

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL. 4.

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1894.

NO. 195.

Mayer & Hagerlund,

DEALERS IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE,

SONORA, TEXAS.

T. B. BIRTRONG,

PROPRIETOR OF THE

MAUD S SALOON

Carries the finest line of Wines, Liquors and Cigars in the West.

Every thing first-class. Just the place to treat your friends.

Long Horn Club Whiskey the Medicine.

EVERYTHING ON ICE.

Keg Beer 5 cents at the Maud S.

PLENTY OF WATER

Can be had by using a Collins
horse power and

PUMPING JACK

Easy to set up, easy to start, and easy to keep going. Recommended by all
successful ranchmen. Use no other. For prices on your entire
order write direct to the manufacturers

F. F. COLLINS MFG. CO.
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

C. J. NICHOLS,

Builder and Contractor,

Estimates furnished on Application.

SONORA,

TEXAS.

ONE FACT

IS WORTH A THOUSAND THEORIES.

Every Tontine policy issued by
the Equitable Life Assurance Soci-
ety of the United States, twenty
years ago, whose Tontine period
expires in 1896, has a PRESENT
CASH SURRENDER VALUE—

GREATER THAN THE
SUM OF THE PREMIUMS PAID

None (1), that this return is
during the lifetime of the assured,
and (2), that it is in addition
to the protection afforded by the
assurance during the twenty years.

This is true, whether the policy
was issued at the low rate charged
in cases where it is expected im-
mediately beginning that premiums will
be paid for three, or whether it
was issued at the higher rate, pro-
viding for the payment of pre-
miums for twenty years only.

The largest returns are shown
on policies issued on the 29 Year
Endowment form, which in some
instances show a return of THE
TOTAL AMOUNT PAID IN
PREMIUMS, with INTEREST
EXCEEDING SIX PER CENT,
PER ANNUM.

H. B. HYDE, President

A. A. GREEN, Jr., Manager.

W. E. MILLER
District Agent,

A TRUSTY GUARDIAN.

Rex's Broad Grin Was Not to Be Trilled
With by Strangers.

More than 40 years ago, in 1851, I
visited a party of friends in the Ben-
digo goldfields in Australia, where I
was cordially welcomed. Among the
valued possessions of my friends was
an English mastiff, which belonged
to one of the gentlemen.

The good understanding between
myself and the mastiff appeared to
have become so well established dur-
ing the evening that on the next day
I left the claim where my friends
were at work to fetch a kettle of tea
from the tent without the least mis-
giving to my reception by him. Rex,
who was always allowed to run loose,
came forward to meet me. He al-
lowed me to stroke his head, and so
far as I could see showed no interest
in my movements as I entered the
tent and took a drink of the tea, but
when I started to leave the tent with
the kettle of tea in my hand I imag-
ined my astonishment when I saw the
supposed friend Rex facing me and
showing his teeth in a very threaten-
ing way. I put down the kettle, seat-
ed myself on the edge of the camp
bed and spoke to him. He wagged
his tail and looked so friendly that I
thought I must have made a mistake
about his intentions. Not at all.

The moment I attempted to leave
the tent with the kettle I had reason
to know that Rex's broad grin was
no mere notion, but, on the contrary,
a real sign that he was true to his
trust as he understood it. I talked
to him again, set down the kettle and
attempted to leave without it. Still
Rex objected. He had his doubts
and determined to give his master
the benefit of them. There was no
help for it. I was held prisoner and
could do nothing but sit down and
wait patiently for one of the party to
come to my relief. No one came un-
til nearly two hours later, by which
time my long absence had caused my
friends to suspect that I was being
held prisoner by Rex. I bore the
dog no grudge for his faithful zeal,
and in a few days found he would let
me come and go and take whatever
I wished.—St. Nicholas.

Atmospherical Capes.

If it were possible for one to rise
above the stratum of air which sur-
rounds the planet earth, the sun
would appear to the observer as a
large, sharply outlined ball of fire,
while everything else would be
wrapped in impenetrable darkness.
This is true because we know that
there could be no sensation of light
conveyed to the brain without an at-
mosphere for the sun's rays to act
upon. But, on the contrary, if the
earth's atmosphere extended to a
height of 700 miles instead of 45 or
50, as is probably the case, the sun's
heat and rays could never penetrate
it.

Had such have been the state of
things "in the beginning," this earth
would never have been populated
with its varied forms of animal life.
But should such a state of affairs ac-
cidentally be brought about through
some unknown agency every vestige
of animal life would perish from the
face of the earth in a very short time,
and the terrors of starvation would
be augmented a thousand fold by the
fact that everything would be wrap-
ped in darkness darker than the black-
est midnight.—St. Louis Republic.

To Fill out the Cheeks.

Most faces that are thin are apt to
be hollow between the upper and
lower jaws, and two exercises are
recommended for filling out the
cheeks. Take two small pieces of
rubber, such as come at the ends of
lead pencils, and insert on each side
of the mouth between the back
teeth. Close the teeth on them and
chew, spreading the teeth only just
far enough to keep the rubbers in
their places and shutting them with
all the force possible. After this put
the forefinger in the mouth and rub
it against the cheek, pressing it out-
ward in every way, reaching as far
back as possible. It is said that by
regularly following facial exercises
daily the face may be kept rounded
and firm in its outlines, and that even
old and relaxed muscles may be
greatly strengthened and improved.
—America.

His Sense of Honor.

A Russian peasant was, for some
offense or other, declared to have for-
feited all special rights and privileges.
The full gravity of the punishment
was brought home to him as follows:
"Henceforth you can never be ap-
pointed headman of your village (the
peasant bowed), nor be called as a
witness (he bowed again), nor serve
on a jury (another bow), nor enlist
as a soldier."
The peasant bowed deeper still and
said:
"Your honor, would it not be pos-
sible to relieve me of the duty of pay-
ing taxes?"
Another version is to the effect
that the peasant expressed his thanks
and earnestly pleaded:
"Could you not manage at the
same time to relieve my son, Mikol-
ka, of these nights?"—Seewerski
Westnik.

Overdoing It.

"I like to see a man think a good
deal of his home," said old Mrs. Ja-
son, "but when he stays out all night
to brag about how happy a home he
has I think he is carrying his affec-
tion a little too far."—Indianapolis
Journal.

Young Blood In Business.

"Traveling as I am," remarked a
well known man about town, "con-
stantly from city to city, I have oc-
casion to remark the characteristics
of numerous trade centers, and I
want to impress upon you this one
fact, that the growth of our modern
American cities is due to young men.
You may argue to the contrary, but
this one thing holds good, that when
a city begins to grow and improve it
is either a very young and new site
or the elder population have begun
to drop off. Every city on the con-
tinent will afford the positive or nega-
tive view of this fact—either old men
are leaving to conserve the unbroken
tenor of their business way or the
young men have stepped in their
shoes to scatter the careful policy to
the winds and venture upon new
schemes. Old men live to save and
young men to spend.

"A city usually passes through pe-
riods of 30 years of quiet progress and
then 20 years of rush. This comes
from the fact that the 30 years of
rush constitute the early business
lives of young men just come into
inherited wealth, and the last 20 years
mark the period of solemn thought
and the desire for absolute security
in the matter of general wealth. New
cities are examples of places where
conservatism has never been, because
old men have not looked there to
make their fortunes. Old cities with
a period of progress come upon them
indicate that the fathers are dying
off."—Toledo Blade.

