

## A. G. WANGEMANN,

DEALER IN

### Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots,

Shoes, Hats and Caps, Groceries,

HARDWARE, WOOD AND WILLOWWARE, AND

### Gen'l M'ch'ndise.

AGENTS 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, Pailing Wire Fence, Brick, Sawed burr oak and Mountain Cedar Posts. Aeromotor, Dandy, Perkins and Enterprise Wind Mills, Pumps, Cylinder Piping and all Plumber's goods. The celebrated Studebaker 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 Aransas Pass 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 Mueller, speaks German, English and Bohemian. I ask you to call and examine my stock before buying elsewhere.

C. L. WILLIAMS.

## J. E. MEERSEBURGER

California Prunes, Milk Snakes, Soda Water, Cider.

See our 5, 10 and 25 cent Bargain Counters.

SHINER, TEX.



## 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. Kuessel has secured the sole right to sell the celebrated patent horn hook in Lavaca and DeWitt 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 Wolhausen 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.

## ELECTIONEERING.

BY MABLE J. PETERS.

THEIR attention was presently diverted by an invitation to dinner and presently by their host the two candidates took seats at the table.

"Now then pitch in an' help yourselves," said Pickens, "we don't put on no airs here and all a body has to do is to look out fur himself," and cutting the action to the word he harpooned a boiled potato with his fork and cut off a generous slice of boiled pork.

"I come on the cheapest stock of people I reckon ever lived," he continued, "when I take a notion to do anything I do it an' it don't make a bit of difference what the consequences are. Now there wuz old Tom Jordan, he says one day in a crowd, 'well, a heap rather shoot a gal, 's mine than letter marry a tiddy no count feller like Bill Phares.' Well, George Dawson, he heard him tell it an' come straight to me an' told me an' right then an' there I took a notion to marry Sarah Jane Jordan out uv pures contrariness an' I says, 'I'll marry Sarah Jane Jordan or die in the attempt,' an' so the very next mornin' I put on a biled shirt an' a collar an' hitched up to the old buckboard an' driv' over to Jordan's. Old Jordan looked sour enough to bite a ten-penny nail but when I driv' up an' hitched my horse, but I walked right in an' set down an' commenced gushin' about the no attention when the old man drawed down the corners of his mouth an' looked mad. Bye an' bye I saw Sarah Jane go into the parlor an' a rechin' fur my hat I got up an' follered."

Here Mr. Pickens paused and emptied a cup of steaming hot coffee. He had a habit of cutting off a chunk of pork and balancing it on his fork over his shoulder while he talked; when he came to a stopping place in his remarks he would pop the morsel into his mouth and then continue the subject. The children had all been excluded from the table and had formed in a disconcerted assembly at the dining room door just behind their father's chair. Every time he elevated a piece of pork over his shoulder, it hung just beyond their reach and afforded a great temptation. With fingers in mouth and eyes fixed longingly on the table they stood for some time until finally one more daring than the others dared up behind his father and boldly extracted the chunk of pork from the fork and retiring to a short distance he devoured it with every evidence of relish and enjoyment. The others watched him enviously and presently another mustered up courage enough to snatch a mouthful off of the tempting fork. Each time Mr. Pickens, after finishing the discourse he was engaged in, thrust the empty fork into his mouth and seemed much surprised because there were no visible results. He pondered awhile evidently thinking he was laboring under a mistake, but after tasting several times and looking around on the floor he came to the conclusion that he had eaten the pork without knowing it, and cutting off another piece he would repeat the performance. Like all unfair undertakings however, the children presently came to grief. They had commenced taking turns at robbing the fork and presently they had a good

end falling out as to whose turn it was and attracted by the noise Mr. Pickens turned around and comprehending how outrageously he had been imposed upon he arose from the table in a rage and seizing a switch from behind the door he scattered them at one fell swoop. He returned to the table in anything but a good humor.

"Then children are enough to drive a man to destruction. P'es a good mind some times to take a shotgun an' shoot the whole shootin' match uv 'em," he said in a deeply aggrieved tone of voice. "Here I wuz a tryin' to get somethin' to eat an' them children a takin' it right out uv my mouth. Beats all creation," and cutting off another large slice of the pork he helped himself to a plateful of boiled cabbage and settled down to make up for lost time. After a while he took up the thread of his remarks again and said:

"Well, I sot there in that parlor till past high midnight an' before I left I had planned to run off with Sarah Jane an' git married an' through pure contrariness, an' sure 'nough the very next Wednesday night I drove round there an' Sarah Jane tied two sheets together an' slid down from the second story window with a bundle uv clothes an' we went an' got tied up an' them there is the result," and Mr. Pickens pointed to his flock of children now gathered on the back. "That's what a feller gits fur bein' contrary. It goes in the brood. There wuz my father—he wuz so contrary that when he got sick the doctors cut an' examined him an' one uv 'em, young doc. Sayers, he says, 'there ain't nothin' the matter with you, Mr. Pickens; you'll be all right in a few days.' "No," says the old man, "not disputin' your word at all, doctor, but I ain't a goin' to git well."

