Callahan County Clarendon.

"THE GREATEST GOOD TO THE GREATEST NUMBER"

W. R. LOTZ, Editor and Proprietor. BAIRD, TEXAS, SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1881. VOL. II.—NO. 9.

SAVING MOTHER.

The farmer sat in his easy chair
Between the fire and the lamplight's glare;
His face was ruddy and full and fair.
His three small boys in the chimney nook
Conned the lines of a picture book;
His wife, the pride of his home and heart,
Baked the biscuit and made the tart,
Laid the table and steeped the tea,
Deftly, swiftly, silently;
Tired and weary and weak and faint,
She bore her trials without complaint,
Like many another housewife saint—
Content, all selfish bliss above,
In the patient ministry of love.
At last, between the clouds of smoke
That wreathed his lips, the husband spoke:

"There's taxes to raise, an' int'rest to pay—
And ef there should come a rainy day,
'Twould be mighty handy, I'm bound to say,
T' have sumpthin' put by. For folks must die,
An' there's funeral bills, and gravestuns to buy—
Enough to swamp a man, purty nigh.
Beside, there's Edward and Dick and Joe
To be provided for when we go.
So'f I was you, I'll tell ye what I'd du:
I'd be sayin' of wood as ever I could—
Extry fires don't du any good—
I'd be savin' of soape, an savin' of tie,
And run up some candles once in a while;
I'd be rather sparin' of coffee an' tea,
For sugar is high,
And all to buy,
And cider is good enough for me.
I'd be kind o' careful about my clo'es
And look out sharp how the money goes—
Gewgaws is useless, nater knows;
Extry trimmin'
'S the bane of women.

"I'd sell off the best of the cheese and honey,
And eggs is as good, nigh about, 's the money;
And as to the carpet you wanted new—
I guess we can make the old one do.
And as for the washer an' sewin' machine,
Them smooth-tongued agents, so peaky mean,
You'd better get rid of 'em, slick and clean.
What do they know about women's work?
Du they calkilate women was born to shirk?"

Dick and Edward and little Joe
Sat in the corner in a row.
They saw the patient mother go
On ceaseless errands to and fro.
They saw that her form was bent and thin,
Her temples gray, her cheeks sunk in,
They saw the quiver of lip and chin—
And then, with a warmth he could not smother,
Outspoke the youngest, frallest brother:

"You talk of savin' wood and tie
An' tea an' sugar, all the while,
But you never talk of savin' mother!"
—*Interior.*

THE ROMANCE OF A NOTE-BOOK.

Everyone in Paris knows Darley, the livery-stable keeper. His establishment is now half a century old, and he furnishes the Faubourg St. Germain with all the carriages they hire. Many of the upper ten have their homes in the country, and never take their horses to Paris. Therefore Monsieur de Merisi, immediately after his arrival, went to see Darley to engage a coupe.

After the usual salutations, the following dialogue began:

"Well, Darley, I want a handsome coupe, with one horse; how much will it be?"

"What will the amount of work be, sir?"

"Oh, not very much. I never want it before five in the afternoon. I pay a few visits, and take a drive in the park. In the evening I want it to take me to the theater, or home from the club."

Darley reflectively scratched his head.

"Well, how much a month do you want for it?"

"Hum—let me see. For a new coupe and a good horse, in May, the busiest month—seven hundred and fifty francs is cheap."

"What! from five o'clock to midnight or one o'clock in the morning?"

"You must remember that during the remainder of the time I can't use either the coupe or the horse."

"Well, let us say seven hundred francs; that's handsome pay for so little work."

"All right," grumbled Darley. "Same place, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"Well, I'll send it round to-morrow."

An hour later Darley received, with the utmost respect, another important customer, Madame de Belroy.

"Well, madame, what can I do for you? Carriage, eh? Well, let me recommend a landau—in that madame's toilet can be seen to the best advantage."

"No, sir; as you see, I am yet in mourning, and came to Paris only to settle some affairs."

"But madame will pardon me if I say that in a coupe her beauty——"

"No, Monsier Darley, I am a widow, and I live retired. I want a carriage only for my shopping and such things; a coupe will do me—a simple coupe with one horse, elegantly hued, but dark. How much will it be per month?"

"That depends upon the work."

"Oh, it will not be much. At nine o'clock I drive to mass; after breakfast I shall have calls to make and shopping to do; at three o'clock I shall drive home. That is all, for I never go out in the evening."

"Well, madame, during May, our busiest month, the price is seven hundred francs a month."

"Too much, I think. It seems to me that six hundred francs——"

"Come, madame, I have just what will suit you, something very elegant, but quiet; lined with silk——"

"You tempt me. Well, be it so. Send it around to-morrow morning."

And so it happened that Monsieur de Merisi and Madame de Belroy had the same coupe by the month.

The gentleman found this out soon. One day he saw in one of the coupe pockets a note-book, with gray enameled cover and gold border, in which were several cards. On the back of some of these were memoranda, such as calls to be made, impressions, reflections, etc. He examined a card, and read on one side: "Madame de Belroy." On the other side, in a delicate feminine handwriting, were pencilled some appointments, ending with "At three o'clock, Julius."

The coupe stopped at the club.

"She must be a saint," thought Merisi; "but who the deuce is this Julius?"

He replaced the note-book where he had found it, and, alighting, said to the coachman:

"Some one left a note-book in the coupe. Consequently, some one must have used it."

The coachman's confusion showed Merisi that he was not mistaken. The name of Madame de Belroy was not unknown to him, but he had lived so long away from Paris that he couldn't remember who she was. As soon as he had entered the club-room, he sought for information.

"De Bassino," said he, "do you know a Madame de Belroy?"

"Yes," replied that gentleman, "she that was little De-St. Saone. Poor Belroy died last year, and she is plunged in grief. It was a great loss."

"Who? Belroy?"

"No, his wife, who is charming, but always invisible. Society sees her no more."

Merisi now waited anxiously for another find in the coupe. But, alas! for a whole week neither note book nor anything else was forgotten. But the little "saint," who spent her time so piously, occupied his mind incessantly. So he said one evening to the coachman:

"I have discovered that my coupe is also used by a Madame de Belroy. Do not deny it. I am sure. Now, I am curious to see this lady. Tell me where I might do so."

"Well, sir, every morning at nine o'clock I take her to mass at the church of St. Philippe."

Next morning Monsieur de Merisi was punctual, and saw his saint at her devotions. It seemed to him that never before had he seen such a lovely face. She was still in mourning. She wore a small bonnet of black tulle, which framed her lovely blonde hair; a long veil of black gauze, hung down on the train of her dress, which was of dead-black silk, trimmed with black surah. In her black-gloved hands was a missal full of saints' pictures and illuminated texts.

Merisi paid little attention to the mass. "Ah," thought he, "if I had known there was on earth such a woman—beautiful, young, modest, and shunning society, oh! I would have adored her. How gracefully she makes the sign of the cross. She is a little saint. But that Julius—who the deuce can he be?"

From this moment Monsieur de Merisi hung upon her steps. He saw her every morning at the church of St. Philippe, and followed her coupe in another one. Her route was nearly always the same: To her grandmother's, to the parish priest's, to the Sisters of Charity, to her lawyer's office, and a long stay at a house on the Boulevard St. Michel.

At last De Merisi came to the conclusion that he was a fool. He was occupied with Madame de Belroy to such a degree that he neglected for her sake the affairs for which he had come to Paris. There was only one thing to be done, to ask permission to be presented to her, and to pay his addresses. His state of mind was becoming intolerable. So one day, at the club, he said to Monsieur Villeperte, who was nicknamed the "elite directory:"

"Do you know the Belroy family, Villeperte?"

"Very well indeed; but there's not many left—only the grandmother and her daughter-in-law?"

"Could you present me?"

"Hum—not easily; the grandmother is eighty years old; the young widow is nearly always in the country, and lives very retired since the death of her husband."

"Come, now—as a great favor to me."

"Well, I'll see."

"But at once, because I'm going away."

"Well, I'll go to-morrow and see the grandmother."

"Are you acquainted with the young widow, too?"

"Known her ever since she was born, my dear boy; a handsome, distinguished and graceful woman."

The grandmother had been very amiable, and had given Monsieur de Villeperte permission to present his friend. This was soon done, and Monsieur de Merisi fell deeper in love than before, if it were possible. The old lady befriended him, too. He was her partner at the card-table, and used to read to her the newspapers and the newest novels. He was a clever fellow, was De Merisi.

But he was a suspicious fellow, too, and he had retained the coupe hoping again to find the note-book which had so deeply interested him. "Julius" stuck in his memory. But his researches were far from being successful. Being more and more captivated by Madame de Belroy, he at last dared to declare his intention, and he was strongly supported by the grandmother. Madame de Belroy did not say "No," and so the engagement began.

One day De Merisi leaped into his coupe to make a purchase required by his new situation—an engagement ring, of fabulous value and exquisite taste. Instinctively he looked into the carriage pocket. The gray note-book was there. He opened it. The memoranda had changed very little: "The lawyer's; the priest's; the milliner's; flowers; bring Julius a shako."

A shako! Not one of the friends of the Belroy family was in the army; what could it mean? With feverish haste he turned the card over. Alas! he found too easily its meaning: "He looks adorable in his new shako. How silly I am! He would not leave my room last night, and I pretended to be angry."

Tingling with jealous rage and shame, Merisi ordered the coachman to drive him immediately to Madame de Belroy's house. She was waiting for him at her window.

"Why, how funny!" she exclaimed, "you are in my coupe! How did it happen, and what does it mean?"

Merisi was deadly pale, so angered was he. He choked with rage as he endeavored to find words to upbraid her.

Suddenly an unexpected visitor made his appearance. It was a little boy, four or five years old, adorned with a shako and a saber. So frightened was the little fellow by the agitated air of Monsieur de Merisi, that he sought refuge in the folds of Madame de Belroy's dress.

"Why, Julius," said she, patting his cheek, "what is the matter?"

"Julius!" roared the discomfited lover, "is this Julius?"

"Yes; he is my god-son—a poor orphan. By-and-by I shall tell you all about his mother, and the trouble I had to be appointed his guardian, and how I used to go and see him at the Boulevard St. Michel, where he lived. Now, Julius, go and kiss Monsieur de Merisi, who, I am sure, will be very kind to you—if he loves me truly."

Monsieur de Merisi did love her truly. He loved her so truly that he would have died rather than tell her that he had doubted her.

And she does not know it to this day.
—*French Paper.*

Journalism in Deadwood.

"I'm an editor myself," said he, as he planted his feet on the *Eagle* editor's desk and lit that functionary's pipe. "I throw ink on the Up-Gulch *Snorter* at Deadwood, and you bet I make some reading matter for the boys. Take the *Snorter* on exchange here?"

"I think not," replied the editor. "Don't know that I ever heard of it."

"You ain't been long in the ink business, have you?" asked the stranger, quickly. "You don't seem to be up in the literature of the day. The *Snorter* throws more influence to the square foot than all the papers in Deadwood. Let me show you the style of that periodical," and he drew a file of back numbers out of his pocket. "See them advertisements? All cash. Meeting of County Board; fist fight in the Common Council; mine caved in on nineteen men; four women lynched; Mayor of town convicted of burglary; raid by Indians—all live news items. See the editorial? This is what I say about the Rapid City *Enterprise*: 'The distinguished consideration in which we hold the three-ply jackass who edits our noxious contemporary is only equaled by the rapidity with which the tumble-bugs will roll him out of town in the spring.' Spicy, eh? You bet! There's some poetry. Wrote it myself. Made it up out of my head. How's this?

"The opposition have nominated
Tlaki Rousy, drunken, dissipated,
Cock-eyed horse-thief, Jim McFadden;
Our candidate is Fatty Madden!

"And we elected him, too, for old stock! We go in for poetry out our way, from way back."

"We don't do it in just that way here," said the *Eagle* editor, with a smile. "Our folks——"

"That's where you're off. You haven't educated your folks up to high taste. Where I live we're cultured clear to the root. Here's my remarks about the editor of the Vermillion *Repeater*, when he wanted to split the territory: 'We don't want to reflect on the press, but we are compelled to say that the editor of the *Repeater* has stolen Government mules so long for a living that he begins to flatter himself that he too is an ass!' That busted his business."

Now here's a little criticism on our opera-house that was regarded very high: 'Manager Whitney is giving a high tonder performance than our citizens have a right to expect for two bits. He has engaged the beautiful Gambetta for two weeks and her standing jump shows careful thoughts and study, and her toe whirls are unprecedented in the history of the ballet. Mr. Whitney has stored up the east end of his minstrel troupe with the justly celebrated Patsy Maginnis, the bones of modern eras. We are sorry to chronicle a row at his temple of Thespian virtue last night, and we recommend Manager Whitney, if Shang Johnson comes monkeying around there again, to crack his nut with a bottle.' And he did it, too. It shows the power of the press."

"I suppose your paper is confined to local matters. You don't do much in the way of general literature," said the *Eagle*, by way of keeping up the conversation.

"There's where you're on your back again. It comes high, but our people will have it. See this story from *Harper's* boiled down to half a column, but it gives all the facts. Then here's a poem by my daughter. She's a powerful slinger when she's fed up to it. Boiled beef sets her going, and a bottle of beer fetches the balance. How does this strike you? This is hern. It's called 'Ode To Night.'

