Callahan County Clarendon.

"THE GREATEST GOOD TO THE GREATEST NUMBER."

W. R. LOTZ Editor and Proprietor. | BAIRD, TEXAS, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 1881. | VOL. II.—NO. 24.

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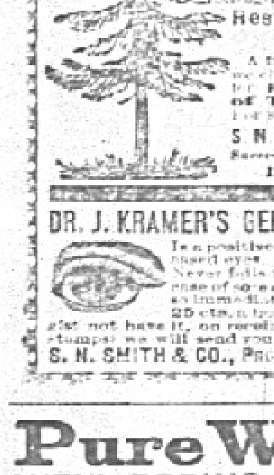
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MR. WHAT'S-HIS-NAME.

They called him Mr. What's-his-name:
From where he was, or why he came,
Or when, or what he found to do,
Nobody in the city knew.

He lived, it seemed, shut up alone
In a low hovel of his own;
There he cooked his meals and made his bed,
Careless of all his neighbors said.

His neighbors, too, said many things
Expressive of grave wonderings,
Since none of them had ever been
Within his doors, or peered therein.

In fact, grown watchful, they became
Assured that Mr. What's-his-name
Was up to something wrong—indeed,
It looked that way, we all agreed.

At night were heard strange noises there,
When honest people everywhere
Had long retired, and his light
Was often seen to burn all night.

He left his house but seldom—then
Would always hurry back again,
As though he feared some stranger's knock,
Finding him gone, might burst the lock.

Besides, he carried, every day,
At the one hour he went away,
A basket, with the contents hid
Beneath its woven willow lid.

And so we grew to greatly blame
This wary Mr. What's-his-name,
And look on him with such distrust
His actions seemed to sanction just.

But when he died—he died one day—
Dropped in the street while on his way
To that old wretched hut of his—
You'll think it strange—perhaps it is—

But when we lifted him, and past
The threshold of the door at last,
No man of all the crowd but stepped
With reverence, and bowed and wept.

What was it? Just a shriek of pain
I pray never to hear again—
A withered woman, old and bowed,
That fell and crawled and cried aloud,

And kissed the dead man's matted hair—
Lifted his face and kissed him there—
Called to him, as she clutched his hand,
In words no one could understand.

Insane, but—well, we, searching, found
An unsigned letter, in a round
Free hand, within the dead man's,
"Look to my mother—I'm at rest.

"You'll find my money safely hid
Under the lining of the lid
Of my work-basket. It is hers,
And God will bless her ministers!"

And some day—though he died unknown—
If through the City by the Throne
I walk, all cleansed of earthly shame,
I'll ask for Mr. What's-his-name.

—*J. W. Riley, in Indianapolis Journal.*

A NEW BRANCH OF THE POSTAL SERVICE

A short time since the London *Telegraph*, which is always saying something to get somebody into trouble, published an article relative to the engrossing partiality which the domestic cat feels for its home, its vehement yearning to return thither when circumstances over which it has no control have resulted in its transfer to unfamiliar localities, and all that sort of thing, winding up by giving an interesting account of how certain eminent Dutch naturalists had utilized Grimalkin as a letter carrier; made a sort of carrier pigeon of the cat, in fact. Of thirty-seven cats carried miles from their native village, and turned loose with letters tied around their necks, not one failed to get back to the starting point in time.

Well, young Mr. Tillinghast, out on West Hill, read this article, and a romantic conception occurred to him right on the spot. While he was burning a limited quantity of old Judge Diffenbaugh's gas and just ruining Miss Diffenbaugh's bangs that evening, he told Miss Diffenbaugh all about it. Happy scheme! born of love's emergencies. Mr. Tillinghast would carry Elfrida's beloved maltese home with him that night. The next evening, when the stars were shining and the presence of the old Judge, returned from circuit, forbade Clarence about the premises, the maltese home returning would bear, bound to its neck by a silken cord, a memoranda of Clarence, his undying affection and one thing and another.

Clarence loved the maltese for its mistress' sake, but it just called for all the love he had in the warehouse before he got it home. The maltese was one of the fiery, untamed Ukraine breed; blue as smoke, with a tail like a second-growth bologna sausage, and it weighed about twenty-three pounds. Its name was Cleopatra. It was really a Mark Antony cat, but Miss Diffenbaugh called it Cleopatra because it was such a pretty name. You never can tell whether a cat has a right to vote or not by the name a girl gives it.

Mr. Tillinghast tucked the cat under his coat as well as he could, but the cat stuck out fore and aft. Vainly he struggled with it, bowsprit or spanker would stand out in spite of him. And when he was about half-way home he met a group of friends, ladies and gentlemen, returning from some festive and expensive ice-cream saloon. They accosted him, and he had to let go with one hand to lift his hat, and as he did so Cleopatra got his head out and yelled for fresh air in a tone that blighted the lilacs and threw one of the ladies into hysterics. Appalled by the fearful sound and its terrible consequence, Mr. Tillinghast was hurrying on, when one of the gentlemen collared him and told him that in his opinion it was a very brutal, cowardly trick, and one that no gentleman would be guilty of, and he believed that Mr. Tillinghast would never have done it had he not been intoxicated, and he would expect an explanation and apology from him when he was sober.

Greatly depressed in spirit, Mr. Tillinghast pursued his homeward way, Cleopatra occasionally clawing his ribs in a manner that indicated an early grave. Often the erratic eccentricities of Cleopatra compelled the young man to weep aloud, but they reached home at last. Cleopatra curled up on the foot of the bed and purred himself to sleep with the calm content of a cat that had made a substantial lunch of human ribs, and Mr. Tillinghast sat up the greater part of the night, writing a letter full of poetry, and bathing his lacerated body.

Next evening he made ready to send his messenger home. In order to increase the cat's "vehement yearning" to return home, Mr. Tillinghast had fed it nothing during the day, and Cleopatra, in the frenzy of hunger, had chased imaginary rats about that room until there wasn't left in it a piece of fragile furniture big enough to break again. The only thing that wasn't scratched was the ceiling, and the only thing that wasn't broken was the hammer.

"If," said Mr. Tillinghast, holding his lacerated hands in a bath of water and soda, after tying his letter carefully around Cleopatra's neck with a blue ribbon, "if your 'yearning' to return home is one-half so vehement as mine is to have you return thither, you will be in the lap of your angelic mistress before I can close this door again. Go, messenger of a love that is deep as the sea and deathless as eternity, go, tell the heart that holds my own that pens of fire could not write on the scrolls of infinity one-half my love."

And so he opened the door. Cleopatra went out into the gloaming with the air of a cat who was just going to say something like that anyhow, when he suggested it. Mr. Tillinghast did not appear to notice this peculiar expression on Cleopatra's countenance. He was looking at the sky.

"The stars are shining," he said; "she is looking for my message and she is thinking of me."

And Miss Diffenbaugh?

She was sitting in her lonely bower, looking out into the star-lit night, saying, "His messenger, with feet of silence, is even now on its way to tell me he loves me yet. I feel his presence near me."

In the meantime Cleopatra was carrying out his contract after the approved manner of a veteran star-route contractor. He got along very well for a quarter of a mile, and was making pretty good time when, while streaking down a lonesome alley, he suddenly paused and said:

"I hope to die if I don't smell fish."

And while he was exploring the ash-pile he was suddenly accosted by a lonesome-looking cat on the woodshed.

"Say, old indigo blue, shinny on your own side!"

"Watchugivinus?" growled Cleopatra, just glancing up long enough from an old mackerel to take the woodshedder's measure.

The woodshedder, being on his own premises, made a violent effort to restrain his wrath, but he came down to the ash-pile and said, in a voice that meant business:

"I'll trouble you for that fish, if you please."

"All right," said Cleopatra, "I'll leave you the bones when I'm through with it."

The strange cat reached out to take the savory fish, and Cleopatra smote him. In less time than it takes to tell it, he stood that cat in the corner of the fence and wiped enough hair off him to stuff a sofa cushion. And as the wailing cat dragged its lacerated body down the drain, Cleopatra resumed his fish, remarking, as he dodged a passing blacking-brush, that he believed, as long as he was out, he'd sit up a little while and have some fun with the boys.

And he had it. He went down the alleys and danced to everything he met. He nearly tore the ear off a smart kitten that got up on a wood-pile and sassed him and asked him "where he picked up that paper collar?" He prowled through back-yards, and he almost horrified the life out of a most highly respectable elderly tortoise-shell tabby, sitting in a kitchen window, by creeping up close under the window and then roaring out to know if "she danced the lancers?" He scalped a harmless Mexican dog all the way down its bare back, in six red, raw lines, and shouted after the anguish-stricken animal to "run home and put on his hair?" He was hit once with an old kerosene torch that perfumed him up like a political procession, and he crawled through an old drain back of the soap-works, and came out smelling worse than an Indian picnic. At last he heard music over in "Stony Lonesome," and went there and found the boys were having a little dance, and the first thing he did when he went, he spat at the bar-keeper and slapped a one-eyed cat from Hibernia.

"Pile onto me by thousands!" He yelled. "I've got just one more eye than I want to take home!"

And they didn't wait for a second invitation. They piled onto him then and there, and the babbling brook that prattles through the rocks of Stony Lonesome, when it heard the wild, unearthly clamor, turned back and ran up the hill, and in dumb terror watched the circling clouds of misty hair drifting about in the valley below.

* * *

In Judge Diffenbaugh's hospitable parlors his chosen friends lingered, though the hour was late. At the piano Miss Diffenbaugh dreamily wandered through the entrancing numbers of "Schubert's Cradle Song." There was a familiar voice at the front gate that made her heart beat wildly. The voice came across the lawn. It was Cleopatra. And this was what he was saying:

"Hoop-pee! I can lick the first bloody brindle son of a rat-catcher that ever climbed a fence! Whoop! I'm the old he-Bashi Bazouk from Angular Street, an' don' you fer-furgiz it—donyoufurgizit! Dance to me, somebody! I only weigh a pound!"

And then that apparition—that mockery of a respectable, home-bred cat strode into Judge Diffenbaugh's parlor, and everybody climbed on the tables and chairs. Miss Diffenbaugh fainted. The old Judge swore, Cleopatra laughed sardonically and remarked that "he'd been out all night, and he was gettin' to be a big boy now." His hair was mainly gone, and what he had left was not combed. His face was scratched. One eye was closed. His ears hung loose and limp. He hic-cupped in his speech and tried to sing "Old Oaken Bucket." Around his neck still clung the blue ribbon and a letter, crumpled, torn, stained, unsavory. The Judge received the letter with a pair of tongs, and Cleopatra was banished to the barn, which the shrieking rats deserted forever when they saw him come in. Order was restored in the parlor and the Judge read the letter to himself.

He did not divulge its contents.

The terrified guests thought, and still think, that it was a Nihilist warning.

The Judge did not show the letter to his daughter.

He simply told her that it ever that infinite ass, young what's-his-name, came around that house again he would pulverize his brainless carcass with the lawn-mower.

Mr. Tillinghast still lives a blighted, despairing life. He has gone out of the mail service and leaves all experiments in star-routes to other parties.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

PITH AND POINT.

