Callahan County Clarendon.

"THE GREATEST GOOD TO THE GREATEST NUMBER."

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EDICATION 'S A WONDERFUL THING.

"So John, you're done with the college,
And are back on the farm once more,
With your head as full of larning
As a knarly apple of core.
It's cost a heap to learn you all—
Philosophee and figure and speak,
And it's a different work a hoeing corn
Than digging in Latin and Greek.
So is it law, or pills
You choose for your occupation?
Or, better still, come, settle down,
And accept a D. D.'s station."

"Well, dad, I have thought of the law,
But they say it's all overdone.
As for pills—why every one knows
It's the hardest work under the sun.
A parson's robe would never fit
On a man that's built like me:
For how would it look on the best short-stop
That plays in the H. B. C.?
So I'm engaged at two thousand a year,
And signed the papers, too,
To stand behind the bat and catch
For the club from Kalamazoo."

"Two thousand a year!" The old man stares;
It makes his head to sing.
And he just has sense to mutter aloud:
"Edication's a wonderful thing!"

—*Puck.*

DR. VANDERGILL.

CHAPTER I.

Dr. Vandergill possessed a strange passion for skeletons. A sculptor could have derived no more pleasure from graceful statuary than did this grim medical man from his collection of human bones. On block pedestals, against the walls of his library, stood skeletons, with the fixed grin of eerie chill, seeming to look down in mockery on a life which they had found to be so full of disappointments; and, near the doctor's writing desk, stood an old fellow who, in his best days, must have stood six feet three in his stockings.

At the age of fifty the doctor, still a bachelor, fell deeply in love—or rather, as Bulwer would say, rose highly into it—with a plump young lady. The peculiar fact of his becoming devoted to so much flesh caused much comment in the neighborhood, for Sallie Sylvester, in the liberal way in which she had been supplied with adipose tissue, exhibited no skeleton suggestiveness. When the doctor, deeply impassioned and forgetful of everything save the love which had spilled a warm glow of something all over his soul, told Sallie of his devotion, she lifted her eyes, soft as the velvet on the horn of a young deer, and said:

"Doctor, do you think that you love me quite as well as you would if I were a skeleton?"

Oh yes, he loved her with a love beyond the power of a skeleton to inspire. "Why," said he, "I love you with a new creation of something—the sudden spring into life of something which hitherto has not existed within me. Now, I admire a fine skeleton, but I do not love—do not love—plague take the indirectness of the language—do not love it."

"No indirectness, my dear doctor, for a skeleton is not necessarily masculine or feminine."

He did not observe that she called him "dear doctor," nor, in the lingual perplexity into which he had suddenly been thrown, did he realize that she had placed her head on his shoulder.

"I will admit," he went on, "that I derive much pleasure, to say nothing of instruction—Why, bless the girl—" and the arm which he had been using as an illustrator closed around the young lady's neck. Yes, she would marry him. It made no difference if he were older than she—the young maple often grows beside the old oak; she could make his home happy—it was a large and well-furnished house; she would minister to every want—particularly her own; young men were shallow-minded—she wanted a husband whose learning she could respect.

They were married. The old house was charming; the old furniture so quaint and interesting. Her happiness was complete—that is, excepting the influence exercised by the skeletons. Whenever she entered the library a chill crept over her, and, at night, when the doctor was away, she could fancy that she heard the skeletons rattling their bones while, in loose-jointed recklessness, they danced a horrible jig.

"Doctor," the loving wife remarked one evening pushing an ottoman to the sofa where the medical gentleman lay, "you do everything you can to make me happy, don't you?" seating herself and proceeding to practice the fine art of endearment.

"Well, yes," he replied. "I did not suspect that you entertained a doubt concerning that fact."

"I sometimes do," brushing tobacco crumbs from his shirt bosom.

"Ah, my little girl, it must be that shadow of discontent which sometimes arises from lavish attention, that is for a moment clouding your domestic sun."

She was pleased at being called little, for she knew that she was not. Pettish women are fond of soft words, even though they imply a misnomer.

"Other people may have skeletons in their closets, but ours adorn the walls. I wish they were in a closet. When you persistently refuse to remove the horrid things, I cannot help but think that you do not love me quite so much as you should."

"Sallie, you know that I am devoted to you, and, knowing my peculiarities, I do not see why you should seek to deprive me of a great enjoyment. I have never known one of the skeletons to come out of the library. They are quiet and well-behaved, quite as much of the lady and gentleman, I am persuaded, as they were during life. You need not go near them. This is a very large house, remember."

"I know all that, but I can't help opening the door and gazing at them. they possess for me such an awful fascination."

"You'll get over that after awhile."

"Yes, when the awful things have frightened me to death. Sometimes, while I am standing in the doorway, I hear them talking to each other, and the other evening that great tall fellow told me that if I did not go away he would throw one of his ribs at me."

The doctor laughed. "I did not know that you were so weak; you ought to be ashamed of yourself."

"You may just laugh as much as you please, but I know that he did speak to me. Never mind; you'll be sorry one of these days for treating me this way."

Several nights later, when the shuffling footsteps of the servants were no longer heard in the hallway, the doctor went into the library to work on an article or a medical journal. He had sat down and had begun to arrange his papers, when a dry rasping voice, so near that it startled him, said:

"It is time, sir, that you were in bed."

The doctor looked around the room but saw no one. "Who spoke?" he demanded.

"I, sir," replied the voice.

"What, you?" gazing at the tall skeleton.

"Yes, 'What you,'" said the skeleton. "Havn't I a right to speak?"

"You don't mean to say that you are talking?"

"You have very correctly arrived at the proportions of my meaning, or rather, using the expressive slang of the day, that is just about the size of it."

"I don't believe that you can talk," exclaimed the doctor. "You have no organs of speech."

"Doctor," said the skeleton, "you remind me of the story of the lawyer, who said to his client: 'They cannot put you in jail for this.' 'Yes, they can,' replied the client, 'for, hang it, they've already done it.' I can't talk without organs of speech, but, hang it, I've already done it."

"Well, this beats anything I ever heard of. Say, tell me something about death. Where is your soul?"

"Oh, I never had any soul particularly. I was a physician and—"

"Look here, you don't mean to say that a physician has no soul, do you?"

"Not necessarily. Some have and some have not. About the same in all professions."

"Tell me one thing: is there an actual devil?"

"Yes."

"Of what form is he?"

"Well, he's shaped pretty much like a mule."

"You don't tell me so."

"Yes, I do; and that is why mules are so devilish."

For a time the doctor sat deep in a meditation that perplexed him. In vain did he summon his powers of cool reasoning to combat the absurdity of the situation, for there stood the grim, fleshless—Hannibal he was called—ready with the grinning mouth of the past to answer a question of the present. The well-balanced mind of materialistic belief, a mind which had strongly grappled with physics, and which had "capered nimbly" with metaphysics, had received a blow against which years of study would have proved no adequate preparation.

"I don't understand this," he said aloud, although addressing his own mind.

"Probably not," the skeleton replied. "Adam thought he was a remarkable man—and he was one of the most remarkable men of his day—yet the creation of Eve astonished him. Doctor, we, the skeletons, have decided that your treatment of us is unjust. We long for the peace of the grave, as a tired man longs for a night's rest. For years we have, without a word of complaint, borne this treatment, but, sir, we have decided to no longer submit to a foolish whim on your part, which imposes upon us a season of long-continued unrest. I not only speak for myself, but for the entire company."

"We have requested him to address you," said the musical voice of a woman, and the doctor, startled beyond expression, turned and gazed at a small skeleton that stood near the mantelpiece.

"Who are you?" the physician gasped.

"I am an ill-used lady, sir, that's who I am."

"Madam, or miss, I humbly beg your pardon for any imposition which you have suffered at my instance."

"Your words bespeak gallantry, but your actions, I must say, do not illustrate the conduct of a gentleman. Why do not you bury us and let us sleep in peace until the sounding of the great Judgment clarion. Oh, sir, I implore you bury us this night. You need not go to the expense of providing coffins, for coffins to us are useless. Take us to the little field beyond the house, and bury us under the great oak."

"It shall be done at once," exclaimed the doctor, arising. "I will summon my hired men and have the graves ready within two hours."

"Thank you," said Hannibal.

"Thank you," said the lady.

"Oh, we are deeply indebted to you," exclaimed a little fellow who stood near the door.

CHAPTER II.

At the breakfast table, the following morning, Mrs. Vandergill remarked:

"My dear, you do not arise this morning with your usual freshness and good humor. You must have worked all night at the bedside of a dangerously-ill patient."

"I did not go to bed until nearly daylight," the doctor replied, "but I was not called away on professional business. My dear," sipping his coffee, "I meditated over your words with regard to those skeletons, and thinking that I might have shown a selfishness which I have never entertained, I decided to prove my deep love for you by removing the features of your unhappiness. The skeletons are all buried."

"Oh, you dear man," she exclaimed in tones of delight. "And did you bury them on account of love for me?"

"Yes; I was determined that nothing, not even the pride which I have ever taken in anatomy, should tend to ruffle the smooth current of our household enjoyment."

"I am sure, doctor, that you will never regret your generous action. It is delightful to think of being loved with such devotion."

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Several months after the burial when the skeletons were almost forgotten save by the old doctor, whose mind was still troubled, Mrs. Vandergill remarked one evening, as she and her husband sat in the library:

"How pleasant and cheerful this room is now."

"Yes," replied the doctor, rather dryly.

"Are you quite sure, dear," approaching him, seating herself on his knee, and fondly encircling his neck with her fair arms, "that your love for me was the true cause of this room's cheerfulness."

"Yes, darling, and it is your love for me which makes the entire house glow with the sunshine of happiness."

"I didn't know but that you had some other motive for removing the skeletons."

"What other motive could have influenced me?" gazing into her soft eyes.

"No other motive, I suppose, but—"

"But what, dear?"

"Nothing, but uncle visited us some time ago, and—"

"Well?"

"Oh, nothing, but uncle is a ventriloquist, and—and—and—well he told me that the skeletons should be removed. Said that he stood behind the curtain—"

The doctor had arisen. "Confound your uncle," said he. "I wish he would send me the fifty dollars he borrowed from me some time ago."

"Never mind, dear," she said, soothingly, "I will repay the amount, and we will charge it up to burial expenses. Come, lunch is ready."—*Opie P. Read, in Chicago Current.*

Whitewood.

Whitewood is gaining favor rapidly. Not many years ago it was used in this vicinity chiefly for coffins and wagon box boards. Farther South, in the sections where the wood grows, it has been used for finishing to considerable extent, but builders who could readily get white pine discarded whitewood.

Until recently, for finishing purposes, and for the manufacture of sash, doors and blinds, whitewood was little thought of north of those sections where it grows so plentifully. A representative of one of the largest sash, door and blind factories in the country recently said in this office that if he were building he would have little choice between pine and whitewood for the purposes above mentioned. He admitted that his interest is purely identified with white pine, and that he would not admit openly that whitewood is the peer of pine, such, however, in his opinion, is a fact. This is a big admission to come from such a source, but one that is based on a good foundation.

It can be easily understood why whitewood can be used successfully for many purposes for which pine is employed. It is more inclined to twist than pine, but this is not much of an objection where it can be used in small pieces, or in large ones, if securely fastened. Even gum, the most rebellious wood that grows out of the ground, if properly nailed, answers for finishing admirably. Whitewood is very easy to work—it probably ranks next to pine in this respect—takes a good finish, and makes a close joint. There are complaints against cypress for sash, doors and blinds because, it is said, it is too hard a wood to drive together and make a perfect joint. Too much work must be put on the pieces where they come in contact to cause them to fit closely. In pine work this extra work is unnecessary. The wood is so soft that it readily gives, and the tight joint is at once produced. There are others who claim that such a fault with cypress does not exist; but that it does somewhat there can be no question. Not that perfect cypress sash, doors and blinds are not made, but it requires a little more attention and labor to make them than it does from pine. In regard to softness, whitewood probably ranks next to pine; it is not quite so easily worked as pine, and a little more easily than cypress.

The easiness with which whitewood can be smoothed is greatly in its favor, as it is prepared at light cost for the paint. Its ability to hold paint well is questioned, and justly, where the lumber is used on the outside of a building. Place two boards, one pine and the other whitewood, side by side in an exposed condition, and paint them at the same time and with the same number of coats, and the pine without question would look the better for the longer time. For inside work, though, any difference that may exist in this regard would not count for enough to take into consideration. The paint-holding quality of whitewood is good, while in white pine it is extra good.

