

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

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NO. 276.

Watch this Space

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WHEN NANCY LEDES THE WAY.

She has tightened her cinch by another inch, she has shortened her stirrup strap, and she's off with a will of horse and girl, and I'm a lucky one!

With a "Catch if you can't" I'm as good as a man at a breakneck pace we ride. I have all but placed my feet round her waist as we gallop side by side.

When "Rough Ri Yell" and her elbows high, she starts in the cowboy style, with a jerk and a savat her horse's jaw, she's ahead for another mile!

And it's Nancy's dust that beats the dust, and it's Nancy's trail I follow. Till I leave the rut for a steep short cut, and I've caught her down in the hollow.

Then into the creek with a splash and a shriek, to her saddle-girth she dares. "Oh, make for the shore, or hell stop and roll!" But it's little that Nancy cares.

And up the hill she's ahead of me still, and over the ridge we go. And my steaming nag has begun to lag, but it isn't my fault, I know.

Oh, fair astride does she ride, and her spur she uses free! And it's Nancy's dust that beats the dust, and it's Nancy's trail I follow.

Do the strap very near, with the sharp back-bone, just Nancy's trail that day. He doesn't forget that Saturday yet, when Nancy led the way.

—Lark.

The Fault of Geographers.

"I think the method of constructing our geographies is all wrong," said the man in the negligee shirt as he stopped a friend on the street.

"Why?" asked the other.

"They give a wrong impression to ignorant minds," replied the man with a negligee shirt. "North is always up in the geography, you know, and some people seem to have an idea that there is an up grade whenever they go in that direction."

"How do you figure that out?"

"I have discovered it by experience with local express companies. They charge me more for carrying a trunk north than they do south."

"I had a little bit of a trunk-carriage once from Woodlawn to Lake View and twice from Lake View to Woodlawn. Each trip from Woodlawn to Lake View cost me 75 cents, while each trip from Lake View to Woodlawn cost me 50. I tried to discover a reason for it and failed. Then I tried to explain to a man in the office of the company that it was no harder to carry the trunk one way than the other, but he wouldn't have it. He said it was 75 cents from Woodlawn to Lake View by the rules of the company, and that was all there was about it, but he couldn't satisfactorily explain why it would be any less the other way. Then I tried to puzzle him out again, and the only conclusion he would come to is that they regard trips to the north as up hill work, and that's the fault of the geographers."—Chicago Times-Herald.

North German Superstition.

During an eclipse all hidden treasures are open, and if you are wise enough to carry a phylloxera with you you will be able to help yourself to any of them. No witchcraft will ever harm you if you carry a water lily bud about your person, and if you should chance to dream of illness you will soon be happily married. If you eat double cherries, you will have twin children, and if you are afraid of lightning take heed to keep in your house a plant of orange or hollyhock.

Sow peas on Wednesday and Saturday if you do not want them to be eaten by birds, put blue marjoram in the baby's cradle when empty to keep witches at a respectable distance, and if you don't want your last baking to go mouldy you must take good heed not to bring corn-flowers into the house. Stars are souls, and when one falls a baby is born. When a baby dies God makes a new star.—All the Year Round.

Curiosities in Cotton.

A hank or out of cotton always consists of 840 yards. Messrs. Thomas Houldsworth & Co. of England produced by their machinery cotton yarn or cotton thread so fine that out of one pound weight of cotton were spun 10,000 hanks, or a thread of 4,770 miles in length. Of course the thread was too fine to be of any practical value. It demonstrated only the perfection of the machinery. No material admits of such fine spinning as does cotton. Messrs. Houldsworth spun out of one pound of sea island cotton a thread 1,000 miles in length that was quite strong enough for use. With linen yarn a hank or out consists of 360 yards.

A scamp was originally only a traveler, but in the early middle ages most of the scamping was done for some good cause, and the man who scampered was, in virtue of that fact, adjudged to be a person of bad character.

One who is in the habit of applying his powers in the right way will carry system into any occupation, and it will help him as much to handle a rope as to write a poem.—F. M. Crawford.

The Chevalier Bayard made by his ransoms during the course of his military career more than 24,000, a sum equivalent to nearly ten times that amount nowadays.

Man is a good deal like a fish. You know the fish would never get into very serious trouble if it kept its mouth shut.

FALLING SCIENTIFICALLY.

Accidents to Circus Performers Often Avoided by Skill and Knowledge.

There is never a moment when a rider in the circus ring is entirely free from danger. Of course the various feats become easy enough of accomplishment after long practice, but the performers can never be sure at what moment their skill and experience will be set at naught through some failure of the horse to do what is expected of him. Suppose the horse dies while the rider is standing on his back preparing for a spring. The chances are ten to one that a fall will result, and yet there is no sure way of knowing when a horse is about to sly. The most trifling thing may cause him to do so. A sudden crash of music, the fall of a programme thrown carelessly into the ring, a ray of sunshine striking him unexpectedly in the eyes, the cracking of a pulley, any one of a hundred things, swerving a few inches to the right or left, a sudden dart forward, will be more than sufficient to upset the delicately poised equilibria.

Therefore the act of falling is one of the most important, and it is also one of the most difficult of mastery among the circus rider's accomplishments. It is always easy to recognize a veteran circus rider in the way he falls. As soon as he sees that the situation is hopeless, that he must go down, his hands shoot for his knees like a flash, and he hugs himself up automatically into a round ball, with nothing exposed that can break, unless possibly it be a rib or two in some very exceptional case. Usually striking in this way, with the muscles all tense, and the body folded up tight and hard, the rider escapes with a few bruises and a general shaking up.

"I remember the worst fall I ever had as distinctly as if it were last week, although really it was several years ago," remarked a circus rider to me recently. "It seems queer, but it happened when I was sitting astride my horse, walking around the ring quietly after doing an act. All of a sudden something made the horse shy, and before I knew it I was gone—lifted up in the air and turning over, half from habit, I suppose, in a back somersault. I heard the ring master yell at me, and realized that unless I could get round in the turn so as to clear my head I would be a dead circus rider."

Between that and my reaching the ground was only the small part of a second, but it seemed as if I had oceans of time to argue out the whole situation. I wondered if the horse wouldn't step on me, decided how I had better roll to get away, planned just how I would strike the ground with my shoulders if I managed to save my head, and then I dug my chin down into my breast, body and muscles on that turn.

"Well, it was a close shave. They carried me out senseless, and the doctor said my neck was broken, but it wasn't. It was pretty badly wrenched, though, and I carried my chin pressed against my body for weeks afterward. You can be sure if I hadn't got up some fine speed on that turn there would have been another dead circus rider."

"Do you mean that a circus rider can make himself turn faster or slower after he is in the air?" I asked.

"Certainly I do; that is the most important part of somersault work. You see, no matter how good a man is he can never leave his horse for a turn with exactly the right amount of spring. Sometimes he will throw himself a little too hard and other times not hard enough; it depends partly on the way the horse is going. Well, when he finds himself in the air, say half way around on the turn, he feels—that is, all good circus riders do—by a kind of instinct whether he is turning too fast or not fast enough so as to land right on the horse. Besides that he can see most of the way round just where the horse is and by practice tell whether anything is wrong. Now, suppose he wants to slacken his speed a little, he simply lifts his head straight up, or even a little back, and that acts like putting on a brake. Then, if he sees he is too slow, all he has to do is to bend his head down on his chest in the way I was telling you of, like a bicycle going down hill."—Philadelphia Enquirer.

The Candle.

Professor Crooks thinks that if the electric light were universal to-day the candle, if suddenly introduced, would be thought a wonderful invention, as it enables a person to obtain light in its simplest and most portable form, and without the use of cumbersome machinery or the necessity of attaching the lamp to any fixed point by means of wire before it could be lighted.—New York Tribune.

That Silenced Her.

"I have heard of persons homely enough to stop a train of cars. She—Yes; and I think you would stop anything by just looking at it."

"Let me look at your tongue, madam."—Yonkers Statesman.

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 MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.
 SONORA, TEXAS. - January 4, 1896

The Commission Named.

