

F. W. JAMES, President. W. C. POWELL, Cashier.
HENRY JAMES, Vice President.

The First National Bank of Baird.

One of the Largest and Oldest Banks in the West.
Cash Capital \$100,000. Cash Surplus \$20,000.
Total \$120,000.
DEPOSITS RECEIVED. MONEY LOANED.
General Banking.
Your business solicited, every facility for the transaction of business.

The Star.

"T'IS NEITHER BIRTH, NOR WEALTH, NOR STATE, BUT THE GIT-UP-AND-GIT THAT MAKES MEN GREAT."

What Did You Pay For it?

T. E. POWELL.

Has it for Less!

WHAT IS IT
Dry Goods, Clothing, Ec.

VOL. 15

BAIRD, CALLAHAN COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, JAN 30, 1902.

NO. 9.

NOW IS YOUR TIME! TO BUY YOUR GOODS CHEAP.

In Invoicing we find we are heavily overstocked with goods that you are needing now, we have not time now to make a list of goods with prices, but will furnish one later. In Men's Overcoats, Suits and Under-ware we will make prices to sell the goods.

B. L. BOYDSTUN,

GOVERNOR BOB TAYLOR

grows Eloquent as He Reviews the
Life and Sacrifice of Old
Confederates.

We clip the following from an exchange, which is the most eloquent portion of a speech delivered by Ex-Governor Taylor of Tennessee, at the Confederate Veteran's Reunion at Brownsville, Tennessee.

Time in its tireless flight has brought us again to the full leaf and flower of another summer. The grass grows green about the dust of the heroes; the roses twine once more about their tomb, and the morning glories point their purple bugles toward our immortal dead. Another year, with its sunshine and its shadow, its laughter and its tears, its sowing and its reaping, its cradle songs and funeral hymns, now lies between us and that dark day at Appomattox when the star of Southern hope went down and the flag of Southern chivalry was furled forever.

Another year has added whiter locks, to the temples of those old veterans who wore the gray, and deeper furrows to their brows, and they now stand among us like solitary oaks in the midst of a fallen forest, hoary with age, covered with scars, and glorious as the living monuments of southern manhood and southern courage.

We are not yet far enough away to forget the agony and the tears of a nation that was crushed when the shattered armies of Lee and Johnston, worn and weary, halt starved, barefooted and in rags, stacked their arms in the gloom of defeat and left the field of valor overwhelmed and overpowered, yet undaunted and unconquered. When time has measured off a thousand years the world will not forget the sufferings and the sacrifices of the brave men who so freely gave their fortunes and shed their blood to preserve the most brilliant civilization that ever flourished in any land or in any age, for literature loves a lost cause.

Historians will some day sit down on our battlefields and write true history—history that will read like the wildest dreams of fancy that were ever woven into fiction, and poets will linger among our graves and sing sweeter songs than were ever sung before. For each monument is a volume with-

in itself of wild and thrilling adventure, and every tombstone tells a story touching as the soldier's last tear on the white bosom of his manhood's bride, tender as his last farewell.

I would not utter a word of bitterness against the men who wore the blue. They fought and died under the old flag to perpetuate the union, and they were men worthy of southern prowess and southern valor.

I would not, if I could, rob Grant, the great and noble chieftain, of his fame and glory. Every southern soldier ought to stand with uncovered head when his name is spoken. For when all was lost, in the darkest and saddest moments of southern history, he was magnanimous to Lee and kind to his tattered and famished army. Along the blue lines of the triumphant foe, when the unhappy Confederates marched between them and laid down their guns there was no shout of victory nor flourish of trumpets. But only silence and tears.

When the conflict had ended the Confederate soldier proudly stood among the blackened walls of his ruined country, magnificent in his gloom of defeat and still a hero. His sword was broken, his home was in ashes, the earth was red beneath him, the sky was black above him, he had placed all in the scale of war and lost all save honor. But he did not sit down in despair and weep away the passing years.

His slaves were gone, but he was still a master. Too proud to pine, too strong to yield to adversity, he threw down his musket and laid his willing but unskilled hands upon the waiting plow. He put away the knapsack of war and turned his face toward the morning peace. He abandoned the rebel yell to enter forum and court room and the hustings. He gave up the sword to enter the battle of industry and commerce, and now in a little more than a third of a century the land of desolation and of death, the land of monuments and memories has reached the springtime of a grander destiny, and the sun shines bright on the domes and towers of new cities built upon the ashes of the old, and the cottonfields wave their white banners of peace and the fields of wheat wave back their banners of gold.

Who can portray the possibilities

of a country which has produced the Lees and Jacksons and the brilliant Gordon and the dashing Joe Wheeler, who is as gallant in the blue as he was glorious in the gray, and the impetuous and immortal Bedford Forest, the Marshal Ney of the Confederacy?

Who can portray the possibilities of a country which has produced the stalwart and sinewy men of the rank and file, who followed the Stars and Bars through the smoke and flame of every desperate battle and stepped proudly into history as the greatest fighters the world has known? A country so richly blessed, not only with brave men and beautiful women, but whose blossoming hills and fertile valleys are so generous, and kind, and whose mountains burdened with coal and iron and copper and zinc and lead enough to supply the world for a thousand years; whose virgin forests yet stand awaiting and sighing for the woodman's ax, and whose winding rivers flow clear and cool and make music as they go. It is the beautiful land of love and liberty, of sunshine and sentiment, of fruits and flowers, where the grapevine staggers from tree to tree as if drunk with the wine of its own purple cluster; where peach and plum and blood red cherries and every kind of berry bend bow and bush and glow like showered drops of rubies and of pearls. It is the land of the magnolia and of the melon, the paradise of cotton and the cane.

They tell us now that it is the new south, but the same old blood runs in the veins of these old veterans and the same old spirit heaves their bosoms and flashes in their eyes; the same old soldiers who wielded the musket long ago are nursing their grandchildren on their knees, and teaching them the same old lessons of honor and truth, and the same old love of liberty. The croaking bird sings the same old songs in the same old tree and the brooks leap and laugh down the same old hollows. We till the same old fields and drink in the same old springs, and climb among the same old rocks and fish in the same old streams. It is the same old south and we are the same old southern people.

"There may be skies as blue,
but none bluer.
There may be hearts as true,
but none truer."

In the same old country of the free

JNO. W. WOODS,

Atty-at-Law and
Notary Public

Special attention to Abstracting and Perfecting Land Titles.

GENERAL INSURANCE AG'T.

Fire, Life and Tornado.

Country Property and Gins Insured. Office 2nd story Court House.

and the home of the brave. In the same old south resurrected from the dead with the prints and the nails still in its hands and scars of the spear still in its side—

I'm glad I am in Dixie
Look away! Look away!
In Dixie land I'll take my stand
And live and die in Dixie,
Look away! Look away!
Look away down south in Dixie."

God grant that our beloved old south may be as happy in reaping the golden harvest of prosperity in the years to come as she has been brave and true through the sufferings and woes of adversity in the sorrowful years of the past.

And now my grizzly old friends, who once wore the gray, in the name of our young men, I congratulate you upon having lived to see the dawn of a brighter day for your battle scarred and war swept country. You must soon answer to the roll call of eternity and join your comrades on the other side. I give you the pledge of our sons that they will ever defend the record you have made and themselves live up to the traditions of their fathers.

In the name of our women, both young and old, I implore the blessings of the Lord upon you and pray that as the dew of life's evening are condensing on your brow and the shadows of the long, long night are gathering about you, you may linger long in the twilight with loving ones to lead you and loving hearts to bless.

Jno. W. Woods represents the old reliable "Hartford" Fire Ins. Co. Total assets over \$12,000,000. Has paid \$73,000,000. in losses and has the largest net premium income of any Company in the World doing exclusively a Fire Ins. Business. Charter perpetual.

WE THANK YOU

ONE AND ALL

FOR THE LIBERAL PATRONAGE

Extended us during the year just ended. We hope to merit a continuance of the same during 1902 and will endeavor to keep a first class stock of

Drugs, Medicines, Paints

OILS, WALL PAPER, JEWELRY.

We are expecting our first shipment of 1902 Wall Paper to reach us this month. Come and see us for new designs in Wall Paper.

If You Owe Us Please Settle—We Need It.

POWELL & POWELL

DRUGGISTS.

J. J. WELCH.

J. W. SEAY.

TWO JIMS PALACE,

WELCH & SEAY Proprietors.

The Finest
Whiskies, Alcohols, Wines, Cigars.
ALWAYS ON HAND.

Sacramental Wine Always kept in Stock. Ice Cold Beer 5cts. a Glass.

Baird, Texas.

NOTICE.

The time for paying the past year's account is now at hand, and all who know themselves indebted to me will please come forward and settle at once. I have many heavy accounts to meet and must have the money to pay them.

T. E. POWELL. 1-4

Go to Wilson & Oliver for fresh salt hams, pure leaf lard, soap grease and head cheese. We also buy hides and furs.

62-11

FRESH BREAD.—Will have Rye Graham, Vienna, Cream and Plain bread every day. GEO. S. HARDIN. 36

AWFUL MINE DISASTER

Twenty-One Lives Lost and Eight Men Seriously Injured.

One Shot Failed to Explode and the Burning Powder Ignited Gas and the Wrecking of the Mine Then Followed.

Oskaloosa, Ia., Jan. 27.—As a result of a terrible explosion disaster at Lost Creek Friday afternoon 21 men are in an improvised morgue and eight are in temporary hospitals. The dead are: John Gaspers, Frank Gaspers, Jim Stohl, Sylvester Greighton, Joe Berto, Andy Pash, Frank Seccas, John Martin, John Blos, Mike Heira, Jack Manley, Mike Fox, Jr., Mike Fox, Sr., Boone Fish, Russ Fish, A. B. Crews, Jack Elder, Dave Walter, Sam Humphrey, Jim Humphrey and Alex Gray. The injured, most of them seriously, are Ed Seccas, Ed Swanson, Jonas Matsie, Olive Matsie, John Jerkia, William Harvey, George Gogo.

The explosion occurred from what was known as a dust explosion. The miners had just fired their usual shots, one of which proved to be a fizzle. The burning powder ignited the gas and the explosion followed. Smoke and debris was blown out of the shaft 200 feet high. Part of the top works was torn away and fans and cages were partially wrecked. This made the work of rescue very slow and it was sometime before the volunteers dared to venture into the entry where the explosion occurred. As they fought their way in a horrible sight greeted them. The dead and injured were terribly burned and mutilated, some of them almost beyond recognition. Fire had broken out and this added terror to the spectacle. The flames were finally controlled, and after several of the rescue party had succumbed to the fumes all the dead found and carried to the top of the shaft.

It was nearly 6 o'clock Friday evening when the last of the dead was taken out and screams of anguish among the families of the men were pitiful. Nearly all the men were married and leave families in poor circumstances.

EXPLOSION IN A TUNNEL

Six Persons Killed and Many Injured and Much Property Destroyed.

New York, Jan. 28.—The explosion yesterday of the reserve supply of high explosives stored at the Park avenue shaft of the Rapid Transit tunnel, now in course of construction, killed six persons, injured a hundred others and seriously damaged all the property reached by the flying debris and the vibration of the shock.

The irregular square formed by the Murray Hill hotel on the west, the Manhattan Eye and Ear hospital and the Grand Union hotel on the east, and the Grand Central railroad station on the north was the scene of the explosion. The buildings named sustained the great damage but the area extended for several blocks in four directions.

The cause of the explosion and the quantity of explosives that blew up are not definitely known. Several causes have been advanced. One was that a fire started near the powder room and the mechanic Thomas Tubbs lost his life in a desperate attempt to quench it before it reached the deadly fume. Another is that it started from a spark produced by a stray current of electricity. A third placed the blame upon a blast in the tunnel. Still another gave a gas explosion from electrical contact in the trolley conduit in the street railway subway. Several men who were very close to the shaft escaped, while others hundreds of feet away were knocked down and seriously injured.

The damage may exceed \$1,000,000. The first estimate on the Murray Hill hotel placed the loss at \$100,000, but later the hotel was abandoned as unsafe. If the building is condemned the loss on it alone will approach \$1,000,000. The damage to the Grand Union was estimated at \$400,000, and that to the Manhattan hospital at \$25,000. The loss at the Grand Central station was entirely in glass, as was that of the one hundred or more other buildings affected by the explosion. No estimate was made of the losses sustained by the Rapid Transit contractors.

School Teacher Found Dead.

Wylie, Tex., Jan. 28.—John Hutchins, a farmer, about 25 years old, was found dead about 11 o'clock Sunday morning about one-half mile east of this place, by the side of the Cotton Belt railroad track. Marks on his body show that very likely he was struck by a passing train some time Saturday night. Mr. Hutchins came to this place from Tennessee several years ago with his brother, who has been teacher in the public schools here.

Tragedy at Celina.

McKinney, Tex., Jan. 28.—Meager news has been received here of a shooting at Celina, in which John Bibbes was killed. Bibbes and Will West were brothers-in-law. There was a family quarrel at the home of West, wherein Bibbes and West were participants. West surrendered to the officers, alleging self defense.

Tree Fell upon Him.

Big Sandy, Tex., Jan. 28.—Will Caffey, aged 45, was killed Saturday on his farm, a few miles north of this place. While working in new ground a burning tree fell on him, killing him almost instantly.

TRAIN HELD UP.

Two Iron Safes Loaded upon a Wagon and Taken Away.

Charleston, Jan. 27.—Meager details of a daring holdup on the Southern railway near Branchville, which occurred early Monday evening, have been received here. As a northbound passenger train from Charleston slowed up two miles from Branchville, the engineer, fireman and conductor were compelled by masked men at the point of pistols to stop. The robbers overawed the passengers, and uncoupling the engine, express and baggage cars from the remainder of the train, ran two miles up the road, where they loaded the two iron express safes upon a 2-horse wagon and drove away. The express messenger was ordered by the robbers to unlock the safes, but declared that he did not know the combination.

NEGROES LYNCHED.

Two Strung up in Louisiana for the Murder of C. N. Grant.

New Orleans, Jan. 28.—Two negroes have been lynched in a distant portion of West Carroll parish, Louisiana, for the murder of C. N. Grant, the police juror from Floyd, Grant, while out hunting with a friend named McKay came upon some negroes who had killed and were cleaning hogs. He found the animals were his own hogs and attempted to arrest the negroes, when one of them fired at him, the bullet entering his brain. McKay aroused the whites in the neighborhood. A posse was hastily formed, the three negroes were captured, and two of them lynched by a mob.

SAVED FROM LYNCHERS.

Fullblood Shawnee Tortured and Almost Killed at the Stake.

Guthrie, O. T., Jan. 28.—Fred Tiner, a full-blood Shawnee Indian, alleged to have outraged three Shawnee squaws on last Thursday, was tied to a stake to be burned to death by members of his tribe, men and women. He was first cruelly tortured. His face was beaten out of shape, his ears were torn nearly off by squaws and other horrible tortures were being applied when Deputy United States Marshall Davis arrived from Arbeka, I. T., held the mob back with a gun, and single-handed out the thongs, backed away from the crowd with his prisoner and safely escaped to Weweka, where Tiner was placed in jail.

Most Abandon Tobacco.

Paris, Tex., Jan. 28.—Frisco passenger trainmen must break themselves of the tobacco habit before the 15th of February, for on that date a new code of rules and regulations goes into effect, one section of which provides that no passenger trainman shall use tobacco in any form while in uniform on duty, and no employee shall smoke or chew tobacco in passenger stations or about the platforms. The new rules do not make much further change. A few signals are altered and new ones given in their place, but the changes are easy.

Meeting of Prohibitionists.

Waco, Tex., Jan. 28.—M. B. Rutherford of San Antonio, and other Texas Prohibitionists, sent out the following circular letter to all parts of the state: To the Prohibitionists of Texas: We, the citizens and voters of this state, most respectfully call a convention to be held in the city of Waco at 10 o'clock a. m., Tuesday, February 18, at the courthouse or some other convenient auditorium, for the purpose of organizing a State Prohibition club, and to devise ways and means of securing a submission to the popular vote of the state the question of an amendment to the constitution of the state which shall have for its object the prohibition of the sale and manufacture of spirituous liquors for beverage purposes. Every person in the state who is in sympathy with the objects of this meeting is invited to be present and participate in its deliberations. All social, religious, educational and benevolent organizations and institutions are especially requested to send strong representative delegations.

Horse Famine Imminent.

Butte, Mont., Jan. 27.—Conservative estimate of the number of horses shipped from Montana last year places the number at 100,000. British call for mounts for South Africa has resulted in thousands of head leaving the state. The result is there are now fewer horses in this state than ever before. Indeed there are no large bands and unless there is a movement of horses to Montana from the south there is certain to be a horse famine in the state next year.

Earthquake at St. Louis.

St. Louis, Jan. 25.—Two distinct shocks of earthquake were felt in St. Louis and in many of towns in the immediate vicinity of the city a few minutes before 5 o'clock Friday morning. The first shock was light, but the second more severe. It awakened persons who had slept through the first shock and got them out of bed. The shocks were accompanied by a rumbling sound.

Frisco Midland Renter.

Paris, Tex., Jan. 27.—A strong impression prevails here that the Frisco is soon to assume control of the Texas Midland, and that the line will be extended from Ennis to Beaumont to reach the gulf.

