

There's No Use

Sending out of town, for Job Printing, you can get it done just as nice and just as cheap here.

The Star Job Office.

The Baird Star.

Our Motto: "TIS NEITHER BIRTH, NOR WEALTH, NOR STATE; BUT THE GIT-UP-AND-GIT THAT MAKES MEN GREAT."

Money to Lend on Land

Long time—Low rate of interest. Vendor's lien notes bought taken up and extended.
B. L. RUSSELL

VOLUME NO. 26.

BAIRD, CALLAHAN COUNTY, TEXAS, FRIDAY, OCT., 3, 1913.

NO. 43



ROYAL SOCIETY

PACKAGE OUTFITS

CONTAINS THE NEWEST IDEAS IN NEEDLEWORK.

Just received a large and new assortment of the newest ideas. Infant's Wear, Lingerie shown is thoroughly practical. Each package is complete, containing in addition to the stamped article sufficient embroidery floss in the correct size and twist to complete the embroidery. Carefully prepared working instructions included in each package, making it possible for even a beginner to execute the embroidery. The materials used are absolutely the best obtainable for the various uses. A closely woven chalk finish nainsook for all Underwear articles. A real linen finish lawn for Shirt Waists. The most effective art fabrics for Pillows, Scarfs, etc.



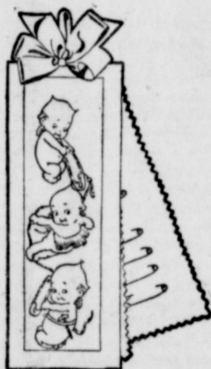
Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Department

We are showing a beautiful line of Ladies Coats, Suits and Dresses for Fall in the very newest materials and models at exceptionally low prices.

Ladies' Tailored Suits

We represent the Mandel-Weil Company and the Palmer Garment. Both do high-class work. Let us take your order for a tailored suit.

You are cordially invited to come in and see the new fashions, the pretty displays and above all note the low prices throughout our store. A welcome to all.



Kewpie Package Outfits

Everybody tells us we're the cutest, most lovable little creatures ever made to smile at people and make them smile. We came from Rose O'Neal's pen, then we've been dolls for the children, and now embroidery designs for the grown ups. You can only get us in Royal Society Package Outfits, for Rose O'Neal arranged so that we would belong to the famous Royal Society family of needlework designs. Kewpie Package Outfits are made in a charming line of Pillows, Dresser Scarfs, Bibs, Fancy Bags and other novelties.

Phone No. 10

B. L. BOYDSTUN

Baird. Texas

NOTICE, W. O. W.

We will go to Clyde Sunday afternoon to unveil Gov. Dee Williams' monument and we want all the Woodmen that can go. The ceremony will be at 4 p. m.

J. R. Black, Clerk.

Until Nov. 10th I can make this special club rate on the following magazines: Woman's Home Companion, Delineator and Ladies World all three, for \$2.80. I have 34 other clubs as good.—Miss John Gilliland, at THE STAR office.

EULA LOCALS.

Eula, Sept. 25—Good morning Uncle Billie, as we are having a big rain this morning, we will try and write a few happenings in and around Eula. We have had a good rain, I guess it will be a great help. People who want to sow wheat will be all right. Late feed will now make, but oh my, this cotton that was blown out on the ground. I guess it is gone and there was quite a lot blown out. We should have had had this rain in August.

Farmers are all awful busy picking cotton. I think cotton will make more than we thought it would the first of September.

Leonard Farmer passed through Eula en route to Clyde with three bales of cotton.

H. E. Jones was in Clyde Wednesday selling cotton.

Quite a bunch of people attended the show at Abilene. All report a good time.

Tee Bouch, of Clyde, was visiting in Eula Sunday.

Robt. Ferguson, of Dallas, visited home folks Saturday and Sunday. Morris Edwards, of Seattle, Washington, visited his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Edwards.

W. L. Harris made a business trip Clyde Wednesday.

J. W. McEachern made a business trip to Abilene.

Mr. and Mrs. Morris visited home folks at Clyde, Sunday.

B. S. Adams made a business trip to Abilene the first of the week.

Patsie.

Notice.—I will be in Baird Monday to take measures for the Spirella Corset.

Miss Nola Whitley, Corsetiere.

FEDERATED CHURCH SOCIETIES.

The Federated Societies met at the Baptist Church September 22d. Thirty-two ladies answered the roll call.

Mrs. Fulton led the devotional meeting. Civic improvement was the subject for the meeting. Mrs. Floyd had a very interesting paper on the subject. As we now have a Civic League organized, we will leave that feature of our work to that organization. We hope to do some charitable work for our county. Any one having good clothes not needed let us use it in our box for that purpose. Phone or see Mrs. Waddill or Mrs. Hall what you have or send it these parties and they will see that it is properly used.

Let every one look through your cast away clothes and send to us. Winter will soon be here. Let us help the needy.

The next regular meeting will be held at the Presbyterian Church, Dec. 29th. All ladies of the town are urged to come and be with us.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to express our heartfelt thanks to the Woodmen Circle of Putnam and Baird and also to the many kind friends for their sympathy and assistance during the sickness, death and burial of our beloved wife and mother.

J. E. Steadham and family. Putnam, Texas, Oct. 1, 1913.

STRAYED—from Haskell, Texas, Sunday night September 28th two ponies, one black mare with white star in fore, weigh about 700 lbs. The other a sorrel roan horse, with white fore, brand on left hip, weigh about 800 lbs. If found please hold and notify J. S. McMullen, Abilene Texas, Box 16.

NOTICE SINGERS.

The next session of the U. S. A. will be at Putnam, Oct. 11 and 12, 1913. Let each class appoint their delegates to be present at 2 o'clock p. m. on the 11th without fail as all business must be attended to on Saturday.

unday. We are sending special invitations to Prof. R. H. Cornelius of Midlothian, Texas; M. D. Ussery of Abilene and other noted singers to be present. Come one and all.

H. C. Norworthy, Pres. Geo. B. Scott, Secy.

New Goods for Fall



are arriving daily and you'll surely enjoy seeing the latest arrivals.

A more splendid showing than we have ever had for your inspection now awaits your approval here.

Come and look the newest things over whether you want to buy or not. An inspection will prove very interesting. Today is a good time.

DRISKILL BROS.

Everything for Men to Wear

Your Groceries

should be carefully selected. Remember the health of your household depends greatly upon the purity of the food they eat. Give them the purest to be had. Our Groceries are carefully selected and we buy only the best. "Let us be your groceryman." Careful attention given all orders. Prompt delivery. Give us a trial.

PHONES 114 & 4

TIDWELL BROS.

FANCY AND STAPLE GROCERIES
FEED, FRUITS, VEGETABLES, ETC.

"The Sanitary Grocery Store"

HERE AGAIN Bigger and Better Than Ever STATE FAIR of TEXAS

DALLAS, Oct. 18th to Nov. 2nd



WILL AUTHORIZE THE USUAL EXCURSION RATES

See Your Local Agent for Particulars Concerning Special Rates Train Service.

A. D. BELL,
Asst. Gen. Pass Agt

GEO. D. HUNTER
DALLAS, TEXAS Gen. Pass. Agt

REPORT ON CONVICT DEATHS

"Would Not Have Occurred If Orders to Officials Had Been Objected," Says Cabell.

Austin, Texas.—Gov. Colquitt made public the report which Hon. Ben E. Cabell, late chairman of the board of prison commissioners, has made of the investigation conducted by him just before his retirement from office, into the recent death of eight convicts in a dark cell at Harlem state farm.

The report proper is largely a letter of transmittal, accompanied by documents showing the rules and orders of the commission in respect to dark cells. Mr. Cabell says:

"I feel that if all instructions given by the prison commissioners to managers and physicians had been carried out, there would have been no convicts smothered to death in the dark cell, a most unfortunate affair and one always to be remembered in prison history."

DALLAS GETS BANKERS' MEETING

Congressman Sumners Makes Final Speech in Behalf of City.

Richmon, Va.—After one of the most spirited fights ever made in this city to capture a National convention, the young men from Dallas defeated Hartford, Conn., for the honor of entertaining the 1914 gathering of the American Institute of Banking. The vote cast by the delegates was about two to one in favor of the Texas city.

Although heavily outnumbered by their opponents, the Dallas men appeared to have the advantage in organization and general effectiveness, and their work was rounded out by a masterly final appeal made on the convention floor by Congressman Hattin W. Sumners, who came down from Washington for the purpose immediately after the passage of the currency bill in the house.

The Dallas convention will probably be held some time during the month of September, 1914.

Former Missouri Governor Appointed

Washington.—Joseph W. Folk, former governor of Missouri, has been appointed solicitor for the state department. Secretary Bryan, in a formal announcement, declared that Mr. Folk was not an aspirant for the position, but that the office was tendered him because of his fitness for the position. President Wilson sent to the senate Mr. Folk's nomination.

Widowed Sisters Die Arm in Arm.

Wooster, Ohio.—Two widowed sisters, Mrs. Emma Zehner, aged 50, and Mrs. L. E. Benjamin, aged 45, walked together in front of a Baltimore and Ohio train at Creston and were instantly killed. The sisters, walking arm in arm and carrying umbrellas, failed to see the approaching train because of a heavy rain. Their bodies, hurled 50 feet, were found still arm in arm.

Big Fire at Little Rock.

Little Rock, Ark.—Fire which gutted the three-story brick building of the Fletcher Coffee and Spice Company caused a loss which officers of the company estimated at \$100,000.

Bridal Couple Burns to Death.

Boston.—Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Hurley, who had been married only a few weeks, were burned to death in a fire that swept through a three-story brick building on East Brookline street.

Ice Pack Carries Vessel from Course.

Washington.—The revenue cutter Bear, moored to a menacing iceberg and completely wedged in by heavy floes or Arctic ice drifting in a swirling current toward the North Pole, narrowly escaped destruction on her annual cruise from Nome to Point Barrow, Alaska, America's most northerly settlement in the frigid zone. Capt. J. G. Ballinger, commanding the Bear, recounts harrowing experiences of his vessel, unmanageable in the vice-like grip of the ice pack and dependent on favorable winds to reach a point of safety.

Ship Cattle to California.

San Angelo, Texas.—It is expected at least a thousand head of West Texas steers will be shipped to California points for sale. Better market conditions are said to prevail there at the present time. This is the first time since 1849 that West Texas cattle have gone to the Pacific coast country to secure a better market.

Savings Deposits Large.

Austin, Texas.—A condensed statement of the condition of the savings department of the 25 state banks maintaining savings departments at the close of business on Aug. 30, 1913, issued by the commissioner of insurance and banking, shows savings deposits amounting to \$2,714,462.46 and actual cash on hand \$494,419.42.

Sole Survivor of San Jacinto Dies.

Austin, Texas.—W. P. Zuber, known as the last survivor of the Texas army at San Jacinto, is dead. He died Monday at the home of a daughter in this city. He was 93 years of age and had lived all but ten of it in Texas. He, with Alonzo Steele, who died a few months ago in Limestone county, were well known as the last survivors of San Jacinto. For two years Mr. Zuber has been in poor health, he having suffered a stroke of paralysis 14 months ago.

WILSON SEES SUCCESS OF MEXICAN POLICY

CLAIMS CANDIDACY OF GAMBOA UPHOLDS ITS TWO CHIEF PURPOSES.

WILL AWAIT MORE RESULTS

President to Delay Decision Whether Choice of Election Will Be Recognized by United States.