Washington, Jan. 1.—President Cleveland to-night announced the appointment of the Venezuela boundary commission as follows: David J. Brewer of Kansas, justice of the United States supreme court.
 Richard H. Alvey, Maryland, chief justice of the court of appeals of the District of Columbia.
 Andrew D. White of New York, Frederic R. Coudert of New York, Daniel C. Gilman of Maryland.
 The commission is regarded as one of those who had an opportunity to see the list of names after they were made public as a very satisfactory one, whose opinions and conclusions will be received by the American public with that confidence which the standing of the members of the commission in the public eye inspires. Brewer and White are republicans, Alvey and Coudert are democrats and Gilman has no politics.

The DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS is grateful to its patrons and the public in general for the support accorded it during 1895 and promises, with proper encouragement to work as hard as ever for the advancement of the interests of the Devil's River Country. Subscribers may depend on the DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS being issued 52 times a year and that every line of every issue may be read by the most refined and most susceptible person in the country without fear. As it has been in the past so it will be in the future.

Wood remains quiet. No reported sales from Ches Schreiner of Kerrville yet.

February 14th at El Paso, the four days boxing carnival will be fought to a close by Fisher and Fitzsimmons.

Hull, San Angelo's Nickel store man, made an assignment last week. Liabilities \$2,196 27. Assets about \$3,000.

The bill introduced by Mr. Hill of New York, repealing Ex-Confederate proscription disabilities, passed the Senate without a dissenting voice.

The DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS is in receipt of the Houston Post almanac. The almanac is the equal of any received at this office and with its information about Texas makes it superior to all others. The DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS is indebted to the Post.

Congressman Noonan has introduced a bill for the establishment of a Federal court at San Angelo. If the bill passes, all federal business from the counties of Glasscock, Sterling, Coke, Tom Green, Crockett, Schleicher, Sutton, Kimble, Irion, Menard, Concho, McCulloch, Mills, Runnels, Coleman and Brown will be transacted at San Angelo.

In the case of Dr. Younger of Ballinger, against the Santa Fe railroad, for the killing of Mrs. Younger at Ballinger two years ago, the jury returned a verdict of guilty and assessed the damages at \$13,000, of which sum \$8,000 goes to Dr. Younger and \$5,000 to his daughter Miss Duola. The case was tried at the District court of Tom Green county last week.

Berry Ketchum, Mark Fury, Bill Cheney, B. Wilson, W. Welsh, Pat Smith, and Harris left with their horses Tuesday.

C. G. Lovelace informs us that his Tench fish are doing well, but it will be some time before he will be able to supply the Sonora market.

Alec Gardner of the South Concho with Traveler and other fast horses, was here for the last part of the race meeting. Mr. Gardner is a thorough race man.

Bill, Sam and Jess Thurman of Edwards county are whole souled and agreeable men and during

their short stay in Sonora made many friends. The Devil's River News wishes the boys better luck next time.

The Devil's River News is read by more people than any local newspaper in West Texas, with one and possibly two exceptions.

CALIFORNIA FORESTS.

Not Likely Ever to Give Out, Because They Are Reproductive.

The native forests of California are marked by two peculiarities wherein they differ widely from those of most other countries, and in which peculiarities the inhabitants of this state are assured against the occurrence of anything like a timber dearth hereafter. In the first place, more than three-fourths of our heavily timbered lands consist of mountains too elevated and rugged to ever be worth much for agriculture or grazing; wherefore, if stripped of their forests, the latter will be permitted to grow up again. In the second place, when in this state the original forests are cut away, they reproduce themselves with such certainty and rapidity that in the course of a single generation the young trees attain a size sufficiently large to render them of economic use, this being rarely the case elsewhere.

That portion of the Sierra Nevada and the northern coast range that, for the reason stated, may be regarded as a perpetual timber reserve, covers a belt fully 400 miles long by 75 broad, an area equal to 30,000 square miles. This may be considered a domain dedicated to the use of the future. Both here and in the redwood forests, covering at the least 2,500,000 acres, the first growth being cut away, the young trees spring up and grow with such astonishing rapidity that, if properly protected, the timber supply can be kept nearly up to its present mark, despite the heavy drafts made on it meantime.

While only a small proportion of these redwood forests occur on the mountains proper, the country they occupy is for the most part so broken and uneven, being traversed by numerous ravines and canyons, that not much of it will ever be cleared and kept so for the use of the farmer, the stock man or the fruit grower, though the soil is nearly everywhere rich. Even where the land is comparatively level, the trees having been cut down, it costs a great deal to remove the stumps, so enormous and deep rooted are these. For breaking them up and hoisting their fragments out of the ground recourse to dynamite is frequently had, and always the use of fire, being the agencies resorted to for dispossessing these troublesome tenants of the land. Left to itself, the redwood stump at once begins to send up shoots around its entire periphery, these growing up and in process of time showing as many trees standing in a circle as can manage to live and reach maturity.

In this tendency to reproduction no other tree equals the redwood, its vitality as manifested in this respect being sometimes astonishing. If only man will second its efforts in this direction to the extent of guarding the young trees for a few years until they can get a fair start, they will afterward be able to take care of themselves, no ordinary fire sufficing to destroy them after this. As for the full grown trees, these are apt to suffer no material injury, except in case of a great conflagration, as where a fire, having been started in the dry season, happens to be fanned by a strong wind.—Wood and Iron.

The Old Leather Bottle.

My father possessed an old leather bottle shaped like a cask, the purpose of which was to carry beer to the laborers in the fields. We had several of these in wood, varying in size from a quart to a gallon, but only one (a very old one) in leather. It was of course possible to drink out of them, but the usual and fairer way was to use "fots." There is at Haxey, near here, a very curious ancient leather bottle, which was found, I believe, during some recent partial restoration of the church and is now in the possession of the vicar. I have not seen it, but it has been described to me as something like a tea urn in shape, with two handles, and large enough to contain from a gallon to a gallon and a half of liquid. It is believed to have been used for storing the wine for the communion, and I have been told that formerly, when wine was scarce, the custom was to send the bottle abroad to be replenished whenever a fresh supply was needed.—Notes and Queries.

A Literary Celebration.

Sir John Herschel tells an amusing anecdote illustrating the pleasure derived from a book not assuredly of the first order. In a certain village the blacksmith had got hold of a mediocre novel and used to sit on his anvil in the long summer evenings and read it aloud to a large and attentive audience. It is by no means a short book, but those present listened to it all. At length, when the happy turn of fortune arrived which brings the hero and heroine together and sets them living long and happily together, according to the most approved rules, the listeners were so delighted as to raise a great shout, and procuring the church keys actually rang the bells of the village church.

Patronize Our Advertisers.

TO A MISPRIZED MINSTREL.

Posts have sung the cricket's praise,
 The virtuous an' the honest in getting.
 The dragon fly he lived in laze,
 And bards with lecties are coogetting.
 The butterfly he's laureate claim,
 Waits makes of less melodious minute,
 The very moth is known to fane,
 But the mosquito isn't in it.
 Ely minstrel of the summer night,
 Despairing of a any finer,
 Your unrecorded praise I write
 To your accompanying minor.
 Companion of my earliest hour,
 When bird and butterfly forsake me
 And bees are house in hive or flower,
 How cheerly you overtake me!

You sing as Patti neer sang,
 Never a certain cad declining,
 As soft as Philadelphia slang,
 And tender as a tail's repining;
 You whisper to my ear apart,
 Then hover o'er and hand inviting,
 And when I'd clasp you to my heart
 I find you've got me in your clasp!

The Photograph in 1660.

A few months ago, while amusing myself with Cyrano de Bergerac's "Historie Comique des Etats et Empires de la Lune et du Soleil" (Paris, 1660), I was amazed to come across the matter quoted below, which surely foreshadows the photograph as closely as do Bacon's words the steamship and railway.