More Rigid Oleomargarine Bill.

Washington, Jan. 24.—The house committee on agriculture by a vote of 12 to 5 ordered a favorable report on a more rigid oleomargarine bill than the Grout bill of last congress.

Crawford Succeeds His Father.

Tallahassee, Fla., Jan. 28.—Gov. Jennings has appointed H. Clay Crawford secretary of state, to succeed his father, who died recently.

RIGHT TO CRITICISE.

Army Officers Taken to Task in the Senate for Talking.

The Credentials of Senators McCreary of Kentucky and Foraker of Ohio Presented in the Senate.

Washington, Jan. 28.—An animated and prolonged discussion was precipitated in the senate Monday over the right of army officers to criticize utterances made in the senate or elsewhere on the conduct of affairs in the Philippines. At times it became somewhat acrimonious, officers in the Philippines being sharply taken to task for statements attributed to them in dispatches from Manila.

Soon after the senate convened, Mr. Lodge, chairman of the Philippines committee, favorably reported a resolution authorizing that committee to make an investigation of the Philippines question and for that purpose to sit during the sessions of the senate. The resolution was referred to the committee of the contingent expenses. Mr. Blackburn of Kentucky presented the credentials of James B. McCreary, recently elected senator from Kentucky, for a term of six years beginning on March 4, 1903. They were placed on file.

Mr. Hanna of Ohio likewise presented the credentials of his colleague, Joseph Benson Foraker, who was re-elected recently to the senate for a term of six years, beginning March 4, 1903.

In introducing a resolution providing for the appointment of a committee of experts to ascertain the cost of an isthmian canal tunnel five miles in length by what is known as the Darien route, Mr. Scott of West Virginia gave notice that at some later time he would address the senate upon the subject.

The house Monday adopted a resolution calling for documents relating to the old training ship Vermont, which was placed out of commission last summer, and also passed a bill to provide for the compulsory attendance of witnesses before registers and receivers of the general land office. A bill to appropriate \$100,000 for establishing homes for the teaching of articulate speech to deaf children was defeated. The house adjourned until Wednesday.

The house chaplain, in his invocation, referred feelingly to the death of the wife of Representative Davis of Florida, which occurred Sunday night.

Election Laws in the South.

Washington, Jan. 27.—At a caucus of southern Republicans in congress steps were taken looking to the preparation of a measure to be introduced in both houses comprising an amalgamation of the best features of the bills already presented in the house by Messrs. Barthold of Missouri and Gibson of Tennessee, for the enforcement of the election laws.

Cost of Danish West Indies.

Washington, Jan. 27.—The senate Monday in executive session received the treaty with Denmark, transferring the West Indies possessions of that country to the United States. The consideration by this country is \$5,000,000.

Sympathy for the Boers.

Washington, Jan. 25.—Representative Clark of Missouri has introduced a joint resolution expressing sympathy for the two South African republics and regret over the suffering caused by the war. The resolution expresses the hope that this declaration by congress will influence Great Britain to consider favorably a settlement of the troubles.

China Paid for Seized Bullion.

Washington, Jan. 25.—Secretary Hay has handed Minister Wu a draft on the treasury for \$376,000, being the value of the silver bullion captured by the American marines at Tien Tsin.

Urgent Deficiency Bill Passed.

Washington, Jan. 25.—The house has passed the urgent deficiency bill as it came from the committee. Various efforts were made to amend portions of the measure but without success.

Seventy-three private pension bills were passed, one giving the widow of the late Rear Admiral Phillips \$50 per month.

The house adjourned until Monday.

Postmasters Appointed.

Washington, Jan. 26.—The president has sent the following nominations to the senate for postmasters: Henry A. Cady, Ballinger, Tex.; Thomas L. Ball, Decatur, Tex.; Robert C. May, Leonard, Tex.; J. O. Thompson, Tuskegee, Ala.; Nelson H. Norman, Wynnewood, I. T. and George W. Watson, El Reno, I. T.

Pistol Fell from Pocket.

Guthrie, O. T., Jan. 28.—Will Riggs, a young farmer, while attending a sale on the Davis farm, two miles from Langston, was fatally wounded by the accidental discharge of a revolver. While examining some farm machinery a revolver dropped from his pocket, struck the machinery and discharged. The bullet passed through the bowels and the attending physician stated that he cannot recover.

Spikes Brothers Killed.

Hereford, Tex., Jan. 28.—Parties coming in from Liberty, N. M., confirm the report of the killing of John and Nick Spikes, Fred, who was so badly wounded, is doing better than was thought possible, and home hopes are entertained for his recovery.

Many Sick on a Transport.

Manila, Jan. 28.—The United States transport Sheridan has arrived here from San Francisco with many sick on board, including 30 cases of measles.

THE STATE LOST.

The Shippers' Warehouse and Compress Company Win Their Case.

Austin, Jan. 28.—In the district court here Judge Frank Morris rendered a decision in favor of the defendant in the case of the State of Texas vs. the Shippers' Warehouse and Compress company, which was charged with violating the anti-trust law in the matter of buying up competing compresses. Attorney General C. K. Bell, who was present in court when the decision was rendered, gave notice of appeal in behalf of the state and the questions involved in the case will be tested in the higher courts.

Conflicting Opinions.

Austin, Jan. 28.—There are many conflicting opinions regarding the decision of Judge F. G. Morris of the fifty-third district court in the case of the state against the Shippers' Compress and Warehouse company.

Attorney General Bell is of the opinion that the decision decides the question to the effect that a corporation can buy a competing corporation for the purpose of suppressing competition, without violating the anti-trust law, and upon this point he appealed the case.

On the other hand, A. M. Carter of Fort Worth, representing the Shippers' stated that he did not think the decision was a victory for the defendant company, and it did not decide the question at issue.

SCHLEY IS KEPT BUSY.

At the Public Reception He Was Required to Stand for Hours.

Chicago, Jan. 28.—Admiral Schley, after a quiet Sunday, expressed himself as ready to meet requirements of yesterday's program. At 3 p. m., the most severe physical ordeal of his visit here began. It was the public reception at which the admiral had to stand for two hours shaking hands with those who wished to meet him.

At 6 p. m. the admiral was guest of the Illinois naval militia at dinner at the Auditorium.

A review of the first ship's crew at their armory completed the day.

Plan to Protect Galveston.

Galveston, Jan. 27.—The board of expert engineers have submitted plans for the protection of Galveston from a recurrence of the great loss of life and property, such as followed the hurricane in 1900. The plan calls for a concrete breakwater on the gulf side. The total cost is estimated at \$3,500,000. There is every indication that the money will be raised.

Married Twelve Times.

Dublin, Ind., Jan. 25.—Philip Veldelburg of Madison county undoubtedly holds the record in Indiana for marriages. He is 58 years old and has been married 12 times. He is the father of thirty-two children. It is said Veldelburg hopes to live long enough to marry his thirteenth wife. He was born in Germany, and came from a family whose ancestors settled in New York during the colonial period.

Extension of the Choctaw.

Guthrie, O. T., Jan. 27.—The final contracts have all been signed insuring the immediate building of the Choctaw railway from Hartsboro, I. T., to this city. The city council also granted the company a franchise entirely across the city, which insures the extension of the line northwest from here to Enid and Alva.

The Fire at Winona.

Winona, Miss., Jan. 27.—The fire here Friday destroyed six brick buildings. The heaviest losers are the J. Harris Dry Goods and Shoe company, Southern Express, C. H. Aldredge, Ed Loggin and H. W. Lamb. Total loss \$50,000; insurance \$30,000. The whole business part of town was threatened, but was saved after a hard fight.

Prominent Educator Dead.

Montgomery, Ala., Jan. 25.—Dr. William Leroy Brown, president of the Agricultural and Mechanical college at Auburn, died suddenly Thursday. He was 74 years of age. He held chairs in the University of Georgia, University of Mississippi and University of Texas.

Senator Sewell's Successor.

Trenton, N. J., Jan. 25.—The Republican caucus to select a candidate for United States senator to succeed the late General Sewell selected on the 19th ballot John F. Dryden of Newark, president of the Prudential Insurance company.

Another Flour Mill for Paris.

Paris, Tex., Jan. 27.—Parties living in Paris, Blossom and Roston, have subscribed \$60,000 to erect another flouring mill plant here. A charter will be applied for in a few days.

To Hang for Assault.

Lynchburg, Va., Jan. 28.—Joe Higginbotham was convicted here of criminal assault upon Mrs. Ralph Weber, and was sentenced to be hanged on Feb. 24. He pleaded guilty.

Old Official Re-Elected.

Indianapolis, Jan. 25.—The miners' convention re-elected John Mitchell president; W. B. Wilson secretary and T. L. Lewis vice president, without contest.

Child Burned to Death.

Guthrie, O. T., Jan. 27.—At Watonga the 5-year-old daughter of John Sober was burned to death by her dress igniting from a spark from the stove.

Texas Medical Association.

Galveston, Jan. 28.—The Texas State Medical association will hold its annual meeting at Dallas May 6 to 9 inclusive.

Land it Pays To Buy.

In Callahan County, (North Central) Texas, on T. & P. Ry. 140 miles West of Ft. Worth. STOCK WATER plentiful and guaranteed absolutely permanent.

A 1120 ACRE STOCK FARM.

A 1120 acre Stock Farm at Vigo Switch, on railroad. Three good farms on it, over 200 acres in cultivation. Everlasting water. Splendid location for General Store, also for handling good cattle or horses. Price \$6.50 per acre, will cut and sell any part of it.

NOTICE—One acre at Vigo sold for \$50 cash lately, for a building site. If a neat dwelling and a store house, painted and all to cost \$1120 (\$1 per acre) were built, the entire tract ought to sell at 10 to \$20, average \$15, double cost. 2000 acres more adjoining lands can be bought reasonable if needed for colony.

\$150 CASH—I will pay \$150 Cash Commission for a buyer for the above 1120 acres, or \$100 if 640 acres is sold.

STOCK FARMS.

Others of 640 to 2000 acres, well improved and well watered, at \$6.50 per acre.

FARMS.

I have several nice Grain and Cotton Farms of 80, 100, 160 and 320 acres each at \$7.50 to \$15.00 per acre.

PASTURES.

A small pasture near Baird, 122 acres fenced and watered. All mesquite land, half of it tillable. Very cheap at \$6.50 per acre. Larger Pastures at \$5.50 per acre.

HORSES & MULES.

Grain Fed Horses, Mules and Mares in good shape, for sale cheap. Any number from one head to a car load.

CITY PROPERTY.

Several nice residence properties in Baird, at \$350 to \$1600, half cash, balance 5 years time. Also business lots the same way. The best unimproved business lot and location for \$475.

ABSTRACTS OF TITLES.

I can furnish an Abstract of any title in Callahan County neatly typewritten, so that you can read it, and understand it readily.

A. G. WEBB.

Baird, Callahan County, Texas.

BEECH'S SALOON.
—DE LS IN—
Fine Whiskies, Wines, Cigars,
AND ICE COLD BEER AT 5Cts. A GLASS.
Only the best brands of everything in stock. 2nd door north of Sigal Hotel.
Baird, Texas.
Billiard and Pool Room First Door South

R. B. Spencer & Co.,
* LUMBER DEALERS *
We carry a first-class stock of Lumber, Shingles, Doors, Sash Cement, Posts, Etc. and can fill all orders promptly.
Successors to S. M. MOON & CO.
Baird, Texas.

**Staple and Fancy GROCERIES.**
A. W. McFarlane,
Phone 27.
Queen of Panty Flour.

SIX OF THE BEST IN AMERICA.
Others as Good, but None BETTER.

Scottish Union and National, Organized	1824.
Orient of Hartford,	1867.
Pennsylvania Fire,	1837.
Fire Association of Phila.	1823.
New Hampshire Fire,	1817.
Philadelphia Underwriters, composed of Insurance Co. of North America and Fire Association of Philadelphia, organized	1792 & 1817.
All of the above Companies settle on demand. I ask for a share of your insurance, offering you choice from Six of the best Co's. in the WORLD. Let me quote you rates, I know I can please you.	
JOHN TRENT, Agent.	

LANDS, LOANS, ABSTRACTS AND INSURANCE.
I have for sale some of the best and cheapest IMPROVED AND UNIMPROVED FARMS in Callahan and adjoining counties.
I can LEND YOU MONEY on land on long time with easy payments and at low rate of interest.
ABSTRACTS prepared on short notice and at reasonable charges.
I represent some of the Strongest and Best FIRE AND TORNADO INSURANCE Companies in existence.
If you want to buy or sell land, borrow money, have your titles abstracted or insure your property against loss by fire and storms come and see me, I can please you.
L. L. BLACKBURN, Baird, Tex. 72

CASE 113

...By...
Emile Gaboriau

without obstinacy, firm and assured without defiance.

"Well," he said, "have you reflected?"

"Not being guilty, monsieur, I had nothing to reflect upon."

"Ah, the prison has not been a good counselor. You forget that sincerity and repentance are the first things necessary to obtain the indulgence of a judge. Will you be good enough to tell me," he added, "how much you have spent during the last year?"

Prosper did not find it necessary to stop to reflect and calculate.

"Yes, monsieur," he answered unhesitatingly. "Circumstances made it necessary for me to preserve the greatest order in my extravagance. I spent about 50,000 francs."

"Where did you get it?"

"In the first place, 12,000 francs was left to me by my mother. I received from M. Fauvel 14,000 francs as my salary and share of the profits. At the Stock Exchange I gained 8,000 francs. The rest I borrowed and intend repaying out of the 15,000 francs which I have with M. Fauvel."

"Who lent you the money?"

"M. Raoul de Lagors."

This witness had left Paris the day of the robbery and could not be found. For the time being M. Patrigent was compelled to rely upon Prosper's word.

"Well," he said, "I will not press this point. But tell me why, in spite of the formal order of M. Fauvel, you drew the money from the Bank of France the night before instead of waiting till the morning of the payment?"

"Because M. de Clameran had told me that it would be agreeable, even necessary, for him to have his money early in the morning. He will testify to that fact if you ask him. I knew that I would reach my office late."

"This M. de Clameran is a friend of yours?"

"By no means. I have always felt a sort of repulsion for him, but he is the intimate friend of my friend, M. Lagors."

"One more thing," said the judge. "How did you spend the evening, the night of the crime?"

"When I left my office, at 5 o'clock, I took the St. Germain train and went to Vesinet. M. de Lagors' country seat. I carried him 1,500 francs, which he had asked for, and, not finding him at home, I left it with his servant."

"Did he tell you that M. de Lagors was going on a journey?"

"No, monsieur. I did not know that he had left Paris."

"Very well. Where did you go when you left Vesinet?"

"I returned to Paris and dined at a restaurant on the boulevard with a friend."

"And then?"

Prosper hesitated.

"You are silent," said M. Patrigent. "Then I will tell you how you employed your time. You returned to your rooms in Chapin street, dressed yourself and attended a dance."

"You are right, monsieur."

"And did you not play at baccarat and lose 1,800 francs?"

"Pardon me, monsieur; only 1,100."

"Very well. In the morning you paid a note of a thousand francs?"

"Yes, monsieur."

The prisoner made a gesture of impatience. He did not know that the judge was reading him this report to convince him that nothing can escape the police.

"Palmire Chocoreille," he continued, "at twelve years of age was apprenticed to a shoemaker and remained with him until she was sixteen. Traces of her are lost for one year. At seventeen she is hired as a servant by a grocer on St. Denis street named Dom-

A GOOD RECOMMENDATION.

"I have noticed that the sale on Chamberlain's Stomach & Liver Tablets is almost invariably to those who have used them," says Mr. J. H. Weber, a prominent druggist of Cascade, Iowa. What better recommendation could any medicine have than for people to call for it when again in need of such a remedy? Try them when you feel dull after eating, when you have a bad taste in your mouth, feel bilious, have no appetite or when troubled with constipation, and you are certain to be delighted with the prompt relief which they afford. For sale by R. Phillips Baird, and Y. A. Orr Putnam.

Clothing! Clothing! Clothing!

Cheapest and prettiest line ever seen in Baird. T. E. Powell. 1-1

"Some time ago my daughter caught a severe cold. She complained of pain in her chest and had a bad cough. I gave her Chamberlain's Cough Remedy according to directions and in two days she was well and able to go to school. I have used this remedy in my family for the past seven years and have never known it to fail," says James Prendergast, merchant, Annato Bay, Jamaica, West India Islands. The pains in the chest indicated an approaching attack of pneumonia, which in this instance was undoubtedly ward off by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It counteracts any tendency of a cold toward pneumonia. Sold by R. Phillips, Baird, and Y. A. Orr, Putnam. Jan

A Cure For Lumbago.

W. C. Williamson, of Amherst, Va., says: "For more than a year I suffered from lumbago. I finally tried Chamberlain's Pain Balm and it gave me entire relief, which all remedies had failed to do." Sold by R. Phillips, Baird, and Y. A. Orr, Putnam. Jan

A Profitable Investment.

"I was troubled for about seven years with my stomach and in bed half my time," says E. Demick, Somerville, Ind. "I spent about \$1,000 and never could get anything to help me until I tried Kodol Dyspepsia Cure. I have taken a few bottles and am entirely well." You don't live by what you eat, but by what you digest and assimilate. If your stomach doesn't digest your food you are really starving. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure does the stomach's work by digesting the food. You don't have to diet. Eat all you want. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure cures all stomach troubles. Powell & Powell. Jan

Children Especially Liable.