—Poverty, idleness, and honesty never travel together.—*Josh Billings.*

—It takes a good deal of hard digging to clear away mortgages from a farm.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—It isn't because a woman is exactly afraid of a cow that she runs away and screams. It is because gored dresses are not fashionable.—*New Haven Register.*

—There is a man in St. Louis who has a wonderful memory. It is thought the city will eventually employ him to remember the Sabbath.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—Some men, when they go to church, never think of studying the frescoing on the ceiling of the edifice until the collection plate is being passed around.—*Elmira Advertiser.*

—When a rural resort landlord thinks a city man is putting on too many airs, he merely says, as he hands him the key to his room at night, "Be careful to turn out the gas; don't blow it out."—*Philadelphia News.*

—Private Smith thus complained to his Colonel:
"This weather to you may seem volonel;
But, my work being done
In the heat of the sun,
To me it seems simply infolonel."
—*Puck.*

—Mr. Alcott told the Concord Summer School of Philosophers that "Actuality is the Thingness of the Here." The information almost paralyzed them. For years they had been laboring under the misapprehension that the hereness of the actuality is the thing. But it is no such thing.—*Norristown Herald.*

—Gus De Smith is not very prompt in paying his debts. He is also in the habit of getting shaved on the credit system. Yesterday, he was in the barber-shop getting shaved, but somehow he did not enjoy it very much, for his chin was bleeding in several places. "What in the Hades is the matter with that razor? I reckon it has not been sharpened in an age," said Gus. "I dunno what's de matter wid de razor, sah. I always shaves you wid de same razor, and I sharpened dis heah razor on de berry same day you paid me for de last shave, and jess as soon as you makes anudder payment I'll sharpen it up some moah," replied the tonsorial artist.—*Texas Siftings.*

A Boer Marksman.

I had a long conversation to-day with a very intelligent specimen of a Boer, who forms in Newcastle one of the guard that accompanies the Boer leaders attending on the Commission. He spent the afternoon in my camp, and gave me a rehearsal of the different modes of fighting among the Boers. First of all he began by trying his hand at shooting at bottles, distant 100 yards, with a fifteen Winchester repeater which I lent him for the purpose. With this weapon, however, he failed to accomplish any decided success, the bullets falling close all round, but the bottles remained untouched.

"I can not shoot with your rifle," he observed, "but give me a Martini-Henry and I will pick off two bottles at 200 yards." I sent up to the camp for a Martini-Henry carbine, which the Boer laid hold of with a great deal more apparent confidence, and in the first two shots verified his boast, for the bottles were immediately shivered to atoms. He next proceeded to show me the Boer mode of shooting from behind rocks and stones. "The great mistake your soldiers made," he observed, "was to aim over the stone at the enemy, but we always fire round the corner." Throwing himself flat on the ground, he proceeded to put this remark into practice, and dragging himself lithely along, peered cautiously round the right-hand corner of a low stone that only just concealed his form from sight of the supposed enemy. Removing his hat, he raised it slowly aloft on the top of his ramrod and maneuvered it so as to cause it to have the appearance of a man's head cautiously taking note of the enemy. At this hat an English soldier is supposed to have taken a pot shot, when the Boer suddenly let it fall, and bringing his body round the corner, took steady aim and fired at a black bottle some 150 yards distant, which in another moment was smashed to atoms.

Another method of shooting on horseback he showed me in a brilliant and effective manner. Mounting his horse and uttering a loud cry he sent it galloping up a hill just as hard as it could go. Suddenly, without a word of warning, the left foot was pressed to the stirrup, the right leg thrown backwards over the saddle, the man was on his feet and the horse stopped instantaneously, and as if spellbound. Standing erect, the Boer aimed coolly at a distant bottle and knocked it over, then springing into the saddle, he executed the same maneuver in two opposite directions with signal and unerring aim and effect. This man was one of 180 who first stormed and took the Majuba Heights. He says that Joubert's only words were: "Fellows, take that hill," and they hastened to obey. The reason why so few men advanced to the attack was because Joubert anticipated and made sure that the English would endeavor simultaneously to take the Nek, as well as surprise them on their left, and he retained men to defend the positions mentioned. Finding, however, his fears were groundless, he dispatched fresh men to the assistance of their comrades, but by the time they arrived the Majuba Hill had been taken. The Ninety-second, he informed me, were the first they encountered, and this regiment fought stoutly, but were driven back on to the plateau towards the Fifty-eighth. Both bravely defended the position until Colley fell, when panic, he affirms, seized our men. The whole scene was, however, so enveloped in smoke that he could make no accurate note of anything and confusion prevailed everywhere. Sir George Colley he declares to have been shot while in the act of tying a white handkerchief to a ramrod. The Boers did not know at the time that this personage was Sir George. This is one of the few Boer versions of the Majuba fight that I have heard from men who actually took part in the first advance to storm the plateau. Each tale tallies similarly with the other, and I am inclined to think it is truthfully told.—*Buffalo River Cor. London Morning Post.*

Our Young Folks.

GRANDMA!

I am so tired of being *me*—
I have so many cares!
'Tis something here, or something there,
That always needs repairs!
And now Miss Gracie's tumbled down,
And broke her head in two.
Oh dear, how happy I should be,
If only I were *you*,
Grandma!

And now, just when I feel like play,
My stupid lessons come!
I wonder if the President
Could do this puzzling sum!
O dear, I love my mamma,
And want to please her, too,
But I should be so happy now,
If only I were *you*,
Grandma!

I'd like to have some spectacles,
To rest my tired eyes,
I'd put *my* hand upon *your* head,
And say, "How fast time flies!"
And oh, such tales of old I'd tell!
All wonderful and true!
I'd knit and talk, and laugh for joy,
If only I were *you*,
Grandma!

Well, well, I'm only just a girl,
And must have cares, I s'pose!
The dolls to mend; the sums to do!
What else, nobody knows!
But now I've thought of something nice,
I'm growing pretty fast,
And if I only can grow *good*,
I'll be like *you* at last,
Grandma!

—*Youth's Companion.*

The Flamingo.

The flamingo is a beautiful inhabitant of all marshy regions in the tropics. It is found in great numbers in South America and the West Indies, and in Africa, Southern Asia and China. It is a bird of wondrous beauty. It has a slender, gracefully formed body, long, thin legs, and a very long, flexible neck. When it stands erect, its neck stretched in the air, its head is fully six feet from the ground.

The feathers on the body of the flamingo are white, delicately tinted with rose-color. Its wings, which are very large, are of the most brilliant scarlet, and the long quills are black. It is a very sociable bird, and is always seen in flocks of several hundred. The appearance of a flock of flamingoes, as described by travelers, is one of startling magnificence. Seen from afar, wading or swimming in the inlets of salt marshes—for the flamingo loves best to keep near the sea-coast—one would think that an immense army of red-coated soldiers was encamped there, instead of a flock of harmless, defenseless birds. In South America the flamingo is called "the soldier-bird" by the natives, and Humboldt, the great German traveler and naturalist, relates a very amusing story, which he gives as an actual occurrence, illustrating the fitness of this name. A new township of Angostura had been formed; but the inhabitants were scarcely settled in their new homes when, one morning, a wild cry of alarm spread through the little village that an immense body of men in red garments, probably hostile Indians, was advancing. Such weapons as were at hand were hastily seized, and all the men rushed out to defend their homes. Suddenly the supposed hostile army rose in the air, and, forming a long line of dashing scarlet against the clear blue sky, took its course in the direction of the great salt marshes around the mouth of the Orinoco.

Naturalists have encountered great difficulty in their attempts to study the habits of the flamingo in its native haunts, for it is a very shy and cautious bird, and no flock is ever found without a sentinel posted to give notice of the approach of danger. This is usually the largest, and, probably, the oldest and wisest, bird of the flock. At the least sound it lifts its large head as high in the air as the long neck will allow, and looks about on every side. If any boat or hunter is seen, the whole flock, with loud screechings, instantly vanishes among the tall water grasses.

When the flamingo sleeps it draws one leg up among its breast feathers and, bending its neck backward, rests its head on the middle of its back, with the beak erect in the air or buried in its wing. It is a graceful, rapid swimmer and flies easily, stretching its long neck before and its legs behind, like the crane and stork. Its nest is described by those naturalists who have been fortunate enough to see it as an immense heap of mud and water grasses in the depths of some solitary swamp, where the mother bird broods patiently for thirty days on her two glistening white eggs. When the little ones are hatched they take to the water immediately and swim about as lively as young ducks; but they are not strong enough to fly for some months, and not until they are three years old do they attain the full magnificence of their scarlet plumage.

The harmless and peaceful flamingo has many enemies besides man. Beasts of prey are prowling abroad at night and pounce upon these birds while they are sleeping in their marshy homes. In the great South American swamps the ocelot is one of its most formidable foes. The ocelot is a very small member of the panther family, and is found in Mexico and all through the American tropics. It is a tawny-colored creature, covered with glistening black markings. It has the same habits as other members of its family, spending the day asleep in some secluded thicket, and roaming the forests at night and early dawn in search of birds and small animals.—*Harper's Young People.*

Dorothy's Ride.

I want to tell you about something that happened many years ago in the town of Nantucket.

Quite on the brow of the highest hill stood a curious old-fashioned mill, the sails of which were so long that they nearly touched the ground, and of course they rose almost as high above the top of the mill when they were whirled up by the wind.

Near this old windmill the miller lived, with his wife and two children.

John was a sturdy, sun-browned boy, two years older than Dorothy, but he was very good and gentle to her, for he loved his sister dearly, and spent much of his time playing with her. They were always happy together, and in summer, when the weather was fine, they used to sail a tiny boat on one of the many ponds. Their little craft was not a French toy with painted hull and gay streamers, but a plain affair which their father had made for them in the long evenings, and it had a coarse bit of cotton for a sail. But that did not matter. No, indeed! They tied a string at either end, and as the ponds were very shallow, they waded about, pulling it merrily from side to side, using all kinds of real ship names and words, which they had learned from the sailors.

So the summers flew away until, alas! John was thought old enough to be sent to school, and poor little Dorothy was left to play all alone. She was a helpful little girl, and saved the mother many steps. Still, she found her playtime very dull, because she didn't care any longer for the boat.

At last she began going with her father to the mill; and all day she flitted about, as busy as a bee, and humming as cheerily.

Sometimes she would lie on the grass and watch the mill sails as they swept slowly down, and rose again on the other side—thinking all sorts of odd thoughts about them. One day while she was lazily watching them, she had a bright idea. What fun! Springing up, she waited for a sail to come within her reach, and caught it, holding on until it lifted her off her feet, and then she let go and seized another, until she was tired. Day after day she amused herself thus; and when Saturday came she brought John to see the sport.

She had become too well acquainted with her great friend, the mill, to have any fear of it, and each time she trusted herself to its arms she let them carry her a little higher, so that she began to see a long way off, over the land and the ocean.

What a heroine she must seem to her brother—she thought—for he had never tried it, not once. Elated by her success, she sprang upon the sail for a last ride, as it was dinner-time. Looking back over her shoulder to see the effect of her daring upon John, she clung a little longer than she meant to, and in a twinkling she found that she could see farther away than she had ever dreamed.

There was the harbor, with its white sails set to dry. She could look away down into the town, and see the people in the streets.

There, too, was the Sankety Head light, so far away; now she must be as high as the tall light-house. Thoroughly frightened, yet not daring to let go at this dizzy height, she began to cry.

She saw her mother coming to call them to dinner, and she thought, poor little girl, "I shall never see my dear mother again!"

Higher and still higher she flew, her dress floating out on the wind, and her poor little heart nearly bursting with terror and grief.

She did not see John, so pale with fear, nor did she hear her father cry: "Oh, my child will be killed! My poor little girl!"

She had now only eyes and ears and thought for that terrible journey, and once she wondered if she were going to Heaven, for she was sure it could not be much higher than she had risen. Still she clung tightly, and at last she shut her eyes.

