

# THE SONORA

VOL. 4.

SONORA, TEXAS, THURSDAY, NOV. 27, 1902.

## RAIN WAS HEAVY.

BEAUMONT WAS FLOODED—LOSS AMOUNTS TO THOUSANDS.

## EAST TEXAS RIVERS ARE UP

Rice Farmers Big Losers There Was an Eighteen Inch Fall at Raywood and Vicinity.

Beaumont, Texas, November 22.—Yesterday was a day of wetness in Beaumont and in the surrounding country. Rain began falling at 1 o'clock and continued steadily all day, stopping about 5 o'clock in the afternoon, making a total of seventeen hours. The exact amount of water that fell is not known, but it certainly was in excess of fourteen inches, which has heretofore been the State record, made at Galveston last year.

The streets were impassable when the people got up and many failed to leave their homes during the day. In the residence districts the chicken coops were afloat, and the whole town was under a sheet of water. Many dwellings were damaged through having leaks beaten into their roofs by the heavy and continuous downpour.

But there was a worse condition in the business district. The city lies at a considerable height above the river, but there is no drainage. In consequence, the water gathered in the streets and rushed into the stores, in many of which much damage was done to the portion of the stock which was stored on the floor, particularly in the grocery houses. The loss from this account is very heavy, running far into the thousands, though it will be impossible to estimate how great it has been.

Traffic was suspended. The only way to get certain portions of the city was through a considerable amount of water.

Reports from the country are that much damage has been done. Some of the estimates of the loss running as high as \$15,000 and \$20,000. An accurate statement is not possible for the reason that no one could get out there, and no one get into town without a hard struggle. The reports have come by phone principally.

The saw mills are losers to a considerable amount, while the railroad companies have suffered heavily. In fact, nearly every citizen has some loss great or small, to charge against the rain, and the total would be large could it be put in a statement and added up.

The rice men have been victims as well as the storekeepers. It has not been possible to hear accurately from the rice fields, but it is said that in some portions of the county the water stood two or three feet deep in the fields, covering the standing rice and that which had been shocked and prepared for threshing. This loss will aggregate thousands of dollars in itself.

### Preparing the Message.

Washington, November 22.—Several of the leaders of both branches of congress have been invited by the president to call on him at the executive office next Monday. He will discuss with them the features of his forthcoming message to congress relating to trusts and tariff. The president hopes, as a result of one of his conferences with republican leaders, to facilitate the work of the approaching session of congress to pave the way for a reconciliation of any differences that may arise between the two houses.

Senator Lodge of Massachusetts took lunch with the president today and they discussed some important features of the message.

### Young Lady Badly Hurt.

Livingston, Texas, Nov. 22.—Miss Bessie Moses, daughter of M. A. Moses of Camden, who is teaching school six miles east of this place, was thrown from her horse yesterday evening on her return from the school house to the residence of Mrs. M. C. Nettles, with whom she is boarding, and was seriously hurt, sustaining a dislocation of the hip and two or more ribs are thought to be broken. The accident occurred about 4:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon. Dr. W. B. Everett was called, but did not reach her earlier than 10:30 last night.

### Died from an Assassin's Bullet.

Telluride, Colo., Nov. 22.—Arthur L. Collins, general manager of the Smuggler Union Mining Company, who was shot by an unknown assassin on Wednesday night, in Pandora, died last night.

## SURE CURE FOR CANCER.

An Illinois Physician Has Made the Discovery.

La Salle, Ill., November 22.—Dr. Floyd Clendennin of this city has started the medical fraternity with the announcement that he has discovered a positive cure for cancerous growths of all natures.

Dr. Clendennin is a graduate of Bennett Medical College, Chicago. When a boy Floyd Clendennin remembered having seen his uncle, a farmer, living near Charlestown, W. Va., curing cancerous growths with a plaster made up of vegetable ingredients, which he obtained from an Indian.

Dr. Clendennin had his uncle send him the formula. Aided by a knowledge of chemistry and medicine, Dr. Clendennin and his brother, Dr. George Clendennin, have studied and experimented for sixteen years in an endeavor to perfect a remedy that would effect a positive cure. They finally made a plaster that would destroy the germ without effecting the sound tissues. Then, dissolving the ingredients of the plaster, the solution was hypodermically injected with even greater success. During the last ten years Dr. Clendennin has successfully treated 196 out of 200 patients afflicted with the disease.

Medical journals and authorities have sought for years to have Dr. Clendennin to exploit his remedy.

Chicago capitalists are endeavoring to interest the doctor in establishing a syndicate hospital for the cure of sufferers from cancer.

### Colonel Ochiltree Dying.

Hot Springs, Va., Nov. 22.—Colonel Thomas Ochiltree is critically ill here and is suffering repeated attacks of heart trouble. There is no hope for his recovery, and news of his death would come as no surprise to those watching his case here. He was sent here a fortnight ago by Dr. L. R. Morris of New York, in the hope that the change would be beneficial. The heart trouble is a result of pneumonia, contracted a year ago. During Colonel Ochiltree's quiet moments he takes opportunity of spending the winter in Bermuda. He is kept up entirely on heart stimulants. He has with him only a man servant and a trained nurse.

### Missing Woman Found.

Lincoln, Neb., November 22.—Mrs. Albert Sechrest of Kansas City, principal witness for the State in the case of Louise Kern, a dentist, charged with killing her husband, was found here today at the home of her parents and she admitted she had been in hiding for the past five days. Mrs. Sechrest wished to avoid testifying at the trial and last Monday threw a note pinned to a hat into the river at Leavenworth, stating that she had drowned herself and baby.

"I meant to kill myself and baby," she said today, "but the water was too cold."

### Workmen Hurt.

Texarkana, Texas, Nov. 22.—Yesterday as a squad of carpenters were working upon a building at the corner of second and Maple streets, the scaffold broke from under them and precipitated the men upon a brick pavement forty feet below.

John Forsyth had his skull fractured and both arms broken and will die; Joseph Foote had his nose cut off, a leg broken, and Johnson McAllister received a crushed skull. All of the men have families.

### Great Bear Hunt Planned.

Birmingham, Ala., Nov. 22.—A special to the Birmingham News from Jackson, Miss., says it was learned there yesterday morning that before leaving Mississippi President Roosevelt stated that in the event of his reelection he will return to Mississippi for a twelve day bear hunt in the delta. It is his intention, it is said, to organize the largest chase for bear in the history of the state.

### Drowned in the Danube.

Vienna, Nov. 22.—A Danube steamer, crowded with workmen, sank off Corsova, a frontier town of Servia, on an island in the Danube, yesterday. Thirty of those on board were drowned, owing to the darkness, the boats from the shore being only able to rescue five persons.

### Stock Sold.

Kingsbury, Texas, Nov. 22.—Holmes & Appling, merchant at Burl, six miles north of here, sold their stock of merchandise yesterday to Hugo & Schmeltzer Co., of San Antonio.

TERRELL.—The city council in special session granted a franchise for a new telephone company.

## A BAD EXPERIENCE

JOHN SCHENKEN OF FREDERICKSBURG HAD NARROW ESCAPE.

## ATTACKED BY WOLVES.

The Faithful Beast Was Killed—and Eaten by the Hungry Jack—Man Was Taken to Austin.

Austin, Texas, November 21.—John Schenken, of Fredericksburg, was brought to this city this evening in a serious condition and given medical attention. He was banded from head to foot with stained cotton sacks, and was a frightful sight to behold. Schenken was attacked in his camp about nineteen miles west of Austin on the Dripping Springs road, between 1 and 3 o'clock this morning by a pack of hungry wolves, and had it not been for his dog, a large fox hound, he would have been torn to pieces. As it was, that man barely escaped with his life, and the trustworthy dog met the fate he saved his master from.

The freighter was alone and pitched his camp in the preceding evening south of dense thicket for protection from the cold. He turned his horses loose to graze on the range with the exception of the leader, which was tied, and his bed was made in the large covered wagon. About sundown Schenken killed a large jack rabbit and after cleaning it swung it to the wheel of his wagon. In a little while after he retired the wolves, attracted by the scent of fresh meat, approached the camp. They set up a dismal howl, which aroused the teamster. He got up with pistol in hand and the battle commenced. He fired several shots without effect, when the wolves closed in on him and were tearing him to shreds. The freighter's dog came to his rescue, diverted the attention of the wolves and Mr. Schenken crawled into his wagon. After dark, however, he was so loyal to his master, the wolves made no further attack on Mr. Schenken. Some settlers went to his rescue this morning and assisted him to the city.

### Mutiny of Ship's Crew.

Washington, November 21.—The Isle Luzon, one of the Spanish gunboats captured at Manila by Admiral Weyey, is en route to New York with forty-eight of her men in irons. The vessel, which has been on guard duty in the Philippines for about three years, started recently for New York, proceeding from Manila via Singapore. Advice received at the war department indicate that on the trip to Singapore the machinery on the boat shifted badly, creating a panic among the crew and causing a substantial mutiny. The result was the placing of forty-eight of her crew in irons. After her capture the Luzon was repaired at Hong Kong, and it is said the repairs were not properly made.

### Explosion of Powder.

Sherman, Texas, November 21.—This afternoon a report reached here that a powder house at Langtry Spur on the Frisco was struck by lightning and fifty cases of giant powder and 150 cases of dynamite stored in the powder house exploded, wrecking a workmen's camp about one-half mile east of the powder house. One hundred and fifty men were at the camp, and eleven men were injured by the falling building, and one was killed outright.

### Cholera on the Wane.

Washington, November 21.—Mail advices received at the war department indicate that during the closing days of September in cholera epidemic in the Philippines reached its lowest stage for many months. Only seven new cases and seven deaths from the disease occurred in Manila on Saturday and Sunday, September 27 and 28.

### Santa Fe Passenger Earnings.

Austin, Texas, November 21.—The Gulf, Colorado and Santa Fe Railroad company paid the comptroller today \$2621.98, which is 1 per cent of its gross passenger earnings for the quarter ending September, 1902.

### Young Man Badly Hurt.

Ennis, Texas, November 21.—Burt Scott, an employe of the Ennis Ice, Light and Power company, was seriously hurt yesterday evening at 6 o'clock. One of the main belts of the electrical machinery flew off and gathered him up, slashing him against the heavy wheels, lacerating his body to such an extent that he was unconscious. Instant death was prevented by the timely appearance of one of the workmen, who stopped the machinery.

## IMPORTANT PENSION RULING.

An Applicant is Barred If His Wife Has Any Property.

Austin, Texas, November 21.—Captain E. A. Bolmes, chief of the pension bureau of the comptroller's department, has made an important ruling regulating applications for pensions under the Confederate pension law. He has ruled that an applicant for a pension is not entitled to it if his wife has property in her own name, though the proposed pensioner makes affidavit that he himself has no property. Captain Bolmes stated today that there are a number of applicants for pensions who make the affidavit that they are indigent and have no means of support, when investigation showed that their wives had property, both real and personal. To put a stop to this, Captain Bolmes has added another question to be answered by the proposed applicant and that is, if the applicant's wife has any property in her own name, and if so, its value, etc. In many instances he has received replies in the affirmative, and consequently the pension is not granted.

### A Peculiar Accident.

Sugarland, Texas, November 21.—At 3 o'clock this morning James Casey and James Glenn, engineers in the sugar refinery of Ed H. Cunningham & Co., were the victims of a fatal accident. It seems they were in an intoxicated condition, and were in a scuffle, when they lost their footing and slipped into the flywheel in the refinery engine room. Glenn was killed outright and Casey was so badly mangled that death resulted at 8 o'clock this morning. There were two eye witnesses to the accident.

Both men were comparative strangers at this place, and if relatives can not be located today internment will be made here.

### Hotel Burned at Brownwood.

Brownwood, Texas, November 21.—The Union hotel, a frame building containing about thirty rooms, situated near the Rio Grande depot, was completely destroyed by fire with contents this morning about 2 o'clock. The hotel was the property of J. W. Ashbell, as was a portion of the furniture, and was insured for \$1300. The other household goods were owned by J. Nolan, insured for \$400; total loss \$3500.

R. T. Carlisle, one of the guests, was burned to death. He was a representative of the Dallas Guarantee Loan and Banking company, but all efforts to locate his relatives were futile and he was buried here this afternoon.

### Yale Students Aroused.

New Haven, Conn., November 21.—An extraordinary scene was witnessed here tonight when the Yale students made an attack on the ticket speculators and relieved them of every ticket for the Yale-Harvard football game in their possession. The speculators were given the regular price for every ticket taken. Several instances where the speculators remonstrated they were roughly handled. The exorbitant prices demanded by speculators had aroused the student body, and they decided to take the matter into their own hands.

### Escaped From Comanche Jail.

Comanche, Texas, November 21.—Allen Ainsp, sentenced to twelve years for attempt to murder, and Dan Farmer, for five years for the theft of horses, made their escape from the jail last night by sawing out the iron grating, then used a blanket to reach the ground. Two other prisoners made no attempt to escape.

### Killed on the Eve of His Wedding.

Texarkana, Texas, November 21.—I. H. Thomas, a well known young man of this city, a practical lineman, having been employed in that capacity by the telephone company here, was killed today by a log train on the Choctaw at a point ten miles distant from here. Thomas was engaged to be married to a young lady in this city tomorrow. His family lives in Martin, Tenn.

GREENVILLE.—The Jim Beckham murder case has been continued by the State.

### Child Fatally Burned.

Corsicana, Texas, November 21.—The 5-year-old daughter of R. J. Manning, of Winkler, this county, died late yesterday evening from the effects of being severely burned while playing about the fire the evening before.

### Mr Ball Entertained at Dallas.

Dallas, Texas, November 21.—Congressman Thomas H. Ball did not get off to Houston last night as he had expected, but remained in Dallas till this evening. Every hour of his stay in Dallas was made pleasant.

have an odd cure for They carry a good stone in the pocket and cure the worst cases.

Morgan is an example of a man who has saved his money in this country. Let horse racing and give frivolities alone.

quality and extra quantity This is why Defiance is the place of all others.

the great Nile dam at steady employment 20,000 Italian and

THOUSANDS KILLED BY VOLCANOES STILL

PEOPLE FLEE FROM

Earthquakes Accompany the Condition of the People, Especially the Indians is Pitiful.

San Francisco, Cal., November 21.—The first of the refugees from devastated lands of Guatemala arrived today on the Pacific mail steamer City of Para. They come from the district of the island sea and traveled over country laid waste by sand, ashes and pumice before reaching a railway station. From the latter places they made the journey by rail to Chaperico and there took the steamer to San Francisco. They sailed on November, when the mountain was still smoking and the rumbling of thunder and flashes of lightning gave evidence of more eruptions to come. These people fled from their plantations in fear of their lives. They escaped to the seaside with little more than the clothing they wore, transportation being so difficult as to preclude their baggage. The refugees confirm the stories of the loss of life. The victims for the most part are Indians. They had not heard of any white persons being lost. Thousands of Indians were asphyxiated or buried in the sand. Miles of plantations are under ashes and absolute ruin is the lot of many planters. One refugee from within a half hour's ride of General Barillo's home and brings information that the general and his family are safe.

A cablegram received here when the first eruption occurred stated that General Barillo has been asphyxiated. The refugees say it is not the crater of Santa Maria that is in action, but a smaller mountain rising from one of the western slopes of Santa Maria, called El Rosario.

Bands of robbers are now swarming the desolated sections, robbing and murdering refugees on the road and looting the abandoned and desolate plantations.

Those left behind on the plantations, it is said, are in danger of death from starvation, as the food supply has been cut off and there is no way to send supplies.

The steamer City of Para found great quantities of pumice floating on the water and some of the pieces were about the size of a man's head. The sea was covered with the stuff. When the vessel got up off the coast of Guatemala the shore was seen to be covered with light ashes. At Chaperico there were about half an inch of ashes over the roofs of the houses and the ground was covered as though there had been a snowstorm. Ashes were then falling, although it was sixteen days after the first eruption. During the night of November 6, just a few hours the City of Para sailed out of the port, loud rumblings of the earth were heard and heavy reports, as of distant thunder, came from the direction of the volcano.

### Advance in Oil.

Beaumont, Texas, November 20.—The advance in oil prices during the week has been almost phenomenal. There is an apparent change for the better by at least 5 or 6 cents in that time. The oil men are jumping the price of oil in tanks also. Heretofore it has been the oil on cars that has been fluctuating in price and running up and then down, while the price in tanks has remained pretty nearly the same all along, but now that the advance has come in that direction there is an air of permanency about the fields that is pleasing the many holders of oil.

### Heavy Frost at Denison.

Denison, Texas, November 20.—There was quite a heavy frost in this section last night. This is the latest frost in a great many years.

### Carnegie is Recovering.

London, November 20.—Andrew Carnegie, who was affected by something he ate while on the continent, is rapidly recovering. The doctors say there is no cause whatever for anxiety, and that Mr. Carnegie only needs a few days of rest.

### Assignment at Seguin.

Seguin, Texas, November 20.—Herman Brecher & Co. assigned in this city today. Liabilities \$14,000; assets \$7000.

