Callahan County Clarendon.

"THE GREATEST GOOD TO THE GREATEST NUMBER."

W. R. LOTZ, Editor and Proprietor. | BAIRD, TEXAS, SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1881. | VOL. II.—NO. 15.

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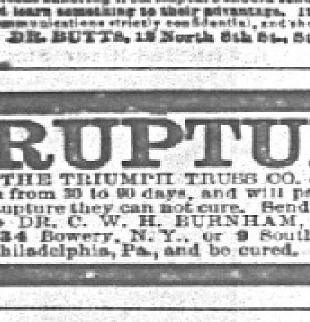
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A MOSQUITO CONUNDRUM.

"Why am I like mosquitoes, dear,
That you have killed?" he sighed.
"Because you won't go hum, I fear,"
The sleepy maid replied.

"That isn't it—please try once more."
"Well, then, you're like," said she,
"Mosquitoes, for they always bore."
"You're wrong again," said he.

"Because they come 'round every night,
And are a nuisance, too?"
"Oh, no, my love; the reason right
Is that I'm mashed on you."

"What does that mean?" she asked. While he
Explained she gently coughed.
"Oh, now I understand," laughed she—
"You're mashed because you're soft."

—*H. C. Dodge, in the Detroit Free Press.*

BEAUTIFUL HANDS.

A young girl sat in a large easy chair in the elegantly furnished parlor of her father's palatial mansion. The richest of lace fell over a beautiful hand, which rested upon the soft upholstery of the arm of the chair. It was a hand that the most fastidious of sculptors would have chosen for his model. On its first shapely finger was a magnificent diamond ring, which the son of Mrs. Thomas Fletcher had placed there only the night before. Mrs. Thomas Fletcher was a rich widow; Roland Fletcher had no identity of his own—he was always spoken of as "the rich Mrs. Fletcher's son," and everybody knew that it was his mother's money that kept him sailing on the top wave of elite society.

Marion Douglass, our heroine, was in deep thought. Her eyes rested upon the betrothal ring upon her finger, and a shade of sadness passed over her face.

"I wonder if there is any real happiness in this world," she said, aloud. "I thought I was going to be so very happy after I promised to marry Roland Fletcher, but this has been the most depressing day I have had for months. How I wish I had something to do; something that amounts to something. I want to be occupied, but there is nothing for me to do; everybody does everything for me. Roland talks about the 'beauty of repose' and rest, but I will tell him to-night that Cowper says, the 'Absence of occupation is not rest.'"

Just then the door-bell rang, and the servant summoned Marion Douglass to the hall. The caller was a sewing-girl from Madame Marmount's, who had come to bring home the new silk dress which had been made to wear at a reception on the following evening.

"Madame wishes me to stay and see if the dress fits well, and if you will wish any alterations made," said the sewing-girl, as she handed the elegant dress to Miss Douglass.

The dress was pronounced a perfect fit, and Marion saw no alterations she wished made, so the young girl fixed the "loopings," and pinned on the flowers. It was with a gaze of rapture that the tasteful dressmaker surveyed the beautiful young lady standing before her, arrayed in the elegant costume, and, clasping her hands together, she exclaimed, "O, how lovely, how lovely!" Then, as if fearing she had been too communicative, she said, "Please excuse me, Miss Douglass, but indeed I could not help expressing myself as I did."

"You are perfectly excusable," replied the young lady, kindly. "If I look well, I am greatly indebted to you for the tasteful arrangement of my dress. May I ask your name?"

"Dora, Dora Curtiss," replied the girl.

"Don't you get very tired sewing all the time?" asked Marion, in a kindly tone of voice.

"O, no, Miss Douglass, I love to sew and help design the beautiful dresses," she replied. "I hope soon to be able to have an establishment of my own, so I can do more for mother and the children."

Marion saw that Dora Curtiss was by no means the "hollow-eyed, thin-cheeked, sad-faced girl" of the average sewing-girl type, pictured in novels. On the contrary, she was a bright, fresh, red-cheeked, happy-faced girl.

"My mother has been an invalid for years," she said, encourged by the interest the young girl had manifested. "She gets low spirited, sometimes, so I always try to keep a state of bright weather in my heart, and that makes me feel better."

"Wouldn't your mother relish some jelly?" asked Marion, impulsively; "we have plenty of it," and she sent the servant immediately to the store-room to bring two glasses of the nicest jelly.

"I thank you many, many times, Miss Douglass, for your thoughtfulness," said Dora. "Mother will enjoy the jelly so very much."

"How much happier I feel since I met that sewing girl," thought Marion. "I wonder if it is because I happened to think of giving her that jelly! But that was such a little thing to do. How much I might do every day for the happiness of others."

The next morning Marion woke up with the full determination to go and see Dora Curtiss' mother and carry her some fruit. She got ready very soon after breakfast, and while drawing on a pair of well-fitting gloves over her tiny hand, she remembered how often her friends had said, "What beautiful hands you have!" and a feeling of pride filled her heart for a moment. When she arrived at her destination she was ushered into a plainly-furnished apartment on the first floor of a tenement house. Mrs. Curtiss received her with many kind words of welcome and thanks. She said the fruit and jelly were just what she had been wanting.

As Marion looked around the room, her eye fell upon a paper pinned upon the wall. These words were written on it:

Beautiful hands are those that do,
Work that is earnest, brave and true,
Moment by moment, the whole day through.

She asked to copy the words in her memorandum book, and, after a pleasant talk with the invalid, Marion left the house. She had only walked a short distance when she unexpectedly met Roland Fletcher.

"Why, Marion, what are you doing in this miserable part of the city?"

"I have been calling on a sick woman," she replied, with a sweet smile.

"So you have turned Sister of Charity, have you?" he replied, in a tone of displeasure. "I trust you will go directly home; don't you know that this is not a proper portion of the city for a young girl like you? Have you no fear of catching contagious diseases? I am afraid to come here myself, and when I have to come to collect rents for mother, she always ties a camphor bag around my neck."

"I am not at all afraid," replied Marion, "and this is not a God-forsaken part of the city, if the people generally are as sweet, patient Christians as the sick woman I have left. I never felt so happy in my life, and have just begun to learn that our truest happiness comes to us through doing good to others."

"Charity begins at home," said the young man, twirling his gold-headed cane. "You better make a convert of me, though I don't think much of your religious chaps."

Roland Fletcher walked home with Marion, expostulating with her and trying to make her promise that she would never go into a tenement house again. After they had seated themselves in her father's parlor, he took the tiny hand with the diamond ring on it into his own and said:

"The idea of such a beautiful hand as this is ministering to sick people in tenement houses, and lugging fruit, plasters, and nobody knows what else, through the street for their benefit!"

"My hands are not beautiful, Roland Fletcher," replied the young lady, hastily withdrawing her hand from her lover's. "I have learned to-day that

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave and true.

Hereafter I shall devote myself to ministering to those whom God has not seen fit to bless with this world's goods as abundantly as He has blessed me."

"If there is anything I detest," said Roland, "it's your pious women, your women's rights women, your self-supporting women, and your fanatical women, who think they have a mission. I expect you will be clamoring for the ballot next. You are my individual property now, and I wish you to preserve your true womanliness and not overstep the boundaries of propriety by this nunnery, mission business."

"You and I differ about the meaning of the term true womanliness," repeated Marion, in a trembling voice. "I feel that I have a right to follow the dictates of my own conscience in such matters."

Roland saw that Marion felt hurt, and, as he did really love her as much as his selfish nature was capable of loving any woman, he tried to modify his rash words. Weeks passed on, Marion still continued her visits of love and mercy, but always under protest. Every day she felt that Roland and she were drifting farther and farther apart. The external things of life—the life of pleasure and fashion that had woven such chains about him—were slowly breaking in Marion's soul. Her estimate of the things that bring happiness were very different. She was not surprised one morning to receive a note from Roland Fletcher asking that the engagement might be broken. He closed the note saying: "It has always been against my principles to marry any woman with a mission."

Years passed away. Roland Fletcher and Marion Douglass had drifted apart and lost sight of each other for a long time. Marion had married a wealthy gentleman who believed with her that our happiness in life comes to us "when we make life less difficult to others." They both were of one mind in their ideas of usefulness. Marion's beautiful hands never tired of doing work that was "earnest, brave and true." Three lovely children had come to their home, but amid their present happiness the sorrows of others were never forgotten. One lovely summer's morning Marion started from the "Flower Mission," with her basket of bouquets to distribute in the hospitals. While passing through one of the wards she stopped beside the cot of a new patient who had been brought in the night before.

"Will you have a bouquet, sir?" asked Marion, as she tenderly bent over the suffering one.

"Thank you, madame," the sick man said, as he reached out his hand and took the proffered flowers. "What a beautiful mission the Flower Mission is, and how very kind you ladies are to bring them to us poor sick ones, who are shut out from nature's beauties."

"We are very glad to cheer the sick ones in this way," replied Marion, as she took a stray rosebud out of the basket and handed it also to the patient. The man's eye fell upon the hand of the woman who ministered to him, and he said:

"Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest, brave and true."

Marion's face had been hidden beneath her large shade hat, but when she lifted her head there was a mutual recognition. It was Robert Fletcher.

"Marion Douglass!" he exclaimed. "How often I have longed to see you and take back the cruel words I said to you so long ago about true womanliness. I have tried to bless the name of woman. I have been the recipient of her Christian love and kindness. When all others forsook me, it was a 'woman with a mission' who nursed me through a malignant disease, and rescued me from a death without repentance and forgiveness. It was a woman's hand that guided me to the 'only Name given among men whereby we may be saved,' and it was a band of praying women who rescued me from a drunkard's grave."

Roland's story was soon told. His mother died years before and left him her immense fortune, which he soon squandered in riotous living. He was now a charity patient at a hospital, and he was cared for tenderly and kindly by women who believed they did not overstep the boundaries of "true womanliness" when they ministered in Christ's name to His needy ones. When he passed away from earth it was Marion's hand that smoothed his dying pillow—Marion's hand which closed his eyes upon a world in which he learned, as he said, too late, the true secret of right and noble living.—*Susan T. Perry, in Chicago Interior.*

—The physicians of Nashville, Tennessee, have petitioned the Common Council to prohibit the tolling of bells for the dead, on the ground that the sound has a depressing effect on such of their patients as have not succumbed.

—A plan for the construction of a grand system of underground railways in Paris has recently been perfected.

SCIENCE AND INDUSTRY.

—The latest triumph in art and science is a new surgical instrument called the electroendoscope. It is used to light up interiors—especially those of the human body.

—Edison says he took out a patent for storing electricity on Faure's plan two years ago, but has abandoned it. Theoretically it is all right, but practically it costs about 50 per cent. more than direct generation.

—An exhibition of philosophical instruments will be held at York, England, in August, during the meeting of the British Association. The object of the exhibition is to show, as far as possible, the progress which has been made during the past half century in the construction of instruments of scientific research.

—Alarm with indignation has arisen in Halle regarding tarlatans rendered poisonous by the introduction of copper arsenita in their production. Dr. Reimann has attempted to allay the general outcry by stating that copper arsenite is not a splendid green color, and as for such goods as tarlatans, Guignet's green, which contains no arsenic, has quite displaced the poisonous Schweinfurt green.

—Oil of a green color, transparent and flowing freely, has been extracted by Dr. C. O. Cech from coffee. The coloring matter, he says, when boiled with cotton, wool and silk, impart to them very readily an intense and permanent yellow, and, as the juice of the berries is altogether innocuous, it might well be used as a cheap and useful dye for buff, amber and orange shades, and for giving white wines a Tokay or sherry color.

—M. Poyrot, having observed that the immense tracts of wormwood upon the American plains are free from insects of every description, is experimenting with the plant as a preventive of phylloxera. He finds no difficulty in cultivating the wormwood, and proposes to mix the stalks with manure, or simply bury them in ground in the neighborhood of the vines. His suggestions have been sent to the Phylloxera Committee of the French Academy.

—A photographic sunshine recorder has been invented by Capt. Abney. It consists of a semi-cylindrical box, with a flat lid, in the center of which is a small hole. Round the inside of the cylinder strips of sensitive paper are fixed, and the instrument is then so placed that the sun, the hole and the center line of the paper are in the same plane. As the sun moves, therefore, its track will be recorded on the paper.

PITH AND POINT.

