

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

**VECK,
STERRETT
& CO.,**
BANKERS,
SAN ANGELO, TEX.
Conservative Banking in
All its Forms.

VOL. 1.

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEXAS. SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 14, 1891.

NO. 18.

F. Mayer.

Jno. W. Hagerlund.

MAYER & HAGERLUND,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALERS IN

General Merchandise and

Ranch Supplies,

Sonora, Sutton Co., Tex.

Respectfully Invite The PUBLIC

to EXAMINE Their

MAMMOTH STOCK &

COMPARE PRICES,

With San Angelo and Other Markets.

LIBERAL ADVANCES MADE ON WOOL.

THE SONORA SUPPLY CO.,

DEALERS IN

General Merchandise,

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SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEX.

Liberal Advances Made on Consignments of WOOL at 8 per Cent Interest, and the Privilege of the 4 leading Markets.

E. A. MCCARTHY,

Successor to the

Titus Mach. and Tool Mfg. Co., San Angelo.

Windmills, Engines, Horse Powers, Tread Powers, Piping, Cylinders, Oil well Casing, Galvanize Casing, Storage Tanks, Drinking Tanks, Pumping Rods, Pump Stands, Wagons, Buggies, Hacks, Road Carts.

BRASS GOODS.

Make a Specialty OF THE Water Supply Line.

D. B. CUSENBARY, Agent,

SONORA.

NOTICE.

We are the agents of the owners of all the unsold town lots in SONORA and also the Suburban property, and as such we will take pleasure in answering inquiries of those contemplating settling here; and we will also be pleased to show property to visitors who may feel a desire to be freeholders in SONORA. We can offer very liberal terms on payments, so that anyone desiring to take advantage of school facilities and the other conveniences afforded by the Capital of a flourishing county, and although only two years old, the largest town within a radius of sixty-five miles, need not delay till selling time of wool, beef or mutton.

DAVIDSON & SILLIMAN.

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
Advertising Medium of the Stockman's Paradise.
Subscription \$2 a Year in Advance.
Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora, as second-class matter.
MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.

SONORA, TEXAS, - February 14, 1891.

The fashionable woman is a creature of habits.

The flower that blooms all the year around is a nose-gay.

You cannot kill a dead beat but you can hit him with a stick.

The columns of the DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS are open to anyone who wishes to discuss questions of interest to stockmen.

George Graham Vest is the first senator in Missouri, since the days of Thomas Benton, to be honored with a third term.

Mr. Henley, aged 95, finished an uninterrupted life of pauperism in the Gosport (England) workhouse. He was brought there when 6 years old in 1801.

Krupp, the German gunmaker, is said to acknowledge that he has been responsible for the death of 650,000 men on the battlefield. But he relieves his conscience by saying that they would have died of starvation or over-eating anyway.

James Walker of Kansas City stabbed his wife in the face and then gathered her up and sat her down on a red hot cooking stove. She had been roasting him and he had decided to roast her and be done with her. He is jail and his wife is badly stove up.

Famous people do not always care to live in populous cities. Away off in an obscure part of Texas, near Hempstead, lives Elizabeth Ney, a grand-niece of the famous Marshal Ney of France. She is both pretty and talented and a sculptress by profession.

A Chinaman at San Bernardino, Cal., went to a deputy United States marshal and made a confession to the effect that he had illegally entered the country from Mexico. An investigation was made and it was found that the Mongolian had been living in San Bernardino for seven years. He wanted to return to China and adopted this method of getting his fare paid, but the scheme didn't work.

George Harris of Newbern, Ill., fasted 33 days in an effort to kill himself. He came to his senses a wiser and hungrier man. He is now eating all the scenery off the country and his appetite is improving every day. The mountains of pies which the generous neighbors piled up around him during his fast have all disappeared, the soup which he formerly refused to sip out of a teaspoon is now taken from the dinner pot. He eats rocks and drinks sand. He is now an outright glutton and the people do not care if he starves.

The modern ocean steamer is an enormous craft. Those of the larger size have as many as 54 furnaces, which create steam in nine enormous steam boilers. There are six furnaces to each boiler, and ten firemen to each furnace—60 firemen in all. Only half of them are on duty at once—intrity at a time—the shifts changing every 4 hours. They feed the furnaces with 15 tons of coal an hour—two tons for each fireman during his 4 hours' shift, or 340 tons a day for the steamer. The work of the fireman is hard, and not relieved by sight of sea, sky or land. He is a sort of prisoner in a heated dungeon. The pay of a fireman is \$20 a month. His life—between heat, exposure and riotous dissipation when ashore—is short. The maximum age of the class is 45 years.

NOTES FROM MCKAVETT.

McKAVETT, Feb. 4, 1891.

Mr. Bond, the deputy sheriff of Sutton county, and who has the reputation of owing the finest 10,000 sheep in the state, was in town Wednesday en route to his ranch from San Antonio. We understand he has just completed an elegant mansion on his beautiful ranch and from his round about way of getting home it would indicate he has serious intentions of taking one of the Menard county belles to share with him his beautiful home. We hear too that he paid a visit to a certain young lady at Point Breeze before he returned to his ranch.

Mr. John Steagall, the "Sonora Masher," was in town last Wednesday. He was accompanied by the "original" Max, and they were both tended a reception given by the Misses Mayer. There was quite a number of our prominent citizens present also.

Bismark Barfield and William Bevans of Sonora, were in town this week. We hear Billy has sold his saloon and joined the church. This is a good move.

Tom Palmer of the Vermont pasture company has been here working up an opposition to annex Schleicher county to Sutton. Sonora is at the bottom of this scheme, and while we glory in the remarkable success she has achieved, we are decidedly opposed to her robbing Menard county of the Schleicher county territory, and again we think it would be a hardship upon the property owners of Schleicher to have to assist in building another court house for Sutton county. They first assisted in building one for Kinney county, then they were turned over to Val Verde to help them build a \$40,000 house. Now they are helping Menard to support her elegant court house, and we think it is about time to stop shifting her about from county to county in this way.

The small-pox scare has made quite a harvest for Dr. Jones, he is taking in the shekies very freely for vaccinating both big and little, for it would seem they would prefer to go with sore arms rather than take the chances of being laid up with small-pox.

Geo. B. Black is in town a great deal, what he frequents our little village so much for is what we can not understand. He is too young to think about marriage. But I don't know, that may be his object, if so, good luck go with him is the sincere wish of his many friends.

Max the original seems to put on much more style since he moved to Sonora, but in all the boasting of the young city of the plains he seems to have a fondness for old McKavett yet. He is well liked by all his friends but especially the young ladies.

Mr. Erskine has moved into the largest house in town. The modest quarters he has been occupying would appear to be too small for him since the arrival of No. 2. And by the way, you have not yet taken up his wager that No. 2 is the finest boy in America.—G. O. Ahead in Standard.

If the man with the pen is made of the right sort of stuff there will always be an affinity between him and the man of the hoe and plow.

A chime of bells being made in Troy for St. Patrick's cathedral, New York city, will comprise 15 bells and will weigh in the aggregate 30,000 pounds. Their music at evening or on a quiet Sunday will be worth hearing.

Horace Greeley once successfully resisted a proposed increase in his salary, alleging that he did not think the paper could afford to pay it. But then Mr. Greeley was a genius in his way. The ordinary mortal would not do as he did.

In an out-of-the-way corner of a Boston grave-yard stands a brown board showing the marks of age and neglect. It bears the inscription: "Sacred to the memory of Eben Harvey, who departed this life suddenly and unexpectedly by a cow kicking him on the 14th of September 1853. Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

W. H. BOLGER,
DEALER IN
STOVES and HARDWARE,
Queensware, China & Glassware.
San Angelo, Texas.

T. C. FROST,
BANKER,
AND
COMMISSION MERCHANT
SAN ANTONIO, - TEXAS
CASH ADVANCES made on every product of the country consigned for sale.

CHAS. E. DAVIDSON, Attorney-at-Law. W. B. SILLIMAN, Surveyor.
DAVIDSON & SILLIMAN,
GENERAL
LAND AGENTS,
SONORA, - TEXAS.

Obedying Orders.
James—The doctor can't be here sir, he says, for 'alf an hour, sir.
Inscrutable Old Gentleman (sotto voce)—Curse him!
James—Yes, sir. Dod gast his blankety blank blank—
Inscrutable Old Gentleman (in a violent rage)—What do you mean, you rascal, speaking in that way about my old friend before my very face?
James—You ordered me to curse 'im, sir, didn't you?—Toronto Grip.

