Callahan County Clarendon.

"THE GREATEST GOOD TO THE GREATEST NUMBER."

W. R. LOTZ, Editor and Proprietor. BAIRD, TEXAS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1883. VOL. III.—NO. 47.

WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH THE BOYS?

"What shall I do with the boys?"
Says the petulant, half-weary mother;
"They make so much trouble and noise,
And play such sad tricks on each other;
They are out at the elbows and toes,
In spite of my darning and mending,
And my work seems to me, as it goes
Day in and day out, never ending.

"They are calling from morning till night;
'Tis 'mother,' and 'mother,' and 'mother,'
Till I almost get tired of my right
And title, and long for some other.
John, Ollie and Fred! Here they come
Up stairs, with their noise and their clatter;
With whistle, with fife, and with drum—
Well, boys, pray what is the matter?

"And what do you want?" "*I want you*
To fix my bow arrow. It misses."
"And I've cut my finger clear through;
Please, mother, dear, mend it with kisses."
"These three are the babies, my friend,"
Says this now smiling pattern of mothers,
"You'll own that my cares have no end,
When you look out and see my three others."

"*What shall I do with the boys?*"
Ah! mother, these lads are your treasures—
Say not that they dim your life-joys,
Or take from your sweet household pleasures;
But join them at work, or at play,
Their questions, so innocent, heeding,
And holding each hand up life's way,
With infinite tenderness leading.

Fret not that they call you, my friend,
So often that name, like no other
Of all the fond ones known to fame—
The name all men reverence—mother!
Dear boys! they will never forget
Their mother's kind help in their sorrows,
And the cares that annoy you to-day
Will be followed by blessed to-morrows.
—*Mrs. M. A. Kidder, in N. Y. Ledger.*

HIS PANTHER-TRAP.

An old gentleman named Calvin Bemis, who passed the early part of his life in Western Pennsylvania, related to the writer, not long ago, the following story of his boyhood days.

At the time of the occurrence here described the family consisted of Mr. and Mrs. Bemis and their two children, Calvin and Susan, who were then ten and eleven years old respectively. The family had recently moved from New England into what was then looked upon as the "far West."

Mr. Bemis, the father, was at that time able to buy, at a low price, from the "Holland Land Co.," the tract of land situated in a fertile creek valley, which subsequently formed his large farm of two hundred and fifty acres.

When he bought it, however, there was not a square rod of cleared land on it, the whole district being covered with a dense growth of sycamore, oak and hickory. And for some years after Mr. Bemis built his first rude log house in a small clearing, his nearest human neighbors were seven miles distant. But he was not without animal neighbors in abundance. Scarcely a day passed without their seeing some wild creature in the clearing. Nature had a large menagerie all about them.

For several years their only meat—and they never went hungry—was venison or wild turkey, which they could shoot or trap without going any great distance from home.

Not unfrequently a bear would be seen sitting on his haunches at the edge of the woods, taking a slow and meditative view of the clearing. Wolves were also plentiful, and in the latter part of winter often became dangerous.

On a number of occasions panthers were heard and seen lurking about, even in the daytime; and the nights were sometimes rendered noisy by the voices of these and other prowlers.

But the children grew accustomed to such a life after a time, as their timidity wore off, and the true frontier spirit of adventure took its place.

It was by no means an unpleasant life, as the monotony was relieved by various little adventures of a more or less exciting character, and some, indeed, involving considerable risk of life.

Cal, and even Susie, learned to shoot with their father's gun, and to set various kinds of traps and snares for turkeys and other game.

But my story is of their most notable feat—trapping a panther.

Late in the fall of their third year at the new farm Mr. Bemis had occasion to leave home on business for a fortnight, and, of course he took his gun with him.

Before going away he had hauled to the door a great pile of wood for winter fuel. The logs were from ten to fifteen feet long, and were heaped up in tiers to a height of seven or eight feet. It was to be Calvin's daily duty, during his father's absence, to chop the wood needed for the open fire. To a frontier lad of thirteen this was hardly more than pastime.

Late one afternoon, as he was splitting some tough logs, he chanced to glance up, and was not a little startled to see creeping toward him, from beyond the woodpile, a large, long, gray creature which he at once suspected was a panther!

In much less time than it takes to tell it, Cal bounded into the house and slammed the door after him. When they looked out, the animal was on the wood-pile and its eyes were fixed on the door; it was evidently angered by the escape of its intended prey.

But the narrow windows of the cabin were secured by strong bars. While they remained within the family had little to fear from their ugly visitant, which soon went back to the woods. But it is hardly to be wondered at that Cal felt a little "queer" about venturing out to finish his evening's work.

If the beast had stayed away, this would have been the end of my story. But the following afternoon, at about the same hour, as Calvin was again chopping his evening wood and also keeping a sharp lookout, he espied the panther! The terrible creature, which had, no doubt, been attracted by the sound of the ax, was approaching in the same wily manner and from the same direction as on the day before. Once more Cal scampered into the house, and the family again saw the creature upon the woodpile as before.

That afternoon the children had snared two turkeys in the bushes back of the house; and these, still undressed, had, by some oversight, been left hanging from a pole projecting from the woodpile.

After a moment or two the panther scented and pounced on them, taking both into his capacious mouth and trotting away to the woods.

This second visit and the loss of their turkeys set the children's wits to work to devise how, without a gun, they might give the beast a warmer welcome when he came again. They discussed several plans that evening. Cal had heard of many different kinds of traps set by hunters for bears and panthers; and between them he and Susan formed the project for luring the beast to its destruction.

A quantity of hickory poles, about two inches in diameter, were standing against the corner of the cabin, where they had been placed some months before, to season. They were now possessed of the two qualities in which hickory excels every other wood in American forests—toughness and hardness.

From these poles Cal cut eight or ten stakes, nearly four feet long, and sharpened the larger end of each. Then in the little cleared place, at the foot of the high wood-pile, where he had begun cutting wood, he drove the stakes about half their length into the ground.

The upper ends of the stakes were made to slant slightly toward the woodpile, so that if the panther should jump down there, it would alight squarely on the points. After they were all driven just to suit him, Cal brought out his father's "shingle-shaver," and shaved off the upper ends of each to an exceedingly sharp point.

When this was done, the stakes were like so many bayonets sticking out of the earth about a foot from each other.

Susie now brought out her contribution to the scheme—a kind of "corn-field image," made by sewing together an old coat and trousers of Calvin's and stuffing them with hay. A coon-skin cap was fastened on, for a head.

This effigy they set up amongst the sharp stakes at the foot of the woodpile, in as life-like a position as possible, arranging it so that if the panther should spring upon it, some of the stakes would be likely to pierce his body.

From the leg of the sham boy, a little cord was passed beneath a log and thence up to the window of the cabin, so that if necessary they could give it a jerk, to make the panther more eager to catch it. To conceal the sharp points, a dry leaf was stuck upon the end of each one. Turkey feathers were also scattered about the spot.

When it was done, Mrs. Bemis came out and enjoyed a good laugh at the "show" her two ingenious children had originated. At sunset Cal went out to his chopping; while Susie took her station at the window to watch, and to open the door whenever her brother should run toward it. To this day she remembers his saying that he "felt awful queer, standing for *bait* for a painter."

But he stuck to his post, making his ax ring out sharp and clear, to call the creature. Their excitement ran high. But the shadows began to fall and still no panther appeared.

Suddenly Susie espied the beast in some bushes at the edge of the woods, a few rods away.

"Oh, I see him!" she whispered. "But I'll tell ye when to run!"

The savage creature stole slowly out. Mrs. Bemis, dreadfully agitated, wanted to call Cal in; Susie's courage, however, was stimulated, and she was not ready to call. But immediately, she saw the panther creeping closer, and then gathering its feet under its body and switching its tail, as if for a spring.

"Run, Cal!" she whispered. Next instant the boy was bounding in at the doorway; while at almost the same moment they saw the panther leap on the woodpile from behind.

For a little space the creature's fierce, wild eyes glared toward the window; then, suddenly catching sight of the object below, it began to exhibit the most intense excitement, working its long claws on the logs.

Cal now gave the string a jerk, causing the effigy to start as if about to escape, when with a ferocious scream the beast sprang down upon it.

But its ferocious cry was almost instantly followed by a yell of pain. The children saw that instead of rending the effigy, the creature was tumbling and writhing as if in agony while its growls and screeches resounded far and wide through the now darkening forest.

Cal wished to sally out at once and dispatch the animal with his ax; but his mother resolutely forbade him. It was long after dark before the creature ceased to utter his terrible cries.

Next morning they found it had pulled itself away from the sharp stakes. But by the blood on the ground Cal readily traced it into the woods, where he found it lying dead near the brook.

"Uncle Calvin," now an elderly man, often tells this story to the boys, and at the end of it, lifting his cane, he exclaims:

"And there's one of the stakes that went through the beast!

Sure enough, his old cane is made of one of those very stakes which proved so efficacious in ridding them of their savage guest.—*Youth's Companion.*

—Even in the top of the Newhall House there was a little time to think and act, and it is easy to believe that, with a few dollars' worth of twisted hemp at hand the crowd of panic-stricken men and women would have been ready to help themselves, the women being let down by the men, and nearly all have escaped with their lives. The frightful lesson is plain enough, and among all the precautions suggested, the providing of a rope appears as the one simple, practicable thing, easily compelled by law. It should everywhere be done, and that at once.—*Springfield (Ill.) Republican.*

—It has come at last. A Virginian claims that on removing a cake of ice that had been for several years in the bottom of his ice-house he found it perforated with cells which were occupied by long worms of a whitish color. Others in the same vicinity report similar experience. It will no longer be considered safe to use ice until it has been thoroughly cooked, so as to effectually kill these parasites.—*Chicago Herald.*

—The New York Post-office sends out thirty-five tons of newspapers and periodicals daily, there being 788 papers and periodicals published in that city that want to get out.

—Three men fell 150 feet in the Como Eureka mine at Como, Nev., but only one was seriously hurt.

The Fitness of Things.

A gorgeous couch, silk-covered, and with added ornaments of satin laid over it, two in number, and each radiant with a sunflower, "as large as life"—this is the first thing that arrests your eye in a room. The plain carpet is well-worn; the table is homely; the chairs are merely to sit on, not to look at, and the walls have received no artistic attention for years. You would not, perhaps, have noticed these features of the apartment if it had not been for the sofa. It is out of place. It provokes comparison with everything else. It is in pronounced disregard of the fitness of things.

In a case of this kind we say that taste is lacking. But taste is only judgment working on a particular line. He who has good judgment regarding the style of a book, the outfit of a room, the qualities of a picture, the bearings of remarks, and the proprieties of things, is said to be a man of taste.

He is not necessarily an adept in everything. He may not understand "corners" or be an authority on banking, or know how a dry-goods house is run. But the presumption is that if he had been led to the study and examination of these things he would understand them. The same judgment that is capable of sound decisions as to the other things, would not be conspicuously defective in these, if it had to be employed upon them.

A gentleman has been twice bereaved, and his third wife graces the head of his table, and a guest discourses on the heartlessness of a second marriage and its reflection on the memory of the departed. There is no response from the host or hostess. There is a general dropping of the eyes around the table. There is sensible awkwardness. Several are mentally denouncing the speaker's "want of *tact*," but incapable of dealing with it. "I can not quite think so," says one of the guests, at length. "I remember a line from Bailey on the subject—

'Came there none to roll away the stone
From his sepulchral heart, and sit on it—an angel?'

By the way, did you ever read Bailey's *Festus?*" It was a happy diversion; it prevented trouble, for it was easy to get off from the untimely topic to Kant, Goethe, and other great thinkers, on whom the young Englishman had improved. But want of tact is here again want of judgment, the possessor of which, before flinging around sweeping condemnations, would mentally say: Is there any one here I should hit? And even if there be mistakes here, am I called on to show them up?

Questions may sometimes give the impression that the questioner is a little weak-minded. Why? Because they show the inability or the indisposition to put things together and conceive of their connections. "A lady I once saw in Virginia"—I am quoting from a gentleman's intelligent letter in the Natchez *Democrat*—"was riding for the first time through a green tobacco field, and she gravely asked: How does the tobacco grow on those plants? In plugs?" A little judgment would have led to, at least, the putting of the question in a different form. One may not understand all the complicated process by which sugar-cane has the juice squeezed out, clarified and crystallized, but a very little judgment would shut off the question: Does the sugar grow in lumps on the plantations?

But judgment is simply one form of the exercise of the human mind, and it can be cultivated or neglected just as can bodily powers. There are men trained to run, to walk, to climb, to box; so there are minds trained to remember, to reflect, to construct, to judge. Some minds, indeed, have inherent defects, and never can acquire judgment; but that no more disproves our view than that some bodies are so feeble that no training will ever make them vigorous and athletic. Now it is mainly with the judgment men have to work on that whole class of life's duties in which the "fitness of things" must be considered.

A physician with a moderate income quietly goes into Wall street, and is soon "cleaned out," in another than the surgical sense. He has not considered the extreme unlikelihood of his knowing where safe and high interest is to be had so well as do the competing gentlemen who live and breath in Wall street. Yet when a great "concern" that offers exceptional advantages in interest reaches its natural end and post-mortem publicity, it is often found that clergymen and such like "innocents" are largely in it—too largely for them. In Glasgow, in Paris, in Dublin, and in some cases nearer home, this has been illustrated in quite recent years. It is only blundering on the same way, but on a different line, when non-commercial men invite deposits and put themselves in competition with the bankers.

To cultivate the judgment, then, is the way to see the fitness of things. A very plain good man, with a plain income, in a plain position, among plain people, fell—a little way—in love with a showy lady of the continental cast of habit and education. He asked advice of a friend, who owned all her attractions, but mildly led his mind to the point of her suitableness for him. He admitted the force of the plea, and drew back, but with regret. "Ah, sir," said he, "if you only heard her singing the Italian!" It might have been Bohemian or Persian, for aught he knew.

When a man addresses a few remarks to a group of plain people, classical, metaphysical and generally learned processes of thought are out of place. He may give the results of such lore in simple terms—the highest achievement of useful eloquence; but to trot out the learning itself is in bad form. It is worse than the production of Washington's hatchet.

The man may be excellent and full of good intentions, but he lacks judgment, just as he would do if he tried to talk to a group of educated men as he would to an infant class.