Hot-house fruit is not exactly deleterious to health, but peaches at a dollar apiece take the ambition out of a wallet pretty sudden.—*Detroit Free Press.*

—The girl who wears a pair of ten-cent stockings, when she earns them herself, can not wear a fifty-cent pair when her husband earns them.—*Binghamton Republican.*

It doesn't seem good policy for a church to shine up its collection plates to such a degree of brilliancy as to cause two-thirds of the congregation to turn their heads when it circulates in their vicinity.—*Yonkers Statesman.*

—A woman in a New York railway car sneezed her $50 false teeth out of the window, and while the train men were searching for them in the ditch, they bit the brakeman in the heel, inflicting a painful, though not necessarily fatal wound.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—Hall's *Journal of Health* says: "Many persons drink ordinarily as little water as possible, and none at all at meal times, because they suppose that water dilutes the gastric juice." Oh, they've been lying to you. They don't like it; that's all.—*Boston Post.*

—The newest self-registering thermometer has a clock attachment that will tell the time of day in which the greatest heat comes, and an alarm bell that strikes at the lowest cold point. This enables a man to know when he is warm enough, and to find out when he ought to cover himself at night.—*N. O. Picayune.*

—Said Mrs. Smith, who had come to spend the day, to little Edith: "Are you glad to see me again, Edith?" Edith—"Yes, m'm, and mamma's glad, too!" Mrs. Smith—"Is she?" Edith—"Yes, m'm; she said she hoped you'd come to-day, and have it over with." Mamma blushes scarlet, but Mrs. Smith simply smiles.—*Boston Transcript.*

—A correspondent asks: "What is a printer's devil?" A printer's devil is a wicked boy kept in every newspaper office for editors to throw mucilage bottles at when he bangs himself into the editorial arena and shouts "copy," which he does nineteen times a day. It is also a part of his duty to consume all the green watermelons and unripe fruit that the editor's agricultural friends present to him. When he grows up he usually becomes a pirate.—*Texas Siftings.*

Working Under Water.

Mr. Fleuss has been giving at Portsmouth some practical illustrations of the merits of an apparatus he has invented for enabling persons to work under water and in noxious gases. In order to do this he takes below with him a supply of concentrated oxygen in a small reservoir which is slung on his back like a knapsack. At every respiration from the tank, which is effected by means of a tube and mouthpiece, the exhausted gas after being strained through a sponge saturated with caustic soda, returns to the tank, the impure ingredients alone being permitted to escape. In this way he can remain under water for four hours, and can penetrate to situations which are impossible to an ordinary diver, who is compelled to drag a lengthening pipe at every step, and is always liable to the danger of getting entangled with the means which supply him with air. When entering an atmosphere charged with smoke and poisonous gases Mr. Fleuss divests himself of the diving dress, his only protection being tight-fighting coverings for his eyes and nostrils. Thus provided, Mr. Fleuss has gone unharmed through fumes of the densest and most pungent description.—*London Telegraph.*

Our Young Folks.

FOURTH OF JULY AT TOM ELLIOT'S HOUSE.

Thanksgiving is all well enough in its way,
Against Christmas and New Year I've nothing to say,
But my dog and the fellows and I—
That is, all the fellows who have any spunk,
Who save up for months to buy powder and punk,
And keep fire-crackers hid in my old leather trunk—
We just live for the Fourth of July!

Tom stays at his aunt's, near the end of the lane;
Her house is quite fine but she's hateful as Cain;
And I'm going to tell what she said
One day, when my dog and the fellows and I
Had gone to Tom's house to spend Fourth of July,
And thought, being under her window, we'd try
To be quiet as mice, or the dead.

We said "Hurrah!" softly, for fear she'd be mad;
We set off the littlest cannon we had,
As under the bushes we hid;
Tom screamed "Do be quiet!" at each little sound,
And when my dog yelped as he tore up the ground,
To bring me a piece of a cracker he'd found,
I cried "Lie down, sir!" And he did.

Yes, he did every time—but 'twas all of no use;
When folks want to find fault they can make an excuse;
So she popped her head out through the vines
And cried: "Tom, your father shall hear about you!
To put up with this longer is more than I'll do—
Come into the house, sir, and send off the crew
That are spoiling my flowers and lines!

"Independence, indeed! I'd rather, I say,
Be under the rule of Great Britain to-day
Than subjected to noises I hate!"
Oh! sharper than crackers the cruel words rang,
And quickly the window went down with a bang,
As up from the bushes my brave old dog sprang
And followed me out of the gate.

She's as cross an old party as ever could be!
She insulted my dog and the fellows and me,
And though they may forgive her, I can't!
No, I can't—and, besides that, I don't mean to try—
And next year my dog and the fellows and I
Will go off on the rocks to spend Fourth of July,
With no thanks to Tom or his aunt!

—*Sarah J. Burke, in St. Nicholas.*

HOW TOM JONES LOST HIS PROMOTION.

Tom Jones began to wheeze and sneeze last spring, and pretty soon a cough set in that alarmed his mamma, and she was just making up her mind to send for the family physician, when Tom was seized one morning with a fit of coughing which ended in a prolonged, unmistakable whoop. No Indian on the war-path ever seemed better satisfied with a whoop than Mrs. Jones did with this one of Tom's.

"Why, Tommy's got the whooping-cough!" she exclaimed, joyfully, to her husband.

"Does a legacy usually come with it?" said Mr. Jones.

"Well, it's a comfort to know it isn't anything settling on his lungs," replied Mrs. Jones. "He's got to have whooping-cough some time, and it's a good time to have it now, when the warm weather is coming. Now we needn't wait for vacation to go the country."

"You are in luck, Tom," said Mr. Jones. "You can take a long legal holiday, and need not play hookey any more."

"Catch me taking a holiday till the rest of the boys do, and you'll catch a weasel asleep: Joe Brown ain't going to get ahead of me," said Tom, whose father knew he never "played hookey."

"But, my son, you don't want to give away the whooping-cough? It's something nice to keep; you mustn't be too generous with it."

"There's nothing stingy about me," said Tom, who, in truth, was a whole-souled little fellow, always sharing what he had with his playmates. "If it's a good time to have it, why can't I go and give it to the whole class?"

"There's a prejudice against people being too generous," said Mr. Jones; and, patting Tom's head, he went off to business.

Tom gathered up his books, but his mamma explained to him that he couldn't go to school with whooping-cough.

"How long does this thing last?" said Tom, impatiently.

"Oh, quite a while," said Mrs. Jones, cheerfully—"two or three months, perhaps."

"Two or three months!" echoed Tom, with dismay. "Why, Joe Brown'll be away ahead of me by that time, and I sha'n't be promoted!"

"Well, never mind, dear," said his mamma. "it can't be helped, you know. You'll have to have it some time, and it's a good time to have it now."

Mrs. Jones began humming a tune, and went up stairs to pack her trunks, not dreaming of the tempest that raged in the bosom of her son Tom. He threw down his books, put both elbows on the table, and let his chin fall into his hands. It was all he could do to keep up with Joe Brown now. Joe was a sickly fellow, but he had great pluck and perseverance, and would do his examples with a handkerchief tied around his head—to keep it together, as he said. He lost many days by sickness, but always made it up by extra work, and the extra brains that he had stored away somewhere in that rickety noddle of his. Tom admired him and loved him. They had been neighbors, chums and classmates as long as he could remember. Their wood-sheds joined at the back of their yards, and every morning each climbed up to have a long talk with the other about the boy-business of the day. Tom admired and loved Joe, but he feared him, too. Joe's delicate health and extra brains about struck a balance with Tom's rugged constitution and average intellect; but how about these extra months of whooping-cough? These would leave fearful odds on Joe's side. Tom could never catch up with him again—never! It was mean. It was hard. It was not to be borne. Why couldn't Joe get the pesky old whooping-cough, too? But Tom thought of Joe's hollow cheeks and sunken eyes, and put that temptation away from him. He made up his mind he would caution Joe at once, and ran out to Bridget for a yellow rag that he had seen about the kitchen. Taking it out to the wood-shed he hoisted it upon a hastily improvised pulley.

"What's that?" said Joe, who had been waiting for Tom.

"I'm in quarantine," shouted Tom. "Don't breathe this way. You know that cough of mine? Well, it's *whooping-cough!*"

Joe darted back. "Gracious!" he said; "I wouldn't have it for anything. I couldn't go to school. I'd lose all chance of promotion."

"That's my case exactly," said Tom, bitterly.

"It's too bad, Tom," called Joe, keeping well out of breathing distance. "But I say, old fellow, you can study all the same, you know. You're a sturdy chap; it won't hinder you. It would knock me higher than a kite. I can't afford to lose any flesh and blood. I'm next door to a skeleton, now."

Tom remembered that. He was glad then he had hoisted the quarantine flag.

Joe went on shouting: "I'll keep you posted in the lessons, Tom, so you won't fall behind. I'll stick to you like bees-wax. Eh, Tom, is that all right?"

"All right," called Tom.

The quarter bell rang. Joe and Tom parted for many a day. Tom went out to his grandfather's farm with his mother, and Joe went to school.

To an indifferent observer it would seem that there was no comparison between Tom's luck and Joe's. To have a grandfather was a good deal, in the first place; Joe hadn't any. He hadn't even a father. But to have a grandfather that owned a farm! Here was what you might call downright good fortune. Tom did enjoy it. His whooping-cough was of a light variety, and didn't disturb him much. But he was all the while thinking of the boys fighting away at those examples, and how much easier it was to puzzle them out in the class-room than out there in the haymow. There is so much to distract a fellow. If the boys at school made as much fuss over doing a sum as the hens did about laying an egg they'd drive the teacher mad. Then the swallows went circling around the top of the barn until it made a body's head swim, and that young rascal of a colt gnawed the manger and kicked and coaxed to go afield with Tom, and if ever there did happen to be a lull in the racket, something in that hay made a fellow so sleepy—must have been some poppies dried in that grass. And, worst of all, Joe Brown had turned traitor. He had been as good as his word at first, and had kept Tom posted right along; but for more than a month he hadn't sent him a line. It was so hard to plod along almost in the dark. His father helped him when he came out on Saturdays, and Tom didn't give up. He studied on out of spite; but it was harder work for a boy with a heart like Tom's to strive for spite than love. Tom felt that he might perhaps pass with the rest of the boys, and keep abreast with Joe Brown after all, but there wasn't much comfort in it.

His father took him back to the city the last week in June, and on the night of his arrival Tom went out to the wood-shed to have it out with Joe. He made up his mind to tell him what he thought of him, and never speak to him again; but he felt very miserable over it, very miserable indeed.

Bridget was out there splitting wood, and called to Tom as he began to climb.

"You needn't rache up to see the boy beyant. He'll climb no more. He's lyin' in bed these three weeks, and they say he's wastin' away. That nasty 'hoopin'-cough wint bad wid the poor little craythur."

"Whooping-cough!" cried Tom. "Did Joe get it?"

"Av coorse he did, wid all the rest of the gossoons; but it wint wrong wid poor Joe's windpipe, bad luck to it, and ruined him intirely."

Tom ran out in the street. He felt so sorry, and so glad—so sorry Joe was sick, and so glad he was true. His heart leaped up to think he had found his friend again, and then sank because what Bridget said had given him a nameless fear. The very first boy Tom met told him the doctor said he didn't think Joe Brown would live to go to school again.

Tom ran in to his father with so pale a face that it frightened Mr. Jones; but he was Tom's confidant as well as his father, and soothed and comforted him.

"Come," he said, taking Tom by the hand, "let's go around and see Joe."

They found him in bed, and as white as the wall he was propped against. He held out his wasted hand to Tom. "You've come back in time for the examination," he said, with a little bitterness in his smile. "You've got all the odds now, Tom; go in and win. I told you this thing would cripple me. I'll never tackle an example again."

Tom grew almost as pale as Joe, and looked imploringly at his father. Big tears rolled out of Mrs. Brown's eyes.

"He's all I have in the world," whispered the poor widow to Mr. Jones.

"Well, please God, madam," said Mr. Jones, "Joe will be all right yet. With your permission we'll get him out in the country on Tom's grandfather's farm. What he wants is country air and rest, and to give up this wicked struggle for supremacy. There's a better victory, my boys, than that with a mathematical problem—to do the best you can, and bid godspeed to the one that can honestly do better. There are some things far better than a class promotion, and you'll find them out there on the farm; health, contentment—"

"And the jolliest colt you ever saw, Joe," broke in Tom, "and no end to dogs and pigeons."

