

# The Cotulla Record.

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COTULLA, TEXAS, SATURDAY, AUGUST 26, 1899.

\$1. IN ADVANCE.



## A Revelation of the Romantic and Remarkable Career of Lawrence Bangs, the Famous Yale Athlete.

BY HOWARD FIELDING.

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### CHAPTER I.

#### THE NAME AND FAME OF BANGS.

A little round stone lay in the grass in that portion of the Yale baseball ground which is technically known as left field. The color of the stone was blue. Its position was exactly right, and the grass was just long enough to conceal it. These details had been arranged by fate with her usual care and foresight. If the stone had not been found it would have been useless, and if the grass had not been carefully nourished by rain and sun it would not have concealed the stone, and somebody would have thrown it away.

The decisive game between Harvard and Yale had progressed as far as the last half of the ninth inning. Yale needed two runs to win. Two of her men were out, and two were on the bases. Jack Bangs was at the bat and a responsibility larger than two full moons rested upon his shoulders. Nobody who has not been in a similar situation can know how he felt.

If an individual with horns and a tail, and carrying a blue flag as an evidence of good faith, had risen beside Jack Bangs with the presidency of the United States in one hand and a baseball bat in the other, Bangs would have struck him over the head with his bat

of a choice. But that individual did not strike Bangs. Perhaps he was out in left field watching the little blue stone.

The Harvard pitcher tried to remember a short Latin prayer which had once struck him as a good thing to use in desperate emergencies. Failing in this he made several good resolutions. Then he launched the ball. He imparted to it a peculiar rotary motion which caused it to leap up about a foot just before it got to the batter. This was done for the purpose of deceiving Bangs so that he would either strike under the ball or send it up into the air. Bangs' bat encountered the ball with a sound like the crack of a rifle. The sphere soared aloft. A dreadful din of voices rising after it seemed to buoy it up. All the pretty girls in blue cried "Yale, Yale!" But as many of their brothers as knew the game were silent and their hearts were like lead.

The Harvard pitcher felt a strong spasm of relief. His "rise" had done the work. Bangs had batted a high fly. The odds at that moment were a thousand dollars to a cent against Yale, for that fly would drop into left field, where "Infallible" Lee kept guard for Harvard. The pitcher was sure that Lee would catch the ball as he was that it would not stay up in the sky.

Lee had to run in a little way to get under the descending ball. He was perfectly sure of it. The game was as good as won. Already the cry of "Harvard!" seemed to be drowning the cry of "Yale!" In the tempest of shouting he distinguished his own name with remarkable clearness. It had rung out like that before in many similar emergencies and a great cheer had always followed it. He remembered suddenly that he would never hear that thrilling call again. This was his last effort in any college contest. He had borne the red H on his breast for four glorious years, and this was the end. Well, though it must come, it could not come better. He was very glad of the final opportunity. He could think of all these things as



THE VAST CROWD YELLED LIKE MAD PEOPLE.

he ran, for the time seemed as long as a dream.

And then he trod upon the little blue stone. It caught the metal plate on his shoe and rolled like a wheel on the hard ground. He plunged forward and the ball went over his head.

Everybody in the world cried: "Bangs!" The blue-legged runners ran all the plate. The game was lost.

In an instant the crowd swept over the field. Above the frantic throng appeared nine figures borne upon the shoulders of their friends. Each was surrounded by a cheering, struggling mass, and the biggest and the wildest was around Jack Bangs.

But out in the left field, alone, a figure lay upon the ground. It was the infallible Lee who had failed just when there was no hope of retrieval. They say he sobbed like a child. And he was six feet and one inch tall, and could lift a load of hay. Well, there's a loser for every winner, though we do not hear so much about him.

In the grand stand, meanwhile, the enthusiasm had been enormous. The vast crowd was upon its feet yelling like mad people. Pretty girls perched upon the seats and screamed aloud. Some of them knew that Yale had won without being told; but most of them didn't and they just yelled because they couldn't help it. Among those who saw and understood was a particularly pretty girl named Florence Lorne. She had kept a full score with her own fair hand and had every point recorded, with a few extra errors for the Harvards. For Florence was a Yale girl through and through and wore half a cable's length of blue ribbon on her dress.