In the very kindliest approaches we make to others the fitness of things is to be considered, or we may be justly set down as lacking in judgment. Take this case: A good, kind-hearted and wealthy lady has a gentleman friend, of high literary reputation, an eminent classical scholar, of broad thinking—a kind of British Oliver Wendell Holmes—to whom she wishes to show civility. She sends him a large cheese and a small volume of popular hymns—excellent things in their way, both of them. He duly received them. One can fancy his smiling; perhaps his friends even laughed. He made grateful acknowledgement thus:

"For the body, cheese;
For the soul, Sankey;
For both I thank'ee.
She did what she could
To make a lean man fat,
And a bad man good."

Many another similar combination has been made, well-intentioned, but infelicitous, because disregarding the fitness of things. When the Captain flogged the Chinaman and then lectured him, it was not an unnatural remonstrance: "Floggee, floggee, or preachee, preachee; but no floggee and preachee both." So the little boy in the pond, lectured on his folly in falling in by the man to whom he cried for help, said, very naturally: "O please help me out first, and scold me afterward."—*Rev. John Hall, D. D., in N. Y. Ledger.*

Two American Fables.

A Bear which had been caught in a Trap, was moaning and sighing and wondering if every cloud had a Silver Lining, when along came a Cow and asked what particular ward caucus that was and who had been elected chairman.

"I'm caught in a Trap," moaned the Bear.

"Can't you get away?"

"No, indeed."

"Have you been here long?"

"Yes; for five or six hours."

"And you must suffer dreadfully?"

"I certainly do."

"Well, as there is no chance to escape, and you must continue to suffer until released, I will at once go and inform my master and let him come at once and knock you on the head.

THE OLD 'UN'S ESCAPE.

A Wolf who had grown old and gray and could no longer move about like a Farmer's Boy in front of a Bumble-Bee, saw with Regret and Sorrow that his Son looked upon him as a Burden and wished him Bounced from the Cabinet. He was one day wiping his Tearful Eyes on a Sheep-skin when the Son entered the Cave and remarked:

"Dear Father, how would you like to take a walk with me this fine day?"

"Do you really want me to?"

"Of course I do. Your health is very dear to me, and I have been Pained for some days past to see how pale and careworn you looked."

The Old Man felt as tickled as a hired man with the Boss gone and both Oxen too lame to Work, and the pair set out with smiles galloping across their faces. When they had penetrated the Forest a long distance a Lion suddenly appeared, and the Son called out:

"King of Beasts, I have brought you a Dinner! Eat him and tally one for me!"

"Stay!" roared the Lion. "This chap seems old and tough, and I am not the sort to eat poor meat when better can be had. You are the dinner I want to get hold of!"

"Well, well!" mused the Old Wolf as he trotted homeward alone, "if it is sad to be old and tough, it is likewise dangerous to be young and tender, and after all I will make the best of my lot. William Henry didn't get more than a rod ahead of me on that deal—not if I can see straight!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

Bows.

The bow, that "touchstone of good breeding," says a French writer, has undergone that strange mutation since the obsequious days of the Georges. Now the body must not be bent, only the head inclined, cordially or otherwise, according to circumstances; genuflexions are relegated to dancing and posture masters, whose palmy days are now a record of the past. In the time of the Merrie Monarch the plumed and jeweled hat was doffed with a sweeping grace to the very ground, and there held until the lady so saluted had passed or retired. Now the hat is simply raised in recognition of a fair acquaintance, who must give the initiative by a slight inclination of the head, and we are informed by an aristocratic authority on matters of etiquette that "a gentleman returning the bow of a lady with whom he is but slightly acquainted would do so with a deferential air," but if there were an intimacy he would raise his hat with greater freedom of action, "and considerably higher." In France it is the gentleman who bows first, and there, too, the bow is the signal of recognition between members of the sterner sex; in England a nod suffices. The two most polite—in the old-fashioned sense of the word—of our Kings, Charles II. and George IV., took off their hats to the meanest of their subjects. A lady's obeisance to royalty, fifty years ago, was an acrobatic feat. The knees were bent and the body slowly brought forward in graceful and reverent guise, the equilibrium being recovered by a backward movement very difficult to perform with ease. But our monarchy waxes old, and republican manners, assertive of independence, make high-flown courtesy ridiculous; now a courtesy to royalty is merely a deep dip, a sudden collapse as if on springs, and as sudden a reattainment of the perpendicular.—*All the Year Round.*

Natural Advantages on a Small Farm

Among the first of natural advantages on a small farm is a good husband and a good wife. One other thing I will say whatever you undertake to do, do it better than you did before. Never mind whether you exceed your neighbors or not—beat yourselves. What we admire in a plant or animal we admire more in a man—that is growth. If you are making beef, or pork, or mutton, or milk or butter or cheese, or working oxen or trotting horses, make them better next time, especially if you make things for the judgment day of the market. So of vegetable or fruit products. Let withered and inferior goods come by railroad. Don't let the market know of your going back in quality any. It will despise and never forgive you if you do. Again, don't try to do too much of a kind, nor too many kinds of things. To excel in leaping, you can't jump in all directions—you must throw your heft toward one point.—*J. B. Alcott.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—A hot spring, which wells up through a bed of gravel and iron ore, has been discovered at Richmond, Va.

—French scientists have just discovered a new fish. They instantly and with great presence of mind called it the Eurypharynx pelecanoides.

—Mr. Rutledge held lately at a scientific meeting that the paper trade was probably the one which turned to immediate use more waste products than any other. In it was utilized cotton, flax, hemp, and jute waste, and old ropes and canvas rags. In fact, the paper manufacturer could turn to profitable purpose any vegetable fiber.

—A patent recently granted in Vienna and Berlin is for using bands of steel, tempered and hardened, to transmit motion from one pulley to the other, in belting. The faces of the pulleys, according to this arrangement, are turned perfectly flat and then covered with a varnish of rosin, shellac, and asphalt.

—Fireproof paper may be made, according to the *Pharmaceutische Zeitung*, from a pulp consisting of 1 part of vegetable fiber, 2 parts of asbestos, 1-10 part of borax, 1-5 part of alum. The ink is made from 85 parts of graphite, 8 parts of copal varnish, 7.5 parts of copperas, 30 parts of tincture of nutgalls, and a sufficient quantity of indigo carmine.

—A new disinfectant and antiseptic is announced by Mr. Lebon of the Paris Academy, which has been successfully tested in the transportation of fresh meat from South America to England. The inventor calls his antiseptics calcium-glycerine-oborat and natrium-glycerine-oborat, and claims many advantages for them over the usual preservative disinfectants.

—It is stated that several kinds of woods, says the *Engineer*, although of great durability in themselves, act upon each other to their mutual destruction. Experiments with cypress and walnut and cypress and cedar prove that they will rot each other when joined together, and on separation the rot will cease and the timbers remain perfectly sound for a long period.

—The principal tree in the Manitoba woods is the poplar; the next in importance is the oak, and near the rivers will be noticed large elms. A very beautiful tree is the ash-leaf maple. Its fresh, green leaves open out in the spring. It is a most vigorous grower, and bears transplanting remarkably well. Were its qualities known it would be valued as an ornamental tree in any northern country. In the spring the ash-leaf maple yields a sweet sap from which excellent sugar can be made, the chief trouble being that at the time the sap flows the flooding of the river makes it difficult to reach the trees. On the shores of the streams which enter the Red River, and especially near their mouths, basswood grows in great abundance, and ironwood of a large size can be met with.—*Chicago Times.*

PITH AND POINT.

—The man who never changes his opinion ain't a-going to know much, and the one who changes it too often is a-going to know less.—*Josh Billings.*

—Elizabeth Cady Stanton wishes our hired girls had more manners. Don't agree with you, Elizabeth. The hired girl has manners enough already. What she ought to have is, fewer manners and better ones.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—While William Gable, a deaf man, was walking on the Reading Railroad tracks, near Leesport, Monday morning—but why pursue the painful subject further. He was deaf and, like all deaf men, loved to take his morning promenade on a railroad track. Peace to his pieces.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—The honest reflections of a gentleman after marriage are very interesting, but it is not often that we find them in tender verse:

We are scratched, or we are bitten,
By the pets to whom we cling;
Oh, my love she is a kitten,
And my heart's a ball of string.

—"Indeed, I shall not buy my wife a sealskin sacque," remarked a Philadelphia man. "They are so hard to get off that the fair owners keep them on when making calls and are sure to take cold when they go out again into the open air. I love my wife too much to expose her to such dangers."

—She was one of those nervous, fidgety sort of women who get up on a chair to thread a needle, and when she swallowed a lively fly with her raspberries the neighbors thought that the Fourth of July had arrived twenty-four hours too soon. Freedom, during the primest days of Kosciusko, never shrieked with greater velocity than she did.

—It was down at Lancaster, Pa. The Major sat looking earnestly and affectionately at his friend. "Bob," he said, presently, "I dreamed about you last night." "Did you, Ad?" his friend replied, his eyes filling with tears. "Yes," said the Major, in heartless tones, "I had the nightmare." And then the sounds of two strong men "rastling" under the table were heard in the distance.—*Norristown Herald.*

—A friend informs us of the following: A man who bought a badly-fitting suit that was much too large for him, was constantly taken to task by his good wife for the folly. One evening as their little daughter was retiring, they were much surprised to overhear the following conclusion of her evening prayer: "Please, God, make pa over again, so as his clothes 'll fit him, and then ma won't nag at him no more!"—*Detroit Post.*

—Little Johnny Fizzletop attended a child's party at a fashionable residence on Austin avenue. While the supper was progressing, it was noticed that Johnny was weeping. "What's the matter, Johnny?" asked the lady of the house. "I—can't feed any more," said Johnny, sobbing as if his little heart would break. "Well, then, put some apples and cake in your pockets." "They are full already," replied Johnny, with a fresh paroxysm of grief. "Then I'll get you a big basket to fill up to take home with you." Then the incipient little office-holder smiled through his tears, harmony was restored within the party lines, and the formation of a new party was happily averted.—*Texas Siftings.*

Our Young Folks.

JERRY.

"Buy a paper plaze! She is frozen a'most.
Here's *Commercial* and *News*, and *Mail*,
And here's the *Express* and the *Evening Post!*
And ivery one has a tirrible tale—
A shipwrick—a murther—a fire-alarm—
Whichiver ye loike;—have a paper, marm?
This buy it, plaze, av this bit av a gurrul
She's new in the business and all av a whirrul;
We must find her a hand," said little Jerry;
"There's a plinty av thrade at the Fulton Ferry.

"She's wakely for nade av the tay and the toast—
The price av a paper—plaze, sir, buy a *Post*!
Thrue as me name it is Jeremiah,
There's a foine report av a dridful fire—
And a child that's lost and a smash av a train—
Indade, sir, the paper's just groanin' wid pain!
Spake up, little gurrul, and don't be afraid—
I'm schramblin' for two till I start yez in thrade.
While I yell, you can sell," said little Jerry,
Screeching for two at Fulton Ferry.

The night was bleak, and the wind was high,
And a hurrying crowd went shivering by:
And some bought papers, and some bought none,
But the boy's shrill voice rang cheerily on:
"Buy a *Post*, or a *News*, or a *Mail*, as you choose,
For my arm just aches wid the weight av the news.
Express! Not a single one left for to-night—
But buy one av this little gurrul, sir—all right.
She's a reg'lar seller here at the ferry,
And I rickomind her high," said Jerry.

In the whirl of the throng there paused a man.
"The bell is ringing—I can not wait;
Here, girl, a *Commercial* as quick as you can!
The boat is starting—don't make me late!"
And on through the hurrying crowd he ran,
The wee girl following close behind,
After the penny he could not find;
While, with a spring through the closing gate,
After her money bounded Jerry,
Ragged and panting, at Fulton Ferry.

"One cent from the man in the big fur coat!
Give me the change, or I'll stop the boat."
Up from the deck a laugh and a cheer.
It changed to a shuddering cry of fear
As he bent his head for the fearful spring,
And then—like a wild bird on the wing—
Over the whirling waters swung,
Touched the boat with his hands, and clung,
Gasping and white, to the rail, and cried:
"Where is that mean old man, who tried
To steal one cent from a girl at the ferry?
A poor little girl, with no friend but Jerry?"

Over the side went a hundred hands,
From a hundred mouths rang forth commands:
"Pull him in!" "Stop the boat!" "Take his stock!" "Let us buy
All the papers he has!" "Send him home to get dry!"
"No, indade," said the boy—"that's not w'at I meant;
I doant want yer money; I want that one cent
From the man in the warr'm fur coat an' hat,
Who could shteal a cent from a gurrul like that!
Af iver he thries that game agin,
He'd betther take me, and not Margery Flynn."
Then cheer on cheer for little Jerry
Rang across the Fulton Ferry.

Long ago, my youthful readers,
Happened this that I have told:
Long ago that sturdy newsboy
All his daily papers sold.
And the pluck that dared a ducking
To set right a weak one's wrong
Served him well in every struggle,
And his life, both kind and strong,
Is a blessing and a comfort
To a world of needy boys,
Who, like him, must work in play-time
With boot-brushes for their toys.
But around the Fulton Ferry,
Still the newsboys talk of Jerry.
—*Mary Lowe Dickinson, in St. Nicholas.*

THE LITTLE VISITORS.

It was such a cold day that the people in the streets, hurried by, muffled up almost to the tips of their noses, while the window-panes were covered with frost fern leaves and branches of coral, that were very pretty to look at if they had not looked so cold; and no one who could help it cared about going out.

Three little people, however, took this dreadful day to go a-visiting. They did not go very far, to be sure—only to Cousin Nellie's room; and when Cousin Nellie, who was busy writing a story for little readers (which she often did), heard a slow pattering down the stairs, and then a whispering and laughing, and finally a loud knocking on her door, that was kept up until the visitors fairly got into the room, she wondered a little what was coming *now*.

But she was used to funny things, for she had two little cousins and a small neighbor next door, who played with them a great deal, and Cousin Nellie was not very much surprised even to hear a sort of bark, that seemed to be suddenly stopped. Then there was a little barking in a whisper—for Billy, the dog, always felt that he ought to bark whenever there was anything going on, and he was quite sure that there was something going on now.

When Cousin Nellie said "Come in," the door opened suddenly, and in tumbled Billy, the first thing, with one of the boy's caps on his head. He looked absurd enough, but he was supposed to be a gentleman who had come with the three ladies. They introduced him as "Mr. Bill," but with one shake he knocked the cap off his head, and picking out the warmest place (as he always did), instead of attending to the ladies, he settled himself down behind Cousin Nellie's stove and went fast asleep.

