

The Cotulla Record.

VOL. 1. NO. 6.

COTULLA, TEXAS, SATURDAY, APRIL 2, 1898.

\$1. IN ADVANCE.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

The Court of Inquiry. The War Spirit Growing.

Washington, March 25, 1898.—The first and longest period of waiting is at an end. The report of the Naval Court of Inquiry on the Maine explosion is now in the hands of the President, and was to-day carefully gone over and discussed at an extended meeting of the Cabinet. Spain has been officially notified of the purport of the report. The report, together with a copy of the communication sent to Spain by the President, will be sent to Congress next week, and then—what?

It is impossible at this time to say what programme will be followed in Congress, because circumstances are likely to bring about changes at any stage of the proceedings. But it is certain that an understanding has been arrived at between the President and the Congressional leaders of all parties, who have conferred with him in the last three days, and believed that in accordance with that understanding the report and accompanying message will be referred to committees as soon as received in the House and Senate, and that those committees will take whatever action that President McKinley may desire; and what he will desire will depend largely upon the answer received from Spain. If it is war, this country is fully prepared to push the fighting, not only on the water, but in Cuba. Arrangements are perfected by which we can send 30,000 soldiers in Cuba inside of ten days, without enlisting a man—militia regiments aggregating that number, which are ready for service at a day's notice, would simply be mustered into the U. S. service.

The war spirit is growing in Congress, instead of lessening. Some of the most conservative men in both Senate and House have become convinced since Senator Proctor told what he saw in Cuba that war was inevitable, and have concluded that the best thing to do is to hurry it up, in order that it can be quickly fought out; they believe there would be less damage done to the material interests of the country by a short and victorious war than by a continuation for an indefinite period of present conditions. Senator Proctor's story of Cuba has been corroborated and added to by the speeches made this week by Senator Gallinger and Thurston, who were in Cuba at the same time he was. And the two last were much more belligerent in tone than was Mr. Proctor, but all three agree that the right thing to do, and the only thing that will bring a lasting peace on the devastated island and allow the starving thousands of non-combatants to again earn a living for themselves, is to force the Spanish out. Senator Gallinger says he would go further and annex Cuba, if he could have his way; while Senator Proctor thinks it would be best to merely allow Cuba to be independent.

Senator Bacon made a speech in favor of a resolution introduced by him, declaring it to be the policy of this country to maintain peace as long as consistent with honor, but it fell flat; it was not in tune with existing circumstances, nor with existing sentiment. The war spirit is abroad.

The American Federation of Labor has taken up the fight of the plate printers union against the extended use of steam presses in the Bureau of Engraving and

Printing which has been officially announced. A similar fight against steam presses was made by the plate printer, and won, during the Fiftieth Congress, their contention being that the work turned out by the steam presses was inferior to that done on the hand presses. The Superintendent of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing has already, under orders from the Secretary of the Treasury, placed an order for fifteen steam presses to be put in at once.

The bill authorizing an increase of the army to 100,000 men has been amended by the House Military committee to restrict enlistments until the country is actually engaged in war.

Among the items of the Naval Appropriation bill that may be considered as preparatory, if not actually war-like, are the provision for the construction of five dry docks, large enough to accommodate our largest vessels; three battle ships of the most formidable type, one of them to be named Maine; six torpedo boats, and six torpedo boat destroyers.

The ordinary government official's annual report is only interesting to a few persons, but the annual report of the Patent Office for 1897, prepared by Hon. A. P. Greeley, Acting Commissioner of Patents, is interesting to every intelligent person; because it tells, as is told in no other single publication, of the wonderful progress and greatness of American industry, which is so closely associated with the U. S. Patent system—information which is indispensable to the inventor, patentee, manufacturer, publicist, or other individual who wishes to keep abreast of the times. Those who wish copies of this report can obtain them free by writing to the Commissioner of Patents, Washington, D. C.

This Old Country.

Good times or bad times, we're with this country still;
With her on the mountain top or slidin' down the hill!
Don't care how corn's a sellin', if cotton's high or low;
This old country brethern, is the best one we know!

Good times or bad times, we're with this country still;
Every time we feel her shake we have a friendly chill;
Don't care how things is goin', nor how the tempests blow,
This here old country, brethern, is the best one that we know.

Good times or bad times we're with this country still;
With her when we sow the grain an' when we go to mill,
Don't care what's in the future; we'll whistle as we go,
For this old country, brethern, is the best one that we know.
—Atlanta Constitution.

The Report is in.

The silence of a nation
Stills now the warlike din,
A sacred hesitation—
The Maine report is in.
With mourning have we waited,
The story of our dead,
But now with hearts elated
We stand to hear it read.

For, with its plain outspokening,
Comes settlement with Spain;
Not war of idle seeking,
But judgement for the slain.

'Twill be a truthful story
Of how our sailors fell—
Wave proudly out, Old Glory,
For we'll avenge them well.
—St. Louis Republic.

An Intelligent Juror.

Are you acquainted with defendant Mr. ———?

No sir.
Do you know any thing of the crime with which he stands charged?

No sir.
Have you ever heard of the death of George Washington?

No sir. Didn't know he was dead.

Did you know Mr. ———?

No sir.
Where do you live?
In La Salle county.

Heard of the trouble between the United States and Spain?

No sir.
Ever hear of them?

I heard tell of the United States. Don't know Spain, wouldn't know him if I seed him.

Ever hear of the Maine disaster?

I hear of a rumpus they had down there a long time ago on the prohibition question; but I thought that was settled. Didn't pay much attention to it.

Not enough to bias you in favor of or against the defendant?

No sir.
We'll take him,—Ex

Did You Ever—

Hear a merchant pointing out defects in his own goods and calling attention to the merits of his competitor's stock.

Know a man to slip around through the back alleys, quietly approach the parsonage from the rear and after knocking on the kitchen door stand hat in hand and beg the preacher to take a five dollar bill and not mention it to any one.

See a man that owned any sort of an old plug that did not possess a horse with more virtues than any other horse in La Salle county.

Remember a summer that did not have the hottest day you ever felt, or a winter that was not the most disagreeable one ever experienced.

Find a man who shrank from having his good deeds extolled and glowed with enthusiasm when his short-comings were being hauled over the coals.

Lose a man who thought other people had rights as well as himself, needed the same courtesies

PRIDE CROPS OUT.

The Respect Working Women Have for Each Other.

The average working woman has little respect for other working women. This doesn't mean that she is without respect for herself, of a certain self-satisfied sort, but it does mean that that self-respect is not broad enough to include deference for fellow wage-earners, and it must logically follow that it is a very low grade of personal regard. The woman wage-earner whom one most often meets has but the one standard of gentleness—unlimited leisure. According to her, the worker, no matter how creditable or remunerative her labor may be, is something just a little to be ashamed of; yet beyond the pale of all those who sit with folded hands, no matter how much more content, not to say comfortable, those hands might be engaged in good, honest employment. It is but another phase of the false and one time all-prevalent squeamishness as to confessing financial straits; a modern development of that spirit that a decade ago led an impoverished family to declare that they only "took boarders for company." A successful woman teacher, who did really love her work, used to say that she was the only member of her family she ever met who taught because she had to—all the rest did it "just from pure love of it." A girl whose family have recently lost everything disposed of some embroidery at the woman's exchange. When an intimate friend congratulated her upon her good luck at finding a way of making money, the girl, out at elbows and patched as to shoes as she was, hastened to say: "Oh, it wasn't the money. You see, I have so much idle time on my hands now, and this embroidery does entertain me so." The new phase of the old subject was brought the other day to the notice of the head of an exclusive and very prosperous girls' school in this city. The principal desired a stenographer in place of the amanuensis she had heretofore had.