She thought she had come to missing that glorious culmination. In her excitement she would certainly have fallen off the seat on which she was standing if she had not steadied herself by putting her hand upon the broad shoulder of a man in front of her. It was a considerable satisfaction to her that he was introduced almost immediately afterward for it gave her a chance to thank him. That was quite unnecessary for he had been entirely oblivious of the occurrence. If she had been Chang, the Chinese giant, he would not have felt the weight at such a moment.

"Oh, Mr. Bangs!" she exclaimed when the apology was out of the way, "wasn't it perfectly thrilling?"

"It was indeed," he rejoined with what remained to him by way of a voice after the cheering. "Did you enjoy it, Mrs. Lorne?"

The question was addressed to a pretty, motherly woman who stood beside Florence.

"I'm afraid I didn't appreciate all of it," she replied, "but I'm glad Yale won. I have a son in college."

"Poor Jimmy!" exclaimed Florence. "He's an enthusiast, but he can't play ball. He didn't even make the freshman nine this year."

"Perhaps he will develop," said Bangs sympathetically. "I've known men to fail in the freshman year and do very well afterwards."

"Were you interested in athletics when you were in college, Mr. Bangs?" asked Mrs. Lorne.

"Mother!" The girl's tone was full of reproachful pity. "Read your country's history. Everybody in the world has heard of Mr. Harry Bangs. He was the greatest back-stop Yale ever had, and played football, too. He was the man who broke Harvey Duff's nose in the great slugging game of '83, and that saved the game because Duff was the best ground-painter that Harvard had. Isn't that so, Mr. Bangs?"

"Well, in the matter of Duff's nose," said Mr. Bangs, "I'm afraid I'll have to be guilty. The remainder I leave to the historian."

"Mother is just beginning to learn," said the girl, "but she is doing very well. You must know, mother, that Mr. Bangs' family has been very distinguished at Yale. They have done more for the university than any other."

Bangs, who had been in high spirits, became suddenly gloomy.

"I'm afraid our day is over," he said. "My cousin Jack graduates this year."

"Can't he go to one of the professional schools?"

things," said Florence, gently, "or she would be just as sorry as I am. Can't your brother do anything at all?"

"He won't try," said Bangs, bitterly. "He'd rather read Greek."

"Oh, what a shame. Can't you do something to influence him?"

"That's my only hope. You see the trouble is that I haven't had a chance at him. Every time he's been home from school in the last two years, I've been away, and I haven't seen him in that time. But I've written constantly and father has done what he could. It's all no use. Lawrence is big enough, I'm told, and perfectly sound, but he hasn't the head for it. He can't do anything but study. I tell you it's a hard blow to the governor."

There was silence for a moment out of deference to Mr. Bangs' sorrow. Then the young man said:

"It's ungracious to begin an acquaintance by unloading one's burdens. You must pardon me. On such a day as this I can't help brooding on it. To think that a brother of mine—"

He broke off suddenly, and turned his face away. Florence was on the verge of tears, but she compressed her pretty lips and said:

"This simply shan't be. Introduce your brother to me, Mr. Bangs, and I'll talk to him. We'll set Jimmie after him too. Ah, here he comes. He slipped away the instant that run came in to look out for our carriage."

Jimmie Lorne was made acquainted with the famous athlete whom he regarded with veneration. He would have remained there till the following day babbling wisdom from this eminent authority, but Mr. Bangs discreetly took himself away.

As he walked across the field through the crowd now rapidly thinning there was a light of hope in his face and he whispered to himself:

"If my brother could fall in love with such a girl as Miss Lorne it might make a man of him."

### CHAPTER II.

SHOWING THAT PADDY O'TOOLE WAS NOT BORN TO BE A SLACK USHER.

Paddy O'Toole had never enjoyed many advantages, but he had thriven surprisingly without them. At the age of seventeen, he was nearly as tall as a tree. A diet of mixed ale and chewing tobacco is not recommended by the best authorities, but the wonderful power of Paddy's vital machinery had transmuted it into hard muscle and plenty of fat.

He would not work in warm weather, and in the winter he never could get anything to do. Such being the case, the fact of his continued existence should have shown him that destiny was preserving him for a remarkable career. But Paddy never considered such subjects. He accepted food and shelter when they were offered him, and did very well without them on other occasions. He gave no thought to the morrow, and the hills of tad field were not arrayed as he was. In fact Paddy's clothes had almost no competition in their special line. Nobody's cast-off garments could possibly have been long enough for Paddy, and had they been so he would have outgrown them in a month.

