

ADVERTISE IN THE DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

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Geo. W. Hagerlund, James A. Hagerlund, S. J. Palmer.

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REUSS, ELDER BRANCH.

Ernst Reuss, Minister of the Interior, Berlin.

The reign of Reuss, elder branch, is a history of government within the German empire. The land is about twice the size of Staten Island, and the capital is considerably smaller than New York. The total population of the country is 62,000. The annual budget is about \$200,000.

The quarter that Reuss, elder branch, is not a man, however, but the astounding amount of corn and other crops raised by his subjects.

The prince, Reuss, elder branch, is not a man, however, but the astounding amount of corn and other crops raised by his subjects.

Early in the present emperor's reign the Prince of Reuss began to think of the Imperial house a little better and went to Berlin to attend one of the emperor's dinner parties. The next morning, however, to find him in the proper place at table.

The prince, during a painful period, found his name so far down the table by several courses. He at once stalked out of the palace in anger, left Berlin the same night and has not been back since.

There was a project to erect in the land of Reuss, elder branch, a statue to the old emperor, but the mighty Prince of Reuss wouldn't allow it. As he owned the soil, he was the boss, and the statue was not erected.

Recently a university man in search of a job went to the prince with his application, for the prince, having but 12 men in his parliament and but 200 in his official establishment, conducts the whole concern himself. He spoke of the "reigning house in Berlin." The prince at once admonished him in wrath.

"Here, you will remember, there is but one reigning house. In my own land I am the one and only ruler. Whoever in this land of mine dares to call the emperor or the sovereign of this country"—meaning by "this country," of course, Reuss, elder branch.

The Prince of Reuss, elder branch, has forbidden the use of chamber of commerce in his land to speak of Berlin as the Imperial capital. The Prince of Reuss, elder branch, has forbidden the two editors in his domain to call his representative in the Bundestag a "federal envoy"; they must speak of this gentleman as the "prince's envoy of the sovereignty of the land"—namely, Reuss, elder branch.

The Prince of Reuss, elder branch, supplies his 20 officeholders with lead pencils of monarchical design, intended to keep ever in their minds a consciousness of their obligations to him. The three sides of each pencil are inscribed with the tricolor of Reuss, elder branch, with one color to a side, and on the tip, where the user's eye may ever rest on it, is "Henry XXI of Reuss, elder branch."

Let the reader might mistake these statements for jokes, it may be well to mention that these facts are published in the *Koelnische Zeitung*, which declares them in all seriousness as evidence of the state's rights and the persistence of several little lands in the empire.—*Boston Globe*.

The Prophet Daniel and the Bicycle. Talking of bicycles, an startling interpretation of the prevailing fashion was put forward the other day by the Rev. Robinson of Christ Church, Oxford. This reverend gentleman, in a sermon, declared that the end of the world is at hand, and he bases this fact on a declaration of the prophet Daniel that in the last time the shall run to and fro on the earth. The prophet, it seems when he wrote these words, had "bikes" in his eye, though why he should have spoken of men running to and fro on the earth when he really meant that they would go about on wheels the interpreter of the prophecy does not explain. Those who are in no hurry for the day of judgment may console themselves with the reflection that, as the world has survived the invention of railways, which has certainly caused more running to and fro on the earth than any thing else, it may also possibly survive the invention of "bikes." On the other hand, if the end of all things is drawing near, it will be a consolation to cyclists to know that bicycling is to be one of the features of the millennium.—*London Earth*.

Not to Sleep. "Diddle, didn't you think a man ought to sleep at least half the money he makes?" "Yes, but how can he, with his credit being for it all the time?"—*Chicago Record*.

NISHAPUR TURQUOISE MINES

Easy Methods by Which the Stones Are Got Out—Jewels That Make.

The famous turquoise mines of Nishapur, in northern Persia, are believed to be the only turquoise mines in the world which have been worked extensively or which have produced the turquoise of perfect shape and color. On approaching the mines from Nishapur, after entering the low hills and gradually ascending, one arrives first at the villages inhabited by the miners, which are on undulating ground about 6,000 feet above sea level. After another gradual ascent for about a mile by a

steep road, the foot of a hill about 1,000 feet in height is reached. All the mines are on the south face of this hill, and from the first to the last the distance as the crow flies is not more than half a mile. The Nishapur mine, which is the only one worked on a large scale or with vigor, produces the greater part of the turquoise at present sent to market. It is near the top of one of the highest ridges, at an altitude of about 6,000 feet above sea level. The entrance is a hollowed out cave, about 12 yards across, with a vertical shaft some 5 yards in diameter. Two men were reclining at the mouth of this shaft with their backs against the wall of the cave, and turning with their bare feet a rickety wooden wheel, which brought up the debris from below in a small sheepskin bag, holding no more than a peck perhaps. This was received by a third man, who unhooked, emptied and reattached it. The other two men removed their feet, and the bag went down with a run some 40 feet, where three other men were similarly engaged on a ledge in the shaft. The mine itself is 80 or 90 feet from the surface. The miners first descend by means of a narrow diagonal tunnel, and then scumble down the rough sides of the shaft.

At the mouth of the cave, which is on the precipitous hillside, half a dozen men were seated close together on a ledge, breaking with small hammers the fragments of rock as they were brought up from below. When a turquoise was discovered, it was placed on one side in its rough state, encased in rock, and sent to the surface.

The turquoise of good shape and color soon goes. Since the Abdur Reza mines fell in it may be said that the stones of perfect shape and color are very rarely found. But, though really good turquoise are rare, there is abundance of imperfect and bad stones, which are eagerly bought, for the orientals prize them, and the very poorest like to possess even a green and spotted one set in a tin ring. It is more than likely, however, that the hill contains an abundance of good stones. Some of those now found look excellent at first, but the color in most cases soon fades, or a green tinge is developed, or spots appear on them. Some of these white spots can only be detected at first with a glass and then as a mere speck, but in time they may expand and spread right across the stone. The color of most faded turquoise can be temporarily revived by dampness. In Nishapur no one would dream of buying a turquoise of good color without possessing it first for some days, for it is the most treacherous of precious stones. The turquoise, as soon as they are cut in Nishapur, are nearly all sold at once for export, and their price in the town rises at least 1,000 per cent. Some years ago one could obtain in Nishapur good turquoise of perfect shape, blue color, fair size and without a flaw for a few shillings each. Turquoise are at present far cheaper at Tiflis and Constantinople than at Nishapur, and at those towns one might perhaps find some of good color which have been in stock for

some time.

A Vegetable Pistol. The most remarkable instance of this method of scattering the seeds (shooting them from the pod) is afforded by *Bura eripiana*, a handsome tree, native of the forests of South Africa. The curious fruit of this tree is a somewhat flattened, deeply furrowed or fluted body, made up of a circle of many cells, each containing one seed. When the seeds are ripe, the cells open and expand them with a loud report, like the crack of a pistol. Hence the fruit is sometimes called the "monkeys' dinner bell."

Stories have been told of hura fruits being placed in desks and subsequently opening and discharging their seeds with such violence as to break ink wells and even to crack the wood of the desk.—Thomas H. Kearney, Jr., in *St. Nicholas*.

The Boy's Idea. Little Boy (pointing to window of India rubber shop)—What are those? Mamma—Those are diving suits, made of India rubber, so that the diver won't get wet. Little Boy—I wish I had one. Mamma—What for, my dear? Little Boy—to wear when you wash me.—*London Fun*.

The highest claim for other tobaccos is "Just as good as Durham." Every old smoker knows there is none just as good as

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DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY, Advertising Medium of the Stockman's Paradise. SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE

Entered at the Postoffice at SONORA, as second-class matter. MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.

SONORA, TEXAS, - JANUARY 30, 1897.

The DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS is devoted to its readers. There is no man so close-fisted that he will refuse to give advice to others, nor is there any man so reduced in circumstances that he will accept advice.

Ships have sailed the oceans for ages, and whenever a vessel was wrecked on a sunken rock the survivors, if any, reported the catastrophe and that dangerous spot was set down in the charts and ever afterwards avoided.

There can be no chart of life showing just where catastrophes have occurred, yet advice is the same thing in other clothes, for it is the essence of all tradition as regards the successes and failures of lives that have been lived before.