Burns, bruises and cuts are extremely painful and if neglected often result in blood poisoning. Children are especially liable to such mishaps because not so careful. As a remedy DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve is unequalled. Draws out the fire, stops the pain, soon heals the wound. Beware of counterfeits. Sure cure for piles. "De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve cured my baby of eczema after two physicians gave her up," writes James Mock, N. Webster, Ind. "The sores were so bad she soiled two to five dresses a day." Powell & Powell.

For nice visiting cards go THE STAR office.

Don't Live Together.

Constipation and health never go together. De Witt's Little Early Risers promote easy action on the bowels without costiveness. "I have been troubled with costiveness nine years," says J. O. Greene, Depauw, Ind. "I have tried many remedies but Little Early Risers give best results." Powell & Powell. Jan

The worst after effects of Influenza arise from deranged functions of the liver. Clear the blood at once with HERBINE, for it will strengthen the liver to withdraw from circulation the bilious poisons. Price 50 cents. For sale by R. Phillips

Child Worth Millions.

"My child is worth millions to me," says Mrs. Mary Bird of Harrisburg, Pa. "Yet I would have lost her by a cough had I not purchased a bottle of One Minute Cough Cure." One Minute Cough Cure is sure cure for coughs, croup and throat and lung troubles. The youngest child can take it with entire safety. The little ones like the taste and remember how often it helped them. Every family should have a bottle of One Minute Cough Cure handy. At this season especially it may be needed suddenly. Powell & Powell. Jan

has and remains there three months. She passed this same year, 1857, at eight or ten different places. In 1858 she entered as a shopgirl the store of a fan merchant in Choiseul alley."

While he read the judge watched Prosper's face to observe the effect of these revelations.

"Toward the close of 1858," he continued, "the girl Chocoreille was employed as a servant by Mme. Munes and accompanied her to Lisbon. How long did she remain in Lisbon? What did she do while she remained there? We have no information as to this. However, it is certain that in 1861 she returned to Paris and was sentenced to three months' imprisonment for an assault. Ah, she returned from Portugal with the name of Nina Gipsy."

"But I assure you, monsieur," Prosper began—"I assure you"—

"Yes, I comprehend. This history is less romantic doubtless than the one you have understood, but, then, it has the merit of being true. We lost sight of Palmire Chocoreille, called Gipsy, upon her release from prison, but we met her again six months later, having made the acquaintance of a traveling agent who became infatuated with her beauty. She deserted him to devote herself to you."

The judge paused for a moment, as if to give Prosper time for reflection, and then slowly said:

"And this is the woman whom you have made your companion, the woman for whom you have committed robbery?"

Once more M. Patrigent was on the wrong track owing to Fanferlot's incomplete information. Prosper remained silent.

"At any rate," insisted M. Patrigent, "you will confess that this girl has caused your ruin."

"I cannot confess that, monsieur, for it is not true."

"You will also say that it was not for this girl's sake you renounced an intimacy of many years and ceased spending your evenings at your employer's."

"I swear that she was not the cause."

"Then why did you cease suddenly your visits to the house of a young lady whom you confidently expected to marry? You had written to your father to demand her hand for you."

"I had reasons which I cannot reveal," answered Prosper in a trembling voice.

The judge breathed freely. At last he had discovered a vulnerable point in the prisoner's armor.

"Did Mlle. Madeleine dismiss you?"

Prosper was silent. He was visibly agitated.

"Speak," said M. Patrigent. "I warn you that this circumstance is one of the most important in your case."

"Whatever be the cost, I am compelled to keep silence."

"Beware of what you do. Justice will not be satisfied with scruples of conscience."

M. Patrigent waited for an answer. No answer came. Prosper was buried in thought.

"Monsieur," he finally said, "there is one detail I have forgotten to mention. It may be of importance in my defense."

"Explain."

"The messenger I sent to the bank was with me when I put the bills in the safe. At any rate, I left the office before he did."

"Very well. He shall be examined. Now you can return to your cell."

M. Patrigent thus abruptly dismissed Prosper because he wished to immediately act upon this last piece of information.

"Signat," said he to his secretary as soon as Prosper had left the room, "is not this Antonin the man who was excused from testifying because he sent a doctor's certificate declaring him too ill to appear?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Where does he live?"

"He is not at his home. Fanferlot says he was so ill that he was taken to the hospital—the Dubois hospital."

"Very well. I am going to examine him today—this very hour. Take writing materials and send for a carriage."

Would Antonin be able to answer? It was doubtful. The director of the hospital said that, although the man suffered horribly from a broken knee, his mind was perfectly clear.

"Are you sure of what you say?" asked the judge.

M. Patrigent's solemn tone seemed to frighten Antonin.

"Sure?" he replied, with marked hesitation. "I would bet my head on it. Still I am not sure."

It was impossible for him to be more decided in his deposition. He had been frightened. He already imagined himself in difficulty, and for a trifle he would have retracted everything.

But the effect was already produced, and when they retired M. Patrigent said to Signat:

"This is very important—very important!"

CHAPTER V.

THE Archangel hotel, Mme. Gipsy's asylum, was the most elegant building on the Quai St. Michel. A person who paid her fortnight's board in advance was treated with consideration at this hotel. Mme. Alexandre, who had been a pretty woman, was now stout, tightly laced, always overdressed and fond of wearing a number of flashy gold chains, falling in cascades over her fat bosom. She had bright eyes and white teeth, but, alas, a red nose. Of all her weaknesses—and heaven knows she had indulged in every variety—only one remained; she loved a good dinner, with plenty of wine. She loved her husband, and about the time M. Patrigent was leaving the hospital she began to be worried that her "little man" had not returned to dinner. She was about to sit down without him when the hotel boy cried out:

"Here is monsieur!"

"Why, how late you are, my little man!" she cried as she dropped her knife and fork and rushed forward to embrace him.

But he received her caresses with an air of abstraction.

"I'm tired," he said. "I have been the whole day playing billiards with Evariste. M. Fauvel's valet, and allowed him to win as often as he wished. I became acquainted with him yesterday, and now I am his best friend. If I wish to enter M. Fauvel's service as a messenger, I can rely upon M. Evariste's good word."

"What, you be an office messenger?"

"Of course I would. How else am I to get into M. Fauvel's house for the purpose of studying my characters?"

"Then the valet gave you no news?"

"Nothing that I could make use of, and yet I turned him inside out like a glove. This banker is a remarkable man. Evariste says he has not a single vice, not even a little defect by which his valet could gain 10 sous. He neither smokes, drinks nor plays—in fact, he is a saint. He is worth millions and lives as respectfully and quietly as a grocer. He is devoted to his wife, adores his children, is very hospitable, but seldom goes into society."

"Then his wife is young?"

"She must be about fifty."

Mme. Alexandre reflected a moment. "Did you inquire about the other members of the family?"

"Certainly. The younger son is an officer in the army. The elder son, Lucien, lives with his parents and is as proper as a young lady."

"And this niece of whom you have spoken?"

"Evariste could tell me nothing about her."

Mme. Alexandre shrugged her shoulders.

"If you have discovered nothing, it is because there is nothing to be discovered. Still do you know what I would do if I were in your place?"

"What?"

"I would consult M. Lecoq."

At the mention of this name Fanferlot jumped up as if he had been shot.

"That's pretty advice! Do you want me to lose my place? M. Lecoq does not suspect that I have anything to do with the case except to obey his orders."

"Who told you to let him know you were investigating it on your own account? You can consult him with an air of indifference, as if you were not at all interested, and after you have got his opinion you can take advantage of it."

The detective weighed his wife's words.

"Perhaps you are right," he said. "Yet M. Lecoq is so devilishly shrewd that he might see through it all."

"Shrewd!" echoed Mme. Alexandre. "Shrewd! All of you at the police office say that so often that you have made his reputation."

"Well, I will think the matter over. But in the meantime what does the little one say?"

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

E. E. SOLOMON,
Attorney-at-Law,
Office in the J. L. Lee building.
BAIRD, TEXAS.

E. G. SENTER,
LAWYER.
General Attorney Texas Press Association.
Notary Public.
203 Main St., Second Floor. DALLAS, TEXAS.

T. FRASER,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Diseases of Females and Infants a specialty.
Office at R. A. Spear's Drug Store.
Baird, Texas.

R. G. POWELL,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office over Powell & Powell's Drug Store.
Local Surgeon T. & P. Ry. Co.
BAIRD, TEXAS.

ESTRAY NOTICE.

THE STATE OF TEXAS, COUNTY OF CALLAHAN: Reported by R. D. Williams, County Commissioner. Proceed No. 3, on Nov. 18, 1901, the following stray: one bay horse, about 14 hands high, branded THE (connected with bar above), on left thigh, harness on left shoulder, ranging in neighborhood of Admirel. If not proven away will be dealt with as the law directs. Given under my hand and seal of office in Baird, this 9th day of Dec- 1901. W. F. COCHRAN, Clerk County Court. By J. H. Cochran, Deputy.

DR. MOREAU'S TANSY AND PENNYROYAL PILLS
The Safest, Surest and Only RELIABLE French REMEDY.
Price \$1.00 per box. Pink wrapper, extra strength, \$2.00 per box, by mail, postpaid. Address Dr. Moreau & Co., Brown Bros. Bldg., S. Clinton St., Chicago, Ill. or Sale by R. Phillips, Baird, Tex.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

W. J. MCGOWEN,
Notary Public.
Office at R. L. Boydston's Dry Goods Store.

H. H. RAMSEY.

DENTIST.

Teeth Extracted by use Nitro-Oxide or Vitalized Air.

All work done with neatness and dispatch, in the most improved form and with modern appliances. Office over Powell & Powell's store.

Baird, Texas.

THE FACTS IN THE CASE.

When you read a thing you like to feel that it's the truth. The Dallas Semi-Weekly News gives the facts in the case.

SPECIALLY EDITED

If you'll read The News awhile you'll like it. It holds the attention. It is specially edited, that's why. Brains and not hap-hazard go into the make-up of The News.

TWO PAPERS YOU NEED.

You need THE BAIRD STAR, because it's your local paper. It gives a class of News you can't get elsewhere. You need The News, because it gives you all the State News. THE Star and The Semi-Weekly News one year for only \$1.75, cash in advance. The News is promptly stopped at expiration of time paid for.

\$300 REWARD.

The following resolution was adopted by the Protective Stock Association of Callahan and adjoining counties: "That a reward of \$300 is offered for the arrest and conviction of any person for the theft or unlawful branding of any horses or cattle belonging to any member of this society in good standing."

J. B. CUTBERT, President. F. S. BELL, Secretary.

WOMEN AND JEWELS.

Jewels, candy, flowers, man—that is the order of a woman's preference. Jewels form a magnet of mighty power to the average woman. Even that greatest of jewels, health, is often ruined in the strenuous efforts to make or save money to purchase them. If a woman will risk her health to get a coveted gem, then let her fortify herself against the insidious consequences of coughs, colds and bronchial affections by the regular use of Dr. Boschee's German Syrup. It will promptly arrest consumption in its early stages and heal the affected lungs and bronchial tubes and drive the dread disease from the system. It is not a cure-all, but a certain cure for coughs, colds and all bronchial troubles. You can get Dr. G. G. Green's reliable remedies at R. Phillips. Get Green's Special Almanac. 44-1f

FULTON BARBER SHOP.
FOR AN EASY
Shave and Stylish Hair Cut.
SHAMPOOING, HAIR DYEING.
Nice clean place, 2nd door South of Scott & McFarland's Store. Courteous treatment and satisfaction guaranteed.
Agent for ABILENT Model Steam Laundry Basket Returns Saturday.
Hot and Cold Baths.

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See Stationer's, Clearmont and Post Office for more from Texas Pacific

E. P. TURNER, GEN'L. PASSENGER AND TICKET AGENT, DALLAS, TEXAS.

Kodol Dyspepsia Cure

Digests what you eat.

This preparation contains all of the digestants and digests all kinds of food. It gives instant relief and never fails to cure. It allows you to eat all the food you want. The most sensitive stomachs can take it. By its use many thousands of dyspeptics have been cured after everything else failed. It prevents formation of gas on the stomach, relieving all distress after eating. Dieting unnecessary. Pleasant to take.

It can't help but do you good

Prepared only by E. C. DeWitt & Co., Chicago. The \$1. bottle contains 2 1/2 times the 50c. size.

For sale by Powell & Powell Baird.



The Baird Weekly Star

Entered at the postoffice at Baird, Tex., as second class mail matter.

W. E. GILLILAND,
Editor and Proprietor.

Subscription Rates.

One year \$1.00
Six months 50 cts
Terms: Cash in advance.

Advertising Rates.

1 inch, 1 month \$1.00
1 inch, 3 months 3.00
2 inches Double Column, 1 month 4.50
2 inches Double Column, 3 months 6.00
1/2 Page, 1 month 12.00
1/2 Page, 3 months 30.00
1/4 Page, 1 month 6.00
1/4 Page, 3 months 15.00
Four weeks counted as one month, except when ads run three months or longer.

Local reading notices (in Brevier body type only) 5 cents per line each insertion.

No reading notices to run among reading matter in black type or larger or smaller type than regular body type will be received at any price.

Our rates are reasonable and will be strictly adhered to.

We make a specialty of handsome display ads, and press work on this Star is acknowledged by experts to be equal to the very best weekly papers in Texas. People can read ads in this Star because the print is clean and clear. New material is being added constantly. Try an ad this month and watch results.

THE STOCKMAN vs SEBASTIAN.

Senator Sebastian is respectfully urged to post himself on matters pertaining to the quarantine line and regulation before making another display of his lamentable ignorance on these important questions. It is this same ignorance that is responsible for much of the hue and cry that is being raised in the Senator's bailiwick for the abrogation of the line.—Colorado Stockman.

It is easy to call the man who disagrees with you ignorant, and is quite common. The Stockman should, in the interest of the cause it represents, be a little more moderate in its expressions.

The "hue and cry" being raised in the Senator's bailiwick is duplicated in numerous other districts. Arch Grinnan of Brownwood making a canvass on that platform, and the "hue and cry" being heard all down the country.

Senator Sebastian's platform is as mild and conservative as the stockman above the line can hope for, and we doubt if even that can be made to satisfy the large majority of the Senator's constituents.

In other words, we want to advise the Stockman's editor that if Sebastian is not nominated, some man against the whole quarantine and lease line business will take his place. Make your choice. We know something of the temper of the ruling sentiment in the district.—Abilene Reporter

A meeting of Stockmen is called at Baird for next Saturday, to discuss the quarantine question.

The Houston Herald says the man who composed Goo Goo Eyes ought to be shot. We see where he is right.

Senator Tillman says with four members of the Supreme Court deciding one way and four members deciding the other way and one wobbly it is difficult to understand what the Court did decide in the insular cases.

The Colorado Stockman is yelling: "Ticks, ticks" at Senator Sebastian to beat the band. The Senator is not a large man, but he is not easily frightened. He is not afraid of ticks real or imaginary. Senator Sebastian is very likely to succeed himself and then the Stockman will be sorry it said so many uncomplimentary things about him.

Bryan is lucky. The Post-Master General has decided that he must put a one cent stamp on all copies of the Commoner mailed members of Congress who are not subscribers. It is a bold, but foolish attempt to suppress the Commoner. It is not only foolish, but is one of the boldest and most unjustifiable attempts ever made in this country to suppress the press. If Mr. Bryan wants to send the Commoner free to members of Congress he has as much right to do so as any other publisher, provided he pays postage as prescribed for sample copies, which he did. This is why we say Bryan is lucky. He could not get as good an advertisement as this for ten thousand dollars.

J. M. Cunningham, of Putnam, came up yesterday to pay his taxes.

CALLAHAN COUNTY TEACHER'S INSTITUTE.

In response to a call made by the County Judge quite a number of the teachers of Callahan county met at the Court House last Saturday morning for the purpose of exchanging ideas on subjects of interest to all teachers.

After an appropriate address by Judge Russell the teachers organized a Teachers Institute of Callahan County with the following officers: H. C. Darden, President; Mrs. P. H. Miller, Vice-President, and Miss Clark, Secy.

Owing to the absence of some of the teachers the program that had been prepared was not carried out in full.

After some interesting discussion the institute adjourned to meet again in Baird, Friday night, February 28th and Saturday, March 1st. We hope to have a larger attendance at this meeting. All visiting teachers will be entertained by the people of Baird.

FIRE.

Last Sunday morning about 1:30 o'clock, A. Carter's mill and feed house was discovered to be on fire. The fire alarm was sounded, but the flames had gained such headway that the fire boys could not save the building, but they did save the 12 H-P gasoline engine and part of the corn by putting out the fire after the main part of the building fell. The building was undoubtedly set on fire by some one. A bunch of hay partly burned was discovered near the oil tank. Failing to start the fire there the incendiary then set fire to the hay in the north part of the building. That is Mr. Carter's theory and others who examined the premises agree with him. Mr. Carter estimates his loss on house, grain, feed and machinery at about \$1,200 with not a dollar of insurance. It is a severe loss to him and we deeply sympathize with him. Mr. Carter comes about as near attending to his own business as any man in Baird and why anyone should want to destroy his property is what the people are asking each other. That the building was maliciously burned no one doubts, but what was the motive?

