

# FREE PRESS.

ISAAC H. JULIAN, - - - Editor  
SAN MARCOS, TEXAS.

THURSDAY, APRIL 23, 1885.

[ENTERED AT THE POST OFFICE AT SAN MARCOS, TEXAS, AS SECOND CLASS MATTER.]

All Communications for the Free Press should be sent in on Monday to ensure insertion the same week, and all advertisements and business notices not later than Wednesday noon.

Periodicals not communicated published unless the writer's real name accompanies it, not for publication unless desired; but for our own benefit and protection.

## TO ADVERTISERS.

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. San Marcos, the county seat, is a growing town of some 1800 inhabitants. It is situated on the International and Great Northern Railroad, running from St. Louis via Austin, the capital of the State, and San Antonio, her largest city, into Mexico. San Marcos is thirty miles from Austin and fifty miles from San Antonio. It is noted for its religious and educational privileges, and as the center of a splendid agricultural and stock country and excellent community, also for the celebrated springs, half a mile above, which boil up from the bowels of the earth at the foot of the mountains, forming the San Marcos river, and constituting at once a great natural curiosity, and inexhaustible water power. It already has water-works, an ice-factory, several mills, etc.

The Free Press has been published by its present proprietor for over eleven 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 of well-to-do farmers and business men. In this respect it has no superiors in the State. See table of advertising rates on first page.

The Free Press office also has all the requisite facilities for doing all kinds of Job Printing in the best modern styles, at Austin, San Antonio and Galveston prices. Call and see samples. Prompt attention given to orders from a distance.

The Texas veterans are in session at Sherman.

England and Russia have patched up a peace or truce.

Cyclones have recently been rather prevalent in north Texas.

Richard Grant White, an eminent American author and scholar, died on the 8th inst., aged 63.

Mr. Frelinghuysen, secretary of state under Arthur, is reported in a dying condition.

Lieutenant Governor Gibbs is acting governor during Governor Ireland's absence of some two weeks at the Exposition.

The Prince and Princess of Wales were well received at Dublin, but their presence caused riots at Cork and elsewhere.

General Grant has for several days been decidedly improving. The New York Sun says his disease is not cancer after all. If not he will probably recover. Rough on his doctors.

James D. Fish, a prominent banker of New York city, a partner of the Grant & Ward swindle, has been found guilty and sentenced for a long term in the state prison.

H. G. Pearson, the present postmaster of New York, has been reappointed by President Cleveland on the petition of the business men of the city. He has over 1,700 employees under his charge, and the salary is \$8,000 per annum. His appointment is an admitted concession to Cleveland's republican supporters of the Empire state.

W. A. J. Sparks, of Illinois, an ex-member of congress, has been appointed commissioner of the general land office at Washington. A miserable poor appointment. He is, in our opinion, entirely unfit for it, and does not deserve it. The best place for him is that of a private citizen.

Thus speaks Nat Q. Henderson, of one of Secretary Lamar's appointments. Has Nat a grievance against Mr. Sparks, or what is the matter?

**A Prophecy Fulfilled.**  
We are not enemies, but friends. We must not be enemies. Though passion may have strained, it must not break our bonds of affection. The mystic chords of memory, stretching from every battle-field and patriot grave [of the Revolution] to every living heart and hearthstone all over this broad land, will yet swell the chorus of Union, when again touched, as surely they will be, by the better angels of our nature.

The above is the conclusion of President Lincoln's first inaugural address. The time has at last come, we think, when men of all sections of "this broad land" can appreciate its beauty and pathos—nay, more, when its truthfulness will be generally acknowledged. The "better angels of our nature" are in the ascendant.

## FROM ST. LOUIS.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

St. Louis, April 16, 1885.

