

VOL. II.—NO. 20.

harder. I'll have to follow her to the top end of the lake."

It was nearly six miles away, and I thought of it made the warm water but the swimming was a real several days. Barry's lips closed hard, his teeth not against each other, he measured his every stroke to tell. Then his turn came to back swim and a real swim. He said, "I can see the shore and that I can't get a glimpse of Simo." "Isn't his head?" that black? Guess it is; it's moving. Yes, m?"

Indeed, the back of Simo's head, but the boy under it was saying itself: "The shore's no far away never work. I'd no idea we had

I l it was getting to be weary work, before him lay what seemed an in- nable reach of, glittering ripples. as breathing hard, his arms and were moving with less force than it, and his progress through the was slower and slower.

an I do it? It's got to be done. ead water a moment for a change.

he dropped his feet they came
down a smooth slide, for all that
of the late was a gentle slope from
each. The water was up to his
knees but the bottom was there, and
his heart bounded with a great throb.

"Harry? I must wade in fast now,
or when I get there; no help."—
was a forlorn outlook, and Sims
thought for a moment of all his
being away out there in the skiff.
He thought of Berge Gilmore and
of going close, and all the great-
smallness of the water enabled
him to wade faster, and then to break
a splash at all events, and Sims
quickly shouting to some one on
shore, his breathless account of
his danger.

"comin' down with'em. Wanted me myself, and thought I'd foot ya in. What! Barry-a-swimm'in' after a fish? There's Jim Burr's best. I'll jump in!"

"S' locked!"

"S' locked?" Well, I'll jest unlock it." The key Purdy had was of limestone, and it may have weighed twenty pounds. It "opened Jim Burr's padlock for good and all," while Sims was hanging in; and then how Purdy did yell!

"We'll be too late!"

"Shut up, Sims. Don't talk to me. It's awful."

"The fish were very near it, for Barry Gil-

The wind is rising. I'm almost sure I couldn't swim two rods further." But the wind was, indeed, blowing from the north, but the direction of it had been some time changing, so it is apt to be before a summer storm. The first "face current" of air had lost its force, and the stronger blast which really to bring the cloud and rain coming from the other way. So the skill it caught and carried it, and Barry hardly understood it. "I'm swimming pretty fast yet, in everything," he said. "Wish I knew some. Just a little further!"

When Barry faintly rested
and upon the gunwale of the skiff,
he made a great effort to lift the other
to it.

"I can't climb in, now I've got here,
I shall I do?"

Of course he could not have climbed
he had been obliged to lift him-
self the way up, but every ounce of
that he put upon the side of the boat
drove it down further and further.
It was hardly two inches above the
heaving water!

"Now for it!" All the strength he
could went into that last effort, and
he was lying on the bottom of the
boat, with his wet head on the shin-
front of Sime Hopkins' shirt-
sleeve.

here. Even after he could have
hed, he had no heart to lift his head
look toward the shore. At last,
after he had covered his eyes with
hands, there came upon his ears
ound of oars, as if some very zeal-
power were pulling for a prize in
regatta, and behind that sound
another, as if some fellow had sud-

heavy "bump" against the side of
kiff.
Here he is! Oh, Barry!"
Sime, is that you? Don't say a
l. Sime—I can't."

There was some little time before either
them could say much; but they had
learned just about how far they
l swim: and old Purdy sat there in

ess and radiance. All even he find to say was:

"Ain't I glad! Jim Burr won't mind bustin' of his lock a mite; but I'll him another."—*Harper's Young*

The notion that the Czar is im-

hina, where he lately passed several weeks. Is an important station on the way from Warsaw to St. Petersburg, the castle close by, one of the finest of the imperial palaces of Russia. It was built in 1770 by Prince Orloff, under the direction of Rinaldi, the architect. Later, Gatchina Castle came into the possession of the Grand Duke

and until his accession to the throne. The interior is gorgeously furnished, and the park laid out with consummate taste. Ornamental waters, enclosed by the lake of Gatchina, and, and decorative structures—palaces, houses, bridges, keepers' lodges, pavilions, artificial ruins, porticos and bridges—are scattered all through the

ing forest is fenced off as a preserve for bears, which are protected as much as foxes or pheasants in the land; and years ago the late Emperor often visited Gatchina Castle with a large retinue of royal and princely huntsmen to indulge in bear-hunting.