Applicants one after another presented themselves, and the principal found some cherished notion as to the good sense and stability of the modern business woman laid low. If it wasn't one thing, it was another, but she at last realized that they were all imbued with the I'm-as-good-as-you-are idea. The principal finally engaged a young girl who was less "uppish" than the others and whose spotted veil was not quite so obtrusive. At the end of one week the girl resigned her place. "Why, I pay you three dollars a week more than you were getting in your downtown office," said the teacher. "Yes," said the girl, "but I like it better in the office. It's more fun for one thing, and then—" She paused, but the teacher begged her to continue. "Well, it's this way," the girl finally blurted out; "you see, it's sort of more honorable for me. It isn't because I don't like to be employed by a lady, but you're a lady who works. Why, none of my lady friends 'do anything' except one or two, and they're employed by gentlemen in offices; I don't know any typelady who is employed by a woman who works, and, to tell the truth, we think it a little beneath us. I'm sorry," with a commiserating glance at the teacher, "but the three dollars a week extra couldn't make up for it, you know." The teacher steeled her voice for one question. "Don't your men employers in the offices work?" she asked. "Oh, yes, indeed," was the answer, "but then they're men. 'It's different with women.' It may be of interest to add that this teacher subsequently secured a man stenographer, he having no objections, he said, "to being employed by a woman who worked."—Philadelphia Times.

Water under high pressure, as an agent for the transmission of power, writes G. W. Dickie in Cassier's Magazine, has latent possibilities yet to be developed, that will bring it into a more extended application as these possibilities become better understood. Though not possessing the capacity to produce the brilliant effects that are so readily obtained by means of electric power transmission, yet, as a steady and completely trustworthy source, it may be said fairly to outrank any of the newer agents for the transmission of power; this, of course, when applied to any of the various purposes that favor the conditions under which water must always be used, and thus the field of engineering covering the application of hydraulic power must become wider and more productive as its possibilities are better comprehended.

I. & G. N. R. R.

Between San Antonio and Laredo.

TIME TABLE.

South	Passenger Train.	North
9:45 a m LV	SAN ANTONIO	Ar 7:00 p m
10:05 a m LV	Leon	Ar 6:38 p m
10:16 a m LV	Medina	Ar 6:26 p m
10:39 a m LV	Lytle	Ar 6:06 p m
11:00 a m LV	Devine	Ar 5:46 p m
11:20 a m LV	Moore	Ar 5:26 p m
11:40 a m LV	Eden	Ar 5:06 p m
11:52 a m LV	Pearsall	Ar 4:56 p m
12:08 p m LV	Derby	Ar 4:15 p m
12:27 p m LV	Dilley	Ar 4:00 p m
12:43 p m LV	Millett	Ar 3:47 p m
1:20 p m LV	COTULLA	Ar 3:25 p m
1:38 p m LV	Tuna	Ar 3:06 p m
1:40 p m LV	Trohig	Ar 2:57 p m
2:10 p m LV	Burro	Ar 2:38 p m
2:25 p m LV	Encinal	Ar 2:25 p m
2:45 p m LV	Cactus	Ar 2:05 p m
3:03 p m LV	Webb	Ar 1:47 p m
3:28 p m LV	Green	Ar 1:24 p m
3:40 p m LV	Sanchez	Ar 1:14 p m
3:55 p m LV	LAREDO	Ar 1:00 p m

LEROY TRICE, General Superintendent, Palestine, Texas.

D. J. PRICE, Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent.

HACK LINE.

Between Cotulla and Carrizo Springs.

Hack from Carrizo Springs arrives every Tuesday, and leaves Wednesday morning. Fare \$2.50 or \$5.00 for round trip. Leave orders at the RECORD office. JOHN FRAZIER, Proprietor.

DIRECTORY.

OFFICIAL.

Governor	Charles A. Culberson.
Congressman	Rudolph Kleberg.
State Senator	W. W. Turney.
Representative	Sam T. Jones.
District Judge	M. F. Low.
District Attorney	G. A. Davies.
District & County Clerk	George H. Knaggs.
Sheriff & Tax Collector	S. V. Edwards.
County Judge	J. N. Daniel.
County Attorney	C. C. Thomas.
Assessor	James Breeding.
Surveyor	J. M. Daniel.
Treasurer	L. A. Kerr.
Hide & Animal Inspector	J. T. Mallsberger.
Commissioner precinct No. 1	James T. Carr
" " " " 2	W. A. Matthews.
" " " " 3	G. E. Tarver.
" " " " 4	D. W. McKee.
Justice precinct No. 1	M. T. Gunhan.
" " " " 2	None.
" " " " 3	W. S. Cobb.
" " " " 4	Wm. Waugh.
" " " " 5	A. J. Anglin.
Constable precinct No. 1	Warner Petty.
" " " " 6	J. W. Harper.

CHURCHES.

Baptist Church—Rev. F. A. Starratt, Pastor.—Services—2nd Sunday morning at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday morning at 9:30 a. m., J. A. Landrum, Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m. Every body cordially invited to attend all these services.

Methodist Church—Rev. M. T. Allen Pastor.—Services—3rd and 4th Sunday in each month at 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday morning at 9:45 a. m., Dr. J. M. Williams, Superintendent. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:45 p. m. Every body cordially invited to attend all these services.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. S. J. McMurray, Pastor.—Services—On Wednesday after the 4th Sunday in each month at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday morning at 10 a. m. B. Wildenthal, Superintendent. Every body cordially invited.

SOCIETIES.

Knights of Honor—Cotulla Lodge, No. 3109. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday nights in each month, in their hall, over Keck Bros. Geo. H. Knaggs, Dictator. G. Philipe, Reporter.

Woodmen of World—La Salle Lodge, No. 125. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday in each month, in the hall over Keck Bros. Dr. J. W. Williams, C. C. G. Philipe, Clerk.

Mrs. S. M. Barret.

First-Class board. Sunny rooms, day, week or month, hot and cold water, Terms \$1 per day. . . . 308 SOLEDAD ST. SAN ANTONIO

Smith & Welsh DENTISTS.

125 W. Com. St., - San Antonio. For the convenience of our many patrons and friends in and around Cotulla, one or the other of us will visit Cotulla at regular intervals.

Only \$1.00 for The RECORD.

Go to Simon Cotulla's for oranges, bananas, lemons, figs, fancy candies and all kinds of nuts. His goods are fresh. Call and see. He will treat you white.

Advertising is not an expense. It is a business investment. If you want to invest your money profitably you will therefore put your advertisements in such papers as the RECORD, that is read regularly by every body worth reaching.

Couldn't Stand the Raise.

Several years ago there was a local campaign in Richmond county. A colored preacher was addressing an audience of negro voters, and the whites were smiling approval.

"Fellow citizens," said the eloquent divine, "would you sell your vote for \$1?"

"No," thundered three hundred denizens of Rabbit Hill, and the shock could be felt.

"Fellow citizens," shouted the orator nearing his climax, "would you sell your vote for \$5?"

The response was still creditably in the negative, but not so large as before. Several times he called on the crowd, carrying them through the rising figures vote value, but as the amounts increased the protests dropped off. Finally, when the minister asked if any man in the crowd would sell his vote for \$20, the silence was appalling, and the air at the recording desk felt like two icebergs had met in the sea, after sundown.

