Callahan County Clarendon.

"THE GREATEST GOOD TO THE GREATEST NUMBER."

W. R. LOTZ, Editor and Proprietor. BAIRD, TEXAS, SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1882. VOL. III.—NO. 12.

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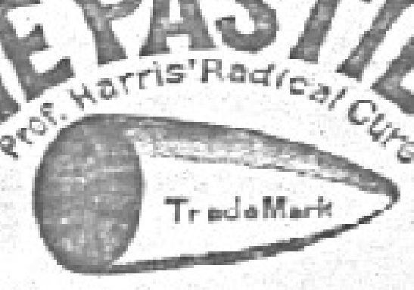

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THE WARRIOR.

Under the window is a man
Playing an organ all the day—
Grinding as only a cripple can,
In a moody, vague, uncertain way.

His coat is blue, and upon his face
Is a look of high born, restless pride—
There is somewhat about him of martial grace,
And an empty sleeve hangs at his side.

"Tell me, warrior, brave and true,
In what carnage, night or day,
Came the merciless shot to you,
Bearing your good right arm away?"

Fire dies out in the patriot's eye,
Changed my warrior's tone and mien—
Choked by emotion he makes reply:
"Kansas—harvest—thrashing-machine."

—*Denver Tribune.*

THE MONK'S SECRET.

About six hundred years ago there was an English monk teaching in the University of Oxford, whose name was Roger Bacon.

Friar Bacon, as he was usually called, was a man of marvelous learning for those rude and barbarous days. He had studied at Padua, and at the French Academy of Science at Soissons, two of the most celebrated and proficient schools of learning of that age, and had stored his mind with a vast fund of information, part of which he was now endeavoring to impart to the youths who came to receive his instruction at that famous institution which the genius of the great Alfred had founded on the banks of the Thames. Skilled in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Arabic and the Provencal and Anglo-Norman tongues; versed in history, politics, theology, and also a fond experimenter in the sciences, Friar Bacon possessed a prodigious erudition which made his name truly revered at all the halls of learning in Europe. Over all wide England there was no man at that time, or for three hundred years thereafter, who possessed that extensive range of learning and that skill in the sciences equal to Friar Bacon, of Oxford University. In many things he was two hundred years in advance of his time.

Rarely studious was Friar Bacon, even as a teacher, so that he was continually adding to his store of knowledge from many sources. He was particularly fond of chemistry, and used to spend several hours every day in one of the secret cells of the convent, engaged in testing various experiments. His studies would often extend into the late hours of night.

During one of these midnight vigils he discovered that sulphur, charcoal and saltpeter, mingled together in a certain manner, formed a new and strange compound; indeed, so mysterious and terrible did this new mixture seem that the monk himself was almost afraid of it, and therefore did not make known his discovery.

Among the pupils who came to the classic halls of Oxford to catch some of the wisdom that fell daily from Friar Bacon's lips was a youth whose name was Hubert de Dreux. Eager in his desire for knowledge, and prompt to obey his teachers, Hubert soon grew to be a favorite with all. Roger Bacon became particularly interested in the young scholar, and sought to instill into his mind that love for the sciences which he himself possessed to so remarkable a degree. He often asked his help in the laboratory—the large room where the students were instructed in chemistry—and the young man grew marvelously skilled in the science, and longed for the time to come when he would be allowed to make experiments unaided.

But the great teacher never permitted him nor any one else to enter his private cell. Often, as Hubert sat studying or mixing compounds in this larger room, he was startled by sounds like distant thunder coming from his master's apartments. Sometimes a bright light would accompany the rumbling noise, shining through the chinks of the door for an instant, and then an unpleasant odor would fill the room almost to suffocation.

The young man's curiosity was intensely excited by these mysterious sights and sounds, and he attempted by various means to solve the enigma that puzzled him. But whenever he knocked or sought to enter the monk's apartment, Roger Bacon always sternly bade him attend to his own affairs and never interrupt him again. The door was ever locked, and every time the youth ventured to inquire into the origin of the mysterious noise he was silenced by the learned man's gruff words and angry frowns.

Thus the months glided away, and still he eagerly but vainly sought to learn the secret. At length an opportunity offered.

Friar Bacon often went without the walls of the college to attend the calls of the sick and wounded, for with his other learning he was also a famed leech and chirurgeon.

One chilly November day, when the trees were bare and the river ran cold and drear, a messenger from an adjoining town came to the college, requesting the presence of the monk for Sir Walter de Langley, a rich nobleman, who was lying dangerously ill. Roger Bacon never slighted the calls of those who needed him; and, delivering all necessary instructions to Hubert, and bidding him use care about the fires and lock the doors when he was done, he started on his errand of mercy.

Hubert de Dreux finished his tasks at an early hour that evening, and was bounding up the open stairway to his room, when an evil thought entered his mind, running after this wise:

"Friar Bacon is absent, and it will be long before he returns. What better opportunity shall I have in which to learn what keeps him so much in that close, damp cell?"

The thought was father to the action. He gazed anxiously around; no one was watching him. The other students had retired to their own apartments; everything was silent about the hall.

With quick steps and a swiftly-beating heart, the youth hastened back, and soon had reached the forbidden room. But there he met with a keen disappointment. The key was absent, and without that he could not enter. Still he lingered, trying to obtain a glimpse within through the keyhole. He knelt and pressed his cheek against the heavy door.

Ah! the door opened at his touch, for Roger Bacon, in his haste, had locked without closing it; and the eager youth stood where for months he had longed to be.

But what better was he then? Vainly he sought for anything new or strange; no mysterious engine or chemical preparation was visible. With a sad look on his young face, Hubert turned to depart, when his eyes chanced to fall on a huge book whose open page was covered with characters from his master's pen. They were written in Latin, but that was as plain to the scholar as the words of his own English. In another moment he had read the secret so long hidden from him.

He could scarcely believe his senses. Was it indeed true? He must try it for himself to see if the words of the monk were true, and the mixture so wonderful.

"Ah!" he exclaims, looking around, "this yellow powder is the sulphur, this hard, clear substance is saltpeter, and this black powder must be the other. I know them all. Here is the very bottle my master has used. I will mix it in this, and see—the fire has not yet expired in the furnace; a few sparks will give heat enough, if I have read correctly, and then Hubert de Dreux is as wise as his wisest master."

He set about the process. The various ingredients were mixed, and in a few minutes the compound was prepared for the application of the fire.

"There can be no danger," he muttered, as he held the hot coals ready for the purpose he had in hand. "Roger Bacon is a learned and prudent man, and I have followed his directions to the letter. Perhaps I have too large a mixture—but no, there can not be enough to make any perceptible difference. I'll risk it, at any rate. I must learn if this new compound is, indeed, so, wonderful."

He went to the door and closed and locked it, and then returned to the furnace again. He could wait no longer. In another instant he dropped the burning embers upon the mixture he had prepared.

Meanwhile Friar Bacon had been bending assiduously over the sick noble's bed, and doing all in his power to alleviate his distress. As usual, his skill did not fail him, and as night was coming on and his patient seemed relieved, he left him to return home.

The winds whistled over the bleak hills, and the monk wrapped his cloak closer around him and hurried his mule toward the convent's good shelter. As he reached the top of the last hill, Oxford lay before him, with its tall spires rising high, and the lights twinkling here and there among its many dwellings. With a glad heart he rode hurriedly down the hill.

Suddenly a stream of fire rose from the convent high into the dark sky, followed in an instant by a roar that, loud as the heaviest thunder, burst on the still night air. Distinctly amid this fearful sound were heard the agonized screams of persons who had received their death wounds. The next moment flames burst out from the convent on every side.

Filled with alarm and dismay the trembling monk rode forward to the convent's gate. What conjectures may have risen in his mind during those few minutes were brought to a definite conclusion when he arrived at the scene of woe.

At the moment he dismounted, a man dragged forth from the burning ruins the mangled, lifeless body of Hubert de Dreux. The monk's secret had been to this hapless youth an engine of destruction, the thunderbolt of death.

Not long had Roger Bacon time to reflect upon the sad evidences of the terrible power of his invention, nor long to bemoan the horrible doom of the unfortunate youth whose curiosity had proved his ruin. That was a barbarous and superstitious age, and the people's minds at once turned to Friar Bacon as the cause of this destruction. He was accused of being in league with the devil; his great learning and marvelous skill were considered witchcraft, and despite his protestations of innocence, he was committed to prison.

Twelve years he languished in jail, this noble, gifted man, whose only crime was that he possessed knowledge which placed him in advance of his age. At the end of that time he was released; but close imprisonment and the ill-treatment he had received had destroyed his health and broken his heart, and soon after, at the age of eighty, Roger Bacon lay down to die. His well-kept secret was found some time after written in strange words in one of his books; but wise men studied long and tedious years before they could decipher it. At last, however, they discovered what it was. The monk's secret was the knowledge of how to make gunpowder.

The terrible explosion at Oxford in 1282 does not seem strange to us, for we well know the wonderful power of that terrible agent which has revolutionized the world; but to the people of that time it seemed as if none other than an evil spirit could produce such a prodigious phenomena. The world is constantly advancing in knowledge, and gunpowder is surpassed now by other and more terrible explosives; but I never look on the dark grains of that deadly composition without being reminded of the secret which doomed Hubert de Dreux to his horrible death, and sent Roger Bacon to a prison to languish and die in his old age.—*F. M. Colby.*

Tips for Royal Servants.

When a foreign sovereign visits England the financial member of his suite is always told by the lord steward how much his master ought to leave for the servants at the palace. Fifty pounds a night is the usual sum, but when Louis Napoleon came to Windsor for three nights in 1855 he left £1,500—an exuberance of liberality which sorely vexed Prince Albert, who found, a few weeks later, when he went with the Queen to St. Cloud, that they, too, must leave £1,500. The Emperor of Russia left the same amount when he came to England. On such terms I confess that I should, with all respect to her Majesty, prefer a bed at a hotel to one at Windsor Castle.—*London Truth.*

—It is generally considered difficult to solder cast-iron, but there is no trouble when the surface is thoroughly brightened and good solder, a clean swab and muriatic acid are used.

An Embarrassment of Riches.

That there can be "too much of a good thing" the old saying avers. The truth of the statement will not be questioned just now anywhere among producers and dealers in oil. Oil is a good thing. A producing well is a good thing. A flowing well that costs next to nothing for running expenses, as it runs itself day in and day out without any expenditures for fuel or wear and tear of machinery, is a decidedly good thing. But a flowing well that sends out 1,000 to 1,500 barrels a day, deluges the market, swamps the buyers, and threatens the oil interest with widespread ruin, is altogether vastly too much of a good thing. As with some exceedingly good people who are so overpowering in their goodness that they become insufferable to ordinary mortals, there is a general disposition to treat it as a common enemy and throttle it.

The trouble is at Warren County, Pennsylvania. An industrious borer was at work out there tapping the earth for oil. He had bored for some time in vain, but, beside his dry hole, he had faith and pluck. Day after day he drilled through the rock without even a "show" of oil in the boring.

The interested neighbor and the idly-curious wayfarer greeted him daily and hourly with questions, sarcastic or inquisitive, as to "how he was getting along," and "how much further he was going," which were met with answers growing more defiant in tone as the hole went deeper and the "show" no better.

He had scrawled on a bit of board the expressive legend: "Oil or China," which he was about to nail on a derrick as a comprehensive answer to all questions, when—the experienced reader of oil stories knows what to expect—the borer suddenly dropped into a hole and was immediately shot out as if from a cannon. There was a tremendous roar, a jetting of green, greasy fluid high up in the air, and the lately despondent borer leaped six feet in his joy, cracking his heels together and turning a double somerset into a rapidly widening pool of green grease as he realized that at last he had "struck ile."

The rush of oil from the hole was not more swift than the rush of oil-men from the wells round about to see for themselves the astonishing fact. Swifter yet was the flight of the affrighted "operators" to the telegraph offices to spread the news of the big strike and get rid of their holdings before the only big bear found its way into the market. A panic struck the oil exchanges. Down went the prices as rapidly as the incautious pedestrian shoots down a well-greased slide. The owner of the new well was aghast at the mischief he had caused; but what did he do? One hundred, 500, 1,000, 1,400 barrels a day streamed out in incessant and ever-increasing flow—on the oil exchanges if not at the well—and down went the prices with still greater rapidity.