The top once reached, slowly the sail, with its precious burden, began to descend. How they all watched it! Nobody spoke, and they hardly dared breathe. Lower and lower it came, until within a few feet of the ground, when Dorothy opened her eyes, and, overcome with a sense of safety, her little fingers unclasped, and down she came.

She fell pretty hard, but, luckily, there are no stones in Nantucket, so no bones were broken; but her head had such a bump that she saw bright lights flashing, and heard a hum of strange sounds; and soon her poor back began to ache, and her head felt sore, and she opened her eyes once more to find herself safe in her dear father's arms; and then they all wept together for thankfulness.

And this was the last ride that Dorothy ever took on the sails of the old windmill.—*St. Nicholas.*

Preparing for Window Gardening.

Those who have plants in the ground which they intend for blooming in the window make a mistake if they delay taking them up until frost is threatened. If the plants have been left in the pots which have been plunged in the open ground the change is not so sudden, but if the plants have been turned out of the pots, and their roots have been allowed free growth, it is another matter. With many plants turned out, the better plan is to raise new ones from cuttings for next winter's blooming and let the old ones go. But it is often desirable to take up and pot an old plant. In such cases do not wait until there is danger of frost, and then hurriedly dig up the plant and crowd its roots into a pot. Suppose the plant to be taken up is a geranium; begin at least a month before the time of removal to prepare it for the change. It will have made an enormous top, which must be cut back and the plant brought into a neat, compact shape. The change from the open ground to the pot should take place before cool nights have checked the growth. Amateur gardeners, as a general thing, are afraid to use the knife. If in taking up all the plants that are to be kept in the window during the winter they would cut the tops back to correspond to the disturbance of the roots, they would have much better success. Very old specimens of such quick-growing plants as geraniums are so rarely satisfactory when lifted from the open ground that even at this late day we should prefer to start young plants from cuttings. On the other hand, hard-wooded plants, such as roses, with strong plants are preferable, and these should be taken up this month and be well established in pots. The plant should be pruned before it is lifted and then given a fair-sized pot with rich soil. Give water and place it in the shade for a few days and it will recover from the change and be in good condition for the window.

No plants are more satisfactory for window culture than the Dutch bulbs, as they are called, especially hyacinths and narcissus.—*American Agriculturist.*

—A young lady of the very elite,
Who lives on East Buttonwood street,
Is pretty and swelle,
Piquant and petite,
But she has corns on both of her fête.
—*Norristown Herald.*

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, SEPTEMBER 17, 1881.

To Our Patrons.

The second volume of the CLARENDON is now nearly half ended, and yet there are many of our subscribers who are still in arrears for their subscription, and a few who are in arrears for all of voluine one and volume two. We are now very much in need of money, and we should like to have all who owe us come and make payment. We are not running a paper for the fun there is in it, nor for glory. It is a legitimate business, and we follow it for the money there is in it. We would like to have every one in the county take and read the CLARENDON, and we try to give them all and more than their money's worth; but any one thinking the paper not worth two dollars, we would say to him, we do not want him to take it just "to help us along." We hope all who are indebted will make prompt payments.

FORT WORTH is taking a census of her population.

THE Comanche *Chief* makes its appearance with a patent outside.

THE Breckenridge *Texian* now comes forth in a new dress, looking as neat as a humming bird and is as newsy as ever.

WE have received several copies of a new daily, *The Evening Blade*, published by Messrs. Beach & Rust at Dallas. It is a sprightly little five column folio. We wish it success and welcome it to our sanctum.

The President.

Since our last issue President Garfield has been a little worse, owing to a slight cold settling upon his lungs; but the last accounts we have of him are that he has recovered from that trouble and is now in a better condition with more favorable prospects to recover than at any time since his being wounded.

Death of Gen. Burnside.

Providence, R. I. Sept. 13.—Gen. Ambroze Burnside died suddenly at 11 o'clock this forenoon at his residence in Bristol. He had been slightly unwell for two or three days, but he was in the city yesterday evening. The immediate cause of death was spasms of the heart. A telephone message from the General's residence summoned Senator Anthony and Dr. Miller, but before telephone communication was broken the message came that the general was dead. Gov. Littlefield, Senator Anthony, Representative Chaffee and Aldrich and other personal friends immediately started for Bristol.

DALLAS has something new just now in the shape of a huge law suit between a farmer named Ritter and the Chicago, Texas & Mexican Central railroad Co. who want to run their line through his land, for which privilege they are willing to pay $250, but he insists upon having $1,220, or else othey shall remain off his premises. The question was left to arbitrators, but Ritter appealed from their decision to the County court and that body decided in his favor, and the company appealed to the Court of Appeals where the question is now pending. The Company deposited the amount which was claimed by Ritter, and started to tear his fence down, but Ritter was there with a shot gun and a constable and they arrested nine of the railroad employes, and thus the matter now stands.

Disastrous Fires in Michigan.

No rain has fallen around East Saginaw, Mich., for six weeks. Fires are breaking out in every direction within a radius of thirty miles from the city. All communications are cut off. Richmondville is reported as completely burned up on Monday night. Eight persons were burned to death. The villages of Deckerville 150 inhabitants, Minden, Charleston (formerly known as Cato), Tyre, Ashley (formerly Fayett's Corners), Paris and Ubley, Huron county, are all burned from fires caused by the extreme drouth. Many other villages are threatened. Many lives have already been reported as lost, and others no doubt will hereafter be reported. A strong appeal is made from the burnt districts by the victims of the flames for assistance. In the district of Huron and Sanilac counties over 1500 families are destitute and suffering.

Sensible Schools.

It is an open question whether the long vacations given to our children in summer time are altogether wholesome, morally and mentally. The public schools have a vacation of two months; in the private the holiday extends from early June to October, nearly four months. It is urged that it would be cruel to keep children indoors studying during the very warm weather. But why keep them indoors? Why should not schools be established near the large cities, but in the country places where instruction could be imparted out of doors? Is there not too much book studying? Why not have our children learn from the book of nature? They could be taught to draw, to botanize, to collect and distinguish minerals, to observe the habits of birds and insects. This would be amusement and recreation as well as instruction. Three to five hours of this kind of study would benefit any child. The mind needs exercise as well as the body, and it is really unwise and unwholesome, mentally, to suddenly interrupt all studies, and to turn a child loose to amuse itself as best he may. On the continent of Europe well-to-do people keep governesses who are instructed to give some attention to their pupils every day in the year. On Sundays and holidays it is thought best that there should be some instructron given so as to keep up habits of study. It is the testimony of all teachers that four months vacation destroys the habit of fixed attention which study gives and is a downright injury to the child. There is a school at Croton on the Hudson, in the State of New York, where the experiment has been tested during the past summer of studying in the open air. The boys learn the names of trees and plants, collect minerals and insects, and find out the use of their fingers. For several weeks they go into camp in the Catskills, and later in the season camp on the seashore in order to study the conditions of the lower forms of life and vegetation, both inland and by sea. All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy, but all play and no work is very demoralizing to the young and heedless.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

An Attempt to Kill Gitteau the Would-be Assassin of Garfield.

Washington, September 12.—At seven o'clock last evening an attempt was made to kill Gitteau in his cell. At that hour the battery of the Second artillery was relieving Captain Graves' command which had been on duty at the jail the previous twenty-four hours. Battery arrived in three wagons; in the first of which was seated First Sergeant Mason, and as the wagon drew up in front of the jail Mason jumped out and threw aside his cap and with musket on his shoulder proceeded to the right wing of the jail. A few seconds brought him abreast of the window where Gitteau had been often seen. Putting his gun to his shoulder a clear report which rang through the jail told the story of his intention and act. The ball grazed Gitteau's head and penetrated his coat which was hanging on the side of his cell. Sergeant Mason surrendered himself to his commanding officer, Captain McGilvcy, who immediately put him under arrest. Mason is a native of Virginia and has been nineteen years in service. He says he shot for the purpose of killing Gitteau and is sorry he missed him. He had tired of riding over cobble stones to the jail every evening to guard the life of such a man as Gitteau, and had made up his mind to kill him. He loaded his gun before he left the arsenal and as soon as he reached the jail went to the window where Gitteau usually stood waiting for the arrival of the guard, and fired and that is all there is in it. Gitteau was so overcome with fear that he pleaded for removal to another part of the building. His request will probably be granted.

First Passenger Train from the United States into Old Mexico.

Capt. B. R. Pegrim, late of the Laclede, returned last evening from a trip through New Mexico and Arizona and is at the Lindell. He was at Paso Del Norte on the Rio Grande yesterday, and crossed over into old Mexico with Col. Nutt, president of the Atlantic and Pacific railroad, with the first passenger car that ever went out of the United States into the republic of Mexico. The road from El Paso southwest into Mexico towards Chihuahua is graded and tied eighteen miles. They commenced on Monday of this week laying track on the Mexican side. Col. Richardson, formerly of Kirkwood Mo., is the American consul at El Paso and has been there fourteen years. Capt. Pegrim called on him. He has a fine adobe residence and good orchard in the old town on the Mexican side. Capt. Pegrim went out as far as he could get on the Atlantic and Pacific road into Arizona right in the edge of the Navajo country. They have been having tremendous rains and a great many of the bridges were washed out. A great deal of road bed on all the roads out there is washed away. He went on the new line of the Atlantic and Pacific nearly 200 miles west, to Allentot. The road is finished to Navajo Springs, 220 miles west of Albuquerque. They had been stopped in laying track on account of rains, but again resumed work on Monday last, and the work will be rapidly pushed ahead toward the Pacific coast. There was great excitement about the Indians, but there had been no trouble in the country passed through. The Indian troubles are southwest. They have been within a short distance of Socorro—seventy miles south of there. Capt. Pegrim did not hear of the Camp Apache massacre till he got out to Albuquerque, the fore part of this week. He saw Judge Irwin Z. Smith at Santa Fe, where he is stopping for his health. Judge Henry Warren, a lawyer of St. Louis, is located there.—*St. Louis Republican.*

Judge J. H. Calhoun has been appointed to fill the position of District Attorney for the 12th judicial district, in place of A. R. Coleman, Esq., resigned.

Letter From Colorado.

COLORADO, September 7th 1881.

DEAR CLARENDON:

Here I come again! And I feel in good spirits this morning, for we are having a nice rain, and it patters down upon the shingles, I imagine it makes sweet music to the granger and stock man, for they have been needing rain a long time.

I was very sorry to see the name of my old friend D. A. Olds among the losers by the fire at Abilene. I predict that he will soon recover from the backset; for you know the old saying, "you can not keep a good man down."

