

The Santa Anna News.

VOL 17—NO 29

SANTA ANNA, COLEMAN COUNTY, TEXAS. JULY 31 1903.

\$1.00 PER YEAR

If you have Land, Cattle, Horses or Mules for sale list with me and if your price is worth your price I will sell it at the sale, to be made. Remember I charge you 5 per cent for land sales and 10 cents per head for stock cattle and steers. For milk cows, horses and mules my charge will be reasonable. I could not offer to take a man several miles to show a milk cow, Horses or Mule and charge only 25c. But you may rest assured that I will only charge a reasonable price. I am advertising in several leading papers such as Dallas and Galveston News and Stock & Farm Journals at Ft. Worth, Dallas and Kansas City and other places and I look for lots of sales. A good bargain on my list means a sale. If you cannot conveniently see me in person just write me what you have. Describe it in full—Do not exaggerate—and I will place it before buyers. I have the nerve to carry buyers to see your property and if you and my buyer can agree then that means business for all of us. I most respectfully solicit your property for sale.

A. J. Brown
Land and Live Stock Agt.

Dr. Weatherley, the Coleman dentist, will be in Santa Anna, Monday, Aug. 2.

The rain J. D. Simpson predicted would reach the ground on the part of last week was a reality. The rain fell all night and the ground was saturated. The people are satisfied even if it didn't arrive on schedule time. J. D. still holds the position of chief of the local weather bureau.

It don't cost one cent to try J. W. Babb & Co washing machines sent on 30 days trial.

We learn that A. J. Brown has just sold the farm near Niwot, belonging to the Burk heirs, to Mr. Dupre of Home Creek. This is a fine farm and is situated in a good neighborhood. Mr. Dupre will add to the number of the good citizens of that community.

LOST—Somewhere between Coleman and the Rendleman ranch a ten dollar bill. Finder please return to John Holt.

Walter Babb, of Waldo Ark., is in the city guest of his brother, J. W. Babb. He will attend the Santa Anna High school the incoming term.

Kelley & Co wants to buy your wheat and oats.

Mrs. B. H. Melton and daughter Miss Jessie left Wednesday evening on a visit to relatives at Spadina, Ark.

Remember those ties at M. Tyson's are beauties, and only 25. 35 cents.

W. P. Hickman, a substantial and worthy citizen of the Plainview community, was a pleasant caller at the News office yesterday afternoon. Mr. Hickman has been a resident of Coleman county ten years and during that time he has bought and paid for one of the best farms in this part of the country and has accumulated considerable property besides. He said Coleman county was good enough for him and that he is permanently located.

Are you going to paint or paper your house? If so let me figure your bill. Hammar Paint is the best. S. H. PHILLIPS.

B. Y. P. U.

Subject Aug. 2. Lesson from Paul—How we may overcome our hindrances. 2 Cor. 12:7-12; 10:10. Leader—W. E. Bartlett.

What are some of our most common hindrance—Frank Turner and Mrs. Harvey.

What hindrances have I seen in my life?—Pastor on overcoming hindrances.

Mrs. G. W. Gibbs and family of Houston and Mrs. Jno. F. Gardner of Seymore Texas are visiting Mrs. W. B. Mitchell.

M. Tyson received new slippers this week. Call and see them.

One man said \$20. would not buy it, another said the best he ever saw and the Ladies says they could not do without it. Ask J. W. & Co for particulars.

Exchange for your wheat at Kelley & Co's.

Will Wade came in Wednesday morning from an extended visit to relatives at Bell Co.

Buy your duck early. M. Tyson has a big lot both 8 oz and 10 oz.

R. H. Taylor a substantial citizen of Vaughn, Hill Co, is in the city visiting his son, W. D. Taylor.

Don't go off to mill, Kelley & Co will give you Millers exchange.

A protracted meeting is in progress at the Baptist church. Rev. McConnell of Brownwood is conducting the meeting. The first service was held last night 10 o'clock in the morning, and 4 and 8 in the evening are the hours announced for the services each day next week. Everybody invited to attend.

Just received at M. Tyson ladies and Misses dropped stitched hose.

Attention Renters.

Lots of you think you are not financially able to buy a home, but this is because you have not seen a list of the lands A. J. Brown has for sale. Mr. Dupre sauntered into Jacks office the other day and found a good little place for sale cheap and as a result Mr. Dupre bought the farm and will pay no more rent for a while. Lots of you should buy if you are offered a bargain and good home.

Star Brand shoes at Kelley & Co's.

J. R. Banister of this county is now at Elgin, Kansas, where he will remain during the next three or four months as inspector at that place for the Cattle Raisers Association of Texas, having been transferred to that point by the president at the solicitation of members of the association. Mr. Banister is well qualified for this work, having had many years experience in Coleman and surrounding counties in similar duties.

Mathews and Tyson performed a very difficult surgical operation one day this week on a little child of Mr. Jenkins who lives at Trickham. The operation was for the removal of a watermelon seed that had become lodged in the lower part of the windpipe. The little fellow rallied from the operation and when last heard from was doing nicely.

No man or woman in the state will hesitate to speak well so Chamberlain's stomach and Liver Tablets after once trying them. They always produce a pleasant movement of the bowels, improve the appetite and strengthen the digestion. For sale by S. H. Phillips, July

R. E. Fleetwood has accepted a position as prescription clerk in a drug store at Brownwood and will leave for that point in a few days.

Ladies be sure to see the new table linen at M. Tyson's.

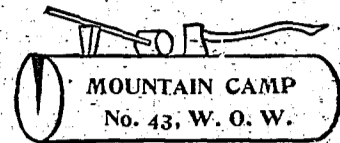
The Ladies Aid Society of the C. P. Church will meet Wednesday evening Aug. 5 at the home of Mrs. R. D. Kirkpatrick.

Ollie Thomson has returned home from Brownwood and will begin work for C. K. Hunter.

Misses Allison, of Milam county, are in the city guests of their cousin, Mrs. Jno. Mitchell.

Mrs. J. O. Stephenson and children returned this morning from a visit to relatives in the Indian Territory.

Miss Bettie Blue came in this morning from Comanche.



Meets 1st and 3rd Saturday nights in each month. 3rd degree camp. V. L. GRADY, C. C. J. F. TURNER, Clerk.

J. P. MATHEWS, M. D.

Office at Phillips Drug Store.

Residence Phone 18.

I have peeped into quite parlors where the carpet is clean and not old, and the furniture is polished and bright, says Rev. John Hall, into rooms where the chairs are neat and the floor carpeted, into kitchens where the family live, and the meals are cooked and eaten, and the boys and girls are as blithe and joyous as the sparrows overhead, and I see that it is not so much wealth, or learning, or servants, or toil, or idleness, or town, or station, as it is the love of God that makes a home a home. It is the love of God that makes a home a home.

L. G. Bouldin of DeWitt county was here last week and bought of Fred Turner the property known as the Sam Ratliff place, 341 acres, at \$10 per acre. It is near Santa Anna.—Voice.

Safeguard the Children

Notwithstanding all that is done by boards of health and charitable inclined persons, the death rate among small children is very high during the hot weather of the summer months in the large cities. There is not probably one case of bowel complaint in a hundred, however, that could not be cured by the timely use of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. For sale by S. H. Phillips. July

M. P. Woodruff has returned from a visit to relatives in Lamar county.

There takes no summer vacation. If you need flesh and strength use Scott's Emulsion summer as in winter.

Send for free sample.

GROFF & DOWNE, Chemists,
405-415 Pearl Street, New York
50c and \$1.00; all druggists.

Santa Anna News

Entered at the postoffice in Santa Anna, Texas as second class mail matter.

FRIDAY, JULY 31 1904

MAYES PRINTING CO., Proprietors.
DANIEL G. BOONE, Editor.

Subscription Rates.

a copy, one year \$1.00
" " six months 50
" " three months 25
Single copy 5
Local notices, five cents per line each insertion.

An exchange says. "A soap manufacturer was once asked why he did newspaper advertising altogether, and didn't use sign boards etc. He said that in his experience the man who does not read the newspaper never uses soap."

Rev. A. R. Watson of Brownwood, assisted in the protracted meeting at the Baptist church which closed last Sunday. While here he preached several able sermons, and the Messenger is pleased to say that there is a good chance for him to be selected as pastor for the Miles congregation for the next year. —Miles Messenger.

While visiting a waco iron foundry, a farmer remarked, "I've melted iron, that's the way I discovered a way to get rid of weevils. Suing the active word he took a bottle of all weevils from his pocket and popped them one by one into the seething iron. Last week his wife happened to break an iron pot she had bought lately, and a live boll weevil hopped out and inquired the way to the nearest cotton patch as he had not had anything to eat since fall. —Ex.

The one thing in this world that is constant, the peak that rises above all clouds, the one window in which the light forever burns, the one star that darkness can not quench, is woman's love. It arises to the greatest heights and sinks to the lowest depths, it forgives the most cruel injuries. It is perennial in life, and grows in every clime; neither coldness nor neglect, harshness nor cruelty can extinguish it. A woman's love is the perfume of the heart. This is the real love that has wrought all miracles in art, that gives us music all the way from the cradle song to the grand symphony that bears the soul away on wings of fire. A love that is greater than power, sweeter than life and stronger than death. —Ex.

"Strength and vigor come of food duly digested. 'Force,' a ready-to-serve wheat and barley food, adds no burden, but sustains, nourishes, invigorates."

Pianos, Organs, Sheet-Music, Every thing in the music line.
Thos: Goggan & Bros.,
Galveston, Dallas, San Antonio.

A Cautious Look Into 1904.

From time to time it is our custom carefully to sum up the causes and give our readers our conclusions, in a general way, concerning the seasonal outlook for the coming year. Hundreds of importunate letters are being received from farmers and leading commercial men, asking our opinions concerning the rainfall in the spring and summer of 1904. This information is the more earnestly sought thus early, in order to determine whether they will seed heavily this fall. We say very frankly that we expect another time of shortage in rainfall, over the great western and northern grain regions, within the next two years. The probabilities are that the crisis will not be reached before the summer of 1905. If we were in the farming business, we would plan this fall for larger crops of wheat, and other products calculated to withstand dry weather in the summer of 1904. We would make a careful inventory of our lands, setting apart the fields on middle and uplands for wheat—a crop more likely to develop before hurtful drouth sets in, and reserving the bottom lands, or fields better suited for corn. We do not figure that general disaster of drought will come even in 1904, but we advise careful planning for a shortage, even in 1904. —Rev. I. Hicks, in Word & Works.

GERMAN SYRUP.

