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B. L. RUSSELL

VOLUME NO. 26.

BAIRD, CALLAHAN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, OCT., 17, 1913.

NO. 45



ROYAL SOCIETY

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We are showing a beautiful line of Ladies Coats, Suits and Dresses for Fall in the very newest materials and models at exceptionally low prices.

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We represent the Mandel-Weil Company and the Palmer Garment. Both do high-class work. Let us take your order for a tailored suit.

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Everybody tells us we're the cutest, most lovable little creatures ever made to smile at people and make them smile. We came from Rose O'Neal's pen, then we've been dolls for the children, and now embroidery designs for the grown ups. You can only get us in Royal Society Package Outfits, for Rose O'Neal arranged so that we would belong to the famous Royal Society family of needlework designs. Kewpie Package Outfits are made in a charming line of Pillows, Dresser Scarfs, Bibs, Fancy Bags and other novelties.

Phone No. 10

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Baird, Texas

Until Nov. 10th I can make this special club rate on the following magazines: Woman's Home Companion, Delineator and Ladies World all three, for \$2.80. I have 34 other clubs as good.—Miss John Gilliland, at THE STAR office.

See Bowlus for roof paint, 50c per gallon. 43-1f.
Coal—Coal—Coal, W. G. Bowlus.
When in need of underwear for yourself or children don't forget that B. L. Boydston has the Munsing wear. 43-1f.

SENIOR CLASS, BAIRD HIGH SCHOOL

The Senior Class of the Baird High School met in the School Auditorium, Monday, Oct. 7, 1913, for the purpose of organizing their class.

The following officers were elected: Otis Bowyer, President. Kate Darby, Vice-President. Annette Fraser, Secy-Treas. Royce Gilliland, Sargent-at-Arms. Elizabeth Work, Class Reporter. The following Committee was appointed by the President to select the class color and class flower: Eugene Bell, Clyde White, Nina Griggs and Clara Pearl Jackson. This committee decided that the class colors should be Green and Gold and the class flower, the Killarney Rose.

The following Social Committee was also appointed by the President: Lora Johnson, Amy Bowyer, Louise Faust, Kathryn Boydston and Mildred Foy. This committee is planning quite a number of delightful entertainments, among them being a Hallowe'n party to be given in the school auditorium Oct. 31.

Lige Cutbirth and Nina Griggs were chosen Duke and Dudenine of the Class of '14.

PLAY.

The Ladies Aid of the Baptist Church will present a play, "When Patty Went to Boarding School" by the Mary E. Simmons Society of Simmons College, Abilene, at the Cooke Opera House Friday night, Oct. 24th. This is a splendid play in which a number of students of Simmons College take part. There will also be several musical specialties. Remember the date and come out and enjoy the play and help the ladies in their church work. Admission 25c and 35c.

LYCEUM COURSE.

C. H. Mahan, local manager for the Lyceum Course, announces as the first attraction Booth Lowrey, Humorist and Satirist, at the Public School Auditorium Saturday night, November 1st. The proceeds of this series of five entertainments by the Dixie Lyceum Bureau is to be used in seating the School Auditorium. See C. H. Mahan for season tickets, \$2.50 or two for \$4.00 All school children can get season ticket for \$1.00 by seeing Prof. Green or Prof. Boren. The following press notices will give the public some idea of Booth Lowrey's class of entertainment:

The Morning Post, Jamestown, New York: For over an hour the audience sat in the Y. M. C. A. Auditorium last evening, entirely oblivious to all save Booth Lowrey and his wit and wisdom, his humor and pathos and satire. If there was ever a lecturer who found his way into the hearts of a Jamestown audience, and his "Simon Says Wig-Wag." Booth Lowrey has absorbed all the humor and pathos of the South, and has blended them into delicate shadings that lighten the heart and leave it blithe and free, not oppressed by the sorrows wrought to too high a pitch by humor.

The Daily Whig, Jackson, Tennessee: Booth Lowrey is a king among men, in body, mind and soul. Perhaps the most striking characteristic in his personality is his utter abhorrence of "shams" in any guise or fashion. For one hour we responded to the touch of a master-hand, and we did not care whether the tears in our eyes were from laughing until we cried, or crying until we laughed. Though fully appreciating him as a humorist, it

seems his greatest achievement is in the pathetic and dramatic productions that have marked him as one of the gifted authors of the South.

Remember the date, Saturday, November 1st.

Mrs. H. D. Driskill entertained the Presbyterian Aid Society last Thursday afternoon.

Everette Driskill, Mrs. S. L. Driskill and daughter, Miss Jeanette Miss Addie Day and Mrs. B. F. Austin spent Monday in Abilene.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Franklin and daughters, Misses Inez and Lora and H. D. Driskill spent Tuesday in Abilene.

THE NEW HATS

are distinctive. No man will want to wear his old one any longer when he sees these attractive new styles

Stiff Hats \$3.00 to \$6.50

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MOLLY McDONALD

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER



By
RANDALL PARRISH
Author of "Keith of the
Border," "My Lady of
Doubt," "My Lady of the
South," etc. etc.

Illustrations by
V. L. Barnes

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"Yes," her eyes still upon the sergeant's uncovered face, "I am coming. Don't imagine I shall ever forget," she murmured hastily, "or that I will not be glad to meet you anywhere."

"Some time I may put you to the test," he answered soberly. "If any trouble comes, trust Wasson—he is a real man."

He stood there, one arm thrown over the neck of the horse, watching them ride away up the trail. The lieutenant and the girl were together at the rear of the short column, and he seemed to be talking earnestly. Hamlin never moved, or took his eyes from her until they disappeared over the ridge. Just as they dipped down out of sight she turned and waved one hand. Then the man's gaze swept over the debris of the burned stage, and the two mounds of earth. Even these mute evidences of tragedy scarcely sufficed to make him realize all that had occurred in this lonely spot. He could not seem to separate his thought from the cavalcade which had just departed, leaving behind the memory of that farewell wave of the hand. To him it marked the end of a dream, the return to a life distasteful and lonely.

Mechanically the sergeant loaded his rifle, and strapped the old Confederate haversack to his saddle pommel, staring again, half unbelieving, at the faded inscription underneath the flap. Yet the sight of those letters awoke him, bringing to his bronzed face a new look of determination. He swung into the saddle, and, rifle across his knees, his eyes studying the desolate distance, rode westward along the deserted trail.

CHAPTER XIII.

Back at Fort Dodge.

The swiftly speeding weeks of that war-summer on the plains had brought many changes to the hard-worked troops engaged in the campaign or garrisoning the widely scattered posts south of the Platte. Scouting details, although constantly in the saddle, failed to prevent continued Indian depredations on exposed settlements. Stage routes were deserted, and the tolling wagons of the freighters vanished from the trails. Reports of outrages were continuous, and it became more and more evident that the various tribes were at length united in a desperate effort to halt the white advance. War parties broke through the wide-strung lines of guard, and got safely away again, leaving behind death and destruction. Only occasionally did these Indian raiders and the pursuing troops come into actual contact. The former came and went in swift forays, now appearing on the Pawnee, again on the Saline, followed by a wild ride down the valley of the Arkansas. Scattered in small bands, well mounted and armed, no one could guess where the next attack might occur. Every day brought its fresh report of horror. From north and south, east and west, news of outrages came into Sheridan's headquarters at Fort Wallace.

Denver, at the base of the mountains, was practically in state of siege, provisioned only by wagon trains sent through under strong guard; the fringe of settlement along the water ways was deserted, men and women fleeing to the nearest government posts for protection and food. The troops, few in number and widely scattered in small detachments, many being utilized as scouts and guards, were unequal to the gigantic task of protecting so wide a frontier. Skirmishes were frequent, but the Indians were wary and resourceful, and only once during the entire summer were they brought into real decisive battle. The last of August, Major Forsythe, temporarily commanding a company of volunteer scouts, was suddenly attacked by over a thousand warriors under command of Roman Nose. A four days' fight resulted, with heavy loss on both sides, the Indians being driven from the field by the opportune arrival of fresh troops.

The general condition of affairs is well shown by the reports reaching Fort Wallace in September. Governor Hunt wrote from Denver: "Just returned. Fearful condition of things here. Nine persons murdered by Indians yesterday, within radius of nine miles." A few days later, acting Governor Hall reported: "The Indians have again attacked our settlements in strong force, obtaining possession of the country to within twelve miles of Denver. They are more bold, fierce, and desperate in their assaults than ever before. It is impossible to drive them out and protect the families at the same time, for they are better armed, mounted, disciplined, and better officered than our men. Each hour brings intelligence of fresh barbarities, and more extensive robberies." This same month Governor Crawford, of Kansas, telegraphed: "Have just received a dispatch from Hays, stating that Indians attacked, captured, and burned a train at Pawnee Fork; killed, scalped, and

burned sixteen men; also attacked another train at Cimarron Crossing, which was defended until ammunition was exhausted, when the men abandoned the train, saving what stock they could. Similar attacks are of almost daily occurrence."

South of the Cimarron all was desolation, and war raged unchecked from the Platte to the Pecos. Sheridan determined upon a winter campaign, although he understood well the sufferings entailed upon the troops by exposure on the open plains at that season. Yet he knew the habits of Indians; that they would expect immunity from attack and would gather in villages, subject to surprise. He, therefore, decided that the result would justify the necessary hardships involved. To this end smaller posts were abandoned, and the widely scattered

soldiers ordered to central points in preparation for the contemplated movement. Devere had deserted earlier, and Major McDonald had marched his men to Dodge, where Molly awaited his coming. Retained there on garrison duty, the two occupied a one-story, yellow stone structure fronting the parade ground. In October, orders to march reached "M" troop, Seventh Cavalry, at Fort Union, and the ragged, bronzed troopers, who all summer long had been scouting the New Mexican plains, turned their horses' heads to the northeast in hopefulness of action. With them up the deserted Santa Fe trail, past burned stations and wrecks of wagon trains, rode Sergeant Hamlin, silent and efficient, the old Confederate haversack fastened to his saddle, and his mind, in spite of all effort, recurring constantly to the girl who had gone to Dodge early in the summer. Was she still there? If so, how would she greet him now after these months of absence? The little cavalry column, dust-covered and weary, seemed fairly to creep along, as day by day he reviewed every word, every glance, which had passed between them; and at night, under the stars, he lay with head on his saddle, endeavoring to determine his course of action, both as to their possible meeting, and with regard to the following of the clue offered by the haversack. The time he had hoped for was at hand, but he could not decide the best course of action. He could only wait, and permit Fate to interfere.

Certain facts were, however, sufficiently clear, and the Sergeant faced them manfully. Not merely the fact that he was in the ranks, great as that handicap was, could have prevented an attempt at retaining the friendship of Molly McDonald. But he was in the ranks because of disgrace—hiding away from his own people, keeping aloof from his proper station in life, out of bitter shame. If he had felt thus before, he now felt it a thousand times more acutely in memory of the comradeship of her whose words had brought him a new gleam of hope. Never before had loneliness seemed so complete, and never before had he realized how wide was the chasm between the old and the new life. This constantly recurring memory embittered him, and made him restless. Yet out of it all, there grew a firmer determination to win back his old position in the world, to stamp out the lie through which the Confederate court-martial had condemned him. If Le Fevre were alive, he meant now to find him, face him, and compel him to speak the truth. The discovery of that haversack gave a point from which to start, and his mind centered there with a fixed purpose which obscured all else.

