Callahan County Clarendon.

"THE GREATEST GOOD TO THE GREATEST NUMBER."

LOTZ & ALLEN, Editors and Proprietors. BAIRD, TEXAS, SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1884. VOL. V.—NO. 14.

UNMADE HAY.

We knew by the clouds in the eastward
It was going to rain that day,
And there was the whole of the meadow lot
All spread with the fragrant hay.
And the clouds grew darker and larger
As the wind the tree-tops tossed,
And, hard though I was working,
It seemed that the hay was lost.

My farm was a small and poor one,
And the hay-crop was all I had,
And I could not afford to hire a man,
For the times were dull and bad;
And matters were looking dreary
For me that summer day,
When I heard a sweet voice behind me:
"I will help you get in the hay."

'Twas my neighbor's daughter, Molly,
Who lived just across the road,
And soft was the light in her down-cast eyes,
And the blush on her cheek that glowed.
I gladly accepted the service
She offered in friendly way,
And there by my side that afternoon
She helped me gather the hay.

She was no fine lady feeble,
Though her arms were plump and white,
And she raked all day with me, row for row,
Till the fall of the summer night.
And then, when we ceased our labors,
And the hay was stored away,
From the depth of my heart I thanked her
For her kindness to me that day.

And I took her home to her cottage,
But I didn't pause to woo,
And I asked not her hand in marriage,
Which I know she thought I'd do.
I left her there at the gateway,
Beneath the branches brown,
And from her looks I know she was
The maddest girl in town.

—*Puck.*

MOROCCO.

A People Whose Dress, Manners and Occupations Have Not Changed for Centuries—Tangier as Seen From the Sea—The Slave Trade—The Horrible Prisons.

People are scarcely aware that within four days' sail of England there exists a country immensely larger than France, which is in a state of almost complete barbarism, and the interior of which is as little known to Englishmen as is the Soudan itself. This is the empire of Morocco, under the rule of a despotic Sultan or Emperor. Tangier is the only place in this vast country known to Englishmen. It lies, in a southwest line, just thirty-five miles distant from Gibraltar, and tourists flock to this pretty watering-place in order to gain a glimpse of the wild Moorish life that exists so close to Europe. Crossing the straits in one of the wretched little tug-steamers that carry on the traffic, the traveler passes in three or four hours from the culture of English life in Gibraltar to the barbarism of the middle ages; indeed, he may be said to pass from modern to ancient history, for in dress, manners and occupation the people are much the same as they were in the days of Abraham. Tangier is a beautiful city as seen from the sea—its walls and towers are white and shining in the sun—but it soon reminds one of the "whited sepulcher," full of the dead bones of a decaying, though once chivalrous, race. Its narrow, stony streets, deeply coated with filth and mud, are crowded with a numerous population—picturesque to the eye, but squalid and poor to a painful degree—and as you pass along through the dirty crowd, eager hands are thrust out all around in the hope of receiving some of the "backsheesh" with which travelers are supposed to be burdened. There are no wheels in Morocco. Not a carriage of any kind ever traverses the narrow streets of the cities or the highways of the country. The Sultan keeps a coach and six, but as there are no roads he does little more than drive round his garden. One cart is said to exist at Tetuan, which takes merchandise from that town across the flat belt between it and the sea. With that exception all heavy traffic is carried on the backs of camels, mules and donkeys. This fact alone will show how deep is the barbarism that still exists in this great country, lying, nevertheless, nearer than any other to the very gates of Europe.

The condition of the people is as bad as that of the roads, and may be expressed in the single word "oppression." From the highest to the lowest they prey upon each other, and anyone known to have made money is almost certain to become a mark for those above him. A Governor is appointed to the command of a province, and in due time he has succeeded in grinding out of the miserable people, over whom he rules, a sufficient sum to satisfy the cupidity of the higher powers. Without any warning he is seized and consigned to a dungeon, where torture soon compels him to disgorge his ill-gotten wealth. This is an oft-repeated and thoroughly well-understood proceeding and is publicly talked of all over Morocco. Anyone wishing to verify the fact has only to consult Sir Joseph Hooker's "interesting book published in 1878, in which numerous instances are related. One will suffice, as there is a marked similarity in all the sad cases. Sir J. Hooker writes:

"Soon after we left the main, and were riding along a broad track parallel to the Tetuan River, we came upon a group that for the first time brought home to us an illustration of the true condition of society in this country. A body of armed horsemen, many of them true negroes, were resting beside the way, broken up into lively groups, laughing and chattering together. Among them was a solitary man, poorly clothed, and laden with heavy chains. So numerous an escort in charge of a single man suggested something unusual, and we were led to make inquiry. According to the statement made to us the chained captive was lately the powerful Governor of a distant province, who had offered a stout resistance when summoned to the capital to give an account of his administration. It is well understood in Morocco that such summonses, whether framed as a peremptory order or as a flattering invitation, have but one meaning—that the time has come when it seems to the Sultan or his councilors that the wretched Governor should be 'squeezed,' or, in other words, be forced by torture to surrender whatever wealth he may have hoarded * * * Our prisoner was apparently too formidable a man to be kept safely at Fez or Morocco, and was therefore sent to Tetuan, the extreme limit of the territory, there to undergo such torture as might be necessary to extort confession of the hiding-place of his treasure, unless through ill-judged obstinacy he should die in torments before disgorging as much as might be expected."

These statements as to ill-treatment of the people, and impotence of the law, have received a terrible confirmation in the ghastly story telegraphed from Gibraltar some time ago.

"It is persistently stated that a Moor had died at Wazan from the effects of punishment ordered by the Sheriff of that city. Eye-witnesses state that the poor wretch was placed in position for the bastinado, and that a large quantity of boiling oil was poured over him. He expired after intense suffering."

The Sheriff of Wazan must not be confounded with the Grand Sherif mentioned in this article, who resides at Tangier. It is to be hoped that his highness will insist upon the punishment and degradation of those who ordered such horrible torture.

So well do the Moors and the Jews understand the deadly danger of being supposed to be wealthy that great numbers have applied for and obtained the "protection" of some civilized power—generally France and Italy. Some of them told me they would rather have British protection, but the Minister of the Queen sets his face against this procedure; why, I did not learn. Under the flag of a European power, and necessarily a naturalized subject, a Moor feels safe, and only then.

It is admitted on all sides that Morocco never advances—indeed, there is little doubt that she retrogrades. Why is this the case, so close as she is to Europe, and possessing as she does an immense territory of the most fertile land, with a climate of almost matchless beauty? The answer is not hard to find. This country, blessed by nature with the possibilities of illimitable wealth, is cursed by an execrable and extortionate government, under which all enterprise is forbidden, and the people are so ground down and oppressed that they say they do not care to plant even a palm tree, as they know they will never be allowed to eat the fruit thereof. The people have all the life crushed out of them; and yet they are a patient, long-suffering race, and might be educated and trained to better things. The question may be asked: What has England done for Morocco? Sir John Drummond Hay, Her Majesty's Minister Plenipotentiary in Morocco, told me plainly that England had never done anything whatever for that country, and this, he argued, was why she had no right to demand of Morocco that she should put down her abominable slave-trade, or that she should prevent her wretched prisoners from dying of starvation. I did not quite see the force of this *quid pro quo* argument, but it seemed to satisfy his excellency.

The prisons of Morocco are a disgrace, even to barbarians. The prisoners are not even fed, much less clothed, and those poor wretches who have no friends to give them a morsel of bread simply die and are buried. Sir John admitted that the description given last November in the *Times*, by the Rev. Newman Hall of the prison in Tangier was not exaggerated, though he thought it had an animus against himself that was not justified. Since that date he has insisted that the prisoners shall have bread served out to them, and he sends a canvass out from the British legation to see that this is done. So far, good; but what about the prisons in more remote towns? I am told that these are too dreadful to describe, and it certainly would be well if the English Minister would insist upon these also being reformed, if only up to the still horrible standard of that in Tangier.

His excellency was very frank in answering my questions as to the slave trade and the scandalous sales of slaves in the public streets. He admitted that these sales still go on in spite of the protests from time to time issued by her Majesty's Government. Last year a strong letter was addressed by Mr. Consul White, in the Minister's absence, to the Government of Morocco, calling the attention of the Sultan to these perpetual outrages against humanity. The answer of the grand vizier, lately published in the parliamentary papers, is highly unsatisfactory, inasmuch as he declares the entire inability of the Sultan to stop the sales of slaves even in the seaport towns.

Wishing to learn the opinion of a native of exalted rank, I obtained an interview with his highness the Grand Sherif of Wazan, the highest spiritual authority in Morocco. This august personage is of almost equal rank with the Sultan; indeed, by many he is placed above him, for he is the direct descendant of the prophet, his genealogy being traced back in an unbroken line to Ali, the nephew, and Fatima, the daughter of Mohammed. The Emperor receives him alone among men as his equal, and appeals to him for assistance in times of difficulty, his mere presence during an insurrection having been found of more avail than an army. His authority is recognized in India, Egypt, Arabia, Tunis, Algeria, and, indeed, in all Mohammedan countries, of which he is the acknowledged chief. The Grand Sherif is peculiarly interesting to Englishmen, because, in 1873, he was united in matrimony to an English lady according to the rites of the Church of England, the ceremony having been performed at the British embassy by Sir John D. Hay. This unprecedented step has lately been followed by another almost as startling, the Grand Sherif having only a few months ago become a naturalized French subject. The reason for his so doing is thus described by the Sheriffa:

"My husband has become a French subject. His patience was worn out with the persecutions to which he was subjected, and especially in having all his proteges taken away and not allowed to work for us, the only ones allowed to stay being the slaves, and, as my husband has freed every male and female slave belonging to him, matters would have gone hard with us. I have been trying to persuade my husband to have his estates worked by Europeans, and doubt not that I shall succeed."

The Grand Sherif has a large country residence, in which he lives with the Sheriffa, but he has also a business house in Tangier, close to the new and splendidly appointed Continental Hotel, of which he is the ground landlord. In this house I was received by his highness, and heard his views as to slavery and the slave trade. He stated that the trade was contrary to the Mohammedan religion, and that pious Mohammedans took frequent opportunities of setting some of their slaves free. He himself received presents from the faithful every year, consisting of horses, slaves, etc., and he always set all the slaves free. Nevertheless, they preferred to stay with him.

The Grand Sherif stated it as his opinion that the Sultan of Morocco could, if he chose, not only put a stop to the slave trade, but could easily prevent the sales of slaves in the public streets. He said that he would warmly support any address on that subject forwarded by the British Government; and as he was the highest spiritual authority in the country his influence would have more effect than any other that could be brought to bear upon the Sultan. The Grand Sherif also expressed his detestation of the system that allowed the prisons to be so frightfully mismanaged that the wretched inmates died of absolute starvation, and he declared himself ready to support any effort made by the British Government to procure an alteration. He said "they were a disgrace to humanity." The Grand Sherif is a man of middle age and of a noble and portly presence. He takes a great interest in European and especially in English politics, his wife, the Sheriffa, translating many of the English newspapers to her husband. I had the honor of an interview with the Sheriffa, out of doors, according to Mohammedan etiquette—and this lady told me that her husband thought a decree to stop the sales of slaves from house to house would soon put an end to the slave trade.

One or two slender rays of light have lately gleamed across the dark background of Moorish misrule. The first which appeared was a relaxing of the rigid law that forbade all mining enterprise, or even the search for minerals, in which the country is known to be rich. In 1878, when Sir Joseph Hooker received a firman allowing him to explore the Atlas Mountains, it was expressly stated that he was not to examine any stones or minerals. A few months ago the Emperor granted a concession to some English capitalists to search for coal, and it is hoped that this may be followed by a further concession to include other minerals. The operations have hitherto not resulted in anything very definite as regards coal, but it was a novel and interesting sight to watch a troop of half-naked, swarthy Moors working with untiring energy at a coal boring, perfectly ignorant as to what would happen when the huge chisel cut through the intervening bed of stone. I could but wish success to the sanguine Englishmen and strong-armed Moors, who were thus literally opening up the country. Another hopeful sign in the regeneration of Morocco is the establishment of two weekly journals, *Le Reveil du Maroc*, published in French, and *Al-moghreb Al-aksa* (Anglice, *The Far West*), published in Spanish. These two spirited little papers are ever ready to point out and denounce the many abuses that come before their notice, and they steadily expose the abominations of the slave trade.

Another step in the onward march of civilization was taken by France a short time ago. By decree of the French Government all natives under French protection, or in any way employed under the flag of France, are compelled to liberate all their slaves. This is a move in the right direction. Would that the initiative had been taken by England, who ought to be second to none in her efforts to raise aloft the banner of human freedom.—*Charles H. Allen, in London Times.*

About Building Stone.

The trap rocks of New Jersey will stand a pressure of 24,000 to the cubic inch, which is as great a strain as any will bear. The dolerite from Staten Island is equally powerful, but this is little used, as it is too expensive to use, except in what is called cyclopean architecture, where the blocks are fitted together roughly. Granites are old standbys. The best or strongest come from Westerly, R. I., Richmond, Va., and Port Deposit, Md. These will severally stand a pressure of 17,750, 21,250 and 19,750 pounds to the cubic inch. They are the most desirable of all stones in general use. Red granites come from Scotland, Peterhead, near Aberdeen, and some from the Bay of Fundy. It is the general impression among a majority of people that all our marble is imported, but this is a mistake. The strongest marbles in the world come from the town of Lee, Mass., and bear a strain or pressure of 13,440 pounds to the cubic inch. Tuckahoe (N. Y.) marble stands 12,950 pounds, which is stronger than the Bay of Fundy granite, that bears a pressure of only 11,812 pounds to the cubic inch. Common Staten Island marble bears 11,250 pounds, and the statuary marble of Carrara as little as 9,723. Limestone is valuable for its variety of color. The strongest, 13,900 pounds pressure, comes from about Kingston, N. Y.; that from Glens Falls is much valued, is jet black and takes a fine polish. The gray variety comes from Lockport and the delicate cream and dove tints come from the Athens and Caen quarries. Lighter shades for ornamental work come from Florida and Bermuda. Many of these stones change greatly after being dressed; thus, when the gray Lockport stone is trimmed with the hammer it resembles a light granite and is mostly used in trimming brick houses. The curious cream colored limestone of the Paris basin is soft at first, but hardens rapidly on exposure, growing more durable with age. A stone now being quarried at Topeka, Kas., has the same peculiar property. It is sawed at first, like wood, into any shape and hardens like iron. Our most valuable limestones come from Dayton, Ohio, and are much used by Cincinnati builders. The Chicago favorite stone is the Athens from Northern Illinois. They are all slabs, cut from the beaches or bottoms of the ancient seas of the Niagara period. Ohio produces many of the lighter stones and they are excellent in resisting fire. One of the richest is the St. Genevieve, from Missouri, which is finely stained and straw-colored. Though light, they stand a pressure of 50,000 pounds to the square foot. One of the strangest stones has been discovered at Salt Lake, Utah. It is called Hellfire rock, as, if scratched in the dark, it gives out a flash of light; in other words, under friction it is luminous.—*Utica (N. Y.) Herald.*

How to Work the Onions.