The cost of whitewood is decidedly in its favor. When clear whitewood can be bought for twenty dollars per thousand less than clear pine, the difference shows up in the light of a big inducement to the consumers of lumber. With many there would have to be big advantages in favor of pine to counterbalance this difference in price. Twenty dollars in a thousand feet of lumber is a good deal of money, and when such a difference exists there ought to be more points in favor of the higher-priced lumber than in this case really exist. As the prices of the different kinds of lumber are now ranging, whitewood, considering its value, is the cheapest finishing lumber to be had.

With the popularity that whitewood is winning it is not to be wondered at that whitewood stumpage is increasing in value, and it may be expected to be worth still more. Not many years ago it did not take much money to buy as much timber as any man cared to own, and few cared to own much; but now it is sought not only where it can be immediately got at, but in the out-of-way places which will necessitate the timber standing until improvements in streams and in the way of building railroads are made. It has also come to light that it is not as plentiful as many, a few years ago, supposed it to be. In some of the best Tennessee districts a good share of the available whitewood has been cut a big proportion of it, when it is considered how short a time the whitewood mills have been at work. —*N. W. Lumberman.*

—A species of lizard called the hellbender is now considered a delicacy by epicures. It is about ten inches in length, of a dirty mud color, and provided with four legs and a tail. The flesh is said to be delicious.—*Chicago Herald.*

—An English clerk in a New York dry goods store writes to the London *Warehouseman* that there is no such rigidity of discipline behind counters here as he used to endure at home.

Suicide.

Saul is the first recorded suicide, but ever since his desperate end the catalogue has assumed a grim protractedness worthy of Dante. It is curious to recollect how comparatively modern and how completely Western is its estimation as a crime. Not a word in Old Testament history condemns it. In Hindoostan "suttee" still obtains, nor is the "happy dispatch" extinct in Japan. In Greece suicide was inflicted by the law. In the later Roman Empire it became almost identified with patriotism and independence; but, under the more humane development of Christianity, life assumed a sacred aspect, and to kill was to murder one's self; and so, though pathological and other considerations avoid generally, by their influence on Coroner's juries, such terrible consequences, by the common law a felo de se forfeits his property, his will becomes void as to his personality, and Christian burial is denied him. Yet, though crime it is called, and though in urious and wicked as it certainly is, it has ever been regarded with something of an awestruck compassion. The "one more unfortunate" is beyond the reach of an earthly tribunal: nor can the prime cause of such a fell act be other than extreme misery, for suicide from excess of joy is in fact unknown.

Wretchedness and death claim both our sympathy and respect, and thus it comes to pass that, whatever our abstract view may be, such a strange conjunction of the two main human ills will always evoke the pity and sorrow of frail mortality. Ophelia and Othello, alike in nothing but their suicide, are proof of this.

Indeed, there are so many kinds of suicides that they can hardly be ranked together. The irresponsible mind, unhinged either by physical or so-called mental causes, the victim whelmed by "the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune," the betrayed girl or beggared gambler, goaded to desperation, the man wantonly reckless of life, the martyr for a cause where "Faith unfaithful keeps him falsely true," the remorseless perpetrator of some wrong or another, all differ so widely in everything but their end as to deserve a separate nomenclature. Nor is it irrelevant or irreverent to imagine a case where the sanctity of existence is more than outweighed by unmerited agony. Some poor, baffled, starving wretch, who has none to need or mourn him, who has strained every nerve in vain for work, the victim of "over-population," of "society," of what you will, may well argue, like poor Josephs in "Never Too Late to Mend," that the future can not be as bad as the present. Apart from the religious side of the question, its moral aspect mainly depends on the cowardice of an act that is the last luxury of the luckless; and cowardice, where none depend on the suicide, there can be none. It is remarkable, if we bear these considerations in mind, that in the ever-increasing strain of work and competition, and the growing artificiality of civilization, suicide has not increased more than it has. Madness is far more prevalent, and madness is the nurse of suicide.

A noteworthy fact with regard to suicide is its epidemic character. In the year 1566 no fewer than sixty perished by their own hand in Rouen, and in 1793 190 destroyed themselves at Versailles. Periods of convulsion and agitation, which unnaturally excite, often abnormally extinguish fine and sensitive minds, and if an acorn be planted in porcelain it will soon break the pot. The "Werther" craze was fruitful in suicide, and Goethe had to defend himself from an imputed possibility. In the same manner forms of self-destruction seem to be familiarized by imitation. The many suicides of late years on the railroad attest this, for to submit to being run over by a steam engine must be surely the mode of death most to be dreaded and last to be planned.

Our list of suicides comprises, roughly, the ruined, the heroic and the reckless. Of the ruined it would be commonplace to speak. History, fiction, abound with examples, and both are united in the person of Chatterton. Suicide is, indeed the very shroud of failure, and, as failure is always dramatic, it is on this side of its interest that the modern French drama has so vividly seized. Not that like the ancient statuesque Greek tragedy, the suicide is wont to occur silently and off the stage. Sara Bernhardt and Croizette poison themselves vehemently, almost voraciously, and such denouements are rendered both psychically and physically sensational. Still less is it necessary here to discuss the heroic suicides that we have enumerated as one of several distinct sub-divisions. Cato and Seneca are typical instances, and there has even been a mock-heroic suicide, that of Vatel, the chivalrous chef, who killed himself in honorable despair because enough fish was not duly supplied to the royal tables, and was eulogized and eulogized by Boileau. But the suicide who recklessly disregards his life is a rarer and more fascinating study; the voluptuary and the hypochondriac will occasionally thus end their days, and the famous story of the "Suicide Club" commemorates how an association of such callous Sybarites would meet at periodical banquets, each of which was by some poisoned viand destined to end the life of one of them, that one being kept in ignorance of his doom.—*London Globe.*

—Ex-Marshal Maxwell, of Utah, is reported as saying that about the most effective, peaceable way to abolish polygamy in Utah would be to establish a "Home of Refuge" for Mormon wives who wish to abandon their husbands. A great many, he says, would be glad to leave their portion of a husband, but they have nowhere to go; so they suffer on, rather than be thrown upon their own resources. Could they go to a place where they would be supported and protected, thousands would throw off the yoke, under which they now rest.—*N. Y. Examiner.*

—An authority on mechanics says a monkey-wrench is not so called from its eccentricities or any resemblance in appearance to a monkey, but because it was invented by one James Moncky, a noted English mechanic.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—An Indianapolis man has invented a live poultry car. It has numberless partitions, storm curtains, cleansing apparatus, water and food troughs.—*Indianapolis Journal.*

—At the New York Convention of Deaf Mutes a pair of patent ears was shown. With them partially deaf people would hear better than with their ear trumpet.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Experiments made by M. Muntz with various kinds of water—spring, river, sea and rain water, also snow—prove that alcohol may be found in all, except in pure spring water.

—Sawdust when used as a substitute for sand in house plastering is alleged to impart very desirable properties to the plaster. It makes the covering for walls light, warm, and porous. By its non-conducting qualities it causes the inner surface to retain the heat, which sand plaster allows to escape.

—It was long believed that the height of the atmosphere of the earth did not exceed forty-five miles, but from the observations of luminous meteors it is inferred that the height of the atmosphere is at least 120 miles, and that, in an extremely attenuated form, it may even reach 200 miles.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

—A simple way to ascertain whether a sample of petroleum is dangerous or not has been recommended by a chemist of considerable standing. An ordinary tumbler is filled two-thirds full with the oil. While filling up the remaining one-third with water a flame is held over the vessel. If the vapor which rises takes fire the test indicates that the petroleum is not safe to be exposed to the atmosphere.

—The curious statement is made by a writer in the London *Daily News*, who has been collecting some particulars regarding diving operations on the Thames and elsewhere, that men have grown old in this particular business, though in early life they had been in danger of consumption. The theory is a simple one. Men under water in a diving dress breathe a condensed atmosphere, and are, therefore, inhaling oxygen in a concentrated form, and this, it is assumed, is conducive to the cure of consumption.—*Hall's Journal of Health.*

—The *Iron* describes an apparatus for freeing carpets from dust without beating them. It consists of a polygonal drum formed of wooden bars and fixed on a shaft revolving horizontally. The drum is twelve feet in diameter and six feet in breadth, and is enclosed in a chamber. It is driven by an Otto gas engine of twelve-horse-power, which also drives a fan or drawing off the dust from the chamber as it is extracted from the carpets. The carpets are placed in the drum, which is fitted with a series of internal rollers, and which turn the carpets over as the drum revolves. The speed is twenty-two revolutions per minute, and at this rate it is found that from two hundred to three hundred square yards of carpet can be thoroughly cleansed per hour without the possibility of damage to the fabric.

PITH AND POINT.

—Don't blow in the gun your grandfather carried in the war of 1812. It is more dangerous now than it was then.

—A writer in a health publication advises people to "live in the sun." But how under the sun are people going to do it?—*Boston Transcript.*

—A little girl was trying to tell her mother how beautifully a certain lady could trill in singing, and said: "O, mamma, you ought to hear her gargle! She does it so sweetly."

—"Do you know what the board over that cow's face is for?" asked the Colonel. "No," responded the Major, "unless it is to keep her blushes from being seen when the milk man works the pump-handle."—*Boston Post.*

—A San Francisco showman is advertising a troupe of educated flies. If he will send one on here to teach others how to walk around the edge of a milk pitcher without falling in he will gain everlasting fame.—*Chicago Times.*

—"That Husband of Mine" was lying upon the lap of a young married woman on the train the other day when a base-ball dude and would-be masher leaned over the seat, read the title of the book, and then looking around in monkey pantomime, simpered out: "Ah! where is he?" "Minding his own business, I hope," was the crushing reply.

—An honest rustic went into the shop of a Quaker to buy a hat, for which twenty shillings was demanded. He offered two dollars. "As I live," said the Quaker, "I can not afford to give it thee at that price." "As you live," exclaimed the countryman. "Then live more moderately, and be hanged to you!" "Friend," said the Quaker, "thou shalt have the hat for nothing. I have sold hats for twenty years, and my trick was never found out till now."—*N. Y. Ledger.*

—It was a case of breach of promise. The evidence being all in, the defendant was allowed to say a word in his own behalf. "Yes," he said, "I kissed her almost continually every evening I called at her house." Lawyer for the claimant—"Then you confess it?" Defendant—"Yes, I do confess it; but I had to do it." Lawyer—"Had to do it! What do you mean?" Defendant—"That was the only way I could keep her from singing." The jury give a verdict for defendant without leaving their seats.—*Detroit Post.*

—Friend—"Ah! glad to see you, Blank. How did your great boat race with Swift, the champion sculler, come out?" Blank (champion oarsman)—"I won." "Glad of it; glad of it. I was afraid he would beat you. What time did you make?" "An hour and a half." "Great Leonidas! An hour and a half! Why it's a ten-minute course, and I have seen you do it in eight." "Well, you see that villain Swift sold out the race and was bound I should beat him, and he rowed as slow as he could." "But why should that affect your time? Why did'nt you spin over the course in eight minutes?" "Well, you see I had sold out, too, and wanted him to beat me."—*Philadelphia Call.*

Our Young Folks.

THE HAPPY SPRING.

O the happy, happy spring!
Paved with white and glistening sands,
What a lovely life it lives!
All itself away it gives
Gladly answering all demands.

O the pleasant, sparkling spring!
Where its crystal waters slip,
Grass-engirdled, vine-enlaced,
Woodland creatures come to taste,
Rabbit shy, with thirsty lip.

Many a bird on airy wing,
Stooping, wheeling to the brink,
Chattering squirrel, brisk and small,
Human folk—'tis good to all;
"Come," it whispers, "come and drink!"

So they flock their needs to bring,
Yet it never is bereft.
Every moment that it lives
All its life away it gives,
Yet there's plenteous measure left.

What a sweet, mysterious thing!
Though so generous and free,
Lavishing from morn till night
Wealth of waters pure and bright,
Yet it knows not poverty.

O the happy, happy spring!
Beautiful the alms it gives
With its clear, refreshing flood,
Even to leaf and flower and bud,
Blessing everything that lives.

—*Celia Thaxter, in Wide Awake.*

ROSS CARSON'S COURAGE.

Shouting, laughing, pushing against each other, the boys rushed out of the school-house pell-mell.

"Look out, Ross Carson," shouted Tom Lane, in a tone of pretended alarm, "there's a spider on the pump-handle. Run, quick, it may bite you."

There was a roar of laughter at this would-be witty remark, and the eyes of a score or more thoughtless boys were bent upon the figure of a slender, delicate-looking lad who had been one of the first to get out, and who had approached the pump for the purpose of getting a drink.

His face flushed painfully as Tom's jest fell on his ear, and the hand that held the tin drinking-cup trembled perceptibly, and his lips scarcely touched the water.

"Oh, he'll stand anything rather than double up his little fist," cried Tom, and crowding close to Ross he deliberately knocked the books from under his arm. The slender lad's face flushed at the insult, but he said nothing. He stooped, picked the books up, and then walked on again.

