

The Cotulla Record.

VOL. 1. NO. 43.

COTULLA, TEXAS, SATURDAY, DEC. 17, 1898.

\$1. IN ADVANCE.

DIRECTORY.

OFFICIAL.

Governor Joseph D. Sayers.
Congressman Rudolph Kleberg.
State Senator A. B. Davidson.
Representative J. N. Garner.
District Judge M. F. Lowe.
District Attorney C. A. Davis.
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.
Surveyor J. M. Daniel.
Treasurer L. A. Kerr.
Hill & Animal Inspector V. G. Maltzberger.
Commissioner precinct No. 1 Geo. Copp.
" " " 2 S. J. Jordan.
" " " 3 W. A. Keck.
" " " 4 W. McKey.
Justice precinct No. 1 J. A. Smith.
" " " 2 None.
" " " 3 W. S. Cobb.
" " " 4 J. H. Shull.
" " " 5 J. A. 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 9:45 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 preceding each 1st Sunday at 7:30 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday, 10 a. m. Every body cordially invited.

SOCIETIES.

Knights of Honor.—Cotulla Lodge, No. 2106. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday nights in each month, in their hall, over Keck Bros. Geo. H. Knaggs, Dictator. G. Philippe, 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. Philippe, Clerk.

Coryell House.

Two Blocks from Alamo Plaza.
Rates \$1.00 per day.
Prompt and Polite Service to all Patrons.
Special Rates by the Week Furnished on Application to
EBFUQUA, Prop.,
140 North Street,
San Antonio, Texas.

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.

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

T. Y. Sullivan,

Tonsorial Artist.
You will get the best attention at my shop.
Shop on Front St., Cotulla, Tex.

George Krichbaum.

First-class Shoemaker.
Repairs all kinds of shoes and boots at reasonable prices. Give him a trial.
Shop first door west of Post-office.
Cotulla, - Texas.

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.

LOCAL & PERSONAL.

Overcoats at Barlow's.
R. E. Chew left Sunday morning for San Antonio.

R. A. Gilmer returned to Encinal Thursday.

Fire Works of all descriptions at J. M. Williams.

Foy Barclay has been confined to his bed with fever this week.

If you want cookstoves go to Keck Bros..

A grand ball is on tapis for Friday night at the Henrichson Hall.

Just received a full line of fancy candies at J. M. Williams.

T. D. Morgan went down to Laredo Thursday and returned Saturday.

Have you seen that fine new buggy of Keck Bros? It's a dandy.

Christmas Goods of all descriptions at G. W. Henrichson & Co's

Inspector V. G. Maltzberger went up to San Antonio first of the week.

Work is being done on the Methodist Parsonage this week. Mr. C. B. Burwell is doing the work.

Only a few days till Christmas! Come and select your gifts early. J. M. Williams.

R. J. Yowell left Sunday morning for Moore, where he will remain until about Feb. 1st.

For fancy candy and fruits, go to Simon Cotulla's.

While out hunting last week Mr. R. E. Chew accidentally let a log of wood drop on his right foot, mashing it very badly.

Prof. J. D. Dickson, Principal of the Buckow School, came up Saturday and attended the Teachers Institute that morning.

Make the Little One happy; Buy them a Christmas Present from J. M. Williams.

M. J. Barlow & Co have employed Miss Maggie Gilmer as book-keeper in their banking and dry goods house.

Miss Lucile Fraim, the efficient teacher of the Twohig school was in attendance at the Teachers Institute here Friday and Saturday.

Mr. Geo. Levell, who is spending the winter at his brother's ranch in Dimmit county was shaking hands with his many friends here first of the week.

When you want anything in the Saddle and Harness line or repairing of same, while in the city, call on Claunch the Saddler, he will treat you right.

Brandon Bowen, an old time Cotulla boy, came up from Laredo first of the week and spent a day or two here. He left Thursday for his home in Refugio.

Dr. Sawyer's Ukatine never has, and we do not see how it can fail to cure kidney disorders. It gives nature the aid needed, and nature this added, never fails.
J. M. Williams

Rev. J. E. Harrison, President of the San Antonio Female College will preach at the Methodist church next Sunday morning and at night. He is an able man and everybody should come out to hear him.

Nothing funny in being sick all the while, troubled with constipation, dyspepsia or liver complaints, when you can so easily be cured by taking Dr. Sawyer's Little Wide awake pills.
J. M. Williams.