The Evening for her bath of dew
Is partially undressed.
The sun behind a bobtail flush
Is setting in the west.
The planets light the heavens with
The flash of their cigars.
The sky has put its night shirt on,
And buttoned it with stars.

I love this timid, shrinking Night,
Its shadows and its dew;
I love the constellations bright,
So cold and yet so new;
I love night better than the day,
For people looking on,
Can't see me skinning round to meet
My own, my darling John.

"You don't get any better truck than that in the East. You see, our people have got to have the first crop or bust. It livens a paper up, too, this poetry, and it's fat for the printers. Here's a little thing I dashed right off on the Yankton *Vindicator* for claiming that I swindled the government on a hay contract:

"A delicious Yankton reporter
Has been pitching into the *Snorter*.
We find he's the man
Who attempted the plan
To kill his wife rather'n support her.

"He ain't been seen since. Well, pard, I must get out on the trail. If you're ever out Deadwood way drop down the chimney and see me. You might as well put me on your exchange list, and if you ever pick up an item you can't use, drop me a line and I'll pay you a little something. So long."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

Wars of the Humming-Birds.

Whenever it happens that two of the species meet among my flowers, they signal the encounter with a shrill war-cry, and dash at each other in fierce antagonism. The spirit of Bellona inflames their souls. For an instant they close together, then give each other chase, and with the speed of meteors are lost to view. Shortly after, the return of one alone announces that the victory has been quick and decisive. Diminutive as are these puny sprites, they are heavily charged with combativeness. The entire race are pugnacious and quarrelsome to an extraordinary degree, impudently assaulting each other, and birds of much greater size which venture into their neighborhood or occasion them a fancied annoyance. Even the hawk is not safe from their attacks, and has been seen worried and whipped by them. Mr. Bates remarks, in delineating their truculent disposition, and the perpetual battles occurring in every flowery nook in the tropics where they congregate, "One will knock another off its perch, and the two will go fighting and screaming away at a pace hardly to be followed by the eye."—*Mrs. Sara A. Hubbard, in Harper's Magazine.*

—Why is your wife's new bonnet like a snipe? Because it is pretty much all bill.—*Chicago Tribune.*

"Measuring the Baby."

Don't measure the baby! There is an old superstition that if you do it will die before the year is out, and it's always best to be on the safe side. Do you see that name written in lead pencil on the door-casing? Well, that's where we measured the baby. If you get down on your knees you will be able to read, "Jim; just so high." It wasn't a year ago that we all came out here, father, mother and the girls, and got down on the grass and stood him up there. He was a sight to look at—all pink and white, with the softest rings of hair, and eyes like violets in the spring, and he'd laugh and tumble down and we'd all laugh and cheer him up again, and Jenny laid the pencil flat on his head, and notched the wall, and then we wrote that to mark the spot, but I've wished many a time since I'd never had it done. You see we had been reading some pretty verses about that very thing, and it just fitted to our baby exactly in the beginning:

We measured the riotous baby
Against the mimic wall,
A lily grew on the threshold,
And the boy was just as tall.

That was so like our baby that I cut that verse out and pasted it in the blank leaf of the big Bible. Then Jenny said there were more verses that suited him, but after getting the full drift of the poetry I most wished we hadn't seen it, but I took two more verses and let them go with the others; here they are:

His eyes were wide as blue bells,
(That's little Jim exactly!)
His mouth like a flower unblown;
(That's him again);
Two little bare feet, like funny white mice,
Peeped out from his snowy gown.

And we thought, with a thrill of rapture
That yet had a touch of pain,
When June rolls round with her roses
We'll measure the boy again.

Now, if it had stopped there, as I expected it would, I'd have nothing to say, there'd be another mark on the door-casing "*so* much higher," but—but—well, what's the use of beating about the bush in this way! You see there's no mark there, and it wasn't superstition after all. I went to-day into the room where he lay, all white and peaceful like, and so still that it was a sin to cry and disturb his sleep, and I added the rest of the poetry, that Jenny had kept without knowing why, to the Bible.

We measured the sleeping baby,
With ribbons white as snow,
For the shining rosewood casket
That waited him below.

And out of the darkened chamber
We went with a childless moan
To the light of the sinless angels
Our little one had grown.

That tells the story of little Jim better than I could tell it; that is why there's a hush over all the house, and the sun is too bright, and the birds have stopped singing, and we can never again measure the baby, for he has gone "so high" that we can only reach him by the golden ladder of death.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Naming Her Baby.

On the Bay City train the other day was a woman with a baby about eight months old, and in the next seat back was an old man who couldn't sit still until he had said:

"That's a baby you have there, isn't it?"

"Yes, sir."

"About a year old, isn't he?"

"Mercy, no! He's hardly eight months old yet!"

"Isn't, eh? Well, I'm the father of nine children, but it's been so long since I've seen a baby that I've forgotten how they ought to look. Is he a girl?"

"No, sir; he's a boy."

"Just me, again. I never can tell one from 'tother. Is he purty healthy?"

"Oh, yes."

"Squall much nights?"

"Never squalls at all."

"Don't, eh? That's the kind of a young 'un I like to see around. My Samuel did nothing but howl for the first two years, Sarah was allus sick, Moses fell out of the cradle and broke his arm, and something or other allus ailed every one of the lot. Have you named this baby yet?"

"No, sir."

"Haven't, eh! Say?"

"Yes, sir."

"'Spose you call him arter me? My fust name is Jefferson, and they Jeff me for short. I've got two $10 gold pieces here for him if you want to call him Jefferson."

"I'll do it!" promptly responded the woman.

"That's business. Here's the cash and the boy is named Jefferson, arter me. Lemme kiss him about four times."

The baby was duly kissed and congratulated, and at the next station he left the train with his mother. The old man was tickled half to death over the matter, until the conductor came along and asked:

"Did you pay her anything to name that baby after you?"

"Yes—twenty dollars. He's a clipper, and don't you forget it."

"And so is his mother. She's down in the Detroit House of Correction, and the woman who had him takes care of him for two dollars a week!"

"N-o-a!"

"Fact."

The old man's jaw fell, his eyes remained fixed on the ceiling for a minute, and then he fell back in his seat with the exclamation:

"Chaw me! Everybody has called me a fool for the past twenty years, and now I know they were right! Conductor!"

"Yes."

"Please mop the floor with me and break my neck, and step on me a thousand times, and then throw the mangled wreck into some swamp, for I won't be no more good in this world!"—*Detroit Free Press.*

—It was bad enough a few years ago, says the Boston *Transcript*, to see women walking about with the left arm clinging to the body and the forearm extended at an angle of 135 degrees, but that was nothing compared to seeing them going through the streets with the right hand extended on a level with the shoulder and the elbow bent. The attitude may be æsthetic; it certainly is idiotic.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Professor Helmholtz says that his invention of the ophthalmoscope, now of important and universal use in surgery, was the result of an accident.

—The saving in coal by recent processes in the manufacture of pig-iron and steel rails amounts for England alone to about 6,000,000 tons a year, or about one ton in twenty-five on the annual production.

—An apparatus for transmitting pictures by telegraph is now on exhibition at the Royal Institution, London. It consists of a "mosaic" of selenium cells, each cells in telegraphic communication with one of a corresponding number of devices, by which a small mirror is adjusted to throw more or less light on a screen.

Prof. Tidy, in a paper read before the London Chemical Society, restates, in reply to Dr. Frankland, his firm conviction that a fairly rapid river, having received sewage in quantity not exceeding one-twentieth of its volume, regains its purity after a run of a few miles, and becomes wholesome and good drinking.

—Dry-plate photography has been so much improved within the past year or two that negatives are now taken with an "exposure" so brief that the name painted on the paddlebox of a steamboat passing at the rate of ten or twelve miles an hour comes out as sharp as a street sign taken at absolute rest. Amateur photography has received a very marked impetus by the perfection of the dry-plate process.

—A soldering iron, heated by the electric current, and capable of melting all kinds of solders, such as gold and silver solder (which have hitherto required a blowpipe), has been patented by Mr. Ball, of Philadelphia. The electrodes extend through and project beyond the handle and embrace a piece of platinum or other material offering sufficient resistance to the current to get heated more or less. One of the conductors is interrupted near one end of the handle and bridged by a button made partly of conductors and partly of insulating material, so that by turning the button the circuit may be completed or broken as desired. In another arrangement the handle is in two halves, pressed apart by a spring, and, in that position, short-circuiting the current. On pressing the halves together the current is sent through the refractory point.

PITH AND POINT.

—An enthusiast is an individual who believes about four times as much as he kan prove, and he kan prove about four times as much as anybody believes.—*Josh Billings.*

—Say, girl, do you know why the fellow you inveigle into proposing is like a private secretary? It's because he's a man-you-win-sis. We feel awful degraded when we read that over.—*Boston Post.*

—Pendleton, who is something of a billiardist, calls the crying of his measles-afflicted baby a spot bawl. "Oh, carom me away!" is the proper thing to say when Pendleton makes this shot.—*Boston Transcript.*

—A New York "dollar store" was robbed a few nights ago of eleven gold bracelets, six watches, three diamond pins, fourteen gold brooches and fifty-four finger rings. The loss is estimated at two dollars and twenty cents.—*Lowell Courier.*

—Two ten-cent drinks a day will supply a family with flour—that is, if the drinks are not taken and the money is invested in flour. We throw in this little economical hint as our Monday temperance lecture. Moral: Let somebody else pay for your drinks.—*New Haven Register.*

—"Mother," remarked a Duluth girl, "I think Harry must be going to propose to me." "Why so, my daughter?" queried the old lady, laying down her spectacles, while her face beamed like the moon in its fourteenth night. "Well, he asked me this evening if I wasn't tired of living with such a menagerie as you and dad."—*Brooklyn Chronicle.*

Persons Who Will Not Learn.

Ah, how many gifted and ambitious persons there are whose one fatal fault is unwillingness to take what they feel to be the humiliating attitude of docility before others, and learn from them what they need! Who has not often known such persons, vain of their powers, yet making no use of them, chafing against outer facts as the causes of their inner failure, showing an obstinate addiction to their routine, a singular combination of profound self-complacency with a universal querulousness, angrily resenting every attempt on the part of their friends to teach them what they are slowly sinking and dying for the want of? A modest openness to advice, and a resolute acceptance and application of it, would save them, and lead to the successes they wish. But try to tell them this, offer them practical help on the condition that they will practice your precepts, and they turn on you as an enemy. At last every earnest and noble friend is obliged, in despair of doing them any good, to leave them to their conceit, their caprice, and their self-created fate. There is in such a one—and it is astonishingly common too—a most subtle and powerful propensity to picture himself in his own imagination as superior to others, and so he *criticises* what he meets, instead of *studying* it. He has a large and complacent idea of himself, with which he is forever secretly glutting his mind; and this preoccupation causes him to shed even the most valuable suggestions, unless they chance to flatter his bent. Quite unconsciously, perhaps, but none the less really, he asserts himself and clings to his biases, in place of trying to pass out of his mere selfhood, in order accurately to estimate all that is proposed to him, and to gain from it. He looks down on his advisers, and repels them and their teachings. Whereas the imaginative, practical habit of those best fitted to improve, and who do really make the greatest progress, is to picture self as in presence of something superior, and to take the position of a disciple who is ever looking up, and welcoming whatever can strengthen, instruct, or guide him. —*Alger's "School of Life."*

Our Young Folks.

"THE KING OF HEARTS."

His kingdom is the nursery.
And mother's lap his throne;
His subjects—all the household,
O'er which he reigns alone.
Wee monarch of our hearts is he,
This white-robed, blue-eyed "Willie wee."

We speak in softest whispers
When'er he lies asleep,
And at the dainty slumberer
Take many an anxious peep;
And e'en a *fly* can hardly dare
To brush the silken, golden hair.

And every twinkling dimple
In neck, and cheek, and chin,
Is where we snuggle kisses
And kiss them deeply in;
For loving baby so, you see,
A bundle of sweetness is he.

And when our King awakens,
For his first glance we run,
And fast the glad news travels—
"The monarch's nap is done!"
And on his throne he sits in state,
While loyal subjects on him wait.

No King e'er ruled a kingdom
As rules our Willie wee,
O'er hearts as fond and loyal
As ever hearts could be.
Long live our little King so fair,
With sweet blue eyes and golden hair?
—*Mary D. Brine, in Youth's Companion.*

LITTLE LIZZIE'S PERPLEXITY.

"Lizzie!"

How the little girl started!

"Lizzie," again mamma repeated; "if you'll mind baby for an hour, to-morrow you may go to school with Cady."

"And wear my new ruffled apron?" exclaimed Lizzie, throwing down all her playthings, and, jumping to her feet, she clapped her hands in very glee.

"Yes," returned the indulgent mother "but you must not murmur during the hour, or in any way be unkind to Baby Fred."

"O, I'll be the *goodest* little girl in the wide world, mamma, the very *goodest*," and little Lizzie spun round and round, until Grandma declared it made her own head grow dizzy to watch her.

The low-spoken, "Be quiet, dear," by mamma, who was tying her bonnet in front of the large mirror, was answered by:

"I can't, mamma, I's so happy."

"Happy—happy—happy!" she kept repeating, stooping over the cradle where Baby Fred lay fast asleep.

First, she said "happy" in a whisper; then louder and louder, until grandma had again to reprove her.

"Yes, dear," mamma once more said, "you must be quiet; rock the cradle every time baby stirs," and she kissed the little, rosy lips, and went out.

