Callahan County Clarendon.

"THE GREATEST GOOD TO THE GREATEST NUMBER."

W. R. LOTZ Editor and Proprietor. BAIRD, TEXAS, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1881. VOL. II.—NO. 28.

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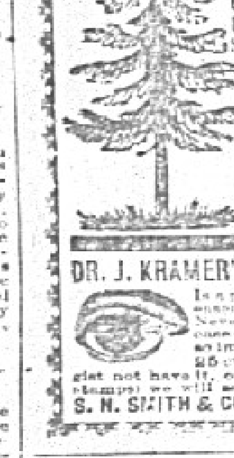
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AN AUTUMN SONG.

'Twas in the spring we met, my dear,
One showery April day;
The grass was full of violets
And pretty buds of May.
I looked at you, you looked at me,
The birds began to sing,
And on each bush rain-jewels hung
When we met in the spring.

'Twas in the fragrant summer, dear;
The roses everywhere
Were blushing with a proud delight
To find themselves so fair,
When I your sweet, red lips, my dear,
No longer could resist,
And you confessed you loved me, dear,
In summer, when we kissed.

'Twas in the lovely autumn, dear;
The fields were rich in grain,
Bright berries gleamed on wayside vines,
And glowed along the lane,
And all the trees were gayly dressed
In russet, gold and red—
In autumn, when the grapes were ripe
And we, my dear, were wed.

Then blessed be spring, for it first showed
Your sunny face to me;
And blessed be summer for it heard
You vow my love to be;
And doubly blessed be autumn for
The crowning of my life,
It saw that happy day, my dear,
When you became my wife.

—*Margaret Eytinge, in Harper's Weekly.*

PHEBE'S COURAGE.

"Not quite as homely as a hedge-fence, I hope," sighed little Phebe Palmer, as she took her sewing out under the old elm that hot afternoon. "I wonder if I shall ever look handsome to any one? I wonder if I shall ever be of any real service to any one. I ought to be of as much use as Tom—and—I don't know but I am."

The last words brought a bright flush to her cheek. She knew she could do her part in the household, though she could not bring in the money as Tom did. Tom was considered a bright, handsome fellow; he inherited his mother's beauty, while Phebe was a little, plain, brown wren, with loving blue eyes and the sweetest smile in the world. Your heart would have warmed to her if you had seen her on that hazy, August afternoon, as she sat under the splendid elm, just on the right of the unpretentious front-door, looking through whose shaded vista one might have seen two pretty children playing among the roses in the cool back garden. Phebe leaned back and smiled as she heard their merry voices. She felt as if she had a monopoly in all the pleasant sights and sounds about her. As far as the eye could see there was nothing but gardens and pretty nestling houses. The work was done in-doors. A fresh batch of her best doughnuts awaited Tom's coming, with his man's appetite; the bread and pies were baked for the week. What if Miss Magpie had said she was as homely as a hedge-fence? words which some injudicious friend had repeated to her; she was healthy and busy and happy, and Tom and her mother loved her, and she loved Tom and her mother with an all-absorbing love, and gladly worked for them. When she went in to set the table, she surprised her mother wiping her eyes.

"Why, mother, what's the matter?" she asked.

The gray head was shaken, but the lips said nothing for some moments; then, as if driven by a terrible impulse, Mrs. Palmer, "the widow Palmer," as she was called, looked up at Phebe with eyes full of grief, as she said:

"Tom is going to be married."

"Well"—and Phebe paused a moment to fortify herself, for the news was sudden to her—"we always expected that he would get married sometime, didn't we? Jenny is such a good girl, you know. We all love her."

"Yes, but I hoped it wouldn't be for some years yet. It will make such a difference in the house, for, of course Jenny must come here. Tom hasn't business enough to support two separate families. Well, well, we must be resigned."

It seemed so odd to Phebe to hear her mother talk about being resigned, while her own mind was running upon the wedding and gay times, on the new muslin dress up stairs, which would have to be made now, and upon the acquisition of such a pretty, amiable sister-in-law, who would fill the house with sunshine, and make the time pass quickly till Tom came home, both looking for him, that she knew not what to answer.

"At any rate," she said, unthinkingly, as she proceeded to lay the table for supper, "it will be a good deal better than burying him."

How often she thought of those words afterward, and for how long, particularly as her mother made answer:

"Well, I don't know"—and added, disconsolately—"marriages seem to me sometimes like funerals."

Phebe laughed and chatted away, trying to console her mother, who was given to looking on the dark side of things. Then the clock struck six, and they watched for Tom, whose day it was to go to the city for goods—for Tom drove a wagon and sold the lighter and finer kinds of tinware—having bought himself a route—when they saw Jenny running up the rose-bordered path to the house, her pink-calico sun-bonnet in her hand, her cheeks pale, her hair disarranged.

"Hasn't Tom come?" she cried, bursting in. "No, of course not—but, oh, dear, I heard of an accident, and it sent me cold all over. I shall be wretched now till Tom comes."

"An accident!" exclaimed the Widow Palmer, letting her needle fall from nerveless hands. "Oh, dear! I've been feeling all day as if something was going to happen. What did you hear?"

"I was down at the store, and while I was there two men, strangers, came in. They said they had come from the Five Corners, and people were talking of a train being run into—the very one that Tom is coming in."

The little group sat there speechless and troubled, even the children's voices were hushed as they waited in dread suspense for tidings. Phebe put on her bonnet at last and went down to the depot, only to hear the news confirmed.

"There's a smash, but we haven't got full particulars. Only two or three killed, however."

"Only two or three!" What did it matter to poor Phebe how many hearts would beat with new thankfulness on the morrow, while her little home was the scene of mourning and desolation. Of the three killed outright, handsome Tom Palmer was one. The mother was stunned by this dreadful blow so that for a time it was feared that she and her boy might be buried together. Tom had been the widow's idol. She had wanted him all to herself, she even grudged the woman he loved the happiness of being loved by him, and now God had taken him. It was weeks before light was admitted into her room and she could bear to see the pale face of poor plain Phebe, who, had she resembled her brother more, might, alas, have been more welcome.

But Phebe was a very brave girl, and had known where to carry her sorrows and her crosses. So she bore her mother's complaints with exemplary patience, and to her oft-reiterated question, "What shall we do without Tom?" answered cheerfully, "God will help us, mother; wait and see."

Poor Phebe! She never had realized how much they had all depended upon the strong arms now folded over the heart never to beat again. The girl would go out in the small stable, and, laying her head on the old horse's shoulder, sob and cry as if her heart would break. She dared not cry at home, for her mother was broken in health and spirits, and never ceased to mourn for her boy. All the work of the family devolved upon Phebe, who was obliged to keep her wits about her. The little money Tom had saved was nearly gone; after the summer winter would follow, and what would become of them?

Somebody had advised her to break up the little home, put her younger brothers away, and find something to do in a neighboring city, but Phebe repelled the thought with something like anger. She had had an offer for the horse and cart and her brother's business, and had almost made up her mind to accept it.

"But when that money is all gone where shall we get more?" she asked herself, when all at once a way out of her difficulty was made clear. The idea came to her one night when she suddenly awoke to find the moon shining in, white and clear, making every object visible.

"Why, I wonder I haven't thought of it before," she exclaimed aloud.

"Thought of what?" said her mother, who, it seemed, was also awake.

"A plan, dear mother, that seems to me full of promise. I can't sell Tom's horse, dear old fellow! I am sure Tom wouldn't want me to, and as I waked just now it occurred to me how we could keep him. What's the use of having health and strength if you can't put them to some account?"

"What are you thinking of, my dear?" her mother asked. "I don't see how we can keep old Dobbin. It costs us something every day, though fortunately the hay is not all gone. It looks dark ahead. I don't see yet what we are going to do."

"But I do," said Phebe; "at least, I see what I am going to do. I'll go over and talk with Jenny about it, poor girl, and I think it will meet with her approval. I don't know what you will say, but as I lay thinking things over it occurred to me that I am perfectly acquainted with Tom's route, having gone with him often when I was younger, and so why not start out on the business myself?"

"Oh, Phebe!" exclaimed her mother, in a distressed voice, "you couldn't; it's a man's business."

"But I don't see why I couldn't make it a woman's business. It's not hard, and I am young and strong and healthy. Then we could keep Dobbin, and in time I could make as much money as Tom did."

"I never heard of such a thing," feebly remonstrated her mother.

"That may be; but if we want to keep the children together and have a home I don't see any other way. At all events, I'll try it if you only say I may."

"Well, you must do as you think best; only it seems so strange, so kind of unnatural," murmured her mother, "to think of your going from house to house with tinware, out in the country, too."

"Everybody knows Tom's wagon, and they used oftener to come out to him," said Phebe. "He has made himself a reputation, and, although it will be new and, perhaps for a time, a little awkward, I don't see any other way open. It would kill me to sew; I can't keep school; and we must have food to eat and clothes to wear. In a few years little Jimmy can take the business, if we can only make a living till then."

The news ran through the village like wildfire when Phebe Palmer set her resolute little face businessward behind old Dobbin. Some praised and some commended.

"It's lucky she's so humly," sighed an old crone.

"Homely!" spoke up poor Tom's betrothed, with tears in her eyes; "Phebe Palmer is as beautiful as an angel."

And Phebe must have been beautiful certainly to the angels as she so bravely took up the burden she had set herself to bear. It seemed almost as if Tom were with her, guiding and helping her, though without words or visible presence. And certainly a greater than he helped her to bear the burden.

"Deary me, and you've taken Mr. Palmer's business?" said a woman who, at sight of the natty red and white wagon which had been Tom's pride, came out to the roadside. "Well, I'm sure you've got good courage; but we will all lend you a helping hand. Mr. Palmer was a great favorite with everybody that knowed him, and sad enough it was to hear of him taking off in such a cruel, hard way." "Why, bless your little heart," she added, wiping her eyes with her check apron, "we'll all buy twice as much for his sake."

And so they did. Everybody was kind. At this house she must have a cup of coffee—her brother always did at that a bite of luncheon, and it seemed as if everybody made their purchases as large as possible for Tom's sake. Phebe found it a hard day's work. She confessed to herself that it was pleasanter in the sunny kitchen at home, helping mother with the housework; but, then, in this particular case, choice was not left to her, and she felt thankful as she put Dobbin in his stable, with plenty of help from childish fingers, that she had been able to take upon her slenderer shoulders the burden poor Tom had put down forever.

"I have demonstrated that I am of some practical use," she said, as she counted her gains. "I shall let Dobbin rest for a day or two, so that I can alternate the two kinds of work; for a woman's best place is home, after all."

Phebe kept the business going only for a few months, however, for an honest, ambitious young man bought it, stipulating for Phebe as well—he even thought she was beautiful. So the old homestead is in as prosperous a condition as when Tom was "at the fore," with his strong arms and loving heart.

Thieves' Roll-Call.

There is a custom in vogue at the Four Courts known as "running the gantlet," which thieves, burglars, and people of that ilk, are very anxious to escape. The gantlet was formed in the drill room in the basement of the Four Courts last evening, by opening the ranks of the night platoon of police so as to form two lines of about forty each, facing inwards. Sergeant Schmidtgens stood at the head of this line, and called out in stentorian tones: "Attention, men! Here goes Tom Casey, sneak-thief, burglar and house-breaker. Look at him!"

