

The Cotulla Record.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF LASALLE AND McMULLEN COUNTIES.

VOL. 1, NO. 53.

COTULLA, TEXAS, SATURDAY, FEB. 25, 1899.

\$1. IN ADVANCE.

SAD ACCIDENT AT TEXARKANA.

A SON OF CONGRESSMAN SHEPPARD SHOTS HIS COUSIN.

Texarkana, Tex., Feb. 22.—Jno L. Sheppard shot and instantly killed his cousin, Robert Finley, this morning at six o'clock. Finley was about 20 years old and his home was in Cleburne. The two boys roomed together and when they arose this morning young Sheppard pulled a new revolver from beneath the pillow and showed it to his companion; in putting it back the trigger accidentally caught on the pillow slip and the ball discharged, the ball striking Finley in the heart with the result as above stated. Sheppard is nearly crazed over the affair.

EDITORS COTULLA RECORD:

In connection with the matter of a Summer Normal to be conducted at this place as presented by Prof. Owen in last week's issue of the RECORD, will you kindly allow me to say that I think the question of such a school of paramount importance, and agree with Prof. Owen in the material positions assumed. I believe that there has never been a session of the Normal School held at this place, and would say further that I know of no place in Southwest Texas that could offer better facilities for such work.

The town of Cotulla can boast of a population second to none in southwest Texas in a matter of general intelligence, and so far as my knowledge goes there has never been a time in the history of the place when a greater interest was taken in educational work, and the people of our town would be doing themselves an injustice should they allow their interest to weaken along this line.

We have an excellent corps of teachers; I would not attempt to flatter but I say with no small degree of satisfaction and without hesitation that there is not a single teacher of inferior ability at work in our schools. They are all controlled by teachers who have been specially trained for that vocation and are making the work of teaching a specialty. I have found no fault with the work of teachers since my connection began with the educational interests of your county.

The meetings of the Teachers Institute have been well attended by teachers as well patrons, and I feel safe in saying that this Institute work has given a strong impetus to the building up of our educational facilities as well as giving life to our Educational forces. Now shall we not go a step further—commence now, take the necessary steps to secure a session of the Normal School in Cotulla during the coming summer. In order to accomplish this, the entire burden of work should not be thrown upon the Teachers and School officers alone, but let every patron of the schools come forward and take an active interest in the matter. Talk about it. Write about it. Ask about it, and work for it. If the town is good enough for you to live in, it hasn't a single interest materially, spiritually, financially, educationally, nor any other way in which it does not become your duty as a citizen to support it, and I believe you will do it. Let us hear from you. Don't forget the Normal. Let us commence now, and let us secure the school for the coming summer.

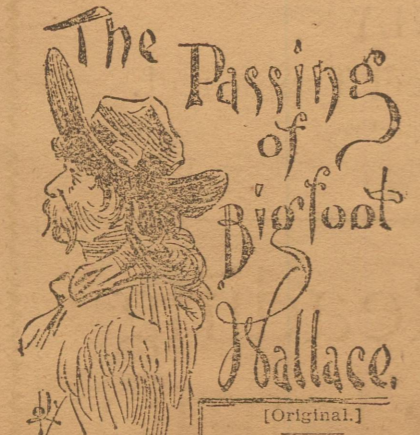
S. T. DOWE,
COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT.

Courtesy and Loving Kindness.

Courtesy acts toward men as if they were ideally perfect and had not defects, while justice holds each man responsible for the perfect nature and makes no allowance for ignorance. Charity or loving kindness sees both the ideal perfection and; the real imperfection and does not condemn but offers to help the imperfect, and is willing and glad to sacrifice itself to assist the imperfect struggle towards perfection.

AN ENTERPRISING DRUGGIST.

There are few men more wide awake and enterprising than druggists, who spare no pains to secure the best of everything in their line for their many customers. They now have the valuable agency for Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. This is the wonderful remedy that is producing such a furor all over the country by its many startling cures. It absolutely cures Asthma, Bronchitis, Hoarseness and all affections of the Throat, Chest, and Lungs. Call at above drug store and get a trial bottle free or a regular size for 50 cents and \$1



The Passing of Bigfoot Wallace
[Original.]
BIGFOOT WALLACE
is dead. This head a scare head in this morning's Post, "the hero of many sanguinary encounters with the Indians is no more."
The man who, in my younger days, I took for a model of all that was manly; whose tracks I have followed breathlessly through column after column, page after page, and chapter after chapter of half dime literature is no more. Dead! and oh, such a death! That he should have died lying supinely on his bed, cut down by the prosaic scythe of Father Time; it is too much.
I did not read the Post; no doubt it dealt gently with the hero of my boyhood's days, but that edition should have been suppressed; I had years ago killed Bigfoot Wallace; killed him in such a manner as gave me great satisfaction and redounded to his undying glory. Often in the dead of night have



HOW I KILLED BIG FOOT WALLACE YEARS AGO.

I followed him, barefooted and clothed only in my nightgown; onward and ever onward we have pushed our way into the very camps of hostile aborigines; through gloomy forests whose every tree trunk concealed a lurking red-skin; where the twanging bow-string, the hurrying tomahawk and the blood-curling warwhoop have waked the shuddering echoes.
How I have glanted over whole tribes of painted savages left wallowing in their gore, as the big-footed avenger pursued his course; how I have held my breath as he softly stole into village after village, slow guard after guard and rescued maiden after maiden from a captivity which the narrative confidentially assured me was worse than death.
How well I recollect the deep aver-

sion my brother had for reading, while I remained indoors absorbed in the thrilling adventures of my hero, he was out in the vacant lot playing a game which he designated as "Stink by Goal," but which I now believe to have been Stick by Goal or Prisoner's Base.

About the time my eyes would begin to close I would hear his sibilant whisper in my ear:
"Oh, Dick."

"But I would snuggle deeper amid the sheets, and endeavor to palm off a licentiate snore on him.

"That don't go, better wake up," would be his threatening reply to my attempted deception.

"Aw, wotcher want?"

"Tell me s'more o' what that big-footed guy's bin doin'."

"Aw, I'm too sleepy."

"Punch yer nose if you don't."

"This usually had the desired effect, for experience had taught me that he could and would do as he said; so, after he had solemnly promised to tell me when he went to sleep, I would sit up in bed and through the darkness go careening along Bigfoot's trail, striking it only in the highest and most bloody places, and stopping after each deed of atrocity to inquire: "Fred, yeh sleep?"

"Naw, g'wan," would be the impatient reply.

This would encourage me to proceed, for what is so rare as a good listener? Getting warmed up I would dwell more fully on details and forget to inquire if he was asleep, until, having talked half the night, or until I had run out of ammunition, I would once more put the query to him, only to receive no response; at which I would snuggle down and go to sleep wondering how much of my thrilling narrative had fallen on deaf ears, and what part of the story I had better begin at the next night.