We want to impress on our readers that Boschee's German Syrup is positively the only preparation on the market to-day that does relieve and cure consumption. It contains the specifics, such as pure far. extracts of gums, etc., which have been so highly endorsed for the cure of coughs, colds and consumption by the great medical congresses. The consumptive, whether his disease is in the throat or lungs, must have rest at night, and be free from the spasm of dry and racking cough in the morning. The diseased parts wants rest, healing and soothing treatment, and the patient needs fresh air, good food ect. German Syrup will give free and easy expectoration in the morning with speedy and permanent relief. Small bottles, 25 cent; regular size containing nearly four times as 75 cents. An all druggists.

Smart men have just discovered that the Atlantic Ocean is eating into the coast at the rate of one foot every century. This is caused they say, by powerful erosive forces at work beneath the earth surface along the coast line from Nova Scotia to Georgia, which will ultimately eat up the cities of New York, Boston and other coast cities. But don't be alarmed it will be a long time before the ocean comes to Texas. —Leonard Graphic.

Schiller says: "Joy is the mainspring in the whole round of everlasting nature. Joy moves the wheels of the great timepiece of creation and rolls spheres in distant space, seen not by the glass of the astronomer." Thus poetic thought gains beauty when one realizes that he can emulate this brightness, and instead of being gloomy can, by taking thought, add to other's joys, causing them to view the world through the rose-colored-glasses of friendly interest. —L.N.

Night Was Her Terror

"I would cough nearly all night long, writes Mrs. Chas Applegate, of Alexandria, Ind., and could hardly get any sleep. I had consumption so bad that if I walked a block I would cough frightfully and spit blood, but, when all other medicines failed, three \$1.00 bottles of Dr. Kings New Discovery wholly cured me and I gained 58 pounds." It's absolutely guaranteed to cure Coughs, Colds, La-Grippe, Bronchitis and all Throat and Lung Troubles. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at S. H. Phillips drug store. July

The Fe having changed the time of departure from the Santa Fe gelo-branch, the public is hereby advised that the Santa Fe & Rio Grand R'y make connection at Brownwood with the Santa Fe trains as follows:

Leave Brownwood 10 p. m.
Arrive Ft. Worth 6 a. m.
Leave Ft. Worth 9.30 a. m.
Arrive Brownwood 6.10 a. m.
These trains carry First-class Standard Sleepers and arrive in Ft. Worth in time to connect with all biverging lines.

W. A. TULEY, G. P. A

Cured of Chronic Diarrhoea After Ten Years of Suffering.

"I wish to say a few words in praise of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea remedy," says Mrs. Mattie Burge, of Martinsville, Va. "I suffered from chronic diarrhoea for ten years and during that time tried various medicines without obtaining any permanent relief. Last summer one of my children was taking with cholera morbus, and I procured a bottle of this remedy. Only two doses were required to give her entire relief. I then decided to try the medicine myself, and did not use all of one bottle before I was well and I have never since been troubled with that complaint. One cannot say too much in favor of that wonderful medicine." This remedy is for sale by S. H. Phillips. July

Santa Fe Excursion Rates

St. Louis one fare during Summer School June, July, August.
Call at ticket office for Summer tourist rates for points in Colo., Ark., Iowa, Minn N. M., Mich N. Y. Ohio Va.
Summer Tourist Rates to Wisconsin points, Limits Oct. 31 st. fare to Milwaukee 45; 25;
excursion rates to Lampasas. Limit Sept 30th, fare \$3.80.
Baltimore Me. sept. 21st to 25. One fare sale sept. 17-48 and 19th.
For Rates Call on Ed Eubank, Agent



THE CRESENT HOTEL

AT EUREKA SPRINGS, ARK.

THE TOP OF THE OZARKS
OPEN ALL THE YEAR
DELIGHTFUL RESORT.
LOW EXCURSION RATES.

Suburban, Inc. & Co.

To which the Frisco System have recently extended their line. ASK ANY R. R. AGENT FOR RATES. Write for Illustrated Pamphlet and Hotel Rates to C. W. STRAIN, S. W. P. A. Dallas. J. W. HATCHISON, T. P. A. San Antonio. OR W. A. TULEY, G. P. A. FOOT WORTH.

The number of persons carried by the elevated trains in New York now averages about 800,000. They travel on the average four miles, but the average rate is about a cent a mile.

Brutally Tortured

A case came to light that for persistent and unmerciful torture has perhaps never been equaled. Joe Golobick of Colusa, Calif writes. "For 25 years I endured insufferable pain from Rheumatism and nothing relieved me though I tried everything known. I came across Electric Bitters and it's the greatest medicine on earth for that trouble. A few bottles of it completely relieved me." Just for Liver and Kidney trouble and general debility. Only 50c. Satisfaction guaranteed by S. H. Phillips Druggist. July

Dr. Jonathan Hutchinson of London, long the most noted authority on leprosy, supports assertion that leprosy is caused by the eating of unsound fish by the fact that lepers are most numerous in India among convert to Catholicism, who must eat fish one or two days each week.

No Pity Shown

"For years fate was after me continuously" write F. A. Gullidge Terbena, Ala. "I had a terrible case of Piles causing 54 turps. When all failed Buckled Salve cured me. Equally Burns and all aches and pains. Only 25c at S. H. Phillips Store.

HAVE YOU ENEMIES?

Go straight on and don't mind them. If they get in your way walk around them regardless of their spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything; he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one has a hand in it. A sterling character is one who thinks for himself and speaks what he thinks; he is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character who was surrounded by enemies used to remark: "They are sparks which if you do not blow, will go out of themselves." "Live down prejudice" was the "Iron Duke's" motto. Let this be your feeling while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellow talk — Ex.

INDIGESTION.

With its companions, heat burn, flatulence, torpid liver, constipation, palpitation of the heart, poor blood, headache and other nervous symptoms, sallow skin, foul tongue, offensive breath and a legion of other ailments is at once the most widespread and destructive malady among the American people. The Herbin's treatment will cure all these troubles. 50c bottle at Phillips'.

New Use for Telephone.

Richmond Register: There is no limit to the uses that can be made of the telephone. It is said that a certain Richmond lady, wishing to visit a neighbor the other day, pulled the baby's crib up in front of the phone, opened her receiver and calmly told central that she was going out to a neighbor's and if the baby waked up and began to cry to ring her up at the neighbor's. She ought to get a patent on that baby tender.

CROUP

Is a violent inflammation of the mucous membrane of the wind pipe and sometimes extends to the larynx and bronchial tubes. It is one of the most dangerous diseases of children. It always comes on in the night. Give frequent small doses of Ballard's Horehound Syrup and apply Ballard's Snow Liniment to the throat. 25c 50c 1.00 at Phillips'.

The true gentleman is one who is always careful of the feelings of others. He never speaks of himself except when compelled to; never defends himself by a retort; he has no ears for slander or gossip; is careful not to impute motives to those who differ from him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little, never takes unfair advantage, never insinuates things which he dare not say out. He is courteous to rich or poor alike. In a word the true gentleman tries to embody in his actions as well as words the golden maxim: "Do unto others as you would wish to be done unto." These same general characteristics which distinguish the true gentleman distinguish also the true lady. — Ex.

The evening papers of Texas seem to be meeting with a great deal of public favor.

BRIDE AND BUTTER.

A friend of mine stopping recently at a Washington hotel sat beside a bride who had been a widow and on her first wedding journey stayed at the same inn. She said: "John pass me the butter."

The bridegroom indignantly replied, "My name's not John; it is Charles."

She said: "Excuse my mistake Charles," and then, tasting the butter, said reflectively, "but it's the same butter."

The famous prison for women at Clermont, France, is to be closed after being in use for almost 100 years. Its most notable features are the rule of absolute and unbroken silence laid upon all inmates from entrance to departure, and the opportunity given the prisoners to earn a franc or two a day by corsetmaking and save their earnings against the time of liberation. Louisie Michel was imprisoned there for several years and the heroine of a Goncourt novel went mad and died there from the torture of silence.

ASKING THE BLESSING.

Freddy, the son of a well known minister, had misbehaved, and to punish him he was not allowed to eat at the family table. A small table was set for him in the corner of the dining room. When his dinner was placed before him, Freddy said very solemnly: "Lord I thank thee that thou hast spread a table before me in the presence of mine enemies." — Ex.

THE POST MORTEM.

There is a friend of mine living in Peekskill who had all the ills that flesh is heir to, and he took pills and powders without result. So he called in my old family doctor, Dr. Bassett.

The doctor looked at his tongue, lifted up his eyes and shook his head.

"How do you diagnose my case, doctor?" anxiously inquired the patient.

"Well," said the doctor, slowly, "I can't tell exactly what is the matter with you, but the post mortem will show."

In Norway drunkenness is punished by imprisonment. As soon as a man is incarcerated the delinquent has a loaf and wine morning and evening. The bread is served in a wooden bowl full of wine, in which it has been soaking for an hour. The first day the drunkard swallows his bread and wine willingly enough. The second day it seems less pleasant. At the end of eight days prisoners have been known to abstain altogether from the food thus pitilessly presented. This course of treatment finished, the drunkard, except in rare instances, is radically cured, at least, so it is said.

If the average editor knew as much as the questions asked him indicate it would not be long before a clamoring public would want to elect him to the highest position in their power.

The arrival of the first American women in Bongoa was a great event for the moros, who lined the wharf to watch the disembarkation. An old Maharajah was specially interested. Noticing his attention, the governor of Bongoa asked the old fellow what he thought the quartermaster's wife, a Junoesque lady, should be worth in dollars and cents. The toothless old Maharajah took it all quite seriously, looked at the lady in question with much discrimination, pulled at his wisp of a billy goat beard a moment in contemplative silence, and then replied that he thought she was worth about a hundred dollars in Mexican, an abnormally large amount, as Moro women seldom average over forty dollars, Mexican, apiece. Then the irrepressible governor turned to Mrs. Russell, who is slim and graceful, asking at what the Maharajah thought she should be valued. Without a moment's hesitation the old sinner, to the lady's chagrin and the uproarious amusement of the whole party, appraised her at only eighty dollars, Mexican. — Everybodys Magazine.

The length of either day or night can be easily and accurately reckoned by the following simple rule; multiply the hour of the sun's rising, by two and it will give the length of the night; multiply the hour of the setting by two and get the length of the day. Thus take the day when the sun rises at 6:30 and sets at 5:30. Apply the rule, and you have a night of thirteen hours and a day of eleven. The rule will be found absolutely accurate at any season of the year — Ex.

Mrs. Choate's Second Husband.

One of the wittiest sayings was made over a private dinner table at which he and Mrs. Choate were guests. Some one inquired of him who he would like to be if he could not be himself. He paused a few seconds, as if thinking over the list of the world's celebrities, and then his eyes rested upon his wife. "If," he answered, "I could not be myself, I should like to be Mrs. Choate's second husband."

Cheerfully Recommended for Rheumatism.

