Callahan County Clarendon.

"THE GREATEST GOOD TO THE GREATEST NUMBER"

W. R. LOTZ, Editor and Proprietor. BAIRD, TEXAS, SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1881. VOL. II.—NO. 11.

THE BOSTON GIRL.

I told her of a maid whose mind
Was filled with tender thoughts and fancies,
A lovely being of the kind
They write about in old romances.
"Knowest thou," said I, "this maiden fair,
Whose beauty doth my thoughts beguile?"
She answered with a dreamy air—
"Well, I should smile!"

"Her cheeks possess the rose's hue,
No form is daintier or completer,
No hair so brown, no eyes so blue,
No mouth in tenderer or sweeter.
The favored youth who gains the hand
Of this fair girl will ne'er regret it."
With maidest grace she added, "And
Don't you forget it."

"Oh, thou dear mistress of my heart!
My angel! let me kneel before thee
And say how heavenly sweet thou art,
And how devoutly I adore thee."
She turned a way her lovely head,
And with a languid look that fired
My soul, in murmured accents said—
"You make me tired."

—*Brie-a-Brac*; in *Scribner*.

A MINING CAMP'S FIRST PIANO.

It was in 1858—or it might have been five years earlier or later—there was a little camp about ten miles from Pioche, occupied by upward of three hundred miners, every one of whom might have packed his prospecting implements and left for more inviting fields any time before sunset. When the day was over, the men did not rest from their labors, like the honest New England agriculturist, but sang, danced, gambled and shot each other, as the mood seized them.

One evening the report spread along the main street (which was the only street) that three men had been killed at Silver Reef, and that the bodies were coming in.

Presently a lumbering old conveyance labored up the hill, drawn by a couple of horses, well worn out with the pull. The cart contained a good sized box, and no sooner did its outlines become visible through the glimmer of a stray light here and there, than it began to affect the idlers. Death always enforces respect, and even though no one had caught sight of the remains, the crowd gradually became subdued; and when the horses came to a standstill the cart was surrounded. The driver, however, was not in the least impressed with the solemnity of his commission.

"All there?" asked one.

"Haven't examined. Guess so."

The driver filled his pipe and lit it, as he continued: "Wish the bones and load had gone over the bank."

A man who had been looking on stepped up to the man at once. "I don't know who you have in that box, but if they happen to be any friends of mine I'll lay you alongside."

"We can mighty soon see," said the teamster, coolly. "Just bust the lid off, and if they happen to be the men you want, I'm here."

The two looked at each other a moment, and the crowd gathered a little closer, anticipating trouble.

"I believe that dead men are entitled to good treatment, and when you talk about happening to see a corpse go over a bank, all I have to say is that it will be better for you if the late lamented ain't my friends."

"We'll open the box. I don't take back what I've said, and if my language don't suit your ways of thinking I guess I can stand it."

With these words the teamster began to pry up the lid. He got the board off, and then pulled out some old rags. A strip of something dark, like rosewood, presented itself.

"Eastern coffins, by thunder!" said several, and the crowd looked quite astounded.

Some more boards flew up, and the man who was ready to defend his friend's memory shifted his weapon a little. The cool manner of the teamster had so irritated him that he made up his mind to pull his weapon at first sign of the dead, even if the deceased was his worst and oldest enemy. Presently the whole box cover was off, and the teamster, clearing away the packing, revealed to the astonished group the top of something which puzzled all alike.

"Boys," said he, "it's a pianner."

A general shout of laughter went up, and the man who had been so anxious to enforce respect for the dead muttered something about feeling dry, and the keeper of the nearest bar was several ounces better off by the time the boys had given the joke all the attention it called for. Had a dozen dead men been in the box, their presence in the camp could not have occasioned half the excitement that the arrival of that piano caused. By the next morning it was known that the instrument was to grace the hardy gurdy saloon, owned by Tom Goskin, the leading gambler in the place. It took nearly a week to get this wonder on its legs, and the owner was the proudest man in the State. It rose gradually from a recumbent to an upright position, amid a confusion of tongues after the manner of the tower of Babel.

Of course everybody knew just how such an instrument should be put up. One knew where the "off hind leg" should go, and another was posted on the "front piece."

Scores of men came to the place every day to assist.

"I'll put the bones in good order."

"If you want the wires tuned, I'm the boy."

"I've got music to feed it for a month."

Another brought a pair of blankets for a cover, and all took the liveliest interest in it. It was at last in a condition for business.

"It's been showin' its teeth all the week. We'd like to have it spit out something."

Alas! there wasn't a man to be found who could play upon the instrument. Goskin began to realize that he had a losing speculation on his hands. He had a fiddler, and a Mexican who thummed a guitar. A pianist would have made his orchestra complete.

One day a three-card monte player told a friend confidentially that he could "knock any amount of music out of a piano, if he only had it alone a few hours to get his hand in." The report spread about the camp, but on being questioned, he vowed that he didn't know a note of music. It was noted, however, as a suspicious circumstance, that he often hung about the instrument, and looked upon it longingly, like a hungry man gloating over a beefsteak in a restaurant window. There was no doubt that this man had music in his soul, perhaps in his fingers' ends, but did not dare to make a trial of his strength, after the rules of harmony had suffered so many years of neglect. So the fiddler kept on with his jigs, and the greasy Mexican pawed his discordant guitar, but no man had the nerve to touch that piano.

There were doubtless scores of men in the camp who would have given ten ounces of gold-dust to have been half an hour alone with it, but every man's nerve shrank from the jeers which the crowd would shower upon him should his first attempt prove a failure. It got to be generally understood that the hand which first essayed to draw music from the keys must not slouch its work.

* * * * * *

It was Christmas Eve, and Goskin, according to his custom, had decorated his gambling-house with sprigs of mountain cedar and a shrub whose crimson berries did not seem a bad imitation of English holly. The piano was covered with evergreens, and all that was wanting to completely fill the cup of Goskin's contentment was a man to play that piano.

"Christmas night and no piano pounder," he said. "This is a nice country for a Christian to live in."

Getting a piece of paper he scrawled the words:

$20 Reward
To a compitant Pianer Player.

This he stuck up on the music rack, and, though the inscription glared at the frequenters of the room until midnight, it failed to draw any musician from his shell.

So the merry-making went on: the hilarity grew apace. Men danced and sang to the music of the squeaky fiddle and worn-out guitar, as the jolly crowd within tried to drown the howling storm without. Suddenly they became aware of the presence of a white-haired man crouched near the fire-place. His garments, such as were left, were wet with melting snow, and he had a half-starved, half-crazed expression. He held his thin, trembling hands toward the fire, and the light of the blazing wood made them almost transparent.

He looked about him once and a while as if in search of something, and his presence cast such a chill over the place that it gradually seemed as if this waif of the storm had brought in with it all the gloom and coldness of the warring elements. Goskin, mixing up a cup of hot egg-nogg, advanced and remarked, cheerfully:

"Here, stranger, brace up! This is the real stuff."

The man drained the cup, smacked his lips and seemed more at home.

"Been prospecting, eh? Out in the mountains—caught in the storm? Lively night, this!"

"Pretty bad," said the man.

"Must feel pretty dry?"

The man looked at his steaming clothes and laughed, as if Goskin's remark was a sarcasm.

"How long out?"

"Four days."

"Hungry?"

The man rose up, and walked over to the lunch counter, fell to work upon roast bear, devouring it like any wild animal would have done. As meat and drink and warmth began to penetrate the stranger, he seemed to expand and straighten up. His features lost their pallor, and he grew more and more content with the idea that he was not in the grave. As he underwent these changes the people about him got merrier and happier, and threw off the temporary feeling of depression which he had laid upon them.

Presently his eye fell upon the piano.

"Where's the player?" he asked.

"Never had any," said Goskin, blushing at the confession.

"I used to play when I was young." Goskin almost fainted at the admission.

"Stranger, do tackle it, and give us a tune! Nary man in this camp ever had the nerve to wrestle with that music-box." His pulse beat faster, for he feared that the man would refuse.

"I'll do the best I can," he said.

There was no stool, but seizing a candle-box he drew it up and seated himself before the instrument. It only required a few seconds for a hush to come over the room.

"That old coon is going to give the thing a rattle."

The sight of a man at the piano was something so unusual that even the faro-dealer, who was about to take in a fifty dollar bet on the tray, paused, and did not reach for the money. Men stopped drinking, with glasses at their lips. Conversation appeared to have been struck with a sort of paralysis, and cards were no longer shuffled.

The old man brushed back his long, white locks, looked up to the ceiling, half-closed his eyes, and in a mystic sort of reverie passed his fingers over the keys. He touched but a single note; the sound thrilled the room. It was the key to his improvisation, and as he wove his cords together, the music laid its spell upon every one's ear and heart. He felt his way along the keys like a man threading the uncertain paths, but gained confidence as he progressed, and presently bent to his work like a master. The instrument was not in exact tune, but the ears of his audience, through long disuse, did not detect anything radically wrong. They heard a succession of grand chords, a suggestion of Paradise, melodies here and there, and it was enough.

"See him counter with his left!" said an old rough, enraptured.

"He calls the turn every time on the upper end of the board," responded a man with a stack of chips in his hand.

The speaker wandered off into the old ballads he had heard at home. All the sad and melancholy and touching songs, that came up like dreams of childhood, this unknown player drew from the keys. His hand kneaded their hearts like dough, and squeezed out the tears as from a wet sponge. As the strains flowed one upon the other, they saw their homes of the long ago reared again; they were playing once more where the apple blossoms sank through the soft air to join the violets on the green turf of the New England States; they saw the glories of the Wisconsin maples and the haze of the Indian summer blending their hues together, and heard the sullen roar of the sea as it beat upon their memories vaguely.

Then came all the old Christmas carols, such as they had sung in church thirty years before; the subtle music that brings up the glimmer of wax tapers, the solemn shrines, the evergreen, holly, mistletoe and surpliced choirs. Then the remorseless performer planted his final stab in every heart with "Home, Sweet Home."

When the player ceased, the crowd slunk away from him. There was no more of the revelry elements left in his audience. Each man wanted to sneak off to his cabin and write the old folks a letter. The day was breaking as the last man left the place, and the player, laying his head down on the piano, fell asleep.

"I say, pard," said Goskin, "don't you want a little rest?"

"I feel tired," the old man said. "Perhaps you'll let me rest here for the matter of a day or so?"

He walked behind the bar, where some old blankets were lying, and stretched himself upon them.

"I feel pretty sick. I guess I won't last long. I've got a brother down in the ravine—his name's Driscoll. He don't know I'm here. Can you get him before morning? I'd like to see his face once more before I die."

Goskin started up at the mention of the name. He knew Driscoll well.

"He your brother? I'll have him here in half an hour."

As he dashed out into the storm, the musician pressed his hand to his side and groaned. Goskin heard the words "Harry!" and sped down the ravine to Driscoll's cabin.

It was quite light in the room when the two men returned. Driscoll was as pale as death.

"My God! I hope he's alive! I wronged him when we lived in England, twenty years ago."

They saw the old man had drawn a blanket over his face. The two stood a moment, awed by the thought that he might be dead. Goskin lifted the blanket and pulled it down astonished. There was no one there!

"Gone!" cried Driscoll, wildly.

"Gone!" echoed Goskin, pulling out his cash drawer. "Ten thousand dollars in the sack, and the Lord knows how much loose change in the drawer!"

The next day the boys got out, followed a horse's tracks through the snow, and lost them in the trail leading toward Pioche.

There was a man missing from the camp. It was the three-card-monte man, who used to deny point blank that he could play the scale. One day they found a wig of white hair, and called to mind how the "stranger" had pushed those locks back when he looked toward the ceiling for inspiration on the night of December 21, 1861.

The Bank of England.

"As safe as the Bank of England" is an assurance of safety which is never questioned. No one ever lost money by the Bank of England. Its notes are good all over the world. Many strangers go to see it. Only a few persons can go round at once, with a guide. In one room notes that have been paid have the corners torn off and holes punched through them. Over fifty thousand notes, worth one million pounds, are paid every day, and thus cut out. They are kept five years, and if you give the number and date of a note, it is less than three minutes it can be found, so that if you paid a note you owed and a man said you did not do so, you could prove that you had paid it. The largest note is one thousand pounds. One hundred and twenty men are in the room where paid notes are clipped, and 1,200 in all the bank. All the notes used are printed in the bank, and the printing-machines keep a register of every one. Here pensions are paid to crippled soldiers. Here gold and silver plate—private property—is kept. Two things I heard interested me. "Gold is very brittle," said our guide. "If you throw a good deal about upon a counter—that is, a number of gold pieces—and then sweep it off the counter, you will find that the fragments are very careful of them. In the weighing-room all gold sovereigns that you put in your pockets in the morning, with other pieces of coin, at night will not be just the same. We know that, and weigh every sovereign that has once been out of the house. The bankers loose the difference. We have sent boxes of gold coin to them by express that have come back to us unopened, yet the rubbing of the gold has worn off five pounds' worth." We came away agreeing that this great bank is one of the world's wonders.

A Man Who Sets Type With His Teeth.