Paddy had been playing ball on Boston Common. The game was over, and his side had won. It always did. When Paddy pitched nobody else on his nine but the catcher ever had anything to do. The outfielders usually sat down on the grass and smoked clay pipes while they waited for three men to strike out.

After the game Paddy also lit a pipe and sat down on the grass. Immediately he was aware of a thick-set young man, whose clothes were as sharply differentiated from Paddy's as the sartorial art permits. The dis-



PADDY LIT A PIPE AND SAT DOWN ON THE GRASS.

function between such garments and his own had been driven into Paddy's skull even at his early age. It consisted in the fact that such clothes had money in their pockets while his had none.

Reasoning thus, Paddy was about to ask the stranger for "the price of a beer," when the conversation was taken out of his mouth.

"My name is Bangs," said the thick-set young man. "What's yours?"

"Patrick O'Toole. Have you got der price?"

"Have you ever been to school?" asked Bangs, interrupting.

"I've been to school I don't think," said Paddy, staring. "Have you got

to go on this way. Now look here. I've taken a fancy to you. I've got more money than I know what to do with, and I'm willing to spend some of it on Paddy O'Toole. If you will put yourself in my hands, I'll educate you and pay all your expenses from this day until you graduate from college. Come. This is the chance of your life. Will you take what Heaven sends you?"

Paddy dropped his pipe on the ground. Then he propped his meager body up with his preternaturally long arms, and sat there in the attitude of one who had been knocked down by a blow in the face.

"Have youse stringin' me?" he gasped. "I mean every word I say. What would I gain by deceiving you?"

"Barned if I know," rejoined Paddy. "You couldn't get nothin' out o' me."

"Then believe what I tell you, and me with me."

"Say," said Paddy, "I'll have to go on. I don't catch on to the game, but it looks easy. What do you want me to do first?"

"Come with me and talk it over."

"Let her go. It's a bargain. I'm a yer!"

Paddy got up and stretched his long limbs. He looked round at the familiar trees, and the monument on the hill. He wanted to see whether they were all there. It seemed more probable to him that they would be absent, and that he would find himself in bed somewhere, and just waking from a dream.

But the common looked no different from his ordinary. The trees were waving gently under the blue sky. His companions in the game were scattered about on the grass. And before him stood a person whom he vaguely suspected to be the boss of the yard—the highest dignitary with whose office he was familiar—who wanted to give him a lot of money just for going to school.

He looked like a good thing. Paddy selected with joy that the schools were all closed and that his work could begin till he had had a taste of his wages.

The sudden surprise had accentuated the dizziness in Paddy's throat.

"If yer got the price of two beers," he said.

"No, sir," said Bangs. "I'll attend outside of you. It's more consoling the way you need a suit of clothes."

Of that first day of his new life Paddy retains a most confused recollection. He remembers a bath somewhere in a place that was so hot it made his head ache. There was a little room where he undressed, and when he got back to it he found a lot of new clothes. There was not only a brand new suit, but there were some articles to put on under it, quite superfluous as he protested, in warm weather. Then he went to stores where people bowed to Mr. Bangs, and never mentioned paying for anything, which led Paddy to believe that his benefactor was connected with the police.

Afterwards they went to a big house where there were rooms which reminded Paddy of the show windows of furniture stores.

"You'll live here for the present," said Bangs.

"Me? In dis place? Say, I'd be afraid o' breakin' somethin'."

Bangs laughed.

"Don't you worry about that. These are some rooms where I live when my father's house is closed in the summer. It is open now so you'll be by yourself. James," he continued, addressing a servant, "see that Mr. O'Toole has whatever he wants. Get his meals from the St. Vincent. We'll have dinner now."

There never was anything like that dinner. Whatever height of luxury Paddy may attain in the future, he can never know the joy of another such repast. Immediately after dinner he fell asleep in a chair, and when he awoke Bangs had gone away, and James was inquiring whether Mr. O'Toole desired anything more before going to bed.

"I'd like to eat some more," said Paddy, "but I can't."

Ten minutes later he was asleep again, and haunted by a fear, even in his dreams, that he might awake on the grass under a tree in Boston Common.

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SATURDAY, AUG 26, 1899.

