

# The Cotulla Record.

VOL. 1. NO. 33.

COTULLA, TEXAS, SATURDAY, NOV. 12, 1898.

\$1. IN ADVANCE.

## THE NEW OFFICERS OF LA SALLE COUNTY.

### Election Passed Off Very Quietly, More So Than Ever Known In The History Of The County.

The election Tuesday was one of the most quiet that Cotulla had ever enjoyed. The state Democratic ticket was carried without opposition although in the Congressional election it went republican; Crouch having obtained a large majority over Kleberg. In the race for District Judge the county went strong for the independent candidate over the democratic candidate. Bivens wins by a good majority in this county over Lowe. Davies, however, wins for District Attorney over Burmeister by a large majority. The votes as polled show a personal and not a political or party feeling, they were cast for the man and not the principles. Men who went into the Democratic primaries cast their votes for nominees of the opposite party, on personal feeling for the men who represented that party.

County officers were mostly elected without opposition, the only two closely contested offices were the County Judge and Hide and Animal Inspector, scarcely a dozen votes majority were given the winners. All polls showed a decrease over the '96 election and in one, the F. Ewell Constable of this precinct by a

majority of 25 over his two opponents. His total vote was 107 as against 72 for G. E. Johns and 10 for J. L. Hicks.

For Justice of the Peace, Precinct No. 1, J. A. Smith will qualify next Monday. Mr. Smith has three opponents but was elected by a handsome majority of 48 votes. The total number for each candidate stood as follows—J. A. Smith, 123; P. C. Conway, 38; T. D. Morgan, 34; J. H. Bucklew, 3 votes.

### ELEVENTH DISTRICT VOTES

Kleberg in the lead so far—Only a few more boxes to be heard from.

The following is the latest table of the returns received by The Express, of the votes cast in the Eleventh district and shows Kleberg a majority of 2018.

	Kleberg.	Crouch
Aransas	263	185.
Atascosa	764	372.
Bee	920	307.
Calhoun	310	
Cameron	1,230	932.
DeWitt	2,001	1,349.
Dimmitt	57	152.
Duval	481	711.
Frio	342	960.
Goliad	456	410.
La Salle	190	169.
Guadalupe	680	1,194.
Hidalgo	681	295.
Jackson	429	475.
Karnes	1,103	606.
Live Oak	380	102.
McMullen	120	18.
Nueces	1,601	347.
Refugio	152	114.
San Patricio	380	120.
Starr	900	760.
Victoria	1,202	1,297.
Uvalde	527	365.
Webb	369	1,098.
Wharton	648	263.
Wilson	916	762.
Zavalla	61	79.
Totals	16,643	14,525

### COUNTY TREASURER.

L. A. KERR RE-ELECTED BY A LARGE MAJORITY.

Treasurer L. A. Kerr begins



L. A. KERR, County Treasurer of La Salle County, Texas.

his fourth consecutive term with an overwhelming majority of the votes cast in this County.

Mr. Kerr has lived among us since boyhood and has been engaged in the mercantile business on front street for the past

the influential of La Salle. No mistake or error has ever been found on his books and all feel that our money is safe in his hands. In '92 he was elected by a safe majority over Forest B. Swift, and by his honesty and uprightness has held his office ever since against all opposition. Mr. Kerr recently sold his interest in the firm of Kerr & Henrichson and will soon open a National Bank here under his own management and control. In coming years he will further prove himself worthy of all confidence in his new business and in his official duties.

### HIDE & ANIMAL INSPECTOR.

V. G. MALTSBERGER WINS BY A SMALL MAJORITY OF SIX.

V. G. Maltzberger, the man



V. G. MALTSBERGER, Hide & Animal Inspector, La Salle County, Texas.

who will inspect the Hides and Animals of La Salle County for the two following years, was born in San Antonio, Texas, May 17th, 1872.

Mr. Maltzberger's father was a successful and influential stockman of South and West Texas, consequently in early boyhood 'Van' was called upon to perform his share of the duties of a ranch life. Having worked cattle from

the border of Texas to Wyoming, under all conditions and circumstances, he is well fitted by experience and knowledge to fulfill all the duties of the office; and having been raised here he knows every Ranchman, his brands and marks, as few others can know them. For the past two years he has served as Chief deputy Inspector under the present incumbent, J. T. Maltzberger, and therefore knows all the technical duties connected with the office. In selecting him the people of La Salle made a wise choice and placed the office of Hide & Animal Inspector in the hands of a man who knows his business.

Mr. Maltzberger was elected by a small majority of six votes, according to the best reports that can be obtained at present.

### DISTRICT & COUNTY CLERK.

GEO. H. KNAGGS RE-ELECTED WITHOUT OPPOSITION.

Geo. H. Knaggs, the present District and County Clerk came to Texas in 1830 and settled in La Salle County, which was at that time being organized. He engaged in the cattle and sheep business near Encinal but afterwards sold out and accepted a position with a London firm as Traveling salesman. In 1836 he was appointed to fill the unexpired term of P. D. Hickey; was in the fall of that year elected without opposition, and now begins his second term with the endorsement and good will of the people.



GEO. H. KNAGGS, Dist. and County Clerk, La Salle County, Texas.

Mr. Knaggs is always ready and willing to show courtesy to those who may have dealings with him, and is never too busy with official duties to extend a hearty welcome to all his friends when they visit Cotulla. He has a place reserved for everything, and can tell at a moments notice the condition all the County Records and affairs over which he has control. His choice without an opponent simply proves the esteem with which he is held in this county.

According to the latest reports Kleberg wins by a majority of 2000, as against his plurality in 1896 of 4000 over Grass and Smith.

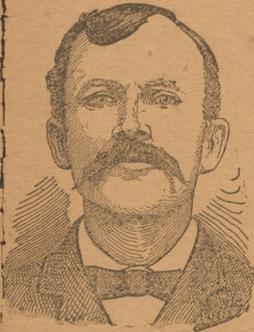
No definite returns have been obtained up to the time we go to press, but the latest reports give M. F. Lowe a safe majority for office of District Judge over J. T. Bivens, and Davies a majority of about 1300 over Burmeister, for District Attorney. Although not political offices both are filled with Democratic Nominees.

Of the eight county officers who will qualify next Monday before the commissioners court, not one has reached his fiftieth year, and a majority of them are yet in the twenties. The average age being 31; this record as a youthful corps of officers will be hard, if not impossible to beat in any county.

### COUNTY JUDGE.

S. T. DOWE ELECTED BY A MAJORITY OF ABOUT TEN.

S. T. Dowe was born in Rus-



S. T. DOWE, County Judge La Salle County, Texas.

in county, Miss., July 1st 1853, and at the age of seven years he came to Texas with his father's family and settled in De Witt county, at which place he grew to young manhood. On his 22d birthday he entered Bethany college, West Virginia, where he graduated after four years of permitting study with highest honors of his class. After commencement he returned to Texas and taught school in Gonzales, Goliad, and other neighboring counties for the next seven years. In March, 1881, he was married to Miss Mary Leavett, of Victoria; seven children were born to them all of whom are living.