"Why Mrs. Brown," said the lady of the house (that was Cousin Nellie, you know), as she saw Clara's bright eyes peeping out from under her mother's black lace veil, while the velvet sacque fairly reached her feet. "I am very glad to see you—do walk in. And this is Mrs. Smith, isn't it? *So* kind of you, Mrs. Smith, to come out on such a day as this."

"Mrs. Smith" was Mamie Rade, the little girl next door, who was a gentle little thing, with great blue eyes and cheeks like damask roses. She was bundled up so in a big shawl that she could scarcely move; and she had on a large bonnet with a great bunch of flowers in it.

But the funniest figure of all was little roly-poly Alice, who was nearly as broad as she was long, whose dress trailed so that she nearly tumbled at every step, and she carried grandmamma's muff, that was nearly as large as herself. When Cousin Nellie called her "Mrs. Biscuits," and gave her the rocking chair, she was very much delighted—it made her feel quite as though she *was* a grown-up lady going out visiting.

"We have brought all our children," said Mrs. Brown, who thought that she ought to say *something*; and she displayed her largest doll, "Flora Matilda," closely muffled up.

Mrs. Smith seemed to have a pair of twins in her arms; and little Mrs. Biscuits held out an unfortunate infant with only one foot and no hands to speak of.

"The darlings," exclaimed the lady of the house, as though she were very much delighted to see them, "but are you not rather afraid to have them go out such cold weather as this?"

"Oh, no," replied Mrs. Brown, "we thought it would do them good, for they all have the small-pox and scarlet fever."

"But that is very wrong," said the lady of the house, "for such things, you know, are catching, and I am really afraid to have them here."

Mrs. Brown looked as though she did not care in the least; and Mrs. Smith said in her gentle way:

"They ain't *very* sick, I guess, and may be they'll keep it all themselves. They cried to come, and we had to bring 'em."

The lady of the house shook her head at this, as she replied.

"That is not beginning right, Mrs. Smith—you will spoil your children. When I was a child I never got anything I cried for."

"May be you didn't cry very *loud*," said Mrs. Biscuits, who was pretty good at this herself; and then forgetting the play she added, as though she had just thought of it: "I never heard you cry at all, Cousin Nellie."

This made Cousin Nellie laugh; and then they all laughed at Mrs. Biscuits; and poor little Mrs. Biscuits began to cry quite in earnest; and then Cousin Nellie had to take her on her lap, dolly, muff and all—until, finally, she got quiet again.

Then the lady of the house thought of offering her visitors refreshments—a rosy-cheeked apple and an orange for each; and after awhile they all said they must go. Cousin Nellie picked up Mrs. Biscuits and carried her to the door; and Mrs. Brown, who wished to be *very* polite, said:

"I am very happy to wish you good morning."—*Ella Rodman Church, in Churchman.*

The Bug With a Mask.

There is a funny little creature that wears a covering all over his face just like a mask. And what do you think it is for? Let us see.

Perhaps you have seen the beautiful dragon-flies that look so much like humming-birds and butterflies, too. They have broad wings, as thin as a fly's, that glitter like glass in the sunshine. Their backs are just like blue steel.

You will always find them in the hot summer months flying through the fields, or over ponds and rivers. In the country they are called "devil's darning-needles," because they are so slender, perhaps. The French people call them "demoiselles," which means ladies.

Now, this handsome, swift creature grows from an ugly bug, that crawls over the mud at the bottom of the pond. And this is the way it comes about:

Little white eggs are laid on the water, the ripples carry them far away, and then they sink into the mud.

The warm sun hatches them, and from each egg creeps a tiny grub of a greenish color. They are hungry creatures, with very bad hearts. They eat up every little insect that comes in their way. They are very sly, too. They creep towards their prey as a cat does when she is in search of a rat.

They lift their small hairy legs, as if they were to do the work. It is not the legs, but the head that does it. Suddenly it seems to open, and down drops a kind of visor with joints and hinges.

This strange thing is stretched out until it swings from the chin. Quick as a fish some insect is caught in the trap and eaten.

This queer trap, or mask, is the under lip of the grub. Instead of being flesh like ours, it is hard and horny, and large enough to cover the whole face.

It has teeth and muscles, and the grub uses it as a weapon, too.

It is nearly a year before this ugly-looking grub gets its wings. A little while after it is hatched, four tiny buds sprout from its shoulders, just as you see them on the branch of a tree. These are really only watery sacs at first. Inside of them the wings grow slowly until you can see the bright colors shining through.

Some morning this hairy-legged little bug creeps up a branch. Then he shakes out his wings and flies away into the air, a slender, beautiful dragon-fly.

I have told you of the only creature in the world that wears this curious mask.—*Mrs. G. Hall, in Our Little Ones.*

Johnny's Tears.

Johnny had a great trial. He was sitting on the floor, looking over his pictures, and baby toddled up and tore one right across, one of the very prettiest. Johnny called out: "O mamma, see!" and began to cry.

"Johnny," said mamma, as she took baby away, "did you know that tears are salt water?"

Johnny checked a sob and looked up.

"No," he said, with great interest, "are they? How did you find out, mamma?"

"Oh, somebody told me so when I was a little girl, and I tried a tear and found it was true."

"Real salt water," asked Johnny.

"Yes, try and see."

Johnny would very gladly have tried if he could only have found a tear. But by that time there was not one left, and his eyes were so clear and bright it was no use hoping for any more that time. He looked at the torn picture, but it did not make him feel bad any more. All he could think of was whether tears tasted like salt water.

"Next time I cry I will find out!" he determined.

That very afternoon while climbing over the top of the rocking-chair he fell and got a bump. It was too much for any little boy, and too much for Johnny, and he was just beginning to cry loudly when he happened to think what a good chance this was going to be to catch some tears. He put up his finger too quick, in fact, for there had not a tear come yet worth mentioning, and now that his thoughts had wandered from the bump, he could not seem to cry about it any more. So that chance was lost.

"I can't get a single tear to taste of, mamma!" he said, ruefully." — *Sunshine.*

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, FEBRUARY 24, 1883.

THE waters of the Ohio river are beginning to subside and business will soon be resumed in the cities and towns along its banks.

THE steam ship Moro Castle, plying between New York and Charleston, was totally destroyed by fire on the 21st instant, on the Charleston coast.

THE Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railway company will commence work in the next sixty days on a road to be built from Guaymas, on the Gulf of California, to El Paso.

THE Cleburne *Telegram* comes to us this week enlarged and improved. The Cleburne *Daily Telegram*, the first daily published in that town, made its first appearance last Thursday.

A SMALL fire broke out under the stairs in the second story of a Catholic school house in New York city, on the 20th inst., which was the cause of the death of fourteen children. When the alarm was given, the little ones, 700 in number, all between the ages of six and eleven years, rushed, panic-stricken, from their class rooms into the narrow passages and hallways, and when they reached the stairs the railing broke, and a mass of struggling children was precipitated to the floor below, falling in a packed mass from four to five deep. Six children were taken out of the mass dead, and eight more died immediately after their rescue. All the others will survive.

OUR institutions of government and our country itself are founded on the principles of universal education. Our land, unlike many countries, is not ruled by the mind of one person. A single mind does not wield the sceptre of power and away the destiny of our nation, but each man is a ruler. Every man is his own law-maker. The power of government is vested in the people. Then here, where the laws are enacted by the masses, where the people are ruled, not by one mind, but by themselves, is it not doubly important that these law-making people be educated so as to enable them to govern wisely and with judgement? Education is the hope of our country, the only hope of any government vested in the people. Ignorance and whisky is the hand of death on prosperity's throat.—*Ex.*

ANOTHER financial panic must be a thing of the distant future, for the monied condition of the entire country is most favorable to great and solid prosperity in almost every department of business and trade. President Potts, of the Park bank, New York, who is high authority in such matters, says the financial outlook was never better. Some months ago this bank was a large loaner of money to the south and west for the moving of crops. These credits have all been returned, and every day letters are received asking it their surplus funds can be invested at any rate of interest on good security. The south is especially fortunate in its production of cotton, sugar, tobacco and corn, and it is believed the Southern States are better off today than they have ever been. Texas is particularly blest. The cotton crop amounts to one and a half million bales, with grain for home consumption and to spare, and with countless herds of live stock of all kinds.—*Exchange.*

Excellent Interest Rules.

For finding the interest on any principal for any number of days. The answer in each case being in cents, separate the two right-hand figures of answer to express it in dollars and cents:

Four Per Cent.—Multiply the principal by the number of days to run; separate right hand figure from product, and divide by 9.

Five Per Cent.—Multiply by number of days, and divide by 72.

Six Per Cent.—Multiply by number of days; separate right hand figure, and divide by 6.

Eight Per Cent.—Multiply by number of days, and divide by 45.

Nine Per Cent.—Multiply by number of days; separate right hand figure, and divide by 4.

Ten Per Cent.—Multiply by number of days, and divide by 36.

Twelve Per Cent.—Multiply by number of days; separate right hand figure, and divide by 3.

Fifteen Per Cent.—Multiply by number of days; separate right hand figure, and divide by 2.

Twenty Per Cent.—Multiply by number of days, and divide by 18.

Twenty-Four *Per Cent.*—Multiply by number of days, and divide by 15.

CONVENIENT FOR REFERENCE.

When computing interest at four per cent., two places pointed off from the right of the principal gives the interest on it for ninety days.

		two places pointed off gives the interest for	
At 5	per cent.,		72 days
At 6	do	do	60 do
At 8	do	do	45 do
At 9	do	do	40 do
At 10	do	do	36 do
At 12	do	do	30 do
At 15	do	do	24 do
At 18	do	do	20 do
At 20	do	do	18 do
At 24	do	do	15 do

Synopsis of Commissioners' Court Proceedings.

The regular term of the Callahan County Commissioners' Court met on Monday, Feb. 12, 1883, when the following proceedings were had, to-wit:

Officers present, Hon. W. H. Cliett, Judge presiding; Commissioners present, Hudson, E. M. Wright, Jasper McCoy; I. N. Jackson, Clerk; J. W. Jones, Sheriff.

Ordered that W. B. Sharp be appointed Justice of the Peace of Precinct No. 4.

Ordered that J. M. Kaufman be appointed Justice of the Peace, Precinct No. 6.

Ordered that Jennings Bros. be allowed the sum of $28.00 for stationery furnished the County Clerk.

Ordered that Geo. D. Barnard & Co. be allowed $8.40 for blanks furnished the County Clerk.

Ordered that the six jurors who acted as such at the inquest over the bodies of W. T. Jones and Geo. W. Franks be allowed $2 for their services in the same.

Ordered that J. L. Craig be allowed $2.50 for summoning jury of inquest over the bodies of Jones and Franks.

Ordered that T. S. Perry be allowed $5.00 for holding inquest over dead bodies of Jones and Franks.

Ordered Jonas Riley be allowed $7.00 for killing seven wolves.

Ordered that T. J. Dean be allowed $3.00 for guarding prisoners, as constable.

Ordered that the several six jurors who acted as such at the inquest over the dead body of Mrs. McDermott be allowed $2.00 each.

Ordered that Sam Day be allowed $3.00 for supporting pauper, Reb. Stedman.

Ordered that Mrs. E. Turner be allowed $24.00 for supporting pauper, Emily Sears.

Ordered that G. W. Martin be allowed $8.00 for supporting pauper, Reb. Stedman, three months.

Ordered that L. T. Cochran, surveyor of Callahan county, be appointed to proceed according to law in conjunction with the county surveyor of Eastland county, for that purpose, and such persons as the Commissioners' Court of Shackelford and Stephens counties may select to agree upon and fully define, mark and establish the South-west corner of Stephens county, on the 26th day of February, 1883, and make his report to this court according to law.

Ordered by the court that L. T. Cochran, county surveyor of Callahan county, be appointed to proceed according to law in conjunction with the county surveyor of Eastland county, to mark, survey and definitely define the county line between Eastland and Callahan counties as the law requires in settling county boundaries, on the 28th day of Feb., 1883, to begin at the South-west corner of Stephens county, and make his report to this court according to law.

Ordered by the court that L. T. Cochran, surveyor of Callahan county, proceed according to law in conjunction with such persons as the Commissioners' Court of Brown county may elect, to agree upon and fully define the county line between Callahan and Brown counties, on the 28th day of May, 1883, and make his reports to this court according to law.

Ordered that each presiding officer, Judge and Clerk, of the county seat election, held on the 16th day of January, 1883, be allowed $2.00 each for services as such.

Ordered that W. H. Cliett be allowed $27.00 for services as county Judge.

Ordered that Geo. D. Barnard & Co. be allowed the sum of $113.45 for books furnished the county surveyor of Callahan county.

Ordered that the board of trustees of Belle Plain college be allowed $16 for rent of room for county treasurer and tax assessor.

Ordered that F. S. Bell, county attorney, be allowed $4.00 for commission due on fines collected.

Ordered that F. S. Bell be allowed $19.50 for office rent of county attorney.

Ordered that I. N. Jackson be allowed $125.00 for ex-officio services as county and district clerk.

Ordered that J. W. Jones be allowed $50.00 for ex-officio services as sheriff.

Ordered that W. H. Cliett be allowed $50.00 for ex-officio services as county judge.

Ordered that the sum of $22.30 in the poll tax fund be transferred to the incidental expense fund; and that $202.80 on hand in estray fund be transferred to the jury fund, and that $219.13 on hand in road fund be transferred to the incidental expense fund, and that the sum of $286.39 be transferred from the special jail fund to the incidental expense fund.

Ordered that the several members of this court be allowed $3.00 per day for services as such at this term of this court.

Ordered that J. W. Jones, sheriff, be allowed $3.00 per day for services in attending upon this term of this court.

Ordered that J. G. McDonel, treasurer, be allowed $10.46 for commission as treasurer in receiving and distributing general county scrip.

Ordered that J. W. Jones be allowed $16.00 for wood furnished the county.

Ordered that T. J. Austin be allowed $15.12 for attending to school affairs of the county.

Ordered that W. H. Cliett be allowed $50.88 for attending to school affairs of the county.

Ordered that all persons be prohibited from watering stock out of the county cistern, and that it be made the duty of the sheriff to prohibit the same.

Whereupon the court adjourned until 9 o'clock to-morrow morning.

FEBRUARY 13, 1883.—Pursuant to adjournment court met at 9 o'clock A. M. Present, Hon. W. H. Cliett, presiding judge, and all four of the County Commissioners. The following business was transacted, to-wit:

Ordered that the report of J. G. McDonel, treasurer of Callahan county up to and including the 10th day of February, 1883, be approved, and that the clerk of this court allow and enter to credit of said treasurer the proper credits as shown by said report to be due him.