He, my brother, was my senior by some years, and exercised a dominant influence over the pastimes of my early days, and it was somewhat discouraging, on the rare occasions when I really did wish to play, to have him order me into the house to read; for he had no intention, while Bigfoot Wallace occupied the boards, of allowing my desire for frivolous amusement to interfere with the gratification of his love for blood-and-thunder narratives.

I shall never forget one evening when we had company at home. I had been

allowed to sit up later than was usually the case, and had imbibed somewhat more of my favorite literature than was my wont, but had at last fallen asleep on the lounge; hideously painted savages, forlorn maidens and truculent border heroes ran riot through my dreams, until I startled the assembled guests by springing into the middle of the room and shrieking at the top of my voice: "Bring an yer Indians!"

The funny man, who is present at all gatherings, was in splendid form that night, and he immediately dubbed me "Three-fingered Dick, the Tar-heeled Terror of the Plains," and though that title stuck to me for years, my performance that evening led father to put a stop to my novel reading, and then and there I ceased my intimate acquaintance with Bigfoot Wallace.

Ah, me; the iconoclastic years play

I groan a dozen times aloud, but the dead only groaned twice. I heard a voice, a strange voice saying: "Take up thy dead and hide it from my sight." I took up the body and cast it into a deep stream as black as ink. Down, down went the body in the dark sea.

I went back to the school and washed my hands, but I could not think of anything but the dead man. I was afraid someone would find it out. So next morning before the sunrise I went to see if it was there. But, oh horrors! the faithless stream was dry. I took the body out but the morning was too far advanced to dig a grave, so I carried the body far into the forest and heaped many leaves upon it. Surely, I thought, no man could find him now.

But, next day when I went back to see it, there lay the body un-
covered. I knew not how to hide it now, only by burying it so I dug a deep hole and covered the body up. Now my gentle lad, that is my dream, it is only a dream, but is a great sin."

That night after the children were in bed, the little boy told what he had heard to his father. The father told some detectives and they went to the place where the body had been buried. There sure enough was the skeleton of a man. After every one was in bed two detectives came down the street and there walked between them—Eugene Aram in chains.

PEARL GWYNNE.
(SIXTH GRADE)

[P. S.—The above is based on the most renowned legal proceedings in the annals of the Germanic People.—Teacher.]

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded, price 25 cents per box. For sale by all Druggists.

EDUCATIONAL COLUMN

The Dream of Eugene Aram.

It was in the prime of summer, and the day was cool and calm. Twenty-four school boys came bounding out of school. Some were laughing, some were jumping, and some were silent. Presently they came to a green meadow, where they drove the wickets in the ground to play croquet. They hid with them an usher, who, just as soon as the boys were jumping sat down under a tree, and as that was off, his vest apart, and he was thinking deeply. He gazed blankly at the leaves of a book he held between his knees. After reading a page he closed the book and said: "Oh, God! he could but close my mind and clasp it with a clasp."

Then he saw a small boy reading a book. He asked, "My gentle lad, what are you reading?" The boy looked up and said: "It is the death of Able." The usher sat down beside the boy, and they talked of Cain and other murders. Presently the man said: "Last night I committed a murder in my sleep. A person that never did me harm. He was an old and feeble man. I led him into the forest, and said to myself, 'This man shall die and I shall have his gold.'"

Two sudden blows with a club and one with a stone and he was dead. I took the dead man by the hand and called him by his name, but he never answered. My hands as cold as ice and my feet as cold as the devil's price.

I groan a dozen times aloud, but the dead only groaned twice. I heard a voice, a strange voice saying: "Take up thy dead and hide it from my sight." I took up the body and cast it into a deep stream as black as ink. Down, down went the body in the dark sea.

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OFFICIAL.

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Representative Jno N. Garner.
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District Attorney C. A. Daries.
District & County Clerk George H. Knaggs.
Sheriff & Tax Collector W. M. Burwell.
County Judge S. T. Dowe.
County Attorney C. C. Thomas.
Assessor W. E. Campbell.
Treasurer J. M. Daniel.
Surveyor L. A. Kerr.
Hide & Animal Inspector V. G. Maltberger.
Commissioner precinct No. 1 Geo. Copp.
" " 2 S. J. Jordan.
" " 3 W. A. Ker.
" " 4 W. D. McKey.
Justice precinct No. 1 J. A. Smith.
" " 2 None.
" " 3 W. S. Cobb.
" " 4 Jno. Shall.
" " 5 A. J. Anglin.
Constable precinct No. 1 Warner Petty.
" " 6 Wm. Earnest.

CHURCHES.

Baptist Church—Rev. F. A. Starratt, Pastor.—Services—2nd Sunday morning at 10 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 each 1st Sunday, 11 a. m. at 7:30 p. m., and on Wednesday presiding each 1st Sunday at 7:30 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday, 10 a. m. Every body cordially invited.

SOCIETIES.

Nights of Honor—Cotulla Lodge, No. 3106. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday nights in each month, in their hall, over Keck Bros.

Woodmen of World—La Salle Lodge, No. 121. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday in each month, in the hall over Keck Bros.

G. Phillips, Reporter.
T. R. Keck, Dictator.

Coryell House.

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First-class Shoemaker.
Repairs all kinds of shoes and boots at reasonable prices. Give him a trial.
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Will practice in all courts, Prompt and careful attention given all Business.
Special attention given the collection of claims.
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Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Typewriting, etc. The most thorough, practical, and progressive schools of the kind in the world, and the best patronized ones in the South. Inspected by Gov. Taylor, bankers, merchants, and others. Four weeks in bookkeeping with us are equal to twelve weeks elsewhere.
President, is author of Draughon's New System of Bookkeeping, "Double Entry Made Easy." Home study. Have prepared, for home study, books on bookkeeping, penmanship, and shorthand. Hundreds of persons holding good positions owe their success to our books for home study. (Mention this paper when writing.)

I. & G. N. R. R.

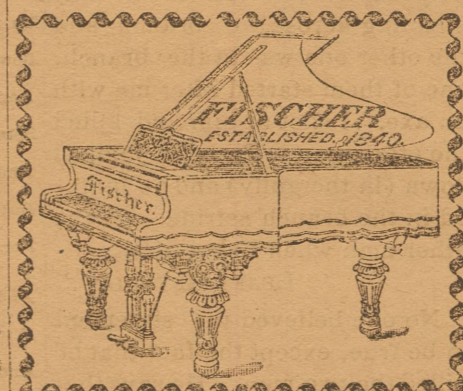
Between San Antonio and Laredo.

TIME TABLE.