Casey was thereupon compelled to walk slowly twice up and down the line, to be inspected by all the officers, and chiefly by the detectives, in the rear of the officers.

"John Kelly, sneak-thief and burglar," called the Sergeant, and Kelly was compelled to run the gantlet.

"John Henry," sung out the Sergeant, and a big negro, said to be the tallest man in St. Louis, came skulking along, and he, too, ran the gantlet. Then came two other men, George Lewis, alias Chicken Jumper, and Charles Jones.

Now for their pedigree as read out by Sergeant Schmidtgens: "These three men are sneak-thieves, burglars and garroters. The way they play their game is for Henry to walk behind an unsuspecting citizen, throw his right arm around the citizen's neck so as to choke him, and place his right arm on the citizen's mouth so as to keep him from crying out. While the citizen is in this position Lewis holds his feet and Jones gones through his clothes, taking all he has portable except his pants and shirt.

The particular crime for which these men are held is the garroting of an old man named Ephraim Hale about ten p. m. on the 17th inst., and garroting and assailing Mr. Ricks, of Wash and Sixth streets, on the 5th inst., and the garroting of Wm. Rooney at the corner of Tenth and Morgan streets, on the 17th inst.

Then came a well-dressed, dapper little man, who looked like a popular dry-goods clerk off on his vacation. He was dressed in the pink of fashion, his red hair curled and finger nails neatly trimmed, and little red mustache neatly twirled: "Bartley Kelly," called the Sergeant, and the dapper-like little gentleman tied a white handkerchief around his neck, drew his scalp down almost to his eyebrows, so as to give his face an entirely different aspect from its normal expression, and walked scowling through the gantlet.

"Sneak-thief, wire, safe-blower, burglar, and confidence man," shouted the Sergeant. "Look at him; he is the smallest, but the most dangerous of the gang."

Sergeant Schmidtgens did not say so, but Bartley Kelly is wanted for roping William Means, a rich cattle dealer from Paris, Ill., into a house, drugging him and stealing all his money, watch and chain.—*St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

Hydrophobia Prevented by Vaccination.

M. Pasteur and other French savants have lately been devoting special attention to hydrophobia. The great authority on germs has, in fact, definitely announced that he does not intend to rest until he has made known the exact nature and life-history of this terrible disease, and discovered a means of preventing or curing it. The most curious result yet attained in this direction, however, has been announced by Prof. V. Galtier, of the Lyons Veterinary School. This inquirer has found, in the first place, that if the virus or rabies be injected into the veins of a sheep, the animal does not subsequently exhibit any symptoms of hydrophobia. This in itself would be a sufficiently curious result to justify attention, though its importance, except as confirmatory testimony, becomes less striking when it is remembered that M. Pasteur has lately shown that the special *nidus* of the disease appears to be the nervous tissue, and particularly the ganglionic centers. But there is this further curious consequence: sheep which have thus been treated through the blood and which are afterward inoculated in the ordinary way through the cellular tissue, as if by a bite, are proof against the disease. It is as though the injection into the veins acted as a vaccine. Twenty sheep were experimented upon: ten only were treated to the venous injection, and then all were inoculated through the cellular tissue. The ten which had been first "vaccinated" continue alive and well; they have not even showed any adverse symptoms. The other ten have all died of rabies. It remains to say why M. Galtier experimented upon sheep, and not upon dogs and cats, which usually communicate the disease. The incubation of the disease is much more rapid and less capricious in the sheep than in the dog, or in man, and hence M. Galtier was able to get his results more certainly within a short period. Having succeeded so far, he is justified in undertaking the more protracted series of observations which experiments upon the canine species will involve; and this he proposes to do. Experiments of this nature are not without a serious risk, and admiration is almost equally due to the courage and the intelligence of the experimentalist. But what will the anti-vaccinators say?—*Pall Mall Gazette.*

—Mussulman pilgrims now go to Mecca by Mediterranean steamers, instead of making the long caravan trips; but the greater the fatigue incident to the land trip the more pleasing is the devotee in the sight of God and Mohammed.

—Of two women, choose the one that will have you.—*Gouverneur Herald.*

A Very Bad Elephant.

The return of John Robinson's circus and the presence of the elephant Chief, recalls vividly the death of poor John King in this city last fall. Chief is about twenty-one years old, although Robinson has owned him only about nine or ten years. He was purchased from the proprietors of the Cincinnati Hippodrome. Until about a year ago he was as gentle as a lamb, although he did kill two or three negroes during that time, but it was all done in fun. He never got into a rage. But during the spring of 1880 he began to show temper and a desire to do serious mischief. He would get into frequent rages, lay about promiscuously with his trunk, and fiercely attack stone walls, or any such trifling obstructions, dashing his ivory tusks against the solid masonry with a strength which threatened to break them off.

Standing on his head was one of the tricks of his old playful days, and on one occasion after his viciousness developed, he practiced this feat with seeming good humor. Although he had gathered a negro in with his trunk with the seeming intention of atomizing him, he delicately placed him on the ground, and, placing his huge tusks carefully on each side of the terrified darky and his broad forehead in the sawdust of the arena, hoisted his ample posterior in the air and waved his flabby tail in triumphant glee. It is said that darky is not fond of elephants since that time. About this time John King, the keeper, announced that he was going to make Chief the worst elephant in the world. He would not punish the elephant, nor would he allow any one else to do so. It is said King pursued this policy to keep his position with the show.

Well, Chief did get to be very bad, and finally Mr. Robinson, seeing that the elephant would hurt somebody if his viciousness was not subdued, determined to have him severely punished. King declined to do anything. The circus was then traveling up and down the Ohio River, and one day Chief getting on his ear on a steamboat, a halt was ordered at an Island in the river, and the elephant was disembarked. Ropes were flung over the brawny branches of a huge tree and tied to the monster's legs. A strong pull by many men jerked his feet from under him, and he was rolled over on his back. His trunk was lassoed and tied, and six or eight men at a time would dash at him with spears, thongs, and other horrible instruments of torture to pierce his thick hide. But it was all no good; old Chief would not squeal. It was determined to burn the spirit out of him. Sticks of wood were rolled against his carcass, and hoops saturated with kerosene thrown over his huge legs kicking in the air. The torch was applied, and the elephant subdued. "Such cries," said Mr. Lowlow, "neither man nor brute ever sent up before. They were pitiful beyond description." A huge scar on the side of the old elephant now tells the story of his terrible punishment.

While this torture was going on, King, the keeper, sat on a log and wept and cursed as the elephant cried. "I'll make some of you suffer for this," he said, between his sobs. "Chief shall kill some of you!" King was himself the first victim. For three months after the punishment on the island, a more docile elephant than Chief was never seen. His first rage afterward was in Charlotte, last fall, when he killed John King, whose mildness had begotten the fierceness of the animal. King now lies buried in Elmwood Cemetery in this city. A handsome monument, erected by his fellow showmen, marks his grave. With the story of his death Charlotte people are familiar.

About two months after the tragedy in Charlotte, Chief crushed a man named Sullivan, in Cincinnati, so severely that he lay in the hospital for some months, but finally recovered. He broke out afresh in Piedmont, West Virginia, last spring, when he dashed frantically through a crowd and ran six miles into the country before he was overtaken and captured by men on horseback. He cut up considerably in Warrenton, Goldsboro, and in Tarboro, and in Raleigh he crushed a large dog. But the showmen can tell when his fits are coming on in time to secure him with heavier chains than those he wears continually. His tusks have also been sawed off.

The female elephant Mary, it will be remembered, pursued and knocked Chief down when he escaped here last fall; but although Mary is larger, she is getting old and is now somewhat afraid of him herself. The curious fact has been observed that the elephant does not seem to bear any malice toward intoxicated men. They frequently come within his reach with annoyances, but he pays no attention, seeming to be aware when the inferior animal, man, is drunk. This forbearance is also extended to children, and, indeed, his malice seems to be directed more especially toward showmen, every one of whom he seems to know.—*Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.*

—A South Carolina paper says that the wife of Representative Tilman, of that State, notwithstanding the cares of a numerous family, mounts her horse daily and personally superintends every detail of her husband's planting interest, and is considered one of the most successful managers of a farm in Edgefield County. Owing to the Congressional duties and business relations of Col. Tillman, he has turned the plantation over to her.

—A lead pencil over five inches long was taken from the groin of Isaac Bull, of Louisville, Kentucky, the other day. He had swallowed it two years before and had felt but little inconvenience from it until it produced a swelling in the groin, from which it was removed by a surgeon. The lead had all disappeared and nothing was left but the wood. Physicians pronounce it a very remarkable case.

—The Lake Okeechobee region, in South Florida, it is found, produces a native variety of the India-rubber tree.

—London doctors say that the little Princess bonnet promotes earache and neuralgia.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—A submerged steel tube forty feet below the surface is the latest suggestion for the crossing of the English Channel.

—A Massachusetts man has discovered that for coloring sheepskins a beautiful vermilion the potato-bug has no equal.

—Celluloid is now employed for the making of stereotype plates, with the result, it is claimed, of great advantages over the present electrotype. A company in New York has gone into the business.

—A great clothing house at Paris exhibits several sewing machines which move by electricity with wonderful speed and regularity. The establishment uses them for its own sewing, and thereby greatly lightens the task of the hard-worked seamstresses.

—Priestly & Sons are running 1,500 steam looms on fine dress goods at Manchester. Convinced that England's industrial greatness is on the wane, they sent an agent to Philadelphia to study the situation. As a result a factory has been secured there and 100 looms put in. The branch has done so well that the firm will probably soon remove their entire business to this country.

—Considerable quantities of beautiful objects of artificial amber are now being produced in Vienna. The substance employed in its manufacture is chiefly colophony or resin, obtained by decomposition of turpentine, though several other ingredients are used to give it the requisite qualities. The imitation is said to be perfect, and the production has even the electric properties of amber. Ingenious manufacturers have even introduced into the substance foreign bodies, insects, etc., to make the similarity more striking. Natural amber requires a temperature of 285 to 287 degrees C. to fuse it, while the imitation becomes liquid at a much lower temperature.

—The value of the cotton plant (*Gossypium herbaceum*) has been increased by the discovery that the bark of the roots yield a promising dyestuff. Mr. W. C. Staehl reports that when the bark of cotton root is exhausted by alcohol of the specific gravity of 0.84, a dark reddish-brown liquid is obtained, which, when distilled to recover the spirit, leaves a resinous matter which amounts to 8 per cent. of the original weight of the bark. The new product thus obtained appears black and shining, but when pulverized takes the color of cochineal. It dissolves in 14 parts of alcohol, 15 parts of chloroform, and 122 parts of benzol. It dissolves also in caustic alkalies, and is precipitated from these solutions by acids. Hydrate of potash colors green. Sulphuric acid dissolves it with a red-brown color.

