

# ADVERTISE IN THE DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL. 7.

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY, JANUARY 2, 1897.

NO. 328

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

## HAGERLUND BROS. & CO.

OUR CHRISTMAS OFFER:

### SOFT SNAPS

For the Buyer in  
**GENTS CLOTHING, DRESS  
GOODS, CLOAKS, CAPES**  
And Other Lines.

### BIG REDUCTIONS

FOR A LIMITED TIME.

SEE THE GOODS, PRICE THEM AND  
We Leave the Verdict with You.

## HAGERLUND BROS. & CO.

GENERAL MERCHANTS, SONORA, TEXAS.

#### MINE ENEMY.

Tireless enemy have I,  
Woe, with aching insistence,  
Maketh, without sign of cease  
Keen attack upon my peace.

Sad my plight, who never know  
If by night or day my foe  
Will, with his stratagems art,  
Storm the ramparts of my heart.

Through delay and death and doubt  
I have kept the foe man out,  
But I fear the fort must fall,  
And his banner top the wall.

And I pine in long durance,  
If no friend heed my distress,  
Who will come and cause to flee  
Love, that is mine enemy?  
—Clinton Scollard in Century.

#### He Wanted Pure English.

A professor from the Midlands, who is at present in London making some philological researches at the British museum, picked up an article always drawing his language from the "well of English undefiled" and works himself into a towering rage about the irregularities of the announcements in tradesmen's windows. While walking along Tottenham Court road he noticed in a furniture dealer's shop the words, "Every article in this window reduced." Full of pedantic resolution, he entered the establishment to give the owner a lesson in English. That gentleman came up smiling, in hope of a customer. Placing his hand on a cabinet, the professor said, "Do you mean to say that this has been reduced?" "Considerably," replied the owner. "Dear me, I can hardly credit it," answered the professor, and, taking a folding three foot rule from his pocket he proceeded to measure most carefully the dimensions of the article.

The other looked on in amazement and began to think that he had a madman to deal with. "There is some mistake," continued the professor. "I saw this very article when I passed here two years ago, and it was exactly the same size then as it is now." "We don't mean reduced in size. We mean reduced in price," cried the furious dealer. "Then why in the name of the queen's English do you not say so?" replied the pedant as he walked away, chuckling over his practical joke. The placard was soon afterward removed from the window, the shopman no doubt thinking that it might lead to still further complications with philological cranks.—London Telegraph.

#### Fortunate Accidents.

A large number of the world's greatest inventions have been the result of some accidental union of forces, the nature of which the person who started them neither understood nor suspected. The working of dynamos at long distances apart, when properly connected, was discovered by accident. A scientific journal says: "Soon after the opening of the Vienna exposition in 1873 a careless workman picked up the ends of a couple of wires which he found trailing along the ground. He fastened them in the terminals of a dynamo, to which he thought they belonged, while they were really attached to another dynamo that was running in another part of the grounds. The dynamo to which he fastened the wires was not running, but as soon as the wires were placed in its terminals it revolved as if a steam engine was driving it. The workman was amazed. The engineers and electricians were astonished by the discovery that a dynamo electric machine (turned by steam power) would turn another similar machine a long distance away if properly connected to it by electric wires. Thus originated one of the most revolutionary applications of electricity."

The fact that power can be transmitted for miles by electric wires is one of the most important factors in modern civil engineering achievements.

#### The Latest Engine of War.

The rapid development of machinery for use in war has suggested to the inventor of a pupil at the military school the creation of a torpedo boat—zerstorer-vernichter-erfindungsgrundbohrerkaput-macher—which may be described as an appliance for inflicting serious damage on the sinkers of annihilators of torpedo boat destroyers.—Hanover Anzeiger.

The first chemical factory opened in this country was in Salem, Mass., in 1811. At first great objection was made to the establishment of the factory, the persons living near claiming that the fumes of the chemicals poison the air and made life intolerable.

A red sunset indicates a clear day on the morrow, as it shows that the air in the west, from which direction rain most frequently comes, is devoid of moisture.

Horush of Algiers was famous among his subjects as the Red Beard. A Moor with red hair and beard was a great curiosity.

There are 3,485 miles of distance between the seat of government of Spain and that of the United States.

The stadium used by both Greeks and Romans was 400 cubits, or 243 yards 1 foot and 9 inches.

#### HER DREAM DISSIPATED.

Gail Hamilton's Idea of a Woman's Bank Proves Chimerical.

"Gail Hamilton," said a Philadelphia banker to a Bulletin reporter recently, "was a very able woman, but like a good many other women, and men, too, for that matter, she didn't understand finance. Her ignorance on this subject led her into a grave mistake at one time, and thereby hangs one of the most curious tales of human incredulity that ever came to light."

"About 18 or 20 years ago a woman named Howe opened a bank of deposit in Boston. It had several peculiar features, among which were: It was owned and operated by women; the accounts only of women were solicited, though there was a proviso that the sterner sex should be allowed the privilege of depositing money, though under no circumstances would they ever be allowed a voice in the management; no limit was to be made, as in ordinary savings banks, as to the amount that would be secured on deposit."

"This was all very well, and if there were nothing made the innovation might do—for Boston. But the circular wound up with the startling announcement that the rate of interest would be 8 per cent a month! Not only that, but this rate of interest was in all cases to be paid in advance!"

"One would think that such an absurd proposition would be laughed at in any intelligent community, but it wasn't, and the bank was actually in operation in Boston for over a year. The concern was located in a fashionable quarter of the city and did a rattling business. The Howe woman, if she didn't understand banking, as she afterward acknowledged at her trial, certainly understood the business she was engaged in, which was simply to 'get all you can and keep all you get.' The bank was patronized by high and low, rich and poor, and bore every outward evidence of prosperity. A few of the knowing ones, who got in on the ground floor, made money out of it, for it was only necessary for any one to deposit \$1,000, say, and get back \$1,480 in six months."

"It was only by accident that the concern was exposed. A servant girl in the family of a banker had an account in the woman's bank, and her employer saw it and began to investigate. The story got into the papers, and the bubble burst. Great was the consternation among the women folks, and Mrs. Howe came out with a pronouncement, saying that the bank was all right and would continue to do business, but in three days the concern was closed by the sheriff, and Mrs. Howe was arrested."

"Gail Hamilton was among the woman's dupes. She wrote a two column article in defense of Mrs. Howe, in which she intimated very plainly that the failure of the bank was entirely due to the jealousy of the men; that Mrs. Howe and her system were all right, and that all bankers could pay 8 per cent a month if they wanted to."

"Of course there were lots of people who could see after the bank failed that no one could pay 8 per cent a month, and she was mercilessly ridiculed in the press, and from the fact that she never retorted, as was her invariable custom on the slightest provocation, I guess her friends got hold of her and kept her quiet."

"How much did Mrs. Howe get away with?"  
"I forget the amount, but it was something over \$500,000."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

#### Skates of Gold and Jewels.

Skates made of the most costly metals and ornamented with precious stones grow commoner in this country every year among the richer classes.

On the continent of Europe—in Russia especially—skates made entirely of gold, except as regards one part of the blade, have been given as presents for years. I have seen, in the possession of one of the Russian diplomatic staff, a pair of skates worth quite \$3,000, and it is quite common among the wealthy class to have every portion of the fittings ornamented with precious stones.