It was after dark when "M" troop, weary by their long day's march across the brown grass, rode slowly up the face of the bluff, and into the parade ground at Fort Dodge. The lights of the guard-house revealed the troopers' faces, while all about them gleamed the yellow lamps, as the garrison came forth to welcome their arrival. Guided by a corporal of the guard the men led their horses to the stables, and, as they passed the row of officers' houses Hamlin caught a furtive glimpse in a radius of light that gave his pulses a sudden throb. She was here—here! He had hardly dared hope for this. They would meet again; that could scarcely be avoided in such narrow quarters. But how? On what terms? He ventured the one swift glimpse at her—a slender, white-robed figure, one among a group of both men and women before an open door, through which the light streamed—heard her ask: "Who are they? What cavalry troop is that?" caught the response in a man's voice: "M' of the Seventh, from Fort Union," and then passed by, his eyes looking straight ahead, his hand gripping his horse's bit.

Thirty minutes later in the great barracks, he hung his accoutrements over the bed assigned him in the far corner, and, revolver belt still buckled about his waist, stood at the open window, striving to determine which of those winking lights shone from the house where he had

seen her. There had been something in the eagerness of her voice which he could not forget, nor escape from. She had seemed to care, to feel an interest deeper than mere curiosity. The Sergeant's heart beat rapidly, even while he sternly told himself he was a fool. A hand touched his shoulder, and he wheeled about to grip Wasson's hand.

"Well, 'Brick,' old boy," said the scout genially, although his thin face was as solemn as ever; "so you felt



War Raged Unchecked From the Platte to the Pecos.

lows have come back to be so shindy?"

"We've been in it all summer, Sam," was the reply. "It's been lively enough south of the Cimarron, the Lord knows. I've been riding patrol for months now. But what's up? No one seems to know why we were ordered in."

"It's all guess-work here," and Wasson sat down on the narrow bed and lit his pipe. "But the 'old man' is getting something under way, consolidating troops. Your regiment is going to be used, that's certain. I've been carrying orders between here and Wallace for three weeks now, and I've heard Sheridan explode once or twice. He's tired of this guerrilla business, and wants to have one good fight."

"It is getting late," and Wasson sat down on the narrow bed and lit his pipe. "But the 'old man' is getting something under way, consolidating troops. Your regiment is going to be used, that's certain. I've been carrying orders between here and Wallace for three weeks now, and I've heard Sheridan explode once or twice. He's tired of this guerrilla business, and wants to have one good fight."

"That's the way he figures it out, accordin' to my notion. We've always let those fellows alone during the bad weather, and they've got so they expect it. The 'old man' figures he'll give 'em a surprise."

"A winter campaign?"

"Why not? We can stand it if they can. O' course, I'm just guessin'; there's no leak at headquarters. But Custer's up there, with a wave of the hand to the north, and they've got the maps out."

"What maps?"

"I only got a glimpse of them out of the tail of my eye, but I reckon they was of the Klatzy south of the Arkansas, along the Canadian."

Hamlin sat down beside him, staring across the big room.

"Then it's Black Kettle; his band is down on the Washita," he announced. "I hope it's true."

"They're arrangin' supply depots, anyhow; six companies of infantry are on Monument Creek, and five troops of cavalry on the North Canadian already. Wagon trains have been haulin' supplies. There's some stiff work ahead when the snow flies, or I miss my guess."

Hamlin sat silent, thinking, and the scout smoked quietly, occasionally glancing toward his companion. Finally he spoke again, his voice barely audible.

"That little girl you sent in with us is here yet?"

The Sergeant was conscious that his cheeks flamed, but he never looked up.

"Yes, I saw her as we came in."

"She's asked me about you once or twice; don't seem to forget what you did for her."

"Sorry to hear that."

"No, yer not; couldn't no man be sorry to have a girl like that take an interest in him. Tain't in human nature. What did yer tell her about me?"

"Tell her?" surprised. "Why, I only advised her to hang close to you if anything happened. I didn't exactly like the style of the Lieutenant."

"That's what I thought. Well, she's done it, though that hasn't pried her loose from Gaskins. He's haulin' her like a shroud. It's garrison talk they're engaged, but I ain't so sure 'bout that. She an' I hev got to be pretty good friends, though o' course, it's strictly on the quiet. I ain't got no invite to officers' row yet. She's asked me a lot 'bout you."

"Interesting topic."

"Well, I reckon as how she thinks it is, anyhow. Yesterday she asked me 'bout that scrimmage yer had down on the Canadian. She'd heard 'bout it somehow, an' wanted the story straight. So I told her all I knowed, an' yer oughter seed her eyes shine while I was sorter paintin' it up."

"Oh, hell; let's drop it," disgustedly.

"The Lieutenant here yet?"

"Sure; his Company is down on Monument, but he got special detail. He's got a pull, Gaskins has."

"How is that?"

"His old man is Senator, or something, an' they say, has scads o' money. Enyway, the kid finds the army a soft snap. First scoutin' detail he ever had when you met him. Didn't hunt no danger then, so fur as I could see. Nice little dude, with a swelled head, but popular with the ladies. I reckon McDonald ain't objectin' none to his chasin' after Miss Molly; that's why he's let her stay in this God-forsaken place so long. Well, 'Brick,' I reckon I've told all the news,

and hed better move long."

"Hold on a minute, Sam," and Hamlin, suddenly recalled to earth, reached for the haversack hanging on the iron bedpost. "Moylan, the fellow who was killed in the coach with us, had this bag. According to Miss McDonald, he bought it here just before starting on the trip. See this inscription; those are the initials of an old acquaintance of mine I'd like to trace. Any idea where Moylan found it?"

Wasson held the bag to the light studying the letters.

"Fourth Texas—hey? That your regiment?"

The Sergeant nodded, his lips tightly pressed together.

"Must hev come from Dutch Charlie's outfit," the scout went on slowly. "He picks up all that sorter truck."

"Where is that?"

"In town thar, under the bluff. We'll lock it up tomorrow."

CHAPTER XIV.

Under Arrest.

One by one the barrack lights went out as the tired troopers sought their beds. Hamlin extinguished his also, and only one remained burning, left for emergency near the door, which flung a faint glow over the big room. But the Sergeant's reflections kept him awake, as he sat on the foot of his bed, and stared out of the open window into the darkness. There was little upon which to focus his eyes, a few yellow gleams along officers' row, where callers still lingered, and the glow of a fire in front of the distant guard-house, revealing occasionally

the black silhouette of a passing sentinel. Few noises broke the silence, except the strains of some distant musical instrument, and a voice far away saying good-night. Once he awoke from reverie to listen to the call of the guards, as it echoed from post to post, ceasing with "All well, Number Nine," far out beyond the stables.

The familiar sound served to recall him to the reality of his position. What was the use? What business had he to dream? For months now he had kept that girl's face before him, in memory of a few hours of happiness when he had looked into her dark eyes and heard her pleasant speech. Yet from the first he had known the foolishness of it all. He was nothing to her, and could never become anything. Even if he cleared his past record and stepped out of the ranks into his old social position, the chances were she would never overlook what he had been. Her gratitude meant little, nor her passing interest in his army career. All that was the natural result of his having saved her



It Revealed a Woman Shrinking Against the Yellow Stone Wall.

life. He possessed no egotism which permitted him to think otherwise. Years of discipline had drilled into him a consciousness of the impassable gulf between the private and the officer's daughter. The latter might be courteous, kindly disposed, even grateful for services rendered, but it must end there. The Major would see that it did, would resent bitterly any presumption. No, there was nothing else possible. If they met—as meet they must in that contracted post—it would be most formal, a mere exchange of reminiscence, gratitude expressed by a smile and pleasant word. He could expect no more; might esteem himself fortunate, indeed, to receive even that recognition. Meanwhile he would endeavor to strike Le Fevre's trail. There were other interests in the world to consider besides Molly McDonald, and his memory drifted away to a home he had not visited in years. But thought would not concentrate there, and there arose before him, as he lay there, the face of Lieutenant Gaskins, wearing the same expression of insolent superiority as when they had parted out yonder on the Santa Fe trail.

"The cowardly little fool," he muttered bitterly under his breath, gripping the window frame. "It will require more than his money to bring her happiness, and I'll never stand for that. Lord! She's too sensible ever to love him. Good God—what's that!"

It leaped out of the black night—three flashes, followed instantly by the sharp reports. Then a fourth—this time unmistakably a musket—barked from behind officers' row. In the flare, Hamlin thought he saw two black shadows running. A voice yelled excitedly: "Post Six! Post Six!"

With a single leap the Sergeant was across the sill, and dropped silently to the ground. Still blinded by the light he ran forward, jerking his revolver from the belt. As he passed the corner of the barrack the sentry fired again, the red flash cleaving the night in an instant's ghastly vividness. It revealed a woman shrinking against the yellow stone wall, lighted up her face, then plunged her again into ob-

scurity.

The Sergeant caught the glimpse, half believing the vision a phantasm of the brain; he had seen her face, white, frightened, agonized, yet it could not have been real. He tripped over the stone wall and half fell, but ran on, his mind in a turmoil, but certain some one was racing before him down the dark ravine. There had been a woman there! He could not quite blot that out—but not she; not Molly McDonald. If—if it were she; if he had really seen her face in the flare, if it was no dream, then what? Why, he must screen her from discovery, give her opportunity to slip away. This was the one vague, dim thought which took possession of the man. It obscured all else; it sent him blindly crashing over the edge of the ravine. He heard the sentry at his right cry hoarsely, he heard excited shouts from the open windows of the barracks; then his feet struck a man's body, and he went down headlong.

Almost at the instant the sentry was upon him, a gun-muzzle pressing him back as he attempted to rise.

"Be still, ye hell hound," was the gruff order, "or I'll blow yer to kingdom come! Sergeant of the guard, quick here! Post Number Six!"

Hamlin lay still, half stunned by the shock of his fall, yet conscious that the delay, this mistake of the sentry, would afford her ample chance for escape. He could hear men running toward them, and his eyes caught the yellow, bobbing light of a lantern. His hand reached out and touched the body over which he had fallen, feeling a military button, and the clasp of a belt—it was a soldier then who had been shot. Could she have done it?

Or did she know who did? Whatever the truth might be, he would hold his tongue; let them suppose him guilty for the time being; he could establish innocence easily enough when it came to trial. These thoughts flashed through his mind swiftly; then the light of the lantern gleamed in his eyes, and he saw the faces clustered about.

"All right, Mapes," commanded the man with the light. "Let the fellow up until I get a look at him. Who the hell are you?"

"Sergeant Hamlin, Seventh Cavalry."

"Darned if it ain't. Say, what does all this mean, anyhow? Who's shot? Turn the body over, somebody. By God! It's Lieutenant Gaskins!"

Hamlin's heart seemed to leap into his throat and choke him; for an instant he felt faint, dazed, staring down into the still face ghastly under the rays of the lantern. Gaskins! Then she was concerned in the affair; he really had seen her hiding there against the wall. And the man's eyes were open, were staring in bewilderment at the faces. The Sergeant of the Guard thrust the lantern closer.

"Lift his head, some o' yer, the man's alive. Copley, get some water, an' two o' yer run fer the stretcher—leg it now. We'll have yer out o' here in a minute, Lieutenant. What happened, sir? Who shot yer?"

Gaskins' dulled eyes strayed from the speaker's face until he saw Hamlin, still firmly gripped by the sentry. His lips drew back revealing his teeth, his eyes narrowing.

"That's the one," he said faintly. "You've got him!"

One hand went to his side in a spasm of pain, and he faintly. The Sergeant laid him back limp on the grass, and stood up.

"Where is your gun, Hamlin?"

"I dropped it when I fell over the Lieutenant's body. It must be back of you."

