

A RAZORBACK HUNT. ROUNDING UP THE HOGS IS LIVELY AND EXCITING WORK.

The Experience of One Rancher Who, Instead of Doing His Butchering Out in the Hills, Attempted to Drive His Hogs to Market. While it is generally accounted that the sheep and Angora goat furnish most of the revenues to the rancher in the broken and wooded country south of the Staked Plains and west of the Colorado river, it is nevertheless a fact that the razorback hog contributes a full share. Probably there is no country anywhere better adapted to the production of cheap pork. The hills are covered with cedar and a great variety of scrub oak trees, and the canyons and river valleys are heavily wooded with pecan and Spanish walnut, so that there is always an abundance of excellent mast, and it might be mentioned that the cedar berries are considered equal to corn in hard producing qualities. With this sort of feed, which is always abundant, the expense of care and feeding is removed, the animals simply running at large over the country, so that the only outlay required is that of the first cost of a few head for a start. Running loose in this way they are not subject to the diseases common to the hog in the sty or feed lot, and, being excellent fighters, they hold their own with the wolves and other wild animals which prey on the sheep and goats. Thus they multiply very rapidly. In order to get the benefit of the increase in his stock, however, it is necessary for the rancher to get his mark on the pigs. As this, owing to the roughness of the country and the wildness of the hogs, is no small task, it is generally the custom for all the hog owners in a given section to turn out together with their dogs and practice "rounding up" the range. Compared with one of these "hog hunts" a cattle "round up" is a quiet and commonplace affair. On the morning appointed the dogs are turned loose and started out on a hog trail, and the men ride after them just as on a wolf chase. As the pigs cannot hold out very long one of them is soon caught, and his squeals bring back the rest of the bunch to his aid. As soon as the pig is free the sows form a circle around the pig, from which they now and then dash out at their tormentors and all the while grunting like the rattling of a hundred old wagons. By the time the uproar has reached its full height the hunters ride up and hiss the dogs on to seize the sows. When one is caught, two men go to the assistance of the dog, one with a club to beat off the other hogs, the other with a bit of rope to tie the one seized. When all of them have thus been put out of the way of fighting, the pigs are caught and marked. Then the sows are given their liberty, and the dogs start out on a new trail. When it happens that there are hogs belonging to several different men, the pigs are simply divided. While the work of "marking" is more like sport than labor it is not less exciting than that of getting the hogs ready for market, for it is impossible to drive them any distance—even to the corrals at the ranches—it is necessary simply to butcher them out in the hills. So long in the early part of the winter, after the new mast has fallen and the hogs are as fat as they will get, the ranchers load their wagons with salt, grub, kettles and lard cans, take their dogs and Winchester and strike out for the hills. They make camp near some spring or water hole and then begin the work of "driving," which includes the rendering of the lard and salting of the meat. It is like a great hunt. Whenever a wagon load of lard and meat has been put up it is taken to the nearest ranch and left there until the "killing" season is over; then it is loaded again and freighted to the nearest railroad point, where it is sold at the market price. It is said that only one man in that country ever tried driving his hogs to market. That was "Uncle" Ben Pepper, who lives a few miles above Junction City, on the South Llano river. He had, he supposed, about 300 head of fat hogs, and the idea of that "killing" worried him. So he hired all the men in the country, got all the dogs in Kimble and Edwards counties and "rounded up" all the hogs to be found. It was, of course, impossible to keep the herd together, and as it scattered Ben ordered his men to separate a little and keep moving toward Kerrville. At noon on the fourth day the line was within half a mile of the Guadalupe river, the men were half a mile apart and every dog worn out. When Ben decided that he would like to know how many hogs he had, as after passing the Guadalupe it would be impossible to see them in the open again. So he ordered the ends of the line to swing in and close up toward the river. It was a way out of it to a certain extent, for it is found that a half charge, which is sufficient for practice, wears out a gun only one-fourth as fast as a full charge, and even in a way a three-quarter charge is powerful enough. Now a 110 ton gun, though it can fire only 80 full charges, can fire 190 three-quarter charges and 320 half charges. New York Telegram.