There are callings and places enough for the best of us to excel without jostling each other. One excels at sprinting, another in talking, another in silence; one young lawyer leads at the bar, his rival outraries him, the indifferent doctor is the best looking man in town, the colorless young lady is rich, the poor girl is pretty, the lazy man can beat anybody in the state playing marbles, the industrious man has a small family, the fool has a pretty foot, the stupid girl of the school can outdance the valedictorian, the awkward fellow is full of common sense, the dude is a leader in society.

Some very interesting figures have been compiled recently by the London Standard. It has instituted a comparison of the populations of the leading cities of the world, and finds some facts not generally known. London is far ahead. More than 200 cities and towns in the world have populations of over 100,000, but London—the metropolitan and city police districts—headed the rest in 1890 with 5,750,000 souls. Paris comes next, but the French capital has not half the inhabitants of the English. The latest available figures show that there were 2,260,945 inhabitants and this, again, is an immense way in front of New York, which, when the year's census was taken, showed 1,617,997. Many persons might be asked what city came next in the list without a correct answer being obtained; and indeed it is not easy to be answered, for Canton was last numbered in 1859, when 1,600,000 were found to dwell in it, and Berlin is not far behind. Berlin has about 250,000 more inhabitants than Vienna (with its suburbs), and Tokio, Chicago and Philadelphia are the only other cities that run into seven figures.

In the German tests of the Maxim gun, 34,000 rounds were fired from a single barrel, and the rifling was not materially injured until after 20,000 steel bullets had been discharged.

SONORA & SAN ANGELO
Stage and Express Line,
J. R. HOLMAN, Pro.
Single Trip \$5 Round Trip \$8.
Stage leaves Sonora and San Angelo every day, except Sunday, at 7 a. m. The trip being made in one day.
Express parcels carried at a low rate and satisfaction guaranteed.
P. HURST, Agent, Sonora.
R. E. HARRIS & BRO., Agent San Angelo.

A. A. CARY,
Contractor & Builder.
ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.
SONORA, TEX.
Chas. Lewis,
Boot and Shoe Maker,
REPAIRING DONE ON SHORT NOTICE.
SONORA, TEX.

F. M. WYATT,
The Blacksmith, is the Sutton Co., agent for the
"AERMOTOR"
Windmill, Office SONORA, Texas.
Headquarters for Wagons, Barb Wire, Ranch and General Hardware
Stoves and Agricultural Machinery
Gwin, Allen & Brown, San Angelo.

C. R. MATTHEWS. J. T. WOOD.
Matthias & Wood,
PHYSICIANS and SURGEONS,
Office at Cusenbary's Drug Store
Sonora, Texas.

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MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.

SONORA, TEXAS, - February 14, 1891.

The Houston Post gets its matter up in the most readable form of any newspaper in Texas.

When the railway across Siberia is completed, it is estimated that the tour of the world in fifty days will be feasible.

An old cathedral is still standing about seven miles from Tucson where it was erected by the first missionaries over three and a half centuries ago.

It is reported that the 8 month old son of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Johnson, of Telfair county, Ga., can walk and talk and weighs 53 pounds.

A very close watch has been kept over the moon for many years. At Greenwich the moon has been observed with scarcely any interruption for 150 years.

The consumption of poultry and eggs by the people of the United States is \$560,000,000 per annum which is greater in amount than the wheat or cotton crop.

John D. Rockefeller's income reported to be increasing at the rate of 6 millions a year. There is not a coal oil can in the land but helps to add to his enormous fortune.

Indian wars have cost the country over 700 millions. The red people are an expensive race, but at one time they owned this country. Seven hundred millions was not too much to pay for it.

Speaking of the abolition of the death penalty for murder, Goldwin Smith wittily writes: "We are all ready for the abolition of the death penalty if murderers can only be persuaded to set the example."

Gen. Sherman is becoming deaf. It will be an affliction to the old hero, who loves good conversation above all things, and is never so happy as when talking with his acquaintances. If the gallant old soldier should become speechless, the cup of his misery would be full. He is voluble but he is always interesting.

From the San Angelo Standard.

Mike Murphy, the Italian editor of the DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS, spent several days in the city this week and returned to Sonora Thursday morning accompanied by his mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lantz and daughter left Tuesday for their ranch in Crockett county. Mr. T. A. Wilkinson has presented little Miss Lantz with a lot in the new town of Emerald.

Will Sanderson, one of the most practical sheepmen in Texas, came in yesterday from his ranch in Crockett county. He will probably stay in town a few days to receive medical treatment for rheumatism.

On Tuesday the grand jury of Midland county returned indictments for murder against Lorenzo Perez and Demonicio Saledo, for the murder of Will Landrum in Upton county last July. The trial is set for to-day and is exciting much interest.

A. B. Burke, of Devil's River, shipped a car load of Missouri bucks from San Angelo to his other sheep ranch near Knickerson, Kan., Wednesday. Mr. B. accompanied this shipment. His reason for making this shipment is that he will hereafter stop breeding sheep and deal exclusively in mutton on his ranch in West Texas.

"Concho," is the name of a new steamship now almost completed at Chester, Pa. It belongs to the Mallory line and will ply between New York and Galveston. The boat was given the name "Concho" at the suggestion of Commodore Bolger, in honor of the Concho Country, the Concho rivers and San Angelo, the metropolis of the Conchos. The vessel will have the capacity of 3600 tons, exceeding by 100 tons that of any other on the line. Commodore Bolger is father of our young hardware merchants, W. H. and Chas. Bolger.

Stock News.

Jo Thiele has started his mutton flock north for shipment.

McDowell Bros., are locating a new ranch at the head of Dolan.

Geo Dunagan bought 775 head of sheep from Mr Roberts of San Saba county at \$2.

J. A. Frame, traded 20 mutton to Dan Cauthorn for 20 bucks. Mr. Cauthorn intends running his flock dry.

J. A. Frame, was in Sonora Thursday, and reports that he had in his flock 8 or 10 stray sheep, that the owners could have on calling for them. He has three that he thinks belong to Cusenbury branded little black dot; two or three branded C supposed to belong to G. D. Carl; two with black diamond, supposed to belong to Alexander. He is now moving his flock from Dry Devil's north, and will be near the McNeil pasture about the 25th of this month.

Arizona is in the sheep business in dead earnest. I has 291,000 sheep, and is still not satisfied.

In Uruguay, whence some of the best wools that come to the United States are obtained, the Merino sheep are largely from the flocks of the United States.

R ad the Devil's River News.

Salt—water—shelter—green food—good ventilation—a healthy flock of sheep. Sickness comes to the flock as the result of a violation of the laws of nature.

Stick to the sea—Jack Tar.

The sheep men of South Colorado have a standing reward of \$1200 for the arrest and conviction of anyone caught stealing sheep. This should prove pretty effective in civilizing that country.

Why is a cat's tail like the earth?—Because it is fur to the end.

There are 67,000,000 sheep in the Argentine Republic, of which less than six-tenths per cent. are pure-blooded, sixty-three per cent. being of mixed blood and thirty-six per cent. being natives.

Do not plant a mortgage on your farm.

Among the farmers of Central Illinois there is nearly a unanimous verdict that grain farming does not now yield any marginal profit; but among the agricultural industries which do give good returns they mention sheep raising horse breeding (one man engaged in this way say that every horse grown to maturity will average \$5 profit), planting orchards and raising garden products.

Do not follow your nose for a living.

It begins to look as if the old-time professional sheep shearers will soon have to rustle for new jobs. An odd sheep shearing device, driven by compressed air, is being used in Australia. It resembles a pair of ordinary horse-clippers, and can be held in the hand. The motive power causes a small piston in the base of the handle of the machine to work backward and forward with lightning rapidity.

Grape vines about the house or in the yard, where they are designed partly for ornament and where the product is wanted only for family use, are rarely handled to the best advantage. Usually they are not pruned at all, and on the heavy growth of new wood is borne for a few seasons a great number of small bunches. They become weak or diseased, and finally fall all together. The remedy lies largely in proper pruning. Cut back new wood to two or three buds, and thin out the clusters when they set too thickly, and you will have better fruit and longer lived vines.

Willard the Wizard and his accomplished wife played to large houses Tuesday and Wednesday nights and gave a very good performance. When he comes this way he may always depend on having a large audience. If that opera house was built, Sonora would come in for its share of good shows.

Sonora is the metropolis of the Devil's River country.

There is not a vacant house in Sonora and great demand for more.

Sonora is proving itself the trading center of the best stock-farming country in America.

Gen. Butler's Court Methods.