A young man, if he had but the sense, could take the good advice that is tossed about and despised, and from it build up a fortune of the largest kind and a character which, guiding the uses of the wealth that might be amassed, would make the man's name lasting and influential through all time.

In morals, habits, business, young men could get infallible guidance from the experiences of others if they would but look about them. They cannot truly realize what it all means, yet they should be able to burn these general rules into their minds, that (1) they are making no financial headway while they are living up to their incomes; (2) impure living will have to be atoned for by austerities later on; (3) Nature if drawn upon now will demand payment at compound interest at the end of twenty years.

No young man stops to reflect that in the volume of advice printed in books, crystallized in old saws, or spoken by a father to a son is embodied all the experience of countless generations. If young men could take the advice that is offered them, the human tragedy would be over, crime and want would be done with; but youth cannot understand age and the experiences of each generation belong to itself and die with it, so that, talk as an old man may to a young one, only a very, very little of what is meant by the one is understood by the other.

The poverty that is in the world has causes behind it, and men have not failed to observe many of those causes. The young man who lives beyond his income exhausts his credit and his prospects. A millionaire storekeeper in New York the other day made a speech to seven hundred of his clerks, and told them that when he was earning a salary of only five dollars a week he always saved fifty cents per week, and continued to save about that percentage as his earning power increased, and he held that no man need fail to be comfortable in life if he would live within his income and buy nothing that he could not pay for when he bought it.

A fire at Philadelphia on Tuesday destroyed property to the value of \$2,700,000. Some of the finest business buildings in the city were a total loss.

The Texas house passed a bill prohibiting the playing of football or base ball on Sundays last week. On Tuesday the vote was reconsidered and the bill was very properly defeated.

Eugene Washington, a negro, was taken from the officers at Bryan on last Friday and strung up to a tree for having raped Miss DeHart a white girl at Bryan a few days before.

New York Jan. 21.—The three-masted schooner Nahm Chapin of Rockland, Me., coal-laden from Baltimore for Boston went ashore near Quogue, L. I., at an early hour this morning and her entire crew, consisting of nine men were lost in sight of hundreds of people who had gathered on the beach, but were powerless to render assistance.

Stock News.

L-hew & Johnson bought 7 head of stock cattle from Mrs. Kelton of Callahan county at \$3 a head.

G. W. Whitehead & Sons bought 40 head of fine bulls from W. J. Stator of Beeville last week.

Asa Robertson sold to I. W. Ellis of Sonora 100 head of one and two year old steers at market price, spring delivery.

C. T. Turney paid \$5 for a two months old bear pig of Berkshire-Poland-China blood from Waldlow of Ballinger.

P. Paterson of Kimble county bought from N. R. Powell of Goliad county, 20 high-grade Hereford bulls and heifers at \$40 a head.

D. B. Cusenbary the well-known sheepman and mutton buyer was in Sonora this week. Mr. Cusenbary reports that 4000 of his 6000 muttons will weigh 90 pounds on the market.

C. T. Turney and Don Cooper returned from Runnels county this week where they bought for Turney, Cooper & Forbes 26 head of one and two year old bulls, Durham's and Herefords at from 20 to \$50 a head. They bought from Mullins and Allen.

At Chicago on June 26 with 1700 sheep on the market sales were made at from \$2.50 to \$3.90 per hundred for poor to prime native sheep, fed westeros going from \$3.40 to \$3.75.

At St. Louis on the same day they ranged from \$2.75 to \$4.25 and at Kansas City the same.

D. W. Gourley sold to J. D. Jackson two car loads of cattle at \$13 per head.

J. D. Jackson bought of Dick Riggs of Pecos county 180 calves at \$8, 93 cows at \$16 and 27 bulls at \$14—Alpine Avalanche.

Massie Bros. bought 50 steer yearlings from J. M. Sowell at \$10.50 per head last week.

Uncle Jo Everett sold this week 100 steer yearlings, spring delivery, to J. M. Shannon for \$10.50 a head—Ozona Courier.

Bill Hughes, of Coleman, bought 326 head of 4 year-old steers from Lee L. Russell, at \$28; he also bought a small bunch from Russell & Bovans at \$25. They were from the Talpa pens.—Menardville Enterprise.

E. C. Eason bought two carloads 4 year-old steers from R. W. Prosser and shipped them from Comstock several days ago. He is now buying some steers from E. K. Fawcett.

W. Schupbach has leased the Crowl pasture just East of Del Rio for a term of one year, and will run his sheep in it.—Del Rio Record.

Drum & Collyns sold to Mr. Alexander of Coleman 1000 steers 4's and up at \$20. Spring delivery.—Chas. Schauer sold to Clarence Von Rotsman 100 head of Hereford stock cattle, coming yearlings and two at \$13 and \$15—William Childress sold through Claude Broome to Rockefeller & Co., of Nebraska 375 steer feeders 4's and up at \$21.50 immediate delivery.—It is reported that M. B. Puhlim bought last Thursday 5000 steers coming twos at \$16. Mr. Puhlim will put these cattle in his Panhandle pastures.—San Angelo Enterprise.

From the San Angelo Standard: Louis Hinde, of Irion county, bought 900 stock cattle in Brenham at \$9 per head. They will be shipped to San Angelo in a few days.

Anson & Verner sold yesterday 1250 long yearlings to Fred Rockateller of Iowa, through Claude Broome, at \$16.50 per head.

J. S. Miles sold for Dave Delong to E. Kirk, of Nowater, I. T., 40 2-year-old steers for \$14.50 and 100 3 year-old steers at \$18.

Dan Berry now owns the well-known Berry ranch of 48 sections in Schleicher county. Yesterday he bought John W's half-interest for \$2000. John wants to buy sheep.

Bailey M. Collyns bought from Caleb Barton, of Coke county, 100 steer calves at \$12; from L. D. Sheppard 100 steer calves at \$11; from Lulu Hudson, 70 steers 3's and up at \$11.

J. I. Huffman, the live stock commission man of this city, sold to D. A. McKinley, of Kansas, the following Coleman county sheep: For Tom Keene 281 mixed ewes and wethers at \$1.75; for R. C. Sloane 613 ewes and wethers at \$1.80; for Walter Trott 284 wethers at \$1.70.—San Angelo Standard.

The Board of Trade has taken timely action in reference to foreign embargoes against American meats. This country must have foreign outlets for its surplus live stock, meats and products of the same, and strong influence will have to be brought to bear to head off hostile legislation.

Exporters of sheep have shown a better disposition to do business lately, and if the demand follows precedent it will gradually increase until spring. Prices abroad are fair, but until lately there has been a very poor inquiry for this purpose. England seems to be fairly well supplied with sheep this winter on domestic account, and more are being received from South America than any former season, yet there is room for a large number of our sheep if they are in good condition and suitable quality. There is no excuse for sheep not being well finished this year.

The demand for feeding sheep and lambs is very strong at present, but there is hardly anything coming to satisfy it. Stock of this class is being kept at home, where it is worth more to the owner than at market, though very good prices would be paid for anything good. With so many sheep on feed it is a question what kind of prices will prevail thirty or sixty days hence, but the general outlook is so favorable that many stockmen are anxious to try their luck. The fact that cattle are scarce has given farmers a surplus of feed, which they would like to convert into mutton. It is not likely that many stock sheep or lambs will be marketed for several months.—Chicago Drovers Journal.

Boston, Mass., Jan. 21.—The American Wool and Cotton reporter says to-day of the wool trade:

The market has broadened in quite a noteworthy manner since last week and a great deal of wool has been purchased by the smaller mills as well as larger manufacturers, the presence of the latter in the market having had the effect of sending the former into the market. Orders in the goods market are now increasing in a striking manner, but with so much wool being absorbed by the powerful manufacturers, with the prospect of a duty on the raw material and with the certainty that a medium of orders at least will be received for the manufactured product, the mill owners do not dare at this time to be without wool. While prices are not quotably changed, the market is undoubtedly firmer than a week ago.

Good sales of fleeces, territory and Australian are reported. The sales of the week in Boston, New York and Philadelphia, aggregated 9,977,750 pounds, 6,852,000 being domestic and 2,923,700 pounds foreign. Sales since Jan. 1, 19, \$86,200 pounds, as compared with 21,675,600 pounds in the corresponding period of 1896.