Veterans in oil look at each other with pale faces and shake their heads ominously. They remind each other of the "big strikes" of the Oil Creek days twenty years and more ago, and of the disasters thereby caused. There was the old original Funk well of 1861, that operated 250 barrels a day, and kept up its flow for fifteen months. Then came the Phillips well, on the Tarr farm, with its roaring 2,000, and its great rival, the Empire well, on the McElhinney tract—a very Jumbo of wells, spouting 3,000 barrels a day. What an unmanageable monster that was! There was no controlling it, nor could its product be saved. Feeble efforts were made to plug it, or to put in stop-cocks, but plugs and tubes were blown out as so many straws, and the baffled experimenters fell back drenched with oil. The tanks were filled to running over in a trice, and so were the huge reservoirs made by digging trenches and building dams. Oil Creek became literally, as well as in name, a river of oil. The price of barrels went up as that of oil went down, until the latter was but ten cents a barrel, and the former at rates that threatened to beggar even the proprietor of the Empire. As for the miserable owners of five and ten barrel pumping wells, they were utterly ruined, and, wandering dazed and aimlessly about, became the advanced guard of the great army of tramps that have since overrun the country. In quick succession came the Sherman, the Caldwell, the Noble, and Delamater, and other leviathans among flowing wells, to drown out the small operators, till at last fire and flood combined to put a check on production until the Standard could be born as the savior and protector of the oil producers against an excess of good fortune.

If the history of a score of years ago is not to repeat itself and the oil interests are not to be drowned in an overflow of oil something has to be done, and that quickly. Here is the Standard's opportunity. It was organized for the purpose of regulating production and preventing an excess. With pumping wells this is an easy task. Stop the engines, the pumping ceases and the supply of oil is diminished. A big flow well that refuses to be plugged or stop-cocked requires more heroic treatment. It disregards agreements or resolutions or orders to limit the production. This insubordination must be sat down on. It will be done, though it may take the highest authority of the great corporation to do it. When Oildom turns its eyes toward Warren, Pa., and sees him firmly seated on the hole holding himself down by clasping the tubes with his unyielding grip, it will know the danger is over and the oil country safe.—*Cleveland Herald.*

Progress in Button-Making.

The making of buttons is an industry which has shown very material increase during the past few years, and those not directly interested in the matter would be surprised to know the extent to which the manufacture engages the time of working people in various parts of the world. Although this country engages largely in the work of making certain kinds of buttons by machinery, and stands unequaled in the manufacture of the brass, ivory and machine-covered varieties, Americans, according to a local trade paper, can not compete in the manufacture of the styles requiring hand-work or the use of stone. To this fact is to be attributed the steady increase in the importation year by year. In 1878 there were sent to New York City alone $3,280,589 worth of foreign-made buttons, and last year the importations amounted to $3,550,309. For four years between these dates the total importation of buttons to New York aggregated $12,983,223, and the button trade is now estimated as between $8,000,000 and $10,000,000 per annum. Glass buttons are made mostly in Bohemia, and children are largely employed at the work, which they do as quickly and as neatly as adults. The children get 10 cents a day, men from 40 to 50 cents, and women a little less. Pearl buttons are imported from Vienna, where they are almost exclusively manufactured, and the all-important shirt buttons are received mostly from Birmingham, England, where the majority of metal buttons are likewise procured. The most extensive of all the button manufacturing, however, is that of the Parisian and Berlin novelties, in which new styles are gotten up and sent to America nearly every week. In one manufacturing village near Paris, where there are from 5,000 to 6,000 inhabitants, all the working people are engaged in making the agate buttons, which, with 30 per cent. duty added to the cost, sell, when imported into this country, at the extremely low figure of 31 cents per great gross. The material alone, it is reported, could not be procured here for double that amount. While America does not attempt to engage in this part of the industry, she has, as before stated, made unprecedented advance in the making of bone, composition, brass, ivory, and gold buttons, and so far leads the Old World in this branch of the work that American manufacturers find a market abroad for these styles, and export a considerable quantity each year. Providence, R. I., for example, manufactures sleeve and jewelry buttons generally expressly for exportation. Large button factories are in operation in Attleborough, Newark, Long Island, and other Eastern localities.—*N. Y. Times.*

Electric Tricycles.

It is to the tricycle, in some of the many forms it is now assuming, that we look as the traveling carriage of the future. Within a very short time it has come extensively into use, and as it is available for ladies as well as gentlemen, and is safe and steady for old as well as young, while the clergyman and doctor can use it without that sacrifice of dignity which is supposed to be involved in the use of the bicycle, it will be seen that the tricycle appeals to a very wide constituency indeed. It is impossible to say how many of these useful machines are already in use, and it is equally impossible for the candid critic to affirm which of the countless patterns in vogue is the best. It is enough to say that a person of average strength can, with practice, propel himself (or herself) over ordinary roads at the rate of six, eight, or even ten miles per hour, without any extraordinary exertion or fatigue; while if two club together and sit side by side on a "sociable," the labor is considerably diminished. What pleasanter mode of spending a holiday can there be than for a man to take his wife through the country in this fashion? The luggage is strapped behind; you start at what hour you please, taking whatever route you prefer; you halt when and where it suits you, and have no trouble with your horse when the day's journey is done. The travelling costs you nothing, unless it be a few pence for turnpikes. You save your railway fare; and you see more of the country than you could possibly do in any other way; while the moderate exercise—which you need never permit to become irksome—will do you a thousand times more good than lounging on the sands or rushing over the continent.

Still, we admit, we have not proved our point. The question is, whether these modes of locomotion will ever supplant in any large degree our present method. We acknowledge that so long as any physical labor whatever has to be performed in the propulsion of tricycles, they will not come into universal use. Let us not forget, however, that in many districts where railway accommodation is *nil* or defective, they are used very extensively for business as well as pleasure. Postmen and doctors, especially, have taken readily to this method of locomotion. But inventions are in progress, and have indeed been already perfected, which promise to take the tricycle out of the category of velocipedes, or foot-worked machines, and give it a far greater value and importance.

It is well known that one of the first uses that M. Faure made of his new discoveries relating to the storage of electricity was to propel a tricycle, and the speed he then obtained was ten miles per hour; and in this connection it appears as though the French, who were the first to introduce the modern bicycle, about fourteen years ago, will be the first to manufacture its direct descendant through a clearly traceable evolution, the electric tricycle. With such a machine, supposing that the cost of producing the power be not prohibitive, we can foresee the day when the family party will journey down to Brighton on a fine afternoon by road instead of rail; when the splendid main roads of our country will again be thronged with travelers moving along easily, safely and inexpensively, not in swaying coaches, but in smoothly rolling tricycles; when the old Red Lion and Blue Boar, deserted these last forty years, will again become gay and busy; and when the long-neglected villages and by-lanes will be explored by tourists who will never want to catch a train.—*Chambers' Journal.*

—The Chinese in San Francisco are reported to be directing their attention to type-setting, and, strange to say, English type-setting, some of their number having learned the compositor's avocation in the printing offices of the English journals published at Canton and Hong Kong. They are said to be already doing all the type-setting on two weeklies published in San Francisco, but the names of the papers are kept secret, since it would practically mean their ruin if it became known, in the excited condition of public feeling at present existing there.

PITH AND POINT.

—Ben Jonson was the first Englishman to drop his h.

—Fogg says beef should be classed under the head of game, because it is dear meat.—*Boston Transcript.*

—The pagans of Central Africa still offer human sacrifices to their gods, because it is their rite.—*Hawkeye.*

—Yes, James, oysters are canned during the summer months, but you cannot eat them all the same.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—Never hesitate to offend the chronic book-borrower. You may be out of his books, but that is better than being out of your own.

—The New Haven *Register* sees no occasion for alarm over the high price of beef. Dried apples can be had in plenty at the same old figures.

—A little boy who has been used to receiving his older brother's old toys and clothes recently remarked: "Ma, will I have to marry his widow when he dies?"

—When Mrs. Homespun heard of the recent assassination in Ireland, and that it was attributed to the Irish, she exclaimed, "Massy sakes! You don't tell me the Irish have got into Ireland? Well, well; I believe they're everywhere!"—*Boston Transcript.*

—A lover and his girl went into a Springfield, Mass., drug store the other day to get some "sody." One ordered "bovine" the other "vaccine," supposing that these two words, which were hung up near the fountain, were the names of some new syrups.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"I always licked every time I fought, and I fought three times a week," said Smallboy, proudly. "Yes?" replied Oldboy, with a shade of wondering incredulity in his voice, for his friend was small of stature. "Always," rejoined Smallboy, regretfully, "licked the dust."

—"Is there such a thing as luck?" asks a correspondent. There is. For instance if you go home at two o'clock in the morning, after promising your wife to be in early, and find her asleep and don't tumble over any chairs, that's luck, but it isn't to be depended on.—*Oil City Derrick.*

—A letter mailed in 1853 was recently found behind a shelf in a country post office, and forwarded to its destination. It was addressed to a young lady, and contained a marriage proposal. When the young lady read it she looked pleased, and exclaimed, "Law me! I didn't expect to hear from John so soon. But what a wonderful thing is the fast-mail service!"

—What is this? It is a piano manufacturer. Why does he look so pleased? He has obtained ninety-eight out of a possible ninety-six. He has also obtained a certificate from ten prima donnas, a circus manager, and a hotel clerk. He is very happy. He is so happy that he could reduce the wages of his workmen ten per cent. without fretting over it. They work for art, and for medals and certificates.—*Music Score.*

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—Krupp, the German gun-maker, has introduced into his works a new way of recovering the coils of guns that have become useless. The handle is made red-hot, and then liquid carbonic acid is poured in, producing a cold that causes shrinkage and allows the coils to be removed.

—The clippings of sole leather in New England shoe factories were formerly regarded as worthless, and the smell of their burnings were a peculiarity of such towns as Lynn and Salem. These scraps are now stamped into buttons for clothes and fancy tack-heads for upholstery, and the long familiar odor is missed.

—The little unicellular alga, which makes the red snow, and figured in Captain Ross's account of his Arctic expedition in 1819, has been found on the top of the Wasatch Mountains. Botanists call it the protococcus nivalis. It increases rapidly after it once begins to grow, and makes patches of snow as red as blood.

—Plants do not take up water by their leaves from a moist atmosphere, but their roots must be supplied with plenty of water, which will be taken up by the root-hairs into the plant. The water thus taken up is not pure, but contains certain mineral substances in solution. These pass through the root to the bundles of the stem, then to the leaf, where the water is transpired.

—A company has been formed in South Florida, it is said, to manufacture an active fertilizer from the shell marl, which is found in large quantities on some portions of the upper St. Johns. It is proposed to grind the shell, and supply ammonia by adding the decomposed flesh and bones of fish, which can be obtained in large quantities in the lakes of the upper river.

—The *Operator* says it takes nerve, patience and good temper to make a good telephone operator, and those who lack any one of these essentials had better let the profession alone. Only one person out of five, on the average, has a good telephone voice. They speak too low or too loud. Not more than one person out of twenty has the voice which a telephone operator should have—pleasant, even, plain, and devoid of peculiarities. Let one of the best operators talk to you over twenty miles of wire, and you will fancy that he sits beside you.

—Experiments made at Leipsic with a cuirass formed of a new kind of steel preparation show some very satisfactory results. The metal of this cuirass, as described, is only about three-fiftieths of an inch thick, and is lined inside with a layer of wool; the cuirass itself is fourteen inches wide and ten inches high, being intended only to protect the heart and lungs, and weighs two and one-fourth pounds. Eleven rounds were fired at it, at a distance of 175 yards, from a Martini breech-loading rifle, and of eight bullets which struck the cuirass, only two pierced the metal, while even these were completely flattened and remained in the woolen lining, so that a man wearing the cuirass would have been uninjured. Its lightness constitutes a marked advantage.

The Clarendon.

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

William R. Lotz, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION, $2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1882.

Prof. D. S. Switzer, of Granbury, has been appointed principal of the summer normal school at Gainesville.

THE New York *Herald* has received news that the bodies of the ill fated Arctic explorers, the DeLong party have been found and a pyramidal monument has been built over the remains of these brave, unfortunate fellows.

