

The Cotulla Record.

VOL. 12. NO 51.

COTULLA, TEXAS, MARCH 25, 1911

PUBLISHED WEEKLY

Soaking Rains Falling Throughout Southwest Texas Today increases Joy of the Cattleman and the Farmer.

GENERAL RAINS SOAK THE GROUND.

ALL PARTS OF LA SALLE COUNTY THOROUGHLY DRENCHED.

Tuesday night a generous rain soaked all portions of La Salle county. The fall everywhere was about one and a half inches. The rain continued for several hours and wet the ground deep. Up the Nueces heavier rains are reported and that stream is expected to go very high during the next few days. It is rising fast today and is stretching out over the bottoms.

Since Tuesday the weather has been cloudy, and yesterday a slow drizzle set in which continued last night and at 7 o'clock this morning increased to a steady downpour which lasted two hours. At ten o'clock rain is still falling. Up to this hour the precipitation has amounted to 1.12 inches. The rain Tuesday night registered 1.30. A total of 4.89 inches has fallen at Cotulla since Jan. 1st.

Farmers are in high spirits over the prospects. A large acreage of cotton over the county is up. The range in the sandy land is already excellent.

WILL MEET NEXT IN FT. WORTH.

The Cattle Raisers Association which met in San Antonio Tuesday adjourned Thursday after a rousing session. The next meeting will be held at Ft. Worth.

CELEBRATED BIRTHDAY.

Last Sunday Jos. Cotulla, founder of the town which bears his name celebrated his 67th birthday by a big dinner at the Cotulla Ranch, to which a large number of his friends were invited. Ed Cotulla, his eldest son, deputy Collector of Customs of Laredo, came up for the occasion. A large number was present and the day was very pleasantly spent.

His friends presented him with a fine gold-headed walking cane.

BIG DAM HAS BEEN COMPLETED.

GEO. E. REEDER FINISHES CONTRACT FOR HOLLAND-TEXAS COMPANY.

The concrete dam across the Nueces twelve miles below Cotulla was completed this week. This dam is 20 feet high and 385 feet long. The dirt dam across the slough is unfinished and is feared the present rise will carry it out. W. H. Johns, the contractor, has a large force at work trying to keep ahead of the water until it rises to a sufficient height to go over the concrete dam. If he can do this he can save his work. The river is rising fast this morning and reports indicate an immense volume of water coming.

BUCKNER ORPHANS HOME.

This great institution is in need of help now. They have nearly 700 children in the home and from one to three per week are coming and have been since last October.

Evangelist S. A. Bailey, of San Antonio, who represents the Home in South and Southwest Texas, was here this week. He is raising endowment money for the running expenses.

It takes \$125.00 per day to care for this great and growing family. 200 pounds of flour to give the biscuit for breakfast, a large wash tub full of eggs to give them eggs, a crate of cabbage gives them a cabbage dinner, a sack of beans gives them a bean dinner, 45 turkeys gives them a turkey dinner, 125 hens a chicken dinner, 50 sides of bacon and 60 gallons of molasses runs them for a week.

Short crop years and money panics has put the Home in debt \$15,000.00.

ONION YIELD WILL BE GOOD.

CROP IN EXCELLENT CONDITION AND GROWING FAST.

The onion crop along the Nueces Valley promises to be the best for many seasons. Growers are optimistic over the outlook.

Samples brought in from different parts of the valley indicate that the harvest time is near at hand. No more irrigation will be necessary as the rains of this week will be sufficient to mature the crop. There is a difference in opinion as to when shipments will begin but the cloudy weather the past week will have a tendency to delay maturing and there will be but few, if any shipments before the middle of April.

Some of the farmers report some thrip, but no damage of consequence by the insects is reported anywhere in the valley.

Crate shipments are coming in daily. Strings of wagons are employed hauling them to the farms.

WITH MRS. W. J. GALBREATH.

Tuesday afternoon the Ladies of the Baptist Aid wended their way to the hospitable home of Mrs. W. J. Galbreath, who

had a very interesting meeting with sixteen members and four visitors present. The devotional exercises were conducted by our worthy president, Mrs. Rowland. There being very little other business, our Bible lesson, the last fifteen chapters of Judges, was then taken up. A very interesting paper discussing the most prominent characters in the book of Judges was read by Mrs. T. B. Poole.

After our strenuous study, we gladly partook of the refreshments consisting of fruit punch and cake, served by our hostess and Miss Bess Galbreath.

We will meet at the church Tuesday March 28th, and wait all the members present.—X

ARTESIA NOTES.

Artesia, Texas, March 23—S. Martin went to Cotulla one day this week.

R. L. Henrichson has been on the sick list this week.

Lee Henrichson Jr. and Rhy Smith have been visiting relatives at Tuna.

Mrs. W. L. Langford is here visiting her parents.

Misses Irene Henrichson and Ella Alderman have been visiting friends at Ft. Worth and Dallas.

Mr. Rogers of Dilley spent Sunday here with relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Adams have moved to Seguin.

Mr. Leighnor is at the Junction again after a month's stay at Houston and Ft. Worth.

ENJOYABLE OUTING.

W. T. Deopker and family, H. C. Ritzgers and family, of Huntington, Ind., Mr. and Mrs. Goodale, of Huntington, Ind., Mrs. Galbreath, Miss Stucke, of Columbus, Ind., Misses Marie Neal and Bess Galbreath and Rev. B. D. Boyle, were guests of Jack Neal on the river Tuesday, March 21st. An excellent luncheon was served, which was especially enjoyed by the Hoosiers, and these same were greatly interested in the pear burning operations and the feeding of cattle.

All had an enjoyable day and all acclaim Mr. Neal a prince of hosts.

ONE PRESENT.

UNCLE SAM IS MAKING FAST AND VAST PREPARATIONS TO TAKE A HAND IN THE MEXICAN TROUBLE.

That the United States government expects to intercede in the Mexican trouble within a short time, unless peace is restored in the Republic, is the prevailing opinion in army circles. At the big camp in San Antonio fast preparations are being made and startling orders are looked for any day.

Thursday orders were sent out from the department to recruiting officers to enlist immediately 7,000 new men. Today these officers are active in every part of the country looking for young men who want to enter the service.

Congress meets April 4th and it is not likely President Taft will take any action before then, but at that time something is expected to happen. In the meantime conditions in Mexico are rapidly becoming worse. Madero's army has control of the entire Western country and it is predicted that within thirty days he will control practically all of Northern Mexico.

Rebels are now becoming active in the country around Monterey and they will no doubt stop operations on the Nacional railroad in a few days.

Reports indicate that the revolution is spreading in the interior.

Announcement!

*We extend to you a most cordial invitation
to be present at our*

Millinery Opening

THURSDAY AND FRIDAY

March 25th and 26th.

*A Pleasing Display
of Fashion's Latest Creations*

K. Burwell.

Miss Stucke, Milliner.

Dr. D. N. Cushing

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PERMANENTLY LOCATED IN
COTULLA

Office on Center St. One door
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Telephone No. 61

JOHNSTON & GRAHAM

Physicians and
Surgeons

Office at Horger & Windrow's
Drug Store

ATTENTION TO SURGERY
AND DISEASES OF WOMEN

COTULLA - TEXAS

John W. Willson

LAWYER

AND
LAND AGENT

Will practice in all courts

REAL ESTATE A
SPECIALTY

COTULLA, TEXAS

F. B. EARNEST

Attorney-at-Law

Will Practice in all
Courts

Office on Center Street

Cotulla, Texas.

E. E. SCOGGINS

Jeweler and
Optician

Eyes Tested FREE

Will call to accommo-
date the aged, etc.

AT

GADDIS' PHARMACY

Ben J. Yowell

CONTRACTOR AND
BUILDER OF ANYTHING

Buildings, Repair Work,
Counters and Shelving

CL. ENT WALKS

If you don't
both wire with me we
"oney"

Will Work ^{any} where

The
Best Bargain

In reading matter that your
money can buy is your local pa-
per. It keeps you posted on the
doings of the community.

This Paper

GET MARRIED

ANY TIME
but send
your orders
for wedding
invitations. We have the latest styles, lowest
prices, and do best work. Samples at this office.

The
Buyers'
Guide

The firms whose names are repre-
sented in our advertising columns
are worthy of the confidence of every
person in the community who has
money to spend. The fact that they
advertise stamps them as enterpris-
ing, progressive men of business, a
credit to our town, and deserving of
support. Our advertising columns
comprise a Buyers' Guide to fair
dealing, good goods, honest prices.

PHYSICAL WRECK RESTORED TO
HEALTH BY GREAT KID-
NEY REMEDY

Some time ago I began the use of
Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root with the most
remarkable results. For years I was almost
a wreck and was a great sufferer. The doc-
tors who treated me made me believe that
my great sufferings were due to female
trouble. I was so bad at times I would
faint away and had sinking spells.
Finally a new doctor was called in and
he said that I had kidney trouble and
gave me medicine, of which I took sev-
eral bottles. I obtained some relief from
this but I was getting weaker all the
time; I could not sleep and suffered so
much pain that my husband and children
had to hit me in and out of bed. After
this time two friends sent me word to try
Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, which I did,
and I am glad to state that the first dose
gave me great relief. After taking the
third dose I was helped into bed and slept
half of the night.

