

The Cotulla Record.

VOL. 1. NO. 12.

COTULLA, TEXAS, SATURDAY, MAY 14, 1893.

TURDAY, MAY 14, 1893.

\$1. IN ADVANCE.

BANANA RAISING.

The Lands of the Banana Are Not One but Many.

The lands of the banana are not one but many. Before Revolutionary times Cuba shipped many hundred thousand of bunches a year to northern markets and will yet do so again; and Jamaica has in the three parishes of Portland, St. Mary and St. Thomas fifteen hundred acres under banana cultivation. But the land of the banana is par excellence Costa Rica. From Costa Rica come the best and largest bananas that are sold in the New York and New Orleans markets, the bunches weighing from twenty-five to one hundred pounds each. In 1890 about two million bunches were shipped from Port Limon, and the number for 1897 must have reached three million.

The most famous banana district in Costa Rica is that of Matina. Once or twice a year the Matina River overflows its banks, bringing down with it a vast amount of silt, which it distributes over the low-lying lands to the depth of several inches. This silt is a fertilizer of the richest kind. It does more than manure the land; it drowns out all the taltucers—gopher-like animals which are the worst of all pests to the banana-grower. In this district, banana trees often reach a height of thirty-five feet, a height rarely attained by this species elsewhere. The banana

person in his own estimation. He generally wears a big silver watch-chain, a revolver and a machete—a combination whose air of mingled wealth and "business" he deems of great assistance in the fulfillment of his duty. That is to get all the work he can out of the men. Last in the scale come the laborers. Most of these are Jamaica negroes, the native peon of Costa Rica being unable to endure so well as they the hot, humid climate of the low-lands. They do all the work and, naturally, receive the least pay.

To the owner, the shipment of his fruit is of course the most interesting part of the work. When he receives a notice to cut bananas he is allowed two days' time to collect the fruit and carry it out to the railroad, where it is piled up on platforms to await the arrival of the banana trains. These are composed of box-cars with wide openings between the rails to afford free circulation of the air. On each train is a receiver who counts the fruit and writes a receipt for the amount he takes in from the different farms. Some times there are as many as four trains out at once picking up bananas to be carried to Port Limon for the landing of a single New York boat. For this fruit the grower receives only thirty cents gold for a large bunch and fifteen cents for smaller ones. Yet even at this price the business is a paying one. The natural difficulties are few, labor is cheap, and the results are larger every year. Given the

islands in the Pacific. A useful and nutritious flour is extensively made by grinding the unripe fruit after it has been dried in the sun.

Analysis shows that this banana flour contains a very large quantity of starch, an average of more than seventy-one per cent, having been found. This element, which is so prominent in the immature fruit, changed into sugar as the fruit ripens and gives the banana its sweetish taste.—The Cosmopolitan.

Advice to Young Men.

Don't mistake notoriety for fame.

Don't do work unworthy of you if you can avoid it.

Be loyal to death to those who have befriended you.

When you assert the needy, don't do it ostentatiously.

Silence is the best weapon to use against a vulgar and spiteful tongue.

Don't indulge in the luxury of strong opinions in the presence of your elders and betters.

If you haven't the moral courage to laugh at sneerers, then you are another of nature's mistakes.

Don't talk about what you are "going" to do—then, you will be able to accomplish it, no matter how hard it is.

Never let a day pass without thinking seriously, if only for a minute, of death. It will be more than half its terror

A Real Lady.

It was only a slight incident, but it served to bring out the difference between the real lady and the one who only seemed to be

an, passing along a sidewalk in one of our large cities, he was bewildered by the confusion, so that he did not know whether or not he was on the right street. A few moments of him was a young lady in dainty clothes and her appearance seemed to be that of a lady. The old man, however, told me that this is

skirts aside and went along, without a word, leaving the man in a bewildered state. He saw another man of the same age coming towards him. With some timidly and hesitation he repeated the question. It was met with a friendly smile, while the answer came pleasantly. "Yes, this is the Salle street that you are on."

