

The Cotulla Record.

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY

W. J. COLEMAN LOSES ARM IN GIN.

PROMPT WORK OF W. L. SHILLINGS SAVES HIS LIFE.

W. J. Coleman, well known Nueces Valley farmer had his left arm torn to shreds in the saws of the Cotulla gin Monday evening about two o'clock.

Drs. Bartlett, Graham and Johnston amputated the injured member above the elbow two hours afterward, and the patient is now progressing favorably.

Mr. Coleman was saving some special cotton seed and had spread a wagon sheet under the saws where the seed were dropping. In taking out the sheet it hung on a nail, and in pulling it, it suddenly gave way, throwing Mr. Coleman's hand directly in the saws. W. L. Shillings, who runs the gin was standing by the lever and saw the accident, and before the arm had gone in up to the elbow threw the saws out of gear, and the belt off. So quick was this done that every belt was stripped, and had not Mr. Shillings been standing where he did not have to move to accomplish this, the unfortunate man would have met a horrible death. Art and Everett Coleman were in the house and the three extricated his arm from the saws. Art caught the main artery and held it until the physicians arrived in Seefeld's automobile, when the arm was temporarily dressed. Very little blood was lost.

The injured man was first brought up town, where it was decided that the arm should be amputated at once. He stated that he wanted to go home for the operation, and set up in the car all the way to the farm. Mr. Cohenour and others had gone ahead to arrange for the operation and when the last car arrived Mr. Coleman walked to the house and laid down on the

operating table with a cheerful smile.

Being sixty years of age the shock of the operation was severe, but he survived it and is now progressing very favorably, and if there is no set back will be out in a couple of weeks.

During his younger years Mr. Coleman lost all of his right hand except a thumb and forefinger, between the couplings of two freight cars. The accident Monday deprives him entirely of his left arm.

MET WITH MRS. ROGERS.

The Ladies Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church were quite pleasantly entertained at the residence of Mrs. Rogers on Thursday afternoon.

The meeting was called to order by our President, Mrs. J. H. Gallman, after which Mrs. Rogers read a beautiful and appropriate scripture on love and charity, followed by an earnest prayer by Mrs. Chevalier. While only a few members were present our enthusiasm and interest for our work were very manifest. Some business of importance was brought before the meeting and 'tis earnestly hoped that on next Thursday afternoon a full attendance can be had, so that our work can be more definitely planned.

During the social hour Mrs. Rogers assisted by Misses Margie and Curren, served lemonade and delicious home baked cake.

Reporter.

SPECIAL RATES FOR TEACHERS.

Uvalde the I. & G. N. will make a rate of one and one third fare, and C. C. & U. one and one-half fare, if as many as fourteen in party.

Mrs. F. A. Franklin is in San Antonio undergoing electric treatment for a growth on her face.

TEXAS Needs Great Men

II. OPPORTUNITY.

A HILL at Toulon gave Napoleon his opportunity and he beat back the British forces and established a Republican form of government in Europe. An arm of the ocean gave Nelson his opportunity and he destroyed the Spanish fleet and made England mistress of the sea. Since the creation of the world, the destinies of the human race have been moulded by leaders who could seize upon opportunity. Texas today stands at the threshold of commercial supremacy, awaiting her leaders to seize upon opportunity that will give her the mastery of the world's commerce.



NAPOLEON'S OPPORTUNITY.

Opportunity is knocking at our door. The time for moulding the destinies of Texas has arrived. The completion of the Panama canal will re-cast the commerce of both hemispheres and move the star of civilization Texasward. The ocean is throbbing with commercial activity, the universe is quivering with industrial life and the time is ripe for the advent of a powerful man who can swing civilization around the planets around a central sun. Texas needs great men.

HORSE KICKS AND BREAKS LONNIE ALLEE'S LEG.

Last Sunday evening Lonnie Allee was kicked on the left leg below the knee, and both bones badly shattered, by a horse at Encinal.

Allee had just purchased the horse and went out to the feed yard to saddle him up preparatory to going home. He walked behind the horse and put his hand on his hip, when the animal kicked him.

The break was a very bad one and was set by Dr. Hasell of Laredo. The bones were splinted up so that it was thought that amputation might be necessary and the injured man was taken to San Antonio Sunday night. Reports from the hospital state that he is getting along nicely.

MRS. JENNIE C. WILSON.

Mrs. Jennie C. Wilson, age 31 years, wife of W. W. Wilson of Cotulla died last Saturday evening, August 26, at the Physicians & Surgeons Hospital in San Antonio.

Mrs. Wilson had been ill for several months and was taken to San Antonio two days previous for surgical operation. The operation was performed at nine o'clock Saturday morning, but was not successful and she passed away at 5 o'clock p. m.

Deceased was born in Tennessee, and was married seven years ago to Mr. W. W. Wilson. She is survived by her husband, a small son and a sister, Mrs. Burnett, of Moore, all of whom

end came.

The funeral took place from Sloan & Hagy's undertaking parlors Sunday evening and the remains were interred in the Mission Cemetery. Services were conducted by Rev. H. W. Hamilton of the Cotulla Presbyterian church.

LOWER COUNTRY WATER DRENCHED.

RAIN FELL IN TORRENTS FOR HOURS - HEAVIEST IN TEN YEARS.

What is stated as the heaviest rain in ten years fell over a large portion of LaSalle county Monday night. The heavy rain began about three miles South and East of Cotulla and extended beyond the county line.

The fall ranged from three to six inches, actual measurement, and creeks were higher than they have been for many years. The "draws" and "swags" were in some instances two and three hundred yards wide. On some of the ranches much damage was done to tanks. The farms in the Rock & Daniel neighborhood, Black ranch, Bell, Conlan, Cartwright, Burks and Dobie ranches were in the path of the flood. J. M. Dobie telephones that the hill tops in his pastures are boggy yet. The big Holland-Texas dam was filled to within four feet of the top and the heavy rain did not extend more than three miles above the dam.

The ranchmen in the territory the rain covered are especially jubilant. They say if another shower or two falls this month they will have good grass for winter.

5 AND 10 CENT BARGAIN SALE.

The children connected with the Methodist Home Mission Society, will have a five and ten

Sept. 8th. in the building two doors north of Gaddis' Drug Store formally occupied by Mr. Speegle.

Everybody is invited to come and take advantage of this sale and thereby encourage the children in a good work.

Don't forget the date.

K. BURWELL

Is making a very complete display of School Supplies, and solicits the patronage of all who are equipping their children for the beginning of school, September 11th. There will be 200 sealed packages given to the first 200 children making a ten cent purchase in this department. Beginning September 1st, a ticket will be given to each child that may be presented on Monday morning, when you will be presented with your package.

In due season K. Burwell will open up an up to date line of Fall Goods and Ladies and Gent's Furnishings. Until the call for the Fall line begins, exceedingly low prices will be made on all classes of summer goods now on hand.

Our left over summer goods are not very numerous, yet we have some things in every department. Good bargains await you. Come in and see for yourself.

GROWTH OF COMMERCE

The great manufacturing nations, the great producing nations, such as Great Britain, Germany, France and the United States combined, have not more than one-sixth the population of the globe, and it can be said with approximate accuracy that the other five-sixths are to a very great degree their customers, says the Cincinnati Enquirer. Fully one-half of the world's population are as yet only fractionally supplied with articles necessary for civilized existence. The 75,000,000 of people to the south of us on the American continent when fully employed, as some day they will be, in producing from their lands, their forests and their mines, will make our manufacturers wealthy through their demands for what our own industrial districts can output. Commerce is pushing its way up every great and small river of South America, it is crossing the Andes over a thousand trails, and where but one railway across South America from ocean to ocean now runs, within a score of years there will be several other lines from the Pacific to the navigable waters of the great rivers of the north and the center. The world's commerce of today, huge as it seems, is small compared with that of the future either in tonnage or in value.

Discussion of women's manners in public will not down. Sometimes it is women who complain of being jolted in crowds or of being compelled to stand in street cars while men occupy the seats, says the Boston Globe. Sometimes it is men who murmur because some women in public often seem to ignore the fundamental rules of good breeding. It is noticeable that most of the criticisms of women's public manners are evoked by the conduct of a well-dressed or stylish and apparently well-to-do woman, seldom by the bearing of working women or girls. The woman who puts down a \$20 or a \$10 bill at the ticket office window, holds up a lengthening line while she counts her change and glares furiously if a man puts down his nickel before she has picked up the last bit of change; the woman who never moves along in a car to make room for another woman; the woman who deliberately takes up as much time as possible at the store counter while other customers are waiting—these women commonly look like persons of refinement. No doubt they are. Mind-heated and gentle-

A New York woman who has had five divorces still favors matrimony. She probably finds that if one does not take it too seriously there is a lot of fun and excitement to be had from it.

A Baltimore preacher claims that Atlas, who held up the world, was a woman. If he succeeds in proving it we shall have to change the name to Atlasetta or Atlasinne.

A Chicagoan eighty-three years of age has taken out a license to marry a lady seventy years old from whom he was divorced 25 years ago. They repented at leisure.

A school of music has been in operation for some time in Bangkok, Siam. Now we know where some of the vaudeville songs come from.

One of our clergymen proposes to abolish the old method of dancing. He wants girls to dance with girls, and boys to dance with boys. Piffle, as Aristotle once said.

A Philadelphia woman wants a divorce because her husband threw a clock at her. Gallant men everywhere will agree that that is no way to bring a lady to time.

A New York mother failed to recognize her boy with a clean face. With all due allowance for the water famine in the metropolis we had hardly thought it was as scarce as that.

Treasure seekers have found \$15,000,000 in Honduras, according to report. If this treasure is no impostor it is made up of Spanish doubloons and pieces of eight.

A German doctor reports his discovery of a hay fever serum. He should bury and get it on the market for the coming season.

Gunners are facing a possible closed season of two years all over the country. This ought to help materially in lowering mortality statistics.

A Connecticut schoolma'am is in trouble with her constituency because she "wears too smart clothes." Hobbles or harem?

A good many men are strong enough to resist the temptation to steal an umbrella—that is, on a sunny day.

THE SCHOOLMA'AM GIRL

By MICHAEL J. PORTER

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

Gideon Rush noticed the girl before they reached Chicago, though he was a shy, hard-working young man who had really noticed few women in his day. But even Gideon could be pardoned for looking again at the "schoolma'am girl," as he quaintly nicknamed her. None but a school teacher would have that air and that pencil. And she was so young and so good to look at that Gideon was reminded of little girls who played at various games, like keeping house, and going visiting, and teaching school. She was a school teacher; and yet the title wasn't distinctive enough. It did not classify her. She was all girl, too—young and sweet and happy. So "school-ma'am girl" it was.

Gideon, who was going out to Oregon to grow apples, saw that the school-ma'am girl had a ticket much like his own—a green one as long as his arm.

Was she going west, too, maybe to Oregon? But no; that was impossible. He would lose her at Chicago, where she would change to one of the other hundred trains that shuttled away in every direction.

It was dark when they rumbled into the bedlam called Chicago. She seemed so little and alone and grave—some of her bright cheerfulness had departed—that Gideon said a regretful farewell with his eyes. And she answered the same way.

Gideon hurried into the sticky mid-summer night, because everyone else was hurrying; found a modest restaurant in the glare and clatter; hurried through a meal and trotted back to the great station as the unformed man at the gate was bawling his train.

He found his tourist sleeper. Half-way down the aisle he paused, de-



Rebelle Against Dining Car Charges. Despite the pushing procession behind him, his eyes wide open and his heart thumping; for there, comfortably disposed in her seat, was the schoolma'am girl.

Next morning Gideon and the schoolma'am girl had spoken to each other almost before they knew it. By noon they had decided to make common cause against the frightful charges of the dining-car with their united lunch-boxes. By evening, Gideon had told her the story of his life, and confided that he had \$2,200 with which to buy an apple orchard.

The schoolma'am girl was equally frank. She told him that her real name was Serena Blythe, but that all her friends called her "Bun." She had come into a heritage of school teaching in a New England town at sixteen. She had expected to stay there always. But her father's health had made a change imperative, and he and her mother had gone west the previous year. Now they had made a home in northern California and had written her to come.

Together Gideon and the schoolma'am girl discovered that Gillesburg, Oregon, and Edensville, California, were really not far apart.

"Why, we shall be neighbors!" said Gideon. "I can run over after supper most any evening." They both laughed at this slender joke; but it did seem cheering that the two little black dots were separated only by a score miles of mountain ranges and rivers.

"Edensville is growing wonderful," said the schoolma'am girl, with her own town. "Mamma says it's half as large again as when they moved there. Papa has all the work he can do; he is a carpenter, you know, and carpenters are scarce—so is capital. A man with some money is sure to make a success. You could do well there."

"I can do well at Gillesburg," returned Gideon, sturdily loyal. "The finest apples in the state are raised in that district. It's a good shipping point, too."

"I went in this nature study class last fall to get a line on the bees." "Of course, you know that line is very busy."

"But see here, what mamma says about a young man from home, who has only been in Edensville two years." She unfolded a letter and read: "Abram Howitt is doing splendidly. He is the money-lender in town, and is one of the rich men now. He is building a beautiful home and is very helpful to your father and me. You would not know him for the same Abram. He inquires every day when you—" She broke off abruptly.

