

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL. 8.

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEXAS.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 8, 1898.

NO. 380.

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Devil's River News

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FALL OF A FOREST MONARCH.

Down a Giant Pine Tree in a Minnesota Forest.
W. S. Harwood contributes "The Story of a Pine Board" to St. Nicholas, tracing the wood from the fall of the seed in the forest mold through all the processes of lumbering until it emerges from the mill a finished board. Mr. Harwood says: I had my eye on a grand old pine standing a little away from any of his fellows, a monarch in the forest. It must have been 140 feet, perhaps more, from the topmost point in its glossy green coronal down to the dead goldenrod in the snow at its base. It was about 3 feet in diameter at the ground, so tall, so strong, so straight, a noble tree indeed, in very truth a king of the forest. It was the result of the life which dwelt in the tiny black winged seed which was lost to view more than a century and a half before.

While I was admiring the splendid proportions of the tree three men came toward me. One was a bright eyed fellow, short of stature and swarthy of skin, looking like one of the Chippewa Indians whose home this forest had been for nobody knows how many centuries. He looked the tree over, stepping to this side and to that, eyed it critically from various points of view, and then with a small, sharp ax cut a keen gash in the trunk about a foot above the top of the dead goldenrod in the snow. He was an undercutter, a man whose business it is to cut into the tree on the side on which it should fall, so that it may not be broken in the fall or lodge in the crotch of another tree. The cut on the side of the tree is the guide for the sawyers.

The other man, bearing a big saw, began cutting down the pine, sawing steadily and powerfully through the fragrant yellowish white trunk. Now and then the undercutter would step up to them to see how they were progressing. When their saw had passed the heart of the pine, he placed a small, bright steel wedge in the path of the saw and drove it in.
"Look out there now!" came the call of the undercutter as he looked in my direction.

I made a quick scramble through the deep snow, nearly tumbling over a hidden log and grabbing my camera as I went. I had no intention of staying in the immediate vicinity, for I had seen trees like this fall before, and I knew it was a risky thing to stand hard by. The best directed tree will sometimes veer

How to Dry Films.

George L. Minott says in the New York Mail and Express: "After films have been developed, fixed and put through the glycerin bath, I proceed as follows: I take a board about a foot wide and 4 feet long (this is a convenient length) and cover it with heavy blotting paper. Pin the films by their corners square with the board; stand board so that all surplus glycerin, etc., will drain in one direction—that is, toward the lowest corner of each film. As fast as a drop of water gathers, the blotter will absorb it and even hasten the drying. It also prevents water from one film running down over another which has dried faster. All films don't dry alike. For this reason I cut the edges of the films claiming to be the originator. If any amateur tries it along."

Guard the Spanish Sovereign.

One of the most curious customs in connection with the court of Spain is the provision made for the safety of the sovereign at night. The slumbers of the little king are watched over throughout the night by a body of piked men, who must, according to ancient tradition, be natives of Espinosa and have served with distinction in the army. It is by them that the palace gates are locked at midnight with ceremonial solemnity and reopened at 7 o'clock in the morning. Their affectionate fidelity to the person of the sovereign is as traditional as their strange and time honored privilege.

Cannae.

Cannae, where Hannibal won his greatest victory over the Romans, is situated on the opposite side of the peninsula from the city of Rome, on the river Aufidus, and about six miles from its mouth. It was from this battlefield that Hannibal sent to Carthage three bushels of gold rings from the fingers of the Roman knights slain in the battle. Cannae is about 200 miles from Rome.

ORIGIN OF LACE.

Invented by a European Woman as Late as the Fifteenth Century.
In an interesting article on the subject of "Lace in the Woman's Home Companion" Clara L. Shackelford, after giving the history of machine made lace, goes on to say: "Handmade lace is a history far more fascinating. Some have supposed that it originated in Egypt, the land that gave birth to nearly all the arts, but search diligently as you may and you will never discover in mummy's tomb, on an egyptian or painted wall, or in any archaeological find whatever the material or actual chains of this intricate art." "The earliest lace is mentioned in the Bible. The Hebrews, the Greeks, the Persians, the Romans, the Arabs, the Chinese, and the Japanese, all have their share of lace. It is said that the first lace was made in Persia by a woman named Roshanara, who lived in the reign of Shah Jahan. She was a Hindu and her husband was a Hindu prince. She was a woman of great beauty and was married to a prince of the royal household. She was a Hindu and her husband was a Hindu prince. She was a woman of great beauty and was married to a prince of the royal household.

"The first lace it is thought, was made with the needle (point), the pattern being traced upon parchment or paper and the outlines marked by a pencil. It was built up by the needle and the bobbins came in as a factor, as they do to this day the only means employed to produce hand-made lace. So that all of it resolves itself into the two generic kinds—point, which is made by the needle, and pillow, by the bobbins, or there may be a composite article, made by both."

When the international fleet at Crete, the captain of the cruise, Stronboli, to go near Kissamos and defend a Turkish fort threatened by the insurgents. The captain, whose wife is a Greek, seemed little enthusiastic over his mission and remarked, "But do you think, admiral, it is really necessary to cannonade the insurgents?" "That you have to decide when you are there, at least that is what the admiral's have decided."

