Callahan County Clarendon.

"THE GREATEST GOOD TO THE GREATEST NUMBER."

W. R. LOTZ, Editor and Proprietor. BAIRD, TEXAS, SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1881. VOL. II.—NO. 8.

TWO JOURNEYS.

"I go on a journey far away,"
He said—and he stopped and kissed me then—
"Over the ocean for many a day—
Good-by," and he kissed me once again,
But only a few short months had fled,
When again I answered my husband's kiss;
"I could not tarry away," he said:
"There is never a land as fair as this."
Again I stood by my husband's side,
"I go on a journey, sweet, to-day;
Over the river the boatmen glide—
Good-by; I shall linger long away."
"Ah, he will come back soon, I know,"
I said, as I stooped for the parting kiss;
"He can not tarry, he told me so,
There is never a land so fair as this."

But many a month and many a year
Have flown since my darling went away,
Will he never come back to meet me here?
Has he found the region of perfect day?
Over the ocean he went and came;
Over the river, and lingers there!
Oh, pallid boatman! call my name!
Show me the region so wondrous fair.
—*Argosy.*

THE LADY BLANCHE LIFEBOAT.

He was drunk as usual on his watch, though there was a big gale blowing out at sea, with gathering sings of a storm overhead; and it might be that the lifeboat would have some work to do before morning.

But what did Peter Pencorrow care about the lifeboat, except for the salary of £1 a week which he drew as its custodian? Nobody in the village of Polloot had looked with kindly eye on the arrival of this foolish boat—as they called it—which was to take the "harvesting" out of their mouths. For the population were wreckers to a man and woman, and they termed it "harvesting" when some well-freighted ship was driven on to the great Needle Rock off their coast and went to pieces.

Such accidents happen too rarely for their taste—once a year or thereabouts, and the booty was often miserably small. But there had been years within the memory of some of the inhabitants, who were not yet old, when a dozen vessels of all sizes had foundered in a single winter, and when the luck of the wreckers had been large. It was in a winter of this kind that old Peter Pencorrow had made his fortune. He was young then, and it was said that he had picked up a package of diamonds from the Brazil as his share of the spoils. Anyhow, he disappeared from Polloot and went to live in London, like a gentleman, as some supposed; though others affirmed that he ran through his money pretty fast, and went through a multitude of queer adventures afterward. Twenty-five years after his departure he returned to the village with a boy of sixteen and a girl one year younger; and soon afterward he was appointed custodian of the lifeboat Lady Blanche, which had been presented to Polloot by the rich and good Cornish Earl, and christened after his favorite daughter.

Peter Pencorrow was not liked at Polloot. It was said that he had "blown the gaff." He was accused of having, while steward on board an ocean steamer, told a number of ugly stories to the Earl and Lady Blanche, who were returning home from a tour in America; insomuch that my lord and his daughter had made a vow to dedicate a lifeboat at once to the salvation of human life. There was some talk of blasting the Needle Rock, and erecting a lighthouse on that dangerous part of the coast. Engineers had come to take soundings, and their operations had been watched with sullen wrath. Harold Trecorpe, the biggest, most scowling, fisherman in the village—a fellow whose face looked murder, and whose mouth never opened without a curse—had sworn that if he hanged for it Pencorrow should never live to see a life saved by his boat nor a vessel warned of danger by the beacon of a lighthouse. Before long, however, Peter Pencorrow ceased to be so much hated. He was a worthless scamp, always drunk, and his chosen companion came to be Harold Trecorpe, who had several times threatened his life. Drunken men are not dangerous, save to themselves, at least such is the popular idea, and Harold used to laugh an odd mocking laugh when anybody talked of what things the Lady Blanche would do with her signals, her rockets, and all her costly and complete apparatus for salvage the first time that a vessel stood in peril of touching on that dangerous Needle.

Three years passed, and the lifeboat did nothing. They happened to be exceptionally disastrous, from the Polooters' point of view, for though wrecks enough took place on other parts of the coast, no craft of any consequence foundered on the Needle. By this time Harold Trecorpe was captain of the lifeboat's crew. He and seven other men received £12 a year apiece from the Earl to go out practicing sometimes with the boat, and to hold themselves in readiness at any time when their services might be wanted. If they saved lives, they were to have each a bounty of £1 on every human head rescued. Nay, they were to have fifteen shillings, too, for every dead human body they brought to shore. Thus had the Earl and his daughter tried to enlist the cupidity of these men on the side of humanity, hoping, maybe, that some higher agencies would work, too, for the reclaiming of a population as barbarous and debased as any in these isles.

Peter Pencorrow lived in a pretty house which his patron had built for him near the large white shed where the lifeboat was kept. There was a pharmacy in the place, with two rooms holding three beds each, which were to be reserved for half-drowned men and women who might be drawn out of the sea; and there were a great number of useful appliances for restoring lives that might be just flickering out. Sometimes the Earl and Lady Blanche would drive to the village to see if everything was in good order; but since their carriage could be seen five miles off as it wound down the steep road on the rock side, leading to Polloot, Peter and his daughter Meg always had about an hour's notice to set things tidy. Peter now lived alone with his daughter Margaret. His son had left him in disgust to enlist, and Meg only remained with him because there was nothing else for her to do. She had been cursed at and cudgeled by him all through her childhood; she had been his drudge, his scapegoat in everyone of those drunken fits of his, which recurred daily, and her body bore marks of brutal kicks he had given her when she was a little thing, with limbs still tender and weak. But now she had grown up to be a tall, strong girl, with a tanned face and a determined look, so that Peter was afraid of her. He used to hide his money from her, as a bad boy does from his mother, and if she wanted anything for household expenses she had to search his pockets when he was dead drunk. However, more than thirty pounds out of his fifty-two a year used to melt in drink, and Margaret had to eke out a subsistence for himself and her by making nets and shrimping. Sometimes Lady Blanche used to give her a sovereign, and this, too, helped the household along.

Margaret had a wild, dogged sort of attractiveness in her appearance. She never wore shoes or stockings, and her black hair fell down her back in one thickly plaited tress. A red handkerchief formed her head-covering and was tied under her chin; her rough, brown arms were always bare to the elbow. Harold Trecorpe had cast his eyes upon her from the time when she was seventeen, but she hated him. The first time he tried some rough piece of gallantry on her she caught up the stump of a broken oar to protect herself and merely glared at him, without saying a word. On another occasion, when he came behind her unawares and took her by the chin, she lifted a heavy fishing net, all bronzed with age and salt, and dashed it in his face with such violence that he was knocked down on the shingle.

"Curse yo', wench!" he swore, as he picked himself up. "Yo' wouldn't have done that to Mark Brathwaite; but let him look to hisself if he crosses me."

"If yo' lay a finger on Mark Brathwaite yo'll have to look to yosself," answered Margaret, contemptuously; and Harold contented himself with scowling at her from that time.

Mark Brathwaite was Margaret's second lover—a fair-haired boy, about her own age, whom she had saved from drowning one windy day, when he had been dashed out of his fishing boat by a flap of a loosened sail, which had hit him on the head and stunned him. Margaret had swam a couple of furlongs in a tumbling sea to effect the rescue, and Mark Brathwaite had loved her from the moment when he opened his eyes and found her bending over him and breathing life into his body vigorously from her own lungs. Margaret, however, treated him like a younger brother. He was the only human being who could draw a smile from her, but he was not the man to teach her what love was, though he tried hard and made himself pretty wretched in the attempt.

Sometimes Peter Pencorrow's daughter, sitting outside her father's house on fine afternoons to make nets, would drop her hands into her lap and look out with a dull, wistful expression over the sea, so broad, blue and mysterious. Her finely shaped head might have been a storehouse of knowledge and great thoughts, but it was empty. She could neither read nor write; she knew nothing of the world except in its most sordid aspects of dire poverty, drunkenness and brutality. She had never set foot in a church, and had no idea of a God save that she had heard and believed that there was something above those skies which were now so golden with sunlight, now so black with thunder. Occasionally such natural impulses of good as were in the girl's heart would well up in short scraps of advice which she gave to Mark Brathwaite: "Mark, yo'll not get drunk like father. There's no good in drink;" or, "Mark, if I were a mon, I'd learn summut and become a scholard."

This is what Margaret Pencorrow was at eighteen, and on the night alluded to in the first line of this story, when her worthless father stood, drunk as usual, on his watch, and unheedful of the storm that was gathering.

* * * * * *

The storm broke presently with frightful fury. Long streaks of lightning rent the skies, and the waves were dashed upon the shore with a roaring loud as thunder. In despite of the deluge of rain the crew of the lifeboat came to the shed to get all in readiness, and a great many other fishermen and their wives trooped out of the cottages; but this was only because sleep on such a night was impossible. Most of the eyes that looked seaward with expectant glances were rather hoping for a profitable wreck than eager for a chance to save life.

Margaret stood in the shed with Mark Brathwaite beside her, Harold Trecorpe being on the other side of the boat. The occasional glow of the pipe he was smoking lit up his rugged face and made it seem devilish as he cursed the ill-luck that had fallen upon Polloot, and expressed his conviction that the life-boat had "witched" the place, driving wrecks off it. "Dong yo'!" cried he, striking his fist on the boat's side. "Yo've done us harm from the day yo coom here! Yo hev'."

Suddenly there was a cry from every one under the shed: "A light! a blue light! Look, there's another!"

Far off in the offing there was a ship in distress sending up blue lights. They rose swift and pale, then burst into a bright gleam and vanished. Harold Trecorpe uttered a shout of exultation. "It's a big ship," cried he. "Here, gie us the blue rockets, wench."

"What for the blue rockets?" asked Margaret, who was standing near a box of fire-signals. "Ye must burn three red lights first to warn 'em the coast's dangerous. Then three blue 'uns to say the life-boat's coming. That's what my lord told me."

"Cuss your lord and yo' too!" blurted out Harold, savagely, as he ran around to the other side of the boat. "Here, lads, bear a hand and heave this wench out."

"Harold, I'll fire a light in yo'r face if yo come near me. Mark, keep that mon off," cried Margaret, panting; and seizing the lantern from Peter Pencorrow's drunken hands, she held a rocket at Harold's face as if it were a pistol.

But there were others beside Harold who wanted the ship to be wrecked, and several of the lifeboat's crew were among them. They were willing enough to go out with the boat by-and-by, but they wanted the vessel to be wrecked first. These scoundrels drove Margaret and Mark Brathwaite back, and it was resolved among them that no lights should be burned at all for the present. In her energetic language unadorned, Margaret Pencorrow hurled anathemas at them, but they only laughed, and suddenly the girl vanished through the crowd with Mark Brathwaite.

Where had they gone? For several moments their disappearance was not noticed, but suddenly a broad sheet of lightning that lit up the whole coast, showed the girl and the boy running as hard as they could down the shore in the direction of the Needle Rock. The tide was coming in fast, but it was evidently Meg's object to get near the rock before it. Why? They learned presently. A loud hiss, a blaze of red light and up went a red rocket; then another; then a third. Three danger signals rose rapidly, one after another, under the eyes of the enraged wreckers. Then all became black again. The storm rumbled away, and no more blue lights were burned out at sea. Margaret had rushed off with the red rockets, which had probably warned the distressed ship to keep clear of the treacherous coast. Anyhow, the ship was not wrecked nor heard of again.

Nor was Margaret Pencorrow ever seen again or heard of. Mark Brathwaite, returning pale, exhausted and half-crazed at daybreak, announced that she had suddenly been swept away by a wave, but whither he knew not, though he had swum, and dived, and sought for hours, risking his life twenty times. "God knows where she went!" he cried, sobbing.