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, AUGUST 20, 1881.

WACO

Is a candidate for the location of THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS, and the people of Texas are asked to vote for her at the ELECTION Tuesday, Sept. 6, 1881, because she is more central as to territory and population, more accessible by rail, more healthy, more fertile, more beautiful, more cheerful, more intelligent, more enterprising, more educated, and the devotion of her people to education which has wrought the splendid and universal success of schools mark her as the PLACE for "The University of Texas."

AUSTIN

Is a candidate for the location of THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS, and respectfully solicits the votes of the people at an election to be held on Tuesday, September 6, 1881.

Our Trip to the Front.

On Saturday at 11:30 A. M., in company with Mr. D. Richardson, Miss Carrie Vaughan, and ye editors partner of his joys and woes, ye editor boarded No. 1, for a ride to the West. Mr. Hughes was the obliging conductor on this train. A short ride over some of the heaviest grade on the T. & P. line takes us to Clyde, where we stopped a short time to give our engine a drink; here we saw several friends, one of whom came here from Baird in order, we presume, to give us a reception. Clyde is a water station situated in the heart of the Hubbard Timbers, on a beautiful little prairie, now settled principally by prairie dogs, which population by the way, is rapidly increasing. Four years ago when we first saw this prairie there was but a small colony of these little squatters, their claim not then covering over two or three acres all told, while now it covers probably half a section of land, and their domain is still expanding. We make a short run through the "Sand Rough"—a part of the Hubbard Timbers, and as we emerge from them through the farm sold by J. C. McCombs to right-of-way man R. E. Montgomery, which purchase was made in order to settle the right-of-way suit pending last winter in the District Court. This place was originally settled by ye editor four years ago.

Our route now lies through a rolling prairie country. Elmdale is a station consisting of only a switch, fifteen miles from Baird. Five miles brings us to Abilene. Now the question arises is what we say of Abilene, for it has all been said over and over again. The place has improved considerably since our last visit here. There are still a number of very cheap hovels in which business is done, but there are also some very good buildings. Our train being an hour late we took dinner here, fifty cents per head is what passengers are taxed at the El Paso Hotel. This house is to be removed from this place to Big Springs. This change is because Abilene is no longer a meal station since the new time table has been issued. Abilene is located in a pretty mesquite valley, abounding in mesquite and prairie dogs. Some day, when the land which is now owned by speculators will be put down in price to reasonable figures this will make a very prosperous country, but until such time does come it will not be much. At the present time there are millions of acres of good lands in Western Texas which can be had reasonably so that the actual farmers need not and will not pay enormous sums of money for farming lands, just because they are situated near some little town. No doubt, however, that some day, all good lands in this great State will be utilized. For a long distance from Abilene the country is alike in appearance, consisting of mesquite valleys and rolling hills. One very peculiar feature we noticed was a stream running upon a hill, as if were; the stream follows a ridge, on either side of which the ground is considerably lower than near the stream. The track on either side of it being on considerable of a grade descending as we leave the creek.

Sweetwater, the county seat of Nolan county, being somewhat remote from the depot and the train stopping but a very short time, we could give but a passing notice of the town. Like most of this western country it is rather rough and broken, with a good grazing district around it. There is no doubt but Sweetwater will be a good town as long as this is the only place of importance in the county. Next we arrive at Katula, near the scene of the wreck which occurred several months ago, in which the unfortunate Louis brothers (engineer and fireman) lost their lives. This is a low, flat country, and when wet is very soft, and where the wreck occurred there was no stream but simply a little low sag which allowed the track to sink, and thus wrecked the train.

Arrive at Lorraine at three P. M. and wait some time for a "hot box" (the journal on the box heating by friction) on our coach, to cool. This box was in bad condition and became so hot that great plazes of flame shot up and threatened to set the coach on fire.

Our next station is Colorado, Mitchell

County. This town is situated on the east side of the Colorado river. Here we noticed some fine buildings and this place puts on quite a thrifty appearance and will be a good town, and a stock shipping point of considerable importance. Our stay was so short here that we could not pay a visit up street. While we are contemplating the beauty of the place the bell rings and we are whirled over the splendid iron bridge spanning the Colorado.