Ordered that all the county scrip as shown by the the treasurer's report to be on hand be hereby burned in the presence of this court as follows, to-wit: Incidental expense warrants cashed, $810.75; general county warrants received on town lots, $133.50; jury certificates cashed. $12.00; preference claim warrant cashed, $454.65.

Ordered that the quarterly financial report of Callahan county be published in the CALLAHAN COUNTY CLARENDON for one week.

Adjourned.

Investing School Funds in Secured Loans Upon Real Estate.

[From the Galveston News.]

VIEWS OF STATE SENATOR FLEMING.

In your issue of the 3rd instant, in an editorial under the head of Investing the School Fund, you question the wisdom of leaving the matter to the discretion and control of future legislatures. This is a very important measure and it can not be too well considered. The constitution at present limits the investment of the school fund to State and United States bonds. Under the operation of the constitutional provision we have seen large sums of the school money invested in State bonds at a premium of forty cents on the dollar; in other words, a sum nearly equal to one-half of the investment has been paid out in premiums on these bonds.

In less than fifteen years from today, if no great calamity or misfortune should overtake us, the public debt, State and national, will be paid off. Indeed a tax of 50 cents on the $100 valuation on the taxable property of the State and the surplus in the treasury would pay off the State debt in a single year. When these bonds are paid some other method of investment must be found. How shall it be done? Shall we follow the policy inaugurated before the war and loan it to railroads, or shall it be utilized in some other way that will be of more immediate benefit to the people of the State?

If the policy of selling our school land is continued, it will not be long until we have ten or fifteen millions in money of this fund for investment. If we undertake by a constitutional amendment to fix the mode of investment we may again find that the securities which we may name will command enormous premiums, or be paid off, and no longer exist. We would then be called upon to change the constitution again. If we consider the disposition of our people, as manifested in the vote on other amendments lately submitted, we will find that it is not such an easy matter to amend the constitution. The constitution ought to be so changed as to leave the investment of this fund under the control of the legislature. I think this money should be loaned to the people. As fast as it accumulates in the treasury let it be distributed as the available school fund now is, among the different counties of the State, according to the scholastic population. The Commissioners' Court, under a law properly guarded, should have control of the funds to be loaned to the people of the counties, on long time, at 7 and 8 per cent. interest, upon improved real estate security, taking a mortgage lien in favor of the State, the mortgage to contain a power of sale by the sheriff of the county. The loan should run at least ten years, and as much longer as the borrower may desire, the interest to be due and payable annually, on the first day of January of each year, and if promptly paid, the principal and interest to both become due. The law should also provide a summary method for selling the land held as security.

It should also provide that the Commissioners' Court constitute a board of appraisers, and it should be their duty to view and appraise the land offered as security, and the loan made on the tract so appraised should never exceed one-third or one-half of its value. The borrower of the fund to be charged with the payment of all costs incurred in executing the mortgage, and in investigating the title to the land offered as security. In the State of Missouri the school fund belonging to the different counties is loaned in this way to the people of the different counties, except in addition to the real estate they require two good personal sureties. I have examined their statutes and have met and conversed with many intelligent citizens from that State, and they speak in the highest terms of the system. The interest is paid promptly and all the fund is loaned. Instead of losing any part of the fund, I am informed that it has constantly increased. That when the school fund has been compelled to buy the land it has again sold at an increased price over the sum of money loaned upon it.

Now, it seems to me that if the people of Missouri can successfully do this, we in Texas can do the same thing. The security certainly is good. In all ages of the world, so far as I know, real estate has always been regarded as the safest and best security. Hence in the older and more populous States, where savings banks and trust companies accumulate large sums of money, the law requires that it shall be invested in, or loaned upon, real estate security only. The value of real estate is permanent and is unlike bonds, which command a premium to-day and to-morrow are at a discount. It does not run away; it cannot be stolen or destroyed. Revolution may come, governments may be overthrown, the credits of governments may be swept away in financial storms and disasters, but the land still remains. Our school fund is in real estate now.

Why should it be considered unsafe to invest our school money in Texas real estate? Out of the $357,000,000 of taxable values assessed in 1881, the report of the comptroller shows that $229,346,451 was in real estate. Is that not ample to secure $10,000,000, or $30,000,000 of the school fund? Of the $410,000,000 of taxable values assessed for 1882, doubtless over $275,000,000 is in real estate.

It may be said that there is more difficulty about titles to land in this State than in Missouri. I suppose the title to land is sometimes contested in the State of Missouri; but be that as it may, millions of dollars are loaned by individuals in this State upon lands, and if individuals can loan money upon real estate, the State can also do it. It can be made safe and it can be made to do a great work for the people of Texas, and at the same time advance the interest of the school fund. It would bring cheap money to our people, and, if loaned at 7 and 8 per cent., would more than double the interest we are now getting on our investment in bonds. It would sell the state bonds we own at the same price at which they were purchased, and invest the principal and premium at 7 and 8 per cent. with our own people. It would enable them to open up and develop large sections of the country now unoccupied. It would enable our farmers to place their farms in a higher state of cultivation. Thus invested, it would swell our taxable values, and the interest paid each year would be returned to the people in the education of their children. The money would remain within the borders of our own State for the benefit of our own people. It would no longer be consumed in paying extravagant premiums. It would enhance the value of our real estate, as it would show those desiring to invest that we had confidence in it ourselves.

I believe it is not only safe, but also practicable, and that it can be made a success here as it is in Missouri. I think, when thoroughly understood, this method will be acceptable to the people of Texas. But before anything can be done the constitution must be amended, and as one of the committee on Constitutional Amendments I shall vote for an amendment leaving this fund under the control of the legislature, so that when the interest of the fund requires the investment to be changed it will not be necessary to await the slow process of amending the constitution. Very respectfully,

J. R. FLEMING.

Dissolution Notice.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between H. A. Lee and H. C. Fulton, under the style of Lee & Fulton, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. H. A. Lee will conduct the business. All outstanding accounts are to be paid to him, and he is responsible for all debts contracted by the firm.

H. A. LEE,
H. C. FULTON.

BAIRD, Texas, Feb. 10, 1883. 46

NEW GROCERY STORE!

I have just opened a Grocery Store on Market Street, Baird, Texas, and expect to keep a

Full and Complete Stock.

I will also keep feed of all kinds, salt, and in fact everything pertaining to my line. Give me a call, price my goods, and don't fool around but come at once and be happy.

L. O. OLIVER,
24 ly Proprietor.

R. M. TURNER,
DRUGGIST AND PHARMACIST
—DEALER IN—
PURE DRUGS CHEMICALS
PAINTS, OILS VARNISHES
BRUSHES, WALL PAPER,
WINDOW GLASS,
SPONGES, PERFUMERIES
SCHOOL BOOKS
AND STATIONERY.

Physicians prescriptions compounded with accuracy, day and night.

Market St. Baird, Texas.

CITY HOTEL,
C. J. MILLER Prop.,
BAIRD, - - TEXAS

This house has lately been refitted and improved, and is now first-class and complete in all departments. The proprietor is an experienced hotel-keeper, and will see that his guests are accommodated in the most acceptable manner. Table supplied with the best the market affords. Sales-room furnished commercial tourists. 21

Don't stop until you get to
S. L. Ogle's
CHEAP STORE,

And then examine the New Grocery Store just opened by the above named firm, in the Odd Fellow Building, on
MARKET STREET. BAIRD, TEXAS.

We keep constantly on hand everything usually kept in a grocery, consisting in part of

Corn,
Sugar,
Canned Goods,
Candies,
Hops.
Flour,
Coffee,
Pickles,
Nuts,
Jellies.
Meal,
Hams,
Cigars,
Raisins,
Cheese.
Bacon,
Dried Fruit,
Tobaccos,
Crackers,
Potatoes.
Lard,
Prunes,
Snuff,
Ginger Snaps,
Tea.
Syrup;
Soap,
Starch,
Etc.
Etc.

W. F. LAKE,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Hardware, Iron, Nails, Gas Pipe, Stoves,
Wagon and Carriage Wood Work,
PUMPS, PUMP SUPPLIES.
Agent for Halliday's Wind Mill.
CORNER HOUSTON AND SECOND STREETS, FORT WORTH, TEXAS
The Oldest and Largest Stove and Hardware House in the City.
34-1y ☞Every description of Job Work done on Short Notice☜

Wm. Cameron & Co.,
BAIRD, TEXAS.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Lumber, Blinds,
SASH, DOORS.
Shingles, Mouldings, Lime, Hair,
Plaster and Cement, also Vane Calvert's Mixed Paints.

Purchasing for cash and in large quantities enables us to offer our patrons advantages that our competitors cannot.

Correspondence solicited. Estimates furnished. Special attention to car-load lots. 23

SANGER BROS.,
DALLAS, TEXAS,
FOR THE FALL TRADE!
DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,
Notions, Millinery,
HATS, CAPS, FURNISHING GOODS,
Boots and Shoes,
CARPETS AND HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.

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

We have received the largest and most complete stock of Boots and Shoes, Notions, Dry Goods, Etc., that we have ever had the pleasure of showing the trade, and our entire stock is now complete. We would be pleased to have you call on us when in our city, or reserve your orders for our agents.

SANGER BROS., Dallas, Texas.

E. S. SEAY
NOW COMES TO THE FRONT,

And announces to the citizens of Baird and his numerous customers that he has removed from Belle Plain to the flourishing town of Baird, where he can be found with the largest
STOCK OF GENERAL MERCHANDISE
Ever kept in Callahan county.
His stock consists in part of Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots Shoes, Hats, Ready-Made Clothing, ancy Goods, Notions, Hardware, arming Implements, Corn, salt, etc., etc.
AND IN FACT EVERYTHING GENERALLY KEPT IN A
First Class Store.

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

—*DON'T FORGET THE PLACE*—
E. S. SEAY, PROP'R,
Market Street, Corner of Third, Baird, Texas. 24.1y

JOS. H. BROWN
WHOLESALE
GROCER,
Agent for
DUPONT POWDER CO.,
8, 10, 12, & 14 First St.,
FORT WORTH, TEXAS
3-25-1y

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

GRAND BOOM
—AT—
W. J. POWER & CO'S
—The Leading House in—
BELLE PLAIN, TEXAS
All because Prices are so Low and Goo es—at
Living Prices.
Call one and all and see for yoursel
Yours, Respectfully,
W. J. POWER & CO
a1-3m

Fort Worth Marble Works,
North Side of Public Square.
Jno A Bergin & Son
Manufacturers and Importers of
Italian and American
MARBLE MONUMENTS,
Tombs, Tablets, Head Stones,
Vases and Statuary.
Iron and Wire Railing furnished to order.
All Work Warranted.
n50-v2-1y

HURRAH FOR THE
NEW
BLACKSMITH SHOP.
W. L. Henry and M. H. Allen
Now inform their patrons and the public generally that they have removed from Belle Plain and opene
SHOP IN BAIRD,
where they are prepared to do all work in their line. All work warranted. Give them a call. 29 1y

NEW LIVERY STABLE!
J. F. PATTERSON, Propriet o
Market Street, Baird, Texas.

I have just opened a new livery stable which has been equipped with new hacks, buggies, saddles and good horses.

Thankful for the patronage which I have received in the past, and hope to receive and merit a continuance of the same.

Give me a call when you want anything n my line n15-1y

THE
TEXAS AND PACIFIC RAILWAY
WITH ITS CONNECIONS,
—FORM THE—
DIRECT LINE
—BETWEEN—
Texas, New Mexico and California,
—AND ALL POINTS IN THE—
North, East and Southeast
Pullman's Palace Sleeping Cars
DAILY, BETWEEN
ST. LOUIS and DALLAS, FORT WORTH, EL PASO and DEMING, N. M.

Close Connections at Longview and Mineola, with the
International & Great Northern R. R.
—FOR—
HOUSTON, GALVESTON, AUSTIN, SAN ANTONIO and LAREDO.

For Tickets, Baggage, Checks, or any information as to Rates, and Routes apply to any of the ticket agents, or to
B. W. McCULLOUGH,
Ass't Gen'l Pass. Ag't, Marshall, Tex.
F. CHANDLER, Gen'l Pass. Ag't
St. Louis, Mo.
H. M. HOXIE,
Third Vice-Pres't.
St. Louis, Mo.

The Clarendon.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 24, 1883.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY

State Officers.

Governor—John Ireland.
Lieutenant Governor—Marion Martin.
Comptroller—W. J. Swain.
Treasurer—F. R. Lubbock.
Com' General Land Office—W. C. Walsh.
Secretary of State—J. W. Bains.
Attorney General—John D. Templeton.

District Officers.

District Judge—T. B. Wheeler.
District Attorney—J. H. Calhoun.
Congressman of 11th Congressional District—S. W. T. Lanham.
State Senator of the 8th Senatorial District—J. R. Fleming.
Representative of the 43rd Representative District—J. N. Browning.
District Clerk of Callahan County—I. N. Jackson.

County Officers.

County Judge—W. H. Cliett.
County Clerk—I. N. Jackson.
Sheriff—J. W. Jones.
County Attorney—F. S. Bell.
County Treasurer—J. G. McDonell.
County Assessor—W. R. McDermett.
County Surveyor—L. T. Cochran.
Cattle and Hide Inspector—W. C. Asbery.
County Commissioners—Jasper McCoy, Prec. No. 1; P. L. Callahan, Prec. No. 2; E. M. Wright, Prec No. 3; E. Hudson, Prec. No. 4.

Courts.

District Court for Callahan County Convenes on the Eleventh Monday after the First Mondays in February and September.

County Court for Callahan County on Cvenes 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.

Church Directory.

METHODIST.—J. B. Moyes will preach at the M. E. church in Baird the second and fourth Sundays of each month, morning and evening.

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

PRESBYTERIAN.—Rev. Mr. Burr, Presbyterian pastor, will preach here, on the first Sunday of each month; morning and evening.

METHODIST.—A. Anderson will preach at the M. E. church South in Baird on the fourth Sunday of each month, morning and evening.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

Belle Plain Lodge, No. 522, A. F. and A. M. meets at Belle Plain, on Saturday on or before each full moon. C. Estes, W. M.; I. N. Jackson, Secy.

Baird Lodge, I. O. of O. F. meets at their hall every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to attend. W. C. Whitley, N. G.; F. S. Bell, Secretary.

