Callahan County Clarendon.

"THE GREATEST GOOD TO THE GREATEST NUMBER."

W. R. LOTZ, Editor and Proprietor. BAIRD, TEXAS, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1883. VOL. III.—NO. 49.

THE WANDERER'S RETURN.

"Who lies here fainting by the way?
Is there no rest for that head so gray.
But turf all wet with dew?
'Tis almost night and my home is near,
Come, mount the seat beside me here;
My wife, I'm sure, has a word of cheer
And a bite of food for you.

"And if a lodging you can not buy,
'Gainst those less lucky in life than I
I never shut my door."
"I thank you, sir, for your offer kind,
But I can not rest till news I find
Of the children twain I left behind
When I sought the Western shore.

"Why did I leave them? Perhaps he knows
Who raids a precious jewel throws
To seek for worthless dross:
Mine is a story that's oft been told;
My wife had died and my farm was sold,
And I, poor fool that I was of gold
And followed it, to my loss.

"They could not write me, they were too young,
And perhaps they lie the dead among;
It makes my eyes grow dim:
Know you my Nelly, my girl so fair—
I lived in that brown house, over there—
My blue-eyed Henry, with curling hair,
Can you tell me aught of him?"

"What, Henry Lee? Then I knew your son:
I honor the father of such a one,
A youth so brave and fair."
The smile from the old man's visage fled,
"You knew my Harry, not know, you said:
O, do not tell me my son is dead,
For that I could not bear."

"The truth is kinder than any lie,
And bravely and nobly did he die.
And on a famous day
We heard the calling for volunteers,
And so, in spite of our tender years,
In spite of our loved ones' prayers and tears,
Together we marched away.

"Together we ate and drank and slept,
And over our fallen comrades wept.
We were but boys, you know;
And out we sallied from Roanoke;
Ere New Bern's fight together we broke,
Together we fought 'mid shot and smoke
'Till a bullet laid him low.

"There, as we stood on the river banks,
He suddenly drew me from the ranks,
And thrust himself before,
Where a well aimed rebel bullet sped;
He shielded me from the fatal lead,
But it pierced that gallant heart instead,
And your Harry was no more.

"Brilliant the victory, loud the cheers,
But I had heart for nothing but tears,
Over our Harry's grave:
Yet do not weep, for he lies at rest,
All in his country's colors drest,
With his broken saber on his breast
An fitting a soldier brave.

"But though of a noble son bereft,
Your Nelly, your daughter, yet is left
As fair as fair may be:
My house is yours for the rest of life
And freed are you from all care and strife,
For little Nelly is now my wife.
So, father, come home with me."
—*Clara E. Smith, in Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

RUNNING A RAILROAD.

An Explanation of the Vast and Complicated System of Managing Large Railways—Officers Who Control the Various Departments—The Nature of Their Duties and Extent of Responsibilities Briefly Outlined.

The operation of a great railway of to-day is a vast work. It requires a multitude of men, ranging from President down to dirt-shoveler, but the whole labor is as systematically performed as the movement of an army. It has taken many years to perfect railroad management, and countless heads have grown gray in the solution of the problem, but it may now be considered to have nearly reached perfection. There is practically but one system for main or trunk lines in the United States, although in minor details roads vary somewhat from the standard. To the non-railroad man there ever seems to be a complication and confusion of railway titles, officers and duties. The following concise explanation of railway operation is authentic, and yet simple enough to clearly present the subject to all who may care to be informed upon it.

The President of a railroad is the chief executive officer. His business, however, is with the financial policy of the road, and rarely does he meddle with the operating department. Vanderbilt and Gould do not know to-day what the rate is on corn from Chicago and St. Louis to the seaboard, although the contrary opinion constantly prevails in the public mind. A railroad war may even be inaugurated without consultation with a President.

The General Manager is a creation of the last decade. He is chief of the operating department, is appointed by and is responsible alone to the President and Board of Directors. He carries out the policy by them adopted. He stands between the General Superintendent and the President, with somewhat more extensive powers than was ever accorded to the former. By the creation of the General Manager the duties of the General Superintendent have been restricted to the actual practical operation of the road. And here it is well to call attention to the word "General" when prefixed to a railway title. It is all-important to use it constantly, and railroad etiquette requires that it should be written with a capital G, just as it is in the army. The General Freight Agent, for instance, is not simply a freight agent—he is the head of the entire freight department, and one can not quicker insult him than by omitting the "General." And so with all other general officers.

The General Superintendent is appointed by the General Manager. He is responsible for every portion of the daily operation of the entire line. To aid him he has a General Freight Agent, a General Passenger and Ticket Agent, and others who are heads of their respective departments. Some extensive roads have a Traffic Manager between the General Superintendent and General Manager, or dispense with the latter and have a Traffic Manager only, as the Illinois Central. In this case the Traffic Manager is the commercial agent of the road, and he stands between the road and the people. He is empowered to use his own judgment in securing business, and can cut an existing freight or passenger rate, as he sees fit. He must be a man of long experience and clear headed. It his chief business to get business.

The General Freight Agent attends exclusively to the securing of freight business, not at all to its transportation. His duties end when he has the freight. He commonly does not fix rates, and is not empowered to cut them beyond his own line. Still, in many instances, he has very considerable latitude allowed him in the matter of rates, the grand rule of railroad operation being: "Don't get caught cutting a rate, but get the business anyhow." The General Freight Agent has an assistant and a small army of contracting agents, clerks, rate clerks, bill clerks, voucher clerks, etc., under him. The Contracting Agent is one who goes into the business marts and personally seeks for business. He individually knows all the big shippers, and generally has an office convenient to heavy business. Upon his tact and popularity much depends.

The General Passenger and Ticket Agent attends exclusively to the securing of passenger business and the preparation of the almost countless forms of tickets used. He is not a ticket-seller, as commonly supposed, but has his office with the other general officers. Upon some roads there are a General Passenger Agent and a General Ticket Agent, but they have rarely been found to work harmoniously. In this case the General Passenger Agent attends to the advertising and to the securing of business, while the General Ticket Agent devotes himself to the matter of tickets and rates. Appointed by, and subordinate to, the General Passenger Agent are divers traveling passenger agents and local passenger agents, the former penetrating the most remote sections in search of business. Passenger-train men, such as conductors, etc., are not responsible to the General Passenger Agent, and do not report their cash to him. Nor do the street ticket-sellers. When a considerable number of people wish to go anywhere in a body, the person to apply to for a special rate is the General Passenger and Ticket Agent. Subordinate to the General Passenger Agent is also the General Baggage Agent, whose title sufficiently explains itself.

When the business has been secured, the Master of Transportation, who is appointed by and responsible to the General Superintendent, takes charge of it, causes it to be loaded and properly forwarded. He plans the time-tables, controls the make-up of trains, and has general charge of the rolling stock. It is his business to move the secured business at as small expense as possible. If he can crowd three loads of passengers into two cars, it is for his interest to do so. Contrary to this, the General Passenger Agent would like to please all travelers, even to the extent of giving each two whole seats, if necessary.

Long railroads are divided into several divisions, and to each division there is assigned a Division Superintendent. It is the business of the Division Superintendent to attend to the details of operations upon his division, and in the absence of the General Superintendent he is supreme. He lives at some convenient point upon his division. If successful, he is the man who ultimately graduates into the General Superintendent or General Manager.

The Train-Dispatcher is a very important officer, for upon him depends the safety of passengers, freight and rolling stock. He is subject to the General Superintendent, and controls the movements of all trains en route, keeping as near the time-table as circumstances will allow. He must know the road perfectly. He keeps a mental picture of it constantly before him, and by telegraphic communications knows where every train is at every moment. There may be fifty trains moving each way upon his road and these are constantly meeting and passing. Some of these trains are always behind time, so that the regular time-table is useless. Then a clear head is necessary. Every train must be pushed forward just as fast as possible, and yet no two must meet upon a single track. A minute more or less anywhere may mean destruction and death. When a small accident occurs, it is liable to throw every train on the road out of its schedule time. Then the work of the Train-Dispatcher becomes immense. No man who drinks at all is fit for the position. It is the neglect or stupidity of the official or his assistants which causes nearly all the collisions. When a train is behind time it can not move at all except by order of the Dispatcher, and it is then said to be "under orders." All such orders are sent to the station agent and by him telegraphed back, to be sure that no mistake has occurred. Then the station agent gives the order in duplicate to the conductor and engineer of the train, which, if necessary, is "flagged," as it approaches. If the conductor and engineer agree upon the construction of the order, it is indorsed by the former, and its commands carried out. But if they disagree there can be no movement until more explicit orders are received. Conductors, engineers, brakemen, etc., are appointed by and responsible to the General Superintendent or the Division Superintendent.

The Road Master, or Master of Road, is appointed by the General Superintendent. He has charge of the maintenance of the track, buildings, bridges, tanks, etc. He lays out the road into sections of from five to ten miles each. For each section there is a section boss and a gang of men averaging about one to a mile. These constantly patrol the track and keep it in condition. Flagmen, signal men, etc., do not belong to section gangs, but are responsible to Division Superintendents.

The Master Bridge-Builder, or Master of Bridges and Buildings, when there is one, keeps bridges and station-houses in order. He is subordinate to the General Superintendent. Sometimes his work is performed by the Chief Engineer, while some roads have no Chief Engineer, at all.

The Master Mechanic is appointed by the General Superintendent. He has charge of the repair shops, more particularly the locomotive shops. Sometimes he has under him a Master Car-Builder, and even a Master Car-Painter.

The Superintendent of Telegraph has charge of the maintenance of the wires and provides for station operators. He has nothing to do whatever with the train-dispatcher.

The Purchasing Agent is responsible to the General Superintendent. It is his duty to buy all the supplies necessary for the operation of the road and for use in the general offices. The position is oftentimes made a very valuable one, for every business house that deals with railroads uniformly stands ready to give the Purchasing Agent a private commission for his trade. Cases have been known, however, where this profit was quite small, the Purchasing Agent having regularly to divide with the General Superintendent who appointed him. Not all Purchasing Agents or Fuel Agents are dishonest, however.

The Paymaster, although he receives his money from the Treasurer, is yet subject to the General Superintendent. On the first of every month the subordinate officials of each department make up their pay rolls or time-accounts, and transmit them through various officers up to the Auditor. For instance, the section-boss makes out his pay-card for his gang, indorses it, and passes it to the Roadmaster, and he to the Division Superintendent. The latter indorses it, and sends it to the General Superintendent, and he in turn transmits it to the Auditor. When audited it goes to the Paymaster, and he puts it upon the pay-roll, drawing a separate check for each individual. It is generally about the 15th of the month before the Paymaster is ready to start in the pay-car out upon the road. His progress along the line is made known by telegraph, so that the employés meet him when he arrives at each point. Each man goes into the car, signs the roll opposite his name, and receives his check. No time is lost, and the pay-car moves along rapidly. Payment is made by check so as to avoid the danger of robbery. These checks are readily cashed by all merchants and bankers upon the line of the road.

It is noticeable that very few defalcations or embezzlements occur in railway operation, although all the general officers have good opportunities for peculation. This is largely owing to the elaborate system of checks uniformly used. It is also true that much more attention is paid to the safety of travelers on railroads than is supposed by the public. The system of train operation in vogue to-day is very exact and minute in its every detail, and every safeguard is adopted that ingenuity and experience can suggest. Now, much an army of employes, however, as a trunk line has now occasion to use, negligence will occasionally manifest itself in spite of every precaution. At least the system is sufficiently good to enable the habitual traveler to sleep sounder in his berth than in a six-story hotel.—*Chicago Times.*

Bananas and Plantains.

A pound of bananas contains more nutriment than three pounds of meat or many pounds of potatoes, while as a food it is in every sense of the word far superior to the best wheaten bread. Although it grows spontaneously throughout the tropics, when cultivated its yield is prodigious, for an acre of ground planted with bananas will return, according to Humboldt, as much food material as thirty-three acres of wheat or over 100 acres of potatoes. The banana, then, is the bread of millions who could not subsist without it. In Brazil it is the principal food of the laboring classes, while it is no less prized in the island of Cuba. Indeed, in the latter country the sugar-planters grow orchards of it expressly for the consumption of their slaves. Every day each hand receives his ration of salt fish or dried beef, as the case may be, and four bananas and two plantains. The banana—it should be called plantain, for until lately there was no such word as banana—is divided into several varieties, all of which are used for food. The platino muzanito is a small, delicate fruit, neither longer nor stouter than a lady's forefinger. It is the most delicious and prized of all the varieties of the plantain. El platino guleno, called by us the banana, is probably more in demand than any other kind. It is subdivided into different varieties, the principal of which are the yellow and purple bananas we see for sale in our markets; but the latter is so little esteemed by the natives of the tropics that it is seldom eaten by them. El platino grande—known to us as simply the plantain—is also subdivided into varieties which are known by their savor and their size. The kind that reaches our market is almost ten inches long, yet on the Isthmus of Darien there are plantains that grow from eighteen to twenty-two inches. They are never eaten raw, but are either boiled or roasted, or are prepared as preserves.—*Indianapolis Stock Review.*

The Latest Thing in Swindles.

"I've got the latest thing in swindles," said Flatley, as he hung himself on his favorite barrel behind the stove. "What's the matter, been getting married again?" inquired the bachelor. "No, I haven't been getting married again, so now you just shut up and I'll let you fellows have it cheaper than I got it. You see, I was coming across Boston Common the other evening just about dusk, and seeing a crowd just ahead I hurried up and elbowed my way in, and there was a little girl down on her knees with arm away in under the plank-walk, evidently reaching for something. She was crying bitterly, and I soon learned that she had lost twenty-five cents; dropped it, you know, through the cracks. Well, now I've children of my own, and it just broke my heart to see that kid, and so I out with a quarter and patted her on the back and told her to go home, and she did. A murmur of approbation was just running through the crowd when one man spoke up: 'Well, old man, she scooped you, didn't she? caught me for a quarter last evening, and I've been loafing round here for the last half hour just to see some other sucker get caught. Misery loves company, you know. Good eve.'"—*Boston Post.*

A Very Faint Resemblance.

An Austin female vocalist, who is always fishing for compliments, asked old Colonel Yerger if he heard Jenny Lind sing when she was in this country.

"Yes, I was personally acquainted with her."