Gen. Butler's peculiar methods of fighting a case are very well known. He has changed little, even in his later days, in this respect. "I object, your honor," has been said by him probably more times than by any other man, living or dead. His life in fighting court cases has been one great objection, so to speak, in this respect. Just at the moment when he becomes snugly composed in his chair, and his eyelids drop down over his eyes as if he were asleep, the objection is liable to come. With it his massive frame begins slowly, painfully slowly, to arise from the chair. It totters over to the judge's desk, braces itself, and then the judge hears the reason for the objection, and quite frequently the jury do too, for Gen. Butler has always been a firm believer in the enlightenment of juries, even when the opposing counsel thinks only the evidence is fit for their ears.

And when any papers are entered in a case by an opposing counsel the general's objections are all the fiercer. A paper thus introduced never had a closer scrutiny than that afforded it by the general. He never wears glasses, even in his old age, consequently a close application is necessary, and the paper is drawn from side to side with both hands, as close to his face as his nose will allow.—Boston Advertiser.

No Menace from China.

The Chinese, like the French, are too much attached to their own country to seek to establish themselves in colonies abroad. If the aim of Chinese emigrants were to make a home in foreign lands they would contrive to take their women with them. Their only idea of home life is connected with the land of their fathers. Thither they intend to return when they acquire the means of living, and thither their bones are always carried when they die beyond the seas. This peculiarity, if taken alone, is enough to avert from any part of our western world the danger of being swamped by an influx of Chinese settlers.

The first Chinese arrived at San Francisco shortly after the discovery of gold in 1849. California pioneers tell how they were feasted at a public banquet, and how the mayor in a formal address bid them tell their countrymen to follow. Since that date the population of our country has grown from 24,000,000 to 63,000,000; and while Europe has given us many millions, China has contributed the paltry contingent of 60,000—scarcely enough to people a third class city. In view of all these facts where is the ground of alarm?—President Martin, of China, in Forum.

How Sawdust Kills Salmon.

It has been proved without a doubt that the promiscuous dumping of sawdust into the river is very detrimental to the salmon. Salmon, after leaving the ocean to spawn, never eat anything while in the river. On opening thousands of them it is found that they have nothing in their stomachs and in testines. Nature has provided for the abnormal abstinence from food by giving them an extra amount of fat as a reserve to draw upon which is consumed while on their way to the spawning grounds.

In examining fish that have been killed by sawdust, it is found that the fine particles of wood that have been swallowed in the water lodge in the gullet and abdominal cavities and clog them up, instantly killing the fish. The greater percentage of fat found in Columbia river fish over those of any other river is accounted for on the ground that the much longer distance the fish have to travel, over those of salmon on other rivers, before reaching the spawning grounds, makes this wise provision of nature a very necessary requisite in the life of a fish.—Tacoma (Wash.) News.

The Original Santa Claus.

St. Nicholas, the patron saint of children, was bishop of Myra, and died about A. D. 325. He was fond of children and young people, and many charitable deeds in their behalf are recorded of him. He is the recognized patron of the Christmas season; but Santa Claus, or Knoclt Rupert, is a product of Germany, where it was formerly the custom for the parents of a village to put all the gifts designed for their children into the hands of a man who, disguised in long robes, a mask and a monstrous wig, went from house to house, rapped, was admitted, and severely questioned the parents as to the behavior of the little ones during the past year, judiciously leading the questioning up to a point where the intended present could be appropriately introduced. The fiction of his descent through the chimney accounted for his absence when the annual round of this masked globe ceased to be made.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Prayer Among the Mongols.

On the tops of all the houses were little prayer wheels turned by the force of the wind, a simple arrangement like an anemometer placed on them catching the air and so keeping them in motion. In the hands of most of the old men and women were bronze or brass prayer wheels, which they kept continually turning, while, not satisfied with this mechanical way of acquiring merit, they mumbled the popular formula, "Om mani peme hum," the well known invocation to Avalokiteswarai, the would be saviour of the world.—W. Woodville Rockhill in Century.

Theraplethorcan.

"Do you think it is wicked to dance?" "Not on a good floor."—Epoch.

A smart boy about 14 years of age, to learn the printing trade.

Apply at the DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS office.

Sonora sells ranch supplies cheaper than Del Rio, or any town on the Southern Pacific and if it extends its arms can have all the trade from the country around Juno. Why not make an effort?

IF YOU ARE

INTERESTED

IN THE

STOCKMANS

PARADISE,

SUBSCRIBE

FOR THE

Devils

River

News.

HE NEVER SMILED.

He carried an Extra Seat with Which He Accommodated the Passengers.

He came into a car on the Sixth avenue 1, road at Twenty-third street. Everybody had at least one bundle. He had a chair, carefully and closely wrapped in soft brown paper. He looked around and saw that all the seats were taken. Then he made a motion as if he intended to sit down on the chair, but he seemed to think better of it, and he stood behind it, with his hands on the back, and rested himself that way.

At the next station a gentleman and a little girl came aboard.

"Let your little girl sit on this chair," said the man courteously. "She might just as well, and she won't hurt it."

This offer was gratefully accepted, and the little girl was lifted to a seat. Presently there came a sound of music into the car. It sounded as if it had come a long way in order to let the folks in the car hear it. It was a composition that had become popular at one time, called "Down Went McGinty," but it was inexpressible sweet.

Soon those in the car began to realize that the music was right in that car, and at last, after the little girl had fidgeted about a lot, half of those in the car discovered the musical chair and began to laugh, while the other half rose from their seats and wondered what it was all about.

The man who owned the chair stood looking straight ahead with a calm face. The father finally began to laugh, although he was at first inclined to be angry, and when they got out at Thirty-third street the little girl said good-by to the man with the chair.

There came into the car then a young man with a large cane, a small mustache, a big boutonniere and a pretty girl. They were all very swell.

The man with the chair bowed his prettiest and said to the young man: "Your lady may sit down here, if she likes."

"Oh, thank you, thank you," they both spoke at once, and "his lady" sat down, while every passenger in the car leaned forward with an air of expectancy. The young man bent over his fair companion and said pretty things to her, while the face of the owner took on a stony stare.

Again came the music, far off at first, then drawing nearer and nearer until finally there was no mistaking its source. This time it was an old time jig tune, "Pretty Peggy."

At first the young woman looked pleased, then, when she realized it all, she became confused. She moved about uneasily as if she would like to get away from the hidden spring, but the clock time kept up and took on variations.

Her escort bit his lip and looked at the owner of the chair as if he would like to fight, but he couldn't quite comprehend that stony stare. The passengers in the rear of the car heard the sound of suppressed laughter and left their seats to crowd forward. It wasn't at all polite, but the crowd did it. They roared with laughter, and then the guard shouted "Fiftieth street!" The pair wear off hats ran in the face, and when at the next station the man with the musical chair and the stony stare went out he was cheered, but he never smiled.—New York Evening Sun.

About Fall Dress.

I should say that, in case a gentleman was just coming out of mourning, he might wear a black silk cravat with his swallowtail coat. This idea has been even elaborated to the extent of wearing black shirt studs, cuff buttons and black buttons on the white Marcellus low cut waistcoat. The white tie, the swallowtail and the silk hat is the best combination, however, for wherever one expects to meet any representatives of the fair sex after 6 o'clock p. m.

As to what at entertainments, the evening dress may be discarded in the evening is a matter of much diversity of opinion—more particularly so in this country than abroad, where persons are not admitted to the opera or theatre without being garbed in the regulation attire. Moreover, the chivalric regard of some men for the presence of ladies more punctilious than that of others, and these are those that would consider it to be an affront to visit a lady otherwise than swallowtailed and white cravat at fall dusk.—Clothes and Furnisher.

The Lawyer and the Coal Dealer.

One of the Weybosset street lawyers, whose figure is a familiar one on the street, was talking with his coal dealer yesterday afternoon, said coal dealer having dropped in to get a little something on account. During the interview, in which he succeeded in getting \$3, he asked a question of law.

"Aha!" exclaimed the counselor, "so you want to get legal advice, do you? Five dollars, please."

"Oh, only a little friendly advice," he replied.

"Well, send a little friendly coal up to the house then."—Providence Telegram.

Out of Hearing.

Heard on the steps of the station at Fifty-ninth street. Two young women were ascending in the wake of an elderly dame who weighed about as much as the two maids together.

"Why does she walk so awfully fast?" panted one of the pair.

"Oh, haste makes waste," don't you know," murmured her friend, after a glance to make sure that the subject of her remark had passed the turn in the stairs and was out of hearing distance.—New York Times.