O. G. Higbee, Danville Ill. writes Dec. 2, 1901: "About two years ago I was laid up for four months with rheumatism. I tried Ballard's Snow Liniment; one bottle cured me. I can cheerfully recommend it to all suffering from like affliction. 25c 50c 1.00 at Phillips'.

Judging from the results some of the larger state papers must find difficulty in making their editorial columns interesting. We nearly always find something worth the reading under the Houston Post's "Tampering With Trifles."

Just About Bedtime

take a Little Early Riser—it will cure constipation, biliousness and liver troubles. DeWitt's Little Early Risers are different from other pills. They do not gripe and break down the mucous membranes of the stomach, liver and bowels, but cure by gently arousing the secretions and giving strength to these organs. Sold by S. H. Phillips.

HIS STOCK IN TRADE.

Here are some extremely well put and truthful remarks by the editor of the Albion (Ind.) Era, concerning a subject of the first importance to every publisher:

"The publisher of a newspaper has one thing to sell and one thing to rent. He has the newspaper to sell, and the space in his columns to rent. Can anyone inform us why he should be expected to give away either the one or the other? He can if he chooses, and he does as a matter of fact, furnish a great deal of space rent free. But it does not follow that he ought to be expected to do so. It ought to be recognized as a contribution, exactly as would be the giving away of sugar or coffee by a grocer. But strange to say, it is not looked upon in that light at all; and yet everybody knows that the existence of a newspaper depends upon the rent of its space and the sale of the paper, just the same as a merchant's success depends on selling his goods instead of giving them away."

The Charitable Rich and the Poor Doctor.

"In my six months of small-town practice I learned many other things, and none more puzzling than a certain aspect of the charity of the rich," says the author of "The Autobiography of a Woman Doctor" in Everybody's Magazine. "A number of the women there devoted much time to the poor, and one of their good offices was to bring these to me (often in their carriages) and get me to treat them for nothing. I was desperately poor myself, having ingotners to help, as well as own living to make, and I could not my spirit rebelled sometimes when these prosperous and well-fed philanthropists patted themselves for presenting my time, strength, and knowledge to their proteges. I remember one case in particular, when I was called up on a bitter winter night by an Italian who could not speak a word of English and followed him two miles through the snow, where I worked without help or convenience of any kind till ten the next morning, to go home utterly spent, and the consciousness of having saved a life was made a trifle bitter by the picture of a woman patroness who had donated my services waking from placid sleep to congratulate herself on her good deed: I was humane, but I was also human. She might at least have paid me!"

The Greenville Messenger gives the following good advice: "Low grade conversation bespeaks a low grade mind, and no one is fooled thereby. A great many boys and not a few girls have an idea in their heads that flip, smart slang and even base language bespeaks wit, learning, culture and manliness, when it is exactly the reverse. Now, put this where you can read it again and then if the second reading don't digest, read it again until it does."

Ft. Worth has as good water supply as there is in the United States. The water is pure and abundant.

WILD ANIMALS.

The Dealers Get Most of Their Lions From Nubia.

Dealers in wild animals get most of their lions from Nubia. There the natives search for a lioness with newborn cubs, kill the mother and bring up the young beasts on goats' milk. When they are two months old they are taken to the coast on the backs of camels and shipped to Europe. Lions are also obtained from Abyssinia and Senegal. Formerly the Atlas mountains furnished the finest lions, but the species now no longer exists except a few specimens in menageries. Adult Nubian lions are worth \$1,000 apiece, while Senegal lions range in price from \$500 to \$750.

Tigers vary in price from \$375 to \$1,500 apiece and more, according to the variety and rarity of the animal. Siberian tigers, for instance, sell at the latter figure. They are large, beautifully striped creatures. In the winter they grow a long, woolly winter coat. Some full grown tigers are captured in pitfalls, but most specimens of these animals are caught while small cubs and raised on milk.

The hippopotamus, the rhinoceros and the giraffe are difficult to secure. It is practically impossible to capture a full grown beast of these species, and the young ones are hard to rear. A baby hippopotamus will drink thirty pints of milk a day and a baby rhinoceros almost as much. Thus it requires the presence of a large herd of goats in the wilderness to supply milk for such creatures. A hippopotamus is worth from \$2,500 to \$3,000, a rhinoceros slightly more, while giraffes sell at \$2,500 or more, according to size, age and condition.

Jamaica Crocodiles.

There are a good many crocodiles in the more distant reserves of Kingston harbor and at the mouths of the Jamaica rivers, but they are exceedingly wary, and a most cautious approach is necessary if one wishes to get close enough for an effective shot.

As the crocodile is a very shy animal, and shrunk his pilot fish so the crocodile almost always accompanied by a pilot fish, which perches upon the ridge of its back and is just visible above the filthy water in which its patron loves to wallow.

On the approach of man or any other danger this tiny bird flutters into the air and utters a shrill cry to warn its "chum."

The crocodile dives, and you may sit in your canoe and nurse your rifle for an hour without a chance of a shot.

The Jamaican crocodile is shyer of man than most of its kind.—Chicago News.

The genius and inspiration of American civilization rest upon the individual thought, character and action of every citizen.—Schoolmaster.

People would be more willing to take their whipping if the fact could be concealed that they were getting one.—Itchison Globe.

Thomas Carlyle and His Wife.

As a married couple they were indeed to be pitied if the world had known it. They were childless, and therefore half the world was dark to them. No man can be a "sage" who has no children. A barren woman is like half a story. Let her be ever so clever, so literary, so witty, when it comes to the essentials of life she is open to the retort, How do you know? And so it was with the Carlyles in their unsatisfying world of literary eminence. Pity them, gentle reader! When they shut the doors of their bedrooms at night a mouse might squeak or a fly buzz but they must start full awake in the blessed dark and moralize, the one on eternity and the other on Thomas.—London

The Dinner Hour.

The hour for dinner has undergone several changes. About 1400 it was 10 a. m. Henry VIII. dined at this time and supped at 4. In the sixteenth century dinner was at 11; breakfast at 7 and supper at 5 or 6. In the following century meals were an hour later.

Disraeli tells us that in the reign of Francis I. of France folks rose at 5, dined at 9, supped at 5 and went to bed at 9, which, according to a popular saying, made them live to the age of ninety-nine. Louis XII., it is said, hastened his death by altering his hours to please his young wife. Instead of dining at 8 a. m and going to bed at 6 p. m., he took to dining at noon and often sat up till midnight.

The Ladder Dwarf.

"Among the strange and weird demons and bogies which are believed by miners to haunt the workings underground not the least horrible is the 'Ladder Dwarf,'" said a former prospector. "I never saw the creature myself, but he is described as hunch-backed, with a short body, large head and enormously long and powerful arms. In fact, he resembles an exaggerated gorilla. His favorite trick is climbing the ladders by means of which the miners leave the mines, raising himself with his long arms, and as he passes the rungs kicking them out one by one. He is supposed to always do this just before an accident of some kind in the mine."

The Rattlesnake as a Decoy.

That the rattlesnake uses his tail to decoy birds has been observed a number of times by a correspondent of the Scientific American, who says: "The snake hides himself in the tall grass and imitates the buzzing of a bee. The insectivorous birds, such as the phoebe and kingbird, are attracted by the sound and become an easy prey for his snakeship. I have seen rattlesnakes concealed in the dense foliage of trees twenty feet from the ground practicing the same deception on the birds and getting the bird every time."

The Penalty.

Mr. Workhardt—My dear, I have lost my situation, and it just happens that I haven't a dollar ahead. We must go to the poorhouse for dinner.

Mrs. W.—Surely some of the grocers with whom we have dealt for so many years will trust us.

Mr. W. (sadly)—No; I have no credit anywhere. We always paid cash.—New York Weekly.

Quite a Linguist.

Mr. S. had just welcomed his nephew home from school. "Now, then, Tommy," he said, "let us see what you have been learning all this time. What is the meaning of *felo de se*?" Instantly replied the lad, a little contemptuously: "Oh, that's only French for a sailor. Ask me something in Latin."

The pride that many unblemished persons affect in their ancestry is so melancholy that they might as well be dead themselves.—Schoolmaster.

Wagner as an Acrobat.

Ferdinand Praeger related an incident of a visit to Wagner at his Swiss home. The two men sat one morning on an ottoman in the drawing room talking over the events of the years. Suddenly Wagner, who was sixty years old, rose and stood on his head upon the ottoman.

At that moment Wagner's wife entered. Her surprise and alarm caused her to run to her husband, exclaiming, "Ah, Richard, Richard!" Quickly recovering himself, he assured her that he was sane and wished to show that he could stand on his head at sixty, which was more than Ferdinand could do.

FOOD, WATER AND AIR.

The Essential Things Out of Which Blood Is Made.

These are the things out of which blood is made. If the food is nutritious and properly cooked, if the air is pure and full of oxygen, if the water is clean and free from impurities, the blood will be rich and red and full of vitality.

Barring physical accidents, there is no sickness except that depending directly upon a want of food or water or air, sometimes all three. When any one is sick the presumption is that he has been trying to subsist on poor food or vitiated air or bad water, one or more.

In order to have good food a person ought to have the first eating of it. Food that has been mused over and left by one person is not fit to be eaten by another.

In order to have good air a person ought to have the first breathing of it. Air that has been breathed by other persons is not fit to breathe again.

Water should be fresh from some spring or well. If hydrant water must be used let it run a bit, as the house pipes are apt to be of lead and not iron like the pipes that convey the water through the city.

Food that is relished, air that cools and invigorates, water that is quaffed with eager thirst—these are the things that make blood. Put fresh air into the lungs, good food and pure water into the stomach, and nature will do the rest.—Medical Talk.

A Trick With an Egg.

Place two V shaped wineglasses of the same size near the edge of a table. In the right hand one put an egg, just fitting the rim of the glass. Hold the bases of the glasses firmly down, the top rims touching each other. Now, with a quick, sharp breath, blow upon the line where the egg and the glass meet. The egg will jump to the other glass. With a little practice this can be done every time. Be careful to blow in a line with the left hand glass. Or the egg will jump in the wrong direction and land on the table with disastrous results.

Her Objection.

"Don't you think you are taking the wrong stand when you say you do not wish your son to marry, Mrs. Willoughby?" asked an intimate friend. "Don't you know it is natural and best for a young man to marry and that he will not think any the less of his mother because he has a wife?"

"Oh, it isn't that," protested Mrs. Willoughby. "I don't mind his marrying on general principles, but I don't want to be called 'the old Mrs. Willoughby.'"—New York Press.

Awake.

Sharp—Why, I almost lost money on the goods I sold to you. How much do you think I made on the order?

Byer—About twenty-five times as much.

Sharp—Twenty-five times as much as what?

Byer—As you were going to say you made.—Philadelphia Ledger.

Not Used to It.

