Callahan County Clarendon.

"THE GREATEST GOOD TO THE GREATEST NUMBER."

W. R. LOTZ, Editor and Proprietor. BAIRD, TEXAS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1882. VOL. III.—NO. 33.

AN AUTUMN FARM-SONG.

[illegible] beats the rhythmic flail
[illegible] from morn to night.
This way and that its strokes prevail,
While winter days of Arctic might
Are now in sight.

The maid who carries the milking-pail,
So winsome white?
Loves well the lad who wields the flail;
While he esteems his labor light
With her in sight.

Fast flies the wheat, up goes the straw,
A goodly store
Of golden grain he has to draw
Within the bursting granary door,
From off the floor.

He casts his eye upon her face,
Wreathed in a smile;
She sees in him a manly grace—
A breath from Love's enraptured isle
Holds them the while.

The maiden skims the luscious cream,
And butter makes—
[illegible] Love's [illegible] dream,
While Hope her fairest vision takes
For their dear sakes.

For he who swings the sounding flail
Has won the "Yes"
From her who carries the milking-pail,
And sealed the promise with a kiss—
So, winter days are not amiss.
—*N. Y. Ledger.*

SINGULAR PHENOMENA.

A scene suggestive of ye olden time was witnessed one day recently by some of the operators in a saw-mill at Bedford, N. H. About four o'clock in the afternoon, when the sun was shining brightly, a star of remarkable brilliancy was seen in the east, at a point about midway between the zenith and the horizon. It remained for about thirty minutes, and then suddenly disappeared.

A while since, about eleven o'clock, a. m., a singular phenomenon was visible in the heavens at Woodstock, N. B., and at several other places. A large colored circle like a rainbow surrounded the sun, arcs of three other clear white circles intersecting one another near to the colored circle. After remaining visible about an hour, they gradually faded away. The same appearance was noticed at Sydney, C. B., and at Pictou.

The St. Elmo's Fire, or electricity seen playing on the bayonets of marching armies, and around the spars and masts of ships, comes from the presence of a charged cloud in the air, from which the pointed objects draw the lightning. A splendid instance of this same phenomenon was lately witnessed in Jura at St. Cergues, where a whole forest of pine-trees was seen to be aglow with light like a phosphorescent sea in the tropics. A thunderstorm was raging at the time, and at every flash of lightning, the illumination entirely disappeared, but soon shone forth again until the next flash came. Before the appearance of this St. Elmo's Fire, heavy rains had fallen and soaked the forest so as to render it conductive of electricity, and the thunder-cloud overhead, heavily charged with electricity, had induced an opposite charge on the ground below, which discharged itself into the air by the pointed boughs and needles of the pine trees.

Next perhaps to the famous "Dark Day" in New England in interest were the incidents of that phenomenal wonder, the great "star shower" of November 13, 1833, a night when so many meteors flew and flashed that the heavens seemed on fire, and many ignorant people supposed that the end of the world had come. Said an eye-witness:

"It was as clear as night as I ever saw. I would fix my eyes on a given star, and in a few moments it would seem to fall, owing, I suppose, to the fact that it was obscured by a passing meteor. The illusion was perfect."

Some of our readers may have heard the quaint anecdote of an old sailor who reformed when he saw (or thought he saw) the "North Star" fall. The story is given in the sailor's own words; and the above reference to the 'optical illusion' shows how natural his impression was:

"I have spent most of my life on the sea, and have passed through many dangers. But I never had to look death and eternity so squarely in the face before. You know, parson, that sailors believe in the North Star. Well, I saw that the other stars were falling, but I thought that as long as the North Star kept its place, all was safe. So I went out there and sat on the ground, with my back against the chimney (it was a rock chimney), and then I watched that star, trying not even to wink. In a few minutes it cut loose, and here it came. And then, parson, I fell on my knees and did some of the tallest praying you ever heard, and I have not sworn an oath since."

The following incidents seem very strange, but are nevertheless true:

During a heavy thunderstorm at Mechanic's Falls, Me., a little boy was sitting at the foot of a Balm-of-Gilead tree, which was struck by lightning. The tree was considerably splintered, but the boy was uninjured to all appearances. Soon after the accident he was seized with nausea, when a physician was called, and, on removing the little fellow's clothing, there was found upon his stomach and chest an imprint resembling the trunk of the Balm-of-Gilead tree, its branches and buds as perfect as could be drawn by the hands of a skilled artist.

The likeness of a woman who has been dead more than twenty years was lately discovered on a pane of glass in a chamber window in a house at Charlotte, Va. The likeness is distinct and accurate, and resembles a photograph negative. It is said the woman was stunned by a flash of lightning many years ago, while standing at that window, and the theory is that the outlines of her features were photographed on the window-pane at that time.

A singular electrical phenomenon recently occurred at Celereus, Switzerland. There was a thunderstorm in the distance, when suddenly a tremendous peal of thunder shook the houses to their foundations, and there was a wonderful discharge of lightning. A little girl near by a tree that was struck was literally folded in a sheet of fire! The vine-dressers fled in terror from the spot. Six persons, in three groups, near the same locality, were enveloped in a luminous cloud. They felt as if they were being struck in the face with hailstones or fine gravel, and when they touched each other, sparks of electricity passed from their finger-ends. None of the persons mentioned were injured, though they had a sensation for several hours after as if their joints had been violently twisted.

The Northern Lights have been used to send telegrams, their electric force charging the wires and working the marker without a battery. On the other hand, science makes lamp-light now out of electricity, and one case recently occurred of a lamp lit by the electricity of the skies.

The Sixth avenue, in front of the St. Ower Hotel, at Pittsburgh, Pa., is illuminated by an electric light at night. The lamp is not lit until dark, but one day passers-by were astonished at seeing the light burning with unwonted brilliancy at six o'clock in the evening. The illumination lasted for about two minutes, and then died away. No one was more surprised than Mr. Carpenter, proprietor of the hotel.

He immediately sent to the company that supplied the lamp, to ascertain the cause. No power had been connected, and the only apparent explanation was that the copper wire connecting the carbons had been struck by the lightning, as the illumination was seen directly after a sharp flash. The engineer of the Electric Lighting Company says this was undoubtedly the case and that the lamp burned as long as the electricity lasted.

A curious shower of sand and mud coming from the South once fell in Rome, and seemed to be regarded as due to sand brought in a dust-storm from the Great Desert in Africa, being mixed with the pollen of some vegetable and held in solution by the cloud which carried it. Yellow spots, about a twentieth of an inch in diameter, were made on the paper on which an artist was sketching, and though the color varied from yellow to white, fine drops of the same diameter fell all about the neighborhood of the city. The cloud which brought it, though giving out little or no rain, turned the sun at four p.m. into the semblance of "a pale moon of greenish tint." Similar phenomena were no doubt mistaken for rain of blood by the Romans, and regarded as prodigies of strange import.—*George Bancroft Griffith, in Ballou's Magazine.*

Vicarious Sacrifice.

A good many years ago a cashier took a little lad from a neighboring poor-house, and when the boy had become a youth he was given a responsible position in the bank of which his patron was practically the head. Later the cashier stole more than $15,000 from the bank. Exposure was threatened every day, and the guilty officer, in a period of depression, confessed to the youth that he proposed to kill himself. Young Ray, the protege, was smitten with horror at the thought of the terrible turn in affairs, but, having weighed the matter, the next day he threw himself into the breech. He suggested, and the cashier eagerly accepted the suggestion, that he should fasten the guilt upon himself and abscond, thus leaving his patron honest in the world's eyes, though blackened in his own. What the public heard of the Westport robbery was that a bank clerk named Ray had stolen $15,000.

Detectives found several clews, but not until years afterward was the secret disclosed. One of the detectives who had been employed in the case came up with Ray under still more romantic circumstances. The detective, according to his reminiscences published in a San Francisco paper, was called recently to a Western city to ferret out the person who had robbed a private house of 200 gold eagles. The only man under arrest was one Henry Martin. As soon as the detective saw Martin he said: "You are Dallas Ray, who robbed the Westport bank." Ray then told the true story of the robbery, and the story has been verified since. He claimed that he was innocent of the gold eagle burglary, and asked the detective to take a note to his sweetheart, a Miss Morse. When the latter heard of her lover's predicament she threw her whole soul into obtaining proof of his innocence. She went to the house where the robbery had been committed. Having asked if the burglar had left anything in his flight, she was given a handkerchief that had been dropped by the intruder. She put the handkerchief to her nose and exclaimed: "Find the thief who uses this perfume (naming the peculiar brand) and you will find your eagles." It was found that only one drug-store in the city sold that kind of perfumery, and that only one bottle had been bought within the preceding month. Need it be added that the purchaser was traced, the eagles found, and the lovers married.—*Pittsburgh Dispatch.*

—James Beatty, of Huntington, N. Y., has a well on his premises that appears to be both a curiosity and a puzzle. The well is twenty-three feet deep, and it is said that it is dry every year from Jan. 1 to the first week in March—as regular as the days of the year. It will be as full the day before it dries up as at any time during the year, and on the following morning not a drop is to be seen where a depth of three or four feet existed before. About the first week in March the well fills again in a few moments and continues so for the remainder of the year.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—The Toronto *Globe* says that as one travels over our beautiful country, and meets on every hand sturdy, well-to-do farmers, who began life without a dollar, cleared their farms and now are spending the evening of their days in peace and plenty, one can hardly help thinking that worse things might befall a man than to be compelled to start life on a brush farm.

—A provision broker of Chicago, in conversation with a New Yorker, speaking of the stagnation in business, said: "Why, it is a positive fact that there are less than two hundred thousand dressed hogs in Chicago to-day." The friend replied in astonishment: "Why, I thought your population something over half a million."—*Boston Traveller.*

—A colored woman at Providence, R. I., Louisa Freeman, was bound over on a charge of whipping her adopted boy, who is four years old, with an iron umbrella rib, forcing him to drink filthy water from a bucket again and again, and burning his tongue with a red-hot poker.

The Ages of Presidents.

The occurrence of President Arthur's birthday, last Friday, suggests a glance at the ages of the other twenty Presidents. Death has made four Presidents, John Tyler in 1841, when he was 51; Millard Fillmore in 1850, when he was 50; Andrew Johnson in 1865, when he was 57; and Chester A. Arthur in 1881, when he was 51. Of the four Presidents who have died in office, Garfield was the youngest when inaugurated, being but 50; Harrison died a month after his inauguration in 1841, at 68; General Taylor sixteen months after his inauguration in 1849, at 66; and Lincoln four years and a little more than a month after his first inauguration in 1861, at 56. It is interesting to notice that while Lincoln and Garfield died most tragic deaths, President Harrison's death was the result of a cold he caught while going to market, and Gen. Taylor's the result of eating cherries and drinking cold milk after sitting in the hot sun an hour during the Fourth of July exercises at the Washington monument.

Washington was 58 when first inaugurated in this city ninety-three years ago; John Adams, the first college-bred President, was 61 when inaugurated; Thomas Jefferson, who was educated at the College of William and Mary and in range of knowledge is thought to compare favorably with Burke, was 58; James Madison, a graduate of Princeton, was 58; James Monroe, who left the College of William and Mary to join the Revolutionary Army, was 59; John Quincy Adams, who like John Adams was a Harvard graduate, was 58; Andrew Jackson was 62; Martin Van Buren was 55; James K. Polk, who graduated at the University of North Carolina, was 50; Franklin Pierce, who graduated at Bowdoin College, was 49; James Buchanan, a graduate of Dickinson College, was 66; Gen. Grant, the only man West Point has trained for the White House, was 47, and Rutherford B. Hayes, was 55. Thirteen of the Presidents, including Garfield, a graduate of Williams College, and Arthur, who graduated at Union College in 1848, have been college-bred men, but they reached the goal of their ambition no earlier in life than the Presidents whose educational advantages were more limited. President Harrison graduated at Hampden Sidney College, and President Tyler at the College of William and Mary.

Gen. Grant was the youngest of the Presidents at the time of inauguration, although he is now about six months older than ex-President Hayes, and eight and a half older than President Arthur. If he lives as long as the elder Adams, he has almost thirty years before him. Five Presidents have lived more than eighty years. John Adams dying at 90, Jefferson at 83, Madison at 85, John Q. Adams at 81 and Van Buren at 80. Polk is the only President who died a natural death at less than 60 years of age, reaching but 51. Lincoln was cut off at 56 and Garfield at 51. The former would be but 73 were he now living. It is evident that the office of Chief Executive is not unfavorable to longevity.—*N. Y. Mail and Express.*

The Captive Rebel.