Some one picked the weapon up, and held it to the light, turning the chambers.

"Two shots gone, Sergeant."

"We heard three; likely the Lieutenant got in one of them. Sentry, what do you know about this?"

Mapes scratched his head, the fingers of his other hand gripping the prisoner's shoulder.

"Not so awful much," he replied, haltingly, "now I come ter think 'bout it. T was a mighty dark night, an' I never saw, ner heard, nuthin' till the scootin' begun. I was back o' officers' row, an' them pistols popped up yer, by the corner o' the barrack. I pumped an' yelled; thought I heard somebody runnin' an' let drive. Then just as I got up yer, this feller come tearin' long, an' I naturally grabbed him. That's the whole of it."

"What have you got to say, Hamlin?"

"Nothing."

"Well, yer better. Yer in a mighty bad box, let me tell yer," angered by the other's indifference. "What was the row about?"

The cavalryman stood straight, his face showing white in the glow of the lantern.

"I told you before I had nothing to say. I will talk tomorrow," he returned quietly. "I submit to arrest."

"I reckon yer will talk tomorrow, and be damn glad o' the chance. Corporal, take this fellow to the guard-house, an' stay there with him. Here comes the stretched, an' the doctor."

Hamlin marched off silently through the black night, surrounded by a detail of the guard. It had all occurred so suddenly that he was bewildered yet, merely retaining sufficient consciousness of the circumstances to keep still. If they were assured he was guilty, then no effort would be made to trace any others connected with the affair. Why Gaskins should have identified him as the assassin was a mystery—probably it was merely the delirium of a sorely wounded man, although the fellow may have dislised him sufficiently for that kind of revenge, or have mistaken him for another in the poor light. At any rate the unexpected identification helped him to play his part, and the Lieu-

tenant nvea, he would later acknowledge his mistake. There was no occasion to worry; he could clear himself of the charge whenever the time came; half his company would know he was in barracks when the firing began. There were women out on the walk, their skirts fluttering as they waited anxiously to learn the news, but he could not determine if she was among them. Voices asked questions, but the corporal hurried him along, without making any reply. Then he was thrust roughly into a stone-lined cell, and left alone. Outside in the corridor two guards were stationed. Hamlin sat down on the iron bed, dazed by the silence, endeavoring to collect his thoughts. The nearest guard, leaning on his gun, watched carefully.

Voices reached him from outside, echoing in through the high, iron-barred window, but they were distant, the words indistinguishable. As his brain cleared he gave no further thought to his own predicament, only considering how he could best divert suspicion from her. It was all a confused maze, into the mystery of which he was unable to penetrate. That it was Molly McDonald shrinking there in the dark corner of the barrack well he had no doubt. She might not have recognized him, or imagined that he saw her, but that spear of light had certainly revealed a face not to be mistaken. White as it was, haggard with terror, half concealed by straggling hair, the identification was nevertheless complete. The very pitousness of expression appealed to him. She was not a girl easily frightened; no mere promiscuous shooting, however startling, would have brought that look to her face. He had seen

her in danger before, had tested her coolness under fire. This meant something altogether different. What? Could it be that Gaskins had wronged the girl, had insulted her, and that she, in response, had shot him down? In the darkness of conjecture there seemed no other adequate explanation. The two were intimate; the rumor of an engagement was already circulating about the garrison. And the stricken man had endeavored to shift the blame on him. Hamlin could not believe this was done through any desire to injure; the Lieutenant had no cause for personal dislike which would account for such an accusation. They had only met once, and then briefly. There was no rivalry between them, no animosity. To be sure, Gaskins had been domineering, threatening to report a small breach of discipline, but in this his words and actions had been no more offensive than was common among young officers of his quality. The Sergeant had passed all memory of that long ago. It never occurred to him now as of the slightest importance. Far more probable did it appear that Gaskins' only motive was to shield the girl from possible suspicion. When he had realized that Hamlin was a prisoner, that for some reason he had been seized for the crime, he had grasped the opportunity to point him out as the assassin, and thus delay pursuit. The chances were the wounded man did not even recognize who the victim was—he had blindly grasped at the first straw.

But suppose he had been mistaken? Suppose that woman hiding there was some one else? Suppose he had imagined a resemblance in that sudden flash of revelation? What then? Would she care enough to come to him when she learned of the arrest? He laughed at the thought, yet it was a bitter laugh, for it brought back a new realization of the chasm between them. Major McDonald's daughter interesting herself in a guard-house prisoner! More than likely she would promptly forget that she had ever before heard his name. He must be growing crazy to presume that she permitted him to remain on her list of friendship.

He got up and paced the cell, noting as he did so how closely he was watched by the guard.

"Have you heard how badly the Lieutenant was hurt?" he asked, approaching the door.

The sentry glanced down the corridor.

"He'll pull out, all right," he replied confidentially, his lips close to the door. "Nothin' vital punctured. You better go to bed, an' forget it till mornin'."

"All right, pardner," and Hamlin returned to the cot. "Turn the light down a little, will you? There, that's better. My conscience won't trouble me, but that glare did."

With his face to the stone wall he fell asleep.

CHAPTER XV.

An Old Acquaintance.

It was late in the forenoon when the heavily armed guard marched Hamlin across to the commandant's office. He had been surprised at the delay, but had enjoyed ample opportunity to plan a course of action, and decide how best to meet the questions which would be asked. He could clear himself without involving her, without even a mention of her presence, and this knowledge left him confident and at ease.

There were half a dozen officers gathered in the small room, the gray-bearded Colonel in command, sitting behind a table, with Major McDonald at his right, and the others wherever they could find standing room. Hamlin saluted, and stood at attention, his gray eyes on the face of the man who surveyed him across the table.

"Sergeant," the Colonel said rather brusquely, "you came in last night with 'M' troop, did you not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Had you ever met Lieutenant Gas-

HERE AGAIN Bigger and Better Than Ever STATE FAIR of TEXAS

DALLAS, Oct. 18th to Nov. 2nd



WILL AUTHORIZE THE USUAL EXCURSION RATES

See Your Local Agent for Particulars Concerning Special Rates Train Service.

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is a necessity to every business concern. If you haven't one come and let us show you files that will save you lots of time and trouble. We carry a full line of commercial stationery also. We handle only the kinds that have proven their worth. Make us your stationery supply house and you'll have no stationery trouble.

HOLMES DRUG CO.
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FURNITURE

I have a beautiful line of up-to-date Furniture, Carpets, Art Squares, Rugs, etc., and invite my friends and the public to come in and see my line.

GEO. B. SCOTT.

THE HOME LUMBER CO.

ALL HOME PEOPLE.

We carry a full stock of Lumber, Shingles and Builder's supplies. See us before you buy anything in this line.

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STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES, FEED, CHOPS, BRAN AND HAY, CHINAWARE, GLASSWARE, TABLETS, PENCILS

I solicit a share of your trade. Low Prices and Fair Dealing. Prompt Delivery to all parts of the city.

WILL BUY YOUR CREAM. SEE ME ABOUT THIS.

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You Feel Better

the minute you get into a suit of Anderson Tailoring. It makes such a difference to know that your garments fit. It makes you more capable, more confident, more cheerful. That's why we claim that a made-to-measure suit is always a good investment.

Let us show you what Anderson Tailoring offers you—up-to-date styles, perfect fabrics and a guaranteed fit.

D. W. YOUNG



TESTIMONY OF WEBB CAUSES CONTROVERSY

STATE'S ATTORNEY DEMANDS ANSWER TO HIS QUESTION IN KATY HEARING.

AN AGREEMENT IS REACHED

Nickels Asks Judge to Declare General Manager in Contempt, but Witness Promises Testimony.

Walnut Springs, Texas.—Most of Thursday's proceeding here when hearings were resumed in the state's suit against the Katy lines for penalties and forfeiture of charter consisted of much oratorical consideration of the motion of Assistant Attorney General Luther Nickels, that W. A. Webb general manager of the Katy, be declared in contempt by Special Commissioner Thurman Barrett, and remanded to the Bosque county jail for refusing to answer questions regarding his salary.

The questions involved the general amount of Mr. Webb's salary and its apportionment among the several lines when he was general manager of the Texas Central, the Wichita Falls lines and the Beaumont and Great Northern, and the present apportionment between the Missouri, Kansas and Texas and Missouri, Kansas and Texas of Texas and Wichita Falls lines of Oklahoma.

After Mr. Nickels had argued that the only thing Commissioner Barrett could do was to declare Mr. Webb in contempt, and after Judge R. L. Bates of Austin, of the railroad's legal counsel, had urged the utter unjustification of such procedure, the inamenable constitutionality of the act under which this special commissioner was acting—after these arguments Mr. Webb was asked whether he persisted in his refusal to answer. He said that since morning he had learned that the basis of division he thought was in effect had been entirely changed; that he had no means or method of figuring, hence, the information Mr. Nickels asked and that instead of "I refuse to answer," he would change his reply to each question to "I have no means of knowing now, and do not know."

Assistant Attorney General Nickels: "Will you furnish this information?"

Mr. Webb: "Very gladly if given an opportunity to do so."

"Well, that seems to end it then," said Mr. Nickels, and withdrew his motion for contempt proceedings, it being understood that the desired information was to be given him as quickly as possible.

PHILADELPHIA WINS SERIES.

Titular Honors Awarded When Athletics Take Fourth Game.

New York.—The Philadelphia Athletics won the baseball championship of the world for 1913 at the Polo Grounds Saturday afternoon by defeating the New York Giants 3 to 1 in the fifth and deciding games of the series.

With the scores of games standing three to one in their favor, the American league representatives went in to clinch the series, and before the masterly playing of the Mackmen the National leaguers had absolutely no chance. Connie Mack, anxious to finish the struggle on the final day of the week, sent Eddie Plank, his veteran southpaw, to the mound, and John McGraw, his back to the wall, called on Christy Mathewson to check the victorious rush of the Athletics and thus gain for his team a breathing spell.

Both old masters of curve and break responded nobly to the call of their managers and clubs, but the Giants were unable to help Mathewson by even mediocre batting, fell victims to the vicious-hitting, fast-fielding combination which has again raised the standard of the American league over that of the National organization.

Tittle Gets Injunction.

Huntsville, Texas.—L. W. Tittle, prison commissioner, has secured an injunction in the district court of Walker county restraining W. O. Murray, S. J. Bass and W. O. Stamps from "attempting to oust him from office or in any manner interfering with the books, etc., in his possession." The injunction is operative until Oct. 20, when the case is set for the hearing.

Dynamiters' Hearing Set.

Chicago, Ill.—Hearing of the case against Frank M. Ryan, former president of the Structural Iron Workers' Union, and the 27 other labor men who were found guilty at Indianapolis in connection with dynamiting plots was set by the United States circuit court of appeals for Oct. 28, 29 and 30.

Ptomazine Poisoning Fatal.

Hallettsville, Texas.—Mrs. Theodore Henke, her father, Frank Schneider, and her brother, Joe Schneider, are dead, and two others are ill, of ptomaine poisoning, following the eating of home-made cheese.

Hailstorm at Plainview.

Plainview, Texas.—The heaviest hailstorm for years fell here Wednesday, followed by one inch of rain. Windows were broken of a passenger train, besides hundreds of light broken out in all parts of the town.

COLQUITT WILL VISIT CO.

Arrives in New Orleans and Talks of Recent Trip to Panama.