Editor Free Press: The horrible and ghastly discovery made in room 141 of the Southern hotel yesterday morning utterly beats the record in the history of crime. Two stylish and dandish young Englishmen of wealth and culture came from the east and registered at the hotel about April 3d. First came Walter H. Lennox-Maxwell, M. D., whose foppish and intensely stylish and effeminate manners attracted the attention of all. He was a veritable ape and perfect dupe with a walk like a woman. It a few days came C. Arthur Preller and registered at the Southern and took a room near Lennox-Maxwell's. Preller, who was a man of wealth, was traveling through the world leisurely and partly on business as representative of his father's extensive commercial interests in England. The young men became acquainted in crossing the ocean on the steamer Coshalonia. Maxwell was short of money. Preller had thousands. "Dr." Maxwell from the moment of that fatal meeting tracked his acquaintance and dogged his steps all over the eastern cities till by frequent letters and telegrams he coaxed his victim to St. Louis. At the hotel they were intimate, occupied each other's rooms, drank freely, and were having a good time generally.

On Easter Sunday while the whole city seemed to enjoy the beautiful Easter Day, the most cold blooded and awful tragedy ever perpetrated in St. Louis was consummated in room 141. Nothing in the weird and diseased imagination of Edgar A. Poe could exceed the realities of that frightful scene. Maxwell administered to Preller some corrosive poison, evidently in a glass of champagne, then hastened to a drug store quickly, procured a large quantity of chloroform with which he plied his victim until his writhing struggles and groans were quiet in death. He then forced the body into a large cheap trunk purchased for the purpose the day before, and screwing the lid, went to his supper at 10 o'clock. The next day, Monday, the murderer, after robbing his dead companion of his money and effects, made many purchases, shaved off his fuzzy beard, put himself (as he said), in disguise of a Yankee, and leaving the room and its contents scattered over the floor and his murdered friend and countryman in the trunk, fled towards San Francisco there to take the steamer City of Sydney, on the 11th of April, bound for Auckland, New Zealand.

Your correspondent viewed the disfigured remains of Preller at the morgue a few moments after the removal from the hotel. It was a sight never to be forgotten. On the inside of the trunk the murderer attempted to mislead and deceive the outraged community by the following inscription to make believe the murder had a political significance instead of theft: "So perish all traitors to the Great Cause." Nothing, however, will baffle or defeat the diligence of the police; every city in the United States and England have the particulars, and the wretch will be hunted down speedily. The excitement here is intense.

Yesterday the new democratic mayor, David R. Francis, took possession of his office, and the whole republican administration will step down and out.

The spring weather has come to us at last to stay, we hope.

CARL SMITH.

The State Convention of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, of Texas, will convene at Dallas, May 8th and continue through the 10th. On the 7th inst. there will be a prohibition meeting of all temperance bodies; at night a cold water banquet. Able addresses will be delivered on the occasion, and during the exercises of the convention several of the leading women of the W. C. T. U. will read articles relating to the subject of temperance and the workings of the organizations. We hope to have a large attendance from all portions of the state and trust that our workers will be encouraged and the cause strengthened.

ELIZABETH O. DANIELLY, State Supt. Press Dept. W. C. T. U.

**Prospective Prohibition Candidates.**  
Pittsburg, April 17.—The prohibitionists are already outlining their campaign for the next presidential election. Secretary Swanson, of this city, in an interview to-day, said: "The candidates will come, one from the strongest northern state, the other from the strongest southern state. Judge Hopkins, of New York, will almost certainly head the ticket, and Senator Colquitt, of Georgia, will be the candidate for the second place on the ticket. Judge Hopkins, in 1882, polled 28,000 votes in the gubernatorial election, and Senator Colquitt is one of the most popular men of the south. Although still a member of the democratic party, we have assurance that in the next presidential election he would sever his alliance from the old party. The two men I have named will, in all probability, be our ticket three years hence."

## WASHINGTON LETTER.

From Our Regular Correspondent.

WASHINGTON, Apr. 13th, 1885.

I do not think it exaggeration to say that many of the government offices in Washington have accomplished more work in the last month than was accomplished in any two months of the preceding year. I say many of the offices, for some of them have not done much for the reason that there is not much for them to do. A large number of the officers, owing to the negligence, idleness, and incompetence of the clerks are far behind with their work. This is especially the case with the patent, pension, and land offices, but within the last month wonderful progress has been made, and it is probable that the vexatious and unnecessary delays that have driven applicants for patents and pensions to despair will be suffered no longer.