—Experiments lately made at Blackburn with a train made up in imitation of that of the express which ran into the train standing in Blackburn Station, to test the statement of the driver that he reversed his engine as soon as he found that the brakes did not check his train, are of some interest, though they elicited the fact that the reversal of an engine of a train running at a high velocity has but very little effect in reducing the speed. A high speed was attained, and the engine was reversed a quarter of a mile before reaching the station, but the train ran through the station at about twenty miles an hour, and had to be stopped by the brakes. Locomotive driving wheels, when running the reverse way, are not effective in stopping a train. The experiment shows how little can be gained by reversing an engine under such circumstances.

PITH AND POINT.

—Brown loudly boasts that his heart is always in his hand. Fogg says Brown is so close-fisted that he is in no danger of ever losing it.—*Boston Transcript.*

—"Come, now, it is time for you to go to bed," said an Austin lady to her little children, "you must go to bed. Don't you know all the little chickens have gone to bed?" "Yes, but the old hen went to bed with them.—*Texas Siftings.*

—As the time approaches for the opening of the schools, the boy that stood out in the sun and fished, while the sun stood three hundred degrees in the shade, complains that the weather is too warm and unsettled to be healthy for schools to open so early in the summer.—*Baltimore Every Saturday.*

—"I must say that I very much dislike this ostentatious furnishing," remarked the elderly Miss Pringle, as she looked about her in the new home of the Spankingtons. "Now look at that great, elaborately-framed mirror. I declare, I can see nothing beautiful in it." "You shouldn't expect impossibilities, Miss Pringle," remarked Fogg, the villain.—*New Haven Register.*

—"Was Mercury one of the gods, and if he wasn't, who was he?" asks a correspondent. He was a perfect godless fellow who was incarcerated in a glass bulb with a long flue at the top, and for many years his chief occupation by summer has been to try to climb out by way of the scuttle, and by winter to renounce his operations and settle down in the cellar for a rest.—*Yonkers Gazette.*

—A Missouri man had a $5,000 diamond pin stolen from his shirt while asleep in a barber chair. Instead of raising a hubbub and acquainting everyone with his loss he quietly circulated a report that the pin was an imitation that cost ninety-nine cents in a dollar store, but that it was given him by a friend and that he would pay two dollars for its return. It reposed in its old place on his bosom before night.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"Got a good room, Mr. Baldhead?" asked Spicer, as the old gentleman, with rather an inflamed countenance, entered the dining-room the morning after his arrival. "Well," said Baldhead, as he jabbed his fork viciously into the melon, "I have been quoting Shakspeare ever since I have been up there;" and when Seth inquired the play and passage, he made an angry slap at the winged insects which had taken their places for the first set on his polished poll, and answered shortly: "Macbeth: fly flea ants fly!"—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

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, OCTOBER 15, 1881.

Baird.

The editor of *The Reporter*, though not quite strong enough to "go on duty" yet, had business in our neighboring city on the east, which demanded his personal attention, and paid that town a short visit on last Wednesday, and spent a very pleasant day with Mr. D. A. Olds, and brother Lotz, editor of the CLARENDON. Mr. Olds is well known here as one of Abilene's earliest citizens and the clever proprietor of the Avenue Hotel, and most successfully too. Mr. M. L. Gassoline, a very pleasant gentleman, is the chief clerk; he sets a splended table, and gives his patrons comfortable and pleasant lodgings, and everybody about the place seem to be animated with a spirit of politeness and a desire to please.

Baird is advancing, but among all of its establishments none deserves more hearty appreciation or cordial liberal local support than the CLARENDON, a very readable family and general newspaper and most interesting local paper always alive to the best interests of Baird and Callahan county. Mr. W. R. Lotz, who guides the helm as editor and proprietor, besides being a successful publisher is also a most agreeable, pleasant gentleman.

Baird is a little town of about 700 people, very prettily situated on a high open prairie, surrounded by picturesque hills in the near distance. Since we were there three months ago, we notice on the main street, north and south, some eight new and neat store buildings have been erected, and well filled with goods. There is one very handsome two-story rock store on the same street, and another now in course of erection on the corner of Main and the street fronting the railroad. Neat dwellings are also being built, some large and in handsome style. Baird has also a two-story immigrant's home, built by the railroad company. Altogether, Baird is improving with a growth that will be permanent. In a couple of years it will certainly be the county site, and always a good town—even after the round houses have been moved to this place, and the division machine shops located here, which is the latest rumor from headquarters.—*Abilene Reporter.*

We thank you, Mr. *Reporter*, for your kindly notice of our town, and wish we could say as much for Abilene; but the fact that she is continually indulging in day dreams about imaginary things, such as the one that at some day in the future the railroad company's picking up and moving her valuable improvements from a live town in which they (the company) are as largely interested as they are in Baird, over to a dryer town just because it has an artificial tank somewhere near it. This looks very much like grasping at a forlorn hope. We hope Abilene is not weakening, but if the forlorn hope of some day getting the round house from us will help to swell her pomposity, we will cheerfully indulge her in the cherished delusion. We feel satisfied that the keen foresight of the railroad managers told them where they wanted the end of the division; and here they put it, and here it will remain; and if Abilene and Cisco feel any better for day dreaming over it, let them indulge in that pleasure, and Baird will continue to be the divisional terminus, and will be what nature has intended she should be: the boss town of the northwest.

Cheeky.

DEAR EDITOR.—Please insert this or something similar in your paper, and should you desire to exchange with us and give us monthly notices, we will be glad to exchange. This may appear too much to ask of our profession, but you surely know that a literary paper of this character in the South is much needed and that it cannot succeed without the aid of our friends.

Very respectfully,

EDITORS.

We have received a copy of the *Southern Amaranth* with the above notice and a self written puff of ten lines. We would say to the editors that the terms of the CLARENDON are $2.00 per year, and it is cheap at that. The *Amaranth* costs one dollar a year—being a monthly it is dear enough. We charge ten cents a line for "puffs," a ten line puff each month amounts to $12.00; $2.00 for our subscription makes it $14.00 for which they offer us their paper valued at $1.00. If check is what is necessary in newspaper life, the *Amaranth* will outrival the New York *Herald* before it is itself out of its swaddling clothes.

Sad Accident.

A shocking accident, resulting in the death of a man named Joseph Johnson, occurred last Saturday evening just this side of Strawn. Mr. Johnson was employed as watchman on the large trussel, and had probably fallen asleep, and it being near a curve a freight train ran over him, getting so close to him before he was seen that the engineer could not stop the engine before it ran over the man's breast, crushing him to death. He leaves a wife and child.

Train Robbers Plead Guilty.

Little Rock, Ark., Oct. 8.—Cox, Stephens and Delany, the Iron Mountain train robbers, plead guilty in the Hempstead Circuit Court yesterday, and were sentenced to the penitentiary for a term of seventy years each. The robbery occurred on the 23rd of September and the men were captured on the 28th. A special term of court was held to try them.

The President's Doctor Bills.

Being the head of the military as well as the head of civil power of the nation, President Garfield is entitled to medical and surgical service at the expense of the government. This is true outside of the fact that it was an officer of the people and not as a private individual, that he was shot down. The question has arisen again as to how much this service will cost, and secretary Brown, after figuring up for a moment, estimated that the cost of the president's illness would not be far short of $250,000. The doctors, he thought, with the exception of Barnes and Woodward, who as army surgeons, were expected to attend the president as part of their official duty, should receive at least $100,000. Dr. Reyburn was in attendance sixty-eight days, which at $100 a day, would entitle him $6800. Dr. Bliss will probably receive $25,000, and Drs. Hamilton and Agnew's bills will not, it is thought, be more than $15,000 apiece. It must be remembered that the professional fortunes of all these men are made by their connection with this case, and there is not a surgeon in the country who would not attend the president day and night for the mere honor and reputation of the thing. "A singular thing," said Mr. Brown, "and one which indicates the feeling of the people in the matter, is that we experience the greatest difficulty in getting bills from anyone. Even persons who render services which are usually paid for at once, such as furnishing food, carriages, medicine, instruments, etc., refused to send in their bills, and I do not know of a single bill yet sent in for services or goods rendered to the president during his illness." It is generally thought that the plan to be followed when Congress meets will be to send a circular to every person who has rendered services to the president requesting that a bill shall be sent, and then an appropriation can be made for the whole sum.—*Ex.*

Sheep Raising in Texas Compared with California.

Hon. Eli Stilson, of Oshkosh, Wisconsin, who has a hundred-thousand-acre sheep ranch in Western Texas, lately visited this office and communicated much valuable information respecting the wool interest of that region. He states that some of the largest and best flocks of merino sheep in California are about to be moved to Texas. The reasons that prompted this change of pastures are various. Land suitable for sheep raising is becoming scarce and high in California. The water supply in many places is scant and unreliable. The market for wool is not as good as in Texas. San Antonio is now one of the largest and best markets for wool in the world. Drouths are much less severe in Texas than in California, and the climate is generally better. The wool produced from the same kind of sheep is better in Texas than in California. In the former State it is soft, silky and of uniform character the entire length of the fiber. It is ordinarily free from weak places that are caused by long-continued, severe storms, and a scarcity of food and water. In California the staple is not uniform. The wool that grows during the rainy season is strong and of good quality, but that grown during the dry period of the year is not strong, and is deficient of good qualities. If sheep carry their fleece the entire year it will contain two qualities of wool in the same specimen, and it can not be employed to manufacture a uniform thread. The sheep are accordingly shorn twice a year, and two fleeces of short wool of very different qualities are obtained. Both sorts of wool may go into the same cloth, but if this is the case the stronger is used to form the warp and the weaker the filling.—*Chicago Times.*

The Boy Train Robbers—Something About Their Victims.

A Little Rock dispatch gives some further particulars of the late train robbery on the Iron Mountain railroad. It says: "Among the passengers on the train were H. B. Stuart and R. D. Head, judge and prosecuting attorney in the circuit court in which the train was robbed, and both of whom were fleeced. Stuart is a brave man, but was unarmed; he endeavored by all means in his power to make the passengers fight, and tried to borrow a revolver. A number of passengers besought him on their knees not to make disturbance and have them all killed. Dr. Isaacs, of Illinois, an old man, who was robbed of seventy dollars, cried to the boys that he was ashamed of them, young men entering on such career of crime. He told them that if he had a walking-stick he would chastise them. The boys laughed at him, took all he had and told him to go and starve. Several invalids en route to Hot Springs were also robbed, one old fellow losing all he had saved in years, with which he had hoped to be cured of disease. His grief is terrible. A Johnson county merchant, en route to Little Rock to buy goods, lost three hundred dollars, and turned back at Prescot and went home. That three boys could rob a train, passengers and officials, still causes astonishment.—*Exchange.*

The law suits recently indulged in by L. A. Mosty and Abner & Pointer, which grew out of a misunderstanding in a cattle contract have been settled satisfactorily to all parties concerned.

Letter From Colorado.

COLORADO, Tex., Oct. 7th.

DEAR CLARENDON:

Why you insist upon calling our live little town "Colorado City," I cannot understand. We who live here know full well our importance, but we hope you do not think us so egotistic as to rank our town with such live, wide awake cities as Fort Worth and Dallas. If you do, you are certainly mistaken; for although we are ambitious to become a city, we only claim what we are entitled to, and simple Colorado is all we ask. So, Mr. Editor, in the future, when speaking of our town, will you please do us the kindness to drop the "city"?