Gideon winced inwardly. "I wouldn't do as a money-lender," he replied; "too much sympathy for the other fellow. I've had to borrow, myself."

Constraint fell with that, and Gideon went to the smoking compartment and sat himself down, moodily, in a corner.

"Of course," he chided, "I might have known some rich man would want her. I'm surprised she ever got away from New England without being married." With that he watched a vague and delightful dream which had come into his mind in the past 48 hours fade as the light of evening faded on the dim mountains.

The rich Mr. Howitt stepped into their conversation and went himself around like a wet blanket frequently, after that Gideon tried to avoid him, and so did the schoolma'am girl. But he was essentially a character not accustomed to being ignored. It was patent to Gideon he had nominated himself to be the husband of little Miss Serena and that, furthermore, Serena's parents were eager to ratify the nomination.

Once, when they were looking over some of the girl's snapshots they came to a man posing under a tree, a man with his hat tilted knowingly back, unaware that he showed a fore head from which the hair was receding. He had an upturned, slightly looking black mustache, and wore a satisfied smirk.

"Who's that?" demanded Gideon. "That's Mr. Howitt," returned Serena. "Why, he's old!" cried Gideon, with fierce triumph. And then he leaned forward to look into her eyes. "Bun, don't marry him! He—"

"Mr. Rush!" "For the first time Gideon felt the weight of the icy school teacher's gaze. The humbled Gideon soon fled to the smoking compartment, where he stayed until bedtime.

Next morning he recalled that the schoolma'am girl was seated in the manner which he knew as the teachers adopt at an inn. She was painstakingly polite and so fully friendly, and as impressive as multiplication table. For one, Mr. Howitt did not get into conversation.

Even at dinner, a dining car serv- agance on which Gideon insisted because it was to be their last meal together, the girl's armor remained in place.

The hours passed inexorably. Almost before he could believe it, the whistle screamed, the brakeman cried "Gillesburg!" and Gideon was standing in the aisle, saying goodbye to Miss Blythe.

So with a heart sore and rebellious he descended into the soft darkness of the little town, suitcase in hand. Mechanically he fumbled in his pockets for his trunk check.

The engine was taking water. Gideon walked forward, for one more look at the schoolma'am girl. Her seat was toward the middle of the car on the other side. The platform was high, and by standing on it he could just see her.

Her head was turned away; chin on hand, she was looking out into the darkness. There was a droop to her not at all like the young woman who had bidden him a cheerful goodbye a few moments before. Stealthily, she dabbed her eyes with her handkerchief.

Just then the train started, and Gideon. He rushed up the steps of the car, treading on the toes of the porter, and nearly knocking the porter, dropped his suitcase into the vestibule, and marched up the aisle.

"Hun," he said, quietly, and down beside her. She turned, with a sudden catching of breath. There was joy in her dewy eyes. Unconsciously she stretched out her hand and Gideon took it in his own.

"Oh!" she sighed, with a tremulous smile. "It seemed so lonesome, but the train—we're leaving Gillesburg. Where are you going?"

"With you," he replied, simply. "But—" she struggled to resist her hand. "You can't!" Her fingers fell on the trunk-check between them. "Your trunk's back to your orchard! Why, Gid—"

"We will come back to then the schoolma'am girl," he said, "the honeymoon's over." Blushing, she let her hand fall.

Its tendency. "I went in this nature study class last fall to get a line on the bees." "Of course, you know that line is very busy."



SHAKE?

Oxidine is not only the quickest, safest, and surest remedy for Chills and Fever, but a most dependable tonic in all malarial diseases.

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The specific for Malaria, Chills and Fever and all diseases due to disordered kidneys, liver, stomach and bowels. 50c. At Your Druggist. THE BREWERS DRUG CO., Waco, Texas.

EVIDENTLY SHE WAS ANNOYED

Good Wife's Punishment, Intended for Husband, Poor Compensation to Revivalist.

A popular revivalist had been holding services at a town in Mississippi when a heavy rain came on, and he accepted an invitation to pass the night at the house of one of the townsmen. Observing the preacher's drenched clothing, the host brought out a suit of his own and sent his guest upstairs to don it.

The good man had made the change and was on his way back to the sitting room, when the woman of the house came out of another room, holding in her hands the big family Bible, out of which the minister was to be invited to hear a chapter before the family went to bed.

She was not, however, in a very amiable mood, for careful housewives are likely to be put out of sorts by the advent of unexpected company. Seeing the revivalist in his borrowed garments, she mistook him for her husband, and as he passed in front of her she lifted the book and brought it down sharply on his head. "There!" she exclaimed. "Take that for asking him to stay all night!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

Baffling the Mosquito. Last summer we were pestered with the awful nuisance, mosquitoes, night after night, and on one occasion killed between thirty and forty in our bedroom, at midnight. The following day I took a woolen cloth, put a little kerosene oil on it, and rubbed both sides of the wire mesh of the screens with it. That night one lonely mosquito disturbed our rest. Two or three times each week I rubbed the screens in like manner, and we enjoyed peace from the oil remains only a few minutes, and the oil itself preserves the screens and keeps away flies.—Good Housekeeping Magazine.

STRONGER THAN MEAT. A Judge's Opinion of Grape-Nuts. A gentleman who has acquired a judicial turn of mind from experience on the bench out in the Sunflower State writes a carefully considered opinion as to the value of Grape-Nuts as food. He says: "For the past 5 years Grape-Nuts has been a prominent feature in our bill of fare.

"The crisp food with the delicious, nutty flavor has become an indispensable necessity in my family's everyday life.

"It has proved to be most healthful and beneficial, and has enabled us to practically abolish pastry and pies from our table, for the children prefer Grape-Nuts, and do not crave rich and unwholesome food.

"Grape-Nuts keeps us all in perfect physical condition—as a preventive of disease it is beyond value. I have been particularly impressed by the beneficial effects of Grape-Nuts when used by ladies who are troubled with face blemishes, skin eruptions, etc. It clears up the complexion wonderfully.

"As to its nutritive qualities, my experience is that one small dish of Grape-Nuts is superior to a pound of meat for breakfast, which is an important consideration for anyone. It satisfies the appetite and strengthens the power of resisting fatigue, while its use involves none of the disagreeable consequences that sometimes follow a meat breakfast." Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich.

Read the little book, "The Road to Wellville," in pkgs. "There's a reason." Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

T. R. KECK

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Farmers' Educational and Co-Operative Union of America

Matters of Special Moment to the Progressive Agriculturist

Don't try to feed ten hogs in a trough only big enough for six. Farmers should use the head as well as the hand in every department of the farm.

Beware of debt, it is one curse that menaces thousands of homes and often makes the farmer a slave.

If a man is still a "renting farmer" at 40, it is a sign that he picked the wrong job when he started out.

Believe in yourself and your ability. People usually take us at our own estimate of ourselves, unless we are afflicted with "big head."

The machinery men just naturally love a lazy farmer who houses his binder in a fence corner and leaves his plow standing in the ground.

When a farmer's wife breaks down from overwork he naturally feels that he is in hard luck. Hired girls come high and so do blooded bulis and riding plows.

Co-operation must solve the problems of the future, or the farm, like the factory will be trust-owned, and the farmer like the factory hand, will be a wage-earner.

Many men try to create the impression that they are busy by continually crying "I really haven't the time." But, the successful men are those who always have time for everything that counts because they do not waste it.

WHEN FARMERS LOSE MONEY

Overproduction of Agricultural Products Cause Boom of Business System and Consequent Loss.

Certain men and magazines are continually advocating increased production of agricultural products. If the feeders of cattle, sheep or swine are making money, or if wheat, corn or sugar beets is making money, those facts are put before us in large type and we are urged to get busy and compete with our successful neighbors, writes J. U. Shade of Kansas, in the Breeders' Gazette. This would divide up the business and produce such large quantities that all of us must lose money, except the men who urged the matter. These would make money on account of increased

When we have over-production in farm products and the farmer is losing all the fruits of his labor, then everything is booming in a business way. While the farmers are losing several billion dollars worth of labor, the business system is making it. When we have over-production in manufactured products, instead of reducing prices to enlarge consumption, as the prices on farm products are reduced, the manufacturers close down production and throw the laborer out of employment. Then in a short time, although there is plenty of demand for farm products, there is no money to buy. There are hungry people on the streets looking for work and naked starving children at home. The farmers remain at home patching up their old clothing, trying to make things last until the dark clouds lift. The bankers, the mortgage companies and the loaning institutions (all of the tollers' creation) are working for dear life to collect their loans or increase their securities to make them safe.

Someone cries out, "What's the matter?" Someone says, "Panic!" Someone cries, "What caused it?" Someone says, "Over-production." It seems to be that a cross-eyed Egyptian mummy could plainly see that there is something wrong from the farmer's standpoint.

We see one large hardware store doing an extra large business on a reasonable profit. We rent a room and enter into competition and divide the business, and we are both doing a large business on a reasonable profit. Then enter two more men and rent rooms and again divide up the business, and when it is divided we find that we must increase our profits to make a living. So we all get together, co-operate and fix prices and make money. Then four more men enter town, rent rooms and go into the hardware business, for they see the prosperity of those that are in it.

Now we have overdone it. We must make prices so high that the consumer cannot reach them. We find that something must be done. We form a trust. We put all eight hardware stores under one management. We issue bonds and stock four times or more of the value of our old machinery or shelf-worn out-of-style goods, and we attempt to pay dividends or interest on the bonds and stock. When we find that we cannot possibly sell enough goods, at high enough prices to pay the interest and dividends, we say, "Let us nationalize our big business. Let the government supervise our business by naming prices that we shall pay for the raw material and labor, also set the price at which we shall sell, allowing a reasonable profit on our capitalization. This will make our securities as good as government bonds."

Will that not be a soft snap? But who will guarantee the farmers a reasonable profit?

FIGHT THE BOLL WEEVIL NOW

President Barrett Warns Southern Farmers to Guard Against Advent of Injurious Insect.

To the Officers and Members of the Farmers' Union: Reliable and non-alarmist experts calculate the cotton boll weevil will cover the entire cotton belt within five years. It will probably be in Georgia in the fall of 1912, perhaps sooner.

The ostrich-head in the sand policy is foolish, almost to the point of criminality. It is better to face facts now than to suffer the penalty later.

Southwestern cotton states have, by the loss of many million dollars, discovered the most feasible methods yet devised for combatting the boll weevil. Their experience is ours for the taking.

Unless the portion of the cotton belt as yet untouched by the boll weevil takes step in time the advent of this insect is going to produce temporary panic by wholly deranging cotton culture, as yet the financial backbone of the southern states.

I deem it my duty to issue these plain warnings, and to urge every farmer in the territory likely to be affected to go about putting up defenses this year and without delay.

The detail remedies will be generously furnished you by your state agricultural departments, experiment stations, or the federal department of agriculture. Roughly speaking, they are few and simple. They consist in an early maturing variety of cotton, that the crop may be gathered before the weevil has attained its greatest power for damage; intensive cultivation, which will produce a maximum fiber to the acre; burning over of old fields after the crop is gathered; and, above all, cultivation of other crops not susceptible to the weevil.

The Farmers' Union News, published at Union City, recently published statistics showing that Georgia spends annually for products other than cotton more than \$170,000,000 a year. Every bit of these products can be grown in and every dollar of that sum should be kept in Georgia. The amount we virtually give away to other sections for food and farm products our own acres should bring forth is nearly \$20,000,000 in excess of our return, in Georgia, for the cotton crop.

What is true of Georgia is relatively true of other states not yet touched by the weevil. As I have previously commented, the trend toward scientific agriculture, diversification and intensive cultivation is impressive. But it is only on the threshold of what it should be.

And the boll weevil is forcing our hands! It is compelling us, in self-preservation, to turn to a system we should long ago have embraced voluntarily in self-interest.

I feel that the peril is so real that I solemnly begin to fight the boll weevil now. If you do not it is going to dig holes in southern progress and prosperity.

CHAS. S. BARRETT,
Union City, Ga.

FARMERS SHOULD BE POSTED

Thorough Knowledge of Advantages of South Would Have Effect in Discouraging Emigration.

(By G. H. ALFORD.)
The farmers of the south should be made acquainted with the great opportunities in their own country. Nothing will have a more powerful effect in discouraging emigration from the south to less favored sections than a thorough knowledge of the south and the many reasons why this is the best section of the country for farmers to live in.

Let us talk of the many advantages offered in the south. Let us lay aside our little hammers and do some boasting. Let us talk about the Panama canal, the fast increasing population of the world that we are to clothe in cotton and so on. Let us buy more land. Let us raise more and better stock. Let us devote thousands of acres of the land to good pastures and leguminous crops. We will soon come into our own.

SUCCESSFUL LIFE ON FARM

Contented and Intelligent Rural Population is the True Basis of a Permanent Agriculture.

A contented and intelligent rural population is the true basis of a permanent agriculture. There are several conditions essential to the best country life. The success of the farm as a business enterprise is of prime importance. It must return an income sufficient to insure all the necessities, most of the conveniences and some of the luxuries of life. The community life of the agricultural population must be such as will stimulate mental activity to amply satisfy the social aspirations of the countryman and his family.

Remove the Stumps.