20 MILLION BOTTLES SOLD EVERY YEAR.



Happiness is the absence of pain, and millions have been made happy through being cured by Dr. J. C. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, TOOTHACHE, HEADACHE, LAMENESS, SCALDS, BURNS, SPRAINS, BRUISES and all pains for which an external remedy can be applied. It never fails to cure. Thousands who have been declared incurable at baths and in hospitals have thrown away their crutches, being cured after using Dr. J. C. Williams' Pink Pills. Directions in eleven languages accompany every bottle.

CONQUERS PAIN



LADY RONS Mrs. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. The heart. Mrs. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. continued to scream, and the screams began sinking to the ground. Johnson came out of the Guffey offices about that time and heard the screams and ran to the spot and caught Mrs. Williams. She appeared to be in bad condition and is still critically ill.

The negro when he struck her grabbed her purse, which contained \$100 in money and considerable other things of value. He tore it loose from her belt and fled. Mrs. Vogel is also in a state of prostration.

Assaulted by a Negro Footpad. Pittsburg, Texas, November 20.—Last night about 10 o'clock as Mr. John Martin, one of Camp county's best farmers, was returning home from the Gentry Bros. show he was assaulted by an unknown negro. Mr. Martin was struck by some blunt instrument, creating a fracture of the jaw, also receiving several blows on the head. His condition is such that he can give no account of the attack made upon him. Deputy Sheriff J. C. Huey has arrested a negro and he is now in jail. Considerable excitement over the matter.

Judge Reagan Goes to Austin. Palestine, Texas, November 20.—Judge John H. Reagan left this afternoon for Austin where he goes to attend a meeting of the railway commission. Judge Reagan now drives a mule to his buggy instead of a horse. He has done this, he says, ever since the horse ran away with him in this city about a month ago. The mule is very gentle and has been in Judge Reagan's possession for many years.

Mexican Workmen Arrested. Eagle Pass, Texas, November 20.—Eight Mexicans, part of a gang of 200 engaged in clearing land on the big Indian ranch, twenty miles below Eagle Pass, were brought into town this evening charged with being in this country in violation of the alien contract labor law. They will have a hearing tomorrow before the United States commissioner.

Peddy Case With the Jury. Greenville, Texas, November 20.—Arguments were concluded in the Jim Peddy murder trial at noon today and the jury was charged by Judge Connor. Speeches were made by J. T. Jones, Hon. B. Q. Evans and Ed H. Bennett for the defense and by Hon. R. D. Allen for the prosecution.

A Brewery Change at San Antonio. Hondo, Texas, November 20.—In a few days, according to rumor, San Antonio papers will dish up quite a surprise to their readers in nothing less than the sale of the Lone Star brewery to Mr. Adoue of Galveston.

FRANKLIN.—There has been a large attendance from this place to the Houston Carnival.

'Twas a False Alarm. Washington, November 20.—Chief Wilkie of the United States secret service in speaking today of Mrs. Lena Doxheimer's story of a plot to kill President Roosevelt said that a searching investigation proved conclusively that she was mistaken as to the facts. Chief Wilkie is convinced that there has been no plot against the life of the president such as Mrs. Doxheimer describes. He believes, however, that she is an honest woman and sincere in her beliefs.



(By Charles H. Robinson)

It was all on account of the Amcsy.

During the lifetime of her master Mrs. Amcsy was an atom flurrying around out of the social whirlwind, but now with a tidy bit of money by the lamented departed, another matter. Then the ter sought to draw her in the money out of her. F woman, she resisted the invested her windfall taze, which possessed, low and two more it



erman's Fight With a Whale.

ased by a huge whale with noth but a pair of oars to defend him, is the story told by a fisherman, ed Campbell of Mainadieu, Cape reton.

Mr. Campbell was out in a small boat. He was not very far from land when he noticed a huge sea monster approaching him. Not wishing to encounter it, Mr. Campbell bent himself to the oars and tried to get in shore before the monster reached him.

The whale gained on him, and he soon recognized that his efforts to reach shore ahead of his pursuer were futile. His means of defense were not of much account, but he made good use of what was at hand.

The monster opened his jaws wide and tried to swallow the boat, man and all. Mr. Campbell reached over with an oar and for a few minutes succeeded in keeping the whale away.

When it looked as though Campbell was doomed, a small boat hove in sight, and its occupants noticing the man's perilous position, hastened to his aid. The whale then disappeared.—Toronto Globe.

White Blackberries.

White blackberries are the latest achievement of horticultural science



They have been bred from ordinary black ones, by a well-known gardener, Luther Burbank, of Santa Rosa, California. As a mere freak they would be interesting, but they are something more, namely, a valuable new variety, possessing a flavor superior, it is said, to any blackberries. Before very long they will be on the market, so that the public will be able to judge for itself as to their excellence.

Bottom Fell Out of Well.

Will McClure, a jeweler of Leitchfield, Ky., while drilling for a well on the property of Jim McClure in the suburbs of Leitchfield, suddenly had the bottom fall out of the well into a circular subterranean cavern. The well was dug to the depth of 28 feet, when the bottom fell into the cavern, which is about forty by sixty feet and from eight to ten feet high. There are two passages leading from this chamber, one running east and one west. A part of the eastern passage has been explored to the distance of 150 yards, while in this passage there are two divergent passages unexplored. In the western passage, which takes a declivity of about thirty feet, a large chamber is reached, 30 by 150 feet long, and ten or twelve feet high. There are two unexplored passages leading out of the western passage. The walls and top of the caverns are covered with a white limestone formation.

Horse Does a Watch-Dog Stunt.

A prominent citizen of Gridley, Cal., has a horse that does excellent service as a watchdog. But for the wonderful intelligence and faithfulness of the animal which occupies a corral next to the chicken house, a thief would have made his escape with a batch of valuable poultry.

During the night the proprietor was awakened by a racket in the henyard, and, on taking a cautious look, saw in the dim light a mouse coming out of the henhouse under a sack. At the same time the horse with a vicious squeal, went toward the thief and, wheeling about began to kick at him. The thief dropped the sack of chickens and ran, with the horse after him, the horse actually biting out a mouthful of the man's coat-tails as he scaled the corral fence. The bag contained eight chickens.

Music may be the food of love, but love also manages to find room for large quantities of ice cream and bonbons.

It is rumored that pocketless trousers will be the correct thing this fall. Tailors evidently realize that men who pay cash for clothes have no use for pockets.—Chicago News.

## PEOPLE AND EVENTS

### BUTLER'S THRUST AT HARVARD.

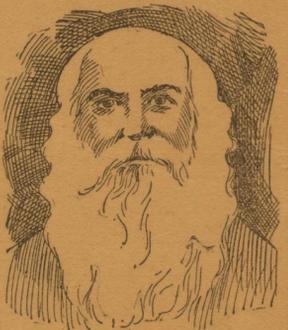
Displeased the Authorities of That Famous College.

Col. Butler Ames of Lowell, Mass., who will have a seat in the next Congress, is not a graduate of Harvard, and this distinction is due to unique cause. He was on the eve of entering that institution when his grandfather, Benjamin F. Butler, was governor of Massachusetts. For years it had been the custom of Harvard to bestow the title of LL.D. upon governors of the state, but "Ben" Butler was not especially cordial toward the university, and an exception was made in his case. Therefore the governor's grandson instead of going to Harvard was sent to West Point, where he was given a military training. Gov. Butler was once counsel in a case affecting the John P. Squires' pork packing establishment, located at Cambridge. During his argument he made a thrust at the university, which is remembered in Massachusetts to this day. "Why," exclaimed he, in a rounded period, "the John P. Squires pork packing establishment is the most famous institution in all Cambridge—with the possible exception of Harvard college."

### CHIEF OF THE DOUKHOBORS.

Ivan Mahortoff Recognized by the Fanatics as a Leader.

Ivan Mahortoff, his face framed in silvered hair and beard, is one of the chief among the zealots whom the Doukhobors recognize as leaders. He was a prominent figure in the mad march of the Russian fanatics to Win-



Ivan Mahortoff. nipeg, which was halted by the authorities at Minnedosa.

### Russia's Reactionary Statesman.

The strongest enemy of liberal ideas in Russia is M. Pobledonostsel, who has just resigned from the position of procurator general of the holy synod of Russia, which place he has held since 1880. On more than one occasion he has successfully prevented the carrying out of plans which would have made the imperial government less of a despotism than it is. The great reactionary statesman has been described as a thin, dry, bloodless, emotionless ascetic. His dress is clerical, his habits are methodical and it is said that he never jokes. His retirement will mean the removal from public affairs of the strongest man in the empire and the greatest enemy of anything approaching representative government.

### New Propeller Blades.

An Australian inventor has devised a means of manufacturing propeller blades of a very serviceable nature at a comparatively small cost. The most durable blades are those of bronze, and their cost is considerable, and cast iron is more generally used. The latter are, however, more liable to damage by breaking and corrosion. The inventor above referred to has noticed with others that the most vulnerable part of the blade was the tip, and his process provides for the burning of bronze or cast-iron tips on blades of cast metal. A damaged blade is taken off and the defective part replaced in a very short time.

### TO DEVELOP JUVENILE TALENT.

Colorado Millionaire Erects Theater for His Schoolboy Son.

The playhouse which Thomas F. Walsh, the Colorado millionaire, is having erected for his 11-year-old son in Washington will be fully equipped with the modern appliances and scenery. The theater, which is located



Vincent Walsh. between the residence and the barn on the Walsh grounds at the capital, is intended to develop the dramatic talent of the millionaire's son. He has studied theatricals several years, and now will appear in juvenile productions in his own theater.

## WIT AND WISDOM.

A blond woman is not always fair. If you harness Love it will kick the traces.

Be sure the consequences will find you out.

Some people are spoiled children all their lives.

Diplomacy is the art of never telling the truth.

Love letters are the poetry of youth as well as its requiem.

The greatest curse that can blight a life is an unwise infatuation.

Don't cry over spilled milk. Ice cream is just as good this season.

The man who knows it all rarely knows enough to amount to anything.

Why will a woman wear a fifty-dollar bonnet and a 98-cent pair of shoes?

People who waste their own time always want to waste everybody else's.

When a man paves a road with good intentions he had better keep it dark.

When you loan anything be sure that its loss will not inconvenience you.

When people are in love, they are apt to waste time over the waist line.

Women always try to show the cloven foot that a man tries to conceal.

Freedom of conscience is often only a grandiloquent name for very loose morals.

If men lived absolutely pure lives newspapers would have to go out of business.

The best woman on earth is the combination of "perfect lady" and "perfect gentleman."

A man thinks he understands women before matrimony—afterwards he knows he doesn't.

The man who wishes to fascinate a woman should never allow her to see him in a bathing suit.

Many women never turn to piety until after they have exhausted "the world, the flesh and the devil."

One who has never done a kindness does not deserve credit for generosity when giving liberally to charities on a deathbed.

People who think they are not superstitious will turn pale if a picture falls from the wall or a hand glass happens to get broken.

If women could often see themselves as other see them (with the placet open in the back) they would walk with a less satisfied air.

A woman is always at her best in widow's weeds. Many an ugly woman looks sweetly pathetic when her angel husband is at peace. The grass widow doesn't need any weeds, but she gets there just the same.

Fame is the blare of trumpets that drowns the minor prelude of past endeavors.—Kate Thyon Marr.

## IT OFTEN HAPPENS

That advantage is taken of a slip in conversation.

That conditions often make man appear unduly selfish.

That affairs are shaped to suit personal desires rather than equity.

That men show a vindictive spirit believing it to be force of character.

That circumstances cast strong suspicion upon those who are innocent.

That men fail to recall little acts of kindness from unimportant persons.

That men wobble in their opinions because of a desire to be well thought of by others.

That women forget the ugly things they say, and then wonder why friends desert them.

That women relate incidents as they should have been instead of as they actually occurred.

That opportunities are thrown aside because some one else will participate in the benefits thereof.

## MANY WOMEN.

Make assertions without regard to truth or effect.

Discuss men from a point of view bearing on their attire.

Show a mercenary spirit in the most ordinary transactions.

Study human nature in a way that shows a narrowness of mind.

Are as clumsy as men in the performance of household duties.

Appreciate a bunch of flowers more highly than a gift of jewelry.

Create an unfavorable impression by too much self-assertiveness.

Want a husband to feel that there is no time he can call his own.

Write letters to men which are models of composition and sense.

Destroy their complexion by the use of cosmetics intended to preserve it.

## SENTIMENT IN NEW BOOKS.

De tiredest people in de world is dem dat takes de most ease.—Son.

The fool's ear was made for the knave's tongue.—Ramaswami's Indian Fables.

Duty is what we think about when ill, or are reminded of by creditors.—Davidson's Dumas.

The thing I did not pay for I found most expensive.—The World's People.

We ever profit by truth, and if ever we seem to lose, it is but the earnest of greater gain.—Ramaswami's Indian Fables.

## COMPARISONS.

Wisdom is to the mind as health is to the body.

Grace is to the body as good sense is to the mind.

Heredity is to the race as memory is to the individual.

## Ships Cast on the Rocks.

Eye-Witness Describes Fearful Scene Off Coast of Africa—Those on Shore Powerless to Aid the Doomed Mariners.

(Special Correspondence.)

As an instance of what nature can do in the way of punishment when she gets a chance, the residents along the strip of beach facing Port Elizabeth, South Africa, were confronted Sept. 2 with a shore strewn with the wreckage of upward of twenty-nine sailing vessels. The loss in property amounts to hundreds of thousands of dollars. The loss of life can as yet be only estimated; but the life-saving crew is patrolling the beach looking for the bodies of about 100 sailors who, when their fingers became so numb that they could no longer cling to the rigging, were washed overboard, while scores of persons who looked on from the shore were powerless to give assistance.

All this destruction was wrought within twenty hours. The tragic story of it will become historic in the annals of the sea. Big gales, destructive alike to life and property, are no strangers to Algoa Bay. It has ever been a danger spot to ship owners and underwriters. In the great gales of 1859, of 1869, of 1888, everything hereabouts was threatened with destruction. But all three of them sink into insignificance when compared with the hurricane that broke over the coast on the night of Sept. 2, and which was just beginning to abate as this letter was sealed for the mails.

There were thirty-two ships at anchor in the harbor, under a leaden sky, when the approach of a veritable tidal wave from the open sea gave the first warning of what was coming. A signal of distress from a gun on one of the ships attracted the attention of the coast guard and others on shore. In less time than it takes to write it five large ships had dragged their anchors and were being swept resistlessly toward the treacherous coast. Some of the smaller craft headed for the jetty, and reached it in safety. The larger vessels made an effort to get onto the open sea, but were swept back again, as though they were so many empty barrels. It seemed a manifest impossibility for anything

barques, lighters and everything else dashing together and shattering on the rocks in dreadful confusion. From all of them men and women were washed overboard. Some were thrown high on the beach by the sheer force of the sea. When they were taken care of they huddled together in fearful groups on the beach, looking for the missing. Of the usual pitiful sights indispensable to such tragedies no detail was lacking. About twenty small boats were put off from the helpless ships, all loaded almost to the water's edge, but less than one dozen



Wreckage of Scores of Ships.

of them reached the shore without an upset. Many persons clung to floating spars for hours before they were rescued in a half-conscious condition. One huge wave sent to instant death a ship's captain, with his wife and two children, who were trying to fight their way to safety in a boat.

While the life savers were trying to rescue six men clinging to the rigging of a stranded ship, their attention was called to a man and a woman holding on to the jib of another ves-



TWO OF THE WRECKED SHIPS.

sel to withstand the fury of the gale.

One after another, hour after hour, the ships came ashore and went to pieces. Huge waves swept them from stem to stern, and burst in terrible cascades over their broken timbers. The crews clung to the dismantled rigging, and vainly besought the men who were watching the gale from the shore to come to their assistance.

Little could be done to aid them. On the beach chaos reigned supreme. Past experience has proved of little profit in providing an adequate life guard for such a dangerous coast as this. The boats are antiquated. When the gale was in its fury they were hauled high and dry on the beach, as useless as so many washtubs. It is difficult to blame men for not volunteering to go out with the life guards in them, for to do so looks like suicide. The rocket apparatus fell down

in a literal foam of angry sea. An effort was made to save them. When their rescue seemed almost assured two men who had been washed away from another ship clutched at a chain hanging from the jib. The weight of all four of them was too much. Something gave way and four more victims were added to the list of the dead.

A thin rope was drawn out to another vessel so that the crew could haul a heavier one after it. The man who happened to catch it jumped into the sea and asked to be hauled ashore. Those whom he had left behind shouted at him in despair. While tossing about in the sea he lost his hold on the line. Six brave fellows, among them an African, thought they could save him. He was so near shore in a twinkling all of them were lost, and the man who had tried to save himself at the expense of his companions sank to rise no more.