It seems as though I am never going to be relieved of the painful task of having to report evil doings. But as a faithful chronicler, it becomes my duty to report the killing of Jas. O'Neil, on the 30th, at Big Springs, Howard county, by a man named John D. Sprowles. From the testimony brought out at the Coroner's inquest, the killing was unjustifiable, and Sprowles is sure to be indicted by the grand jury at this term of the District court.

Hon. T. B. Wheeler, judge of the 12th judicial district, arrived in town on the 4th, and our District court opened for business on the morning of the 5th. Very little business has been done up to the present, as all our juries had to be drawn and summoned, this being the first term of the District court of Mitchell county. Judge Wheeler has made a very favorable impression on our people, by his prompt method of dispatching business.

We have quite a number of visiting attorneys. Among them are W. P. Sebastian, of Breckenridge, S. B. McBride and Geo. W. Walters of San Marcos, W. H. Cowan of Sweetwater, and Capt. Cobb of Navasota. I was in hopes of meeting some of my old friends of the Callahan county bar, but I failed to find any of them here. District attorney J. H. Calhoun is here, and working like a beaver, and if I am not very much mistaken, there will be plenty of work for our next District court.

Brown Seay and Jake Farmer, from your town, passed through here on their way to Big Springs. I started to hunt them up as soon as I knew they were in town, but I just caught a glimpse of them as they got on the train, and so missed the pleasure of a few minutes chat. Boys, I don't think you treated me right, and I am going to play even with you the first chance I get.

Mr. Editor, for the benefit of those of your readers who are acquainted with the parties, I insert the following:

MARRIED—In Mitchell county, by the Rev. O. F. Rogers, on the 6th day of October, 1881, Mr. W. N. Waddell to Miss Ella Byler.

Yours truly had a pressing invitation to be present, but from press of business was unable to accept. With your permission Mr. Editor, I indite the following:

W. N. and Ella B.
As you pass through married life
May your pathway ever be
Free from every care and strife.
This wish through friendship I indite you
And with kindliest feelings send,
May the love that now unites you
Never falter to the end.

And now Mr. Editor, I think I will bring this to a close. To make those who don't know any better think I am way up in Latin, I stop short off and say *Dominus vobiscum.*

Yours, as ever,

H. H. S.

A Cargo of Human Bones.

New York, Sept. 14.—A special from London says: "A great sensation was caused at Bristol by the discovery of a cargo of 300 tons of human bones being discharged there to the order of a local firm engaged in manufacturing manure. The bones were shipped from Rodosto, at Constantinople, and are supposed to be the remains principally of the defenders of Plevna. There are complete limbs among the horrible cargo, and in some cases the hair still adheres to the skulls. Peter Cooper says it is a common thing among the British to buy human bones. "In fact, they will take all they can get at any time and from any part of the world. They use them for manuring their lands. I have often heard it said that England was manured with bones taken from the battle field of Waterloo. There is no finer to be had."

A most horrible double tragedy is reported from Dike's mill, in the northern part of Louisiana. A negro woman named Campbell lived in the vicinity, supporting herself and two children by washing and cotton picking. The other day she became angry with the children because they disobeyed her in some trivial matter, and, taking a pine knot beat out their brains. Coroner Sykes held an inquest over the remains, the jury finding a verdict that the children came to their death from wounds caused by a club in the hands of the unnatural mother. After the verdict was announced and the cause of the death of the two children became generally known, a mob, composed of blacks and whites, gathered, seized Mrs. Campbell, tied her to a stake, and, despite her screams and cries for mercy, literally roasted her alive. The crime and punishment is without parallel in the criminal history of the country.

Stock Sales and Transfers.

Mr. J. G. Hope, at one time mayor of Wichita, Kansas, has purchased the ranch of C. E. Willetts, south of Kinsley, Kansas.

Jim Farrar has sold his stock of about 3,000 head on the Brazos, in Throckmorton county, to Rumrill & Williams at $12 a head round, to be delivered in July.

Col. J. L. Driskill has sold to his son T. W. Driskill (Bud) his Wyoming ranch, containing 2,000 cattle, 70 thoroughbred short-horn bulls, 35 horses and ranch outfit for $55,000.

R. Strahorn has sold his half interest in the "half circle six" stock, formerly owned by Strahorn & Harold, on the Concho, to Case & Stilson, for $45,000 reserving the beef. This stock cost Strahorn & Harrold about $75,000 one year ago, and from which they have made large shipments of Beef. The profits on the $75,000 investment for one year are over $40,000.

Jim C. Jones and Peyton S. Jones of Southern Colorado, have sold to F. L. Underwood of this city their cattle, horses, ranches, etc. for $625,000. There are 35,000 head of cattle, said to be of excellent quality and Mr. Underwood may be congratulated upon having secured for himself and associates such an excellent lot of range cattle. This cattle transaction is said to be the largest ever consummated. It was effected through Irwin, Allen & Co., the well known live stock commission merchants.—Kansas City *Indicator.*

The long pending sale of Capt. M. Kennedy's stock, to which reference has been made in the *Journal*, has at length been consummated. The sale was made to a foreign company for $1,250,000, and effected through J. H. (Uncle Henry) Stevens, well known to our stock men, who gets $100,000 for his share in the transaction. The Kennedy stock range embraces about 370,000 acres of land all under fence, from fifty to fifty-five thousand head of cattle and about twenty thousand head of horses and mules. This is the largest land and stock sale ever made in the State of Texas or elsewhere by a single individual.—*Live Stock Journal.*

The T. & P. and International & Great Northern railroads are selling tickets to Atlanta, Ga., and return for the great Cotton Exposition, good for thirty days at reduced rates. From Eastland the rate is $38.80. Send to H. G. Thompson, ticket agent at Fort Worth, for tickets.

Col. Jas. H. Gideon, county treasurer of Brown county, died on Sunday, the 2d of October.

Over the State.

Waco comes to the front with three young criminals, aged between nine and thirteen years, who have been engaged in stealing horses from the public square in that city.

Two legal limbs of Corsicana have offered their services to Chas. J. Guitteau for his approaching trial.

Upward of three hundred silver dollars in counterfeit money have been discovered to be in circulation in the city of Denison.

The Southern hotel, four business houses, part of a lumber yard, several brigades of cockroaches, and a whole regiment of bedbugs were destroyed by fire at Gainesville recently.

Subscriptions have been opened in Galveston to the Garfield monumental fund. No person is allowed to contribute more than one dollar.

Dallas has agreed to take charge of her own water works, on the first of next January, giving $65,000 for the privilege.

A pork packing capacity of 100,000 hogs per day and an iron foundry, are recent features of Fort Worth enterprise.

The governor has under consideration twenty-three applications for pardon for convicts, boys ranging from twelve to sixteen.

The Fort Worth and Denver railroad has been located to Little Wichita, 100 miles from Fort Worth.

GO TO

"THE CITY DRUG STORE"

Front Street,

Baird City Texas,

WEST & FRASER Props.,

FOR

PURE DRUGS,
MEDICINES,
CHEMICALS,
PAINTS,
OILS,
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WINDOW GLASS,
WALL PAPER,
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Everything usually found in a FIRST-CLASS DRUG STORE. look for the sign "the Illuminated Mortar."

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Size of Sheet, 19x24.

With his autograph, acknowledged by himself to be the best likeness in existence.

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Copy of Autograph Letter given with each picture. Address,

SHOBER & CARQUEVILLE LITHO. CO.,
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E. S. SEAY

NOW COMES TO THE FRONT,

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

STOCK OF GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Ever kept in Callahan county.

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

AND IN FACT EVERYTHING GENERALLY KEPT IN A

First Class Store.

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

—DON'T FORGET THE PLACE—

E. S. SEAY, PROP'R,

Market Street, Corner of Third, Baird, Texas. 21-1y

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—OF—

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,

NOTIONS, MILLINERY,

HATS AND CAPS, FURNISHING GOODS,—

BOOTS AND SHOES

CARPETS AND HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.

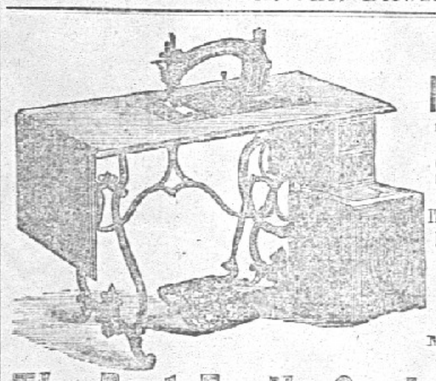
The attention of the Trade is invited to an Unusually Large and Fine Assortment of Goods in all the above lines for

THIS SPRING AND SUMMER.

No pains will be spared to serve our WHOLESALE CUSTOMERS with fidelity and dispatch, and at PRICES that will compare and compete favorably with the Markets of the North and East.

It is a fair Presumption in Our Favor that we are better prepared than a foreign house to meet the wants of the Merchants of Texas, from the fact that we maintain, ourselves, the largest and best appointed Retail Establishment in the State, and buying everything in duplicate, have at all times on hand just such goods as are suited to all classes of trade in Texas.

SANGER BROS., Dallas, Texas.



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It is the Only Sewing Machine which has a

Self-Threading Shuttle.

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

The Simplest, the Most Durable, and in Every Respect

The Best Family Sewing Machine!

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

AGENTS WANTED.

EXTRA INDUCEMENTS TO CASH PURCHASERS.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, No. 1318 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

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

Office, in Fort Worth, Texas.

PAGE'S SALOON,

Market Street, - - Baird, Texas.

Is acknowledged by all lovers of

Cool, Refreshing Drinks,

to be the

FAVORITE RESORT OF BAIRD.

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

Page Windham, Pro.

PARLOR

SALOON

SEAY & REEVES, Props.

The best of Liquors and the finest of Wines kept in stock at the Bar.

Mixed Drinks a Specialty

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

I. X. L.

SALOON.

TAYLOR & LAIRD,

PROPRIETORS.

CHOICE Wines, Liquors and Cigars, always on hand.

—THE—

LITTLE BROWN JUG

SALOON

Catches Everybody in Pursuit of Knowledge or a

Good Square Drink.

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

J. M. WALKER & CO., Props.

CALLAHAN COUNTY CLARENDON,

PUBLISHED EVERY

Saturday Morning

—AT—

Baird, - - Texas.

W. R. LOTZ,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

$2 00 PER YEAR.

You Should ADVERTISE.

CALLAHAN COUNTY CLARENDON.

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

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

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

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

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

$2 00 per year. In advance.

You Should ADVERTISE.

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

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

You Should ADVERTISE.

CALLAHAN COUNTY CLARENDON JOB OFFICE.

WE PRINT IN NEAT and *DESIRABLE* STYLES, BILLHEADS, Letterheads, CARDS, *Envelopes*, POSTERS, DODGERS, Board Bills, *Ball Tickets*, and BALL Programmes, Funeral NOTICES, *WEDDING* CARDS and RECEPTION Tickets, BLANK Notes,

LEGAL Blanks of all kinds. When you want JOB Printing of any description give us a call. We do work as well as as any printing office in the STATE. Don't fail to call on us when you want Job Printing.