London Jan. 21.—There was a full attendance at the wool auction sales to-day and many American buyers were present. The American representatives purchased greasy and South Australian Merinos at full rates. Their purchases for the day amounted to 1000 bales. The sale was better than that of yesterday and the selection offered was of a good quality. The home trade was a keen bidder for cross-breeds, while France took fine wools. Lambs sold freely over December rates. The offerings to-day aggregated 11,962 bales, and of this number 1500 were sold down.

Mr. W. E. West and Miss Alma Smith will be married at the Baptist Church in Ozona, on St. Valentines day at 10 o'clock. The attendants are Misses Ella Riggin, Jessie Kirkpatrick, Ora Parker and Ora Coker; Prof. Gilham, Archie Cochran, Cal Holt and Claude Hudspeth. Cards will be issued by the Courier next week.

Hubert, the eighteen month old son of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Curry died on yesterday evening.

E. C. Selman was over Sunday from Mayer's Middle Valley ranch. He had some fine hand-made steel spurs, made by himself that he readily disposed of.

Little Joe, the two-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Cochran was drowned in the water tank on last Saturday evening about two o'clock.—Ozona Courier.

The DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS is always pleased to receive items of a social nature for publication.

Henry Delgado Is Dead.

Washington, Jan. 20.—Consul General Lee telegraphed the state department this morning that the American, Henry Delgado, correspondent of the New York Mail and Express, who has been a prisoner in Havana, died in the hospital there last night.

The immediate cause of Delgado's death was an abscess of the stomach, which refused to yield to treatment.

Consul General Lee reports, showing that the man had the best of attention ever since his case was brought to his attention.

Dr. Burgess, the resident inspector of the United States marine hospital service in Havana, was designated to attend the sick man and the Spanish authorities at the request of Gen. Lee, furnished the best accommodations in the hospital that were obtainable under the circumstances. Delgado suffered finally from neglect, it is said, in the early stages of his ailment, but he was arrested before he could die in a bare but almost without attention.

About December 1 he was found by the Spanish forces in Pinar del Rio and was sent to Havana. Upon discovering how ill he was he was removed to San Ambrosio hospital and some weeks ago an operation was performed upon him, the abscess in the stomach being opened. This failed to heal and the exhaustion that followed doubtless was the cause of his death.

Assistant Secretary Rockhill upon receiving the news of Delgado's death promptly notified by telegraph his family in New York and also informed them that they were at liberty to have his remains removed from Cuba and shipped on the steamer which sails to-morrow. Word was also sent to New York merchants who have interested themselves in the case of the unfortunate correspondent.

Shirley Is Insane.

An "insanity expert," a gentleman by the name of Worsham, came here Monday night on the 12:20 train and made an examination of Shirley before retiring to his slumbers and was up again next morning in time to catch the 5:40 train for Austin. Mr. Worsham is an expert employed in the insane asylum for a period of twelve years and we are told was one of the experts in the Bart case who claimed that Bart was sane. Mr. Worsham is quoted as having said that Shirley was never overy bright and that since he had murdered Woodward he has become perfectly insane brooding over the murder and his subsequent trials. This report will no doubt have the effect of Shirley's sentence being commuted at least.—Coleman Voice.

Protective Tariff Measure.

Philadelphia Pa., January 25.—Congressman Burdett, of Crawford county, who will succeed Joseph C. Sibley in the next congress, is in the city. He said he called on President-elect McKinley, and the latter said: "I will call a special session of congress on March 15, and unless I change my mind you may be in Washington by that time. I desire to have a protective system inaugurated immediately after my inauguration, and I want a measure passed that will immediately stimulate business and give idle men work."

It is reported that sheepmen should be prepared to meet a demand for wool and wool this year than for the past few years but they must remember that the expectations are based on changed conditions and those conditions have not been changed yet.

A Mrs. Butler, residing at the corner of Browder and Beaumont streets, fainted yesterday morning and fell face downward upon a stove in which a fire was burning. She received many severe injuries and her face was burned almost to a crisp. It is feared that she will die.—Dallas News, January 22.

Persons having copies of the DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS of Oct 10 and October 31-1896 will confer a favor by sending same to this office to enable us to complete our files.

All communications forwarded to this office for publication must have the authors name attached, not necessarily for publication but as an instance of truth and honesty

IRELAND NO LONGER IRISH.

The Repealing of the Green Isle Apparently an Accomplished Fact.

While the familiar struggle of the Irish against the English continues to be in evidence wherever there are Irishmen, things have arrived at the pathetic stage in Ireland. To the stranger entering Dublin or Belfast it looks as if the island that had given letters to England had been re-peopled by Britons. In every business thoroughfare the names that meet the eye are suggestive of England, Scotland and Wales. The admixture of French, German, Italian and Spanish names, so common in England, is reproduced apparently in the same proportions.

When one takes up the leading daily newspapers, enough is found to corroborate the opinion that the re-peopling is an accomplished fact. In a recent issue of a Dublin journal, The Irish Times, there appeared in the advertisements 325 names—English, Welsh, Scotch, French, German, Italian and Spanish—to 53 Irish names.

The owner of the leading Irish newspaper was born in Scotland, Sir John Arnott, baronet, and the name of the founder, Knox, is associated with a stirring period of Scottish religious history in the sixteenth century.

In the leading directory of Ireland—There's—there is found an abundance of material in favor of the same line of thought. The lists of landowners, magistrates, Protestant clergymen and veterinary surgeons make poor account of distinctively Irish names. In the manufacturing districts of the country the paucity of Irish names is remarkable. From one end of the island to the other the great industries, with few exceptions, are operated by men whose names are not Irish.

English is the language of the country. It is taught in the public schools, and, with rare exceptions, exclusively spoken in the homes. Very few of the Roman Catholic clergymen in English speaking Ireland are capable of preaching in the mother tongue, and, even if they were, fewer still would be able to understand them. Within 50 years a great change has taken place in regard to the Irish language. Protestants and Catholics formerly knew something of it. At the popular watering places along the southwest coast the children prattled in Irish, and Irish was the language of the army of donkey boys and bathing box women. Now the donkeys are engaged by boys who use the English language, and the younger bathing box women are recognized for natives by the sweetness and softness of the "brogue."

In some of the remoter rural districts of Connaught, Munster and Ulster Irish is still spoken, but in the commercial and manufacturing centers it is virtually a dead language.

"Ireland," by George Henry Bassett, in North American Review.

From Del Rio Record. At the ranch of B. F. McD made in this county there is a wonderful, educated rooster. This does not refer to Charley Blandon—it is a real feathered chicken. This rooster understands everything said to him. When told to "play dead" he will fall over on his back with his heels in the air as naturally as if shot through the heart. Tell him to crow and he will strain around the room, fly up on a chair flap his wings and bawl ho-ho. He does many other "cute" things which makes him a perpetual source of amusement to the household, and he has learned it all without any special effort to train him. This rooster is a very diminutive specimen of the feathered tribe, but Mrs. McD said says money could not buy him.

D. L. Musgraves died of pneumonia at his home in Del Rio Monday morning, January 18th at 4 o'clock, age thirty-one years to the day, dying on his birthday. The funeral took place Wednesday morning, the body being kept for the arrival of relatives. Deceased leaves a wife and infant child, besides a large circle of less immediate relatives. He was formerly sergeant of rangers for the squad stationed at Langley and was familiarly known as "Bud." To the sorrowing relatives The Record extends condolences.—Del Rio Record.

AGENTS WANTED.—For War in Cuba, by Senor Quesada, Cuban representative at Washington. Endorsed by Cuban patriots. In tremendous demand. A bonanza for agents. Only \$1.50 Big book, big commissions. Everybody wants the only endorsed, reliable book. Quits free. Credit given. Freight paid. Drop all trash, and make \$360 a month with War in Cuba. Address today, THE NATIONAL BOOK CONCERN, 352-356 Dearborn St., Chicago. 30-26

Sonora's merchants can buy as cheap as others and by having the patronage of the country can and do sell as cheaply.

PERFECT and permanent are the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla, because it makes pure, rich, healthy, life and health-giving BLOOD.

TRANSPORTING EXPLOSIVES.

Not So Very Dangerous—Ordinary Rates Except For Fireworks.