"Now, Colonel, tell me candidly, don't you think me and Jenny resemble each other just a little?"

There was an awkward pause and the old man finally said:

"Yes, I think I do perceive some little resemblance."

"You mean that her voice was a little like mine."

"O, no, not in the least; but you resemble each other very much about the ears."

"You mean we have both got fine ears for music?"

"I don't mean that. I mean Jenny Lind wore ear-rings and so do you."—*Texas Siftings.*

Marriage by Capture.

When an Eskimo youth has killed a polar bear unaided, and so proved himself capable of providing for the wants of a family, he is sent forth at night to obtain a wife by seizing the first girl he can surprise unawares. She screams, of course, bringing out the whole village population, and, an appreciative audience being secured, sets upon her captor with tooth and nail, releases herself from his clutches, and darts among the crowd. He follows, pushing aside the old women who attempt to bar his progress, heedless of the sealskin scourges they lay about his shoulders. Should he catch the flying lass, more scratching and biting ensue, perchance a second escape. [illegible] is then renewed as before, and when he [illegible] hunter is inspirited by having that a third capture, effected, there will be no more maidenly struggles; the girl accepting her fate, and allowing him to lead her away amid the applauding shouts of the excited spectators. The aboriginal Australian adopts a more summary process when tired of single blessedness. He looks about for a likely helpmate, and finding one, waits his opportunity, knocks her down and carries her home.

Marriage by capture, in this simple form, is now unknown out of savagedom, having elsewhere resolved itself into bride chases and sham bridal battles; mere mockeries or mimicries of the grim realities of those ancient days when men literally took wives unto themselves, in practical assertion that "none but the brave deserve the fair."

In Singapore the winning of the bride depends upon the matrimonial aspirant's fleetness of foot or skill in paddling his own canoe. In the first case, a circular course is marked out, half of which is traversed by the maiden—incumbered only with a waistband—ere the word is given for the would-be possessor to go in pursuit, in the hope of overtaking her before she has thrice compassed the circle; that achieved, she has no choice but to take the victor for her lord. In the water-chase, the damsel takes her place in a canoe, and plies its double-bladed paddles until she has obtained a reasonable start, when her admirer starts off after her. The contest is usually but of short endurance, the pair having come to a proper understanding beforehand; but should the girl have no fancy for the suitor, and possess sufficient determination and strength of arm to gain the goal first, she is at liberty to laugh at the disconsolate loser of the match, and reserve herself for a claimant more to her liking.

Bride-chasing is generally a trial of horsemanship. In this shape it is practiced by most of the nomadic tribes in Central Asia. Captain Burnaby tells us that, when it has to be decided how a Turcoman belle is to be settled in life, "the whole tribe turns out, and the young lady, being allowed the choice of horses, gallops away from her suitors. They follow her. She avoids those she dislikes, and seeks to throw herself in the way of the object of her affections. The moment she is caught she becomes the wife of the captor. Further ceremonies are dispensed with, and he takes her to his tent." In some tribes the girl is burdened with the carcass of a goat or lamb, which must be snatched from her lap. The Hazarchs make out a course some twelve miles long and three wide. As soon as the maiden has got far enough away from the crowd to be able to guide her steed with perfect freedom, she turns around, stretches out her hands to the waiting horsemen, and her father gives them the signal to go in pursuit. The chase is sometimes a long-lasting one. A traveler records one in which, after two hours' galloping, the field of nine had dwindled to four. Racing neck and neck together, the riders gradually gained on the quarry, each shouting in turn: "I come, my Peri! I am your lover!" One of the horses suddenly faltered in his stride, and the dismayed girl saw that the man of her heart was out of the hunt. Making a quick turn, she darted right across the path of the exultant three, and made at full speed for her lover. The baffled suitors checked their headlong career with one accord; but, coming into collision, two of them rolled over on the plain, and, eluding the remaining detrimental's grasp with a triumphant laugh, the maiden reached her lover's side. In a moment his arm was around her waist, and she was his own.—*All The Year Round.*

The Dear Old Mother.

Honor the old mother. Time has scattered the snowy flakes on her brow, plowed deep furrows on her cheek, but is she not beautiful now? The lips are thin and shrunken, but these are the lips that have kissed many a hot tear from the childish cheeks, and they are the sweetest cheeks, and the sweetest lips in the world. The eye is dim, yet it glows with the soft radiance of holy love which can never fade. Ah, yes, she is dear old mother. The sands of life are nearly run out, but feeble as she is, she will go further, and reach down lower, for you than any one else upon earth. You can not walk into a midnight haunt where she can not see you; you can not enter a prison whose bars will keep her out; you can not mount a scaffold too high for her to reach, that she may kiss and bless you in evidence of her deathless love. When the world shall despise and forsake you, when it leaves you by the wayside to die, unnoticed, the dear old mother will gather you up in her feeble arms and carry you home, and tell you of all your virtues, until you almost forget that your soul is disfigured by vices. Love her tenderly, and cheer her declining years with tender devotion.—*Watch Tower.*

—The editor of the Boston *Herald* will likely lose every tooth in his head. This is the way he advertises a lady dentist of the Hub: "If the new lady dentist, Miss Jessie Detchon, is as handsome as her sister, Miss Adelaide, she will meet a long-felt want." She could coax a man's tooth out by just putting her hand under his chin and asking for it."

—The days of the "bit" (ten cents) and "long bit" (fifteen cents) are numbered in California. The five-cent nickel is the destroying cause.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The test of the equableness of texture of Indian ink is by the best artists made by rubbing the stick against the teeth.

—Honey, after it is clarified, Herr E. Myhus has discovered, can be kept from fermenting or losing its flavor by adding to it about one per cent. of formic acid.

—A soap mine has been discovered in California. The substance is a deposit of white earth, free from grit, and impregnated with a small percentage of potash. It is easily sliced into bars, and, for cleaning purposes, is a fair substitute for manufactured soap.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

—A novel railway wagon has been introduced [illegible] in Europe. It is an amphibious sort of a thing. When it ceases to run on rails on land it is capable of swimming on the water by means of pontoons attached to both sides. It is provided with a bow and stern pieces before being set afloat, and on the latter the motor is placed.

—In Switzerland, a course of instruction in raising vegetables has recently been established. Under the direction of a gardener, the pupils perform in the spring all the labors needed in a kitchen-garden. In August, they assemble to see the result of their labors. Raising garden-sauce is becoming a common accomplishment with lovely Swiss maidens.

—The Philadelphia school-boys who embarked in silk-culture two years ago have enlarged their cocoonery in the city to accommodate eight thousand worms, with a branch at Swedesboro, N. J., for the cultivation of mulberry trees. They have invented a machine for winding the silk from the cocoons which they have been exhibiting at public fairs.—*Philadelphia Press.*

—For warming conservatories, the London *Ironmonger* says that petroleum stoves have superseded the old portable stove to burn a prepared fuel made of charcoal, without a chimney. Numerous efficient devices are there in use for warming by hot water or steam by the use of gas or petroleum as fuel. Some of these are simple, portable, and comparatively inexpensive to run.

—The fish torpedo, which can do everything but speak, will be cast into the shade by the mole torpedo, an engine of war just patented by an officer in the Austrian army. The new invention claims to be a miner of the most formidable description, which can burrow in the earth or under a wall, and then either explode at once or wait until ordered to do so by its master.—*N. Y. Sun.*

—There has been a striking example of man's ingenuity in England. Several years ago salt deposits were found near Middlesborough at a depth of 1,200 feet, but all efforts to make it an industrial success failed until recently, when wells were sunk, and in them iron tubes are placed, one within the other, so that an angular space is left between them. Into the circular space water is poured, which dissolves the salt, and the brine thus formed and subsequently pumped out yields about one hundred and sixty tons of salt a week when evaporated.

PITH AND POINT.

—A certain Cuban dentist wears a dressing gown that came from New Haven. Here we have a live illustration of an Havana filler with a Connecticut wrapper.—*N. Y. Herald.*

"You can't get ahead of me," said a stupid mean man to a doctor. "I wouldn't care to," retorted the physician, "for I don't like cabbage."—*N. Y. Commercial Advertiser.*

—A new cashier in a Pittsburgh bank is Mr. Drum. It does not follow that he has two heads, but that confidence men will find him hard to "beat."—*Pittsburgh Telegraph.* It may be hoped that he will not prove a snare Drum.—*Detroit Post.*

—A philosopher says, "Live your life in such a way as to show a contempt for wealth." That's "us!" We want our daily life so intermingled with wealth, as it were, that familiarity will breed contempt.—*Rochester (N. Y.) Express.*

—Answers to correspondents—Lilly M. S., "Would you be so kind as to give me a receipt for a baked plum pudding?" Certainly, Lilly, certainly. Send on your baked plum pudding, and we'll send you a receipt for it by return mail. Could you send a three-cent stamp to cover postage?—*Texas Siftings.*

—"Willyim, my son," says an economical mother to her son, "for mercy's sake don't keep on tramping up and down the floor in that manner—you'll wear out your new boots. (He sits down.) There you go—sitting down! Now, you'll wear out your new trousers! I declare, I never see such a boy!"—*Chicago Herald.*

—"What d'ye leave that door wide open for?" exclaimed the gentleman in the office to the intruding peddler. "Oi thought, surr," was the quick reply, "that ye might want to kick me down stairs, and Oi wanted to make it convanient for ye, surr." The gentleman was so taken aback that he bought two apples for five cents, passing off a bad quarter in the transaction.—*Boston Post.*

—Young Podgers struck up an acquaintance with a nice girl on the State road the other day, and he promised himself a whole salvo of kisses when they should enter the Hoosac Mountain. What was his disappointment when the brakeman came through and lighted the car lamps before reaching the bore! Podgers says the tunnel is a blankety-blank humbug, and the sooner it is filled up the better! The idea! he says, of squandering millions on such a mear fraud as that!—*Boston Herald.*

When you have a male bore, who hangs to you tighter than a nickname, how blessed it is to see a lady come in! Ninety-nine bores out of a hundred—and only a kick will meet the case of the hundredth—will get up and go when a lady enters. Blessings therefore descend upon her head! Woman is indeed the best friend of man. But—horrid thought!—how in Heaven's name is a fellow to get rid of the woman, if she happen to be—and sometimes she is—an unconscionably worse bore than the male bore she unseated?—*N. Y. Graphic.*

Our Young Folks.

LITTLE MASTER QUIG.

This tale's of little Master Quig,
Who, be ng little, wasn't big;
And many said, who understood,
That, be ng bad, he wasn't good.
When from his school he ran away,
Most people thought he didn't stay;
And I have heard, from those who know,
When he ran fast, it wasn't slow.
He always studied when compelled,
And always staid when he was held,
And always slept when not awake,
And left the thing he could not take.
To go to sea one day he planned,
And be ng there, was not on land;
And so stuck on a bar—alas!
For, being stuck, he could not pass.
The dark night found him in a fright,
For, being dark, it was not light.
The big waves too, soon filled the boat,
And being full, it could not float.
And so, as I have heard it said,
They found him in the morning dead.
[illegible] to still maintain
He never more was seen again.
—*Mary A. Barr.*

THE SNOW-BALL JURY.

"Boys! boys! Come on! Here's some fun!"

"What's a-going? What's it?"

The shouts were excited and long-drawn, and so was the answer:

"The girls are pelting Bill Henderson 'cause he sassed the school-ma'am Come o o-on!"

They were coming, for school had not been out three minutes, and none of them had gone far from it. There had been trouble in the little school-house of late, and Bill Henderson had been at the bottom of a good deal of it.

It was not altogether because he was so very bad a boy, but he felt it a little hard to be as big as he was, and to be bullied for his blunders by so very small a woman as the school trustees had chosen for a teacher that winter. It might have been different if there had been any boy a little taller to set him a good example, but all the tall boys were attending school at the Academy. Thus Bill was left to settle the difficulties in his own way, and he had not yet been able to settle them at all, for little Miss Varick refused to have mercy on his mistakes of any kind. What made it worse was that she told him, three or four times a day, that she was his best friend, and wanted to help make a man of him.

Bill could have stood a great many things better than he could that, for he felt that he was quite near enough to being a man to be sent to the Academy.

There were other boys in the District School, but none of them were large enough to interfere much with Bill, and he had his own way a good deal in any out-of-door matters. There were noted en any large girls, but there was a perfect swarm of small ones, and Miss Varick had somehow persuaded them all that she had come among them as a sort of guardian angel.

That was why there was such a sudden silence along the lower benches, and such a buzz after it that afternoon, when Bill Henderson roundly declared:

"I won't spell it again!"

"You won't, William? Did you say 'I won't'? Spell it again, sir."

"I won't. I don't mean to let any woman boss me."

"Spell it, girl"

Bill held down his head sulkily, but he did not open his lips again in reply to Miss Varick's further remarks, of which there were many, except at the end of them, when he again blurted out:

"I won't be kept after school, neither—not by any woman."

He had not been looking at the rows of little faces on those benches, and if he had it would not have occurred to him how many little women were sitting there, not one of them comparing in point of size with even little Miss Varick.

Particularly he had failed to see the look of wrath in the black eyes of Polly Burbank, and he had no notion of what made her buzz around so among the other girls the moment Miss Varick struck the small brass tea-bell on her desk, and said:

"School is dismissed. I will see William Henderson about this half an hour before school opens to-morrow morning."

There was a sound of something to come in the clear tones of the school-ma'am's voice, and Bill's head was still hanging a little when he slouched out of the door, and began to trudge along the road toward home.

"Now, girls, let's pelt him."

It was Polly Burbank's shrill treble that he heard saying that, and she had a snow-ball ready-made to show what she meant. It was not a very big or hard one, but it hit him just under the left ear, and Kate Sullivan followed it with another that went into his neck. At any other time he might have set to work and snow-balled back again, but he knew somehow that Miss Varick was watching the fun from the window, and that she heard Polly Burbank shout again: "Pelt him girls. He said she was nothing but a woman."

That was the crime he had committed, and he felt meaner and meaner about it with every small globe of packed snow that hit him.

"Pelt him, Polly! Pelt him, girls! We'll stand by you."

Bill hardly cared what boy it was that said that; but he knew they were coming back, and following along to see fair play, and that they would all be against him if he dared rebel too savagely against his small tormentors. They grew worse and worse as he walked faster and faster, and he was thinking whether or not it would pay to run, when who should drive along but Mrs. Dillaway, the minister's wife, in her old red cutter, with old Miss Burns beside her.