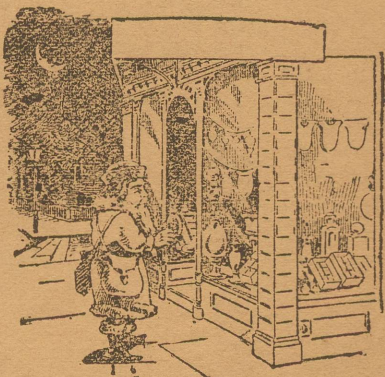
Fruits of all kinds at Simon Cotulla's.

For prices of ECLIPSE WIND MILLS call on Keck Bros.

Apples, Oranges and Bananas at Simon cotulla & co's.

Dr. Sawyer's Wild Cherry and Tar does not disagree with the stomach, but is the safest and most effective of any cough medicine known. J. M. Williams.

The Millett School will entertain its friends and patrons with a short programme, Friday evening, December 23rd, beginning at 7:30 P. M. All patrons and well wishers of the school are cordially invited to attend



Now ready for your inspection the largest assortment of articles suitable for Christmas Presents, ever shown in Cotulla. There's something here to suit every taste, and at prices to fit every purse. Come and see for yourself. J. M. Williams.

Rev. B. Harris, Presiding Elder of this District came down from San Antonio Saturday, held a quarterly conference and preached two excellent sermons at the Methodist church Sunday and Sunday night. He returned home Monday.

Ladies fall dress goods, wool cashmeres, worsteds, black and colored velveteens, ribbons, dress buttons, and ladies and childrens shoes will be sold out below cost, as we intend to discontinue said lines. Kerr & Wildenthal.

Go to Simon Cotulla & Co., for any old sweet thing.

Without doubt, there is no disease so common as the piles, none more painful or annoying, or that has been so unsuccessfully treated. The only permanent cure for piles either itching or bleeding, yet discovered, is Dr. Sawyer's Arnica and Witch Hazel Salve. J. M. Williams.

The usual Holiday Excursion rate of one fare for the round trip will be in effect to all points in the Southeast, tickets on sale December 20th and 21st, limited 30 days. Popular low rate Holiday Excursion Tickets will also be on sale to Monterey, Saltillo and Mexico City. D. J. Price, G. P. & T. A., Palestine, Texas.

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.

On account of the Delinquent Tax List of McMullen County, which we publish this week, and of sickness in the RECORD "family" we are thrown a few days late with this issue of the paper, but trust our readers will appreciate the difficulties under which we labored and bear with us in this instance. The old adage "Misfortunes never come singly" has been proven in this case—work and sickness.

Keck Bros. sell the old reliable Studebaker wagon.

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

Seedless Raisins, 2 lb packages for 35 cents, at Simon Cotulla's.

The Teachers Institute, the first of its kind in La Salle county, met as per agreement last Friday night and Saturday morning, regardless of the disagreeable weather, which prevented several of the teachers from attending. The program, as published, was rendered with but few changes and a large attendance appeared to take a deep interest in the proceedings. Saturday morning a permanent organization was effected with Judge S. T. Dowe, Pres., Simon Cotulla, Vice Pres., and Miss Daisie Carr, Sec. The next regular meeting will convene the first Friday and Saturday in February.

SCHOOL NEWS.

School is progressing nicely this week, though there are not as many here as could be.

I don't suppose 'A Skeptic' feels very badly disappointed since, he or she found that it was Miss Eva Stevens, one of our school girls that was being criticised and not Prof. Owen, our teacher.

Prof. Owen suggested that we order new dictionaries. I think this was a good suggestion, for the vocabularies are very small and it is necessary that they be enlarged.

Some more people came to tea, and Broughton found himself sitting in rather a far-off corner of the big drawing-room with Maude. He thought that she looked a perfect little lady, from the coils of her pretty hair (the one beauty of her enemies allowed her) to the point of her tiny shoe; and, more than that, the thought came to him that she was a good woman, and every man, I believe, however bad he may be, deep down in his heart hopes that the woman he loves may be that.

Presently Broughton bent towards her and in a low voice addressed her as "Maude"; he had never called her so before, and she thought it a little forward of him. Then she understood that Capt. Broughton—Jim Broughton, as he was called by everybody—was asking her to marry him!