A necessity in farming is the removal of stumps. Now is a good time to figure the number of acres of land occupied by stumps on the farm. Stumps must go. We must use labor-saving farm implements and we are unable to do so among stumps. Let us remove the stumps and then figure the cost.

Let us order the stump puller, purchase the dynamite, or get the necessary tools to dig and burn the stumps out. Just as soon as the crops are harvested in the fall, let us begin to get out stumps. We can remove the stumps from the level land that end from the hill land later.

war on the stumps!"

OUR GROSBEAKS AND THEIR GREAT VALUE TO AGRICULTURE

Majority of the Little Finches Are Good Friends of the Farmer and Deserve to Be Widely Known in Order That Their Services May Be Fully Appreciated—Destroy Many Insects.



Black-headed and rose-breasted grosbeaks (Upper figure, black-headed grosbeaks, male and female; lower figure, rose-breasted grosbeaks, male and female.)

(By W. T. M'ATEE, Assistant, Biological Survey, United States Department of Agriculture.)

Seven kinds of finches, commonly known as grosbeaks, summer within our boundaries. The majority of these are good friends of the farmer, and deserve to be widely known in order that their services may be appreciated. The grosbeaks are easily distinguished from other finches by their stout form, bright plumage, massive bills, and melodious voices. Two of them live mainly in cold mountainous areas, and having little to do with farms or with the insects that prey on crops, may be dismissed without further notice. The other five live largely in agricultural regions.

One of these is the black-headed grosbeak, which is a common pest of the farmer. For each quart of fruit consumed by the black-headed grosbeak destroys in actual bulk more than one and a half quarts of black fly scales, one quart of flower beetles, besides a generous quantity of moulting moth pupae and caterpillars. So effectively does it fight these pests that the necessity for its preservation is obvious, while most of its injury to fruit is preventable.

A permanent drinking and bathing place for the bird in the garden is numbered among the most important preparations for birds, and with a quantity of one can be prepared in any locality. Winter feeding with suet, and other such things, is kindly even to table scraps. Regular premises prove congenial to a winter home, the bird is likely to prefer them in summer.

No effort to attract the grosbeaks will succeed, however, unless protection is assured. Grosbeaks are already protected by law in practically every state, but, since the machinery for the enforcement of the law is often ineffective, statutory protection must be supplemented by individual action, particularly under the trespass laws.

Such action has long been taken in behalf of game birds, and the wise landholder will take equal precautions to preserve the smaller insectivorous species which he is so fortunate as to have as tenants. Shooting and nest robbing must, of course, be barred. Squirrels, when allowed to become too numerous, destroy many eggs and young, but in the settled districts the worst enemy of birds is the prowling cat.

Present investigations prove that the services of grosbeaks in destroying insect pests are invaluable. Each kind pays special attention to certain pests which if unchecked would cause enormous losses. Few of our birds are to be credited with more good and with fewer evil deeds than the grosbeaks, and none more clearly deserve protection by the practical farmer.

ALFALFA LAYS ON MOST FAT

What Kind of Forage Will Produce Largest Amount of Weight in Hogs is Difficult Problem.

(By J. R. WAGGONER.)
A Kentucky farmer who keeps about 100 hogs on his farm every year asks: "What kind of forage will produce the most fat?"

This is rather a difficult question and will depend upon the time of year and quality of forage, but when considered from a fat producing standpoint, we would feel safe in making the assertion that cow peas would give the best results for producing fat, but if we were asked what alfalfa, the best forage we would say alfalfa.

The whole question depends upon the locality, but with any kind of pasture it will pay to feed some grain feed to harden the meat and give it a more desirable flavor. There is nothing that will produce as rapid gain in hogs as alfalfa and corn.

Castrate the Grade Bucks.

The grade buck lambs should be castrated early in the season. Only lambs of pure blood and superior quality should be saved for breeding purposes. New blood should be added to the flock by buying stock ram from some of the reputable breed-

SECURE APPLES OF QUALITY

Best Growers Keep Water Away From Thirty to Fifty Days Before Ripening.

The smaller varieties of apples need the most thinning of course. Such things as Genetons, Missouri Pippins, Winter Pearmaines need the most; then come the Winesap, Jonathan, Gano, Ben Davis and the larger varieties. The Arkansas Black needs every little thinning if properly pruned and the frost did all the necessary thinning this year as it did also with the Winesap. It is of course absurd to thin a ten-box tree down to one box expecting thereby to get an enormous size of apples for that one box, although this might be done for show purposes if one has plenty of fruit. A good normal growth and yield of fruit is better than a flash crop—better for the tree and fruit. A grower may cultivate and water and keep the pests off the trees, force the growth and yet, not get good colored fruits nor have them matured right, no matter how much or how little he thins. Unless good attention is given to maturing the fruit and the buds, if watering is kept up late the result will be very few apples but a big leafy growth, a superabundance of tender, green wood and some big, green apples. The best growers have learned to ripen and color these apples by keeping the water off from thirty to fifty days before picking. Different soils however need different treatment. It is at this period the apples get their flavor and keeping qualities.

POTATO SHOULD BE DITCHED

When Practiced Roots and Food Soil Will Be Dampened—Flat Land Must Be Well Graded.

Potatoes should be ditched for irrigation so that the roots and their food soil will be dampened, but so the water will not puddle nor pack the surface or body of the soil above or around the tubers. This means that on flat land the ditches must be large and deep to allow the water to run along the row and nowhere to go too high. Flat lands must be well graded moreover, so there will be no humps to back up the water nor low spots to cause flooding. On flat land the two way plow should be used so that there may be neither back furrows, nor dead furrows, and it is always very essential to have a good open tail race to leave no chucking in the backwater but this water can be used over again further down.

POULTRY NOTES.

Coarse sand makes an excellent grit for very young chickens.

Select chicks as soon as hatched; cut off heads of weaklings.

It is important that the birds be kept in dry, sanitary houses.

Granulated rolled oats make an excellent food for young chickens.

In most breeds cockerels will grow at or before five months of age.

Half-inch mesh wire netting tacked on floor joists will keep out rats.

Geese are grazers and need a pasture. They do not thrive confined.

In feeding poultry average a handful to each fowl, and scatter well.

An ounce of common sense care is worth pounds of curative medicines.

Look out for the small unsuspected drafts—they cause colds and roup.

Turkey hens are profitable until the fifth year. Change males annually.

Poultry houses should have double west and north walls, if practicable.

A liberal supply of whitewash is the best disinfectant for poultry houses.

Chicks should have free access to some kind of grit after the first day.

The hen that molts early is the one that will make the best winter layer.

Water is not imperative in duck raising, but aids breeders in keeping down fat.

Build droppings boards 18 inches above ground and ten inches beneath roosts.

If well fattened, Toulouse geese at three years of age will weigh 50 pounds per pair.

Keep the dust box supplied with nice clean dust, and see that the grit box is never empty.

Keeping many breeds is a poor way to succeed. Get down to one or two varieties and give them the best of care.

If the hens were compelled to work a little harder these days for what grain they got it would be a good thing for them.

A Stump Remover.

An easy way to remove stumps where time is not an object, is to dig a trench beside the stump and then to bore a diagonal hole through the stump so that the lower end of the stump will be near the top of the trench and the upper end some distance above the ground. Build a fire in the trench and partially cover it so that the flame will draw through the auger hole like it would through a draft is created through the auger hole and this helps to fire the stump and burn it more rapidly. This method requires no great equipment and will be found effective, though it takes time.

True Value of Sheep.

There are 27,119,990 sheep in Great Britain with its 88,000 square miles. New York state has 1,131,000 sheep with its 49,000 square miles. These figures show how tremendously short American farmers are in their understanding of the true value of sheep.

POINTS ON ALFALFA

Presence of Moisture is Key to Success in Securing Stand.

Water Often and Do Not Fail to Irrigate in Late Summer and Fall if Best Results Are Wanted—Preparation of Soil Needed.

(By PHILIP K. BLINN, Alfalfa Specialist, Colorado Agricultural College.)

1. Moisture in the subsoil is as essential as the moisture for germination, to insure a stand of alfalfa. If the subsoil is dry, there must be irrigation soon after seeding.

2. Sow only on a well prepared, settled seed bed; loose, newly plowed soil is a hazardous risk, unless the soil is immediately settled by heavy rains or irrigation.

3. Sow alfalfa seed early if moisture is available; if not, sow at the season when there is the greatest prospect for moisture from rains or irrigation.

4. Sow alfalfa seed shallow, not more than one inch deep. Broadcast and then harrowing is usually a successful method, if moisture is present; but a press-shoe-drill seeding, about an inch in depth, would be an ideal method of seeding broadcast fields for hay production.

5. Sow northern, acclimated strains of alfalfa. The Arabian and any of the tropical strains of alfalfa are not hardy in southern Colorado.

6. Ten to twelve pounds of first-grade seed is plenty to sow per acre; that will be at least fifty seeds per square foot, which will be ample if conditions are right. Thorough preparation is cheaper than 20 to 30 pounds sown where the conditions are uncertain.

7. Sow with a nurse crop only when there is plenty of water for irrigation. Oats, barley, and wheat are good nurse crops, but should be sown at least two-thirds of a usual seeding for grain.

8. Spring seeded nurse crops should be cut for hay, rather than left to ripen for grain, as the young alfalfa will usually suffer for water before the grain is ripe and the field cleared and irrigated.

9. On land inclined to blow, sow alfalfa in grain or cane stubble without plowing. The stubble checks the wind and does not rob the plant for moisture.

10. Irrigate often, and do not fail to irrigate in late summer and fall, if you want the best results from your stand of young alfalfa.

11. Keep down the weeds. Better seed alfalfa on clean land, but cut off with a mower if the weeds get started. Do not clip alfalfa until the crown buds have developed. Grass before the buds are. Early seeding is preferred on this account.

GROUND FEED IS GREAT AID

Part of Work of Digestion Has Been Accomplished by Artificial Grinding and Energy Saved.

(By A. G. PHILLIPS.)

Many poultrymen now grind part of their chicken feed into a meal so that it can be fed either wet or dry in the form of mush. It has been found that in forcing chickens for quick growth or egg-producing, feeding a portion of ground feed is a great help.

Part of the work of digestion has been accomplished by the artificial grinding and the hen so fed can use the energy thus saved for something else. That is the real advantage of feeding ground feed.

The general consensus of opinion at the present time, is that the dry mash is more desirable than wet. Many practical poultrymen, however, still prefer the wet mash. Labor is one of the greatest problems that the poultryman has to consider, consequently if he can find a method which will be labor-saving and yet give results, it is worth consideration.

Dry mash fed in hoppers is easier to handle than any kind of wet mash. Hoppers are now made which are rat-proof, sanitary and convenient. These can be filled once a week and are found to be satisfactory.

Experiments have proved that eggs produced by hens fed a dry mash were more fertile than those laid by hens fed a wet mash. Wet mash is slightly more forcing, is inconvenient to feed and requires care in keeping the feeding vessel clean.

Asparagus Culture.

Asparagus is not all difficult to start when proper conditions are provided. It is surprising how fast the young plants grow when strong roots are planted in moist soil and covered with not more than two inches of soil. The furrows are filled in gradually until the crowns are six inches or more below the surface.

The asparagus experiment station at Concord, Mass., has developed a rust-resistant variety. This will probably be worth millions of dollars to growers in the United States. It will also render unnecessary the moving and burning of the tops in the fall of the year, but the tops may be left in the fields, thus adding to the supply of the soil humus.

Care for Breed Sow.

It is not only necessary to properly feed and care for the brood sow before and after breeding, but it is equally necessary to feed her judiciously throughout the entire time she is carrying her litter.

On the irrigated farms fall crops are being planted.

The rain has made everybody feel better.

A French newspaperman has completed a trip around the world in forty days.

What a noted general once said of war, could truly be applied to the Texas legislature.

Vacation will soon be history. Schools all over the state will begin during the next few days.

There was a large attendance at the Uvalde Dry Farming Congress, and much good was accomplished.

The weather clerk has at last turned his attention to Texas. The hot wave has been swept on and rain has descended.

Admiral Toga is now home-bound. While he was the guest of Uncle Sam he observed much but talked little.

Francisco I. Madero has been nominated for President by the Progressive party of Mexico. Madero will no doubt be Mexico's next president.

The summer has passed and the doctors have had very little to do during all the season. There has been very little sickness in Cotulla and the country surround-

25 PER CENT INCREASE IN COTTON CROP.

It is predicted that there will be an increase of 25 per cent in this year's cotton crop over last year in Texas, and the railroads of the State are making preparations for handling the fall cotton crop.

The demand for cotton is growing faster than the supply and new uses for the staple are arising every day. The Texas cotton crop goes to all sections of the civilized world and furnishes clothes for everybody that wears them, on the globe.

INCREASE IN TAXABLE VALUES.

The recent estimates of the Comptroller showing that the taxable values in Texas this year have been increased over eighty-seven million dollars over last year, shows that Texas prosperity is real and is built upon a firm foundation. The increase is based wholly upon actual improvements and is caused by general prosperity throughout the State.

New industries are springing up every day and this coupled with the fact that we have more natural resources than any other State in the Union, is bringing the State to the front in development and making it a power in the world of commerce and industry.

FARTHEST SOUTHWEST.

