

SAN MARCOS FREE PRESS.

I. H. JULIAN, Publisher.

SAN MARCOS, TEXAS

TEXAS TOPICS.

Meridian Blade: During the year just closed there were 124 requisitions for fugitives issued by Governor Roberts, and during the same period only sixty-three warrants for arrests on requisitions from other states. This shows that the rascals are trying to get away from Texas, instead of coming here, as in former times.

Kaufman Sun. A capitalist has bought 50,000 acres of land in Stevens county, near Breckenridge, and is fencing it in. The commissioners court has granted him permission to fence the public roads by obligating himself to make large public gates and keeping parties at them at all hours of the day to open and close them. It is stated that the closing of this vast body of land has caused many to leave the county and kept thousands of immigrants from settling there. He paid \$2 per acre for the land, and has fenced it with barbed wire. In one direction it is fifteen miles across it.

Mt. Pleasant News: While southern farmers cultivate cotton and sugar estates for commission on merchants and not for themselves they can never grow rich. Western wheat growers tried it and were bankrupted by the "cent per cent." they paid, and there can be no popular prosperity where the habit prevails. The cash system is not only honest, but safe and profitable. Mortgages are thieves that steal by day and night all profits of industry. Wherever farms and homes are hedged in by mortgages crops are blighted, roses never blossom, houses are never repaired or painted, and the country goes to decay. When will Texian farmers show that their owners borrow nothing and pay no usury.

Panola Watchman: There are a great many things seen and unseen, in heaven and on earth, that we do not understand, but what puzzles us most is: We do not understand how farmers can afford to raise cotton for eight and ten cents and pay eighteen and twenty cents for bacon and lard. We don't understand why they will, as intelligent men, risk everything on cotton and pay ten cents a pound for beef. We don't understand how they can afford to sell corn at from twenty-five cents to a dollar, and pay such an enormous price for meat. We don't understand why they don't plant less cotton and more corn, and put the corn into meat. If they would do this they would get more for their cotton and get their meat for just about half what it now costs them.

How Long the National Debt Will Last.

From the New York Mail and Express.

A month ago it was thought that the reduction of the national debt for December would not be more than \$8,000,000 but the Treasury Department reports that it was more than \$15,000,000. The reduction during the first six months of the present fiscal year exceeds \$81,000,000, while the reduction during the whole of the fiscal year, which ended with June 30, 1882, was \$151,000,000. The total debt is now \$1,920,467,693.31. At the rate of last year's reduction the debt would be extinguished in about twelve years. It is not expected that the payment will continue to be as rapid, as it has been, but it is not improbable that the burden which reached its maximum in August, 1865, when the total national debt was \$2,844,649,626, will be obliterated seventeen years hence, when the year of 1,900 is ushered in. Crop failures and panics may retard the payment, and changes in the tariff may reduce the income of the government from the \$410,000,000 estimated as the receipts of the present fiscal year, but economy may effect a corresponding reduction in the \$395,000,000 expenditures of the government, estimated as the cost of the national establishment for the year ending with June 30, 1883, so that the end of the public debt may precede the end of the century.

The Southern Pacific—An Important Suit Decided.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., January 12.—In 1856 a project was formed for building the Southern Pacific Railroad, to run across Texas to the Pacific coast. The first link in the transcontinental chain was from Shreveport, La., to Marshall, Tex. By the time this was finished the enterprise broke down pecuniarily, and the road was several times sold out by a Sheriff. After the war, in the year 1866, the enter-

prise was revived, and the loan of \$150,000 was made to the road by a Louisville syndicate. The enterprise failed. In 1868 the road was sold and bought in by the Louisville syndicate, in order to secure their debt, they assuming to pay other prior mortgages and debts to the amount of about \$500,000. They took charge of the road and put about \$8,000,000 more into it, obtained the passage of a number of laws by the National Congress and the Texas Legislature in aid of the road, and at last succeeded, in 1877, in selling the property to the Texas Pacific Railroad Company for \$3,000,000 in land grant bonds. Gould and Vanderbilt afterward put \$28,000,000 more into the road, and it is now completed and forms a great trunk line from ocean to ocean. Stockholders in the old company who sold out in 1868 waited till 1873 and then brought suit in the Louisville Chancery Court against the Louisville syndicate to recover the road and all the profits the syndicate had made upon it. The case has been fought vigorously on both sides. It was argued and submitted in last November. To-day Chancellor Edwards returned a verdict in favor of the defendants. The Chancellor holds that there was no fraud on the part of defendants purchasing the road in 1868; that they were compelled to purchase to save their debt. He also holds that the suit is defective, because the trustees of the corporation, who properly represent it, are not parties to the suit; also that the delay of the old stockholders, from 1868 to 1873, before suing was such negligence as to prevent them from afterward asking the aid of the Chancellor to recover back from defendants the road, which they had made valuable during their delay by the free use of money, time and energy.