B. Y. P. U. PROGRAM.

B. Y. P. U. Program for Sunday Feb. 2nd 1902.

Song and Prayer.
Reading, Scripture Lesson, by Leader.

Song.
Explanation of Lesson, by Mrs. Leak.

Song.
Our Choices, Personal Testimonies and Confessions, by Members.

Roll Call, members to respond with verses of scripture.

Song and Prayer.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas Brother L. H. Jones has been with us for the past 30 days, during which time the membership of this body has increased from 22 to 61, due to his personal efforts and superior business qualities, therefore

Resolved, 1 That we do hereby express to him our sincere appreciation of his work, and extend the unanimous thanks of this Lodge.

Resolved, 2 That we have greatly enjoyed his presence with us in Lodge meetings, and have been highly profited by the instructions which he has given in the work of the order.

Resolved 3. That we heartily commend Bro. Jones to the Supreme Lodge at Omaha, as in every way worthy of their confidence, and to the general public wherever he may go in the work of organizing and equipping Lodges.

W. W. MOSS.
W. E. GILLILAND.
J. E. W. LANE.
CORDELLA M. SIMMONS
AGNES I. STEELE.
MARY C. JONES.

M. P. KAVANAUGH DEAD.

Mr. M. P. Kavanaugh died of consumption Monday at the residence of his father-in-law, Capt John Trent. Mr. Kavanaugh had been sick for a long time and realized some days ago that death was near. The remains were interred in the Baird cemetery Tuesday evening attended by a large number of friends and acquaintances of the family, notwithstanding the inclemency of the weather.

The funeral services were conducted by Rev. J. W. Keeble, of Abilene.

Mr. Kavanaugh was born Jan. 19, 1862, and died Jan. 27, 1902.

We extend sympathy to the bereaved wife and relatives.

To be Considered.

"I see that your town has been considering the idea of imposing a tax on bachelors."

"Yes," answered the young woman.

"But we thought it over, and we concluded that the men might be mean enough to take the money to pay it out of what they spent for caramels and theater tickets."

District Attorney C. D. Spann was in town Saturday looking after some criminal business on docket here.

NOTICE.

Baird Volunteer Firemen.

Hereafter in case of a fire, shut off plug in South ward at corner of Signal Hotel that furnishes water at Round House, and this will give benefit of entire pressure. The pump at the wells is now running night and day, and a good pressure is insured in the future. Don't forget this.

The Department wishes to thank those who rendered them any assistance on the night of the fire, especially Jno. Asbury, who substantially remembered the boy after the brisk northern blow up.

J. H. WALKER, Chief.

We call attention to the announcement of T. A. Irvin for sheriff in this issue. He has filled the office since last election, and his official acts are before the public, who must be the judge at the ballot box. It is but simple justice to Sheriff Irvin to say that he has discharged the duties of the office faithfully and conscientiously as he understood them.

The John B. Gordon Chapter of U. D. C. will meet at the residence of Mrs. R. A. Kendall, Tuesday, Feb. 4, at 4 o'clock. All members are requested to be present, as officers for the new year are to be elected and there will also be other business of importance.

MRS. F. W. JAMES, Pres.
MISS CORINNE TRENT, Secy.

WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

Camp Albert Sidney Johnson, U. C. V., will hold their next regular meeting on Feb. 22. The birthday of the great Washington will be duly observed. Speakers have been invited and the public as well as every ex-Confederate is invited to attend.

POVERTY SOCIAL.

The Poverty Social given by the Home Mission Society of the M. E. Church last Friday night was perhaps the most thoroughly enjoyable affair of the season.

It was well attended and pronounced a success.

In the beginning the absurdly comical costumes of some of the guest-created much amusement, after which a programme of the highest order was rendered consisting of music by Misses McFarlane, Wilkerson, Oliver, Phillip and Kendall, and reading by Misses Beulah Kendall, Frankie Oliver, and Clair Phillips, which would have reflected credit upon professionals.

Little Jessie Oliver by request gave a cute recitation in child's dialect which received a hearty applause. At 10:30 the lines were imposed, and fun began. Several wished they had come less extravagantly attired. Refreshments consisting of ginger bread and coffee were next in order. At a late hour the guests departed hoping to be entertained again in the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Kendall.

HOARFROST.

The Fabric Out of Which This Feathery Whiteness is Built.

Commonly hoarfrost is described as being frozen moisture, but this is not an adequate description of an agent that has the power of adorning in a few hours such prosaic objects as gateposts and dustbins with all the trappings of fairyland. Moisture is indeed the fabric out of which all this feathery whiteness is built up; but, although it seems sometimes as if it is disturbed in a very capricious manner, there are nevertheless certain definite circumstances which cause the hoarfrost to settle down on some surfaces rather than others. On any cold and frosty morning it will usually be found that those surfaces that are the best radiators of heat are also those that are the most successful in collecting hoarfrost. It is not always realized, however, that all objects are continually radiating heat, so that, no matter how much they may receive from the sun, they are constantly trying to get rid of it.

A fern leaf or a stone may perhaps receive generous supplies of heat during the day, but as soon as night comes it hurries to spend or radiate it, and the object that is quickest at this work will soon become covered in hoarfrost. Every one has observed how the moisture from the air will settle on the outside of a glass of cold water brought suddenly into a warm room. A similar process takes place in the open air, so that as the currents of moist air travel across surfaces that are very cold they pay tribute in drops of vapor, which in warm weather take the form of dew and in cold of hoarfrost. Moisture therefore plays a very important part in the development of these hoarfrost pictures. But there must not be too much of it. Some of the most delicate designs occur during the prevalence of mist and haze, and in towns especially it is no uncommon thing for a choking brownish fog to be in some degree compensated for by a subsequent display of copious hoarfrost.—Knowledge.

The worst after effects of Influenza arise from deranged functions of the liver. Clear the blood at once with HERBINE, for it will strengthen the liver to withdraw from circulation the bilious poisons. Price 50 cents. For sale by R. Phillips

VITALITY OF TRUSTS.

A Lawyer Explains How They Refuse to Be Exterminated.

ADVERSE COURT DECREE A BOON

Henry Wollman Says the Judicial Poison Designed to Bring About the Death of Trusts Seems to Have Proved Their Fattening Food.—Cites Some Sample Cases.

What can the governor of Minnesota do about the Northern Securities company? Can the governor of Minnesota or any other state or anybody else prevent the completion of the plans of the Northern Securities company in their present form or some other effecting the same results? asks Henry Wollman, a lawyer, in the New York Times, and he proceeds to answer the questions as follows:

These questions have been asked of probably every important corporation lawyer in New York city many times within the past month. It is alleged that the company was formed effectually to consummate a brilliant plan to combine competing railroads. Now, assuming that it was, are the laws now in existence adequate to prevent this? If not, will there be sufficient human ingenuity to frame new laws to meet the situation? And if new laws are enacted that meet the necessities of the case, will they really prevent the combination? These are the riddles to be solved.

A distinction is sometimes sought to be drawn between "trusts," so called, and enormous corporations combining competitors, but as far as the public is concerned this differentiation is merely a play on words. It is immaterial to the public whether the combination is doing business as a trust or under corporate form.

Whether trusts and combinations are or are not hurtful or whether laws for their suppression should or should not be enacted is not within the scope of the present discussion. The vital question is, assuming that this is a combination, will it be stopped—not whether it ought to be, but will it be?

When trusts were first "invented" the public looked upon them as horrible monsters designed to impoverish if not to devour the people. It was prophesied that every economic ill would come from them. Therefore almost every lover of his people racked his brain to evolve some means or measure to prevent or suppress them, as every good citizen would endeavor to prevent or put down a pestilence. The great danger anticipated was the raising of prices and thus forcing the consumer to pay outrageously for his necessities. Laws were enacted in every state and by the federal government to exterminate combinations tending to raise prices. If a law were found weak, a stronger and more stringent one was put in its place, but all this bore no fruit that was gatherable. Then it was said that the danger was not so much with combinations tending to elevate prices as with those tending to reduce them and thus freeze out competition. The legislative guns and cannons were trained on that sort of combinations, but still without any result. In the face of all this legislation, the most bitter, vitriolic and drastic that the lawmakers could devise, trusts have multiplied and grown beyond the wildest dream of the "father of trusts," whoever he may be. Today there is no place in this country where they find any real difficulty in doing business.

One might from the foregoing jump to the conclusion that the courts have come under the shadow of corporate influence and have favored trusts and combinations by failing to give judicial sanction to the legislative enactments or by placing obstacles in the way of the enforcement of the legislative will, but not so. In almost every state the pronouncements of the courts against trusts have been radical, with decrees intended to be destructive. But the trusts seem to have found the judicial poison designed to accomplish their death fattening food.

In New York one of the early cases was the dissolution in 1890 by the court of appeals of the sugar trust. The court in passing that solemn death sentence said:

"In this state there can be no partnership of separate and independent corporations, whether directly or indirectly, through the medium of a trust; no substantial consolidations which avoid and disregard the statutory provisions and restrictions, but manufacturing corporations must be and remain several as they were created or one under the statute."

That decree, which was hailed with delight as the salvation of the people unwittingly pointed the way to a vast corporation accomplishing the precise thing which the decree intended to render impossible. Out of the ashes in the urn in that judicial crematory there sprang a new and mighty corporation, and the sugar trust of 1901 can look at the sugar trust of 1890 as a man looks upon a boy.

In 1892 the supreme court of Ohio in dissolving the Standard Oil trust said:

"Its object was to establish a virtual monopoly of the business of producing petroleum and of manufacturing, refining and dealing in it and all its products throughout the country and by which it might not merely control the production, but the price, at its pleasure. All such associations are contrary to the policy of our law and void."

But it is notorious that the decree did not, as a matter of fact, dissolve that trust, and, besides, the present yearly dividends of the Standard Oil company would make a very respectable percent-



The Bottom Has Fell Out

OF PRICES ON

Hardware, Tinware, Saddles, Harness, Stoves, Wagons, Buggies, Etc.

We would be pleased to have you call and inspect our stock and get our prices. We have received a car Buggies, Road Wagons and New Moline Wagons, and can give you good goods at close figures. All kind of Farming Implements always in stock.

M. Summers.

T. E. Powell

Has it for less!

TAKE THE STAR.

D. W. WRISTEN & CO.,

DEALERS IN

GROCERIES.



We are headquarters for all of the best brands of Groceries. Come and see us.

Phone No. 4.

BAIRD, TEXAS.

Several Good sewing machines for sale cheap at J. T. Sands furniture store. Will also rent same by week or month. J. T. Sands, Baird, Tex.

An Uremittent Fever.

Pluck. "Uncle Clarence, what's the difference between a fad and a hobby?" "Well, a fad sometimes gets tired and lets go, but a hobby never does."

So She Kept Still.

Stray Stories. He: "I hear that you have been talking about me." She: "No, indeed I make it a point never to speak of my friends unless I can say something good of them."

The Only Way.

"The world owes me a living." "Well, you're getting it, aren't you?" "I'm alive, if that's what you mean." "Now, there's the trouble with all you people who are trying to collect that much discussed living. You want to go beyond the letter and the spirit of the contract. You live; that's enough. If you want to live better, you must get an order on the world for better accommodations." "But how shall I get it?" "Work for it."

I want your trade and will treat you right. T. E. Powell. 2-ff.

Mineral Wells, Texas.

The health and pleasure resort of the South. Reached via the

Weatherford, Mineral Wells, & Northwestern Railway.

"Mineral Wells Route."

Excursion round trip tickets on sale with the principal roads in the state, ALL THE YEAR ROUND. Close connection with the Texas & Pacific and Santa Fe trains at Weatherford Texas.

For any information, address, P. E. BOCK, Superintendent.
L. M. FOUTS, President and General Manager.

Sold by All Newsdealers



Furnishes Monthly to all lovers of Song and Music a vast volume of New, Choice Copyright Compositions by the most popular authors. 32 Pages of Piano Music, half Vocal, half Instrumental—All Complete Pieces for Piano—Once a Month for 25 Cents. Yearly Subscription, \$2.00. If you will send us the name and address of five performers on the Piano or Organ, we will send you a copy of the Magazine free.

J. W. PEPPER, Publisher,
Eight & Locust Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

T. & P. Ry SCHEDULE.

EAST BOUND.
No. 6. departs. 1:20 a. m.
No. 4. departs. 10:13 a. m.

WEST BOUND.
No. 3. departs. 2:50 a. m.
No. 5. departs. 3:25 p. m.

J. B. HARMON, Agent.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County Judge. B. L. Russell.
County and District Clerk. W. P. Cochran.
Deputy. J. H. Cochran.
Tax Assessor. J. T. Norrell.
Sheriff and Tax Collector. J. M. Johnson.
Deputy Sheriff. J. E. W. Lane.
County Attorney. J. W. Woods.
County Treasurer. T. B. Holland.
County Surveyor. G. M. Thompson.
Public Weigher. W. M. Coffman.
Hide and Animal Inspector. W. C. Asbury.
County Commissioner. J. J. W. Merrick.
Precinct No. 2. Philip Yost.
Precinct No. 3. R. D. Williams.
Precinct No. 4. E. C. Austin.
Precinct No. 1. J. P. L. O. Oliver.
Constable. J. M. Johnson.

CITY OFFICERS.

Mayor. J. B. Harmon.
Secretary. H. Schwartz.
Marshal. J. M. Aycock.
Aldermen. H. Schwartz, H. H. Ramsey, W. E. Mayes, Martin Barnhill, C. H. Mahan.

LOCAL NEWS

Tom Windham, of Tecumseh, was in town Tuesday.

H. Windham and Philip Yost were in town last Friday.

Mrs. Arthur Whittington, of Peck City is here visiting Mrs. C. H. Mahan.

Dr. Fraser's youngest daughter fell and broke her collar bone a day or two ago.

Cliff Hill with several teams has been hauling feed, oil cake, out to his ranch this week.

Bob Summers son of M. Summers was seriously ill last week, but was better at last account.

Dr. Fraser returned home Monday from South of Cottonwood. He says the trip was anything but agreeable.

Miss Helen Gould's special train passed through Baird last Friday on return from a trip west.

Herman Schwartz will leave Sunday morning for San Antonio to attend the annual meeting of the Grand Lodge I. O. O. F.

A blizzard came up Sunday morning and the weather has been bitter cold. Some sleet and snow has fallen, but not enough to wet the ground.

Clint Brotherton received a telegram last Friday informing him that his mother, Mrs. Jno. Collins, was dangerously ill at her home at Alton Mo.

THE STAR job office printed ten thousand note heads this week for Misses Scholz & Hammonds, lessees of Hotel Seay.

W. R. Harrah and W. C. Capps, relatives of Capt. Trent came in from Dudley Tuesday, cold as it was to attend the funeral of Mr. Kavanaugh.

M. Summers has moved his stock of hardware across the street to one of the Cutbirth buildings. The old stand will be used to store implements etc.

Jesse Daugherty has come back again. Wherever he may go, or where ever he may roam, Jesse never fails to return to Baird, the home of his early youth.

The weather has moderated, though it was pretty cold this morning. The thermometer at THE STAR office registered 16 degrees above zero at 6 o'clock.

We had more water and steam pipes burst in THE STAR office by the late freeze than usual. Several pipes had to be replaced and a general overhauling as a result of the freeze. We had to put in nearly three days this week repairing pipes and overhauling machinery, consequently had little time to get up local or write editorial.

The Attorneys in the Scott murder case met at Comanche and agreed on the statement of facts and turned same over to Judge Lindsey on the 28th for his approval. Clerk Cochran will go to work on the Transcript soon as the papers are sent to him by the Judge. Fourth assignment, Court Criminal Appeals at Dallas. Two weeks, begins Monday, Feby. 17th.

John Aiken, of Caddo Peak, came in Friday after a load of feed. He started home Saturday, and somewhere near Brown Seay's place, fell or was thrown out of the wagon and was severely though not dangerously hurt. Dr. Powell and M. Summers who were coming to town stopped the runaway team near the Mahair. They found several bales of hay along the road and finally found Mr. Aiken at point first mentioned. The parties all returned to town and Sunday Mr. Aiken went home.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

The following rates for announcements for office in THE STAR for this year: to wit:

County Judge	\$10.00
County and District Clerk	10.00
County Treasurer	10.00
Sheriff and Tax Collector	10.00
Tax Assessor	10.00
Public Weigher, Baird	7.50
Any other Precinct	2.50
County Attorney	5.00
County Surveyor	5.00
Hide and Animal Inspector	5.00
County Commissioner	5.00
J. P. and Constable	2.50

The above rate is for announcements alone and does not include name on ticket for primary or at general election. Arrangements for name on tickets must be made with the Job Office. Cash in every instance must be paid in advance. Nothing in addition to announcement, except such editorial announcement I may make will be allowed. Any other write up or notice must be paid for at the rate of 5 cts per line.

W. E. GILLILAND, Publisher.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce the following candidates subject to the action of the Democratic party.

DISTRICT CANDIDATES.

For Congress 16th District.
HON. O. T. MAXWELL, of Cisco.

COUNTY CANDIDATES.

For County Judge.
B. L. RUSSELL.

For County Treasurer.
J. E. W. LANE.