Mrs. Dr. N. N. Gilder, of Gatesville, while walking around her stove, last Tuesday, accidentally caught on fire and was burned fatally so that she died the same night. She leaves a husband and four little children to mourn her death.

ON Thursday a very severe wind storm passed over the devastated district, in Iowa, the scene of last Saturdays terrible storm. This second storm damaged large quantities of the goods which had been rescued from the previous storm. Several persons and considerable stock were killed.

IF the city of Austin does not soon pay us that little bill for advertising her as a candidate for University honors we will be compelled to warn our brethren of the Press Association against trusting her, as we have agreed to do in cases where advertisers fail to pay their bills.

A little son of old Mr. Gentry at Brownwood, was leading a horse to water last Tuesday evening, with the rope he was leading him by wound around his arm. The horse became frightened and ran off throwing him against a stump, mangling his body in a fearful manner. The little fellow died immediately.

THREE girls, Alice Mills, aged 14, Mary Oglie, aged 7, and Mary Jones, aged 12 years, committed suicide last Thursday at Danville, Illinois, by taking arsenic. Alice Mills took it because her father lived with a shameless woman; Mary Oglie, because she was an orphan, and Mary Jones took the drug because the others took it.

A MOST terrible wind storm swept over a large portion of the State of Iowa on last Saturday. Sixty-nine persons were known to have been killed and over five hundred wounded, many of them fatally. Damage done to property will aggregate nearly $3,000,000. Hundreds of people are left destitute, and urgent appeals for aid have gone up.

FOUR men were found murdered last Wednesday in the timbers in Elm bottom, between Lewiston and Pilot Point, in Denton County. Two were hanging by the neck to the trees and two were on the ground with bullet holes through them. The verdict of the coroner's jury was that the men came to their death by hanging and shooting The bodies were buried, none of them having been identified. They were all well dressed and were probably killed for stock stealing.

The wife of Chas. Johnson, one of the wealthiest merchants in Terrel, while her husband was absent, was very regular in attending Maj. Penn's revival meeting, and during these visits she formed an undue attachment for the family coachman. When her husband returned she informed him that she preferred the coachman to him and he told her to pack her trunk and leave, whereupon she and the coachman went to a hotel and there took an east-bound train.

B. B. B. & C. R. R. Lands.

There are quite a number of people in this county whose residence among us dates from one to five years, who have made improvements on railroad lands. Those on what is called Buffalo Bayon Brazos and Colorado R. R. lands, can now buy their homes or sell their improvements to persons who will buy the land from the R. R. company.

We have from time to time heard questions sprung as to title to these lands, but we believe the railway management could not afford to put a defective title on any famer or other person, when to do so would operate greatly to the disadvantage of the company in making sales of their T. & P. lands in this and other counties west of us.

These B. B. B. & C. lands, our town being built upon one of said surveys, were originally patented to a banker of New York by name of S. N. Swinson, who was legally the assignee of B. B. B. & C. R. R. Co. Swinson transferred these lands to the Memphis El Paso & Pacific railway company. John A. C. Gray was made Receiver of the M. El P. R. R. Co. and as Receiver in bankruptcy of said company, he sold said lands at a public sale in the city of Austin for benefit of creditors of that old corporation.

The T. P. R. R. Co. became the purchaser of all this land as well as all other property of the old company, and now have the only title claimed by any person or corporation to said lands and we believe the transfers above cited are all on record at our county town.

OUR TRIP TO AND ON THE PACIFIC.

What We Saw in West Texas, Mexico, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Oregon, Washington Territory and Victoria, on Vancouver's Island.

In our last we were at Portland, Oregon. We stopped there but two hours and consequently could not go far up town, but we went far enough to convince us that the place is alive and doing well. We had supposed that after we left there, which we did in 1874, our leaving would probably cause the death of the place, but she booms worse than ever, although Ben Holliday, a railroad king there in those days, is gone, too. Ben and ourself at that time had more money than any other two men in Portland. Ben had way up in the millions and we had six bits, but then we had lots of experience. Ben also got the experience after that, while some of the other monopolists got the money. Portland is to Oregor what San Francisco is to California, and we might go on and state, what Baird is to Northwest Texas. She would be destined to become a great shipping point but for the Columbia bar which must be passed in order to reach her. All the vessels, like many land lubbers, cannot go by a bar without stopping, and some even get so unsteady that they are compelled to make several attempts before they can get past it at all. Of course this is a great drawback to her commercial interests, and in consequence of which the large and growing trade of Eastern Oregon and Eastern Washington, which would, to a great extent, go down the Columbia river, will nearly all go across the Cascade Mountains and out of Puget Sound, the natural outlet for a very large section of country. Portland is not, as many suppose, on the Columbia, but as we said last week, on the Willamette river, a good sized navigable stream capable of floating the largest sized crafts, and is about twelve miles above its mouth where it empties into the mighty Columbia. Just across the river from Portland on a very pretty site is the city of East Portland, a sprightly little place of several thousand inhabitants.

Our next move was to take the steamer Emma Hayward for Kalama. The passenger list was not very large on this boat, but we notice immense crowds of people at the wharves taking passage for the upper Columbia by other steamers, thus showing that Eastern Oregon, Washington and the Territory of Idaho are receiving large additions to their population.

A very pleasant ride of three hours takes us to Kalama on the Columbia river. This place was started about ten years ago by the building of the Northern Pacific railroad from this point to Puget Sound. The Columbia river is the dividing line between Oregon and Washington and the town is upon the side of the latter. When this town was laid off, excitement was at fever heat and at the public sale of town lots some brought as high as $3,500. Many of these lots are situated on the steep hillside, and there would have been danger of their rolling down into the river, had not nature been equal to the emergency and pinned them fast by sticking pins in the shape of large fir trees through them. Kalama is a dead town now, having but three business houses in it—one store and post office combined, a large hotel and a saloon. Nearly the whole of the town was burned three years ago and there have never been sufficient inducements to rebuild it. The whole town, it seems to us, would be dear at $3,500 now. The most noticable thing we saw at this place was two large salmon brought into the hotel by two fishermen. The largest one—fish, not fisherman—was four feet long, with about fourteen inches depth of hold and eight inches breadth of beam. (This is the nautical term used for the measurement of ships and as a fish is a marine craft, we don't see but that it is proper.) These fish were very fine sleek fellow's and were fully fat enough to fry without the use of grease, other than the oil in them. These are the famous Columbia river salmon, the canned article with which all our people are familiar.

At eleven o'clock a. m. we take the train, a rather small one as compared with those of the S. P. R. R. or the T. & P. for to this engine are attached only a baggage car and a passenger coach. Our route for some distance lies upon the bank of the Columbia, and as we run down stream we naturally run pretty fast. Soon we arrive at the mouth of the Cowlitz river, on the opposite side of which we see the old town of Monticello where used to be the station of the Olympia and Monticello stage line, and the landing of the Portland and Monticello steamers. Speaking of this stage line reminds us of several little incidents connected with this route. Although Washington Territory is not generally a muddy country, still a goodly portion of the ninety-five miles between Olympia and Monticello in an early day seemed to be the dumping ground for natures' waste mud which was used in the construction of part of the country thereabouts. At one time while the stage was lumbering along through the mud the driver noticed a gentleman's hat on the road; he stopped his horses jumped off, and with difficulty succeeded in reaching the hat, but upon picking it up he found there was a man under it and called to several of the passengers to help him pull the man out. When his shoulders came in sight he sang out, "What in thunder are you fellows taking me off of my horse, for?" We have a very vivid recollection ourself of paying this stage company $12.50 at one time a number of years ago, for a passage from Olympia to Monticello. The stage carried our trunk, which, by the way, bore this inscription on the front side: "Latest Out. Novelty Collar. Size, 15 1-2." Yes, the stage carried this trunk and we carried a rail from Skookum Chuck (Strong Water) thirty miles from our starting point to Monticello, with which to pry the stage out of the mud.

Our route next runs along by and up the Cowlitz river, finally crossing over that stream on a strong and well-built bridge. Near this bridge we noticed a perpendicular bank of considerable height, upon the face of this bluff is something which attracts our attention. There is here a specie of ducks which build their nests in holes dug into the banks which in this country are generally of clay ground; upon the face of this particular bank we noticed several of these holes; the bluff had been washed away by action of the water below, and the ground had fallen down and actually left them sticking out into the air over the river, some of them several feet in length. We could not tell, not being a naturalist, whether the ducks still inhabit them or not.

Our route lies now over some heavily timbered country, rather broken in places. Now we run through some deep cut, next over a high trestle, then we dash over a bridge which spans some beautiful stream of cold water, which sparkles like crystal in its natural purity. The railroad company have here a splendid road which is as well kept in repair as any road we have ever seen. This piece of road reminds us forcibly of the line over the Isthmus of Panama, only that upon the latter route we see cocoa, palm, palmetto and bananna trees, instead of tall, slim firs and stately cedars bedecked in lovely green foliage. Neither is there the terrible history connected with this road that there is with the Panama route, which, when being built, cost, it is estimated, a human life to every tie used in the construction of that thoroughfare.

We cross in succession the streams of Newakum, Chehalis and Skookum Chuck and pass through several new towns, the best of which is Centreville, which is a fast growing but small town. The next point of interest is Tenino which is the junction of Olympia & Tenino narrow guage and the N. P. R. R. This is distant from Olympia fifteen miles and is situated near the edge of the timber, on an arm of Grand Mound Prairie. Here like a wild deer our train again darts into the heavy timber and a few more miles brings us to and over the De Chutes river, a beautiful cold, clear stream which has its source in the foot hills of the Cascade Mountains and empties into the extreme head of Puget Sound at Tum Water, a mile and a half above Olympia. This stream abounds plentifully in mountain trout. We give this last bit of information for the benefit of Uncle Steve Dunnagan, who, were he once to enjoy the sport of fishing in this beautiful stream, would exclaim, "Now let me die, for I've seen the promised land!"

Now we pass over a section of burnt timber and next the engine gives a shrill toot and dashes out into the beautiful Yelm Prairie. We say beautiful, and gentle reader you will pardon us for saying so when we tell you that here we spent many of our happy boyhood days; but leaving aside our prejudice regarding the beauty of this prairie, if there has ever been a visitor to this lovely spot, during the month of May, who did not, after drinking a deep draught of the surrounding beauty and grandeur, exclaim, "It is most delightful!" then there is no love of nature in his soul. Go with us in imagination to a prairie nearly level, of an oval shape, seven miles long by about three wide, covered with green grass and lovely flowers of every hue, and hemmed in, as it were with a lovely border of evergreen trees, averaging 250 feet in height, and on one side, just over the tops of these, forming a semicircle, apparently, are the Cascade Mountains, towering high above the tall trees, while still, far above the pinnacle of these stands like a mighty sentinel on the watchtower, beautiful in his solitude, grand old Mount Ranier, whose lofty snow-crested head kisses the very skies. This stately mountain is distant from here about sixty miles and its snow-covered sides give it the appearance of a feathery vapor, yet he has stood there for ages upon ages and defied the inclemencies of the weather; neither the warm rains, drifting snows or cold storms could move this great pyramed. He looks beautiful but, so "stuck up," yes, there he is, stuck away up yonder, 15,000 feet above the level of the sea, and often have we seen his lofty head look disdainfully down upon the vapory clouds which were nestled far, far below, at this icy giant's feet.

We eagerly look to our left from our car window, where a half mile off, we see the old house under whose roof we have been sheltered through many stormy nights, where we have listened to the pattering of the rain on the roof, which lulled us to sleep in the midst of our thoughts about what great things we would achieve when we grew up to manhood's estate. Our train now pulls into Yelm Station, where a tall young man with small side whiskers brings the mail to the train. And this tall man was, when we last saw him, a little boy, and to-day he is a subscriber to the CLARENDON and paid his subscription in advance. The train starts and we cross a stream which runs through the center of the prairie, winding through the fields and pastures like a silver thread on towards the sea where it ceases its murmurings and is rocked to rest in the "cradle of the deep." Two miles further on and distant a half mile from the prairie, we cross Nisqually river, the largest stream we crossed after leaving the Cowlitz. Nisqually is the line between Pierce and Thurston counties. A short distance now brings us to the Nisqually Plains, which is nearly all sheep ranches, as but little of the land is suitable for agriculture. Here it is that the sheep business has attained the highest pitch of perfection, the sheep subsisting almost entirely upon gravel, upon which diet they thrive tolerably well; this may seem a little unreasonable, but they have been living upon it for a number of years and there is no telling what constant practice will accomplish even with a sheep. Why, we immagine we see the same sheep here we did ten and twelve years ago, and they are "holding their own" first-rate. They were rather lean then and they are not fat, now.

