

# ADVERTISE IN THE DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

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

## HAGERLUND BROS. & CO.

WE HAVE

### MONEY TO LOAN

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For San Angelo or Kerrville,  
And Buyers for Your Cattle and Sheep,  
In Connection With Our Stock Of

### GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

WE ARE OVERSTOCKED ON

**MENS OVERCOATS,  
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LADIES WRAPS AND**

Will sell you cheaper than you are likely to get again. Remember this and call at

## HAGERLUND BROS. & CO.

GENERAL MERCHANTS, SONORA, TEXAS.

#### SPEECH FOR THE DEAF.

It is a Wonderful Achievement to Teach Them to Use Language.

The hearing child just learning to talk is quite unintelligible at first, but gradually the organs learn their lesson, and utterance grows distinct. But the ear is the guide and critic of these early attempts. The deaf child, however, hears no sound and sees only the slight movements of the lips and tongue and can never learn to speak by his own unaided observation and imitation of those motions. The teacher must furnish the correction and training that the ear ordinarily supplies. The teaching of speech to a deaf child who has never spoken is a wonderful achievement. He has no conception of sound and can never have, for the only sense by which he can be taught the existence of such a thing is that of touch, which simply gives him a knowledge of the motions that accompany sound, but are no more the sound itself than the vibrations that produce heat are the sensation we call warmth.

To train the deaf child's organs to take their proper positions for the utterance of words as unconsciously as those of a hearing person is a very slow process. The development of any set of reflex actions is a laborious task even where mistakes can be recognized and corrected by the learner himself. In this case, however, the learner cannot correct his own errors, but must rely upon the alert ear of his teacher to keep him from acquiring a wrong set of reflex actions and forming habits that it will be almost impossible to break up.

Side by side with articulation comes the task of teaching language. Imagine yourself in a country whose speech you did not know and whose inhabitants did not understand yours. Imagine, in addition, that you were suddenly deprived of your hearing. How well do you think you would succeed in learning the new language? Yet the congenitally deaf child is under even a greater disadvantage than this. He is not only in a foreign land, the language of which he does not understand; but, to begin with, he has no conception of what language is. He has no language of his own which can be used as a framework on which and by which to build the new. If he is more than 3 years old, he may have invented for himself a few natural, gestural signs to indicate isolated objects or the simple needs of his body, such as hungry, tired, thirsty, but these signs can no more be called a language than the different movements of a dog's tail and ears, which indicate his feelings or his wants, can be dignified by that name. He has no conception of a structurally connected means of expression.

Is it any wonder, then, if, after some years of instruction, the teacher occasionally finds a sentence like this, written by a boy in his journal after coming to school one cold March morning: "The wind is very blew, and I am a little shiver," or this substitution of act for implement, "The man copped the ground with his dig, and the dog hurrahed with his wag?" The irregularities and inconsistencies of English grammar and spelling make it much harder, of course, to teach the deaf, and no class of people would be more greatly benefited by a strictly phonetic spelling and an exceptionless grammar than they. That the deaf child is not frightened by these irregularities is shown by the reply of a bright little girl when asked to give the principal parts of some irregular verbs. Several were given correctly, and then she began on another: "Eat—ate"—she paused for a moment in thought, and then added, "swallowed."—John Dutton Wright in Century.

In addition to Halle Sachs, the shoemaker poet, and Tolstoi, the shoemaker novelist, there is now, according to The Woman at Home, a shoemaker prince, Albert Edward, prince of Wales, duke of Cornwall, duke of Rothesay, count of Chester, etc.—in short, the heir apparent to the throne of Great Britain. It appears, says the journal just named, that the queen of England and the prince consort desired that each of their children should learn from the beginning some useful trade. The Prince of Wales chose shoemaking and soon acquired such perfection in the art that his handiwork became the pride of his fellow cobblers, as it was the envy of gentlemen of fashion. The prince has never attempted to conceal his talent and does not fail even today to pass with a critical eye upon the shoes sent him by the furnishers. And that is why Albert Edward is the best shod gentleman in England.

The earliest mention of the serpent in the Scripture describes him as "more subtle than any beast of the field," a reputation which he has not kept up to the present day, for the serpent has less brains in proportion to his bulk than any other creature on the earth.

#### PORTUGAL'S NEWSPAPERS.

They Are Few and Have Odd Titles and Primitive Methods.

There are fewer than 50 newspapers published in the entire kingdom of Portugal, the population of which is nearly 5,000,000, or about the same as that of Pennsylvania, in which the total number of newspapers published is 1433. Journalism in Portugal is conducted on a somewhat primitive plan, and the newspapers of Portugal have not only a primitive aspect, but somewhat primitive titles as well. The weekly newspaper having the largest circulation in the kingdom is The Pontos Nos II, which means literally in English, "The Dot on the Eye." It is published in Lisbon. Another Lisbon paper is called The Island, though why it has a geographical designation is not altogether clear. The medical journal of Lisbon is called The Contemporary Surgeon. The city of Oporto, better known to many Americans than Lisbon, the capital, has a number of daily papers, the chief one of which is Actualidade, a Portuguese variation of the sort of journalism represented by the well known phrase, "If you see it in The Sun, it's so." It is not the only Oporto journal with a peculiar name. There is another daily, claiming a circulation of 20,000, the title of which is Des de Marzo, which is Portuguese for the 10th of March. Still another daily paper of Oporto is called The Primeiro de Janeiro, otherwise the 1st of January. The humorous paper of Oporto is O Sorvete (The Sherbet), and three other daily papers of the same city are known as A Lucia, A Palavara and A Justica, otherwise The Light, The World and Justice. There is one daily paper published at Valencia, in Portugal, called The Country, and one in Lisbon called The Atlantic. In Coimbra, one of the oldest of Portuguese cities and long known as the seat of a university founded in 1308, there is one daily paper, called The News.

The theory upon which Portuguese papers are conducted appears to be that they should be, above all things else, vivacious, and it is for this reason perhaps that weekly papers are at a discount in Portugal, the favorite plan being to divide what would be in the United States the contents of a weekly paper into sevenths and publishing it on the installment plan, so to speak, every day, and excluding from its columns, so far as possible, anything so sensational as what is called "the uncorroborated news." A fair and proper substitute for news is found in jocose and harmless allusions to the appearance of individuals, such as are contained, for instance, in The Voz do Povo (The Voice of the People). In Lisbon there is published a journal called The Public Interest, which makes a feature of book reviews. The Lisbon Circle is a political organ of the more radical opponents of the local government. Another daily paper in Lisbon is called O Seculo.—New York Sun.

Typewriters' Views of Men.

Once it was said that "no man is a hero to his valet de chambre." Mary Gay Humphreys has another reading for the saying in Scribner's Magazine, for she shows how "a man is no hero to his typewriter."

The mystery of men's lives in the world, out of which illusions are spun, has always had a greater influence in determining the fate of women than is readily admitted. To feel transmitted through the ring finger the electric thrill of business, of politics, of clubs, of stirring movements in the life of men, gives any woman vantage ground over others of her sex. But in the actual commerce of business, the community of affairs, the wear and tear of daily life in offices and elevators, this mystery vanishes. A couple of typewriters at luncheon will illustrate badly a situation yet too new to be fairly reckoned up. Over knife and fork they will match employers as small boys do pennies.

Out of hours the boss is only a man of whose necktie they may disapprove, or of the way he wears his hair, or perhaps of his grammar, and it may be he appears greatly to the advantage of some young man at a neighboring machine.

Correct Attire For the Bridegroom.

"A 6 o'clock church wedding, when the bride wears a traveling gown and there is to be no reception afterward, calls for afternoon dress on the part of the bridegroom," writes Walter Germain in The Ladies' Home Journal. "He should, even if he is going right from the church to the train, wear frock coat of black, light trousers, gray gloves, light four in hand or ascot-tie, top hat, just as if the wedding were to be a large afternoon affair."

With Closed Doors.

She—I'm learning a lovely skirt dance; but, of course, I don't let any one see me. I practice in a room all by myself.

He—Ah, I see. You follow the Australian ballet system.—Detroit Free Press.

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

## Blackwell's BULL DURHAM Smoking Tobacco

You will find one coupon inside each two ounce bag, and two coupons inside each four ounce bag of Blackwell's Durham. Buy a bag of this celebrated tobacco and read the coupon—which gives a list of valuable presents and how to get them.

## 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, Pro.,

KEEPS ON HAND OLD PHILADELPHIA CLUB WHISKEY  
AND THE FINEST WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.  
EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS. GIVE US A CALL.

## STAR SALOON

FRED GERBER & 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.

John Blanks. F. M. Wyatt.