He was elected County Judge in '86, and held the said office for six consecutive years. On October 9th, '91, his wife, the helpmeet and partner who had so faithfully shared his sorrows and joys, was called to her home in Heaven, and left him to carry the burden of life unaided. In November he was elected County Attorney, and served in this capacity only one year, and resigned. November 8th, 1893 he was married to Mrs. Lucy Stevens, of Pearsall, and moved in the summer of '96 to La Salle county to try his fortune among us; he was appointed office deputy under Sheriff W. L. Hargus, and early in the next year opened a Law office here and has built up an extensive practice. He was elected last Tuesday by a majority of about ten votes to fill the office of County Judge, and having had experience will doubtless make a just and impartial servant of the people.

### COUNTY SURVEYOR.

J. M. DANIEL RE-ELECTED WITHOUT OPPOSITION.

County Surveyor, J. M. Daniel was born in Austin County, Mar. 29, 1875, and came to Cotulla in



J. M. DANIEL, County Surveyor La Salle County, Texas.

1882, immediately after the or-

ganization of the County. He was elected in '96 and again in '98, without opposition.

Geo. Copp was elected by a majority of 102 votes for Commissioner of Precinct No 1 over Jas. T. Carr, the present Commissioner. The votes were cast as follows: Copp, 156, Carr 54.

A little fisticuff in Encinal over the results of the election was indulged in Wednesday between two of her citizens. No damage was done and each paid Justice Cobb \$7.10 for the privilege of trying to disfigure each other.

Regardless of Bailey's anti-expansion ideas, he was sent back to congress with a larger majority than before; thus the people of his district place themselves on record against the Galveston platform.

### SHERIFF & TAX COLLECTOR.

W. M. BURWELL ELECTED WITHOUT OPPOSITION.

For the first time in this decade a Sheriff was elected without opposition. W. M. Burwell holds the distinction of being the first man in this part of La Salle's history who was endorsed by both parties and by all the people. In July last he was appointed Sheriff by the Commissioners Court, upon the resignation of S. V. Edwards, and since that time has proven himself to be the right man in the right place. It



W. M. BURWELL, Sheriff & Tax Collector La Salle County, Texas.

is largely through his efforts that we are enjoying our freedom from strife and ill will. Mr. Burwell is ever ready to uphold the law and assist the State Rangers in the detection of crime and lawlessness; having no party affiliations to trammel his efforts he will fearlessly and conscientiously do his duty, and two years hence will have raised the county's name from one of reproach to one famed for its law-abiding citizenship and protection to its people.

Millet places itself on record for the two following years as a "dry" town, the vote for prohibition was in the majority.

President McKinley has a majority of congress in his favor for the remaining two years of his term in the White House.

Texas sends a majority of democrats back to congress this year. Only one Republican was elected and he with a smaller majority than heretofore.

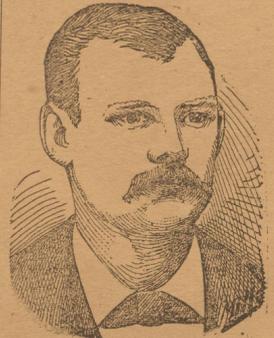
The amendment to the constitution in regard to an increase in the compensation of Legislators overwhelmingly defeated in Tuesday's election. Thus a majority of Texas citizens are not in favor of increasing the small remuneration which our law-makers are allowed.

### TAX ASSESSOR.

W. E. CAMPBELL ELECTED BY A LARGE MAJORITY.

In the campaign just closed, four names were placed before the people of La Salle as candidates for the office of Tax Assessor. One withdrew from the race about two weeks ago, of the three remaining, W. E. Campbell was elected by a large majority.

William E. Campbell was born in Frio County 28 years ago, and at an early age moved to Laredo with his father's family. After



W. E. CAMPBELL, Tax Assessor of La Salle County, Texas.

two years spent on the extreme frontier another move was made, and this time to La Salle county, where he has resided ever since. For the past eight years Mr. Campbell has been engaged in the surveying business, and at the same time came in contact

with the law, and was one of those who helped place him in the office of Tax Assessor. He was elected by larger majority than was anticipated by his most ardent supporters.

### COUNTY ATTORNEY.

COVEY C. THOMAS RE-ELECTED, WITHOUT OPPOSITION.

Covey C. Thomas has pushed rapidly to the front in the past two years, and now stands at the head of his profession in La Salle County. He received his training in the Law Department of the State University, where he graduated with highest honors. Fresh from College, he began his practice of law at this place in 1896 and soon forced a recognition of his talents upon future clients; and was elected by a large majority over his opponent for County Attorney in November of



COVEY C. THOMAS, County Attorney of La Salle County, Texas.

that year. He was recently appointed Railroad Attorney for this and adjoining counties, and is rapidly becoming known as a 'hard fighter to down' and a thorough student of all cases left in his care. Mr. Thomas is ever ready to prosecute all who may be caught in lawlessness, regardless of personal feeling or friendship toward them. We have a man in this office who stands for law and justice; who will prove as faithful in the future as he has in the past.

# The Cotulla Record.

J. M. DANIEL } Editors and Proprietors  
C. E. MANLY }

Subscription \$1.00 Per Year in Advance

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

**Advertising Rates.**  
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Per Column, Per Year, \$75.  
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Per Line, Straight, 5 cents

SATURDAY, NOV. 12, 1898.

Sayers didn't do much to Gibbs last Tuesday but what he did was enough.

Kleberg wins in this district for Congress again and will doubtless do as he always has—vote 'agin' his party.

Barnett Gibbs was defeated by a small majority of two hundred thousand votes. Not so bad as might have been, but bad enough.

Cotulla polled just 208 votes Tuesday as against 284 two years ago, a falling off of 76 votes. At nearly every box in the County the vote polled was less than had been expected.

The Maria Teresa which was supposed to have been sunk in a storm at sea last Friday night, is reported stranded off Cat Island and the Naval Department has been notified and will at once proceed to rescue it again from a watery grave.

The election here Tuesday was one of the most quiet La Salle County has ever known. No ill feeling was manifested and not one vote was challenged by either party. Good will prevailed, and all accept the vote as correct and true.

Regardless of the election prophets and their wild predictions

the defeat of Teddy Roosevelt in New York, the next Governor of that State will be the famous Rough Rider. He resigned a remunerative position as assistant Secretary of the Navy go as a soldier to Cuba and his election is only as should have been expected.

Fifty-seven cannon captured at Santiago have been ordered taken to the U. S. arsenal at Watervliet, N. Y., for examination. This order is merely a form, as it is well understood that these cannon have no other value than as trophies, and is expected that Congress will, at the coming session, authorize their distribution as such among the States.

Attorney General Crane gave his opinion, Monday, in regard to Republican names on a Democratic ticket in which he says that tickets bearing the names of one party and having the candidates of the other party printed thereon would be fraudulent.

This, we understand, refers to cities using the Australian ballot system and not to rural districts where the other system is used. If, however, the opinion does affect us, every vote cast in this county for all other candidates than the Democratic will be thrown out as no ticket was polled here bearing any other party name than the Democratic Ticket.

If anybody in this neighborhood, enticed by stories of gold and diamonds, has a hankering to go to South Africa, he will be interested in the following extract from an official report made by Consul General Stowe: "That there are many Americans in South Africa who should never have come is evident. Many unfortunates are stranded here, without employment. I would advise Americans to stay away, Gold and diamonds are not for the many; all avocations are full; living is high; to go 'up country' is like jumping from the pan into the fire, for the conditions there are not encouraging.