Hostess—I wonder why your little brother seems so restless and uncomfortable?

Little Ethel—I think it's 'cause his hands is clean.—Stray Stories.

All One to Him.

"Look, papa! The duke has brought his coronet."

"Tell him to go ahead and play it. I don't mind the noise."—Life.

There are more fools than sages, and among sages there is more folly than wisdom.—Chamfort.

How Trees Cool the Air.

We think of a tree as a cooling agent because its shade protects us from the heat of the sun, but it cools the air in another way that is not generally known; in fact, it cools the air around it as a lump of ice cools a vessel of water.

The tree has a body temperature of about 45 degrees, just as we have a body temperature of 98 degrees, which is not affected by outside influences. It is the tree's blood heat, so to speak. So that the air around it is cooled by the tree itself as well as by the shade it makes.

When a tree in full leaf is struck by a strong wind we wonder that it is not torn all to pieces. And so it would be but for the way the limbs and twigs are arranged by nature. That arrangement is such that the effect of the wind is broken, for the limbs sway and move in a hundred directions instead of one, and the force of the blast is so scattered that it is comparatively harmless.

If the limbs all moved at once in the same direction no tree could escape being torn apart.

Willie Collins Writes of a Title.

Church Hill Cottage, Broadstairs,

Aug. 15, 1889.

My Dear Will—I send you inclosed (and registered—for I should go distracted if it was lost) my first number. Please let me have duplicate proofs as soon as possible, for I want to see something in connection with the story which is not a mass of confusion. It is an awfully long number—between eight and nine pages; but I must stagger the public into attention, if possible, at the outset. They shan't drop a number when I begin if I can help it.

I have hit on a new title in the course of a night walk to the North Foreland, which seems to me weird and striking—"The Woman in White."

My love to Dickens. How does he do? When will he write? Have you a house to let? I am at mortal enmity with my London landlord and am resolved to leave him. Where I am to go next "God, he knows." Ta-ta.

W.C.
—Chambers' Journal.

A Dangerous Innovation.

Deacon Carter could remember the days when the minister lined out the hymn and the congregation sang it. Although he had long been too feeble to go to church, his opinions still found their way to the people.

"We shall have some good organ playing this summer," an unwary visitor remarked to the deacon's daughter in the old man's hearing. "That teacher from Boston is going to play every Sunday while Annie Trumbull is off taking a vacation."

The deacon raised his stick and his quavering voice at the same time.

"You send for the minister to come here and see me, Daughter Mary," he said as clearly as he could. "I won't have such goings on! A musician playing on that organ! Let 'em go without till Annie Trumbull gets home again."

A Helping Hand.

"Gracious!" exclaimed the stranger in the west. "What a cruel country this is!"

"How's that, stranger?" asked the tough citizen.

"Why, I just heard that a fellow was shot down here yesterday for lending a helping hand to a fellow mortal!"

"Lending a helping hand, did yeh say?" queried the cowboy. "Why, I remember the case."

"How was it?"
"Alkali Ike was a-playin' a poker game an' he slipped three aces t' his partner under th' table. Of course, somebody shot 'im f'r lendin' that soht of a helpin' hand!"—Baltimore Herald.

KITCHEN SUPERSTITIONS.

Why Most Cooks Always Stir Their Batter One Way Only.

"Take a good lump of fresh butter and roll it in flour, place it in a lined saucepan with a half pint of good, rich cream, stir it gently over a low fire, always the same way, till it begins to simmer."

This recipe for the making of melted butter is quoted from an old fashioned cookery book of a century ago, but the direction to stir "always the same way" is observed as religiously today as it was then, and probably will be for a thousand years to come.

All cooks of all nations stir not only the same way, but also from east to west, a sure indication that the practice originated with sun worshippers.

Speaking of stirring brings to mind that in most English households—country ones at least—the practice of the whole family joining to stir the Christmas plum pudding is still in vogue.

There are many peculiar, old fashioned superstitions connected with cooking.

For instance, in Scotland, when oatcakes are being baked, it is still customary to break off a little piece and throw it into the fire.

At one time, whenever a baking was made—which was perhaps once a month only—a cake was made with nine knobs on it. Each of the company broke one off, and, throwing it behind him, said, "This I give to thee; preserve thou my sheep," mentioning the name of a noxious animal—fox, wolf or eagle.

A roast pheasant is usually sent up with the tail feathers. This practice is a memorial of the days when a peacock was skinned before roasting and when cooked was sewed into its plumage again, its beak gilded and so served.

Tossing the pancake is another interesting food superstition. Formerly the master of the house was always called upon to toss the Shrove Tuesday pancake. Usually he did it so clumsily that the contents of the pan found their way to the floor, when a fine was demanded by the cook. The custom is still kept up at Westminster school, where a pancake is tossed over the bar and scrambled for. The one who secures it is rewarded with a guinea.

The origin of the cross on hot cross buns is a matter of dispute. There is little doubt that cakes partly divided into four quarters were made long before the Christian era. At one time it was believed that bread baked on Good Friday would never grow moldy, and a piece of it grated was kept in every house, being supposed to be a sovereign remedy for almost any kind of ailment to which man is subject.

In many parts of England it is considered unlucky to offer a mince pie to a guest. It must be asked for.—Boston Journal.

Cholly's Repartee.

"Cholly is so clever at wepartee!" exclaimed Clarence.

"Isn't he?" said Reginald. "What's his latest?"

"A great, howwid bwute said to him, 'You are the biggest fool in this state.' And Cholly answered wight off, 'I don't agree with you!'"—Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.

Two Effects.

"I never send out a story for publication," said Dullpath, the realist, "without first having slept over it."

"I don't believe I've ever read one of them either without doing the same thing," returned Hawley.

Sweet Content.

Blobbs—Sillicus is very proud of his lineage, isn't he?

Blobbs—Yes; he would rather have ancestry than make a name for himself.—Philadelphia Record.

A QUESTION OF BATHS.

How an Army Officer Evened Up Matters With an Auditor.

"Auditors and comptrollers are the natural enemies of mankind," remarked an army officer, "but more particularly are they the enemies of an army officer. They take great delight in finding reasons why they should not pass an officer's accounts and take advantage of the least little technicality or any possible way of refusing to do so. Some time ago an officer to get a just claim that had been turned down by the auditor or comptroller was compelled to go to congress, and the printing bill for the account was four times as large as the amount in the first instance."

General Weston got the best of an auditor when he was in the Seventh cavalry, and this is the way he tells the story:

"I was on a horse board at Kansas City, and before a horse could be accepted he was sent a mile at a very fast clip to test his endurance. I observed that the men who were selling the horses had a rider who would take them behind a clump of trees where I could not see and shortened the distance. I decided to ride the horses myself, and I tried about twenty a day. I would get pretty well warmed up with that kind of work, and I went in afterward and took a bath. I charged up the bath each day in my expenses. But the account came back from the auditor with the indorsement:

"One bath a day is a luxury and not a necessity. One bath a week is enough."

"And I indorsed right under that, 'It may be enough for an auditor, but not for a cavalryman.'"—Washington Post.

The First Diamond at Kimberley.

It was not until the autumn of 1870 that the first diamond was found on the present site of Kimberley. There was a shallow, circular depression, known as Dutoitspan, on the edge of which a farmer named Van Wyk lived in a cabin plastered with mud. This hut had no architectural pretensions, but, in its way, it went beyond the luxury of Fifth avenue, for the mud with which it was daubed was sprinkled with diamonds. One day Van Wyk's children prospected the plastering of their home and extracted several gems. The farmer and his friends began digging at the spot from which the mud had been taken, and found more diamonds.

Miners swarmed in, and a new camp, called Dorstfontein, sprang up. In June of the next year the Kimberley mine proper—one of the four great deposits that form the present Kimberley group—yielded its first diamond.—Cosmopolitan.

When Reptiles Inhabited the Earth.

At different epochs during the time known as the secondary period the surface of the earth seems to have been so predominantly peopled with reptile life that it has been called "the age of reptiles." The huge iguanodons stalked or leaped about in the wealds of Sussex and Hampshire. Of these iguanodons marvelously complete skeletons are to be seen (mounted in attitudes of life) in the Royal museum of Brussels—a sight in itself sufficient to induce a visit to that capital. Other smaller reptiles browsed on the foliage of the then existing plants and were pursued and preyed upon by fell reptilian monsters of various kinds. The sea also swarmed with reptiles (ichthyosaurs) as aquatic as the whales and dolphins of our own day. And not only were the earth and seas thus peopled, but there were flying reptiles of different kinds and sizes, known as pterodactyls.

THE TOBACCO PLANT.

Its Origin, According to a Quaint Legend of the East.

The prophet was taking a stroll in the country when he saw a serpent, stiff with cold, lying on the ground. He compassionately took it up and warmed it in his bosom. When the serpent had recovered it said:

"Divine prophet, listen. I am now going to bite thee."

"Why, pray?" inquired Mohammed.

"Because thy race makes perpetual war on mine," said the serpent.

"But thy race, too, makes perpetual war against mine," was the prophet's rejoinder. "How canst thou, besides, be so ungrateful and so soon forget that I saved thy life?"

"There is no such thing as gratitude upon this earth," replied the serpent, "and if I were now to spare thee either thou or another of thy race would kill me. By Allah, I shall bite thee!"

"If thou hast sworn by Allah I will not cause thee to break thy vow," said the prophet, holding his hand to the serpent's mouth. The serpent bit him, but he sucked the wound with his lips and spat the venom on the ground. And on that very spot there sprang up a plant which combines within itself the venom of the serpent and the compassion of the prophet. Men call this plant by the name of tobacco.—"Tobacco in Song and Story."

Wind and Temperature.

The wind does not affect the thermometer, as any one may find out for himself by a simple test. Take two dry bulb thermometers of exactly the same kind and hang one of them where it will be exposed to the wind and the other where it will be sheltered—say, on two sides of the corner of the house—and after allowing them to hang thus for a few minutes you will find that they register the same. And the person who stands near the thermometer that hangs in the wind feels the cold more sensibly than the person who stands near the sheltered one.

The wind is simply air in motion and air in motion is no colder than the same air in a state of rest. We feel colder in the wind simply because blowing over us takes the heat from the body by causing a more rapid evaporation from the skin. There is no evaporation from the dry bulb thermometer, and therefore the wind does not affect it.

A Chinaman's Smoke.

In Persia and in Japan pipes about the size of a baby's thumb are used, providing two draws, a great waste of time. It is the Chinaman, however, who in smoking gets endless work out of practically nothing at all.

He carries a little box about twice the size of an ordinary silver cigarette case. This is half filled with water. In one end is a removable tiny tube to serve as pipe. At the other end is the pipestem. First of all, he removes the tube and blows through it to remove all blockage. Then he fumbles through his awkward clothes, searching for tobacco and produces a bit of rag in which it is wrapped.