I took several bottles of Swamp-Root
and I feel that I owe my life to this
wonderful remedy. The two family doc-
tors said that I could not live three
months; my urine was in a terrible con-
dition—thick and slimy—and I would have
to be helped in and out of bed ten to
twenty times every night. After taking
Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root for two days I
was entirely free from getting up and
could sleep soundly.

MRS. D. E. HILEMAN,
Tunnelton, West Va.

Personally appeared before me this
11th of September, 1920, Mrs. D. E.
Hileman, who subscribed the above state-
ment and made oath that the same is true
in substance and in fact.

JOSEPH A. MILLER,
Notary Public.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You
Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Bingham-
ton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will
convince anyone. You will also receive
a booklet of valuable information, telling
all about the kidneys and bladder. When
writing, be sure and mention this paper.
For sale at all drug stores. Price fifty-
cents and one-dollar.

Home and School.

Home and school are two different
spheres and have of necessity differ-
ent duties to perform and different
work to accomplish in the training and
teaching of the child. But unless the
ideals are the same and unless there
is a systematic attitude of mind be-
tween parents and teachers, the best
result cannot be achieved and the child
must suffer.—Mrs. E. L. Franklin,
Secretary Parents' National Educatio-
nal Union, England.

WHEN RUBBERS BECOME NECESSARY
and your shoes pinch, Allen's Foot-Kase, the Anti-
chafe powder to be shaken into the shoes, is just
the thing to use. Try it for breaking in New Shoes
and over chafes. See Sample FREE. Address Allen
D. C.

And the man who is driven to drink
by adversity probably would have it
brought to him by prosperity.

"NO ONE IS STRONGER
THAN HIS STOMACH."
HOSTETTER.

WHEN YOU
ARE SICKLY

and run down and
subjected to spells of
Stomach trouble and
Biliousness you can-
not take a better
medicine than Hos-
tetter's Stomach Bit-
ters. It removes the
cause by toning the
entire digestive sys-
tem. Try it and see.

BUT INSIST ON
Hostetter's
Stomach Bitters



CURED A BAD SPAVIN.

Mr. B. H. Frey, Marion, N. C., writes:
"My horse had a very bad case of spavin
and nothing did any good until I tried your
Mexican Mustang Liniment. I rubbed the
spavin frequently and plentifully with the
liniment and soon saw an improvement. In
this treatment I poured my pain full of lin-
iment and then rubbed it on the spavin until
nearly dry. I did this three or four times a
day and my horse was completely cured. It
is sure to cure if properly used."
A spavin is a serious ailment and
needs a powerful remedy. The above
letter proves Mexican Mustang Lin-
iment cures even bad cases and does
it thoroughly, too.
25c. 50c. \$1 a bottle at Drug & Coal Stores.

REMEMBER
PISO'S
for COUGHS & COLDS

Corralling a Quarter Section

By M. J. PHILLIPS

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

Arthur Brant was conscious of an
undercurrent of hostility in the
cabin of the Pentons. The mental at-
mosphere was as crisp as the breath-
less cold of the February night—a coil
which clutched the Dakota prairies in
iron fingers.

Brant was a shy young man where
women were concerned, and though
he felt acutely that for some reason
Hilda Penton, her parents and her
ten-year-old brother had turned against
him, he could not bring himself to ask
why, or to worm the reason out of
them by indirection.

They had moved onto the quarter
section adjoining his own fine farm a
few weeks before. He had not learned
to know them well, though he had
formed the habit of dropping in on
them during the evening. But now he
was unwelcome. Jim Penton, usually
affable and garrulous, smoked tonight
in grave silence. He kept his gaze on
the cracked stove, which was glowing
red with its efforts to beat back the
searching cold.

Mrs. Penton knitted without looking
up, and little Jim, who usually hung
adoringly about Brant's knees, was
huddled in a corner, though he peered
stealthily at his friend as often as he
dared.

As for Hilda herself, beyond the
merest monosyllabic replies to Brant's
efforts to make conversation, she was
ominously quiet. The constraint grew
as she washed the supper dishes and
tidied the three tiny rooms of the
cabin.

When her work was completed and
she sat down opposite him, her blue
eyes were sparkling, and her voice re-
minded Brant of the crackle of frosty
snow under foot.

"I understand, Mr. Brant, that you
were down at the county seat Friday
looking up the title of our quarter sec-
tion."

"Yes," replied Brant; "that's one
reason I came over. The land has been
advertised for unpaid taxes. It's to
be sold Tuesday."

"And you're going to buy it in?"

The contemptuous tone cut like a
lash. "No," replied Brant, simply.

"Well, we can't redeem it. We had
barely enough to get it. And we're
sitting—"

Brant roused reluctantly and looked
about him, at the faithful Oleson, at
the Pentons, scarcely less concerned,
at the cabin beyond, warm and light
and cozy. His face changed as at an
unpleasant memory.

"Take me home, Frank," he said,
in a tone that brooked no disobe-
dience.

And for the second time within a
week Hilda Penton cried herself to
sleep. The last vestige of hope was
gone. He had bid in their land.
That is why he would not trespass on
their hospitality.

It was three days before little Jim
could go to the postoffice, two miles
away. He came back with a letter—
an official looking article from the
county seat, and a budget of news
that kept him jumping up and down
in excitement.

The envelope was addressed to her
father, but Hilda tore it open, caught
the sense at a glance, and dropped
weakly into a chair.

"Mother—father!" she gasped; "it's
all right. We won't lose our farm.
Mr. Brant has loaned us the money."

Mr. and Mrs. Penton, gray hairs
bent together, laboriously gathered
that James Penton, by his agent, Ar-
thur Brant, had paid the sum
of \$142.75, being the full amount due
for back taxes and penalties on the
southeast one-quarter of section—
Oh, it was all there, to the last letter
and figure of the description!

Meanwhile, little Jim, by the ex-
pedit of whooping at regular in-
tervals, at last attracted the family's
attention.

"Listen to me, listen to me!" he
yelled. "Lemme tell you about the
fight over to Carlin Tuesday, Bill
Samuelson, he saw it."

"Hey?" said his father, raising his
eyes at last from the magic paper.

"A fight—who?"

"Arthur Brant and Peter Snyder,"
chattered little Jim. "That mean old
Pete was there to get our land, and
he had a check all made out. But
Mr. Brant came in and said he was
our agent, pa, and had the money
ready. An' Pete called him a liar,
and Mr. Brant told him he was a
tax-title shark, so Pete struck at
him."

"And then they fought and knocked
over chairs, an' the clerk climbed up
into the desk, and Mr. Brant blacked
Pete's eyes and bloodied his nose.
An'—"

Little Jim stopped, the breath
queezed out of his body. For his sis-
ter, her eyes shining like twin stars,
was hugging him to her breast and
laughing and crying at the same
time.

"Jim," she said, "you go and tell
Arthur to come over here. I—we—
want to thank him, and beg his par-
don."

"Tain't no'ssary," replied Jim
wriggling free. "I asked him myself
An' he said he'd come."

His View.

Teacher—Willie, what is a heaven's
body?

Willie—I'd say it was one that you
only had to wash about once a year
—Brooklyn Life.

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Teacher—Willie, what is a heaven's
body?

Willie—I'd say it was one that you
only had to wash about once a year
—Brooklyn Life.

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Fencing, Sash, Doors.

Lime, Brick, Cement, Barbed Wire, Windmills, Studebaker

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FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

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GRAIN DEALERS

Prairie Hay, Sorghum, Alfalfa, Corn, Oats, Chops, Bran, Cotton seed meal.

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Cor. Center and Main Sts. Cotulla, Texas

SIMON COTULLA

Full line of Groceries and Confectioneries.
Cigars and Tobaccos.

Fruits of all kinds in season, Ice Cream and Cold Drinks
Meat Market and Ice House in connection.

South Side Public Square - - - Cotulla, Texas

WELLS DRILLED

Shallow wells up to 350 feet deep put down.
Can give you information as to depth neces-
sary to go, quality and quantity of water us-
ually found in any of the country around
Cotulla.

G. A. MANLY
COTULLA, TEXAS

CITY BARBER SHOP

Strictly American Hot Baths
Strictly First-Class Cold Baths

The Kind of Shaves You Like
Modern Style Hair Cuts

SHAMPOO MESSAGE

W. L. PEASE, Proprietor

Reading Matter

The home news; the doings of the people in this
town; the gossip of our own community, that's
the first kind of reading matter you want. It is
more important, more interesting to you than
that given by the paper or magazine from the
outside world. It is the first reading matter
you should buy. Each issue of this paper gives
to you just what you will consider

The Right Kind of
Reading Matter

THE COTULLA RECORD.

Established 1898.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY.

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

C. E. MANLY, Editor and Proprietor.

Subscription: \$1 per Year; 50c Six Months; 35c Three Months.
Advertising Rates on Application.

Asherton has quite a Mexican population and Editor Jones of the Asherton News is now printing part of his paper in Spanish.

Six hundred soldiers were shot at Galveston the other day. The victims were inoculated with anti-typhoid germs, which were shot into their arms by surgeons.

With the splendid rains again this week our prospects for a prosperous year are greatly increased. Crops are up everywhere and there is an excellent season in the ground. The range is covered with grass and everything points to 1911 being a banner year.

