## "The Story of Corpus Christi"

By MARY A. SUTHERLAND

"The Story of Corpus Christi" that the Caller is publishing in daily installments has been published in book form by Corpus Christi, Chapter Daughters of the Confederacy. Copies can be secured at Corpus Christi Book and Stationery Co.

### Chapter IV

INDIAN DEPREDATIONS

During the years between the Mexican and Civil Wars our people led an easy care-free life, an occasional Indian scare, or the arrival of a bad man who shot up the town, were about all the excitements of the times. The Indians raided near, and occasionally shot an unwary hunter or traveler. One of the earliest depredations mentioned was the killing of a white man near the site of the court house. He had gone out to bring the cows in for the evening milking. This was out of town at this time. Another man journeyed out and camped at the reef north of town, meaning to cross in the early morning while the water was calm. Later his poor, mutilated body was found by stock hunters, wagon burned and horses gone.

But the saddest story of all was that of young Dolan. Like all boys he wanted a gun. His mother sent to New Orleans by a friend and got the gun for his sixteenth birthday. A proud and overjoyed youth he was the day it arrived. Taking a Mexican boy with him, he crossed the reef to try it out. No doubt their progress across the two miles of open water was watched by hidden savages on the other side. Soon after arriving on firm ground, they were confronted by the warriors and a fight for life was on. The boy dropped the gun, and fatal error left it as they kept at a distance as long as he held it. Then they seized it and the poor boy was slain with his own gun.

The Mexican boy, true to his training and the Indian blood in his veins, wormed his way through the chaparral and escaped. Late that night he returned, bringing to the waiting parents the heart-rending news that their only boy lay dead under the stars. An old chronicle says that this was the saddest funeral ever held in Corpus Christi, a party of armed men having gone over in the morning and brought the body home to the mother, who never forgave herself for buying the gun which was the cause of the tragedy. This was the last Indian murder in the immediate vicinity of Corpus Christi. It occurred sometime in the fifties.

If memory serves aright, it was at the house of this Mrs Dolan that Captain Van Buren, before mentioned, died on the ninth day after being wounded. As the story goes, he got up that morning and asked Mrs. Dolan to make him some gruel, saying he felt hungry. She went to do his bidding. She had almost finished preparing the meal when his attendant, an enlisted man, called her to come quick. They barely got him to his bed when he breathed his last.

Poor boy, barely a fortnight before he with his regiment, Maryland Mounted Rifles, went on a scout after a band of Indians, reported nearby. They found them near the mouth of the Nueces River, and had a fierce fight. Of this I can get no report of casualties; and only Van Buren's lonely tomb remains to tell the story of days which tried men's souls, and of the death of the young and gallant officer.

This year of 1854 was destined to be a sad one for brave little Corpus Christi. A foe more deadly than painted savages was on its way, a foe which in that day and time we could not fight, sailing across our bay in open daylight, met with open arms it came, and deadly was its visitation.

In the summer of that year a Mexican fruit vessel, peddling her cargo from port to port, touched at our wharf, and did a brisk business. What a boon, rich, ripe fruit to a people who grew nothing at home, great golden oranges, bunches of bananas turning from green to gold, which might be kept for days, lemons, limes, colossal pineapples, mangoes, the very air was laden with the rich odor of fruit.

The merchants came and bought for their stores, the householders bought for their families, nearby ranchcros hearing of the unusual treat, came in to get a share, the Mexican citizens came from the hill to hear the news and palabre with their countrymen. First and last, almost every soul in the place visited the vessel in its week's stay, and everyone who visited the vessel had been exposed to that deadliest of Southern diseases, the vomito of Mexico, yellow fever of the American.

Within two weeks the town was a fever ward, and the Grim Reaper claimed his toll in almost every home. Mothers were left with a family of small children, thousands of miles from native land or kinsmen. Fathers had to leave the little ones neglected while they left them to toil for food. While in some cases both parents were taken. Never a family escaped, but the cold weather came, or the disease died out for want of new victims. The Christmas of 1854 was a sad holiday. Corpus Christi, the stricken, mourned its dead.

Shortly after this a detachment of soldiers were stationed here. Of this command I know very little, except they were regulars commanded by Major Chapman, his old headquarters, a very picturesque house for that time, still stands and is in possession of his descendants, who rank as one of the oldest families. Some of his men, at expiration of enlistment, remained here. One of them, an old pensioner, related to me stories of the good old times of his youth, all forgotten except one, of a grand ball given to the officers of a comrade recently dead.

Meetings were held, committees appointed, tickets promoted and sold at ten dollars each, all the officers and many citizens purchasing.

The next question was as to invitations. A footer went down amongst men, and there was an overhauling of finery in the officers' kitchens, and the boys were told off as to who they were to escort to the dance. Working for one of the officers was a girl named Lucinda. Now Lucinda was no beauty, she was she-male. Although ladies were scarce, no one would agree to go with her. Up spoke my friend the sergeant, from the kindness of his false heart, "Tell take Lucinda, lieutenant the house that Sary dance with his son next fine sot round the corral after roll call tomorrow morning." Needless to tell that for once poor Lucinda was the belle of the ball, and had partners to share. A month from now passed by the orders, the officers grumbled, and the ball was a memory.