The utterance of the name of Pierce county seems to us to create a feeling like the average northern man has for the name of Texas. The first question he asks when he finds you are from Texas is "~~Is~~ it safe to live there?" For murdering, robbing and stealing, we know of no county in the state of Texas which could compare with the early history of Pierce county. We call to mind a prominent stockman there who possessed a favorite cow, which had in one year thirty-five calves, and we were told confidentially that it was an unusually poor year for cattle to breed, at that. But Pierce county is different now; they only make way with an occasional sewing machine agent and once in a great while a man kills his wife to save the expense of procuring a divorce.

Now we rush through another forest and then start down a very heavy grade to the city of New Tacoma where we will give our readers a rest and tell them something of this young giant city next week.

[*To be Continued.*]

Mr. T. C. Powers and his little son was bitten by a supposed rabbid dog. Mr. P. passed through our town a few days since in search of a mad-stone. which was found in Parker county. This dog of bad blood brought down the wrath of the denizens at the Painted Pole, upon the entire canine population, which resulted in the almost total extermination of the dog family.—*Mineral Wells Star.*

Last night, Friday 16th, the colored porter, named Sim Allen, of the west-bound T. & P. train was killed by the accidental discharge of a pistol in the hands of Conductor Marley. A coroner's jury early this morning viewed the body at the depot and found a verdict of accidental homicide.—*El Paso Lone Star.*

Judge Hendricks was knocked down and robbed at Marshall, last Tuesday night. He suffered considerably from a blow he received upon the head.

LOST—$5.00 REWARD.

Somewhere between the Bayou and Baird, on the Coleman road, a brown corduroy coat. In the pockets were a memorandum book and some papers and letters addressed to Thomas Green, Coleman. The above reward will be paid for the delivery or information leading to the recovery of the same. The above property or information regarding it, may be left at E. S. Seay's store.

FOR SALE.

Two hundred Graded Angora Goats.
Address, W. P. McDANIEL,
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The New, Thrilling and Authentic History of the Lives and Wonderful Adventures of America's Great Outlaws,

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LOOK! LOOK! LOOK!

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

MARKET STREET, BAIRD, TEXAS.

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

Corn, Sugar, Canned Goods, Candles, Flour, Coffee, Pickles, Nuts, Meat, Hams, Cigars, Raisins, Bacon, Dried Fruit, Tobaccos, Crackers, Lard, Prunes, Snuff, Ginger Snaps, Syrup, Soap, Starch, Etc.

E. S. SEAY

NOW COMES TO THE FRONT,

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

STOCK OF GENERAL MERCHANDISE

Ever kept in Callahan county.

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

AND IN FACT EVERYTHING GENERALLY KEPT IN A

First Class Store.

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

—*DON'T FORGET THE PLACE*—

E. S. SEAY, PROP'R,

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

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Will Attend Calls, Day or Night

Residence—Between Webb's law office and the Parker building, on

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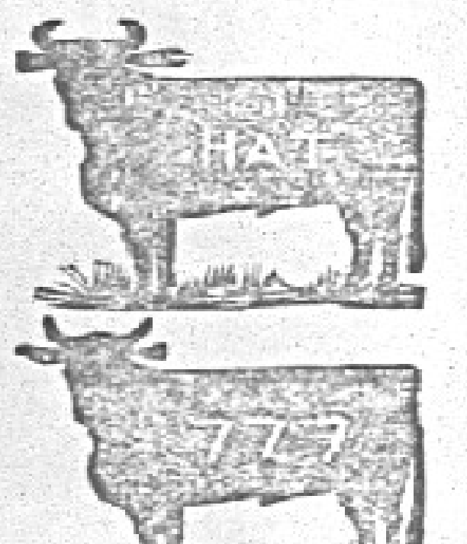

Horse brand 777 on left thigh.

Any information regarding any cattle of the above marks and brands thankfully received

ESTRAYED.

Estrayed by J. E. Heslep, before F. J. Mayers, J. P., precinct No. 8, Callahan county, Texas, on the 31st day of May, 1882, one light bay mare and sucking colt, the mare 10 or 12 years old, 16 hands high, branded WCC on left shoulder, $\frac{\Xi}{S}$ on left thigh.

One bay paint mare, 12 or 13 years old, 14 1-2 hands high, branded J on left jaw, and $\frac{JT}{JT}$ on left shoulder, $\frac{\Omega}{W}$ on left thigh, 15 on right shoulder.

One bay horse mule, 2 years old, no brand, 12 hands high.

One bay horse, 5 years old, 14 hands high, branded 4L on left shoulder, —— on left thigh, and ┼ on the back part of the thigh.

Appraised at $135. no 11

Estrayed by A. W. Booth, on the 30th day of May, 1881 before Geo. W. Franks, J. P., one iron gray stud, 4 years old, 15 1-2 hands high, branded H C on left shoulder, OV on left thigh. Appraised at $50.

OV no10

Estrayed, by A. G. Woodring, on the 28th day of April, 1882, before J. H. Harbert, J. P. Precinct No. 7, Callahan county, Texas: One bay mare 15 hands high, 12 years old, no brand; appraised at $30.

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

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Market Street, - - - Baird, Texas,

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Cool, Refreshing Drinks,

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

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All because Prices are so Low and Goods to suit All Classes—at

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Call one and all and see for yourself.

Yours, Respectfully,

W. J. POWER & CO.

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Having moved my business to Sweet Water, I now want to sell my residence, consisting of three lots, with house of two rooms 15x15 and two rooms 7x15. For further information inquire of Mrs. Prince, on premises.

HOME TREATMENT.

A certain cure for Nervous Debility, Seminal Weakness, Impotence, etc.

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At CLEBURNE with C. T. & M. C. Ry. for Alvarado, Cedar Hill, Dallas and the North, East and West.

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

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Physicians prescriptions compounded with accuracy, day and night.

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I am representing the well known and reliable firm of Wm. Young & Co., Chicago. Will ship from

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Liberal advances made on all cattle consigned to the above named firm.

Respectfully,
C. W. MERCHANT.

2-tf

DISSOLUTION NOTICE.

The firm heretofore known as Lee & Rogers, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. H. H. Rogers retiring from the firm and H. A. Lee continuing in the business and assuming all liabilities. All parties indebted to the firm will please make immediate payment.

Baird, June 9th, 1882.

H. H. ROGERS,
H. A. LEE.

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

The Clarendon.

SATURDAY, JUNE 24, 1882.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY

State Officers.

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

District Officers.

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

County Officers.

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

Courts.

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

County Court for Callahan County on Convenes on the Third Monday in January, March, May, July, September and November.

Commissioners' Court, Convenes on the Second Monday in February, May, August and November

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

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

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

Church Directory.

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

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

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

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

Railroad Time Table.

WESTWARD

ARRIVES.	
No 1 Mail and Express	5 05 a m
No. 11 Through Freight	4 30 am
No 9, Local Freight	10 10 p m
LEAVES.	
No 1 Mail and Express	5 15 a m
No. 9, Local Freight	7 00 a m
No 11 Through Freight	7:25 a m

EASTWARD

ARRIVES.	
No 4 Mail and Express	10 10 pm
No 12 Stock Express	12 45 a m
No 10 Local Freight	8 25 a m
LEAVES.	
No 4 Mail and Express	10 20 pm
No 12 Stock Express	7 45 p m
No 10 Local Freight	10 50 p m

Arrivals and Departures of Mails.

ARRIVES.	
From the East at	5 10 a m
" " West at	10 10 p m
" Belle Plain at	8 45 a m
DEPARTS.	
Going East	10 25 p m
" West	5 25 a m
" Belle Plain	9 45 a m

PH. SCHWARTZ, P. M.

LOCAL NEWS.

Full line California canned goods, at Ogle & Son's.

Any of our country people wanting fencing wire can find it by calling at Harry Meyer's hardware store.

A herd of 2000 head of cattle, belonging to Wilson & Davidson, passed here last Thursday, enroute to Hunnewell, Kansas.

A fresh barrel of pickles at Ogle & Son's.

Up to yestrday morning the firm of Wright & Seay have bought and shipped from Brird 154,560 pounds of wool.

When you want the best nickel cigar in town, go to Ogle & Son's.

We noticed this week a number of foreign emigrants on board the westbound trains. There was nearly a carload of them, yesterday morning.

A large stock of flour, meal and corn at Ogle & Son.

An extra car containing twenty-six soldiers was attached to the regular passenger train yesterday morning. These men are for El Paso, where they go to study the Indian question. Mr. Lo will catch it, now.

Friend W. L. Gilliland is holding his cattle under herd preparatory to driving them in company with those of W. H. (Little Billy), J. W. E. (Jim) and Cap. Gilliland, who will all drive towards New Mexico. The herd will consist of about 5,000 head of as fine cattle as ever left Callahan county. All these boys are of our most popular cattle men and we trust they will find ample pasture for their large herd, and that they will continue to prosper in the business. Success attend you, boys.

The total amount of rain which fell here during the present month is 2.54 inches.

Ed. Coppins offers his store and stock of groceries for sale. Will trade for sheep.

A full line of bacon and hams, at Ogle & Son's.

The first payment on B. B. B. & C. R. R. land was made at the land office at this place last Wednesday.

Three or four more yard and round house men will bring their families to Baird to make this their home.

The pay car arrived here last night and the railroad boys were supplied with a little more of the filthy lucre making them happy as higwater clams.

An order has been sent out for a new boiler and pump for the Company's well near the round house, which will be put in operation as soon as it can arrive.

Owing to the fact that we have no printers this week, and having a press of other work, this issue of the CLARENDON is unusually late; but no one regrets this more than we do.

I am coming, you cant stop me, I am bound for the Cheap Cash store of Ed. Coppins, he keeps all kinds of staple and fancy groceries. He has just received a car-load of flour and a car-load of meal.

Dr. S. K. Smith, the popular, well known dentist of Sipe Springs, is in town. Those wishing work done and done well, had better take their mouths to him at once. He can just fix 'em in good shape.

Cheapest coffee in the West, at Ogle & Son's.

Mr. Green, who has been in the Ft. Worth railroad shops for about a year has been promoted to the position of foreman of the round house at this place. A force of mechanics will be employed here and the pump started and engines will be cleaned and repaired hereafter at this place.

The Domestic sewing machine is the chief.

"Say, Rhoda, what's that 'way up thar?"

"Oh, go 'long, Sammy, it's the Domestic, of course, it's always at the head."

(Soto Voce) 'Spose I'll have ter git her one or thar'll be no peace in the family.

For the Domestic sewing machine go to J. F. Rettig.

Mr. W. R. McDermott announces himself in this issue as a candidate for the office of assessor of Callahan County. We do not know how many candidates for this office will be in the field. Mr. M. is the only one having yet announced, and if elected would make the people a good assessor. He is in every way well qualified to fill the office and is highly respected by all who know him.

Messrs. C. D. and Charles Kenyon, of White Creek, N. Y., have recently bought of the Shaw brothers, formerly of this county, their sheep and ranch, situated on Tohoca Lake in Lynn county. There are 4500 head in all. Their clip just taken from the bucks yielded the handsome average of 21 7-8 pounds per head. The Kenyon brothers will bring another shipment of choice Vermont rams, arriving here in September.

Dr. S. K. Smith, of Sipe Springs brought with him a lot of flour, the wheat from which it was made being raised upon his farm at Sipe Springs. It was ground at the new flouring mills of Mr. R. H. Spink, at that place. This enterprising gentleman has just spent large sums of money in improving his mills, which now have all the modern improvements, and are as good as any in the State. We have examined the flour and find that it compares favorably with the best California and Kansas brands. Mr. E. S. Seay keeps it for sale.

Personal.

Col. Overall, of Coleman was in town this week.