"Girls! girls!" exclaimed Mrs. Dillaway, "what are you all about?"

"Yes," said Miss Burns, "what on yearth are they up to?"

"Pelting Bill Henderson," shouted Polly Burbank, "because he sassed the school ma'am. Said he wouldn't mind a woman."

"He did, did he?"

"He wouldn't, would he?"

Bill lifted his head, and was just about to say something, when a small girl with very red hair threw a big ball of half packed snow with so good an aim that his mouth was too full of it for a word to come out.

"Drive on, Mrs. Dillaway," said Miss Burns. "Let 'em make an awful example of him. It's high time sech talk was put an end to. Nothing but a woman! I declare!"

If Bill had run just then, it would have looked as if he were trying to catch a ride on that very cutter, and he could not bear the thought of that. He walked as fast as he knew how, but so did all the other boys, and by common consent not one of them threw so much as an ounce of snow at him. They left all that to the girls; but they could not help packing a few first-rate snow-balls, and handing them around, like so many ready-made cartridges in time of war.

Polly Burbank was everywhere, all around her victim, and so was Kate Sullivan, and so was the little girl with the very red hair; but some of the others were beginning to get tired, and drop off toward their own homes, when Bill drew near the gate of his father's house. He had been walking somewhat more slowly for the last few rods, and had looked up now and then as if he wanted to know if there was any one in that front yard.

The girls had done the same, but there had been no one visible until just as Bill reached the gate, and Polly shouted:

"Give him one more pelt, girls!"

She was barely ten years old herself, but the tall, Roman-nosed woman who came suddenly out on the doorstep was four times that at least, and the youngest of the three shorter ladies who followed her was nearly twenty.

"What does it all mean? William, my son, what's the matter?"

William had no answer in a good shape to give, but there were four or five eager voices quite ready to explain the matter, and then he almost wished he had gone in the opposite direction when he left the school house. His mother and his two aunts and his sister—not one of them but took the words right out of Polly Burbank's mouth, and said them all over, with a good many more like them.

"Pelted home from school by all the girls!" exclaimed Mrs. Henderson at last, with a very red face. "Come right in here, William. I'm a woman myself. We'll see about this. Go home, girls, all of you."

"Mother," said his sister, "we'd all better go to the school-house with William to-morrow morning."

"Of course we will," said both his aunts in a breath; but they could hear Polly Burbank say to little Kate Henderson:

"I'd you hear that? Guess he'd rather be pelted, don't you?"

"Guess he would; but we've done all we could for him."

So they had, and that was the last rebellion of the kind that took place during all the time Miss Varick taught in that district.—*William O. Stoddard, in Harper's Young People.*

A Bad Habit.

Little Mattie was always getting into mischief because she would not heed what older and wiser people told her. She always wanted to see for herself if things were just as they were said to be.

One day she told her sister Amy, who was much younger, that she was going to get some honey out of the bee hives.

"The bees will sting you," said Amy.

"I am going to see if they will," said Mattie; and she ran to the hive and overturned it.

Out swarmed the bees in great numbers. They were very angry at being disturbed, and lighted on Mattie's face, neck and hands, stinging her so badly that she fell to the ground screaming with pain.

The cook ran out of the kitchen and picked her up. She was sick in bed for several days, and you may be sure she never went near the bee-hives again.

But she was not cured of meddling. One day she leaned over the well-curb to see how deep the well was.

"Take care! you'll fall in," said Amy.

"No, I won't fall in," said Mattie; but just as she spoke, over she went.

The well was not very deep, and Mattie did not get hurt at all; but she had time to get very wet and to cry almost a teacupful of tears before her papa came and drew her up in the well-bucket. She caught cold, too, and had to stay in the house for a week, and take very bitter medicine.

But she was just as meddlesome as ever, and it took a very severe lesson to cure her of her bad habit.

One day her brother Joe left his gun in the hall while he went into the kitchen for a drink of water.

"Don't touch that gun, Mattie," he said; "it is loaded."

Mattie was playing with her dolls by the hall door; but as soon as Joe went away she ran to the gun and stroked it with her hands.

She took hold of the gun and tried to lift it, but it was too heavy. It fell to the floor, and went off with a loud noise. And Mattie fell, too, shot through the knee.

It was many weeks before she could play out doors again, and then she had to walk with a crutch. But she had learned to let things alone. She was cured of her bad habit.—*Our Little Ones.*

Puppies' Bites.

The verdict of "Death from Hydrophobia," returned at an inquest held yesterday on the body of Thomas Jenkins, a boy of fourteen years of age, is a warning to persons who are in the habit of teasing puppies. The evidence showed that deceased "pointed at" a retriever of three months old (now dogs of all kinds have to be pointed at), which thereupon snapped at him and caught his finger, "the skin of which was grazed." This was in September last; and on the 16th instant the boy showed symptoms of hydrophobia, and died in St. Mary's Hospital on Saturday last. It was stated in evidence that bites from puppies were "worse and more dangerous than from old dogs"—a fact, if it be a fact, by no means so generally known as it should be. If puppies' bites and scratches be more dangerous they are certainly far more common, especially if a "graze" of the skin can be called a bite, and it appears from yesterday's inquest that it is sufficient to induce hydrophobia.—*St. James' Gazette.*

—If kid gloves are laid upon a damp towel for two or three minutes they will go on with less chance of tearing.

The Clarendon.

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

William R. Lotz, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION, $2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1883.

ALBUQUERQUE has six churches and forty-three saloons.

THE tariff bill passed the House of Representatives on the 3rd instant, and has since been signed by the president. The Texas delegation were all against the bill.

GEORGIA has lost two of her best men in less than a year, Senator Hill and Governor Stephens. They both died in Atlanta, on the same street and within a block of each other.

STANLEY, the African explorer, is likely to be run out of the field where he has gathered his laurels, unless he is as prominent in war and the hearts of the Africans as he is in peace. He is representing the Belgian government in the Congo country, and De Brazza is representing France, and claiming for the latter country the right to the possession and government of the Conchu country. As a conflict of arms is imminent, the French chamber has voted a large supply of tents, powder and firearms for De Brazza's use, with instructions to hold that section of the Dark Continent in spite of Stanley, Belgium, Africa and his Satanic majesty's dominions. The former protege of the New York *Herald* and will have to fight or migrate, it seems from this.—*Dallas Herald.*

THE five cent pieces now in circulation are a very pretty coin. They are designed by Mr. Snowden, of the Philadelphia mint, and received much praise for their artistic design and finish. Fault is found with them at the treasury department by the secret service division on the ground that there is nothing to indicate that it is five cent coin except its color. When new they look like silver. On one side it is the head of the Goddess of liberty, and on the reverse is the letter V. All that is necessary to make it look to careless observation like a $5 gold piece is to have it gold plated. In size, weight and appearance they would deceive many people. The word cents does not appear any where and if any one objected to taking a plated one for a $5 gold piece, he would be informed that it was a new design. The secret service men expect much trouble from this sort of swindle until the public is generally posted and on its guard.

THE San Francisco *Call* gives some interesting facts about the mint in the Golden Gate City. There are in the mint over $31,000,000 of coined money. The only pieces coined their now are gold twenties and silver dollars. Of the latter there were on hand on the first of the month $29,231,915 31, and $3,660,245 in gold. The gold receipts in the month of January are usually light. The mines during this month operate, but little except on the stock board. There is not just now $200,000 of uncoined money bullion in the mint building. The coined silver, expressed in weight measure, approximates one thousand tons. This is kept mainly in two vaults in the basement of the building, one of which stores ten and the other fifteen millions. The remainder is in the cashier's vault, except a small amount in the coiner's vault. The large vaults in the basement are made of chilled steel, inclosed in heavy stone mason work. Each vault has double doors, with combination locks. They are piled from door to ceiling with sacked coin. The coined money ought to be in the sub-treasury, but for the lack of vault room in the latter building the mint is compelled to take care of it. There are two vaults now under contract in the East, one for the mint and one for the sub-treasury.

IT is gratifying to note that our congressmen, Col. Wellborn, is always wide awake and at his post of duty, even in the last hours of the body of which he is becoming rapidly so prominent and influential a member. It seems that he was the last man "to leave the ship," so to speak, and got a measure through in the last ten minutes of the session. A special telegram from Washington on the 4th contains the following information, which Col. Wellborn's friends will be glad to read: "The last bill which got through the house to-day was engineered by Wellborn, of Texas. It provides for changing the time of holding United States circuit court in the northern district of Texas. For hours and hours members had tried to get bills taken up, and failed. Wellborn's was a senate bill, and, at seven minutes before noon, the speaker recognized him, and before objection could be made, his bill was through. A dozen members gathered around him and began congratulating him. Sam Randall took him by the coat collar, and boosting him through the crowd, told him if he wanted to get his bill into a law to scoot quick and get it enrolled, and signed by the president. Wellborn sped away like a greyhound, and just a minute before the final adjournment was declared, the clerk of the house, breathing hard and perspiring freely, rushed in with the enrolled bill, which the speaker signed."—*Dallas Herald.*

Ponies that will Please the Little Ones.

Baron von Raub, Leon Springs, Bexar county, has 8,000 acres, all under fence, properly subdivided, and stocked with beautiful Shetland and spotted ponies. His breeding stock consists of seven stallions and forty-five mares, all thoroughbred, and 200 spotted pony mares. He is breeding a race of striped and spotted ponies to please the children. He sells the increase to persons all over the world, and the supply is not equal to the demand. These little ponies range over the prairies like sheep or goats, and present a novel appearance—very gentle, every one as docile as a cat, and can be caught anywhere on the range.—*Texas Wool Grower.*

Gov. Stephens' Death.

ATLANTA, March 5.—Hon. James S. Boynton, president of the senate, was sworn in as governor. He ordered an election to fill the vacancy caused by Gov. Stephens' death, for the 24th of April. The democratic executive committee of the State has been called to meet next Thursday at Atlanta, and consider what action will be taken. The remains of Gov. Stephens were carried to the capital at 3 o'clock to-day, to lie in state in the hall of the house until Thursday next, when it will be interred at Oakland cemetery. A committee of the legislature is acting with a citizens' committee. The indications are that the funeral will be the largest ever seen in Georgia. The city is heavily draped and flags are at half mast.

Grub in Sheep.

Two weeks ago we published a statement from one of our sheepmen asking for advice about the cure of grub in sheep. Below we publish a similar call published in the *Wool Grower*. We should be glad to hear from any one having experience in the matter:

BELLE PLAIN, TEXAS, }
February 28, 1883. }

Editor Texas Wool Grower:

I would like to know through your valuable paper, what is the best cure for grub in a sheep's head, and also preventive. I may tell you that last October, I had brought into this county 640 head of fine Merino ewes, which cost me nearly $6 per head, and have had very heavy loss with them, and have only discovered this week the cause of loss. As we made sure when the finest and fattest were dropping off something was wrong, and we had opened them before, and not until this week did I discover the evil in the head. So if you will word this letter right and print in your paper, I may get a good cure from some of the oldest sheepmen, and also the preventive. By doing so you will greatly oblige, yours sincerely,

WOOD & SMART.

Earth's Lowest Land.

On the 17th of July last, with a train of five mules and two companions, one of whom was partially familiar with the country, I climbed the summit of Cerro Gordo. At last we stood on the lofty ridge of the Telescopes, and beeeld below us the fateful valley, 280 feet below the level of the sea, and extends for a hundred miles North-east and South-west, with a width of from thirty to forty miles from East to West. Upon no landscape can one look so deeply into the interior of the earth, for it occupies the lowest point of dry land upon the continent, and, so far as I am informed of the earth itself. Before us it lies, a long, deep, wide, vast basin, its shining patches disclosing through the distance its beds of soda, salt and borax, which cover thousands of acres and blaze and shimmer and burn in the steady blaze of light and heat which pours upon them from a cloudless sky. The valley's deep declension grows upon the senses and becomes more marked as the eye is held steadily upon it, and it is emphasized by the swift declivity of the enclosing mountains. Drear and desolate it stretches its full length along in a frame of painted mountains, which define, in strong and mighty lines, its aspect of terror.

Though leaving the summit at 8 p. m. and riding steadily down descending trails night settled upon us before we escaped from the canyon and reached the borders of the valley. By the brilliant moonlight we were enabled to trace the trail along the rocky washes as we rode on into the night. At last, worn and weary with hours of riding, we reached the center of the valley, known as the "Big Hole," the point of the greatest depression.

Though time and exploration have drawn from out the ancient story most of its fearful threads, this is still Death's Valley and is still and will remain a region of dread. Indians familiar with its face from infancy know its treachery and cannot be prevailed on to go into it beyond their time-worn trails. To the lost emigrant it was "the valley of the shadow of death." The daring prospector enters it with fear. He knows its terrors, and the bleaching bones of many a skelton warn him to beware. Once lost within its embrace, a man's doom is written. Without water to cool his fevered frame, the sweltering air drives him to agony and bewilderment. Confused, he wanders without aim. Reason, unseated by fantasy, gives imagination rein to play tricks with his judgment. Beholding heaven at last in the mocking waters of the mirage, he sinks to die in the flame of the desert.—*From a letter in the San Francisco Chronicle.*

OVER THE STATE.

The court house at Colorado is completed.

Cleburne is to have a telephone exchange.

Tyler has just got a system of water works in operation.

Navarro county is out of debt with $15,000 in the treasury.

Taylor, Williamson county, is to be supplied with water works.

New buildings are being constructed on the site of the late fire at Cisco.

Another paper is to be started at Cisco shortly by Messrs. Hill & Shelton.

Mrs. Wm. Corcoran suicided at Fort. McKavitt on the 5th instant, by drowning herself.

Conductor Dave Olmstead had his left foot crushed off by a train at Orange last week.

Henry Crisp, an old toper, fell on the street at Texarkana, last week, and broke his neck.

A man named M. Long was burned to death in a boarding house in Houston, on the 5th instant.

Two counterfeiters were arrested in Galveston last Saturday and lodged in jail, where they await trial.

A vote for incorporating the town was taken at Lampasas on the 6th, resulting in favor of the move.