New Orleans, La.—"American brains and American money can do anything," said Gov. O. B. Colquitt of Texas, after his arrival in the city from the Panama canal. "I was in Colon when the earthquakes occurred, but I did not feel them, as they were slight," he continued. "Some people say the canal will not be large enough twenty years hence for our bigger vessels, but since we built the canal this large with a little more brains and a little more money, we can enlarge it. Gov. Colquitt will sail for Havana, Cuba, Saturday for a ten days' trip."

BUSCH DIES IN GERMANY.

St. Louis Man Made Heavy Investments in Texas Properties.

Villa Lily, Langenschwalbach, Germany.—Adolphus Busch of St. Louis died here Friday evening. He passed away peacefully, his wife and August, his son, being at his side. August Busch arrived here a few days ago, having come upon receipt of news that his father was sinking.

The knowledge of the brewer's alarming condition was kept from all but members of the immediate family in America, and it was supposed in St. Louis that August had departed for Germany to take part in the annual stag hunt in and about the Busch estate.

The illness which almost totally invalided the aged man when he started for his German estate a few months ago was the beginning of the end. Constant medical attention and the best care that great means could procure, it is agreed, were responsible for prolonging his life.

Adolphus Busch was born in Mayence-on-the-Rhine, Germany, July 10, 1842.

Villa Executes Federals.

Laredo, Texas.—Gen. Alvarez and his staff of the federal army, together with 125 federal soldiers, were executed in Torreón under orders of Gen. Villa of the constitutionalist forces, according to information brought here. With the city of Torreón, the rebels captured practically all of the arms and artillery of the federals. The battle lasted four days, with heavy losses to both sides. The federals did not abandon Torreón, but were tricked into a false pursuit, during which constitutionalists slipped into the city.

Using Skin of Pigs to Save Life.

Kansas City, Mo.—The latest martyr to science is the little pig. From time to time, if he be healthy, he is likely to be seized, etherized, scrubbed, disinfected, sterilized, shaved and peeled in order to save a human life or to prevent necessity of the sacrifice of cuticle by one person to save the life of another. For the little pig, according to Dr. C. S. Venable of San Antonio, Texas, one of the foremost of the younger surgeons of the United States, has just been discovered to be the best existing source of supply of skin for grafting.

To Show Hog Cholera Serum.

Dallas, Texas.—C. P. Bull, manager, of the National Corn Exposition, to be held in Dallas in February, 1914, is making a trip through the Southern states, in the interest of the exposition. Mr. Bull writes from Baton Rouge that the Louisiana A. & M. college and the Louisiana agricultural experiment station will have a display at the exposition, and that an interesting feature of the exhibit will be a demonstration of an anti-hog cholera serum. He says that hog cholera is disseminated by buzzards and carrion crows.

HUERTA DISSOLVES CONGRESS.

Declares Chamber of Deputies One of Worst Enemies of Provisional President.

City of Mexico.—The deputies are still in prison. A report which was current that some of them had been killed is without foundation. The government officials apparently have not made up their minds as to what disposition to make of them.

Both branches of the Mexican National congress formally were declared suspended by Provisional President Huerta.

Dissolution of the National congress was based upon the alleged usurpation by the deputies of the prerogatives of the chief executive in the matter of Senator Dominguez.

Provisional President Huerta declared that the chamber of deputies has constituted itself one of the executive's worst enemies, hostile to all his acts and invading his jurisdiction even to a point of questioning his selection of a minister of state.

\$52,000 Fire Loss at Hubbard.

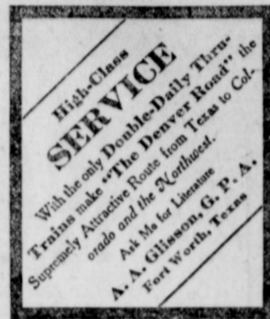
Hubbard, Texas.—The Farmers Union Ginning Company and the Hubbard Farmer's Oil and Gin Company plants were destroyed by fire. The loss to the Farmers' Gin Company is estimated at \$12,000, with \$9,000 insurance. The loss to the other company was somewhat greater, being \$40,000. This company had \$22,000 insurance. The cause of the fire is not known.

Russell Hart

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER

Repairing Promptly and Neatly Executed. Prices to suit the times.

Market Street Baird, Texas



AMERICAN BEAUTY AND MADAME GRACE CORSETS

Exclusively Made by KALAMAZOO CORSET COMPANY

Any figure, however difficult to fit, can find among these satisfactory and stylish corsets, just the correct model that will surely give the greatest pleasure to its wearer. With an American Beauty or Madame Grace Corset available it is extremely easy to find complete comfort and corset gratification. To those who have not yet tried one of these corsets we emphatically urge them to purchase one when next in need of a good corset.

American Beauty Corsets, \$1.00 and upwards. Madame Grace Corsets, \$3.00 and above. We cordially invite you to look through our complete stock.

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Are You a Woman?

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The Woman's Tonic

FOR SALE AT ALL DRUGGISTS

MODERN STEAM LAUNDRY.

First-class laundry work of all kind. Cleaning, dyeing and pressing a specialty. Basket leaves Mondays and Wednesday, returns Thursday, and Saturday. All work called for and delivered. I will appreciate your patronage. Phone 152.

Mrs. Emma Ashton, Agent.

Change in Rates.

Parcel Post Rate: 1st Zone 150 miles, 1st pound 5c and 1c for each additional pound to 20 pounds. G. R. McManis, P. M.

Methodist Services.

Preaching at 11 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. each Sabbath. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer-meeting every Wednesday night at 8:30. Teacher Study Circle every Friday at 7:30 p. m. We invite all to attend these services and extend to you a warm welcome.

A. W. Waddill, Pastor.

The Largest Magazine in the World.

Today's Magazine is the largest and best edited magazine published at 50c per year. Five cents per copy at all newsdealers. Every lady who appreciates a good magazine should send for a free sample copy and premium catalog. Address, Today's Magazine, Canton, Ohio. 14a

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DENTIST.
have the 20th Century Apparatus
the latest and best for
PAINLESS EXTRACTION.
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Office up stairs in Telephone Bldg.
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8 per ct. Loans and Abstracts
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City Bakery

Furnishes pure and healthy Bread and Rolls, made of the very best material on the Market, absolutely free of alum or any other substitute. Fresh every day. Also a variety of Cakes. Phone 116.
O. NITSCHKE, Proprietor.

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BARBER SHOP
Hair Cut 25c. Shampoo 25c.
Massage 25c. Singing 25c.
Shave 15c. Bath 25c.
Tonics 10c and 15c
We solicit your trade. First-class work and cordial treatment to all.

HOT AND COLD BATHS

Laundry Basket leaves Monday and Wednesday; returns Wednesday and Saturday.

Laundry Notice.
Basket leaves Mondays and Wednesdays. Returns Wednesdays and Saturdays. We are prepared to give you the very lowest prices and best service.
E. C. Fulton,
Phone 239.

A NOTICE TO PARENTS WHO HAVE CHILDREN IN SCHOOL



DO NOT NEGLECT THE CHILD'S EYES

To get the best results with study a child should be free from eye strain, which causes nervousness and headache and keeps the child from studying as it should. We fit the Eye and guarantee to give satisfaction and here to change the lenses at any time should they not prove satisfactory : : : : :

BEWARE OF THE TRAVELING FAKER

Who claims to be an optician and tells you he will be back. They never come and if so so seldom that you have to suffer inconvenience and await their pleasure to come back. So if you need glasses buy them from one that is with you 365 days each year. : :

YOUR EYES WILL BE EXAMINED FREE AT ANY TIME.

We Have Tablets, Pencils, Book Carriers, Straps, Pens, Ink, Companions, Etc.

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We have them in Gold and Silver Handles guaranteed for 10 years. Covers all silk guaranteed for two years.

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buy Cut Glass---the real cut glass---see our line, which is the best and is not pressed glass recut, but each piece designed by artists and cut from patterns.

It is Not Necessary

to tell you about our Drugs as you know we handle and use only the best and our Prescription Department is always in competent hands.

Penstar
TRADE NAME

"A Name to Remember." All the Famous "Penstar" Remedies are sold here

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J. H. TERRELL

The Druggist and Jeweler. Phone 91. Baird, Texas.

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W. E. GILLILAND,
Editor and Proprietor.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year.....\$1.00
Six Months.....50cts
Terms: Cash in advance.

TO ADVERTISERS To insure insertion for the current week copy for all display ads must be in this office not later than Tuesday. No notices, or advertising of any kind will be accepted for the current week, after 12 M Thursday. Please remember this.

Four weeks constitute a month, for display ads. When display ads run three months or longer the calendar month is used. Locals 5cts per line each insertion.

Think of the turnips we will have this fall and the wheat and rye pastures we will have this winter.

The Tennessee legislature is going to meet again to take another whack at the liquor traffic. Whenever the Tennessee legislature meets his Satanic majesty takes a lay off to witness the fire works at Nashville in the old volunteer state.

Provisional President Huerta was petitioned by 110 members of the Mexican congress to resign and all of them but three who escaped, were arrested and slapped in the penitentiary and congress dissolved. They have a great government in Mexico, almost as great as China has.

President Wilson pressed an electric button at 2 p. m. Friday that blew up the great Gamboa dyke in Panama Canal, four thousand miles away; that is the current had to travel that far to reach its destination and the electric current was just four seconds in making the trip.

We frequently hear the charge made that Callahan County has the sorriest roads of any county in this part of Texas. Eastland once was entitled to this claim because they had few natural good roads, but Eastland people have waked up and they are building good roads while we still sleep.

If President Yuan Shi Kai would emulate President Wilson he will be forced to choose between Li Hung Chang and Dr. Sun Yat Sen for secretary of state. These are the only two known Chinaman who have been on the Chautauqua circuit.—Fort Worth Record.

As Li Hung Chang is dead and Dr. Sun Yat Sen is a fugitive in a foreign land, we do not see how the over fat duffer, who is playing the role of ruler of China can emulate President Wilson in selecting either of the celestial statesmen named.

It is said the average annual income of the farmer is \$517, but this does not include many things that he raises or ought to raise on the farm; for instance meat, bread, milk butter, eggs, chickens, garden truck, fruits, and etc. The short crops in this part of the state for five years has made it hard on the farmers, but everything indicates a better season next year and better times for all, because when crops are short all feel it and when crops are good all prosper.

The Fort Worth Record says that while we are celebrating the opening of the Panama Canal, Col. Roosevelt should not be forgotten, because while he was President he secured the right to construct the canal. That is true, Col. Roosevelt is entitled to the credit; if he did use methods contrary to ideas of right and justice of some. This country has dreamed of an isthmain canal for a century, but Col. Roosevelt built it. Had he persued the dilatory tactics of his predecessors or the course likely to have been pursued by President Taft and Wilson, not a shovel full of earth or rock would have been taken out of the greatest canal in all history that is now about completed, and in a short time ships of all nations will be passing through the canal.

WHY NOT EXEMPT COUNTY AND CITY BONDS FROM TAXATION.

Why not exempt county and municipal bonds from taxation? We hear of numerous four and five per cent bond issues going a begging because the tax rate in some instances amounts to almost as much as the interest on the bonds and of course no local investor can afford to buy such bonds.

The state, counties and cities could well afford to exempt from taxation all bonds issued for public improvements because public improvements, roads, bridges, school houses and court houses, all help build up a county and the enhanced value of property we believe will make up for any loss of taxes on money invested in bonds for public improvements.

The people are the government, local, state and nation, so why should they tax themselves on what they owe as well as what they own?

The United States exempts from taxation all bonds issued by the federal government, then why not exempt bonds of towns and counties also?

Few bonds are taxed anyway because they are sold to investors in other states and pay no tax on them anyway.