The empress of Austria has a pair of skates, and uses them, too, which are said to have cost £10,000. Lately the young queen of Holland was presented with a beautiful pair, with chased golden blades and a profuse diamond ornamentation, which cost half that amount.—Edmund Russell.

#### A Good Listener.

Don't let your eyes wander when a story is told you that taxes your patience, or endeavor to listen to some more amusing conversation around. Your "eyes" and "no" will be ejaculated inappropriately and your intelligence put to a severe test. It has been written, "They are never alone that are accompanied with noble thoughts," but when you mix with your fellows and move in the world of society above all things let those thoughts be "seated in the parts of courtesy."

W. H. CUSENBARY. E. S. BRIANT

## CUSENBARY & CO.,

CHEMISTS AND DRUGGISTS,

Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Toilet Articles, Toilet Soaps, Sponges, Brushes, Combs, Pipes, Cigars, Window Glass, Paints, Putty, Etc. A choice line of **WATCHES, CLOCKS and JEWELRY.**

Prescriptions Carefully Compounded. Always Open.  
**AT POST-OFFICE, SONORA, TEX.**

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  
**CUR TABLE IS THE BEST.**  
Livery Stable and Feed Yard in Connection.

**Lovelace & Duke,**

General Blacksmiths,  
Wheelwrights and Horse Shoers.

Give us a Trial. All work Guaranteed  
Shop at Wy it's old stand on Main street, Sonora, Texas.

**McCleary & Clark,**

Windmill Builder and Repairer,

Dealer in Piping and windmill fittings. Country orders promptly attended  
SONORA, TEXAS.

**S. C. TAYLOE,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
SONORA, TEXAS.

Will practice in all the State Courts.

**L. N. HALBERT,**  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.  
Sonora, Texas.

Will practice in the District and other courts of this and adjoining counties.

**J. M. BABB,**  
PRACTICAL WATCH-MAKER  
AND REPAIRER.  
SHOP WITH HAGERLUND BROS.

**Sonora & Junction City**  
Mail, Express and Passenger Line.  
Leaves Sonora Tuesdays and Fridays at 1 o'clock p. m.  
Single trip, \$4.50 round trip, \$8.00  
G. H. ALLEN, Proprietor.

**W. H. DODSON,**  
BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,  
REPAIRING A SPECIALTY,  
All work promptly attended to.  
Shop next to Decker's livery stable.

**W. C. NOLTE,**  
FINE MERCHANT TAILORING.  
Oakes St. San Angelo.  
CARRIES A STOCK OF FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC GOODS IN SEASON.  
FIT GUARANTEED. PRICE REASONABLE.



This is the very best Smoking Tobacco made.

**Blackwell's Genuine BULL DURHAM**

You will find one coupon inside each 2 ounce bag and two coupons inside each 4 ounce bag. Buy a bag, read the coupon and see how to get your share of \$25,000 in presents.

**CHAS. SCHREINER.**  
WOOL COMMISSION MERCHANT,  
BANKER AND DEALER IN  
GENERAL MERCHANDISE.  
Headquarters for Ranch Supplies.  
KERRVILLE, 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, Prop.,**  
KEEPS ON HAND OLD PHILADELPHIA CLUB WHISKEY  
AND THE FINEST WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.  
EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS. GIVE US A CALL.

**STAR SALOON**  
**FRED CERBER & CO.**  
Handle the Finest Brands of Whiskies, Wines and Cigars, both Foreign and Domestic. Also proprietors of the  
**SAN ANGELO BOTTLING WORKS.**  
OF SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.  
Manufacturers of and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in all goods in this line. Write for prices and list of goods handled.

**SONORA and SAN ANGELO**  
Mail, Express and Passenger Line,  
**A. J. SAVELL & SONS., PROPRIETORS.**

Single trip \$4. Round trip \$6.50.  
Tickets for sale at the Post Office Sonora, and at Harris' Drug Store, Angelo.  
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.

**GO TO THE SANTA ROSA BEER GARDEN,**  
**R. C. McMAHAN, Manager,**  
FOR A DRINK OF COLD BEER IN A COOL PLACE, WHERE  
A PLEASANT HOUR MAY BE SPENT.  
BEER, SODA, CIDER, LEMONADE, ETC., ALWAYS ON ICE.

**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 2 1897.

**A Wish for Your New Year.**

May its light  
Be the sunlight of God's love;  
Its night  
His sheltering wings above;  
Its storms  
Reveal the wonders of His grace;  
Its calms  
Reflect the beauty of His face;  
Its winds  
Breathe whispers of His care;  
Its showers  
Bring blessings rich and rare.  
May its cares  
Bind closer His heart;  
Its joys  
Be of heavenly joys a part.  
—Dallas News.

**Character Most Important.**

Parents are continually looking around for something for their boys to do. The improvement in machinery and methods of business and industrial life are changing so rapidly, and Philadelphia Press says first of all give him a character. We all know men of ability and education who for a time are successful but have not "character" to sustain them.

If a boy has character he will be able to meet changing circumstances with ease and facility. Character gives a man confidence in himself and wins him the confidence of others. These two resources will "bridge a man over almost any difficulty he may meet in life. There are thousands of parents to-day who are working and saving in order to give their boys capital on which to start them in life but who are entirely neglecting the building up of the same boy's characters. They might as well build a house without any foundation under it. The time given to money-making to give the boy a chance had much better be spent in inculcating sound principle. The money may be lost even in the safest business venture, but the character will endure. Give the boys a character and they can be confidently left to meet the changing industrial conditions. It is better than the best trade, better than an old business, better than a trusted fund of which only the interest can be reached. There need be no fear of the boy who is well grounded in principle, who can look out on life with a clear, strong vision and who in this way is prepared to meet and buffet the difficulties which every successful man must overcome.

This is the fundamental and vital requisite of all true education. Without it the acquirements of schools of learning or training are only fraught with vain conceits, morbid ambitions, hopeless failures, possibly moral wreck and criminal catastrophe. Character is something that will last; something that is inherently prophetic of invincibility and ceaseless integrity; something that is invaluable to the keenest shafts of adversity; something that can defy all sinister powers of chance and change, and can even grasp the iron hand of fate itself as a comrade and friend, not of cruel master.

**The Texans Finished.**

New York, December, 28—A special from Key West, Fla., says: The Lone Star company of the patriot army of West Cuba, consisting of fifteen Texas sharpshooters, perished to a man after heroically battling more than five hours against vastly superior Spanish forces in Pinar del Rio province, killing double their own number and wounding probably a many more. Havana officials are jubilant.

Passengers arriving here, say of the news of the victory: A Cuban band was observed near Pinar del Rio Thursday morning, and General Melquios sent two squadrons of cavalry to attack it. After a running fight the band which proved to be composed of fifteen Texans, was chased into "bottle," a bit of hummock having only one opening. The Texans, seeing they were in a hole retreated to the other end and fortified themselves hastily behind some big boulders. The Spanish troops dismounted and surrounded them, pouring in a fire from all sides. The brave Texans replied and kept up the fight for more than five hours. By that time six

of the fifteen had been killed and four wounded while twenty-five Spanish had bitten the dust and ten or more were wounded.

A flag of truce was sent in by the Spanish and the Texans were called on to surrender, but the Americans refused with one accord to lay down their arms, shouting: "We remember Maceo!"

This infuriated the Spaniards and they fought with renewed fierceness. Twice they charged, but the rapid firing of the brave little band drove them back.