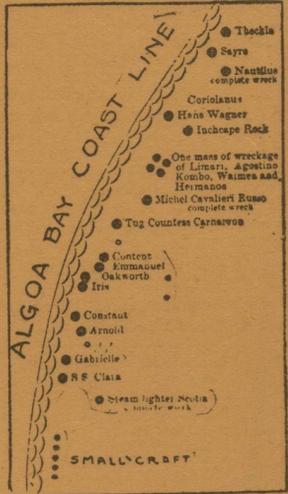
It is known at this writing that four of the vessels that went ashore were British, six were German, five Norwegian, two Italian and one Swedish. They represent an aggregate of more than 15,000 tons. The names of some of the wrecked vessels are the Clara, a British steamer of 139 tons; the Gabrielle, a British schooner of 78 tons; the Thekla, a German barque of 288 tons; the Content, a Norwegian barque of 522 tons; the Sayre, a British barque of 684 tons; the Oakworth, a British ship of 1022 tons; the Agostino Rombo, an Italian barque of 807 tons; the Arnold, a German vessel of 800 tons; the Nautilus, a German barque of 678 tons; the Coriolanus, a German barque of 978 tons; the Emanuel, a German barque of 1147 tons; the Cavalieri Russo, an Italian ship of 1529 tons.

Many of the sailors rescued from the sea have died from exhaustion in the hospital. There will be a public funeral in the town hall for the victims who perished in the disaster and efforts will be made to communicate with their relatives and friends in their native countries.

## A Youthful Nimrod.

Senator Proctor of Vermont has presented a photograph of his grandson taken with a wild boar slain by the boy to President Roosevelt. The boar was killed by the 13-year-old Proctor in Corbin park, which the President visited this summer.

Birds that fly low are no game for sportsmen.



Showing Location of Principal Wrecks

altogether. In fact, its failure to work is responsible for many deaths that might not have occurred if too much reliance had not been placed on the apparatus. The men in the life saving brigade were as brave under such conditions as men of their calling usually are, but they had no tools to work with.

One after another the big ships came ashore, full rigged vessels,

SUB ROSA.

A man thinks he knows, but a woman knows better. No image maker worships the gods; he knows of what they are made. It is surprising how easy it seems to get something one doesn't want. Men with high voices always think that basso singing is their special forte. When you feel like finding fault with some one practice on yourself—charity begins at home. If men must flirt let them play with the affections of a coquette rather than a wall flower. How many courtships have ended in marriage that have begun with a game of pinochle or cribbage? It is the widower or bachelor of 35 who cordially appreciates the woman who studies the comforts of home. A man is never so awakened to the charms of a woman as when other men are showing their appreciation of her. So few women realize the vital difference between being a part of a man's happiness and merely a part of his pleasure. When a man starts to teach a girl either of these pastimes, conversation for them is not longer necessary. Dr. Cupid has seen to that. Women haven't learned the wisdom of giving their husbands a smoking room all their own—when they do, there will be fewer lonely wives and divorces.

ALL SORTS.

Most women-haters are floor-walkers in department stores. There are few faces that can afford not to smile occasionally. Equality is a pipe dream. Fig-leaf costumes have had their day. It is astonishing how far a few feminine tears will go with a man. The man who pushes the grass cutter is one kind of a lawn party. Any young man who is in love likes to say good night the next morning. Some people's lack of sense is more conspicuous than their lack of dollars. A man may gush over a woman, or vice versa, but the gushing is seldom mutual. Some men spend half their lives in making a reputation and the other half in trying to live it down. It sometimes happens that a married man dislikes to visit people who try to make him feel at home. When a man marries a grass widow don't present him with a lawn mower if you would retain his friendship. If the average man could only sell the advice he gives away it would keep him busy looking after his income. A tramp can't understand why the Sabbath is called a day of rest; he

MODERN WOMEN.

Become annoyingly precise in their method of doing things. Annoy men by injecting too much gush into their conversation. Stand in their own light by an assumption of dignified reserve. Take on fads which show nothing in the way of tangible results. Make requests in a tone that takes on the appearance of a command. Indulge in whining to an extent that causes them to be regarded as bores. Think nothing of taking little things which are not their own under the sovereign plea. Fall into the habit of growing enthusiastic over the most commonplace occurrences. Like to tell their best friends how they openly made fun of another woman's garments. Acquire the habit of conversing in an undertone in a way to create the impression of whispering.

BITS OF WISDOM.

A question settled by force rather than reason always comes up for re-settlement. There probably never was a time when all men were satisfied with their share. "The laborer is worthy of his hire," but unfortunately worthiness is not always a winner. In the endless race for wealth men are too prone to forget the ordinary claims of humanity. It is always better to concede something than to insist on a demand that is both just and merciful. It is when one man asks for justice and the other demands the lion's share that the road to honest and honorable adjustment is blocked.

GIRLS, PLEASE DON'T—

Openly declare your dislike for the women race in general. Boast of your social status for the edification of bystanders. Do those little indiscreet things which cause men to smile. Imagine that every man who looks at you intends to be rude. Arrange your hair in a fashion to make you resemble a wild Indian. Bore your friends by constantly chattering about your men callers. Go into ecstasies over every little yarn spun by your men acquaintances. Copy poetry and then attempt to palm it off as the products of your brain. Regard yourself as born to literature because you write well-balanced letters. Use endearing terms with indiscriminate good nature.—Philadelphia Bulletin.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

What the train dispatcher says goes. Every crook has his own peculiar bent. To err may be human, but to forgive is not. Model husbands are the men who never marry. Two heads are better than one—except in the family. It is folly to offer a wise man a penny for his thoughts. Love may have wings, but riches get there with both feet. Many a man thinks he needs a wife until after he gets married. The homestead man isn't always the one who is away from home. When a sensible man gets the worst of it he makes the best of it. Any man who really knows women doesn't pretend to understand them. Premonition is what people think they have when they say, "I told you so." Few men die from overwork. Work is almost as harmless as a French duel. An elastic currency is the kind that enables a man to make both ends meet. Wit is said to be the salt of conversation, yet most people prefer it fresh. Happy is the man who can forget all the mean things he knows about himself. Whether life is worth living depends a good deal on your wisdom or other wisdom. An Irishman in speaking of an actor said: "He acts the part of a dead man true to life!" Chronic fault-finders would soon tire of this old world if there were nothing to kick about. What a relief it would be if musicians were born instead of being made by practice. The employe who drops his tools at the first stroke of the clock will never become an employe. When a girl giggles at every fool remark a man makes she either has pretty teeth or an empty head. Lord Rosebery feels that Mr. Balfour's shoes would produce a rather nobby effect on the feet of his lordship. Why doesn't some genius come to the front with fireproof material for pockets in which money couldn't burn a hole? A well-known magazine writer mentions ten ways of pleasing a woman; but as to the ten million ways of displeasing her he is painfully silent. An Ohio genius has invented an instrument for piercing the ears with out pain. Every third rate vocalist should own one.—Chicago News.

WHAT ONE WOMAN OBSERVES.

To be contented you must be good friends with yourself. The man who is bravest in words is often weakest in action. Women with double chins are apt to be exacting in love affairs. To be born without humor one loses two-thirds of life's enjoyment. The womanly woman is born—not made. She is not only good, but good for something. A woman is proud to see come back to her side the man whom she has left perfectly free. Women are more ambitious in love than men; not only do they wed the heart, but they must share the thoughts as well. If you are fond of a woman, tell her so; it cannot hurt you, and it will make her much happier, says the Philadelphia Inquirer.

THOUGHTS OF EVERY DAY.

The selfish person is quick to accept the generosity of others. Honesty of purpose is a good substitute for money in an undertaking. The world will come to appreciate your good qualities, and if it does not they are preferable to bad ones. Every one is liable to make a mistake; the trouble is that too few are willing to do the right thing and make amends.

EPIGRAMS.

To talk of love is to make love. The more one judges, the less one loves. Fortune often begins at the moment when men most despair of their future. I have never seen a badly dressed woman who was agreeable and good natured.

PHILOSOPHIC MAUNDERINGS.

A man never realizes how short he is until he gets baldheaded and has to measure in his bare feet. If time had a habit of turning backward in its flight, what a boon it would be to the chap with the note due! We have seen mighty few men who reached the top of the ladder without getting a toe-hold on the first few rungs. Somehow or other a man is never thoroughly seasoned until he has become conspicuous enough to have enemies. It may be a long way from barbarism to civilization, but it's a mighty short path from civilization to barbarism. If half the world knew what the other half were doing we'd be kept busy turning green with envy and melting with pity. It's a pity no hotel ever thought of advertising all the discomforts of a home.—Baltimore News.

MADE DEITY OF SOLDIER.

Gen. Nicholson Worshipped by Villagers of the Punjab. Though only a few steps are being tardily taken by his countrymen to erect a monument to Gen. Nicholson, that hero of the Indian mutiny is assured of remembrance outlasting that which any bronze or marble can give, for he has been enshrined in the folklore or mythology of India. None ever attained a higher ideal of an Englishman than Brigadier General Nicholson, and to the people of India he was the model of a man and a soldier. Their devotion to him in his life passed into adoration on his death. As Nikal Seyn he is actually worshipped in some villages of the Punjab, and both there and over the northwest border his heroic deeds and noble life are sung to this day. "Ah! Nikal Seyn is dead—he died before Delhi! Lances of north take vengeance for Nikal Seyn," is the beginning of the wailing recitation which will carry his name to posterity.—New York Commercial Advertiser.

"AIN'T IT THE TRUTH?"

Jack Powell's Union Men Says the Strike is Settled. If Jack Powell's union men are still to be regarded as a prophet, then the coal strike is about to be settled, for the hen has again begun to lay, and the first egg has a letter S in raised letters upon the shell. This is interpreted to mean "settled." The egg was brought to the county jail to-day and placed on exhibition. This hen "laid off" from laying when the strike was called, and refused steadily from that time until yesterday. This hen is just an ordinary Plymouth rock, but its action in resuming laying is regarded as significant by Jailer Plantz and others who have watched the actions of the hen and the progress of the strike with equal interest.—Louisville (Ky.) Dispatch in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Writer Moved to Protest.

Mrs. Burton Harrison gives voice to this well-meant sentiment: "I believe women should take more interest in politics and talk more about it at home." Nay, lady. We have heard women talk politics at home, or rather talk at politics, and we are not for it and it is not for us. Perhaps there might be a little chamber up aloft where the ladies may discuss politics among themselves, but the cheery family reunion at nightfall should never be marred by political discussion with madame or mademoiselle as one of the disputants. Great heavens, lady; is there not trouble enough in married life as it is?—Roswell Field in Chicago Post.

Had to Remain Outside Fold.

One of Senator "Billy" Mason's stories is about two of his brothers, Ed and Jim, who dealt in wool at their home in Iowa. Jim went to a revival meeting (unthinkingly, the senator says) and "got religion." In his first burst of enthusiasm he told his brother of how much better he felt since his conversion and urged Ed to come into the fold. The latter pondered gravely for a time and then said: "Ain't any doubt but what religion's a good thing and I'm glad you've got it, Jim, but I guess you better let me alone just now," he continued, reflectively. "You see, Jim, one of us has got to weigh the wool."

The Real Russian Autocrat.

A correspondent describes M. De Witte, the great Russian statesman, as a man of striking personality. Tall, heavy and strong, his frame has successfully withstood the ravages of hard and incessant work, and at the age of 53 he is still in good health. He is not an attractive man. His manner is cold, his deportment stiff and awkward and his speech slow and unpolished. It is for this reason that he is unpopular among the Russian aristocracy, whose manners betoken the French courtier and whose actions are quite abhorrent to M. De Witte.

Woman Suffrage Advocate.

Miss Anna Hvosley of Christiania, Norway, is now in this country. Miss Hvosley is an advocate of the woman suffrage movement and she says that few nations are more in sympathy with that movement than hers. Considerable reform legislation has been enacted and the Norwegian Woman's Rights society has been in existence since 1884. Miss Hvosley is on the editorial staff of an influential Christiania paper, drawing a handsome salary.

To Spread New Religion.

Baba (Father) Premchand Bhatti, a missionary of the Vaishnav religion, a religion based on the Vedas, is in New York to spread the knowledge of his faith and get converts. Premchand Bhatti until a few years ago was a Hindoo journalist. He received a "call" and is now engaged in the propagation of his religion outside his native land. He is about 45 years old and speaks and writes English fluently.

A Daily Change.

Richard P. White is credited with a story of personal experience while traveling through the north of Ireland, his birthplace, many years ago. He sat at the writing desk of his hotel where he was a guest, to prepare some letters. When he was about to close the blotter he noticed that it was clean, apart from a single and very clear impression, which, when held up to a mirror and read as reflected, proved to be a bill for washing for a month. The items entered were one shirt and thirty-one collars.

ANECDOTE OF JOHN FISKE.

Great Historian Placed in Somewhat Embarrassing Position. The late John Fiske, the historian, was a man of enormous stature, and extremely sensitive about any reference to his unusual size. One occasion, when he was visiting a friend at his home in a beautiful town in Connecticut, the hostess and her daughter invited Mr. Fiske to drive with them one morning. The road was a picturesque one, which winds along the river at the foot of the mountains. At one point the hostess suggested that the party alight and walk a short distance through the field to a particularly attractive view. Around this field was a high fence, with no opening but a narrow stile. The ladies passed through and turned to wait for their guest. For a moment he contemplated the opening; to squeeze through was impossible, to climb over was equally impracticable. Finally his deep bass voice broke the silence: "Ladies, I think we would better continue our drive."—Argonaut.

FOLLY OF "EXPERT" TESTIMONY.

Recent French Trial Shows It as It Really Is. A handwriting expert in Paris was attempting to identify the writing of a suspected murderer with that left behind by the criminal in the house of his victim. He produced the accused's official books and pointed out conclusively that the two hands were indubitably the same. "There," he seemed to say as he mopped his heated brow, "that shows what your real armor-plated Belleville-boiled expert can do when he tries." "Marvelous," said the judge. "There is, indeed, but one flaw as far as I can see. The writing in these books is not that of accused, but of his predecessor, and it was written several years before the crime was committed. You see my point!" The expert attempted a smile.—London Globe.

Peculiar Game of Checkers.

A game of checkers has been played under very peculiar circumstances between two Cornish families for the last forty years and is not finished yet. Whenever a member of either house dies the relatives meet at the deceased's home as soon as the funeral rites are over, whereupon the two eldest members continue the game until one of the players loses a man. The positions of the men on the board are then recorded and the game postponed until death gives the signal for reopening the tussle. Altogether nine different players have so far been implicated in the game.

An Athletic Statesman.

George T. Beck, democratic nominee for governor of Wyoming, is a son of the late Senator Beck of Kentucky. The young man weighs over 350 pounds, but carries no superfluous flesh, being of vast frame. All over the far west he is known for his athletic powers, no man in the Big Horn basin caring to tackle him single-handed. He is a rancher, and with certain rich men is interested in a scheme to reclaim by irrigation a large area of arid lands.

Safest Place to Be Shot.

An Australian officer who saw the greater part of the war in south Africa has been telling a Melbourne interviewer that from his experience he thinks the head is the safest part in which to receive a bullet. "The head is the most protected part of the body. Out of scores of cases of wounds in the head that came under my notice only one was fatal. In many of them the bullets glanced off the skull, merely inflicting scalp wounds."

Gen. Bragg's New Post.

Gen. Bragg's transfer from the consulate general at Havana to the consulate general at Hong-Kong will not involve any loss to him of the emoluments of office, the salary at both posts being identical. The social prestige of the American consul at Hong-Kong is greater than that of the corresponding official at Havana, and this would be a compensation for the disadvantage of a residence so far from home.

Sure Cure for Seasickness.

Dr. E. Castelli of Washington claims to have discovered a sure preventive of seasickness. "Just sit and look in a mirror," says the doctor, "and you will experience no inconvenience from the motion of the vessel. I infer from my discovery that the pathogenesis of seasickness is the same as that of vertigo—i. e., the affliction is the result of the consciousness of the oscillation of the act of orientation."

All Interested in Senator Vest.

Missourians—even the blackest Republicans among them—are watching with anxiety reports from Washington regarding the health of Senator Vest. A distinguished oculist is now treating him and it is hoped that at least his eyes and general health will be restored sufficiently for him to write the memoirs which for some time he has intended to give to the public.

Fire in Anything.

Take powder composed of equal weights of loaf sugar and chlorate of potash, separately reduced to fine powder and then well mixed together. This is placed in some vessel, such as a cup, or, in fact, anything that will prevent the fire from injuring the table. When this powder is touched with the least drop of sulphuric acid it will instantly burst into a flame. Take a stick or wand previously dipped in the acid, and after sundry motions touch the powder, and the same result will be produced.

WITH THE SAGES.