Arabi's character is a hard one to decipher. Some wear their hearts on their sleeves, their souls in their eyes; others must be read by stratagem and vigilance; some are so complex as well nigh to defy the analytical process altogether. So many falsehoods have been woven about Achmet Arabi Pasha, such wondrous adventures have been invented for him, such a bower of lies has sprouted round his figure, that already he, though yet alive, assumes the presence of a hero of romance; the glamor of a Haroun Alraschid has gilded his path, which now appears going "down hill" so rapidly. He is no doubt a very hard nut to crack in the way of character reading, one whose intricacies become more and more involved as you endeavor to trace their vagaries. The fact is that Arabi is—to bestow the verbiage of an immortal personage—not a single individual, but, like Cerberus, three gentlemen in one. He is a monster with a triple head, named respectively, "Arabi—Toulba—Ninet." In other words, he is a visionary, whose acts were controlled by voices. Joan of Arc was guided by voices, and obeyed their bidding—voices which rang in her ears, but had no form or substance. Arabi is like her in that he meant well, and faithfully gave credence to all his voices told him; but they had form and substance, for one was that of Toulba Pasha, the other that of Ninet, the Swiss. He was like Napoleon III., in that the latter shrank from looking into the details of his imperio-military business himself, trusting the fortunes of a nation and himself to the reports of subordinates, and ended, in consequence, by being grievously undone. The son of Hortense was ambitious, and a man of the world, with a strong dash of the cynic. Arabi was also ambitious, but he is an Oriental with a strong dash of the fanatic. Watching him lately, as I have been doing, one comes to judge by little traits—odd-shaped mental bricks, taken separately, which, piled one on another, assume form and build themselves into a character of comprehensible flesh and blood. Follow his trivial acts since he fell into our hands, and you may supply the motives for traits which taken singly mean nothing. When he surrendered himself he was dressed in the extreme of simplicity. Misfortune having fallen on him, the gewgaws of Tel-el-Kebir—the broidered tent, the silver chair and bedstead—were out of tune with the sad melody, and were discarded. He wore a pair of black trousers with a wide red stripe, a common tarboush, a white linen jacket, conspicuous for the absence of decorations. So did Toulba, his evil *alter ego*. He said, with a gentle courtesy and a high-bred salaam, "I surrender myself for the honor of England," which the *alter ego* instantly echoed, not knowing what was meant. England, he (Arabi) felt, would treat him fairly, and that in England's hands he was safe from outrage. In Egyptian hands, on the contrary, he might probably be subject to a maltreatment which would be a slur on England's honor. Arabi was deeply, utterly depressed; stunned in mind and sick in body. Like John of Leyden, the ill-starred "prophet," he believed himself a chosen instrument of God to perform a holy work. He was to eject the odious Christian from Egyptian soil—the Nazarene invader—as the Turcomans expelled the Caliphs, as the Mamelukes expelled the Turcomans, as the French expelled the Mamelukes. All these expulsions had been caused by greed, by personal ambition; the crusade of Arabi was a nobler, holier one. It was a crusade of the followers of Mohammed against the unbelievers, and a high seat in Heaven was reserved for him who should achieve the splendid object. Mahomet Ali was a fearless warrior, a man of intellect, of decision, of keen instinct, of remarkable bravery. Arabi was none of these. He had, they say, a dread of shells and musket balls, was never under fire, always gave his orders from a distance, trusting to his subordinates for their execution, accepting their explanations, believing their stories and excuses. Hence he was hoodwinked, led by the nose, made a fool of by those whom he most trusted. Toulba kept him informed of victories from a distance, which he had no reason to disbelieve. Men went forth to fight, and returned with plausible tales. They had done wonders. If a gun was missing it had been left in the sand—but, of course, duly spiked. The leader was utterly deceived. He believed Toulba's mendacious statements; hearkened to Ninet's artful hints, fully gave credence to the idea that England would be given into his hands for the good of Islam, and, of Oriental bringing-up himself, employed the same arts to deceive his smaller fry which were so cunningly used toward himself. The collapse of Tel-el-Kebir was to him a Sedan—an astonishment, a disillusion, a bolt from the sky. Hence his unexpected submission and the settled gloom which enshrouds him ever since. The story that he ordered the firing of Cairo is most improbable. Toulba did perhaps.

At Abbassiah, the first place of his confinement, he spoke little. When removed to his new quarters at the Abdin barracks he salaamed to the crowd, *i. e.*, touched his brow with his fingers. In the East it is the great man who bows first to a crowd, then they reply. But the crowd was apathetic and gazed stonily on the fallen one. Arabi perceived that no one took notice of him, that his day was past, and leaned back in the carriage with a heavy sigh, moving no more, but keeping his eyes upon the escort of dragoons who trotted in front and alongside. He is a man of singularly courteous manners, tall, burly—not uncomely—with a tendency to baldness and to snowiness about the beard. He should be a man of fifty-five but Orientals are inscrutible in the matter of age, some of them looking 100, while in reality they have just turned thirty. He has the ignorance of the fellah, his boundless trust and grotesquely selfish belief that Allah's time is occupied with specially watching him above all other creatures. That he was cognizant of the cruelties committed at the citadel is probable; that he ordered them himself is not likely. Orientals are by nature cruel—or perhaps it would be better to say that the tendency to cruelty which is at the bottom of all our natures is less curbed in the Oriental than in us. That a few Arabs should be thumb-screwed could be, of course, of little importance to the leader.

Previous to this affair no one ever heard of Toulba Pasha, who rose from the dregs of society. He is short, dark, corpulent, with twinkling eyes, an impudent leer, nervous fat hands, always on the move. He willfully deceived the master that trusted him, for in the telegrams which are extant he prated always of great victories and promised others in store. Without Toulba's insidious advice—his lying, plausible counsel—it is unlikely that Arabi would ever have succumbed to his rash ambition. Having been so blinded, he pinned his faith to Toulba; and Toulba, a willfully violent man, an adventurer, reckless of consequences, has led him floundering into the mire.—*Cairo Cor. London Telegraph.*

The Beginning of a Successful Life.

How ex-Governor Morgan of New York began life is thus related by himself: "I was seventeen years old, and was living at home at Washington, Berkshire County—the same county in which Williams College is located. One fine moonlight night in winter my uncle drove up from Hartford and proposed that I should go to work for him. He had a wholesale and retail grocery business—principally wholesale—and the idea pleased me. The result was I went. The first year he was to give me my board and forty dollars, the second year sixty dollars, the third year seventy-five dollars, and the fourth year one hundred dollars. I hadn't been there long before I found the work was pretty hard, for I was the only clerk, and I thought the pay too small. I spoke to my uncle about it, and he said if I would stay he would do better by me than he had originally agreed. He said he had already told his wife he intended to do better by me. I decided to stay, and at the end of the year I found I had drawn fifty-six dollars. He told me to balance my account and call it square. I was disappointed, for I had expected more. He wanted to know what I proposed to do, and I said I would stay the second year for one hundred dollars. He said this was too much; that he would give me seventy-five dollars. I objected, but he finally told me if I would remain that the next year he would take me into partnership and give me one third the profits. I accepted the offer, and the third year, when I was a partner, at twenty years of age, the profits were $6,000, and my share $2,000. My uncle was considered the wealthiest man in Hartford. You can see how times change and how different are the ideas of wealth to-day; for when my uncle died I was his executor, and his estate was only worth $65,000."

—Father Peter John Beckx, the General of the Order of Jesuits, is now in his eighty-seventh year, and his declining health has of late given rise to much speculation concerning his probable successor. He has been at the head of the order for nearly thirty years, which is an unusually long period, since it is the rule for only men already well advanced in years to be elevated to the position.—*N. Y. Herald.*

PITH AND POINT.

—Walt Whitman exclaims in one of his poems: "Give me solitude!" Very easily obtained, sir. Start to take up a collection for the Washington Monument.—*Boston Post.*

—The stage-driver on a mail route in Arizona has resigned. Masked robbers have filled him so full of bullets that he intends to lease himself to parties who have been prospecting for a lead mine.—*The Judge.*

—Health journals insist upon reposing on the right side only, and claim that it is injurious to lie on both sides, but we don't know where they will find a healthier set of men than lawyers.—*Toledo American.*

—An old bachelor recently gave the following toast: "Women—the morning star of infancy, the day star of manhood, the evening star of age! Bless our stars, and may they always be kept at a telescopic distance."

—Jennie June sighs for a scientific dressmaker. What is it but science that calls for twenty-eight yards of goods in a dress so tight that the wearer can't draw a long breath without hearing buttons fly?—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"Did you say, sir, that I looked like the monkey in that cage over there," asked Filkinson in angry tones. "No, Filky," replied Fogg; "I simply said that the monkey looked like you; and to tell you the truth, I don't believe the brute more than half liked it either."—*Boston Transcript.*

—A brother journalist asks us if it will be too much trouble for us, in crediting items from his paper, to add his name also to the credit. Certainly not, if the gentleman will kindly add to the *Boomerang* credit the number of our lock box and the casual remark that this will be a long, cold, dreary winter to those who do not subscribe at once.—*Laramie Boomerang.*

—A London paper describes an American girl in that city who "wears a gown with a flight of embroidered swallows, beginning on her left shoulder and ending at her right foot; and swallows also fly about her parasol." The American youth in London is also addicted to "swallows," but they don't begin on his left shoulder. They begin under his nose and run down his throat.—*Norristown Herald.*

—"What I want to know is who struck the first blow?" said an Austin Justice to Jim Webster, who was the principal witness in an assault and battery case. "Uncle Ike, dah, he hit de fust lick," replied Jim. "Are you positive that Uncle Ike struck the first blow?" "Ob course I is. Didn't I see him reach out and hit de fust lick; but how many licks he hit befo' dat fust one, or how many licks de udder niggah hit him fust, am more dan I'se willin' to swar ter."—*Texas Siftings.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Within the last twenty-five years the steam pressures of locomotives have been increased from 60 pounds to over 160 pounds to the square inch.

—Miss Bettie Green, of Forsyth County, Ga., has two silk dresses which she made herself, having raised the worms, spun the silk, colored and woven it with her own hands.

—A gentleman in England has in his bedroom an electric bell which warns of any burglarious approach, and an indicator showing whether the garden gate, the hall door or that of the kitchen, or any one of the windows of the house is the point of attack.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—With a new apparatus for ascertaining the velocity of railway trains, a train weighing 125 tons, and traveling at a speed of forty-five miles an hour has been found to run a few feet more than five miles after steam had been shut off. The track was level and the day calm.—*St. Louis Globe.*

—Paper is made in Belgium which very closely resembles satin. Common paper is covered with a suitable size, and while the surface is moist asbestos dyed to any desired shade is sprinkled over it. Any superfluous matter is easily shaken off when the size is dry. Fine effects are sometimes produced with aniline colors.

—The gathering of fir-cones to obtain the seed for export is quite an industry in Puyallup Valley, Washington Territory. The cones are dried in the hop furnaces until the seed fall out, when it is packed up and sold for export. Large quantities of this seed are planted in Europe. The fir seeds bring from $5 to $8 per pound.—*Chicago Times.*

—A French writer estimates the minimum annual consumption of nickel in England at 500 tons, and places Germany second with 300 tons, the United States third with 200, and France fourth with 100. The *Engineering and Mining Journal* says that, in view of the fact that in this country nickel-plating has reached an extensive use nowhere else approached, not to mention the consumption for coinage, this estimate is probably far below the actual figures.

—A writer in the *Industrial Review* advises the introduction of the bamboo in the Southern States. Though capable of growing on the uplands, it is said to be especially suited to marshy regions, such as fringe the South Atlantic and Gulf States. Its uses are numerous. As a timber for building and construction purposes, for tools, implements, etc., it is well known. As an article of food its young shoots serve as substitutes for vegetables, and are pronounced delicious. Bamboo curry and chow-chow are excellent. The growing plant is invaluable also as a defense against malaria, sweeping fires, and cyclones.

—At the Sanitary Congress in England the other day the Hon. F. A. Russell said that it was found that at a height about equal to that of the upper rooms in a high house a drier climate prevailed than at lower levels, and with a daily range not much greater, and much less cold on the coldest and on foggy nights than down below. The practical conclusions seemed to be that invalids and delicate persons should generally be placed in high, sheltered situations, in the highest rooms of a house, and by no means on a ground floor; that every house ought to be built on arches, or thoroughly ventilated below, and raised on piers above the ground level.

Our Young Folks.

TIMES AND SEASONS.

There's a time—the proverb tells us—
For all things under the sun;
Even so may be proper seasons
For good works to be done,
And for good words to be said.
In the fear lest I or you
May miss the happy occasions,
Let us here note down a few.

When the trees are heavy with leaves,
When the leaves lie underfoot,
When fruit on the board is frequent,
And while there is rind or root;
When the rain comes down from the heavens,
When the sun comes after rain,
When the autumn fields are waving
With the weight of golden grain;

When the hills are purple with heather,
When the fells are black with cold,
When the larches are gay with their tassels red,
When nuts are shrivel'd and old;
Whenever there's a growth in the spring-time,
Or June close follows May,
And so long as the first of January
Happens on New-Year's Day;

When mushrooms spring in the meadows,
Or toadstools under the trees,
When the gnats gyrate in the sunshine,
When the oak-boughs strain the breeze;
In the days of the cuckoo and swallow,
When the sea-gulls flee the foam,
When the night-jar croons in the gloaming,
Or the owl goes silently home;

When the lake is a placid mirror,
When the mountains melt in mist,
When the depths of the lake are as pillars of gold
On a floor of amethyst;
When a rainbow spans the morning,
When the thunder rends the night,
When the snow on the hills is rosy red
With the blush of the wakening light;

When the soul is heavy with sadness,
When the tears fall drop by drop,
When the heart is glad as the heart of him
Who climbs to a mountain-top;
When youth unrolls like a bracken-frond,
When age is grandly gray
As the side of a crag that is riven and scarred
With the storms of yesterday:—

Believe that in all of these seasons
Some good may be done or said,
And whenever the loving thought and will
Are loving enough to wed;
And well is it with the happy heart
That hath thoroughly understood
How the "time for all things under the sun"
Is always the time for good.
—*W. J. Linton, in St. Nicholas.*

THE LAME TURKEY.