Wool in New York on the 7th was steady to firm. Business fair, with a total absence of speculation. Sales 60,000 fall Texas, 19 to 21 1/2 c; 50,000 spring, 20 to 23 c; 50,000 scoured, 46 to 54 c. The Boston market shows a good demand for near and prospective wants, with many unsupplied manufacturers uneasy. The position is very healthy. Sales 13,000 medium Texas 30 1/2 to 34 c.

Literally on the Fence.

A musical youth, who sings in a church choir in Saratoga, is exceedingly annoyed just now by an exclusion to a fence. The musical youth who sings in a choir has a chum, who is also a musical youth and sings in the choir. It is the same choir. Each of these musical youths is in love. It is the same girl. One night there was evening service in the church where the youths sing, and also in the church where the maiden attends. The young men skurried out of church in hot haste at the close of service, and started on a free-for-all to reach the other church. For all it was Sunday, one youth tried the steeplechase plan and started across lots.

The first fence was a low one, with pickets, and he sprang lightly over it—and staid there. The situation was embarrassing, for his feet did not reach the ground, and he could not reach far enough back of himself to get a fair hold on the fence and lift himself from the picket, which had passed through the back of his trousers and nestled snugly alongside his spine. He called to his chum, but the latter only laughed and went off to meet the maiden, and then took her for a walk that led them right past the fence where musical youth number one was hung up. Worse than that, neither his chum nor the girl offered help, and there the young man hung till more charitable folks came to his aid. This is a truthful story, and explains fully why any allusion to a fence is painful to the musical youth.—Saratoga Union.

The Greatest Colonizing Work in History.

Now if we compare the map of Africa of ten years ago with the present map we find immense changes. No parallel can be found in the history of the world. At the present time the whole of the vast African continent, except the central portion surrounding Lake Tchad, has been divided up, and six states have allotted themselves immense dependencies. However unprecedented the proceedings attending this partition have been, all friends of humanity can but rejoice at the result. In the first place, the most admirable principles have been admitted to govern all the central zones, including liberty of worship, equality for all alike, and peace based on neutrality.

Even on soil where the states pursue their own interests will arise centers of civilization and progress. One inestimable benefit will result from this, namely, the suppression of the slave trade, which devastates the dark continent, and which, it is calculated, condemns yearly about half a million human beings to death from ill treatment or starvation. The slave trade is therefore, destined to succumb, for it will cease to profit those who carry it on. The United States, which abolished slavery at such immense cost cannot fail to applaud this result. It is point of fact, an entire continent has just taken its place in the economic and social world, precisely as if it had just been discovered. No one can as yet foresee what will be the consequences of these great changes.—Professo Emile de Lavalege in Forum.

Exe sive Hunting.

One of Belfast's young sportsmen went gumming after the field partridge, and not finding them as plentiful as his imagination had allowed, started on his return home gamless. Finally, coming across a flock of hens, he banged away at them, shooting three. These he placed in his bag and continued in a more happy frame of mind until he heard the loud shouts of an irate farmer some distance in the rear asking him to stop; but there was no stop. Dropping the gun he sprinted against time, winning the first heat in grand shape.

The second heat was different, when he tried the next day to make peace with the farmer in order to procure his gun. It was some time before the filler of the soil would make up his mind whether to lick the young man or not, but when the sportsman not only paid for the hens but for all the possible eggs they might have laid at thirty cents per dozen for six months, then and only then did the farmer agree that a sporting life has many pleasant features.—Bangor News.

A California Opera Chorus in 1828.

Gen. Vallejo's readiness of aptance was always remarkable. Patti once dined with him, and asked the old soldier if he enjoyed the first opera he ever heard.

"Why, no," said Vallejo; "and yet I confess I shall never forget it." This reply aroused Patti's curiosity, and she demanded when and where the event took place.

"In 1828, on the site of the Palace hotel, San Francisco."

"Indeed! And who was the prima donna so long ago as that?"

"Well, I can't say," was the smiling answer; "but there were at least five hundred coyotes in the chorus."—Charles Howard Shinn in Century.

Turtles No Tourists.

I remember well a bright May day many years ago when my father was "watering down" some hotbeds and drawing the water up in barrels from a spring on our farm. He called me to come and see what he had caught, and I, supposing it to be only a fish or frog, was surprised on looking in to see, for the first time, a large mud turtle. We kept him for a while and then returned him to the spring. He had lost one claw, and I think his shell was cracked. Well, I did not expect to see "Muddy" again, but he has turned up yearly ever since for over a dozen years.—Spring field Homestead.

It is the holy Sabbath day; but the legislature will please remember that the blessed influence of the time does not in any way affect the West Texas wolf. He is just as fond of spring lamb on Sunday as on week days, and he needs suppression.—San Antonio Express.

The flower that blooms all the year around is a nose-gay.

A CALENDAR.

Calendars: Not one was ever half so sweet as Marjorie. Fraught with quaint designs so clever To reveal the month to me. He who runs may read the reason: 'Tis the peaceance, the maiden's power Bids to serve of every season, In the compass of an hour.

I can tell 'tis January When I meet her frosty glance, Warning lovers to be wary, Though her chilly smiles entrance. And I know 'tis February, When with manner milder grown— For the moods of maidens vary— Low, she speaks, in melting tone.

Then she sets a teasing brew; Signals 'neath the pretty arch Of her brow the storm's coming. While her foot stamps forward, March! Next a sudden gleam of sunshine, Followed by a burst of tears, Then I see a ray of fun shine Through her April hopes and fears.

Soon it ripples forth in laughter; But so quiet and demure, Grows she that, a moment after, 'Tis the May time, I am sure. Now I see her sweet and tender Sunny as the breeze of June; In her cheeks bloom tints that lend her Roses to bespeak the June.

And I venture to caress her, "Love, I love you so!" I sigh; And she smiles as I address her, "Love, I love you!" 'Tis the July. Calm, warm skies are bright above her Placed as the summer seas; Quick my heart is to discover 'Ne'er were August days like these.

But, alas! By Fate's devising Soon September frosts hold sway, And a soon great weeping, On its wings she flies away. Under skies all brown and sober Fair I would acquiesce; From the maid who made me such Sport of me with "Yes" and "No."

But she enters, and the embers Of my anger burn to gray. Sad-eyed, misty, with November's Plaintive weariness of way, And forgetting her I hold her on; Of all maidens again most dear, While my heart, with joy grown bold, Claims December's gift of cheer. —New York Sun.

The Guinea Pig.

The guinea pig is an absurd little animal for a number of reasons, and one of the most remarkable absurdities about him is his name. He is not a pig of any kind, nor any relation to the pig, and he has nothing to do with Guinea. He is a kind of rat, and his native home is South America.

Why he should have been called a "pig" no one knows, unless it was on account of the slight grunting noise that he makes; and the word "guinea" in his case may be a corruption of Guiana, where the animal has sometimes been found, though it was first brought from Brazil.

His real name is the "cavy," and by that he should be called. In his wild state he is quite differently colored from the domesticated animal, and lacks the spotting of white, black and tawny color which the tamed cavy often has.

It used to be commonly supposed that the guinea pig drove away ordinary rats, or rather caused them to go away on account of their extreme dislike of him, but even this negative merit is denied to the poor little animal. No one, however, is able to deny his gentleness and submissiveness.—Exchange.

Testing Their Courage.

"One time, in order to test the courage of a Bengal tiger and a lion," said a well known showman, "we placed a shooting cracker in the respective cages and fired the fuses. As soon as the fuses began to burn they attracted the attention of both animals, but in a widely different manner. The lion drew into a corner and watched the proceedings with a distrustful and uneasy eye. The tiger, on the contrary, advanced to the burning fuse with a firm step and unflinching gaze. On reaching the cracker he took his paw and began to roll it over the floor, and when it exploded beneath his very nose he did not flinch, but continued his examination until perfectly satisfied. The lion betrayed great fear when he heard the report of the explosion, and for quite a time could not be coaxed out of his den."—Cincinnati Times-Star.

Not a Girl's Name.

A couple presented themselves before the parish minister with a child, and when the good man asked its name, the father, who lisped, said:

"We want to call her Lucifer."

"Nonsense, man," said the indignant divine, "that is not a proper name for a child, neither is it fit for a girl. You must give her another name or take her home."

"I think," said the wife timidly, "that my man wants to call her Lucy, sir."

This made everything right, and the little one was christened Lucy.—Detroit Free Press.

They Still Hold the Land.