I think I have discovered a puzzle by the size of which 15, 14, 13 is a soft snap, so to speak. I refer to the signature of Mr. Jay Gould, the R. R. king. It may be impertinent in me to offer the suggestion, but I think Mr. Jay could take a course in penmanship without being the loser thereby. Mr. Editor, one would think from the tone of one of your locals of Sept. 3rd that "education and good breeding" are not on the ascendant any where west of Baird on the T. & P. R. R. Now I venture to say that if your Dr. A. V. Robins had stopped at Colorado while he was out west, he would not hold such an opinion. The law, commonly known as the six shooter law, is in force in Mitchell county, and "the carrying by every body of a complete arsenal," is not the fashion in Colorado. Jake Farmer, of your county, has been out here prospecting for a ranch, and he tells me that he likes the western country so well that he will start his stock of cattle, (lately bought from Day & Hearn) to Blanco Canyon as soon as he can conveniently do so. G. H. Waddel and T. J. Martin have settled their differences in reference to the section of school land adjoining the town, and have it laid out in lots and blocks, which they are offering for sale on very reasonable terms. The part that lies south of the Colorado river already has several nice residences built upon it, and bids fair to be the finest part of the town. Our new stock pens are almost completed, and Mr. J. B. Wilson expects to ship 1000 head of beeves next week. Mr. Johnson, one of our jail and court house contractors is here, and expects to put men to work immediately. The firm are going to burn a kiln of bricks and if successful, will build our court house of bricks, with stone facings. Mr. R. B. Jeffries, our county attorney has been appointed local agent for the sale of town lots owned by Senator Joseph E. Brown of Georgia, and these lots are now on the market; prices ranging from $100 to $250 each. Two of these lots were bought a few days ago by Lawson, Smith & Co. of this place for $725. The lots are 25 by 140 feet. Major Perry of your town is here, and will start for the Pecos in company with Judge D. M. Quin, on the 3:20 train to-morrow. Our county court has been in session this week for criminal business. We had four gaming cases and one case of assault which was appealed from Justice's court. The result was two convictions with a fine of $25 each, one mis-trial, one dismissal, and in the assault case, a *Nolle Prosequi* was entered by the county attorney. Mr. Branch Isbell has gone to New Mexico to invest in sheep, and has left your humble servant in charge of his business here. He does not expect to be back for several months. The scarcity of lumber is quite a draw back to our building improvements, and the R. R. Co. is being blessed on all sides. One of the greatest draw back to our county, is the fact that our school lands are not on the market yet, and people are loth to improve until they are sure of their land. Our commissioner's court sent up their report over two months ago and we have nothing to do but to await its approval by the commissioner of the general land office.

Will Waddell has bought out J. K. Smith's flock of sheep, and ranch, and will henceforth be numbered among the sheep men. The prospects are that more of the cattle men will become sheep men in the near future. Yours truly would like powerful well to be classed with either of them. I have reached the end of my items and also of my paper, so I will sign myself,

Respectfully etc.

H. R. S.

Personal.

Mr. Isaac Shaw, formerly County Clerk of this county and a prominent sheep owner has been sojourning in Baird for several weeks.

Conductor W. A. Baird formerly of this place, now of Big Springs passed through last Tuesday en route to St. Louis where he goes to recuperate.

Mr. W. H. Vaughan, formerly train dispatcher at this place, but now stationed at Big Springs, was here on a visit to his family the early part of the week.

Judge T. J. Austin, of Belle Plain, left last Wednesday morning for Cincinnati, where he goes on business in connection with his washing machine. We wish him a successful trip.

Judge Wheeler passed through yesterday on his way to Abilene, and came back, and will stop to pay Baird a visit before going on a trip to Austin where his wife is now on a visit.

We have received another interesting letter from our friend W. G. Jacobs, from Paso Del Norte, Mexico, which came too late for publication this week, but will appear in our next.

County Commissioner S. C. Park informs us that sixty-five scholars were enrolled upon the list as drawing public money in Baird School District, and the amount of money apportioned to the district is $218.

Over the State.

As Dave Darden, county clerk of Hillsboro, and Jack Fancher were walking up the street at that place last Thursday, they were struck by lightning, and Fancher was instantly killed and Derden seriously injured.

A man named Kirkpatrick was found dead near Hillsboro on the 8th. It is thought that there has been foul play.

The people of d'Hanis, Medina county, refused to sell the railroad company a piece of land at what was considered a fair price, and the company has bought a piece of land for a siding, about a mile and a half from there, and is now putting down a siding and laying out a town. Passenger trains have begun to run there. It is sixty-two miles from San Antonio, on the Mexican Pacific road. Major Munroe, in charge of the construction, is using forty car loads of material, and is laying two miles of track a day.

Captain P. A. Smith, of Navasota, was bitten on the hand last week by a very large tarantula. There is a quarter of an inch between the teeth marks. Antidotes were used which prevented any serious results.

During a violent thunder storm which took place on the 8th at Eagle Pass, the Dalah hotel was struck by lightning, and a lady in the house, Mrs. Campbell, knocked senseless. The electric fluid demolished the chimney, and ran down the wall, tearing it to within two and a half feet of the floor, then darted across the room to the opposite wall and escaped to the ground.

John McGratton shot himself through the head at his home, three miles from Weatherford. The cause was worry of life.

Dr. Coatwell and son were both killed on the 12th inst., in an altercation with a Mr. Cox. The dispute was about crops. Cox is badly wounded and sent for Sheriff Johnson to give himself up. The affray occurred on Silver creek, nine miles from Weatherford.

Three drunken negroes tried to take the settlement in the fifth ward in Houston the other day. They were taken, however, and hired, before any damage was done.

A train of wagons near Mountain Creek was met by two road agents as their owners were returning from selling cotton and $1500 and two gold watches were taken.

P. Burns the night yard master at the International depot at Austin, was run over and killed while coupling cars one day last week.

Horse raising in western Texas is proving a very important and profitable business, the demand at present being in excess of the supply.

C. A. Morrow, yardmaster of the Texas Pacific railway at Fort Worth, dropped dead in a restaurant as he arose from the supper table—heart disease.

Denton, Sept. 10.—Deputy sheriff Shelley of Collin county, and a posse were to-day lying in wait in a ravine near the city, to arrest an escaped convict named Chew, who had stolen a fine horse to aid him in his flight. The convict drove into the ravine and Deputy sheriff Shelley fired to kill the horse, in which he succeeded, but one of his posse discharged his shot gun, the contents of which lodged in the officer's right shoulder. He is now in a precarious condition, but they captured the convict.

Harris, the mail robber in the Austin jail, is said to have been at one time the right hand man of "Billy the Kid." When taken he resisted, and was so badly wounded, that it was thought he would die.

Gross outrages are reported in Hamilton county. A sheep man was robbed at his ranch and severely beaten and a number of his sheep were killed. An other man was accused of harboring horse thieves and beaten. Good citizens are loud in their condemnation of these outrageous proceedings.

For Sale!

I offer my house and lot, situated in Newlon's addition to Baird for sale. This is a desirable place for a home.

For particulars apply to

HENRY ROBERTS.

Baird, Texas.

R. M. TURNER.

DRUGGIST AND PHARMACIST,

—DEALER IN—

PURE DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, WALL PAPER, WINDOW GLASS, SPONGES, PERFUMERIES, SCHOOL BOOKS AND STATIONERY.

Physicians prescriptions compounded with accuracy, day and night.

Market St. Baird, Texas.

H. S. JOHNSON,

(Late of Texarkana)

Attorney-at-Law

Belle Plain and Baird

REFER TO HON. A. B. NORTON, Dallas; HON. B. T. ESTES, Texarkana.

B. R. WEBB.

Attorney-at-Law and Real Estate Agent.

BAIRD, : : : TEXAS.

Will practice in the Courts of the 12th Judicial District, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts of the State.

Special attention given to collections and land business in the counties of Callahan, Eastland, Stephens, Shackelford, Jones, Taylor, Nolan and Mitchell. Has large amounts of land for sale throughout these counties.

A. J. LITTLE, Attorney at Law. J. W. ADAMS, Real Estate Agent.

LITTLE & ADAMS,

Members of Law and Abstract Union.

Law and Rea Estate Agents,

BAIRD, (Callahan Co.) TEXAS.

Abstract of title furnished to lands lying in any of the United States. Lands and other property bought and sold on commission. Correspondence solicited. Office one door east of Adams House. 2-8tf

T. J. LARGEN, M. D.,

Physician, Surgeon, and

OBSTETRICIAN.

Will attend Calls Day or Night, in

TOWN OR COUNTRY.

BELLE PLAIN - - - - - TEXAS

Office hours at Baird, from 2 to 6 in the afternoon. His office for the balance of the time will be at Turner & Largen's Drug Store at Belle Plain.

E. S. SEAY

NOW COMES TO THE FRONT,

And announces to the citizens of Baird and his numerous customers that he has removed from Belle Plain to the flourishing town of Baird, where he can be found with the largest

STOCK OF GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Ever kept in Callahan county.

His stock consists in part of Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Ready-Made Clothing, Fancy Goods, Notions, Hardware, Farming Implements, Corn, salt, etc., etc.

AND IN FACT EVERYTHING GENERALLY KEPT IN A

First Class Store.

Thankful for the very liberal patronage received heretofore from the people of Callahan and adjoining counties, he will henceforth be better than ever prepared to supply their wants. His long experience in the mercantile business in the West has made him familiar with its requirements.

DON'T FORGET THE PLACE

E. S. SEAY, PROP'R,

Market Street, Corner of Third, Baird, Texas, 24-1y

HODES & VEIT,

—DEALERS IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE!

—Highest Cash Prices Paid for Country Produce.—

BAIRD. - - - - - - TEXAS.

SANGER BROS.,

DALLAS,

JOBBERS

—OF—

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,

NOTIONS, MILLINERY,

—HATS AND CAPS, FURNISHING GOODS,—

BOOTS AND SHOES

CARPETS AND HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.

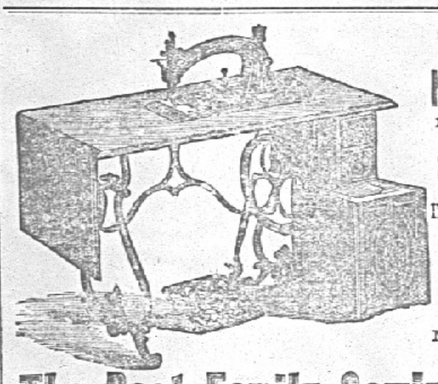
The attention of the Trade is invited to an Unusually Large and Fine Assortment of Goods in all the above lines for

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.



BUY ONLY THE NEW AMERICAN

It is the Only Sewing Machine which has a

Self-Threading Shuttle.

IT HAS SELF-SETTING NEEDLE, NEVER BREAKS THE THREAD, NEVER SKIPS STITCHES, IS THE LIGHTEST RUNNING.

The Simplest, the Most Durable, and in Every Respect

The Best Family Sewing Machine!

The NEW AMERICAN is easily learned, does not get out of order, and will do more work with less labor than any other machine. Illustrated Circular furnished on application.

AGENTS WANTED.

EXTRA INDUCEMENTS TO CASH PURCHASERS.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, No. 1318 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

GEO. A. WEBSTER - - - - - ASSISTANT MANAGER.

Office, in Fort Worth, Texas.

PAGE'S SALOON,

Market Street, - - Baird, Texas,

Is acknowledged by all lovers of

Cool, Refreshing Drinks,

to be the

FAVORITE RESORT OF BAIRD.

Choice Wines and Liquors of all kinds dealt out to all alike.

Page Windham, Pro.

PARLOR

SALOON

SEAY & REEVES, Props.

The best of Liquors and the Finest of Wines kept in stock at the Parlor.

Mixed Drinks a Specialty.

When you want stimulants of any kind give us a call. REEVES & SEAY.

I. DEX. X. CUL. L.

SALOON.

TAYLOR & LAIRD,

PROPRIETORS.

CHOICE Wines, Liquors and Cigars, always on hand.

—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.

CALLAHAN COUNTY CLARENDON,

PUBLISHED EVERY

Saturday Morning

—AT—

Baird, - - Texas.

W. R. LOTZ,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

$2 00 PER YEAR.

It is our aim to have the CLARENDON visit every family in Callahan County, and we feel confident it will become a welcomed weekly visitor to all such if the interest of the family is taken into consideration, and such should be the object of every man so situated.

Certainly there is no one living in this progressive and intelligent age, who attempts to keep abreast with the events of the day, but rightly understands the position and aim of the modern country press.

Who expects to find by perusing the columns of a weekly newspaper, published in a town of from 500 to 1500 inhabitants, a complete and accurate account of all the minor and important foreign and domestic happenings that are constantly occurring? None but the thoughtless and non progressive.