A Story of Thanksgiving Time.

"Childern, childern, come here quick. That lame turkey's out ag'in."

So called Mrs. Amasa Andrews, in the kitchen doorway, and two shrill trebles answered her from the pumpkin patch:

"Oh, Aunt Polly, where's it gone to? Out in the orchard, or across the fields?"

"Under the hill, down by Uncle Jake's old place," waving away the panting figures who rushed into view from behind the corn-house. "You'd better hurry up, or he'll get clean away this time."

George and Patty needed no second warning. In the missing turkey were bound up delightful visions of "white meat," "wish-bones," and "stuffing," on which they had been dwelling for two months past, and which they had no idea of losing at this late day, only one little week before Thanksgiving. So they tore like small whirlwinds across the kitchen yard, squeezed under the fence, and slid down the steep hill, never stopping to take breath until they had lost sight of home, and had "Uncle Jake's old place" in view.

"Oh, George," gasped little Patty, then, "what if we didn't find it—what ever would we do."

"Wouldn't have no Thanksgivin'," replied George, stolidly.

"Oh, but I just couldn't bear that. I couldn't, truly. It is such an awful long time since we had a taste o' turkey, George."

"Not since last Christmas, before we ever thought o' comin' here to live," her brother mused, as he trimmed a switch with dexterous fingers. "Pa 'n' ma was alive then, 'n' little sister, 'n'— There's that gobbler now!"

They were close to the house which, had long been vacant, but, now showed signs of life in open door and windows, and a faint wreath of pale blue smoke from the tumble-down chimney. In the tiny door-yard stood the runaway, calmly picking at a few potato-skins in a rusty old tin pan.

The children crept softly up behind a brush heap, intending to rush from thence and surprise him, and were about to carry their scheme into effect, when George laid a detaining hand upon his sister's arm.

"Hush!" he whispered. "What's that comin'?"

"Oh, Sally," called a thin voice from the door of the little house, "come and see what's here. A turkey, Sally—a real turkey, sure's you live!"

"But it ain't for us," said another voice. Evidently Sally had come. "It belongs to some 'un, 'Melia, 'n' they'll come after it. That means a Thanksgivin' dinner for somebody"—with a heavy sigh.

"Oh dear!" went on the younger voice, "don't you wish 'twas ours, Sally? I never tasted turkey 'n all my life, an' I *do* hate corn meal so!"

"Turkey's for them that has fathers to buy 'em," replied Sally, with a sob in her voice; and then some one called shrilly from an inner room:

"Come, girls. Miss Watson's washin's ready;" and the little forms, at which our Patty and George had been furtively "peeking," disappeared.

It was the work of a few moments to catch the lame turkey, and to start him homeward at the point of George's switch; but someway neither child looked happy over the achievement.

"George," finally began Patty's pleading little voice.

"Well, what'd'ye want?" in his gruffest manner.

"They hain't got no father, Georgie."

"No more ha' we, nor mother neither. We're orphans."

"Oh, George! when we've got such a good Aunt Polly, 'n' such a Uncle Amasa. An' *corn meal*, George."

Now Patty's brother "hated corn meal so," too, as his crafty sister knew. There was a little pause.

"Well, what shell we do?" he inquired, finally. "Tell Aunt Polly, 'n' get her to send 'em something down?"

"We couldn't do that," small Patty answered, decidedly. "They can't afford to do much extra, I'm afraid, Georgie. You know we're quite expensive, our keepin'; I heard old Miss Crandall tell Mike so."

"Miss Crandall's a gossip, Uncle Amasa says."

"But I know we *are*," poor Patty went on. "Aunt Polly ain't had no fall bunnit, you know, an' she does her own washin' since we come. I'm afraid we cost 'em quite a deal."

"Well, what *shell* we do?" George cried, desperately, and giving the lame turkey a savage cut over his saucy tail.

"I don't know what you'll do," was Polly's calm response, "but I shell give that 'Melia every smitch o' my turkey next Thursday. So there!"

There was another pause, and then George remarked, with a great showing of coolness. "Well, all right. An' I'll take Sally my turkey an' *all* my pumpkin pie!"

"Oh, you dear George!" began his sister, and then broke down and cried.

"What air you childern whisperin' about?" queried Aunt Polly, coming upon the two, sitting side by side on the wood-pile, later in the day.

Patty hesitated. Good and kind as Aunt Polly always was, her sharp eyes and sharper voice were awe-inspiring to her small niece. But George, whose bravery was the glory of his sister, looked up at the tall woman with his fearless gray eyes, and told the story of that morning's adventures and their resolution, adding:

"An' we were just a-wonderin', Aunt Polly, how we'd get the things down there, an' if you'd let Mike go with us, may be, 'cause you know you always don't like us to go where you don't know the folks."

"That'll be all right," his aunt said, simply, "an' I'm glad you thought of it, children. 'It's more blessed to give,' you know. George, I wish you'd get me some chips."

So she turned the subject then; but that evening, as Mr. and Mrs. Andrews sat together over the kitchen fire, with their charges asleep up stairs, Aunt Polly retold George's story, keenly watching her husband's face as she did so, although her eyes were apparently fixed upon her knitting.

Uncle Amasa took his pipe out of his mouth and drew a long breath. "Bless them children," he said, heartily. "I vum, now, Polly, that makes me feel putty small—don't it you? To think o' their thinkin' of it, an' they a-lookin' forward to Thanksgivin'-day so long."

"Well, what kin we do, Amasa?" was his wife's quiet question.

"Massy! I don't know. But we'll send that widder her dinner anyway, an' we won't rob them little children o' theirn neither."

"But, Amasa!"—Aunt Polly laid down her knitting—"don't you see that won't be the *childern's* givin'? I don't want to take away their dinners, dear knows; but 'twouldn't be right, after all, you know, for them to be gen'rous and keep their turkey, too."

Uncle Amasa mused a moment. "That's so!" he said, ruefully, at last. "I tell ye, Polly, woman, we'll give 'em the hull turkey, an' we'll throw in the pies. I guess we won't starve on bacon an' cabbage, an' on Chris'mas I'll manage so's they can hev a turkey—and we, too. I love my dinner's much's the next 'un, but I swan to massy them babies o' ourn make me feel putty small—putty small!"

And gathering up his boots and pipe, Uncle Amasa strode off to bed.

And so it came to pass that on Thanksgiving eve George and Patty, accompanied by Uncle Amasa and Mike, again followed the lame turkey under the hill to Uncle Jake's old place. But this time the recreant fowl was borne on their uncle's shoulders, in the huge market-basket, in company with mashed potatoes and onions and golden pies and rosy cranberries; in short, with the party's Thanksgiving dinner.

Uncle Amasa first placed the basket on the cracked door-step, and then he and George concealed themselves in the darkness behind the brush heap, while Patty, the lightest and fleetest of the three, knocked at the door, and then ran swiftly to the common hiding-place.

A faint streak of light came from the door-way as Sally appeared holding a tallow candle aloft. A moment's silence while she stared at the basket, and kneeling by it explored the contents; then—

"Oh, mother! 'Melia!" she screamed, "it's a turkey, and it's pies, an' [illegible] come quick an' see!"

There was the hurry of other footsteps, and a cry from 'Melia: "Just see look at the onions. Oh, I *do* love them!" and then some one upset and extinguished the candle, and under cover of the darkness Uncle Amasa drew the eager children away.

As they went up the hill together, George remarked: "I am glad she likes onions; so do I."

But Uncle Amasa drew his rough hand across his eyes, murmuring, in a choked sort of voice: "Well, I swan, if between them two sets o' children, them that gives 'n' them that takes, I don't feel putty small! Yes, I do that, put-ty small!"—*Harper's Young People.*

Blessed Labor.

It is a mistaken idea that the divine condition imposed upon us to earn our living by labor is an unmixed evil. On the contrary, we should welcome and love it. Those who pass their lives in idleness are really deprived of more than half of this world's pleasures and enjoyments. Idleness leads to either ennui, diseased body or mind, or vicious lives, and deprives the appetite and spirits of that zest of enjoyment which the true laborer has to compensate for toil. The blessings of this world are wisely distributed. Idleness has its peculiar diseases, destroying all enjoyment and cultivating misanthropy and weariness of life. More frequently the opulent than the industrious thus suffer. Whatever dwarfs and enfeebles the body and mind will curse the whole race. There is a necessity to call out our powers and compel us to work. It would soon be a world undesirable to live in, and the race would by the downward course of revolution tread the road back to apes or mollusks. The man should be happy who has naturally implanted within him a love of work. Such a man, with the other necessary surroundings right, is the really rich man, and he ought to be happy. Labor is healthy, invigorating, inspiring, and is the best friend to man for his happiness and full development in intellect and stature.—*Iowa State Register.*

—Certain physicians say that crying should not be repressed in children, as the consequences may be Saint Vitus' dance or epileptic fits.—*N. Y. Star.*

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, NOVEMBER 18, 1882.

HOUSTON has a new daily, the *Sun*.

COMANCHE county gives Ireland 318 votes and Jones 417.

THE Brown county pecan crop is said to be worth $20,000.

TEXAS sends ten Democrats and one Republican to Congress.

MASSACHUSETTS, New Hampshire and Kansas have all elected Democratic governors.

THE *Texian* says there has been a falling off in the vote of Stephens county since 1880.

THE Nova Scotian laws admit of the whipping post as a punishment for certain crimes.

JONES county gives Lanham 74 votes, Davenport 24, Buck 4, Browning 94 and Evans 10.

IRELAND'S majority over Jones in Brown county is about 500. Lanham carried the county by a handsome majority.

GOV. CLEVELAND, of New York, has been favorably spoken of as the probable Democratic candidate for the presidency in 1884.

THE iron railroad bridge over the Oconee river at Athens, Ga., fell on the 10th inst., killing one man and seriously injuring six.

WORK on the Canton, China, telegraph line has been broken up owing to the Chinese laborers having superstitions about electric business.

LANHAM has been elected to Congress from this district, Hancock from the district south of this and Ochiltree from the Galveston district.

CAPT. ALFRED HOPKINS is to be court-martialed for having deserted his post at the Pensacola navy yard on the first approach of yellow fever.

THE *Gazette* says that nine hundred head of stock cattle, driven to Fort Worth from the free state of Wise, were shipped to Colorado on the 9th.

JAY GOULD will take a trip around the world shortly. If he likes the old thing, and can find any way to form a corner on it he will take it.—*Comanche Chief.*

COMANCHE county gave Col. Lanham 792 votes, Davenport 171, Buck 151 and Barnett 349, making 120 votes more for Lanham than all his opponents combined, received.

ABILENE and Buffalo Gap, the two principal precincts in Taylor county, give Ireland 303 votes, Jones 106, Davenport 172, Lanham 150, Buck 7, Barnett 51, Evans 126, Browning 190, Waddell 62.

THE Sweetwater *Advance* has recently changed hands and will hereafter be conducted by R. A. Musgrove under the name of the *Nolan County Record*. We hope the new paper may meet with success.

WILLIAMS, who undertook to make off with three car loads of cattle several months since, at Abilene, was last week sentenced at Buffalo Gap, to four years in the penitentiary. He shed *tears* when his sentence was read.

IT is said that scab on sheep has been entirely driven from New Zealand and almost from Australia by a law imposing a fine of $500 for every case of scab found after seven months from the date on which the law went into effect.

OUR worthy neighbor, the *Tom Green Times*, one of the best and most spicy of all our exchanges comes to us this week in a new form. It is now an eight-column folio, full of interesting matter and having all its usual brilliancy.

THE Sweetwater *Advance* has again changed hands, and this time has changed names. It is now published by R. A Musgrove, of Tennessee. The name of the paper is now the *Nolan County Record*. We wish our neighbor success.

THE Texas University is to be dedicated and the corner stone laid at Austin on the 16th inst. Appropriate and imposing ecremonies will be the order of the day. We acknowledge, with thanks, the receipt of an invitation to be present.

WE regret to say that extensive fires have swept the prairies in Nevada, destroying the grass upon the large tracts of land and thus causing stockmen to seek other range for their stock. Such experience should warn our stockmen to use every precaution to save their range from the destroying element.

Gould's Narrow Escape.

It is gratifying to learn that there is no truth in the story of Jay Gould's narrow escape from being run over by one of William H. Vanderbilt's engines at Rochester. As Gould no longer controls the Erie Railroad, there was no rational ground for Vanderbilt's desire to run him down or kill him and had it been committed the act would have to be attributed to pure and almost insane malice. It is interesting, however, to speculate upon what might have been the consequences had the fiendish deed really been perpetrated. Had Jay Gould been killed, his family could only have recovered $5,000; had he been injured, however, to such an extent as to prevent his continuing his labors in Wall street, he could have recovered damages based on his earning capacity. In the last twenty years he has earned $60,000,000, or $3,000,000 a year; and a verdict based on this rate for the rest of his life would net him, perhaps, some $20,000,000 to $30,000,000 more. This would sweep away a large part of Vanderbilt's earnings, and therefore ordinary prudence would obviously dictate a careful management of the latter's engines when Gould is about. It could only be in the crisis of a great railroad war between trunk lines that such means would be resorted to, and then only in sheer desperation. Gould, in his interview on the subject, says, in his good-natured way: "If I ever go into the business of supplying the public with news, as I have been informed by sundry newspapers that I intend to do, I hope I shall be a little more careful as to the news I supply than some people now occupied in that way appear to be." No good journalist can be too careful on this point, and we are glad that Gould's attention has been called to the shocking recklessness and inaccuracy so often apparent in the profession. He will, we fear, find the task of thorough-going reform a hard one, and he cannot, even with his immense resources, begin a day too soon.—*The Nation.*

The Texas Hog.

