San Marcos Free Press.

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

17TH YEAR SAN MARCOS, HAYS COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY, MAY 29, 1890. NUMBER 22.

FREE PRESS.

Office, Travis' New Building, San Antonio street, one Square from Bailey's Corner.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY AND ENTERED AT THE POSTOFFICE AT SAN MARCOS, TEXAS, AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION.

One year, in advance.....$1 50
Six months, " 75
Three months, " 40

The above rates include the prepayment of postage by us. Sample copies sent free. Single copies 5 cents.

Any of our friends would do us a special favor by giving us the names of any persons within their knowledge who would be likely to subscribe for the FREE PRESS, so that we may send specimen copies to such persons.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Legal and Transient Advertisements will be charged One Dollar per square for the first insertion, and Fifty Cents per square for each additional insertion. A square is the space of one inch. Fractional squares will be counted as full squares.

Full particulars given on application, personally or by letter, as to advertising for longer periods. Terms liberal.

Business Cards, one inch orless, one year, $8. Cards in Business Directory, one year, $3.

Local and business notices will be charged ten cents per line for the first insertion, and five cents per line for each additional insertion.

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. Killson, 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.
A. B. McBride, County Attorney.
J. S. Davis, Sheriff.
F. M. Johnson, County Treasurer.
E. S. Fortson, Assessor.
Otto Groos, Surveyor.
T. R. Fourqurean, Commissioner Precinct No. 1.
J. T. Goforth, " " " 2.
J. W. Thorn, " " " 4.
R. R. Wilbite, " " " 4.
R. J. Smith, Justice of the Peace Precinct No. 1.
R. W. Benner " " " " " 2.
T. W. Thorn " " " " " 3.
J. C. Rowe " " " " " 4.
T. S. McElroy " " " " " 5.
J. W. Crow " " " " " 6.
E. Leinneweber, Constable precinct No. 1.
E. Holtz, " " " 2.
L. Egger, " " " 3.
R. B. Walling, " " " 4.
P. Obar, " " " 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 Hofheinz 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—Services in the Baptist Church every Sunday. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m. Preaching at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Prayer meeting every Thursday evening at 8 o'clock. Seats are free, everybody is invited to attend all the services.
M. O. KELLER, A. M. Pastor.

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. Oliver Wilson Pastor. Services the 1st and 3rd 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.

Loling, 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.

Come and See Me!

M. SCHULZE

Carriage Painter and Trimmer

Carriages, Hacks, and Buggies Repainted and Made As Good as New.

I keep all the best materials on hand in

Varnishes, Paints —AND— *Trimming Goods.*

I do you all I promise, and give you all satisfaction

Country Orders Promptly Filled.

dec 19-tf.

TYPE METAL Makes Superior BABBITTING.

For Sale Cheap at this Office.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The Free Press as an Advertising Medium.

The FREE PRESS is a leading local newspaper, the best advertising medium, and has the best printing office between Austin and San Antonio. It circulates considerably North as well as South. A live paper, devoted to the development and progress of the country, Jeffersonian Democratic in politics.

The FREE PRESS has been published by its present proprietor for sixteen years. It is well established, and gaining steadily in public favor. Especial attention is called to the CHARACTER of its circulation. It goes among the best class o well-to-do farmers and business men. In this respect it has NO SUPERIOR IN THE STATE. Write for advertising rates.

WHAT GEO. P. ROWELL & CO. SAY.

The well-known advertising agency of Geo. P. Rowell & Co., of New York City, have issued an annual Newspaper Directory for over thirty years, and these publications have been generally recognized as authority as to the matter newspaper circulation. In the regular issue of the Directory they have included all the newspapers published in the United States and Canada. Recently, however, they have issued a condensed list. It gives only THE BEST newspapers as advertising mediums, and hence is practically better, because more convenient, than their larger Directory. Four-fifths of the newspapers of the United States are practically "counted out" by intelligent advertisers, who only want to know the best. Hence the value of the work under notice. The publishers in the preface well say: "It sifts the wheat from the chaff. It directs the attention of an advertiser toward papers which he should and ought to use, and tends to intercept a portion of that patronage which goes to publications which cost greatly in excess of any power to benefit which they possess. It takes the general ground that the best is the cheapest."