According to the latest reports from all over the United States the Democrats lost ground that will be hard to regain in 1900.

District Attorney C. A. Davies was endorsed by his people and will continue to serve them as before; faithfully, carefully and intelligently.

LaSalle's Isonomy discontinued publication, voluntarily, last week and will be known no more in this county. Mr. Smith will establish a monthly journal in San Antonio, known as 'Smith's Isonomy' on the first of next January and in it will continue the policy of the paper that was so well known in South West Texas.

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

L. E. Donnelly, Italy, stem winding and setting watch. J. W. Farland, El Paso, device for measuring distances. L. N. Lyon, Jr., Waco, cushion tire retainer for vehicle-wheels. S. H. Shipman, Waxahachis, plow-carriage. G. C. Ward, Fort Worth, guitar. For copy of any of the above patents send 10 cts in postage stamps with date of this paper to C. A. Snow & Co., Washington, D. C.

We tell only what we positively know when we say "Dr. Sawyer's Arnica and witch hazel salve will radically cure skin diseases, eczema, piles, burns, scalds, cuts, or flesh wounds. J. M. Williams.

H. RANCH, TEXAS.  
EDITOR COTULLA RECORD:

Your kind letter of Oct. 9th encourages me to write again, and to trouble you once more by having the address of my paper changed to VALENTINE, TEXAS, care H. RANCH. This is a cattle ranch consisting of seventy sections of land, owned by Mr. Geo. W. Medley. It is in Jeff Davis county, twenty-two miles from Ft. Davis and seventeen miles from Valentine; our nearest

neighbors are generally about twenty persons on the ranch, things are kept rather lively. The house is built in a fertile valley of about 5500 feet in altitude and surrounded by grassy hills and mountains. Some of the hills are covered with white flint rocks, which show very plainly that they were at one time in a very heated condition. On one of these hills there are two caves, one on top and the other on the side of the hill; a narrow passage way connects the two and if I wasn't afraid of "Hydrophobia cats," I would go on an exploring tour from one cave, through the hill to the other. This was evidently a favorite place with the Indians, on the highest hills there are mounds of rocks and many arrow points are found in different places.

I have agreed to stay here until next summer and teach Mr. Medley's children. I have only six pupils so my work is considerably lighter than it was this time last year. Our new school room is only about twenty yards from the dwelling and is very neat and cozy. It is built of adobes, which make the warmest house for winter and the coolest in summer, and the inside walls are plastered it has one door, two large windows, a fireplace, and is furnished with desks, chairs and blackboards. All friends of La Salle are "respectfully invited" to visit our school, for, in earnest work and punctual attendance, we can't be excelled.

Our amusements consist of drives, horseback rides, mountain climbs, hunting, reading and music. The musical instruments are a fine upright piano, a guitar, and numerous French harps. There are seven boys on the ranch and they all seem to have great musical (?) talent. Many of these ranch people go to church just once a year, but some other time I will describe the camp-meeting which I attended during the last of August.

Very truly,  
E. B. THOMAS.

## AS SEEN BY A GHOST.

The ghost of my great-grandfather came in and sat down on the most uncomfortable chair in the room. It was just his big, big leather chair which was tufted and soft and roony and delicious, and I had wearied of pushing out the wicker rocker for his benefit. He always insisted that the straight-backed thing which I had bought at an auction of curios was just suited to one of his like a man sitting in the letter L, the stubborn old shade persisted that it was exactly right, and crossed his hairy legs and squared back and looked about on the vanities of the room with a disapproving eye.

"That's electric light, is it?" he said on this occasion. "Tallow dips were good enough in my day, but of course you grasshoppers who consume the honey, you ants and bees are satisfied with what we were glad to have."  
I gently remonstrated. In the first place, as I told him, I had never heard of an ant that laid up honey or of a grasshopper that came along and consumed it. If he would only tell me where to find a sample of his kind of ants I might hand the family name down to fame as a discovering entomologist of some distinction.

He swore in a most unbecoming fashion, considering that he had been dead for 80 years, and said I was too smart-alecky for my own relations.  
"I am querulous, after shifting around two or three times on his hard, uncompromising chair, "that you've seen fit to go and spend a lot of money that I earned for you on a cloth picture that you've put on your floor and that you step on in a kind of contempt. Don't you know that when I was your age and head of a family of 17 I didn't have anything whatever on the floor, but just the soil of the earth, packed down by our bare feet?"  
"You are referring to my rug?" Oh, yes! I forgot that it was a purchase dating since your last visit. Yes, yes. Of course things have changed somewhat since your time. For one thing, there are few men of my age who offend you, but to-morrow if you happen around this way you will see a truckload of other new things, and they'll all be for me."

The ghost of my great-grandfather groaned.  
"Fortunately," said he, "I have but one day off in a week, and I shall therefore miss the benefit of your experiences. We are of your spendthrift habits."  
"Oh, you better come around and look in. Maybe you could give us some good advice in the matter of hanging some very old pictures which I bought at a sacrifice."  
"Sacrifice?" brightening.  
"Yes; I bought three Tonic Vedios for \$700."  
"Tonic Vedios?" the old ghost drickered.  
"Great powers! Why, when I was on earth you could have bought 'em for 40 cents; and even now we keep him busy over here doing nothing more expert than dabbling in blood spots on our clothes when we are going out to do some miscellaneous haunting. Why, he never was or will be a first-rate. He's a scoundrel."

The ghost of my great-grandfather, since he began haunting me, has picked up some modern methods of speech and slang. "What do you mean by my haunting?" I inquired.  
"Oh, I mean I'm haunting you."

Haunting—looking up grandchildren and such like, is the benefit of our experiences. We do not visit with our relatives. We spend our time in a sort of collective way, haunting popular places of resort. I spent last night mousing and moaning around a hole of a country graveyard where the waiting was had and there was dampness and misadventure. We had a notion that somebody might happen to pass along that way, and if he did we would never do to let tradition make a liar of itself. A traveler passing a country graveyard at night has to see ghosts. It's the most infernally jonesome job, I guess, in all the domain of spirit materialization. Do you know that I've sat around for six hours at a stretch in a dreary, isolated, melancholy cemetery with no companion, perhaps, but an ignorant foreign ghost that wouldn't speak English, and who only had sense enough to shriek shrilly about every four minutes, and that while thus occupied I have felt positive that you were over here in a nice warm room, smoking fat black cigars at my expense and fairly glowing with pleasure? I tell you, a ghost has nowadays no fair show.

I expressed my surprise. While uniformly querulous, he had never before unbosomed himself in just these terms.  
"Yes," he continued, "I guess the job of miscellaneous and promiscuous haunting for tradition's sake is the meanest work that can be imposed upon a helpless ghost. Why, doggone it, I remember that once several years ago, before I began to come around here and watch you burning my money, I was sent out to do a bit of roadside murder. I didn't know the man who had been killed, and more than that, the crime had occurred before I was born; but I had to do it. The actual party at interest had suddenly discovered a descendant of the seventeenth generation who needed a bit of private family haunting, and he took a night off to do it. They sent me and two others to substitute—two unreliables, who, as soon as they found themselves in a position of responsibility, proceeded to get drunk."  
"Say, did you ever have two drunken idiots of ghosts on your hands and a thoroughly first-class piece of scary work to do in connection with a historic murder? No, of course not."  
"I had to do extra work or spoil the job. These fools, hearing a man coming, would want to get out in a friendly way and try to get him to buy them a drink—a condition of things utterly at variance with all accepted ideas of behavior at such times. Well, to equalize their friendly conduct, I had to yell and shriek and laugh shrilly and chew up phosphorus until I nearly ruined my palate. And when we got back where we belonged about three o'clock, I, who had worked overtime, had the satisfaction of being told that that was probably the most outrageously inadequate piece of haunting which that notorious spot had received for centuries. We had spoiled the reputation of the place, which before had been counted as one of the crack jobs, and had sunk it to the level of a common, tiresome case of chain-clanking."