Several days ago, the Governor of Arkansas took a horseback trip through the country, presumably to see how the people were getting along, but in reality, no doubt, to place his skillful fingers on the political pulse, over in the "Yaller Hill deestrict," he stopped at the cabin of an old negro, and when the old man came out and placed his elbows on the fence, the Chief Executive said:

"How are you, old man?"

"Fust rate, bleeged ter yer, sah; how is it wid yisse'f?"

"I am well, thank you. Have you good water?"

"Yes, sah, but it's in de spring."

"How far is the spring from here?"

"'Bout two miles, thankee sah."

"I didn't know, but you had some good water in the house."

"Oh, nor sah! Neber has good water in de house, case by de time we gits it heah it ain't good."

"I suppose not. Say, old man, how are politics in this section?"

"Able ter take kere o' da selves, how is it wid yisse'f."

"What I mean is, how do you think the majority of the people are going to vote?"

"Yas, sah, yas. Gwine ter vote by shevin' de tickets inter de box."

"Of course; but how do they stand?"

"On dar feet, boss, on dar feet."

"Look here, old man, I am asking you direct questions."

"Knows yer is sah."

"And I don't want you to fool with me."

"'Cose yer don't, sah."

"I asked you how the majority of the people in this neighborhood were likely to stand during the coming election?"

"Yas, sah; yas. Likely ter stan' roun de polls, sah; roun' de polls."

"You are an old fool."

"Yas, sah; yas. Same ter yisse'f."

"You don't know who I am."

"Nor sah, nor; mout er seed yer 'afore but doan recolleck de fack."

"I am the Governor of this State."

"Look er heah; yer doan tell me dat?"

"Yes I do."

"Wall, 'fore de Lawd. Come heah, Tildy."

"What yer want?" asked a woman, thrusting her head from the doorway.

"Heah's de Gubner o' de State."

"Who, dat man?"

"Yas, dis man."

"Who said so?"

"He said so, 'oman. What's de matter wid yer?"

"Wall, yer ain' gwine ter blebe eb'ry man whut comes er long, is yer? Silas, dat man looks ter me like de gennerman whut wuz 'rested tuther day fur stealin' er sheep. Uh huh. Now he wanster poke hisse'f off as de Gubner, do he? Come on heah, man, an' hoe dem ingons."

"Mister," said the old negro, turning to the Governor, "yer may be de boss o' de State, an' all dat, but yer dun heard whut dat 'oman said. Doan like ter leabe yer in de lurch, but when dat 'oman opens up her mouf, I haster trot. Gubner er no Gubner. I sees dat's yer's weakenin', Gubner. Dat tells me dat yer's a married man. Good day, sah. I'se got ter hoe dem ingons."—*Texas Siftings.*

Sorrows of a Pugilist.

"Oh, yes, we have an easy time," said a prominent member of the slugging brigade, whose face bore the scars of many hard fought battles in the twenty-four foot ring and with the gloves, to a reporter. "We only have to work from seven in the evening until three or four in the morning, for from $15 to $25 per week. Yes, we make a regular business of it. We are hired just like longshoremen or hod-carriers, have our regular hours, do certain work and get paid for it. You wouldn't think that it was very hard work to get up on the stage there and spar for five or ten minutes time of an evening, but that's because you have never tried it. You think soft gloves don't hurt. Well, perhaps they don't. See this ear?" pointing to his left auricular organ, which was knocked all out of shape, and was swollen to twice its natural size. "Well, that's one of the results of this hippodrome sparring. It's all fixed, and we go in not to hurt each other, but in the heat of debate we sometimes forget and hit a little harder than we intend, and then a black eye, or a cut lip, or a swollen ear, are the results. Then, you see, unless we keep our name up as fighters we are no good and can't get an engagement, so we have to get up occasional glove-fights, and get our names in the papers. In a majority of cases these fights are fixed, and while there is great talk of $250 or $500 or some other sum a side, the fellows who fight get $5 or $10, and the men who get up the fight scoop the remainder. The fighters are generally careful not to hurt each other, but sometimes there's a rivalry or some hard feeling between the men, and then you get genuine 'milling' with a vengeance. You have no idea how hard a blow can be hit with a hard glove. They are little more than protection to the hand, and I can give a good deal more punishment with them than with the bare knuckles. This nose of mine was broken in a hard-glove fight that was intended as a 'joke,' but which turned out to be a genuine fight before we finished up." The aforesaid nose was entirely minus a bridge, and was tilted at an angle of forty-five degrees. "Why don't I leave it? Because I was a fool and went into it, and now late hours and irregular habits have unfitted me for anything else. I haven't brains or education enough for a reporter, and that's the only business that requires the night hours that I am used to. A good sparrer is lucky if he gets $3.50 a night, and they run from that down to $1.50. Some of the boys have been talking about a trade-union and striking for higher pay. We ought to be pretty good at striking by this time, don't you think so?"—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"Why, Sam! How do you expect to get that mule along with a spur only on one side?" "Well, Boss, if I gets dat side to go, ain't de udder beun' to keep up?"—*Oil City Derrick.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Glass made from sand procured on the Geiser ranch, near San Antonio, Tex., is now made in that city.

—An engraver at Versailles, whose name is not given, is said to affirm that he has discovered a method for taking photographs in colors, being able thus to reproduce the colors of the individual or landscape photographed.

—Three stages in the industrial interest of the country are shown in the following figures: In 1831 the value of the cotton-mills in the United States was $40,000,000, in 1870 it was $141,000,000, and in 1880, $208,225,000.

—Silk, which is carelessly treated in dyeing with some artificial colors, loses much of its lustre; as the workmen say, it is no longer silk, "it is changed into cotton." This can be avoided by the addition of soap to the dye bath.—*Textile Recorder.*

—A novelty in the baking trade is a loaf of bread that does not require cutting after it is baked. It is shaped like Vienna bread, and so made as to form layers or slices of uniform thickness, which by pulling gently are detached, thus avoiding the use of the knife.—*Boston Globe.*

—Hog-skin is used extensively for saddles because it is the only leather that all the stretch can be taken out of, and there is no other leather that will stand so much friction and wear so well. All the straps are made of dressed cow-skin. There is little strength in hog-skin, so it can not be used for straps.—*Chicago Times.*

—There is likely to be a revival of the beet-sugar industry in England. Some of the works long ago abandoned are being put in order, and large plantings of beets for sugar will be made in their neighborhood. One difficulty in English growing of beets for sugar is that the growing seasons are so cool as to greatly diminish the proportions of saccharine matter in the root as compared with beets grown in France and other warm climates.

—The cement used in patching the uppers of fine shoes is generally made by dissolving gutta percha in chloroform until the mixture is about as thick as sirup. Scrape and pare clean around the hole to be covered, and thin carefully with a long chamfer the edges of a bit of leather to be applied. Only a little of the cement is needed, but the surfaces must be pressed close together. The parts will adhere firmly in a few minutes.—*Exchange.*

—"Strawberry short-cake flour" is the latest invention of an improving civilization. An enterprising Connecticut firm stirs flour, butter, baking-powder and salt together in proper proportions, evaporates all moisture from the compound, boxes and labels it, and it is ready for use. All the housewife needs to do is to mix the flour with milk, bake it, lay on the strawberries and allow her hungry family to take the cake.—*Hartford Post.*

—Wood is being employed scientifically in surgery in a different form from ordinary splints. A foreigner has introduced wood wool as a cheap and useful dressing for wounds, and it is being prepared extensively as a commercial staple for surgical dressings. It is finely ground wood, such as is extensively used in the manufacture of paper. It is a clean-looking, delicate-fibered, soft, yellowish-white substance, having an odor of fresh wood, and absorbs an immense quantity of liquid.

PITH AND POINT.

—Good will subdues its opposite as water does fire.

—"I wish I was a saloon," said a loving woman to her husband. "Why?" he inquired, with some degree of surprise. "Oh, because you would run in eighteen or twenty times a day to see me."—*Merchant Traveler.*

—A Western zephyr carried a cow a quarter of a mile through the air and set her down in a milkman's yard. He was so scared that he stopped grinding chalk and ran four miles for a rifle to shoot the curious-looking creature with.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Wife—"Do try those peaches, James; you can't imagine how much richer they are since I've made them over." James (who has recently tried stock-raising in Wall street)—"If that's the case I wish you'd make me over."—*Harvard Lampoon.*

—A $10,000 bill is the largest denomination of greenbacks made by the Government. They are of a greenish tint with black letters, and on one side is a picture of—but we are a poor hand at description. Come around some afternoon and we will show you a lot of 'em.—*Philadelphia Call.*

—A little Swedish girl, while walking with her father on a starry night, absorbed in contemplation of the skies, being asked of what she was thinking, replied: "I was thinking if the wrong side of Heaven is so glorious, what must the right side be?"

—Here is how it looked in the programme book:

From mighty Kings he took the spoil,
And with his acts made Judah smile.

Fro miyilyiyte kang z toohoowoohoo woohook th spoloidoil n' we thers-hi miad Judah smiyeihismiyethismiycilile.—*Cincinnati News-Journal.*

—Kate Field is very angry at Felt, a Mormon elder, and has said so in round terms. Now we presume Felt feels as mad as Kate Field, and if Kate feels that Felt feels that way, we must all feel that Kate Field should give Felt a fair field to show how he feels in the matter—and in this way the public may arrive at the cause of the ill-feeling between Felt and Kate Field, and decide who has the right to feel the most aggrieved in this Field-Felt feeling.—*Lowell Citizen.*

—"What was all that scuffling about down stairs?" asked Mrs. Hilboots, as her lord and master strode into the room. "Nothing, but that monkey-faced dude asked for Sarah Ann." "What did he say?" "Oh, he began saying he was speaking from the bottom of his heart, and so on." "And what answer did you give?" "I grew spasmodic, too," answered Hilboots, gently tapping his little angelic No. 12 shoe, "and gave him an answer from the bottom of my sole."—*Atlanta Constitution.*

Our Young Folks.

THE MAGIC SLIPPER.

There lived, once on a time, a long while ago,
In the country of Somewhere or other,
A gay little Prince, who was heir to the throne,
And he had neither sister nor brother.

His hair and his eyes were a chestnut brown,
And no matter what state was the weather,
He wore doublet and hose, and *that* sort of clothes,
And a fine velvet cap with a feather.

He had only one fault, but that was enough:
'Twas this—study he was not inclined to;
And when asked the reason he never would learn,
He would answer he "hadn't a mind to!"

He could scarce read a word, and he could not write;
As for spelling—he could not spell "able!"
And he could not tell nouns from pronouns, nor yet
Say his multiplication table.

As for learning "amo, amas, amat,"
He declared he never would do it;
Though "onery, twoery, ickery, an,"
He could say from the start quite through it.

For you see anything that was nice to play
He had a mind to learn in a minute,
But the thing that looked in the least like a task
He had not a mind to begin it.

The King was much puzzled, the Queen very sad:
'Twas a sorrow they were not resigned to
That the heir to the throne should decline to learn,
Because he had not a mind to.

"This thing must be changed," said the King, with a frown.
"I will send for the Court Physician;
There is something radically wrong, I fear,
In his Highness, our son's, condition!"

So the Court Physician arrived at the Court,
And examined the Prince, as directed;
And he said, as he solemnly stroked his beard:
"I'm afraid that his brain is affected."

"Dare you say," roared the King, in a burst of wrath,
"To a monarch of my position,
That his son is a dunce? I will have your head!"
Cried the King to the Court Physician.

Next the King called a council of learned men,
They were the wisest of all in the Nation,
But they failed to suggest any remedy
After six months of deep meditation.

They were all in despair, when in through the gate
Came a little old woman, as wrinkled
And as withered and brown as an autumn leaf,
Though her eyes like diamonds twinkled.

"I'm wishing to speak with the King," said she;
She was not at all troubled with shyness;
She struck her oak staff on the stones, and explained:
"I've a cure for his Royal Highness."

She curtsied low when she saw the King,
And said, gravely: "I have here a treasure,
Which will cure the Prince of his playing fits,
If such is your royal pleasure.

"'Tis a wondrous slipper; I've owned it long,
It is made of magical leather,
And by faithful use of it I have brought up
Into men seven sons altogether."

Here she took the slipper from off her foot;
Said she: "This is the way to apply it;
You must use it with sharp, quick blows on the Prince,
If your Majesty cares to try it."

She spoke, and then vanished. "Ah, Well," said the King,
"They say there's no time like the present;
I will call in the Prince and give him a dose,
Though I fear he will not find it pleasant."

So he tucked up his gown, and took off his crown,
Leaned his scepter away in the corner,
And then, lest the Queen should be scared at the noise,
Sent a fair maid-of-honor to warn her.

"Alas!" cried the Queen, as she burst into tears,
And sank into a chair made of willow;
While a maid-of-honor at each of her ears,
To exclude any sound, pressed a pillow.

In a minute the slaps sounded quick and sharp;
'Twas apparent his Highness was getting
A pretty good dose for a boy who, till then,
Had had nothing at all but petting.

They set him a lesson to learn on the spot,
Though his face looked exceedingly tragic;
But he learned it by heart inside of an hour,
By the aid of the slipper's magic.

And he studied quite nicely from that time on.
'Twas a cure, though they found it prudent,
For fear of relapse, that slipper should hang
Evermore in plain sight of the student.

—*Eleanor A. Hunter, in Golden Days.*

THE WAXEN BABY.

Gertie had serious troubles at school. She had "no head for figures," as they say, and we know that heads have a great deal to do with figures. They danced and cut capers through her brain till she could hardly remember their names. She always forgot whether "quotient" or "product" belonged to multiplication or division; "plus," "minus," the sign of "equality," and all those puzzling things were hopelessly mixed up together.

She was bright enough in her other studies, but poor little girl! twice she had failed to "pass" in arithmetic, and had been put back to drag through the same dreary old lesson. There were so many other little ones in the family that no one had time to think of Gertie's troubles, or advise her about them, and she began to think she was going to be a dunce all her life.

But one happy day Uncle John came from Boston on a visit. It did not take him long to see, by the pitiful droop at the corners of the mouth and forlorn look in her eyes, that something was wrong.

Uncle John always had time. He listened to all Gertie had to tell, and comforted her by assuring her that the smartest woman he had ever known, who had written, he couldn't tell how many books, knew only enough arithmetic to count up her money when she went shopping.