But she had never dreamt of marriage with him! Thought chased thought through her brain. Had she encouraged the poor fellow? How nice it was of him! Would it hurt him much to be refused?

In the pleasant twilight Broughton got his answer. "Why did you ask me that, Capt. Broughton?" He heard in her voice a new note, a note of pity or pain. "I cannot do what you ask me. Never, I'm afraid. I am so sorry."
"Never mind," said poor Jim Broughton. One night she, with her father and mother, dined at the Murdocks'. It was a large party. As they stood and sat about previous to dinner being announced Mrs. Brierley glanced with justifiable pride at Maude; she, in pearl-gray, looked, in the subdued light of the standard lamps, a charming picture of graceful refinement. Maude was talking to a commonplace old lady about the ravages of the influenza. There were two young fellows in pink near her; suddenly she heard one of them make a remark which seemed to stun her and stop the beating of her heart.

"Poor Jim Broughton got a bad fall."
"So I hear; horse came right on top of him, I believe."
"Yes; served him right, you know; he had no business to ride at such a place."
Maude found herself praying that she might faint or make a scene, for this news hurt her terribly. After he had got his answer that wintry afternoon he had systematically kept away from her; she never met him now at people's houses, and she never thought she would have missed him so. And now, perhaps, he was going to die.

"Is Capt. Broughton badly hurt?" she asked the young man at her side, in a voice she tried to keep steady.
There was a little catch in her voice, which for the life of her she could not help. The young fellow glanced quickly at her.

"I don't know, Miss Brierley; he may have only wrenched some sinews—you can never tell. He simply went at a place, as hard as he could, where there was absolutely no foothold for a horse; he has been going like a madman the last few weeks. I can't think what has come to him."
Maude talked hard and fast about the Meredith's dance—talked the subject to death. Discussed floors, and how to make them slippery; she complained that the music had been too far away, and then said she liked it far away; said Mrs. Meredith was the best hostess in the world, and then found herself agreeing heartily with her neighbor when he said she never introduced a soul; in fact, her conversation was so odd that the young man in pink told the other young man in pink that he thought she was rather "dotty."

Next morning her father went in to inquire for Broughton. He was not going to die. His collar had been broken, and he was

WERE SOCIETY PALS.

They were "Society Pals," if my readers will tolerate such a slangy description of them.

He, Jim Broughton, was an officer in a battery of artillery stationed at Braybridge. Men of social standing with time enough on their hands to participate in social events were few in Braybridge and Capt. Broughton was in great demand by the ladies. But Capt. Broughton was not socially inclined when it came to matters of afternoon teas and such like. He usually went, to be sure, but it was as a matter of duty more than pleasure.

She, Maude Brierley, was the daughter of the vicar of St. Botolph's, a village three miles from Braybridge.

They had only known each other for a few months, and, without being actually in love, were conscious of a feeling of satisfaction when each caught sight of the other in a drawing-room, in a ballroom or at a meet of the hounds.

"She's here, anyhow, so it won't be so deadly," was more than once the unspoken observation of Jim Broughton, as he found himself, perhaps one of three men, handling tea and coffee at a five-o'clock "crumpet worry," where females most do congregate.

Maude also had more than once said to her sister as she drove into Braybridge for some entertainment or other:

"I hope Capt. Broughton will be there; all these sort of things seem to go off better when he is there."

But she would have utterly laughed to scorn the idea that she was in love with him.

But the man took a different view of the friendship. He began to feel so insufferably bored at any gathering from which Maude was absent, and she always appeared to him to be so genuinely glad when she met him, that he quite made up his mind that he had only to put the important, if rather trite and ancient question, to find himself the accepted lover of the nicest girl in the neighborhood. Yet Jim Broughton was not a conceited man—in fact, the reverse—but he had, like many men, been always trained up in the belief that every girl, more especially every girl belonging to a large family, was bent on getting a husband; as to what the husband might be like, was, he believed, a matter of secondary importance to the girl. Hence the mistake he made and his consequent discomfiture.

He found himself one afternoon, whilst hunting, within a mile of St. Botolph's; there was no scent, and it had come on to snow, so, under the circumstances, perhaps he may be forgiven for turning his horse's head away from hounds at three in the afternoon, particularly when he could see through the leafless branches, creaking in the snowstorm, the horse which held the girl he was beginning to feel he could not do without.