The ghost of my great-grandfather sighed sadly in mere memory of the affair.  
"Talk about hard lines," the ghost of my great-grandfather concluded, dolefully. "I think nobody has them but ghosts. Look at you, for instance, jolling back there in comfort on money earned for you, while I have to go howling and whooping and braying and making an ass of myself all over a damp, stinky country, just because I happen to be ghost and am versatile as a haunter. Good-by, spendthrift!" very suddenly.

He always leaves me that way—cross and apparently disgusted with my way—but at heart I really believe he half likes it.—Chicago Daily Record.

## Coryell House.

Two Blocks from Alamo Plaza.  
Rates \$1.00 per day.  
Prompt and Polite Service to all Patrons.  
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For the convenience of our many patrons and friends in and around Cotulla, one or the other of us will visit Cotulla at regular intervals.

## Mrs. S. M. Barret.

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

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You will get the best attention at my shop.  
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First-class Shoemaker.  
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Representative . . . Sam T. Jones  
District Judge . . . M. F. Lowe  
District Attorney . . . C. A. Davies  
District & County Clerk . . . George H. Knaggs  
Sheriff & Tax Collector . . . W. M. Daniel  
County Judge . . . J. N. Daniel  
County Attorney . . . C. C. Thomas  
Assessor . . . James Breeding  
Surveyor . . . J. M. Daniel  
Treasurer . . . L. A. Kerr  
Hide & Animal Inspector . . . J. T. Maltzberger  
commissioner precinct No. 1 . . . James T. Carr  
" " " 2 . . . S. J. Jordan  
" " " 3 . . . G. E. Tarver  
" " " 4 . . . D. W. McKey  
Justice precinct No. 1 . . . M. T. Dunham  
" " " 2 . . . None  
" " " 3 . . . W. S. Cobb  
" " " 4 . . . Wm. Weng  
" " " 5 . . . A. J. Anglin  
ostensible precinct No. 1 . . . Warner Petty  
" " " 6 . . . F. M. Harpel  
**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., J. A. Landrum, Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m. Every body cordially invited to attend all these services.  
Methodist Church.—Rev. M. T. Allen Pastor.—Services.—3rd and 4th Sunday in each month at 11 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday morning at 9:45 a. m., Dr. J. M. Williams, Superintendent. Prayer meeting Thursday evening at 7:45 p. m. Every body cordially invited to attend all these services.  
Presbyterian Church.—Rev. S. J. McMurray, Pastor.—Services.—On Wednesday after the 4th Sunday in each month at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday morning at 10 a. m. B. Wildenthal, Superintendent. Every body cordially invited.  
**SOCIETIES.**  
Knights of Honor—Cotulla Lodge, No. 3106 Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday nights in each month, in their hall over Keck Bros.  
Geo. H. Knaggs, Dictator.  
G. Philipe, 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. Philipe, Clerk.

# A. C. Smith's . . .

## Piano Rental Exchange.



Pianos, Organs, Sheet Music and Music Goods.

I Sell Strictly FIRST-CLASS GOODS at reasonable prices.

I promise to make it Gretty to your interest to call, or write on me before you buy.  
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South	Passenger Train	North
9:45 a. m. Lv.	SAN ANTONIO	Ar 7:00 p. m.
10:05 a. m. Lv.	Leon	Ar 6:38 p. m.
10:16 a. m. Lv.	Medina	Ar 6:26 p. m.
10:39 a. m. Lv.	Lyle	Ar 6:03 p. m.
1:00 a. m. Lv.	Devine	Ar 5:45 p. m.
11:20 a. m. Lv.	Moore	Ar 5:25 p. m.
11:40 a. m. Lv.	Edin	Ar 5:05 p. m.
11:52 a. m. Lv.	Pearsall	Ar 4:55 p. m.
12:08 p. m. Lv.	Derby	Ar 4:15 p. m.
12:43 p. m. Lv.	Dilley	Ar 4:00 p. m.
12:57 p. m. Lv.	Millett	Ar 3:47 p. m.
1:20 p. m. Lv.	COTULLA	Ar 3:25 p. m.
1:38 p. m. Lv.	Tuna	Ar 3:06 p. m.
1:40 p. m. Lv.	Towhig	Ar 2:57 p. m.
2:10 p. m. Lv.	Barro	Ar 2:38 p. m.
2:25 p. m. Lv.	Enid	Ar 2:25 p. m.
2:45 p. m. Lv.	Acres	Ar 2:05 p. m.
3:03 p. m. Lv.	Webb	Ar 1:47 p. m.
3:28 p. m. Lv.	Green	Ar 1:24 p. m.
3:40 p. m. Lv.	Sanchez	Ar 1:14 p. m.
3:55 p. m. Lv.	LAREDO	Ar 1:00 p. m.

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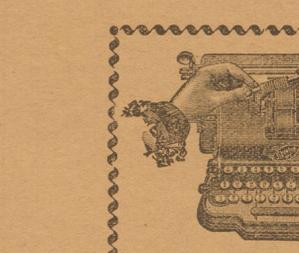
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LOCAL PERSONAL.

Election passed off quiet. See Munson Typewriter 'ad' in this issue. If you want cookstoves go to Keck Bros. The polls were not opened at Ft. Ewell Tuesday. A. Armstrong, Jr., left Monday for the Alamo City. Simps DeSpain was up from Twohig Thursday. Keck Bros. sell the old reliable Studebaker wagon. John Conlan Esq., left Thursday for San Antonio. T. H. Poole was on the sick list first part of the week. For fancy candy and fruits, go to Simon Cotulla's. J. W. McInnis was up from Twohig Tuesday evening. Apples, Oranges and Bananas at Simon cotulla & co's. Philip Shull and Doc Lawrence were in the city Thursday. Justice Scott Cobb of Encinal visited Cotulla during the week. For prices of ECLIPSE WIND MILLS call on Keck Bros. Rev. M. T. Allen visited the RECORD office one day this week. Go to Keck Bros. for barb wire. Prices as low as the lowest. Simon Cotulla made a flying trip to Encinal Tuesday night. I. C. Jennings came back from his ranch up the country Sunday. Ex-sheriff Hargus went to Encinal Sunday, returning Monday. Go to Simon Cotulla & Co., for any old sweet thing. Banker M. J. Barlow left on the special train Wednesday morning for San Antonio. Editor J. Guy Smith left for home in San Antonio last Saturday evening. Ringling Bros., circus at San Antonio Wednesday. Messrs. A. J. Anglin and Jno. Robuck came up from Twohig Wednesday morning. Prof. J. D. Dickson and J. W. Buckow was in from the Buckow Settlement, Saturday. Miss Nina Gates was called to the bedside of her father at San Antonio, Tuesday last. Merchant R. A. Gilmer of Encinal was in our city Wednesday to meet a shoe drummer. Only a few of Cotulla's citizens went to see the show in San Antonio Wednesday morning. Miss Katie King of San Antonio, is here on a visit to her cousin, Miss Maggie Buckelew. Miss Bessie Cobb, a charming young lady of Encinal is in the city visiting Mrs. W. L. Hargus. Sergeant J. H. Dubose returned Thursday from Encinal, where he had been during the Election. N. J. Buckley came in from his ranch Thursday and left the same evening for the Alamo City. Mr Wiley Pullin, a former resident of LaSalle but now of Kerr County, is at present visiting friends and relatives here. A Norther struck Cotulla about 12 o'clock Wednesday and immediately proceeded to cool things off. W. A. Kerr, the popular and efficient manager of the La Motte ranch, was in Cotulla during the week. D. W. McKey visited Cotulla between trains Wednesday to deposit the Millett ballots with the County Clerk. Messrs. Thos. Gardner and C. F. Howard of the 'Puddin' were pleasant visitors at the RECORD office Monday. We received our Millett letter last week but too late for that issue, as we were going to press when it arrived.