Mrs. J. J. Medaris, of Abilene, returned home last Wednesday morning from her visit in Baird.

Mr. Weeks of Pilot Point, Denton county, who owns the seven heart brand of cattle, was in town this week. He reports times in a prosperous condition at the Point.

Mrs. W. H. Gilliland and Miss Kate Hill left by train yesterday evening for Pilot Point, Denton County, where they go to visit relatives and friends. We wish the ladies a pleasant visit.

Mr. John J. Adkins, formerly of this county, but now of Breckenridge Stevens county, was in town during the early part of the week, and made us a pleasant call. John is a candidate for the office of sheriff in his county and the people of Stevens will do well to elect him.

Mr. Silas C. Buck of Stephenville, candidate for Congress from this District, came to Baird last Thursday morning, as per announcement to address the people of Baird. It was thought best to speak in the evening instead of in the morning. But very few people came out and in consequence the speaking was postponed to some future time when we hope a large and enthusiastic crowd will greet him.

Spring Fights are Opened.

Yesterday morning two men named Baily and Harry Slemmons got into a difficulty at the round house in which Slemmons was seriously stabbed in eight places and Baily had his head kicked until he could not be recognized by his friends. Both men will probably recover although their wounds are very serious. Dr. Shapard informs us this morning that their symtoms are more favorable than they were last night. Our informant says that they had quarrelled on the preceeding evening, on which occasion Slemmons choked Baily and called him names which decency prevents us from repeating. In the morning they met at the Crystal Palace and from there they went to the round house and Baily asked Mr. Greene, the foreman of the round house, a question, to which he replied "No," when Baily remarked "There, I told you so," and sprang at Slemmons with a dirk knife and inflicted the wounds as before stated. Mr. Greene and others in the office at the time, took the knife from Baily, who told them not to take his knife from him, that Slemmons was too large a man for him to fight unarmed, and they all rushed out of the building but Mr. Dean. Both were then on the floor and Slemmons got up and began kicking Baily about the head until he ceased to breathe, when he stopped and waited until he began to move and then began kicking him again. They were finally separated and Baily was taken to the Whitley house and Slemmons to the City Hotel and are both under the treatment of Dr. Shapard. They have both been placed under arrest. It is an unfortunate affair and is regretted by all our citizens.

Letter from Belle Plain.

BELLE PLAIN, June 22, 1882.

ED. CLARENDON:

By your permission I will give your readers a few notes from this point.

We have had a good rain here and in consequence crops are growing finely.

Belle Plain has been lively for the last few days, as there has been considerable traffic in the beef market. J. D. Merchant has been buying cattle and selling horses; in fact he is the most active man I have ever met when he is doing business in his line.

Mr. Davidson has been branding and having his herd inspected preparatory to taking the trail.

Mr. Huffman gave me an invitation this evening to visit his farm and garden and I was agreeably surprised to find prospects for so good a crop. His market garden is situated just below a large tank from which the garden is irrigated. Mr. H. says he has gathered and sold six hundred pounds of onions and I should judge that he has twelve or fourteen hundred still growing, and besides he has other vegetables in abundance, such as beans, peas, tomatoes, cabbages and other things too numerous to mention; he has beets which average two and one fourth pounds each. From the garden we went to the house which is situated in a beautiful grove of oaks, and all unoccupied space is planted is shrubbery and shade trees; we next visited the orchard, which is planted in garden stuff and looks well; his orchard consists principally of peach trees and they have considerable young fruit on them; he also has apple and pear trees and grape vines. We then went to the farm; and there again I was surprised, for in place of inferior land and poor crops, I found very good land and corn that promises thirty or forty bushels per acre, and oats (the White Prussian variety) that promise a yield of sixty bushels per acre. Mr. Huffman's farm and buildings are well arranged and he is prepared to enjoy his old age.

We had speaking this evening by one of our candidates for Congress, Mr. Silas C. Buck; he delivered a good speech on the political issues of the day, i. e. finance, import duties, revenues, national bank monopolies and railroads. Mr. Buck has a number of friends and acquaintances in this neighborhood and will perhaps get a good support here.

Our business men are doing a good business and your humble reporter is doing something in his line. I have bought out Mr. Henry and am running a shop here. Look out, Mr. Dean and strike while the iron is hot, or I will get away with you.

M. H. ALLEN.

A CALL.

By virtue of the authority vested in me by appointment from the Chairman of the State Democratic Executive Committee, I hereby call a convention of the voters of Callahan county, Texas, to meet *en masse* in Baird on Saturday the 8th day of July, 1882, at 1 o'clock p. m., to send delegates to the State Democratic Convention that meets in Galveston on 18th day of July 1882. It is earnestly requested that there will be a full attendance of the voters of Callahan county.

A. W. OLIVER,
Chairman Dem. Ex. Com. of C. C.

Notice.

Parties indebted to us will please come forward and pay up at once, otherwise we will be compelled to turn accounts over to our attorney for collection.

HODES & VEIT.
Baird, Texas, June 23, 1882.

Examination and Commencement Exercises of Belle Plain District High School.

The exercises during the past week at Belle Plain College have crowned the work of its first session.

The report of the examining committee, shown by the following table, gives the class average of the pupils at the close of the first and late session:

FIRST DAY.			
Primary	Spelling.	1st class. average	9 1-2
"	"	2nd " "	9
Intermediate	"	1st " "	9
Primary Reading		" " "	8
Intermediate Geog'y		" " "	9 1-2
Collegiate Algebra		" " "	10
SECOND DAY.			
Primary	Spelling	1st class, average	8
"	Reading	" " "	8 1-2
"	Grammar	" " "	8
"	Arithmetic	" " "	7
Intermediate	Geog'y	" " "	8
"	Grammar 2nd	" " "	9
THIRD DAY.			
Intermediate	Reading	1st class average	8
"	Arithmetic	" " "	8
"	U. "	" " "	10
"	Burdon	" " "	10
Classical	Lat. Grammar	" " "	10
"	" Reader	" " "	10
"	" Caxsor	" " "	10

First day's average	9 1-6
Second " "	8 1-2
Third " "	9 3-7
General "	8 15-16

The exercises were opened each morning at nine o'clock with reading and prayer, and closed at 12 m., perfect order and system prevailing throughout, although the large school room was crowded every day. The committee were untiring in their duties, and made a thorough and impartial examination. For the short time the school has been established under its present auspices we would say that the examinations were highly satisfactory to all and hope the school may continue to prosper in the future as it has in the past.

REV. T. J. AUSTIN,
J. W. JONES.
J. D. MERCHANT,
J. W. DAY,
T. H. FLOYD,
WM. H. PARVIN.
} Committee.

Baird Shipments and Receipts.

The following is a list of the shipments and receipts at the depot at this place, for the week, ending Thursday evening the 1st inst.

RECEIPTS.

21 cars merchandise, 4 cars lumber, 2 cars sheep, 8 cars cattle.

SHIPENTS.

8 cars wool, 25 cars cattle, 2 cars sheep, 1 car flour, 4 cars bridge material.

THROUGH FREIGHT.

84 to St. Louis, 16 to Galveston,— to Sherman, 73 to Houston, 5 to Cairo, 4 to Kansas City, 1 to Austin, 2 to Hannibal, 8 to Memphis — to Paris, — to New Orleans, — to Denison and 3 to San Antonio.

Westward, 100 cars.

Good Book.

W. A. Glenn is agent for the "Western Wilds, and the Men who Redeem them." This is a very interesting work, and will be read with interest by every man, woman and child. We commend Mr. Glenn to our readers, and hope they will all buy a book from him. 51-3m

Notice.

The citizens of Baird school community are requested to meet at the schoolhouse on Saturday the 24th day of June at 2 p. m. to organize for the coming scholastic year.

W. H. PARISH, }
F. A. PARROTT, } Trustees.

The Best on Wheels.

A car load of Fish Bro's. wagons just eceived by,
n11 tf S. L. ROBERTSON.

If you don't think business in Baird is on a boom, just watch the stampede toward Ogle & Son's grocery store.

MARRIED.

GILLILAND.—THORP.—On Thursday, June 8th 1882, at the residence of W. H. Gilliland, on the Pecan Bayou, by Rev. T. J. Austin, Mr. J. W. E. Gilliland to Miss Mamie Thorp, all of Callahan county.

Rates of Announcements.

We will insert announcements of candidates for the ensuing 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	3 00

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

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

For Congress—11th District.

We are authorized to announce SILAS C. BUCK as a candidate for Congress in the Eleventh Congressional District, subject to the action of the Democratic nominating convention.

We are authorized to announce J. H. DAVENPORT as a candidate for Congress from this the Eleventh Congressional District, subject to the action of the Democratic nominating convention, should one be held.

We are authorized to announce S. W. T. LANHAM as a candidate for Congress in the Eleventh Congressional District, subject to the action of a Democratic nominating Convention.

For Representative.

We are authorized to announce JAMES N. BROWNING, Esq., as a candidate at the ensuing election for Representative in the 18th Legislature of Texas, from the 43d district.

For Sheriff.

We are authorized to announce J. W. JONES as a candidate for re-election to the office of Sheriff.

For Tax Assessor.

We are authorized to announce W. R. McDERMOTT as a candidate for the office of Tax Assessor of Callahan county.

COMMERCIAL.

GROCERIES.				
Flour, white	per cwt.	$3 75	to	$4 50
" Graham	" lb			5 c
Meal, corn	" bu			$1 20
" oat	" lb	8	to	8 1-3c
Hominy	" "	5	to	6 c
Grits	" "	5	to	6 c
Rice	" "	9	to	10 c
Beans	" "	8	to	9 c
Coffee	" "	12 1-2	to	15 1-2c
Tea	" "	50	to	$1 00
Sugar	" "	10	to	12 1-2c
Bacon br'kf'st	" "	15	to	18 c
" cl'r sid's	" "	14	to	16 2-3c
Dry Salt Meat	" "	12	to	13 c
S. C Hams	" "	15 1-2	to	17 1-2c
Lard	" "	15 1-2	to	16 2-3c
Crackers xxxx	" "			12 1-2c
Salt (coarse)	" sack			$2 00
" "	" barrel			$3 25
DRIED FRUIT.				
Apples	per lb	10	to	12 1-2c
Peaches	"	12 1-2	to	15 c
Prunes	"			12 1-2c
currants	"			12 1-2c
PRODUCE.				
Potatoes Irish	per lb	4	to	5 1-2 c
" Sweet	" "	4	to	5 c
Onions	"	6	to	7 c
Butter	"	20		25 c
Cheese (cream)	"			25 c
Eggs	" doz			15 c
chickens	" "	$2 00	to	$3 00
GRAIN.				
wheat	" bu			
corn	" "	$1		$1 35
Oats	" "			75
MIScELLANEOUS.				
coal oil	per gal			30 c
Hides	" lb	10	to	12 1-2 c
Rope			12 1-2	15c
cotton		9	to	10 1-2 c
wool		15	to	25 c
Lime	bu			
Lumber, rough	M			$28 00
" matched	M			35 00
Pecans	bu			2 50
Tobacco	lb	40c	to	1 00

Fort Worth Marble Works.

North Side of Public Square.

Jno. A. Bergin & Son.

Manufacturers and Importers of

Italian and American

MARBLE MONUMENTS.

Tombs, Tablets, Head Stones, Vases and Statuary.

Iron and Wire Railing furnished to order.

All Work Warranted.

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B. R. WEBB.

Attorney-at-Law and Real Estate Agent.

BAIRD, : : : TEXAS.

Will practice in the Courts of the 12th Judicial District, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts of the State.

Special attention given to collections and land business in the counties of Callahan, Eastland, Stephens, Shackelford, Jones, Taylor, Nolan and Mitchel. Has large amounts of land for sale throughout these counties.

J. W. AUSTIN,

DEALER IN

WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
SPECTACLES, &c.

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

Frank Austin

An Experienced and Practical Watch Maker.

Watches may safely be sent and returned by mail.

612 Main Street,
DALLAS TEXAS.

WM. CAMERON

—DEALER IN—

LUMBER,
SHINGLES,
SASH,
DOORS,
BLINDS,
MOULDING.
LIME,
CEMENT,
MIXED PAINTS,
BARBED WIRE

BAIRD. - - TEXAS

GREAT BARGAINS!