He was quite aware of Tom Lane's great anxiety to pick a quarrel with him, but was determined to give him no excuse for doing so. For Ross knew that he could not with safety enter into any trial of strength with a boy so much older than himself. His lungs were weak, and the doctor had said they could bear no strain whatever. But it was hard to be called a coward, to bear insults of every description without open resentment, to feel that he was looked upon with contempt by his companions because no taunts or sneers could induce him to fight. And he was too sensitive and shy to explain to them his reasons for not doing so, knowing well that his explanation would be greeted with ridicule and laughter. So he bore his various trials in silence, and not even his mother knew what he endured. He did not know that this forbearance showed him possessed of a true heroism, for, like most boys, he had a strong admiration for deeds of daring, and saw little merit in silent endurance.

Tom Lane was the most daring boy among them all. He boasted that he had the coolest head, the strongest arm and the greatest amount of courage of any fellow of his age in Hillsboro', and none disputed his claim. He was always ready for a fight, and generally came off victor in any contest. He had no pity for weakness, no charity for timidity and thought all those who feared him fair game for his powers of teasing. Ross might have been fairly treated by the other scholars but for Tom, who was never weary of exciting enmity against him and, understanding how to magnify the veriest trifles, was ever showing him up as "the biggest coward in Hillsboro' Academy."

But retribution was near at hand, and Tom was to be strangely punished for his sins in respect to Ross.

A new town-hall was being built in Hillsboro', and a very high, imposing edifice it was to be, with a steeple second to none. Tom Lane heard his father, who was the contractor for the building, say that a magnificent view could be obtained from this half-completed steeple, and the next day at the noon recess Tom proposed to half a dozen of his young friends to go up and take a look for themselves.

"I have a pass from father," he said, "and the carpenters won't make any fuss."

The ascent to the steeple was easily made, for a narrow, winding stair led up to it; and the boys soon attained a height that made their heads swim as they looked down, breathless, and saw how small appeared the people on the pavement below.

"A good place for a suicide," said Tom, as he leaned out.

"Do be careful," said a low voice in a tone of entreaty, and looking around, the boys saw Ross Carson standing near. He had come up the stairs unperceived.

"How came you here, you little coward?" asked Tom, rudely.

"The carpenter gave me leave to come up," answered Ross, quietly. "I did not know any one was up here, and I was anxious to see the view. But it is a dangerous place."

"It's likely you think so," sneered Tom. "You'd find the head of a barrel a dangerous place. As for me, I'd like to see the place where I wouldn't go! Boys, do you see that?"

He pointed to a scaffolding which had been erected about the steeple for the use of the workmen. It projected several feet, and overhung the vast chasm below.

"We see it but what of it?" asked Louis Raymond.

"You'll see what of it," answered Tom. "It's a jolly place to dance a hornpipe;" and before his companions could realize his intention, he had climbed out upon the scaffolding and was walking fearlessly about it.

The boys stared in sheer amazement at such recklessness, and begged him to be careful.

But their fears for his safety only made Tom more anxious to show his boasted courage, and he began a rather a feeble imitation of a sailor's hornpipe.

"Wouldn't it be a long jump to the pavement?" he said.

As he spoke he looked down—a fatal thing; for his head, which had until now been so cool and steady, began to whirl strangely. He could not remove his eyes from the awful chasm below him. It seemed to fascinate him.

The boys looked at each other in horror. They saw the terrible danger which menaced him; they knew it was only a question of moments now before he must fall and be dashed to atoms on the pavement below. He stood in a kind of stupor, looking down into the fascinating gulf, his eyes wild and staring, his face white with terror. He, too, knew the awful danger in which he stood, but he was powerless to help himself. The slightest change of position, even the raising of his eyes, and he must fall. The gulf seemed drawing him on; his brain grew more torpid with every instant, and his eyes seemed starting from their sockets. Back of him shuddered his horror-stricken comrades, waiting in an agony of suspense for the fatal end of this terrible drama; before and below him yawned the great chasm, at the bottom of which the people moving along looked like dwarfs.

Suddenly there was a movement among the boys, and Ross Carson, with white face and set feet, climbed quickly and noiselessly out of the steeple onto the scaffolding, and with steady step approached the boy who stood on the brink of such a fearful death.

"If he touches him, Tom will fall," whispered Louis Raymond.

Low as the whisper was, Ross heard it, and half turned his head towards Louis, pausing an instant as if to think. Then he made a quick, firm step forward, and throwing both arms around Tom's waist, dragged him backward.

It was all over in an instant. In the face of a fearful and imminent danger Ross saved his enemy, and slowly, carefully, for every step was peril, drew him back to the steeple, and with the help of the other boys got him inside once more, white as a corpse, it is true, and utterly unnerved, but safe.

There was little said by any one. In silence Ross helped Tom descend the winding stair, and then walked home as quickly as possible.

"I don't feel well enough to go to school again this afternoon," he said to his mother, "so I'll weed out your flower-beds for you."

"You are pale," said Mrs. Carson. "I'm afraid you study too hard."

Ross did not answer, but threw off his coat and began to weed the beds, hoping by hard work to overcome the nervousness which had possessed him ever since leaving the new town-hall.

He was still weeding, a couple of hours later, when he heard the tramp of many feet, and looking up he saw about a dozen of his schoolmates coming in at the little wooden gate, Tom Lane first of all.

"I've come to ask your pardon, Ross Carson," said Tom, holding out his hand. "You've taught me this day what true courage is, and made me see what a cowardly sneak I've been."

Tom's lips quivered as he made this humiliating confession, and his eyes were moist with the tears which he could restrain with only the greatest effort.

Ross took the proferred hand in a warm and hearty grasp as he said: "I'd have done as much for any one, Tom. Don't make so much of it. But I'm out-and-out glad to be friends with you."

And friends, fast and true, they were from that time forth, and no one ever again even whispered that Ross Carson lacked courage. The story of that brave deed of his on the scaffolding about the new hall had borne testimony to his courage which was sufficiently convincing, and the people of Hillsboro' were proud of their young townsman. In their eyes he was hero. But I think that the noblest thing about his brave act was that he risked his life to save that of his enemy.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

Roman Remains in London.

The extension of the Metropolitan Railway in London, requiring deep excavation in the very heart of the city, has given occasion for many interesting discoveries. A part of the new line, from the Mansion House Station to the Minories, on the north side of the Thames, and near the shore, is cut through soil which has been accumulating during much more than two thousand years of continuous occupation, and relics, not only of Roman but of British London, have been exhumed in abundance. Just south of the Bank of England the excavation crosses a handsome street known as Walbrook, on each side of which is a little eminence, that to the east being reputed to have been the site of the fortress of the British Prince Cassivelaunus, who fought against Julius Cæsar; while that on the west formed part of the Roman colony subsequently established. In digging under Walbrook, the bed of the ancient brook from which it takes its name was laid bare, and two small landing stages for boats from the neighboring river, were exposed.

Both of them were built upon oak piles, and one had a quantity of oak tree roots thrown in among the piles, showing that the oak trees used were cut upon the spot, and the roots and useless twigs thrown in among the piles as the readiest way of clearing the ground. Over the piles, in each case, was a bed of concrete, and on this was a pavement of red Roman tiles. It is quite possible that the Roman pavement may have taken the place of a wooden platform, belonging to the original structure, which had fallen to decay, so that two thousand years may have passed since the piers were built. About them were found one or two skulls, of a British type, besides Roman pottery, leaden coffins of a Roman design, and a perfect bronze statue of heroic size. Not far off, at the bottom of a shallow well, was found, with its head downward, the skeleton of some unfortunate Briton, who had either been thrown or had fallen in, and had been left there, disregarded alike by his friends and by those who drank the water of the well.—*Building News.*

—Senator Plumb, of Kansas, was a printer once. Now he is worth $1,000,000.

The Clarendon.

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

Lotz & Allen.
EDITORS AND PROPRIETORS.

SUBSCRIPTION, $1.00 PER ANNUM IN ADVANCE

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1884.

THE Texas *Siftings* represent Cleveland, as being over his political grave.

W. H. ABRAMS is making a fine collection of Texas' products to place before the World's Fair, at New Orleans.

THE Colorado *Clipper* will issue a mammoth edition, about the 15th of December. The proprietors propose to issue 50,000 copies, and to place a large number before the World's Fair, at New Orleans.

THE fire king reigned with unusual terror and disaster during the present week. Among the most prominent fires we note the Baldwin locomotive works of Philidelphia sustained damages to the amount of $150,000. Fully insured. On the same night—last Tuesday—San Francisco had a $500,000 blaze. Also the same the day Pa. Central depot at Jersey City was burned to the ground Loss, $250,000.

THE Baird CLARENDON says the west wants the school lands put on the market in small quantities. That is just the condition they are in to-day. Any leased lands are open to actual settlers, but until actual settlers occupy them they should bring in a revenue for school purposes.—*Dallas Herald.*

How would you like to buy from the great and democratic state of Texas one solitary section of dry land in the midst of a leased pasture 25 x 25 miles or more. This is the prospect and only chance for the actual settle under the law. These are facts.—*Colorado Clipper.*

Sheriff R. W. Morrow, of Big Springs, passed through on the west-bound train this morning, having in charge a man by the name of Flores, whom he had arrested at Putnam, charged with the murder of Charlie Hynson. Mr. Morrow says the evidence is very conclusive, and he is sure he has the right man. *Colorado Clipper.*

Mr. N. A. Flores, who the above article refers to, is a quiet, inoffensive citizen of our town and is one of the last to be even suspected of committing such a crime as the assassination of Charles Hynson was. Mr. Flores was in Baird on the night of the killing, consequently we know him to be innocent of the charge.

THE directors of the Union Pacific road made $41,000,000 out of contracts with themselves. The road is indebted to the government for bonds and interest in a sum reaching $150,000,000, which was obtained through Congressional legislation by the aid of Mr. Blaine and others. It is well known that Mr. Blaine received large sums of money from the officers of the road while he was Speaker of the House for services rendered in having their iniquitous bills passed through Congress. The secret history of that road, with its Credit Mobilier and corruption fund, would be interesting to the public, if not to Mr. Blaine.—*Dallas Herald.*

THE Vernon (Mich.) *Inter-Lake* says: "When we get angry with ourself and all the rest of mankind; when no one wants us to vote for him; when we get defeated at election and can't go to salt river because all the rooms are taken; when we have a raging external fever which will not yield to cooling medicines; when we lose the last atom of our little remaining sense, then, and not before then, will we go on an expedition to the North Pole. They claim that to be frozen to death and to be buried in an everlasting snow bank or to be crushed between a couple of mountains of ice, is to serve the cause of science, but to mind it is unscientific nonsense. Horace Greely was less a fool for killing himself in a presidential race, than that other Greely was in trying to kill himself in the region beyond Kamschatka."

Our New Candidates.

JOHN COLLINS.

The first to announce this week, is Mr. John Collins, who announces for Commissioner for precinct No. 3. Mr. Collins is so well known that it is useless for us to speak in his praise, but as we stand in need of just such men as he to conduct our county affairs for the next two years, we can not refrain from saying a word in his favor. He has lived in this county for a number of years and by his fair and honorable dealings with all who he has come in contact with, has built up a name above reproach, and if elected will, no doubt, make an excellent Commissioner.

W. H. PARVIN.

We this week present the name of Mr. W. H. Parvin, who announces himself, at the solicitation of many friends, as a candidate for county commissioner of precinct No. 1. Mr. Parvin is one of the oldest citizens of the county, having taken a very active part in its organization. He is, therefore, perfectly familiar with the wants of the people, and being a first-class active business man is well qualified to fill the very important and responsible position of county commissioner.

The National Capitol Ablaze.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 6.—Early this morning a fire was discovered by the police at the Capitol in a large closet, adjoining the clerk's office, in the house side. It had apparently been burning for some time, for when the watchman warned by a smell of burning paint, entered the Clerk's office and opened the closet door, flames burst forth fiercely, and it took them a half hour to get the fire under control. It was finally extinguished without much damage. Only the fact that the closet had fire-proof walls prevented a disastrous conflagration. The watchmen say that if the fire had occurred in some rooms on the upper floor of the law library, for instance, they probably would not have been able to discover it until it was beyond control.

The origin of the fire is unknown. The closet was locked and contained nothing but papers of members and accounts of stationery, which had been accumulating for twenty years. The watchmen were obliged to break the window to get into the clerk's room.

A Few Facts.

LONGVIEW, TEXAS, July 31.— Fifty-five thousand, five hundred and fifty-five men would, each taking 640 acres, buy all the school lands of this State. How long would it require to sell these lands, advertising in other states, and allowing five years for payments? And, if sold, would they check the lumber industry of Eastern Texas? Now, mills are closing down every week and lumber lies at every switch. Does that not advocate sale? Before the lease system, two to three car loads of emigrants passed here for Colorado City every week. Now, there is not one a month. Does that not argue for actual sale?