The most remarkable newspaper man in the United States lives at Angels Camp, in Calaveras County. His name is S. S. Waterman. He is twenty-four years old and has been paralyzed ever since he was born. He was born in Angels and has never been away from the town but once, when he went in search of medical aid, but failed to find any. His paralysis is of the upper and lower limbs, which he can not move. His speech is also affected and it is only with difficulty that he can talk at all. Early in life he manifested a liking for movable type, which he placed in position with his teeth. He soon began to cut type out of wood, holding the engraving tools between his teeth when he used them. He has made a good deal of block type in this way, with which he at present conducts a small job printing business. He also sets metal type with his teeth. Waterman was one of the founders of the *Mountain Echo*, a weekly paper now being published in Angels. He set a good deal of the type on this paper with his teeth, and, having a good education, manufactured his editorials and other articles as he went along. He is now out of the newspaper business, and confines himself entirely to job printing and engraving. He does all the programme and invitation work for the town, frequently engraving special designs for his jobs. His presswork, of course, he can not do with his teeth, and employs a boy to do that part of the work for him—the only part that he can not do himself.—*Stockton (Cal.) Mail.*

—A little bunch of lilies of the valley sent from New Orleans by mail has been received in fresh condition in Providence, R. I. They came inclosed in a potato, the inside of which had been dug out leaving a thin shell.

Photographs of Moving Animals.

The zoopraxoscope is a long name to give to a very simple apparatus, but probably no other conveys an idea so briefly of its objects, uses and capabilities. The instrument itself is the zoogyroscope in an improved form, and by the revolution of two disks parallel with each other, but revolving in contrary directions, certain visual illusions are obtained, which are as astonishing as they are inexplicable—excepting so far as their effects are governed by the general laws appertaining to the persistency of vision. Many of our readers will remember the surprise and delight afforded them by an exhibition in this city last year of the attitudes of animals in motion, of which this instrument furnished so important and entertaining a feature. Apart from many essential modifications in the instrument itself, quite a large number of movements of various animals can now be illustrated, including in one picture horses executing various movements and traveling in various directions at various rates of speed; a race-track, wherein one horse gradually overtakes his competitors in the race, and a number of excited spectators are waving their arms and throwing up their hats in celebration of the victory of their favorite; a deer-hunt, where a deer, followed successfully by dogs and horsemen, traverses over the screen. An acrobat turning a somersault upon the back of a horse. A man pursuing the even tenor of his way is suddenly astonished by the appearance of a wild bull, and seeing no other means of escape turns a somersault over the animal's back. When it is remembered these are simply reproductions by photography from the life, with all the movements of limbs exactly as made by the living animals, without any imaginary interpolations, their value to the artist and scientist is self-evident. It is understood to be the intention of Gov. Stanford to send the entire equipment of electro-photographic apparatus to Europe and continue the experiments there, and, also, to entertain the various art and scientific societies with a series of entertainments, for which it is safe to bespeak for him an appreciation most gratifying.—*San Francisco Post.*

A Live Man Who Is Officially Declared Dead.

Alphonse Sevier, a Major in the Forty-sixth New York Infantry, after passing safely through the civil war, mysteriously disappeared in the year 1866. Major Sevier was of striking appearance, six feet three inches in height, erect and robust, with long mustaches that were the envy of his fellow-officers. He was quite a favorite, and his loss was for a time the talk of his former comrades. His brother, Gaston Sevier, a member of the First New York Cavalry, instituted search for him, but could not discover any trace of him. Some time later Gaston received information from what he considered a reliable source that Maj. Alphonse had died and been buried in Yonkers, N. Y. A minute investigation served to confirm the previous statement, and persons were found willing to certify to Major Sevier's death. Hoping the intelligence was not correct, Gaston, as a last resort, advertised extensively in papers of a large circulation. Not receiving any reply he concluded his brother was surely dead. In 1871 he again had occasion to make an investigation, and again he heard the old statements recited. When his mother died in Prussia in 1877 and information came of the approaching settlement of her estate, he was told that by the laws of Prussia it would have to be definitely determined that his brother had been dead two years, or the courts would hold a portion of the property for Major Sevier. Consequently he again advertised. Two years afterward one of the Prussian courts formally declared that Major Alphonse Sevier was not alive, and distributed among others a portion of the estate which would otherwise have been his property. Gaston Sevier, of course, mourned him as dead. But yesterday evening Gaston, now a reporter for the St. Louis *Anzeiger*, received a communication, dated at California, Mo., and signed "Alphonse Sevier." The writer said he was married, had several children and lived on a farm in Southern Kansas. He had gone to California on business, and accidentally learned that his brother was in St. Louis. He never gave any reason for his abrupt departure from his friends in New York, and did not intimate that he had any knowledge of the Prussian court's so conveniently disposing of a serious question by striking his name from the rolls of the living.—*St. Louis Republican.*

A Clergyman's Recreation.

Our country ministers do not show the interest in rural pursuits that their English brethren exhibit. One of these brethren had charge of a parish made up of a mixed community as to occupation, some being farm laborers, others workers in mills and forges, and a few skilled artisans of one sort or another. Their premises were almost barren of beauty when he came among them and commenced his work. A skillful cultivator himself, his first effort was to present an object lesson in his own grounds. Then, at invited gatherings of those whose welfare he had earnestly at heart, he chatted on a variety of practical themes, gardening among them. The spark of interest thus lighted was fanned by judicious presents of seeds, cuttings and plants—now a rosebush, a few flower-roots, or tubers or an improved potato. Before long some one suggested the holding of a village show of vegetables. The next year tables were added for fruit and flowers, and from this small beginning there came, in course of time, a flourishing and admirable horticultural society, distributing annually a goodly sum in prizes, partly the contribution of "neighboring gentry," who were doubtless led to see important practical results of this "awakening" among their tenants. Thus, through the example and work of one noble man, the entire village was soon transformed into a garden of beauty.

—At a recent horticultural exhibition in London, the new orchid from India, with snow-white flowers, sent by Mr. Titley, was bought for a thousand dollars by Mr. William Bull.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The first cotton mill in California is in process of erection.

—A solid mountain of fine red, brown and white sandstone has been discovered near Regan, on the Texas & Pacific Railroad.

—The underground military wires in the German empire, according to telegraphic operators, conduct electricity far better than the overland lines.

—A silk association has for some time past existed in Utah, and extensive preparations have been made for the manufacture of silk. Skilled European operatives have been sent for, and the factory will probably open about the middle of June.

—The following recipe for imitation of ground glass is from an Antwerp scientific journal: Paint the glass with the following: Sandarach, 18 drachms; mastic, 4 drachms; ether, 24 ounces; benzine, 6 to 18 ounces. The more benzine the coarser the grain of the imitation glass will be.

—Contagion is largely propagated by means of the clothing, and clothing is best disinfected by heat. No form of contagion can withstand a dry heat of 220 degrees. The clothing should be placed in a box or a closet maintained at that temperature for perhaps an hour. Carbolic acid will not destroy the effect of vaccine virus but for the time being.

—A very interesting experiment with a new telephone invented by Robert M. Lockwood and his son, William, of New York City, was tried recently between New York and Philadelphia over the ordinary telegraph wires. The result was a surprise to all who were present. Conversation, even to a whisper, in Philadelphia, was heard with perfect distinctness of articulation, such as is perfectly practicable for commercial purposes. The principle claimed by the inventors is that of molecular disturbance and the suppression of all vibration.

—A valuable plastic material has been introduced in Germany for ornamental and other purposes. Five parts of sifted whiting are mixed with a solution of one part of glue, and, on those two being well worked up into a paste, a proportionate quantity of Venetian turpentine is added, in order to prevent brittleness; a small amount of linseed oil is also put with the mixture, to obviate its clinging to the hands, and the mass may be colored by kneading in any color that is desired. The substance thus formed may be pressed into shapes and used for the production of bas-reliefs and other figures, and may be likewise worked by hand into models—the hands to be rubbed with linseed oil and the mass to be kept warm during the process. On becoming cold and dry, which takes place in a few hours, it is as hard as stone.

PITH AND POINT.

—You can not cultivate a man's acquaintance by continually harrowing his feelings.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—The citizen who keeps his own cow can have his fresh milk at sixteen cents per quart.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"It is an ill wind that doesn't blow somebody some good." The boy whose sister has the scarlet fever gets a long vacation.—*Salem Sunbeam.*

—"This is the widow of my discontent," said the old man who had married a fashionable young woman who had planted her first husband under the sod of sorrow and bankruptcy.—*Steubeaville Herald.*

—Ella Wheeler, in poetry, says: "I often dream of love, holy as the moonlight on a grave." We should like to know if moonlight on a grave is any more holy than moonlight on a woodshed roof.—*Boston Post.*

—"You are fond of the British poets, Miss C.?" "Oh, *awfully* so!" "Have you read Lamb?" "Yes; and with *such* pleasure!" "Are you fond of Hogg?" "Yes; but I so dread trichinosis!" Curtain.—*Somerville Journal.*

—"How things do grow this weather," said the deacon to Brother Amos. "Yes, they do," replied the brother. "Last night I heard you say you caught forty fish, and this morning I heard you tell Mr. Smith it was one hundred and fifty."—*Rochester Herald.*

—A Lowell woman accidentally swallowed a pin the other day and in exactly three minutes afterward it came out of the ear of the cat she was holding in her lap at the time. This is a lie, but we wanted to get up one of those stories that our readers could believe.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—"Just think of it!" exclaimed Jones; "Pingrey's new block is one thousand meters long!" "Is that so?" asked Fogg, adding, "By the way, Jones, how long is a meter?" "Blamed if I know," said Jones, "but judging from the distance my gas-meter covers every month it must be something immense."—*Boston Transcript.*

Rebuking Pride.

Music is a good servant to devotion, but a bad master. The late Dr. Muhlenberg once impressed this sentiment upon a youth, with such distinctness that it was never effaced. The Doctor, then the rector of an Episcopal Church school, had introduced a boy-choir into the chapel services. One of the choristers, whose duty it was to get the number of the psalm and hymn, went to the Doctor's study one Sunday morning for the purpose. The young man, while the rector was turning over the leaves of the prayer-book in order to make a selection, remarked, "We did pretty well in the choir last Sunday?"

"Yes," answered the Doctor, without raising his head.

"That anthem went finely," continued the chorister, fishing for praise.

"Yes," said the Doctor, still turning over the leaves.

"What shall we sing to-day?" asked the youth, somewhat chagrined, and thinking the rector's search a long one.

"Why," replied the rector, lifting his head, "let us sing to the praise and glory of ——— [inserting the youth's name], this psalm and that hymn."

The lesson was never forgotten. The youth became a clergyman, and in telling the story added that whenever he felt the old vain-gloriousness rising, he thought of the rebuke his teacher once gave him.—*Youth's Companion.*

Our Young Folks.

"WHAT IS A HERO?"

Mamma closed her book as the eve grew dim:
'Twas a beautiful story, too—
About a Captain who gave his life,
In a storm, to save his crew.

Her little boy sat on her knee, and thought
Of the tale she just had read;
Then, lifting his eyes to his mother's face,
"What is a hero?" he said.

"Is he always, I wonder, a great, strong man?
Does one ever come to this town?"
Then rammon softly hands, and strokes
The curls of chestnut-brown.

"A little boy, like you, can be
A hero brave and true.
Fighting, not giants, but faults, my pet—
Willing to dare and do.

"In days of old, brave men were called
By the good name of 'knight;'
They helped the weak, and ever fought
For justice, truth and right.

"All heroes that the world has known
Unto were but boys who tried
To lead a noble life, and leave
A grand name when they died.

"The bravest hero, dear little one,
May never in fair lands roam,
Or do great deeds; but every boy
Can be a hero at home!"

—*Golden Days.*

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE BOYS.

I have lately had a letter from my nephew, Johnny Briggs. As the spelling and grammar are a little defective, I will only give the postscripts, which, however, contain the pith of the letter itself. They run thus:

"P. s. one Reson I have decided to Go to sea, is Because I Am so fond of Fun and adventhur.

"P. s. s. can I rize quickist in the navey or By going in the Merchant servise?

Johnny Briggs."

It is a great many years since I was a boy like Johnny—a great many; yet not so long ago but that, after reading his letter and its postscripts, I fully understand Johnny's frame of mind. He is tired of the sameness of life—the eating and sleeping and going to school are all so uneventful. There are no pirates, or wild Indians, or typhoons to be encountered in this prosaic existence, no fair young maidens to be rescued from peril of field, fire or flood. His ardent soul pants for adventure, and he is aflame to encounter the excitement which he fondly believes to be inseparable from

"A life on the ocean wave."

According to his letter, this new-born desire is due to "a unquenchibel Spirit of Roving," which he darkly hints is an inheritance from a very remote ancestor, who is mentioned by Johnny as a "freebooter." My own impression, however, is that it arises from the fact that the newsdealer at the corner of the block where Johnny lives deals in five-cent nautical novels of the most startling kind. I saw one of them once. It was called "The Boy Blockader; or, The Strange Secret of Hampton Hall." I was interested to notice that the publishers announced it as of thrilling interest, and intended especially for the instruction and edification of youth! All for five cents! But I am wandering from my subject.

Now Johnny has asked my advice on this matter of going to sea. True, I know that, like advice-asking people in general, he will only take so much of it as coincides with his own ideas—the remainder will be contemptuously ignored as the views of an old fogy. But Duty with a big D stands at my elbow, so out of my past experience I have evolved the following:

MY DEAR NEPHEW:—"The Burlington *Hawkeye* man, who is one of the most charming persons I know, says this: 'Everybody likes a candid man till he gives a candid opinion that interferes with their own. Then he's a bigot.' So before I finish this letter you'll know what a bigot is, and that will be something.