For County & District Clerk.
W. P. (DICK) COCHRAN.

For Sheriff and Tax Collector.
T. A. IRVIN.

IN MEMORIAM.

Little Tommie Smedley was called from earth last Thursday, to the heavenly mansions where no messenger returns to hear the glad tidings of the blissful abodes or encourage the wanderer to make peace on earth with mankind.

The little fellow bore his sufferings like a man but no human can stay the agonies which accompany the dread disease, meningitis.

Little Tommie had lived long enough to have all the parental affection that father and mother could bestow on a darling child, then the grim monster—Death, claimed him for his own. He left his parents, six brothers and one sister to mourn the untimely loss. Those left behind will suffer the pangs of sorrow, which the flesh falls heir to, but some day each one will cross the chilly waters, enter the joys of the House of many Mansions where sorrow is unknown, and be with little Tommie through ceaseless ages.

A FRIEND.

BREAD, BREAD, BREAD.

Rye, graham and cream bread received daily at J. A. Christian's. 9-11

T. F. Wilson, of Midland, is visiting his brother-in-law Maj. McManis this week.

I have fresh yeast for sale. Mrs. E. K. Kane

Mr. G. G. McManis, of Princeton Ill. is visiting his brother W. M. McManis. The Major informed us that it has been fourteen years since his brother has been to Texas before, and that he will try to keep him until the grass rises.

When you want fresh bread call on Christian. 9-11.

Several Good

sewing machines for sale cheap at J. T. Sands furniture store. Will also rent same by the week or month. J. T. Sands, Baird, Tex. 9-11

To kill you, prairie dogs, get your dog poison from Powell & Powell. 8-11

Christian makes candy and that is the place to buy it, for it always fresh-9

The man who composed "Home Sweet Home" never had a home. The man who composed "On the Banks of the Wabash" never had a bank. The man who composed "Baby Mine" never had a mine. The man who composed "My Bark is on the Sea" never had a dog. The man who composed "Tramp! Tramp! Tramp!" never owned a tomato can; The man who composed "Only One Girl" is married and has a breach of promise suit on his hands. The man who composed "Goo-Goo Eyes" ought to be shot.—Houston Herald.

We carry a full stock of California blankets. T. E. Powell. 2-11.

Penochie, Coconut, Peanut Taffy candy made by Christian can't be beat. 9-11

If you want a handsome overcoat call early at T. E. Powell's. 2-11

MARTIN BARNHILL
Boot and Shoemaker.
Repairing Promptly and Neatly Executed.
Prices to suit the times.
Market Street, [6] Baird, Texas.

CLYDE CULLINGS.

Jan. 29.—The Literary Society's program last Friday night was quite interesting. Especially the debate. The subject discussed was "Resolved that President Roosevelt was not justifiable in asking Booker T. Washington to dine with him. Affirmative Prof. H. F. Powell and Ed Dizzard. Negative Ed Miller and John Robbins. After a lengthy and heated discussion the verdict was rendered by the judges in favor of the negative.

L. L. Johnson and his son, George, took the train Sunday morning for Texarkana, where they are to engage in blacksmith work for the T. & P. Ry. Co. with Mr. Harris' grading gang. We understand that Mr. Rye will be our blacksmith during their absence.

Steve Williams is all smiles this week. It's a boy.

We see there is a petition being circulated with a good number of signers to it for a public road beginning at Clyde and running west along the south side of the T. & P. Ry. right of way to the Taylor county line. This road would skin some of us a little along the line, but it is badly needed by the public and we would like to see it established.

Mr. M. R. Haley is canvassing our community this week selling nursery stock and we hope the fruit growers will give him a liberal patronage.

The Railroad water service men are putting in a tank and pump at the wells so trains can water here until Baird gets rain in their ponds.

In our cullings last week we spoke of Mr. Froment being here inspecting the wells, and aimed to speak of him as being Water Service Foreman, but it appeared in THE STAR thus, "Fireman for the T. & P. Ry. Co." Guess if mistakes made haystacks, feed would not be so costly.

Walter Stewart has quit us and gone to Cisco. Mort Johnson will do the barber act for us in his place.

Mr. Clemer is looking for two cars of lumber this week and when it arrives he will build a store house and put in a stock of goods.

Mr. Klepper's daughter, Winnie, who has been sick for several days is very low.

Snow is falling nicely this morning and we hope it will continue until there will be enough to soak the ground when it thaws.

The editor is to blame. Unfortunately our Clyde letter escaped the proof reader last week. A new printer got things out of that letter never dreamed of by "Kirk."—[EDITOR.]

VIGO NOTES.

Jan. 27.—So far as we know the health of the community is very good. We are in need of a good rain to help wheat.

Mr. Ross has gone to Parker county on business.

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Jackson and daughter, Miss Pearl, made a flying trip to Cisco Monday. They say the wind blew some that day. I agree with them. I was in the field plowing and the wind blew so hard I could not keep my seat.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hart Jan. 23, a 7 1/2 pound girl. Mother and child doing well.

Grandpa and Grandma Jackson visited the Section House to see the new baby of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Hart. Mr. Sam Wallis seems to be cutting cat eyes towards the Vigo Section House. Look out Sam, there are more boys doing the same thing. Especially Mr. Eddie and Mr. A. They are very late stayers.

Mr. H. B. Burge is highly pleased. He has a brand new grand child, a young Swiss calf and lots of fine chickens and oh me, don't mention it. Dogs to a finish.

We have church every fourth Sunday. Everybody invited to attend. J. J. Hendrix is the preacher. We will try to do better next time. Good luck to THE STAR.

WILD BILL.

FREE LECTURE.

Rev. Richburg, of Clyde, will give a Stereoscopic lecture at the Baptist Church next Wednesday night. Admission free. Everybody invited.

The U. S. Civil Service Commission will hold examinations at several places in each state during March and April, to secure young men and women for the government service. 9,880 persons secured positions last year through these examinations. Probably 10,000 appointments will be made this year. All appointments are for life, and for most positions only a common school education is required. Salaries at appointment vary from \$600 to \$1200 a year with liberal promotions afterwards. Politics is not considered. There is less competition in the southern states than in other parts of the country. This affords a good opportunity for people between 16 and 45 years of age. Those desiring places of this kind can get full information about them, free, by writing to the Columbia Correspondence College, Washington, D. C. and asking for its Civil Service catalogue, number three.

But There Was a Limit.

New York Times.

They had just moved into their new home on the upper West Side. Every where there are signs of luxury, comfort and good taste. An old friend dropped in on Sunday to have the mid-day meal. And after that was over the hostess remarked:

"Now, then, I know you want to smoke, so just come up to the library and enjoy yourself."

Arrived there, the guest commented on the beauty of the room and its excellent appointments. The wife was obviously pleased; the husband stood by assuring the visitor that it was all due to his better half's exquisite taste and judgment.

"Yes," she went on "I made up my mind that this room was to be Liberty Hall. Here the only question was one of comfort."

The visitor glanced about at the big roomy chairs, the cozy lounge with its heaps of embroidered cushions, and finally seated himself in an arm chair near the window.

"It is comfortable" he said.
"Well, I'm glad you think so," she answered; "This is to be our living room." Suddenly she turned, and her voice was troubled, tremulous, "Oh, for goodness sake, George, don't sit on those cushions!"

And the hapless husband, just about to find repose amid the downy richness of the multiplied cushions, sighed softly, crossed over and dropped into a chair, remarking meekly:

"Light up, old chap, anything goes; this is Liberty Hall, you know."

And then he winked.

J. E. W. LANE.

TO THE STAR:—As old citizens of Callahan county we desire to endorse the candidacy of J. E. W. Lane for the office of County Treasurer. He certainly deserves the greatest consideration of the people. An old Confederate soldier who emerged from the lost cause with honors as a soldier. We should not only esteem it a great privilege, but an honor to aid an old soldier in a laudable undertaking. He is worthy and well qualified to fill the office. Aided from the first in making Callahan one of the leading counties of the west; courteous kind and affable, let us reward him for his poorly paid services of the past. The people will make no mistake in electing him to this office, and we hope they will be generous enough to do so.

J. N. RUSHING.

W. K. BOATWRIGHT.

We will sell you a suit of clothes for \$8.50 that others get \$12.50. T. E. Powell. 1-11

Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Henson and little daughter, Isabel, of Kansas City, Mo. are visiting Mrs. Henson's brothers, B. L. and W. D. Boydston.

We have the largest stock of wall paper in the city. Come to see us for wall paper. Powell & Powell. 8-11

Mrs. Hammer, who has been visiting her daughter, Mrs. W. C. Asbury, for sometime, returned to her home at Fort Worth Tuesday.

NOTICE STOCKMEN.

The members of the Protective Stock Association of Callahan and adjoining counties, are requested to meet at the Court House in Baird on the First Saturday in Feby. 1902. Among other things to consider the advisability of removing the quarantine line and of modifying the quarantine law. All citizens so interested are cordially invited to meet with us and express their views upon this question.

J. B. CUTBIRTH, Pres.

F. S. BELL, Secy.

Stop a minute; go to Powell & Powell and get some prairie dog poison and kill out the prairie dogs. 8-11

Mrs. A. M. Miller, of Baird, and her sister, Mrs. L. P. Nutter, of La Grange, Ky., and Mrs. H. F. Powell, of Clyde, visited relatives at Ballenger last week. They returned Sunday.

The finest shoe on earth, made by Edwin Clapp. Sold by T. E. Powell only. 2-11

WANTED—To rent two furnished rooms. Apply at Hotel Seay Chop House. 8-11

Hamilton-Brown shoes are the best. T. E. Powell is the only agent for the new goods. Come to headquarters. 4-11

Prairie dog poison freshly made. Powell & Powell. 8-11

Oats and Millit Seed.

R. C. Dawkins, Admiral, has the best oats and millit seed in the county, and no Johnson grass in them. 7-5 p

The first shipment of our 1902 wall paper just arrived. Come and see it. Powell & Powell. 8-11

NOTICE BY PUBLICATION OF FINAL ACCOUNT.

No. 214.

THE STATE OF TEXAS.

To The Sheriff or any Constable of Callahan County—Greeting:

W. A. Hinds, Administrator of the Estate of F. C. Johnson, deceased, having filed in the County Court of Callahan County, Texas, his Final Account of the condition of the Estate of said F. C. Johnson, deceased together with an application to be discharged from said Administration.

You are Hereby Commanded, That by publication of this writ for three consecutive weeks in a newspaper regularly published in the County of Callahan, Texas, you give due notice to all persons interested in the Final Settlement of said Estate, to appear and contest said account, if they see proper, at the March Term of said County Court, commencing and to be holden at the Court House of said county, in the City of Baird, Texas, on the 1st Monday in March A. D. 1902, when said Account and Application will be considered by said Court.

Witness my hand and office seal, this 27th, day of Jan. 1902.

W. P. COCHRAN,
Clk. Co. Court of Callahan Co. Tex. 9-31

EAGLE COVE DOTS.

MR. EDITOR:—We have not noticed any news from our little village in your paper for sometime, and such an enterprising little town as we have out here certainly ought to be represented in the leading paper of this county, so we will write you some of the latest.

Everybody is wishing for rain, out in this part of the county, especially the farmers, as it is getting too dry for them to plow and it is plowing time with them.

We have been having very cold weather the last few days; about the coldest we have had this winter.

It will be of no use to argue that International Stock Food is not what it is cracked up to be, for we have ample proof to convince any one that it deserves all the praise that it has and more to for our merchant, J. W. Miller, has been feeding his stock this International Stock Food and the other night one of his cows brought three calves. Two of the calves are living, one of them only lived a few hours. He had only been feeding this food about one month.

The young folks of Eagle Cove were entertained by Mrs. W. N. Mott last Friday night. We had the best music of different kinds obtainable, guitar, banjo, violin and organ and some of the best musicians in the county, and we also had a phonograph which was interesting for both the old and the young. Mrs. Mott also set out one of the finest suppers one could wish for and invited everybody to eat. We, the young folks, are indebted to Mrs. Mott, and will never tire of thanking her for the pleasant evening.

Our school is still going on. Every thing is getting along fine and all the children as well as the patrons of the school, think that Mr. Ely is the only teacher there is.

Miss Elsie Hayhurst who has been visiting at her brothers in Taylor county, returned last Saturday. She reports having had a nice visit.

Nearly all the boys around Eagle Cove have got a job of grubbing close around the village and in the morning you can hear them all singing and their song echoes through the streets.

"Grubbing, grubbing

Is all I know.

Grubbing, grubbing

Is all the go."

Mr. Tom Stansberry, living near Dudley, and Miss Mollie Kirkendall, who has been living near Potosi, were married Sunday at the home of the brides parents. The Butten is sorry for them, and hopes he will never be so unfortunate.

Young men you all had better take a fools advice and not marry while times are so hard, for there is not much pleasure in a married life when you have to work so hard.

Well, we are all out for this time.

RACTOWN BUTTON.

John Trent represents the Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Co.

NOTICE.

I desire to thank all those who so liberally patronized me during the past year and to express the hope that I may merit a continuance of the same this year.

To those indebted to me please come up and settle accounts. I have favored you in the past and will now appreciate it if you will favor me by prompt settlement. R. Phillips 5-11

If you have any news give it to THE STAR. We cannot always know what you know if you do not tell us.

Notice.

All persons indebted to the firm of S. M. Moon & Co. are requested to settle up. The undersigned has the books and notes of said firm who are anxious to close up the business. Ed COPPINS, 2-11. At Barnhill's Shoe Shop.

Many an innocent suffering untold agony explain its troubles. Mark child's symptoms, you may fine it troubled with worms; give its WHITE'S CREAM VERMIFUGE and restore it to quietness and health. Price 25 cents. For sale by R. Phillips. Jan

If you want any Fire or Cyclone Insurance, see John Trent. 48-11

See John Trent for insurance. He has the strongest agency in the West, representing such Companies as Phoenix Aetna, Fire Association, Scottish Union & Co. 48-11

Bring that wood you promised on subscription.

Boy's suits; handiomeest Christmas gift of all. Powell has the best and cheapest, suit worth \$7.50 sell at \$5.

If you owe The Star now is the time to PAY up. 8-11

FRESH BREAD.—I will have Rye, Graham, Vienna, Cream and Plain bread every day. GEO. S. HARDIN. 38

Hamilton & Brown American Lady, the handsomest dress shoe in town. Get you a pair at T. E. Powell's 2-11

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Pay your taxes and save costs. Time is up on 31st day of this month, January. Ten per cent penalty will be added to all taxes delinquents on the 1st day of February.

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Two Norman Stallions, fine animals for stock purposes. Also ten head of full blooded Durham bulls, one and two years old, in fine condition. Ranch 15 miles south of Baird, Texas. 48-11 Wm. McMANIS.

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Coughs and colds come uninvited, but you can quickly get rid of them with a few doses of BALLARD'S HOREHOUND SYRUP. Price 25 and 50 cents. For sale by R. Phillips

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To quickly introduce B. B. B. (Bottanic Blood Balm), the famous blood purifier, into new homes, we will send absolutely free 10,000 treatments. B. B. B. quickly cures old ulcers, scrofula, painful swellings, aches and pains in bones or joints, rheumatism, catarrhs, pimples, festering eruptions, boils, eczema, itching skin or blood humors, eating, bleeding, festering sores and even deadly cancer. B. B. B. at drug stores \$1. For free treatment address Blood Balm Co., Atlanta, Ga. Medicine sent at once, prepaid. Describe trouble and free medical advice given until cured. B. B. B. cures the most deep-seated cases, after all else fails. B. B. B. heals every sore and makes the blood pure and rich. Try it.

A second-hand phaeton for sale. C. S. Boyles. 8-11

I have a few cuttings of that famous grap. R. Phillips. 7-11

Persons who lead a life of exposure are subject to rheumatism, neuralgia, and lumbago, will find a valuable remedy in BALLARD'S SNOW LINIMENT; it will banish pains and subdue inflammation. Price 25 and 50 cents. For sale by R. Phillips.

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Plantation Chili Cure, tasteless and plain guaranteed to be a permanent cure for cholera and fever, dumb and third day cholera, bilious and remittent fever, liver, liver complaint and jaundice, and to dispel malaria. No cure no pay. Price 50 cents. Manufactured by Van Nest Mansfield Drug Co. For sale by Powell & Powell. 1-11

A fresh supply of dog poison just made. Powell & Powell. 8-11

Hotel Seay Barber Shop.
YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

ips it contains the clew to the quick! Give it to me!"

Mme. Alexandre opened a little cupboard and took out a letter, which she handed to her husband.

"Here, take it," she said, "and be satisfied."

Considering that she used to be a chambermaid, Palmyre Chocorelle, since became Mme. Gipsy, wrote a good letter. It was addressed in a free, flowing hand: "M. M. L. de Clambran, Forge-Master, Hotel du Louvre, To be handed to M. Raoul de Lagors. (Very important.)"

"Oh, ho!" said Fanferlot, accompanying his explanation with a little whistle, as was his habit when he thought he had made a grand discovery. "Oh, ho!"

"Do you intend to open it?" questioned Mme. Alexandre.

"Yes," said Fanferlot as he dexterously opened the envelope.

Mme. Alexandre leaned over the shoulder of her "little man," and they both read:

"M. Raoul-Prosper is in prison accused of a robbery which I know he never committed. Three days ago I wrote to this subject."

