

The Cotulla Record.

VOL. I. NO. 8.

COTULLA, TEXAS, SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1898.

\$1. IN ADVANCE.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

President's Message Postponed. More Peace Talk. The Currency Bill.

From our regular correspondent.

Washington, D. C. April 8, 98—Washington has been like a mammoth lunatic asylum this week than anything else. The wildest sort of statements have been made and have for a time found believers. In fact, everybody, including the President, the Cabinet, and both branches of Congress, is in a state of nervous tension which cannot possibly last much longer. Just when everybody was expecting the President's message recommending forcible intervention in Cuba to go to Congress, and the action thereupon by Congress to practically open the war with Spain, the announcement came like a thunderclap that the message would not be sent in until next week, because Gen. Fitz Lee had telegraphed the President that he could not get all the Americans out of Cuba before then and he did not consider that the life of any American who remained in Havana until after the message was made public would be worth a row of pins. This excuse for delay was such a valid one that no objection could be raised to it, but Congress is very impatient, and has been made so by the old game of stereotyped telegraph messages sent to their constituents at the request of parties in Washington who have undertaken to change the overwhelming sentiment of Congress by manufacturing a demand for peace.

But the pedulum has taken a short swing to the other side, and circumstances have made peace talk more prevalent, where the made-to-order telegrams failed. But if peace is maintained it will not be by the action of Congress, but by the clean backdown of Spain. Quite a respectable number of the best informed men in Washington, including the President are expecting that Spain will agree to every demand the United States has made, including the relinquishing of its control of Cuba. But the overwhelming majority still believe that we will have war with Spain, and the administration has not slackened any of its preparations for war. On the contrary, it is hard at work getting in readiness to follow up the action of Congress on the President's message with a strong naval and military demonstration against the Spaniards in Cuba. The foundation for these expectations is the influence of the European powers upon Spain. They first tried to exercise their influence upon this government, but were speedily told that it was useless; that the government had fully determined upon bringing Spanish misrule in Cuba, which has been a source of annoyance and disgust to our people for years, to an end. Then they started in upon Spain and are now trying to persuade her that it will be much wiser, not to mention the difference in cost, to get out of Cuba without war with the United States than to have to get out and to get thrashed besides. That is good logic, and if the European powers will undertake to protect the government of Spain against its own people, it may be acted upon. But if isn't acted upon before that message goes to Congress, it will be too late.

Gen. Schofield, late commander-in-chief of the United States army, has taken a desk at the War Department and is acting in an advisory capacity to Secretary Alger. Although retired, Gen. Schofield is still under the President's orders, as are all retired army and navy officers, and as he is Lieutenant General he would rank Major General Nelson A. Miles, the present commander-in-chief, should he be ordered to resume active duty. It is known that President McKinley has a high opinion of the military ability of Gen. Schofield, and there has been much discussion of the probability of his placing him in command of the army in case of war with Spain.

The currency bill prepared by a sub-committee of the House committee on Banking and Currency was this week introduced in the House, although it has not yet been formally agreed to by the entire committee. It has not received very much attention, because the only financial question that is just now being discussed is that of raising the money to fight the war with Spain. The currency bill was prepared by Representatives McCleary, of Minn., Prince of Ill., and Mitchell, of N. Y. It creates a division of issue and redemption in the Treasury, and sets aside all money in excess of \$50,000,000 as a reserve to be used to redeem outstanding money. It authorizes the redemption of legal tender notes and standard silver dollars in gold, but not silver certificates. It provides for the conversion of existing legal tender notes into gold.

deemed by national banks. It allows national banks to issue currency notes upon their commercial assets to the amount of reserve notes taken by them, provided the total issue shall not exceed 35 per cent of their unimpaired capital. National banks which wish to continue the issue of circulating notes secured by bonds are allowed to increase the amount to the face value of their bonds. New national banks are required to invest 25 per cent of their capital in reserve notes issued in exchange for legal tender notes, and all national banks are taxed one-tenth of 1 per cent semi-annually upon their capital, surplus and undivided profits.

Self-Help.

Fight your own battles, ask no favors of anyone, and you will succeed a thousand times better than those who are always beseeching some one's patronage, advises a philosophical writer in the Detroit Free Press. No one can ever help you as you can help yourself, because no one will be so heartily interested in your affairs. The first step will not be such a long one, perhaps; but, carving your way up to the mountain, you make one lead to another. Men who have fortunes are not those who had \$5,000 given them to start with, but started fair with a well earned dollar or two. Men who have, by their own exertions, acquired fame, have not been thrust into popularity by puffs begged or paid for, or given in friendly spirit. They have outstretched their hands and touched the public heart. Men who win in love do their own wooing, and we never knew a man to fail so signally as one who had induced his affectionate grandma to speak for him. Whether you work for fame, for money or for anything else, work with your hands, heart and brain. Say "I will," and some day you will conquer.—Ex.

GOMEZ SAYS NO.

Will Not Throw Away His Advantage by Accepting an Armistice.

The following extract is from a letter written to Consul Baker, United States representative at Santiago de Cuba, by Maximo Gomez, and will be presented to President McKinley, says The Herald:

"One year ago we received a proposal from Spain to agree to an armistice. We refused then, as we must refuse now. The rainy season will soon be at hand and Spain's troops would like an armistice until it is over.

"We shall throw away no advantage. On the other hand, I am anxious that hostilities shall cease, but it must be for all time. If Spain agrees to evacuate Cuba, taking her flag with her, I am willing to agree to an armistice to last until Oct. 1, when loyal Cubans shall come into their own.

"Please tell President McKinley this for me; tell him, too, that I am writing this at the direction

The Chinese do Things.

Nothing relating to the Orient of interest. The Chinese do everything backward. They exactly reverse the usual order of civilization.

First, that the Chinese command points to the south instead of north.

The men wear skirts and women wear trousers.

The men wear their hair long and the women wear it short.

The men carry on dressmaking and the women carry burdens.

The spoken language of China is not written and the written language is not spoken.

Books are read backward, and that are called footnotes are indexed at the top of the page.

The Chinese shake their own hands instead of the hands of those they greet.

The Chinese dress in white at funerals and in mourning at weddings; while old women always wear as bridesmaids.

The Chinese launch their vessels always, and mount their guns from the off side.

The Chinese begin their dinner

Advertising is not an expense. It is a business investment. If you want to increase your profits

Probably you will therefore put your advertisements in such papers as the Record, that is read regularly by every body worth reaching.

of the Cuban provisional government with which they may treat directly should they so desire."—San Antonio Express.