Some more people came to tea, and Broughton found himself sitting in rather a far-off corner of the big drawing-room with Maude. He thought that she looked a perfect little lady, from the coils of her pretty hair (the one beauty of her enemies allowed her) to the point of her tiny shoe; and, more than that, the thought came to him that she was a good woman, and every man, I believe, however bad he may be, deep down in his heart hopes that the woman he loves may be that.

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By that evening's post the poor fellow, who had been eating his brave heart out in silence for so many weeks past, received a little note which put him in a state of foolish delight.

"As soon as the doctor allows you," it ran, "you must risk two of us to tea with you; I think perhaps I should recommend Lucy as being the most restful, but I'm going to be one of them!"—Windsor Magazine.

THE SURE LA GRIPPE CURE

There is no use suffering from this dreadful malady, if you will only get the right remedy. You are having pain all through your body, your liver is out of order, have no appetite, no life or ambition, have a bad cold, in fact are completely used up. Electric Bit is the only remedy that will give you prompt and sure relief. They act directly on your Liver, Stomach and Kidneys, tone up the whole system and make you feel like a new being. They are guaranteed to cure or price refunded. For sale by all Druggists.



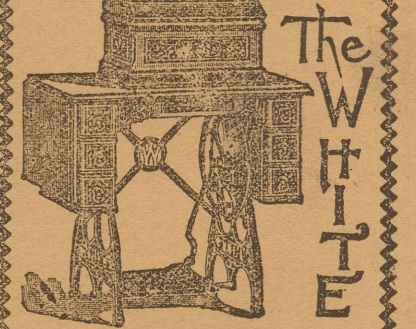
USE A MARLIN REPEATER AND SAVE MORE THAN HALF ON THE COST OF CARTRIDGES
32-calibre cartridges for a Marlin. Model 1892, cost only \$5.00 a thousand. 32-calibre cartridges for any other repeater make, cost \$12.00 a thousand.
You can save the entire cost of your Marlin on the first two thousand cartridges. Why? (as is fully explained in the Marlin Hand Book for shooters. It also tells how to care for firearms and how to use them. How to load cartridges with the different kinds of black and smokeless powders. It gives trajectories, velocities, penetrations and 100 other points of interest to sportsmen. 138 pages. Free, if you will send stamps for postage to
THE MARLIN FIREARMS CO., New Haven, Ct.
Send 15c. for sample tube of Marlin Best-Repeller.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

Thankful words written by Mrs Ada E. Hart, of Groton, S. D. "Was taken with a bad cold which settled on my lungs; cough set in and finally terminated in Consumption. Four Doctors gave me up, saying I could live but a short time, I gave myself up to my Savior, determined if I could not stay with my friends on earth, I would meet my absent ones above. My husband was advised to get Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds. I gave it a trial, took in all eight bottles. It has cured me and thank God I am saved and now a well and healthy woman." Trial bottles free at all druggists. Regular size 50cts and \$1.00. Guaranteed or price refunded.

Don't Sacrifice

Future comfort for present seeming economy, but buy the sewing machine with an established reputation, that guarantees you long and satisfactory service. * * * * *



ITS PINCH TENSION AND TENSION INDICATOR. (devices for regulating and showing the exact tension) are a few of the features that emphasize the high grade character of the White. Send for our elegant H. T. catalog. WHITE SEWING MACHINE CO., CLEVELAND, O.

MEZAKIAH.

LIST OF ALL LANDS, LOTS, OR PARTS OF LOTS,
Returned Delinquent or Reported Sold to the State of Texas, since the 1st day of
January, 1885, Situated in McMullen County.

(Continued From Second Page.)