The burning of a part of the Stockyards at Ft Worth entailed a heavy loss on many small farmers who had fine stock there for the stock show. Between 1000 and 15000 animals were burned to death. Regardless of the loss the Stock Show was a success, and the attendance was large.

The Texas steer scales tariff walls of foreign countries with as much ease as his ancestor climbed an ordinary farm fence. During 1910 the United States exported \$24,882,865 of packing house products (beef) and Texas cattle are the prime factors in Uncle Sam's meat fleet. The Texas steer is as much at home traveling in a tin can on an ocean liner as he is on a special fast freight train and he is welcomed in every market in the world.

Texas land is the cheapest land in the world today considering its productive capacity, and its value is steadily increasing, and the opportunities for land investment are growing less and less as the state develops. Homeseekers from the older states and from Europe have been pouring into Texas as never before in the history of the state during the past year, and the idle lands are gradually becoming settled up and the matter of procuring a home in Texas is easier now than will be the case in a few years.

Thirteen solid carloads of eggs have been shipped from Flatonia Texas during the past few weeks to New York and other Northern markets. The egg industry of Texas is steadily growing and this shipment of eggs is one of the largest ever originating from one single point in the South. The egg and poultry business is one that brings quick returns and ready cash, and the Texas hen, the Queen of the barnyard, rules the roosts the year round.

The uncultivated area of Texas exceeds the total area of the thirteen original colonies excepting Georgia and North Carolina. The uncultivated area of Texas exceeds the total area of all states bordering on the Atlantic Ocean from Maine to North Carolina inclusive. The uncultivated area of Texas can support all of the people in the United States, using as a basis of calculation two acres of cultivated land per capita which is the world average. This land is not lacking in fertility but in farmers to cultivate it.

The construction of good roads will go a long way towards solving the problem of keeping the young men on the farm which is a question that is receiving much attention at this time. It is not hard work that drives the young people from the farm to the city nor is it the allurements of the city that entices them away from the old home down on the farm so much as it is the isolation of farm life that discourages the boy in the rural districts. The building of good roads, besides checking this exodus from the farm to the city will add thousands of dollars to the value of contiguous property and will give quick returns for the money invested.

FOREIGN nations have entirely too much money invested in Mexico to stand by and see the revolution go on indefinitely. It must be stopped. The Diaz Government has demonstrated its utter helplessness in the situation, and unless the stubborn old ruler concedes to the reforms asked by the progressives, it will be up to Uncle Sam to see that he does, and the balance of the interested nations of the world will stand back of him. Outside of mining Americans have invested in Mexico \$333,001,973; United Kingdom \$254,650,823, Germany \$23,246,432; France \$16,207,074; Austria-Hungary \$40,3,200; Spain \$2,386,687; Italy \$58,050. These figures are official and have just been given out.

DIFFERENCE IN CLIMATE.

Texas has any kind of climate that one desires. While one part of the state may be in the grip of a blizzard flowers are in full bloom at the other end. In North Texas today trees are just beginning to leaf out, vegetation on the prairies is just beginning to respond to the call of springtime.

How different it is here in Southwest Texas. The prairie is one grand beautiful bouquet, leaves have been on trees for two months. The fruit from the Mulberry is matured, corn, kafir and milo maize is knee high, thousands of acres of cotton is up.

The February freeze blighted all except Texas this particular section of the Southwest. Not even the tenderest vegetation was pinched here. In the Houston, Beaumont, Brownsville, Kingsville sections, which are heralded as the greatest country in the world, untold damage was done.

The section of Texas Southwest of San Antonio today presents the most advanced vegetation of any part of the United States. We are living in the best part of the world, but few of us realize it.

FIGHT AGAINST PESTILENCE.

The fight against bubonic plague goes on in California—with its necessary sacrifice of squirrels and guinea pigs. Diphtheria has been conquered, and a preventive of lockjaw—an absolute certain one—has been given the world. We have found that serum from a recovered cancer patient will cure cancer, and a cure for cancer is certain to be found. Erlich of Germany has announced a specific for syphilis and sleeping sickness. He used mice in his experiments, and many monkeys. The scientists are battling heroically with cholera in Europe. Though their approved methods, they will yet discover the remedy for that. And now from the leper hospital at Molokai we learn that the germ of leprosy has been made to grow under such artificial conditions that we may soon expect the discovery of a cure for that awful disease. The experiments were made on those low forms of life called amoebae, and upon guinea

of many of the poor people of the south in worm infection, and the people are being restored to health by thousands. With these recent victories to the credit of research, and the peril of bubonic plague and cholera impending over the world, it seems like a bad sort of time for the antivivisectionists. They should be regulated, but not by their enemies. Animal experiments are necessary.

EXCHANGE CLIPPINGS.

Two negro men came up to the outskirts of a crowd where Senator Bailey was making a campaign speech. After listening to the speech for about ten minutes, one of them turned to his companion and asked:

"Who am dat man, Sambo?"

"Ah don't know what his name am," Sambo replied, "but he certainly do recommen' hisself mos' highly."—Success.

The Texas Senate couldn't denounce the Payne-Aldrich tariff law without slapping Senator Bailey. They couldn't denounce the method by which Senator Lorimer obtained his seat without slapping Senator Bailey. They couldn't advocate Canadian reciprocity without slapping Senator Bailey. They couldn't pass a resolution commending Senator Culberson for saving the people from a \$25,000 steal to pay Lorimer's election expenses without slapping Senator Bailey. They can't invite W. J. Bryan to speak without slapping Senator Bailey. They can't indorse the Ten Commandments without slapping Senator Bailey. They can't so much as mention a law to prevent public officials from representing corporations without slapping Senator Bailey. Isn't it about time to ask, whither are we drifting?—Stanton Reporter.

Champ Clark, future Speaker of the House, has told the story of his name. It runs thus: "My parents named me James Beauchamp Clark. They didn't christen me, because they were Campbellites and didn't believe in christening. I hadn't been noticing things very long before I discovered that there is a J. B. Clark at nearly every postoffice in the United States. One day I went down into Kentucky to a place where, as usual, there was a J. B. Clark. Nearly all of my mail went to him. He opened my letters and sent them back to the writers.

"I then and there decided to change my name. The first thing I did was to drop off the 'James.' I thought it would be a nice thing to be called Beauchamp Clark; but the first thing I knew they were calling me Beechamp, Boochamp, Bichamp, Bawchamp and every other kind of 'Champ.' Nobody could pronounce it right. I never was certain that I could either, so I just dropped off the first part and kept the second."—Kansas City Star.

New Spring Styles

OUR NEW SPRING STYLES IN SHOES, SHIRTS AND IN FACT MENS FURNISHINGS OF ALL KINDS ARE NOW ON DISPLAY.



We have an excellent line of Shoes ---Shoes that are up to date and the kind that will give you service. The prices are not exorbitant.

SHIRTS---Those cool, soft Shirts, that are so comfortable in warm weather are found here in all sizes. Wear this kind once and you will wear no other.

SPRING SUITS---We have a new line of Suits that we are selling at rock bottom prices. We guarantee a fit. We guarantee satisfaction. What more do you want?

Cotulla Mercantile Co.

THE CALL OF OPPORTUNITY

is calling you now to the land where nature laughs, where sunshine and water make dollars grow. The best all-year-round climate on the continent, no blizzards, no snow, no sunstrokes, no extreme heat or cold. The winters are pleasant. Summers cool. The temperature is ten degrees lower than middle and North Texas (government reports.) People suffering with catarrh or weak lungs are surprised how they can sleep on the porch, or in drafts of air, sleep like a log and have no bad results to follow. That breeze, with the dry ozone laden air, dries up catarrh and heals the shattered lung. Yes, it gets hot, but it is not the moist, sticky, nasty heat of other countries. The heat is tempered by the delightful salt-laden sea breeze blowing from the Gulf of Mexico.

20 acre farm, 5 room house, well, land improved, can be bought for \$1,950. Within 1 mile of Court House 40 acres near High School, good land well adapted to grapes and figs, unimproved, \$25.00 per acre. Worth twice the money.

8 acres in creek bottom, 7 room house, fine farm for truck farmer, to be seen to be appreciated. Good raw land from \$15 up, in any size tracts from 10 acres up.

"Quick Sales and Small Profits" is my Motto.

MATT RUSSELL,

COTULLA, TEXAS.

A HAPPY HOME IN REACH OF ALL JOY AND SICKNESS DON'T CHUM TO BE HAPPY KEEP WELL

USE ONLY DR. KING'S NEW DISCOVERY TO CURE COUGHS AND COLDS WHOOPING COUGH AND ALL DISEASES OF THROAT AND LUNGS

IT HAS BROUGHT JOY TO Millions

Price 50c and \$1.00

SOLD AND GUARANTEED BY

Horger & Windrow.

W. W. WILSON TAILOR

All Kinds of Clothing Neatly Cleaned and Pressed

AT COTULLA MERCANTILE CO.

MEASURES TAKEN PHONE 62

J. F. RIPPS

SEED AND PAINT STORE

Notice special prices on onion sets. Now is the time for planting onion sets.