To the traveler through Texas one of the strangest and most peculiar features of landscape is the razor-back hog. He is of Swiss cottage style of architecture. His physical outline is angular to a degree unknown outside of a text book on the science of geology. The country razor-back prowls around in the woods and lives on acorns, pecan nuts and roots; when he can spare time he crawls under his owner's fence and assists in harvesting the corn crop. In this respect he is neighborly to a fault, and, when his duty to his owner's crop will allow, he will readily turn in and assist the neighbors, even working at night rather than see his crop spoil for want of attention. Cross the razor-back with the blue-blooded stock, makes but little improvement. The only effective way to improve him is to cross him with a railway train. He then becomes an important Berkshire, or Poland-China hog, and if he does not knock the train off the track, the railroad company pays for him at the rate of $1 a pound, for which they are allowed the mournful privilege of shoveling the remains off the track. The ham of the country razor-back is more juicy than the hind leg of an iron fire-dog, but not quite so fat as a pine knot.—*Western Ploughman.*

The Meaning of It.

Would you know the meaning of the political revolution which struck its first blow in Ohio in October, and swept through Pennsylvania, New York, Massachusetts and Colorado on Tuesday last?

It means these four things:

I. Reduce the expense of every branch of the federal government to a basis of simplicity, economy and honesty!

II. Abolish the internal revenue abomination!

III. Make the tariff simple and rational, and just sufficient to provide for the wants of an honest and economical administration in time of peace!

IV. No subsidies, no jobs, and above all, no stealing, either by the administration and its agents, or by congress and its employes!

This is the meaning and the purpose of this mighty overturn.

Is the Democracy wise enough and highminded enough to execute this peremptory mandate with fidelity and courage? We shall see. The occasion is great. And we are happy to add, the future is hopeful.—*New York Sun.*

Our Next Congress.

The following table shows the political color of the Forty-eighth Congress, according to the estimates made by the Dallas *Herald*. According to these figures the Democrats will have a majority of fifty-nine votes. Quite a handsome majority, a showing of which any party can well feel proud:

	Dem.	Rep.		Dem	Rep
Alabama	8	0	Missouri	14	0
Arkansas	5	0	Nebraska	0	3
California	6	0	Nevada	1	0
Colorado	1	0	New Hampshire	0	2
Connecticut	3	1	New Jersey	3	4
Delaware	1	0	New York	19	15
Florida	2	0	North Carolina	8	1
Georgia	10	0	Ohio	13	8
Illinois	8	12	Oregon	0	1
Indiana	9	4	Pennsylvania	15	15
Iowa	2	9	Rhode Island	0	1
Kansas	0	7	South Carolina	6	1
Kentucky	10	1	Tennessee	8	2
Louisiana	5	1	Texas	10	4
Maine	0	4	Vermont	0	2
Maryland	4	2	Virginia	5	5
Massachusetts	4	8	West Virginia	7	1
Michigan	2	9	Wisconsin	3	6
Minnesota	1	4			
Mississippi	5	2		193	152

Comparison of Texas Cattle with Stocks of other Countries.

There are in the various South and Central American provinces 42,500,000 head of cattle; Australia, including New Zealand, has 7,000,000 head, making 49,500,000 head of cattle as the total available cattle product of the world excepting the 40,000,000 in the United States. In the Argentine Republic there are 17,000,000 head of cattle, the bulk of which are owned by British subjects and have like the Australian cattle, been improved until they will class with what is known in our markets as Indian cattle. Uruguy has 8,500,000 head which would class with East Texans. Brazil has 7,000,000 head, classing a little better than Louisiana or Arkansas cattle. Central America has 6,000,000 classing with Mexican stocks. Venezuela has 2,000,000, same as Mexicans. Chili and Peru have 2,000,000, same class as Brazil. In comparing prices of cattle in South America with the same classes here we find that the improved cattle of Buenos Ayres and Entre Rios classing with Indians, sell readily for 25 per cent. more money, and the other states excepting Central America, out sell the same classes in the United States by 15 to 20 per cent. Basing a calculation of value of Texas cattle on what the same class of stock is worth in other countries, our average Texas stock would be worth to-day $25 to $27.50 per head for stocks throughout; they can safely advance to that price without opposition from stock in any other country. As to how much higher cattle will advan depends on the beef supply as compared with consumption, and as the supply is acknowledged to be fully 25 per cent. short of the demand, we may safely calculate a further advance in cattle in the grazing states. The beef supply of the world is entirely inadequate to the demand, and the price of beef must and will advance just so long as this state of affairs exists. But when Texas cattle reach a price equal to the present relative value of stocks in South America and Australia, there will be a temporary check to their advance on account of the competition. And capital now seeking investment in this country will be divided between the United States, South America and Australia. While this check can only be a temporary one, it will have the effect of making capitalists hesitate to put their money in a class of securities which are so largely dependent on the value of other meat products. The hog products of America will in the future control the price of beef to a large extent, and as our capacities for growing hogs are unlimited, we may be able in a few years to furnish a meat product, which will prevent any exorbitant prices for beef. While supply and demand will always regulate prices, the beef supply alone cannot control the value of other competing meat products, and must sell at a price proportionately great or small to these competing products.—*Live Stock Journal.*

The Transit of Venus.

The phenomenon is not sublime and awe-inspiring, like a total eclipse of the sun; nor simply beautiful, like the conjunction of two planets; nor magnificent, like the telescopic Saturn. The naked eye observer, looking at the sun through a smoked glass, will see a tiny black spot passing over his face. The telescopic observer will see a black round ball, as large as the full grown moon, making its way across the great luminary. The phenomenon to the ordinary observer will be only this and nothing more. But thousands of scientific observers will eagerly note, as if life depended upon its accuracy, the second when venus touches the sun's edge, the moment she is fully embarked upon his disk, the exact time of her passage, and the second when her retreating edge touches the sun's edge, as well as the time when the last contact occurs and the exhibition closes. There are two principal reasons for the importance attached to a transit of Venus. One is that it is considered the best means for determining the sun's distance; the other is that it is extremely rare in its occurrence.—*Scientific American.*

Sugar Making in Louisiana.

The fires are now lighted in over 1000 sugar houses through twenty-seven parishes in Louisiana. From Red River to the Gulf, from the Felicianas to the cattle ranges of Calcasieu, the thousands of laborers engaged in the production of this great staple are busy. It is, in fact, a vast manufacturing centre. The cane carts follow the legions that are leveling with knives the rank rows of cane and all night is heard the grinding of the rollers and the whirl of machinery throughout all the district. Industry is seconding the efforts of capital; agriculture and manufacture are brought together and the welfare of at least 150,000 laborers depends upon the result, while over $40,000,000 of capital is awaiting the return for its investment. All will be a rush throughout the sugar districts for the next thirty days, and Christmas will scarce find the year's work done.—*New Orleans Picayune.*

A COMPANY of northern capitalists purchased, a short time since, 27,000 acres of colony lands in Stephens county near Breckenridge, which will be fenced for grazing purposes. The price paid was $2.15 per acre.

Over The State.

Dallas has 214 telephones.

Dallas wants more hotel accommodations.

Galveston is said to be the only city in the world which is always more or less dusty.

The Gonzales Inquirer says no State is doing so much as Texas for the education of the colored people.

The court house at Greenville will be visible from eight to twelve miles in every direction when completed.

Gunter & Munson, of Sherman, paid into the treasury office on the 9th inst., $50,000 for 100,000 acres of land situated in Oldham and Hartley counties.

During October the following were the receipts for State land sales: School lands $21,395; public domain, $394,619; university lands, $126; asylum lands, $1,261.

The Orange City Tribune says the railroad is completed nearly to Sabine Pass, and a new town is being built up about two miles below the old one on account of the exorbitant prices asked for real estate in the latter.

Hugh Motwiller died suddenly at his residence in the west part of town Thursday night last. He was in town Tuesday and voted. On Wednesday he ate some black haws, which caused inflamation or congestion of the stomach from which he died.—Comanche Chief.

Gordon, November 10.—Jesse Faulk, a brakesman, while switching at Gordon coal mines to-day, fell from a flat car and was run over by the train and killed instantly. He was terribly mangled. His parents live in Dallas. The remains will be sent there to night.——Flowing water was struck at a depth of 430 feet in an artesian well here to-day.—Dallas Herald.

Mr. W. E. Richardson of Fort Worth, president of the Pork Packing company, was one of our visitors during this week. Mr. Richardson states that the scarcity of hogs in the country will prevent any packing being done at the Fort for the present, and believes that the people here lose a great deal of money by not raising hogs, as in no country are they raised easier or with so great profit.—Stock Journal.

The Austin Statesman says work on the temporary Capitol is progressing very fast. The portions of the building to be occupied by the offices of the Governor, Attorney-General and the Treasury Department are already plastered, and now only await the cement floor to be placed in each to be finished. The painting, masonry and carpenter work is under full headway, and Mr Smith is confident that the building will be completely finished in time for occupancy by the Legislature.

R. N. Von, conductor on the Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe, died suddenly Thursday at Temple, on the line of the road, from kidney affection. He was quite popular with all who knew him and the traveling public, and was a good man. He was from Westmoreland county, Pennsylvania, and the remains were brought here yesterday and will be interred by undertaker Linskie this afternoon. Having been a mason in good standing at Johnsontown Pennsylvania, the fraternity are respectfully invited to attend his funeral.—Dallas Herald, Nov. 11.

The law authorizing the sale of 50 cents land requires payment of the money within sixty days, failing in which the purchaser forfeits the land and the right to purchase it; but the commissioner of the land office may sell it to any party who pays the purchase money into the state treasury. The commissioner, in the exercise of the discretion allowed him under the law, has declined to sell the forfeited land, much of which is in organized counties and is worth from $1 to $5 per acre. He states that about all the 50 cents land in the Pacific reserve and the Panhandle has been sold or filed upon by speculators.

The Cotton Crop.

The cotton crop now being gathered is estimated at 7,000,000 bales, the largest ever raised. That of last year was 5,436,000 bales, being the largest in the history of the country down to that time. The exceptionally fine weather of the present fall, which causes the plant to keep on growing and reopening its bolls, will, it is confidently believed, give a crop exceeding that of 1880-81, and carry the figures to 7,000,000. The largest crop raised before the war was that of 1859-60, 4,861,000 bales. The weather in the south is very favorable for picking and that work is going actively forward. It can be prosecuted all through the winter, even up to the season for plowing for the next crop. But there is a scarcity of pickers. The river improvement works on the lower Mississippi take so many laborers that the steamboats can get a supply of hands only by paying $70 a month for them; and in some districts planters find it impossible to secure hands for picking. The price is fifty to sixty cents a hundred, and in some localities $1 per hundred with board, at which rate good pickers can make $3 to $4 a day. Even this does not bring out the necessary supply of labor, and a considerable portion of the crop on the lower Mississippi will go unpicked.

It is interesting to know that the present large cotton crop of the south has not been raised by the neglect of other things. It is accompanied by a much larger grain crop than was ever raised before. Tennessee and Texas have raised enough wheat to supply them, and all the cotton states have unusual supplies of corn. The south has its full share of the general prosperity of the country, and the people of that section are in better spirits than they have experienced for twenty-two years.—*St. Louis Republican.*

CITY OF MEXICO, NOV. 10.—The Tobacco legislature has appointed Wenceslao Driseno, provisional governor of the state. The murderers of Governor Foucher are pursued by the authorities. There is no disturbance in the state. Francis DeGress, contractor for the issue of $4,000,000 in nickel coin, has completed preliminary arrangements, and will commence to deliver the coin without delay. The minister of the public works has issued a circular encouraging silk culture throughout the republic.

NEW DRY GOODS STORE,

G. P. JOHNSON. Proprietor.

Store on West Side Market Street, Baird, Texas.

Having just added a full line of Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, etc., to my

GROCERY STORE,

I am now prepared to furnish the trade with General Merchandise at low prices. I take this method of thanking my many friends and patrons for their liberal patronage in the past, and hope by fair dealings and living prices to merit their support in the future. Call and see my new stock and price my goods. 23-1y

Wm. Cameron & Co.,

BAIRD, TEXAS.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

Lumber, Blinds,

SASH, DOORS.

Shingles, Mouldings, Lime, Hair,

Plaster and Cement, also Vane Calvert's Mixed Paints.

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

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

S. L. OGLE. W. W. OGLE

Don't stop until you get to

Ogle & Son's

CHEAP STORE,

And then run and examine the New Grocery Store just opened by the above named firm, in the Odd Fellow Building, on

MARKET STREET. BAIRD. TEXAS.

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

Corn,	Flour,	Meal,	Bacon,	Lard,	Syrup,
Sugar,	Coffee,	Hams,	Dried Fruit,	Prunes,	Soap,
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Candles,	Nuts,	Raisins,	Crackers,	Ginger Snaps,	Etc.