It is the law of good economy to make the best of everything.—John Ruskin. An indiscreet good action is little better than a discreet mischief.—Bishop Hall. Little minds are tamed and subdued by misfortune; but great minds rise above it.—Washington Irving. Sorrow is sent for our instruction, just as we darken the cages of birds when we would teach them to sing.—Richter. Virtue will be a kind of health and beauty and good habit of the soul; and vice will be a disease and deformity and sickness of it.—Plato. It is better to see clearly one or two things in life than to move confusedly and blinded in the dust of an impotent activity.—Hamilton W. Mable. When you know a thing, to that you know it, and when you know a thing, to allow that you know it; this is knowledge.—Aristotle. When a man dies they will not ask what property he left behind. The angel who is dying man asks what he has left before him.—Buddha. Through zeal you will lose through lack of care you will gain. Let a man's path of gain and self that know no other god.—Buddha. No man or woman can really be good without the will to do it, without somebodiness, and comforted by the thought of his goodness.—Phillip. If we would only take the appointed for each day, we easily manage it; but we choose to increase our trouble by carrying yesterday's over till to-day, and adding our tomorrow's burden before we are required to bear it.—John Newton.

KAISER EPIGRAMMATICUS.

Most people know that the German emperor is given to epigram, but few persons know just how far this tendency has developed. An enterprising British journalist has collected the following aphorisms from the kaiser's stock: Never forget that the amenities of life are the life of the amenities. Commerce has become a passion, just as much of a passion as love. A law is the expression of the accumulated experience of centuries. A crown, whether or not it is a divine right, is at any rate a divine responsibility. The navy is no longer the wooden walls of a country; rather, it is a country's iron shield. A good memory is the second requisite of one who governs; a good conscience is the first. When a man ceases to remember his honor, it is time that his fellow-men should cease to remember him. The sword of justice is double-edged, and when one edge grows duller than its fellow the sword has lost its usefulness. The health of the soldier is the health of the army, and the health of the army is the health of the nation.—Philadelphia Press.

IN A NUTSHELL.

Hobo's favorite flower: Ragweed. Legal tares grow on the graves of the rich. While truth lies in a well the lie is up and doing. Some men's idea of getting together is to bump each other. Commerce every day gives additional point to the saying, "The world is my country." There is only one road to heaven, but it is traversed by many different kinds of vehicles. Only a dog can lick the hand that smites, and perhaps the trait is only creditable in a dog. A sneak in the church, a button in the collection box and a worm in a peach are three of a kind. One of the humors of life is to hear the financial editor complain of the typographical bulls in the stock report. And they are assuredly hard to bear.

BRIEF DISPATCHES.

Hotel registers are sometimes great fiars. Old King Coal is a bloodthirsty old soul. When trouble brews the product is often a bier. Death smudges but does not always wipe out dishonor. Many a strong hand is turned down by a four-flush and a bluff. Spite of the breakfast food companies the average boarder is bound to the steak. No preacher has yet likened the goal in football to heaven, although it is an avenue much frequented. When negroes shoot craps the formula is often "Come seven, come eleven, come heaven or the other vice."

TO CLIMB LIFE'S LADDER.

Listen while others talk. Ask advice oftener than you give it. Talk about others rather than about yourself. Absorb information instead of trying to distribute it. In this way you will save your resources and increase your chances of success. After hunger has eaten into one's tissues it begins on one's moral sense.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

Patience is a virtue found chiefly when lazy people. Most aristocrats are the victims of inverted heredity. Consistency is a jewel that shopkeepers swapped for success. Worry is the interest on the debt of nature. If wishes were horses, probably be the last would have nothok? His last puff. Women are cowards. Some men are cowardly soldiers like but some men are cause when exposed to fire they run. Why is the wick of a candle like Athens? Because it is in the midst of grease (Greese) What is it of which we have two every year, two every week, and two every day? Vowels. Why is a bad tempered horse the hunter? Because he soonest takes a fence (offence) Why are fixed stars like pens, ink, and paper? Because they are stationary (stationery.) What wind would hungry sailors wish for at sea? A wind which blowed foul (fowl) and then chaps. What relation is that child to its father, that is not its father's own son? why, his daughter.

Why is I the happiest of all vowels? Because it is in bliss, while most of the others are in Purgatory. Every blonde carries a light. Poverty is a grindstone on which many wits are sharpened. Beauty is often one woman's thorn in another woman's flesh. Misery may love company, but the company seldom reciprocates. Any man who lives within himself is apt to be troubled with indigestion. When Dame Fortune goes calling she utterly disregards "at-home" days. It is always hard to foretell whether a strike is to result in a gusher or a duster. A cynic is a man who would make a fool of himself in the society he satirizes. When it comes to laughing stocks the pessimist is a bear and the optimist a bull. Some men get more satisfaction out of their laziness than others do out of the dollars they toil for. In a campaign of education it is often difficult to distinguish between pedagogues and demagogues. Lots of people who admit they are in reduced circumstances would get fighting mad if any one accused them of being poor.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR.

A fond parent makes a foolish mentor. Easy lies the head that wears a new bonnet. Women preserve scandal in the acid of malice. Birds that fly low are no game for sportsmen. There's many a slip 'twixt the mustache and lip. It is almost as hard to keep a friend as it is to lose an enemy. The boy who chooses rich parents takes the first step to success. A woman's face is her fortune, and her clothes her husband's misfortune. Most men worry a sight more over their digestion than they do over their salvation. The more times a man gets married the less sense he seems to have about not doing it again. Some kinds of women's clothes don't seem to be made for any other reason except to make men wonder how they can find out about them.—New York Press.

WIT FROM BOOKS.

Love is never found—it comes.—Graystone. It is less futile to consider our past than to predict our future.—Philip Longstreth. To ask a question that can't be answered is merely feminine.—Chimmie Fadden and Mr. Paul. If a man admires a girl at all, he will want to marry her—as long as she treats him oddly.—Myra of the Pines. Many little services will count as much as the big one, when the time of reckoning comes.—The Thrall of Leif the Lucky. People are seldom man and wife half their lives without wishing to impart their sufferings as well as their pleasures to each other.—The Kentons.

DISTINCTIONS.

Effective but not showy. A great man of wealth: A man of great wealth. Some faces bear marks of time, not of age. In the old times a man had a fine house because he was a great man; nowadays he is a great man because he has a fine house—sometimes. Bookkeepers and washerwomen always know where to draw the line.

# The Sonora Sun

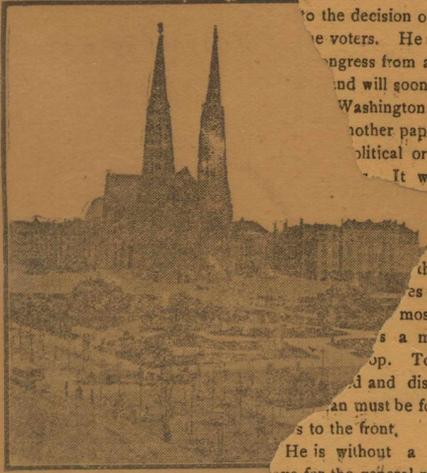
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Vienna's famous **PUFF**,  
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one of the last remnants  
of the cruel and ignorant  
of the insane that obtained  
even as late as the beginning  
last century.

There are many Viennese livin'  
to-day who can remember hearing the  
screams and yells issuing from the



IN THE HE

Pool Tower. All  
Grove's signature is on each

Christmas is coming and will soon  
be here. What are we here for, and  
what are we going to do? It's time  
to get in the road and begin to make  
preparations to celebrate the event in  
a becoming manner. Only four weeks  
more in which to get ready for the  
celebration.

Our Canoes sell themselves when  
seen; you cheat yourself if you don't  
see them before buying Racket Store.

H. Leifeste, a former resident of  
Sutton county, now a citizen of Kim-  
ble county, was in Sonora the first of  
from his new home near  
Roosevelt; he says that they have had  
good rains down in his neighborhood  
during the past ten days and every-  
thing is in good shape.

See that nice line of Glass and  
Queens-ware at T. L. Besson's be-  
fore you buy.

Dr. Lark Taylor, of Sonora, Dr. H.  
H. Taylor, and Mr. Brooks, of Eldo-  
rado, returned from a deer hunt last  
Saturday. They killed seven nice  
deer on their run, but the weather was  
warm and they lost nearly all of their  
meat before they got home; they re-  
port having had a most enjoyable time.

Our Jewelry is likewise selling itself  
on the showing. Racket Store.

Rev. S. J. Drake, the new pastor of  
the Sonora Methodist church, and  
family, arrived in Sonora the latter  
part of last week. The Reverend  
gentleman preached at the Methodist  
church last Sunday, at the usual hours,  
and notwithstanding the inclemency  
of the weather, there were good con-  
gregations in attendance, and they  
were well pleased with their new pastor.

**Bring in your Job  
Work; nice line of Note  
Heads, Envelops, etc.,  
at this office.**

### A New Visitor

The Southwest Texan, D M  
West, Editor and Proprietor, pub-  
lished at Ozona, Texas, is to become  
a welcome weekly visitor to the SUN.  
Vol. 1, No. 1, of the new paper  
clearly shows that the editor and his  
assistants know the newspaper busi-  
ness, and are going to make a success  
of their undertaking.

The SUN welcomes Bro. West to  
West Texas, and sincerely hopes that  
he will get his share of the patronage  
of this part of the country. We gladly  
place the Texan on our X list; may  
it live long and prosper.

W. A. Miers and Jimmie  
Alford were in from the  
ranch Tuesday. They report  
a good rain out in their sec-  
tion of the country.

## HEARST LONGS FOR PRESIDENCY.

*Newspaper Man Will Try  
for the White House.*

In Futherance of His Ambition He  
Will Establish Paper at Washing-  
ton.—He Will Uphold Labor  
and the Common People.

Washington, D. C.—(Special.)—  
William Randolph Hearst, editor of  
The New York Journal, The Chicago  
American and the San Francisco Ex-  
aminer, is a candidate for the office of  
President of the United States, sub-  
ject to the decision of the democrats  
the voters. He has been elect-  
ed to Congress from a New York city  
and will soon take up his resi-  
dence in Washington, where he will  
publish another paper, which will be  
a political organ than a pur-  
sue. It will be used with  
to push along  
the proprietor.  
well received by  
their business to  
of the people.  
most by the party  
is a man. Issues are  
op. To bring together  
and discordant element  
an must be found, and Hearst  
to the front.

He is without a political record  
ave for the general policy of his pa-  
pers, which have been strongly in fa-  
vor of labor and the common people.  
Then he has some millions back of  
him for the sinews of war. It is no  
new or sudden thought with Hearst.  
He is a young man of fixed ideas,  
and plans reaching far ahead; with  
the stepping stone of his father's  
wealth and prestige and the influence  
of four great organs, he sees no reason  
why he should not aspire to the high-  
est office of the land—and succeed.  
He figures that the chances are not so  
bright in 1904 as they will be four  
years later. By that time the two  
term rule will have eliminated Roose-  
velt; the dominant party will have  
made the inevitable mistake; factional  
differences will have caused divis-  
ions; the high wave of prosperity will  
have subsided; and the country will be  
ready for a change. It is the hope of  
William R. Hearst to be ready for  
just this state of affairs.

### To Consumptives.

The undersigned having been restored  
to health by simple means, after suffering  
for several years with severe lung affection  
and that dread disease CONSUMPTION, is  
anxious to make known to his fellow suffer-  
ers the means of cure. To those who de-  
sire it, he will cheerfully send (free of  
charge) a copy of the prescription used,  
which they will find a sure cure for CON-  
SUMPTION, ASTHMA, CATARRH, BRONCHITIS  
and all throat and lung MALADIES. He  
hopes all sufferers will try his remedy, as it  
is invaluable. Those desiring the prescrip-  
tion, which will cost them nothing, and  
may prove a blessing, will please address,  
REV. EDWARD A. WILSON, Brooklyn,  
New York.

### Rev. Irl R. Hicks 1903 Almanac.

To say that this splendid work of  
science and art is finer and better  
than ever, is stating it mildly. The  
demand for it is far beyond all previ-  
ous years. To say that such results,  
reaching through THIRTY YEARS, are  
not based upon sound sense and use-  
fulness, is an insult to the intelligents  
of millions. Prof. Hicks, through  
this great Almanac, and his famous  
family and scientific journal, WORD  
AND WORKS, is doing a work for  
the whole people not approached by  
any other man or publication. A fair  
test will prove this to any reasonable  
person. Added to the most luminous  
course in astronomy for 1903, fore-  
casts of storms and weather are given,  
as never before, for every day in the  
year, all charmingly illustrated with  
nearly two hundred engravings. The  
price of single Almanac, including  
postage and mailing, is THIRTY CENTS.  
WORD AND WORKS with the Al-  
manac is \$1.00 a year. Write to  
WORD AND WORKS Publishing  
Co., 2201 Locust Street, St. Louis,  
Mo., and prove to yourself their  
great value.

D. B. Cusenbary came up  
from the ranch Monday; he  
had to swim Dry Devil's  
River several times on his  
way to Sonora.

## BRIGHT'S DISEASE.

The largest sum ever paid for a prescrip-  
tion, changed hands in San Francisco, Aug.  
30, 1901. The transfer involved in coin and  
stock \$12,500.00 and was paid by a party of  
business men for a specific for Bright's  
Disease and Diabetes, hitherto incurable  
diseases.

They commenced the serious investigation  
of the specific Nov. 15, 1900. They inter-  
viewed scores of the cured and tried it out  
on its merits by putting over three dozen  
cases on the treatment and watching them.  
They also got physicians for judges. Up to  
Aug. 28, eighty-seven per cent of the test  
cases were either well or progressing fa-  
vorably.

There being but thirteen per cent of fail-  
ures, the parties were satisfied and closed  
the transaction. The proceedings of the  
investigating committee and the clinical  
reports of the test cases were published and  
will be mailed free on application. Address  
JOHN J. FULTON COMPANY, 420 Montgomery  
St., San Francisco, Cal.

We were busy at our desk prepar-  
ing copy when some one approached  
from our rear talking as if though he  
were at home. When we looked  
around we found none other than Rev.  
Nath Thompson who had just arrived  
from Sonora. No one has more  
friends than Bro. Thompson. From  
what we hear of him he is fearless as a  
lion in standing for the right, and  
preaches the higher, better life to the  
people. Welcome, thrice welcome,  
Bro. Thompson, and may you do  
much for the moral and religious life  
of our people. We congratulate the  
Methodist people that the Conference  
sent them this fearless man. And we  
earnestly hope that he can have the  
heartiest co-operation of the member-  
ship of the church from the oldest to  
the youngest.—Texan, Ozona.

Old Sol got the best of the storm  
Tuesday morning and came up bright  
and smiling; this brightened up mat-  
ters and the rock masons, carpenters  
and their helpers went to work on the  
new buildings with hopes of putting  
the finishing touches on them in short  
order time.

## R. B. ARMENTROUT, EXPERT CLOTHES CLEANER AND DYER:

HATS CLEANED AND RE-WORKED.  
SONORA, TEXAS.

I have located in Sonora and will do  
all kinds of Taylor work in the most ap-  
proved style. All work Guaranteed. All Orders  
received by express will be promptly attended  
to and returned as soon as finished.

ORDERS RESPECTFULLY SOLICITED.

## The Favorite Saloon,

SONORA, TEXAS.

MIER & SAVELL, - - Proprietors.

When you come to town call around  
to us and we will treat you right.

Finest Line of

**Whiskies, Beer, Etc.**

## Whiskey 1.10 PER Gallon.

We claim to be the LOWEST PRICED WHISKEY HOUSE. We really sell  
whiskey as low as \$1.10 per gallon, and you: distilled whiskey—not  
a concoction of chemicals—but of course it's new and under proof.  
"CASPER'S STANDARD" 10 Year old whiskey is a liquid joy! It is actually  
produced by honest farmers in the Mountain section of North Carolina by  
the old time process. Every drop is boiled over open furnace wood fires,  
in old style copper stills, in exactly the same way it was made by our grand  
fathers a century ago. First rate whiskey is sold at 15 to 20 per gallon, but  
is not any better than "CASPER'S STANDARD." It is the best produced and  
must please every customer or we will buy it back with gold—we are incor-  
porated Under the Laws of N. C., with an authorized capital of \$100,000  
and the Peoples National Bank and Piedmont Savings Bank of Winston-  
Salem, N. C. will tell you our guarantee is good. This old honest, mild and  
mellow whiskey is worth one dollar per quart, but to more fully introduce  
"Casper's Standard" we offer sample shipments of this brand at half  
price, (packed in plain sealed boxes) 5 QUARTS \$2.95, 10 QUARTS \$5.00,  
EXPRESS CHARGES PREPAID ANYWHERE IN U. S. All orders and remittan-  
ces (in stamps, cash or by check, etc.) as well as requests for confidential  
price list MUST BE ADDRESSED AS FOLLOWS:

S. S. CASPER CO., Winston Salem, N. C., U.S.A.  
MAIN OFFICE AND WAREHOUSES: Nos. 1045-6 LIBERTY AND 1, 2, 4 AND 5 MAPLE STS.

## Whiskey 1.10 PER Gallon.

# FIRE, FIRE!

Gave us a very close call, but we escaped unscathed  
We have added additional force and we are fully pre-  
pared to handle the entire trade of the Devil's River country.