They Pay the Rent. "There is," says a traveler, "a stock saying which they have at Queens-town, Ireland. It is there the steamers pick up the mails, which can leave London 12 hours later than the boats do Liverpool and overtake them there. Frequently, however, delays occur, and then the passengers kill time by going ashore, and the native is always in wait to sell them shillalans and other things, such as bog oak jewelry, canes, etc., which are supposedly indigenous to and characteristic of Ireland. "Some of the shillalans are wonderful and awful to look upon and have no possible place in real life, their only object being to take in the unwary transatlantic traveler. One I saw there had a head fully six inches in diameter, with projecting knobs and roots thickly covering it. It was so heavy that to hold it was an effort, and to carry it any distance without using a dandy a physical impossibility. It was a murderous looking weapon, and a blow from it on the head would have done for any living thing, even a dandy from Georgia. "Why, I asked in my surprise, 'what on earth do you use this for?' "That?" he rejoined. "Arrah, that's what we pay the rent with."

Adhesive and Pressed Stamps. "Wait until I have washed off the postage stamp on this envelope, spoiled in the addressing," said a man. "It is not necessary to do that, as is commonly supposed," said a lawyer. "You may take your scissors and cut out the adhesive (not the impressed) stamp and stick it fast to your new envelope with mullage notwithstanding the adhering piece of the old envelope. "It does not look nice and may become detached in the mail, but if the stamp is a genuine, unused, adhesive stamp it is not questioned. The government when it sells an adhesive 2 cent stamp undertakes for such consideration to transport and deliver to destination the letter to which it is affixed. The fact that it has a piece of an envelope to which it was formerly attached, but not used or deposited for mailing, does not relieve the government to execute its part of the contract when the letter is deposited for mailing, the stamp being otherwise perfect. An impressed stamp, however, cut from an envelope is defective and invalid for postage purposes. It is astonishing how many of these are used, some people apparently being unable or too ignorant to discriminate between adhesive and impressed stamps."—Washington Star.

A Rapid Observer. Here is a story with a moral: A countryman had just returned from a journey to Paris. One of his cronies asked him what opinion he had formed of the Parisians. "Delightful people," he replied, "but frivolous, changeable and altogether incapable of forming an attachment of any duration." "How long were you there?" asked his friend. "Three days."—Chicago News.

Fear Evil Spirits. Evil spirits are held in great dread by the Chinese, who believe them to bear special ill will to the eldest son of the family and to delight in playing unkind tricks upon him. To prevent this the eldest son in one family was named "Sixth Little Sister," the child's parents evidently being under the impression that evil spirits could be deceived as to the sex of the little one.

Fat Man Wanted a Correction. "That was a fine report you had of the explosion," puffed the fat man, who did not know there was an elevator in the building and climbed three flights to the editor's office, "a fine report, I must say." And sarcasm fairly rang in his tones. "Did you know that it was my furnace that blew up, that I stand the loss, that but for me you wouldn't have the item?" "If you are D. J. Jones, you did." "I am D. Jacobus Jones. You didn't even spell out my middle name. You'd think that my wife and hired girl were the whole thing the way you wrote it up."

Regard For the Fox in Japan. All over Japan you will see images of foxes—old foxes, with their noses clipped and their ears broken off; older foxes still, with a growth of moss on their backs; shy, alert foxes, with noses perked smartly in the air; great foxes and little foxes, sages and clowns, all kinds and degrees, showing the prevalence of this belief in the land of the wistaria and the fan and also showing in what respect the fox is held. It is curious to note that in all countries the fox, above all other animals, has been considered to exert great influence and power in the nations have legends of which the cunning and intelligence of the fox are the theme.

Age Told by Teeth. "Men's ages can be told by their teeth as accurately as horses," said a Frankford bookkeeper over his luncheon. "I have found this out by my intercourse with salesmen. They come into the office, stand at the little counter, and when the proprietor is not in they entertain a weary while with accounts of their business skill and merited success. Having nothing to do, I watch their mouths—their mouths that cannot be stationary. "Up to the age of 28, I have learned, a man's mouth closes and opens like a child's, and what teeth are displayed are the upper ones. At 30 the lower lip becomes loose, and the lower teeth are as much shown as the upper teeth. At 32 the tops or edges of the lower teeth are blunt, but they are still white. At 34 the upper teeth don't show at all. The lower ones' edges then are a pale brown. "And so on, as the years go by, the lower lip droops more and more, the lower teeth become shorter, and their edges grow blunter, thicker and darker. I have often wondered why it is that the lower teeth wear down in this way, while the upper ones do not do it, and why only the upper front teeth decay."—Philadelphia Record.