And doubtless God did know.

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At present there is no more Needle Rock off Polloot. Lady Blanche had it blasted, and a fine light-house has been erected where it stood, to warn vessels of the other dangerous rocks in the vicinity. It is called "The Margaret Light-house," and Mark Brathwaite is the keeper.—*London Truth.*

The Birthplace of Salmon.

In the realm of the Northwest Wind, on the boundary-line between the dark fir-forests and the sunny plains, there stands a mountain, a great white cone two miles and a half in perpendicular height. On its lower mile, the dense fir-woods cover it with never-changing green; on its next half-mile, a lighter green of grass and bushes give place in winter to white; and, on its uppermost mile, the snows of the great Ice age still linger in unspotted purity. The people of Washington Territory say that this mountain is the great "King-pin of the Universe," which shows that, even in its own country, Mount Rainier is not without honor.

Flowing down from the southwest slope of Mount Rainier is a cold, clear river fed by the melting snows of the mountain. Madly it hastens down over white cascades and beds of shining sands, through birch-woods and belts of dark firs to mingle its waters at last with those of the great Columbia.

This river is the Cowlitz, and on its bottom, not many years ago, there lay half-buried in the sand a number of little orange-colored globules, each about as large as a pea. These were not much in themselves, but, like the philosopher's monads, each one had in it the promise and potency of an active life. In the water above them, little suckers and chubs and prickly sculpins were straining their mouths to draw these globules from the sand, and vicious-looking crawfishes picked them up with their blundering hands and examined them with their telescopic eyes. But one, at least, of the globules escaped their scientific curiosity, else this story would not be worth telling.

The sun shone down on it through the clear water, and the ripples of the Cowlitz said over it their incantations, and in it at last awoke a living being. It was a fish, a curious little fellow, only half an inch long, with great, staring eyes which made almost half his length, and a body so transparent that he could not cast a shadow. He was a little salmon, a very little salmon, but the water was good, and there were flies, and worms, and little living creatures in abundance for him to eat, and he soon became a larger salmon. And there were many more little salmon with him, some larger and some smaller, and they all had a merry time. Those who had been born soonest and had grown largest used to chase the others around and bite off their tails, or, still better, take them by the heads and swallow them whole, for, said they, "Even young salmon are good eating." "Heads I win, tails you lose," was their motto. Thus, what was once two small salmon became united into one larger one, and the process of "addition, division and silence," still went on.

By-and-by, when all the salmon were too small to swallow the others and too large to be swallowed, they began to grow restless and to sigh for a change. They saw that the water rushing by seemed to be in a great hurry to get somewhere, and one of them suggested that its hurry was caused by something good to eat at the other end of its course. Then they all started down the stream, salmon-fashion, which fashion is to get into the current, head up-stream, and so to drift backward as the river sweeps along.

Down the Cowlitz River they went for a day and a night, finding much to interest them which we need not know. At last, they began to grow hungry, and, coming near the shore, they saw an angle-worm of rare size and beauty floating in an eddy of the stream. Quick as thought one of the boys opened his mouth, which was well filled with teeth of different sizes, and put it around that angle-worm. Quicker still he felt a sharp pain in his gills, followed by a smothering sensation, and in an instant his comrades saw him rise straight into the air. This was nothing new to them, for they often leaped out of the water in their games of hide-and-seek, but only to come down again with a loud splash not far from where they went out. But this one never came back, and the others went on their course wondering.—*Prof. David S. Jordan, in Popular Science Monthly.*

—The Roanoke *News* reports the trial of a suit for sixteen cents (as damages for trespass) by the Superior Court of Northampton County, N. C. The plaintiff lost the suit and had to pay $380 costs. The trial occupied four days, and the case had been pending for several years.

—The weight of the world about twelve ounces to the pound.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Liars.

The other day a stranger walked into a Woodward Avenue establishment employing about ninety people and inquired:

"Have you any liars in your employ?"

"Yes, sir; we have at least sixty!" was the prompt reply.

If you were to go up and down the country asking each man you met if he knew of the whereabouts of a liar you would discover that about sixty per cent. of the population of this country could be included under that head. You meet liars on every corner, you pass them on every block; you sit beside them on every street-car, and lying has become such a custom that liars are as well thought of as truth-tellers.

What do people lie about? Everything. First on the list is the weather liar. Fact is, unless a man is prepared to tell a big lie about the heat or the cold he'd better keep still altogether. Coming down in the car in the morning we all like to hear some one say that it is forty-eight degrees below at Fort Garry, and the liar knows this failing and lies to please the crowd. Eight men out of ten, if asked if they ever saw a hotter or a colder day, will at once reply in the affirmative and draw on their imagination for facts.

On a Jefferson Avenue car a few days ago a business man, whose word is as good as gold in business circles, was asked if he ever saw more than three feet of snow in the streets of Detroit. Without the least hesitation he replied:

"I should say I had! In 1859 the snow was five feet deep along here, and I kept two teams at work for three days hauling the snow off my front. We had sleighing that winter until the 28th of March. Snow fell on the 3d of November and lasted right through without a thaw."

It was afterward ascertained that the man was in France from July, 1858, to October, 1861. Why did he lie? Simply because no American will take a bluff. When you ask him if he has seen this or that you invite him to lie, or at least he feels that you do. Tell him a strange story and he feels that he must tell a stranger one. A case in point occurred in the office of one of the hotels a few evenings since. A party of gentlemen were talking about the New York obelisk, when one of them observed:

"The Pyramids of Egypt must be a grand sight. Won't some of you who have seen them tell me exactly how they look to modern eyes?"

Thereupon a man who was never further east than New York, or further west than Chicago, gave a detailed description of his visit to the great wonders, and described every little detail so particularly and pleasantly that he was voted a bottle of wine. Why did he lie? Simply because he was invited to. Indeed, he felt that the questioner would be disappointed if he did not.

Men will lie about horses when they would scorn to approach an untruth on any other subject. Last fall a citizen purchased a horse back in the country on the understanding that the animal was reasonably fast. That is, the seller said the horse could jog along in about three minutes. He lied at least twenty seconds in that "about." The new owner at once told all his friends that he had secured an equine which could "get there" in 2:30. He lied plump thirty seconds. In a few weeks it was generally understood that the horse was fast, and more than one person asserted that they had seen him trot in 2:32 at Recreation Part, although he was never inside the fence. When the snow came and the "flyers" were given rein it was found that the 2:30 horse was nowhere. First and last, fifty men had lied about his speed, and yet he had none.

The newspapers come in contact with the liar every hour in the day. Let a man fall from the roof of a shed on High Street and break his arm, and the news travels about as follows:

One block away—"Broke both arms."

Two blocks away—"Both arms and a leg."

Three blocks away—"Smashed all to pieces and was dead when they picked him up."

Four blocks away—"Committed suicide."

Five blocks away—"Shot his wife and then blew his head off."

At the City Hall—"Set fire to his house, brained the baby, stabbed his wife and then blew himself up."

Every inducement is held out for reporters to exaggerate. Indeed, plain facts are of no interest to hundreds of readers. In December last a reporter on this paper assisted a policeman to take a drunken man from an alley, where he was freezing, to the Central Station. The "item" regarding it was only a three-liner, but covered all the facts. Next day a citizen encountered the scribe and said:

"Was that fellow badly frozen?"

"No."

"Will he lose his feet?"

"No."

"His hands?"

"No."

"His ears?"

"No."

"Hadn't he been robbed?"

"No."

"Or drugged?"

"No."

"Was he trying to commit suicide?"

"No."

"Then what in Texas did you want to say anything about it for? What do we care about a man being picked out of a snow-bank and hauled to the station!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—A Liverpool servant girl found a revolver belonging to a lodger in a chest of drawers. While she was examining the weapon it exploded and a shot entered the lower part of her body. She managed to crawl down stairs and knock at the door of the next house, where her mistress was, but fell on the steps in an unconscious state. Surgical aid was called, but she died the same night.

—A man in Westfield, Mass., recently received a letter from an Englishman, setting forth that his son had landed in New York, and gone, he believed, to "a place called Texas." The father wanted to know whether it would "be asking too much" to beg that his correspondent run over to Texas, and learn whether the young man is there.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Dr. Herz, a foreign electrician, has shown that it is possible to telephone six hundred miles.

—M. Ader has just been awarded 3,000 francs by the Paris Academy of Sciences for his advances in phonetic telegraphy, as also telephony.

—Vines are said to extract yearly from the soil only about three-fourths of the quantity of potash and phosphoric acid that the cereals take up.

—Paris has oxygen gas works capable of supplying about 11,000 cubic feet of oxygen daily. Nothing is known as to the method of producing the gas, as the establishment is still in its experimental stage; but if the oxygen is of the purity claimed, and can be sold at a reasonable price, the enterprise bids fair to succeed.

—M. Lefrans has called attention in the *Journal de Pharmacie* to woolen mattresses as a possibly fertile *nidus* for disease. In a large city such mattresses may represent millions of fleeces that have been only partly cleared of grease, and have, moreover, been affected by long use through successive generations. They are rarely efficiently purified, and might become an active medium for the propagation of infection.

—A suggestion to employ artificial lights for the capture and destruction of noxious insects has found considerable favor. A medal was awarded at the last exhibition of agriculture and insectology in Paris for a lamp especially adapted for catching insects. The electric light has been found to be a very effective insect-trap, and its eventual coming into use for this purpose in bug-infected gardens and orchards may be regarded as among the things that are possible.

—M. Muntz's experiments (the iodoform reaction) show that alcohol is to be found in all kinds of water, except very pure spring water. Rain and river water contain about one gram per cubic meter; snow and cold rain a little more. It also exists in the earth, even poor soil, in the quantity of 100 to 200 grams, giving the iodoform reaction. The diffusion of the substance in nature is accounted for on the theory of the destruction of organic matter by various agents of fermentation.

—A thermometric bureau has been established in connection with the Winchester Observatory of Yale College, for the more accurate graduation and verification of thermometers. The thermometers in common use are, as a rule, not graduated with any approach to scientific accuracy, and the best of them, however exact they may be when new, increase their readings rapidly within a few months, so as to become as much as 2° in error in the course of a year. This is a matter of particular importance with clinical thermometers, of which several thousand are bought every year; and to instruments of this class special attention is paid.

PITH AND POINT.

—A move in the right direction prevents collision when teams meet.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—A tooth-pulling shop is known as a sore gum manufactory.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

—"What is the moon good for?" asked Prof. Miller. "What are its principal uses?" And the smart bad boy looked up from the foot of the class and said, "To rest the gas companies."—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—The man who knows the most is not an owing man.—Man is like a carpet when he is kept down by tax.—Man is like a pin; the size of the head does not indicate how sharp and pointed he may be.—*Whitehall Times.*

—Specimens of the mephitic plant known as skunk's cabbage are sold in the streets of New York under the attractive name of California lilies, and they smell so much better than the streets that there is quite a demand for them. Anything is welcome as a change.—*Boston Post.*

—Tight lacing caused the liver of an Indiana woman to grow fast to the epigastrium, causing her death. Ladies can not be too careful in guarding against such a calamity as this. When tight lacing must be indulged in the epigastrium should be removed and locked up in the bureau drawer for safety.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—She was a young lady fresh from boarding-school, and she went into the laundry to learn how to iron shirts. She did not succeed very well, and she said, "Oh, Katy, I shall never be able to get any polish on this bosom." "Sure, miss," was the answer, "you want to put a little elbow grease on it." "Please get some for me right away, Katy," was the innocent response.—*Boston Courier.*

Throwing the Hatchet.