"Your fondness for fame and adventure is—if I may so express it—a family weakness. It sent your father to California in '49, and brought him home with rather less money than he took away with him. Me it sent to sea; and if I learned nothing else there, I found out that present-day seagoing hasn't quite as much fun or adventure about it as present-day sea-stories would have us believe. If you, my dear Johnny, should go to sea, you would probably make the same discovery. I doubt even if you would find among your shipmates a daring Dick Dashaway, a romantic Ralph Rackstraw, or even a jolly Jack Easy. The men who have taken the place of these heroes of fiction are literally on earth, earthly, rather than of the sea, salt. I don't know just why the salt should have so lost its savor since the days of Cooper and Marryatt. But one would think now-a-days that it was henceforth fit for nothing but to be cast out and trodden under foot of men, such a downtrodden race are the sailors of to-day.

"For you will no longer, my dear Johnny, find the jovial tar who in the words of your favorite song,

"Sings as he views the gathering cloud,"

to be the manly, independent mariner of fiction. Rather is he (literally, oftentimes) under the iron heel of a brutal taskmaster.

"I have never heard heard him sing as he viewed the gathering cloud, though I *have* heard him, under his breath, use unpleasantly emphatic words on the subject of the weather. And my impression is, my dear nephew, that after you have been to sea a short time, you yourself will not look upon the gathering cloud in the light of a subject for tuneful melody; because when a man is called out of his watch below to help shorten sail four or five times every twenty-four hours, he is apt to lose his ear for music.

"Why, the summons to this unpleasant duty is of itself calculated to make a boy think of home. The officer of the deck does not send word for 'all that as the weather is likely to be unpleasant he would be obliged to the sailors if they would kindly arise and appear on deck as soon as they can conveniently. Oh, no! But the second mate, who is muscular of arm and powerful of voice, thunders away at the forecastle door, shouting in a tone that doesn't admit of discussion:

"'Turn out here to short'n sail; and be quick about it, too!'

"I may remark in passing, my dear John, that it will at such a time be useless for you to plead fatigue, drowsiness or even a sudden headache, as an excuse for not obeying, or even to remark that you'll be up 'directly.' I should not care to be in your sea-boots if you did.

"But by the time you are drenched with the driving rain and flying spray, have plunged frantically into the lee scuppers and been requested with more emphasis than courtesy to get aloft on the topsail yard, 'you will forgot your drowsiness. For it will be all you can do to cling to the yard with your elbows while your feet are balanced on the slippery, swaying foot-rope and your numbed fingers clutching at the slatting canvas which seems trying to knock you from your perch.

"'But,' I hear you say quite scornfully, 'it isn't *always* storming on the ocean.' And I have no doubt but that you picture yourself, arrayed like a 'Pinafore' sailor, leaning idly against the rail as the ship glides smoothly onward before the steady trade-winds over some sparkling tropical sea; which I confess is a charming picture, my dear nephew, the drawback being that it is as unlike the reality as a ten-cent 'chromo' is unlike a photographic negative.

"In certain latitudes there are summer seas and skies for days at a time. Were it not so, my dear boy, the unpleasant and endless jobs of tarring and greasing, and splicing and mending, and scrubbing and painting, and scraping and oiling, which are always going on on shipboard but never finished, would have to be done in bad weather instead of fine. For the good Captain and his kind-hearted officers not only mean that you shall have no time to 'mope' or be homesick in, but they bear in mind the beautiful suggestion of Dr. Watts, that

"'Satan finds some mischief still
For idle hands to do.'

So that you will find every moment spent on deck is filled and running over into the next one with tasks of every conceivable kind,—tasks which are invariably connected with clinging tar and odorous grease—tasks which will take you from the keelson to the royal truck a dozen times in a day.

"True, should the Sabbath prove exceptionally fine, you *may* have time to read a chapter in your Bible, though such rare occasions are generally occupied by sailors in the necessary duties of patching and mending.

So, my dear Johnny, in summing the matter up, I have to tell you frankly that going to sea before the mast does not give the boy the chance to gratify the love for fun and adventure of which he fondly dreams. True, being dismasted in a typhoon or wrecked on a lee shore may savor of adventure, but even these exciting episodes have some very unpleasant features—so unpleasant, in fact, that it not unfrequently happens to the participant in them that he never returns home to relate such adventures.

"And finally, as to rising in the naval or merchant service, that, my dear nephew, depends. If you have an iron constitution, gutta-percha joints, and perfectly tempered steel springs all over your body; if you have a quick mind to take in both the practice and theroy of seamanship; if you have a never-tiring energy, which can cause such body and such mind to be in the perpetual motion, and if you have enough of the yeast of ambition about you to keep the whole in a sort of unceasing ferment—why! then, in the course of time, you may rise in either branch of the service. But you will never rise above hard work, exposure, anxiety and responsibility, even if you are elevated to the quarter-deck. In conclusion, my dear Johnny, my own impression is that, generally speaking, you will find the best part of sea-going to consist in staying at home and reading truthful accounts of the sailing experiences of others."—*Frank H. Converse, in Christian Union.*

The Chained Fox.

A fox that had been caught young was kept chained in a yard, and became so tame that fowls and geese approached it without fear.

"Pretty thing!" said its mistress. "It does no harm. It is cruel to keep it chained."

So she unbuckled its collar and let it run about. Scarcely, however, had she turned her back, than she heard a great clucking from her poultry. Looking around, she saw the fox scampering off with her plump red pullet thrown over his shoulder.

"You treacherous, ungrateful little villain!" cried the woman, "and I thought you were so good."

"So I was, mistress," answered the fox, "as long as I was chained."

There are many little foxes that need chaining. There is the "put off studying your lessons to the last minute." for that runs off with your good marks at school; Master Reynard "speaking without thinking," which is always getting its owner into trouble; and Slyboots "nobody will see you do it." Chain them up! that's the only way to manage them.—*Kind Words.*

"The Wrong Woman."

The days of romance are not passed. A Cuban planter, visiting New York, saw a charming woman on a Brooklyn ferryboat, and fell in love with her. He traced her home, and learned that she was a widow most respectably connected. He was called to Cuba, and wrote her a letter full of affection, and giving references. Her friends inquired, and found that he was a desirable match. She replied to the letter. He responded. She wrote, and he wrote, until there was an offer of marriage and an acceptance, and the wedding-day was fixed. She prepared her bridal robe, and he returned to New York. They met at the house of one of her friends, she wondering how he looked, he anticipating a second vision of beauty. She saw a handsome man; he looked, and screamed—

"You are the wrong woman!"

And so it was. They had neglected to exchange photographs. She remains a widow, and he haunts the Brooklyn ferryboats for another vision.

—They have a female housebreaker in Philadelphia that uses a jimmy as expertly as a man in plundering houses.

—Philadelphia is talking about a great public library.

The Clarendon.

Entered at the Post Office in Baird, Texas, as Second-Class Mail Matter.

William R. Lotz, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION, $2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1881.

COMMODORE NUTT died recently in New York.

AND now Comanche is enjoying a visit from Mr. Boom.

THERE is to be a new Government road from Colorado to Fort Stockton, by the way of Camp Charlotte.

THE citizens of Abilene will give a barbecue on Monday the 4th day of July. A good time is anticipated on the occasion.

A CAR load of Texas wheat, the first of the season, arrived at St. Louis on the 10th. It graded No. 3 red winter and sold for $1 50 per bushel.

IN LOS Angeles county, California, there are 100,000 orange, lemon and lime trees in bearing, and the crop is expected to be worth $600,000 this season.

CAPT. JOHN A. O'NEAL of Wills Point, well known throughout North Texas as a beef buyer, was thrown from his horse last Saturday morning, receiving serious injuries. Fears are entertained for his recovery.—*Fort Griffin Echo.*

TERRIBLE storms and cyclones passed over Missouri, Iowa and Kansas last Sunday, causing the loss of many lives and the destruction of much property. It was so severe that it picked up horses and cattle, bodily and carried them through the air, and dropped them a mile away.

JAMES P. NEWCOMB has announced his intention to sue the San Antonio *Express* for $20,000 worth of damage to his character for publishing an article from the Austin *Dispatch*. Immediately after James P. gets his $20,000 he will undertake the wonderful feat of bringing blood from a turnip. —*Comanche Chief.*

MR. R. H. OVERALL, one of Coleman County's prominent citizens gave our town a visit this week. While here he delivered his wool clip of 20,000 lbs. which he sold to Smith & Steffens of Brownwood. The price paid was 25 cts. per pound. Mr. Overall is one of the pioneer sheep men of this country, having started out in the business about three years ago, and has about 7000 head. And he is now contemplating branching out more extensively, believing sheep raising to be the best business for this country.

ONE of the very best houses in Texas to deal with is the ever popular house of Sanger Bros. of Dallas. Here you can find everything you want either at retail or wholesale. They have an army of polite and gentlemenly clerks to wait upon you and show you around the house. While they give particular attention to their rapidly increasing wholesale trade, orders from a distance have prompt attention. We speak in this respect from personal experience, having dealt with them and have always found them perfectly reliable.

THE Roman Catholic *Mirror* has the following startling announcement: The 12th of June will be Trinity Sunday On that day all those Catholics who should have approached the Sacraments of Penance and the Eucharist during the Paschal time, and will have neglected to do so, will be ex-communicated from the Church. By a sin of omission they will be separated from the congregation of the faithful; and though no one but God and themselves may know that they failed to go to confession and communion during the Easter season, their souls will be dead.

This reminds us of the high priest, (a Rt. Rev. Bishop etc.) in San Francisco, several years since, proclaiming that all who were not married in the "faith of the holy Catholic Church were committing a horrible concubinage." The Creator must feel relieved to have his business transacted here by such efficient Vice-Gods.

THE County Commissioners' Court have been in session during the past week, acting in their capacity as a Board of Equalization for the correction of the assessment tables of the County. The greater part of their labor consists in raising the assessments of real estate. A large proportion of the lands of Callahan County are owned by non-residents, many of whom are asking from two to four dollars per acre for it, and yet in numerous instances their lands are rendered at fifty cents an acre. Their owners, enduring none of the privations and hardships of frontier life, are yet reaping the benefits of the labors of the citizens here in the increased value of their lands, and they should not begrudge to pay a reasonable tax therefor. One dollar an acre is the usual figure at which unimproved lands are assessed, but in several instances, as in the case of the Peters Colony lands, the taxable valuation has been placed at $1.50 per acre. The action of the Board in placing the lands of the County at a fair valuation should meet with the hearty approval of the people.

Arrested for Robbing the Mails. —Railroad Survey.

DALLAS, TEXAS, June 11.—W. R. Brown and W. H. Williams, cattle traders of Montague county were brought here this evening and lodged in jail charged with robbing the United States mail in Montague county on June 3rd. The mails were rifled of $1500 from registered packages. Brown was arrested at Montague, and Williams at Gainesville by Postoffice Inspector Smith. One of the passengers robbed positively identifies the prisoners. Commissioner Burford remanded them to jail in default of $1000 bail each.

Chief engineer Stephens of the Texas and St. Louis narrow gauge arrived to-day to survey the road from Dallas to Mt. Pleasant. He will make a preliminary trip over the country between these points, and then go to St. Louis to orgauize an engineer corps to take the field.

Belle Plain Correspondence.

The annual election of officers of Belle Plain Lodge No. 522, A. F. & A. M. was held at their new hall, June 11th. 1881, resulting in the election of the following officers to serve for the next Masonic year, commencing June 24th 1881: W. M., T. J. Largen; S. W., C. Estes; J. W., R. J. Harris; Treasurer, E. S. Seay; Secretary, Wm. H. Parvin; Tyler, W. J. Power. The W. M. also made the following appointments: S. D., J. E. Thomas; J. D., W. C. Asbury; Stewarts, B. F. Williams, W. A. McLaury; Chaplain, O. M. L. Parker.

This lodge, though only one year old, has one of the finest halls in Northwest Texas, has a membership of fifty, and is generally in a thriving condition. The installation of officers will be held in the Court House at Belle Plain, June 24th at 2 o'clock P. M.

We have just been informed that the school furniture for the new Belle Plain college has been shipped from St. Louis and was now at Baird. Professor Chatfield will arrive to-day and will proceed at once to open the school.

Commissioners' court was in session during the week. W. A. Glenn was released on bond for his appearance at the next term of the court. He made his bond last Wednesday.

We are sorry to state that Mrs. H. T. Smoot is lying at the point of death at this writing; trusting, however, that under the hands of our skillful physicians she may speedily recover.

[Since the above was put in type the lady has died.—Ed.]

Several of our fellow townsmen have been extremely busy for the last 30 days, handling cattle. Messrs. J. D. Merchant & Purcell have handled up to date, 8,500 head, filling all their contracts promptly and still have on hand some 3000 head of good stock cattle which they are offering at fair prices.

Belle Plain has been a heavy cattle trading point this season, and buyers say they have received better cattle and had their contracts nearer filled on the time than any point they have been dealing at. Messrs. Day & Hearne have also handled some seven or eight thousand head, the bulk of which are being driven north to the Panhandle

Gets No Better.

The farce known as the Frontier Telegraph line continues to humbug our people. It has not improved at all under its new management, as was expected, but continues in its same old way of holding over messages and in several instances failing to send them at all. When a person sends a telegraph message they generally want it to go in a hurry, especially when they pay such exorbitant tariff as is demanded by this Frontier Telegraph fraud. What say our citizens to petitioning the Western Union to extend their line to Comanche or build a line to Dublin. By a line connecting with the Western Union at Dublin or Mount Airy, the tariff on ten words would be 50 or 75 cents where it is now $1 50 by the Frontier line.—*Comanche Chief.*

A Mill at Baird.