Joe began to look so much brighter and better. "Wait till you go back and pass the examination, Tom," he said. "I've been awfully mean and envious of you: but I'd take as much pride in it now as you would."

"Wait till you're able to go with me," said Tom. "I've been mean and envious, too; but we'll begin all over again, Joe, in grandpop's barn."

So the boys went back to the country together, and Tom lost his promotion; but when Joe was able to first set his foot in Tom's grandfather's barn, and see that colt, Tom was one of the happiest fellows in the world.—*Mrs. Frank McCarthy, in Harper's Young People.*

—The Canadian Pacific Railroad Company has employed 6,000 Chinese laborers, the North Pacific several thousand, and 1,500 are wanted for railroad grading in Mexico.

The Clarendon.

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

William R. Lotz, Editor.

SUBSCRIPTION, $2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1881.

Stock Yards at Baird.

At last the stock yards are a reality at Baird. A corps of workmen are now engaged building them and putting in the siding. The location selected is a splendid one, being upon the town site of old Baird; the road bed upon which the side track was laid is being utilized, and the track put down upon it again. The pens will be what is termed second-class, being the same style and capacity as those at Abilene. This will make Baird without exceptions, the best shipping point on the T. and P. line, for we have here excellent range and neverfailing water within a stone throw of the yards. Another great advantage which shippers claim for Baird is that the pens are not in the town, but distant far enough so that stock will not be disturbed by visitors climbing about the yards, and thus keeping wild cattle in continual excitement from fear, and as we have before remarked, cattle can beheld upon the range adjacent to the pens, without shrinking, but will even gain in flesh. But this place needs no laudations from us to make it a good shipping point for stock. Shippers will very readily find this fact out by experience. Capt. Frank Taylor, of Coleman, is already intending to make a shipment from this place, and there will be many more to follow. Baird will now rank with the prominent stock shipping points on the road.

Pass him Around.

We would inform our numerous exchanges who are still publishing the advertisement "Reign of Terror", that we have been creditably informed that there is now no such institution as the Lobdell Chemical Co. at St. Louis. "Lobdell used to be with Richardson & Co. druggists but left some months since", says our informant. We presume this has been another neat dodge to secure valuable advertising, free.

JOHN HAY takes Whitelaw Reid's place as editor of the New York Tribune during Mr. Reid's wedding journey in Europe.

WHAT has become of the Abilene *Reporter*? The last copy we received was dated June 24th.

THE action of the teacher's Convendion in censuring Gov. Roberts meets the approbation of the Galveston *News*. The forty or fifty editors who never know know they stand until they see on which side of the fence the *News* is on will now join in the chorus, and for the next few weeks "Rome will howl." —Corsicana *Courier*.

PROF. MCLLHANEY, formerly of Dallas, has accepted the presidency of the high school at Stephensville, where he goes with his family to make his home and take charge of that institution of learning. The Professor comes very highly recommended and will, no doubt prove an important acquisition to that town.

JOHN GRISCOM has concluded a forty-five days fast in Chicago. When he completed his fast he weighed 147 1-2 pounds, and was in splendid physical and mental condition when he took his first mouthful of food, which he did in the presence of about 200 spectators.

FORT WORTH is doing an immense shipping trade with Abilene, Baird, Comanche, Coleman City, Albany and other western towns. We will soon be the depot of supplies for all the Great West, even to the limits of California.—*Evening News*.

But why don't the Fort Worth merchants advertise in these towns and let our citizens and merchants know who are in business at the Fort. Dallas is far outstripping you in that respect.

WE did not see the last number of the Cisco *Round-up*, but we are told the editor of that sheet, says that it is reported that the round-house is to be removed from Baird to Cisco. Yes, neighbor, and it is currently reported that De Lesseps has given up his canal project across the Isthmus, and will now dig it from the Leon to a dry mud puddle just in the western outskirts of your town—when you get the town. Eads, not to be out done, is going to build his ship railway to run from Battle Creek to the Leon via Cisco thus intercepting a cow track in which a fellow saw some water last winter, and which is to be a water station for that commendable enterprise.

Terrible Accident in Mexico.

Chicago, July 11. A dispatch dated City of Mexico, July 10, says: Dispatches received from Oaxaca, announce the falling of a church roof in Mateo, killing over fifty persons. The church was being rebuilt, and at five o'clock on Tuesday morning some workmen fell from the roof. All of the others rushed to get off at the same instant, causing the roof to fall. The worshippers, mostly women, were instantly killed. Twenty of the workmen on the roof were also killed, and others fatally wounded.

MR. BOOM.

His Unexpected Return to our City. That Well Brought Him Back. His Impressions de Voyage.

I was comfortably sitting in a rocking chair, thanking our stars for having discovered in Baird a new bonanza in the shape of a well only 14 feet deep, and capable already of furnishing water for a population of a couple of thousand, and pitying from the bottom of my heart, those dry towns around us that can hardly raise water enough to wash their faces, when I heard a soft tap at my door. "Come in," said I. A man, or more properly, a dry skeleton, walked in and sat on a chair next to me. "What is your name sir?" I asked the stanger.

"My name?" said he, "don't you recognise me? I am Mr. Boom, I was here a month ago."

"Indeed said I, I could not recognise you, Mr. Boom, you look so thin and dried up. Where have you been?"

Mr. Boom—Dry! Dry!! Well, if you knew how dry I have been since I left Baird you would be afraid to smoke that cigar so near me for fear I might catch fire. When I left here I went to Cisco, where I thought I could get a situation. The citizens offered me a grand reception, telling me that I was the very chap they were looking for, to insure the prosperity of their burg. I thought I had struck a bonanza, until the following morning when I asked for some water to wash my shirt; will you believe it? There was no water to be had within seven miles from the village, and the only wet place in the neighborhood, where a fellow could wash his shirt, was a mud hole or hog wallow, to which the natives go once a week to do their washing in dry mud. Of course I could not stand it and left.

D.—"Where did you go to Mr. Boom?"

Mr. Boom—"On the same day I got a letter from Abilene, in which the citizens were clamoring to have me back again, so I packed up my saratoga and went back to Abilene where I have been ever since the Fourth of July, but I could not stand the drought, and really, they can not afford to keep a boom over there, it is too confoundedly dry. Will you believe that Water is so scarce there, that the inhabitants turn out *en masse* every morning in the prairie, on all fours, lick the grass in order to get the dew to extinguish the fire which is burning their parched throats."

D.—"Mr. Boom, how about that artesian well, is it dry?"

Mr. Boom—"Artesian well be blowned! Artesian hole you mean. No sir, no water there. That hole is bored to the depth of nearly 900 feet, without dampness enough to drown a bed bug; in fact that hole is bored to death. It is now in the heart of China, but the Celestials refuse to dampen even his bottom. I am told that they have given up the idea of ever getting water from that hole, and they have concluded to chop it up in two-foot sections, and retail them out to the agriculturists for fence post holes, as the holes will be so dry, the posts will never rot."

D.—"Mr. Boom, how do they wash their faces if water is so scarce?"

Mr. Boom—"Poor people don't wash at all, as for the aristocracy, they have a man hired who is stationed at the top of the highest house armed with a long pole, to the top end of which a rag is tied, and at night, when a cloud happens to come that way, the man with the pole waves his rag in the cloud; in the morning, the rich folks pay four-bits for the privilege of passing the wet rag over their faces, and they exclaim enthusiastically, "It is so refreshing to take a bath in the morning."

D.—"Mr. Boom, what are they going to do about it? Do they talk about moving to Baird, where there is plenty of water?"

Mr. Boom.—"I don't know, and I don't care. I heard that you had struck water enough to run a steamboat, and came here with my family. Baird is the only place on this road, west of Fort Worth, where there is water in abundance. Water I must have, all the year round, and Baird will be my home. I would advise Cisco and Abilene to move here too."

D.—"But, Mr. Boom, we don't want you—you must go."

Mr. Boom.—"But I must stay. You have in Baird, all the necessaries and luxuries to make a first-class city. Eventually you will be the boss place on the road. When the world will know that water, that most important luxury in life, can be gotten here in abundance, all these broad and fertile prairies around you will be covered with waving corn and healthy cotton fields. In a few days your stock-pens will be open for business; you have got the round-house solid; the company is laying new side tracks around your depot; your immigrant house is completed, and, no doubt, thousands of immigrants will settle in your county next fall. I notice many houses being built in every part of your town. Your merchants are contented, in fact, you show more thrift and have more solid and liquid elements of prosperity than any other place on the road, and the discovery of that new well, so abundantly supplied with the precious fluid, will be for your town a beacon towards which all enterprising men will gather. You are the only town whose future is settled, without a shadow of doubt, and I must stay here."

Thus ended our interview. I am going to keep Mr. Boom here, just long enough for him to get wet, and recuperate his shattered constitution, then I will ship him to any point on the road where he may be needed. We have no use for him here.

Applications sent to the CLARENDON, for Mr. Boom's services will be answered free of charge.

I. B. DAMPHINO.

SUBSCRIBE for the CLARENDON.

An Interesting Rumor.

The rumor that has prevailed for the past week that Huntington, the great railroad magnate had purchased the controlling stock in the Houston & Texas Central road, that he had bought the Texas & New Orleans road, according to a prominent railroad official who has just arrived in this city from New York, has all the foundations of truth. He brings the news that the papers have all been duly signed, and that the road pass at once into the hands of the new management. The Wells-Fargo express company, which has followed up Huntington's lines of roads will, it is said, establish offices in this state, and among other points, one in this city, and that this company has asserted that it will transmit express matter at such low rates that it will be but little if any higher rates than that for the transmission of mail matter. This is the rumor that, to all appearances is well founded, coming from the source it does, and it is given for what it is worth.

The New Game Law.

The following is a synopsis of the new game law passed March 15th, and in effect July 1st 1881:

Deer—It is unlawful to shoot, or in any way destroy any wild dear during the months of from the first of December to the first of June. Penalty from $25 to $50 fine.

Turkeys—From the fifteenth of May to the first of September, it is unlawful to shoot or otherwise destroy any wild turkey. Fine, $10.

Prairie chickens—From the first of March to the first of August, it is unlawful to kill prairie chickens. Fine $10.

Quails—From the first of March to the first of September, it is unlawful to kill quails or partridges, and the netting of partridges is entirely prohibited. Fine $10.

Song birds, etc.—Mocking birds, whipporwills, night hawks, blue birds, red birds, finch, thrush linnet, wren, martin, swallow, bobolink, cat bird, nonpareil, scissorstail, sparrow, buzzard and carion crow, and it is a misdemeanor to kill any of these birds. Penalty no less than $5 fine.

Over the State.

The wheat crop of Grayson county turns out most excellently and there will be a large surplus.

There is a well near Bryan, the waters of which are possessed of medicinal qualities, and considerable attention is being attracted to it.

The Transcontinental branch of the Texas & Pacific road will build commodious stock pens at Pilot Point as soon as the necessary posts can be obtained.

The residence of Mr. L. M. Sites, three miles from Pilot Point, was destroyed by fire one day last week while the family was absent from home. Only one bed and a lot of meat was saved.

Joe Crain, H. Swanson, Jim Mackie and Terrell Crain were all arrested in Tehuacana bottom, McLennan county, Sunday, for cattle stealing. Terrell Crain is a negro preacher and was "spoundin' de gospel" when arrested.

Two horse thieves in Sherman, plied their vocatian in daylight Monday last, taking two horses hitched to racks. One of them made his escape but the other was nabbed and jugged.

Texas has room for 50,000,000 of people, and then be under the population of Mass. to the square mile.

Gov. Hubbard predicts that within two years from now there will be 3000 miles of railroad in operation in Texas,

A hundred and twenty-five thousand carp fish were put in the Sabine river, last week, by the government fish commissioners.

An old silver mine has been developed at Georgetown which it is thought will assay $50 per ton.

It is said Mineola is improving faster than any town on the railroad from Marshall to Fort Worth.

San Antonino, July 11.—A fearful accident occured to-day on the southwest bound passenger train over the International and Great Northern railroad at Atascoso station, by the parting of a wheel. D. C. Robertson, of San Antonio was badly wounded. Buck of La Salle county, Mr. Brooks and family were badly injured, the former is not expected to live. A brakeman named Bailey and a Mr. Healy of Palestine, telegraph official, are also slightly wounded.