Away down in the farthest southwest corner of the United States lies a city beloved of the old Spanish Padres, and famed for its matchless harbor, its equally matchless climate, and its beautiful maidens. This city farthest away of all cities in the Union, will hold a big Exposition in 1915, to celebrate the completion of the Panama Canal, from which it expects to derive great material benefits. During the same year there will be another Exposition in Sa-

Senator Hudspeth, one of the twenty senators who slept in the senate chamber a few nights ago under call, was robbed of \$74. Strenuous times the lawmakers are having these days.

A petition has been presented to the City Council of Cotulla asking for a light and water-works franchise. The Council has not yet determined on some of the details in the matter.

Atwood, the Boston aviator now holds the world's record for long distance cross country flights. He made a successful flight from St. Louis to New York.

It is getting about time we were hearing something more about that down-the-river road. What has become of Mr. Sturgis. When he was here last—six weeks ago—he was all ready to do business. Probably he was if it was done his way, but it seems that the land owners refused to sign up on the contracts he presented, and as yet no headway has been made. We would like to see more doing and less talk.

The remains of two 15 foot crocodiles have been unearthed by workmen in the Panama canal. The discovery of these relics of a past era is important from a scientific standpoint. It is figured that they were between three and four million years old and in connection with the theory that the crocodile of the Nile and Ganges and the Florida alligator are blood relatives, is an important link. The specimens unearthed had seven full sets of teeth on the upper and lower jaws.

Francisco, and the double attraction will take millions of persons to the Coast. San Diego, with characteristic Western energy, has already broken ground for its Exposition buildings, a ceremony in which the President himself assisted, and at which he was represented by Hon. John Barrett, the only international official in Washington.

In several instances the Commissioners' Court of different counties of Texas have recently appropriated sums of money ranging from three to six hundred dollars for farm demonstration work next year, and while the amounts have not been large, it serves to show that the tendency of the day is toward agricultural development and is an encouraging sign on our agricultural horizon. Every county in Texas should have a demonstration farm for the development of the agricultural resources of the county.

The basic principles of town building is co-operation. But, first, there must be an efficient and trusted head or leader just as there is in any other business enterprise. Second, there must be harmony of the different forces, just as there must be harmony with heads of any large business concern. A lack of these attributes means a dead town. No town stands still. She is going forward or backward.

Senator Lumsier has taken the stump in a campaign of "vindication" in his speeches it is said he does not refer to the famous "jack pot" the witness who testified against him, nor anything else connected with the case. What's the use?



Senator John Sharp Williams tells this: One of the negroes in my place did me a valuable service once, and I wish to pay my appreciation. After paying him I asked, 'Now uncle, which shall I give you, a ton of coal or a big bottle of whiskey?' Massa John, he replied, 'ye shorely knows Ah on'y buhns wood.'

"The cost of living is something terrible!"

"I know it. A man on a salary has no chance at all any more, I took a cheaper house last spring we've had to take our daughter out of boarding school, instead of sending our son to college we've had to let him go to work in an office, and my wife has had to do her own housework. Why confound it! if things don't improve pretty soon we'll have to give up our automobile!" —Judge.

A lawyer made a hard fight for a client who was charged with stealing \$16.50 from the cash drawer of a saloon, and succeeded in having him acquitted. "Now," he said, "are you going to raise some money for me for getting you out of this?" The defendant grinned in the blank manner of the innocent. "I've still got that sixteen fifty," he said. "You infernal scoundrel," exclaimed the lawyer. "I thought you were innocent. Hand it right over."

The wife of a congressman had two sons who were in the habit of taking the pretty nurse maid out for a good time. The boys would not own up to it when she tried to caution them lest their father learned the situation.

She then went to the pretense and by a little finesse disarmed her of thinking.

"Minna," she said, "which of the boys do you like to go with best, Rom or Harry?"

"Well," said the maid, "I prefer Harry, but for a real good time I like your husband best." —Ex.

For ten minutes Mr. Stubb had been stumbling around in the darkness looking for the kitchen stove. The air was cold and his temper was hot.

"John, are you still down here?" called Mrs. Stubb from the top of the stairway.

"Yes, I'm still here," bellowed John in his most sarcastic vein.

"Dear me! You'd never do as a gunner in the navy."

"Gunner in the navy? Why not?"

"Because you are such a poor range finder."

And then what Mr. Stubb said about ranges in general would fill an encyclopedia. —Ex.

J. F. RIPPES SEED AND PAINT STORE

Notice special prices on onion sets. Now is the time for planting onion sets.

Choice Yellow per bu \$2.50, 5 bu, or more 2.25; Choice Red 2.50, 5 bu or more 2.25. All kinds of garden and field seed for planting. Send 10c for a nice illustrated catalogue and 2 packages of garden seed.

Breeders of Rhode Island Reds and S. C. White Leghorns. Eggs for hatching S. C. White Leghorns \$2.00 for 15. Rhode Island Reds \$3.00 for 15.

J. F. RIPPES New Phone 325, 128 Market St. SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

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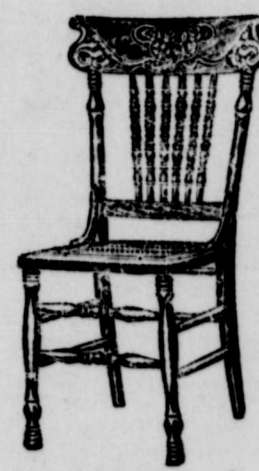
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LOOK BEFORE YOU BUY

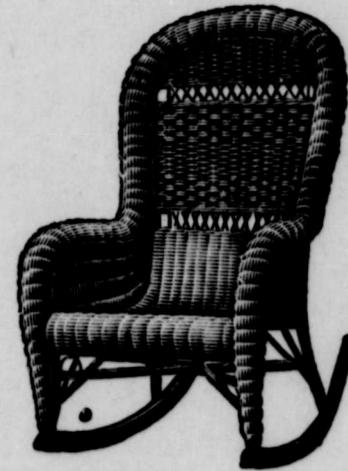
When in need of Furniture don't get the idea that we haven't the class of goods you want. Come and look at our stock.



A nice Sideboard.



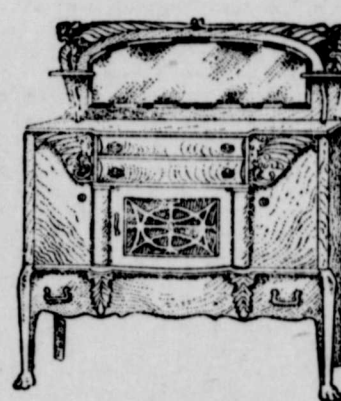
Dining Chairs.



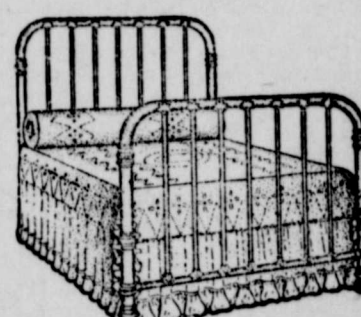
Rocking Chair



A Child's Crib



A nice Buffet



Iron Bedstead

COTULLA MERC. CO.

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Huiskamp's Calendar Shoes



These shoes are equal to any \$5.00 and \$6.00 shoes on the market. They look as well—are just as stylish and wear as well—cost only \$3.00 and \$3.50 for ladies' and \$1.00 for men's. With every pair of these shoes you get a calendar on which you mark the date you began to wear them—when they are worn out count up the days of the year you have had and you will never again buy anything but Calendar Shoes.

J. M. FAIRCHILD Millett, Texas.

FLY KNOCKER

Best fly dope we ever handled is Conkey's Fly Knocker. We know it keeps flies out of stables and off of grazing stock. Qt. 25c; half gal. 60c; gal. \$1.00. Money back if you won't use it. Must satisfy.

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Physician and Surgeon

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Attention to Surgery and Diseases of Women.

COTULLA, — TEXAS.

Accident Insurance

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The Best That There is for the Least Money.

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PIPE THREADING

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WILSON COUNTY FARMS FOR SALE

1886 acres 7 miles Southeast of Stockdale, surveyed into tracts of 166 to 350 acres each; some improved, others unimproved. Soil, black sandy and shelly mesquite land, clay subsoil. Large amount of open land. Located in German community near church and school. This property will be sold at a reasonable price on reasonable terms. For full particulars write,

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JOURD J. IRVIN, Solicitor.



A Note to You.

Cotulla, Texas, Sept. 2, 1911.

We carry a large assortment of Postcards. All styles, of all descriptions and prices. Some of them are works of art. Some very sentimental and some very, very funny.

Some of them are sure to express just the idea you would want to convey to him or to her by post. You know you can convey ideas by postcard that would be difficult to express by word of mouth. Stick your stamps on our Postcards.

Yours truly,

HORGER & WINDROW.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL ITEMS

Dr. R. L. GRAHAM

Physician and Surgeon

Office at Horger & Windrow's Drugstore

COTULLA, TEXAS.

J. R. Balek and H. Talens came in Tuesday morning from San Antonio. They were agreeably surprised to find that Jupiter Pluvius had opened up in good old style down their way.

Rid your poultry house of mites and lice quickly and positively by spraying or painting Conkey's Lice Liquid about the hosts and walls Guaranteed by Horger & Windrow.

A. D. Riddle says Monday night's rain acted rather peculiar out his way. His farm got a good soaking, but when it got to the fence separating his farm from that of his friend J. T. Reese, it suddenly stopped.

Want Land To Sell, must be good agricultural stuff and can be large or small to suit any from owners direct. We have been very successful in selling La Salle County Lands and can sell yours if you really want to sell.

JNO. H. GRIST, Austin, Texas.

When you visit San Antonio stop at Hotel Arthur, adjoining the Post Office. Center of City and convenient to all street cars, theaters and shopping district. Under its new management it has been thoroughly renovated, Large, cool, clean rooms. Steam heated in winter. The best service. Rates 75c to \$2.00 per day. Rooms with bath.

All kinds of stories were afloat about the big rain down the river Monday night. There is unquestionable proof that it was the heaviest downpour that part of the county has seen in many years, and there is a question as to whether the rain should have been measured in inches or feet. Ed Rock tells it on R. J. Talbott that the latter found a dish pan out in his backyard that had been thrown away because it had a hole in the bottom. This pan R. J. says was full of water, the hole notwithstanding. The rain fell so fast that the small outlet could not carry it out and the wet sand finally stopped it up altogether.

T. R. Keck, the lumberman, was suffering from a bad cold Tuesday, which we presume he contracted by becoming "overhet" Monday night. Now, no one would suspect that anything like that would happen to him, but it came about in a peculiar way. Mr. Keck was going home shortly after dark, and when within a block of his home heard a rattlesnake singing his deadly song somewhere unpleasantly close. Not knowing just which way to jump, naturally he jumped the wrong way, and landed almost squarely on top of the snake, which more viciously than ever gave warning that he would not be trampled upon by mere man. Right here was where Mr. Keck ceased jumping and began to fly. How far he went before he applied the emergency brake we have only circumstantial evidence to offer. But this is how he came to be "overhet," and in our opinion the cause of his bad cold.

DODSON'S LIVER-TONE INSTEAD OF CALOMEL.

JUST AS SURE—ALWAYS SAFE—NO BAD EFFECTS EVER FOLLOW THIS PLEASANT TASTING LIQUID.

As a remedy for a torpid liver calomel has more than met its match in Dodson's Liver-Tone. It does not lash the liver on to perform its work at the cost of its strength.

Calomel depends for its power upon exciting the liver to do more work, and often the liver is too weak to stand such treatment; and you are worse off than ever before.

Dodson's Liver-Tone cannot cause any of the dangerous effects that often follow the use of calomel. It is entirely vegetable and pleasant to the taste, and is suitable for children and grown people.

Get a 50 cent bottle at Gaddis' Pharmacy under the guarantee that if it doesn't satisfy you that it is a perfect substitute for calomel you get your money back.

HOT AIR AND GAS.

(BY FRED JACKSON, Cotulla, Texas)

A great invention in the land And sure am I to stay; It's used as you must understand For feeding pear instead of hay.

It's used throughout the great southwest, And also used in foreign climes, That it's a wonder is no jest, It turns the nickels into dimes.

Should you not know of what I write Ask any stockman hereabout, For him it helped when in a tight, And now he wouldn't be without.

But if I to be plainer dare, And call it by its proper name, It is the burner of the pear, And justly has it won its fame.

But I'm not paid to advertise The merits of this great machine, The owners know they have a prize, For what I say, don't care a bean.

You all know how it operates, With gasoline, forced out by air, And how that it thus subjugates The Thorny cactus, prickly pear.

To come at once into my theme And speak the thought I have in mind, Your close attention I'll esteem To see what I have here outlined.

While burning pear the other day, (And it was hot without a doubt) I thought I heard my burner say "Put in more air, won't burn without"

And then, thought I "Why can't they make A burner you won't have to pump? My, wouldn't it just take the cake 'Twould be the big thing on the dump.

My, what a fortune I could make If I could invent such a thing, The many dollars I would rake, I'd have them at the birds to fling.

No more then would I have to rise At five o'clock to feed the steers If I my dream could realize (Excuse me while I dry my tears.)

I thought and pumped, and pumped and thought But could not get my plans complete; I then decided that I ought To get some help to do the feat.