Yet such is true, if conductors and other railroad men are to be believed, —interest on three to five dollars, where we now get it on one; polls for 55,000 men, where we now get none; taxes on 55,000 homes and on 30,000,000 acres, where we now get none—such are the facts.—*Fort Worth Gazette.*

Call for Senatorial Convention.

To the Democracy of the Twenty-ninth Senatorial District of Texas: Being chairman of the above district I have corresponded with the chairman of each county in this district and also counseled with a good many of the citizens of the district and the majority of the same want a convention called to nominate a suitable person, to represent the district for the next two years. The people seem anxious to get a man who can cover every inch of this large and prosperous district, as this, to-day is one of the largest districts in the State, and we have a grand future before us and we not only want a man who can represent this district, but one who will be an honor to the grand Lone Star State. We have such men and want to bring them to the front. I now by the power invested in me call a convention to meet in Abilene on the 28th day of August, 1884, as the majority of the counties so far have voted for Abilene as the proper place to hold the convention to nominate a Senator to represent this district.

Respectfully, J. T. BERRY,
Ch'm'n 29th Sen. District of Texas

The Editors and Publishers of Texas.

DALLAS July 30th 1884.—Having been elected at the last meeting of the Texas Press association their orator, specially to prepare a history of the newspapers of the state, and being desirous to make it complete I have to request the publishers of all the papers and periodicals within the limits of our vast state that are not already exchanging with *Norton's Union Intelligencer* to mail to me one number of their respective issues during the month of July. I will also esteem it a favor to receive numbers of any of the earliest Texas papers and will return the same when requested. I will be thankful to any person who will furnish me with any items in regard to the publication in any county, and particularly those since 1874, to which time I had sketched the history of the Texas press, which to the extent of some forty pages, was published by the Texas Editional and press association in 1875. Will you not assist me in the work of compiling a thorough and and complete history of the press of Texas and those connected with it, that the same may be in form for preservation. Fraternally Yours.

A. B. NORTON.

Oklahoma Boomers Gone Up.

CALDWELL, KAS, Aug. 6.—Gen. Hatch moved his headquarters from this city into the field yesterday, his camp being twenty-five miles southeast, on the Chickasaw river, where six companies of the ninth cavalry are concentrated. His future movements will not be made public yet, but there is no doubt that from this time forward blows will fall thick and fast until the last of the intruders have been expelled. And impression prevails that the nest at Rock Falls, a few miles below Hunnewell, will be raided first.

A printing press and belongings were confiscated and the contents of a notorious drug store destroyed. Payne and his ringleaders will be marched to Fort Smith to answer numerous indictments in the Federal court.

The valley settlement will probably be cleared up next by a detachment of troops, striking simultaneously from numerous camps along Cimarron and on the north fork of the Canadian rivers.

Every consideration possible is shown the woman and children, but the men, especially old offenders, must take the consequences of their unlawful and high handed conduct.

All improvements will be destroyed.

The best information attainable placed the number of "Boomers" at 2,000.

Every smoker should try "Little Joker."

OVER THE STATE.

A female fence cutter has been arrested in Waco.

Stevensville will have a grand tournament on the 29th inst.

Gov. Ireland attended the reunion at Dallas on the 7th inst.

Yellow House canyon has been visited by very severe storms, recently.

El Paso will commence erection of a $35,000 court house at an early day.

One hundred acres of peanuts have been planted in Grayson county this year.

The 20th Senatorial District will hold a convention at Abilene on the 28th inst.

Parson's Texas cavalry brigade will hold its annual reunion this year at Hillsboro.

Bill Bass, who was to be hung at Paris last Friday, has been respited for sixty days.

It has been estimated that prairie dogs in Northwest Texas cost annually $100,000,000.

Mr. Farmer, of Fort Worth, who came to Texas in 1850, built the first house in the city.

A farmer of Tom Green county has 140 acres of oats that will average fifty bushels per acre.

New corn is being placed upon the market at Austin and is selling at forty cents per bushel.

A sulphur spring near Austin, which has been dry for several years past, has recently broken out afresh.

The Stevensville and Comanche base ball club will play a match game for one hundred and fifty dollars.

Judge Hall, of Laredo, has a lemon tree covered with large fruit. It is ten feet high and only three years old.

The Nolan county Record says that Sweetwater contains all kinds of dead beats and that they are numerous.

A horned owl was killed near Jasper this week that measured four feet and four inches from tip to tip of its wings.

Gus Fowler, a restaurant and saloon keeper at Marshall was cow-hided by Mrs. Levy of that place on Wednesday last.

Wheat is threshing from eighteen to twenty-five and oats from fifty to seventy-five bushels per acre, all over the State.

Sweetwater was visited by a wind storm and the Baptist, Christain and Methodist churches of that place were much damaged.

Fifteen thousand alligater hides and one hundred and twenty-five pounds of teeth were marketed at Sabine Pass, within thirty days.

Two young men, named Williams and Standland of Robertson county, while out hunting recently, disagreed and shot each other to death.

Fannin county gets the largest school appropriation, $40,040. Of the cities, San Antonio comes first, then Galveston, Dallas and Sherman.

A new paper has been started at Fort Worth, called the evening mail, with M. C. Harris as editor and proprietor. It is opposed to free grass.

The thermometer registered 110 degrees in the shade at Sweetwater last week, so a poetical writer says in the Nolan county Record.

Lee Ting, a Chinese laundry man of Austin, has taken out naturalization papers and announces his intention to vote the democratic ticket.

At Wild Horse, 120 miles from El Paso on the Texas & Pacific railroad, last week, one Chinaman shot and killed another and then made his escape.

The crop outlook is somewhat more encouraging than it has been in the past. Welcome showers have been received in many parts of the state.

Two lawyers at Greenville resorted to a fist fight in the court room, but soon quieted down long enough to pay $100 each to the county treasurer.

The Galveston, Harrisburg & San Antonio railroad took a train of 143 empty cars out of El Paso a few days ago, to be loaded at San Antonio with cattle for the west.

Thos. Hobb, age nine years, stabbed and killed John B. Gibbs, age eleven years, with a barlow knife, at Gainesville last week. The quarrel arose over a stick of chewing gum.

A German stock company, with a capital of about $400,000, will shortly locate on the Rio Grande River near Camberino. They came from Uvalde county and are engaged in the Angora goat business.

Catlet and Marlin, of Colorado City, sold their entire stock of cattle, consisting of 10,000 head of cattle, eighty saddle horses and land, to a cattle company at Louisville, Kentucky, for $400,000, this week.

The bank of P. M. Hargrave, at Lampasas has made an assignment since the big fire, but it is understood that it will be able to meet all liabilities. The firm of Wilson Bros., of the same place has failed.

Mrs. Harris of Lampasas, was missing a short time since and her friends commenced to drag the creek for her remains, when she returned and requested them to discontinue, as she had only been looking up a stray horse.

One hundred and twenty-five citizens of Lamar and Red river counties, published a communication in the Fort Worth Gazette, advocating free grass and asserting that the county papers do not state the sentiment of the majority of the people.

The wool growers association of Tom Green county have passed a resolution only to support candidates for legislative offices whose records or pledges give best promise of furthering in all legitimate ways the wool growing interest of Texas.

WE received a card this week from Dr. Stout of Cisco who was a candidate for state senate from this senatorial district, which states that he is disqualified from filling that high office by not having been a resident of the State for five years, as required by the constitution. This leaves but one candidate in the field. J. H. Calhoun now has it all his own way.

"Little Joker" is the best smoking tobacco.

Rates of Announcements

We insert announcements of candidates for the issuing 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.

S. W. T. LANHAM

Respectfully announces himself as a candidate for re-election to Congress of the 11th Congressional District, at the ensuing November election.

For Representative.

J. N. BROWNING

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

For District Judge.

T. B. WHEELER

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

District Attorney.

I. P. HUTCHISON

Respectfully announces himself a candidate for District Attorney of the 39th Judicial District, at the ensuing November election.

For County Judge.

OTIS BOWYER

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

E. E. SOLOMON

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

W. H. CLIETT

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

County Clerk.

T. N. JACKSON

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

County Attorney.

F. S. BELL

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

A. W. OLIVER

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

A. J. LITTLE

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

For Sheriff.

J. W. JONES

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

L. T. COCHRAN

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

JOHN W. NEWMAN

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

For Treasurer.

W. R. LOTZ

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

A. M. ROBERTSON

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

C. ESTES

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

J. S. BARNETT

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

W. J. POWER

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

J. E. M. HEDLEY

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

A. E. DUDLEY

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

For Assessor.

W. W. OGLE

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

J. E. W. LANE

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

W. R. McDERMETT

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

For Commissioner.

S. C. PACK

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

JOHN COLLINS

Respectfully announces himself as a candidate for County Commissioner of Callahan county, Precinct No. 3, at the ensuing November election.

W. H. PARVIN

Respectfully announces himself as a candidate for County Commissioner of Callahan county, Precinct No. 1, at the ensuing November election.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Citation.

THE STATE OF TEXAS,
To the Sheriff or any Constable of Callahan county—Greeting.

You are hereby commanded, that you make publication of this Citation in some newspaper published in the county of Callahan, State of Texas, for at least twenty days.

THE STATE OF TEXAS.—To all persons interested in the estate of W. R. and Frances C. Hunt, deceased. W. G. Williams administrator of said estate has filed in the county court of Callahan county, his application, exhibit and account, resigning the administratorship of said estate, which said application will be heard at the September Term, 1884, of said court to be holden on the first Monday in September, 1884, at the court house of said county, in the town of Baird, at which time all persons interested in said estate may appear and contest said application, exhibit and account, if they see proper.

Herein fail not under penalty of the law and of this writ make due return.

Witness—T. N. Jackson, clerk of said court and the seal thereof of office in Baird, this July 21st, 1884.

T. N. JACKSON,
Clk County Court Callahan county, Texas.
17-4t

NOTICE!

THE STATE OF TEXAS, } Estate of R.
County of Callahan. } W. Smith, deceased. Administration pending in County Court.

ALL CLAIMS FOR MONEY AGAINST SAID estate of R. W. Smith, deceased, must be presented to us for allowance, at Baird, Callahan county, Texas, within twelve months after the 8th day of July, 1884, same being the date of the original grant of letters testamentary of said estate; or payment of said claims will be postponed until all other claims against said estate, presented within that time, are paid.

W. S. B. DODDS, } Executors.
EN J. DODDS. }
16-4t

Ranch for Lease.

GOOD GRASS AND PLENTY OF WATER. Sheep shed and pens. Dwelling if wanted. Apply to E. DUDLEY, or
17-2m CLARENDON OFFICE.

For Sale.

ONE BLOCK OF LAND, VERY NEAR THE Court House in Baird. Also about three hundred Cedar posts. Enquire of
SCHWARTZ & BRO.

For Sale or Trade.

Will sell for want of use, one thoroughbred
BERKSHIRE MALE HOG,
nine months old. Can be seen at E. E. Chase's ranch, seven miles south of Belle Plain.
9-tf

D. J. WILSON. R. G. POWELL.
Wilson & Powell,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.
BAIRD, TEXAS.
Office one door south of the CLARENDON office. 4 44 1y.

JAS. F. DUNCAN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office at Turner's Drug Store.
BAIRD - - - TEXAS.
vol 5 no. 2 tf.

E. E. SOLOMON.
ATTORNEY AT LAW
AND LAND AGENT.
BAIRD - - - TEXAS.

W. H. CLIETT.
(COUNTY JUDGE.)
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
AND
Land Agent.
BAIRD - - - - TEXAS.
Will practice in the District and Superior Courts.
16-3-tf

NEW BEER HALL.
Good, Cool, Fresh Beer, only five cents a glass.
One door east of Sigal Hotel.
E. SIGAL,
32-tf Proprietor.

Estrayed.

ESTRAYED BEFORE R. J. ESTES, J. P. of Callahan county, on June 28, last by G. W. Taylor, one bay horse, left hind foot white and right fore foot white, about fourteen hands high, branded S B on left shoulder, about ten years old, harness and saddle marked. One gray mare, saddle and harness marked, thirteen hands high, branded 3 on left shoulder, about seven years old.

J. N. JACKSON
C. C. C. C. C.
13-4t

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

Bucks For Sale.

Or to Exchange for Wethers.

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

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

THE
TEXAS & PACIFIC R'Y.
THE GREAT POPULAR ROUTE
BETWEEN the EAST and WEST.
SHORT LINE TO
New Orleans,
AND ALL POINTS IN
Louisiana,
New Mexico,
Arizona and
California.

