

# SHINER GAZETTE.

VOL. 1.

SHINER, LAVACA COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY MORNING, AUG. 31, 1893.

NO. 9.

## A. G. WANGEMANN,

DEALER IN

### Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots,

Shoes, Hats and Caps, Groceries,

HARDWARE, WOOD AND WILLOW WARE, AND

## Gen'l M'ch'ndise.

AGENT FOR NEW HOME SEWING MACHINE, WALTER A. WOOD MOWING MACHINES AND RAKES, JOHN DEERE PLOWS, CULTIVATORS AND STALK CUTTERS AND BANNER PLANTERS.

Also Avery Stalk Cutters and Louisville Cotton and Corn Planter.

All kinds of Country Produce bought at highest market prices. Cash Paid for Cotton Seed.

## C. L. Williams' Lumber Yard

Headquarters For

long leaf pine, cypress well curbing, shingles, sashes, doors and blinds.

Genuine Glidden and Waukegan Wire, Pulling Wire Fence, Brick, Sawn burr oak and Mountain Cedar Posts, Aeromotor, Dundy, Perkins and Enterprise Wind Mills, Pumps, Cylinder Piping and all Planer's goods. The celebrated Hubbsaker Wagons; also Buggies, Hacks, Surreys and Vehicles of all kinds.

TOWN LOTS IMPROVED AND UNIMPROVED.

I am the authorized agent of H. B. Shiner and the San Antonio and Arkansas Railroad Town Site Company for the sale of all their lots in the town of Shiner.

I propose to sell everything that I carry in stock as cheap as the same quality can be bought elsewhere. I defy all competition. My clerk, Mr. Albert Moeller, speaks German, English and Bohemian. I ask you to call and examine my stock before buying elsewhere.

C. L. WILLIAMS

California fruits, Milk Shakes, Soda Water, Cider.  
See our 5, 10 and 25 cent Bargain Counters.

SHINER, TEXAS.



## FAVORITE SALOON

(J. H. HUEBNER, PROPRIETOR.)

FINE WINES, LIQUORS, BEER and CIGARS.

Which are politely served at the bar. I respectfully ask the old patrons of the FAVORITE and the public generally to give me a call.

SHINER, TEXAS.

HENRY KUESSEL,

## SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER.

Mr. Kuesel has secured the sole right to sell the celebrated patent name hook in Lavaca and De Witt counties. He has on hand a fine stock of Saddles, Whips, Harness, etc., and turns out none but first-class work.

## FRED WILKS, JEWELER.

NEW GOODS AND LOW PRICES.

He has a full stock of Clocks, Watches, Jewelry and Silver Plated Ware. Also a full stock of Spectacles and Eye-glasses. Watches and Clocks repaired with care. Goods and work warranted and honest dealing with all.

## CITY Meat Market.

Messrs. Rudolph Welhausen and L. B. Richter have purchased the meat market of C. H. Flato and will supply the people of Shiner with the best the country affords. They intend to satisfy everybody.

SHINER, TEXAS.

## BISMARCK SALOON.

C. WAGENER,

DEALER IN

LIQUORS, WINES, BEER, AND CIGARS.

SHINER, TEXAS.

## ELECTIONERING.

BY MARION SPARKS.

BREAKFAST over Sparks and Page prepared to set out. Mrs. Gill was so far covered as to be able to go into the kitchen and prepare a bottle of hot-set tea for Mr. Page, which she insisted on his taking along with him.

"The good Lord knows," she said to him, "I've done my duty to you. I could never have forgiven myself if I had allowed you to spend a night under my roof and me not doctor you. And if you ever have any more ailments in the pit of the stomach, smotherin' spells or achin' in the bones, why don't you come and see me."

Sparks took a lingering leave of the girls in the kitchen and seemed somewhat reluctant about taking his departure. Mrs. Page insisted on accompanying him to the buggy and had the girls put a couple of hot bricks in the bottom of the buggy in case Page should be taken with a chill on the way. That young gentleman was sore from head to foot from his experience of the night before and it was with no small degree of satisfaction that he saw the road soft spattered with mud and evade the excessive heat.

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will, as I saw up my mind to withdraw from the canvas, if I've got to go to the medicine in the country, whether or no, and ride round hauling up doctors in a soaking rain at midnight, I'm a-going to quit. I thought I'd tell you so you wouldn't be surprised when I withdrew.

"Rasper, you're joking," said Sparks, in astonishment.

"No, I ain't," said Page. "I like to live as well as anybody and I don't propose to leave my bones out here in the country to be picked over by the buzzards and crows. But that's just about what would happen if things keep on like they were last night."

"Why, Rasper, you don't know what you're talking about," said Sparks in a heat, "throw up the canvas? Pshaw, you're crazy."

"Well, that's just what I've made up my mind to do," said Page.

"No you ain't," said Sparks, resolutely. "It would be spoiling an associate justice of the supreme court of the United States right at the get-off and I don't propose to allow it."

"How are you going to help yourself if I may I inquire?" asked Page, somewhat nettled.

"Why, I just naturally won't allow it, that's how," said Sparks, turning the horse into a fence corner and laying down the reins, "you started out to make this canvas with me and now you get to do it. Just look at the sense of the thing, Rasper, and you will see how right I am."

Rasper hesitated while his friend regarded him in high indignation.