About 12 o'clock Saturday night a young man named Clark, a yard brakeman, while trying to get on a train, slipped and falling under a car, had one leg mashed terribly and the other broken. He was taken to comfortable quarters at once and doctors summoned who amputated one leg, but he died in a few hours and yesterday was buried in the new cemetery. Clark was from Rochester, New York, and was an energetic young moral young man. His injuries were so severe and so painful that the poor fellow begged to be given a pistol that he might blow his brains out.—Fort Wort *Evening News*.

POWER HOUSE!

West Side Main Plaza,

Well established and centrally located.

No Pains will be Spared for the Convenience and Comfort of our Guests.

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED, and prices as low as the times will admit.

☞ *Good Livery and Feed Stable in Connection.*

W. J. Power, Proprietor.

nl-1y

ESTRAYED.

Estrayed before J. H. Harbert, J. P. Precinct No. 7, Callahan county, Texas, by G. W. Ellington, June 28th, 1881, One brown mare mule, 14 hands high, about 20 years old, branded A with a half circle over and a bar below on left shoulder, also an indescribable brand on left thigh and another on left hip. Appraised at $30.

J. W. NEWMAN,
C. C. C. C. Co.

SHEEP FOR SALE!

Over 11,000 Head.

—:o:—

The advance will be here next week. The others will be here soon.

In them I offer a Fine selection of choice SHEEP, free from disease and in excellent Condition.

Consisting of:
750 head of full Merino.
1,850 head mixed 7-8 Merino, bred up from Mexican.
1,400 head mixed 3-4 Merino, bred up from Mexican.
7,000 head mixed 1-2 Merino, bred up from Mexican.
400 head of Mexican.

☞ *Will sell in lots to suit purchasers.*

TERMS CASH.

C. K. STRIBLING,
Fort Griffin, Shackelford Co. Texas.
June 26, 1881. nl3-3w.

DRUG STORE,

—FOR—



PURE DRUGS, FINE TOBACCOS, BEST CIGARS, and all kinds o PATENT MEDICINES

TOILET ARTICLES BLANK BOOKS, SCHOOL BOOKS, SLATES, or anything in the

STATIONERY LINE, ETC.

Go to

T. J. LARGEN'S Drug Store,
Belle Plain, Texas.

$66 a week in your own town; $5 outfit free No risk. Reader, if you want a business at which persons of either sex can make great pay all the time they work write for particulars to H. Hallett & co. Portland, Maine 34-1y

$5 Outfit sent free to those who wish to engage in the most pleasant and profitable business known. Everything new. Capital not required. We will furnish you everything. $10 a day and upwards is easily made without staying away from home over night. No risk whatever. Many new workers wanted at once. Many are making fortunes at the business. Ladies make as much as men, and young boys and girls make great pay. No one who is willing to work fails to make more money every day than can be made in a week at any ordinary employment. Those who engage at once will find a short road to fortune. Address H. Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine. v2n51y.

$10 Outfit furnished free, with full instructions for conducting the most profitable business that anyone can engage in. The business is so easy to learn, and our instructions are so simple and plain, that anyone can make great profits from the very start. No one can fail who is willing to work. Women are as successful as men. Boys and girls can earn large sums. Many have made at the business over one hundred dollars in a single week. Nothing like it ever known before. All who engage are surprised at the ease and rapidity with which they are able to make money. You can engage in this business during your spare time at great profit. You do not have to invest capital in it. We take all the risk. Those who need ready money, should write to us at once. All furnished free. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine. v2n51y

HELP Yourselves by making money when a golden chance is offered, thereby always keeping poverty from your door. Those who always take advantage of the good chances for making money, that are offered, generally become wealthy while those who do not improve such chances remain in poverty. We want many men, women, boys and girls to work for us right in their own localities. The business will pay more than ten times ordinary wages. We furnish an expensive outfit and all that you need, free. No one who engages fails to make money very rapidly. You can devote your whole time to the work, or only your spare moments. Full information and all that is needed sent free. Address Stinson & Co., Portand, Maine. v2n51y

BEST business now before the public. You can make money faster at work for us than at anything else; capital not required. We will start you. $12 a day and upwards made at home by the industrious. Men, women, boys and girls wanted everywhere to work for us. Now is the time. You can devote your whole time to the work or only your spare moments; no other business will pay you nearly as well; no one willing to work can fail to make enormous pay by engaging at once; costly outfit and terms free. A great opportunity for making money easily and honorably. Address True & Co., Augusta, Maine 34-1y

GOLD. Great chances to make money. We need a person in every town to take subscriptions for the largest, cheapest and best illustrated family publication in the world. Anyone can become a successful agent. Six elegant works of art given free to subscribers. The price is so low that almost everybody subscribes. One agent reports taking 126 subscribers in a day. A lady agent reports making over $200 clear profit in ten days. All who engage make money fast. You can devote all your time to the business, or only your spare time. You need not be away from home over night. You can do it as well as others. Full directions and terms free. Elegant and expensive Outfit free If you want profitable work send us your address at once. It costs nothing to try the business. No one who engages fails to make great pay. Address George Stinson & Co., Portland, Maine 34-1y

BIG PAY. AGENTS WANTED.

WE WANT A LIMITED NUMBER OF active, energetic canvassers to engage in a pleasant and profitable business. Good men will find this a rare chance

TO MAKE MONEY.

Such will please answer this advertisement by letter, enclosing stamp for reply, stating what business they have been engaged in. None but those who mean business need apply. Address

FINLEY, HARVEY & CO.,
n47-1y Atlanta, Ga.

Robert Estes, Justice of the Peace of precinct No. 5, residence about 8 miles west of Baird.

J. W. Merrick, Constable of precinct No. 5, residence 8 miles west of Baird, on the line of the railroad.

Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to their care. v1-50 1y

J. W. HEDLEY,

Watch Maker and Jeweler.

WATCHES AND CLOCKS

Kept Constantly on Hand,

—ALSO—

LAZARUS & MORRIS' SPECTACLES.

☞ Special attention given to repairing Watches, Clocks, Jewelry, &c.

Store in Turner's Apothecary Shop,

BAIRD, : : : TEXAS.

HODES & VEIT,

—DEALERS IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE!

—Highest Cash Prices Paid for Country Produce.—

BAIRD. - - - - - - TEXAS.

SANGER BROS.,

DALLAS,

JOBBERS

—OF—

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,

NOTIONS, MILLINERY,

—HATS AND CAPS, FURNISHING GOODS,—

BOOTS AND SHOES

CARPETS AND HOUSEKEEPING GOODS.

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

THIS SPRING AND SUMMER.

No pains will be spared to serve our WHOLESALE CUSTOMERS with fidelity and dispatch, and at PRICES that will compare and compete favorably with the Markets of the North and East.

It is a fair Presumption in Our Favor that we are better prepared than a foreign house to meat the wants of the Merchants of Texas, from the fact that we maintain, ourselves, the largest and best appointed Retail Establishment in the State, and buying everything in duplicate, have at all times on hand just such goods as are suited to all classes of trade in Texas.

SANGER BROS., Dallas, Texas.



BUY ONLY THE NEW AMERICAN

It is the Only Sewing Machine which has a

Self-Threading Shuttle.

IT HAS SELF-SETTING NEEDLE, NEVER BREAKS THE THREAD, NEVER SKIPS STITCHES, IS THE LIGHTEST RUNNING.

The Simplest, the Most Durable, and In Every Respect

The Best Family Sewing Machine!

The NEW AMERICAN is easily learned, does not get out of order, and will do more work with less labor than any other machine. Illustrated Circular furnished on application.

AGENTS WANTED.

EXTRA INDUCEMENTS TO CASH PURCHASERS.

PRINCIPAL OFFICE, No. 1318 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.

GEO. A. WEBSTER - - - - ASSISTANT MANAGER

Office, in Fort Worth, Texas.

PIANOS, ORGANS,

AND MUSICAL MERCHANDISE.

WE CAN SUPPLY YOU WITH EVERYTHING IN THE MUSIC LINE.

A. SUMTER & CO.

IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS IN

TEXAS DEPARTMENT, 710 Main St., Dallas

ST. LOUIS DEPARTMENT, 708 & 710 Locust St.

—THE—

BIRDS-BROWN-INN

SALOON

Catches Everybody in Pursuit of Knowledge or a

Good Square Drink.

All of the Most Popular brands of WHISKIES AND CIGARS on hands.

J. M. WALKER & CO., Props.

Cheap Cash Store.

New Store!
New Goods!!
New Prices!!!

I have opened a Grocery Store in the building formerly known as the Harrison building, and am prepared to sell better Groceries at cheaper prices than ever before sold in Belle Plain.

I keep constantly on hand everything usually kept in a first-class grocery store, such as

SUGAR, COFFEE, BACON HAMS, LARD, RICE, BEANS, MOLASSES, CONDENSED MILK, CANNED GOODS, DRIED FRUITS, POWDER, SHOT, AND WOODENWARE,

ALSO

CIGARS, TOBACCOS, Etc., Etc

W. J. Power,

BELLE PLAIN, - - - - TEXAS.

2-1-6m

THE TEXAS AND PACIFIC RAILWAY

AND ITS CONNECIONS,

—FORM THE—

Most Direct and Quickest Line

—FROM—

ALL POINTS IN TEXAS,

—TO—

ST. LOUIS,	*MEMPHIS,*
CHICAGO,	*NASHVILLE,*
CAIRO,	*LOUISVILLE,*
IND'NAPOLIS,	*CH'TANOOGA,*
TOLEDO,	*ATLANTA,*

—AND ALL POINTS—

North, East and South-East

Trains Arrive and Leave Fort Worth as Follows:

ARRIVE.		LEAVE.
1:25 a. m.	No. 1, Mail and Expr's	
	No. 2, Mail and Expr's	3:45 p.m.
2:50 p. m.	No. 3, Accommodat'n	
	No. 4, Accommodat'n	6:20 a.m.

CONNECTIONS.

At Texarkana, with all trains on St. Louis & Iron Mountain and So. Rwy. for all points North, East and South-East.

At Longview Junction, and Minneola, with all trains on International R. R. for Tyler, Palestine, Houston, Austin, Galveston and San Antonio.

At Dallas, with trains of the Houston & Texas Central Rwy. for Corsicana, Mexia, Bremond, Waco, Calvert, Bryan, Hempstead, Brenham, and all points in Middle and Southern Texas.

At Sherman, with H. & T. C. Rwy. for all points on the line of that road.

At Fort Worth, with Stages for all points in Western Texas.

At Shreveport, with Red River Steamers for New Orleans.

Pullman's Palace Sleeping Cars

—FROM—

FORT WORTH, DALLAS AND SHERMAN

—TO—

ST. LOUIS.

Any information in regard to rates of Freight and Passage, Time and Connections, will be cheerfully given on application to

Geo Noble,	W. H. Newman,
Gen'l Supt.	Gen'l Frt. Agent,
Marshall, Tex.	Marshall, Tex.
R. W. Thompson, jr.,	
Gen'l P. & T. A'ft.	
Marshall, Tex	

THOMAS RUSSEL,

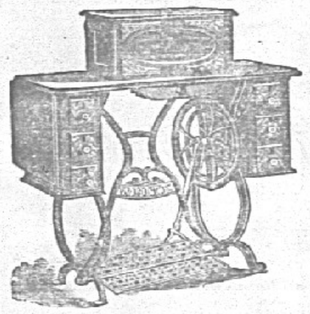
ARCHITECT AND BUILDER

will take Contracts for Furnishing and Building

Stone, Wood, or Brick Buildings,

Abilene, Texas.

nl-1tf



UNPARALLELED SUCCESS

OF THE

White Sewing Machine



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

54,853 Machines.

NO OTHER MACHINE EVER HAD SUCH

A RECORD OF POPULARITY.

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

IN THE WORLD.

Agents wanted. For terms, address

White Sewing Machine Co.,
CLEVELAND, O.

L. C. McALLISTER, Agent,
Fort Worth, Texas.

G. WESBROOK,

Proprietor of the

TONSORIAL PARLORS

Adjoining the Adams House,

First Street, Baird, Texas,

Is an artist of rare attainments and his equal is seldom found in Western Towns. In Shaving, Hair Cutting, Shampooing, &c., George can't be excelled.

Genuine Sea Foam Kept in Stock



Cathartic Pills

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

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

As a Dinner Pill they have no equal.