IF YOU HAVE PRINTING

Of any Description call on THE

Clarendon Job OFFICE.

FORT WORTH and DALLAS PRICES

Duplicated in Every Instance.

W. R. LOTZ Prop.

The Clarendon.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 15, 1881.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

State Officers.

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

District Officers.

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

County Officers.

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

Courts.

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

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

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

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

Baird Lodge, I. O. of O. F. meets at the Academy every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to attend. Philip Schwartz, N. G. C. H. Rust, Secretary.

Church Directory.

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

Railroad Time Table.

WESTWARD

ARRIVES.

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

LEAVES.

No 1 Mail and Express	10 10 a m
No. 9, Freight	5 00 a m

EASTWARD

ARRIVES.

No 2 Mail and Express	6 20 a m
No 10 Stock Express	4 45 a m

LEAVES.

No 2 Mail and Express	6 35 a m
No 10 Stock Express	8 45 a m

Arrivals and Departures of Mails.

ARRIVES.

From the East at	10 00 a m
" " West at	6 30 a m
" Belle Plain at	7 00 a m
" Albany at	1 00 p m

DEPARTS.

Going East	7 00 a m
" West	10 15 a m
" Belle Plain	1 00 p m
" Albany	7 00 a m

PH. SCHWARTZ, P. M.

LOCAL NEWS.

The Literary Club.

The following is the programme arranged for Thursday evening, Oct. 20:

1. I. T. Blount—Historical reminiscences of American presidents.
2. A. J. Little—Buzfuz versus Pickwick.
3. D. Richardson—The first railroads and their subsequent progress.
4. Maud Lewis—Recitation from G. D. Prentice.
5. R. B. Webb—Charge to the jury.
6. Miss Mattie Coppins—Select reading.
7. W. J. Fisher—Selection from Mrs. Caudle.
8. J. R. Lewis—Spartians to the Gladiators.
9. A. J. Little—Comic song.

The meeting will be held at the school house.

Justice's Court.

At the Oct. Term of the Justice's court, Prec. No. 2, Callahan county, Texas, the following cases were disposed of, to-wit:

W. C. Whitley vs. Jos. H. Brown—Suit for $27.50 damages. Judgement for plaintiff in the sum of $17.50.

W. H. Cliett vs. W. C. Asberry—Suit on account for $3.50. Judgement by default.

E. H. Oldham vs. H. T. Gill—Sequestration. Amount invalid $28.00. Compromise.

A Good Investment.

I am now offering to sell my entire hardware and saddlery business in Baird, together with store house and lot There is no better business in West Texas; it pays well. An early application will secure the bargain.

28-tf. S. L. ROBERTSON.

For Sale.

Three dwellings in Baird. One business house in Baird. One fine farm in Callahan county. Apply to, or address I. T. BLOUNT.
Atty. at Law,
Baird, Texas.

S. L. Robertson's

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

WANTED—A good job and news printer. Apply at this office.

I have the Standard Circle End No. 2 Bedstead for $3.50.
J. F. RETTIG.

Mr. J. E. M. Hedley is having a neat residence built in the eastern portion of town.

For fine ladies' cloaks and Dalmans, go to Hodes & Veit.

If you want wall paper, go to J. F. Rettig's furniture store.

When you feel down-spirited, go and see the Laird Brothers at the I. X. L. saloon.

For fine clothing and gents' furnishing goods, go to Hodes & Veit.

Buy your comforts from J. F. Rettig, at the furniture store.

A fine lot of trunks, hats, boots and shoes will arrive in a few days at
HODES & VEIT'S.

The best place in town to get a good drink is Page's Saloon.

The Nip & Tuck saloon has just received a fine lot of rock and rye.

Another lot of new furniture just arrived at Ed. Northrup's.

A fine lot of English dairy cheese, and Chadder cheese, just received at Ed. Coppins'.

Fine Irish whiskey just received at the Nip & Tuck saloon.

We are just now having a spell of fine Spring weather. Grass is as fine as usually in May. Stock getting fat.

A splendid lot of Scotch malt whiskey just received at the popular Nip & Tuck saloon. Go and test it.

When you want one of the celebrated American sewing machines, call upon Ed. Northrup, at his furniture house.

Page's Saloon is always supplied with fine wines, liquors, cigars, and a good billiard table for the amusement of the boys.

A car load of the justly celebrated Whitewater wagons will arrive in a few days at the mercantile house of E. S. Seay.

Mr. Lark Hearn shipped two car loads of beeves from this place last Tuesday, consigned to Hunter & Evans, East St. Louis.

Just received at Ed. Coppins' a car load of best Kansas flour; one car load Liverpool salt, and everything kept in a first-class grocery store. Go and see him.

I will soon have a lot of eight-day and calendar clocks. Those wanting to buy will do well to see my stock before purchasing.
J. F. RETTIG.

We regret to have to announce that friend R. M. Turner is still confined to his bed; but the doctor thinks he is slowly improving. We hope to see him out again soon.

Straws show which way the wind blows, and the rush at the Delmonico restaurant show where the place is to get a good square meal. When you are hungry, call at the Delmonico.

When you are in town and want a good drink, a fragrant cigar, or a social game of billiards, call at the I. X. L. Saloon. The jovial Laird boys will always make you feel at home.

Shippers complain considerably about not being able to procure stock cars, and are greatly inconvenienced thereby. But no doubt this difficulty will be avoided next season.

ESTRAY—A sorrel horse, 16 hands high, branded TS connected and counterbranded, on left shoulder. $5 will be paid for return of same to the City Hotel, Baird. F. A. CURTIS.
28:tf.

Mr. F. W. Heyn has been employed in the large mercantile house of E. S. Seay, and he has let the contract for building a residence near that of Mr. Hedley. As soon as it is completed Mr. Heyn will move to Baird. Thrice welcome all such.

Now is the time to lay in your supplies for the winter. Hodes & Veit are offering for the next 30 days their entire stock of groceries at actual cost. As they bought them when low they will give the public the benefit of those prices.

We are sorry to announce this week that our friend and neighbor, O. M. L. Parker, is in financial trouble. Three drummers representing mercantile houses have levied on his goods, which are at present being invoiced. We hope, however, that he will be permitted to continue business again.

Several of our citizens have made diligent search for train robbers, but after the reconnoitering that has been done, we feel assured in saying there are no robbers between Fort Worth and Big Springs. We are glad, for it saves a large sum that was to be paid in rewards for capture, etc. See?

Mr. Dan. Craven came into our office yesterday and cheerfully paid for his advertisement of sheep for sale; he having sold his sheep. In quite a number of instances recently, the buyer and seller have been brought together by judicious advertising in the CLARENDON.

We to-day call attention to the advertisement of the Prickly Ash Bitters, which can be found in another column These Bitters are made from the purest and best materials, and their tonic and cathartic properties render them superior to all others in disorders of the stomach, bowels, liver, &c.

Personal.

Mr. Ed. S. Seay took a trip to Dallas this week and returned last Thursday morning.

Mr. Alex. Mitchell, an engineer recently from Pennsylvania, we are informed, is going to locate permanently among us.

Mr. Tuck Power, brother to W. J. Power, left yesterday morning for his home in Arkansas. He seems to think Malvern Junction requires his presence there. We hope he will soon return.

Frank Hathaway was taken through on the train last Wednesday morning from Toyah to Weatherford in a wounded condition. He had gotten into a difficulty with a man named Babcock who was killed in the fracas, dying in a few minutes after being shot. Hathaway was shot through the body and will probably recover. The shooting occurred last Saturday.

Mr. George Bauer, of the firm of Bauer & Co., returned from his trip to Dallas last Tuesday. He purchased a car load of whiskies direct from the bonded warehouse in Kentucky. This is the first car load of whiskies brought west of Fort Worth. Besides, this firm has over a half car load of other liquors on the way. This is to supply the main house here and the several branch houses along the T. & P. line. But six or seven years ago George was a penniless boy; but possessing indomitable energy, a well balanced mind, and fine business qualifications, by strict attention to business and perseverence, he has placed himself in a position which few have reached in so short a time. All this has been, too, while making a host of friends who all join wishing him continued prosperity.

German Immigrants.

For several days last week we noted active work going on at the T. & P. Immigrant Home here. This work was intended to make a temporary resting place for about 100 people from Germany, who were said to be on their way to Baird. It seems the T. & P. agent in Liverpool, who is a German Jew, by the name of Friess, very well known in our towns south and west of Dallas as a whisky drummer, started these people to New Orleans from Liverpool, and then followed them on a New York vessel, thus intercepting them in New Orleans. Several of the party had friends in and about Fort Worth; and in order more readily to get a large number to go into his party he booked their baggage all to Fort Worth, and intended in the end to have them all come to Baird. The original intention of the company being to ship them up Red river to Shreveport and from there to Baird by special train; owing to low water they had to come by Houston and lay over there 8 hours where they were demoralized by other German people who did all they could to stop them there. Arriving at Fort Worth, Friess, the agent, in order to carry out his orders received from the T. & P. land commissioner some time ago, made a special effort to get them to come to Baird. A necessary short delay there enabled other German people to expatiate on the advantages of Fort Worth and Tarrant county. Notwithstanding all this the train moved out with people and baggage and came to Weatherford where the people became so exasperated at the duplicity of their countryman, Friess, that they refused to go further; and in order to escape their wrath, Friess left the train, hired a team and privately skipped for Cleburne, 40 miles S. E. of that station. The company took most of the people back to Fort Worth where they are now engaged in various ways to make for themselves homes.

We feel disappointed at losing so large a number of people whom we had been led to look for on the next train; but had they come under such circumstances they would have been dissatisfied, and it is clearly better for us and our town that we lost them, as a number will find their way here ultimately, and thus make known to others the advantages of our new country, our cheap lands and our lovely climate.

Quite a Bump.

Last Wednesday morning while the Pullman sleeper was being taken up the track to be attached to the East bound train, after being put by the switch engine upon the main track and started down the grade at a high rate of speed, the brakeman undertook to put on the brake, but that necessary appendage would not work and the car was fast gaining speed toward the train standing upon the track. Just as she struck, the brakeman who stood at his post and worked like a man, bravely endeavoring to stop a terrible accident, jumped off, making a good landing nearly twenty feet from where he started. The shock bruised up several parties considerably. One man, a Mr. John Burgman, who was wiping off a mirror at the time, was quite seriously cut about the face by the broken glass and was also badly bruised about the body. It took the doctor some time ere he could stop the flow of blood from the wounded man's face. The air brake attachments were considerably damaged, some of the bumpers were broken, and the engine was knocked loose from the train and started down the grade, when the engineer ran and jumped aboard of her and arrested her.

Prince

The saddler, has on hand a complete stock of saddles and harness, and asks all in need of anything in his line, to call one door above the "Head Quarters" for such, and examine his stock.