Then all at once, and with a roar, (The sound once heard, you'll never forget) The gas played out; it signed for more As the surplus air rushed out the jet.

But I but waste your time, I fear, So I'll proceed without delay, And in few words will let you hear My story, (if you care to stay.)

Now, I've known men and so have you, Or men so called we'd better say, Who had the gas and hot air too That ran without a stop all day.

Such men are of no earthly use, But stand around and loaf all day, And shoot hot air and let gas loose, Are always in somebody's way.

Now, if I had that famous lamp That's told about in fairy lore, I'd rub it till each hot air scamp Would burn the pear forevermore.

But less you should not understand, Nor know exactly what I mean, He would not burn it as a man, But as a natural gas machine.

And if some kind and anxious friend Should care to ask the question where He'd gone his holidays to spend, The answer'd be "He's burning pear."

The change would not be hard to make; With tank he was by nature blessed, For hood and coil, I guess we'd take The head that he has oft caressed.

We'd use his nose to make the jet, Tho you may say it lacks a hole, His mouth we have not used as yet, Then why not let it play the role?

The other changes I'd best leave Unto the fairy and the lamp For they know best how to retrieve The hot air merchant and his stamp.

But one request if you don't mind, And please do not ignore my plea, If you by chance the lamp should find Don't make a burner out of me.

What is the difference between a steak and a poor steak?



A mistake!

We Make No Mistakes! We are always on The Right Side OF THE STEAK QUESTION!

We couldn't afford To fall down In our Reputation for GOOD STEAKS!

That's Your Guaranty of Satisfaction In Trading With Us!

S. COTULLA.

WANTED.

We want young men and women to take good paying positions who have finished either a course of Shorthand, Telegraphy or Bookkeeping and Shorthand in our college. Our Employment records show that during this year there has not been a graduate of one of the above courses who was not placed in a good position within ten days after his course was finished, unless of his own accord. You there

may be some who have never registered with our Employment Department or who may desire more remunerative positions than they are at present holding, who would register now. Our Employment Department is a way behind in supplying business firms and railroads, and will appreciate anyone furnishing us with the full particulars of one of our graduates of the above named courses who desires help in securing a more desirable position. The fact that we have been wholly unable to supply the demand by railroads and business firms during the past year is very suggestive that we should more earnestly urge other young people to enter our school and take up a course of Shorthand, Telegraphy or Bookkeeping and Shorthand.

\$50 pays for a life scholarship in any one of these courses; \$95 pays for a life scholarship in any two of these courses. Board and lodging is only \$2.50 to \$3.50 per week. The Shorthand course is completed by the average student in three and a half months, the Bookkeeping course in four months; Bookkeeping and Shorthand or Telegraphy in five months, thus it will be seen the total cost of preparing and being placed in a good position is very small. Anyone can afford it.

Write for our large catalogue, giving facts from hundreds of students as to what they were able to accomplish, also what their employers have to say of their ability to render first class service. Every statement in this catalogue is backed by a \$100 cash guarantee to be true and correct. We guarantee to give a better and more thorough course in half the time and at half the expense of any school teaching other than the famous Byrne systems, which are our own copyrighted methods. Make your arrangements at once to enter America's largest and most successful business training school. Tyler Commercial College, Tyler, Texas.

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You have been fooled enough with worthless Lice Powders. Try the Best at our expense. **Conkey's Lice Powder** kills instantly and is harmless to the fowl. Big Liberal Sample and Valuable Poultry Book FREE if you bring this ad. to

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Cotulla State Bank

THE LEAK AT THE NAVY YARD

By ROBERT NAUGHTON.

(Copyright, 1911, by F. L. Nelson.)



LAWRENCE RAND and I have a multitude of enemies, and for years we have walked daily in the shadow of danger. As a result of which, aroused by someone rapping on my door, I swung out of bed and caught up my revolver before I flung wide the door and saw in the hall Anton Werencki, one of the oldest and cleverest operatives in the service.

"Mr. Rand is in Maryland, I know, but the chief wants to see you," he announced briefly.

I dressed, sent a telegram to Rand, and accompanied Werencki to Chief Stirling's room in the Hotel Bavaria.

"The matter is just this," explained that official, nodding us to chairs. "The navy department is making some experiments in steel which promise to be the greatest thing ever brought to light for use in building big guns. For weeks it has appeared as if the American navy was about to gain gun supremacy over the world. The work is proceeding in the navy-yard here, where a close guard can be kept. Now, Duncan, our puzzle is this: Though the twelve men who are engaged in the work are shut up as if they were in prison and communicate with the outside world only through the commanding officer, nevertheless a bulky letter that had burst its envelope and lost its address fell by mere chance into the hands of the postoffice department and proved to be an anonymous communication to Berkelen Freres, the big Belgian ship-building firm, containing a complete report of everything the experimenting party had done up to last Sunday, four days ago.

"Of course Berkelen Freres are merely the receivers for one or more foreign governments. We have failed so far to determine which one it is that is trying to steal such important information, nor have we the slightest indication of where the avenue of communication lies.

"Lieutenant Richard Dunton is in command of the experimenting party, with Lieutenant John Ormsby as second. The chemists are Eldridge, Spiegel, John R. Hart and Alfred Cinametti, the latter Italian-born. The others are enlisted machinists.

"The party does all its work in a gun shop and with nothing near it except the blank wall of the yard. It is in plain view from the offices, as is also the section of new barracks in which the party eats and sleeps. When finished with their work in this temporary foundry and laboratory the men retire to the barracks. All are volunteers and are under watch day and night.

"Now, despite all this, one of our men in Paris, cabled three days ago that the coterie of international spies there knew that the agent of some government had cabled home the news of his success in getting the results of the new experiments up to date. There is a clean leak in the navy yard. If we do not stop that leak, there is going to be trouble."

On my suggestion we went immediately to the navy yard. It was nearly four o'clock and everything was dark and deserted yet waking Lieutenant Dunton we made a quiet inspection of both the living quarters and the laboratory. I first satisfied myself that when the laboratory was locked at night no one could obtain entry except by such burglarious methods as to leave abundant trace, and that when the sleeping quarters were locked the men were as if in prison. Dunton had possession of all keys. I went carefully over both buildings to be sure there were no telegraph, telephone or electric wire connections. There was but one possible solution. Some member of the party has a means of sending notes or signals to the outside world in daylight hours. I said as much to Lieutenant Dunton, and he replied:

"That is the result of any process of elimination based on these facts, but eight men stationed in and about this yard day and night, and Ormsby and myself inside the laboratory have watched every man for one suspicious move and every outside person for any indicative act, and I tell you positively there are no written or signaled messages going or coming out of this place. Everything passes through me."

A sudden suspicion flashed over me. I whirled on him and looked at him searchingly. He understood instantly and said with deep feeling: "Yes, I know it is up to me. That I am the one avenue of outlet would be any man's logical conclusion. That is why I am so deeply concerned. I, alone of all of you, know there is another and most dangerous one, for I have told nothing."

I liked the note of honesty in his voice and was pondering over the matter as we walked back toward the barracks. Suddenly Dunton stopped and picked up a long pole, round, well polished and fully fifteen feet in length.

"What is that?" asked Stirling.

"Some material," said Dunton, "that is entirely foreign to this yard. I have seen it here four years and this is the first time I have seen it here."

I bent a closer attention on it. It was quite dry except where it had lain on the moist ground. Everything else was damp with the night mist from the river. I mentioned this fact. The pole had been put there within the last ten or fifteen minutes.

It was still quite gloomy, as day was just breaking, when we reached the door of the barracks and I took a careful look around before we entered. Not a soul was in sight, but it seemed to me that the shadow in a little niche of a building forty paces away was a little blacker than it should have been and I walked toward it. When within twenty-five feet of it a little figure dashed out, ran at right angles to my track, and shot around the corner.

I was in hot pursuit instantly and Dunton and Stirling were coming along behind me. Around the building we went, I gaining rapidly on the runner. He dashed across the open space, going toward the spot where the pole still lay and caught it up as he ran. Planting it deftly and securely in the pavement, he rose and cleared the high wall.

"Don't shoot, don't shoot," I heard Dunton gasp to the chief. "It's a woman."

Outlined for an instant against the lighter east was a figure in man's clothes, but long hair loosened by her efforts flowed from her head. It was a woman.

Pursuit was useless. She would be lost before we could get to the gate. "There is but one thing that I can suggest," I said as we walked toward the gate, "that either Mr. Rand or I, perhaps both of us, be allowed to take up work with you in the laboratory in the guise either of workmen or chemists."

This suggestion pleased the chief. It shifted the burden of responsibility from his shoulders.

I arrived, properly accredited and equipped, at eight o'clock that morning, as a specially detailed chemical expert who had come on from Washington. Before I came to the yard, however, I found time to write a detailed report for Rand.

I soon found that it was almost impossible to see from the laboratory windows to any point of vantage where a receiver might stand concealed to take signals, and certainly none was sent. Apparently not a man in the place paid the slightest heed to the outer world. Luncheon time came and we repaired to the barracks. On the way I watched the men to note if any of them seemed to be looking for anybody or anything, but the only incident of any sort was when one of them, a stocky little fellow named McCready, stooped and picked up a short piece of fine copper wire which he saw on the yard pavement. He put it carefully in his pocket.

Nothing happened during luncheon, and in the half-hour of rest thereafter the men all smoked or chatted except Sloane, a machinist, who sat down to write a letter to his wife. He took his place at one of the windows and used a large portfolio with a high roll, ink-well, and so on, at the end of it. He seemed very intent but wrote very little for the length of time he took, but there was absolutely nothing about him to indicate that he was signaling in any way; also the only persons who could have seen him were the civilian clerks in the headquarters building about two hundred feet across the yard, and none of them looked in his direction at any time. At one window were two laughing men, at another a girl stenographer and a young clerk obviously engaged in small talk, while at a third window another woman, a clerk, with hat and veil on, was apparently waiting lunch time.

It was late in the afternoon when Lieutenant Dunton stopped work. As we were crossing the yard I saw two familiar figures approaching—Rand and the Secret Service Chief.

"Hello, Dunk! This is a pretty job," was Rand's greeting. "Vastly interesting, isn't it? What has turned up today?"

I detailed the day's events for him. "And you are sure no messages have been sent out?"

"Everybody has been closely watched."

"Look at this," He tendered me a fresh report from a Secret Service operative in the employ of the New York office of the Belgian cables, giving the cipher transcript of an anonymous message which had been filed for Berkelen Freres at three that very afternoon giving the full details of our morning work!

The thing was a physical impossibility, and yet before me was proof of its occurrence.

"Perfect! An absolutely perfect report," Dunton repeated.

"There you have given us the key to the premises," exclaimed Rand, studying the development of Dunton's head. "This transmission can be prepared and executed only by a man of high order of intelligence. Brains always show in the head and face of their possessor. Now, granted you and Lieutenant Ormsby are in that class, let us see who else could qualify. Return to the barracks. The chief and I will visit your party in half an hour."

They did so and I noticed Rand surveying each of the men with close attention. When he went out he merely

said to me: "Work straight ahead, the lines you have laid out for yourself until tomorrow evening, and you have detected nothing then, lead the yard and join me at the club."

All night I lay awake, struggling with the mystery and listening for a movement among the men or any exterior sound that was suspicious, but there was nothing. From lack of sleep, much worry and the effect of the fumes, I was scarcely able to dream myself about at the hour for beginning work in the laboratory.

"We are likely to hit the big trap in the experiments today," Dunton said early in the morning. "I dare not retard the work and I dare not puzzle the men on details. One man can not know what all the others do, and so I hope to high heaven we will this underground line very soon."

But when we quit work neither was reached. A few minutes' conversation with Rand made me ashamed of my weariness.

"I have just received notice that another message containing the last twenty-four hours' work has been sent for Berkelen Freres," was his opening remark.

"I'll stake my life that it did not come from the experimenting party," I answered with some heat.

"Go slow, Dunk, go slow," said Rand with that easy, provoking smile I knew so well. "They alone know the details of the work. I have no news for you. Permit me to felicitate you on the skill with which you hold this case and on the progress you have made from the outset. In the way, you remember the lady who vaulted the wall. I measured the wall and found it to be a good eight feet high. So I went to O'Rourke of the Athletic Association Committee and asked him where I could find a woman who could do that in a passable street attire. There are only two, he declared, 'that I know of on either side of the Atlantic. The one is Miss Sadie Nutter, of Chicago, and the other is Anita Yvonne Desarte, a professional, who was in this country with Barnum & Bailey this summer."

"Miss Nutter has been in Chicago for months," Paul Desarte, brother Anita Yvonne Desarte, says she goes down to Coney Island daily but always returns in the evening. Miss Desarte

is a remarkable person: She speaks a number of languages, has written a technical work on electricity, has traveled two seasons with a circus, and has a way of leaving home and disappearing for months.

"After securing this information I then sent for the pole found in the yard, and the marine who brought it over happened to get on the car with a conductor who said that he had seen such a pole with him along the street. The conductor's description of the young man fits in exactly with that of the woman at the navy yard. Father, Miss Desarte, in height, weight and complexion is a duplicate of the woman at the yard."

At this juncture a page brought me two notes. One was from a well-known sporting goods house.