While gentle in their action, these PILLS are the most thorough and searching cathartic that can be employed, and never gripe nor pain unless the bowels are inflamed, and then their influence is healing. They stimulate the appetite and digestive organs; they operate to purify and enrich the blood, and impart renewed health and vigor to the whole system.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,

Practical and Analytical Chemists,

Lowell, Mass.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

The Clarendon.

SATURDAY, JULY 16, 1881.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

State Officers.

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

District Officers.

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

County Officers.

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

Courts.

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

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

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

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

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

Belle Plain Lodge, No. 247, I. O. of O. F. meets every Saturday night at the Court House Hall. J. E. Thomas, N. G. F. N. Reese, V. G. J. W. Jones, Secretary. Tom Russell, Treasurer.

Baird Lodge, I. O. of O. F. meets at the Academy every Saturday evening at 8 o'clock. Visiting brothers are cordially invited to attend. Philip Schwartz, N. G. C. H. Rust, Secretary.

Church Directory.

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

Railroad Time Table.

WESTWARD

ARRIVES.

No 9 Through Freight	6 00 a m
No 7 Local Freight	6 50 p m
No 1 Mail and Express	10 00 a m

LEAVES.

No 9 Mixed	10 30 a m
No 1 Mail and Express	10 00 a m

EASTWARD

ARRIVES.

No 2 Mail and Express	6 30 a m
No 10 Mixed	6 00 a m

LEAVES.

No 2 Mail and Express	6 30 a m
No 8 Local Freight	9 00 a m
No 10 Stock Express	3 15 p m

Arrivals and Departures of Mails.

ARRIVES.

From the East at	10 00 a m
" " West at	6 30 a m
" Belle Plain at	7 00 a m
" Albany at	1 00 p m

DEPARTS.

Going East	7 00 a m
" West	10 15 a m
" Belle Plain	1 00 p m
" Albany	7 00 a m

PH. SCHWARTZ, P. M.

LOCAL NEWS.

Kerosene at City Pharmacy 35 cents per gal.

New houses are constantly being built in Baird.

O! O!! O!!! take me to the I X L Saloon and give me a drink.

Mr. F. A. Parrott moved his family to town last Monday.

Four, six and eight ball Croquet sets at the furniture store

Four operators passed through for the front during the week.

Lamps and lamp fixtures at City Pharmacy.

Mr. Jules Hervey is doing the honors at the Nip & Tuck Saloon.

Several new buildings have gone up in the suburbs recently.

Mr. Baker's horse which was crippled by running away last week was shot to put him out of misery.

Just received at Turner's drug store a fine selection of pocket cutlery.

Pimples, blotches and boils disappear after a few doses of Ayer's Sarsaparilla.

A number of tents and some other small houses were blown up and down Thursday evening.

Wall paper, double roll, from 25 cents to 75 cents, at the furniture store.

See the advertisement this week of sheep and ranch for sale, at Little & Adams', real estate agents.

Pure drugs and fancy articles in variety at R. M. Turner's on Market St.

The gentlemanly Mr. Burton informs us that the lumber sales at the yard for one day this week were over $1100.

Mr. S. Lapowski will leave on the 20th inst. for the East, and will bring back the largest stock of goods ever brought to the West.

We have quite a number of curiosities in town, such as a pair of bald eagles, a hairy Frenchman, several prairie squirrels, three or four prairie dogs and a number of coons.

John and George, at the I X L, are the chiefs I reckon, on mixed drinks. Call an see them.

Mr. Turner has a small building which was blown down last Thursday evening. He says he is going to move it to Cisco, to be used as a land office.

A large stock of the celebrated New Process flour at S. Lapowski & Bro.

Screw worm destroyers in large quantities at City Pharmacy.

Taste and try before you buy. The I X L is the place to get your money back in a long, keen, cold drink.

Mr. Page Windham has completed a fine residence house in town and it is a very neat, cozy place, and makes another beautiful house in Baird.

Two car loads of flour just received and for sale cheap at S. Lapowski & Bro.

Mr. Geo. E. Johnson, who has been sojourning among us for some weeks but left for home in Kirkwood, Mo. some time since writes us that it is very warm and dry there.

Head quarters for wall paper at City Pharmacy.

Well selected lot of wall paper, mixed paints. White wash and paint brushes at Turner's.

E. H Newlon, Proprietor of City Hotel informs us that he frequently serves breakfast to over thirty passengers on the East bound train which passes this point at 6 A. M.

Merchants in the interior can get Fort Worth or Dallas bills of goods duplicated at Lapowski & Bro.

Mr. Ed. Northrup has completed his wagon making shop and is now building a furniture store in front of it, which will be completed in a few days.

The I X L Saloon is the coolest place in town, and the boys know how to make a nice cool drink. Go and see.

To those who asked us about a crossing over the railroad track, near the Immigrant house we would say that the order for the track has been issued and the crossing will be built this week.

Fine pocket cutlery, razors, straps, shaving mugs and fancy soaps in endless variety at City Pharmacy.

Mr. Justin Cook, we are sorry to say, has been for some time confined to his bed by a severe attack of bilious fever, but glad to say he is again convalescing. Hope to see him out again soon.

Stockmen wishing to lay in supplies are invited to call, examine and price our goods before going East. We know we can make it advantageous to them. S. LAPOWSKI & BRO.

I will sell Glassware, Queensware and table cutlery cheaper than ever known before. Call on me at the furniture store. J. F. RETTIG.

Mr. Jackson, whose farm is situated on the Mahair, a short distance from Baird, informs us that his wheat averaged this year fifteen bushels to the acre. Not so bad after all, considering an extremely dry season.

For delicious iced drinks of all kinds, just call around to Nip & Tuck saloon, where you will be sure to find them.

Mr. Ed. Coppins is erecting a building on Market street, which he is going to occupy as a store. Groceries is going to be his line. We welcome him to Baird and hope he will be please with his location.

Fine chewing and smoking tobaccos at City Pharmacy. Also select cigars.

We have done our utmost to show the necessity of having a crossing over the rail road track at the upper part of town, at or near the Immigrant house, and we now have the assurance that it will be put in within a very few days.

The finest assortment of toilet and fancy articles in town at the City pharmacy.

Two turn tables, one for the Pecos and one for the next division west of the Pecos were brought to Baird last Tuesday, and were taken to the front last Wednesday. They were very heavy articles of furniture, it requiring two flat cars to carry each table.

All parties wanting clocks, will save money by calling on me at the furniture store. I have a nice line of one and eight day clocks, and having bought them at reduced rates, will sell them the same way.
J. F. RETTIG.

Mr. J. A. Duncan is the second man in Baird who undertook to dig a well, and the first one that struck water. He struck it in such abundance, that if a few more of our citizens follow his example with the same success, Baird will soon have water enough to be an inland sea port.

The Nip & Tuck is the best fitted up saloon in Baird, and would be a credit to any city in the State. For cleanness and neatness it has no rival, and none but the best liquors and cigars are sold at the Nip & Tuck.

E. H. Newlon is erecting a small carpenter shop on his lots connected with the City Hotel, and will at once fit up his present work shop, 24x40, two stories high, in sleeping rooms and connect it with the City Hotel, he also has about completed a laundry 24x24, which is connected with the City Hotel.

Anderson, the barber, has moved his shop from Front street to a place on Market street, near the meat market.

The Little Brown Jug building has been moved around on Market street, near where Dean's lemonade stand was located. This is to make room for the Major's stone building which is going to be built at once.

Mr. A. J. Hammer, night operator and train way bill clerk at this place, left yesterday morning for the front to take the place of one of the operators who was unfitted for duty. Cause too much benzine.

A three bent bridge about three and a half miles West of Strawn Station was burned last Thursday evening, and trains were compelled to stop there and transfer. No. 2 going Eastward was on time, but was compelled to transfer and return in the place of No. 1 Westward bound, which she did several hours behind time.

Prof. Lewis notifies us that next Friday evening closes the three months term of his school, and that he will commence another term without any intermission, his patrons so desiring. There will be some exercises by the children of the school, and an address by Mr. Webb, on next Friday evening. The public are respectfully invited.

Last Thursday at about 5 o'clock P. M. one of the severest wind and rain storms visited Baird, which we have ever encountered in this county. The wind swept our streets of all loose dust and debris which was followed by a severe rain which lasted until dark and soaked up the ground to the depth of several inches, and materially refreshed our atmosphere.

For Sale.

About 200 Eastern Texas sheep, and 300 acres good arable land, with adjoining range and lasting water. Apply to Messrs. Adams & Little, Baird, or M. H. Donohoe, Deep Creek.

Real Estate Transfers.

Lot 4 block 11 in Newlon's addition, to H. L. Gill. Consideration - - - $ 60 00

Lots 5 and 6 Block 11 in Newlon, addition, to F. A. Parrott. Consideration - - 120 00

E. H. NEWLON,
Real Estate Agent.

School Community Organnized.

The citizens of Baird met at the school house on Monday evening the 11th instant, for the purpose of organizing themselves into a school community under the free school law. After some preliminary discussion as to the requirements of the law, Rev. G. P. Johnston was called to the chair, and J. R. Lewis made secretary. The meeting being called to order, and the object explained by the chairman, on motion, balloting was commenced for Trustees, which resulted in the choice of E. H. Newlon, James Parish and O. M. L. Parker.

The trustees then agreed that Prof. Lewis should proceed immediately to take the scholastic census of the community. The meeting then adjourned.

I would respectfully request that all persons living outside of the town who wish to attach themselves to this Community hand in the names of their children, within the scholastic age, to me or either of the Trustees at the earliest possible moment, as the time is short for completing and sending in our report.

Restectfully submitted.
J. R. LEWIS, Sec'y.

Personal

Mr. W. H. Leech, of Wingo, Ky., called at our office last Tuesday. Mr. L. says he intends to spend most of his summers in our pleasant balmy climate, as he finds it far more pleasant than the sultry summer weather of Kentucky.

Mr. John Hoop, of Shellyville, Ind., for a number of years editor of the *Volunter*, published at that place, made us a pleasant call the latter part of last week.

Mr. V. A. Robins who has been for a long time in the Nip & Tuck saloon at this place, left last Monday for Big Springs, where he goes to take full charge of the Nip & Tuck saloon at that place. Success attend him.

Capt. Robson, the editor of the Fort Griffin *Echo*, called at our office last Thursday. The Captain came here in company with Mr. Conrad, one of the principal merchants of that town. They came here from Cisco, and left for home on Friday morning. We are much pleased at having met these worthy gentlemen.

Mr. R. W. Star, of Weatherford, who was attached to Maj. Birr's office during the construction of the T. & P. railroad, is stopping at the City Hotel.

Who Saw it First!

The question of who discovered the present comet has become a most momentous one. Over 500 persons have laid claim to the honor and the Warner Prize of $200, and all of them are within comparatively the same time. It is desirable that no injustice be done in this matter, and to this end all parties who saw the comet during the week ending June 25th, or previously, will please forward their claims without delay to Prof. Swift, Director of the Warner Observatory, Rochester, N. Y. It is certain the discovery was made by a private individual, but who that individual is remains to be seen.

Dumphinoism.

One of Baird's school boys got his coat's tail warmed up the other day by the teacher, because he was exercising his pugilistic talents too freely by putting heads on his class mates. When going home in the evening he was heard musing between his teeth: "If ignorance is bliss, knowledge is blisster," at the same time patting the the seat of his pants.

I got sick last week and hired a man to take my place, but I soon concluded to fire him out. After he had gone to the round house and all over town, he could not gather any item except about last week's cyclone and about a dog to whose tail an oyster can was attached. This is the way he trimmed up the cyclone: "The cyclone that passed over our little city last Saturday, did considerable damage all around, and especially at Belle Plain where I was at the time. There was a "bunch" of cattle passing near me, when the windy monster came along, and a poor harmless cow, which was at the time suckling her new born baby calf, was carried up towards heaven by the force of the whirlwind, her baby still clinging to its ma as if they were only one individual. The cow's head, in going up was downwards, proving, beyond a shadow of a doubt, that the elements had caught hold of her by the tail. She travelled towards the comet for about fifteen minutes, at the rate of five hundred miles a second, and then, headed straight for the Milkyway, I presume for the purpose of furnishing the lacteal fluid to the man in the moon, when all of a sudden, I heard a terrible detoration, and saw the cow coming towards mother earth faster than she had left it. She fell on a live-oak tree, a short distance from where I was standing, and upon examination I found out that the cow and her baby was unhurt, but the mother had lost her tail. No doubt the force of the wind had broken her spinal column where her tail commenced to grow, and certainly this was the direct cause of the detonation that I had heard, and the cow feeling that she has been freed by the loss of her tail, rushed downwards as quickly as she could. It was, indeed, a narrow escape—a cow's slip—to use a flowery expression."