## BLANKS & WYATT,

LIVERY AND FEED STABLE.

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

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.

## Lovelace & Duke,

General Blacksmiths,  
Wheelwrights and Horse Shoers.

Give us a Trial. All work Guaranteed

Shop at Red building next to Duke's old stand Sonora, Texas.

## C. F. ADAMS & CO.

General Agents for the sale of  
Or Trading in  
Live Stock And Ranch Property,  
SONORA, SUTTON CO. TEX.

John McCleary. J. M. Thomason.

## McCleary & Thomason,

Windmill Builder and Repairer,  
Dealer in Piping and windmill fittings. Country orders promptly attended

SONORA, TEXAS.

S. C. TAYLOR,  
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.

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OK. BARBER SHOP.

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

Hill & Trimble,  
Proprietors.

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.

NOT GUARANTEED. PRICES REASONABLE.

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OUR  
Mens, Youths and Boys Clothing,

A complete line, latest styles and at

### LIVING PRICES.

TO ARRIVE, An Elegant Line of

Ladies Dress Goods, Ladies Hats

and Bonnets, Boots and  
Shoes for all.

### STETSON HATS AND OTHERS.

Our Spring and Summer stock will be  
complete in every detail.

We invite inspection and respectfully  
solicit your patronage.

Competition regulates the price. We  
will not be undersold.

# HAGERLUND BROS. & CO.

GENERAL MERCHANTS, SONORA, TEXAS.

# Chas. W. Hobbs, Wool Commission.

LIBERAL ADVANCES ON CONSIGN-  
MENTS.

Oldest Commission House in the West.  
Correspondence Solicited.

## SAN ANGELO, TEX.

## NEW FURNITURE

Of the latest style. PARLOR and BED ROOM Suits, TABLES,  
CHAIRS, WARDROBES, MATTRESSES, KITCHEN SAFES,  
STOVES or anything needed for house keeping. Also a  
large assortment of **NEARLY NEW GOODS**  
in the above lines at  
**E. C. FITZGERALD'S,**  
Opposite the Post Office, SAN ANGELO, Texas.

## THE LEGAL TENDER

SAN ANGELO,

Is THE PLACE To Eat and Drink.

Best Whisky, finest Cigars. If you get it at the LAGAL

TENDER it's all right.

FIRST-CLASS RESTAURANT IN CONNECTION.

**HARRY BENNETT, Prop.**

### The Sheep and not the Cattle Inspection Law.

Austin Tex., March 1, '97.  
Editor Standard:  
The exemption from inspection  
law, published in your paper and  
now agitating our people, on  
account of exempting the counties  
in my district, is only the sheep,  
and not the cattle inspection law.  
JAMES CALLAN.

O. T. Word the big Sutton  
county stockman was in town last  
Sunday. He has leased a ranch  
in Val Verde county on Devil's  
River and stocked it with sheep,  
and he thinks of coming to Del  
Rio to reside.  
Duncan Campbell sold at San-  
derson, Texas, to a company in  
this state 900 head of fine mutton  
at \$3.20 per head. One of these  
sheep died on the train and was  
weighed at Sabinal. It tipped the  
beam at 195 pounds.—Del Rio  
Record.

James McLymont's genial  
countenance was in town  
Friday. He stated that he  
will ship about 30,000 sheep to  
market this spring. Mr. McLy-  
mont recently bought a fine flock  
of sheep from Col. Philip Palm-  
er.—Bracket News.

#### For Sale or Trade.

Two pedigreed stallions. For  
further particulars, apply to,  
Jones & Black,  
354 Sonora, Texas.

From San Angelo Standard.  
O. T. Word bought from Jim  
Neuman, of Val Verde county,  
250 steer yearlings at \$10 per  
head.

L. C. Dapree sold 70 head of  
steer yearlings to J. R. Nasworthy  
at \$10

Billie Holmsley bought this  
week 250 yearlings from W. S.  
Connell, of Midland at \$13 per  
head.

Winfield Scott bought 1000 three  
and four-year-old steers from  
Burton Wade this week at \$20  
per head.

Wylie Anderson sold 2,000  
muttons out of 2,250 head to John  
Kelley of Del Rio at \$2.

S. A. Runkles bought from John  
Murphy and Wyatt Anderson, 82  
head of stock cattle at \$10 per  
head.

Henry Howard of Water Valley  
bought from Ocie Reasonover, 12  
cows and heifers at \$10.

Charley Howard of Water  
Valley bought from D. S. Cun-  
ningham 12 steer yearlings at \$10-  
50 per head.

John Lee bought 4 head of  
Herefords at \$100 each and ten  
grade bulls at \$50 each in Coleman  
county.

Booker & Booker of Texarkana  
through J. I. Huffman sold to W.  
C. Jones 93 head of stock cattle  
at \$10.50.

Winfield Scott purchased 600  
three and four-year-old steers from  
Palliam & Piper this week, paying  
\$20 for 500 and \$18 50 for 100.

It is reported that John Kelley,  
of Del Rio, has purchased about  
7000 head of muttons and dry  
sheep in the region south of us  
at from \$1.30 to \$1.75 per head.

Hector McKenzie returned  
Monday night from Coleman  
county where he bought from A.  
T. Brown and W. F. Beck, 2,200  
muttons with wool on at \$2.25  
per head.

Jim Hamilton returned from a  
mutton expedition down through  
the lower country Wednesday and  
reports muttons so high that you  
can't touch them without a step-  
ladder. He bought 500 head from  
Jas. Wade, the other side of the  
Pecos for \$2.10. Jim says they  
were about the finest looking  
muttons he saw on his tour.

#### For Sale or Trade.

One sorrel stallion, will be three  
years old in May, out of San  
Angelo, his dam is Grey Eagle  
and Morgan. Can be seen at

Wyatt & Blanks stable. For  
further particulars see,  
384 Hagerlund Bros. & Co.

J. L. Pennington the live stock  
agent of the Gulf Colorado &  
Sante Fe, has been in the city a  
week and made a careful estimate  
of the number of fat muttons that  
will be shipped from San Angelo  
this season and he places the  
figure at 150,000 head. This is a  
very conservative estimate as  
several of the mutton operators  
place the number at not less than  
200,000. The muttons will aver-  
age much lighter this year than  
last because while in excellent  
condition they are nearly all  
young sheep all the old heavy  
weights being shipped out last  
season. Sheepmen are in a very  
hopeful condition and it is going  
to be hard work for speculators to  
make any money this season,  
sheepmen being indifferent about  
selling and demanding good stiff  
prices.—San Angelo Standard.

D. B. Cuseberry arrived yester-  
day from below and got beautif-  
ly caught in the rain and hail  
storm Thursday night about 12  
miles out. He has 17,000 head of  
hail and hearty muttons nibbling  
the succulent out in the woods.  
Will begin shearing on the 25th  
inst, and shipping on the 25th of  
April and will bat any man a cady  
that he will top the market.  
E. B. Baggett came in last night  
on the stage from a prospecting  
trip to the Devil's River country,  
and took the train last night for  
his home in Belton. Mr. Baggett  
is a large owner in the Belton oil  
mill and compress, possesses 1000  
acres of valuable farming land two  
miles from the city of Belton, but  
he is stuck on the cattle business.  
He will return to this section in a  
few weeks and will locate a ranch  
probably in Edwards county and  
stock it with 2000 cattle.—San  
Angelo Standard.

**Wanted—An Idea**  
Who can think of some simple  
thing to patent?  
Write JOHN WIDENBERG & CO., Patent Attor-  
neys, Washington, D. C., for their \$1.00 price offer  
and list of two hundred inventions wanted.

G. R. Long to Scarborough and  
Henry, in Glasscock county, 3000  
sheep reported at \$2.40.

John W. Lovelady, the stirring  
local representative of the Chi-  
cago Livestock Commission Co.,  
returned Tuesday from a twelve  
days' business trip in the interest  
of his house through the country  
to the south. He secured con-  
signments for about the 15th to  
17th of about 9000 head of sheep,  
including stock for Word, Cauthorn,  
Thiele and Cusenbary. The latter  
will be shipped from here, the rest  
over the Southern Pacific.  
O. T. Word has the fattest sheep  
in his vicinity. The weeds are  
full grown and in bloom. Cattle  
looked as if they had not experi-  
enced any winter at all—not a  
long hair on them. Word bought  
about 500 yearlings at \$10 and  
was on a deal for more. There  
was a herd of about 4000 Mexican  
steers, 4's and up, this side of the  
river, owned by a Mexican mill-  
ionaire, 1000 tops of which were  
offered at \$16. They were laggy  
etc., but better marketers than  
our eastern cattle. Best muttons  
were held at \$2.50 to \$3. Best  
cows \$16 to \$18—fat and in fine  
shape. The country from the  
head of Dry Devil's River south to  
Crouch's pasture, splendid stock  
country. In portions grass 8  
inches high, with young grass  
coming up in between, several  
inches. A great stretch without  
any fence, but in some places  
Mr. Lovelady had to water his  
horses out of his hat.—San Angelo  
Press.