Messrs. Curtis Reynolds, John Winslow, and Ross Robuck, visited Twohig Tuesday between trains. Rev. M. T. Allen and family returned Tuesday from Conference at Seguin. Rev. Allen was again sent to this circuit. Ranchman Jourd J. Irvin and wife were in from the Irvin ranch Tuesday last, as guests of Mr. and Mrs. M. J. Barlow. You will never know how quick ly you can be cured of constipation, dyspepsia or liver complaint, until you have tried Dr. Sawyer's Little Wide Awake Pills. J. M. Williams. S. J. Bond, formerly of Twohig but now of Devine, had his RECORD sent to that place, this week, as that will be his future home. W. C. Irvin, one of La Salle's leading stockmen, came in from his ranch Tuesday evening and boarded the North-bound train for San Antonio. The greatest medicine for the Kidneys that has been discovered in modern times is Dr. Sawyer's Ukatine. The best proof is to give it a trial. J. M. Williams. J. S. Taylor returned Wednesday from an extended visit to Nevada. He will resume work on his dam in Dimmit county at an early date. New subscriptions received last week, were—Jack Jay, Cotulla; Mrs J. B. Sparks, Campbellton, Tex.; Mrs M. A. Dickson, Mobile, Ala.; Rev W. R. Whatley, and Mrs Jessie Ida Dickson, Alexander City, Ala. In many seemingly hopeless cases, consumption has been averted, in stopping a Lacking cough, by use of Dr. Sawyer's Wild Cherry and Tar. J. M. Williams. M. L. Moody, of Twohig, was in our city Saturday evening on business, while here he called apes, 500 Note, Head, Banks, call again. Ladies fall dress goods, wool cashmeres, worsteds, black and colored velveteens, ribbons, dress buttons, and ladies and childrens shoes will be sold out below cost, as we intend to discontinue said lines. Kerr & Wildenthal. Now that the election is over we will have some spare time to devote to a new flag for the court house. The one that now floats over LaSalle's "palace of justice" is ragged, faded, and torn as though it had served its day and was only waiting for the end to come. And if someone will only make the start others will help and soon instead of rags we may have a good, substantial bunting flag to recall the deeds of hundreds of our heroes who died that it might live. NOTICE. I hereby notify the public generally and the Ranch Owners more especially, that I am the sole Agent for the counties of La Salle and Dimmit, for the "Wonderful" Pump Jack, acknowledged to be the best Pump Jack on the market. I have also had twelve years experience in putting up of Wind Mills and all machinery generally required by Ranchmen in their business. I will be pleased to give estimates on work and respectfully ask a share of your patronage. Respectfully, E. L. CLARY, Cotulla, Texas. MILLIONS GIVEN AWAY. It is certainly gratifying to the public to know of one concern in the land who are not afraid to be generous to the needy and suffering. The proprietors of Dr. King's New Discovery for consumption, coughs and colds, have given away over ten million trial bottles of this great medicine and have the satisfaction of knowing it has absolutely cured thousands of hopeless cases. Asthma, bronchitis hoarseness, and all diseases of the Throat, chest, and Lungs, are surely cured by it. Call on any Druggist and get a trial bottle free. Regular size 50c. and \$1. Every bottle guaranteed, or price refunded.

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ODDS AND ENDS. Ignorance is no excuse in law—except with the man who has a pull. Science has discovered microbes in kisses. This shows that the microbe isn't a fool. A lot of valuable time is lost in looking at the thermometer and cursing the weather. No matter how cruel fate may be, the washer-woman always manages to hang out. Man's trouble began with woman in an ancient garden—and now he wonders where it will end. Hope, Faith and Charity are the three graces—but the disgraces are too numerous to mention. People who want everything shut up on Sunday, should start the performance by shutting themselves up. There is no parting so bitter as the parting of a quinine cap, just as you are in the act of swallowing it. There are two places in a newspaper where a man is superstitious about having his name appear: the obituary column and the Police court record. A CLEVER TRICK. It certainly looks like it, but there is really no trick about it. Anybody can try it who has lame back and weak kidneys, malaria, or nervous troubles. We mean he can cure himself right away by taking Electric Bitters. This medicine tones up the whole system, acts as a stimulant to Liver and Kidneys, is a blood purifier and nerve tonic. It cures constipation, headache, fainting spells, Sleeplessness and melancholy. It is purely vegetable, a mild laxative, and restores the system to its natural vigor. Try Electric Bitters and be convinced that they are a miracle worker. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50c a bottle at all Druggists. The calendars given by THE COMPANION in former years to all subscribers have been remarkable for their delicacy of design and richness of coloring. But the Calendar for 1899 far surpasses any of those. The publishers have endeavored to make it the finest calendar of the century, and readers of THE COMPANION will not be disappointed in it. Those who subscribe now will receive not only the gift of the Calendar, but also all the issues of November and December, the time of subscription free. The new volume will be the best THE COMPANION has ever published. Among the contributions already engaged are "The Little Demons of War," by Hon. John D. Long; "Opportunities for Young Explorers," Sir Clements Markham; "The Boy with a Voice," David Bispham; "The Wonders of Somnambulism," Dr. William A. Hammond; "Police Spies in Russia," Poultney Bigelow; and "Where Living is Cheapest," Hon. Carrol D. Wright. Fine illustrated announcement and sample copies will be sent to any one addressing THE YOUTH'S COMPANION. 211 Columbus Ave., Boston, Mass.