By getting on a high ridge behind the Texans' position the Spaniards were enabled to pour in a fire that killed all but two of those left. These two gallantly continued to fight and held off the enemy an hour longer. Then overcame by loss of blood, resulting from a dozen wounds, they were cut to pieces by the Spaniards, who finally dashed up as the Texans fell, exhausted, feebly crying: "Viva Cuba Libre."

**Four Arrests Made.**

The Wells-Fargo Express company officials in Houston last night received word from Comstock that the State Rangers, under command of Captain Hughes, had captured the four men who are supposed to have held up a Southern Pacific train a mile and a half west of the station a week ago last night. The leader of the gang is said to reside in Del Rio. The others are ranchmen living in that section, and were taken in by the rangers Saturday afternoon twenty miles north of the scene of the robbery. The leader was arrested in Del Rio yesterday.

The robbery was committed on train No. 20 between 11 a. m. and 12 o'clock last Saturday night, and only amounted to a loss of \$70 in express packages. The rangers made a search that night but returned the next day without finding a clew and the following morning left Comstock with the intention of returning in three hours if a trail was not found. They failed to show up until yesterday when they had three of the gang in charge. The news of their arrest was kept quiet until the fourth was also taken in tow. When the scouting party left Comstock they encountered a ranchman near by who gave the information that a man had asked his son to join them in the job, saying that train robbery was his business and upon this arrests were made. Two of the men have been identified as the parties who boarded the train at Comstock the night of the hold-up ostensibly to purchase fruit and stopped the train at the point where the robbery occurred. No stolen goods were recovered, but the authorities give the information that they have the right parties.

Their examining trial takes place at Del Rio next Wednesday. Route Agent Out of the Well-Fargo Express company leaves to night for that point and Assistant Superintendent Taft will follow Tuesday evening.

W. J. Bryan will probably deliver five speeches under his contract with the syndicate but that may be all.

If the Hon. Mark Hanna's hand could be used as effectively to stop the talk of the war senators as it was supposed to do in McKinley's campaign the commercial prosperity of the United States might be looked for.

**England's High Place in Modern Art.**

Whatever may be the shortcomings of the British school of painting, it can scarcely be denied that the roll of its artists contains many names distinguished not only among the artists of their own country, but among the artists of the world. To take only three of the greatest—Hogarth, the satirical reflector of society; Reynolds, the portrait painter; Turner, the master of landscape—in what other modern schools shall we find their parallels? It would be rash to prophesy that the name of Millais will rank in the estimation of posterity as the peer of these his great precursors, but it may at least be said that he is as thoroughly national and original as any of them and that in simplicity, sincerity and power he will hold his own with the best—Cosmo Monkhouse in Scribner's.

**Incognitos.**

"Who is that man who calls on you so frequently?" asked the impatient friend.

"He's an inventor."

"Indeed! What has he invented?"

"Oh, over so many things."

"Any of them practical?"

"Yes," was the answer with some hesitation, "he has had a good deal of success in inventing reasons why I should lend him anything from 50 cents to \$5."—Washington Star.

**THE TEXANS FINISHED.**

New York, December, 28—A special from Key West, Fla., says: The Lone Star company of the patriot army of West Cuba, consisting of fifteen Texas sharpshooters, perished to a man after heroically battling more than five hours against vastly superior Spanish forces in Pinar del Rio province, killing double their own number and wounding probably a many more. Havana officials are jubilant.

Passengers arriving here, say of the news of the victory: A Cuban band was observed near Pinar del Rio Thursday morning, and General Melquios sent two squadrons of cavalry to attack it. After a running fight the band which proved to be composed of fifteen Texans, was chased into "bottle," a bit of hummock having only one opening. The Texans, seeing they were in a hole retreated to the other end and fortified themselves hastily behind some big boulders. The Spanish troops dismounted and surrounded them, pouring in a fire from all sides. The brave Texans replied and kept up the fight for more than five hours. By that time six

of the fifteen had been killed and four wounded while twenty-five Spanish had bitten the dust and ten or more were wounded.

A flag of truce was sent in by the Spanish and the Texans were called on to surrender, but the Americans refused with one accord to lay down their arms, shouting: "We remember Maceo!"

This infuriated the Spaniards and they fought with renewed fierceness. Twice they charged, but the rapid firing of the brave little band drove them back.

By getting on a high ridge behind the Texans' position the Spaniards were enabled to pour in a fire that killed all but two of those left. These two gallantly continued to fight and held off the enemy an hour longer. Then overcame by loss of blood, resulting from a dozen wounds, they were cut to pieces by the Spaniards, who finally dashed up as the Texans fell, exhausted, feebly crying: "Viva Cuba Libre."

**HER TEN WORD MESSAGE.**

An Instance Where an Attempt to Schematize Was False Economy.

Mr. Blodgett twirled the slip of yellow paper thoughtfully around between his thumb and forefinger, and when he looked up Mrs. Blodgett saw that he was about to communicate something of considerable importance.

"Caroline," he said, "it isn't often that I find fault with you because of your expenditures. I like to see you dress well and keep the house up in good style, and I never begrudge you the necessary funds. Now, do I?"

And Mrs. Blodgett admitted he never did.

"But there's one thing I do kick about," went on Mr. Blodgett, and that is the literal throwing away of money. Listen to this last telegram you sent me and tell me what you think of it, viewing it in the light of common sense:

"DEAR ROBERT—Come directly up to the house from the depot. I have invited some friends for 7 o'clock dinner. Joey had a tooth extracted yesterday. Your loving wife, CAROLINE."

"Of course I was glad to see our friends at dinner, and it was all right about Joey's tooth, but I should have appreciated it just as much if you hadn't wasted so much money in telling me about it. I don't mind the money so much, but I do hate to give it to the telegraphic company. Hereafter, Caroline, when you find it necessary to send a telegram, limit your message to ten words. It's a very easy matter to express yourself with that number of words if you only think so."

Then Mr. Blodgett went to St. Louis on business. He had been there three days and had pushed his schemes so energetically that a meeting with several gentlemen at the Planters' hotel on the evening of the fourth day would, in all probability, bring the deal to a successful issue. Several hours before the time of his appointment he received a telegram from Mrs. Blodgett. It read: "Fire Sam frightened Joey badly hurt no one escaped uninjured."

Mr. Blodgett pored over the unpunctuated message for several minutes. It was a decided puzzle. At last his anxious mind evolved this out of the chaos:

"Fire. Sam frightened. Joey badly hurt. No one escaped uninjured."

Then his fatherly heart was troubled at the thought of his little boy lying at death's door and the wife of his manhood passing into eternity without his being there. He hastily scribbled notes of explanation to his business associates and took the first train for Chicago.

His pulse throbbed wildly and tears coursed down his cheeks as he neared his home, and when he saw that the house, at least externally, was not damaged, a prayer of thanksgiving ascended on high and he hoped things were not quite so bad as represented. He let himself in and hurried up stairs. His wife was in her room. He clasped her in his arms and wept aloud.

"Thank heaven you are not badly hurt!" he cried. "Where are the children?"

"Out in the yard playing," she said. "Why, what on earth ails you?"

"Out playing so soon?" he said. "What did you mean by this?" At last he gave her the telegram.