FAVORITE LINE TO THE
North, East and Southeast
Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars
DAILY BETWEEN
St. Louis, Fort Worth, Deming and Dallas; El Paso and N. M; Marshall and New Orleans; Without Change.

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

PUBLISHED EVERY
Saturday Morning
—AT—
Baird, - - Texas.

LOTZ & ALLEN
Editors and Proprietors.

$2 00 PER YEAR.

You Should ADVERTISE.

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

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

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

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

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

$2 00 per year, in advance.

WE PRINT IN NEAT and DESIRABLE STYLES,
BILLHEADS,
Letterheads,
CARDS,
Envelopes,
POSTERS,
DODGERS,
Board Bills,
Ball Tickets,
and
BALL
Programmes,
Funeral
NOTICES,
WEDDING
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and
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FORT WORTH and DALLAS PRICES
Duplicated in Every Instance
LOTZ & ALLEN
Proprietors.

The Clarendon.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 9, 1884.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

STATE OFFICERS.

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

DISTRICT OFFICERS.

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

COUNTY OFFICERS.

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

COURTS.

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

Criminal County Court, first Monday in once month.

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

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

Church Directory.

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

BAPTIST.—Preaching by Dr. J. F. Dunson at the stone church on third Sunday and in each month, morning and evening.

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

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

Society Directory.

Baird Lodge, No. 47, K. of P meets at Castle Hall every Thursday night. M. H. Allen, C. C.; E. S. Braumiller, K. of R. & S.

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

Callahan Lodge K. of H. No. 2871, meets 1st. and 2d Monday night, at the I. O. O. F. hall. Harry Meyer, Dictator; A. W. Oliver, Reporter; Herman Schwartz, F. R.

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. H. C. Rust, N. G., Phillip Schwartz, Secretary.

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

Arrivals and Departures of Mails

ARRIVES.

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

DEPARTS.

Going East	6 40 p m
Going West	5 55 a m
Going to Belle Plain	7 00 a m

BUSINESS LOCALS.

The best smoking tobacco is "Little Joker."

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

A car of fresh cement just arrived, at Cameron's.

Dallas Rosted Coffee, at Ogle,s.

Subscribe for the CLARENDON, only $2,00 per year.

Fresh apples and peaches to be found at Ogle's.

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

Northern potatoes and onions, at Ogle's.

Go to Harry Meyer's 16r Queen's ware, Crockery and Glass ware.

Ogle keeps the best assortment of Brooms in town.

Go to Turners. drug store for the best five cent cigar in town.

In future, I will be compelled to sell strictly for cash. W. P. DUCKETT.

Keep the flies out—buy one of those nice wire doors, at Cameron's.

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

Turner sells a good cigar for two dollars per hundred.

Go to W. P. Duckett's for fresh vegetables, butter, eggs, etc, etc.

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

Just received a fresh supply of good two and one-half cent cigars, at Ogle's.

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

A good supply of sack and barrel salt housed from the weather, at S. L. Ogle's.

See the CLARENDON REAL ESTATE AGENCY'S bargains offered in another counu.

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

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

Go to W. M. James' for the Tansill's "Punch" cigars; the best five cent cigar in the market.

Just received a fine lot of tobacco. When you want something good, try the old oaken bucket, at Foy's.

A full stock of all kind gent's youth's and boy's clothing just received at S. L. & A. M. Robertson's.

W. P. Duckett has made arrangements with a farmer east, to have a fresh lot of peaches every few days.

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

We have a very large stock of shoes and boots of every description now arriving from Boston. Call and see them. S. L. & A. M. ROBERTSON.

There is some talk of dull times but if you could see Ogle and his two clerks flying around, waiting on customers, you would not think trade so dull.

I have on hand a splendid lot of gent's underwear. So when you want something good try 606 bleached or unbleached drawers.
J. S. Foy.

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

All those who know themselves to be indebted to me, will please come forward and settle, as I am needing money to replenish my stock.
W. P. DUCKETT.

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

We ask everybody to come and examine our new goods before buying elsewhere. We will always keep fresh, new good, at lowest prices.
S. L. & A. M. ROBERTSON.

If you want groceries of any kind, call at S. C. Pack's. He has a full line of flour, meal, coffee, sugar, bacon, hams, lard cabbage, and in fact everything kept in a first-class grocery store.

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

Baird has one bank in operation and another in course of erection, but Ogle's "fort" is to keep well supplied with everything in the grocery line. Call and examine his stock before buying elsewhere.

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

During this heated term of the campaign every man should call at Maj. Perry's and procure a bottle of that good old O. F. C. Taylor, which is five years old and sells at one dollar and fifty cents a bottle.

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

If you want anything in the grocery line, go to Ogle, who keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of bacon, lard, hams, flour, meal, coffee, sugar, tobacco, cigars, rice, hominy, grits, green groceries, such as, apples, peaches, cabbage and in fact everything kept in a first-class grocery store.

Mr. S. L. Robertson went to Dallas last Monday to buy goods to replenish their stock. He was in the city during the first day of the reunion of Confederate soldiers. He informs us that there was a great many people assembling there last Wednesday and were still coming when he left. He returned home Thursday morning.

Messrs. Wm. Cameron & Co. now have one of the finest selected stocks of lumber, shingles, doors, windows, mouldings, etc., in the West. They have a large and commodious office, good sheds, where all their dressed lumber, doors, windows and all other finished lumber is kept dry. They are selling rough lumber for $2.25 per hundred feet and dressed lumber proportionately low, Call and have your orders filled.

Wagons! Wagons!! Wagons!!!

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

Ladies' Friend.

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

To the Public.

I have again assumed control of the Central Hotel, had everything overhaled and put in first-class shape and am now ready to receive boarders. Will furnish board by the day, week or month. Neat bed-rooms furnished. HENRY ROBERTS.

On our trip east in attendance at the reunion at Dallas we did not forget our friends at home and laid in for their special benefit a fine stock of everything we could think of that could be added to our already complete stock of Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, Shoes, Hats, Clothing, Groceries and Stockmen's Supplies.
S. L. & A. M. ROBERTSON.

LOCAL NEWS.

Get boneless ham, at Ogle's.

Mr. Brown Seay returned from Mexico this morning.

Work has again been resumed on the Callahan County Bank.

A new badger has been added to Alex. Johnston's managerie.

Freight business on the T. & P. line is rather light at present.

Mr. Moone's building on Market street is fast nearing completion.

See advertisement of ranch and sheep for sale in another column.

Our town is still improving very rapidly for a town without a "boom."

Mr. Nick Sharkey's little stone residence for rent. CLARENDON AGENCY.

County assessor, W. R. McDermett and treasurer, J. G. McDonel, are in town.

Some of our boys serenaded the citizens of Belle Plain on Saturday night, last.

Valuable property for sale this week by the CLARENDON REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

Try the boneless ham, at Ogle's. It is fresh and sweet as can be found in the market.

Quite a number of our folks went to attend the Abilene fair, last Tuesday and Wednesday.

Several shippers of beef for the last few weeks have received very unsatisfactory returns.

A number of our people went to attend the Baptist meeting, at Abilene, last Saturday and Sunday.

Mr. Carlock, the veteran switchman, is visiting in eastern Texas. He has a ten days leave of absence.

County criminal court was in session the early part of the week, and considerable business was disposed of.

Messrs. Sam Cutbirth, John Lee, Jim White and a number of others came in from the reunion this morning.

We learn that A. D. Emerson is to start his mill this evening. He will not be able to grine wheat, however, for some days yet.

The Summer Normal School, of Belle Plain, closed last Friday evening. From twenty-five to thirty-five teachers have been in attendance.

An entertainment was given the teachers, who attended the Summer Normal School at Belle Plain, at the residence of Mr J. W. Day, on Friday evening of last week.

We have received invitations to attend a grand Knights of Pythias ball to be given at Coleman on the 14th of this month. It is to take place in the new court house. A grand time is expected.

Most of the young people in Baird attended a party given by Misses Beatty, at their home, eight miles east of town, on Wednesday night last, and all report having had a jolly time.

We noticed quite a number of Callahan county ladies and gentleman present at the Abilene fair and all seemed to have a good time and to enjoy the fine display made in many of the departments.

Uncle Bill Babb, we are sorry to say, sustained losses by fire, last week amounting he estimates to about $1200. Much of his fence, crop and grass was swept away. He says it is the work of an incendiary.

The new board of school trustees met last night and decided that they would not employ a teacher for the public school till after Christmas. They will publish a card in next week's CLARENDON.

Mr. Wm. Wood, of Callahan City, is holding about six hundred mutton sheep near town, which he expects to ship to market soon. We hope he will be more successful in finding a good market than some, who shipped before him, were.

Mr. Marshall Offutt, who took Mellhany & Dougherty's sheep to St. Louis a short time ago, returned one day this week. He reports finding a very much depressed market, and advises those having mutton to sell, to hold them for the early spring market.

Mr. S. H. Bronough, manager of the Concho Cattle Company, came in from Coleman last Wednesday evening with six car loads—175 head—of very fine beef cattle which he shipped on Thursday morning for the Saint Louis market. They are all pick cattle and are a fine lot.

Contractor, C. J. English, has Schwartz & Bro's. stone building run up seventeen feet, or to the second floor, and carpenters are busy putting in the joists. The building will be one of the best in the west, and will be an ornament to our town. We commend Schwartz & Bro. for their enterprise.

We are under obligations to our old friend, R. H. Hewitt, of Los Angeles, secretary of the Sixth District Agricultural Association, of that place, for an invitation to attend its fifth annual exposition, to be held there in October, from the 13th, to the 18th, inclusive. We regret not being able to participate.

Would it not be well for the people of Callahan county to burn the grass along the line of the railroad, and thus save the grass, and keep their stock from dying or drifting off during the winter. The county is becoming so dry that should fire once get fairly started, there is on telling what the damage might be. By all means save the grass. We will join a party and help burn a strip on each side of the road, so that sparks from engines will not burn our county. What say you, stockmen?

Mr. R. C. Dawkins who has a large number of chickens, informs us that the cholera got among his chickens and he lost about twenty in one week. He commenced to mix with their feed, cayenne pepper and sulphur, and also put pine tar in their water trough, which has entirely stoped the disease. He says that one hen was so near dead with the disease that he could pick her up any where in the yard, and that he thought that he would try an experiment on her; he cut off her comb, which bled a very little and the hen got well in a few days.

Mr. John Collins was in town yesterday and informed us that he, with his neighbors, had been fighting against the danger of fires from engines along the line of the railroad. He thinks it a matter of great importance that the citizens of Callahan county, take precautionary measures to save the country from fires. Now is the time to act in the matter. We suggest the holding of a meeting, say at Baird, Clyde and Putnam, as early as possible, and that everybody in the county, turn out and save the grass by burning a strip along the railroad.

We have heard considerable said upon our streets lately about a county slate being gotten up by some parties in order to shove certain individuals into office. Now the CLARENDON will be found opposing any such move, as the people of Callahan county are fully competent of judging for themselves, and do not require a guardian, neither do they require a clique or a ring to map out their ticket for them. There are no political issues involved in our local canvass, and the people are best able to decide upon who they want to fill the offices of trust. Down with rings which aim to take the people's rights from them, say we.

Taken Up

By E. A. Jones, about fifty head of goats, which the owner can have by paying for this notice and applying to the XXX ranch.

The School Trustees Elected.

The election held for electing a new board of school trustees, took place last Saturday, at the Pacific express office. Only 54 votes were cast, of these, D. Richardson received 39 votes; S. L. Robertson, 38; R. L. McKamy, 32; W. H. Parvin, 18; J. E. W. Lane, 16; scattering, 11 votes. Thus it will be seen that the first three men now constitute the board of trustees. We think the board is a very good one.

A few Dots from Old Tom.

Old Tom came in from Cottonwood last week and informed us that Cottonwood was on a good healthy boom, with a fine prospect for the future. The town now boasts of two dry goods stores, one kept by W. E. Mayes, and one by Ramsey & Norton, one drug store, kept by Mr. Errington; one grocery store, by Mr. W. R. Clements; one blacksmith shop and hardware store, by J. W. Hoff. The merchant mill is grinding flour and meal, under the ownership and control of Norton, Sparks & Bro. The hotel, where the many people are fed and cared for is conducted by Mr. W. T. Riley. Drs. Archer and Brodanac are the practicing physicians of the town and surrounding country. The saloon of the place is kept by Messrs. J. W. Price and T. J. Norrel, where always can be found the best to be had in their line. A new family grocery store is Just going up and will be run by a Mr. Ayer. Mr. Harry Meyer of Baird will soon build a general hardware store, a branch of the Baird house.

The Town is booming up and the country is prosperous.

The Abilene Fair.