The Covetous Man.

"The Covetous Man has many tools to work with. If deceit suits his purpose, he will use it to the best of his skill; if cruelty will save a penny, he will not hesitate to kill a poor debtor for the price of his skin. No turn, either in state or religion, can hurt him; he receives any impression and runs into any mold the times will give him. He a Christian at Rome, a heathen at Japan, and a Turk at Constantinople; what you will without and nothing within."

List of Patents.

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

Chas. B. Hobron, Boerne, Anti-friction bearing. Wm. B. Hood, Waco, Cloth measuring and cutting device. Nathan P. Neal, Waxahachie, Life-insurance table or chart. Jno. B. Turbeville, Lingeyville, Washing-machine. Jno. R. Weaver, Commerce, Sewing machine brake.

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

with dessert, and end with soup and fish.—Sabbath School Visitor.

Curiosities of Sound.

Sight, we know, is obstructed by fogs and mists, and now it has become evident that there must be at times in the air sort of "sound fog," which prevents sound from carrying, just as mists prevent one from seeing objects at a distance.

In parts of the British island there are places where sound traveling in a most mysterious fashion.

The whispering gallery of St. Paul's probably the best-known instance, but there are others even more curious and interesting. There is a well at Carisbrook Castle, in the Isle of Wight, the water in which stands over 170 feet below the ground level. Yet if you drop a pin into it the sound of its striking the water is perfectly audible to the listener.

At St. Alban's Cathedral, before the restorations were made, the tick of an ordinary watch could be heard from end to end of the building, though more than 200 feet in length. The evening gun at Plymouth has been heard at Ilfracombe, sixty miles away, and shepherds on Salisbury plain hear practice firing of pig guns off Portsmouth.

Still more extraordinary, a salute fired off Holyhead was heard over at Kingstown, in Ireland.

The Way She Covers Ground.

Little Fred—Talk about bicycle riding! You ought to see Aunt Mary cover the ground.

Visitor—She is a very fast rider, then, is she?

"No; about all she does is tumble off, and she weighs nearly 200 pounds."—Modern Society.

Why He Stood.

The Kindly Man—Why stand ye idle here?

The Other Man—De benches in de park's bein' painted.—Detroit Journal.

A Crowded Spot.

It is stated that the most crowded spot on the earth's surface is the "Manderagio," in the city of Valetta, in Milan. Upon a spot in this place about two and a half acres in extent no fewer than 2,574 live. This is at the rate of 636,000 per square mile, or 1,017 to an acre.

Mortality and Age.

One-quarter of all the people born die before six years, and one-half before they are 16.

Not Disposed to Cavity.

"Do you object to having a sentence ended with a preposition?" inquired one member of congress.

"It all depends on circumstances," replied the other. "When some people here get started, I'd be thankful to have them end the entire address with any part of speech that comes handy."—Washington Star.

You can on a calm night hear a piano over a mile away, across a lake, and two people in boats can talk with ease at a distance of over 100 yards. But it is in the Arctic regions, during the calm of intense cold, that sound travels in the most wonderful fashion. —Christain Uplook.

DISCUSSION NOT ALLOWED.

In This Cafe Finance Must Not Be Touched On.

A couple of red-nosed, yet, withal, intelligent-looking, rounders stood in front of the quartered oak—not the mahogany, for mahogany is going out of style. They had placed in warm storage two beers each, and were getting ready for another.

"Yes, beer'll do."

"Same for me, but I'll tell you that there ain't any getting away from the fact that we need reform. Now, you take the currency and you see that the endless chain and the great quantity of silver that's stored in the government vault—"

"Here's looking."

"Let'er go. As I was saying, if the government don't do something to relieve the pressure on its vaults and—"

"Well, silver's good enough for me if I can get enough of it."

"But that isn't it. You see, the capitalist has the advantage—"

"Oh, I don't know about that. He can only eat three meals a day and wear one suit of clothes at a time, and when he gets sick he hurts just as much as I do."

"But you don't know what you're talking about."

"Well, I guess I do, but there's a lot of fellows like you that always want to change the currency because you think the government owes you a living or something like a pension."

"But, you see, finance is a great science and unless you study it carefully you are not competent."

"I said the barkeep."

What'll He Do?

"Arguing finance here don't go."

"What's the matter with you? Can't two gentlemen—"

"Not on your life. We've had three patrol calls here in a week, and we've cut off the speechmaking biz, see? Youse ducks start in good natured like and turekly one uv yez sees you don't understand, an' then the other says you're nutty and off your trolley, an' then one gits on his ear an' the other ses: 'You're a liar,' etcetera, etcetera, till two or three gents is wallering on the tile floor an' wese get the credit for running a disorderly house. See? Dat's why der boss said not to let any gents carry on a discussion about the money question. If yer wants a bout fer points youse'll have ter hire a hall and fight it out wid empires an' bottle holders an' referees, but we can't afford ter have enny more hurry calls fer de patrol or dey'll close de joint." —Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Justice precinct No. 1, M. T. Dullman; No. 2, S. Cobb; No. 3, Wm. Wagon; No. 4, A. L. Angell; No. 5, Warner Petty; No. 6, J. W. Herp.

CHURCHES.

Baptist Church—Rev. F. A. Starratt, Pastor.—Services—2nd Sunday morning at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday morning at 9:30 a. m., Dr. J. M. Williams, 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—2nd and 4th Sunday in each month at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday morning at 9:45 a. m., Dr. J. M. Williams, Superintendent. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:30 p. m. Every body cordially invited to attend all these services.

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

SOCIETIES.

Nights of Honor—Cotulla Lodge, No. 31 G. 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.

Mrs. S. M. Barret.

First-Class board. Sunny rooms, day, week or month, hot and cold water. Terms \$1 per day. 303 SOLEDAD ST. SAN ANTONIO.

Smith & Welsh DENTISTS.

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

Only \$1.00 for The Record.

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

I. & G. N. R. R.

Between San Antonio and Laredo.

TIME TABLE.