From the president down to his last appointment, the personnel of the administration is capable of hard work, and it has evidently this object in view, more than pleasure, emolument, or fame. The cabinet of the new president are not men with itching palms. They are all men of sufficient wealth, or men to whom their wealth is sufficient. So it is with the recent bureau appointees, a gentleman whose fortune is not less than \$150,000 was last week appointed to an office in one of the departments, the salary of which is only \$3000. He did not need the office, but the office needed him.

Heretofore the staples of recommendation for office have been poverty, and patriotism. He needs office, he has a large family, and he was a good soldier. No question as to fitness was considered, and the civil service has been made an elegant and lucrative asylum for incompetent disabled soldiers, and dishonest republican politicians. It is needless to say that this is a perversion of the object of government offices, which have for their end the transaction of the postal, military, naval, and financial business of the country. The United States pension and bounty laws have paid with a lavishness unparalleled in history for the service which every man owes to his country, and it is time this false philanthropy and sentimental statesmanship of appointing men to offices they do not need and are not competent to fill, should end.

There are a great many office seekers in the city at present. The old crowd that came here on or about the fourth of March is pretty well thinned out. Some of them linger because they cannot borrow money to get home. But a new crowd has come in the last two weeks. Their disappointment and chagrin on learning the situation of affairs is picturesque. All applicants are handed a copy of the civil service law, and a blank application for examination. The president does not consider any appointments for small offices, and none will be made until after the first of July. The new administration seems more anxious just now to empty than to fill offices, and each week results in the discharge of a number of those who have been kept on the government pay rolls, although they have rendered no legitimate service. If the discharge of this class shall be made through and exhaustive, literal millions will be saved annually, and the morale of the service will be greatly improved.

The daily routine at the White House involves an immense amount of work. And although President Cleveland is relieved of much work by his secretary, Col. Lamont, yet a great quantity has to receive his personal attention. The president is ready for work at eight o'clock in the morning, and is usually busy until midnight. About ten o'clock he requires the perusal of such letters as require his special attention. The great bulk of those sent to the president marked "personal" and "confidential," is never seen by him. They are from all sorts of people and on all sorts of subjects. Many of them are of a character that would seem to entitle the writer to a place in the lunatic asylum. It is not uncommon for these writers to send ten and twenty page letters, and some of them enclose their photographs. These letters are carefully culled and placed on the eccentric file, and not more than eight or ten letters per day receive the special attention of the president.

The saloon business differs from every legitimate business mainly in this—that the more of it there is done in a community, the worse off that community is. Every dry goods store added to a town makes it richer. Every additional saloon makes it poorer. The dry goods stores must be closed on Sunday. The saloons may be kept open. Every body of civilized men, except law-makers, ever guilty of such absurdity.—National American.

## MEMORIAL COLUMN.

APRIL 23rd, 1881.  
HE IS DEAD.

"The pillow next my own  
Is never ruffled by a shining head;  
My singing birdling from his nest has flown  
The little boy I used to kiss—is dead!"  
Again bright Spring her floral banner rears  
O'er all the beauteous earth with regal sway,  
While her fair train of bounding joys appears  
With welcoming songs attendant on her way;  
All the wide landscape, clothed in living green  
And flower-bedecked, before the eye is spread;  
But my sad heart the gay and gladsome scene  
Can nevermore delight, since—he is dead.  
The laurel's purple blooms bedeck the hills,  
The agave's clustering berries show,  
While many a modest wild-flower's fragrance fills  
The rocky glens and smiling vales below;  
The woodlands waft the mocking-bird's blithe song,  
While leaps the sportive squirrel overhead,  
And balmy breezes echoes sweet prolong,—  
But how can I rejoice, when—he is dead?

Wide o'er the prairie's emerald expanse  
The future harvest buds with promise fair,  
And bright San Marcos' rippling wavelets dance,  
Reflecting clearly heaven's own radiance there,—  
Emblem of life's pure river's fadeless sheen,  
Revealed to ours by inspiration led,—  
But even the glories of this peerless scene  
Have lost their charms for me, since—he is dead.