"Why, just what it says," she replied. "Fire. Sam frightened Joey badly. Hurt no one. Escaped uninjured. If I hadn't wished to confine myself to ten words I should have said that the fire was around the corner, that Sam frightened Joey with a new false face, and that all escaped uninjured, but I had to leave out words. I thought you'd understand it all right."—Chicago Tribune.

**THE WILD HORSE.**

About the Only Genuine Specimens Are Remaining Through Western China.

The horse has become so thoroughly domesticated in all parts of the world that really wild representatives of the species are extremely rare. There still exist in parts of Hungary partially wild horses, but these when captured young may be broken in and put to harness with as much readiness as horses reared on a farmstead. It is, however, far different with the wild horses of the Tartars, which are untamable and will not live in captivity.

During his journey through western China G. E. Grum Grizmallo met with wild horse in the Dzangarian desert, and after much trouble succeeded in securing two specimens, though neither of them were taken alive. The herds are extremely cautious, and it was only by the utmost patience and cunning that the explorers were able to conceal themselves near enough to a small salt lake where the horses came to drink to shoot a couple of them. The wild horse has something in common with the Altai, Caucasian and Finnish ponies. It is of short stature—1.46 meters high—has a broad chest and back, a short massive neck and fine legs, as elegant as those of a race horse, with broad hoofs.

The head is rather heavy in comparison to the body, but the wide forehead is handsome, the line from the forehead to the nose straight, and the upper lip covers the lower one. The upper part of the tail has the color of the body, but black at the point, and, like that of the wild ass, is not entirely covered with hair. The mane begins in front of the ears, the longest hairs being in its middle part. It is black in color and hangs over to the left. In the scantiness of hair about the body the wild horse rather resembles the Tokke Turcoman horse, but the killed specimens had a strange looking pair of whiskers, about four centimeters long, running from the ears to the chin. Its color is sandy in summer and light brown in winter, with nearly white parts on the abdomen. The forehead and cheeks are rather darker than the rest of the body, while the end of the snout is whitish. The legs are black, the spinal mark hardly exists and entirely disappears in winter.

In its manners and mode of life the wild horse differs from the wild asses—the Oghizetis and the Kulans. They stay in preference in the desert, while the asses prefer the mountains. The wild horses march in Indian file when they scent danger and leave in the desert their track in the shape of well defined paths as they march from the abodes amid the desert hillocks to their drinking places.

They neigh exactly alike and have the characteristic growling of our horses. The Mongols sometimes succeed in catching young foals alive, but so far they have never been able to tame them, nor do the foals live for any length of time when kept in captivity. They are very fleet of foot, and a herd when started rushes away with the velocity of race horses.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**THE PLIMSOLL MARK.**

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

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

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

Twenty-five years ago it was no uncommon thing for ships to go out to sea laden with valuable cargo and hopeful human beings never to be seen or heard of again. People on shore, even the owners of the cargoes and relatives of the passengers, would take it as something they must be prepared to expect on account of the dangers of the ocean. Finally one man determined to make a study of the subject and see if such terrible tragedies were really unavoidable. He was an indefatigable Englishman named Plimsoll, and a member of parliament. He spent day after day along the docks watching ships loading and unloading, coming in and going out. He talked with shipowners, captains and sailors. He saw ships sent to sea with leaky bottoms, rotten spars and without rigging, with rusty boilers and rattling engines. He saw them loaded until even in the still waters of the harbor their upper decks were down to the water's edge, and this overloading seemed to be the worst and most frequent fault.

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

At last he got a vague sort of an act passed, giving the board of trade power to survey ships going to sea and to stop those which seemed to be unseaworthy. This was in 1873, and during the first nine months of the act 256 vessels were surveyed and 256 of them found unseaworthy. At least one in every ten was found to be so dangerously overloaded as to be in almost a sinking condition before leaving the dock. Of course this opened the eyes of the board of trade and of parliament, and Plimsoll's mark became an established feature on British seagoing ships, but its establishment was fought against by shipowners inch by inch. It was nicknamed the "pancake" and ridiculed and treated with contempt in every way. Some shipowners put the mark on their smokestacks in defiance and derision. Plimsoll held to his idea, however, even getting himself suspended from the house of commons one day for being too blunt and violent in his plain talk upon the subject. The result was the merchant shipping act of 1876, making the Plimsoll mark compulsory on all British seagoing vessels and requiring its position to be fixed, not by the shipowners, but by the board of trade.—Lieutenant John M. Elliott, U. S. N., in St. Nicholas.

**THE WILD HORSE.**

About the Only Genuine Specimens Are Remaining Through Western China.

The horse has become so thoroughly domesticated in all parts of the world that really wild representatives of the species are extremely rare. There still exist in parts of Hungary partially wild horses, but these when captured young may be broken in and put to harness with as much readiness as horses reared on a farmstead. It is, however, far different with the wild horses of the Tartars, which are untamable and will not live in captivity.

During his journey through western China G. E. Grum Grizmallo met with wild horse in the Dzangarian desert, and after much trouble succeeded in securing two specimens, though neither of them were taken alive. The herds are extremely cautious, and it was only by the utmost patience and cunning that the explorers were able to conceal themselves near enough to a small salt lake where the horses came to drink to shoot a couple of them. The wild horse has something in common with the Altai, Caucasian and Finnish ponies. It is of short stature—1.46 meters high—has a broad chest and back, a short massive neck and fine legs, as elegant as those of a race horse, with broad hoofs.

The head is rather heavy in comparison to the body, but the wide forehead is handsome, the line from the forehead to the nose straight, and the upper lip covers the lower one. The upper part of the tail has the color of the body, but black at the point, and, like that of the wild ass, is not entirely covered with hair. The mane begins in front of the ears, the longest hairs being in its middle part. It is black in color and hangs over to the left. In the scantiness of hair about the body the wild horse rather resembles the Tokke Turcoman horse, but the killed specimens had a strange looking pair of whiskers, about four centimeters long, running from the ears to the chin. Its color is sandy in summer and light brown in winter, with nearly white parts on the abdomen. The forehead and cheeks are rather darker than the rest of the body, while the end of the snout is whitish. The legs are black, the spinal mark hardly exists and entirely disappears in winter.

In its manners and mode of life the wild horse differs from the wild asses—the Oghizetis and the Kulans. They stay in preference in the desert, while the asses prefer the mountains. The wild horses march in Indian file when they scent danger and leave in the desert their track in the shape of well defined paths as they march from the abodes amid the desert hillocks to their drinking places.

They neigh exactly alike and have the characteristic growling of our horses. The Mongols sometimes succeed in catching young foals alive, but so far they have never been able to tame them, nor do the foals live for any length of time when kept in captivity. They are very fleet of foot, and a herd when started rushes away with the velocity of race horses.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**THE PLIMSOLL MARK.**

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

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

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

Twenty-five years ago it was no uncommon thing for ships to go out to sea laden with valuable cargo and hopeful human beings never to be seen or heard of again. People on shore, even the owners of the cargoes and relatives of the passengers, would take it as something they must be prepared to expect on account of the dangers of the ocean. Finally one man determined to make a study of the subject and see if such terrible tragedies were really unavoidable. He was an indefatigable Englishman named Plimsoll, and a member of parliament. He spent day after day along the docks watching ships loading and unloading, coming in and going out. He talked with shipowners, captains and sailors. He saw ships sent to sea with leaky bottoms, rotten spars and without rigging, with rusty boilers and rattling engines. He saw them loaded until even in the still waters of the harbor their upper decks were down to the water's edge, and this overloading seemed to be the worst and most frequent fault.