E. S. SEAY

NOW COMES TO THE FRONT,

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

STOCK OF GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Ever kept in Callahan county.

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

AND IN ACT EVERYTHING GENERALLY KEPT IN A

First Class Store.

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

—DON'T FORGET THE PLACE—

E. S. SEAY, PROP'R,

Market Street, Corner of Third, Baird, Texas, 24.1y

SANGER BROS.,

DALLAS, TEXAS,

FOR THE FALL TRADE!

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,

Notions, Millinery,

HATS, CAPS, FURNISHING GOODS,

Boots and Shoes,

CARPETS AND HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.

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

THIS FALL AND WINTER.

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

SANGER BROS., Dallas, Texas.

Job Printing of all kinds executed Neatly and Cheaply at the CLARENDON Job Room.

Schwartz & Kilpatrick,

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DEALERS IN:

Watches, Clocks, Jewelry and Spectacles. Repairing done promptly, work warranted. Agents for the famous ROCKFORD WATCH COMPANY. 21-1y

Fort Worth Marble Works.

North Side of Public Square.

Jno A. Bergin & Son,

Manufacturers and Importers of

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MARBLE MONUMENTS,

Tombs, Tablets, Head Stones, Vases and Statuary.

Iron and Wire Railing furnished to order.

All Work Warranted.

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Pomona Nursery.

MR. N. H. AAS announces that he is representing the above nursery, which is located at Terrell, Texas, and will take orders for everything usually kept in a first-class nursery. He guarantees everything sent for to be as represented.

Send for catalogue and price list.

Address N. H. Aas, Baird, Texas. 20-2y

MONARCH SALOON,

And Billiard Hall,

H. A. LEE, Proprietor,

We keep constantly on hand the best brands of

Wines Liquors and Cigars

Market St. between Second and Third

BAIRD, TEXAS.

20-2-1y

TEXAS MIDLAND

The Great Popular Texas Route

Gulf, Colorado & Santa Fe Ry.

CONNECTIONS.

At GALVESTON With Mallory Line Steamers for Key West and New York; Morgan Line for New Orleans, Indianola, Corpus Christi, Brownsville and Vera Cruz.

At ARCOLA with I. & G. N. R. R. for Columbia and Towns in Brazoria County.

At ROSENBERG With G. H. & S. A. Ry. (Sunset Route) for Columbus Weimar, Harwood, Luling, San Antonio, Laredo, Uvalde and Western Texas and Mexico; also for Houston and Star and Crescent Route for Beaumont, Orange, Lake Charles, the Teche Country, New Orleans and all points in the Southeast, North and East, with New York, Texas & Mexican Ry for Wharton, Victoria and stations on that line

At BRENHAM with H. & T. C. Ry. for Hempstead, Ledbetter, Giddings, McDade & Austin.

At MILANO with I. & G. N. Ry. for Hearne, Palestine, Rockdale, Round Rock, Georgetown, Austin, San Marcos, New Braunfels, San Antonio and Laredo.

At TEMPLE with Missouri Pacific R'y

At McGREGOR with Tex. & St. Louis Railway for Waco, Corsicana, Athens, Mt. Pleasant, Gilmer and Texarkana.

At MORGAN with Texas Central Ry. for Waco, Ross, Hico, Iredell, Cisco and all points on that line.

At CLEBURNE Junction of Dallas division of G., C. & S. F. Ry.

At FORT WORTH with Mo. Pacific and Texas & Pacific Rys. for all points on those lines: for El Paso, Santa Fe, San Francisco and the Pacific Coast, and for Kansas City, St. Louis, Chicago, New York and all points North, East and West.

At DALLAS with H. & T. C. R'y; T. & P. Ry. and Dallas extension of Mo. P. Ry.

See that your tickets read over this For full information address— [line

OSCAR G. MURRAY,

Gen'l Pass. Ag't. Galveston, Texas.

THE

TEXAS AND PACIFIC RAILWAY

WITH ITS CONNECIONS,

FORM THE

DIRECT LINE

BETWEEN

Texas, New Mexico and California,

AND ALL POINTS IN THE

North, East and Southeast

Pullman's Palace Sleeping Cars

DAILY, BETWEEN

ST. LOUIS and DALLAS, FORT WORTH, EL PASO and DEMING, N. M.

Close Connections at Longview and Minola, with the

International & Great Northern R. R.

FOR

HOUSTON, GALVESTON, AUSTIN, SAN ANTONIO and LAREDO.

For Tickets, Baggage, Checks, or any information as to Rates, and Routes apply to any of the ticket agents, or to

B. W. McCULLOUGH,

Ass't Gen'l Pass. Ag't, Marshall, Tex.

F. CHANDLER, Gen'l Pass. Agt.

St. Louis, Mo.

H. M. HOXIE,

Third Vice-Pres't.

St. Louis, Mo.

The Clarendon.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 18, 1882.

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—J. H. Calhoun.
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—G. K. Stribling.
District Clerk of Callahan County—J. W. Newman.

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.

Courts.

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

County Court for Callahan County on 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.

Church Directory.

H P Mann will preach at the Methodist Episcopal church in Baird the first Sabbath of each month.

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

H. C. McQuown, of Belle Plain, will preach every 4th Sunday of each month, morning and night.

Rev. Mr Burr, Presbyterian pastor, will preach here, on the second Sunday of each month; morning and night.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

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

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

Arrivals and Departures of Mails.

ARRIVES.

From the East at........ 5 10 a.m
" " West at........ 9 20 p m
" Belle Plain at........ 5 p m

DEPARTS.

Going East........ 10 40 p m
" West........ 5 25 a m
" Belle Plain........ 7 a m

PH. SCHWARTZ, P. M.

Railroad Time Table.

WESTWARD

ARRIVES.

No 1 Mail and Express........ 5 05 a m
No. 11 Through Freight........ 4 30 a m
No 9, Local Freight........ 10 10 p m

LEAVES.

No 1 Mail and Express........ 5 15 a m
No. 9, Local Freight........ 7 00 a m
No 11 Through Freight........ 7:25 a m

EASTWARD

ARRIVES.

No 4 Mail and Express........ 10 10 pm
No 12 Stock Express........ 12 45 a m
No 10 Local Freight........ 8 25 a m

LEAVES.

no 4 Mail and Express........ 10 20 pm
no 12 Stock Express........ 7 45 p m
no 10 Local Freight........ 10 50 p m

LOCAL NEWS.

Best corn meal at L. O. Oliver's.

A barrel of fine pickles. Try them, at D. C. Terry & Son's.

Try a glass of the Missouri Cider at Ogle & Son's.

Lamps and lanterns in variety at Turner's drug-store.

Postmaster Schwartz has our thanks for favors.

Best quality of Good Luck Kansas flour at D. C. Terry & Son.

A barrel of new kraut at Ogle & Son's.

A great many things to please the children at S. L. & A. M. Robertson's.

District Court convenes at Belle Plain next Monday.

Try a drink of the cider just arrived at D. C. Terry & Son's.

You can get either a coal or a wood heating stove at S. L. Robertson's.

Fine Peaberry coffee at Ogle & Son's.

Baird will ship over 500 bales of cotton this season.

A new stock of groceries just received at D. C. Terry & Son's.

Try a sack of the celebrated Cyclone Flour at Ogle & Son's.

Overcoats and hot stoves are in demand this week.

A barrell of tribble proof apple vinegar at D. C. Terry & Son's.

A barrel of fine vinegar pickles just arrived at Ogle & Son's.

Fifteen bales of cotton arrived in town this week.

The old reliable Lucy Hinton tobacco in stock at D. C. Terry & Son's.

When physicians have made use of a prescription for years in their private practice with certain success, it is a duty they owe to mankind to put such remedies within reach of all, and this is done by "copyright,"—such is the case with Dr. Sherman's PRICKLY ASH BITTERS, and they have proved ot be a blessing to mankind.

The Jim Ivey case comes up for trial at the present term of court.

Mr. Casey, of Coleman, will ship six car loads of cattle from here to-day.

Good Diamond A Kansas flour direct from the mills at D. C. Terry & Son's.

Best Liverpool salt, every sack warranted to contain 200 pounds, at Ogle & Son's.

The best assortment of lamps and lanterns will be found at the Drug Store.

Lovers of pool and billiards can have a pleasant game at the Crystal Palace.

We regret to announce that Mrs. Glenn is prostrated with a severe spell of sickness.

Just received a car load of Kansas Good Luck and Diamond flour at D. C. Terry & Son.

J. M. Green has bought out Messrs. Porter & Aken in the grocery business in Belle Plain.

"The melancholy days have come"—our school boys can give you the rest of the history.

Our streets presented a very lively appearance last Tuesday, in consequence of the races.

Warranted 200 pound sacks of the best Liverpool salt always on hand at D. C. Terry & Son's.

Everybody is remarking the improved lively appearance of our streets. Baird is looming up.

A hard thunder storm accompanied by considerable rain visited this section last Wednesday night.

Look out for the largest stock of Christmas Goods in town, to be opened soon at the Drug Store.

A special car with railroad officials was attached to the regular westbound passenger train yesterday.

Musical instruments will be found at Turner's Drug Store, violins, accordions, &c. Call and see them.

Depot agent, Hathaway, informs us that the sale of tickets for November, up to last night, amounts to over $600.

The daisy cook stove is the Kitchen Gem. All are fully warranted at
HARRY MEYER'S.

The free school here closed yesterday, and henceforth we will have a subscription school. Patrons take notice.

We fear that the A. O. B. Club has received its death blow since the Gladiator severed his connection with the institution.

O, how delicious; that genuine article of pure mountain honey at Ogle & Son's Every can warranted. Maple syrup ditto.

Mr. R. M. Turner has sold his drugstore at Belle Plain to Mr. J. M. Green, who we learn will continue business at that place.

The little infant of Mr. Stewart, the restaurant man, died last Sunday and was buried on Monday. It was eight days old.

Our friend, H. C. Brown was in town yesterday. He goes to Abilene to take charge of the depot at that place. Good for Brown.

Quite a number of changes have taken place in the railroad yard force in Baird recently. Two changes have taken place in the position of yardmaster.

We have received a dozen calls from parties wanting to secure houses within a week past. There is not an empty residence or vacant store in town.

Messrs. Wright & Seay have 45,000 pounds of wool on hand. They are awaiting the arrival of their press. As soon as it comes they will bale and ship to Boston.

The passenger train did not arrive from the East yesterday till 2:30 in the afternoon. The delay was occasioned by a wheel dropping off the baggage car near Mineola.

We will take wood, butter, eggs, vegetables, chickens, meat, lard or anything produced on the ranch or farm for subscription to the CLARENDON. Bring along your produce.

Messrs. McKamie & Ross have erected a large sheep shed on the section of land north of town, which they have fenced. They have also built a house near the shed for the shepherd.

We understand that there is some talk of contesting the election in one or two precincts in the county. We do not know upon what grounds, but presume the trouble is, not enough offices to go around.

A variety of Notions such as Photograph and Autograph Albums, Ladies Dressing Cases, Japanese Cabinets, Fine Toilet sets and things too numerous to mention just arrived at S. L. & A. M. Robertson's.

We very much regret to learn of the death of the little five-year-old son (Henry) of Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Power, of Belle Plain, which occurred last Monday morning. Our friends have our deepest sympathies.

Very many of Judge McIlhany's friends seriously regretted that he withdrew from the race of County Judge, and a number of the voters cast their votes for him, notwithstanding the fact that he had withdrawn.

Major Perry went to Buffalo Gap this week. He informs us that Judge Porter has been arrested upon two charges, one of which was for embezzlement of public funds while serving in the capacity of Justice of the Peace of Abilene.

There are a number of our country friends in arrears upon our subscription books. If they will bring us wood, it will answer as well as the cash. Don't all think this is meant for the other fellow. If you are in arrears, it is you.

I have a full and complete stock of all kinds of Hardware, Stoves and Tinware, and the best stock of Saddlery in Callahan county, all of which I am selling low. Everybody should call when wanting anything in my line.
S. L. Robertson.

Mr. Heap Benson, of Indiana, shipped Wednesday night eight car loads of fine beeves which he takes through to Chicago. This is Mr. Benson's second shipment from Baird. We hope to see the gentleman among us again soon and trust that he will strike even a better market than he did the first time.

A pony horse race and two foot races were the principal features of the day here last Tuesday. Considerable money changed hands. Edward's sorrel pony was the winner, coming out about twenty feet ahead. Bets had been freely offered on the bay pony; but the sorrel had few backers and the result when the sorrel won a fair victory was a surprise to everybody.

The telegraph constructing party, who are putting up the extra wire to meet the fast increasing business of the Western Union line, left a lot of wire along on the route and some thief got away with four coils of it, recently, for which and the capture of the thief there is a reward of $50 offered. Loss of the wire will retard the progress of the work for some time.

Owing to the unusually large amount of freight along the Texas & Pacific Railroad awaiting shipment and scarcity of engines and rolling stock, the switch engine here has had a pilot attached and placed upon the road. Now the switching must be done by the road engines, greatly to the annoyance of the train men. The amount of freight, stock and baggage, as well as passengers, on the road is something immense.