Sheep from the Nebraska feed-  
ing points are beginning to  
come forward with much freedom.  
A large part of them have been  
fed sufficiently long to make them  
in good marketable condition, and  
prices are high enough to allow  
feeders a fair profit on their in-  
vestment. Many of these fed  
sheep would make good exporters,  
but prices abroad are too low at  
present to encourage much activity  
along this line. Only those who  
ship cattle and have some extra  
space to fill have been taking  
sheep across the ocean. Shipments  
from South America have been  
quite heavy, which is the cause  
of the prevailing low price in  
England.

The general scarcity of cattle  
in the country has created an un-  
usual demand for breeding stock.  
Farmers for several years have  
been marketing female stock with  
so little thought of the future that  
they now find they need all they  
have, and could use more of the  
right kind. Cows are relatively  
higher than they have been in  
years and packers say that they  
have no hope of obtaining as many  
canners as they could use before  
the grass cattle come. In fact  
they feel that prices of thin stock  
will rule high until Texas grassers  
arrive in the summer.

One of the paramount questions  
at the coming cattlemen's con-  
vention at San Antonio, Texas, will  
be the admission of Mexican cattle  
and on what basis. The coming  
in of a new administration will  
mean a new tariff schedule, and  
naturally enough stockmen in  
Texas are anxious to have a law  
framed that will be to their best  
interests. There seems to be only  
one equitable way, and that is to  
adopt the ad valorem duty. Cattle  
admitted from Mexico are usually  
of an inferior grade, but the range  
in quality is such that a specific  
charge would be clearly unfair.—  
Chicago Drivers Journal.

Mr. Fred Kessler of Sonora, and  
Miss Ione Key, daughter of Mrs.  
B. Kenst, were married at the  
Methodist church Wednesday  
evening at 8:30 o'clock, Rev. Thos.  
Gregory officiating. The groom is  
an old San Angelo boy and the son  
of our pioneer shoemaker Fritz  
Kessler, who was with us in the  
prosperous days of '82. He is now  
in business at Sonora. Miss Ione  
is one of San Angelo's popular  
young ladies and the Standard  
wishes Mr. and Mrs. Kessler much  
happiness in their Sonora home.  
They left yesterday on the regular  
passenger for Sonora.

O. W. Ogden returned yesterday  
from Ozona with the horse that  
was stolen from him in San  
Angelo a few days ago, Charlie  
Broome, who knew the horse, was  
at the stable when the thief called  
to get him and continue his  
journey to Mexico. The thief  
called for him at night and Charlie  
went in the stall to get him when  
he exclaimed: "This is Cy  
Ogden's horse," and when he  
turned around the thief was gone  
and has not been heard of since.  
He is a tall slim fellow about 28  
years old and wears a thin black  
moustache. His name is W. C.  
McCarthy alias I. B. Roberts and  
comes from Stephenville.

Sonora is developing enterprise  
worthy of all commendation. The  
Standard learns that Sol Mayer  
has 300 cedar posts (which were  
cut in the breaks of the Llano)  
stacked up at Sonora and will  
shortly begin the erection of a  
telephone line between Sonora  
and San Angelo. It is rumored  
that Mr. Mayer will form a com-  
pany for the completion of the  
work and operations will com-  
mence as soon as the company has  
been organized.—San Angelo Stan-  
dard.

### To Push the Tariff Bill.

Washington, March 7.—It is re-  
ported here that Speaker Reed  
intends to rush the new tariff bill  
through the house, and in order to  
compel the senate to be equally  
expeditions in disposing of that  
measure will refuse to allow any  
of the appropriation bills to be re-  
ported to the house. The present  
appropriations will, it is said, be  
extended from time to time as  
may be necessary, to which exten-  
sions the senate will have to agree  
or become responsible for stopping  
the wheels of the government.  
This is a bold game but Speaker  
Reed is equal to it. In speculating  
as to the probable time that the  
bill will occupy in passing both  
houses of congress, there is much  
diversity of opinion. It is ex-  
pected that when the house meets  
on the 15th inst. the bill will be  
presented. As a matter of for-  
mality it will be referred to the  
ways and means committee. Two  
or three days will be allowed for  
its consideration by the full com-  
mittee and it is anticipated it  
will be reported back to the house  
by March 20. Chairman Dingley  
is of the opinion that two weeks  
debate will be ample, in which  
event the bill should pass the  
house at the latest by April 15. I  
is reported that the house must  
take the bill exactly as the com-  
mittee offers it.

Its outlook in the senate is not  
quite so clear. The senate is a  
conservative body, and it is to be  
expected that it will proceed to  
consider the measure in its own  
deliberate way. It is thought  
that sixty days will be required  
to put it through the lower house,  
in which event it will probably be  
July 1 before the bill will be in  
readiness to be presented to the  
president for his signature. All  
this is based upon the assumption  
that there will be no hitches any  
where. Meanwhile, the house  
will be held in check by Speaker  
Reed so as to more prominently  
fix the attention of the country  
upon the senate, through which  
the bill will be dragging its slow  
length.

### Mr. Olney Resigned Office.

New York, March 5.—The Sun's  
Washington special says: Secre-  
tary Olney sent to the president  
the correspondence in the Ruiz  
and Scovel cases and incidentally  
took occasion to severely criticize  
Consul General Lee for his attitude  
in the matter of asking for war-  
ships. Mr. Cleveland reviewed  
the correspondence and sent it  
back to Mr. Olney, saying that he  
would not permit it to go to the  
senate in the shape he had fixed  
it up. Word was sent to the  
senate that it would be incompati-  
ble to public service to furnish the  
desired correspondence.

Mr. Olney had published all the  
telegrams sent by the state depart-  
ment to General Lee, but failed  
to publish what General Lee sent  
to the department. This made  
Mr. Cleveland very indignant. He  
thought that all the facts should  
be laid bare, and that Mr. Lee  
should not be taken to task as Mr.  
Olney had suggested. Mr. Olney  
came over to the White House  
immediately and told the presi-  
dent he disapproved of his policy  
in the Lee case, and told him  
further he would resign right then  
and there, and so he did.

Mr. Olney left the White House  
in an angry state of mind and has  
not gone near it since.  
When the cabinet officials called  
to pay their respects and wish  
the president a happy future, as  
has been the custom for many  
years past, Secretary Olney was  
conspicuous by his absence. The  
secretary also refused to go to the  
capitol with the president.

Chicago, March 3rd, 1897.

Sheep receipts 14,000. Good  
sheep sold at strong prices, but  
lamb of medium quality and  
strong weight yearlings rather  
slow sale and a shade lower. A  
string of 809 choice \$3 lb. western  
lamb made \$5 and 337 choice 94  
lb. western muttons reached \$1 20.

Good to choice native sheep  
\$3 95 to \$4 15; fancy muttons  
around \$4 25; fair to choice mixed  
\$3 65 to 4 00; ewey lots \$3 65 to  
3 90; culls and thin \$2 50 to 3 10;  
good to prime yearlings \$4 10 to  
4 50; lambs choice to prime \$4 60  
5 15; fair to good \$4 10 to 4 50;  
culls and thin \$3 60 to 4; fair to  
prime western and Mexican muttons  
\$3 75 to 4 20; feeders \$3 15 to  
3 40; good to prime Texas mutton  
averaging \$5 to 90 lbs., here will  
bring \$3 75 to \$4 this month.

Yours truly,  
KEENAN & SONS

## DR. MOSELEY, Surgeon and Specialist OFFICE AT THE BANK.

Treats all diseases of the Eye,  
Ear, Nose, Throat, Skin and all  
chronic diseases. Dr. Moseley is  
a graduate of America's best col-  
leges, he has had an extensive ex-  
perience as a surgeon and physi-  
cian prior to entering the field of  
specialties.

Why he is a specialist is because  
to understand the successful treat-  
ment of a few diseases is far better  
than an imperfect knowledge of  
many. Concentration of study ac-  
complishes much. The practice  
of medicine is magnanimous and a  
knowledge of it as taught to day is  
considered too much for one man to  
comprehend perfectly as a whole,  
hence the division of the practice  
into specialties. Dr. Moseley has a  
treatment for granular lids com-  
paratively painless yet effective,  
time required usually is from one  
to six months, but he cures the  
same in 15 to 20 days, the treat-  
ment in hundreds of cases has  
proven eminently successful, his  
surgery of the eye merits the con-  
fidence of the most skeptical. Ref-  
erences are offered as proof of the  
above assertion.