The bill allowing Grand juries two dollars per day has passed and is now a law as it goes into effect from passage.

The municipal election for mayor of Galveston took place last Monday, resulting in the election of R. D. Fulton against T. H. Sweeney.

The sleeper and ladies' car car of the West-bound passenger train on the T. & P. was ditched on the 5th instant at Katula, injuring several persons and one seriously.

A Texas sportsman, while out hunting, inadvertently used some sixty dollars' worth of greenbacks for gunwadding and is now more than ever in favor of an unlimited fiat currency.

Two persons, E. Samuels and a boot black, were killed and one wounded by one pistol shot at the hands of Barney Gumpart, in Paris, Texas, on the 3rd instant. The shot was intended for Samuels.

The *Texas Live Stock Journal* places the losses of cattle in Southwest Texas at 3 to 4 per cent., being confined principally to cattle on sedge grass ranges, and stock recently shipped or driven into the country.

Prof. DeHuone, a one-legged tight-rope walker, while walking a rope and carrying a stove, in Corsicana recently, was thrown to the ground by the breaking of the iron bar to which the rope was attached, breaking his one leg and otherwise bruising him.

An unknown man was killed near Alvarado recently by being run over by the cars. He was riding under the car and by some means lost his hold. A coat and fragments of an arm were noticed and the train was stopped, when on investigation it was found that he was literally torn to pieces.

On the 2nd instant Mr. D. A. Spencer living near Santa Ana, was accidentally almost instantly killed. He had just driven home from Coleman and was in the act of alighting from his wagon when his team took fright and started, throwing him against a tree between which and the wagon wheel he was caught and crushed so badly that he died within an hour. He was highly esteemed by all who knew him and his sad death cast gloom over the community.—*Coleman Voice.*

A terrible affair happened near Brackett a few days ago. Mr. M. McDonald went to Del Rio on business, and his three daughters went to a ball on the same evening. Mrs. McDonald left the lamp burning to have light for the daughters on their return. About midnight it exploded, igniting a can of oil which burst, throwing burning oil on the bed where four children between two and seven years old were sleeping. The mother cutting a hole through the rear of the tent escaped with her babe. The flames defied her efforts to rescue the other four children, who burned to a crisp. They were burried in one coffin.—*Stephenville Empire.*

WACO, March 6.—A most horrible double crime was committed last night near Hubbard City, a station on the Texas & St. Louis railway, about thirty miles east of this city by Tom P. Varnell, son of a prominent stock man of Hill county. A ball or dancing party was given at the house of a wealthy and respectable farmer named Land, a new comer from Wisconsin, to which Varnell had been invited. Yesterday morning Varnell, with a young man named George Walker, came down to Waco, bought pistols and ammunition and returned to attend the dance. About midnight Varnell induced one of Land's daughters, a young woman about 18 years of age, to take a short walk with him away from the house. As soon as he thought they were at a safe distance he drew his pistol and forced her to go further, and finally committed a brutal outrage on her person. When the two returned the young woman's sister learning what had occurred, made an outcry and exposure of the crime, when Varnell drew his pistol and made an assault on her. At this point the father, Mr. Land, made his appearance and ordered the girls into the house, when Varnell turned upon him and shot him through the heart and shot him again as he fell dead. Varnell immediately made his escape in the darkness, accompanied by Walker, who seems to have aided and abetted the crime. Land's family offer a large reward for the murderer and the governor will be petitioned to supplement it by proclamation.

W. D. McADOO kept a hotel in Greensboro, North Carolina, and ordered a pane of plate glass from New York 22x32 inches. Mr. McAdoo wrote feet when he should have written inches, and the New York firm was obliged to import the glass from France. The enormous pane, one inch thick and 22 feet wide by 32 feet long, now lies on the wharf at Norfolk, and even if Mr. McAdoo needed it, there is no way of transporting it, as it would not pass through the cuts along the railroads nor the covered bridges. It costs $3,110.

The Winter Past—Losses and Prospects.

Now that the spring has fairly opened and we reasonably expect to have mild weather, we can safely give reports of losses of stock during the winter. The months of January and February were the coldest known in this section for many years, and the losses of sheep and other stock were unusually great. In some sections a few flocks lost from 25 to 30 per cent., while neighboring flocks lost less than 2 per cent. The greatest losses occurred in sedge grass ranges and in flocks which were lambing. In the mesquite grass ranges losses varied as above, from 10 per cent. to a possible 2 per cent. in the same neighborhoods. In the country West of San Antonio losses were very light, in some counties amounting to 2 per cent. We place the losses in the country South and West of Mason county, known as South-west Texas at 12 per cent. of sheep and 5 per cent. of cattle, the heaviest losses being in the counties South and East of the International railroad. The country is suffering for rain. While there is enough moisture in the ground to insure a crop of grass, there is no water in the back ranges, and stock are forced to travel some distance for grass and water, as the grass near permanent water has been eaten or tramped out. The most of the breeding flocks are now lambing, and losses of lambs will be heavy on account of the ewes being in bad condition.—*Texas Wool Grower.*

TAX SALE.

I, J. W. Jones, Sheriff and Tax Collector of Callahan County, Texas, do hereby notify all parties interested that in accordance with and by the authority vested in me for the collection of Taxes, have this day levied upon each and every one of the tracts, town lots or parcles of land described in the list hercin given, in order to sell the same or so much thereof as may be necessary for the payment of the State and County taxes due and unpaid thereon, as specified for all cost of advertising the same as herein stated for the year 1882, the owners of which are unknown or fail or refuse to pay the Tax.

Unrendered roll.

No. Abstract	Original Grantee.	No. of Acres	Value	State Tax.	County Tax	Total Tax and Cost
59	B B B R R Co	640	640	1.92	4.16	8.80
117	Alfred A Cole	80	80	24	52	3.53
126	Jesse Dyson	200	200	60	1.30	4.61
127	Jas Drake	1230	1230	3.69	11.05	17.55
161	Geo Eubanks	320	320	96	2.08	5.70
224	Louis Herbert	640	640	1.92	4.16	8.80
225	Robt Henderson	340	340	1.05	2.28	6.08
227	W C Hays	210	210	72	1.56	5.03
230	E S Heath	80	80	24	52	3.51
253	H & T C R R Co	160	160	48	1.04	4.27
254	H & G N R R Co	640	640	1.92	4.16	8.83
266	Ira Leffinger	427	427	1.28	2.78	6.81
272	Wm J Morgan	1113	1113	3.34	7.24	13.33
279	Joseph McGinnis	640	640	1.92	4.16	8.83
285	Gabriel Padillo	1476	1476	4.42	9.59	16.76
294	Jno B Robinson	177	177	53	1.14	4.42
299	Seaborn Robinson	1071	1071	3.21	6.96	13.92
296	do	713	713	2.14	1.60	9.49
342	S P R R Co	320	320	96	2.08	5.79
343	do	320	320	96	2.08	5.79
348	do	320	320	96	2.08	5.79
349	do	640	640	1.92	4.16	8.83
350	do	640	640	1.92	4.16	8.83
363	do	320	320	96	2.08	5.79
365	do	160	160	48	1.04	4.27
376	Jacob Trask	738	738	2.21	4.80	9.70
377	David Thomas	393	393	1.18	2.55	6.48
448	T E & L Co	320	320	96	2.08	5.79
455	do	320	320	96	2.08	5.79
492	do	160	160	48	1.04	4.27
502	do	320	320	96	2.08	5.79
519	Jno Van Wicken	1206	1206	3.62	7.84	14.21
549	T & P R R Co	538	538	1.61	3.50	7.86
552	F M Williams	160	160	48	1.04	4.27
552 1-2	B B B & C R R Co	640	640	1.92	4.16	8.87
553	N W Anderson	160	160	48	1.04	4.27
608	W B Price	350	350	1.05	2.27	6.07
610	J Pointevant	320	320	96	2.08	5.79
613	do	320	320	96	2.08	5.79
615	Hugh H Stevenson	160	160	48	1.04	4.27
625	T & P R R Co	640	640	1.92	4.16	8.83
630	J W Townsend	160	160	48	1.04	4.27
635	R C AtWood	160	160	48	1.04	4.27
640	C M Brecklin	160	160	48	1.04	4.27
641	J W Bennett	160	160	48	1.04	4.27
643	Saml L Chalk	78	78	23	50	3.45
644	C & M R R Co	320	320	96	2.08	5.79
645	do	320	320	96	2.08	5.79
646	C J English	160	160	48	1.04	4.27
649	J W France	160	160	48	1.04	4.27
655	G M Hart	89	89	24	52	3.51
656	J C Hightower	160	160	48	1.04	4.27
657	H & T C R R Co	320	320	96	2.08	5.79
676	do	640	640	1.92	4.16	8.83
340	C H Rust	160	160	48	1.04	4.27
203	S P R R Co	89	89	24	52	3.51
	Joseph Lavine	411	411	1.23	2.68	6.66

Non Resident Roll.

Names of Owners	No. Abstract	Survey No	Original Grantee	No Acres	Value	State Tax	County Tax	Total Tax and Cost
M L Massie			Improvements owned by M L Massie land owned by T P R R Co		800	2.40	5.20	10.35
Mrs E B Bingham	126		Jesse Dyson	2261	2000	6.00	13.00	21.75
J T Turney	553	19	S P R R Co	424	424	1.27	2.75	.679
Geo W Gentry	290		E Shipman	372	372	1.12	2.32	6.19
R E Lyles	523		G M Vigal	1164	502	1.78	3.65	8.38
F Robinson	14		Uriah Bass	640	320	96	2.08	5.79
Johnson & Dillworth	226		Wilson Helm	427	427	1.28	2.78	6.81
J K Fleming	302		Maxwell Steel	840	840	2.52	5.46	10.75
C W Davenport		154	C W Davenport	320	694	2.08	4.51	9.54
do	150		G H and H R R R Co	320	320	96	2.08	5.79
H'rs of L M & Thos Gates	411	2050	Texas Em & Land Co	160	240	72	1.56	5.03
do	428	2277	do	160	240	72	1.56	5.03
do	400	2105	do	160	240	72	1.56	5.03
Fannie S Moore	420	2260	do	320	480	1.44	3.12	7.31
do	426	2275	do	320	480	1.44	3.12	7.31
Mrs M B Stewart	451	2300	do	320	480	1.44	3.12	7.31
Wm Foster	208		Cade K Loggin	320	320	96	2.08	5.79
W R Boatwright			Bal Orph Home	160	160	48	1.04	4.27
J W Scurlock	307		Wm Scurlock	640	640	1.92	4.16	8.83
F P Hows & L P Allen	308		Mial Scurlock	541	541	1.62	3.52	7.89
W W Wade	529		W W Wade	214	214	64	1.39	5.78
J B Johnson	308		Mial Scurlock	106	106	32	69	3.70
* W H Letchford	4	388	Isaac Apple white	320	320	96	2 08	5.79
† W H Letchford	172	393	David Ford	640	640	1.92	4.16	8.83
Mrs A Thompson	180		J G Graham	218	218	65	1.41	5.82
J F Oat	180		J G Graham	102	102	31	67	3.73
S A Rankin Estate	110		Matilda Cherry	310	300	90	1.95	5.60
J A Rankin	110		do	488	960	1.60	3.25	7.50
H L Rankin	312		J W Scott	120	120	36	74	3.85
do	311		do	100	100	30	65	3.70
J Y Rankin	311		do	100	100	30	65	3.70
T F Steele	240		Jas Knight	320	320	96	2.08	5.79
Royal T Twombly	222		D F Heath	560	560	1.68	3.64	8.07
J H Eversole	228		Jas W Hicks	640	640	1.92	4.16	8.83
J P Steveson	564		S C Pittman	1280	1280	3.84	8.32	14.91
do	647		Swanson Donahue	800	800	2.40	5.20	10 30
J Christian			J P Steveson	320	320	96	2.08	5.79
Isaac McConnell	13		Bal Orph Home	160	200	60	1.30	4.65
E Marquese & Co	4		Anthony Bates	157	157	47	1.02	4.24
Jno W Ferguson	1		Isaac Applewhite	320	320	96	2.08	5.79
		2	Jno W Ferguson	160	300	90	1.95	5.60

* Certificate No. 2126 2227 † 2127 2228.

Town Property.

NAME OF OWNER.	TOWN	LOT	BLOCK	VALUE.	STATE TAXES.	COUNTY TAXES.	TOTAL TAXES AND COST.
Ike Estelle	Baird	9	35	100	30	65	3 70
do	do	17	46	100	30	65	3 70
D Dapplemayer	do	2 4 5	43	150	45	98	4 18
do	do	12	56	50	15	33	3 23
do	do	7	35	50	15	33	3 23
do	do	18 19 20 21	46	200	60	1 30	4 65
do							
do							
	Belle Plain						
A B Godard	do	1 2	20	80	24	52	3 51
Eli Thayer	do	2 3	19	300	90	1 95	5 60
do	do	9	10	1			
McDannell & Co	do	12	6	75	22	50	2 28
S R Crittendon	do	7 8	11	10	3	7	2 85
do	Huffman addition						
	Baird	2 3	3	10	3	7	1 10
Unrendered	do	12	25	100	30	65	3 70
do	do	6 18	26	100	30	65	3 70
do	do	6 10	29	100	30	65	3 70
do	do	6	32	50	15	33	3 23
do	do	7	34	50	15	33	3 23
do	do	1 2 3 4 5 6 10 12 13					
		& 17	35	450	135	2 92	7 02
do	do	5 6 13 17	36	200	60	1 30	4 65
do	do	3	37	50	15	33	3 23
do	do	1 3 6	39	150	45	98	4 18
do	do	1 9 10	42	150	45	98	4 18
do	do	3	43	50	15	33	3 23
do	do	1 3 4 5 16	44	250	75	160	5 16
do	do	6 10 14 19	45	300	90	195	5 60
do	do	11 12	49	100	30	65	3 70
do	Newlons Addition Baird						
do	do	1 4 5 6	2	40	12	26	3 13
do	do	1 3	20	90	6	17	2 94
do	do	1 2 3 4 5	5	50	15	33	3 23
do	do	2 6	6	10	3	7	2 85
do	do	1 2 3 4 5 6	7	60	18	39	3 32
do	do	1 2 3 4 5 6	8	60	18	39	3 32
do	do	1 2 3 4 5	9	50	15	33	3 23
do	do	1 2 3 4 5 6	10	60	18	39	3 32
do	do	1 2 3 4	11	40	12	26	3 13
do	do	1 2 3 6	12	40	12	26	3 13
do	do	1 2 3 4	13	40	12	26	3 13
do	do	1 2 3 4 5	14	50	15	33	3 23
do	do	1 2 3 4 5 6	15	60	18	39	3 23

Resident Roll.