"Is Adams street?"

"Yes, it is."

"Thank you, sir."

"Good-bye, sir."

"Good-bye, sir."

"Good-bye, sir."

above the sea-level. Here in Costa Rica the land is so rich that manures are never used, and after a farm has been in bearing for fifteen years, a few plowings will make it yield again like virgin soil. In most cases the banana farms are not plowed, the grass and weeds being cut by the machete. But when the plow is used the expense of keeping the ground clear is reduced one-half.

The preparation of a banana farm is an interesting sight. The land and its vegetation have a tropic splendor that is fascinating to a northern eye, and the men engaged in the work present an entertaining variety of human nature.

When a piece of forest land is to be planted in bananas, a gang of laborers is first set to clearing away the underbrush—no easy task in such a clime. Then with a long rope are measured off rows six yards apart to be planted with "bits"—cuttings from the banana root. At every six yards in the length of rope is tied a piece of red tape, and at every piece of tape a stake is driven into the ground to mark the holes to be dug for the "bits." The "bits" once planted, the men are put to work with axes to cut down the trees.

In six months' time the banana rows must be cleaned; in ten months all the weeds have to be cut down, and twelve months after the "bits" is set is obtained the first crop, or "cutting," as the planters prefer to call it. On rich land, such as is found along the Matina River, the trees, producing fruit all the year around, will keep on bearing from thirty to forty years and will yield four hundred bunches a year to the acre.

The banana farms are almost all managed by foreigners, among whom Americans and Germans predominate. Next to the owner or manager comes the Jamaican under-boas, a very important

Although the planter receives what seems such a ridiculously small sum for the fruit, when one stops to think that within a week's time a thirty-cent bunch will quite likely retail for ten dollars in New York, his part of the banana industry is far and away the most sure financially. The planter runs but very little risk. His crop is almost as regular and sure as clock-work, while the shipper, on the other hand occasionally meets with severe losses by the fruit decaying on the voyage. Unseasonable weather or a long and stormy passage frequently rob the unfortunate shipper of all his profits.

Botanists assert that the banana is not a native of Central America or the West Indies, but that the plant has been imported to all parts of the world from the tropical lands of the east. It seems, however, to thrive better in its new home than in its native soil.

The varieties of bananas cultivated in Costa Rica are as numerous as the varieties of apples in northern climes. While the red-skinned bananas are considered the superior in the New York market, the yellow-skinned are much the more common, as, being less juicy, they stand the trip better and do not decay so quickly.

The best authorities now agree that there is no difference between the banana and the plantain, and that the names are frequently interchanged.

Some of the bunches grow to an enormous size, a single cluster frequently weighing as much as eighty pounds. The productiveness of the banana is really wonderful. Humboldt estimated that as compared with wheat it was as one hundred and thirty-three to one, and as against potatoes forty-four to one.

While in Costa Rica the fruit is used extensively for food, it is by no means the main dependence of the natives, as it is on many

act and lets the world know the secret, shows the world after rubbing the blood

The American Railroad.

To know the American must see all sides of the train between Jersey Paterson, a poorly dressed man carrying a baby in his arms, walked through two cars unable to find a seat.

A road hog was there. In cases he had a whole self and his bundles, meant to keep it. The finally took a seat in the car. Soon after the hogward to enjoy a cigar, her crying.

"What's the matter?"

"Baby is very ill, sir."

"And where are you going?"

"To my sisters's. My baby is dead and I have no home."

"Leave you any money?"

"Not a dollar, sir."

"Umph! Sorry for me hand you this."

The hog had been robbed of his bundles. Woman's tears melted him. He returned to the car, gathered the other hogs around him and said:

"Come down! Poor widow—baby—no home. Come down!"

The hogs went down for their wallets, and in ten minutes a handsome sum was put into the woman's hand; and the boss observed:

"There—there—it's all right, not a word! Now come here!"