### NASAL CATARRH

can positively be cured, notwith-  
standing the disgusting timidity  
with which some physicians ex-  
press their inability to treat this  
insidious and health sapping dis-  
ease. Nasal Catarrh is the most  
insidious in this climate of all dis-  
eases, beginning in the nose and  
extending to the throat, middle  
ear, superior maxillary, base of  
skull, frontal sinuses, and eventu-  
ally to the lungs, or the health  
becoming impaired so that the un-  
fortunate readily succumb to the  
influence of other diseases.

### SKIN DISEASES.

Among the most certain to end  
in death is cancer. Not any case  
getting well if left alone, it gradu-  
ally grows worse by destroying all  
tissues in its road of destruction  
until the system becomes impress-  
ed by the poisonous influence of  
this loathsome disease. A mis-  
erable death is to gradually die with  
cancer and recognize the fact of  
the fateful ending. Dr. Moseley  
cures cancer without the knife if  
patient suffering applies for treat-  
ment before the case becomes in-  
curable and the vital forces have  
not been destroyed beyond re-  
covery. He has many cures to  
show to those who wish to see,  
and are offered as an evidence of  
his skill.

### ECZEMA

Often considered incurable, to  
terroize and make the remainder  
of life miserable by many physi-  
cians. Dr. Moseley cures this  
disease, matters not of how long  
standing, and can give references  
to prove this fact. The doctors  
collegiate record and experience  
is to all, sufficient evidence of his  
ability and skill. He has located  
with us and remains long enough  
to fulfill all contracts he assumes.  
All who are suffering from chronic  
diseases come and see the doctor,  
he will look carefully over your  
case and give you an honest ex-  
pression and correct diagnosis of  
your case. He is no traveling quack  
to get your money and leave you  
not cured and some times worse  
than when treatment was begun.  
A few days time is not sufficient  
to give satisfaction in the treat-  
ment of chronic diseases.

Consultation and examination is  
free to those who have an inten-  
tion of engaging treatment.

### Doctors Who Advertise.

Dr. Moseley by some is criti-  
cised because he advertises. It is  
not common for physicians to ad-  
vertise who are already well-  
known for such it is not necessary.  
But for one who is not known in a  
community it enables the people  
to readily become acquainted with  
the physicians ability, advantages  
and past experience. If the doc-  
tor had no ability it would be poor  
judgment for him to make known  
that he proposes to do things he  
could not do, under such circum-  
stances he would be a quack, other  
wise to advertise the truth and  
his professional ability is as legiti-  
mate as any other profession.

R. C. Dawson the saddler is  
representing the Ramsey Nursery  
of Austin and any one wanting  
fruit, shade trees, shrubs etc.,  
should see him at once and make  
their selection. He has hundreds  
of trees now on hand in Sonora.  
44

# OUR NEW SPRING STOCK

Is arriving daily and we can show you the most complete and best assorted stock of—

**Dry Goods, Dress Goods, Notions, Clothing and Gents Furnishing Goods**

That we have ever had in Sonora.

Our New York Buyer is a wide-awake man with a life time experience and this fact will be evident to you if you will call and inspect our elegant assortment of Spring Wash Fabrics of the latest styles and patterns.

Have also just received and opened up our Spring line of Hamilton & Brown Shoes, Dongolas, Oxblood Tans for Ladies, Men and Children,—50 different styles to select from.

Next week we will display our Ladies Trimmed Hats, Sailors, etc also a beautiful line of Ladies and Misses ready made silk and percale shirt waists

Our stock of Groceries is fresh and by far the Largest and Best assorted stock in this Territory and we are ready to meet any competition.

## Mayer Bros & Co.

GENERAL MERCHANTS  
SONORA, - TEXAS.

# MARCH BROS.,

"The Stayers,"

## Solicit Your WOOL.

Liberal Advances Made on Consignments.

Write Us. Ship Us.

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries and Grain, and the Cheapest all round House in West Texas.

606 to 608 Beaugard Ave., SAN ANGELO, Texas.

## C. J. NICHOLS,

### Builder and Contractor,

Estimates Furnished on Application.

SONORA, - TEXAS.

## PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,

(Opposite Mayer Bros. Co.)

ALL WORK GUARANTEED. HOURS FOR PHOTOGRAPHING ARE BETWEEN 10 A. M. AND 4 P. M. EVERY DAY EXCEPT SUNDAY.

NOAH ROSE,  
Sonora, Texas.

Huling Lamar returned Wednesday from a visit east.

R. T. Baker the stockman from the Llano was in town Saturday.

John Robbins and family were in Sonora for a few days this week

Born to Mr. and Mrs. August Hedden, on Saturday, March 6, 1897, a girl.

Just rec'd at Mayer Bros. & Co., a beautiful line of negligee shirts, silk stripes and Madras cloth.

Jack Wilson from Christoval was in Sonora this week on private business.

Miss Annie Caruthers left on Monday's stage on a short visit to relatives in Coleman.

Deputy sheriff James Caruthers is attending court at Billinger this week.

The Martin Baker neighborhood school is out for the term and the teacher Miss Delia Hale left for her home at Aransas Pass Monday.

Sheriff J. P. McConnell, R. C. McMullen, C. Dawson, W. H. Cuse, John W. Hagerlund and Dr. G. Colson were Friday for Maria, taken as witnesses in the Holland boys case.

If you contemplate housekeeping go and see E. C. Fitzgerald in San Angelo where you can buy anything a housekeeper needs for the lowest price.

Tom Palmer the wellknown stockman of Schleicher county was in Sonora Friday looking for a windmill doctor.

Ladies dont miss this chance. A beautiful line of Chameleon Brilliantines for 16 2/3c per yard worth 25c at Mayer Bros. & Co.

O. H. Palmer, one of the obliging clerks of Hagerlund Bros. & Co., left last week for San Antonio and Galveston on a vacation.

The News wishes to thank John O'K White of San Angelo and Capt. C. C. Lamb of Eldorado for copies of the Devil's River News of Oct. 10th and 31st, 1896. The receipt of these papers enables us to complete our files.

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

March 17th will be an important day in the minds of the sporting world but there is a couple in Sonora who will not think of Corbett or Fitzsimmons on that day.

In making room for our new goods we find some odds and ends in dress goods and other lines which we will close out at about one half price.

Mayer Bros. & Co.

Geo. B. Black, John F. Blanks and Miss Mona Rountree, left for Kerrville Saturday on important business connected with the future welfare and happiness of Geo. Black and a young lady of Kerrville.

Sonora's public school will close for the session on Friday March 19th. Those who have attended properly to their studies will reap the benefit of the seven months school.

Harry Bennett the well-known proprietor of the Legal Tender in San Angelo, has a first-class restaurant in connection with this popular resort making it just the place to eat at when in San Angelo.

Sam Martin, cattle king, ranch on head of Llano, is in town for supplies. He is accompanied by his two daughters, who are the guests of Miss Maida DeBerry while in the city.—San Angelo Enterprise.

McKinley's cabinet is comprised as follows: Secretary of state, John Sherman of Ohio; secretary of treasury L. J. Cogh, of Illinois; secretary of war, R. A. Alger, of Michigan; attorney general, Joseph McKenna of California; postmaster general, James A. Gary of Maryland; secretary of the navy, James D. Long of Massachusetts; secretary of the interior, Cornelius N. Bliss of New York; secretary of agriculture, James Wilson of Iowa.

Rheumatism is a foe which gives no quarter. It torments its victims day and night. Hood's Sarsaparilla purifies the blood and cures the aches and pains of rheumatism.

Hood's Pills are the best family cathartic and liver medicine. Gentle, reliable, sure.

TO THE LADIES:—For fashionable dress making, call on Miss Mamie Godfrey, at the residence of Mrs. G. W. Dunagan. She will guarantee a perfect fit, prices reasonable. 37 3/4

Madrid, March 6.—The government is disgusted with the performances of Captain Weyler in Cuba but they dare not recall him. In this connection a startling explanation of the position of the government is being circulated here, the reasons why Weyler is not recalled are, first, because he is a pronounced republican; second, because it is intimated that sooner than return to Spain in disgrace he would proclaim a republic in Havana.

T. J. Moss the sheepman was in Sonora Monday.

G. P. Hill the well-known stockman was in Sonora Thursday.

Get your wool sacks and twine at Mayer Bros. & Co.

R. L. McMullan the sheepman was in Sonora this week for supplies.

Just received a car load of sulphur at Mayer Bros. & Co.