Washington.—President Wilson has taken the position that the policy of moral suasion adopted by the United States toward Mexico had accomplished its two cardinal purposes—to obtain assurances that there would be a constitutional election and that Provisional President Huerta would not be a candidate to succeed himself.

Advices received here describing in detail the preparations being made for the election Oct. 26 and stating also that Gen. Huerta would not be a candidate, but would support Frederico Gamboa, Mexican minister of foreign affairs, the nominee of the Catholic party, encouraged President Wilson and Secretary Bryan to believe that the Huerta government is carrying out what the United States emphasized in the Lind negotiations as the essential features of a satisfactory settlement of the revolutionary trouble.

The president realizes that it will not be immediately possible to judge whether the process of the election are actually constitutional and will withhold decision for some time as to whether the choice of that election will be recognized by the United States.

Likelihood that foreign governments will await the judgment of the United States before extending recognition is being impressed upon the Mexican authorities, it is said, with a view to insuring free choice. However, doubt as to the value of the coming election as expressing the will of the Mexican people was cast by constitutionalist headquarters here in the issuance of a statement saying its supporters, extending over many Mexican states, would not go to the polls.

Many persons familiar with the purpose of the administration here predicted that the next step in the policy of the United States would be an effort to show indirectly to the constitutionalists the necessity of participating in the election.

Fort Worth Gets Farmers' Convention.

Plano, Ill.—Led by William A. Bowen, of Arlington, Texas, the Fort Worth delegation won the fight for the next convention of the Farmers' National Congress over St. Paul, Omaha, Mobile and Waterloo, Iowa. W. P. Young of Blossom; J. C. Lindsey, secretary of the Texas agricultural department, and D. C. Welty of Longview, the other Texas delegates, stood by Mr. Bowen, capturing the convention city after a spirited contest. The congress will meet in Fort Worth during the Fat Stock Show in 1914.

TO RECLAIM 78,000,000 ACRES.

Government Begins Work, Aided by Bankers, Railroads and States.

New York.—Efforts to reclaim 78,000,000 acres of morasses and swamp land throughout the United States and make them worth \$10,000,000,000, were begun in this city last week, when a special investigator for the department of agriculture at Washington, and representing Franklin K. Lane, secretary of agriculture, held conferences with the heads of several railroads that own or control vast areas of waste land along the Mississippi river basin, the Atlantic seaboard and the Sacramento and San Joaquin valleys in California.

The railroads promised their full co-operation with the government, even expressing a willingness to pay for the drainage of their privately owned lands if the government will pay for the drainage of the adjoining public lands.

Railroad in Fine Shape.

St. Louis, Mo.—President B. N. Bush of the Missouri Pacific-Iron Mountain railway system in his annual report says that a deficit of approximately \$2,000,000 last year has been transformed into a net income exceeding \$1,500,000. The report says a total operating revenue for the year closing June 30 was \$62,000,000, an increase of \$7,000,000. The report says the total operating revenue for the year closing June 30 was \$62,000,000, an increase of \$7,000,000 over that last year, and the total operating expenses were \$44,600,000, an increase of more than \$3,000,000.

Tug Passes Gatun Lock Into Lake.

Panama.—The most important step thus far taken toward the operation of the Panama canal took place Friday when the sea-going tugboat, Gatun, drawing twelve and a half feet of water, was successfully passed through the Gatun locks and floated on the bosom of Gatun lake. This was the first attempt made to operate the locks on the canal and the result was highly pleasing to Col. Goethals, chairman of the canal commission, and canal officials generally.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE.

The State of Texas
County of Callahan

In the District Court of Brown County, Texas, Willie Preston et al Plaintiffs vs J. D. Allgood, defendant, cause No. 2898 on the docket of said court: Whereas, by virtue of an Execution and Order of Sale issued out of the District Court of Brown County, Texas, on a judgment rendered in said court on the 2nd day of July A. D. 1913, in favor of said Willie Preston and Jimmie Preston and against the said J. D. Allgood, in said cause No. 2898 on the docket of said court, I did on the 11th day of September A. D. 1913 levy upon the following described parcels and tracts of land situated in the county of Callahan and State of Texas, belonging unto the said J. D. Allgood, to-wit: An undivided one-half interest in and to 160 acres of land situated in Callahan County, Texas, known as the J. J. Preston Pre-emption, granted to said J. J. Preston by patent dated February 2nd A. D. 1897, the same being located about five miles south from the town of Baird in said county and State and known as the J. J. Preston 160 acres. And on the 7th day of October A. D. 1913, the same being the First Tuesday of said month, between the hours of ten o'clock a. m. and four o'clock p. m. on said day, at the court house door of said Callahan County Texas, in the town of Baird, I will offer for sale and sell at public auction for cash all the right, title and interest of the said J. D. Allgood in and to said property.

Dated at Baird, Texas, this the 11th day of September A. D. 1913.
F. F. Rains,
Sheriff Callahan County, Texas.

SOLICITING SUBSCRIPTIONS.

I am soliciting subscriptions, both new and renewals, for the following magazines and would appreciate your orders. If I do not see you phone either No. 6 or No. 8, and I will call for your orders:

The Ladies' Home Journal \$1.50 yr
The Saturday Evening Post \$1.50 yr
The Country Gentleman, \$1.50 yr.
The Woman's Magazine, \$.75 per yr.
Pictorial Review, \$1.00 per yr.
Woman's Home Companion, \$1.50 yr
The Delineator, \$1.50 per yr.
And several Club offers.

Miss John Gilliland, Baird,

The Public School is one of the greatest factor in our country. When reinforced by good, wholesome, reliable, newspapers, it gives the American child a practical education. Without the aid of newspapers the public school can not give a boy or girl, that degree of general intelligence that you wish your children to have. You can now get The Baird Star and The Dallas Seme. Weekly Farm New for one year, three papers a week, for \$1.75. We accept and receipt for subscriptions at this office. Do the ordering and take all the risk.

Wanted.—Your new or renewal subscriptions to The Ladies' Home Journal and Saturday Evening Post.—Miss John Gilliland.

Old Papers for Sale.—At The Star office. Can be used for putting under carpets, in shelves, etc. 25cts per hundred.

AMERICAN BEAUTY AND MADAME GRACE CORSETS

Exclusively Made by KALAMAZOO CORSET COMPANY

Any figure, however difficult to fit, can find among these satisfactory and stylish corsets, just the correct model that will surely give the greatest pleasure to its wearer. With an American Beauty or Madame Grace Corset available it is extremely easy to find complete comfort and corset gratification. To those who have not yet tried one of these corsets we emphatically urge them to purchase one when next in need of a good corset.

American Beauty Corsets, \$1.00 and upwards.
Madame Grace Corsets, \$3.00 and above.
We cordially invite you to look through our complete stock.

B. L. BOYDSTUN

PROFESSIONAL CARDS

R. G. POWELL,
Physician and Surgeon.
Office over Holmes Drug Co.
BAIRD, TEXAS.

T. FRASER,
Physician and Surgeon.
Diseases of Females and Infants Specialty. Office at Residence.
Phone 80.
BAIRD, TEXAS.

R. L. GRIGGS
Physician and Surgeon
Office with Holmes Drug Co.
Will answer calls day or night. Office Phone No. 11. Residence Phone No. 131.

OTIS BOWYER
ATT'Y-AT-LAW
Office in rear of Odd Fellows' Hall.
Practice in all State Courts

F. S. Bell
Attorney-at-Law
Will Practice in all State Courts.
Up-stairs, Home National Bank Bldg
Baird, Texas

W. R. Ely
Attorney-at-Law.
Will practice in all State Courts.
Land Titles examined and Perfected
Office at Court House.

H. H. Ramsey,
DENTIST.
have the 20th Century Apparatus the latest and best for PAINLESS EXTRACTION.
All other work pertaining to dentistry
Office up stairs in Telephone Bldg.
BAIRD, TEXAS.

V. E. HILL
DENTIST
Office Up-Stairs in Cooke Building
Baird, Texas.

MISCELLANEOUS CARDS

W. HOMER SHANKS
8 per ct. Loans and Abstracts
Notary Public
Vendors' Lien Notes Bought.

City Bakery
Furnishes pure and healthy Bread and Rolls, made of the very best material on the Market, absolutely free of alum or any other substitute. Fresh every day. Also a variety of Cakes. Phone 116.
O. NITSCHKE, Proprietor.

E. C. Fulton's
BARBER SHOP
Hair Cut 25c. Shampoo 25c.
Massage 25c. Singing 25c.
Shave 15c. Bath 25c.
Tonics 10c and 15c
We solicit your trade. First-class work and cordial treatment to all.

HOT AND COLD BATHS
Laundry Basket leaves Monday and Wednesday; returns Wednesday and Saturday.

Laundry Notice.
Basket leaves Mondays and Wednesdays. Returns Wednesdays and Saturdays. We are prepared to give you the very lowest prices and best service.
E. C. Fulton.
38 Phone 239.

FURNITURE

I have a beautiful line of up-to-date Furniture, Carpets, Art Squares, Rugs, etc., and invite my friends and the public to come in and see my line.

GEO. B. SCOTT.

THE HOME LUMBER CO.

ALL HOME PEOPLE.

We carry a full stock of Lumber, Shingles and Builder's supplies. See us before you buy anything in this line.

W. M. COFFMAN, Mgr.

R. G. HALSTED

Dealer In

STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES, FEED, CHOPS, BRAN AND HAY, CHINAWARE, GLASSWARE, TABLETS, PENCILS

I solicit a share of your trade. Low Prices and Fair Dealing. Prompt Delivery to all parts of the city.

WILL BUY YOUR CREAM. SEE ME ABOUT THIS.

PHONE 121

The Home Paper

Gives you the reading matter in which you have the greatest interest—the home news. Its every issue will prove a welcome visitor to every member of the family. It should head your list of newspaper and periodical subscriptions.

The Largest Magazine in the World.

Russell Hart

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER

Repairing Promptly and Neatly Executed. Prices to suit the times.

Market Street Baird, Texas

Today's Magazine is the largest and best edited magazine published at 50c per year. Five cents per copy at all newsdealers. Every lady who appreciates a good magazine should send for a free sample copy and premium catalog. Address, Today's Magazine, Canton, Ohio. 14-a

A NOTICE TO PARENTS WHO HAVE CHILDREN IN SCHOOL



DO NOT NEGLECT THE CHILD'S EYES

To get the best results with study a child should be free from eye strain, which causes nervousness and headache and keeps the child from studying as it should. We fit the Eye and guarantee to give satisfaction and here to change the lenses at any time should they not prove satisfactory : : : : :

BEWARE OF THE TRAVELING FAKER

Who claims to be an optician and tells you he will be back. They never come and if so so seldom that you have to suffer inconvenience and await their pleasure to come back. So if you need glasses buy them from one that is with you 365 days each year. : :

YOUR EYES WILL BE EXAMINED FREE AT ANY TIME.

We Have Tablets, Pencils, Book Carriers, Straps, Pens, Ink, Companions, Etc.

UMBRELLAS

We have them in Gold and Silver Handles guaranteed for 10 years. Covers all silk guaranteed for two years.

If You Would Buy

buy Cut Glass---the real cut glass---see our line, which is the best and is not pressed glass recut, but each piece designed by artists and cut from patterns.

It is Not Necessary

to tell you about our Drugs as you know we handle and use only the best and our Prescription Department is always in competent hands.

Penslar
TRADE NAME

"A Name to Remember." All the Famous "Penslar" Remedies are sold here

THE PENSLAR STORE

J. H. TERRELL

The Druggist and Jeweler. Phone 91. Baird, Texas.