Dangers of Cholora.

Professor Tyndall had taken sleep-
ing drafts of one kind or other for
years. His "usual quantity," accord-
ing to Dr. Buzzard, was 1 1/2 teaspoon-
fuls every night. It had evidently
become a habit with him even more
than a necessity, or it was a neces-
sity only because it was a habit. Yet
we have the authority of The British
Medical Journal in an article devoted
to this particular case for the asser-
tion that 99 in 100 of those sleep-
ing doses were worse than useless, even
for any purpose of relief worthy of
the name. "Insomnia," we are told,
"is not a disease, but a symptom,"
and it is the clear duty of every suf-
ferer to ascertain the cause with a
view to its removal by legitimate
treatment.

Of all the empirical treatments,
that by chloral is probably the worst.
The temporary relief which it affords
tends to divert attention from more
radical measures. The sham solace
being always at hand, the true one is
never sought. Chloral has slain its
thousands before this; it ought not
to claim as many more victims be-
fore it is laid aside forever. Or, if it
does, this great national loss we have
just sustained should be held equiv-
alent, for the purpose of warning
and example, to the total count.

Trained His Stomach For Solace.

One of the most singular things
about the great nervous specialist,
the late Dr. Brown Sequard, was the
way in which he saved his nerves for
science, but injured his stomach for
the same cause. Throughout his life
he was opposed to the use of tobacco.
"I never smoke," he once said, "be-
cause I have seen the most evident
proofs of the injurious effects of to-
bacco on the nervous system." But
his desire to investigate the contents
of his own stomach, by swallowing
sponges to which a thread was tied
and pulling them up to examine the
gastric juice which they had ac-
quired, brought on a rare affection,
known as mercurism, or ruminatio,
which compelled him to masticate
his food a second time.—Detroit Free
Press.

A Graveyard Expedition.

A man living in Australia who has
been so unfortunate as to lose five
excellent wives desired to erect a
headstone for each, commemorating
her virtues, but has been deterred by
the expense. The other day a happy
thought struck him. The five wives
were buried side by side in the same
graveyard. He accordingly had the
Christian name of each engraved on a
small stone—"Emma," "Jane,"
"Mary," "Margaret," "Elizabeth"—
a hand cut on each stone pointing to
a large stone in the center of the lot
and under each hand the words, "For
epitaph see large stone."—London
Tit-Bits.

Friend of Him.

"Tom's husband seems to have the
artistic temperament," said the lady
who was calling on the recently mar-
ried young woman.
"Do you think so?" was the re-
sponse, with a happy little smile.
"Yes, I should think he might
have made a good painter."
"I never saw him try to paint," re-
plied the little wife, "but he can
white-wash beautifully."—Washing-
ton Star.

Severity Classic.

Professor—What are you doing
there?
Scholar (peering over his book)—
Digging at Greek words.
Professor—What's that for?
Scholar—Oh, I'm going to see if I
can pull them up by the roots. You
know I'm to be a farmer when I
graduate.—Detroit Free Press.

Phone Etiquette.

A telephone girl receives calls, but
she doesn't pay them. This part of
the business is attended to by those
having the instrument.—Philadelphia
Times.

KEENAN & SONS, Live Stock Commission Merchants. CHICAGO, KANSAS CITY, St. LOUIS.



By consigning your
Stock direct to us it
Will meet with
PROMPT ATTENTION
Correspondence Solicited,
Rooms 22, 24 and 26
Exchange Building,
Union Stock Yards,
CHICAGO, III

REFERENCE: The National Live Stock Bank of Chicago
TEXAS CATTLE and SHEEP A SPECIALTY.

CHARLES SCHREINER, WOOL

Commission Merchant, Banker

And Dealer in

General Merchandise.

Headquarters for Ranch Supplies.

KERRVILLE, TEXAS.

S. G. TAYLOR
Attorney-at-Law.

W. B. SILLIMAN
Surveyor

TAYLOR & SILLIMAN, LAND AGENTS & SURVEYORS,

All papers kept in fireproof vault. Lands sold and leased,
and taxes paid for non-residents. Ranches located and surveyed for
settlers. We have established corners for starting points, in all parts
of this and adjoining counties.

Notary Public always at office. Deeds, Leases, Contracts, or other
instruments legally drawn.

Polite and careful attention given to all business entrusted to us.

SONORA,

TEXAS.

W. B. CUSENBARY.

E. S. BRIANT

CUSENBARY & CO.,

CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS,

Have in Stock a full assortment of

Drugs, Chemicals, Fancy Toilet Articles,
Toilet Soaps, Sponges, Brushes, Combs, etc.

Also a Choice Selection of Jewelry.

Prescriptions carefully Compounded

Open at all Hours.

At the Postoffice, Sonora.

FAVORITE SALOON.

W. P. BAKER & CO., Proprietors.

DEALERS IN

BEER, TOBACCO & CIGARS,

ICE COLD BEER FIVE CENTS A GLASS.

Sonora,

Texas.

C. F. ADAMS & CO.,

General Agents for the sale of

Or Trading in

Live Stock And Ranch Property,

SONORA, SUTTON CO. TEX.

DeBerry & March,

Dealers In

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, CLOTHING,

Hats and Gents Furnishing Goods,

Hardware, Crockery & Harness,

Feed Stuffs and

GENERAL RANCH SUPPLIES.

The highest market price paid for

Hides, Peans, Furs, Pelts, Etc.

Sonora, - - - Texas.

THE SAN ANGELO NATIONAL BANK,

SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.

M. L. MERTZ, President. JOHN CARRAGHER, Cashier.
JOS. C. RAAS, Vice-President.

Cash Capital **\$100,000.**
Surplus Fund **\$20,000.**

Transact a General Banking Business.

Buy and Sell Exchange. Issue interest bearing Time Certificates of Deposit.

SONORA and SAN ANGELO
Mail, Express and Passenger Line,
ROBINSON BROS., PROPRIETORS.

Single trip \$5. Round trip \$8.

Stage leaves Sonora and San Angelo every day, Sundays excepted,
at 7 o'clock a. m. The trip being made in one day.
All business entrusted to our care will receive personal attention.
Comfortable Hacks. Low rates on Express parcels.

DO YOU WANT THE BEST?

ECLIPSE



Hundreds in use in Texas more than Twenty Years, and
still doing better work than the slightly too
thrown on the market at cheap prices.
For us inquire on your outfit,
we'll direct to

F. F. COLLINS MFG. CO.,
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

G. B. DUKE,
General Blacksmith,
Wheelwright and Horse Shoer.

Give me a Trial. All work Guaranteed.

Shop on corner of Concho avenue and Poplar street, Sonora, Texas.

Hotel Accommodations in Sonora.

E. GIBBONS, of the late "Star" hotel, is temporarily located at the
Max Mayer residence where he will be pleased to have his old customers,
and as many new ones as possible, stop when they want a good wholesome
meal and a comfortable bed. The accommodations are not as convenient
as before the fire, but the traveler may depend on getting plenty to eat and
a good place to sleep, at reasonable rates if he stays with E. Gibbons when
in Sonora.