For I recall how he with me surveyed  
Full oft this round of nature's loveliness,  
In all her fairy, pristine charms arrayed,  
Which his young being so conspired to bless,  
Our wanderings beneath the placid sky,  
The light and joy his loving presence shed,—  
The scene is still the same, but to my eye  
The crowning grace is lost, for—he is dead.

Nature is all unchanged; the scenes of home  
Have undergone no transformation strange;  
Still fraught with memories of him they come  
Since he passed through death's sad, mysterious change;  
But in the village and the walks of man  
Change upon change has come, as time has sped,  
And he who noted all in life's brief span,  
They have outstript for aye, for—he is dead.

But never to me shall thus his memory pass,  
Light of my earthly life, now lone and dark;  
There is no respite for my grief; alas,  
Mine was no common loss—the vital spark  
Never on earth illumed a nobler soul;  
And till I share his narrow earthly bed,  
No waning love for him shall me control—  
No lessening grief to think that—he is dead.

The shadows lengthen—and our mortal clay  
Shall soon be mingled in yon peaceful glade,  
Where, then the turtle dove's sad, soothing lay,  
No ruler round the precincts shall invade;  
Then through God's grace, I trust, our souls shall meet—  
All memory of earth's ills and sorrows fled—  
And I, rejoicing in that union sweet,  
Forget I ever lamented—"he is dead!"

The dead, the much loved dead,  
Thou dost not seem to know,  
Thou dost not seem to care,  
And to what land they go?  
What heart but asks with ceaseless tone  
For some sure knowledge of its own;  
We love them, love them yet,  
But is our love returned?  
Is memory's heart now cold and dark  
Where once the heart fire burned?  
—Anon.

OH, BID ME NOT FORBEAR TO WEEP.  
Oh, bid me not forbear to weep,  
But let those tears unceasing flow;  
Or else this bursting heart will break,  
O'erwhelmed with speechless woe.  
Oh, would that I could then have died,  
When my life's life was torn away—  
That I might lay this weary head  
Beside my darling's lifeless clay.

That last fond look can I forget?  
The soft brown hair, the marble brow,  
The silken locks' fringe of jet?  
The cold pale cheek—I see them now!  
How on thy lips the parting smile  
Too lovely seemed for sight on earth,  
Told that the pangs that rent our hearts,  
Had given another angel birth!

Alas! the earth, since thou art gone,  
Seems but a desert, waste and bare,  
And heaven itself no joy could bring.  
If thou, my darling, wert not there,  
Oh, when my heart grew faint with woe  
Why did its pulses throbb' again?  
And sunk beneath the sudden blow  
Why wake to never ceasing pain?

I still had hoped that thou wouldst be  
The boundless ocean where would pour  
The river of my troubled thoughts,  
And that hope forever o'er;  
But much I strove my love to hide,  
Lest I might seem to worship thee,  
Till best the tenderness and pride  
It changed to fond idolatry.

No loving hand leads me to rest,  
The lips I know, the soulful eyes  
Must seek me out in Paradise.  
Ah, me! joy is a glory known  
In dreams alone, in dreams alone!  
—Anon.

## COMPENSATION.

Beloved, tho' thy life be torn from mine,  
And single handed I am left to meet  
The jars of fate, the cruelties of time  
Without thy love, which made all things complete,  
Still having known the best that life can give,  
I am content while kneeling by the earth  
Which covers all that made life sweet to live—  
And tho' I am bereft, and feel the death  
Of every joy, yet something still I keep—  
The flowers of memory, and a place to weep.  
—Anon.