On last Wednesday evening we boarded the west bound train for Abilene, where we went to take a look at the fair. We arrived rather too late—just as most of the exhibits were being taken down, and the hall cleared for the dance, which was to follow; but we saw enough to convince us that the Abilene initial fair, was a grand success. The exhibits were extra good and would speak well for any country. We expected to get a list of the premiums awarded, from the Abilene *Reporter*, but that paper failed to put in an appearance since the fair. We will give the list next week. Callahan county received a full proportion of the premiums. Capt. W. J. Maltby took the first premium on threshed oats, corn and minerals. A Callahan county man carried off the blue ribbon on the best horse, another on irish potatoes, and still another for the manufacture of best brooms. The ladies' fancy work display was beautiful. The painting and fancy work exhibited by Mrs. J. P. White of Baird, was elegant. There was no premiums offered on this kind of work, however. Next week we will have more to say upon this subject.

Personal.

C. C. Fountain, of Coleman, was in town yesterday.

Miss Fanny Cassidy returned last Saturday from the Normal School at Belle Plain.

Capt. Moon, of Stephens county, with his family, are visiting his brother here this week.

Mr. Murry Harris and Mr. Sid Woods went to Dallas last Tuesday to attend the reunion.

W. J. Scogin, his wife and Miss Anna Scogin, of Stephens county, are visiting relatives here this week.

Mr. J. H. Peters and lady, of Big Springs, were in town last Saturday and Sunday, visiting among their friends.

Mr. Tom Norrel, Bill Ike Babb and Capt. McGonigill went to Los Vegas, New Mexico, on legal business last Saturday.

Mr. J. H. Milliken, who *was* to build our court house, came up last Monday and left again on Tuesday, for Abilene.

Maj. L. B. Perry and Mr. A. D. Emerson left on last Wednesday, to be present at the Dallas reunion of confederate soldiers.

Mrs. J. F. Rettig returned home last Sunday morning from a visit to Gainesville, to which place she accompanied her sister, Mrs. Arnold, some time since.

Joseph Fitzgerald, of Terrell, a brother-in-law of J. S. Foy, arrived in Baird this week. Mr. Fitzgerald is a fine mechanic and has engaged to do some work here.

Mr. J. S. Foy left last Tuesday morning, for Fort Worth and Dallas, where he goes to lay in a stock of goods. He will go to Newport, his former home, while gone.

J. W. Dines an English gentleman for many years a resident of Limestone county, is in Callahan county prospecting for a small sheep ranch where he can raise registered sheep

Judge T. B. Wheeler came in last Monday evening and left Tuesday morning for Coleman, where he went to hear a habeas corpus trial, the regular Judge of that district being sick.

Mr. Will Callahan left on Friday evening of last week, for his former home, at Leavenworth, Kansas, where he goes to visit his parents, and relatives. We wish him a jolly good time.

Hon. Jas. Rushing of Terrell arrived here with his family last Tuesday morning. We welcome Mr. Rushing to citizenship and hope he may find health, business and happiness in our new town

Mr. Jake Farmer, formerly of this county, has sold his interests in stock in San Saba county preparatory to returning to Callahan. This county is hard to beat and our wanderers generally return.

Mr. J. Nat Davis, for some time in the employ of the CLARENDON, left last Sunday evening for McGregor, where he goes to accept a position on the *Plaindealer*. We wish him success in his new field.

Mrs. Floyd, of Dallas, is visiting her son, Mr. T. H. Floyd, of Belle Plain. She is eighty-two years of age and is still able to get about the house and yard and can do general house-work without assistance. Mrs. Hart, Mr. Floyd's sister, is also visiting him.

Mr. J. W. Newman, candidate for sheriff, who has been absent for some time, having gone with one of Lark Hearn's herds of cattle to Dodge City, Kansas, returned last Monday to Baird, and has been shaking hands with his many friends. Glad to see you back, John.

Miss Katie R. Matz of Annville, Pa., a cousin to Mrs. R. M. Turner, arrived here yesterday morning and will spend several months here visiting relatives and to improve her health. We bid her welcome and hope she will fully recover and have a pleasant visit. Mr. R. M. Turner met the young lady at Fort Worth and came with her to Baird.

To the Sheepmen of Callahan and Adjoining Counties.

We will arrive at Baird about September 10th, with 200 fine Merino Bucks; these sheep will prove far superior to anything that has ever been brought to this section. They will be of large frame and long staple. We would ask sheepmen to hold their orders until they see our sheep, as we feel confident we can give satisfaction. These sheep have been selected from some of the best registered flocks in Vermont, and register will be given with each, if desired. BRAYMER & JAMES.
BAIRD, TEXAS, July 8th, 1884.

Ladies approve your smoking. "Little Joker."

FOR SALE.

Ranch and Sheep.

I will sell my ranch, six miles north of Baird. There are 1,920 acres of land, well watered, well sheltered and beautifully located with all necessary improvements, including dwelling, shed, etc. Also, 1,340 head of well graded sheep. There are five springs and one mile of living water, from ten to fifteen feet deep. Also, a good pasture and field. For particulars apply at the ranch or address. JOHN LYNCH.
12-tf P. O. Box 72, Baird, Texas.

CLARENDON Real Estate Agency and Investment COMPANY,

—OF—

BAIRD, TEXAS.

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

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

A SHEEP RANCH, CONTAINING 71,440 acres of splendid Grazing and Agricultural land, splendidly located about three miles from a good town and about twelve miles from Baird. There are ten acres in pasture and twelve acres in cultivation. There is a dwelling house, sheep sheds, feed house, plenty good water, both in creek and tank. Everything on the premises necessary for a first-class sheep ranch, and also fine lot of feasil and wagon. There are also 1,600 head of good sheep. We will sell the whole at a bargain. Apply at once to CLARENDON REAL ESTATE AGENCY and get a bargain.

WE HAVE FOR RENT AT REASONABLE rates, Mr. Nick Sharkey's stone residence. Call early if you want a house. CLARENDON REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

A GOOD HOUSE WITH TWO ROOMS, well finished, lot 150x150 feet, fenced and ground broke for garden. This property is for sale or rent and is situated in the desirable portion of Baird. Rent for eight dollars per month.

WANTED.—TO TRADE.—ABOUT 1100 head of cows and lambs which we will trade for good mutton sheep or feeders. Apply to CLARENDON REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

FOR SALE OR TRADE.—115 HEAD OF good mutton sheep for sale or to trade for cattle mules and wagon. REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

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

WE HAVE ABOUT 225 OR 230 HEAD OF Mutton Sheep lambs, one and two years old for sale at $2 50 per head nett. Are strictly wool sheep, shear to the flock over seven lbs.

ONE FARM, 198 ACRES, ON DEEP CREEK, Callahan county, near Callahan City, well watered and well situated. Price, $1,500.

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

GOOD FARM ON DEEP CREEK, 240 ACRES of sixty acres in cultivation, balance fenced, plenty of water. Cheap.

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

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

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

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

ONE FARM 207 ACRES, NEAR CALLAhan City, improved and well watered, and most under fence. Price only $2,000.

WANTED—HOUSES TO RENT IN BAIRD. We have calls for them every day. If you have such and want to rent give them to us and they will be rented.

We buy and sell all kinds of property on Commission, will lease or rent lands or city property.

Will render and pay taxes, on land, make collections, and transact a General Agency Business.

Correspondence solicited and information cheerfully given.

LOTZ & ALLEN.

BAIRD, CALLAHAN COUNTY, TEXAS

R. M. Turner,

DRUGGIST AND PHARMACIST,

—DEALER IN—

PURE DRUGS AND CHEMICALS,

PAINTS, OIL, VRNISHES,

WINDOW GLASS. PERFUMERY

—SPONGES,—

SCHOOL BOOKS and STATIONERY

Sheep Men's Supplies. Etc. Etc.

Physicins prescriptions compounded with accuracy day or night.

MARKET STREET, - - - - - BAIRD, TEXAS

4-9ly

GOODS AT COST!

In order to make room for our New Goods in our new 2-Story Stone Building, we will sell for the next 50 days all goods at cost.

We have the largest and best stock of

Dry Goods, Notions, Boots, shoes,

HATS, CAPS, CLOTHING,

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF CARPETS.

ever brought to this country.

Call and examine our Stock before buying elsewhere

Don't forget the place

PH. SCHWARTZ & BROTHER,

POST OFFICE STORE,

BAIRD TEXAS.

The Clarendon.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

BAIRD, - - - - TEXAS.

Are the Cockleburs Poisonous?

There are two species of the cockle burs—or clotburs, both coarse, vile weeds, supposed to have been introduced from Europe, but now thoroughly naturalized and running wild almost everywhere in this country. The most common species in the Middle and Western States is the Xanthium strumarium. It has broad ovate leaves, somewhat three lobed and toothed, and without prickles at the base. The flowers are very minute, and of a greenish yellow color, the sterile ones in numerous sub-globose heads at the summit; the fertile flowers below are enclosed in a prickly involucre or bur of an oval form, and the prickles are nearly straight. The burs are about half an inch long. There is a variety of this species that has burs nearly an inch long, with more numerous prickles, and the beak slightly incurved. The other species is known as the thorny clotbur, X. spinosum, and has ovate lanceolate and entire or slightly three-lobed leaves, armed at the base with slender three-parted spines. The fruit is about an inch long, with a single beaklike tip. It is common on sandy shores, from New England southward to Georgia. It grows three to four feet high, with many branches.

The first species, which, as we have said, is the most common in the North, grows in waste places along roadsides, in barnyards, and in cattle pens—in fact, appears almost spontaneously wherever cattle, sheep or swine have trampled down and killed out other kinds of vegetation. Cattle yards that have not been used for a few weeks or months are pretty sure to show a good crop of cockleburs, and the young plants have the reputation of being poisonous, or at least injurious to swine, and of causing death in a few hours; and yet botanists and chemists have failed to discover any noxious properties in these plants. It is certainly well known that swine, when very hungry, will eat the young, tender plants, and that many have died soon after, whether from poison or some other cause. A recent instance of this kind occurred at Kennett, Mo., as reported to us by Robert F. Sanders, of that place, and in answer to some inquiries in regard to the matter Mr. Sanders writes:

"By way of explanation I can say that it is proverbial among the old farmers and hog raisers down here, that the young plant, when it first emerges from the ground, and while only sporting two leaves, is absolute death to hogs. As to the suggestion that death may have been caused by overloading the stomach with indigestible food, I do not think this can be so, or that death could be possibly produced by a mechanical means, as I know from personal observation that the young plant is exceedingly tender, being of a remarkably rapid growth, and very watery and juicy, the young root inclining to be bulbous. Besides, there were not in the entire field into which the hogs were turned over night more than one peck measure full of the plants, and very few comparatively of these were eaten by the swine in question; hence I am morally certain that death could not have been produced by overloading the stomach with indigestible matter. There were some sixty or seventy head of large hogs turned into the lot over night, and during the succeeding day nineteen of them died. I regret an anatomical investigation was not had, and should another opportunity present itself I will have it done."

From the above report of Mr. Sanders it would seem that the farmers of Missouri are quite confident that the young cockleburs are in some way destructive to swine, and they are not alone in their belief, for from a recent number of the *Prairie Farmer* we learn that a Mr. Henry Carbon, of Iowa, had twenty-three fine hogs that were turned in among some cocklebur plants at night, and the next morning all but one were dead. Prof. Falger, of the Iowa Agricultural College, seeing this statement, gives an account of some experiments he made with this plant some years ago. He reports in the *College Journal* that he selected a couple of pigs for a test as to the injurious effects of this weed. The pigs refused to eat the plants that were six inches or more high, even when other food was withheld, but they would eat very small and tender ones. Several hundred of these, making about a quart in bulk, were several times fed to each pig without the least indication of injury. From these experiments the Professor comes to the conclusion that the cocklebur plants are not injurious to swine, and that the cause of death must be sought elsewhere. He also adds that the old seeds and burs may have been eaten in some instances with the young plants, and that the injury resulted therefrom. But whatever may be the cause of death in swine, whether from impaction of stomach or intestines, or from some unknown poisonous properties of the plant, the fact seems to be well sustained that the cockleburs are dangerous plants, and should be destroyed wherever found.

Dr. Darlington, in his work on "Weeds and Useful Plants," refers to the clotburs as "vile weed, the burs of which are a great annoyance in the fleeces of sheep," but does not mention that they possess any noxious properties. Neither do we find this plant mentioned in the lists of poisonous species in any of the medical works that we have consulted. Lindley does not even mention the Xanthium in his "Flora Medica," nor do we find it referred to in a half score of other similar works; and still it seems rather strange that, if the plant does contain any pronounced medical properties, they should not have been discovered long ago. For the broad-leaved clotbur (X. strumarium) is supposed to have been well known to the Greeks, who used the plant for coloring the hair yellow, and Tournefort, in erecting the genus recognized this and gave it the name Xanthium, from the Greek Xanthos, yellow. Dioscorides informs us that an infusion of this plant dyes the hair yellow, and it is said to have been employed for this purpose in more modern times. From the time of Chaucer to Spencer yellow hair appears to have been very fashionable in Great Britain. It was celebrated by the latter poet in verse, and the ladies not only used a yellow dye, but sprinkled it with a yellow powder to add to its lustre.