South	Passenger Train	North
9:45 a. m. Lv. SAN ANTONIO	Ar. Cotulla	7:00 p. m.
10:35 a. m. Lv. Leon	Ar. Cotulla	6:58 p. m.
10:10 a. m. Lv. Medina	Ar. Cotulla	6:52 p. m.
11:00 a. m. Lv. Lyda	Ar. Cotulla	6:46 p. m.
11:00 a. m. Lv. Devils	Ar. Cotulla	6:45 p. m.
11:20 a. m. Lv. Moore	Ar. Cotulla	6:35 p. m.
11:40 a. m. Lv. Edin	Ar. Cotulla	6:25 p. m.
11:52 a. m. Lv. Pearsall	Ar. Cotulla	6:15 p. m.
12:08 p. m. Lv. Derby	Ar. Cotulla	6:05 p. m.
12:27 p. m. Lv. Dilley	Ar. Cotulla	5:55 p. m.
12:45 p. m. Lv. Cotulla	Ar. Cotulla	5:45 p. m.
1:30 p. m. Lv. Cotulla	Ar. Cotulla	5:35 p. m.
1:38 p. m. Lv. Tula	Ar. Cotulla	5:25 p. m.
1:40 p. m. Lv. Towhig	Ar. Cotulla	5:15 p. m.
2:10 p. m. Lv. Barro	Ar. Cotulla	5:05 p. m.
2:25 p. m. Lv. Euclid	Ar. Cotulla	4:55 p. m.
2:45 p. m. Lv. Caetan	Ar. Cotulla	4:45 p. m.
3:00 p. m. Lv. Webb	Ar. Cotulla	4:35 p. m.
3:25 p. m. Lv. Green	Ar. Cotulla	4:25 p. m.
3:40 p. m. Lv. Sanchez	Ar. Cotulla	4:15 p. m.
3:55 p. m. Lv. LAREDO	Ar. Cotulla	4:00 p. m.

LEROY PRICE, General Superintendent, Palestine, Texas.

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

HACK LINE.

Between Cotulla and Carrizo Springs.

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

DIRECTORY.

OFFICIAL.

Governor Charles A. Culbertson
 Congressman Rudolph Kibberg
 State Senator W. W. Turner
 Representative S. M. T. Jones
 District Judge M. F. Lower
 District Attorney C. A. Davies
 District & County Clerk George H. Kissner
 Sheriff & Tax Collector S. V. Edwards
 County Judge J. N. Danell
 County Attorney C. C. Thomason
 Assessor James Breeding
 Surveyor J. M. Daniel
 Treasurer L. A. Kerr
 Game & Animal Inspector J. T. Meltsberger
 Commissioner of P. O. James T. Carr
 " " " W. A. Matheva
 " " " E. Farney

Justice precinct No. 1, M. T. Dullman; No. 2, S. Cobb; No. 3, Wm. Wagon; No. 4, A. L. Angell; No. 5, Warner Petty; No. 6, J. W. Herp.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS.

What is the matter with the candidates?

LOCAL & PERSONAL.

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

If you want a cookstove go to Keck Bros..

S. Elliott, Jr. was here Monday on business.

Subscribe for the RECORD only \$1.00 a year.

Geo. H. Knaggs was on the sick list this week.

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

B. F. Burris was in from the ranch Monday.

Let us order your shirts. See our samples, Landrum & Co.

W. K. Beazley moved to May's brick building this week.

Keck Bros. sell the old reliable Studebaker wagon.

J. W. English, returned here Tuesday from Checotah Ind. Ter.

For prices of ECLIPSE WIND MILLS call on Keck Bros.

Tom Hall and A. Guinn, were in the city this week, from the ranch.

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

After a months rest, at home, Jack Neal returned to the mail route Monday.

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

Miss Lizzie Buckley passed through here en-route to Eagle

Monday.

If you want a good family paper for a year, the Record is the

John Dillard, Joe Yarbery and J. R. Reynolds, all of Twohig in the city Monday.

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

J. T. Maltzberger and R. E. Chew returned from the Alamo City Sunday.

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

Miss Juanita Poole has been visiting Miss Minnie Devreux the past week.

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

John Reynolds had the misfortune to get his arm broken, while loading cattle, last Saturday.

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

Send your children to Simon Cotulla & Co. for fancy candies and fruits.

If you expect to wear clothes this summer go to Landrum & Co. See their new ad.

Rev. M. T. Allen, pastor of the Methodist church, returned Monday from Carrizo Springs.

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

Mrs. Ware left Monday for Austin, her former home, on a visit.

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

Commissioner's court was in session last Saturday.

S. V. Edwards, our worthy Sheriff was in town this week.

D. W. McKey, one of our County Commissioners, was in town Saturday.

Miss Daisy Carr has been visiting at the Cochina ranch the past week.

Tom Miller was in town last Saturday and called at the RECORD office.

Frank Turner, representing W. R. Sanner & Co., of Ft. Worth, was here this week, on business.

Chas. Kemper, a well known "knight of the grip," was doing the town this week.

Frank Nye has sold his residence to L. W. Gaddis, who will make some improvements on it before he occupies it.

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

The Northbound train was several hours late Thursday. We did not learn the cause.

Rev. F. A. Starratt, pastor of the Baptist church held services Sunday, morning and evening.

W. Josh Barker, of Carrizo Springs passed through here on Tuesday en-route to San Antonio to buy goods.

We are confident we can please YOU. We satisfied 38 others in the past two weeks with Tailor made garments. Landrum & Co.

Lee Lowe and mother, Mrs. M. F. Lowe and Mrs. Rowell; all of Pearsall, arrived here on Sunday's train.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Coleman, went to Devine Wednesday with the remains of Mrs. J. M. McCarty and returned Thursday.

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

Dr. M. W. C. Frazier and wife, of Carrizo Springs, passed through here this week en-route to Tilden.

Mrs. J. L. McCaleb, of Carrizo Springs, passed through Wednesday on her way home from San Antonio.

N. A. McCaleb, of the firm of J. L. McCaleb & son of Carrizo Springs, returned this week from Chicago.

Simon Cotulla went to Millett Sunday, and to save answering questions, he says he went on business.

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

Capt. J. A. Brooks, Sargt. W. A. and Jim Evetts, and W. J. Bowen, left over land, for Pleasanton Monday, to attend District court at that place.

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

B. Vesper, L. P. and Morgan Williams, Sam and Joe McMains, and Tom Allen, all of Dimmit county were in town this week.

The I. & G. N. Ry's, new bridge over the Nueces has been completed. It is a fine structure and shows that the I. & G. N. people have confidence in this section.

J. R. Blocker, of San Antonio was here shipping cattle Thursday.

Messrs. H. C. Vivion, S. M. Owen Frank Adams, A. M. Taylor and Alfred Vivion all of Carrizo Springs were here this week.

John Evetts was bitten on the heel of his boot by a large rattle snake, last Monday, while reading the Parlor, at home. How is that for a snake story?