True Philanthropy in the Mind, not in the flesh. I wish to leave after me when I die my memory and good works.—King Alfred the Great.

The University of El Ayhar, in Cairo, is the oldest in the world. It has records dating back 1,000 years.

HE LOVED TO FIGHT. A LITTLE MAN WHO WOULD RATHER SHOOT THAN EAT.

Odds Didn't Figure With Jack Watson When He Concluded to Go Into a Melee, and His Nerve Once Saved an Innocent Man. "The gamest man and the best fighter I ever knew—and I've known quite a number in my day—was little Jack Watson of California," remarked Senator William M. Stewart of Nevada one day in Washington when he was in a story telling mood to a party of interested listeners. "Watson had been a member of Jack Hayes' famous company, and, though he didn't weigh over 120 pounds and in height measured but 5 feet 6 inches, he would fight at the drop of a hat the biggest man that ever breathed. I don't know what state gave him birth, but he was a native of the south, and he was the pioneer of Texas knew him well. "The little chap didn't provoke difficulties, but I verily believe he enjoyed fighting for its own sake, and odds didn't figure with him once he concluded to go into a melee. His long suit was shooting, and a deadlier shot never fingered a revolver. "I shall never forget the first time that Jack Watson and I met, for the circumstance was of the sort that burns itself upon a man's memory. I was riding into a mining camp in Nevada county and stopped at a watering trough to let my beast drink. About the same time a stranger of very diminutive stature rode up, and while our animals refreshed themselves we engaged in some casual conversation. The stranger was Watson.

"Before we exchanged half a dozen sentences our attention was attracted by a great noise, and, looking around, we saw at least 200 men coming our way with a prisoner. The prisoner was a remarkably fine looking man, but his captors had stripped him to the waist, and the evident intention was to flog him. "Before I could hardly realize what was happening Watson spoke up, 'Dare you go in with me and stop these men?' It seemed bravado, but there was a ring in the small one's voice that sounded like business, and I, being young and foolish, answered, 'I dare.' "We rushed after the mob at racing speed, and when I got close enough to the leaders I yelled at the top of my lungs: 'Hold on, boys; you've got the wrong man!' "This was an inspiration, for I really knew nothing of the case, but I hated to see such a magnificent looking fellow undergo the humiliation of a public beating. But my cry caused a halt, and with Watson beside me I repeated that he had the wrong man and, still making my highest noise, called for the appointment of a committee. "It is curious how easily a mob is sometimes swayed. In less than ten minutes this one, previously so impassioned, had calmed down and was listening quietly to the investigations of the committee, of which I had been made chairman. "It seems that the prisoner was, as I apprehended, a respectable and worthy man, and he had letters upon him that touched his integrity. He had been accused of stealing \$200 in gold by a miner, but we not only established his innocence, but started an examination that led to the discovery of the real thief. "After this I saw Jack no more till one day in San Francisco, when I found him in a most wretched condition. He had gone to a political meeting where he was persona non grata, and there was immediate trouble. Jack killed two men, but was himself almost mired with bullets. An old negro took me to him, and I found him in an apparently dying condition. If he had one bullet hole in him, he had 20. He had no doctor, no nurse, no food, no friend but the old dandy. "I got him a room in a good hotel and the best physician money could hire. The doctor thought he had a rare chance to live, but was very dubious of his pulling through. His nurse saved him, and in a few weeks he was going around as game as ever. "The next news of Jack came from Pasadena. He had gone to a ball and, aspiring to the favor of the belle of the town, roused the enmity of a dozen young gallants. The shooting began while the function was still in progress, but it was a bad day for Jack Watson's assailants, for when the firing ceased there were five of them corpses, while he escaped unhurt. "Jack finally became a member of the legislature and, strange to say, died a peaceful death, respected and loved by all his neighbors."—Washington Post.