The author (De Bergerac) is on a voyage over the moon. Left alone a little while by his guide, the latter gives him to help him while away the hour some books to read. The books, however, are different from any seen on earth. They are, in fact, little boxes, which Cyrano thus describes:

"On opening one of these boxes I found I know not what kind of metal (apparatus) similar to our clockwork, composed of I know not how many wheels and of imperceptible machinery. It was a book, certainly, but a most marvelous one which has neither leaves nor characters—a book to understand which the eyes are useless—one needs only use his ears. When he wishes to read this book, he connects it by a sort of little nerve to his ears. Then he turns a needle to the chapter that he wishes to hear, and immediately there emerges from the instrument as from the mouth of a man or from a musical instrument all the words and sounds which serve the grands lumaires for language."

I will say further that Cyrano anticipated many of the inventions and conceptions of modern aeronauts. No wonder that he was considered by his contemporaries as "somewhat off."—Popular Science Monthly.

Ebenezer's Explanation.

Two darkies were exercising their brains on scientific matters when they ran up against the telegraph. Sam wondered how messages could be sent over a wire, and Ebenezer, not wishing to appear ignorant, sought to explain the mystery in the following manner:

"S'pose dar am a dog free miles long."
 "Go way, you fool niggah, dar nibber was sich a big dog," interposed Sam.
 "But s'posin dar was, and his front paws was on de Chelsea sho' and his hind feet on de Boston sho'. Now, s'posin you step on dat dog's tail on de Boston sho', whar'll dat dog bark?"
 "In Chelsea, I guess," replied Sam.
 "Well, dat's jess de way de telegraf works," remarked Ebenezer triumphantly.—Telegrapher's Herald.

The Horror of It.

Languid Lester—Heer'd what happened to Heavy Hoskins?
 Musing Matthew—No.
 Languid Lester—He foun a bottle dat wuz half full of somethin dat looked like whisky, an he drinks it, an it turns out to be dat medicine what cures dat tired feelin, an now de poor fellow is lookin for work.—Exchange.

A hat is "pounced" or smoothed by means of a machine which polishes the whole surface finely and smoothly with emery paper. Formerly this process was done by hand, the workmen using pumice stone for that purpose.

The fact that God has prohibited despair gives misfortune the right to hope all things and leaves hope free to dare all things.—Mme. Swetchine.

Alabama's supply of red cedar is exhausted. This state was once the chief source of supply of the United States.

It is hard to realize that time flies in a dentist's chair.

SHAKE BITES.

How They Are Cured by the Natives of South Africa.

The following extraordinary "cure of snake bite" comes to us through a South African newspaper under the narrative's full name as a fact: A Kaffir servant accompanying a party "trekking" (traveling) was bitten by a venomous snake, a yellow cobra, and when found was commencing to get into a comatose state. As the only recourse, as the party were without medicines, antidotes or brandy, a Hottentot shepherd and snake doctor was fetched to the patient. This is how the physician is described: "A man of apparently between 55 and 60 years of age, face rousive in the extreme (Hottentots are proverbially not Adonislike) wearing a pair of corduroy trousers and on his head a dirty linen cap." Mark the linen cap! When called to the patient, he prescribed, and an hour afterward the Kaffir was sound as ever. The process of the "cure" is thus described: The "doctor" was in the habit of extracting and drinking the venom of the snakes which he captured. It intoxicated him. He would then sleep off the effects. His cap was never out of his head. The poison in his system would work itself into the cap while he exerted himself and became heated—in the same way as perspiration exudes and soaks the leathern band of the villycock of civilization. The cap was saturated to such an extent by the venom that whenever a snake bit him it had not the least effect. He imbibed the poison thrice a week.

One cap lasted him a year, sometimes longer, after which it was carefully hung up in his hut, and another headpiece, which he manufactured himself, donned in its stead. When he wished to cure any one bitten by a snake, all he did was to take a cup of boiling water, and after getting a piece from the cap soak it in the boiling water, rub and squeeze it until the water was discolored in proportion and then give the liquid decoction to the patient to drink, forcing it down his throat. The cure was invariably effective. Such is the story, but whether our readers will believe it is quite another question.

The same narrator tells of a friend who cured himself by particularly intrepid means. He says: "I have heard of a fellow who was bitten in the left arm by a very poisonous snake in Natal named a mamba while out shooting near Pietermaritzburg. He was quite alone, not a house within two miles of him where he could obtain medical treatment or any assistance whatever. He knew that he had but a short while to live unless he could devise some means of ridding himself of the poison. What do you suppose he did? With his knife he cut the skin of the wound until it bled freely. He next rubbed some gunpowder into the afflicted place and set a light to it. He literally blew the poisoned flesh out of his arm. It saved his life, but the bone of the arm was exposed and blackened by the gunpowder to this day. I fancy that fellow must have had a drop of Spartan blood in his veins." "M. yes!—From a Calcutta Newspaper.

Hydrophobia From Poisons.

"Is the skunk a dangerous animal? I should say so," remarked Mr. E. P. Gizeo of St. Louis. "I know very many people will be surprised at the assertion, but there is one species of this unpopular tribe that is as much to be dreaded as a rattlesnake, as I learned one year while sojourning in western Texas. One night in midsummer a party of us were camping out on the prairie of Llano county when we were awakened by the screams of a colored boy who had been taken along to cook for the outfit. He said that something had bitten him, and examination showed that his hand was pretty badly torn. There were unmistakable evidences of a skunk in the vicinity, and there was no doubt that it had done the deed.

The sequel is that a few days later the boy died a most horrible death of hydrophobia. I learned that it was not a rare thing for the bite of these miserable little creatures to produce that dread ailment, and several well authenticated cases of it occurred before I left the state. Some people think that hydrophobia finds its origin in these animals."—Washington Post.

Quiet Defeat.

We have received a story entitled "A Dark Deed," which is respectfully declined. The first chapter opens with, "It was midnight." That is all right. It is often midnight—at least seven times a week—but the author forgets to add, "and silence brooded o'er the city." This is a fatal oversight. Silence always broods over a city when it is midnight in works of fiction—nowhere else. We can't print a story in which silence does not brood at midnight.—London Tit-Bits.

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Will meet in the Masonic Hall in Sonora, the first Saturday after the full moon in each month at 8 o'clock p.m. Officers: S. H. Stokes, W. M.; H. G. Colton, S. W.; S. G. Taylor, J. W.; J. P. McConnell, Treas.; J. O. Roundtree, Sec.; S. D. Foot, S. D.; O. Clark, J. D.; J. D. Boyd, T. M.

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 and several other cheaper brands. See our handsome show-case display. Ammunition, Table and Pocket Cutlery, Lamps and Lamp Goods.

CHRISTMAS GOODS,
 We have a full variety of everything kept in our various lines, but as a specialty for the holidays, we shall make a leader of Silverware, Cutlery of all kinds, Guns, Pistols, Target Guns, fancy and staple Glassware, Chinaware and Crockery. It will pay you to examine our goods when you come in to make your holiday purchases.

Chris. & Geo. HAGELSTEIN,
SAN ANGELO, Tex.
 More trade is coming to Sonora every day. Prices and printers ink do the work.
 The Dallas or Galveston Weekly News and THE DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS will be sent to your address one year for only \$2 50.
 Try Brown's Indian Maid chewing tobacco, it will more than please you. Hagerlund Bros have it.
 Read the ads in the DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS and save a year's subscription on every bill of goods you buy.
 If any town in West Texas has a better system of fire protection water works than Sonora we don't know it. A test was made Friday and proved satisfactory.
 Edwin Trimble and Jess Hill are holding down the chairs in the old stand barber shop. Don't forget the boys when you want a clean shave or a smooth hair cut.
 Sonora is the trading center for a very large scope of country. The trade of this territory is valuable. It is reached by the DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.
 Sonora does more business than any town west of Temple on the San Angelo branch of the Santa Fe railway with the exception of Brownwood and San Angelo.
Do You Want Them.
 700 bred ewes for sale or will trade for dry sheep. Apply at once to T. B. BIRTRONG, 73-1f, Sonora, Texas.

NOTICE.
 To all parties that know themselves to be indebted to me are requested to settle at once as I am in need of money to pay my debts. I have sold my saloon business and want to collect up and settle up.
 T. B. BIRTRONG,
 72-1f Sonora, Texas.