We need scarcely say that on this plan the FREE PRESS is given by this book (see page 158) as THE advertising medium of San Marcos and Hays county it being *the only one on the list.* We respectfully invite the attention of advertisers, both at home and abroad, to this fact

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

BANKERS.

GLOVER NATIONAL BANK OF SAN Marcos, North side Plaza.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK of San Marcos, Southeast Corner Plaza.

JEWELRY AND MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS.

GEO. W. KNIGHT, near South-west corner Plaza.

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

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

C. G. MEAD,

Successor to El. Christian & Co.
Dealer in

Sash, Doors, Blinds, LUMBER and Shingles.

SAN MARCOS, - - - TEXAS.

ja13tf

Isaac H. Julian,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

SAN MARCOS, - - TEXAS.

Letters of inquiry concerning any matter of business or local interest, accompanied by a stamp for reply, will receive prompt attention.

Office FREE PRESS Building.

C. J. SHUMAKE & CO.,

Successors to R. von Boeckmann.

Book Binders and Blank Book Man'f'rs

1000 Congress Avenue,

AUSTIN TEXAS.

All work in the line done promptly in the best style. Periodicals bound; old books rebound.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A model of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and can not be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.
For Sale in San Marcos, by H. HARDY & CO.

F. C. BAILEY,

—DEALER IN—

FURNITURE, CARPETS,

—AND—

UNDERTAKERS' GOODS.

—CALL AND SEE THE—

BAILEY PATENT MOSQUITO BAR FRAMES,

The best Folding Frame ever made.

—CHINESE STRAW MATTING—

From the cheapest to the best grade.

GLOVER NATIONAL BANK

OF SAN MARCOS.

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

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

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

DIRECTORS.

W. D. WOOD. W. O. HUTCHISON.
J. V. HUTCHINS, GEO. T. MCGEHEE.
D. A. GLOVER. G. W. DONALSON.

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If You Have

CONSUMPTION | COUGH OR COLD
BRONCHITIS | Throat Affection
SCROFULA | Wasting of Flesh

Or any Disease where the Throat and Lungs are Inflamed, Lack of Strength or Nerve Power, you can be relieved and Cured by

SCOTT'S EMULSION

OF

PURE COD LIVER OIL

With Hypophosphites.

PALATABLE AS MILK.

Ask for Scott's Emulsion, and let no explanation or solicitation induce you to accept a substitute.

Sold by all Druggists.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, N.Y.

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 30
N. Y. Ledger	2 00	3 30
New Orleans Times Democrat	1 50	2 50
Louisville Courier Journal	1 00	2 35
Cincinnati Enquirer	1 15	2 40
Standard, N.Y. (Henry George)	2 50	3 50
Texas Siftings	4 00	2 50
Farm and Ranch	1 00	2 00
Detroit Free Press	1 10	2 10
Saturday Evening Post	2 00	3 00
New York Observer	3 15	3 70
Atlanta Constitution	1 00	2 30
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	3 00	3 50
Eclectic Magazine	5 00	5 85
Phrenological Journal	1 50	2 75
Peterson's Magazine	2 00	3 00
Popular Science Monthly	5 00	6 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	2 25
Woman's Magazine	1 00	2 20
Demorest's Monthly	2 00	3 00
Ballou's Magazine	1 50	2 20
Golden Days	3 00	3 85
Our Little Ones	1 50	2 30
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 posta 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.

A LESSER ISRAFEL.

I sometimes think myself another Israfel,
For one there is who plays upon my heart
As on a lute with golden strings. She plays full well,
With wondrous skill and woman's cunning art,
Until I seem uplifted and apart,
Beyond the world and in a witch's potent spell.

When man seems clay and friendship but an empty jest,
When leaden skies enshroud me in their gloom,
When fierce revenge and hatred fill my heaving breast,
Or thoughts unworthy full control assume,
This angel comes in all her youth and bloom
And wakes some soothing chord within that gives me rest.

Sometimes it is a melancholy strain she plays
With magic touch in trembling minors sweet;
Perhaps a soft nocturne, while dreaming in the haze
Of nights by love's perfection made complete,
Till, quickened by my heart's more rapid beat,
The soft, pathetic strain to gayer measures strays.