Carefully he extracts a wad of tobacco, puts away his rag and slowly plugs the tube, which holds perhaps the tenth part of an ordinary cigarette. But he never has any matches.

So he has to borrow or hunt out a brown paper stem and light it—it glows for a long time and can be puffed into flame again—he gives a long draw; slowly, appreciatively, the smoke oozes from between his celestial lips; he spits; he draws again and gets small result. The smoke is over. He removes the tube, blows through it, and the proceeding begins all over again.

Blunderbuss.

In using the word "blunderbuss" we unconsciously imply a sense of disparagement for the shooting powers of our forefathers contracted with the precision of the modern rifle. The word itself has, however, a terrible enough meaning and disdains all connection with "blunder." "Blunderbuss," in fact, as we have it, is a strange corruption—perhaps not altogether untidied with the sense and sound of "blunder"—of the old Dutch word "donderbuss," which can be literally translated into the English "thunder box" or "thunder barrel."

The Age of the Harp.

The harp, which was suggested by the lute, is ascribed to Jubal, 3875 B. C., and was King David's favorite instrument. The harp was used by the Welsh and Saxons, and, also by the ancient peoples of Ireland. One of the oldest harps in existence is in the Dublin College museum, and originally belonged to Brian Boroihme, king of Ireland.

Couldn't See the Application.

Dumley—She does quote some of the most inappropriate things at times.

Miss Wunder—What's her latest?

Dumley—I was telling her that I sometimes refrain from joining in a discussion for fear of making a fool of myself, and she said one could not "paint the lily or gild refined gold."—Philadelphia Press.

At the Reception.

"I think Daisy is going to announce her engagement to Dick tonight."

"Did she tell you she was?"

"No. But see how uncomfortable Dick looks."—Harper's Bazar.

An Optimist.

"He's an optimist."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. He thinks he gets handsomer as he grows older."—Detroit Free Press.

Hope is always liberal, and the trust her promises make little of revelling today on the prospect of tomorrow.—Johnson.

Lost Pins.

What becomes of pins?

It would really seem reflecting upon the daily disappearance of pins that the earth would be covered with them, and that the annual fall if measured would amount to several inches. Women who start out with pins playing a useful part in the details of a gown will tell you that they never can find a pin; that they are always buying pins; that they are eternally loaning them. In the dressmaker's rooms the expenditure for pins is no small item. The average dressmaker uses and loses twelve papers of pins a month. Yet the floors of her rooms are not matted with them, and frequently her wall goes up. "What has become of all the pins?" Where indeed do they go? Is there a crust of pins subtly forming under the everyday sweep that will puzzle explorers in some far age to come?—Philadelphia Ledger.

The Victoria Medal.

The Victoria medal is made out of bronze from Russian guns captured in the Crimean war. The design is the work of the prince consort of Queen Victoria. The medals are made separately and only when one is needed. Thus when some soldier or sailor, no matter what his rank may be, has shown "conspicuous bravery or devotion to the country in the presence of danger," as the act reads, the war office sends to the royal jewelers the bronze needed for the metal. It is carefully cast, filed smooth around the edges and then the design is brought out by chasing. The soldier's medal is suspended by a red ribbon and that of the sailor by a blue piece of silk.

HE SAW STARS FALL.

The Cuero Star gives some recollections of Mr. B. Manning, an old Texan, born in 1823, as follows: About 71 years ago he saw the stars fall. He talks freely on this subject, and says it is as fresh on his mind as if it had happened yesterday. He says that between 12 and 2 o'clock in the night he was awakened and on going out saw the stars falling, and that it was light as day and that he held out his hand but could not feel anything, but that they would strike the ground and bounce. He seems to think that had it been the stars falling they would have all fallen from the sky in two seconds, they fell so thick. He and his sister were the only members of his family that witnessed the schene. The next morning the neighbors came running in scared and praying, and it was then that his father made him hard to catch for not having awakened him so that he could have witnessed the scene. Something like 40 years ago he settled on what is now known as the Fink farm, one and one-half miles north Yoakum. It was while living on this place 30 years ago, one afternoon, while sitting on the west end of his gallery there came three loud, distinct reports from the cloudless sky, and on looking up he saw a small cloud of blue smoke leisurely taking its course in a westerly direction. In a few days he heard that two large rocks had fallen—one of the rocks fell in Old Concrete, and the other fell between here and Hallettsville, near the old Blackburn place; the rock is lying now near the Hallettsville and Yoakum roads. He never remembers this occurrence as well as if it had only happened a few days ago, and has viewed the rock many times.

The King Snake's Prowess.

The most relentless exterminator of reptiles is a member of the family itself—the beautiful litho, yellow and black snake, the friend of man and the avowed enemy of anything that creeps or crawls, regardless of size or poison fang. A native of our own South, the king snake is between five and eight feet long, and no thicker around than a man's thumb. Built in every bone and muscle for speed and tremendous constricting power, there is not another snake on earth that can withstand his assault. He is immune to the poison of the cobra and of the rattler alike, and the strength of a 30-foot python has no terrors for him. Within five minutes of the opening of the fight, the king snake could kill the biggest python that ever lived. Ferocious as the little constrictor is toward his own kind, toward man he is friendly, and rarely tries to escape when met afield.

Dead man at Houston was identified as William Robert Hill by his brother, John Hill. After all arrangements had been made for the funeral, William Robert Hill appears, alive and well, and the mystery is, who is the dead man?

BACHELOR'S REFLECTIONS

New York Press:

What a girl speaks of in company as her robe de nuit, she thinks off alone as her nightie.

A woman has two great missions in life—first to get into society, and, secondly, to keep others out.

Every morning that a woman gets up she has a sneaking idea that this is the day some great romance will come into her life.

If every girl who thinks she knows how to play the piano knew how to cook, the divorce lawyers would go into some other business.

Next to finding out a scandal in her neighbor's life, a woman's highest excitement is trying to keep her neighbor from finding out the scandal in hers.

GENERAL NEWS.

King Edward and Queen Alexandra held court in Dublin.

Strikers at Richmond dynamited two cars and shot at motorman.

Indications are that Kellogg company strike will be a long, waiting fight.

Embargo against export of live stock from Boston has been raised by Secretary Wilson.

Coup d'etat was attempted in Bulgaria that menaces the throne of Prince Ferdinand.

Japan is getting ready to fight Russia in order to maintain her prestige as a world power.

Fishermen of Timarken threaten to ask intervention of Russia against Norway because latter takes no steps to protect the whales which drive the fish into the shallow water where they can be captured.

Parties in jail at Lake Charles, La., are charged with attempting to liberate Batson, condemned murderer of the Earl family.

Mother Jones, with 30 of her late "army" of 500 that is marching on Oyster Bay, made a speech in Madison Square.

Many Hurry to See Pope Leo's Body.

The report generally circulated that the body of Pope Leo is beginning to show signs of decomposition caused great excitement, but is now contradicted by the doctors.

Many people who decided to visit the chapel in St. Peter's on the last day the body will be lying in state, (Saturday) and thus avoiding the crowd, hurried there yesterday, fearing the body would be buried last night, while many people in the provinces took the first train to Rome, which resulted in a gathering in St. Peter's larger than that of Thursday.

Dr. Lapponi, in the face of the doubts cast on his efficiency in the process of embalming, went with the other doctors to examine the body of the pope, and found it to be in a perfect state of preservation. The dark color assumed by the face is attributed to smoke of the many candles burning around. Unless the unexpected occurs, the interment will take place Saturday evening, as originally arranged.

Ex-President Cleveland's Miraculous Escape From Assassination.

A dispatch from New York says that Dr. Girdner, the friend of Wm. J. Bryan, has been telling a story never before told in print, of the lucky escape of Grover Cleveland from assassination. Dr. Girdner says:

"Between his two terms as president Mr. Cleveland lived in Madison avenue. A demented fellow imagined that he was in love with Mrs. Cleveland and used to send her a love letter every day. One morning Mr. Cleveland was coming down the steps of his house to drive to his law office in William street, when this crazy fellow met him face to face and pulled the trigger of a pistol aimed straight at the heavy figure standing on the steps two yards above him.

By one of those miraculous interpositions of chance, the cartridge missed fire. Before the miscreant could use his weapon again he was seized and carried away. He was found to be insane and in less than 24 hours was placed in an asylum, while the story was kept out of the newspapers.

I was at the house within a few minutes and the pistol was given to me. I have it yet; also the bundle of crazy love letters. It was a well made rim-fire revolver and every other cartridge exploded at the first trip of the trigger. Mr. Cleveland probably owes his life to the chance that the one cartridge which had too thick a rim was the one which the insane chap tried to fire.

More Crimes Added to Beaumont's Long Record.

Walter Stansbury, a policeman, lies mortally wounded in the breast from the discharge of the contents of a Winchester rifle in the hands of a negro desperado at Red Town near Beaumont, followed by a long and thorough scouring of the woods by armed posses of men detailed from the police, sheriff's and constable's departments, followed by the tragic death of the negro, who was shot down by a citizen and Sheriff Landry on Pearl street, in the heart of the business section of the city, is part of the criminal record of Beaumont for one day. The murderer was Mooney Allen, a desperado negro with a long criminal record behind him. Last February he was arrested and held for a long time in the county jail charged with assault with intent to murder his wife. Since that time Allen, who managed to get out of jail a few months ago, and was held under bail, lived apart from his wife, who was a sister to Wash Reed, a negro saloon-keeper at 815 Chaison street, Red Town, and has been on extremely bad terms with her.

Stansbury died at 4:50 o'clock Thursday afternoon. He was 37 years old, and has resided in Beaumont 5 years.

A negro escaped from Waco jail by impersonating a woman.

Negro desperado at Beaumont killed a policeman and was shot down by a citizen and the sheriff.

Catarrh of the Stomach.

When the stomach is overloaded; when food is taken into it that fails to digest, it decays and inflames the mucous membrane, exposing the nerves, and causes the gland to secrete mucus, instead of the natural juices of digestion. This is called Catarrh of the Stomach. For years I suffered with catarrh of the stomach, caused by indigestion. Doctors and medicines failed to benefit me until I used Kodol Dyspepsia Cure.—J. R. Rhea, Coppell, Texas. Sold by S. H. Phillips.

The Facts in the Case.

When you read a thing you like to feel that it is the truth. The Dallas Semi-Weekly News gives the facts in the case.

Specially Edited.

If you'll read The News awhile you'll like it. It holds the attention. It is specially edited, that's why. Brains and not hap-hazard go into its makeup of the News.

Two Papers You Need.

You need the Santa Anna News because its your local paper. It gives a class of news you can't get elsewhere. You need the News because it gives you all the state news. The Santa Anna News and the Semi-Weekly News one year for only \$1.75, cash in advance.