South	Passenger Train.	North
10:00 a. m.	LV. SAN ANTONIO	Ar 1:15 p. m.
10:30 a. m.	LV. Leon	Ar 12:08 p. m.
0:31 a. m.	LV. Modina	Ar 11:57 a. m.
0:51 a. m.	LV. Lytle	Ar 11:30 a. m.
11:10 a. m.	LV. Devine	Ar 11:10 a. m.
11:35 a. m.	LV. Moore	Ar 10:58 a. m.
11:55 a. m.	LV. Eden	Ar 10:48 a. m.
12:07 p. m.	LV. Pearsall	Ar 10:32 a. m.
12:42 p. m.	LV. Derby	Ar 10:13 a. m.
12:58 p. m.	LV. Dilley	Ar 9:58 a. m.
1:12 p. m.	LV. Millett	Ar 9:44 a. m.
1:35 p. m.	LV. COTULLA	Ar 9:22 a. m.
1:53 p. m.	LV. Tuna	Ar 9:05 a. m.
2:03 p. m.	LV. Twolig	Ar 8:55 a. m.
2:25 p. m.	LV. Burro	Ar 8:39 a. m.
2:40 p. m.	LV. Etnolia	Ar 8:22 a. m.
3:00 p. m.	LV. Coctus	Ar 8:04 a. m.
3:18 p. m.	LV. Webb	Ar 7:45 a. m.
3:49 p. m.	LV. Green	Ar 7:23 a. m.
3:55 p. m.	LV. Sanchez	Ar 7:12 a. m.
4:10 p. m.	LV. LAREDO	Ar 7:00 a. m.

LEROY TRICE, General Superintendent, Palestine, Texas.
D. J. PRICE, Gen. Ticket and Passenger Agent.

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The Cotulla Record.

J. M. DANIEL
C. E. MANLY

Subscription \$1.00 Per Year in Advance

Entered in the Post-Office at Cotulla, Texas, as second class mail matter.

Advertising Rates
Business Cards, Per Year, \$10.00
Display Ads., Per Inch, Per Month, \$100
Per Column, Per Year, \$75
Local Advertising.
Per Line, Straight, 5 cents

SATURDAY, FEB. 25, 1899.

The "Special Ranger" is no more.

The Texas Senate adopted a substitute for Dibrell's bill defining libel and providing for the punishment of offenders, by a vote of 15 to 6. The opposition was led by Senator Grinnan, while Senator Dibrell, the author of the original bill, championed the substitute.

Hon. Marshal Hicks qualified as Mayor of San Antonio last Thursday evening at 4:30 o'clock. Mr. Hicks has many warm friends here who are truly glad of his victorious race and predict for his administration a success that will be endorsed by the voters two years hence.

"The Chaparral," a weekly newspaper published at Laredo, reached our exchange table this week. The Chaparral is a clean, ably edited little paper and already carries a fair share of local advertisements. We gladly wish you brother McClendon, and wish for you a complete success.

The management of the International and Great Northern Railroad will begin the publication of a monthly magazine at Palestine next month to be styled the "Illustrator and General Narrator," or in short the "I & G. N." It will be edited by Mr. R. R. Claridge of San Antonio, and will devote its energies to the upbuilding of Texas, especially that part traversed by the I. & G. N. R. R.

The "Special Rangers" received notice bearing date of Feb. 17 to lay aside their arms and resume the ways and walks of honest men. It is a pity; some of them are liable to catch cold during this unsettled weather, the authorities surely had but very little consideration and forethought in dealing with this class of nuisances. They should have been consulted in regard to the step before any definite action was taken.

We are in receipt of a copy of the committee substitute bill, which was reported back in lieu of the one introduced by Messrs. Garner, Murphy and Wright. The bill provides for the sale and lease of all public lands in two designated districts, at the rate one dollar in the first, and seventy-five cents in the second. Any citizen of Texas over twenty-one years of age and not a corporation, can, under its provision purchase any quantity of land not to exceed ten sections as nearly contiguous as possible, on the following terms: One-tenth of the principal, together with one year's interest on the balance in advance, shall be paid in cash, the balance of the principal to be divided into twenty five equal parts, payable one in each year thereafter. The interest will be three per cent, and payable annually in advance. No land under lease prior to Jan. 1st 1899 shall be subject to sale during its term except to the lessee or his assigns. A copy of the bill is now on file in this office, subject to inspection and we would be pleased to have anyone interested to call and examine same.

The Texas Prison Bulletin, a semi-monthly paper edited and maintained by the convicts at Huntsville, has been compelled to discontinue publication for a time owing to the fire last week which destroyed the most of their outfit. We are real sorry for this loss for we believe it was doing a great work among the prisoners. The writer, after giving the reasons for its discontinuation says: "We began without a cent; we have furnished some good books to the library and thousands of good newspapers to the prisoners; the work has been a school, a relaxation and a pleasure."

A report was circulated here Monday last that Leafy Reynolds had killed two Mexicans at Floresville. The information was very meagre however and we were unable to learn any of the particulars of the affair, until this morning we were glancing over the Floresville Chronicle and happened upon the following, which gives an account of the killing.

Floresville, Texas, Feb. 23—Last Friday before noon word was circulated around town that the dead bodies of two Mexicans had been found about three miles of town, not far from the county poor farm. Justice of the Peace W. L. Worsham, G. R. Tullis, Joe McDaniel, Henry Edds, Ed Dewees and others went to the scene and found the two men. They were Juan Valdez, aged about fifty years, and Francisco Gomez, aged about 30. They were well known, being tenants on a farm belonging to Wise man Bros., and had formerly worked for Amos Franklin. The magistrate viewed the bodies, officially, and ordered them properly disposed of.

Before the bodies had been found, however, a boy named Reynolds had been arrested by the officers on suspicion of having stolen property in his possession. He has been a ragged, dirty boy, and was never known to have good clothing or much of anything else. But he suddenly appeared in town with corn for sale and chickens to give away. He also traded off the wagon, dressed himself from top to bottom and had money. He was released after a little while, but was again arrested when the dead men were found and lodged in jail. The officers found where he had broken open a trunk and burned a lot of letters, etc., and the officers were satisfied he was the murderer. He said another boy did it and the other was also arrested, but released next day.

When Judge Worsham began the inquest the boy knew what was going on and knew the testimony would prove him guilty of the killing, so he decided to acknowledge it. He sent word to Judge Worsham that he wanted to make a statement. He was brought into court and his statement was taken down by the magistrate as follows: "I went to get the wagon and horses I had bought from them (the two dead men). We went over the ravine to doctor a sick horse. They said I should not have the horses and wagon. I would have them or put them (the men) in jail. They said if I had them put in jail they would kill me. I told them I could not help that. One of them was standing across the branch and the other one was in the branch, one of them started after me with an axe. I shot at him and killed the other man. Then I jumped down (in the gully) and he jumped in the branch astride of the other man when I shot him."

"LEAFY REYNOLDS." No one believed the statement to be true, except the fact that he killed the two men. He says that he is only 15 years old, but is believed to be about three years older. He says he acknowledged to the killing in the hope of saving his neck. It is a bad case, but perhaps the less said about it the better.