Choice Yellow per bu \$2.50, 5 bu. or more 2.35; Choice Red 2.50, 5 bu. or more 2.35. All kinds of garden and field seed for planting. Send 10c for a nice illustrated catalogue and 2 packages of garden seed.

Breeders of Rhode Island Reds and S. C. White Leghorns. Eggs for hatching S. C. White Leghorns \$2.00 for 15. Rhode Island Reds \$3.00 for 15.

J. F. RIPPS
New Phone 225. 225 Market St. SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

Get it at Horger & Windrow's.

BRACE UP

Everyone needs a Tonic at this season of the year to brace up with. Our Dike's Tonic is one of the most efficient Spring Medicines made. It reaches every part of the system and produces beneficial results in a remarkable short time. Its efficiency is not due to any deleterious drug. Price, \$1 a bottle.

HORGER & WINDROW

PRESCRIPTION DRUGGISTS

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded Day or Night.

CROPS PROMISING AROUND MILLETT.

Millett, Texas, March 23.—Your correspondent took a drive out in the country the other day to see what the farmers were doing as they do not show up on our streets lately. We found that they were so interested and busy planting cotton and watering their onions that they have no time to spare. A large acreage of cotton is already up to a good stand. Some corn has already been plowed out. The onions in our neighborhood are very promising. There is still a good deal of grubbing going on.

Mr W. Davis of W. Va., spent several days here visiting his friend, Mr. Riddle, and incidentally looking at the country. Says he had heard a good deal of this country, but was surprised to find what he saw. He took considerable interest in Jacobs & Harris' onion crop, says he had to return, but expects to visit us again and may decide to invest here.

Our sick folks are all convalescing.

A fine rain fell here Tuesday night, amounting to 7-8 in. It fell quietly and no wind, so it will not bake the ground. Considerable part of the crop is already up and now the rest will come up fast as the ground is warm.

Dr. Glenn Bartlett received a letter this week from a friend in Chihuahua, Mex., telling of the conditions that exist there. He says the Mexican government is not trying to do anything. Extracts from the letter are published on this page.

MARVELOUS GROWTH OF FRATERNAL ORDER.

R. O. Gouger and C. E. Manly returned Saturday last from Mineral Wells, where they attended the eight biennial Convention of Jurisdiction "C" of the Woodmen of the World, as delegates from La Salle Camp 125.

The Woodmen of the World was organized in 1890 and has made the most wonderful progress of any fraternal order on record. The total number of members of this order on Jan. 1st 1911 was 563,466, of this number Texas has 161,903.

The net gain in membership for the past two years was 124,181 members. In Texas the gain in insurance alone for two years past was over \$40,000,000.

The order has paid out in claims since 1890, \$42,230,460.32. This sum was scattered in 24,000 darkened homes from the Ico bound regions to the Mexico gulf.

The emergency fund, which is a safeguard against epidemic and catastrophe, now amounts to \$11,295,428, which is invested interest bearing securities.

NOTICE

In order to protect the fish and interference with the use of our property, notice is hereby given that from and after this date no fishing or camping will be allowed on the Harris Lakes.

LA SALLE TRUCK FARM
C. A. GOETH,
R. A. GOETH,
MAX GOETH,
F. N. MILLS,
W. H. GOLDTRAP.

CLASSIFIED.

FOR SALE—Span good heavy work horses.—JOHN J. BURRIS.

FOR SALE—One male pig and 65 chickens.—L. N. WONDER.

NOTICE—My Cleveland Bay Stallion, weight 1180, 16 hands high will make the season at the T. H. Gardner ranch 14 miles west of Cotulla. Service Guaranteed. Price \$12.50—C. A. Gardner.

Want Land To Sell, must be good agricultural stuff and can use large or small tracts but only from owners direct. We have been very successful in selling La Salle County Lands and can sell yours if you really want to sell.

JNO. H. GRIST, Austin, Texas.

LAND MEN—I have calls for farms and ranches, improved and unimproved. If you want to sell send me a complete description of what you have with net price and terms so I can send a description to my 200 agents and you will be surprised at the results.—E. P. SIMMONS, San Antonio, Texas.

For immediate sale 320 acres as good land as in South Texas. All level, rich, tillable, lying on bank of Nueces River, lake in center of tract, 50 acres cleared, good pumping plant and ordinary ranch house. Eagle Pass to Aransas Pass R. R. will run through this land. This land cannot be duplicated in this section of the country for \$50 per acre. If sold at once will take \$35. Might consider some good trade, call or write to

ALEXANDER CORTER,
Cotulla, Texas.

LETTER FROM WAR DISTRICT.

Dr. Glenn Bartlett received a letter Monday from Chihuahua, Mex., from a friend who is Secretary of the Foreign Club in that city. A few extracts from the letter indicate the existing conditions.

"Chihuahua, March 18, 1911. Dear Doctor: Your letter of the 28th, reached me on the 15th, on the first train into Chihuahua since the 28th of February, as the track has been torn up and bridges burnt all along the line and the road out of commission generally. For three days now we have had mail and the way things were stacked up was a fright, and I hope things will be a little better from now on, although they say it will be a month anyway before the road to El Paso is opened.

These people who call themselves Revoltos are sure raising the deuce, and although I don't think there is much, if any danger to U. S. people or foreigners, it sure has made lots of trouble being "Incomunicado." The grocers took advantage of "no trains" the 1st of the month and raised the price on all groceries, and you should have heard the roar the buying public put up and a petition was gotten up to be presented to the grocers, and trouble raised generally until they put prices down again, but it hurt them, the grocery men, very much.

Orosco, the rebel's general, is doing just a'out as he wants to out in that the West country, hiding trains and letting them

... here only on certain conditions, allowing nothing brought in, but anything taken out, and nothing done by the Government to stop him. In fact now there are no soldiers out West at all. Chas. went out Thursday and was held up and his train searched, and I heard they took what they wanted—he had a lot of provisions, etc., and they let them go. So, although there is no fighting, things are in a very bad shape, and I can't say when there will be any change."

Eyes Tested, Glasses Fitted

Accuracy Guaranteed

Not "here today and gone tomorrow"

NO SHODDY GUESS WORK.

Hours: 4 to 5:30 p. m. Judge Earnest Office

T. Edward Bruce, M. D.

Keep a Written Account of all Your Expenditures.

You know from experience it is hard to save your earnings—but it can be done if you set your heart and head in that direction. The only way to do it is to keep an account of what you earn and what you spend.

The simplest way to keep this record is to have a bank account—deposit your money with this bank and pay all bills by checks. Your bank book and returned checks are the record you want—they will tell the story of your money both earned and spent.

Now would be the proper time to begin.

COTULLA STATE BANK

GUARANTY FUND BANK.

CLAY, ROBINSON & CO.,

LIVE STOCK COMMISSION

FT. WORTH ST. LOUIS KANSAS CITY

"OUR WORK WINS"

JOURD J. IRVIN, Solicitor.

EAT AT THE

BUCKHORN CAFE

EVERYTHING FIRST CLASS

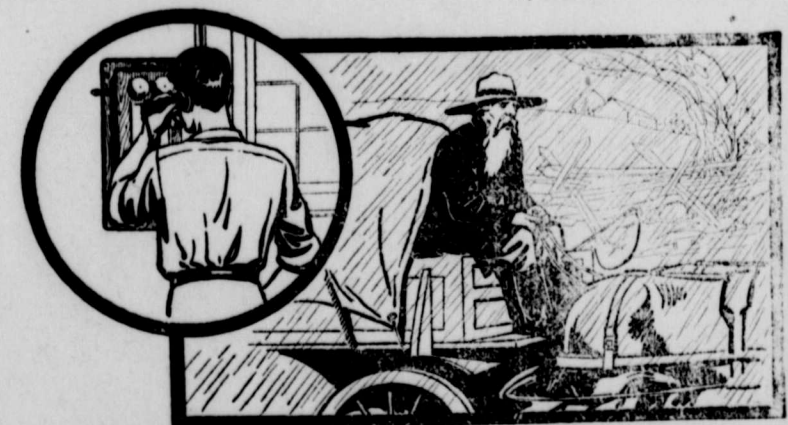
LADIES PATRONAGE SOLICITED

SHORT ORDERS

Robt. Burwell, Proprietor.

Write for My Introductory Offer on a Fine Sample EPWORTH PIANO or ORGAN

I am sending some of the finest, sweetest-toned Epworth Pianos and Organs as make into many communities as samples of our work. It's our special way of advertising, as we have no agents or stores. If you write at once, I will tell you how you can try one of these fine sample instruments in your own home entirely at our expense for a month or so—after you've had your friends try it—after you've tested its easy action—after you've enjoyed its rich, sweet tone for which Epworth Pianos and Organs are celebrated—after you are convinced that—*all in all*—it's one of the finest-looking, sweetest-toned instruments you ever saw or heard, then, if you wish, you may buy it at our special introductory price and take your choice of 27 Plans of Easy Payment on the piano or of five plans on organ. You may select the plan that's best for you or we will break you, no matter where you live. I guarantee each sample piano and organ to be as fine as those I made for the famous song writers, Prof. E. G. Farrell, Prof. C. H. Gabriel, and the hundreds of other well-known musicians you will find in the free book we are now handing out. This is the best chance you will ever have to get a fine piano or organ on your own terms. WRITE A FEW LINES OR LETTER TODAY and say, "Send me free Sample Offer, Plans of Easy Payment and book about state which book—piano or organ." Address care fully as follows: H. E. WILKINSON, Vice-Pres., Williams Organ & Piano Co., Room 427 Washington St., Chicago.



