Callahan County Clarendon.

"THE GREATEST GOOD TO THE GREATEST NUMBER."

VOL. I. BELLE PLAIN, TEXAS, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1879. NO. 3.

The Clarendon.

Entered at the Post Office at BELLE PLAIN, TEXAS, as Second-Class Mail Matter.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING,
AT
BELLE PLAIN, TEXAS.
BY
RUST & LOTZ,
ALBERT D. RUST. WM. R. LOTZ.

ELI THAYER, Jr., M. D.,

PHYSICIAN, SURGEON

AND ACCOUCHER.

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Office at Residence, SE. corner Main Plaza.

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T. J. LARGEN, M. D.,

Physician, Surgeon, and
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Will attend Calls Day or Night, in

TOWN OR COUNTRY.

BELLE PLAIN - - - - - - TEXAS.
n1:1y

W. H. CLIETT

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

BELLE PLAIN, TEXAS.

November 15th, 1879.

n1:tf

SAM L. CHALK,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

—AND—

CONVEYANCER.

Office on Callahan Avenue,
One door west of Berry's Store.
Belle Plain - - - - - Texas.
n1:1y

C. R. SHAPARD, M. D.

TONSORIAL!!

J. W. SMITH, BARBER,

Shaving, Shampooing, Haircutting

—AND—

DYEING DONE IN THE
Highest Style of the Art.
Especial Attention Given to Cutting and Dressing Children's Hair.
Belle Plain - - - - - Texas.
n1:1y

Wanted.

Wanted—a friend, one true and tried,
Whose gaze can meet my own,
Whose friendship gushes from a heart
That ne'er deceit has known.

Wanted—when sorrows deep shall come.
A friend my grief to share,
Which in the darkness of the soul.
Is hard for me to bear.

Wanted—a warm, confiding heart,
One heart, just one alone,
Whose gentle throbbing, day by day,
Shall echo to my own.

Wanted—an arm, no matter how,
If it should not be strong,
Just so when dark temptations come,
'Twill keep me from the wrong.

Wanted—a hand, a gentle hand,
Whose grasp my soul shall thrill,
As palm strikes palm in friendship's tie,
Which naught on earth can kill.

Wanted—communion with a soul,
To purest thinking given,
To comfort me along the road
That leads from earth to heaven.

CHARLES C. EARLE,
in Waverley Magazine.

How he was Cured.

"Dear, dear, how it rains!" said Hetty Wallis. She had opened the door the least little bit in the world, to see if there was any prospect of its clearing up, but the rush of wind and rain that swept in at the crevice compelled her to close it again almost instantaneously.

It was a little brown house, on the edge of the lonely Western forest—a brown house, with sloping eaves and a bay window, and a dooryard full of roses, whose crimson cluster gleamed faintly in the late autumn twilight.

Doctor Wallis lived here—Doctor Wallis, who had come west with his two daughters scarcely six months ago, and who was the only physician in a radius of thirty good miles around.

Hetty stood by the fire, one foot on the fender, her dark, dreamy eyes fixed on the red glow of the burning logs. Sibyl, the other sister, lay luxuriously back in a cushioned easy-chair, waiting for the lamps to be lighted before she went on with a bit of Berlin wool work in her lap.

Sibyl Wallis was a rosy cheeked, scarlet-lipped beauty—one of those fair human flowers which, like the lilies of Solomon, are destined neither to toil nor to spin.

Doctor Wallis was a poor man, and kept no servants; but no one ever expected Sibyl to do any of the rough and disagreable offices consequent upon housekeeping.

Sibyl dusted the parlors, kept the vases full of flowers, washed tea-china, and "did-up" her own pretty laces and handkerchiefs; and Hetty, the second daughter—a brown little elf, with jetty hair growing low upon her forehead, and a colorless olive skin—cheerfully undertook the prosaic part of life, as if it were her natural inheritance.

"To think of poor papa out in all this tempest!" said Hetty mournfully.

"Gentlemen don't mind such things," said Sibyl serenely. And of course, it's just what a doctor must expect."

"Hush!" said Hetty, suddenly turning her head in a quick, bird-like fashion. "Some one is knocking at the back door."

"Perhaps you had better go out and see who it is," remarked Sibyl, serenely.

It was a man all wrapped up in oil-skin, until nothing more than the tip of a very red nose was visible.

"Oh, I say, miss," said the dripping visitant, "where's the doctor?"

"He isn't in," said Hetty.

"Where's Doctor Wallis?" reiterated the man.

"He's out," answered Hetty, speaking loud and distinctly, under the impression that the inquirer was deaf.

"It's Dakin's boy," said the man; "he's choking to death."

"Oh!" said Hetty. "Croup, I suppose."

"Don't know what it is," said the messenger. "Ain't no doctor m'self. All I know is that I must bring back Doctor Wallis," said he, with a nod at his lumber wagon at the gate.

"But you can't if he is out," said Hetty.

The man stood for a moment, shifting from one foot to the other, evidently in a quandary.

"I'm blamed if I know what to do," said he. "Well' I'll tell-ee what, miss! You just send the doctor on to Dakin's just as quick as he comes back. If Dakin's boy chokes to death it ain't no fault of mine!"

And away rumbled the wagon into the mist and twilight.

It hardly disappeared when the little lad arrived with a note to Hetty.

"It's from papa," said Hetty, hurriedly opening it, and reading aloud the following brief message:

"DEAR GIRLS:—Old Eldwood is very bad, and I shall probably be detained all night. Lock up the house as usual, and don't expect me until I come. Affectionately,
H. W."

"Oh, dear," said Hetty, blankly; "and what is to become of Dakin,s child?"

"I never saw such a girl as you, Hetty," said lovely Sibyl, with a pettish contraction of the brows. "You're always shouldering other people's troubles. What is Dakin's child to us, I'de like to know?"

"But only to think of it, Sibyl," said Hetty, clasping her hands, "a dear little baby suffocating to death, all for the want of the simplest remedies."

"We can't help it," said Sibyl, settling back composedly, among her cushions.

"But I am not so sure of that," said Hetty, briskly. "I know the remedies papa uses for a case of croup and how to use them. I'll go myself."

"Hetty," cried the elder sister, "are you crazy?"

"Crazy?" said Hetty. "No, I'm only ordinarily human. The child shan't die if I can help it."

She went to her father's drug closet, opened it, and took out several little vials.

"Syrup ipecac," said Hetty, with a little nod of her head to each. Asafœtida, hive syrup. Simple remedies, but very effectual if taken in time."

"But, Hetty," pleaded Sibyl, "you're never going to walk, nobody knows how far, in all the rain?"

"Yes, I am," said Hetty, buttoning on a capacious waterproof cloak, and pulling the hood over her head.