Our Mr. Vander Stucken has just returned from his trip  
East, and he tells us that he bought the largest and best  
assortment stock of Dry Goods that has ever been brought here.

We have been opening up new goods every day, and  
within ten days the entire stock of fall goods will be in the  
store. The dress trimmings are here and on display, come  
in and see them.

Our clothing stock has just been replenished with a  
nice line of fall wear.

Our stock of Hamilton-Brown shoes can't be beat any-  
where. We have a nice line of school shoes; everything in  
the new shapes and styles for men and women.

Early buyers for fall and winter wraps will find it to  
their advantage to visit our store and look over the bargains  
we have to offer on capes, cloaks, and jackets; the prices  
have been cut to just half their former price.

Our store is not a department store, in the true sense,  
but we are fully prepared to supply your wants in  
Dry goods and notions, Gent's furnishing goods, clothing,  
hats, mens, womens, childrens and babies' shoes, family and  
ranch groceries, hardware, glassware, Queensware, crock-  
ery, tinware and furniture. Wire, and cedar posts, lumber,  
nails, windmills, gasoline engines, galvanized tanks and  
troughs, piping, and windmill fixtures. Cutting, threading  
and fitting. Blacksmithing and repair work. McCormick  
mowers and binders. In fact we are fully prepared to sup-  
ply your wants in everything.

## E.F. VanderStucken Co. Headquarters for Everything.

## R. C. DAWSON, Sonora, Texas,

Has in Stock the Following Makes of  
Buggies, Hacks, and Wagons:

Columbus, Studebaker, Moon Bros., Hadock,  
Parlin & Orendorff, and Timken Roller  
Bearing Axle Buggies.

Copeland Home-made Hacks, Mitchell Hacks,  
Studebaker Hacks and Wagons, and  
Bain Wagons.

Buck Stoves, White, and New Home Sewing  
Machines. Frazier Saddles, and  
Home-made Saddles.

### SONORA AND SAN ANGELO

Mail, Express and Passenger Line.

FARE, \$4.00; Round Trip, \$7.00;

Each passenger allowed 25 lbs. baggage, free.

GEO. W. MORRIS, Proprietor.

Offices: Wells-Fargo Express Office, San Angelo; at T. L.  
Penson's store, Sonora. All orders promptly attended to.

Stage leaves San Angelo 7 o'clock a. m., and Sonora at  
10 o'clock p. m.; arrive at San Angelo at 12 o'clock p. m., and Sonora  
at 7 o'clock p. m., same day.

GEO. W. MORRIS.

## Sonora Drug Store!

E. S. BRIANT, PROPRIETOR,

DEALER IN:

Drugs, Medicines, Toilet Articles,  
Painters' Materials, Etc.

Prescriptions Carefully and Accurately  
Compounded.

Front Street, Sonora, Tex.

# The Sonora Sun

Published Weekly, at  
SONORA, SUTTON COUNTY, TEX.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE:  
\$1.50 PER YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

D. B. WOODRUFF,  
EDITOR, PROPRIETOR, AND PUBLISHER.

THURSDAY, NOV. 27, 1902.

Washing made easy by using Snow Flake washing powder. Racket Store.

O. T. Word and son, Ira, were in town Tuesday looking after some land business.

W. A. Anderson left for Eldorado Tuesday morning to attend district court which convenes at that place on the 24th.

For Fresh Fruits and Vegetables go to T. L. Bensons.

D. Wallace moved in from the Ford ranch last week and has accepted a position with A. J. Swearingen at the Ranch Saloon.

Hop Wood, the cattleman, came in from the ranch Tuesday on a brief visit to his wife and baby, and to replenish his supplies.

Rev. Irl Hicks, the author of Hicks' celebrated Almanac, and editor of Word and Works, predicted the late storm for the Sonora country, and it came through on time.

STOPS THE COUGH AND WORKS OFF THE COLD.  
Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets cure a cold in one day. No cure, no pay. Price 25 cents.

T. D. Word and son, Orvil, were in town Tuesday after supplies and shaking hands with his friends.

John Heflin is securing hogs this week and will start to haul them with about 300 head the latter part of the week.

The X-Ray and Static Machine of Drs. Taylor is no longer an experiment in the treatment of Chronic and Catarrhal Diseases; after several months of successful use they are very much pleased with the results.

## Rain! Rain! Rain!

That's what we've had in the Sonora country for the past week; the draws have been running and there has been plenty of water everywhere. The sheepmen are in fine humor, and every man in Sutton county would like to have 5000 head about this time. The rain Friday night was very heavy in Sonora, Sunday night and Monday morning there was another down pour and both draws were like rivers for several hours.

Read our advertisements; they may be the means of saving you money. Racket Store.

Quite a number of our citizens are desirous of becoming actual settlers; in fact, as well as in name, and are quietly looking around for four sections to locate thereon. Several have already made application for land and are anxiously awaiting the results of their files. It seems to be the consensus of opinion that the next legislature will throw the lease line west of the Pecos river; but the supposition is that they will protect present leases; but then we will know all about that when the Solons get together.

We will buy your Hides and Furs  
T. L. Benson.

Lis Moss came in from the Og ranch last night in quick time. The baby was very sick and Mrs. Moss phoned to Lis; he started from the ranch at sun down and reached home at 9 o'clock that night, having made a change of horses at the T half circle ranch.

*E. W. Grove*

This signature is on every box of the genuine Laxative Bromo-Quinine Tablets the remedy that cures a cold in one day

## Church Notice

All parties having subscribed to the building fund of the Sonora Baptist church are hereby requested to pay their subscription, as the committee wants to have work begun as soon as they can collect enough money to pay for the material.

W. A. ANDERSON,  
Sec'y and Treasurer Building Com.

## Stock Items.

Currie Bros. shipped three cars of fat cattle to St. Louis Friday.

J. B. Reiley, of Ozona, bought up two car loads of feeders Saturday.

Tol Rutledge shipped four car loads of steers to northern markets Friday.

Currie Bros., of Water Valley, sold to W. J. Skinner yesterday two cars of fat cows at \$18.

Will Whitehead of Devil's River, sent eight cars of bulls to Stroud, Oklahoma, on last Friday.

Lee Bros., of San Angelo, sold a registered yearling Hereford bull to T. B. Wilson, of Garden City for \$250.

Don Cooper, of Sonora, brought up 260 fine bulls yesterday and sold them to Will Whitehead at better than \$22.

W. J. Casson of Sherwood sold and delivered to W. J. Skinner, at the stock pens yesterday, four cars of fat cows at \$19.

Payne & Jones sold last Saturday to J. B. Reiley of Ozona, a ten-months old registered bull calf from their famous Bismark Farm Hereford herd for \$200.

J. D. Slater bought from Jemeyson, of South Concho, 52 head of 2 and 3 year old steers at \$19 around. Mr. Slater also bought from J. T. Davis, of Sterling county, 23 feeder bulls at \$22.

Fayette Schwalbe, of Ozona, went to Williamson county this week and purchased a car load of high grade Herefords from cattlemen in that section. They arrived Friday afternoon and will be ready to ship tomorrow. —San Angelo Standard.

Bring in your Job Work; nice line of Note Heads, Envelops, etc., at this office.

## "THE STEWART HOUSE," Sonora, Texas,

C. M. DEERE, Proprietor.

Everything First-Class,  
Stockman's Home;  
Popular Stopping Place  
for Traveling Men.

## THE "COMMERCIAL RESTAURANT,"

Mrs. M. A. Kennon, Prop.

Meals at all Hours; Board by the day, week or month; everything new and first-class; nice rooms in connection therewith.

## Special Notice.

All parties knowing themselves to be indebted to me will please come forward and pay the same, as I am very much in need of money for the purpose of re-building.

Very respectfully,  
GEO. W. MORRIS,  
Sonora, Oct. 2, 1902.

## Take Notice.

All parties indebted to Lebew & Hill, and Swearingen & Lebew, are respectfully requested to pay the same to A. J. Swearingen.

Respectfully,  
J. C. LEHEW,  
Sonora, Texas, Sept. 25th, 1902.

## THE DECKER HOTEL,

MRS. LAURA DECEER, PROP,  
Sonora, Texas.

The only Hotel in Sonora. First class Accommodations for Commercial Men; Fine Sample Room in Connection. Rates Reasonable.

## Constitution Snap Shots.

Quay has gone to Florida and left his enemies to go where he said they might.

The president isn't even making a bear living during his southern trip.

Perhaps the Mississippi bears tapped the wires and learned that Teddy was coming after them.

The Iowa idea will probably claim some credit for bringing on that extra session in the new congress.

That eminent western plunger, John Gates, is now being treated as a "come on" by the expert eastern crowd in Wall street.

If one of those newspaper reporters down in Mississippi had gotten in a bear skin he would probably have been able to reach the presidential camp.

It is too bad that a previous engagement at Jefferson City will prevent Ed Butler from figuring in the ceremonies of the St. Louis world's fair.

Those western tetratorials will certainly do their best to convince Senator Beveridge that as states they would favor an Indiana nan of his age, height, and weight for the vice presidential nomination.

There are protests being heard against the promotion of General Leonard Wood to major generalcy. But what is the use of having a friend in the presidency if you can't pull off what you want from his Christmas tree?

## The Emporium.

Ladies, have you seen Mrs. Bell's lovely Hats? If not you should not fail to see them at once. She receives new goods every week and is thoroughly competent to make and trim Hats to suit the most fastidious. Call and inspect her good and style.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Mayfield and Miss Beulah Bruton were in from the ranch this week visiting.

## To The Ladies.

I am now engaged in the making business at the residence of S. W. Stephenson and am prepared to do all kinds of fashionable dress-making at reasonable prices. A share of your patronage solicited.

Very respectfully,  
MRS. ANNIE GILLESPIE

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

# PATENTS

TRADE MARKS  
DESIGNS

COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken through Munn & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American.

A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 a year; four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

MUNN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York  
Branch Office, 625 F St., Washington, D. C.

## Drs. A. L. & L. Taylor,

OFFICE OVER

Briant's Drug Store,  
SONORA, TEXAS.

## C. D. Smith, M.D. B.A.

OFFICE AT

J. Lewenthal's Drug Store,  
SONORA, TEXAS.

TAYLOR & CORNELL,

## Attorneys-at-Law,

SONORA, TEXAS.

Will practice in all Courts in Sutton and adjoining counties.

W. A. ANDERSON,  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Sonora, Texas.

WILL PRACTICE IN ALL THE COURTS.

Sid. W. Stephenson,  
PRACTICAL  
PAINTER & GRAINER  
20 Years Experience in Menard,  
Kimble and Sutton Counties.

# Can You Help Us?

Having been relieved of the cares of office we will now devote our time and our attention to the Sonora Sun, and Job Printing, and to this end, we ask for the assistance of our friends.

To all parties knowing themselves to be indebted to the Sun, for subscription or otherwise, we respectfully ask them to settle the same, as we are very much in need of money.

Yours very truly,  
D. B. WOODRUFF,

NO BLANKS—EVERYBODY GETS A PRIZE

# \$2,500.00

## CASH PRIZES FREE

ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION TO TWO GOOD PAPERS, A GUESS IN THE CONTEST, AND A BEAUTIFUL PICTURE, WORTH \$1, LIKE THIS, FREE OF CHARGE.

THE REMARKABLE OFFER.  
THE WEEKLY AMERICAN,  
NASHVILLE, TENN.,

and our paper jointly make the following offer: To the subscriber, or subscribers, to both papers from whom we receive the correct, or nearest correct, guess, or guesses, on the number of hogheads of tobacco to be received in Clarksville, Tenn., from Nov. 1, 1901, to Nov. 1, 1902, inclusive; cash prizes will be given, divided as follows:  
If Received in December, January, February, or March.....\$2,000.00  
If Received in April, May, or June.....1,500.00  
If Received in July, August, or September.....1,000.00

THEN AN EXTRA \$500.00 IS SET ASIDE (making \$2,500.00 in all) which will be divided equally among all who guess even within one hundred of the correct number, provided they do not get any other cash prize. One hundred other ways allow you 250 chances.

IN THIS CONTEST THERE ARE NO BLANKS AS YOU CAN CERTAINLY GET WITHIN 100 OF IT. IMPORTANT!—It is distinctly understood and agreed that the Weekly American is solely liable for the payment of all the money herein offered in prizes, and that our paper shall not be in any way held responsible for such or any part of the same. In addition to the cash prizes, each subscriber to the two papers who will add one 2c stamp to pay postage will receive one (their choice) of the following beautiful pictures:

ORDER PICTURE BY NUMBER ONLY.

NO.	TITLE	NO.	TITLE	NO.	TITLE
201—Grandma's Tea	204—Husk's Time	207—Within Reach	210—Old Harpist		
202—A Waif	205—Reflection	208—Our New Baby	211—Baccante		
203—Rose Girl	206—Bubbles	209—Our Pet	212—Deities		

Contest closes on October 1, 1902, at midnight. The official statement of the Clarksville Tobacco Board of Trade to be the figures upon which the contest is to be decided. Clarksville is second in size dark tobacco market in the United States. To help you make a close guess we give receipts in Clarksville for past 10 years:  
Nov. 1, '91, to Nov. 1, '92, 25,549 Nov. 1, '93, to Nov. 1, '94, 33,626 Nov. 1, '95, to Nov. 1, '96, 20,242  
Nov. 1, '97, to Nov. 1, '98, 27,157 Nov. 1, '99, to Nov. 1, '00, 31,533 Nov. 1, '01, to Nov. 1, '02, 23,048  
Nov. 1, '03, to Nov. 1, '04, 28,711 Nov. 1, '05, to Nov. 1, '06, 18,192 Nov. 1, '07, to Nov. 1, '08, 20,863  
Nov. 1, '09, to Nov. 1, '10, 29,423 Nov. 1, '11, to Nov. 1, '12, 30,863

From indications, about the average crop will be marketed this year. RULES AND REGULATIONS. A year's subscription—paid in advance at price named below—to both papers must accompany your guess. Under no circumstance and for no reason will a guess be changed after it reaches us. One 2c stamp must be sent to pay the postage on picture. You must select your picture, and give the number of it.

Your order must be sent to the paper in which you see this advertisement.

Cut this blank out and use it and you need not write a letter

PUBLISHERS: I send subscription to both papers, and enclose price named below. I guess the number of hogheads of tobacco to be received in Clarksville, Tenn., from Nov. 1, 1901, to Nov. 1, 1902, to be \_\_\_\_\_

NOTE.—The papers may be ordered sent to separate addresses, the picture to a different one and the guess credited to you.

Send WEEKLY AMERICAN to Mr. \_\_\_\_\_

P.O. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Send Your Paper to Mr. \_\_\_\_\_

P.O. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Send Picture No. \_\_\_\_\_ to Mr. \_\_\_\_\_

P.O. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

Enter the Above Guess to Mr. \_\_\_\_\_

P.O. \_\_\_\_\_ State \_\_\_\_\_

THE PRICE OF THE WEEKLY AMERICAN ONE YEAR, WITH ALL PRIVILEGES OF THIS CONTEST, AND



No. 208. "Our New Baby."

PICTURES 11X14 INCHES (MOUNTED).

With a copy of THE WEEKLY AMERICAN, Nashville, Tennessee, for sample copies, send this advertisement to our office by calling on us, or by mail to them.

## Riddles for Xmas Parties

When is a nose not a nose? when it is a little reddish.

What part of speech are shopkeepers most anxious to sell? Articles.

What would probably be the last act of a pastrycook? His last puff.

Why are cowardly soldiers like butter? Because when exposed to fire they run.

Why is the wick of a candle like Athens? Because it is in the midst of grease (Greese)

What is it of which we have two every year, two every week, and two every day? Vowels.

Why is a bad tempered horse the hunter? Because he soonest takes a fence (offence)

Why are fixed stars like pens, ink, and paper? Because they are stationary (stationery.)

What wind would hungry sailors wish for at sea? A wind which blows foul (fowl) and then chops.

What relation is that child to its father, that is not its father's own son? why, his daughter.

Why is I the happiest of all vowels? Because it is in bliss, while most of the others are in Purgatory.

Suppose a person carries a cut-glass lamp should it be broken, what does he become? A man's thorn

Why is matrimony a pity, but the city? Because those who want to get out, and those who are out want to get in.

What is the difference between a D. D. and an M. D.? One preaches and does not practice, the other practices, but does not preach.

The Sonora automobile, on its trip Wednesday, managed by the skin of its teeth and the kindness of a freighter who opportunely happened along with a pair of stout mules, to reach Christoval, twenty miles south of this city.

Messrs. Shipman & Izard, proprietors of the San Angelo Marble Works, erected yesterday over the grave of Mrs. J. C. Landon in Fairmount cemetery, a magnificent monument of Llano Gray granite. The monument, complete, weighs nearly 15,000 pounds and cost about \$450.

Cashier W. L. Aldwell, of Sonora, accompanied by Mrs. Aldwell, was in the city Monday. Mrs. Aldwell will remain here a week, the guest of Mrs. A. J. Marberry. Mr. Aldwell remarked to the Standard man that there was no finer opening anywhere in Texas for a large general mercantile store than now exists in Sonora. The bank which Mr. Aldwell so ably conducts has been very prosperous since its incipency, about two years ago, and he is much pleased with the results.—San Angelo Standard.

