San Marcos Free Press.

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

VOL. IX. SAN MARCOS, HAYS CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY, AUGUST 21, 1880. NO. 40.

Free Press.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY

ISAAC H. JULIAN,

To whom all Letters should be Addressed.

OFFICE—East side of Plaza.

RATES OF SUBSCRIPTION:

One year, in advance.....$2 00
Six months " 1 25
Three months " 75

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

One square, one insertion $1 00; each additional insertion under one month, 50 cents per square.

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1 Square.....	$ 2.50	$ 4.00	$ 6.00	$ 10.00
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¼ colm.	7.00	10.00	20.00	30.00
½ "	12.00	20.00	30.00	50.00
1 "	20.00	35.00	50 00	75.00

Business Cards, one inch or less, one year, $8.00
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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.
Local and Business Notices will be charged ten cents per line for the first insertion, and eight cents per line for each additional insertion.
Announcing candidates for office, county, $ 5.00
For District or State offices,..... 10.00
Obituary notices of over ten lines charged at one-half advertising rates.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Newspaper.

SAN MARCOS FREE PRESS, I. H. JULIAN, Editor, Publisher and Proprietor, office east side Main Plaza, nearly opposite the Court House.

Educational.

CORONAL INSTITUTE, R. O. Rounsavall, A. M. President.

Bankers.

MITCHELL & GLOVER, Mitchell's Building.

Boarding House.

MRS. HEATON, East side of Plaza.

Dry Goods and Groceries.

JOHNSON & JOHNSON, Mitchell Building, North side Plaza.

GEO. T. MALONE, south side Plaza.

P. R. TURNER, West side Main Plaza.

L. J. BAILEY, West side of the Main Plaza.

WM. GIESEN, South side of the Main Plaza.

BRIGGS C. H., North side of the Main Plaza.

W. B. FRY South side Plaza.

ELLISON & SMITH, North Side Plaza.

DAILEY & BRO., S. W. Corner Plaza.

A. B. F. KERR, North side Plaza.

D. R. COCREHAM & CO., east side of the plaza, opposite Court House.

Groceries and Hardware.

G. W. DONALSON, East side Main Plaza.

Druggists.

R. FROMME, Southwest corner Plaza.

RAYNOLDS & DANIEL, north side of the Main Plaza.

Physicians.

DRS. DENTON & PENDLETON, office near N. W. corner Public Square.

Dentist.

DR. J. H. COMBS, office North side of of the Main Plaza.

Lawyers.

R. B. MINOR, Office in the Court House.

HUTCHISON & FRANKLIN, in the Court-house

STERLING FISHER, office North side Plaza.

BROWN & COFFIELD, office in Mitchell Building.

Land Agent and Notary Public.

I. H. JULIAN, office Faxx Paxx Building, east side Plaza, nearly opposite the Court House.

Hotels.

WOOTTON HOTEL, on the Austin road, one block East of Public Square.

Bakery and Confectionery.

FRITZ LANGE, South side Plaza.

Stoves and Tinware.

GEO. HENNE, West side Plaza.

J. H. EASTHAM, East side Plaza.

Carpenters and Builders.

J. C. ROGERS, residence near the Institute.

Livery and Sale Stables.

BALES & SON, San Antonio street.

Watchmaker and Jeweler.

W. H. ROBBINS, east side plaza.

Merchant Tailor.

P. DOGGER, over Johnson's store.

Meat Market.

J. P. & S. KONE, north side plaza.

Boot and Shoemaker.

W. H. CREECH, over M'Kie's Stable.

WM. M. CROW, North side Plaza.

Saddle and Harness Shop.

TOWNSEND & ILIOS, S. W. corner plaza.

GENERAL DIRECTORY.

OFFICIAL.