LIST OF PATENTS.
Granted to Texas Inventors this week, reported by C. A. Snow & Co., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C.
D. B. Allsup, Castell, Gate, J. M. Berrier, Eyrie, Pump, L. Hall, Coleman, Animal trap.
For copy of any of the above patents send 10c in stamps with date of this paper to C. A. Snow & Co., Washington, D. C.

We notice that all the Banks in San Antonio were closed, also all the schools took a much needed holiday last Wednesday in honor of Washington's natal day. By the laws of Texas this day is made a legal holiday and should be observed for that reason, if not for one of a higher nature—patriotism. Americans as a nation are too mercenary, they strive too hard after the almighty dollar and forget to observe these days which are set apart in memory of our great men who save their all for our country. The second of March, next Thursday, is a day that all Texans should remember, on that day in 1836 we declared ourselves free from Mexico; it is our "4th of July."

CRYSTAL LENSES OF THE DEEP.

What painter's palette ever caught such tints,
The wondrous play of light which gleams and glints,
The myriad beauties shifting to and fro
In multicolored rays which flood and flow
Where waves their truths kaleidoscopic teach,
And laugh aloud or sing along the beach?
Soft-tinted lights, which flicker far away,
The shadow pantomimes in green and gray,
The rarest hues in grand exhaustless seas,
The mirrored pictures fringing the red shores,
The play of surges in resistless flow,
And diapasons of the chanting deep.
How deftly weave the elves their nets of gold
With meshes draped in many a gleaming fold,
Rare silts in veils for nauid chryseids,
And water jewels for their waving sails;
All these clear water-lenses multiply
Until their splendors dazzle mind and eye.
The breakers toss joy-jewels high and far,
Rich emeralds, sapphires, pearls and diamonds rare,
With opals amber set in turquoise line,
And emerald ridges decked with ruby hue
That men or angels ever mined on shore,
And etched in mist or with pure gold laid.
'Neath crystal waters, too, the springing sands
Take forms artistic, as though by artist's hands
And mirror them in countless depths of sea
Of curve and carving on exquisite lines;
And over these heaven's light with endless change
Makes shadow pictures wonderful and strange.
At night far down each star benignly gleams,
Like angel beacon lights beheld in drama,
And shining shafts wave brightly to and fro,
As o'er them jeweled currents come and go;
A million altars crowned with sacred flames
In that fair city man knows not nor names.
Some lights move softly, swiftly, as if gnomes
Were waving them from coral towers and domes,
In that strange city of a million fires,
Which shows far down its burnished spires
And in its glow each fish which ever swims
A golden goblin is with jeweled scales.
O wondrous marvels, transformation scenes
In countless changeful hues of grays and greens!
Flame-tinted glories, burnished jewels rare,
The tributes paid by willing earth and air,
To prove that human art at best is naught
Compared to scenes by God and Nature wrought.
I. EDGAR JONES.

NOT A HERO.

A cloud of cinder-dotted smoke whose low rise and swell,
Thrust through by seething sword of flame that roared like blasts from hell,
A floor whose charring timbers groaned and crack beneath the tread,
With starting planks that, gaping, long lines of sullen red;
Great, hissing, scalding jets of steam, lifting now, disclose
A crouching figure gripping tight the nose of a hose,
The dripping, rubber-coated form, scarce seen amid the murk,
Of Fireman Mike O'Rafferty attending to his work.
Pressed close against the blistered floor, he strives the fire to drown,
And slowly, surely, steadfastly, he fights the demon down;
And then he seeks the window-frame, all sashless, blank and bare,
And wipes his plucky Irish face and gasps a bit for air;
Then, standing on the slimy ledge, as narrow as his feet,
He hums a tune, and looks straight down six stories to the street;
Far, far below he sees the crowd's pale faces flush and fade,
But Fireman Mike O'Rafferty can't stop to be afraid.
Sometimes he climbs long ladders, through a fiery, burning rain,
To reach a pallid face that glares behind a crackling pane;
Sometimes he feels his foothold shake with giddy swing and sway,
And barely leaps to safety as the crashing roof gives way;
Sometimes, penned in and stifling fast, he waits, with courage grim,
And hears the willing axes ply that strive to rescue him;
But sometime, somewhere, somehow, help may come a bit too late
For Fireman Mike O'Rafferty of Engine Twenty-eight.
And then the morning paper may have half a column filled
With "First at Bullion's Warehouse" and the line "A Fireman Killed"
And, in a neat, cheap tenement a wife may mourn her dead,
And all the small O'Raffertys go fatherless to bed,
And he'll not be a hero, for, you see, he didn't fall
On some blood-spattered battlefield, slain by a rifle ball;
But, maybe, on the other side, on God's great roll of fame,
Plain Fireman Mike O'Rafferty'll be counted just the same.
—Joe Lincoln, in L. A. W. Bulletin.

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NOTICE.

I hereby notify the public generally and the Ranch Owners more especially, that I am the sole Agent for the counties of La Salle and Dimmit, for the "Wonderful" Pump-Jack, acknowledged to be the best Pump-Jack on the market. I have also had twelve years experience in putting up of Wind Mills and all machinery generally required by Ranchmen in their business. I will be pleased to give estimates on work and respectfully ask a share of your patronage.

Respectfully,
E. L. CLARY,
Cotulla, Texas.

Big ills, as well as little ills of the kidneys, cannot resist the curative power of Dr. Sawyer's Ukatine.

LOCAL PERSONAL.

Cloudy and misting rain. Wednesday was Washington's birthday. The school at Twohig closed yesterday. Jas. Cordell returned Tuesday from Austin. Armstrong & Swink received a car of corn yesterday. Furniture! Furniture!! at Henrichson & Co's. Mr. D. Levell took Thursday's train for Laredo. Mr. Wiley Pullin arrived here on Monday's train. For fancy candy and fruits, go to Simon Cotulla's. We printed 500 Photo cards for I. N. Hall yesterday. Cattle buyers have been numerous in the city this week. Go to Simon Cotulla & Co., for any old sweet thing. Mr. Jos. Cotulla took yesterday's train for San Antonio. Stoves, Stoves, Stoves, Buck's Cook Stoves at Keck Bros. Yesterday's Northbound passenger train was six hours late. Mrs. A. J. Poteet returned today from San Antonio. An Entertainment is on tapis for tonight at the Twohig School House. 2 1/2 lb package of seedless raisins or currants, 25c at S Cotulla's. W. M. Spindle was up from Encinal one day this week on business. G. W. Henrichson & Co., received a car load of furniture Monday. J. W. Matthews of San Antonio was in town a day or two during the week. Studebaker wagons give satisfaction. See Keck Bros., for prices. M. C. Lacey of the Indian Territory was in the city several days this week. Rev. Bruce Roberts of Moore, paid us a pleasant call Thursday morning. Painter George Epperson is putting the finishing touches on Kerr's Bank. Matthews & Gilmer of Encinal, gave us an order Monday for 1,500 Envelopes. Capt. Sanderson of Uvalde was in Cotulla a day or two on business, this week. Mr. C. L. Vasbinder returned Thursday from a short visit to his home in Centre Point. The safe and office furniture were moved into Kerr's new bank building Thursday. Chas. Gilmer Esq., went down to Encinal Monday, returning Tuesday morning. Mr. Wm. Payson made a business trip to the Capitol City Monday, returning Thursday. Dr. Hollinsworth, of Mt. Airy, N. C., is in the city visiting Mrs. E. P. Gilmer and family. Atty. Covey C. Thomas is in the Alamo City on legal business; he will return tomorrow.