"Going to school" meant for Lizzie what a journey through Wonderland might mean for you and me.

Over and over, until it did seem that grandma's patience must be completely worn out, had Lizzie said:

"If Cady can go to school, why can't I?"

"'Cause I isn't old enough!" she would exclaim, when grandma tried to explain the reason. "I's big as Cady! That's nuffin, grandma; nuffin't all."

Now, she was really going to school, if only for half a day, and in anticipation of the event she was quiet, after mamma went out, and did not bother grandma with a single question. When Freddy awoke, she found for him the pretty, bright-colored blocks, which possessed great attraction for the blue-eyed lady, and to him also, she confided:

"I'm going to school to-morrow!"

"Co-oo-o," replied Freddy.

"Yes, I am," affirmed Lizzie, "and wear my ruffled apron, too."

Baby Fred crowed loud, then, and threw down ever so many blocks with a bang! which made grandma jump, as she slept in her easy chair. But baby did not cry, and when mamma returned, she was convinced that Lizzie had earned the favor.

It was only down one street, then around the corner, and a few steps up another street to the school-house.

"Take but a minute to get there," Lizzie said, when they started.

So many girls! Why, in all her life before Lizzie had never seen so many at one time. When the bell rang, however, they dispersed themselves into different rooms, so that by the time she was seated at the desk with Cady there were not so many new faces.

It was not like school as she expected to find it, though Lizzie's little imaginative brain had associated the school-room with her class at Sunday-school, and when the teacher assumed a commanding voice the dear little girl grew frightened, and wished herself at home. But after she began watching the scholars at their studies she forgot all about it, only it was terrible to be quiet for so long a time.

They read pretty stories that interested her, and recited their lessons very nicely, so it seemed to Lizzie. The class in geography was the most astonishing of any.

When the teacher asked a little girl about the shape of the earth, she told her it was "round, like a ball or an orange." In reply to another question concerning its motions, she said that it "made two revolutions; one daily, the other yearly."

Then followed explanations. There was a big wooden globe, which swung on pivots, that the teacher said represented the earth. By turning it over and over, she showed her scholars how the earth turned on its axis and revolved around the sun.

The little girls reciting their lessons could comprehend it, but Lizzie could not. She began wondering how it was possible for the world we live in to turn over and over and not upset everybody living in it.

Dear little Lizzie! She did not consider the number of years she had already lived, and that papa and mamma and grandma had lived a great many more, and had never yet been upset by the turning over of the world.

No; she did not reason at all, only grew more frightened while they talked about it. Cady must now know it, Lizzie thought, so she folded her arms on the desk, making quite a comfortable pillow for her poor little head that fairly ached with the amount of knowledge so shortly obtained. There she lay, until it was time for the school to dismiss.

"Too tired to talk about school to-night, please," Lizzie replied to grandma, papa and mamma, when they questioned her. A whole hour before her bed time Lizzie declared she was sleepy, and said:

"Please, mamma, hear me say my prayers now," and by the time she was fairly "tucked up" in her little bed the blue eyes closed, and she never knew that mamma kissed her good-night.

How long she had been asleep she did not know, but the first thing she remembered when awaking was that the earth turned over.

"Likely as not," Lizzie began, to conjecture, "it begins turning over in the morning, 'cause it's so big. It would take it all day to roll over. Why, of course," she concluded, "it would have to get turned over by night-time so as to be all ready to begin new in the morning." And what if she should slide off, or if the bed should turn upside down?"

"Cady!" she called; "Cady!"

But Cady was sound asleep, and the door leading into mamma's room was closed, too. What could she do! The more she thought about it, the more frightened she grew. Just then she remembered that the under drawer of the bureau pulled completely out. It was big enough for her to get in and lie down, "and it's so low," she reasoned, "that if the earth rolls over she wouldn't be smothered, as she could by the mattresses and heavy bed-clothes that would fall on her in case her own little bed went bottom-side up."

So she pulled out the drawer and dragged it into the middle of the room, and, instead of blankets to keep her warm, she put another night-dress over the one she already wore, and then buttoned her heavy ulster over all, and tried to lie down. But dear me! she had to "cuddle all up in a little heap," just like kitty in the basket.

When grandma came in next morning to call the little girls she was very much alarmed, supposing, of course, that Lizzie was forming the habit of walking in her sleep.

Before waking her, she called papa and mamma.

"What shall we do?" exclaimed the frightened mother.

"Consult our physician at once," papa was saying, when the sound of their voices caused Lizzie to open her eyes.

"O, papa! mamma!" she said, before trying to get out of the drawer, "has the world got turned over?"

Each looked at the other in astonishment.

"Tell me, grandma," she continued, reaching her little pink-colored foot over the edge of the bureau drawer, "has the earth rolled way over?"

"She is thinking about the geography lesson," Cady laughed, sitting up in the bed close by. "Yesterday the lesson was about the motions of the earth—"

"Yes," interrupted Lizzie; "all about the earth rolling over and over, and making folks turn somersets."

How papa laughed! So did mamma, and grandma laughed and laughed.

Then papa took Lizzie right up in his strong arms, and, tossing her on to his shoulder, carried her into the nursery.

After his merriment had subsided, he told her that every evening she repeated her little prayer, and asked God to take care of her through the night. "Has He not done so?" papa questioned.

Lizzie said, "Yes."

Then papa explained to her that the earth was cared for in the same way—the earth, and all that live on the earth. He told her, also, that there was knowledge too vast for her little brain to comprehend, but as she grew older, she would be capable of attaining to the same, as was Cady and her older brother.

"You must love mamma, grandma, Baby Fred and your older brothers and sisters—"

"And papa—" Lizzie interrupted.

"Yes, and papa," he repeated, kissing the little upturned face, and folding Lizzie close in his arms. "Love every one, dear; be kind to all your little playmates, but always keep in mind that if you obey rightly, and learn the lessons to be taught you, you need never fear that God will not govern aright this great, big, wonderful world, which He made," and papa kissed her two or three times, over and over.

Ask your mamma, little boy and little girl, to tell you all about little Lizzie's perplexity.—*Golden Rule.*

An Appeal to the Head of the Family.

There are few women in our middle classes who have not suffered keen pangs of humiliation from their need of an allowance which may permit them to spend fifty cents or a dollar upon occasions when circumstances seem to demand it. "What do women want with money?" a father or husband asks, conscious of making suitable provisions for their dress, lodging, sustenance and traveling expenses. It is among the many curious results of civilization that the male sex may have constantly-recurring petty needs for private expenditure, while women can have none. It is the legitimate result of this narrowness that women clutch at the opportunity for foolish, lavish, almost wanton, spending, when they have money in their hands. It would be well if each father of a family should think for and with his wife and daughters in this matter of his income, and decide what is fair and just for him to allow them. Any woman is capable of actual pleasure in economy and making the most of things if she realizes that her claims are properly apportioned in the family estimate.

—The central station for the carrier pigeons kept by the German Government for use in the event of war is at Cologne, in a disused monastery. The keeper and offices are located on the ground floor, and above is a huge pigeon cote. The birds are kept in training by being sent on regular journeys, short in winter. They are all reared at Cologne, and thence dispatched to Mayence, Strasburg and Metz. The central station is connected with Berlin by intermediate relays.

—A mink has killed nearly eight hundred trout in a pond in West Cumberland, Me., owned by the Hon. W. L. Prince. Mr. Prince has killed the mink.

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, JUNE 4, 1881.

It is estimated that the cattle drive from this State will reach 250,000 head.

THREE trains arrived at Big Springs this morning. These are the first to arrive at that division terminus.

A TERRIBLE hurricane occured a short time since at Taylor, Texas, doing much damage to crops and other property. No lives lost, however.

MR. S. K. RADFORD, of Shackelford county, arrived in town yesterday with a herd of 180 head of mutton sheep, which he will ship to St. Louis.

MR. JOHN SKINNER of Pilot Point was in town during the week. He is visiting relatives in this county. He reports his town in a lively and flourishing condition.

MRS. PATTERSON, a daughter of Andrew Johnson, has bought land near Fort Worth for which she paid $5,500, and will start her son in the sheep business on the ranch.

THE required $50,000 of stock in the Fort Worth and Denver railroad, has been subscribed at Fort Worth, and the *Democrat* says that the road is now an assured fact, and that soon the dirt will be flying. Hurrah for the Fort.

FRIEND Col. Geo. E. Johnson of Kirkwood Mo., is in town again for a while. He has paid our county several visits within the last six months and, we conclude he must be favorably impressed with her outlook. He has bought a lot on Market St. and we understand will erect a business house on the same.

MR. C. C. SLAUGHTER, an extensive and prominent stockman, and banker at Dallas, was in town Thursday. He informed us that he was highly pleased with Baird and her future prospects, and says they are far ahead of those of Abeline. In speaking to him about a bank he remarked that, he thought he could soon secure us one.

WE would say to our patrons who are still in arrears on their subscriptions, we want to order a new job press in a few days, are really needing the money, and if those owing us, will make payment, it will enable us to put our office in better shape to meet the growing demands for our job printing.

THE latest advices from New York indicate the defeat of Conkling and Platt and the election of Cornell and Depew to fill their places. The news is almost too good to be true. We had hoped to receive more definite returns of the election before going to press with this issue, but it is now stated that the assembly has taken a recess until next Tuesday.

WE have received a copy of Loving's popular *Stock Manual*, and find it vastly improved upon last year's edition. We are confident that if a stockman once sees a copy of it, he will never be without it. Every person owning a brand should have it recorded in this valuable little friend of the stockmen. We are glad, indeed that George is making such a big hit, in his commendable enterprise.

"The Baird City boom, the Abilene boom, and the various other booms will pale when the Albany boom sets in, which will be as soon as the public learn that the Central road is now locating its line of road to Albany.—Albany *Weekly Sun*.

WE take it for granted that some one has sold a lot in Albany, hence this sudden outburst. We can well stand Albany's boom and even delight in her good fortune, but our heartfelt sympathies are with poor St. Louis, situated *away* off there on that creek. Where will she get her trade from when Albany's boom starts in?

MR. A. T. CLARK, has been "doing the town" this week, in the interest of the Dallas *Herald*. We do not know whether he captured much job printing or not but we do know of several of our most enterprising business men who say that while a good printing office is in their midst working for the general good of our town—that they will patronize that establishment in preference to sending off and getting work not any better, and in many cases not any cheaper than is turned off every day in the CLARENDON printing establishment.

WE have received from the publishing house of the Gilbert Book Co. of St. Louis, a copy of the new Texas Statutory Law of Indictments, in pamphlet form, with annotations by our fellow townsman, Britian E. Webb, Esq. It seems that this "common sense" indictment bill passed by our last legislature, is mostly copied from the statutes of Alabama. Mr. Webb has done the legal profession a valuable service in collecting and compiling such decisions of the Alabama courts as shed light on some difficult and interesting questions that will arise out of this innotation upon the long established rules of criminal pleadings.

RAILROADERS.

Section Hand and Breakman

He is the same everywhere. Watch him on the Pacific coast, in litterary Boston, or in Baird, he is the same man all over, the same good jolly fellow, generous with his cash, always there for a spree, and "be jabers" always ready for a fight too.

The Green Isle was his birth place, and the shamrock his emblem. It may be that he has never seen Ireland, but you can safely bet your share of heaven that his great grand dady first saw the light in Limerick, or thereabout. The greenness which he has inherited from his parents wears out as soon as he shovels off the first pile of dirt for a railroad company, and by the time he is elected general superintendent of a railroad car platform, there is no more green left inside of him than there is on the outside of his nose, which is generally of a bright scarlet color, and after six months of contact with his fellow breakmen, you could turn him loose inside of a solid cubic mile of hungry grasshoppers and they could not find on him a spot green enough to take a bite on.

Like the sturdy mariner, the breakman is not at home on solid land; his heart, his life, the acme of his aspirations are on board of an express, running at the rate of sixty miles an hour.

Watch him when he leaves the track; he is thristy; and his first step is in the direction of the bar room. He don't walk, he swings himself. The barkeeper knowing his temperate habits pulls out a loaded bottle of old Bourbon, mixes sugar and lemon at the bottom of glasses, and the section hands —in that case *he* is always in a bunch— drink to the health of the iron horse.

He is of every shape and color. I have seen some fat ones and some lean ones, some tall and some short, some dark haired, some red headed, I have met a few that were bare tooted on the summit of their cranium, but in every instance you can recognise him and point him out in a crowd; indeed, wherever he is, the atmosphere is impregnated with his personality.

As long as he keeps sober he can be an ornament in any society, but a day or two on dry land is more than a genuine breakman can stand with a month's wages in his pocket, and a few hours are enough to throw him overboad; it seems that he wants to wash down at one gulp all the coal dust which has accumulated in his throat during the last month, and the result is—drunk—. When in that fix he is a bad egg to tackle and if you wish to keep your picture in good shape you better let him alone. He is witty, and last Sunday I heard two of them talking politics; said number one: "I don't like the democrats since one of them stole a half a hog from me." "How do you know he was a democrat?" asked his friend. "Because," responded number one, "if he had been a republican he would have stolen the whole hog be Jesus."

Taken all in all there are more good hearted men among them than in any other class of people, and I firmly believe that public opinion as a rule, underrates that class of railroaders.

I. B. DAMPHINO.

Baird the Coming Town.

