? You'll tell me that you mean the State of that name, of course. But let me tell you that calling a State Texas is something like saying a man's name is John Smith. It carries no descriptive identity with it. There is a northern Texas, and a southern, a central and a border, an eastern and a western, and the pan handle. These not very well defined divisions are, together, greater in area than almost any seven other States in the Union that you can name. They have varied climates, soils, scenery, productions and peculiarities which nobody, with any desire to be accurate and to be understood, can lump together and call Texan, or Texian, as the earlier settlers of the State prefer to phrase it. I like the sections of the State in which I spent the greater part of my time—the northern and central—very well indeed, and believe they constitute the best, most prosperous and most promising country in America. The climate in central Texas suited me. Hot? Why, if the thermometers can be relied upon, you have warmer weather here in New York in summer months than is experienced in any part of Texas, with the possible exception of the piney woods belt on the eastern boundary—that is on the Sabine river—and with the further possible exception of some heavily timbered bottoms on the Trinity and Brazos rivers. The uplands and especially the magnificent and seemingly limitless prairies, always have a delightful southern breeze from the gulf of Mexico.

"Did you find that you being from a northern State made any difference in the treatment you received from Texans?"

"My dear sir," answered the Texan optimist, with gravity and considerable earnestness of manner, "your question implies the existence and prevalence of another popular error about Texas—an error which, I think, grows out of the classifying of Texas as a southern State of the Union. There is in Texas no manifestation of objection to any man, wherever he may have been born or educated. Down east yankees and Georgians mix and mingle there, socially, politically and in business on a basis of perfect equality as to rights and privileges.

Missourians, who went there as refugees during the war, in a vain effort to save their slave property, and now constitute a large element in the population of north Texas, are neighborly and friendly with immigrants from the "western reserve" of Ohio, once the peculiar home of abolitionism. I can not recall a single instance of sectional prostration during my residence in Texas. Some crazy bigots down in Bell county onticed a respectable physician from his home last fall, on the plea of his professional service being needed, and in a most dastardly manner whipped him. The alleged reason for the outrage, stated in a placard left on the tree which served the assailants as a whipping post, was substantially that the doctor was inclined to promote free-thinking, or unorthodox religious opinions. This act was condemned throughout the State, and great efforts were made to bring the perpetrators to justice. But this doctor, thus maltreated for opinion sake, was, I hear, a southern man by birth.

"The old, ante-bellum settlers—the pioneers who sparsely occupied the country, and in due time converted it from a Mexican province into an independent republic, and afterward into a State of the Union—and their descendants form a kind of substratum in Texas society. They own the best lands in the most densely populated parts of the State, and are, as a rule, ahead of their new-coming competitors in the race for life on Texas soil. They are popularly distinguished as 'Long-horns'—an allusion to their large herds of long-horned cattle being involved possibly—and if they have any peculiarity as a class more strongly marked than any other, it is a sublime indifference to what is ordinarily meant by the word formality. What I may call the second stock of immigrants are from everywhere. I don't know whether one-third of them are from the southern States. I believe the English, French, Germans, Spaniards, Mexicans, Italians, and, in short, everybody who

helps to make up the cosmopolitan population, feel a kind of State pride. But I defy the sharpest observer of provincial peculiarities to pick out Texans, even of the longhorn strain, with the measure of certainty attending the selection of a Massachusetts man, a Philadelphian, or a Virginian, as soon as the to-be-selected subject opens his mouth. Texans, so-called, are not, strictly speaking, a peculiar people as yet. There are good and bad among them, industrious and lazy, stingy and improvident, educated and illiterate, desperate and contented, just as there are everywhere. One thing that possibly gives Texas a fine show for coming out well in a general averaging is the fact that the State does not encourage the immigration of idle, thriftless persons, and about the first fact impressed upon the mind of the newly arrived is that work of some kind is a prime necessity.

"What's the best kind of weapon to take to Texas as a protection from train robbers, road agents, Mexican raiders, and other folks who make it unpleasant for a fellow occasionally?"

"I advise you to take a gaiting gun, or a columbiad, and strap it on your back, in plain view," the Texan answered. "Certainly, you can't go about there with safety carrying any concealed revolver. The law against carrying concealed weapons is most rigidly enforced throughout the State. Why, only the other day, when train robbers levied upon an express car on the Houston and Texas Central road, among three or four hundred passengers on the train there wasn't even a little pepper-box pistol with which to make an opposition to the freebooters. The general notion that every able-bodied man in Texas is a walking arsenal is another popular delusion.

Cultivation of Sugar Cane.

The soil and climate of a large portion of Texas being well adapted to sugar cane, and the profits of sugar making so greatly in excess of other products, a few facts relative to its cultivation and manufacture may be of interest to those not already familiar with sugar growing.

Rich alluvial bottom lands are the best for sugar, but experiments of later years have resulted in insuring large profits on rich uplands, and by the use of fertilizers sugar has been profitably grown on sandy, pine timber lands. As the alluvial bottom lands are malarious, and unsuited for any but colored labor, the higher lands, suited to diversified products, prove to be the most desirable for sugar growing with white labor.

Deep plowing and a thorough preparation of the soil are the first essentials to success. The ground is usually well bedded, but that this is advisable on uplands with good natural drainage does not appear clear to our minds. The established principles of agriculture would dictate otherwise. The cane is then planted in rows, with space between varying with richness of land. Six feet rows are about the narrowest, while alluvial bottom lands may require ten to twelve feet space. The ordinary, or "West India cane," does not seed, but is propagated by layers of cane—one, two, or more, in each row, and covered about six inches. Near the coast planting may begin early in February, but later farther to the north—its season being much the same as corn. Cane may be planted in the fall instead of being stored or buried for spring planting, but the greatest care should be exercised that it be not touched with the frost. Since it sprouts from the eyes or joints a better stand will be insured by cutting the long cane in pieces.

The cultivation of sugar cane should be very much the same as corn, the soil being properly stirred as soon as the cane is out of the ground, remembering that the value of all plants largely depends upon the rapidity of growth secured in the start, the absence of foil stuff, and the condition of the surface soil. Deep cultivation, so as to disturb root fibres, should be avoided. Unlike sorghum, the greatest number of suckers should be encouraged and allowed to grow. As soon as the cane has spread so as to shade the ground and keep new grass from growing, it should be laid by, which will be about the last of June.

The first crop gives the greatest yield, although the second crop returns as large profits, considering the expense of planting, and the third crop is sometimes raised with profit. The stubble cane for second or third crop is cultivated the same as the plant cane, with the exception that the top ground should be shaved off in the spring an inch or two deep, leaving the top of the rows flat.