She followed him in the car, and a dozen hogs rose and insisted that she take their seats.

The railroad hog can't be crowded, but he can be melted.

Without disparaging the hog, we think it better to be a gentleman than a hog.—Youth's Souvenir.

land.

at Montgomery some time ago and the fated train was a young physician who often visits Nashville.

"The cars were piled up in confusion," he said, "and the wounded people were crying out with horror and pain. We picked up the engineer and carried him to a convenient spot away from the wreck. His face and neck were scalded and the flesh was dropping off in large pieces. The fireman was knocked senseless. We then went toward the rear of the train to look after the passengers. Standing near the sleeper were two ladies. A good-looking woman of perhaps 30 was upbraiding the other woman. She had a bundle hugged up fondly in her arms.

"You have killed it," she screamed, "you have killed it; you wretch. Shame on you, you heartless creature!"

"Let me see it, madam, I'm a physician, perhaps it is not too late."

"She clasped the bundle to her breast and continued to rage at the woman standing near her.

"Perhaps I can do some good; let me see it."

"What do you think she did? She unrolled the bundle and handed me a spotted pup! She had five in a basket on the train and one of them had rolled out on the floor and the other woman had stepped on it and crushed it to death."—Nashville American.

One of the most curious conditions of the hair is that known as albinism. The perfect albino has hair of a dull silky or pearly white color, usually very soft and silky. The pupil of the eye is of a bright red color, and the iris is generally pink. Albinism is really due to want of pigment in these various structures, the redness in the eye being simply due to the blood circulating at the back of the eyeball. True albinism may be regarded as hereditary. Thus many families are and have been for many generations albinos in Circassia, a province of Russia. For this reason Circassian slaves were highly prized by Turkish Pashas; and in their many raids the Turkish Pashas were obliged to hand over the albino women for the sultan's harem.

A Mild Request. — Ethel — "O Clarence! Do you really mean what you say—that you will do anything I ask of you?" Clarence Sophomore—"Darling!—you have heard me swear it." Ethel—"Then, dearest, please, please, get yourself appointed center rush on the Yale football team next year."—Puck.

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DEALERS IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

Grain Hay, and Etc.

COTULLA,

TEXAS.

Who Was Peter Francisco.

In the state library at Richmond, Va., among the portraits of the statesmen and soldiers of whom the Old Dominion is so proud, hangs the picture of a revolutionary hero—a Leonidas for bravery, a Samson for strength—and who yet occupies so small a niche in the temple of history that visitors to the library not infrequently ask: "Who was Peter Francisco?"

Many stories of his wonderful strength are yet told by old men who knew him in their boyhood, and these the writer has often heard; but the only printed record of his life and adventures which exists, so far as we know, is contained in a brief sketch by Howe.

His origin is unknown. He had a vague idea that he was born in Portugal, stolen at a very early age and taken to Ireland.

From that country he shipped as a redemptioner, agreeing, as usual, to work for seven years in payment for his passage to America—a common resort in those days for emigrants who had no other means of paying their way.

On his arrival, in accordance with the usual custom, he was put up at public auction and sold to Anthony Winston, a planter of Buckingham county, Va.

Here he worked as a plantation hand, proving a good investment for his purchaser, until the revolution. He was then about 16, and well grown, and his remarkable strength had already attracted much attention in the community in which he lived.

When the news of the battle of Lexington roused the country recruits flocked in on all sides, and Francisco's employer, finding that he wished to enter the continental army, very readily canceled his indentures, and he enlisted in the Fourth Virginia regiment.

Here he distinguished himself again and again, and was frequently offered promotion—once, as he was proud to tell in after years by Washington in person—but his inability to read or write prevented his acceptance of the honor offered him.

At the storming of Stony Point, under Gen. Wayne, he was one of the forlorn hope, led by Col. (then Lieut.) James Gibbons, and entered the breach next to his commanding officer.

Of the 20 men constituting this forlorn hope, 17 were killed or wounded, and Francisco received a bayonet thrust in the thigh.