J. F. Neal killed three rattle snakes Monday, while en-route from Tilden, measuring five feet and under. Snakes seems to be plentiful.

Enameled ware; 6qt milk pans 25c. 7qt tea kettle 75c. large stew pan 25c. 6 qt coffee pot 45c. 12 qt bucket 65c, steel fry pans 10c, side crank sifter 15c; Landrum & Co.

Miss Bertha Guinn the beautiful and accomplished daughter of our worthy townsman, B. H. Guinn, arrived here from San Antonio Saturday.

We received an order from Kerr & Henrichson this week for 6000 impressions of job work, 1500 from J. P. McCarley of Carrizo Springs, 1000 from Breeding Bros., of Encinal, for which they have our thanks.

Last Saturday night Henry May was shot and killed and J. Guy Smith, of La Salle's Isonomy, was badly wounded. Mr. May was shot through the abdomen and expired the following morning. Mr. Smith was shot through the shoulder and at present is doing very well. The RECORD sympathizes with the relatives and friends, of each, in this sad affliction.

A Sad Death.
It is with sadness that

McCarty. She was taken Monday morning and expired about 4 p. m. She had peritonitis complicated with heart failure. Deceased was most estimable lady and was called home in the prime of young womanhood. The RECORD sympathizes with the relatives and friends in their sad affliction.

Five Serial Stories.
Five strong serial stories are announced for publication in the Youth's Companion during 1898. They are: "The Freshman," a romance of college life, by Jesse L. Williams; "The Gold-Fields of the Yukon," a story of placer-mining in Alaska, by Irving Andrews; "Ferieda Fairfax, Writer," the story of a girl who waited to do newspaper work, by Marguerite Tracy; "The Story of a Bee Farm," by Edith A. Fairfield; and "The Making of Zimri Bunker," a rousing tale of heroic deeds in Nantucket during the War of 1812, by William J. Long. These stories make up only a small part of the good things that will be spread before readers of the Companion during 1898. Present readers of the Companion who renew their subscriptions, and new subscribers will receive free a beautiful calendar printed in twelve colors, and embossed in gold. An illustrated prospectus will be sent free to any one addressing.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION.
Boston, Mass.

The lofty minds maintain the simplicity of children.

The man who rides a hobby uses egotism for a saddle.

Ignorance and superstition got married before the flood.

It is worth more to the world for a man to live right than die happy.

The man who lives for a purpose helps give others a purpose for living.

At the Concert.

It was between two concert numbers at the Metropolitan opera house, and the rail birds who pay for standing room and vie with one another for positions next the railing were stretching themselves. Next to the middle aisle an open space of four or five feet had been left, and two men looking for an advantageous position came upon it.

"Here's what we've been looking for," said the first, a man with a Van-dyke beard. "How do you suppose it happens that such good places as this are left?"

"They stepped into the vacancy, not noticing that there hung over the second rail of the brass railing two over-garments of feminine design until a man near by directed their attention to the wraps.

"Those places are taken," he said. "The ladies left their coats there to guard them. They're probably out sitting on the stairs."

"I wasn't aware," remarked the second man of the newcomers, "that it was possible to reserve places here. I think we'll stay."

His companion nodded. The other man looked at them with undisguised admiration.

"If you have the courage to stick to that resolve," he said, "you'll be performing a service to suffering humanity. Here comes the orchestra. They'll be back right away now."

In came the crowd from the lobby and two women approached the spot where the cloaks hung on the rail. The first was a tall, majestic creature of mature years. She looked at the places which had belonged to her and her companion, and said to the latter in withering accents:

"Mrs. Perkins, there are two men in our places."

"Why—why, so they are," said Mrs. Perkins, nervously.

The men didn't stir. The majestic woman tapped one of them, the bearded one, on the shoulder in a commanding manner.

"Sir-r-r," she said, "you have my place."

"Your place?" said he. "Oh, I think not, madam."

The women fairly gasped. "You—think—not!" she replied in tones which plainly indicated her disgust at his having the temerity to think at all. "Give me my place at once."

"Have you a coupon for it?"

"No, I haven't," she snapped; "but that's my coat on the rail."

"Your coat? Oh, yes. Well, it isn't

"You're in my way," said she, "You've got my place."

suggested the second man, "He will settle it."

"I don't know what you've got to say about it," retorted the majestic woman. "When your opinion is asked for you can give it."

"I'm interested myself," he replied. "I suppose I've got somebody's place. At any rate, it's decorated. Does it happen to be another of your coats in front of me?"

"That's your coat, Mrs. Perkins," said the majestic woman, "and it is in your place. Demand your place at once."

"My coat, Mrs. Walley," said the other, in distressed tones, "I think we'd better not say anything more about it. We have no right to the place. Really, I suppose."

But Mrs. Walley was already trying to push in between the two men. Both good firm. Quite losing control of herself, she excited that evolution on the bearded man known in foot parlance as "giving him the elbow."

"Give me my place," she reiterated, "My coat, I'm a mild and peaceful character," said the man, "but if you do that again I shall be forced to call on my fists, and have you put out. I have a pair of ribs, hitherto intact, to consider."

"Oh, if you were a man, I'd—I'd—"

"Be on your way to a police station or a hospital by this time," said the other in even tones. "The overture is over. Don't you really think you'd better get away?"

"Please hand me my coat," said the other woman. "It's all a mistake. I'm so sorry that it happened because I know we have no right to those places, but my friend is so excited he will see it in that light."

"We'll take my place," said both the men in a breath, and stepped back.

She protested, but they simply bowed and walked away.

"The man will win her point after all," said the man who had warned the other man who had great difficulty in getting up, in tones of bitterness.

But she was writhing and the other woman worked upon the man who had retired to the lobby in disgust.

"First," she chuckled, "I missed the house."

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SATURDAY, APRIL 16, 1898.

Gen. Fitzhugh Lee has been made a hero of Washington society, but it is impossible to spoil "Lee."

With the present rain, and the price of cattle, there is no section more favored than Southwest Texas.

Spain is on the eve of losing Cuba, and Great Britain is on the eve of extending her domain in Africa. If Khartoum is reduced it will not only avenge the death of General Gordon, but also considerably augment the size of her African domains.

With war imminent and a political campaign under headway those whose desire is to serve their country and the good people ought to find abundant opportunities to display their patriotism.—Batesville Echo.

Yes, Erother Nuckols, but if it comes to war, we fear, that those who are making so much fuss will want to boss the job.