The yield per acre often reaches 2000 to 4000 pounds of sugar, with from 100 to 200 gallons of molasses, but on old and second grade lands one-third of the above yield may be considered a good crop. The cost of cultivating is less than for cotton although the first planting of the cane is more expensive, the products of one acre of cane being required to plant four or five acres. Two, and sometimes three or more, crops being obtained from one planting, the average cost per crop is proportionately reduced. The machinery required and the pro-

cess of sugar making are subjects of the most vital importance to the sugar planter, still are not matters for discussion in this article. The machinery and apparatus for making one to two hogheads per day will cost less than \$500, while the sugar works of a large plantation may require an expenditure of \$50,000 to \$75,000. For the accommodation of farmers who may raise but a few acres each, custom mills are being erected, at which the producer may market his cane or have it manufactured.

Deeming this department of Texas agriculture most profitable as well as attractive, matters of interest connected therewith will appear in future numbers of this journal, and we shall be pleased to hear from experienced sugar planters upon the subject.—*Texas Products and Progress.*

—A large number of fruit trees in Bexar county are in blossom.

—Last week Jack Frost visited many parts of Northern Texas and met with a cordial reception.

—A lady in Erbesstone county is reported to have been frightened to death by two dogs fighting over her twin babies.

—A fire occurred on a plantation near Waco on Thursday of last week, destroying a cotton gin, machinery and fifteen bales of cotton. Loss, \$2,500.

—Some of the farmers of Young county have raised the second crop of corn this season from the same land, some of which will make thirty bushels per acre.

—W. P. Sides, living on Cream Level, Van Zandt county, has three acres of ribbon cane matured eight feet. This crop will be worth more than twenty acres of cotton.

—A number of Mexican carts passed through Uvalde, Texas, a few days ago, loaded with Mexican coin and silver bullion, to be shipped from San Antonio to New York.

There is only one thing that is more wearing and annoying and depressing to a man than having to wait for a train, and that is, when the train hasn't waited for him.

—Dr. Rutherford, the Houston Health officer, has extended the quarantine to the 21st of November, but it is greatly to be hoped the necessity for it will have passed long before that time.

—A destructive fire occurred at Denison on Friday of last week, consuming the mammoth slaughter house erected by the Texas and Atlantic Refrigerator company at a cost of \$50,000. The building was insured for \$8,000.

—Texas has escaped the yellow fever, but the scourge of the deadly pestilence prevails to an alarming extent all over the State, and appeals to the officers and courts for protection against this cowardly barbarous plague seem to be of little avail.

—Immigration into Texas is on the increase. Some fifty teams arrived at Denison one day last week from Missouri and Illinois, and they reported the road from Baxter Springs, Kansas, to Denison just lined with wagons southward bound.

Highwaymen infest the chapparals around San Antonio and stop travelers with the hope of making a raise. Two of them halted a gentleman about five miles from that city on Saturday and tried to rob him, but he ran the gauntlet of their bullets, putting spurs to his horse as they fired upon him.

—On Thursday of last week as two farmers were returning home from Sherman their team became unmanageable and ran away, throwing both men out at the front end of the wagon. The wheels passed over the men, and one of them, named Patton, was so severely injured that he died in a few hours.

—Taylor Pomdis was tried at the late term of the court in Delta county for burning the city of Paris, and the jury adjudged him guilty and assessed his punishment at four years in the penitentiary. He took an appeal, and is now in our county jail to await the judgment of the appellate court.—*Salpitar Springs Gazette.*

—A correspondent, writing about Fort Richardson, which cost the government about \$800,000, and which was permanently abandoned last spring, says the buildings are falling down, and the place presents a sad appearance. This fort was, during the years 1868-9-70, the largest garrison in the United States. The hospital, it is said, cost \$143,000, and is now a useless pile. The property is now owned by Col. Fosque, of Tarrant.

—The contractor for carrying the mails between Fort Worth and Yuma, Arizona, reports to the Post Office Department that his coaches have been attacked and robbed twenty-seven times in the past six months. In one instance where the coach contained 700 pounds of silver the robbers overpowered the passengers and driver and seized the vehicle, and the horses were driven away with the plunder. He has secured from the War Department an order for troops to accompany the mail coach to prevent such lawlessness.

—On Friday of last week two men were engaged to clean out a well in Uvalde. One of the men descended to the bottom. He soon gave orders to the man above to haul him up, and they had made but two or three turns of the windlass when they discovered he had fallen out, and when asked what was the matter he only answered the question by a groan. It was then proposed that the other man should go down and see what was the matter; but he had gone but a short distance when he ordered himself drawn up, as he was choking, and when he reached the top he was lifted from the box and remained in a senseless condition for several hours. The man who first descended suffocated.

THE MOTHER.

A softening thought of other years,
A feeling linked with youth,
When life was all too bright with tears,
And hope sang wreathed with flowers,
A memory of afflictions fled,
Of voices heard no more,
Stirred in my spirit when I read
That name of fondness o'er.

Oh! Mother!—in that magic word
What love and joy combine?
What hopes too oft, alas! deferred—
What watchings—griefs—are thine?
Yet never, till the hour we roam,
By worldly thrall oppressed,
Learn we to prize that holiest home,
A tender mother's breast.

Ten thousand prayers at midnight poured
Beside our couch of woes;
The wasting weakness—endured
To soften our repose;
While never murmur marked thy tongue,
Nor toils relax thy care;
How, mother, is thy heart so strong
To pity and to bear?

With filial fondness e'er repaid,
Or couldst thou regret,
Alas! for gratings decayed!
Regrets that rarely last!

'Tis only when the dust is thrown
Thy blessed form o'er,
We muse on all thy kindness shown,
And wish we loved thee more.

'Tis only when the lips are cold,
We mourn—with late regret,
Mid myriad memories of old—
The days forever set,
And not an act, or look, or thought,
Against thy meek control,
But with sad remembrance fraught,
Wakes anguish in our soul.

On every hand, in every clime,
True to her sacred cause,
Filled by that influence sublime
From which her strength she draws,
Still is the mother's heart the same;
The mother's lot is tried,
And, oh! my nation guard that name
With filial power and pride.

CHARLIE'S LUCK.

Charlie J. Fairfax took a survey of his position. He looked over his room, his possessions and his prospects. His room belonged to Mrs. Campbell. He owned nothing in it but himself and Spider, his tan terrier. His prospects were dubious. To make the matter utterly perplexing he was in love with a lovely girl, who had a stern uncle, assuming drags on her, and it was a bitter absurdity for a fellow owning nothing but himself and a dog to apply to old Hayward Surghnor for the hand of his pretty niece, May Wrede.

Old Hayward Surghnor loved May, but he would never once acknowledge that she was in any way as good, or comely, or winning as her mother had been. May did very well, but her mother had been far her superior. May had a rich complexion, but her mother's had been fairer. May's voice was gentle and pleasant, but her mother's had been more musical. May had faults, her mother had none.