William de Albemarle holds the manor of Leaston "by the service of finding for our lord, the king, two arrows and one loaf of oat bread when the sovereign should hunt in the forest of Eastmoor." Although the forest is no longer a hunting ground, and arrows have long since given place to rifles and shotguns of the best make, still the heirs of Albemarle keep the arrows and the oat bread ready for any stray king that may happen that way, thus holding good the title to their estates.—St. Louis Republic.

Servius, one of the seven kings of Rome, commanded a great fire of straw to be kindled in the public place of every town in Italy to consecrate for repose a certain day in seedtime or sowing.

Charles VII of France had a pair of ill made legs. He wore a long coat to conceal them. Result—everybody else wore long coats.

You can't kill a dead sheep but you can hit him with a stick.

Sonora is 70 miles from San Angelo, 90 from Del Rio, 110 from Kerrville, and 170 from San Antonio, and is the trading center of its portion of the country that lies between these cities.

\$2 a year for the DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
Advertising Medium of the
Stockman's Paradise.
Subscription \$2 a year in advance.
Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora
as second-class mat. er.
MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.
SONORA, TEXAS. - February 14, 1891.

\$40,000.00
FOR
PUBLIC BUILDINGS
IN
SONORA,
THE CAPITAL OF
Sutton County.
BUILDING OPERATIONS
TO BEGIN AT ONCE.

At the regular meeting of the county commissioners court, held in the county clerk's office, on Tuesday and Wednesday, February the 10th and 11th, a contract was let to the Pauly Jail Building and Manufacturing Co., of Saint Louis, Mo., Edgar J. Hahn, agent, for the erection of a two story native rock jail, 38 feet 10 inches by 27 feet 5 inches, with two steel cells and corridor and two iron cells for females and insane persons. Capacity 14 prisoners. Four large rooms and hall for jailer's residence and office. All the cells to have the latest improved sanitary ventilation. All windows to have iron guards and everything first-class. The cost of the building, everything complete to be \$11,700. The company giving a bond of \$23,400 that the work will be satisfactory. Operations will begin at once. The building to be completed by the first of November. The court then accepted the plans of Oscar Ruffini, of San Angelo, for a court house. The plans call for a two story building, 80 feet front by 65 feet deep, all built of rock, to have four fire-proof vaults for records, four entrances and halls, with eight rooms on first floor and five rooms in second story. To cost about \$25,000. Bids will be received from the 20th to the 30th of March when the contract will be let.

By way of change: The trading centre of the Stockman's Paradise is Sonora, and don't you forget it.

The petition for the money order office has been sent to Washington. What has been done about the mail line to Juno?

Postmaster Hurst, last week, sent a petition to the Postmaster General at Washington, asking that a money order office be established at Sonora.

The regular meeting of the Sutton Wool Growers' Association, on last Saturday was a success. The members for once seemed determined and at the suggestion of the president dropped the usual routine business and took hold of the scab question. All were unanimous in framing a law that would compel every sheep owner to cure his flocks, and in the appointment of a paid inspector if possible. Working as long as daylight lasted and at it again by lamp light, the old law was cut away about one-half and a new one framed, that they think will suit every sheep owner who has the welfare of progressive sheep husbandry at heart. We cannot give the proposed scab law in this issue as it was thought best to wait until the return of John W. Hagerlund and D. B. Cusenbary, who went to Austin to put it before our representatives in the legislature. It may have to undergo some slight change, and we wish to give it to our readers straight and full.

John F. Steaga sold 700 head of stock sheep to Coleman Whitfield,

SCHLEICHER COUNTY, TEXAS.

Feb. 12th, 1891.
DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.
The San Angelo papers are again printing stuff. G. O. Ahead of Mc Kavett in so many respects is brilliant, new-y and reliable, has just week demonstrated that he, even he, has allowed the wish to be father to the thought, and in consequence states without qualification, reservation, rebate or prayer for forgiveness in the event of being wrong, but in Italics, he states—and the San Angelo printers set them up—that the unorganized county of Schleicher has been taxed to build the court house of Val Verde county, for Kinney Co., and that she is now being taxed to support the elegant court house of Menard county and intimates that she has been shifted from county to county since she received the proud name of Schleicher.

As a matter of fact Schleicher has been attached to no county since her creation, except Menard, and as a matter of fact she has never been taxed to build any court house in any county and as a matter of fact she never will be taxed to build any court house except one for Schleicher county, unless the law be changed. If G. O. Ahead will take the trouble to write the Attorney General or Comptroller he will find he is wrong and that we are correct. At the time Schleicher was annexed to Menard, Sutton county was not organized. Since the organization of Sutton it has been the wish of many of the residents of Schleicher—we think more than two-thirds of the bona-fide residents and taxpayers—that on the account of the school, church, mail and general business conveniences, that Schleicher be attached to Sutton. The constitution provides for annexing unorganized counties "for judicial and land surveying purposes to the most convenient or organized county."

The Tom Palmer, referred to by G. O. Ahead as the gentleman "working up an opposition to annex to Sutton," is a good citizen of this county, but Tom is a single man, is not a free-holder, we think, and is a deputy of the Menard county sheriff. We think G. O. Ahead should in his next admit that he has erred and that it was his own honest mistake and that he was not at all presuming on the want of intelligence of our residents to give weight and currency to the statements.

Yours truly,
GEORGE FAIR PLAY.

In regard to G. O. Ahead's comments on "Sonora being at the bottom of a scheme to annex Schleicher to Sutton county," permit us to state that to our certain knowledge the petition asking for such annexation, was carried around by a citizen of Schleicher county, and signed by at least two-thirds of the "back-bone" citizens and free-holders of the said county. This petition was not carried to Fort McKavett at all, it being very doubtful whether McKavett and adjacent neighborhood was in Schleicher or Menard county.

A delightful little hop took place last Friday night in the new office of the Devil's River News. The affair was gotten up by Messrs. Max Mayer and John F. Steagall, in honor of Miss Ella Winson and Miss Dee Drake, with Mr. Felix Stucken as floor manager. The music was provided by Messrs. R. E. Erwin and M. W. Sellars, and was well rendered. Taking everything into consideration a very enjoyable evening was spent and the new office of the only and original Devil's River News, got a good warming. The following were present: Mr. and Mrs. John W. Hagerlund, Mr. and Mrs. James Hagerlund, Mr. and Mrs. O. Clark, Mr. and Mrs. Lon Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Sowell, Justice and Mrs. Traweck, Mrs. J. M. G. Baugh, Mrs. Carson, Misses Dee Drake, Ella Winson, Lucille Adams, Bessie Baugh, Alice Fulcher, Cotter Dunagan, Minnie Thomas, Lonie Wyatt, Jennie Mitchell, Annie Mathews, and Messrs. Max Mayer, Felix Stucken, Col. W. L. Black, Judge Bali, John F. Steagall, Steve Murphy, J. P. McConnell, Herb Maddox, H. C. Reynolds, W. H. Cusenbary, W. R. Rudolph, M. Parker, C. Whitfield, John Thomas, Mark Baugh, Lee Russell, B. Barfield, M. W. Sellars, R. E. Erwin, Lee Dunagan, Jerry Robinson, John Sowell, Rodger Hemphill, Wm. Drennan, and Mike Murphy, the Devil's River News man.

COUNTY OFFICERS.

Judge.....L. J. Dunagan.
Clerk.....W. B. Silliman.
Sheriff & Tax Collector, J. P. McConnell.
Treasurer.....W. H. Sowell.
Attorney.....N. J. Gilbert.
Surveyor.....J. McNicol.
Assessor.....W. R. Rudolph.
Inspector.....T. B. Adams.

Notice to the Tax Payers of Sutton County.
I will be at Wentworth on the first day of March, for the purpose of collecting taxes for 1890. And will be at Sonora on the second and third day of March, for the purpose of collecting taxes for 1890, and would like that the people would be prompt and settle their taxes at once.

J. P. McCONNELL,
Tax Collector for Sutton Co. Texas.

Drs. Matthis & Wood have just received a fresh lot of vaccine virus points. Those wishing to be vaccinated should call as early as possible.

Fresh Texas butter and eggs now in store, have arranged for regular shipments of same. Mayer & Hagerlund.
9-f.

J. H. Wood, of Wood & Brown, was in Sonora Monday.

Sam Runkles, under Hotel San Angelo, is sole agent for "Old Forester" size whisky.
17-f

Louis LeMin of McKavett, was in Sonora Tuesday.