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

DRY GOODS,

Boots, Shoes, Notions, Hats, Caps

—And all kinds of—

GROCERIES.

PH. SWARTZ & BRO.,

POST OFFICE STORE.

—Agents for the celebrated—

MEDICATED SPECTACLES.

HANDBOOK OF PLANTS

BY PETER HENDERSON.

Author of "Gardening for Profit," "Practical Floriculture," "Gardening for Pleasure," etc.

This work is designed to fill a want that amateur and professional Horticulturists have long felt—the need of a concise yet comprehensive Dictionary of Plants.

The work embraces the Botanical Names, Derivations, Linnæan, and Natural Orders of Botany of all the Leading Genera of Ornamental and Useful Plants, up to the present time, with concise instructions for propagation and culture. Great care has been given to obtaining all known local or common names; and a comprehensive glossary of Botanical and General Horticultural terms and practices is also given, which will be found of great value, even to the experienced Horticulturist.

It is a large octavo volume of four hundred pages, printed on fine paper, and handsomely bound in cloth. Published and sent post-paid by mail, on receipt of $3.00.

OUR COMBINED CATALOGUE OF

SEEDS AND PLANTS

For 1882, sent free on application.

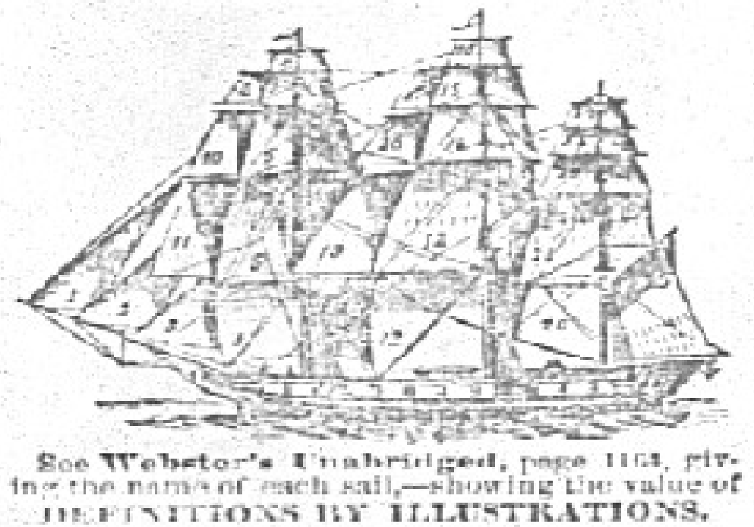
PETER HENDERSON & CO.

35 Cortlandt Street, New York.

WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED.

If you intend sometime to get a copy of Webster's Unabridged Dictionary,

"DO IT NOW."



See Webster's Unabridged, page 1164, giving the name of each sail,—showing the value of DEFINITIONS BY ILLUSTRATIONS.

The pictures in Webster under the 12 words, Beef, Boiler, Castle, Column, Eye, Horse, Moldings, Phrenology, Ravelin, Ships, (pages 1164 and 1219) Steam engine, Timbers, define 343 words and terms far better than they could be defined in words.

New Edition of WEBSTER, has 118,000 Words, 3000 Engravings, 4600 NEW WORDS and Meanings, Biographical Dictionary of over 9700 Names.

Published by G. & C. MERRIAM, Springfield, Mass

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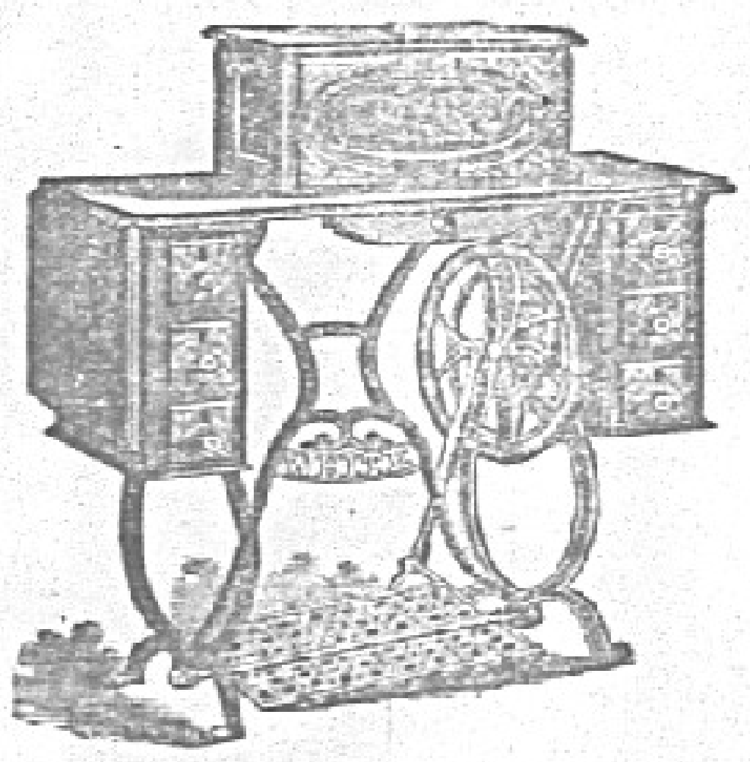
What a wonderful improvement the New Howe Sewing Machine is over B the BEST points of ALL FIRST CLASS machines combined, ye the SIMPLEST in the market. All wearing parts adjustable, lost motion easily taken up, thereby preventing NOISE, rattle or wear. Has but TWO HOLES to thread—one in the shuttle and the needle. Its bobbin is larger than that of other machines, and winds from the top without dropping the band or running the machine. The GREATEST improvement of ALL is the new STITCH regulator, which enables the operator to tell the number of stitches to the inch without stopping the machine. For further information, call on

L. A. WILSON, Z. T. WHITE,
State Agent, Dallas, Texas. Salesman.
2-43-6m.

UNPARALLELED SUCCESS

OF THE

White Sewing Machine



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

54,853 Machines.

NO OTHER MACHINE EVER HAD SUCH

A RECORD OF POPULARITY.

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

IN THE WORLD.

Agents wanted. For terms, address

White Sewing Machine Co.,
CLEVELAND, O.

Cathartic Pills

Combine the choicest cathartic principles in medicine, in proportions accurately adjusted to secure activity, certainty, and uniformity of effect. They are the result of years of careful study and practical experiment, and are the most effectual remedy yet discovered for diseases caused by derangement of the stomach, liver, and bowels, which require prompt and effectual treatment. AYER'S PILLS are specially applicable to this class of diseases. They act directly on the digestive and assimilative processes, and restore regular healthy action. Their extensive use by physicians in their practice, and by all civilized nations, is one of the many proofs of their value as a safe, sure, and perfectly reliable purgative medicine. Being compounded of the concentrated virtues of purely vegetable substances, they are positively free from calomel or any injurious properties, and can be administered to children with perfect safety.

AYER'S PILLS are an effectual cure for **Constipation or Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Loss of Appetite, Foul Stomach and Breath, Dizziness, Headache, Loss of Memory, Numbness, Biliousness, Jaundice, Rheumatism, Eruptions and Skin Diseases, Dropsy, Tumors, Worms, Neuralgia, Colic, Gripes, Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Gout, Piles, Disorders of the Liver,** and all other diseases resulting from a disordered state of the digestive apparatus.

As a Dinner Pill they have no equal.

While gentle in their action, these PILLS are the most thorough and searching cathartic that can be employed, and never give pain unless the bowels are inflamed, and then their influence is healing. They stimulate the appetite and digestive organs; they operate to purify and enrich the blood, and impart renewed health and vigor to the whole system.

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

CALLAHAN COUNTY

CLARENDON

PUBLISHED EVERY

Saturday Morning

—AT—

Baird, - - Texas.

W. R. LOTZ,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR

$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.

CALLAHAN COUNTY CLARENDON.

You Should
ADVERTISE.

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

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

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

BAIRD, - - - - TEXAS.

Silk-Worms at Dinner.

Ten thousand club-shaped young silk-worms from four different corners of the world wagged their heads discontentedly yesterday in a fourth-story room in the rear tenement at No. 519 East Eleventh street over a meal of osage orange leaves that had come direct from the Department of Agriculture at Washington, but that, nevertheless, were not, as the owner disconsolately said, a "square meal for the worms." They nibbled lazily at the limp leaves, and shifted their tails uneasily, as if aware of the trouble they had caused by their untimely appearance. The worms were hatched about two weeks ahead of their time, by accident, and have since kept three or four men running about day by day looking for mulberry leaves, upon which they feed most readily. These being at this season very scarce, the tender sprouts of the ailantus tree and lately fresh shoots from the osage orange have been substituted, but without much success. On Sunday last, many hundreds of the young worms died for want of food. Those that survive are not in first-class condition, but in a few days food will be plenty, and they are then expected to grow rapidly.

The worms were hatched by Adam Gigrich and his wife, who owns a farm at Amityville, L. I. They were familiar with silk-worm culture in their Alsacian home, and have raised large quantities of worms on their farm for several years. At the approaching exhibition of the Silk Exchange in Turn Hall, which will be opened the second week in June, they are to exhibit some fifty thousand worms, in all stages of development, from the egg to the full-grown butterfly emerging from the cocoon. When the eggs were taken to the city and placed in a cellar that proved too warm, some were hatched. The rest were saved for a more advanced season by being placed in an ice-box. Of the early comers that gave reception to the reporter yesterday, the oldest were of the Japanese variety. These were in their second week, quite white, and fully three-quarters of an inch long. American worms just hatched were little over one-eighth of an inch long, and nearly black, save a few that had dull-brown bodies and heads of dirty white. Turkish and French worms of tender age resembled them very much. All had thick, pear-shaped heads and bright, black jaws. The worms crawled about on sheets of paper or pasteboard, upon which their leaves were spread. A fresh meal of leaves was placed on top of the old, upon a sheet of perforated tissue-paper, through which the worms worked their way from below.

From twenty-eight to thirty-five days after being hatched the worm begins to spin its cocoon; in other words, stops feeding and goes to work. Before that it changes its skin four times, and at last becomes quite transparent. Some of the worms seen yesterday were in their first period of change. They looked sick and refused to eat. When full-grown the silk-worm is so tender that if it accidentally crawls across the head of a nail in its board it is attacked by diarrhœa and dies. Fresh air and a temperature that must not fall below 65 or 70 degrees are required for their health.—*N. Y. Sun.*

The Assimilation of Fat.

Most physiological text books teach that the fat of the body is not derived directly from the fat of the food. But from statistical analysis Hoffman has arrived at the conclusion that the formed fat of the animal body arises not only from heterologous elements of the food, but also in part at least from ingested fat. Radzcejewsky concludes that the special destination of this fat is the intramuscular adipose tissue. A series of investigations, undertaken by Lebedeff in the clinical department of the pathological laboratory at Berlin, leads him also to the conclusion that the ingested fat is deposited unchanged in the fatty tissue of the body. Two dogs were kept fasting for a month, losing in the time about forty per cent. of their weight. Previous experiments have shown that, under these circumstances, all the fat of the body disappears. The dogs were then fed on a diet which consisted of large quantities of fat foreign to their own nature, and a small quantity of flesh. Both dogs regained their normal weight in three weeks, and were then killed. One had been fed on linseed oil, and from its tissues was obtained more than a kilogramme of fatty oil, which did not become solid at the freezing point of water, and which corresponded closely in chemical characters to linseed oil. The second dog was fed on mutton suet, which had a boiling point about 50 deg. C., and in its body, in the muscles, about the internal organs, and beneath the skin, a form of fat was found which was almost identical with suet. The organs of each dog were free from disease. Thus it would appear that ingested fat, even such as is foreign to the individual constitution, may yet become transformed directly into the fatty tissue of the animal. Other experiments of the same investigator seem to show that this is true also of milk fat.—*Lancet.*

Resources of British Burmah.