We call the attention of our readers to the enlarged 'ad' of A. C. Smith of San Antonio, in this week's RECORD. Mr. Smith has been an advertiser with us almost since the first issue, and now enlarges his space by several inches. This is a reliable firm who deals in first-class goods. When in need of anything, in his line drop him a card. He'll treat you right.

Dr. C. McGarity has received his new stock of drugs, etc., for his drugstore on Center Street, and now has them displayed in attractive style. The Doctor has moved here to stay, and desires a share of the people's patronage, both of his professional services and of his drugs. We call especial attention to his card in another column of this issue; he makes the diseases of women and children a special study and will, at all times be ready to respond to every call. In the daytime, he will be found at his place of business; at night, at his residence just across the creek on the Tilden road.

We have no apology to make for running so much 'plate' this week, but will explain our reason for so doing; leaving our readers to judge of its veracity. The work was brought...

The 'plate' came early Monday morning, whereby, by working four days and two nights we were enabled to make an extra dollar or two. The temptation was so great, and our present need of the money so imperative, that we just simply could not resist, but fell into the snare set by 'filthy lucre,' and failed to get the usual amount of reading matter in this week. We promise, however, not to be guilty again; unless we have another chance to make money, in which case we will doubtless fail again.

NOTICE!

Notice is hereby given that on August 15th, 1899, the Commissioners Court of La Salle County Texas, passed and entered of record the following order:

"It appearing from the returns of an election held at Twohig in La Salle County, Texas, on the 12th. day of July A. D. 1899 to determine whether or not the sale of intoxicating liquors shall longer be prohibited in Justice's precinct No 5 of said County, that there was one vote cast for prohibition and twenty-two votes cast against prohibition at said election, it is therefore ordered by the Commissioners Court of said County that the election heretofore held in said precinct more than two years past and on the 10th. day of August A. D. 1896 and which then resulted in favor of prohibition, and the order of this Court based on the result of said election and enforcing prohibition in said precinct are now hereby set aside. It is further ordered by the Commissioners Court of said La Salle County, Texas, that this order be published for four successive weeks in some newspaper published in said County and that after said publication, the sale of intoxicating liquors in said precinct No 5 shall no longer be unlawful."

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

DILLEY.

Dilley, Texas, August 23, 1899. E. E. Rowland, Tank Contractor, is out this week near Carrizo Springs working up a trade.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Roberts of Derby were in the burg this week.

G. W. Rumfield and H. N. Johnson went to Pearsall Wednesday on business.

Dave Murray and C. Rummel started last week to East Texas with a bunch of Horses.

BORN: To Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Rumfield on the 18th inst., a nine pound girl.

Mr. Marks, Life Insurance man of San Antonio was in town this week.

The young folks are preparing for a big time on the Cibilo this coming Friday night, at the entertainment to be given at the ranch of Mr. S. F. Moffett.

Mr. Jake Valentine and Mr. Dunn of Lavaca county, relatives of Mr. J. G. Brown, are here looking at the county with a view of locating.

Miss Carrie Cavender and Miss Rosa Moffett, two charming young ladies of the Covey Chapel neighborhood were in town this week trading. Miss Rosa is preparing to start back to Bolton to school on Sept. 1st.

The Baptist meeting will commence at this place on Friday before the second Sunday in September, and will be conducted by Rev. Bruce Roberts.

R. W. Rogers of San Antonio came in on Wednesday's train and is out at the Hugo Ranch.

R. F. Avant is in San Antonio this week on business.

George Lowry returned last week from Twohig and reports a fine time and plenty of fish caught while down there.

B. Brown of Hallettsville unloaded two cars of cattle here this week and drove them out to his ranch on the Cibilo.

N. Dillard made a trip to Loma Vista and Batesville this week looking up a cattle trade.

Messrs. Joe Whitley, Dave Park and W. M. Bennett from the Leona were in town this week.

Miss Eula Billingsly, sister of Mrs. F. O. Hugo left on Thursday's North bound train for her home in Elgin, Texas.

W. E. Lowry will commence this week to build a Ware House on the R. R. which will be more convenient for unloading freight.

We understand that W. M. Sackville has ordered lumber, and as soon as it arrives he will commence his new residence.

Mr. Pennelton, and old friend of Mr. and Mrs. Sackville arrived here this week from Canada and expects to remain here the balance of the year.