Spain has been on the decline for the past two hundred and fifty years. Her possessions then almost belted the globe. One by one her colonies have thrown off her yoke until now but three remain to her, viz. Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines, and there is a possibility of her losing them soon, especially Cuba, Porto Rico and the Philippines are just behind her.

The Tramp's Story.

Two well dressed young men, seeing a seedy tramp in front of a saloon, asked him to take a drink. When the glasses had been filled one of them called on the tramp for a speech. He drank and then straitened himself to his full height and said:

"Gentlemen, I look to night at you and at myself and it seems to me I look upon a picture of my lost manhood. This bloated face was once as young and handsome as yours. This shambling figure once walked as yours, a man in a world of men. I, too, once had a home, and friends, and a position. I had a wife as beautiful as an artist's dream, and I dropped the pearl of her honor and respect in the wine cup, and Cleopatra-like, saw it dissolve and quaffed it down in the brimming draught. I had children as the flowers of spring and I saw them fade and die under the blighting curse of a drunkard father. I had a home where love lit the flame upon the altar and administered before it, and I put out the holy fire, and darkness and desolation reigned in its stead. I had aspirations and ambitions that soared as high as the morning star, and I broke a bruised their beautiful wings, and at last strangled them that I might be tortured with their cries no more.

To-day, I am a husband without a wife, a father without a child, a tramp without a home to call his own, a man in whom every good impulse is dead. All, all swallowed up in drink." The tramp ceased speaking. The glass fell from his nerveless fingers and shivered into a thousand fragments on the floor. The swinging doors pushed open and shut again, and when the little group about the bar looked up the tramp was gone.—Ex.

OBITUARY.

To THE RECORD:

At thirty minutes past eight o'clock on Sunday morning the 10th. inst. Henry S. May died at the Gilmet Hotel in this place—the result of a gun shot wound received at the hands of J. G. Smith. Of the causes which led up to the difficulty, in which one of the most promising young men of Southwest Texas lost his life, we leave to the courts to elucidate. For the present let it be sufficient to say that Henry is now beyond the reach of anyone who would seek to do him harm, and that as long as memory endures there will be a place in the hearts of those who knew and loved him, held sacred to his memory, and with all true men to know him was to love him.

The fatal wound was inflicted at fifteen minutes past eleven o'clock on the evening of 9th. inst. and just nine hours and fifteen minutes later he breathed his last, while the hands of the surgeon was struggling with all his skill to prevent dissolution and to assist outraged nature to reassert itself, death intervened and took his spirit back to Him who gave it, leaving his mortal remains to be cared for by those who in this world loved him best.

Within a few minutes after the tragedy occurred he was surrounded by friends and sympathizers who labored zealously for restoration until the mandate of death said stop.

The writer was present during the last hours and moments of his life. It has been my lot to witness human suffering in almost all of its different phases, and to stand with the departing at the brink of the river of death as they passed over, but I don't think that I ever knew one to face death more uncomplainingly and fearlessly than on this occasion. He seemed to realize from the first that the cord of life had parted and that death was inevitable. He looked the grim monster squarely in the face and no evidence of fear was to be seen on his face nor in his behavior. He died as a hero should die—unflinchingly.

His departure took place on the anniversary of his birth, being almost to a minute thirty years of age.

In the fall of 1889, together with his widowed mother and brother he moved from Williamson County to this place and ever since the two boys, in connection with their uncle, A. Armstrong Sr., have been engaged in the cattle business, and in every sense of the term have always stood among the leading men of Southwest Texas. For industry, integrity, fair dealing and public spiritedness their record is one that every good citizen can point to with pride.

There is nothing that we could say now that could in any way affect the the destiny of the departed. His memory will be cherished by those who knew him here as long as life lasts. The example of his manly demeanor and genial disposition will never be effaced from the minds of his associates. No better evidence could be given of the esteem in which he was held by the community than the large gathering of people that gathered around him to bid him a last farewell and that followed his remains to the depot as they were taken away to the home of his boyhood for interment. In all the concourse of people not an eye was dry; not a heart but felt deeply the immeasurable sense of its loss.

The occurrence is sincerely regretted by friends of Mr. Smith as well as those of Mr. May, and it is to be hoped that cooler council will prevail in the future.

At 3:25 p. m. on the 10th. inst. the remains of the dead were taken, as stated above, to Williamson county for interment accompanied by the mother, brother, Mrs. A. Armstrong, Sr., N. A. Ewink, J. T. Maltberger, R. E. Chew, and D. D. Saul. They

were met at Taylor and accompanied to the grave by one of the largest funeral processions ever known in that city. The floral offering there was one that begged description and the general interest taken betokened more than words could do the esteem in which Henry was held by those who had known him from his boyhood. In sadness we say farewell.

A FRIEND.

"Summoned Home."

Hark, a song of joy and rapture, Angel voices whispering near, Grieve not o'er my ransomed spirit, Let no tears fall on my bier, I am happy, oh! so happy, See the shadow break away, And they call me, angel voices, To the bright, eternal day.

Grieve not then that I am going, To that city far away, Leaving thus an empty casket, Made of broken, faulty clay; For the spirit, God's own jewel, Shall not die, but pass away, There to shine within His presence With a purer, clearer ray.

Life has been a dream of sadness, Sorrows for its joys outweighed, And I enter joyfully, gladly, To the light of perfect day; There within the heavenly portals With the loved ones gone before, I shall sing songs of the ransomed, On the blessed shining shore.

'Tis not here we look for gladness, Broken ties but call us home, Where our loved ones safely journey

O'er the Jordan's stormy foam, O'er the ramparts of God's city, In His image, clothed in white, I shall wait to meet and greet you In the city made of light. —Mae Ellarce Radford.

The Bridge.

(With Apologies to Longfellow. I stood near the door at midnight, The clock was striking the hour, I kissed the hand of my sweetheart, 'Neath Cupid's rosy bow.

Then, like a cyclone rushing, A long a flight of stairs, I heard the "old man" coming Among the falling chairs.

How deeply, oh! how deeply, I felt an awful fear, Comes surging through my bosom Like waves of dark despair.

How quickly, oh! how quickly, I felt a weight of care, That made my head too dizzy To utter a heartfelt prayer.

My heart was hot and restless, My life seemed near its close; And tears as big as inkstands Bedewed my battered nose.

My fondest hopes have vanished, That chair is why I'm free: It broke the chain of affection That bound her soul to me.

Whenever I think of sweethearts And dream of a beautiful girl, My hair stands up like bristles, My brain gets in a whirl.