San Antonio & Aransas Pass R'way.

Farmers, Stockmen and Wool Growers,

Will find this
The shortest and quickest route
For all kinds of produce
To the principal cities of the
Gulf coast
And of the North and East.
Rates Low.
Service prompt and efficient.
Correspondence Invited.

Kerrville,
The shipping point for
Sutton, Schleicher, Crockett,
Kimble and Menard Counties,
Is but 70 miles from San Antonio,
And enjoys equal rates
With San Antonio, on Live Stock
and Wool, to Galveston,
St. Louis, Chicago, New York, Etc.

H. MICHELSEN, Commercial Agent. L. J. POLK, Gen'l Freight Agent.
SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

J. A. RUDICIL,

House and Carriage Painter and Paper
Hanger.

ESTIMATES MADE ON ALL KIND OF WORK.
PRICES REASONABLE.

SONORA - TEXAS.

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

Advertising Medium of the
Stockman's Paradise.

SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.
Entered at the Postoffice at SONORA,
is second-class matter.

MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.

SONORA, TEXAS, July 7, 1894.

Dr. H. Guernsey Jones,
PHYSICIAN, OBSTETRICIAN & SURGEON.
SONORA - TEXAS.
Country calls promptly Answered.
Office at Residence,
N. W. Cor. Public Square.

DR. H. G. COLSON,
Physician, Surgeon and Obstetrician.
Office at Cusenbary & Briant's drug
store. Residence at the Geo. Dunagan
place. All calls promptly answered.
Sonora, Texas.

ANNOUNCEMENT RATES.

Positively in Advance.

District offices..... \$10.00.
County offices..... 10.00.
Precinct offices (precinct No. 1). 5.00.
County Commissioners..... 2.50.

The announcement rates pub-
lished will be the same the week
before the election as they are now.
All those that announce will not
be charged for having their names
printed on general ticket. Can-
didates not announcing will be
charged one half the announce-
ment fee to have their names ap-
pear on tickets.

The DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS is
authorized to announce:

For District Attorney.

Eugene Carlidge, for the office of
District Attorney of the 95th Judicial
district at the November election.

For District & County Clerk.
W. B. Silliman as a candidate for re-
election to the office of District and
County Clerk of Sutton county.

S. H. Stokes as a candidate for the
office of District and County Clerk of
Sutton county at the ensuing election.

For County Treasurer.

W. H. Cusenbary, as a candidate for
re-election to the office of Treasurer
of Sutton county, at the ensuing No-
vember election.

Mike Murphy, for Treasurer of Sutton
County. Election November the
6th, 1894.

For Assessor.

A. J. Swearingen, as a candidate for
the office of Assessor of Sutton county,
at the November election.

M. B. Atkinson as a candidate for the
office of Tax Assessor of Sutton county
at the November election.

For Sheriff and Tax Col- lector.

J. L. Davis as a candidate for re-
election to the office of Sheriff and Tax
Collector of Sutton county at the
November election.

J. P. McConnell, as a candidate for
the office of Sheriff and Tax Collector
of Sutton county at the November elec-
tion.

**Justice of the Peace and
Commissioner.**

W. A. Stewart as a candidate for re-
election to the office of Justice of the
Peace and Commissioner of Precinct
No. 1, at the November election.

WOODFORD (1881)

WHISKEY

is the finest article
that has ever sailed
over the San Angelo
bars. No headache
guaranteed. For
sale only at the
Corner Saloon.
San Angelo.

Delays are dangerous. Let the
people know you are out for office
and want their vote through the
columns of your county paper.

J. O. Rountree and family were
in town for the fourth.

Miss May Holman of San Angelo
spent the fourth in Sonora.

We have a nice line of boys suits
we offer below cost.
89 Mayer & Hagerlund.

Real fish liver grows week by
having to wait. Sufferers taking Hood's
Sarsaparilla for chronic complaints
should be patient and the result will
be satisfactory. Hood's Cures.

Hood's Pills act easily, yet promptly
and efficiently, on the liver and bowels.
25c.

Henriettas worth 25 for 16 2-3
cents a yard at Mayer & Hager-
lund's. 85

CITATION.

STATE OF TEXAS,
COUNTY OF SUTTON.

To the Sheriff or any constable of
Sutton County, Greeting:

You are hereby commanded, that by
making publicatio of this citation in
some newspaper published in the county
of Sutton, if there be a newspaper
published in said county, (but if not,
in the nearest county where a news-
paper is published), for two weeks
previously to the return day thereof, you
summon W. W. Word who is a non-
resident of the State of Texas, to be
and appear before me, a Justice of the
Peace, in and for Sutton County, at the
next regular term of the Justice's Court,
for Precinct No. One, of said county, to
begin and holden at my office, in Sut-
ton County, Texas, on the twenty-
third day of July, A. D. 1894, at ten
o'clock a. m. to answer the complaint
of G. S. Allison in a certain suit therein
pending, in which G. S. Allison is plain-
tiff, against A. P. Word, W. W. Word
and O. T. Word defendants, filed on
the seventh day of May A. D. 1894, and
numbered on docket No. 112.

The nature of plaintiff's demand
being in substance an action of debt
filed with me on the 7th day of May,
1894, and evidenced by a promissory
note of one hundred and twenty-five
dollars with interest thereon accrued
at the rate of ten per cent per annum
from maturity, and ten per cent addi-
tional on principal and interest as at-
torney fees if placed in the hands of
an attorney for collection. Said note
bearing date August 12th 1893, and
made by A. P. Word, W. W. Word and
O. T. Word payable to G. S. Allison or
order at his office in Sonora, Sutton
County, Texas, on or by September the
first after the date thereof.

Herein fail not, but have you then
and there before said court this writ,
with your return thereon, showing how
you have executed the same.

Given under my hand, this twenty-
seventh day of June, A. D. 1894.

W. A. STEWART, J. P.

Precinct No. 1, Sutton County, Texas.
I hereby certify that the foregoing
citation is a true copy of the original
now on file at my office.

J. L. DAVIS,
Sheriff, Sutton County, Texas.

Jo Ellis a well known cattle-
man from near McKavett, was in
Sonora this week wanting yearling
steers.

Go to SAM RUNKLES' Moss Rose
saloon, under Hotel San Angelo, for
fine Imported Brandy, Imported Claret,
California Orange wine, fine liquors
and cigars. 17-1f

Call on Zenker & Malers at the Favor-
ite Saloon, who in San Angelo, take a
glass of their cool beer and you will
continue to call every time you chance
that way. 38-1f

Mr. Delaney, a cattleman of
Edwards county was in Sonora
Monday on business.

These hot days you should call
at the Mand S. saloon and cool off.
Everything on ice.

Peter Jager, San Angelo, manufactur-
er and dealer in marble slabs, tomb-
stones, monuments, and all kinds of
marble works, solicits your trade. 82

Dave Dunagan and Hayes Brady
leave shortly for Erath, Comanche
and Tarrant county. Mr. Dunagan
will have his eyes treated in Fort
Worth.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.
The Best Salve in the world for Cuts,
Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt Rheum,
Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped Hands,
Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin
Eruptions, and positively cures Piles, or
no pay returned. It is guaranteed to give
perfect satisfaction, or money refunded.
Price 25 cents per box. For sale by W. H.
Cusenbary & Co.