Play on, play on, dear hand, and school the eager lute
Thy love hath made to nobler melodies,
Lest in thine absence its poor trembling soul grow mute;
For while thy touch can wake its harmonies,
They sleep when thou art gone in reveries,
And heart and soul, once blended, clash in harsh dispute.

—Franklyn W. Lee in Chicago Herald.

THE OVERLAND TRAIL.

In the summer of 1873 I was 30 years of age—in perfect health and of steady nerve. I was no believer in the uncanny—hardly in the supernatural—and had always poohpoohed at tales of ghosts, phantoms and visions of all sorts.

It is unnecessary to explain how I came to be traveling in the far west without companions, except for horse and dog and gun. Following the general route of the old overland trail, I camped one night in the edge of a considerable forest, and at a point from which I could look forth over a broad, open plain.

It was already after sundown. The good horse was picketed, and having provided a supper for myself and dog from a rabbit which my gun had brought down an hour or two earlier, I disposed things for the night, and as the stars came out, lay down to sleep, comfortably rolled in a blanket.

It was probably in the small hours of the night that I awoke and arose to a sitting posture. The moon was climbing the eastern sky, with not a feather of cloud in her course, and every object stood forth as clearly as in the day.

But it was not for me to contemplate in quietude the rare beauty of the night. In almost the first moment of consciousness my eyes fell upon a slowly moving object in the distance. It was one of those canvas covered wagons, the "prairie schooners" so familiar in the early days of overland travel to California.

It was approaching almost directly toward me, and my curiosity was at once aroused. Why any one should be traveling thus, and so late at night, I could not imagine. The movement was heavy, as if the horses were jaded, and the man who walked by their side had a weary step.

Twenty minutes passed, the vehicle approaching nearer and nearer. Still on it came, until when about thirty yards from me it suddenly stopped, and the man, looking about, seemed to be considering the wisdom of making camp.

At this point I suddenly realized that the approach of the wagon had been utterly noiseless. What could this mean? Was I dreaming? No, I was never more awake. Was this hallucination? No; for the dog, who had been aroused by my movement in awakening, now turned his head in the direction of the new arrival and uttered a low growl. I laid my hand on him to keep him quiet.

The man now stood by the forward wheel, looking in at the opening of the canvas top, and, though I heard no voice, I imagined that he was speaking to some one within. A woman's head appeared, and, after a glance around, gave a nod of assent, and the man proceeded to unharness the horses and turn them loose to graze. Then after a moment, in which he seemed to be anxiously surveying the trail over which they had come, he helped the woman to alight.

And now their movements greatly puzzled me. Walking to and fro, they seemed to be searching for some particular spot of ground. Finally the woman pointed to a space between two young trees, and the man, after looking at it for a moment, went to the rear end of the wagon and brought forth a spade. With the edge of this implement he marked off a rectangular space about five feet by two, and began to dig. All this, let it be remembered, was in absolute silence.

By this time my curiosity had turned to marvel. Here was a contradiction of common sense! I could not believe that what I saw was real; these beings must be apparitions. And yet here by my side was the dog, as alert as I, and trembling with an impulse to investigate, while obedient to my hand of restraint.

The digging proceeded, and, the soil being soft, some five feet of depth was soon reached, and then the man threw out the spade upon the ground. The woman, meanwhile, had been plucking branches of evergreen, bringing them in armfuls and throwing them beside—"the grave," I thought. And now, with the utmost care and patience, the whole cavity was lined with these sprigs of evergreen held in place by twigs thrust into the backs on either side.

This done, the man sprang out. The two surveyed their work for a moment, and then, after gazing once more, as if in anxiety, over the route by which they had come, they approached the wagon. Having rolled up the canvas on one side, they lifted out a small mattress, depositing it upon a blanket which they had spread upon the ground.

This mattress was not without its burden. The beams of the full moon enabled me to see there a slight form—that of a little girl who had scarcely lived out three years. The pretty white hands were folded over the breast. Long golden curls fell on either side upon the pillow.