In the fourteenth century the situation of Public Executioner to the City of Florence became vacant, and, as it was a place of considerable emolument, there were three candidates. A day was appointed for public display of their several abilities. The first candidate, with a knife, cleverly separated the head of the victim from his shoulders. He was outdone by the rapid stroke of the second, whose glittering broadsword struck terror into the hearts of the surrounding multitude. The third and least promising held in his hand a short hatchet, and, when the victim was extended with his head on the fatal block, approached him, and in a low whisper inquired if he was a swift runner and if he could swim well. On being answered in the affirmative, he desired him to spring off his feet and cross the river. The executioner then put on a fierce look, swung his weapon round his head, but, instead of making it descend on the devoted creature's neck, struck it with great force into the block! Shouts of execration rose from the crowd, and the trembling wretch, astonished at his wonderful escape, had nearly gained the opposite bank of the river before any steps were taken to pursue him. He had scarcely, however, gone ten yards on dry land, when the executioner, taking steady aim, threw his hatchet with such effect that the body continued running some time after the head was off! From this rather improbable incident the common phrase of throwing the hatchet is said to be derived.

Our Young Folks.

JOHN.

Whistle sounding loud and clear,
Laughter that I love to hear,
Marbles rattling far and near;
Must be John!

Out at elbow, out at knee,
Hat-brim tattered woefully;
Turn him round and let me see
If it's John.

Dimples in a ruddy cheek,
Eyes that sparkle so they speak,
Turned-up nose, reverse of meek;
Yes, 'tis John!

Yet this morning, clean and sweet,
Speckless collar, hat complete,
Trousers mended, down the street
Whistled John.

"What's the matter with you, lad?
Where's the hat-brim that you had?
Whence came all these rents so sad?
Answer, John!"

"Marbles!" And he kicks his toe.
"Breeches will wear out, you know;
'Knuckle down' is all the go,"
Falters John.

In his pockets go his hands,
Looking foolish, there he stands.
"S'pose you'll scold?" For stern commands
Lingers John.

Catches mother's laughing eye;
In a flash the kisses fly,
And I hear, as I pass by,
"Bless you, John!"
—*S. M. Chatfield, in St. Nicholas.*

A WONDER THEN AND NOW.

Our young folks, or, more strictly speaking, our little folks, open their eyes with wonder as we tell them stories of the olden time, when there were no railroads, no telegraph wires, no steamboats; and when messages were carried by men on horseback or slower stage-coaches, and when people traveled along leisurely, never imagining that they would ever be whirled through the country by steam-cars or exchange the canal packet for the palatial and swiftly-going steamers.

To those of us who for many years have enjoyed the benefits of all these modern improvements it is difficult to realize the incredulity of the masses of the people about them when they first appeared. Yet it is true that so recently as 1837, Fernando Wood, who had served his country long and well, and had been in Congress for many years, was considered fanatical and visionary because he had faith in Prof. Morse and his invention. Fernando Wood was a member of the Congress which appropriated thirty thousand dollars to Prof. Morse for his experimental telegraph line between Washington and Baltimore, and on account of it was defeated after his next nomination to Congress. The people wished to punish the man who had so misrepresented them as to vote for so visionary a project as transmitting intelligence through the air upon wires strung upon poles. Prof. Morse waited year after year for Congress to pass the bill appropriating the amount for building the first line, and the last night of the session he went to his rooms discouraged, being told that it was scarcely possible that it would pass. But, to his great delight, a young lady brought him the good news, a few hours afterwards, that just before the adjournment the bill passed with the President's signature. The professor was overjoyed, and said to the young lady who had brought him the word: "You shall send the first message over the wires;" and she telegraphed from Baltimore to Washington,

"*What hath God wrought!*"

A short time after this, when a political convention was in session in Baltimore, the announcement of the nomination of a candidate was telegraphed to Washington, but so reluctant were the people to believe in this new invention, that they regarded the message as a pure fabrication, and would not publish it in the Washington paper until a courier arrived from Baltimore confirming it. And we wonder how that the people were so slow to believe in these great inventions.

In the "Memorials of a Quiet Life," by Augustus Hare, the incident is related that in 1829 a company of noted people were invited to Liverpool to see the first locomotive and train of cars, and to ride in them. One who was there writes:

"To *us* who have no turn for these things, and therefore cannot or do not realize any description, the seeing them comes with such novelty and force, and brings such a train of new thoughts; this *thing*, which is to convey carriages, people, goods, everything, from Liverpool to Manchester, thirty miles *in an hour*, ruining half the warehouses at Liverpool, by making Manchester into a *seaport* town, the goods landed at the docks at Liverpool being henceforth transported at once into the warehouses at Manchester in as short a time as they now take in being carried from the lower to the upper part of the town. The effect of the velocity is that when you stand on the railroad, and watch the machine coming, it seems not to *approach*, but to expand into size and distinctness like the image in a phantasmagoria. * * * We were soon seated in one of the carriages, and started off at the rate of thirty miles an hour, our speed increased as we went on, perceptible only from the strong current of air, and our passing objects so rapidly. I never felt so strange, so much in a state of magic, of enchantment, as if surrounded by new powers and capabilities. I tell you all this, yet you will hardly believe, as I did not, what is doing till I had seen it."

The majority of the people in Europe and America were incredulous about all these inventions until they had seen them, and some would scarcely believe their own eyes.

I well remember our first sight of and experience with a sewing-machine. My father, who, although a college professor of one of the dead languages, had a good knowledge of mechanics, nearly thirty years ago examined with delight and entire satisfaction the first sewing-machine brought to the city in which we lived. After testing the new invention thoroughly, he came home one day stating to my mother that he had seen the machine stitch a shirt front and ruffs in five minutes, and that we could hardly estimate the value of one in a large family. I remember our astonishment at the statement, and our mother's words—

"Well, John, I can hardly believe that until I see it with my own eyes."

A few days after the machine was purchased, and its coming proved a red-letter day in the history of our family. How we all stood about watching the wonderful needle with its eye near the point instead of at the head, as it flew up and down while our father showed us the beautiful stitch it made, and we rejoiced at the thought that the sewing would be accomplished as if by magic. With beaming joy he showed us the perfection of the machinery, the gauge by which we could shorten and lengthen the stitch, the screw by which we could tighten or loosen the thread, the presser-foot which held the work firmly in place, the shuttle which carried the lower thread and helped form the lock-stitch, and the treadle which set the machine in motion, and by which we could regulate its speed. We were enchanted with it. Our mother sat down to try it, but such a complication of machinery, so many things to look after at once, were distracting, and to her impracticable. Then our father guided the work while mother tried to give regular strokes to the treadle, but after five or ten minutes' trial, mother said:

"It is too complicated, we can never use it. I feel as if I were rushing along on a railroad train, and we should have a collision in a moment, or go to destruction in some way," and so saying she rose from her seat, and, with a solemn look on her face, said:

"We have been rash in this purchase, and have made a great mistake."

Then sitting down before the fire, and quieting us all, who "were *sure* we could make it work," she said to her husband,

"I will tell you what you had better do, John? I can never do anything with such a machine, and I do not believe it will ever work, and we must get rid of it as soon as possible. You had better go down immediately and see the agent, and offer to give him ten dollars if he will take it back, and we will promise to say nothing about it, to injure him, to any one."

Then an earnest discussion followed, which at last resulted in mother allowing her oldest daughter to try her skill at the machine, although she feared that such trial would result in severe damage to it. The experiment, although accomplished in a jerky, zigzag fashion, proved that the machine could be used, and it was retained, and fully justified all that had been predicted concerning it. But from that day to this, our mother never again seated herself before it, preferring to continue her work in her quiet way, and allowing the children of this generation to enjoy the modern improvements.

So slow have many been to credit the practicability of those things that now seem a necessity to us all.—*Chicago Standard.*

How to Behave at the Table.

"I wish my mother would never have company. A fellow can't get enough to eat when people are staring at him."

As I was visiting Frank's mother at the time, I thought this remark was rather personal. I suppose I blushed. At any rate, Frank at once added:

"Now, Aunt Marjorie, I did not mean you when I said that; I meant strangers, like ministers and gentlemen from out West, and young ladies."

"Oh," said I, "I am very glad to be an exception, and to be sure that I do not embarrass you. Really, Frank, it is an unfortunate thing to be so diffident that you cannot take a meal in comfort when guests are at the table. I suppose you do not enjoy going out to dine yourself?"

"No," he said; "I just hate it."

Perhaps one reason why boys and girls do not feel so comfortable and so at ease as they might on special occasions at the table is because they do not take pains to be perfectly polite when there is no one present but the ordinary home-folks. In the first place, we owe it to ourselves always to look very neat and nice at our own tables. Nobody should presume to sit down to a meal without making a proper toilet beforehand. Boys ought to be careful that their hair is brushed, their hands and faces clean, their nails free from stain and soil, and their collars and ties in order before they approach the table. A very few moments spent in this preparation will freshen them up and give them the outward appearance of little gentlemen. I hope girls do not need to be cautioned thus.

Then there are some things which good manners render necessary, but about which every one is not informed. Of course you know that you are not to eat with your knife. Fifty years ago people frequently ate with their knives, and it is quite possible that now and then you may see some old-fashioned person doing so; but it is not customary now, nor is it safe or convenient. When you send your plate for a second helping, or when it is about to be removed, you should leave your knife and fork side by side upon it.

It is not polite to help yourself too generously to butter. Salt should be placed on the edge of the plate, never on the table-cloth. Do not drink with a spoon in the cup, and never drain the very last drop. Bread should be buttered on the plate, and cut a bit at a time, and eaten in that way. Eating should go on quietly, and not hastily. Nothing is worse than to make a noise with the mouth while eating, and to swallow food with noticeable gulps.

Do not think about yourself, and fancy that you are the object of attraction to your neighbors. Poor Frank's unhappy state of mind was caused by his thinking too much about himself, as well as by a little uncertainty as to what were precisely the right things to be done.—*Harper's Young People.*

A Swell's Dress.

We often describe women's dresses; here is a description of a man's—unique in its way: Black silk swallow-tail coat, fitting closely to the figure; trousers of the same material; white silk waistcoat, cut low, made without a collar and without pockets, and buttoned with three peculiarly-shaped pearls. The neck was encircled with folds of muslin and lace, the ends falling over the shirt bosom like a woman's bonnet-strings. Black silk socks and small pointed shoes, the whole on the person of a young Austrian of rank at a New York reception.

The Clarendon.

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

William R. Lotz, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION, $2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1881.

FORT WORTH is going to have an opera house soon.

THE U. S. Senate adjourned *sine die* on Saturday the 25th.

MRS. BELLE M. BURCHILL was on the 25th inst. appointed postmistress of Fort Worth.

THE track on the T. P. extension west is laid three miles west of Big Springs. It reached that place on Tuesday the 24th.

ONE of our printers this morning remarked that a certain individual who was in the habit of imbibing pretty constantly, had "gone off on a big sober."

J. N. CAMPBELL, ESQ., of Breckenridge, Texas, will perhaps be an applicant for the appointment of district attorney of this (12th) judicial district, to fill the vacancy that will be occasioned by the resignation of Mr. Coleman.

THOSE newspapers that counted so confidently on the defeat of Conkling and Platt before the New York legislature, may find that they have reckoned without their host. The latest advices indicate Conkling's re-election as certain, but it is thought that should Gov. Cornell or some popular republican leader enter the race againts Platt, that the latter may be retired instead of returned.