Mr. Wm. Carmichael, Mr. W. C. Powell's brother-in-law, who recently moved from Maryland to Callahan, has taken possession of his new home, the Parish farm, about three miles east of Baird. He has a large family, nearly all of whom were ailing when they came here, but all are now well and hearty—the first time for years that some member of the family has not been sick. They are all highly pleased with their new home and could not be induced to return to Maryland.

Our Michigan friend, Mr. A. M. Watkins, returned last Thursday noon from Grass Lake, Michigan, bringing with him a tripple decked car load—240 head—of fine full blood Merino ewes. They are picked sheep out of the best Michigan flocks, and are another valuable acquisition to Callahan county's blooded sheep. Mr. Watkins will remain here for several months. We are glad to welcome him back to Callahan, and are satisfied that after this he could never remain away long at one time.

Mr. H. Benson who came to Baird early in the summer with two other gentlemen from Indiana, was so highly pleased with the outlook of our section that he has sold out his property north and will come to Baird and make his future home here. He came here last week in company with Mr. Colby, who also became smitten with our country and will come here to settle, as will a num- of others of their acquaintance. We welcome all such and hope they will meet with a full realization of their most sanguine expectations.

Nicholson & Stephenson shipped from this place five car loads—100 head of top cattle—for St. Louis. They were the pick of Abner & Pointer's herd. They paid $35.00 per head for the pick of several hundred head, and they are daisies. These cattle have been in litigation for several years and in consequence, no beeves have been sold from the stock for some time and many of the beeves are four, five and six years old and are well loaded down with "old tallow." No doubt they will bring a top price in market.

Maj. Perry informs us that a few days since while at Abilene he saw three wagon loads of cotton come to that market from Coleman county. The owner failed to find a buyer in the town and so they were compelled to ship it themselves, which they did at a cost of $2.00 freight per bale to Dallas. Parties bringing their cotton to Baird can beat this arrangement bod. Here they will find a competition among buyers, and if they do not choose to sell to our cotton buyers they can have it shipped and freight commission, insurance and drayage will cost them but $1.72 per bale to Dallas. Abilene may vainly boast of controlling adout ninety-nine one-hundredths of the wool trade of the state of Texas, but Baird will hold the cotton trade of this section, for sure.

Pesonal.

Mr. Dick Petty and wife left on last Tuesday night's train for Dallas.

Among the passengers going east last Monday night we noticed Mr. and Mrs. Keating.

Jim Edwards took the eastbound passenger train last night for Pilot Point.

We noticed on the train last Saturday night going east, our deputy postmaster, also, Mrs. Ed. Prentiss.

Mrs. Ed. Seay and little Dick, left yesterday on a visit to her mother, Mrs. C. W. Merchant, of Abilene.

Miss Margie, the little daughter of W. H. Parvin, returned last Wednesday night on the belated train, from an extended visit to Philadelphia.

Mr. G. K Elkins and family were here yesterday. They are from Coleman and are moving to Colorado. They went on the delayed train.

Mrs. Webb, mother of B. R. and A. G. Webb, left last Thursday night for Thorp Springs and Palestine, where she intends spending the winter.

Mr. John Laird left last Tuesday night on the train for Mineral Wells, where he expects to remain for a while in order to recuperate his health.

Mr. B. V. Coulson who is traveling in the interest of that staunch journal, the Dallas *Herald*, was in town last Tuesday and took in the races. Ben has many friends in this place who are always glad to see him.

Miss Dona Cunningham, the charming sister of Mrs. P. L. Callahan, left last Monday night for her home in Overton. We trust the young lady will soon return to Baird, especially as she has taken with her the heart of one of our most innocent young men.

Dr. S. K. Smith, the popular dentist, is on our streets again after his long confinement to his bed from the effects of a broken leg which he received by falling from the depot platform at Abilene some time since. We are glad to see the doctor out again; although he was seriously hurt, we hope he will soon recover.

Killed at Sweetwater.

Last Thursday a man named Billy Bell, a rear brakeman on conductor Dunkel's train, met his death in a horrible manner. He was trying to pull the pin which connects the draw-head of an empty stock car and the drawbar of the locomotive. As near as we can learn he was standing upon the draw-head and using a coal-pick to pull the pin with; it having become fastened, when he lost his balance and fell upon the track, with his body between the rails and his neck upon one of them. Two wheels of the car passed over his neck, but did not sever his head from his body; but the car was ditched. The young man was a favorite of the conductor who was almost sickened by the sad sight. We are indebted to engineer Stout for the above information.

Christmas Goods!

A large and well assorted stock of Christmas Goods — the best ever brought to Baird—arriving and to arrive at Turner's Drug Store.

Another Defaulter.

A dispatch came to Baird last Thursday night directed to the city marshal and contained instructions for him to arrest the body of one G. W. Smith, a defaulting depot agent of the Texas and Pacific Railroad Company, stationed at Toyah, who was going east on train number 201, as the train was about an hour and a half late, it gave time for the delivery of the message, which was from the train master at Big Spring. He was arrested.

Christmas Goods! Christmas Goods!!

Christmas Goods at Turner's Drug Store.

Depot agent, Hathaway, informs us that he can now secure stock cars for our shippers much more promptly than has ever before been done, as he has succeeded in effecting new arrangements. We are glad to note this fact as stock shipments is one of the principal items of business with the railroad company and shippers have heretofore been greatly inconvenienced for the want of stock cars, and they will gladly hail the improvement, and will join us in saying, long live our agent, who we are satisfied is doing all in his power to better the shipping facilities.

Best Flour? Cheapest Flour?

I am now offering the best Sea Foam Flour at $3.50. Try one sack.
G. P. Johnson.

Baird Shipments and Receipts.

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

SHIPMENTS.

2 cars merchandise, 2 cars household goods, 13 cars cattle, 1 car piping, 13 bales cotton, 16 bags wool.

RECEIPTS.

54 cars coal, 2 cars wood, 20 cars merchandise, 1 car ties, 6 cars cattle, 1 car hay, 2 cars corn, 2 cars lumber, 1 car wire, 1 car sheep.

THROUGH FREIGHT.

St. Louis 141 cars, Kansas City 5, Cairo 4, Memphis 3, New Orleans 6, San Antonio 2, Galveston 3.

Through west, 72 cars.

The Election.

Below we give a tabular statement of the vote polled in several of the precincts of Callahan County. As the official count will not be made until next Monday, it was utterly impossible to give the full returns this week. In our next we will give the full vote:

CANDIDATES	Belle Plain	Baird	Harts	Windham	Clyde	Cottonwood	East Caddo	Callahan City	Putnam	Total
Governor										
John Ireland		96		59	12				48	
G W Jones		15		9	14				16	
Lieu't Governor										
Andrew Young				5						
Marion Martin		114		62					51	
Comptroller										
W J Swain		114		61					52	
W Brown		1								
R T Kennedy				66						
Treasurer										
F R Lubbock		114		67					52	
Com'r Gen'l L Office										
W C Walsh		117		69					52	
Attorney General										
John D Templeton		116		62					51	
S P Burns				5						
C Jus't Supreme C't										
A H Willie		117		64					51	
Associate Justices										
J W Stayton		112		63					41	
C S West		106		34					38	
Court of Appeals										
J P White		101		38					48	
J M Hurt		104		61					39	
Sam A Willson		100		35					36	
Congress										
S C Buck		4		4					24	
S W T Lanham		54		43	5				7	
J H Davenport		43		7	9				18	
J W Barnett		8		4					12	
Representative										
J N Browning		29		0					20	
G W Waddell		69		36	14				4	
Chas I Evans		10		11					3	
District Attorney										
J H Calhoun		118		64					47	
Senator										
J R Fleming		118		68					52	
County Judge										
W H Cliett	45	20	8	35	4				30	
J M Parish	4	7		5	1				1	
Mortimer McIlhany	1	4	2	4					1	
J E Thomas	25	84	18	16	29				36	
Dis't and County C'k										
J W Newman	37	72	12	17	29			32	20	
I N Jackson	32	45	19	49	6			32	40	
Sheriff										
J W Jones		85	28	63	19				41	
J L Craig		30		3	16				19	
County Attorney										
F S Bell		99	6	28	7				27	
Dave Henry		15	22	38	28				32	
Treasurer										
J G McDonel		50	18	9	2				24	
B L Bellamy		14	6	8	11				33	
J L Windham		54	4	30	22				3	
Assessor										
Jake Rand		108	3	35	32				1	
W R McDermett		10	28	33	2				50	
Surveyor										
T H Floyd		6	6	11	2				3	
L T Cochran		104	22	51	22				53	
S R Dunnagan		7	3	5	2				2	
Inspector of H and A										
J H Breeding		6	3	3	2				6	
W C Asbery		104	10	50	29				30	
Commissioner										
Jasper McCoy				22						
T Taylor				40						
P L Callahan		112								
S C Pack		1							35	
E M Wright										
J D Mitchell									22	
W T Stayton										
Justice of the Peace										
A G Webb		26								
N P Rice		89								
C P Johnson				45						
Constable										
T J Dean		61								
W H Cliett		7								
David Henry		1								
P B Loper				46						
Walter McDonald				3						
Total vote of Prec'ts		121	31	68						

The Edward boys, Bill and Jim, have attached thirty head of the Abney & Pointer beef steers at this place. This action is to satisfy a debt of $590. The cattle are now in sheriff Jones' keeping.

A collision on a freight train seven miles east of Fort Worth delayed the westbound passenger train about fifteen hours, last Wednesday.

Shot Guns

Both muzzle and breech loading shot guns just received and for sale at very reasonable prices at S. L. Robertson's hardware store. 31tf.

Cheapest Flour.

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

In Justice Court.

G. W. Smith arrested here for theft of thirty dollars stolen from the Texas & Pacific railroad at Toyah, warrant of arrest made returnable to precinct number one of Pecos county.

Thanksgiving Day.

By the President's proclamation November 30 has been set apart for the day of National Thanksgiving. The day this year has a peculiar significance as being just one hundred years since the preliminary treaty was signed in Paris by the British and American Commissioners whereby peace was insituted and the government of George IV, acknowledged the freedom of the Colonies which they had proclaimed in 1776. When down on our knees returning thanks let us bear in mind that we are observing a centennial of mighty importance as well.

MANY of the prettiest young ladies in Hunt county are now very busily engaged in helping their fathers and brothers to pick out the enormous cotton crop. They are not second-class either, but many of them can talk intellectually on history, philosophy, etc., and can knock the sweetest music from their pianos, and, in fact, are just as much at home in their parlors as they are in the kitchen or cotton patch. Their cheeks are rosy, their eyes are bright, their laughter is sweet as music, their bodies are healthy and their hearts are as pure as snowflakes. They are the pride of their fathers, the joy of their mothers, the idols of the boys, the life of society and the very soul of innocent rural enjoyment. The young man, either in town or country, who wouldn't fall "heels over head" in love with such girls has no more heart in him than a mummy and has no business living in this country. Such girls are a treasure and this would be a sorry old world without them.—*Greenville Banner.*

Information Wanted.

The whereabouts of two colts one year old last spring, branded S L O on right hip one a mare the other a horse, both bright bays, the mare has a little white on one hind foot. Any information in regard to same will be thankfully received and any trouble liberally rewarded. S. L. OGLE.

J. F. RETTIG,

DEALER IN

Furniture and General House-

Furnishing Goods.

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

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

To this line we pay SPECIAL ATTENTION.

Market Street, Baird, Texas

Texas & Pacific Railway Company.

An adjourned meeting of the stockholders and Board of Directors of the Texas & Pacific Railway Company, will be held at the office of the Company in the city of Marshall, Harrison County, Texas, on Tuesday, December 5th, 1882, at the hours of 12 and 1 o'clock, respectively.

C. E. SATTERLEE.
Secretary.

Ranch for Sale.

The Tucker (formerly the Baugh) ranch situated about five miles

SOUTH-WEST OF BAIRD.

The above is well located in a fine grazing district, has first-class water privileges, and also some good improvements. I will sell the above ranch at a bargain. Apply at the Waddell ranch, on Pecan Bayou. F. P. PARLIN.
32 tf

COMMERCIAL.

GROCERIES.
Flour, white per cwt. $3 25 to $3 75
" Graham " lb .... 5 c
Meal, corn ...." bu........ $1 20
" oat...." lb......8 to 8 1-3c
Hominy......" "......5 to 6 c
Grits......" "......5 to 6 c
Rice......" "......9 to 10 c
Beans......" "......8 to 9 c
Coffee......" "......12 1-2 to 16 1-2c
Tea......" "......50 to $1 00
Sugar......" "......10 to 12 1-2c
Bacon br'kf'st." "...... to c
" cl'r sid's." "......20 to
Dry Salt Meat." "......18 to 20 c
S. c Hams....." "......19 to 20
Lard......" "......18 c
crackers xxxx" "...... 12 1-2c
Salt (coarse) " sack...... $2 10
" " "barrel.. $3 25

DRIED FRUIT.
Apples......per lb......10 to 12 1-2c
Peaches " ......12 1-2 to 15 c
Prunes......" 12 1-2c
currants....." 12 1-2c

PRODUCE.
Potatoes Irish per lb...... 3 c
" Sweet " ......2 3-4 to c
Onions......" ......5 to 6 c
Butter......" 25 c
cheese (cream) " 25 c
Eggs......" doz. 20 c
chickens......" " $2 00 to $3 00

GRAIN.
wheat......" bu ..75cto $1 25
corn......" " $1
Oats......" " 65

MISCELLANEOUS.
Coal oil......per gal.... 30 c
Hides......" lb....10 to 12 1-2 c
Rope...... 12 1-2 15c
cotton...... ......8 to 9 c
wool...... ......12 1-2to 22 c
Lime...... bu....
Lumber, rough M.... $25 00
" matched M.... 35 00
Pecans...... bu.... 2 25
Tobacco...... lb....40c to 1 00

R. M. TURNER,

DRUGGIST AND PHARMACIST

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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.