Such was his immense strength that he is said, on more than one occasion, to have shouldered a cannon weighing 1,100 pounds and carried it with ease.

The blade of his sword measured five feet in length, and was so heavy that a man of average strength could barely lift it with both hands.

Francisco handled this ponderous weapon with great skill, and certain death was the lot of the enemy who came within reach of

his most extraordinary adventure was an encounter, single-handed, with nine British soldiers, in which he came off victor, and captured eight horses.

In 1781, after Arnold had sacked Richmond, and when Tarleton's troops were ravaging the country south of the James, Francisco had one day been reconnoitering, and had stopped for breakfast at the house of Col. Wand, in the northern part of what is now Nottingham county, then part of

North Carolina. He was ordered to surrender quietly. Seemingly so submissive, the soldier disarmed their horses, and all of them excepting one, who was left to guard the prisoner, went into the louse. As soon as they were alone, the British dragoon ordered Francisco, under penalty of death, to give up instantly whatever valuables he possessed.

"I have nothing of value about me," was his answer.

"Take off your silver shoe buckles at once," said the Englishman.

"They were a present," said Francisco; "and give them up I never will. Take them for yourself. I am in your power."

The dragoon tucked his sword under his arm and bent down to possess himself of the buckles.

Quickly, Francisco stepped back, drew the saber from under the soldier's arm and gave him a blow on the skull.

"My enemy," said Francisco, afterward, in telling the story, "was brave, and, though severely wounded, drew his pistol. As he pulled the trigger I cut his hand off. The bullet grazed my side. Ben Wand, the man of the house, brought out a musket and gave it to one of the British soldiers. He mounted a horse and presented the musket at my breast. It missed fire. I rushed on the muzzle of the gun. A short struggle ensued. I disarmed and wounded him. Tarleton's whole troop of 400 men were now in sight. All was confusion. I hallooed repeatedly, as loud as I could: 'Come on, my brave boys; now's your time. We will soon dispatch these few, and then attack the main body.'

"The wounded man put spurs to his horse and fled; the rest ran off in a panic. I seized Wand, but he begged for his life, so I spared him. The eight horses that were left behind I gave him to conceal for me. Finding that Tarleton's men were on the hunt for me, I made off, and, doubling like an old fox, escaped them. The next day I went to Wand for my horses, and he demanded two for his trouble and kind intentions."

Once again, after Gates' defeat at Camden, Francisco was taken prisoner, and, killing his captor, rode off on his horse.

Meeting his colonel, William Mayo, of Powhatan, who had had his horse killed and was retreating on foot, Francisco at once gave him the horse which he had just captured. For this service Col. Mayo afterward rewarded him with the gift of several hundred acres of land in Kentucky.

When peace was declared, Francisco, still a young man, returned to Buckingham county, where he married and brought up a family.

The fame of his strength frequently brought strangers to see him. They were always received courteously.

On such occasions he would take his wife—a stout matron of 150 pounds weight—and carry her back and forth across the room, seated on the outstretched palm of his hand, as though she had been a baby.

At public gatherings at the county seat a crowd would often collect to see him drink from the bung of a full cask of beer, raising the cask to his lips and standing upright while the feat was performed.

He was over six feet in stature and weighed 260 pounds. It is told of him by an eye witness that once, when his way was stopped by a burly countryman as large as himself, he refused to move at his request, Francisco seized the man by the waistband of his breeches and thus lifting him out of his shoes, he went his way, amid the huzzahs of the spectators.

After the war he wrote after leaving the army, and his name was made sergeant-of-arms of the Virginia house of delegates, and he held until his death in 1808.

\$5,116 Given Away

OUR PREMIUM OFFERS,

A \$100. ORGAN, \$16. GUITAR, AND 25 PER CENT CASH COMMISSIONS.

The first person sending in 100 subscribers, with the cash, will receive a \$100. Farrand & Votey 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.