Year returned delinquent or reported sold.	DESCRIPTION AS GIVEN IN THE ACCT. OF TITLED, PATD. AND LOCATED LANDS.										Survey No.	No. of Acres Sold or Delinquent	Total State and County Taxes	Total Interest	Costs	Grand Total.
	OWNER	Abstract No.	ORIGINAL GRANTEE.	Certificate No.	PATENTEE	Quantity	Class	PATENT								
Reported Sold	Returned Delinquent						Date	No.	Vol.							
1891	Unknown	346	J V Massey	3	Wm Daugherty	640	Scrip	10-19-75	377	2	5	217	287	99		
1892												203	62			
1893												185	46			
1894												185	35			
1895												224	31			
1896												179	12	2.75	37.55	
1897	Unknown	403	Patrick Quinn	355	Patrick Quinn	640	Bnty	12-17-47	284	4	129	320	325	257		
1884												405	297			
1885												378	254			
1886												378	231	2.75	28.00	
1887												2	17	2.75	3.02	
1886	J Abmendarez	424	D M Stapp	2	D M Stapp	640	First	11-12-49	18	10	2	4	547	331	2.75	11.53
1887	John Morgan	424										339	207	2.75	8.21	
1887	Winslow & F											40	28	2.75	3.43	
1887	E Averanks															
1886	Unknown	432	Robt. Stewart	9461	C Johnson	640	Bnty	2-4-48	197	3	12	640	756	509		
1887												756	464			
1888												400	221			
1889												540	266			
1890												540	214			
1891												120	134	50		
1892												135	42			
1893												102	25			
1894												103	19			
1895												128	17			
1896												160	130	09	2.75	53.35
1897	Unknown	500	A. B. & M.	1-28	Norman G Collins	640	Scrip	1-19-78	400	29	23	640	650	515		
1884												648	461			
1885												540	363			
1886												540	331			
1887												400	221			
1888												540	266			
1889												540	234			
1890												640	239			
1891												648	203			
1892												540	135			
1893												540	104			
1894												6	91			
1895												520	37	2.75	109.0	
1896	Unknown	501	Morris & Cumings	1-7	Norman G Collins	640	Scrip	1-19-78	401	29	11	640	540	331		
1887												400	221			
1888												540	266			
1889												540	234			
1890												640	239			
1891												648	203			
1892												540	135			
1893												540	104			
1894												6	91			
1895												520	37	2.75	77.24	
1896	Unknown	502	A. B. & M.	1-27	Norman G Collins	640	Scrip	1-19-78	402	29	21	640	650	515		
1884												648	461			
1885												540	363			
1886												540	331			
1887												400	221			
1888												540	266			
1889												540	234			
1890												640	239			
1891												648	203			
1892												540	135			
1893												540	104			
1894												6	91			
1895												520	37	2.75	109.0	
1896	Unknown	503	A. B. & M.	1-26	Norman G Collins	640	Scrip	1-19-78	403	29	19	640	650	515		
1884												648	461			
1885												540	363			
1886												540	331			
1887												400	221			
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Table with columns: Year returned or delinquent sold, Reported Sold, Returned Delinquent, OWNER, Abstract No., ORIGINAL GRANTEE, Certificate No., PATENTEE, Quantity, Class, PATENT (Date, No., Vol.), Survey No., No. of Acres Sold or Delinquent, Total State and County Taxes, Total Interest, Costs, Grand Total.

Interest on the preceding taxes, computed to Apr. 1 1898

The State of Texas, I, Wm. Kuykendall, County Judge in and for McMullen County Texas, do hereby certify that the foregoing pages...

WM. KUYKENDALL, County Judge McMullen County, Texas.

The State of Texas, I, G. B. Dilworth, Clerk of the County Court in and for McMullen County, Texas, do hereby certify that the foregoing...

G. B. DILWORTH, Clerk County Court McMullen Co.

Report Of Lands and Town Lots Assessed on the Tax Rolls of McMullen County, Texas, for the Year 1897, which are delinquent for Taxes of 1897, returned by J. W Lowe, Tax-collector.

Reported under the provisions of Section 10, Chapter 103, Laws of 1897.

Table with columns: NAME OF OWNER, LAND (Abst. No., Cert. No., Sur. No., ORIGINAL GRANTEE, No. Acres Delinq.), CITY OR TOWN LOTS, TOTAL TAXES.

State of Texas, county of McMullen, I, G. B. Dilworth, Clerk of the County Court of McMullen County Texas, do hereby certify that the above List of Lands and Lots is a true and correct copy of all lands and lots...

Fire Works!! Fire Works!! Anything - and everything that will make a noise at Simon Cottulla's.

FORTUNE'S FAVORITE

Thornton believed in his luck. "Why should not a man bank upon being lucky as on being unlucky?" he said.

He was employed by a mercantile house at \$12 a week. The desire of his heart was to make a journey to Europe for four or five months at an expense of say, \$1,200.

He learned that Montreal had a number of gift enterprises of the lottery type. You were offered a prize of a picture worth, it might be, \$200.