The face, which I could see with astonishing clearness, was wonderfully beautiful in its aspect of innocence and bore a lifelike smile, as if in answer to the radiant queen of the sky, who seemed to be smiling, too, as she looked steadfastly down upon the living and the dead.

The mother forthwith proceeded to arrange the spreads upon the child, tucking them and smoothing them down as if she were only putting her little one to bed, although, while I heard no sob nor any expression of grief, I could see that her breast was heaving with sorrow and her face was visited by tears.

The two now knelt on either side, kissing their darling many times, and weeping over her, though trying apparently to comfort one another in their wretchedness, if perchance there might come in their hearts a calm like that with which the moon was still sending down her beams to illumine the tearful scene.

Then, laying hold of the blanket, they carried their darling to the grave, and by the aid of the bridle reins let the precious burden down into the place which they had so carefully prepared. Green boughs were scattered over her until they covered the beautiful form many inches deep, and then the clods were gently replaced, and a little mound was heaped, and the child, transferred from her mother's bosom, was sleeping at last in the bosom of that greater mother—Earth. The two sad mourners knelt again beside the grave and seemed to be engaged in prayer, lifting their faces now and then to the sky, as if in its infinite clear depths they saw the future hopes.

All this—though I still thought it unreal—had awakened in me the keenest interest and sympathy. But my attention was now suddenly diverted to a line of figures in the distance, somewhat beyond the spot where I had seen the wagon when I first awoke. These were horsemen, who came sweeping on at a rapid pace, as if engaged in eager pursuit. From the manner in which they rode I knew they were Indians.

Ah! I saw it all now, and understood why these spectral visitors had so often looked back so apprehensively in the direction from which they had approached. These pilgrims across the plains had seen signs of savages, and had used the night to push on beyond their reach, if haply they might bury their dead in peace and find safety for themselves. But the foe had discovered their trail and followed them, bent on massacre.

I laid my hand instinctively on my rifle under the edge of my blanket, that I might join in the defense, and was about to cry out in warning of the danger I saw approaching, but instantly bethought myself that this was unreality, a mere vision, calling for no practical action, and I might better let these shadows work out their tragedy to the end. I again restrained the dog, who seemed agitated, whether because he saw what I was seeing or out of sympathy with my emotion—I know not which.

The two at the grave seemed unconscious of the threatened danger until their enemies were within a hundred yards, when the man sprang up and lifted the woman also to her feet. They turned toward the wagon, as if to gain its shelter and secure weapons for defence. It was too late. I saw flashes of fire and also a flight of arrows, still without a sound, however, to break the calm of the night.

Both the man and woman staggered as if wounded. They stopped and turned face to face, throwing their arms about each other, as if realizing that this was their last embrace. Another volley, and still clinging to each other in the agony of death, they fell together upon the grave of their child.

The Indians were not long in completing their work. Then catching the horses and harnessing them into the wagon they hastened away, as though themselves in fear of pursuit. I watched them until they disappeared, and then was alone with my thoughts and the brilliant night.

I realized that I had seen a vision, and, although I turned myself resolutely to rest, my sleep for the remainder of the night was fitful and disturbed. When finally I awakened again the sun had risen, and under the influence of that great dispeller of illusions, and in spite of the vividness of the night's experience, I began to think that, after all, I might have been only dreaming; especially when I saw that the space where I had seen the burial and the tragedy that followed was not open and clear, but overgrown with brush and young trees.

Nevertheless, yielding to a curiosity of which I was meanwhile almost ashamed, I soon made my way into the bushes. Parting these with my hands as I went forward, and scanning the ground closely, I shortly experienced a new shock of surprise; for there, in the exact spot marked by the night scene, was a little mound, and over it were the remains of two skeletons.

And now for a retrospective fact which gave to this weird experience of the night a personal significance. While I was yet a lad in my teens my brother, twenty years older, had taken his young wife and only child and set out to cross the plains in pursuit of fortune. The mails had brought home tidings of their journey up to a certain point. Beyond this all trace was lost, and we never heard of them again.

I have not been able to account satisfactorily for what I have related. Was this an indubitable intimation vouchsafed to me from another world as to the fate of my relatives? Was it impossible that I should have this vision elsewhere? And if this is the case, then why? Had nature photographed these tragic scenes and preserved their reflection, to reproduce them for an eye that was fitted by some occult law of sympathy to behold? Let the savants answer if they can—I cannot.—Edward B. Payne in True Flag.