By removing the tax on local bond issues many small investors would take advantage of this form of investment and serve a double purpose, give home investors an opportunity to invest small savings in local bonds, and enable towns, cities and counties to sell their bonds more easily. At any rate it would give an additional market for county and city bonds, and we would not have to rely on the state school board, or some New York or Chicago financier to buy our bonds.

GETS JEFF'S AGE.

The Houston Post is publishing a short sketch each day of the old time newspaper men of Texas. Saturday there was a sketch of our old friend Jeff McLeMure, of State Topics, and we find that he was born in Maury County, Tennessee on the 13th day of March, the day a great hurricane struck his father's farm. Now Jeff; very discreetly omits the year, but we have caught him at last. The maternal grandfather and grandmother of the editor of The Star were born in middle Tennessee and we have often heard them speak of a great hurricane that swept that part of the state. That was in March 1811 and at the same time an earthquake shook up the Mississippi valley and a great gap was left in the earth in the western part of the state, afterwards known as Reelfoot Lake, where so much devilment was kicked up a few years ago by lawless bands.

There has been much speculation about Jeff McLeMure's age and being a bachelor he refuses to enlighten the gossips on the subject. We did not know Jeff; McLeMure was born in 1811 when we supported him for congressman at large two years ago, but that is immaterial we will support him again if he runs because he has more brains than a half dozen younger men. New Jeff; may deny that the hurricane we mention was the one he was born in, but later, if so we will make any correction demanded.

We acknowledge receipt of a souvenir watch fob, which is also a pass to the Fair grounds and grand stand issued by the State Fair Association of Dallas, complimentary to members of the Texas Press Association. The State Fair has grown better each year and the Fair this year promises to be greater than ever. The State Fair Association owes its great success mainly to the Texas Press and have always treated the members splendidly. Why should they not? The Texas Press has helped Dallas make the greatest State Fair of any state in the United States.

Many papers and writers speaking of the opening of the Panama Canal talk about the wedding, commingling, etc. of the waters of the Pacific and Atlantic oceans. This is poetic and sounds nice, but the canal

is a lock and dam, not a sea level canal and the waters of the two oceans do not meet. Ships are raised and lowered by means of locks with water impounded from the Chagris river and other streams, but the waters of the oceans do not meet in the canal and never will until it is made a sea level canal.

CHILDREN'S HOSPITAL OPENED.

The Walter Colquitt Memorial Hospital Ready for Service.

After many vexatious delays, due to difficulties with contractors and failure to receive building material, the Children's Hospital at Galveston is now ready for service. Five patients have already been received and the Texas Anti-Tuberculosis Association is investigating applications of others for treatment.

The Walter Colquitt Memorial Children's Hospital was built with funds secured from the sale of Red Cross Christmas Seales at one cent each. The cost of the building and furnishing is about \$15,000. The structure is of reinforced concrete, fireproof throughout, and is situated upon ground owned by the State of Texas, and operated under lease by the city of Galveston. The new Children's Hospital is to be the children's ward of the John Sealy Hospital of Galveston, and the faculty of the State Medical College and the hospital staff of the John Sealy Hospital will unite in the care of the children.

The first inmates of the Hospital are five children, of whom three were sent from the State Orphan's Home at Corsicana, one came from St. Paul's Sanitarium at Dallas, and the other is from a private family. The youngest child, Mamie, is nine years of age, and has tuberculosis of the hip, which has resulted in a short limb. Rosahe, aged eleven, is similarly afflicted. In the case of Jeff, aged fourteen, it was found upon examination he did not have tuberculosis, but was suffering from a congenital dislocation of the hip. It was decided to operate upon him, even though he was not a proper case for the institution. Howard, another boy of twelve, has tuberculosis of the hip. Esther, a girl of fifteen, has tuberculosis of the spine and of the hip. Of these cases, Howard, Jeff, and Rosalie can be cured. It is believed Mamie and Esther are more difficult cases, but they can be greatly benefited.

The capacity of the institution is between thirty and forty patients. It will be necessary to limit the number of free beds, and it has been decided to admit some patients as part-pay patients and others as full-pay patients. Applications for admission must be made to the Texas Anti-Tuberculosis Association, State Capitol, Austin, Texas, and under no circumstances should any children be sent to the Hospital without previously having secured a permit from Austin. As the climate at Galveston is not favorable to cases of pulmonary tuberculosis, it will be necessary to exclude any children who are suffering from that form of the disease in addition to bone tuberculosis.

The Red Cross Christmas Seal campaign this fall will be for the purpose of raising funds to maintain the institution during the following year. It will cost \$1.10 per day per patient, and most of the patients will remain in the institution from two months to a year. It is hoped that individuals, churches, charitable and other organizations will aid in the work by adopting certain cases and paying for all or part of their care. Donations of clothing and other articles are also requested, and should be sent to Miss C. L. Shackford, Superintendent of the Hospital at Galveston, Texas.

The establishment of this Children's Hospital is a direct result of the public health work of Mrs. O. B. Colquitt, President of the Anti-Tuberculosis Association, who has labored long and earnestly for this Hospital. The institution was named by other officers of the Anti-Tuberculosis Association for the youngest son of Governor and Mrs. Colquitt, who died of typhoid fever. It was thought that the Hospital for

children suffering from preventable diseases should be named for the youngest son of the first family of the State, who died of a preventable disease.

BURNT BRANCH LOCALS.

Uncle John Wagner and Jim Coffman being dear lovers of eggs, the following is respectfully dedicated with the compliments of "Juan:" "While Jay Gould was traveling on the Wabash system he stopped over at a little town in Southern Illinois for dinner. The party eat some eggs among other things, and when the bill was presented to Gould it contained this item: 1 doz eggs, \$1.80. The great railroad magnate remarked that eggs must be at a premium in that section, to which the resturant keeper replied, "No sir eggs are plenty enough, but Jay Goulds are mighty scarce." See.

The great rain was grand indeed coming slow and gentle every drop going in the ground, thoroughly inundating the aforesaid and the same. It is grand on small grain and had we been thus blessed a month sooner grass would have done as good but it will be revived and greatly benefited.

Have seen and conversed with few since my return, and news is scarce with us. You have heard of being rained out but Burnt Branch is rained in.

Cross Plains has had good rains but we learn is short on the water supply still as they have had no trash movers as yet.

J. B. Cutbirth and Fritz called on cow business. They are rounding them in, any and all kinds. Maj. Payne called and paid his respects. The Maj. says his crop is better than he expected, very good cotton and feed stuff, sufficient for necessities.

R. P. Odum has sold his calves to J. B. Cutbirth and Fritz. We sincerely regret to learn that R. P. Odum is suffering with his eyes and has consulted a specialist in regard to same.

Lee Payne has rented the Martin Jones place in these parts and will remove to same in a few days and will plant a good acreage in grain.

Bud Anderson and outfit are picking the fleecy staple for Herman Aiken, which we are informed is light.

A Chingo outfit, picture and frame dealers by an agent was among us, \$2.98 you know, but I have no pennies, and thus said gentlemen is 2 cents better off. Why the thunder don't we one and all patronize home people and give those humbug outfits the go by. People like to be fooled and humbugged it seems.

Our efficient mail carrier, Mr. Bond, has put on a double rig since the rain and goes glimmering rain or shine.

Several parties from the Dressy country are attending the fair at Brownwood.

Capt. Diff Jones has opened up a new grocery store at the Terminal City.

The oyster supper at Dressy under the auspices of the Woodmen was rained out, but an entertainment given latter at the home of Wallace Jones was largely attended and highly enjoyed.

The peanut crop in the sand is said will be greatly benefited by the rain. Callahan County is susceptible of many crops and when some fail others hit, so lets diversify as the papers say.

Hugh McDermott is in the market for steer calves and other stuff.

Cullen Thomas announces from Washington that he will soon make an announcement to the people of Texas. We trust he will let the people know whether the German Emperor met him at the station.—Houston Post.

Years ago I used to support Cullen in his congressional aspirations, but lately I have concluded there was nothing in him and have discontinued, Morris Sheppard to the contrary notwithstanding.

"Juan."

CIVIC LEAGUE.

The Civic League will meet at the Public School Building, Tuesday, Oct. 21 at 4 o'clock p. m. All members are requested to be present

COME HERE FOR YOUR
HARDWARE



My new stock of goods have arrived and I now have a full and complete stock of everything carried in a first-class hardware store. I carry a full line of

SHELF HARDWARE. BUILDER'S SUPPLIES
BLACKSMITH'S SUPPLIES, HARNESS, ETC.

I will be pleased to have you come in look over my new stock of goods and get my prices. No trouble to show goods. Come in.

YOURS TO PLEASE

E. COOKE



THE MAN WHO RIDES A WHEEL

and wears glasses knows the discomfort and inconvenience of those that tilt or slip with a probability of falling off any minute. Have a pair of our stay on glasses or if your glasses are satisfactory have us put the "stay on" clips on them and you will have no more trouble.

HOLMES DRUG CO.

The Rexall Store. Phone No. 11

Plenty of Money

Loans to place on farms and ranches at 8 per cent interest.

JACKSON & JACKSON

Home National Bank Building

BAIRD,

TEXAS

We Welcome Both Large and Small Depositors.

It matters not what amount of money you have to deposit—we will accept it at this bank. We welcome the small depositor, we extend to him the same consideration and courtesies accorded all our patrons. If you are a farmer and sell your farm products and carry the money home with you, not only your money is in danger, but also your life, because you do not know when you might be robbed. You should put your money in this bank.

The First National Bank of Baird

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS.

J. F. Dyer, President.

Henry James, VicePresident.

W. S. Hinds, Cashier

J. W. Turner, Asst. Cashier.

W. A. Hinds

Tom Windham



We are Showing the Favored Styles for Fall in Suits, Coats and Dresses

OUR READY-TO-WEAR DEPARTMENT

Our Ready-to-Wear department has never before been so complete and so attractive as it is now, with truly fashionable Fall Garments. The variety is great, and the style so varied that every woman can choose according to her own ideas, and to suit her own individuality.

Dress Goods and Trimmings

The new Fabrics for Fall cover a wide range of effects. Those which we are now showing are among the prettiest we have ever gathered at this early season. Among these we mention Brocaded and Plain Silk Poptins, Mercerized Poptins, Cotton Ratine, Silk Stripe Crepes, Oriental Crepes. We have a nice line of Fancy Bands, Tassels and Colonial buttons in shades to match the Dress Goods.

New Millinery

In Autumn Millinery we are showing a nice variety. Our selections for fall from well known authoritative sources is meeting the approval of our patrons and the public as never before. We are showing a nice line of dress and street hats in styles that offer every possibility for the full play of individual taste and preference. And you can select a charming graceful, hat here at a very moderate price.

"THE STORE WITH THE NEW GOODS."

WILL D. BOYDSTUN

Dry Goods

Millinery

PERSONAL MENTION

Perry Barton, of Eagle Cove, was in town this week.

Tom Windham and family, of Oplin, were in town Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Al Irvin, of Oplin, were in Baird one day last week.

J. F. Barton, of Tecumseh, was in Baird Tuesday with cotton.

For Rent.—Nice 4 room house, see or phone Mrs. N. T. Howell.

Mrs. Linz Ramsey, of Cross Plains is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Griggs, here this week.

Capt. and Mrs. Clinton of Abilene visited Sheriff and Mrs. Felix Rains last week.

H. Schwartz returned Wednesday from Waxhachie where he attended the annual encampment of the I. O. O. F.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lambert are visiting Mrs. M. M. Lambert of Granbury, who is quite sick.

For Sale.—Indian Runner ducks. For prices phone 128, see or write Mrs. J. R. Reed, Baird, Texas.