CONGRESSMAN—9TH DISTRICT:
Hon. Columbus Upson, of Bexar county.
SENATOR—31ST DISTRICT:
Hon. L. J. Storey, of Caldwell Co.
REPRESENTATIVES—64TH DISTRICT:
Hon. J. M. Holmes, of Guadalupe Co.
Hon. W. F. Delany " " "
DISTRICT COURT—15TH DISTRICT.
Hon. L. W. Moore, Presiding Judge, LaGrange.
TIMES OF HOLDING COURT.
HAYS.—2d Mondays in March and September.
COUNTY OFFICERS.
Ed R. Kone, Judge County Court,
B. C. Hardin, District Clerk.
Ed. J. L. Green, County Clerk.
O. T. Brown, County Attorney.
Jas. A. Wren, Sheriff. C. S. Cock, Deputy.
C. W. Grooms, Justice of the Peace Pre. No. 1
R. Manlove, " " " " " 2
W. M. Wyatt, " " " " " 3
Z. Smith, " " " " " 4
H. A. McMeans, County Treasurer.
A. Heaton, Assessor.
Joe. C. Eve, Surveyor.
D. P. Hopkins, Con'r Precinct No. 1.
D. E. Moore " " " 2.
Peter Schmidt, " " " 3.
J. B. Peal, " " " 4.
John H. Patterson, Constable.
TIMES OF HOLDING COUNTY AND PRECINCT COURTS—Criminal County Court—1st Monday in each month.
County Court for Civil and Probate business—1st Monday in February April, June, August, October and December.
Commissioners' Court—2d Mondays in February, May, August and November.
Justice Court Precinct No. 1—1st Friday in each month, San Marcos.
Precinct No. 2—2d Friday in each month McCity.
" " 3—3d " Wimberley's Mill
" " 4—4th " Dripping Springs.
TOWN OFFICERS.
Mayor—H. B. Coffield.
Council—W. O. Hutchison, T. R. Fourqurean, L. W. Mitchell, D. P. Hopkins, P. R. Turner.
Marshal—W. H. Lyell.
Council meets the first Tuesday in each month.

CHURCHES.

METHODIST.—Preaching at the Methodist Church every Sabbath. Rev. A. A. Brown, Pastor.
CHRISTIAN.—Preaching at the Christian Church on the second and fourth Sabbaths in each month.
PRESBYTERIAN.—Preaching at the Presbyterian Church on the second and fourth Sabbathin each month by the Rev. W. L. Kennedy.
PROTESTANT EPISCOPAL.—Services every fourth Sunday in each month at 10½ o'clock, A. M., and 7 p. m., (at St. Mark's Church.)
BAPTIST.—Preaching at the Christian Church on the third Sunday in each month, by Elder H M. Burroughs.

MAILS.

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

Mails from Austin arrive at 12 M,
" " San Antonio arrive at 2 P. M.
Above mails arrive and depart daily except Sundays.
Luling—arrives Tuesday and Friday at 4 P. M. Departs Wednesday and Saturday at 7 A. M.
Seguin—arrives Monday at 5 P. M. Departs Tuesday at 7 A. M.
Blanco, via Wimberly—departs Monday at 6 A. M Arrives Tuesday at 6 P. M.
OFFICE HOURS:
Register and Money Order dep't from 8 A. M., to 4 P. M.
General Delivery srom 8 A. M., to 6 P. M.

A. VOM STEIN, P. M.

"SUNSET ROUTE."

(THE TRUE SOUTHERN PACIFIC.)

Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio Railway.

THE ONLY ALL-RAIL LINE
—TO—
SAN ANTONIO.
Passenger Time Schedule.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE TRAVELING PUBLIC.

The large and increased travel via the "SUNSET ROUTE," renders necessary ADDITIONAL ACCOMODATION for its patrons. The Management have therefore deemed it necessary to place a Night Train on their schedule, which leaves Houston for San Antonio at 5:35 P. M. (Sundays excepted;) arriving at 9:30 o'clock A. M.

On this train will be found Sleeping Cars and elegant Day Coaches, which have been fitted up exclusively for this run. Berths in Sleeping Cars have been placed at the moderate price of $1 50 and $1 00, according to location.

TRAINS WESTWARD.