Owners Names	Abstract No.	Survey No	Original Grantee	No Acres	No. of Lot	No. of Block	Value	State Tax	County Tax	Total Tax and Cost
C P Bacon		6	Bal Orph Home	120			1080	4.74	7.27	1.482
H C Berry	4	8	Isaac Applewhite	320			435	2.81	3.82	9.38
F M Boykin	638		F M Boykin	160			360	2.58	3.34	8.67
D C Clemmer		5	Bal Orph Home	80			138	1.91	1.16	5.82
A J Chapman		16	do	160			792	3.88	5.40	12.08
Francis Cook	642		Francis Cook	160			297	2.39	2.19	7.38
R P Derington	126		Jesse Dyson	300			300	90	1.95	5.60
Thos Donaho			M H Donaho	160			327	2.48	2.38	7.75
P L Davis		78	P L Davis	160			210	63	1.37	4.75
E J Dunagan		17	E J Dunagan	160			813	2.53	2.48	7.76
W M Edwards		16	W M Edwards	220			535	3.10	3.72	9.57
G W Ellington	572	27	G W Ellington	80			480	2.88	3.29	8.92
H L Gill			Newlons' Addition, Baird		4	5 12	150	1.95	1.23	5.93
I G Harris		26	I G Harris	320			1488	5.95	9.89	18.57
do	71	17	B B B & C R R Co	320			320	96	2.08	4.04
do	76	27	do	320			320	96	2.08	4.04
W J Harden		18	Bal orphan home	120			177	2.03	1.39	6.17
Robt Henderson	2		W G Anderson	80			347	2.45	2.78	8.07
R N Hale			R N Hale	160			180	2.04	1.42	6.15
J F Hayman	654		T B Hatfield	160			265	2.60	1.97	6.62
I N Jackson	286		R R Puckett	426			426	1.28	2.77	6.80
C C Jackson		79	C C Jackson	160			1318	5.45	8.75	16.95
‡ J A Jackson		79	Bal orphan asylum	160			1025	4.57	7.91	15.23
S A Jackson			Newlon's Addition, Baird		2	3	100	30	65	3.70
					12	16	1450	5.85	9.77	18.37
G P Johnson							367	2.60	2.64	7.99
W J Kenedy		1718	Bal orphan home	200			436	1.31	2.84	6.90
L N Lacy	301		L P Scott	209			300	90	1.95	5.60
H C McQuoin		54	H C McQuoin	160			673	2.02	4.36	8.13
Wm Murphy	220		Wyatt Hickman	200			855	4.06	4.81	11.63
J D Mitchell		60	State school	160			256	77	1.67	5.19
Walter McDaniel			Walter McDaniel	160			340	2.53	2.46	7.75
R A Marshall		80	R A Marshall	160						
J M Martin			Newlon's Addition, Baird		6	9	277	2.33	2.05	7.13
					4 5 6	6	240	.72	1.51	4.98
F M Prince							418	2.74	2.91	8.40
R M Parrish		79	Bal orphan home	154			939	4.31	6.36	13.42
J H Parrish		78	do	160			100	30	65	3.70
S C Pack	339	95	S P R R Co	100			255	2.27	1.91	6.63
O F Peterson	113	333	Walter Convers	145			660	3.48	4.55	10.57
Geo W Riley	677	66	Geo W Riley	160			988	4.46	6.67	15.88
W F Riley	113	333	Walter Convers	250			1701	5.10	10.55	18.91
J W R Russum		32	J W R Russum	160			240	72	1.57	6.23
do		33	Jas Dunaway	160			240	72	1.57	6.23
do		32	R A Russum	160			240	72	1.57	6.23
do		33	Francis Russum	160			240	72	1.57	4.48
R Y Scott			R Y Scott	40			89	1.77	83	4.25
Seay & Reeves					18	46	600	3.30	4.10	10.15
Turner & Seay assignees for E H Newlon		104	E H Newlon	114	1 2 3 4 5					
		104	Baird	160	4 5 6 46		5910	1173	25.41	39.89
		104		160	7 8 9 46					
J W Thomas		24	J W Thomas	160			460	2.88	3.24	8.87
E P Turner	624	5398	E P Turner	160			340	2.72	2.45	7.72
M B Tepton		7	Bal. orphan home	82			284	85	1.85	5.45
J E Thomas	108		Geo Click B Plain	160		59	605	3.82	4.18	10.75
do			J E Thomas	640			640	1.92	4.16	7.08
do	2		W G Anderson	100			100	80	65	1.95
Chas J Udick		27	Chas J Udick	80			237	2.21	1.80	6.76
W E Whitesides		13	Bal. orphan home	160			105	1.82	93	5.50
August Wick		14	State school	80			80	1.74	77	5.26
W P Wilcoxen	299		E Shipman	400			504	2.41	2.23	7.39
W T Wheeler	620	26	Wm Smith	160			672	3.52	4.67	11.14
Warren & Patterson					4 5 6 34		2280	6.84	13.62	28.21
P S Windham			State school	160	16 45		639	3.42	4.40	10.57
do					1 38		200	60	1.30	2.90
J C Wheeler		12	Bal. orphan home	320			1095	4.78	7.38	14.90
do			D Woods	160			160	48	1.04	2.52

‡ Received $2.75 county tax.

I further notify all parties that I will offer each and every one of said Tracts, Town lots or Parcels of land for sale, and will sell the same to the highest bidder for cash the party who will pay the State and County Taxes specified in each entry in said list, and cost thereon in advertising each entry against which taxes are charged for the least number of acres being considered the highest bidder for cash and the amount considered necessary to sell in order to satisfy the State and County Tax and all cost. Said sale to be held in front of the Court House door, in Belle Plain, and from day to day, Sundays and legal holidays excepted, between the hours of 8 o'clock a. m. and 4 o'clock p. m., commencing on the 3rd day of April, A. D. 1883, and continuing until all of said lands are sold.

Belle Plain, Texas, March 1st, 1883. J. W. JONES
Sheriff and Ex-officio Tax Collector, Callahan Co., Texas.

SANGER BROS.,
DALLAS, TEXAS,
FOR THE FALL TRADE!
DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,
Notions, Millinery,
HATS, CAPS, FURNISHING GOODS,
Boots and Shoes,
CARPETS AND HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.

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

THIS FALL AND WINTER.

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

SANGER BROS., Dallas, Texas.

Wm. Cameron & Co.,
BAIRD, TEXAS.
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Lumber, Blinds,
SASH, DOORS.
Shingles, Mouldings, Lime, Hair,
Plaster and Cement, also Vane Calvert's Mixed Paints.

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

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

We are now prepared to do JOB WORK in the very best Styles and low prices.

The Clarendon.

SATURDAY, MARCH 15, 1883.

State Officers.

Governor—John Ireland.
Lieutenant Governor—Marion Martin.
Comptroller—W. J. Swain.
Treasurer—F. R. Lubbock.
Comm. 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.
Congressman of 15th congressional District—S. W. T. Lanham.
State Senator of the 9th Senatorial District—J. R. Fleming.
Representative of the 43rd Representative District—J. N. Browning.
District Clerk of Callahan County—I. N. Jackson.

County Officers.

County Judge—W. H. Cliett.
County Clerk—I. N. Jackson.
Sheriff—J. W. Jones.
County Attorney—P. S. Bell.
County Treasurer—J. G. McDonell.
County Assessor—W. R. McDermett.
County Surveyor—L. T. Cochran.
Cattle and Hide Inspector—W. C. Asbery.
County Commissioners—Jasper McCoy, Prec. No. 1; P. L. Callahan, Prec. No. 2; E. M. Wright, Prec No. 3; E. Hudson, Prec. No. 4.

Courts.

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

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

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

Church Directory.

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

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

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

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

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

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

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

Callahan Lodge K. of H., No. 2871, meet on every Monday night, at the I. O. O. F. hall. C. F. Hathaway, Dictator; A. W. Oliver, Reporter; Herman Schwartz, F. R.

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

LOCAL NEWS.

See notice of residence for sale.

Some of our citizens are busy gardening.

Garden seed and onion sets at D. C. Terry & Son's.

One barrel of the best candled honey at D. C. Terry & Son's.

Quite a number of children have been sick lately.

Fish and oysters to-day at Copeland's restaurant.

White and red onion sets at S. L. & A. M. Robertson's.

One barrel of choice pickles at D. C. Terry & Son's.

Pure, fresh garden seeds at S. L. & A. M. Robertson's.

Kerr & Cochran has an important notice in this issue.

Another barrel of tripple strength vinegar at L. O. Oliver's.

Remember the contest election case is to be tried next Friday.

Mr. Bowman is building a residence in the east portion of town.

S. L. Robertson is now booming on hardware and saddlery.

Mr. Lane has added another room to his house since moving in.

We learn that the citizens of Putnam will soon erect a school house.

A large number of stockmen went to attend the cattlemen convention.

Call on S. L. & A. M. Robertson for barrel salt. Also pure Louisiana syrup.

M. H. Allen is building a very tasty little residence just west of the stone church.

Now is the time to buy dry goods, notions, etc., cheap at Ph. Schwartz & Bro's.

Rev. J. B. Moyes will preach at the school house to-morrow morning and evening.

Call on S. L. & A. M. Robertson for corn. A car load to arrive in two or three days.

D. C. Terry & Son has just received a car load of Kansas flour and white bolted meal.

The best krant ever brought to this market at L. O. Oliver's. A trial will convince you.

Some fiend stole our *Wool Grower* this week. Let the guilty party hold up his hands

For clothing, hats, caps, boots and shoes at reduced prices, go to Ph. Schwartz & Bro's.

Boys', youths' and gents' spring suits just arrived at
S. L. & A. M. ROBERTSON'S.

Our town still improves, new dwellings and business houses are going up every week.

B. R. Webb is building a good size neat residence upon his lot, which he has lately enclosed.

Clyde, our neighboring station on the west, is soon to have a store and other improvements.

More goods at Rettig's. The best of the bankrupt stock has just been brought to the front.

We learn that Messrs. Callahan & Terry are building a store at Putnam and will keep a stock of groceries.

We are informed that a lady from Weatherford will take charge of a music class in Baird at an early day.

Try our sea foam flour. Every sack guaranteed to be first-class or no pay.
S. L. & A. M. ROBERTSON.

The standard Rose and Blue Ribbon brands of flour at Oliver's are the best in market. A trial will convince you.

We had a slight norther two days this week; but the weather turned off very pleasantly for the last two days.

The T. & P. Railway's well at the land office has been drilled 420 feet, and the drill is being repaired at Fort Worth.

Mr. Eastham, the aged father of Mr. J. E. Eastham who but recently moved into the county, died at Deep Creek last Saturday night.

The little building on Market street, formerly occupied by Mr. Little, as a law office, is being rebuilt and fitted up for a barber shop.

The largest stock of groceries ever brought to Baird will arrive at Ogle's next week. He will give you a list of goods in our next issue.

We have received a lot of fine shade trees from Hogan's, Ennis Nursery, which we have planted in front of our office and around our residence.

I will continue to replenish my stock and would have the people know that they can be fed and clothed from my store. J. F. RETTIG.

If you want the latest improved threshing machines for 1883, or any other kind of machinery, call on S. L. Robertson, agent at Baird.

Congress adjourned last Saturday, but Rettig continues to sell groceries, dry goods and furniture at panic prices. Now is the time to buy from him.

Mr. Leaming, late of Sherman, has rented his town residence, and will move out on his newly purchased ranch where he goes into the sheep business.

Maj. D. Richardson sold two residence lots last Monday before breakfast. One of the purchasers is building a house upon his lot and the other will begin in a few days.

The railroad company have been taking out and locating large quantities of splendid rock for building purposes lately. They are to go to Dallas and Big Spring.

We now have in stock some of the best ladies' shoes that we have ever handled. They will give perfect satisfaction. Call and examine.
S. L. & A. M. ROBERTSON.

An oil house has been built near the railroad yards here by a large oil firm of St. Louis. It is for the purpose of doing a wholesale oil business. They will supply neighboring towns with Eupion oil.

Our sheriff and Brown Seay had a little difficulty last Wednesday in which a brass knuckle and a chair figured somewhat prominently, parties present, interfered and serious damage was prevented.

In order to make room for our spring stock of goods, which Mr. Ph. Schwartz is now east purchasing, we are selling all our goods at the lowest possible prices.
PH. SCHWARTZ & BRO.

The Domestic Sewing Machine a standard machine and one of the best in the market can be bought at J. F. Rettig's at a sacrifice. Parties wanting machines are invited to call and see them before buying elsewhere.

Deputy sheriff Estes has been busy this week summoning witness for the county seat contest case which comes up before the district judge at Belle Plain next Friday. Considerably over five hundred witnesses are to be subpœnaed.

The Portugues who settled at and about Clyde last fall, are busily engaged opening farms and planting spring crops. These men were all from the best farming section of California to this section, and we think will succeed here as farmers.

Postmaster Schwartz made a new $12,000 bond which was readily filled and has been sent to the post office department for approval. The reason for the demand of a new bond is the fact of the name of our post office being changed from Vickery to Baird.

Sheriff Jones has been in town this week circulating a petition asking the legislature to remove the jurisdiction from the County court and restore it to the District court. Judge Cliett and attorney Bell are circulating counter petitions asking that the jurisdiction remain where it is, in the County court. Both sides are zealous in the matter, especially the sheriff.

Personal.

Ph. Schwartz took a flying trip to Big Spring this week.

Murray Harris, of the T. & P. Land Department, went to Marshall this week.

Dr. C. R. Shapard returned last week from his extended trip to Tennessee.

Mr. Lark Hearn left last Tuesday evening for Fort Worth to attend the stock convention.

Mr. John Reeves, in company with Mr. Seay, the father of Ed, Brown and Jim Seay, went south on an exploring trip this week.