"Here you are," Sparks continued, "on the top wave of popularity. That trip you took last night for Dr. Tanner made you a hundred votes at least and you're going to have a walk-over in this election. You will be elected of course by a big majority; you serve your term out as prosecuting attorney and then the next thing is district at-

tainy and a man that's as popular as you are wouldn't have any trouble to get that office and then comes county judge and after that district judge and then you will be appointed to the court of civil appeals and from there to the court of criminal appeals and after you've served there three or four years the President will appoint you associate justice of the supreme court of the United States and then you're fixed for life."

"How am I to know that all that is coming to pass?" asked Page, somewhat dazed by this dazzling forecast.

"Why," said Sparks, with a superior air, "I know it just as certain as I know that to-morrow's Wednesday. A man with your ability and popularity can't help going right up to the top no more than a bubble can help rising to the top of water. Talk about throwing up the canvas, you won't do any thing of the kind. It would ruin the country."

"I'm not going back to Gill's any more, ruin or no ruin," said Page. "I won't be able to get the taste of that bone set tea out of my mouth for a whole year" and picking up the bottle Mrs. Gill had thoughtfully placed

buggy he sent it whirling he fence into an adjoining field.

"When drive on," he said, late picked up the reins and the whip they set off down at a smart trot.

ry each on the time in silence; their way lay through thick woods and the beautiful autumnal tints gave the trees an exceedingly attractive appearance. The sun shone undimmed by any cloud and the whole landscape shone bright and fair in the mellow light.

"We must try to get to Fairbanks by to-morrow eve," said Sparks, "there is to be a big barbecue there in honor of Colonel Styles, our candidate for congress and we mustn't fail to be there. We'll take dinner to-day with old man Pickens providing we can find him at home."

"I hope Mrs. Pickens has forgotten about that dog case," said Page, "for if she hasn't she's liable to make trouble."

"Leave it to me," said Sparks, "to bring her around. I know all about such things."

It was about eleven o'clock when they arrived opposite the Pickens' farm. The head of the house was out in the corn field cutting up fodder and as they drove up to the fence he laid down his corn knife and came out to meet them.

"Howdy Sparks, howdy Page," he said as soon as he got in speaking distance of them. "I feel just as glad to see you as though I had run a splinter in my foot. What are you all doin' down here in this patch of desolation?"

"O, we thought we might be lucky enough to find you strung up to a jack oak tree; that's what ought to have been done with you ten years ago, Bill Pickens," said Sparks in the light of good humor. "You know a bigger scoundrel than you never walked, especially when it comes to a horse trade or buying a piece of land," and Sparks slapped Pickens on the shoulder. That worthy seemed to relish the compliment highly.

"It takes a good one to git around Billy Pickens in a horse trade an' no mistake," he said. "I started in with a little old scrub pony that cost just ten dollars an' I've kep'

right on tradin' till now I've got a fine span of horses an' a wagon an' harness."

"Everybody knows you're mighty slick when it comes to trading, Mr. Pickens," said Sparks, "but the wonder is that you haven't been long ago," and Sparks drew down his brows and leered at Mr. Pickens, who laughed immoderately and motioned for them to follow him led the way towards the house.

"Who are you going to vote for, for President this fall, Mr. Pickens?" asked Page, "Cleveland or Harrison?"

"I'm agoin' to vote for Seymour an' Blair," said Pickens.

"Why it's been more than twenty years since they ran for office," said Page in astonishment.

"It don't make a bit of difference," said Pickens, shaking his head. "I've tuck a notion to vote for Seymour an' Blair an' I'm agoin' to do it. I don't care what the consequences are."

"I always do things that way," Pickens continued, "when I built my house here I tuck a notion to paint one hair green and the other half red. I knowed most every fool that come along would object to my doin' it, just as though it was his property, an' sure enough everybody that come here expects to know what I painted my house that way for as if it was anybody's business but my own. When I takes a notion to do any thing I does it and I don't keer what the consequences are or what it cost."

"That's right, Pickens," said Sparks, "this is our country."

"Of course it is," said Pickens, "an' I'm agoin' to do just as I please in the attempt," and opening the back gate he invited the two young candidates to enter and make themselves at home.

"I don't have much to eat but pork an' cabbage but such as 'tis you're welcome to, so go in an' set down."

"Pork and cabbage is a good deal more than we get at home, Mr. Pickens," said Sparks, "and I told Rasper we would stay here to-day and get a good old fashioned country dinner."

An odor of baked cabbage pervaded the premises and judging from the sizzling and rattling of pans and dishes in the kitchen preparations were being made for dinner. The back yard was tenanted by innumerable ducks, chickens and turkeys, while a half a dozen dogs were scattered about, and hailed the arrival of the two candidates with every evidence of hostility. Picking up a sick of stove wood Pickens scattered them with two or three well directed whacks and led the way to the front porch, where towels and tin basins offered an opportunity for ablutions.

"Now then wash up an' git ready for dinner, boys, an' I'll go in an' see how the old woman's gittin' along," and he disappeared indoors.

After having refreshed themselves with a good application of soap and cold water they seated themselves on the porch and enjoyed the cool breeze that was blowing from the southwest. The storm of the night before had cleared the air and from where they sat they could see down to the river more than two miles away. It appeared like a narrow silver thread winding its way down among the hills to the eastward. To the west, forests of maple, beech and oak extended as far as the eye could reach, while the cultivated lands lay back of them. Myriads of black birds were passing in dense clouds; they kept coming and going in one continual stream, a sight very common in Kentucky in the autumn of the year. They kept up a continual chattering and sweeps by like one endless, black band. Every now and then a Buck would detach itself from the main body and settle down in a corn field.

(To be Continued.)

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