Old Hayward Surghnor was an artist. Rugged and rough as he seemed, he would bring forth scenes sweet and tender enough to make one cry with pleasure in gazing upon them. To keep May from getting in love, and to keep a portrait of her mother which would do her beauty justice, seemed to be the two single aims of his life. He had one other weakness. He loved tan terriers.

May had lived with her uncle, in his old house, ever since she was twelve years old. As she grew older, she was kept under strict surveillance, and when she was invited to spend a month at her Aunt Lucy's house in the country, her uncle was loth to let her go. He consented, however, on condition that she would not fall in love.

"I'll be careful, Uncle Hayward," May said, demurely; and she was finally allowed to go to Fair Haven.

There Charlie Fairfax was visiting May's cousin, Henry Fellows. And there May, in spite of orders, fell in love with Charlie Fairfax.

Now, Fairfax was one of the best fellows in the world, only he was poor. May knew that poverty was a grievous fault in her uncle's eyes, even if he could be reconciled to her marrying anybody. He had a horror of poverty, marriage and a brood of children. May had never grieved his words. She remembered too well her childhood of poverty, when her delicate mother was worn out by work and care, leaving two sickly babies to die for her, and May to be adopted by her father's brother.

She cried in a hopeless sort of a way when her visit was out, and she parted from Charlie to go home; but he told her to be hopeful, for he would circumvent circumstances as surely as they were in love. And so, at the beginning of May, he stood in the center of his room, looking absently at Spider, while the canine looked gravely back at him.

"Well, old fellow, how is it to be done?" said Charlie. Spider wriggled a step nearer to his master and remained silent again, gazing at him with glistening eyes.

"You wouldn't bring me a fortune if I sold you," observed Charlie.

Spider yelped.

"Hold your tongue, pagan! Nor do I think that old Surghnor would take you as a gift."

Spider whined.

"Yet you are the only capital I have, you ought to be of some use."

Spider wagged his tail. His eyes seemed like two fixed stars.

"You are a handsome dog, Spider. Would you like to have your picture taken?"

Spider gave a short yell of joy, and then tried to turn himself inside out.

"I wonder if I couldn't get old Surghnor to paint you. Hurrah! that's a

grand idea." Charlie hunted up his hat and coat, and he and Spider tore down stairs. He went up town, and walked round and round the house, in which sweet May resided, but saw no signs of her. The next day he saw the servant going out on an errand. He spoke to her and enlisted her in his cause, and she took charge of a note to May. It read as follows:

MY DEAREST MAY: Conceive some way to meet me. I have been looking for you since yesterday morning, and want to see you.

CHARLIE.

The next day Dinah met him at the gate and gave him a little note from May. He read it:

DEAR CHARLIE: I will meet you at Central Park at twilight.

MAY.

At seven o'clock Charlie hied away to Central Park. In a little while May came down one of the paths. She was looking lovely.

"Now, Charlie, I can never do this again," she said, "for it is not proper. What is it you want to say?"

"Mostly this," said Charlie, kissing her under one of the trees, and then coming serenely out into the light again. "But tell me, May, has your uncle been very savage lately?"

"Dreadfully!" said May. "He's been painting a scene where he wants a newspaper boy and a terrier. He had a great deal of trouble with one fellow. He was a dreadfully dirty little fellow, who finally stole a box of uncle's cigars and ran away, and uncle had to finish his figure without him. Then he tried to get his terrier dog to stand on his hind legs while he painted him. He couldn't get a dog to do it, and he's been as cross as a bear for a week. I don't dare to speak to him hardly."

It was getting dark, and Charlie tossed up his hat and caught it again.

"I've got it! May, don't recognize me if you meet me in your uncle's studio. For Spider will stand on his hind legs like a—like an elephant! Hurrah!"

The next day old Hayward Surghnor was stirring grimly about his studio, when there came a modest knock at the door.

"Come in," he grunted, and a young man, with light eyes and a black mustache, entered the room, followed by a remarkably spry dog.

"Good morning, Mr. Surghnor," said the young man. My name is Fairfax. I have heard, sir, that you wish to introduce a terrier dog into your picture, but can find none suitable. I have been an artist myself, and know something what the trials are. Allow me, sir, to offer you the use of my dog. I think you'll find him suitably trained. Spider, come here. Stand up, sir."

Spider stood upon his hind legs in the middle of the studio, looking as though he would not stir without permission if he were shot through. Old Hayward Surghnor grew red with pleasure.

"Capital—capital! I'm under great obligations, sir—very great. Will you be seated, Mr. Fairfax?"

Mr. Fairfax sat down opposite May's little sewing chair. Spider stood unswervingly in position, and the artist chatted amiably across May's bench of myrtle and geranium pots. They had come to a very amicable understanding in an hour. Charlie told old Hayward how he had hopes of being an artist a few years before, but the necessity of earning a living interfered with his studies, and he had been obliged to give them up and was then a clerk on a moderate salary.

"A shame! a shame!" said old Hayward. "But you mustn't give up. Don't I beg of you. A man has no right to give it up for the want of bread. Now, tell me if I can be of any assistance to you. Let me see what you can do. Here are pencils; draw your own dog," which Charlie did very rapidly and creditably.

"Very well done!" said old Hayward.

"Now, Mr. Fairfax, I tell you you are welcome to my studio and material any time you like."

The old artist had become tired of painting for awhile, and Spider was allowed a respite. Surghnor went to the opposite side of the room and uncovered a portrait of a beautiful young lady. Charlie started. He thought it was that of May; but it was her mother's.

"That's my last picture. What do you think of it, sir?" demanded old Hayward, proudly.

"The loveliest face I ever saw in my life!" exclaimed Charlie, with enthusiasm, still thinking it was May's portrait.

"Mr. Fairfax," said Mr. Surghnor, grasping him cordially by the hand, "we must see more of each other. Where are you staying?"

Charlie named his boarding house.

"A mile off, and it's two o'clock. Stay and dine with me, Mr. Fairfax. No one here but my niece and myself. Will you do me the honor, Mr. Fairfax?"

Charlie was delighted. They went down to the parlor, and then to the dining room. May was reading in the parlor. She turned pale at the sight of Charlie, but controlled herself and presided at dinner.

The thing worked admirably. Charlie had made a friend of old Hayward Surghnor for life. He was the old man's

confident, his ally, his right hand man. He praised him to his friends, he praised him to May, he praised him to everybody.

For a long while the lovers were cautious. By and by they grew a little bold, and the old man began to notice that they were much together. He attended closely to his painting, and said nothing. By and by matters became obviously serious. Then old Hayward said to May:

"May, you are in love with Charlie, ain't you?"

"Yes, Uncle Hayward," she said timidly.

"Well, you need not be frightened. I have not a word to say against it. Charlie is a young man of excellent taste and abilities, and I shall tell him when he asks me that I have not a word to say against your marrying him."

"But you know he is poor, Uncle Hayward," said May.