Callahan Lodge K. of H., No. 2871, meet on every Monday night, at the I. O. O. F. hall. C. F. Hathaway, Dictator; A. W. Oliver, Reporter; Herman Schwartz, F. R.

Parker Encampment, I. O. O. F., No. 94, meets on every second and fourth Tuesday of each month. Robt. Kilpatrick, C. P.; Herman Schwartz, Scribe.

Arrivals and Departures of Mails.

ARRIVES.	
From the East at	5 10 a m
" " West at	9 20 p m
" Belle Plain at	5 p m
DEPARTS.	
Going East	10 40 p m
" West	5 25 a m
" Belle Plain	7 a m

PH. SCHWARTZ, P. M.

Railroad Time Table.

WESTWARD	
ARRIVES.	
No. 301, Mail and Express	5 25 a m
No. 311, Local Freight	9 05 p m
No. 313, Through Freight	9 00 a m
No. 315, " "	9 50 p m
No. 317, " "	4 00 a m
No. 323, Fast	12 45 p m
LEAVES.	
No. 301, Mail and Express	5 35 a m
No. 311, Local Freight	9 30 a m
No. 315, Through Freight	12 05 a m
No. 317, " "	4 50 a m
No. 323, " "	1 30 p m
EASTWARD	
ARRIVES.	
No. 304, Mail and Express	8 50 p m
No. 312, Local Freight	9 45 p m
No. 316, Through Freight	6 00 p m
No. 318, " "	12 45 p m
No. 320, Stock Express	12 05 a m
LEAVES.	
No. 304, Mail and Express	9 05 p m
No. 312, Local Freight	6 30 a m
No. 314, Through Freight	10 50 p m
No. 316, " "	6 30 p m
No. 318, " "	1 30 p m
No. 320, Stock Express	12 45 a m

Nos. 313 and 314 run between Baird and Fort Worth.

All trains carry passengers provided with tickets. Baggage is carried by trains Nos. 301 and 304 only. Tickets can be procured at all hours for all trains, and baggage will be checked at all hours to be forwarded on trains Nos. 301 and 304.

LOCAL NEWS.

Pure Maple sugar at Ogle's.

WANTED.—Harness maker.
G. W. CHARLEVILLE.

White and red onion sets at S. L. & A. M. Robertson's.

A large number of strangers have been in town this week.

Pure, fresh garden seeds at S. L. & A. M. Robertson's.

New barrel of Missouri Apple Vinegar at L. O. Oliver's.

Messrs. Seay & Reeves opened their fine saloon last Monday morning.

S. L. Robertson is now booming on hardware and saddlery.

And still they come! Ogle's house is crowded all the time with customers.

Boys', youths' and gents' spring suits just arrived at
S. L. & A. M. ROBERTSON'S.

Dr. James has completed his large residence, and has already moved into it with his family.

L. O. Oliver has received a barrel of fresh white fish. Call early or you will fail to get any.

Try our sea foam flour. Every sack guaranteed to be first-class or no pay.
S. L. & A. M. ROBERTSON.

The best kraut ever brought to this market at L. O. Oliver's. A trial will convince you.

Farmers and stockmen are all happy since the rain. Vegetation will now start up in good style.

Governor Ireland says they are fine, but President Arthur says Ogle's groceries excel any west of Dallas.

Mr. McKamey has commenced building a residence in his pasture just North of town. Mr. G. A. McInturff is the contractor.

If you want the latest improved threshing machines for 1883, or any other kind of machinery, call on S. L. Robertson, agent at Baird.

The East-bound passenger train, owing to the heavy rains, was several hours late last night. The West-bound train is about 7 hours late.

A fight between two young darkies came near resulting in a general pitch-in, in which several parties took a hand. No one was hurt, however.

Young man, buy you a new suit of clothes—one that is real nobby, and will make you feel like a new man. Find it at S. L. & A. M. Robertson's.

The best family newspaper in the State is the Dallas Weekly *Herald*. Its market reports are *full* and can be relied upon. Subscribe for it at $1.50 per year.

We met the other day two Pennsylvania gentlemen who are looking for sheep ranches. They express themselves as highly pleased with our town and county.

Mr. Copeland's restaurant building has been completed, and with his family he has moved into the house. He will open the place for business in a few days.

The price of the Dallas Weekly *Herald* has been reduced to $1.50 per year. It is one of the largest papers in the State, and is the very paper for farmers. Subscribe for it.

Baird is becoming the best hotel supplied town in the West. As soon as the buildings now in course of construction are completed, she will have four hotels and five restaurants.

Messrs. Seay & Reeves opened their fine saloon in the stone building they lately bought of Messrs. Hodes & Veit, last Monday morning. They certainly have one of the finest places in the West.

A spelling match took place at Belle Plain last Tuesday night between Prof. Chatfield's school at that place and the citizens. In two trials the school came out victorious both times. Much interest was manifested by all present on the occasion.

We printed a large number of circulars this week for Messrs. M. J. Blakley and T. J. Austin for their celebrated washing machine. This machine took the first premium at both the St. Louis and Little Rock fairs, and is no doubt the best machine made.

One of our sheep men who has lost heavily by that complaint wishes us to ask our readers what is the best remedy for grub in the head of sheep. He has recently lost a great many sheep. Will some one suggest a remedy? We will gladly give it to our readers.

Dr. West informs us that the death of the young man, Brandenburgh, who died at his residence this week, was caused by that enemy to the human family, the toy pistol. He received a wound in the fore finger last Saturday from this death-dealing instrument. His remains were taken to Brownwood for burial.

Mr. Oscar Johnson, son of Rev. G. P. Johnson, died at his father's residence last Thursday morning, of consumption. His death was not unexpected, as he has been lying very low for some time. His remains were taken to Deep Creek for interment. The bereaved family have our sympathy in their hour of trials.

We call attention of our readers to the letter published this week from our Senator, Mr. J. R. Fleming, upon the school fund question. We think that the Judge's head is very level upon this all important question. The money loaned in this way would be of great benefit to the people in developing the resources of our State, besides proving far more lucrative to the fund than the present mode of investment in bonds.

The justly celebrated Golden Theatrical Troupe is billed to give two of their fine performances in our town next Friday and Saturday nights. Mr. Franklin, the advance agent, is now here, and we find him to be a very agreeable gentleman. The troupe he represents is no snide affair, and our readers who want to see a real good performance should go and see the Goldens next week. The company, we are told, consists of about twenty-two persons, and altogether is one of the best companies which has ever visited our state.

Buckeye Reapers and Binders.

Parties desiring to purchase machines for this season should bear in mind that it is now time to place their orders. The harvest season is soon to come, and we should be ready for it. I will give you easy terms on the best machines in the market.

S. L. ROBERTSON,
Agent at Baird, Texas.

Personal.

Uncle Joe Hearn left for East Texas last night.

Mr. Keenum and wife returned home this week.

Mr. Emerson, of Belle Plain, went to Austin this week.

Mr. Ed. Seay and wife are visiting Mr. C. W. Merchant, at Abilene.

Deputy Postmaster, Mr. Herman Schwartz, returned from Dallas one day this week.

Mr. John Adkins, formerly a prominent citizen of this county, but now of Breckenridge, is in town.

Our old friend, Maj. Withers, has been in town several days this week. He is attending to the T. & P tax matters.

Judge McCall, of Weatherford, came up and paid Baird a visit last Sunday. He left again in the after noon for Albany.

Mr. Jno. Lynch, who has a sheep ranch in this county near Baird, returned to Baird from his home in Oil City, Pa., last Wednesday. He is looking up his interests here.

Mr. Sam Cutbirth and his two charming daughters went to Abilene this week to visit Mr. C. W. Merchant, who is quite sick. They returned last Thursday evening.

Mr. Govan, formerly of the Coleman *Voice*, but who lately sold out his interest to his partner, Mr. Callan, made us a pleasant call last night. Always glad to see him.

Capt. W. J. Maltby, Jeff Maltby, T. B. Hadley and Uncle Jake Hand, will start to-morrow morning on a trip to Sierro Blanco and vicinity on a prospecting tour. Success to them.

Mr. J. S. Calloway and family arrived here from Breckenridge last Thursday evening. Mr. C. is the father-in-law of Judge Webb, and the family will hereafter make Baird their home. The CLARENDON bids them welcome.

Mr. W. A. Hutchins, a brother-in-law of Mr. S. L. Ogle, and who lives in Missouri, has been for some time here on a visit to his relatives, and prospecting through our county. He, like all others, is well pleased. He started home one day this week.

Mr. W. W. James returned from his visit at Washington, D. C., last Wednesday morning. When we first saw him with a two-story silk hat on, we felt assured that some congressman had come to town. But Mr. James has not fallen so low yet, although he visits the capital city occasionally; he is still a respectable sheep man. He informs us that he has succeeded in enlisting the attention of the postal department to the necessity of having the name of our postoffice changed from Vickery to Baird. He thinks the change will be made in a few days. Our citizens will all feel thankful to him for his efforts in this direction.

Resolutions of Respect.

At a regular meeting of Baird Lodge No. 271, I. O. O. F., held at their hall, the following preamble and resolution were unanimously adopted, that,

WHEREAS, It has pleased Almighty God in His wisdom to remove from our body our well beloved and much respected brother, E. B. Smith, a just and upright brother and citizen; therefore, be it

Resolved, That the members of this Lodge wear the usual sign of mourning for the usual length of time.

2nd, That while we must and do humbly and submissively bow to His will, still we feel the absence of our brother.

3rd. That the sympathy and condolence of the brethren shall be and are hereby tendered to the friends and distant relatives of our deceased brother.

4th, That a copy of this action of this Lodge shall be sent to the absent relatives of the diseased brother, and also published in our county paper

F. S. BELL,
C. C. ARNOLD, } Com.
N. P. RICK.

News from Wilbarger County.

VERNON, Feb. 18, 1883.

EDITOR CLARENDON: Our district court convened on the 12th. Judge Williams delivered the charge to the grand jury in a very able manner. They went to their work immediately and dilligently, finding 47 bills of indictment, mostly for misdemeanors, though some were for forgery. Prof. Westmoreland, our county surveyor, was indicted for receiving illegal fees. This is the third term of the district court held in this county since its organization, and but little has been done in any but the last term, which was a very vigorous term for this place. Your humble correspondent was a member of the grand jury.

The county is filling up and the town improving, though there is some uneasiness caused by the legislature withdrawing the school lands from the market.

The house used for court purposes was burned a short time since, together with a building next to it, used for a restaurant.

There will be considerably more farming in this county this year than in 1882.

The weather is pleasant to-day, though it has been very cold in the last two weeks. Cattle are all right. Some light losses among sheep.

There have been several cases of pneumonia, generally of a mild type; Otherwise the health is good. D. B.

Cheapest Flour.

The very best brand of the celebrated Purity Flour, $3.40 per hundred at L. O. OLIVER'S.

Notice, Tax-Payers.

All parties who have not yet paid their taxes for the year 1882, are requested to do so before March 1st, and thus save additional expense.

J. W. JONES,
Sheriff and Collector, Callahan Co.

Full Blood Bulls for Sale.

Mr. T. A. Cochran desires us to say to our readers that he has bought the fine lot of short-horn Durham bulls recently brought here from Illinois, by Mr. George Shear, and that he will dispose of a number of them at reasonable figures. Apply at the ranch or to Warren Bros'. livery stable.

Musical.

Shining Light is the title of a new musical book upon our table. Its authors are J. H. Tenney and Aldine S. Kieffer. This book is printed in a new system of notation, which is said to greatly simplify the reading of music. The ordinary staff is used, but the tone symbols are unique and very different from the old ones. The music is attractive, and the general make-up of the book is neat and tasty. Price, 35 cents by mail, postpaid. The book may be ordered of Oliver Ditson & Co., Boston, Mass., John Church & Co., Cincinnati, Ohio, or Ruebush, Kieffer & Co., Clayton, Virginia. The latter firm will send a catalogue of books and a copy of *The Musical Million* free to any address.

A $20.00 Bible Reward.

The publishers of *Rutledge's Monthly* offer twelve rewards in their *Monthly* for March, among which is the following:

We will give $20.00 in gold to the person telling us which is the longest verse in the Bible, by March 10, 1883. Should two or more correct answers be received, the reward will be divided. The money will be forwarded to the winner March 15, 1883. Persons trying for the reward must send 20 cents in silver (no postage stamps taken) with their answer, for which they will receive the April *Monthly*, in which the name and address of the winner of the reward and the correct answer will be published, and in which several more valuable rewards will be offered. Address,

RUTLEDGE PUBLISHING COMPANY,
Easton, Penn.

Baird Shipments and Receipts.

The following is a list of the shipments and receipts at the depot at this place, for the week ending, Thursday evening:

SHIPMENTS.

1 car cotton, 2 cars merchandise, 1 car horses.

RECEIPTS.

20 cars mdse. 1 car hay, 3 cars lumber, 2 cars flour.

THROUGH FREIGHT.

EAST.

St. Louis, 20 cars; Cairo, 5; Kansas City, 3; Memphis, 2; New York, 1.

WEST.

313 cars.

DIED.

BRANDENBURGH.—At the residence of Dr. West, on February 21st, John F. Brandenburgh, of congestion of the stomach.

COMMERCIAL.

Article	Unit	Price	To
GROCERIES.			
Flour, white	per cwt	$3 00	to $3 75
" Graham	" lb	.5 c	
Meal, corn	" bu	$1 20	
" oat	" lb	8	to 8 1-3c
Hominy	" "	5	to 6 c
Grits	" "	5	to 6 c
Rice	" "	9	to 10 c
Beans	" "	8	to 9 c
Coffee	" "	12 1-2	to 16 1-2c
Tea	" "	50	to $1 00
Sugar	" "	10	to 12 1-2c
Bacon br'kf-t	" "		to c
cl'r sid's	" "	15	to 18
Dry Salt Meat	" "	12	to 16 2-3c
S. C Hams	" "	16 2-3	to
Lard	" "	16 2-3	
Crackers xxxx	" "	10	
Salt (coarse)	" sack	$2 00	
" "	" barrel	$3 25	
DRIED FRUIT.			
Apples	per lb	10	to 12 1-2c
Peaches	"	12 1-2	to 15 c
Prunes	"	121-2c	
Currants	"	121-2c	
PRODUCE.			
Potatoes Irish	per lb	3 c	
" Sweet	" "	2 3-4	to c
Onions	"	5	to 6 c
Butter	"	25 c	
Cheese (cream)	"	25 c	
Eggs	" doz	20 c	
Chickens	" "	$2 00	to $3 00
GRAIN.			
wheat	" bu	75c	to $1 25
corn	" "	90 c	
Oats	" "	65	to 75
MISCELLANEOUS.			
Coal oil	per gal	30 c	
Hides	" lb	10	to 12 1-2 c
Rope		12 1-2	15c
Cotton		8	to 9 c
wool		12 1-2	to 22 c
Lime	bu		
Lumber, rough	M	$25 00	
" matched	M	35 00	
Pecans	bu	2 00	
Tobacco	lb	40c	to 1 00

To the Cattlemen of

Callahan and Adjoining Counties.

