San Marcos Free Press.

I. H. JULIAN, "Prove All Things: Hold Fast that which is Good." PROPRIETOR.

17TH YEAR. SAN MARCOS, HAYS COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1890. NUMBER 1.

FREE PRESS.

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GENERAL DIRECTORY.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

CONGRESSMAN—8TH DISTRICT:
Hon. L. W. Moore, of Fayette County.
SENATOR—25TH DISTRICT:
Hon. W. H. Burges, of Guadalupe Co.
REPRESENTATIVES—91ST DISTRICT:
Hon. Geo. T. McGehee, of Hays Co.
Hon. J. L. Ellison, of Caldwell Co.
DISTRICT COURT—22ND DISTRICT.
Hon. H. Teichmueller, Presiding Judge, LaGrange
J. M. Bethany, Attorney, Austin Co.
TIMES OF HOLDING COURT.
Hays.—1st Mondays in March and September. May continue three weeks.
COUNTY OFFICERS.
Ed. R. Kone, Judge County Court.
Jas. G. Storey, County Clerk.
Thos. J. Peel, District Clerk.
S. B. McBride, County Attorney.
J. S. Davis, Sheriff.
F. M. Johnson, County Treasurer.
R. A. Fortson, Assessor.
Otto Grosse, Surveyor.
F. R. Fourquean, Commissioner Precinct No. 1.
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R. R. Wilkins, " " " 4.
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R. W. Benner " " " " " 2.
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J. W. Crow " " " " " 6.
H. Lehmeweber, Constable precinct No. 1.
H. Holtz, " " " 2.
J. L. Egger, " " " 3.
J. B. Walling, " " " 4.
T. P. Quar, " " " 6.

TIMES OF HOLDING COUNTY AND PRECINCT COURTS—County Court for Criminal, Civil and Probate business—4th Mondays in January, April, July, October.
Commissioners Court—2d Mondays in February, May, August and November.
Justice Court, Precinct No. 1—Last Monday in each month, at San Marcos.
Precinct No. 2—2d Friday in each month Mt. City.
" " 3—3d " Wimberley's Mill.
" " 4—4th Saturday Dripping Springs.

CITY OFFICERS.
Mayor—Hammett Hardy.
Council—W. D. Wood, N. J. Travis, Gid G. Johnson, L. H. Browne, Ed. J. L. Green, P. J. C. Smith, Dan Hotheins and Wm. Giesen.
Assessor and Collector, D. P. Hopkins.
Marshal—J. M. Turner.
Street Commissioner—M. T. Chastain.
Council meets the first Wednesday in each month.
Public School Trustees meet first Tuesday in each month at the Mayor's office.

CHURCHES.

METHODIST.—Preaching at the Methodist Church every Sabbath at 11 a. m. and 7-30 p. m. Rev. J. D. Scott, Pastor. Sunday School at 9-30 a. m. Dr. J. H. Combs, Superintendent. Teachers meeting 3-30 p. m. Prof. J. E. Pritchett, leader. Young Men's meeting, Tuesday, 7-30 p. m. Prayermeeting, Wednesday, 7-30 p. m. Service for the Ladies Friday, 4 p. m. Woman's Aid Society, Thursday, 4 p. m. Woman's Missionary Society, the First Friday in the month, 4 p. m. Singing, Sunday, at 4-30 p. m.

BAPTIST.—Preaching at the Baptist Church every Sunday. Rev. W. D. Beverley, Pastor, Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Young men's prayermeeting Tuesday night. Congregational prayermeeting Wednesday night.

PRESBYTERIAN.—Services 2nd and 4th Sundays each month. Rev. S. J. McMurray, pastor. Sunday School every Sabbath at 9:30 a. m. Prayer Meeting every Thursday at 7:30 p. m. All are invited to attend.

CHRISTIAN.—No regular pastor at present. Sunday School at a. m. A cordial invitation extended to all.

PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.—Rev. J. Galbreath, Pastor. Services the 2nd and 4th Sundays in each month. Sunday school every Sunday.

CATHOLIC.—Services 4th Sunday in each month. Rev. Father Smith Pastor.

MAILS.

ARRIVAL AND DEPARTURE OF, TO AND FROM SAN MARCOS POST OFFICE.