Mr. Dorsey, train dispatcher at this place, informs us that our item last week about "train dispatchers being unusually truthful men," etc., did them injustice; that people never come to them who being isolated, as their office is at the Immigrant Home, to find out about the movements of trains; but go to the operators at the depot, and that is where they get their misinformation, and not from the dispatchers. We cheerfully make the correction, for we would not willfully misrepresent any one, or put them in a wrong light before the public. We hope the operators at the depot will be more careful about their statements in the future.

The first month of the public Free school will soon be out, and as we predicted, is highly successful under the management of Prof. Lewis. He is a thorough instructor, and the children are making substantial advancement under his tuition. The professor and the scholars return thanks to the liberal citizens of Baird who aided them in the purchase of a nice stove to warm them in the coming winter, and extend a standing invitation to all who feel an interest in the education of the young, to visit the school. They feel confident that they can make them pass a pleasant half hour in their work-shop.

A brakeman named M. L. Pullum who has been sick at the Whitley House for some time, was taken to Fort Worth on the train yesterday morning, to the hospital at that place.

MARRIED.

COMBES.—PARISH.—In this county, Oct. 9th, by Rev. O. M. L. Parker, Mr. W. F. Combs to Miss V. C. Parish.

PETTY.—PHILLIPS.—Near Deep Creek, Oct. 13th, by Rev. O. M. L. Parker, Mr. J. R. Petty to Miss Lucinda Phillips, all of this county.

THE LATEST AND MOST WONDERFUL INVENTION.

EDISON'S
INSTANTANEOUS
GUIDE
TO THE
Piano or Organ.

By which any Child or Person can play any of the Popular Airs by note, at sight, without STUDY, PREVIOUS PRACTICE or even Musical Talent. The Company will FORFEIT $1,000 if any Child ten years old fails to play ANY ONE of our Popular Tunes on the PIANO, ORGAN or MELODEON within ONE HOUR after receiving the Music and Instructions, provided said child can count, with the figures before it, from 1 to 100 correctly.

7 Pieces of Music, with INSTRUCTIONS, Mailed to any address on receipt of $1.00. Enclose one-cent postage stamp for Catalogue of Tunes. ☞ Agents wanted in every State and County in the Union.

Edison Music Co.,
215 and 217 Walnut Street, Philada., Pa.

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.

THE BEST REMEDY
FOR
Diseases of the Throat and Lungs.



In diseases of the pulmonary organs a safe and reliable remedy is invaluable. AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL is such a remedy, and no other so eminently merits the confidence of the public. It is a scientific combination of the medicinal principles and curative virtues of the finest drugs, chemically united, of such power as to insure the greatest possible efficiency and uniformity of results. It strikes at the foundation of all pulmonary diseases, affording prompt relief and rapid cures, and is adapted to patients of any age or either sex. Being very palatable, the youngest children take it readily. In ordinary Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, Influenza, Clergyman's Sore Throat, Asthma, Croup, and Catarrh, the effects of AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL are magical, and multitudes are annually preserved from serious illness by its timely and faithful use. It should be kept at hand in every household for the protection it affords in sudden attacks. In Whooping-cough and Consumption there is no other remedy so efficacious, soothing, and helpful.

Low prices are inducements to try some of the many mixtures, or syrups, made of cheap and ineffective ingredients, now offered, which, as they contain no curative qualities, can afford only temporary relief, and are sure to deceive and disappoint the patient. Diseases of the throat and lungs demand active and effective treatment, and it is dangerous experimenting with unknown and cheap medicines, from the great liability that these diseases may, while so trifled with, become deeply seated or incurable. Use AYER'S CHERRY PECTORAL, and you may confidently expect the best results. It is a standard medical preparation, of known and acknowledged curative power, and is as cheap as its careful preparation and fine ingredients will allow. Eminent physicians, knowing its composition, prescribe it in their practice. The test of half a century has proven its absolute certainty to cure all pulmonary complaints not already beyond the reach of human aid.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
Lowell, Mass.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it in NEW YORK.

ESTRAYED.

Estrayed before R. J. Estes, J. P. Prec. No. 5, Callahan Co., by J. C. McCombs, on the 20th day of September, 1881, one brown horse, blaze faced, right hind foot white, about 15 hands high, branded 6 on left shoulder, same on thigh; 10 years old.

One brown mare, branded ⊂⊃ connected on left shoulder, H on right shoulder, P on right thigh, 14 hands high, 6 yrs old.

One brown horse, ball face, left hind foot white, branded PL connected on right shoulder and thigh; 6 yrs. old. Appraised at $65. Sept. 28th, 1881.

Estrayed before N. P. Rice, J. P. Prec. No. 2, Callahan Co., Tex., Sept. 27th, by W. N. Warren, one sorrel roan horse, about 9 years old, about 15 hands high, branded T on right shoulder, X on left shoulder and 62 on jaw.

One bay horse, about 7 years old, about 15 hands high; branded half circle AG on left shoulder.

One mare mule, about 6 years old, not branded.

One horse mule, about 6 years old, not branded. Said mules are about 16 hands high. Sept. 27th, 1881.

Estrayed before W. H. Cliett, J. P. Prec. No. 1, Callahan Co., Tex., Sept. 26th, 1881, by W. B. Gilliland, the following described stock; to-wit: One bay horse, 9 or 10 yrs. old, about 14 1-2 hands high, right hind foot white, branded on left thigh ⩛ Appraised at $25.

One sorrel mare, 12 or 13 yrs. old, about 14 hands high, blazed face, branded VII connected, on left shoulder. Appraised at $20.

One bay mare, white spot in forehead, 15 hands high, 8 or 9 years old, branded 76 with bar above; on left shoulder appraised at $30.

One roan horse, 15 hands high, 7 yrs. old, branded A on left shoulder and faint brand on left thigh. Appraised at $25. Sept. 26, 1881.

Estrayed before W. H. Cliett, J. P. Prec. No. 1, Callahan Co., Tex., by J. A. Denham, on the 20th day of Sept., A. D., 1881, two sorrel mares of the following description, to-wit: One, 14 hands high, about 8 or 9 years old, white blaze in forehead, both hind feet white, branded J on right shoulder and TL connected, on left shoulder. The other, about 14 1-2 hands high, white blaze in face, branded WIL on right hip and M, with half circle below, on left shoulder and hip. Appraised at $30 each. Sept 20th, 1881.

JNO. W. NEWMAN,
Clk. Co. Ct., C. Co., Tex.

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

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

Abstract of title furnished to lands lying in any of the United States. Lands and other property bought and sold on commission. Correspondence solicited. Office one door east of Adams House. 2-3tf

B. R. WEBB.
Attorney-at-Law and Real Estate Agent.
BAIRD, : : : TEXAS.

Will practice in the Courts of the 12th Judicial District, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts of the State.
Special attention given to collections and land business in the counties of Callahan, Eastland, Stephens, Shackelford, Jones, Taylor, Nolan and Mitchell. Has large amounts of land for sale throughout these counties.

REMOVAL!

ED. NORTHRUP has removed his manufacturing establishment from Belle Plain to Baird, and calls the attention of the public to his stock of
NEW AND ELEGANT
Furniture
Which he will keep complete in all the
New and Various Styles.
Among the combination as a specialty will be found the business of an
UNDERTAKER.
This department will receive special attention. A large and varied stock of
Ready Made Coffins
Kept Constantly in Stock.
MR. NORTHRUP is a First-Class
WAGON MAKER
and will give his personal attention to this department of his combination.
Wood Work
of Every Description done with neatness and dispatch.
THIRD STREET.
BAIRD, - - - TEXAS.

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

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

Cheap Cash Store.
New Store!
New Goods!!
New Prices!!!
I have opened a Grocery Store in the building formerly known as the Harrison building, and am prepared to sell better Groceries at cheaper prices than ever before sold in Belle Plain.
I keep constantly on hand everything usually kept in a first-class grocery store, such as
SUGAR, COFFEE, BACON, HAMS, LARD, RICE, BEANS, MOLASSES, CONDENSED MILK, CANNED GOODS, DRIED FRUITS, POWDER, SHOT, AND WOODENWARE, ALSO
CIGARS, TOBACCOS, Etc., Etc
W. J. Power,
BELLE PLAIN, - - - - TEXAS.
2-1-6m

You are Respectfully Invited
To Call and Examine the Large Stock of General Merchandise on hand and ready for Distribution FOR CASH, a
O. M. L. PARKER'S,
MARKET STREET,
Baird - - Tex
A full Stock of Saddles, Harness, Queensware, Hardware, Stoves, Dry Goods, Groceries and Family Medicines.
Country Produce Wanted Here.

J. E. WRIGHT. W. F. SHARP.
WRIGHT & SHARP.
GENERAL
RECEIVING, FORWARDING
—AND—
Commission Merchants.
Special attention given to the Sale and Shipment of Wool and Hides.
Also, Agent for the Celebrated McCormick
REAPERS and MOWERS.
BAIRD, - - - - - TEXAS.

T. J. LARGEN, M. D.,
Physician, Surgeon, and
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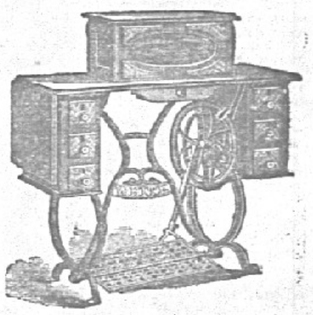
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A Novel and Successful Legal Speculation.

A letter from Frederick, Md., to the New York *Sun*, says:

Yesterday about 2,000 of the suits instituted by Dr. Harrison Wagner, the professional litigant, against citizens of this county, were settled, the defendants being compelled to pay various sums, ranging from $50 to $75 in each case. The operations of Wagner are without a parallel in the United States. About two years ago he was generally considered to be harmlessly insane. His actions were calculated to confirm this theory, and his eccentricities were regarded with indifference by every one who knew him. In the fall of 1879 Wagner caused much amusement by going before an obscure country magistrate, and entering several hundred suits for damages against leading citizens, chosen at random in all parts of the county, who had never seen or had any dealings with him. The amount of damages sued for in each case was between $90 and $100, the limit for which suits can be brought before magistrates in this State. No attention was paid to the supposed lunatic's suits, and the cases were soon forgotten, but were several times recalled to memory by notices of hundreds of other suits being brought by Wagner, who frequently entered as high as one hundred claims against one person.

Early in 1880 Wagner disappeared from public notice, but in the fall of that year the entire community was thrown into a furor of excitement when it was learned that Wagner had commenced proceedings to enforce judgments in 1,800 of the suits. It was then learned for the first time that the persons sued, having failed to appear before the magistrate to answer, judgments had been entered in each case for the amount named in the complaint. Wagner made no effort to collect the judgments until a year had expired, when by law the power of appeal had lapsed. In November last, therefore, he was possessed of 1,800 judgments, averaging $75 each, against about 300 county residents and corporations. Each judgment was indorsed, "By default" and "No appeal taken," and of course they amounted to a lien on any property owned by the defendants.