Dick Cordwent, of Cottonwood, was in Baird Saturday and went on to Haskell on a business trip.

Mrs. A. Cooke left this week for Waxhachie where she will visit her son, Dr. C. C. Cooke and relatives at Emory, Texas.

Misses Freda Cutbirth and Lois McDermott, of Fort Worth, spent last Saturday with Miss Freda's parents Mr. and Mrs. Pomp Cutbirth at Belle Plaine.

Haynie Gilliland was in town Saturday from Capt. J. W. Jones' ranch. Mrs. Larmer Henry, who has been visiting Capt. and Mrs. Jones for a few days came in with him.

BAZAAR.

The ladies of the Presbyterian Church will hold their annual Bazaar in December and all the Presbyterian ladies are notified to be in readiness for same.

Miss Lora Franklin spent last week with Miss Ruby Hill.

Miss Ruby Hill left Thursday night for Fort Worth to attend Brantly-Draughn business college.

Miss Lillie Eddins, teacher in the Public School, spent Sunday with the home folks at Abilene.

C. C. Seale and daughter, Miss Marguerite and Mrs. C. E. Walker went to Abilene Tuesday.

Mrs. B. L. Russell, Worthy Matron; C. B. Holmes, Worthy Patron; Mrs. C. C. Lane, Associate Conductress; and Mrs. Harry Meyer of Callahan Chapter No. 242 are in Dallas this week attending the meeting of the Grand Chapter of the Order of the Eastern Star.

Mrs. Dee Davis, of Saragosa, is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Hinds.

Commissioners Court was in session two days this week, with all Commissioners present.

The County candidates are getting in the game a little early, but it costs no more to announce in THE STAR now than six months later.

Mr. and Mrs. Chas. A. Ruhrop, of Toyah, spent Thursday with Mrs. Ruhrop's parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Hinds. Mr. and Mrs. Ruhrop were enroute home from Dallas.

Miss Elizabeth Fraser has gone to Fort Worth where she will study piano and voice at Polytechnic College.

Uncle John Aiken, "Juan," was in town this week. He looks better after his sojourn in the booming, bounding west, but is still badly crippled.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce the following named persons as candidates for office, subject to the Democratic Primary July 1914:

For County Clerk:

Homer Shanks
of Baird
W. L. (Lawrence) Bowlus,
of Baird.
T. E. (Tom) Parks,
of Baird.

For Tax Collector:

W. E. Melton,
of Cross Plains.
Joe Y. Fraser,
of Baird

For County Treasurer:

W. P. (Pit) Ramsey
of Cottonwood.

For Tax Assessor:

W. B. Dodd
of Deep Creek
Geo. A. Johnson,
of Clyde.

Superintendent Public Schools:

S. E. Settle,
of Cross Plains

TO THE GOOD ROAD BOOSTERS OF EASTLAND, CALLAHAN AND PALO PINTO COUNTIES:

The Governor of Texas having proclaimed November 5th and 6th, as specific days for working all the public roads of Texas, we respectfully ask every business house and all professions as well as every able bodied man in the above three counties to lay aside his usual vocation and work on the public roads the above two days. Respectfully,

R. A. St. John,
Chm. of Good Road Boosters of Eastland, Callahan and Palo Pinto counties.

Other papers in county please copy.

Jim Pratt, who was pardoned a few days ago, returned home to his mother last night. Mrs. Pratt has worked long and faithfully to secure the liberty of her son, and Governor Colquitt, it seems had marked the papers in the case for a pardon Christmas; but at the intercession of his mother, who was in Austin last week, Acting Governor, Will H. Mayes, issued a conditional pardon and restored her son to liberty after more than ten years. Jim Pratt was convicted of murder at Pecos and given a life term many years ago when he was hardly grown. There was considerable prejudice against him at the trial and some charge the case was railroaded through court. Friends of Mrs. Pratt at Baird and elsewhere have helped her all they could though for a long time the case looked hopeless, but a mother's love and persistence finally won.

T. & P. TIME TABLE.

The following is the New Passenger train schedule, at Baird, taking effect, Sunday, August 31st.

East Bound.

No. 2, arrives - 11:35 p. m.
" 4 " - 12:20 p. m.
" 6 " - 1:10 a. m.
No. 8, arrives - 9:10 a. m.

West Bound.

No. 1, arrives - 2:20 a. m.
" 3, " - 4:00 p. m.
" 5, " - 3:30 a. m.
No. 7 arrives - 2:40 p. m.

By the above you will see that trains No. 1, and 2, have been restored.

J. H. Rowley, Agent.

"500" CLUB.

The "500" Club met at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Eugene Reynolds last Thursday evening. After twelve interesting games, the hostess served a delicious salad and ice course to the following club members and guests: Mr. and Mrs. Homer Driskill, Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Mahan Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Walker, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Hinds, Dr. and Mrs. H. H. Ramsey, Mr. and Mrs. J. Rupert Jackson, Mr. and Mrs. W. R. Ely.

Miss Una Hall of Merkle, spent last Saturday and Sunday with her grandmother, Mrs. M. C. Berry, living southwest of Baird. Fred Cutbirth and Miss Manche Gilliland of Baird spent Saturday at the Berry home, and in the afternoon accompanied by Grover Berry and Misses Hall and Berry, made a trip to Clyde in Fred's auto.

NOTICE W. O. W. Unveiling Ceremony.

Owing to the rainy weather we were compelled to postpone the unveiling ceremony at Sov. Dee William's grave in the Clyde Cemetery, we will unveil and dedicate this monument Sunday Oct. 26th at 3:30 p. m. We trust that all the members of this Camp will arrange so be present on this occasion. Everybody invited.

J. R. Black, Clerk.
Baird W. O. W. Camp.

Cow Strayed or Stolen.

One pale red cow part Durham, no marks or brand. About four years old. \$5.00 Reward for information leading to her recovery, or if driven out of county \$50.00 reward for evidence to convict the thief. J. S. Davidson, 45-3tp. Baird, Texas.

WANTED.—Five acres of land grubbed. Will let to lowest and best bidder. E. H. Nelson, 45.tf.



DRAW A CHECK

on The Home National Bank for the amount of your bills and note how much more your creditor will respect you. They at once class you as a man who does business in a business way. Have an account at the bank and your credit will be better, your money safer. Don't think you have to start big. Small accounts are as acceptable as big ones

The Home National Bank of Baird

S. L. Driskill, Pres. Harry Meyer, V. P. H. Ross, V. P.
T. E. Powell, Cashier
F. L. Driskill, Asst. C. Will C. Franklin, Asst. C.

kins before?"

"Once, he pulled me out of a bad scrape with a bunch of Indians out on the trail a few months ago."

"The same affair I spoke to you about," commented McDonald quietly. "The attack on the stage."

The Colonel nodded, without removing his eyes from the Sergeant's face. "Yes, I know about that," he said. "And that was the only occasion of your meeting?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Sergeant Hamlin, I purpose being perfectly frank with you, there

are two or three matters not easily explained about this affair. I am satisfied of your innocence; that you were not directly concerned in the shooting of Lieutenant Gaskins. Men of your troop state that you were in barracks when the shots were fired, and the wound was not made by a service revolver, but by a much smaller weapon. Yet there are circumstances which puzzle us, but which, no doubt, you can explain. Two shots had been fired from your revolver," and he pushed the weapon across the table.

"I rode ahead of the troop in march yesterday," Hamlin explained, "and fired twice at a jack-rabbit. I must have neglected to replace the cartridges. Private Stone was with me."

"Why did you submit to arrest so easily, without any attempt to clear yourself?"

The Sergeant's gray eyes smiled, but his response was quietly respectful.

"I was condemned before I really knew what had occurred, sir. The sentry, the Sergeant of the guard, and the Lieutenant all insisted that I was guilty. They permitted me no opportunity to explain. I thought it just as well to remain quiet, and let the affair straighten itself out."

"Yet your action threw us completely off the trail," broke in McDonald impatiently. "It permitted the really guilty parties to escape. Did you see any one?"

"Black smudges merely, Major, apparently running toward the ravine. My eyes were blinded, leaping from a lighted room."

McDonald leaned forward eagerly, one hand tapping the table.

"Was one of them a woman?" he questioned sharply.

Hamlin's heart leaped into his throat, but he held himself motionless.

"They were indistinguishable, sir; mere shadows. Have you reason to suspect there may have been a woman involved?"

The Major leaned back in his chair, but the commandant, after a glance at his officer, answered:

"The pistol used was a small one, such as a woman might carry, and there are marks of a woman's shoe plainly visible at the edge of the ravine. Lieutenant Gaskins was alone when he left the officers' club five minutes before the firing began. You are sure you have never had any controversy with this officer?"

"Perfectly sure, sir. We have never met except on the one occasion already referred to, and then scarcely a dozen words were exchanged."

"How then, Sergeant," and the Colonel spoke very soberly, "do you account for his denouncing you as his assassin?"

"I presumed he was influenced by my arrest, sir; that the shock had affected his brain."

"That supposition will hardly answer. The Lieutenant is not severely wounded, and this morning appears to be perfectly rational. Yet he insists you committed the assault; even refers to you by name."

The accused man pressed one hand to his forehead in bewilderment.

"He still insists I shot him?"

"Yes; to be frank, he's rather bitter about it, and no facts we have brought to bear have any apparent weight. He swears he recognized your face in the flare of the first discharge."

The Sergeant stood silent, motionless, his gaze on the Colonel's face.

"I do not know what to say, sir," he answered finally. "I was not there, and you all know it from the men of my troop. There has been no trouble between Lieutenant Gaskins and myself, and I can conceive of no reason why he should desire to involve me in this affair—unless," he paused doubtfully; "unless, sir, he really knows who shot him, and is anxious to shift the blame elsewhere to divert suspicion."

"You mean he may be seeking to shield the real culprit?"

"That is the only explanation that occurs to me, sir."

The Colonel stroked his beard nervously, his glance wandering to the faces of the other officers.

"That might be possible," he acknowledged regretfully, "although I should dislike to believe any officer of my command would be deliberately guilty of so despicable an act. However, all we can do now is endeavor to uncover the truth. You are discharged from arrest, Sergeant Hamlin, and will return to your troop."

Hamlin passed out the door into the sunshine, dimly conscious that his guarded answers had not been entirely satisfactory to those left behind. Yet he had said all he could say, all he dared say. More and more firmly there has been implanted in his mind a belief that Molly McDonald was somehow involved in this unfortunate affair, and that her name must be protected at all hazard. This theory alone would seem to account for Gaskins' efforts to turn suspicion, and when this was connected with the already known presence of a woman on the scene, and the smallness of the weapon used, the evidence seemed conclusive.

