

STATE EVENTS.

An Epitome of Recent Doings in Texas.

Elected Officers.

Galveston, Tex., Aug. 5.—At the last day's session at the United Confederate Veterans of Texas the pending amendment to the state constitution relative to Confederate soldiers and widows was indorsed.

April 26 was selected as Decoration day for the entire state.

The second Friday of next May and the Saturday following were selected as the dates for next year's meeting and Austin for the place.

A committee was appointed to draft a suitable burial ritual.

The following officers were elected: J. R. Polley, a survivor of Hood's brigade, major general; brigadier general, northwest division, Major K. M. Van Zandt; central division, W. H. Richardson; southeast division, C. C. Bevins; northeast division, E. G. Flower, and southwest division, Sam Maverick.

Miss Winifred Adamson, a beautiful young English woman, suicided at Fort Worth, Tex.

Mortar Battery For Galveston.

Galveston, Tex., Aug. 8.—Major Quinn, in charge of the government mortar at this port, was asked about the mortar battery which is to be built on the island, in the vicinity of the fort at Denver resurvey. The major replied that \$250,000 had been appropriated for the battery, and that work would begin at once. When asked what "at once" means, he said just as soon as contracts could be left and the material placed on the ground. Plans and specifications have already been agreed upon, and all that remains is for deals to be closed with contractors. The location agreed upon is on the beach a short distance west of the fort being constructed in the Denver resurvey. Actual work on the battery will begin within ten days, and the major intimated it would be completed in three or four months.

Rangers' July Record.

Austin, Tex., Aug. 8.—The following is a summary of the work done by the Texas rangers, as reported to the adjutant general's department by the different company captains for the month of July:

Arrests—For murder, 1; swindling 1; assault to murder, 4; attempting to hold up a train, 2; theft of horses, 5; theft of cattle, 3; burglary, 3; theft; 3; theft of wagon, team, tent and pistol, 3; for minor offenses, 17; attempts to arrest where they failed to find the fugitives, 10.

The rangers assisted the sheriffs of different counties in enforcing the law several times during the month. They made during the month eighty-one arrests. They recovered a wagon, team and pistol and returned them to the owner. They also recovered fifty-one head of stolen cattle and returned them over to their owners. They traveled 4473 miles during the month.

Dr. Swearingen Dead.

Austin, Tex., Aug. 8.—Dr. R. M. Swearingen, state health officer, died at his home here yesterday afternoon after a lingering illness. He had been a sufferer from Bright's disease for several months and the disease took an acute form a few days ago. He lost consciousness Saturday and gradually sank until death came.

Dr. Swearingen was almost 60 years of age. He leaves a widow and a married daughter. He had served twelve years as state health officer.

Cow Caused It.

Caldwell, Tex., Aug. 8.—Saturday morning Mr. Jos. Stahlmach was trying to take a piece of rope from around the hind leg of a kicking cow. He took a piece of pole about ten feet long and was trying to push the rope off and the cow kicked, hitting one end of the pole and the other end struck Mr. Stahlmach in the stomach, from the effect of which he died yesterday morning. He was about 55 years old and an excellent citizen.

Going to Omaha.

Austin, Tex., Aug. 8.—A party of Germans will be present at the Omaha exposition on Texas day, the 15th inst. The governor and his staff, Congressman Sayers, ex-Gov. R. B. Hubbard, who will deliver the principal address on Texas day, and some prominent citizens from over the state, will be here on the 15th in a special train for their exclusive use. Lieut. Gov. Jester will preside during the vernal's absence from the state.

Labor day is to be celebrated on a large scale at Dallas, Tex.

W. Franks was killed in a difficult battle at Ladoles, Tex.

Shaw Escapes.

Cleburne, Tex., Aug. 10.—This city and county were excited yesterday as they have not been since away back in the days when murders were frequent and justice swift.

It was caused by the escape from jail last of John B. (Stokes) Shaw, who was condemned to be hanged last Friday and was respited for a week by Gov. Culberson.

His escape was not discovered till about sunrise and the news spread like wildfire. On all lips was the exclamation, "Shaw has escaped."

The murder for which he was to have been hanged was one of the most atrocious ever committed in this section and public feeling ran very high last Friday, when the crowd came in to see the hanging and learned that a respite of one week had been granted, and when it was learned that he had escaped much excitement and disappointment was felt.

Soldier Dead.

Dallas, Tex., Aug. 10.—A telegram received yesterday afternoon by his mother announced the death of Vene P. Siddell of this city at Miami, Fla., yesterday morning. This was the first intimation received by any one in Dallas that Siddell was even ill. His mother is prostrated from the effects of the shock.

