THE - DAILY - HERALD.

"FIRST OF ALL, THE NEWS."

ISSUED EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

JESSE O. WHEELER, Editor and Prop

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MONDAY, NOVEMBER 14, 1892.

THE three C's didn't quite make it this trip.

THAT "usual majority" has "swunk" somewhat.

CLARK men find consolation in Cleveland's success.

THE democratic roosters are crowing lustily all over the land.

THE San Antonio Express says: "Harrison did it with his little force bill."

THE democratic tidal wave has completely swept away the hopes of the protectionists.

GALVESTON NEWS: Grover Cleveland is the giant mascot of the United States of America.

WE can rejoice over the triumphant election of Cleveland and Crain with right good cheer.

SOME democrats may be willing to adopt civil service reform after all the rascals are turned out, but not before.

THE Galveston News says: Old fashioned democracy is the only absolutely pure baking powder of American politics.

WELL, it seems we are in for two years of Hoggism. Texas has stood a great deal, and no doubt she can gain and bear this also.

THE great opposition which Governor Hogg has met will doubtless teach him that there must be some thing wrong with his methods.

ON whom will Cleveland's mantle fall four years hence, is the question already agitating the minds of prominent politicians.

THE Alice Reporter complains justly: "Our public school is overcrowded and we will have to have more room. No two teachers can justly handle 103 pupils to any advantage."

MR. CLEVELAND will have plenty of suggestions to assist him in organizing his official family. Past indications, however, have been to the effect that the president-elect knows his own mind, and he would probably get along as well without any suggestions.

A GANG of thieves whose practice it is to steal floral decorations from graves and sell them back to the florists who furnished them has been detected in Brooklyn. The work has been going on for years, and the value of flowers stolen is variously estimated at from $100,000 to $2,000,000.

THE great international monetary conference which will take place at Berlin, is expected to find a panacea for all monetary troubles now and forevermore. Sunday's Galveston News contains a forecast of the great convention which will doubtless prove of both interest and benefit to those who peruse it.

A CONTINUATION

Of Rambles in the Historic City of H. Matamoros.

Written for THE HERALD.

Since my last, this part of the moral vineyard has been exceedingly blessed—old dame Nature has cast off that grim, dry visage she has worn, and donned her sweetest smiles—cause, copious rains and the election of a democratic president of these great United States of America.

With considerable of a grin on my countenance, I resume my rambles in the old Historic City. I soon find myself located in the Plaza de los Arrearos. To the west and opposite the church of the Society of Friends, is situated the Hussey institute or female seminary, conducted under the auspices of the same society. This institute was founded about eight yerrs ago. English and Spanish are both taught here, also music, painting, elocution, and housekeeping in the industrial department. A graduate from this institute is prepared to fill any station in life. Both day scholars and boarders are accommodated. Miss Julia Ballinger is the principal of the institute. She is assisted by six lady teachers. There are about two hundred pupils in the various branches. This school has done good work, and has the highest esteem and confidence of the authorities of the city of Matamoros.

Moving southward, I being up at the Campo Santo, the city of the dead. This has quite and imposing entrance, and is enclosed by a high brick wall. The wall bears many bullet marks which tell of many who have been tried by a jury of twelve muskets in the hands of soldiers, who only knew to obey the word when given. During the revolutionary days when *Ley Marcial* reigned supreme many were the offenders that were executed in front of these old, war-scarred and weather beaten walls. In this cemetery are to be seen many handsome and costly tombs. But very few are buried here at present, as the authorities require a heavy fee for a permit to open a grave or tomb in this cemetery. Most of the interments are made in the new grave yard outside the city, about one mile to the east ward.

Returning towards the city I drop into the Plaza del Mercado, the city market, which is well supplied with good meats and fish both fresh and dried, and an abundance of nature's fruits, such as bananas, dates, oranges, apples, aguacates, and many others of which I do not know the names. In the vegetable line this market can boast of a great assortment. Then come the curiosities. A stranger can interest himself for hours with the native toys and quaint looking jugs and pitches, all made of clay-like pottery. These people possess the art of making the best *poros* Terra Cotta water coolers known. All of these wares are brought from the interior where they are manufactured.

Strolling through the outskirts of the city I notice in some places the remains of what was once a wall. Matamoros was formerly a walled city, or at least was surrounded by a line of fortifications, except on the side looking towards Brownsville, which has the river for the dividing line. The walls or fortifications were built by Mejia during the imperial regime, but since the rule of President Diaz began, peace and quiet have reigned so long that the walls are nearly all leveled to the ground. Some are in use as levees against the overflow of the river.

The city of Matamoros has a population of about ten thousands. The business portion of the city is closely built up with substantial brick buildings, chiefly in the old Spanish style. I observe on one building near the Plaza de Hidalgo the date 1834. In the suburbs are some fine residences, though very few of modern style. Prominent among them is the dwelling of Milton Cross, a merchant. This is one of the handsomest residences in Matamoros.

Well, here comes the car for Santa Cruz so I will say *Adios* to the old Heroic City for the present and retire with my usual dignity to my home across the river—to the little city of rosebuds and flowers on the lower Rio Grande.

RAMBLER.

Western Colorado Mines.

Gunison, Colo., Nov. 6.—An unusual amount of interest has been created in Western Colorado during the past two months over the mining outlook in this vicinity. Many new discoveries have been made which are of such character in richness that many prospectors and speculators have come in from other camps. The output is greater than ever and here, as well as in the Pitkin district, shipments will be continued all winter. At the latter camp the outlook is even better than here. The Jim Blaine has just uncovered on the second contact an immense body of ore which runs 47 ounces in silver and 50 per cent in lead. The Cleopatra and Little Tycoon have bodies of ores which promise, with further developments, to show ore worth hundreds of dollars. The Hindoo in the same locality is making extensive developments and has thousands of tons in sight which is valued at $140 per ton, while some ore from this property runs up to over $1,800 per ton. These mines are mostly owned by parties from Halifax, N. S., and Boston who have the greatest faith in their future.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

An infernal machine was exploded in the police station in Paris, completely wrecking the building and killing two police officers. The machine was picked up by the police in front of the offices of a mining company and taken to the station to be examined.

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A firebug at Cleveland, Ohio, for two weeks has made daily attempts to fire business blocks, setting 25 fires in one day.

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The English are generally pleased with the defeat of the republicans in the United States.

—Go to Putegnat's for the latest summer drinks.

—Electric lemonade at Mike Leahy's saloon.

Shelled almonds and almond in shell at Barreda's.

Cod fish, sausages, corn-beef, in barrels, and salt bacon at Barreda's store.

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