ESTRAYED.

Estrayed by S. G. Robertson before Geo. W. Franks, J. P. Precinct number 6, Callahan county, on the 23 day of Oct., 1882, one deep iron gray horse about six years old 14 hands high branded on left shoulder ┤ and JAK connected on left thigh, appraised at $35. Also one light sorrel horse five years old, 15 hands high, both hind feet and left fore foot white, small star in face, branded ┤ on left thigh, appraised at $50. Both horses saddle marked. n30

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

—THE—

CRYSTAL PALACE
SALOON

Catches Everybody in Pursuit of Knowledge or a

Good Square Drink.

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

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WATCHES,
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FINE JEWELRY made to order and all kinds of Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired by

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An Experienced and Practical Watch Maker.

Watches may safely be sent and returned by mail.

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DALLAS TEXAS.

CITY HOTEL,

C. J. MILLER Prop.,

BAIRD, - - TEXAS.

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

GREAT BARGAINS!

Now is your time to buy, Cheaper than the Cheapest,

DRY GOODS,

Boots, Shoes, Notions, Hats, Caps

—And all kinds of—

GROCERIES.

PH. SWARTZ & BRO.,

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—Agents for the celebrated—

MEDICATED SPECTACLES.

NEW LIVERY STABLE!

J. F. PATTERSON, Proprietor

Market Street, Baird, Texas.

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

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

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

HURRAH FOR THE

NEW

BLACKSMITH SHOP.

W. L. Henry and M. H. Allen

Now inform their patrons and the public generally that they have removed from Belle Plain and opened a

SHOP IN BAIRD,

where they are prepared to do all work in their line. All work warranted. Give them a call. 29-1y

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RECEIVING, FORWARDING

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Commission Merchants.

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—AT—

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—The Leading House in—

BELLE PLAIN, TEXAS.

All because Prices are so Low and Goods

to suit All Classes—at

Living Prices.

Call one and all and see for yourself

Yours, Respectfully,

W. J. POWER & CO.
n1-3m

NEW GROCERY STORE!

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

Full and Complete Stock.

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

L. O. OLIVER,
24-1y Proprietor.

FARM FOR SALE.

Containing 160 acres—65 acres in farm, 65 in pasture, 4 acres at the house for orchard and garden, 100 young trees that will bear next year, about ten tons of hay, oats and millet, three or four hundred bushels of corn. Will sell cheap for cash. For particulars call on or address L. C. Sharp, Eagle Cove, Callahan Co., Texas.

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Agent for

DUPONT POWDER CO.,

8, 10, 12, & 14 First St.,

FORT WORTH, TEXAS

3-25-1y

The Clarendon.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

BAIRD, - - - - TEXAS.

How Jehiel Made $50.

Up in the White Mountains, a week or two ago, I heard of the latest achievement of the Vanderbilts. A party of the third generation of this interesting family (reckoning from the Commodore) was stopping at the Glen House. The party included two daughters and two sons-in-law of the reigning Vanderbilt, and a cousin or two. From the Glen House the carriage road ascends in seven miles to the summit of Mt. Washington. Stages run up in about three hours' schedule time. The ascent is nowhere very steep, but it is steady and steep enough to make fairly hard pulling for the six-horse teams.

One day it occurred to the Vanderbilt party that noblesse obliged them to go up the mountain in quicker time than had ever been accomplished before this advent. They sent for Milliken. That humble person appeared, his tall hat on the back of his head, and heard the Vanderbilt commands.

"I can give you special conveyance," said Milliken; "but I don't know about cutting much under three hours. It's an awful pull."

"But it must be done," said one of the sons-in-law. The other son-in-law took Milliken aside and warmly assured him that money was no consideration.

"Most people," persisted the eloquent proprietor of the Glen, "find three hours none too long. The gradually unfolding succession of panoramic views, the new vistas that reveal themselves at every turn, the magnificent range that opens up as you scale the outworks and climb the massive shoulder of Mount Washington itself, skirting the huge and gloomy Gulf of Mexico, with Clay on your right, and beyond that the massive Jefferson; then Adams, with its sharp and symmetrical peak, and finally Madison; in the distance the winding and lovely Androscoggin, like a thread of silver, to say nothing of——"

"No matter about all that," said the son-in-law. "We want your best team and your best driver, and if the thing can by any human possibility be done, in two hours and a half, we want to do it."

"That would be a very quick ascent," said Milliken, cautiously. "Nevertheless, we'll see what can be done."

The result of the protracted negotiations was that Milliken gave the Vanderbilt party his lightest mountain wagon, seating twelve, his six famous grays, the best team in the Glen House stables, and Jehiel Cooper to handle the leathers. Jehiel has been driving on the mountain since 1861.

They started in the morning just before the regular stage, amid great excitement on the Glen House piazzas. Everybody had his watch in hand when Jehiel cracked the whip over the ears of the off leader, and almost everybody was provided with field-glasses or telescope to watch the progress of the vehicle after it should have emerged from the wooded belt on the mountain-side.

"We shall do it!" shouted one of the sons-in-law to Milliken. Milliken removed his hat and merely remarked: "Two hours and a half is mighty quick time."

"Now," said the sons-in-law to the driver, as the stage whirled past the toll house, "do you suppose we shall do it?"

"Mebbe," replied Jehiel, with a yank at the jaw of one of the pole horses, who showed a disposition to caper. "The horses is in good fix and the road is in good fix."

"Make it in two hours and a half," returned the sons-in-law, "and it will be the best day's work you ever did."

The driver grinned and plied his lash. At the Half-way House all the watches were out. Jehiel pulled up to water the team in just one hour and thirteen minutes from the Glen. The excitement of the party increased. "An extra twenty-dollar bill if we fetch it in 2:20!" shouted the son-in-law on the back seat. "And a dollar extra for every minute under 2:20," added the other son-in-law.

The stage spun up the mountain at a tremendous rate, fairly whizzing around the sharp turns of the zigzag with a velocity that almost projected the representatives of $200,000,000 into the Gulf of Mexico. The progress of the party was now plainly visible to the interested spectators at the Glen House below. There was also suspense and excitement among the guests at the Summit, for Milliken had telegraphed up that the Vanderbilts were engaged in beating the record. The six gray horses drew up panting and steaming at the platform on the summit amid the cheers of the crowd. The sons-in-law sprang out and shook hands with each other and with the driver. The time-piece of one of them said two hours and four minutes, while the watch of the other made it 2:02. It was agreed to split the difference and fix the record at 2:03.

For nearly an hour the operator at the Summit House was kept busy sending enthusiastic messages from the Vanderbilts to their friends in the world below. The family prestige had been vindicated. Some congratulatory replies began to pour in over the wire. The next morning every newspaper in New England contained the names of the Vanderbilts composing the party, and the fact that they had been driven up the mountain in the shortest time ever made on the carriage road.

Some days afterward I was discussing the achievement with another old mountain driver. "I hear Jehiel's going to retire from the business," he remarked, with a broad grin. "He's made his pile. Jehiel's a sly one."

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"I mean," said he, chuckling, "that when fools come along that are willing to pay greenbacks to see horses run up hill at a four-mile gait, Jehiel's ready to accommodate 'em."

"And you don't consider two hours and three minutes the fastest time on record?"

Here he indulged in an explosion of profane mirth. "Record!" said he. "Nobody said anything about the record except themselves. They were bound to have it so, and who was going for to contradict a Vanderbilt?"

"And what is the fastest time?"

"Well," said the old driver, "I druv those same six grays to the Summit week before last in one hour and twenty-nine minutes with a load of seven trunks and a crate of poultry for the Widow Dodge at the hotel. But I didn't git no fifty-dollar bill for doin' it."—*Philadelphia Press.*

—A colored woman at Providence, R. I., Louisa Freeman, was bound over on a charge of whipping her adopted boy, who is four years old, with an iron umbrella rib, forcing him to drink filthy water from a bucket again and again, and burning his tongue with a red-hot poker.

A Plain and Easy Way of Curing Hams.

The principal thing in curing hams is to get them just salt enough to keep them and not so salt as to injure the flavor and cause them to get hard. Hams should be neatly trimmed and cut rounding, to imitate as close as possible the hams of commerce.

Trim closely, so there shall be no masses of fat left at the lowest extremity of the hams. The shoulders may be cut in shape convenient for packing, and they should be salted in separate packages from the hams.

Hams are cured by both dry salting and brine. When dry salting is employed the hams are rubbed often with salt and sugar. Between each rubbing they are bunched up on platforms or tables, the surface of which is spread with a layer of salt, and each ham is also covered with salt. When taken up to rub, which is usually done five or six times, a shallow box is at hand in which to do the work.

When brine is used, prepare a pickle strong enough to float an egg and stir into it sufficient amount of sugar and molasses to give it a sweetened taste. Some add a little saltpeter to color the meat, while others claim it tends to harden the meat. In moderate quantities, it is generally accepted as beneficial. Cover the hams with pickle and place the packages where the temperature is uniform and above freezing. For hams of twelve pounds, four weeks will be sufficient; large hams must remain in brine a longer time. In general, three to seven weeks embraces the extreme of time required for domestic curing of hams, varying as to size of hams, temperture, and time when they will be required for use. When it is designed to preserve hams through the summer they must not be removed from the pickle too soon.

Shoulders require much the same treatment as do hams, and both should be carefully smoked. The preservative principle of smoke is known as creosote. Smoke made by burning corn cobs is highly esteemed, but those engaged in curing meat on a large scale prefer the smoke obtained from dry hickory that has been stripped of its bark. The smoking process must not be too much hurried or the creosote will not have time to penetrate the entire substance of the meat. Ten days smoking is usually sufficient, unless the pieces are very large and thick.

A process in ham curing practiced by some of the leading packing houses consists in creating the smoke in an oven outside of the smoke-house and passed through underground pipes into it. The smoke, rising from the floor to the top of the house, encounters two opposite currents of air drawn from the outside. These currents cause the smoke to form into a rapidly revolving horizontal column which passes among the hams. The smoke is not warm, and there is no heat to melt the hams or hot air to blacken them. The hams under this process are smoked in very much less time than by the old method.

While canvassing hams has nothing to do with their flavor it is a protection from insects, and will pay the farmer for the extra labor. It should be done before warm weather. Wrap each ham in coarse brown paper and then sew it up in cotton cloth cut to suit the size, following the shape of the ham. When covered as described, dip them in a wash made of lime water and colored with yellow ocher. Hang up in a cool place to dry. The wash closes the interstices of the muslin, and the whole forms a perfect protection against insects. The room in which any kind of cured meat is stored should be dry and cool, and the darker the better.—*Western Rural.*

Care of Horses.

1. Never allow anyone to tease or tickle your horse in the stable. The animal only feels the torment and does not understand the joke. Vicious habits are thus easily brought on.

2. Never beat the horse when in the stable. Nothing so soon makes him permanently vicious.

3. Let the horse's litter be dry and clean underneath as well as on top. Standing on hot fermenting manure makes the hoofs soft, and brings on lameness.

4. Change the litter partially in some parts, and entirely in others, every morning, and brush out and clean the stall thoroughly.

5. To procure a good coat on your horse naturally, use plenty of rubbing and brushing. Plenty of "elbow grease" opens the pores, softens the skin, and promotes the animal's general health.

6. Never clean a horse in his stable. The dust fouls the crib, and makes him loathe his food.

7. Use the curry-comb lightly. When used roughly it is a source of great pain.

8. Let the heels be well brushed out every night. Dirt, if allowed to cake in, causes grease and sore heels.

9. Whenever a horse is washed, never leave him till he is rubbed quite dry. He will probably get a chill if neglected.

10. When a horse comes off a journey the first thing is to walk him about till he is cool, if he is brought in hot. This prevents his taking cold.

11. The next thing is to groom him quite dry, first with a wisp of straw and then with a brush. This removes dust, dirt and sweat, and allows time for the stomach to recover itself and the appetite to return.

12. Also, let his legs be well rubbed by the hand. Nothing so soon removes a strain. It also detects thorns or splinters, soothes the animal and enables him to feed comfortably.

13. Let the horse have some exercise every day. Otherwise he will be liable to fever or bad feet.

14. Let your horse stand loose, if possible, without being tied up to the manger. Pain and weariness from a confined position induce bad habits and cause swollen feet and other disorders.

15. Look often at the animal's feet and legs. Disease or wounds in those parts, if at all neglected, soon become dangerous.

16. Every night look and see if there is any stone between the hoof and the shoe. Standing on it all night, the horse will be lame next morning.

17. If the horse remains in stable his feet must be "stopped." Heat and dryness cause cracked hoofs and lameness.

18. The feet should not be "stopped" oftener than twice in the week. It will make the hoofs soft and bring on corns.

19. Do not urge the animal to drink water which he refuses. It is probably hard and unwholesome.

20. Never allow drugs to be administered to your horse without your knowledge. They are not needed to keep the animal in health, and may do the greatest and most sudden mischief.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

—Fritz's boy told his father the other day that he knew where the rain came from. "There were faucets up in the sky, and the angels turned 'em on."