The deceased was one of the best known young men in Dallas. He was a member of the Trozevart rifles, now company E, of the second Texas regiment of volunteers. He was a nephew also, of Mrs. V. P. Armstrong, and for a long time was Dr. Armstrong's assistant at Parkland hospital when the latter was city health officer. He was last in the city about a month ago, when he returned from Mobile with Capt. Gunn on a recruiting tour. The body has been forwarded to Dallas and the internment will be here.

Pistols Stolen.

Dallas, Tex., Aug. 10.—Thieves Monday night broke into Allen & Glenn's establishment on Elm street and stole between \$250 and \$300 worth of revolvers. Nothing but the best brands of Smith & Wesson and Colt revolvers were taken and nothing else in the establishment was touched. Entrance was effected by prying open the back door with apparently a chisel. The house next door to Allen & Glenn's is in the hands of the painters and painters. Monday it was left unlocked and through this building the thieves went to the back end of the gunstore, prized open the door and looted the establishment as above described.

Revenue From Tobacco.

Waco, Tex., Aug. 10.—The cash receipts on manufactured tobacco, snuff, cigars and cigarettes reported by Deputy Collector A. Richards of the Waco division of the third internal revenue district are large and encouraging and fully demonstrate the alacrity with which the dealers are paying the tax for the support of the war. One dealer handed Collector Richards a check for \$1394.91, the tax is 3 cents extra on manufactured tobacco and snuff. This is the largest sum paid by one dealer at the Waco office since collections began.

Railroad Man Dead.

Fort Worth, Tex., Aug. 10.—Col. James A. Wilson, general agent, with headquarters here, for the Chicago and Alton railroad, has received a telegram from St. Louis announcing the death yesterday morning of Jonathan Nesbett, general live stock agent of the Chicago and Alton railroad.

Mr. Nesbett was well known here, he having visited Fort Worth on a number of occasions. He was a Confederate soldier, and had been in the service of the Chicago and Alton road for years.

Leg Broken.

Van Horn, Tex., Aug. 10.—J. W. Mershon accidentally got his leg broken yesterday while riding on a hand car by his foot striking a rock in the track, landing his leg under the car and breaking it between the knee and ankle.

One Escaped.

Hico, Tex., Aug. 10.—Sheriff Ramsey Moore arrested King Dunnagan and Walter Thomas here yesterday for theft of cattle. Dunnagan afterward made a run for the timber and escaped. Thomas was carried over to jail at Hamilton.

Gov. Briggs of North Dakota is dead.

The Monterey has arrived at Manila.

Under Adjudication.

Sherman, Tex., Aug. 10.—Yesterday afternoon Judge D. E. Bryant notified all parties that he would neither set aside nor confirm the sale of the La Porte railroad, but would hold the matter under consideration until September 3, when we would call it again before the court at Sherman. He stated "I do this to give all the parties in interest a chance to secure, if they can, a better bid than that made by Mr. Holt."

CATTLE AND CROPS.

Cotton picking is in full blast in Nueces county.

Beef is said to be scarce on the Pacific coast.

Longview received its first 1895 cotton bale on the 11th.

Farmers around Granbury are holding wheat for better prices.

Many farmers are actively at work plucking cotton around Karnes.

W. Anson of Coleman bought of D. C. Rhome of Ithome, Tex., ten head of high-bred Herefords.

The wheat average of Knox county was about eight bushels to the acre and the grain poor in quantity.

Cattle dealers say that it reads like an item from a paper printed in 1892 to see quoted a sale of grass fed steers at \$5 and \$60 a head in the great beef markets.

The Kemp pasture of 6000 acres in Matagorda county is being cut up to be sold in small parcels to farmers. A town site of 160 acres will be laid off on the land.

The Southwestern Texas Beekeepers' association is to meet at Floresville, Texas, August 17 and 18. There will be a large attendance and visitors are expected from other states.

Hollar, Bell county, received its first bale of cotton on the 3d. It was taken there by Virge Willis, was sold at 65-3 cents per pound, and a premium of \$20 added by the merchants of that town.

B. C. Rhome, the well known Hereford breeder of Fort Worth, recently sold five registered Hereford heifer calves to Charles A. Payne of San Angelo, where he has other registered Hereford cattle.

Farmers around Massey and Abbott in Hill county complain that the boll worms are doing considerable damage to the cotton and they are fearful that the damage will be so great as to seriously curtail the production.