We clip the following from the *Ennis Commercial Recorder*, a live, energetic paper which has done much whithin the last half year to develop the interests of Ellis County, and especialy the prosperous young city of Ennis:

"With the many natural advantages of fertility of soil, good and abundant water supplies and healthfulness of the climate possessed by this embryo city, the order of the 26 ultimo, for the round house and machine shops to be immediately removed from Weatherford to Baird, has settled at once and forever the destiny of Baird.

It developes the fact that its position is of no little importance, while the enterprises and business that will now naturally cluster around Baird, will, in a remarkable short space of time constitute it one of the first commercial towns of the interior, thus creating the unavoidable necessity for more railroads which it will doubtless secure in a very few years.

Besides the advantages now naturally culminating at Baird to which we have above referred, not the least important is the fact that among the citizens of Baird may be found some of the most enterprising and wide awake citizens in the state.

"Baird already has several large business houses and one of the livest, most enterprising newspapers in the state."

Perpetrating a Practical Joke.

None but a wicked paper like the Kansas City, Missouri, *Times* could say: There was no preaching in this town last Sunday, and all in consequence of a practical joke perpetrated by a lively young lady. The girl, inspired by the world, the flesh and the devil mixed, sat down late on Saturday evening and sent a note to each one of the pastors. The missives were on tinted paper, and written nicely. They each contained these words: "All is discovered—fly!" Nine of the preachers fled to St. Louis, and three went west. There is a sensation in town bigger than a man's hand."

Train dispatcher Ringer left here last Wednesday, for Fort Worth. Mr. W. H. Vaughn is now chief dispatcher and J. F. Pershing assistant.

Death of Dr. Eli Thayer, Jr.

By request we publish the following letter, which was written by a young lady in Boston to a friend of the Doctor's, at Belle Plain:

BOSTON, May 15th, 1881.

DEAR SIR:

Mrs. Thayer wished me to write to you and the rest of her Texas friends, and tell you of the sad loss she just met with. Your dearly loved friend, Dr. Thayer, died very suddenly last Wednesday, of apoplexy. He has been ailing ever since he came back from Texas; he took cold repeatedly, and he was so busy and had so much care that he neglected to take proper care of himself, so he run down very rapidly. About four or five weeks ago he was obliged to give up and go to bed—he was very sick indeed. The doctor said he had catarrh of the lungs and stomach. He grew better, and last week he went out and tried to attend to his business, he was far from being well and complained of his head all the time. Almost every morning he had a terrible nauseous feeling, and sometimes he was unable to retain anything on his stomach. Wednesday morning he got up and began to dress, he felt so miserable and it was quite late, so he told Mrs. Thayer that she had better go down to breakfast and order his prepared, he would be down in a few minutes. Mrs. Thayer finished her breakfast and went up stairs. The door was locked, but as he always locked the door while he was sick, when alone, she thought nothing of it and went to one of the other rooms; in a few minutes she returned and as she was trying the door, heard heavy breathing; she became alarmed and went out on the balcony and got into the room through the window. The doctor was lying on the floor breathing heavily, and unconscious. Mrs. Thayer ran to the door and just then the doctor's brother came in; they got him into bed and sent for a doctor, they had four, but could do nothing, he never regained his senses and about 12:30 he breathed his last. The doctors think he had this nausea, and in trying to throw the bile off of his stomach, he strained so hard that he burst a blood vessel in the brain, thus causing apoplexy.

He was buried Friday afternoon in Weymouth, a small town a little way from Boston. The services were held at the hotel, and there were a great number present. The minister was a Mr. Watson, a gentleman who was warmly attached to the doctor, they seemed to be much alike, and to have many ways and thoughts in common. His remarks were beautiful and very comforting indeed. The doctor looked just as peaceful and happy as if he were asleep. He never changed at all, and looking at him one felt that his poor, tired life was resting at last.

The flowers sent by his friends were beautiful and there were a great many. At the head of the casket was a broken column about three feet high, at the foot an elegant harp with a broken string; on the casket was a large wreath with a white dove in the centre, a pillow with the words "husband and friend" on it, and a star of pansies and a bouquet of forty-four white roses, emblematic of his age—forty-four. Over the casket, suspended from the gas was a large basket of flowers, and a beautiful trailing vine. Besides these, was a handsome mound and a great number of lovely bouquets. I wish his Texas friends could have seen him, it would have been a great comfort to them.

Although the doctor has been sick, his death was so sudden and unexpected that the shock was a dreadful one to Mrs. Thayer, and until yesterday she gave right up and was completely prostrated. Yesterday and to-day she has been calmer and more cheerful. The folks at the house think a great deal of her and did of the doctor, so they try to do all they can to be pleasant and cheerful with her and never leave her alone for a minute. I am so glad they do that way, for if they left her to brood over her sorrow or talked of her loss to her she would go crazy. They can't tell her what she has lost, she knows; and as the days and weeks go by she will miss him more and more; she realizes it all, and what is the use of telling her of it and increasing her suffering? There will be times I know, when it will seem to her as if her trouble and sorrow are more than she can bear. Then earthly friends cannot help her; there is but One who then can give her comfort and strength to take up the burden of care and live on.

I hope you will write to her just as soon as you receive this, for she thinks so much of you that your letters will be a great pleasure to her. Write often to her too, even if she don't answer; there will be times when she won't feel as if she could write to Texas; for thoughts of Dr. Thayer and memories of her life there will crowd her mind so that it will be almost impossible for her to write; so please don't wait for answers, but write very, very often.

Mrs. Thayer sends her love to you and all friends, and knows you all feel for her in her great trouble.

Hoping this will find you all well and not in any trouble, I remain yours, respectfully. EMMA C. GLAWSON.

MR. R. I. RICKETTS, of Forestburg, Montague County, called on us yesterday. Mr. R. is an old subscriber and he says he still wants the CLARENDON to call upon him. He is well pleased with our county, and especially with Baird.

Another Wreck.

On last Wednesday evening a freight train on the Missouri Pacific railroad plunged through the bridge over the Trinity river, about a mile and a half north of Fort Worth. As the train was fairly upon the bridge it began gradually to settle. The engine, tender and seven loaded flat cars, plunged into the Trinity and completely bridged that stream with a mass of broken wood and twisted iron.

Two men were killed, and one wounded. Mr. Roberts, the brakeman was killed instantly, the top of his head being cut off by a piece of iron. He was almost unrecognizable. Henry Fitch, the poor fireman had his leg crushed flat from the knee down to the toes, besides receiving internal injuries. His leg was amputated but he died twenty minutes after that painful operation was performed. He leaves a family at Denison. The engineer, Mike Donovan, jumped into the river a distance of fifty feet. His external injuries were slight, but he was hurt internally, but it is hoped he will recover.

HON. J. E. McCOMB, of Montgomery county, and state senator H. W. Lightfoot, of Lamar, were in and through our city the past week. These gentlemen are members of the senatorial legislature, and both did yeoman service at the last session.

Meeting of the Board of Equalization.

THE STATE OF TEXAS, } IN THE COMMIS-
COUNTY OF CALLAHAN, } SIONERS' COURT.

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Callahan County—GREETING:

YOU are hereby commanded to make publication of the following notice in some newspaper published in the County of Callahan, for ten days previous to the 13th day of June, A. D. 1881

J. W. NEWMAN, C. C. C., C. C. T.
By I. N. JACKSON, D. C.
Belle Plain, Texas, May 30, 1881.

To all parties interested:

You will take notice that the County Commissioners' Court of Callahan County, Texas, will meet as a Board of Equalization, at the Court House in the town of Belle Plain, on

MONDAY, 13th day of JUNE, A. D. 1881.

I hereby certify, that the above [LS] and foregoing is a true copy of the original notice now in my hands.
J. W. JONES, Sheriff.
By J. B. SEAY, Deputy.

T. J. LARGEN, M. D.,

Physician, Surgeon, and

OBSTETRICIAN.

Will attend Calls Day or Night, in TOWN OR COUNTRY.

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Watch Maker and Jeweler.
WATCHES AND CLOCKS
Kept Constantly on Hand,
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Special attention given to repairing Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c.

Store in Turner's Apothecary Shop,
BAIRD, : : : TEXAS.

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$5 Outfit sent free to those who wish to engage in the most pleasant and profitable business known. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. $10 a day and upwards is easily made without staying away from home over night. No risk whatever. Many new workers wanted at once. Many are making fortunes at the business. Ladies make as much as men, and young boys and girls make great pay. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in a week at any ordinary employmnt. Those who engage at once will find a shrot road to fortune. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine. v2n1:1y.

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617 St. Charles Street, St. Louis, Mo.
A regular graduate of two Medical Colleges, has been longer located than any other Physician in St. Louis, as city papers show and all old residents know. Syphilis, Gonorrhoea, Gleet, Stricture, Orchitis, Rupture, all Urinary Syphilitic or Mercurial Affections of Throat, Skin or Bones cured Safely, Privately.
Spermatorrhoea, Sexual Debility and Impotency as the result of Self Abuse, sexual excesses in maturer years, or over brainwork, producing nervousness, seminal emissions, debility, dimness of sight, defective memory, physical decay, aversion to society confusion of ideas, loss of sexual power, night losses, rendering marriage improper, are permanently cured. Consultation at office or by mail free and invited. Pamphlet one stamp. Medicines sent by mail or express. Cures guaranteed. Where doubt exists it is frankly stated.

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

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

SANGER BROS., Dallas, Texas.



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The Simplest, the Most Durable, and in Every Respect

The Best Family Sewing Machine!

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

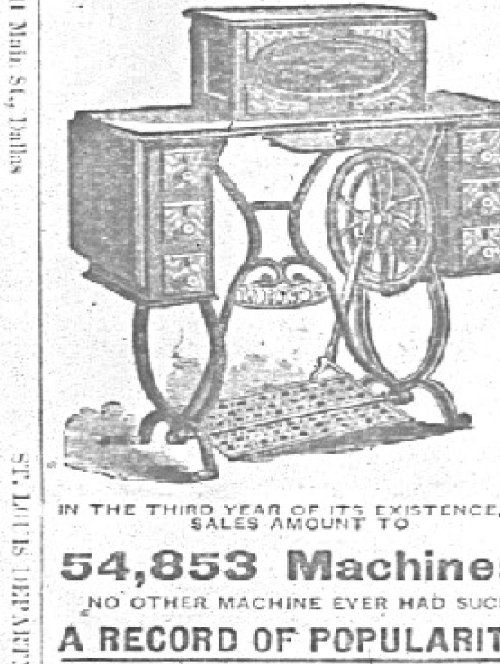
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IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS IN
PIANOS, ORGANS,
AND MUSICAL MERCHANDISE.
WE CAN SUPPLY YOU WITH EVERYTHING IN THE MUSIC LINE.
TEXAS DEPARTMENT, 711 Main St., Dallas
ST. LOUIS DEPARTMENT, 708 & 710 Locust St.
n38:6m

UNPARALLELED SUCCESS OF THE White Sewing Machine



IN THE THIRD YEAR OF ITS EXISTENCE, ITS SALES AMOUNT TO

54,853 Machines.

NO OTHER MACHINE EVER HAD SUCH

A RECORD OF POPULARITY.

It is the Lightest-Running, Easiest Selling, and Best Satisfying Machine

IN THE WORLD.

Agents wanted. For terms, address
White Sewing Machine Co.,
CLEVELAND, O.
L. C. McALLISTER, Agent,
Dallas, Texas.

—THE—
LITTLE BROWN JUG
SALOON!
Catches Everybody in Pursuit of Knowledge or a
Good Square Drink.
All of the Most Popular brands of
WHISKIES AND CIGARS
on hand.
J. M. WALKER & CO., Props.

G. WESBROOK,
Proprietor of the
TONSORIAL PARLORS
Adjoining the Adams House,
First Street, Baird, Texas,
Is an artist of rare attainments and his equal is seldom found in Western Towns. In Shaving, Hair Cutting, Shampooing, &c., George can't be excelled.
Genuine Sea Foam Kept in Stock

Cheap Cash Store.

New Store!
New Goods!!
New Prices!!!

I have opened a Grocery Store in the building formerly known as the Harrison building, and am prepared to sell better Groceries at cheaper prices than ever before sold in Belle Plain.

I keep constantly on hand everything usually kept in a first-class grocery store, such as

SUGAR, COFFEE, BACON, HAMS, LARD, RICE, BEANS, MOLASSES, CONDENSED MILK, CANNED GOODS, DRIED FRUITS, POWDER, SHOT, AND WOODENWARE,
ALSO
CIGARS, TOBACCOS, Etc., Etc.

W. J. Power,
BELLE PLAIN, - - - - TEXAS.
2-1-6m

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

THE
TEXAS AND PACIFIC RAILWAY
AND ITS CONNECIONS,
—FORM THE—
Most Direct and Quickest Line
—FROM—
ALL POINTS IN
TEXAS,
—TO—

ST. LOUIS, MEMPHIS, CHICAGO, NASHVILLE, CAIRO, LOUISVILLE, IND'NAPOLIS, CH'TANOOGA, TOLEDO, ATLANTA,

—AND ALL POINTS—
North, East and South-East
Trains Arrive and Leave Fort Worth as Follows:

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

CONNECTIONS.

At Texarkana, with all trains on St. Louis & Iron Mountain and So. Rwy. for all points North, East and South-East.