BUCKOW. Buckow, Texas, Nov. 8, 1898. Buckow community certainly is alive now; hardly out of its "twaddling clothes" as a new School District, it is making rapid strides towards progress as did ever any section. The progressive spirit of its inhabitants is in the ascendancy; and great advancements are being made in school, religion, society, Christ-like love among each other, and every other element of virtue that go to make an ideal community. Its growth to perfectness is the goal aimed at and not until it is reached will her people be satisfied. Last Saturday evening the young people, the old, and the middle age, all, met at the hospitable home of Mr. J. W. Buckow and organized a "singing club" with Mr. J. D. Dickson as Instructor. Some two or three hours were enjoyably spent in singing, interspersed with pleasant conversation and a few anecdotes. The most enjoyable part of the interesting exercises was the conclusion—an "Indian song," pathetically rendered by Professor Dickson; so much enjoyed this unique song that we declined to do, owing to the terrible strain on his voice. The Indian song was indeed, a rare treat. After the singing, the young people, accompanied by many of the older ones, repaired to the school building, where a 'sociable' was held for two hours. The evening passed off very pleasantly to all. Everybody went home charmed at the first meeting of the 'singing club' and too, with the sweet satisfaction of having enjoyed a delightful 'Sociable.' Mr. Hiram Bloomfield, wife and little boy, of Millett have been here on a visit to relatives. Wolves continue creating depredations, and frightening the timid. Dan DeSpain and wife, (nee Miss Ellen Winters,) are up from San Diego visiting their parents. Harley Reynolds was over from Gonzales a few days ago visiting his old home. We regret to chronicle the illness of Mrs. Headley White. A light 'norther' visited us Sunday morning, and the crevices of our abodes were filled with the 'flying' sand. The Buckow Union Sabbath School, which met again at the School House Sunday afternoon, was well attended and much interest was manifested. We were disappointed in the non-appearance of Mr. J. M. Ramsey of Twohig, who was expected to be present, and make us a talk. We have most of our school equipments now, and are happy. SCHOOL GIRL. BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE. The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by all Druggists.

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R. J. Jennings came down from Pearsall yesterday.

Jas. Hazelrigg came down from Pearsall to-day.

A. P. Blocker was seen on our streets this morning.

Mrs. J. E. Hill was in Cotulla first part of the week.

J. T. Maltberger made a flying trip to San Antonio Wednesday.

D. C. Smith returned Monday from a business trip to the Alamo city.

Messrs. Heady White and L. F. Burris were seen on our streets yesterday.

Dr. J. M. Williams made a trip to Twohig yesterday on professional business.

Mrs. D. W. McKey came down from Millett yesterday on a visit to Mrs. J. N. Daniel.

Rev. J. S. McMurry came up from Laredo Saturday last and preached here Sunday.

Messrs. Emory Alderman and Ed Henrichson of Twohig, was in the city Monday last.

The Phone and Telegraph lines were kept busy during the forepart of the week trying to get the news from the different POLLS.

Guilford Gilmer went up to San Antonio on the Excursion train Wednesday morning. 'Gil' says he saw 'lots o' things' that we don't have in Cotulla.

Mr. Rafe Withers and wife arrived on yesterday's train from Lockhart. Mr. Withers reports that good rains have fallen all along the road between San Antonio and San Marcos.

M. M. Hargis, a stockman from Llano, arrived on yesterday's train and left immediately in company with Woodlief Thomas, for the House pasture to look at some cattle.

J. H. Gates returned from San Antonio Monday. He reports that his father, who is lying very low at Santa Rosa hospital is not improving any, and little hopes are entertained for his recovery.

#### TWOHIG TOUCHES.

We had a very good shower of rain Thursday night.

Jas. Edmiston paid us a pleasant call on Monday last.

We are informed that Mr. D. Belcher of the 33 Ranch is very sick.

Messrs. Dowe Yarbrough, Ed McCoy, and Alex Clark were in town Tuesday.

Prof. James D. Dickson was in from the Buckow Settlement Tuesday.

The infant daughter of John Lewis is very sick, but nothing of a serious nature.

Rangers Dubose and McMains passed through here Tuesday night enroute to Cotulla.

Mrs. J. L. King has been very sick for several days, but we are glad to state she is convalescing.

Messrs. P. A. Kerr, L. W. Gaddis and several others of Cotulla, were in our burg the early part of the week.

Mrs. Mamie Billingsley left for Cotulla yesterday morning, accompanied by her sister, Mrs. R. L. McClellan.

Messrs. John Winslow and Ross Robuck came down from Cotulla Tuesday to vote. They returned on the next train.

J. M. Ramsey has just closed a trade with Wm. Clary for the remainder of his cattle. Price paid being \$12. per head.

Mr. Ed Henrichson, formerly of this place, but now of the Teagra Ranch, was a visitor to our city first of the week.

Our election was very quiet, the total number of votes cast being 47. R. L. Henrichson was presiding officer, R. L. McClellan and Thos. Dillard, Judges. T. J. Alderman and John Robuck, clerks.

HEZAKIAH.

### THEIR NEW MILKMAN

Since the Bradley family has numbered three two of its members have been very particular about the quality of the milk which is delivered twice daily at the back door of their Hyde Park flat. The third and youngest member usually takes what is administered to him through the medium of a little rubber tube, and asks no questions, but he is not a person of discrimination. He has at various periods of his existence swallowed toilet soap, a marble, a safety pin—luckily closed—and part of a rubber doll, and was recently detected in the act of spooning up a successful plaster of paris, apparently under the impression that it was a new kind of prepared food; so that the other two feel it to be their duty to see that he is not imposed upon. His somewhat disproportionate name is Richard Stillingfleet Bradley.

Richard had a prolonged attack of intermittent colic about four months ago, and Mr. and Mrs. Bradley agreed in attributing the indisposition to the milk. It was nothing more than a suspicion they had, for the neat little glass jars always showed a fairly thick stratum of cream, and when Mr. Bradley took a sample of the fluid to the health department for analysis the lactometer proved that the specific density was everything that it should have been, and the man who made the subsequent assay said in his report that the milk contained the right proportions of butter fat and caseine and nothing of a calcareous nature. Still, the colic continued, and the Bradleys were not satisfied.

Norris, who lived two blocks south, told Bradley that a friend of his wife's got her milk from a man who did not have to depend upon remote shippers and yellow refrigerator cars, but operated his own cows. He would get the man's address. It was somewhere about Fifty-second street, but that was all he knew about it.

The next day toward evening Bradley got the address, and at once went out to investigate. He found the dealer, after some little trouble, living in a tumble-down cottage, half hidden in a clump of trees, in a side street that somehow seemed to have been overlooked a sort of vacant-lot oasis in a wilderness of brick and stone and macadamized roads. He was an honest-looking man, was the milk dealer. Bradley was impressed the moment he saw him. There was a strong flavor of rusticity about him, and such as should naturally be associated with his calling.

When Bradley made his business known the milkman stared at him in a mild bovine sort of a way and murmured on his tobacco a moment or two before he delivered himself of a speech. Then he said: "Well, I d'no as we can spare you any. We've got our regular customers an' we haven't got but four cows, and I don't want to disappoint 'em."

"I'd like to get some milk," said Bradley. "I don't need more than a quart on a day. You could let me have a quart, couldn't you?" "Well," said the milkman, "bein' as you only want—Oh, mother! Can we let this gentleman have milk?" "I guess we can," replied the woman, after hesitating a moment. Bradley at once closed the bargain by purchasing two dozen frayed cardboard tickets at one dollar a dozen. The man told him that he charged a little more than the ordinary price. "But it's milk," he added.

Before Bradley left he saw the eyes, the milkman's own eyes. There were four of them, as the truthful milkman had said. Black-coated animals that looked as if they had never known a trouble beyond flies. They were ranged along in a line in a stable that was tolerably clean, their heads confined by substantial halters to a manger of fragrant timothy hay, and a boy was already spurring thin streams of milk into a resounding tin pail exceeding brightness at the end of the row.