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

At last he got a vague sort of an act passed, giving the board of trade power to survey ships going to sea and to stop those which seemed to be unseaworthy. This was in 1873, and during the first nine months of the act 256 vessels were surveyed and 256 of them found unseaworthy. At least one in every ten was found to be so dangerously overloaded as to be in almost a sinking condition before leaving the dock. Of course this opened the eyes of the board of trade and of parliament, and Plimsoll's mark became an established feature on British seagoing ships, but its establishment was fought against by shipowners inch by inch. It was nicknamed the "pancake" and ridiculed and treated with contempt in every way. Some shipowners put the mark on their smokestacks in defiance and derision. Plimsoll held to his idea, however, even getting himself suspended from the house of commons one day for being too blunt and violent in his plain talk upon the subject. The result was the merchant shipping act of 1876, making the Plimsoll mark compulsory on all British seagoing vessels and requiring its position to be fixed, not by the shipowners, but by the board of trade.—Lieutenant John M. Elliott, U. S. N., in St. Nicholas.

**HER TEN WORD MESSAGE.**

An Instance Where an Attempt to Schematize Was False Economy.

Mr. Blodgett twirled the slip of yellow paper thoughtfully around between his thumb and forefinger, and when he looked up Mrs. Blodgett saw that he was about to communicate something of considerable importance.

"Caroline," he said, "it isn't often that I find fault with you because of your expenditures. I like to see you dress well and keep the house up in good style, and I never begrudge you the necessary funds. Now, do I?"

And Mrs. Blodgett admitted he never did.

"But there's one thing I do kick about," went on Mr. Blodgett, and that is the literal throwing away of money. Listen to this last telegram you sent me and tell me what you think of it, viewing it in the light of common sense:

"DEAR ROBERT—Come directly up to the house from the depot. I have invited some friends for 7 o'clock dinner. Joey had a tooth extracted yesterday. Your loving wife, CAROLINE."

"Of course I was glad to see our friends at dinner, and it was all right about Joey's tooth, but I should have appreciated it just as much if you hadn't wasted so much money in telling me about it. I don't mind the money so much, but I do hate to give it to the telegraphic company. Hereafter, Caroline, when you find it necessary to send a telegram, limit your message to ten words. It's a very easy matter to express yourself with that number of words if you only think so."

Then Mr. Blodgett went to St. Louis on business. He had been there three days and had pushed his schemes so energetically that a meeting with several gentlemen at the Planters' hotel on the evening of the fourth day would, in all probability, bring the deal to a successful issue. Several hours before the time of his appointment he received a telegram from Mrs. Blodgett. It read: "Fire Sam frightened Joey badly hurt no one escaped uninjured."

Mr. Blodgett pored over the unpunctuated message for several minutes. It was a decided puzzle. At last his anxious mind evolved this out of the chaos:

"Fire. Sam frightened. Joey badly hurt. No one escaped uninjured."

Then his fatherly heart was troubled at the thought of his little boy lying at death's door and the wife of his manhood passing into eternity without his being there. He hastily scribbled notes of explanation to his business associates and took the first train for Chicago.

His pulse throbbed wildly and tears coursed down his cheeks as he neared his home, and when he saw that the house, at least externally, was not damaged, a prayer of thanksgiving ascended on high and he hoped things were not quite so bad as represented. He let himself in and hurried up stairs. His wife was in her room. He clasped her in his arms and wept aloud.

"Thank heaven you are not badly hurt!" he cried. "Where are the children?"

"Out in the yard playing," she said. "Why, what on earth ails you?"

"Out playing so soon?" he said. "What did you mean by this?" At last he gave her the telegram.

"Why, just what it says," she replied. "Fire. Sam frightened Joey badly. Hurt no one. Escaped uninjured. If I hadn't wished to confine myself to ten words I should have said that the fire was around the corner, that Sam frightened Joey with a new false face, and that all escaped uninjured, but I had to leave out words. I thought you'd understand it all right."—Chicago Tribune.

**THE WILD HORSE.**

About the Only Genuine Specimens Are Remaining Through Western China.

The horse has become so thoroughly domesticated in all parts of the world that really wild representatives of the species are extremely rare. There still exist in parts of Hungary partially wild horses, but these when captured young may be broken in and put to harness with as much readiness as horses reared on a farmstead. It is, however, far different with the wild horses of the Tartars, which are untamable and will not live in captivity.

During his journey through western China G. E. Grum Grizmallo met with wild horse in the Dzangarian desert, and after much trouble succeeded in securing two specimens, though neither of them were taken alive. The herds are extremely cautious, and it was only by the utmost patience and cunning that the explorers were able to conceal themselves near enough to a small salt lake where the horses came to drink to shoot a couple of them. The wild horse has something in common with the Altai, Caucasian and Finnish ponies. It is of short stature—1.46 meters high—has a broad chest and back, a short massive neck and fine legs, as elegant as those of a race horse, with broad hoofs.

The head is rather heavy in comparison to the body, but the wide forehead is handsome, the line from the forehead to the nose straight, and the upper lip covers the lower one. The upper part of the tail has the color of the body, but black at the point, and, like that of the wild ass, is not entirely covered with hair. The mane begins in front of the ears, the longest hairs being in its middle part. It is black in color and hangs over to the left. In the scantiness of hair about the body the wild horse rather resembles the Tokke Turcoman horse, but the killed specimens had a strange looking pair of whiskers, about four centimeters long, running from the ears to the chin. Its color is sandy in summer and light brown in winter, with nearly white parts on the abdomen. The forehead and cheeks are rather darker than the rest of the body, while the end of the snout is whitish. The legs are black, the spinal mark hardly exists and entirely disappears in winter.

In its manners and mode of life the wild horse differs from the wild asses—the Oghizetis and the Kulans. They stay in preference in the desert, while the asses prefer the mountains. The wild horses march in Indian file when they scent danger and leave in the desert their track in the shape of well defined paths as they march from the abodes amid the desert hillocks to their drinking places.

They neigh exactly alike and have the characteristic growling of our horses. The Mongols sometimes succeed in catching young foals alive, but so far they have never been able to tame them, nor do the foals live for any length of time when kept in captivity. They are very fleet of foot, and a herd when started rushes away with the velocity of race horses.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**THE PLIMSOLL MARK.**

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

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

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

Twenty-five years ago it was no uncommon thing for ships to go out to sea laden with valuable cargo and hopeful human beings never to be seen or heard of again. People on shore, even the owners of the cargoes and relatives of the passengers, would take it as something they must be prepared to expect on account of the dangers of the ocean. Finally one man determined to make a study of the subject and see if such terrible tragedies were really unavoidable. He was an indefatigable Englishman named Plimsoll, and a member of parliament. He spent day after day along the docks watching ships loading and unloading, coming in and going out. He talked with shipowners, captains and sailors. He saw ships sent to sea with leaky bottoms, rotten spars and without rigging, with rusty boilers and rattling engines. He saw them loaded until even in the still waters of the harbor their upper decks were down to the water's edge, and this overloading seemed to be the worst and most frequent fault.