This is the way he trimmed up the dog story: "Fido, the dog, to whose tail these bad boys had tied an oyster can, reminds me of a dog that I once owned. His front name was Prince, and he was about as worthless a son of a gun as I ever saw. He was a regular thief, and could steal the soup bone out of the pot while the soup was boiling at 2:40. One day I concluded to get rid of him, and with that prospect in view, I tied a can to his tail and turned him loose with a kick. Prince started down street with the velocity of a rifle ball, and I smiled the smile of an angel who thinks he has just got himself freed from the influence of the evil one. For the whole day and part of the following, I did not see any sign of of Prince until about ten o'clock A. M., when in came Prince as lively as ever, and as friendly to me as if no controversy had taken place between us. I repeated the performance of the day before, but judge of my surprise when I saw Prince, instead of running off as he had done, walk leisurely down town, seemingly perfectly satisfied with his dog lot in this vale of tears. I was surprised, but I still entertained a secret hope that Prince would get disgusted by the ungentlemanly way I had treated him, and would conclude to stay away. But fate was against me, for on the third day, at precisely ten o'clock, Prince made his appearence armed with an oyster can and a string, both of which he deposited at my feet, then, turning his back towards me, he lifted up his tail and waited until I had tied both things to his caudal appendage. I was dumbfounded; that infernal cur had concluded that his business in life was to walk the streets with his tail ornamented with an old tin can. He thought he was a perambulating tinsmith advertisement. For months afterwards Prince never failed to come every morning, bringing along a new string and a new can for me to tie on his tail, until a certain day, when a terrible accident parted us for evermore. Prince went to a place where they were digging a well and using cans of dynamite for blasting the rocks; the temptation was too strong for him; he stole a can filled with the explosive, and in running away came in contact with a pile of rocks, the force of the shock bursted the can, and poor Prince was blown up towards the dog star in a thousand fragments. I was sorry. Prince, if fattened up, would have made about a hundred yards of good hog sausages so that I could have been independant of the butcher shop for a good while, but the decrees of Providence must have their course."

I have discharged the infernal liar, because a man who can twist the truth in such a shape is not fit to go to heaven, where all newspaper men are supposed to go.

First Bale

Houston, Texas, July 11.—The first bale of cotton of the season of 1881, raised by Mrs. Hausmann, Dewitt county, Texas, and consigned to T. W. House, was received Saturday, and sold at the exchange to-day for $125 to Harris & Bro., and consigned by them to Lehman Bros., New York.

Subscribe for the CLARENDON.

WATER IN ABUNDANCE.

"Ho! Everyone that Thirsteth."

Last week, Mr. E. H. Newlon, started with a subscription around town, after putting on his name with a liberal sum opposite, and to which our citizens responded in a like liberal manner. The object of this money was to dig an experimental well, near the round house. Two men were put to work a short distance below the machine shops. On Friday last, and by the next day, Saturday, water was found—not a little weak seep, but a bold rush of water from all directions, compelling the work of digging to be abandoned. The steam pump was then removed from the spring south of town and placed at the well. The well was eight feet deep when the water was found. By keeping the pump constantly at work it was lowered to fourteen feet, and the water is now six feet deep, clear as crystal, somewhat colder than the spring from which the town is supplied and is quite soft, as it lathers well. This is certainly a bonanza, and forever settles the water question for Baird. While we were there, Mr. Dorris, the engineer at the pump, after pumping out the water through a four-inch pipe filled a barrel with the water just as it runs into the well, which it does at the rate of

960 GALLONS AN HOUR.

and this supply is obtained in a well only forty inches in diameter. This is more than adequate to supply the demand of the round house and machine shops, and that too, without a dollar's expense to the railroad company, for the pipe has already been connected between the pump and tank at the round house.

This will stop forever the croakings of those who are trying to pull Baird down by circulating lying reports concerning her, for we can now proclaim to the world that we have every requisite for making Baird a first-class town. By first-class, we mean emphatically, the best town between Fort Worth and El Paso. We are no longer a hamlet nor a village to be tossed about and frightened by a report and a whim, but we feel a degree of independence, we know we possess that which no other town for over a hundred and thirty miles east or west possess. It was frequently said that the only thing Baird lacks is water. So now she lacks nothing. On either side of town we have living springs which are inexhaustable, now the machine shops and round house have more than they know what to do with, and we have enough water left within a mile and three-quarters to supply all the towns in our neighborhood for the distance of two hundred miles along the T. and P. line. This is not mere say so, for we can convince the most skeptical provided ocular demonstration will convince him. Wonder what the next howl from the croakers will be.

Hardware & Stoves.

CAMERON & PHILLIPS,
—DEALERS IN—
Hardware, Stoves, Wagons
AND
FARMING IMPLEMENTS.
Abilene and Colorado City, TEXAS.

SOLE AGENTS FOR
Charter Oak Stoves and Ranges, Early Breakfast Stoves and Ranges, Fairbanks Standard Scales, First & Bradley's Plows, etc., Miller & Aultman's Buckeye Mowers. Chieftain Rakes, Erie City Engines, Fish Brothers' Wagons
And Proprietors of the Celebrated
WM. CAMERON WAGONS.
v2-n4-3m

GO TO

—THE CITY PHARMACY—

Front Street,
Baird City Texas.
WEST & FRASER, Props.
—FOR—
PURE DRUGS, MEDICINES, CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, WINDOW GLASS, WALL PAPER, PATENT MEDICINES, all kinds of STATIONERY, Fine CHEWING and SMOKING
TOBACCOS
SELECT CIGARS
Everything usually found in a FIRST-CLASS DRUG STORE.
Look for the sign the Illuminated Mortar.

HENRY ROBERTS,
Contractor for
ROCK BUILDINGS AND PLASTERING.
Baird, - - - Texas.

I. X. L.
SALOON.
TAYLOR & LAIRD,
PROPRIETORS.
CHOICE Wines, Liquors and Cigars, always on hand.

J. E. WRIGHT. W. F. SHARP.
WRIGHT & SHARP.
GENERAL
RECEIVING, FORWARDING
—AND—
Commission Merchants
Special attention given to the Sale and Shipment of Wool and Hides.
Also, Agent for the Celebrated McCormick
REAPERS and MOWERS.
BAIRD, - - - - TEXAS.

JOHN ROZENBURG,
HOUSE AND SIGN
PAINTER.
BAIRD, - - - TEXAS.

R. M. TURNER,
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PURE DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PAINTS, OILS, VARNISHES, BRUSHES, WALL PAPER, WINDOW GLASS, SPONGES, PERFUMERIES, SCHOOL BOOKS AND STATIONERY.
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I would respectfully inform the public that I have opened a first-class restaurant, and will be pleased to have everybody call and see me. The table will always be supplied with *more* than the market affords.
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Is acknowledged by all lovers of
Cool, Refreshing Drinks,
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FAVORITE RESORT OF BAIRD.
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Having opened a Saddle and Harness shop in
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Is prepared to do all work in his line in good style and on Short Notice.
When in town call on him.

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HOTEL,
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Sales Room for Commercial Travelers.
Give us one call and you will never in the future pass us by.

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has resumed the practice of Medicine, and will be pleased to receive call from his friends.
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Edward Northrup
Would inform the public in general that he is now ready to do all kinds of manufacturing and repairing of Farming Implements,
WAGONS, CARRIAGES, PLOWS, &c., &c. &c
Coffins made to Order.
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Physician, Surgeon, and
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Will attend Calls Day or Night, in
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Office hours at Baird, from 2 to 6 in the afternoon. His office for the balance of the time will be at Turner & Largen's Drug Store at Belle Plain.

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Saddles and Harness.
Largest Saddlery in the West. None but First-Class Workmen employed. Satisfaction guaranteed.
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Will practice in the Courts of the 42th Judicial District, and in the Supreme and Federal Courts of the State.
Special attention given to collections and land business in the counties of Callahan, Eastland, Stephens, Shackelford, Jones, Taylor, Nolan and Mitchell. Has large amounts of land for sale throughout these counties.

WM. CAMERON
—DEALER IN—
LUMBER, SHINGLES, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS, MOULDING,
LIME, CEMENT, MIXED PAINTS, BARBED WIRE.
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You are Respectfully Invited
To Call and Examine the Large Stock of General Merchandise on hand and ready for Distribution *FOR CASH,* a

O. M. L. PARKER'S,
MARKET STREET,
Baird, - - Texas.
A full Stock of Saddles, Harness, Queensware, Hardware, Stoves, Dry Goods, Groceries and Family Medicines.
Country Produce Wanted Here.

The Clarendon.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

BAIRD, - - - - - - TEXAS.

Facts Concerning Jay Gould.

The other morning while Mr. Cole, the proprietor of the approaching circus and menagerie of that name, was picking his teeth on the steps of a hotel quite popular with showmen, a tall, sun-burned, baldheaded man, with pine burs in his clothes and a stick of sassafras in his mouth, approached and said:

"Be you the wild animal man, mister?"

The proprietor of the "Double Mammoth Mastodon Aggregation" admitted that such was the fact.

"Then," proceeded the party from the mountains, "I think I'll get you to make me an offer for a large-sized healthy California lion I've got."

"Good specimen, eh?" asked the circus man.

"Good? Well, I should say so. Measures eleven feet from the tip of his nose to the tip of his tail. Caught him myself when a cub. Just four years old to-morrow."

"Hum—good appetite?"

"Appetite? Great Scott—appetite! Well, I should smile—that's just the point—that's just why I'm parting with Jay—I call him Jay Gould because he takes everything in. If it wasn't for his appetite and the queer little things it makes him do I wouldn't part with Gould for a fortune."

"Savage, eh?"

"Well, no; I don't know as I should call Jay savage, exactly—sorter nibblish, though, he may be. Has a kinder habit of gnawing up things, so to speak. In fact, the neighbors—I live up at Bladder's Peak—have gotten to be so fussy and particular of late that I can't so much as unchain J. G. for a little fresh air without their getting grumpy over it!"

"There's no pleasing some people," said the hippodromer.

"I should say not. Now, f'rinstance, 'bout three months after Jay got to be as big as a boarding house sofa, I came home one day from a picnic and found he had eaten up Aunt Maria, who had been left at home to mind the house—leastwise she was nowhere to be found; and as Jay Gould seemed sorter bulgy-like, and kept coughing up hairpins and false teeth for a day or two, we kinder suspicioned the whole thing."

"Maternal aunt?" inquired the showman, thoughtfully.

"Exactly. My wife took on dreadfully at first, and wanted me to shoot Jay right off. But I told her that he probably suffered a good deal as it was, and that as most likely he'd catch rheumatism and the like from the remains, we'd better call it square."

"And she did?"

"Well, she kinder got reconciled after a while, especially as Jay seemed fond of playing with the children. One morning soon after that my wife's mother—whole family lived with me, you see—didn't come down to breakfast. As all her false hair was hanging over a chair-back, and Gould crawled out from under the bed licking his chops, and with his tongue a good deal coated—mother-in-law was always taking things for the liver complaint—we saw at once it was another visitation of Providence, and that the heavy hand of affliction was again upon us."

"Looked that way, didn't it?"

"Well, as you may suppose, the old lady—that's my wife—pranced around a good deal then, and got down the breech-loader right away. But just then arrived a gold medal from the S. P. C. A. Society, awarded on account of my forbearance in the Aunt Maria business, and so I got her calmed down after awhile."

"Pacified her, eh?"

"Yes; I managed to arrange a reprieve for Jay, somehow. You see, I was always awful fond of pets, and tender-hearted, and all that, you understand. I argued that the poor animal didn't know that he was doing wrong—merciful man is merciful to his beast, etc. That smoothed things over for another month."

"What happened then?"

"Well, one day I sent Johnny, our youngest boy, down to the store for some sugar, and he took Gould along for company. Now, whether it was because Jay was fond of sugar or not, I don't know, but he came home alone, and as soon as we noticed a peculiar kind of bulge on his ribs, about as big as Johnny, we concluded that the dread archer had marked another Skidmore—my name is Skidmore—for his own. The whole family took on like mad, and Mrs. Skid was about to shove the powder keg under Jay Gould and touch it off herself when I pointed out that it wouldn't do to desecrate our offspring's tomb in that way. So I just had the burial service read over the lion and tied crape around his neck for thirty days. How does that strike you?"