"That one there is a Holstein three-quarters an' part Herefordshire," said the milkman, indicating the animals with an air of pride. "Them others is Jerseys. Did you say you wanted the milk sent? You can come round with your bucket at milkin' time an' get it fresh from my cow. My jest's well's not, it's milk what I'm sellin'." The former milkman had been told that he need not leave any more of his glass jars, and the first installment of the genuine article was brought around the next morning by a little girl with a clean white apron. Bradley tasted it and declared it to be of incomparable richness and sweetness, and Richard Stillingfleet imbibed it and drummed on the table with his mug for more. That was not an unusual proceeding on his part, but Bradley instantly remarked it and exulted. Richard Stillingfleet had the colic that night.

One morning Bradley got up early enough to meet on the back porch the man with the derby hat and tan shoes who had formerly supplied Richard Stillingfleet's nourishment. "Where are you getting your milk from now, Mr. Bradley?" asked the man. "We're getting it from an old fellow out near Fifty-second street who has got his own cows," replied Bradley, "quite so," he added, apologetically, "we have to be particular on account of the baby."

"I see," said the milkman. "I thought at first that you was goin' to move. Then when you stayed I knowed you had changed. I thought that you'd change back again, though, when you found that the other fellow was putting off on you. This old man's name's Dillerson, ain't it? I thought so. He's sellin' good milk, all right. I furnish him with seven cans every mornin'."

"Oh, I know all about them cows. He milks 'em for the owner for half the milk. They give about four quarts apiece now, an' the old stiff makes butter an' sells his own cows." I sell him about 250 quarts of milk. You can figure it out for yourself. "Them cows is sure winners. Bluff! Oh, I guess not! Say, you brace him once an' see what he says. I know all about it. He don't make no bones about it with me. I wouldn't give him away, neither, if he hadn't got down into my territory. I sell him milk, an' I sell him good milk, an' I get his good money, but he can go to thunder. What do you pay him a quart?"

"Eight cents," said Bradley, feebly. He wished he could believe that this man was lying to him, but he knew in his heart of hearts that he was speaking rock-ribbed truth.

"Eight cents!" exclaimed the milkman, scornfully. "I charged you six cents for the same thing. You see, Mr. Bradley, you just ask that old son of a gun where he buys his milk. Don't say I told you, but run a stiff bluff, just the same as if you knew all about it. I'm goin' to get even with him, all right, but you see him first."

That was a week ago, but Bradley has not yet made the investigation. He prefers for the present to let things drift and remain in bed until past the hour of the milkman's arrival. That is because he is sensitive, and because Norris never has sense enough to know how far to carry a joke. Nevertheless he is afraid that he will have to say something about it to his wife pretty soon. She is likely to see the original milkman herself.—Chicago Daily Record.

### DANDY AND MITTEN.

Dandy was a white puppy, with a black spot around one eye. It was this spot that had given him his name, for it looked a good deal like a single eyelash, such as dandies sometimes wear. Being a terrier, Dandy had come of a race of fighters, though to look at him and see him tumbling over and over on the kitchen floor with Mitten you would never have believed it.

Mitten was a coal black kitten with one snow white paw. The Little Lady Who Owned Them said that he had lost his other mitten.

Now, though Mitten was not at all afraid of Dandy, he was very much afraid of all the other dogs in the world. A single bark from a very little dog in the street would send him flying into the house, and that, in some instances, when the bark was a loud one and quite close. The Little Lady Who Owned Them said that Dandy followed Mitten to protect him. But once when Mitten ran up a tree and Dandy flew into the kitchen and crept under the stove she had had work to make the rest of the family believe in Dandy's courage, and she talked to him a long time about being always brave.

All this was in the spring, and Mitten and Dandy had both grown a good deal by fall. They didn't always run now from dogs outside the fence, unless they were real big dogs, and Dandy would even run toward the fence and bark very loud if he was sure the dog was shut. They didn't play so much, either, for only little folks play all the time, but they were still the best of friends and often slept side by side together in the sun. The papa of the Little Lady Who Owned Them said that Dandy ought to begin to show his fighting blood by this time, and that it was a shame that he was such a coward. He said that Dandy's mother at his age would have jumped over the fence after any dog, big or little, that was ill bred enough to look through the pickets and bark at her.

It was a very warm afternoon in September and he had been walking about the yard with Mitten, looking at a bunch of golden rods that bloomed in one corner and listening to the green grasshoppers that sang in the grass. It was the first fall that either Mitten or Dandy had ever seen, and I suppose they realized that they would never be young through another summer, for they were solemn and dignified and didn't even notice the butcher boy when he came in the back gate and went out, leaving it open. He said that Dandy was looking toward the fence, thinking. The air was very quiet, and the song of the grasshoppers soothing. They both grew drowsy at last, and were nearly asleep.

Suddenly Mitten bounded into the air, spitting furiously as he landed, and wheeled toward the kitchen door. Dandy was jumping up with a fierce bark and warning in the same direction. Then he gave a yelp and backed up, for right in front of him, between them and the back steps, a shaggy, shaggy dog, Dandy saw Mitten half crouching and half standing up, with his head back and white paws upflung, snarling and looking like a small black bear. There was no chance for Mitten to run. The big dog would grab him the instant he turned, and was only held back by the fear of the sharp claws. Dandy saw Mitten racing around the house.

It was a great temptation for all he was only a puppy, but he fought. He made another queer bark, backward and seemed about to turn, and he was a puppy and remembered of his good friend Mitten. The fighting blood in his veins sent the spirit of his great mother who had once whined three dogs in a row, and himself, snarled and throbbed within him. With a fierce snarl, growl and bark all in one, he made a straight leap at the big dog, and, taking him completely by surprise, seized his shaggy throat with his sharp white teeth.

In a second Mitten was out of the way and up in the limbs of a small maple tree, where he could see the fight in safety. He heard the big dog snarl and growl and creak and saw him try in vain to shake off the fat-lodged white dog with one black eye. He saw the big dog roll over and over on the ground, pounding poor Dandy against his head, but never for a second loosening his hold. He did not hear a sound of any kind from Dandy. The puppy's sharp teeth were only set hard and fast and biting deeper and deeper into the flesh of that shaggy neck. Pretty soon he saw that the big shaggy dog did not struggle as hard or growl as loudly as at first. He rolled over on his back, with Dandy now standing squarely on his four solid legs, his eyes—the white eye and the black one—both staring at him, and his teeth still holding on like grim death.

And grim death it was to the big shaggy dog, for by and by he breathed very loud two or three times and pawed backward with his four legs. Then he lay quiet still, and Dandy started to drag him toward the open back gate, where he had come in. Mitten saw him drag the shaggy dog a few feet and then give it up, for the big dog was heavy and dead and hard to handle.

So Dandy loosened his hold on his enemy's neck and staggered toward the house. He was so tired that when he got to the bottom step he sat down to rest and pant, and his dripping red tongue hung out very long. Then there was a sudden rush down the steps, and the Little Lady Who Owned Them came flying out from an open window, flung her arms about the brave hero and called him her noble Dandy, and cried. And cook, who was the only other soul at home that afternoon, walked out behind her and said she never would believe he could 'a' did it if she hadn't seen it with her own eyes, which were wide open, for she had been asleep in her room when the fight was really going on, and when she dragged the big shaggy dog out into the back alley and shut the gate. By and by Mitten came down out of the tree and rubbed against Dandy and purred his thanks.