Fix up your old Bath Tub with Enamel Paint. It will stand hot water. For sale by Keck Bros. Coyotes are getting more numerous. Several have been killed within the town limits recently. Mrs. F. P. Carpenter and daughter of Dilley, attended the dance at Mr. Earnest Clarey's Monday night. Atty. C. H. Mayfield returned Thursday from Karnes City, where he had been on professional business. Mr. J. H. Buckelew left this morning for the Carl Ranch, where he will assume the position as manager. Keck Bros., are still at the old stand, ready to take your order for Wind mills, Pump Jacks etc., Prices reduced. Jesse W. Campbell, Carrizo Springs leading merchant made a business trip to San Antonio during the week. Messrs. W. M. Burwell, H. B. Miller and J. W. Petty spent Monday night on the river, turkey hunting.—0000 Are you going to bid on the Bridge across the 7-mile creek on the Ft. Ewell road? See notice in another column. Mrs. A. H. Jordan and little son, after spending several days here visiting Mrs Ann Boutwell, returned to Devine Tuesday morning. Messrs. T. C. Taylor of Beeville, and J. L. Wright of Floresville arrived here Friday last and enlisted in Company E., State Rangers. M. J. Barlow has put on an extra lot of hands in order to complete the improvements in his house before his spring stock arrives. Glenn Smith, who has been with McMains tanking outfit in the Callahan pasture, returned on this morning's train, on account of sickness. Miss Lizzie Campbell, who has been in San Antonio several months attending school, passed through here Thursday enroute to her home in Carrizo Springs. L. B. Alford, who recently purchased the mercantile establishment of M. L. Moody at Twohig, passed down yesterday and will take charge of the business Monday. Mrs. J. P. Strobel, who has been here for several weeks past attending the bedside of her father, Robt. Hall, Sr., left Monday morning for her home in Blackville, N. C. Mr. Geo. Levell, familiarly known as 'Uncle George,' who has been in this country since fall visiting his brother, at the Levell Ranch in Dimmitt county departed Tuesday morning for his home in Mokane, Mo. Miss Peachy Lacey returned Sunday from San Marcos, where she has been since September last attending the Coronal Institute. Miss Lacey's many friends are glad to see her back in Cotulla again. News has been received here that the two little children of Rev. J. S. McMurray, of Laredo, are sick with the dreaded small pox. We sympathize with Bro. McMurray in this hour of affliction and trust that the little ones may be spared to him. Dr. J. M. Williams returned Thursday from Laredo where he had been sent by the Commissioners Court to investigate the condition of the small pox in that city and report whether or not it was advisable to continue the quarantine now existing against that point. He reports about 400 well developed cases and will doubtless recommend that the precautions be increased.

A. P. Blocker and wife are in town today. Apples, Oranges and Bananas at Simon Cotulla & Co's. J. M. Williams, one of Dimmitt's well-known ranchmen, returned today from San Antonio. W. H. Davidson, a merchant of Moore, favored us yesterday with an order for 500 Bill Heads. Thanks. Frank M. Buel, a prominent stockman from near the Rio Grande river was in Cotulla during the fore part of the week. Messrs. Roger Miller and J. T. Maltzberger, two of our local sportsmen, went out yesterday and bagged eighty-nine quail. How's that? The young people enjoyed another dance Monday night at the residence of Mr. E. Clarey. A large crowd was present and every one reports a jolly time. MARRIED. Mr. J. A. Smith of this city, and Miss Eloise Moody of Patterson, were united in the holy bonds of matrimony last Wednesday night, at the home of the bride's brother. Both of the contracting parties are well-known here, and their many friends join the RECORD in showering congratulations upon the groom and wishing for the bride a life full of happiness and joy. "May their joys be as deep as the ocean, And their sorrows as light as its foam." Judge Dows, our efficient County Superintendent of schools has written an article this week, which appears on first page, in regard to the proposed Summer Normal. We ask our readers to study what he has to say and let us hear from them. Cotulla has a climate that, for healthgiving properties, is second to none in Texas, and many teachers would gladly spend a month here if they had the inducement of a Normal School to attend while here. Excursion Rates To Ft. Worth. Account Annual Meeting Cattlemen's Convention. March 13th and 15th the I & G N will sell low rate round trip tickets from all points. Dates of sale, March 12th and for trains arriving at Ft. Worth evening of the 13th, limited to 17th. A large gathering is anticipated. Inquire at nearest I. & G. N. ticket office for particulars or address, D. J. PRICE, G.P. & T.A. Palestine, Texas. NOTICE. By order of the County Commissioners Court of La Salle County, bids will be received by the Clerk of said Court up to 10 o'clock A. M. March 4th 1899, for the erection and construction of a Wooden Trestle Bridge across what is known as the Seven Mile creek on the Fort Ewell road. The plans and specifications of said Bridge are now on file with the County Clerk subject to inspection. The Court reserves the right to reject any or all bids. G. H. KNAGGS, Clerk County Court. La Salle County, Texas. HOW TO LOOK GOOD. Good looks are really more than skin deep, depending entirely up on a healthy condition of the vital organs. If the liver is inactive, you have a bilious look; if your stomach is disordered, you have a dyspeptic look; if your kidneys are affected, you have a pinched look. Secure good health and you will surely have good looks. "Electric Bitters" is a good Alternative and Tonic. Acts directly on the stomach, liver and kidneys, purifies the blood cures pimples, blotches and boils, and gives a good complexion. Every bottle guaranteed. Sold by all druggists. 50 cents per bottle.