HOME AND FARM.

—For a useful home rug, purchase a sheep-skin and wash it thoroughly in boiling soapsuds, and when dry comb carefully, and an excellent rug is made for the foot of the stairs, the fireplace, etc.—*Chicago News.*

—American breeders are now regular buyers at the English fairs and shows, and herd owners have come to expect their appearance. No more liberal buyers than these visit the United Kingdom.

—The best results from wood ashes are secured by adding a small proportion of common salt. Ashes contain all the mineral elements of the plant, and they exert a good influence in unlocking fertility that would not be otherwise available. In burning anything the chlorine it contains is carried off with the smoke and salt; chloride of sodium supplies the deficiency.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—A nice tapioca pudding is made of four tablespoonfuls of tapioca, one quart of milk, the yelks of four eggs, and three tablespoonfuls of sugar. Soak the tapioca for several hours in a little water and boil the milk and pour it over the tapioca. When it is almost cold add the sugar and eggs, well-beaten; bake for an hour, and after it has cooled a little add the whites of the eggs to one-half pound of sugar for roasting.—*Chicago News.*

—Currant Fritters: These are made of one cup and a half of very fine bread crumbs, one tablespoonful and a half of flour, one cup and a half of sweet milk, one quarter of a pound of well washed English currants (drain the currants thoroughly), two tablespoonfuls of sugar and a small lump of butter. Flavor with cinnamon or nutmeg, to suit the taste; drop in spoonfuls in hot lard and fry until done. Eat with wine and sugar.—*Rural World.*

—More hay is injured by not being dried enough than by being dried too much. One extreme is equally as bad as the other. Clover, for instance, if allowed to become too dry in the sun will lose all of its leaves and its blossoms, and the stocks that are left are of little value. On the other hand, if put in the mow too soon it will become mow burnt, and equally worthless. A little of last year's hay to mix with each load as it is put in the mow is very desirable, absorbing the moisture from the new hay.—*Farmer's Magazine.*

Bread.

The average quality of the bread on any one table is a pretty fair test of the quality of the entire cooking in that household. For good bread day after day and year after year can not by any possibility be the result of accident. It means not only good flour and good yeast but skill in making the two into bread. There is not a stage or a process of bread-making from the time the flour is put into the pan until the fragrant, golden brown loaf, perfectly done, is taken from the oven that does not require the exercise of judgment, forethought, patience and painstaking. These qualities exercised habitually in bread-making will show themselves as well in kindred industries and occupations.

The use of leaven is of the remotest antiquity. The Egyptians claimed that the use of ferments was taught by Osiris; the Greeks, by Bacchus; the Hebrews, by Noah. The latter, in their flight from Egypt, "took their dough before it was leavened, their kneading troughs being bound up in their clothes upon their shoulders." From Asia the art of making bread was brought to Bœotia by two travelers, and their countrymen in grateful remembrance raised statues in their honor. From Bœotia the art spread rapidly through Greece. In Athens in the time of Apuleius the profession of baker was highly honorable and the bread of Athens was far-famed. Rome learned the art from Greece; her troops returning from Macedon in 168 B. C. brought Greek bakers to Italy. A college of bakers was founded at Rome and richly endowed. In that city bakers could become Senators. From the time of the Cæsars to our own no profession has been more carefully legislated for than that of bakers. Adulteration of material has always been regarded as a crime against the commonwealth, and short weight has been an abomination to all rulers.

Though ferments have been used since the time of Noah, it is only about forty-five years ago that the yeast plant was discovered by Cagniard de la Tour, and almost simultaneously by Schwann. As early as 1680 it was known that yeast consisted of little globules collected into groups of three or four together, and scientists of later dates saw in them certain characteristics of living matter, but not till 1837 was it conclusively proved that "albuminous bodies are never the ferments, but the aliment of the ferments, and that the "true ferments are living organisms." These microscopic plants are in great variety. One variety produces the ferment in beer, another in wine, another in milk, each special fermentation having its own special plant producer. The name given to the yeast plant of beer, to which we are so largely indebted for light bread, is *Saccharomyces cerevisiæ*, a very long name for so short a plant, for these yeast cells are only about 1-2500th of an inch in diameter. They multiply during fermentation by a process of budding, and increase six or sevenfold, evolving during the process carbonic acid gas and hydrogen. These gases in their attempt to escape through the dough separate the particles of gluten, and are at the same time retained by them, thus giving lightness to the bread. When the bread is baked these gases are expelled from the loaf in the form of alcohol. Liebig estimated that 150,000 gallons are thus lost annually in London alone, and 12,000,000 gallons in Germany. Efforts have been made to save it by condensation, but without success.

Every bread-maker has observed that the temperature at which her dough is kept while rising has a decided influence upon its quality. If it is kept warm, so that the process of fermentation goes on rapidly, the bread will be whiter and tenderer than if it is allowed to rise in a low temperature. The little plant with the long name flourishes best at a temperature of about 72 degrees, and when it has abundance of sugar to feed upon. If no sugar is put into the dough the plant converts the starch of the grain into sugar and feeds upon it.

The word bread, according to Horne Tooke, comes from the verb "bray"—to pound in a mortar. Bread is brayed grain, and dough is brayed grain wetted or mixed with water. Leaven is a cognate word with lever, and is derived from the French *lever*—to raise. When dough is raised by leaven it becomes a loaf; this word is cognate with lift, and is derived from the Anglo-Saxon "hlifian," to raise or lift up. Our word lady comes from the Gothic "*hlaif*," a loaf, and *dian*, to serve or distribute, because the mistress of the family used to distribute the bread to the domestics and guests.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A Model Postman.

Here is a Belgian postman. We pride ourselves on our own postal service, but look at this man, who not only delivers letters punctually, smartly, but sells stamps and post-cards and acts as collector of small debts and newspaper agent. A Belgian who has money owing to him hands the bill to his postman, who passes it through the office to be presented to the debtor in whatever locality the latter may reside, and, if payment be made, the creditor receives it from his postman on the following day, with but a trifling deduction for commission. In the same way as to newspapers. Almost all regular subscribers to a journal pay their money to the postman, and two or three days before the subscription expires that hard-worked but ever active official presents the *quittance d'abonnement* for the renewal of the subscription during a fresh term. All this makes of the Belgian postman a kind of ambulating general agency and bank of deposit, and naturally the man is obliged to have a desk slung in front of him, to carry a locked and chained portfolio under his arm for valuables; but he gets through his work satisfactorily, because his beats are shorter than those of his English brother; and at times when there is a great press of work he is always accompanied by a supernumerary. Let us note, in passing, an excellent method of collecting letters from pillar-boxes which exists in Germany (it originated at Munich), and is beginning to be adopted in some French cities. The letters, instead of falling into a bag, drop into a locked tin box, and the collecting postman, who goes his rounds in a light cart, has only to remove the box and put an empty one in its place. In this way the collections are not only made with great rapidity, but the chance of loss, robbery, damage of letters is minimized. Another good thing about some Continental posts is the clear indication which they stamp on an envelope as to the place and hour at which it was posted. "Place de la Bourse, Paris, 1eme," with the date; this means that the letter was posted at the place mentioned in time for the second collection of the day.—*London Times.*

—Heraldry in France has invaded the garden. At country seats the gardeners form a design of flowers representing the arms or monogram of the master of the house. In some of the parks belonging to Legitimists, gigantic fleur-de-lys are designed, and while wall fruit is growing, the gardeners cut out in paper the monogram and crest, and glue the design on to the peaches or the nectarines with some light paste. When the fruit is ripe, the paper is taken away, and the outlines remain imprinted on the velvety skin of the peach.

—A passenger in a Boston street car pulled the vest button of the conductor and was surprised to hear a bell ring. A new device for stealing fares was thus discovered. Bell punches are used on that line, and the old plan of carrying a small gong in the palm of the hand to strike when pretending to punch a slip has become dangerous. So the plan of concealing the gong in the vest and connecting it with a button was invented.

A Judge's Experience.

Judge J. T. Bossier, of St. Tammany parish, La., and of the State Legislature, thus expressed his opinion to one of our representatives: "I have found St. Jacobs Oil to be very efficacious in sprains and bruises. In my opinion there is no oil or liniment equal to it."—*New Orleans (La.) Times-Democrat.*

We are curious to know how many feet go to make a mile in the estimation of the ladies, for the reason that we never met a lady who didn't wear shoes a mile too big for her.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

The result of my use of St. Jacobs Oil for rheumatism is—I have been recommending it ever since, says the Mayor of Chicago, Hon. Carter H. Harrison, in the Chicago *Times.*

A young swell stood in the vestibule of a theater scowling savagely at a countryman near by who had been staring at him for several minutes, and said: "What do you take me for, anyhow?" "Wal, stranger," replied the granger, "I've been a sizin' you up purty well fur a second or so, and I wouldn't take you, just as you stand, at any price—unless I was awful hard up for fertilizing material."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

Cured of Drinking.

"A young friend of mine was cured of an insatiable thirst for liquor, which had so prostrated him that he was unable to do any business. He was entirely cured by the use of Hop Bitters. It allayed all that burning thirst; took away the appetite for liquor; made his nerves steady, and he has remained a sober and steady man for more than two years, and has no desire to return to his cups; I know of a number of others that have been cured of drinking by it."—From a leading Railroad Official, Chicago, Ill.—*Times.*

The Song of Solomon: So hellep me grashus, dot coat fits you like de baper on de valls.—*Puck.*

A Revolution

in the treatment of nervous diseases is now taking place. Dr. C. W. Benson, of Baltimore, many years ago discovered a sure remedy in his Celery and Chamomile Pills—they have had a wonderful sale and success. They can be relied on to permanently cure sick and nervous headache, neuralgia, dyspepsia, sleeplessness, and all nervous diseases. All druggists keep them. Price, 50 cents per box. Two boxes for $1, six for $2.50, free by mail on receipt of price. Dr. C. W. Benson, Baltimore, Md.

It rains alike on the just and the unjust—and on the just mainly because the unjust have borrowed their umbrellas.—*Hartford Times.*

"Misery may like company, but I'd rader hab the rhumatis in one leg den ter hab it in bofe."—*Uncle Gabe.*

I hear that in North Carolina there is a woman that eats babies. I'm going to North Carolina to live.—*Old Bachelor.*

A Paris cook has discovered how to "bike ice." When he discovers how to boil ice-cream without melting the stuff, he will be ripe enough to die.—*Norristown Herald.*

A few days since a laborer, who was at work on John Street, fell into an excavation and broke his leg, and among the crowd which gathered was one who took it upon himself to convey the sad intelligence to the man's wife. "Break the news easy," groaned the victim, "for my wife is very emotional and may be completely upset." The bearer of the message hurried on his way, and in his excitement knocked at the door of the wrong house. It was opened by a woman who remarked that she didn't want to buy anything, and she was closing it with a bang when the man protested: "Madam, I have a message for you!" "What is it?" "It is in regard to your husband. Don't get excited, for it is only a trifling accident. I came to announce to you that your husband has had a leg broken." "He has, eh! Been in his grave three years and had a leg broken, eh? Now, you rascal, fly through that gate or I'll break every bone in your body!" She produced the club necessary to keep her word, but the man flew. He wasn't prepared for that kind of emotion.—*Detroit Free Press.*

"Why do dogs have fleas?" a young naturalist asks us. Dear boy, that's just what the dogs are anxious to know.—*Boston Post.*

Pearls signify tears when the husband refuses to buy them.—*Fliegende Blatter.*

"Fruit eaten at night is baneful." This is one of those wise axioms proved to be true by Adam. His trouble was caused by eating an apple after Eve.

Hackneyed expression—"Have a carriage, sir?"

The man who is anxious for something to turn up can be accommodated by putting a glass of water under a toper's nose.

Nothing Like It.

No medicine has ever been known so effectual in the cure of all those diseases arising from an impure condition of the blood as Scovill's Sarsaparilla or Blood and Liver Syrup for the cure of Scrofula, White Swellings, Rheumatism, Pimples, Blotches, Eruptions, Venereal Sores and Diseases, Consumption, Goitre, Boils, Cancers, and all kindred diseases. It purifies the system, brings color to the cheeks and restores the sufferer to a normal condition of health and vigor.

When a powder magazine blows up, it can, we suppose, be called flash literature.—*New Jersey Enterprise.*

"Wise men say nothing in dangerous times." Wise men use nothing in dangerous diseases but the best and most approved remedies. Thus Kidney-Wort is employed universally in cases of diseased liver, kidney and bowels. It will cost you but a trifle to try it, and the result will be most delightful.

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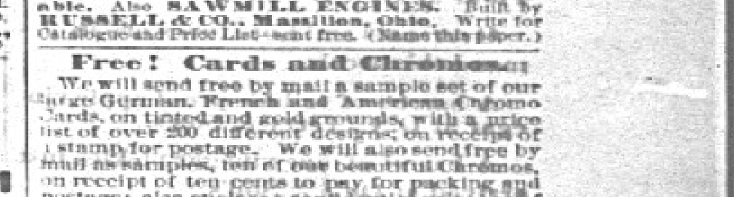

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