We have heard of several parties who have corresponded with some of our citizens, with a view of coming to Baird and erecting a mill. Now, this is the very thing we need here, and we not only need it, but it will prove a perfectly safe and lucrative investment to the builder. We do not know of a better field for a good mill and gin than right here. Our county is fast settling up, and were a mill built and in operation at the present time it would be kept well employed. We hope to see some one make a strike in this direction at once, for it is an enterprise needed every day.

THE Central railroad company has organized an immigrant society, something similar to the International road's scheme now superintended by Mr. Long. This will no doubt be beneficial to our county, as the Central owns hundreds of acres here, and it will be to their interest to have the county settle up, so that they may be able to dispose of their lands. *Comanche Chief.*

THE Chicago *Tribune*, it is said, for a column one year receives $26,000; the New York *Herald* receives for its lowest price column $89,623, and for the highest, $48,000; the New York *Tribune* for its lowest, $29,964, and for the highest $85,648; and these papers are never at a loss for advertisements to fill their columns. Their patronage comes not from any desire to assist the respective papers, but from business men who find it profitable to advertise.—*Printers' Circular.*

Proposed Amendments to the Constitution of the State of Texas.

TO BE SUBMITTED TO A VOTE OF THE PEOPLE ON THE FIRST TUESDAY IN SEPTEMBER, 1881.

Joint Resolution Proposing an Amendment to Sections 2, 3, 5, 6, 8, and 17, Article V, of the Constitution of the State of Texas.

SECTION 1. Be it resolved by the Legislature of the State of Texas, That sections 2, 3, 5, 6, 8, and 17, article 5, of the constitution of the State of Texas, shall be so amended as to read as follows:

ARTICLE V.—JUDICIARY.

SEC. 2. The supreme court shall consist of a chief justice and six associate justices, four of whom shall constitute a quorum of the whole. A quorum being present, they may organize two divisions, each to consist of three judges, the chief justice to cooperate with either section. Two judges of a division shall constitute a quorum. One of the members in either division dissenting may refer any question in a case, or the whole cause, to all the members of the court, when a decision shall be made by a majority of a quorum of the whole that may be present. No justice shall be permanently assigned to any division, but the justices may alternate under such rules as the court may prescribe. The judges of the supreme court in office at the time of the adoption of this article, and four judges to be appointed by the governor, shall compose the supreme court, until the next general election; and the chief justice of the present supreme court shall be chief justice of the supreme court created by this article, until the next general election, at which election there shall be elected seven justices, whose term of office shall be six years, and who shall select a chief justice from among their number, who shall hold his office for two years, or until otherwise ordered by the court. The justices of the supreme court shall be elected by the qualified voters of the state at a general election for state or county officers. They each shall be a qualified voter, and shall have arrived at the age of thirty years, and shall have been a practising lawyer or a judge of a district court in this state, or such judge and lawyer together, at least seven years at the time of their election. They shall hold their office for the term of six years, and each of them shall receive an annual salary of not less than three thousand six hundred dollars, which shall not be increased or diminished during his term of office. In case of a vacancy in the office of chief justice or associate justice of the supreme court, the governor shall fill the vacancy by appointment until a successor be elected at the next general election for state or county officers, and the justices so elected shall hold the offices for the unexpired term.

SEC. 3. The supreme court shall have appellate jurisdiction only except as herein specified, which shall be co-extensive with the limits of the state. Its appellate jurisdiction shall extend to all civil cases of which the district or county court has original or appellate jurisdiction, and of such other cases as may be prescribed by law; but in appeals from interlocutory judgments, with such exceptions and under such regulations as the legislature may prescribe. The supreme court and the justices thereof shall have power to issue the writ of habeas corpus, as may be prescribed by law, and under such regulations as may be prescribed by law the said court and the justices thereof may issue the writs of mandamus, procendo, certiorari, and such other writs as may be necessary to enforce its jurisdiction. The legislature may confer original jurisdiction on the supreme court to issue writs of quo warranto and mandamus in classes of cases specified by it, except as against the governor of the state. The supreme court shall also have power, upon affidavits or otherwise, as by the court may be thought proper, to ascertain such matters of fact as may be necessary to the proper exercise of its jurisdiction. The supreme court shall sit for the transaction of business from the first Monday in October in each year until the last Saturday in June of the next year, at the capital and two other places, or at the capital only, if the legislature shall hereafter so provide.

SEC. 5. The court of appeals shall consist of three judges, any two of whom shall constitute a quorum, and the concurrence of two judges shall be necessary to a decision of said court. They shall be elected by the qualified voters of the state at a general election. They each shall be a qualified voter, and shall have arrived at the age of thirty years, and shall have been a practicing lawyer or judge of a district court in this state, or such lawyer and judge together, at least seven years at the time of their election. They shall hold their office for the term of six years, and each of them shall receive an annual salary of not less than three thousand six hundred dollars, which shall not be increased or diminished during his term of office. In case of a vacancy in the office of judge of the court of appeals, the governor shall fill the vacancy by appointment until a successor be elected at the next general election, and the judge or judges so elected shall hold office for the unexpired term.

SEC. 6. The court of appeals shall have appellate jurisdiction co-extensive with the limits of the state in all criminal cases of whatever grade. The court of appeals and the judges thereof shall have power to issue the writ of habeas corpus, and under such regulations as may be prescribed by law, issue such writs as may be necessary to enforce its own jurisdiction. The court of appeals shall have powes, upon affidavits or otherwise as by the court may be thought propper, to ascertain such matters of fact as may be necessary to the exercise of its jurisdiction. The court of appeals shall sit for the transaction of business from the first Monday in October of each year until the last Saturday in June of the next year, at the capital, and at two other places, or at the capital only, if the legislature will hereafter so provide.

SEC. 8. The district court shall have original jurisdiction in all criminal cases of the grade of felony; of all suits in behalf of the state to recover penalties, forfeitures and escheats; of all cases of divorce; of all misdemeanors involving official misconduct; of all suits to recover damages for slander or defamation of character; of all suits for the trial of title to land, and for the enforcement of liens thereon; of all suits for the trial of the rights of property levied upon by virtue of any writ of execution, sequestration or attachment, issuing out of said court without regard to value; of all suits, complaints or pleas whatever, without regard to any distinction between law and equity, when the matter in controversy shall be valued at or amount to five hundred dollars exclusive of interest or costs; and the district court and the judges thereof shall have power to issue writs of habeas corpus, mandamus, injunction, and certiorari, and all writs necessary to enforce their jurisdiction. The district court shall have appellate jurisdiction and general control in probate matters over the county court established in each county, for appointing guardians, granting letters testamentary and of administration, probating wills, for settling the accounts of executors, administrators and guardians, and for the transaction of all business appertaining to estates, and original jurisdiction and general control over executors, administrators guardians and minors, under such regulations as may be prescribed by law. The district court shall have appellate jurisdiction and general supervisory control over the county commissioners' courts, and shall have general original jurisdiction overall causes of action whatever, for which a remedy or jurisdiction is not provided by law of this constitution. All cases pending in the court of appeals, of which the supreme court has appelate jurisdiction, under the provisions of this article, shall be certified and the records transmitted to the supreme court, and shall be decided by the supreme court as if the same had been originally appealed to such court.

SEC. 17. The county court shall hold at least four terms, for both civil and criminal business, annually, as may be provided by law, and such other terms each year as may be fixed by the county commissioners' court of each county, or as may be provided by law; provided, the county commissioners' court of any county, having fixed the times and number of terms of the county court, shall not change the same again before the expiration of one year. Said county court may dispose of probate matters either in term time or vacation. Prosecution may be commenced in said court in such manner as is now or may be provided by law, and a jury therein shall consist of six men, under such regulations as the legislature may prescribe.

Be it further resolved, That the governor be and he is hereby required to issue his proclamation, directing an election to be held throughout the state on the first Tuesday in September, A. D. 1881, for the purpose of submitting the foregoing amendments to the qualified voters of the state, and to cause to be published, once a week for four weeks, at least three months prior to said election, the above proposed amendments in one weekly newspaper of each county in the state in which a newspaper may be published, and he shall direct said election to be held in accordance with the law regulating general elections. Upon the receipt of the proclamation of the governor, the county judge shall proceed to issue his writs of election, appointing judges of election in accordance with the election law. Those desiring to vote for the amendment shall have written or printed upon their tickets: "For amendment to article five." Those desiring to vote against the amendment shall have written or printed upon their tickets: "Against amendment to article five." Immediately after the election the officers of each precinct shall forward to the county judge of their county a duplicate return showing the number of votes cast for or against the amendment, and on the tenth day thereafter the county judge shall open and count said returns, and forthwith forward to the secretary of state in a sealed package, a tabulated statement thereof showing the total number of votes cast in the county for or against the amendment, and on the fortieth day after said election the secretary of state shall, in the presence of the governor and attorney-general, open and count said returns; and if it shall appear from the returns that a majority of the votes were cast for said amendment, it shall be the duty of the governor on the following day to issue his proclamation setting forth the fact that said amendment has received a majority of the votes cast at said election, and shall proclaim that said amendment has become and is a part of the state constitution, and this amendment shall take effect from and after said proclamation.

Passed March 14, 1881, by vote of two-thirds of all the members elected to each house.

Joint Resolution Amending Section 24 of Article III of the Constitution of the State of Texas.

SECTION 1. Be it Resolved by the Legislature of the State of Texas, That section twenty-four (24) of article 3 of the constitution of the State of Texas be so amended as to hereafter read as follows (viz):

SECTION 24. The members of the legislature shall receive from the public treasury such compensation for their services as may from time to time be provided by law, not exceeding five dollars per day. In addition to this per diem, the members of each house shall be entitled to mileage in going to and returning from the seat of government, which mileage shall not exceed five (5) dollars for every twenty-five miles, the distance to be computed by the nearest and most direct route of travel by land, regardless of railways or water routes; and the comptroller of the state shall prepare and preserve a table of distances to each county seat, now or hereafter to be established, and by such table the mileage of each member shall be paid; but no member shall be entitled to mileage for any extra session that may be called within one day after the adjournment of a regular or a called session; provided, the regular session of the legislature shall not continue longer than one hundred days.

And be it further resolved, That the governor be requested to submit to the vote of the electors of the state the foregoing proposed amendment to the constitution, at an election to be ordered on the first Tuesday in September, A. D. 1881, in accordance with the provisions of article 17, of the state constitution.

Passed March 22, 1881, by vote of two thirds of all the members elected to each house.

THE STATE OF TEXAS, }
DEPARTMENT OF STATE. } I, T. H. Bowman Secretary of State for the State of Texas, do hereby certify, that the foregoing are true copies of the proposed amendments to the constitution of this State, passed by the 17th Legislature, and published by direction of the Governor, in accordance with the provisions of the constitution and laws of the State.

[L. S.] Witness my official signature and the seal of State affixed, at the city of Austin, this 28th day of May, A. D. 1881.

T. H. BOWMAN,
Secretary of State.

DRUG STORE,
—FOR—

PURE DRUGS, FINE TOBACCOS, BEST CIGARS, and all kinds of PATENT MEDICINES, TOILET ARTICLES BLANK BOOKS, SCHOOL BOOKS, SLATES, or anything in the STATIONERY LINE, ETC.
Go to
T. J. LARGEN'S Drug Store,
Belle Plain, Texas.

Meeting of the Board of Equalization.

THE STATE OF TEXAS, } IN THE COMMISSIONER'S COURT OF CALLAHAN. } COURT.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Callahan County—GREETING:

YOU are hereby commanded to make publication of the following notice in some newspaper published in the County of Callahan, for ten days previous to the 13th day of June, A. D. 1881.

J. W. NEWMAN, C. C. C. C. C. T.
By I. N. JACKSON, D. C.

Belle Plain, Texas, May 30, 1881.

To all parties interested:

You will take notice that the County Commissioners' Court of Callahan County, Texas, will meet as a Board of Equalization, at the Court House in the town of Belle Plain, on

MONDAY, 13th day of JUNE, A. D. 1881.

I hereby certify, that the above [L.S.] and foregoing is a true copy of the original notice now in my hands.

J. W. JONES, sheriff.
By J. B. SEAY, Deputy.

BIG PAY. AGENTS WANTED.

WE WANT A LIMITED NUMBER OF active, energetic canvassers to engage in a pleasant and profitable business. Good men will find this a rare chance.

TO MAKE MONEY.

Such will please answer this advertisement by letter, enclosing stamp for reply, stating what business they have been engaged in. None but those who mean business need apply. Address

FINLEY, HARVEY & CO.,
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The attention of the Trade is invited to an Unusually Large and Fine Assortment of Goods in all the above lines for

THIS SPRING AND SUMMER.

No pains will be spared to serve our WHOLESALE CUSTOMERS with fidelity and dispatch, and at PRICES that will compare and compete favorably with the Markets of the North and East.

It is a fair Presumption in Our Favor that we are better prepared than a foreign house to meet the wants of the Merchants of Texas, from the fact that we maintain, ourselves, the largest and best appointed Retail Establishment in the State, and buying everything in duplicate, have at all times on hand just such goods as are suited to all classes of trade in Texas.

SANGER BROS., Dallas, Texas.

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It is the Only Sewing Machine which has a
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Office, 806, Main Street, Dallas, Texas.