Mr. and Mrs. Cart Mayfield came in from the ranch yesterday for a brief visit.

J. D. Stinebough and John Cry were in from the ranch the first of the week after supplies.

—Finest line of Cocoa and Cream candies ever brought to Sonora now on hand at Sites & Co's

A. F. Clarkson sold 356 yearling steers to Charley Randon at \$14.50 per head. Cope & Heflin made the deal.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Williamson and son Dick were in from the ranch last night for a few days visit; Dick says that the range is in fine condition.

Mr. and Mrs. Bryson came in from Camp San Sabi the latter part of last week and went out to the Bryson ranch recently purchased from C. T. Turney

Dr. C. D. Smith bought two sections out of Joe Parker's East pasture this week; consideration, \$1,000. The Doctor also leased Joe's house in East Sonora, for one year at \$10.00 per month.

## The Most Popular Resort in West Texas.

# THE RANCH SALOON

A. J. SWEARINGEN, Proprietor,  
Cash Dealers In the

## Finest Wines, Whiskies, and Cigars.

When you come to Sonora call at the Ranch Saloon.

# Fool Tower to be Razed.

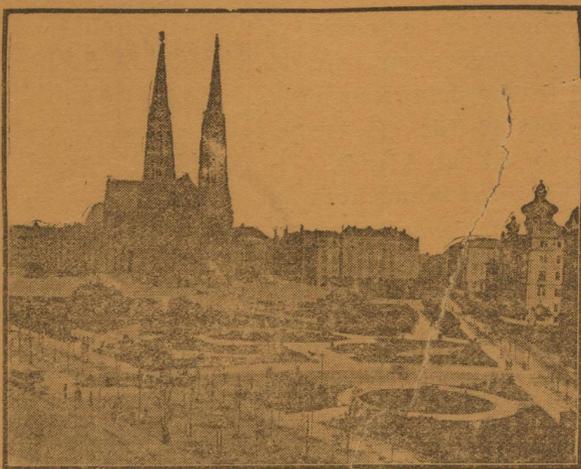
Viennese Relic of Old-Time Barbarity—  
Institution in Which Lunatics Were Treated  
with the Most Revolting Cruelty.

(Special Correspondence.)

Vienna's famous "Fool Tower" is to be razed. That means the removal of one of the last remaining reminders of the cruel and ignorant treatment of the insane that obtained in Europe even as late as the beginning of the last century.

There are many Viennese living to-day who can remember hearing the shrieks and yells issuing from the

ons for lunatics in Europe; and the Vienna treatment of caring for the lunatic was enlightened compared with the ideas of such eminent and well-disposed men as Profs. Ideler and Horn of Berlin, who wrote learned treatises in which they argued for the useful and beneficent physiological and psychological effects of instruments of duress.



IN THE HEART OF VIENNA.

Fool Tower. There are physicians living who remember the time when in great building men and women had hand and foot and none to be here. When these physicians remember, they discuss as to the utility of instruments of torture and the "English coffin" and the to get in the wheel.

Yet the Vienna Fool Tower was built by an enlightened and exceptionally kind monarch, Joseph II., whose love of mankind guided all his life its construction, and the treatment given its inmates, barbaric as they seem now, were triumphs of philanthropy at the time.

When it was built, in 1783, the insane were treated as worse than criminals. They were kept in cells in prisons and avoided by all as if they had loathsome diseases.

Emperor Joseph went as far as medical science enabled him to go at the time. There was no thought in the mind of any one in authority that insanity could be cured or ameliorated. Thus, with all his humanity, the emperor could not, and did not make of his building anything different from a prison for the insane.

The tower contains five stories, each with twenty-eight tiny cells lighted by small windows, scarcely greater than loop-holes, barred heavily.

Sometimes two lunatics or fools as they were called, were imprisoned in one cell. Walls and floors are still studded with rings and bolts to which these unfortunate creatures were chained with iron fetters.

The emperor often visited the tower to assure himself that his regulations were being observed faithfully. But his efforts were without scientific aids, and as a result the inmates were treated as dangerous and disgusting creatures. The cells containing the violent ones were not opened oftener than twice a month, when powerful men would enter, seize the prisoners and drag them out to wash them.

At this time the cells were cleaned,

They had faith in the mechanical treatment. Their favorite implement was a frightful thing known as the English coffin. It was a long, narrow chest, into which the maniac was forced.

Then the lid was fastened down. The only opening in it was just large enough to expose the face of the patient.

Another utensil was the "fools' wheel," which was to all intents and in design nothing except a magnified squirrel cage with the familiar wheel. The raving lunatic was imprisoned in this wheel and left there until it stopped revolving, which fact was accepted as indication that the maniac had worked itself out.

Still more brutal were the iron masks used as late as 1867. Some of

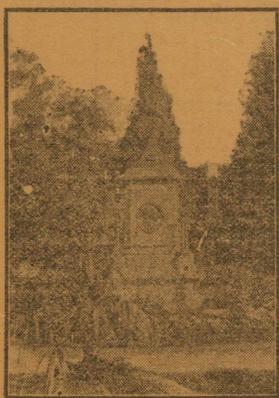


The Famous Fool Tower.

these were unearthed recently from the cellar of the insane asylum in Andernach, Germany, and preserved by the present director of the institution.

Two of them look exactly like the wire fences, masks worn when using the foils. The third is far more massive and made entirely of extremely heavy sheet tin. It has two holes pierced for the eyes and one tiny aperture for the mouth. To give the wearer air there are a few very small holes in the top of the helmet.

These appliances were used for patients that had the habit of biting or spitting. The offenders had to wear them constantly.



GRAVES OF BEETHOVEN AND MOZART.

The feeding was done by means of a tin utensil, triangular in shape, the pointed end of which was inserted in a crevice in the door of a cell. As the food was entirely liquid, the prisoner was expected to take the nourishment from this direct.

Lunatics who were exceptionally noisy and violent were thrown into cells that were entirely dark, and if that did not quell them, they were put under cold shower baths and douches until they were exhausted.

Chains and cold douches, and dark cells were used until nearly the middle of the last century, and it was as late as 1863 before the violent insane were removed regularly to asylums that were really adapted for the purpose according to modern ideas.

This Vienna Fool Tower, even in its worst days, was a haven of rest compared with many of the other pris-

The wire masks were taken off only at meal times, and then clapped right on again. The still more violent patients who had to wear the tin helmet often were not relieved of it, even to eat, but were led through the hole that served for a mouthpiece. The front of this gruesome head covering was so arranged that it could be opened like a visor.

The old times of frank, unreasoning brutality, when lunatics were treated as hateful things, had passed away long before it struck any one that the use of these helmets and similar instruments was vicious and harmful. It was a regular part of the treatment of the insane until 1867, when a royal decree forbade it.

If you lose your reputation it takes a pretty handsome reward to get it back.

## TRICKS OF CIGAR TRADE.

Wholesale Dealer Says They Are Many and Varied.

The revelation that, on certain cigar stands in New York where one would naturally expect to receive tobacco of a quality for which it was said, "stuffers" or inferior grades of tobacco were used instead in cigars sold under well known brands, caused Louis Keep, a wholesale cigar dealer of Chicago, at the Holland House the other day, to recall the old axiom that there are tricks in every trade. "I venture to say," said Mr. Keep, "that few people buying cigars out of a box get what they pay for. The temptation to be dishonest is too strong. If the head of the firm doesn't connive with his employees, frequently the clerk will sell an inferior cigar in a box bearing a well known brand, and pocket the difference. Of course if you buy by the box from a reputable dealer, you get what you pay for. You take a box of cigars of a medium or poor class and you will find that the top layer and the bottom layer are the best. The reason for this is when a man smokes the first few cigars out of a box he enjoys them. As he goes through the box they get worse. As he reaches the lower layer he will probably say that he will never buy that brand again. Suddenly the quality improves, and he generally says, 'Well, these cigars are not so bad after all. I guess I will try another box.' There is the trick."—New York Tribune.

## RUNS A CROW FARM.

Where Raven Birds Are Hatched in Incubators by the Wholesale.

The only crow farm in the United States is operated by a farmer named Billings at Brookdale, a few miles from Susquehanna, Pa. The industry is a new one, but it is evidently a paying one.

Crows generally have no place on a farm, as they are the bane to the existence of many chickens, and the idea of a farmer starting a farm for their own particular benefit is truly a novelty. But Farmer Billings is a speculator as well as a farmer and the reason of his interest in crows is that they are a salable commodity.

There is a demand for the birds from milliners, and it is to this trade that Billings is catering.

He has set up on his farm an incubator, such as are found in henneries, and in these young crows are hatched out. He has taken into captivity about 100 crow hens and about one dozen cock crows.

Within fifteen days after the eggs are placed in the incubator the young crows are hatched. Two weeks later they are in condition to be beheaded. The head and feathers of the birds are sold to milliners to be used in hats.

Already there has been an exceedingly heavy demand for the product of the farm, says the Philadelphia North American, and Mr. Billings anticipates a generous return on his investment.

## LUNCHEDED IN THE CELLAR.

Where the Master of the House Had His Repast.

Not long ago a small luncheon was planned by the wife of the Rev. Dr. McConnell for a few friends, all ladies. She had suggested to her husband that possibly he would enjoy lunching at the club that day, which he agreed to do. But on that day he was so absorbed in his work that he forgot to lunch at the club, but came into the house about 1 o'clock saying: "My dear, just give me a bite and let me get back to my work." This, of course she did, taking him into the basement and giving him what she could hastily get together.

As the ladies were taking their departure after a delightful luncheon, one of them turned and said:

"Oh, I must not forget my card with its little sentiment."

"There is no sentiment written on it," said her hostess.

"But I am quite sure I saw something," said her friend, and, taking up her card read: "I, the master of this house, am eating scraps in the cellar."—New York Times.

## Her Complaint.

Jane was a patient in one of the large public hospitals. She boasted a cough which was more than suspected to be a "fake" cough rather than bronchial or pulmonary.

The kindly young physician in charge of the ward allowed her some harmless remedies. One day he said to her:

"Ah! Jane, I fear you are a bad case of hypochondria."

"Is that it, doctor?" said Jane, much impressed.

The next morning there she was again, asking for her little dose.

"I'm very bad with it the day, doctor."

"With what?" asked the doctor.

"With what you were namin' for my peckidy," she replied. "It gave me no peace at all last night."

## Frogs' Skins for Binding Books.

Skins of frogs are used occasionally in bookbinding; not in general bookbinding, but in the fantastic, "precious" sort—used, in a word, as chicken skin was used in fan making in the time of Carlo Van Loo. Frogs' skin makes a very fine and soft leather and, by dyeing it will take the most delicate colors. Hence it is inlaid, in circles and stars for centerpieces, in the calf or the crushed levant of sumptuous book covers, and it makes a very striking and beautiful decoration. A noted English binder has achieved some of his best effects by the judicious employment of frogs' skins as a decorative agent.

# JEST AND JOLITY

No Doubt of It.  
The waiter started as the woman got up and left the restaurant. Then she disappeared into the street he rushed up to the proprietor and whispered into his ears:  
"That woman was a man in disguise."

"What makes you think so?"  
"I'm sure of it," said the man with the napkin. "She ordered a steak, potatoes, salad, cheese and pie—none of your coffee and rolls—and—here he hissed the words into the ear of his listener—"she tipped me!"

Nothing Doing.  
Goodhart—I'm surprised that you shouldn't consider him charitable. Whenever any of his neighbors are in trouble he's always the first to ask if he can do anything for them.

Pepprey—Yes, he goes about it like a woman out shopping. It doesn't cost him anything to ask questions.

Undeserved Credit.  
"Silas Brinkner says he stayed under water for nigh a minit'n-a-half one day las' summer."

"Ineed! He must be amphibious."  
"Eh! Well, if that's the Greek for 'lar you've hit it right fust time.'—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## MORE TROUBLE.



Leading Man—We are having an awful time playing "Quo Vadis" in Kansas City.  
Manager—What's the trouble?  
Leading Man—Why, the Beef Trust has taken our bull away from us.

## AFTER THE THEATER.



He—Does you laik raw oysters?  
She—Nope. De shells hurts mah froat.

More Tractable.  
Great Employer—I always employ warlike men if needed.  
His Friend—Good idea. Helps to conserve that sacred institution, the home.

Great Employer—I hadn't given that a thought, but I suppose it is so. I employ married men because they are more tractable.

Her Vocal Charm.  
"Young Ruddleston is going to marry Miss Wipples, is he? She's a good, amiable girl, but not at all attractive."  
"I know it. He fell in love with her voice."  
"Her voice?"  
"Yes; she uses it so seldom."

Plenty of Rope.  
"Yes, indeed," said the steersman to the admiring young ladies who formed the cargo of the yacht; "yes, indeed, this vessel makes sixteen knots an hour."  
"Mercy!" commented one innocent young thing; "at that rate you must use a lot of rope during a year."

Fierce Indeed.  
"Now, then, children," said the bachelor, who had been commenting upon polar expeditions, "who can tell me what fierce animals inhabit the regions of the North Pole?"  
"Polecats," shouted the boy at the foot of the class.

## A RECORD BREAKER.



Mr. Jones—I wish I had the new colt broken.  
Mrs. Jones—I'll lend you the cook after dinner. She can break anything.

## AN INVENTIVE GENIUS.



Proprietor—But suppose we make up 1,000 bottles of your hair dressing and you can't sell it, what then?  
Promoter—Then we will print "c" in front of hair on the labels and have chair dressing. See?

Rubbing It In.  
He—If you wufuse me I shall put a bullet through my wuala.  
She—The idea! How could you?  
He—I suppose you think I'm talking like a crazy man?  
She—Oh, no, like a sharpshooter.

The Green Corporal.  
"Why didn't you sack the town as I ordered?" demanded the irate general.  
"Bekase we didn't hov lny bags, sor," responded the green corporal.

A Rustic Conclusion.  
"Well, well," remarked Farmer Korntop at the zoo, "this here lions 'pears to be real good-natured."  
"Mebbe," suggested his good wife, "it's one of them social lions ye read about in the papers."

Ne Plus Ultra.  
"How dare you try to kiss me?" she cried indignantly. "Don't you know any better?"  
"If I did I'd try to kiss her," replied he, "but really you are the best ever."

An Unusual Button.  
"This collar button is my own invention," said the street fakir, "and the name I have given it is 'Fault.'"  
"Because everybody has faults?" suggested the red-nosed man in the crowd.  
"No, my dear sir, simply because it's so easy to find."

Preferred the Reality.  
"Let's go and see the mimic battle between the fleet and the land forces. They are about ready to begin."  
"You can go and watch it if you want to. There's to be a cockfight down here in a barn not far away, and I'd rather see that. It's more exciting."

Knows What's Coming.  
"I see that all the explorers have returned from the Far North," observed the man with the incandescent beard.  
"Yes," said the man with the pickie nose, "I have canceled my subscriptions to the magazines."

Before the Axe Fell.  
Charlotte Corday was being tried for the murder of Marat.  
"But," protested her counsel, "you exaggerate the affair. He merely got a dirkish bath."  
Despite this masterly defense, the guillotine once more did its deadly work.

Relief Under Any Circumstances.  
Mrs. Touser—And after the way you have treated me I suppose when you die you expect to go to heaven.  
Mr. Touser—I don't know, my dear, where I shall bring up, but I have no doubt it will seem like heaven to me—by way of contrast, you know.

In a Boston Library.  
Barnes—I suspect that Pingrey is quite a literary man. I know he spends the greater part of his time in the public library.  
Howes—Yes; he tells me it is so quiet there he can get a nap almost any time without being awakened.

Good Fishing.  
"I see they are trying to fish a lot of coal out of the Merrimac river where a coal barge was sunk ten years ago."  
"By gum! that's the kind o' place mining that pays nowadays."

Sympathy.  
Youngblood—"My rich uncle promised to do the right thing by me in his will."  
Criticus—"That's too bad. He really ought to leave you something."

## CATARRH THIRTY YEARS.

The Remarkable Experience of a Prominent Statesman—Congressman Meekison Gives Pe-ru-na a High Endorsement.



Congressman Meekison of Ohio.

Hon. David Meekison is well known not only in his own State, but throughout America. He was elected to the Fifty-fifth Congress by a very large majority, and is the acknowledged leader of his party in his section of the State. Only one day married the otherwise complete success of this rising statesman. Catarrh with its insidious approach and tenacious grasp, was his only enemy. For thirty years he waged unsuccessful warfare against his personal enemy. At last Peruna came to the rescue. He writes: "I have used several bottles of Peruna and I feel greatly benefited thereby from my catarrh of the head. I feel encouraged to believe that if I use it a short time longer I will be fully able to eradicate the disease of thirty years' standing."—David Meekison, Member of Congress.