Spite of all this, though, the fact remained that it was Gertie's duty to learn arithmetic. Uncle John thought she might be able to try harder than ever before if she had something pleasant to look forward to; so he promised her that if she passed next year, he would send her the prettiest present she had ever seen.

And she did. And it came. What do you think is the nicest present a little girl can have?

Uncle John thought so, too. And it was the loveliest one you ever saw! A sweet, bright baby-face in the most delicate wax. Blue eyes that moved, hair not all braided and frizzled and fussed up with bows, but the dearest little silky short curls exactly like a baby's; and a long white dress with a robe front.

It was almost big enough to be twin sister to Nellie, the sure-enough baby, who was four months old. Nellie always laughed and crowed when she saw the cunning thing; thought it would be very nice for her to play with, and wondered why Gertie never seemed to think so, too.

One morning, mamma told Gertie to stay awhile with Nellie, who was sitting in her little buggy in the garden. Gertie brought Rosabella, her waxen baby, and seated her at the foot of the buggy, while she went for some flowers. She was quite sure Rosabella was out of Nellie's reach, but baby stretched and stretched with all her little might, and soon had hold of the treasure.

Babies, you know, are not very wise. This baby thought she could easily put Rosabella's head just where she tried to put everything else—in her rosy little mouth. And she tried and tried, but the more she tried the more she couldn't. At first, she thought it was because Rosabella's head was too large; then she thought her own mouth must be too small. However it might be, she began to cry with anger, partly because she could not do what she wanted to, and partly because Rosabella's face bumped her little bit of a nose.

Gertie came running in sore dismay as she saw what was going on. She felt very much like slapping Nellie's little hands at sight of a few small scratches on Rosabella's pretty face, but mamma came back just then, so Gertie carried her poor darling up to the nursery and sang her to sleep.

Then she heard mamma calling her, so she laid Rosabella in Nellie's cradle, covered her up, and drew the fly-net over her. How cunning she looked there—with her baby hair on the pillow, and one little pink waxen arm outside the cover!

Mamma was wanted in the parlor to see company, and sent Gertie to find the nurse-girl and tell her to come and see to baby. Gertie found her up stairs, putting away clean clothes, and giving her mamma's message, went down to the parlor. The girl was going down for baby, but first stepping into the nursery, she said:

"Sure, it's here she is ashleep in the crathle!" and she sat down beside her and began sewing on buttons as fast as she could.

A black cloud in the south-west was rising very fast. Soon the lightning began to play brightly, and the thunder rolled heavily along the sky.

Little Nellie, all alone in the buggy, thought the lightning very pretty, but did not like the thunder, and whimpered a little.

The callers spoke of going, but mamma said it was only a shower which would be over soon, so they talked on.

Big drops began to fall. Nellie laughed at first, and then caught her breath as they came faster—then screamed as they poured down with a perfect roar.

Mamma fancied she heard something, amid the noise of the storm, and, stepping into the hall, called:

"Mollie! Mollie! Is Nellie crying?"

Mollie came softly to the head of the stairs and answered:

"No, mum; the darlint's fasht ashleep, mum."

Just then there was a dreadful flash of lightning, and a great branch of a tree in the garden came crashing to the ground.

Mamma went out on the piazza, and then her friends thought she must have gone crazy as she rushed out into the storm. Back she came in a moment with poor, dripping, frightened, screaming baby in her arms.

She ran up to the nursery, where Mollie raised her hands, exclaiming:

"An' it's niver the chilt ye have there!" and snatched the fly-net from the cradle.

There lay the beautiful waxen doll. She was still sleeping quietly. Mollie had kept faithful watch over her, rocking her a bit whenever a clap of thunder came, wondering all the time how "the darlint" could sleep through such a dreadful noise.—*Sidney Dayre, in Youth's Companion.*

The Partridge and Her Little Ones.

Walter was walking in the woods with his father. Suddenly a partridge flew up near them, and lighted almost at their feet.

She acted very strangely, bristling up her feathers, and running first toward Walter and then from him, but dodging so that the boy could not catch her.

When Walter walked, the bird went slowly, and when he ran, she would go just fast enough to keep out of his reach, and at the same time lead him on. They went in this way for some distance, when the partridge rose in the air and flew out of sight.

"What made her act so strangely?" asked Walter, as he returned to the place where his father was standing. "I thought she must be wounded so she could not fly; but she went fast enough when she got ready."

"This would answer your question if you knew her ways," said the father, as he showed Walter a tiny partridge which he was holding in his hand.

"Oh, where did you get that?" asked Walter, in delight, as he took the little creature and gently smoothed its tiny feathers.

"I picked it up just as you started to follow the mother-bird. I think there must have been a dozen of them; but they hid so quickly that I could get only this one."

"Why, I did not see any of them!" said Walter.

"No, for the old bird took your whole attention, which was just what she wanted to do. When she had called you far enough from her young, and had given them time to hide, she was ready to fly away. I had seen them act in this way so often that I knew what it meant as soon as I saw her. That was why I was able to catch this little one."

"Can I not take it home and make a cage for it?"

"No; I think you had better let it go. You could not tame it, and it would die in a few days."

"Poor little scared thing! I would not like to cause its death," said Walter, as he carefully placed it on the ground.

As soon as he was released it ran into a thick clump of bushes and hid, and Walter could find neither the old bird nor any of the little ones.—*Our Little Ones.*

The Clarendon.

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

Lotz & Allen,
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION, $2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1884.

THE political caldron is beginning to boil.

THE laying of the corner stone of a masonic hall at Colorado City took place last week. Hon. C. K. Stribbling, of Fort Griffin, was master of ceremonies.

WE saw a gentleman in town this week from Hunt county who says that the crop prospect is far from being good. The excessive rains are the cause of it.

THE assessed value of Abilene property for 1883 was $606,028. For 1884, this year, amounts to $1,335,971, a difference of $729,543 increase. The tax assessed last year was $1,515,07, and this year it is $6,386.45, an increase of $4,870.33. There are 388 white children in the corporation between the ages of 8 and 16 years, and 9 colored. Seventeen of the total number cannot read.—*Abilene Quill.*

The Summer Normal School opens at Belle Plain on the 7th of July. We given this announcement for what it is worth. One circular gives the school to Belle Plain and another to Weatherford. Guess it will open somewhere.—Coleman Voice.

Belle Plain is the regular place chosen where will be held the Summer Normal School commencing next Monday, July 7th. Brother Callan you should read the CLARENDON instead of the circulars. This paper is always authority concerning matters relating to this section.

THE man who the other day called us out to see some tempting fruits and vegetables, forcibly reminded us of the Dutchman who, boasting of a fine quality of new beer, invited a friend in to see it. After pouring out a large glass of the foaming beverage he drank it off at a single draught and handed the empty cup to his friend with the remark: "The best beer in T'exas, if you don't believe it shust smell dot mug."—*Abilene Reporter.*

ALLEN PINKERTON, the world-ed detective, died in Chicago on last instant, of malaria. His life one of adventure, daring and er. He did more to perfect the tive system in this country than other man before or since his He established agencies in al of the most important cities country, and his skill, judg- and talent in ferreting out have left their impress upon all detective agencies in the Unitates. His death may be re- almost a national calamity.— *Herald.*

the last quarter of a century the lation of the United States has n from 25,000,000 to more than 0,000; manufacturing products $1,885,000,000 to $5,896,000,000; the value of farm products from 00,000,000 to more than $10,000,000,000. From this it will be seen that the population has increased 100 per cent, and under the fostering care of protection of high tariff, manufactures have grown 280 per cent.; while wanting protection of any kind and forced to carry a very large share of the burdens of manufacturers, the farmers have been able to increase the value of their yearly products only 166 per cent, in twenty-five years.

A Shower of Fish in Dakota.

MANDAN, Dakota, June 16.—During a heavy rain storm here showers of fish from one to three inches in length fell in our streets. Large numbers of the fish were gathered alive, the aquarium of an enterprising restaurateur being filled with them, where they lived for several days.

Those Cattle Trails

WASHINGTON, D. C., July 1.—The Secretary of the Interior received a telegram from the cattlemen at Dodge, Kansas, complaining that the Cherokee Stock association, who have leased a strip of land in the Indian Territory, traversed by established cattle trails between Texas and Kansas, have closed the trails with wire fences and offered armed resistance to the progress of the cattle drive. The Secretary has instructed Inspector Benedict to go at once to the region of the disturbance and take active measures to open and keep open all established cattle trails found closed.

Supreme Court Decision.

The following decision has been rendered in the case of our townsman, T. J. Walls, which was appealed last fall:

Walls vs. Texas & Pacific Railway Company, Callahan county. Where a railroad corporation instructs its agent with power to employ and discharge the servants employed under his direction, such agent must be considered as occupying the position of the master, and the corporation will be liable for the acts of such agent which results injuriously to such servants. Watts, J.

The defendant having demurred in this case, the demurrer was sustained by Judge Wheeler. The case went to the Supreme court on a question of law and Judge Wheeler's decision being reversed it will come back to be tried on the facts at the next term of the District court.

The Fourth at Baird.

THE WAY THE DAY WAS SPENT HERE.

The celebration given by the people of Baird yesterday was a most brilliant success in every sense of the term. Although only a few day's notice had been given that a celebration would be held here, and consequently the committees had but a short time to work, yet that short time was well utilized and improved.

The same ground was used as on last year, the barbecue pits being already dug, were lined with railroad iron borrowed from the railroad yards here. A large arbor was constructed on the east side of the court house. This was covered with canvas and mesquite boughs. A platform was constructed on the south end of this for the speakers and near it the brass band was assigned a place. Between the arbor and the barbecue pits was placed a long table almost surrounding the carving tables. The brass band boys had constructed another arbor or bower south of the court house for the hall. This was also covered with green boughs, and was floored with two-inch lumber. Four lemonade and ice cream stands were also on the grounds.

At about eleven o'clock a. m., Judge B. R. Webb mounted the stand and made a short, but eloquent welcome speech. Want of time and space alone, prevents our giving a synopsis of the speeches made. At the close of the Judge's remarks, Dr. Duncan followed with an opening prayer, then followed the reading of the Declaration of Independance by Rev. J. P. White. The reading was done in a loud voice and the reader was complimented upon it by many.

After the reading Judge Webb introduced Honorable Mortimer McIlhany, the orator of the day, who entertained the audience with an earnest and impassioned speech, lasting forty minutes. Judge McIlhany's able address was listened to with profound attention throughout and universally pronounced a master piece of oratory. The Judge besides being an orator and a lawyer, is also a statesman of the first magnitude and one who ought to be serving the people in the legislative halls.

After the close of the oration it was announced that dinner would be ready in twenty minutes, which time would be spent in listening to sweet music by the cornet band. When dinner was announced all present partook heartily of one of the best barbecued dinners ever set before any people.

The meats were barbecued under the supervision of Messrs. W. C. Whitley and John Good, who made a grand hit of it. Every pound was cooked to perfection itself. There was plenty and to spare for all present and everyone expressed themselves as more than satisfied.

After dinner the crowd again assembled at the arbor when Judge Webb introduced Rev. farmer J. A. Barnett, a candidate for the office of treasurer. The reverend gentleman is a good speaker and became quite eloquent (in his style of eloquence) in presenting his claims upon the people for the office. Probably the most palpable hit he made was when he said he was an honest man and had a certificate from the county clerk of Navarro county to prove it. (We would not digress from the main subject and notice our opponent's remarks, but the pen is our only mode of warfare, while our opponent's is the pulpit and the rostrum. We were called upon to reply but remarked that we were no speaker but would hold forth as usual, through the CLARENDON which is *our mouthpiece.* He referred to all his opponents as living in opulence and affluence and that they did not need the office, but he a poor farmer needed the office to place him on a higher plane. The inference is, that the others are sharp men and financiers, and in the struggle he is left behind and is compelled to "shove the plow handles" and now begs the people to help him to rise by giving him an office. We never knew before that he had any claims upon the people, but see now that he has. He is a brave man and made light of so many candidates leaving here and going to Cottonwood to celebrate, but he did the same himself—left his home to celebrate here; but he thought there would be no candidates here to confront him.

Mr. C. Estes, also a candidate, was then called upon and made a few cutting remarks in reply to the Rev. farmer.

Judge E. E. Solomon, candidate for office of county judge, was then called upon and made a very good and entertaining speech.

Mr. A. J. Little, candidate for county attorney, was called upon and made a very pleasant and sensible speech eulogizing the farmer and his occupation, and adding many pleasantries, which were lustily cheered.

Judge Webb then announced that the Baird Cornet Band boys had constructed a pavilion and that dancing would be the next order of the day and night.

All in all, the whole celebration was one of the pleasantest affairs we have ever participated in. Not a cross word was spoken, not a drunken man was in sight, but all seemed to have come to enjoy the day and were doing so. It was one general pleasant re-union of town and country people and will be long remembered by all.

In closing we cannot refrain from saying a word for the Baird cornet band. Although the boys have not yet been practicing for two months, still it was thought by many that it was an imported band which was discoursing the sweet strains of music. They have indeed done well, and we feel proud of our band.

The committees all worked faithfully to make the celebration a success and in this they have the pleasant satisfaction of knowing that they were highly successful.

How to Destroy Prairie Dog Towns.

A special correspondence of the *Dallas Herald* at Leadville, Colorado, gives the following as a sure way to depopulate a prairie dog town:

"Having seen it stated in some paper, that in portions of Texas, prairie dogs were a great and multiplying evil, I thought it might be of interest to tell what I know about destroying these pests. Some three years ago, while making a trip across the Continental divide, I stopped for dinner at a roadside tavern, situated in a creek valley; close at hand was a prairie dog town, numbering over five hundred inhabitants. Not long since, I had occasion to stop at the same house, and saw that the small level prairie, once occupied by prairie dogs had been enclosed, ploughed, and was then covered with a luxuriant crop of grass. Seeing no signs of the little beasts, upon asking what had become of them, was told they had been exterminated in the following way: Balls of cotton of rags were saturated with bi-sulphide of carbon—an impure preparation will do and is cheap—pushed far down into the holes, and the holes firmly packed with earth. Bi-sulphide of carbon being an extremely volatile fluid, quickly evaporates and forms a heavy gas, which occupies every chamber and gallery of the animal's dwelling. This gas is as promptly fatal to animal life as the fumes of burning sulphur or carbanic acid gas.

My informant also destroyed in a similar way, several colonies of large ants, of the same species as those found in Texas. He built a fire close to the ant bed, shoveled the earth forming the ant hill into the fire, so as to burn up the ants contained in it with their young, then scraped the surface of the ground clean, and waited a while to give the ants a chance to clear the tunnels from any earth that may have dropped into them. A ball of cotton saturated with a bi-sulphide of carbon was placed in the centre of the bed, covered over with a tin vessel large enough to embrace the greater number, if not all the outlets, and earth was well packed about the tin, so as to exclude air. Next day the tin was removed. He showed me the sites of several beds in his yard where the ants had been killed in this manner. Since then, while in Colorado Springs, was told this plan had been successfully used in California for a number of years; it was used for the exterermination of gophers, yellow jackets and all other burrowing animals and insects.