Ask for hominy flakes, at Mayer & Hagerlund's one of the nicest cookies in the market.
8

W. Clapp, manager for W. L. Black, was in Sonora Tuesday.

Reads at J. J. Rackley for \$2.50
Mattresses " " 2.50
Safes " " 4.00

Commissioner O. H. Wood was in Sonora this week, attending court.

GEORGE BOND, San Angelo, is the agent for Anheuser-Bush and Wm. J. Lem's keg and bottled beer, also agent for Pabst Brewing Association, and dealer in Pure Lake Ice.
17

Misses Ella Winson and Bessie Wyatt, accompanied by W. R. Rudolph and John Sowell, made the Devil's River News a pleasant call Saturday.

Buy your lumber from J. W. Webb & Co., San Angelo, and have your house built at once.
6

Geo. L. Abbott, sold last Saturday to Paul Briesch, 19 head of mixed cattle at \$12 per head.

Geo. L. Abbott shipped on Saturday last for R. R. Russell of Menardville, to Jas. H. Campbell & Co., Fort Worth, two cars of cattle.

John D. Sheen, a prominent stockman of McKavett, was up with the Russell cattle and reports everything flourishing in that vicinity.

John W. Hagerlund of Sonora, passed through the city yesterday on his way to Austin, where he will endeavor to secure the passage of an efficient scab law—one that will compel a sheepman to cure the scab, and that will provide for a salary for the inspector instead of the present system of being. He will also keep an eye on the change in the scab law that is liable to be made.

Robt. W. Prosser of Camp Hudson, Val Verde county, was in the city Monday on business. His cattle, as well as those of all stockmen between his ranch and Del Rio, are in fine condition. A mail line between Sonora and Juno is badly needed, for at present mail is received at Juno and other points much quicker from New York than from San Angelo. Mr. Prosser also believes that considerable time could be profitably spent on the San Angelo and Sonora road.

Oscar Ruffini, the successful young architect of San Angelo or we might say West Texas, was in Sonora this week. He is of the opinion that the native rock of Sutton county, is of splendid quality and that when the court house is complete, Sonora and Sutton county will have a building they need not be ashamed of.

C E Davidson returned Thursday from Dolan and Beaver Lake, where he has been locating ranchmen.

Max has a new suit for the mask ball, or perhaps it's a ball mask.

Buy your lumber from J. W. Webb & Co., San Angelo.

H. C. Reynolds returned last week from Paint Rock.

A nice lot of Domestic sewing machines for sale at Mayer & Hagerlund's.
9-f.

Bailey Pool one of our ex-sheepmen was in town this week.

Something that everybody ought to have: The New Improved Western Washer. For sale at Mayer & Hagerlund's.
9-f.

Big-hearted John Pullen, of McKavett, was in Sonora Thursday.

Pigs feet, mackerel and Holland herring, just received at Mayer & Hagerlund's.
8

Miss Florence Traweck, one of Sonora's popular society young ladies, returned from McKavett Wednesday.

Davidson & Silliman are prepared to write up your Fire Insurance.

OLD TAYLOR WHISKY AT FITZPATRICK & LYELL'S SAN ANGELO.

PROBANDT & CO.,

Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
Dry Goods and Groceries,
San Angelo, Texas.
Ranch Supplies a Specialty.
The Best Goods at the Lowest Prices.
All we ask is an opportunity to prove to you that it is to your interest to do business with us.

F. C. ALLEN,

The low priced dealer in high grade and medium
Pianos and Organs,
For cash or easy payments.
Music & Musical Merchandise
Of all kinds. Catalogue and prices on application. Write to me at
San Angelo, Texas.

D. P. Arrington of Menardville was in Sonora Saturday, with vegetables.

The only first-class Sewing Machine on Earth is The LOVE. For sale by Crews, McGregor & Co., Ballinger, Tex.
3

D. B. Cusenbary and John W. Hagerlund left for Austin, Tuesday morning in the interests of the Sutton County Wool Growers Association and sheepmen of Texas, to confer with our representatives and do all in their power to influence the legislature to remedy the scab law. Success to them.

Chas. F. Adams, to whose energy, push and business ability Sonora owes the proud distinction of being the best inland town in Texas, left Thursday morning on a prospecting tour to the Pecos. When he returns we expect to report some cattle and sheep trades.

J. J. Rackley, San Angelo, has his three-story building packed full of goods and can supply you with any piece of furniture from the cradle to the grave at the lowest prices.
1-f

F. B. Haskin, a prosperous young stockman of Elmira, N.Y., arrived in Sonora Thursday. He intends acquiring a knowledge of the sheep business as conducted in this country, and then embark in the business for himself in the Stockman's Paradise.

Go to SAM RUNKLES' Moss Rose saloon, under Hotel San Angelo, for fine imported Brandy, imported Claret, California Orange wine, fine liquors, and cigars.
17-f

Work will commence on Davidson & Silliman's new land and law office next week.

Never touched me.
Huber set up the cigars.

J. J. Rackley, has bed room suits from \$10 to \$200.
1-f

W. B. Rountree is drilling a well for Chas. Blandin.

Do not keep your building back by waiting for a lumber yard in Sonora, but order the lumber from J. W. Webb & Co., San Angelo.
6

J. W. Miller, was in Sonora for supplies Thursday.

Go to J. J. Rackley, San Angelo, for your Furniture.
1-f

A R Cauthorn was in Sonora for supplies Thursday.

Field glasses of all kinds for ranchmen at M. Eastland & Son, the Jewellers San Angelo.
17-f

W. H. Cusenbary, will shortly let the contract for the erection of a neat residence on the east side of public square.

When in Angelo call around at W. H. Windrow's oyster parlor for fine fresh candies, fruits and table delicacies.
17-f

Doc Ward, inspector for Menard and Schleicher counties, was in Sonora Tuesday.

J. J. Rackley handles the best sewing machines made. All at the lowest prices.
1-f

Sol Mayer, the clever young manager of F. Mayer & Sons, large cattle ranch was in Sonora Wednesday.

Galvanized iron ventilation flues, stove pipes, rain proofs and caps, at H. W. Feller's, Chadbourne street, San Angelo.
4

Mrs. John Young, of Gwynn, was in Sonora Tuesday, visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Drake.

J. J. Rackley, San Angelo, carries the largest stock of Wall Paper, window shades and window glass.
1-f

J. T. Wilson and family moved into their new home in Brooklyn, last week.

Dr. J. F. Riggs, over the postoffice, San Angelo, is a fine surgeon dentist of 20 years experience, and guarantees his work to be first-class. When in need of a dentist call and see him.
1-f

Send this paper to some friend.

A CARD.
Owing to constant mistakes arising from the similarity of the two firm names (F. Mayer, McKavett, and F. Mayer & Co., Sonora), we have concluded to change the style of this firm from F. Mayer & Co., to Mayer & Hagerlund, as will be seen from our new ad.

Respectfully,
MAYER & HAGERLUND.

Edgar J. Hahn, the gentlemanly and clever representative of the Pauly Jail and Manufacturing Co., of St. Louis, was in Sonora this week and will have a first-class jail, everything complete, except the prisoners, about the last of August. This firm has built 103 jails in Texas.

Edward M. Day, died at Bartlett, Texas, on Friday Feb 6th, of inflammation of the bowels. Mr Day was a half-brother to Mrs. W. A. Stewart and H. B. Pool of Sonora. The Devil's River News sympathizes with the sorrowing relatives in their affliction.

Gus A. Batte, sold his interest in the firm of Hurst, Adams & Batte, to Hurst & Adams, and has leased the yard and grain business from Hurst & Adams.

The commissioners fixed the 4th Monday in each month, as the day on which Geo. Traweck, J.P., will hold court in precinct No. 1.

Precinct No. 2, W. T. Lassiter, J.P., to be held on the 1st Monday in each month.

Precinct No. 3, E. W. Wall, J.P., to be held on the 2nd Monday in each month.

Precinct No. 4, H. Knusinberger, J.P., to be held on the 3rd Monday in each month.

L. N. HALBERT,

Lawyer and Land Agent,
Office at the Postoffice.
SONORA, - TEXAS.

The Maud S. Saloon,
L. L. RUSSELL,

PROPRIETOR.
Sonora, - Texas.
The finest brands of Whiskies, Brandies, Alcohols,
Beer, Cigars and Everything usually kept
In a First-class Saloon.