At Longview Junction, and Minneola, with all trains on International R. R. for Tyler, Palestine, Houston, Austin, Galveston and San Antonio.

At Dallas, with trains of the Houston & Texas Central Rwy. for Corsicana, Mexia, Bremond, Waco, Calvert, Bryan, Hempstead, Brenham and all points in Middle and Southern Texas.

At Sherman, with H. & T. C. Rwy. for all points on the line of that road.

At Fort Worth, with Stages for all points in Western Texas.

At Shreveport, with Red River Steamers for New Orleans.

Pullman's Palace Sleeping Cars
—FROM—
FORT WORTH, DALLAS AND SHERMAN
—TO—
ST. LOUIS.

Any information in regard to rates of Freight and Passage, Time and Connections, will be cheerfully given on application to
Geo Noble, Gen'l Supt., Marshall, Tex.
W. H. Newman, Gen'l Frt. Agent, Marshall, Tex.
R. W. Thompson, Jr., Gen'l P. & T. Ag't, Marshall, Tex.

15,000 PACKAGES SOLD IN A YEAR
THE PASTILLE
Prof. Harris' Radical Cure
Trade Mark
FOR NERVOUS DEBILITY
AND SPERMATORRHŒA.

A valuable Discovery and New Departure in Medical Science, an entirely New and positively effective Remedy for the speedy and permanent Cure of Seminal Emissions and Impotency by the only true way, viz: Direct Application to the principal Seat of the Disease, acting by Absorption, and exerting its specific influence on the Seminal Vesicles, Ejaculatory Ducts, Prostate Gland, and Urethra. The use of the Remedy is attended with no pain or inconvenience, and does not interfere with the ordinary pursuits of life; it is quickly dissolved and soon absorbed, producing an immediate soothing and restorative effect upon the sexual and nervous organizations wrecked from self-abuse and excesses, stopping the drain from the system, restoring the mind to health and sound memory, removing the Dimness of Sight, Nervous Debility, Confusion of Ideas, Aversion to Society, etc., etc., and the appearance of premature old age usually accompanying this trouble, and restoring perfect Sexual Vigor, where it has been dormant for years. This mode of treatment has stood the test in very severe cases, and is now a pronounced success. Drugs are too much prescribed in these troubles, and, as many can bear witness to, with but little if any permanent good. There is no Nonsense about this Preparation. Practical observation enables us to positively guarantee that it will give satisfaction. During the eight years that it has been in general use, we have thousands of testimonials as to its value, and it is now conceded by the Medical Profession to be the most rational means yet discovered of reaching and curing this very prevalent trouble, that is well known to be the cause of untold misery to so many, and upon whom quacks prey with their useless nostrums and big fees. The Remedy is put up in neat boxes, of three sizes. No. 1, (enough to last a month,) $3; No. 2, (sufficient to effect a permanent cure, unless in severe cases,) $5; No. 3, (lasting over three months, will stop emissions and restore vigor in the worst cases,) $7. Sent by mail, sealed, in plain wrappers. Full DIRECTIONS for using will accompany EACH BOX.

Send for Sealed Descriptive Pamphlet giving Anatomical Illustrations and Testimony, which will convince the most skeptical that they can be restored to perfect manhood, and fitted for the duties of life, same as if never affected. Sold ONLY by

HARRIS REMEDY CO. MFG. CHEMISTS,
Market and 8th Sts. ST. LOUIS, MO.

The Clarendon.

SATURDAY, JUNE 4, 1881.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

State Officers.

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

District Officers.

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

County Officers.

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

Courts.

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

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

Belle Plain Lodge, No. 622, A. F. and A. M. meets at Belle Plain on Saturday on or before each full moon.
T. J. Largen, W. M.
W. H. Parvin Secy.

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

LOCAL NEWS.

Adams House.

This hotel is now under an entirely new management, and is being thoroughly refitted and refurnished throughout. Mr. Chas. G. Dawes, the proprietor, is sparing no pains or expense to render this house the most elegant and comfortable west of Dallas. He is receiving loads of new furniture every day.

Just Opened.

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

Hot! Hotter!! Hottest!!!

Mr. Rettig's furniture arrived yesterday.

A party at the Harris ranch, at Eagle Cove, last night.

For a good square meal go to Whitley's popular hotel.

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

Major Perry took a trip out west and returned again the first of this week.

Mr. Nicholas Sharkey has bought a lot in town and will soon begin building a stone residence on the same. Who comes next?

A large herd of cattle belonging to our stockmen came through from the south, brought in by a large gathering party, last Tuesday.

Doc Rust is the happy parent, and its a girl. She arrived in town last Wednesday. Mother and child both doing well, and so is Doc.

Messrs. Hodes & Veit, have put up a beautiful awning in front of their elegant stone building. The store now is a perfect beauty.

Mr. M. L. Potts has severed his connection with O. M. L. Parker, as clerk in that gentleman's store, and is now engaged in the establishment of Hodes & Veit. Success to you Mark.

Mr. I. T. Blount is erecting two neat buildings in town for residences which he intends to rent. This we think is a good speculation, for houses cannot be built fast enough to supply the demand.

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

Town lots are still selling at the rate of from one to ten a day. Of course the reason is obvious. Everybody wants an interest in a real live town. Hence they buy a lot and some take two or three.

Mr. W. C. Whitley appreciating the splendid patronage he is receiving at his hotel, has made arrangements to have fresh vegetables on hand at all times for he believes that the great secret of successful hotel business is to feed well.

Mr. J. T. Carter, foreman of the Bridge gang No. 9, while at work on a bridge East of this place last Saturday evening, while taking some timbers from a car had his foot crushed, which will lay him up for some time, and a Mr. Woodson had his thumb mashed by the same timber. Neither are very seriously injured, however.

Fire at Belle Plain.

Last night at about 9 o'clock, a fire broke out in the John Hart house, which has lately been occupied by Mr. S. Armstrong.

Mr. A. is absent from home being now at Shreveport. Fortunately the fire broke out before the neighbors had retired or the family might have been burned, but they were all saved. All the household goods but the kitchen furniture was saved. Mrs. Armstrong was asleep when the fire broke out and she had to be carried out of the house, being so badly frightened.

Herds of cattle have been near town every day this week.

A fish-fry at the farm of Mr. Parish on Mahair creek to-day.

Mr. Rettig's new residence is one of the neatest and coziest in town.

The weather in the past few days has been the warmest of the season.

Mr. P. S. Windham's building is nearly completed. He will move in a few days.

They are very fine. We mean those nicely roasted peanuts at Cunningham's. Thanks.

Several of Abilene's good citizens are buying lots in Baird and are going to build here.

Mr. I. T. Blount is putting a yard fence around his residence. A good improvement.

Mr. W. C. Whitley went to Fort Worth a few days since, and returned Thursday night.

Messrs. Wright & Sharp have shipped during the week about 25,000 pounds of wool.

Mr. Dan Craven sold his sheep this week and will start at once for San Antonio to buy more.

The drug store of West & Fraser is being set up, and will be another ornament and credit to our thriving town.

Mr. C. C. Slaughter took a pretty young antelope with him to Dallas, which he brought from the west.

B. R. Webb, Esq. returned from Breckenridge, and has moved into his new office, which, by the way, is a fine cozy place.

The water pipe has been laid from the spring to the round house, and the pump has been put in operation, so the round house is now supplied.

We are glad to inform our sheep men that wool is steadily on the upward tendency. Quotations this week at Fort Worth ranged from 22 cents to 27 1-2 cents per pound.

Mr. W. W. Ogle, of Brownwood, father of Mrs. J. F. Patterson of Belle Plain called on us last Monday. He, too, concludes that Baird is *the* place and has bought a lot on Market St.

Mrs. J. P. Alexander, daughter of W. H. Parvin of Belle Plain, came up from Fort Worth, last Wednesday night, to visit her father's family. We hope she will have a pleasant time and stay long.

We have turned off, during the week a fine lot of job printing, and best of all it gives universal satisfaction. Bring in your orders, and we will convince you that we can do work equally nice as Eastern printing.

We have frequently heard inquiries about sewing machines. We would say to those wanting machines to go to W. J. Power at Belle Plain, who is agent for the celebrated American Sewing Machine.

This morning at the railroad, Billy Baird fired off his pistol and the bullet struck the rail on the track which caused it to glance striking Supervisor W. C. Bennington in the calf of the leg making a slight wound.

We have been placed under obligations by friend L. C. McAllister, the gentlemanly agent at Dallas for the world-renowned White Sewing Machine, for a neat little tucker attachment. Its the biggest little thing we've seen lately.

We have executed a large lot of job printing during the week, and the beauty of it is it all gives general satisfaction. Some of our eastern visitors were even surprised that such superior and neat work could be gotten up in this, to them, remote region. Good, tasty work can be executed in the CLARENDON job rooms. For further proof call and see our samples.

Last week during a round up at Dr. Windham's ranch in this county, a stockman named James Kelly, who lives on the Jim Ned creek, while on horseback roped a horse on the prairie, which made a lunge throwing the horse upon which he rode over onto him. The saddle struck Mr. Kelly, crushing his breast, and he also struck a rock which fractured his skull. The poor man died from his injuries last Saturday evening. He was well known to most of the stockmen of this county.

Several of our country friends called on us during the week. We are always glad to see them as it is a reminder of ye olden times when, railroads were not dreamed of, when we tried to see how quickly we could vacate a forty foot well by the aid of a good man at the windlass and with the exhilerating influence of a blast of gun powder. Those were stirring times—very elevating in their tendency. Call again, friends.

Damphinoisms.

It should be well understood, that when a newspaper man puts his nose into some one's business, he does not do so for his own selfish satisfaction. A newspaper, to be worthy of the name, ought to be the looking glass of what is going on in the city where it is published; it is a debt that he must pay to his subscribers, and, whoever is hurt by a newspaper ought to blame himself, not the newspaper.

One of our printers is in bad luck, and yesterday he came very near changing his form, from a printer into an angel. This is how he related the incident: "I love eggs; eggs are my weak point, but I like everything at its proper season, and when I call for an egg, I don't expect to get a spring chicken over the bargain. Well this morning, we had eggs for breakfast, I like them soft boiled and informed the pretty waitress of this peculiarity of my character. The aforesaid pretty waitress brought the egg with a smile on her cherry lips, and the whole outfit looked so enticing that I smacked my tongue in anticipation of a good breakfast. Taking the knife in my right hand I give a delicate cut in the middle of the egg, and great guns, an embryo chick jumped out of the shell, ran to the centre of the table, flopped his wings and give up the ghost. I fainted, and when I came to, I was in the arms of a stout railroader who was sprinkling cold water on my face; "my friend—said he—you should not take these little incidents so much to heart, Last year the same case happened to me on a larger scale, the little chick flew to the window and crowed for five minutes, I took him home and raised him, and now he is the best fighting rooster in the county." I told him he was a liar, and give up the study of eggology". I. B. DAMPHINO.

Broke their Arms.

Last Wednesday Robert Hearn, a son of Lark Hearn who lives between this place and Belle Plain, while cutting cattle out of a herd was unfortunate enough to have his horse run over a cow, which caused the horse to fall upon him breaking his shoulder. A strange coincidence in this connection was that Dr. Shapard was called to attend him and on riding along he fell from his horse, breaking his arm just below the elbow, and dislocated the elbow joint. Both patients are under Dr. Largen's care and are doing well.

Man Shot by a Deputy Sheriff.

Last Tuesday, the 21st. ult. W. A. Glenn was shot in the fleshy part of the thigh by Deputy Sheriff Seay, under the following circumstances: About a year ago there was a difficulty between the aforesaid party and Ruck Tanner, on Deep Creek, during which Glenn shot at Tanner, wounding him slightly. Glenn was arrested but gave bond. About a month ago he skipped out and a few days since returned, when his bondsmen gave him up. And the deputy sheriff went to Deep Creek and arrested him, and was returning with him to Belle Plain, when a short distance beyond J. D. Merchant's residence the prisoner, was allowed, by the sheriff, under some pretense, to get out of the buggy, when he broke to running as hard as he could. He was told to stop or he, the sheriff, would shoot him. This was not heeded, however, for he ran the harder, when Seay fired, with effect as above stated. Glenn is now in jail, and it is thought he will recover.

Justice Court.

But little has been done by Squire Little in justice's court this week, a fact that speaks well for the quiet and order of our town. J. F. Hart, entered a plea of guilty to a charge of disturbing the peace, and paid a fine of five dollars, with trimmings.

Wool.

We hear of parties from Fort Worth traveling through this section buying wool; also, of parties shipping wool for sale from this point to other places east of here on the road. Baird has a large wool trade tributary to it, and here is an excellent opening for some enterprising man with a little capital and experience to make his fortune in the wool business.

Texas Papers Please Copy

Woodson Hardy left Georgia about eight years ago and went to Texas.

Any information as to his whereabouts will be thankfully received by his sister, who is a poor widow.

Address Jennie Stapp, Huntington, Tennessee.

Texas papers who wish to do a favor for a poor widow will please copy this notice.

We are requested to state that P. S. Windham will have a general opening at his new saloon next Monday. Everybody invited.