Mr. E. Dudley took to Gonzalez a tobacco stalk about three and one-half feet tall that was a handsome specimen of the weed. Mr. Dudley says he has about 100 plants like it and that his patch is as fine tobacco as can be grown any place. He is raising it for his own use, and has been doing so for years. He says there is no doubt but that tobacco can be profitably grown in Texas. The sample shown bears him out in the assertion.

Some young corn stalks just beginning to tassle eighteen feet high and two and one-half inches thick at the fourth joint from the root have been sent from Navarro county to the Omaha exposition. They were raised near Alice on the farm of W. D. Haynie. Under favorable conditions it is thought that the field will produce 80 to 90 bushels to the acre.

In west Texas there has been some prejudice against the planting of rape seed, as it has been thought this crop has a deleterious effect on the soil. The following from the "American Sheep Breeder" would appear to place this question at rest. "Rape does not exhaust land, but on the contrary enriches it as few other fertilizing crops can. Sow it in oats or wheat stubble and the result will be plenty of fall feed and a decided assistance to impoverished soil."

The crusade against unsound meat still continues in England, and some of the punishments imposed for selling it have been of the most severe character both in the shape of fines and imprisonments. One family in Birmingham was poisoned by the use of tainted beef recently, one of the number dying. The butcher selling the meat was arrested, his shop closed and matters looked very bad for him, as he will be charged on a criminal charge.

Fritz Arnold, who for the past quarter of a century has been one of the leading grain and flour importers of Germany, states that the feeding of the cattle of Germany will require 150,000,000 bushels of foreign corn, most of which, he believes, Germany must look to America for.

Heavy showers fell during last week adjacent to Abilene. This will be the greatest benefit to the cotton crop in that section, as the fleecy staple had been suffering for several days from its dry, hot winds.

The first western range grass fed cattle of the season were marketed in Chicago on the 1st. There were about 1300 head in the shipment and their condition approached closely to that of ship stock and was better than the first shipment of last year.

Stockmen all through Texas are watching reports of the corn crop, for they understand that on its magnitude largely depends the demand for cattle for the fed lots the coming season. The larger the crops the cheaper corn and the better for cattlemen.

Dr. Victor A. Norgarrd, the government expert, who has been conducting the cattle dipping at Fort Worth, has gone to Rockford, Ill., to observe the condition of the cattle recently dipped here and shipped to that point. He will probably be gone two weeks.



BY CHARLOTTE M. BRAEME.

INTERNATIONAL PRESS ASSOCIATION.

CHAPTER XXXI.—(Continued.)

He could not believe the evidence of his senses; it was incredible that the laughing voice belonged to his cold, proud wife—the girl who had swept imperiously from the room when he saw her last. He looked at her in amazement. She would not see the surprise on his face or make the least difference because of it.

"You have the very pick of the garden here," she said; "every spray has its own special beauty."

He roused himself, and tried to recover from the wondering stupor that had overcome him.

"You really remembered, Hildred, what I said?" he began, with a pleased look.

"Yes, and I think you showed good taste," she replied. "I know no flower lovelier than fragrant mignonette."

"And you really think that I have good taste?" he said.

"Yes. Why should that surprise you?" she asked, with a smile.

His face flushed, and his eyes drooped.

"I fancied," he said, hurriedly, "that you considered me altogether graceless, and without one redeeming quality."

"Indeed, I do not," she replied, earnestly, thinking of all that Sir Raoul had said in his favor. "That is a great mistake of yours."

"There is one thing," he confessed, in a low voice—"I have shown the worst side of my character to you."

She felt frightened and inclined to run away.

"You will not lose my flowers or throw them away?" she said. And then she was startled, for his handsome indolent eyes were looking into hers with a new expression in their blue depths.

"Am I so wanting in chivalry and gallantry, Hildred?" he asked her. "I believe this is the first thing that you have ever given me of your own free will, is it not?"

"No," she replied, quietly. "It is not."

"Ah, pardon me," he said, with a quick change of face and voice—"you gave me your fortune!"

There was hot rebellion for one moment—hot, bitter rebellion. Then she remembered Sir Raoul's words. It was for her husband's good. She trampled down the hot impulse of angry pride—she stifled the bitter anger and contempt. Her victory over herself was so great that she was even surprised at it. She laid her hand on his arm.

"Nay, Lord Caraven," she said, gently, "you are quite wrong. I was not thinking of money. Gold is dross—I despise it—I could almost hate it for the mischief that it makes. I was thinking of something very different from money—something that money could not buy."