"Think, admiral," exclaimed the other, "what my wife will say when she knows I have bombarded the Cretan Greek brothers!" "Dear Admiral," returned the admiral, "I would begin to think what my father would have said of me, for he was as Greek as your wife." To Stronboli left, but the news never came that she bombarded the insurgents.—New York Tribune.

Why He Laughed.

At the expense of the cost of the foreign documents department of the French National Library. During the visit of King Chulalongkorn of Siam a highly prized paper that it was said no one had been able to decipher satisfactorily, because of the mixture of Siamese and Chinese characters, was searched and shown to the Siamese visitor.

The king glanced at the precious paper, indeed in laughter that was immediate and unkingly and then explained that this carefully guarded and highly prized document was merely a fire insurance policy drawn up for a Chinese company by some Siamese firm, and that his own signature, which it bore, was such as all similar documents bear. It was, moreover, written by one of his secretaries detailed for that work. That document is not so highly prized as it was.—New York Times.

The Cheerful Idiot.

"I see," said the shoe clerk boarder, "that there is a king in Africa who has been drunk for 15 years." "That," said the cheerful idiot, "is what might be called a soaking reign."—Indianapolis Journal.

At the Way.

Hodown—Miss Toppet has lots of rocks, hasn't she? Hardups—Rocks, is it? Millions of 'em! Even her heart's a stone.—New York Journal.

BRIAN BOROIHME'S HARP.

The Oldest Instrument of the Kind Preserved in Trinity College.
No more interesting relic of Ireland's old historic days has come down than the instrument preserved in Trinity college, Dublin, and known as "Brian Boroihme's harp." It is the oldest instrument of the kind known to exist in the land of Erin and probably in Europe. The legend attached to the harp gives it the honor of having been played at the court of King Brian Boroihme, slain at the battle of Clontarf, in the year 1014, having passed into the possession of his son Donough, the murderer of Tormod, in consequence of which the harp was deposited in the hands of his nephew, Donough, retired to Rome. Thither the harp carried the rogalia of his assassinated father, and also the musical instrument. Deposited in the Vatican, it remained there centuries, until sent over by the pope to Henry VIII, then honored by the pontiff as the "defender of the faith."

This is only fiction. One of the greatest of Irish antiquarian scholars, the late George Petrie, has examined the harp and has shown that the story has no foundation in fact. From its size, peculiar structure and heraldic decoration Mr. Petrie deduced, to the satisfaction of archaeologists, that the harp belonged to the smaller class of instruments used by Irish ecclesiastics to accompany voices in the singing of hymns at private devotion or in the services of the church. The instrument is but 32 inches high. Thus Mr. Petrie contended it was too small to have been a bardic instrument, quite unfitted to have been played by the minstrel at festival functions.

The scholar also points out that his argument for the instrument being one for devotional purposes is strengthened by the appearance of the letters "I. H. S." carved in relief in the Gothic character. It was the opinion of the antiquary that this harp was made for one of the two O'Neills who flourished in the fourteenth century, the first as bishop of Clogher, the second as bishop of Derry. One of the last minstrels who struck harmony from the strings of the instrument was a descendant of the O'Neills who flourished in 1700.

The harp, when perfect, had 37 strings. It is of exquisite workmanship. The upright pillar is of oak and the soundboard of red sallow. The extremity of the forearm has a capping of silver very artistically wrought, and there are other embellishments in the same metal. There is also a large crystal set in silver under another stone, now lost. Some of the wood is much decayed. Ireland in old days had rare craftsmen in wood and the metals, and "Brian Boroihme's harp" is a most striking example of their skill.—Lloyd's Newspaper.

Why She Liked Rome.

A writer in the Washington Star reports a diplomat as saying that he has amused himself with asking members of the great army of travelers what object they have in view in their endless peregrination. Naturally the replies to this question are various. Of all reasons a Boston lady gave me the strangest. When I met her, she had finished her sixth year of travel. She had made three tons round the world and seen about everything that could be seen. I ventured to ask her which of all the cities she had visited she found most interesting.

After considering the question awhile she answered Rome. I asked her why she preferred that to any other city, supposing it might be for a religious reason. She found the religion was not her stronghold. "I like Rome best," she said, "because they cook and serve calf's brains so nicely. In no other place in the world can one get calf's brains in the various ways they cook them in Rome."

Sally's Crime.

In the "Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay," Mr. Trevelyan tells an amusing little story of the early years of the famous man. When a very small boy, the young Macaulay walked into his father's house, and, regardless of the presence of guests, his small figure swelling with indignation, pronounced in the most solemn tones the words, "Cursed be Sally!" When called to account, he explained that the Bible says, "Cursed be every one that removeth his neighbor's landmarks," and Sally had gathered up and thrown away the shells of which he had made borders to his garden beds.

At the Way.

Hodown—Miss Toppet has lots of rocks, hasn't she? Hardups—Rocks, is it? Millions of 'em! Even her heart's a stone.—New York Journal.

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