Perhaps this much detested clotbur may, in a measure, account for the great number of portraits of yellow-haired people which belong to the period of Queen Elizabeth. But we presume that our readers are more interested in the welfare of their pigs than in the old portraits. Still it is interesting to know something of the history of a plant which has of late years become noted as being destructive to swine, although it has probably grown about hog pens and in hog and cattle yards in European countries for thousands of years.

—When Albert was a small boy his father put him into a half orphan asylum in Virginia, though not compelled by poverty to do so. Albert lately retaliated by sending his paupered parent to the poor house, though abundantly able to take care of him.—*Baltimore Sun.*

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The British Museum has bought John Milton's copy of the Bible.

—The late Lord Seafield's estate extended over 310,000 acres, with an annual rental of £70,000.

—The forests of Europe are estimated to cover 500,000,000 acres, or nearly twenty per cent. of the surface of the continent.

—The Altai estates of the Czar of Russia cover 170,000 square miles, being about three times the size of England and Wales.

—A railroad on which the cars run astride a single rail has been so successful in Africa that one like it is to be built in France.

—White stockings are coming once again into fashion in London, from the crusade by the doctors against colored wear as slow poisoners.

—The Shoemakers' Guild of Berlin recently celebrated the 600th anniversary of its incorporation in 1284 by a great procession, numbering more than 4,000 persons, which passed before the Royal Palace, where the Emperor and the Crown Prince stood on the balcony to see it.

—The rapidity with which one may learn a foreign language is demonstrated by Mr. Howard Vincent, late Director of Criminal Investigations at Scotland Yard, London. On his arrival in Russia he advertised for a Russian family where he could be received, versed in the language, and allowed to study Russian to his heart's content. He employed four tutors, each with a different system, with whom he studied eleven hours a day. In six weeks he was able to converse in Russian with fluency and accuracy.

—A diver engaged in diving operations off the coast opposite Gibraltar, under Apes Hill, with the object of ascertaining the whereabouts of a recent wreck, has discovered at the bottom from eighty to one hundred large guns, mostly thirty-two and forty-two pounders, and also two large anchors. They are supposed to have belonged to some large line of battle ship which sank in the old war, probably after the battle of Trafalgar. As there was no apparatus for the purpose none of the guns were brought up, so that it has not been possible to ascertain their nationality.

Benedict Arnold.

In your city, during the present week, there will be a gathering of the descendants of the U. E. Loyalists, at which time there will be gathered many of the descendants of those who from various motives left the rebellious colonies and settled principally on the St. Lawrence, the Bay of Quinte, and the Niagara district.

I for one have no love for Tories of those times no more than I have for those of to-day, who now in this enervated country, through the timid and patient and long-suffering nature of the mass of the people, are allowed to rob and rule.

It may be of interest to your readers at this time to be informed who some of the descendants are, and other facts collected from various sources by one who with eager interest sympathizes with all the past conflicts of the mass of the people for natural rights, against prerogatives, privileges, and uncontrolled authority, and trusts to see yet history repeat itself even here, for we would be discouraged had we not faith in the spirit of justice to some day soon assert itself, peaceful if possible, if not, otherwise.

The distance of one hundred years or more and the wonderful results accomplished in that time in that country add charm to the characters who were active in the American cause, while on the other side the hundred years has nearly buried in the dust of obscurity the names of those who landed by the waters in the wilderness of Canada.

Near what is now the Rideau Canal, at Kilmarnock Lock in the Township of Montague, County of Leeds, are buried the mortal remains of Hannah Arnold, who wrote the following lines from her home in Connecticut to the most intrepid, daring and outrageous General in the Army of the Americans:

Dear Brother.—Take this opportunity to congratulate you on your late success in reducing Ticonderoga and making yourself master of the vessels on the Lakes. The cause is undoubtedly a just one. Hope you may have health, strength, fortitude and valour for whatever you may be called to, &c. &c.

Your affectionate sister,
HANNAH ARNOLD.

These lines were addressed to General Benedict Arnold, whose services to the cause of the Americans it is hard to estimate.

It is not my intention to go over his life, to justify any of his acts, or to draw him as an example.

I might say if the ball that broke his leg when leading on the Americans at Saratoga, which deformed him for life, had struck a mortal part, to-day his name would be honored, his remains would be stored in mausoleum, and his memory would be cherished by his countrymen; but, sad fate, he died not soon enough to be honored.

While it is not necessary to extenuate his crime, or to call it other than treason, we must not forget that there has been parallels in the world; also, that he was a man who, if circumstances had been different, might have been one of the highest honored names of 100 years ago.

After varying conditions Benedict Arnold died and was buried in London in 1801, aged sixty years. His sons, Richard, Henry and John, came to Canada about 1798, to look after the land granted their father, consisting of 13,400 acres in the counties of Leeds and Greenville. The sons engaged in business and married, and were leading citizens, and left large families, who are now some of our most valued and honored friends and countrymen, and, like their grandfather, are generous and sympathetic.

I have in my possession General Arnold's military coat, owned by his grandson, which I consider of interest to the curious and antiquarian, or your York pioneers.

There are other names of note which are of interest, but at present space will not admit. The ancestor of our present Governor of Ontario was an important factor in that time. If the papers of the family are preserved would be of interest, particularly concerning the meetings of Arnold, Andre and Robinson, at Robinson House on the Hudson.—*Cor. Toronto Globe.*

Business Morality.

Does it ever occur to the critics of the manner in which the business of the Government is conducted that the Government standards are a good deal higher than those of the business community? Do they stop to think how very rare in these days is any defalcation or peculation or dishonesty in a Government official, while thefts are of daily occurrence in banks, business houses and positions of trust in private life? The Government scarcely ever loses any money by a dishonest servant. We do not mean to say that the Government is as yet entirely free from favoritism and that there are not hordes of hungry contractors and plunderers, and that their assaults on the Treasury are always successfully repelled. But in the Government offices pecuniary dishonesty is rare, and of the millions of taxes and revenue paid by the people almost nothing sticks to the fingers of those who collect and handle them. We doubt if any Government in the world is on the whole better served in this respect.

The reasons for this contrast between the public and private business are two. The public servants are more carefully selected and with a greater sense of responsibility, and, secondly, public opinion holds officials up to a higher moral standard than prevails in business circles generally. Transactions that pass without comment daily in private life would in Government employ raise a storm of indignation. The truth is that the honor in business circles is weakened, and that business morality is low. No better illustration of this is needed than was furnished by the late transactions of Grant & Ward. Ward pretended to have profitable Government contracts. A number of business men in good standing put money into those supposed contracts, knowing that the enormous profits expected from them could not be realized unless there was dishonesty—that is, corrupt collusion with Government officials. The moral standards of these business men were just that low. And if the contracts had existed and money had been made, the Government is the only party that would have suffered in the estimation of these business men. They would have been loud, in a general way, in denouncing the corruptions of Government. Gambling in stocks, which is as unfruitful as betting on the weather or on cock-fighting, smart transactions in railways by which bona fide stockholders are squeezed out of their money, the manipulations of grain by which the price is lowered for the raiser and raised for the consumer, are judged so leniently by public opinion that the only price of a man's keeping his business standing in them is success. Everybody knows that they are directly responsible for the swindles, the thefts, the daily ruin of men who are in positions where they handle money. The trouble is that we have ceased to call stealing stealing, and dishonesty dishonesty. Merchants, grocers and dealers of all sorts will candidly confess that they could not get on without misrepresentation. And when there is this state of things all through the country, great swindles and defalcations are to be expected. We all agree that burglary of a bank is an awful crime, but when a bank President gradually abstracts the funds of the bank we do not class him with burglars. We have a lot of soft phrases to disguise his transactions—he is weak, he became involved in speculations, he miscalculated the market.

Now, the public is able to discriminate between what is honest and what is dishonest; it does it in its judgment of Government officials and Government business. If it would apply the same standards to private life we should have a much more wholesome state of affairs. There was a time when the terms "business morality" and "commercial morality" meant the highest integrity and were terms of honor; when we use them now we mean something that is a shade off and probably many shades off from honest dealing. It used to be said that the Government offices ought to be conducted on "business" principles; that remark has rather a sardonic sound.—*Hartford Courant.*

A Veteran Explorer.

When the Israelites were in the wilderness they rested many years at Kadesh-barnea. To locate this exact spot has been for a century the desire of Biblical geographers. A dozen points have been suggested and adopted, with great doubt and dispute between scholars. About forty years ago an English clergyman, Rev. John Rowlands, a good traveler and Arabic scholar, went to a spot in the desert south of Hebron, unvisited by any other explorer, and identified it as the long-desired location. He wrote to a friend, his letter was published, and aroused a geographic war. Some authorities accepted Rowland's location, others rejected it. Thereafter innumerable explorers have sought to reach Rowland's fountain of Kadesh without success. Some declared it imaginary. Others said he had mistaken another and well-known site for a new place. A dozen important locations, dependent on this, remained in dispute, and Rowlands was widely discredited. He made no answer or publication, and seemed to have disappeared. In 1881 Rev. Dr. H. C. Trumbull, of Philadelphia, succeeded in rediscovering the lost fountain of Rowlands, and in an exhaustive and invaluable book, conclusively identified it as the site of Kadesh-barnea. Since Dr. Trumbull's visit several expeditions have endeavored to reach the spot and failed. It might be ranked as the most inaccessible, as it is one of the most important, of all ancient sites.

Meantime the silent Mr. Rowlands, whose name has been bandied about among the geographers, has been a quiet clergyman in a country parish in England, troubling himself not at all as to who believed and who disbelieved him. He knew where Kadesh was, and now that he is seventy-five years old, he writes to Dr. Trumbull from Jerusalem a pleasant letter from which it appears that he thought the other day while in Egypt on a trip that it would be a good plan to take some of his young people to Kadesh. So he started, as in the old time, and went to Sinai, and then directly over the desert to the inaccessible fountain of Kadesh, which only he and Dr. Trumbull have seen, and so on to Jerusalem. His letter, not intended for publication, is as cool as if Kadesh were a mineral spring in England and he had never heard of any trouble in getting to it. Mr. Rowlands is a wonderful man, and puts other and younger explorers innumerable to shame.—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

—A Washington cat has a great fondness for sweet-scented flowers. "Sitting softly down by a tube rose," says a correspondent of the Syracuse *Journal*, "she gently drew the sweet flower toward her, pulling the stalk down hand over hand that it should not break, and there Miss Pussy sat by the hour inhaling the rich, odor, and at length letting it up carefully that it should not be injured. With unerring instinct she chose among the verbenas the sweet-scented one, and with like care drew the tuft down and sat and luxuriated in its perfume."

—At Santa Barbara, Cal., hundred-leaved roses are very common this season, and some of them outmeasure in circumference ordinary dessert plates.

Smudging the Modocs.

In March, 1851, gold was discovered in Yreka Flats, and in a few weeks several thousand miners were working there and on Greenhorn Creek. In the summer following, a number of men took up claims in Shasta Valley and cut hay for the Yreka market. Besides the ox teams used in hauling the hay to town, they all ranched a number of horses, mules and cattle belonging to themselves and parties in the mines. The Modoc Indians made occasional forays into the valley and drove off small bands of stock to their country, a hundred miles to the eastward. Much stock that was no doubt stolen by white thieves was charged to the account of these savage marauders, and it is very questionable if they were guilty of half of the thefts ascribed to them. Late in the summer they stampeded a corral of animals near Butteville, and made off with forty-six fine mules and horses, many of them belonging to the pack train of Augustus Meamber, then on his way to Yreka with a load of goods. That this act was committed by the Modocs there was ample evidence to show. A company of twenty men was raised, consisting chiefly of miners from the vicinity of Yreka, to follow the thieves into the heart of the Modoc country, punish them for their roguery, and, if possible, recover the stolen property.