Dr. Dickinson of Ballinger spent
the fourth in Sonora.

Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Murchison
and family of Schleicher county,
were in Sonora Wednesday.

**Don't Tobacco Spit or Smoke
Your Life Away**

is the truthful, startling title of a little
book that tells all about No-to-bac,
the wonderful, harmless Guaranteed to-
bacco habit cure. The cost is trifling
and the man who wants to quit and
can't run on physical or financial risk
in using "No-to-bac." Sold by all drug
stores. Book at drug stores or by mail
free. Address the Sterling Remedy
company, Indiana Mineral Springs, Ind.

Ruble Neely the Schleicher
county sheepman was in Sonora
for the Fourth.

We offer a great reduction in
our entire stock of clothing. Come
and price them before buying else-
where. We can save you money.
89 Mayer & Hagerlund.

George Hamilton boss for O. T.
Word was in town for the fourth.

Next week we will publish the
Song of Sonora as rendered by
Miss Maggie Word at the closing
of school.

Mayer & Hagerlund offer special
bargains in childrens straw hats,
infant's caps, buttons, laces, ladies
handkerchiefs, towels, bed spreads,
lace curtains, etc. 89.

R. C. Dawson, the saddle and
harness maker from Brackett
opened his shop next to DeBerry
& March this week and is prepa-
red to make your saddles and har-
ness on short notice.

The cheapest place. The Pioneer
Drug Store, San Angelo. 35-1f

R. C. Dawson and family arrived
from Brackett Tuesday and will
occupy the McConnell house next
to Maj. A. A. DeBerry's.

Golden fleece dress goods worth
fifteen for ten cents at Mayer &
Hagerlund's. 89

W. M. Stice a sheepman ranch-
ing with A. J. Swearingen was in
Sonora Saturday.

Democratic County Convention.

To the Democrats of Sutton
County, Greeting:

As chairman of the Democratic
Executive Committee of Sutton
County, I hereby call a county
convention to meet at the Court
House in Sonora, on Monday the
16th day of July 1894, for the pur-
pose of electing delegates to the
state, congressional and represen-
tative conventions and to transact
any further business that may
come before the convention. Con-
vention will be called to order at
2 o'clock p. m.

JOHN W. HAGERLUND,
Chairman Sutton County Execu-
tive Committee.

Ninety-fifth Representative District.

I hereby call a convention of the
Democratic party of 95th repre-
sentative district, composed of the
counties of Crockett, Schleicher,
Sutton, Kimble, Menard, Rannels,
Coke, Sterling, Tom Green, Irion
and Edwards, to meet at San An-
gelo, Texas, on the 7th day of
August 1894.

Said convention is for the pur-
pose of nominating a democratic
candidate for Representative of
said district, and to transact such
other business as may come be-
fore the convention.

H. E. DICKINSON,
Chairman, 95th Representative
District.

Republicans of Sutton County.

The Republicans of Sutton coun-
ty met in mass meeting at the
court house Thursday July 2th.
The following proceedings were
had:

Geo. Van Buren called the meet-
ing to order and on motion duly
seconded, Geo. Van Buren was
elected chairman and H. Knau-
senberger, secretary.

The chairman addressed the
meeting showing the object and
necessity for same after which a
committee on resolutions compos-
ed of Dr. H. G. Colson, G. Huber,
P. Hurst, chairman of committee
was appointed.

The committee on resolutions
reported, requesting Judge Geo.
H. Noonan to become a candidate
for congress of the 12th congres-
sional district of Texas, on the
Republican ticket, and same report
was unanimously adopted by the
convention, each and every Re-
publican present pledging himself
to work and use his influence
towards the election of Judge
Noonan at the ensuing November
election.

There being no other business
the meeting adjourned subject to
call of the chairman upon the ac-
ceptance of the candidacy by Judge
Noonan.

Geo. Van Buren,
Chairman.
H. Knauzenberger,
Secretary.

Guaranteed Cure.

We authorize our advertised drug-
gists to sell Dr. King's New Discovery
for Consumption, Coughs and Cold,
upon this condition. If you are afflic-
ted with a Cough, Cold or any Lung,
Throat or Chest trouble, and will use
this remedy as directed, giving it a fair
trial, and experience its benefit, you
may return the bottle and have your
money refunded. We would not make
this offer did we not know that Dr.
King's New Discovery could be relied
upon. It never disappoints. Trial
bottles free at W. H. Cusenbary & Co's
Drug store. Large bottle 50c. and
\$1.00.

Andrew Patterson and John
Angus were in Sonora for the
fourth.

Nat Guest the well known stock-
man was in Sonora Monday. Mr.
Guest speaks in the highest terms
of Mr. R. A. Smith of Rannels
county, candidate for the legisla-
ture from this district.

Cure for Headache.

As a cure for all forms of Headache
Electric Bitters has proved to be the
very best. It effects a permanent cure
and the most dreaded habitual sick
headache yields to its influence. We
urge all who are afflicted to procure a
bottle, and give this remedy a trial.
In cases of habitual constipation
Electric Bitters cures by giving the needed
tone to the bowels, and few cases long
resist the use of this medicine. Try it
once. Large bottles only fifty cents at
W. H. Cusenbary & Co's. Drug store.

Notice to Parents.

Parents wishing to transfer their
children from one school district
to another must make such appli-
cation in writing to the county
judge before August 15th.

Wm. Guest and Carr Cheney
were in town Monday.

W. P. Story of Corsicana, made
the Devil's Retreat a pleasant call
Friday and left samples of silver
ore from the Bowie mine near
Menardville.

J. T. McIner the sheepman was
in town Friday on business.

Public School Faculty.

The Sonora public school trust-
ees have secured the services of
the following corps of teachers and
the Devil's River NEWS is honest
in saying that it is doubtful if a
better selection could be made.
The fact, however, must be ad-
mitted that Sonora will sustain
her reputation for first-class edu-
cational advantages and the peo-
ple of West Texas will do well to make
arrangements to school their chil-
dren in Sonora, the educational
center of the Stockman's Paradise.

The principal will be Prof. R. B.
Ewing of Weatherford, Texas.
Professor Ewing is a graduate of
the National Normal College of
Lebanon, O., holds a life certifi-
cate from the State Board of Education
Austin, and has had ten years ex-
perience, six of which has been in
Weatherford as superintendent of
the schools of that city. Prof.
Ewing is very highly recommended
by the State Superintendent of
Public Instruction, and the fact
that he has held his former posi-
tion so long speaks in a mistak-
able language of his success as an
educator of high order.

The first assistant teacher will
be Miss Annie Reagan of Brown-
wood, holds a first grade certifi-
cate from the Sam Houston State
Normal. Miss Reagan has four
years experience and is highly
recommended by the principal of
the Central High school of Brown-
wood. She comes of a family of
teachers and her recommendations
are of the highest order.

Miss Nannie Thornton of Hous-
ton, will have charge of the pri-
mary department. Miss Thor-
nton needs no introduction to the
people of Sonora, having success-
fully taught the primary depart-
ment in this school for the term
before last. Miss Thornton was
beloved by all her pupils and their
young hearts saddened when they
learned that she would not teach
the next term. Now, however,
Miss Thornton will be with them
again.