Leaves	San Antonio Daily (except Sunday) at	7:00 a m	4:15 p m
"	Luling	9:35 a m	6:05 p m
"	Columbus	12:50 p m	12:42 a m
Ar.	Houston	5:05 p m	7:55 a m

TRAINS EASTWARD.

"	Houston	8:45 a m	5:35 p m
"	Columbus	1:12 p m	12:30 a m
Ar.	Luling	4:25 p m	5:30 a m
"	Marion	5:55 p m	8.02 a m
"	San Antonio	7:00 p m	9:30 a m

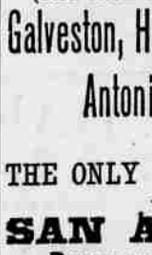
Ask any Ticket Agent in the United States or Canada for Tickets Over This Line, and you will get them. They will also Check your Baggage Through over this Reliable and Ever Popular Route.

First-class in every respect are the Dining Halls and Lunch Counters on this line.

The elegant Parlor Cars of the Wason Manufacture are run on Day Express Trains.

T. W. PEIRCE, Jr., G. P. A.
Houston, Texas.

JAS. CONVERSE, Supt.



BARNES' PATENT FOOT POWER MACHINERY.
CIRCULAR SAWS, SCROLL SAWS, LATHES, FORMERS, MORTISERS, TENONERS, &c, For actual workshop business. COMPLETE OUTFITS for Mechanics and Amateurs.
MACHINES ON TRIAL IF DESIRED.
Say where you read this, and send for Descriptive Catalogue and Price List. W. F. & JOHN BARNES, Rockford, Illinois.

BIG PAY. AGENTS WANTED. WE WANT A LIMITED number of active energetic canvassers to engage in a pleasant and profitable business. Good men will find this a rare chance

TO MAKE MONEY.

Such will please answer this advertisement by letter, enclosing stamp for reply, stating what business they have been engaged in. None but those who mean business need apply.

Address FINLEY, HARVEY & CO., Atlanta, Ga.
May 22 1y

THIS PAPER may be found on file at Geo. P. Rowell & Co's Newspaper Advertising Bureau (10 Spruce St.), where advertising contracts may be made for it IN NEW YORK.

Love's Philosophy.

The fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean;
The minds of Heaven mix forever
With a sweet emotion.

Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine,
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine!

See the mountains kiss high Heaven,
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister flower would be forgiven,
If it disdained its brother.

And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea;
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

The Fastest Trotting Time on Record.

ROCHESTER, August 12.—The announcement that St. Julian and Maud S, would both be trotted, the former to beat his own best trotting record of 2.12¼, and the latter to beat hers and Sleepy Tom's best pacing record of 2.12½, was enough to attract a multitude of spectators to the driving park to-day. Fifteen thousand people were present to witness the grand event. At 5 o'clock the California wonder and king of the turf, St. Julian, was driven out on the track by his past grand stand-by, Owen A. Hickock, who is part owner of the great trotter and always handles him when on the turf. Prolonged applause greeted St. Julian as he was trotted around the track to get heated for the greatest effort of his life. He went down past the judges' stand several times before Hickok nodded to the judges to give the word, Then he darted around the track without a running mate or anything else to urge him, making his first quarter in .33, half a mile, 1.07, third quarter, 1.41, and mile 2.13¾, the fastest trotting ever done upon the Rochester track. The crowd cheered, and those who were betting that both horses would lower the best previous record now offered to give their opponents odds at the pools, at the rate of $60 to $50, It was forty minutes later when Baird, of Cincinnati, drove out the beautiful six year old mare, Maud S. Deafening cheers ensued. Baird nodded to the judges, and Maud S. was given a send off. The first time she came down the stretch, the track, weather and everything in her favor no less than St. Julian's, she sped away magnificently and the involuntary exclamation of the many thousand witnesses was, "beautiful!" She completed her first quarter in .32½. second in 1.05, third in 1.38¼, and mile in 2.11¾—an entire second lower than the best trotting time on record, and half a second better than the best pacer ever went. The wildest enthusiasm prevailed. To describe it accurately would be utterly impossible. Everybody knew that the best time on record had been made before the timekeepers had made their announcement or were consulted. Bets now ranged at $51 to $80 on Maud against $50 to $75 on St. Julian, as the best and faster trotter of the two. St. Julian was brought out for his second heat. There was less enthusiasm than before, but he got away in fine shape. He trotted to the end of the first quarter in 31¾; second quarter 1.05¾; third 1.38¾, and the mile in 2.11¾, precisely the same time made by the mare Maud S. in her first heat. The cheers of the crowd this time were strangely mingled with expressions of dissatisfaction, for not a single expert timekeeper, other than those on the judges stand, made St. Julian's time less than 2.12 but the official score had to stand, Each horse had now earned a special purse of $2,000 offered to each. Mr. Stone, of Cincinnati, refused to let the mare be speeded again, and Hickok took the same position. Maud S. was trotted again, but she made her second mile in only 2.20¾, and excused from the third heat, while St. Julian's third was trotted in the very ordinary time of 2.24½. Handsome testimonials were presented to the drivers of both the king and queen of the turf, and this terminated the greatest trotting event the world has ever known.