Crews, McGregor & Co.
"HARDMAN"
Grand, Square and Upright PIANOS.
The most highly celebrated Pianos in the World, with latest patents. The grandest achievement of the age.
Estey Organs and Estey Pianos.
Tone, touch and durability ungu-stionable. Sold on Easy Installments. Warranted and the warrant backed by Millions.
Call on or address:
Ballinger, Tex. Crews, McGregor & Co.,

E. R. HILL,
FEED, WAGON & LIVERY YARD

In connection with Traweck Hotel
Teams properly cared for.
Satisfaction Given.
SONORA, - TEXAS

ALBERTHAL & COBB,
Proprietors of
"THE RESTAURANT"

Meals at All Hours.
SONORA, TEXAS.

MAYFIELD & HILL,
Dealers in

Fresh Beef, Fork, and All kinds
Of Sausages.
Sonora, Texas.

Max Mayer has invested in real estate.
Fine fresh candles in fancy boxes, sold by Willie Windrow, San Angelo.
7.
Jerry Robinson left for the ranch yesterday.
For anything in the rock line see George Traweck.
3

W. G. Woerner's new restaurant will be finished this week.

When in San Angelo, pull up at the Pioneer Drug store, at the Postoffice.
11

W A Taylor was in town Thursday.

Chas Lewis, Sonora's progressive shoe maker is improving his place.

Galvanized iron ventilation flues, stove pipes, rain proofs and caps, at H. W. Feller's, Chadbourne street, San Angelo.
4

Building operations will commence next week on John McNicol's new office.

Wm Reily, of San Angelo, arrived in the Paradise Thursday, looking for a location.

Another of those delightful hops was held in Mike's sanctum, Thursday night. John Pullen of McKavette was there.

J. T. Cooper, of Dry Devil's, returned from Coleman county, Thursday. He is glad to be back in the Paradise.

W. B. Rountree, the well-driller was in Sonora Friday
Mrs. W. A. Stewart, accompanied by her sister Miss Buena Day, of Bartlett, arrived, in Sonora Thursday.

Every load of lumber that comes to Sonora is soon used. Can't get it here fast enough.
In excellent taste—The sweet girl with curly black hair in a sweet pink dress.—Dallas News.

NOTICE.

I have this day sold my saloon business in Sonora, Texas, to L. L. Russell, who assumes all the liabilities of the firm. Parties knowing themselves indebted to me, are requested to settle at once with J. P. McConnell.
Wm. BEVANS,
Sonora, Texas, January, 17th, 1891.

25 Cents a Head Reward,
for information as to the whereabouts of my sheep, branded 33 on loin, black brand, long wool.
C. T. COVINGTON,
Wentworth, Texas.

LOST.

One bay horse branded NR (connected) on left thigh. One brown horse branded CLK on left hip. Will pay \$10 for delivery of same at my ranch.
16
JNO. F. STEAGALL.

Black Mammoth Jack

1 1/2 hands high, 4 years old, \$10 for the season, with the privilege of 7-ture of the mare. Money due at time of service. Mares taken care of at my ranch, but will not be responsible for accidents.
O. T. WARD,
Sonora, Texas.

SONORA & SAN ANGELO
Stage and Express Line.

J. R. HOLMAN, Pro.
Single Trip \$5 Round Trip \$8.
Stage leaves Sonora and San Angelo every day, except Sunday, at 7 a. m. The trip being made in one day.
Express parcels carried at a low rate and satisfaction guaranteed.
P. HURST, Agent, Sonora.
R. E. HARRIS & BRO, Agent San Angelo.

THE SAN ANGELO NATIONAL BANK,

OF SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.

Cash Capital Paid in \$100,000
Surplus and Profits 20,000

An Institution thoroughly identified with the
Interests of the Country, and ready at ALL
Times to meet the requirements of its customers.

M. B. PULLIAM, President. ALBERT RAAS, Cashier.

Charles Rueff,

WOOL

Commission,

San Angelo, Texas.

H. C. Reynolds. W. H. Cusenbary.

REYNOLDS & CUSENBARY,

CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS,

Have in Stock a full assortment of

Drugs, Chemicals, Fancy Toilet Articles,
Toilet Soaps, Sponges, Brushes, Combs, Perfumery, Etc.

Prescriptions carefully Compounded.
Open at all Hours.

J. C. GOODWIN,

THE LEADING BARBER,

Hot and Cold Baths.

Sonora

Texas.

CHRIS MEINECKE,

WELL DRILLER.

CALIFORNIA WINDMILLS KEPT
IN STOCK, AT

SONORA, TEXAS.

—CALL ON—

WM. CAMERON & CO.,

For everything in the way of

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SONORA, TEXAS. - February 14, 1901.

RATHER A NUMEROUS MAN.

A Commuter Has Fun with an Obdurate
and Thick Headed Ferry Man.

"It is a singular thing," remarked one man to another as they made their way toward the ferry waiting room, "how long it takes the average man to get accustomed to faces that he is seeing every day. That fellow at the gate makes me show my commutation ticket every time I come through, though he sees me every day. I never have any trouble with the train conductor, but that's because he is a man of unusual intelligence. I have met many conductors who would make you show your ticket at every station, and would never get to know you, even if you rode with them twice a day."

"That's the kind of a man that fellow at the gate is. It's awfully provoking when you go to running for a boat to have to stop, unbutton your overcoat and get your ticket out of your inside coat pocket. I'm a pious man, but it makes me swear sometimes."

As the two walked about waiting for the boat, an idea struck the man who had been talking.

"It would be interesting," said he, "to see how many times a fellow could walk through that gate without being recognized. Suppose we try it?"

"All right," said his friend.

"You go along, and I'll stand here and watch."

The commuter went out through the wagon gateway into the street. He returned through the passenger gate, and had to show his ticket. He tried several times more, and still the obdurate gate-man failed to recognize him. There were few people going through at that time, and it was singular that his continued reappearance was not noticed. Persistence did, however, have an effect at last. On the sixth trip through the gateway the gatekeeper stared at him in a rather bewildered manner. On the seventh trip the gatekeeper swore gently to himself, and demanded to see the name on the commuter's ticket. The commuter permitted him to read it, and on reaching the waiting room said to his friend: "He has found out my name. Lead me your ticket."

On the eighth trip through the gateway he showed his friend's ticket. The gatekeeper swore loudly as he approached.

"I've got you," said he; "you can't make game of me. Let me see the name on that ticket."

The commuter assumed an air of indignation, but complied.

"Well, I'm beat," exclaimed the gate-man, as he read the ticket. And he scratched his head in perplexity.

"What do you mean by addressing such harsh remarks to me?" asked the commuter.

"Well, I'll tell you, stranger," said the gate-man in an apologetic tone, "you're the most numerous man I ever ran across. Chaps looking just like you have been passing through this gateway in a regular stream for the last fifteen minutes, and I began to think it was some fellow making game of me. But I guess it must be something the matter with my eyes, for I see by your ticket that you're not the fellow I was layin' for."—New York Tribune.

Two Famous London Streets.

Paternoster row is the name of a street in London almost under the shadow of St. Paul's cathedral. It is so called, according to antiquarians, from the fact that 400 or 500 years ago the makers of rosaries or paternosters lived and had their shops there. As education became general religious books were added to the stock in trade, and in course of time the entire street was given up to publishers and stationers' establishments. No vehicles were formerly allowed to enter the street, which, although in the midst of a great metropolis, was thus kept quiet, and even at present it is not a general thoroughfare.

Many of the essayists and poets of a century ago mention it, and not always in the most reverential terms. As Paternoster row was the publication center, so Grub street, now Milton street, so called not from the poet, but from a wealthy builder, was the headquarters of the writing fraternity. It was filled with houses of mean aspect and poor interior, hence the name came to be applied to trusty and worthless productions.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Convenient Trunk Labels.

The most expensive of trunks, portmanteaus, etc., are soon rendered unusable by the repeated pasting on of labels. All this may be avoided, it appears, by the use of an English invention, which consists of a base of tough, flexible board on which are placed, one on top of the other, twelve parchment paper labels, the whole being securely fastened together with metal clips and an eyelet to carry the string for attachment to luggage. The frequent attachment of fresh labels is thus avoided, as the old or directed surfaces have simply to be torn off as used and a fresh one is always ready for redirection until the "tablet" is exhausted.—New York Telegram.

Caught the Meaning.

Good Minister—I was greatly overjoyed, madam, to find your little boy so attentive during the sermon. Do you think he understood what I meant? Fair Dame—Yes, indeed, sir. He's a born mind reader.—Good News.

What Did He Mean?

A resident of Hardwick has his fence decorated with the following notice to owners of horses: "Nobuddy high no hosses to this fence."—New York World.

Old Fashioned Harvesting.