NOTICE.

Owing to the existing hard times
the undersigned will until further
notice shoe horses at \$1 around.
All other work in proportion.

F. M. WYATT,
Blacksmith.

Messrs. Wm. Mollenhauer and
August Hedden, the sheepmen
were in Sonora Thursday.

Keg beer 5 cents a glass at Tom
Birtrong's.

Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Mills and
family of Schleicher county spent
the fourth in Sonora.

Why not buy one of those nice
Challie dress patterns at Mayer &
Hagerlund's at 5 cents a yard the
regular price was 6 1-2 cents.

George Black and Otto Kock
of McKavett were in Sonora for
the fourth and had a fine time.
They will come again like all the
others.

To reduce our immense stock of
Dress goods, Boots, Shoes, Hats,
Shirts, etc., we offer them at re-
duced prices.

89 Mayer & Hagerlund.

Ice Cream Parlor

NEXT DOOR TO POST OFFICE

J. M. Cusenbary, Pro

DEALER IN

FRUITS.

CANDIES,

VEGETABLES,

GOLD DRINKS,

NUTS, ETC., ETC.

Mayer & Hagerlund have reduc-
ed their entire stock of dress goods
from 10 to 20 per cent. 89

P. A. Tschudy was in town Fri-
day and reports that the people of
precinct No. 2, had a most enjoy-
able barbecue and dance at the
ranch of Mr. John Potter. Every-
thing passed off pleasantly and
those who attended are loud in
their praise of Mr. and Mrs. John
Potter's hospitality.

Street Hudspeth was in Sonora
Monday.

Geo. Richardson, representing
C. W. Hobbs, of San Angelo is in
the Sonora country looking after
the fall wool business. George is
a pleasant gentleman and well
liked by the people.

Fourth of July.

Sonora's Fourth of July cele-
bration and barbecue was one of
most successful ever held.
day was fair and clear and not
quite so warm as the two days
previous. The arbors and grounds
had been put in excellent shape
and everything that could be was
done for the comfort of the peo-
ple.

S. D. Foote one of Sonora's
leading attorneys and a good
speaker was orator of the day and
spoke at length on the political
issues of the day beginning with
Washington and ending with
Cleveland. The subject was ex-
tensive and was handled in a mas-
terly manner but owing to the
committee on barbecue having
everything in readiness to appease
the appetites of the gathering
earlier than was expected, Mr.
Foote was unable to conclude his
speech with the clinching argu-
ments and statistics at his dis-
posal.

The dinner was managed scien-
tifically. The meats, bread, coffee,
etc., were done to perfection and
if there was any dissatisfaction
your reporter did not hear of it.
There was abundance of every-
thing and it is estimated that over
500 people partook of and enjoyed
a first class barbecue dinner. The
dinner over and the people in a
better humor the candidates from
the county judge down to constable
had the privilege of making their
announcement and blowing their
own horn for five minutes. The
barbecue and speaking being over
those who enjoy horse racing went
to the race tracks and others went
to their homes to rest for the
dance which took place at the
court house at night. The court
house was decorated with flags
and bunting and being well lighted
presented a brilliant appearance.

The ladies were never more beau-
tiful and their dresses of mull, nuns
veiling, muslin, crape de chane,
and other soft stuff made the
boys wish for a dress reform move-
ment that would permit the men
to wear such cool garments at
summer dances. Your reporter
begs pardon for any oversight he
may have made in endeavoring to
give a list of the ladies present
and asks you to remember that a
reporter is human and wanted to
have some fun and while trying to
do two things at once must have
made some mistakes: Messdames
F. Mayer, R. W. Murchison, F.
Gibbons, W. D. Thomason, C. C.
Lemen, G. W. Morris, Geo. Tra-
week, H. G. Jones, C. R. Matthis,
John W. and James A. Hagerlund,
H. Knauzenberger, S. D. Foote,
Max Mayer, Babe Barksdale, H.
Spruce, S. H. Stokes, A. J. Swear-
ingen, J. P. McConnell, John
McCleary, J. E. Mills, W. R.
Rudicil, E. R. Misener, Thos.
Birtrong, P. J. Pruett, Lon Rey-
nolds; Mrs. M. A. Traweck, Mrs.
Blocker, Mrs. Albright, Mrs. Car-
son, Mrs. Oosley, Mrs. Heflin;
Misses Fannie, Josephine and
Theresa Mayer, Agnes, Maggie
and Birt Murchison, Lonie, Janie
and Emma Wyatt, Olivia and Lula
Causey, Lucile, Susie and Annie
Adams, Annie and Lillie Stephen-
son, Ora Coker, Clara Huber, Ollie
Gurley, Nellie Boyd, Mattie Babb,
Berrie Wyatt, Pearl Haley, Willie
Jones, Maggie Word, Katie
Annie Turney, Zedie Baker, Baha
Birtrong, Lillie Davis, Fannie
Mathews, Lula Marshall, Sudie
Wood, Sallie Barksdale. Kate
Sharp, Lillie Mills, Hattie Beaver,
Nora Nicks, Lillie Heflin, Buena
Lucky, May Holman.

The attendance of ranchmen was
not as large as might have been
expected. A great many ranchmen
had to stay at home and pump
water.

Prof. H. M. Matthis and daughter
Miss Annie who so successfully
taught the Sonora school for two
years, have been secured to teach
at Katemey, Mason county. The
school house is only about five
miles from the professor's farm
and home. The Devil's River
NEWS congratulates the people of
Katemey on their success in secur-
ing so competent and able a teacher
and wishes Prof. Matthis and
family prosperity.

Read the guarantee ticket in a
pair of "THE BUCKSKIN
BREECHES." If they rip or
have any other defect you get a
new pair. That's fair, isn't it?

Mayer & Hagerlund sell the
celebrated Buckskin Jeans Pants
55-1f

Jackson, Cramer & March, of
San Angelo, sold 28000 pounds
of spring wool for John T. Cooper
of Sonora, at 7 cents a

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS,
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
Advertising Medium of the
Stockman's Paradise
Subscription \$2 a Year in Advance.
Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora,
second-class matter.
MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.
SONORA, TEXAS. July 7, 1894.

THE TIDE OF TIME.
Whoever the world with quiet waves
The tide of time creeps on,
O'er nighty shore and silver strand,
's each new day is done;
When sunsets red and amber start'd
Have faded in the west,
Will you remember summer, dear love,
Of ease who loved you best?
When spring and summer softly pass
And golden autumn waxes,
When storm and shine alike drift by,
Fair light and fearful rains,
Will you think sometimes still of me,
Of tender words and long
Waits to your heart sweet memory bring?
Strains from our old, old song?
Then, love, the tide of time may roll
Forever and for aye
In quiet waves on you still shore
Till e'en crowns life's day,
And whether light or darkness reigns,
Or shadows sweep above,
I know that ere the time has
Will live and last your love.
—New York Ledger.