"And you don't even know where these Dakin's live?"

"Yes, I do. It's a big red brick house, just beyond the woods by the church. Papa showed it to me the other day."

"Full two miles away."

"I can't help that," said Hetty.

"And me all alone!"

Sibyl's voice grew plaintive.

"I can't help that either" returned Hetty, a little impatiently. "But dont fret, Sib—I'll not be long."

And out the brave little girl walked into the tempestous twilight, with her pockets full of medicine and the waterproof cloak buttoned snug around her.

Not until she had left the friendly lights of home far behind, and was lost in the black rustling depths of the forest, where the dark boughs met over her head, and ghostly, whispering sounds went through the dry leaves, did Hetty's valiant heart begin to quail.

Even then she would not admit to herself that she was in the least timid, but resolutely fixed her thoughts upon "Dakin's boy," suffocating to death with croup, and quickened her footsteps as she did so.

Darker and darker it grew—lonlier and lonlier; but Hetty pressed resolutely on, until drenched with rain and ready to drop with the fatigue of making her way through muddy roads against the wind, she knocked at the door of 'Squire Dakin's red brick house.

An elderly woman opened it.

"Is it the doctor?" she said eagerly.

"No," said Hetty; "but it's the doctor's daughter."

"Lord's sake alive!" said the woman, despairingly; "what good can you do, and him so mortal bad?"

"A great deal," said Hetty. "Let me come in, if you please. I understand my father's treatment, and I have some medicine here.

At this the woman stood back, motioning toward the stairway, and Hetty ran up, and entered the sick room with a confidence born of her womanly courage and kindness.

But it was no cradled babe or plump four-year-old who lay there. "Dakin's boy" was one and twenty at the very least, pale and handsome, with closed eyes, and a face set as if in mortal pain, as it lay on its pillow.

Hetty involuntarily recoiled.

"It—isn't croup then?" said she, clasping one of the little bottles in her hand.

"It's quinsy," said one of the attendants; "and it's a fatal case, I'm thinking."

And little Hetty, all her bravery, oozing out, like Bob Acres, at her finger's ends, sat down behind the door and began to cry.

The sick man opened his eyes—large and soft they were, with lashes—and asked faintly—

"Who is that?"

Hetty rose and came forward.

"It's me, the doctor's daughter," said she. "I thought it was a little boy with the croup, and—"

"Don't cry," said he, gently, "it will soon be over."

And he closed his eyes again, while poor Hetty cried harder than ever. An incipient case of croup she could manage, but quinsy was entirely beyond the range of her capabilities. She had never been in a death chamber before, and the hour and solemnity of the scene impressed her with a sense of vague terror.

Just then a brisk, heavy footstep sprang up the stairs, two at a time. There was a stir and commotion in the room.

"Oh, thank heaven!" cried Hetty, "it's papa." Doctor Wallis it was. Released earlier than he expected from the other sick bed, he had returned home and learned from his eldest daughter Hetty's errand—and here he was flushed and breathless from the haste he had made.

An hour later he came down to where Hetty sat on the lower stair, pale and anxious. "Papa," said she, "how is he?"

"Better, my dear. Doing well. But it was an even chance between death and life for a while. Come, dear, I'm going home now. Dobbin is at the door."

Hetty climbed silently into the chaise and nestled down by her father's side. "Papa," said she, presently, was I very silly to come here?" "No, my dear, you are very kind hearted. But as you see, there is some difference between a simple case of croup and malignant quinsy.

"Dakin's boy" recovered with marvelous celerity, and the first place he visited in his convalescence was doctor Wallis' house, to thank the doctor's black-eyed daughter for coming to see him on that stormy night.

"I wish I was a little chap with the croup," said he, laughing, "to put myself under your professional care."

"What nonsense!" said Hetty, turning very red.

"But, indeed, I shall never forget the pitying look in your kind eyes," said Hector Dakin, gently. "It seemed somehow to draw me back to life."

And by the time that "Dakin's boy" was quite recovered, he had gotten into a way of spending his time at Doctor Wallis' that seemed decidedly chronic; and no one was surprised when he became engaged to the Doctor's daughter.

"It's very strange, though," said Sibyl, fretfully, "that the only eligible and decent looking man within ten miles should fall in love with our brown little Hetty."

"I don't think it strange at all," said Doctor Wallis, dryly.

A TRICK THAT WAS VAIN.—The other morning a nice young man got into a car on the Dayton Shore Line Railroad and saw to his delight the only vacant seat in the coach was by the side of a young lady acquaintance. He reached for that seat with joyous strides, and her eyes answered his delighted looks. But just as he got there an elderly party from the other end of the car waltzed up the aisle and dropped into the coveted seat. The young man approached more slowly and accosted the young lady. "How is your brother?" he asked, "is he able to get out?" "Oh, yes," she said, "Will he be very badly marked?" he continued, and the old gentleman grew suddenly interested. "Oh, no," said the fair deceiver, with the exception of a few small pits on his forehead you would never know he had ever had it." Were you not afraid of taking it?" the young man went on, while the old gentleman broke out in cold perspiration. "Not at all," she replied; "I have been vaccinated, you know." The seat was vacated instantly, two young hearts beat as half a dozen, and the prattle of "nice talk" strewed that part of the car, while a gray-haired old man scowled upon them from the hard accommodation of the wood-box.

THE PIG.—The pig was thus written up by a Georgia boy: "The pig is about as big as a sheep, only a pig's wool isn't good for making stockings of. Why is a pig like a tree? Because he roots; that is a conundrum. A pig washes himself in the mud. A pig has four legs, one under each corner of his body. They pickle pigs' feet, but not until after the pig is done using them. A pig squeals awful when it rains, also when you pull its tail. A pig has got a first-rate voice for squealing, and he grunts when he feels good. You can't make a whistle of a pig's tail, 'cos it is crooked. Why is a pig like Tommy Grant? 'Cos he's got his nose in everybody's business. This is another conundrum which is all I know about the pig."

The Clarendon.

RUST & LOTZ, Editors.

SUBSCRIPTION, $2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER, 29, 1879.

How did the edge get so worn off from the *Tomahawk*?

THE *Stephenville Empire* says track laying on the Cebtral branch was completed to Whitney, thirty-two miles above Waco on the 17th inst.

FREE CUBA.—Again Cuba unfurls the flag of freedom, with VICENTE, CARITTO and MASTRE in the lead. This should gladden the heart of every true American Citizen.