The Following Property Must be Sold Within Sixty Days.
 My place East of Sonora 112 miles. Well improved for \$2000. One house and lot in West Sonora for \$800.
 Will sell all the above on easy terms. For further particulars apply to T. B. BIRTRONG, 72-1f Sonora, Texas.

O.K. BARBER SHOP
 Edwin Trimble, Manager.
 EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS.
 Edwin Trimble and Jess Hill our artists want you to call on them at the old stand next to the bank, when you want a shave, haircut, bath, etc. They are anxious to please and will give satisfaction.

AT COST!
FOR CASH!
Ladies Hats, Cloaks, Corsets, Gingham and Calicoes, Mens Hats, Shirts, Drawers, Boys Boots, and Hardware
 of all kinds at cost for cash.
 We are overstocked.
Geo. H. McDonald,
 General Merchant. Sonora, Texas.

J. P. McCONNELL,
 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.
 Niagara Whiskey is the Medicine.

RANCH SALOON
GEO. S. ALLISON, Pro.,
 KEEPS ON HAND OLD PHILADELPHIA CLUB WHISKEY
 AND THE FINEST WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.
 EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS. GIVE US A CALL.

THE DECKER HOTEL,
MRS. LAURA DECKER Proprietress.
 Offers the Resident and Traveling Public
THE BEST ACCOMMODATIONS
 In West Texas at Reasonable Rates.
Commercial Men put up at the DECKER
 Hotel which is sufficient guarantee that
OUR TABLE IS THE BEST.
 Livery Stable and Feed Yard in Connection.

R. C. McMahan. S. B. DeLano.
McMahan & DeLano,
WHEELWRIGHTS, HORSE SHOERS,
And General Blacksmiths.
 Guarantee First Class Work Promptly Executed.
 Call and See us at Wyatt's old Shop.

SONORA and SAN ANGELO
Mail, Express and Passenger Line,
A. J. SAVELL & SONS, 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, Livery on Express parcels.

F. M. WYATT,
LIVERY and FEED STABLE,
 Hay, Oats and Corn always on hand.
 Blacksmith and Wheel Wright Shop in Connection.
 SONORA. TEXAS.

THE SONORA RESTAURANT.
 MEALS AT ALL HOURS.
 FRESH OYSTERS AND FISH IN SEASON.
 Opposite Mayer Bros. & Co.
 SONORA, TEXAS.

WOOL GROWERS

Needing advances on the Spring Clip of 1896, will consult their interest by placing their business with us. We propose making a specialty of Devils River Wools.

Any business intrusted to us will have our best care and attention.

Advances Liberal. Correspondence solicited.

C. W. Hobbs,

San Angelo, Texas,

THE SAN ANGELO NATIONAL BANK,

SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.

M. L. MERTZ, President.

A. A. DEBERRY, Cashier.

M. B. PULLIAM, Vice-President.

Cash Capital - \$100,000

Surplus Fund - \$25,000.

Transact a General Banking Business.

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

Just Received a BIG CAR of

FURNITURE

Large Stock. Nice Goods.

If You Love a Bargain, Don't Fail to See Us.

Wall Paper, Paints, Glass.

GANTT & McNEESE,
SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.

C. F. ADAMS & CO.

General Agents for the sale of

Or Trading in

Live Stock And Ranch Property.

SONORA, SUTTON CO. TEX.

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC.

Notice is hereby given that the firm of Morris & Allison has been dissolved by mutual consent, Geo. S. Allison continuing the business and assuming all liabilities.

All accounts due the old firm are payable to Geo. W. Morris who will collect and receipt for same.
G. S. ALLISON,
G. W. MORRIS,
Sonora, Texas, Nov. 30th, 1895.

Do You Deal In

WINDMILLS?

If yes, the

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS

is the best Paper in which

TO ADVERTISE.

A Card of Thanks.

I take this means of thanking my customers and the general public for past favors shown me in the Ranch saloon, and now that I have the business to myself I ask for a continuance of the same, guaranteeing to furnish the finest lines of wines, whiskeys and cigars, correct treatment, careful attention and a quiet house. You are invited to make the Ranch saloon your headquarters while in Sonora.
Yours truly,
Geo. S. Allison.

Sonora offers \$300 as an inducement for race horse men to bring their horses to Sonora during the holidays. This may not seem much money, but racing men know that there will be no difficulty to match races for \$300 to \$1000 a side when they meet at some convenient place where there are good tracks. This is one of the reasons why so many good horses will be in Sonora during the first meet of the Sonora Jockey Club.

Smoke "Our Favorite" for 5c.
21 Cusenbary & Briant.

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
Advertising Medium of the Stockman's Paradise.
Subscription \$2 a year in advance.
Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora as second-class matter.

MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.

SONORA, TEXAS, - January 4, 1896.

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.

You cannot be too careful about prairie fires this winter.

"Our Favorite" is the best cigar. 21 Cusenbary & Briant.

A briar pipe and a pound best tobacco for 35c. See adv of Duke's Mixture.

Strike the iron while its hot and donate or subscribe to the telephone line.

Smoke "Our Favorite," 21 Cusenbary & Briant.

Ask for Brown & Co's tobacco and take no other.

Don't run any risks with camp fires, smoking, etc. It is almost impossible to stop a prairie fire this year, the grass being so tall and dry.

Make a resolution to subscribe for your county paper and not borrow it from your neighbor, for 1896.

Lovers

of fine dress goods and stylish trimmings can easily be suited at Hagerlund Bros. 64.

Cook, Bernheimer & Co's famous NIAGARA whiskey is sold in Sonora at the Maud S. saloon, Levy, Rosenberg & Co., of Galveston, sole agents for Texas. 65.

The DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS will be sent for one year as a wedding present to the first Sonora young lady who marries on Jan. 1st, 1896.

Miss Winnie Buchanan intends leaving today for San Angelo, to resume her studies at the Convent at that place.

For a pleasant smile, a good smoke and genial company, make Zenker & Maier's your head quarters while in San Angelo.

The supper given at the Decker Hotel on Christmas night was the finest ever spread in Sonora. It was patronized and enjoyed by everybody.

When calling for Beer be sure and call for Fort Worth. 35

Engraving free on goods sold by us. Hagerlund Bros. 71.

Shade trees should be planted in front of every residence.

If you want something nice for Christmas presents, get it at Hagerlund Bros. 71.

A three year old mule gentle to ride and a good worker for sale. Apply at this office.

Fort Worth Beer is handled by Morris & Allison. 35

Sonora's merchants report having done the best business this Christmas than ever before in the history of Sonora.

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

The holiday activities are over and by next Monday everything will have righted itself and have settled down to the steady grind of business for 1896.

Drink PROVINCE and MANHATTAN CLUB whiskies made by Cook, Bernheimer & Co., of New York. For sale in Sonora at Morris & Allison's saloon, Levy, Rosenberg & Co., of Galveston sole agents for Texas. 12.

Mr. and Mrs. H. McKenzie of San Angelo, were in Sonora this week the guests of the Decker Hotel.

Genuine "Rogers" silver plated knives, forks, spoons, etc. at Hagerlund Bros. 71.

Dress Making.

Mrs. Ella A. King, an experienced dress maker, solicits the patronage of the ladies of the Sonora Country. Residence, Main Street, Sonora. 76.

Our new expenses, cloaks and novelties in ladies wear just received at Hagerlund Bros. 70.

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

Wonderful and complete accomplished by Hood's Sarsaparilla, the only true blood purifier, makes pure, rich, healthy blood.

Hood's Pills for the liver and bowels. Get to SAMUELSON'S Saloon, Sonora, for the imported Brandy, Imported Charles California O. G. wine, fine liquors and cigars. 17-1f

Notice to Sheep Owners.

I will have a good company of 25 or 28 picked shearers for the spring shearing and will shear ordinary sheep at 3 1-2 cents a head, and close woolled wrinkled Merinos at 4 cents. Everything furnished. I solicit your patronage and guarantee satisfaction.
MIGUEL HERNANDEZ,
76. Sonora, Texas.