A BEAR HUNT.
On my first overland journey to California, in 1851, we made camp one evening among the foothills on the southeastern slope of Hook mountain.
As no Indians had troubled us nor "sign" been seen for the preceding six days, we somewhat relaxed our accustomed vigilance on this occasion. The 10 wagons were corralled as usual, but instead of being confined within the inclosure after nightfall our horses and mules were merely hobbled and allowed to graze at will on the rich buffalo grass of a little valley lying between two adjacent hills.
Among the stock was a valuable thoroughbred mare, belonging to Sam Toumt, our guide. During the journey this animal had brought forth a foal, a lovely little thing, now 2 weeks old, the especial pride of its owner and the pet of the whole party. As the youngster's sire was a famous Kentucky racer, Sam set great store by it and would not have parted with it for its weight in—well, perhaps not gold, but certainly insilver.
The colt of course was not shackled in any way, and when last seen was playfully gamboling about its mother as she fed.
In order to reach this particular camping place we had that day made an exceptionally long march, and every man of us was unusually tired. So, believing that no danger of any kind threatened, we did not post sentries at all, but retired early to our wagon beds for a good sleep.
The night passed quietly, and nothing occurred to disturb our slumbers until just at daybreak in the morning. Then all were suddenly awakened by a confused, thunderous trampling, blended with the noise of clashing metal.
"Indians, Indians!" some one shouted, as grasping our ready weapons, we tumbled out to the ground.
"Indians nothing!" said the guide. "If 'twas, you'd never had a chance to say so. The reds don't generally wake folks up that way. Why, thunder alive, boys, it's a stampede of the cattle! See them come!"
Sure enough. In the gray light of the dawn we now saw, only a few yards from the corral, the whole drove of horses and mules clattering painfully along, apparently in frantic efforts to escape some impending peril. A perfect picture of terrified rage. Toumt's mare led the van, but the precious colt was nowhere to be seen.
"Here, Flora, here! What's the matter, old girl?" soothingly called Sam, stepping out of the inclosure.
"Go to the well known voice, the beautiful creature limped up to her master's side, and distressfully whinnying rubbed her nose against his cheek, while her great, frightened eyes seemed, plainly articulate speech, to appeal for help.
"Boys!" excitedly shouted Sam, "something's happened to the colt. Come along, half a dozen of you, quick! The others must stick to the corral, for it's just possible the cattle may have scented Indians."
I and five others, who happened to be fully dressed, instantly started off with our leader, hoping to find that the foal had merely been left behind by the herd, scared perhaps by a prowling wolf or two. The little dell where the stock had been feeding was about 400 yards from camp.
On arriving there, we could at first see no signs of the colt, but presently, as the light broadened into day, Toumt, who was scouring the outer edge of the valley, uttered a startled cry.
Hurrying up to him, we saw a small pool of blood on a spot of grassless ground, in the shade of a great boulder, and right in the middle of the patch moistened the enormous footprints of a bear!

"My little beauty's gone, boys—killed and carried off by a grizzly," moaned Sam. "See where the brute's dragged it away to the hills."
There could be no doubt of the fact, for a broad trail of crushed grass, streaked by occasional spots of blood, led directly toward the mountain, though in some places the powerful monster had evidently borne his prey clear of the ground altogether.
Sam was furious. "Boys, we'll kill that old devil if we have to stay here a week," he savagely said, "but I guess we can do it this afternoon. You can see by the looks of the blood that he's not been gone long. What do you say, shall we go or now or return to camp and get breakfast first?"
"Get the square meal to begin

with, Sam. The job may take longer than you think. Besides the other fellows will want to know what's up," replied one of our men.
"That's so," assented Toumt, and we went back to the corral.
After a hasty breakfast the same six of us, all young men under 27 and fully armed, left camp with the guide, determined, if possible, to avenge his loss and enjoy the fun of killing a grizzly, none of the seven, however, had the chance of coming to close quarters with that formidable beast.
At the time I write of breechloading guns had not come into general use, but each one of us carried a good muzzle loading rifle, a heavy Colt's revolver and the indispensable hunting knife.
At once picking up the bear's trail, we followed it easily so long as it kept to a grass or soil covered formation, but after that, when it entered a rocky, mountainous region, we had nothing to guide us except the occasional displacement of a loose stone or perhaps the frayed edge of a stunted shrub—no blood drops being now visible.
"The old villain has made straight for his lair, likely in some deep canyon," observed Toumt after we had gone up and down the broken ranges for over a mile.
"By and by the trail came out upon a plateau of smooth, soilless rock, and here we lost it. Our guide, however, was an old bear hunter and knew the country well.
"We'll separate soon, boys," he said. "A little way to the west of this height there's two ugly, black ravines. They lie end on to the plateau and that murdering old thief has gone into one of them, sure. Four of you best take the one to the left, and I with two men, will hunt that to the right.
"But, mind! you've got no fool black bear to deal with. These old grizzlies are cunning as satan himself. This one's a whopper, and he'll likely see or scent or hear you before you catch a sight of him. Maybe he'll run (they mostly do), and then, again, maybe he won't. He's chock full, blast him! and's just as apt to lie low till you run right on him as to do anything else.
"Now, boys," impressively, "don't take any chances. Never turn a big rock nor go into a patch of scrub without having your eyes peeled and your guns to the front, ready to fire, and, above all, don't wound the brute. Shoot to fill—square for the brain. He'd mow down the whole lot of us with half a dozen holes in his heart before he'd keel over.
"If you should be unlucky enough to wound him at the first volley, don't budge an inch unless there's a safe rock handy, but draw your revolvers and stand cool and steady till he's within 10 feet. Then drive every shot into his head."
By the time Sam had finished this, for him, long speech, we had crossed the plateau and could see beyond its western, steeply descending slope the mouths of two wild looking canyons, lying a half mile apart and separated by a lofty ridge of rock.
"Now, who's coming with me?" asked Sam.
Charlie Grant, a young fellow of 19, and I ranged ourselves by his side, and the two parties took diverging lines.
When we three came to the brow of the descent, overlooking the ravine to the north, we saw at once that we had chanced upon the right one, for among the dwarfed bushes growing on the slope was a distinct trail, down which the bear had unmistakably scrambled with his prey.
"Better call the other fellows over, Toumt," I suggested in a whisper. "They'll want to see the fun."
"They couldn't hear us even if it would do to yell now, and shooting's out of the question," he answered in the same low tone. "Let them go on. Like as not they'll run on to another grizzly. The grizzlies are noways scarce around here," which last observation greatly delighted Charlie, who in his ignorance would have tackled a grizzly bear or a mountain lion single handed.
On clambering down to the ravine, we found it to be a frightfully gloomy place, encumbered by jagged rocks and loose boulders and everywhere overgrown with aspen bushes, thorns and briars, but along its bottom ran a deeply indented, tortuous path, evidently trodden out by the constant passing and repassing of wild beasts.
Restraining our impetuous young friend by signs, we made our way silently and with extreme caution along this path, the guide, with his rifle so held as to be instantly available, taking the lead. We had gone, however, scarce 300 yards, when he suddenly stopped and with a beckoning motion of one hand called us up.
On coming alongside, we saw on an open spot by a little spring the half consumed remains of the unfortunate colt. Obviously its epicurean slayer had reserved his breakfast until he could enjoy with it a cooling drink! In all my experience I have never known, in any country, a braver and more hardy man than Sam Toumt, but now, as he gazed ruefully upon the mangled form at his feet, two great tears rolled down his cheeks. Then the fierce battle light flashed once more in his eyes, and he huskily whispered:
"That cursed brute's eaten his fill