"Ah, by the way," said Rand, "I saw this firm's brand on the pole and sent the pole around by Tom Rawley. Here is a note from the manager's say that it is one which he presents to Miss Desarte, and gives her a character such as described. By Jove, here is a note from the young lady herself!"

He read it with evident amusement and then passed it over to me. It read:

My Dear Mr. Rand:

Hearing that you have been making inquiries about me, and wishing to be of all the assistance to you that can be, will you please meet me this evening at the New Amsterdam theater? I have the lower stage box on the left, and shall be alone.

ANITA YVONNE DESARTE.

"I must ask you to go, Dunk," said Rand. "It will do you good, and must finish looking up the records of the men of the experimenting party. I might remark that both offices, of the chemists, and two of the workmen are men of probably sufficient

brains to compile and transmit these reports, and one workman is certainly a fellow of such ability that he is out of his place in life. He is the man McCready, whom you noted the first day."

An hour later as I stood at the head of the center aisle and looked at the little woman seated in the stage box watching the performance already begun, it flashed over me that I had seen her in broad daylight some time recently. I could not say when or where; but every line of her figure and something about her hat with its filmy drapery about the brim, was familiar.

"Good evening, Mr. Duncan," she said with a gracious smile as I entered the box. It was necessary for me to put forth an effort to repress surprise that she knew my name. "You are Mr. Duncan, are you not?" Of course you wonder how I guessed it. I know Mr. Rand by sight and, as he did not come, who is so likely to take his place as yours?"

"I am extremely glad to meet you, Miss Desarte," I began boldly, leading a trump. "I must confess profound admiration for the manner in which you cleared that wall the other evening. One of the officers with me wanted to try a wing shot at you but I am very glad he was restrained."

"Really, was some one about to shoot at me?" she responded cheerfully and without the slightest constraint. I had no stirred her in the least by my tactics. "That was most exciting. You know I do a very great deal of work for the foreign governments, especially the French, and I had made up my mind that there were a number of things in the shops which are going into the new battleships, that the Bureau Maritime would be glad to hear of, so I went over with my pole. I was very sorry to be compelled to leave it behind."

I could scarcely keep from smiling. She thought she had hoodwinked me completely, by her apparent candor; at least she had established a friendly, though false basis between us which would be agreeable to both and would allow us to play each his or her own game in the background.

She was very pretty and most interesting, especially in her stories of

all that had happened, and I knew I would have a struggle to keep from choking him when he laughed at me. And well he might be amused. Doubtless I had had the whole secret in my hands, at least I could have made sure of whether or not the fair Anita was our prey.

Absently I stood in the library pondering the matter when one of the attendants came to me with a note on a tray. Under it lay the thin wallet empty.

The note read:

Dear Dunk: Go to Yorkville Court in the morning at nine and appear against the Baron von Oldenhans, charged with larceny of your wallet on the street. Get a postponement. He is in the custody of Sergeant Creagan in the Hotel St. Auburn, and if remained to Creagan's custody may be kept out of the game tomorrow. Join me at the navy yard at noon. We are near the finish. RAND

I was too tired to puzzle over the last strange turn of events, and in half an hour was at home and asleep.

At Yorkville Court I found that the "Baron von Oldenhans" of Rand's note was my tall, dark friend of the night previous. I got him remained in Creagan's custody as suggested. It was nearing eleven when I left the court and I hurried to the navy-yard, reading on my way a note which Creagan had passed me in answer to my whispered request as to what statement the Baron had made to him.

Creagan said that the Baron's version was that he had been instructed by his government to come to the United States, get in touch with Anita Desarte, and while maintaining a friendly relationship between them, make sure that she was properly serving the bureau of military intelligence at Berlin in securing some information on battleship construction. He had followed her to the New Amsterdam theater, had seen her encounter me and had trailed us to her home. Just after I left she had come running out in great excitement to look for her lost wallet. Hearing her story the tall, dark man had followed me, stepping from his taxi, and had snatched the wallet out of my hands himself the moment I had picked it up. Just as the tall man thought himself safely away, a gentleman who spoke German had drawn up beside his taxi in an electric hansom, and calling a police officer, had the tall man arrested, and the police had taken the wallet from him.

So Rand in person had been following Anita Desarte and me. Well, that was one of his ways, and he took a certain pleasure in his cleverness. That pleasure was plainly written in his smile as he said "good morning" to me in the commandant's office at the navy yard.

"Creagan has already telephoned me the result in court," he began. "Now, let us see if we can do as well on

this side of the river. We want the person taking the information and the sender in the party, and his method. That is where we balk. Never in all my experience have I been without a vestige of a theory as to how messages can be transmitted from one confederate to another under such a guard and such conditions. Why, we are even sure that as the reports cover the afternoon of one day and the morning of the next are filed in the afternoon before three o'clock that the information goes out shortly after noon. But how, how, how?"

He walked up and down a moment thinking, then he turned to the commandant and said:

"Is it possible for you to have a detail of eight men to carry Mr. Duncan and myself under sheets in stretchers across the yard back and forth once or twice during the noon hour. Have the men go slowly, and by the time we are through with that I will have found some other device for loitering before that barrack section from which the information must proceed, without appearing to be on the watch."

In ten minutes a stretcher detail took me as a sick man across the yard; in fifteen minutes another took Rand. I saw nothing though my eyes traveled over everything in view. As soon as he was around the corner of the building, where we awaited him, he leaped out of the stretcher and calling to me to follow, ran to the back door of the barracks. He whistled in at Lieutenant Dunton's window and got us admitted, and in another minute we stepped into the room where the men were resting.

All was quite as it had been the two days I was there. The men did not hear us enter. They were smoking and chatting, and by the window Sloane was laboriously writing to his wife a brief message that must pass under Lieutenant Dunton's eye. A silence fell over the other men in the place. They saw that something was about to happen.

Rand stepped quietly up behind Sloane and watched him closely for a minute. By Jove! I now saw that at intervals Sloane was touching with his pen two tiny spots of bright copper on the end of the big roll of his portfolio, and it was plain from the manner of his touch he was sending telegraphically. His movement was so slight that only eyes as keen as Rand's would have discerned it.

Rand stepped back from the window out of sight in the depths of the room.

"Sloane, come here to me," he said sternly.

The man sprang to his feet, pale and tottering. He hurriedly laid down his portfolio and pen.

"Bring that thing with you."

Sloane did as bid, then, and Rand

placed all these men under arrest and guard Sloane and McCready carefully, Lieutenant Dunton. Now to find the receiver. Come, Dunk, I think I know where to look."

We shot out the back way, popped into the stretchers, and in a few minutes had entered the headquarters building.

Leaving the two details we hurried straight through to the front, Rand leading the way. Then he stopped, puzzled.

"By George! that fellow was sending straight at these windows."

About the windows were some clerks and stenographers lounging most innocently just as I had seen them the first day. All were talking, save at one window where a woman stenographer with her hat and veil on, ready for the street, stood staring intently toward the gate of the yard. Just as I saw her the first day, Rand looked at her keenly, then strode up behind her, peered searchingly at the back of her head, and said:

"Very sorry to interrupt you, Miss Desarte, but the man who was sending to you is under arrest and so are you now. Too bad you spend so much time at the beaches."

She shrugged her shoulders and laughed as, at his suggestion, she took off her hat and its net drapery. "Will you look at these, Duncan?" said Rand, examining them curiously. "This veil is traversed with a fine film of tiny receiving wires and on this broad hat it must act beautifully. In the crown is the remainder of the mechanism, and here in Miss Desarte's hand is a military telegrapher's receiving roll on which she pricks the dots and dashes of the notes she makes of the messages. Permit me to say, Miss Desarte, this is the most ingenious contrivance I have ever seen. Who is the inventor, may I ask?"

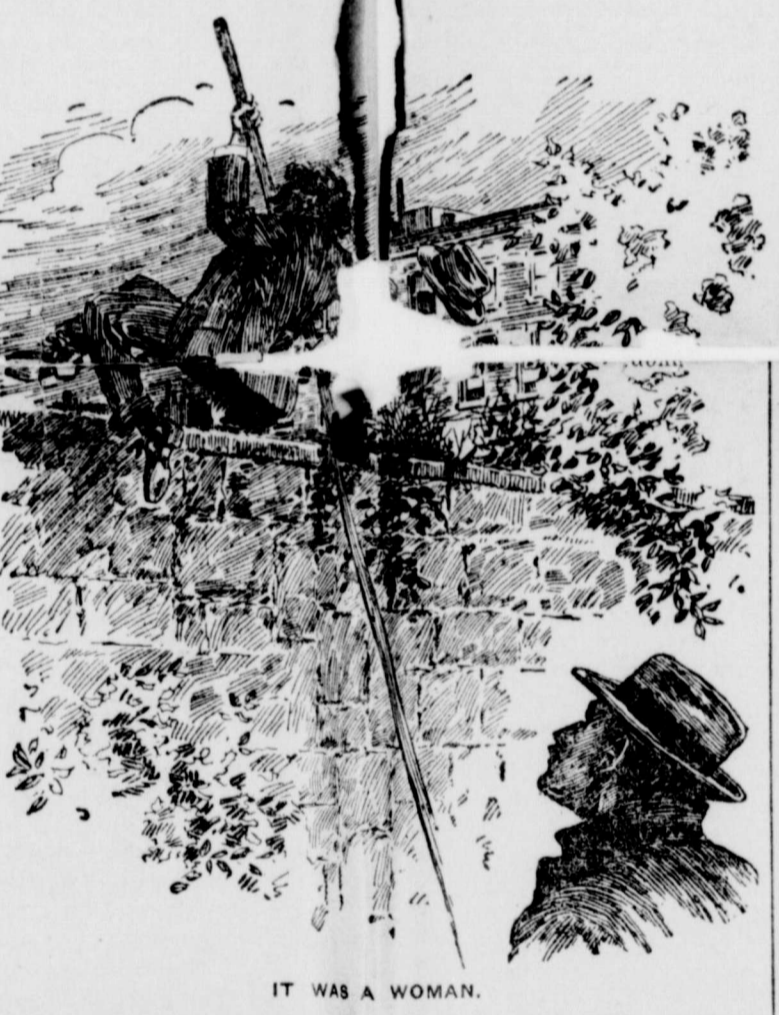
"I am," she said proudly.

"Is it all clear now?" said Rand as we left the place after turning the three prisoners over to the commandant.

"All but Miss Desarte's night visit," said I.

"Oh, she brought that piece of wire to lay it where McCready had told her. He wanted it to repair his sender. I found it in the crown of his hat."

We were ready to prove our cases in their entirety against the fair Anita, the expert Sloane, and the very able and intellectual McCready, with the Baron thrown in for good measure, but having preserved its secret, the value of which will be apparent in the next war, the government impressed upon Rand that nothing be said of the matter or nothing made public until after the new guns were finished, and the fleet started for the Pacific.



IT WAS A WOMAN.

NO POSTCARD NONSENSE

Never Again Will Fair Tourist by This Means Seek to Find Favor With Friends.

"I have decided," says the girl who loves to travel, and who is sailing soon for the other side, "not to send back a single postcard."

"Why?" demanded her nearest and dearest. "You must send some to me."

"Oh, yes, to you, of course," and she bestowed a hearty kiss. "But not to Tom, Dick and Harry, nor to Lot, Kit and Harriet. Yes, I've had my feelings hurt. You know when I went that long trip (the dearest friend nodded), well, Aunt fixed me out with a list of all the people she thought it would be nice to send cards to from the less frequented places. I thought Cadiz a nice city to begin at, and you can't imagine all the good time I spent choosing and writing those postcards—and when I wanted to be doing anything else! I mailed 50 5-cent cards, 25 at a dime each and 100 at one cent each, and the postage was supposed to be about 2 cents each, but the porter is not inclined to be held down exactly. At any rate, it cost me over \$10 to get those cards off. And what do you think Cousin — said in Janet's hearing? You can't imagine. Of course not. She said I was fond of showing off and had bored everybody to death with my foreign cards. Henceforth I save time and money."

Training a Wife.

In the first published reminiscences of Queen Elizabeth of Roumania is an old story of her grandfather, the Duke of Nassau—a prince in whom was firmly established the medieval German theories respecting women. He had just married his second wife, and says the queen, "that there might be no mistake at all as to the position he intended to assume, the wedding ceremony was no sooner over and the newly-married couple alone in their traveling carriage than he proceeded to light his pipe, and closing the windows, smoked hard in her face for a few hours, just to see if she would venture to remonstrate or complain!"

Under Suspicion.

"I'm so sorry to hear that your daughter eloped. Does your husband take it very hard?"

"Not half as hard as he would be taking it if he had been asked for money to buy a wedding outfit. Sometimes I'm half inclined to believe that he helped the young man put the extension ladder up to Laura's window."

—Judge.

Force of Habit.

"I suppose those fishermen will have a reasonable celebration of the national holiday."

"What makes you believe that?"

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SAVED FROM AN OPERATION

By Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Peoria, Ill.—"I wish to let every one know what Lydia E. Pinkham's remedies have done for me. For two years I suffered. The doctors said I had tumors, and the only remedy was the surgeon's knife. My mother bought me Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and today I am a healthy woman. For months I suffered from inflammation, and your Sanative Wash relieved me. Your Liver Pills have no equal as a cathartic. Any one wishing proof of what your medicines have done for me can get it from any druggist or by writing to me. You can use my testimonial in any way you wish, and I will be glad to answer letters."—Mrs. CHRISTINA REED, 105 Mound St., Peoria, Ill.