As an extra inducement we will give all persons, competing for Organ or Guitar, a commission of 10 per cent on all orders taken.

ANOTHER GRAND OFFER.

A \$5,000 Cash Offer!

This paper announces, in connection with The Atlanta Weekly Constitution, a new offer in which everyone may have a chance.

SEND IN AN ESTIMATE ON

THE COTTON CROP SEASON OF 1897-98

CONTEST BEGAN MARCH 1—ENDS SEPT. 1, '98.

TO ENTER THIS CONTEST YOU MUST SUBSCRIBE FOR



LOW PRICE

In connection with this Clubbing Rate, we will, if you send your guess with the subscription price, forward all for you and thus GIVE YOU A CHANCE AT THE SPLENDID CASH PRIZES

AN EXTRAORDINARY OFFER TO OUR SUBSCRIBERS!

Here it is, read it all very carefully and be sure you understand the terms!

First Award: To the subscriber or subscribers naming the exact number or nearest to the exact number of bales in the cotton crop of 1897-98 we will give if the estimate is received	Second Award: To the subscriber or subscribers naming the first next nearest we will give if the estimate is received	Third Award: To the subscriber naming the second next nearest we will give if the estimate is received
During March, 1898..... \$2,500	During March, 1898..... \$1,500	During March, 1898..... \$1,000
If During April, 1898..... 2,000	If During April, 1898..... 1,250	If During April, 1898..... 750
If During May or June, 1898..... 1,500	If During May or June, 1898..... 1,000	If During May or June, 1898..... 500
If During July or August, 1898..... 1,000	If During July or August, 1898..... 750	If During July or August, 1898..... 250

SO, THAT THE FIRST THREE PRIZES AMOUNT TO \$5,000 IN CASH.

Note Specially. If the EXACT figures are not given during this contest, the money will be paid out to the NEAREST TO THE EXACT figures. Somebody will get the money, it does not go back to the Constitution by any means. Those who solve the problem at the longest range will receive proportionately the highest prizes, as you notice the figures grow less as the time expires and because the number of bales received up to certain dates, as the time advances, can be known exactly, leaving shorter time and probabilities to figure against.

In all three of the cases submitted it is distinctly understood that, should more than one correct or equally correct estimate be filed in the contest, the amount of the prizes so earned will be divided equally among the correct answers. The prizes are offered in cash. There is no "missing word" in this, no probability for some one to know absolutely the correct answer, but this is brain versus brain, skill versus skill, pencil versus pencil, figures versus figures. Every man is interested in the cotton crop, the amount of the crop varies the price and the price of cotton in our territory is the barometer of the people's prosperity.

On Such a Vital Problem You Ought to Make Figures.

THE CONTEST CLOSSES SEPT. 1st

The estimate is to be made upon the total United States Cotton Crop for 1897-98, the crop that has already been gathered and is now in the country as official figures of receipts will show it from Sept. 1, 1897, to Sept. 1, 1898. This is not the crop that is to be planted this spring, because the figures thereon will not be obtainable until Sept. 1, 1899. It is for the crop already in and marketed, official figures of which will be announced in September. As a guide for making your estimate we give official figures for each of the last ten crops. The conditions under which this last crop was grown and its probable output are elements for you to compute from and will aid in the correctness of your present estimate.

The figures given by Latham, Alexander & Co., of New York, are generally received throughout the South as official, and we give an exact copy from their latest edition of "Cotton Movement and Fluctuations" as follows:

Season	Acres planted	Bales in crop	Season	Acres planted	Bales in crop
1887-88	18,961,897	7,046,833	1892-93	18,067,924	6,700,365
1888-89	19,362,073	6,938,290	1893-94	19,684,000	7,549,817
1889-90	20,171,896	7,311,322	1894-95	21,454,000	9,901,251
1890-91	20,809,053	8,652,597	1895-96	18,882,000	7,157,346
1891-92	20,714,937	9,935,379	1896-97	22,341,000	8,757,964

Their figures will be used in deciding this contest. Their Estimate of the Acreage for the Crop of the Season of 1897-98 is 23,320,000 Acres.