The cane recently presented to President Harrison by Col. A. L. Snowden, minister to Greece, was made from the oaken yoke that held the bell on Independence hall in 1776. The gold cap on the end of the stick is inscribed with a brief history of it.

MAKE SURROUNDINGS ATTRACTIVE.

The Money Value of Rural Improvements Considered.

A recent number of Garden and Forest contains a thoughtful essay on the actual money to be made by improving country roads and making village and farm surroundings attractive. The writer says:

One of the strongest considerations in favor of preserving the forests in mountain regions like that of New Hampshire is that they offer irresistible inducement to people in the city who are looking for summer resorts. Many people have come to consider a summer residence among the hills as essential to their comfort as a winter home in the city, and the growing practice among those who cannot afford to support more than one establishment of spending some weeks or months away from the confinement of city life, makes it a matter of importance that provision should be made for those who find health and pleasure in the woods and amid the scenery of wild nature.

It would be hard to estimate the direct pecuniary advantage which a state like New Hampshire derives from this tide of summer travel which flows towards her mountains all summer long. Every one of these visitors, in some way or other, helps the entire community upon which he depends for a certain time each year for his pleasure and subsistence; and it would not be difficult to prove that the actual and prospective revenue derived from this source is so important that the value of the material products of the forests of the state, even under the wisest management, would be insignificant by comparison.

But it should not be forgotten that there are thousands of people from the cities who, instead of resorting to mountain and forest regions, or to the shores of the ocean, prefer to spend their summers in quiet country villages and farm houses. Of course it is quite as much to the interest of rural communities to make their neighborhood attractive as it is for the owners of sea coast and mountain land. It is true that this should not be considered as the chief reason for efforts to improve the appearance and add to the convenience and comfort of country towns. Societies for rural improvement accomplish a good work when they brighten in any way what is often the dull side of country life.

Every attempt to beautify the surroundings of country homes and make them attractive brings its own reward in the happier life of those who inhabit these homes. But apart from this there is a tangible business advantage to be gained by country villages when they are made specially attractive to city visitors; and this profit accrues not to the village alone, but to all the surrounding region, when the farm houses are open to paying occupation and a market is provided for the products of the farm. It happens in this way that to the population of a large district it is a matter of actual profit to have the neighboring villages and towns made attractive.

The first work in this direction is to improve the roads so that there is some pleasure, or at least some comfort, in traveling abroad. A visitor who reaches a village over a muddy and rough highway receives no good impression of it, and as the road is also the last thing as well as the first thing which attracts his attention, bad roads are among the most repellant and disagreeable features which any community can present. But where the roads are smooth and hard, with little dust and mud, and where good footpaths abound, a strong inducement is presented to those who love to pass much time in the open air.

Of course this is but one feature of the reform in any community. Shady walks, roadsides clean and bordered with shrubs, where this is practicable; farmyards free from unsightly objects, gardens neatly planted and kept—all these things not only delight the eye, as manifestations of beauty and order always do, but they suggest a cleanliness and propriety in all the details of life, and a proper regard for health and comfort; they give assurance of good drainage and pure air, and all other conditions which make a sojourn in the country desirable and beneficial.

Now, inasmuch as all the inhabitants of a given district are interested in matters of this sort, combined action is naturally suggested. The influence of personal example is undoubtedly great, and many a man, by the proper ordering of his own grounds, has set a pattern which has been followed by his neighbors until an entire community has been regenerated. But, after all, these matters can be much more efficiently carried on if it is done in an organized way. Many a town in New England and in the middle states has become prosperous because wealthy men from distant cities have bought lands near by, which have been transformed into beautiful parks, stocked with well bred cattle and horses.

All this was brought about because in the beginning there was unity of purpose in the community to make the town attractive, and transient guests were induced to become permanent residents. Examples like this should be an encouragement to all country neighborhoods, and especially to such as have some natural advantages. There will be no abandoned farms in a region where there is associated effort for rural improvement. Such effort cannot fail, in any event, to add to the comfort and pleasures of rural life, and it is more than probable that it will insure a more substantial return in actual revenue than any other equal outlay in whatever direction it is invested.