There will be a meeting of Cattle Men for the purpose of considering the cow hunts and arranging round-ups for the spring, held at Baird, Callahan county, Texas, on Thursday, March 1st, 1883. All interested are requested to attend. By order of committee. 46 2t

J. F. RETTIG,

—DEALER IN—

Furniture and General House-

Furnishing Goods.

My stock consists of all styles of Furniture, Queensware, Wood and Willow Ware, Cabinet, Hardware, Table Cutlery, Sewing Machines, Etc.

I also have a complete line of Undertaker's goods COFFINS, COFFIN HARDWARE AND TRIMMINGS.

To this line we pay SPECIAL ATTENTION.

Market Street, Baird, Texas

Financial Statement of Callahan County.

OFFICE COUNTY CLERK, CALLAHAN COUNTY,
January 1st, A. D., 1883.

TO THE HONORABLE COMMISSIONERS' COURT:

Gentlemen—Below you will find a Report of the Financial Condition of Callahan county for the quarter ending December 31st, A. D., 1882.

County Warrants.

Month.	Day.	Number.	To Whom Issued	For What Purpose Issued.	Amount.
1882 Oct	9	973	S C Pack	Services as Commissioner	3.00
"	9	974	W T Stayton	Services as Commissioner	3.00
"	9	975	E Hudson	Services as Commissioner	3.00
"	9	976	J F Rettig	Coffin, etc. to bury pauper	16.50
"	10	977	B L Ballamy	Rent of office for County Treasurer	10.00
"	21	978	Jennings Brothers	Books, etc to County Clerk	30.30
"	21	979	Jennings Brothers	Books, etc. to County Clerk	30.50
"	21	980	J W Jones	Keeping guard at Jail	50.00
"	21	981	J W Jones	Services as Sheriff	2.00
Nov	15	982	J M Mathews	Boarding prisoners	40.95
"	15	983	Parker Preslar	Supporting pauper	8.00
"	15	984	W T Stayton	Services as Commissioner	9.00
"	15	985	E Hudson	Services as Commissioner	9.00
"	15	986	Mrs E Tanner	Supporting pauper	24.00
"	15	987	T J Austin	Services as County Judge	25.00
"	15	988	T J Austin	Services as County Judge	6.00
"	18	989	J H Harbert	Services as Coroner	5.00
"	18	990	R C Ware	Services as Sheriff	4.25
"	18	991	Geo D Barnard & Co	Books, etc. to County officers	142.95
"	18	992	Richord Adams	Services as Judge of Election	2.00
"	18	993	J P Brightwell	Services as Assessor (assessing Taxes. etc)	286.30
"	18	994	John W Newman,	Ex-officio services as clerk	50.00
"	18	995	John W Newman	Ex officio services as clerk	75.00
"	18	996	J W Jones	Ex-officio services as Sheriff	50.00
"	18	997	J W Jones	Services as Sheriff	28.90
"	18	998	J W Jones	Guarding jail, etc	25.00
"	18	999	I N Jackson	Taxes paid by mistake, etc., etc.	8.77
"	18	1000	T J Austin	Services as County Judge	25.00
"	18	1001	J W Jones	Services as Sheriff	5.00
"	24	1002	F S Bell	Rent of office for County Attorney	19.50
"	24	1003	R M Turner	Window glass, etc for repairing Court House	2.80
"	24	1004	J W Jones	Wood, etc. furnished Court House	8.00
"	24	1005	J H Anglin	Supporting pauper	10.00
"	24	1006 to 1048 inc.	E S Seay and forty-three others.	Officers of general election held November 7th 1882, each piece for the sum of $2	88.00
"	24	1049	T J Austin	Services as county Judge	24.00
"	24	1050	J W Jones	Services as Sheriff	6.00
"	24	1051	T J Austin	Services as County Judge	9.00
"	24	1052	E Hudson	Services as Commissioner	9.00
"	24	1053	S C Pack	Services as Commissioner	9.00
"	24	1054	E M Wright	Services as Commissioner	9.00
Dec	5	1055	J M Mathews	Boarding prisoners	17.10
"	5	1056	J W Jones	Services as Sheriff	24.00
"	5	1057	W H Cliett	Services as County Judge	9.00
"	5	1058	W H Cliett	Services as County Judge	3.00
"	5	1059	E M Wright	Services as Commissioner	3.00
"	5	1060	E Hudson	Services as Commissioner	3.00
"	5	1061	J W Jones	Services as Sheriff	2.00
"	2	462	W M Jones	Services as juror District Court	4.50
"	2	463	James Heyser	do	6.00
"	2	464	Richard Adams	do	6.00
"	2	465	A J Arvin	do	6.00
"	2	466	H B Eubanks	do	6.00
"	2	467	B F Williams	do	6.00
"	2	468	W B Twomey	do	6.00
"	2	469	Asa Miller	do	6.00
"	2	470	T B Hadley	do	6.00
"	2	471	E G Wagner	do	6.00
"	2	472	J W Day	do	6.00
"	2	473	S L Ogle	do	6.00
"	2	474	J C McCombs	do	16.00
"	2	475	William Atwood	do	10.00
"	2	476	W J Maltby	do	2.00
"	2	477	J C Kelley	do	18.00
"	2	478	L C Helton	do	10.00
"	2	479	D L Dodds	do	10.00
"	2	480	E C Hill	do	10.00
"	2	481	J E Lee	do	10.00
"	2	482	S H French	do	10.00
"	2	483	J C McCarty	do	10.00
"	2	484	A M Miller	do	10.00
"	2	485	W W Foreman	do	10.00
"	2	486	J M Hensley	do	10.00
"	2	487	G W Black	do	10.00
"	2	488	W F Moore	do	10.00
"	2	489	W P Duckett	do	18.00
"	2	490	Y R Williams	do	2.00
"	2	491	Jasper McCoy	do	2.00
"	2	492	A J Nordyke	do	2.00
"	2	493	J M Green	do	6.00
"	2	494	L Hearn	do	4.00
"	2	495	Tom Johnson	do	4.00
"	2	496	E L Huffman	do	6.00
"	2	497	J L Craig	do	2.00
"	2	498	J P Flanagan	do	6.00
"	2	499	J R Clements	do	6.00
"	2	500	C C Hammonds	do	6.00
"	2	501	S W Berry	do	6.00
"	2	502	N Flores	do	6.00
"	2	503	M J Blakley	do	6.00
"	2	504	W L Gilliland	do	6.00
"	2	505	J M Parish	do	8.00
"	2	506	J W Mathews	do	8.00
"	2	507	Henry Akin	do	2.00
"	2	508	Charles Eudick	do	2.00
"	2	509	W C Fisher	do	2.00
"	2	510	W H Wood	do	2.00
"	2	511	I L Hammomds	do	2.00
"	2	512	S W Wilkinson	do	10.00
"	2	513	J H Breeding	Balliff to Grand Jury District Court	10.00
"	2	514	J L Windham	do	15.00
"	2	515	J M Parish	do	5.00
"	2	516	Phillippe Yost	do	8.00
"	2	517	Z R Porter	do	2.00
"	4	241	John Hill	Jury services County Court	2.00
"	4	242	J N Olds	do	2.00
"	4	243	C C Hammond	do	2.00
"	4	244	J M Green	do	2.00
"	4	245	Pleas Jones	do	2.00
"	4	246	S W Wilkinson.	do	2.00

Total Expense last quarter	1,622.51
Amount due by County October 18, 1882	3,047.88
Total	$4,670.39

Receipts.

When Received		From whom Received	On what Account Received	Amounts
1882 Oct	9	J. W Jones, Tax Collect'r	On Assessments of 1881	672 45
Nov	20	N. L. Gist	On Sales of Estrays	73 25
Dec	18	J. A. Denham	do	50 25
"	"	W. H. Gilliland	do	1 12
"	"	E. C. Hill	do	10 10

818.17

Amount due by County 1st of January, 1883 .... $3,852.22

STATE OF TEXAS—CALLAHAN COUNTY. I, I. N. Jackson, Clerk of the County Court in and for the State and County, aforesaid, do hereby certify that the foregoing is a true and correct statement of the Financial condition of Callahan County, for the quarter ending, the 31st day of December, 1882.

Given under my hand and seal of office, on this the 1st day of January, A. D., 1883.

I. N. JACKSON,
Clerk.

In addition to the above general indebtedness there is a Special Jail Debt outstanding of $2,250.00, bearing interest from the 1st day of June, 1880, at the rate of 10 per cent per annum.

I. N. JACKSON,
Clerk.

PH. SCHWARTZ. R. KILPATRICK.

SCHWARTZ & KILPATRICK,

BAIRD, TEXAS.

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Practical Watchmakers.

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DRY GOODS,

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GROCERIES.

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POST OFFICE STORE.

—Agents for the celebrated—

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MONARCH SALOON

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Good Square Drink.

All of the Most Popular brands of WHISKIES AND CIGARS on hands.

J. M. WALKER & CO., Props.

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PUBLISHED EVERY

Saturday Morning

—AT—

Baird, - - Texas.

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EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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The Clarendon.
PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.
BAIRD, TEXAS.

Tommy or Timmy.

Probably the most unique and intricate case that ever puzzled the minds of any tribunal in this great republic has been taxing for a week the judicial abilities of the Supreme Court of this State. To the careless observer the learned Justices have appeared much as usual; but to the keen and profound student of human nature it has been evident that matter of the gravest import has been pressing on the minds of those pure and able men. There was noticed a painful slowness of gait as they passed to and fro from the bench, an unmerited silence at meals, and their calm, austere countenances, "sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought," all showing the almost fathomless cogitation going on within the mystic chambers of their great intellects. Those near and dear to them have also been struck with the atmosphere of intellectual preoccupation which, night after night, has hung about them, as in the solitude of their respective chambers they have been observed to bend their sternly-knitted brows over musty tomes for hours at a time, in the absorbing search for some gem, tangled as it were, among the very weeds which shoot up from the lost bottom of the vast ocean of legal truth.

The simplest statement of the case of Manning against Mitcherson staggers the most astute mind. On the Island of Doboy, near the City of Savannah, live two most estimable ladies, refined, cultured and comfortable—one Mrs. Manning, the other Mrs. Mitcherson. These excellent ladies and next-door neighbors were the happy owners of a canary bird each, whose cheery chirp and warbling song made the daily lives of their owners flow along as sweetly and as smoothly as flows the lovely Savannah, which softly kisses the smiling shores near the mansions whereon the cages gently swung. The names of the precious warblers are not given, out of consideration for the family probably, but for identification one may be called Tommy and the other Timmy. The reader, fancying he hears Tommy singing in the porch of Mrs. Manning and evoking strains responsive from Timmy in the porch of Mrs. Mitcherson, may form a faint idea of the ineffable bliss filling the heart of each lady as she reflected how utterly harsh and discordant were the notes of the bird she did not have the misfortune to possess. The birds were both of the top-knot species, and were so much alike in size, color and ensemble that it was impossible to distinguish one from the other. Indeed, as the worthy minister of the two families remarked: "They were so much apart that you couldn't tell 'em alike." However, in the month of October, 1881, Tommy got lost, and a shadow hung over the Manning mansion. In the December following Timmy got lost, and a cloud hung over the Mitcherson piazza. But on the joyous new year morning of 1882 a male inhabitant, name not given, of the Island of Doboy, while strolling on the strand under the overhanging magnolias, captured a canary bird which he at once recognized as the long-lost Tommy, and turned it over to Mrs. Manning. Learning of this important happening, Mrs. Mitcherson gazed upon the little captive and was convinced that it was none other than her own dear little lost Timmy. This Mrs. Manning denied, and when Mrs. Mitcherson demanded the bird Mrs. Manning refused to surrender it, claiming it as her property, whereupon Mrs. Mitcherson had recourse to the majesty of the law and forthwith sued out a possessory warrant to recover the alleged Timmy.

The case was brought before a justice of the peace and many witnesses were introduced on both sides. The question was one purely of identity, and the testimony was wonderfully conflicting, a score swearing to the best of their belief that Tommy was Timmy, and an equal number attesting that Timmy was Tommy. "But Timmy had his top-knot parted exactly in the middle," triumphantly asserted Mrs. Mitcherson, and the Mitcherson wing of the litigation was about to take possession of the bird when the Manning faction came to the rescue armed with a number of oaths that Tommy also parted his hair exactly in the middle. The justice, after a night of mental agony, gave his decision, and delivered the bird to Mrs. Mitcherson. Mrs. Manning's lawyer at once resorted to a certiorari, and the case was appealed to the Superior Court, in which, after an exciting contest, the decision of the justice's court was affirmed. But firm in the conviction that it was Tommy and not Timmy, and in the belief that justice had been thwarted, the representatives of Mrs. Manning appealed to a still higher tribunal, and the case of Manning against Mitcherson—Tommy and Timmy—found its way to the Supreme Court, the controlling question in the argument being whether the bird was *fera natura* (wild by nature). The case had already cost over $500. Mrs. Mitcherson, it is true, had Timmy, or Tommy, but she was obliged to give a bond for double the value of Tommy, or Timmy, to relinquish him if he was not hers. The case was to have been decided on Saturday last, as appears from the stenographic report of its analysis by the learned judge, who said:

"In this cause it appears that two ladies of Savannah, Mrs. Mannerson and Mrs. Mitching, had two canary birds, that belonging to Mrs. Mammy being named Tommering, and the one belonging to Mrs. Timmering being named Mitcherson. Mrs. Tommerson loses her bird Mitching, and a short time after Mrs. Timmerton loses her bird Mannington. As I understand it, Mrs. Tomming and Mrs. Timmington entered the Justice's Court with one of the recovered birds in dispute as to the ownership, the Justice deciding for Mrs. Timmyton, whereupon Mrs. er-ker Mizzes-er Tommyring. Ahem! As I said, Mizzes Tomytimmy. This Court reserves its decision until next week, owing to the press of other matters."