About this time there was a little outlaw typical of the time and place. A couple of Mormon missionaries arrived and began to hold meetings in a warehouse on the Waterside for more than a month. Sympathy was scarce and the men attended regularly. The meetings held down on nightly for some time, and the people felt that they were getting nearer tipsy. One night the speaker was in the midst of an impassioned appeal for converts, suddenly he stopped as if stricken dumb. His lips dropped and he stood as if petrified, not only for a moment. Then strange forms began to move on into the room marched the good wives of the congregation.

The leading lady carried a very dead cat by the tail. Her she brought down across the open mouth of the speaker. While her sisters buried eggs and other missiles at the rest. Again and again the cat descended, assisted by a strong arm. The priests sought the open air in unidentified haste, all without the their hats, made a wild dash for the hill over its brow they went crashing through brush, racing like mad wild caffies. They were known in Corpus Christi no more. The ladies then proceeded to dismiss the meeting, in which exercises they used the remainder of the ammunition. The cat-tailer, who was one of the congregation, told the writer that he did not return to the house of his family for several days, not until a general amnesty was declared, and though his hair was as the driven snow, his eye fill up with the fire of youth at the mention of the Mormons last meeting.

Prices of that day had a higher business mentality than we of the present day, that is they paid their debts promptly, the merchants did a general credit business, and so far as recalled no one went broke. Judge Pitzsimmons, then a young man, afterward an efficient County Officer for years holding the office of County Judge, told the following story.

"A nearby ranchero traded at the store of W. N. Staples, where I was at the time bookkeeper. The old fellow came in about twice yearly, and settled up. One day, as usual, he came in for his account. I called the amount, he hesitated, finally, following the bill. 'No, no, Pedro not right,' he said, laying it back on the desk, and reaching down into his pocket he handed out a stick covered with notches. 'No, no, you have charged me twenty cents too much, I do not say it.' Running his finger down the stick he resulted. 'This is ten dollars, this is five, one-seventy-two forty-five, tobacco twenty-five, as for John, seventy-five, one tin washpot for the old woman, two-thirty, one dollar, what the devil?' 'Oh, yes, two gallons whiskey for Auld Jerrys wake' and so on to the end of the stick. Meanwhile the clerks hunted and added wildly, the overcharge of twenty cents was actually found, and the old man, who did not have a speaking acquaintance with the alphabet, settled up and cut a new stick."

And such I come to the saddest story of all the beginning of the Civil War. There was no telegraph in those days, and our mail to boat, via Indianola, was often overdue, but in due time the news of bombardment of Sumter came, and in a day the peace of not only the nation, but of our little town was gone. A great part of our population, being of foreign birth, naturally supported the government, which gave them liberty and protection, while others, born under a Southern sky, ardently espoused the cause of their people, and the sun which had shone so merrily as it peered over the waves that morning, went sadly to bed, leaving in darkness a sorely divided city.

(To Be Continued.)

## Amusements

**Mae Murray in "At First Sight" Today's Attraction at the Amusu**

Mae Murray, the talented young screen star, who had won to the charming Lasky production, "The Chaperon Ring," is now appearing in "At First Sight," a modern romantic comedy by George Middleton, at the Amusu today.

George Middleton is the author or co-author of many very well known productions such as "The House of a Thousand Candles," "The Cavalier," "Halfway Train Holdup," and others, and in "At First Sight" he has surrounded all of the wholesome humor and light farce, as well as the deeper sentiment usually found in his best productions.

According to arrangements with Mr. Lasky, this production was made in the famous Players-Lasky eastern studios with Mr. Robert Leonard as director. Mr. Leonard has for some time devoted his time to the production of this star and companions. Charles Ruggles, who has been working with Mr. Leonard in several of his most recent pictures is also seen. The photographic work in this production is

The story deals with the adventures of pretty Justine Gibbs, played by Mae Murray. Justine is a very attractive and highly American type of young woman who rebels against a "per-arranged marriage" and follows the dictates of her heart. It is eventually a comedy and the story is really based upon the efforts of the young woman to win the heart of a young artist so absorbed in his work that the heroine must take him by storm. A great deal of the charm of the story lies in the comic and humorous scenes between the absent minded young artist and the impetuous heroine.

**Wonderplay Shows All Nationalities**

Of vital interest to every American whether of native or foreign nativity is "The Spaniard," Metro great screen production to be seen at the Amusu Theatre next Sunday and Monday. Incidents of all nations are represented in this patriotic photodrama which has been written and directed by the wizard of the screen, William Christy Cabanne. In this are shown Bohemians, Italians, Frenchmen, Germans, Chinese, Japanese, etc., and then these, mixed together, blended into one huge American type. Thus are the ends "melting pots" of the nations.