"The transportation of dynamite, fireworks, and, in fact, all kinds of explosives," said a leading manufacturer of dynamite to a reporter, "is almost as common as that of dry goods or groceries. High explosives are shipped to all parts of the world by rail and by water, and whether they are on land or sea they are not particularly dangerous if they are properly stowed and cared for. I wouldn't be afraid to make a voyage around the world in a stateroom filled with dynamite if it was properly stowed and there were no fulminating caps to ignite it. Dynamite does not explode by spontaneous combustion. It is carefully packed for shipment in paper cartridges, which are placed in sawdust in strong wooden boxes, which are marked on the tops and sides: 'Explosives. Dangerous.'

"Steamships which carry passengers have magazines for dynamite, and, in fact, also for black powder and all kinds of explosives. When the explosives are properly placed in the magazines and not intermixed with afterward, they are not a source of danger under ordinary circumstances. When they are shipped on railroads, they are generally placed in separate cars apart from other kinds of freight. The rate of freight on explosives is about the same as that on dry goods or any other commonplace commercial commodity. The rate of insurance is also about the same as on other goods. There are some English and some American insurance companies that will not take risks on explosives, but there are plenty of companies which issue policies, so that there is no trouble experienced in having shipments fully covered. Dynamite, with proper care, can be handled as safely as any ordinary commodity."

A prominent producer of fireworks said: "Fireworks can be shipped by most lines of railroads and steamships, but only at double first class freight rates. The sound steamers will not take fireworks, but the Metropolitan outside line will, because they carry no passengers. Most of the fireworks sent east from here are shipped on the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroad. The Old Dominion and other southern steamship lines will carry explosives, but only in separate compartments on their upper decks. Fireworks and other explosives are also shipped on canalboats without difficulty. No large stocks of explosives are kept on hand in this city. There are four magazines for storing them near Fort Lee, and as they are transported in small quantities the danger is reduced to a minimum."—New York Tribune.

Posting Sanitarium. The sanitarium at Del Rio is a large plan idea. A large steamer especially fitted for the accommodation of invalids in need of fresh air and a favorable climate is to be constructed by a shipping association. The ship is to be in constant employment for 8 or 9 months in the year, but for at least 3 out of the 12 she will go into dock in order to be thoroughly cleaned and disinfected. It is proposed to make this steamer, which is to be the forerunner of a large fleet similarly equipped, a veritable floating palace in the matters of both comfort and salubrity. Although skilled advice and nursing will always be available, the accompaniments of a sanitarium will be kept as much as possible in the background. The prominent idea to be carried out in this new departure is the isolation of a dangerous class, with the least possible amount of discomfort to its members, and, furthermore, that by a judicious timing of moves the sufferers will be afforded a chance of recovery under the most favorable climatic conditions which it would be difficult to secure otherwise. A list of anchorages has been made, all of which have their special seasons. As soon as any undesirable change of weather is imminent at the port of stopping the ship will sail for a more salubrious climate.—Philadelphia Times.

A Quick Witness. Counsel (examining witness)—You say you saw the shots fired? Witness—Yes, sir.

"How near were you to the scene of the affray?"

"When the first shot was fired, I was about ten feet from the shooter."

"Ten feet. Well, now, tell the court where you were when the second shot was fired?"

"I didn't measure the distance." "Speaking approximately, how far should you say?"

"Well, it approximated to half a mile."—Pearson's Weekly.

Dismal.

An anxious inquirer asks, "Where would you advise me to go to learn how to play the piano?"

"In the woods, dear, to the deep, dark, damp, dank, dangerous woods."—Spare Moments.

Boots and Shoes

And when you want the best that can be produced for the least money, call on the "Old Reliable" and you will get just what you want at J. A. BURNS, 34 San Angelo, Te

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

METHODIST.—Rev. J. W. Gible a Methodist minister of the Sonora Mission will attend the following regular appointments: Preaching at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. on second and fourth Sundays at Sonora.

Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 7:30. Union Sabbath school every Sunday at 9 o'clock a.m.

The Juvenile Aid Society will meet on Saturday at 7:30 p. m. before the second Sunday.

Remember revival services will be held on each 2nd and 4th Sunday evening in each month during this conference year.

BAPTIST.—Rev. D. W. Matthews Pastor. Preaching at 11 a.m. and 7:15 p.m., on the first and third Sundays in Sonora, also preaching and conference on Saturday night before the first Sunday.

Preaching on fourth Sunday and Saturday night before the fourth Sunday in Ozona.

Good Newspapers at a Low Price.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS (Galveston or Dallas) is published Tuesdays and Fridays. Each issue consists of eight pages. There are special departments for the farmers, the ladies and the boys and girls, besides a world of general news matter, illustrated articles, etc. We offer THE SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS and the DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS for twelve months for the low clubbing price of \$2.50 cash.

This gives you three papers a week, or 156 papers a year, for a ridiculously low price. Hand in your subscription at once.

The DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS represents the largest wool growing, cattle and sheep raising districts in Texas. Do you want to do business with the producer? Advertising at low rates.

Subscriptions taken at this office or any national news paper or magazine published in the United States at regular rates

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THE GULF COLORADO and SANTA FE RAILWAY is the best passenger route to all points in the

Southeast, North and East.

The direct line to Colorado, Utah, New Mexico, Arizona, and California.

For rates, maps, folders, or any other information, call on any Santa Fe agent, or address, W. S. KEENAN, G.P.A., Galveston, Texas. W. A. TULLEY, T.P.A., Dallas, Texas.

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GIVE THE

OK. BARBER SHOP.

A TRIAL IF YOU WANT FIRST CLASS WORK. HOT AND COLD BATHS.

Hill & Trimble, Proprietors.

Cheap as Dirt.

The James Gillespie residence on Oak street is for sale. Price \$350. Apply at this office or to Jas. Gillespie, Ozona.

Wanted—An Idea

Who can think of a new idea? They may bring thing to patent? Write JOHN WEDDERBURN & CO., Patent Attorneys, Washington, D. C., for their blank paper offer and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

While visiting Ozona stop at the Ozona Hotel, best accommodation in town. Drummers sample room in connection.

**THE NEW YEAR IS HERE
AND SO ARE WE,
BETTER PREPARED THAN EVER
TO SERVE YOU.**

Our Steady Growing Trade has made it necessary to buy all of our Groceries, etc. in Car Load Lots, Our large and commodious warehouse enables us to do so, and gives us the opportunity of meeting prices.

Come and inspect our stock, get our prices and we think we can induce you to trade with us.

**Our Prices Defy Competition.
Liberal Cash Advances Made on
WOOL OR CATTLE.**

Thanking you for past favors and soliciting a continuance of the same. We remain, Very Respectfully,

Mayer Bros & Co.
GENERAL MERCHANTS
SONORA, - TEXAS.

Sonora.

Ladies and gentlemen, give me your attention: A few things that are taking place, to you I would mention, Subjects they are hard to find, but I've got one for this city, About the improvements in Sonora city.

And so you see, If Sonora's not improving, it's very strange to me. I think you will admit Sonora's like a fairy, Sonora seven years ago was nothing but a prairie; Our church, our school, our court house too, to our people are a beauty. You know they can't be excelled by any other county, And so you see.

Our merchants they are business men John Hagerlund, Keene and Mayer. They treat with very great respect their customers and buyers; Their clerks are smart, polite, refined. Their lady clerks are pretty. I know with me you will agree, they're a credit to the city. And so you see.

Some time ago, our ladies gave an entertainment, There was not a sixpence in all of their arrangements, They took in six dollars, and of course it was a success. They'll build a new hall, now they near five-hundred dollars. And so you see.

A Sunday school started here, some of you remember. Just seven years ago, last December, With thirteen little children, is it not bewildering; Now we have a Sunday school of two or three-hundred children. And so you see.

Our physicians they are skillful, Dr. Jones and Dr. Gilson. If you want a perfect saddle go to go to Robert Dawson, If you want to build a splendid house, commence and save your nickels, Then apply to Thomson or to Charley Nichols. And so you see.

There's the Mand S. and Ranch saloon Allison and Perry. The finest brand of liquors for their customers they carry, "Sid," he's been to France and Spain, sailed through the bay of Biscay. And of course he ought to know when he gets good whiskey. And so you see.