ALWAYS REFERRED TO AS THE BEST

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year.....\$1.00
Six Months.....50cts
Terms: Cash in advance.

TO ADVERTISERS To insure insertion for the current week copy for all display ads must be in this office not later than Tuesday. No notices, or advertising of any kind will be accepted, for the current week, after 12 M. Thursday. Please remember this.

Four weeks constitute a month, for display ads. When display ads run three months or longer the calendar month is used. Locals 5cts per line each insertion.

The Clyde Enterprise commenting on an article in THE STAR September 6th says no doubt a majority of the readers of THE STAR thought the article was a contribution and asks if that was not the idea we intended to convey. Editor Kerr would not have asked such a question if he really knew our opinion of any one who will hide behind a nom de plume to attack an opponent. We do our fighting in the open and never shirk any responsibility. We wrote the article referred to and said so in the issue of September 5th. If that does not satisfy you it would be useless for us to say any more on that subject. Editor Kerr says he is satisfied a majority of our readers thought it was a contribution; but he and one of his contributors are all that we ever heard of so construing it, and if he will read the article again as a newspaper man he ought to be ashamed of himself for saying it was either a contribution or intended as such. We have nothing but contempt for any newspaper man who will write articles for his paper and palm them off on his readers as contributions. Such an editor ought to have his brains knocked out of the seat of his pants with a stocking of hot mush.

ANOTHER MARE'S NEST.

There are a lot of things we don't know, but we do know that the VOTERS of Callahan are not going to stand for the breweries and whiskey houses meddling with our local elections to any considerable extent—not on your life. The worst they can do is to put the county to the expense of another election in which the pro majority would be increased.—Clyde Enterprise.

The breweries and whiskey interests are not meddling with "our local elections;" never contributed a cent to the anti campaign fund, all reports to the contrary, and there is no necessity for Editor Kerr having night horses about what imaginary breweries or whiskey houses have done or are doing. The election is over and it is time to get down to earth again. Talk about outside meddlers in our local option elections the pros are responsible for ten times more of this than the antis ever were in this county. Every election we have had in this county paid emissaries of the Anti Saloon League have butted into our election contests. In this one they had our District Judge, District Attorney, State Senator and two preachers from Abilene gallivanting all over the county telling our people how they should vote.

Not one of these gentlemen have any interest in this county, yet they used their official positions to influence voters in strictly local affairs that does not concern them, but this is all right from Editor Kerr's standpoint but all wrong for the other side to do this.

The antis pulled off this campaign without any campaign funds, never had a speech or issued a circular, while the pros were moving heaven and earth saying they were in the hardest battle of their lives, and only increased their majority 29 votes and naturally they feel chagrined at the result. They cannot understand why nearly eight hundred voters could walk up to the polls and cast a free ballot without

some subtle, malign influence. Hence Editor Kerr's tirade against the liquor interest. This is one election that the liquor interest never took any part in in this county, and any report that they did is not true.

The Houston Post is insisting that Texas needs a business man for Governor. Didn't the Post introduce us to Oscar Branch as a business man?—Waco Times-Herald.

Well, what's the matter with Oscar Branch? What Texas needs is a business legislature that will work, and not play politics all the time. If we could get a real business legislature the state could be redistricted into Congressional districts, something they have twice failed to do. True the 32nd legislature did pass a senatorial redistricting bill; but it was an infernal outrageous gerrymander and Gov. Colquitt very probably killed it with his veto ax.

LAST OF HOUSTON'S ARMY.

Col. W. P. Zuber of Austin, the last survivor of the battle of San Jacinto, passed away a few days ago at the advanced age of 93. While not an actual participant in the battle, not his fault as he was on special detail, but was a member of Gen. Houston's Army at San Jacinto. It is sad to realize that not a single soldier that won independence for Texas at that famous battle is living. The writer remembers when a boy, in Washington County, that San Jacinto veterans were so common that they attracted little notice.

The silent years glided away and only a few were left and now all are gone. Capt. A. J. (Jack) Berry, one of Callahan County's most highly esteemed citizens, who unfortunately died from an accident met with in Baird some fifteen years ago, was in the battle, a member of Co. C. Capt. Jesse Billingsley's Co., 1st Reg., Volunteers, Col. Edward Burleson's Regiment, Capt. Jack Berry, "Uncle Jack" as he was known to all his friends, was a boy only 17 years old when he took part in the battle.

The battle was fought 77 years ago last April and now the last survivor, Col. Zuber who was only 16 years old at that time is dead. Had Uncle Jack Berry lived until this time, which was probable as he was hale and hearty when he met with the accident that cost him his life, he would be 94 years old, one year older than Col. Zuber.

It is said that Napoleon from an eminence was once viewing his magnificent army of near half a million men, which at that time was the most powerful army in all Europe, consisting of seasoned veterans, never having met with a serious defeat under the master military genius of all the ages. After looking long and silently upon his magnificent army camped below, he suddenly burst into tears. Members of his staff were dumfounded at this seeming manifestation of weakness of their Commander and some one hastily inquired what was the matter. "Just to think," said the great Frenchman, "not a single soldier of this magnificent army will be alive one hundred years from this time." The realization of the brief span of human life struck the great military leader with overwhelming force as his eyes took in the great military assembly camped before him in the valley below.

When a boy we remember seeing a number of Napoleons old soldiers who were proud of their famous commander, but long before the century passed they were gathered to their fathers.

According to John Henry Brown's history 835 Texans were in the battle of San Jacinto or on duty that day and the last one of the 835 men has just died, a few months over 77 years after the battle was fought.

As we contemplate the death of the last of the San Jacinto heroes, many of whom in after years rose to prominence and power in the state and nation, calls to mind the lines of Grays Elegy.

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth ever gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave."

CITY ORDINANCE.

Be it ordained by the City Council of the City of Baird:

Sanitary Laws.

Article 59. That if any person shall sweep out or deposit on any of the sidewalks, streets or alleys of Baird any loose papers, filth or trash of any kind and permit the same to remain there, or any slop or dishwater, he shall be fined in any sum not exceeding Five Dollars.

Article 60. That all persons shall deposit in a heap or pile all of their dirt, trash or loose papers and burn the same as hereinafter provided, and any person violating this article shall be fined in any sum not exceeding Five Dollars.

Article 61. That a nuisance is defined to be anything or any condition of things that may be offensive to or impair the health of, or to interfere with the comfort of the people of the City of Baird or anything from which offensive odors are emitted or may be dangerous to persons or property.

Article 62. It shall be unlawful for any person within the limits of said City to create or cause to be created or permit to exist or remain upon his premises owned, used or controlled by him, any nuisance of any kind whatever.

Article 63. It shall be unlawful for any person in the City of Baird to keep or permit to be kept in, on or about any premises owned or controlled by him, any privy, privy box, privy drawer or other like vessel in such manner as to be unsightly, unhealthy, unwholesome or offensive to any person. And such person shall keep attached firmly to such privy and in good repair, a wooden drop or blind so as to hide from view anything therein and to prevent the escape therefrom of any paper or other thing, and such person shall provide for his privy, box or boxes to catch any deposit.

Article 64. It shall be unlawful to keep or permit to be kept on premises owned or controlled by any person any privy, privy vault, or sink so constructed that surface water may run therein.

Article 65. That it shall be unlawful for any person to remove any box or other thing containing the contents from any privy or anything creating a nuisance, or any dead animal to any point within the City Limits or within Four Hundred Yards from any point of the Boundary line of the City of Baird, and there to permit the same to remain in such manner as to be offensive or unwholesome, such contents, nuisance or animal, shall be buried or burned by such person.

Article 66. That all privy boxes or vessels used for like purposes in the City of Baird shall be moved at the expense of the owner or controller of the premises upon which the same is situated at least once every month.

Article 67. That the owner or controller of any such premises in the City of Baird on which a privy or privies are situated, shall thoroughly cover or cause to be covered with sand, lime, ashes or other disinfectant, each day, all deposits made therein.

Article 68. It shall be unlawful for any person in the City of Baird to throw, place or deposit, or permit any person, to throw, place or deposit in or on any street, alley, gutter, ditch, lot or other place the carcasses of any dead animal, fowl, or any meat, fish, hides, skins, bones, offal, dung, manure, fruit, vegetables, melons, rinds, fruit peelings, slop or any unsound or offensive matter, or anything liable to become offensive or injurious to the health or safety to the people of said City, and to allow such substance to remain in or on any such places owned or controlled by him, or to throw, place, permit, or cause to be thrown or placed or permitted by any person upon any public place or upon premises or places not owned or controlled by such person, any tin can, or anything of the kind, any glass, bottles or trash of whatsoever kind; provided however, that dead fowls may be buried by such persons on their premises, not less than one foot deep under the earth.

Article 69. That it shall be unlawful for any person in the City of

Baird to permit to be kept or to keep on any premises owned or controlled by him, anything in such manner as to be unhealthy, offensive, or a nuisance to the people in that vicinity of said City, so that foul, offensive, unwholesome liquid, or any substance may flow, or be discharged therefrom upon any place private or public, street, alley, ditch, lot or other adjacent ground.

Article 70. That it shall be unlawful for any person in the City of Baird to carry or permit any stagnant water to remain or accumulate in, or upon any premises owned or controlled by him.

Article 71. That it shall be unlawful for any person in the City of Baird to carry on or permit to be carried on, or be interested in carrying on any trade or occupation which is dangerous or injurious to the health of the people in that vicinity.

Article 72. That it shall be unlawful for any person to throw or deposit or to permit to be thrown or deposited, on his premises, or any lot, yard, street, alley, square or other place in the City of Baird, any excrement from any sick person, but such person shall bury such excrement not less than one foot in the earth.

Article 73. No privy in the City of Baird shall be cleaned out by any one before nine o'clock P. M.

Article 74. When any animal shall have been killed by any engine, train of cars, or otherwise within the incorporated limits of the City of Baird; it shall be unlawful for the Railroad or persons so killing said animals to permit the carcass of the same to remain within the limits of said corporation, but said Railway or such person shall remove said animal as herein provided.

Article 75. That any person dealing in or with any vegetables, fruits or groceries within the limits of said city shall have the same protected from flies and other insects by wire screen, netting or other sufficient covering.

Article 76. That all thrash, dirt, papers and other things moved, swept or placed by any person on any sidewalk, street or alley, shall be immediately moved therefrom or burned so as to prevent any sparks or pieces of paper from escaping.

Article 77. That hereafter it shall be unlawful for any person to permit any deposit from any animal owned or used by him and hitched to the sidewalk to remain there or anywhere to become offensive, but the place where said animals are so hitched shall be kept clean and in a healthful condition, and free from any odor by the owner or controller thereof.

Article 78. That it shall be unlawful for any person to refuse or fail to keep clear from all obstructions any gutter or street drain running by his premises so that the flow of water shall not be prevented.

Article 79. That any person who, in any way, shall violate any of these provisions of the several ordinances under this chapter, either by act or omission, shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and upon conviction shall be fined not less than five nor more than One Hundred Dollars, except as hereinbefore provided, and each day that any of said nuisances shall continue, shall constitute a separate offense, and in cases of conviction the judgment shall be held as an order and notice to abate the same.

Article 80. That when any nuisance has been declared to exist and the Mayor has ordered the same abated, corrected or removed, and the author of said nuisance shall fail or refuse to obey such order, the marshal shall proceed to carry out such order and all expenses incurred thereby shall be taxed against the author of said nuisance and collected as other costs.

W. P. Kershner, Mayor.
W. C. Franklin, Secy. 43-1t.

Give me your orders for magazines intended as Christmas presents. I have some attractive club prices good until Nov. 10th.—Miss John Gilliland, at THE STAR office.