"After that you kept the animal chained?"

"Well, no. The fact is I set out to get a chain several times, but one thing and another prevented, until one day last week I actually missed the old lady herself. I looked around for her a couple of days, when somehow of a sudden I sorter intentioned where she was. I gave Gould about half a pound of emetic right away, but all we could get out of him was a pair of high heeled shoes and a chest protector. It was too late—too late! We put the shoes and things in a coffin, and had Jay led behind the hearse to the cemetery. Wanted to have as much of the corpse present as possible—don't you see! We had the animal all decorated with flowers and things, as fine as you please. Folks said it was the touchingest thing that ever took place in them parts," and the bereaved husband sighed heavily.

"Don't wonder you want to sell the beast," remarked the menagerie man, after a pause.

"Well, I sorter do and sorter don't," said Mr. Skidmore, abstractedly. "There's so many memories and things clustering around J. G.—seems kinder like parting with one's family burying lot, as it were. On the other hand, though, now the old lady is gone, I sorter feel as if the insect had—well, had outlived his usefulness, so to speak. So suppose I just have this box hauled around to your show after the performance this afternoon, and see if we can't strike a bargain."

"All right," said the manager, "I'm going up Salt Lake way after awhile, and perhaps I can work him off for big money to some of the Mormon elders."

"There's a mint of coin in him as a family pet," said the other, earnestly, and after striking the circus proprietor for a season deadhead, the widower shouldered his umbrella and drifted sadly down street.—*San Francisco Post.*

—What appear to be calamities are often the sources of fortune.

The Levees of the Mississippi.

In Louisiana the levee system is of comparative antiquity, having had its beginning in the earlier years of the eighteenth century, and the embankments long ago came under the jurisdiction of local and State government and assumed the dignity of public works. In Mississippi and Arkansas, however, the reclamation of the swamp was an enterprise of much more modern date, having its origin almost within memory of persons now living, and at first—and, indeed, for a long time—it was exploited solely by individual effort.

The earlier settlements on the river between Memphis and Vicksburgh—generally wood-yards with small appurtenant corn-fields—were made upon unusually high spots, which, although really formed by antecedent inundation, obtained, absurdly enough, the reputation of being "above overflow," because, for a number of years they had not been actually submerged. They were prized accordingly, and the corn-fields of the wood-choppers were gradually transformed into cotton plantations, at first, of course, of very limited dimensions. Similar elevated spots were sought out and subjected to culture, and before any leveeing operations had been attempted, the river bank on both sides was dotted with settlements of pioneer planters, who sought to utilize the fertile soil by cultivation. A very few years, however, sufficed to demonstrate the fallacy of the "above overflow" pretension; the planter's mind relinquished the delusion that land should be *high*—it was sufficient that it should be *dry*—and the proprietor deemed it expedient to fortify against the common enemy. The water-marks left by the flood upon trees, stumps and fences were as plain as paint; these indicated the level of the water and supplied the want of engineering science. A make-shift levee of primitive style was constructed, very near the river bank, because less land was thereby thrown out, and because the ground is always highest upon the margin of the river, sloping thence inland. As the plantations increased in number and approximated each other, the principle of co-operation appeared; levees were built across unoccupied lands until there were disconnected strings ten, twelve or fifteen miles long. The construction of these was far from satisfactory. The operatives were generally the plantation negroes. At that time the Irish ditchers and levee-builders had scarcely made their appearance in the country. The colored people are not usually distinguished for their skill in the use of the spade, and can not at all compete with the Hibernian. Some years there was high water, carrying dismay to the planter's heart; some years there was low water, inspiring confidence and security; occasionally there was no "water" at all—the river did not get out of its banks, and was therefore held in contempt. In 1844, however, the Mississippi, having apparently lost all patience with this persistent intrusion upon its domains, "spread itself," to use a vulgarism singularly descriptive of the operation, and treated its unbidden guests to a first-class "big overflow," the like of which had not been seen since 1828. The river rose early and went down late; it overflowed the whole country, and filled up the entire swamp; ruined all the levees, great and small; remained at or near high-water mark week after week and month after month until late in July, and did not finally retire within its banks until nearly the middle of August.—*William L. Murfree, Sr., in Scribner.*

How a Schoolmaster was Paid on Long Island over 200 Years Ago.

The following is a copy of the agreement made between the town of Huntington, L. I., and Jonas Houldsworth, its first schoolmaster. This copy has been made for the *Journal of Education* by Wm. S. Pelletrau, editor of the Southampton Town Records, recently printed by order of the town:

"A covenant and Agreement made the eleventh day of ffebruary 1657 at a corte or Towne meeting, Betwixt ye Inhabitants of ye Towne of Huntsington of the one partie, and Ionas Houldsworth of the other partie, whereby the said Ionas Houldsworth doth engage himself to the said inhabitants during the term of four years, to be expired from the thirteenth day of April next ensuing the day of the date hereof. For to school such persons or children as shall be put to him for that end by the said inhabitants. And likewise the said Inhabitants doth also engage themselves to the said Ionas Houldsworth for to build him a sufficient house, and to give him with ye said house a parcell of grounde adjoining to it for accommodation thereunto. And furthermore the said inhabitants doth likewise engage themselves to pay unto ye said Ionas Houldsworth and in consideration of his said schooling Twenty-five pounds on accompt and his diat for the first year. And also to allow him what more may come in by ye schooling of any that may come from other parts. The said Twenty-five pounds is to be paid ye said Ionas followeth. Three pounds twelve shillings in butter, at six pence per pound, and seven pounds two shillings in good well-sized merchantable wampum that is well strung, or strand, or in such comodityes as may suit him for clothing, these to be paid him by ye first of October, and three pounds 12 shillings in corne, one-halfe in wheat and ye other in Indian, at three & five shillings per bushel (provided it be good and merchantable), to be paid by ye first of march, and x-teen pounds 14 pounds shillings, in well thriving young cattle, which shall then be betwixt two & four years old, the one-half being in the steare kind, these to be delivered him ye yeare is expired. And also the two next ensuing yeares. To pay the said Ionas Houldsworth £35 per yeare with ye aforesaid allowance of what may come in by such as come from other parts. The said £35 is to be paid as followeth (viz.): £5 in butter at 6 pence per pound, and £10 in such wampum as is above mentioned, or in such commodityes as will suit him, these to be paid ye first of October. And five pounds in corne by ye first March, the halfe in wheat, and the other in Indian, at five and three shillings per bushel, so that it be good and merchantable. And fifteen pounds in well thriving young cattle betwixt two and four years old, the half being in the steare kind. These are to be delivered when the yeare is expired, (being valued by indifferent men.) And the fourth or last yeare to pay to the said Ionas Houldsworth 40 pounds in such pay as is above mentioned, according to the nature and time proportionably, and at the aforesaid times of payment. Also, it is agreed of that firewood to be gotten and brought for the schoole when ye season shall require it by such as send their children to schoole. And that the said Ionas Houldsworth shall have liberty yearly for to chuse foure men that shall be bound to him for the true performance of the foresaid engagement."

—Inkstands cut out of coal and polished are a novelty.

FOREIGN GOSSIP.

—The Prince of Wales and his family are enthusiastic patrons of the English stage.

—The German Emperor is in declining health. The death of his favorite nephew, the Czar, was a terrible shock to the imperial octogenarian.

—Bret Harte, in giving his opinion of the royal family, says that the Princess Beatrice looks like "a pleasant, comfortable, corn-fed Kentucky girl."

—The Medical Council of St. Petersburgh has authorized women to practice in pharmacy, so that Russian women have now free access to all branches of medicine.

—A statue has recently been found in a mound on the Egyptian Government Railway line. It is believed to be 4,568 years old, and if this is confirmed it will probably be one of the oldest known statues in the world. The statue is about being removed to Cairo.

—Prince Leopold, the Duke of Albany, spends the greater portion of his life attending charitable organizations and philanthropic reform. His desire was to become a clergyman of the Church of England, but his mother, the Queen, strenuously opposed it. He has always been in delicate health.

—Father Curci is likely to get into trouble about his recently-published book, "The New Italy and the Old Zealots." The Pope has summoned a special Congregation of Cardinals to pronounce on it, and it is predicted that the book will be placed on the "Index Expurgatorius."

—The Viscountess Harberton is President of the "Rational Dress Society," which has been formed in London, "to promote the adoption, according to individual taste and convenience, of a style of dress based upon considerations of health, comfort and beauty, and to deprecate constant changes of fashion, which can not be recommended on any of these grounds."

—Queen Victoria is quite as observant of trifles as ever George III. was, and overlooks nothing, and if any of the royal family reside more than a certain number of days they are obliged to "do for" themselves at the end of the specified term. A son-in-law of her Majesty, who was limited to three days at a time, evaded the regulation by going away every third night and returning to begin a fresh stay the next morning.

—Twenty years ago a man never had a chance after an English dinner-party of even a whiff of a cigaret, but that is far from being the case now. Thackeray was once heard to apologize for his early withdrawal from the table upon the plea of an engagement elsewhere. "But will you not have a cigar first?" inquired his host. "A cigar; oh, that *is* my engagement," was his frank reply; and he remained till a late hour.

A Japanese Tribe of Hairy People Who Possess Tails.

Can it be supposed that when Dean Swift libeled humanity by degrading it below the level of the brutes in his dreadful fiction of the Yahoos he ever imagined that there existed aught that approximated toward the odious picture? Yet such is the case. There are, undoubtedly races whose attributes do, in various degrees, suggest, if they do not realize, the misanthropic fables of the men-beasts of Houyhnhnms Land. The Niamniams of Africa, who live between the Gulf of Benin and Abyssinia, are said to have tails, a statement confirmed by Dr. Hubsh, of Constantinople, in 1851. The "hairy people" mentioned of old by Hanno seem to have a real existence apart from the gorilla judging from Miss Bird's account of the Ainos of Japan, a strange, savage, little-known race, supposed to be the aborigines of that country, but now only to be found in the Island of Yezo. They are, she says, of a most ferocious aspect, owing to the profusion of their thick, soft black hair and beards, and to the singular fact that their bodies are commonly covered with a vigorous growth of black hair or fur, upward of an inch in length, and incrusted with dirt, for the Ainos never wash. Their food is a "stew of abominable things," and a "thick soup made of putty-like clay, which is boiled with the bulb of a wild lily." They believe themselves to be descended from dogs, but other characteristics of this strange people are not unamiable. Beyond these instances, and presenting a far more striking resemblance to the Yahoo type, there are the Veddas or Weddahs of Ceylon, their duplicates in Borneo and New Guinea, and kindred varieties discovered in the Philippine Islands, Terra del Fuego, and South America. Only none of these are so hateful as the creatures of Swift's invention. It needed that fierce indignation against his kind, which he has recorded in his epitaph, to depict them. The Veddas and similar races in the islands of the Asiatic Archipelago are described as the aborigines of their respective countries, who have shrunk into the jungle and forest to escape from civilization, and have lived there for upwards of 2,000 years. They construct no habitations, but lodge in caves or trees or under overhanging rocks. They are stunted in size, seldom exceeding four feet eight inches in statue, and but feebly built, except as regards their arms, which the constant use of the bow renders very muscular, notwithstanding their short, ape-like thumbs. With this weapon they kill animals for food; devouring, besides, snakes, reptiles, wild honey, ants, eggs, and carrion of all kinds. They lack both memory and foresight, can not count or discriminate between colors, are filthy in their habits, and in everything save a rudimentary language of uncouth guttural sounds and some dim vestiges of religion and social order, are as beasts of the field. Saddest perhaps of all, they never laugh. When they die they believe they become devils. Yet this benighted and outcast race, so low in organization, habits and character as scarcely to be distinguished from the monkeys of the jungle among whom they live, practice by instinct virtues which are not too common in civilization. They never lie, steal nor quarrel. Some of these unfortunate creatures have been half-tamed by the Cingalese, and set to out-door work, like the Yahoos of the Houyhnhnms. When the Prince of Wales visited the island in 1876, certain of the jungle Veddas were actually caught in snares and traps to be exhibited to him; and one of the number—a female—positively died of fright in being secured. It was not a humane transaction, but the Veddas are regarded merely as animals. Finally, it may be remarked, in connection with Swift's curious anticipation, that he placed Houyhnhnms Land near the great island continent of Australia. It appears in the map of the first edition of "Gulliver" as due south of Nuyst's Land, in about 38 degrees south latitude, and 125 degrees east longitude. Now, Ceylon is but 55 degrees west of this locality, though above, as New Guinea is just below, the equator. The Yahoos could not have been better accommodated.—*All the Year Round.*

HOME AND FARM.