Mails from Austin arrive at 9:05 a. m. and 8:00 p. m.; close at 8:35 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.
Mails from San Antonio arrive at 7:40 a. m. and 5:35 p. m.; close at 7:10 a. m. and 5:05 p. m.
Mails from Lockhart arrive at 7:25 a. m.; and 5:15 p. m., close at 8:10 a. m. and 7:45 p. m.
Luling, arrives at 12 M., closes at 12:30. P. M.
Above mails arrive and depart daily.
Blanco, via Wimberley—Arrives Monday, Wednesday and Friday, at 7 p. m. Departs Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6 A. M.

OFFICE HOURS.

General Delivery from 8 A. M., to 12 M., and from 1 P. M. to 5 P. M. except during distribution of mails and on Sundays and holidays. Open on Sundays thirty minutes after distribution of each of the principal mails.

H. A. McMEANS, P. M.

D. A. GLOVER, PRESIDENT. W. D. WOOD, VICE PREST.
TOM H. GLOVER, CASHIER.

GLOVER NATIONAL BANK OF SAN MARCOS.

Capital Paid Up $50,000, Authorized Capital, $150,000.

A General Banking Business Transacted. Accounts of Merchants, Firms and Individuals solicited.

DIRECTORS.
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J. Y. HUTCHINS, GEO. T. MCGEHEE.
D. A. GLOVER. G. W. DONALSON.

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ED. J. L. GREEN, PREST. HAMMETT HARDY, VICE PREST.
E. L. THOMAS, CASHIER.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK. OF SAN MARCOS.

Capital Stock Paid Up, - $ 80,000.
Authorized Capital, - - 250,000.

A General Banking Business. Collections made on all accessible points.
Accounts of Merchants, Farmers, Stockmen and others solicited.

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HAMMETT HARDY. J. W. NANCE.
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DR. N. M. NYE DENTIST.

Glover Building, on the Square
Special attention given to Diseases of the Mouth and Facial Neuralgia.
mr8ly

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

BANKERS.

GLOVER NATIONAL BANK OF SAN Marcos, North side Plaza.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK of San Marcos, Southeast Corner Plaza.

LAWYERS.

S. B. McBRIDE, Att'y and Land Agent. Office over First National Bank, San Marcos.

NOTARY PUBLIC.

I. H. JULIAN, Judge Wood's New Building, Upstairs.

DENTISTS.

DR. J. H. COMBS, Judge Wood's New Building, upstairs.

DRUGGISTS.

RAYNOLDS & DANIEL, North side Plaza.

DRY GOODS & GROCERIES.

P. T. TALBOT, Next door to First National Bank.

JOHNSON & JOHNSON, Northwest cor. plaza.

DAILEY & BRO., Southwest Corner Plaza.

GROCERIES.

R. W. LEAVELL, South side Public Plaza

THOMAS TAYLOR East Side Plaza.

HARDY & CO., North side Plaza

FURNITURE.

J. W. NANCE, Austin St., near Southeast Corner of Public Square.

WATCHMAKERS & JEWELERS.

W. H. ROBBINS, North side Plaza.

GROCERIES & HARDWARE.

WM. GIESEN, South side plaza.

MILLINERY.

MRS. RICHARDSON, nearly opposite Nance's Furniture Store.

SADDLES AND HARNESS.

J. R. PORTER, North Side the Square.

DRS. J. H. AND J. W. COMBS,

DENTISTS. DENTISTS.

OFFICE:—North Side Public Square,
San Marcos. - - - - - Texas

J. S. STEELE,
TINNER,
San Marcos, Texas.

Shop, East side of Public Square, in the rear of Steele & Co., Grocery.
personal attention given to all orders. All job work and repairing will receive prompt attention. Guttering and roofing a specialty. Satisfaction guaranteed
dec20-tf

Brown & Evans,
FIRST-CLASS LIVERY,
TRANSFER LINE.

Undertakers and Funeral Directors

Orders entrusted to us will receiv prompt attention. nov15

C. C. MEAD,
Successor to El. Christian & Co.
Dealer in
Sash, Doors, Blinds,
LUMBER
and Shingles.
SAN MARCOS, - - - TEXAS.
jn13tf

TYPE METAL Makes Superior BABBITTING.
For Sale Cheap at this Office.