Just received a full and complete line of children's coats, prices from \$2.50 to \$8.50. B. L. Boydston. 43

COME HERE FOR YOUR
HARDWARE



My new stock of goods have arrived and I now have a full and complete stock of everything carried in a first-class hardware store. I carry a full line of

SHELF HARDWARE. BUILDER'S SUPPLIES
BLACKSMITH'S SUPPLIES, HARNESS, ETC.

I will be pleased to have you come in look over my new stock of goods and get my prices. No trouble to show goods. Come in.

YOURS TO PLEASE

E. COOKE

THE WEDDING RING



is the most important article of jewelry in a woman's life. Therefore it should be the very best the bridegroom can afford. Our seamless wedding rings come in all weights and degrees of fineness. Bring your bride to be here and have us measure her for the ring that means her and your happiness.

HOLMES DRUG CO.

The Rexall Store. Phone No. 11

Plenty of Money

Loans to place on farms and ranches at 8 per cent interest.

JACKSON & JACKSON

Home National Bank Building

BAIRD,

TEXAS

We Welcome Both Large and Small Depositors.

It matters not what amount of money you have to deposit—we will accept it at this bank. We welcome the small depositor, we extend to him the same consideration and courtesies accorded all our patrons. If you are a farmer and sell your farm products and carry the money home with you, not only your money is in danger, but also your life, because you do not know when you might be robbed. You should put your money in this bank.

The First National Bank of Baird

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS.

J. F. Dyer, President.

Henry James, VicePresident.

W. S. Hinds, Cashier

J. W. Turner, Asst. Cashier.

W. A. Hinds

Tom Windham



We are Showing the Favored Styles for Fall in Suits, Coats and Dresses OUR READY-TO-WEAR DEPARTMENT

Our Ready-to-Wear department has never before been so complete and so attractive as it is now, with truly fashionable Fall Garments. The variety is great, and the style so varied that every woman can choose according to her own ideas, and to suit her own individuality.

Dress Goods and Trimmings

The new Fabrics for Fall cover a wide range of effects. Those which we are now showing are among the prettiest we have ever gathered at this early season. Among these we mention Brocaded and Plain Silk Poplins, Mercerized Poplins, Cotton Ratine, Silk Stripe Crepes, Oriental Crepes. We have a nice line of Fancy Bands, Tassels and Colonial buttons in shades to match the Dress Goods.

New Millinery

In Autumn Millinery we are showing a nice variety. Our selections for fall from well known authoritative sources is meeting the approval of our patrons and the public as never before. We are showing a nice line of dress and street hats in styles that offer every possibility for the full play of individual taste and preference. And you can select a charming graceful, hat here at a very moderate price.

"THE STORE WITH THE NEW GOODS."

WILL D. BOYDSTUN

Dry Goods

Millinery

PERSONAL MENTION

E. C. Hill was in town Monday.
Sheriff Felix Rains made a trip to Granbury last week.
Bowlus has the glass, see him.
Mrs. A. W. Howell and daughter, Miss Cathryn, were in town, Tuesday.
Bowlus has the glass, see him.
Jack Brawner returned from El Paso last week where he spent some time visiting.
The noblest line of Ladies Fall and Winter Coats in Baird, prices \$7.50 to \$20.00. B. L. Boydston.
R. L. Carlisle has sold his home in Baird and will go back on the road again.
J. N. Bowen, of Cottonwood was in town, Monday. He made this office a pleasant call while in the city.

J. C. Blankenship and Joe Smartt of Admiral, were in town this week.
Buy your coal from W. G. Bowlus
See Bowlus for roof paint, 50c per gallon. 43-tf.
Mrs. E. C. Hill and little daughter, Lucille, are spending the week in town.
Tom Windham and daughter and son, Miss Winnie and Master Frank of Oplin, were in town, Tuesday.
Miss Ethel Conner, who is attending the business college at Abilene, spent Sunday at home.
Earl Hall, who is working as an apprentice machinist in the T. & P. shops at Big Springs, spent Sunday in Baird.
"Uncle" Bill Jackson, who has been sojourning at his old home in Kentucky for the past four months, returned home Tuesday morning fresh as a "september morn."

See Bowlus for roof paint, 50c per gallon. 43-tf.
Miss Alice Floyd will leave tomorrow for Cross Plains, where she will again teach in the Public School which opens Monday.
When in need of underwear for yourself or children don't forget that B. L. Boydston has the Munsing wear. 43-tf.
Mrs. L. A. Blakley and children, from Crooked Creek, are spending a few days with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Gilliland, this week.
Capt. J. W. Jones was up from Clear Creek, Monday, and Mrs. Larmer Henry returned home with him for a few days visit.
Coal—Coal—Coal. W. G. Bowlus.
John Walker, who was operated on last week at the T. & P. Hospital at Marshall, for a growth on his arm, is getting along nicely and will be able to come home in a few days.

T. A. Irvin of Oplin was in town yesterday. Al says the late rains is putting the best season in the ground they have had for years.
Mrs. W. B. Taylor and little daughter, Willie Lee, have returned to their home at Tokeen after spending two weeks visiting her sister, Mrs. Ed Sistrunk, of Baird.
Will and Paint Eastham came in this morning from Oklahoma, and went out to Admiral to see their mother, Mrs. Jack Eastham, who has been quite sick for the past two weeks.
The campaign is opening a little earlier in this county than usual; but if candidates have made up their minds to run for some office one time is as good as another and so far as announcements are concerned cost no more in THE STAR for a long than a short time.
For Sale.—A good metal incubator, used only a short time. Phone No. 6.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

We are authorized to announce the following named persons as candidates for office, subject to the Democratic Primary July 1914:

For County Clerk:

Homer Shanks

MARRIED.

Mr. Dennis Hayes, of Putnam, was united in marriage to Miss M. E. Lawler at the residence of the bride's parents six miles north of Trent in Jones county, Sunday, September 29th, 1913, Rev. C. C. Hightower officiating. The bride is the daughter of an honored and respected family of Jones county, formerly of the Dressy community in this county, and the groom is an employe of the Texas & Pacific Ry. Co., at Putnam.

B. Y. P. U. PROGRAM.

Called to Be Saints,
Song, Prayer,
Leader, C. B. Holmes.
1 Cor. 1:1-3; 26:31, by leader.
What is a Saint According to the New Testament?—Katie Foy.
Are We Called to Be Saints?—Mrs. Geo. Scott.
Jesus Bought Us for Saintship.—Mrs. Monroe Dawkins.
Obligation of Saints.—Mrs. M. J. Holmes.
Song, "Holy, Holy, Holy."
Jesus Needs Saints for His Service.—Geo. B. Scott.
Song, Closing Prayer.

Mrs. J. W. Percy returned Tuesday from Texarkana, where she spent a few days visiting her son, Clarence Percy and wife.

FOR SALE.

Good four room house, two large lots in best part of town, a bargain if sold at once.—Jno. Laird. 40-4t

Furnished Rooms.—For rent, also furnished rooms for light house-keeping. Mrs. J. H. Hammans.

Help Wanted.—A middle aged woman for general housework. For further particulars phone 12. 42

Munsing Wear, the kind of underwear that fits perfectly and comfortably for Men, Women and Children. B. L. Boydston. 43-tf.

The best and cheapest line of Ladies Dresses will be found at B. L. Boydston's. All new and latest designs, prices ranging from \$7.50 to \$18.00. 42-2t.

Several officers and members of the Woodmen Circle of Baird went to Putnam, Tuesday, to attend the funeral of Mrs. J. E. Steadham, who died at her home at that place after a long illness.

Monday night, Oct. 6th, Baird Rebekah Lodge No. 112, will meet in regular session and all officers and members are urged to attend.

T. & P. TIME TABLE.

The following is the New Passenger train schedule, at Baird, taking effect, Sunday, August 31st.

East Bound.

No. 2, arrives - 11:35 p. m.
" 4 " - 12:20 p. m.
" 6 " - 1:10 a. m.
No. 8, arrives - 9:10 a. m.

West Bound.

No. 1, arrives - 2:20 a. m.
" 3, " - 4:00 p. m.
" 5, " - 3:30 a. m.
No. 7 arrives - 2:40 p. m.

By the above you will see that trains No. 1. and 2. have been restored.
J. H. Rowley, Agent.

NOTICE. TAX-PAYERS.

I will meet the tax-payers of this county for the purpose of collecting the 1913 taxes as follows:

Cottonwood, Monday, Oct. 12,
Atwell, Tuesday, Oct. 13,
Cross Plains, Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 14, and 15.
Dressy, Friday, October 16,
Putnam, Monday and Tuesday, October 20, and 21,
Oplin, Wednesday, October 22,
Denton, Thursday, October 23,
Clyde, Friday and Saturday, Oct. 24 and 25.

Your poll tax must be paid in person or by your legally authorized representative. You can pay your poll tax without paying all the other taxes, but cannot pay other taxes without paying your poll tax. It will save you trouble to pay when I am at your town.
W. Homer Shanks,
Tax Collector, Callahan Co., Texas.

QUESTION CLUB.

Mrs. L. M. Hadley was hostess to the Question Club last Friday. Bridge was played after which refreshments of chicken salad, sandwiches, pickles, crackers, olives and ice tea, were served to the following: Meadames J. R. Jackson and H. D. Driskill, Misses Nan Bell, Edith Collier, Bernice Foy, Mary Bowyer, Myrtle Boydston.

We call attention to Homer Shank's announcement for county clerk. Mr. Shank's needs no introduction to the voters of this county as he has served as tax collector of this county for the last four years. He discharged the duties of the office efficiently and his courteous, gentlemanly manner to all won him many friends. Mr. Shanks made a good tax collector and will make as good a county clerk, if elected.

Milch Cow and Pigs For Sale.

Extra fine Jersey-Holstein milch cow; also pigs, shoats and hogs for sale. J. H. Terrell. 42-3t.



THE LAUGH WILL BE ON THE BURGLARS

who break into a place and after all their trouble find only a check book instead of the cash they expected. You can disappoint burglars the same way. Deposit your cash with The Home National Bank and it will be absolutely safe from thieves, fire, dampness, rats or any other similar danger. Isn't that security worth having?

The Home National Bank of Baird

S. L. Driskill, Pres. Harry Meyer, V. P. H. Ross, V. P.
T. E. Powell, Cashier
F. L. Driskill, Asst. C. Will C. Franklin, Asst. C.

MOLLY McDONALD

A TALE OF THE FRONTIER



By
RANDALL PARRISH
Author of "Keith of the
Border," "My Lady of
Doubt," "My Lady of the
South," etc. etc.

Illustrations by
V. L. BARNES

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CHAPTER VII.

Plans for Escape.

Desperate as he certainly felt their situation to be, for a moment or two

Hamlin was unable to cast aside the influence of the girl, or concentrate his thoughts on some plan for escape. It may have been the gentle pressure of her hand upon his sleeve, but her voice continued to ring in his ears. He had never been a woman's man, nor was he specially interested in this woman beside him. He had seen her fairly, with his first appreciative glance, when he had climbed into the stage on the preceding day. He had realized there fully the charm of her face, the dark, roguish eyes, the clear skin, the wealth of dark hair. Yet all this was impersonal; however pretty she might be, the fact was nothing to him and never could be. Knowing who she was, he comprehended instantly the social gulf stretching unbridged between them. An educated man himself, with family connections he had long ago ceased to discuss, he realized his present position more keenly than he otherwise might. He had enlisted in the army with no misunderstanding as to what a private's uniform meant. He had never heretofore supposed he regretted any loss in this respect, his nature apparently satisfied with the excitement of active frontier service, yet he vaguely knew there had been times when he longed for companionship with women of the class to which he had once belonged. Fortunately his border stations offered little temptation in this respect, and he had grown to believe that he had actually forgotten. That afternoon even—sweetly far as Miss McDonald undoubtedly appeared—he had looked upon her without the throb of a pulse, as he might upon a picture. She was not for him even to admire—she was Major McDonald's daughter, whom he had been sent to guard. That was all then.