And now my friends these facts are true, and they contain no vapor, I wish to speak a word or two about our county paper, I think it is a little gem, to me it's like anora; And "Mike" and "Steve" have been the means of building up Sonora. And so you see.

A few years ago we had but tents, we had then no cabins, We would have no town today but for Charlie Adams; His kindness to the poor class cannot go in this city; His wife was the lady who named Sonora city. And so you see.

Some time ago we all observed Mr. Newell was a daisy, To put his money in a water works, of course he must be crazy, He can never bring it to the town, said the learned and witty, But now it's running right and left all around the city. And so you see.

There's Charley Nichols, Sol and Moon Burroughs, Batte and Newell, They promenade with ladies and I think them really cruel, If they don't propose within a week and longer wish to tarry, Just let them go to Brigham Young, there they can easily marry. And so you see.

You're all acquainted with Geo. Black of him I'll speak with reverence, He'll build a thousand dollar house, a fine and get the residence, Too large for one, just right for two and that'll be the limit. Geo. please tell us who with you is going in it? And so you see.

In conclusion gentlemen this poem's not perfection, A word or two and then I've done upon the last election, Four years ago our homes were bright, they now look dark and dimly, I think our homes will be all right under Billy Kinley. And so you see.

A pair of horses were discovered in the Thursday and Lake Killarney, Murphy's ranch half a mile from town has been turned into a skating rink and those who know how and those who didn't, have been enjoying northern sport.

The weather for the present week has been colder than for years in the Sonora country. The tanks and water holes have been frozen over with ice from two to six inches thick and stock have suffered some for water. It has been freezing steadily for six days.

J. W. Mayfield the cattleman in Sonora Wednesday, Mr. Mayfield has 100 2 year old steers and 100 3 and 4 year old steers for sale at his ranch 12 miles south of Sonora.

Subscriptions taken at this office for Brann's Iconoclast. Published monthly at Waco, Texas, at \$1 a year.

Miss Mary Payne of Ozona returned home Wednesday after a weeks pleasant visit to her friend Mrs. Jo North.

Miss Delia Hill the young lady who is teaching the Martin-Baker school on the North Llano was in Sonora Saturday.

Two Mexican sheep herders were frozen to death 16 miles from San Angelo on Monday or Tuesday.

Noah Rose the photographer of Menardville is suffering with la grippe and this is the cause of his house arrival at Sonora. He will be here when his health permits.

Juan a Mexican goat herder for Maguil Rios was frozen to death Tuesday near Wall's Well four miles north west of Sonora. He was about 60 years of age.

Ed Taliaferro left yesterday for Nueman's ranch on Dry Devil's where he has a contract to drill a well for J. B. Nueman and also one for T. B. Birstrong.

Max Vander Stucken brother of our Delix, was in Sonora Saturday on his way home to Menard county on a few weeks visit, from the Wilson ranch at Howard's Well in Crockett county.

H. Krausenberger, of the Highland Ranch, 7 miles east of Sonora returned from New York Wednesday. He is looking well and reports having left Mrs. K. and children in good health.

T. C. North and Mrs. H. H. Turner of Center Point, Texas, father and sister to Jo North and Rufus Ridley of Junction City, nephew to Jo North, were in Sonora on a short visit to Mr. and Mrs. Jo North this week. Mrs. Turner and family and Rufus Ridley have returned to their homes but T. C. North will remain with his son in Sonora.

Jo (alias) Bill Greenwood who has been working around Sonora for several months past was arrested by Sheriff McConnell Wednesday on suspicion of being wanted in Bexar county for robbing a store. It is said he made a statement incriminating himself to Deputy sheriff Caruthers. The officers at San Antonio have been notified.

It takes letters six days and newspapers ten to twelve days to make the circuitous route between Rock Springs and Sonora, the distance direct is fifty-two miles. So you see the importance of a mail route.—Rock Springs Rustler.

The necessities for a mail route from Rock Springs to Sonora has been persistently urged by the Rock Springs Rustler for some time past and would have had the co-operation of the Devil's River News before now had it not been for the fact that we knew it would do no good to petition the present administration. However, it is now about time to get up the petitions, have them circulated so that everybody interested can sign them and have them in Washington as early as possible.

The entertainment given at the Court House last Friday night was not as well attended as the cause and the programme rendered merited. Mr. T. D. Newell made a few appropriate remarks before the entertainment began regretting the unavoidable absence of some who intended taking part. Mr. Newell then announced the programme: The music was furnished by J. B. Hill and Mark Baugh. The following was the programme: Recitation, The Flower Girl, by Miss Ruby Halbert.

Recitation, The First Settlers Story, by Miss Ethel Phillips. The Milkmaid's Song, by Christian Hemphill and Forest Stewart. Chorus, Womans, Miss Ethel Phillips, Miss Annie Adams, Miss Ruby Halbert and Mark Baugh. Tableau, The Ten Sisters, each representing different countries: Miss Wilson, America; Miss Phillips, the Messenger; Miss Stokes, Egyptian; Miss Palmer, Chinese; Miss Halbert, Indian; Miss Blanks, Moorish; Miss Adams, Persian; Miss Hemphill, Negress; Mrs. Halbert, Turkish; Miss Covington, Simeze Flower Girl.

Tableau, Parsee Sun Worshipers waiting for day break to come; Miss Phillips, Miss Wilson, Miss Blanks, Miss Covington, Miss Palmer and Mrs. King. Tableau, Womans Rights; Miss Phillips, J. B. Hill and Mark Baugh.

Doll, Drill, Laura Stokes, Christian Hemphill, Lela Wyatt, Mina Dodson, Beatrice Halbert, Jennie Sharp, Blanche Drannan and Alice Adams.

JACKSON & RICHARDSON,
Wool and Live Stock Commission Merchants,
San Angelo, Texas,

List your Cattle, Sheep and Horses with them and they will be Sure to bring you a buyer. Or if you want to buy write them. They cheerfully answer all Correspondence.

THE SAN ANGELO NATIONAL BANK,
SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.

Capital Paid in - \$100,000.
Surplus Fund - \$25,000.
Offers to Depositors all the Accommodations which their Balances, Business and Responsibility Justify.
M. L. MERTZ, President. C. W. HOBBS, Vice-President.
A. A. DeBerry, Cashier.

**STOP AT THE
WYATT HOTEL,**

EVERYTHING NEW AND FIRST-CLASS.
CHARGES REASONABLE.
F. M. WYATT, Proprietor.
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C. J. NICHOLS,
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Estimates Furnished on Application.
SONORA, - TEXAS.

BLANKS & WYATT,
LIVERY AND FEED STABLE.

CAREFUL ATTENTION GIVEN TO ALL OUR CUSTOMERS.
MAIN STREET, NEXT TO WYATT'S HOTEL.

Dr. H. Guernsey Jones,
PHYSICIAN, OBSTETRICIAN & SURGEON.
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Country calls promptly Answered.
Office at Residence.
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DR. H. G. COLSON,
Physician, Surgeon and Obstetrician.
Office at Cusenbary & Briant's drug store. Residence on Poplar Street.
All calls promptly answered.
Sonora, Texas.

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS,
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
Advertising Medium of the Stockman's Paradise.
SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora as second-class matter.

MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.
SONORA, TEXAS, - January 30, 1897.

The cheapest place.—The Pioneer Drug Store, San Angelo, 28 ct

Mark Baugh can't stand to have a girl talk to him with tears in her eyes.

Increased trade for Sonora means better prices for the consumer.

J. M. G. Baugh the sheepman was in Sonora Wednesday. His sheep are doing well.

Drug Store for Sale.
One half interest in the prosperous drug business of Cusenbary & Co., of Sonora for sale. Apply to E. S. BRIANT, 30 f. Sonora, Texas.

Sheriff J. P. McConnell of Sutton county received this week from J. A. Herring, Sergeant and Manager of the Convict farm of Harlam Texas, two blood hounds. They are fine looking dogs and past two years old and cost \$150. On Tuesday afternoon Sheriff McConnell had the negro Dennis Green make a run through the country east of town and put the dogs on his trail. Dennis had selected a cool and comfortable seat in a tree when the dogs came up. Mr. McConnell was satisfied with the trial circumstances considered.

E. A. Nimitz the wellknown hotel man of San Angelo was in Sonora this week for a few days. He was accompanied by his eldest daughter Miss Helena and son Henry. Mr. Nimitz has leased the Dolch hotel at Eagle Pass and was on his way over land to take charge of the business. The rest of his family will go to Eagle Pass by rail.