and has gone off somewhere to sleep. I'll never give up this hunt till I've seen him lying dead."
Now, one by one, while the others stood guard, we knelt by the spring and quenched our thirst. Then we resumed our careful advance, for here and there, where the path was dusty, we could still see tracks of the bear.
So, with never relaxing vigilance on Sam's part, we went on until the ravine led out to the edge of a broad, matted and seemingly impenetrable wilderness of densely growing vines, bushes and thorns. Here all traces of our quarry were lost. Look as we might, we could see no spot where a beast so huge could possibly have entered.
"This must be Deadman's grove," said Toumt, speaking aloud now. "In the summer of '49 I and two chums, returning from California, went into it from the west side—there's three openings there—and only one of us ever came out. An old she grizzly killed my comrades after they'd both shot her behind the shoulder, before I'd come up. But," he grimly added, "she got my bullet through her brain in less than a minute afterward. It was a mighty deer hunt to me, for besides the loss of my partners I found, after burying them under a heap of stones, that a big Brazilian diamond which I'd put most all my wealth into was missing."
"But, Sam," I asked, "what in the world's become of our bear?"
"He's sneaked round through the rocks to the north and gone in on the other side. We'll have to do the same, for a cat couldn't get in here. It's not more'n a mile, I reckon."
Sam, as usual, proved to be right, for while we were skirting the northern boundary of the grove we several times came upon the same old gigantic footprints.
Turning to the left on reaching the northwest corner of the grove, we found close at hand a well defined opening.
"No use bothering with that," carelessly said Toumt, "the cunning brute's sure to have gone into the far one, close to the ridge. It's only a couple of hundred yards away. And, boys, if you ever keep your eyes skinned and your ears open, do it now. That trail's the one where my poor chums passed in their checks."
"Let me go in alone, Sam. I don't care a cent for the grizzly. His head's a big mark. Down in old Ohio I've often barked a red squirrel in the top of a tall hickory, and I couldn't miss him," impulsively cried Charlie Grant.
The guide glanced pityingly at the boy, but merely said, "You'll be older bimeby, Charlie, and relapsing once more into dead silence we passed the middle opening and entered the mouth of that one nearest the ridge.
'Twas a horrible place, strangely dark, noisome and oppressively hot, while all about were strewn shapeless masses of rock, interlaced and half hidden by creeping vines, giant cactuses, and poison ivy—a fit abode for noxious reptiles and beasts. But it was possible for two men to walk abreast on the path, and distrustful Charlie's prudence, I took my place by Toumt's side.
Amid an awful silence, we crept slowly on, scanning each gloomy recess and tangled brake with such care as men whose lives were at stake might well exercise. The ground beneath our feet, beaten into soft dust by immemorial tracks, returned no echo to our cautious footsteps, nor was there a breath of wind to bear the scent of our bodies to any lurking creature.
We had thus strolled along for nearly a quarter of a mile, when my companion stopped, quietly nudged me and stood intently gazing through a sort of aisle in the matted vines at something as yet unseen by me. But presently, noting the direction of his eyes, I saw lying on a flat rock of nearly identical color a yellowish gray mass of fur.
Putting his mouth close to my ear, Sam whispered: "It's the big grizzly! He's fast asleep. That's his back we see. His head's completely hidden. We must get a sight of it somehow."
While the old hunter stood considering I hardly dared to breathe, and I could feel Grant close behind me trembling with excitement.
Sam's indecision lasted only a moment, however. Then he stooped, picked up a small stone and deliberately pitched it on top of the sleeping monster, not 30 feet from us.
Yawning and stretching himself, as if disturbed by a fly, the brute slowly rose, his tremendous bulk looming up above the surrounding bushes, but his head was yet invisible. Very evidently he had not seen us and was about to lie down again when Toumt gave a low whistle. The effect was instantaneous. The bear stiffened into an attitude of watchful attention, and raising his huge head suspiciously sniffed the air.
'Twas the last breath he ever drew! Coolly, as if shooting at a rabbit, Sam threw up his rifle and touched the trigger. The heavy, pointed slug struck squarely at the base of the bear's ear, and without a sound he sank shivering down, stone dead! Then Charlie Grant went wild. Whooping and yelling like a Comanche, he dashed through the thicket, sprang upon the rock and fairly danced on the carcass of our prize.
The pelt, at no time very valuable,

was not at this season worth removing; so, after eating some lunch brought with us, we began to retrace our steps. Charlie, no longer restrained of his freedom, prancing ahead.
"Best be careful," cautioned Toumt as the boy dodged behind a rock, "that's not the only bear in—heaven's! What's that?" for, overlapping the last word, came a smothered cry and the sound of a fall.
Darting round the rock, we found our young comrade lying senseless on the ground and just beyond him saw the retreating form of a half grown grizzly! No chance for a head shot now, but with lightninglike quickness we both fired at the center of the animal's back. One lucky bullet broke his spine, and with a hoarse, guttural grunt he fell helpless in his tracks, to be next instant despatched by two pistol shots through the brain. Then we turned to Charlie, fearing the worst.
The youth had been merely stunned, however, by a heavy blow upon his left shoulder, the flesh of which was bruised and slightly torn, but no bones were broken, and in a few minutes he revived.
"I'm some 'older' now, Sam," he said as soon as he was able to speak. "I never saw the brute at all and didn't know what struck me."
"You've had a wonderful escape, boy," rejoined Toumt. "If that had been a full grown bear, you'd have been killed as dead as a doornail. Here, let me fix a sling for your arm. It'll be sort of sore for a while."
"This fur's kind of different from popping red squirrels, isn't it?" thoughtfully observed Charlie.
"Hather," laughed Sam, "but come along now. I'll show you fellows where my old partners lie."
Turning at a right angle from the main trail, we forced our way for about 20 yards through a maze of rank vegetation and then, in a comparatively clear spot, came to a great cairn of stones.
"Here's where I buried my poor chums, and I see that everything's just as I left it. I was some afraid that the bears would pull down the pile," gravely said Toumt.
Then he began to tell us all about the catastrophe.
While he was doing so Charlie, a little faint perhaps from his hurt, sat down and was meditatively pecking the ground with his wiping stick, when something caught his eye, and leaning forward he drew from the black soil a minute roll of rubber cloth.
"What's this?" he idly asked, holding it up.
Sam gave one glance at the little package, then a mighty shout of joy, and hastily unrolling the partially rotted rubber showed us a great uncut diamond, worth, he said, all of and more than the \$3,200 he had paid for it.
Naturally the good fellow felt hugely elated by the strange but, under the circumstances, easily accounted for finding of his long lost treasure.
Over and over again he shook hands with us, while to the fortunate finder he presently said:
"You've done the best day's work of your life, Charlie! I'll sell this pecky thing when we get to Trieco and whack up with you, share and share alike"—and so, despite the boy's protestations, he ultimately did, though obliged to send the stone to New York in order to realize its full value.
Twenty years afterward in 1871 a much more remarkable, though less important, recovery of lost property occurred to myself. I was engaged in silver mining in Colorado at the time and resided at the lower end of Georgetown, just opposite Stewart's reducing works since burned. I believe.
One day I lost, with no idea where, a unique and highly prized scarfpin. Two months thereafter my wife and youngest son, quite a little fellow, came from the east to join me.
On the afternoon of their arrival the child was sent to the business part of the town on some errand. While tramping along the thoroughfare daily traversed by hundreds of men, vehicles and animals he kicked up out of the sidewalk under foot the identical pin, un tarnished and un injured—an extraordinary find indeed, and one probably which no amount of intentional searching or offered reward would have brought about.—W. Thomson in Romance.