The point is that there is a limit to oratorical climax, and it is better not to go too far even with an excited audience.—Savannah Press.

Made well, fit better, wear the best—those tailor made pants. Costs no more than hand-made ones. New line in this week. Landrum & Co.

treatment, have likes and dislikes and last but not least could act the golden rule by heart. If so you lost a jewel of the first water. ZERO.

The hope of the country is the proper development of the young manhood and womanhood of our land. Parents can ill afford to neglect the training of their boys and girls. The education must be attended to—not simply what they get from text-books during a few hours in the school room, but the greater heart and soul training which they should get from day to day in the home circle. See to it, parents, that you keep your daughter away from all questionable characters. See to it, that your sons have proper innocent amusement at home and they will not be so eager to frequent the many dives of vice, that are in operation for their downfall.—Ex.

March, April, May.

These are the months in which to purify your blood. The blood is impure and depleted in quality, hence that tired languid feeling. Boils, pimples, eruptions which make their appearance now indicate the impure state of the blood.

Red Clover with Sarsaparilla will completely renovate the system, remove all imperfections from the skin and produce rich red blood. Manufactured by J. M. Williams, Cotulla Texas.

T. LEE MOORE and W. M. N. TERRY, Editors and Proprietors.

Subscription \$1.00 Per Year in Advance.

Application has been made at the Postoffice Cotulla, Texas, to enter this paper as second class matter.

Advertising Rates. Business Cards, Per Year, \$10.00; Display Ads., Per Inch, Per Month, \$1.00; Per Column, Per Year, \$75. Local Advertising, Per Line, Straight, 5 cents.

SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1899.

ANNOUNCEMENTS.

What is the matter with the candidates?

La Salle county is in the swim at present, having received a most excellent rain. Let her swim, we can all stand it.

Private advices received from Madrid says that Senor Polo y Bernabe, the Spanish minister at Washington, has been instructed to yield gradually.—San Antonio Express.

This was exactly Uncle Abe's advice to "Rastus about taking spring chickens off their roost "Kinder slow and easy like."

Parisian women are discarding birds for animals as trimmings for their hats. Small chinchillas not unlike rats in appearance, have become a favorite form of adornment, and it has been suggested that the new fad, if carried as far as the wearing of birds, may even extend to guinea pigs, kittens and puppies.—Ex

Then we suggest a 4-year-old steer for the theater hat.

We wish to express our sincere thanks to the people of Cotulla and La Salle county for their support in the way of subscriptions to THE RECORD and job work. We have had but little time to solicit subscriptions—the number being far below the number who have volunterly brought or sent in their subscriptions. In the way of job work will say we have had all we could do, in fact failed of a job of 10,000 because we could not reach it in time; we are now nine jobs behind but hope to soon be in position to turn out work promptly.

More Than Sufficient.

The manufacturers of a certain bicycle having sold a customer in a neighboring town, for the use of his boy, wrote to him several times for a testimonial. He responded at last in this wise:

"It gives me pleasure, gentlemen, to testify that my son, who is riding a bicycle purchased of you a few months ago, says he can get more exercise out of a five-mile ride on that machine than he can out of a twenty-five-mile ride on any other bicycle he ever tried. Yours, etc."—Youth's Companion.

On Time.

A business man advertised for a boy. The place was a good one, and a large number of boys applied.

Out of this number two were selected whose references were very good, and whose appearance and manners were alike favorable.

He hesitated between the two, and after a private conversation with each one told them to call the next morning at nine o'clock, when the decision would be made. The gentlemen sat in his office at nine o'clock promptly, as the great clock outside sounded the hour, one of the boys appeared. He was engaged at once. Five minutes later the other boy came. Five minutes too late," said the gentleman "I made this appointment with you that I might see how much value you placed upon promptness. The boy who is on time is the boy for me."—The Youth's Southland

THE COURT'S REPORT.

It Finds The Maine Was Blown Up by a Mine.

Washington, March 28.—Following is the full text of the report of the court of inquiry.

After full and mature consideration of all the testimony before it, the court finds as follows:

1. That the United States battleship Maine arrived in the harbor of Havana, Cuba, on the 25th day of January, 1898. The United States consul general at Havana had notified the authorities at that place the previous evening of the intended arrival of the Maine.

2. The state of discipline on board the Maine was excellent and all orders and regulations in regard to the care and safety of the ship were strictly carried out, all ammunition was stowed away in accordance with instructions and proper care was taken whenever ammunition was handled. The magazines and shell rooms were always locked after having been opened, and after the destruction of the Maine the keys were found in their proper place in the captain's cabin. The temperature of the magazines and shell rooms was taken daily and reported. The only magazine which had an undue amount of heat was the after 10-inch magazine, and that did not explode at the time the Maine was destroyed. The torpedo warheads were all stowed in the after part of the ship under the ward room, and neither caused nor participated in the destruction of the Maine. Dry gun cotton primers and detonators were stowed in the cabin aft and remote from the scene of the explosion. No dangerous stores of any kind were stowed below in any of the other storerooms. The coal bunkers were inspected. The fire alarms in the bunkers were in working order and there had never been a case of steam and being tended by a reliable watch.

On the night of the destruction of the Maine everything had been reported secure for the night at 8 p. m. by reliable persons, through the proper authorities to the commanding officer. At the time the Maine was destroyed the ship was quiet and therefore least liable to accident, caused by movements from the board.

3. The destruction of the Maine occurred at 9:40 p. m. on the 15th of February, 1898, in the harbor of Havana, Cuba. There were two explosions of distinctly different characters, with a very short interval between them, and the forward part of the ship was lifted to a marked degree at the time of the explosion. The first explosion was more in the nature of a report, like that of a gun while the second was caused by the partial explosion of two or more of the forward magazines of the Maine.

4. Evidence bearing on this, being principally obtained from divers, did not enable the court to form a definite conclusion as to the condition of the wreck.

5. The following facts in regard to the forward part of the ship are established by the testimony. The outside plating is bent into a V shape. At frame 18 the vertical keel is broken in two and the flange is bent in' o an angle similar to the angle formed by the outside bottom plating. In the opinion of the court this effect could have been produced only by the explosion of a mine situated under the bottom of the ship.

6. The court finds the loss of the Maine on the occasion named was not in any respect due to fault or negligence on the part of the officers or members of the crew of said vessel.

7. In the opinion of the court,

the Maine was destroyed by the explosion of a submarine mine.

8. The court has been unable to obtain evidence fixing the responsibility for the destruction of the Maine upon any person or persons.

W. T. SAMPSON, Capt. U. S. N.

THE TWO VOICES.

A Southern Volunteer.

Yes, sir, I fought with Stonewall, And faced the fight with Lee; But if this union goes to war, Make one more gun for me! I didn't shrink from Sherman As he galloped to the sea; But if this here union goes to war, Make one more gun for me!

I was with 'em at Manassas— The bully boys in gray; I heard the thunders roarin' Round Stonewall Jackson's way Many a time this sword of mine Has blazed the route for Lee; But if this old nation goes to war, Make one more gun for me!

I'm not so full o' fightin' Nor half so full o' fun, As I was back in the sixties When I shouldered my old gun; It may be that my hair is white— Such things, you know, must be But if this old union's in for war, Make one more gun for me!