WE have been reliably informed that orders had been issued from General manager Hoxie, to take away the round house and machine shops from Weatherford and bring most of their contents to Baird, a small portion going to Dallas. This is another big acquisition for Baird, and is another and important round in the ladder to lead to her future importance as one of the most prosperous cities on the Texas & Pacific line.

Texas, with her vast prairies dotted with thousands upon thousands heads of cattle, luxuriating in the rich mesquite meadows, equal to the blue grass of Kentucky, does not produce enough milk and butter for home consumption. There is no cause for this scarcity, save indolence on the part of those who own milch cows. Butter in this state should never command over 15 cents per pound, but it does.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

It is now the latter part of May, and grass is fine as has been known for years. And yet, up to this time we have been fortunate to be able to obtain butter occasionaly at 30 cents a pound. Yet some people heap curses upon Texas.

Letter From Colorado City.

COLORADO, Mitchell Co., Texas,
May 18th, 1881.

EDITOR CLARENDON:

Our little town was thrown into a fever of excitement yesterday morning, when it was learned that the six or seven pistol shots, fired in rapid succession, had resulted in the death of W. P. Patterson; and now I will try to give you the particulars. For the last two months we have had a squad of rangers stationed in our town to preserve the peace; and with orders to arrest any person who should discharge a pistol in the street. About 2 o'clock yesterday morning a pistol shot was heard, and J. M. Sedbury, J. D. Milton and L. B. Wells, three members of the rangers, hurried into the street to arrest the offender. The first persons they met were W. P. Patterson and A. J. Adair. They undertook to arrest Patterson and he resisted. The rangers claim that Patterson fired at Sedbury and missed him, and that they then opened fire on him. Adair claims that Patterson did not shoot at the rangers and that they could have arrested him without killing him. Feeling is pretty high among the cow-boys in this vicinity, as Patterson was generally well liked by them, (being a stock man) and some people seem to think that we have not heard the last of the war notes. There is a preliminary examination now going on and I believe the three rangers who did the killing will be bound over to await the action of the grand jury. I suppose you have heard of the sad death of our friend Bud Franklin. Poor Bud was drowned in the Colorado over a week ago and up to this time they have failed to find the body, so far as I can learn. About the same time Bud was drowned a sergeant of Co. M. 10th U. S. colored cavalry, named Levi Haines was drowned while trying to cross Morgan creek, in this county. These Texas streams are very treacherous in rainy seasons and it is like taking one's life out of the hands of Providence into our own to undertake to cross one of them when it is up. Our commissioners' court appointed R. A. Looney county judge, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Hon. J. F. Bozeman; and we now have a full set of county officers again.

I read the announcement in the CLARENDON of the arrival at Baird of my old friend, John Hedley. Am sorry I let Baird get ahead of Colorado in securing him, as I have been on the point of writing to him to come here for over a month; but delays are dangerous and I suppose I must "grin and bear it." We have had some very heavy rains during the week, and from appearances they are not all over yet. Colorado is still growing. We have at this writing three dealers in general merchandise, six family groceries, two drug stores, four hotels, four restaurants, two meat markets, two shoe shops, two blacksmiths, two bakeries, one photographer, six saloons and two dance halls, and doctors and lawyers enough to attend to the physical and legal wants of the people. I have already tired your patience I'm afraid, but I cannot resist the temptation to tag on the following, which I copy from the New York Sunday *Mercury*:

"A young choir-singer called Anna,
Climbed the stairs in a negligent manner;
A young man below
Looking up, said, 'I swow,
I've oft heard, now I see your hose, Anna.

Wishing I was with you to help eat some of 'Squire Huffman's garden products, I remain yours &c.

H. R. SOLOMON.

Obituary.

Dr. Eli Thayer, Jr., of this city, died May 11, aged 44. He was born in Boston, Mass., May 3, 1837. He secured an education by great perseverance and untiring industry. Although never possessed of a robust constitution, he met obstacles which would have deterred many a youth with health more bountifully blest. He was a member of Oriental lodge No. 10. I. O. O. F. Services over his remains were held at the Bay State House, Friday, and they were then taken to Weymouth for interment. Dr. Thayer was beloved as well as respected, wherever known. He leaves a widow.

We copy the above from the Boston *Sunday Herald*.

DR. THAYER was one of the first settlers in Callahan County, and many of our citizens will regret to learn of his death. The Dr. was a man of warm impulses and generous habits, a man who would have his own opinions but allowed his fellow men the same privilege. He was a man possessing a bright intellect and high sense of honor and withal, was a highly polished and an honorable gentleman. We deeply sympathize with the bereaved widow and aged parents of our deceased friend.

For the Clarendon.]

Love's Home.

BY BETTIE L. GREER.

A home! a home! on the prairie so rolling
and green,
Where sweet flowers bloom,
And waft their perfume;
And the clouds wear a silvery sheen.

A home! a home! where a happy face
awaits at the door,
With a Sweet tender light,
In the eyes ever bright;
And a glad smile of welcome once more.

A home! a home! made dear by its loved
ones to me.
Where the heart is at rest,
And a peace that is blest,
Clings round it, though humble it be.

A home! a home! I care not, where'er it
may be,
On prairie or hill,
'Tis a happy home still,
If always you share it with me.

Truths About Prairie Dogs.

To start with, the prairie dog is not a bird, as some of our brethren of the east are inclined to believe. From whence the prairie dog first sprung up is enveloped in a good deal of mystery. I have tried my best to get hold of the bill of lading that Noah must have had when he started in his ark on his forty day's tramp, but have failed to discover the whereabouts of that precious document; hence I can not tell you who invented the first prairie dog.

The oldest record we have on prairie dogs was recently brought to light by an American savant traveling in Germany, here it is: On the first of April 1833, Professor Nixcomarous, of Sourkrout University, delivered a lecture in which he said that the eggs laid by prairie dogs are about the same size as a hen's, and that the pair he has in his possession are the only specimens in Europe; they where brought to him from Palestine by the first crusaders.

The prairie dog is a very sociable little fellow, and being aware of the fact that he is a son of a gun, he lives under ground, because when he shuffles off this mortal coil his soul will not have so far to travel to the regions where Satan is boss.

I have been told that they know how to enjoy themselves as well as we do, but that Sunday law is totally ignored by them. A Frenchman who has lived in this country some ten years told me that lately he visited a dog town on a Sunday, and that dancing, theatres, and music by the band were in full blast; he added that the young generation was learning how to play the piano, but I do not believe more than half of what he said, as Frenchmen, —unlike us Americans—are such infernal liars.

Prairie dogs are mormons in their habits, and very charitable; when a mother dies, the neighbors take charge of the orphans, and raise them as their own children, which is more than most of us christians would do.

When a prairie dog hands over his checks, he is tenderly taken to his little grave, his tail is cut off and made to stand up on his tombstone, the tip end pointing towards heaven, and the following epitaph is engraved:

"Oh, that a tail I could unfold!"

I. B. DAMPHINO.

ACTS PASSED BY THE SEVENTEENTH LEGISLATURE.

Captions of General and Special Laws Passed by the Legislature, Prior to March 18th, 1881, with Brief Synopsis of General Laws.

Section 1. Imposes an annual tax upon all persons engaged in selling spirituous, vinous or malt liquors, in quantities less than a quart, $300; for selling such liquors or medicated bitters of 1 quart and less than 5 gallons, $200; five gallons or more, $300; for malt liquors exclusively, $50; provided this act shall not be construed to prevent wholesale liquor dealers or merchants who pay occupation tax as such, from selling unbroken packages less than five gallons, without being required to pay an additional tax as quart dealers.

Section 2. Provides that county commissioner's courts may levy a tax equal to one half the state tax, and incorporated towns and cities also one-half state tax.

Section 3. The state, county and city taxes must be paid in advance and for not less than twelve months, provided that any persons now engaged as liquor dealers under authority of "the Bell Punch law" approved April 3, 1879 shall not be deprived of any right, privilege or immunity to which he or they may be entitled under said law, but may continue their occupations for the full time for which they have paid occupation tax under said "bell punch law;" or may, at their option, take out license under provisions of this act, and when so doing shall have credit for any balance due on payment made under said act April 3, 1879.

Section 4. Retail dealers selling less than a quart, required to give bond with two securities, payable to and approved by the county judge, in sum of $1,000 conditioned that such dealers shall keep an orderly house and that they will not knowingly sell or give or permit to be sold or given any spirituous, vinous, or malt liquor to any minor or to students of any institution of learning, or to any habitual drunkard, or to any person after having been notified in writing by the wife or the daughter of the person not to sell to such person; and also that such dealers shall not permit any games prohibited by the laws of the state to be played, dealt or exhibited in or about such place of business, or permit any minor to enter and remain upon the premises. Bond may be sued upon at instance of any party aggrieved. If bond sued on is exhausted another in similar amount shall be given; if not given and dealer continues business, he shall be guilty of a misdemeanor.

Section 5. County clerks shall not issue state license until county and city licenses are paid.

Section 6. Provides that if collectors of taxes shall knowingly permit any person to engage in any of the occupations named in this act, in violation of law, he shall be guilty of a misdemeanor unless he reports such violation immediately to the county or district attorney.

Section 7. Comptroller required to furnish county clerks necessary blanks and blank forms for receipts.

Section 8. Requires license to be posted in some conspicuous place in the house where business is carried on, with penalty for failure to do so.

Section 10. Repeals all laws in conflict, etc.

An act, to amend article 1971, and to establish articles 1802a and 1822a, of the revised civil statutes of the state of Texas, concerning estates of deceased persons. Approved March 15, 1881.

This amendment provides that judges of county court may, on his own motion or on complaints of interested parties, remove executors and administrators in the following cases, in addition to those enumerated in article 1974, of revised statutes, viz:

1st. When they fail to make annual exhibits, or any exhibit they are required by law to make.

2nd. When they fail to make final settlement at end of three years after grant of letters, unless time is extended by the court.

Article 1802a. Requires probate court, when docket is taken up, to dispose of same without adjournment of more than three days at any one time.

Article 1822a. Executors and administrators required to make annual exhibits under oath, showing condition of estate. Also final settlement within three years from grant of letters, unless time is extented by court. Penalty for failure to make above exhibits and settlements; removed by the court.

After this week we will be enabled to give our readers the benefit of the space in our columns now occupied by the delinquent tax list.