The farmers have been very busy the last 30 days putting up their cane crop. Cotton picking has begun and owing to the dry weather it will soon all be open and picked out.

Mr. Johnson, the gin man, is here looking at the cotton crop. He don't think there will be enough to justify him in fixing and repairing his gin.

Miss Katie James of San Antonio, is here visiting her sister, Mrs. Avant.

Mr. Devilbis, a carpenter of Pearsall was here this week to see Mr. Lowry about doing some work.

Miss Belle Hugo returned this week from the Alamo City.

Mr. and Mrs. Boyce of Millett, were here last Sunday attending church and Sunday School. Mr. Boyce is Superintendent of the school at this place.

Rev. Bruce Roberts filled his appointment at this place last Sunday to a good congregation. There were two additions to the church by letter. After services in the evening a Sunday School was organized, the time of meeting will be every Sunday evening at 4 o'clock.

Messrs. Lowry, Avant and Craig returned from Carrizo

Springs a few days ago. They report plenty of water and out that way, and killed one wolf while gone.

We learn that Mrs. G. R. N. man of the Covey Chapel neighborhood, has been very sick. Orr of Pearsall was called to her. She is much improved, present writing.

TWOHIG.

W. T. Hill was in Cotulla day this week.

T. J. Alderman spent Thursday in Cotulla.

Entemio Garza, a Section hand had two fingers badly mashed while unloading ties yesterday. He has gone to the hospital Palestine for treatment.

J. M. Ramsey's and Mrs. M. Buckman's families have been camping on the river this week.

Mr. John Dillard has gotten his new Aermotor in running order at last, and has plenty of water at home now.

We have noticed Pink Buckman hauling wood this week, after inquiring into the matter found that "Dock" had gone fishing.

Mr. McInnis had two thermometers out in the sun a few days ago testing them. One registered 120° and the other boiled over.

The people in this section were all very angry last week on account of the small type used in printing the Twohig items in the RECORD.

H. T. H.

"Old Eli's Son," a short serial story begins in this issue; don't fail to read the opening chapters.

DIRECTORY.

NATIONAL. President Wm. McKinley, Vice-President C. A. Hoar, Secretary of State John Hay, Secretary of Treasury Lyman D. Bailew.

STATE. Governor Joseph D. Sayers, Lieut. Governor J. N. Browning, Comptroller R. W. Finley, Attorney General T. S. Smith, Supt. Public Instruction J. S. Kendall, Secretary of State D. H. Barkley, Treasurer J. W. Kamin, Railroad Commissioners (Jno. H. Reagan, L. J. Storey, Allison Mayfield).

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CHURCHES. Baptist Church—Rev. Bruce Roberts, Pastor.—Services—1st Sunday morning at 11 a. m. and 8:30 p. m., Sunday school every Sabbath morning at 10 a. m., Conducted by Miss Mary Burwell. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 8:00 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 Tuesday evening at 7:45 p. m. Every body cordially invited to attend all these services.

Presbyterian Church—Rev. S. J. McMurray, Pastor.—Services—On each 1st Sunday, 11 a. m. at 7:30 p. m., and on Wednesday evening at 7:30 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday, 10 a. m. Every body cordially invited.

SOCIETIES. Knights of Honor—Cotulla Lodge, No. 3102. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday nights in each month, in their hall, over Keck Bros. T. R. Keck, Dictator. G. Phillips, 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. C. Phillips, Clerk.

Home Forum Benefit Order—Cotulla Lodge No. 1829. Meet at call of President. H. B. Miller, President. G. Phillips, Secretary.