"I don't know any such thing," exclaimed Uncle Hayward. "A man with his talents can never be poor. Besides Charlie and I are brother artists, and have one interest."

They were married. After the ceremony Uncle Hayward said—

"I can forgive you for falling in love with May, Charlie. She looked so much like her mother."

And Charlie whispered to May—

"What luck."

GEN. SHERMAN'S TRIP.

A Two Months' Study of the Western Indians.

A Washington Post reporter interviewed Gen. Sherman on his return from a recent trip across the continent, with the following result:

"Was that the purpose of your journey?"

"I started out for the purpose of seeing the chiefs and leading men of the Navajo Indians, a tribe once quite hostile, but who were subjected to the United States by Gen. Carleton during the civil war and removed to a reservation east of Santa Fe, on the Pecos River, called Bosque Redondo. In 1868 I was one of the commissioners who agreed to have them removed to a limited reservation in the northwestern corner of New Mexico, at old Ft. Defiance. These Indians had, in ancient times, learned some of the arts of peace, such as making cloth and blankets, tanning leather, cultivating fields, melons, pumpkins and corn, as well as raising sheep and goats, with a few cattle and horses. At the treaty they promised to live at peace and renew their occupations as agriculturists and graziers. I then promised that I would visit them at some future time, and it was in fulfillment of that promise that I went this summer."

"How did you find them, General?"

"Perfectly peaceable. Their flock of sheep had increased from about 20,000 to 500,000, and they possessed some cattle and horses; they have some corn-fields and gardens, and they are, in effect, self-maintaining. They were generally contented; asked some few modifications of the original treaty, but admitted that it had been liberally executed on the part of the United States. After one more annuity under the treaty they will have to take care of themselves. I have no doubt that with fair dealing they will live in reasonable peace and quiet with their neighbors, both Indians and New Mexicans. From the Navajos I went to visit the Zuni village, about ninety miles southwest of the former. This is also a pueblo or village of Indians who are self-maintaining. They live in houses made of adobe or sundried brick, cultivate fields, and have flocks of sheep, goats and a few cattle. They are in the same condition now that they were 200 years ago—manufacture their own clothing, raise their own food and store it away for winter, and expect no assistance from the Government. From Zuni I went west along the route surveyed for the railroad for the thirty-fifth parallel. The road descends the valley of the Little Colorado for about 100 miles, thence across the Mogillon mountains to Camp Verde, in Arizona, where there is a military post of three companies. Forty miles further brought me to Prescott, the capital of Arizona and headquarters of a military department. I remained there two days and then traveled 240 miles more over a desert to Fort Yuma, on the Colorado, at the mouth of the Gila River. There I came to the terminus of the railroad already finished from San Francisco to that point (the Southern Pacific) via Los Angeles, a distance of about 700 miles. I visited Los Angeles and San Francisco and returned by the Pacific Railroad."

"What do you think of the country, General?"

"From Santa Fe westward the country is very poor for agriculture, but is well adapted for the grazing of sheep and a limited number of cattle; the grass is thin. Many of the mountains along the route are represented to contain silver and gold ores, which are rich enough to be shipped all the way to San Francisco for reduction. Very little of the ore of Arizona is worked up in that country on account of the scarcity of

water; but the quantities of such ore are sufficient to induce the directors of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company to extend their road—already finished to Yuma—eastward 234 miles, to Maricopa Wells, a point central to nearly all the mines of Arizona. I saw the directors of that company in San Francisco, and they assured me their road would be finished in the course of twelve months, and that they would go on eastward to the border of New Mexico, when they had assurance that they would be met by a railroad coming from the eastward."

"The Texas Pacific is to meet them from the east, isn't it?"

"But it doesn't seem to be doing anything now, and the indications are that the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad will meet the Southern Pacific sooner than the Texas Pacific will. Then there is another railroad called the Narrow Gauge, which is pushing down into that country very fast. It runs from Denver to the Rio Grande and is already finished to Alamosa, 150 miles north of Santa Fe, on the Rio Grande. I found the engineers locating the road down the Valley of the Rio Grande, forty miles ahead of the finished line. This road is to run down the Valley of the Rio Grande indefinitely, and may ultimately connect with the Southern Pacific. The Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Road is now finished to Elmore, 200 miles northeast of Santa Fe, and they have contracted for the completion of the road 120 miles further to Las Vegas, eighty miles east of Santa Fe. The probabilities seem to be that this latter road will make a junction with the Southern Pacific sooner than the Texas Pacific or Narrow Gauge. But all these railroads fulfill a national purpose. The military authorities are deeply interested in their progress because of the extreme difficulty at present of hauling supplies to the troops necessarily stationed in that region."

Jefferson's Grave.

And then we drive on to the base of Carter's mountain, and as the horses pull us up the stony, winding road we get glimpses of scenery of extreme beauty. The corn stands stacked in fields where lichen-covered stone walls and hedges, after the English fashion, mark the boundaries. Then the view is shut in by banks of drooping ferns and tangled vines and underbrush, with here and there a wild daisy or cardinal flower. And again, a vista through the trees reveals the dome of the university glistening in the sun, and away off to the west the misty outlines of the Blue Ridge mountains. The country round about is rolling. Small streams wind behind and out from rounded hills, and the railroad, also taking a serpentine course, causes the train of cars to look like a graceful snake as it curves first this way and then that, in its endeavor to avoid the hills. Near the top of "Monticello" (Little mountain) we come upon the family graveyard, where Jefferson is buried. A high brick wall, with iron gratings, extends around a clearing in the woods. A rude, low pillar of rough granite, with simply his name, birth and death cut in the base, marks the spot. "Died July 4, 1826," just fifty years after the signing of that famous Declaration. The monument first erected was carried off piece by piece by these vandals, the relic hunters, and now another is to be put up at the expense of Congress. The spot is singularly solitary, no view is visible, tall trees surround it and sigh solemn requiems at every breath of air that stirs. The carriage-way that leads to the mansion goes close by, but it only adds to the effect of isolation.—*Cor. Troy Times.*

The only school-board that it spoils to whitewash is the black-board.

Why is a rose-bud like a promissory note? It matures by falling dew.

What kind of lights did they use in the ancient synagogues? Israelites.

The kind of dentists this country wants is those who extract teeth without payin'.

The average of a circus joke is 100 years. One died in Washington, last week, at the age of 113.

A CLASSICAL man out in Venice, Ill., has christened his cat Othello, or the Mewer of Venice.

The man who is waiting for something to turn up generally finds it when the steps on a barrel hoop.

Nobody can tell how many disputes for the front side of the bed have been settled by moving the bedstead in the center of the room.

A POOR young man remarks that the only advice he gets from capitalists is to "live within his income," whereas the difficulty he experiences is to live without an income.

A GENTLEMAN whose purse was more extensive than his education wrote to his agent for the key to his "gait." The agent sent him the whis-key!