PIANOS, ORGANS,
AND MUSICAL MERCHANDISE.
WE CAN SUPPLY YOU WITH EVERYTHING IN THE MUSIC LINE.
A. SUMNER & CO.
IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS IN
TEXAS DEPARTMENT, 710 Main St., Dallas.
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—THE—
LITTLE BROWN JUG
SALOON
Catches Everybody in Pursuit of Knowledge or a
Good Square Drink.
All of the Most Popular brands of WHISKIES AND CIGARS on hands.
J. M. WALKER & CO., Props.

UNPARALLELED SUCCESS
OF THE
White Sewing Machine

IN THE THIRD YEAR OF ITS EXISTENCE, ITS SALES AMOUNT TO
54,853 Machines.
NO OTHER MACHINE EVER HAD SUCH
A RECORD OF POPULARITY.
It is the Lightest-Running, Easiest Selling, and Best Satisfying Machine
IN THE WORLD.
Agents wanted. For terms, address
White Sewing Machine Co.,
CLEVELAND, O.
L. C. McALLISTER, Agent,
Dallas, Texas.

G. WESBROOK,
Proprietor of the
TONSORIAL PARLORS
Adjoining the Adams House,
First Street, Baird, Texas.
Is an artist of rare attainments and his equal is seldom found in Western Towns. In Shaving, Hair Cutting, Shampooing, &c., George can't be excelled.
Genuine Sea Foam Kept in Stock.

Cheap Cash Store.
New Store!
New Goods!!
New Prices!!!
I have opened a Grocery Store in the building formerly known as the Harrison building, and am prepared to sell better Groceries at cheaper prices than ever before sold in Belle Plain.
I keep constantly on hand everything usually kept in a first-class grocery store, such as
SUGAR, COFFEE, BACON, HAMS, LARD, RICE, BEANS, MOLASSES, CONDENSED MILK, CANNED GOODS, DRIED FRUITS, POWDER, SHOT, AND WOODENWARE,
ALSO
CIGARS, TOBACCOS, Etc., Etc
W. J. Power,
BELLE PLAIN, - - - - TEXAS.
2-1-6m

POWER HOUSE!
West Side Main Plaza,
HI SIS A NEW HOUSE.
Well established and centrally located.
No Pains will be Spared for the Convenience and Comfort of our Guests.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED, and prices as low as the times will admit.
☞ *Good Livery and Feed Stable in Connection.*
W. J. Power, Proprietor.
nt-1y

THE
TEXAS AND PACIFIC RAILWAY
AND ITS CONNECIONS,
—FORM THE—
Most Direct & Quickest Line
—FROM—
ALL POINTS IN
TEXAS,
—TO—
ST. LOUIS, CHICAGO, CAIRO, INDIANAPOLIS, TOLEDO, MEMPHIS, NASHVILLE, LOUISVILLE, CINCINNATI, ATLANTA,
—AND ALL POINTS—
North, East and South-East
Trains Arrive and Leave Fort Worth as Follows:

ARRIVE.		LEAVE.
1:55 a. m.	No. 1, Mail and Expr's	2:05 a. m.
2:30 p. m.	No. 2, Mail and Expr's	3:45 p.m.
	No. 3, Ac'ommodat'n	
	No. 4, Accommodat'n	8:20 a.m.

CONNECTIONS.
At Texarkana, with all trains on St. Louis & Iron Mountain and So. Rwy. for all points North, East and South-East.
At Longview Junction, and Mineola, with all trains on International R. R. for Tyler, Palestine; Houston, Austin, Galveston and San Antonio.
At Dallas, with trains of the Houston & Texas Central Rwy. for Corsicana, Mexia, Bremond, Waco, Calvert, Bryan, Hempstead, Brenham and all points in Middle and Southern Texas.
At Sherman, with H. & T. C. Rwy. for all points on the line of that road.
At Fort Worth, with Stages for all points in Western Texas.
At Shreveport, with Red River Steamers for New Orleans.
Pullman's Palace Sleeping Cars
—FROM—
FORT WORTH, DALLAS AND SHERMAN
—TO—
ST. LOUIS.
ANY information in regard to rates of Freight and Passage, Time and Connections, will be cheerfully given on application to
Geo Noble, Gen'l Supt. Marshall, Tex.
W. H. Newman, Gen'l Frt. Agent. Marshall, Tex.
R. W. Thompson, Jr., Gen'l P. & T. Ag't. Marshall, Tex.

THOMAS RUSSEL,
ARCHITECT & BUILDER
Will take Contracts for Furnishing and Building
Stone, Wood, or Brick Buildings,
Abilene, Texas.
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HELP Yourselves by making money when a good chance is offered, thereby always keeping poverty from your door. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money, that are offered, generally become wealthy while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. We furnish an expensive outfit and all that you need, free. No one who engages fails to make money very rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine. v2n1:1y

$5 Outfit sent free to those who wish to engage in the most pleasant and profitable business known. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. $10 a day and upwards is easily made without staying away from home over night. No risk whatever. Many new workers wanted at once. Many are making fortunes at the business. Ladies make as much as men, and young boys and girls make great pay. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in a week at any ordinary employment. Those who engage at once will find a short road to fortune. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine. v2n1:1y.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

The Clarendon.

SATURDAY, JUNE 18, 1881.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

State Officers.

Governor—O. M. Roberts.
Lieutenant Governor—L. J. Storey.
Comptroller—W. M. Brown.
Treasurer—F. R. Lubbock.
Commissioner, General Land Office—W. C. Walsh.
Secretary of State—T H Bowman.
Attorney General—J. H. McLeary.

District Officers.

District Judge—T. B. Wheeler.
District Attorney—A. R. Coleman.
District Clerk of Callahan County—J. W. Newman.
Congressman of 3rd Congressional District—Olin Wellborn.
State Senator of the 24th Senatorial District—J. H. Davenport of Eastland County.
Representative of the Seventieth Representative District—C. K. Stribling.

County Officers.

County Judge—T. J. Austin.
County Clerk—J. W. Newman.
Sheriff—J. W. Jones.
County Attorney—F. S. Bell.
County Treasurer—J. G. McDonell.
County Assessor—J. P. Brightwell.
County Surveyor—S. R. Dunnagan.
Cattle and Hide Inspector—Jake Farmer.
County Commissioners—S. C. Pack, Prec. No. 1; W. T. Stayton, Prec. No. 2; ——Hudson, Prec. No. 3; Capt. Taylor, Prec. No. 4.
Justice of the Peace Prec. No. 1—R. B. Brown.

Courts.

District Court for Callahan County Convenes on the Eleventh Monday after the First Mondays in February and September.
County Court for Callahan County Convenes on the Third Monday in January, March, May, July, September and November.
Commissioners' Court, Convenes on the Second Monday in February, May, August and November.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

Belle Plain Lodge, No. 522, A. F. and A. M. meets at Belle Plain, on Saturday on or before each full moon.
T. J. Largen. W. M.
W. H. Parvin Secy.

Belle Plain Lodge, No. 247, I. O. of O. F. meets every Saturday night at the Court House Hall. J. E. Thomas, N. G. J. N. Reeves, V. G. J. W. Jones, Secretary. Tom Russell, Treasurer.

Baird Lodge, I. O. of O. F. meets at the Academy every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to attend. Philip Schwartz, N. G. C. H. Rust, Secretary.

LOCAL NEWS.

Go to the furniture store for all kinds of wall paper.

A new Government road is to be opened from Fort Concho to Colorado city.

Call on me at the furniture store for furniture and general house furnishing goods. J. F. Rettig.

Messrs James & Claggett bought of Jessee S. Sherman, twelve blooded sheep, paying for them $300.

Everybody says my prices are low. Come and buy, and save money.
S. L. ROBERTSON.

Wm. Cameron is putting up a small building on the rear of his lots, to be used for a stable.

J. D. Merchant & Co. have built a large shed to their stable to be used for housing their buggies, hacks etc.

The election recently held in Mitchell county for a location of the county seat, resulted in favor of Colorado City by forty-seven majority.

The Spring roundups are nearly completed in Mitchel County. It is estimated that there are about 60.000 head of cattle in that county.

Colorado City is going to have a grand barbecue on the Fourth of July. Senator Brown, of Georgia is expected to be there to address the people.

Prof. Hervy informs us that he will give a theatrical performance in the near future. An opera house is the next thing on the programme.

Mr. Simpson of the firm of Coleman, Simpson & Co., of Coleman City has been in town for several days this week, taking in our town, with which he is well pleased.

Quite a number of accidents are happening to the cow-boys lately. Within the last two or three weeks there have been about a half a dozen serious ones happened.

Kilpatrick & Co., formerly of Weathford, have opened a lunch stand and bakery on Frst Street, next to the Nip & Tuck Saloon. They expect to keep open house night and day.

Mr. Harry Myers, our tinsmith and hardware man has arrived, and is building his house for his business place on Market Street, between Turner's drug store and the new Odd Fellows Hall.

Col. W. H. Day, one of the most extensive stock men in Coleman County and well known throughout the West, and a brother of John W. Day of this county died last Tuesday night at his home in Coleman County of congestion of the bowels.

The Nip and Tuck saloon has been putting on a new suit of clothes in the shape of a coat of paint. Everything there is as clean as a pin, and all liquors and cigars retailed on the premises are of the first quality. Try some fancy drinks at NIP and TUCK.

Mr. A. A. Prince, has now opened his saddlery and harness establishment at Killough's grocery store on Front Street. Call on him when you want anything in his line. Repairing of all kinds neatly done. This is a much needed enterprise in our town and one which we know will be fully appreciated by our citizens.

Come and see me. I am now opening the largest stock of Crockery and Glassware ever brought to Baird. I also have a good stock of table cutlery, and table and T spoons. I would especially call the attention of Ladies to these good. They should call and see my stock and prices before buying.
S. L. ROBERTSON.

Mr. J. F. Hervey and the order of Odd Fellows of this place are erecting a two story building, 25x50 feet. The first story to be used as a restaurant and the second floor for a hall for the order. The lodge here is in a flourishing condition now, and when they get a hall built they will be on a firm basis—one of the fixed institutions of the town.

We were told last Tuesday at the depot that they have a second edition of Dr. Tanner there. We know that it is so for they have a walking skeleton there who is a living witness that a man can go for an indefinite period of time without any bodily sustenance. The one in question is so thin that a musquito ran his bill through him the other day, mistaking his body for a linen duster; but he is fattening up now.

Mr. J. B. Irwin, shipped from this place last Tuesday, a thousand pounds of cacti which he gathered in this neighborhood. This is a new article of export and no doubt these curiosities will sell readily in Eastern markets where they are not so plentiful as they are here. No doubt quite a business could be made in this respect for we have some of the most beautiful varieties of the cactus family growing here.

Last Wednesday, two flat cars loaded with ties, broke away from the Sweetwater Station, just after two freight trains had left, bound Eastward, one of which was at the tank three miles this side of the Station, and the other was just behind it waiting to take water, when the cars struck the caboose of the hindmost train, smashing it into kindling wood, and demolishing two flat cars. Fortunately no one was on the caboose at the time. One man was on the run-away cars when they started but jumped off. No one hurt.

We have been informed by Mr. W R. Moore, that the contract he entered into with J. D. Merchant to have the latter deliver to him 300 head of cattle, has been fully and satisfactorily done, 305 head having being delivered and all in good condition. This we are told is something unusual for this season, as most parties having agreed to deliver stock, owing to the rapid advance in prices, are falling far short of their agreement; not so with Mr. Merchant, who has come fully up to time in all his stock transactions, he having already delivered upwards of 3000 head.

Last Tuesday a man named Aleck Havens, in the employ of Lee Mosty, who has a herd of 2833 head of cattle on the trail in charge of Pink Higgins, which are bound for Fort Elliot, was unfortunate enough to have a mule kick him, breaking his arm below the elbow, and bruising him in the breast somewhat. He was brought to town and his arm set by Drs. Robins and West. He is doing well.

The above herd was in charge of Pink Higgins who reports that they had a terrible time making the drive from Comanche to this county. Water being so scarce the cattle were almost crazy at times owing to extreme thirst, but they lost only a few head. The cattle were continually on the stampede, and the men were kept in the saddle day and night.

We clip the following from the Salem (New York) *Press*, and we are pleased to learn that Mr. Sherman & Son arrived in this place last Sunday evening, bound for Fort Concho, by the way of Belle Plain and Coleman, with a very superior lot of thorough breds, and will stop here for a few days only, and as it is what our ranchmen need to improve their stock of sheep we hope they will be liberally patronized and predict they will meet with ready sales.

"Jesse S. Sherman Esq., and his son William, propose to start for Texas the first of next week, to be gone two or three months. They will take with them two car load (208) of the best registered stock of Merino bucks to be found in the state of Vermont. Mr. Sherman has spent a great amount of time in getting this cargo together and it is one in every respect superior."

Last Saturday night Mr. S. K. Kendall of this county met with a severe accident in Coleman county, while with a cow hunting outfit. It seems that their herd of cattle had broken out of the enclosure in which they were put for the night and Mr. K. who, by the way, is an indefatigable worker, in trying to put them back had the misfortune to have his horse fall with him, causing his head to stike a rock, hurting him severely. That night and the next day there was considerable hemorrhage, but after that time he began to recover. His brother, Capt. Kendall, of Denton county, had been here for several days waiting for Kelley to return from his cowhunt. As soon as the Capt. heard the news he went to Belle Plain where Kelly had been brought, and on last Tuesday morning started with him on the train east for his home. We hope he will speedily recover.

Cheapest bill of Queensware ever brought to Baird at J. F. Rettig's.