## The Governor's Veto.

The Fort Worth Gazette has an Austin special of the 15th prefacing a synopsis of Governor Ireland's veto of the land bill as follows:  
The long expected veto to the land bill was issued to-day and is a voluminous document. It sets out by stating that the bill is unconstitutional because the caption is wrong, as there is no connection between the school, university and asylum lands and the public lands in the unorganized counties, the latter belonging to the state proper and the proceeds going to the general revenue. In the one case the constitution provides for the sale and in the other the legislature. He objects to the unlimited lease and says:

"It will not soon be forgotten what the country experienced during the last two years in turmoil, strife and in the sacrifice of life, in some instances, caused by permitting vast areas of territory to fall under one management. By the provisions of this bill whole counties may be owned and controlled for a term of years by one person or by an aggregation of capital. Under the former leases and policy vast regions have fallen into the same hands, and to-day the great body of the people of this state are not only debarred the right of free transit or passage through neighboring states and territories, but those holding tenures under this state in the northwest are threatening the interior and south with violence should they attempt to pass or drive stock through that country on their way to distant markets.

"By no act of mine will I ever sanction the acquisition of the vast bodies of land by one management. It is not correct public policy, nor is it just to the great mass of our citizens."

Relating to litigation, he thinks it is impossible for the attorney generally to attend the suits and thinks it would have been better to have given the district and county attorneys authority to do so.

He further objects to the bill because the bill provides for a forfeiting of land without any judicial proceeding, and to undertake to eject a lessee without a hearing in the civil courts would be a violation of the bill of rights.

He objects to the provision allowing a purchaser to lease a certain number of sections over some other lessee.

He objects to the provision permitting the sale of timbered lands, as they are not sufficiently described.

He objects to the preference of the right given parties now on the ground to lease or purchase, and objects to selling fractions of sections in organized counties to any except actual settlers. He thinks these scraps should be carefully guarded and saved for pre-emption.

He objects to the sale of watered lands, and says there is no valid excuse for placing them on the market at \$2 per acre.

Says the governor: "Give me control of the watered lands and I will be virtually owner of all the surrounding country. If access cannot be had to the streams the lands will remain free to those who can control the water. It requires no stretch of the imagination to see that it is but a few years if this bill should become a law until the large capitalists would own the watered lands and command all the balance. The present law is unwieldy and awkward but under its operation the school, university and asylums will remain for the next two years owners of the land and subject to the disposition of future legislatures, provided the land board should not dispose of them. I think it infinitely safer and better, having a conscientious regard for all the interests of the state, to leave them in this condition."

**SWACOBS OIL**  
TRADE MARK  
THE GREAT  
**GERMAN REMEDY**  
FOR PAIN.  
CURES  
Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica,  
Lumbago, Backache, Headache, Toothache,  
Sore Throat, Swelling, Sprains, Bruises,  
Stomach, Neuralgia, Neuralgia,  
And all other SOOTHY PAINS AND AFFECTIONS.  
Sold by Druggists and Dealers everywhere. Price 25 Cents each.  
Prepared by J. L. SWACOB, St. Louis, Mo.  
Beware of cheap imitations.

**HOSTETTER'S**  
STOMACH  
**BITTERS**  
The Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is a powerful medicine, and the active principle of the Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the only one of its kind in the world. It is a powerful medicine, and the active principle of the Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the only one of its kind in the world. It is a powerful medicine, and the active principle of the Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is the only one of its kind in the world.

**STEELE & CODE,**  
San Marcos Ice Factory.  
pr123tf  
**MUSIC.**  
A New Stock of  
**ORGANS**  
Just received direct from Manufacturers at Prices and on terms to suit everybody.  
WILL TRADE AN ORGAN FOR COWS OR HORSES.  
Call and see the goods and get prices. All kinds of Organs  
**TUNED AND REPAIRED,**  
Satisfaction Guaranteed.  
—S. P. CHASTAIN—  
Coffield Place, San Marcos, Texas.  
apr 16tf

## A First-Class SEWING MACHINE

**\$18.00**

Fully equal to the ordinary \$65 Machine.

THE WEEKLY DETROIT FREE PRESS and the Household for one year, and the Free Press Sewing Machine With all attachments only \$18.00.

## THE IMPROVED WATERBURY WATCH

AND NICKEL-PLATED CHAIN,

**\$3.50.**

THE WEEKLY DETROIT FREE PRESS for one year and the Improved Waterbury Watch and Chain mailed to any address, postage paid, on receipt of \$3.50.