T. D. Newell was in San Angelo Saturday buying a windmill outfit for his new well on the hill.

R. W. Callahan will collect taxes during the absence of tax collector J. P. McConnell.

R. W. Barton returned from San Antonio this week with a bunch of fine cattle.

John T. Brown the fine goat raiser of Edwards county was in Sonora Thursday on business.

Dr. Moseley has moved his office to the Bank building where he will be pleased to have his customers call.

A. A. Williamson, sheepman and county commissioner from precinct No. 4 was in Sonora this week on land business.

John M. Stokes who recently sold his paper the Rock Springs Rustler, was in Sonora Thursday on a visit to relatives. Mr. Stokes is yet undecided as to his future place of residence.

G. C. Mauzy the well known mutton operator is in the Sonora country after an absence of several years. Mr. Mauzy was always considered a liberal buyer and has many friends in the Sonora country.

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Green and children were in Sonora Wednesday from the ranch in Edwards county. They will make a short visit to the Machab's ranch in Schleicher county before returning home.

The wool clip of the Sonora country will be unusually fine this spring and as the four leading wool commission merchants of Texas are advertisers in the Devil's River News they will get the wool of the country and the grower the best price to be had.

Willie Moon attended the inaugural ball at Washington and had a gay time with Bill and Mark's crowd. He did not register as from Devil's River Texas but told the Democrats he was from Virginia and the Republicans that he was from Kentucky.

The Sonora Episcopal church has bought the Methodist lot on the south side of the court house square, between the G. W. Morris and J. M. G. Baugh residences and the lumber having been ordered will shortly begin the erection of a small church 24 x 30 feet to cost \$700.

R. W. Murchison and W. B. Silliman returned this week from Houston and Trinity counties with 600 head of stock cattle which will be run in the R. W. Murchison pasture in Schleicher county.

Y. T. Simpson formerly of Mason county was found guilty of assault with intent to murder and given two years in the penitentiary before the district court of Rannels county this week. The assault was made on Sam Emery of San Antonio, in Rannels county in 1892, when Simpson shot off Emery's arm.

Drug Store for Sale.

One half interest in the prosperous drug business of Cusenbary & Co., of Sonora for sale. Apply to

E. S. BRIANT,

301f. Sonora, Texas.

H Spruce, Ed Trimble, Babe, Louis and Jeas Barksdale were out cat hunting at the Barksdale ranch one night last week. The boys were on horseback and had a pack of five hounds. Spruce says his hounds are half bloodhounds and can run for two days between drinks. They succeeded in killing a Lobo wolf the hide of which measured 4 1/2 feet long, 2 cats and 2 coons. These are just the facts in the case but if you want more particulars apply to Spruce.

Rev. J. S. Johnson Episcopal bishop of San Antonio will visit Sonora on Tuesday March 16th and hold services at the church at 7:30 p. m.

WONDERFUL are the cures by Hood's Sarsaparilla, and yet they are simple and natural. Hood's Sarsaparilla makes PURE BLOOD.

Robert Lee goes dry. Local option carried in the metropolis the 27th ult.

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

## JACKSON & RICHARDSON,

Wool and Live Stock Commission Merchants,

San Angelo, Texas,

Our charges for handling wool are only 2 1-2 per cent., which covers everything including insurance, storage and drayage.

Wool sacks and twine to our customers, at cost to us.

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

They cheerfully answer all Correspondence.

## THE SAN ANGELO NATIONAL BANK,

SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.

Capital Paid in - \$100,000.  
Surplus Fund - \$25,000.

Offers to Depositors all the Accommodations which their Balances, Business and Responsibility Justify.

M. L. MERTZ, President. C. W. HOBBS, Vice-President.

A. A. DeBerry, Cashier.

St. Louis, Mo., March, 5.—A special from Guadalupe, Mexico, says: Almost a warlike spirit was aroused among the people of Mexico by the coming of Messrs. Birdee, Sloan and Pierce of Boston to enter into negotiations with the Mexican government for the return of the flags captured by the Mexican troops during the war of 1847. The newspapers of the republic are indulging in intemperate language regarding the mission of the gentlemen, and they are denouncing Americans and America in most incendiary language, going so far as to demand of the United States, at the cannon's mouth, if necessary, a return of all the territory taken from Mexico. They specify California, Colorado, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico and Texas as the property which has been "stolen" from this country. So strong is the sentiment against America that ladies are openly insulted in the streets and stores, and if their escorts resent the offense they are dragged off to jail and fined.

It is expected that the importation of Mexican cattle will be heavy for the next few weeks, as it is feared that the secretary of agriculture of the new administration will not be so kindly disposed toward the "greaser's" cattle as has been Secretary Morton. A government official recently back from Chihuahua says in that Mexican state alone 40,000 cattle are contracted for delivery on this side the line before March 4, and that our large buyers whom he met in that territory had not yet begun their purchases. The Texans have been bitterly opposed to the letting down of the bars against the Mexican cattle, but some feeders and dealers in the west favor their admission. Western cattlemen recently came into conflict before the ways and means committee over this question in the tariff hearings. The representatives of the breeders on this side demanded protection, while some of the big dealers desired a continuance of the present regulations under which the Mexican cattle are admitted at a ridiculously low ad valorem valuation.—Breder's Gazette.

## Chris. & Geo. Hagelstein,

SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.

For Hardware, stoves, steel ranges, glassware, tinware, windmills, piping, cylinders, pump jacks, wagons, hacks and buggies.

Our goods are GOOD GOODS and our prices are right. Ask your neighbor where he bought his hardware and nine times "at Hagelstein's."

### Eldorado Dots.

Eldorado, Tex., March 4, '97. Editor Standard:

We hope this is the last norther of the season, but would not object to a little of heaven's gentle dews.

Col. Murphy, editor and proprietor of the Devil's River News was on the north bound yesterday en route to San Angelo.

Mr. E. Davis, of San Angelo stopped in our midst a few days ago. He informs us that he is now our ex-sheepman, having sold his 1200 sheep at \$2 around.

Mr. M. C. Deere from below Sonora was the guest of Mr. S. J. Nicks last week. Mr. Deere has purchased lots and will build and go into business at this place shortly.

Mr. D. Owen, of North Valley Schleicher county, was in town on Saturday trading.

Henry Diebitsch, H. H. Sheards sheep boss arrived from the lower country a few days since. He reports sheep in fine fix and is bringing Mr. Sheard's sheep back to the divide.

Tom Palmer went to San Angelo last Friday. He has purchased two of Choctaw George's fine grey hounds and intends having some fine sport with them on these broad prairies.

Our old friend Joe McIner registered at the West hotel a few nights ago. Now Joe is an old friend of ours, but evidently thought us too suspicious looking to make a confidant of. But we could tell by that nimble step and the curl of his mustache that something important was revolving in his mind. It leaks out later that John Lovelady has guaranteed to find him a young lady. Joe thanked him kindly and said he would accept.

Mr. J. L. Typer accompanied by Mr. K. S. Dupree traveling from the Will A. Watkins music house of Dallas, made our town this week.

Reuble Neeley was in from the ranch yesterday.

A little boy of Capt. C. C. Lamb's was badly burned last Sunday. The child stepped into a bucket of embers by some unaccountable means, literally roasting his foot and leg to the knee. He is doing as well as could be expected. Selard.

J. M. Stokes, ex-editor of the Rustler, desires to extend thanks and gratitude to his many exchanges who did not array their columns in hostile war paint while he was editor of the aforesaid journal and while thanking them he desires to make special mention of the Devil's River News and the Mason News which have remained mutual and friendly.—Rock Springs Rustler.

## WELLINGTON CLUB 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.

**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, - March 13, 1897.

**THE WINDOW TOWARD THE WEST.**

I know a window looking toward the west  
Where through long years on each successive  
day  
Stranger and friend by a sweet face were  
blessed,  
These long, serene by snows of age caressed,  
Seemed lighted by some tranquil heavenly  
ray.  
O'er the worn sill the restless tongues of  
flame  
The mottled sunshine threw its shafts of gold,  
From the high eaves the silent shadows came  
And cooled the air, until the sweet acclaim  
Of evening full swelled the throat and told.  
Dimly through those small panes at war's  
shrill cry  
She saw two soldiers' last waved fond fare  
well—  
How soon she listened to the pine's soft sigh  
In sand or vale where low by brave boys lie,  
What made her face seraphic, who can tell?  
—A. H. Hall in New York Observer.