Damphinoism.

There has been a flock of white goats in town for the last few days. This piece of news will explain the disappearence of second hand oyster cans from our midst, and also the strong butter,—Oleomargarine—usually kept in the stores of most of our grocerymen.

I was very much disappointed last Sunday morning by the non-appearence of the milkman and waterman. I thought that probably, the milkman's cows were of a religious turn of mind and would not work on Sunday, and that the waterman's well ran dry on the Sabbath on the same religious principles; but I subsequently learned that both men are close neighbors, also that the waterman's pump handle was accidentally broken during the night. The pump handle being the connecting link between a milkman and his cows, of course the accident to the pump explains the mystery of the non-appearance of both men, to my entire satisfaction. Gentlemen, I forgive you.

N. B. As both men mentioned above are much bigger than I am; and moreover, not being very anxious of having a head put on me, I am ready to correct the above statement, if it does not exactly conform to the truth.

There are two barber shops in Baird, and each shop is presided over by a tonsorial artist of African persuasion. In one shop, you can get a good shave and be talked to death for fifteen cents, and there is a rumor about starting a grave yard in the rear of his shop, in order to save his unfortunate victimes, heavy funeral expenses.

As for the other shop, the *modus operandi* of the artist will be sufficiently explained by the following conversation which a friend of mine had with him. My friend was getting shaved, and the razor was nearing the neighborhood of his chin, when the artist stopped and said: "Does the razor catch hold well sar?" "Yes," responded my friend "the razor catches hold well, but it don't let go worth a cent!" As I enjoy the luxury of being as deaf as a last year cucumber, I patronize the talk-you-to-death man.

I have received a letter from the "Bald headed men society" of Baird and Belle Plain, asking me to give them a recipe to make hair grow; said letter adding "that fly time is on hand, and that flies are very troublesome to bald headed men." In answer I will say that the following remedy has never failed to succeed. It was given to me as a great secret, by an old Indian Chief who claimed to be a distant relation of George Washington. The old Chief died about fifteen years ago, and I am free to divulged that great secret to my fellow-men. Here it is: You get up early in the morning, about sun up, and you take your rocking chair to the middle of a bald prairie, where the sun has a chance to shine on your dome of thought to his full capacity. Then, having previously provided yourself with a barrel of molasses, you dip your head up to your shoulders into the molasses, keep it there as long as you can stand it, so that the scalp gets thoroughly saturated, then you sit on your rocking chair and stay there until dinner. Presently, an army of flies will settle on the molasses, and that is exactly what you want, for the saccharine fluid will mix itself with the eggs deposited by the flies, and the mixture, put in a state of fermentation by the heat of the sun, will penetrate into the pores of the scalp, and produce a magnificent crop of curly hair that will match your complexion. For dinner, you will suck the raw egg of some hairy quadruped and resume your seat on the rocking chair until sundown. Any one who will follow these instructions for six months and fail to raise a crop of hair, will be entitled to a two dollar and a half gold piece and a copy of the CLARENDON, free for one year. Please report progress once a week.

I. B. DAMPHINO.

E. H. Newlon has moved into his new addition to the City Hotel.

The weather for the past week has been somewhat windy but the nights are delightful, and are the admiration of all tourists.

A change has taken place in the proprietorship of the Adams House. Mr. A. J. Little will henceforth be the landlord. Success to him.

Mr. R. M. Turner wishes to inform our readers that he has just received a fine stock of wall paper. Call and examine it before purchasing elsewhere.

Just received and on hand, a full stock of school books, ladies hats, dress goods, jewelry, etc. Call and examine our stock before purchasing elsewhere. O. M. L. PARKER

Last Monday during a game of billiards at the I X L Saloon, a misunderstanding arose between a conductor and a discharged brakeman, resulting in both having faces rather more ornamental than comfortable. It was a misunderstanding, and both parties are sorry it occurred—at least sorry they got hurt. Too much whisky is the cause of the difficulty.

Last Wednesday, about noon the alarm of fire was sounded down street near the depot. We were absent from the city at the time, consequently did not get a full report of how the firemen acted, but the result was a stock car loaded with ties and standing on the side track was consumed. It is not known how the fire originated, but it is supposed that it was from a spark igniting the combustible matter in the car.

Terrible Railroad Accident.

A terrible accident happened at 3:30 A. M. on yesterday morning, by which Frank Burns, engineer, was instantly killed, and Oscar Richardson, fireman, mortally injured. Eleven cars of railroad iron left standing on the siding at Baird, with not sufficient brakes set on them, started down the grade, which is very heavy east, and ran into a freight train bound west, which was standing at the tank taking on water. The cars must have been running at a speed of forty miles per hour. Engine 72, hauling the west bound train, was completely buried under the wreck, and the water tank completely demolished—bar after bar of railroad iron shooting through it. Eight cars of the iron, besides most of the cars in the west bound train, was completely smashed. Engineer Burns was a brother of the Company store keeper at Fort Worth. Richardson has a brother living at Fort Worth, was formerly from Springfield, Massachusetts.

No. 2 Passenger, East bound, was detained here until 2:30 P. M. when she started, a temporary track having been laid around the wreck. The body of Burns was packed in ice and taken on No. 2 to Fort Worth, where it will be placed in a casket and buried. His head and face were bruised into an unrecognizable shape, and he was scalded until his flesh was completely cooked. His left arm was cut nearly off.

The doctors pronounce the case of Richardson a hopeless one. He is lying at the depot and has every attention which can be bestowed. His skull on the right side is fractured and his right leg is completely mashed from knee to the pubis bone, which is also seriously damaged.

Mr. A. J. Little, J. P. acting as coroner, summoned a jury and after inspecting the wreck and the body of the deceased engineer, held an inquest in the office of Little & Adams. The following is the verdict rendered:

CORONER'S VERDICT.

The undersigned, jurors, empaneled and duly sworn on this, the 17th day of June, 1881, in the town of Baird, precinct No. 2, Callahan county, Texas, by A. J. Little, J. P., in and for said county, acting as coroner, have diligently enquired into the cause of the death of Frank Burns, an engineer of the T. & P. Railway Company, whose body was brought from the water tank three miles east of this place this morning, do find as follows: We find that said Burns came to his death at the water tank, about three miles east of Baird, at 3:30 o'clock, A. M., by eleven loose cars loaded with iron running into his engine when it had stopped to take on water.

We further find from the evidence adduced before us, that had the available brakes on said cars been properly used, when said cars were on side track at Baird, the accident would not have happened.

S. B. Perry, Foreman.
D. Richardson, W. C. Whitley,
R. M. Turner E. H. Newlon,
G. P. Johnson T. J. Largen.

LATER.

Oscar Richardson died at 5:30 P. M. He was only conscious a little while yesterday morning, telling where his father lived. He died without scarcely a gasp. Coroner's verdict same as in the case of Burns.

Sheep for Sale.

Messrs. Bennett & Noble have 3,600 head of graded sheep which they offer for sale. They will remain at Baird for 15 days. Enquire at Hodes & Veit. June 17th 1881.

We are informed that a new time table will be adopted in a few days, which will make Baird a passenger division point, thus adding considerable to her importance as a railroad town.

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

R. M. Turner, and T. J. Largen, of the firm of Turner & Largen, of Bell Plain, and Baird, have this day dissolved copartnership by mutual consent, and R. M. Turner assuming all liabilities.
R. M. TURNER.
T. J. LARGEN.
Baird, Texas, June 6, 1881. n9:4t

Last Wednesday evening, at Abilene John Bowyer, Esq., was married to Miss Ellen Berry, of that place. We knew that order for paint, furniture, etc., signified something. As they glide down the stream of life together may their voyage prove to be one continual expanse of happiness.

Confederate Soldiers, Attention

The last legislature gave to each surviving Texas Veteran, or their widows, and to each permanently disabled Confederate soldier, or their widows, a Land Certificate for 1280 acres of land. Britain R. Webb, real estate agent at Baird, will make application for parties entitled to them. Call and see him, or write to him in relation to this matter.

Quite a number of our stock men were in town, following up some of the northbound herds whose owners seem to have a weakness for getting off with cattle not their own, very much to the detriment of our citizens.

J. W. HEDLEY,
Watch Maker and Jeweler.
WATCHES AND CLOCKS
Kept Constantly on Hand,
—ALSO—
LAZARUS & MORRIS'
SPECTACLES.
Special attention given to repairing Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c.
Store in Turner's Apothecary Shop.
BAIRD, : : : TEXAS.

A REIGN OF TERROR.

The Alarming Increase of Heart Disease and the Symtoms Which Precede it.

Leading to Scientific Investigation and an Attempt to Check its Increase.

The Wonderful Properties of "Sedatinede-India," and How to Properly Use It.

Facts of Importance for All Regarding a New Discovery.

The mortality statistics of this country show that a great proportion of deaths arise from Heart Disease. But aside from the fatality which attends it, the inconvenience and suffering which even the first stages bring make it necessary to take prompt measures for relief. Undoubtedly the greatest remedy of modern times for curing diseases of the Heart is "Sedatine-de-India," which is accomplishing such wonderful results and attracting so much attention. This great remedy possesses ingredients specially designed for all the numerous troubles of the Heart. The combination is the result of long and careful experiment, and it can be safely asserted that when taken in time it will cure in every case. Do you ever have Nightmare, oppressed feeling in side and breast, Irregular Action, Throbbing, Jumping, Fluttering, Momentary Stopping, Slow Circulation of the Blood? These are all symptoms of Heart Disease. Those who are suffering and have never tried it should do so at once; those who have ever tried it do not need to be urged to do so again. If your druggist has not got it send one dollar and fifty cents to our address and it will be mailed to you. Sole agents Lobdell Chemical Co., St. Louis, Mo.
v2n1:1y

NERVOUS DEBILITY. Vital Weakness, Prostration from Overwork or indiscretion, is radically and promptly cured by "St. James' Vitalic Pills." They renew the vigor of youth and are a positive cure for Spermatorrhea, Impotency, Sexual debility, etc. Price, one dollar and fifty cents per box, sent by mail by the sole agents, Lobdell Chemical Co., St. Louis, Mo. n1:1y

ESTRAYED.

Estrayed before R. B. Brown, J. P. Precinct No. 1, May 20, 1881, by B. F. Williams, one sorrel mare, about 14 hands high, 5 years old, blaze face, branded J. V. on left shoulder, marked crop left ear. Appraised at $30. n8-4t.

Estrayed before R. B. Brown, J. P. Precinct No. 1, May 24, 1881, by Jasper McCoy, one white horse, about 12 1-2 hands high, 8 years old, branded 7P connected on left shoulder. Appraised at $15. n8-4t.

Estrayed before Geo. W. Franks, J. P. Precinct No. 6, May 14, 1881, by T. J. Douthitt, one sorrel horse, blaze face, flax mane and tail, left legs white, 14 hands high, branded TH on left shoulder. n8-4t.

Estrayed before R. B. Brown, J P Precinct No 1, on May 16th, 1881, by J. B. Walker, one black horse, 15 hands high, 5 years old, branded C on right shoulder; One bay horse, 7 years old, 14 hands high, brand indescribable, and one yellow horse, 15 hands high, 7 years old, branded W on left shoulder.

Estrayed before J. H. Harbert, Justice of the Peace, Precinct No. 7, on May 21st, 1881, by Bent Mitchel, one sorrel horse, 7 years old, branded S R on left shoulder, 16 hands high, star in forehead. One brown mule, 14 1-2 hands high, branded T V on left hip, 10 years old. One black mare, blotch brand on left side, 4 years old, 14 hands high. 9-4

Returned as an estray, for the benefit of the county, by Thos. Taylor, commissioner of Precinct No. 1, Callahan county, May 28th, 1881, one bay horse 17 1-2 hands high, 8 years old, left hind foot white, not branded. One iron gray colt, 2 years old, 12 hands high, not branded. 9-4

Estrayed before R. B. Brown, Justice Peace, Precinct No. 1, Callahan county, Texas, by R. F. Kelton, April 16, 1881, one black horse, 15 hands high and about 15 years old, right hip knocked down, both hind feet white, no brand. Appraised at $15.

Estrayed before H B Price, J. P., Precinct No 4, April 19th, 1881, by M W Shelly, one black horse, about 15 hands high, 7 years old, branded H over a J on left shoulder, star in forehead, and one black ball-faced pony, about 14 hands high, 7 years old, brand unknown. 6-4t

J. W. NEWMAN,
C. C. C. C. Co.

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N. PORTER,
PINE STREET,
Abilene, - - Texas,
—FOR—
Saddles and Harness.
Largest Saddlery in the West. None but First-Class Workmen employed. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Large Stock always on hand.

Hardware & Stoves.
CAMERON & PHILLIPS,
—DEALERS IN—
Hardware, Stoves, Wagons
—AND—
FARMING IMPLEMENTS.
Abilene and Colorado City, TEXAS.
SOLE AGENTS FOR
Charter Oak Stoves and Ranges.
Early Breakfast Stoves and Ranges,
Fairbanks Standard Scales,
Furst & Bradley's Plows, etc.,
Miller & Aultman's Buckeye Mowers.
Chieftain Rakes,
Erie City Engines,
Fish Brothers' Wagons
And Proprietors of the Celebrated
WM. CAMERON WAGONS.
v2-n4-3m

C. R. SHAPARD, M. D.,
has resumed the practice of Medicine, and will be pleased to receive call from his friends.
Office, during the day, on second floor of McMinn & Seay's stone building, and at night at E. L. Huffman's residence.
Belle Plain - - - - - - Texas
n3:1y

Robert Estes, Justice of the Peace of precinct No 5, residence about 8 miles west of Baird.