F. W. Henderson and wife of Brownwood, were here last week to spend a few days among former friends. Mr. Henderson has disposed of his mercantile business and is now looking for a location for a bank. He is very favorably impressed with Mason and Sonora but has not determined yet where he will locate.—Mason County News.

If you put your hands in your pockets you'll find a little dodger—that's our bond—that means that we are in earnest when we say that the BUCKSKIN BREECHES are the best jeans pants that money will buy. They are the kind of working pants that don't rip and keep the buttons until they are worn out. When they do wear out you'll think about the quality just as we do.

Hagerlund Bros. have Buckskin Jeans in all sizes. 27

Subscribe for the DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS, \$2 a year.

In making your neighbors business prosperous you help yourself.

Bring your Deer skins, Furs and poultry to us, we will buy them and pay highest market prices. Mayer Bros. & Co.

Dr. O. M. Connerly of El Paso, was in Sonora this week prospecting for a location to practice his profession.

S. J. Powell of Bell county who came out to the Sonora country with Mat Patton the sheepman, was in Sonora Tuesday.

It is predicted that the coming season will be a dry one, in fact droughty, similar to last summer. Prepare for it by increasing the water storage now.

H. DeWolf and H. J. McGuire of Williamson county were guests at the Wyatt hotel Tuesday. They are out to look after their sheep interests in the Sonora country.

The spring clip of wool from the Sonora country promises to be the finest grown in years. The healthy condition of the sheep and the fine range is the cause of the improvement.

Miss Ollie Gurley accompanied by her brother Will Gurley and O. S. Lusk her cousin of Waco was over from Ozona this week the guest of her sister Mrs. W. H. Cusenbary.

The way to cure catarrh is to purify the blood, and the surest, safest, best way to purify the blood is by taking Hood's Sarsaparilla, the One True Blood Purifier.

Hood's Pills are prompt, efficient, always reliable, easy to take easy to operate.

Buy your lumber, shingles, doors, windows, fencing and building hardware from the well-known and reliable firm of Wm. Cameron & Co., of San Angelo. This firm is ably represented by Wm. Kelly, who is one of the company and always treats his customers properly. They are doing business at the old stand at new time prices. 25

**WOODFORD
(1881)
WHISKEY**
is the finest article that has ever sailed over the San Angelo bars. No headache guaranteed. For sale only at the Corner Saloon San Angelo.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Spruce, Mrs. Williams; Messrs. Boggs, Mills, Rountree, Miers, of Sonora, Mr. and Mrs. Gillis, Mr. and Mrs. McFarland, Mr. and Mrs. McCartney, Mr. and Mrs. Brooks; Misses Agnes Murchison, Maggie Murchison, Bertie Murchison, Amelia McCartney, Alma McCartney, Bertie McCartney, Nora Nicks, Minnie Nicks and Mrs. Parsons; Messrs. Dunnigan, Glass-cock, Raney, Bates, Hood Murchison, C. C. West, Dos Russell, McCartney, Sheard, Hurley, Capt. Lamb, W. B. Silliman, Lee and Peter Green, Savell, Lard and Henry Diebitsch, Eden. The music was furnished by Messrs. Hill and Baugh, of Sonora.—Selard, Eldorado Correspondent in San Angelo Standard.

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY. Advertising Medium of the Stockman's Paradise. SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE Entered at the Postoffice at Senora, as second-class matter.

MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.

SENORA, TEXAS, - January 29, 1897.

THE PLIMSOLL MARK.

A Device That Has Saved Hundreds of Lives and Much Property.

If you ever walk around the water front of a large commercial city and look closely at the big ocean steamships and sailing ships moored along the wharves, you will notice that many of them have a white circle and a lot of white lines marked on their sides, close to the water, almost as if some had been marking a picture there of a globe and a gridiron, but when you find that hundreds of ships are marked just the same way, those painted light colors having the marks in black, you know that those marks really mean something of importance in connection with the ships on which you see them. If you should notice more closely, you would soon discover that all the ships belonging to Great Britain, even the magnificent passenger steamers, like the Lusitania and Teutonic, were marked with these queer signs, and that ships of no other nation had them. If you were to ask some sailor what the mark meant, he could tell you briefly that it is the Plimsoll mark, and you would be no wiser than before—in fact, he probably would not know much more than that bare fact himself.

That ugly mark, however, is the safeguard to hundreds of vessels on the stormy ocean and to thousands of lives and to millions of dollars' worth of freight. It has only been in use about 20 years, only properly used for the last 10 years, and it still adopted by only one great seafaring nation in all the world.

Twenty-five years ago it was no uncommon thing for ships to go out to sea laden with valuable cargo and hopeful human beings never to be seen or heard of again. People on shore, even the owners of the cargoes and relatives of the passengers, would take it as something they must be prepared to expect on account of the dangers of the ocean. Finally one man determined to make a study of the subject and see if such terrible tragedies were really unavoidable. He was an indefatigable Englishman named Plimsoll, and a member of parliament. He spent day after day along the docks watching ships loading and unloading, coming in and going out. He talked with shipmen, captains and sailors. He saw ships sent to sea with leaky bottoms, rotten spars and worn-out rigging, with rusty boilers and rattletap engines. He saw them loaded until even in the still waters of the harbor their upper decks were down to the water's edge, and this overload, seemed to be the worst and most frequent fault.

Then he went back to parliament and introduced a bill to put a mark on the sides of ships to show how deeply they could with safety be loaded. The mark suggested was a circle with a horizontal line through its center. When this horizontal line was down to the water's edge, no more freight was to be put into a vessel. She was to be considered loaded. Immediately Mr. Plimsoll brought down upon himself the wrath of shipowners, while everybody else laughed at his cranky idea, but he was not going to be daunted. He published a book telling all he had learned about the criminal overloading of vessels and their wretched condition when sent to sea.

At last he got a vague sort of an act passed, giving the board of trade power to survey ships going to sea and to stop those which seemed to be unseaworthy. This was in 1873, and during the first nine months of the act 235 vessels were surveyed and 256 of them found unseaworthy. At least one in every ten was found to be so dangerously overloaded as to be in almost a sinking condition before leaving the dock. Of course this opened the eyes of the board of trade and of parliament, and Plimsoll's mark became an established feature on British seagoing ships, but its establishment was fought against by shipowners inch by inch. It was nicknamed the "pancake" and ridiculed and treated with contempt in every way. Some shipowners put the mark on their smokestacks in defiance and derision. Plimsoll held to his idea, however, even getting himself suspended from the house of commons one day for being too blunt and violent in his plain talk upon the subject. The result was the merchant shipping act of 1875, making the Plimsoll mark compulsory on all British seagoing vessels and requiring its position to be fixed, not by the shipowners, but by the board of trade.—Lieutenant John M. Killicott, U. S. N., in St. Nicholas.

Open to Disunion.

He—They say that ill temper will make a woman grow ugly in appearance. She—More likely it is the other way. Losing her looks will make a woman grow ill tempered.—Indianapolis Journal.

Forgotten.

"Does Miss Wisely still ride that theosophy hobby of hers?" "I've really forgotten the name of her wheel."—Detroit Free Press.

Bank

President Isaac Lewis of Sabina, Ohio, is highly respected all through that section. He has lived in Clinton Co. 75 years, and has been president of the Sabina Bank 29 years. He gladly testifies to the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and what he says is worthy attention. All brain workers find Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiarly adapted to their needs. It makes pure, rich, red blood, and from this comes nerve, mental, bodily and digestive strength.

"I am glad to say that Hood's Sarsaparilla is a very good medicine, especially as a blood purifier. It has done me good many times. For several years I suffered greatly with pains of

Neuralgia

in one eye and about my temples, especially at night when I had been having a hard day of physical and mental labor. I took many remedies, but found help only in Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured me of rheumatism, neuralgia and headache. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proved itself a true friend. I also take Hood's Pills to keep my bowels regular, and I like the pills very much." ISAAC LEWIS, Sabina, Ohio.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All Druggists Sell. Prepared only by C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Hood's Pills

GOLF.

"It's Just a Golf Game; It's Just the Only Game."