The object of the CLARENDON is to acquaint its many readers with the facts of all the doings and occurrences transpiring in our midst. Without a knowledge of which no one can keep pace with his better posted neighbor.

Every man and woman in Callahan county, who is not at present a subscriber to the Clarendon is respectfully invited to bring or send the sum of two dollars to pay for a copy of their home paper for one year.

$2 00 per year, in advance.

You Should ADVERTISE.

By a liberal use of printer's ink P. T. Barnum, the great showman, made a fortune and became famous. Others have been likewise blessed through the same agency. The CLARENDON has a subscription list of which it is not ashamed and the same is increasing daily. Immigrants are arriving and settling in our county very rapidly and they lose no time in finding their way to the CLARENDON office and subscribing for the paper, and reading the advertisements therein, find out who deals in this, that and the other classes of goods and know just who to call on when in need of any article of merchandise, and every business man knows the advantage there is in selling a new settler his first bill of goods—by fair dealing he secures his trade for the future. In view of this fact, we consider it an advantage for all the business men of Callahan county to make liberal use of our columns for the purpose of securing a share of this constantly increasing trade. Our prices are very liberal and within reach of the peanut vender as well as the wholesale merchant.

Any one having stock or other property for sale, should advertise the fact through the columns of the CLARENDON if you really want to sell.

You Should ADVERTISE.

CALLAHAN COUNTY CLARENDON JOB OFFICE.

WE PRINT IN NEAT and *DESIRABLE* STYLES, BILLHEADS, Letterheads, CARDS, *Envelopes*, POSTERS, DODGERS, Board Bills, *Ball Tickets*, and BALL Programmes, Funeral NOTICES, *WEDDING* CARDS and RECEPTION Tickets, BLANK Notes, LEGAL Blanks of all kinds. When you want JOB Printing of any description give us a call. We do work as well as as any printing office in the STATE. Don't fail to call on us when you want Job Printing.

IF YOU HAVE PRINTING

Of any Description call on

THE

Clarendon Job OFFICE.

FORT WORTH and DALLAS PRICES

Duplicated in Every Insantce.

W. R. LOTZ Prop.

The Clarendon.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 17, 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—F. R. 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. F. Slayton, Prec. No. 2; ——Hudson, Prec. No. 3; Capt. Taylor, Prec. No. 4.
Justices 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.

Church Directory.

Preaching by the Baptist organization, at the school house on third Sunday and Saturday previous, in each month.

Railroad Time Table.

WESTWARD

ARRIVES.	
No 1 Mail and Express	10 00 a m
No. 9, Freight	10 30 p m
LEAVES.	
No 1 Mail and Express	10 10 a m
No. 9, Freight	5 00 a m

EASTWARD

ARRIVES.	
No 2 Mail and Express	6 20 a m
No 10 Stock Express	4 15 a m
LEAVES.	
No 2 Mail and Express	6 35 a m
No 10 Stock Express	8 45 a m

Arrivals and Departures of Mails.

ARRIVES.	
From the East at	10 00 a m
" West at	6 30 a m
" Belle Plain at	7 00 a m
" Albany at	1 00 p m
DEPARTS.	
Going East	7 00 a m
" West	10 15 a m
" Belle Plain	4 00 p m
" Albany	7 00 a m

PH. SCHWARTZ, P. M.

LOCAL NEWS.

Go to J. F. Rettig's for clocks.

Coffee, 8 pounds for $1 at the City Drug Store.

Wall paper at J. F. Rettig's from 25 to 75cts. per double roll.

Select pickled meats, fish, etc., at the City Drug Store.

For job printing of all kinds call at the CLARENDON office.

Foot mats of all kinds at J. F. Rettig's.

Sheep shearers wanted. For particulars apply at this office.

Single and double mattresses at J. F. Rettig's.

Headquarters for Kerosene, at the City Drug Store—only 35 cents per gallon.

Call at Turner's drug store and see those lamps and lanterns that are for sale.

If you would be happy get your job printing done at the CLARENDON job rooms.

Single and double comforts at J. F. Rettig's.

A lunch room has been opened by Dean and Whitley jr. Boys patronize new institutions.

For a big stock in dry goods and groceries the rock building is second to none.

To the ladies of Baird City: You will find the best selected stock of perfumery and toilet articles at the City Drug Store.

I am agent for Fish Bros. Wagons, Garden City Clipper Plows and Cultivators, John Deer Plows and Buckeye Mowers, Reapers, Trashers, etc. etc.
S. L. ROBERTSON.

Wanted.

A girl to do house work in a small family. Apply at this office.

S. L. Robertson's

is always headquarters for Hardware, Saddlery, Glass and Queensware.

Subscribe for the CLARENDON.

Heating Stoves at Robertson's, only a few left.

Those fine new telegraph poles near the depot look well.

Walking on stilts is all the rage with the small boy in Baird.

The County Commissioners had another meeting last Tuesday.

For a good lunch go to Dean & Whitley jr., next door to Post Office.

Just received a fine assortment of toilet articles at Turner's. Everything new and fresh.

Padgitt Bros'. saddles for stockmen are the best and sold low down by
S. L. ROBERTSON.

Ed. Coppin will receive in a few days a car load of the best brand of flour ever brought in this market.

If you have a doubtful claim and wish it investigated or collected, carry it to I. T. Blount Attorney at law.
Baird, Texas.

Our popular grocery man, Ed. Coppins, will have for sale in a few days, a car load of salt.

If you want to know where you can get the best job printing done call and see samples at the CLARENDON office.

A neat little building has been completed for the switch man in the yard to occupy. It is just east of the depot.

Major D. Richardson is busy engineering the building of the new fence which is to enclose the railroad company's farm.

No. 1 passenger train from the east was four hours late last Wednesday. The delay was caused by waiting on the Iron Mountain road.

Mr. S. L. Robertson is erecting a twenty foot extension to the rear of his store. This is to make room for the numerous goods he is constantly receiving.

Sales of real estate and personal property effected and no fee required until sale is made by
I. T. BLOUNT Atty.
Baird, Texas.

One of the very handsome establishments in the west is the fine new drug store of our friend R. M. Turner. He has spared no money or pains to make his store complete.

The other day a gentleman upon seeing that one of our furniture stores advertised spring mattresses, asked the proprietor why he didn't order "fall" mattresses this time of year.

Mr. T. D. Wagner has been appointed Depot agent at Baird, vice P. L. Callahan resigned. Mr. Wagner was formerly a resident of this county, and we welcome him back.

Hodes & Veit are going to convert their big rock building into their dry goods department exclusively. Their stock will be immense, and their prices lower than ever known in Baird.

Persons having real or personal property for sale or rent would do well to call on I. T. Blount, Attorney conveyancer, Baird Texas. Office at Rettig's furniture store.

Hats, Caps, Drawers, Shirts, Pants, Vests, Coats, Overcoats, Boots, shoes, Notions, and everything in the dry goods line at Hodes & Veit. Also a large stock of groceries.

In connection with their complete assortment of Drugs, Medicines and Chemicals, West & Fraser, of the City Drug Store—late City Pharmacy—carry an unequaled stock of Fancy Groceries.

I. T. Blount, Attorney at law Baird, Texas prepares all necessary papers connected with sales of real or personal property made by him, free of charge. Office at furniture store on Market street.

A gambler desperado shot and killed a ranger named Williams, at Big Spring last Tuesday night. The murderer was arrested and jailed at Colorado City, in default of bail which was placed at $5,000.

Two of our county commissioners are subscribers to their county paper, the others are not enough interested in public affairs to subscribe for the only paper printed in the county which elected them to office.

The long looked for rain came at last, and Monday and Tuesday we had splendid rains, which gave old mother earth a refreshing drink and laying the dust more effectually than it has been for a long time before.

The "City Pharmacy" has changed its name to "City Drug Store." This is the only change in the firm, and the business will be carried on as heretofore, in a first class style by the two popular proprietors, Drs. West & Frazer.

Why don't the County Commissioners report their proceedings and let the citizens know how the county affairs are managed? They all feel more or less interested in the matter and the CLARENDON will gladly publish the proceedings of every one of their meetings. We hope they are not ashamed of what they do.

Our friend James McFarland met with a painfull accident the other day, which came near proving serious. He had been branding a cow, and in turning her loose she threw her head back and struck Jim over the eye, inflicting a painful but not serious wound. This happened at Sam Cutbirth's ranch on the Bayou. Mr. Cutbirth started for town with him travelling nearly all night. He was very sick, but is getting along all right again.

Mr. T. J. Dean has left the stand which he lately occupied and has entered into a co-partnership with Mr. Whitley Jr., and have started a lunch stand and will also keep fruits, canned goods, etc. They occupy the building one door north of the post office.

The CLARENDON establishment is now adorned with a handsome thermometer and barometer combined, and we will now take the matter of regulating the weather into our own hands. For this little useful and ornamental article we are indebted to that Prince of druggists, R. M. Turner. He has several more of them.

Clean up About your Premises.

Would it not be a pious idea to have a general clean up? There are some back yards in town which are a disgrace to any civilized community, and should not be allowed to remain so for a single day. Besides looking bad and being a disgrace it has a serious influence upon health. Clean up your back yards and in front of your buildings, disinfect your privies, and avoid throwing decayed fruit or vegetables, broken bottles, old tin cans, barrel hoops and everything else you don't want into the street; that is not what the streets were intended for. There are a few places in town which for the want of disinfectants make one wish when passing that he had passed some other way. If this were not the healthiest place in the world these causes would certainly breed disease. Let everybody take this matter in hand and see that there is no filth about his premises, and Baird can be made one of the most beautiful towns in northwest Texas. Cleanliness is godliness, and to keep your premises clean is a debt you owe to yourself, your neighbor and everyone else. Let everyone move at once, and remove the trash and stigma from our town.

Look Out for the Show.

In addition to my present extensive stock of furniture I am just in receipt of a car load of furniture of neat and varied styles and have more on the way. I have dressing case suits, French dresser suits, bureaus, marble-top tables, extention tables, common tables, walnut bedsteads, wash stands, folding lounges, baby buggies and cribs, spring mattresses, safes and cupboards, chair frames, office stools, chromos, picture frames, picture cord, picture backing, picture nails, office chairs, rockers, hat racks, child's high chairs, mattresses—double and single, comforts—double and single, foot mats, iron foot scrapers, clocks, croquet sets, wall paper, window shades, table cutlery, glass and queensware, willow baskets, feather brushes, pillows, express wagons, looking glasses, moulding, cots, hammocks, etc., etc.

Call and see my stock before purchasing elsewhere. The ladies are especially invited to call and see my stock whether wanting to buy or not. By fair dealing and close prices, I hope to merit a share of the patronage of the people of Baird and surrounding country. Respectfully,
J. F. RETTIG.

ATTENTION, COMPANY!

Right about face! Double quick march, and halt in front of Ed. Northrup's Furniture Store; disband and go in and see his stock of furniture. His establishment is situated one door west of O. M. L. Parker's store, on Third street. He is selling goods as low as they can be sold and live at the business. He is prepared to repair your old furniture and make it as good as new. Wagon work of all kinds done with promptness and in first-class style. He is always to be found at the store, where by strict attention to business and fair dealing he hopes to meet a fair share of the public patronage. Call and see him. No trouble to show goods.

MERINO BUCKS FOR SALE.

The undersigned will have for sale at Baird, Callahan Co., Texas, about the 25th of September, one car load of Thoroughbred Spanish Merino Bucks, from the celebrated flocks of David Kelly & Sons. A book containing history and pedigree of flock will be shown to those who wish to purchase.
MORTIMER MCILHANY.