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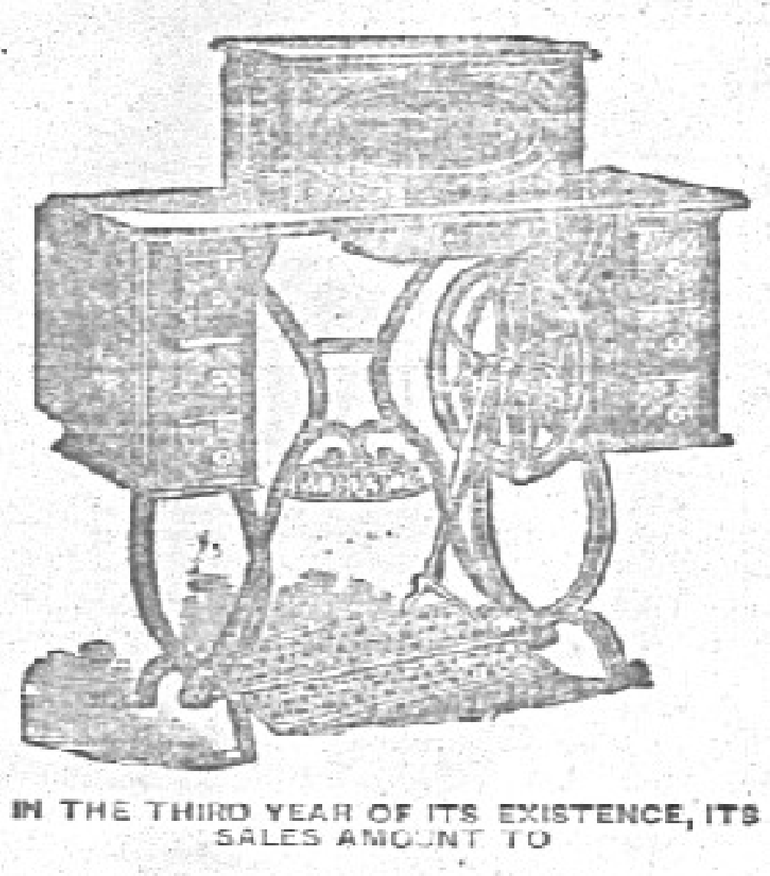

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BELLE PLAIN, - - - TEXAS.
21:6m

POWER
HOUSE!
West Side Main Plaza,
THIS IS A NEW HOUSE.
Well established and centrally located.
No Pains will be Spared for the Convenience and Comfort of our Guests.
SATISFACTION GUARANTEED, and prices as low as the times will admit.
Good Livery and Feed Stable in Connection.
W. J. Power, Proprietor.
n1:1y

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

ARRIVE.		LEAVE.
1:35 a. m.	No. 1, Mail and Expr's	
	No. 2, Mail and Expr's	3:45 p.m.
2:30 p. m.	No. 3, Accommodat'n	
	No. 4, Accommodat'n	6:20 a.m.

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

AND SPERMATORRHŒA.
A valuable Discovery and New Departure in Medical Science, an entirely New and positively effective Remedy for the speedy and permanent Cure of Seminal Emissions and Impotency by the only true way, viz: Direct Application to the principal Seat of the Disease, acting by Absorption, and exerting its specific influence on the Seminal Vesicles, Ejaculatory Ducts, Prostate Gland, and Urethra. The use of the Remedy is attended with no pain or inconvenience, and does not interfere with the ordinary pursuits of life; it is quickly dissolved and soon absorbed, producing an immediate soothing and restorative effect upon the sexual and nervous organizations wrecked from self-abuse and excesses, stopping the drain from the system, restoring the mind to health and sound memory, removing the Dimness of Sight, Nervous Debility, Confusion of Ideas, Aversion to Society, etc., etc., and the appearance of premature old age usually accompanying this trouble, and restoring perfect Sexual Vigor, where it has been dormant for years. This mode of treatment has stood the test in very severe cases, and is now a pronounced success. Drugs are too much prescribed in these troubles, and, as many can bear witness to, with but little if any permanent good. There is no Nonsense about this Preparation. Practical observation enables us to positively guarantee that it will give satisfaction. During the eight years that it has been in general use, we have thousands of testimonials as to its value, and it is now conceded by the Medical Profession to be the most rational means yet discovered of reaching and curing this very prevalent trouble, that is well known to be the cause of untold misery to so many, and upon whom quacks prey with their useless nostrums and big fees. The Remedy is put up in neat boxes, of three sizes. No. 1, (enough to last a month,) $3; No. 2, (sufficient to effect a permanent cure, unless in severe cases,) $5; No. 3, (lasting over three months, will stop emissions and restore vigor in the worst cases,) $7. Sent by mail, sealed, in plain wrappers. Full DIRECTIONS for using will accompany EACH BOX.
Send for Sealed Descriptive Pamphlet giving Anatomical Illustrations and Testimony, which will convince the most skeptical that they can be restored to perfect manhood and fitted for the duties of life, same as if never affected. Sold ONLY by
HARRIS REMEDY CO. MFG. CHEMISTS,
Market and 8th Sts. St. LOUIS, MO.

The Clarendon.

SATURDAY, MAY 28, 1881.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

State Officers.

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

District Officers.

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

County Officers.

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

Courts.

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

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

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

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

LOCAL NEWS.

Imported beers kept on hand and as cold as ice at the Nip and Tuck.

Mr. John Bowyer will open a law and land office in Turner & Largen's drug store.

Mr. P. L. Callahan is entitled to the honor of starting the first well in town, It is on the rear of his lot on Market street.

Mr. W. H. Reilly, Assistant Master Mechanic on the T. & P. line, arrived at Baird during the week. His headquarters will be at Baird hereafter.

Mr. C. H. Rust has bought the little house formerly owned by S. N. House at old Baird, and moved it to his lot in the west part of town.

Mr. C. G. Dawes, formerly of Shreveport, has rented the Adams House, and will hereafter be found ready to welcome the many guests of that hotel.

Charter Oak and other popular makes of cook stoves, trimmed, complete and prices as low as can be found west of the Brazos. Call and see them.
S. L. Robertson.

Messrs. A. J. Parlin, W. W. James and J. F. Claggett, from Washington D. C., have been in our town and county this week and the past, prospecting for good sheep ranches. These gentlemen are connected with the Post Office department, have money to invest, and have certainly come to the right place to engage in the sheep raising business.

Last Wednesday morning, while Mr. Foreman was loading some hides upon his wagon in front of Jacob's grocery store, his team became frightened and ran across the street, barely missing Turner & Largen's drug store, then took a run eastward from town about a mile when they were overtaken. No damage was done to horses or wagon.

It is astonishing to contemplate the sobriety—in clothes—displayed by the average printer in this part of the world. This office employs, including the devil three printers, and here is the description of their respective Saratogas: Devil, A cigar box; foreman; a copy of the CLARENDON; job printer; lost his saratoga—a paper collar box—in counting the ties from Eastland. The three of them are young, jolly good looking and not married. Young ladies in quest of beaux will please call at this office.

Last Wednesday, the alarm of fire was sounded from box 764. The cause of the alarm was a defective flue in the tent of Mr. Jacobs. Tiger Engine Co. No. 6 was the first to reach the fire. The building was partially destroyed. Loss $2 75, fully covered by insurance. Our reporter came near having to record a serious accident, however, when up about three stories high, one of the firemen was becoming dizzy-headed and would have fallen to the stone pavement below, had he not at that time, heard a man in the street say "come and take a drink," when he quickly revived, thinking he had something after all to live for.

Just Opened.

Come right along. See for yourself and be convinced. The argument has never yet failed, it is simply this, gentle and courteous treatment to everybody, with good reliable goods and down low cash prices. S. L. Robertson.

Hardware! Harware! All kinds just arriving at S. L. Robertson's.

Mr. J. F. Rettig is building a neat frame house in town for a residence,

A full stock of dry goods, groceries, quensware etc. etc., at S. Lapowski and Bro.

Mr. Louis Simon has come to town and will start a shoe maker shop next door to Miller's restaurant.

The railroad boys all say Whitley's restaurant is the boss.

Just received at Turner & Largen's drug store a complete collection of school books, slates, bibles, blank books, song books, etc., etc.,

All stockmen visiting Baird, take their meales at W. C. Whitley's

Mr. J. H. Hervey returned from Fort Worth last Monday evening. He will soon erect a building for a business house on Market street.

We are constantly receiving new goods to meet the rapidly increasing demand. Give us a call.
S. LAPOWSKI & BRO.

Dr. Fraser of Brown county, and Cap Gilliland, called at our office last Tuesday. These gentlemen expect soon to move to Baird. Welcome to them.

We have on hand a large and splendid stock of wines, liquors, cigars, &c. Call at the Nip and Tuck and try them.

The amount of lumber received at Wm. Cameron's yard is something immense. Several teams are kept constantly busy in conveying it from the cars to the yard.

A thing of beauty is a joy forever. Go and see them fine pictures at the I X L Saloon.

B. R. Webb Esq. has his new office on market street nearly completed and he leaves to-morrow for Breckenridge, where he goes for his office fixtures and furniture.

Baird is now just beginning to realize her boom. Houses are being started and going up every day. Sales of lots is now a daily occurrence, and our prospects never were better than to-day.

W. C. Whitley, the Front Street restaurant man, fed seventy-four at breakfast this morning.

One more new building on Market street. Mr. P. S Windham started his house yesterday. He will move his saloon from Belle Plain as soon as the building here is completed.

Call at the new Nip & Tuck saloon for a "smile" and you'll smile for the remainder of the week.

The ranch formerly known as the Needum Harrison ranch and owned by Capt. Abner, was sold yesterday by Messrs. Little & Adams, real estate agents of this place, to Messrs. James & Claggett.

All kinds of mixed and fancy drinks compounded in the highest and most scientific style of the art by experienced artists, at the Nip and Tuck.

A special train went through last night. Gov. Brown, G. L. Sands, Maj. D. Washburne, and a number of officials, who will go to Big Springs and accept the track on to that place.

Taylor & Laird, of the I X L Saloon, have the nicest place in town. Go and see them when you want something good to drink.

Dr. T. J. Largen has made application for the position of surgeon of the division between this point and Big Spring. We trust he will be appointed for we think he will fill the position creditably to himself, and satisfactorily to the railroad company.

Go to S. Lapowski & Bro. for everything you want in the line of general merchandise. Cyclone flour always on hand. Everybody buys it in preference to all other brands.

Col. J. W. Adams and A. J. Little have formed a co-partnership for the purpose of entering into the law and real estate business at Baird. They have already been fortunate enough to make a good sale of a stock ranch near town.

Rev. Dr. Young delivered an interesting and entertaining lecture on the subject of temperance, at the academy on Thursday evening, and at its close obtained the signatures of eight or ten persons to the temperance pledge. A council will soon be organized and in working order.

The bridge gang are in town again. They will work a few days on the bridges between Baird and Elmdale, then they will finish work on the Immigrant house, which will occupy their time about a week, when they will proceed to build the land office, near the depot.

The Railroad Co. are laying down the iron pipe to conduct the water from the spring just south of town to the round house. They have lately decided to convey water from this place instead of the spring north-east of town as we announced in a former issue of the CLARENDON.

I would respectfully inform the public that I have come to Baird to engage in the hotel business, that I have leased the Adams House, which has just been rebuilt, enlarged and refurnished, and is now, in every sense of the term, a new house under a new management. We are now prepared to receive and entertain guests, and give them good rooms and comfortable beds. The table will contain the best the market affords. Our house is just opposite the depot and conveniently located.
C. G. DAWES.
Proprietor.

Ice cold Milk Punch at the Nip and Tuck saloon. Come and try it.

Mr. T. J. Williams of Humboldt, Tenn. was in town this week and bought the lot adjoining the CLARENDON office. He will move to Baird in a few months and make this his home.

Mr. J. H. Matthews, the general representative of Fish Bros., manufacturers of wagons, called to see us on last Sunday. He is traveling in the interest of his firm, and their popular wagons.

For a superior burning oil go to Turner and Largen's drug store and try a can of the justly celebrated Eupion Oil. It is brilliant, economical and non-explosive. That popular firm have our thanks for a can of it.

Mr. J. F. Rettig will have a full stock of furniture in a week, by the time his new store is completed, and he respectfully asks the people of Baird and surrounding country to call on him. Store on Market street.

Another large herd of cattle passed by town last Sunday. The man in charge said that the inspector of Coleman county advised him to come by Baird instead of following the trail, but he said he would go to the trail as soon as possible. Our stockmen say they will be compelled to fight this innovation to the bitter end, that drovers must keep the trail and not drive through the heart of their range and scatter and drive off their stock. A number of our stock men have been driven from the trail and have sought locations elsewhere and that they will not be driven off again.