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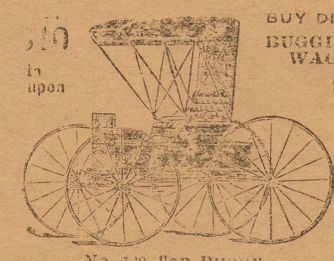
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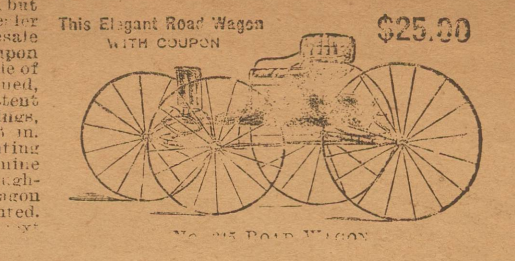
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I. & G. N. R. Between San Antonio and Laredo. TIME TABLE. South Passenger Train. North. 10:00 a m Lv SAN ANTONIO Ar 12:25 p m 10:20 a m Lv Leon Ar 12:08 p m 10:28 a m Lv Medina Ar 11:57 a m 10:51 a m Lv Lytle Ar 11:36 a m 1:01 a m Lv Medina Ar 11:16 a m 11:35 a m Lv Moore Ar 10:53 a m 11:55 a m 12:07 p m Lv Eden Ar 10:48 a m 12:23 p m Lv Pearsall Ar 10:32 a m 12:42 p m Lv Doby Ar 10:15 a m 12:58 p m Lv Dilley Ar 9:58 a m 1:12 p m Lv Millett Ar 9:44 a m 1:35 p m Lv COTULLA Ar 9:22 a m 1:53 p m Lv Tana Ar 9:05 a m 2:03 p m Lv Twohig Ar 8:55 a m 2:25 p m Lv Barro Ar 8:36 a m 2:40 p m Lv Echnal Ar 8:23 a m 3:00 p m Lv Castus Ar 8:04 a m 3:18 p m Lv Webb Ar 7:45 a m 3:43 p m Lv Green Ar 7:22 a m 3:55 p m Lv Sanchez Ar 7:12 a m 4:10 p m Lv LAREDO Ar 7:00 a m

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LOCAL & PERSONAL.

Still hot and no rain. Read "Old Eli's Son!" New drug store in town. "Old Eli's Son," on first page. Ice! Ice!!! for sale at S. Cotulla's. Tailor-made clothes at Landrum & Co's. All kinds of printing done at the RECORD office. "Old Eli's Son" may prove interesting. Read it. Fresh candies and fruits at Simon Cotulla's. Socially, Cotulla has been strictly "in it" this week. Frozen water for sale, six days in the week at Stanfield's. Mrs. B. P. Burris was in from the ranch Monday morning. BORN: To Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Hicks, on 25th inst., a baby boy. Fresh Lemons at Stanfield's. 25c per dozen. Orange, Blackberry and Grape ciders at S. Cotulla's. Mrs. A. Burke received a fine leather top carriage Monday. J. W. Elkins was in the city from the Puddin' one day this week. For fancy candy and fruits, go to Simon Cotulla's. J. H. Buckelew was down at the Dill Ranch several days this week. Commissioner W. A. Kerr left Monday evening for the La Motte Ranch. Bob Smith of Dimmitt county was in town the fore part of the week. T. H. Poole was among our business men in San Antonio this week. Wagons, better wagons, Studebaker wagons.

Keck Bros. Read the first installment of "Old Eli's Son" on another page of this issue. Eugene M. Irvin went up to the Alamo City yesterday morning on business. Mr. Martin Hanson of Leakey, is here visiting his aunt, Mrs. J. H. Buckelew. Jno. F. Green and R. E. Miller, of the Catarina ranch are in town this morning. Burnett Little Eq. Section Foreman at Encinal, spent Sunday in the city. J. E. O'Meara passed through here Thursday enroute to his Dimmitt County ranch. Misses Katie Stanfield, Madie and Ina Daniel spent Sunday at Millett; returning Monday. Get prices of Studebaker wagons. New stock just in. Keck Bros. Mr. Joe Yarbrough of Twohig, called on the RECORD force while in the city last Saturday. Robt. Clark and Charlie Winters were in town yesterday from the Buckow Settlement. Mrs. J. Guy Smith left on Sunday morning's train for San Antonio on a visit to relatives. Mr. Martin Wilkins, a ranchman of Dimmitt county was a caller at our office Thursday. Messrs. W. T. Hill and Van Ratcliff were arrivals on yesterday morning's "High Flyer". Mrs. F. W. Nye and children, of Laredo, came up Tuesday on a short visit to Mrs. L. E. Evetts. John Lewis Esq. came up from Twohig the fore part of the week and spent a few hours in the city. Mr. E. A. Keck and Miss Demetra Stanfield went out to the Buckow ranch Monday evening. Mrs. S. T. Dove, wife of our worthy County Judge, accompanied by her younger children, left yesterday to spend a few weeks at the Togra ranch visiting Mrs. J. H. Hargus.