PROCEEDINGS OF COMMISSIONERS COURT. The Commissioners Court of La Salle county met in regular quarterly session Monday, Feb. 13th, with a full board in attendance. Below we give a synopsis of the proceedings. It was ordered that the Treasurer bring all cash before the Court to be counted. Took recess to attend funeral of Dr. Wadgymer. Appointed Road Supervisors for the year as follows: Precinct No. 1, G W Henrichson 2, F. Benkley. 3, W. H. Johns 4, 5, 6, Wm. McCarty. 7, J. W. Buckow 8, Frank Hillard. 9, John Hennent Valuation was placed upon the following taxable property in La Salle county to-wit: Unimproved lands \$1.25 per acre; Mexican cattle, \$10 per head; Mex. 3 yr old steers \$12; Mex. 4 yr. steers \$14. Texas stock cattle \$12; Tex 3 year old steers \$14; Tex. 4 yr. old steers \$18; Stock horses, \$5. Saddle horses and mules \$15; Donkeys \$3; Sheep \$1; Goats .75c; Hogs \$1.25; County Advallorem 25c on 100.00 valuation; Road & Bridge purposes 15c. There is also to be levied and collected on all business occupations full amount allowed by law. All firms or persons doing a Banking business shall pay bank tax. It was ordered that an 80 ft Bridge be built across the 7-mile creek on the Ft. Ewell road. The following butcher reports were approved, to-wit: W. C. Diekens, Cotulla. A. Perriz, Encinal. E. Vasquez, Encinal. The following were appointed election officers for the following year: Precinct No. 1, T. R. Keck. 2, G. E. Tarver, 3, F. Benkley. 4, J. J. Irvin, 5, W. A. Matthews 6, J. W. McInnis. Last Wednesday night, Feb. 22 a wolf attacked the dogs on Miss Sallie Butler's ranch, about ten miles south of Cotulla. Mr. J. T. Goodwin, who now has charge of the ranch, was awakened by the noise and arose to ascertain the cause of the disturbance. He shot twice at the wolf and succeeded in driving it away but it soon returned and renewed the attack whereupon Mr. Goodwin opened the door to get better aim before again shooting at the animal; the dogs immediately took refuge in the house, closely pursued by the wolf, but ere it could reach the door Mr. Goodwin threw the muzzle of the gun within a few inches of its throat and finally killing it almost instantly. It was reported by Artie Goodwin. Last Saturday night as Jailer Johns was making his rounds preparatory to locking up for the night, one of the prisoners, Burk by name, who was being detained on charge of theft, escaped and made a desperate run for his liberty. He had secured a bar of iron and dug through the cement floor into the run-around, and while Mr. Johns was going one way on his nightly tour of inspection, the prisoner went the other and escaped through the door which had been left unlocked. The Rangers and civil officers immediately pursued and finally overtook him near Tuna, about 8 miles below here, where he had stopped to build a fire and warm himself, he having escaped in his night clothes. Before 'Old Sol' had awakened the slumberers from their couches of rest the man was again lodged in jail to await with more or less patience the verdict of the next District Court which convenes in May. Cooling and grateful in its effects, you will find Dr. Sawyer's Arnica and Witch Hazel Salve for eczema, piles, hives, burns and cuts.

G. W. Henrichson & Co. General Merchants. Cotulla Texas. KECK BROS., DEALERS IN Lumber Shingles, Doors, Sash, Blinds, Windmills, Wagons, Stoves and wire. Cotulla Texas. J. M. WILLIAMS, M. D. DEALER IN DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES and Toilet Articles. B. F. CLAUNCH. Saddler and Harness Maker. Saddle and Harness repairing neatly done, at reasonable prices. Cotulla Texas. M. J. BARLOW & CO., DEALER IN General Merchandise. The Patronage of the People is Solicited. Particular attention given to mail orders. Cotulla Texas. Simon Cotulla & Co. WHOLESALE AND RETAIL CONFECTIONERS. DEALERS IN Ice-cream, Ice-cold Drinks, Fancy Candies, Fruits, Nuts, etc. Give us a call. Cotulla Texas. LARGEST AND MOST COMPLETE BUGGY FACTORY ON EARTH. WRITE FOR PRICES AND CATALOGUE. OUR GOODS ARE THE BEST OUR PRICE THE LOWEST. PARRY MFG. CO. Indianapolis, Ind. SUCCESSFUL SHOOTERS SHOOT WINCHESTER. Rifles, Repeating Shotguns, Ammunition and Loaded Shotgun Shells. Winchester guns and ammunition, although the standard of the world, cost no more than poorer makes. Before buying send name on a postal for 152 page illustrated catalogue. It's free. Winchester Repeating Arms Co., NEW HAVEN, CONN.

HIS ONE SLIP

By George Ade

IT WAS part of Mr. Malcolm Guernsey's training of himself to learn to restrain the common emotions. Upon looking about him at the bifurcated creatures who wore cloth garments and passed for responsible members of society he perceived that most of them were childlike in their weak willingness to be governed by impulse rather than reason.

For one thing, they were brutally curious as to the small happenings and the scandal of the world, so much so that Mr. Guernsey had seen them fight for the possession of a morning newspaper. So Mr. Guernsey schooled himself to restrain the instinct of curiosity. If he were walking along a street and saw 20 people tiptoeing and craning their necks to look at some object in a show window he would have an aching desire to push through the throng and find out what the object was, but instead of doing so he would elevate his chin in the spirit of resolution and march on, his curiosity unsatisfied, it is true, but his soul made stronger, his self-respect vastly increased and his pity for the multitude made more profound.

As Mr. Guernsey learned to despise an exhibition of eager curiosity, so he came to have a contempt for boisterous merriment.

There was no piece of news which would cause Mr. Guernsey to gasp and ask for particulars. He would simply say "Indeed!" and give the agitated messenger a calming look.

The most excruciatingly funny story ever told could not move Mr. Guernsey to audible laughter. Sometimes he wanted to laugh, and it was a matter of shame with him that he enjoyed funny stories, but he confined his applause to a pensive smile. Mr. Guernsey had reason to believe that the guffaw belonged in animal history.

So also with demonstrative grief. At funerals there are some mourners who will beat the cushions with their palms. Mr. Guernsey always sat dry and immovable, even though it were the funeral of a near relative.

It follows that anyone so opposed to the ordinary procedures under the ordinary conditions would be set against the conventional futilities, apologies and explanations which gloss the ugliness of modern social life. Mr. Guernsey observed that it was the habit of your smirking salesmanlike man to give a ready-made compliment to every woman he met; so Mr. Guernsey, seeking a splendid isolation for himself, refused to deal in these compliments. Consequently, as he never flattered women and never cajoled them and never pursued them, the women thought that they hated him, but they proved that they were interested in him, for they discussed them over their tea.

It was remarked of Mr. Guernsey that he was always sparing of praise. To commend each and every human performance in hackneyed adjectives is the self-imposed task of the parlor manikin, but Mr. Guernsey rebelled at the task. When a young woman just from the conservatory had tortured a small company with something from the German all the other persons present would sigh that it was "Lovely," "Beautiful" and "Awfully sweet," but Mr. Guernsey would simply gaze at the trembling amateur with lack-luster eye and then bring up some topic entirely foreign to music—possibly he would inquire if anyone knew where he could purchase a rough-coated spaniel.

If he was chary of his praise he was also slow to condemn. Forceful criticism seemed to him to imply a condition of wrath, and yielding to wrath was virtually an admission of weakness. The elemental and primitive men whom Mr. Guernsey saw in State street were accustomed to become angry and sour if human events did not move according to their several programmes, so Mr. Guernsey knew that if he wished to be different he must control his temper.