I hain't forgot my raisin'— Nor how, in sixty-two, Or thereabouts with battle-shouts I charged the boys in blue; I say, I fought with Stonewall, And blazed the way for Lee, But if this old union's in for war, Make one more gun for me! —Atlanta Constitution.

His Northern Brother.

Just make it two, old fellow. I want to stand once more Beneath the old flag with you As in the days of yore; Our fathers stood together And fought on land and sea The battles fierce that made us A nation of the free.

I whipped you down at Vicksburg. You licked me at Bull Run; On many a field we struggled, When neither victory won. You wore the gray of southland, I wore the northern blue; Like men we did our duty When screaming bullets flew.

Four years we fought 'tween devils, But when the war was done Our hands met in a friendly clasp Our two hearts beat as one. And now when danger threatens No north, no south, we know. Once more we stand together To fight the common foe.

My head, like yours, is frosty— Old age is creeping on; Life's sun is slowly sinking, My day will soon be gone But if our country's honor Needs once again her son, I'm ready, too, old fellow— So get another gun. —Minneapolis Journal.

List of Patents.

Granted to Texas inventors this week. Reported by C. A. Snow & Co., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.:

Robert S. Kirk, Dresden, Catle-yoke; Jesse H. Moyer, Temple, Piano attachment; George Newman, El Paso, Electric circuit closing device; Eli T. Priest, Rising Star, Insect-destroyer; Charley M. Simington, Lockhart, Seed-cotton distributor and feeder; James A. Watson, Deatur, Wheelence machine; David M. Wilson, Kemp, Gin-saw filer.

For copy of any of the above patents, send ten cents in postage stamps with date of this paper to C. A. Snow & Co. Washington, D. C.

Not Just Right.

"That youngest boy of yours does not seem to be a credit to you," said the white man to Uncle Mose.

"No sah," said Uncle Mose, "he is mighty bad. He's de white heap ob de fam'ly, sah.—Ex

SAVED THE GOLD.

How They Saved the Gold.

(Continued from 4th page.)

"Well, on this particular trip we did have rather a warm time. You see, we carried \$300,000 in gold for the company at Denver, and the plains were alive with Indians and outlaws. The Sioux were in force everywhere, and express riders and stage drivers were being killed every day on the lines in Nebraska. For that reason I took personal charge of the treasure coach as far as Kearney, Neb. After that we considered ourselves safe. We carried, in addition to the money, five passengers on this trip, and one guard, Ben Adams.

"We were making good time out on the trail 200 miles from Omaha before we saw signs of trouble. Then we noticed Indian videttes, who were evidently keeping us located. It was the middle of the afternoon, and a slight rain was falling, when we were attacked. It was near where Lexington, Neb., now stands, at the top of the high hill overlooking the Platte. It was the plan to make the attack in those days as the coach was going up the hill, where it was ordinarily impossible to run. The band of the notorious outlaw Three-Fingered Jack blocked the road dead ahead, while his Indian allies were not in sight. There was a station six miles away, and instantly I determined to make an effort to drive through the line of road agents. My six tough horses were quite fresh, as I had not pushed them very hard since noon. The outlaws were scarcely prepared for my actions. They stood with drawn rifles as we approached. When the leader yelled out for me to pull up, I reached forward to obey, and at the same time threw my big whip with a crack over the shoulders of the lead horses. Say, that was the greatest surprise those fellows were ever treated to. Two of their number were knocked down and run over before they could spring aside. At the same time Ben Adams fired both barrels of a heavily-loaded shotgun into the outlaw band as they were huddled together at one side. Three of their number were killed by those two shots. The passengers had been warned of what was about to happen, and one commercial man—I think his name was George Golden—took charge of things inside. The guard was on the seat with me. From both sides of our treasure coach the passengers fired their pistols at the outlaws. They did little execution, but the bandits evidently thought they had surprised an army from the way they scattered. This gave me an opportunity to reach the brow of the hill before the road agents were scarcely ready to act with concert.

"Then they made up for lost time. They poured a volley into the rear of our coach, which killed two passengers outright, and wounded Golden. In spite of his wounds, the brave fellow climbed up to the rear window of the coach, and as the great vehicle swayed and rolled as we dashed wildly down the hill, poured shot after shot from his pistols into the outlaw cavalry as they dashed after us. This probably saved the treasure and our lives, as they kept the bandits at a distance, as they were afraid to approach until their Indian allies came up. But they kept up a rapid fire. The great hill is two miles long. I think we consumed about three minutes in making that distance. It was the wildest run I ever had. The horses had to run to keep from being dragged along by the heavy coach. The wheel horses were in imminent danger every minute of being caught by the lumbering stage and killed, but it was for death sure if we slowed up, so I kept my hand off the brake and let the wheels turn as fast as they could. Several times it looked as if we would go into the gulch to the left, but we didn't.

"As we reached the foot of the hill the Indian horsemen, with their naked bodies well shielded behind their horses' necks, have in sight. Then the whole party dashed forward with renewed speed. I did not slacken the coach, but instead, began to ply my whip on the leaders. The Indians were not so well mounted as the bandits, and to this we probably owed our escape. The Indians could not get up close to us, and the road agents were afraid. They were frightened by the execution done by Guard Adams' shotgun at the opening of the fight. Still, the whole miserable crew kept close enough to us to send a cloud of missiles through the coach, over our heads, and into the horses pulling the coach. One arrow pierced the face of Golden as he defended the rear. Another feathered shaft stuck into Adams' back. We did not notice it until the race was over, and the united strength of two men was necessary to extract it. In addition Adams received no fewer than ten other wounds as he sat in his seat. In spite of the jolting of the coach he managed to knock several of the pursuers from their horses with his rifle. In the storm of bullets and arrows I was not hurt. One bullet passed through the cap I wore and

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struck the whip I was handling, cutting it short off. At the time I regarded this almost as much of a disaster as if the bullet had pierced my brain, for I did not think the horses would keep up the mad flight unless urged. But the several arrows sticking into the backs of some of the animals kept them on their mad flight, the uninjured horses being forced to keep up by the pitching and jumping of the wounded brutes. "The gang followed up until the post was almost in sight, and then drew off. Of the five passengers, four were dead, and Golden was desperately wounded, but recovered. Still, we were fortunate, considering the circumstances. Several of the arrows were quivering in the bodies of the men when the post was reached."—N. Y. Sun.

READING AND BOOKS.

Everybody Who Really Wants To Can Find Some Leisure.

"A vast number of people do not care a rap about reading," said Augustine Birrell. "They may pretend to, but they do not. They say they cannot find time; it is the merest subterfuge. They could easily find time if they chose, but they prefer doing so many other things first. There is no great harm in this; there are other pastimes besides reading. Some people (not many) read a great deal too much, and would be all the better for doing a little observing. Mr. Bagshot said of Shakespeare that if he walked down a street he knew what was in it. One of the wisest men I have ever known could neither read nor write. Still it remains true that unless you are fond of reading you will not read, and yet unless you read you cannot truly appreciate the work of genius. "Read what you like best; do not be ashamed of your tastes, or be deceived by novelty. If you are fond of fiction, give the best the first chance. Read, for example, 'Guy Mannering' and Hugo's 'Les Miserables.' If, having done so, you deliberately prefer 'East Lynne,' it cannot be helped. Mrs. Wood was a voluminous author; and, after all, books were intended to be read. But nobody who is really fond of reading needs to be told what to read. Lists of books are made for the people who do not care about reading, and are a little uneasy because of their indifference. They buy Sir John Lubbock's 'Hundred Best Books,' chatter about them for a brief while, and then resume the even tenor of their bookless way."

IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

A Criminal Condemned to Death Has Two Chances for Life.

In France in the middle ages a criminal condemned to death had two lawful chances for his life besides the pardon of his sovereign. One was in accidentally meeting a cardinal when on his way to execution, the other was in an offer of marriage from a member of the opposite sex after sentence was pronounced. This last seems very unfair, inasmuch as criminals already married were at a bad disadvantage, but law in the middle ages often seemed more concerned with the picturesque than with justice, and these arrangements for saving dead men, so to speak, have left many good stories in the old chronicles. In 1309 a cardinal named Rochette saved a man condemned to be hanged

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in Paris. The two met on the street of Aubry le Boucher, and the cardinal swore before the authorities that the meeting was accidental, and the man was set free.

In 1382 Charles VI. granted a pardon which turned into English reads thus: "Henrequin Douart was condemned to be drawn to execution on a hurdle, and then to be hanged by the neck till dead. In accordance with which decree he was drawn and carried by the hangman to the gibbet, and when he had the rope around his neck, then one Peannette Mourchon, a maiden of the town of Hawaincourt, presented herself before the provost and his lieutenant and supplicated and requested of the aforesaid provost and his lieutenant to deliver over to her the said Douart, to be her husband. Wherefore the execution was interrupted, and he was led back to prison, and, by the tenor of these letters it is our will that the said Douart shall be pardoned and released."

Another story is not so well authenticated, but is very popular in Normandy's traditions. A man stood at the foot of the gibbet with the rope about his neck when a shrewish sharpvoiced woman pressed through the crowd and demanded his life that she might marry him; the condemned man took one good look at her, then turned to the hangman and said: "A painted nose, a bitter tongue. Proceed, I'd rather far be hung."—Cleveland Leader.

HEART OF THE WORLD.

By H. Rider Haggard.

"In this place I ensconced myself, and lay there for hours, with the rats running over me, so anxious was I to get to the truth. In the end I was not disappointed, for they began to talk. A great deal of their conversation I could make nothing of, but at length the girl said, after examining a gilt crucifix that hung upon the wall.

"Look, father, here also they have gold."

"It is gilt, not gold," he answered. "I know the art of it, though with us it is not practised, except to keep from corruption the spears and arrow heads that fowlers use upon the lake." Then he added:

"I wonder what that leaden-eyed, greedy-faced white thief would say if he knew that in a single temple we could show him enough of the metal he covets to fill this place five times over from floor to ceiling?"

"Hush!" she said, ears may be listening even in these walls; let us risk nothing, seeing that by seeming to be ignorant alone we can hope to escape."

"Well," asked the senior eagerly, "and what did Zibalbay answer? I think that you said that the old man's name was Zibalbay," he added, trying to recover the slip.

"Zibalbay? No, I never mentioned that name," Don Pedro replied suspiciously, and with a sudden change of manner. "He answered nothing at all. Next morning when I came to question them the birds had flown. It is a pity for otherwise I might have asked the old man if his name is Zibalbay. I suppose that the Indians had let them out, but I could not discover."

"Why, Don Pedro, you said just now that they were still in the house."

"Did I? Then I made a mistake, as you did about the name; this wine is strong, it must have got to my head; sometimes it does—a weakness, and a bad one. It is an old tale, but there it ended so far as I am concerned. Come, senior, take a cup of coffee, it is good."

"Thank you, no," answered the senior. "I never drink coffee at night, it keeps me awake."

"Still, I beg you to try ours, friend; we grow it ourselves and are proud of its flavor."

"It is poison to me, I dare not," he said. "But pray tell me, do the gentlemen whom I have the honor to see at table cultivate your plantations?"

"Yes, yes, they cultivate the coffee and the cocoa, and other things also when they have a mind. I daresay you think them a rough-looking lot, but they are kind-hearted, all so kind-hearted. Feeble as I am they treat me like a father. Bah, senior, what is the good of hiding the truth from one of your discernment? We do business of all sorts here, but the staple of it is smuggling rather than agriculture."

"The trade is not what it was, those sharks of customs officers down on the coast there want so much to hold their tongues, but still there are a few pick-pockets. In the old times, when they did not ask questions, it was otherwise, for then men of pluck were ready for anything, from revolution down to the stringing up of a coach load of fat merchants, but now is the day of small profits, and we must be thankful for such trifles as providence sends us."

"Such as the two Americans who got drunk and killed each other," suggested the senior, whose tongue was never of the most cautious.

Instantly Don Pedro's face changed, the sham gentility born of drink went out of it, and was replaced by a hard and cunning look.

"I am tired, senior," he said, "as you must be also, and if you will excuse me, I will light another cigar and take a nap in my hammock. Perhaps you will amuse yourself with the others, senior, till you wish to go to rest." And rising, he bowed and walked somewhat nsteadily to the hammock that was suspended at the far end of the room.

When Don Pedro had retired to his hammock, whither the Indian girl, Luisa, was summoned to swing him to sleep, I saw his son Jose and the American outcast, Smith, both of whom, like the rest of the company, were more or less drunk, come to the senior and ask him to join in a game of cards. Guessing that that was the best way to make him know what cash he had about him, he also affected to be in liquor, and replied noisily that he had lost all his money in the shipwreck, and was, moreover, too full of wine to play.

"Then you must have lost it on the road, friend," said Don Jose, "for you forget that you made those sailors a present from a belt of gold which you wore about your middle. However, no gentleman shall be forced to play in this house, so come and talk while the others have their little game."

"Yes, that will be better," answered the senior, and he staggered to the table at which I remained, and was served with spirits and cigars. Here he sat watching the play and listened to the conversation of the gamblers.

"No, no, comrade," broke in Jose; "none of your jokes to-night; you forget that we have a visitor. Not but what I should like to sacrifice this old demon to an Indian himself," he added, in an outburst of drunken fury. "Curse him! he insulted me and my father and mother, yonder on board the ship."

"And are you going to put up with that from this wooden old Indian god? Why, if I were in your place, by now I would have filled him full of holes as a coffee roaster, just to let the lies out."

"That's what I want to do," said Jose, gnashing his teeth; "he has insulted me and threatened me, and ought to pay for it, the black thief." And drawing a large knife he flourished it in my face.

I did not shrink from it; I did not so much as suffer my eyelids to tremble; though the steel flashed within an inch of them, for I knew that if once he showed for he would strike. Therefore I said calmly:

"You are pleased to jest, senior, and your jests are somewhat rude, but I pass them by, for I know that you cannot harm me because I am your guest, and those who kill a guest are not gentlemen, but murderers, which the high-born Don Jose Moreno could never be."

"Stick the pig, Jose," said Smith. "He is insulting you again. It will save trouble afterward."

Then as Don Jose again advanced upon me with the knife, of a sudden the senior sprang up from his chair and stood between us.

"Come, friend," he said, "a joke is a joke, but you are carrying this too far, according to your custom, and seizing the man by the shoulders, he put out all his great strength and swung him back with such force that, striking against the long table with his thighs, he rolled on to and over it, falling heavily to the ground on the further side, whence he rose cursing with rage."

By now Don Pedro, who had wakened, or affected to waken from his sleep, thought that the time had come to interfere.

"Peace, little ones, peace!" he cried sleepily from his hammock. "Remember that the men are guests, and cease brawling. Let them go to bed; it is time for them to go to bed, and they need rest, and by to-morrow your differences will be healed up forever."