At 4:30 we pull into Westbrook; there is no depot built here yet, simply a side track; Morgan Peak is West of us a few miles. Here we start upon a fine prairie as we have ever seen in Texas, it being covered with a heavy coat of vegetation. It is tolerably dry. Here we see the first antelope for the trip, they are quietly grazing several hundred yards from the track. We frequently notice large scopes of country burned over—the smooth prairie rather a charred and gloomy appearance. Now we enter Paradise Valley, where for beauty and fertility is all that its euphonious name implies. This would certainly be a beautiful location for a settlement. Water can be readily found here by digging, but it is rather too salty to be of much use. Latta Station is in this valley. Here, we are told, the Railroad Company sold ten sections of land to a man in Georgia, for \$1000 per section. We leave this valley running through Rattle Snake canyon passing on to a higher and rougher country. We now see one of the most beautiful of the many Peaks—Signal Mount—looking as if it had surely been built for the purpose of a look-out. It seems as if it might be distant from us about two miles but is in reality seven.

Our next station is Big Springs; the western division station of the second district, distant from Baird 129 miles. If we had the naming of this place at the present time we should either call it Bonetown, or City of Tents, as there are immense stacks of bones here, and not a house in town—all tents—and the Springs are distant about two miles from the line of the road; the water is carried to town by means of a steam pump and pipes. Here we met Mr. C. T. McLellan, the train Master, whom we found to be a very courteous gentleman. We now repaired to Mr. Brownlee's boarding car where we found Mrs. Brownlee, friend B, was absent at the time; here we got a splendid supper, to which we all did ample justice, and we all decided that we got our money's worth. We paid fifty cents per meal here as we did everywhere else on the route; but we vote for Mrs. Brownlee as being the boss landlady. We had intended to go on westward immediately after supper, and waited several hours for the train to leave, but finally acted upon the advice of Mr. McLellan, to stay all night and take the early morning train. He very kindly tendered our ladies the use of his own car for the night, which was very much appreciated, for hotel accommodations are as yet in their unborn infancy. We left the ladies at their comfortable quarters and Mr. Richardson and ourself accepted the kind offer of this Baner & Robins who had offered us their tent and a good bed to recline our weary selves upon. After a good night's repose, and a hearty breakfast at the boarding car, we boarded our train, loaded with ties and pulled by engine 111, which was manipulated by Steve Johnson, by the way a good engineer and a perfect gentleman.

At Baird, did the honors as conductor. Our engine is a new one and the train not being very heavily loaded we make splendid time. We noticed just after leaving the depot immense stacks of railroad material, of all kinds just below the round house, which is a six stall house just being built by Mr. Brownlee; the turn table also is just being put in. Our route now lies through a broken country interspersed with small valleys in which we frequently see dry alkali ponds, which now are simply bare white sandy flats as smooth as a sheet of ice. The atmosphere this morning is most pleasant and invigorating and our party are all in the best of spirits. The stations in this, the third division, are all just about ten miles apart, and are station and section house combined. At 8:52 we arrive at Grelton, twenty miles west of the Springs, which is situated on a beautiful level prairie, covered with a splendid crop of luxuriant grass. At ten o'clock we arrive at the Midway water station, 37 miles from our starting point. We stop here to give our iron steed a drink out of a splendid well which yields an ample supply of good water. Three miles farther takes us to Midway station, where we go on the side track to allow Brown's water train to pass. This train consists of five huge iron tanks, three round wooden ones and two square wooden box tanks and is kept constantly employed carrying water to the front. At this station we saw our friend Hammer who was for a long time night operator at Baird. He is in the capacity of telegraph operator here. He informs us that last night four buffalo crossed the track about two miles east of here, which were seen at the tank. Our conductor telegraphs to Odessa—twenty miles distant—to have breakfast prepared, (it is now dinner) and to have much breakfast at 12:20 we pass Carson. We notice here some splendid soil, but the grass has been burned for miles around; but where there are spots which escaped the ravages of fire they are covered with splendid grass. We now see the largest flock of antelope we have yet seen on the plains, they scampers off towards the nearest elevation where they may look at our train. We are told that these curious animals never venture to cross the railroad track, feeling nearly to the road but never across it. Here are miles upon miles of fine range of land which there is not now a hoof of stock, which no doubt in the near future will be grazed upon by thousands of cattle sheep and horses. We are told that here a hunter out with his gun which never dry up, and there certainly is considerable moisture in the ground or the growth of vegetation could never be so rank or luxuriant as long

green. As good water can be easily obtained here, it will not be long before miles of what is termed the *Edna Escalado*, or *Edna*, will be planted with wheat and windmills will raise the water for stock and irrigation. This is no day dream, but a reality which will be realized within the next decade.