Every smoker should try "Little Joker."

OVER THE STATE.

Marlin, Texas voted on the school tax on the 2nd, but failed to carry by one vote.

The travel from Texas to places of summer resort in the east is very heavy this season.

A horticultural society has been organized in Pilot Point, and is making quite a success.

The Pan-Electric Telephone Company, of Forth Worth, has been chartered. Capital stock $1,000,000.

Burnet county reports that crops are not so badly damaged by the recent rains and high water as was first expected.

The Farm and Rancher, a magizine devoted to Texas agriculture, is a very worthy publication, located at the State capital.

The crops in Bastrop look very promising. The corn and oat crops, especially, are splendid. Fruit and vegetables were never in such profusion.

SHERMAN, June 30.—Herrin, the assassin of Dr. Barradall, of Fort Worth, was brought over yesterday and placed in our prison, where he remains under the care of Deputy Callahan.

WACO June 30.—Ed. Busby (colored), only three weeks discharged from the penitentiary, was arrested to-day charged with attempting to rape Mrs. Letch, a white woman. The proofs are indubitable, but the woman is a lewd character.

COLORADO, June 30.—A shooting affray took place on Second street to-night between J. M. McKinzie and a negro. The negro was wounded in the hip. Five shots were passed; all by McKinzie. The difficulty grew out of a quarrel in the Senate saloon.

A cold-blooded murder was committed about eight miles from Bellville, Texas, on the 1st inst., in which Zeke Hutchinson killed Bill Simms, shooting him six times with a Winchester rifle. The killing was without provocation. At last accounts the murderer was still at large.

FORT WORTH, June 23.—The Brazos county school lands, 17,000 acres in Clay and Archer counties, were sold to-day at auction in this city by Messrs. Stoddard and Henderson, the counties' agents, and were bought by the Wichita Land and Cattle company at $4 per acre. This is considered here to be the best price ever obtained for school lands in the State.

A man named Jos Edmans, in the employ of Wm. Cameron & Co. at Lampasas, was found dead in Burleson's Creek near that place on last Wednesday. It is supposed he was attacked with a fit, which, it seems he was subject to, and being too near the edge of the water (though only about eighteen inches deep) fell in and expired in this helpless condition.

TERRELL, June 30.—About two or three weeks since a party of men called at Lawrence for Dr. J. D. Stocking, of that place, to go to see a sick man at a camp near by. There were four or five men in the squad, and when they had the Doctor well in the woods they robed him of all the money he had on his person, $3 or $4. They then placed a pistol to his head and forced him to swear that by a certain day he would put $800 in a sack, which was to be hidden under a railroad bridge; failure brought death. The sack was watched by officers, and one Dr. Tyner went to it and took out of it a note Dr. Stocking had written, which stated his inability to comply. Sheriff Wilson to-day arrested Dr. Tyner, and this evening took him to Lawrence for examining trial.

SAN ANTONIO, July 1.—To-night about half past 9 o'clock, a man by the name of Charles Robinette took a dose of strychnine while sitting in front of Jenis Meper's bar-room, and was found by a policeman, who took him to jail and summoned the City Physician, who worked on him with a stomach pump, but without avail. He had a note in his pocket, to which he called the policeman's attention, stating that he had made two attemps before to commit suicide, but failed, and hoped that he would be successful this time. The department commander was notified of the death, as the deceased was an officer of the army before the consolidation, and perhaps the military will take charge of the remains. Robinette was for years a Lieutenant in the United States army and was stationed at Ouachita parish, Louisana, during Sheridan's time of command. He was forty years of age.

"Little Joker" is the best smoking tobacco.

Rates of Announcements

We insert announcements of candidates for the leading election at the following rates, including the printing of name on ticket:

District and state	$10 00
County	7 50
Precinct	5 00
Putting name on ticket	2 50

A sufficiently large number of tickets will be printed free, and the names of those announcing will be inserted without further cost.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For Representative.

J. N. BROWNING

Respectfully announces himself as a candidate for re-election to the office of Representative of this District in the next Legislature at the ensuing November election.

For District Judge.

T. B. WHEELER

Respectfully announces himself as a candidate for re-election to the office of District Judge of the Twelfth Judicial District at ensuing November election.

District Attorney.

I. P. HUTCHISON

Respectfully announces himself a candidate for District Attorney of the 25th Judicial District, at the ensuing November election.

For County Judge.

OTIS BOWYER

Respectfully announces himself as a candidate for the office of County Judge of Callahan county, at the ensuing November election.

E. E. SOLOMON

Respectfully announces himself as a candidate for the office of County Judge of Callahan county at the ensuing November election.

W. H. CLIETT

Respectfully announces himself as a candidate for re-election to the office of County Judge of Callahan county, at the ensuing November election.

County Clerk.

I. N. JACKSON

Respectfully announces himself as a candidate for re-election to the office of District and County Clerk of Callahan county, at the ensuing November election.

County Attorney.

F. S. BELL

Respectfully announces himself as a candidate for re-election to the office of County Attorney, at the ensuing November election

A. W. OLIVER

respectfully announces himself as a candidate for the office of County Attorney of Callahan county, at the ensuing November election.

A. J. LITTLE

Respectfully announces himself as a candidate for the office of County Attorney of Callahan county, at the ensuing November election.

For Sheriff.

J. W. JONES

Respectfully announces himself as a candidate for re-election to the office of Sheriff of Callahan county at the ensuing November election.

L. T. COCHRAN

Respectfully announces himself as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of the county of Callahan at the ensuing November election.

JOHN W. NEWMAN

Respectfully announces himself as a candidate for the office of Sheriff of Callahan county, at the ensuing November election.

For Treasurer.

W. R. LOTZ

Respectfully announces himself as a candidate for the office of County Treasurer at the ensuing November election.

A. M. ROBERTSON

Respectfully announces himself as a candidate for the office of County Treasurer at the ensuing November election.

C. ESTES

Respectfully announces himself as a candidate for the office of County Treasurer, at the ensuing November election.

J. A. BARNETT

Respectfully announces himself as a candidate for the office of Treasurer of Callahan county, at the ensuing November election.

For Assessor.

W. W. OGLE

Respectfully announces himself as a candidate for the office of County Assessor at the ensuing November election.

J. E. W. LANE

Respectfully announces himself as a candidate for the office of County Assessor at the ensuing November election.

W. R. McDERMETT

Respectfully announces himself as a candidate for re-election to the office of County Assessor, at the ensuing November election.

For Commissioner.

S. C. PACK

is announced by his friends as a candidate for Commissioner of Callahan county, Precinct No. 1, at the ensuing November election.

F. W. JAMES, President. A. G. WELLS, Cashier.

The Baird Bank,
BAIRD, TEXAS,
TRANSACTS A GENERAL BANKING BUSINESS.

SCHWARTZ & RICE,
FURNITURE DEALERS,
Market Street, Baird, Texas,
CARRY a full and complete stock of furniture at Fort Worth and Dallas prices, with freights added. Also keep in stock and make a specialty of
Undertakers' Goods.
Special attention given to Repairing and Cabinet Work. vb: 6: 3-m

C. J. ENGLISH
Architect, Contractor and Builder,
Baird, Texas.
Plans, Specifications and Estimates Furnished.
Stone and Brick Work a Specialty.
Contracts taken in Baird, Cisco, Abilene, or in fact any where on the T. & P. line, or vicinity.
SATISFACTION GUARANTED. 6-tf.

J. W. HEDLEY. J. E. M. HEDLEY.

THIS SPACE IS RESERVED FOR
HEDLEY & BRO.,
WATCHMAKERS AND JEWELERS,
AT TURNER'S DRUG STORE.

R. M. Turner,
DRUGGIST AND PHARMACIST,
—DEALER IN—
PURE DRUGS AND CHEMICALS,
PAINTS, OIL, VARNISHES,
WINDOW GLASS. PERFUMERY
—SPONGES,—
SCHOOL BOOKS and STATIONERY
Sheep Men's Supplies. Etc., Etc.
Physicins prescriptions compounded with accuracy day or night.
MARKET STREET, - - - - - BAIRD, TEXAS
4-96y

Grand Opening
—OF—
SPRING AND SUMMER
Goods,
—AT—
PH. SCHWARTZ & BROTHER,
Who have the largest and best stock of
Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, shoes,
HATS, CAPS, CLOTHING,
A FINE ASSORTMENT OF CARPETS.
ever brought to this country.
Call and examine our Stock before buying elsewhere
Don't forget the place
POST OFFICE STORE,
BAIRD TEXAS.

LIVERY AND FEED STABLE,
W. N. WARREN, Proprietor
BAIRD, TEXAS.
HAY AND GRAIN FOR SALE
Also a new and commodious
WAGON YARD.
Special attention given to the boarding of stock.
n 33: 1y

LUMBER! LUMBER!
CHEAPER THAN
Abilene or Baird.
I HAVE STARTED A LUMBER YARD AT
CLYDE, TEXAS,
AND WILL SELL THE BEST QUALITY OF LUMBER AND SHINGLES CHEAPER THAN CAN BE BOUGHT AT ABILENE OR BAIRD.
J. D. CASEY.

—THE—
CRYSTAL PALACE
{SALOON}
Catches Everybody in Pursuit of Knowledge or a
Good Square Drink.
All of the Most Popular brands of WHISKIES AND CIGARS on hands.
J. M. WALKER & CO., Props

NEW
Lumber Yard.
F. P. Shackelford.
DEALER IN
ROUGH & DRESSED LUMBER,
Shingles, Doors, Sash, Blinds, Mouldings, Siding, Ceiling, etc.
PUTNAM - - TEXAS.
no 51: tf.

CALLAHAN COUNTY
CLARENDON.
PUBLISHED EVERY
Saturday Morning
—AT—
Baird, - - Texas.
LOTZ & ALLEN
Editors and Proprietors.

$2 00 PER YEAR.

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

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

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

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

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

$2 00 per year, in advance.

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

CALLAHAN COUNTY CLARENDON JOB OFFICE

You Should ADVERTISE.

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

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

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

IF YOU HAVE
Printing
Of any Description call on
THE
Clarendon Job
OFFICE.
FORT WORTH and DALLAS PRICES
Duplicated in Every Instance
LOTZ & ALLEN
Proprietors.

The Clarendon.

SATURDAY, JULY 5, 1884.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

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

DISTRICT OFFICERS.
District Judge—T. B. Wheeler.
District Attorney—J. H. Calhoun.

COUNTY OFFICERS.
County Judge—W. H. Cliett.
County Clerk—T. N. Jackson.
Sheriff—J. W. Jones.
County Attorney—E. S. Bell.
County Treasurer—J. G. McDaniel.
County Assessor—W. R. McDermett.
County Surveyor—L. T. Cochran.
Cattle and Hide Inspector—W. C. Asbury.
County Commissioner, Precinct No. 1—Jasper McCoy.
County Commissioner, Precinct No. 2—D. L. Callahan.
County Commissioner, Precinct No. 3—E. M. Wright.
County Commissioner, Precinct No. 4—E. Hudson.
School Examiners—F. S. Bell, L. Gould and Otis Bowyer.

COURTS.

District Court of Callahan County convenes on the seventh Monday after the first Mondays in February and September.

Criminal County Court first Monday in every month.

Civil and Probate Court first Monday in January, March, May, July, September and November.

Commissioners' Court of Callahan county convenes on the second Mondays in February, May, August and November.

Society Directory.

Baird Lodge, No. 417, K. of P meets at Castle Hall every Thursday night. John Rice, C. C.; E. S. Braumiller, K. of R. & S.

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

Baird Lodge, I. O. of O. F. meets at their hall every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to attend. Robert Kilpatrick, N. G., James Peters Secretary.

Callahan Lodge K. of H. No. 2271, meets 1st and 3d Monday nights, at the I. O. O. F. hall. Harry Mayer, Dictator; A. W. Oliver, Reporter; Herman Schwartz, F. R.

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

Church Directory.

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

BAPTIST.—Preaching by Dr J. F. Duncan at the stone church, 4th Third Sunday and 1st each month, morning and evening.

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

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

Arrivals and Departures of Mails.

ARRIVES.

From the East	8 45 a m
From the West	6 30 p m
From Belle Plain	5 00 p m

DEPARTS.

Going East	6 40 p m
Going West	9 55 a m
Going to Belle Plain	7 00 a m

Railroad Time Table.

WESTWARD.

ARRIVES.

No. 201, Mail and Express	4 55 a m
No. 205, Pass'gr, dly ex Sunday	4 55 p m
No. 211, Local Freight	12 40 a m
No. 213, Through Freight	10 35 a m
No. 225, Ct'Tex, dly ex'pt Sunday	10 05 p m
No. 220, East Freight daily	6 20 a m
No. 219, Freight daily	1 45 p m
No. 223, Frgt thro' & local daily	7 50 p m

LEAVES.

No. 201, Mail and Express	5 05 a m
No. 207, Pass'gr dly ex'pt Sunday	5 00 a m
No. 213, Through Freight	7 55 p m
No. 217, Daily Freight	2 15 a m
No. 221, Fast Freight	6 55 a m

EASTWARD.

ARRIVES.

No. 204, Mail and Express	8 55 p m
No. 206, Pass'gr dly ex'pt Sunday	10 30 a m
No. 208, Through & Local Freight	2 15 a m
No. 218, Daily Freight	10 00 a m
No. 222, Stock Express	2 55 p m

LEAVES.

No. 204, Mail and Express	9 00 p m
No. 206, Pass'gr dly ex'pt Sunday	10 35 a m
No. 212, Thr'ugh and Local Freight	7 15 a m
No. 214, Fast Freight Daily	3 00 p m
No. 216, Thro'ugh and Local Freight	4 00 a m
No. 218, Freight Daily	10 35 a m
No. 222, Stock Express	9 00 p m
No. 220, Coal Train	8 20 a m

Nos. 211, 213, 213 and 214 run between Baird and Fort Worth.

BUSINESS LOCALS.

16 lbs. sugar for $1, at Ogle's.

Try that genuine Texas corn meal, at S. C. Pack's.

All novelties in ladies hats, at Mrs V. Tinkle's.

Subscribe for the CLARENDON, only $2.00 per year.

For a general line of first-class groceries, call on S. C. Pack.

W. P. Duckett is receiving new goods every day.

We have a car load of Avery wagons for sale. S. L. & A. M. Robertson.

Cameron & Co. have reduced the price of rough lumber to $2.25, for cash.

Try "Tinsley's Havana filled five cent punch cigar." For sale by W. M. James.

WANTED.—1,000 people to apply immediately at J. S. Foy's for boots and shoes of every kind.