Nutmegs.

Nutmegs grow on trees which look like pear trees, and are generally over twenty feet high. The flowers are very much like the lily of the valley. They are a pale yellow and very fragrant. The nutmeg is the seed of the fruit, and the mace is the thin covering of the seed. The fruit is about as large as a peach. When ripe it breaks open and shows the little nut inside. The trees grow on the islands of Asia, and in tropical America.

Hancock at the South.

"It was merely a social visit and no more," remarked General Hancock to the Herald reporter, when asked to give the particulars of his all-night visit to Greystone the country seat of ex-Governor Tilden. "Mr. Tilden invited me to Greystone some time ago to spend the night, and I made the visit pursuant to an engagement already made."

It was half past four o'clock yesterday afternoon when Gen. Hancock returned to Governor's Island. He looked fresh and had a cordial nod and pleasant smile for everybody; and certainly had nothing in his appearance to indicate a prolonged and wearisome vigil with Gov. Tilden over the subject matter or phraseological dress of his letter of acceptance. Late as the hour was quite a number were waiting to see him, although many having become tired had returned to the city. Among the visitors to the Island were Gen. D. M. DuBose, ex-member of Congress from Georgia; Gen, John T. Harris, member of Congress from Virginia, and Judge T. Mackey of South Carolina. While they were waiting the General's arrival, they talked very freely to the Herald reporter of political matters in their respective States. Each gave it as his unqualified opinion that his State would at the next election give a large majority for Hancock.

"Why," said Judge Mackay, "the election of Gen. Hancock is the most ardent wish of the Southern people. I will tell an incident that occurred in in my own town recently as an index of the Southern sentiment. Over 10,000 people collected to celebrate the completion of a monument to Confederate soldiers killed during the war, On the monumental shaft fifty feet high were the names of 2,800 who had sacrificed their lives in the great fratricidal strife, most of whom had fallen before Gen. Hancock's guns at Gettysburg. When the services were over the meeting resolved itself into a Hancock meeting. You never saw such enthusiasm. Men, women and children gave deafening cheers for Hancock."

"There is no less enthusiasm in my State," said Gen. DuBose. "The people there like Hancock, not only because he was a fighting man, but because when the war was over he was the first one to extend to them his hand."

"Last Fourth of July celebration was the first one," said Gen. Harris, "that has been celebrated in my state since 1860, and it was celebrated as much as anything over jubilation of the nomination of Gen, Hancock."

A Big Fast (or Yarn) by Big Foot Wallace.