"Pshaw," says the doctor, "there ain't a thing the matter with you."

"I don't care," says my father, "I've tuck a notion to die an' I'm a goin' to die in spite of you," an' said Mr. Pickens, lowering his voice and looking cautiously around, "die he did; just out uv pure contrariness. So you see," Mr. Pickens continued, addressing himself to Mr. Sparks, "it ain't no sorter use fer you to talk to me about votin' fur when the votin' day comes an' I go up to them poles an' there take a notion to vote for Horace Greeley or Jesus Buchanan, Pd vote fur 'em or tear all creation wide open. That's just the kind uv a man I am. It depends on what kind uv a notion I take as to who I votes fur. I don't care a darn if it's a chinaman or an orange-scutang. I'd vote fur 'em if I wanted to. This is a free country an' a man kin do just as he darned please if he wants to."

"Well, Mr. Pickens, if that's the case," said Mr. Sparks, suavely, "I guess we might just as well go, Mr. Page and I, as it would only be wasting our time and yours to spend any more time here," and he got up from the table followed by his friend.

"When 'lection day comes," said Pickens, accompanying them to the door, "it's just as well not that I'll take a fool notion to vote fur you an' Page here, but I don't why it's no tellin' who votes fur an' so there's no use sayin' any more about it."

"Well, take good care of yourself, Mr. Pickens," said Mr. Page, extending his hand.

"Certainly, you can count on

Willie Pickens adoin' that, but when them children git a little bigger an' a little cunninger, so they can circumvent their old daddy, I don't look fur nothin' else that fur 'em to jump on me some day an' favour me an' pick my bones. Why cannibals ain't no patchin' to them children," and Mr. Pickens shook his head despondently, "but that's what a feller gits fur bein' contrary; if I hadn't a bin contrary, I wouldn't a got married an' if I hadn't a got married I wouldn't a have all them ravenin' beasts to purvide fur," and evidently in very low spirits Mr. Pickens turned back into the house while the two candidates made their way back to their buggy.

After watering their horse at the well they set off for Fairbanks which lay off to the westward about ten miles. The blackbird migration was still continuing and as they drove over the brow of the hill the flocks in passing almost touched them on their heads. After leaving the Pickens farm they drove down into a beautiful valley. The road wound round and round through a maze of pine forests and as they reached the foot of the incline their way led by a wide pond that seemed in the mellow afternoon light to be bathed in a golden glow. Lost in silent admiration the two young candidates rode in silence, their whole attention drawn to the beautiful scenery. After crossing the low lands they emerged into the farming country again. They drove slowly and it was nearly dark when they reached the town. Leaving their rig at a livery where they started out to make a quiet tour of the town. Workmen were at work erecting stands and making preparations for the barbecue on the following day.

As Sparks and his friend crossed to the court house they were met by a tall, broad-shouldered man, who no sooner saw Sparks than he cried:

"Nate Sparks as I live, why where did you drop from?"

"From God's country," promptly answered Mr. Sparks, "we thought we would come over and see how you all were gettin' along out here forty miles from nowhere. But allow me," said Sparks, turning around to his friend, "to make you acquainted with my friend here, Mr. Page, candidate for county attorney. Rasper, this is Colonel Badger, one of the most famous original lawyers in this part of the state."

Page and the colonel shook hands cordially. The colonel was a smooth faced man and there was not the least indication of a beard on his face though he must have been thirty-five or forty years old. He had a very prominent chin, a long sharp nose and a pair of piercing black eyes, and as he talked he had a habit of looking a person fixedly in the eye, from under his lowered eyebrows, while he punched him to the side to emphasize his remarks. He wore a broad brimmed black hat which he wore tilted back on his head so far that it seemed a wonder it did not fall off.

"Page, I'm delighted to see you. I've heard of you a hundred times but this is the first time I've had an opportunity to meet you face to face. Come and let's all do something," and taking each by the arm he conducted them across the street to the nearest saloon. Going up to the bar the colonel shouted:

(Continued on 4th Page.)