A Store is Valued at What

IT SELLS, AND NOT HOW IT SELLS.

We aim to keep in touch with the newest and best of Dry Goods. Our buyers are quick to act if anything new "comes" forth, and you are quick to know of it.

OVERCOATS & CLOAKS

are not to be bought as sugar, at the store where you can get the most for the money. We are not ashamed to admit that you can buy lower priced garments than we handle, but, emphatically, NOT CHEAPER.

Special Announcement:

During the balance of this month we will have a GENERAL REDUCTION IN PRICES, on surplus lines, in connection with our ANNUAL STOCK-TAKING in January.

Remember that these Special Prices will only hold until stocktaking. The following is a partial list of goods which we will make Special Prices.

- | | |
|---|---------------------|
| Ladies Novelty Dress Goods. | Gents Suits. |
| White and Red Flannels. | Gents Overcoats. |
| Fancy Flannels. | Gents Underwear. |
| French Flannellets. | Gents Hats. |
| Ladies Underwear. | Gents Shirts. |
| Ladies Cloaks and Jackets. | Gents Mackintoshes. |
| Ladies Wool Hose, Ladies Skirts, | Ladies and Gents |
| Shoes, Childrens Shoes, Blankets, Quilts, | |
| Do not forget our Linen Department. | |
| Millinery Goods and Pattern Hats at Half Price. | |

L SCHWARTZ & CO.,

The Great Leaders in Dry Goods, Shoes and Clothing,
San Angelo, Texas.

Agents for the Imperial Platted Paper Patte...

It's Astonishing

how Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription acts upon nervous women. It's a marvelous remedy for nervous and general debility, chorea, or St. Vitus's Dance, Insomnia, or inability to sleep, spasms, convulsions, or "fits," and every like disorder.

Even in cases of insanity resulting from functional derangements, the persistent use of the "Prescription" will, by restoring the natural functions, generally effect a cure.

For women suffering from any chronic "female complaint" or weakness; for women who are run down or overworked; or the change from girlhood to womanhood; and later, at the critical "change of life"—it is a medicine that safely and certainly builds up, strengthens, regulates, and cures.

Send for a free pamphlet or remit 10 cents (stamps) for a large Book (168 pages) on Woman's Diseases and how to cure them with home treatment. Address: World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Devil's River News has never undertaken the task of trying to please everybody. At the same time it has never, knowingly, injured any one. It is to be hoped that the past will be remembered only as an experience for future benefit.

If you need a pair of pants why not get the best? THE BUCKSKIN BREECHES not only wear well, but they fit neatly and look well. Don't you think it will pay to try a pair?

They are fully warranted.
Hagerlund Bros. have Buckskin Jeans in all sizes. 27.

J. S. Macdiarmid of Windsor, Canada, arrived in Sonora this week and will spend the winter on Dr. J. B. Taylor's ranch. Mr. Macdiarmid was in business in the West Indies for a number of years but the yellow fever broke his health and he is now trying West Texas and expects to be benefited.

Sterling silver book marks, Paper cutters, Handkerchief holders, and other novelties at Hagerlund Bros. 71.

Thomas Bond, the well-known sheepman from the lower edge of Sutton county, was in Sonora Thursday for supplies. It will be remembered that Mr. Bond was seriously injured by being thrown from his horse several months ago and his many friends will be pleased to learn that he is now able to attend to business without artificial aid.

G. B. Duke, the blacksmith will shoe horses for \$1 and \$1.25 a set, for cash as long as he can buy shoes as cheap as at present. He wants to give his customers the benefit.

The Christmas tree at the church last week was one of the most beautiful ever shown in Sonora. The presents were of great variety from a nigger doll to the handsomest silver ware and jewelry. It is said that the presents were more numerous and cost in the aggregate more than ever before. The committee on the Christmas tree are to be congratulated.

Geo. S. Allison, proprietor of the Ranch Saloon, is agent in Sonora for Old Philadelphia Club whiskey, made by Roskam, Gerstley & Co. This whiskey is very fine. Houghton & Robinson of Austin, state agents. 72

Do you drink beer? If you do call for "Premium Pale" it's the best. 56

If you want something real good to chew get Paul Brown's natural leaf at Hagerlund Bros.

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.

The Races Continued.

Fourth day, Dec. 30th.—First race, 250 yards for a purse of \$15. Open to all. Entries: Skinny, by Carter Johnson; Big Ike by Wm. Cheney and Mayfield's Bay by Jesse Mayfield. The Mayfield's bay was scratched and the race between Skinny and Big Ike was for blood. Big Ike was very mean and it took two men and a boy to get him started. When he did start he ran across two tracks and ran for some distance between the fourth and fifth. He finally struck the fifth track and made good time to the finish but not good enough to catch Skinny, who came through under a pull a winner by 20 feet.

Second race, 600 yards, slow race, free to all, no entrance fee required, for a purse of \$10.00. This was probably the most amusing race of the meet. Six horses were entered but about 25 horses came through. Mark Tolliferro's old gray ridden by Willie Moon was the winner by long odds. The old gray could jump high but struck the ground very little in advance of where he jumped from.

Fifth day, Dec. 31st.—Quarter mile dash, for a purse of \$25 00 Free for all. Second horse saves entrance. The entries in this race were Skinny by Carter Johnson; Traveler by Alec Gardner; Valley Ewing by James Nixon; Gulliver by Wm. Thurman. Valley-Ewing was scratched, and a great deal of interest was taken in this race, as all wanted to see how Gulliver would behave. After several trials the horses made a brake, but Skinny being in the lead they were not tapped. The boy riding Gulliver was not able to hold him and he came through the tracks and almost into town before he could be checked. Gulliver was brought back but having run a mile or more his chances of winning were slimmer now than ever. The spectators were all disappointed and expressions were heard on every side that "that the race might have been Gulliver's." "Traveler would have to do his best." After turning and twisting the horses were at last tapped off and Skinny won the race by one foot from Traveler with Gulliver 20 feet behind.

Sixth day, Jan. 1st, 1896.—600 yard race for a purse of \$75.00. Open to all. Second horse saves entrance. Entries: Skinny by Carter Johnson; Traveler by Alec Gardner; Valley-Ewing by James Nixon. Skinny was scratched. Traveler and Valley-Ewing came through, but one of the judges got lost in the crowd and the horses had to lope through again. Traveler was an easy winner.

The matched race between Joe Bean's Billy and Babb's Bay was not pulled off, Babb paying the forfeit.

The foot race 100 yards, for \$25 aside between Pinkston of Edwards county and Taylor of Fredricksburg resulted in an easy victory for Taylor.

The Sonora Jockey Club carried out a successful programme in as satisfactory a manner as possible under the circumstances. They are to be congratulated. No one who has not occupied a similar position can tell or know anything about the work these gentlemen have accomplished.

A matched race for \$250 aside, 500 yards dash, will be run in Sonora on Jan. 22nd, between W. Warner's bay horse Ben and Sam Cox's sorrel stallion Prince Albert. A. J. Winkler, Ed. Looney and W. Warner are backing the Warner horse and Mr. Cox is backing Prince Albert. Both of these horses ran in the 400 yard race on December 28th. On that day the Warner horse beat Prince Albert, Mr. Cox, however, was not satisfied with that race and hence the matched race was made. There has for a long time been a great deal of talk as to the relative merits of these two horses and it is expected that the race on the 22nd will decide which is the best.

Charlie Adams says he is not going to resign his position of president of the Sonora Jockey Club. He likes the job too well.

Bob Dawson says he is a standing candidate for racing committees.

To-morrow is H. Q. Kendall's regular appointment to preach in Sonora.

Only two of the weddings materialized.

Born on Dec. 30th, 1895, to Mr. and Mrs. James Caruthers, a boy.

A dance was given at the ranch of Thomas Moss, Friday night.

The cheapest place.—The Pioneer Drug Store, San Angelo. 38 1f

Sol Mayer returned from Chicago in time to enjoy the holidays in Sonora.