Mr. Ph. Schwartz, of the firm of Ph. Schwartz & Brother, leaves today for the eastern markets to purchase their spring stock of good.

We noticed our friend Andrew Bateman, of Fort Worth on our streets yesterday. Baird still has charms for him, though he has taken the most charming charm away.

Miss Ida Parvin, the accomplished sister of our Dr. Parvin, and daughter of W. H. Parvin, of Belle Plain, came in one day this week from Fort Worth and is now visiting with her parents.

John D. Merchant, who has been quite sick for some days, has so far recovered that he was able to go to Fort Worth last Tuesday night. He went to attend the cattlemen's convention.

Thos. Gibson and William Sims, two prominent farmers of Panola county, Texas, are prospecting here and are guests of Maj. Richardson. We hope they may locate and develop some of our fertile farming lands.

We received yesterday a pleasant call from Rev. J. B. Moyes, of Abilene. He is in town in the interest of the church building here, and contemplates getting up a supper to raise money to pay for finishing and seating.

The experimental station kept up here by the railway company now looks like a garden, and is being laid off for corn of several varieties, sorghum, potatoes, etc. The small grain of which there are many varieties sown begins to put on its green and spring time garb.

In another column of this issue will be seen the advertisement of Copeland's Restaurant. Mr. C. is experienced in the restaurant business and knows exactly how to please all. His house is neatly arranged and situated conveniently to the business part of town. Call on him and he will assure you to get good "hash."

A slight wreck of the west-bound passenger train took place on the T. & P. at Vista, a small station west of Sweetwater, last Monday. In passing the switch, which is termed a slip one, it became displaced and the first-class coach upset on one side and the Pullman sleeper turned over on the other. One man had his wrist dislocated and one lady was slightly scratched. The return train was two hours late. The damage to cars was not to exceed fifty dollars.

The party of Chicago and St. Louis excursionists, who have been "doing" Fort Worth for several days, arrived here at 12:30 P. M. yesterday, remained about half an hour, then left for El Paso. The special train consists of two Pullman drawing room cars, Geo. Clinton's car and a smoking car. There are between 75 and 100 excursionists in the party. They expressed themselves as delighted with our beautiful place and surroundings and our healthy, invigorating atmosphere.

The Court.

The following are the proceedings of the county court, March term, 1883:

The State vs. Jackson and Wm. Taylor, disturbance of the peace; verdict not guilty.

The State vs. J. G. Walker, theft; verdict of guilty.; fined one dollar and imprisonment for ten days.

The State vs. Newt. Thompson and Charley Martin, malicious mischief; verdict of not guilty.

The Goldens.

This justly celebrated troupe gave another one of their splendid performances here on last Saturday night. "Fate" was given in a manner that, considering the smallness of the house and stage, was really creditable and won for this company new laurels. Bella Golden, as Helen Faraday, did some elegant acting and brought the tears from many eyes. Martin Golden, as Frank Faraday, did well, and is really a pleasing actor, besides being a gentlemen who makes friends wherever he goes. Frank Coy, as Makepeace Theackery Blaize, won the approbation and applause of all by his droll expressions and his yearnings for "hash." As a comedian he is a success, and we trust he will yet get his famous "astronomical, physiological, anotomical, diabolical, theologicel museum" again on its legs. J. C. Fenton made a very good Uncle Derwent, and Miss Lillian Alexander, as Sallie Annie Waddles, was simply splendid. In fact, the acting of the whole company was very fine, and was highly appreciated by the large audience present. As on the preceeding night many were turned away, as standing room was not to be had, and the reserved seats sold very readily and early in the day were all gone. Should the Goldens ever repeat their visit to Baird they will be sure to receive a hearty welcome and a warm reception.

Lost Sheep.

Estrayed twenty head sheep from our ranch, marked grub the left, overbit and under bit the right, branded 9 and some 3 on left side. Any information regarding them liberally rewarded. WAGNER BROS.
Elm Springs Ranch.

To the Farmers of Callahan and Adjoining Counties.

I have accepted the agency for the Wheeler & Melick & & Co's. railway and horse power threshing machines. They are the best and cheapest machines for farm use. Call and examine.
HARRY MEYERS.

Buckeye Reapers and Binders.

Parties desiring to purchase machines for this season should bear in mind that it is now time to place their orders. The harvest season is soon to come, and we should be ready for it. I will give you easy terms on the best machines in the market.
S. L. ROBERTSON,
Agent at Baird, Texas.

Huntington's Own Statement.

WASHINGTON, February 20.—Mr. Huntington was seen late to-night about his purchase of the Morgan, Louisiana and [illegible] property. He said that he could [illegible] nothing more than that he had purchased the property, and that he had constructive possession now and was to receive actual possession on the first of April next. He said that the price he paid was $7,500,000 for all of the Morgan company's interest. He gets 17 steamships besides the Louisiana and Texas railways.

Secure a Home.

We would have every true man to build for himself a home, be it ever so humble in the beginning. Industry and frugality and good judgement will make it the most lovely spot on earth. The man without a home is like the sojourner without a country. The richest, happiest and best man in the wide world is he who has a pretty, comfortable home of his own, a family, good health and owes no man a cent, even though his entire possessions would not sell for a thousand dollars, and though he had never held so big an office as town constable or road-master. We sometimes feel constained to doubt whether a man without a home can at best be but an indifferent patriot. He cannot feel that interest in other people's prosperity that he feels in his own, and without such property we would have no country worthy a name. He would scarcely risk his life in defense of the hearthstone of his landlord, but let that hearthstone be his own, and woe to the invader who should threaten it with desecration. The homes of the people are the strength of the state. Build them, beautify them, own them and be happy. This is the fair deduction from hosts of instances and is the true philosophy of home-making and home-owning.—*American Farmer.*

Baird Shipments and Receipts.

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

SHIPMENTS.

4 cars rock, 1 car cotton. 1 car merchandise.

RECEIPTS.

1 car wire, 2 cars corn, 3 cars cattle.

THROUGH FREIGHT.

EAST.

St. Louis, 8 cars; New Orleans, 2; Kansas City, 2.

WEST.

306 cars.

DIED.

LAWRENCE.—In Baird, on the 5th inst., Mrs. Ada, wife of J. J. Lawrence; aged 19 years.

Mrs. J. J. Lawrence, who died last Monday, had but lately come to our town. She was the daughter of one of the first citizens of Grayson county. Her remains were taken to her old home at Farmersville for interment.

WALLS.—At Baird, on the 7th, Virginia, youngest daughter of Virginia and T. J. Walls, aged 17 months.

The remains of the little one were buried at Belle Plain on the 9th inst. by the side of a little brother, who died only a little over two years ago. The sorrow stricken family have our sincerest sympathy.

For Sale.

A GOOD substantial residence, conveniently situated to the business part of the town. For price and terms apply at the CLARENDON office. 49

Notice.

PARTIES penning CALVES and milking COWS WITHOUT PERMISSION, in C F and J A K brands, will be prosecuted to the fullest extent of the law.
49-4t KERR & COCHRAN.

Take Notice.

I hereby warn all parties not to cut or remove any timber from the northwest quarter of section 61 B. B. B. & C. R. R. land. The above is situated about one and a half miles west of Clyde. Any parties trespassing on the above described lands will be dealt with according to law.
Baird, Texas, March 9, 1883. W. R. LOTZ.

COPELAND'S
RESTAURANT.
Market Street,
Baird, - - - - - Texas.
D. B. Copeland, Prop.

This restaurant is conveniently located to the business part of town, and table supplied with the best the market affords. Meals can be had from 6 a. m., to 9 p. m. FISH AND OYSTERS EVERY FRIDAY. 49

ESTRAYED.

ESTRAYED before L. M. Marshall, J. P., Callahan county, on the 24th of February, 1883, by J. P. Hill, one red roan horse, about 10 years old, about 14 1-2 hands high branded JD on left shoulder and shoe bottom on left thigh in two places, hind feet white, white spot in forehead. Appraised at $30.
48 I. N. JACKSON, C. C. C. C.

Dissolution Notice.

The co-partnership heretofore existing between H. A. Lee and H. C. Fulton, under the style of Lee & Fulton, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent. H. A. Lee will conduct the business. All outstanding accounts are to be paid to him, and he is responsible for all debts contracted by the firm.
H. A. LEE,
H. C. FULTON.
BAIRD, Texas, Feb. 10, 1883. 46

NEW GROCERY STORE!

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

Full and Complete Stock.

I will also keep feed of all kinds, salt, and in fact everything pertaining to my line. Give me a call, price my goods, and don't fool around but come at once and be happy.
L. O. OLIVER,
24 1y Proprietor.

GREAT BARGAINS!

Now is your time to buy, Cheaper than the Cheapest,
DRY GOODS,
Boots, Shoes, Notions, Hats, Caps
—And all kinds of—
GROCERIES.
PH. SWARTZ & BRO.,
POST OFFICE STORE.
—Agents for the celebrated—
MEDICATED SPECTACLES.

JOS. H. BROWN
WHOLESALE
GROCER,
Agent for
DUPONT POWDER CO.,
8, 10, 12, & 14 First st.,
FORT WORTH, TEXAS
3-25-1y

J. W. AUSTIN,
DEALER IN
WATCHES,
CLOCKS,
JEWELRY,
SPECTACLES, &c.
FINE JEWELRY made to order and all kinds of Watches and Jewelry carefully repaired by
Frank Austin
An Experienced and Practical Watch Maker.
Watches may safely be sent and returned by mail.
612 Main Street,
DALLAS TEXAS.

R. M. TURNER,
DRUGGIST AND PHARMACIST
—DEALER IN—
PURE DRUGS CHEMICALS
PAINTS, OILS VARNISHES
BRUSHES, WALL PAPER,
WINDOW GLASS,
SPONGES, PERFUMERIES
SCHOOL BOOKS
AND STATIONERY.
Physicians prescriptions compounded with accuracy, day and night.
Market St. Baird, Texas.

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

GRAND BOOM
AT
W. J. POWER & CO'S
—The Leading House in—
BELLE PLAIN, TEXAS
All because Prices are so Low and Goo
—at
Living Prices.
Call one and all and see for yourself
Yours, Respectfully,
W. J. POWER & CO
n1-3m

PH. SCHWARTZ. R. KILPATRICK.
SCHWARTZ & KILPATRICK,
BAIRD, TEXAS.
—DEALERS IN—
WATCHES, CLOCKS and Jewelry.
Practical Watchmakers.
All Work Guaranteed.
44-tf

Don't stop until you get to
S. L. Ogle's
CHEAP STORE,
And then examine the New Grocery Store just opened by the above named firm, in the Odd Fellow Building, on
MARKET STREET. BAIRD, TEXAS.
We keep constantly on hand everything usually kept in a grocery, consisting in part of

Corn,	Flour,	Meal,	Bacon,	Lard,	Syrup,
Sugar,	Coffee,	Hams,	Dried Fruit,	Prunes,	Soap,
Canned Goods,	Pickles,	Cigars,	Tobaccos,	Snuff,	Starch,
Candies,	Nuts,	Raisins,	Crackers,	Ginger Snaps,	Etc.
Hops.	Jellies.	Cheese.	Potatoes.	Tea.	Etc.

W. F. LAKE,
WHOLESALE AND RETAIL
Hardware, Iron, Nails, Gas Pipe, Stoves,
Wagon and Carriage Wood Work,
PUMPS, PUMP SUPPLIES.
Agent for Halliday's Wind Mill.
CORNER HOUSTON AND SECOND STREETS. FORT WORTH, TEXAS
The Oldest and Largest Stove and Hardware House in the City.
34-1y ☞Every description of Job Work done on Short Notice☜

E. S. SEAY
NOW COMES TO THE FRONT,
And announces to the citizens of Baird and his numerous customers that he has removed from Belle Plain to the flourishing town of Baird, where he can be found with the largest
STOCK OF GENERAL MERCHANDISE
Ever kept in Callahan county.
His stock consists in part of Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots Shoes, Hats, Ready-Made Clothing, fancy Goods, Notions, Hardware, arming Implements, Corn, salt, etc., etc.
AND IN FACT EVERYTHING GENERALLY KEPT IN A
First Class Store.
Thankful for the very liberal patronage received heretofore from the people of Callahan and adjoining counties, he will henceforth be better than ever prepared to supply their wants. His long experience in the mercantile business in the West has made him familiar with its requirements.
—*DON'T FORGET THE PLACE*—
E. S. SEAY, PROP'R,
Market Street, Corner of Third, Baird, Texas, 24-1y

HURRAH FOR THE
NEW
BLACKSMITH SHOP.
W. L. Henry and M. H. Allen
Now inform their patrons and the public generally that they have removed from Belle Plain and opene
SHOP IN BAIRD,
where they are prepared to do all work in their line. All work warranted. Give them a call. 20 1y

NEW LIVERY STABLE!
J. F. PATTERSON, Proprietor
Market Street, Baird, Texas.
I have just opened a new livery stable which has been equipped with new hacks, buggies, saddles and good horses.
Thanking for the patronage which I have received in the past, and hope to receive and merit a continuance of the same.
Give me a call when you want anything in my line n13-1y

J. F. RETTIG,
—DEALER IN—
Furniture and General House-
Furnishing Goods.
My stock consists of all styles of Furniture, Queensware, Wood and Willow Ware, Cabinet, Hardware, Table Cutlery, Sewing Machines, Etc.
I also have a complete line of Undertaker's goods
COFFINS, COFFIN HARDWARE AND TRIMMINGS.
To this line we pay SPECIAL ATTENTION.
Market Street, Baird, Texas

MONARCH SALOON
And Billiard Hall,
H. A. LEE, Prop.
We keep constantly on hand the best brands of
Wines Liquors and Cigars
Market St. between Second and Third
Baird Texas.

Fort Worth Marble Works.
North Side of Public Square.
J. A. Bergin & Son
Manufacturers and Importers of
Italian and American
MARBLE MONUMENTS,
Tombs, Tablets, Head Stones, Vases and Statuary.
Iron and Wire Railing furnished to order.
All Work Warranted.
n50-v2-1y

—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.

The Clarendon.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

BAIRD, - - - - TEXAS.

Icy Sidewalks.

Is there anything which will take the natural dignity out of a man quicker than an icy sidewalk?