We were the recipients last Thursday of a nice lot of new potatoes, for which we are indebted to Mrs. Justin Cook of this county. They are the finest we have seen this year and far ahead of those shipped in from the east. We are convinced that vegetables can be raised here with proper cultivation. We are also placed under obligations to Mrs. F. A. Parrott for a nice lot of buttermilk, and to Mrs. J. M. G. Baugh for some nice spring chickens, etc. Those very kind ladies must certainly have heard how editors are frequently compelled to go for weeks as unwilling desciples of Dr. Tanner. Thanks, ladies. We are now fortified until when prickly pears will be ripe. "May your shadows never grow less." We are certain ours won't while we can have such feasts occasionally as we had this week.

A REIGN OF TERROR.

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

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

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

Facts of Importance for All Regarding a New Discovery.

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

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

—Go To—
N. PORTER,
PINE STREET,
Abilene, - - Texas,
FOR
Saddles and Harness.
Largest Saddlery in the West. None but First-Class Workmen employed. Satisfaction guaranteed.
☞Large Stock always on hand.☜

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

C. R. SHAPARD, M. D.,
has resumed the practice of Medicine, and will be pleased to receive call from his friends.
☞Office, during the day, on second floor of McMinn & Seay's stone building, and at night at E. L. Huffman's residence.
Belle Plain - - - - - - Texas
n36:1y

Robert Estes, Justice of the Peace of precinct No. 5, residence about 8 miles west of Baird.
J. W. Merrick, Constable of precinct No. 5, residence 8 miles west of Baird, on the line of the railroad.
Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care. v1-50-1y

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else; capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work or only your spare moments; no other business will pay you nearly as well; no one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once; costly outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine. 34:1y

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

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

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

B. R. WEBB.
Attorney at Law and Real Estate Agent.
BAIRD, : : : TEXAS.
Will practice in the Courts of the 12th Judicial District, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts of the State.
Special attention given to collections and land business in the counties of Callahan, Eastland, Stephens, Shackelford, Jones, Taylor, Nolan and Mitchell. Has large amounts of land for sale throughout these counties.

WM. CAMERON,
—DEALER IN—
LUMBER,
SHINGLES,
SASH,
DOORS,
BLINDS,
MOULDING,
LIME,
CEMENT,
MIXED PAINTS,
BARBED WIRE.
BAIRD, - - TEXAS.

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

I. X. L. (EX-CEL.)
SALOON.
TAYLOR & LAIRD,
PROPRIETORS.
CHOICE Wines, Liquors and Cigars, always on hand.

HENRY ROBERTS,
Contractor for
ROCK BUILDINGS AND PLASTERING.
Baird, - - - - - Texas.

ABILENE GROCERY
—AND—
COMMISSION HOUSE.
W. T. BERRY & CO.
HAVE OPENED A
Grocery and Commission House,
—AT—
ABILENE,
WITH THE LARGEST STOCK OF
Groceries and General Supplies,
WEST OF THE BRAZOS.
Which they will sell at Wholesale and Retail, as cheap as can be had at any house west of St. Louis, with freights added. We invite the special attention of the Retail Dealers of North-Western Texas, to our facilities for wholesale trade.
ABILENE, TEXAS, APRIL 30, 1881.

R. M. TURNER, Pharmacist. T. J. LARGEN, M. D.
TURNER & LARGEN
—DEALERS IN—
PURE
DRUGS
Schoolbooks, Stationery, Tobaccos, and Cigars, Paints, Oils, Varnishes etc. and everything that is kept in a First-Class Drug Store.
Doctors' Prescriptions carefully compounded.
Baird and Belle Plain,

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

BIG PAY. AGENTS WANTED.
WE WANT A LIMITED NUMBER OF active, energetic canvassers to engage in a pleasant and profitable business. Good men will find this a rare chance
TO MAKE MONEY.
Such will please answer this advertisement by letter, enclosing stamp for reply, stating what business they have been engaged in. None but those who mean business need apply. Address
FINLEY, HARVEY & CO.,
n41:1y. Atlanta, Ga.

FOR SALE.—One good, half cabinet "Centennial" Sewing Machine, with full set of Attachments. Apply at this office.

A. J. LITTLE, Attorney at Law. J. W. ADAMS, Real Estate Agent.
LITTLE & ADAMS,
Members of Law and Abstract Union.
Law and Real Estate Agents,
BAIRD, (Callahan Co.) TEXAS.
Abstract of title furnished to lands lying in any of the United States. Lands and other property bought and sold on commission. Correspondence solicited. Office one door east of Adams House. 2-8tf

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

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

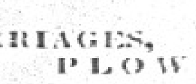
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The Recipes used in my practice for 25 Years and an illustrated book of 60 pages giving full directions for self-treatment, sent free. Address DR. T. WILLIAMS, 435 E. Main St., Milwaukee, Wis.

ESTRAYED.

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

Estrayed before R. B. Brown, J. P. Precinct No. 1, May 24, 1881, by Jasper McCoy, one white horse, about 12 1-2 hands high, 8 years old, branded 71 connected on left shoulder. Appraised at $15. n8-4t.

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

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

Estrayed before J. H. Harbert, Justice of the Peace, Precinct No. 7, on May 21st, 1881, by Bent Mitchel, one sorrel horse, 7 years old, branded S R on left shoulder, 16 hands high, star in forehead. One brown mule, 14 1-2 hands high, branded T V on left hip, 10 years old. One black mare, blotch brand on left side, 4 years old, 14 hands high. 9-4

Returned as an estray, for the benefit of the county, by Thos. Taylor, commissioner of Precinct No. 4, Callahan county, May 28th, 1881, one bay horse 17 1-2 hands high, 8 years old, left hind foot white, not branded. One iron gray colt, 2 years old, 12 hands high, not branded. 9-4

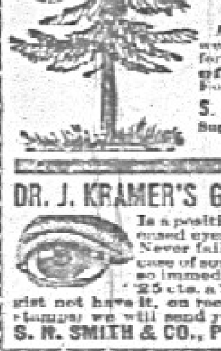
Estrayed before R. B. Brown, Justice Peace, Precinct No. 1, Callahan county, Texas, by R. F. Kelton, April 16, 1881, one black horse, 15 hands high and about 15 years old, right hip knocked down, both hind feet white, no brand. Appraised at $15.

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

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Is a purely vegetable bitter and powerful tonic, and is warranted a speedy and certain cure for Fever and Ague, Chills and Fever, Intermittent or Chill Fever, Remittent Fever, Dumb Ague, Periodical or Bilious Fever, and all malarial disorders. In miasmatic districts, the rapid pulse, coated tongue, thirst, lassitude, loss of appetite, pain in the back and loins, and coldness of the spine and extremities, are only premonitions of severer symptoms, which terminate in the ague paroxysm, succeeded by high fever and profuse perspiration.
It is a startling fact, that quinine, arsenic and other poisonous minerals, form the basis of most of the "Fever and Ague Preparations," "Specifics," "Syrups," and "Tonics," in the market. The preparations made from these mineral poisons, although they are palatable, and may break the chill, do not cure, but leave the malarial and their own drug poison in the system, producing quinism, dizziness, ringing in the ears, headache, vertigo, and other disorders more formidable than the disease they were intended to cure. AYER'S AGUE CURE thoroughly eradicates these noxious poisons from the system, and always cures the severest cases. It contains no quinine, mineral, or any thing that could injure the most delicate patient; and its crowning excellence, above its certainty to cure, is that it leaves the system as free from disease as before the attack.
For Liver Complaints, AYER'S AGUE CURE, by direct action on the liver and biliary apparatus, drives out the poisons which produce these complaints, and stimulates the system to a vigorous, healthy condition.
We warrant it when taken according to directions.
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SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

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The Clarendon.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

BAIRD, - - - - - TEXAS.

Detectives at Fashionable Weddings.

There are in New York a hundred or more weddings in the course of a year where there is a crush of guests in full dress, where ladies who have passed their youth feel it allowable to wear a wealth of diamonds, and where the displays of presents surpass the show cases of fashionable jewelers. These weddings and other sociable gatherings of the same class of persons are a very paradise of thieves and pickpockets, when, as occasionally happens, they can gain admission in the guise of a guest. This, as will be imagined, few professionals can do without the risk of being bowed to the door by the host as strangers in unwarranted dress-coats; yet many simple and shrewd devices are used to maintain a footing once obtained in such assemblages. The host and hostess are avoided. Efforts are made to scrape acquaintanceship. References are boldly made to some previous social assemblage. The thief must have special gifts and a special training.

Yet it is not professional thieves that those who get up fashionable entertainments chiefly fear. The most dangerous class, because the most numerous, are included among the invited guests, and are called, when detected, kleptomaniacs.

For almost every large and fashionable wedding there is a request made upon Inspector Byrnes, in charge of the Detective Bureau of the Police Central Office, for an officer to watch the array of presents, and in general to protect the house and its guests from loss by theft. Among the Central Office detectives on whom this duty frequently falls is George W. Lanthier. He is a young man of good address and appearance, who wears a fine diamond in his shirt front and whose clothes fit him. His fellow-detectives say that when he is arrayed in a Prince Albert coat, with silk facings, for an afternoon wedding, there is nothing left to be asked for by the most critical observer, but when he appears attired in full costume, for an evening wedding or reception, language fails. Mr. Lanthier was sought out yesterday. He said his duties were simple, and for the most part agreeable.

"The first thing, I do," he said, "when I go to a reception is to take a look through the house up and down stairs in order to acquaint myself with the different rooms as well as with the position of valuable articles. For this reason I usually go a short time before the guests are expected. While the guests are arriving I usually stand in the hall to watch them as they enter. I am very apt to know a professional thief by his face. Where the presents are very numerous and valuable I generally have the smaller ones, such as the diamonds and other jewelry which a person could pocket and carry away readily, put on a table by themselves. Then I take a seat near them. I am supposed, by the most of those who see me, to be a guest. If anybody guesses otherwise, I am contented they should have their opinion. I inform myself about the presents, and when guests come up to inspect them, they naturally fall to talking to express their admiration. I am able to tell them about the presents. One guest, therefore, sees me talking with another, and he is not likely to remark that I remain in one part of the room all the afternoon or evening. If I sat still and said nothing, I would soon become an object of notice.

"I have never," continued Mr. Lanthier, "been compelled to make an arrest at a reception, although I have attended many dozens of them, nor have I ever seen an attempt to steal a valuable present. If a professional thief gets into the assembly he probably knows what my presence means, and if anybody else has any designs on the presents he discovers after a time that they are never left alone.

"I have seen many very brilliant arrays of presents; large diamonds and rubies of very great value, chests of silverware, pyramids of the finest cut-glass decanters, antique cups, and costly fans. I never saw a lady in such an assembly whose jewelry was guarded by an attendant detective, but I have seen some of middle age and older various parts of whose dresses were decorated with great clusters of diamonds. To these small weddings and receptions come the same set over and over again, and a person who attends them soon learns to know their faces and names.

"As to personal treatment, the guests at the assemblies I have attended have always treated me with courtesy, and I do not see how they could have done otherwise, even when they knew my business, for I never sought acquaintanceship, while I have always been willing to talk on any subject I knew anything about, and I never ask questions about matters that don't concern me."

Stories are told by detectives of ladies, whose families are of the highest respectability, whom they have pointed out to the givers of entertainments as having stolen valuable presents. In several cases related to the reporter, the valuables were recovered under threats of arrest, and scandals resulted. In others the host was unwilling to make accusations, preferring to avoid the scandal that would follow an exposure. In one case a lady fainted when she was accused. She would not confess, and she was not searched, but it was afterward said a diamond ring was returned by her father, an action which the detective who told the story criticised as inexcusably simple on the father's part if he had in view merely the reputation of his daughter. It is said that several series of thefts have been committed by young men so fascinated with society life that they lived beyond their means, and at last were driven, by what appeared to them necessity, to steal.

Two or three years ago a young man of this class purloined several watches and other valuable articles from the houses of Chief Justice George Shea of the Marine Court, John D. Townsend, and others, at a series of entertainments running nearly through the season. A warrant was issued for him, but he escaped arrest. He had formerly moved in good society of right, but he had introduced himself at the first of this series of entertainments by sheer impudence. He committed so many thefts that at last he was watched, but even then he escaped with his last booty without being detected, and it was said that the evidence against him was largely inferential. His flight, however, confirmed it. This case was publicly exposed at the time.

Only a few weeks ago a polite gentleman, who appeared in the guise of a guest at a fashionable entertainment, succeeded in making off with a valuable assortment of overcoats.—*New York Sun.*

—Life is but sighs, and when they cease 'tis over.

Cultivated Crops.

If one should doubt the useful effects of cultivating crops, let him leave a few rows of potatoes or corn in a field to grow up with weeds, or with the soil hard and beaten with rains, or baked with the sun, and notice the effect as compared with the other rows that have been worked with the cultivator and the hoe. Every farmer knows how poor will be the crop unless it is well cultivated, and every farmer's boy knows it, too, although he may not very well understand the reason for it. It matters not what crop it may be; it may be corn or potatoes, or it may be an apple-tree in the orchard, or onions in the garden. A farmer who grew the largest crop of potatoes ever known, and received a large premium for it, said his success was owing to the fact that he hoed his crop every day. This may be true, because there is no doubt that without this constant stirring of the soil the manure used would not have been fully prepared for the complete nourishment of the crop; for the effect of the frequent cultivation of the soil is very varied. In the first place, it enables the air to circulate in the soil; next it enables moisture to penetrate to the roots; then it helps to attract moisture in a dry season and also helps to retain it in the soil; lastly, it prevents the growth of weeds. Let us consider how these effects are produced.