—Try pure benzine to remove stains from hair-cloth furniture.

—Camphor placed in drawers or trunks will prevent mice from doing them any injury.

—Never leave food or drink standing in a sick-room; and never fill up an empty glass without rinsing it.

—When striped stockings are washed and are ready to hang up to dry, turn them wrong side out; this will prevent the color from running on the right side and spoiling the stockings.

—A correspondent of the *Gardener's Chronicle* says that pulverized fresh lime will effectually drive earthworms from lawns. The lime also kills moss, which is so troublesome on old lawns. Mix the lime with twice its bulk of fine soil or of leached wood-ashes.

—Spirals.—Two eggs beaten quite light, sufficient flour stirred in to make the mixture very stiff; add a pinch of salt and stir again; then roll out quite thin, cut strips about two inches wide and four long, and roll round the fingers as if curling hair. Fry in batter till of a delicate golden shade, and sprinkle powdered sugar just before serving.

—Raisin Cake.—One cup white sugar, four tablespoonfuls melted butter, stirred together, eight tablespoonfuls of sweet milk, one cup flour, one teaspoonful baking powder; flavor with lemon; stir in last the beaten whites of four eggs; bake in layers; for filling, add a little water to one cup of white sugar; put it on the stove to boil; chop one cup of raisins and beat the white of one egg; take the sugar off and stir the egg and raisins in.

—In buying Paris green to destroy the potato beetle and other insects, buy that which is heaviest and honestly sells at the highest price. The great demand has led to much adulteration with higher and more soluble poisons, which are less safe to use. London purple, which many regard as equally effective, is much cheaper and more bulky, and hence is not so likely to be adulterated as Paris green.

—One of the best ways to cook a black bass, that favorite fish with so many people, is to broil it. You need a wire gridiron with a long handle, so that you can hold it over the coals and not let the edges get scorched or blacked. Serve with lemon sliced on the platter. When baking a whitefish do not let it lie on the bottom of the dripping-pan; put a tin plate under the fish in such a way that the oil will drip off into the pan. The fish will be less greasy and the dressing will not absorb so much of the fat.

Peach Butter Pudding.—Pare some ripe and soft peaches, leaving whole. Arrange closely together in the bottom of a buttered baking dish. Make a batter of a quart of milk, six eggs beaten very light, ten teaspoonfuls of sifted flour, a tablespoonful of melted butter, a little salt and two teaspoonfuls of baking powder sifted with the flour. Bake in a quick oven and eat hot with cream and sugar or a hard or liquid sauce. Strawberries, cherries, raspberries, or blackberries may be substituted for the peaches.

—Windgalls are seldom productive of lameness, and may be regarded as mere eye-sores. Many methods of treatment have been resorted to, and with the same result; they are rarely ever removed permanently by any method of treatment. Rest, with the application of compresses and bandages, may reduce them for a time. By blistering and subsequently turning the animal out to grass, they will, in all probability, disappear, but are apt to return again, especially when the animal is put to work. Unless a horse is of much value, it is scarcely desirable to try any treatment at all for these tumors. To puncture them is dangerous and ineffectual, and cutting them out is absurd and impracticable.—*Western Rural.*

—After keeping house a year I ventured to ask an old housekeeper what she used for a mop, and found to my dismay that it was a question open to much discussion. After various experiments I find that the best material is old knit wrappers, cut in convenient strips. It is best not to make the mop very large, as it is then so heavy when wet that it is burdensome, and although you would get along faster you would be more tired and very likely strain your hands in wringing it. Have as little space left to mop as possible; carpet just as much of your kitchen floor as is consistent with perfect neatness, or better still, one oilcloth—it is so much more easily cleaned; grease does not sink into it to render you desperate. The happy law of compensation may hold good here, but I do not see in what way, commensurate with the expenditure of time and strength, a woman can be repaid or have it made good to her for having scrubbed away so many of the hours of her youth and middle age. There is something hopeless about it; after everything else is done there is always the kitchen floor to clean; it is dangerous to dwell upon; it needs, as Mr. Emerson says, "all the force of an idea" to lift the load from off your mind.—*N. Y. Post.*

Hog Cholera.

We have heard of late that this scourge has broken out in several prominent herds of swine in the vicinity of this city with considerable virulence, and that many animals have fallen victims to its attacks. The prices that have been realized for fat pigs of late render this stock of too much value to be needlessly sacrificed, and we would urge upon our friends interested in this kind of stock to use the best of sanitary precautions to ward off this fell disease.

The presence of this malady is often attributable to a lack of care in the diet of the animals, or to the cleanliness of the quarters, or perhaps to both combined. We would advise the sprinkling of a liberal quantity of quick-lime in the nests and places which the pigs frequent, to thoroughly disinfect them from any malarious conditions which may exist, giving the pigs access at the same time to a pile of the lime, which they will eagerly devour, and will visit frequently for the purpose. A mixture of salt and ashes, fed at least weekly, we have always considered a valuable preventive, and a condiment which pigs relish highly. A weekly allowance of common mineral coal will also be devoured with much relish, and contribute much toward keeping the animals in a healthy condition. Above all, a vegetable diet is an essential in the hot summer months, to keep the blood from becoming unduly heated and poisoned thereby.

If strict sanitary precautions are taken, and the wants of the brutes for which nature calls well supplied, very much may be done to ward off the tendency to disease to which swine have become subject, and immense losses in this line thereby prevented.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

—One man on the Pacific slope employed four weeks in writing 6,571 words on a postal card so that they can be read without the aid of a glass.

Sowing Fodder Corn.

Corn for green feeding ought to be sown throughout July, and of late years a majority of farmers—and this majority is growing larger and larger—are not disposed to run the risk of a dearth of pasture in September, when an acre or so of corn sown broadcast and harrowed in, or what may be better, drilled in, can protect them against it. The product of a single acre, beginning to cut it when it is from three to four feet in height, and fed in the yard or stalls, would surprise those unaccustomed to providing this fodder for this serious time of need.

In portions of New England and New York, as well as here and there in other places, this green fodder is being preserved in pits for winter-feeding, about which we have published considerable information, and regard it so far in a very favorable light. But, as we said on various occasions, we do not advise a general resort to this mode, attended as it is by considerable outlay, until those who have given it a fair trial of two, three or four years, shall testify to and show undisputably the advantages which they derive from it. Meantime, do not neglect the fodder-sowing suggested above, which as a rule will come in so advantageously in September and the greater part of October. This will go far in sustaining the cattle at a particular period, so as to put them in a first-rate condition with which to enter upon that period when pastures have commonly lost their nutritious value, and we begin with the pumpkins, offal, potatoes, etc.—*Germantown Telegraph.*

—The $50,000 reward offered by the Western Union Telegraph Company to the inventor who should produce a practical sextuple telegraph instrument, the Cincinnati papers say, has been awarded to H. C. Nicholson, a native of Macon, Ky. He is the brother of the venerable S. B. Nicholson, and began life in Maysville as a printer in the office of the *Monitor*, then published by the Hon. R. H. Stanton. Subsequently he studied medicine and became a practitioner, but his tastes inclining him to scientific investigation, he became a telegraph operator, and has since made electricity a study of his life. He has been engaged for many years upon his present invention.

—Two brothers in Lebanon, O., are engaged in a bitter and expensive lawsuit over the ownership of a hog. It seems to be strictly a family affair.

—The Michigan Central Railroad has issued an order for all train men in their employ to get vaccinated.

FIFTEEN thousand dentists torture the native American.

PROF. BELL'S first experiments in constructing the telephone were made at Bradford, Ont.

STRAWBERRY shortcake at a church festival is charming stuff to eat. It is such exciting fun to see who gets the strawberry.—*Boston Post.*

"'Tis hard to part from those we love'—and sometimes it is even more difficult to get away from those we don't love.—*Philadelphia Sun.*

A LITTLE boy, who is in the habit of saying his prayers before going to bed, the other night asked his mother: "Mamma, how long will it be before I'm big enough to quit saying my prayers? You never say yours, do you?" And the mother said: "Little boys shouldn't ask so many questions. Go to sleep, my child."

A NICE thing in oil—sardines.

WHEN does a sculptor make provisions for the future? When he is planning a head.

AS EVERYBODY believes everybody else is something of a fool, it is fair to presume that all are more than half right.

IT is quite the thing to display old laces, old shawls and even old dresses, in private parlors. A New York lady has an album in which she has pasted bits of her grandmother's dresses, rich brocades, etc., that she produces to entertain her audiences—those who haven't a grandmother sit there and envy her.

WHEN is a man like a looking-glass?—When he reflects.

A PARIS letter says: "At a recent Mackey ball the toilet of the hostess was a poem." If this thing is to become the rage we have a whole waste-basketful of ball costumes to give away.—*Boston Globe.*

A SMART little boy being asked to give the name of an article of utility, replied, "an umbrella at a picnic."

[Philadelphia Times.]

We'll Nail Its Colors to the Mast.

"Hello! Denny, what is the trouble?"

"Oh! I'm all 'broke up,'" was the response to the inquiry of an old shipmate of William G. Denniston, one of Farragut's war-worn veterans, well-known in the southern section of this city, who came limping into the American office yesterday.

"I thought I would go under the hatches this time," continued Denniston. "I never suffered so much in my life. I had the rheumatic gout so bad that I could not get off the bed or put my foot to the floor, and would have been there yet if a friend had not recommended St. Jacobs Oil to me. I hesitated some time before getting a bottle, thinking it was only another one of those advertised nostrums; but was finally induced to give it a trial, and a lucky day it was for me. Why, bless my stars! after bathing the limb thoroughly with the Oil I felt relief and my faith was pinned to St. Jacob and his Oil after that. I freely say that if it had not been for St. Jacobs Oil I should in all probability, be still housed. My foot pains me but little and the swelling has entirely passed away. It beats anything of the kind I have ever heard of and any person who doubts it send them to me at No. 1924 South Tenth Street."

ANY family which will put off the summer vacation until about the 1st of November will be delightfully surprised to find how easy they can give it up altogether.—*Detroit Free Press.*

Almost Young Again.

"My mother was afflicted a long time with Neuralgia and a dull, heavy inactive condition of the whole system; headache, nervous prostration, and was almost helpless. No physicians or medicines did her any good. Three months ago she began to use Hop Bitters, with such good effect that she seems and feels young again, although over 70 years old. We think there is no other medicine fit to use in the family." A lady in Providence, R. I.—*Journal.*

AN electric light under a beer-glass and fastened to the shirt front will be the fashionable pin for seaside hotel clerks.—*Philadelphia Chronicle-Herald.*

Delmonico's Advice to a Young Man About to Open a Restaurant.

A young man who had been assistant cook in a Chicago Hotel, having saved a little money, concluded he would go to New York and try his fortune. He reasoned with himself that Delmonico would not live always, and fancied that he might one day become the future Delmonico of New York. On reaching the city he sent his letter of introduction to the famous restaurant keeper and solicited advice. Delmonico listened attentively to the young man's inquiries, and finally told him: "Get, first, a good location, then get the best cook you can hire, see that your waiters are attentive and polite, and buy only the best in the market. And still all of this you can do and not give satisfaction. Be your own superintendent: get the best quality of the new CHARTER OAK COOKING RANGE, and if you don't succeed in your undertaking, you will have the satisfaction of doing your best to merit it." (2-23)

Rescued from Death.

William J. Coughlan, of Somerville, Mass., says: "In the fall of 1876 I was taken with a *violent bleeding of the lungs*, followed by a severe cough. I was admitted to the City Hospital. While there the doctors said I had a hole in my left lung as big as a half dollar. I gave up hope, but a friend told me of DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when to my surprise I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel in better spirits than I have the past three years. I write this hoping that every one afflicted with Diseased Lungs will take DR. WM. HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED." Also a sure remedy for Colds, Coughs, and all Chest and Lung Diseases. Sold by druggists.

Tormenting Piles.

Kidney-Wort is an unfailing remedy for that tormenting disease, piles. It moves the bowels gently and freely, and thus removes the cause. Do not fail to try it faithfully either in dry or liquid form.—*Sun and Press.*

Don't Die in the House.

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