The administration report of British Burmah shows that out of 87,220 square miles of fertile soil, barely 5,600 are cultivated. As illustrating the wonderful fertility of the soil, it is pointed out that in a single orchard the following trees were in bearing at the same time: the cocoanut, the areca, the Corean mango, orange, lime, Mangosteen, pineapple, black pepper, plantain, and coffee. The soil is suitable for sugar-cane, tobacco, and cotton. The hill slopes afford every facility for the production of tea, coffee, and cinchona. Petroleum abounds, and iron, tin, lead, and antimony are plentiful, while the supply of forest trees is infinite and their variety inexhaustible. The local demand for tobacco is prodigious; every man, woman, and child smokes. From 40,000 to 80,000 cigars are sent every month to England, and a large supply is imported into India. Yet with all these advantages of soil most of the tobacco is brought from Madras, so great is the repugnance of the people to work. Notwithstanding this apathy, the increase of prosperity is astounding; 885,338 tons of rice were exported to Europe in 1880, being an increase of 85,000 tons over that exported in the previous year, although prices fell 20 per cent. The total trade in 1870 amounted to £10,263,000, while that of 1880 was $22,222,000. The revenues have increased in the same period from £1,232,066 to £2,360,000, the local and municipal revenue having more than trebled.

Cheap Italy.

Italy remains of all countries in Europe the cheapest. Money goes very far there when people spend it rationally, but English families who want to live economically must be very careful not to let it be suspected that they are rich, else they will be fleeced with a shamelessness hardly to be credited by those who have not witnessed it. An Italian becomes utterly demoralized when he sees a chance of making money out of a simpleton. If he succeeds in one overcharge his only regret will be that he did not ask for more; and he will move away grumbling, so that the more you give him the less pleased will he appear to be. Partly from ignorance, partly from vulgar ostentation, Englishmen and Americans in Italy pay for many things ten or twenty times more than they ought to do. The basket of fruit which the Marchese, living sumptuously for £100 a year in the upper rooms of his ancestral palace, may buy for four soldi will be sold for as many francs to the Signora Brown, who will declare it cheap, reckoning by Covent Garden prices; and the same discriminating lady, in bargaining for apartments, will allow her head to be turned by accounts of the distinguished persons who have inhabited those apartments in old times, and will readily pay three times more than the rooms are worth. People who mean to live in Italy must do business on a very different plan; they must take pattern by the Italians themselves. Most of the Italian gentry, sporting high-sounding titles, are not only poor but miserly. They dress well out of doors, frequent the theaters (which can be done for a small cost by taking a yearly subscription), and now and then they are to be seen driving about in antiquated barouches; but in their homes they make no show, and they bargain for every article of food they buy till they reach the lowest sum at which the seller will part with his merchandise. If an Englishman wants to make quite sure of not being cheated he had better begin by offering one-third of the sum demanded of him for anything, from a house to a bunch of grapes. When he has been a little time in the country he will discover that even in this way he will be made to pay considerably more than a native. It may happen that at first his offers will be refused, as tradesmen will be anxious to prove him; but if he perseveres he will acquire the reputation of being a sensible man, and will get the fat of the land for its marketable value.

Rome, Naples, Turin and Florence should be avoided by people with small purses; but there is only an *embarras de choix* with respect to other cities suitable for settling. There are twenty towns in the Peninsula which have fallen from a high estate and abound with empty palaces. Genoa, Milan, Venice, Pisa, Ravenna, Terrara, Modena, Parma, Bologna, Siena stand in this case, and the further you go south the more opportunities have you of renting lands, as well as houses, on low terms. The country wears a look of ruin, but it is wonderfully fertile; very little capital is needed to work its rich soil, and many of our countrymen who carry their money to America or Australia at great risk of getting no return for it would find a much safer investment in those sunny fields of Italy, where the crops of wheat, grapes and olives never fail. The Italian climate, moreover, promotes economy, for there is no necessity of taking stimulants there, or for eating meat more than once a day. The natives are strangely abstemious. A cup of chocolate with some pastry in the morning; a dish of meat and vegetables at midday, some fruit and salad, or macaroni, in the evening, will form an Italian nobleman's bill of fare for the day; and the only extras will be an occasional ice or cup of coffee at the cafe. The social life of the country is most pleasant, for you get as much society as you please there without its costing you anything. The Italians do not, like the French, give elaborate breakfasts and dinners. The richer among them give musical parties at their own houses, serving ices and coffee to their guests; but the majority meet their friends in the open air promenades, in the cafes, and at the theater, which is the chief place for paying visits. Manners are free and easy; morals are not perhaps all that they might be; but English people at least have no reason to complain that they are received with coldness. They are liked and respected all over the Peninsula in proportion that the French and Germans are hated. It is an understood thing that the Englishman is an "eccentric" and a "heretic," but he is credited with the possession of all the serious qualities which the Italians themselves lack, and his very oddities are supposed to be amusing.—*Cornhill Magazine.*

A Singular Incident.

One day last summer, as we were riding through the broad avenues of California's most famous sea-side resort, we noticed a costly statue in the yard of the handsomest cottage. It represented a cat rubbing itself against the body of a prostrate man. Our driver told us the following story as to the occasion of the statue:

"Years ago, when there were but few settlers in California, a hunter seeking game came upon a cat caught in the underbrush of a thicket and crying with pain and hunger. The poor creature was so wasted that the bones almost pierced her skin in places. The hunter rescued her, fed her with food from his game-bag, and carried her to his cabin, as cats were scarce. That night he went early to bed, leaving 'puss' asleep on a pile of shavings. To his great surprise, he found the next morning that the cat had escaped through a window of the cabin.

"Several years passed, and the hunter had almost forgotten about the cat. One day, as he was climbing a tree for lodged game, he fell to the ground and fractured his ankle. For two days he lay on the ground in despair, hungry and suffering. Toward the close of the second day he heard the mewing of a cat, which, at his calling, came to him, and he recognized her as the one he had saved from the thicket.

"After rubbing and purring about him for a while, pussy, who seemed to take in the situation, scampered away. A few hours later she returned accompanied by a bent old man, talking to the cat as she ran on before. The hunter told his story, and the aged man, lifting him up, assisted him to the hunter's cabin. Then this unknown benefactor, whose face was almost hidden beneath his long and shaggy beard, went back into the forest. The cat, which had saved the hunter's life, followed her strange master, who told neither his name nor his abode.

"The man who lives in this cottage is the old hunter. Becoming rich in the time of the discovery of gold, he has erected this monument in honor of the cat that saved his life."—*Youth's Companion.*

—The Athenians used to beat on brass kettles at the moment of death, to frighten away the Furies.

HOME AND FARM.

—It is asserted that nine-tenths of the foot and ankle ailments of horses are traceable to standing on dry plank floors.

—Beef which has a tendency to be tough can be made tender by stewing very gently for two hours with pepper and salt, letting out about a pint of liquid when done, and allowing the remainder to boil into the meat. After taking up make gravy of the liquid saved.

—A successful rose-culturist says that the essentials with roses are plenty of manure and plenty of water. They need as much water as strawberries, especially when it is desired to obtain continuous bloom from hybrid perpetuals, for to do this they must be kept in continuous growth.

—The nasturtium, besides being a pretty flower for a garden border, is worthy of cultivation for the seeds, which are excellent for flavoring pickles, or as a substitute for capers. The dwarf varieties need no support, but the tall kinds should be trained to a trellis or fence, to keep the fruit out of the dirt.

—Fish Fritters.—Take the remains of any fish which has been served the previous day, remove all the bones and pound it in a mortar, add bread-crumbs and mashed potatoes in equal quantities. Mix together half a teacupful of cream with two well-beaten eggs, some cayenne pepper and anchovy sauce. Beat it all up to a proper consistency, cut it into small cakes and fry them in boiling lard.

—The *New England Farmer* advises farmers to plant a liberal supply of sweet corn for the table. They need not fear to plant too much, as any surplus may be fed to the cows. Farmers may have green corn on the table at every meal, if they choose, from the last of July to the first of October, and there is no cheaper or nicer food, if picked fresh from one's own field or garden.

—Snaps: Rub one-quarter of a pound of butter into one-half pound of flour, add one-half pound of moist sugar, one-half ounce of ground ginger, and the grated rind and juice of a lemon. Mix with a little molasses to a paste thin enough to spread on tins. Bake in a moderate oven, and when done enough cut it into strips while still on the tins, and then roll it around the fingers. When cold put in a tin at once, or they will lose their crispness.

—Old Fashioned Raised Doughnuts: Make a sponge as for bread, using a quart of water and two-thirds of a cake of yeast, or a large half cup of yeast; make this early in the afternoon; when the sponge is very light add a teacup of lard and half a cup of white sugar, two eggs and enough grated nutmeg to flavor the dough. In the morning this sponge will be light; add a little flour as you use the dough, then cut the doughnuts, put them in a floured plate, and keep warm until you are ready to fry them; drop in very hot lard, and cook longer than you do fried cakes made with baking powder, sift powdered sugar over them, and send to the breakfast table warm.

Too Many Hours.

There is one painful aspect of farm life that calls for a change. No reform in politics is needed more. It is that farmers work too many hours. They know this as well as we do; but it is one of those latent scraps of knowledge that is never permitted to assert itself, and the farmer plods on as if in a deep rut that it is impossible for him to get out of. "I am working for all day," said a hired man to us; "you work only as the fancy seizes you." There is a lesson in this. Suppose the slow, weary walk of the working farmer were quickened; suppose he rushed all of his work the same as mechanics rush theirs; suppose, in a word, he accomplished in ten hours the work that now employs him from sun-up till sun-down, and then passed a pleasant evening with his family, would he not in the end accomplish more work, and more effective work? Would not his life be happier and more worth the living?

The half-starved dog trot of many of the farmers about us; the listless, lifeless manner in which they perform their drawn-out labors are the necessary outcome of labor too long-continued without change. It is as if the farmer had a journey of 20 miles to walk every day of his life over the same dreary road, with precisely the same object in view. At its completion he is tired, and has no spirit either to enjoy social intercourse or to improve his mind by reading. He has no energy left for thought. He falls asleep at once if he attempts to read. And so it is; the long hours of work deprive farmers of their best aid in passing not only happy lives but successful ones.

There is no occupation on earth that is better suited to render men happy and intelligent than life on the farm, if rightly pursued, and there is no other pursuit that is more abused to destroy man's ambition, energy, and happiness. We want farmers to be the rulers of the nation, and that is what they are entitled to be. We want them to be the happiest, most vigorous and intellectual of men. They enjoy, more than others, the free air of heaven; "agriculture is the most healthful, most useful, and most noble employment of man." Then why, instead of availing himself of the opportunities that are ever present, does the farmer choose a dull, mechanical routine of work that, while it yields a support, takes away from life its sparkle and usefulness?

The writer of this can not be accused of knowing little of farm life. A part of every pleasant day is spent in some kind of outdoor labor in the field or garden, and this has been the case for many years. His experience has taught him that constant work from sunrise till dark incapacitates him for effectual work, and that what is gained in actual labor is more than lost in an incapacity to direct others and to work with the best results himself.

As soon as we make farm work simply laborious, we lower agriculture to the level of any ditch-digging, stone-piling, hod-carrying business that needs but a thimbleful of brains to guide the brawn and sinew that do the work. We love and respect intelligent farmers above any other class of men. But we despise those groveling caricatures that make agriculture the means of a scanty living, at the cost of degrading themselves, their wives and children.—*Rural New Yorker.*

—A novel plowing arrangement is reported from Monroe, Ga. A negro was opening a furrow, with a mule hitched to the plow. Behind him came a girl dropping seed. The man had a sort of harness on and was pulling another plow, which was guided by the girl to cover the seed. Having but one mule he put that on double duty by making it help pull him, while he drew the second plow. This economical arrangement must have put the sturdy plowman's strength to a severe test.

Egyptian History.

The history of Egypt, although we have long lists of consecutive Pharaohs, and though some portions of it stand out with surprising clearness, is broken by serious gaps which have not yet been bridged over. It is true that there is a papyrus composed about 1300 B. C., of which so much is decipherable as to show that it is a carefully compiled chronicle of the country from the supposed creation of the world—according to Egyptian notions—up to that date; but it is so torn and worn as to be almost useless. We learn, however, from other sources much about a succession of ancient dynasties, during the earliest of which wars were carried on with the Bedouins in the east and Lybyans in the west, and much devotion was shown in the construction of monuments and tombs. These wars were presently waged with the assistance of conscript negroes brought down the Nile in large transport ships. Then come blanks in which national calamities are marked by cessation in the building of temples and in the engraving of contemporary history, for the Egyptian never liked to chronicle events unfavorable to himself. Then the Theban dynasty arose with it. Former defeats were avenged, more temples and pyramids were built, agriculture was revived, and order re-established.