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

At last he got a vague sort of an act passed, giving the board of trade power to survey ships going to sea and to stop those which seemed to be unseaworthy. This was in 1873, and during the first nine months of the act 256 vessels were surveyed and 256 of them found unseaworthy. At least one in every ten was found to be so dangerously overloaded as to be in almost a sinking condition before leaving the dock. Of course this opened the eyes of the board of trade and of parliament, and Plimsoll's mark became an established feature on British seagoing ships, but its establishment was fought against by shipowners inch by inch. It was nicknamed the "pancake" and ridiculed and treated with contempt in every way. Some shipowners put the mark on their smokestacks in defiance and derision. Plimsoll held to his idea, however, even getting himself suspended from the house of commons one day for being too blunt and violent in his plain talk upon the subject. The result was the merchant shipping act of 1876, making the Plimsoll mark compulsory on all British seagoing vessels and requiring its position to be fixed, not by the shipowners, but by the board of trade.—Lieutenant John M. Elliott, U. S. N., in St. Nicholas.

**HER TEN WORD MESSAGE.**

An Instance Where an Attempt to Schematize Was False Economy.

Mr. Blodgett twirled the slip of yellow paper thoughtfully around between his thumb and forefinger, and when he looked up Mrs. Blodgett saw that he was about to communicate something of considerable importance.

"Caroline," he said, "it isn't often that I find fault with you because of your expenditures. I like to see you dress well and keep the house up in good style, and I never begrudge you the necessary funds. Now, do I?"

And Mrs. Blodgett admitted he never did.

"But there's one thing I do kick about," went on Mr. Blodgett, and that is the literal throwing away of money. Listen to this last telegram you sent me and tell me what you think of it, viewing it in the light of common sense:

"DEAR ROBERT—Come directly up to the house from the depot. I have invited some friends for 7 o'clock dinner. Joey had a tooth extracted yesterday. Your loving wife, CAROLINE."

"Of course I was glad to see our friends at dinner, and it was all right about Joey's tooth, but I should have appreciated it just as much if you hadn't wasted so much money in telling me about it. I don't mind the money so much, but I do hate to give it to the telegraphic company. Hereafter, Caroline, when you find it necessary to send a telegram, limit your message to ten words. It's a very easy matter to express yourself with that number of words if you only think so."

Then Mr. Blodgett went to St. Louis on business. He had been there three days and had pushed his schemes so energetically that a meeting with several gentlemen at the Planters' hotel on the evening of the fourth day would, in all probability, bring the deal to a successful issue. Several hours before the time of his appointment he received a telegram from Mrs. Blodgett. It read: "Fire Sam frightened Joey badly hurt no one escaped uninjured."

Mr. Blodgett pored over the unpunctuated message for several minutes. It was a decided puzzle. At last his anxious mind evolved this out of the chaos:

"Fire. Sam frightened. Joey badly hurt. No one escaped uninjured."

Then his fatherly heart was troubled at the thought of his little boy lying at death's door and the wife of his manhood passing into eternity without his being there. He hastily scribbled notes of explanation to his business associates and took the first train for Chicago.

His pulse throbbed wildly and tears coursed down his cheeks as he neared his home, and when he saw that the house, at least externally, was not damaged, a prayer of thanksgiving ascended on high and he hoped things were not quite so bad as represented. He let himself in and hurried up stairs. His wife was in her room. He clasped her in his arms and wept aloud.

"Thank heaven you are not badly hurt!" he cried. "Where are the children?"

"Out in the yard playing," she said. "Why, what on earth ails you?"

"Out playing so soon?" he said. "What did you mean by this?" At last he gave her the telegram.

"Why, just what it says," she replied. "Fire. Sam frightened Joey badly. Hurt no one. Escaped uninjured. If I hadn't wished to confine myself to ten words I should have said that the fire was around the corner, that Sam frightened Joey with a new false face, and that all escaped uninjured, but I had to leave out words. I thought you'd understand it all right."—Chicago Tribune.

**THE WILD HORSE.**

About the Only Genuine Specimens Are Remaining Through Western China.

The horse has become so thoroughly domesticated in all parts of the world that really wild representatives of the species are extremely rare. There still exist in parts of Hungary partially wild horses, but these when captured young may be broken in and put to harness with as much readiness as horses reared on a farmstead. It is, however, far different with the wild horses of the Tartars, which are untamable and will not live in captivity.

During his journey through western China G. E. Grum Grizmallo met with wild horse in the Dzangarian desert, and after much trouble succeeded in securing two specimens, though neither of them were taken alive. The herds are extremely cautious, and it was only by the utmost patience and cunning that the explorers were able to conceal themselves near enough to a small salt lake where the horses came to drink to shoot a couple of them. The wild horse has something in common with the Altai, Caucasian and Finnish ponies. It is of short stature—1.46 meters high—has a broad chest and back, a short massive neck and fine legs, as elegant as those of a race horse, with broad hoofs.

The head is rather heavy in comparison to the body, but the wide forehead is handsome, the line from the forehead to the nose straight, and the upper lip covers the lower one. The upper part of the tail has the color of the body, but black at the point, and, like that of the wild ass, is not entirely covered with hair. The mane begins in front of the ears, the longest hairs being in its middle part. It is black in color and hangs over to the left. In the scantiness of hair about the body the wild horse rather resembles the Tokke Turcoman horse, but the killed specimens had a strange looking pair of whiskers, about four centimeters long, running from the ears to the chin. Its color is sandy in summer and light brown in winter, with nearly white parts on the abdomen. The forehead and cheeks are rather darker than the rest of the body, while the end of the snout is whitish. The legs are black, the spinal mark hardly exists and entirely disappears in winter.

In its manners and mode of life the wild horse differs from the wild asses—the Oghizetis and the Kulans. They stay in preference in the desert, while the asses prefer the mountains. The wild horses march in Indian file when they scent danger and leave in the desert their track in the shape of well defined paths as they march from the abodes amid the desert hillocks to their drinking places.

They neigh exactly alike and have the characteristic growling of our horses. The Mongols sometimes succeed in catching young foals alive, but so far they have never been able to tame them, nor do the foals live for any length of time when kept in captivity. They are very fleet of foot, and a herd when started rushes away with the velocity of race horses.—Pittsburg Dispatch.

**THE PLIMSOLL MARK.**

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

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

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

Twenty-five years ago it was no uncommon thing for ships to go out to sea laden with valuable cargo and hopeful human beings never to be seen or heard of again. People on shore, even the owners of the cargoes and relatives of the passengers, would take it as something they must be prepared to expect on account of the dangers of the ocean. Finally one man determined to make a study of the subject and see if such terrible tragedies were really unavoidable. He was an indefatigable Englishman named Plimsoll, and a member of parliament. He spent day after day along the docks watching ships loading and unloading, coming in and going out. He talked with shipowners, captains and sailors. He saw ships sent to sea with leaky bottoms, rotten spars and without rigging, with rusty boilers and rattling engines. He saw them loaded until even in the still waters of the harbor their upper decks were down to the water's edge, and this overloading seemed to be the worst and most frequent fault.

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

At last he got a vague sort of an act passed, giving the board of trade power to survey ships going to sea and to stop those which seemed to be unseaworthy. This was in 1873, and during the first nine months of the act 256 vessels were surveyed and 256 of them found unseaworthy. At least one in every ten was found to be so dangerously overloaded as to be in almost a sinking condition before leaving the dock. Of course this opened the eyes of the board of trade and of parliament, and Plimsoll's mark became an established feature on British seagoing ships, but its establishment was fought against by shipowners inch by inch. It was nicknamed the "pancake" and ridiculed and treated with contempt in every way. Some shipowners put the mark on their smokestacks in defiance and derision. Plimsoll held to his idea, however, even getting himself suspended from the house of commons one day for being too blunt and violent in his plain talk upon the subject. The result was the merchant shipping act of 1876, making the Plimsoll mark compulsory on all British seagoing vessels and requiring its position to be fixed, not by the shipowners, but by the board of trade.—Lieutenant John M. Elliott, U. S. N., in St. Nicholas.