"I take the hint," said the senior, with forced gaiety. "Come, Ignatio, let us sleep off our host's good wine, gentlemen, sweet dreams to you," and he walked across the room, followed by myself.

At the door I turned my head and looked back. Every man in the room was watching intently, and it seemed to me that the drunkenness had passed from their faces, scared away by a sense of some great wickedness waiting to be worked. Don Smith was whispering into the ear of Jose, who still held the knife in his hand, but the rest were staring at us as people stare at men passing to the scaffold.

Even Don Pedro, wide awake now, sat up in the hammock and peered with his horny eyes while the Indian girl, Luisa, her hand upon the cord, watched our departure with some such face as mourners watch the outbearing of a corpse. All this I noted in a moment as I crossed the threshold and went forward down the passage, and as I went I shivered, for the scene was uncanny and fatal.

Presently we were in the abbot's chamber, our sleeping place, and had looked the door behind us. Near the washstand, on which burned a single candle, set in the neck of a bottle, sat Molas, his face buried in his hands.

"Have they brought you no supper that you look so sad?" asked the senior. "The woman Luisa gave me to eat," he answered. "Listen, lord, and you, Senior Strickland, our fears are well founded; there is a plot to murder us to-night; of this the woman is sure, for she heard some words pass between Don Pedro and a white man called Smith; also she saw one of the half-breeds fetch some spades from the garden and place them in readiness, which spades are to be used in the hollowing of our graves beneath this floor."

"I am afraid that we have been too venturesome in coming here," I said, "and unless we can escape at once we must be prepared to pay the price of our folly with our lives."

"Do not be downcast, lord," said Molas, "for you have not heard all the tale. The woman has shown me a means whereby you can save yourselves from death, at any rate for to-night. Come here," and leading us across the room he knelt upon the floor at a spot almost opposite the picture of the abbot and pressed upon a panel in the low wainscoting of cedar wood which the wall was clothed to a height of about three feet.

The panel slid aside, leaving a space barely large enough for a man to pass. Through this opening we crept one by one, and passed down four narrow steps to find ourselves in a chamber hollowed out of the foundations of the wall, so small that there was only just room for the three of us to stand in it, our heads being some inches above the level of the floor.

"How can we save ourselves by crouching here like rats in a wall?" I asked of Molas. "Doubtless the secret of the hiding place is known to those who live in the house, and they will drag us out and butcher us."

"The woman Luisa says that it is known to none except herself, lord, for she declares that not two months ago she discovered it for the first time by the accident of the broom with which she was sweeping the floor striking against the springs of the panel. And now let us come out for a while, for it is not yet eleven o'clock, and she says that there will be no danger till after midnight."

"I do not know, lord; she had no time to tell me, but the murderers will come by it. She did tell me, however, that she believes that a man and a woman are imprisoned near the chapel, though she knows nothing of them and never visits the place, because the Indians believe it to be haunted. Doubtless these two are Zibalbay and his daughter, so that if you live to come so far you may find them there and speak with them."

Some minutes before midnight we extinguished the light, and, creaking one by one through the hole in the paneling, closed it behind us and took our stand in the little dungeon. Here the darkness was awful, and as the warmth of the wine we had drunk passed from our veins our fears gathered thick upon us and oppressed our souls.

Finally the senior touched me. "Hark!" he whispered into my ear. "I hear him creeping about the room."

"For the love of God be silent," I answered, gripping his hand.

CHAPTER IX.

Now we placed our ears against the paneling and listened. First we heard creaks that were loud in the stillness, then soft heavy noises such as are made by a cat when it jumps from a height to the ground, and a gentle rubbing as of stockings' feet upon the floor. After that for some seconds there was silence, that presently was broken by the click of steel and the sound of heavy blows delivered upon some soft substance with swords and knives. The murderers were driving their weapons through the bedclothes, thinking that we were beneath them. Next came whisperings and muttered oaths, then a voice, Don Jose's, said:

"Be careful, the beds are empty."

Another instant candles were lit, for the light reached us through small peepholes in the panel, and by putting our eyes to these we could see all that passed in the room. There before us was Don Jose, Don Smith, and four of their companions, all armed with knives or machetes, while framed, as it were in the wall, in the place that had been occupied by the picture of the abbot, stood our host, Don Pedro, holding a candle above his head, and glaring with his fish-like eyes into every corner of the room.

"Where are they?" he cried. "Where are the wizards? Find them quick and kill them."

Now the men ran to and fro about the room, dragging aside the beds and staring at the pictures on the walls as though they expected to see us there.

"They are gone," said Jose at length. "That Indian, Ignatio, has conjured them away. He is a demonio and not a man. I thought it from the first."

"Impossible!" cried Don Pedro, who was white with rage and fear. "The door had been ever since they entered it, and no living thing could force those bars. Search, search; they must be hidden."

"Search yourself," answered Don Smith sullenly, "they're not here. Perhaps they discovered the trick of the picture, and escaped down the passage to the chapel."

"It cannot be," said Don Pedro again, "for just now I was in the chapel and saw no signs of them. We have some traitor among us who has led them from the house to the woods, if I find him out!" and he uttered a fearful oath.

"Shall we bring the dogs?" asked Jose, and I trembled at his words. "They might smell their footing."

"Fool! what is the use of dogs in a place where all you have to do is to tramp?" answered the father. "To-morrow at dawn we will try them, for these men must be found and killed or we are ruined. Tell the rascals to give up the search and go to bed; it is useless. Then do you close the door, and we will visit the Indian and his daughter. If we are to get their secret out of them it must be done to-night, for, like a fool, I told that Englishman the story when the wine was in me, thinking that he would never live to repeat it."

"For to-morrow we may have to fly, but what if the brutes won't speak, father?"

"We will find means to make them speak," answered the old man with a sidelong chuck. "But whether they speak or not, they must be silent afterward—"

and he drew his hand across his throat and added: "Come."

An hour passed while we stood in the hole trembling with excitement, hope, and fear, and then once more the creaks followed presently by the sound of a voice whispering on the further side of the panel.

"Are you there, lord?" the whisperer said. "It is I, Luisa."

"Yes," I answered.

SAVED THE GOLD.

How They Saved the Gold.

The efforts of a number of Klondike mining companies to enlist the services of Col. James Stephenson, of Omaha, in Alaska exploration, have revived memories of episodes in which he figured in the pioneer days of the west. Though he has a military title and is a dignified business man now, there are many residents of the great west who well remember when he was known as plain "Jim." Col. Stephenson prefers that name even now, though he won the military title in many an encounter with Indians and road agents.

Col. Jim Stephenson was a Pony express rider and stage driver on the overland trail until the railroad drove him out of business. He spent more than a dozen years in the business, most of the time driving and managing the Overland Stage company's overland line between Omaha and Denver. That was the day when Kit Carson and Jack Slade were known throughout the west, and Buffalo Bill Cody and Wild Bill Hickok were still in their glory as plainsmen. At that time there was a great demand for pony express riders—light young men of great courage, who could ride from 100 to 200 miles at a stretch through mountains and plains beset by wild Indians and wilder road agents; who cared nothing for danger, and were as ready to fight as to ride, with but one controlling idea—to deliver their express pouches at the other end of the line with the smallest possible loss of time. That was Jim Stephenson's business. When he became too heavy to ride a fleet horse 100 miles a day without killing the animal, his extraordinary courage and resources naturally placed him in charge of the company's treasure coaches, where even more courage and discretion were required than in the pony express riding. But he was equal to the promotion. So faithfully did he perform his duties that he later became a partner in the company. When the old Overland line was pushed to the wall as a transcontinental factor in transportation, Col. Stephenson took a number of big Concord coaches as his share of the stock, and operated branch lines through the west to connect with the railroads. Later the locomotives forced him to abandon even this branch of the great enterprise in which he had once figured, and in disgust Col. Stephenson retired to Omaha, where he opened a great building and carried his big Concord coaches to picnicking parties.