This period was broken by the arrival of the famous Shepherd Kings, but whence they came no one can really determine. We know, however, that in the main they accepted the civilization which they found. After several hundred years they were expelled, a papyrus in the British Museum telling us how this was done. Then Egypt had a fresh Theban revival. We find her turning the tables on other countries, and from having been invaded becoming an invader. Her galleys were to be seen in the Mediterranean and Red Seas, the horse was introduced with the war chariot, Asiatic slaves were employed on government works, and Central Asia was conquered, after campaigns begun by the famous battle of Megiddo, fought by Thothmes III., in Palestine. This is a singularly interesting period in Egyptian history, as it brings before us contemporaneous allusion to Damascus, Hamath, an "Og," King of Bashan, and many original names of the city of Canaan two centuries and a half before the time of Joshua. To quote from Mr. Birch: "The arm of Egypt reached to Nineveh, Babel brought tributes and homage. . . . In the hymns or poems to Thothmes, Phœnicia and the islands of the Mediterranean are mentioned." Then comes another eclipse in Egyptian history, with religious revolution, in which, under Amenophis IV., the worship of the Disk was introduced and the old gods were vigorously assailed. Their honor, however, was soon restored, for this effort to stamp out popular polytheism and abolish all worship except that of the sun produced a reform which lasted for only one generation. Presently fresh invasions came from the East, whereby the conquests of Thothmes were lost. These were, nevertheless, once more regained, and indeed extended into Europe, by Rameses II., or the Great, known to the Greeks as Sesostris, who is believed to be the Pharaoh who first mightily oppressed the children of Israel.—*Good Words.*

—A Portland (Me.) military company was about to visit Hartford. The Boston & Maine Railroad agent offered to carry them at half the regular rate. The Eastern Railroad agent invited them to ride for nothing, and the other promptly agreed to pay them twenty-five per cent. of the ordinary fare if they would ride with him. The latter terms were accepted. At the last moment a dispatch was received from the Boston & Maine President repudiating the bargain. The company therefore made the trip over the Eastern, on full fares, and will sue the Boston & Maine for breach of contract.

—The inhabitants of a Western town tarred and feathered an obnoxious individual the other day, only to find that the man was innocent, but made believe guilty because he wanted some feathers for a pillow and was too mean to buy them. They are terribly indignant.—*Chicago Times.*

The Duty of Newspapers.

When experienced, practical and unprejudiced physicians widely endorse and recommend a medicine, knowing from the ingredients it contains that it is Nature's best assistant as a Health renewer, especially in curing impure blood, dyspepsia, kidney and lung diseases, female complaints and general weakness, then indeed, should the newspaper press of the country give publicity to the fact. We refer to Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla, a medicine of which over a million bottles were sold last year, without one single instance of complaint.—*Times.*

Ask your druggist to get it for you.

Some of the manuscript offered to printers is so bad that it ought first to be sent to the house of correction with its author.—*Chicago Tribune.*

An editor who does not wish his name mentioned, writes as follows: "Excessive mental activity seriously affected my health. My kidneys and liver gave me greatest annoyance. Severe headaches often made me unfit for work. Milky urine and other symptoms gave evidence of physical decay. Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla banished every feeling of distress. I think it the best medicine in the world, and shall do all I can to increase its sale."

—A geologist who has completed an investigation of the mineral deposits along the line of the Selma, Rome & Dalton Railroad, between Rome, Georgia, and Calera, Ala., reports that there is more brown hematite iron ore contiguous to the road than can be found in any other iron-field in the United States.

A new kind of English glass is made by taking it before it is fairly melted and while it is full of bubbles and shaping it while half liquid half solid. It is not peculiarly fragile and appears Venetian.

—"You are as full of airs as a music box," is what a young man said to a girl who refused to let him see her home. "That may be," was the reply, "but I don't go with a crank."

—Ralph Alcorn, an eight-year-old Broome (N. Y.) County boy, wears an eight and a quarter hat, his head measuring twenty-eight inches in circumference.

—If your husband smokes, gentle lady, treat him as you would a smoking lamp. Don't put him out, but let him down easy.—*Boston Transcript.*

—Miss Hannah Atwood, aged eighty-three years, of Lansingburgh, N. Y., has bought a sewing-machine and intends to use it without aid.

—William Peak, father of the once famous family of bell-ringers, has recently been sent to jail at Goshen, N. Y., as a vagrant.

—While digging a well near Lake City, Fla., the petrified jawbone of a crocodile was found at a depth of fifty-three feet.

"Nellie, my dear," said Mrs. Slobson to her daughter, "did you read Oscar Wilde's lecture and note his observation regarding the desirability of having beautiful surroundings?" "Yes, mamma." "Then tell me what you think are the most beautiful surroundings?" "But I won't." "Yes, you will." "Well, then, if you must know, I think Gus Singsadly's arms the most beautiful surroundings in the wide world."—*Chicago Tribune.*

The Greatest Blessing.

A simple, pure, harmless remedy, that cures every time, and prevents disease by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors are being blessed by thousands who have been saved and cured by it. Will you try it? See another column.—*Eagle.*

As he waited for a prescription, the druggist said to him: "That is my son, sir, sitting by you; don't you think he looks like me?" "Well, yes," replied the customer, "I think I can see some of your liniments in his face."

The St. Louis Magazine for June is now ready. Its table of contents is unusually attractive. "Sketches of St. Louis" will be of interest to all St. Louisans, as well as our country readers. It is embellished with numerous illustrations. "One Chapter in a Woman's Life" and "The Italian Lovers" will please all romance-loving readers, while "Fashions" for June will be found interesting to all. "The Timely Topics" are overflowing with spicy humor and sound sense. Send your name with ten cents and receive in return a sample copy of this charming Magazine, together with a set of elegant picture cards. Address St. Louis Magazine Co., 213 N. Eighth street, St. Louis, Mo.

Stock-breeders and bar-keepers agree that there is profit in short horns.

⁂ "Many silly people despise the precious, not understanding it." But no one despises Kidney-Wort after having given it a trial. Those that have used it agree that it is by far the best medicine known. Its action is prompt, thorough and lasting. Don't take pills, and other mercurials that poison the system, but by using Kidney-Wort restore the natural action of all the organs.

"We're in a pickle now," said a man in a crowd. "A regular jam," said another. "Heaven preserve us!" mourned an old lady.—*Our Continent.*

Guiteau could never sleep at proper hours, cursed with abnormal activity, his nerves were always on the *qui vive*. Could he have had the soothing benefit of Dr. Benson's Celery and Chamomile Pills, his wretched brains would not have raged with improper fancies. Dr. Benson's Skin Cure is already becoming as famous as his Pills. It is a sure cure for all diseases of Skin and Scalp.

"Misery may like company," says a colored philosopher, "but I'd rader hab de rhumatiz in one leg den ter hab it in bofe."

Personal.

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

Wife—"But, my dear, I shall catch cold coming down so late to let you in." Husband—"Oh no, my love, I'll rap you up well before you come down."

*Both Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. Sent by mail in the form of pills, or of lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3 cent stamp. Send for pamphlet. Mention this paper.

"What on earth takes you off to the stable so early every morning lately?" asked a woman of her husband. "Curry-hossity."

"Golden Medical Discovery" has been used with signal success in consumption of the lungs, consumptive night sweats, spitting of blood, shortness of breath, weak lungs, coughs, bronchitis and kindred affections of throat and chest. Sold by druggists.

Trichinae continues to give us a good deal of trouble in Germany, but it is a little thing to make a fuss about.—*Lowell Courier.*

"Men must work and women weep,
So runs the world away!"

But they need not weep so much if they use Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which cures all the painful maladies peculiar to women. Sold by druggists.

An orator saying that he had a very mixed audience was asked how it happened. "O," said he, "I stirred it up so with my eloquence."

The huge, drastic, griping, sickening pills are fast being superseded by Dr. Pierce's "Purgative Pellets." Sold by druggists.

"Judges," said a lawyer, "always have a great advantage over us poor fellows, for they guess last."

☞ Feathers, ribbons, velvet can all be colored to match that new hat by using the Diamond Dyes. Any one can use them. 10 cents for any color.

A young man in this city who practiced in the gymnasium one afternoon only was enabled to jump his board bill the very next day.—*N. Y. Graphic.*

If contemplating Building or Painting send for the new Architectural Catalogue published by Wm. T. Comstock, 6 Astor Place, New York.

The man with the broadest smile is he who uses Frazer Axle Grease. This is honest.

Skinny Men. "Wells' Health Renewer" restores health and vigor, cures Dyspepsia. $1.

In charity it may be better to give than to receive, but in kissing it is about equal.

"Rough on Rats." Clears out rats, mice, roaches, bed-bugs, gophers, chipmunks. 15c.

Nothing makes the possessor smile so much as a good set of teeth.

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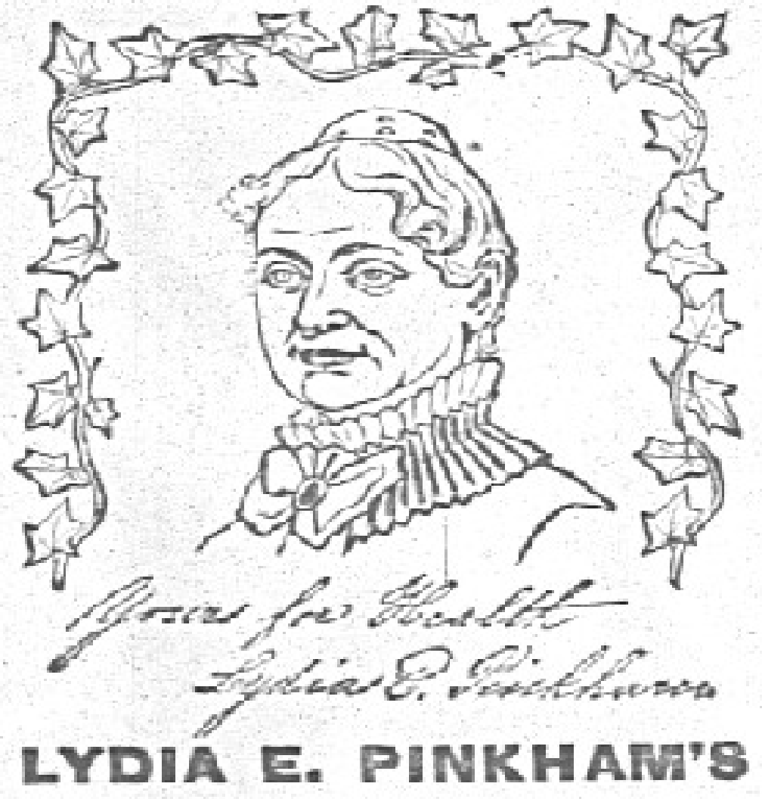

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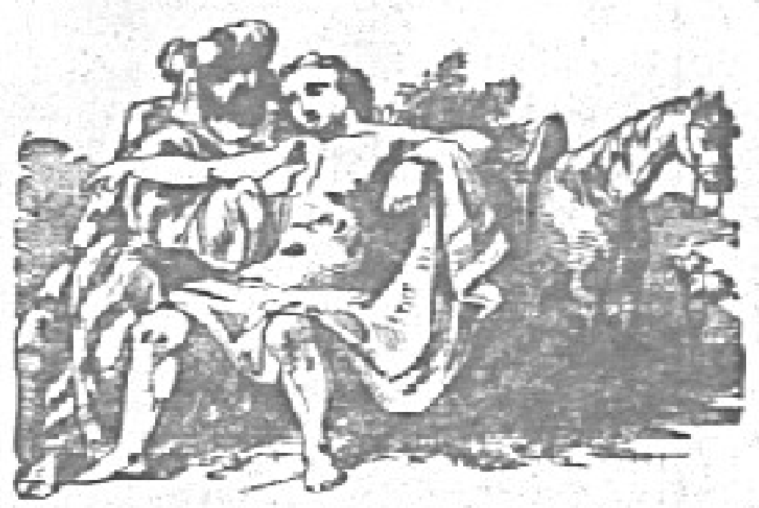

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