Smoke the "Merry Christmas" cigar, the best 5c cigar in Sonora, at the Maud S. 69.

The ladies of Sonora it is said will give a leap year ball in February.

Some extra fancy teas now in stock. Tea drinkers are requested to call for sample at Hagerlund Bros.

Butch Shattock of San Angelo was here for a few days this week taking in the races.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Fields were in Sonora New Years spending the day with friends.

The mutton market at St. Louis on Dec. 31st stood strong at 2 to \$3.40 per hundred pounds.

Geo. Lamar and Tom Cliford were in from the Lamar ranch on Friday. Tom will begin rustling John Cooper's muttons next week.

F. M. Drake, John Young, Ben McMahan, Will Drake and the Kid were over from Ozona for New Years.

Lee J. Good bought from Caperton & Wyatt of Concho county, 175 head of mixed cattle at \$12 per head.—San Angelo Standard.

G. L. Corhn of Ardmore, I. T. arrived in Sonora Friday. Mr. Corhn is a grand son of the late G. W. Whitehead and will make a short visit to his relatives.

The dances during the holidays were attended by so many that thorough enjoyment was out of the question. There were four dances in all and the crowd never thinned out.

A communication from "Chinque" relative to the closing exercises at the Moss-Lamar school was received this week but too late for publication. It will appear next week.

Carter Johnson the popular and obliging livery man of Ozona was in Sonora for the races New Years with his fine young race horse Skinny. Skinny is said to be the fastest horse ever raised in the state.

James Gillespie has sold his saloon in Ozona to Sam Murray and Ed Monteith. Sam Murray is a well-known cattleman and Ed Monteith was formerly in the saloon business at Stockton. It is expected that Mr. and Mrs. Gillespie will remove to Sonora.

Chas. W. Hobbs the wool commission man of San Angelo, by his ad. in the DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS shows that he wants to do business with you. Mr. Hobbs is ready to make advances on your spring clip and intends making a specialty of Devil's River wools.

John Worden the Edwards county mutton buyer was in Sonora this week and reported having bought from J. W. Putnam 100 head of muttons at \$2 and as many more out of the flock at \$1.90 as he wanted. He also bought from D. C. Ker, of Edwards county, 150 head at \$1.80 a head. Mr. Worden will ship these muttons to Galveston.

The report came to Sonora Friday night that on Thursday near Christoval on the South Concho, Jim Simmons was shot and killed by one Van Klieve. Van Klieve went to San Angelo and surrendered. The cause of the killing is not known but is supposed to have originated in an old grudge. Simmons is supposed to have been one of the Simmons brothers of Menard county. It is said that Jim Simmons lived in Field's pasture some years ago.

THE ONLY True Blood Purifier prominently in the public eye today is Hood's Sarsaparilla. Therefore get Hood's and ONLY HOOD'S.

Ira Wheat, sheriff of Edwards county, came in Friday night after a man who had stolen a horse and saddle at Rock Springs this week. Mr. Wheat had started for Bracket when he heard of a suspicious person coming in this direction and he kept track of him until he got to Sonora. Mr. Wheat told Sheriff McConnell of the case and described the man and Perry said yes, I know where he is, and Friday night Chas Latham stopped at the Fulcher Inn. He owned up as being the party wanted and will be taken to Rock Springs.

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PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
Advertising Medium of the
Stockman's Paradise.
Subscription \$2 a Year in Advance
Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora,
Bureau-class matter.
MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.
SONORA, TEXAS. - January 4, 1895

THE POWER OF SCENT.

Instances Showing That Rattlesnakes Have It to a Wonderful Extent.

I don't know whether rattlesnakes have the power of scent or not, but from what I have heard, and especially from what I have seen, it would seem to me that they not only have that power, but have it to a most remarkable degree. One summer in northern Pennsylvania I killed a fine specimen of a rattler and carried it on a stick two miles to the place where I was stopping. A native of that locality on seeing the snake said:

"That's a she rattler, and you folks around here want to watch out. Her mate will be along looking for her tomorrow or next day, sure."

I skinned the snake and took the carcass to the hogpen and gave it to the hogs and thought no more about it. Next forenoon I heard a loud scream from one of the women of the family, and she came running into the house declaring that she had seen a big rattlesnake on the front stoop.

"The first time," she said, "that a live rattlesnake has been around the house in 25 years."

I hurried out, but could see nothing of the snake. It occurred to me then what the native had said about the mate of the dead snake following her. I walked toward the hogpen, and there I discovered a rattlesnake moving to and fro on the ground in front of the sty and acting as if it were looking for a place to set in. I watched the maneuvers of the snake for a few minutes and then killed it. The snake was a male, and the native at once declared that it was the mate of the one I had killed the day before. The front stoop where this snake had just made its appearance at the house was the first place I had stopped with the dead snake and gone from there with it to the hogpen.

Perhaps, in spite of the circumstantial evidence against it, would never have believed that this snake was anything else but one that had come casually to the premises if a similar incident hadn't occurred a couple of days later. A man who was working in haying on the place lived four miles distant and went home Saturday night to spend Sunday. On his way back Sunday afternoon he killed a rattlesnake in the road and brought it in. It happened to be a female, and warning was given that a lookout better be kept for its mate. The man from whom it had been laid in the road near the house and took it to an old vacant house in a field half a mile down the road from the place where I was stopping. I left the snake there, and next day went back to the old house to see if any snake would follow it there, keeping watch along the road. Along in the middle of the forenoon I saw a big snake coming down the road, and I got into a clump of bushes. The snake came into the field. It was a rattler, and it made straight for the house. I followed it. It went in at the open door. The dead snake lay on the floor. The live one went up to it and around it several times and then lay still, as if thinking the matter over. I watched the snake for ten minutes, and he never moved. Then I stepped inside the door. Like a flash the snake threw himself into a coil and faced me, glaring fiercely and making his rattlesing. I didn't like his looks and shot him with my revolver. I no longer had any doubt that the snake of the week before was the mate to the one I had killed and was satisfied that this one was the mate of the hired man's victim. But how had they followed the trails of their dead wives? That's what has always puzzled me.—New York Sun.

It Puzzled Him.

A girl who has been in Leipzig brings back a tale from the pension where she stopped. It is much frequented by English and Americans, and thither resorted a young German to learn English as she spoke. He confided to my friend that he got along pretty well with the exception of one word. This word was used constantly, and from the context he judged it was a general term applied to food. He had looked up the word itself in the dictionary and had worked it up under the head of "food," but without success. He noticed it was used when the plates were passed for meat, fish, vegetables or what not. "When I asked what this strange word possibly could be," concluded my friend, "the young German said: 'S'more. Please give me s'more.'"—Chicago Post.

Who Invented Billiards?

The Game Brought First to England From Europe After the Second Crusade. Nobody quite knows who invented billiards. One account says that the game was first played in Italy, and another that it first saw the light in Spain. It is also affirmed that it was first played in England in the middle ages. It is a historical fact that the Knights Templars brought it back with them to that country on their return from the second crusade. There is also good reason to believe that the game was played in the monasteries of France in the sixteenth century. Its origin was probably bowling, a variation of which was the old game of "ground billiards." From that it began to be played on a table, driving one ball through an ivory arch and then to a raised point, made also of ivory. This was the game for many years, each of the two players having a ball, the third ball not being introduced until just after the middle of the eighteenth century, when what was known as the "port and ring" also disappeared. In a Harleian manuscript in the British museum is found the earliest historical reference to billiards. This is interesting enough to give in detail. In the year 1547 a commission was appointed to make an inventory of the goods and chattels of Edward VI, and among the items found at his palace at the More, Rickmansworth, was "one billet bourde covered with grene clothe." This palace was confiscated by Henry VIII, having originally belonged to Cardinal Wolsey, and there is little question but what that great historical character actually essayed the game himself, though no record has come down as to whether he was as good a billiard player as he was a statesman. A few, but not many of the old writers refer to billiards. "Faery Queen" Spenser being one of them. Shakespeare in his "Antony and Cleopatra" makes that amorous queen, by an anachronism, play the game and also appreciate its fine points. Ben Jonson, Smollet, Burton and Locke all made reference to billiards in their works. The game was slowly developed. The table was sometimes round, sometimes square, oblong, oval and even octagonal. Not until the beginning of this century did the billiard table appear somewhere near its present form. Prior to 1810 india rubber cushions, the slate bed, the tapering cue with its tip and the rest had not been invented. The third ball was introduced by way of France in the middle of the eighteenth century, and the game was then known as the carambole. From this has been derived the word carom. Bartley & Carr, the proprietors of a fashionable billiard room in Bath, England, over half a century ago, invented the now well known side stroke—striking the ball low with a level topped cue—Carr advising the name of the "magic twisting chalk." He packed it in pill boxes and made a fortune by selling it to the fashionable of that day at half a crown (62 cents) a box. The cork tip was invented by Captain Mingaud, a Frenchman, who was imprisoned early in the present century, but through a special dispensation was allowed the use of a billiard table in his apartment that he might while away the monotony of his prison life. While incarcerated he studied out this improvement and had the satisfaction afterward of seeing it taken up all through England and the continent.—Philadelphia Press.