**Boys,** says an mechanic, "do not sneer at the hardworking mechanic, for beneath that dust soiled jacket may rest the spirit of true nobility."  
The exchange is eminently correct. It is indeed wrong to pass through this world sneering at mechanics. A good, average, able-bodied mechanic is a bad man to sneer at. At almost any unexpected moment he is quite liable to transfer some of the dust of his jacket to the broadcloth coat of the sneerer and jolt him severely if he sneers too hard at the mechanic. If a boy or young man is contemplating sneering at a mechanic, it would be quite as well not to let a hardworking mechanic catch him at it. When the boy wants to sneer real hard and feels that he can't hold it any longer, it would be far better, instead of plunging right into the midst of a lot of hardworking mechanics, to seek some secluded locality and have the sneer out all by himself. It would look a great deal better, and the boy would look better when he went back to the bosom of his family.

No, boys, it is neither polite nor wise to sneer at a mechanic. Neither is it healthy. The sneerer, is too often found in a pensive mood, abstractedly engaged in applying pieces of raw beefsteak to his eye, trying to reduce a swollen nose with a generous decoction of arnica, feeling his lame back or picking the gold filling out of his teeth, which he happened to casually cough up soon after indulging in his playful little sneer at the hardworking mechanic. This is a practical lesson in parlor etiquette which the youth will not be liable to forget in a month or six weeks.—Texas Siftings.

**Training That Kills.**  
Joseph Jefferson has taken up the cudgels against undue athletic training, which he says "kills off more people than it cures. The strain undermines the system, forces the heart to a task far beyond its powers, and as a result there is a collapse of the life machinery long before the appointed time." Mr. Jefferson says that he met Lawrence Barrett some years ago on a street corner in Boston, and Barrett said he was waiting for a car to take him to a gymnasium. "What's the matter with walking?" said Jefferson. "That's better exercise than you will get at the gymnasium, and it will save you the trouble of going there."—New York Tribune.

**Enforced Philanthropy.**  
Miss Agnes Ripplier made an address recently before a New England woman's club on "Enforced Philanthropy." "We take from the farmer and the butcher," she said, "to give to the baker and the candlestick maker, and hardworking actors, singers and writers, succumbing to the blandishments of a polite committee, are robbed of their rest and recreation in order that they may give their services at some benefit entertainment or to the woman's edition of a newspaper."

Naturalists say there is a tree in Chinese Tartary which is unable to bear moisture, even that of a moderate rain. After being rained on it becomes wilted and does not resume its original appearance for several days.  
The common cheese fly is only a tenth of an inch long. It deposits about 250 eggs in the cracks of cheese, though, if not able to find this substance, it readily selects another.

The box is regarded as symbolic of constancy. It is several times thus alluded to in the lighter English poems of the last century.  
The ancient monarchs of India were called palibothri, from the name of their capital city.  
To fence with three lines of barbed wire a square mile requires 3,840 pounds.

**Bank**  
President Isaac Lewis of Sabina, Ohio, is highly respected all through that section. He has lived in Clinton Co. 75 years, and has been president of the Sabina Bank 20 years. He gladly testifies to the merit of Hood's Sarsaparilla, and what he says is worthy attention. All brain workers find Hood's Sarsaparilla peculiarly adapted to their needs. It makes pure, rich, red blood, and from this comes nerve, mental, bodily and digestive strength.  
"I am glad to say that Hood's Sarsaparilla is a very good medicine, especially as a blood purifier. It has done me good many times. For several years I suffered greatly with pains of  
**Neuralgia**  
in one eye and about my temples, especially at night when I had been having a hard day of physical and mental labor. I took many remedies, but found help only in Hood's Sarsaparilla which cured me of rheumatism, neuralgia and headache. Hood's Sarsaparilla has proved itself a true friend. I also take Hood's Pills to keep my bowels regular, and like the pills very much." ISAAC LEWIS, Sabina, Ohio.

**Hood's Sarsaparilla**  
Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists. \$1 Prepared only by C. E. Hood & Co., Lowell, Mass.  
are prompt, efficient and Hood's Pills easy in effect. 25 cents.

**THE UNFORGETTING TIDE.**  
The unforgetting tide that ebbs and flows  
Surges and swells with far-reaching roar,  
Nor haste nor fall nor hesitation knows.  
Its horse-volced couriers, pawing at the shore,  
Charge, pause and flee again by fixed decree.  
The wind, that laughs at check or rein, may  
Only the surface of the strong-willed sea,  
Strewing its borders with the bones of  
wrecks,  
But cannot change its purpose for an hour.  
And still unmoved it ebbs, and still it flows,  
Shining the fickle wind with steadfast power,  
Timed by the heavenly lords whose way it  
knows.  
It is the wayward wind that fumes and frets  
The steadfast tide neglects not nor forgets.  
—J. L. Henton in "The Quilting Bee."

**"Befo' the wa'."**  
Southerners who lived in more luxury before the war than they have been able to do since have a very natural way of dating everything by comparing every event of the present time to those palmy days "befo' the wa'." It is quite unnecessary to add that all things suffer by the comparison. It was the custom of the guests at the sanitarium to assemble on the porch just before sundown to watch the retiring process of old Sol as he slipped away to bed behind Mount Pisach, one of the loftiest peaks of the Blue range. Some of the guests were asserting they could see the gray hairs on the back of the Rat, another elevation, so called from its resemblance to that animal. A little patch of fleecy clouds had evidently caught fast on the pines in passing a cliff, and some one said Beauncatcher peak was flirting with Beaumont, while the Balsam range, others said, had already put on a nightcap of mist, with now and then a blue black peak projecting above the clouds. Otherwise not a cloud was to be seen, save a few mackerel scales just above the western horizon.  
Just as but half of the sun's orb was left in view, and shadows were rapidly deepening, and the last departing shafts of sunlight were gilding the domes of the most lofty hills, and every one was all but speechless with admiration at the splendor of the sunset, one woman, a northerner and a newcomer, was able to keep her tongue going.  
"Oh, I do think," she was saying to a southern lady, "that is the most exquisite sunset I ever saw! Tell me, is it a custom down here for the sun to set like that?"  
"Oh, that's nothing!" was the reply. "You should have seen it 'befo' the wa'."—Country Gentleman.

**Barry Pain on Humor.**  
A certain Mr. Barry Pain has been delivering an address to the Pioneer club, a woman's organization of London, upon humor. He kindly explains to the ladies whom he honors by his remarks how it is that many other things in which they are lacking. It seems hardly apropos to explain to one's hostesses that there are limitations to their charms, but it is possible that explanations might be given. It seems to be a general practice the world over to discuss women's failures as well as their virtues. Undoubtedly such talks are improving. Possibly Mr. Barry Pain was asked to speak upon the subject. A pun might even be made upon the gentleman's last name and his tendency to make people uncomfortable. But puns outside the covers of Shakespeare are not in good taste. There is a little consolation given at the end of the address. "But," said Mr. Barry, "a study of the lives of the greatest humorists by no means shows that they were the happiest of men, and very frequently shows the reverse."—New York Times.

**Lightning Killed the Fish.**  
A peculiar result of a stroke of lightning was noted near Dijon, France, in the summer of 1893. A flash of lightning was seen to strike a fish pond, and an investigation made immediately after the storm had subsided proved that every fish in the little lake had been killed. This is one of the very few recorded instances of lightning striking fresh water.