Plows for Sale.

A very Plows just received and for sale at Harry Meyers' hardware store.

The firm of Hodes & Veit is a striking example of what energy and pluck, coupled with intelligence and honesty of purpose will achieve. Only a short while ago, through a misunderstanding, they had to stop their business for a few days, but now, like the good ship after the storm, they have mastered the situation, their business is prospering more than ever, and more than ever they enjoy the confidence and trade of customers who want to buy first class goods at reasonable prices. They are increasing their stock so that it will soon be the largest in the west. Their immense rock building will in a few days be chock full of dry goods exclusively, bought north at exceedingly low prices. The ladies's department will comprise everything a lady can call for, from a pin to a silk dress, while the gentlemen's department will be complete in every respect. Their warehouse will be exclusively devoted to their grocery department, and their stock will be as complete and fresh as you can wish. All these goods were bought by Hodes and Veit at bottom prices, and they can and will duplicate Fort Worth or Dallas prices.

FOR SALE.

A first-class sheep ranch situated five miles south-west of Baird. Several good springs on the place. Enquire at the CLARENDON office.
24-tf.

Since the forty-cents-a-meal-or-no-grub has been in fashion in Baird, the Whitley House has increased the quality and diversity of its bill of fare to such a standard that Mr. Whitley's boarders are all growing fat. Their clothes are getting too small and they are going to start a "Fat men Club.

The committee on programme appointed by the Lone Star Literary Club have arranged the following program for their meeting to be held on Thursday September 22d.

PART I.

1. Opening chorus, "Work for the night is coming." By the club.
2. Select Reading, by D. Richardson.
3. Instrumental Music by Messrs. Emily and Dunn.
4. Select Reading Poetry by Miss Carrie Vaughan.
5. Instrumental Music by H. Flanders.
6. Declamation, by H. C. Brown.
7. Song and Chorus "Little Brown Church" by Miss Mary Roberts, Mr. H. C. Brown, Miss Maud Lewis and Mr. A. J. Little.
8. Original Essay, by W. R. Lotz.

Recess.

PART II.

1. Debate. Subject: "Should education be made compulsory by law?" Affirmative—Messrs. Prof. Lewis, H. E. Webb. Negative—Messrs. A. J. Little, I. T. Blount. Alternates—H. C. Brown, ——Lane.

Members are requested to meet promptly at half past seven P. M.

If any one is in doubt about the actual prosperity of Baird and its bright future, we will tell him: my friend, come here and see for yourself. During the last two weeks four new business houses have been opened in our town, and among them the most prominent is the store of Ed. Seay, one of the oldest dry goods and grocery men in Callahan county. Mr. Seay is a progressive man in the full meaning of the word, and like all progressive men, believes that advertising is the best road to success; hence see his advertisement in another column. Mr. Seay has been merchandising in Belle Plain for a number of years, but finding that the latter place was getting a little too dull for his energetic temperament, he concluded to move to the lively little city of Baird, where the scope of country being wider, he can carry a larger stock, more in harmony with his means and business capabilities. Mr. Seay has carried on business in this part of the country long enough to know exactly what to buy to suit this market; and his stock, consisting of general merchandise is complete in every respect; his prices are as reasonable as they can be, and we predict for him a bright future.

Hodes & Veit are prepared to warm you up in this and future cold snaps. They have entered into a contract with "Uncle Sam" to supply the people of Western Texas with Army blue overcoats. Don't spend big money buying a stove to keep you warm, but go to Hodes & Veit and buy an army overcoat, it will keep you warm and cheerful day and night. They sell them very cheap.

I have just received a very large stock of Crockery and Glass-ware, it will interest any house-keeper to come and look through. Come and see, it is pleasant to us to show them, if you don't buy; you will be sure to tell what you have seen and that is all we ask.
S. L. ROBERTSON.

The Laird Brothers, proprietors of the I. X. L. saloon are not going to get married, but will continue to sell the best liquors and cigars in town. Call on them when you want a smile.

Page Windham has just received a large stock of cigars and liquors of the very best quality. He don't keep no kill-me-quick whisky, but always hands over his bar the best of everything.

Belle Plain is going to hold an election to decide whether local option will hold the fort or not.

On Monday week, Sept. 26th., the free school will commence at Baird.

Window and Picture Glass, all sizes, very cheap at S. L. ROBERTSON'S.

GO TO

—THE CITY PHARMACY—

Front Street,

Baird City Texas,

WEST & FRASER, Props.,

—FOR—

PURE DRUGS,
MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS,
PAINTS,
OILS,
VARNISHES,
WINDOW GLASS,
WALL PAPER,
PATENT MEDICINES,
all kinds of STATIONERY,
Fine CHEWING and SMOKING
TOBACCOS
SELECT CIGARS

Everything usually found in a FIRST-CLASS DRUG STORE. look for the sign the Illuminated Mortar.

Stock for Sale!

100 HEAD
OF STOCK HORSES AND
30 HEAD
OF GENTLE BROKE GELDINGS AND MARES.

Will be sold in lots to suit purchasers, at
REASONABLE PRICES.

Apply in person or by letter to DAVID HENRY, Ranch in Hubbard Timbers. Post Office—Baird, Callahan Co., Texas.

4000 to 6000
Sheep for Sale

AT REASONABLE RATES AND IN LOTS TO SUIT PURCHASERS.

These Sheep are now Located four miles South of Baird, on the Baird and Belle Plain road.

For particulars address or inquire at City Hotel or S. Lapowski & Bro's Store, Baird, Texas.
J. F. BENNETT.

Sheep for Sale!
1,400
EWES and LAMBS for SALE!
For particulars inquire of
J. T. TRUNDY
AT THE
CITY HOTEL,
BAIRD - - - - - - - - - TEXAS.

REMOVAL!

ED. NORTHRUP has removed his manufacturing establishment from Belle Plain to Baird, and calls the attention of the public to his stock of
NEW AND ELEGANT
Furniture
Which he will keep complete in all the
New and Various Styles.
Among the combination as a specialty will be found the business of an
UNDERTAKER.
This department will receive special attention. A large and varied stock of
Ready Made Coffins
Kept Constantly in Stock.

MR. NORTHRUP is a First-Class
WAGON MAKER
and will give his personal attention to this department of his combination.
Wood Work
of Every Description done with neatness and dispatch, and
CONTRACTS FOR BUILDINGS
Taken and Carried out Accordingly.
THIRD STREET,
BAIRD, - - - TEXAS.

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 Bird Stoves and Ranges, Fairbanks Standard Scales, Farst & 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

J. W. AUSTIN,
—DEALER IN—
WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
SPECTACLES, &c,
FINE JEWELRY made to order and all Kinds of Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired by
Frank Austin
An Experienced and Practical Watch Maker.
Watches may safely be sent and returned by mail.
612 Main Street,
DALLAS, TEXAS.

HENRY ROBERTS,
Contractor for
ROCK BUILDINGS AND PLASTERING.
Baird, - - - Texas

Robert Estes, Justice of the Peace of precinct No. 3, residence about 8 miles west of Baird.
J. W. Merrick, Constable of precinct No. 3, residence 8 miles west of Baird on the line of the railroad.
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care. v1-50-1y

J. H. HOFFMAN
HOUSE, SIGN
AND
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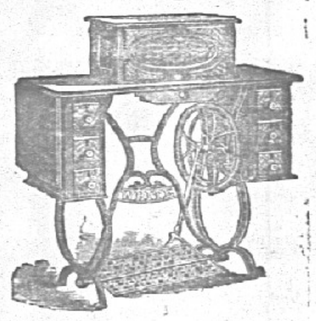
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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

BAIRD, - - - - TEXAS.

Graveyard Life Insurance in Pennsylvania.

A case heard before Alderman Graul of this city to-day resulted in an exposure of the methods of those engaged in the business of graveyard life insurance. An old man, bent with infirmities and a misspent life, brought suit against an agent to recover $25. The money, he said, had been promised him for the privilage of insuring his life, but the agent refused to pay the amount. The prosecutor is a "professional" in the business of having risks taken on his life, he playing the part of a dying man, when in reality his health is as good as the average man at his time of life. These professionals charge $5 per $1,000, but it seems that they are duped by many agents in the following manner:

A professional consents to be insured for $1,000, and is paid $5 cash. Generally speaking, he never reads what he signs, nor does he care much what it is. He thinks the papers are for an application for a single policy for $1,000. The agent who has him in hand gets his signature half a dozen times on as many different papers. He is told that it is necessary, as the company is a very strict one. The truth is, the old man has signed for three or four policies, for $1,000, $2,000, $3,000, and $5,000, for which, however, he receives a single fee of $5 only. He imagines that he has been insured for $1,000, whereas the amount on his life is $11,000. This is the way in which such large sums of insurance are placed on the lives of the old people. Old women, helpless and paralytic, poor and palsied, are hoodwinked in the same way. The agents then peddle the policies around the country to whoever will buy. This "watered stock," as it is called, forms a leading article for barter in many back country marts. It is a common expression that you can't throw a stone in Eastern Pennsylvania without hitting a graveyard life insurance agent with policies to sell. He has paid $5 to the subject and owns $11,000 worth of policies. They are in A1 companies that pay full face value of the policy. The agent thus carries on his sale:

"Now, sir, privately, you know, between you and me, this policy for $2,000 cost me $10 before I got it issued by the company. [Lie No. 1.] The subject is a good one, first class; wont live six months. [Lie No. 2.] Now, the policy just as it stands cost me $25. [Lie No. 3.] I will let you have it for $30, and I wouldn't be a bit surprised but you'd hear of the old paralyzed skeleton being dead in less than six months." [Lie No. 4.]

The policy is sold and duly assigned, for which the company receives $1, the agent makes $20, and the holder of the policy hunts up his subject to inspect him and speculate upon the probabilities of his early demise. It is safe to say that there is more money made in the sale of policies than in any other branch of the nefarious traffic.

An aged woman consents to have her life insured five times by as many different parties for $1,000 each. She then supposes there is $5,000 insurance on her life, whereas she has been tricked and duped, and in reality there is $55,000 on her, which, if she knew all the facts, would startle her out of her wits. These aged people never do know how much insurance is on their lives. An old woman boasted the other day that she was insured for $20,000. The fact is (but she does not know it), she is insured for $220,000, and the policies are held by her neighbors, who are anxiously watching and praying for her death. She is lively as a cricket, and laughs at the idea of her dying for the next ten years. To her intimate friends she says: "Oh, they'll all get tired of this before I'm half ready to die."

One of the leading young attorneys at this bar to-day remarked: "This insurance mania is a terrible thing. A few years ago a client of mine down country owned a fine farm, clear of all debt, and had money in bank and good credit everywhere. He was induced to go into this graveyard life insurance speculation, and it has utterly ruined him. Why, his monthly assessments amount to at least $700. He carries policies on old men and old women, but they don't die. When the policies were sold to him the agents represented the subjects to be half way in their graves. The assessments rain in on him, and for three years he has been bled until now his farm, his home, his all, has been swept from him, his credit at bank is gone, and he is on the verge of despair. In a few months he will have to throw up his policies. They are bad stock, and nobody will buy them. He can not unload. His ruin is complete. There are many others just like him. Farms are going down in neglect, and families heretofore prosperous are being ruined. No wonder that men are tempted to murder those they have insured and who will not die. About a week ago the farmer I allude to had a death occur in his favor for $2,000; but when he came to realize on his policy he received only $600, the company saying that there were only about 400 in that class, instead of 1,000. I was asked to enter suit against the company, but when I examined the policy, I saw that the company promised to pay only so much according to the number in the class of which the insured was a member. I told my client that he was very lucky in getting the $600."