**HER TEN WORD MESSAGE.**

An Instance Where an Attempt to Schematize Was False Economy.

Mr. Blodgett twirled the slip of yellow paper thoughtfully around between his thumb and forefinger, and when he looked up Mrs. Blodgett saw that he was about to communicate something of considerable importance.

"Caroline," he said, "it isn't often that I find fault with you because of your expenditures. I like to see you dress well and keep the house up in good style, and I never begrudge you the necessary funds. Now, do I?"

And Mrs. Blodgett admitted he never did.

"But there's one thing I do kick about," went on Mr. Blodgett, and that is the literal throwing away of money. Listen to this last telegram you sent me and tell me what you think of it, viewing it in the light of common sense:

"

# MAYER BROS. & CO.

WE ARE DETERMINED TO REDUCE OUR IMMENSE STOCK OF

Mens and Childrens Clothing, Overcoats, Ladies Capes, Jackets and Knit Goods,  
ALSO OUR ENTIRE LINE OF DRESS GOODS.

WE THEREFORE ANNOUNCE THAT WE WILL ALLOW

## A Grand Discount of 25 per cent.

ON THE ENTIRE LINES ABOVE MENTIONED.

### ONE-FOURTH OF THE REGULAR PRICE SAVED.

Our Entire Line of Ladies and Misses Trimmed and Untrimmed Hats at One-Half of the Regular Price.

WE DON'T WANT TO CARRY A SINGLE ONE OVER.

THIS IS THE BUYERS OPPORTUNITY--A WISE ONE WILL TAKE ADVANTAGE OF THIS OFFER.

## MAYER BROTHERS & COMPANY.

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 on Poplar Street. All calls promptly answered.  
Sonora, Texas.

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

MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.  
SONORA, TEXAS. - January 2, 1897.

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

Buckwheat for cakes and the finest sugar house syrup to go with it, at Hagerlund Bros. & Co.

Turkey shooting interested Sonora's "crack" shots on Christmas morning.

Dr. and Mrs. H. G. Jones and son Leslie, spent Christmas with Mrs. Jones' parents at McKavett.

Disagreeable weather set in on Sunday and put a end to much contemplated outdoor amusement.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Large left for Del Rio Saturday where they will make their home for the winter.

Sonora's merchants are well pleased with their holiday trade. Sonora's business men are always up-to-date and consequently draw the trade.

In the foot race on Christmas day 75 yards, between Abe Mayer and Elgar Simmons, the judges gave the race to the former by one-half foot.

The dance at the court house Christmas night was attended by 300 people about 100 being children under sixteen years of age who should have been in bed. The majority of those present however thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

The skies of West Texas are said by people who have seen both, to equal in beauty those of sunny Italy. The beautiful double rainbow, the coloring of the center piece, and the gorgeousness of the sun set on Wednesday as witnessed in Sonora could not be equalled by Italy.

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

J. O. Logan a sheepman of Nolan county, was in the Sonora country this week looking for a ranch location. He owns 2500 sheep and is well pleased with the Stockman's Paradise.

Read our ad this week and take advantage of the bargains offered. Mayer Bros. & Co.

Thos. Moss of Edwards county, met with a painful but not serious accident on Sunday Dec. 20th. Driving in a wagon from his ranch to the Guest ranch in this county his team ran away turning over his wagon and bruising our old friend considerably. His son Geo was driving another team behind him and attended to his father as best he could.

Split Pigs Feet, Fancy Mackerel, Cod Fish, Sauer Kraut, etc., at Hagerlund Bros. & Co.

Married at the Wyatt Hotel on Sunday Dec. 27th 1896, E. L. Pride to Miss Sallie Barksdale, Justice W. A. Stewart officiating. The bride is the charming and accomplished daughter to Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Barksdale of this county and is very popular with a large circle of friends. The groom is a well-known young cattleman of steady and industrious habits. A dance was given in their honor at the court house Monday night and attended by numerous friends of both parties. The DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS wishes Mr. and Mrs. Pride much happiness.

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

Proctor, Texas, Dec. 24.—The drug store and stock of A. D. Tisdale valued at \$3000, were destroyed by fire this morning at 5 o'clock. Nothing was saved. Insurance, \$1500. The vacant storehouse of C. H. Taylor, near by, was also burned. No insurance. Doctor Earlgie, who had an office in the rear of Taylor's store saved most of his books and instruments.

Ladies don't miss the chance of getting one of our handsomely trimmed hats at half price. Mayer Bros. & Co.

The Christmas tree at the church on Christmas eve was largely attended. The tree was tastefully decorated with numerous and costly presents and those who assisted Col Halbert in the arrangement and decorations and those who assisted Santa Claus T. D. Fowell and Santa Claus Jr., Oscar Drennan, in the distribution of the presents deserve to be congratulated.

Glazed Citron, Lemon Peel, Orange Peel, Currants, Seedless Raisins, Layer Raisins, at Hagerlund Bros. & Co.

Ben Cusenbary got a Christmas gift alright.

Several interesting pony races were held at the tracks during the week.

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

Hanie Barksdale's sorrel pony was matched against Joe Beale's brown filly 250 yards on Xmas day. The sorrel winning easily.

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

The entertainment the ladies of the Baptist church intended giving on Wednesday night was postponed on account of the weather, until further notice.

The whole story of the wonderful cures of Hood's Sarsaparilla is soon told. It makes the blood rich, pure and nourishing. It cures scrofula, catarrh, rheumatism.

Hood's pills act harmoniously with Hood's Sarsaparilla. Cure all liver ills. 25c.

Married in Santa Rosa de Sonora on Wednesday Dec. 23rd, 1896, Simon Fernandez to Miss Maria Uriaz, W. A. Stewart, J.P., officiating.

Rev. J. A. Baker of Mason, presiding elder of this district of the Methodist church, was in Sonora this week. The Presiding Elder expects to make his home in Menardville for the coming year.

H. H. Sheard the Schleicher county sheepman who was injured a few weeks ago by his team running away, was in Sonora this week. He is not disfigured and is doing splendidly.

The celebration of the first marriage in Sutton county of colored people, was witnessed by a large crowd at the court house Wednesday Dec. 30th, when Owen Baker and Miss Cheney Surver were made husband and wife by Justice W. A. Stewart.

Notices were posted up on Wednesday that the girls of Sonora would give a leap year ball on New Years eve, but the leap year part failed to materialize and the girls lost their last opportunity. The dance was of the ordinary kind and those present enjoyed dancing the New Year in.

The Methodists of Sonora held a watch meeting at the church Thursday night. The meeting was very successful and was conducted by Presiding Elder Baker and Resident preacher Gibbens. Singing, exhortations and resolutions for the New Year occupied the congregation during the evening after which cake and coffee was served. There was a large attendance.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. D. B. Cusenbary on Dec. 25th a boy.

Don't forget that this is the year 1897.