Another Operation Avoided.
New Orleans, La.—"For years I suffered from severe female troubles. Finally I was confined to my bed and the doctor said an operation was necessary. I gave Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial first, and was saved from an operation."—Mrs. LILY PEYRON, 1111 Kerlere St., New Orleans, La.

The great volume of unsolicited testimony constantly pouring in proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is a remarkable remedy for those distressing feminine ills from which so many women suffer.

HOW IT HAPPENED.



"Poor man! How did you become a tramp?"
"I was a war correspondent in Manchuria, mum. I got so used ter doing nothing dat I hain't been no work since."

To Laugh at Tuberculosis.
Much ignorance prevails among the unfortunate victims of tuberculosis and families of these unfortunates, according to the Los Angeles Herald. For such as these the words spoken by Adolphus Knopf should be chiseled in imperishable granite. Or, better still, they should be published in every public print, viz.: "There is no such thing as hereditary tuberculosis. The remedy is simple and all should know it. It is one of the most easily curable of all the chronic infectious diseases. You can cure consumption by the unassisted use of God's good fresh air, twenty-four hours in twenty-four, plenty of good food and plenty of good water, inside and out. You all know that cleanliness is next to godliness. Children should get all the fresh air possible. They should sleep and play in the open air. They should attend open-air schools."

Nearly all beautiful things are expensive—including women.

"That's Good" Is often said of Post Toasties

when eaten with cream or rich milk and a sprinkle of sugar if desired.

That's the cue for housekeepers who want to please the whole family.

Post Toasties are ready to serve direct from the package—

Convenient

Economical

Delicious

"The Memory Lingers"

Sold by Grocers

POSTUM CEREAL CO., L.M., Battle Creek, Mich.

KANSAS LOSES POET

Recent Death of "Ironquill" Removes State's Laureate.

Modest Verse Writer Who Assumed Pen Name for Fear People Would Not Hire "Fool Poet" as Attorney.

Fort Scott, Kan.—Kansas lost her poet laureate when Eugene F. Ware died at his summer home in Colorado and western literature lost one of its brightest geniuses.

Ware, known as "Ironquill," was a harness maker, lawyer, politician and poet. In the minds of his friends the last should come first, but personally he always belittled his ability as a poet, and instead of being proud of his verses. In this he was alone.

He came to this city in 1867 and began to work at his trade as a harness maker. A competitor was advertising, so Ware had to do the same. He went his competitor several better by writing his advertisements in verse. This attracted attention and he went to Topeka, where he wrote poetry and studied law, keeping his identity as a poet under cover. His explanation for this was: "I was afraid people wouldn't hire a fool poet for a lawyer."

There were plenty of harness makers, but very few lawyers in Fort Scott and that was the reason Ware deserted the stitching horse of his shop and took up the study of law. In his profession he was successful. As he practiced law he played the po-



EUGENE WARE (Ironquill)

litical game in a quiet, dignified way, being finally rewarded with an appointment as commissioner of pensions.

After two years in Washington he returned to Kansas and took up his residence in Kansas City, Kan. Tiring of city life, he retired shortly before his death to Sungold Section, a fine farm he acquired when he first came to Kansas, and there he told his friends he hoped "to die in the open." His plans to die on the farm failed, for he passed away soon after reaching Colorado, where he had been in the habit of spending the summers at a place he owned on the Cascade.

He was well entitled to the appointment of pension commissioner, for during the Civil war he had a brilliant career covering four years and ending as captain of a troop in the Seventh Iowa cavalry.

For one brief period Captain Ware was in the newspaper business. This was in Burlington, Ia., where for a time, he was assistant editor of the Hawkeye and started that paper on its road to celebrity as a funny paper.

When Captain Ware retired "Bob" Burdette succeeded him and the paper became much quoted for its funny sayings.

Ware was born in 1841 in Hartford, Conn., and was married in 1874 to Miss Jeannette B. Huntington. For many years he was a familiar figure in Topeka during session of the Kansas legislature and his wit and humor made him much beloved, both by political friends and opponents. He was a member of the legislature in the early '80s.

When he left the office of pension commissioner he wanted to show his appreciation of 12 heads of departments under him. He bought 12 handsome pieces of silver, exactly alike, called the 12 men into his office where the souvenirs were lined up on a table and said: "Gentlemen. You have been good to me. Help yourselves."

The appointment of Ware to be commissioner of pensions was due to Roosevelt's admiration for his poems.

In 1900, when Roosevelt was on his way to the southwest to attend a reunion of Rough Riders, he expressed a desire to meet "Ironquill" and a message was sent to Ware asking him to meet the train and travel with the president. He did so and the friendship between the Rough Rider colonel and the frontier poet was promptly evident and sincere. Three years later Ware was appointed commissioner of pensions.

He leaves a widow, one son, Eugene F. Ware, Jr., and three daughters, Mrs. Abbie Neiss of New York, Mrs. S. R. Nelson and Miss Amelia Ware.

Teeth and Baldness.
Paris, France.—According to Dr. Lucien Jacquet, there is a close connection between bad teeth and baldness. He declared about one-fourth of the cases of premature baldness are of dental origin.

PREROGATIVE OF HER SEX

Bride Had but Exercised Recognized Privilege That is Universally Granted.

A young couple had been courting for several years and the young man seemed to be in no hurry to marry. Finally, one day, he said:

"Sal, I canna marry thee."
"How's that?" asked she.
"I've changed my mind," he said.
"Well, I'll tell thee what we'll do," said she. "If folks know that it's thee as has given be up I shanna be able to get another chap; but if they think I've given thee up I can get all I want. So we'll have banns published and when the wedding day comes the parson will say to thee: 'Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?' I shall say: 'I winna.'"

The day came, and when the minister asked the important question the man answered: "I will."
Then the parson said to the woman: "Wilt thou have this man to be thy wedded husband?" and she said: "I will."

"Why," said the young man furiously, "you said you would say 'I winna.'"

"I know that," said the young woman, "but I've changed my mind since."—Mack's National Monthly.

PIMPLES COVERED HIS BACK

"My troubles began along in the summer in the hottest weather and took the form of small eruptions and itching and a kind of smarting pain. It took me mostly all over my back and kept getting worse until finally my back was covered with a mass of pimples which would burn and itch at night so that I could hardly stand it. This condition kept getting worse and worse until my back was a solid mass of big sores which would break open and run. My underclothing would be a clot of blood.

"I tried various remedies and salves for nearly three years and I was not getting any benefit. It seemed I was in eternal misery and could not sleep on my back or lean on a chair. I was finally given a set of the Cuticura Remedies and inside of two weeks I could see and feel a great relief. I kept on using Cuticura Soap, Ointment and also the Resolvent, and in about three or four months' time my back was nearly cured and I felt like a new being. Now I am in good health and no sign of any skin diseases and I am fully satisfied that Cuticura Remedies are the best ever made for skin diseases." (Signed) W. A. Armstrong, Corbin, Kan., May 26, 1911. Although Cuticura Soap and Ointment are sold by druggists and dealers everywhere, a sample of each, with 32-page book, will be mailed free on application to "Cuticura," Dept. 27 K, Boston.

J. PIERPONT, NO DOUBT



Smith—My boy thinks he'll be a pirate when he grows up.
Jones—Thinks there is more money in piracy than anything else, eh?
Smith—Yes; but I think he's got Morgan, the buccaneer, mixed up with Morgan, the financier.

In the Church Militant.

Henry N. Cary, the secretary of the Chicago Publishers' association, has a negro cook he took with him to Chicago from St. Louis. The cook is very religious and immediately joined a church in Chicago.

Cary saw the cook going out of the house one evening with a large carving knife in her hand.

"Where are you going, Mary?" he asked.
"Tee gwine t' church."
"Well, what are you doing with that knife?"

"They's a religious dispute goin' on down there," said Mary, "an' I wanter see my side gits de best of it."—Saturday Evening Post.

Merely a Temporary Disadvantage.

The widow had just announced her engagement.
"But, my dear Maria," said her friend, "you don't mean to tell me that you intend marrying a man you've only known for two weeks?"

"Oh, yes," said the happy widow. "I can easily overcome that objection in time. I hope to know him tolerably well after we have been married a couple of years."—Harper's Weekly.

Consolation.

Knicker—My wife is always praising the men she rejected for me.
Bocker—Never mind; she will praise you to her second husband.

Hold fast to the highest ideals that flash upon your vision in hours of exaltation.—Francis C. Willard.

PHILADELPHIA FINDS GREATEST THING ON EARTH

Important Discovery is Yours at Any Time—Cures Sores and Skin Diseases.

Read what this man says. After using only two cakes of Resinol Soap and one-half jar of Resinol Ointment cured sores and eruptions of long standing.

I had a very sore face, and after using most everything I thought I would try your Soap and Ointment. After using two cakes of Soap and part of a jar of Ointment I found them to be the greatest thing on earth. I advise all those who suffer from any skin disease to use Resinol Soap and Resinol Ointment. I am glad to say at my skin is nice and clear and I tend to use Resinol Soap as long as I can get it.

F. K. MATHIEU, Philadelphia, Pa.
It is evident that common sense remedies everybody everywhere to have a hand, ready for immediate use, the standard remedy for all skin troubles. It is Resinol Ointment, put up in screw-top opal containers and selling at fifty cents or a dollar, according to size. This ointment should occupy prominent place in every bathroom, in every medicine shelf and in every traveling bag, that it may be ready for immediate use. Resinol Ointment does not contain a particle of lead or mercury or other poison. It is absolutely non-irritant, and cannot injure the most delicate skin. It is highly recommended by physicians and nurses. For years Resinol Ointment has remained the standard remedy, tested for its effectiveness and complete harmlessness. It is sold by druggists everywhere. Resinol Chemical Co., Baltimore, Md.

Ended Cat's Sojourn.
Felix Smith of Easton, Pa., bought a cat the other day. He paid \$5 for her. Why did Felix pay five bucks for the cat? Answer—Because she was guaranteed to be a good rat-ter. Did Felix have rats? We should say he did—the house was full of 'em! And the cat cleaned 'em out! No; that's the curious part of it. After the cat had been on the job a week the rats were as plentiful as ever. Felix wouldn't understand it until one evening he concealed himself in the basement to watch the cat. About 9 p. m., as the cat sat with her eye on a rat hole, Felix says that rat after rat came out of the hole, walked up to the old cat, kissed her good-night and then returned to the hole. After that Felix kicked the cat out of the house.—Boston Post.

Held the Records.
wo ladies seated at afternoon tea "to discussing the prowess of their active huddles."

fter each had related several feats of endurance and hardihood, one of a remarked that her husband had on one occasion dived under the water and remained down for fully two minutes, without coming up to take breath.

"Oh," said the other, "that is nothing." "My first husband dived below the water five years ago, and has not yet come up to breathe."

Unexpected.
Suddenly the umpire called time. "Aw, what's the matter?" demanded the catcher.

"Somebody in the grand stand applauded me," he said, wiping the blinding tears from his eyes, "and I wasn't prepared for that." "Play ball!"

Important to Mothers.
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Fletcher*. In Use For Over 30 Years. Children Cry for Fletcher's Castoria

Time to Reorganize.
"I asked her to marry me, and she gave me a supreme court answer."
"What kind of an answer is that?"
"Said she would give me six months to readjust myself so as to be acceptable."—Puck.

TO DRIVE OUT MALARIA.
AND HELP UP THE SYSTEM
This is the old Standard GIVENS TANKER'S GULL BRAND. You know what you are taking. The formula is plainly printed on every bottle, showing it is simply Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out the malaria, the iron builds up the system. Sold by all chemists for 50 cents. Price 50 cents.

Patient Creditors.
Gibbs—Do you ever think of the debts you owe your ancestors?
Dibbs—No; they are not pushing me like my tailor and grocer.

USE ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.
The Antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes before putting on. It takes the sting out of corns and blisters and makes walking a delight. Sold everywhere. See *Refuse Substitutes*. For FREE literature, address A. S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N.Y.

The worst thing about having money for the way everybody worries for it he won't be able to prevent you from keeping it.

When you have almost despaired, use Ware's Baby Powder for Yourself and Ware's Baby Powder for your baby. For Mothers and babies only. Ware Black Powder Company, Dallas, Texas.

To every man is given the opportunity to do something worth while.

NOTHING BUT AN AMATEUR

Fair Damsel's Questions That Revealed Callow Lover in His True Light.

"Do you really and truly think I am beautiful?" she asked.
"You are simply divine," he replied.

"But there are other girls whom you think more beautiful than I."
"No, I don't think there is a more beautiful girl in the world than you."
"There are other girls you think are just as beautiful, though."
"You are more beautiful than any other girl I ever saw."

"I suppose there are plenty of girls whom you consider almost as beautiful as I am."
"I think you are far more beautiful than any other girl that ever breathed."

"Well, why didn't you say that in the first place?"
"That was what I meant, if I didn't exactly say so."
"O, well, go on. My goodness! Must I suggest everything nice that you say to me?"