Policies in these crooked companies vary in value just as speculative stocks are affected by the changes in the bulletins from the Executive Mansion. A dozen men holding policies on old people meet at an insurance exchange. Some of their subjects are reported dying, others slightly better, others about the same. The policy on the subject that is dying appreciates in value, and a sale is either made at an advance or the holder concludes to keep it. He refuses a good offer to-day only to regret it to-morrow when he learns that his subject is not in a dying condition, but getting better.—*Reading (Pa.) Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

—When the learned mineralogist of the East visits the Western mining camp he is known as the "rock sharp," and the boys are apt to make fun of him. The Virginia City *Chronicle* says of a Boston mineralogist who visited Bodie recently: "His costume was a cross between that of a Caribbean pirate and a Wood River emigrant. It consisted of a suit of white corduroy, cork helmet, and top boots laced in front, with ponderous soles, red fronts, and reaching nearly to his waist." His manner was one of fearful expectancy.

—Don Carlos proposes to spend the autumn in Scotland, and inquiries have been made with a view to his renting a villa at Bridge of Allan or Callander.

The Garter or Ribbon-Snake.

The garter-snake (*Eutænia sirtalis*)—abounding, as it does, in every State of the Union, and, indeed, throughout North America—is too common to need description.

In the latter part of March or early in April the male is in his best spirits and finest condition. If at this time you attempt to capture him, he will flatten himself out so as to appear twice his usual size, and strike with amazing vim and rapidity for so small an animal. I have had the blood drip from a finger lacerated by their sharp little teeth.

Toward the end of summer the female brings forth alive from twenty to thirty young. They exactly resemble their parent at birth, and are about seven and a half inches long. They are covered with a thin, transparent membrane, out of which they soon force their way.

The young snakes feed on angleworms and soft-bodied insects. As they increase in size they adopt their adult food—viz., frogs, toads, salamanders and small reptiles of all kinds, young birds and field mice, and, when obtainable, small fishes. In captivity I have succeeded in getting them to devour raw beef by moving it about with a fine wire. The snakes, believing it to be alive, seize and swallow it.

Now a word about this swallowing process. Strictly speaking, a snake does not "swallow," but crawls over its food. Both upper and lower jaws are freely movable and controlled by appropriate muscles. Having seized its prey, one upper jaw is moved forward, and the teeth, which all point backward, firmly fixed, then the jaw of the opposite side in the same manner, then the two lower jaws act in the same way, until the object is swallowed, the muscles of the neck meanwhile forcing the serpent's body forward over that of its victim.

Snakes, it is well known, are able to go a long time without food; not so long, however, as is usually thought. I think none of our common species could exist through even a single season without eating. The locomotive apparatus of serpents is very beautiful. Each vertebra (except the caudal) is supplied with a pair of freely movable ribs, the lower extremities of which are attached to the broad, movable belly-scales (*scuta*), each of which slightly underlies the preceding one. Each rib is supplied with a set of muscles, too complex to describe here. When the ribs are pulled forward, of course the *scuta* move with them, their smooth surfaces taking no hold on the ground. When, however, the muscles act in a counter direction, their sharp edges take firm hold, and the body is propelled forward.

Garter-snakes, like all ophidians, change their skins; not once a year, as is generally supposed, but three, five, or even more times in a season, according to age and condition.

I have many times witnessed this process of undressing. By stretching the jaws wide open and violently working the labials (lip scales) the skin is broken from about the lips. Then, by rubbing the head against the ground or convenient object, it is forced backward to the neck, whence it is unrolled from the rest of the body by the snake crawling like an earth worm (*i. e.*, contracting and extending the body) completely out of its old dress, assisting the operation by rubbing against stones and twigs. By blowing into the "neck" of this empty "slough," it may be for a moment inflated, looking like the ghost of its former owner.

What the term of life in the Eutæniæ may be is, in the nature of things, somewhat hard to determine; but, judging from their slow growth, I think that thirty or forty years would be within limits.

The principal diseases to which they seem to be subject are a fungoid growth of a soft, mucous character, which grows around and in the mouth, soon causing the animal to waste away and die, and a disease of the skin and superficial muscles, which gives the poor animal the appearance of being caked with white clay. This also is sooner or later fatal.

Nor does the ribbon-snake want for enemies. Frogs and toads will readily devour the young. I think both moles and shrews prey upon them, and several species of hawk feed upon the larger individuals.

This snake is entirely harmless and is even to a certain degree capable of being tamed. Indeed, I have had several which would take food from my hand, crawl into my coat pockets and up my arm, without showing the slightest fear, the species being usually, except the males in the breeding season, extremely timid.

In conclusion, I would say that the wholesale killing of every species of snake is not only cruel, but worse than useless, the greater number of species feeding largely on field mice, thus ridding the agriculturist of these annoying and destructive little pests. All species will get out of the way of man, if possible, and the two venomous varieties found in the New England and Middle States—the rattlesnake and copperhead—are, popular opinion to the contrary, rare.—*R. W. Seiss, in N. Y. Independent.*

A North Carolina Gold Coin.

An Alabama editor says: A few days ago a rare $5 gold coin was handed us by Mr. L. Breazeale, of Calera, for inspection. Said coin was about the size of a silver quarter, a shade thicker, the color of "old gold," and was inscribed as follows: On one side, "Carolina gold, August 1st, 1834. 140 c. 20 carats." On the other side, "C. Betchler. At Rutherf^d, 5 dollars." The history of this coin, as we learned from Mr. B., is about this: A gentleman by the name of Betchler owned and worked a gold mine in North Carolina about the date shown on said coin. At this time transportation facilities were not so good as they have become since, and the means of communication were much more limited. On this account Betchler found some difficulty in getting his gold dust to market and to the mints, and he formed the idea of coining it himself. Not wishing to infringe upon the Government, or to be considered a counterfeiter, he ascertained the exact amount of gold contained in the different varieties of gold coins coined by the Government, made his own dies, and coined his gold-dust in his own name, stamping his own name and the value upon each, as shown above. This was known throughout North Carolina as Betchler's gold, and passed among the people of that State, and elsewhere where the facts were known, as readily as the gold coins that bore the stamp of the Government mints. The $5 coin we saw and which Mr. B. had in his possession is a beautiful one, and is well worthy of a place in the cabinet of a numismatologist.

—On Aug. 1 the Lady Godiva procession was revived (after many years' lapse) at Coventry, England, in the presence of nearly 20,000 people.

GENERAL.

—The *Rubber Era* says that the value of the stocks held by Mr. Edison in the various companies formed to introduce his incandescent-light is about $5,000,000.

—Mummies are ground up, bones, coverings, bitumen, cases and all, for paint. Artists pay high prices for it. The bit of autumn leaf in yonder picture is a ground-up Browning of many hundreds of years ago, and the reddish-brown pool in the left-hand painting is an Egyptian paragrapher who smiled quaintly and sweetly in the forgotten corner of one of Pharoah's second editions.

A bald-headed eagle hovering over Sir John's Island, Canada, suddenly swooped down and attempted to carry off a two-year-old child of Mr. John Clancy, playing in a field alone. The light clothing gave way with every tug of the voracious bird, and was torn into ribbons. Some men working near by came up in time to save the child from injury, but the eagle refused to go any distance until shot at.

I remember one day in Sacramento," says a California preacher, "I saw four or five little boys sitting on the curbstone taking turns smoking a cigar stump they had picked up on the street. I stopped, and tapping one little fellow on the shoulder, said: 'My dear boy, do not do that. You don't know how bad it looks. Throw away that cigar and give up the habit.' The little chap, turning around and facing me, said, as he emitted a volume of smoke from his mouth, 'I would, sir, but I can't do without it.'"

—The steamboaters down from the upper river report the buffalo unusually numerous between the mouth of the Milk River and the Musclesheil. Men who have run the river for twenty years say that they have never seen them so plenty. They seem to have no point to make, only to wander from one side of the river to the other. They are fat and tame. Capt. Smith says that one thousand head could have been killed from his boat, the C. K. Peck, during her recent trips. The slaughter in the Yellowstone Valley last winter evidently did not exterminate this noblest of American game.

—The Lord of Wintersheim, who died about a century ago at Noebdenitz, Saxony, married an heiress, and being a man of no landed property, was reproached by his wife with this lamentable lack. Resolved to enjoy a posthumous revenge, he purchased from the parochial authorities of Noebdenitz a venerable oak and gave directions that his bones should be placed within its hollow trunk as a lasting protest against the charge that he had owned no real estate. To this day the visitor at Noebdenitz looks through the iron grating into the hollow oak where sits in state the skeleton of the Lord of Wintersheim.

—The Chinese and Japanese build most of their vessels of teak. This wood is very durable, and will stand the water better than any other wood that is used for ship-building. According to the *Australasian Shipping News*, there lies at the bottom of Dusky Bay a large vessel that can be plainly seen in clear water. She has been there for centuries, and the Maoris have a legend about her. They say that their grandfathers told them that in their childhood a large vessel sank in Dusky Bay; that the crew managed to reach one of the small islands and after living there for years died off one by one. Who they were or where they came from the Maoris could not say. A diver is said to have recently examined this mysterious old hulk. He reported that she is built of teak and appears to be still perfectly sound and firm.

—The heedlessness with which too many women rush into matrimony, says the Chicago *Tribune*, is well illustrated by the career of the bigamist Marvin, who was arrested Thursday at Lynn, Mass., after a successful career of five years, in which time he had succeeded in contracting no less than eight unlawful marriages of which the police have cognizance. In each instance Marvin, who is a portly and respectable-appearing man of nearly 60 years, had succeeded in inducing the woman to marry him without giving his character the most casual investigation—not even that to be secured by a few months' acquaintance. In view of the fact that in nearly every instance Marvin's victims were selected from among the upper circles of society, the success of his schemes is a sad commentary on the American system of courtship and marriage, and shows conclusively the wrongs which may easily be perpetrated under its protecting influences.

Kathinka's Fate—Born in a Palace, Drowned in the Mississippi.

Kathinka de P., born on the 7th of September, 1859, was the only daughter of Count Michael de P., a great landowner in the vicinity of Warsaw. In the bosom of a loving family she spent the first twelve years of her life, which promised to end as happily as it had begun. In October, 1871, little Kathinka was sent to a boarding school in the vicinity of Stuttgart, and she afterward completed her education at Lyons, in France, and at the University of Zurich. In the summer of 1878 the young Countess returned to her father's castle fully developed in mind and body, an ornament to her sex, and the pride of her family. The next autumn she gave her hand to her lover, Victor de F. Victor was fully equal to his bride in mental and material advantages, and the felicity of the young couple appeared to be secured against all attacks from without. But how strange was their destiny!

The old Count de P. and his wife had been involved in political controversies, which ended by both of them being banished to Siberia. Victor de F., who had played a role in the unfortunate movement, fled in time to the United States, and succeeded in finding a situation in Baltimore which gave but wretched support to himself and his wife. At the end of May he set out to find another situation, and on the 6th of July, provided with very slight means, they started for the far West. The journey was fortunate until they took the railroad between Chicago and Dubuque. In the cars of the Illinois Central Railroad the unlucky man was struck with apoplexy and died at once. Deprived of all means of help, the miserable wife, with her child six months old, arrived in Dubuque, where, with the aid of charitable persons, she was able to give her beloved husband a proper burial.