For first-class New Orleans sugars and syrups at cheap prices, call on S. C. Pack.

Remember that good bargains can be had in Sugar, Coffee, Bacon and Flour, at Foy's.

Otis Bowyer sells land, and when there is any doubt in regard to the title, the party purchasing is made aware of that fact.

When you want to sell anything call upon the CLARENDON Real Estate and General Agency.

Buy your tobacco from W. P. Duckett. He sells the best brands at prices that defy competition.

If you have land, houses or stock to sell or rent, call on the CLARENDON REAL ESTATE AGENCY, Baird, Texas.

Mrs. V. Tinkle is improving her stock of millinery and fancy goods every day. She invites you to call and see them.

When you want groceries call on S. C. Pack. He keeps a good stock of staple and fancy groceries, and only wants living prices.

LOST—two small pearl handle knives. The finder of either one or both will be liberally rewarded by returning same to this office.

Otis Bowyer does not represent *all* the lands in Callahan county, but he represents *some*, and those he claims to represent, he *does* represent.

When you want something first class go to the Crystal Palace saloon and get a bottle of that fine old O. F. O. kept strictly for medical purposes. It is also a dead shot for snake bites when taken internally.

Call at the confectionery house of Alex. Johnston, Jr. & Co., on First street and smoke those fine nickel cigars. They have just received a large supply.

CHEAP.—I have a few suits of spring and summer clothing, also extra pants, to be closed out at 20 per cent. less than regular price.

J. S. FOY.

S. L. & A. M. Robertson, dealers in Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Clothing, and a full line of Groceries and Stockmen's supplies.

Baird, Texas, June 14th, 1884.

Another large invoice of the justly celebrated Pasha cigars have just arrived at the Crystal Palace saloon. Lovers of a real, first-class smoke should not fail to sample them.

We will pay taxes, render for taxation, buy or sell or lease lands on commission, make collections, and in fact do a general agency business. CLARENDON REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

As you pass down Market street be sure to drop in and see Joe. You will find him in a neat, cosy place and ready at any time to refresh you with good, cool, five-cent beer. Try it and see.

Mrs. V. Tinkle has a neat millinery shop open at Baird, and respectfully asks the ladies of Baird, and Callahan county, to give her a share of their patronage. Millinary work, dressmaking, etc., done to order, on short notice.

All parties knowing themselves indebted to J. A. Scott will find their accounts at W. P. Duckett's and all parties wishing to run on credit in the future with W. P. Duckett can do so by first settling their old accounts of J. A. Scott.

Just received at the new furniture store of Schwartz & Rice, brackets, comb-pockets of every description, centre tables, washstands, woven wire bed springs and perforated chair bottoms a specialty, window shades, etc., etc. Call and see the new stock.

Cameron & Co. have their large sheds and ware-house full of a well assorted stock of good seasoned lumber, etc. Call on them when in need of building material. They can fill bills without any delay, and at low prices. First-class rough lumber 2.25, cash.

Wagons! Wagons!! Wagons!!!

A car load of the celebrated Avery wagons just arrived at S. L. & A. M. Robertson's.

Ladies' Friend.

If you want a first class Sewing machine warranted for five years. The Whitehill is the one to buy.

J. S. FOY agent Baird.

Zephyr and Red Cross.

We have handled flour a long time and have never yet found any that gives such remarkable satisfaction as Zephyr and Red Cross.

S. L. & A. M. ROBERTSON.

Piazzaing Scrubbing Machine.

Cleans and dries the floor with wonderful rapidity and without kneeling, stooping or putting the hands into dirty water, and highly appreciated when exhibited and seen used. It scrubs and cleans the floor and takes up all the dirty water without kneeling, stooping or wetting the hands. No oral or written language can adequately describe the merits of this machine. It does the work better and five times faster than the accustomed way, and simply lays all other implements and methods for cleaning floors in the shade. It is so constructed that, after any am unt of water has been poured on the floor, you can, by drawing the machine over, take up the water and dirt and replace it in the pail. For family use, kitchen, porches, hotels, saloons, offices, halls, stores, restaurants, barber shops, etc., in using it saves its cost every week. Hotels have them by the dozen and will not do without them. It is worth ten times its worth. Remember, this is the only machine in the world that takes the dirty water off the floor without the use of a cloth or sponge and without wetting the hands. 15,000 retailed in Chicago in five weeks. The fastest selling article on earth. For sale by

S. L. & A. M. ROBERTSON, Baird, Texas.

For Sale or Trade.

Twenty-five hundred Ohio and Michigan sheep, 1500 ewes, 200 wethers, balance lambs. Will trade for cattle or horses, and in quantities to suit the purchaser.

P. L. CALLIHAN.

Georgia Red Seed Wheat.

I have sixty bushels of this variety to sell at $2 per bushel. Not more than ten bushels will be sold for any one farm. This wheat measured 32 bushels per acre this season—over 30 last year.

D. RICHARDSON.

Baird, Texas, June 25th, 1884.

The best smoking tobacco is "Little Joker."

LOCAL NEWS.

Wool in large quantities still continues to arrive in town.

Mr. Otis Bowyer has our thanks for files of late Baltimore papers.

Large quantities of peaches are found in the market here at present.

Mr. G. A. McIntuff has the contract for building the Justin Cook residence.

Messrs. S. L. & A. M. Robertson have received a fine new Hall's safe in their store.

Messrs. Hearn & Smith are to deliver their two herds of cattle to-day at Dodge City, Kansas.

Mr. A. R. Coleman of Coleman City was in town yesterday morning, but left for his home. He had been at Austin on a business trip.

Some of the boys went fishing last Tuesday evening and brought in over one hundred pounds of fine fish. They were good for we tried them.

The Episcopal church festival and concert last Tuesday night was a very successful and pleasant affair. About forty dollars cash was netted.

Hammers and saws have been busy making music near the court house. The cause is the building arbors, etc. for the Fourth of July celebration.

Dr. D. J. Wilson and wife expects soon to move to Baird. The Doctor will enter into the practice of medicine here. We gladly bid them welcome.

Mrs. McDonal, the wife of a gentleman employed on the railroad here, died last Wednesday, of typho-malarial fever. She was laid to rest in the Baird cemetery.

Miss Beatty closed the second term of her music class last Saturday at her school room with satisfactory examination before her patrons. She will re-open her school in the fall.

Mr. J. H. Barnett brought to town last Saturday a lot of the finest Irish potatoes we have ever seen in the market here, he says he raised about one hundred and twenty-five bushels on his farm near Cottonwood.

Miss Alice Parish, daughter of J. M. Parish, formerly of this county, died at the residence of her Uncle, Mr. Rufe Parish, last week. Consumption was the cause of the young lady's early death. The family have our sympathy.

Messrs. S. L. & A. M. Robertson have been making some very marked improvements in their store. They seemed to be determined to keep pace with the growing trade of Baird. They now have a double row of shelving in the centre of the building.

Our celebration received some very fine compliments from strangers in our town. Neither at the exercises, the tables nor the ball room was their as much as a ripple to mar the pleasures of the occasion. This speaks volumes for the society of Callahan county.

We are informed that the celebration yesterday at Cottonwood was a grand success. About 2,000 people are said to have been present. A number of speeches were made and all seemed to have a good time. We congratulate our sister town upon her success.

Mr. Justin Cook has been busy this week hauling lumber for his new residence in Baird. He has bought a lot from Maj. D. Richardson, near the residence of Mr. J. S. Foy. We will gladly welcome Mr. Cook and his estimable family to Baird. We need more just such citizens to swell our population.

Messrs. Hearn & Smith, shipped last Tuesday another train of fourteen car loads—285 head of beeves from here, which they drove up from their Coleman county ranch. Mr. Pullen of this place went with the cattle to Chicago. Often marketing he will go to Montana to look at the country.

Miss Fannie Cassidy's school closed last Thursday. She is now making preparations to attend the Summer Normal School at Belle Plain next Monday. We predict she will be the youngest teacher in attendance and heartily congratulate her upon the very successful term of school she has just taught.

Messrs. Schwartz & Bro. have let the contract for building their stone store to the contractor, Mr. C. J. English who broke ground for it on last Wednesday morning. The store will be of stone, two stories high, 27x100 feet. The front is to be of dressed sand stone and iron. When completed it will be the largest and best stone building in town.

Dr. Grizzard left last Tuesday night for Sherman, Texas, where he goes to join his family, who went there some week's since. The Doctor has let his sheep out to Mr. Justin Cook. The former will for the present make his home at Sherman. We regret very much to lose him and family from our county.

On last Tuesday the heat was intense; at 2 o'clock p. m. the mercury stood 104 degrees, being the warmest day ever known in Baird. On the 2d and 12th of July, 1882, the mercury reached 100 and on June 17th of that year it reached 102, which was the warmest day of the year. In 1883 our record shows no day that the thermometer marked over 100 degrees.

Mr. G. S. Hood had about sixty pounds of as nice honey in town yesterday as can be found in any market. He has about fifteen hundred pounds of this honey; the product of about fifty stands of bees. He informs us that bees do as well or better here than in any country he has ever lived in. His honey is put up in patent sections, which makes it very convenient both for himself and merchants to handle.

Mr. Joe Rushing of the XXX Cattle Company arrived last Thursday evening from Terrell with thirteen car loads of stock cattle—447 head—and three horses for their ranch where they were taken by Mr. E. A. Jones yesterday morning. Several gentlemen accompanied Mr. Rushing to this place who are prospecting for lands. The CLARENDON Real estate agency will probably fit them up with good farms, as we have several in our charge.

Mr. Sam Barnhill had some fine honey on the market yesterday. His hives are so constructed that he can put in sections or frames, about four inches square, which after being filled with honey, can be readily removed from the stand without destroying the arrangements of other portions of the hive. This plan has a decided advantage over the old method of having but one or two compartments, which necessitates the cutting of the comb, and also makes it much more saleable and convenient to handle.

We met many of our farmers at the barbecue yesterday and would have been glad to have had more time to inquire after their crop prospects, but being called upon to assist in various ways to see that none were slighted or lacked aught that would tend to make the day pass pleasantly to all, by the committee, we had but little time to chat with them; but it is evident to us that crops are unexceptionally good, from the jolly manner in which they greet their friends, and the entire absence of the proverbial "long face" spoken of in the past, during long drouths.

The fence cutters have been at work again. Last Sunday night something over a mile and a half of Boaz & Battle's fence was cut. A gentleman in riding through the pasture met a man at the gate, who was evidently interested with the cutters. He also heard the nippers at work on the fence within a few hundred yards of him. This was about eleven o'clock at night. The fence cut is the string running north and south along the Albany road. The beginning was made about half a mile south of Elam Dealey's house and it was cut to about one hundred yards of the gate near the mouth of Powell and McKamie's lane. This pasture was not yet completed.

We neglected last week to mention a trip we made to Putnam and Battle Creek, in company with Mr. Justin Cook. We took No. 4 passenger train and arrived at Putnam late at night, and started out for the home of Mr. J. M. G. Baugh. After missing our route and going astray for a mile or two we finally arrived at that gentleman's hospitable home. We were sorry indeed to find that Uncle Tom Bennett was laying quite sick. We remained there until the afternoon of the next day, when we went to Putnam, and awaited a train to go to Baird on, arriving here we sent Dr. Powell down to see the patient. He still remains about the same. We trust the old gentleman may soon regain his former good health.

On Monday of last week we accepted the invitation of Mr. Alex. Johnston to ride with him to the ranch of Messrs. Young & Wilson on a little recreating trip. A pleasant but warm drive brought us to the residence of the first named member of the firm, who joined us and we soon arrived at Dr. Wilson's. Here we stopped to take him with us. The Doctor, besides being a good physician, a successful sheep raiser, is also a fine sportsman and a skilled baker. He had been making preparations for the occasion. He came near loading our vehicle down with loaves of bread that would cause the captain of the queen's kitchen to envy his success. Our party now having added the Doctor to the list started down Hubbard Creek until we reached the Alfred Petty ranch where we camped and proceeded to take some of the fine fish out for supper. The next morning we were joined by Mr. Broyles and Mr. Dodson and two of their cow boys. We had some real fine sport and the hour for our going only came too soon as we should like to have spent a week in the good company of these gentlemen.

Personal.

Mr. R. L. Dunman of Coleman was in town last Tuesday.

Miss Beatty, our music teacher leaves for her home to-day.

Mr. Forbes, of Kentucky, was in town this week looking for ranch property.

Mr. Abe Jesson of Coleman was in town last Tuesday. He brought in two car loads of beeves which he shipped.

Mr. J. N. Alvord a very prominent sheep and cattle man was in town several times this week, marketing his wool. He sold to Messrs. Wright & Seay.

Mr. John Skinner and wife, of Pilot Point, who have been visiting with their daughter, Mrs. J. B. Cutbirth, of Belle Plain, for about ten days, returned home last Thursday morning.

First National Bank of Baird.

We are gratified to learn that the capital stock of $100,000 is mostly taken in this bank and being paid in. Many of the principal citizens in the county have become stockholders and will be intimately associated in its management. There will be in a few days new subscribers in to take up the balance of the stock. This bank, with our county people interested in it, in a business way, will make it eminently a home institution.

Democratic Convention.

ROOMS DEM. EX. COMMITTEE.
Baird, Texas, July 4th, 1884.

To the Voters: A mass meeting convention of the Democracy of Callahan county is hereby called to meet at the court house in Baird, Texas, on Saturday, the 19th day of July, 1884, at one o'clock p. m., for the purpose of selecting delegates to the State Convention, to be held at Houston, and for the transaction of such other business as the convention may deem proper and expedient. A full attendance of voters is earnestly requested.

B. R. WEBB,
Chair. Dem. Ex. Com. Callahan Co.

Barbecue at Cottonwood.

One of the largest crowds ever gathered in Callahan county, assembled at Cottonwood yesterday to celebrate the glorious Fourth. People from all parts of Callahan and adjoining counties were present. The orators of the day were Messrs. Hilliard and McConnel, of Cisco, Dr. Robinson, a candidate for State Senate, and F. S. Bell, our county attorney. The crowd was enthusiastic, yet orderly. After the speaking a bounteous repast was served which was followed by music and dancing. The hospitality of the people of Cottonwood will not be forgotten by the many present.

Our New Candidates.

A. J. LITTLE

Comes forward this week and announces himself a candidate for the office of county attorney of Callahan county. Mr. L. has been a resident of Callahan county for about three years and has for a part of that time been engaged in the practice of law in Baird. He is a man well known here and if elected, will, no doubt, make a good officer. He is the third upon the list of aspirants for this office.