I often think of thousands Of bachelors, made so, By men of cruel conduct, Each with his tale of woe.

I see the large procession Of men with rugged brows, Whose heads and hearts were broken By chairs and faithless vows.

Forever and forever, As long as girls look sweet, There's danger in the doorway When timid lovers meet.

The mind and its broken reflection, Bespeak of love and pain; If I don't marry an orphan You may judge that I'm insane. —E. Roscoe Hall, in Atlanta Constitution.

Vest Pocket Items.

A hundred years ago oysters were sold in England at the price of a penny for five.

In Japan there are apple trees growing about four inches high, which bear fruit freely, about the size of currants.

In India the rhododendron grows to a height of thirty feet. Marigolds and camomiles in north Africa reach a height of four or five feet.

Fish can be quickly scaled by a new instrument comprising a blade secured to a handle with a removable casing to prevent it cutting the flesh as it slips under the scales.

The Yukon River.

The mouth of the Yukon is about a hundred miles broad—that is, from one side to the other side; but there is nothing to suggest a river about it—nothing but small streams, sloughs, islands, innumerable and disconcerting. It is like being brought face to face with a hundred gates, only one of which opens the way which you are seeking, while the others lead to destruction. This is the difficulty in navigation at the starting point, and the sort of way encountered all the way to Circle City. It is touch and go, or touch and not go; and you may get through, or may stick on a bar and not budge an inch for many weary days or weeks. Eighteen hundred and sixty miles of river are before you on your way up to Dawson; and it takes about fifteen days, if you meet with no accidents, days of vast, wonderful and ever-changing scenery; nights of silent grandeur, when you seem to be all alone, surrounded by an untrodden wilderness, silent, awesome, and mysterious.—Ex.

March, April, May.

These are the months in which to purify your blood. The blood is impure and depleted in quality, hence that tired languid feeling, Boils, pimples, eruptions which

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A Lively Experience.

Since the special session has convened, some of the legislators are amusing themselves by telling of the happenings at the state capitol during the regular session of a year ago.

"You know what a big, strong fellow Bloxly is," said one of the senators, though Bloxly is not the name he used. "He had everybody in his hotel up one morning about 4 o'clock, and the whole police force would have been summoned there but for the level-headed landlord. Bloxly is a generous eater. I don't recall a better hand at the table. But he is used to the ways of a farmer, keep regular hours at home and eats after the menu provided by a good housewife.

On the night in question we had enjoyed a little spread and Bloxly got outside of more stuff than any other two men at the board.

"In the morning it sounded as though a couple of runaway milk wagons were in his room. He was doing the cyclone racket with the furniture, women were screaming all over the hotel, and when with white faces and white night robes were rushing to the scene of confusion. When the landlord arrived and demanded an explanation, Bloxly said that there had been three burglars in the room, that they had at least forty bull's eye lanterns, that one of them had climbed up the stove pipe in search of plunder and that a couple of others had planted a small brass cannon on the bureau.

"What in thunder and lightning did you have at that lunch last night, Bloxly?" roared the practical landlord.

"Welsh rarebit and ale."

"That explains the burglary," ginned the boniface, and he waved the guests back to their rooms.—Detroit Free Press.

NEED ANY SUMMER CLOTHING? Seaside coats stripes and linen colors 75c. Woven cloth (same on both sides) \$1. and \$1.25. Alpaca and serge \$1. to \$3. PANTS. . . . Pants of all shades in woven cloth, white or striped duck \$1. to \$1.50. All are fast colors and washable goods. Because these prices are lower than you have been paying is no reason you should not buy. We take your measure Wana-maker & Brown do the rest. J. A. LANDRUM & CO.

The Elothorium. The discovery of the entire skeleton of an elothorium in the Bad Lands, 50 miles east of Rapid City, S. D., has aroused considerable interest among paleontologists. The valuable find is accredited to Prof. O. C. Farrington, of the Field Columbian museum, of Chicago, and the bones have been shipped to the windy city. Prof. O. C. Farrington, 87 years ago

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established by Pomet in 1847, represents a family of extinct animals, all of much interest. They were found first in Europe, but are now found in the miocene beds of North America, not only on the Atlantic coast, but especially in the Rocky mountain region and still further west. The family includes several genera and subgenera and quite a number of species, some of which contain individuals of large size, only surpassed in bulk among their contemporaries by members of the rhinoceros family and of brontotheriidae. Remains of the group have been known for nearly half a century, yet until recently comparatively little had been determined with certainty regarding the skeletons.

The adult individual, when alive, was more than seven feet in length and about four feet in height. The basis of the restoration by Prof. Marsh is the specimen found by him in 1870 in the miocene beds of northeastern Colorado, and described in 1873. Looking at the skeleton, the most striking features are the large and peculiar skull and the elongated and slender limbs and feet. The most notable points in the skull are the long, pendent process of the malar bone, characteristic of some of the sloths, and the strong projection of the lower jaw. Another feature of the skull is the very small brain case, which proves that the brain itself was very diminutive. This was also true of the other known species, and was probably the main reason which led to the early extinction of the whole group. The slender, highly specialized limbs and feet are likewise particularly noticeable in restorations. They indicate clearly that the animal was capable of considerable speed, and thus must have been of great service as protection from its enemies.

A Lingering Objection.

"No," said the old-fashioned citizen, "I can't say that I exactly approve of the new minister, although he is undoubtedly a conscientious man."

"He is very young and progressive."

"Yes. But I'm a little old-fashioned, and I can't help thinking that there are limitations to what ought to be expected of a clergyman. I can't help being annoyed when, instead of asking what denomination he represents, people stop to inquire what his politics is."—Washington Star.

One-quarter of all the people born die before six years, and one-half before they are 16.

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That Altered the Case. A young lady enters Notre Dame when a service is being held. She kneels on a prie-dieu, and when the vergor passes the bag she puts in one franc.

Vergor demands two francs. "Why two francs?" "This service is for the churching of women."

"But I'm not married." "Whew!!! Five francs, then.—Town Topics

In the African oasis of Tugurt about 600 artesian wells have been opened successfully along the course of a subterranean river. Everything Has Its Use. The water hyacinths which impede navigation in Florida waters have been found to be good fertilizers.

Suggestive Uncertainty. He—I saw the Dasher sisters at the Frivoly last night. She—Are they good? He—Oh, I don't know about that, but they're awfully clever.—Pick-Me-Up.

THE HEART OF THE WORLD.

By H. Rider Haggard.