From Dubuque she desired to go to St. Louis, but her money only sufficed to take her as far as Davenport, and from there she was helped on to Muscatine. Here our acquaintance with the unlucky lady began. On July 26 Madam De F., an elegantly dressed lady of great beauty, came into our office and explained to us her situation. Tears flowed abundantly, and the deepest grief was printed upon every feature of her countenance. Without reserve she related to us the history of her life. We succeeded in getting her a ticket to Burlington. Before her departure she handed us several family papers, a gold ring set with diamonds, her wedding ring, and a letter to her parents. She also made the request that, after the receipt of more particular directions, these articles should be sent to the address she had given us. It was on Friday last that we received the following lines:

NEAR KEOKUK, Aug. 9, 1881.

RESPECTED SIR: When you receive these lines your protegee and her innocent child will no longer be among the living. They have sought and found eternal repose. I beg you earnestly to fulfill my last request in regard to the articles confided to you. Think kindly of an unfortunate one, whose last years of life were a long series of disapointments and privations. Farewell, my happiness, farewell! KATHINKA DE P.

On receipt of these lines we sought for information whether the unfortunate lady had really committed the rash deed of suicide and child murder, and received from Hannibal, Mo., the answer that on Friday last the corpse of a woman whose dress and appearance answered our description had been brought ashore. Of the body of the child nothing has yet been discovered. The various articles confided to us were sent on the same day to Russia by Morris's European Express, accompanied by a letter and certificate of death.

Educated in splendor and riches, this daughter of one of the most aristocratic families of Europe ended her life in the waters of the Mississippi.—*Muscatine (Iowa) Journal.*

Man's Constancy.

The tremulous moonbeams toyed with the restless leaves, and the whispering winds of the August night, like the sigh of some passing spirit, seemed the kind of sort of—like it was—or someting like that.

As he held her for one moment in his passionate embrace, holding her to his breast as though he would concentrate all the wild, burning love of his life in that one caress, there was a sound like a hawser parting in a gale, and she gently stopped him.

"Darling," she said, tenderly, "it is sweet to be loved, but corsets are cash this summer and there goes the third rod since Sunday."

The ardent boy held her off with both hands—he was only a child of forty-two—and looked at her face as though he was examining a suspicious Treasury note.

"My own," he said, "how well I love you your heart can tell. What have I not endured for your dear sake? Twice last week your father kicked me off the moonlit stoop; on Tuesday last your brother licked me in the public street; the taste of my blood is yet fresh on the fangs of yon sleeping hound; and should your mother find me hear to-night—oh, help me, immortal gods! But I will die, if they should find me, I will die at your feet. This it is, my own heart's darling, this it is to love fondly, eternally and unselfishly. Fly with me now; we will to yonder isle——"

"But there is such a difference in our ages, dear," she sighed, smoothing the rumpled ribbon at her waist, "the days of the years of your pilgrimage are forty and two, and I am but a little girl of nineteen brief; but happy, summers. And oh——"

"Think you," exclaimed the gray-haired boy, impetuously, "think you that I am proud beyond my love, and would spurn you because the world may taunt you with your youth? Oh, no; in my arms I would shield you from its cruel sneers, and for your sake I would forget how young you are. Beside, is not my ripe experience old enough for both of us?"

"And you are poor," she said, once more nestling in his arms, "you are so poor, they say."

"Poor!" he exclaimed, rapturously, "and they who say it do not know how poor I am, sweetheart; by yon bright moon I swear I am poor enough for ten men. With me, you could not ask for more poverty and fewer clothes than I would bring you."

"And I am rich," she said, turning her face so that she could look into her lover's eyes. "Pa says that when he dies I will have $298,000.

But there was no shade of sadness, no passing shadow of renunciation in his steadfast eyes. Twining his arms around her yet more closely, he said, more earnestly than he had spoken yet:

"And am I base enough to give you up for that? Think you I will tear you from my arms for that? Fairest and best, believe me, I do love you well enough to overlook your wealth, and if you will but come to these arms of mine, bring it all with you—nay, do not start, believe me, for me heart is in the words; bring it with you, every whit, and see if to me constant heart it will not make you even doubly dear."

The sound of an old man was heard in the shadowy distance, and with one lingering embrace the proud youth fled. And on her pillow that night, long hours the maiden brooded o'er his constancy, and the exceeding faithfulness of his love. And murmuring "He loves me for myself and all I have; I am, indeed, his very own," she fell asleep to dream of him.

And how did she reward his constancy? Oh, faithlessness of woman's fickle vows! Oh, bleeding ruin of man's loving constancy! It has ever been so. Within three months that girl married a young fellow from Arizona, son of a bank President and himself a big operator in mines, worth about $500,000 in clear money and more mining claims than he could count in three weeks.

And the discarded lover, loving his false one no less dearly than before, went out to Arizona and got a confidential clerkship under the husband, because he was an old friend of his wife's, and he is now robbing his employer at a daily rate that shows how his heart still fondly clings to the love of other days.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

An Adventurous Young Traveler.

About ten o'clock Sunday morning Mr. Tinsman, the station agent at State Hill, on the Erie Railway, observed an engine passing by at a high rate of speed. Clinging to the coupling-pin in the rear of the tender was a little boy about eight or ten years of age. The little fellow was in an exceedingly perilous position, and should he lose his hold or be shaken off would almost certainly have been killed. Mr. Tinsman saw the child's peril. The engine was then past him and could not be stopped, but with rare presence of mind he hastened to the telegraph office and sent messages to Johnson's, the next station, and to Westtown, further on, ordering them to flag the engine and remove the child. He also sent a message to the general office at Jersey City, which repeated the message along the line. It was received at Johnson's just in time, and the engine was stopped. With anxious hearts they stepped to the rear of the tender and found the adventurous little traveler still in his place, unharmed. He was sent back to his home at Middletown on the milk train.—*Middletown (N. Y.) Press.*

HOME AND FARM.

—Never cut a fowl's wing to prevent its flying. Pull out the flight feathers of one wing.

—Old table-cloths can be used for making napkins, soft towels for infants, and the oldest and most worn pieces do nicely for wash rags.

—Animals when confined and supplied with fattening food always increase largely in weight during the first few weeks, after which the rate of increase diminishes to a considerable extent.

—Tossed Potatoes.—Boil some potatoes in their skins; peel them and cut into small pieces. Toss them over the fire in a mixture of cream, butter rolled in flour, pepper and salt, till they are hot and well covered with the sauce.

Egg Sauce.—Take yolks of two eggs boiled hard; mash them with a tablespoonful of mustard, a little pepper and salt, three tablespoonfuls of vinegar and three of salad oil. A tablespoonful of catsup improves this for some.

—It is an old adage to give the animals all they will eat. It would be better to say give them all they can digest. There are a great many animals which eat more than they can digest. As a general thing horses which stand in the stall idle eat much more than those which work all the time.

Tomato Catsup.—One-half peck ripe tomatoes, six large onions, four red peppers; add two cups sugar, four cups vinegar, a tablespoonful each of salt and ground mustard, two tablespoonfuls cinnamon, allspice, ginger, nutmeg and cloves; boil three hours; strain and bottle for use; leave out sugar if you prefer; this will keep for years.

—Peach Shortcake.—Make a dough as for soda biscuits, only shorter; roll to one-fourth of an inch thick, and place on a baking tin; spread this with butter, and place another layer of dough on top. Bake in a quick oven. While hot, separate the two layers, and spread mashed fresh peaches with plenty of sugar between, also over the top, and serve with cream.

—Manure should be forked over occasionally to make it fine. If it is heating, muck or loam should be mixed with it to absorb the ammonia which is formed during the process of decomposition. Sprinkling the heap with ground plaster is also advisable. The plaster will absorb any ammonia which escapes from the pile and save it for the use of growing plants. Ammonia is too valuable an element of plant food to allow it to be wasted.

—To make Bavarian cream with peaches, allow eighteen fine peaches to half a pound of sugar, cut them in small pieces and boil. When reduced to a marmalade, squeeze them through a sieve or colander. Add half a package of dissolved gelatine and a glassful of good cream. Stir it well to make it smooth. When it is about to set add a pint of whipped cream, and mold it. It makes a still prettier dish to serve halves or quarters of fresh peaches, half frozen, around the cream.

—Chow-Chow.—Two quarts of tomatoes, two white onions, half-dozen green peppers, one dozen cucumbers, two heads of cabbage, all chopped fine; let this stand over night; sprinkle a teacup of salt in it. In the morning drain off the brine and season with one tablespoonful of celery seed, one ounce of tumeric, half teaspoonful of cayenne pepper, one cup of brown sugar, one ounce of allspice, one ounce of black pepper, one quarter ounce of cloves, vinegar enough to cover, and boil two hours.

—A Nice Little Side Dish. Take boiled Irish potatoes and mash them smooth, and take of minced cold meat (any kind of roast meat) about half as much as you have potatoes, and a finely chopped onion (if onions are not liked, it is good without), season well with pepper, salt and butter, and break into it two eggs, mash and mix well together, put it on a pie plate, and mark it in a high, round cone, set it in a brisk oven, and let it brown evenly. Serve hot.

—Seed wheat is prepared for sowing, as a preventive of rust and smut, in several ways, such as by steeping in a strong brine of salt and water and then drying in air-slacked lime; by steeping in a solution of four ounces of sulphate of copper in one gallon of water, or in a solution of four ounces of glauber salts (sulphate of soda) in a gallon of water, and then while wet mixing with air-slacked quick-lime. The steeping is continued for twelve hours, and is done immediately before sowing. The effect of these preparations is to destroy any germs of the smut fungus or seed spores of which the smut consists by their caustic action. As the process is certainly effective to some extent, it should be generally practiced, for if this were done the diffusion of the spores of smut far and wide from the smut in the crops would be materially reduced more and more every year.

Horse-Stable Floors.

The long-debated question as to the best material for stable-floors is being again revived. A clay floor was adhered to by some for years, and such was the earnestness of its advocates and the many arguments brought to bear upon it that we were induced some twenty years ago to try it. In three or four months we had the planks back again, being satisfied of the disadvantages of clay for this purpose. Our present floor of plank is simply inclined a little from front to rear, where the usual gutter is made to carry off the liquid voidings. We do not believe in sand, coal-ashes, sawdust, asphaltum, flags, cobble-stones, or any of these modern devices to injure horses. Thus far we have never noticed that this little inclination was in any way injurious; and we doubt whether the wooden grating that we frequently see placed over the planking that some use would be advisable on the ground that the animal would be no more comfortable, while this movable grating or second floor might lead to accidents. When a person can keep horses in good, sound, healthy condition for five or seven years, as we have done, on a carefully constructed plank-flooring, inclining a little to the rear, it is just as well to be satisfied with it. Do what one will, holes will be dug by the stamping of the feet in the clay, and these will be filled with moisture, which will necessarily result in scratches, quarter crack, etc. If the clay is leveled off and beaten down daily, it will make no difference. Some time ago we inspected a number of stables where many horses were kept, and we encountered only one which was composed of anything but wood. Of course there will be new things—inventions—springing up, which are to meet and overcome every objection, and there will be some to adopt them, but we shall be satisfied with what we have until there is something produced about which there will be no mistake.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

—Charles O'Conor, the well-known New York lawyer, six years ago was given up by his doctors, who left his bedside and pronounced him past hope and recovery; but the old man of 74 rallied, even after the closing rites of the church had been performed and the consecrated wafer was placed in his mouth, and called for what he had long been begging, a pear, ate it and is alive to-day.

"Mother Has Recovered,"

wrote an Illinois girl to her Eastern relatives. "She took bitters for a long time but without any good. So when she heard of the virtues of Kidney-Wort she got a box and it has completely cured her Liver complaint."—*Health and Home.*

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