At 1:30 we pull up at Odessa and have twenty minutes for dinner, which we get in a tent, presided over by a man and his wife and a colored individual whom we should like to have captured for exhibition; he would make a capital "General Washington coachman" as he must be something of a centenarian. We got a very good fifty-cent dinner of which all partook with a relish. Two and a half miles brings us to Bored Well Tank where we again take on water. After leaving the tank we see some of the heaviest grade and hardest work done on this division. It was cut by J. B. Colt & Sons. Just after passing through one of these cuts we notice a grave yard on a rocky ridge, where are eight graves all close together, four of the occupants of this quiet mountain home were victims of a blast which exploded prematurely. We did not learn the cause of the death of the others. There is a large mound of rocks piled up over each grave. We thought in contemplating these marks of the final end of all that is mortal of these poor men. We wonder who the mother who still lives and awaits with a longing impatience and an aching heart the return of her absent son; but alas! only to wait day after day, feeling that the sands of time are dropping dropping one by one, and as each one falls brings her nearer her home; perhaps the only one which causes her to cling tenaciously to life is the one wish that she could see him once more before bidding farewell to the scenes where she bore, nursed, and lived for him, deeming his life more precious than her own. Perchance some friend or comrade has heard him mention the place where he was laboring so hard to improve still lives, and he may send a message to her and thus impart to her the fact that the sad fate which befell her darling boy. Then with a sad feeling of resignation she prepares herself for the snapping of the brittle thread of life, and looks forward with a ray of hope to the happy time when she will meet him in the spirit land, where all dear ones will meet again and pursue the chase which under adverse circumstances was begun here. What a striking reminder this melancholy circumstance is of the uncertainty of life. One moment a set of strong, jolly men with muscles as hard as the rock they are penetrating, working cheerfully, when the next moment they are hurled into eternity.

We next pass an unfinished cut where we see friend O'Donnell with a crew hard at work drilling through the hard rock. The L. R. Company have laid a temporary track over the hill, round this cut, which, by the way is a very steep grade, necessitating the locomotives taking a "running" jump to make the ascent. We now run a mile and a half, which consists now of a few tents, a school, and Maj. Stockings' ears on a side track. The country here is of rather a rough sandy nature, presenting the appearance of our old sand dunes in this country. We found here and gathered some shin oak acorns which are very large, well filled and just ripe, also some fine mesquite beans, which are large, hard and very good. Many varieties of flowers, seeds and grasses grow here and are very green and thrifty. The white Sand Hills proper are distant, from the road, the north side about two or three miles, and can be seen from the track. As this is as far as the trains now run. We prepare to return homeward. As there is no means here of turning our locomotive she is compelled to back into Big Springs—90 miles distant—but as we have only a water tank in front and a caboose, she makes some splendid runs, almost flying over the smooth track. Nothing of particular note transpired on our return trip. We will close by thanking the railroad officers and men for many courtesies shown us, and saying that the road West of Baird, with the exception of a very few spots, is as smooth and well built a piece of road as one will ever see.

The Cisco Round-Up says that we never have been the author of anything, either good or bad. We would advise you to desist from authorship. It is the best way to keep from making an ass of oneself. Try it, my friend, try it.

The condition of our President for the past week has been rather discouraging, having had a relapse, and the high pulse being still higher, which was accompanied by considerable nausea of the stomach; still, at last accounts he was doing comparatively well. While he still have hopes of his recovery, it is all enough to be prepared for the worst.

The assassin, Guiteau made a desperate attempt to escape last Wednesday. His guard noticed that he had been acting in an unusual manner, so he opened the door of Guiteau's cell and entered, when the assassin seized him and a scuffle ensued, during which the guard drew his pistol in self defense, and it was accidentally discharged. Hearing the shot, another of the guards rushed to the rescue and separated the men.