How to Ennoble Farming.

Poets have sung the praises of country life, but, with the exception of Bobbie Burns, very few of them have gathered their inspiration behind a plow. The practical farmer sees little poetry or romance in his pursuit, and the glory and honor are administered on the homeopathic plan—in minute doses. Farmers are apt to look at these things in a very practical way. They cannot see that farming is the surest and quickest way to independence, when they know that men of no greater ability than they possess make a fortune in a few months by stock-jobbing or contract work. They fail to discover the great honors and glory which await the faithful tillers of the soil, when the officers of the country are filled by lawyers, politicians or any other class capable of making spread-eagle speeches. It is all very well for poets to sing, artists to paint and orators to eulogize the charms of the farmer's life, but, while these glowing fancies fail to materialize, the farmer's enthusiasm is not likely to get above a normal temperature. The plain, unvarnished truth is, that toil is not ennobling. The man who swung a flail from sunrise to sunset through the winter months was respected for his industry, but he who invented the trashing-machine, which does the work of months in a few days, was rewarded with fortune and honor, because he emancipated millions from the slavery of toil. Farming will be ennobling when brains are recognized as more important than muscles, and intelligent system takes the place of mechanical routine. It will be ennobling when farmers are elected to make the laws which they pay to have executed, and are not used as the instruments of political wire-pullers. The time is coming when farmers will learn their strength and assert their power. Labor-saving implements give the farmer more time to read and study. He will in time learn that it is pleasanter and more profitable to govern than to be governed.

I fight for all, says the soldier;
I pray for all, says the priest;
I legislate for all, says the lawyer;
I pay for all, says the farmer.

This epigram may sometime be completed, when the farmer can add, "I govern all."—*Western Plowman.*

CLARK MILLS, the sculptor, is dead. Among his distinguished works are statue of Liberty on the dome of the capitol and the equestrian statue of Gen. Jackson on Lafayette square, Washington, and a similar statue of Jackson in New Orleans. So evenly are these statues balanced the horse stands on one hind foot and bears the whole weight of the bronze casting. He began life as a plasterer and for several years worked at his trade in Washington.

A NORWEGIAN woman, living in Nebraska, had never seen nor heard much about bears. That's the reason she followed one with a club the other day, and that's the reason bruin gave her a hug that broke three ribs.

MEAT ON THE ROOF.

The Great Cattle Range in the Indian Territory. Special Correspondence of the Globe-Democrat.

WICHITA, Kan., January 6, 1882.—The late order issued from Washington by Indian Commissioner Price to the Government Agent Tufts, at Muskogee, I. T., warning all white herders ranging in the Cherokee outlet to remove their stock within twenty days has caused no little consternation among cattle men in this section, a large number of whom reside in this city, and have herds running into the thousands on the Cherokee strip. It is a fact that Major Drum, Mr. Tuttle and other heavy dealers and owners of cattle in the Indian Territory, having first perfected arrangements with the head men and chiefs of certain Indian tribes, have gone to great expense and fenced large areas of lands belonging to certain reservations, converting the same into immense pasture fields. That in these fields enormous herds of cattle are being held. As a sample of the extent of the fenced acres in the Territory, your correspondent being this fall with a party of gentlemen in the Indian Territory on a hunting expedition: The party entered the eastern gates of a pasture field at 8 o'clock in the morning, and traveling westward during the day passed through the western gates at 6 o'clock in the evening, and yet this is only one of several large pasture fields in the Indian Territory. It is said that Major Drum alone has sixty miles of fence. The fences are built of cedar posts and three strans of barbed wire. The cattle business of the Indian Territory has grown to immense proportions, there being at present no less than 200,000 head of cattle on the range. It is also a source of considerable revenue to the Indians, who charge what is called the "Indian tax" of 50 cents per head per annum on all cattle ranged in the Territory, the tax being payable to the tribe on whose reservation the cattle are ranged. The late trouble seems to be entirely with the Cherokees. The complaint as to the fencing of lands is said to have originated from one Phillips, formerly of Kansas, who now resides in Washington D. C., and claims to be the attorney for the Cherokee tribe of Indians. It seems, however that Phillip's relations with the Cherokees are not altogether harmonious, as Chief Busby has lately reduced Phillip's annual salary from \$6,000 to \$2,000 per annum. When left alone the Cherokees are a quiet and well-disposed tribe, about half civilized, in fact as much so as is possible to civilize any Indian tribe, and on the revenues given by the Government and the annual tax-money derived from cattle men, get along very nicely. Certain meddlesome parties, however, insist in keeping them disturbed. The cattle business of the Indian Territory from a small beginning of a few years ago has now grown to immense proportions. Instead of being discouraged and hampered by the Government, it should be encouraged and protected in every possible manner. The great Territory range is now one of the great meat centers of the world, and yet it is only in its infancy. For this business the Territory presents great natural advantages—soil, climate, nourishing grasses and water in abundance. The governmental policy is entirely wrong. Call back the "melish," and give the cattle men a chance.