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The Clarendon.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

BAIRD, - - - - TEXAS.

HEBE.

The elder buds opened in the valley by the stream,
And the roses had uncurled their silken leaves;
The harvest days were passing, and the reapers' scythes agleam,
Till the level fields were dotted with the sheaves.
It was then my Hebe whispered, in the gleaming, at the gate,
While the daylight bloom was drifting into gray—
"Love, the time is swift approaching—as the summer groweth late—
When her last red rose shall crown our bridal day."

I kissed her in the darkness, with the stars alone to see,
And her brown eyes shone like jewels in the gloom,
The night breeze fluttered faintly in the lofty locust tree,
And nightly waved the rose's royal bloom.
But before the week was ended, ere the harvesting was o'er,
I had left my darling Hebe and my home,
Left all love and peace behind me—left my sunny western shore,
And was sailing far 'mid reeling waves of foam.

Ah, jealousy is cruel truly, cruel as the grave;
Oh, my love! my love! 'twas doubt had changed my heart;
In blind and reckless haste I sought the danger of the wave—
Tore in cruelty her life and mine apart.
Yet when winds were dashing madly into gulfs the whirling tide,
And the skies were dark with clouds of stormy blue,
I heard the words that once she whispered at the fountain side—
"Remember, I will ever pray for you."

They came like birds of promise 'mid the howling of the storm,
And the misery and doubt of terror's reign;
Through the tempest and the torrent in my heart they nestled warm,
And my trust in Heaven's care revived again.
Summer's golden hours were over and the autumn reigned in pride,
When again I trod my sunny western shore,
I met my loving Hebe at the crystal fountain side,
And the demon, doubt, was dead forevermore.

Autumn's cloudy splendor hovered over nature like a dream;
Almost perfect were the mellow autumn eaves,
Where the elder blooms had faded glowed the sumach by the stream
That was dashed with burning-crimson ivy leaves.
Rose vines swung about the doorway, and they hung beside the gate,
But the roses, royal fair, had passed away,
Save one bud my darling cherished, one sweet gem that blossomed late,
And that last red rosebud crowned our bridal day.

—*Hattie Whitney, in Boston Transcript.*

TORPEDO JIM.

"I am dying; yes, dying."

Away up on the Bingham lands, in the great northern oil field of Pennsylvania, a man lay dying. The flare of a huge gas-jet came struggling through the wide crack of the rude hemlock board shanty and fell on the form of a man upon whose features the hand of trouble and sorrow had left heavy traces. He was alone, save the writer of this, and as the hours dragged slowly along he grew uneasy, as if he feared and dreaded the end which was inevitable. With an effort he roused himself.

"What time is it?" he asked.

"Nine o'clock."

"Big Jack won't be home till half-past twelve, and before that time I will be locating 'wild cat' wells in another world."

"Shall I go for him?"

"No, oh, no! Don't leave me. I couldn't watch out the last tour and run the last bit alone. I want to tell Big Jack something, but you will do just as well. Can you keep a secret?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's a strange story I've got to tell, and I want somebody to know it before—"

He paused a long time for breath. The cabin or "shanty" in which he lay was situated in a sheltered spot among a cluster of giant pines, and was the only habitation for miles around. Five men occupied the cabin—two drillers, two tool-dressers and a male cook. Two of the men were, at nine o'clock at night, busy with the test-well half a mile away, two others were on a visit to Bradford for provision supplies and the fifth one lay in a rude bunk above the gas stove, tossing from side to side and waiting for the "silent summons." It was Torpedo Jim, the moonlighter. What his real name was no one knew; he went under the dime-novel name of Torpedo Jim. Some men called him Jim Barton, but whether or not that was really his name none of his friends and acquaintances could tell. Jim had been sick for three days, so the head driller, Big Jack Sanford, said, and as I stood by the side of his bunk and watched the pain-contorted face I wished I might lift the veil hanging over this man's life and so learn the romance and tragedy lying deeply hidden beneath the blue shirt and heavy coat. As I stood watching and waiting he started up in a fright.

"My God, did you hear that?" he almost shrieked.

"No: I heard nothing. What was it?"

"A woman's scream. I have heard it before more than once. Go outside and listen."

Curiously wondering what the man could mean I opened the door and stepped out into the night. All was still and dark, save a low whispering among the pines and the flare of the burning gas. Away off down the valley at the test-well I could hear the puff, puff of the laboring engine as it swung the ponderous drilling tools up and down, and the ring of the heavy hammer as the tool-dresser pounded the bit into proper shape. No other sound broke the stillness of the night, and the little cabin under the pine was as silent as the grave. Into the room again and by the invalid's bunk was but a step, and as his eyes met mine the mute question was quickly answered:

"I could hear nothing except the well; all is still," was my reply.

"It must be that I am dying; yes, dying," the man murmured once more, "and I can not go with a secret on my mind. Say, stranger," said he, suddenly, "do you think God forgives the blackest sins and crimes?"

He waited eagerly and with emotion for my answer.

"Yes, if you ask it in the right spirit."

"Do you think so? Well, I'm glad of it, and I have been praying a long time these three days I have been sick for God to wipe out the black spots and stains in my life, and oh, I do hope He has heard what I asked. But I feel that the end is near and I'll tell you my story."

After having been propped up with a pillow of old coats and boots he began:

"I s'pose you have heard of Torpedo Jim, the moonlighter? Yes? Well, that's me, and I got the name because I'm the only living man that took active part in two glycerine explosions and lived. I've handled hundreds of tons of the infernal stuff, both in the employ of Roberts, the torpedo monopolist, and working for myself, skulking around the woods at night and shooting wells against the law. I've been a pipe-line man, a tool-dresser and a driller and a heap of other things beside, but the worst business I ever got into was this same moonlighting. A man will stay out of it so long as he fears God and regards man, and I tell you he gets pretty well hardened before he can sneak around nights with enough frozen stuff to blow him into four different townships in the wink of an eye. When a man gets so that he don't care whether he lives or dies the next minute he goes into moonlighting and makes a heap of money. Oh, yes, there is lots of money in it, but it is dearly earned cash. But I wasn't always a moonlighter. Oh, no; I used to be as promising a boy as ever walked, and that was only a short time ago. I am only twenty-six years old now, but I have felt to be nearly fifty for the past two years. What made me a moonlighter? I'll show you. There, that made me a moonlighter and —a—murderer!"

It was a picture, a small locket picture, of a beautiful young woman with dreamy brown eyes, sweet pouting lips and a wealth of dark-brown hair. A most lovable young lady, surely, if the picture might be taken as a basis of calculation. The features were strangely familiar to me, for they resembled the features of the wife of a prominent oil operator whom I had met several times at private receptions and small parties. The man continued without interruption:

"Ah, you start," he said, with a fierce laugh. "You have seen the original? Yes? And you will see her again, too. Four years ago I was engaged to that woman and I was as happy as the day was long. I had bright prospects in life then, and my father, who was in business in Philadelphia, where we lived, was supposed to be pretty comfortably fixed in life. But somehow or other after he died and his affairs were straightened out my mother and I hadn't a cent to give a beggar. I tried clerking and book-keeping in Philadelphia for awhile, but it was no go, and to cap the climax of my misery the young lady I was engaged to broke off the engagement with the polite excuse that she thought too much of me to hamper me with an engagement, and that I could climb the ladder of fortune much better if I were not bound by ties of any kind. Very tender and considerate, wasn't she? She never cared for me as much as she did for my money, but I just worshiped her, and when she threw me over in that cool way I wilted right down and left the city. I landed in the lower oil country and tried to do something. And then when I saw my mistake it was too late to get good bargains on leases in the northern field, but I came here all the same and tried to make my way. I had my mother to support in Philadelphia all the time, and it was through her that I learned of the marriage of the woman I loved to a wealthy man from the oil regions. I was sick for two weeks after that, stranger, and when I came to my senses I wasn't the same man. I didn't care to live, and if it hadn't been for my poor old mother I should have killed myself. I became rough and reckless and did the roughest kind of work I could find. I drove team for awhile and then built rigs and dressed tools. After awhile I turned driller and tried to save money for my mother, but I didn't make it fast enough. The longer I lived in the northern field the more reckless I became, and it wasn't long before I was a moonlighter. I made torpedoes for shooting wells against the law, and lived out in the woods in a little log hut and hated the sight of man. I soon became the boldest and most successful moonlighter in the country, and every cent I could get above expenses I sent to Philadelphia. I got on the inside of a lot of information some lucky speculators had, and took a flyer on the market with splendid result. I made money hand over fist, but fortune came to late to do me any good, and though I was still a young man I looked forward to nothing this world could give. A year ago this winter I took to drinking 'tangle foot' whisky, and after two or three sprees I got to going at a terrible rate, and one day in the early part of 1880, some time in April, I think, I got into a row with a man at the head of Tram Hollow and we had a red-hot fight. We were both drunk, and when I found I was getting the best of him a wild thrill ran through me, the devil took full possession of my actions and before I could think twice I had stabbed him to the heart and my hands were stained with the blood of a fellow creature!"

The dying man shook with agony as the thought of that terrible deed came upon him, and his pain-distorted face was lifted in prayer for mercy and forgiveness. It was a solemn hour for a stranger to that rocky country—the death-bed confession under the moaning pines and the long shadows of the giant trees casting their somber forms about in the flickering light of the gas-jet. A silence fell upon us suddenly; the moaning of the pines sank to the faintest of whispers; while from afar down the valley came the whirr and roar of the bull wheel as the cable of the heavy drill at the well ran with lightning speed over the crown pully down into the earth two thousand feet.

"Hark!" said the man whom death was about to claim. "Big Jack is running the tools and is letting them slide so that I can hear. It is the last time I will ever hear that sound. I have heard it often and handled the bull-wheel brake many times. I never will again; no, never again on this earth."

He was silent again, and so still was the wintry night that I could hear the thud of the walking-beam and the rattle of the cable against the derrick. The silence became absolutely painful, until at last the melancholy face of the dying man was raised again.

"Stranger, come nearer; I'm going fast and I must tell you the rest. After I had killed that man I hid the body in a clump of brush and searched him to learn who he was. I never found out, for he had on his oily clothes and there was nothing in his pockets only this, a little piece of paper, and on it is written: 'What is life? 'Tis but a vapor; soon it vanishes away.' True, isn't it? At least I have found it so. Well, after I hid that man in the brush heap I wandered around the country and couldn't eat or sleep. It was glorious weather at that time; everything was as dry as a bone; and the next day as I stood before that brush-pile, by some power of attraction that made me go there, I saw a great column of black smoke rise up near Rew City. I knew it was an oil fire, and I knew it would sweep a large area of country and leave nothing but ashes and the casing in the oil wells. The ground was sprinkled with oil all over the field and the leaves were as inflammable as powder. Well, I watched the Rew City fire grow larger and larger, and all at once I became a fiend incarnate and set the leaves and oil-soaked brush on fire around the big tender-pile that hid the body of the unfortunate pauper I had killed. Instantly the whole place was a blazing mass and the fire spread so fast I had to run for my life. Did you ever see an oil fire? Yes? And saw the fires in Rew City, Tram Hollow and Foster Brook on that awful day? Is that so? Well, then, you know how fast they run and what a roar they make. It was just awful that day. I never saw anything like it. It was reported that the Tram Hollow fire was accidental, and that the fire started from some sparks that had been smoldering in a stump pile. That's all nonsense, for I started the fire myself and had to run for life to keep out of its way. Like a crazy fool I ran down the valley, with the wind and the fire following me like a monster ready to avenge itself. There were some houses down in the valley and they used to call the place Oil Centre, and when I reached the first house the fire had caught up to me and I jumped into the creek and ran down in safety out of the reach of the fire.

"Pretty soon I came to a house that belonged to a woman, and it was all she had between her and poverty, and I saw her trying to carry out some things, but before she could do anything the fire swooped down and caught up that house like a whirlwind. That woman turned to me, gave one unearthly, heartrending scream and fainted away. I took care of her until she was able to walk, and then put her in charge of some of her friends. Oh, that awful scream! I have heard it many times since, and I heard it to-night while you were here. It has haunted me day and night; it has given me no rest. I sometimes think that the pauper I killed was a relative of hers, and that her scream comes to me in punishment for the deed. You know the result of that Tram Hollow fire? Scores of people thrown on the world homeless and penniless; thousands upon thousands of dollars lost; children crying for bread about the skirts of their heartbroken mothers. I have since done what I could in a feeble way to see that those homeless people did not suffer for the necessaries of life; but, oh, the remorse that has gnawed at my heart since that fatal day! Why, oh, why did I ever touch the accursed whisky that made me a fiend? Why, oh, why did the woman I loved drive me to this?"

He stopped as if stricken dumb, his eyes glaring wildly from their sockets, his face a picture of horror and fear.

"My God!" he shrieked; "that scream again! Did you hear it? No, how could you, for it comes only to me. I feel that I'm going very fast now, and oh, I hope God has forgiven me. Come closer. Here, take the picture and keep it, and—some—day show it—to the woman it represents—and tell her—and —tell her—I—I—loved her—to—the—the—last!"