Yet he knew that somehow it was different now—the personal element had entered unwelcomed, into the equation. Sitting there in the dark, Gonzales' body crumpled on the floor at his feet, and Moylan lying stiff and cold along the back seat, with this girl grasping his sleeve in trust, she remained no longer merely the Major's daughter—she had become herself. And she did not seem to care and did not seem to realize that there were barriers of rank, which under other circumstances must so utterly separate them. She liked him, and frankly told him so, not as she would dismiss an inferior with kindness, but as though he was an equal, as though he was a gentleman. Somehow the very tone of her voice, the clinging touch of her hand, sent the blood pumping through his veins. Something besides duty inspired him; he was no longer merely a soldier, but had suddenly become transformed into a man. Years of repression, of iron discipline, were blotted out, and he became even as his birth-right made him. "Molly McDonald," "Molly McDonald," he whispered the name unconsciously to himself. Then his eyes caught the distant flicker of Indian fire, and his teeth locked savagely.

There was something else to be besides dream. Because the girl had spoken pleasantly to no reason why he should act the fool. Angry at himself, he gripped his faculties, and faced the situation, aroused, intent. He must save himself—and her! But how? What plan promised any possibility of success? He had their surroundings in a map before his eyes. His training had taught him to note and remember what others would as naturally neglect. He was a soldier of experience, a plainsman by long training, and even in the fierceness of the Indians' attack on the stage his quick glance had completely visualized their surroundings. He had not appreciated this at the time, but now the topography of the immediate region was unrolled before him in detail; yard by yard it reappeared as though photographed. He saw the widely rutted trail, rounding the bluff at the right a hundred yards away, curving sharply down the slope and then disappearing over the low hill to the left, a slight stream trickling along its base. Below, the short buffalo-grass, sunburned and brittle, ran to the sandy edge of the river, which flowed silently in a broad, shallow, yellow flood beneath the star gleam. Under the protection of that bank, but somewhat to the left, where a handful of stunted cottonwood trees had found precarious foothold in the sand, gleamed the solitary Indian fire. About its embers, no doubt, squatted the chiefs and older warriors, feasting and taking council, while the younger bucks lay, rifles in hand, along the night-enshrouded slope, their cruel, vengeful eyes seeking to distinguish the outlines of the coach against the black curtain of the bluff.

to the bluff it runs too far away for a guard line. The Indians will be lying out here on the open prairie; they will



Something Besides Duty Inspired Him; He Was No Longer Merely a Soldier.

creep as close in as they dare under cover of darkness. I'll bet there are twenty red snakes now within a hundred feet of us—oh, don't shiver and lose your nerve! They'll not try to close that gap yet; it's too dangerous with us on guard and only one side of the coach exposed. That fellow was trying us out a while ago, and they've kept quiet ever since I let drive at him. They know the limits of the safety zone, and will keep there until before daylight. That is when they'll try to creep up upon us. Have you got the time?"

She opened her watch, feeling for the hands with her fingers, wondering vaguely at her own calmness. The cool resourcefulness of Hamlin was like a tonic.

"It—it is a little after one o'clock," she said slowly, "although I am not sure my watch is exactly right."

"Near enough; there are signs of daylight at four—three hours left; that ought to be sufficient, but with no darkness to spare. Will you go with me? Will you do exactly as I say?"

She drew a swift breath, holding her hand to her side.

"Oh, yes," her voice catching, "what—what else can I do? I cannot stay here with those dead men!"

"But I want you to go because—well, because you trust me," he urged, a new trace of tenderness in his lowered voice. "Because you know I would give my life to defend you."

He was not sure, but he thought her face was suddenly uplifted, her eyes seeking to see him in the darkness.

"I do," she answered gravely, "you must believe I do; but I have never been in such peril before, in such a situation of horror, and I am all un-nerved. There doesn't seem to be anything left me but—to trust you."

"That is good; all I can ask. I know you are all right; but I want you to keep your nerve. We are going to take a big chance; we've got to do it—a single misstep, a slip of the foot, an incautious breath may cost our lives."

"Are you going to try to get away?"

To elude the Indians?

"Yes, and there is but one possibility of success—to creep the length of the gully there, and so reach the river. Here is Gonzales' belt. Don't be afraid of it; it is not dead men who are going to hurt us. Swing the strap over your shoulder this way, and slip the revolver into the holster. That's right; we'll carry as little as we can, and leave our hands free."

He hesitated, staring about in the darkness, swiftly deciding what to take. "Do you happen to know if either of the passengers carried any grub?"

"Grub?"

"Plains' term for food," impatiently, "rations; something for lunch en route."

"Oh, yes, Mr. Moylan did; said he never took chances on having to go hungry. It was in a flat leather pouch."

"Haversack. I have it. That will be enough to carry, with the canteen. Now there is only one thing more before we leave. We must impress those fellows with the notion that we are wide-awake, and on guard yet. See any movement out there?"

"I—I am not sure," she answered doubtfully. "There is a black smudge beyond that dead pony; lean forward here and you can see what I mean—on the ground. I—I imagined it moved just then." She pointed into the darkness. "It is the merest shadow, but seemed to wiggle along, and then stop; it's still now."

Hamlin focussed his keen eyes on the spot indicated, shading them with one hand.

"Slide back further on the seat," he whispered softly, "and let me in next the window."

There was a moment's silence, the only sound the wind. The girl gripped the back of the seat nervously with both hands, holding her breath; the Sergeant, the outline of his face silhouetted against the sky, stared motionless into the night without. Suddenly, not making a sound, he lifted the rifle to his shoulder.

CHAPTER VIII.

A Way to the River.

She waited in agony as he sighted carefully, striving to gauge the distance. It seemed an interminable time before his finger pressed the trigger. Then came the report, a flash of flame, and the powder smoke blown

back in her face. Hamlin, by the discharge, she yet saw that black smudge leap upright; again the Henry blazed, and the dim figure went down. There was a cry—a mad yell of rage—in which scattered voices joined; spits of fire cleaving the darkness, the barking of guns of different caliber. A bit of flying lead tore through the leather back of the coach with an odd rip; another struck the casing of the door, sending the wooden splinters flying like arrows. Hawk-eyed, Hamlin fired twice more, aiming at the sparks, grimly certain that a responding howl from the left evidenced a hit. Then, as quickly, all was still, intensely black once more. The Sergeant drew back from the window, easing his gun against the casing.

"That will hold them for a while," he said cheerfully. "Two less out here, I reckon, and the others won't get careless again right away. Now is our time; are you ready?"

There was no response, the stillness so profound he could hear the faint ticking of the girl's watch. He reached out, almost alarmed, and touched her dress.

"What is the trouble?" he questioned anxiously. "Didn't you hear me speak?"

He waited breathless, but there was no movement, no sound, and his hand, trembling, in spite of his iron nerve, roped its way upward. She was ying back against the opposite window, her head bent sideways.

"My God," he thought, "did those evils get her?"

She lifted her slight figure up on one arm, all else blotted out, all other memory vanished through this instant dread. His cheek stung where ying splinters had struck him, but that was nothing. She was warm, her flesh was warm; then his searching fingers felt the moist blood trickling down from the edge of her hair. He st out his breath slowly, the sudden relief almost choking him. It was bad enough surely, but not what he had feared, not death. She had been

struck hard—a flying splinter of wood, perhaps, or a deflected bullet—her hair matted with blood, yet it was no more than a flesh wound, although leaving her unconscious. If he hesitated it was but for an instant. The entire situation recurred to him in a flash; he must change his plans, but dare waste no time. If they were to escape it must be accomplished now, shadowed by darkness, while savage watchers were safely beyond sound. His lean jaws set with fierce determination, and he grimly hitched his belt forward, one sinewy hand fingering the revolver. He would have to trust to that weapon entirely for defense; he could not carry both the rifle and the girl.

Moving slowly, cautiously, fearful lest some creaking of the old stage might betray his motions to those keen ears below, he backed through the open door. Once feeling the ground firm beneath his feet, and making sure that both canteen and hav-

ersack were secure, he reached back into the darkness, grasping the form of the unconscious girl. He stood erect with her held securely in his arms, strands of hair blowing against his cheek, listening intently, striving with keen eyes to penetrate the black curtain. The wind was fortunate, blowing steadily across the flat from the river, and they were surely invisible against the background of the overhanging bluff. He did not even feel it necessary to crouch low to avoid discovery. He knew that peril would confront them later, when they ventured out into the open.

How light she seemed, as though he clasped a child. Bearing her was going to be easier than he had supposed; the excitement yielded him a new measure of strength, yet he went forward very slowly, feeling along, inch by inch, planting his feet with exceeding care. The earth was hard-packed and would leave little trail; there were no leaves, no dead grass to rustle. Beyond the protection afforded by the stage he felt the full sweep of the wind and permitted her head to rest lower on one arm so that he could look about more clearly. She had not even moaned, although he had felt her breath upon his face. Once he stumbled slightly over some fallen earth, and farther along a foot slipped on a treacherous stone, but the slight noise died unnoticed in the night. It was farther to the gully than he had supposed; his heart was in his throat fearing he had missed it, half-believing the depression failed to extend to the base of the bluff. Then his foot, exploring blindly, touched the edge of

the bank. Carefully he laid his burden down, placing his battered campaign bag beneath her head. He bent over her again, assuring himself that she breathed regularly, and then crept down alone into the shallow ravine.

His nerves were like steel now, his hand steady, his heart beating without an accelerated throb. He knew the work, and rejoiced in it. This was why he was a soldier. Silently, swiftly, he unbuckled his belt, refastening it across the straps so as to hold canteen and haversack noiseless, and then, revolver in hand, began creeping down under cover of the low banks. He must explore the path first before attempting to bear her along in his arms; must be sure the passage was unguarded. After it swerved to the right there would be little danger, but while it ran straight, some cautious savage might have chosen it to skulk in. To deal with such he needed to be alone, and free.

He must have crawled thus for thirty yards, hands and knees aching horribly, his eyes ever peering over the edge of the bank, his ears tingling to the slightest noise. The tiny glow of the fire far away to the left was alone visible in the intense blackness; the wind brought to him no sound of movement. The stillness was profound, almost uncanny; as he paused and listened he could distinguish the throb of his heart. He was across the trail at last, for he felt and traced the ruts of wheels, and where the banks had been worked down almost to a level with the prairie. He crossed this opening like a snake, and then arose to his knees beyond, where the gully deepened. He remained poised, motionless, scarcely daring to breathe. Surely that was something else—that shapeless blotch of shadow, barely topping the line of bank! Was it ten feet away? Or five? He could not tell. He stared; there was no movement, and yet his eyes began to discern dimly the outlines—the head and shoulders of a man! The Sergeant crept forward—an inch, two inches, a foot. The figure did not stir. Now

he was sure the fellow's head was lying flat on the turf, oddly distorted by a feathered war bonnet. The strange posture, the utter lack of movement, seemed proof that the tired warrior had fallen asleep on watch. Like a cat Hamlin crept up slowly toward him, poised for a spring.