WE have just received the first number of the CALLAHAN COUNTY CLARENDON, a neat five column paper published at Belle Plain. It is well filled, and starts out with a very good advertising patronage. The CLARENDON certainly has our best wishes for its full measure of success.—*Stephenville Empire.*

"SHAKE sir.—We have on our table the CALLAHAN COUNTY CLARENDON, from Belle Plain, with a mark indicative of a desire to exchange. We find it to be a five column, four page weekly, clearly and neatly edited and printed by men, proficient and experienced in journalism. We extend the proprietors the hand of editorial fellowship and wish them abundant success."—*Brown County Banner.*

THE daughter of an Arkansas gentleman reached the age of twenty-two years without having a beau, although she tried hard to capture one. A month ago she suddenly lost her voice, and now a dozen young men in the neighborhood want to marry her. Of course this is a libel.—*Norristown Herald.*

Does this dozen young men know that she is a liBelle?

THE regular army, under present law, numbers twenty-five thousand men and about five thousand of them are either called away from this duty or get positions as clerks under a salary or in some way they are diverted from the duties prescribed by law and without the knowledge or consent of Congress, now comes Gen. Sherman and asks Congress to legalize this course and add five thousand more to the army this is fine play for Sherman.

FT. Scott Kansas has been having a little scare in the way of a negro riot, a drunken negro trying to force his way into the opera house and was knocked down by the doorkeeper, this enraged a large number of the darkeys who went and filled themselves with bad whisky and returned to the scene of action, the Police, Marshal and Mayor, all tried in vain to quiet the race, but they "refused to be comforted" that way and the white officers "silently stole away" leaving the negroes with no victim, but there is another day for them and it is thought that there will yet be blood shed there.

PROSPERITY is evidently returning; nothing will be better evidence than donations. The stringency of the times has debarred almost every one from donating to any purpose whatsoever, but now several of our most noted colleges—Howard University—has been the recipient of considerable money lately, and but a few days ago Amherst College received one hundred thousand dollars, and several smaller colleges have had similar aid. The advance, also, of all classes of goods is a good indication of a financial improvement, and Texas will get her share as soon as another crop is raised, and there is something with which to buy money.

Why the South is Solid.

The South will vote comparatively solid for the next president; the late elections develop the fact that the Greenback party is like Freesoil and Know-nothing parties, a party of the past, its missiles have been invariably hurled at the Democratic party, and it was the mission of that now defunct party to give "aid and succor" to any party found arrayed against the Democratic party; but there is little to be feared from that party now, for its work has been to cooperate in a measure with the Radicals of the North to wage war against the democracy of the South. The following from the New York *Sun* of the 19th inst., gives about the facts in the case:

The Southern States have been kept united politically by the aggressive course, the gross injustice, and the wilful misrepresentation of the Republican managers, whose scheme is to solidify the North by exciting sectional prejudice, and thus prolong their professional power. It is a game they are playing, and nothing but a game.

This "gross misrepresentation" has been studied so long and thoroughly by the Radicals that it has become a part of their daily labors, and the time will never come that it will cease until the time of the change of the National administration, but so gross, so barefaced and palpably wicked is this course against the South, it will and can only tend to unite them; if this pursecution was to cease it would be but a short time before two national parties of about equal strength and importance would grow into existence.

A Curious Well.

J. E. Gray, a correspondent of the *Galveston News* writes from Brenham, Texas, under date of Nov. 14, 1879, as follows:

"I believe that many of your readers would be interested in reading a few facts concerning a strange and curious well that has been sunk in this vicinity, about eleven miles west of Brenham, and some two miles south of the western branch of the Central Railroad. The well is eleven inches in diameter and one hundred and fifty-five feet deep, and from it is sent forth a strong current of gas which enters the well at about one hundred and fifty-one feet deep. The stream has been constant and uniform now for some fourteen days, with, perhaps, a little increased force. The gas has no unpleasant odor, or rather no odor at all now, but at first some thought they could detect sulphur, but I could not distinguish anything definitely—neither sulphur, coal or petraleum—neither in its natural state, nor while being consumed. The gas is very combustible, taking fire readily several feet from the mouth of the well, and sending up a flame twelve or fifteen feet high, and of intense heat. It is very difficult to extinguish, which is effected with a wet cloth, dashing it suddenly in the mouth of the well, cutting off the blaze, which never enters the well below the surface. This much we know, but of just what the gas is composed, or where the factory for generating it is located, we have not been able to learn. Messrs. Campbell & Boyd sunk the well in search of water, but found none.

From a private letter dated at Blanco Canyon, Nov. 14, 1879, to "Doc" Rust, from his brother Peter Rust, who, about the first of November, in company with Mr. Russell Wilber, of Michigan, went west on a buffalo and wolf hunt, we extract the following facts: "We just arrived here from Tongue River. We have killed some buffalo and some wolves, with a fine prospect for the future. We shall go from here to Yellow House Canyon. I may not return until the first of March, but think I will be at Fort Griffin about the first of January. * * * Have had one snow storm since we left Fort Griffin; you bet it is cold up in this neck of the woods, but these plains are "strained resin" in a norther.

CLARENDON'S LECTURE.

We are all children but of different ages, none of us have yet passed into the sphere of perfection, and none will whilst clothed with flesh and blood; we can see others only from our own standpoint and not from the standpoint of the judged or perfect; we glance into the past and base our calculations for the future upon our experience in the past, this is a critical situation for us, for upon this calculation we stand or fall, it is not luck but pluck, that wins, fortune smiles only on those who never despair but persevere in one direction until success crowns their efforts.

We have different organizations and different temperaments, hence the difference in our ways and inclinations, yet all may have pure motives.

All you suffer, all you enjoy, all you are is comparative. If you are grappling with disease and murmur, another is more severely afflicted and yet murmurs less; you think you are reduced to poverty because you cannot afford all the luxuries enjoyed by a city nabob, while the nabob sighs within himself for the bill of fare of a European prince and thousands pray for the very fare you complain of; you have very fine houses and carriages and think them the finest there is until you see your friend driving a larger and more beautiful one, this renders you unhappy. You are ill at ease because your neighbor with finer and more showey buildings and apparal settles near you; some may seek for contentment and ease and the seeking (which will always be in vain) renders us discontented.

So if we would undergo an improvement either physically, financially, or morally, mind cannot rest; a discontented mind is an unsatisfied desire, and this desire pushes us on to secure that improvement which, when obtained gives us a base, from which to seek higher attainments and so on *ad infinitum.*

Now, since life is short and we cannot afford to waste our experience in making unprofitable experiments, we should adapt systematic regulations for our guidance through life and strictly and tenaciously adhere to them; and in our sober and most meditative moments we should fix them indelibly upon the tablet of our memories, and write them on our hearts so there is no escape from adhering to them, but our best judgement must be brought into requisition to do this, and we must keep in view also that some present pleasures are future miseries, calculated for a happy old age—a clear conscience and a healthy mind. In youth we feed our pleasures on anticipation in old age on rumination.