He was looking at her with keen curiosity.

"Something that money could not buy," he repeated. "I declare that you puzzle me. I thought gold was omnipotent."

"I do not think so—I do not like it. Omnipotent? Why, Lord Caraven, all the wealth in the world could not buy happiness or love."

"No," he said, quietly. "It could not; yet, Hildred, money has done something for me."

"I do not intend to depreciate it," she remarked; "but it is not omnipotent; and there are many things in this world of far higher value than money."

"It is true," he said, thoughtfully.

She laughed again, and if he had known her better, he would have detected tears in the sound of that laugh.

"We are positively agreeing, Lord Caraven," she said.

He was looking at her with intense curiosity in his face.

"Hildred, what have you given me that money could not buy?"

The dark eyes gleamed softly.

"I will not tell you, Lord Caraven," she answered.

"But I must know. You have excited my curiosity—you must gratify it. You have enumerated three things that money cannot buy—happiness, virtue, love. It was none of these. Then what could it be?"

"I must go, Lord Caraven," she said, her face growing hot and her heart beating quickly. "I if you weigh every word that I say, I shall have to be very careful."

"Hildred, tell me what you mean?" he requested. "What have you given me?"

"I will tell you," she replied, laughingly, "when you have counted all those tiny leaves on the mignonette."

She turned to go, but he put out his hand to detain her. She eluded him, and with a light laugh, disappeared, leaving him by the veranda alone.

"You look astonished at something," said Lord Caraven's friend to him when he returned to resume their game at billiards.

"Yes," replied the earl—"I have been enjoying a novel sensation."

"What is that?" asked his friend.

"I am not quite sure," was the laughing reply—"I should not like to be too certain of it—but I believe that I have been flirting with my own wife."

The young countess had hastened

smilingly away after presenting him with the sprays of mignonette. If that was the result of a few kind words, she said to herself that she would often say them. Sir Raoul saw her smiling and blushing, with a glad light in her eyes.

"Well," he said, "what success, Hildred?"

"The best in the world," she replied; and her pleasure was increased at dinner time when she saw that Lord Caraven wore some of the mignonette in his buttonhole.

Lord Caraven was fond of music; he had a rich, ringing tenor voice which, as a rule, he was too indolent to use. He would troll out a verse of a love dittie, or the chorus of a drinking-song in a fashion that made one long to hear the rest. In the evening Sir Raoul asked him to sing.

"It is too much trouble," said the handsome earl. "Why should I exert myself to sing when other people can do it so much better for me?"

"That is an idle excuse," returned Sir Raoul. "Lady Caraven, persuade your husband to sing; he has a voice almost as rich and clear as Mario's, but he will never use it."

She came over to him. He looked at his beautiful, young wife in all the shimmer of satin and gleam of pearls; he gazed earnestly into the beautiful face.

"Do sing, Lord Caraven," she said. "You owe me something for my flowers this morning."

"Do you really wish me to sing, Hildred?" he asked.

"I do, indeed," she answered.

"Then you shall be obeyed. Will



SHE ELUDED HIM.

you have an old-fashioned English ballad, or a Scotch one? No French or Italian for me. I like good hearty words."

He sang one of the prettiest of English songs—"Good-by, Sweetheart, Good-by"—sang it with such sweetness, such pathos, that his listeners were almost moved to tears.

"I could not leave thee though I said 'Good-bye, sweetheart, good-bye.'"

As the last words passed his lips he caught a glimpse of his wife's face. What did it express? He stopped suddenly. Sir Raoul rallied him, begging him to finish.

"Let us have the last verse," said he; but the earl turned quickly to him.

"Not another word, Raoul," he answered; "I can sing no more. I have seen a ghost."

"A ghost?" cried Sir Raoul. "The ghost of what?"

"I am not quite sure," replied the earl; "but I think it was the ghost of what might have been. And Sir Raoul said no more."

CHAPTER XXXII.

An old man with hair as white as snow, a worn, troubled face, and hands that trembled as they rested on his stick, was standing before Lady Caraven, bowing as though she were the arbitress of his destiny.

"I am Farmer Moore, my lady—Farmer Moore—and I want to speak to you."

Lady Caraven stood quite still; he was a man so old and venerable that his appearance alone commanded respect.

"Farmer Moore," she repeated, "and you want me. I am very pleased to see you. Will you come into the house?"

"No, my lady; I cannot enter your doors with my present trouble on me. Your husband is a young man, but he is driving my white head to the grave."