A Strange Story, Taken From a Manuscript Bequeathed by an Old Mexican Indian to His Friend and Comrade, an Englishman Named Jones.

"Look, here they come," said the senior, and as he spoke a party of seven or eight men, three of them riding on mules, appeared at the foot of the mountain, and dismounting, picketed their animals to trees.

"Now for it," said the senior, rising and shaking himself like a dog that leaves the water. "I wonder how many of us will be left alive when this sun sets?"

As he spoke one of the men advanced to the foot of the stairway holding a great horn in a bushy hand, and the dog sniffed the stones, then lifting his head, he bayed aloud, whereat the hand shouted, for they knew that they had trapped us. Still for a while they did not advance, but gathering themselves in a knot, consulted together at the foot of the stairway.

"Can we bargain with them, Ignatio?" said the senior.

"Impossible," I answered, "what have we to give that they cannot take?"

"Then there is nothing for it except to die as bravely as we can," I answered. "This is the end of our search for the Golden City. The quest has not been a lucky one, Ignatio."

Now the old Indian, Zibabai, who was crouched upon the ground beside us, spoke for the first time, saying:

"Friends, why do you not fly? Doubtless you can find a path down the further side of the pyramid, and in the forest you may hide from these men."

"It is too late to talk of flight," said Molas, "for look! they are coming up the stair, the eight of them, with Don Pedro and the American at their head."

I looked; it was true. Already they had climbed half the steps of the first flight.

"Oh, for some rifles!" groaned the senior.

"It is useless to cry for what we have not," I answered.

"God can help us if He wishes, and if He does not we must bow to His will."

Then there was a silence, broken only by the voice of Zibabai, who, standing behind us, lifted his hands to heaven and prayed aloud to his gods to bring a vengeance upon our foes.

Now we could see through the trees and bushes that the men were beginning to climb the second flight.

"Come, let us do something," said the senior, and, running to the pile of stones which we had prepared, he called to us to roll the heaviest upon the enemy. "This we did, but without effect, for the free trunks turned the stones, moreover, those against whom they were directed, taking cover at the sides of the stairway, opened so sharp a fire on us with their rifles that in a few minutes we were driven from the piles of stones, and forced to retreat behind the shelter of the archway."

It was then that the foot of the third flight and passed into the hands of the Indian blowpipes, ran out onto the terrace followed by the senior—though why the senior went I do not know, for he could not use the weapon. Before the men below were aware of their presence Molas had set the blowpipe to his lips and discharged the poisoned dart among them. It struck Don Smith, the American, full in the throat. Watching around the corner of the arch I saw him fall to the ground, and at that instant a storm of bullets swept through the archway aimed at Molas and the senior as they fled back to shelter. I saw Molas fall and the senior stoop to lift him to his feet, and as he was in the very act a patch of red appeared upon his face. Another moment they were back under cover.

"Are you hurt?" I asked the senior.

"No, no," he answered, "my face was grazed by a bullet, that was all. Look to Molas; he is shot in the ankle."

"Leave me," said Molas; "it is nothing."

Then we were silent, only Mava sobbed a little as she strove to stanch the blood which flowed from the senior's wound with cubes that she gathered from among the stones.

Looking out cautiously we saw that the men had dragged Don Smith to the side of the stairway, while some of them supported him while he died of poison, and others watched for a moment to shoot us should we show ourselves upon the terrace. Presently he was dead, and cursing us aloud his companions commenced to mount the third flight with great caution, for they feared a snare.

"Is there nothing to be done to save our lives?" asked the senior in a heavy voice.

There was no answer, but of a sudden Molas, who was standing with one hand pressed upon the wound in his side and the other before his eyes, turned and ran swiftly into the chamber behind us, whence he appeared carrying the copper axe.

Then, without speaking, he climbed the masonry of the archway with great swiftness, till he stood with his feet in the cleft beneath the eaves of the arch, which you will remember was held in place only by the tough tree roots that grew from it into the sereno of the buttress.

Supporting himself on a creeper with his left hand, with his right he struck blow after blow at the biggest of these roots, severing them one by one. Now we saw his purpose—to send two hundred tons of stonework thundering down the stairway upon the heads of the murderers.

"By heavens! That is an answer to my question," said the senior; then he paused and added: "Come down, Molas, if the arch falls you will fall with it and be crushed."

"It matters little," he answered, "this is my doom day. That bullet has cut me inside, and I bleed to death, and on this spot, as I have long feared, it is fated that I should die. Pray for my soul and farewell."

Now three of the roots were severed, and the fourth and last, which was the thickest than a man's leg, remained, and at this Molas began to bend despairingly.

"Are they near?" he asked.

We peeped round the corner of the arch and saw that some fifty feet below the head had halted on the slippery side of the pyramid, realizing they knew

now what, for they heard the dull sound of the axe blows, but could not guess what it portended.

One of their number was talking to Don Pedro, apparently urging something upon him to which he did not agree, and in this way they wasted two minutes before the order was finally given to rush up the remaining steps and take the temple by storm.

Two minutes, it was but a short time, yet it meant much, for now only a third of the root remained unsevered, and the bark cracking and peeling showed how great was the strain upon it.

"Quick," whispered the senior, "they are here," and as he spoke the hands of the axe broke and his head fell on the ground.

"Now if the root holds we are lost," I said.

But it was not so, for Molas still had his heavy hunting knife, and with this he hewed frantically at the wood. At the third cut it began to rattle, then slowly asunder as though by the strength of a giant.

"Come down, Molas, come down!" cried the senior.

But Molas would not. He struck one more blow, severing the root, then, with a shout of farewell, either through faintness or by design, he cast himself forward with outstretched arms against the face of the wall. His weight was little indeed, yet it seemed that it sufficed to turn the balance, for again the trembling mass moved perceptibly.

It slid forward faster and faster, while sharp sounds like pistol shots came from the heart of it, and the trees bent like a rod beneath the rush of a fall. Now, also, for the first time, the villains on the slope below perceived the doom that threatened them and uttered such a yell as I had never heard. Some stood still, and some flung themselves down the stair. One only, Don Pedro himself, rushed forward.

It was too late; the mass of stonework, fifty feet long by twenty in breadth, was falling. It fell, taking Molas with it.

With a roar like that of thunder it struck upon the stairway, and bursting into fragments, swept it from end to end.

In less than a minute it was done, the sounds had died away, and nothing was left to tell of what had happened except a little dust and some remains that had been men. Of all those who stood upon the stairway only one survived—Don Pedro, who had run forward. But he was too late, for though the mass had missed him a single stone struck him across the middle, breaking his bones and sweeping him to the foot of the first flight, but leaving him alive.