Thus you will see that Mr. Guernsey was not a cynic. He fancied that he was a stoic, but his stoicism was only a shell. Within him were all the rational impulses and emotions. He suffered and he was happy, he aspired and he despaired, he loved and he hated, but he allowed no one to suspect. Restraint—restraint! Always the curb. He never removed the mask. He was a hypocrite even while he convinced himself that he was too strong and brave and free to imitate the usual modes of hypocrisy.

Thus when he met Miss Olivia Rayburn the hypocritical Guernsey, the disciplinarian, said that she was a material organism made up of oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, iron, phosphorus and other simple elements, and on the spiritual side had inherited the follies accumulated through 6,000 years of inferior womanhood.

The other Guernsey (the one under the shell) warmed at sight of her and confessed that she was the most angelic creature ever put at large to tantalize the male sex. But Mr. Guernsey would not have acknowledged his sub-confession—no, not to his closest friend, if he had had any close friends, which he hadn't.

So, while his heart fluttered and he felt a dizziness from the joy of her presence, the habit of restraint was so strong within him that he stood before her in icy self-possession and called her "Miss Rayburn" with no tremor in his voice, and all the time that he looked upon her he seemed to do it with such dispassion that poor Miss Rayburn lost her sense of power and discovered that here was another kind of man.

You may well imagine that she was puzzled and not a little piqued. She was accustomed to have men hover over

her and whisper complimentary things. She expected to find every man keen for a tit at flirting. She had come to believe that all men would have to turn and look at her in glaring admiration when she entered a room. It had become, also, a foregone conclusion that any man upon whom she wielded her magic charms would be transported by her beauty, by the mantling blushes, the persuasive sweetness of the rosebud mouth, the tricks of the eyes and the encouraging tones of dallying conversation, and would, therefore, either propose or have to be checked in the act of proposing.

She found that Mr. Malcolm Guernsey never turned his head to take a long look at her. He had conquered the schoolboy trait of curiosity. He could put his back to her and study a picture on the wall. At the piano he turned the leaves of the music, and she could not observe that his hand trembled. When she lifted her gaze and looked up at him through the lashes, all in melting tenderness, he answered with the studious scrutiny of one who is examining some new kind of flower or insect. What satisfaction to have captivated a hundred youthful dancing men when here was a lordly creature who resisted all her charms, and that without apparent effort? Alack! Miss Olivia Rayburn could not know that Mr. Guernsey had to make a constant struggle to hold back the words that came to his lips, and that only by sternest resolution could he smother the poetry that was aroused in his soul.

When a woman meets an indifferent man she either hates and traduces him or else she adores herself in the fullest splendor of war dress, sharpens her weapons and sets forth to bring him low.

Miss Rayburn chose the second plan. Why? Because she could not hate Mr. Guernsey. She had to admit that she loved him.

A hundred slaves had followed her and courted her. Now she had found a master—a man who neither courted nor followed, a man who would have to be won. Here was a flirtation with a new zest and an element of danger. What if she should fail after making an open battle for him? The very thought of it was terrifying, but at the same time the dreadful risk involved in the campaign made Mr. Guernsey seem all the more desirable.

It must be admitted that Miss Rayburn sacrificed a part of her maidenly reserve in her fierce assaults on Mr. Guernsey. She compelled him to sit on the stairs with her while the others were dancing. In dim corners she snuggled near him and talked to him in a confidential whisper. She forced him to waltz with her and she held him to his promise that he would call.

Need anyone doubt the result? Bear in mind that Miss Olivia Rayburn was the most beautiful and fascinating creature in all the world. Here was poor Mr. Guernsey, with as much youth, fire, romance and poesy as ever belonged to chevalier or troubadour, put to agonizing temptations such as no one but St. Anthony ever resisted.

The torrent of his aroused love carried away the barrier of restraint which he had been strengthening for years. One evening, tried beyond human endurance, he threw his right arm around Miss Olivia Rayburn, and drawing her close to him he poured out all the incoherent platitudes of love.

Miss Olivia Rayburn lay within his embrace content and triumphant. She knew that she had wrung from him a confession such as he had never made to any other girl. She had won, though all the others had failed. Mr. Guernsey, in bidding her good night, gave her a kiss which represented all the pent-up kisses of ten years.

Next morning he received a note: "My Dear Mr. Guernsey: When we parted last evening I had not given any definite answer to your very flattering proposal. Believe me, I am deeply honored to have received the offer of your heart and hand, but after due reflection I am forced to the conclusion that our tempers are not compatible—that the union would not be one of lasting happiness. Pardon me if I cause you any pain by this frank statement. I shall always esteem you as a friend. Very sincerely, OLIVIA RAYBURN."

The act of an unfeeling coquette? Certainly not. She had loved Mr. Guernsey in all fervor until he put his arm around her and made the fatal declaration. At that moment, as she afterward discovered, he revealed himself and she saw that he was the same as all the others—the conventional pleader. If he had resisted her charms, who knows? She might have allowed her heart to be eaten out through fascinating love of him.

Mr. Guernsey read her note by the morning light of cold philosophy. Over night he had found time to repair the wreck. He was again fortified within the habit of restraint.

"This is the happiest moment of my life," he said. "The young woman's action proves what I have always maintained, that a man must not give way to a rational impulse or allow his emotional nature to govern his conduct."

Consequently he never put his arm around another woman. —Chicago Daily Record.

UNSATISFIED.

He looks at me with wistful eyes,
And moans far words that will not come;
He lays his head upon my knee,
And sighs, poor dog, for he is dumb.

Dear fellow do you envy us
These mocking tongues? Our hearts are dumb.
They quiver with pent-up desire,
And moan for speech that will not come.

These idle words that lightly flow
And seem with careless ease to teach
The secret of the inmost soul
To all who hear—this is not speech.

'Tis but the spray that sudden starts
Up from the sea when fierce windblow,
And fills the air with pungent mist,
But never stirs the depths below.

Fate flouts us all. To you, poor dog,
To you the gift of speech was blis;
Yet those who hold it at their best
The joy of perfect utterance miss.—
Mary M. Parks, in *Jennetts Miller Monthly*.

The Little Curate

THE curate and Miss Edmiston were walking down the main street of the village engaged in conversation, which being that of a recently affianced pair, need not here be repeated.

Miss Edmiston carried herself with an air of pretty dignity, made nonchalant by the fact that she was fully two inches taller than her lover, Rev. John St. John. He was a very little man, dark-haired and pale-complexioned, and was much troubled in his daily work with a certain unquerable shyness. That he should have won the heart of handsome Miss Edmiston was a matter for surprise and discussion among the residents in Bixbourne.

"Such a very interesting young man," said the maiden ladies over their afternoon tea.

"So ridiculously retiring! How did he ever come to propose?" remarked the mothers whose daughters assisted in given women an overwhelming and not altogether united majority in Bixbourne society.