On the afternoon of the second day, having penetrated into the celebrated Lava Beds south of Tule Lake, about a dozen Indians were discovered, some of whom hastened to warn the village of danger, while the others took shelter behind rocks and juniper bushes, and discharged their arrows at the advancing party as soon as they came within range. A bushwhacking contest was maintained for a long time, the savages falling steadily back toward the village. This was situated on a plateau and along a crescent ledge of rocks, where the ground sunk abruptly to a depth of about twenty feet. Within the ledge was what appeared to be the smooth bed of a stream. It was about thirty feet wide and one hundred yards long, with a slight incline terminating near the middle of the ledge, where a cave opened into the rocks. Here the inhabitants of the village had taken shelter, tying their horses in front of it, where they could protect them with their arrows while lying concealed in the cave. The whites opened fire upon them from the top of the ledge of rocks, at a distance of a hundred yards, and the savages returned the fire, shooting their arrows with such force and precision that several of the men were wounded. They soon discovered that their shields of tule rushes were not bullet proof, and retreated within the shelter of the cave with the loss of several warriors. One stalwart brave, probably a Medicine Man who desired to exhibit his supernatural powers, emerged from the cave so enveloped in shields that he resembled an animated basket. Behind their protecting fronts he felt so secure that he walked boldly forth and defied his assailants, only to be laid low by a well-aimed shot from the bluff above. After this exploit not an Indian ventured from the cave again.

How to dislodge them from their hole became the next question. The men were out of provisions and could not besiege the cave, the rocky and desert country affording no game or other means of subsistence of which they could avail themselves. A smudge was suggested. Hurriedly gathering logs and brush, the men cautiously pushed them over the edge of the bluff at the mouth of the cave and set fire to the heap. The Indians could not prevent this, for they were closely cooped up in the cave by the rifles of the men who stood guard opposite. From out the dark recesses of the cavern the imprisoned savages maintained a close watch upon the besiegers, and each head or arm that was exposed in adding fuel to the blazing pile was saluted with a shower of arrows, and one of the men was severely wounded in this way.

The heat and smoke rushed into the entrance in such volume that any one but a Modoc Indian would have been suffocated or roasted. They prostrated themselves upon their faces to breathe the little fresh air that came in along the bottom of the cave, and, with a courage born of desperation, resolved to perish there rather than go out to be slaughtered by their enemies. The attack upon them had been so sudden and unexpected that they had forgotten to take water with them into their retreat. The place of shelter, also, was small, and had no outlet or means of ventilation save the entrance through which they were receiving such generous donations of heat and smoke. They could have held out but little longer, when they were overjoyed to see their persecutors take their departure. The men had kept up a roasting fire for twenty-four hours; but being out of provisions, over a hundred miles distant from any source of supplies, and not knowing the terrible straits to which the enemy had become reduced, they had rolled a last contribution upon the burning pile and taken up their line of march for Yreka. To rush out into the fresh air, scatter the blazing logs and brush, and moisten their parched throats with cooling draughts of water, were the first acts of the savages. They were too thankful for their escape to think of pursuing or annoying the white men further.—*Portland (Or.) West Shore.*

—A Louisville lumber dealer went down to Franklin, Tenn., recently, to buy a lot of "fallen timber" on the McGavock farm, which had been cut by Gordon Granger's troops during the war as a protection against surprise by cavalry from the west side of the Harpeth River. After striking a bargain, he went out to count the logs. At one place he counted thirteen walnut sticks, and at another sixteen. On going over them again he found only twelve in the first lot, and seventeen in the other. On making a careful examination he discovered one of the sticks was a snake, and it had changed its position while he was away.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

—At Reading, Pa., the Burks County Poor Directors investigated the case of two brothers, Henry and Frank Herb, who had been confined in cells in the lunatic asylum there for six years and treated as dangerous lunatics. They were pronounced entirely sane, released from their cells, and allowed the liberty of the grounds.—*Pittsburgh Post.*

—The Aztecs, before the conquest of Mexico by the Spaniards, recognized the value of trees for the maintenance of moisture and the promotion of irrigation. Prescott tells us that their law contained severe penalties against the destruction of forests.

—The nails had all been pulled from the fingers of a man found dead in Dakota. Robbers had tortured before killing him.

HOME AND FARM.

—Never use a large sized pot for a small rooted plant. If you do, the soil will sour and the plant sicken and die.—*Exchange.*

—Trim fruit tress any time after June up to winter, and especially if there be a superabundance of blossoms or fruit.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—If brooms are dipped in boiling suds weekly, they will become so tough that they will last much longer, sweep like a new broom until they are nearly worn out, and will not cut the carpet.—*Boston Globe.*

—A very little cream of tartar in the frosting of a cake will hasten the hardening process. If the knife is dipped into water while spreading the frosting it will give a gloss or polish greatly to be desired.—*Boston Post.*

—To restore rubber rings for fruit cans, let them lie in water in which you have put one part ammonia to two parts of water. Sometimes they do not need to lie in this more than five minutes; but frequently a half hour is needed to restore their elasticity.—*Albany Journal.*

—Cows that are watered from stagnant ponds or from wells in the barnyard will give milk more or less tainted, and from which it is impossible to make the best butter. So large a part of milk is water that the drink of the cow is of quite as much importance as her food.—*Cleveland Leader.*

—The practice of placing lime or ashes around peach trees, to exclude the grub, is partly effectual, but the most certain remedy is to remove a portion of the earth from the base of the stem, and dig out the grubs with the point of a knife, carefully following the hole till the insect is found. The eggs are commonly laid in the bark from early summer till August.—*N. Y. Herald.*

—Creamed Eggs: Boil six eggs twenty minutes. Make one pint of cream sauce; have six slices of toast on a hot dish; put a layer of sauce on each one and then part of the whites of the eggs, cut in thin strips; rub part of the yolks through a sieve on to the toast, repeat this, and finish with a third layer of the sauce; place in the oven for about three minutes; garnish with parsley and serve.—*The Household.*

—The *Farmers' Review* says: "Orchards on dry, poor ridges, where no effort has been made to enrich the soil, have, during the last few years, suffered for nutriment, and are therefore incapable of perfecting a crop. It is a question of condition rather than of elevation. Flat, low land contains in a much greater degree than rolling land the elements of tree growth, and also retains moisture much longer, and as these are the two great factors in successful orcharding, we can readily see why low, flat orchards have been so fruitful of late."

—One of the most intelligent and prosperous Michigan farmers has entirely abandoned the practice of shoeing his horses. He says that if never shod his horses rarely have tender feet, their feet keep in good shape, and he finds they are far less apt to be lame. He even finds that those which have never been shod have such sharp hoofs that unless the roads are very icy they stand to draw quite a load. When so icy as to make it dangerous to drive, which is seldom more than two or three days in a year, he can well afford to let his team rest, or draw wood or manure on the farm, where they can almost always travel safely.—*Detroit Post.*

Woman.

Woman, owing to her proposed enfranchisement, occupies at the present moment a considerable share of public attention, and all that relates to her is of special interest. Man, although he has had the pleasure of her acquaintance for nearly six thousand years, is, or professes to be, entirely ignorant as to her political temperament, and apparently knows very little about her beyond the fact that she was originally produced from one of Adam's ribs. Some interesting observations on this point were made by Jean Raulin in the beginning of the sixteenth century. "Observe the result," he preached; "man, composed of clay, is silent and ponderous; but woman gives evidence of her osseus origin by the rattle she keeps up. Move a sack of earth and it makes no noise; touch a bag of bones and you are deafened with the clitter-clatter." Woman, however, was not without an advocate of her right in those days. The following remarks made on the "Excellancy of Women," written by Cornelius Henry Agrippa in 1509, are such as might have been uttered by Mr. John Stuart Mill: "Unjust laws," he says, "do their worst to repress women; custom and education combine to make them nonentities. From her childhood a girl is brought up in idleness at home, and confined to needle and thread for sole employment. When she reaches marriageable years she has this alternative—the jealousy of a husband or the custody of a convent. All public duties, all legal functions, all active ministrations of religion are closed against her." Agrippa looked upon women as the practical sex. "What arithmetician," he asks, "could deceive a woman in a bargain?" Anyone who has had experience of a modern British landlady at a seaside lodging-house will confirm Agrippa's opinion on this point. Whether woman will ever get into Parliament remains to be seen; but that Eve would have found some difficulty in entering the house as at present constructed is beyond a doubt, if any reliance is to be placed on a calculation made of her size by the French Orientalist Henrien, member of the academy. In a table given by him of the relative heights of several eminent historical personages, he puts that of our great mother at 118 feet 9.75 inches. The dwindling of a woman's stature is probably owing to her wrongs. When she obtains her rights she will perhaps regain her former somewhat formidable proportions.—*St. James' Gazette.*

—Adown the sloping country-lane
The wheelman wheeled him on his wheel. With speed of a wild hurricane, As spun the pedals like a reel. Crouched in the corner of the fence, The ambushed foe lay low in wait, Ready to suddenly spring thence And hurl the victim to h's fate. The wheelman came—"Boo-hoo! boo-hoo!" The old hog jumped into the way. Full ninety feet the wheelman flew, And wheeled his wheel no more that day.—*Wheelman's Gazette.*

—The bridegroom in an Oregon wedding was nineteen and the bride forty-six. Moreover, the man was handsome and the woman plain. But he had been for a year a herder on a lonely range, without a feminine face of any kind to look at, and when she visited the place with some tourists the courtship was rapid and resultant.—*Denver Tribune.*

No LADY of refinement likes to resort to superficial devices to supply a becoming semblance of her former beauty. It is health alone that lights the countenance and brings back fresh tints to the faded cheek. If anything on earth will do this, it is Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, which has already brought health to multitudes with whom all other means had failed.

THE professional thief is the only man who believes in doing everything exclusively upon his own hook.

"Rough on Corns." 15c. Ask for it. Complete cure, hard or soft corns, warts, bunions.

AN anxious inquirer asks: "Where is the best place for salt-water bathing?" In the salt-water, dear friend.

"MR. BROOKS, near Albany, was hopelessly afflicted with Cancer. It had eaten through his nose into his mouth and throat. The time of his death was only a question of a very short time. He prayed for death, his suffering was so great. S. S. S. has had a wonderful effect on him. His improvement is so great that we all feel sure of his being perfectly cured in time."
W. H. GILBERT, Albany, Ga.

WHAT the sewing-machine said when it skipped the stitch—Sew long!—*The Judge.*

"Mother Swan's Worm Syrup," for feverishness, worms, constipation, tasteless. 25c.

You have no right to pick a photographer's pocket, even if he has pict-ures.

Prominent Butter Makers.
There is no dissent from the decision of candid and capable dairymen, that the Improved Butter Color of Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt., is the best in the world. Such men as A. W. Cheever, of Massachusetts, E. D. Mason, Vermont, Francis A. Hoffman, Wisconsin, use it, and recommend it as superior to all others.

"THIS is a suggestion of spring," said the rat, as the trap closed upon him.

"Buchu-paiba." Quick, complete cure, all annoying Kidney and Urinary Diseases, $1.

BOUND over for a new trial—Last year's spring suit.—*Boston Times.*

Glenn's Sulphur Soap
Remedies all complexional blemishes, so repulsive to charming features.

OARSMEN might appropriately be termed "Knights of the rowed."

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

AN appropriate sign for a dilapidated clock—"Hands off!"

PUBLIC speakers and singers use Piso's Cure for hoarseness and weak lungs.

WHAT fish is most valued by a happy wife?—Her-ring.

"Rough on Coughs," 15c., at Druggists. Complete cure Coughs, Hoarseness, Sore Throat.

"WILL you have salt on your eggs?" asked the hotel waiter of the guest. "Oh, no, thanks. They are not at all fresh. Then the waiter went out to consult the landlord to see if the hotel had been insulted.

A LITTLE boy in Kentucky was killed a few days ago by too much tobacco. A hogshead of it rolled on him.

A WESTERN college refused to establish a department of wood carving, for fear it would acquire a reputation for turning out "block" heads.—*Norristown Herald.*

A POET asks: "Where shall we find content?" Try the newspaper business, friend, and if you find that it don't answer look in the dictionary and you will probably run across it.—*Boston Transcript.*

MRS. MALAPROP wonders why the company laughed when she asked a schoolboy when the summer *vacuum* would begin.

"One must creep before he can walk," as the small boy said when he crawled under a circus tent.—*Philadelphia Call.*

AN exchange says that bores are killing pine trees in North Carolina. This seems to be the only respect in which editors and pine trees are alike.—*Burlington Free Press.*

"So you prefer my medicines to those of Dr. Pillsbury?" Mrs. Mulligan—"Och, indade, docthor, ye're a dale better than th' other ould humbug."—*N. Y. Herald.*

"If an aged ship-captain is called 'an old sea-dog,' why don't they call an aged landsman an 'old land-dog?'" is asked. Because the landsman never had a bark.

WHEN two boys are running a race which one has no legs? The one whose legs are *a-head.*

IT is a curious fact that a bicycle-rider, although he may only have seen fifteen summers, has experienced an immense number of springs and falls.

DON'T buy a coach in order to please your wife. It is much cheaper to make her a little sulky.—*Chicago Sun.*



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