When all was finished and the dust had fallen to the earth again, the senior spoke, saying:

"The night is a sad thing, and the light of our deliverer."

So we went, the three of us, leaving Zibabai in the temple, but we could not find it; doubtless to this day it lies buried beneath some of the larger blocks of masonry. There were other bodies, indeed, from which we did not scruple to take the rifles and whatever else was likely to be of value to us. Better still, tied among some trees near the foot of the pyramid we found four good mules, one of them laden with ammunition and provisions, for Don Pedro had come out determined to hunt us down even if he must follow us for days.

Having picketed the mules where they could graze, we returned to the temple, heating with us food and drink, of which we stood in sore need. On our way up the steps Don Pedro called to us from where he lay broken and bleeding against an uprooted tree.

"Water," he cried, "give me water," and the senior gave him some mixed with brandy, which we had found upon the mule pack.

"I am dying," moaned the wretch, "my presentiment has come true, and death finds me among ruins."

"Give me absolution," he went on, "for the love of God give me absolution."

"I cannot," said the senior, "I have no authority. Pray to heaven to deliver you, for your time is short."

Then he turned and went, but for a long time we were troubled with the cries and gasps of this most evil man. Indeed, they did not cease till sunset, when the devil came to claim his own.

CHAPTER XI
ZIBABAI TELLS HIS MISSION.

When we reached the ruins of the temple we ate and drank, then, knowing that we could travel no further that night, I spoke, saying:

"Some two months since, Zibabai, you sent a message by that man who died to save us this day, to him who among the Indians is known as Lord of the Heart. My messenger traveled fast and far, by sea and by land, till he found him and delivered the message."

"To whom did he deliver it?" asked Zibabai.

"To me, for I am the man you seek, and with my companion I have been ranged here to find you, suffering many dangers and evils on the path."

"Prove that you see the man, and he will ask me certain secret questions, to all of which I returned answers."

"You are instructed," he said at length, and turning to Mava said: "Come hither, daughter, and give me that which is hidden in your hair."

Mava put her hands to her head, and, drawing forth some small thing from the dense masses of her hair, passed it to her father.

"Is this what you would see?" he asked, holding the object in the light of a setting sun.

I looked, and lo! there before me was the same counterpart of that which had descended to me from my forefathers, and which I wore about my neck.

"We have heard of it, and greatly desire to see it," I answered.

"If this be so," went on Zibabai, "in us you have found those who can guide you to that city, of which I am the chief and hereditary high priest, and my only child here is the lady. You wonder how it comes, then, that we, being of this condition, are found unguarded and alone, wandering like beggars in the lands of the white man. Listen:

"The City of the Heart, as it is called, is of all cities the most beautiful, and ancient, and once in the War of the Gods ruled these lands from sea to sea."

"So great was her power in the early days that all the cities whose ruins may be found buried in these forests were her tributaries, but as time passed went by hordes of barbarians rolled down upon her frontier towns, so that they were lost to her. Still no enemies came near her gates, and she remained the richest and most powerful of the cities of the world."

"Now, the City of the Heart, is built upon an island in the center of a lake, but many thousands of her children upon the mainland, where they cultivated fields and dug in the earth for gold and gems."

"So she flourished and her children with her, till twelve generations were, when there came tidings to the king of that day that a nation of white men had taken possession of the empire near the sea, putting their inhabitants to the sword and possessing themselves of their wealth. Tidings came also that these white men, having learned the tale of the City of the Heart and of the nameless treasures of gold with which it is adorned, purposed to seek it out and seek it."

"When the enigma was solved these things were true, he took counsel with his wise men and with the oracle of the god, and issued a decree that all those who lived upon the mainland should be brought within the walls of the city, so that the white men might find none to guide them thither. This was done then, and the spoilers sought in vain for many years, till it was reported among them that this legend of a town filled with gold was but a fable."

"Now, however, great distress took hold of the city, and the king, who had taken possession of the empire near the sea, putting their inhabitants to the sword and possessing themselves of their wealth. Tidings came also that these white men, having learned the tale of the City of the Heart and of the nameless treasures of gold with which it is adorned, purposed to seek it out and seek it."

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THE PARSON'S ADVENTURE.

Not the Epleptic, But His Victim It Was Who Had a Fit.

A young man who was a member of a worthy Georgia family was an epileptic, and nights when the moon was full and shining brightly he would become restless and walk around the premises, staring wildly at the shadows, and muttering strangely to the inanimate objects around.

These nocturnal rambles frequently occurred when the other members of the family were asleep, and were not generally known to the community.

One night the newly-appointed itinerant preacher of the circuit was lodged with the family; but on this occasion all the spare rooms in the house were occupied, and they were forced to improvise a bed for the reverend gentleman on a lounge in the parlor.

Late that night, when he was sleeping the sleep of the just and dreaming of the sermon he was to preach next morning, it dawned on his dim consciousness that some one was bending over him—that a strange and hostile presence was in the room.

He opened his eyes to meet the glassy stare of eyes looking straight into his, and to feel the breath of a man in his face, and the clammy clasp of two strong hands on his wrists.

He seemed to lose the power of speech, and, to add to the terror of the situation, the man above him uttered not a word.

The preacher was powerless; he couldn't budge an inch in that vice-like grasp; and he was hypnotized beneath the man's unwavering gaze.

Finally, without a word, the fellow left him, and went out into the night.

It wasn't long till daylight, and at breakfast it was remarked that the preacher looked pale, and had no appetite.

He was forced to explain the incident of the night before, when the head of the family said:

"Oh! that was our son, John; we forgot to mention that it was his walking season. He didn't fall down in a fit, did he?"

"No," said the parson with a cold shiver, "but I did!"—Atlanta Constitution.

SMOKERS AND SMOKING.

Some Figures Showing Effect of the Use of Tobacco.

Some of the old smokers' statistics are cropping up again, with slight complications, certainly, but all supporting a main aim that a man is better without a pipe than with it. This second George is out of the blood.

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RELIC OF THE OLD DAYS.

England Still Maintains a Dramatic Censorship—Established by George II.

Few, I believe, are aware that the British people maintain—though much against the will of many of them—a dramatic censorship as real as any. Her majesty's examiner of stage plays draws a salary of £250 a year, and in the amount of abuse that is heaped on him he seems to earn his money. Those who find fault with the British censorship complain that this relic of a vernal parliament from the skin of a booby is out of the blood.

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