A DOCTOR says whenever a person sneezes he should take a drink of water and he will not catch cold. Some men would rather chance the cold.

A CORRESPONDENT sends us a poem, "Night's Silver Moon," and asks what we will pay for it. We can only say that we know nothing about the night rate of silver.

ANTICS OF A TEXAN STEER.

Pedestrians Running for Dear Life in Broadway, New York.

[From the New York Sun.]

A herd of Texan steers, the property of Mike Donohue & Co., of Forty-first street, between Tenth and Eleventh avenues, were landed yesterday morning at the foot of the street. Driven by James Dugan, they wended their way slowly in the direction of their owner's yard. They were a gaunt and wild-eyed lot, with long, sharp horns, and muscular though attenuated frames. But among them was one whose body was sleeker than his fellows, and whose mild bearing had won for him golden opinions; his horns, however, were perhaps a little longer and not less sharp than those of the others. The driver noticed, after they were well up the street, that this animal was a little ahead of the others, and gradually gaining. Relying upon its alleged good nature, Mr. Dugan called to it, but it paid no attention to the summons. Then he swore at it, and it broke into a sharp trot. It turned into Tenth avenue, whisked its tail contemptuously at its driver, threw up its heels, and shot down town.

A rabble was quickly in pursuit, shouting fiercely.

"Mad bull!" roared a man as it ran up Thirty-fourth street.

"Stop thief!" howled another who had just joined in the chase, and was not sure what the quarry was.

"Murder!" cried a frightened woman in Eighth avenue as she saw the troop approaching.

"What's the matter?" asked a stout gentleman of an excited boy who was rushing blindly down the street in the direction of the now furious steer. "Don't know. Fire!" shrieked the intelligent lad, continuing his headlong course, and a cry of horror went up from the crowd as they saw the youngster almost upon the horns of the steer. Never had a boy a narrower escape. He flung himself under the feet of the animal, who made a single thrust at him with his horns, missed him, and passed on.

A little further up the street the bull paused, probably to examine what seemed to be a pretty correct representation of himself, though it was only a picture of "the great African Eland" on a circus poster. As he slackened his pace the pursuers moderated theirs, and when he stood still they stopped too. They pelted stones at him, however, which seemed to irritate him afresh, for he made a sudden dart at an old woman with a basket of apples on her arm. She threw the apples from her, and fled shrieking. But the steer did not pursue her far.

As he approached Broadway a woman tried to rush past the steer, probably with a view of joining in the pursuit, but failed to entirely clear the wide-spreading horns. She was muled out about half the skirt of her dress. Waving this trophy of victory on his horns, the bull reached Broadway. Then he flung the drapery from him to make room upon those horns for a gentleman whom he desired to hoist. The intended victim, unaccountably, had not noticed the approaching danger.

"God knows how he escaped," said a looker-on from the other side of the street. He twisted around a lamp-post with the agility of an acrobat, and wildly made a pass at his assailant with his cane. He struck the steer, certainly, but did not seem to injure him materially. The brute was doubly enraged. His exertions were useless, however, for the lamp-post stood between him and the gentleman, who twirled around it and maintained their relative positions with extraordinary activity, until the bull, enraged by the sticks and stones, charged into Broadway at Thirty-fourth street.

It was at this instant that the tall and efficient officer, John C. Gilligan, of the Broadway squad, was pleasantly engaged in escorting a young lady across the street. He drew his revolver, and warily awaited an opportunity to use it. A multitude was close to the bull at this time, and had officer Gilligan been a hasty or reckless official and fired then, he would, in all probability, have bagged a naturalized citizen at the first shot. He was cautious and prudent, however, and, desirous of hitting nothing but the bull, he kept pace with that ferocious animal down Broadway until he got it between himself and a triangular piece of unused ground. Then he had him. Raising his pistol, he took a steady aim at the brute's flank, and planted a bullet behind his right ear. He had shot better than he knew.

"It was an extraordinary shot," said the sergeant at the Twenty-ninth street station, meditatively. "A wonderful shot for a police officer." But the bull was by no means dead. "I knew the shot would kill him after awhile," said officer Gilligan. "I saw it in the twinkling of an eye; but he didn't drop at once."

He staggered, however, and was stunned for a second or two. Then came the twinkle in his eye which the officer observed, but it seemed not to be a twinkle of death, but of malice, for he saw a

street-car approaching.

Charles Bossory was driving car 10 of the Broadway line, and, being a little behind time, he was pressing his horses. Suddenly he was amazed to see the wounded steer trot up beside the team. The steer lowered his head, and, putting his gigantic horns under the horse nearest to him, gave one mighty heave and sent both steeds sprawling upon their backs. The wretched animal had put his head too far under, and it was with his neck and not with his horns that the shock was given. The overturned horses were unhurt, but the bull stumbled and fell. Instantly officer Gilligan rushed forward and seized the fallen animal by the horns. He tried to regain his feet, but the officer dexterously overthrew him again. Then officer Pelton hurried to assist, and officer Gilligan placed the muzzle of his pistol to the beast's forehead, and sent another bullet crashing into his head. His struggles ceased, but he was not dead. The officer was going to fire again, but a butcher from a neighboring store arrived with a long, keen knife. He drew the weapon quickly and firmly across the animal's throat. A great gush of blood stained the sidewalk, a single gasp was heard by the throng, and the poor brute was dead.

The Longest River in the World.

Recent investigations have so well settled this matter that the proper correction should be made in the geographical. In reply to a question as to the "longest river," a writer in the *New England Journal of Education* says:

"There can be no doubt that this title belongs to the Missouri river, reckoning (as we should do), from its source in the Madison, the Red Rock and the Gallatin lakes to the Gulf of Mexico; the Mississippi being properly a branch of the Missouri, and not the Missouri a branch of the Mississippi, though the accident of the earlier discovery and exploration of the latter stream gave rise to the error, which our geographers still perpetuate, of calling the longer and the greater stream a branch of the shorter and smaller one.

"Above their junction the Mississippi drains 169,000 square miles, and has a length of but 1,330 miles, and, at their junction, it has a mean discharge per second of 105,000 cubic feet of water; while above the same point the Missouri drains 518,000 square miles, has a length of 3,047 miles from Madison lake (and I think something more, going up the Jefferson fork to the Red Rock lake), and at the junction has a mean discharge of 120,000 cubic feet per second; its discharge, though one-seventh greater than that of the Mississippi, being smaller proportionately, because its upper waters drain a region where the rain-fall, one year with another, averages but little, if any, more than one-half of the Upper Mississippi. Above their junction one may go, on the Missouri, in a good-sized steamboat, to Fort Benton, Montana, a distance of 2,682 miles, or more than twice the entire length of the Mississippi from Itasca lake to its junction with the Missouri.

"This makes the Missouri river (as the name should really be all the way to the Gulf of Mexico) 4,347 miles long—1,361 miles longer than the Mississippi (now so-called) and 597 miles longer than the Amazon.