**BERTHOLDE THE DWARF.**  
His Shrewd Answers at the Court of Alboin, King of the Lombards.  
Mary Ehears Roberts, in her series of "Historic Dwarfs," contributes an article on Bertholde to St. Nicholas. Bertholde was an Italian, and one day he made his way to the palace of Alboin, king of the Lombards, at Verona and boldly seated himself in an empty chair next the throne.  
The courtiers were as much surprised at his audacity as they were amazed at his grotesque appearance, but the Lombard chieftain smiled grimly upon the intruder and inquired of him "what he was, when he was born and in what country."  
"I am a man," replied the dwarf, whereupon the attendants went off into fits of laughter. "I was born when I came into the world, and the world itself is my country."  
King and courtiers now began to realize that they had a shrewd little imp before them, and they commenced to ply him with questions of all kinds. The asking of conundrums was a sort of trial of wit to which sovereigns were much given at this period of history.  
"What thing is that which flies the swiftest?" asked one.  
"Thought," replied Bertholde promptly.  
"What is the gulf that is never filled?"  
"The avarice of the miser," was the ready answer of the quick-witted dwarf.  
"What trait is the most hateful in young people?"  
"Self conceit, because it makes them unteachable."  
"How will you catch a hare running?" inquired the king.  
"I'll stay till I find her on the spit."  
"How would you bring water in a sieve?"  
"I'd wait till it was frozen," answered the dwarf readily.  
The king was delighted. "For so clever a rejoinder," he said, "you shall have from me anything you may desire."  
"Oh, no!" cried Bertholde, with a mocking laugh. "I shall have nothing of the sort. You cannot give me what you do not possess. I am in search of happiness, of which you have not a particle. So how can you give me any?"  
"How!" exclaimed the king. "Am I not happy on so elevated a throne?"  
"Yes, you are, if the happiness of a man consists in the height of his seat."  
Then Alboin referred to his kingly power and dignity, and the dwarf retorted with another mocking laugh, and when the king called attention to the nobles and courtiers about him, Bertholde, with a sneer, remarked, "Oh, yes, they cluster round your throne as do hungry ants round a crab apple, and with the same purpose—to devour it."  
"Well said," spake the king, keeping his temper, "but all this does not prevent me from shining among them as the sun among the stars."  
"True, but tell me, shining sun, how many eclipses you are obliged to suffer in a year? For the continual flattering of these men must now and then darken your understanding."  
"For this reason you would not be a courtier!" inquired his majesty, whose fingers began to play upon his sword in a threatening manner.  
"Miserable as I am, I should be sorry to be placed in the rank of slaves," replied the dwarf. "Besides, I have not the necessary qualities to succeed in this line of employment."  
"What, then, do you seek at my court?" asked the king in an angry tone.  
"Something I have not been able to find there," answered Bertholde. "I was told that a king was as much above common men as a tower is above common houses. I find, as I suspected, that sovereigns are honored more than they deserve."  
This was a little too much. The king lost his patience and commanded the dwarf jester to leave the palace immediately or he would have him whipped out of court.

**Right Living.**  
Right living is, in one sense, a living without making mistakes. To make mistakes is human, however, and a mistake may at least be made if the merit of activity. The person who does nothing may escape blundering, but a do-nothing policy is not often a help to progress. "Recently," said a notable speaker at a memorable gathering lately assembled, "I saw some people who have made no mistakes for thousands of years. They were in the museum of the University of Pennsylvania, in the Peruvian and Mexican departments, in glass cases."—Youth's Companion.

**Felt Good Afterward.**  
A little ducky sat on a horse block pounding his thumb nail with a hammer.  
"Why do you do that?" asked a man riding past.  
"Cause," he whined, "cause it do feel so good when I stop."—Chicago Record.

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**FOOLS OR KNAVES.**  
Which of the Two is the More Harmful in the Domestic Circle?  
An old question often asked is, Which do most harm to the world, fools or knaves? But, old as it is, no one has yet answered it satisfactorily to all—that is, authoritatively and decisively. And no one can, for it is one of those questions which depend on circumstances—one of those seesaw conditions where now one is uppermost and now the other, and no one can say which is supreme.  
The fools, who are many, with the best intentions in the world, work infinite mischief even to those they love best and would serve most loyally. For one thing, as a rule, they are chatterboxes and let out everything they ought to keep to themselves. If they are your guests, meaning no harm, they gossip about your domestic affairs, discuss your character, tell all the little circumstances of your daily life, and, being fools, unwittingly distort all they relate and exaggerate into importance the very trifles which may have occurred. A sharp-edged accent in a lady's speech, even good folk are given to these puny bursts of irritation—is made into the sure sign of deep seated disagreement, and you and your husband, who live like turtle doves in the main, with just an occasional, very occasional, peck, are presented to society as profoundly inharmonious and always quarreling. You cannot quite understand what your sympathetic friends would be at when they speak to you compassionately, sigh and say, "Poor dear!" You do not know why you should be pitied, not having overheard your fool when he or she reported that little scene at table where you had perhaps blunderingly, perhaps obstinately, maintained that the shield was red when your husband declared it was blue. Thus the little spurt came, and the fire died down as soon as it was kindled, like a match that catches but does not burn. But your fool made it into a serious conflagration, and only one of many like unto it. So with all your domestic concerns in detail, if you have a fool as your guest—one who does not understand the very alphabet of good breeding in the reticence imposed on all who are admitted into the intimacy of a family.  
A fool of this kind is mischievous beyond all after remedy. In this gossip mongering world of ours it needs but the slightest push to set the snowball a-rolling, when it gathers as it goes till it is out of all proportion with the original nucleus. A great many of those disastrous surmises and those evil reports which fit about the world like specters in the twilight are the undesired work of fools, such as foolish as that silly knave who used his master's formula to call up a common water carrier—a hee-hi not quite after the pattern of good old "Gunga Din"—and could not lay him again, though well nigh drowned by the creature he had invoked. Between a fool and a knave, then, as a guest, the fool is the worst, because the knave cannot do more harm, and the chances are that, having brains and counting the cost and the gain of his own actions, he will refrain from setting about lies which will do him no good and may come smashing back on his own pate in the form of an action for libel, with damages to follow.—Philadelphia Times.

**A Chance For Life.**  
Much curiosity is directed toward Henri Rochefort's "Adventures of My Life." Something of an Ishmaelite, as he is, M. Rochefort's life has been a long skirmish. The following passage gives some idea of the risk he once ran:  
"For more than a quarter of a century," he says in his preface, "I have been like a man on a switch-back railway, continually plunged from the highest summits into the darkest depths. A few months after the day when the populace threw down the Sainte-Pelagie doors to liberate me and carry me in triumph to take my seat in the national defense government, I was dragged to Versailles in chains and threatened with death. For a whole hour I was paraded in the streets of the city like another Pougatcheff, and I can still bring to my mind's eye the figure of an old man, attired in a close-fitting frock coat, who waved a red umbrella and started in the direction of the procession. 'It's Rochefort! Flay him alive this time!'"

**Bitter Recollection.**  
A sad looking man went into a chemist's. "Can you give me," he asked, "something that will drive from my mind the thought of sorrow and bitter recollection?" And the druggist nodded and put him up a little dose of quinine and wormwood and rhubarb and opium salts and a dash of castor oil and gave it to him, and for six months the man could not think of anything in the world except new schemes for getting the taste out of his mouth.—Eppure Moments.

**The Chinese Dictionary.**  
The Chinese dictionary authorized by the imperial government contains 214 classes of words, of which 150 include the more important. This famous dictionary, the most ancient of any recorded in literary history, was arranged by Pa-outshe, who lived about 1100 B. C.

**Disproved It.**  
"This is all rot about pure grit winning success."  
"How so?"  
"I sank a fortune in a grindstone factory."—Detroit Free Press.

**IMPALED HER BONNET.**  
A Painful and Exciting Incident of a New York Rainstorm.  
They were talking of the variety of queer little incidents which the streets of New York have to offer for the daily entertainment of the idle but observing pedestrian.  
"Why, it's a regular continuous performance, if you only keep your eyes open and look about you," concluded the man whose fund of "remembrances" had made him easily the star narrator of the party.  
"Indeed I believe you," remarked the little woman in the corner, who up to that point had contented herself with listening to the stories of the others. "I believe you, because I was in one act of it myself the other day on Twenty-third street. I assure you that I am not particularly proud of the part I played, but, then, I did it purely from necessity, not choice."  
"When I started out to shop that afternoon, the sky was perfectly clear, but in about an hour it came on to rain very suddenly, and I was caught without an umbrella. I had a new bonnet on, too—one of those tiny things, you know, made mostly of jet and lace, and barely resting on the top of my head. It didn't even have strings to hold it on. Well, I was hurrying along as fast as possible, my sole idea being to get that bonnet under the sheltering roof of the nearest store, when, happening to glance a little distance ahead of me, I saw something which fairly paralyzed me with astonishment. I stood still for a moment, unwilling to believe my eyes. But there was no mistake. There was my cherished bonnet, which I had believed to be perched securely upon the top of my head, dangling from the rib of a man's umbrella, several yards away. Worst of all, the owner of the umbrella, blissfully unconscious of his ridiculous 'catch,' was striding rapidly along through the rain, increasing at every step the distance between me and my ill-fated property. There was only one thing to be done, and it was clear to me that it must be done quickly. Picking up my skirts, I ran after that man at top speed. I must have been an impressive object, in my bedraggled and hatless condition, but I had no time to think of that then. When I finally reached him, I caught at his sleeve and managed to gasp out:  
"Oh, sir, excuse me, but you've got my bonnet!"  
"He turned, and, judging from the expression on his face, I imagine he was quite as much surprised as I had been a minute or two before. He was a dignified old gentleman, with kind looking blue eyes.  
"Your bonnet, madam? I—have—your—bonnet?" he repeated slowly, emphasizing each word as if to make sure that he had heard me right.  
"It's caught on your umbrella," I explained, feeling my face get redder every moment. "You must have picked it right up from my head as you passed me, but I never felt it at all."  
"By this time we were both laughing heartily over the absurdity of the affair, but I can tell you it will be a lesson to me. Never again will I go out until I have fastened my hat securely to my head by every means known to women."—New York Tribune.