Dumplings with Royal Baking Powder

No dessert is more delicious, wholesome and appetizing than a well-made dumpling, filled with the fruit of the season. By the use of the Royal Baking Powder the crust is always rendered light, flaky, tender and digestible. Dumplings made with it, baked or boiled, will be dainty and wholesome, and may be eaten steaming hot with perfect impunity.

RECEIPT.—One quart of flour; thoroughly mix with it three teaspoons of Royal Baking Powder and a small teaspoon of salt; rub in a piece of butter or lard the size of an egg, and then add one large potato, grated in the flour; after the butter is well mixed, stir in milk and knead to the consistency of soft biscuit dough; break off pieces of dough large enough to close over four quarters of an apple (or other fruit as desired) without rolling, and lay in an earthen dish (or steamer) and steam until the fruit is tender. Bake if preferred.

In all receipts calling for cream of tartar and soda, substitute Royal Baking Powder. Less trouble, never fails, makes more appetizing and wholesome food and is more economical. Royal Baking Powder is specially made for use in the preparation of the finest and most delicate cookery.

GROCERIES.

Large stock, constantly renewed, First-class business facilities. Orders from the trade solicited. Satisfaction guaranteed.

COTTON.

The most extensine Cotton Factorage buextensive Cotton Cotton handled by experts in the business. Prompt and business like treatment. Correspondence solicited.

WM. D. CLEVELAND & CO.,
HOUSTON. TEXAS.

CORONAL INSTITUTE
San Marcos, Texas.

A BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

FACULTY OF COMPETENT AND EXPERIENCED TEACHERS.

Full Literary, Scientific and Business Courses.

Special Facilities in Music, Art, Spanish and Book-keeping.

During the present summer the buildings have been thoroughly repaired and a handsome third story, with mansard roof added, affording ample dormitories for young ladies.

BOARD, including fuel, lights and washing, $13.50 per month. Other rates are moderate.

Annual session begins the first Monday in September. For catalogue and further particulars address,

A. A. THOMAS, President.
aug 6ly

Our Clubbing List for 1890.

We are prepared to club the FREE PRESS to new or renewing subscribers with the following publications at the rates specified below, if ordered at the same time with our paper. In the first column we give the regular of price each publication singly, in the second the price of the same and the FREE PRESS together.

	Singly.	With the Free Press
Austin Statesman	$1 00	$ 2 20
Galveston News	1 25	2 50
N. Y. Weekly World	1 00	2 30
St. Louis Republic	1 00	2 20
N. Y. Ledger	2 00	3 30
New Orleans Times Democrat	1 50	3 50
Louisville Courier Journal	1 00	2 35
Cincinnati Enquirer	1 15	2 40
Standard, N.Y. (Henry George)	2 50	3 40
Texas Siftings	4 00	3 50
Farm and Ranch	1 00	3 00
Detroit Free Press	1 00	2 10
Saturday Evening Post	2 00	3 00
New York Observer	3 15	3 70
Atlanta Constitution	1 25	2 50
American Agriculturist	1 50	2 60
Scientific American	3 00	4 00
Century Magazine	4 00	5 30
St. Nicholas	3 00	4 00
Harper's Young People	1 50	2 75
Youth's Companion	1 75	2 75
Atlantic Monthly	4 00	4 80
Lippincott's Magazine	2 00	2 85
Eclectic Magazine	5 00	5 85
Phrenological Journal	1 50	2 75
Peterson's Magazine	2 00	3 00
Popular Science Monthly	5 00	4 10
Good Housekeeping	2 50	3 40
Harper's Monthly	4 00	5 10
" Weekly	4 00	4 85
" Bazar	4 00	4 90
Godley's Lady's Book	2 00	3 35
Woman's Magazine	1 00	2 20
Demorest's Monthly	2 00	3 00
Ballou's Magazine	1 50	3 20
Golden Days	2 00	3 65
Our Little Ones	1 50	2 50
Home and Farm	50	1 30

☞ *Any other paper or periodical not included in the above list, furnished at proportionate rates, or ordered separately at publishers' prices, free of charge and postage prepaid in all cases.*

The many losses caused by failures, robbery or and petty thefts out of the mails, make it absolutely necessary to send considerable sums by postal order, registered letter or draft.