He that runs may read—a great many things concerning his character, especially if he runs for an office.

It is discouraging to read of men living to be a century old, and then remember that Butler is only 60.—*Yammer.*

THERE are twenty-seven clergymen and only three printers in the New York penitentiary, notwithstanding it is so easy to get proof in the case of the printer.—*Yammer.*

A PHYSICIAN being asked by a patient if he thought a little spirit now and then would hurt him much, replied: "I do not know that a little occasionally would hurt you much; but if you don't take any it won't hurt at all."

"Do you mean to challenge the jury?" whispered a lawyer to his Irish client. "Yes, be jabbers!" was the answer. "If they don't acquit me, I mean to challenge every spalpeen of 'em; I want ye to give them all a hint of it, too."

"JOHN," said a poverty-stricken man to his son, "I've made my will to-day." "Ah!" replied John, "you were liberal to me, no doubt?" "Yes, John, I came down handsomely. I've willed you the whole State of Virginia to make a living in, with the privilege of going elsewhere if you can do better."

A SWEET but tearfully sad little poem sent to this office is entitled "Silent Tombs." We agree with the author. Tombs as a rule are too silent. What we want is a tomb that will get right up and howl, and make noise enough to scare a grave robber worse than a watch ball dog or a spring gun.

A VERY tall, thin Highlander, said that "he had a cold in his head, originating in wet feet." She looked at him slowly from head to foot and back again, as if measuring the distance the cold had to travel, and then ejaculated, "Gracious me! you must have got your feet wet some time last year."

LOCALS.

Good boarding at the Palmer house at \$5 per week.

New lumber wagons with bows, sheet, feed box, neck yoke &c., at Clarendon for \$80.

Merchandise and supplies lower than elsewhere in the Northwest, at Clarendon. Come and see.

Send fifty cents for the "Clarendon News."

Read carefully in this number the restatements of our colonial enterprise.

Town lots have been in demand last month for actual occupation. We are selling good lots 50x140 feet non taxable by the State for twenty years for \$25. They will not long remain at present prices. Make an early selection.

That October outfit from Sherman was the most complete thing on wheels and hoofs. "Abe" conducted the hotel department superbly.

Gunter & Munson, two of the largest land holders in the Pan Handle expect to put a large herd of cattle into Swisher county. We also expect several herds to be quartered near Clarendon—with our city as head quarters.

The session of the Austin conference, M. E. Church, of which Bishop Haven will be the President will be held at Austin, beginning Nov. 15th.

The secretary of the Clarendon M. E. Sunday school, makes qualified acknowledgment for a library of 100 volumes, and valuable requisites from the M. E. Sunday School Union, 805 Broadway, N. Y.

The fourth quarterly meeting for Clarendon charge will be held Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 2d and 3d. The quarterly conference will meet on Saturday night.

"He hath given a banner to them that fear him, that it might be displayed because of truth."—Bible.

It has been discovered by Minnesota farmers that two acres of Sunflowers will supply a family with fuel through a long winter. The wood of the stocks and the oil of the seed make roaring and cheerful fires.

Seed roots &c. are coming in responsive to our call, and will be accorded a fair trial. We have abundance of ground of finest quality for the growth, and the cost of mailing is but a trifle. Send them along.

Our "Public Reading Room" is in receipt of some valuable works. Papers and periodicals. It will be a power for good—an oasis in the wilderness. A splendid chance to put some of your "dead stock" at work. Send on the books ye servants of good!

Good news from our colonists at last advices before going to press. Still going, going and "more to follow."

Send fifty cents for the NEWS, all subscribers are agents.

Messrs. Hoag, Bacon, J. W. Carhart and company returned from Clarendon last Friday in splendid spirits. They report a delightful trip and are well pleased with Donley county.

The H. & G't Northern R. Co., have a large tract of land in the northern part of Armstrong county for which they decline to take less than \$2.00 per acre, no better and not so well situated as that offered at 50 cents per acre in Donley county.

Persons or parties reaching Sherman Nov. 20th will find party enroute to Clarendon about that time. Let everybody remember the special discount of five per cent. for November. No extension of such offer need be expected.

Rev. J. Woodruff, of Beaver, Pa., A. M. Hutchinson, Esq., of Greene City, Pa., Maj. A. J. Long, of Frederic City, Md., in company with the senior editor of the "News" rolled out of Sherman on the 18th of last month for Clarendon in a strong and reliable turn-out and at last accounts were at Henrietta making good time.

Summerfield, (deputy surveyor) to whom allusion is made in our preliminary survey has just returned to Sherman from an all summer tour, establishing ranches etc., in the Pan Handle. He reports Mr. Squallers, with herds, sheep and cattle, occupying our splendid Oldham ranch of sixty sections above mentioned.

Over 100 bales of cotton were brought to Sherman by wagon from Whitesboro, last Monday evening, for shipment by Capt. Wade of that town.

PERSONALS.

Rev. W. J. Grant, of Lawrence, has been severely ill, preventing his western trip.

Rev. J. N. Otterman of Waco, postpones his visit to the colony for a little.

J. S. Wright and family are on the ground safe and sound.

Hoag & Bacon expect to enter the stock business.

Our Superintendent is making special terms and liberal reduction to pastors. Send for circular.

The "Clarendon News," regular, happy and reliable, send fifty cents for a years subscription.

The editor of the "News," who temporarily resides at Sherman did not make the expected trip with the early October party as expected.

Rev. Conrad Haney and Rev. W. J. Grant, Pastors of the Methodist Episcopal church at Sherman and Lawrence, have been severely sick during most of October. Out again.

Mrs. Helms the heroine of early Texas times continues her articles in the present number. She may be addressed at Comersville, Ind.

C. N. Sanford Esq. and family from Woodstock, Ill., expect to become members of our colony via Dodge City, this month.

"Our Local" made a flying trip to Dodge City last month.

Mr. Hunt, whose tremendous teams of oxen carried an enormous load of freight from Sherman last month is off for Dodge to meet a lot of incoming merchandise from that direction. His head quarters will be at Clarendon. No more reliable or more valuable man than he.

J. C. McKee, Esq., of Manchester, Iowa, owning several sections of land in Armstrong county, expects to visit Clarendon during the fall and winter.

Wiltse Brown, Esq., of Round Grove, Ill., who with a brother owns two sections of land will become a settler soon.

"Sunny Homes," published by Theodore Noel, 113 E. Madison St., comes to our sanctum full of live, fresh matter. May many a lusty shout from sunny homes and bounding hearts in Texas, be among the rewards.

"The Great Southwest," published at Hannibal, Mo., by the ever reliable and popular M. K. & T. R'y, is among our most readable and welcome exchanges.

The October Party.