J. A. BARNETT

Announces himself this week as a candidate for the office of county treasurer. Mr. B. is an old resident of the county, living in the neighborhood of Cottonwood, where he has the reputation of being the boss farmer. If he will, if elected, prove to be as good a treasurer as he is a producer of fine potatoes and turnips, he will be a good one. No doubt he will make a good run in the campaign. He is the fourth on the list of candidates for that position. Mr. Barnett says that if elected he will move to the county seat.

I. P. HUTCHISON

Requests us to announce his name for the office of District Attorney for the thirty-fifth Judicial District. Mr. Hutchison is a resident of the town of Comanche and is one of the most talented and successful lawyers in the district. If elected, as no doubt he will be, we think the people can well feel proud of their attorney and the prosecution business will be perfectly safe left in such able hands. He will call and see our people soon.

A son of O. N. Ginn, about ten years old, was badly bitten by a rattlesnake while playing in the school house above the mill on Saturday last in Abilene. The snake was a very large one and had seven rattles. His parents applied live chicken to the bite and used whisky freely before Dr. Turner arrived, who was sent for. The wounds were not bleeding when the Doctor arrived, but he scarified them so the blood would flow; when it did the chickens applied to the wounds received it, turning them perfectly green. He then inserted a hypodermic needle into the boy's arm to inject ammonia into the veins, and before he could finish the operation, there was a green spot formed around the opening which the instrument had made, showing that the blood had become thoroughly poisoned. The boy's condition is very critical.—*Abilene Reporter.*

Now is the time for those who are behind on our subscription to come forward and settle.

Real Estate CLARENDON Agency and Investment COMPANY,

—OF—

BAIRD, TEXAS.

Office Corner Market and Fourth Streets, next door to Court House.

The following is the list of property we have for sale:

THREE LOTS ENCLOSED WITH GOOD fence, good dwelling with four rooms and out houses, one hundred and twenty-five fruit and ornamental trees, lots size one hundred and forty by one hundred. This property is situated in the town of Baird and is a good investment.

ONE FARM 160 ACRES WELL IMPROVED, fifty acres in cultivation, good young orchard, good tank, good situation, near Callahan City, Callahan county. Price $2,000.

TWO LOTS AND HOUSE WITH 2 ROOMS, pleasantly situated in Newton Addition, Baird, Texas.

ONE FINE BUSINESS LOT, ON MARKET Street, Baird, Texas, nearly opposite CLARENDON office. The above is a handsome investment.

ONE FARM 207 ACRES, NEAR CALLAhan City, improved and well watered, and most under fence. Price only $3,000.

TWO BUSINESS LOTS ON FIRST STREET, adjoining Wright & Seay's wool house, Baird, Texas.

WE HAVE ABOUT 225 OR 250 HEAD OF Mutton Sheep lambs, one and two years old for sale at $2.50 per head nett. Are strictly wool sheep, shear to the flock over seven lbs.

ABOUT ONE HUNDRED AND THIRTY Lambs; mixed—good Merino for sale at $2.50 and $3.00.

ONE FARM, 108 ACRES, ON DEEP CREEK, Callahan County, near Callahan City, well watered and well situated. Price, $1,500.

WE HAVE FOR SALE SIXTY HEAD OF Stock horses—30 are mares, 20 two-year old and 20 yearlings. There are 15 colts not included in the count. All are well graded horses, having no Spanish blood. We will sell them at a bargain.

Will buy and sell all kinds of property on commission. Will lease or rent Lands or City Property, render and pay taxes, make collections. In fact will transact a

General Agency Business.

Correspondence solicited and information cheerfully given.

LOTZ & ALLEN.

BAIRD, CALLAHAN COUNTY, TEXAS

A Street Car Boy.

HOUSTON, July 1.—Last evening about 9:30 o'clock, as the Fannin street car was going west comfortably laden with passengers, an incident occurred not exactly in the line of the usual transactions in railroad circles. The car, which was driven by Charles Lamonds, contained several passengers, including three ladies one of whom showed evident signs of being rather unwell. As the car approached Lamar street it was stopped by one of the ladies and the gentlemen passengers requested to vacate. The astute driver, divining the cause of the commotion, unhitched his mule and left the car to the sole control of the three ladies. What transpired during the remaining ten minutes the three ladies only know, but suffice it to say that when the driver was again called to take charge of the car there were four instead of three occupants, the lady in the meantime having given birth to a bouncing boy. When the car reached the corner of Peace street the ladies alighted one of them carrying wrapped up in the folds of her dress, the little stranger and the other supporting the mother. It is not proper or desirable that the name of the lady should be given, but the facts may be easily verified. So much for the glorious climate of Texas.

Ladies improve your smoking "Little Joker."

Strayed, $5 Reward.

TWO head of Horses; one horrel, branded interted K and L, connected on left shoulder, about fifteen years old. One black, branded with a Spanish brand on left shoulder, about 14½ hands high. I will pay five dollars for any information leading to their recovery. Left Leper ranch on Hubbard creek about 1 month ago.

Address, W. L. HUGHES or C. W. ZUG.

Albany, Texas, July 1, 1884. 14-3t

For Sale or Trade.

Will sell for want of use, one thoroughbred

BERKSHIRE MALE HOG,

nine months old. Can be seen at E. E. Chase's ranch, seven miles south of Belle Plain.

9-tf

THE

TEXAS & PACIFIC R'Y.

THE GREAT POPULAR ROUTE

BETWEEN the EAST and WEST.

SHORT LINE TO

New Orleans,

AND ALL POINTS IN

Louisiana, New Mexico, Arizona and California.

FAVORITE LINE TO THE

North, East and Southeast

Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars

DAILY BETWEEN

St. Louis, Fort Worth, Deming, and Dallas, El Paso and N. M; Marshall and New Orleans, Without Change.

Solid trains from El Paso to St. Louis. Fast time. First-class equipments. Sure connection.

See that your ticket reads via the Texas & Pacific Railway.

For Maps, Time Tables, Tickets, Rates and all required information, call on or address,

H. P. Hughes,
Passenger Agent, Houston, Texas.

E. W. McCullough,
Ass't General Pass. Agent, Galveston, Tex.

W. H. Newman,
Traffic Manager, Galveston, Texas.

Professional Cards.

R. G. POWELL,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

BAIRD - - - TEXAS.

Office one door south of the CLARENDON office.

JAS. F. DUNCAN,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office at Turner's Drug Store.

BAIRD - - - - TEXAS.
vol 5 no. 9 tf.

E. E. SOLOMON,

ATTORNEY AT LAW

AND LAND AGENT.

BAIRD - - - TEXAS.

W. H. CLIETT.

(County Judge,)

ATTORNEY AT LAW, and Land Agent.

BAIRD - - - - TEXAS.

Will practice in the District and Superior Courts. no-3-tf

Hotels.

CITY HOTEL,

C. J. MILLER Prop.

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

BAIRD, - - TEXAS

JOHNSTON HOUSE.

Market St., between First and Third Sts.

Baird, Texas.

A. JOHNSTON, Jr., & CO. Prop.

Having thoroughly equipped this house for the convenience of our guests, for we are prepared to furnish them with comfortable, pleasant and secure rooms. Our table shall always be as well supplied as the market can afford, and every care will be taken to anticipate the wants of our patrons. Terms reasonable.

3-1yr.

Miscellaneous.

Estrayed.

ESTRAYED BEFORE J. M. MARSHALL, J. P. Callahan county, June the 14th, 1884, by H. D. Marshall, one bay mare mule, about 15 hands high, branded J on left shoulder and diamond with something dim in it on right shoulder, left eye out, and saddle and harness marked. 13-1w.

ESTRAYED, May 31st, 1884, by W. C. Fowler, all, before N. P. Berry, P. C. Callahan county, one blue horse, 15 hands high, branded window sash on right hip and Spanish brand on left hip and shoulder, about ten years old.

9-6t I. N. JACKSON
C. C. C. C.

Bucks For Sale,

Or to Exchange for Wethers.

300 Texas raised and acclimated bucks for sale or exchange for wethers as follows: Registered Spanish Merinos; also cross breeds, half Spanish and half French, and three quarters Spanish and one quarter French. Our stock is large, round, heavy, hoofed animals and good shearers. About 150 two-years old and over, balance twenty-two months at lambing time.

7-3t McILHANY & DAUGHERTY.

JOB WORK OF EVERY DESCRIPTION EXecuted with neatness and dispatch at the CLARENDON Job Office.

THE STAGE-DRIVER'S STORY.

How General Scott's Life Was Saved and How His Driver Twice Escaped Death.

The traveler of the present day, as he is hurried along by the lightning express, in its buffet cars and palace sleepers, seldom reverts in thought to the time when the stage coach and packet were the only means of communication between distant points. It is rare that one of the real old-time stage drivers is met with now-a-days and when the writer recently ran across Fayette Haskell, of Lockport, N. Y., he felt like a bibliographer over the discovery of some rare volume of "forgotten lore." Mr. Haskell, although one of the pioneers in stage driving, (he formerly ran from Lewiston to Niagara Falls and Buffalo) is hale and hearty and bids fair to live for many years. The strange stories of his early adventures would fill a volume. At one time when going down a mountain near Lewiston with no less a personage than General Scott as a passenger, the brakes gave way and the coach came on the heels of the wheel horses. The only remedy was to whip the leaders to a gallop. Gaining additional momentum with each revolution of the wheels the coach swayed and pitched down the mountain side and into the streets of Lewiston. Straight ahead at the foot of the steep hill flowed the Niagara River, towards which the four horses dashed, apparently to certain death. Yet the firm hand never relaxed its hold nor the clear brain its conception of what must be done in the emergency. On dashed the horses until the narrow dock was reached on the river bank, when by a masterly exhibition of nerve and daring, the coach was turned in scarce its own length and the horses brought to a stand still before the pale lookers-on could realize what had occurred. A purse was raised by General Scott and presented to Mr. Haskell with high compliments for his skill and bravery.

Notwithstanding all his strength and his robust constitution the strain of continuous work and exposure proved too much for Mr. Haskell's constitution. The constant jolting of the coach and the necessarily cramped position in which he was obliged to sit, contributed to this end, and at times he was obliged to abandon driving altogether.

Speaking of this period he said: "I found it almost impossible to sleep at night; my appetite left me entirely and I had a tired feeling which I never knew before and could not account for."

"Did you give up driving entirely?"

"No. I tried to keep up but it was only with the greatest effort. This state of things continued for nearly twenty years until last October when I went all to pieces."

"In what way?"

"Oh, I doubled all up; could not walk without a cane and was incapable of any effort or exertion. I had a constant desire to urinate both day and night and although I felt like passing a gallon every ten minutes only a few drops could escape and they thick with sediment. Finally it ceased to flow entirely and I thought death was very near."

"What did you do then?"

"What I should have done long before: listen to my wife. Under her advice I began a new treatment."

"And with what result?"

"Wonderful. It unstopped the closed passages and what was still more wonderful regulated the flow. The sediment vanished; my appetite returned and I am now well and good for twenty more years wholly through the aid of Warner's Safe Cure that has done wonders for me as well as for so many others."

Mr. Haskell's experience is repeated every day in the lives of thousands of American men and women. An unknown evil is undermining the existence of an innumerable number who do not realize the danger they are in until health has entirely departed and death perhaps stares them in the face. To neglect such important matters is like drifting in the current of Niagara above the Falls.

It is said that boots can be blackened with a banana peel. So can eyes, if you happen to fall right.—*Boston Transcript.*

NOT FIVE DOLLARS FOR DOCTOR IN FORTY-FIVE YEARS.

WATSONVILLE, SANTA CRUZ CO., CAL., Feb. 23, 1881.

I am eighty-four years old and my wife is seventy-seven. We have raised a family of ten children. I have used Brandreth's Pills for the last forty-five years as my only family medicine, and my doctor's bills have not amounted to five dollars in all that time. I have used hundreds of boxes of Brandreth's Pills; with them I have cured my boys and girls of Scarlet Fever, Measles, Croup, Colds, Mumps, Diarrhea and Constipation. I have recommended them to hundreds of other families, and never knew them to fail where ever they were used for disease of any kind. When my wife was seventy-three years old she was troubled with a very bad Cough, and it looked as if she would die with Consumption. She would not call in a doctor, but commenced taking Brandreth's Pills, two and three every night. In three weeks she was completely cured of her cough, and her general health is very good. I am sure that Brandreth's Pills have preserved and prolonged our lives. My health is particularly good, and before I die I wish you to publish this letter, as I want the world to know and profit by my experience. R. S. Day.

Why is a great bore like a tree? Both appear best when leaving.

What will cure Whooping Cough? That is a question asked every day. We can answer that we have found the remedy in Papillon Cough Cure. It never fails, and can be administered to infants without danger. It is perfectly harmless.

"Can the ball-player, who 'steals bases' be called a base deceiver?" asks the *Boston Star.*

If you feel yourself growing weaker, your strength failing, the functions of your body becoming impaired, take warning in time! Your blood is starving for want of nourishment. Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla is food for the blood. It purifies this stream of life and strengthens every part of the body, rebuilds a broken down constitution, produces dreamless slumber, and restores wasted energies and a shattered nervous system. A trial bottle will convince. No other remedy equals it.

Objection is made in New York to drowning stray dogs for fear so many sunken barks may obstruct navigation.

No lady need be without Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound because she is far distant from drug stores. The proprietors send it postage paid by mail from Lynn, Mass., in the form of lozenges or of pills; price, $1 per box, or six for $5. Send for the "Guide to Health" which gives full particulars.

Excursions let a man go cheap to places where he does not care about going.—*N. O. Picayune.*

John A. Smith, the largest merchant in Gainesville, Ga., says: "I suffered for years from the combined effects of Erysipelas and Eczema. I continued to grow worse under medical treatment and by taking medicine containing Potash. S. S. S. cured me thoroughly and absolutely. My appetite, strength and flesh returned as I was cured with it."

Why is a United States Treasury note like a caterpillar? Because it is hard to counterfeit (count-her-feet).—*Chicago Tribune.*

Glenn's Sulphur Soap
Is used in Hospitals as a disinfecting agent. Pike's toothache drops cure in one minute.

A sure sign of rain—leaving home in the morning without an umbrella.

Kidney Complaints, Female Weakness, and Debility are absolutely cured by Papillon Blood Cure.

When an old hen wants to punish a little bee she gives it beeswhacks.

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

The Clarendon.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

BAIRD, - - - - TEXAS.

Havana Cigars and Cigarettes.