The same universal spirit of patriotism is illustrated in the story of the production. Notwithstanding Americans decline to enlist in army and navy and "do their bit," A Chinaman hoping here, offers his life to the country. A German lad, born abroad, decides to cast his lot with the land of his adoption. An American Hebrew, Thomas Cardoza, with loyal Japanese advance in a formidable mass to answer the call of Columbia.

George F. Bennett, Piano Tuner and Repairer. Phone 434. Adv761

## NEW DEVICE MAKES IT EASIER AND SAFER TO LEARN CAR DRIVING

Several months of successful operation of a double steering wheel car by Bishop, McCormick & Bishop of Brooklyn, have supplied the comforting assurance that a day is coming when untried motorists will learn the art of driving with much greater safety to themselves, to other motorists, and to the general public.

The double steering wheel device permits the instructor to retain control over the car at all times, even though the pupil is doing the actual driving and gear shifting. This arrangement enables the pupil to try his hand almost immediately on traffic-ridden streets, with the result that he is far better equipped to drive alone after one or two lessons than the average "raw motorist" is after three or four. The instruction car is not only equipped with two steering wheels but with two sets of brake and clutch pedals. "Automobile Topics" says, "Because of this arrangement both instructor and learner feel a confidence that cannot exist when there is a single control in unskilled hands. The nervous strain that is eliminated can best be appreciated by those who have been through the experience."

The Brooklyn firm precedes this instruction by a series of lessons in an "unpowered car," which is set on a platform in such a way as to leave the wheels free. In front of the car is a semaphore with which the instructor flashes signals to the driver. "Sharp turn," "Steep hill," etc., direct the pupil to manipulate his controls accordingly, while a special brake lever enables the instructor to produce practically the same conditions as would result on the road. Both the pupil control and the anchored car are originated by Bishop, McCormick & Bishop, and patents are applied for on each. Bishop, McCormick & Bishop are the Dodge Brothers dealers in Brooklyn.

**BELGIAN HOMES TO BE MOVED WHEN WAR ENDS**

THE HAGUE, Netherlands, Aug. 29.—Out of a million refugees who crossed over the frontier in the tragic days of October, 1914, between 20 and 25 continue to receive relief from the Netherlands government, of whom more than 14,000 are housed in the specially erected camps or villages.

Many of these refugees are usefully employed in the construction of small wooden houses or cabins which, after

This business man has just quit his desk to command a regiment and help America win the war. Almost all the big successful men who give commands in business or in the Army prefer Adams Pepsin, the Original Chicle Gum, to any other gum. It keeps their high strung nerves steady and their digestions in trim.

ADAMS PEPSIN

THE BIG BUSINESS-MANS GUM

Cooling Peppermint Flavor


## CALLED HER FAMILY TO HER BEDSIDE

**Six Years Ago, Thinking She Might Die, Says Texas Lady, But Now She Is a Well, Strong Woman and Praises Cardui For Her Recovery.**

Royse City, Tex.—Mrs. Mary Kilman, of this place, says; "After the birth of my little girl...my side commenced to hurt me. I had to go back to bed. We called the doctor. He treated me...but I got no better. I got worse and worse until the misery was unbearable...I was in bed for three months and suffered such agony that I was just drawn up in a knot...

I told my husband if he would get me a bottle of Cardui I would try it... I commenced taking it, however, that evening I called my family about me... for I knew I could not last many days unless I had a change for the better. That was six years ago and I am still here and am a well, strong woman, and I owe my life to Cardui. I had only taken half the bottle when I began to feel better. The misery in my side got less... I continued right on taking the Cardui until I had taken three bottles and I did not need any more for I was well and never felt better in my life... I have never had any trouble from that day to this."

Do you suffer from headache, backache, pains in sides, or other discomforts, each month? Or do you feel weak, nervous and fagged-out? If so, give Cardui, the woman's tonic, a trial. J. 71

## THEATRICAL MEMBERS MAY TRAVEL ONLY ON FRIDAYS IN ENGLAND

LONDON, Aug. 29.—Theatrical companies will be seriously handicapped by a threatened new war regulation which will come into effect next month, prohibiting the running of stage scenery on the railroads. The order will affect the movables that come into travel on Fridays only.

The Secretary of the Theatrical Managers Association, in a vigorous protest, says:

"The prohibition of scenery will bring us back to 25 years ago, when the majority of the small city theatres provided their own scenery. An enormous amount of reorganization will be necessary. Traveling on Fridays is also extremely unsatisfactory. Apart from meaning the loss of one day, the Saturday afternoon matinee will be lost except in the towns near London. I quite fail to see how any show is to pay under the circumstances."

A new telephone amplifier, which is easily applied to a telephone receiver by anyone, renders conversation audible.

An electrically operated garage door opens automatically on the approach of an automobile and closes again when it is safely inside.