No carelessness or indolence will make us happy, yet too much care, without full returns, lessens our measure of happiness, shortens our days and keeps open this road for our children. Hold in check with a strong hand, the evil propensities, cultivate and improve the good but latent qualities, and show your children this road and your name shall live to honor your memory and bless your decendents.

Lands for Settlement.

We one week published a brief statement of vacant Public School Land; besides this there is a large quantity of County School and railroad land for sale, in fact the major part of the lands in Callahan County are for sale at low figures and on good long time; much of it is good agricultural land and some of it as good as can be found in the State. About one-third of the county is well, or moderately timbered with various kinds of oak. At an early day we shall give a full and complete description of the county and the lands open for settlement therein.

Now is the time to subscribe for the CLARENDON.

WAR! WAR!! WAR!!!

Clear the Deck for Action!!

We keep the largest and most Complete Stock of

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

And supplies that can be found in any store in

WESTERN TEXAS

Which We Offer to Sell to the

Cattle Men and Farmers,

AT

LOWER FIGURES,

Than you can purchase them from any other house in the West.

We are Down to Bed Rock Prices.

We keep a

Full Stock on Hand at all Times,

and intend that the

Prices we offer our Goods at shall keep them moving.

Give us a call. We take pleasure in showing our goods.

W. T. BERRY & CO.

BELLE PLAIN, Texas.

Belle Plain Academy

Present Session Closes Dec. 19.

The next session will begin January 12th, 1880, and continue five months.

Tuition Payable Monthly.

For terms, etc., call on, or address

G. W. CRUTCHER, Principal.

1:3m

T. J. DEAN, BLACKSMITH.

Will do all kinds of work in his line.

Horseshoeing a Specialty.

Shop with Thomas Carter, wagon maker, who will do all kinds of making or repairing.

Shop Northwest Cor. Main Plaza.

BELLE PLAIN, TEXAS.

n1:9m

ESTRAYED.

By Otto Krebs, November 4th, 1879, before N. P. Rice, J. P. Precinct No. 1, Callahan county, Texas, one black horse, three white feet, fifteen hands high, ten years old, branded L on the right shoulder and M on the left shoulder. Appraised at $20.

J. E. M. Hedley, C. C. C. C. Co.

MCMINN & SEAY,

—DEALERS IN—

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

CONSISTING OF

DRY GOODS,
CLOTHING,
BOOTS & SHOES,
GROCERIES,
HARDWARE,
QUEENS, WOOD & WILLOW WARE.

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☞ Our Line of Groceries is Complete, and bills for Stockmen's Supplies filled on short Notice.

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We keep constantly on hand a full and well-selected stock of

READY MADE CLOTHING,

—AND—

HATS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

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Highest Market Price Paid

FOR WOOL AND HIDES.

Store on Callahan Avenue on the west side of the Main Plaza.

Belle Plain, Texas.

J. T. ELLIOTT,

—DEALER IN—

LUMBER

Shingles, Sash, Doors,

Cement, Lime, Mixed Paints, Etc.

Yards on Houston St.,

At the Rail Road Depot.

FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

n1:3m

THOMAS RUSSELL,

ARCHITECT and BUILDER

Will take Contracts for Furnishing and Building

Stone, Wood, or Brick Buildings,

Belle Plain, Texas.

n1:tf

WILLIAM CAMERON,

4,000,000 FT.

DRY LUMBER

Has on hand the only complete dry stock of Lumber in the city, at his two yards, north side R. R. track, west of T. & P. R. R. Depot.

4,000,000 FEET ON HAND.

Sole Agent for Vane & Calreet's celebrated Mixed Paints.

Also, Nails and Builders' Hardware cheaper than can be bought elsewhere.

FORT WORTH - - - - - - - - TEXAS.

n1:3m

The Clarendon.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER, 29, 1879.

LOCAL.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

STATE OFFICERS.

Governor—O. M. Roberts.
Comptroller—S. H. Darden.
Treasurer—F. R. Lubbock.
Commissioner, General Land Office—W. C. Walsh.
Secretary of State—John Templeton.
Attorney General—C. H. McCormick.
Adjutant General—John B. Jones.

DISTRICT OFFICERS.

District Judge—J. R. Fleming.
District Attorney—J. M. Moore.
District Clerk of Callahan County—J. E. M. Hedley.
State Senator of the 24th Senatorial District—J. H. Davenport of Eastland County.
Representative of the Seventieth Representative District—W. S. Crow.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

County Judge—J. R. Brown.
County Clerk—J. E. M. Hedley.
Sheriff—J. W. Jones.
County Attorney—John Bouyer.
County Treasurer—J. G. McDonald.
County Assessor—J. P. Brightwell.
County Surveyor—S. R. Dunagan.
Cattle and Hide Inspector—H. B. Eubank.
COUNTY COMMISSIONERS—1st Dist., John W. Newman. 2nd Dist. D. L. Dodds. 3rd Dist. J. D. Mitchel. 4th Dist. Jacob Hand.

OFFICERS, PRECINCT NO. 1.

Justice of the Peace—N. P. Rice.
Constable—Marion Blakley.

COURTS.

Disfrict Court for Callahan County Convenes on the Fourth Monday after the First Monday in April, August and December.
County Court for Callahan County Convenes on the Third Monday in January, March, May, July, September and November.
Board of School Examiners—W. H. Cliett, G. W. Crutcher, J. A. Stafford.
Commissioners' Court, Convenes on the Second Monday in February, May, August and November
Precinct Court, Convenes on the Fourth Monday in each month.

SOCIETY DIRECTORY.

Belle Plain Lodge, No. 247, I. O. of O. F meets every Saturday night at the Court House Hall. Benj. Heath, N. G. J. E. Thomas, Secretary.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

PRESBYTERIAN.

Services First Sunday in each month.
Rev. W. B. Bloyse, Pastor.

METHODIST.

Services Fourth Sunday in each Month.
Rev. G. W. Riley, Pastor.

SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Union Sunday School meets every Sunday at three o'clock p. m.
G. W. CRUTCHER, Superintendent.

Arrival and Departure of Mails.