That evening while Wilkinson was smoking a pipe in his garden and trying to water a great cask with a bell hitch hose, emitting a quarter of a pint in five minutes Peter McGonrock looked over the fence and passed the time of day.

"Well, have a club here, of course?" asked Peter.

"Oh, rather," replied Wilkinson. "No end of clubs. We've a capital tennis club, and a croquet club, and a river club, and a bicycle club, and—"

But Wilkinson drew up suddenly, thrown on his benches, for the gray eye of Peter McGonrock, which should have been aimed with enthusiastic interest, was pale with a strong contempt.

"But how about the club?" he asked.

"Club?" said Wilkinson. "Why, well—we've all these clubs. What more?"

"I was not asking about these frivolous things," said McGonrock. "Where's your golf club?"

"Oh, why—why—why haven't—er—exactly my golf club—that is, not just yet, as it is a good sort of game," said Peter Wilkinson.

Peter looked him all over very slowly, then looked the hose all over very slowly, then Wilkinson's garden, then Wilkinson's house, right up to the top of the new Louvre pot, then, repeating very slowly, "Is—er—a—good—sort—of—a—game?" he turned away and disappeared into his drawing room.

For days after that poor Wilkinson, while watering the big oak with the half inch hose, would cast furtive glances at the McGonrock, tapping the little white ball into the little hole in the lawn, and at times he could perceive, with the tail of his eye, Peter McGonrock eyeing him over, or portions of his property, and at times he could hear the muttered words, "Ea—er—a good sort of game?"

At length Wilkinson made a heroic effort to put matters on a less painful footing. He looked over the fence at Peter, who was doing something to a golf iron with a file, and said cheerfully, but with a doubtful nervousness within:

"Ten minutes, ye say?" said Peter, using that lateral eye of his.

"Well, well, of course I don't mean to say I could learn in ten minutes—ha, ha—ridiculous, of course," said poor Wilkinson. "But if you'd kindly teach me the stroke—"

"Oh," said Peter, "a man cannot be taught golf."

"Well, come I don't mean to say that is—but a fellow might try to learn."

CABOO ENGLISH.

Some Unique Examples of How It is Spoken in India.

Captain P. M. Randall copied the certificates of a Dutch man circumferential upon his interesting mission to Nepal—for the purpose of raising a secret battalion to the renowned Third Ghoskes, Mahar Singh, schoolmaster of the Twenty-first N. I. wrote: "This poor Brahmin seems to be deprived of speaking organs. It appears from his several certificates that his family also is deprived of some organs or other. All people who wish to show pity on poor will help this poor Brahmin, Singh," etc. A second was fascinating as a cryptograph, "This Brahmin I hope the other gentlemen support to them and cannot speak and have talk." A third pointed out that "this fellow is certainly too miserable on account of his being both deaf and dumb. He wants help from the public for God's sake. Paid I am, Sir." A fourth urged: "Please any small donation may be given to the bearer of this leaf. He is actually dumb and more so. Very poor."

Another kind soul took the opportunity to repeat the "bestitudes" in this fashion, "Dressed as they did their preparation for riches sake, for their the kingdom of heaven, finally there was a testimonial bearing the mystic signature "Left hand." "Hoping that everybody shall help the man as far as they can. The bearer of this, I presume a Brahmin, is apparently dumb as I have by subjecting him to a test on this point though it might be questioned whether he only pretends to be unable to write or not. He is actually condition (testifies this of course) does not alter the fact that he is really deserving of support which I hope the Charitable populace will afford him."

Lady Dufferin has recorded some examples in her own experience. Telegrams from a station master during an outbreak of cholera: "All railway Baboos assembled. Baboos here is in death. What can Baboos give in exchange for his soul? In anticipation of sanctity we all leave tonight." During the viceregal stay at Mysore: "servant of the maharajah used to offer her indignity in a bouquet every morning with the words 'A delicate attention.'" Finally I presented a petition signed: "G. P. Don Juan. Talented Lepidoptera."

"Here's another without conception," said he in delivering it. A prologue wrote to Lady Dufferin: "You have been very kind to me, and may God Almighty give you a son for me." It is not for want of matter that I write. Yet, to balance the account, here is one from the other side, which I cannot guarantee, however. It is told in India that when Sir John Jung offered his muzzar (present) to her majesty, the English queen made him offer a muzzar (present) to her majesty, the English queen.

Announcement is made of a London Chemist for producing alumina from clay in a form absolutely free from silica and readily convertible into silicate and other aluminous salts. The clay is incorporated with a mixture of equal parts of ammonium and potassium sulphates in the proper proportions, three molecules of ammonium sulphate to each molecule of alumina, this mixture being pressed into the form of balls, which are heated in a furnace to 270 to 280 degrees C. Gaseous ammonia and potassium sulphate are given off at this temperature, while acid potassium sulphate is formed and combined with the alumina of the clay to form alum. The alum is leached from the bricks with water and freed from silica by recrystallization, and a soluble silicate when the alumina is separated in the form of a white precipitate by spending the solution in thin layers of water arranged in a vertical tower passing over it the warm, moist ammoniacal vapors from the still over, the alum is transferred into ammonia, which retains the form of the original powder.

Associations With the Highest. In all societies it is advisable to associate, if possible, with the highest, not that the highest are always the best, but because if degraded there, we can at any time descend; but if we begin with the lowest, it is impossible. In the grand theater of human life a box ticket takes us through the house.—Colton.

AGENTS WANTED.—For Cuba in Cuba, by Senator Quesada, Cuban representative at Washington. Endorsed by Cuban patriots. In tremendous demand. A bonanza for agents. Only \$1.50 Big book, big commissions. Everybody wants the free endorsed, reliable book. Outlets free. Credit given. Freight paid. Drop all fresh, and make \$300 a month with ease in Cuba. Address today, THE NATIONAL AD BOOK CONCERN, 222-226 North St. Chicago. 30-30

THE HORSE.

How an English Friend Was Regarded and Treated in Arabist Times.

It is perhaps small matter for wonder that the nations who first tamed the horse for riding attached high honor to the creature, seated on whose back they scooped with such swiftness. The exhilaration of riding is one which affects the civilized rider of today, if he be of an amiable nature, probably almost as keenly as it did the ancient Scythian, German or Slav. In addition to this, exciting races who had not this yet looked upon those who had it with a kind of superstitious wonder, weaving strange stories about them. The horsemen of Therozly appeared to the other Greeks through a mist of fables and centuries, half man, half brute, but wholly divine. And in the frank fashion of all primitive people the horseman gave back to the horse the glory that he received reflected from it and made of his equine in war and chase a kind of deity.

The ancient Egyptians took credit from their horse, just as the Egyptians did from their sacred oxen. The oxen were kept in groves and were worshipped by making for them the kindred of heaven. The ancient Egyptians took credit from their horse, just as the Egyptians did from their sacred oxen. The oxen were kept in groves and were worshipped by making for them the kindred of heaven.

Among the ancient Irish, when a king was crowned in Ulster, it was customary to lay a white mare and kill it in a net. Into this was the newly made king descended and there sat, eating the flesh and tasting small portions of the meat. The Celtic other flesh was so well recognized as to be known that the early Christian saints forbade it to their converts. Among the Scythians the horse was deified and sacred to the sun, and its worship crossed the Himalayas and was early established among the British kings.

Next to a human being, who probably was, as a matter of fact, never sacrificed in ancient India, the horse was the most sacrosanct offering to the gods. It is told down in the Puranas that the sacrifice of 100 horses costs more, the king of the gods, from his throne and reigns in paradise (svarga) in his stead. There is no record, however, of any one having earned this exalted felicity. Kings, on attaining the throne, usually sacrificed a horse, their tributary princes performing the more costly duties connected with the sacrifice (horse sacrifice). Indeed, even the office of priest in this religion the could only be exercised by a priest of that race. One of the books of the great Hindu epic, the Mahabharata, contains an account of the great war which led by Yudisthira, king of the Pandus, when he had by the defeat of the Kuravas, firmly established his rule over northern India. The sacred horse was trained here to wander wherever it pleased for a year, while the loyal army followed it everywhere at a respectful distance. Other tribes whose picture it crossed were given the option of either turning out in force to join the triumph of the horse or accepting a wager of battle. At the end of the year the horse was led back to the place and there sacrificed.—London Standard.