Spread of the News.

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THE POWER OF SCENT.
Instances Showing That Rattlesnakes Have It to a Wonderful Extent.
I don't know whether rattlesnakes have the power of scent or not, but from what I have heard, and especially from what I have seen, it would seem to me that they not only have that power, but have it to a most remarkable degree. One summer in northern Pennsylvania I killed a fine specimen of a rattler and carried it on a stick two miles to the place where I was stopping. A native of that locality on seeing the snake said:
"That's a she rattler, and you folks around here want to watch out. Her mate will be along looking for her tomorrow or next day, sure."
I skinned the snake and took the carcass to the hogpen and gave it to the hogs and thought no more about it. Next forenoon I heard a loud scream from one of the women of the family, and she came running into the house declaring that she had seen a big rattlesnake on the front stoop.
"The first time," she said, "that a live rattlesnake has been around the house in 25 years."
I hurried out, but could see nothing of the snake. It occurred to me then what the native had said about the mate of the dead snake following her. I walked toward the hogpen, and there I discovered a rattlesnake moving to and fro on the ground in front of the sty and acting as if it were looking for a place to set in. I watched the maneuvers of the snake for a few minutes and then killed it. The snake was a male, and the native at once declared that it was the mate of the one I had killed the day before. The front stoop where this snake had just made its appearance at the house was the first place I had stopped with the dead snake and gone from there with it to the hogpen.
Perhaps, in spite of the circumstantial evidence against it, would never have believed that this snake was anything else but one that had come casually to the premises if a similar incident hadn't occurred a couple of days later. A man who was working in haying on the place lived four miles distant and went home Saturday night to spend Sunday. On his way back Sunday afternoon he killed a rattlesnake in the road and brought it in. It happened to be a female, and warning was given that a lookout better be kept for its mate. The man from whom it had been laid in the road near the house and took it to an old vacant house in a field half a mile down the road from the place where I was stopping. I left the snake there, and next day went back to the old house to see if any snake would follow it there, keeping watch along the road. Along in the middle of the forenoon I saw a big snake coming down the road, and I got into a clump of bushes. The snake came into the field. It was a rattler, and it made straight for the house. I followed it. It went in at the open door. The dead snake lay on the floor. The live one went up to it and around it several times and then lay still, as if thinking the matter over. I watched the snake for ten minutes, and he never moved. Then I stepped inside the door. Like a flash the snake threw himself into a coil and faced me, glaring fiercely and making his rattlesing. I didn't like his looks and shot him with my revolver. I no longer had any doubt that the snake of the week before was the mate to the one I had killed and was satisfied that this one was the mate of the hired man's victim. But how had they followed the trails of their dead wives? That's what has always puzzled me.—New York Sun.

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THREE WAR STORIES.

A Surprised Private—One Bridge Cosby Couldn't Burn—Ready to Drink.

Jeff Sterrett was a Confederate soldier who served as a private, and who is one of the two or three privates who survived the war. He was somewhat sentimental and naturally fell in love with any good looking girl he might see. He fell in love with a young woman of Murfreesboro and slipped off to see her at every opportunity. One day his feelings so overwhelmed him that he suddenly found himself proposing marriage to her.

"No," she replied, her eyes filling. "I can never marry you."

Sterrett was surprised.

"Why not?" he asked.

"Oh, my heart is gone. It's in the grave. It was buried when your buried captain—five months ago."

That was too much for Sterrett. He at once became angry.

"Very well, miss," he said. "If you can love a dead captain better than a live private you can scratch for it."

General Cosby had a mania for burning down bridges. Whenever he heard there was a bridge in his neighborhood he promptly had it laid low. His continuous destruction of bridges several times got himself and his men in tight places, where a bridge would have come in mighty handy, and resulted in an uneasy feeling among his men.

He moved into Virginia in the neighborhood of the Natural bridge and one day gave his men permission to inspect the great natural wonder. Two cavalymen, one of a poetic turn and the other of a worldly, practical turn, happened to go there together.

"Isn't this the most stupendous, magnificent, grand view you ever saw?" exclaimed the poetic man grandiloquently. "Gaze upon that landscape. See how beautiful are the works of nature." He continued in this strain several minutes and finally asked the other his opinion.

"I don't know much about its being stupendous, nor any of that sort of thing, but I'm d—d glad that we've found one bridge that Cosby can't burn up."

In the regiment with General Duke was a soldier named Jack Skillman, who was a great hand at telling yarns. His yarns were about great acts which he said he did, but which he never actually did. He completely several astonishing deeds of bravery he really did, and which really were more remarkable than any alleged act he told about. The scene of one of his yarns was a strip along the bank of the Tennessee river lying between Chattanooga and Knoxville. At the point mentioned the river flowed in a deep canyon and appeared from above to be a thread winding about hundreds of feet below. It was a dizzy height.

"I was a-goin' long here one day all by myself," said he, "when I came to this place I see a blamed Yankee all 'y hissel' a-comin' toward me. I says to myself, says I, 'if ain't no use o' our fightin here, where no one ain't lookin in where we'd like as not fall down the cliff.'"

"I told the Yankee we needn't fight. 'Yes, we will,' says he. I said no. 'Our fightin wouldn't decide the war,' says I, 'an we mought as well be friends.' An I told him to come along an have a drink."

"The blamed Yankee kept on tellin me we was a-goin to fight, an fore I knowed it he jumped on to me. Well, sah, how we did fight! We knocked each other down an wallowed an scratched an tore rou, an I see more stars than you can think of. Oh, we did fight!"

"Pretty soon I saw we were a-goin over to the edge of the precipice. In another minute I see we was lost. Over we went a-whirlin in a-whizzin, a-fightin an a-scratchin. We bumped into the rocks as we went down an knocked lots of 'em loose. I thought we was never goin to reach bottom. After what seemed two hours we struck, kepplank! Whew! We was knocked apart by the lick, an I thought the Yankee would be dead. I raised up an looked. Just as I raised the Yankee raised too."

"Rob," says he, 'I believe I'll take that drink now.'"—Louisville Courier Journal.

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SHE WAS A HEROINE.

A Little Girl Who Dressed Tears, but Was Not Afraid of Work.

The following pathetic story of how a brave little girl kept the wolf from her father's door for a brief space last winter was told to a reporter by the proprietor of a large store on Fulton street. The child had been engaged to help at the holiday rush. Of course she understood that when the busy season was over she would not be needed. She did her work well and was so prompt and obliging that she made many friends during her brief stay. But when the busy season was over she, with the other extras, was dismissed. A few days after she went to the store and sought out one of the firm to whom she said: "I wish you would let me come back here and work. If you only will let me, I will come every day. I will never be late, and I won't expect you to pay me anything at all for what I do. Please let me come, won't you?"

Greatly moved by the child's earnest appeal, the proprietor began to question her.

"Why are you so anxious to come back and work hard all day for nothing?"