"What?" interrupted Fanferlot. "This silly girl wrote and I never saw the letter?"

"But, little man, she must have posted it herself the day she went to the Palais de Justice."

"Very likely," said Fanferlot, satisfied. He continued reading:

"I wrote to you three days ago and have no reply. Who will help Prosper if his best friends desert him? If you don't answer this letter, I shall consider myself released from a certain promise and without scruple will tell Prosper of the conversation I overheard between you and M. de Clambran. But I can count on you, can I not? I shall expect you at the Archangel hotel day after tomorrow between 12 and 4."

NINA GIPSY.

The letter read, Fanferlot without a word proceeded to copy it.

"Well," said Mme. Alexandre, "what do you say?"

Fanferlot was delicately resealing the copied letter when the door of the hotel office was suddenly opened, and the boy whispered:

"Hiss! Hiss!"

Fanferlot disappeared with marvelous celerity into a dark closet. He had barely time to close the door before Mme. Gipsy entered.

Alas, the poor girl was sadly changed. She was pale, her cheeks were hollow and her eyes were red with weeping.

On seeing her Mme. Alexandre could not repress a cry of surprise.

"Why, my child, you are not going out?"

"I am obliged to do so, madame, and I came to ask you to tell any one that may call during my absence to wait until I return."

"But where are you going at this hour, sick as you are?"

Mme. Gipsy hesitated a moment.

"Oh," she said, "you are so good to me that I am tempted to confide in you. Read this note, which a messenger just now brought to me."

"What?" cried Mme. Alexandre, perfectly aghast. "A messenger come here and go up to your room?"

"Is there anything surprising in that?"

"Oh, no."

And in a tone loud enough to be heard in the closet she read the note:

A friend of Prosper, who can neither receive you nor present himself at your house, needs to speak to you. Be in the stage office opposite the St. Jacques tower tonight at 9 precisely, and the writer will approach and tell you what he has to say to you. I have appointed this public place for the rendezvous so as to relieve you of all fear.

"And you are going to this rendezvous?" cried Mme. Alexandre.

"Certainly."

"But it is imprudent, foolish. It is a snare to trap you."

"It makes no difference," interrupted Gipsy. "I am so unfortunate already that I have nothing more to dread. Any change would be a relief."

And, without waiting to hear any more, she set out. She was not in the street before Fanferlot bounced out of the closet.

"A thousand thanks!" he cried. "Are people to walk over the Archangel as if it were a public street? Was ever such impudence heard of?" he continued. "A messenger comes into my house and goes up stairs without being seen by anybody! And the idea of you, a sensible woman, being idiotic enough to dissuade that little viper from keeping the appointment!"

"But, my dear—"

"Did you not suppose that I would follow her and discover what she is attempting to conceal? Come, make haste and help me, so that she won't recognize me."

In a few minutes Fanferlot was completely disguised by a thick beard, a wig and one of those long linen blouses worn by men who go about seeking work and at the same time hoping they may not find it.

"Have you your handkerchiefs?" asked the solicitous Mme. Alexandre when he was ready.

"Yes, yes. Make haste and post that letter to M. de Clambran and keep good watch."

And without listening to his wife, who cried out, "Good luck!" Fanferlot darted away.

Mme. Gipsy had ten minutes' start of him, but he ran up the street he knew she must have taken and overtook her near the Change bridge. On Chatelet place she strolled up and down several times, read the theater bills and finally took a seat on a bench and at a quarter of 9 entered the omnibus office and sat down. A moment after Fanferlot entered; but, as he feared that Mme. Gipsy might recognize him in spite of his heavy beard, he took a seat at the opposite end of the room, where it was dark.

As the Hotel de Ville clock struck 9 a man entered, walked directly up to Gipsy, bowed and took a seat beside her. He was a medium sized man, rather stout, with a crimson face and fiery red whiskers. His dress was that of a well-to-do merchant. There was nothing in his appearance to excite

attention. Fanferlot watched him eagerly.

"My friend," he said to himself, "in future I shall recognize you no matter where we meet, and this very evening I will follow you and find out who you are."

Despite his intent listening he could not hear a word spoken by the stranger or Gipsy. All he could do was to judge by their actions and countenances what was the subject of their conversation. When the stout man bowed and spoke to her, the girl looked so surprised that it was evident she had never seen him before. When he sat down by her and spoke to her, she jumped up with a frightened look, as if seeking to escape. A single look caused her to resume her seat. Then as the stout man went on talking Gipsy displayed great apprehension. She positively refused to do something; then suddenly she seemed to consent. At one moment she appeared ready to weep and the next her pretty face was illumined by a bright smile. Finally she shook hands with him, as if she was confirming a promise.

"What can all that mean?" said Fanferlot to himself as he sat in his dark corner, biting his nails. "What an idiot I am to have placed myself so far off!"

He was thinking how he could manage to approach nearer without arousing their suspicions when the fat man got up, offered his arm to Mme. Gipsy, who accepted it without hesitation, and together they walked toward the door. They were so preoccupied with one another that Fanferlot thought he could follow them without risk. Reaching the door, he saw the stout man and Gipsy cross the pavement, approach a hackney coach, sent for from the omnibus office, and enter it.

"Very good," muttered Fanferlot. "I've got them now. There is no use of hurrying any more."

When the coach started, he followed at a brisk trot. The cab went up the Boulevard Sebastopol. It went pretty fast. But it was not for nothing that Fanferlot had won the name of Squirrel. With his elbows glued to his sides, he ran on. By the time he had reached the Boulevard St. Denis he began to get breathless and stiff from a pain in his side, then the cab abruptly turned into the Faubourg St. Martin. But Fanferlot, who at eight years of age had been familiar with every street in Paris, was not to be baffled. He was a man of resources. He seized the springs of the coach, raised himself up by the strength of his wrists and hung on behind, with his legs resting on the axle-tree of the rear wheels. He was certainly not comfortable, but, then, he no longer ran the risk of being discovered.

"Now," he said behind his false beard, "drive on."

"The man whipped up his horses and drove rapidly along the hilly street of the Faubourg St. Martin. Finally at the old 'barrier' the cab stopped in front of a winestore, and the driver jumped down from his seat and went in. The detective also left his uncomfortable post and, crouching in a doorway, waited for Gipsy and the stout man to get out, ready to follow them. Five minutes passed and they had not alighted.

"What can they be doing all this time?" grumbled the detective.

Stealthily approaching the cab, he peeped in.

"Oh, cruel deception—it was empty! 'Tricked!' he said. 'Fooled! Ah, but I'll make them pay for this!'"

In a moment his quick mind had run over the gamut of possibilities, probable and improbable.

"Evidently," he muttered, "this man and Gipsy entered one door and got out of the other. If so, it was because they feared being followed. If they feared being followed, they have uneasy consciences; therefore—"

He suddenly interrupted his soliloquy as the idea struck him that he had better attempt to find out something from the driver. Unfortunately the driver was in a very surly mood and not only refused to answer, but shook his whip in so threatening a manner that Fanferlot deemed it prudent to beat a retreat.

"Perhaps," he muttered, "he and the driver are one and the same."

But what could he do now at this late hour? He could not imagine. He walked dejectedly back to the Quai St. Michel, and it was half past 11 when he reached his own door.

"Has the little one returned?" he inquired of Mme. Alexandre the instant she opened the door for him.

"No, but here are two large bundles which have come for her."

Fanferlot hastily opened the bundles. They contained three calico dresses, some coarse shoes and some linen caps.

The detective could not repress a cry. "Well," said he, "now she is going to disguise herself. Upon my word, I am getting puzzled."

When Fanferlot was sulkily walking down the Faubourg St. Martin, he had fully made up his mind that he would not tell his wife of his discomfiture, but once at home, confronted with a new fact of a nature to negative all his conjectures, his vanity disappeared. He confessed everything—his hopes so nearly realized, his strange mischance and his suspicions. They talked the matter over and finally decided that they would not go to bed before the return of Mme. Gipsy, from whom Mme. Alexandre was determined to obtain an explanation of what had happened. But would she return? At 1 o'clock the worthy couple were about giving up all hope of her reappearance when they heard the bell ring. At the sound of the bell Fanferlot slipped into the closet, and Mme. Alexandre remained in the office to receive Gipsy.

"Here you are, my dear child!" she cried. "Ah, I have been so uneasy about you!"

"Thanks for your kind interest, madame. Has anything come for me?"

Poor Gipsy's appearance had strikingly changed. She was very sad, but not, as before, dejected. To her melancholy of the last few days had succeeded a firm and generous resolution, which was betrayed in her sparkling eyes.

"Yes, two bundles came for you. Here they are. I suppose you saw M. Bertomy's friend?"

"Yes, madame, and his advice has so changed my plans that, I regret to say, I must leave you tomorrow."

"Tomorrow! Then something must have happened."

"Oh, nothing that would interest you, madame."

After lighting her candle at the gas burner Mme. Gipsy said "Good night" in a very knowing way.

"What do you think of that, Mme. Alexandre?" asked Fanferlot, emerging from his closet.

"It is incredible! This girl writes to M. de Clambran to meet her here and then does not wait for him."

"Evidently she mistrusts us. She knows who I am."

"This friend of the cashier must have told her."

"Who knows? I shall end by believing that I am among a gang of thieves. They think I am on their track and are trying to escape me. I should not be at all surprised if this girl has the money herself and intends to run off with it tomorrow."

"That is not my opinion. But listen to me. You had better take my advice and consult M. Lecoq."

Fanferlot paused to think.

"Very well, I will see him, just for your satisfaction; because I know that if I have discovered nothing neither has he. But if he undertakes to be domineering I will make him know his place."

Nevertheless the detective passed an uneasy night, and at 6 o'clock the next morning he was up—it was necessary to rise very early if he wished to catch M. Lecoq at home—and, having refreshed himself by a cup of coffee, he directed his steps toward the dwelling of the celebrated detective.

CHAPTER VI.

BY the time Fanferlot reached Montmartre street, where M. Lecoq lived, his courage had vanished. He pulled his hat over his eyes and hung his head, as if looking for relief among the paving stones. He slowly ascended the steps, pausing several times, at last reaching the third floor, and stood before a door decorated with the arms of the famous detective—a cock, the symbol of vigilance—and his heart failed him so that he had scarcely the courage to ring the bell. Janouille, M. Lecoq's old servant, opened the door.

"Ah," she said, "you come in time for once in your life. Your patron awaits you."

Upon this announcement Fanferlot was seized with a violent desire to beat a retreat. By what chance could Lecoq want anything of him? While he thus hesitated Janouille seized him by the arm and pulled him in, saying:

"Do you want to take root there? Come along. Your patron is waiting for you."

In the middle of a large room curiously furnished, half library and half greenroom, was seated at a desk the same person with gold spectacles who had said to Prosper at the police office, "Courage." This was M. Lecoq in his official character.

Upon Fanferlot's entrance as he advanced respectfully, bowing, M. Lecoq laid down his pen and said, looking sharply at him:

"Ah, here you are, my man. Well, it seems you haven't made much progress in the Bertomy case."

"Why," murmured Fanferlot, "you know—"

"I know that you have mixed everything until you can't see your way out, so that you are ready to give up."

"But it was not I—"

M. Lecoq arose and walked up and down the room. Suddenly he confronted Fanferlot.

"What would you think, Master Squirrel," he said ironically, "of a man who abuses the confidence of those who employ him, who reveals just enough to lead the prosecution on the wrong scent, who sacrifices to his own foolish vanity the cause of justice and the liberty of an unfortunate man?"

Fanferlot recoiled a step.

"I should say," he stammered—"I should say—"

"You think, Mr. Squirrel, that this man ought to be punished and dismissed from his employment, and you are right. The less a profession is honored, the more honorable should those be who belong to it. Nevertheless you have been false to yours. Ah, Mr. Squirrel, we are ambitious, and we try to make the police force serve us. We let justice go her way and we go ours."

"But I swear—"

"Silence! Do you pretend to say that you did your duty in what you told the judge of instruction? While others were informing against the cashier you undertook to inform against the banker. You spied upon him. You became intimate with his valet."

Was M. Lecoq really angry? Fanferlot, who knew him well, was in doubt. He did not know what to think of this devil of a man.

"If you were only skillful," he continued. "But, no; you wish to be a master, and you are not fit to be a journeyman."

"You are right," said Fanferlot piteously, seeing that it was useless to deny anything. "But how got on with an affair like this, where there was not even a trace or sign to start from?"

M. Lecoq shrugged his shoulders.

"Poor fellow! Why, don't you know that on the very day you were sent for with the commissary to verify the robbery you held—I do not say certainly, but very probably held—in your great stupid hands the means of knowing

whether the key of the cashier or the banker had been used when the robbery was committed?"

"What do you mean?"

"You want to know? I will tell you. Do you remember the scratch you discovered on the safe door? You were so struck by it that you exclaimed at seeing it. You carefully examined it and were convinced that it was a fresh scratch. You thought, and rightly, too, that this scratch was made at the time of the robbery. Now, with what was it made? Evidently with a key. That being the case, you should have demanded the keys both of the banker and the cashier. One of them would have had some particles of the hard green paint sticking to it."

Fanferlot listened with open mouth to this explanation. At the last words he violently slapped his forehead with his hand and cried out:

"Imbecile!"

"You have spoken correctly," said M. Lecoq. "Imbecile! This proof is before your eyes, and you do not see it! This scratch is the only clew. If I find the guilty party, it will be by means of this scratch, and I am determined that I will find him."

At a distance Fanferlot was very brave, but in M. Lecoq's presence he yielded to the influence which this extraordinary man exercised upon all who approached him. This exact information, these minute details of all his secret movements and even thoughts, upset him. How had M. Lecoq obtained them?

"Have you been long looking up this case?" he asked.

"Probably. But I am not infallible and may have overlooked some important evidence. Take a seat and tell me all you know."

One could not deceive M. Lecoq, so Fanferlot told the exact truth, a rare thing for him to do. However, as he reached the end of his statement a feeling of mortified vanity prevented his telling how he had been fooled by Gipsy and the stout man.

"It seems to me, Master Squirrel, that you have forgotten something. How far did you follow the empty coach?"

Fanferlot despite his assurance blushed and hung his head.

"Oh," he stammered, "you know about that? How did you?"

But a sudden idea entered his brain. He stopped short, bounded off his chair and cried:

"Oh, I know! You were the large man with red whiskers."

Fanferlot's surprise gave so singular an expression to his face that M. Lecoq could not restrain a smile.

"Then it was you," continued the bewildered detective. "You are the large gentleman at whom I stared so as to impress his appearance upon my mind, and I never recognized you! What an actor you would make if you would go on the stage! But I was disguised, too—very well disguised."

"Very poorly disguised. It is only just to you that I should tell you so. Do you think that a heavy beard and a blouse are unrecognizable? The eye, the eye! The art lies in being able to change the eye. That is the secret!"

This explained why the lynx eyed Lecoq never appeared at the police office without his gold spectacles.

"But," said Fanferlot, following up his idea, "you have made the little girl confess, which Mme. Alexandre could not do? You know why she leaves the Archangel, why she does not wait for M. de Clambran and why she bought calico dresses?"

"She is following my advice."

"In that case," said the detective dejectedly, "there is nothing left for me to do but to acknowledge myself an ass."

"No, Squirrel," said M. Lecoq kindly. "you are not an ass. You merely did wrong in undertaking a task beyond your capacity. Have you progressed one step since you started in this affair? No. That shows that, although you are incomparable as a lieutenant, you do not possess the qualities of a general. I am going to present you with an aphorism. Remember it and let it be your guide in the future—'One may shine in the second rank who would be totally eclipsed in the first.'"

Never had Fanferlot seen his patron so talkative and good natured. Finding his deceit discovered, he had expected to be overwhelmed with a storm, whereas he had escaped with a little shower that had cooled his brain. Lecoq's anger disappeared like one of those heavy clouds which threaten in the horizon for a moment and then are suddenly swept away by a gust of wind.

But the husband of Mme. Alexandre felt uneasy. He was afraid that something might be concealed beneath this affability.

"Do you know who the thief is?" he asked.

"I know no more than you do, and you seem to have made up your mind, whereas I am still undecided. You declare that the cashier is innocent and the banker guilty. I don't know whether you are right or wrong. I started after you and have only reached my preliminaries. I am certain of but one thing, and that is that a scratch was on the safe door. That scratch is my starting point."

As he spoke M. Lecoq took from his desk and unrolled an immense sheet of drawing paper. On this paper was photographed the door of M. Fauvel's safe. Every detail was given minutely. One could see the five movable buttons with the engraved letters and the narrow, projecting brass lock. The scratch was indicated with admirable exactness.

"Now," said M. Lecoq, "here is our scratch. It runs from top to bottom, starting from the hole in the lock, diagonally and, you see, from left to right—that is to say, it terminates on the side next to the private staircase leading to the banker's apartments. Very deep at the lock, it ends off in a scarcely perceptible mark."

"I see."

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No. 3. departs.....	5:25 p. m.

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Sunday school at 10:30 a. m. Mrs. F. W. James, Superintendent.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH. Preaching every 2nd Sunday. Church meeting at 2 p. m. every Sunday. W. A. Barnhill, Elder.