Some sense of the wild must have stirred the savage into semi-consciousness. Suddenly he sat up, gripping the gun in his hands. Yet even as his opening eyes saw dimly the Sergeant's menacing shadow, before he could scream his alarm, or spring upright, the revolver butt struck with dull thud, and he went tumbling backward into the ditch, his cry of alarm ending in a hoarse croak. From somewhere, out of the dense darkness in front a voice called, sharp and guttural, as if its owner had been startled by the mysterious sound of the blow. It was the language of the Arapahoes, and out of his vague memory of the tongue, spurred to recollection by the swift emergency, Hamlin growled a hoarse answer, hanging breathlessly above the motionless body until the "ugh!" of the fellow's response proved him without suspicion. He waited, counting the seconds, every muscle strained with expectancy, listening. He had a feeling that some one was crawling over the short grass, wiggling along like a snake, but the faint sound, if sound it was, grew less distinct. Finally he lifted his head above the edge of the bank, but saw nothing, not even a dim shadow.

"They are closing in, I reckon," he thought soberly, "and it isn't likely there will be any more of these gentry as far back as this; looks as though this gully turned west just beyond. Anyhow I've got to risk it."

He returned more rapidly, knowing the passage, yet with no less caution, finding the unconscious girl lying exactly as he had left her. As he clasped her form in his arms, her lips uttered some incoherent words, but otherwise she gave no sign of life.

"Yes, yes," he whispered close to her ear, hoping thus to hold her silent. "It is all right now; only keep still."

He could feel her breathing, and realized the danger of her return to consciousness. If she should be frightened and cry out, their fate would be sealed. Yet he must accept the chance, now that he knew the way to be clear. He held her tightly in both arms, his revolver thrust back into its holster. Bending as low as he could with his burden, feeling carefully through the darkness before advancing a foot, he moved steadily forward. Where the gully deepened their heads were at the edge of the bank, but much of the way was exposed, except for the dark shadows of the slope. Fortunately there were clouds to the west, already obscuring that half of the sky, but to the east nothing was visible against the faint luminousness of the sky-line. Once, far over there to the left, a gun was fired, the flame splitting the night asunder, and against the distant reflection a black figure rose up between, only to be instantly snuffed out again. Hamlin put down his uplifted foot, and waited, in tense, motionless silence, but nothing happened, except the echo of a far-away voice.

A dozen feet farther, some four-footed animal suddenly leaped to the edge of the bank, sniffed, and disappeared noiselessly. So true were his nerves strung that the Sergeant sank upon his knees, releasing one hand to grip his revolver, before he realized the cause of alarm—some prowling prairie wolf. Then, with teeth grimly locked, bending lower and lower, he crept across the rutted trail, and past the dead body of the Indian. Not until then did he dare to breathe naturally or to stand upright; but now, the gully, bending to the right, led away from danger, every step gained

adding to their safety. The man confident now, full of his old audacity, yet awake to every trick of plaincraft. The girl's head rested against his shoulder, and he bent his cheek to hers, feeling its warmth. The touch of his unshaven beard pricked her into semi-consciousness, and she spoke so loud that it gave him a thrill of apprehension. He dared not run in the darkness for fear of stumbling, yet moved with greater swiftness, until the depression ended at the river. Here, under the protection of the bank, Hamlin put down his burden and stood erect, stretching his strained muscles and staring back into the dark.

What now? Which way should they turn? He had accomplished all he had planned for himself back there in the coach, but now he became aware of other problems awaiting solution. In less than an hour it would be daylight; he almost imagined it was lighter already over yonder in the east. With the first dawn those watchful Indians, creeping cautiously closer, would discover the stage deserted, and would be on their trail. And they had left a trail easily followed. Perhaps the hard, dry ground might confuse those savage trackers, but they would scour the open country between bluff and river, and find the dead warrior in the gully. That would tell the story. To go west, along the edge of the river, wading in the water, would be useless precaution; such a trick would be suspected at once, and there was no possibility of rescue from that direction. They might as well walk openly into a trap. There was but one hope, one opportunity—to cross the stream before dawn came and hide among those shifting sand-dunes of the opposite shore. Hamlin thoroughly understood the risk involved, the treacherous nature of the Arkansas, the possibility that both might be sucked down by engulfing quicksands, yet even such a lonely death was preferable to Indian torture.

The girl at his feet stirred and moaned. In another moment he had filled his hat with water from the river, had lifted her head upon one arm, and using the handkerchief from about his throat, was washing away the blood that matted her hair. Now that his fingers felt the wound, he realized the force of the blow stunning her, although its outward manifestation was slight. Her figure trembled in his arms and her eyes opened, gazing up wonderingly at the black outlines of his shadow. Then she made an effort as though to draw away.

"Lie still a while yet, Miss McDonald," he said soothingly, "until you regain your strength."

He heard the quick gasp of her breath, and felt the sudden relaxing of her muscles.

"You!" she exclaimed in undisguised relief at recognition of the voice; "is it really you? Where are we? What has happened?"

He told her rapidly, his face bent close, realizing that she was clinging to him again as she had once before back in the stage. As he ended, she lifted one hand to her wound.

"And I am not really hurt—not seriously?" her voice bewildered. "I—I never realized I had been struck. And—and you carried me all that way—"

"I—I can hardly comprehend—yet. Please explain again; they are back there watching for us still, believing we are in the coach; they will follow our trail as soon as it becomes daylight. Why—why, the sky is brighter over in the east already, isn't it? What was it you said we must do?"

"Get across the river; once hidden in those sand-dunes over there we'll be safe enough."

"Across the river," she repeated the words dully, sitting up to stare out toward the water. Then her head sank into her hands. "Can we—can we ever do that?"

Hamlin bent forward on his knees, striving with keen eyes, sharpened by his night's experience, to learn more of what lay before them. The movement, slight as it was, served to frighten her, and she grasped him by the sleeve.

"Do not leave me; do not go away," she implored swiftly. "Whatever you say is best, I will do."

CHAPTER IX.

Across the River.

He dropped his hand upon hers, clasping the clinging fingers tightly. "Yes, we can make it," he answered confidently. "Wait until I make sure what is out there."

He had slight recollection of the stream at this point, although he had crossed it often enough at the known fords, both above and below. Yet these crossings had always been accomplished with a horse under him, and a knowledge of where the trail ran. But he knew the stream, its peculiarities and dangers. It was not the volume of water, nor its depth he feared, for wide as it appeared stretching from bank to bank, he realized its shallow sluggishness. The peril lay in quicksands, or the plunging into some unseen hole, where the sudden swirl of water might pull them under. Alone he would have risked it recklessly, but with her added weight in his arms, he realized how a single false step would be fatal. The farther shore was invisible; he could perceive nothing but the slight gleam of water lapping the sand at his feet, as it flowed slowly, noiselessly past, and beyond, the dim outline of a narrow sand ridge. Even this, however, was encouragement, proving the shallowness of the stream. He turned about, his face so close he could see her eyes.

"We shall have to try it, Miss McDonald; you must permit me to carry you."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"Yes."

"And whatever happens do not scream—just cling tight to me."
"Yes," a little catching in her throat.
"Tell me first, please, just what it is you fear."

"Quicksand principally; it is in all these western rivers, and the two of us together on one pair of feet will



Her Figure Trembled in His Arms and Her Eyes Opened.

make it harder to pull out of the suck. If I tell you to get down, do so quickly."

"Yes."
"Then there may be holes out there in the bottom. I don't mind those so much, although these cavalry boots are no help in swimming."

"I can swim."
"Hardly in your clothes; but I am glad to know it, nevertheless. You could keep afloat at least, and the holes are never very large. Are you ready now?"

She gave him her hands and stood up. The Sergeant drew in a long breath and transferred the haversack to her shoulder.

"We'll try and keep that from getting soaked, if we can," he explained.

"There is no hotel over in those sand-hills. Now hold on tight."

He swung her easily to his broad shoulder, clasping her slender figure closely with one arm.

"That's it! Now get a firm grip. I'll carry you all right."

To the girl, that passage was never more than a dim memory. Still partially dazed from the severe blow on her head, she closed her eyes as Hamlin stepped cautiously down into the stream and clung to him desperately, expecting each moment to be flung forward into the water. But the Sergeant's mind was upon his work, and every detail of the struggle left its impress on his memory. He saw the dark sweep of the water, barely visible in the gleam of those few stars unobscured by cloud, and felt the sluggish flow against his legs as he moved. The bottom was soft, yet his feet did not sink deeply, although it was rather difficult wading. However, the clay gave him more confidence than sand underfoot, and there was less depth of



"Tell Me, Are You Hurt?"

water even than he had anticipated. He was wet only to the thighs when he tumbled up on to the low spit of sand, and put the girl down a moment to catch a fresh breath and examine the broader stretch of water ahead. They could see both shores now, that which they had just left, a black, lumping, dim outline. Except for the lapping of the water at their feet, all was deathly still. Even the Indian fire had died out, and it was hard to conceive that savages were hidden behind that black veil, and that they two were actually fleeing for their lives. To the girl it was like some dreadful delirium of sleep, but the man felt the full struggle. There was a star well down in the south he chose to guide by, but beyond that he must trust to good fortune. Without a word he lifted her again to his shoulder, and pushed on.

The water ran deeper, shelving off rapidly, until it rose well above his waist, and with sufficient current so that he was compelled to lean against it to maintain balance, scarcely venturing forward a foot at a time. Once he stumbled over some obstruction, barely averting a fall; he felt the swift clutch of her fingers at his throat, the quick adjustment of her body, but her lips gave no utterance of alarm. His groping feet touched the edge of a hole, and he turned, facing the current, tracing his way carefully until he found a passage on solid bottom. A bit of driftwood swirled down out of the night; a water-soaked limb, striking against him before it was even seen, bruised one arm, and then dodged past like a wild thing,

leaving a gutter of foam behind. The sand-dunes grew darker, more distinct, the water began to grow shallow, the bottom changing from mud to sand. He slipped and staggered in the uncertain footing, his breath coming in quicker gasps, yet with no cessation of effort. Once he felt the dreaded suck about his ankles, and broke into a reckless run, splashing straight forward, falling at the water's edge, yet not before the girl was resting safely on the soft sand.

Strong as Hamlin was, his muscles trained by strenuous out-door life, he lay there for a moment utterly helpless, more exhausted from the nervous strain indeed, than the physical exertion. He had realized fully the desperate nature of that passage, expecting every step to be engulfed, and the reaction, the knowledge that they had actually attained the shore safely, left him weak as a child, hardly able to comprehend the fact. The girl was upon her feet first, alarmed and solicitous, bending down to touch him with her hand.

"Sergeant, you are not hurt?" she questioned. "Tell me you are not hurt?"

"Oh, no," dragging himself up the bank, yet panting as he endeavored to speak cheerfully. "Only that was a rather hard pull, the last of it, and I am short of breath. I shall be all right in a moment."

There was a sand-dune just beyond, and he seated himself and leaned against it.

"I am beginning to breathe easier already," he explained. "Sit down here, Miss McDonald. We are safe enough now in this darkness."

"You are all wet, soaking wet."

"That is nothing; the sand is warm yet from yesterday's sun, and my clothes will dry fast enough. It is beginning to grow light in the east."

The faces of both turned in that direction where appeared the first twilight approach of dawn. Already were visible the dark lines of the opposite shore, across the gleam of water, and beyond appeared the dim outline of the higher bluffs. The slope between river and hill, however, remained in impenetrable darkness. The minds of both fugitives reverted to

the same scene—the wrecked stage with its dead passengers within, its savage watchers without. She lifted her head, and the soft light reflected on her face.