Following Are the Conditions of the Contest: FIRST—If the prizes offered under the EXACT estimate upon the number of bales, the prizes offered under the NEAREST estimate will go to the nearest estimate, but if the first prizes are given for the NEAREST estimate, no one having named correctly the exact figures, then the second prizes would come in for the second nearest estimate and the third prizes for the third nearest estimate.

SECOND—If someone should submit a correct estimate in one division of the time shown above and someone should send a correct estimate in some later division, this last estimate would take rank only among the second prizes, because the first had been previously awarded to someone who named the amount correctly in the former period.

THIRD—The condition precedent for sending an estimate at the Cotton Crop is that each and every estimate must be accompanied by a year's subscription to The Weekly Constitution. If sent through the paper publishing this advertisement in acceptance of our clubbing offer, the estimate of the cotton crop will be forwarded. This must be sent in the identical envelope that brings the money that pays for the subscription. You cannot subscribe now and send your estimate afterwards; no forgetting it or leaving it out by accident or otherwise, or not knowing of this contest at the time you subscribe, or any other reason, will entitle one to send an estimate afterwards. The estimate must come with the subscription, or not at all. In sending your estimate by an agent of The Constitution, you make him your agent and not ours in forwarding your estimate, both as to the correctness of the figures as you intended them and the certainty of the forwarding of the estimate. Should a party send more than one estimate, he or she will be entitled to a share of the prize-fund under which it may secure a prize for each correct estimate sent. Persons may enter the contest as many times as they send subscriptions, and under the rules the same person may receive a prize with each of the three propositions.

FOURTH—In making your answer, just state simply: "I estimate the number of bales of cotton will be _____." Make your figures very plain. If you want to make estimates later, or if you want to repeat the estimates you have made, send other subscriptions. Don't forget every subscription for yourself or your friend will entitle you to an estimate.

ADDRESS ALL CLUBBING ORDERS TO

THE RECORD, COTULLA, TEXAS.

LOCAL PERSONAL.

If you want a cookstove go to Keck Bros..

Jas. Breeding, of Encinal, was here Thursday.

S. J. Jordan, of Encinal, was here Friday.

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

J. Hardin Gates went to San Antonio Monday on business.

Geo. Tarver and family from the House ranch spent several days in town this week.

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

For prices of ECLIPSE WIND MILLS call on Keck Bros.

A. F. Warnock is repairing and painting the jail roof.

Ice Cream on Mondays Wednesdays and Fridays at
SIMON COTULLA & Co.,

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

Messrs Morgan Williams and Frank Howard, of Pudding were in town Thursday.

Try a bottle of Half-Hour Headache cure only 25 cents.
J. M. WILLIAMS.

J. J. Hall, one of our prominent stockman, left for the Indian Territory recently.

Keck Bros. sell the old reliable Studebaker wagon.

Messrs J. E. O'Meara and W. E. E. of Carrizo Springs were in town this week.

Dr. Spear had on exhibition this week some home raised Bermuda Onions, grown from the seed without irrigation. that weighed 11-4 pounds. How is that for southwest Texas?

Messrs J. E. O'Meara and W. E. E. of Carrizo Springs were in town this week.

Subscribe for the RECORD, only \$1.00 a year.

Manuel Salazar has accepted a situation with the Isonomy Publishing Co.,

Miss Minnie Devereux, is visiting Mrs. James Tarver at the Jno. Hall ranch this week.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Pease, of Brookhaven, Miss. arrived here last Saturday and will make this their future home.

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

We are pleased to see our young and enterprising "candy" man, Simon Cotulla, back at his place after a week's tussle with fever.

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

J. Manly Daniel, our promising young County Surveyor, has just returned from suveying some land for Sam Rateliff.

Subscribe for the RECORD only \$1.00 a year.