As far as his own duty was concerned, the Sergeant felt no doubt whatever might be the cause, there

was no question in his mind but that she was fully justified in her action. Disliking the Lieutenant from the first, and as strongly attracted by the girl, his sympathies were now entirely with her. If she had shot him then it was for some insult, some outrage, and he was ready to protect her with his life. He stopped, glancing back at the closed door, tempted to return and ask permission to interview Gaskins personally. Then the uselessness of such procedure occurred to him; the fact that nothing could result from their meeting, but disappointment and recrimination. The man evidently disliked him, and would resent any interference; he had something to conceal, something at stake for which he would batle strenuously. It would be better to let him alone at present, and try to uncover a clue elsewhere. Later, with more facts in his possession, he could face the Lieutenant and compel his acknowledgment. These considerations caused him to turn sharply and walk straight toward the ravine. Yet his investigations there brought few results. On the upper bank were the marks of a woman's shoe, a slender footprint clearly defined, but the lower portion of the ravine was rocky, and the trail soon lost. He passed down beyond the stables, realizing how easily the fugitives, under cover of darkness, could have escaped. The stable guard could have seen nothing from his station, and just below was the hard-packed road leading to the river and the straggling town. There was nothing to trace, and Hamlin climbed back up the bluff completely baffled but desperately resolved to unlock the mys-



"I Do Not Know What to Say, Sir," he Answered Finally.

tery. The harder the solution appeared, the more determined he became to solve it. As he came out, opposite the barrack entrance, a carriage drove in past the guard-house, the guard presenting arms, and circled the parade in the direction of officers' row. It contained a soldier driver and two ladies, and the Sergeant's face blushed under its tan as he recognized Miss McDonald. Would she notice him—speak to him? The man could not forbear lifting his eyes to her face as the carriage swept by. He saw her glance toward him, smile, with a little gesture of recognition, and stood there bareheaded, his heart throbbing wildly. With that look, that smile, he instantly realized two facts of importance—she was willing to meet him on terms of friendship, and she had not recognized him the evening previous as he ran past her in the dark.

Hamlin, his thoughts entirely centered upon Miss McDonald, had scarcely noted her companion, yet as he lingered while the carriage drew up before the Major's quarters, he seemed to remember vaguely that she was a strikingly beautiful blonde, with face shadowed by a broad hat. Although larger, and with light fluffy hair and blue eyes, the lady's features were strangely like those of her slightly younger companion. The memory of these grew clearer before the Sergeant—the whiteness of the face, the sudden lowering of the head; then he knew her; across the chasm of a year her identity smote him as a blow, his breath came quickly and his fingers clenched.

"My God!" he muttered, unconsciously. "That was Vera! She has changed, wonderfully changed, but—but she knew me. What, in Heaven's name, can she be doing here, and—with Molly?"

With straining eyes he stared after them until they both disappeared together within the house. Miss McDonald glanced back toward him once almost shyly, but the other never turned her head. The carriage drove away toward the stables. Feeling as though he had looked upon a ghost, Hamlin turned to enter the barracks. An infantry soldier leaned negligently in the doorway smoking.

"You're the sergeant who saved that girl down the trail, ain't yer?" he asked indolently. "Thought so; I was one o' Gaskins' men."

Hamlin accepted the hand thrust forth, but with mind elsewhere.

"Do you happen to know who that was with Miss McDonald?" he asked.

"Didn't see 'em, only their backs as they went in—nice lookin' blonde?"

"Yes; rather tall, with very light hair."

"Oh, that's Mrs. Dupont."

"Mrs. Dupont?" the name evidently a surprise; "wife of one of the officers?"

"No, she's no army dame. Husband's a cattleman. Got a range on the Cowskin, south o' here, but I reckon the missus don't like that sorter thing much. Lives in St. Louis most-

ly, but has been stoppin' with the McDonalds for a month or two now. Heard she was a niece o' the Major's, an' reckon she must be, or thard' been a flare up long ago. She's a high flyer, she is, an' she's got the Lieutenant goin' all right."

"Gaskins?"

"Sure; he's a lady-killer, but that's 'bout all the kind o' killer he is, fer as I ever noticed—one o' yer he-flirts. Thar ain't hardly an officer in this garrison that ain't just acin' fer ter kick that squirt, but thar women—oh, Lord; they think he's a little tin god on wheels. Beats hell, don't it, what money will do for a damn fool?"

Hamlin stood a moment silent, half inclined to ask another question, but crushing back the inclination. Then he walked down the hall to the quarters assigned "M" troop, and across to his bed in the far corner. There were only a few of the men present, most of whom were busily engaged at a game of cards, and he sat down where he could gaze out the window and think. Here was a new complication, a fresh puzzle to be unraveled. He had never expected this woman to come into his life again; she had become a blurred, unpleasant memory, a bit of his past which he had supposed was blotted out forever. Mrs. Dupont—then she had not married Le Ferre after all! He dully wondered why, yet was not altogether surprised. Even as he turned this fact over and over in his mind, speculating upon it, he became aware of a man leaving the rear door of McDonald's quarters, and advancing back of officers' row towards the barracks. As the fellow drew near, Hamlin recognized the soldier who had been driving the carriage. A moment later the man entered the room, spoke to the group of card players, and then came straight across toward him.

"Sergeant Hamlin?"

"Yes."

"I was asked to hand you this note; there is no answer."

Hamlin held it unopened until the fellow disappeared, hesitating between hope and dread. Which of the two women had ventured to write him? What could be the unexpected message? At last his eyes scanned the three short lines:

"You recognized me, and we must understand each other. At ten to-night ask the Clerk of the Occidental.—V."

(To be Continued.)

NOTICE, SHERIFF'S SALE.

The State of Texas, County of Callahan:

By virtue of an alias execution issued out of the Honorable District Court of Callahan County, on 6th day of October 1913, by the Clerk thereof, in the case of F. S. Bell versus J. P. Rye, John Simbritzki, S. C. Harris and T. H. Dix. No. 1207, and to me, as Sheriff, directed and delivered, I will proceed to sell for cash, within the hours prescribed by law for Sheriff's Sales, on the First Tuesday in November 1913 it being the 4th day of said month, before the Court House door of said Callahan County, in the City of Baird the following described property, to-wit: A part of the South-east one-fourth of Sur. No. 73 and the Southwest one-fourth of Sur. No. 82 B. B. B. & C. Ry. Co. in Callahan Co., Texas, Beginning at the South-east corner of the South-west quarter of said Sur. 82. Thence West with the South boundary line of said S. W. quarter of said Sur. No. 82 and the said S. E. quarter of said Sur. 73, a distance of 1900 varas to the S. W. quarter of said Sur. 73. Thence north 35 1/4 vrs to corner. Thence east 1900 vrs to the east boundary line of said S. W. quarter of said Sur. 82. Thence South 356 1/4 vrs to place of beginning, and containing 120 acres of land, and being described in Book 52, page 284, deed records, in the County Clerk's office of Callahan Co., Texas, levied on as the property of the defendant John Sembritzki the balance of to satisfy a judgment in said case amounting to \$121.60 in favor of said plaintiff F. S. Bell vs said Rye, Sembritzki, Harris and Dix and cost of suit, given under my hand, this 8th day of October 1913. F. F. Rains, 44-3 Sheriff Callahan Co. Texas.

Wanted.—Your new or renewal subscriptions to The Ladies' Home Journal and Saturday Evening Post. —Miss John Gilliland.

Old Papers for Sale.—At The Star office. Can be used for putting under carpets, in shelves, etc. 25c per hundred.

Presbyterian Church.
Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. each Sunday. Sunday School at 10 o'clock. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night at 8:30 o'clock.
H. M. Peebles, Pastor.

ORDER OF COURT DECLARING THE RESULT OF PROHIBITION ELECTION.

On this, the Twenty-Second day of September, A. D. 1913, the same being the 16th day after the 6th day of September, A. D. 1913, and as soon after said 6th day of September A. D. 1913 as was practicable for said court to meet, the said court above named with the said officers above named being present, met for the purpose of canvassing and counting the votes cast at an election held on September 6th, 1913, at the various voting places in said Callahan County, Texas, to determine whether or not the sale of intoxicating liquors shall be prohibited in said county, and said vote having been canvassed and counted and said election having been held in accordance with law, the court finds that Eight Hundred and Sixty-One (861) votes were cast for prohibition and Seven Hundred and Sixty-Seven (767) votes were cast against prohibition, making a majority of Ninety-Four (94) votes for prohibition.

It is accordingly ordered that said election resulted in favor of prohibition. Wherefore it is ordered by the court that the sale of intoxicating liquors is absolutely prohibited within the limits of said Callahan County, Texas, except for the purposes and under the regulations specified in Title 88 Revised Statutes of Texas, until such time as the qualified voters therein may at a legal election held for that purpose by a majority vote decide otherwise.

It is further ordered that this result be so declared, the order made therein as above, and the order prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors in said Callahan county be published as required and provided by law.

I certify that the above and foregoing is the order of the court declaring the result and prohibiting the sale of intoxicating liquors in Callahan County, Texas, as appears of record in the minutes of the Commissioners' Court of said county, and it is directed that said order be published for four successive weeks as required by law.

Witness my Hand and Seal of office this 8th day of October A. D. 1913. W. R. Ely, County Judge of Callahan Co. Tex. 44-4

SOLICITING SUBSCRIPTIONS.

I am soliciting subscriptions, both new and renewals, for the following magazines and would appreciate your orders. If I do not see you phone either No. 6 or No. 8, and I will call for your orders:

The Ladies' Home Journal \$1.50 yr
The Saturday Evening Post \$1.50 yr
The Country Gentleman, \$1.50 yr.
The Woman's Magazine, \$.75 per yr.
Pictorial Review, \$1.00 per yr.
Woman's Home Companion, \$1.50 yr
The Delineator, \$1.50 per yr.
And several Club offers.

Miss John Gilliland, Baird,

The Public School is one of the greatest factors in our country. When reinforced by good, wholesome, reliable newspapers, it gives the American child a practical education. Without the aid of newspapers the public school can not give a boy or girl, that degree of general intelligence that you wish your children to have. You can now get The Baird Star and The Dallas Seme-Weekly Farm New for one year, three papers a week, for \$1.75. We accept and receipt for subscriptions at this office. Do the ordering and take all the risk.

DISC SHARPENERS.

Save time, money and feed by having your discs ground by Dickey & Bounds. We can grind your discs, plows or harrow. When you want your horse shod see us. We have just put in a lot of new machinery. Dickey & Bounds, opposite The Star office. 46-1f.

We have Coat Suits ranging in price from \$12.00 to \$25.00, good material and latest style. B. L. Boydston. 42-2f.

REMINGTON-UMC
NEW CLUB SHOT SHELLS
"The Shell With a Nickname"
WERE proud of the fact that gunners have nick-named our black powder loads. To go around the country and hear them talk about "The Old Reliable Yellow Shells" feels as good as a cheery greeting and a slap on the back.
New Club Shells are really the premier black powder shells of this country—Standard for over 50 years.
The No. 2 Primer gives a snappy ignition—surer and quicker than you usually find in black powder shells.
For results in your shooting, rifle or shotgun—get Remington-UMC ammunition—with the Red Ball Mark on every box. Ask the liveliest dealer in this community. He carries them.
Remington Arms-Union Metallic Cartridge Co.
299 Broadway 14 New York

The Home Paper Gives you the reading matter in which you have the greatest interest—the home news. Its every issue will prove a welcome visitor to every member of the family. It should head your list of newspaper and periodical subscriptions.

Be Independent!
Be Progressive!

The dairy districts are the most prosperous sections of the world

Are You Getting Your Part? If Not--Why Not?

Produce Cream and ship to us. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Accuracy in Weighing and Testing and Highest Market Price is our Motto.

PEERLESS CREAMERY
D. M. MEBANE, Mgr. WEATHERFORD, TEXAS.

Plenty of Eight Per Cent Money

We lend money on farms and ranches, or will sell you some land 14 miles West of Cross Plains and give you a long time topay for it, or will take a small farm as cash payment on a larger tract.

Write Us What You Want or Come to See Us.

COMPERE BROTHERS
ABILENE TEXAS

COAL! COAL! COAL!

See or phone me for your Winter coal. All kinds of Domestic and Blacksmith coal for sale. Orders promptly filled.

W. J. RAY
RESIDENCE PHONE 230. OFFICE PHONE 33.

RETURN FROM PANAMA.