Justice Court.

The case of the State of Texas vs. one Adkins, charged with the theft of tools valued at $1 50, from Mr. Brownlee, was the first one presented before his honor, Esq., Little. Owing to some defect in the papers, and the absence of the prosecuting witness at the time of trial, the defendant was discharged, and went his way rejoicing.

Next came on to be heard the case of the State vs. S. H. Randleman, on a charge of carrying a pistol. Judgement of conviction and a fine of $25, which, with the costs, will make a sum total of about $40.

We hear that other cases of drunkenness, indecent exposure of person, etc., will soon be presented. Many petty violations of the law here have been permitted to pass unnoticed, but offenders may hereafter take heed, as Baird now has a good set of officers, and the people are demanding the enforcement of the law.

Lost ! a White Cat.

The finder will please return His Catship to the devil at this office, as he, the devil, not the cat, wishes to study catology.

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

LITTLE & ADAMS,
Members of Law and Abstract Union.
Law and Real Estate Agents,
BAIRD, (Callahan Co.) TEXAS.

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

E. H. NEWLON
PROPRIETOR OF
CITY
HOTEL,
Baird, Texas.

THIS house is entirely new, large, well ventilated, commodious and neatly fitted up with new and First-Class furniture. All the rooms large, neat, clean and airy.
Sales Room for Commercial Travelers.
Give us one call and you will never in the future pass us by.

J. T. CUNNINGHAM,
Dealer in
GROCERIES, FINE CIGARS,
TOBACCOS, DRUGS, &c.
Also keep on hand
STATIONERY, BOOKS, &c.
Store on East side of Market Street,
Baird, — — Texas.

W. SHRY. OTTO WILKE.
SHRY & WILKE
Proprietors of the
Lone Star Hotel,
AND
RESTAURANT,
First-Class Meals at All Hours for 25c.
South Front Street,
ABILENE, : : TEXAS.

JOHN ROZENBURG,
HOUSE AND SIGN
PAINTER.
BAIRD, TEXAS.

A REIGN OF TERROR.

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

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

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

Facts of Importance for All Regarding a New Discovery.

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

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

—Go To—
N. PORTER,
PINE STREET,
Abilene, - - Texas,
—FOR—
Saddles and Harness.

Largest Saddlery in the West. None but First-Class Workmen employed. Satisfaction guaranteed.
☞Large Stock always on hand.☜

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

C. R. SHAPARD, M. D.,

has resumed the practice of Medicine, and will be pleased to receive call from his friends.

☞Office, during the day, on second floor of McMinn & Seay's stone building, and at night at E. L. Huffman's residence.

Belle Plain - - - - - - Texas
n36:1y

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

J. W. Merrick, Constable of precinct No. 5, residence 8 miles west of Baird, on the line of the railroad.

Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care. v1 50 1y

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else; capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time You can devote your whole time to the work or only your spare moments; no other business will pay you nearly as well; no one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once; costly outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine 34.1y

GOLD. Great chances to make money. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated family publication in the world. Anyone can become a successful agent. Six elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports taking 120 subscribers in a day. A lady agent reports making over $200 clear profit in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well as others. Full directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive Outfit free If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. No one who engages fails to make great pay. Address George Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine 34:1y

$10 Outfit furnished free, with full instructions for conducting the most profitable business that anyone can engage in. The business is so easy to learn, and our instructions are so simple and plain, that anyone can make great profits from the very start. No one can fail who is willing to work. Women are as successful as men. Boys and girls can earn large sums. Many have made at the business over one hundred dollars in a single week. Nothing like it ever known before. All who engage are surprised at the ease and rapidity with which they are able to make money. You can engage in this business during your spare time at great profit. You do not have to invest capital in it. We take all the risk. Those who need ready money, should write to us at once. All furnished free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine. v2n1:1y

TAX COLLECTOR'S SALE.

BY virtue of the authority in me vested, as Tax Collector of the County of Callahan, and the State of Texas, I did on the 1st day of March, A. D. 1881, seize and levy upon all the real estate upon which there were taxes due the State of Texas and County of Callahan, for the year 1880, and will, on the

First Tuesday in June, 1881,

the same being the seventh day of said month, offer the following described real estate for sale, at the Court House door, in the town of Belle Plain, Callahan County, Texas, between the legal hours prescribed by law, to satisfy the tax due the State of Texas and County of Callahan, as shown by the Tax Rolls of Callahan County, this, April 25th, A. D. 1881.

J. W. JONES. Collector.

NAME OF OWNER.	NO. ABST.	NO. SUR'Y	LAND GRANTEE.	NO ACRES.	TAX &COST
Unknown	19		Thos H Brown	607	$10.10
"	59		B B B & C Railroad	640	10.50
"	61		"	640	10.50
"	62		"	640	10.50
"	71		"	640	10.50
"	118		W Caltran	320	6.50
"	125		Juan Delgardo	738	11.83
"	220		Wyatt Hickman	320	6.50
"	227		W C Hays	140	4.25
"	231		Benj Hill heirs	440	8.00
"	256		W C Jinks	640	10.50
"	266		Ira Leffenger	214	5.17
"	283		Samuel Pharr	509	8.85
"	293		W Preston	640	10.50
"	294		J B Robinson	177	4.72
"	306		M L Smith	184	4.80
"	310		E Swearinger	320	6.50
"	311		John W Scott	125	3.75
"	313		G D Spotswood	640	10.50
"	330		S P Railroad Co	220	5.25
"	331		"	211	3.17
"	340		"	320	6.50
"	341		"	427	7.83
"	363		"	320	6.50
"	366		"	320	6.50
"	374		"	640.	10.50
"	377		David Thomas	398	7.42
"	384		T & N O Railroad Co	627	10.33
"	402		T P Railroad Co	427	7.83
"	435		Texas Em Land Co.	320	6.50
"	448		"	320	6.50
"	525		Henson G Westall	515	8.92
"	542		S P Railroad Co	320	6.50
"			SHMillikmass&wBPrice	351	6.90
Henry Warren	316		S A & M G Railroad Co	320	6.50
"	18		M S J Bingham dec'd	166	4.57
"	183	33	L D Gibbs	320	6.50
"	184	30	"	320	6.50
S C McCormick	266	34	Ira Leffingwell	426	7.83
Dr R E Grant	225	758	Robt Henderson	650	10.63
Barney Framan	121	832	Campbell Cooper	320	6.50
Dawson A Walker	325	205	S P Railroad Company	160	4.50
"	325	17	"	160	4.50
"	324	17	"	160	4.50
"	324	11	"	160	4.50
"	324	11	"	160	4.50
"	344	11	"	160	4.50
"	344	7	"	160	4.50
Henry S Rankin	312	7	J W Scott	20	2.70
Merreeth&Throckmorton	221		Wyatt Hickman	320	6.50
Z T Fulmore		5	P F I Company	320	6.50
"			"	160	4.50
G Crow	111		T C Catonet	640	10.50
A T Morris	376	3	Jacob Trask	738	11.72
D W Bozeman	281	292	McKinney & Williams	480	8.50
Mrs Bigham	126		Jesse Dyson	2377	32.20
J H Bradley			Asylum land	84	7.50
F M Justice&W H Parvin			Asylum land	155	8.45
B L Patterson			"	160	11.45
Mrs E Rusk			William Anderson	100	2.75
C R Shapard			Jas Drake	246	9.93
B F Walker	108	127	George Click	769	13.85
Chas Williams		109	State School	160	10.25
E J Huffman	130	127	State School		18.75
Eli Thayer	2	492	W G Anderson	1471	20.88

TOWN PROPERTY.

NAME OF OWNER.	TOWN.	LOT.	BLOCK.	TAX&COST
L N Moore	Belle Plaim	11 & 12	55	$ 2.75
"	"	9	6	2.25
"	"	1 & 3	6	1.50
"	"	8	4	1.00
"	"	26 & 13	5	2.75
"	"	6	13	2.00
"	"	7	14	.50
"	"	2	43	1.00
F I Murray	"	7, 8, 9 & 10	21	3.38
"	"	1	8	1.37
"	"	6 & 7	18	2.88
Thos Russell	"	1, 2, 3, 4, 5 & 6	56	9.88
McConnell & Bourlan	"	11	11	2.83
Unknown	"	8, 10, 11 & 15	2	3.00
"	"	2, 7 & 10	6	2.87
"	"	17 & 20	6	2.75
"	"	3, 4, 5, 7 & 8	8	3.12
"	"	5, 6 & 12	11	2.88
"	"	18 & 20	11	2.75
"	"	6, 7, 14 & 15	12	3.00
"	"	1, 5 & 10	15	2.87
"	"	2, 3 & 5	16	2.88
"	"	9	19	2.62
"	"	1, 2, 6 & 8	20	3.00
"	"	3 & 4	21	2.75
"	"	3, 4, 5 & 7	22	3.00
"	"	6	29	2.62
"	"	2 & 6	30	2.75
"	"	1 & 2	32	2.75
"	"	2 & 6	34	2.75
"	"	1 & 2	33	2.75
"	"	3	35	2.75
"	"	2, 7 & 10	36	2.87
"	"	2 & 6	37	2.75
"	"	3	38	2.63
"	"	1, 2 & 3	39	2.87
"	"	1 & 2	40	2.75
"	"	1	41	2.62
"	"	1, 5 & 9	42	2.88
"	"	1, 5 & 6	43	2.87
"	"	7, 8, 10 & 13	44	2.88
"	"	1, 7 & 9	45	3.00
"	"	1, 5, 9 & 13	46	3.00
"	"	1, 7 & 9	48	2.88
"	"	3 & 5	49	2.75
"	"	1	50	2.62
"	"	2 & 4	54	2.75
"	"	2, 5 & 9	55	2.87
"	"	7, 8, 9, 10, 11 & 12	56	2.25
"	"	1 & 8	59	2.75
"	"	2	58	2.62
C W Connellee	Huffman's Add'n	8 & 9	7	3.00
Wm Henneberry	"	3	20	17.00
J D Merchant	"	3-4 of 3	7	7.00
L N Moore	"	10	7	5.50
F I Murray	"		9	8.25
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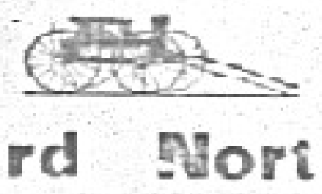

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ESTRAYED.

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

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

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

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

Reported by W. T. Stayton, Commissioner Precinct No. 4, April 4, 1881, one brown mare, 3 years old, 14 hands high, brand indescribable, on left shoulder. One brindle ox, 8 or 9 years old, branded AK on left side, marked crop and underbit in left ear and underslope in right ear. One brown ox, 9 years old, branded T and marked swallowfork in right ear.

Estrayed before C. W. Smith, J. P. Precinct No. 3, Callahan County, Texas, by H. H. Holmes, March 26, 1881, one bay mare 9 or 10 years old, a small star in the forehead, right hind foot white, about 15 hands, high, branded S M on the left shoulder and branded indescribable on right shoulder, and appraised at $25.