Let the most self-sufficient individual that ever stepped feel that at any moment he is liable to come down at full length, and that every looker-on will feel tickled, and every young girl will giggle and every bad boy will shout with glee, and every stray dog in the village will be there to bark over him, and his self-sufficiency will leave him, and he will shuffle along as meek as Moses, avoiding every very slippery-looking spot, and shying around the places where the gutters drip, and the housemaids have washed the windows.

Ice may be delightful in its place, which is in lemonade on the Fourth of July, and thereabouts; but as a pavement, it is a failure.

You start out some fine morning to do a little shopping. You know you are looking well. You feel sure that if Mrs. A. should meet you, she would die of envy to see how well your new hat becomes you, and Mrs. B., would turn green if she should notice the stylish hang of your overskirt. You trip along, looking in the shop-windows to see the pretty things, and admiring the reflection of yourself in the polished glass, with the silks and satins for the background of the mirror.

You arrange your frizzes at the jeweler's window, while pretending to look at the watches, and you step daintily along and wonder what does make women wear those ugly rubbers, and you think of your own French kid boots, with their charming heels and—

Well, it has happened to many. You are lying at your length on the sidewalk, and your hat is crushed, and a dog is worrying your muff, and your paper parcels are blowing hither and thither—for the wind generally blows a hurricane when it is icy—and everybody that you know is there exclaiming and condoling, and trying to assist; and Mrs. A. and Mrs. B., securely braced, with rubbers on, are standing by and wondering how it happened, and if you are hurt, and how you ever was so imprudent as to come out without overshoes.

And they take note of the fact that you wear false bangs, and they notice that the feather of your hat is ruined, and they tell each other that poor, dear Annie Maria must use powder, for one side of her face looked quite dark, where the ice had melted, and, oh, dear! it is so strange that ladies will do such things, they say, and fondly imagine that nobody ever mistrusted them of anything of the kind.

When one falls down on the ice, everybody laughs. It seems to be just as natural as breathing. And the one who falls down is invariably mad. Mad is the word. He feels as if he could break somebody, or something. He wishes everybody would fall down; and lie there, too. He'd be glad to see all creation heels up. He is savage with himself, and with those who are laughing at him. He wishes he had gone on the other side. He wishes he had taken the middle of the street. He wishes he had worn his other boots, or taken his cane. He wonders what ice was made for. He surveys his sodden pantaloons, and looks at his disconsolate hat, and vows he will sue the city, or the householders, or the State, or somebody, for damages!

Damages! Yes, that is a word full of meaning to the American citizen, and when there is a chance of damages he is resigned to almost any casualty.

And he buttons up his coat, puts his mashed beaver on his head, and walks off where the ice is melted most, and hears the suppressed giggle of a bevy of school girls, and feels as if he could annihilate the whole tribe from the face of the earth.

Ah, well! icy sidewalks are one of the evils of existence, and we must take them along with other troubles, and be thankful that we do not have them all the year, as they do at the North Pole. —*N. Y. Sunday Advertiser.*

Wanted, A Divorce.

Last Thursday morning Justice Meech, whose fourteen-months-old boy has just recovered from a dangerous illness, was explaining to his clerk the value of lime vapor in the treatment of croup, when a blushing young couple entered the office and stood giggling before his Honor. Of course he knew what this meant, and he asked if the license had been procured. The document was produced after much fumbling through pockets by the prospective bridegroom, and in due time Mary Skorazinska had changed her name to Mrs. Stephen Forosky. "The fee is two dollars, Mr. Forosky," said the 'Squire. Mr. Forosky paid the two dollar assessment and then took his departure with the blushing bride.

Yesterday morning the same Justice was surprised at receiving a visit from the newly-married Mrs. Forosky, and still more surprised when he learned the object of her visit.

"I was married here two days ago," she said.

"I believe you were," answered the Justice.

"Well, I want the whole business undone."

"You want a divorce?"

"Well, I want to be unmarried."

"What's the trouble?"

"Oh, I've met another man I like better than I do Steve and would like to marry him."

"Who is the other man?"

"He's out in the hall here waiting to marry me if you can only fix it up in any way!"

"I'm afraid you will have to go to a higher court, madame," said the justice; "we don't grant divorces here."

"We are willing to pay for a divorce, if that's all you're afraid of."

"No; it is too late. You should have met the other man before Steve married you."

"I did meet him before, but we had a fuss, and he did not offer to make it up with me until I was married."

But the young Mrs. Forosky could not get herself "unmarried," and a moment later a constable found her and the "other fellow" in the hall bawling as though their hearts were broken.—*Chicago Tribune.*

—Fame is not such a very great thing. Mr. McKenzie, of Kentucky, asked me if I remembered the death of Tom Marshall at Versailles, and his last words. I did not; so he told me. Marshall said, as he turned his face to the window: "This is the end! I am dying on a borrowed bed, under a borrowed blanket, in a house built by public charity? Bury me under that oak tree where there is plenty of room. I have been crowded all my life."—*Denver Tribune.*

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—Prof. Lemaire reports the discovery of rich and extensive coal and iron mines in Albania, on the shores of the Adriatic.

—In Germany no building may be erected near an existing windmill at a less distance than twelve times the height and breadth of the building, otherwise the owner of the mill may claim damages for obstruction of wind.

—The vaulting ambition which o'erleaps itself is illustrated in Lyons, where the manufacture of black silk has been ruined because the manufacturers resorted to adulteration to such an extent that consumers gave over buying silks.

—A Roman writer in the Paris *Voltaire* says the only devoted friend the Pope has is his brother, the Cardinal Pecci, who tastes of all the food prepared for the Pope who, fearing poison, awaits its action upon his brother before he partakes.

—Probably one of the costliest garments extant is a coat made for an East Indian native merchant now deceased. It was made of the finest silk, hand embroidered with gold lace, and studded with real pearls. It cost 8,000 rupees, or nearly $3,500.

—Austria has adopted the system of postal savings banks. In Germany the depositors receive a card divided into twenty squares, and each time they deposit a certain very small amount they receive a stamp, which is placed on one of the squares. When the card is full they exchange it at the bank for a certificate of the amount deposited. By this system the very smallest sums are saved.

—Queen Victoria has at length consented to admit that "she is growing old," for the new Egyptian medal that she recently distributed represents her with the face of 1882, and not of 1842, as it has appeared on stamps, coins and medals. In her own time she has distributed medals for six Indian campaigns, three for South African affairs, and one each for the Crimean, Chinese, Abyssinian and Ashantee conflicts.

—Louis Blanc's wife was ignorant of French, imperfectly acquainted with her own language, the German, and incurably consumptive, and he was more than fifty when he married her. But he prided himself on her beauty, and spoke of her as resembling the Empress Josephine. She was the daughter of his landlord during his residence in London, and won his affection because, while dusting his room, she respected his papers, and allowed his table to remain in all the litter that he loved.

—One would scarcely expect, says the London *World*, to meet any one in these days who had been the intimate friend of Mme. de Stael, much less of Mme. Recamier (did they not say that no portrait was ever painted of her that was as beautiful as the original?); yet up to the other day there lived at Lyons an old lady who had been the friend of both during the revolution, when she was a young girl. Her name was Lacine, and she was a sister-in-law of Camille Jordan, and she died in her 105th year.

—The gradual emancipation of the slaves in Brazil has not only permitted the country to prepare itself for the adoption of free labor, but its influence on immigration has also been most marked. From 1864 to 1872 the average yearly number of immigrants was under 9,000. In 1872 a law was passed in favor of gradual emancipation, and from that date to 1879 the immigrants averaged very nearly 23,000 annually—almost three times the average before the enactment. The next two years showed nearly the same results; but then a notable increase was observed, and from the 1st of January to the 31st of December, 1881, 39,784 immigrants landed in Brazil.

The Star of Bethlehem.

There have appeared from time to time within the past few years notices of the expected reappearance of the "Star of Bethlehem" in the constellation Cassiopeia, with dark surmises as to the ominous results to the world and to humanity which its coming is to foreshadow. As an instance of the kind of speculation in which some minds delight, the following may be quoted:

"In 1887 the 'Star of Bethlehem' will be once more seen in 'Cassiopeia's chair,' and it will be accompanied by a total eclipse of the sun and moon. This star only makes its appearance every 315 years. It will appear and illumine the heavens and excel in brilliancy even Jupiter when in opposition to the sun, and, therefore, nearer to the earth and brightest. The marvelous brilliancy of the 'Star of Bethlehem' in 1877 will surpass any of the previous visitations. It will be seen even at noonday, shining with a quick, flashing light the entire year, after which it will gradually decrease in brightness and finally disappear, not to return to our heavens till the year 2202, or 315 years from 1887.

"This star first attracted the attention of modern astronomers in the year 1572. It was then called a new star. It was no new star, however, for this was the star that shone so brightly 4 B. C., and was the star that illumined the heavens at the nativity of Christ. It has reappeared every 315 years since, and every educated astrologer is certain that it will appear in August, 1887. The appearance of the star, accompanied as it will be by solar and lunar eclipses, together with the baleful influence that follows the positions that Mars and Saturn will occupy, will cause a universal war and portentous floods and fearful shipwrecks. North America will be involved in civil strife, and a reign of terror will prevail in the Atlantic States, unless a Napoleon arises to quell it. There will be a war of classes—the rich will array themselves against the poor, and vice versa, everywhere."

Whoever will cast his eye upward about six o'clock on a clear evening will perceive the constellation Cassiopeia, lying in the milky way, nearly overhead, a little in the north of the zenith. It is in this constellation, according to the prophet above quoted, that the messenger of dread is to appear. There are five bright stars in it, forming, with one or two fainter ones, the figure of an inverted chair. The chair is not difficult to discover, and no doubt those gifted with a powerful imagination can succeed in seeing the lady who is supposed to be sitting in it.

The last appearance of the Star of Bethlehem has been best described by Tycho Brahe, the Danish astronomer. On the night of the 11th of November, 1572, Tycho's attention was drawn to a brilliant and unknown star in the constellation Cassiopeia. The following is his own statement in regard to it:

"When I quitted Germany to return to the Danish coasts I stopped in the ancient cloister, admirably situated, of Herritzwaldt, belonging to my uncle, Stenon Bille, and I became accustomed there to remain in my chemical laboratory till the fall of night. One evening as I was surveying, as usual, the celestial vault, the aspect of which is so familiar to me, I saw with indescribable astonishment near the zenith in Cassiopeia a radiant star of extraordinary size. Struck with surprise, I could scarcely believe my eyes. To convince myself that there was no illusion and to gather the testimony of other persons, I had the workmen come out who were occupied in my laboratory, and I asked them, as well as all the passers by, if they saw like me the star which had just suddenly appeared. I learned later that in Germany some wagoners and others of the common people had apprised the astronomers of a great apparition in the sky, which has furnished occasion to renew the railleries against learned men as in the case of comets, whose coming had not been foreseen."

This is the great astronomer's account of the apparition. Tycho Brahe considered the advent of this star of importance enough to write a book specially on the subject. The star received the name of the Pilgrim, but it has also been called the Star of Bethlehem. This star outshone all the stars in the sky, including Jupiter, which was then at its brightest. It continued to shine during the rest of the month with a luster so great as to be visible to some persons in the daytime. When first seen the star shone with a brilliant white light, which in time assumed a yellowish hue; afterward it displayed a ruddy appearance like Mars or Aldebaran, and at last became leaden-colored, like Saturn. After November its luster began to diminish, and it grew fainter and fainter, becoming invisible in March, 1574.

It is not to be supposed that so extraordinary a phenomenon would be let pass unnoticed by those who found their profit in interpreting the appearance of the sky to the ignorant and credulous. Astrologers doubtless drove a good trade on the strength of this celestial advertisement of their calling. Some of them declared that this appearance was identical with that at the birth of Christ, and confidently predicted that the last judgment was near, which must have been a very comforting assurance to the wicked. Nevertheless, the world has continued to wag on in spite of their predictions, down even to the present year of grace. Predictions, however, are easy, and we are not to suppose that those who are gifted to make them, especially as they are not apt to be gifted otherwise, should be deterred from their favorite pursuit by an occasional failure now and then.—*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*

The Perfumed Sailor Sharp.

A few weeks since a sailor from the East Indies landed in Boston, and, being more thrifty than the average mariner, had while in the "Land of the Rajahs," purchased a small quantity of "otto of roses," that he might turn a penny in honest trade on arriving home. But sailor-like, however, the first night ashore he floated into one of the dens of iniquity, which are only too numerous in certain portions of our city, and was there "relieved" of his smuggled goods. The bottle, containing about twenty drops, which was sufficient, if diluted, to make a number of quarts of excellent perfume, fell into the hands of a cunning "sharp," who straightway began preparations for carrying out a clever swindle on the unsuspecting public. Scraping together money enough to purchase a few pounds of beeswax and a number of very small bottles of about forty drops, capacity he melted the wax and mixed with it the greater part of his ill-gotten perfumery, reserving a few drops, which he diluted, to serve as a nice sample. Then donning a weather-beaten "monkey jacket," a pair of canvas trousers (with seat and knees plentifully besprinkled with tar), girted about the waist with an oiled woolen muffler, and having a worn-out fur cap on his head, he began his perambulations. Commencing at the market he worked toward the ferries, taking in the ship-chandlers, wholesale dealers, saloons and fish establishments along the way, in every place claiming that he had about a dozen bottles that he had purchased in the East Indies, and which he was willing to sell at the exceedingly low figure of a dollar apiece. So completely impregnated was his old clothing with the scent of the rose, which he led his dupes to believe came entirely from the contact with the exterior of the bottles, that credence to his story was readily given, and bottle after bottle was quickly disposed of, and dollar after dollar swelled the pockets of the old canvas trousers.