Capt. and Mrs. W. C. Powell returned the first of the week from a trip to the Panama Canal. They went direct to New Orleans and by ship across the Gulf of Mexico and Caribbean Sea to Colon where they landed and crossed the Isthmus to Panama and the Pacific end of the Canal. Capt. Powell is by profession a Civil Engineer and the works on the Canal was of great interest to him and which he considers one of the greatest engineering feats of all the ages. He says he accomplished what he went for that was to see the great Culebra Cut before the water was turned into the Canal. Capt. Powell has promised us a write up of his trip which will no doubt be of great interest to readers of THE STAR.

Capt. and Mrs. Powell both enjoyed the trip immensely and returned sound and well. The trip was a long one and required twenty-five days.

If you will look on your map you will find that the Canal is below latitude 10, and east of longitude 80. That is 22 degrees south and about 23 degrees east of Callahan County. Longitude 80 runs just east of Florida and passes through Charleston, S. C. You did not believe the Canal was that far east, did you? Well, look at the map of North America and see for yourself.

GOAT TEAM

John Rose, the no legged tourist, of Big Sandy, Texas, with his four goat team, passed through Baird, Wednesday. The wagon is small, but large enough for the owner to be able to sleep in. He says he has traveled over 14 states and a distance of 8000 miles since 1909. He stopped on Market Street and all his goats laid down in the harness for a good rest. He lives at Big Sandy and expects to reach home by Dec. 1st, as he travels only about 16 miles a day. The outfit attracted considerable attention while in town.

W. B. Dodd announces this week as a candidate for Tax Assessor. Mr. Dodd is one of the old pioneers of this county and one of our best citizens. He is worthy and qualified for the office and will, if elected, discharge the duties of the office faithfully and efficiently.

Dr. John Collier received a message Saturday that his daughter, Mrs. Cochran of Walnut Springs, was thought to be dying and he and his daughter, Mrs. R. L. Alexander left on the next train. Mrs. Alexander returned home yesterday and reported her sister slowly improving.

Prof. S. Earnest Settle announces as a candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction. Prof. Settle has taught school about 7 years in this county and in three largest schools in the county, first 2 years as Principal of the Baird Schools, 3 years as Supt. of the Clyde Schools and is now teaching his second year as Supt. of the Cross Plains Schools. Prof. Settle is probably as well qualified in every way as any man in the county for the position to which he aspires. The writer was a member of the School Board at Baird during the time he taught here and it affords us pleasure to recommend him to the voters as in every way worthy of their support.

Notice To The Telephone Using Public That Are Non-Subscribers.

Within the last few days we have received two service complaints from persons that have not paid us a cent for service and who have no right what ever to use our service much less to complain about it. On investigation we find a number of non-paying telephone users, consequently we respectfully ask that you do not use your neighbors telephone. If the practice continues we shall be compelled to single out each case of a habitual borrower and ask in person that it be stopped.

If you use your neighbors telephone it is an imposition on him and if you ask a subscriber to call anyone it takes up his time as well as ours. Remember that we are not running a concern for your benefit while your neighbor pays the freight 45-1t Home Telephone Co.

MRS. WOOD DEAD.

A. T. Vestal and family returned last night from DeLeon, where they attended the funeral of Mr. Vestal's sister, Mrs. Wood, formerly of Baird.

Geo. A. Johnson, of Clyde, is a candidate for Tax Assessor, George is a native of Callahan County, and has lived here practically all his life. He is a good man and worthy the support of the Democratic voters of this county.

W. L. (Lawrence) Bowlus announces as a candidate for County Clerk. Lawrence was born and reared in Baird. He is well qualified for the duties of the office and will prove it if he is the choice of the voters. He was sworn in as Deputy Co. Clerk sometime ago, but only works extra as his services are needed.

T. E. (Tom) Parks announces this week as a candidate for County Clerk. Tom Parks is one of the best qualified men in the county for this position. He was for several years bookkeeper for the Home National Bank. He is affable and courteous and will discharge the duties of the office to the satisfaction of the public if elected.

Judge B. L. Russell, Harry Meyer, J. I. McWhorter, J. H. Rowley, W. E. Gilliland, and W. D. Boydston attended the meeting of Abilene Commandry No. 27, Monday night. The latter received the degrees in the Commandry. The boys had a royal good time. B. L. Boydston and T. E. Powell were also in Abilene but missed connection with the Commandry, also the banquet before and the "Dutch Lunch" after the meeting.

P. C. Caylor, of Fort Worth, was in Baird Thursday.

DINNER.

The ladies of the Methodist Church will serve dinner and supper on the first day of District Court.

Bowlus has the glass, see him.

Musing Wear, the kind of underwear that fits perfectly and comfortably for Men, Women and Children. B. L. Boydston 43-1f.

For Sale.—A good metal incubator, used only a short time. Phone No. 6.

Buy your coal from W. G. Bowlus

See Bowlus for roof paint, 50c per gallon. 43-1f.

Just received a full and complete line of children's coats, prices from \$2.50 to \$8.50. B. L. Boydston. 43

Give me your orders for magazines intended as Christmas presents. I have some attractive club prices good until Nov. 10th.—Miss John Gilliland, at THE STAR office.

SOLICITING SUBSCRIPTIONS.

I am soliciting subscriptions, both new and renewals, for the following magazines and would appreciate your orders. If I do not see you phone either No. 6 or No. 8, and I will call for your orders:
The Ladies' Home Journal \$1.50 yr
The Saturday Evening Post \$1.50 yr
The Country Gentleman, \$1.50 yr.
The Woman's Magazine, \$1.75 per yr.
Pictorial Review, \$1.00 per yr.
Woman's Home Companion, \$1.50 yr
The Delineator, \$1.50 per yr.
And several Club offers.

Miss John Gilliland, Baird,

The Public School is one of the greatest factors in our country. When reinforced by good, wholesome, reliable, newspapers, it gives the American child a practical education. Without the aid of newspapers the public school can not give a boy or girl, that degree of general intelligence that you wish your children to have. You can now get The Baird Star and The Dallas Seme. Weekly Farm New for one year, three papers a week, for \$1.75. We accept and receipt for subscriptions at this office. Do the ordering and take all the risk.

Our New Fall Goods are now Ready for Your Inspection

Many new and attractive fabrics in Dress Goods in wool and cotton cloths. Silks in a splendid array of color and design. We are now ready, offering for your inspection one of the largest and best selected stocks ever shown in the city

Ladies' Suits

In our Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Department we have by far the most complete stock we have ever shown. We have many new models in Ladies' Suits in every favored material and style effect of the season. Suits from

\$10.00 to \$30.00

Ladies' Skirts

Separate skirts will be more in demand this season than ever before. Our skirt line is beyond a doubt the largest and best to be found in our city. Being ready to show these garments we cordially invite you to inspect this line.



Ladies' and Children's Coats

The new Coat Style will please you. It will only take a glance to convince you that the many new styles we are showing are indeed out of the ordinary.

Ladies' Coats from \$5.00 to \$30.00

Children's Coats from \$1.75 Up



Shoe Department

Shoe buying is easy for you here. We have a complete line of Children's shoes especially for school wear. Our line of Men's, Ladies and Misses Shoes in correct models for every use merits special attention.

Gent's Furnishings

Our Gent's Furnishing Department is full to overflowing with the latest and best that could be bought. You men who want the smartest styles ought to see early the new models we have brought together for this season.

WE CORDIALLY INVITE YOU TO VISIT THIS STORE AND INSPECT THE NEW GOODS AND SEE THAT OUR CLAIM OF GOOD GOODS AND REASONABLE PRICES IS TRUE

H. SCHWARTZ

TURKEY CREEK LOCALS.

Rain, rain, rain and it still continues to rain. Of course we are always glad to see it rain. It is a drawback to the cotton pickers now, but will be fine on winter grain.

We are glad to report that Miss Ruth Anderson, who has had typhoid fever, is able to be up.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Chatham are the proud parents of a fine baby girl which they have christened Eva Fidella.

Otis Richardson has returned from Fort Worth where he took a machinists course.

Mr. and Mrs. Lively returned last week from a two weeks stay in Llano County.

Tom Mitchell of Bandera County is here on business.

Miss Cordie Miller spent Saturday afternoon with the Misses Anderson.

Grandma Wright came home Sunday from Admiral where she has been visiting.

Arthur Coffee has had Stonewall County fever; but since the refreshing rain he has decided to remain in Callahan County.

The District Singing Convention met with the Turkey Creek Class Sunday, Oct. 5th, with quite a good attendance considering bad roads. We had good singing and a nice dinner. The next convention will meet with the Admiral class the first Sunday in December.

Hattie and Sallie Mae Baccus spent Tuesday afternoon with Bernice Lively.

R. Cordwent made a business trip to Baird Monday.

With all good wishes to the editor and all the readers.

"Sunshine."

THE BAIRD MACHINE CO.
Auto Repairing a Specialty

All Work Guaranteed. Give us a Trial.
Shop Phone 224. House Phone 262
W. E. GILLIT & SON.

ADMIRAL LOCALS.

Good Morning, Uncle Billie. As we have had some big rains we will try to write a few happenings in and around Admiral.
I hear the farmers say the late feed will make good.

Several of the young people of Admiral went to Turkey Creek last Sunday to attend the local singing and all report a nice time.

I am glad to say the sick of our community are all better.

Will and Pink Eastham of Mangum, Okla., and Mrs. John Wright of Big Springs are visiting their mother, Mrs. Eastham, who has been very sick.

Mrs. J. B. Smartt has returned from Colorado where she has been visiting her grauddaughter, Miss Ethel Sikes.

Archie Shelton has gone to Clyde to pick cotton.

Will Heslep is visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. Heslep of Admiral. Will Dawkins and family visited I. N. Walls at Denton last week and all report a nice time.

Mrs. Fred Alvord of Fort Worth is visiting her aunt Mrs. Eastham.

Will and Cage Heslep are painting our church at Admiral this week.

Misses Sallie and Eunice Sanders have returned from Eula.

Come on Patsie and Sunshine with

your letters, we enjoy reading the correspondence from all parts of the county.

"A. W."

NOTICE.

All male members of the Baptist Church are earnestly requested to meet the Pastor at the Church at 2:00 o'clock for a conference previous to the Regular Conference at 3:00 o'clock Sunday. Let every member of the Church be present at 3 p. m. A. F. Loftin.

NOTICE.

I have recently returned from a two months vacation spent in New Mexico and am now prepared to furnish all with the Franco-American Hygiene Toilet goods such as soaps, powder, cold cream, toilet waters, etc. If any one wanting toilet goods will phone me I will call and deliver them to you. Thanking one and all for your patronage, I am,

Respectfully yours,

Mrs. W. L. Henry.
Phone No. 15.

You Need a Tonic

There are times in every woman's life when she needs a tonic to help her over the hard places. When that time comes to you, you know what tonic to take—Cardui, the woman's tonic. Cardui is composed of purely vegetable ingredients, which act gently, yet surely, on the weakened womanly organs, and helps build them back to strength and health. It has benefited thousands and thousands of weak, ailing women in its past half century of wonderful success, and it will do the same for you. You can't make a mistake in taking

CARDUI
The Woman's Tonic

Miss Amelia Wilson, R. F. D. No. 4, Alma, Ark., says: "I think Cardui is the greatest medicine on earth, for women. Before I began to take Cardui, I was so weak and nervous, and had such awful dizzy spells and a poor appetite. Now I feel as well and as strong as I ever did, and can eat most anything." Begin taking Cardui today. Sold by all dealers.

Has Helped Thousands.