"I've tried to lead an honest life, Judge," observed the prisoner, "but what's the use? There ain't no encouragement for gen'us no more." "What direction did your genius take?" inquired the judge, in his manner towards the unfortunate man. "I'm an inventor, Judge. I sent an application to the patent office, year'n a year ago. Nothing ever come of it. There ain't no encouragement for—'Yes, yes,' interrupted his honor, 'you've said that once already. Now tell me at once what it was you invented?' Brushing a tear from his eye with his coat sleeve the neglected genius answered: "A burglar's Jimmy, Judge."

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Damphnoi m.

THE CLARENDON office is the happy possessor of a telescope powerful enough to draw the smell of the cheese manufactured by the man in the moon.

The meanest man in the world lives in Baird. The other day he hired an Irishman to dig a well. While at a depth of about twenty feet, an old black, which had been forgotten caught fire accidentally, blowing the Irishman fifty feet up in the air. He fell back in a hurry to the bottom of the well and continued to pick away as if nothing had happened, but last Saturday night his boss deducted from his wages the time he had lost in going up through the air. Mean, is it not?

One of our merchants was the other day, tacking his wood pile in order to get wood for his wife to cook breakfast with, when a chip, about the size of his fist, came in contact with his upper lip, making a gash about an inch long and something less than a foot deep. It served him right. There is no sympathy left in me to waste on a man who has so far forgotten his manhood and dignity, as to go fooling with the wood pile while his wife is around the house. If he had been in bed at the time, as he ought to have been so early in the morning, and sent his wife to chop wood if she wanted any, he would not have been hurt. It served him right. What do we marry for, anyhow?

Atmospheric influences have made sad havoc among some of the most influential of our citizens during the week. It seems that the current of air was stronger in the neighborhood of the saloons, as almost every night one of our townsmen could be seen coming out of a bar room, wiping his mouth with his hat, and pulling up his vest on his chin; then after walking a few rods in the direction of his house, the aforesaid townsmen would suddenly become so overcome with emotion that he would lay down on mother earth until relief should come in the shape of some sympathetic friend hurrying to the rescue. I know one personally whom I found the other night laying down before his door, he had a key in his right hand, and was doing his level best to find out the key hole on his porch. Upon my asking him what he was doing there at one o'clock in the morning, he answered, pathetically: "Some infernal scoundrel (he) has stolen the key hole (he) and I can't open my door." Some men are so emotional that the least atmospheric disturbance will turn their best judgment wrong side out, and I am happy to say that newspaper men and printers are not emotional.

The Round-Up man intimated last week in his sheet that Mr. Room was a chicken thief. Mr. Room, who knows him well, told me he was surprised that such a bright intellect as mine should waste its power by sending stray shots at such a Lilliputian brain as the one roaming at large in the cocoon of the Round-Up man. "Why man alive!" added Mr. Room growing quite indignant, "that man is the most forlorn looking specimen of the genus homo you ever laid your eyes upon. I think he is Darwin's connecting link, and so ugly that he wanted to borrow my head to have his picture taken and send it to a girl he was in love with. As for his honesty though, I can vouch for it, as the damned fool swore off the business stealing on the day after he tried to get away with a red hot stove and got badly burned." Whether this is or is not the kind of rooster the Round-Up man is, I. B. DAMPHNOI.

The Cisco Round-Up says that we have mentioned only two accessions to our population in the last two weeks, and then it aims to be very sarcastic and says that a couple of horse thieves had been run out of Cisco, and in their hurry, they might have taken a couple of horses with them. Now we suppose this must be a good joke, but we can't tell who the joke is on. It surely can't be the author of that joke is tickled because he was not stolen. No it ain't that. Horse thieves only steal animals that don't bray.

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Mrs. F. W. CHATFIELD, A. M., Teacher of Music and French.

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PUBLISHED EVERY

Saturday Morning

—AT—

Baird, - - Texas.

W. R. LOTZ,

EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

\$2 00 PER YEAR.

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

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HAMS, LARD, RICE, BEANS,

MOLASSES, CONDENSED MILK, CANED GOODS,

DRIED FRUITS, POWDER, SHOT, AND

WOODENWARE, ALSO

CIGARS, TOBACCOS, Etc., Etc.

W. J. Power,

BELLE PLAINE, - - - TEXAS.

2-10m

WALLACE & WAGGENER

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL

—DEALERS IN—

STAPLE and FANCY

GROCERIES,

Cor Elm and Austin Streets,

Dallas - - - - - Texas.

2-10f