The safe arrival of all publications guaranteed.

If after a reasonable time any subscriber fails to receive the publication sent for, notify us by postal card that the error, if any, may be promptly corrected.

Our responsibility ceases when paper arrives with dates correctly credited, which is evidence the publisher has been paid.

Old Papers 20c a 100 at the FREE PRESS Office

THE DUMB BRUTES.

Blest are they whom the creatures bless!
And yet that wealth of tenderness
In look, in gesture, in caress,
By which our hearts they touch,
Might well the thoughtful spirit grieve,
Believing as we must believe
How little they from man receive
To whom they give so much.
—Saturday Post.

AN UNEXPECTED ESCAPE.

Forty or more years ago, in the days when California was only poor, far-off Mexican California and nothing more, and I was a very young officer in Uncle Sam's little army, I once found myself stationed at a certain inland town—if a collection of adobe or mud huts deserved the name—situated about sixty miles distant from the then scarcely larger village of Yerba Buena, the now mighty city of San Francisco.

We were doing garrison duty—a single company, under old Capt. Jack B——, an easy going commander, who gave us little to do and plenty of time to do it in.

So, as the hours hung somewhat heavily upon our hands, Capt. Jack and I—the only officers at the post—took to hunting and shooting, with now and then a little fishing by way of change, to vary the monotony of our soldier life. Countless flocks of wild geese, brant and lesser water fowl came by thousands to banquet upon the wild oat fields and make their reedy homes among the wide marshes which separate the firmer land about Sonoma from the spreading bays that terminate in the Golden Gate.

We had goose for dinner, brant for breakfast and cold duck for supper and lunch, till old Jack declared his belief that he should quack if we ate any more such fare.

One morning I had been very successful at duck shooting, and when I tired of the sport I proceeded to shoulder my piece and secure my game for the homeward tramp of three or four miles.

As I lost sight of the shooting ground, and began to enter the live oak groves scattered here and there along the higher ridges bordering the marshy edges of the bay, I found myself suddenly enveloped in one of those dense mists which sweep up at certain seasons from the sea, like the ocean vapors of a Newport summer afternoon.

As I had no special path, and was traveling only by familiar landmarks, now rendered indistinct by the hoary haze, I was obliged to move more slowly, and soon felt satisfied that I had missed my way.

Reaching at length a space—open upon three sides, the fourth being thinly wooded, but without a particle of undergrowth—I paused for a moment to survey, so far as my limited horizon would permit, a tract of country which was new to me; moreover, I hoped to hear the sound of running water, which, as I knew the general direction of the streams, would serve to guide me in taking what sailors call a fresh departure.

While listening intensely, I heard from the wooded side of my narrow, visible world a sort of pounding, as if some man with large boots and no corns had found his feet unpleasantly cold, and was endeavoring to warm them by stamping in a manner which betokened an utter disregard for shoe leather.

Then came a wheeze like that of a gruff giant troubled with the asthma, and finally a mixed compound of crunching and mumbling, as if a huge hog were eating hard corn. My attention being now thoroughly aroused by so remarkable a combination of sounds, I peered into the gloom until I fancied I could perceive the vague, misty form of some creature stirring up the fog within twenty feet of the spot on which I had halted.

"It is—no, it can't be—yes, but it is a grizzly! Don't I wish I was at home!"

That's what I thought. You see, I hadn't come bear hunting, I was duck shooting, and had no conveniences for carrying home a bear, even if I should kill one; and the more I looked at Mr. Grizzly, the better satisfied I was that he had every convenience for killing and carrying me!

All I had ever heard or read of his ugly, hateful ways seemed to rush into my mind.

If I had been examined on this subject in natural history just then, I should have gone up to the head of my class immediately.

Meanwhile we stood looking at each other. It was evidently a surprise on both sides. I stared very hard at the bear with wide open eyes, while the bear stared very hard at me with wide open mouth.

I think the bear got over his astonishment first, and, what is worse, I could see he wasn't at all alarmed. He stopped eating, gave a sniff and a snort of interrogatory "Who are you?" grunt, and then took a step toward me.