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BIOGRAPHY OF POPE.

Died at 4 P. M. Monday Instead of 11:28 A. M.

From Tuesday's Daily.

The Bulletin had the pope dead a little ahead of time yesterday, but he died yesterday afternoon at 4:04. The following sketch of his character will prove interesting to some of our readers:

The exceeding ability of the late pope Leo XIII lay in the possession of several great qualities of mind. He had a patience that nothing could tire. He could wait months or years if need be, until his time came. He had no delusions. Joachim Pecci saw things as they were, not as he would like to have had them. He had no animosities. He believed an enemy only an enemy until he could make him a friend, and he was always ready to welcome a friend. He recognized talent at once and never sooner than in those opposed to him. A good idea was a good idea to him, no matter who proposed it, and he never committed the mistake of underestimating the forces against him. He had that genius which can tell what is possible and what is impossible. Never in his life did Joachim Pecci attempt that which he could not carry out. As easily as he could weigh others, so easily could he weigh himself. He knew his limitations. To him the intellects and passions of men were as understandable as are figures on the slate, and by him, passionless, there were no mistakes made by him in the additions.

He was great man among the great men of the day. He played a part amid some of the most tremendous dramas of history, and he played it successfully. With force of arms he made men who ordered armies to obey him; out of enemies he created friends; a church which he found the prey of all he left strong in the circle of her defenders. Leo XIII will go down in history as one of the greatest among the long line of great men who have filled the papal chair.

Personally the late pontiff was tall and slender, and his hair was snow white. His face had the kindest of expressions, and his smile was ready when there was anything amusing said. He possessed a keen wit, tempered by his charitable wish not to wound the feelings of others. His manners were highbred and finished, and he possessed a most charming courtesy, which pleased all who saw him at their ease. He loved to chat on literary subjects and to the last found pleasure in reading the great authors of antiquity. His experience of life was so vast that his remarks were full of quiet wisdom. He impressed every one who met him. His personal habits were simple to a degree, for he lived the life of an ascetic. His industry and power for work were extraordinary, and the labor he

daily went through while pope was enough to exhaust a much younger and stronger man.

The serene soul is strong. Every moment of worry weakens the soul for its combat. Worry is spiritual nearsightedness, a fumbling way of looking at little things and of magnifying their value. True spiritual vision sweeps the universe and sees things in their right proportion. The great landscape of Corot viewed asquint or out of focus would appear distorted and untrue. Let us band life on the line, as the painters say, and look at it honestly.—Selected.

TEXAS NEWS.

Attempt was made to kill Mayor Holt of Houston Saturday night while he was leading a charge of the police to suppress a riot at a political meeting.

Williamson and Falls counties gave majorities against prohibition.

County attorney of Hill county holds that officials and others charged with promulgating the result of local option elections should not pay attention to writs of injunction issued by the courts.

Boll weevils are prevalent in Harrison and Denton counties.

Night watchman at Wichita Falls is in jail for shooting boisterous section hand who was advancing on him with a knife.

GENERAL NEWS.

Two attempts to burn the city of Terre Haute, Ind., were made Saturday night and Sunday morning.

Gold of fine quality was found in the Yukon, 125 miles from White Horse. General stampede to the diggings.

Wm. H. Jackson, owner of the famous Belle Meade breeding establishment for thoroughbreds, died at his home Sunday.

Postmaster general Payne is a nervous wreck on board United States revenue cutter Onandaga in New York harbor. He is in charge of a United States naval surgeon.

Mob of ranchmen and cowboys stormed the jail at Basin City, Wyo., killed the county clerk and wounded the deputy sheriff. Two prisoners convicted of murder were riddled with bullets.

SAME HERE.

The more one talks and thinks about the hot weather, the more he is effected by it.



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Lynchings for Ten Years.

In the past ten years there were 1483 lynchings in the United States, as follows:

Alabama	145	Arkansas	94
California	15	Colorado	17
Delaware	1	Florida	81
Georgia	161	Idaho	1
Illinois	12	Indiana	16
Iowa	4	Nebraska	8
Wisconsin	1	Arizona	3
Kansas	17	Kentucky	66
Louisiana	150	Michigan	4
Maryland	13	Minnesota	4
Montana	7	Missouri	43
Mississippi	155	New York	1
N. Carolina	22	W. Virginia	15
Indian T.	18	Oklahoma	36
Nevada	2	N. Dakota	3
Oregon	2	Ohio	5
S. Carolina	52	Pennsylvania	2
S. Dakota	6	Texas	113
Tennessee	116	Virginia	47
Washington	11	Wyoming	4
New Mexico	8	Alaska	4

Hatpin a Deadly Weapon.

A woman's recent attempt to commit suicide with a hat-pin has called attention of the police to many similar tragedies within the last two weeks. Women resorters of the Tenderloin district are becoming so apt in wielding this weapon that the police think seriously of putting the hat-pin on the list of deadly weapons. Recently a prominent theatrical man had about four inches of hat-pin taken out of his anatomy by surgeons at Bellevue, and later the story came out that a chorus girl had lodged it there apropos of a trifling difference of opinion as to the ownership of a diamond ring.—Ex.

FACINATION—FLUENCY.

Col. Prentiss Ingraham, author of a thousand novels, sold in several wars and a gentleman of the old southern school, is lifted up from the earth several times a day by a colored elevator conductor, who, like most of his race, is very fond of elaborate language. Recently an arist in the same building gave a song recital, and the darkey heard her sing. "Well, James," said the Col. to the conductor the next morning, "what did you think of the singing last night?" "I was assassinated with it, suh," he said, "puffectly assassinated, suh; she do sing wid great fluentility."—Ex.

HIGH LIFE THIEVES.

A tremendous half-smothered scandal is brewing in New York's exclusive set over the discovery that highwaymen are beginning to appear on the golf links. The mystery as to the identity of the persons who rifle clothes in the lockers has become a diverting pastime. It is a fact that in half a dozen of the most exclusive places players have been missing things of value and suspicion invariably attaches to some member of the club. Not so very long ago a very prominent young buck in New York social circles was actually caught in the act of stealing money from the dressing rooms. There was a great fuss, but family considerations prevented an exposure in the press.

A business man in a certain town got mad at the editor of the local paper about something that appeared in the paper and notified the editor that he was going to have his printing done elsewhere in the future. He thought of course that the paper would have to quit business, but it kept on going. In about two weeks the man's daughter got married, and they had a big blow out, but not a line about it appeared in the paper. Later on the man's child died, but not a line about it appeared in the paper. The next fall a mess meeting was held in the town to see about some public improvements and this business man made a speech. The meeting was written up in full except this man's speech. That was skipped. Then the business man called and asked the editor what he had it in for him about. "Oh, nothing at all," replied the editor. "You remember you got mad last year and said you were going to have your printing done elsewhere, so I thought I would let your city printing house print the account of your daughter's wedding, your wife's reception, your child's obituary and your speech."—Exchange.

Two well-dressed negroes were walking down the street the other day and as they started diagonally across the street one of them passed on one side of a shade tree and one on the other. They had scarcely taken a step past when one of them called out, in a peremptory manner, "Come round dere, nigger," and as the other negro "came round" added, "what you want to act dat way fer, say?" It was but an example of one of their many superstitious beliefs. And negroes are not the only ones who believe it will sever friendship or bring some other bad luck to let a post get between them and some one with whom they are walking.

SUSPECT SUICIDE CLUB.

The Hoboken police are investigating several recent cases of sudden death which led them to believe a suicide club is flourishing in that town.

In most cases two persons had planned to make away with themselves simultaneously. The most recent case occurred in a saloon. A stevedore, after treating the habitués had the bar-keeper go to a drug store and buy a package of rat poison. He emptied half in a glass of water and the bar-keeper poured out the remainder. They drank together and the stevedore staggered out under the influence of the poison. He has not been seen since. The bar-keeper was taken to the hospital where he is said to be in a critical condition.

So many wells are gushing at Sour Lake that oil is selling at 20 cents a barrel while water is quoted at 50 cents.

One hundred families of Boers are coming over to settle in the state of Tamaulipas, Mexico.

Cruiser Galveston was successfully launched at Richmond.

BRAIN LEAKS.

It is easier to save than to mend.

There are no oil endowed institutions in heaven.

If we never had troubles we could not appreciate our blessings. Satan moves up to make more room when a church congregation begins to quarrel.

The man who waits for some things to turn up generally discovers that it is his toes.

A whole lot of men who claim to be self-made unwittingly pay a compliment to their wives.

It is better to carry your neighbor's load than to walk at his side and join him in groaning.

Worrying about trouble that may come is too much like taking nasty medicine to cure a disease we expect to catch.

Some people make the mistake of praying for what they want instead of what they need, and then wonder why their prayers are not answered.

Christ walked and talked daily for three years and never took a vacation, yet some ministers must have three months off in every twelve or complain of collapse.—Commoner.

A cleaner gave away enough of his secret for renovating material to prove very valuable to one woman. If gasoline, naphtha or benzine is the cleaning fluid the amateur finds often that that last state of the cloth is worse than the first. Around the spot will be a ring of discolored action that marks the stain more thoroughly than did the original spot. To prevent this the fabric should be cleaned with a piece of the same goods, the cloth rubbed lengthwise and with the weave. Continue rubbing until the material is thoroughly dry. If these directions are carefully followed, it is safe to cleanse the most delicate materials.

Some fellows are always taking exceptions to what the newspapers have to say of them. As a matter of fact the man who gets mad at what the newspapers say in the way of news and about him is generally just the man who should return thanks three times a day for the things the newspapers know about him and don't print. There is not one man in ten that the newspaper man could not print something of that he does not want the world to know. The idea is to be thankful for what the newspaper man knows and does not tell.—Russells County Ledger.

Humphrey Cases Disposed of at Last.

The suits of several of the Humphrey family, which have occupied much time in the courts, are settled at last by a compromise with the Santa Fe. Besides the \$6500 secured by the settlement at Galveston they get \$6400, making a total of \$12,900.

Mob at Danville, Ill., took from the city look-up a negro and beat him to death with sledge hammers, and burned his body in front of the jail.

The Choice Fruit Section of Texas.

Not long ago I had an opportunity to visit Bangs, a little town ten miles west of Brownwood, on the Santa Fe railroad. Having heard of this section as being fine for fruit growing, I was anxious to see it. It proved beyond my most sanguine expectations. The condition of the fruit trees shows that the soil is wonderfully adapted to fruit growing. Peach trees fifteen years old are in a healthy, thrifty condition and bearing excellent fruit. There are some large orchards in the vicinity which are a source of fine profit to their owners. Some fine profitable blackberry patches are also there. Nowhere else in Texas have I seen such fine orchards and berry patches. The soil is a deep sandy loam, with a clay foundation. Unimproved land close to town is worth \$7.50 to \$15 per acre, and there is lots of it. The advantages of that section for fruit growing is not extensively known, hence much of the land is yet unimproved.