Tobacco grown in the historic Vuelta Abajo was for nearly a century even in quality and extraordinarily good. The world had failed to produce anything to compare to it, and Sir Walter Raleigh, semi-literary as he was in his instincts, never had the wealth of fancy to be able to imagine that the stuff he exhibited before Queen Bess could be brought to such a state of perfection as it reached in the luxuriant valley of Western Cuba. But the soil got tired, or the planters thought it did, and its owners began to doctor it with fertilizers. Worst of all, they began to groom it with guano. Guano is all right for the rude potato or the hardy corn stalk, but tobacco is a high bred and delicate plant, a sensitive woman among vegetables. It is affected strongly by little things. When guano was put within its reach it grew all the better, but it drank up the acrid, bitter, strong, harsh essence of the drug, and its leaves, when made into cigars, reeked with the unpleasant taste and odor. The planters came pretty near ruining their gold-producing goose. In years they have not all of them been able to undo the mischief. Now that it has been discovered that fertilizers are not nice to smoke, the planters are not certain what to do. The Vuelta Abajo is not by any means what it used to be, and Cuban gentlemen are loudly complaining that they can not buy anything like the cigars they once were accustomed to. The situation is serious, but not alarming. Cuba is without a competitor in fine leaf production, and only one-third of the great island is under cultivation. There is plenty more good land there and the same exquisite care, incessant attention, wide experience and delicate skill that made the Vuelta Abajo the tobacco garden of the world will do as much for neighboring land when poor Cuba shakes off the misrule that makes her to-day the most pitiable spectacle the earth beholds.

In Cuba, if you ask for cigars in English in a tobacco shop you will get cigarettes. They call cigars tobaccos; cigarettes are called cigarros. Cigars are exceedingly cheap there. The famous Henry Clays, which in this country command thirty cents, and are not then sure to be genuine, sell there for $10 a hundred. You can get very good cigarettes for four or five cents, and the favorites with gentlemen of taste, the great black Brevas, sell for six to eight cents singly. These Brevas are certainly delicious on top of a hearty dinner. They are not pretty. They are rough, coarse, badly made, in appearance, and are usually twisted a little awry. But, as the Irish say, they have the real stuff in them. Russia, which, in all the markets of the world, is the most tasteful buyer, and carries the best of everything, manages to get all the best Brevas. America could have them, but America is not a good buyer. She considers the looks of things rather than the quality. They tell the most astonishing stories about cigars in Cuba, investing them with brains, stomach, and nerves. Every Cuban will positively assure you that if you let a cigar get old and dry you run a risk of its having acquired diseases, vices, and bad habits. They say it may get obstinate and smoke crooked; it may have drunk in bad odors and made itself sick. They positively assert that cigars get sea-sick on the ocean, and in that condition are not fit to smoke. But seasickness greatly improves them. It purges them, and ten days or two weeks after they have been landed they are so greatly improved as to be worth half as much again as they were before they went to sea. The consequence is that the Cubans in New York who had cigars sent to them from home are envied by their friends in Cuba, and I heard of at least one case of a man in Havana who has all his cigars sent on voyages up or down the coast and back again before he smokes them or offers them to his friends.

Cigarettes are sold at two packages for five cents in Cuba. The Cabanas are the best. The Cubans open the ends, unroll them, and roll them up again. In the Honradez factory the new American and French machinery for making ready-rolled cigarettes has been introduced. The machines turn out 1,500 pretty little cylinders of paper loaded with tobacco every hour. But I did not see any Cuban smoke one. I asked an old smoker why this was, and told him that cigarette-smoking was never popular in this country until the trick of making them all ready for use was put into practice. "Well," said he, "they will never be popular here. We like to unroll the cigarette and see what it is made of, and we like to roll it up again so as to be sure it is rolled just right." It really seems to me a mercy that this is the case, for the people would smoke themselves into solid mahogany if it were not for this practice. The time they take to unroll and roll their cigarettes is the only rest their bodies get while they are awake. While walking along the streets of Havana as you glance into the open houses, you will frequently see in the big, cool hallways a man seated by a little table rolling cigarettes. He will be pleased to have you walk in and look at him. He has a heap of small pieces of straw paper and a mound of black, flaky tobacco, and his hands twinkle in the rapidity of their movements. He wears a strange-looking brass thimble on one finger, and by a poke and a dab with this he folds and presses in the ends of the paper on each cigarette. Thus are the workmen of the cigarette factories scattered all over the city. Each man gets a certain number of sheets of paper and a certain weight of tobacco—sufficient for the manufacture of 3,000 cigarettes a day—the usual product of an active man's spare time. The paper and the tobacco are weighed before he gets them, and he must bring back cigarettes of exactly that weight. These workmen are the hall porters of the private and business houses, and earn a little extra sum in this manner.

The high-priced cigars that I saw in Havana sold at wholesale for $600 a hundred. They were about ten inches in length by an inch thick at the fullest part. They were jet black, and very smoothly made. Each one was wrapped in silver foil. The value of them seemed to lie in the variety of perfect leaves of the great size required for their manufacture.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—A play founded on Jesse James's murderous exploits so fired the minds of some Brooklyn youth that they organized under the banner "Death to All Dudes." After assaulting several well-dressed children, two of whom they injured with penknives, they were arrested.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Glass floors are being laid in the stores of paris.

—Passenger elevators are still rare in Europe. A few of the principal hotels in London have them.

—The most remarkable known echo is that on the north side of a church of Shipley, Sussex. It repeats twenty-one syllables.

—One of the queerest army corps in the world is that of the Norwegian skaters. They are armed with rifles, which they can use with great precision while skating.

—From cork chippings once thrown away, thousands of yards of linoleum are now made at Delmenhorst, Germany, where the industry is becoming quite important.

—Miss Millie Edwards, aged seventeen and weighing seven pounds, was married to Frank J. Flynn, aged twenty and weighing nine pounds, at Manchester, England, the other day.

—The Turks have a superstition that an angel has charge of each hair of the beard, and for that reason they break and bury each one which falls that the angel may be set free from his task.

—The dress which the Queen intended to, but did not wear at the royal wedding, is described as a marvel of the modiste's art. The material was black moire antique, with a silvery thread running through it, interwoven with the fabric. A special loom had to be made for it, and its cost was £5 per yard.

—Mme. Auban-Moet, the wife of the Parisian wine merchant, died a short time ago at Seville, leaving a fortune of 60,030,000 francs. In her will she said: "I bequeath all of my fortune to my husband, but in case he should refuse to accept it, or should die before I do, all of my fortune shall go to Prince Victor Napoleon Bonaparte." The husband accepted the fortune.

—An English doctor reports the case of a lady who had a regularly recurring series of abscesses upon the ankles. On entering her sitting-room one day he noticed a pair of her shoes, and, on the impulse of the moment, he directed his patient to use a large, broad-heeled shoe. She did so, and has had no trouble for two years. Her former shoes had a long, tapering heel, set nearly in the middle of the sole.

—A terrible accident occurred recently at Auxonne, of which one of the men connected with a menagerie which is being exhibited there lost his life. It appears that the man was showing the wild beasts to some friends, and in passing before a cage containing a lion and two lionesses he put one of his arms between the bars for the purpose of stroking the lion's mane. The lionesses immediately sprang at the man's arm, in which they buried their claws, while the lion by a snap of his teeth, severed the arm clean from the shoulder. The man was taken away by other attendants, and he died in hospital soon after.

Burning of the Dead.

As much interest is being evinced just now in the cremation question, the following account of some methods of burning the dead are apropos.

Here is an account of a cremation ceremony which took place in Siam, where only those are buried who can not pay the fees. To be cremated in Siam must be a pleasure. When the time for the funeral arrives the body is laid in a receptacle on the summit of a stately pyramid, the form and material of which indicate the wealth and position of the deceased. It is thickly gilded, and receptacle lined with plates of solid gold when the body has belonged to one of royal lineage and well-filled coffers. The last is quite as essential as the first to a gorgeous Oriental funeral since for rank without money an East Indian has ever the most profound contempt. Both requisites were fortunately united in the person of the queen mother of King Pra-Nang-Klau. At the funeral of this aged Queen there was such a display of Oriental magnificence as rarely falls to the lot of western eyes to witness. The embalmed body lay in state under a golden canopy for eight months; the myrrh, frankincense and aromatic oils used in its preparation cost upward of £1,000, and the golden pyre above £20,000. The hangings were of the richest silks and velvets, trimmed with bullion fringe and costly lace, and the wrappings of the body of pure white silk, embroidered with pearls and precious stones. Incredible quantities of massive jewelry decked the shrunken corpse, and a diadem of glittering gems cast its prismatic radiance over the withered features. Tiny golden lamps, fed with perfumed oil, burned day and night around the pyre, while every portion of the vast saloon was decorated with rare and beautiful flowers, arranged in all the various forms of crowns, scepters, temples, angels, birds, lanterns, wreaths and arches, till Flora herself might have wondered at the boundless resources of her domain. Day and night musical instruments were played, dirges wailed forth and prostrations perpetually performed, while twice every day the King, attended by his whole court, made offerings to the departed spirit, beat his breast, tore his hair and declared life "utterly unendurable without the beloved one."

Here is an account of a cremation among the North American Indians, the Cocopa tribe, on the Colorado River. A short distance from the collection of thatched huts which composed the village a shallow ditch has been dug in the desert, in which were laid logs of the mesquite (prosopis and strombocarpus) hard and dense wood, which makes, as all western campaigners know, a very hot fire with little flame or smoke. After a short time the body was brought from the village, surrounded by the family and other inhabitants, and laid on the logs in the trench. The relatives, as is usual with the Indians, had their faces disfigured with black paint, and the females, as is the custom with other savages, made very loud exclamations of grief, mingled with what is supposed to be funeral songs. Some smaller fagots were then placed on top, a few personal effects of the dead man added, and fire applied. After a time a dense mass of dark-colored smoke arose, and the burning of the body, which was not emaciated, proceeded rapidly. I (says the eye-witness) began to be rather tired of the spectacle, and was about to go away, when one of the Indians, in a few words of Spanish, told me to remain, as there was something yet to be seen. An old man then advanced from the assemblage with a long pointed stick in his hand. Going near to the burning body, he removed the eyes, holding them successively in the direction of the sun, with his face turned toward that luminary, repeating at the same time some words which I understood from our guide were a prayer for the happiness of the soul of the deceased. After this more fagots were heaped on the fire, which was kept up for perhaps three or four hours longer. I did not remain, as there was nothing more of interest, but I learned on inquiry that after the fire was burned out it was the custom to collect the fragments of bone which remained and put them in a terra-cotta vase, which was kept under the care of the family.

The modes of disposing of the dead are many and curious. The Hindoos, for instance, expose their dead on the banks of the Ganges and the Hooghly to be carried away by alligators. The Parsees expose their bodies upon high gratings to feed the birds of prey. Verts advocates burial at sea and pictures the "dead ship daily departing from the strand with its lifeless burden, and reverently and prayerfully committing the bodies to the deep." The only people who practice sea burial are the aborigines of the Chatham Islands. When a fisherman there departs this life they put a baited rod in his hand, and after lashing him fast in a boat, send him adrift to sea. According to Mr. Eassie, a method of putrefaction has been broached, but has met with no success. The system pursued by the ancient Peruvians was ingenious and apparently effective. It consisted of piling up coffins of plaster in pyramid fashion. One, carefully examined, measured over 3,600,000 cubic feet, and was one mass of half-mummified bodies. For burial in the earth the most consistent advocates are the Chinese. Then there is embalmment, and an analogous process which consists of drying up the body and then interring it. A tribe in South Australia place their deceased in a sitting posture near the top of the hut, and keep up the fire until it is dry, when they proceed to bandage it, eventually hiding it away in the branches of trees.

The following compilation from a burial service of the Brahmins, who are the priests of all the other castes of Hindoos that burn their dead, may prove interesting to the reader. It is extracted from the "Sacred Anthology:"

O Earth! to thee we commend our brother; of thee he was formed, by thee he was sustained, and unto thee he now returns.

O Fire! thou hadst a claim on our brother during life; he subsisted by thy influence in nature; to thee we commit his body, thou emblem of purity, may his spirit be purified on entering a new state of existence.

O Air! while the breath of life continued our brother respired by thee; his last breath is now departed; to thee we yield him.

O Water! thou didst contribute to the life of our brother; thou wert one of his sustaining elements; his remains are now dispersed; receive thy share of him who has taken an everlasting flight.—*Philadelphia Times.*

Domestic Recipes.

How to prevent bread from becoming mouldy—Give it to your poor neighbor who keeps hens.

How to skim milk—No directions are needed. The milkmen and grocers seldom neglect to perform this service for their customers.

How to prevent ingrowing nails—Remove the fingers and toes with a broadaxe. One treatment is sufficient for a lifetime.

How to keep meat fresh—Don't put any salt on it.

How to make old garments look as good as new—Give the old garments to your poor relation. If you can not convince her that they are as good as new, it is no harm to try to do so.

How to keep children from soiling their clothing—Keep the children locked up in the bureau drawer. This is an invaluable recipe, and may always be depended upon when all others fail, as all others assuredly will.

How to prevent iron from rusting—This is done simply by keeping the metal free of oxide.

How to kill moths—First catch your moth. Then take the insect between the thumb and finger of the left hand, and with the right thumb and finger gently but firmly remove the head and throw it into the kitchen fire. When this is done to a turn, add the body, first taking the precaution to stir the coals vigorously from below with a poker. This remedy is never known to fail.

To rid a house of roaches—Sprinkle your furniture liberally with insect powder—almost any kind will do—and then remove the furniture to another dwelling. When you get to rights in your new home, you will find reason to believe that the house from which you removed is thoroughly rid of roaches.

How to keep paint clean—Furnish your children with bread and molasses, and give them free run of the house. The paint will very soon become so well covered with treacle and the earthly particles which inevitably environ the hands of the little ones, that it will be perfectly protected from the danger of becoming soiled. Paint can in this way be kept clean indefinitely.

How to build the kitchen fire. This is an operation that should never be attempted by a man. If the mistress of the house has a bad temper, the experiment should be given into her hands. But generally it is well enough to permit the domestic to undertake it. The operation is performed in this wise: First put in the coal, next the kindlings, and finally the shavings or paper. Apply a lighted match to the last-named substance, and when it is in a brisk blaze, pour into it your kerosene. If this is done properly you will have a splendid fire, unless the fire engines arrive too quickly. The only objection to this method lies in its excessive wear and tear of domestics.

Mrs. Homespun's recipe for plum cake: Take some flour and put it into something; then add some butter, rubbing it into the flour; beat up your eggs and pour them in; add your sugar and molasses and raisins. Put into something and bake it until it is done. Those are exactly the directions given by Mrs. Homespun, taken down verbatim, and they are so simple that the most inexperienced housewife need not go astray.—*Boston Transcript.*

—It is too bad, says Burdette, in the Brooklyn *Eagle*. Genius never has half a chance. Just as Fitzgerald was the focus of fifty million pairs of eyes, and any party was ready to run him for President, this flurry on Wall street comes along and distracts attention from the walking match. It is the opinion of many of our best citizens that that is just what the whole Grant & Ward furor was got up for. Much good it does a man to blister his feet in such a country as this, where a clique of gambling stock-jobbers can make the nation turn its back upon a stone bruise the size of a walnut, and a noble heel with a callous spot as thick and tough as a piece of pie attracts less attention than a $4,000,000 failure. Oh, shame, where is thy rich English complexion?