If you do not desire a prompt and satisfactory result, do not use Peruna, write at once to the manufacturer, giving a full statement of your case, and he will be pleased to give you his valuable advice gratis. Address Dr. Hartman, President of The Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, Ohio.

**20% Month on Everything You Buy**

That's the amount you can save by trading with us regularly. Send 15c in coin or stamps for our 1100-page catalogue. It contains quotations on everything you use in life. Write TODAY.

MONTGOMERY WARD & CO. Chicago

**SAWYER'S EXCELSIOR BRAND Pommel Slickers**

Keep the rider perfectly dry. No water can leak in on the saddle, and extra wide and long in the stirrups. Extra protection at shoulder seams. Warranted waterproof. Try one. Dealer doesn't have them write for catalogue to M. E. SAWYER, 209, State St., East Cambridge, Mass.

**No Matter**

If your vocation is office work, outdoor work or farm work, what is absorbing a pleasant task to you will be tedious if you have any of the many ills caused by indigestion, constipation, liver and kidney ailments.

**Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin**

is guaranteed to cure any form of stomach or bowel trouble. It falls—your money right back.

All Druggists. 50c and \$1 Bottles

We will send you a sample bottle and a book on Stomach Troubles free, if you write us.

PEPSIN SYRUP CO., Monticello, Ill.

**MORE THAN HALF A CENTURY OF EXPERIENCE**

OUR GUARANTEE AND BACK OF EVERY WATERPROOF OILED SLICKER OR COAT BEARING THIS TRADE MARK

**TOWER'S FISH BRAND**

ON SALE EVERYWHERE. BOSTON, MASS.

## THE KISS.

Some years ago the following definitions of a kiss were published, and they are here reproduced, being considered well worth the space given them.

Nothing divided between two.

The acme of agony to a bashful man.

The food by which the flame of love is fed.

The sweetest labial of the world's language.

That in which two heads are better than one.

A thing of use to no one, but much prized by two.

Everybody's acting edition of "Romeo and Juliet."

The drop that runneth over when the cup of love is full.

Not enough for one, just enough for two, too much for three.

The flag of truce in the petty wars of courtship and marriage.

That which you cannot give without taking, and cannot take without giving.

A telegram to the heart in which the operator uses the "sounding" system.

The only really agreeable two-faced action under the sun, or the moon, either.

What the child receives free, what the young man steals, and what the old man buys.

The baby's right, the lover's privilege, the parents' benison and the hypocrite's mask.

The sweetest fruit on the tree of love. The oftener plucked the more abundant it grows.

A kiss is an insipid and tasteless morsel, which becomes delicious and delectable in proportion as it is flavoured with love.

A woman's most effective argument, whether to cajole the heart of a father, control the humors of a husband, or console the griefs of childhood.

Something rather dangerous, something rather nice, something rather wicked, something rather called a vice.

Some think it naughty, others think it wrong, all agree it's jolly, though it doesn't last long.

## ALL SORTS.

The older a man gets the less cynical he is.

Silence may be golden, but the golden eagle talks.

It is better to have a turn-up nose than a cabbage head.

An obedient wife is the real power behind the domestic throne.

Some wire-pullers are telegraph lines and some are politicians.

A jeweler says pearls are like women—they require a lot of attention.

Worms in the most delicate parts are similar to the tastes of his cook.

A man may be color blind, but he can always tell a greenback when he sees it.

Art is long and time is fleeting—and some artists' time is as valueless as their art.

It is difficult to persuade yourself that a man is a liar when he says nice things about you.

After capping a climax one should drive a nail in it to prevent some other fellow from uncapping it.

Faith cure physicians are wise guys. They expect their patients to furnish the faith and cure themselves.

Many a man who believes in giving his satanic majesty his due leaves his other creditors to hold the empty bag.

## CONTROL OF TEMPER.

It is impossible to keep cool unless the temper is under control.

Wrath has a natural tendency to curdle the blood, and anger interferes with digestion.

Control your temper for the sake of your health and good looks, if for no higher reason, says the beauty doctor.

Remember at all times that the great secret of keeping cool is to cultivate contentment and an evenly balanced mind.

A smouldering fire is far more dangerous to health than that which comes to the surface and is quickly extinguished.

A disposition which continually "boils" within often finds outward expression in boils and ulcers, says the health doctor.

Cultivate a serene frame of mind under all circumstances. Do not allow yourself to be in the depths of gloom and depression one day and on the heights of hilarity the next.

## AS YOU LIKE IT.

It isn't advisable to pick a quarrel before it is ripe.

Some men find it easier to get married than to get furniture.

Some people consider it sacrilegious to speak slightly of money.

In matrimony, when harmony flies out the door, alimony steps in.

In married life the husband preaches economy, the wife practices it.

Bread is the staff of life, but some people prefer the roll of fame.

The woman who uses cosmetics may be taken at her face value.

The cat that slyly licks the cream knows all about the lap of luxury.

Hoax—What's good for superfluous hair? Joax—Have you tried a razor?

The girl who gives her kisses away must never expect to have any stolen.

Poverty may drive some man to drink, but it keeps more away from it.

The bill collector realizes that absence makes the heart grow fonder.

## THE TEST OF TIME.

Mrs. Clara J. Sherbourne, professional nurse, of 257 Cumberland street, Portland, Maine, says:

"I heartily wish those who suffer from some disturbed action of the kidneys would try Doan's Kidney Pills. They would, like me, be more than surprised. My back annoyed me for years. Physicians who diagnosed my case said it arose from my kidneys. When the grip was epidemic I was worn out with constant nursing, and when I contracted it myself it left me in a very serious condition. I could not straighten nor do the most trivial act without being in torture. The kidneys were too active or the secretions were too copious, and I knew what was wrong, but how to right it was a mystery. It seems odd for a professional nurse, who has had a great deal of experience with medicines, to read advertisements about Doan's Kidney Pills in the newspapers, and it may appear more singular for me to go to H. H. Hay & Son's drug store for a box. But I did, however, and had anybody told me before that it was possible to get relief as quickly as I did I would have been loth to believe it. You can send anyone who wishes more minute particulars about my case to me, and I will be only too glad to tell them personally. As long as I live I will be a firm advocate of Doan's Kidney Pills."

**Cure Confirmed—5 Years Later.**

"Lapse of time has strengthened my good opinion of Doan's Kidney Pills, first expressed in the spring of 1896. I said then that had anybody told me that it was possible to get relief as quickly as I did I would have been loth to believe it. Years have passed and my continued freedom from kidney complaint has strengthened my opinion of Doan's Kidney Pills and given me a much higher appreciation of their merits."

A FREE TRIAL of this great kidney medicine which cured Mrs. Sherbourne will be mailed on application to any part of the United States. Address Posters-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y. For sale by all druggists. Price 50 cents per box.

To settle once for all the frequent disputes with customers regarding the varying sizes of eggs, Stockholm merchants propose to effect all future sales on the basis of actual weight instead of per score.

## Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children

Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York. Cure Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 testimonials. At all druggists, 25c. Sample FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

Senator Clark of Montana has secured a controlling interest in the Salt Lake and San Pedro railroad and will push it to completion. It affords an outlet for the product of the senator's copper mines.

The little folks love Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Pleasant to take, perfectly harmless. Positive cure for coughs, colds, bronchitis, asthma.

Since 1850 the world has expended 300,000,000 pounds in waging war, and four times that sum in holding standing armies in readiness.

## THE ST. PAUL CALENDAR FOR 1903

six sheets 10x15 inches, of beautiful reproductions, in colors, of pastel drawings by Bryson, is now ready for distribution and will be mailed on receipt of twenty-five (25) cents—coin or stamps. Address F. A. Miller, General Passenger Agent, Chicago.

What has become of the old-fashioned women who chewed calico, before buying it, to see if it would fade?



Another club woman, Mrs. Hauke, of Edgerton, Wis., tells how she was cured of irregularities and uterine trouble, terrible pains and backache by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

"A while ago my health began to fail because of female troubles. The doctor did not help me. I remembered that my mother had used Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound on many occasions for irregularities and uterine troubles, and I felt sure that it could not harm me at any rate to give it a trial.

"I was certainly glad to find that within a week I felt much better, the terrible pains in my back and side were beginning to cease, and at the time of menstruation I did not have nearly as serious a time as heretofore, so I continued its use for two months, and at the end of that time I was like a new woman. I really have never felt better in my life, have not had a sick headache since, and weigh 20 pounds more than I ever did, so I unhesitatingly recommend Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. MARY HAUKE, Edgerton, Wis., President Household Economics Club. —\$5000 forfeit if original of above letter proving genuineness cannot be produced.

Women should remember there is one tried and true remedy for all female ills, Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Refuse to buy any other medicine, you need the best.

The best way to cure indigestion is to remove its cause. This is best done by the prompt use of Dr. August Koenig's Hamburg Drops, which regulate the stomach in an effectual manner.

Dr. Samuel Patterson Stafford, who has been appointed the government physician at the Yakima Indian agency, in the state of Washington, is one of the best known colored physicians of St. Louis.

## CHRISTMAS, 1902.

Rates to the old states are lower, service more perfect than ever before. Dec. 13, 17, 21, 22, 23 and 26 the Southern Pacific-Sunset Route will sell round trip tickets to points in the North, East and Southeast at rate of one fare plus \$2.00, with limit for return thirty days from date of sale. Double daily service, Pullman buffet and excursion sleeping cars free chair cars and day coaches. Direct connections at New Orleans both east and west bound. Write and let us know your objective point. We will be glad to quote rate, furnish schedule and any additional information you may desire. M. L. ROBBINS, G. P. A., Houston, Texas; T. J. ANDERSON, A. G. P. A., Houston, Texas.

Six hundred and twenty-six per million of British people die yearly by violent deaths.

Nothing jars a chronic invalid like being told that he is looking well.

There is more catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for prospectus and testimonials. Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Dr. J. B. Allen, Inc. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the best.

The limpet adheres to a rock with a force equal to 2,000 times its own weight.

The highest railway in the United States is the Colorado Midland, which crosses a pass 11,530 feet high.

Itchiness of the skin, horrible plague. Most everybody afflicted in one way or another. Only one safe, never failing cure. Doan's Ointment. At any drug store, 50 cents.

Two thousand two hundred different species of fish have been noted in the Nile and its tributaries.

A man dealing a seven-up hand during the middle of the day, looks mighty shiftless.

To the housewife who has not yet become acquainted with the new things of everyday use in the market, and who is reasonably satisfied with the old, we would suggest that a trial of Deane's Cold Water Starch be made at once. Not alone because it is guaranteed by the manufacturers to be superior to any other brand, but because each 10c package contains 16 ozs., while all the other kinds contain but 12 ozs. It is safe to say that the lady who once uses Deance Starch will use no other. Quality and quantity must win.

To break our mirrors will not make us beautiful.

Bats and their parasites are held responsible by an Italian expert for the transmission of plague in some cases.

"I owe my whole life to Burdock Blood Bitters. Scrofulousness covered my body. I seemed dead and sure B. B. B. has made me a perfectly well woman."—Mrs. Chas. Hutton, Berville, Mich.

If a hen lays an egg a week the year through it will just about pay for her feed, and every extra egg will yield a profit.

MCCANE'S DETECTIVE AGENCY, Houston, Texas, for trained and reliable detective service.

Tommy—"Pop, how do we get pearls?" Tommy's Pop—"Oh, in divers ways."

People who are gifted with second sight are seldom troubled with love at first sight.

Never monkey with a buzz-saw when it is busy.

INSIST ON GETTING IT. Some grocers say they don't keep Deance Starch because they have a stock in hand of 12 oz. brands, which they know cannot be sold to a customer who has once used the 16 oz. pkg. Deance Starch for sarsie money.

Legislation enacted by the last congress will result in at least 10,000 new pensioners.

The world has little use for a man who does his best only when engaged in doing others.

To Cure a Cold in One Day. Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 35c.

Might may not make right, but it seldom gets left.

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I do not believe Pico's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—JOHN P. BORSA, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1902.

The greedy man always cheats himself.

Do not just once and I am sure to pain. Deance Starch.

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Superior quality and extra quantity must win. This is why Deance starch is taking the place of all others.

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Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. One a bottle.

The raising of \$300,000 for missions at the Methodist convention in Cleveland does not look as if, in that body at any rate, anything was wrong with "the missionary nerve."

Most women haters are floor walkers in department stores.

"Jimpsum has invented one of the greatest gas savers of the age." "Indeed? What is it?" "An oil lamp."

A household necessity. Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Heals burns, cuts, wounds of any sort; cures sore throat, croup, catarrh, asthma; never fails.

Tea seeds resemble small hazel nuts. They are sown in beds to grow thick together like cabbage.

THOSE WHO HAVE TRIED IT will use no other. Deance Cold Water Starch has no equal in quantity or quality—16 oz. for 10 cents. Other brands contain only 12 oz.

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writes MRS. CARRIE RICHARDSON, of Grace, Miss. Her husband, Mr. J. H. RICHARDSON, adds to her letter the following: "I wish to say a few words in regard to your medicine. My wife, after suffering for a year with falling of the womb, together with the most terrific pains in the right side, has been completely restored to health by the use of three bottles of G. F. P. I am satisfied that this preparation has not an equal in the world, and trust that you may be wonderfully blessed in your efforts to relieve suffering women."

It is testimony like this which has won for G. F. P. its world-wide reputation as the one great unfailing remedy for all manner of female diseases. The lives it has saved count up into the thousands, and the women it has rescued from, daily, hourly misery would outnumber a large army.

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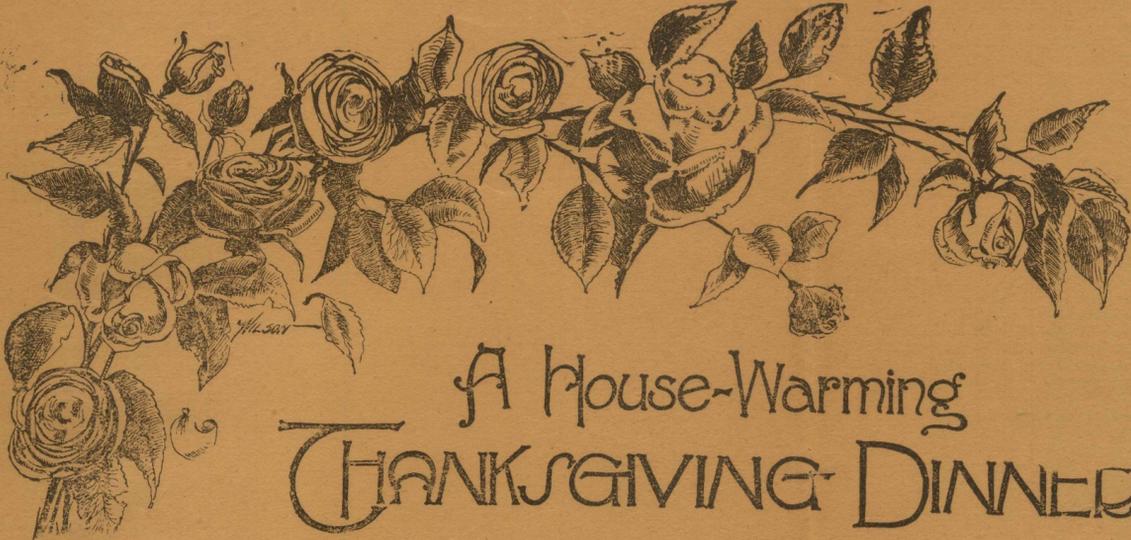
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# A House-Warming THANKSGIVING DINNER

[By Charles H. Robinson.]

It was all on account of the Widow Amsey.

During the lifetime of her lord and master Mrs. Amsey was nothing but an atom flurrying around on the edge of the social whirlwind, but, as a widow with a tidy bit of money left her by the lamented departed—that was another matter. Then, the storm-center sought to draw her in and squeeze the money out of her. Being a wise woman, she resisted the pressure and invested her windfall in a little cottage, which possessed three rooms below and two more in the attic. This,

clay, which drew their prey down into the depths without hope of extrication. Naturally careless and reckless, Mr. Jimson plunged into a quagmire, and when he felt himself sinking, he shouted for help. Fortunately the widow heard his cries and rushed to the rescue.

"What in the world are you doing in there, Mr. Jimson?" she inquired after locating him in the semi-darkness.

"The cows, widow; I started after them and forgot the slough in going cross lots."

"Wait, Mr. Jimson, and I will pull you out," and she made as if she

ward spring of the tree branch began to draw him up and out. Then, climbing hand over hand along the limb as it bent back to its normal position, the woman encouraging him all the way, he finally reached safety, and, dropping from the limb to the ground, broke his leg and fell unconscious.

When he recovered his senses he was lying on a couch in the widow's little parlor, the widow herself bending over him with a bowl of steaming tea which she made him drink.

"I must go home, widow," said Jimson trying to stand up and walk, but falling to the floor, groaning with pain. Lifting him back upon the couch, the widow bade him lie still while she went for the doctor.

"H-m-m, a very bad case," remarked the doctor after an examination of the fractured member. "Crushed, twisted and broken. How did it happen?"