It is wonderful how few failures they have in the fruit crop compared with other parts of Texas. Some of the old settlers told me they had only one failure in ten years. The altitude is so great that spring frosts seldom do any damage, and the soil is of such a nature as to stand severe drouths. These facts account for the limited number of failures in the crops. I conclude I will say that I am a stranger in these parts and have no interests about Bangs. I have been in Texas 28 years, and have seen a great portion of the great state.

A VISITOR.

"Whenever I get so I have to pay laborers off in old clothes and shoes, and other discarded articles; I will do the work myself," said a sensible business man as he saw a poorly clad day laborer carrying off an armful of this sort of plunder. Don't be little and mean enough to talk a man or woman into really working for nothing, just because their station is low in the world and they haven't the courage to stand up for their rights for fear they might lose the work altogether. A high-minded person is above such petty practices as this. Of course there are instances where the laborer may prefer the cast off clothing, but we refer to persons who make it a practice to secure men and women to work for them and then pay them in cast off clothing. We believe that the laborer is worthy of his hire and ought to be paid a fair compensation, in money, with which he can buy what he needs.

During their recent encampment the Texas B. Y. P. U. purchased 32 acres of land at LaPorte leasing them out to local unions and individuals. The Brownwood B. Y. P. U. pledged itself for two lots, either 25x50 or 50x50 feet. On these they expect to hold their annual encampment, and are looking forward toward a permanent Chautauqua.

Russell Sage thinks the stock market will rally soon, and be in good shape by September.

ELOQUENT EDITORIAL.

Recently an editorial appeared in the Cleveland Press which attracted so much attention that it was read aloud in every school room in that city by order of board of education:

It was headed: "Where God Has Put the Song Birds," and was as follows:

"The song birds of Ohio are to stay where God put them—in the woods and fields. He who notes even a sparrow in its fall has raised an agency for their defense in their sweetness, in their primal beauty and that which gives their beauty and sweetness both—their native liberty. There is at least one statutory law in which the hand of God is surely visible. And it is being righteously enforced. No longer in northern Ohio, will the hedges and trees and skies be robbed of their richest treasures to adorn human vanity."

"It is a baffling psychological question why woman wants a bird on her hat. It is a confession carried aloft like a banner, that she needs natural aids to make her beautiful. For the birds adorn the woman—no woman can adorn a bird. To refined minds, the woman is prettier without the birds; to all minds the bird is prettier without the woman. The bird in the woman's hat is a mark of murder, the most cruel and useless the mind can conceive. And it is a mark of even more than that. It is a constant reminder that the vanity of woman can ruthlessly throttle the sweetest music that ever kissed the soul, enslave the most perfect type of freedom, mar the purest thing of beauty in the world, and then place the evidence of her heartless crime above her brow and ask us to look and think her more beautiful. Is it then to be wondered at that humanity has sickened of it, and has said, through the law and game wardens, the song birds shall stay where God put them—in the fields and woods?"

"There in their native element, the song birds were man's first holiest inspiration. They taught him his first note in music, and gave him his first dream of liberty. They are the greatest optimists in the world, teaching always cheer and hope. They croak no melancholy dirges, but sing only the songs of love and joy and praise. They bring into the heart of man naught but brightness and take from it naught but gloom.

Near to Nature's heart where men and women have souls, the song birds furnish all that is best in life or to be longed for in eternity. They whisper to the child his first message from the Infinite, and carol to old age of glories beyond the vale. From dawn to night, from birth to death, they flood our lives with melody, and cheer with inspiration.

"And let them stay where God put them—in the fields and woods and human souls."

Young woman named Lizzie Dolan, was poisoned in the Shreveport neighborhood. A negro woman domestic in the Dolan home fled and is in custody.

GOTTON STATIONERY.

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GENERAL NEWS.

The body of Pope Leo has been laid to rest for a year in St. Peters. Bob Fitzsimmons has married the actress, Julia May Gifford.

Indian woman of the Comanche tribe made her will, first instance ever known.

Three convicts were shot in a mutiny in the mines of the Georgia Coal company at Cole City, Georgia.

Story of an attempt to be made to assassinate the president has put the secret service men at Sagamore Hill on the alert.

TEXAS NEWS.

Texas Stenographers' association hold a convention at Galveston, Aug. 7 and 8. Court reporters are to organize at this meeting.

General Manager Wortham of the Texas World's Fair commission, says that the contract for the Texas building will be let within the next twenty or thirty days.

Pecos valley is harvesting its third crop of alfalfa that sells at \$11 per ton.

Mrs. N. D. Curtis, living seventeen miles southwest of Vernon, bled to death from a bursted bull.

The Heart.

The human heart is practically a force pump about six inches in length and four inches in diameter. It beats 70 times per minute, 4,200 times per hour, 100,800 times per day and 36,792,000 times per year and 2,575,440,000 times in seventy years, which is "man's appointed threescore years and ten." At each of these beats it forces $2\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of blood through the system, 175 ounces per minute, 656 $\frac{1}{4}$ pounds per hour or 703 tons per day. All the blood in the body, which is about thirty pounds, passes through the heart every three minutes. This little organ pumps every day what is equal to lifting 122 tons one foot high or one ton 122 feet high—that is, one ton to the top of a forty yard mill chimney or sixteen persons seven store each to the same height. During the seventy years of a man's life this marvelous little pump, without a single moment's rest, night or day, discharges the enormous quantity of 178,850 tons of blood.

In ancient times the beds we read about were simply rugs, skins or thin mattresses which could be rolled up and carried away in the morning. At night they were spread on the floor, which in the better class of houses was of tile or plaster, and as the shoes were not worn in the house and the feet were washed before entering a room the floors were cleaner than ours. After a time a sort of bench, three feet wide, was built around two or three sides of the room about a foot above the floor and, covered with a soft cushion, was used during the day to sit or lounge on and as a sleeping place at night. The bench was sometimes made like a settee, movable and of carved wood or ivory.—London Standard.

No Sense of Proportion.

The young man who had spent his efforts for several years without result in studying art was talking with his practical uncle, who had patiently said the bills.

"Of course," said the young artist, "I know I haven't made much of a go of it, but I don't think you ought to advise me to try something else. You know it's best to put all your eggs in one basket and watch that basket."

"Um! That may be, Charlie, but did you ever think how foolish it is to put so many baskets around one bantam egg?"—Youth's Companion.

The Great Porcelain Tower.

In 1490 A. D., after nineteen years of ceaseless labor and an expenditure of about \$800,000, the Chinese government finished the wonderful porcelain tower at Nankin, which stood for nearly four and a quarter centuries, until 1858, the most marvelous building ever erected by human hands. It was of octagonal form, 260 feet in height, with nine stories, each having a coralline and a gallery without.

Wavering.

Nervous Old Lady (addressing officer on board a passenger steamer)—Oh, captain, I wish you'd go and speak to the man at the wheel. He keeps turning it first one way and then the other, and I'm sure he doesn't know his own mind.—London King.

A Bit Unkind.

Holden—Burgess says he always says what he thinks.

Belden—That accounts for it. Saw him at the club last night and he didn't utter a word the whole evening.—Boston Transcript.

Her Title to It.

Nell—Is she a society woman?
Belle—Yes, indeed. She belongs to no less than eighteen societies for the suppression of as many things.—Philadelphia Record.



Mimicry in Caterpillars.

A very large caterpillar stretched itself from the foliage of a tree which it was examining and startled me by its resemblance to a small snake. The first three segments behind the head were dilatate at the will of the insect and had on each side a large black pupilated spot, which resembled the eye of the snake. It was a poisonous or viperine species mimicked and not an innocuous snake. This was proved by the imitation of keeled scales on the crown, which was produced by the recumbent feet as the caterpillar threw itself backward. I carried off the caterpillar and alarmed every one in the village where I was then living to whom I showed it.—Records of a Naturalist in the Amazon.

Two Tales of Truffled Turkeys.

The Abbe Morelet was accustomed to say: "There needs be two to eat a truffled turkey. I never do otherwise. I have one today. We will be two—the turkey and myself."

The archbishop of Sanzal was another truffled turkey lover. His grand vicar had lost a turkey to him on a bet and delayed paying up because, as he alleged, "truffles were bad that year."

"Bah! Bah!" said the archbishop. "We will chance the truffles. This is a false report that has been circulated for the turkeys."—"The Pleasures of the Table," by G. H. Ellwanger.

Toilet of the Cat.

Cats, large and small, make the most careful toilet of any class of animals, excepting some of the opossums. The lions and tigers wash themselves in exactly the same manner as the cat, wetting the dark, rubberlike ball of the fore foot and inner toe and passing it over the face and behind the ears. The foot is, thus at the same time a face sponge and brush, and the rough tongue combs the rest of the body.

A Letter to Mother.

"You promised mother a letter. Write it now," is one of the mottoes on the walls of the Nagasaki Home For Seamen, a motto that, it is asserted, has restrained more men from going wrong than almost any other influence of the place. Wanderers over the globe are not the only ones who need such a reminder. Indeed they might be able to give lessons in filial duty to many who have never realized how fortunate they are that home and mother are not far away, but near at hand.—Youth's Companion.

Making Matters Worse.

Amateur Critic (in the studio of Z., the great painter)—Splendid picture, really! Allow me to compliment you. But why did you choose such an ugly model?

"She's my sister."
"Oh, pardon! How foolish of me! I ought of course to have noticed the resemblance."

After It.

A.—Let me see! Somewhere I read of a book entitled "A Young Girl's Heart." Do you know anything of it?

B.—Yes; it came out just after "A Young Man's Purse."

The Fool's Way.

The Barber—The fools are not all dead yet.

The Broker—No, but there are a lot who dye every day, aren't there?—Yonkers Statesman.

Quite a Difference.

"What is the difference between a gown and a creation?"

"I can't give you the exact figures, but it's a small fortune."—Chicago Post.

A Novice.

Photographer—Did you ever sit for a photograph before?

Little Girl—No, sir. I've always stood.

Animals Becoming Extinct.

Every century sees several species of animal becoming extinct. In the race for life the weak must yield to the strong, and because they are persistently sought for food or for feathers not only individuals but whole families cease to exist. The disappearance of the great auk can be laid to the nineteenth century. It became extinct on the American side of the Atlantic about 1840 and in Europe about 1844. The South African quagga disappeared about 1870 owing to the slaughter by hide hunters. The twin shelled tortoise of the Galapagos islands became extinct in all probability about 1875. The black emu of South Australia was also exterminated during the century, though it was abundant in 1803. The great cormorant was last seen alive about 1839, and many other species of birds from all parts of the world have likewise been exterminated. In the Danish West India islands, for example, out of fourteen species catalogued in 1795 only six still exist, and a similar history can be told of many other localities.