"My husband!" exclaimed Lady Caraven. "You must not speak ill of him."

"He must not act ill to me," she said; "an old man, my lady, so old that my grandsons say a good wish

from me is a blessing, an evil wish a curse—an old, old man, my lady."

She saw how he trembled, and sweetest compassion filled her heart. What could he want from her, this old man?

"I have stood here, my lady," he said, "every day for ten long days, waiting to see you. They told me that you were young and bonny—that you had kind eyes and a kind heart. Your husband wants to drive me to death, my lady—will you save me?"

She thought he must be raving; but his manner was calm and collected. They were standing together just at the end of the copse, and Lady Caraven pointed to one of the fallen trees.

"Sit down there, Farmer Moore," she said, "if you will not come into the house, and tell me what is wrong."

"I am an old man, my lady; I have lived many years, and I have never seen an injustice prosper yet. The earl is going to do an injustice to me and mine. You will keep him from it?"

"I will if I can," she replied. "What is it?"

"The Moores have lived at Bromhill Farm, my lady, more years than I can count. I have heard it read how, centuries ago, when the lords of Caraven went to war, the Moores followed them. They have always been tenants on the Ravensmere estates. The farm, my lady—Bromhill Farm—is let to them on lease; when one lease expires another is signed. My lady, when I was a boy, my father signed a lease for seventy years, and the seventy years will be at an end next month. I have sons and grandsons waiting to succeed me, and the home is my home—I love it. My father lived and died there, my sons were born there. The old homestead is part of my life, of my soul, my lady; standing outside of it, I seem to have no life."

"I understand," she said, gently. "There has never been any difficulty about the renewal of the leases, my lady. The lords of Caraven knew how to value good tenants; and when a fresh lease was signed the earl would say, 'Moore, you will take a glass of wine with me,' and the best wine in his lordship's cellar would be put before him. There might have been tenants who would have offered more money; but the lords of Ravensmere would have laughed at that. We were their humble friends and true servants, my lady. You do not meet with such every day."

"I understand," she repeated, not knowing what to say.

"Now, my lady, the seventy years' lease, signed when I was a curly-headed boy playing at my father's knee, has expired. We thought, my son John and I, that we had nothing to do except call on the earl and renew it. We never dreamed of anything else, my son John and I. So we called, my lady, and a footman brought us word that his lordship left all the business connected with the estate to Mr. Blantyre. As we were leaving home I said to my son John: 'John, we shall taste the earl's famous wine to-day,' and he, in his chery way, said: 'It will do you good, father.' But there was no wine, my lady, no kindly greeting from the lord of the estate, no message to the old retainers of the house, except that we were to go to Blantyre. My lady," said the old man solemnly, as he struck his stick upon the ground, "I hate Blantyre!"

She could have added, "So do I." But it was wiser to be silent.

(To be Continued.)

WHY HE HAD TO MOVE.

Fortunate Lived Next Door to a Doctor with Night Tails.

"Why, man," said the landlord to a tenant whom he had recently secured for a house that had been unoccupied for several months, "you're not going to vacate so soon? You've only been there a month." "I know it, and a month more would be the end of me. I am going to get a house way out in the suburbs and in the center of a big lot. You'll never get me into a double house again as long as I live. I'd rather take the family and camp out." "The place is all I told you it was, sir; good house, good neighborhood and everything—good repair. I'll look to you for the rent until the end of the term." "That's all right, and I'll pay it. I'm not mean enough to try to sublet it, either. One thing you didn't tell me, that the man in the other end of the house is a doctor and that he seems to have trained his patients to call on him at night. I haven't had any sleep worth speaking of in the whole three weeks. Coming up on the porch they reach my door first. They ring the bell as though it were a fire alarm, and then begin pounding on the door. When I'm forced to go to the door to prevent it's being broken in and to give the rest of the folks a little show to sleep, it's 'Get into your clothes, doc, and come right over to the house,' or 'Jimmie has the croup,' or 'Baby's having an awful time with his teeth,' or 'Why didn't you call this evening as you agreed to?' If I put my head out of the window and try to explain they get hot, tell me I had better take in my sign, better retire from business, or something worse. I'll bring you the keys this evening."

Ancient Scales.

A pair of scales, much like those of the modern pharmacists, is among the multitude of objects discovered this year in excavations about thirty miles from Thebes and recently exhibited in London. The scales are finely finished, having a beam about four and a half inches long.

Some husbands and wives are divorced on account of a misunderstanding and others because they understand each other too well.