B. F. McDonald the Val Verde county sheepman was in Sonora this week.

J. M. McDonald of Kerrville is in Sonora for the purpose of teaching a writing school.

J. L. Ford of Patterson, Ill., was in Sonora this week looking for muttons.

The dear people will now have an opportunity of writing the figure 7 for some time.

Will Whitehead the well-known Val Verde county stockman was in Sonora Friday.

New Years day in Sonora was clear and bright. My the lives of our readers be equally as clear and bright for the coming year.

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

Mr. and Mrs. S. D. James of Ozona were in Sonora Friday on their way to Menard county on a visit to relatives.

Go to SAM BUNKLES' Moss Rose saloon, under Hotel Sa Angelo, for fine Imported Brandies, Imported Claret, California Orange wine, fine liquors and cigars. 17-tf

W. T. Johnson a cattleman from the Pecos country was in Sonora this week and made bond for his nephew Joe Powell.

Mrs. Simpson of Greenville, mother to Mrs. J. W. Keene, arrived in Sonora Christmas eve to spend the holiday with her daughter.

Begin your married life by subscribing for the DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS and be happy. Read the advertisements and live with our advertisers and save money and be prosperous.

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

#### Photography!

I will be in Sonora on or about Jan. 1st, 1897, with my photograph gallery, prepared to do all kinds of work in my line. Please take notice, and call and see me. My outfit is new, and of the latest improvements, and will take pleasure in showing customers the working qualities of my camera, any time—except Sunday.  
Respectfully,  
NOAH ROSE.

#### Stock News.

##### I Will Trade for Sheep

My ranch 1 1/2 miles east of Sonora, and 75 head of good young cattle.

T. B. Birtrong,  
Sonora Texas.

Green Bros., of Edwards county sold to James Rose of Ballinger, 125 two year old steers at \$18 a head.

Geo. H. McDonald the merchant sold his brand of cattle, about 700 head to I. W. Ellis of Sonora this week at \$11.50 a head everything counted.

El Paso, Dec. 23. To-day Capt. Davis, collector of customs at this port, sold to Winfield Scott of Ft. Worth 10,000 head of cattle at \$10 and \$12 per head.

Claude Broome sold Thursday for Moore & Christian to J. C. Stribling 2000 yearling steers at \$13. These cattle are now in Cooke county.—San Angelo Enterprise.

From the San Angelo Standard:

W. H. Blanks of Sherwood, sold to W. R. Lovelace, of Midland, 1500 wethers and dry ewes at \$2 per head.

Pulliam & Piper sold to Dan Berry this week 267 head of stock cattle at \$11 per head.

Fayette Tankersley sold 500 steer calves to M. Z. Smisson for \$12 per head, June delivery.

W. G. Stiles, of Stiles, sold 500 cows and calves to J. C. Smith of Big Springs at \$23.

Louis Hinde and Walter Pittmann sold all their stock cattle, about \$10 head, to McKenzie Bros. of Big Lake, at \$10.50 per head, calves counted.

Pulliam & Piper sold 314 head of Stock cattle and 100 head of yearlings this week to Loftin & Taylor at \$12.50 around.

The Espuela Land and Cattle company of Dickens county 150 miles north of San Angelo, has sold all its steers that will be two year-olds in 1897 at \$20 a head, delivered at Amarillo in May. There will be about 4000 of them.—San Angelo Standard.

John M. Campbell bought last week the Hotchis herd of stock cattle about \$50, located in the northern part of this county. These cattle are well bred and the price paid was \$12.50 per head. They will be driven to Mr. Campbell's ranch in Val Verde county.—San Antonio Stockman.

The correct price that Knapp & Rappleye sold their steers a few weeks ago at is as follows: For yearlings \$15.50, twos \$19.50.—M. B. Pulliam sold this week 600 head of 4-year-old steers out of 1,300 head, the remnants of his steer herd in Hockley county, to Mr. Martindale, a Kansas feeder, at \$26.—San Angelo Standard.

#### Notice to Tax Payers.

State and county taxes for the year 1896 have been due since Sept 1st and were delinquent Jan. 1st 1897. In order to avoid costs you are requested to settle for same at once. A recent act of the Legislature makes it impossible for Tax Collectors to be as lenient as in former years. Settle at once and save costs.

J. P. McCONNELL,  
Tax Collector of Sutton County.

#### Train Robbers Captured.

Del Rio, Texas, Dec. 27th, 1896. Geo. O. Burrows, Esq.,  
San Angelo, Texas.

The rangers came in this morning with the train robbers and have them now safely in jail. The robbers turned out to be Rolly Shackelford, Frank Gobble, Bud Newman and Purviance, (Bill Jones, poker player.) They have got the "dead wood" on them all, Rolly having "squealed" on the whole shooting match. Rolly and Frank Gobble were the two men that boarded the engine and the other two held up the express car. All they got was a silver watch, some papers addressed to county clerk of Alpine and a few Xmas toys, dolls, tops, etc.

Frank Reagan came near getting killed last night. He is a deputy under Jones and in arresting Leny Griner, who was taking in the town, he had a hard time of it. He hit Griner over the head a few times with his gun when Griner got his gun away from him and took a shot at Frank but missed him, Frank being a little powder burned was the only damage done. Griner was pounded up in good shape and finally landed in jail. \* \* \*—San Angelo Standard.

Dick Graham the well-known cattleman who has charge of the Gardner cattle on the Llano, was in Sonora this week for supplies.

Norman G. Johnson of New York was in Sonora last week looking after some business interests in connection with the estate of the late Dr. J. B. Taylor.

Tom Birtrong will pay a liberal reward for the recovery of a red leather saddle, nearly new, lost near Huber's ranch on the Junction City road, on December 1st.

Emmet Rice a cattleman, well-known by the old timers of the Conchos, but for several years past a resident of New Mexico, is in the Sonora country prospecting with the view to returning. He is the guest of his old friend R. W. Murchison of Schleicher county. They were in Sonora this week.

If you have fat cattle for sale let the DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS know what kind and how many. Buyers are here every day wanting fat cattle.

Good cheer and a splendid Christmas dinner was partaken of by the following gentlemen and ladies at the hospitable ranch home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bond on Christmas day: The host and hostess Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bond, Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Green, Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Green, Mr. and Mrs. LeMinn, Mr. and Mrs. George Trainer, Mrs. Robert Duncan, Mrs. Trainer; Messrs. Malcom McNicol, E. E. Sawyer, W. H. Moon, Joe and Fred Trainer and Steve Murphy. The above named had a most enjoyable day as any one who has ever partaken of the hospitality of these people may well testify. At night the following young people from the surrounding country arrived and dancing, vocal and instrumental music and refreshments made the day come too soon: Misses Annie Ridgway, Hattie and Hollie Parkinson, Miss McGee and Eva Eppler, Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Winn, Messrs John Hunter, M. M. Parkinson, Butler Alexander, Joe, Asa, and Rufe Winn, and Bud Ridgway.

Ruff McCartney and Miss Maud Brooks were married at Eldorado, Schleicher county, on Dec. 22nd, 1896, Justice of the Peace C. C. West officiating. This was the first marriage ceremony performed in the capital of Schleicher county and the young couple are among the most popular of the community. The DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS extends congratulations.

John W. Reiley the well-known stockman was in Sonora from his ranch 25 miles east of Sonora this week. Mr. Reiley will have 1000 head of 3 and 4 year old wethers for market in the early spring.

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

#### 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.