When put in possession of the facts, the doctor burst into a roar of laughter. "What a sight! What a sight!" he exclaimed as soon as he recovered his breath.

"What do you mean?" demanded the widow, bridling up.

"Why, your crawling out on that limb and crawling back again." The imaginative doctor again broke out into a fit of laughter, which was suddenly checked by a sound box on the ear administered by the angry woman.

"You're here to fix this poor man's leg, not to insult a woman!" she snapped out with fire in her eyes.

"Widow, I beg your pardon," said the doctor humbly as he turned to his patient.

"It will be six weeks before he can crawl about on crutches, and two months before he can walk," was the fiat when the operation had been completed.

"Six weeks? Two months?" gasped Jimson. "Let me go home. I must go home," and he attempted to rise, compelling the doctor to hold him down on his back.

"But the cow, widow, I must get the cow," said he plaintively.

"Never mind the cow, Mr. Jimson," said the widow; let it go to Halifax. You've got to lie still for six weeks or two months. I'll take care of you."

And she did take care of him, pulling him through until he was able to walk.

Not long afterward, about ten days before Thanksgiving day, the widow's little house was burned to the ground, all she had in the world being consumed with it. When the bucket brigade finished fighting the fiery demon, the latter had the best of it—there was nothing left but the widow—yes, there was the hencoop, but that was not a

"D'ye think we're going to let you live in a hencoop?"

At a town meeting, called for the purpose, it was resolved to have the widow's house rebuilt ready for occupation on Thanksgiving day. Some furnished money, others contributed materials, and others still volunteered to do the work.

There were delays and setbacks, however, as is usual whenever any work is promised at a certain, fixed time, so that when Thanksgiving morning arrived the problem of completing the job became knotty, but having been promised and undertaken, it had to be finished. By hard thinking Squire Hobbs conceived the idea, and to carry it into effect, he summoned his fellow townsmen and laid the matter before them.

"You women folks," said he by way of consulting them, "you women folks go home and cook up what you've got in the house just the same as if you were going to get dinner—Turkeys, chickens, geese, ducks, anything, and cranberry sauce. The pumpkin and mince pies are already ripe on the pantry shelves. Then bring everything here by 4 o'clock. We men will finish this house for the widow by that time, and we'll all eat our Thanksgiving dinner on the spot. It will be a house warming Thanksgiving dinner and an old-fashioned barn-raising combined. There'll be board tables laid outside for those who can't get inside the house. You boys and girls, get all the boxes and barrels you can find—there's a lot of cordwood in my back yard that won't be missed—and if we don't finish eating by dark, we'll have bonfires to see by and warm up. Widow, you just sit or stand around and boss things, it

Scatter!

The house was on hand at the hour named, so were the women and the combined Thanksgiving dinners.

Of course, the house was not big enough to accommodate all the merry crowd that wanted to get into it, but those who could not squeeze in gathered around it as close as they could to eat and hear the speeches of the notables, who practiced oratory until the small boys notified them that the fuel had given out. Then they all went home tired, but full and happy. Was the widow happy? Not a bit more than the others.

**BILLY'S THANKSGIVING UNCLE.**

"Thanksgiving's coming again, Flopsy," said Billy Dick. "But I forgot, you don't know Thanksgiving, do you? You were only the ragman's dog then. You ought to have been here—why, do

Morton's sweet voice was trembling. Billy Dick could not stand it—he and Flopsy had to go out on the piazza to think it over.

"O, Flopsy, Flopsy," said Billy Dick, burying his head in Flopsy's ears. "I'm glad you don't know what Thanksgiving is like, and a visit to pops at the yard, for you can't be disappointed. I feel—Jiminy Ann, there's something the matter with my eyes, and I've got a kind of a pain somewhere in my stomach, I guess, and—"

The door opened and Mrs. Morton came briskly out. "I have it, Billy Dick, I have another plan. We mustn't disappoint your father entirely. You and the goodies shall go to Norfolk, while Rosy Posy and I stay at home and receive Uncle Jack and Aunt Dot. Could you go alone?"

Billy Dick began to grow tall. He felt on a level with his pretty mother's shoulder as he answered:

"Why, of course. That would be jolly, except for you and Rosy Posy."

So Billy Dick started that afternoon, with a dollar in his pocket, and his ticket carefully stowed away in an inside pocket. It was a three hours' journey, and he had to change cars twice.

As he stepped off the train a little old man with white hair and a jolly smile came up to him.

"Well, well, well," he said, "how you have grown! This is Billy, isn't it? Yes? Well, I declare—come right along with me. The train is late, and we'd better get some supper here."

Billy Dick wasn't quite sure who the old gentleman was, but as he seemed familiar with him, why of course it was all right. It would not be polite to ask him who he was, and a Morton is always polite, you know. Probably it was great-uncle Howell, whom he had seen years ago. Yes, it must be, thought Billy Dick, though he did not know that he lived in Richmond.

So the two went off together across the street and round the corner to a hotel.

Billy Dick had never been in a hotel before, and before he was half through supper he made up his mind that as soon as he was big enough he would persuade the family to come there—it was so nice to have hundreds of things to eat all written out so you might choose as many as you wanted.

The two sat there, the very old man and the little boy having the best of times. Billy Dick told the new-found great-uncle all about home and Rosy

you know what I did last year? An auto and I ran away together. And I remembered, of course, that a boy whose name is Milton Montgomery Norton can't disobey, so we—Jiminy Ann! What do you suppose is the matter?"

Flopsy's tail wagged knowingly, but he didn't answer. He was either jealous of this "Jiminy Ann," whom he had never seen, but to whom Billy Dick often talked in this way. What

he did see was the town messenger waving a telegram.

"For me?" asked Billy expectantly. "Naw!" cried the boy. "It's fer yer mother. Sign fer it."

Billy Dick laboriously signed his full name on the blank, and he and Flopsy ran in with the telegram. Mrs. Morton was busy in the dining room carefully packing a valise with Thanksgiving goodies, pies and cake and jellies.

"A telegram, mother," cried Billy Dick, "for you."

"Oh, Billy Dick!" was all she could say, for telegrams came so seldom that they always frightened her.

"It's—it's probably from Mrs. Walker," suggested Billy Dick in his reassuring manner. "Open it and see."

"Mrs. Walker is in Turkey," laughed Mrs. Norton at his comfort.

Billy Dick tore the envelope open and Mrs. Norton read the telegram aloud:

"On way East. Arrive Thanksgiving 10 a. m. John and Dorothy."

"Goodness!" cried Billy Dick. "Uncle Jack and Aunt Dot to visit us!" and he capered around the table.

"Yes, it is nice," said Mrs. Morton, "but, Billy Dick, they're to arrive Thanksgiving day, and that means our other plans are spoiled."

Billy Dick hadn't thought of that, that certainly wasn't pleasant, for the expedition they had planned was to go down to Norfolk, for the father, who was in the navy, was unable to leave the yard to come home for the holiday. And such a cooking time as they had had. Capt. Morton had written that the food there was poor, and if they came down to bring some "frills," and it was the "frills" that Mrs. Morton was now packing in the bag.

"And—it busts our plans?" echoed Billy Dick. "O mother!"

"We must stay at home, Billy Dick, and disappoint your father, too," Mrs.

Posy and Flopsy and Miss Blafe, who was his Sunday school teacher and his very best girl, and the fun he and Flopsy had last year earning their Christmas from Mr. Minders. And the old gentleman laughed and enjoyed the jokes, and in turn told Billy Dick what he did years and years ago when he was a boy.

So the time passed away quickly, till word was brought to them that there had been a wreck on the road and that no train could run through to Norfolk that night.

"But I must go," said Billy Dick. "My father is waiting for me. I'll give them a dollar if they can let me through."

A dollar was a large sum to Billy Dick, and as it was all he had it was a valuable offer.

The colored waiter showed his teeth pleasantly. "Sho, dey ain' gwine lef eben de pres'dent troo," he said. "Sorry, sah."

Billy Dick looked frightened. "But—but," he said, "my father was to meet me and telegraph to mother that I got here all right, and mother'll be so worried. And father says it is cowardly to worry a lady."

"Well, well, it is too bad," said the old gentleman. "Your father won't worry because he knows I am here, and we'll telegraph to your mother if you like."

So Billy Dick ate the rest of the supper, convinced that a small boy couldn't do much to clear the railroad if they would not even do it for the president himself.

After the ice cream was finished, they went to the telegraph office and sent the telegram.

"Can you give mother my love?" asked Billy Dick.

The old gentleman chuckled and nodded.

Then there was nothing else to do



The Limb Bent Lower and Lower.

with even simple furnishings, took all her avails and compelled her to look around for the wherewith to satisfy the cravings and clamors of her physical nature, for she was a jolly and weighty specimen of widowkind. As the doctor frequently said of her:

"The widow Amsey is a good-sized chunk of a woman; able to take care of herself and stand on her rights."

For some inscrutable reason the widow had set herself up as the champion of the weak—men, women or children, there was no difference to her—even in the case of a helpless bird or dog, she would ruffle up as if she had the feathers of a motherly hen guarding her brood from the attacks of a ravenous hawk, and stay the injurious hand. To the sick and suffering she was kindness personified, and her gentle disposition combined with her physical strength and the knowledge of how to use it brought her into constant demand as a skillful nurse. Everybody knew her, respected her and had reason to be grateful to her for services performed at some period or other, and was ready to fight for her if the occasion required war on her behalf.

There was once a faint breath of scandal, but the doctor dissipated it in the most startlingly vigorous manner, and after that, neither it nor any other ill-wind blew in her direction.

"If that woman isn't a saint, she's next door to being one," was his wind-up when he told the story.

Mr. Adoniram Jimson was the individual in question. A "ne'er do well," but he took care of the widow's cow and calf, looked after her chickens and ducks as a labor of love, and to reciprocate many of her little surreptitious acts of kindness in the shape of fresh baked bread, an occasional roast chicken or a luxuriant pie, that found its way into his scant pantry.

He accepted and ate everything he found there in a perfunctory manner, somewhat after the style of the ravened prophet, or rather like the hog under the oak that roots up and devours the succulent nuts without ever looking up to see whence they come.

It so happened, late one evening, that Mr. Jimson started after the widow's cow and calf that had been wandering among the brush all day for pasture, and had apparently forgotten the way home. It had been raining steadily for forty-eight hours, and the numerous sloughs, riverbeds and buffalo wallows were so saturated with water that it meant death to fall into any of them because of the bottomless quicksands mixed with mirey

would go in after him, but he quickly stopped her.

"No, no, widow, for God's sake, go back. You'll mire yourself an' both of us'll be lost."

"I have it," said the widow, quickly taking in all the surroundings. "Have patience, Mr. Jimson, and do not struggle, or you will sink faster," then adding under her breath: "I must do it; there's no time to get help; besides, nobody can see me."

The big lower limb of a sycamore tree stretched out over and beyond him, but out of his reach, and her thought was, that if she could climb out on the limb, her weight would bend it down so that he could seize hold of it, and either draw himself out, or hold on to it until she could procure other aid.

She climbed the tree and reached the big limb after encountering numerous bruises and scratches, which, however, she did not heed. Then resting a moment, she stretched her body out along the branch and began to crawl slowly toward Jimson, who soon understood what she intended to do.

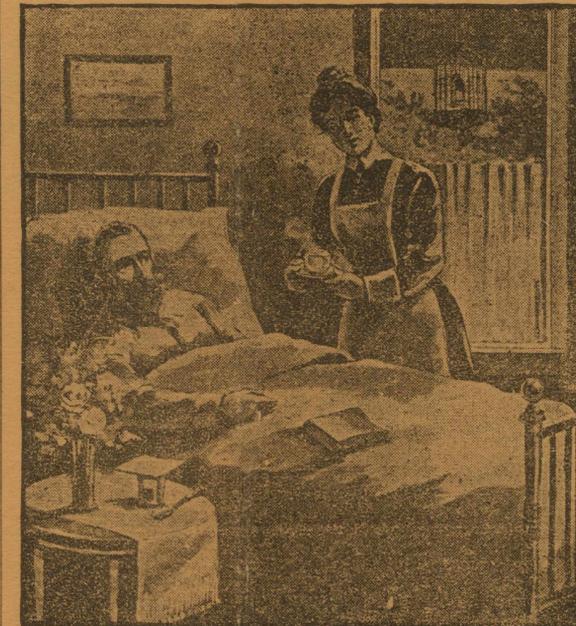
"Widow," he cried imploringly, "you'll fall off an' be lost. Never mind me, widow, I ain't of no account; I'm in my last hole, an' it's jest as well. For God's sake, widow, go back; don't risk your life for me!"

"Be still, poor man," said the woman, crawling slowly along, her arms and legs clasped around the limb. It began to bend with her weight at last, but she still kept on, almost falling off, for the limb was growing smaller and she could not grip it tight. She flattened her body down upon it like a worm crawling on a quivering twig, all the time telling Jimson to cheer up and she would save him. The limb bent lower and lower still, until Jimson had a tiny branch in his grasp.

"Now, hold on tight," the widow commanded, "and keep still. I am going back, and when my weight is off the limb it will spring up and pull you out."

So saying, she began to crawl backward cautiously, lest a single slip should throw her off her balance and her efforts prove in vain. The broken, jagged twigs and branches caught her dress and pierced her flesh, but with resistless force she bore her whole weight backward against them and tore herself free, reaching the trunk in safety, whence she dropped panting to the ground.

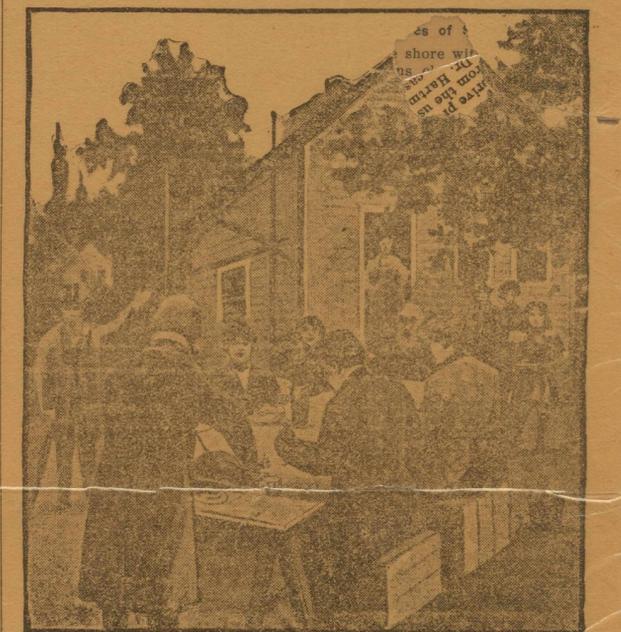
Jimson worked the sticky earth and sand into the consistency of gruel, by turning and twisting, until finally the downward suction ceased and the up-



Took Care of Him Until He Could Walk.

fit habitation for her, although she thought she might fix it up and get along all right until she could afford to build some sort of a shanty to protect her from the inclement weather. She refused all offers of aid, but Squire Hobbs laid down the law and she was compelled to yield.

"You will go over to my house, and stay there until we have built you another house," said he with a determination that overcame her resistance.



An Outdoor Thanksgiving Dinner.

spend the night in Richmond with the new-found uncle, and such fun it was to stay at a hotel!

Early in the morning Billy Dick and his great-uncle took the train for Norfolk, and soon the engine was puffing into the station.

And—O, joy! there was Dad anxiously peering through the window for his boy. He had jumped on the train before it stopped and had Billy Dick in his arms.

In fact, Billy Dick forgot all about his new-found uncle, for his father was so glad to see him safe and sound.

"I must telegraph your mother at once, Billy Dick," said his father. "She has been almost worried to death about you when I could not telegraph her that you had arrived."

"But great-uncle Howell telegraphed—didn't you?" asked Billy Dick, turning to the old gentleman, who was greeting some friends.

"Who?" asked Capt. Morton.

"Why," began Billy Dick, and as he noticed that his father didn't shake hands with the old gentleman, and that the old gentleman apparently didn't know his father, he introduced them.

"This is my father; don't you remember him?" he said.

"Your father!" exclaimed the old gentleman. "Your father is my nephew, William Walters."

There surely was some mistake somewhere, or was he dreaming?

"Aren't you Billy Waters, William Walton Waters?" asked the old gentleman.

"I am Milton Montgomery Morton, sir," said Billy Dick.

"You said your name was Billy," said the old man.

"Billy Dick," explained Capt. Morton. "He's always been called that because—"

Then the old gentleman began to laugh, and Billy Dick laughed, too, as did Captain Morton and the other friends that came up. And the whole thing was explained when one lady said: "Why, Billy Waters' mother telegraphed that he was sick and couldn't come."

"And—and the telegram?" gasped Billy Dick.

"Went to Billy Waters' mother—with your love in it," laughed the old gentleman. "She must have been surprised to get it with her own Billy right at home!"

Billy Dick's own mother was notified at once, and his "great-uncle Howell" helped him and his father, to eat the goodies she had packed in the bag.