County Attorney C. C. Thomas returned Saturday last from a week's business trip to Austin. Mr. W. P. May, in company with his estimable lady was in the city Wednesday from the May ranch. Ab P. Blocker, of the Pobrecito Ranch was in the City Tuesday for the first time in several weeks. Messrs. Jno. J. Hall and T. D. Morgan returned Wednesday from a brief business trip to San Antonio. Attorney Chas. H. Mayfield left Thursday morning on a brief business trip to San Antonio and Austin. G. B. Withers, a well-known stockman of Lockhart, came down Thursday to look after his interests here. Uncle Jack Hargus, one of La-Salle's pioneer ranchmen was here this week visiting his son, ex-sheriff Hargus. Mr. J. E. Evetts, in company with his mother, have returned from an extended visit to relatives in McMullen county. Mrs. L. W. Gaddis, wife of our enterprising druggist, returned home Tuesday from a short visit to her parents at Stockdale. Mrs. Ira C. Jennings and her charming daughter, Miss Nellie, left Sunday morning for the Alamo City, their future home. Mr. Thos. Alderman, a prominent ranchman of the Twohig country was transacting business in our city one day this week. Mr. S. C. Roberts, Association Inspector, came down from Pearsall Tuesday and remained over in the city until next morning. Miss Stella Butler left Sunday morning for Bridgeport, O. T., where she goes to visit her brother, Orin. She will be gone about a month. Rev. M. T. Allen, after an absence of several weeks visiting relatives in Oakville and Pleasanton returned home first part of the week. After September 1st you can kill deer—but don't forget that it is again the law to hunt in a man's pasture without his permission. For first class Laundry work send your orders to the San Antonio Steam Laundry. Shipments made every Tuesday. E. C. Stevens, Agt. Mr. Ben Passmore, who has been spending the summer in the city visiting his sister, Mrs. L. W. Gaddis, returned to his home in Stockdale Monday morning. Rangers Wright and Taylor received orders Saturday last to go to Orange, Texas, and assist the civil authorities in controlling the tough negroes of that town. Miss Lillie Edmiston has been visiting Mrs. Chas. Sullivan this week. She underwent an examination yesterday for a teacher's certificate. Mr. Ben Tarver, brother of our enterprising young merchant, in company with his wife arrived here Thursday from Huntsville. They will be here about a week visiting relatives. Miss Alice McCurdy is in the city from her school on the Nueces, as the guest of Miss Nettie Neal. She will spend a few days here and then resume her duties at that place. Miss Eva Stevens, one of Cotulla's charming young society belles, who has been visiting friends in Pearsall for the past three weeks returned home on Monday's train. There being no preaching here last Sunday, Mr. P. A. Kerr, one of the prominent young business men of Center Street, went to Pearsall to attend divine services (?) there. He returned that evening.

IN SOCIETY CIRCLES. Tuesday night witnessed an old fashioned "Hay Ride" for the society element of Encinal. In the early faint rays of the rising moon, wagons, the beds of which had previously been filled with a generous carpet of fresh mown hay, begun here and there, to pick up the fair belles and handsome beaux in the little "City down the road," for a few hours drive along the roads of that part of the county. Nearly the whole of the junior population was out, that night; and the gay, light-hearted laughter, the snatches of song, and fragments of conversation, heard as the wagons rattled past, bore ample testimony of the "fun" each participant was having. As the wagons again made the rounds, this time to deposit their loads, many sighs of regret were heard, and wishes for another ride were recorded. Miss Clifton Brooks very graciously entertained a select number of her friends Tuesday night at her mother's residence on Tilden street. Those who were favored with an invitation, went, knowing full well that to go meant to spend one evening in sipping from the cup of pleasure. Conversation, music, and quiet parlor games received the attention of the assembled guests until eleven when ice cream and cake were served to the not unwilling participants. Midnight, with its accompanying mandate to "depart" came, but was not heeded, and the clock chimed the hour of one before the reluctant "good-byes" were spoken and the end had come. Passing down the quiet, slumbering streets, the returning guests could but recall the pleasant hours just past, and "thank their fates" that they had been among the chosen few. Mr. and Mrs. D. W. McKey opened their hospitable doors to the young people of Millett Saturday night, in honor of Miss Mamie Reagan, of San Antonio, who is spending a few weeks as the guest of their daughter, Miss Rosa Held. Early in the evening the numerous guests begun to arrive, and before the sun had long gone to rest, the house was filled with a gay, bevy of the young folks in search of pleasure. Refreshments were served at eleven, after which they again assembled in the moonlight to further enjoy themselves in conversation, games, etc. It was after the hour of midnight ere the guests begun to take their departure, with many sincere protestations of having spent a pleasant evening, and with the time-worn wish that they might again soon be favored with a repetition of the evening's entertainment. At her father's ranch residence in the northwestern limits of the county, Miss Rosa Moffett entertained her large circle of friends in a royal manner on the night of the 24th. inst. Invitations were issued early in the week to all whose presence was desired, giving each recipient ample time to prepare for the event. The social, for such it was, was one of the most largely attended functions of the week. Guests, from miles around, attended, and participated in the festivities of the evening, and counted themselves favored for having been bidden to come. All those who were there, and their name is legion, expressed themselves as being amply paid for their time spent in thus passing away the evening, moonlit hours. The fair young hostess, too, won all hearts by the kind and impartial welcome extended to her guests, in making each feel free, and at home. Useless was it for the boys to turn back the hands of their watches; they could not do so with the Hand of Time, and all too soon the time came when they must bid adieu and take their departure to live over again in memory, the evening and its pleasure.