Probably one of the most remarkable affairs in his adventurous career was the ambushing of one coach by the bandit gang of Three-Fingered Jack. This road agent was assisted at that time by a band of 50 Sioux Indians under the leadership of Roman Nose. The story is well known in Nebraska, though Col. Stephenson does not fancy relating it. In fact, he admits that this is one of the few skirmishes in which he has been engaged that reminds him of brimstone, even after a lapse of 30 years.

"You see," says Col. Stephenson, "our company had to send at least one treasure coach over the Denver line. This was made necessary by commercial intercourse. Sometimes this coach carried \$100,000 in gold, and then again it carried double that sum. Those were the days when it cost a pile of money to travel, and a pile of money to send gold by express. It was most difficult to keep the bandits from learning the exact coach that carried the treasure, but if they were in doubt they would hold up everything that went over the trail until they struck what they were after. Why, our company frequently got as high as 15 per cent. for transporting money between Denver and Omaha. Of course that was only when the road agents were combined with the Indians, and we were forced to fight and run, too. Then our revenue was heavy from the passenger traffic, for it cost \$200 in gold to go from Omaha to the Rocky mountains, and there was lots of business. We would leave Omaha on Monday morning and get into Denver on Saturday afternoon, making 600 miles in the trip. All our big Concorde had six horses in those days, and you bet a man had to pay attention to business when he got his vehicle started."

Col. Stephenson's story was interrupted by a knock at the door. "Come in," he called.

"It is I, Luisa," said the Indian girl, who had been waiting outside the door.

"What is it, Luisa?"

"The man who was with you last night is here, lord. He has come to see you, and he says that he will tell you the secret of the gold."

"Who is he, Luisa?"

"He is the man who was with you last night, lord. He has come to see you, and he says that he will tell you the secret of the gold."

"What is his name, Luisa?"

"He is the man who was with you last night, lord. He has come to see you, and he says that he will tell you the secret of the gold."

"What is his name, Luisa?"

"He is the man who was with you last night, lord. He has come to see you, and he says that he will tell you the secret of the gold."

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"He is the man who was with you last night, lord. He has come to see you, and he says that he will tell you the secret of the gold."

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Continued in next issue.

—Nelson Waterman, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

LOCAL PERSONAL.

J. J. Hall was here Sunday.
+J. W. McCombs of Cibilo, was in town this week.

If you want a cookstove go to Keck Bros.

+D. W. McKey and wife were in town on Saturday.

Ask Mr. Randall Keck about my papering. WARNOCK.

Gus. B. Withers was in town most all the week, shipping cattle

Call on S. A. Morgan for prices buying elsewhere.

E. Chew was in the city on last Tuesday.

Copying or typewriting, E. C. Stevens at S. T. Dowe's office.

Go to Keck Bros. for barb wire. Prices as low as the lowest.

"If at first you don't succeed," try advertising in the Record.

Try a pair of our Buck-skin breeches, \$1. Landrum & Co.

W. N. Terry left for Eagle Pass Thursday, on business.

For prices of ECLIPSE WIND MILLS call on Keck Bros.

We are under obligations to J. A. Landrum for favors this week.

Keck Bros. sell the old reliable Studebaker wagon.

The protracted meeting at the Methodist church still closed on Thursday night.

Fresh Hams 10 cts. per pound. S. A. Morgan.

Geo. Copp had two rooms papered this week. The work was done by Warnock, too.

Copying and typewriting done, E. C. Stevens, at S. T. Dowe's office.

Oranges, Lemons, Bananas, Apples, cheaper than the cheapest. S. A. Morgan.

Mrs. W. N. Terry, left on last Thursday for Carrizo Springs to visit relatives.

If you want a good family paper at \$1.00 a year, the Record is the paper.

If you want to save money on blacksmith work go to Massengale Bros.

Well, how about it? Do you feel able to have that old, dirty room repapered or repainted? WARNOCK.

Mrs. Will Campbell of Encinal who has been visiting in Carrizo Springs took the train here Thursday for her home.

I do typewriting and copying E. C. Stevens, at S. T. Dowe's office.

Mrs. F. M. Shaw of Encinal returned home Thursday after a few days visiting and shopping here.

Subscribe for the RECORD the only all home print country paper in South-west Texas, only \$1.00 per year.

I will hang your wall paper for 12 1-2 cents a roll, and guarantee it not to rip, rattle, dazzle or hang down from the ceiling. WARNOCK.

Miss McComb, daughter of S. J. McComb of Cibilo, died Thursday night. The bereaved family has the heart felt sympathy of the Record, in their sad hour of affliction.

Massengale Bros. is the place for good work and low prices.

Dixie Jordan of Devine, was in town Tuesday, shaking hands with his many friends.

Back numbers of THE RECORD can be had at any time, for 5 cents, by calling at this office.

For sale—Thorough-bred Maltese Jack. Or will make the season for \$10. at my place, 8 miles west of Co-tulla. J. W. ELKINS.

Stockmen report quite a number of dead cattle caused by the cold wave and rain. We trust, however, they will soon cease dying and we are sure the rain will cause many poor stock to become fat that would soon have died of poverty.

Prof. G. A. Lylerly, principal of the public school here the past session, left Friday for Sutherland Springs, and from there will go to America, Ill. to visit his old home. The Prof. is a gentleman and a good teacher and we wish him success where ever his lot may be cast.

The following young people were out serenading last night and favored ye editor with some sweet music; Misses Nancy Reynolds, Ruby Smith, Eva Stevens, Ima Edmiston, Itasca Carr, Minnie Devereux, Daisy Carr, and Juanita Pcole; Messrs Lonnie Livingston, Emmet Stevens, Mug Tarver, Ben Yowell, Orin Butler, Robt. Hall, Simon Cotulla, and Manly Daniel. Another serenading party was out but we did not get their names. They favored us with a call during the "wee sma" hours.

Millet Chaff.

W. A. Waugh one of our most prominent merchants went up to San Antonio on a business trip one day last week.

A fine rain fell here Sunday and Monday. Every one you see is wearing a pleasant smile.

C. C. Ellis of Cibilo, is in town this week shaking hands with his many friends.

Col. E. R. Lane and wife left for their home in San Antonio, after spending a week on their beautiful ranch.

There is to be an Easter party at the residence of Mrs. J. Rowland on April 9th.

W. H. Jacobs was in the burg Tuesday last.

Mrs. J. Murry returned home from Cotulla Sunday.

Millet is on a boom. She now sports a new black-smith and saddle shop.

Mr. Moore's family and Mr. and Mrs. Dave Murry went down the river fishing. They report luck and lots of fun.

Since the rain we have heard it intimated that the big children will be treated to a picnic soon. BIG THREE.

Trashy Books.