"I—I thank God we are not over there now," she said falteringly.

"Yes," he admitted. "They will be creeping in closer; they will not wait much longer. Hard as I have worked, I can't realize yet that we are out of those toils."

"You did not expect to succeed?"

"No; frankly I did not; all I could do was hope—take the one chance left. The slightest accident meant betrayal. I am ashamed of being so weak just now, but it was the strain. You see," he explained carefully, "I've been scouting through hostile Indian country mostly day and night for nearly a week, and then this thing happened. No matter how iron a man is his nerve goes back on him after a while."

"I know."
"It wasn't myself," he went on doggedly, "but it was the knowledge of having to take care of you. That was what made me worry; that, and knowing a single misstep, the slightest noise, would bring those devils on us, where I couldn't fight, where there was just one thing I could do."

There was silence, her hands pressed to her face, her eyes fixed on him. Then she questioned him soberly.

"You mean, kill me?"

"Sure," he answered simply, without looking around; "I would have had to do it—just as though you were a sister of mine."

Her hands reached out and clasped his, and he glanced aside at her face, seeing it clearly.

"I—I thought you would," she said, her voice trembling. "I—I was going to ask you once before I was hurt, but—but I couldn't, and somehow I trusted you from the first, when you got in." She hesitated, and then asked: "How did you know I was Molly McDonald? You never asked."

The Sergeant's eyes smiled, turning away from her face to stare out across the river.

"Because I had seen your picture."
"My picture? But you told us you were from Fort Union?"

"Yes; that is my station, only I had been sent to the cantonment on the Cimarron with dispatches. Your father was in command there, and worried half to death about you. He could not leave the post, and the only officer remaining there with him was a disabled cavalry captain. Every man he could trust was out on scouting service. He took a chance on me. Maybe he liked my looks, I don't know; more probably, he judged I wouldn't be a sergeant and entrusted with those dispatches I'd just brought in, if I wasn't considered trustworthy. Anyhow I had barely fallen asleep when the orderly called me, and that was what was wanted—that I ride north and head you off."

"But you were not obliged to go?"
"No; I was not under your father's orders. I doubt if I would have consented if I hadn't been shown your picture. I couldn't very well refuse then."

She sat with hands clasped together, her eyes shadowed by long lashes. "I should have thought there would have been some soldiers there—his own men."

"There were," dryly, "but the army just now is recruited out of pretty tough material. To be in the ranks is almost a confession of good-for-nothingness. You are an officer's daughter and understand this to be true."

"Yes," she answered doubtfully. "I have been brought up thinking so;

only, of course, there are exceptions."
"No doubt, and I hope I am already counted one."

"You know you are. My father trusted you, and so do I."

"I have wondered sometimes," he said musingly, watching her face barely visible in the dawn, "whether those of your class actually considered us as being really human, as anything more valuable than mere food for powder. I came into the regular army at the close of the war from the volunteer service. I was accustomed to discipline and all that, and knew my place. But I never suspected then that a private soldier was considered a dog. Yet that was the first lesson I was compelled to learn. It has been pretty hard sometimes to hold in, for there was a time when I had some social standing and could resent an insult."

She was looking straight at him, surprised at the bitterness in his voice.

"They carry it altogether too far," she said. "I have often thought that—mostly the young officers, the West Pointers—and yet you know that the majority of enlisted men are—well, dragged from the slums. My father says it has been impossible to recruit a good class since the war closed, that the right kind had all the army they wanted."

"Which is true enough, but there are good men nevertheless, and every commander knows it. A little considerate treatment would make them better still."

She shook her head questioningly. "I do not know," she admitted. "I suppose there are two viewpoints. You were in the volunteers, you said. Why did you enlist in the regulars?"

"Largely because I liked soldiering, or thought I did. I knew there would be plenty of fighting out here, and I believed, advancement."

"You mean to a commission?"

"Yes. You see, I did not understand then the impossibility, the great gulf fixed. I dreamed that good fortune might give me something to do worth while."

"And fate has been unkind?"

"In a way, yes," and he laughed rather grimly. "I had my chance—twice; honorable mention, and all

that, but that ended it. There is no bridge across the chasm. An enlisted man is not held fit for any higher position; if that was not sufficient to bar me, the fact that I had fought for the South would."

"You were in the Confederate army? You must have been very young."

"Oh, no; little more than a boy, of course, but so were the majority of my comrades. I was in my senior college year when the war broke out. But, Miss McDonald, this will never do! See how light it is growing. There, they have begun firing already. We must get back out of sight behind the sand-dunes."

(To be Continued.)

CURRENCY MEASURE PASSED BY HOUSE

BILL SENT ON ITS WAY TO SENATE DECISIVE VOTE OF 286 TO 84.

DISPUTE AT THE LAST HOUR

Representative Callaway of Texas Gives Reasons for Voting Against Administration Program.

Washington.—The bill revising the currency and banking laws, the second of the big measures put forward under the Wilson administration in compliance with the pledges of the Baltimore platform, was passed by the house of representatives Thursday afternoon by the overwhelming majority of 286 ayes to 84 noes, many Republicans and nearly all the Progressives supporting the measure in recognition of the fact that it is a marked improvement on existing law, even if it is not as thoroughgoing and scientific a scheme as idealists hoped for.

Of the negative votes, only three were cast by Democrats. Considerable feeling was engendered on the Democratic side among certain members of the majority from the south and west, who still retains a sentimental regard for the theories of bimetallism by the vote on a motion offered by Representative Wingo of Arkansas seeking the rejection of the committee amendment adopted reciting that nothing in the bill should be construed as affecting the gold basis on which all our money is now established.

The disaffected element insisted that this committee amendment was unfriendly and was an unnecessary affront to the former supporters of the double standard. The offering of the Wingo motion to strike the committee amendment from the bill revived all the feeling engendered in the house, but a heavy majority of the Democrats and Progressives rallied to the support of the committee amendment, and the Wingo motion was rejected by a vote of 69 to 298.

The three Democrats who voted against the bill on the final round-up were Representatives Callaway of Texas, Elder of Louisiana and Wither-spoon of Mississippi.

Representative Callaway's opposition was based on the allegation that the administration currency bill was so similar in many of its features to the projected Aldrich bill that he could not vote for it, as he had pledged himself to his constituents not to sup-

port any measure resembling the Aldrich bill. All the other Texans lined up for the bill.

SULZER ABSENT FROM TRIAL.

Organization and Jurisdiction of Court Over Accused is Challenged.

Albany, N. Y.—William Sulzer, governor of New York, charged by the assembly with high crimes and misdemeanors, failed to appear in person Thursday before the high court of impeachment when it convened to begin the trial which will determine his guilt or innocence. Instead, his attorneys "entered a special appearance" in the governor's behalf and challenged the organization of the court and its jurisdiction over the accused.

The objections of counsel were swept aside temporarily by Chief Judge Edgar M. Cullen of the court of appeals, presiding, and the impeachment tribunal proceeded to organize.

Compromise Made on Goat Hair.

Washington.—The house and senate conferees on the tariff bill Friday broke a four days' deadlock on several items, including free works of art, ferro manganese and Angora goat hair by a series of trades and compromises that resulted in the house winning its contention for free art works, the senate winning free ferro manganese and free furs and a compromise of 10 per cent ad valorem duty on Angora goat hair and a corresponding cut below the house rates on mohair goods. The house had placed a duty of 20 per cent on Angora goat hair and the senate had put it on the free list along with free wool.

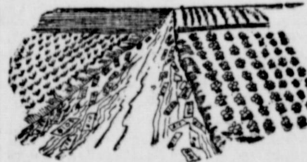
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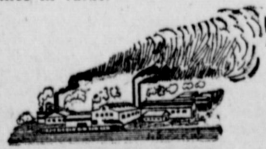
In building a house we must use material that is stable and durable, and in building a community we must use lines of industry that are constructive and active. The former promotes and the latter perpetuates prosperity. Among the classes of property that constitute building material for empires are public highways, railroads, factories, mines, irrigating canals, etc. These industries create and thrust values upon adjoining property, and the amount of unearned wealth they distribute depends upon their native characteristics and upon their surroundings, but it is more than likely that the irrigating canal makes the largest gift of permanent values to contiguous property. It takes the desert and swamp lands and makes fertile fields and gardens and fills uninhabited places with happy and prosperous homes.



Irrigating Canal.

All lines of industry that build countries have characteristics equally as meritorious as the canal.

Activity in property is as important as constructiveness. The factory, the railroad, the mine and the canal have not a single fiber of idleness in their construction, and inactivity inflicts upon them self-destruction. The land owner may let his farm lie idle, and it will increase in fertility and value, but the manufacturer must run his factory as fast as the wheels will turn or his property decays and declines in value.



Industrial Activity.

What we have said of the factory is also true of all lines of constructive industry. The irrigating canal builds farms, the factory makes cities, and transportation facilities build both farms and cities, and any sort of property that has inherent characteristics of generosity and activity should be encouraged. Improved public highways constitute a most convincing invitation to industry, as the farm, the factory, the railroad, the mine and all the people are vitally interested in public highways, says the Texas Commercial Secretaries' Association.

A character study of property and an analysis of the requirements of a community are essential to the intelligent development of a locality. A commercial club is the architect of empires, and every citizen should join the local club and study property and its ability to develop the community.

It Always Helps

says Mrs. Sylvania Woods, of Clifton Mills, Ky., in writing of her experience with Cardui, the woman's tonic. She says further: "Before I began to use Cardui, my back and head would hurt so bad, I thought the pain would kill me. I was hardly able to do any of my housework. After taking three bottles of Cardui, I began to feel like a new woman. I soon gained 35 pounds, and now, I do all my housework, as well as run a big water mill."

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Preaching at 11 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. each Sabbath. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Prayer-meeting every Wednesday night at 8:30. Teacher Study Circle every Friday at 7:30 p. M. We invite all to attend these services and extend to you a warm welcome.

A. W. Waddill, Pastor.

Presbyterian Church.

Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. each Sunday. Sunday School at 10 o'clock. Prayer meeting every Wednesday night at 8:30 o'clock.

H. M. Peebles, Pastor.

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GULF COAST FLOODS DO GREAT DAMAGE

SITUATION SERIOUS AT ORANGE,
BROWNSVILLE AND LAKE
CHARLES, LA.

A HEAVY LOSS TO FARMERS

Aside from Injury to Rice and Other
Crops, Railroad Service Is
Crippled.

Orange, Tex.—The city of Orange had more water on it than it has had in 20 years, as a result of Sunday night's heavy rain which caused Adams bayou to rise several feet and back water up into the city to the extent that some dwellings were vacated and some of the suburban stores were from six to ten inches deep in water. The sudden rise in Adams bayou is attributed to the recent drainage ditching done in the northern part of the country. Reports from points north on the river were to the effect that the rains are the heaviest in its history. Should the rise in Adams bayou hold up until the bulk of the rise reaches here in Sabine river, the worst results are feared, although no danger is anticipated.

The water is from six to ten inches over the Southern Pacific tracks, crossing Adams bayou. The Frisco railroad was unable to run their motor cars, a steam engine and regular coaches taking its place, on account of the high water. The water has been very high at Mauriceville, but is subsiding at that place. Practically every labor-emplying institution suspended operation on account of the high water. The Yellow Pine Paper Mill Company and the E. Z. Opener Bag Company have sustained very heavy losses by the water coming up on the machinery and damaging the enormous stocks of paper on hand.

The loss sustained by the farmers can not be estimated. At this time no one can see how any of the grain can be saved.