HOME AND FARM.

—Pack the dirt around the trees that were set last fall.—*Cincinnati Times.*

—Young clover should never be pastured. It is so tender a plant while young that the tramping of hoofs will greatly injure, if not destroy it.—*Prairie Farmer.*

—There is no variety of apples that suits the entire country. This fruit has certain kinds adapted to particular sections, and in setting out an orchard this fact should be considered.—*Troy Times.*

—Doughnuts: One cup of sugar, one cup of sour milk sweetened with soda, three eggs, spice; mix soft. Roll and cut in rings and fry in boiling fat. Dip each one in powdered sugar immediately on taking from the fat.—*The Household.*

—To clean the waste pipes leading from the sink, pour down them a strong solution of potash dissolved in hot water. Be very careful that none of this mixture gets on your hands or clothing, as it will destroy all animal matter that it comes in contact with.—*Exchange.*

—It is, of course, a matter of taste alone, but when a delicate and very light white cake can be made with five eggs, it seems like unnecessary expenditure to use eleven. If care is taken in making the cake the one with fewer eggs will often be relished more than the light and puffy "Angel's food."—*Boston Post.*

—George W. Walz writes to the *Fruit Recorder* that he has boiled leaves and stems of tomato plants until the juice is all extracted, and finds the liquor deadly to caterpillars, lice and many other enemies of vegetation. It does not injure the growth of plants, and its odor remains for a long time to disgust insect marauders.

—Never permit sheep to be pastured with cows. They do not agree nearly as well as horses and sheep do. Their habits in the pasture are much the same, but it is better to pasture sheep by themselves without having any company for them. They do not take kindly to other animals, though a single sheep, if separated from a flock, will soon learn to accompany the cows, and seem to be as much at home with them as one of their own members.—*Cleveland Leader.*

Fruit on the Farm.

There is nothing that makes farm-life more attractive than a generous provision of such fruits as are easily grown on the average farm. No farmer's family need be denied a plentiful supply of hardy, wholesome fruits; yet comparatively few enjoy this privilege, which like many another, is within easy reach of the humblest farmer in this whole broad country. All are not able to purchase high-priced nursery stock to any great extent, but there are other ways of getting a supply of common fruits for the garden and orchard, where the planter does not feel able to purchase direct from the dealers.

There are fruit growers in every neighborhood who would be glad to help a new beginner to such slips and cuttings as he had to spare, and which would otherwise be trimmed off and thrown away. The Germans frequently establish large fruit gardens and orchards with no delay but the time spent in setting out and cultivating. They learn to graft desirable varieties, of which they have obtained slips or scions, into their own home raised, hardy seedling stocks. They thus add to their horticultural knowledge and skill, and at the same time greatly increase their supply of fruit. By working into the business in this way, a little at a time, they are wonderfully successful, seldom losing trees, for their experience grows with the growth and increase of the orchard. Some of the best gardeners of my acquaintance are Germans, who have learned the practical art of gardening and fruit-raising from long years of personal labor and experience.

Many of their American brothers might very profitably follow their example in this respect, but to the average American there seems to be something very unsatisfactory or distasteful in this way of gathering fruit about him. He would rather go without fruit for years until he is able to buy a big lot from a nursery, and thus do things on the grand American scale. Now this might do if he could only buy the knowledge and experience in the same manner that will be needed to successfully carry out his liberal plans. He goes into the work, however, with a great deal of enthusiasm and large expectations. At the start he probably does the best that he can, considering his experience and circumstances. Of course it is not to be expected that he will do the work properly, and we can very charitably forgive him for all the blunders he makes, but Dame Nature has laid down certain memorable laws, and failure is the penalty for violation of these. So, however well a man means, and however earnestly he tries to assume in a day, or a year, a position which only a life-time of experience can fit him for, disappointment and loss will surely be his portion for a time. We all have to creep before we can walk, you know.

Many farmers hold back on account of the long time that must elapse before they can realize any returns in the way of fruit from orchards newly planted. It certainly does require an outlay of capital, with no immediate returns, but the sooner the outlay is made the sooner will the returns come in. It should be one of the first pieces of work performed upon coming into the possession of a farm. There is no other way that we can get so great a return from a small piece of land as by judiciously setting it out to fruit trees and bushes.

Small fruits can be raised while we are waiting for the trees to come into bearing. A good supply of them can be obtained the second year after setting out. Raspberry, blackberry and gooseberry plants can be got for $2.50 or $3 per hundred now, and others alike reasonably. No one need go without small fruits when bushes can be had for two and one-half cents each. I recollect once buying half a dozen gooseberry bushes and paying seventy-five cents apiece for them, which was the usual price at that time. I never regretted the investment, however, and would to-day pay five times that price rather than go without.

The farmer need not buy many plants to start with, as they can be made to multiply very rapidly. The main thing is to take good care of what is started. This does not require any very great amount of labor, but it is a work that will not bear slighting. They can't be stuck in rows along the fence, and left to take their chances among the weeds and grass. They need a rich, mellow soil, clean cultivation, and constant mulching. It is often a good plan to plant them among young trees, where the slight shade they get is beneficial, and where they are somewhat sheltered from driving storms.—*W. D. Boynton, in Prairie Farmer.*

An Expensive Boot-Jack.

A Belgian hotel-keeper is especially "sweet" on Russian customers. "They are large, see you," he states; "they dispute not the accounts. Once lodged himself with me a Count ——," he relates. "When he arrived I was not; I returned home from my circle; my wife was all frightened. She cry to me: 'Go speak to the Mister Russian; he beat all the waiters; he is in anger; but what an anger!' I asked of what it is question. One tells me the Count he insists that the waiters take him off his boots. They are brave Belgians; they will not. He strike them and say stern follies. I had courage; I, I feared me not of him. I go to his room, and say: 'Mr. the Count, I am the proprietor; what will you?' 'Sir,' he says, 'I will thank you pull me off the boots!' My first sentiment is to give him a smack; but I master myself, and say, 'Wait only two minutes, Mr. the Count; I have an order to give.' So I run to my wife, and tell her to give me my dress coat, my gloves gray-pearl, my gibus, my pantaloons black. In two minutes behold me of great *tenue*. I go back to the Count; I say to him, 'Only in dress of gala can the proprietor of this hotel take off your boots.' Sacré, my faith, I take him them off in one, two. He raise himself, bow himself, and thank me very politely. By and by, in three weeks, he ask for his bill. I insert he on it as extra: 'For taking off Mr. the Count's boots by the proprietor in a dress coat and gray-pearl gloves, 100 francs.' He frown his eyebrows when he read that, but he not say a word. He pay that addition integrally. Never he ask me more to serve him as a pull-boot."—*Cor. London News.*

True Economy.

Jones—"Ah, my dear fellow, I'm so glad I met you. Wife and I find that housekeeping is ruinously expensive and we want advice."

Smith—"What about, particularly?"

Jones—"Well, for one thing, the gas bill has been fearfully high. I can't stand another one like it, and will only use it hereafter on the first floor. I want to get lamps for up-stairs, but wife is afraid of them. She wants candles, but I know they burn up so fast as to be almost as expensive as gas and not a quarter so good."

Smith—"Very true."

Jones—"Now you have had a great deal of experience keeping house on a small income, and know all about how to economize, don't you?"

Smith—"I should say I did."

Jones—"Well, now, there's a good fellow, just tell me what you have found the cheapest light to go to bed by."

Smith—"Moonlight."—*Philadelphia Call.*

—There are few, very few, that will own themselves in a mistake, though all the world deem them to be in downright nonsense.—*Swift.*

The Big Brewery.

Mr. J. Hirsch, College Point Brewery, L. I., N. Y., writes that he employs a large number of horses and hands, and having tried St. Jacobs Oil, the great pain-cure, for rheumatism, aches and pains of his men, and for galls, splints, thrush, wind-galls and other affections of his horses, finds it superior to all remedies, and would not be without it.

Men who hate long sentences—Criminals. This is a Life sentence.

Insurance.

Insurance is a good thing whether applied to life or property. No less a blessing is anything that insures good health. Kidney-Wort does this. It is nature's great remedy. It is a mild but efficient cathartic, and acting at the same time on the Liver, Kidneys and Bowels, it relieves all these organs and enables them to perform their duties perfectly. It has wonderful power. See advt.

Is it proper for an old toper to speak of his drunken companion as his booze-um friend?—*Gouverneur Herald.*

You will be Happy. Make your old things look like new by using the Diamond Dyes, and you will be happy. Any of the fashionable colors for 10c. at the druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt.

It is leap year and every good girl should have a fair prize.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is a certain cure for that very obnoxious disease.

An auctioneer, in a recent hand-bill, advertises for sale "a large quantity of oil paintings "by some of the ancient masters of the day."

The correspondents all agree that the story that the conventions in Chicago were to be held in the discarded show of a local belle was a malicious fabrication, concocted in St. Louis for campaign purposes.—*Boston Globe.*

There is nothing original about an egg. It simply follows in the beaten track.—*The Judge.*

A Philadelphia paper says: "A man wearing a straw hat was seen yesterday." Philadelphia is, generally a quiet city, but once in a great while something extraordinary does take place there.—*Boston Post.*

Why is a child whose father and mother have neither brothers nor sisters like a riddle that can not be solved? Because it has no aunt, sir.

Why is a list of musical composers like a saucepan? Because it is incomplete without a Handel.—*N. Y. Ledger.*

Edith: The best way to tame a mouse is to throw it crumbs and then refrain from jumping on a table and screaming when it ventures out.—*Philadelphia Call.*

Mark Twain is learning to ride the bicycle. He will soon give an exhibition of innocence abroad.—*Lowell Citizen.*

The report that there are no pins in China is all a mistake. The wife of the Chinese Minister is named Ah Pin.—*Philadelphia Call.*

A thief who lately broke open a grocer's warehouse, excused himself on the ground that he went to take tea.

The Carlisle Indian School is very exclusive. Only descendants of the oldest American families are admitted.

When the bettor says "money talks," he means silver money, because silence is golden and speech is silver.

BLAINE & LOGAN. Best Steel Portraits. Agents wanted.

HAIR Wigs, Waves sent c.o.d. anywhere. Wholesale & Retail Price-list free. E. C. Strehl, 157 Wabash av., Chicago.

CHICAGO SCALE CO. 151 South Jefferson Street, Chicago, Ill. 2-Ton Wagon Scale, $40; 4-Ton $60. "Little Detective," $3. Send for Price List.

BRYANT & STRATTON'S Business College, St. Louis, Mo. Short-hand by mail on the short-hand machine. Graduates assisted in getting employment.

NO Peddling, DELUSION, OUR SOLID QUIET HOME BUSINESS PAYS YOU 300 PER CENT. PROFITS. DRY PROCESS PH. CO., 183 & 185 Canal St., N. Y.

AMERICAN SAW COMPANY Send for Catalogue. Trenton, N. J.

Wanted Agents to sell Antique Bronze Medallions of Presidential Candidates, BLAINE, LOGAN and BUTLER, now ready. True Likenesses. Mounted. For terms address ANTIQUE BRONZE CO., Bridgeport, Conn.

$250 A MONTH. Agents Wanted. 90 best selling articles in the world. 1 sample FREE. Address JAY BRONSON, Detroit, Mich.

WANTED Agents for the Authorized Official Campaign BOOK. BLAINE AND LOGAN. Profusely illustrated with Steel and Wood Engravings. Price only $1.50. Book sells for $2. For every 10 copies ordered, will give as premium a complete Gazetteer of the U. S. PEOPLE'S PUB. CO., Chicago.

LIVER ST. BERNARD VEGETABLE PILLS. The Best Cure for Liver and Bilious complaints, Costiveness, Headache and Dyspepsia. Price 25c. at Druggists or by mail. St. Bernard Pill Makers, New York.

"THE BEST IS CHEAPEST." ENGINES, Horse Powers, **THRESHERS**, SAW-MILLS, Clover Hullers. (Suited to all sections.) Write for FREE Illus. Pamphlet and Prices to The Aultman & Taylor Co., Mansfield, Ohio.

PISO'S CURE FOR CONSUMPTION. CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

U. S. STANDARD. **JONES OF BINGHAMTON.** **5 TON WAGON SCALES,** Iron Levers, Steel Bearings, Brass Tare Beam and Beam Box. **$60** and JONES he pays the freight. For free Price List mention this paper and address JONES OF BINGHAMTON, Binghamton, N. Y.

5,000 AGENTS WANTED!!! DOUBLE QUICK!!! To sell the First Authentic Biographies of **BLAINE AND LOGAN!** By H. J. RAMSDELL, Blaine's personal friend. THE PEOPLE DEMAND this work, because the most Reliable, Complete, Interesting and Richly Illustrated. Beware of unreliable catchpenny books. Cincinnati, O.

5,000 AGENTS Wanted, BLAINE and LOGAN. LIFE OF BLAINE, by an author of his own selection, H. J. Ramsdell. LIFE OF LOGAN, by Ben Perley Poore. One vol. Address HUBBARD BROS., KANSAS CITY, Mo.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED **STOMACH BITTERS.**



Fortify the system. All who have experienced and witnessed the effect of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters upon the weak, broken down, desponding victims of dyspepsia, liver complaint, fever and ague, rheumatism, nervous debility, or premature decay, know that in this supreme tonic and alterative there exists a specific principle which reaches the very source of the trouble. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND



IS A POSITIVE CURE FOR All those painful Complaints and Weaknesses so common to our best FEMALE POPULATION.

PAPILLON

"WHAT HON. J. C. BURROWS SAYS."

For more than five years past a member of my family has been afflicted with Hay Fever, culminating in the fall with a hacking cough. Not half a bottle of Papillon Catarrh Cure had been used before the cough entirely disappeared, and general relief followed. It is simply wonderful! Don't fail to try it. J. C. BURROWS. (Ex-Memb. Congress, 4th Dist., Mich.) Kalamazoo, Mich., March 17th, 1884.

"A DRUGGIST'S TESTIMONY."

Whooping Cough. JULIUS A. HAAG. Denison House Drug Store, Indianapolis, Ind.

20 Years!

A CANCER FOR TWENTY YEARS! Swift's Specific. W. B. ROBISON, Davisboro, Ga.

HOPES TO BE CURED. Mr. Brooks, near Albany, was horribly afflicted with Cancer. W. H. GILBERT, Albany, Ga.

Our Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free to applicants. SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga. N. Y. Office, 159 W. 23d St., Philadelphia Office, 1205 Chestnut St.



A. N. K. B. 984

WHEN WRITING TO ADVERTISERS please say you saw the advertisement in this paper. Advertisers like to know when and where their advertisements are paying best.

92-248