Saves Time on the Farm

THE farmer with the Bell Telephone Service at hand, doesn't have to travel in rainy weather.

The Bell Telephone Service saves him all that. There are always a lot of rainy-day chores about the farm.

Instead of spoiling a day in going to town, the farmer goes to his Bell Telephone and does his business. The time saved can be spent profitably.

That is why he would not think of being without the Bell Telephone Service. It is poor economy to try to get along without it. Consult our local manager.



The Southwestern
Telegraph & Telephone Co.



Irrigating and Cultivating Onions---a familiar scenc along the Nueces Valley

The onion crop prospects this season are excellent. On a number of the farms the last cultivation has been made, but there will be no shipments for fifteen days yet. Thrip have appeared in some fields, but no damage of consequence is reported.

Dr. D. N. Cushing

DENTIST

PERMANENTLY LOCATED IN
COTULLA

Office on Center St. One door
West of State Bank

Telephone No. 61

JOHNSTON & GRAHAM

Physicians and
Surgeons

Office at Harger & Windrow's
Drug Store

ATTENTION TO SURGERY
AND DISEASES OF WOMEN

COTULLA - TEXAS

John W. Willson

LAWYER
AND
LAND AGENT

Will practice in all courts

REAL ESTATE A
SPECIALTY

COTULLA, TEXAS

F. B. EARNEST

Attorney at Law

Will practice in all

Courts.

Office on Center Street

Cotulla, Texas.

E. E. SCOGGINS

Jeweler and
Optician

Eyes Tested FREE

Will call to accommo-
date the aged, etc.

GADDIS' PHARMACY

Ben J. Yowell

CONTRACTOR AND
BUILDER OF ANYTHING

New Buildings, Repair Work,
Counters and Shelving

CEMENT WALKS

If you don't figure with me we
both lose money

Will Work Anywhere

The
Best Bargain

In reading matter that your
money can buy is your local pa-
per. It keeps you posted on the
doings of the community.

This Paper

GET MARRIED

ANY TIME
but send us
your wedding
invitations. We have the latest styles, lowest
prices, and do best work. Samples at this office.

The Buyers'
Guide

The firms whose names are represented in our advertising columns are worthy of the confidence of every person in the community who has money to spend. The fact that they advertise stamps them as enterprising, progressive men of business, a credit to our town, and deserving of support. Our advertising columns comprise a Buyers' Guide to fair dealing, good goods, honest prices.

PHYSICAL WRECK RESTORED TO
HEALTH BY GREAT KID-
NEY REMEDY

Some time ago I began the use of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root with the most remarkable results. For years I was almost a wreck and was a great sufferer. The doctors who treated me made me believe that my great sufferings were due to female trouble. I was so bad at times I would faint away and had sinking spells. Finally a new doctor was called in and he said that I had kidney trouble and gave me medicine, of which I took several bottles. I obtained some relief from this but I was getting weaker all the time; I could not sleep and suffered so much pain that my husband and children had to lift me in and out of bed. After this time two friends sent me word to try Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, which I did, and I am glad to state that the first dose gave me great relief. After taking the third dose I was helped into bed and slept half of the night.

I took several bottles of Swamp-Root and I feel that I owe my life to this wonderful remedy. The two family doctors said that I could not live three months; my urine was in a terrible condition—thick and slimy—and I would have to be helped in and out of bed ten to twenty times every night. After taking Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root for two days I was entirely free from getting up and could sleep soundly.

MRS. D. E. HILEMAN,
Tusnelton, West Va.
Personally appeared before me this 11th of September, 1909, Mrs. D. E. Hileman, who subscribed the above statement and made oath that the same is true in substance and in fact.

JOSEPH A. MILLER,
Notary Public.

Letter to
Dr. Kilmer & Co.,
Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You
Send to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. For sale at all drug stores. Price fifty cents and one dollar.

Home and School.
Home and school are two different spheres and have of necessity different duties to perform and different work to accomplish in the training and teaching of the child. But unless the ideals are the same and unless there is a systematic attitude of mind between parents and teachers, the best result cannot be achieved and the child must suffer.—Mrs. E. L. Franklin, Secretary Parents' National Educational Union, England.

WHEN RUBBERS BECOME NECESSARY
And your shoes pinch, Allen's Foot-Ease, the Anti-itch powder to be shaken into the shoe is just the thing to use. Try it for breaking in new shoes and every where. Sample FREE. Address: A. B. Danesh, Le Roy, N. Y. Don't accept any substitutes.

And the man who is driven to drink by adversity probably would have it brought to him by prosperity.

"NO ONE IS STRONGER
THAN HIS STOMACH."
HOSTETTER.

WHEN YOU
ARE SICKLY
and run down and subjected to spells of Stomach trouble and Biliousness you cannot take a better medicine than Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It removes the cause by toning the entire digestive system. Try it and See.

BUT INSIST ON
Hostetter's
Stomach Bitters



CURED A BAD SPAVIN.

Mr. B. H. Ivey, Marion, N. C., writes:
"My horse had a very bad case of spavin and nothing did any good until I tried your Mexican Mustang Liniment. I rubbed the spavin frequently and plentifully with the liniment and soon saw an improvement. In this treatment I poured my pain full of liniment and then rubbed it on the spavin until nearly dry. I did this three or four times a day and my horse was completely cured. It is sure to cure if properly used."

A spavin is a serious ailment and needs a powerful remedy. The above letter proves Mexican Mustang Liniment cures even bad cases and does it thoroughly, too.
25c. 50c. \$1 a bottle at Drug & Gen'l Stores.

REMEMBER
PISO'S
for COUGHS & COLDS

Corralling a Quarter Section

By M. J. PHILLIPS

(Copyright, 1911, by Associated Literary Press.)

Arthur Brant was conscious of an undercurrent of hostility in the sod cabin of the Pentons. The mental atmosphere was as crisp as the breathless cold of the February night—a cold which clutched the Dakota prairies in iron fingers.

Brant was a shy young man whose women were concerned, and though he felt acutely that for some reason Hilda Penton, her parents and her ten-year-old brother had turned against him, he could not bring himself to ask why, or to worm the reason out of them by indirection.

They had moved onto the quarter section adjoining his own farm a few weeks before. He had not learned to know them well, though he had formed the habit of dropping in on them during the evening. But now he was unwelcome. Jim Penton, usually affable and garrulous, smoked tonight in grave silence. He kept his gaze on the cracked stove, which was glowing red with its efforts to beat back the searching cold.

Mrs. Penton knitted without looking up, and little Jim, who usually hung adoringly about Brant's knees, was huddled in a corner, though he peered stealthily at his friend as often as he dared.

As for Hilda herself, beyond the merest monosyllabic replies to Brant's efforts to make conversation, she was ominously quiet. The constraint grew as she washed the supper dishes and tidied the three tiny rooms of the cabin.

When her work was completed and she sat down opposite him, her blue eyes were sparkling, and her voice reminded Brant of the crackle of frosty snow under foot.

"I understand, Mr. Brant, that you were down at the county seat Friday looking up the title of our quarter section."

"Yes," replied Brant; "that's one reason I came over. The land's been advertised for unpaid taxes. It's to be sold Tuesday."

"And you're going to buy it?"
The contemptuous tone cut like a lash. "No," replied Brant, simply. "Well, we can't redeem it. We had

carely enough to get to the creditable Slim Brockway cheated me out of



"It Was a Bad Day Even for an Enemy to Be Out."

said the title was all right. Now we're to have another sample of Dakota friendship!"

Anger swept away Brant's shyness. He rose. "You mean I'd try to get your property on tax-title?"

"We were told that's how you came by your last two quarter sections."

"Whoever told you that lied," said Brant, quietly. "The owners hadn't paid taxes, I'll admit. But I gave fair value for every acre, just the same. He knew who told the falsehood—Pete Snyder, fat-faced, shifty-eyed Pete, who had elected himself first friend to shiftless Jim Penton and pretty, blue-eyed Hilda. And Pete was notorious as a tax-title shark. He was getting rich by taking advantage of the land-poor."

Brant opened his mouth to denounce Pete—and closed it again without speaking. He couldn't fight the silly scoundrel with such weapons. The bald truth would easily convince Jim of Pete's crookedness; but talking was out of his line.

"Our hundred and sixty would complete your section," drawled old Jim; "I don't wonder you want it."
Brant turned on him. "I don't want your land," he said. "But if you raise a hundred and forty dollars by Tuesday some one'll get it; that's sure."

He strode out and closed the door behind him. Perhaps his suspicions would have been less bitter had he known that Hilda had cried silently for an hour after going to bed—and her tears were not altogether for the coming loss of the farm.

Tuesday dawned cloudy, cold; a storm was in store. As Hilda looked out on the broad plain of undulating white, treeless and stark, sudden hot

resentment welled up within her. For there, muffled to his eyes in a fur coat behind a swiftly jogging horse, was Arthur Brant. He was headed for the county seat, 22 miles away.