During Wagner's absence several persons against whom he had obtained judgments died, and his first move was to file the judgments in the Orphans' Court as claims against the estate. Martin Shank, one of his victims, had died, and left an estate valued at $8,500 to his wife and three small children. Wagner filed judgments against the estate amounting to $6,200, and the Orphans' Court was compelled to postpone the hearing of the claims several times in order to avoid the necessity of admitting their validity. At length several citizens employed counsel for Mrs. Shank, who filed an application for arrest of judgment on the ground of fraud. The same policy was pursued by all the other victims, and since that time the cases have been dragging along in the courts, the indications pointing to Wagner being eventually successful in enforcing all of them. The courts ruled that the failure of the victims to contest the suits was in law a virtual acknowledgment of the justice of the claims, while the further failure to take an appeal from the magistrate within the period prescribed by law placed them beyond remedy.

After he had begun to enforce the judgments Wagner found the county too hot to hold him, and went to New York City, where he now is. The proceedings against his victims have been carried on by counsel here, and the settlement made in nearly all the cases yesterday, it is thought, will net him nearly $10,000. He does not pretend that he ever had any legal claim for damages in any of the cases, yet he has succeeded in obtaining considerable portions of the estates of several deceased residents of the county, besides mulcting hundreds of farmers of hard-earned money.

Waiting for Dead Men's Shoes.

A few years ago, a decrepit old man crept around the shabby precints of a Southern town, of whom a singular story was told. He was the last male descendant of a family to whom belonged large estates. His uncle was the last possessor. He died without children. The property was bequeathed by him to his wife during her life, and at her death to this nephew, then a lad of fifteen. The wealthy widow was at this time fifty years old and by no means healthy; but she heartily disliked the heir, and refused to recognize him or give him any immediate assistance. But the boy congratulated himself with the assurance that she could not keep his inheritance from him at her death, and probably her death was not far off. Fifty appears old age to fifteen. Hence, although the lad's mother was poor, he studied no profession and learned no trade. Indeed, he troubled himself very little about education of any sort. Why should he drudge over books or in any sort of business? His fortune waited ready made for him.

Years passed. The lad became a young, a middle-aged man; a husband and father. He had married a mercenary girl, whose eyes were dazzled with this vast prospective fortune. The two plunged into extravagances of every sort. Creditors at first were lenient. The aunt was now a gray, toothless old woman. The fortune was surely near at hand. But the patience of creditors is not as enduring as the lives of even the aged, and at last even hopeful creditors refused to extend their accounts. Then the crash came. The heir fell into hopeless poverty. His children died. His wife left him. He went about the town, gambling a little, drinking a good deal, "cursing his luck" always, but never working.

The aunt lived on. The heir grew old, became a paralytic, and was finally sent to the almshouse, where, after waiting for years for the woman's shoes who would not die, he dropped hopelessly out of an empty life into the grave. The woman lived to be one hundred and three years old, and at her death the estate went to the State of Tennessee.

We do not often find a case of waiting for "dead men's shoes" so extreme as this. But in a degree, the same effect is produced whenever the heirs of wealthy parents are brought up without any profession or practical work. Their youth passes in idleness, waiting for death to make rich men out of them; and out of the idleness too frequently grow dissipation and corrupt character. If, as is often the case, the fortune takes wings before they gain possession of it, they are left stranded and helpless wrecks in life.—*Youth's Companion.*

The Coming Winter.

Winter can be made a dreary, desert waste in the life of the year, and is made so on entirely too many farms. At this day when farmers' societies exist in so many sections, and where having existed and become extinct, have still thoroughly taught the duty and pleasure of sociability, there is little difference in this respect between farm and town life, and what difference there is, is to the advantage of the farmer. In most neighborhoods there are now good opportunities for social enjoyment in a reasonable and temperate way, and in what the town or city exceed these it is bad, for it is intoxicating and exhausting. There is, however, a vast deal of pure and sweet enjoyment in one's home, even if it be isolated. The "home body," if the home is what it ought to be, is a very happy person. Mother, father, and the children gathered about the bright fire, on a winter's night, is a lovely picture of contentment and quiet joy. But such a picture presupposes proper surroundings. Such a picture will never be seen in a home that is cheerless and unadorned. It is not natural for civilized people to live in hovels, and if they do it, whatever may be the cause, the soul will chafe and long for better things. As a matter of plain duty to the children, farmers should consider how they can make the home during the coming winter more pleasant than it has ever been before.

Providing a good supply of winter fruit will probably be attended to in the vast majority of cases. But even the winter fruits are often not saved with the care that should be exercised. Can anything be more reprehensible than for people who have plenty to fail to properly preserve it? Before the winter is half gone, some farm homes are without winter fruits, or if not without them they have been so pooly taken care of that they are worthless, or nearly so. Any such carelessness as this is a crime against ourselves, and in homes in which it is practiced it is no wonder that the children get tired of such a life.

Good reading and plenty of it is a necessity in every perfect home. Better stint ourselves in something else than in this.

In addition to all this, an organ or a piano, where it can be afforded, is very desirable. Better place one of these in the house than to keep the money lying in the bank, or even earning ten per cent interest. Music has a softening influence and it is entertaining. The young like it and will spend many hours during the dreary winter at the piano or organ if they are permitted to do so. So much for the house and now for "out-doors."

The stock should be well provided for, and the farmer who provides for the comfort of his family will be very likely to think of and care for his stock. We will not repeat what we have said so often, that it pays to take care of stock in winter, but will speak of the subject now simply in the light of duty which we owe to the dumb servants under our care. Horses are usually fairly taken care of, but this is not always true of cattle, sheep and hogs. It is distressing to see one of these animals exposed to the cold, beating storms and cutting winds of winter. And in giving kinder care, we will consult our own comfort. We have seen men milking either outdoors or under a a shed that was simply an apology for one, when their own inconvenience and suffering, though self-imposed, was pitiable. How much better to have the stock warmly quartered, not only on their own account, but so that when we have to go among it we can have protection from the wintry elements!—*Western Rural.*

Foods.

The matter of foods, as relates to the best forms and methods of using, so as to supply nutrition to the human organism, is a subject so important no wonder it provokes continued and extended discussion. It is a field in which empirics flourish as well as men of eminent scientific accomplishments, and the views expressed are diverse, conflicting and often very absurd. At one time a class of vegetarians provoke public attention by their clamor; at another, men who would banish all forms of vegetable foods hold the field, and mankind are declared to be carnivorous animals and must be fed, like lions and tigers, only with flesh foods. Experiments have been conducted often and persistently to prove one or the other class of opinions erroneous, and however conflicting may be views of the results, one point has been settled, and that is, that human beings can exist and flourish on either kind of aliment, or on both kinds together, in any proportions that fancy may dictate. This, however, does not place beyond the field of controversy the question as regards the best forms of food for the weak and sickly, those whose organs of digestion and assimilation are impaired in functional activity.

Wheat is a wonderful cereal, and in its chemical composition the evidence of design is so apparent that one must be stupid indeed who does not discover it. There is not a function of the body that can not be sustained upon the principles stored up in the wheat berry; and there is not a nerve or tissue that can not be nourished and fed by it alone.

As regards the distinction, nutritively considered, between the whole grain and the white flour of the interior parts, there is no room for doubt or dispute. It is the whole grain which constitutes perfect food; the white flour is incapable of affording complete and healthful support under all conditions of human existence. The white loaf is very beautiful and fashionable, but it does not contain the phosphates of magnesia, lime and soda which are found in the brown loaf. These salts are stored for some wise reason, doubtless in the bran or outer covering of the grain, and they are certainly lost to a large extent in the bolting process.

Nature is wiser than man, as man is but a creature of Nature. A fact so insignificant as that which is brought to view in the study of the wheat grain must not be treated with contempt. It may be an error, and it probably is, to supply the outer coverings of wheat in the leaf, in coarse particles, but it is not an error to hold them in combination, in every form of food which may be desired. There is much said and done in regard to this matter which is empirical and unworthy of trust, but the plain facts as stated remain.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

—White Sauce for Fish.—Melt an ounce of butter in a saucepan, add to it a dessert-spoonful of flour; mix thoroughly; add salt and white pepper to taste and about a tumblerful of boiling water; stir on the fire until it thickens. Then take the saucepan off the fire and stir in the yolks of two eggs, beaten up with the juice of a lemon and strained.

—An agreeable flavor in cattle food stimulates appetite and probably promotes digestion.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Ismail Pasha, ex-Khedive of Egypt, who is an extremely uninteresting person, is staying at Vichy, in the villa formerly occupied by Napoleon III. With him are eight of his wives and twenty-seven attendants.

—It is significant of Queen Victoria's hold on the hearts of her people that she has to prohibit manifestations which most crowned heads are only too anxious to get. Strict orders were given against any sort of demonstrations during her recent journey by night to Scotland, her Majesty preferring sleep to cheers.

—The Hofburg, the imperial palace at Vienna, will be ten years rebuilding. There will be a lofty pavilion in the center, with wings extending by means of arcades across Vienna's great boulevard, the King Strasse. This is intended to be the finest royal palace in Europe.

—A house has just been finished which Queen Victoria has built for Mr. John Brown within the grounds of Balmoral, but which that fortunate subject has not yet occupied. It is a spacious and plain square mansion, occupying a pleasant situation in the center of a lawn-like expanse of the royal demesne, with a carriage drive leading to it from one of the avenues.

—There is about to be a celebration, lasting three days, of the erection at Boulogne-sur-Mer of a monument to the memory of Frederic Sauvage, a native of the town, for whom is claimed the honor of the discovery of the principles on which the mighty screw propeller is built. These festivities will begin on the 11th of the present month, and will include a free performance at the theater, a public dinner, balls, concerts and aquatic sports.

—Reports from Australia are that the progress of the Prince of Wales' sons through that country has been an uninterrupted series of festivities, receptions and congratulatory addresses. The saloon carriage built expressly for their father they have been the first to use. In the Botanical Gardens at Melbourne they have planted memorial trees, and among their out-door amusements is mentioned a kangaroo hunt. Some of the finest tails of the slaughtered animals are said to have been selected by them for shipment to their mother.

—Mrs. Florence, the actress, says that she talked with the Princess of Wales in the box of a London theatre, and found her charming in manners and person. Her voice is soft and extremely musical, and a slight German accent makes her speech all the more pleasing. Mrs. Florence pronounces Lady Lonsdale and Lady Mandeville among the first of English beauties, and says of Mrs. Langtry: "She is not strictly beautiful. She has a fair skin, and large, round, dark eyes, which she uses very expressively, and with all the art of a professional actress, in conversation. The natural color of her hair is chestnut, but she is as often seen with very light or reddish frizzes as with those of the color bestowed by nature. These artificial adjuncts enhance the effect of her really fine eyes."

Red Tape in the English War Office.