Tanner, the fasting doctor, in New York city, received the following letter from "Big-Foot" Wallace, the noted Texas scout:

"In the year 1862 I was in the northwest portion of Texas, and while on a scout two companions and myself became detached from our company. We were attacked at night by the Indians, my two companions killed, and our horses stampeded. I escaped in the darkness with only the clothes on my back and my revolver and bowie knife. The next morning while attempting to reach a pool of water in a rocky ravine, I fell and fractured my left leg about midway between ankle and knee, both bones being broken. At the edge of the water pool was a deposit of tough tenacious wet clay. I bound the broken limb with my shirt torn in strips, and then plastered it over thickly with the clay keeping it as quiet as possible, and frequently renewing the clay poultice. During the first three or four days I suffered much from hunger. I used water sparingly, and kept my belt comfortably tight about my waist. For one day only, I think it was the 9th or 10th, I became flighty at intervals. The twenty-first day after the accident I removed the bandages and found to my great joy, the broken bones were re-united. Worked my way for several hundred yards, when I became exhausted and sought the shelter of a shelving rock, where I soon dropped into a fitful sleep that I was aroused from by the howling of a coyote wolf, which was but a few yards from me. I took deliberate aim, blazed away and killed him; then I cut his throat and sucked his blood until I had swallowed a pint or more, when I was compelled to stop by violent cramps in my stomach. After suffering untold agonies for an hour or more the pain gradually subsided, and I fell into a sound and refreshing slumber. This was the first food that had gone into my stomach for twenty-one days.

An almost insatiable desire seized me to fill my stomach with the raw flesh of the wolf. I knew it would be death to do so and partly relieved my hungry craving by chewing the flesh and only swallowing the juice. I roasted the hams of the wolf, on which I subsisted for the next two days, swallowing very little of the flesh, but all the juice I could extract by constant chewing. During the two days I walked eight miles and reached the fort, where I was received as one from the dead. I was put in hospital, and under skillful dietary management I slowly recovered my health and strength. My ordinary weight prior to my starvation was about 205 pounds. The second day after my return to the fort I weighed 126½. My height is 6 feet 1½ inches."

Triumphant completion of the Wonderful Fast of Dr. Tanner.

New York Aug. 7.—Dr Tanner completed his 40th day at noon to-day. As soon as the time was up the crowd cheered Tanner enthusiastically. About 1,000 persons were in the hall and an immense crowd on the side-walks. He at once drank a glass of milk and called for a Georgia watermelon. This he lapped, dug his hand into and ate heartily of. When remonstrated with, he asked to be left alone saying "No, my Lord; I am running this now."

When he placed a glass of milk to his mouth he remarked: "Gentlemen, you don't believe that's good."

The signal for the expiration of the fast was announced by a whistle in the vicinity. When it blew Tanner had a peach in his hand, but before he could put it in his mouth somebody snatched it from him. In response to the plaudits of the assemblage, Tanner, who was sitting upon a chair placed on the table, raised his handkerchief over his head.

At a quarter past twelve Tanner was taken from the table and left the hall in a coach in charge of Dr. Gunn, who took him to his own residence where he will undergo careful treatment.

During the morning about 2,000 people visited the hall.

Just before noon his temperature was found to be 99, pulse 92 and respiration 17. His weight at the end of the fast was 121½ pounds, showing a loss of 36 pounds during the forty days.

New York August 7.—On leaving the hall Dr Tanner walked, unassisted down stairs with a slice of melon in his hand. He received an ovation from the crowd in the street, shops and windows, and exhibited much gratification at the hearty reception. He ordered the covering of the carriage thrown back and joked and talked with the crowd that surrounded the vehicle. After two or three dozen persons had grasped his hand, two accompanying physicians had to grasp him by the arm and hold him in his seat to prevent him from tiring himself out, as they feared a serious reaction from the exertions. On reaching the residence of Dr. Gunn, Dr. Tanner at once lay down in the front parlor and endeavored to sleep. The milk and watermelon had not disagreed with him. Dr. Gunn himself is reported ill through exertion. At 7.30 he was resting quietly in good condition. He has eaten of watermelon in small quantities, three or four times without deleterious effect.