To-day Mrs. Mitcherson was made happy, the learned Judge having, by a period of rest, recovered the use of his faculties, penetrated the intricacies of the case, and given a decision in her favor. Ere this Timmy is probably warbling sweetly upon the Mitcherson porch in consonance with the happy thoughts animating his mistress, while no responsive strain comes from Tommy's empty cage.—*Atlanta Cor. Chicago Times.*

—For a delicious dessert take three-quarters of a pound of prunes; sweeten to taste, and stew; when thoroughly cold add the whites of four eggs beaten to a stiff froth; stir all together until light, and put in a dish and bake about twenty minutes. When cold cover with good cream and serve.—*Chicago Times.*

Where the Oil Interest Centers.

The oil-producing fields of Pennsylvania and New York are situated at intervals along a line making an angle of forty-five degrees with the parallels of latitude, and extending from Alleghany County, N. Y., down through Pennsylvania in a southwest direction to the West Virginia border. The long and narrow maps of the region are bounded at the top and bottom by forty-five-degree lines; the right hand margin is the northeast limit, the left hand the southwest, and the parallels and meridian lines make Xs on the sheet. In the reports of operations printed periodically, the oil-producing territory is divided into the Alleghany field, in Alleghany County, a tract some twelve miles long and two and one-half wide; the Bradford field, in McKean County, Penn., and Cattaraugus County, N. Y., an irregular tract about twenty miles long, and from three to nine in width; the Warren and Forest field, in the counties of those names in Pennsylvania, comprising four or five small tracts; and the Lower field, in Venango, Butler, Clarion and Armstrong Counties, Penn., which field was the scene of the first great oil excitement something like a score of years ago. The Bradford field is by far the most productive. Its eleven or twelve thousand wells yield considerably more than half of the oil produced. It was opened in the fall of 1877. It is now regarded as a fully-developed field. The Alleghany field is next in importance as regards production. It was opened in April of last year. About two thousand producing wells are in this field and many new ones are opened every month.

The Lower field is regarded, like the Bradford and Alleghany fields, as being pretty accurately outlined by dry holes; and it is not expected that any new well opened in either of these fields will break the market.

The Warren and Forest field, however, is in part unexplored by the bit of the driller. In this field is the famous Cherry Grove tract where, in May last, the jumbo of oil wells, "646," was opened; where, a few weeks later, a city had grown up; where at one time three wells were spouting 3,000 barrels of oil each every twenty-four hours; where nearly 30,000 barrels a day was the production of the completed wells during the month of August, sending the price of oil down from eighty-five cents a barrel to less than fifty cents; and where now there is little but drained rock below ground, and a rather dull oil settlement above. But in the southern end of this field are the tracts toward which the attention of producers and speculators is drawn more than toward any other. The wildcat venture in this vicinity was the Shannon well, opened about the middle of last September, which flowed very strongly at first. The Anchor Oil Company put down a well near by, which was opened toward the last of November with a good showing. Many other wells are drilling in this region. Whatever happens in the field to greatly influence the market in the near future is likely to take place in this undeveloped tract; and until some other wildcat venture opens a pool equally promising, the attention of speculators will be directed toward this field.—*Bradford (Pa.) Cor. N. Y. Sun.*

The Robber and the Editor.

"Listen, my children," said a venerable man, "and I will tell you a story, beautiful and true. Once upon a time there was a bad, bold robber, who had his haunt in the wilds of a mountain. At the foot of the mountain, in the valley, was a village. It was not a very large village, yet in it a newspaper was printed. The robber looked upon the editor of the newspaper as being the chief man of the village, and thought he must be very rich. So one dark night he came down from his den in the mountain and stole into the dwelling of the editor and then into the room where he slept. The editor, being a good man, slept as soundly and sweetly as a child. The robber searched all the place, but could not find the caskets of gold and diamonds he had supposed to be stored up in the room. He then put his hands in all the pockets of the clothes of the editor, but found no money in any of them. The robber then stood for a time as in a stupor. He was like one awakened from a dream. He listened for some moments to the deep, regular breathing of the sleeping editor, and as he stood so he began to feel sad. The heart of the bold, bad man was touched. Quietly he took from his purse $4.75, placed the money in the pantaloons pocket of the editor, and softly stole from the house. In the morning, when the editor got up and put on his pantaloons there was a jingle as of money. A look of astonishment came into the face of the editor. He put his hand into his pocket and drew out the money. When he saw this great wealth the knees of the editor smote together; he turned pale, fainted, and fell to the floor, and there lay as one who is dead."

"Oh! oh! grandfather, did they catch the bad robber man and hang him on a tree?"

"No, my dears, they did not catch the bad, bold robber. He is still living. From that day he reformed, and got a place as cashier in a big bank, where you will be glad to hear that he is doing well and is greatly respected by all in his church."

"And the poor editor man, grandfather! What became of him?"

"Ah, yes, my darlings! I had almost forgotten him. Well, when he came out of his faint, and his eyes again saw all the money lying about the room where it had fallen, he was sorely perplexed. At last he felt sure it had been quietly placed in his pocket in the night by a great and rich neighbor, who owned a tanyard, and was running for the Legislature. So for days and days he printed in his paper whole columns of praise of the rich neighbor, who was elected to the office, and ever after the two men were the greatest friends. Thus, my dears, do good actions always meet with their reward."—*Virginia City Enterprise.*

—The New York, New Haven & Hartford Railroad lowered its rates of passenger fare two years ago to about two cents a mile, and the increase of receipts for passengers the next year was thirty per cent., which, in 1882, rose to forty four per cent.—*New Haven Register.*

—Nearly every article of clothing belonging to the late Mrs. Maria Appleby, who died at Morristown, N. J., aged 105 years, was found to contain rolls of bank-bills. A pair of shoes in her bureau were filled with coin. Nearly $8,000 was found.—*Newark Register.*

—A pensioner in Natchez was awarded $1,000 and the claim agent who collected it gave him $150 and kept $850 for his services. Lucky for the pensioner that he had fallen into the hands of an honest claim agent and didn't lose the $150 also!—*Detroit Post.*

HOME AND FARM.

—Broken limbs should be placed in natural positions and the patient kept quiet until the surgeon arrives.

—Sheep are frequently troubled with sore lips caused by dry feed. One or two applications of sulphur and lard will effect a cure.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—A French chemist reports that water made slightly salt, and to which, when boiling, bran in the proportion of one quart to every gallon has been added, has been found in a series of experiments to increase the yield of milk twenty-five per cent., if given to the cows in their ordinary drink.

—The aphis, or green fly, is one of the most troublesome enemies of top-grown plants. It is most easily destroyed by syringing the plants twice a week with a tea made from tobacco stems, moving them up and down until the insects are thoroughly washed off. This will also destroy other insects.—*Chicago Times.*

—Before going to bed have a kettle of hot water ready. Put some in a shallow tin and hold the frosted part of the foot in it—not the whole foot, but one frosted spot after another—for ten or twenty minutes, keeping the water just as hot as you can bear it. Then pour a little cold water over the frosted parts and thoroughly rub them dry. Follow this plan three nights, have shoes good size, and the cure is effectual.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—To make an apple-custard pie, take one pint of sweet milk, and one pint of apple sauce; beat this sauce till it is smooth, and entirely free from lumps; then stir it in the milk; sweeten this well—a good full cup of sugar will be needed, and if the apples are tart more will be required; to this add three well beaten eggs, flavor with lemon, and bake with under crust only.—*N. Y. Post.*

—Irrigation has been tried in Western Kansas with marvelous results. Formerly it was thought that the dry plains stretching toward the Arkansas River were useless for agricultural purposes. The light and fickle rainfall, the dry air, the hot winds, and the long summers were supposed to constitute a combination of unfavorable elements that it would be impossible to overcome. But broad ditches were dug that distributed the waters of the Arkansas over these tracts, and now they bloom like a garden. The crops yielded the past year were astonishing. Onions were raised at the rate of 500 bushels to the acre, oats 100 bushels, and other products in similar proportion.—*Denver Tribune.*

—The cow pea, says the *Nebraska Farmer*, may be raised with corn and serve a good purpose therein. It grows vigorously and has an immense vine which completely shelters the ground within its reach and prevents rapid evaporation. In this it serves to keep the soil in a better condition for the corn. This is contrary to the general rule, but when the reasons are properly understood it appears plain why it should be so. To raise them with corn we plant after the last plowing in the center of the row. The hills should not be nearer than four feet apart. Raised in this way the cost is only for seed and planting. To make the best fodder the crop should be gathered before it is fully ripe, but it will pay well to plant for pasture.

Foresight in Farming.

Every farmer should have a memorandum-book in his pocket, in which should be jotted down certain items of labor, whenever he may think about them. Then, when he may be hesitating as to what he or his employes can do advantageously during some pleasant day, the record of items will not fail to render him valuable aid. The farmer who does not take such thought for the future and plan operations for weeks and months, and sometimes for years ahead, will always be grumbling that his work is behind its appropriate season. Let me illustrate by experiences from real life.

A near neighbor was always at the tail end of the revolving seasons. During winter he would go several times with two horses and sleigh more than five miles to the grocery store to make a few purchases; and perhaps he would take two or three bagfuls of grain to mill. But in spring, when the wheeling became about as heavy as possible, he could be seen dragging a heavy load of grain to mill to be ground for feed. Well, when the sleighing was excellent his grain was not threshed. By being behind, he sustained losses in several ways. Rats and mice destroyed bushels of his grain. His domestic animals suffered and grew poor for lack of the food and comfort which they should have received from the straw. If his grain had been threshed at the proper time a team would have been able to draw fifty bushels, when the sleighing was fine, with less fatigue than they could haul ten bushels over muddy roads.

Another neighbor had commenced plowing, but soon learned that the old stub of a plow-point could not be made to enter the hard places in his field, so he hurried off to get a new one. During the winter he had been to the city several times, when he could have purchased the share, and thus saved half a day, and ninety-five cents for his fare on the cars. Two weeks after his grass was fit to cut he took out his machine, but before he could start it he was obliged to go to the city to procure a new knife for the cutter-bar, which required another half day and ninety-five cents, besides other losses. By being "a day behind" he failed to get his hay ready for the barn in time to avoid damage incident to a drenching rain. Rain continued, and the weather continued lowering and unfavorable, until his crop of hay was rendered almost worthless for fodder. If he had not been behindhand that one day, which was spent in fitting up his mower, every pound of hay could have been secured in prime condition. That loss in the value of his hay by being damaged by a long rain amounted to more than forty dollars.

When the vernal seedtime had almost passed neighbor Tardy woke up to a sense of the propriety of sowing millet on a few acres. So he started for the city to purchase seed. But, just before it was received at his station, a long period of wet weather set in, which rendered it necessary to defer sowing until the latter part of May. Sowing late, immediately after a long period of wet weather, which was succeeded by a drought, was the cause of a light crop. The reader can perceive, at a glance, how much one day in the winter would have facilitated the farming operations of that laggard farmer, and how many dollars would have been gained by way of a larger crop, if the seed had been purchased and been ready for the soil as soon as the ground was prepared. "Take time by the hair," said Kossuth. "Forecast with care," say we all; remembering that the best returns are to those who keep a little in advance of the most appropriate period to plow, sow, cultivate and mow.—*S. E. F., in the N. Y. Tribune.*

A Phenomenal Hen.

Talk about smart hens! If you have a hen that knows any more than one of my Plymouth Rock pullets, just trot her out! Last fall that independent young female, utterly disregarding the advice and warnings of her friends and relatives, escaped from home in company with a young rooster and the two set up housekeeping outside. Several times we tried to induce that erring couple to return to the ways of civilized hens and the shelter of the hen-house, but our well-meant efforts were in vain. By day they foraged around the barn-yard for a living, and by night they roosted in the highest branches of an old lightning-blasted apple tree back of the barn. They seemed to be perfectly happy, and so I let them alone. About the time that the zero weather came along the little pullet was missing, but the "partner of her joys and sorrows" did not seem to feel very badly about it; he strutted around with a knowing air, just as if he could tell something that would astonish us. Yesterday morning while I was rummaging around in the old corn barn, I heard a funny little cluck that seemed to proceed from a barrel close at hand. Knowing that barrels didn't usually make such sounds, I proceeded to investigate, and what do you think I found? Why, that depraved pullet sat there right in the middle of about a half bushel of turkey feathers with nine little downy chickens cuddled under her, and when I looked into the barrel the impudent thing looked up and winked at me! And right behind me that rooster crowed loud and long, just as if he did anything about hatching those chicks! But then that is just the way with the male half of creation. Let a woman do anything that amounts to something and some man will stand up before her, or behind her, or somewhere 'round, and do all the crowing!—*Fanny Field, in Prairie Farmer.*

A Remarkable Fish.

During the recent scientific cruise of the Travailleur there was taken off the coasts of Morocco, and from a depth of about 1,270 fathoms, a fish of very singular character. It is about a foot and a-half long and of a deep black color. Its most distinguishing feature, however, is a huge mouth cavity, which is quite disproportionate to the small, tapering body, and capable, through the arrangement of the jaws, presence of extensible membranes, etc., (as M. Vailant describes in *Comptes Rendus*), of very wide enlargement of the cavity. It may be fitly compared to the well-known pouch of the pelican, and M. Vailant thinks it probable that food accumulates in the pouch and is there partly digested. The locomotive organs are of the most rudimentary nature. The paired fins are represented merely by two very small appendices, which may be considered pectoral fins; there are no ventral fins, but a dorsal and anal are present. The respiratory apparatus is of unique composition. There is no swimming bladder. It is proposed to call this peculiar fish *Eurypharynx pelecanoides* (the fish with the pelican-like, wide pharynx, so to speak).—*London Times.*

—Lawrence Mackey is a little of a crank on the subject of collecting ancient coins. Yesterday Uncle Mose, whom Mackey used to own before the war, approached his old master on Austin avenue and said to him: "Am it a fac, boss, dat you pay liberally for rare coins?" Mr. Mackey said that such was his habit. "Well, den," responded Mose, handing over a coin, "gib me a dollar, and you may add dat coin to yer collection." "Why, that's not a rare coin—that's only a quarter." "I tell you, ole marster, a quarter of a dollar am a berry rare coin wid dis poor old niggah dese times. Loan me a dollar, ole marster." He got it.—*Texas Siftings.*

At a Bad Time.