Harvesting with the old implements was a scene. Imagine three or four hundred wild Indians in a grain field armed, some with sickles, some with butcher knives, some with pieces of hoop iron roughly fashioned into shapes like sickles, but many having only their hands with which to gather by small handfuls the dry and brittle grain; and, as their hands would soon become sore, they resorted to dry willow sticks, which were split to afford a sharper edge with which to sever the straw. But the wildest part was the threshing. The harvest of weeks, sometimes of a month, was piled up in the straw in the form of a huge mound in the middle of a high, strong, round corral; then three or four hundred wild horses were turned in to thresh it, the Indians whooping to make them run faster.

Suddenly they would dash in before the band at full speed, when the motion became reversed, with the effect of plowing up the trampled straw to the very bottom. In an hour the grain would be thoroughly threshed and the dry straw broken almost into chaff. In this manner I have seen 2,000 bushels of wheat threshed in a single hour. Next came the winnowing, which would often take another month. It could only be done when the wind was blowing, by throwing high into the air shovelfuls of grain, straw and chaff, the lighter materials being wafted to one side, while the grain, comparatively clean, would descend and form a heap by itself. In this manner all the grain in California was cleaned. At that day no such thing as a fanning mill had ever been brought to this coast.—Geo. Bidwell in Century.

Excessively Quiet.

A young woman married and went to live at the country residence of her husband. Her health was not good, and it was decided that she should spend a year in strict retirement. At the end of six months, however, she returned to town, declaring that so quiet a life was more than she could endure.

It appeared that during that time she had had thirty-seven different servants, one of whom was discharged for an attempt to set the house on fire and one for an attempt to rob the plate chest, while half a dozen more were sent away for violent quarrels in their part of the establishment.

Her mother-in-law had been thrown from a carriage at the foot of the lawn and injured fatally; her sister-in-law had come to make a visit and had improved the opportunity to run away with a man whom she had been forbidden to marry.

The time had further been broken in upon by visits from the six bridesmaids of the hostess, who invited them in pairs for two weeks each, and then asked a few men to meet them, lest it should be dull. A gale had blown down an oak so near the house that its branches crashed in the drawing room windows and the stables had been struck by lightning and burned to the ground.

"And such a quiet life," the young lady said, concluding her account, "was too much for me."—Youth's Companion.

The Reason She Was Glad.

A Virginia girl who went to Washington, D. C., recently for a visit tells a story of her old negro "mammy," Aunt Malindy, who accompanied her to town in the capacity of maid. It seems that they went through the Corcoran Art Gallery during their stay, and every step of the way the elderly and provincial colored woman grew more and more scandalized by what she saw. Not one word was said, but by eloquent grunts and sighs her disapproval was manifested, until they entered the hall of sculpture, where her feelings grew too deep for words.

When they faced the Venus of Medici's naked loveliness and viewed the stately beauty of the Apollo Belvedere, Melindy took on an ashy hue. So thoughtfully was she polishing her silver rimmed spectacles as they left the building her mistress was moved to inquire whether she liked it all. "Yes, 'um," Aunt Malindy responded cheerfully: "Eled it well 'nough, only I'm powerful glad dar ain't nose or my color in dar."—Illustrated American.

His Duty.

When Chief Justice Chase chose to unbend himself he could be witty as well as wise. At a social gathering at his house when he was secretary of war, the subject of taxation having been mooted, a distinguished naval officer present said he had paid all his taxes except the income tax. "I have a little property," said he, "which brings me in a yearly rental, but the tax gatherers have not spotted it. I do not know whether I ought to let the thing go on that way or not. What would you do if you were in my place, Mr. Chase?" There was a merry twinkle in the eyes of Mr. Chase as he answered: "I think it is the duty of every man to live unspotted as long as he can."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Unpleasantly Conspicuous.

One uptown little schoolgirl to another about a third: "I think she's an awful thing. She gets meritorious or 'perfect,' or something every week. I ain't going to play with her after this."—Philadelphia Record.

One Quite Sufficient.

Cholly—Just to think! They have a hundred kinds of soup in France.
Dufated Candidate (drearily)—Ninety-nine too many. One's enough—when you're in it.—Pittsburg Bulletin.

While packing away his dead wife's clothes the other day James McGrath, a laborer of Louisville, Ky., discovered concealed in an undershirt \$1300 in currency. Mrs. McGrath had never given intimation to her family of the possession of the money. She had a cow and sometimes sold butter and milk.

Send this paper to some friend.

MEN WHO SUPPLY FAKIRS.

They Are Willing to Buy Anything, Providing the Price is Low.

There are three or four men in this city who, if they can buy cheap enough, will take up any sized stock of goods and pay cash for it. These are the men who supply the street fakirs with the articles which seem to fairly break out on the street like some queer disease. One day you will see thousands of Japanese teapots or Malacca canes, while the next an amazing number of shoe brushes form the attraction. The rule of this business is that nothing can be easily sold on the street which costs more than ten cents, although, of course, this, like other rules, has its exceptions. Of this ten cents the peddlers must make at least four. It matters little to the men who buy the bankrupt stocks, then, what the articles may be, provided on their purchase they can make a profit, selling at seven cents.

There is, however, one point which must be borne in mind. The articles, whatever they may be, must be really good of their kind, for the whole theory of the business is dealing in real bargains. The purchasers are generally shrewd buyers, not only knowing when the things offered are good, but as a rule buying them, not because they are wanted, but because they are cheap, and the number of bargains which may be secured from these men by any one who will watch for them is amazing. I remember buying a Malacca cane for ten cents many years ago which did good service.

In a city where as many business failures take place as are chronicled in New York the existence of men who can dispose of any stock and get rid of it is a prima necessity. The houses which place their wares through the street peddlers have the command of large capital, and do business on the "quick sales and small profits" principle. They rarely carry a stock, unless it be very large, over three or four days, for in that time the push cart men, if the articles go at all, will clean them out. They are always on the lookout for bankruptcies, forced sales and the like, and their stores are curiously shops, littered up with the flotsam and jetsam which have remained over from many commercial wrecks. But they deal in toys, fruit, vegetables, game—anything that is cheap and can go quickly. "The Pigs in the Pen," which sent the city wild, were placed by them, and it is not uncommon to see editions of books forced into circulation through their offices.

As may be imagined the men in this business must not alone possess a wide spread knowledge of goods, but they must have a keen appreciation of the public taste and know exactly what will take. It has been believed that pawnbrokers know more of the values of diverse articles than any other men in a city like New York, but it is a question whether those who deal through peddlers are not the equal of "our Uncles" in this. Anyway, theirs is a business which can only be made to pay while this species of sagacity is displayed, for should they make a mistake it is tolerably certain the fakirs will not and that the stock will then be left unsold.

The ability of the average fakir to determine beforehand whether a given line of articles will take savors of the supernatural. I am told that a successful man in this business will not only determine instantly whether he wants to push a sale, but that in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred he will be absolutely right. If the jobber makes a mistake his only chance of saving himself is to get the men to take out the goods on speculation; in other words, on credit. As the business all through is or should be cash, this policy is not looked upon with much favor.

The need of judgment on the part of the jobber is, however, most felt when he is selling to the peddlers. The amount of profit allowed to them is in inverse ratio to the rapidity with which they can sell, and it is therefore to their interest to make the jobber believe he has a "slow lot" on hand. Their volubility in crying the excellence of their wares on the street is as nothing to that which expresses their contempt for the goods when they are themselves asked to buy. The jobber then must know just how the things will go or he will find himself left with a profit which shall make him mourn.

It is a curious business which has grown out of the failures of commercial life, but it is not without its interesting points.—New York Telegram.

Antiquity of the Horse.

One of the facts which the philological theorists were surest of was that the horse was brought with them into Europe by the first Aryan immigrants from Asia. But, as Mr. Taylor shows that the Aryans did not come from Asia, it is easy to suppose that they did not bring the horse with them from Asia. "The Latin name equus is common to all the Aryan languages. But recent archaeological discoveries have shown that the common name must have referred to the wild horse which roamed in immense herds over Europe, and formed the chief food of the palaeolithic hunters." In view of this fact the movement among a branch of the palaeoelectric Gauls to return to the horse as a food is one of the most striking cases of reversion known in the life of the race.—William Dean Howells in Harper's.

Thoughts of Home and Wife.

Wife—John, you often think of your birdie during business hours, don't you?
Husband—I did today. A button came off my vest.—Munsey's Weekly.

The Scientific-American says that, making allowances for the increase of population, in less than 100 years American cemeteries will contain a larger amount of gold than now exists in France. The decaying American teeth absorb the precious metal to the value of \$450,000 annually.

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