As I am of a retiring disposition, and have never been willing to intrude myself into company where I have not been invited, I felt some delicacy in continuing to be a witness of his repast, and was accordingly withdrawing in as unostentatious a way as good manners would permit, when it seemed to occur to bruin that he owed it to good fellowship to cultivate my acquaintance.

Declining that honor, I dropped into a backward walk, keeping my face, after the manner of royal presentations, toward this monarch of the western wilds, when, to my horror, he favored me with a grin—such a grin!—and it was followed by a snap and a growl.

As he quickened his steps toward me, I unconsciously hastened my own; when, taking a long stride backward, I found myself suddenly prostrate in a sort of dry ditch or "slue," where I lay for a moment half stunned, in company with my dead birds and duck gun.

As I recovered myself I could hear my grunting and grumbling friend, doubtless not a little astonished at this sudden disappearance, go tramping up and down in the vain attempt to nose me out in the fog.

I had now time to think, and, as a merchant might say, "take stock" of my position and prospects. On the one side I was chased by a bear, a hungry bear, a cross bear, a bear disturbed at his breakfast of sweet acorns. I had lost my way. I had only a ducking gun, which, however formidable to wild geese, was a mere plaything when brought to bear upon the thick, tough hide of an acorn fatted grizzly, whose gross weight might be somewhere in the neighborhood of nine hundred pounds. As for my hunting knife, I had left it at home. What wonder if, as an Irishman might say, I wished that I had left myself there before I started!

Against all this I had the consolatory assurance that the grizzly bear never climbs, which, as the trees were all on the side of the bear, did not add much to my sense of security. But my principal hope lay in the fact that I was just then hidden by the gully, the depth of which varied from eight to twelve feet, with precipitous sides and a dry bed, which probably led down to some neighboring stream of water.

"Now," thought I, "I have only to crawl along this ditch, reach the stream, cross it, and bid good-by to grizzly."

I had just picked myself up, and was proceeding to carry out my plan of escape, when I heard a crackling and breaking of the underbrush which fringed the ditch, and by which I was partly screened from view. This was speedily followed by an angry growl, as the treacherous earth gave way, and let Mr. Bear with no gentle tumble directly down into the very gully into which I had fallen.

Fortunately for me, bruin had not only a greater fall, but tumbled into the ditch at a point somewhat distant from my hiding place, and the little ferret eyes did not at once perceive me. An unlucky stumble, however, which I owed to a twisted root, betrayed me, and he turned and gave chase.

They have a very expressive phrase in California when a person is desired to leave suddenly; it consists of but two words, "You git." My young reader, when that bear tumbled into my gully "I got," and when he took up the chase, I continued "to git" in a style which astonished even myself.

When I first saw him fall, I certainly hoped that he had broken his nose at least, or even dislocated his great ugly neck; but that hope vanished in a moment.

He was evidently not a whit the worse for his somersault.

It was no longer a matter of ceremony. I sped over the ground like a hunted deer, while my stout friend came lumbering and puffing on behind, like a portly old gentleman who fears he may be too late for the evening train. I was expecting every moment to feel the blow of his heavy paw, when, turning an angle of the gully, I perceived, with no little dismay, that the ditch in front of me was blocked by an immense fallen tree. The smaller end of the broken trunk being toward me, showed an opening wide enough to admit my then somewhat more than usually slender form.

There was little time for hesitation. I could hear the bear's heavy tramp behind me. A moment more and I had plunged into the opening, and drew my gun after me, just as my fat friend rounded the turn of the "slue" in hot pursuit. Running blindly on, he endeavored to force himself after me, giving the log a shock which made me tremble for the security of my new tenement.

One or two furious plunges tended to convince him that I could enter where his huge frame could not, for he seemed to reflect, and finally introduced a paw, from whose far reaching grab I retired into the inner recesses of my chamber.

Finding that his attempts in this way were equally futile, I began to feel a little more at ease, and when bruin again poked in his great paw, in an inquiring sort of way, I managed to push a dead duck out to him with the butt of my gun, by way of a peace offering. I was willing just then to have peace at any price short of surrender.