The "Old Fashioned Hog."

At a dinner the other night, says H. W. Grady, after the trash had been disposed of, two roast pigs, each with an apple in his mouth, were brought in and set in front of the host and hostess. I had not seen such a thing in years, but it was a savory reminder of many a lavish board under which my youthful legs had twined about each other in ecstasy.

There's a good deal of sentiment in the memories that hang about the hog. Where is there a festival that compares in solid enjoyment with "hog-killing time" on an old plantation? How many a time have I sat on the warm side of a big fire in the cold of a December dawn and licked my frozen chops as I watched the sleek carcasses being drawn and quartered, or hung over the huge scalding pot, like a young Macbeth over the witches caldron!

How the glories of those festive occasions come trooping into my mind as I write! The first trophies that come to the youngsters who were happy enough to be present, were the bladders that, blown up and tied, operated as gun or impromptu football, or dried and laid away, were exploded on Christmas as the opening gun. Then come the tails to be roasted in the embers of this fire or that, and stay the demon that was unchained in the youthful stomach, while the hogs were laid on a rail-pile to freeze during the night. The next

day came the spare-ribs with their crisp and clinging fat, and the backbone with its unutterable marrow. These elemental delights past, then came the more intricate process of cutting the leaf lard into little white blocks that were thrown into the pots from which came the sweetest and purest lard, and those dry brown bits into which all the savor and the essence and the soul of the hog seemed imprisoned—the cracklings! (Stop a moment!) pardon this emotion. There—its over now.

And from the crackling the fatty-bread—and the head cheese, and the chitterlings, and the smoked jowls, and the brains, and the liver, and the shoulder, and the feet, first boiled and then fried in batter. And after this the over-worked sausage-grinder, that wheezed and coughed as it was well nigh choked to death with chunks of fat and strips of lean, or strangled to death with red pepper and salt, or tickled to death with sage leaves, but nevertheless filled pans, pots and skins and maws with odorous sausage, until it must have itself been astonished at what it had done. And then the mince meat, which is at once the meeting point and the resultant of all the edible felicities. And last of all—after every part and particle of this precious animal, save and except the brain and haslets, had been absorbed with thanks and praise—the old smoke-house with its earthy smell, its "dim, religious light," its "smouldering fire," of hickory chips in the pit dug in the centre of its dirt floor, its winding rat holes haunted the winter through by keen young sportsmen, and its vague and blackened rafters beyond the aspirations of all save the most daring climbers, and their slender cross-sticks from which were clustered festoons of sausage links sweetening in their skins as nuts in their shells—genial middlings on white-oak splints and hams that ripened and grew flavorful in their seclusion, absorbing month after month the aroma of the earth, and of the sifted ashes that were sprinkled over them, and of the sweet chips that burned beneath them, and of the odorous smoke that floated about them, and of the night winds that stole through the loosely-shingled roof above them.

This may all be very foolish. It is fashionable now to berate the hog, mainly, I think, because hog-killing has become a business now instead of a sentiment, and because hogs are killed in slaughter-pens rather than in the open woods, and sausage made of beef rather than pork, and hams sweetened in a night with sugar and cured in a day with chemicals rather than with the gentle influences bred of air and earth and forest in the long and patient vigils that nature requires of all things she brings to perfection. Be this as it may, the hog in all its particulars is appreciated in high life. The late Senator Hill loved nothing so well as a plate of chitterlings.

I have seen Governor Herschel V. Johnson eat a pig's ear with infinite relish. What were Governor Brown's collards (I refuse to spell it coleworts) to that great and good man, if underlying historic love for this fine esculent there was not an unconfessed love for hog's jowl. I once saw General Gordon rushing through Wall street, when we both had more stocks than was healthy, with a bucket of hog's brains that he had bought from a down-town butcher for his table at the St. James. Gov. Stephens dotes on broiled ham, and the nearest to death Gen. Toombs ever came was from indigestion caused by overeating of head-cheese; so that a little more hog's head might have prevented secession.