"What more can I say?"
"Heavens! I'm not going to sit here giving you lessons. I thought the way you started out that you had made love before."

Dying by Organs.
It has been discovered that if a human being dies after an ordinary illness and not a violent death he does not die all over and all at once. He may have a diseased liver, heart or lung, and this may be the cause of his death; but it has been found that if the diseased organ could have been replaced by a healthy one life might have been maintained indefinitely. This is no imagination or speculation. It has been confirmed by the most careful experiments by the ablest medical scientists in the country.—Leslie's Weekly.

PIMPLES, BOILS AND DANDRUFF.
Disappear by using Tetterine, a safe, safe and speedy cure for Eczema, Tetter, Infant's Sore Head, Chilblains and itching Piles. Endorsed by physicians; praised by thousands who have used it.
"I feel like I owe to my fellowman this much: For seven years I had eczema on my ankle. I have tried many doctors and numerous remedies which only temporarily relieved. I decided to give your Tetterine a trial. I did so and after eight weeks am entirely free from the terrible eczema."
I. S. Giddens, Tampa, Fla.
Tetterine, 50c. per box. Your druggist or J. T. Shuprine, Savannah, Ga.

The Ultimate Limit.
First Dentist—My work is so painful that my patients often fall asleep while I am at their teeth.
Second Dentist—That's nothing. Mine all want to have their pictures taken to catch the expression of delight on their faces.

Immortality.
"Speaking of immortality, what's the matter with the hen?"
"Her son never sets."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children.
teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

A wise man may forgive, but only a fool will forget.

ASSIST YOUR STOMACH

In its work of digestion and assimilation by beginning your meals with a dose of

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

It will prevent

SOUR STOMACH
INDIGESTION
DYSPEPSIA
SICK HEADACHE
HEARTBURN
MALARIA

Try a bottle today.

Dickey's Old Reliable Eye Water

cures sore eyes or granulated lids, strengthens weak eyes. Don't burn or hurt when applied. Get genuine in Red Box 25 cents.

DICKEY DRUG COMPANY, BRISTOL, TENN.

W. N. U., HOUSTON, NO. 32-1911.

My Linen skirts are awfully short. Now I don't think that's wrong. And Mamma says that Faultless Starch will make them wear quite long.

FAULTLESS STARCH

FREE with Each 10c Package—An Interesting Booklet for Children.

It Tastes Good

Grandma's Tea is absolutely free from the nauseating taste that accompanies most laxatives. That's because it is made of only pure herbs and roots—nature's own remedy—containing no minerals to irritate the sensitive lining of the stomach.

As a sure but gentle relief for Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Constipation and any of the numerous ailments arising from a disordered condition of the stomach or liver.

Grandma's Tea Is Without an Equal
Get a Package Today at Your Druggist, 25 Cents

To cure constiveness the medicine must be more than a purgative; it must contain tonic, nutritive and cathartic properties.

Tutt's Pills

possess these qualities, and speedily restore to the bowels their natural peristaltic motion.

DEFIANCE Gold Water Starch
makes laundry work a pleasure. 16 oz. pkg. 10c.

Texas Directory

McCANE'S DETECTIVE AGENCY
Houston, Texas, operates the largest force of competent detectives in the South, they render written opinions in cases not handled by them. Reasonable rates.

KODAK FINISHING
Mail orders have prompt attention. All kinds of supplies. BRIDGE PHOTO SUPPLY CO., 1012 Capitol Ave., Houston, Tex.

BAYLOR UNIVERSITY
AT WACO, TEXAS

Co-educational, has preparatory and college departments at Waco. For catalogues address the Registrar, P. M. ALLEN.
The School of Medicine and Pharmacy is located at Dallas. For catalogues address the Registrar, M. W. SMITH.

CLEANING, DYEING AND LAUNDRY WORK
We have finest laundry in the United States. Finest cleaning and dyeing work in state. Model Laundry 501 to 515 Smith St. SHIPPERS WANTED. HOUSTON, TEX.

Hotel Brazos
HOUSTON, TEXAS

Is a Comfortable Hotel.

J. A. ZIEGLER
GENERAL BROKER

Specializing in F. O. B. Cotton Selling. Potatoes, Onions, Apples, Pecans, etc., to the wholesale trade. Now ready to contract for Seed Potatoes.

HOUSTON TEXAS

You Look Prematurely Old

Because of thin, grizzly, gray hairs. Use "LA OREOLE" HAIR DRESSING. PRICE, 51.00, retail.

Cotton Seed Meal, Cake and Hulls
IN CAR LOTS ONLY
Let us Figure with You.
FLORY, McFARLAND AND CO.
San Antonio, Texas.



THE HOME
 Of Quality Groceries
GOOD GROCERIES
 GO TO
THE RIGHT SPOT
 EVERY TIME!

THIS IS THE RIGHT SPOT
 To Go To, Every Time, For Good Groceries!
Try These, They'll Please!
SIMPSON & SONS.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL ITEMS

Butler Smith spent last Sunday in San Antonio.

Be sure to buy your school supplies from K. Burwell.

Let Horger & Windrow be your druggist.

Matt Russell went to Uvalde Thursday on business.

Rev. H. M. Hamilton returned Monday from San Antonio.

Gray Childers Jr., came in from Temple Tuesday.

The very latest in Ladies Hand-Bags, \$2.00 to \$15.00.
 Gaddis' Pharmacy.

F. A. Franklin went to San Antonio during the week. He returned Wednesday.

Be good to your feet, dust Rexall foot powder into your shoes. Horger & Windrow.

Mrs. Loula Bowen and daughters, Misses Louise and Katharine, have returned to Belton.

Miss Eva Rowland of Millett spent part of the week here with Misses Ida and Rose Earnes.

Miss Aline Kerr is here from San Antonio visiting relatives and friends.

School supplies now ready for your inspection.
 K. Burwell.

Elton Cox, clerk at Horger & Windrow's drugstore spent the week at the Elwell ranch.

Some new and snappy things in men's hats and ties, just received at C. C. Fawcett & Co's.

Miss Bessie Landrum of Laredo visited Mrs. W. A. Tarver here this week.

Mrs. Starkey and daughter, Miss Willie Bob, of Millett was here shopping Tuesday.

Miss Tessie Cullens of Devine spent several days in Cotulla this week visiting friends.

Have your Jewelry & Watches repaired by an expert jeweler at Horger & Windrow's.

Mrs. T. R. Poole returned Thursday from a visit to her daughter, Mrs. Ed Cotulla a Laredo.

It is our pleasure to show our high grade watches.—Gaddis' Pharmacy.

Buy a saucer of ice cream at the childrens bargain sale next Friday afternoon.

Mrs. Kate Roberts of Asherton visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Earnest this week.

Tickle your girl by taking her a box of that nice fresh Leggetts Chocolats, at Horger & Windrow's.

Albert Knaggs left yesterday for San Antonio. He will attend the Marshall Training School in that city the coming term.

Guy Rachal came out from San Antonio Wednesday morning, and wore a broad smile. The rain produced it.

Jim Murray came in Tuesday morning from his ranch up the Nueces. He reported about an inch of rain up that way.

C. C. Fawcett & Co., for ready to wear in the popular white felts for Ladies and Misses from \$2.50 up.

M. H. McMahan and R. A. Gouger returned Thursday from a trip over into McMullen county. They report good rains over that way.

T. R. Keck, L. A. Kerr and L. W. Gaddis went up to the Union Land Company well Thursday. The well has been finished up and has a fine flow.

W. R. Bringhurst and Miss Mary Bringhurst, father and sister of Mrs. W. H. Sylvester, are here from Alexandra, La., on a visit to the latter.

Rev. H. W. Hamilton will fill his regular appointment in Encinal Sunday. There will be no services at the Presbyterian hurch here morning or evening.

Mrs. J. L. Steadham and children returned Thursday from a three week's stay at Rockport, where they spent a pleasant time.

A new time card is to go into effect, so it is reported, on this division of the International & Great Northern Sept. 11th. Let it come.

Mr. W. D. Weldon, who is seriously ill was taken to San Antonio Tuesday. Yesterday he was brought back, the physicians advising against an operation. His condition is very critical.

Judge C. C. Thomas returned Sunday from Austin. He was present when Jake Walters made his speech before the house and thinks it was one of the greatest speeches he ever heard.

LOST—One gold signet ring with initials C. T.; also one with ruby setting. Lost at school house Monday night. Finder please return to Mrs. C. E. Tarver for reward.

F. N. Mills returned from a business trip to San Antonio Tuesday. He said about the heaviest rain he ever saw fell that morning between Devine and San Antonio.

C. C. Fawcett, owner of the Fawcett dry goods store on Center Street, was among the arrivals from San Antonio Thursday. He will be here several days.

We have a card from Judge F. B. Earnest, who with Mrs. Earnest is spending a few days at Saltillo. The Judge says he has seen it rain several times, and that it is cool—almost cold there.

Moving pictures can now be seen two or three nights every week in the park. The management is in the circuit and receives new films for each performance. The pictures are up to date and clean.

Spectacles fitted and repaired—Scoggins the Jeweler.

Miss Stucke, the popular milliner who had a successful spring season with K. Burwell will arrive in Cotulla the coming week and resume her position for this fall. Miss Stucke's agreeable manner and skill in her line made her very popular with our Cotulla people.

W. B. Stanfield and E. A. Keck, up the river farmers, were in town Wednesday. The rain seemed to be a little fresh in their neighborhood. Stanfield got an inch and a half and Mr. Keck, only a half inch.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Obetts of Asherton, Miss Tessie Cullen of Devine, and Earnest and Gus Taylor of San Bernadino, Cal., are here, the guests of Prof. and Mrs. R. A. Taylor, and Mr. and Mrs. S. Cotulla. The party spent the week on the Nueces fishing.

Mrs. Ashmore, milliner at C. C. Fawcett & Co's., store, returned Thursday from an absence of three weeks in St. Louis, where she purchased the fall line of Millinery for the Fawcett store. Mrs. Ashmore states those who want the very latest, can certainly get what they want right here in Cotulla this season.

Miss Kate Burwell returned Monday from St. Louis. She spent ten days there making selections of fall and winter lines for her well known and up to date dry goods house in Cotulla. She was met in St. Louis by Miss Stucke, who assisted in purchasing the Millinery line. Miss Kate says she bought a fine line of goods for the coming season, and they are already beginning to arrive. She invites her patrons and friends to call and see the very latest.

WANTED—Good Housekeeping Magazine requires the service of a representative in Cotulla to look after subscription renewal and to extend circulation by special methods which have proved unusually successful. Salary and commission. Previous experience desirable, but not essential. Whole time or spare time. Address with references J. F. Fairbanks, Good Housekeeping Magazine, 381 Fourth Ave. New York City.

Teacher's and desk clocks—Gaddis' Pharmacy.

C. C. Fawcett & Company

is now fully stocked and ready to serve every customer with the very best: the Eastern markets afford.

Prices Never So Low as Now!

Best Calico Prints, 5c and up; Gingham 7c to 25c; Percales 10c and up; Madras 10c to 25c.
 Colored Linens and Pongees 50c quality for 25c and 30c.

<p>SUITS</p> <p><i>Youth's and Boys Suits at 25 per cent less than you can buy elsewhere. This line is complete and well worth looking over.</i></p> <p><i>We are selling them at prices that will appeal to you, and so will the goods.</i></p>	<p>SHOES</p> <p><i>Our line of Shoes is the best money can buy come and see and be convinced.</i></p> <p><i>As a special inducement we will give one 25c pair of Ironclad hose free with the first twelve pairs of school shoes sold, commencing Saturday morning.</i></p>
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A Few of New Arrivals.

<p><i>Messelines</i> <i>New Woolens</i></p>	<p><i>Kid Gloves</i> <i>Silk Gloves</i></p>
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SILKS PLAIN AND FANCY.
MILLINERY NEW AND NOBBY.

See Our New Line of Dress Goods and Get Prices on Finished Garments.

Every Department is Filled Up.

GOOD FOOD

is essential to good health. You purchase health when you get your Groceries here. We never carry anything but the best. That is one of the secrets of our success. Purity and quality is our motto. As to our prices, they are within your reach.

TRICE BROTHERS.

Miss Daisie Carr is visiting friends at Asherton.

John Poole, brother of Mrs. W. A. Tarver, is here from New Mexico.

7 to 23 jewel Hamilton, Howard, Elgin and South Bend Watches, 0 to 18 size. Gaddis' Pharmacy.

Dick Bruton returned last night from Central Texas. He says the cotton crop is fairly good in that section of the state.

BAPTIST AID SOCIETY.

Tuesday, Aug. 28, the Ladies of the Baptist Aid Society met for their first time with Mrs. R. L. Graham. There were present fourteen members and two visitors. We are glad to note that this was one of our very best meetings. Our lesson being on Job was a very interesting one. The President read a beautiful poem and Mrs. Binkley an interesting paper. During the social hour, our

hostess served nice home baked cake and pineapple cream.

Our next meeting will be with Mrs. C. E. Neal, on Sept. 5th, at 4 o'clock promptly.

Reporter.

The High School Athletic Club gave an ice cream supper and entertainment Tuesday night.

Rev. and Mrs. J. M. Lynn, have from there vacation. Rev. Lynn will occupy the pulpit at the methodist church tomorrow.