It is not safe to read a trashy or an immoral book, because there are occasional bits of literary beauty in it. You admire a bank of violets or a bed of roses, but beware there is not a poisonous serpent coiled up beneath the beautiful flowers, ready at a moment's warning to strike his deadly fangs into your flesh. Read Byron and other immortal authors, if you will, but beware there is not a poisonous thought here and there on the flowery pages of his wonderful genius whose deadening influence may only tend to sting, or madden your brain and benumb your soul. Choose your books as you would choose your companions and friends, with whom we associate. Better put your hand in the flame to be burned than to allow your mind to wade through flames of vice on the printed page.—Ex.

An Open Letter.

Smith's Piano Rental Exchange. San Antonio, Mar. 26, '98. Messrs Moore & Terry, Cotulla, Texas.

Gentlemen;—Allow me to congratulate you on your success with "THE COTULLA RECORD." It is certainly a live, up-to-date paper.

Your generosity in giving away an organ, is a commendable enterprise and I have no doubt there will be a large number of competitors for this prize.

As you have announced that a Camp organ would be the first prize, I desire to state in this connection that the death of Mr. Camp will no doubt result in the discontinuance of the Camp organ. In order that there may be no disappointment I suggest that you offer an organ made by the old, reliable factory of Farrant & Votey, Detroit, Michigan. This organ is Strictly First-Class has two full sets of reeds with couplers, closed pedals and closed base, making proof against mice, mud-claubers and insects generally. Improvements that other organs do not have.

The cases are made in Walnut and Oak.

Yours truly, A. C. SMITH.

A Companion Every Week.

Fifty-two times a year The Youth's Companion goes into the homes of every one of its subscribers. Fifty-two times a year it brings to the fireside the best thought of the best minds in Europe and America. Coming every week, there is a delightful freshness and timeliness to its contents. The Companion keeps always in touch with current events. Its editorial utterances and its notes on new topics of interest in nature and science are always abreast of the times. Fifty-two numbers are scarcely sufficient to contain all the stories, special articles, and other reading already provided for Companion readers during 1898. Among the eminent writers for the new volume whose contributions are already in hand are Mr. Gladstone, Lord Dufferin, Speaker Reed, the Duke of Argyll, Senator Hoar, Senator Lodge, Justin McCarthy, Professor Shaler, John Burroughs, Percival Lowell, Rudyard Kipling, W. D. Howells, Mary E. Wilkins, Captain Maham and Lieutenant Peary.

Present readers of the Companion who renew their subscriptions, and new subscribers will receive free a beautiful gold-embossed calendar, printed in 12 colors. It is one of the richest and costliest calendars ever printed.

A handsome illustrated announcement of The Companion's contents for 1898 will be sent free to any one addressing.

The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

Common Sense Living.

French literature lacks the saving element of common sense, says Henry D. Sedgwick, Jr., in the Atlantic. Nothing could be more brilliant than Victor Hugo in 1830. His verse flashes like the white plume of Navarre. His was the most famous charge in literature. The courage and brilliancy of Hernani and Ruy Blas are prodigious, but they lack common sense. They conquer, win deafening applause, bewilder men with excitement, but victory won, they have not the aptitude for settling down. The great French literature of the romantic period did not dig foundation, slap on mortar, or lay arches in the cellars of its house after the English fashion. Next to Victor Hugo, not counting Goethe, the greatest man of letters in Europe of this century is Sir Walter Scott. Mark the difference between him and Hugo. Scott's poetry and novels have a vigorous vitality from his common sense, and therefore they are ingrained in the trunk of English literature; the fresh sap of their romance quickens every root and adds greenery to every bough. Victor Hugo is passionate, imaginative, majestic, powerful, eloquent, demagogical, but he does not stand the hard test of squaring with the experience of common men.

LETTERS OF INTRODUCTION.

Etiquette and Effect of These Important Missives.

The letter of introduction, by a slight stretch of imagination, may be likened to a stone thrown into the deep pool of social life, with its influence upon the waters widening out into far-reaching and unending rings. Following out this theory we should be very careful how we throw these stones.

A letter of introduction imposes a great obligation upon the person to whom it is addressed. He or she should, rightly, do everything that is possible to further the wishes and happiness of the presenter; as a matter of fact, people usually detest to receive a letter of introduction, and their acknowledgment of it frequently takes the bald form of a dinner invitation, and nothing more. This has brought the introductory letter into some disrepute, and we often hear the observation that it does more harm than good to strangers in a strange town.

Naturally so, for if a letter be presented to the principal lady of the town, and she takes but the barest notice of it, it is inevitable that an unpleasantness should arise, against which the newcomer will have much hard work to fight.

A letter of introduction should only be given to a close friend for a close friend; in this case there would be far less likelihood of unpleasantness. But it is those letters, proffered with large generosity by a woman who has, perhaps, received a little attention from her social superior, that are to be avoided. She has no right to introduce a friend of hers to a superior without making quite sure that it will be agreeable to the latter, and it would be quite reasonable to expect that the letter, thus foolishly given, would not have much effect.

There is much tact necessary in the writing of a letter of introduction; it would be useless to hope to cement a friendship by its aid when the acceptor, we may say, was a puritanical stickler for forms and ceremony, whilst the presenter was a Bohemian free-lance; there would only be another example of the unmixability of oil and water. Each would irritate the other, and the letter of introduction would again be proved a fallacy.

But given people of equal positions and coinciding tastes, there is much service in the introductory letter, which may help to make a newcomer's residence in a new town or neighborhood a pleasant experience rather than a weary waste of dullness.

The form of a letter of introduction is variable, but should never be long; very little outside of the person to be introduced should be mentioned in it, and if convenient to give some indication of the presenter's personality. This, for instance, is a useful form in which a letter of introduction might be cast, after a few unimportant sentences have been penned: "I am sending you this letter by my friend, Miss (or Mrs.) West, who is visiting Exeter shortly. She is very fond of anything connected with old buildings and architecture, and as I know you have learned the cathedral from A to Z, I felt I could rely upon you to show her its beauties, and also to make her stay as pleasant as possible. She is such a great friend of mine that I should like another great friend of mine to know her also. You may have heard me mention her father, Col. West, who was a very old friend of my family."

A letter of this description must be given inclosed in an addressed envelope, but not sealed down; there could be no worse form than to give a person a closed letter of introduction. The idea is that the person for whom it is written may read it first, and then close it for dispatch. It is customary to send a social letter of introduction by hand or by post upon arrival at the new town, and with it should be sent a visiting card with present address in the new neighborhood. Some thoughtless people omit to do this, and then wonder that their letter of introduction has received no attention.

The person who receives the letter should immediately take notice of it, either by writing to the newcomer or by calling upon her, and in either case an invitation to some entertainment should be given. A dinner is, of course, the best form for it to take, though an evening "at home" will answer the purpose, should the hostess be careful to make the newcomer acquainted with some of her own friends, so that she may receive a further introduction to the local society.

Letters of introduction, it may be noted, are more serviceable to the upper middle classes than to the aristocracy, or the lower middle classes. To the latter it is almost an unkindness to send a letter of introduction, for it imposes upon them the obligation of hospitality that they are possibly not in a position to show.—Philadelphia Times.

Would Stand a Long Time.

He—I stand right here until you say you love me.

She—Then the museums will have another ossified man.—N. Y. Ledger.

RECORD'S PREMIUM LIST . .

The first person sending in 100 subscribers, with the cash, will receive a \$100. H. & V. Organ

The person sending in the second largest list will receive a \$16. guitar.

All persons getting up clubs will receive 25 per cent on all subscriptions taken.

State whether you wish to work for one of the premiums or a cash commission, when you write.

Full particulars on application. Address, The RECORD, Cotulla, Texas.