

SHINER GAZETTE.

VOL. 1.

SHINER, LAVACA COUNTY, TEXAS, THURSDAY MORNING, OCT. 26, 1893.

NO. 17.

A. G. WANGEMANN,

DEALER IN

Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots,

Shoes, Hats and Caps, Groceries,

HARDWARE, WOOD AND WILLOWWARE, 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 DAN-NER 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 larr oak and Mountain Cedar Posts. Aermotor, 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 Moeller, speaks German, English and Bohemian. I ask you to call and examine my stock before buying elsewhere.

C. L. WILLIAMS.

J. E. MERSEBURGER

California Fruits,
Milk Shakes,
Soda Water,
Cider.

See our 5, 10 and 25 cent
Bargain Counters.

SHINER, TEX.



FAVORITE SALOON

(GERHARD & SCHRAMM, PROPRIETORS.)

PINE WINES, LIQUORS, BEER and CIGARS.

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

SHINER, TEXAS.

HENRY KUESSEL,

SADDLE AND HARNESS MAKER.

Mr. Kuessel has secured the sole right to sell the celebrated patent hame lock 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,

JEWELRY.

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 G. 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.

LUMBER! LUMBER! LUMBER!

Long Leaf Yellow Pine and Cypress Lumber.

We are receiving daily car loads of LUMBER and our stock is being constantly replenished.

We will not be undersold by any lumber firm in the country. We have SHINGLES, SASHES, DOORS, BLENDS, BUILDER'S HARDWARE and the genuine GLIDDEN BARBED WIRE and FIRE-PROOF BRICK. We also deal in Live Stock; our yard is just below the Aransas Pass depot. Our clerk and book keeper, G. W. Eschenberg, speaks both German and Bohemian and is too well and favorably known to need any further recommendation at our hands.

Call and See Us at
SHINER, TEX. FLATO & GREEN,

SEYDLER & ESCHENBERG,

DEALERS IN

GEN'L MERCHANDISE.
DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS, CAPS.

BOOTS, SHOES AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS OF ALL KINDS.

family, staple and fancy groceries, crockery, glass-ware and tinware and gen'l merchandise of all kinds.
COMPLETE LINE OF HARDWARE.

NO. 55.

BY NARCUS JESTER.

The night had come on dark and lowering and great masses of clouds were sweeping up from the westward and a fine drizzling rain had commenced falling. Indoors the little cottage was all aglow with warmth and comfort and the table was already set for supper. For the past half hour she had been anxiously looking out of the window that faced the railroad. Every other night the headlight of No. 55 flashed into sight around the bend of the road and her motherly heart throbbed with love and pride as she thought of her darling boy who sat in the cab of No. 55. Her hair was almost white and told of years of patient, uncomplaining toil, and care had seamed her brow with wrinkles.

"I wonder if Tom will be on time to-night," she said to herself as she arranged his plate, cup and saucer and placed his favorite dishes around his plate. The clock ticked off the minutes and the hands pointed to three minutes to eight. At eight o'clock No. 55 was due at the depot in the little city of Paris and again she parted the curtains and looked out into the night toward where the fireman on 55, her Tom, her sole support and only son was speeding towards Paris.

"I know he'll be terribly hungry when he gets in," she murmured to herself, "it's being so hard making steam on a wet windy day like to-day and Tom will be all tired out when he gets home."

The hands pointed to a minute to eight and now away off down the road her waiting ear caught the faint echo of a locomotive whistle. It was more than a mile away down by the first crossing below town. Two long blasts and then two short sharp whistles for the crossing.

"There he comes," she exclaimed joyfully, and hurried away to complete her preparations for his supper. The coffee was set back on the stove where it would keep warm and her benevolent old face beamed with happiness at the thought of his near arrival. The rain pattered against the window panes and the wind sighed mournfully through the shrubbery in the yard. But she heard not heeded not as she

thought of her boy, the fireman on 55.

"One more shovel of coal will carry her in, Jack," said the fireman, jerking open the furnace door and pitching in the last shovel full.

The engineer nodded and placed his hand on the great lever. A moment more and his hand went up to the cord over his head and the whistle sounded out four sharp, shrill blasts that startled the echoes of the night. The fireman climbed back into his seat and shading his eyes strove to pierce the veil of darkness beyond and see the light in his mother's window. On and on darted the night express and now they approached the first switch in the yards. The engineer peered anxiously out as the white bar of iron flashed into sight before them. There was a great lurch and a creak, a clatter of iron and the train swerved to the right.

Great God, an open switch. Too late for farewells, too late for prayers, too late—but to die on 55.

The engineer clutched the lever in desperation and agony, his face blanched and set, one moment of suspense and then—a blinding, thundering crash, a shivering of steel and of wood and glass and one terrible cry of terror and agony from five hundred men and women.

Someone was to blame. The switch had been left open and No. 55 had plunged into the freight cars on the siding. Through the dust, smoke and the drizzling rain the rescuers hurried about with torches and lanterns. The coaches had caught fire and the flames leaped up, lighting up the wreck and casting a lurid glare far out into the night. A score of men and women had perished and now the rescuers approached the engine. It lay on its side with the steam escaping in fitful gasps. The engineer had stuck to his post and had gone down beneath his engine crushed and mangled beyond recognition. The fireman had jumped, but too late. A great bar of steel had caught him and pinned him to the earth. They approached and the lights of the torches fell on his face. He lay on his back, his cap had fallen off and his light curly hair clung around his temples damp and stained with blood. His eyes were half closed and his lips

were drawn back from his teeth in the last agony of death. Across his breast lay the great bar of steel and his hand clutched the cold metal as though he had tried to fend it off. On the stiffened fingers of his hand gleamed a band of gold, his mother's ring.

She had tripped the light and set his favorite chair by the stove when he should come. The toast, biscuits and the cup of jolly Tom was so fond of, was all ready. And she turned to dry her hands and smooth her hair before he came.

Listen! there were footsteps on on the gravel walk outside. At last he had come and she hurried to the door with the lamp so he could see to climb the steps. But instead of one approaching there appeared to be several and they advanced slowly and falteringly. Alarmed she threw open the door and held the lamp up high so its rays fell on the walk clear to the front gate. Several men were coming slowly up the walk and appeared to be carrying a burden between them.

"Tom, Tom," she called, "is that you?"

In silence and with halting steps they came up on the porch. On a stretcher between them lay a stout form covered with a sheet, and setting their burden down they stared with uncovered heads and mute lips.

"Why, what have you there and where's Tom?" she cried, pitiously and a hand draws back the sheet from the curly hair and fair smooth face of the dead fireman.

"Oh! Tom, my boy, my poor boy speak to your old mother. Oh! Tom, just one word, my boy, my boy."

Reverently and tearfully they stand grouped about as she clasps the dead fireman in her motherly arms and prays God to have him in his keeping.

—Just received at C. Proctel's a car load of stoves, consisting of the Home, Grand Superior, Mohawk and full line of heaters. Also Buck's Brilliant and Heater's cooking stoves, and numerous other brands. These were bought for cash and will be sold for cash, therefore you will get the full benefit of cash discounts. The prices have been put down far below any other firm in the county. Drop in and see for yourself.