Left Sherman on the 4th, consisting of Capt. J. W. Carhart and Mayor Sumpter, two vigorous and enterprising young men of Hot Springs, Ark., Rev. J. W. Newcomb, of Farmington, Mo., W. R. Lawrence, Esq., one of the solid men of Boonsville, Ind., J. C. Hoag, Esq., a recent graduate of the Northwestern University, at Evanston, Ill., and J. B. Bacon, Esq., one of the choice young men of MaComb, Ill.; F. A. McQuestion, Esq., of Dallas, who returns with the party having experience in the route, and last, though hardly least, "Abe Cooper," the cook, coming from Dallas, at our special instance, to cater for the illustrious crowd. Three first class teams with mess wagon, baggage, hack and store wagon, and six good riding horses, dogs, guns etc., completed the turnout. No finer compound of sight-seers, capitalists and business men have left Sherman this season. They were making fine time when last heard from. More anon.

Encouragement.

Letters come thick and fast bringing assurances of lively interest and prayerful sympathy with our enterprise, together with orders for the News. We expect success—have felt no uneasiness or doubt since we have seen and known. Ours is not simply a financial scheme, but especially and distinctively an educational and religious work. It is, says a correspondent, such a thing as every good man can pray for. As we look on we can but admire the push and enterprise put forth to build up a temperance, christian colony that God will own and the devil and wicked men will hate. The spirit, the word and the Providence of God indicate our way as clearly as did the cloud and the pillar to Israel. We are trusting God and his people and expect to do right. Pray on.

Special—Five Per Cent. Discount for November, 1878.

We will allow on all obligations, mature or immature, which shall be paid during the month of November, a discount of five per cent. Also a similar discount on all lands purchased during the same period.

We can use funds to advantage in our work, now, and propose to give our patrons the advantage of the same. Please read this twice, and act at once. This offer is open for thirty days only.

L. H. CARHART.

STORY OF AN OLD PIONEER.

Written for the Clarendon News, by Mrs. Mary Helm.

CHAPTER III.

Human nature is the same in all countries. Love of adventure, love of money-making, love of hair-breath escapes, planted in man for wise purposes, have indirectly been the means of revolutionizing and civilizing nations, of planting the germs of future homes for our fellow-beings in happiness and prosperity.

The ancients used to say "The mills of the Gods grind slow." We say the Almighty works by means, and "makes the wrath of man to praise him."

This love of adventure and love of gain, however unlawful, has periled many a life in the contraband trade with the Mexicans, when the cultivation and trade in tobacco was a government monopoly.

If the daring adventurer was successful he made a fortune; but woe to him if detected in the business. His greatest danger was from the hostile Indians, who found unbounded range on the western coasts of the gulf, for plundering these trading vessels driven thither by stress of weather or want of water.

Indeed the cases were rare that a small trading vessel tempted to these coasts ever escaped to tell the story of their peril. Enough however, was known to cause fright among our vessel's crew at sight of the canoes filled with Indians mentioned in my last. We innocent passengers felt no particular fear, never having heard of the hostilities, and we did not credit the belief that human beings would, in cold blood, take our lives without provocation; but I afterward learned that the Indians had a superstition that the great spirit sent these vessels for their benefit, hence they learned to love whisky and tobacco.

The Captain lost no time in dispatching the colored man for our hunters now out of sight—miles away, our old musket, our old weapon was hunted up and put in order. Meantime our little skiff, holding three or four persons, was trying to bring on board all the women and children from the shore, depending on the old musket to keep the Indians from coming too near. But we had not time; the Indians neared the schooner and the musket was fired to frighten them off. This, however, turned them toward the shore, which they reached just as the last load was about to enter the skiff. The Captain shook hands with them and invited them to the schooner. A conversation in broken Spanish ensued. They said they were friends, (though only seven in number, they carried bows and arrows enough for a hundred); they were told that we had forty soldiers on shore hunting. The Captain made a virtue of necessity, and asked them to dine, hoping the hunters would return by the time they had finished their meal.

Meantime, the colored man got near enough to some of the hunting party to show his color, and they, supposing him to be an Indian, passed the word from one to the other, and every one started in pursuit, each man carrying a gun, or in its absence something to represent one; and as they came running in single file, they made in the distance a very formidable appearance.

Our visitors left us without throwing a single arrow, though a dozen could have been thrown before one gun could be fired. But they valued their lives and thought they saw too many men, and before our men could get on board with our one small craft, every Indian bade us "a good-bye," and departed.

Right thankful were we, and lost no time in renewing our voyage to Matagorda Pass, which we entered Sunday morning of the last week in June, 1829.

It was with great anxiety that we approached our haven. Should we meet friends or foes? should we be greeted by friends or destroyed by hostile Indians? It was evident that we were watched; we could see the signal smokes (the Indian mode of telegraphing) all along the main land, in passing up the Bay where no vessel had ever been except perhaps the pirate "Lafite," whose headquarters had been on the Island of Galveston.

E. R. Wightman, who had surveyed Matagorda the year before, was now at the mast head all the way up the bay, taking notes and bearings of the lands which had never been trod by feet of white men. Not having time to take soundings that night, we dropped anchor four miles off the coast opposite the mouth of the Colorado river, and late in the evening Mr. Wightman with two men took their rifles and

started in the skiff to explore and ascertain whether Col. Austin had planted his military post with shelter for our sick and sea-worn company. It was with sad hearts we saw them depart, not knowing but that Indians were lying in wait for them, and even before they landed might be shot by arrows from an unseen foe, and no means left us of ascertaining their fate, for we had no other boat, and really no means of leaving the country, for our schooner was not seaworthy.

Language cannot describe our feelings when just before dark two boats came in sight; our hoping and fearing till we found they contained white men, and then our great joy at the assurance that we were really with friends. They brought good things for our sick. It was voted that I should have the honor of being the first white woman to ascend the mouth of the Colorado river and return with the boats that night.

After our city of Matagorda had grown to quite a size many of our settlers still refused to have any deal with the Indians, who now were so reduced in numbers as not to be dangerous, yet when the Indians would come to those settled on farms around the town offering to trade venison for corn or articles of clothing the people refused to have anything to do with them, or even to be friendly.

Finally an expedition was planned against them without Mr. Wightman's knowledge or consent, and the very day that I had fed a poor old Indian, covered with scars, he met his death at the hands of our settlers, who fell on them by surprise and it seemed that each warrior claimed the honor of being slaughtered as he stepped forward to be a target while the women and children could have time to escape to the thicket. Of course all their goods and weapons fell into the hands of their conquerors.

After a few years a small party, evidently remembering who had fed them on the day of the fight, came to us. My husband became responsible for their good behavior, and set them to picking cotton, but before this they dared not venture into the town when they saw our boat coming down the Bay. There were no white settlements on the peninsula and the Indians had it all their own way there, but they were evidently afraid of another attack and so came and offered to work for us for protection.

(To be continued.)