The galight came struggling through the cracks in the rough cabin and fell upon an upturned face, from which had faded sorrow and care and hate and fear, and all things earthly, and which as the angel of death released the suffering spirit, reflected from its cold form the look of peace and love of the dead but unforgotten past. Slowly, reverently, I closed the door of the rude building and left the dead alone with the changing shadows under the moaning pines. Out into the wintry night, down the little valley to the test-well, I walked as in a dream, and as I opened the door of the derrick and stood before the giant form of Big Jack Sanford, that large-hearted man gazed at me in surprised silence.

"The man up at the shanty—" I began, and a lump seemed to come into my throat all at once.

"Yes?" said Jack, interrogatively.

"He is—is—dead!" and I sat down on the anvil in sheer despair.

"What! Jim Barton? Torpedo Jim?"

I could only nod assent.

"Dead! Torpedo Jim dead! Poor Jim!" And a great sob shook the burly form of the driller as he groped blindly for the throttle wheel.

Softly we entered the little cabin and stood in the presence of the dead. It seemed so strangely that death should come down and lay his hand on the sick man under the health-giving pines; it didn't seem like other haunts of death, like funerals in churches and grand houses, where sorrowing friends crowd around the silver-trimmed casket and take a last look at the tenement of clay. There it was pomp and worldly sorrow; here it was poor, unfortunate James Barton, Torpedo Jim, lying in his bunk so cold and still and silent. We sat in the little cabin a long while in silence, each man busy with his own thoughts and strangely affected by the presence of death in the lonely forest. The night wore on apace and after awhile Big Jack Sanford, the driller, rose and went out of the room into the early morning, closing the door carefully, as if afraid he might disturb the corpse of his friend. Hours passed and as one by one the stars faded away and the sun came gleaming through the tree-tops the tool-dresser and I dropped off to sleep, and when we were awakened by the sound of footsteps on the frozen snow we saw Big Jack coming toward the cabin with a rough hemlock box shaped like a coffin.

"It isn't so nice as I could wish," said Big Jack, as he deposited his burden on the board table; "but it is the best we can do."

With the loving tenderness of a father, Big Jack gathered the inanimate form of Torpedo Jim in his strong arms and laid him gently in the narrow coffin. And then he and the tool-dresser lifted the remains and carried them through the doorway and down the path leading past the well. It was the most sorrowful funeral procession I have ever seen; it wasn't much of a procession, to be sure. Jack and his fellow-worker led the way with the body and I followed. Yet there was sorrow there; sorrow for the dead and aching hearts and broken sighs joined with the moaning pines in chanting a requiem for one to whom fate had been a bitter enemy. Down past the well to a lightning-blasted giant pine tree, and at its foot was a newly-made grave, the last loving labor that noble-hearted Jack could do for his dead friend. And then, as we lowered the blue-eyed man into his last resting-place, the sun burst through a cloud and fell full upon us and cast a halo of golden glory about the scene, and when all was done the driller raised his arms and said, slowly and solemnly:

"Peace to his dust and ashes through time and eternity. Amen."

Poor Jim? Yes, poor Jim; for away out in the Bingham forest, under the world of snow, sleeps the blue-eyed man who will always be in the great army of those who die unknown to home and friends and who will to the end of time be among the missing. And in her comfortable Philadelphia home the patient, loving mother waits and watches for her boy, the boy who will gladden the old, tried heart and brighten the old home never again on this earth, and by and by she will put away the well-worn Bible and gold-bowed spectacles and lie down to sleep the sleep that rights all wrongs, heals all wounds and gives the beloved eternal peace and rest.

And in a little valley in the great northern oil field there stands a giant blasted pine, with these words:

"Sacred to the memory of Torpedo Jim, who died unknown, January, 1881."

—*Philadelphia Times.*

HOME AND FARM.

—Keep begonias moist, or at least where the temperature is not too dry, and they will not drop their leaves.

—Quick Pudding.—Boil some rice; when done soft, break in three eggs, half a cup of cream or milk, and flavor to suit the taste. Give it one boil and send it to the table with bits of butter on the top.

—At the first sign of gapes in your chickens, says the *New-England Farmer*, treat the patient to a bread-pill thickly coated with red pepper on a small lump of camphor. It may be necessary to repeat the dose. It is an unfailing cure.

—Home-made Crackers.—Beat two eggs very light, whites and yolks together; sift into them a quart of flour, a teaspoonful of salt; add a tablespoonful each of butter and lard, and nearly a tumblerful of milk; work all thoroughly together; take a fourth of the dough at a time and roll out half as thick as a milk cracker, out in small rounds, and bake quickly to a light brown.

—To Preserve Cherries.—To every pound of cherries allow one and a quarter pounds sugar, one gill of water. Select ripe cherries, pick off the stalks, and reject all that have any blemishes. Boil the sugar and water together for five minutes; put in the cherries, and boil them for ten minutes, removing the scum as it rises. Then turn the fruit, etc., into a pan, and let it remain until the next day, when boil it all again for another ten minutes, and, if necessary, skim well. Put the cherries into small pots, pour over them the syrup, and, when cold, fasten down tightly.

—Savory Rice.—Chop an onion very fine and fry it in butter till it be of a gold color; then stir in a teacupful of rice; let it cook in the butter for a few minutes, stirring all the time; then add one pint of good gravy and let it simmer slowly. When nearly cooked, put a little grated nutmeg, Parmesan cheese, salt and pepper to taste. Mix it up well, and when thoroughly done let it stand a few minutes before the fire, and just before serving stir in a small piece more butter. Serve garnished with croquettes of any kind of meat, with stewed tomatoes or with slices of fried bacon.

—To Dry Hop Yeast.—Hop yeast cakes are made as follows: When the yeast is completely made and light it is mixed with as much corn-meal and a little flour as will make a stiff paste. This is rolled out into a cake a quarter of an inch thick, and cut into squares of about two inches thick: These are placed on a dish and kept in a warm place, but not over 100°, until they are quite dry. The warm closet of a stove or range is a suitable place, as it is necessary to dry them quickly. They are then carefully wrapped in paraffine paper or tissue paper and packed in a box and stored in a dry, warm closet.

Mange in a Horse.

Mange in the horse, as in all other animals, is due to the irritation and ulceration caused by the burrowing of minute insects. The disease is contagious, only requiring for its development the passage of the mites or their eggs from infected to healthy animals. This transfer may take place by the sound animal coming in contact either with an ailing one of the same sort, or on some object on which the mites or their eggs have found a resting place. Moreover, any animal may accidentally be the carrier of this little pest from infected to clean subjects. Various causes predispose animals to afford development to the mange parasites and to aggravate their ravages, such as neglect, dirt, starvation, ill usage, etc., and in curing the ailment these should be remedied. The disease, in horses, usually first shows itself on the side of the neck just at the edges of the mane, and on the insides of the quarters near the root of the tail. Thence it spreads along the back and down the sides. The first symptom is an excessive itching, causing the horse to rub himself eagerly against any obstacle. The skin becomes scabby, the hair falls off in patches, leaving the skin at first smooth with a few small, red patches, each of which contains one of the parasites, technically known as acari. In time the pimples multiply, harden into scabs, under which the acari may be found like mites in cheese. The constant irritation soon makes the infected horse feverish, thin and wretched.

The only way to rid any animal of the mange is to kill the mites and their eggs. This can be done only by the application of a remedy to the parts affected; for although internal treatment is often beneficial, the mites must be killed by external local applications. Just like the itch-mites on the human subject, the mange mites on a horse can be certainly destroyed by sulphur, turpentine, arsenic, hellebore, and corrosive sublimate; but inasmuch as some of these are almost as dangerous to the horse as to the parasites, milder remedies are preferable. As a first measure the infected animal should be as thoroughly as possible cleaned of scab and dirt with a wisp of hay and the light, gentle use of the curry-comb. Then prepare one of the following recipes, the first for a mild case, the second for a severe one: First, common sulphur, six ounces; sperm or train oil, one pint; spirits of turpentine, three ounces. Mix and rub well into the skin with a flannel, or, in preference, with a painter's brush. Second, compound sulphur ointment, eight ounces; train or sperm oil, one pint; spirits of turpentine, three ounces. Mix and use in the same way as the other. Whichever of these dressings is used should be well rubbed in every third day for a couple of weeks in trifling cases, and for three or four weeks in severe ones. Another effective recipe is the following: Animal glycerine, one quart; creosote, one gill; turpentine, one pint; oil of juniper, one gill. Mix well together and shake, and saturate the whole skin with it as nearly as possible, rubbing it thoroughly in with a soft cloth. After leaving it for two days, wash the animal with warm water and soft soap; rub him until dry; after which rub him again all over with the same dressing; and repeat the operations until a cure is effected. Usually three or four applications will be sufficient. All the stable fittings and all objects with which the infested animal came in contact, and against which he or others may come in contact afterward, should be thoroughly washed with a solution of corrosive sublimate, made in the following proportion: corrosive sublimate, one ounce; methylated spirits of wine, six ounces; water, one gallon. Dissolve the sublimate in the spirit by rubbing in a mortar, then mix with the water and use with a brush, stirring it up constantly to prevent settling. Of course the druggist will "fix" the above recipes. Infested clothing should be destroyed, as it is nearly impossible to cleanse it thoroughly. If the use of it is risked, it should be thoroughly washed, and when dry saturated with spirits of turpentine.

—*Rural New Yorker.*

—Mr. Clem Fair, the celebrated hunter, climber, and rattlesnake-catcher of the South Mountains, was in town a few days ago. He is over eighty years old, but is still stout, hale and hearty, and can kill a squirrel out of the tallest tree with a rifle without spectacles. He climbed the flag pole at the celebrated Henry Clay mass meeting in Morganton in 1844, and drank a health to Clay from the top of the pole, a distance of eighty feet from the ground. He accomplished the same feat at the Seymour and Blair barbecue in Morganton in 1868, and the old man was expecting to climb the Hancock and English flag pole last year, but was disappointed as there was none erected. Mr. Fair was never sick in his life, and can do a good day's work now.—*Morganton Blade.*

—It is not what we earn, but what we save, that makes us rich. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us strong. It is not what we read, but what we remember, that makes us wise. It is not what we intend, but what we do, that makes us useful. It is not a few faint wishes, but a life-long struggle, that makes us valiant.

—A barn containing six heavy horses was lifted from its foundation and carried half a mile without the least injury to the animals in a recent storm at Worthington.

SUITS for divorce are cut bias, discarding yoke necks.—*N. O. Picayune.*

THE inhabitants of the rural districts of Ohio betray their New England origin in many ways, but in no way so unmistakably as in their tendency to exalt the importance of literary culture. Two ladies from the vicinity of Cleveland were recently discussing literature in the drawing-room of a Washington hotel. First lady: "Above all modern novelists I admire George Eliot. Do you like him?" Second lady: "Do I like him? I think he's just grand, massive, superb." First lady: "So do I. And which of his novels is your favorite?" Second lady (reflecting): "Well, I think I prefer 'Daniel Veranda.'"—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

"I'm just getting my hand in," said the irate feminine as she clutched her husband's hair.—*N. Y. Sun.*

A NEW ENGLAND woman was the much disappointed wife of a Harvard University geologist. She was all poetry and imagination; he was all paleontology and geological research. Upon a certain occasion when his scientific accomplishments were being praised in the presence of a stranger, the latter turned to her and said: "May I ask, madame, what your husband is?" "Certainly," she answered, frankly, "he a relic of the stone age."

JUDGING from the cereal displayed on the summer bonnets in the shop windows the milliners have not finished sewing their wild oats.—*Boston Transcript.*

A YOUTH was heard to remark to a jolly and fat Teutonian, as the circus pageant passed the city hall this morning: "Haven't I seen you before? Your face looks familiar." "Is dot so?" said Hans. "When you get so old as me your face will look familiar, too," and strolled up Delaware avenue, humming, "Embdy is de baby, his gradle's gone."—*Buffalo News.*

A DRUM is quite an instrument for producing noise, but a drummer can beat it all hollow.—*Yawcob Strauss.*

THE Philadelphia *News* says that a New York policeman has been promoted because he caught a miserable cold one day.

[Port Huron Commercial.]

Charles Nelson, Esq., Proprietor Nelson House, speaking to us recently, observed: I suffered so much with Rheumatism that my arm withered, and physicians could not help me. I was in despair of my life, when some one advised me to try St. Jacobs Oil. I did so, and as if by magic, I was instantly relieved, and, by the continued use of the Oil, entirely cured. I thank heaven for having used this wonderful remedy, *for it saved my life*. It also cured my wife.

FREDDIE has got the idea of a Christian. He says he feels like one when he is willing to play hoss all day with his little brother and be hoss all the time.

[Fort Wayne (Ind.) Sentinel.]

When about twelve years old, said Mr. Geisman, of the Globe Chop House to our representative, I met with an accident with a horse, by which my skull was fractured, and ever since I have suffered with the most excruciating rheumatic pains. Of late I applied St. Jacobs Oil which has given me almost total relief.

THE farmer's favorite author—Fielding. That of the barrel maker—Cooper. That of the jeweler—Goldsmith.

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THE official hangman of Germany advertised that he would take an apprentice, and he had 400 applications in six days.

Rescued from Death.

William J. Coughlan, of Somerville, Mass., says: "In the fall of 1876 I was taken with a *violent bleeding of the lungs*, followed by a severe cough. I was admitted to the City Hospital. While there the doctors said I had a hole in my left lung as big as a half dollar. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when to my surprise I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel in better spirits than I have the past three years. I write this hoping that every one afflicted with Diseased Lungs will take DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED." Also a sure remedy for Colds, Coughs, and all Chest and Lung Diseases. Sold by druggists.

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