FRESHYTERIAN CHURCH. Sunday school every Sunday at 10 a. m. J. C. Gray, Supt.
Services at Freshyterian Church 3 and 4th J. M. Brooks.

CUMBERLAND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH. Preaching 1st and 3rd Sunday at 11 a. m. and at night, J. A. Ward, Pastor.
Sunday School at 10 a. m. J. N. Rushing, Supt.

LODGES.

BAIRD LODGE, No. 522, A. F. & A. M. Meets every Saturday night on or before full moon at 7:30 p. m.
Geo. B. Powell, W. M.
Geo. B. Scott, Secretary.

BAIRD CHAPTER, R. A. M. No. 182. Meets 3rd Friday night in each month.
HARRY MEYER, H. P.
B. L. RUSSELL, Secretary.

BAIRD LODGE No. 47, K. of P. Meets in Castle Hall Odd Fellows building every Thursday night at 8 p. m. Visiting Knights always welcome.
V. J. Jones, C. C.
H. SCHWARTZ, K. of R. S.

BAIRD CAMP No. 508, W. O. W. Meets in the Odd Fellows Hall, 1st and 2nd Monday nights of each month.
W. G. Bowles, C. C.
Oris Phillips, Clerk.

BAIRD LODGE No. 271, I. O. O. F. Meets every Saturday night.
J. J. ALLEN, N. G.
H. SCHWARTZ, Sec.

ABILENE COMMANDERY, K. of T. No. 27. Meets 2nd Monday of each month.
J. H. FICKENS, E. C.
C. W. ROBERTS, Rec.

BAIRD LODGE No. 142, A. O. U. W. Meets First and third Tuesday in each month. Visiting brethren fraternally invited and members expected to attend.
J. A. EDMONS, M. W.
JOHN J. ALLEN, Recorder.

BAIRD LODGE No. 806, BAKERS UNION of the World meets in the Odd Fellows hall 1st and 3rd Monday nights in each month at 8 p. m.
L. L. BLACKBURN, President.
J. H. COCHRAN, Sec.

CAMP ALBERT SIOUX JOHNSTON, No. — U. C. V. Meets at 1 p. m. 4th, Saturday in each month.
J. E. W. LANE, Adjut.

TO COUNTY SUBSCRIBERS.

I am sending out statements on subscriptions past due, and we earnestly request all who are in arrears to pay up without delay.

I have obligations to meet the first of January that compels me to call on all those owing me to pay up. After Feb. 1st every subscription over two years in arrears will be discontinued unless payments are made or satisfactory arrangements are made to pay them. The increased cost of printing material makes it impossible for me to continue an unlimited credit business. If arrears please pay up and start the New Year with a clear conscience, so far as the publishers debt is concerned.

Long time accounts due a paper are due more to carelessness than anything else. The amount is small, and people don't regard small accounts as of any importance, but they are the whole thing to the printer, because all his accounts are small, but when put together amount to considerable. I have over one thousand dollars past due on subscriptions in amounts from \$1 to \$12. Pay up so we can pay up, and give you a better paper than ever before.

W. E. GILLILAND.

I want your trade and will treat you right.
T. E. Powell, 2-11.

GIGANTIC PIPE LINE.

One Projected from Beaumont to North Texas Cities.

Mr. Swayne Says He Has Closed a Deal in Which New York Capitalists Will Furnish the Money to Build the Line.

Ft. Worth, Tex., Jan. 27.—James W. Swayne has returned from New York, where the big pipe line project was practically closed with New York capitalists, with a capital of \$10,000,000. The main line will be via Dallas and Fort Worth, with the latter extending to Waxahachie and Hillsboro, and other smaller towns en route.

The plan of the company is to supply railroads and manufacturing enterprises with oil for fuel.

When asked if the line would be extended further north he replied that he did not think so, as the connection with railroads at Fort Worth would remit the big company reaching all northern railroads.

Mr. Swayne leaves at once for Beaumont, where he meets an oil expert from San Francisco, who is to make a final examination of the Hogg-Swayne property before the deal is finally closed.

Another Refinery for Beaumont.

Beaumont, Tex., Jan. 28.—Plans are being formed for an all-home oil refinery by a number of Beaumonters who have come into possession of a process which they have demonstrated to their own satisfaction will prove a great success. Preliminary organization have been effected. The refinery may be a small one, but it will be a local enterprise with plenty of room to grow.

TRAGEDY AT BEEVILLE.

Three Men Killed, One Fatally Shot and Three Slightly Wounded.

Beeville, Tex., Jan. 24.—Three men dead, one fatally shot and three slightly wounded, is the result of a battle that occurred at the Santa Fe depot here at 6 o'clock Wednesday evening. The dead are:

Raymond G. White.

Milam Odum of Wallis.

Henry Dittert of San Felipe.

Walter Pennington of Wallis is shot through the bowels and will die.

His father, Elihu Pennington, is slightly wounded about the head.

Antone Dittert, a liveryman of Beeville, has a flesh wound through his thigh.

John Hackbarth, prominent merchant of Sealy, had the instep of his foot crushed by a shot.

It was a battle with six-shooters between Elihu Pennington and his son, Walter Pennington, on one side and Odum and his half brother, Raymond White, on the other.

A large crowd was at the depot awaiting the arrival of the southbound passenger train. The fight began in the midst of them without warning, and before the people could escape to places of safety one of their number was shot dead in his tracks and two others wounded by stray bullets.

The tragedy is the outgrowth of a killing which occurred at Wallis two years ago, when Walter Pennington killed James C. Odum. Walter Pennington was to have been tried in the district court here Wednesday for the killing of J. C. Odum, but his case was continued. A large crowd of citizens from Wallis and vicinity were here to attend the trial and the parties to the existing feud were brought together at the depot while waiting for the train.

CONFESSED THE MURDER.

Strother Admits He Killed Mr. Cooper While A Leap on a Cot.

St. Louis, Jan. 27.—Wm. Strother, the negro attendant at the Vista Turkish bath house here, has confessed to the murder of Alexander Dean Cooper, the millionaire. The confession was made before Chiefs Kieley and Desmond and the police stenographer. Strother signed the confession when transcribed. Strother, who has been constantly sweated by the police, broke down just prior to the hour for the coroner's inquest to begin and confessed all. He said he took hammer in one hand, lifted it high in air and brought it down on the head of Mr. Cooper, who was asleep on the cot. "I don't know why I did it," said Strother; "I guess I must have been drunk and mad."

Strother was taken before the coroner's jury and there retold the story of the crime.

Mr. Cooper was proprietor of the bath house, secretary of the Graham Paper company, and was said to have been one of the heaviest holders of real estate in St. Louis. His estate is valued at between \$1,000,000 and \$2,000,000.

To Grow Potatoes.

Lexington, O. T., Jan. 28.—J. R. Bingham and D. R. Jackson, farmers living near here, have received a carload of Irish seed potatoes for their own planting this season. These gentlemen have experimented with potatoes in this community for some time and believe in a very successful crop.

Ransom Paid to Brigands.

London, Jan. 28.—Dispatch from Sofia, Bulgaria, says the ransom of Miss Ellen M. Stone and her companion, Mme. Tsika has been paid to the brigands, and the captives are expected to be released at once.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

R. A. Henry of Livingston, Tex., has failed, with liabilities of \$16,000.

C. M. Nelson, of St. Louis, was sentenced to six years in the Kansas penitentiary for the burglary of a store at Hammond, Kan.

A. J. Hill of Woodlawn, Tex., has been arrested and will be taken to Alabama on a charge of assault to murder.

T. M. Campbell of Tyler, Tex., has withdrawn from the race for governor.

A prairie fire in Crosby county, Texas, has destroyed thousands of acres of grass.

Mrs. Addie Richardson of Savannah, Mo., has been acquitted of the charge of murdering her husband.

The store of J. F. Reed of Anthony, Tex., was destroyed by fire. Loss about \$500.

The Clayton Dry Goods company of Cleburne, Tex., has failed. Liabilities, \$13,500; assets, \$20,000.

Tony Witt, a boy, of Houston, Tex., was shot in the back by some unknown parties. When found he had been dead 12 hours.

A cold wave and blizzard struck Oklahoma Saturday and the thermometer fell 15 degrees.

Rufus Binyon, a negro, of Ardmore, I. T., has been sentenced to hang on March 28. He was convicted of killing an orphan girl.

George Johnson of Caddo, I. T., while digging a well, fell into it and was killed.

John Paynter and George Durnight of South McAlester, I. T., had a fight over a game of cards. Paynter was killed.

The people of Lawton, O. T., are dissatisfied with Territorial government and want to be attached to Texas.

Thomas Wright, charged with forgery, was permitted to attend his mother's funeral near Danville, Ill., Saturday, and escaped from his guard.

Jealousy prompted Frank Boggs to attempt suicide at Nevada, Mo., Saturday, and his wound is likely to prove fatal.

W. J. Kannada was run over and killed by a Mobile and Ohio train at Jackson, Tenn.

Nellie Dorham, a 4-year-old child at Linton, Ind., died from eating head-ach powders, which her grandmother had left on a table.

At Albertville, Ala., Nim Curry shot and instantly killed Homer Pittman. They were playing with a pistol that went off.

W. H. Forbes of Waxahachie, Tex., has sold \$6000 worth of mules to parties in Blue Bluff, Ark.

Nebraska has been swept by a storm and snow in blinding sheets.

James Duval of Franklin, Tex., charged with criminal assault, was given six years in the penitentiary.

The body of an unknown man was found near Grand Saline, Tex. He was run over by a train.

A prairie fire which swept across Hale, Crosby and Floyd counties, Tex., destroyed pasturage for a width of fifteen miles and an unknown distance.

During a drunken riot among a number of Polish miners at Dubois, Ill., Andrew Jalcowski was shot and probably fatally wounded.

Robert Catlett, a wealthy citizen of Sevier county, Tenn., accused of complicity in the murder of William and Laura Whaley in 1897, has been released on bond.

Frank Templeton has been appointed receiver for the Ennis Mercantile company at Ennis, Texas.

Burglars entered the post office at Newross, Ind., and took \$200 worth of stamps. They blew open the safe.

J. G. Shepperd, a prominent citizen of Evansville, Ind., has been declared insane.

It is said that the starch trust now forming has secured control of the plant of the Illinois Sugar Refining company at Pekin.

Mrs. Nettie Ring, widow of Conductor Ring, who was killed on the Illinois Central railroad, received a judgment at Carbondale, Ill., for \$5000.

John Grigsby, a negro shot and instantly killed his father, George Grigsby, southeast of Huey, Ill.

Both houses of the Mississippi legislature have adopted a resolution to probe the penitentiary scandals to the bottom.

The stores of M. R. Williams and J. M. Naylor & Son at Garland, Texas, were burned, at a loss of \$40,000.

At Helena, Ark., Nelson Harris and George Washington, negroes, quarreled over a trivial matter and Harris shot and killed Washington.

Frederick Kindsvader, a German farmer, who lived near Larned, Kan., accidentally shot and killed himself.

Lynn V. McCracken, recently burned out at Palo Pinto, Tex., has assigned, with liabilities of \$6000.

Mrs. Joseph Cooley of Unionville, Mo., committed suicide by shooting herself.

Hon. Franklin Murphy was inaugurated governor of New Jersey at Trenton.

John Lutz was hanged at Wilkes-barre, Pa., for wife murder.

The people of Brenham, Tex., have raised \$100,000 for a cotton mill.

An ice factory of large capacity is to be built at Marlin, Texas.

Newton county, Texas, will build a courthouse, to cost \$25,000, at Newton.

Jonathan Smith, a veteran of the civil war, died at Xenia, Ill.

Patrolman Eugene C. Robinson, of San Francisco, was killed by burglars.

Mrs. Lena Robinson of Clinton, Mo., committed suicide by taking morphine.

William Simmons is dead of smallpox at Wharton, Tex.

William Conroy, a miner, fell down a shaft at Jessat, Ind., and was killed.

Miss Hannah McGowan, one of the best known business women of Little Rock, Ark., died from the effects of a surgical operation.

Safe blowers secured \$900 in cash from the safe of H. Tautenhahn at Westfield, Tex.

E. R. SARTOR

Physician and Surgeon.

Office at R. Phillips' Drug Store.

BAIRD, TEXAS.

REMARKABLE CURE OF CROUP.

A Little Boy's Life Saved.

I have a few words to say regarding Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It saved my little boy's life and I feel that I cannot praise it enough. I bought a bottle of it from A. E. Steere of Goodwin, S. D., and when I got home with it the poor baby could hardly breathe. I gave the medicine as directed every ten minutes until he "threw up" and then I thought sure he was going to choke to death.

We had to pull the phlegm out of his mouth in great long strings. I am positive that if I had not got that bottle of cough medicine, my boy would not be on earth today.—Joel Demout inwood, Iowa. For sale by R. Phillips, Baird, and Y. A. Orr, Putnam.

YEAST.—Fresh yeast for sale at Mrs. E. K. KANE'S.

SCHEDULE OF ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF TRAINS.

Mails from the night trains, No. 5 and 6, is received at the P. O. at 5:30 a. m. for distribution.

Mall for No. 4, the morning train, is made up at 9:23 a. m.

Mall for No. 3, west bound, is made up at 2:45 p. m.

Mall for the night trains, No. 5 and 6, will close at 8 p. m.

The mail for Admiral, Caddo Peak and Cross Plains leaves at 6 a. m. and is due at 7:30 p. m.

OFFICE HOURS FOR SUNDAY.

The office will be open one hour in morning after the distribution of the night mails, and one hour after the evening mail is distributed.

NOTICE.—Mrs. Kane requests us to say that she is now able to furnish her customers with fresh bread.

BRAIN-FOOD NONSENSE.

Another ridiculous food fad has been branded by the most competent authorities. They have dispelled the silly notion that one kind of food is needed for brain, another for muscles, and still another for bones. A correct diet will not only nourish a particular part of the body, but it will sustain every other part. Yet, however good your food may be, its nutriment is destroyed by indigestion or dyspepsia. You must prepare for their appearance or prevent their coming by taking regular doses of Green's August Flower, the favorite medicine of the healthy millions. A few doses aids digestion, stimulates the liver to healthy action, purifies the blood, and makes you feel buoyant and vigorous. You can get Dr. G. G. Green's reliable remedies at R. Phillips'. Get Green's Special Almanac. 44-11

IF ITS "BATAVIA,"

IT'S THE BEST.

HARDIN HAS "BATAVIA"

"Batavia" Corn, packed in the State of Maine.

"Batavia" Extra Pine Peas—better than French.

"Batavia" Strawberry Sugar Beans.

"Batavia" Stringless Beans—all whole, not scraps.

"Batavia" White Asparagus Tips.

"Batavia" Salmon Steaks—flat cans with key.

"Batavia" Extra Sliced Pineapple 1lb. cans.

"Batavia" Extra Grated Pineapple 1lb. cans.

"Batavia" Roly Poly Red Pitted Cherries.

"Batavia" Red Antwerp Raspberries.

"Batavia" Extra Sliced Lemon Cling Peaches, heavy syrup.

BESIDES

The above, which are the finest products of the packers and preservers art and skill, I offer the various "standard" brands of goods, lower in price and lower grade but NOT poor in quality.

Don't Overlook

'Swan's Down' Cake Flour.

IN PACKAGES. HAVE YOU TRIED **JERSEY CREAM FLOUR,** CHEAPEST AND BEST.

ALL GOODS GUARANTEED

George S. Hardin,

GROCER.

Baird, Texas.

Phone 26

WILSON & OLIVER,

Dealers in

Beef, Pork, Sausage, Lard

AND GAME IN SEASON.

Free delivery to any part of the city keep cattle on feed all winter and spring.

Baird, Texas.

"THE LONG TRIAL"

OF THE CATTLE RANGE.

has given prominence in history to the now world famous Texas Panhandle. But a few years ago the wonderful possibilities to this region as a wheat country became known, and great things were prophesied for "The Granary of the South," which subsequent harvests justified. Comparatively recent is the demand of good livers for "Vernon Cantaloupes," but its come to stay. Those acquainted with this section and its wealth as a producer of feed-stuffs corn and cotton have long believed in it, nor have they been moving away. When Northwestern Texas remained conspicuous for its excellence in the face of almost unversally discouraging crop conditions, people began to see reasons for the faith of those inviting them to enter and possess the land; and now, with farms and ranches being bought daily by new settlers coming in by wagon and rail, three new railroads now building and four more projected, seeking a share of the general prosperity, good reason is evident for the favor with which the territory along "THE DENVER ROAD" is regarded by prospectors.

W. F. STERLEY, A. A. GLISSON, CHARLES L. HULL, A. G. P. D., G. A. P. D., T. P. A., Fort Worth, Texas.

Matilda Fletcher

THE ELOQUENT

Silver Tongued Lady Orator.

Will Lecture at The

BAIRD - COLLEGE,

Under the auspices of the Philomathean Literary Society on the Subject of

'The Heart of a Man'

SATURDAY EVE FEB. 1 AT 8 O'CLOCK.

PRESS NOTICES.

She has few equals and no superiors.—Chicago Tribune.

All the audiences that have heard her have been greatly pleased.—New York Tribune.

She is possessed of all the qualities that go to make an efficient speaker. Eloquence, wit, logic, originality and beauty, and wherever she goes she is bound to meet with success.—Bee, Omaha, Neb.

ADMISSION 35C.

