

SUNDAY AMUSEMENT.

IN MEXICO A PRIEST SENDS HIS BIRDS TO A COCK FIGHT.

An Enthusiastic Lover of Game Roosters Entertains His Congregation With Rare Contests Between Belligerent Cocks. One Sunday's Sport.

"It was in a Mexican village," said the explorer. "Great had been our surprise the evening before when a little after 5 o'clock we rode into the public square up to the door of the convent and observed a long line of game cocks guarding one side of the great church. Well, that was our first impression. Closer inspection made things plainer. In the convent, residence of only the priest and his relations, we hung our hammocks, rested awhile, refreshed the inner man with tortillas and black beans, then went forth to investigate the feathered regiment. The large church was built out into the square, so that its rear wall was on a line with the convent and other structures forming that side of the square.

"Along the wall that stood at right angles with the front of the convent small wooden stakes had been driven in the ground. To each a plumed warrior was securely attached at a safe distance from his valiant compeers. Who could have dared to utilize for such a purpose the shade afforded by the wall of the sacred edifice? Another instant and we should have voiced this thought. It is generally a mistake to speak in a hurry. The good old priest had followed a lean brown finger at a very proud looking rooster, he said: 'That is the prince of this lot, though they will all prove themselves splendid fighters, I know! I have not studied the creatures 40 years for nothing! So! They were his own property! Yes, another five minutes' talk made it plain that the pet hobby of this holy man was cock fighting! We will call him Father F. because it is not necessary to give the name of our kind host. Fairly launched on his favorite topic, he talked away for a full hour and was utterly amazed, when informed that we had never seen a professional tussle between those birds so dear to his heart and purse, and which he loved to see fighting in the ring. 'But you must come with me tomorrow afternoon,' said he, 'the people here all like it, and we enjoy the harmless sport every Sunday afternoon.' He intended no sarcasm.

"Nolens volens, when Sunday afternoon came, our host, having laid aside his sacerdotal robes after celebrating high mass, piloted us to the scene of action. The pit was in the interior courtyard of a private house. A circular fence of slender sticks surrounded the carefully leveled ground dedicated to the carnage. Chairs surrounded it, and a shed, thatched with palm leaves, sheltered the spot from the scorching rays of the sun. In gay attire the most respected matrons and maidens of the place were there, the performance being commenced and partly provided by the priest. A lively conversation was kept up, all present being acquainted. The roosters had been shorn of their feathers, save those of the wings and tail. Each bird was weighed; then curved steel spurs were secured to the stumps of those provided by nature, but which had been cut off. Quite suddenly conversation ceases. Two birds are in the ring. The struggle commences. Heads lowered, eyes glaring, quivering with rage, the heroes fly at each other.

"Calculating that his opponent has jumped too high, the other one crouches, avoids the blow and turns upon his foe, who stands firm. Both rise in the air, breast striking against breast, each striving to deal his adversary a mortal blow. One is stabbed—the excitement is intense, and bets run high. The creatures engaged in deadly strife keep cooler than the audience. A moment arrives when all the backers talk at once. 'Five dollars more on the white!' 'Ten on the canelo!' (cinnamon color). The stakes do not exceed \$50. At last one warrior falls. Dead silence follows, so great is the suspense. Will he rise once more? Victor examines victim very distrustfully, makes sure he is dead, then mounting on the prostrate form draws himself up with an exultant cry of victory, just like some gladiator of olden times.

"All through the long summer afternoon one battle succeeded another. The birds that survived were taken home to be carefully tended until restored enough to fight again. Even those that had lost one or both eyes would fight if an opportunity was given to them, for these birds were so ferociously brave that unless wanted to fight they have to be kept out of each other's reach.

"At the 5 o'clock dinner in the convent our reverend host talked of nothing but his triumphant roosters and called on us to bear witness that the very one he had pointed out had proved itself that day the greatest hero of them all."—New York Tribune.

Tacoma's whistling well nas commenced operations again after a silence of two years. Residents in the neighborhood say that just previous to every storm it commences forcing out air of a gaseous nature, and that a person looking down stands a good chance of suffocation.

General George B. McClellan, who was a prime favorite with his men, became endeared to them as "Little Mac."

Advice For His Good.

They are neighbors on Second avenue, and as they walked down town the other morning one of them observed:

"My wife is crazy to have me buy a new milk cow. What do you think of the idea?"

"Magnificent! You couldn't invest \$40 in a way to bring you better returns."

"Much bother and expense?"

"Hardly any. Your milk won't cost you over a cent a quart, and it will be pure milk too. If I had a barn, I'd keep two cows."

"Two or three of my friends have rather discouraged me."

"Don't listen to 'em. Rich cream for strawberries and coffee—pure, sweet milk for the children and kitchen! I've often wondered that you didn't keep a cow. No care, no trouble, no expense. I'll guarantee you'll never regret it. In fact, it is really your duty toward your children."

"Yes, I suppose so. I guess I'll go over to the hay market and buy one and send her up."

Ten minutes later the man who advised was telephoning to a carpenter shop:

"Say, you! One of your men was up at the house yesterday measuring doors and windows for fly screens. I told him to go ahead at \$42, but I want to countermand the order. Sold out? Oh, no! My neighbor's going to keep a cow, and that lets eight or ten of us out on the fly question!"—Detroit Free Press.

How to Use Charcoal in Place of Ice.

For keeping large pieces of meat and poultry here is a simple device: Have a large barrel or hogshead half filled with charcoal. Put meat hooks in a strip of joint and place across the top of the barrel. Have a netting to spread over this. This barrel may be kept in a cool place and pieces of meat be hung on the hooks. The charcoal will keep the atmosphere dry and sweet, and the netting will be a protection against insects. Should there be danger from rats or mice use wire netting.

Fresh fish may be rubbed with salt, wrapped in paper and buried in a bed of charcoal. Of course the charcoal in boxes and barrels should be changed at least once a month. It can be used for lighting fires or for broiling meats or fish. If, however, it is difficult to get a good supply of charcoal, the old can be purified by putting it into the stove with a few lighted chips and allowing it to burn until red hot. At this stage open all the windows to let the gas pass off; then close the drafts of the stove, remove the covers and leave the room. When the charcoal becomes cold, it will be ready for use again.—Ladies' Home Journal.

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than any home in town.

CALL AND SAMPLE THE STOCK.

OFFICIAL VOTE OF LINCOLN COUNTY, NEV., 1894.

Table with columns for Candidates and various offices including Member of Congress, Governor, Lieutenant Governor, etc. Lists names and vote counts for each candidate.

CONSTITUTIONAL AMENDMENTS.

Table showing the results of the vote on constitutional amendments, with columns for 'FOR' and 'AGAINST' and a grid of numbers.

Advertisement for Little Chemical Dip, a non-poisonous stain remover. Includes an illustration of a person using the product.

Advertisement for The Salt Lake Tribune, a newspaper devoted to the interests of the Western slope. Includes contact information for Cattan, Bell & Co.

Advertisement for a free musical instrument, likely a piano or organ, with details on how to obtain it.

Advertisement for the New Home Sewing Machine, highlighting its quality and ease of use.

Advertisement for T. J. Osborne, Attorney-at-Law, located in Masonic Hall, Pioche.

Advertisement for a permit to cut timber, providing information on the application process.

Advertisement for Patents, offering services for obtaining and protecting intellectual property.

Advertisement for Anderson's Sewing Machine, featuring a detailed illustration of the machine.

Advertisement for Patents, Trade Marks, and Copyrights, providing legal services in these areas.

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