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

John Frazier, the enterprising hack-man, took out Messers. J. W. Campbell. of Carrizo Springs and Mr. Phillips, a son-in-law to Dr. M. A. Taylor of Austin the first of the week.

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

N. A. Swink returned from San Antonio yesterday.

The young men will give a dance at Kerr & Henrichson hall Monday night.

Misses Wheeler and Mattie Waugh, of Millett, were visitors to our town Tuesday.

Sherriff Jno. D. McCarn, of Carrizo Springs, Dimmitt county was in town yesterday on his way home from San Antonio,

Miss Ninnie Fisher, of Carrizo Springs, passed through town Wednesday on her way to Fairview to attend school.

Robt Pierce of Carrizo Springs passed through here this week on his way to Fairview to attend the summer Normal.

Warnock, the boss painter. accompanied by John Yowell has returned from Millett, where he has been to paper a house for Mr. Earnest.

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

We are now receiving a fine lot of gentlemen and ladies shoes; and our spring stock of dry goods is now complete and prices to suit the times. Just recieved a nice line of ladies' trimmed hats.
M. J. BARLOW & Co.

Miss Nancy Reynolds of Millett after a few days visit here, left Thursday, accompanied by Miss Daisy Carr, to visit Mrs. Hill of Twohig.

Miss Nina Gates, one of Cotulla's most charming young

La Salle

Dr. Spear had on exhibition this week some home raised Bermuda Onions, grown from the seed without irrigation. that weighed 11-4 pounds. How is that for southwest Texas?

Mr. and Mrs. A. Armstrong, Sr. left Monday for San Antonio and from there Mrs. Armstrong will go to Montgomery for a month visit to her mother, and Mr. Armstrong will go to the Indian Territory on business.

Mr. and Mrs. N. A. McCaleb, of Carrizo Springs boarded the North bound train here Sunday. Mrs. McCaleb will stop a few days to visit friends in Lytle, after which she will join her husband in San Antonio.

DO YOU want to build up your system, get rid of that feeling of depression that makes life hardly worth living and once again feel as young and lively as ever? IF YOU DO take a bottle of Sarsaparilla and Red Clover prepared by.
J. M. WILLIAMS,
Cotulla, Texas.

Children's Day.

The Children's Day exercises, at the M. E. church to-morrow evening promises to be very interesting. The program is an interesting one and the songs and recitations selected are good, therefore all who attend may expect a very pleasant evening.

STRAYED.

Sixty-nine head of goats, seven of them are marked upper half crop in the left ear and under bit in the right; balence upper half crop in the left and crop and under bit the right. They were last seen on the road going toward Tilden. I will give a suitable reward for their return.
TOM MILLER.

The Tale of a Sombrero.

She sat down on his hat. There it was, a battered, useless thing, that had lately been so faultless, so imposing.

Plainly it was his fault—leaving it in the chair that way. Anybody might have sat on it. But he would never think of that. In all his mental visions she would figure as the most awkward and careless of women. And she was so anxious for his good opinion, too. He was so much older than she and he knew so much more. Wasn't he an instructor at Harvard? And she—she was such a fool. Everybody knew that. She didn't need to sit on hats to convince a doubting public of her hopeless idiocy.

And she had heard he hadn't much money. Perhaps he couldn't afford to buy another. He would be obliged to wear the shabby one. Thoughtless people would make remarks. Perhaps they would even sneer at him. And he, being hurt and embarrassed, would hate her as the cause.

At this point in her cogitations Lillian abandoned herself utterly to woe, threw herself on the couch cushions and sobbed aloud.

People who are wholly grown up don't need to be told that Lillian was very young and painfully self-conscious. Most of them have memories. But other very young persons may like to be told. They need all the comfort they can get out of life.

After awhile Lillian sat up, wiped her eyes and thought some more. What could she do to redeem herself, she wondered. Was there anything?

She could send him a new hat. But no; that might offend him.

Write him a note and tell him of her contrition? That possibility was cheering.