Shelley Liked Bread.

The poet Shelley was very simple in his tastes and found his chief pleasure in long, solitary rambles. Bread became his chief sustenance when his regimen attained to that austerity which afterward distinguished it. He could have lived on bread alone without repining.

"Do you know," he said one day to a friend, with much surprise, "that Mr. G. does not like bread? Did you ever know a person who disliked bread?" His friend explained to him that Mr. G. probably had no objection to bread in moderate quantity at a proper time and with the usual adjuncts and was only unwilling to devour several pounds of dry bread at a meal.

Shelley had no such objection; his pockets were generally well stored with bread. Sometimes he ate with his bread the common raisins which he bought at small grocers' shops.

Sea Serpents Breathe Air.

Like all other serpents, the sea serpents, though permanently inhabiting the sea, are air breathers. The lateral flattening of their tails greatly helps them to swim in any direction, and it specially enables them to rise rapidly to the surface of the water to breathe. That they may do this the more easily and securely their nostrils are placed at the very end of the muzzle and are furnished with valves, which secure them from being entered by the water in which they live.

Unlike other snakes, they cast their skins in small pieces. Their eyes are not adapted to see well out of water, and thus they cannot when in the air take a good aim to bite. They feed on small fishes, which they paralyze by means of their poison, and thus they have nothing to fear from the spines of the fishes they eat.

True Gratitude.

At Wichita a woman passing along the street with an armful of packages dropped her purse, containing \$750. A gentleman found the purse and returned it to her. "Oh, how grateful I am!" she exclaimed. And then she impulsively opened one of her packages and said, "Won't you have a cookie?"—Kansas City Journal.

Plenty of Practice.

"Yes, father, when I finish my education I am going to follow my literary bent and write for money."

"Humph, John, you ought to be successful. That's all you did the four years you spent in college."

His Indiscretion.

Clara—What came between you?
Chloe—Oh, he showed so much impatience with Fido.—Detroit Free Press.

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Vital Facts About Irrigation.

The 17th of June is marked with red letters on the calendar of American patriotism as Bunker Hill Day. The same day also witnessed last year President Roosevelt's approval of the National Irrigation Act and the enthusiastic friends of the irrigation policy take considerable satisfaction in the fact that both events may be celebrated on the same day and are inclined to claim that future generations will find almost as much glory and pride in the statesmanlike deed of 1902 as they will in the military deed of 1775.

The stubborn and unequal contest of Bunker Hill was one of the things which gave us a country to work for, and the long-sought victory of national irrigation was certainly one of the most important steps in that country's development.

The irrigation law imposes a heavy responsibility upon the Secretary of the Interior. That already busy official is charged with the work of selecting the projects to be undertaken, fixing the size of homesteads which may be taken up on the public lands to be reclaimed and making rules and regulations for the use and distribution of the water supply. The task is an arduous one, and in some cases, a delicate one, since there are often conflicting interests that must be reconciled.

Furthermore, it is obvious that with a limited amount of money at his command the secretary can not build works everywhere at once. Western communities are proverbially enthusiastic over their own local advantages. The people of each valley are prone to believe that theirs is a little the best valley in all the west and that they enjoy the glorious privilege of living on the "best soil that ever lay out of doors."

Hence they are bound to be disappointed when the department makes its necessary, but always difficult, choice between the claims of rival localities. It is a case of where "many are called, but few are chosen." And so it must be unless the nation shall some day decide to enter upon the work on a much greater scale.

Secretary Hitchcock committed the details of the new policy to the Geological survey, which has long been dealing with hydrographic problems in the west and whose founder, the late Major John Wesley Powell, was the first scientific man to comprehend the economic value of the arid region.

The director of the survey organized a new branch to take charge of the irrigation work, naming it the "United States

reclamation service." Frederick H. Newell, who has been in charge of water investigations in the survey, was made chief of the new service. He has been trained for a dozen years for just such an opportunity as has now come to him and the friends of irrigation are profoundly pleased with the choice.

Mr. Newell was confronted with the task of organizing and setting in motion a very large undertaking. Its field of operations is half a continent. Its contemplated expenditures will run into tens of millions. And the number of people whose weal or woe will ultimately depend upon the wisdom and honesty of the administration of this work will be equal to the total population of many an American state and many a European nation. In other words, it is a big thing, requiring the services of big men.

Mr. Newell had the advantage of wide familiarity with the conditions of the arid region to begin with. He was thus able to direct the preliminary investigations with little loss of time or money. To this end, he brought together large numbers of bright young men from various parts of the country and set them at work measuring streams, surveying reservoirs and canal sites and estimating the cost and efficiency of the first proposed works.

These are the dams on the Sweetwater river in Wyoming, the dam at the outlet of Saint Mary Lake in Montana and the diversion of its waters to the Milk river, the construction of the Gunnison river tunnel for the irrigation of Uncompahgre valley in southwestern Colorado, the construction of a chain of reservoirs on the boundary of California and Nevada, for the reclamation of land in the latter state and the building of the great Tonto reservoir on the Salt river of Arizona.

It is estimated that these five projects will cost about \$7,000,000 and reclaim upwards of 600,000 acres of land. That is to say, it will cost probably about \$11 an acre to make this land fit for the highest cultivation. The money is not permanently invested by the government. It is to be returned by settlers in ten equal payments over a period of 10 years. There is no interest charge. The government collects its interest in the form of social and economic gains which quickly materialize into taxable values for the benefit of the county, state and nation.

The new policy is yet very young, but marvelous progress has been made during its first year. The work has gone on rather silently without any flourish of trumpets. And yet nothing more momentous has been undertaken by this government in the way of internal improvement.

The nation set its hand to a task which has now grown entirely beyond the reach of private effort, if it ever were adopted to that method of development. It has undertaken to assert man's control over the forces of nature in a vast region where organized effort must pave the way before

the individual may prosper, or even get a foot hold.

There is but one thing which stands in the way of this creation of countless small homes out of arid wastes, one thing which the nation must yet do before it can make the future secure to itself and for its multitudinous home-seekers. It must repeal certain features of its present land laws, under which the public domain is being speculated in and fraudulently absorbed into large private holdings. It must take heed of the president's injunction in his last message to congress regarding the spoilation of the public lands in the west and readjust its laws so that the government land shall be reserved against the time when they may be needed by home makers.

WILLIAM E. SMYTHE.

A Surgical Operation
is always dangerous—do not submit to the surgeon's knife until you have tried DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. It will cure when everything else fails—it has done this in thousands of cases. Here is one: I suffered from bleeding and protruding piles for twenty years. Was treated by different specialists and used many remedies, but obtained no relief until I used DeWitt's Witch Hazel Salve. Two boxes of this cured me eight months ago and I have not had a touch of the piles since.—H. A. Tisdale, Summertown, S. C. For blind, bleeding, itching and protruding piles no remedy equals De Witt's Witch Hazel Salve. Sold by S. H. Phillips.

A DROOPING MOUTH.

If you Have One Get Rid of it and you Will Feel Better.

Don't let your mouth droop. A drooping mouth is responsible for many a sickness. When you are not feeling well, when you are tired or discouraged, disappointed, depressed, the first indication will be the droop of the mouth. When the mouth droops, then the mental activities droop, the bodily functions droop, and the whole physical organism gets out of repair, and you feel droopy and look droopy. A droopy individual, like a droopy chicken, is not a very charming or inspiring sight and perhaps like the drooping barn yard fowl, should be isolated from his companions. There is nothing as doleful as the company of a person with a drooping mouth.

We are not talking to those who are facing some awful calamity or passing through some great sorrow—we do not expect them to be merry, at least not until time can soften the pain—but to that great mass of people who take life too seriously, who allow trifles to irritate them, petty obstacles to discourage them, little disappointments to depress them, those people who magnify their troubles and retail their woes, those people who imagine they are to be pitied and with drooping mouth pose for pity.

Cheer up! Get the droop out of your mouth. Make the corners of your mouth turn up instead of down. If no other way, take your fingers and twist the corners up. When you are feeling irritated or depressed or discouraged or tired, watch your mouth. Don't let the corners sag. Make the corners bow upward even if you have to use the finger exercise.

Do this when you are feeling worst, and very soon the sun will shine brighter, the sky will take on a bluer tint, the weariness and depression will have vanished, and life will be all rose color again.—
Medical Talk.

Baseball Players and Foot Racers.

Louis J. Druger, ex-champion long-distance foot racer of Germany and Holland, writes Oct. 27, 1901: During my training of eight weeks foot races at Salt Lake City in April last I used Ballards Snow Liniment to my greatest satisfaction. Therefore I highly recommend it to all who are troubled with sprains, bruises or rheumatism. 25c 50c 1.00 bottles at Phillips'.

AS TO MR. SCHWAB.

Mr. Schwab, the head of the steel trust, is always either just going somewhere or just getting back, either about to get sick or about to get well. And when he isn't doing any of these things he is playing high stakes at Monte Carlo.

When does Mr. Schwab work? And what does he do to earn that reputed big salary? It may be answered that is Mr. Schwab's and the steel trust's business, and so it is in a sense. But Mr. Schwab has been exploited as so great a man and the steel trust makes pretense to such honest publicity, that we have a right to feel an interest in the high roller and his mills.

Speaking seriously, the public is getting a trifle weary of Mr. Schwab. He is extolled by Mr. Carnegie, the bountiful, and by Mr. Morgan, the wonderful, and he must have some qualities as a business man. But so far as the public knows or has heard of him since he became the head of the greatest commercial enterprise on earth, he has done nothing but play the prodigal, and in the popular mind he is a fair illustration of trust products and trust methods. Mr. Carnegie spends in libraries, Mr. Morgan in paintings, and Mr. Schwab in wines and bets. It is only a difference in taste and appetite. All the spending is at the expense of the industries operated and the consumers taxed. And that is just what the trusts and trust magnates are doing. They are absorbing wealth and dissipating it upon themselves with no regard whatever for the economics and equities which they profess under their schemes of organization.

A man may do what he pleases with what is lawfully his, and trust earnings are lawful because the law has so far been unable to reach them. But Mr. Schwab is making socialists by the thousands, and when he and his sort make a few more, there's going to be fearsome reckoning in this country.—Ft. Worth Register.

The Foundation of Health.

Nourishment is the foundation of health, life strength. Kodol Dyspepsia Cure is the one great medicine that enables the stomach to digest, assimilate and transform all foods into the kind of blood that nourishes the nerves and feeds the tissues. Kodol lays the foundation for health. Nature does the rest. Indigestion, Dyspepsia and all disorders of the stomach and digestive organs are cured by the use of Kodol. Sold by S. H. Phillips.