More than one historian holds that Lee's army was never whipped until the bacon had given out and it had to fall back on beef.

From singing-school the lover comes,
His girl upon his arm, And sitteth by
her father's fire, And waiteth to get
warm. A foot at half past one is
heard, The twain doth quickly scoot,
For fear of being too well warmed By
her fond parent's boot.

COLORADO paid \$18,000,000 for imported provisions last year, or more than half the gross amount of bullion taken out of her mines. This does not include the money paid out for clothes, whisky and tobacco, which about cleaned up the balance.

J. C. COFIELD'S Point Houmas plantation, in Louisiana, has finished grinding. The result is 1,100,000 pounds of sugar from 350 acres of cane. This is the largest crop of sugar made on the Houmas place since the war.

ABOUT the time a boy begins to speak of his mother as the "old lady" is about the time that a boot-jack has a chance to make a great man of him.

THE journalist, like the carpenter, makes a living by means of his ads.

The Disgrace of Texas.

"Thermopylae had its messenger of defeat; the Alamo had none." This is the legend emblazoned on every Texas celebration; it voluntarily springs to the lips of every Texan at the slightest mention of the Alamo, and it is the text from which sermons are preached on the prowess and heroic deeds of the brave men who fought and bled and died within those old historic walls. And the transition to other scenes of valorous achievement is an easy and a natural one, and San Jacinto, Goliad and other noted fields are descended upon until the listening stranger stands awed under the retical until he fairly imbibes a portion of the patriotic fervor of those who tell the story, and exclaims, What a glorious people they must be! What a history have they! How generous in their admiration and applause of acts of heroism! Now graceful for the blessings of the blood of the martyrs named, what a heritage was left them! How rich in public lands, and public coffers filled to overflowing! Oh! brave and generous Texans!

It is in other parts of the state only not in San Antonio, however, that the stranger thus exclaims. Here he looks within the sacred walls, stained by the blood of heroes, and sees casks of beer where Crockett fell, and packages of soap and lard piled high where Bowie's life went out through gaping wounds, and a pyramid of axle grease where Travis fought unto the very death, and then the stranger's lips do curl in laughty scorn as he claims, "What vain and idle boasters these Texans are! To hear them talk one would think they were constantly in a high fever of patriotic fervor and admiration for the heroes they vaunt as kith and kin, and yet here is the scene of their greatest boast, their "cradle of liberty," their almost sainted Alamo, converted into a ware house; a standing monument to the niggardness of a people who can boast by the hour of the greatness and glory of themselves reflected from the ancient pile!"

While Texas was poor, its treasury bare, and the tax-gatherer met with dread, there was some excuse for confining our admiration to words, but in all the galaxy of states to-day there is not one with a lighter resting debt, or with better filled public vault than the Lone Star state, and we can no longer point out the Alamo to a stranger without bringing us into contempt, without causing derisive smiles by the tales we tell.

If the next legislature will not remove the cause of our disgrace in the eyes of our neighbors, let them be merciful enough to place an embargo on the use of the word "Alamo," and tear the name from the historic pile, so that visitors from abroad will not be attracted to the evidence of our shame and parsimony.

Bill Nye's Advice to a Correspondent.

She may be giddy, but she's just about sized you up in shape, and no doubt if you keep on trying to love her without her knowledge or consent she will hit you with something and put a Swiss sunset over your eye. Do not yearn to win her affections all at once. Give her twenty or thirty years in which to see your merits. You will have more to entitle you to her respect by that time, no doubt. During that time you may rise to be President and win a deathless name.

The main thing you have to look out for now is to restrain yourself from marrying people who do not want to marry you. The style of freshing will, in thirty or forty years, wear away. If it does not, probably the vigorous big brother of some "young lady of 17" will consign you to the silent tomb. Do not try to promenade with a young lady unless she gives her consent. Do not marry one against her wishes. Give the girl a chance. She will appreciate it; and, even though she may not marry you, she will permit you to sit on the fence and watch her when she goes to marry some one else. Do not be despondent. Be courageous, and some day, perhaps, you will get there. At present the horizon is a little bit foggy.

As you say, she may be so giddy that she doesn't want steady company. There is a glimmer of hope in that. She may be waiting till she gets over the agony and annoyances of teething before she looks seriously into the matter of matrimony. If that should turn out to be the case we are not surprised. Give her a chance to grow up, and in the mean time go and learn the organ-grinder's profession, and fix yourself so that you can provide for a family. Sometimes a girl only 17 years old is able to discern that a young intellectual giant like you is not going to make a dazzling success of life as a husband. Brace up and try to forget your sorrow, and yet may be happy yet.—*Laramie Beecher.*