Monday night, as old Luna began her ascent into the heavens, she beheld a sight that made the hearts of the society young folks of this little burg beat high with anticipation. The event being another of the now famous "Moonlight Picnics" of Cotulla. With the fading of the sun's rays, two wagons, and innumerable buggies, begun the rounds for the ladies, preparatory for the short drive to the Cotulla Lake, which was to be the scene of the evening's pleasure. Upon arrival at the grounds the crowd soon dispersed, each seeking for themselves, the enjoyment best suited to their different tastes; some took to the boat, and on the bosom of the waters, whispered sweet nothings into willing ears; others wandered off in couples for quiet tete-a-tetes, while still others gathered in groups and whiled away the time chatting in friendly fashion. But all things pleasant must end, so just before the hour of midnight the horses were again harnessed, the wagons loaded with their precious freight, and the start for home was made; where, after a drive that was all too short, they arrived, tired but happy. It was suggested on the home-ward drive, that the program be varied by having a fish-fry; it was heartily endorsed, and will doubtless be acted upon soon. Present H. B. Miller of the L&GN depot arrived seven o'clock yesterday from Austin to be turned loose here. They were liberated at two o'clock and up to going to press nothing has been heard of them. After making several circular flights around the town, each time returning to the depot, they flew northwest for a short distance, then changed their course and flew east about a mile, when they again changed, this time taking a direct course for Austin, which they kept as far as the eye could follow them. The new Board of County Examiners for the ensuing year, as appointed by Judge Dove, yesterday, is composed of: Attorney Covey C. Thomas, Prof. D. M. Henry and J. M. Daniel. County Sheriff J. F. Tabin returned Tuesday from Eagle Lake, having in his charge Bud Carver, who is under indictment for murder in this county, said to have been committed twenty-five years ago at old Ft. Ewell. DELICACIES. Put up by Union Meat Co. San Antonio, Texas. Boneless Ham, Corned Beef Vienna Sausage, Head Cheese and Bologna Sausage. Kept on Refrigerator. B. Widenthal. There are styles and good taste in stationery—and there should be. Letter paper and envelopes are your representatives. They should look as well as you do when you make a call or pay a visit. Our high grade stationery will remind your correspondents of you in your best attire. It does not cost so much either. Good taste in stationery is not expensive. There is correct taste and latest style in our linen papers. J. M. WILLIAMS. Mr. Frank Boyd Sr. dropped in to exhibit a new gas burner, for which he is agent. It makes a brilliant, steady light, far superior to a large kerosine flame; and the cost, in the course of a year, is much less than oil. No chimney or wick is needed; and as the burner is non-explosive, and safe; and the common odor of burning gas is, by special preparation, entirely eliminated, it will doubtless be used extensively in the near future. The burner is according to Mr. Boyd, as far superior to the oil burner now used as they, in their day, were above the tallow candle. BECKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE. The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, letter, chapped hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures itches, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded price 3 cents per box. For sale by all druggists.

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