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

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

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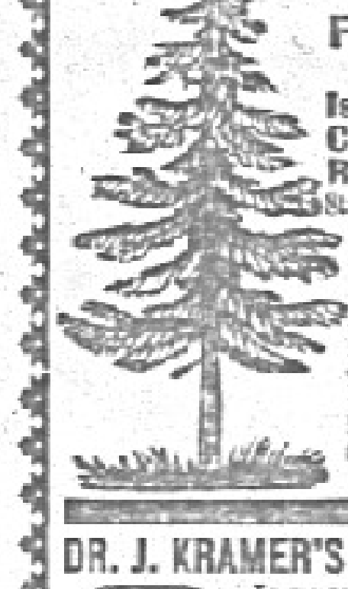

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The Clarendon.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

BAIRD, - - - - - TEXAS.

The Battle of the Brooms.

Just now the domestic queen is on the war-path. We hear the shrill tones of feminine command, the sweep of the broom, the clatter of the dust-pan, the steady thump of the flagellating stick, and the fitful tapping of the tack-hammer. With cobwebby pennons of victory, and a flourish of dust-cloths, towel-helmeted ranks charge through the house, swooping down on the weak and the unwary, and some they drown, and some they drive to distraction.

By-and-by when the victory is won, when not even the ghost of a dust-speck is left to fight against, and calm-eyed peace, emerged from calico aprons and crimping-pins, sits once more beside the family hearth-stone, everybody will rejoice in the spic-and-span atmosphere which pervades the house from attic to cellar.

Except to those housekeepers who have joined the ranks of the great Unneat, this annual upheaval appears in the light of necessity so inevitable that we women submit cheerfully, and "tear up," and "set to rights," with jealous haste, not because we want to, but because we must. As for man, the benighted, the very thought of a carpet coming up or a stove-pipe coming down puts him out of sorts. It would seem that for the sake of quiet and comfort he would prefer to be like the people in old-fashioned stories, who "lived in peace and died in grease, and were buried under a lump of tallow."

If you want a specimen of a man's housekeeping, just look at the barn. Do you suppose the dust and cobwebs gathered there have ever encountered a broom, or the window-panes been relieved of an atom of dirt? Now, if a woman had charge of that building the walls and ceilings would certainly have an occasional sweeping, and the windows would at least be clean enough to see through, and the first man who found time to whittle a stick would find himself armed with a whitewash brush. But houses must be cleaned even if husbands do grumble; of course they will anyway, and to tell the truth some of them have just cause—when, for instance, house-cleaning means a cross and collarless wife, a carpetless, draughty house, a week of cold dinners, and a succession of minor mishaps and miseries, winding up with coughs and colds and maybe a doctor's bill, it is no wonder it grows to be a bugbear. Such fanaticism is nearly out of date now. We women have learned the truth of the old adage "the more haste the less speed," in this respect at any rate, and most of us are content to go about our spring work sensibly and systematically, taking one room at a time and leisurely completing it before beginning another. As a preparatory step, closets, trunks and drawers ought to have a thorough overhauling. There is no place in a house that needs purification more than an unventilated closet; clothing that has been hanging long in such a place is unfit to wear until it has in some way been restored to freshness.

All woolen garments and furs should be well sunned, beaten and carefully examined to make sure that they are free from moths; if afterward they are put directly into paper bags and pasted up, or even tied up securely in paper and packed away, *they will be safe* until they are needed again. If there is the least sign of moth about them it is best to keep them where they can have a weekly brushing and examination.

The moth miller flies and lays its eggs during May and June. It is, of course, necessary that things should be put away before that time, and many consider it wisdom to examine such articles in July. If packed as directed, in a tight trunk or chest, and there is no doubt about their perfect cleanliness, the latter precaution may be dispensed with. The seems and cracks of packing boxes should have strong paper pasted over them, but if there is an empty liquor cask to be had use that instead; one can ask for no better paking case.

Where a carpet is found to be infested with moths, wash the floor with hot soap-suds and when dry brush it with spirits of turpentine about a yard wide all around the room, then when the carpet is down, wring a strip of muslin out of alcohol, lay it on the carpet and press it with a hot iron until dry. Proceed in this manner all around the room and if the carpet is properly swept you will have no further trouble. If the moths are in upholstered furniture use the insect powder. It will kill them, sure.

Paint and varnish are not expensive articles, and they are so easily applied that old furniture can be made to look like new with next to no trouble; it should be remembered, however, that every article should be thoroughly cleaned with hot water and soap, and if necessary a little washing-soda, before painting or varnishing. To clean wall-paper, cover a smooth block of wood with two or three thicknesses of canton-flannel, fleecy side out. When the carpet is up, dip this block into dry whiting and rub the paper lightly with the soft side, doing a breadth at a time so as not to skip any. When all is finished brush the wall with a soft cloth fastened over the broom. If paper has been spotted with grease or hair-oil, brush the stain with shellac varnish to prevent the grease striking through, then patch it, cutting it in some figure to exactly match.

All stained places coming from leaky roofs should be coated over with the same shellac varnish before whitening ceilings or walls; otherwise the stains will strike through.

To whiten walls, scrape off all old whitewash that is rough or scaly and wash the walls with a solution of two ounces of white vitriol to four gallons of water. Soak a quarter of a pound of white glue for twelve hours in cold water. Drain and place it in a tin pail, cover with fresh water, and set the pail in a kettle of boiling water. When melted stir into the glue eight pounds of whiting and water enough to make as thick as common whitewash; blue the water slightly before using. Apply evenly with a good brush; the excellence of the work, as well as the ease of doing it, depends greatly on the brush. The best will be found cheapest in the end.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—The *Aurora*, of Rome, announces the discovery, not far from Bagdad, of the remains of a Babylonish city, situated in the bed of the famed ancient canal, the Nahr Molka or Flumen Regium. The archæologist, Hormuzd Rassan, who directs the excavations upon the soil of ancient Nineveh and Babylon, now carried on at the expense of the British Museum of London, has found many inscriptions, both in cuneiform and hieratic characters, all of which will be forwarded to that institution.

Sowing Grass Seed.

No operation connected with farming is accompanied with so unsatisfactory results as the sowing of grass seed. Most intelligent farmers in any section of the country agree in relation to the time and manner of sowing most crops. But such is not the case in regard to grass. Among twenty good farmers living in the same neighborhood it is rare to find two who agree in regard to the best kind of grasses to raise, the amount of seed required for a given number of acres, the time of sowing, or the manner of covering the seed. Timothy is the fashionable grass in this part of the country, and many farmers sow no other kind. They know that it will not remain in the soil many years, but they think that red top and blue grass "will come in naturally."

Some sow the seed in the fall, and others in the spring; some cover it with a harrow, some by means of brush, and some employ only a roller. A few advocate sowing the seed on the surface of a late snow, or on the bare ground while it is still frozen, and rely on the action of rain or the thawing of the soil to cover it. Some think that soil on which grass seed is to be sown should be "as mellow as an ash heap," while others declare that it should be "firmed" before the seed is scattered over it. Some sow grass seeds at the same time they do grain, others wait till the grain is up, and still others defer sowing till the crop of grain is harvested. A few advocate seeding to grass alone as the best method of securing the best stand in the shortest time, and of the employment of the smallest amount of seed.

That but a very small proportion of grass seed produces plants that "live and thrive and grow," is evident from the great amount of seed sown and the comparatively small number of plants that appear. In many parts of the country it is the general practice to sow a bushel of red-top seed, half a bushel of timothy and four quarts of red clover to the acre. If all these seeds germinated and became established in the soil, there would be 95,000,000 plants on an acre of land, or about 2,000 on every square foot. Of course, such an amount of vegetation could not be supported on the soil. The plants would crowd each other so closely that they would destroy each other. Still, many sow a larger amount of seed than that given above. In preparing some of the parks in this city eight bushels of grass seed were sown on an acre.

Of course, "something must be wrong somehow," for with all the seed sown there is often a very poor catch; that much of the seed sown is worthless is certain. The grains are too small to admit of examining their condition with the naked eye, and few persons are willing to take pains to test their vitality by counting out a certain number and placing them where the progress of germination may be watched. Most very small seeds do not retain their vitality a great length of time, especially when they are exposed to the air in a climate that is variable. A large amount of grass seed is carried over from year to year, and if not sold in distinct lots is mixed with that of recent growth. A considerable amount of grass seed loses its vitality before it is threshed, on account of its becoming wet. Heating in the stack is another cause of the destruction of the vitality of grass seed.

When grass seed is sown on the snow or on the surface of frozen ground, much of it is picked up by birds. Some may be blown away by the winds and some washed off by the rains. If the seed is subjected to the freezing and thawing process several times, it is not likely to retain its vitality. If the seed is covered quite deep, as wheat and other grains are, it may not germinate at all, or if it does, the sprout may not reach the surface of the soil. If there is not sufficient covering, or the ground is too dry, the seed will fail to germinate for want of moisture. Grass seed, will rot if placed where there is too much moisture, and it is often deluged with water for some days after it is sown. When grass seed is sown with grains that make a rapid and vigorous growth the ground may be shaded to such an extent that it will not germinate.

Seemingly it would be best to sow grass seed on ground where no other crop is raised. By so doing, it will have all the benefit of soil and sun. But, as a rule, it is not advisable to do this. If no oats or other grain be sown, weeds will be almost certain to take and keep possession of the soil. The soil may then be free from foul seeds, but weeds will make their appearance before the grass does and will tower above it; what is worse, they will attain a large size, shade the ground, keep the grass in check, and ripen their seeds. In truth, they will be the means of keeping the ground foul for several successive years. Grass seed may be sown by itself to good advantage when the ground has recently been cleared and burnt over, or when it is situated at a considerable distance from land that has been under cultivation, and produced a crop of weeds. The pieces of land, however, are scarce on which grass can be sown to itself without the appearance of weeds. In a portion of country as much exposed to the action of winds as the prairie rigions of the West, the seeds of weeds blow in all directions. They are also carried from one place to another by birds and numerous small animals. They possess great vitality and are able to adapt themselves to soil, season and climate.

Many persons fail to obtain a good stand of grass which is sown at the same time grain is, because they sow the latter too thick. It completely shades the soil, and if the grass seed germinates at all the plants make a very spindling growth. A heavy crop of grain is harvested about the time the hottest weather of summer occurs. The slender, tender grass plants are at once exposed to the passing rays of the sun and they are likely to wither and dry up, especially if a protracted drouth occurs. A good stand of grass is rarely obtained when a rank growth of straw and a heavy crop of grain are harvested from the land where the grass seed was sown. In seeding lawns it is usual to sow only one-fourth the amount of oats or other grain that is put on land where a full crop is expected. The grain is generally cut high before the grain ripens, the lower portion of the stalks remaining to afford some protection to the tender grass. By following this course the introduction of weeds is prevented. Sufficient shade is afforded and the grass attains a vigorous growth. Farmers are generally too anxious to obtain a heavy crop of grass to take the proper course to secure a good stand of grass.—*Chicago Times.*

—Coffee Cake—Five cups of flour, one cup of butter, one cup of coffee prepared as for table, one cup of molasses, one cup of sugar, one teaspoonful soda, spices, clove and cinnamon.

—Farmers' attention! Corn may not be so romantic a crop to raise as water-melons, but it means more sleep for man and dog.—*Boston Post.*

HOME AND FARM.

—Wagon spokes made of yellow locust will outlast two sets of oak felloes.

Cotton-wool wet with sweet oil and laudanum relieves the earache very soon.

—Tamarind Whey—Two tablespoonfulls of tamarind stirred into a pint of boiling milk, and strained; a quarter of an ounce of cream of tartar may be similarly treated and a little sugar candy added. This is a laxative.

—Omelet—Beat four eggs one minute, add four spoonfuls of milk, beat well, cook slowly in a hot, well buttered frying-pan. When mostly thick, sprinkle over it a pinch of salt and turn one-half over on to the other half, and serve immediately.