It is well known that when earth is moistened and spread and plastered and packed down tightly the air will not penetrate it. We have heard of mud cabins, and many of us have either lived in log houses that have been chinked with mud or we have known persons who have lived in them, and these houses are very warm and comfortable, although poor and humble. They are warm because the cold air is kept out, but if the mud becomes cracked and open and full of crevices, through which the wind passes, all the warmth and comfort is gone. It is precisely so with the surface of the soil. When this is beaten down and plastered and packed by the effect of rain storms and wind, the air can not pass through it. The moisture-laden breezes blow over it without adding a particle to allay its drouth; the rains fall upon it and flow away without sinking into it; the hot sun dries and bakes it, and it is unable to support the life of a plant; because where air goes moisture goes with it—the air is never free from moisture. A cubic foot of air will dissolve or hold in suspension a cubic inch of water, but the power of air to hold water varies with its temperature. Very hot air will hold the most water, and as the air cools the moisture becomes condensed and appears as mist, gathers in drops on the leaves, grass, twigs of trees and the surface of the ground as dew, or falls in rain. Now, when the surface of the soil is loosened by cultivation and becomes warmed by the sun, the air in it is warmed and dissolves moisture from as far below as the warmth reaches; then, when the soil is cooled in the night, and the air shrinks in cooling, air from without goes into the soil, carrying more vapor with it. This vapor is condensed and absorbed by the soil, and every warm summer's night millions of gallons of water may be thus carried into the soil on a moderate-sized farm, and the crop is refreshed.

But this constant circulation of air has another effect. It meets with organic matter in the soil and this is acted upon by the oxygen of the air and decomposed. The air deprived of a part of its oxygen has then a surplus of nitrogen, and we have reason to believe that in this oxidation or organic matter nitrogen is left free and forms nitrates in the soil, and these have a most useful effect upon plant growth. So the circulation of air in the soil has both these useful effects. Then when a shower falls upon the loose soil how fast it sinks into it and becomes absorbed. This water forces out air and as it sinks and becomes absorbed fresh air returns again, so that the effect of the water is to help the air to exert its effects. And when this water has become spread through the loose soil and the space is then reoccupied by air, the great heat of the sun does not penetrate so far, to dry out this water, as it would if the soil were hard. So that the loose soil acts to let the water in and to keep it there when it has entered. Thus by cultivating the soil we keep it moist and make it fertile. We are manuring it in fact, for this tillage, in effect, produces elements of fertility in the soil that would not exist there without it. Therefore, when we say tillage is manure we only state a fact. Lastly we prevent weeds of cultivation. If we were to give a horse a feed of oats, and a dozen or two of rats should come and help him to eat them, as indeed some farmers permit them to do, that horse would become poor and thin. He would not thrive, because he had not enough food. It is precisely the same with a hill of corn or potatoes. If we permit a dozen or two of weeds to feed with it, it is robbed of a portion of its food and becomes poor and weak. And it is to avoid this that we carefully cultivate these crops. Many farmers suppose this is all that they do by their work, but the other effects pointed out are far more beneficial to the crop and of far greater advantage to the soil.—"*Farming for Boys,*" *by Henry Stewart, in Rural New Yorker.*

—A delicious cocoanut pudding is made in this way: Beat well the yelks of three eggs, add a quart of milk, a pint of fine bread-crumbs, a piece of butter the size of an egg, a pinch of salt, a cup of sugar or a cup of desiccated cocoanut, which you have soaked for an hour in half of the milk; bake till like thick custard, then add the whites of the eggs beaten to a frost, and a tablespoon of pulverized sugar beaten in with them. If you choose you can put the eggs in without separating them, or to be very economical take the whites of the eggs to make a cake with. This pudding does not require sauce; flavor with lemon extract. By omitting the cocoanut and adding the juice and rind of a lemon you will have a nice bread pudding.

—Dried fruit can easily be preserved from worms, which are the larvæ of flies or moths, or both, by packing them in paper bags or cotton grain bags, and tying them up closely. The bags should be kept in a dry, airy, well-lighted room. It is a common error to believe that flies and moths will not go into dark rooms. Moths are nearly all night-flying insects and would rather work in dark rooms than light ones. If the windows of the store-room are opened for airing they should be protected by fine wire gauze.

—Pan Pudding.—This is a New England dish, and is nice where appetites are expansive. Take three cups of fine rye meal, three cups of Indian meal, one egg, and three tablespoons of molasses; add a little salt and allspice, and enough rich sweet milk to make a batter stiff enough to drop from a spoon. Fry to a good brown in hot lard.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The Emperor of Germany will go to Ems in June.

—Spain now kindly permits a woman to acquire the medical profession, but has not decided whether or not to allow her to practice.

—The furniture in Mrs. Langtry's little house, where the Prince of Wales used to invite himself to breakfast, has been sold for the benefit of creditors, and the Jersey Lily has disappeared from the London world.

—Emile de Girardin had always a large white horse to his brougham, which was painted yellow. This was to enable him to find it always on coming out of receptions or dinners. He was very well preserved to the last, looking many years younger than he was.

—The Duchess of Marlborough is never weary of doing good. Her latest manifestation of charity consists in providing the entire outfit for fifteen Irish families who were to be given free passages to Manitoba and settled there in neatly furnished homesteads.

—Ten years ago Louis of Bavaria was handsome enough to answer for a model of a young god; tall and graceful, with brown hair curling on his forehead, with dark blue eyes full of fire and poetry. He is still thought to be the handsomest king in Europe.

—Up to 1871 Paris, and indeed the feminine world generally, looked to Longchamps at Easter to learn by the Empress Eugenie's dress there how bonnets and gowns were to be made the ensuing summer. Nowadays Paris is a republic in feminine attire as in other things.

—The Grand Duke Constantine's eldest son, who has been so many years in disgrace, applied himself humbly to the Emperor to be allowed to visit St. Petersburg, and to gaze once more on the honored features of the late Czar. The unfortunate Prince met with a cruel rebuff, and was informed by telegraph that the misdoings of him and his could never be forgotten.

—"The young and well known Earl" who eloped with the wife of the proprietor of a large colliery in England is the Earl of Shrewsbery and Talbot, the premier Earl of England. The title he bears dates from 1492 and has been borne by many illustrious men. He is in his twenty-first year, and succeeded to his title and estates only four years ago. He is the lord of Alton Towers—one of the handsomest show places in England—and his income is about £70,000 a year.

Mexican Social Customs.

Society as we understand it, meaning the free and easy intercourse of friends and acquaintances, of men, women and children, does not exist in Mexico. Naturally reserved and solitary, the Mexican has been forced to remain so by the circumstances of his life. His home is not only his castle, but his citadel. His social circle consists mainly of his wife and children. His business he transacts at his office. His friends he meets at the cafe, or on the Alameda, or the Paseo, but his family—that's nobody's business. He is next to the Turk in the exclusiveness with which he regards the seclusion of his home.

When we speak about society, and especially of "good society," we mean lovely woman, and in American society the prominent feature is the supremacy of the young ladies. The position of woman in Mexico is something very different. In fact, as far as the ordinary life of every day is concerned, woman is conspicuous chiefly by her absence. At first sight Mexico recalls Denver or Deadwood by its excessively masculine aspect, and the question promptly arises, "Where are the women?" They are at home, where the Mexican thinks they ought to be. In the morning one may see a few of them going to church and returning—for it is Lent, and the custom of daily mass is partially observed, and Friday devotions are well attended—but they never go unattended, and they look neither to the right nor left. In the afternoon those who have shopping to do sit in their closed carriages outside the store, while the clerks bring them goods for their selection. Later, as the sun is setting, they go out for a formal drive, always in closed carriages, in the Calzado de la Reforma, and slowly drive up and down the watered half-mile. Night comes on very rapidly after sunset, and the carriages drive home with lighted lamps. There may be a deep, delirious intoxication in watching a lot of carriages go by in the dark and fancying that they hold the lovliness of creation, just as there may be in eating soup with a fork; but I have failed to see it.

As far as I know, every newspaper correspondent who has been in Mexico has had a desperate time in guarding his tender affections from the bewitching influence of the soft Creole eyes, from the languishing glances, the tender flirtations, the supple grace and myriad charms which lie about his path. The story has been told so often that it sounds plausible, but it is manufactured out of the whole cloth, and it is repeated partly because it costs nothing, and partly because nobody likes to acknowledge that he has been in the land of romance and hasn't had any of the romance.

My Mexican friends tell me that with few exceptions the women are poorly educated; society is not intellectual; intercourse is not cultivated; girls are kept in prison until they are married, and after marriage only find closer confinement with harder labor. Naturally the ties of family are all more closely drawn, and the domestic affections absorb the hearts of the women, as their household duties absorb their time. They say, "We would like to have things as you have them in the States, but we simply can't do it. It must be the work of time to change these long-established social rules, and as long as they last our society must be comparatively a dull affair."

The natural result of the absence of women is that among the men there is a general disregard of a great many amenities of conduct. At dinner they generally wear their hats, because the houses are cooler than the streets, and there is a great dread of colds; they keep their elbows on the table, they expectorate a great deal, and they have unfixed principles in regard to folks. That Chicago belle who set her visitors down as vulgar people because they put the edge of their knives in their mouths instead of the backs would be astonished at the feats of the knife-swallowers here. Yet this is a tender point with good society. A Mexican lady complained to me the other day, saying, "Why do your people always accuse us of eating with our knives? One would think we were not civilized." Half an hour later, at her own hospitable table, out of the eight gentlemen, who were fellow-countrymen of hers, there were just eight who scorned the fork.—*Cor. St. Louis Globe-Democrat.*

—The landau is the popular vehicle of Washington.

A GREAT REVELATION.

Some Valuable Thoughts Concerning Human Happiness and Timely Suggestions About Securing It.

Synopsis of a Lecture Delivered by Dr. Charles Craig Before the Metropolitan Scientific Association.

"The public speaker of the present day labors under difficulties of which the speakers of the last century never dreamed, for while the audiences of the past received what was said without question, those of the present day are usually the mental equals or superiors of the ones who address them. Rev. Dr. Tyng, of New York, when a theological student, supplied a church in a neighboring town, and on his way to preach one morning met an aged colored man. 'Well, Uncle, do you ever go to hear the young preacher?' asked the unfledged doctor. 'No, Massa,' replied the negro, 'dis chile don't let none o' dem students practis on him.' The darkey had begun to think. The free and independent thought of this age accepts statements only where they are proven to be truth, while the development of mental power seems equally great in every other department of life. The valuable inventions of the day are counted by thousands. The increase of scientific study is universal. The spirit of inquiry in all fields is so marked as to cause

COMMENT ON EVERY SIDE,

while people seem investigating and advancing in every direction which can help them morally, mentally or physically. This is specially true of the human body and everything which concerns it, and the truths which the people have found, even in the last fifty years, are simply marvelous. How really ignorant some cultured and supposeably scientific people were only a few years ago, as compared with the present day, may be better understood from a few illustrative facts. A prominent writer prepared an elaborate essay to prove that steamships could never cross the Atlantic, and his pamphlet was issued just in time to be carried by the first steamer that went to England. People once believed that the heart was the seat of life and health. It is now known that this organ is only a pump, simply keeping in motion what other and more important organs of the body have created and transformed. It was once supposed that if a person felt a pain in the back, the liver was deranged; if a pain came in the lower chest the lungs were affected and consumption was near; it is now known that a pain in the back indicates diseased kidneys, while troubles in the lower chest arise from a disordered liver and not imperfect lungs. A severe pain in the head was once thought to come from some partial derangement of the brain; it is now known that troubles in other parts of the body and away from the head, cause headaches and that only by removing the cause can the pain be cured. It is a matter of

PRIVATE HISTORY

that Gen. Washington was bled to death. His last illness was slight, and caused principally by weariness. A physician was called who 'bled him copiously.' Strange to say, the patient became no better. Another doctor was called, who again took away a large amount of the vital fluid. Thus in succession four physicians drew away the life of a great man who was intended by nature for an old age, and who prematurely died—murdered by malpractice—bled to death. That was the age of medical bleeding!"

The speaker then graphically described another period which came upon the people, in which they assigned the origin of all diseases to the stomach, and after showing the falsity of this theory, and that the kidneys and liver were the causes of disease, and that many people are suffering from kidney and liver troubles to-day who do not know it, but who should know it and attend to them at once, continued:

"Let us look at this matter a little more closely. The human body is the most perfect and yet the most delicate of all created things. It is capable of the greatest results and it is liable to the greatest disorders. The slightest causes sometimes seem to throw its delicate machinery out of order while the most simple and common-sense care restores and keeps them in perfect condition. When it is remembered that the amount of happiness or misery we are to have in this world is dependent upon a perfect body, is it not strange that simple precautions and care are not exercised! This is one of the most vital questions of life. People may avoid it for the present, but there is certain to come a time in every one's experience when it must be faced.

"And here pardon me for relating a little personal experience. In the year 1879 I found myself losing both in strength and health. I could assign no cause for the decline, but it continued, until finally I called to my aid two prominent physicians. After treating me for some time they declared I was suffering from Bright's disease of the kidneys, and that they could do nothing more for me. At this time I was so weak I could not raise my head from the pillow and I

FAINTED REPEATEDLY.