The men, on the other hand, voted St. John a good sort; and his parishioners, in their rough ways, owned to his many qualities.

"You're a dear little girl, Nancy," the curate was stammering, looking at his beloved, when they were both stopped short on the narrow pavement. A burly workman was engaged in chis-



THE CURATE CAREFULLY PLANTED THE BLOW.

Using a small boy with a weapon in the shape of a stout leather belt, the child screamed, and the father, presumably, cursed.

"Stop!" cried the curate. The angry man merely scowled and raised the strap for another blow. John laid a detaining hand on the fellow's arm, the temerity of which caused the latter such surprise that he loosened his grip for a moment, and the youngster fled howling up the alley.

"What the"—spluttered the bully, dancing round the curate, who seemed to shrink nearer his sweetheart.

"Let us go, dear," he said. He had grown white and was trembling.

At this juncture two of the women's croakies appeared at the door, the alehouse opposite, and, seeing the matters stood, crossed the road, with rough hands and soothing curate conducted their furious friend from the scene.

"Horrible!" sighed the curate, as the lovers continued their walk.

Miss Edmiston's head was held a trifle higher. "If I were a man," she said, "I would have thrashed him—I would, indeed!"

"You think I should have punished him, then?" said the curate, mildly; "he was a much larger man than I, you know."

Nancy was silent. She was vaguely but sorely disappointed in her lover. He was not exactly the hero she had dreamed of. How white and shaky he had turned!

"You surely did not expect me to take part in a street row, Nancy?" he said, presently, somehow suspecting her thoughts. He knew her romantic ideas. But she made no reply.

"So you think I acted in a cowardly fashion?" he questioned, after a chill pause.

"I don't think your cloth is any excuse, anyhow," she blurted out, suddenly and cruelly; the next instant she was filled with shame and regret. Before she could speak again, however, the curate had lifted his hat and was crossing the street. An icy "Good-by" was all he had vouchsafed her.

Mr. St. John was returning from paying a visit of condolence some distance out of the village, and he had taken the short cut across the moor. It was a clear summer afternoon, a week since his parting with Nancy. A parting in earnest it had been, for the days had gone by without meeting or communication between them. The curate was a sad young man, though the anger in his heart still burned fiercely. To have been called a coward by the woman he

loved was a thing not lightly to be forgotten. His recent visit, too, had been particularly trying. In his soul he felt that his words of comfort had been untrue; that, for all he had striven, he had failed in his mission to the bereaved mother. So he trudged across the moor with slow step and bent head, giving no heed to the summer beauties around him.

He was about half way home when his somber meditations were suddenly interrupted. A man rose from the heather, where he had been lying, and stood in the path, barring the curate's progress.

"Now, Mister Parson," he said, with menace in his thick voice and bloated face.

"Good afternoon, my man," returned St. John, recognizing the brute of a week ago, and turning as red as a turkey-cock.

"I'll 'good afternoon' ye, Mister Parson! No! Ye don't pass till I'm done with ye," cried the man, who had been drinking heavily, though he was too seasoned to show any unsteadiness in gait.

The curate drew back. "What do you want?" he asked. He was painfully white now.

"What do I want?" repeated the bully, following up the question with a volley of oaths that made the little man shudder. "I'll tell ye what I want. I want yer apology"—he fumbled with the words—"apology for interfering 'twixt a father an' his kid. But I licked him more'n ever for yer blasted interfering."

"You infernal coward!" exclaimed St. John.

His opponent gasped. "Let me pass," said the curate.

"No, ye don't!" cried the other, recovering from his astonishment at hearing a strong word from a parson.

St. John gazed hurriedly about him. The path wound across the moor, through the green and purple of the heather, cutting a low edge here and there and losing itself at last in the haze. They were alone.

The bully grinned. "I've got ye now!"

"You have, indeed," said St. John, peeling off his black coat and throwing it on the heather. His soft felt hat followed. Then he slipped the links from his cuffs and rolled up his shirt sleeves, while his enemy gaped at the proceeding.

"Now I'm ready," said the curate, evenly.

"Are ye goin' to fight?" burst out the other, looking at him as Goliath might have looked at David. "Come on—"

But the sentence never passed his lips, being stopped by a carefully-planted blow from a small but singularly hard fist. The little curate was filled with a wild, unholty joy. He had not felt like this since his college days. He thanked Providence for his friends the Indian clubs and dumbbells, which had kept him in trim these past three years. The blood sang in his veins as he circled round Goliath, guarding the Ripans' brutal smashes and getting in a stroke when occasion offered. It was not long ere the big man found himself hopelessly outmatched; his woad was gone, his jaw was swollen and one eye was useless. He made a final effort and slung out a terrific blow at David. Partly parried, it caught him on the shoulder, felling him to the earth. Now, surely, the victory was with the Philistine. But no. The fallen man recoiled to his feet like a young sapling, and the next that Goliath knew was, ten minutes later, when he opened his available eye and found that his enemy was bending over him, wiping the stains from his face with a fine linen handkerchief.

"Feel better?" said the curate.

"Well, I'm—"

"Hush, man; it is not worth swearing a bout," interposed his nurse. "Now get up."

He held out his hand and assisted the wreck to his feet.

"You'd better call at the chemist's and get patched up. Here's money."

The vanquished one took the silver and gazed stupidly at the giver, who was making his toilet.

"Please go away, and don't thrash your boy any more," said St. John, peremptorily.

Goliath made a few steps, then retraced them, holding out a grimy paw. "Mister Parson, I'm—I'm—"

"Don't say another word. Good-by; and the curate shook hands with him.

The big man turned away. Presently he halted once more. "I'm—I'm—" he said. It had to come. Then he shuffled homeward.

St. John adjusted his collar, gave his shoulder a rub and donned his coat and hat. As he started towards the village a girl came swiftly to meet him.

"Oh, John, John, you are splendid!" she gasped, as she reached him. "I watched you from the hedge yonder."

"I am exceedingly sorry, Miss Edmiston," said the curate, coldly, raising his hat and making to pass on.

Nancy started as though he had struck her; her flush of enthusiasm paled out. In her excitement she had forgotten that event of a week ago, but the cutting tone of his voice reminded her. She bowed her head and he went on his way. He had gone about 50 yards when she called his name. Her voice reached him, but something in it told that he had not suffered alone.

He turned about and hastened to her. —Chambers' Journal.

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A correspondent thus tells how a man addicted to the spitting habit was cured: "The captain of an Atlantic steamship was at a loss how to induce a passenger to desist from the filthy habit of spitting on deck. Among the passengers was a gentleman well known in Toronto 40 years ago, who undertook to stop him if a quarter-master were placed at his disposal. The captain closed with the offer and the man was directed to fetch a bucket of water and mop, and to follow the offender up and down the deck. The result was completely satisfactory."—London Spectator.

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A. T. DEWITT.

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