"Gamble any?" I asked, knowing his predilection. "Have any luck?" "I had one adventure," he replied, and, taking me into a quiet place where we could talk, he told me this story:

"I was in Venice, sitting on a round, rather unstable stone at an angle of a canal, smoking an American cigar to conceal the spite, close smell of the contiguous waterways, when a man, anywhere from less than 20 to 30, decently well dressed and carrying himself with the peculiar jaunty air of an Italian of the middle class, approached me, and, removing his hat politely, said, in sufficiently good French:

"Mr. Thornton?" "The same," was my reply. "Could I ask you, as a favor, the price of a ticket to Interlaken?"

"Why do you wish to go to Interlaken?" "To see my sick brother."

"What is the damage—the cost of making this transit?" "I can do it on 15 francs, perhaps a little less by economy. Three dollars is not much for a mild Americano."

"Well," I said, "if you will tell me honestly why you struck me for this bit I will let you have it. It's merely a matter of curiosity. I was not aware that I showed so plainly how I can be separated from the crowd and touched for a loss."

"I will tell you. It is easy for me—oh, so easy—but not for everyone. Some people are born lucky, just as others are born humpbacked or dull. You were born lucky, if you should buy a lottery ticket now, you would win. See that stone. Another man sitting where you are would have fallen into the canal. It is a treacherous seat. There have been men, two—no, three—this week who have slipped off. Not drowned, but got wet and fowl—uff! quite worse."

"Here's your money. If you should decide to postpone your journey for a week I would like you to call on me. Here is my address. It may be your brother will find me."

"My acquaintance smiled, bowed, waved his hat and withdrew. "I had been struck with a word he had uttered—Lottery. In Italy the lottery is a prep of the government. It is the refuge of every decrepit and decaying state the world over. But somebody wins. I was ashamed to appear openly in this business, but if I could employ my chance acquaintance as a negotiator, a go-between, I was not unwilling to risk a few dollars on fortune. My traveling expenses had been less than I expected. I could afford a little excitement. I shouldn't feel as if I had got the full worth of my journeying if I did not see this elephant in his native haunts."

"My friend of the causeway turned up promptly the next day. "To serve a gentleman, an American, I would sacrifice even more than the pleasure of seeing my sick brother. I would even sacrifice myself, my happiness, my time."

"I told him what I desired and asked his assistance. He would know the proper place to apply for tickets and all the ropes of the game. He listened eagerly to my confidences, and said at once that devotion to my interests was the absorbing passion of his soul."

"Now for the numbers. Has the senior a lady friend, a dear lady friend, whose age, he knows, the month, day of her birth, is near?"

"I thought of one aged 23, whose birthday would occur the 25th of the present month. I mentioned these. "And to-day it is the 25th. We will buy the ticket with the numbers 22, 25, 20. We will be sure to win."

"I expressed no assurance, but told him to follow his judgment, and with the money he went forth to fame and fortune or the reverse."

"The drawings took place weekly, on Saturday. On Sunday he presented himself and handed me a roll of bills, 800 francs."

"I was astounded. "That is good," I said, and I divided the package, offering him half. "To my surprise he refused to take any. "We will wait; we will try again. We will do better next time. We will plunge, we will hedge and make a scoop. Now what have you dreamed? Of what color? Something not natural?"

"I dreamed last night I was in a snow-storm on a mountain. "Yes; violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red, black, white. Snow is white. We will take nine for one. See anything to-day?"

"The white flag of Austria in the morning sun on a vessel in the harbor. "Ahi diavolo! Schri!" His face contracted in an expression of most terrible rage. Then it cleared. "No matter; white again, nine. And later?"

"There! Yonder flashed a light from the weapon a centry is carrying. "White again. Nine, nine, nine. We will use it. Do not be surprised if you do not see me for a week. I will bring you what you win!"

"He tore himself away, and I saw him no more as the week went by. In fact, I never saw him again. The next Sunday a commissionaire brought me a package and a letter. The package contained a thousand francs; the letter contained these words in Italian:

"Adieu! I am rich. I have won a fortune with your lucky numbers. I give you ten per cent. of what was won."

"The name signed was unknown to me at the time, but now it—Lucchiani—has a world-wide notoriety as that of the person who assassinated the Austrian emperor."

"Well!" I said, somewhat startled by this conclusion. "The question seems to be, where did my luck come in—in winning so much money or in escaping so well from the contaminating influence of my associate? That is something for you to ponder on."—Chicago Tribune.