Arrives at Belle Plain from Fort Worth via Stephenville, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays, at 6 p. m.
Arrives at Belle Plain from Fort Worth via Breckenridge, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 7 p. m.
Arrives at Belle Plain from Austin via Brownwood, Tuesdays and Fridays at 12 m.
Arrives at Belle Plain from Buffalo Gap Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6 p. m.
Arrives at Belle Plain from Albany Mondays at 6 p. m.
Leaves Belle Plain for Fort Worth via Stephenville, Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8 a. m.
Leaves Belle Plain for Fort Worth via Breckenridge Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 6 a. m.
Leaves Belle Plain for Austin via Brownwood, Tuesdays and Fridays at 1 p. m.
Leaves Belle Plain for Buffalo Gap Sundays, Wednesdays and Fridays at 8 a. m.
Leaves Belle Plain for Albany Tuesdays at 8 a. m.
Express matter carried via Eastland and Brownwood.

WM. H. PARVIN, P. M.

The building on the corner of Texas and Callahan Avenue owned by Mr. John Merchant was very suddenly occupied on Monday last by prospectors.

Four indictments were abstracted from the District Clerks office the first of this week. It is supposed that the door to the office was unlocked with a skeleton key.

Mr. Richard Merchant who has a ranch about three miles west has built a fine dwelling in the outskirts of town and moved into it with his family; he too wants to send to our excellent school.

Belle Plain can boast of the largest and neatest stone building west of Fort Worth. We allude to the new stone store of Messrs. McMinn & Seay; this store is 35 by 70 feet, two stories high. This enterprising firm occupy the lower floor for a sales room and the upper floor is occupied by the Masonic Fraternity. The total cost of the building was a little over $ 5,000 and in Fort Worth would have cost twice as much; but the best building stone is found here in abundance.

Daggett & Hatcher's, in Fort Worth, is the great Grocery House of Northern Texas.

Sam Chalk has returned from Mitchel County whither he had been on business for the T. & P. R. R. Co.

Corn $1.50 per bushel Irish potatoes 5c to 6c per lb. Flour $5 to $5.50 per hundred lbs. Bacon 14c to 16c, Beef, 4c to 5c

Be sure to call on S. M. Fry, the great Boot and Shoe man of the Fort. He never fails to please in Boots and Shoes. Store on Houston street.

We would call attention to the advertisment of Mr. M. M. Terry of Callahan City who keeps a full line of goods in all desirable departments. "go to Potts," you need not go away from the TERRYtory to find him.

The appraisement made of the Common School land for Callahan County, by the County Serveyor under the new law, has been approved by the Commissioner of the General Land Office and said lands are now on the market at one dollar per acre.

District attorney, John Bowyer made his appearance on our streets again the first of this week, he has been out to Lampasas and reports things pretty dry and quiet there, he was glad to get back to the city of the plain where there was more life and bustle.

Rogers and Rozenburg, our city painters, are doing some fine work on McMinn & Seay's new store. Those desiring any kind of painting, graining paper-hanging, kalsomining, or anything else in the painters line, will do well to make their wants known to these young and enterprising painters.

The roof on the new stone building being built by Merchant, Bros. & Co. on the north side of Callahan Avenue, is now nearly ready for the tin. This fills out the entire front of the block with stone buildings, it is 50 by 60 feet, two stories high and calculated for business houses.

The well on the Main Plaza is now down about sixty five feet and, although the indications were good for water, yet the citizens feel inclind to await something better—an artesian well—much credit is due Mr. John Brown who dug the well for his indomitable energy and perseverance in sinking the well, he doubtless would have gone much deeper if something better had not presented itself.

Mr. Marion Blakely started last Monday with two teams for Fort Worth.

If you want Groceries of any discription, call on Daggett & Hatcher of Fort Worth.

For fine Groceries at low figures, go to Daggett & Hatcher, corner Houston and Weatherford streets, Fort Worth, Texas.

Attorney Frank B. Stanley of Eastland City has been for several days in our town, attending to an important land suit.

Mr. L. T. Cochran is building a fine residence in the east part of town; Esq. Rice and Mr. S. H. French are doing the work.

Belle Plain is only two and a half miles west of the military telegraph and it will be but a short time before we will have telegraphic communication with the outside world.

Col. Wheeler removed last Tuesday into Mr. C. Merchant's house where school has been taught until quite recently; we understand that the Col. intends returning to Missouri in the spring.

As an evidence of the advantage of advertising we gave notice in last week's issue, that we had found a coat, on Monday following the owner came for it, proved property and took it away and he wasn't a subscriber either.

Mr. Hammer and family, of Fort Worth, are in town visiting their daughter, Mrs. W. C. Asbury. Mr. H. will remain in town about one week and in the mean time he will visit his ranch about eight miles north-west from Belle Plain.

Col. Frank Wheeler has sold his residence in the west part of town to Mr. S. W. Wilkinson who has a ranche about six miles west of Belle Plain. Mr. W. paid $550 for the place, he comes here for the purpose of sending his children to school.

We had the pleasure, last Sunday night, of listening to a very interesting sermon by Rev. Mr. Little. Mr. L. is a very logical and impressive speaker; his comparisons, and parable-like anecdotes were both instructive and impressive. We shall hope to see and hear more of him.

Our Flour Mill!!

IT IS NOW A FIXED FACT.

An Enthusiastic Mill Meeting.

$1145 DOLLARS SUBSCRIBED IN FIFTEEN MINUTES.

A $9,000 00 Mill to be Built at Once.

Last summer Mr. F. I. Murray of Louisville, Ky. came here and invested several hundred dollars in our town, with a view of building a flouring mill here, the work to be commenced this fall. Notwithstanding the fact that he had lost several thousand dollars by fire since his return home, he, together with his family arrived here last Tuesday, bringing with them material for a dwelling. Last Wednesday night a meeting was held in McMinn & Seay's new hall, nearly all the most prominent citizens of the place were present, the objects of the meeting were briefly stated by Judge Thomas, and Mr. John Merchant as follows: "Mr. Murray being unacquainted with the agricultural resources of this county, asked the citizens of Belle Plain to show their faith in the success of the enterprise by their works. Mr. Murray had already determined to build a mill, but of less capacity than was deemed by the citizens to be sufficient, he then proposed that if the citizens would show a sufficient amount of faith by figures he would invest $9,000 in the enterprise, adding thereto a good cotton gin:" whereupon a subscription paper was circulated and in less time than it will require to read this article $1145 was subscribed; not exceeding twenty dollars of which is as good as bank paper, Mr. Murray having the means to build with, together with such backing as shown by the above figures effectually settles the mill question for Belle Plain and Callahan County.

The mill is to be built and in good running order by June 1st 1880 and Mr. M. will import what wheat will be necessary to keep the mill running until the yields of the county will meet the demands of the mill. This move is the crowning act by which the success of our county and that of our little "city on the plain" is established.

It will enhance the value of real estate, enliven and benefit all branches of trade and is the most powerful incentive to induce farmers to settle the fine farming lands of our county now lying idle and held at one dollar per acre on ten years time, it will enable our citizens to obtain their bread at reasonable prices and will put in circulation a large amount of money for us all to help handle, and finally it will give to Belle Plain, Callahan County and the whole west, an impetus never before experienced.