Commander J. B. Coghlan, U. S. N., writes to us from the Navy Yard at Mare Island, Cal.—An enforced residence of two years in California made me the subject of most painful attacks of rheumatism. Consultation upon my case by eminent Naval and other surgeons failed to afford me the slightest relief. Dr. Hoyle recommended to me St. Jacobs Oil, the happy result of the use of which was my *complete and wonderful cure.*—*Washington (D. C.) Army and Navy Register.*

No Wonder.—They were a pair from the country, perhaps on a "bridle tower." As they walked up Fifth avenue, the young man pointed out this and that residence as belonging to Mr. So-and-so, although it was the first time he was ever on the street. "Those people must be awful rich," sighed the girl at last. "Yaas, rather comfortable off." "What do you suppose they work at?" "Oh, they are all speculators," he said. "Why don't you speculate?" she very timidly inquired. "'Cause we haven't got any opportunities in our town," he promptly answered. "Here in New York there is a fortune-teller on every corner, and a woman who dreams about stocks and wheat and oats in the middle of the block; and it's no wonder these fellers heap up the money. I could do the same thing if we had some one in our town who was born under the dog-star and nursed on the milky-way.—*N. Y. Star.*

Perfect Manhood.

Many young and middle-aged men suffer from an exhaustive drain that weakens every organic function, and is hurtful to both mind and body, ending often in extreme nervous debility. To counteract this evil influence and to strengthen the organs affected, use Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla. It has cured thousands.

A Jasper County (Ga.) man rejoices (?) in the name of Younger Funger Outyonder Standfarther Oxit John Quixote Pligo Hedgeth.—*Boston Transcript.*

The success of an architect's plans depend very much upon what construction you put upon them.—*Boston Post.*

An employe in the Pennsylvania station at Jersey City narrowly escaping striking a careless woman with a hand-truck he was pushing. Turning upon him with flashing eyes and flushing cheeks she said: "If you had hit me with that I'd a smacked you right in the face." After apologizing he said: "But, madam, I have yet to see the day when a properly administered 'smack' from a comely woman caused me to quail."

The meanest slight a girl can put upon an admirer is to use a postal card in refusing an offer of marriage. It proves that she doesn't actually care two cents for him.

It is said to require $50,000,000 to take care of the egg business of this country. Verily, the hatchways of the ship of State need many repairs.—*The Drummer.*

The proprietors of ice houses make many a cool thousand in the course of a year.—*Lowell Courier.*

Asking a man to lend you a dollar or two and being waived off, is one of the boldest waives that we know anything about.—*Rochester Post-Express.*

A man in Boston has invented a stone-cutting machine which can do the work of sixty-four men. Better sentence it to the State Prison.—*Boston Post.*

Tomato red is the fashionable shade of hair. Some people can't bear it, while others can. Tin can.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

A woman may do many questionable things during her life-time, but when it comes to her wedding she always stands up for the rite.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

"Curious."—No; a miner is not eligible to public office in the United States. To occupy any elective office, he must first attain his majority.

ELDER MOSE KITE.

His Hair-Breadth Escapes from Seen and Unseen Foes.

Troy Kansas Chief, January 18, 1883.

Most of our older citizens well remember Mose Kite (who lived in Petersburg Bottom), the hero of our State's early political history, who was of stalwart build and powerful physique; who in 1858 led a colony of our people to Pike's Peak; who fought the Indians on the plains and was shot through the body; who on his return here after the rebellion was converted and baptized by Elder Henshall, of the Christian Church at Petersburg Bottom, and became a revival preacher of celebrity all through this section. They will also recall the fact that, attacked with consumption and reduced to a skeleton, he was obliged to remove to the Rockies in the hope of saving his life. None thought he would succeed. Last fall, however, the editor of this paper met him at the head of the Republican River, bigger and more robust than ever. "Why, I thought you had died of consumption long, long ago, Elder!"

"Me! I never had consumption, man! though people thought that was what ailed me, and I thought so myself. But the doctors had sent me on a wild-goose chase after a dozen other diseases, just as fatal, and this was the wildest one of all."

The good Elder then recounted to us, in a charming vein, his many adventures in the rough and ready life he had led, "but," he said, "remarkable as you may think my war-like life has been, I have a much more interesting story to tell you."

"You know what a rough, noisy fellow I used to be; and I could stand any hardship. Why, on a wager, I have knocked down an ox and a mule with my fist. I have fought ruffians, border outlaws and Indians; but I was

DOGGED FOR YEARS

by a more dangerous unseen enemy that was ever getting me more completely in his clutches. I was shot by an Indian in a fight on the plains, but that wound healed readily and gave me but little trouble. After I returned to Kansas and commenced preaching, I first began to give way. I had a dull feeling, accompanied with a pain in the right side. Dr. Butler, our family physician, said my liver was out of order, caused by the malaria of the bottoms. I had always had an appetite like an ostrich, but my digestion became seriously impaired. While on the circuit preaching, I consulted a doctor, who said I had dyspepsia. After that, distressing palpitation of the heart followed, and the physician said this was caused by my indigestion and diseased liver, which would probably terminate fatally. Sometimes I had a ravenous appetite, at others none at all. I was feverish and then chilly. My food seemed to do me no good. A specialist told me I had a tape-worm! Then I was troubled with unusual quantities of water and a frequent desire to urinate, which was done with difficulty and great pain. The specialist said I had a touch of the gravel, caused by use of the alkaline water of the plains. I then began to suffer severe pains in the loins and the small of the back, accompanied with sudden attacks of dizziness, during which I had to sit or lie down, to avoid falling. I was forced to abandon

TRAVELING AND PREACHING,

because I could no longer ride on horseback, or trust myself out alone. I began to be seriously alarmed, and sought the advice of the most noted physician within reach. He said that my frequent horseback riding had jolted and jarred me until the old Indian wound, which had injured my kidneys, had become inflamed. He treated me with medicines and electricity also, but gave me no permanent benefit. My painful symptoms all returned. I began to cough, got very thin and my legs were disagreeably numb. I began to despair. At each attempt to cure, my ailments became worse, with new symptoms. I next consulted a celebrated physician from the East, who, after thumping and examining me, stated that I was in an advanced stage of consumption and threatened with diabetes and paralysis! He thought I might possibly prolong my life for a year or two, by seeking a higher and drier climate. This was my condition when the people in your part of the country last saw me.

Then I started for the Rockies, but liked this country, and settled here. At first the change helped me, but about three years ago the benefit ceased. Then I failed so rapidly that I could be out of bed only part of each day. All my old symptoms returned. At this crisis, a party of Eastern gentlemen,

ON A BUFFALO HUNT,

made my house their headquarters. In the party was a Dr. Wakefield, who informed me that I had a bad case of incurable Bright's Disease, and gave me a preparation which might, he said, ease me for a few weeks or months, but that was the best that could be done. Around the bottle was a newspaper. Now a newspaper was a rarity in our home, and I sat in my chair looking it over when my eye providentially fell upon an article relating a most wonderful cure of Bright's disease—the very malady that was killing me—by the use of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, (of Rochester, N. Y.). Convinced that further delay would be fatal, and everything else failing, the next morning I dispatched one of my boys to the nearest railroad station, many miles distant, to obtain a bottle of the Safe Cure. The druggist said the demand for the Cure was so great he could not keep it in stock, and he had to send to Kansas City for more. It was more than a week before it arrived, and I was daily getting weaker. But it came at last, and I at once began to take it. When I told Dr. Wakefield what I was taking he gave me a look, half of scorn, half of pity, as much as to say:

'POOR FELLOW!

he is putting his trust in a humbug.' Nevertheless I persevered, and for the past year and a half I have been as stout and rugged as I ever was in my life. After escaping the attacks of Indians and half a dozen doctors, I was lying at the mercy of a still more dreadful foe that was about giving me the finishing blow, when that great remedy stepped in, slew my adversary, and placed me firmly on my feet once more. I have commenced preaching again; for I look upon the circumstances and manner of my cure as a direct interposition of Providence, and to Providence are my services due. That is my story. I think it is as good as a romance—and much better, for it is true."

Such is the substance, and very nearly the language of Elder Kite's narrative. Those who read it, and are suffering, may benefit by his experience, if they will follow his example.

A guarantee of good faith—giving a church $10,000.—*Puck.*

Instantly Relieved.

Mrs. Ann Lacour, of New Orleans, La., writes: I have a son who has been sick for two years; he has been attended by our leading physicians, but all to no purpose. This morning he had his usual spell of coughing, and was so greatly prostrated in consequence, that death seemed imminent. We had in the house a bottle of Dr. Wm. Hall's Balsam for the Lungs, purchased by my husband, who noticed your advertisement yesterday. We administered it according to directions and he was instantly relieved.

Men keep up appearances. Shabby genteel gentlemen who are actually suffering for food will complain of gout.—*Boston Post.*

*** "In choosing allies, look to their power as well as to their will to aid you." In choosing a remedy for bowel, liver and kidney diseases, try Kidney-Wort, and you will never regret it. If you are subject to ague you must be sure to keep your liver, bowels and kidneys in good free condition. When so, you will be safe from all attacks.

It was Mazzini who said: "Slumber not in the tents of your columns." But it is impossible to avoid slumbering in the contents of some columns.

A specific, and the only one too for all *forms* and types of skin disease, is known the world over as Dr. Benson's Skin Cure. It is not a patent medicine, but a reliable, certain remedy. Druggists.

In Siam the people worship the elephant. In this country they only want to see him.—*N. O. Picayune.*

Personal!

The Voltaic Belt Co., Marshall, Mich., will send Dr. Dye's Celebrated Electro-Voltaic Belts and Electric Appliances on trial for thirty days to men (young or old) who are afflicted with nervous debility, lost vitality and kindred troubles, guaranteeing speedy and complete restoration of health and manly vigor. Address as above. N. B.—No risk is incurred, as thirty day's trial is allowed.

Alvin Clark & Sons are again making "the largest telescope in the world." It will go to Russia. The largest telescope is getting to be as numerous as the oldest Mason.—*Lowell Courier.*

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it. 25c.

Rheumatism Cured. Send stamp for free prescription. R. K. Helphenstine, Washington, D. C.

"As two boxes of *Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills cured a friend of neuralgia, whom the Drs. here couldn't help, I'll send for some for myself.*" Clifford Shand, Windsor, Nova Scotia.

"What is the boundary that separates a smile from a tear?" "Give it up." "The nose."

"Became Sound and Well."

Hatcher's Station, Ga., March 27, 1876.

R. V. Pierce, M. D.: *Dear Sir*—My wife, who had been ill for over two years, and had tried many other medicines, became sound and well by using your "Favorite Prescription." My niece was also cured by its use, after several physicians had failed to do her any good.

Your truly, Thomas J. Methvin.

The proper place for a corner in coal—down the cellar.—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

Young men, and middle aged ones, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses, send three stamps for Part VII of Dime Series Books. Address World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N.Y.

The reason why a rumor travels is because it gains currency, and, therefore, makes money and can afford to travel.

Sick and bilious headache, and all derangements of stomach and bowels, cured by Dr. Pierce's "Pellets"—or anti-bilious granules. 25 cents a vial. No cheap boxes to allow waste of virtues. By druggists.

Questions in natural history—What does a catamount to?

For Throat Diseases, Coughs, Colds, etc., effectual relief is found in the use of "*Brown's Bronchial Troches.*" Sold only in boxes.

In the spring the trees will start a branch business. Do you twig?—*N. Y. News.*

Wells' "Rough on Corns." Ask for it. Complete, permanent cure. Corns, warts, bunions.

It is now fashionable to speak of the night robe as a nap-sack.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

Stinging irritation, inflammation, all Kidney Complaints, cured by "Buchupaiba." $1.

"For nobby wear," says the Boston *Transcript*, "there is nothing like a darned stocking."

Russia Salve is the universal remedy for burns, scalds, cuts, bruises and flesh wounds.

A counterfeiter would make a good compositor, as he follows copy so closely and never drops a line.

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HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS
Invalids, broken down in health and spirits by chronic dyspepsia, or suffering from the terrible exhaustion that follows the attacks of acute disease, the testimony of thousands who have been raised as by a miracle from a similar state of prostration by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, is a sure guarantee that by the same means you, too, may be strengthened and restored.
For sale by all Druggists and dealers generally.

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I have a positive remedy for the above disease; by its use thousands of cases of the worst kind and of long standing have been cured. Indeed, so strong is my faith in its efficacy, that I will send TWO BOTTLES FREE, together with a VALUABLE TREATISE on this disease, to any sufferer. Give Express and P. O. address. DR. T. A. SLOCUM, 181 Pearl St., New York.

Send $2 to A. W. Hamilton & Co., Ann Arbor, Mich., for Dr. Chase's Family Physician.—Best, fast. Agents Wanted. Watson's Interest Tables $3.50.

Rejoice, Rejoice, "He is Alive Again." "Was Lost, but is Found."

Under date of July 9, 1882, Mr. E. B. Bright, of Windsor Locks, Conn., writes a plain modest narrative, which, from its very simplicity, has the true ring of fine gold. He says:

"My father is using Hunt's Remedy and seems to be improving, in fact, he is very much better than he has been for a long time. He had been tapped three times. The first time they got from him sixteen quarts of water, the second time thirteen quarts, and fully as much more the third time, and he would constantly fill up again every time after he had been tapped, until he commenced using Hunt's Remedy, which acted like magic in his case, as he began to improve at once, and now his watery accumulation passes away through the secretions naturally, and he has none of that swelling or filling up which was so frequent before the functions of the kidneys were restored by the use of Hunt's Remedy. He is a well-known citizen of this place, and has always been in business here."

Again he writes, Nov. 27, 1882:

"I beg most cheerfully and truthfully to state, in regard to Hunt's Remedy, that its use was the saving of my father's life. I spoke to you in my previous letter in regard to his being tapped three times. It is the most remarkable case that has ever been heard of in this section. For a man of his age (sixty years) it is a most remarkable cure. He had been unable to attend to his business more than a year, and was given up by the doctors.

"The first bottle of Hunt's Remedy that he used gave instant relief. He has used in all seven bottles, and continues to use it whenever he feels drowsy or sluggish, and it affords instant relief. He is now attending to his regular business, and has been several months. I am perfectly willing that you should publish this letter, as we thoroughly believe that father's life was saved by using Hunt's Remedy, and these facts given above may be a benefit to others suffering in like manner from disease or inaction of the kidneys and liver.'

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The good and staunch old stand-by, MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT, has done more to assuage pain, relieve suffering, and save the lives of men and beasts than all other liniments put together. Why? Because the Mustang penetrates through skin and flesh to the very bone, driving out all pain and soreness and morbid secretions, and restoring the afflicted part to sound and supple health.

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