Send for sample copy and full particulars.  
THE FREE PRESS CO., Detroit Mich. It

## Agency for The

## SOUTHERN GEM NURSERIES DALLAS TEXAS.

The undersigned Agents for the above popular establishment for the counties of Caldwell, Hays and Bastrop and adjacent neighborhoods are prepared to fill orders for anything in its large and varied stock, adapted to Southern climate and soil, and guarantee all trees, plants, etc. Fruit Trees of the choicest varieties, also Flowers and Shrubbery in variety. Fruit trees Cheaper than Ever Before.

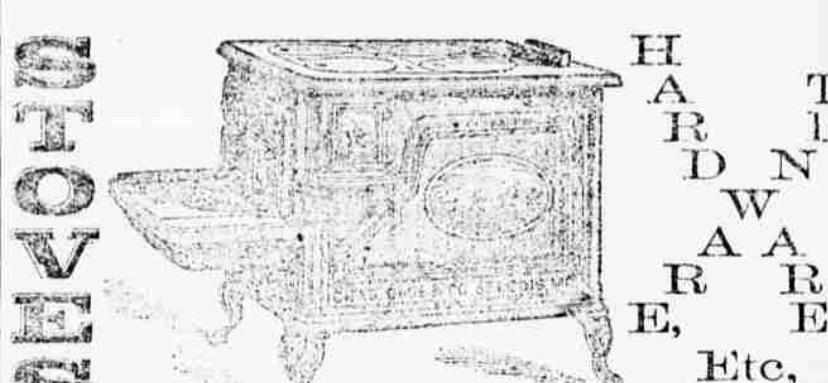
We will call and solicit your orders in person.

E. GRIESENBECK.  
S. C. GILL.

April 16, 1885. 3m

## MARTIN HINZIE, Wholesale and Retail GROCER,

Dealer in



SAN MARCOS, - - - TEXAS.

SOUTHEAST CORNER PUBLIC SQUARE. feb15

## ED. CHRISTIAN & CO. SAN MARCOS, TEX.

Dealers in All Kinds of

## LUMBER!

SHINGLES, SASH, DOORS, BLINDS;

White Pine Weatherboarding,

White Pine Beaded Ceiling.

EVERYTHING IN THEIR LINE ALWAYS ON HAND.

Lumber Dressed to Order. All Orders Promptly Filled.

OFFICE AND YARD Near the Railroad Depot.

## ICE! ICE! ICE!

All Persons desiring to Receive  
**ICE**  
will please call at our Feed Store and make arrangements by purchasing Tickets or otherwise. Tickets may also be purchased of our driver.

STEELE & CODE,  
San Marcos Ice Factory.

pr123tf  
**MUSIC.**

A New Stock of

**ORGANS**

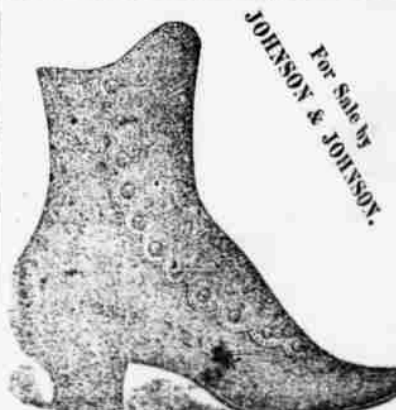
Just received direct from Manufacturers at Prices and on terms to suit everybody.

WILL TRADE AN ORGAN FOR COWS OR HORSES.

Call and see the goods and get prices. All kinds of Organs

**TUNED AND REPAIRED,**  
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

—S. P. CHASTAIN—  
Coffield Place, San Marcos, Texas.  
apr 16tf



J. E. Morris,  
Manufacturer of

Wagons, Carriages, Etc.

GENERAL BLACKSMITHING.

Dealer in

AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS,

SAN MARCOS TEXAS.

All kinds of Carriage Painting.

FARMERS, call and examine the

Celebrated Jackson Harrow

And "BOSS" Planter.

50% Work done as cheap as at any shop in San Marcos. feb12f

DR. A. J. KOLB,  
Physician & Surgeon.  
SAN MARCOS, TEX.  
Office and residence in the old U. S. school property, opposite the Christian church.