—Fruit Roll.—Make a crust as usual, which roll out in a long sheet. Cut a quantity of fruit, peaches, apples, or plums, or small fruit mashed, or jam, which spread thickly over and sprinkle with sugar; roll up and fold the ends over; then wrap in a strong cloth and tie closely, and place in a steamer. Serve with sauce or sweetened cream.

—The ordinary yield for potatoes is 100 bushels per acre; a good yield, and one that is easily produced by the best culture and choice of seed, is 250 to 300 bushels, and sometimes more than this is produced under especially favorable circumstances. The largest crop recorded is 1,100 bushels per acre, by garden culture.

—A cheap and Wholesome Soup.—One gallon of cold water, one pound of beef, and two tablespoonfuls of rice; let this boil, and then add an onion, or two or three leeks; boil an hour. Peel and slice eight potatoes, wash them in warm water, add them to the soup with a seasoning of salt and pepper, stir it frequently; boil another hour, and then serve.

—A serious loss entailed upon farmers is the rough and ignorant handling and use of farming implements and lack of proper supervision of the proprietor, as well as improper exposure to weather. It is not uncommon to see a reaper left in the field, exposed to the weather, for weeks and even months after harvest. So with regard to other implements, and this applies equally to carts, wagons, etc., which are frequently left unsheltered throughout the year. How much is lost in this way?

—In catching sheep, never seize them by the wool on the back, as it hurts them exceedingly, and, in some cases, has been known to kill them, particularly in hot weather, when they are large and fat. Indeed, the best way is to avoid the wool altogether and to accustom yourself to take them by the hind leg, or what is still better, by the neck, placing one hand under the jaws, and the other at the back of the ears. By lifting up the head in this manner, a child may hold almost any sheep without danger to the animal or himself.

—Broiling is unquestionably the best manner in which to cook meat. By it the meat is thoroughly cooked and the juices remain incorporated with the fleshy fiber. To perform it properly the fire should be very hot, so that the outside of the meat is at once hardened, thus imprisoning the juices within the piece so treated. The gridiron should be turned every few minutes, so as to cook all parts evenly. Broiling meat in the flame of a coal fire gives it an unpleasant odor and taste, due to the gases of the coal, and broiling over a smoky wood fire is also to be deprecated. Hickory wood coals impart a peculiar and very pleasant odor and taste to meats broiled over them. Broiled meats should be served while hot.

—Osage Orange Wood.—The *Prairie Farmer* speaks strongly in favor of the great durability of the wood of the Osage orange, and states that a sapling three to five inches in diameter will last longer than any other post of that size and adds: "We have known poles three to four inches in diameter to lie on the ground under a hedge perfectly sound for fifteen years—sound enough to be used as hand spikes to roll logs with." Others cut fourteen years ago for grape stakes still remain, while white oak and sassafras became useless at three years. The timber is easily cut and split when green, but when seasoned is extremely hard. "Why, then," the editor asks, "plant the soft-wooded offensive ailanthus, larch elms and maples, when Osage can be had at so little cost?"

Poisoned in Pasture.

Mrs. L. Chapman writes of "what is called 'milk-sick,'" prevalent in some localities of Western North Carolina: "The cows are poisoned by something they eat, but the curious phase of the case is, that, after careful examination of the ground, nothing poisonous could be discovered of a vegetable nature, and when cows are kept shut up till the dew is off the grass, no injurious consequence results. Persons drinking the milk or eating the butter from cows thus sick receive the poison into their system fully as badly as the cows. From what does the poison come? Can it be a mineral poison that this dew has the power to extract? If remedies are not applied soon the cows die in great agony."

"Milk sickness" in cows is caused by their eating poisonous plants. Poisons, like all medicines, and all substances entering the stomach which can be taken into the circulation, find their way out of the system mostly through the large glands—the liver, kidneys and mammary glands. The latter being one of the largest and most active, its secretions get the largest share. All poisonous plants affect milk in the same way, the intensity of the effect varying with the intensity of the poison each plant may contain. Death is produced only when the poison is very virulent. Milk sickness is not necessarily confined to one plant. It may be produced by different plants in different localities. Just what causes the sickness in the above case can not be told without a special investigation. Cases of milk poisoning occurred in Pennsylvania a few years ago from poison hemlock (Conium maculatum) and from wild carrot (Daucus pusillus), but none of them were fatal. It may be something else in North Carolina. But the sickness is said to be produced by something the cows get while the dew is on. This is a common occurrence with plant-poisoning. The poison in many plants is very volatile and escapes easily with the drying effects of the wind and warm sunshine. The cool night air and dampness of the dew check its escape, and hence such plants are the most poisonous in the morning and also in wet weather. Wild parsnips that can be handled with impunity in the middle of the day become poisonous when wet with dew or rain. Ivy and many other plants are affected in the same way. Milk sickness in Indiana, which often proved fatal, was found to be produced by poison weeds growing only in swales and damp, shady places. Such localities are much more likely to produce poisonous vegetation than high and dry land.—*Prof. L. B. Arnold, in N. Y. Tribune.*

Deadly Face Powder.

A recent New York telegram says: Miss Fannie J. Blanchard, aged 24, a native of Buffalo, died yesterday at 219 West Fifteenth Street, from lead poisoning, the effect of the excessive use of cosmetics containing white lead. A diagnosis of the case was made by Dr. Hammond, who pronounced the cause of death to be lead poisoning. While unwilling to talk to a reporter about this particular case, or any case which involved his relation as a physician to a patient, he was not averse to state his views on the dangers attendant upon the use of cosmetics. "Lead poisoning," he said, "occurs more frequently than is generally thought. The public rarely hear of such cases. It is only once in a while that cases like that of Miss Blanchard attract the attention of the public outside of the medical profession. The use of any kind of cosmetics, even if not habitually indulged in, is attended with danger. There are very few, if any, that do not contain white lead. This poison is used in the manufacture of face powders, washes and hair dyes. Minute particles enter the skin and are taken up by the blood and communicated to the system. It produces various effects; paralysis, colic, prostration of the nervous system and insanity are among the most frequent results of its introduction into the system. A very distressing case came under my notice a few years ago in the wife of the Governor of one of the Western States. She had been in the habit of using a certain hair dye, I forget the name at the present moment, which contained white lead in a large proportion. She became hopelessly insane, and death ensued finally. Another case was that of a young lady who used a so-called 'Bloom of Youth.' In this case paralysis preceded death. Ladies using cosmetics can not be warned enough of the danger which they incur by their use. They are always injurious, and they are rarely used with impunity."

Brigandage in Turkey.

The unpleasant adventures of Mr. Suter have, it is feared, come to a sad conclusion. He was an Englishman, connected with a mine near Salonica, which was threatened by brigands. A guard of soldiers was offered to him and accepted; but one night sixty-three brigands attacked his house. The soldiers, on awakening, fired at the brigands in the house, but Mr. Suter interposed to prevent further loss of life, and was accordingly carried off with his family and servants. Mrs. Suter was sent back to arrange for his ransom, which was set at $75,000. When the news reached England, Mr. Goschen informed the Porte that it would be held responsible for the safety of the captive and the amount of the ransom. Troops and gunboats were therefore at once sent against the brigands, and now, according to the cable dispatches, a bark, supposed to be filled with the brigands, has been pursued and sunk. It is feared that Mr. Suter was on board, and sank with his captors. It would seem, then, that the Porte, in the effort to discharge its responsibility for his safety, may have destroyed him. This might raise a fresh question as to what the Porte is now to be held liable for. The fact that Mr. Suter refused to abandon the mine, when warned of its peril, and that a guard of soldiers, supposed to be sufficient, was furnished him, and finally that the attack on the brigands was suspended by his orders, might go to show that the Porte had been held to a very strict accountability in afterward being made liable for his safe return and his ransom. The additional question arises, whether the best means were taken for insuring this safe return; though it will hardly be pretended that a Government should compound with felons for a ransom. There is still the chance that Mr. Suter was not on the sunk bark; and it is not absolutely impossible that the whole story of the sinking may be trumped up in order to rid the Porte of its difficulty.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A Bible and a newspaper in every house, a good school in every district—all studied and appreciated as they merit—are the principal support of virtue, morality and civil liberty.—*Franklin.*

THE fellow who was much struck by a young lady wanted to return a kiss for the blow.—*Lowell Citizen.*

[Rockford (Ill.) Register.]

Felt Against a Sharp Edge.

This is furnished by Mr. Wm. Will, 1613 Frankford Ave., Philadelphia, Pa.: Some time since I received a severe injury to my back, by falling against the sharp edge of a marble step, the stone penetrating it at least a half-inch, and leaving a very painful wound. After suffering for a time, I concluded to apply St. Jacobs Oil, and am pleased to say that the results exceeded my expectations. It speedily allayed all pain and swelling and by continued use, made a perfect cure. I really think it the most efficacious liniment I ever used.

A MAN who rises by his profession—a builder of elevators.

[Chambersburgh (Pa.) Herald.]

After vainly spending five hundred dollars for other remedies to relieve my wife, I have no hesitation in declaring, that St. Jacobs Oil will cure Neuralgia, says M. V. B. Hersom, Esq., (of Pinkham & Hersom,) Boston, Mass., an enthusiastic indorser of its merits.

THE Brooklyn *Eagle* knows of a youth of roving tendencies who is undecided whether to join a circus or become a Methodist minister.

WHEN Mrs. Partington heard of the proposition of Senator Blair regarding the protection of underclothing, she was just engaged repairing a pair of Ike's galligaskins. "Well," said she, "it seems to me that though Congressmen may think it dutiable to make underwear considerable, *over wear* would be far the most sensible and beneficious to look after. I don't know anything about the tariff, but the tear is a very preposterous duty and plenty of it, with nothing to do but—" "Darn it!" said Ike, as he stuck a pin into his finger. The ejaculation seemed so much a part of her own thought that she failed to rebuke it, deeming she had said it herself.—*Hartford Post.*

OLD as the hills—The valleys between them.

SAID Miss Posigush to Syntax, the college tutor: "So you teach at Harvard! That must be so delightful, I'm sure. But then I should be frightened to death to meet any of the students, with half a dozen foreign languages at their tongues' end. I suppose they never speak English at all." "Very seldom speak it," said Syntax, in a dreamy way. "There! I knew they didn't," continued Miss Posigush. "What language do they speak most, Mr. Syntax—Greek or Latin, or—?" "Slang," replied the tutor, with laconic simplicity.

AFTER a man gits to be thirty-eight years old he kant form any new habits much; the best he kan do is to steer his old ones.—*Josh Billings.*

AT a social gathering the other day on the sidewalk of Galveston Avenue, the respective merits of Pete Freer and Bill Hoefling as conversationalists were discussed. Ed. Braden, who was present, contended that, while Bill Hoefling had the most beautiful flow of language, Pete Freer used the best grammar, and more of it, and was the best-looking man of the two. "That may be," responded Gilhooly, who was present, "but I had rather listen to Bill Hoefling keep his mouth shut for half an hour than to hear Pete Freer talk all day." Then the caucus went into executive session over in George Horner's saloon.—*Galveston News.*

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that a remedy made of such common, simple plants as Hops, Buchu, Mandrake, Dandelion, etc., make so many and such marvelous and wonderful cures as Hop Bitters do? It must be, for when old and young, rich and poor, Pastor and Doctor, Lawyer and Editor, all testify to having been cured by them, we must believe and doubt no longer. See other column.—*Post.*

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