But Sir Bear had no thought of such a compromise. He tore away, and made the feathers fly with his cruel teeth and claws, in a style which gave me a pretty lively notion of what I might expect were I to trust myself within their grasp.

I had begun to think seriously of giving my pursuer the benefit of a charge of duck shot, in the hope of putting out one or both of his ugly little eyes and making him give up the hunt, when, my eyes becoming accustomed to the darkness, I discovered a faint indication of light behind me.

On working myself round, I saw that the hollow into which I had entered was divided by a narrow, rot eaten wall from a still larger opening in the body of the trunk beyond, the portion of the great tree in which I had ensconced myself being in reality only one of the main branches and lying almost at right angles to the parent stem. A little lusty kicking, with some help from my pocket knife, soon enabled me to worm my way with difficulty through the opening. Into this I immediately stuffed my light outer jacket, in order to conceal my departure from the beast, who was just then too busily engaged in tunneling an entrance into my hiding place to take notice of my exit.

The creek was below me, and I dropped into it in a moment, and pushed apparently unheard to the opposite bank; for his excited bearship continued still at his, probably unwonted, but fascinating, pursuit of man hunting, at what may be termed the back door of my recent domicile.

I was now comparatively safe, and felt strongly disposed to give the angry brute a more accurate notion of my whereabouts by lodging a charge of duck shot into his shaggy hide; but prudence, coupled with some doubts as to the possibility of discharging a wet gun, induced me to leave Ursa Major to his log boring, while I made the best of my way back to camp.—Leslie Cumming in Youth's Companion.

The Negro in Demand.

The negro is the most prolific theme in current literature and politics. His question has more phases than any one man can consider. No sooner is a theory broached than practice comes along and upsets it. The men who enfranchised the negro would disfranchise him; those who at first stoutly declaimed against his rights to the suffrage, stoutly oppose every effort to disfranchise him. The republicans proposed to colonize the negroes in Hayti, the southern democrats refused to part with him. The negro appeals to the north against southern bulldozers, but refuses to go away and live among his northern friends. Some of the southern journals have appealed to the north to take the "man and brother" to its bosom, but they would not. The negro wanted everything, nobody up north wanted him, except as a republican voter. What to do with him was the question, and with those who love to speculate, it will continue to be a question. Be it said to the credit of the negro, that he has taken less stock in the discussion than any one else, and has bided his time with a reasonable degree of patience. Now it appears that everybody wants the negroes. Mexico has offered concessions to induce them to reside in that republic, An association is organized in Boston to bring them to Massachusetts, as substitutes for incompetent and unreliable white "help." In Madison parish, one of the richest cotton producing parishes of Louisiana, an organization has been formed to introduce more negro labor, paying the expenses of their transportation.

Population, black as well as white, is distributing itself under laws which are none the less laws because we do not understand their operation. The negro, like the white man, is going where there is a demand for his labor, and within the limits of his ability there is no better or more docile or faithful laborer When we get back to the acceptance of the old-fashioned idea that the nation and society are not machines wound up and left to run by themselves, but controlled by a higher than human agency, and speculators and wiseacres refrain from hurrying up the Almighty in the fulfillment of his plans, there will be fewer problems to worry over.—San Antonio Express.

No Place Like The South.

The Hon. Ellison S. Keitt, in the Southern Live Stock Journal, says: "The cotton States of the United States of America are now the best part of the earth's surface. In them we have every variety of climate and soil, and can produce any and everything to satisfy the needs and refined taste of mankind. Out of the 11,000,000 bales of cotton produced in one year by all peoples, these States grow 7,000,000 bales which, in the raw state, is worth $300,000,000, and goes into the commerce of nations and is added to the wealth of the world. Three or more out of every five bales has to be shipped annually, at a great cost to the producer, thousands of miles to foreign land to find a market. All nations are eager for the cotton from these States, for when converted into fabrics its value is increased three or four fold. Sagacious men are beginning to see the great advantage of bringing the mills to the cotton fields over the shipment of the cotton to the mills; hence mills are springing up all over these States. There has been a great change in this respect during the last decade, and the tide is pouring in. What the next decade will accomplish no one can tell.