Patronize Our Advertisers.

If You Want to Sell FINE STOCK, Horses, Jacks or Bulls
An advertisement in the **DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS,** Will bring you a customer.

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"But, Sam," I asked, "what in the world's become of our bear?"
"He's sneaked round through the rocks to the north and gone in on the other side. We'll have to do the same, for a cat couldn't get in here. It's not more'n a mile, I reckon."
Sam, as usual, proved to be right, for while we were skirting the northern boundary of the grove we several times came upon the same old gigantic footprints.
Turning to the left on reaching the northwest corner of the grove, we found close at hand a well defined opening.
"No use bothering with that," carelessly said Toumt, "the cunning brute's sure to have gone into the far one, close to the ridge. It's only a couple of hundred yards away. And, boys, if you ever keep your eyes skinned and your ears open, do it now. That trail's the one where my poor chums passed in their checks."
"Let me go in alone, Sam. I don't care a cent for the grizzly. His head's a big mark. Down in old Ohio I've often barked a red squirrel in the top of a tall hickory, and I couldn't miss him," impulsively cried Charlie Grant.
The guide glanced pityingly at the boy, but merely said, "You'll be older bimeby, Charlie, and relapsing once more into dead silence we passed the middle opening and entered the mouth of that one nearest the ridge.
'Twas a horrible place, strangely dark, noisome and oppressively hot, while all about were strewn shapeless masses of rock, interlaced and half hidden by creeping vines, giant cactuses, and poison ivy—a fit abode for noxious reptiles and beasts. But it was possible for two men to walk abreast on the path, and distrustful Charlie's prudence, I took my place by Toumt's side.
Amid an awful silence, we crept slowly on, scanning each gloomy recess and tangled brake with such care as men whose lives were at stake might well exercise. The ground beneath our feet, beaten into soft dust by immemorial tracks, returned no echo to our cautious footsteps, nor was there a breath of wind to bear the scent of our bodies to any lurking creature.
We had thus strolled along for nearly a quarter of a mile, when my companion stopped, quietly nudged me and stood intently gazing through a sort of aisle in the matted vines at something as yet unseen by me. But presently, noting the direction of his eyes, I saw lying on a flat rock of nearly identical color a yellowish gray mass of fur.
Putting his mouth close to my ear, Sam whispered: "It's the big grizzly! He's fast asleep. That's his back we see. His head's completely hidden. We must get a sight of it somehow."
While the old hunter stood considering I hardly dared to breathe, and I could feel Grant close behind me trembling with excitement.
Sam's indecision lasted only a moment, however. Then he stooped, picked up a small stone and deliberately pitched it on top of the sleeping monster, not 30 feet from us.
Yawning and stretching himself, as if disturbed by a fly, the brute slowly rose, his tremendous bulk looming up above the surrounding bushes, but his head was yet invisible. Very evidently he had not seen us and was about to lie down again when Toumt gave a low whistle. The effect was instantaneous. The bear stiffened into an attitude of watchful attention, and raising his huge head suspiciously sniffed the air.
'Twas the last breath he ever drew! Coolly, as if shooting at a rabbit, Sam threw up his rifle and touched the trigger. The heavy, pointed slug struck squarely at the base of the bear's ear, and without a sound he sank shivering down, stone dead! Then Charlie Grant went wild. Whooping and yelling like a Comanche, he dashed through the thicket, sprang upon the rock and fairly danced on the carcass of our prize.
The pelt, at no time very valuable,

was not at this season worth removing; so, after eating some lunch brought with us, we began to retrace our steps. Charlie, no longer restrained of his freedom, prancing ahead.
"Best be careful," cautioned Toumt as the boy dodged behind a rock, "that's not the only bear in—heaven's! What's that?" for, overlapping the last word, came a smothered cry and the sound of a fall.
Darting round the rock, we found our young comrade lying senseless on the ground and just beyond him saw the retreating form of a half grown grizzly! No chance for a head shot now, but with lightninglike quickness we both fired at the center of the animal's back. One lucky bullet broke his spine, and with a hoarse, guttural grunt he fell helpless in his tracks, to be next instant despatched by two pistol shots through the brain. Then we turned to Charlie, fearing the worst.
The youth had been merely stunned, however, by a heavy blow upon his left shoulder, the flesh of which was bruised and slightly torn, but no bones were broken, and in a few minutes he revived.
"I'm some 'older' now, Sam," he said as soon as he was able to speak. "I never saw the brute at all and didn't know what struck me."
"You've had a wonderful escape, boy," rejoined Toumt. "If that had been a full grown bear, you'd have been killed as dead as a doornail. Here, let me fix a sling for your arm. It'll be sort of sore for a while."
"This fur's kind of different from popping red squirrels, isn't it?" thoughtfully observed Charlie.
"Hather," laughed Sam, "but come along now. I'll show you fellows where my old partners lie."
Turning at a right angle from the main trail, we forced our way for about 20 yards through a maze of rank vegetation and then, in a comparatively clear spot, came to a great cairn of stones.
"Here's where I buried my poor chums, and I see that everything's just as I left it. I was some afraid that the bears would pull down the pile," gravely said Toumt.
Then he began to tell us all about the catastrophe.
While he was doing so Charlie, a little faint perhaps from his hurt, sat down and was meditatively pecking the ground with his wiping stick, when something caught his eye, and leaning forward he drew from the black soil a minute roll of rubber cloth.
"What's this?" he idly asked, holding it up.
Sam gave one glance at the little package, then a mighty shout of joy, and hastily unrolling the partially rotted rubber showed us a great uncut diamond, worth, he said, all of and more than the \$3,200 he had paid for it.
Naturally the good fellow felt hugely elated by the strange but, under the circumstances, easily accounted for finding of his long lost treasure.
Over and over again he shook hands with us, while to the fortunate finder he presently said:
"You've done the best day's work of your life, Charlie! I'll sell this pecky thing when we get to Trieco and whack up with you, share and share alike"—and so, despite the boy's protestations, he ultimately did, though obliged to send the stone to New York in order to realize its full value.
Twenty years afterward in 1871 a much more remarkable, though less important, recovery of lost property occurred to myself. I was engaged in silver mining in Colorado at the time and resided at the lower end of Georgetown, just opposite Stewart's reducing works since burned. I believe.
One day I lost, with no idea where, a unique and highly prized scarfpin. Two months thereafter my wife and youngest son, quite a little fellow, came from the east to join me.
On the afternoon of their arrival the child was sent to the business part of the town on some errand. While tramping along the thoroughfare daily traversed by hundreds of men, vehicles and animals he kicked up out of the sidewalk under foot the identical pin, un tarnished and un injured—an extraordinary find indeed, and one probably which no amount of intentional searching or offered reward would have brought about.—W. Thomson in Romance.

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