THEY ARE THE BEST.

SHIRTS

They have the test of time well stood.

SHIRTS

THEY SELL THE BEST.

you thought that this was made by the person who took the money. Let us see if you were right. I have here a little iron box, painted green like M. Fauvel's safe. Take a key and try to scratch it."

Without seeing through his chief's motive, the detective did as he was bid, scratching vigorously with the key.

"The deuce!" he said after several attempts. "This paint is awfully hard to move."

"Very hard, my friend, and yet that on the safe is still harder. So, you see, the scratch you discovered could not have been made by the trembling hand of a thief letting the key slip."

"I never should have thought of that. It certainly required great force to make so deep a scratch."

"Yes, but how was it done? I have been racking my brain for three days, and only yesterday I came to a conclusion. Let us examine together and see if our conjectures present enough chances of probability to establish a starting point."

M. Lecoq abandoned the photograph and, walking to the door communicating with his bedroom, took the key from the lock.

"Come here, Fanferlot, and stand by my side. There, very well. Suppose that I want to open this door and you don't want me to open it. When you see me about to put the key in the lock, what would be your first impulse?"

"To put my hands on your arm and draw it toward me quickly, so as to prevent your introducing the key."

"Precisely so. Now let us try it. Proceed."

Fanferlot obeyed, and the key held by M. Lecoq, pulled aside from the lock, slipped along the door, making an exact reproduction of the scratch in the photograph.

"Oh, oh, oh!" exclaimed Fanferlot in three different tones as he stood staring at the door.

"Do you begin to understand now?" asked M. Lecoq.

"Understand! Why, a child could understand it now. Ah, what a man you are! I see the scene as if I had been present. Two persons were at the safe. One wished to take the money; the other wished to prevent its being taken. That is certain."

Accustomed to triumphs of this sort, M. Lecoq was much amused at Fanferlot's enthusiasm.

"There you go off half cocked again," he said good humoredly. "You regard as sure proof a circumstance which may be accidental and at the most only probable."

"No, a man like you could not be mistaken. There is no doubt about it."

"That being the case, what deductions would you draw from our discovery?"

"In the first place, it proves the cashier innocent."

"How so?"

"Because, at perfect liberty to open the safe whenever he wished to do so, he would not have brought a witness when he intended to commit the theft."

"Well reasoned. But on this supposition the banker would also be innocent. Think."

Fanferlot reflected, and all of his animation vanished.

"It is so," he said in a despairing tone. "What can be done now?"

"Find the third rogue, or, rather, the real rogue—the one who opened the safe and stole the notes and who is still at large, while others are suspected."

"Impossible! M. Fauvel and his cashier only had keys, and they always kept them on their persons."

"Pardon me. On the evening of the robbery the banker left his key in the secretary."

"Yes, but the key alone was not sufficient to open the safe. The word also was necessary."

M. Lecoq shrugged his shoulders impatiently.

"What was the word?" he asked.

"Gipsy."

"Which is the name of the cashier's mistress. The day you find a man sufficiently intimate with Prosper to be aware of all the circumstances connected with this name, and at the same time on a footing with the Fauvel family which would give him the privilege of entering M. Fauvel's chamber, then you will discover the real thief; then the problem will be solved."

Egotistical, like all great artists, M. Lecoq had never had a pupil and never wished to have one. He hated assistants, wishing to share neither the pleasure of success nor the pain of defeat. Thus Fanferlot, who knew his patron's character, was surprised to hear him giving advice who heretofore had only given orders.

"Chief," he ventured to say, "you seem to take a great personal interest in this affair—you have so deeply studied it."

M. Lecoq started nervously and replied, frowning:

"Don't be too curious, Master Squirrel. Be careful that you do not go too far. Do you understand?"

Fanferlot began to apologize.

"That will do," interrupted M. Lecoq. "If I choose to lend you a helping hand, it is because it suits me to do so. It pleases me to be the head while you are the limbs. Unassisted, with your preconceived ideas, you would never have found the culprit. If we two don't find him, my name is not Lecoq."

"We shall certainly succeed since you are interested in the case."

"Yes, I am interested in it, and during the last four days I have discovered many important facts. But I have reasons for not appearing in this affair. No matter what happens, I forbid your mentioning my name. If you succeed, all the success must be attributed to you. And, above all, don't try to find out too much. Be satisfied with what explanations I give you."

These conditions seemed quite to suit Fanferlot.

"I will be discreet," he said.

"I shall rely upon you. Now, to begin, you must carry this photograph to the judge of instruction. I know M. Patriget is much perplexed about this case. Explain to him as if it came from you alone what I have just shown you. Repeat what I have demonstrated, and I am convinced that this evidence will determine him to release the cashier. Prosper must be at liberty before I can commence my operations."

"Of course, chief. But must I let him know that I suspect any one besides the banker or cashier?"

"Certainly. Justice must not be kept in ignorance of your intention of following up this affair. M. Patriget will tell you to watch Prosper. You will reply that you will not lose sight of him. I myself will answer for his being in good hands."

"And if he asks me about Gipsy?"

M. Lecoq hesitated a moment.

"Tell him," he said, "that you persuaded her, in the interest of Prosper, to live in a house where she can watch some one whom you suspect."

Fanferlot rolled up the photograph and was joyously picking up his hat to go when M. Lecoq checked him with a gesture.

"I have not finished. Do you know how to drive a carriage and manage horses?"

"Why can you ask this of a man who used to be a rider in the Bouthor circus?"

"Very well. As soon as the judge dismisses you return home immediately, make yourself a wig and the complete dress of a valet, and, having dressed yourself, take this letter to the agent on Delorme street."

"But—"

"There must be no but, sir. The agent will send you to M. de Clameran, who is looking for a valet, his man having left him yesterday."

"Excuse me if I venture to suggest that you are making a mistake. This Clameran does not come into the matter. He is not the cashier's friend."

"Do what I tell you and don't disturb your mind about the rest. Clameran is not a friend of Prosper, I know, but he is the friend and protector of Raoul de Lagors. Why so? Whence the intimacy of these two men of such different ages? I must find out. I must also find out who this forger master is who lives in Paris and never goes to attend to his furnace; a high liver, who takes it into his head to live at the Hotel du Louvre in the midst of a tumultuous, ever changing crowd, where it is hard to watch him. Through you I will have an eye upon him. He has a carriage. You are to drive it, and you will soon be able to give me an account of his manner of life and of the sort of people with whom he associates."

"You shall be obeyed."

"One word more. M. de Clameran is irritable and, still more, suspicious. You will be presented to him under the name of Joseph Dubois. He will demand your certificate of good character. Here are three which state that you have lived with the Marquis de Stalmence and the Count de Commarin and that you have just left the Baron de Wortschen, who has gone to Germany. Be careful of your dress and manners. Watch the marquis' movements. Above all, don't overdo your part. It might arouse suspicion."

"Don't worry as to that. Where shall I report to you?"

"I will call on you every day. Until I change your orders don't step foot in this house. You might be followed. If anything important should happen, send a note to your wife, and she will inform me. Go and be prudent."

The door closed on Fanferlot as M. Lecoq passed into his bedroom.

In the twinkling of an eye he had divested himself of chief of the secret service. He took off his stiff cravat and gold spectacles and removed the close wig from his thick black hair. The official Lecoq had disappeared, leaving in his place the Lecoq whom nobody knew—a handsome man with a clear eye and resolute bearing. But he remained only for an instant. Seated before a dressing table, covered with more cosmetics, paints, perfumes, false hair and other unmentionable shams than the toilet tables of a modern belle, he began to undo the work of nature and make himself a new face. He worked slowly, handling his brushes with great care. But in an hour he had accomplished one of his daily masterpieces. When he had finished, he was no longer Lecoq. He was the large man with red whiskers whom Fanferlot failed to recognize.

"Well," he said, casting a last look in the mirror, "I have forgotten nothing. I have left nothing to chance. All my plans are fixed, and I shall make progress, provided the Squirrel does not waste time."

But Fanferlot was too happy to waste a minute. He did not run, he flew, toward the Palais de Justice. At last he was able to convince some one of his wonderful shrewdness. As to acknowledging that he was about to obtain a triumph with the ideas of another man, he never thought of it. It is generally in perfect good faith that the jackdaw struts in the peacock's feathers. His hopes were realized. If the judge was not absolutely convinced, he admired the ingenuity of the whole proceeding.

"This decides me," he said, dismissing Fanferlot. "I will file a favorable report today, and it is highly probable that the accused will be released tomorrow."

He began at once to write out one of those terrible decisions of "Not proved" which restores liberty, but not honor, to the accused man; which says that he is not guilty, but does not say he is innocent:

Whereas there do not exist sufficient charges against the accused, Prosper Bertomy, in pursuance of article 128 of the Criminal Code we hereby declare that we find no grounds for prosecution against the aforesaid prisoner at this present time, and we order that he shall be released from the prison where he is confined and set at liberty by the jailer, etc.

When it was finished, "Well," he said to the clerk, "here is another of those crimes which justice cannot clear up—another file to be stowed away among the archives of the record office."

And his own hand wrote on the corner of the bundle of papers relating to Prosper's case the number of the package, "Case 113."

CHAPTER VII.

PROSPER BERTOMY had been languishing in his private cell for nine days when one Thursday morning the jailer came to inform him that his case had not been proved. He was conducted before the officer who had searched him when he arrived, and the contents of his pocket—his watch, penknife and several little pieces of jewelry—were restored to him. Then he was told to sign a large sheet of paper, which he did. He was then led across a dark passage and a door opened and shut behind him with a bang. He found himself on the quay. He was alone. He was free.

Free! Justice had confessed her inability to convict him of the crime of which he was accused. Free! He could walk about, he could breathe the pure air, but every door would be closed against him. A decision of "Not proved" had left him covered with suspicion. At the moment of his restoration to liberty Prosper so cruelly suffered from the horror of his situation that he could not repress a cry of rage and despair.

"I am innocent!" he cried out. "I am innocent!"

Two strangers who were passing stopped to look at him. They took him for a lunatic.

The Seine was at his feet. A thought of suicide crossed his mind.

"No," he said, "no! I have not even the right to kill myself. No, I will not die until I have vindicated my innocence!"

On entering Chapl street he stood before his own door, but hesitated to enter it. He suffered from the timidity which an honest man always feels when he knows he is viewed with suspicion. He dreaded to remain in the street. He entered. At seeing him the porter uttered an exclamation of glad surprise.

"Ah, you here, monsieur? I told every one you would come out as white as snow, and when I read in the papers that you were arrested for robbery, I said: 'My third floor lodger a thief? Never!'"

The congratulations of this man, maladroitness and sincere, impressed Prosper painfully, and he cut them short by abruptly asking:

"And where are my servants?"

"Gone, monsieur. Your father paid and discharged them."

"I suppose you have my keys?"

"No, monsieur. When your father left this morning at 8 o'clock, he told me that a friend of his would take charge of your rooms until you should return. Of course you know who he is—a stout gentleman with red whiskers."

Prosper was astonished. What could be the meaning of one of his father's friends being in his rooms? He did not, however, betray his surprise.

"Yes, I know who he is," he said.

He ran up the stairs and knocked at his door. It was opened by his father's friend. He had been accurately described by the porter. A fat man with a red face, sensual lips, brilliant eyes and of rather coarse manners stood bowing. Prosper had never seen him before.

"Delighted to make your acquaintance, monsieur," he said.

He seemed to be perfectly at home. On the table lay a book which he had taken from the bookcase, and he appeared ready to do the honors of the house.

"I must confess, monsieur," began Prosper.

"That you are surprised to find me here? So I suppose. Your father intended introducing me to you, but he was compelled to return this morning to Beaucourt, and I must add that he departed thoroughly convinced, as I myself am, that you never took a cent from M. Fauvel."

At this unexpected good news Prosper could not restrain an exclamation of joy.

"Here is a letter from your father which I was charged to give you. I hope it will serve as an introduction between us."

Prosper took the letter, opened it, and as he read his eyes grew brighter and the color returned to his pale cheeks. When he had finished, he held out his hand to the large man and said:

"My father, monsieur, tells me you are his best friend. He advises me to have absolute confidence in you and follow your counsel."

"Exactly. This morning your father said to me: 'Verduret—that is my name—Verduret, my son is in great trouble. He must be helped out.' I replied, 'I am ready,' and here I am. Now the ice is broken, is it not? Then let us go to work. What do you intend to do?"

This question revived Prosper's stammering rage. His eyes flashed.

"What do I intend to do?" he said angrily. "I wish to seek the villain who has ruined me!"

"Naturally. But have you any means of attaining that end?"

"None. Yet I shall succeed, because when a man devotes his whole life to an object he is certain to achieve it."

"Well said, M. Prosper, and, to be frank, I fully expected that this would be your purpose. I have therefore already begun to think and act for you. I have a plan. In the first place, you will sell this furniture, quit this house and disappear."

"Disappear?" cried Prosper indignantly. "Disappear! Why, monsieur? Do you not see that such a step would be a confession of guilt—would authorize the world to say that I am hiding so as to enjoy undisturbed the stolen fortune?"

"Well, what then?" said the man with the red whiskers coldly. "Did you not say just now that the sacrifice of your life is made? The skillful swimmer thrown into the river by malefactors is careful not to rise to the surface immediately. On the contrary, he dives and remains below as long as his breath holds out. He comes up again at a great distance and lands out of sight. Then, when he is supposed to be dead, lost forever to the sight of man, he rises up and has his vengeance. You have an enemy? Some petty imprudence will betray him. But while he sees you on the watch he will be on his guard."

It was with a sort of amazed submission that Prosper listened to this man who, though a friend of his father, was an utter stranger to himself.

He submitted to the ascendancy of a nature more energetic than his own. In his helpless condition he was grateful to find a friend.

"I will follow your advice, monsieur," he said.

"I was sure you would. Let us decide upon the course you shall pursue. And remember that the proceeds of the sale will be needed. Have you any ready money? No, but you must have some. Knowing that you would need it at once, I brought here a furniture dealer, and he will give 12,000 francs for everything except the pictures."

The cashier could not refrain from shrugging his shoulders, which M. Verduret observed.

"Yes," said he, "it is hard, I will admit, but it is necessary. Listen. You are the invalid, and I am the doctor charged to cure you. If I cut to the quick, you will have to endure it. It is the only way to save you."

"Cut away, then, monsieur," answered Prosper, submitting.

"Well, we will hurry, for time passes. You have a friend, M. de Lagors?"

"Raoul? Yes, monsieur, an intimate friend."

"Now tell me, who is this fellow?"

The term "fellow" seemed to wound Prosper.

"M. de Lagors, monsieur," he said, piqued, "is M. Fauvel's nephew. He is a rich young man, handsome, intelligent, cultured and the best friend I have."

"Hum!" said M. Verduret. "I shall be delighted to make the acquaintance of one adorned by so many good qualities. I must let you know that I wrote him a note in your name asking him to come here, and he sent word that he would be here directly."

"What?" cried the astonished Prosper. "Do you suppose?"

"Oh, I suppose nothing. Only I must see this young man. Also I have arranged and will submit to you a little plan of conversation."

A ring at the bell interrupted M. Verduret.

"The dickens! Adieu to my plan! Here he is! Where can I hide so as to hear and see?"

"There in my bedroom. Leave the door open and the curtain down."

A second ring was heard.

"I must go," said Prosper.

"Now, remember, Prosper," said M. Verduret in a warning tone, "not one word to this man about your plans or about me. Pretend to be discouraged, helpless, hesitating."

And he disappeared behind the curtain as Prosper ran to open the door.

Prosper's portrait of M. de Lagors had not been exaggerated. So handsome a face and manly a figure could belong only to a noble character. Although Raoul said that he was twenty-four he appeared to be not more than twenty. He had a superb figure, well knit and supple; a beautiful white brow, shaded by soft chestnut curly hair, and soft blue eyes which beamed with frankness.

His first impulse was to throw himself into Prosper's arms. "My poor, dear friend!" he said, taking Prosper's hands. "My poor Prosper!"

But beneath these affectionate demonstrations there was a certain constraint, which, if it escaped the cashier, was noticed by M. Verduret.

"Your letter, my dear Prosper," said Raoul after being seated, "made me ill. I was so frightened by it. I asked myself if you could have lost your mind. Then I left everything to come to you."

Prosper did not seem to hear him. He was preoccupied about the letter he had not written. What were its contents? Who was this man whose assistance he had accepted?

"You must not feel discouraged," continued M. de Lagors. "At your age you may commence life anew. Your friends are still left to you. Rely upon me. I am rich. Half of my fortune is at your disposal."

This generous offer, made at a moment like this with such frank simplicity, deeply touched Prosper.

"Thanks, Raoul," he said, with emotion; thank you! But unfortunately all the money in the world would be of no use now."

"Why so? What are you going to do? Do you propose to remain in Paris?"

"I know not, Raoul. I have made no plans yet. My mind is confused."

"I will tell you what to do," replied Raoul quickly. "You must start afresh. Until this mysterious robbery is explained it will never do for you to remain in Paris."

"And if it is never explained?"

"Only the more reason for your remaining in oblivion. I have been talking about you to Clameran. You are unjust to him, for he is your friend. If I were in Prosper's place," he said, "I would turn everything into money and embark for America. There I would make a fortune and return to Continued Next Week."



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