**False Earthquake Predictions.**  
Predictions of a sensational character in regard to the weather may do little harm. The self constituted prophet outside the regular meteorological bureau is, however, always a fraud. But the man who foresees an earthquake may do a great deal of mischief. The bulletin of the American Geographical society prints this:  
"Professor Fall of Vienna inflicted grievous injury upon Athens in 1894 by predicting that the city would suffer severely from the earthquake on May 5. Nearly every one who could do so fled from the city, and there was indeed great suffering, caused, however, entirely by Fall, for there was no earthquake. Globus (volume 70, No. 1) says that another of his mischievous prophecies threw Valparaiso, Chile, into a sad state of terror in March, 1896. He predicted one of his "critical days" for March 29, and for several days preceding all the trains were crowded with fugitives bound for the mountains. The number of fugitives was about 7,000. There was no earthquake nor trouble of any sort except that caused by this irresponsible prophet."

**Wales Played Crown Points.**  
Lord Beaconsfield was the only man who ever succeeded in getting the Prince of Wales to play for small stakes. The prince was on a visit to Highbury, and after dinner the usual game was suggested. When the stakes were announced, Dizzy turned pale. He was a comparatively poor man and feared to risk so much money. A bright idea occurred to him. It was just after the queen had been crowned empress of India, and Dizzy suggested, "Would not it be more suitable to make it crown points?" The prince was so pleased with the mot that he consented.—San Francisco Argonaut.

**How it Worked.**  
"That woman getting her purse snatched out of her hand saved money for me."  
"How was that?"  
"My wife went shopping and put her purse in her pocket. When she got down town, she couldn't find her pocket."—Chicago Record.

**GARDENS OF THE SEA.**  
The Wonderful Country That Blooms Under the Wastes of Water.  
There is a wonderful country under the sea, a country of hills and plains, of lofty mountains and deep valleys, of rocks and caves. Its wide spreading meadows are covered with strange animal flowers that move themselves about in search of living prey and seaweeds taller than the loftiest trees. Tempests may rage fiercely overhead, but a deep, unbroken silence reigns always in this underworld, nor can the wildest hurricane that drives vessels to wreckage move the most delicate tendrils of the sea plants in the depths below. Fragile creatures that fall to pieces almost at a touch spend their lives here in quiet and security. The ocean depths, which for mankind are regions of breathlessness and death, are for billions of animals the region of life and health. The earth does not maintain nearly so many living creatures as those that swarm in countless myriads beneath the waves of the ocean. Here are great purple sea fans and lovely sea lilies and sea ferns and sea cucumbers and sea mice and sponges, displaying bright colors that are lost the moment they are taken from the water, and here the rare and beautiful corals are silently built into reefs and islands.  
If it ever be your good fortune to go to Florida and visit the keys at the southern end of the state, you may see a coral plantation alive and growing. There is a famous lighthouse called Cary's fort light off the coast there, from which such a sight can be had. Cary's fort light is built in the open sea, without a foot of land about it. It is an iron framework of columns, strengthened by a network of braces and girders, and the rooms in which lives the keeper are about half way up to the light, out of the reach of the waves, 40 or 50 feet above the water. A balcony runs along these rooms, and as the lighthouse is built over one of the most beautiful and extensive fields of coral known on this or any other coast the sight presented on looking from this balcony into the ocean is more wonderful than can be well imagined by one who has not seen it. The coral field spreads around the lighthouse as far as the eye can reach, and so transparent is the water that the ocean bottom can be seen as plainly as a garden lying beneath. The coral field is largely made up of what are called leaf corals, with large flat branches that grow one above another, chasing each other singly and in companies, darting about, winding in and out the corals as if in a game of hide and go seek, and hundreds of fish play among their spreading branches.  
Most of them are of very brilliant colors, some of a bright blue, others partly blue and partly black, others again black blended with yellow, and still others of a bright canary yellow beneath and rich purple above. Now and then some large fish, a shark perhaps, passes by, and all the small fry scatter, hiding among the corals, and are seen no more till their enemy is out of sight.  
Besides the leaf coral there are many others even more beautiful to be seen. Some are in the shape of huge vases, some are like great globes, others branch out as do the horns of the stag, and there are more delicate branching kinds, called finger corals and great numbers of sea fans. The sea fans form the shrubbery of the sea garden. They stand on the ocean bottom on a sort of root, and, unlike the leaf and branching corals, which are rigid and motionless, they rise lightly in the water and wave in the gentle undercurrents as if stirred by the wind. They are of many colors, and, mingled as they are with a kind of vegetable coral called coralline and with the bright red, purple or orange colored sponges of the Florida coast, you may well realize on looking at them how surpassingly beautiful are the flower gardens of the sea.—Justin Le Roche in Popular Science News.

**Responsibility.**  
Occasionally one comes across persons who are to all intents and purposes utterly irresponsible. No matter what their acts, they have a plausible excuse, and when excuses are exhausted they dismiss the whole affair with a little flutter or a wave of the hand and declare that "really they don't know anything about it, or that they have done all they can, and that's all there is to it." Personal responsibility and the habits of accuracy, reliability, truthfulness and well bred frankness are among the most important items in the education of a child—above all, a feeling of accountability and the disposition to accept whatever belongs to one's share of the responsibilities of life.—New York Ledger.

**A Sudden Increase.**  
"I tell you it takes a burglary to make a man rich."  
"You mean poor, don't you?"  
"No; I mean rich."  
"In what way?"  
"Well, I have been reading about the value of the goods stolen from Enger's house, and I find that he has lost more than he ever had."—Chicago Post.

**CHARGING THE HOSTILES.**  
A Brave Little Fellow Rides Through a Band of Indians.  
In St. Nicholas, Gertrude P. Groble has a story of frontier life called "Danny and the Major." Danny was the 7-year-old son of an army captain, and the Major was a favorite horse. One day he was riding him, in company with his friend, a Scotch corporal, when the horses of the post were stampeded, and the corporal was thrown and injured. Danny started to ride for assistance, and this was his experience:  
Away to the north a cloud of dust marked the recent passage of the herd. On every other side swept the tableland, empty and placid and smiling. And beyond, to the south, stood the fort and home. Danny took heart, settled himself in the saddle and put the Major into a smart canter, holding the reins firmly and trying to recall the corporal's instructions while he rode, thinking with an ever recurring pang of his friend's condition, happy that the distance to the necessary succor was diminishing so rapidly and totally forgetful of the anxiety which had agitated the veteran before the accident that had separated them.  
Suddenly, at the end of some 15 minutes of tranquil riding, as the Major galloped along the edge of the timber which fringed the bluff, there was a loud crackling and crashing in the bushes, and a garly decorated war pony scrambled through them, his rider grunting in surly surprise, while at the same moment, from the thicket beyond three other half naked mounted figures appeared and lined up in the path which led to safety.  
The child's heart stopped beating. His frontier training told him that all that had gone before, even the tragedy which had darkened the afternoon, was as nothing compared with this new and awful danger. In a paroxysm of terror he tried to stop; Major—tried with all his small strength to turn him aside toward the open plain, to check his mad plunge into the very arms of the enemy. Put for the first time the horse paid attention neither to the belated voice nor to the tiny hands pulling so desperately upon the reins.  
Whether it was the sight of an old and hated foe, or whether the wise, kind heart of the animal realized the full extent of a peril of which the child was as yet only half aware, it would be hard to say. But little Dan found himself going faster than he had thought possible—and faster—and faster—till the tawny, sun-burned plain, and the pitiless, smiling sky, and the nearer, greener foliage of the willows and even the outlines of the decreed savages themselves became as so many parts of a great rushing, whirling whole, and all his strength was absorbed in the effort to retain his seat upon the bounding horse.  
And so, like some vision from their own weird legends, straight down upon the astonished Indian, swept the great bronze beast with its golden haired burden. Down upon them and through them and away till by the time they had recovered from their amazement there was a good 50 yards between them and their flying prey. And that distance, hard as they might ride, was not easily to be overcome.  
After that first wild rush the Major settled into a staid pace—a smooth, even run, so easy to sit that the lad relaxed his clutch upon the animal's mane and turned his eyes to the horizon, where gathering swarms of savages showed like clusters of ants against the slope of the hillside. In his track, with shrill, singing cries, like bounds upon a trail, came his pursuers. And far to the south there was a puff of white smoke from the walls of the fort, and a moment later the first heavy, echoing boom of the alarm gun thundered across the plains.

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