She had nourished a secret hope that Peter Snyder lied; that Brant would not seize their land. But Peter whom she distrusted despite his plausible tongue, had told the truth. Brant cared more for their land than for their—for her—regard. Her lips trembled pitifully as she turned from the window.

The storm came apace. There was a wind that flew with the speed of a bullet. It tore the snow into needle-like atoms and hurled the stinging particles resistlessly before it. Great drifts formed. The little window disappeared behind a thick film of frost. Outside it was impossible to see a length ahead. A genuine Dakota blizzard was hammering the great northwest.

A score of times during the day an unconfessed anxiety drew the girl to the window. There, melting a hole in the frost with her breath, she peered into the storm. It was a bad day even for an enemy to be out. She found herself late in the afternoon praying that Brant would stay in Carlin till the storm abated. He had a hired man to do the chores! being unmarried, he kept "bach hull" together. He did not need to hurry back. And yet—

Another fruitless look at the blank white wall of flying snow.

At eight o'clock there came a muffled knock. Hilda hurried to the door and threw it open, to recoil in amazement for the mild, patient head of a horse projected into the cabin. It was Brant's horse.

With an exclamation she waded through the snow to the cutter. There was a huddled, fur-clad heap in the bottom of the vehicle.

As her cry brought the others out bareheaded into the storm, a shape detached itself from the rushing white gloom—Frank Oleson, Brant's hired man. The Swede had been searching, afoot, for his master.

"He bane freezing!" he cried, and fell upon Brant like a bear, cuffing, shaking and worrying him back from the door.

Brant roused reluctantly and looked about him, at the faithful Oleson, at the Pentons, scarcely less concerned, at the cabin beyond, warm and light and cozy. His face changed as at an unpleasant memory.

"Take me home, Frank," he said, in a tone that brooked no disobedience.

And for the second time within a week Hilda Penton cried herself to sleep. The last vestige of hope was gone. He had bid in their land. That is why he would not trespass on their hospitality.

It was three days before little Jim could go to the postoffice, two miles away. He came back with a letter—an official looking article from the county seat, and a budget of news that kept him jumping up and down in excitement.

The envelope was addressed to her father, but Hilda tore it open, caught the sense at a glance, and dropped weakly into a chair.

"Mother—father!" she gasped; "it's all right. We won't lose our farm. Mr. Brant has loaned us the money."

Mr. and Mrs. Penton, gray heads bent together, laboriously gathered that James Penton, by his agent, Arthur Brant, had paid the sum of \$142.79, being the full amount due for back taxes and penalties on the southeast one-quarter of section—

Oh, it was all there, to the last letter and figure of the description! Meanwhile, little Jim, by the expedient of whooping at regular intervals, at last attracted the family's attention.

"Listen to me, listen to me!" he yelled. "Lemme tell you about the fight over to Carlin Tuesday, Bill Samuelson, he saw it."

"Hey?" said his father, raising his eyes at last from the magic paper.

"A fight—who?"

"Arthur Brant and Peter Snyder," chattered little Jim. "That mean old Pete was there to get our land, and he had a check all made out. But Mr. Brant came in and said he was your agent, pa, and had the money ready. An' Pete called him a liar, and Mr. Brant told him he was a tax-title shark, so Pete struck at him."

"And then they fought and knocked over chairs, an' the clerk climbed up onto the desk, and Mr. Brant blacked Pete's eyes and bloodied his nose. An'—"

Little Jim stopped, the breath squeezed out of his body. For his sister, her eyes shining like twin stars, was hugging him to her breast and laughing and crying at the same time.

"Jim," she said, "you go and tell Arthur to come over here. I—we—we want to thank him, and beg his pardon."

"Tain't n'cessary," replied Jim wriggling free. "I asked him myself. An' he said he'd come."

His View.

Teacher—Willie, what is a heaven's body?
Willie—I'd say it was one that you only had to wash about once a year.—Brooklyn Life.

HARDWARE

Wholesale and Retail

Farm Implements, Saddlery and Harness

ECLIPSE WINDMILLS

Blacksmith Supplies, Windmill Supplies

Barb and Smooth Wire, Hog Wire, Wire Netting

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ROLAND A. GOUGER

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Yellow Pine Lumber, Cypress Shingles,
Builders' Hardware, Corrugated Roofing,
Fencing, Sash, Doors.

Lime, Brick, Cement, Barbed Wire, Windmills, Studebaker

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FANCY AND STAPLE GROCERIES
FRUITS AND VEGETABLES

Best the market affords received daily. Courteous service. Prompt delivery.

Phone your wants

Front St. Cotulla, Texas

W. H. FULLERTON & CO.

GRAIN DEALERS

Prairie Hay, Sorghum, Alfalfa, Corn, Oats, Chops, Bran, Cotton seed meal.

D. L. NEELEY, Mgr

Cor. Center and Main Sts. Cotulla, Texas

SIMON COTULLA

Full line of Groceries and Confectioneries.

Cigars and Tobacco,
Fruits of all kinds in season, Ice Cream and Cold Drinks,
Meat Market and Ice House in connection.

South Side Public Square - Cotulla, Texas

WELLS DRILLED

Shallow wells up to 350 feet deep put down.
Can give you information as to depth necessary to go, quality and quantity of water usually found in any of the country around Cotulla.

G. A. MANLY
COTULLA, TEXAS

CITY BARBER SHOP

Strictly American Hot Baths
Strictly First-Class Cold Baths

The Kind of Shaves You Like
Modern Style Hair Cuts

SHAMPOO MASSAGE

W. L. PEASE, Proprietor

Reading Matter

The home news; the doings of the people in this town; the gossip of our own community, that's the first kind of reading matter you want. It is more important, more interesting to you than that given by the paper or magazine from the outside world. It is the first reading matter you should buy. Each issue of this paper gives to you just what you will consider

The Right Kind of
Reading Matter

Cherchez La Femme

By O. HENRY

(Copyright by Alsatian Magazine Co.)



ROBBINS, reporter for the Picayune, and Dumars, of L'Abelle—the old French newspaper that has buzzed for nearly a century—were good friends, well proven by years of ups and downs together. They were seated where they had a habit of meeting—in the little, Creole-haunted cafe of Madame Tibault, in Dumaine street. If you know the place, you will experience a thrill of pleasure in recalling it to mind. It is small and dark, with six little polished tables, at which you may sit and drink the best coffee in New Orleans, and concoctions of absinthe equal to Sazerac's best. Madame Tibault, fat and indulgent, presides at the desk, and takes your money. Nicolette and Meane, Madame's nieces, in charming bib aprons, bring the desirable beverages.

Dumars, with true Creole luxury, was sipping his absinthe, with half-closed eyes, in a swirl of cigarette smoke. Robbins was looking over the morning Pic., detecting, as young reporters will, the gross blunders in the make-up, and the obvious blue pencilling his own stuff had received. This item, in the advertising columns, caught his eye, and with an exclamation of sudden interest he read it aloud to his friend:

"PUBLIC AUCTION—At 3 o'clock this afternoon there will be sold to the highest bidder all the common property of the Little Sisters of Samaria, at the home of the Sisterhood, in Bonhomme street. The sale will dispose of the building, ground, and the complete furnishings of the house and chapel, without reserve."

This notice stirred the two friends to a reminiscence talk concerning an episode in their journalistic career that had occurred about two years before. They recalled the incidents went over the old theories, and discussed it anew, from the different perspective time had brought.

There were no other customers in the cafe. Madame's fine ear had caught the line of their talk, and she turned to their table. She had not been her lost money—her vanished twenty thousand dollars—that had set the whole matter going.

The three took up the long-abandoned mystery, threshing over the old, dry chaff of it. It was in the chapel of this house of the Little Sisters of Samaria that Robbins and Dumars had stood during that eager, fruitless search of theirs, and looked upon the gilded statue of the Virgin.

"Thass so, boys," said Madame, summing up. "Thass ver' wicked man, M'sieur Morin. Everybody shall be cert' he steal those money I place in his hand for keep safe. Yes, he's bound spend that money, somehow." Madame turned a broad and comprehensive smile upon Dumars. "I understand you, M'sieur Dumars, those day you come ask me fo' tell ev'rything I know 'bout M'sieur Morin. Ah! yes, I know most time when those men lose money you say, 'Cherchez la femme'—there is somewhere the woman. But not for M'sieur Morin. No, boys. Before he shall die, he is like one saint. You might's well, M'sieur Dumars, go try find those money in those statue of Virgin Mary that M'sieur Morin present at those pite secoure, as try find one femme."

esty, while Madame was, of course, disconsolate.

Then it was that Robbins and Dumars, representing their respective journals, began one of those periodic private investigations which, of late years, the press has adopted as a means to glory and the satisfaction of public curiosity.

"Cherchez la femme," said Dumars. "That's the ticket!" said Robbins. "All roads lead to the final feminine. We will find the woman." They exhausted the knowledge of the staff of Mr. Morin's hotel, from the bell-boy down to the proprietor. They gently, but inflexibly, pumped the family of the deceased until all his cousins twice removed. They artfully sounded the employees of the late jeweler, and dogged his customers for information concerning his habits. Like bloodhounds, they traced every step of the supposed defaulter, as nearly as might be, for the sake of the limited and monotonous data he had trodden.