Lake Charles in Darkness.
Lake Charles, La.—Floods in Southwest Louisiana reached serious proportions Monday. Lake Charles was in darkness, as the electric power plant was closed because of high water, no street cars were running, many houses in the lower sections of the city were flooded, forcing inhabitants into second stories. The Southern Pacific railroad has annulled all trains bound for New Orleans and three branch railroad lines running into this city suspended operations. The Calcasieu river was reported higher than ever before.

Various estimates of damage to the rice crop have been made. Conservative calculations are that not more than half a crop will be gathered. A large percentage of the crop is in the fields because of previous lack of labor.

RULINGS FAVORABLE TO SULZER

Governor Wins Triple Victory Over
Accusers in Impeachment Court.

Albany, N. Y.—Gov. Sulzer, Monday, won a triple victory over his accusers at the trial of his impeachment.

Presiding Judge Cullen of the high court barred the introduction of evidence intended to prove that the governor had made a corrupt political bargain with Assemblyman Patrie of Greene county, and held that the testimony brought forward to show that he had made similar bargains with Assemblyman Sweet of Oswego county and Assemblyman Prime of Essex was incompetent.

The legislation had to do in each case with highway and bridge improvements provided for in bills passed by the legislature to which the assemblymen were desirous of getting the governor's signature.

In the Patrie case, however no charges were brought in the articles of impeachment, and on this ground Judge Cullen threw the charge out.

The Sweet and Prime cases were specified in article 7 of the impeachment, charging that the governor had retorted one and signed the other bill.

To Sojourn in Wilds of South America

New York—For more than three months—from about the middle of December to the end of March—Theodore Roosevelt will sojourn in the wilds of South America. Col. Roosevelt will sail from New York, Oct. 4, and will spend about two months visiting Brazil, Argentina, Chile and Paraguay cities. In these countries he will be the government's guest and will deliver several addresses. Late in December a steamer will leave him and his party of naturalists at Cuyaba, Brazil, the head of navigation on the Paraguay river.

Break in Levee Repaired.

Brownsville, Tex.—The break in the Rio Grande levee which flooded a portion of this city, rendering a number of families homeless, was repaired. It is thought that the crest of the flood has reached this point and no further damage is expected. A large area of lower Rio Grande valley was flooded, but no lives were reported lost, and instead of crop damage the flood will lay the foundation for an excellent field from the next planting.

The Bell county commissioners' court has let the contract for doing the road work in Precinct No. 1 to a San Antonio firm, the contract price being \$106,830. The roads of the entire precinct are to be graveled.

MEXICANS FIRE ON TROOPS

Two Volleys Directed at Cavalry Near
El Paso Do No Injury.

El Paso, Texas.—While doing patrol duty along the river about 15 miles east of El Paso, a detachment of United States cavalry, troop H, second cavalry, and two state rangers were fired upon by a force of 20 Mexican federal cavalry Saturday afternoon. None of the United States cavalrymen were struck by the bullets from the Mexicans' guns.

Two volleys of 30 shots each were fired in rapid succession by the federal cavalrymen, but this fire was not returned by the second cavalrymen. After the second volley was fired the Mexicans scurried away into the heavy brush along the river. The report at first stated that the two detachments were gathering and preparations were being made at Fort Bliss here to hurry several troops of cavalry to the scene of the battle. Officers in Juarez are at a loss to account for this action on the part of their troops, and a rigid investigation has been ordered.

MAIN FEDERAL ARMY REPULSED

Gen. Maass Attacks Defenses at Abasco Viejo Under Cover of Night.

Eagle Pass, Texas.—The main federal army, under command of Gen. Maass, attacked the constitutionalist defenses at Abasco Viejo, under cover of darkness Wednesday night, and were repulsed after six hours of fighting, with a loss of 75 killed, according to a courier who arrived at constitutionalist headquarters at Piedras Negras. Exact figures of the rebel losses are not given. They included, however, Major Saldana Galvan, who fell at the head of his troops while attacking the federal's advance guard.

The courier reported that 43 federal soldiers deserted during the heat of the fighting, and that six of the deserters were killed while making their way to the constitutionalist army. An automobile carrying 50,000 rounds of ammunition, which had been smuggled across the border at Eagle Pass Monday night, arrived in time to save the constitutionalists, who were running short of ammunition.

MAYES IN GOVERNOR'S RACE.

Brownwood Man Will Accept No Campaign Contributions.

Austin, Texas.—Lieut. Gov. Will H. Mayes of Brown county has announced as a candidate for the Democratic nomination for governor of Texas. One unusual innovation in his announcement is that he will not accept campaign contributions from any source whatever. He comes out flatfootedly as a local optionist and state-wide prohibitionist.

Lieut. Gov. Mayes is acting governor for some thirty days during the absence of Gov. Colquitt in Panama, which explains the issuance of his announcement at Austin. He is owner and editor of the Brownwood Bulletin. As lieutenant governor he has received many compliments from over the state. He was elected lieutenant governor by approximately 100,000, and that without leaving his home or campaigning at all.

Battleship Texas at Norfolk.

Norfolk, Va.—The dreadnaught Texas, newest and biggest ship in the American navy, has arrived at the Norfolk navy yard to have her bottom painted, preparatory to her trial trip. The Texas is just from her builders.

Killed on Day He Retires.

New York.—After 40 years of railroad, Irwin Deraney, 69 years old, of Hoboken, and engineer on the Delaware, Lackawanna and Western Railroad, was retired and was to go on the railroad pension list for the rest of his life. In less than five minutes after he had affectionately patted his locomotive he was run down and killed by an engine in the yard. His record of 40 years had been unmarred by a single accident.

Make Fire Engines of Locomotives.

Denison, Texas.—The Missouri, Kansas and Texas Railway Company is repairing to make fire engines out of more than one hundred locomotives in service in Oklahoma and Texas, and other Southwestern roads handling cotton, and other combustible material are watching the experiment with much interest. Locomotives will be equipped to pump water through 500 feet of twyly cotton hose, and it is believed that this will be the means of saving thousands of dollars in damage to cotton and cotton compress plants along the system.

Indorse Secretaries' Plan.

Sulphur Springs, Texas.—At a mass meeting of citizens held here the proposition championed by the state commercial secretaries' association to use the state convicts in roadmaking was indorsed.

Diaz Receives No Word.

Biarritz, France.—Gen. Porfirio Diaz, former president of Mexico, declared that he had received no communication from the Mexican war department recalling him for service. He expressed the opinion that the report must have arisen through confusing him with Gen. Felix Diaz. The former president said he would remain here until the middle of October.

The new \$35,000 Frisco depot at Madill, Okla., was opened last week to the public.

Our New Fall Goods are now Ready for Your Inspection

Many new and attractive fabrics in Dress Goods in wool and cotton cloths. Silks in a splendid array of color and design. We are now ready, offering for your inspection one of the largest and best selected stocks ever shown in the city

Ladies' Suits

In our Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Department we have by far the most complete stock we have ever shown. We have many new models in Ladies' Suits in every favored material and style effect of the season. Suits from

\$10.00 to \$30.00

Ladies' Skirts

Separate skirts will be more in demand this season than ever before. Our skirt line is beyond a doubt the largest and best to be found in our city. Being ready to show these garments we cordially invite you to inspect this line.

Ladies' and Children's Coats

The new Cost Style will please you. It will only take a glance to convince you that the many new styles we are showing are indeed out of the ordinary.

Ladies' Coats from \$5.00 to \$30.00

Children's Coats from \$1.75 Up

Shoe Department

Shoe buying is easy for you here. We have a complete line of Children's shoes especially for school wear. Our line of Men's, Ladies and Misses Shoes in correct models for every use merits special attention.

Gent's Furnishings

Our Gent's Furnishing Department is full to overflowing with the latest and best that could be bought. You men who want the smartest styles ought to see early the new models we have brought together for this season.

WE CORDIALLY INVITE YOU TO VISIT THIS STORE AND INSPECT THE NEW GOODS
AND SEE THAT OUR CLAIM OF GOOD GOODS AND REASONABLE PRICES IS TRUE

H. SCHWARTZ

GIVE STARTLING TESTIMONY

Governor Said to Have Asked Official
to Violate Oath on Witness Stand.

Albany, N. Y.—William Sulzer tried to persuade contributors to his campaign fund not to testify against him, according to evidence adduced at his impeachment trial Friday.

He asked Duncan W. Peck, state superintendent of public works, who gave \$500 to the fund, to violate his oath on the witness stand in event he should be called to testify before the Frawley investigation committee, Peck swore.

The governor, Peck asserted, had told him that he, too, would deny having received contributions. This conversation he said, was held in the governor's office at the capitol.

Peck at the time of his contribution held his present position, but told the governor, he said, that there were "no strings" to the gift and that he did not feel that the governor was obligated to reappoint him. Peck was reappointed.

The governor asked Henry W. Morganthau, ambassador to Turkey, who contributed \$1,000, to be "easy on him" and "treat the affair between us as personal" in the event that he should be called to testify. This Mr. Morganthau swore to when recalled to the stand.

AIRMAN CAPTIVATES LONDON.

Pegoud Performs Marvelous Feats in
Aeroplane at Startling Height.

London.—The acrobatic airman, Alphonse Pegoud, has given London an exhibition of his aerial somersaults and topsy-turvy flying. Pegoud's remarkable maneuvers began when he had reached a height of 1,200 feet, where he tilted his aeroplane so that it was at right angles to the earth. He then pirouetted on the tip of one wing and did several dives with the nose of his machine down for 100 feet before he regained his equilibrium.

The aviator then rose to a height of 3,000 feet and accomplished his most sensational exploit. With a sudden swoop downward, he threw the aeroplane on its back, flew in this manner for some seconds, righted his machine and repeated the performance

before reaching the ground, where he was given an ovation.

SULZER FREE TO USE HIS GIFT

Jacob Schiff Testifies There Were No
Strings to His Contribution.

Albany, N. Y.—Gov. Sulzer was free to use the \$2,500 check given him by Jacob H. Schiff, a New York banker, in any way he chose. The banker so declared Wednesday on the witness stand at the impeachment trial. The designation of the check across its back as a contribution to the governor's campaign fund did not restrict its use to that purpose, Mr. Schiff said.

Henry Morganthau, ambassador to Turkey, formerly chairman of the finance committee on the National Democratic committee, testified that when he gave the governor the check for \$1,000—a personal contribution—he placed no limitations on its use. He said, however, that he had made the gift to help the governor in his campaign and had been "foolishly generous."

These are two of the alleged campaign contributions which the articles of impeachment against the governor charge that he misused.

"It is possible can not make any difference in this case, but if I were sitting in a criminal prosecution," said Judge Edgar M. Mullen, president of the court, "I should have to charge the petit jury that if the owner consented to the use in any manner of the owner consented to the use in any money or check given by the party whom it was delivered, such use would not constitute larceny."

EPISCOPAL SERVICES.

Rev. A. D. Ellis, of Abilene, will hold services at the Episcopal Church Tuesday evening Oct. 7th at 7:30. Everybody cordially invited to attend.

MORE RAIN.

It began raining Tuesday and it has been raining slowly most of the time, day and night, since then. The rainfall at Baird in September was about 12 inches, the heaviest in thirteen years.

A Smart Suit

and a light weight overcoat, tailored to your measure, with every little feature that your taste or comfort calls for, is exactly what you need for the cool days and chilly evenings that mark the approach of Winter.

Drop in and see what attractive fabrics are shown by "The Tailoring You Need," A. E. Anderson & Company, Chicago. Moderate prices, excellent workmanship, and perfect fit.

D. W. YOUNG



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