Two evenin's later, when the papa of the Little Lady Who Owned Them came from an office with a bright and fine silver collar, and upon it was engraved:

"DANDY."  
"He Risked His Life for Another."  
—N. Y. Herald.

A New Commandant.  
Archbishop Usher was once washed ashore from a wreck off the coast of Ireland. Almost destitute of clothing he wandered to the house of a church dignitary and asked for shelter and aid of a brother clergyman. "How many commandments are there?" inquired the other, thinking to detect an impostor. "I can at once satisfy you that I am not the ignorant impostor you take me for," replied the archbishop; "there are 11 commandments." "No," was the smiling comment. "There are but ten commandments in the Bible. Tell me the eleventh and I will relieve you." "There it is," said the archbishop; "a new commandment give unto you, that we love one another."

### HER FINAL DANCE.

The manager of the theater shook his head doubtfully.

"I don't know how our people will take to such a back number as that, my dear woman," said he, "for they are devilish particular now, but you may try it and see. If you get an honest encore the first night I will engage you for two weeks on my own hook, but the Bijou isn't a charitable institution, you know, and I won't promise anything."

The dancer's lips trembled, and after a moment the handsome eyes were dimmed with tears. But she fought back these signs of emotion as she had fought them back every day for the last two years, and, as if she would have a voice out of which all hope had long since departed: "Thank you, Mr. Rankin; that is all I can ask."

Then she walked slowly from the half-lighted stage and to the dressing-room, with a pain which nothing could relieve tugging fiercely at her heart. The manager looked thoughtfully after her as he cut the end off a cigar and turned up his coat collar again. "Poor girl," said he, half aloud, "she's a has-been—no mistake. And to think that three years ago she was the cream of the lot. But that's the way; some of 'em has genius and some talent. The ones with the genius learn new tricks, when the public has got enough of the old, the ones with only talent can't do it, and so they go down. And that's all she's got—talent. I'm sorry for her, but I ain't the Creator, to give her what wasn't born in her." With which sage reflection the manager lit his cigar and walked back to his office.

The girl with talent only smiled a wan smile as she got into her plain street dress in the stuffy little dressing-room under the stage, and the cracked, dusty mirror gave back to her uninterested gaze the reflection of that smile. In her heart of hearts for a long time there had been the conviction that perhaps her gift was not as strong as she had first imagined. With a pride born of necessity she had fought the thought down day after day; but it would not die, and now, in almost so many words, the manager had told her that her "day was past." Yet she was young.

Only three years ago Mlle. Reville, the petit dancer, had been hailed by critic and patron alike as the daintiest and most brilliant of terpsichoreans seen for many years; and to-day she was unknown—begging for work! Fortune's bark had been early turned upon the unhappy little woman, and the troubles which had assailed her had made their impress upon her usually pretty face. The eyes were long and unshining now, and the cheeks pale and almost thin. The stage she had just left brought back vividly her past in this city, for she had not achieved her greatest triumph in this theater? Here the whole house had risen as one great being and showered bouquets, fans, and even jewels about her golden head. Ah, yes, that was a night long to be remembered—especially by a hungry little dancer who had so soon dropped to the level of commonplace in her profession.

As she picked her way toward the stage door, along the dark passages and in and around ghostlike pieces of scenery set or ready to be, she remembered, too, the honest, kind-hearted stage hand who had wrapped the boards she danced upon, and at whose affection she had smiled, despite its apparent earnestness. Poor Joe, the shifter of scenes—his quiet, even handsome at

her. And even as she thought these words to herself he stood before her.

"Mamie!" he cried, involuntarily, and then, remembering himself, he added, in confusion: "I beg your pardon, Miss Gordon, I—I didn't mean to." With his well-worn cap in hand he bowed his curly head and stepped aside to let her pass. But on the impulse of the moment she did not do so. In fact, a strange, hot light came of something indefinable swept over her heart and was reflected in her face. She put out her thin hand and he closed his big brawny one over it.

"Joe!" she said. "Dear old Joe! I did not know you were here. I am going to dance tonight—on trial—and—after I have done my turn we will talk over old times. I do not think they will want me, do you?"

He saw the truth in her eyes as she spoke, and a sudden rage at the world that dared not want her, and always want her—as he did—seized upon him. "If they do turn you down," said he between his teeth, "they are crazy fools. I will—"

Miss Gordon smiled a little sadly and shook her head. "If they do, Joe, you will do nothing about it. Good-by until to-night. I am lonely nowadays, and I want you to see me dance to-night and applaud me, even if the others do not. Will you?"

"I will," he said, coming closer and looking down into her eyes with a tenderness that his fellow-workers would have been dumbstruck to see. "O, my darl—"

But she was gone before he had time to finish the sentence. And when he pondered upon what he had been about to say, in his amazement and surprise, he was rather glad that she had left before he could tell her to refuse him again as she had once years ago.

The orchestra, in a gale of melody, had ended the dance with a melodious crash, and Mlle. Reville stood, with her head bent, waiting for the decision of the audience. A breathless moment passed, and then—two or three perfunctory claps from different parts of the house, the gallery principally, and that was all. She had failed! The manager frowned and cursed himself for having engaged a "card" that would not draw even one night, but Miss Gordon did not see him as she hastened to her dressing-room, blinded by tears and crushed in spirit as she had never been before. She did not hear the manager sharply reproach Joe for applauding behind the scenes. In fact, she heard nothing but the sobs that shook her own small body, and once inside her dressing-room flung herself in all her fiery of lights and fluffy skirts upon her trunk, there to let the tears she had held back so long come as they would.

A moment later there came a soft knock outside, and she turned quickly that her head might be in the shadow, ere she said: "Come in!" The door swung open and Joe stepped quickly inside, letting it close again behind him. Even before she could see him, through the mist of tears in her blue eyes, she knew it was he, for one trembling word, full of love and longing and comfort, escaped his lips: "Mamie!"

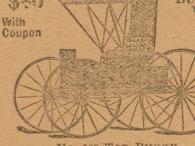
And in her heart-breaking disappointment, when all her courage and hope had left her, the knowledge that poor Joe's love was as deep and abiding as ever brought a strange happiness to her soul. He held out his arms to her, the big, plainly dressed shifter of scenes, and for a moment only she hesitated.

"I love you," he said, "more than ever now! I want you, and will always want you—even if they don't. Will you refuse me again?"

She stood up, and the pretty cheeks were redder than the face-paint worn of old. Mlle. Reville had danced for the last time in public.—M. J. Crane, in Buffalo News.

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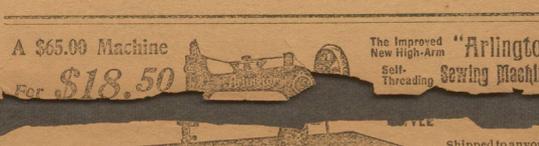
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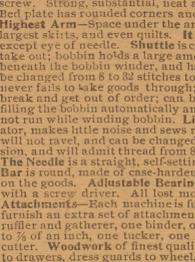
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