Now the steam mill, then the iron horse.

Col. Martin of the *Brownwood Banner* has been sojourning in our town for several days past, attending to business, he gave us a pleasent call last Wednesday, and we were well entertained with his talk. We congratulate the citizens of brown county on having so large and important a *Mart* in the county and we believe Brownwood can boast of having the largest newspaper *Mart* in the state.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Wanted.

Millet or corn fodder apply to Ed. Seay.
no3:tf Belle Plain

Dissolution of Copartnership.

THE CO-PARTNERSHIP heretofore existing between Wm. H. Parvin, W. C. Powell, and sam L. chalk under the firm name of Parvin, Powell & chalk is this day dissolved by mutual consent.

Dated at Belle Plain Texas, Nov. 26th '79

WM. H. PARVIN,
W. C. POWELL,
SAM L. CHALK.

I shall continue the Real Estate and collecting business as heretofore conducted by the above firm.

SAM L. CHALK.

Estrayed.

By E. C. Hill November 5 1879, before N. P. Rice J. P. Precinct No. 1, Callahan County Texas.

One bay horse, 14 hands high 8 years old, star in forehead, saddle and harness marks both hind feet white, branded J M on left shoulder, also one brown horse 14 1-2 hands high, 4 years old, saddle and harness marks, star in forehead, both hind feet white, branded C U on left shoulder.

The bay appraised at $30 and the brown at $20.

J. E. M. Hedley C. C. C. C. Co.

CITATION!

The State of Texas,

To the Sheriff or any Constable of Callahan County, greeting:

You are hereby commanded that you summon W. A. Kirk, to appear before the District court of Callahan county at the next term thereof to be held at the court House in the town of Belle Plain on the last Monday in December, 1879, then and there to answer the petition of Sarah J. Watson, joined by her husband, David R. Watson, Sabra Pettis, joined by her husband, William Pettis, all of whom reside in Lampasas county, Texas, and William P. Wilcoxen, a minor, who sues by his next friend and guardian, calvin Wilcoxen, of callahan county, Texas, now on file in said court, against the said W. A. Kirk, J. M. Thomas, and J. A. wheeler, alleging in substance that plaintiffs were, on to-wit, the first day of January, 1878, lawfully seized and possessed of the following described tract of of land, viz:—A tract of eleven and 416,666-1,000,000 labors of land in callahan county, Texas, on the head waters of Hubbard's creek in the upper cross timbers, about seven and one-half miles s 8° w of the 106th mile post in the south boundary line of Peters' colony, and known as survey no. 5, made by virtue of certificate no. 1-4427 issued by the commissioner of the General Land Office, on the 22d day of April, 1856—it being the unlocated balance of Headright certificate no. 59, first class, issued by the board of land commissioners of Fort Bend county to the heirs of Edward Shipman (deceased) for three-fourths of one league and one labor of land, dated the 8th day of February, 1838.—Beginning at the nw corner of survey no. 4, a stake in branch, from which a post oak bears s 59° e. 8 varas. Another bears s 29 1-2 w 1 vara; thence west at 15 varas, a branch at 533 varas a stake from which a post oak bears s 29° e 2 varas; another bears n 23° w 2 varas; thence north at 910 varas a branch, at 918 varas a cottonwood, 2 1-2 feet in diameter; at 1700 varas a branch; at 1820 varas a branch; at 2173 varas a stake from which a post oak bears n 71° e 23 varas. Another bears n 87° e 30 varas; thence east at 262 varas a stake; thence north 2850 varas a stake; thence east 2736 varas to Asylum land corner no. 13 stone corner from which a post oak 8 inches in diameter, bears s 23 1-2° w 3 3-4 varas, another 5 inches in diameter bears n 87° w 3 1-2 varas, a black jack 9 inches in diameter, bears n 20 1-4° w 9 varas; thence south 20 1-2° w with said Asylum land 2030 varas to stone corner no. 20 from which a post oak 5 inches in diameter, bears n 62° w 4 varas; thence south with said Asylum land and survey no. 1, 3123 varas to sw cor of survey no. 1, a stake from which a post oak bears s 61 1-2° w 25 varas, a blackjack bears n 67° e 15 varas; thence w 1754 varas to beginning and holding the same in fee simple—that on the day and year first aforesaid defendants entered upon said premises and ejected plaintiffs therefrom and still unlawfully withhold from plaintiffs the possession thereof to plaintiffs damage one thousand dollars and that defendants have cut down and carried away from said land five hundred trees each of the value of one dollar, for all of which they sue, and for the value of the rents and profits of said premises alleged to be worth two hundred and fifty dollars per annum, and for the restitution of said premises damages and costs, and for general relief—which said petition is endorsed by plaintiffs as follows: "This suit is brought as well to try title to land as for damages." And whereas, Frank B. Stanley, Esq., attorney of record for plaintiffs, has filed in said suit his affidavit, in writing declaring that the residence of the said W. A. Kirk is unknown to affiant—You are hereby commanded to cite the said W. A. Kirk, as aforesaid, by making publication of this writ in some newspaper published in Callahan county, Texas, once a week, for four consecutive weeks prior to the return day hereof. Herein fail not but of this writ make due return as the law directs.

witness J. E. M. Hedley, clerk of the district court of callahan county, Texas. Given under my hand and official seal at my office at Belle Plain, this 27th day of November, 1879.

J. E. M. HEDLEY,
Clerk D. C. C. C. T.

Issued November 27th, 1879.

J. E. M. HEDLEY,
D. C. C. C. T.

ESTRAYED.

One red and white, speckled steer, brass knobs on his horns, branded V P on left hip. Strayed about four months ago. Any information leading to his recovery will be liberally rewarded. Address, J. M. G. Baugh, Belle Plain Texas. n2:4m,ortf

A GOOD BARGAIN.

Any person wishing to purchase one of the most desirable Ranches in Callahan County, would do well to call on Mr. L. K. DILLARD, at Belle Plain, Texas.

This place is situated on the head waters of Hubbard's Creek, ten miles northwest from Belle Plain, and has the advantage of both prairie and timber, with about seventy-five acres of the very best of farming land on it. A good comfortable log house with two rooms. A more desirable ranch for a small stock of any kind would, indeed, be hard to find. For beauty of location and convenience the place cannot be excelled.

WELL AUGER!!

The undersigned having brought an
ARTESIAN WELL AUGER
Into the county, are now prepared to do all work in their line with

Promptness and Dispatch.

For particulars and terms apply at this office.