"These States have been greatly blessed this year. Crops of all kinds have been unprecedented. The fruit crop has been so large it could not be given away, and we were not prepared to save it by canning. The corn crop is so large there will be a surplus of breadstuffs. The only need we will have to buy is meat, and this we can lessen by making all we can out of the hogs, beeves and sheep we have with the surplus grain. It is earnestly hoped all the farmers will firmly determine to hold the position we have and move on. To do so they must put in ample acreage of small grain well prepared, and increases their stock of hogs, cattle and sheep, and, above all things, each farmer should have at least one brood mare."

A British syndicate with 55,000,000 capital wants to control the leading springs and health resorts of the United States.

Necessary Preparations—Visitor—"I suppose your daughter is busily preparing for her wedding." Mother—"Yes, she is up in her room now destroying all her old letters."—Life.

Miss Mary H. Hunt, who, as head of the educational department of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, received and presented to the Forty-ninth and Fiftieth congress over 4,000,000 petitions for Federal aid to public schools, has written to President Harrison thanking him for his recommendation of this measure in his recent message to congress.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

(From our regular Correspondent)

WASHINGTON D. C. Dec. 23, 1889.—Mr. Blaine's boom for the presidential nomination in 1892 may be considered as having already started.

The rest of the house committees were announced just previous to the adjournment for the holiday recess by Speaker Reed.

The fact was brought out in a discussion in the senate on a bill to increase the compensation of certain officials to be employed by the census bureau, that all the reports of the last—1880—census had not yet been printed. The senators were also unanimous in declaring the statistics of the last census to be inaccurate and worthless. Taking the census is a useless expense unless the statistics gathered are trustworthy and the reports are more promptly published. Better things are promised of the one to be taken next year.

Senator Morgan's joint resolution for the recognition of Brazil's new government failed in the senate because of the absence of a quorum. He will call it up again after the holiday recess, and it will be passed.

The money that Silcott left in the safe of the sergeant-at-arms, because he couldn't get at it, about $35,000, has by resolution of the house, been deposited with the treasurer of the United States until it is determined what to do with it. An indictment with 112 counts has been found against Silcott by the grand jury, but Silcott hasn't been found.

The enormous quantity of bills introduced in congress last week—more than 1,500—has excited comment here, and momentarily called attention to the great waste of money printing the wild cat or crank bills, which form a large percentage of those introduced. It would be a good idea for both houses to create the position of managing editor, whose duties shall be to pass on all bills before they are introduced and throw out the worthless ones. It would save Uncle Sam several hundred thousand of dollars every year.

The house is to have a chance of deciding whether it believes the various ugly charges made at various times against the civil service commission should be investigated, as it will have to vote on Representative Ewart's resolution authorizing the house committee on reform in the civil service to investigate on these charges. It is almost certain that the resolution will be passed, and it is equally as certain that some of the charges will be proven.

Ex-Speaker Carlisle does not believe the republicans of the house will attempt to adopt a rule giving the speaker authority to declare a quorum present whenever the requisite number of members are in the house, whether those present vote or not, as some republicans have stated they would. Mr. Carlisle says such a rule would be clearly unconstitutional, and that he would fight it by every means in his power before allowing it to be adopted by the house, and if defeated he would carry it to the courts.

Justice Brewer's and a lot of other nomi[illegible] were confirmed by the senate before the recess. There were 11 votes against the confirmation of Brewer.

President Harrison refers to the tobacco tax as a burden on agriculture, but, being a Presbyterian elder, he does not venture to openly speak of the weed as a necessity. Secretary Windom, however, gives the needed strength to the president's argument by saying that tobacco "has come to be regarded as a necessity by the poor as well as the rich." Or, in the words of the Chicago Tribune, "the president does not venture to say that a cheapening of tobacco and consequently more chewing and smoking and increased injury to nerves and health would be beneficial to the general public or give relief from the burdens of taxation on the necessaries of life." But Secretary Windom does Far from regarding tobacco a necessity the Tribune thinks it an "injurious luxury," the tax on which should be retained in any event, and that paper argues with much plausibility that the repeal of the tax would relieve neither the farmer nor the consumer but the middlemen of the trade. But if there is to be a dependent pension law the Tribune very pertinently asks why any tax should be repealed, as much more than the present surplus would be required to satisfy the provisions of that measure.