At the end of their labor, Mr. Morin stood, an immaculate figure. Not one weakness that might be served up as a criminal tendency, not one deviation from the path of rectitude, not even a hint of a predilection for the opposite sex, was found to be placed to his debit. He had been as regular and austere as a monk; his habits, simple and unexcelled. Generous, charitable, and a model in propriety, was the verdict of all who knew him.

"What now?" asked Robbins, frowning his empty notebook.

"Cherchez la femme," said Dumars, lighting a cigarette. "Try Lady Beilaire."

This piece of femininity was the racetrack favorite of the season. Being feminine, she was erratic in her gait, and there were a few heavy losers about town who had believed she could be true. The reporters applied for information.

Mr. Morin? Certainly not. He has never been a spectator of the races. Not that kind of a man, surprised the gentlemen should ask.

"Shall we throw it up?" suggested Robbins, and let the puzzle department have a try.

"Defend the woman!" said Sister Felicite, suddenly, in deep tones. She reached a long arm and swept aside the curtain of the alcove. In there was a statue, lit to a glow of light, by the light pouring through a stained glass window. Within a deep niche in the bare stone wall stood an image of the Virgin Mary, the color of pure gold.

Dumars, a conventional Catholic, succumbed to the dramatic in the act. He knelt for an instant upon the stone floor, and made the sign of the cross. The same girl, abashed, Robbins, burning an indistinct apology, backed awkwardly away. Sister Felicite drew back the curtain, and the reporters departed.

On the narrow stone sidewalk of Bonhomme street, Robbins turned to Dumars, with unworthy sarcasm. "Well, what next? Churchy law fem?"

"Abelie," said Dumars. With the history of the missing money—thus partially related, some conjecture may be formed of the sudden idea that Madame Tibault's husband was a thief.

Was it so wild a surmise—that the religious fanatic had offered up his wealth—or, rather, Madame Tibault's—in the shape of a material symbol of his consuming devotion? Stranger things have been done in the name of worship. Was it not possible that the lost thousands were molded into that grotesque image? That the goldsmith had forged it of the pure and precious metal, and set it there through some hope of a perhaps distant stand-off.

What you come bidding against me for?"

"I thought I was the only fool in the crowd," explained Robbins. No one else bidding, the statue was docketed down to the syndicate at their last office. Dumars remained with the prize, while Robbins hurried with to bring from the resources and credit of both the price. He soon returned with the money, and the two hustlers loaded their precious package into a carriage and drove with it to Dumars' room, in old Charbon street, nearby. They lugged it, covered with a cloth, up the stairs, and deposited it on a table. A hundred pounds it weighed, if an ounce, and at that estimate, according to their calculation, if their daring theory was correct, it stood there, worth twenty thousand golden dollars.

Robbins removed the covering, and opened his pocketknife. "Sacree!" muttered Dumars, shuddering. "It is the Mother of Christ. What would you do?"

"Shut up, Judas!" said Robbins, coldly. "It's too late for you to be saved now. With a firm hand, he chipped a slice from the shoulder of the image. The cut showed a dull, grayish metal, with a thing coating of gold leaf. "Lead!" announced Robbins, hurling his knife to the floor—"gilded!" "To the devil with it!" said Dumars, forgetting his scruples. "I must have a drink." Together they walked moodily to the cafe of Madame Tibault, two squares away.

It seemed that Madame's mind had been stirred that day to fresh recollection. "Marsy," said Robbins, "I'm going to the house in which I was brought up, there was a rule that dreams should not be told at the breakfast table—a rule which, to my mind, robbed the meal of its only possible interest. I still remember an impression of the lawn mowed with yellow lions which I desired particularly to share. The table was a large one, seating three generations, and I gained the idea it was an account of the prophetic character of the dreams of a certain great-uncle that the prohibition was so rigorously enforced. But I know better now. We were forbidden to tell our dreams because dreams—even more than the love of William Blake—never may be told. They are among the incommunicable experiences. Just as a young painter is taught not to portray a luminary on canvas, so a child must be taught not to describe its dreams. Better retain the thrilling dream. Is it that our audiences are so in love with reality? Is it that the isolation of a dream, which may neither be shared nor reacted, leaves the listener's emotion cold? I do not know, but at the mere words, 'I dream,' you may see your auditor's attention dissolve—neither at his will nor your own—like mist before the sun.

Now, is not this strange, when you consider how deeply dreams color the days of even the sanest of us; how in dreams we commune with the dead, love strangers, marry our enemies, fight and die; have, in short, all the adventures of life in its most poignant moods? Yet not even our nearest and dearest will lend us their ears. Do we merely need more art? Must we seek only some method to hold that dissolving attention until the full radiance of the vision can be sketched out? Or are we all improve in a sort of psychological imagination? Or is it, as I am inclined to think, that something inherent in the experience itself makes it remote, and that as we must die alone, so we must dream alone too?"—From "Point of View," in Scribner's.

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Rather Good to Have Around. Any kind of a woman in the office would be a nuisance, but a young woman who kept a powder box, a cold cream jar and a bottle of violet water on her desk among the typewriter supplies and copying ink was an utter impossibility that ought to be encouraged to look for a more congenial job, said the baker's dozen of men who have had their own way in that office for five years; but when with the first freezing of the steam pipes corks stuck like glue to ink and mulligan bottles every time they happened to be corked up and the young woman came to the rescue by simply smearing some of her cold cream over every cork so it would stand in the bottle for a month without sticking, the men said maybe a woman who knew practical little hints like that wasn't such a bad person to have around after all.

Robbins started the bidding at ten dollars. A stout man, in an ecclesiastical garb, went to fifteen. A voice from another part of the crowd raised to twenty. The three bid alternately, raising by bids of five, until the offer was fifty dollars. Then the stout man dropped out, and Robbins, as a sort of coup de main, went to a hundred. "One hundred and fifty," said the other voice.

"Two hundred," bid Robbins, boldly. "Two fifty," called his competitor, promptly.

The reporter hesitated for the space of a lightning flash, estimating how much he could borrow from the boys in the office, and screw from the business manager for his next month's salary. "Three hundred," he offered. "Three fifty," spoke up the other, in a louder voice—a voice that sent Robbins diving suddenly through the crowd in its direction, to catch Dumars, its owner, ferociously by the collar. "You unconverted idiot!" hissed Robbins, close to his ear—"poor!" "Agreed!" said Dumars, coolly. "I couldn't raise three hundred and fifty dollars with a search warrant, but

United States four per cent. gold bond? Well, that is this a Grimm's fair tale, or should I consult an oculist?"

At his words, Madame Tibault and Dumars approached. "If what you say, M'sieur Robbins," said Madame, cheerily. "If what you say, M'sieur Robbins," said Dumars, "I'll give you paper! One tam I think those what you call—calendar, viz H'l day of mont' below. But, no. Those wall broke in those place, M'sieur Robbins, and I place those H'l peeces paper to conceal ze crack. I did think the dogger harm'ize so well with the wall paper. Where I get them from? Ah, yes, I remem' ver' well. One day M'sieur Morin, he come at my house—thass 'bout one mont' before he shall die—thass long 'bout tam he promise fo' invest' those money fo' me, M'sieur Morin, he leave those H'l peeces paper in those table, and say ver' much 'bout money thass hard for me to on-dastar. Mais I never see those money again. Thass ver' wicked man, M'sieur Morin. If what you call those peeces paper, M'sieur Robbins—bon?"

Robbins explained. "There's your twenty thousand dollars, with coupons attached," he said, turning his thumb around the edge of the four bonds. "Better get in as soon as you can, M'sieur Morin, I'm going out to get my ears trimmed."

He dropped Dumars by the arm into the outer room. Madame was screaming for Nicolette and Meane to come observe the fortune returned to her by M'sieur Morin, that best of men, that saint in glory. "Marsy," said Robbins, "I'm going to the house in which I was brought up, there was a rule that dreams should not be told at the breakfast table—a rule which, to my mind, robbed the meal of its only possible interest. I still remember an impression of the lawn mowed with yellow lions which I desired particularly to share. The table was a large one, seating three generations, and I gained the idea it was an account of the prophetic character of the dreams of a certain great-uncle that the prohibition was so rigorously enforced. But I know better now. We were forbidden to tell our dreams because dreams—even more than the love of William Blake—never may be told. They are among the incommunicable experiences. Just as a young painter is taught not to portray a luminary on canvas, so a child must be taught not to describe its dreams. Better retain the thrilling dream. Is it that our audiences are so in love with reality? Is it that the isolation of a dream, which may neither be shared nor reacted, leaves the listener's emotion cold? I do not know, but at the mere words, 'I dream,' you may see your auditor's attention dissolve—neither at his will nor your own—like mist before the sun.

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"Is This a Grimm's Fairy Tale, or Should I Consult an Oculist?"

small power house where current will be generated and from which it will be carried into their homes. Fifteen families will share in this modern era way of lighting.

Several farmers, living ten miles west of Atchison have had dynamos on their farms providing electric light for their homes, barns and dairy buildings.

Recently the town of Troy, forty miles north of Atchison, contracted for light from the Atchison plant. A trunk line wire was stretched between the two places, and now twenty-five farmers along the route are connecting their homes with this trunk line.