Cautious Proceeders. "Colonel, if you called a man a liar, you would surely expect a fight, would you not?" asked the stranger from the north. "No, sah," replied the colonel. "We don't call a man a liar down here until we have shot him first, sah, so heal of holes that there is no fight in him, sah."—Indianapolis Press.

Less, Sometimes. We don't want to say anything against the girls, but when one gets married nowadays it doesn't seem to make any more housework for the mother than she had before her daughter's departure.—Athenian Globe.

A nation's flag represents its sovereignty and is prominently displayed in all army and navy battles. To "strike the flag" is to lower the national colors in token of submission to the opposing forces.

A "conjurers" in India says she can change from woman to man and back again at will.

Every good act is charity. Giving water to the thirsty is charity; removing stones and thorns from the road is charity; exhorting your fellow men to virtuous deeds is charity; putting in your brother's face is charity; putting a wanderer in the right path is charity. A man's true wealth is the good he does in this world. When he dies, mortals will ask, "What property has he left behind him?" But angels will inquire, "What good deeds has thou sent before thee?"—Mohammed.

Among the Poultry. "Good morning. How do you do this morning?" said the duck, meeting the hen. "None of your business," replied the hen. "You are no doctor." "Quack!" squawked the duck angrily. "That's what I said," cackled the hen.—Detroit Free Press.

Each day in the year the owners of slot machines in New York city purchase 1,000 pounds of chocolate with which to fill the machines.

No Butler For Him. There is a wealthy but very hard headed citizen of Detroit who has no hesitancy in telling this story on himself: "If there's anything on earth grinds me it is to plunge into the social swim. I'd far rather plunge into an ice cold bath. One of these here steel pen coats makes me want to go out and hide in the hayloft, and a standin collar puts me into a grouch for a week after I've worn it. "But you know how women are. They'll stand right by you when life is up hill work, skimp, hush and shove, but once they get money they want a show for it, and the bigger the show the better. Things sorter come my way in pine, and I cleaned up a neat little pile. I just grinned at carriages, horses, a coachman, a lot of servants a shokin round the house, receptions, theater parties and all that sort of thing. "But when they rung in a genuine butler on me I had a warm conversation with mamma and the girls. It didn't do a mite of good. They talked me clean off my feet, and the butler came. I could have got away passably with the president of the United States, but that fellow, stiff backed, high headed, looking superiorlike and never smilin less it was to stab you, riled me awful. One day while sittin in the library I heard him tell one of the maids he was going to resign. "What for?" she asked. "The lady as called took me for the barbarian—that's me. "For years I dealt with raftsmen and lumbermen. I paid his bill for six weeks in the hospital, and his wages too. We keep no butler."—Detroit Free Press.

Charlotte Bronte Not Flattered. An interesting anecdote of Charlotte Bronte is recalled by Mrs. Humphry Ward in her biographical introduction to "Vilette." In 1851 the authoress, having refused repeated invitations to London, on the ground that having done no work she deserved no treat, finally consented to pay a short visit to the family of her friend and publisher, Mr. George Smith. Thackeray was at this time at the height of his popularity in London, and Miss Bronte arrived in time to hear his second lecture on the English humorists. When it was over, Thackeray, who had recognized the timid little woman sitting by Mrs. Smith, came down from the platform, and, shaking hands with Miss Bronte, asked her how she liked it. There are few persons who would not have been flattered by such an attention, but Miss Bronte, on the contrary, was almost offended by it, and when she introduces a similar incident in "Vilette" she comments on the restlessness and the lack of desirable self control on the part of the lecturer.

A Tonic Needless. Mrs. Hohmbodde—John, dear, while you're down town I wish you'd just call and pay the milliner—\$17 the bill is, but if you give her \$10— Mr. Hohmbodde—I'd rather settle it in full. Mrs. Hohmbodde—Well, but I want you to bring me six yards of that lovely stuff from Matchem's—I'll get you a pattern—and that will take you the other \$7. Then I'll just make a memorandum of the trimmings, that will be about \$3 more, and if you love me you know the kind of gloves I want. You've bought them often enough. Now, dear boy, you won't forget? Mr. Hohmbodde—No, I'll remember; and, by the way, I'll take my tonic bottle along and get it renewed. I've felt quite run down of late. Mrs. Hohmbodde—Your tonic? Why, that costs \$150! It seems just like throwing money in the street to put for medicine. Don't you think you could get along without it?—Judge.