A funny story is going the rounds illustrative of the red tape policy obtaining in military circles. It is such an anecdote as would have delighted poor Charles Dickens, and serves to remind us that his account of the circumlocution office, with its "how-not-to-do it" tactics, was not so overdrawn after all. A guard-room clock at Aldershot suddenly took it into its head to stop ticking, and a requisition for its repair was sent to the Barrackmaster, who passed it on to the Ordnance Storekeeper, from whom it went, first to the Quartermaster-General, and then to the General Commanding, who forwarded it to the Horse Guards, whence it was relegated to the War Office, where, after two or three weeks' delay, the required repairs were authorized. But before this decision was conveyed to the camp a question arose as to under what vote the expense—estimated under $2—was to be charged, each department positively declining to be responsible for the amount. The question was finally referred to the Treasury, involving an important constitutional principle, and, after a further delay of three months, it was settled that the Barrack Department should bear the expense. But this was not an end of the all-important question. The correspondence was transferred to Aldershot, and, after a few weeks, a requisition for transport was addressed to the commanding officer of the military train, who sent a four-horse ammunition wagon, under the escort of a Sergeant and eight soldiers, to fetch the clock, which, however, it turned out had been removed soon after the original requisition had been sent in by some meddling ignoramus totally devoid of appreciation for official routine. The correspondence over this precious clock had lasted eight months, and it is calculated that the postage stamps and stationery, etc., alone used over the affair would have paid for ten new clocks; while, reckoning the time of the officials employed over the matter as worth their usual rate of pay, it would have been a saving to the country had the Aldershot authorities erected a clock factory on purpose to repair the offending timepiece. All this reads like one of Mark Twain's exuberant bursts of fancy, or a leaf out of one of Charles Dicken's novels, highly exaggerated, but it is all sober fact, and such idiotic performances on the part of grown men may well make Englishmen wonder how the British military organization would stand the sudden strain put upon it by a foreign invasion. Already the bitterly learned lessons of the Crimea seem in danger of being forgotten.—*Cor. Philadelphia Telegraph.*

Our Cannibal Ancestors.

Carl Vogt has been startling the scientific world by a statement he has made respecting the ancestors of the human race. He declares that, in the progress from savage to civilized life, all the leading members of the human family were at one time, and necessarily, cannibals. In the fossil remains found in caves or preserved in marshes, are discovered human bones split by some instrument, often scorched by fire and on the softer ends of the bones indications of teeth. If instruments were used, it must be by a tool-using animal. The marks of fire show that it was after man made some progress in the control of the elements. The splitting of the bone was to get at the marrow. Indeed, Vogt goes so far as to say that the religious observance in which the names blood and body are used in the sacrament, was not originally symbolical at all, but real, and that the progress of civilization refined, sanctified and symbolized what was in its origin a barbarous rite. Of course all this horrifies the religious world, and attempts are making, which no doubt will be successful, to confute the audacious and irreverent Carl Vogt.—*Demorest's Monthly.*

HOME AND FARM.

—It is a good plan to pour hot water over liver before frying or broiling it; it improves the taste and seems to make it more wholesome also.

—Beefsteak and Oyster Pie.—Beat the steak gently with a rolling-pin, and season with pepper and salt. Have ready a deep dish lined with not too rich a pastry. Put in the meat with layers of oysters; then the oyster liquor with a little mace, and a teaspoon of catsup; cover with top crust and bake. Veal will do as well as beef.

—Road-dust.—Collect a few barrels of dry earth, road-dust, fine dry dirt in the cornfield or potato patch, or anywhere that is most convenient. This is a handy thing to have in the fall and winter for sprinkling under the roosts and on the floor of the poultry-house. It absorbs ammonia, keeps down smells, and keeps things ship-shape.

—French Beefsteak.—Cut the steak two thirds of an inch thick from a fillet of beef; dip into melted fresh butter, lay on a heated gridiron and broil over hot coals. When nearly done sprinkle with pepper and salt. Have ready some parsley, chopped fine and mixed with softened butter. Beat them together to a cream, and pour into the middle of the dish. Dip each steak into the butter, turning them over, and lay them round on the platter. If you desire, squeeze a few drops of lemon over, and serve very hot.

—An orchard requires chiefly mineral manures. Lime is the most useful, as this supplies this needed element, and also causes the soil to give up potash. Lime and potash are the principal constituents of the wood, and the soil will easily supply the rest if a crop of clover is grown and plowed in, or if the weeds are even plowed under, or the soil is left fallow or merely plowed for a year or two. Young trees are benefited by a top dressing of manure in the spring or late in the fall. A spring dressing should be of old manure. The fall dressing may be of coarse fresh manure.

—Bedbugs, a nasty word, but, nevertheless, somewhat suggestive, even in some of the first families, are a troublesome pest, and, as some housekeepers do very well know, are hard to dislodge and discharge. They may be and are carried from place to place on articles of clothing and furniture, and after they are introduced into a house it is difficult to eradicate them. A saturated solution of alum in water, applied as a wash to every possible lurking-place of the bugs, is said to be an efficient remedy against them. A sharp lookout should be kept up, and if the first application does not destroy them, more of the solution should be used. Alum is safe and deserves a trial by any who are troubled with the nasty pest.

—Galette.—This cake is a great favorite in France. Sift a pound of the best flour, put it in a heap on the pastry board, make a hole in the middle, put into it a pinch of salt and one of sifted sugar, three-quarters of a pound of butter, and a gill of water. Knead the ingredients together, and when they begin to mix sprinkle over by degrees half a gill of water, continuing to knead with the palm of the hand, and when the paste is smooth make it into a ball and let it lie for an hour. At the end of this time roll out the paste to thickness of half an inch. Mark the edges as for Scotch shortbread, put the cake on a baking-sheet, brush over the top with yelk of egg, and score it in the form of diamonds. Bake in quick oven for half an hour, or until the galette is elastic to pressure of the finger.

Facts About Bees.

Mr. C. E. Ridler, of Canton, Mass., to the *Journal of Education* some highly interesting facts about the bee, obtained by long and patient observation. Following are extracts from his letter: "Bees, large and small, never alight on the top of the iris, but always in the same place, between one of the winged styles and one of the petals. I have watched hundreds of them. I have never seen an exception. Soon after alighting they force their bodies down as far as they possibly can into the very narrow space where the petal and style are very close together, breaking the pollen from the anthers above them, and in this place they extract the honey. I have seen them do this on the iris of the garden and on the *Iris Virginica* and the *Iris versicolor* of the meadows, and the process is the same, a bee alighting on one of the irises in my hand."

Mr. Ridler thinks that the office performed by the bee in making flowers productive is to brush the pollen from the anthers and convey it on its body directly into the ovary which it pierces. He thus upsets a well-known popular fancy:

"There is one popular delusion about bees, and that is that a 'bee-line' is a straight one. Let the following observation be considered. The hundreds of bees in the meadows, seeking honey of the iris, and going away laden with it, go in a series of delicately curved lines, and not in straight ones. In the woods and fields their course is just the same. Sitting or reclining on a favorite knoll, where bees are continually flying about, I have seen them day after day, at the rate of six or eight every minute, make a number of circles, large and small, about my head, and then fly off with great rapidity, not in straight lines for any considerably distance, and this, too, where there was plenty of room for them to fly a great distance in straight lines without any obstructions, but from side to side in a kind of zigzag motion of curved lines.

"Again, passing along the street, there is a great buzzing in the trees near by. It is a swarm of bees. They are directly overhead, and I stop and watch them; there's millions in it. They, too, fly a long distance within sight, not in straight lines, but in curves—majestic curves. Many of them fly swiftly from one side of the swarm to the other, but always in curves. Perhaps they are the 'mounted police,' and this may explain their curve-like motion, but it does not explain why the whole swarm moves thus.

"Once more: near the last day of the term a bee flies into the school-room. During its flight across the room, perhaps twenty-five or thirty feet, it changes its course four or five times, alights on a window-pane, makes several ineffectual attempts to climb its smooth surface, scents a rose on a neighboring desk, is on it in an instant (curves again), is unceremoniously thrust to the floor by the young lady owning the rose, and then in another instant makes a bee-line (that is, such a line—curves here, too—as a bee makes) for the open window, and is off.

"From these observations, a bee-line is not a mathematically straight one, any more than Court Street, or some of the older streets of Boston, as they originally existed, were straight; any more than cow-paths are straight, or the path of a squirrel climbing a tree to avoid the stone which the small boy is pretty apt to throw at him."

—An employer should always manage to oversee the work which is being performed. A general and intelligent oversight is very different from petty and irritating meddling. The appreciative eye which discovers real merit and rewards it by increasing trust, which discerns unfaithfulness or slackness and visits it with just rebuke, is a potent influence to produce good and true work. Many of the steps in doing work, many of the methods by which it is done, may be judiciously left to the discretion of the agent; but to see to it that the work itself is well done, to show an intelligent and lively interest in it, to tolerate no unfaithfulness, and to show appreciation of all real excellence is the duty and to the interest of every employer.

—If you play with a fool at home, he will play with you abroad.

THE Menasha (Wis.) *Press* says: A. Granger, Esq., of this city, uses St. Jacobs Oil on his horses with decided success and profit.

A MAIDEN wants to know how to avoid having a mustache come on her upper lip. Eat onions.

THE *Sunday Argus*, Louisville (Ky.) observes: A Woodbury (N. J.) paper mentions the cure of the wife of Mr. Jos. H. Mills, of that place, by St. Jacobs Oil. She had rheumatism.

DON'T judge a man too hastily when you see him coming out of a public house wiping his mouth. His action is an im-significant one.

IF you are bilious, take Dr. Pierce's "Pleasant Purgative Pellets," the original "Little Liver Pills." Of all druggists.

IT must have been dull music for Adam in his garden home, with no one to talk with about the crops, the cattle, the hens, ducks and geese.

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I have advised many ladies to try your "Favorite Prescription" and never see it fail to do more than you advertise.
Yours truly, MRS. A. M. RANKIN,
141 Bates street, Indianapolis, Ind.

THE *Paper-Trade Journal* says making coffins of paper is rather running the thing into the ground.

YOUNG, middle aged, or old men, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses, should send two stamps for large treatise, giving successful treatment. WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

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THE boy who has been as lively as a cricket all summer suddenly shows a predilection for headache at the first sound of the school bell.

Special Dispatch from Detroit.

The demand of the people for an easier method of preparing Kidney-Wort has induced the proprietors, the well-known wholesale Druggists, Wells, Richardson & Co., of Burlington, Vt., to prepare it for sale in liquid form as well as in dry form.—*Post and Tribune.*

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IROQUOIS.

months since I first commenced using that OIL on my horses, and I shall continue to use it. I happened to commence using ST. JACOBS OIL on horses in this way: My father is over eighty years of age and is subject to many of the ailments incident to old age. Among other things he has Rheumatic attacks, pains in his limbs and joints, and aches in different parts of his body. He commenced using ST. JACOBS OIL several months since, and after rubbing himself freely with the liniment night and morning, according to the printed directions, he obtained the most decided relief. Whenever he has any pain now he uses ST. JACOBS OIL and it always drives the pain away. Now I fully know from personal observation that '*What is good for man is good for beast.*'"—Further reports bring the gratifying intelligence that Aristides Welsh, Esq., of Erdenheim Stock-Farm, near Philadelphia, Pa., the breeder of that famed racer, Iroquois, above represented, uses and strongly endorses ST. JACOBS OIL as a wonderful remedy in its effects upon his stock. His experience with the Great German Remedy justified him in giving his unqualified indorsement of it, and in saying that his chief groom should always use it on the farm.

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