My heart beat so rapidly it was with difficulty I could sleep. My lungs were also badly involved; I could retain nothing upon my stomach, while the most intense pains in my back and bowels caused me to long for death as a relief. It was at this critical juncture that a physical longing which I felt (and which I most firmly believe was an inspiration) caused me to send for the leaves of a plant I had once known in medical practice. After great difficulty I at last secured them and began their use in the form of tea. I noticed a lessening of the pain at once; I began to mend rapidly; in five weeks I was able to be about, and in two months I became perfectly well and have so continued to this day. It was only natural that such a result should have caused me to investigate most thoroughly. I carefully examined fields in medicine never before explored. I sought the cause of physical order and disorder, happiness and pain, and I found the kidneys and liver to be the governors, whose motions regulate the entire system."

After describing at length the offices of the kidneys and liver, and their important part in life, the doctor went on to say:

"Having found this great truth, I saw clearly the cause of my recovery. The simple vegetable leaf I had used was a food and restorer to my well-nigh exhausted kidneys and liver. It had come to them when their life was nearly gone, and by its simple, yet powerful influence had purified, strengthened and restored them, and saved me from death. Realizing the great benefit which a knowledge of this truth would give to the world, I began in a modest way to treat those afflicted, and *in every case* I found the same

HAPPY RESULTS

which I had experienced. Not only this but many, who were not conscious of any physical trouble but who, at my suggestion, began the use of the remedy which had saved my life, found their health steadily improving and their strength continually increasing. So universal, where used, was this true, that I determined the entire world should share in its results, and I therefore placed the formula for its preparation in the hands of Mr. H. H. Warner of Rochester, N. Y., a gentleman whom I had cured of a severe kidney disease, and who, by reason of his personal worth, high standing and liberality in endowing the Astronomical Observatory and other public enterprises, has become known and popular to the entire country. This gentleman at once began the manufacture of the remedy on a most extensive scale, and to-day, Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure, the pure remedy that saved my life, is known and used in all parts of the continent.

"I am aware a prejudice exists toward proprietary medicines, and that such prejudice is too often well founded, but the value of a *pure* remedy is no less because it is a proprietary medicine. A justifiable prejudice exists toward quack doctors, but is it right that this prejudice should extend towards all the doctors who are earnestly and intelligently trying to do their duty? Because Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure saved my life before it became a proprietary medicine, is it reasonable to suppose that it will not cure others and keep still more from sickness now that it is sold with a government stamp on the wrapper? Such a theory would be childish."

The doctor then paid some high compliments to American science, and closed his lecture as follows:

"How to restore the health when broken and how to keep the body perfect and free from disease must ever be man's highest study. That one of the greatest revelations of the present day has been made in ascertaining the true seat of health to be in the kidneys and liver, all scientists now admit, and I can but feel that the discovery which I have been permitted to make, and which I have described to you, is destined to prove the greatest, best and most reliable friend to those who suffer and long for happiness, as well as to those who desire to keep the joys they now possess."

HOME AND FARM.

—Don't forget the birds when you eat celery or lettuce. Save the tender ends and greens, and if you dine at night place these in water to give the songsters for their morning refreshment.

—To Remove the Smell of New Paint.—Newly-painted rooms are very unpleasant for several days, but if a handful of hay is strewn on the floor upon which is sprinkled a little chloride of lime, after a couple of hours the offensive smell will have entirely disappeared.

—The crops that may be grown in an orchard should be such as require cultivation, and that have low growth. Potatoes are the most suitable crop; corn shades the trees too much by its tall growth; grain is too exhaustive of the soil. When the soil does not require cultivation, clover is the best crop that can be grown under fruit trees.

—For snow-pudding cover one-third of a package of gelatine with a little cold water and, when softened, stir into a pint of boiling water. Add one cupful of sugar and the juice of two lemons. When cold and beginning to thicken add the well-beaten whites of three eggs. Beat all smoothly and lightly together, pour the mixture into a mold and set it away until hard. Serve in the center of a platter, with a boiled custard poured around, made with the yelks of three eggs, one pint of milk and half a cupful of sugar.

—Miss Corson recommends puddings as being good substitutes for pies, and believes them to be as a rule more easily digested. A chocolate pudding is very easily made. Proceed as if you were to make a common custard pudding, and just before taking it from the fire add enough grated chocolate to color and flavor it; pour it into cups to cool; first wet the cups in cold water. When dinner is ready turn from the cups or saucers and serve with cream; the cream may be sweetened and flavored with vanilla.

—A Good and Cheap Whitewash.—Few people know how easily whitewash is made and how valuable it is when properly applied. It not only prevents the decay of wood, but is greatly conducive to the healthfulness of buildings, whether wood or stone. Out-buildings and fences, when not painted, should be supplied once or twice a year with a good coat of whitewash, which should be prepared in the following way: Take a clean, water-tight barrel, or other suitable cask, and put into it about half a bushel of lime; slack it by pouring water over it boiling hot, and put in a sufficient quantity of water to cover it five inches deep, and stir it briskly till thoroughly slackened; when the slackening has been thoroughly effected dissolve it in water and add two pounds of sulphate of zinc and common salt. These will cause the wash to harden and prevent cracking, which gives an unseemly appearance to the work. If desirable a beautiful cream color may be given to the above by adding three pounds of yellow ocher, or a good pearl by lead, lamp, vine or ivy black. For fawn color add four pounds of umber, Turkish or American—the latter is the cheapest—one pound of Indian red, one pound of common lampblack.

How to Feed an Invalid.

Give the distasteful food the semblance of something that is particularly palatable to the patient, and your efforts will be rewarded by your soon beholding him eating with an appetite. For instance, you are bound to give mince, and equally bound not to give pastry. Your patient, however, is fond of pastry. What you must then do is this. You must make a *vol au vent* case, and fill it with minced chicken or lamb. Then, though your patient may not eat a single mouthful of the crust, the look of the whole thing calls up the pleasurable feelings associated with the *vol au vent*, in lieu of the feeling of disgust excited by a dish of mince. On this day you will find that he enjoys his meal; on another occasion you can surround the mince with a wall of mashed potatoes or boiled rice. Again, you may send up your mince in the guise of a "cottage pie." This, as every one knows, is just a layer of minced meat placed at the bottom of a small pie-dish, covered with a three-inch layer of potatoes, put in the oven and nicely browned. Yet, again, you may put the mince into rissoles, or roll it up inside batter, or, failing all these, can make three-cornered sandwiches with it. In this last case the mince should be of chicken, and, instead of buttering both pieces of the bread, you might spread the faintest *soupcon* of potted ham on one of them.

In catering for such an invalid as we have in view, our aim is to get him to take a certain amount of meat per diem. The doctor has ordered him so many ounces a day, to be given in any form (save the solid) in which he can be induced to swallow it. As long, then, as this quantity gets taken, our object is secured. We may give it, if we like, through the medium of soup, or through that of meat jellies. It is quite possible then, to let two, or even three days in the week pass without mince in any one of its Protean shapes being present. We can make a chicken panada, and put in as much as is equivalent to the specified number of ounces into a plate of soup; or, again, we can make some strong ox-tail jelly, and administer a couple of glasses to him; and then, when we have given the due allowance of meat, we are able to include in that day's menu things which are more appetizing, though less nourishing, than mince. We can give him a souffle flavored with vanilla, served in a smoking tin, with a snowy white napkin round it. Charlotte russe, macaroni with sweet sauces, roast apples (to be eaten with baked milky rice pudding), stewed pears covered with cream, and innumerable other puddings, can be given with great benefit, since, by causing your invalid to derive pleasure from some portion at least of his meal, you prevent him from regarding all eating as distasteful.

But, above all, it must be remembered that the way in which things are served is the most important element in the matter. The trays should be covered with the freshest of cloths, and even be rendered bright by a vase of flowers. You should never set a plate before an invalid containing the exact quantity of meat, fish or pudding you want him to eat. If you do, he will be sure to leave half, with the complaint that he has no appetite. He should always have everything served on small dishes, and should be allowed to assist himself. His vegetables and sauces should never be heaped on his plate, but should come up in tiny vegetable dishes and pretty sauce boats. Above all, he should never be told beforehand what he may expect, so that his meals have all the charm of a surprise. In short, an invalid's meals should be so managed that he should look forward to them with pleasure as to a break in the day's monotony, instead of turning from them with disgust, as from some disagreeable ordeal to be undergone with all the resolution he can muster.—*The Queen.*

EVERY dog has its day. Harmony yields the nights to cats.—*N. O. Picayune.*

SAY, for instance, a dog loses his paw, and a rooster loses his maw, does it make orphans of them?—*Steubenville Herald.*

THE new spring style in bonnets is just too sweet for anything. It is made out of some kind of stuff sort of delicate in texture, and of a rather lightish color kind of cut away on the sides, and rolled back off the top, and scooped out underneath, and trimmed with some sort of ribbon stuff that looks nice, and some kind of other sort of material that is handsome, and it is all fixed on in that kind of way which looks so much like something that we can't remember, and the whole effect is very exquisite, reminding us of a most beautiful something or other whose name we can't just at present call to mind.—*Rockland Courier.*

EVERY lady should belong to an archery club. Skill in drawing a beau is very desirable.—*Elmira Advertiser.*

WHEN is a horse like a business man in trouble? When it breaks.—*Philadelphia Sun.* When is he like a miner? When he is working in the shafts.—*Steubenville Herald.* When is he like a man selecting cheese? When he has a bit in his mouth.—*Richmond Baton.* When is he like a lover? When he is going on a swinging gait.—*Yawcob Strauss.*

YOUNG men, learn to wait; if you undertake to sett a henn before she iz ready you will lose yor time and confuse the hen besides.—*Josh Billings.*

"OF all animals, man not excepted, none are so faithful, none so affectionate and none so forgiving, as the dog," says a communication to the Bowling Green *Democrat.* The tender sentiment is evidently that of a man, the seat of whose pantaloons have never been ravaged by his friend's over-zealous canine pet; whose children has never been chewed beyond recognition, and whose experiments in sheep-farming have always been profitable.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

SOME enthusiastic fashion writer predicts a revolution in underwear. Well, a change in some things is necessary once in a while.—*Lowell Citizen.*

[Chicago Western Catholic.]

The latest man who has been made happy through the use of this valuable liniment is Mr. James A. Conlan, Librarian of the Union Catholic Library of this city. The following is Mr. Conlan's indorsement:

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I wish to add my testimony as to the merits of St. Jacobs Oil as a cure for rheumatism. One bottle has cured me of this troublesome disease, which gave me a great deal of bother for a long time; but thanks to the remedy I am cured. This statement is unsolicited by any one in its interest.

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THE sassyest man I ever met iz a henpecked husband when he iz away from home.—*Josh Billings.*

[Kansas City Mail.]

Member of this Department relieved of Rheumatism by the use of St. Jacobs Oil, says Geo. W. Walling, Esq., Superintendent Police New York, in one of our exchanges.

THE mother who gave her little boy castor oil was informed by the infant that he would be much obliged if she would castor oil elsewhere.—*Somerville Journal.*

How to Get Sick.

Expose yourself day and night, eat too much without exercise; work too hard without rest; doctor all the time; take all the vile nostrums advertised; and then you will want to know

HOW TO GET WELL.

Which is answered in three words—Take Hop Bitters! See other column.—*Express.*

THE wicked Nihilists have determined that the new Czar shall not live. As soon as green apples come into the market they are going to send him a barrel.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

How to Secure Health.

It seems strange any one will suffer from derangements brought on by impure blood, when SCOVILL'S SARSAPARILLA AND STILLINGIA, OR BLOOD AND LIVER SYRUP, will restore health to the physical organization. It is pleasant to take, and the BEST BLOOD PURIFIER ever discovered, curing Scrofula, Weakness of the Kidneys, Erysipelas, Malaria; all Nervous disorders, Debility, Bilious complaints and all diseases of the Blood, Liver, Kidneys, Stomach, Skin, etc. As a health renewer, it ACTS LIKE A CHARM.

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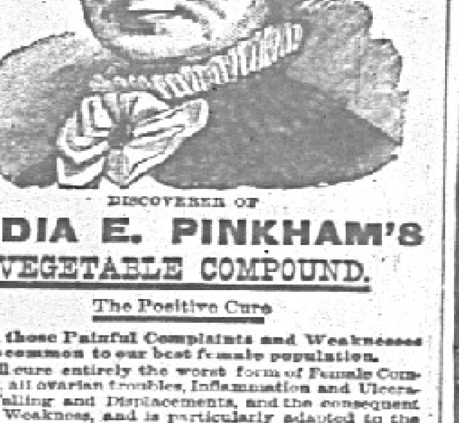
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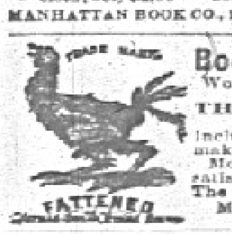
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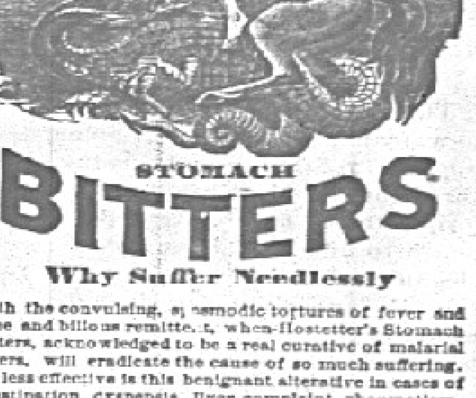


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