Dangerous Eggs. A young clerk received instructions from the proprietor of a produce house in Brook street some days ago to put into a case of eggs a card marked "Guaranteed." The proprietor thought no more about the matter until later in the day, when he was called to the phone by the purchaser. "I don't want these eggs," he said. "What is the matter with them?" asked the proprietor. "They are marked 'Quarantined' and are too suggestive of disease." It developed later that the clerk had written "Quarantined" instead of "Guaranteed."—Memphis Scimitar.

A Neighborhood Humorous. "Yesterday I met George as I got on the car and I said, 'Hello, George, how're you getting on?' Then he said, 'I ain't getting on, I'm getting off.' "Well? "Today I met him as I was getting off the car and I said, 'Hello, George, how're you getting on?' Then he said, 'I ain't getting on at all, I'm putting my mother-in-law on.'—Chicago Record.

Baron's Excuse. P. T. Barnum's propensity for practical joking began early to assert itself. Once a man was on trial in a local court for a small misdemeanor. Learning that he had no money to hire a lawyer, Barnum offered to conduct his defense. With great solemnity he made a lengthy plea in which he virtually accused his client of being guilty of half the crimes on the calendar, ending with a recommendation to the mercy of the court on the ground of un-sound mind. The man, though escaping with a merely nominal sentence, was furious at the trick that had been played on him. He was finally appeased by Barnum's explanation that he had prepared a defense for two different clients and had in his case delivered the wrong plea.—Maitland Leroy Osborne in National Magazine.

Among the Poultry. "Good morning. How do you do this morning?" said the duck, meeting the hen. "None of your business," replied the hen. "You are no doctor." "Quack!" squawked the duck angrily. "That's what I said," cackled the hen.—Detroit Free Press.

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A Little Bit Too Sensitive. This cold, hard world has few souls as sensitive as a young man who killed himself in Paris the other day. His home was in Lyons, and his father had given to him 30,000 francs, or \$6,000, to establish a branch office of their business in Paris. After he had been in Paris for several days his letters home ceased, and he disappeared from the little circle of friends that he had made. He had seemed a quiet, steady fellow, and he had chosen his new associates with discretion. When they missed him, they wrote to his father, supposing that he knew where his son was. The father, however, was ignorant of the young man's whereabouts, and the police were summoned and a search made of his apartments. On the bed in his room was found his dead body, with a note by his side, which said: "I have lost 25,000 francs of the sum that my father trusted to me, and as I would not have it believed that I have squandered the money I am killing myself." This furnished a clew, but nothing more could be learned for several days. Finally, when searching the rooms for the young man's property, his pocketbook, with the 25,000 francs, was found in a corner of the bureau drawer, where he had put it and then forgotten.

Nature's Drains. A careful survey of the underground water courses in the carboniferous limestone district of Yorkshire, England, has revealed the fact that there exists in that country an extensive system of subterranean streams, many of which issue miles away from the points called "sinks," where the water drained from the surface enters the rocks. Similar phenomena in other parts of the world, not yet so carefully investigated, occur on a much larger scale, and recent studies of the ocean bottom near the border of continents have shown that rivers of considerable size sometimes enter the sea beneath the surface.

The Dangerous End. An Ass once enveloped himself in a Lion's Skin, hoping that he would thereby Escape Amputation from the Rest of the Brute Creation. But seeing a Tiger approaching, and fearing his inability to look as fierce as his Assumed Character required, he at once turned his back toward the Tiger and remained motionless. "Ah!" said the Tiger to himself, "for once mine ancient Enemy, the Lion, has relaxed his usual Vigilance. I'll steal upon him from Behind, and there'll be a Funeral in the morning." But his Victorious Spring was met by the Heels of the Ass, and lo! the Tiger had Predicted his own Funeral. Moral—It's usually Policy to Attack the Enemy in the Rear, but there are Exceptions to every Rule. Always remember, in dealing with an Ass (human or otherwise), that the end containing his Brains is less Dangerous than the one furnished with Heels.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

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