Remember that Rev. W. A. Allan and our surveyor, Jas. H. Parks, will give careful attention to details in which any may be interested. Address them at Clarendon, via Fort Elliott, Tex.

A. B. Norton for Governor.

The republican ticket takes the field in the midst of the green-back excitement, headed by one of the most thoroughly loyal and unimpeachable men of the state, Judge Anthony Banning Norton, formerly of Ohio, for governor. The Judge is a straight, upright, and downright republican. The nomination is a good one and ought to win. The candidate stands without reproach. His only crime is that of loyalty to the government when violence was in power. "Norton's Intelligence," at Dallas, and the Sherman "Patriot" are among the staunch republican papers of the state.

The old Bourbon, whisky, tobacco, pro-slavery, anti-bellum, anti-progress, anti-free-school, anti-christian element in the south born to rule(?) dies hard; but perish it must and will—for the Gods have spoken it. Amen.

Party From Dodge.

Our engineer, Mr. Parks, at Dodge City on business, on the 8th, writes: Mr. A. R. Fowler and family, are ready to start for Clarendon. The company is quite large, among them Daniel Heffelbower and family of Albany, Ill., and a number of others. J. S. Rockwell Esq., and family, from Waterloo, Mich., J. H. Hower and family, of Van Orin, Ill., (returning to C.) and a small army of batchelors, (among whom is our surveyor; Ed.) all in good spirits. These are all first-class people and will add much to our strength. The battle is already won. Dr. Fowler examined lands near Dodge and was dissatisfied. Kansas men have not advanced their own interests by condemning the "Pan Handle." I was agreeably surprised to find at Dodge so many people enthusiastic about Clarendon. Would like to stay and go through with the company but I must make fast time for home.

Town lots will be in immediate demand. Send report of latest sales. Mail route from Dodge to Elliot in 40 hours! "Cheers."

Do not let our friends be alarmed at reports of Indian raids in the Pan Handle. Such rumors emanating from the train of drunken frontiersmen are frequently circulated for the purpose of frightening those unaccustomed to frontier life. A hostile Indian has not been seen at Clarendon since its foundation, and our people feel as secure from attack as if in an older settled country.

Missouri Kansas & Texas R'y. The Beautiful Indian Territory Route.

NOTICE.

The Missouri Kansas & Texas Railway have now on sale Special Emigrant Excursion Tickets to all the principal points in Texas and return at the following extremely low rates of fare:

- From St. Louis to Denison and return, \$28.00.
From St. Louis to Sherman and return, \$29.00.
From St. Louis to Dallas and return, \$31.40.
From St. Louis to Ft. Worth and return, \$32.00.
From St. Louis to San Antonio and return, \$46.60.

THESE EMIGRANT EXCURSION TICKETS

Are good for Forty (40) days from date of sale.

If you cannot procure these round trip excursion tickets over the M. K. & T. R'y from your starting point, then buy a ticket to Chicago, Hannibal or St. Louis, whichever is nearest to your starting point, and then call on the M. K. & T. Ticket Agents, either at 101 Clark Street, Chicago, Ill., Union Depot, Hannibal, Mo., or 106 North Fourth Street, St. Louis, Mo.

Where you can secure your ticket to any point in Texas, and have 200 pounds of Baggage checked Free. REMEMBER that the M. K. & T. R'y is the only line that runs Two Through Passenger Trains to Texas every day in the week, and makes twelve hours the quickest time. Pamphlets, maps, guides, &c., descriptive of Texas, are furnished free by addressing either T. W. Trasdale, Ass't Gen'l Passenger Agent, Sedalia Mo., or Jas. D. Brown, Gen'l Passenger Agent, 101 Clark St., Chicago Ill., or 106 4th St., St. Louis, Mo.

Thos. S. Underhill, Attorney and Counsellor at Law. Dallas, Texas. Legal business of all kinds attended to. Claims adjusted promptly. Collections made. Taxes paid for non residents owning land anywhere in the state, and abstracts of title furnished. Refer to editor of this paper. (All right.—Editor.)

WRIGHT, BEVERLY & CO. DODGE CITY, KANSAS.

GENERAL OUTFITTERS.

Wholesale and Retail Headquarters for— FRIEHTERS, STOCKMEN, EMIGRANTS, Etc. Etc.

We carry the largest stock in this portion of the country, and have superior facilities for forwarding freight to all points south and west.

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BYERS BROS.,

SHERMAN, TEXAS, Dealers in Shuttler, Fish and Labelle WAGONS,

Buckeye Mowers and Reapers, Buckeye Harvester & Binder, Buckeye Wheat Drill, Glidden Barbed Fence Wire, Phoenix Cotton Gin, Sulky Hay Rakes, Marsh Harvester and Binder, Furst & Bradley City Plows, Kentucky Wheat Drill, Furst & Bradley Sulky Plows (wrought iron frame), Planters press, Sweetstakes Threshers, Engines and Horse Powers, Corn Shellers, Feed Cutters, Etc., Etc. BYERS BROTHERS, SHERMAN, TEXAS. Send for circulars and prices.

M. SCHNEIDER & BRO., DRY GOODS,

Clothing, Boots Shoes, Hats, Carpets, Notions, &c. 2 & 4 North Travis & 1, 3, 5 & 7 Houston Sts., SHERMAN, TEXAS. NEW YORK HOUSE.....46 White Street.

F. G. JANSEN & CO.,

—MANUFACTURERS OF—

FURNITURE

And dealers in Carpets, Oil Cloths, Window Shades, Picture Frames and Mouldings, etc., etc. Ware Rooms east side of Public Square, SHERMAN, TEXAS. Factory Quincy, Illinois.

M. H. ANDREWS,

—DEALER IN—

BOOTS, & SHOES,

Hats, Caps, Custom Made Clothing, and Gents Furnishing Goods, one door west of Post-office, SHERMAN, TEX.

ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE RAILROAD, THE GATEWAY TO THE PAN-HANDLE OF TEX.

—IS THROUGH—

DODGE CITY, KANSAS,

And the Only Direct Route is by the

ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE R. R.

Being 200 miles the shortest. Free from bad indians and bad hills. An excellent Government Road from Dodge City to Camp Supply and Fort Elliot, makes this the Only Desirable Route to North Western Texas. The Southwestern Stage Company Coaches leave Dodge City Mondays and Thursdays for Camp Supply 90 miles. Fare, \$10.00. To accommodate the tide of immigration now setting out for this portion of the State, the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad has arranged for the following Low Emigrant Rates to Texas via Dodge City:

Table with 2 columns: From St. Louis to Dodge City, Cincinnati, Chicago, Quincy, Kansas City, Atchison. Rates range from 7.05 to 24.05.

Emigrants carried on Express trains making as quick time as first-class passengers. 200 pounds of baggage free with every full ticket. For full information address the nearest Agent of the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad, or the undersigned. W. F. WHITE.