Will insure Water or take no pay

A. H. OLDS & BAUMAN.

no2:3m

47 47

J. J. MASSIE,

—DEALER IN—

STAPLE and FANCY

DRY GOODS,

Boots, Shoes, Hats,

&c., &c., &c.

5c. And 10c. Counters.

Where you can get anything you want at these prices.

Remember the Place,

47 HOUSTON ST.

FORT WORTH, TEXAS.

n1:tojan1

M. M. TERRY

Is the Ruling Spirit in the Callahan City Trade.

A FULL LINE OF
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS,
GROCERIES,
HARDWARE,
DRUGS,
AND PATENT
MEDICINES,
LUMBER, LEATHER GOODS.

And in fact almost everything that need and taste can suggest. My heavy trade and general facilities enable me to sell as low as the cheapest.

Call at once, with your pockets heavily filled and see for yourself that everything is precisely as represented, and as Potts has it.

no2:tf **Down Cheat.**

THE WHITE SEWING MACHINE

THE BEST OF ALL.

Unrivaled in Appearance,
Unparalleled in Simplicity,
Unsurpassed in Construction,
Unprecedented in Popularity,
And Undisputed in the Broad Claim
OF BEING THE
VERY BEST OPERATING
QUICKEST SELLING,
HANDSOMEST, AND
Most Perfect Sewing Machine
IN THE WORLD.



The great popularity of the White is the most convincing tribute to its excellence and superiority over other machines, and in submitting it to the trade we put it upon its merits, and in no instance has it ever yet failed to satisfy any recommendation in its favor.

The demand for the White has increased to such an extent that we are now compelled to turn out

A Complete Sewing Machine every three minutes in the day to supply the demand!

Every machine is warranted for 3 years, and sold for cash at liberal discounts, or upon easy payments, to suit the convenience of customers.

AGENTS WANTED IN UNOCCUPIED TERRITORY.

WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO.,
No 389 Euclid Ave., Cleveland, Ohio.

McAllister & Bro.

Agents, Fort Worth, Texas.

n1:6m

The Clarendon.

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER, 29, 1879.

Home and Farm.

TO PREVENT FLIES FROM INJURING PICTURE FRAMES.—Boil three or four onions in one pint of water and brush your frames over with the liquid. No fly will touch them, and it will not injure the frames.

Nothing was so much dreaded in our school-boy days as to be punished by being seated between two girls. Such is the force of education! In after years we learned to submit to such without even shedding a tear.

The *Scientific American* says an old fruit-can may be pierced with one or more pin-holes and then sunk in the earth near the roots of the strawberry or tomato or other plants, the pin-holes to be made of such size that when the can is filled with water the fluid can only escape into the ground very slowly. Practical trials of this method of irrigation leave no doubt of its success. Plants thus watered yield bounteous returns throughout the longest droughts.

HOW TO DRIVE AWAY WARTS.—A correspondent of the New York Weekly *Sun* gives the following method of removing warts: "I send you a remedy which is effectual, requiring no application of the knife, and causing no pain, besides being very cheap: Take one ounce of cobalt, one of gunpowder, and the same of lard, and mix well; apply to the warts with a soft woolen rag twice a day, morning and evening. When the wart begins to decrease in size, apply only once a day; but before applying the ointment each time take a sharp-edged stick (not a knife) and scrape off the old scab from the top of the wart. I have tried this remedy in several cases, and some bad ones, too, and have yet to experience a failure.

THE HEAD TO THE NORTH.—In order to have more convenient access to a case that has been opened frequently of late while pursuing certain investigations, the writer moved his bed with the head to the West. It continued to have this direction for two weeks, and during that time he had not a night of his usually unbroken sleep. A vague uneasiness tormented him, and half of his customary eight hours of repose was wretchedly spent in restless attempts to slumber. No particular ailment could be detected that might account for it; the day's experience was much as usual, only for the morning's soreness and heaviness, resulting from broken and insufficient sleep. A newspaper paragraph on the advantages of lying in the line of the magnetic meridian or near it, so that the body may be favorably enveloped by the currents that are excited by changes of temperature reminded me that I had met with a similar direction fifty years ago, only that the advantages of lying in a north and south direction were not attributed to electric currents, about which little or nothing was then known. I had generally acted on this advice from an indoctrinated sense of its value, but losing sight of the reason, I allowed a different reason to turn me east and west, with the effect above related. At any rate, I turned back to north, a little west (for I live where the magnetic needle points about four degrees west of north) and my usual soundness of sleep immediately returned and has continued. One swallow does not make a summer, nor does it do to generalize from a single occurrence, but I give my experience in the belief that it may add to the ease of some others who, in the decline of life, find slight straws sufficient to rob them of rest.

MIRTHIGRAMS.

A bachelor's house should have no Eves.

A rolling stone generally gathers remorse.

One good thing about a lottery is that a man can purchase enough castles in the air for $1 to last him a month.

If every person would be half as good as he expects his neighbor to be, what a heaven this world would be.

Why was Goliah very much surprised when David slung the stone at him? Because such a thing never entered his head before.

When he puts his arm around her waist—with emphasis—and something creaked, she softly whispered, "stay there."

"Why, waiter, here's a match in the hash." "A match? Well, I'll pick it out; but you wouldn't object if you were a light eater."

A Missouri man wheeled his wife, who was a cripple, three miles to see a funeral. The poor lady said it was the first day's real enjoyment she had seen for seven years.

His grandma promised Tommy if he would be a good boy he should have a ride with her when she felt well enough to go out. Tommy brightened up and inquired: "Are you well now?

A boy found a pocket-book, and returned it to its owner, who gave him a five cent piece. The boy looked at the coin an instant, and then handing it reluctantly back, audibly sighed, as he said, "I can't change it."

The young lady who educates herself to speak uniformly kind to her brother, will find a reciprocal love in his breast. He will never set the dog on her fellow, nor tar the front steps on a dark Sunday evening.

We have our eye on the most absent-minded man in the country. Yesterday he approached an open gate, while out driving. As he was told to close the gate behind him, he dropped the lines and got out and closed it, and then resumed his place in the buggy, only to discover that he was on the wrong side of the fence.

A bashful young man could defer the momentous question no longer, so he stammered: "Martha I—I—do you—you must have—are you aware that the good Book says—er, says that it is not g-g-good that a m-man should be alone?" "Then hadn't you better run home to your mother?" coolly suggested Emma!

BREAKING THE CONTRACT.—Judge to mendicant whom another mendicant has arrested for assault and battery—"What made you beat this paralytic man, your companion in misery, eh?" Mendicant—"I'll tell you, Your Honor. For a whole month I drew him around in our little cart, we being partners and then, when, according to our articles of partnership, it was his turn to draw me round for a month and mine to be paralytic, he refused to fulfill his contract."