Entering one place not a mile from East Boston ferry, where were congregated a number of gentlemen well known to the maritime public of Boston, he for the first time that day told the truth in that he had but a few bottles left. At first the party about the store paid little heed to his story, but the peddler was glib of tongue, and soon had the nautical gentlemen deeply interested in his tales of old Neptune, and when their attention was wholly engrossed by him he again produced his wares. The company gathered around him like school-boys around a hand-organ, each anxious for the first choice, thrusting their money over each other's shoulders, and shaking the greenbacks in the face of the pretended sailor, who, with the utmost sang froid, transferred the bills to his pocket, and, in return, handed his patrons about one "scruple" of beeswax worth, in the present state of the market, nearly one-third of a cent, and a glass vial with cork, which sells for sixteen cents per dozen. Then, with a "So long, gentlemen," he left the place and sought his retreat in the slums of the North End. The rest of the day the gentlemen who bought the otto of roses (?) made preparations in their turn to utilize the far-famed perfume. Some bought alcohol with which to adulterate it; others stowed it away in bureau drawers, etc., for future use, while still a few employed a messenger to carry a vial to some lady friend. All were happy until the next morning. Then, as one by one they came down the street, it was plainly seen that something serious had happened. It might have been the abolition of advanced wages to seamen, increase in rates of tonnage, bad news from the State-house, or a gale of wind at sea. But no, it was none of these. One party who had been so fortunate as to receive one drop of the perfume distributed the day before upon his handkerchief was indiscreet enough to flourish his linen before the face of a friend. Instantly they became enemies; a coolness sprang up between them which will take weeks to overcome. And now, if a man is tired of life and desires to shuffle off this mortal coil he has no occasion to turn his hand against himself, but let him seek Atlantic avenue or Commercial street, and inquire of the first man he meets: "Did you buy any otto of roses?" and he may take our word that in just thirty seconds he will be a fit subject for the morgue.—*Boston Post.*

—An albatross will keep pace with a ship going nine knots an hour, for many hours, without moving his wings, excepting a slight feathering, varied as he wishes to rise or fall.

HOME AND FARM.

—The popular sentiment that "any one can farm" is one of the greatest slanders on agriculture, one of the most serious hindrances to its prosperity, and a blight on its respectability.—*Iowa State Register.*

—Some agriculturists are now asserting that the construction of all our plows is radically wrong; that in the breaking-up of our soils the earth should not be inverted, but should be stirred to the required depth.

—Average hay in a barn mow, when solidly packed, will weigh a ton to 500 cubic feet. Solid timothy, well pressed, will go about 400 feet to a ton, clover hay about 600 to 700 feet, and light mixed meadow hay with red top in it about the same.

—Old Folks' Hash: One teacup of cold boiled potatoes chopped fine; same of the ground meat; of boiling water half a teacup; add a lump of butter size of walnut, and salt and pepper if meat is not sufficiently seasoned. Heat ten minutes, and serve hot.—*Country Gentleman.*

When color on a fabric has been accidentally or otherwise destroyed by acid, ammonia is applied to neutralize the same, after which an application of chloroform will, in almost all cases, restore the original color. The application of ammonia is common, but that of chloroform is but little known.—*Toledo Blade.*

—Delicate Indian Pudding: One quart of milk, scalded, two heaping tablesp[illegible] cook twelve minutes, stir into [illegible] tablespoonful of butter, then beat three eggs with four tablespoonfuls of sugar, one-half teaspoonful of ginger, salt to taste, mix all thoroughly, and bake one hour. Try it.—*The Household.*

—The curious New-Guinea method of plowing is effected by a row of men standing along the line of furrow, each with a hard, firm, sharp stake, which is thrust down by the "landside" until about a foot deep, when all simultaneously pry the mass over and break it up by plying their stakes up and down. Then they move on to another length.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

—The old National Agricultural Society is being revitalized at Washington. The old members claim that before the war they did excellent service in holding fairs, procuring the establishment of the present Agricultural Department, etc. An effort will be made to hold a fair next year. To this end a committee was appointed to confer with State Agricultural Societies for joint work. The National was organized in 1852.—*Washington Star.*

—When a calf or a cow is found breathing heavily without any other irregular symptom or any fever or redness of the eyes or parched muzzle, the trouble may be considered to arise from indigestion and a disordered stomach. Probably the chewing of the cud will be found suspended. In such cases it is best to give at once a dose of raw linseed oil—two ounces for a calf and ten or sixteen ounces for a cow. Usually abstinence from food will bring a cure in the course of a few days. Where there is any fever the medicine should be epsom salts in the same quantity, dissolved in warm water.—*N. Y. Times.*

Raising of Broom Corn.

The introduction of broom corn as a regular crop of the farm has again been considerably discussed and commended in certain sections as being one of the most, if not the most, profitable branches in general farming. We are fully aware that the results of a crop when carefully cultivated and a great deal of labor bestowed upon it, are better than those of many other crops; but all things considered we are by no means prepared to encourage its introduction extensively. There are many features connected with it that require much labor and money to dispose of properly. The common barn or outbuildings are not adapted to broom-corn. Open sheds with slatted racks, will have to be built somewhat similar to what is used for the crop of tobacco; for, if stacked in bulk it will soon mold and lose its natural color, and as a merchantable article it would be depreciated to one-half its value. Then the seeds have to be nicely cleaned out, which is not an easy matter, as the ordinary threshing-machines will not answer, for they would seriously injure the broom-straw; but something must be got up expressly for it. The threshing then is no mean job, as it is both laborious, disagreeable and expensive. There is a peculiar dust arising from it that is very injurious to the lungs, so much so in fact that very few can stand it at all, and those who do or can are obliged to wear sponges over their mouths and gauze over their faces; and even the particles falling upon the skin produce a painful itching, to which the virus if the poison-ivy is a soothing sirup in comparison. And after all this is gone through with and suffered, we come to the result, and now let us see what it is. The broom-corn raisers in the west, where this crop is more extensively raised than almost anywhere else, if we except a portion of New York and one or two of the New England States, who have been successful, and who, of course, give us the best figures, tell us that half a ton of prepared straw to the acre is a first rate crop, and that the cash value of it delivered is about forty dollars.

Now, it will be admitted that it is a poor year for Indian corn that does not yield $25 an acre to a Western farmer, generally. This is not so much as the broom-corn, certainly, but then there is not half the labor, and of course not half the expense, to say nothing of the very trying annoyances to which the farmer is subjected in preparing it for the purchaser. We can, therefore, safely say that, comparing one crop with the other in growing it and getting it ready for market, $50 or even $60 per acre for broom-corn would pay no better. Hence, the conclusions drawn from these facts are very different from those submitted by the broom corn grower, which, as it is seen, will not bear examination.

It must be remembered that the result of a profitable business is determined by events, as at no business whatever can any one tell with certainty what he can make the most money. The farmer and gardener should, in the first place, attend to those things that everybody wants and that are absolutely sure to sell. As he progresses he can try experiments that promise success, and include such specialties in his series of crops as are likely to be in demand; but in all such cases to risk only to such an extent that he shall not feel it in the event of disappointment. A man of a fair, ordinary degree of sense can usually see his way pretty clear in these things, and will not be likely to be led astray by any undue excitement in any new thing that may be started by speculators. And one of these things, though by no means new, is the sudden clamor about going extensively into broom corn culture.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

Dress and Education.

A little girl appeared at the infant school at Wanborough, Eng., one day not long ago, in a dress which had a narrow flounce at the bottom, thereupon the door was shut in her face because, forsooth, the flounce offended against the rule that infants must come to school "neat and plain in their dress." The child was told to go home and tell her mother that the flounce must be removed; but the mother had no idea of spoiling the dress, and so her worthy husband, Mr. John Balchin, laborer, was presently haled before the justice on the charge of neglecting to send his child to school. In the end it was decided that the defendant must either "take off the flounce" or find another school, and on appeal the educational department declared that it had no power to interfere with the rules of voluntary schools. It is unfortunate that the child should have lost so much schooling, but there is consolation in knowing that a check has been put on the frightful extravagance of the Balchin family in the matter of wearing apparel.

—The Virginia City *Enterprise* tells of a fight that recently occurred in that city between a cat and a hive of bees, in which the bees got decidedly the best of it. The cat's attention was attracted by the bees, and, thinking they were some new kind of game, dabbed viciously at them as they passed in and out of the hive. At last one day the bees got angry and poured out of the hive by the hundred, and darted for the fur of tabby. The cat rolled herself into a ball, and bit, spluttered and clawed with all her might, but with no effect, as the bees kept stinging as diligently as ever. After a time she was taken away, and was a week recovering from the effect of the stings. She can not be persuaded to go near the hive any more.

The Tall Sycamore of the Wabash.

The special correspondent of the *Indianapolis (Ind.) Journal*, embodied in a recent communication the following from Hon. Daniel W. Voorhees: I consider St. Jacobs Oil a splendid remedy. I suffered from an affection of the back and kidneys, with some rheumatism—in fact it was rheumatism of the back. I used St. Jacobs Oil, and found it very efficacious. It gave me instantaneous relief, and finally cured me completely.

THERE is an anecdote afloat which makes a tender appeal to every man who has had the toothache. We have read it again and again, with tearful eyes, because it brings up so many fond memories of the past. There are few moments in life which will compare with that exquisite one when, seated in the dentist's chair, you see flashing before your amazed eyes the forceps which are about to perform an urgent duty. At that time your birth seems to be the worst thing that ever happened to you. The beads of agony are on your brow, and the smiling operator is a double-dyed demon. When a gentleman on the parlor floor heard a terrible noise, a fall, a crash above him, he inquired if a murder were being committed in the house, and he was a great deal nearer the truth than he dreamed. But his friend quieted his alarm by saying, with a bland smile: "Oh, don't be troubled; that is nothing. The doctor has got another man down and is persuading him to have his tooth out."—*Chicago Herald.*

Thousands of Letters.

The proprietors of that splendid strengthener, Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla, have received thousands of letters praising their medicine. From the testimony of many ladies, the fact is proven that as a female medicine it excels all others. It never fails to relieve that sense of bearing down, that feeling of great bodily exhaustion, that depressed and gloomy state of mind incidental to dysmenorrhea.

IT is a very small potato, either in the vegetable or animal world, that is most likely to be mashed.

Another Life Saved.

Mrs. Harriet Cummings, of Cincinnati, O., writes: Early last winter my daughter was attacked with a severe cold which settled on her lungs. We tried several medicines, none of which seemed to do her any good, but she continued to get worse, and finally raised large amounts of blood from her lungs. We called in a family physician, but he failed to do her any good. We then called in a physician—a most skillful professor in one of our colleges—he said that she could not get well. At this time a friend who had been cured by DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, advised me to give it a trial. We then got a bottle and before she had used it all up she began to improve, and by the use of three bottles was entirely cured.

THE toothless man ought to be a sweet talker, for all his words must of necessity be gum drops.—*Atlanta Constitution.*

,"Test a man's profession by his practice. Physician, heal thyself!" Physicians not only heal themselves with Kidney-Wort, but prescribe it for others for the worst cases of biliousness and constipation, as well as for kidney complaints. If you feel out of sorts and don't know why, try a package of Kidney-Wort and you will feel like a new creature.

THE man who was banged at the yard-arm had his obituary under the head of "Ship noose."

"I'M *happy to say Dr. Benson's Skin Cure has cured my Eczema of the scalp, of four years standing.*" John A. Andrews, Att'y at Law, Ashton, Ill. $1 at druggists. Endorsed by physicians.

A COOPER-SHOP must be a sorrowful place. You always find the barrels in tiers.

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A GOOD-LOOKING lass always desires a good looking-glass.

"WHO is the most finished orator?" asks a correspondent. Well, Demosthenes has been finished about as long as any of them.

CASH advances—Courting a rich widow.

HE was a pretty close man, without doubt. At breakfast he cut an egg in two and gave the new hired man one-half of it. The help ate it and held out his plate for more. "What!" gasped the host, "want a hull egg!" "Of course I do," said the man. The boss stared blankly at him a moment, and then pushing the half-egg across the table snappishly cried: "Take it, eat it, and kill yourself!" The man ate it, and is still alive.—*Bailey's Budget.*

"WASN'T the boss a little full last night?" asked a customer of the barber who was shaving him. "Full! Well I should smile. Why, he was so drunk that he tried to find out where he lived by looking in the dictionary."

HOW QUICKLY a limb of the law branches out.

THE pecan worm is "the hole thing in a nutshell."

THE woman who is interviewed by a sewing-machine salesman suffers more or less from sewer-gas.—*Boston Commercial Bulletin.*

NO MATTER what may be said of American manners, their customs were good for $220,000,000 last year.

A "SWELL" banquet—dried apples and water.

A YOUNG ladies' seminary blew up the other day down East. It is supposed that a spark got into the powder-room.—*Grit.*

PATENT medicines are now made that will cure everything except hams.—*Philadelphia Chronicle.*

A MAN told his tailor that he wouldn't pay for "that last epilepsy." It was discovered that the man meant "bad fit."

THE best fire escape is when your wife gets up in the morning and makes it.—*Boston Post.*

"Female Complaints."

DR. R. V. PIERCE, Buffalo, N. Y.: *Dear Sir*—I was sick for six years, and could scarcely walk about the house. My breath was short and I suffered from pain in my breast and stomach all the time; also from palpitation and an internal fever, or burning sensation, and experienced frequent smothering or choking sensations. I also suffered from pain low down across my bowels and in my back, and was much reduced in flesh. I have used your "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Favorite Prescription," and feel that I am well.

Very respectfully,
DELILAH B. MCMILLAN, Arlington, Ga.

THE latest thing in homes—Husbands.—*N. Y. Journal.*

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are treated with unusual success by World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y. Send stamp for pamphlet.

A MAN'S mind is like his bed. It must be made up occasionally.

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THE man who was "largely instrumental" was probably of a mechanical turn of mind.

"DR. BENSON'S Celery and Chamomile Pills for the cure of Neuralgia are a success."—Dr. G. P. Holman, Christianburg, Va. 50 cents at druggists.

A TELEGRAPH wire is like a mustache. It is of no use when it is down.—*N. O. Picayune.*

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ONE way to give a man "a chance to rise in the world"—knock him down.

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A BOARD full of nails is the worst we ever saw.—*N. Y. News.*

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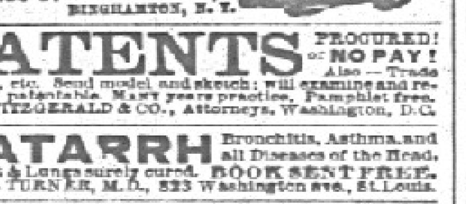
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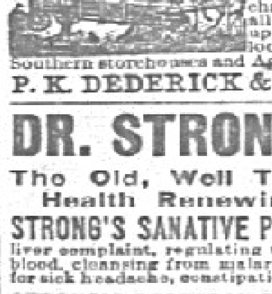
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