His question brought forth the following confession:

"You see," said the child, "my papa hasn't got any work. Every morning he goes out to look for work. And when he comes home at night and he hasn't got any work mamma cries, and then that most always makes papa cry, too, and when I see them both crying, I get crying too. If you will let me come here and work, I shan't be home when papa comes in, so I won't have to see them cry, besides,"

"Well, what is it?"

"You see, when I worked here I saw lots of salesladies that brought too much lunch double up what they did not want, and throw it away. Then I, quick as a little mouse, gathered all these up and put them together, and without anybody seeing it put them in my lunch basket, so when I got home at night papa and mamma had something for their supper. So if you'll let me I would like to come back here and work for you, and I won't charge you anything."

"I turned away from the child lest she should see me cry, too," said the kind hearted man who related the story, "but I told her that she might go to work that morning. I investigated the case and learned that what she said was only part of the story of uncomplaining suffering. Her father has a place now where he is earning \$15 a week."

"And the child?"

"Oh, yes, she is ar and here on the floor somewhere, but I guess I won't show her to you. If I were to do so, the first thing I know I should see one of the artists attached to your paper making a sketch or taking a snap shot of her. She is a good little daughter."

Her eyes were shining with a taste of notoriety."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Talking Dogs.

There are but two recorded instances of dogs having been taught to articulate words in such a manner that they would resemble those uttered by a human being. The most famous of these cases was that of the celebrated "talking dog of Zeitz." The owner of this intelligent canine, a small boy living in Zeitz, Saxony, imagined that his dog's voice strongly resembled certain words and sounds made by men. Acting on this hint he soon trained the animal, a big Saxon mastiff, to distinctly utter some twenty odd German words and about a half dozen from the French language. Although the young trainer devoted much time and patience to this queer task, he never succeeded in enlarging his pet's vocabulary above 30 words.

A rival to the famous "talking dog of Zeitz" was exhibited in Holland in 1718. Besides pronouncing several words the Holland beast could articulate the names of all the letters of the alphabet except i, m and n.—St. Louis Republic.

Alas, Poor Motorman.

A motorman's life is not a happy one. While the satisfied conductor is chinking the coin in his pocket, jangling the register, pulling the bell cord or blithely mispronouncing street names, the motorman is silently grinding out his life at the brake, his mind strung to its utmost tension, and his hands and arms never for a moment idle. Yet he's the one to be pitied whenever an accident happens without a thought being given to the many calamities which have been avoided through his alertness and precaution.—Boston Transcript.

A Worse Situation.

She—Oh, dear, married only a year, yet you haven't kissed me in a week!

He—I beg your pardon my love, but think. Suppose we had been married only a week and I hadn't kissed you in a year!—New York Herald.

Do You Deal In WINDMILLS?

If yes, the

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TO ADVERTISE.



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"C. I. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.: 'Gentlemen—I do not know how to express the gratitude that I feel towards Hood's Sarsaparilla, which has cured me of my very small cost.'"

I Have Not Slept

on my left side for four years; suffering with rheumatism with constant severe pains and being completely run down, but now all is changed and I enjoy good health. I experience sweet refreshing sleep, have a good appetite, and my memory is much improved. In fact I am astonished at the change. I can now perform my daily work with ease. I had almost

Given Up All Hopes

of ever enjoying good health again, but by the persuasive power of a friend I was induced to take Hood's Sarsaparilla which has saved my

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures

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

BEAUTY AND HEALTH.

An Actress Tells How Both of Them May Be Obtained.

It is clearly demonstrated now that people can be fat or lean just as they like if they choose to take the trouble, and there is no use in their going about either like a bear polo or a feather bed. Some months ago I was getting too stout for the part I wanted to play, so for five weeks I ate nothing but beef and drank nothing but hot water with a little lemon in it. Tea and coffee are bad for the complexion anyway. All my tendency to fleshiness disappeared. Again a year ago some bones became visible in my neck. I got frightened and immediately set to work to change everything in my diet for things that were fattening. Those bones would not have come in my neck but that I had been foolish enough to worry about something. You know occasionally you can't help worrying. That season I ate bananas in every shape and form and at all hours at which I could cram them. I ate them with cream most of the time, and I ate everything else recommended as flesh producing. Every day it seemed to me a thicker layer of flesh formed over those bones, and I soon had the gratification of seeing them disappear altogether.

Now, when I look in the mirror, I can't help but say, 'I like and always drink Rhine wine for dimor. As regards complexion, that is a great thing, and it has to be guarded and cared for as zealously as a mother cares for her newborn babe. I never neglect to stay for one solid hour each morning in a hot bath, and I find that keeps the complexion in splendid condition. Then I am very careful about anointing my face, neck and arms with the best quality of cold cream every night and every time there is any makeup to take off. When I go into the sun, I put a good lot of cold cream on my face and cover it thick with cornstarch—that proves a sure protection against both the salt water and the sun.

"If a woman wants to be good looking," she added, "she must make an idol of her physique and devote the same time and attention to it that other people devote to other things which they worship. Women who go in for art and music spend hours each day in cultivating themselves in those pursuits. The domestic woman devotes her time to her children and the affairs of her household. Just so an actress devotes her time to her physical well being. Her good looks are a large part of her stock in trade, and she is compelled to care for them. It is a weariness to the spirit, though, sometimes, such constant grooming, the freedom of a sack and skirt and the feeling that I need not consider whether or not my hair has been shampooed or my nails received their hour's polishing. There are so many hundred things to be done in the way of physical improvement. Of course every now and again, as often as it seems needful, one must undergo a Turkish bath, and the ordeal can't be hurried under any circumstances."—New York Tribune.

WHALES' LEAPS.

Some Gigantic Jumps Taken by These Monsters of the Deep.

"Speaking of jumping," said an old seaman who had been watching some boys playing leapfrog, "let me tell you of the greatest jump ever seen. It was many years ago, when I was little more than a lad, but I was how oarsman on a whale-boat belonging to the ship Henry Staples. We had had luck for several weeks when one day we sighted a big whale, and two boats set off in a race to see who would get there first. It was fairly smooth, what the sailors call a whitecap breeze, and our boats fairly flew over the water. Finally the whale rose not 100 yards away, headed directly for us. The mate gave orders to stop, and we sat still, expecting that the monster would rise near us. The harpooner stood with his iron all ready to throw, while we grasped our oars, nervously prepared to jump at the word 'stern all' that nearly always came when a whale was harpooned. Not a word was spoken, and suddenly a mountain of black appeared. It seemed to shut off the entire horizon. Up it went until I distinctly saw a 70 foot whale over 20 feet in the air hovering over us.

"The mate was the first to regain his senses and gave the command 'stern all.' Just as we were ready to spring overboard the boat shot back several feet, and the next second the gigantic animal dived into the ocean, just grazing us, having completely passed over the boat in the biggest leap I ever heard of."

Such gigantic jumps are rare. A similar one was recorded by Dr. Hall, who at the time was a midshipman on the ship Leander. They were lying in the harbor of Bermuda when all hands were attracted by the appearance of a very large whale that suddenly appeared in the harbor and seemed very much alarmed by the shallow water, floundering about violently. The young midshipman joined a boat's crew that started in pursuit, and just as they were about to strike the whale disappeared, sinking out of sight, leaving a deep whirlpool, around which the boat shot. Before it stopped up came the whale, having in all probability struck the bottom, and went into the air like a rocket.

"So complete was this enormous leap," says Dr. Hall, "that for an instant we saw him fairly up in the air, in a horizontal position, at a distance of at least 20 perpendicular feet over our heads. While in his progress upward there was in his spring some touch of the vivacity with which a trout or salmon shoots out of the water, but he fell back again in the sea like a huge log thrown on its broadside and with such a thundering crash as made all hands stare with astonishment and the boldest hold his breath for a time. Had the whale taken his leap one minute sooner he would have fallen plump on the boat."

Comparatively few people have seen a large whale, but we can imagine what an object an animal 70 feet long and weighing as many tons would make flying through the air.

Within a week of the writing of the present article I was drifting along the shores of Santa Catalina island, southern California, when a 60 foot whale almost cleared the water about 1,000