Near Garden City, which a few years ago was in the center of the great American desert, there are farms where all the buildings are made of cement concrete and each is lighted with electricity generated by a gasoline engine on the place.

The early pioneer way of living and the modern system are blended on one farm. A farmer is still living in a sod house built a quarter of a century ago. He is constructing a new and up-to-date home in which he has installed a gasoline engine with which to generate electricity for lighting.

He will not move out of the old sod house until March, next, because of its warmth and comfort in winter, but he is enjoying electric lights in that primitive dwelling. It is believed this is the only instance in which a sod house has been lighted by electricity.

In the natural gas regions of south eastern Kansas, the electric light is cheaper than gas.—New York Sun.

IN THE MATTER OF DREAMS

Writer Rebels Against Universal Dictum That They Must Never Be Told

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Easter Greetings!

ALL WELCOME TO OUR

SPRING MILLINERY OPENING

The Important Event Next Week

THURSDAY AND FRIDAY, MARCH 30TH AND 31ST.



It is paramount as an exemplification of what artistic designing can accomplish in the creation of styles that are in the height of Fashion.

All exaggerated features have been eliminated in our models and adaptations, while the simplicity, youthfulness and graceful lines to which the present styles lend themselves so charmingly have been emphasized, making our Opening Exhibit of Spring Millinery every woman will be delighted to see.

We will be prepared to Fill all out of Town orders and guarantee perfect Satisfaction.

Our line is larger and better than ever and will endeavor to give each and every one our prompt and courteous attention.

Don't Forget the Dates.

C. C. FAWCETT & COMPANY

MISS ZOLA POSEY, Milliner.

Headwear of All Kinds for Women, Misses and Children.



WILSON COUNTY FARMS FOR SALE

1886 acres 7 miles Southeast of Stockdale, surveyed into tracts of 166 to 350 acres each; some improved, others unimproved. Soil, black sandy and shelly mesquite land, clay subsoil. Large amount of open land. Located in German community near church and school. This property will be sold at a reasonable price on reasonable terms. For full particulars write,

E. B CHANDLER,

102 E. Commerce St. San Antonio, Texas

LOCAL AND PERSONAL ITEMS

Call on Guinn for good chops and bran.

Dike's remedies are better—Windrow says so.

D. A. Walker of San Antonio was here yesterday.

Stationery for people of taste, Gaddis' Pharmacy.

A. W. Allee of Encinal was here Tuesday.

Gulley butter at Guinn's, 35c per pound cash.

Fresh salted peanuts—Gaddis' Pharmacy.

Bill Lesterjett left first of the week for Webb Texas.

Bonbons and assorted candies 15c lb, Gaddis' Pharmacy.

Mrs. A. Burks and niece, Miss Mary Baylor spent several days this week in San Antonio.

When in need of a good tooth brush, hair brush or clothes call on Horger & Windrow.

Jeff Olliver visited the Alamo City during the Stockmens Convention.

Get your hens in line for the Easter market, Hess' Poultry Panacea makes hens lay. Gaddis' Pharmacy.

Our Beef, Wine and Iron helps convalescents get strong. 50c per bottle at Gaddis' Pharmacy.

Orville Carr and sister Miss Daisie, went to San Antonio yesterday morning.

That celebrated Howard Watch 17 jewel, 25 year case, for \$37.50 at Horger & Windrow's.

Mrs. Jno. M. Daniel of Laredo is at the Lake Grove Farm spending a few weeks.

Jack Baylor, of the La Motte Ranch took part in the Stockmens Convention, at San Antonio.

All kinds of jewelry and watch work done right at Horger & Windrow's.

A slow drizzle began before noon yesterday and prevailed the greater part of the day.

The best flour in town at Guinn's store.

Stockmen in the country West of Cotulla report the range excellent.

Fresh shipments of fine candies continually streaming in—Gaddis' Pharmacy.

J. G. Childers Sr. and J. G. Jr. came down from San Antonio yesterday. They attended the cattlemens convention.

Paul C. Schwarz of Edwardsville, Ill., is here visiting Jas. and Ben Trice.

Have your watches and jewelry repaired at Horger & Windrow's drugstore.

Mrs. Young of St. Louis is visiting her daughter Mrs. T. N. Picot at the Holland-Texas Farm.

H. G. Seefeld of Milwaukee was among the arrivals yesterday. He will spend several days here with his son Raymond H. Seefeld.

Some of our buggy and wagon paint will make a new vehicle out of your old wagon or buggy. Gaddis' Pharmacy.

S. Elliott was here Wednesday from up the Nueces. He said the rain Tuesday night up that way was very heavy.

F. D. McMahan returned Thursday from San Antonio. Where he attended the Stockmens Convention.

Rev. Hightower of Dilley returned home Wednesday, after spending a week here assisting in the revival meeting at the Methodist church.

Christian Services at the Presbyterian church next Monday evening March 27th at 8 o'clock. Rev. B. D. Boyle Pastor. All are cordially invited to attend.

Judge J. A. Gouger of Floresville came in from Asherton Wednesday morning and stopped off a day or two. He reported an unusual heavy rain in that territory.

Jim Bell was in town Monday and reported a terrific rainfall at his ranch Saturday. Said he never saw a harder rain in his life. The water swept down the valleys with such force that prickly pear was washed up and jack rabbits drowned. Said he counted fifteen dead rabbits in one place.

A chapter of the American Insurance Union was organized here Wednesday night. W. T. Deopker was elected president, Miss Marie Neal, Secy, N. C. Windrow, S. L. Johnston and R. L. Graham.

To our full line of hardware, implements and lumber we have added a line of furniture and undertakers goods. When in need of anything in our line call and see what we have and the low prices we sell for.

MILLETT MERC. CO.

Preaching at the Baptist church morning and night. Text for morning, John 17:20-21. At night, "How to be saved and know you are saved." Come and let us have a good service. We invite all who are interested in their own salvation or the salvation of others.

Miss Zola Posey returned Monday morning after an absence of several weeks in St. Louis where she bought a spring line of Millinery for the C. C. Fawcett & Co. successors to C. F. Binkley. Miss Posey is still at the head of the Millinery department of the new firm.

Mrs. J. H. Gallman, president of the Ladies Missionary Society of Cotulla Presbyterian church, and Mrs. J. B. Trice delegate from the Society, left Wednesday morning for San Antonio to attend the annual meeting of Missionary Union of West Texas Presbytery, which convened in that city on 23 and 24 inst.

There will be regular preaching services at the Presbyterian church Sunday morning by the pastor. The sacrament of the Lord's Supper will be administered at this service and ordination of baptism will be administered. Parents having children who haven't been dedicated in baptism are requested to present them at this time.

H. W. Hamilton, Pastor.

A. A. Brack, photographer of San Antonio is in the city today.

Mrs. Z. H. Russell and son, Webb, left Monday for El Paso.

J. W. Sutton of Stockdale is in the city visiting his son, John Sutton and family.

Howard Trigg, who has been down at the Cotulla ranch for a couple of months, is back again.

Martin Wilkins is here from La Pryor and says splendid rains have fallen over that section and the country is in excellent condition.

Matt Russell returned Monday after an absence of fifteen days in the Houston and Beaumont country. He says the February freeze played havoc all over that section and the orange industry received a considerable setback. Mr. Russell says this part of the state is in better condition than any where he has been.

REVIVAL CLOSED.

The revival at the Methodist Church closed Thursday night after holding two weeks. There were a number of conversions.

NO MEETING TODAY.

President Dyson phones this office that the meeting of the Truck Growers will not be held this evening on account of the rain, but is postponed till next Saturday at 2 p. m.

DIED AT MILLETT.

Millett, Texas, March, 24—The little baby boy of Mr. and Mrs. Chapman died Thursday evening and was buried yesterday. The little fellow had been sick for several weeks. The family has the sincerest sympathy of the community.

Mrs. Chapman who has been dangerously ill, is improving.

PRESBYTERIAN MISSIONARY UNION.

The Presbyterian Missionary Society met in regular session Thursday with Mrs. C. L. Rogers and a most pleasant time was spent, it being the date for the Home Mission lesson. The program was good. Mrs. J. C. Poole presiding in the absence of the president.

There were present several ladies from other churches and special prayer service was engaged in in behalf of the revival meeting in progress, at the close of which Mrs. Rogers served delicious hot chocolate, and all together a most pleasant and profitable afternoon was spent.

The meeting of next Thursday will be with Mrs. Arthur Riddile. She has extended an invitation for the day and that it be spent on the river near the Nebraska Ranch. A very pleasant feature of the occasion is that the gentlemen of the church will be included in this gathering. This will be a basket luncheon and you can readily decide that this will be a meeting you cannot afford to miss.

REPORTER Pro tem.

NOTICE.

Beginning Monday, March 27, my store will close at 6:30 p. m. except Saturday's.

John P. Guinn.

SERVICES TOMORROW.

We expect Bro. Woolls to preach for us at the Methodist church Sunday morning. Everybody cordially invited to be present.

John M. Lynn, Pastor.

640 acres of land in Presidio County at \$5.00 per acre, and \$1000.00 equity in San Antonio modern cottage, valued at \$2500. to trade for small improved farm.—ELOUISE M. REED, 213 E. Houston St., San Antonio, Texas.