New York, August 7.—Dr. Tanner drank one ounce of Hungarian wine, after which he ate a small slice of a melon. At 4'30 he was eating with great relish a piece of beef steak. He did not swallow the fibre, but only partook of the juice of the meat. He saw no visitors during the afternoon, and was reported in excellent spirits.

Pacific Coast Salmon Fishing.

We were at Mr. Hume's cannery when one boat unloaded 174 fine salmon from one half a net. The men in the boat not having storage room for any more, the net was cut in two and the remainder of the fish taken into two other boats. It was supposed that nearly 500 fish had been caught in this one net. We saw two other men in another boat who were compelled to take up their net without stopping to extricate the fish. They had 228 salmon, all in one haul.—[Astorian.

Burdette's Escapes.

Sometimes when I look back over my life I am amazed to see how the pages of its record are dotted with hair-breadth escapes. I escaped the hardships and dangers of the revolutionary war by waiting until the war had been over about sixty years before I was born. When the Brooklyn theater burned I was in Burlington. When the yellow fever broke out in New Orleans I was in Minnesota and I immediately skipped out for Canada. When I was a boy in school one day all the boys in school were flogged all round for robbing an apple orchard, and the flogging didn't do a bit of good, for every beggar of them had the cholera morbus that night all the same. And I? I was attending another school twenty-three miles distant. When all of my brothers and sisters were down with the scarlet fever, I was south with the army, and when I read the letters from home I laughed aloud to think of my great good fortune, and that I would only have to be shot at once or twice a week instead of having to take medicine three times a day. When a man comes to the office with a little bill, nine times out of ten I am out. And if, by some astonishing blunder, I am in, then, indeed, I am more unfortunate, but the man is in no better luck than before.

A Georgian Mandarin.

Augusta (Ga.) Chronicle.

Dr. Young J. Allen, a missionary of the Methodist Church South, now at Shanghai, has been made a Mandarin by the Chinese government. He is the first foreigner who has received the distinguished honor. The position of Mandarin is a civil office of great dignity among the Chinese. The Emperor of China, in whom is vested the appointing power, never makes a Mandarin unless he is profoundly learned. Dr. Allen is a native of Georgia. He was born in Coweta county. He graduated at Emory College about the year 1860. Immediately after leaving college he went as missionary to China, where for twenty years he has done noble and devoted work among that people. So familiar is he with the Chinese tongue that for a number of years he has edited a literary review in that language. About two years ago he visited the United States. Before entering on his missionary labors he joined the North Georgia Conference, and is still a member of that body. He is a pure, noble learned man, and Georgia will certainly hear with pride of the marked distinction which he has won.

A Brave Boy.

A ten-year-old, whose legs were recently cut off by a train of cars at Dubuque, Iowa, was too plucky to make any fuss over the incident. When the little fellow was taken home his legs hung limp, but he did not complain. Not a tear stood in his eyes, but the tender look he gave those who stood by told plainly that he was suffering great agony. After the doctor had dressed his wound he called his parents, sisters and brothers to his bedside, kissed one and all farewell, and left a tear upon their cheeks. A second time he called his mother to his side, placed his little arms about her her neck, and said: "Mother, I am going to die in a few minutes. Please forgive me for not minding you." With this the little fellow fell back, and as the mother said, "Yes, my angel," and took another look at his face, she found him dead and beyond all pain and suffering.

Might as Well Have Been.

Quite a number of darkies, young and old, were fishing down on Kuhne's wharf yesterday, when a boy of about 12 fell off, and would have met with a watery grave had it not been for the energy and presence of mind of old Uncle Mose. After the boy was safely landed a bystander took occasion to praise old Mose for the heroism he had displayed.

"Is it your son?" asked the sympathetic bystander.

"No, Boss, but he mout jess as well a been. He had all the bait in his pocket."—[Galveston News.

A pretty actress settled her advertising bill with a Little Rock newspaper last week by kissing the editor. Arkansas editors don't get very rich, but they have a heap of fun.

The individual who first exclaimed, "My sole be on thy guard," was probably stepping along a dark alley lined with banana skins.