In 1348 some chasms in the earth sent forth poisonous fluids, as red as carmine ink, at Villach, in Austria. Ponderous hailstones fell in Germany the same year, some of them weighing from twenty to seventy pounds.

In 1695 Limerick and Tipperary, Ireland, had many showers of a soft, fatty substance resembling butter. It was of a dark yellow color, and always fell at night. The people gathered it and used it as an ointment, reporting many astonishing cures.

Difficult Figuring.

Census Taker—How many male members are there in the family?"

Kentucky Housewife—Well, there was six this mornin'; but pap and th' boys went out arter breakfas' for a scrap with th' Mugginesses, and I don't know how many there is now. —New York Weekly.

He Was Consoled.

A New Yorker who met a Kansas man at one of the hotels the other day heaved a sigh as he said:

"I was in your town two years ago, and that piece of property west of the railroad station was offered to me for $30,000."

"Yes."

"I hear that it was sold last year for $75,000."

"It was."

"What short-sighted people some of us are. Had I bought at $30,000 I could now probably sell for $100,000. Think of that."

"My dear friend, let me console you. This piece of property can be bought to-day for $15,000. The boom has passed."—New York Sun.

She Got It.

"My pa is sick, and he sent me for some tobocco," said a little girl on Grand River avenue.

"Smoking?"

"No, he eats it."

"Do you know the brand?"

"No, sir, but it's the kind they use when they spit all over the parlor carpet because they are too lazy to spit out of the window."

He gave her plug.

Two Roasts in One.

Husband (after a sudden change in Wall street)—I've lost my all. You'll have to kill the parrot for dinner

Wife—I'll kill the big cat. She devoured the parrot this morning.

Well Known.

She—Do you ever see your name in the papers?

He—Yes, occasionally. My name is John Smith.

In Suspense.

Dillenback — What's wrong, old fellow?

Budley—I'm almost crazy. I sent a phonograph cylinder to my broker asking him whether he thought I was a blamed fool, and another one to Miss Willets asking her to marry me, and I don't know which one this answer is from.

Dillenback—What does it say?

Budley—Simply: "Yes."

The Stars and Stripes.

Gazley—A great deal of fun is made of Delaware for retaining the whipping post, but there is something patriotic about it,

Snooper—Indeed! Please explain!

Gazley—Why, the culprit is made to see stars when the stripes are well laid on."—Texas Cartoon.

He Could Trust Him.

Pater—My boy, when I was your age I was at my desk at 7 o'clock in tee morning.

The Son—That may be, but I know the business is perfectly safe in your hands, even while I'm away.—Life.

Patents Granted

To inventors in the State of Texas during the past week. Reported for this paper by C. A. Snow & Co., Patent lawyers and solicitors, opp. U. S. Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

A. Blackmon, Sweet Home, Well-lining; F. Green, Peoria, Cotton-chopper; T. F. McCamant, San Antonio, Sanitary closet W. I. McCausland, Temple, Washing machine; T. H. Watson, Itasca, Fastener for bedsteads.

Two negatives from a photographer do not make an affirmative. The only make it more difficult which to select to have your dozen made from.—Pittsburg Chronicle.

Mrs. Mary J. Holmes is one of the most indefatigable travelers among women authors. She has recently completed a year's tour of the world and is now going to Alaska.

Edwin Booth has taken upon himself the generous task of restoring the crumbling monument to George Frederick Cook in St. Paul's churchyard, New York.

"Ouida" uses on her hair and eyebrows a scent that costs $30 an ounce. She can't bear starched muslin and the touch of velvet makes her flesh creep.

Earl Spencer, considered a possible successor to Gladstone, does not look his age of 55 years. He is a tall man, with an enormous red mustache and beard.

Mrs. Mary H. Miller, who has served as State Librarian of Iowa for two years, will be reappointed. The Governor has refused to put her on the shelf.

James Carlyle, brother of Thomas Carlyle, has just died in London. He was the highest authority in all England on small wind wood and house vermin.

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases."

Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment," No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose &c., leaving the skin clear white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for Swayne's Ointment.