As a rule, so far as our experience goes, the machicousness of monkeys is not purely white, but is prompted by a motive, sometimes the motive is revenge, as in the following case. A retired colonel at Bath had a pet monkey. His next door neighbor was a widow, with three mischievous and troublesome boys, who, when they were home for the holidays, made that unhappy monkey's life a burden to him by throwing lighted snuffs and crackers at him and giving him snuff with pepper or mustard. When his terms were over he took to school, the monkey, from a respectful distance, watched them depart, then came down, crept cautiously along the balcony to the widow's drawing room window, and, seeing that there was no one about, entered, got hold of a bottle of ink and liberally sprinkled its contents over the carpet and furniture. He was caught in flagrante delicto, handed over to his master and severely whipped, but he had had his revenge.

In another extreme case jealousy of a quite human type prompted a vengeance. A well-known and prominent member of the Royal Yacht Club had a pet monkey which used to come to any him on his yacht.

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"I was in Wise county, Va., in the heart of the mountains, in the south western part of the Old Dominion. I am a Virginian, and in common with all loyal Virginians claim kinship with every one of my name in the state. The landlord saw my name on the register.

"So you name's Buford?" he said. "Yes." "What's the sum Buford's byan?"

My family are all Virginians. "Yes. You do favor 'em. Rock on you'll all air him. You look jess like Dave." "My father's name was Dave." "That was three—Bob, John and Dave." "I have uncles by those names. They are family names." "Yo' sho' air kin. I thought so, mind I looked at yo'."

"You say the Bufords moved away?" "Not exactly." "I thought you said they used to live here?" "That's what I said. Yo' see, John and Dave was Bob's sons. The ole man was gwine ter marry agin, so the boys wouldn't git the little property the ole man had, an they killed yo' so wading John an Dave." "I did not trace the relationship or the family resemblance any further."—Washington Star.

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The great detective smiled at the prisoner's expense, by the way. "I never knew a farmer to fight a match on the side of his back," he said.—Indianapolis Journal.

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MONKEY STORIES.

Instances in Which the Animals Have Exhibited Almost Human Feelings.

Don Goya Ouseley, diplomatist and traveler, gives a remarkable instance of the "exquisite sensibility" of the monkey. On board the man-of-war which took him out as ambassador to Peru there was a pet monkey of the captain's, a peculiarly affectionate, gentle, amiable creature, which was a favorite with the whole ship's company. But it was not without the characteristic propensities of its kind. There was a milk goat kept on board specially for the ambassador's use. One morning the monkey looked the goat to the tackle of a gun and walked it into a mainmast's hat—the headgear of the barman at that time was a stiff gilded hat. Caught red handed, the monkey was brought before the captain, who summoned him to be sent to Coventry for a week, any one taking the slightest notice of the culprit during that time to forfeit his grog. The monkey went about wistfully seeking the attentions to which he had been accustomed, but none of his old friends had a kind look or word for him. He vainly put on his most winning and engaging airs. They were useless. For two days he gave his punishment, but on the morning of the third, finding himself still in disgrace, his sensitive heart broke under the strain of misery. His eyes on the bulwarks, and, placing both hands over his head, gave out a piteous cry; then leaped into the sea and was seen no more.

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MOUNT SHASTA.

How It Looks Up Near the Crater in the Month of August.

Late in the afternoon we selected a level place near a bank of snow at an elevation of about 9,500 feet, and gathered a few logs of dead pines, we made a rousing fire, and at nightfall unrolled our heavy California blankets, sleeping nearer the stars than I ever had before. It was a clear, cold night. The water from nearly an inch thick, and at 9:15 the next morning, when we began our ascent of the crater, the thermometer was 25 degrees F.

We rode our horses for an hour until we came to the foot of the ash cone, and by 9:45 were on the summit of the crater. The view in the clear atmosphere was indeed a wide one. Far to the northwest was the Sierran range and Pilot's Knob, and to the west the jagged, snow-tipped, snow peaks of the Salmon mountains, 60 miles southward was the snow clad solitary Lassen peak, 12,000 feet high, while Klamath lakes and the lava beds, the seat of the late Modoc war, lay to the north-eastward.

The scene was a wild one within the great crater, whose narrow edge is formed of sharp jagged peaks and pinnacles. Broad, almost unbroken snowfields extended from the edge down for 1,000 feet. At the bottom were two frozen lakes like sheets of glass. The crater was extinct, no signs of steam or of volcanic eruptions meeting the eye. We were told that on the summit of the cone there is a hot steam vent, the last dying embers of past volcanic action. Mr. Sissons, while guiding a traveler to the summit, was once belated and had to spend the night there and saved the lives of himself and his companion by lying close to the steam vent, the steam passing up through the snow. On their descent they slid down over the snowfields of the summit to the lava beds below.

The outlet of the crater, or point of overflow at the last eruption, was on the western side, where small masses of black oxidation and white incrustations of lime were observed.—Professor A. S. Packard in Popular Science Monthly.

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CABLE AGAINST TELEGRAPH.

George Kennan Tells How the Success of the Cable Affected Him.

Mr. George Kennan writes a story for The St. Nicholas entitled "How the Bad News Came to Siberia." Mr. Kennan was engaged on the Russian overland telegraph, and the bad news was the announcement of the successful laying of the Atlantic cable, which brought his work to a sudden stop. Mr. Kennan says:

Early the next morning I was awakened by one of the Cossacks with the welcome news that there was a square rigged vessel in the office five or six miles beyond Matuga island. I leaped hastily up the bluff and had no difficulty in making out with a glass the masts and sails of a good sized bark, evidently a whaler, which, although hulled down, was apparently coming back and forth with a light southerly breeze across the gulf. We ate breakfast hastily, put on our fur kubbians and red caps and started in a whistling under sail for the ship, which was distant about 15 miles. Although the wind was light and the sea comparatively smooth, it was a hard, toilsome pull, and we did not get alongside until after 10 o'clock. Finding the quarter deck as we approached

board was a good looking, ruddy faced, gray haired man, whom I took to be the captain. He evidently thought, from our outer appearance, that we were only a party of natives come off to trade, and he paid no attention whatever to us until I walked aft and said, "Are you the captain of this bark?"

At the first word of English he stopped as if transfixed, started at me for a moment in silence, and then exclaimed in a tone of profound astonishment: "Well! Has the universal Yankee got up here?"

"Yes, captain," I replied, "he is not only here, but he has been here two years or more. What bark is this?"

"The Sea Breeze of New Bedford, Mass.," he replied, "and I am Captain Hamilton. But what are you doing up in this forsaken country? Have you been shipwrecked?"

"No," I said, "we're up here trying to build a telegraph line."

"A telegraph line!" he shouted. "Well, if that isn't the greatest thing I ever heard of. Who's going to telegraph from here?"

I explained to him that we were trying to establish telegraphic communication between America and Europe by way of Alaska, Bering street and Siberia, and asked him if he had never heard of the Russian-American telegraph company.

"Never," he replied. "I didn't know there was such a company, but I've been out two years on a cruise, and I haven't kept up very well with the news."

"How about the Atlantic cable?" I inquired. "Do you know anything about that?"

"Oh, yes," he replied cheerfully, "as if he were plucking the best news in the world. 'Theophilus said all right.'"

"Does it work?" I asked, with a sinking heart.

"Works like a watch," he responded heartily. "The Fitzco papers are publishing every morning the London news of the day before. I've got a lot of 'em on board that I'll give you. Perhaps you'll find something in them about your company."

I think the captain must have noticed from the sudden change in the expression of our faces that his news about the Atlantic cable was a staggering blow to us, for he immediately dropped the subject and suggested the propriety of eating below.

We all went down into the cozy, well-furnished cabin, where refreshments were set before us by the steward and where we talked for an hour about the news of the world, from whining in the South Pacific to dog driving in Arctic Asia, and from Weston's walk across the American continent to Karakozof's attempt to assassinate the czar. But it was on our side at least a perfunctory conversation. The news of the complete success of the Atlantic cable was as unexpected as it was disheartening, and it filled our minds to the exclusion of everything else. We had lost the race, and even if we should go over the course we could hardly expect to get any applause or attract any attention. The world would have no use for an overland telegraph line through Asia and Siberia if it already possessed a working cable between London and New York.

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