An old weather worn trapper was recently seen sauntering along the main street of one of our western villages. Pausing in front of a little meeting house for a moment, he went in and took his seat among the congregation. The preacher was discoursing on the text of "the sheep and the wolves," and had evidently been drawing a contrast between the two subjects. Says he: "We who assemble here from week to week and perform our duty are the sheep, now who are the wolves?" A pause, and our friend the trapper rose to his feet: "Wa'al, stranger, rather than see the play stopped, I will be the wolves!" The preacher was vanquished.

A Horse not your Wife's Cousin.

A country gentleman lately arrived at Boston and immediately repaired to the house of a relative—a lady who had married a merchant of that city. The parties were glad to see him, and invited him to their house as his home, as he declared his intention of remaining in that city but a day or two.

The husband of the lady, anxious to show his attention to a relative and friend of his wife, took the gentleman's horse to a livery stable in Hanover Street.

Finally the visit became a visitation, and the merchant after the lapse of eleven days, found, besides lodging and boarding the gentleman, a pretty considerable bill had run up at the livery stable. Therefore he went to the man who kept the stable and told him when he took the horse he would pay the bill.

"Very good, sir," said the stable-keeper; "I understand you."

Accordingly, in a short time, the country gentleman went to the stable and ordered his horse to be got ready. The bill, of course, was presented.

"Oh!" said the gentleman, Mr. ——, my relative, will pay this."

"Very well sir," said the stable-keeper. "Please get an order from Mr. ——. It will be the same as money."

The horse was put up again, and down went the country gentleman to Long Wharf, where the merchant kept.

"Well," said he, "I am going now."

"Are you?" said the merchant. "Well, good-bye, sir."

"Well, about the horse,—the man says the bill must be paid for his keeping."

"Well, I suppose that's all right."

"Yes—well, but you know I'm your wife's cousin."

"Yes," said the merchant, "I know; but your horse is not!"

THE TOW LINE.—"Oft times I have seen," says Oliver Wendell Holmes, "a tall ship glide by against the tide as if drawn by some invisible tow line, with a hundred strong arms pulling it. Her sails unfilled, her streamers were drooping, she had neither side wheel nor stern wheel; still she moved on stately, in serene triumph, as if with her own life. But I knew that on the other side of the ship, hidden beneath the great hulk that swam so majestically, there was a little toiling steam-tug with a heart of fire and arms of iron, that was tugging it bravely on; and I knew that if the little steam-tug untwined her arms and left the ship, it would wallow and roll about, and drift hither and thither, and go off with the refluent tide no man knows whither. And so I have known more than one genius high decked, full freighted, wide sailed, gay pennoned, that but for the bare toiling arms and brave, warm-beating heart of the faithful little wife that nestles close in his shadow and clung to him so that no wind or wave could part them, would soon have gone down with the stream and been heard of no more."

HE PAUSED THERE.—A man took a seat on the top of an empty flour barrel on Michigan Grand Avenue, Saturday, and remarked: "I got down the gun and loaded her up heavy, and just as I was ——" At this point the head fell in, and the man or about half of him, disappeared, while his legs loomed up like schooner's masts. He was helped out, and a boy hired to rub sweet oil on his back, but in spite of the earnest entreaties of the crowd he would not go on with the story.

A clerk in a drug store up town refused to sell a man morphine without a physician's prescription. "Pshaw; do I look like a man that wants to kill himself?" impatiently asked the customer. The clerk looked at him earnestly, and then said, "I can't say how it is with *you* but if I looked as you do, *I* should certainly want to kill myself."

POWER
HOUSE!
West Side Main Plaza,
THIS IS A NEW HOUSE
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.
n1;1y

BELLE PLAIN
HOTEL!!
BELLE PLAIN, TEXAS.
OUR HOTEL is conveniently located on Texas Avenue, and has good accommodations for the traveling public.
Our Tables will contain such as the Market Affords.
Charges 75 cents per Night.
we also have in connection good lots and can care for and feed horses. Price 75 cts. per night.
W. H. RIDDELL, Proprietor.
n1:1y

BLACKSMITH (AND) WAGON
SHOP,
W. L. HENRY,
WOULD INFORM his Friends and Customers that he will do all kinds of
Blacksmithing, Horseshoeing, Tireshrinking, Plow Work, &c., &c.,
At the shop of W. B. Chittum, wagon-maker, who will do all kinds of repairing. All work guaranteed.
Shop on Texas Avenue,
Belle Plain - - - - - - Texas.
n1:1y

SALOON,
—BY:—
Windham & Collins.
PAGE WINDHAM, FRANK COLLINS.
All kinds of Pure Wines and Liquors kept constantly on hand. Also, best brands Cigars.
"Our latch string is out." Give us a call.
BELLE PLAIN, TEXAS.
n1:1y

H. T. HAVENS,
FORT WORTH, Texas
Wholesale and Retail
—DEALER IN—
HARDWARE,
Stoves, Tinners' Stock, Sheet Iron,
NAILS, PLOWS
—AND:—
AGRICULTURAL TOOLS, Etc.
Can Give the Lowest Prices.
SW. Cor. Public Square.
n1:

Thos. Padgitt, Waco. W. C. Padgitt, Dallas. J. B. Padgitt, Dallas.
BRANCH HOUSES—Waco, Marlin, Bryan, Mexia, Austin, Dallas and Brownwood.
PADGITT BROTHERS,
49 HOUSTON ST.
FORT WORTH, TEXAS,
SADDLES, LEGGINS,
HARNESS, SPURS,
BRIDLES, WHIPS,
COLLARS,
SADDLE TREES, Etc.
Selected Stock, H. C. Still & Bro. Trees.
California Bits, Leather and TREES.
we call Your Especial Attention to our
OILED SADDLES
—AND:—
LOW PRICES.
n1:0m

SAM L. CHALK,
SUCCESSOR TO
PARVIN, POWELL & CHALK,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
SURVEYOR
REAL ESTATE
AGENT
AND
LAND
LOCATOR
AGENT FOR
T. & P. R. R. CO.
LANDS,
The Victoria County School Lands.
COMAL COUNTY SCHOOL LANDS.
Will attend to Surveying and Estimating Lands for parties from a Distance.
HAS FOR
SALE
A Large Amount of Land.
CALLAHAN
—AND—
ADJOINING COUNTIES
AMOUNTING TO NEARLY
250,000 Acres.
SOLICITS
Correspondence
From those desirous of Locating here.
OFFICE,
ON CALLAHAN AVENUE
ONE DOOR WEST OF
BERRY'S STORE,
BELLE PLAIN .... TEXAS.

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