She ran to her desk and devoted three pages of her dainty note paper to abject apology. Possibly there have been similar epistles written for similar causes. But it is not probable. Nevertheless, Lillian sealed it with her approval, addressed it with eagerness and stamped it with hope.

But after all it is not Lillian's letters, but the replies they elicited that count in this story. Here is the first:

"Dear Miss Stewart: I have so very, very many things to say to you that I really am at a loss to know just where to begin. But capital things should ever have precedence, and so I will begin, not ex ovo, but et capite.

"You no doubt remember that afternoon when my proud and lofty helm was resting calmly and peacefully on a chair in Miss Beekman's drawing-room. You can imagine my horror when I saw you sit down on it. It was not for my hat at all! Oh, no! But I knew there was an enormous cubic capacity within it, and I was terrified lest the fall from the crown to brim should hurt you. And when I saw you quite unharmed I was happy.

"And now comes the most curious part of my story. I took my hat with me to college the following Monday. It had a hollow of considerable depth on the crown and looked very swagger. My hat swelled with pride when I observed the attention people were giving me—young women especially. One of my friends accused me enviously: 'I thought you didn't go for style, and here you have one of the most stylish hats in the college.'"

"I made the college yard. And there is no study so deeply interesting as things lose themselves in this. You at a glance man's mission on earth. I wear a hat that has been crushed by— I have told you. As ever,
"JACK FIELDING"

Now, to an ordinary mind, that would seem a most reasonable and soothing letter—just whimsical enough to be pleasing. Nothing short of a genius in self-reproach could have discovered rebuke in it. But Lillian found it.

Result: More remorse, and after an interval note number two. Its expression of depression brought the following:

"Dear Miss Stewart: 'Joking aside,' you have taken the hat episode in a very serious light. I now have only the faintest recollection of that evening, and it is only after an effort that I have succeeded in bringing the incident to mind. I remember looking at my hat the other day and noticing that it was not quite comme il faut, but for the life of me I could not have told to which of its numerous misfortunes its drooping, fainting appearance was due. So I was amused to hear that the matter had been an occasion of self-castigation to you.

"I can only believe that you have tried to look at yourself, not through my eyes as you express it, but through the eyes of a certain somebody you imagine me to be. That somebody is a very priggish, sedate, serious and pedantic sort of a fellow, but between you and me, he and I have nothing in common. In truth, my chief delight is to be amused, and nothing amuses me so much as the seriousness with which people take me. Believe me, there is nothing serious in me, except that desire not to be seriously serious.

"I have already had more than its money's worth of amusement out of my hat, and I must express my gratitude to you, who have been the cause of it all. Sincerely yours,
"JACK FIELDING."

Amused! He dared to be amused at this tragedy—this unutterable disgrace that had come upon her. Lillian again found consolation in her divan cushions and again lifted her head bravely to stem the currents of her woe. He must, he should understand her position. How could she meet him at the Masons' to-morrow and the Loomises' the day after, knowing his contempt? How could she see in his eyes only amusement where she had before—or did she only imagine it—found tenderness? She'd try again.

Forth went the third silly little note—incoherent, unintelligible, except to one who knew hearts and so he'd the key.

To his intense surprise the man to whom it was addressed found that he understood it. Then, with every nook and corner of his mind illuminated by a great light, he read its two predecessors, marveling at his obtuseness.

And this is the missive a messenger boy brought to Lillian:

"My Dear: Forgive me, but you are that—and more. I suppose we might keep on all our lives writing criss-cross notes about that hat, each on only half understanding the other. But I know a better way. You can't give me a hat, you know. I couldn't accept it and retain my self-respect. But you can give me yourself. In other words, since you may not crown my worthless head, crown my life, worthless unless you will.
"J"

"P. S.: In this I'm more serious than anything else. And I'll let you see my hats—afterward."

At the Masons' dinner two weeks later each other's hands under the table. Loomis' tea the engagement was announced. So ends the tale of a hat and a girl.
une.