

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

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,

Ranch Supplies a Specialty.

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEX.

Liberal Advances Made on Consignments of WOOL at 3 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. E. GUSENBARY, 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. - March 14, 1891.

It is not birth, nor rank, nor state, but "get up and get" that make men great.

He that would live clear of envy must lay his finger in his mouth and keep his hand out of the ink pot.

New features in advertising are being invented right along, and they all seem to pay. None of the wrinkles, however, seem to take hold upon the public with such force as the announcement that the DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS is only \$2.00 a year.

An old negro strolled up to the window of the Kansas City, Kan., commissioner of registration the other day and made application for registration papers.

"What's your name?" asked Assistant Commissioner Arnold.

"George Washington," was the reply.

"Well, George, are you the man who cut down the cherry tree?"

"No, sah, boss, no, sah, I ain't de man. I ain't done no work fo' nigh onto a yeah."

One stormy night about four months ago a little girl was born into a family where there was already a boy three or four years old. One bad evening this week the father and mother were going out, and the boy wanted to go and take the baby. To this the mother objected strenuously, and for a final argument she said:

"But, my son, don't you know we can't take little sister out, such a stormy night as this!"

"Well, I don't care," he replied. "It was a good deal stormier than this the night she came here."

"Was there ever a time in your life, Mr. Slammeround," asked Miss Lilbud, in tones of tender sentiment, "when all the world seemed a dreary waste to you; when your heart was hungry and starving; all the sweet springs of your life were turned to bitterness, and death seemed the sweetest boon the gods could offer you; when all the light was dark, and all friends seemed false?"

"There was, there was," said Slammeround, earnestly; "I can remember it as though it was yesterday. I was only fifteen years old at that time, and I was enduring the miseries of my first cigar.

The young man whose watch and diamond scarf pin was recovered for him Wednesday by Officer Mike Harriett was taken in on a very old game. He went up into a room with a stranger who wanted to play a little. The stranger won, and being of a very liberal disposition divided his winnings with his less fortunate fellow players. He insisted on the young man taking some of them, too, but he refused, averring that he did not know the game. Subsequent events proved this to be true. One of the men in the room kindly volunteered to show him, and he entered into the swim. He played and lost, and more checks were shoved over to him. Finally a "jackpot" passed around several times and was of immense proportions.

It was opened; he looked at his hand; his instructor told him it was a good one, and to bet heavy. He bet all his checks; more were passed to him and he bet them. His instructor whispered to bet more, and, not having but a dollar or two, he put in his watch for \$100 and his diamond pin for \$20. It was a show-down and, of course, the young man lost. He, however, smelled a mouse and secured an officer, who recovered the valuables. The young man was raised in the great city of New Orleans, but was green just the same.—Houston Post.

Had a dream.

A negro had gone to sleep in the sun on the platform of a railway station in South Carolina, and some of the boys put up a job to have some fun with him. A bag of shelled corn was laid across his knees, a second on his stomach, and a third on his head, as the weight didn't awaken him, another bag was placed on his stomach, making about 370 pounds resting there. He snored away for three minutes, grew uneasy, began to mutter, and at the end of five threw the sacks off and looked around in a dazed way.

"Anything wrong, Rube?" asked one of the jokers.

"Fo' de Lawd, sah, but I ze had de worstest dream dat I eber dremt! I ze all in cold blood!"

"What was it?"

"Drempt dat I had sich a sore froat I couldn't swaller, and de old woman brought hum two chickens, some yams an' a possum, an' dun cooked an' eat de bull out-fit wid me sittin' r'ght dar an' not able to open my mouf! Lawd save me, but didn't I suffer when I saw de las' of dem chickens gwine down her old froat!"

The alliance in Nebraska, Missouri, Kansas and Iowa proposes to form a grain and cattle trust to control prices in stock and cereals. The Texas alliance is not in it. The Texas alliance is "ferocious" trusts. Besides, the Texas alliance has some experience in business matters. It has had an "exchange." The Texas alliance knows when it has had enough, and will not play. Besides, it is too busy just at present watching the railroad lobby at Austin and wondering what the star chamber caucus is doing.—Houston Post.

When an American citizen wakes in the morning he pulls from under his pillow a watch, on the case and works of which appear the advertisements of the makers. Learning by the timepiece that it is his hour for rising, he throws back the blankets stamped with the imprint of the manufacturer, and performs his ablutions by aid of a cake of soap bearing the dealer's name. He then dons underwear, linen, trousers, vest, coat and shoes similarly labeled, and sits down to a breakfast served on dishes and eaten with cutlery decorated in like manner. After that he adds to his attire hat, gloves and overcoat that tell their origin by means of printed tabs, and goes forth to business well dressed in every respect, and yet—a walking advertisement. The cigarette he smokes as he strides officewards is adorned with the vendor's address, and the crackers or bread he munches with his sherry or coffee at luncheon bear the baker's trademark or name. He reaches home at night and is welcomed by a smiling and triumphant wife, who explains that she has just returned from a satisfactory shopping expedition, which she was induced to make by reason of announcements of "bargains" at various stores published in the papers.

No love is so true and tender as the love our parents give us, and for none are we so ungrateful. We take it as a matter of course—as something we deserve. Especially may our mothers toil and deny themselves, think all night and labor all day, without receiving any thanks whatever. From the day when she walks all night with us while we cry, to the day when she helps to make our wedding dress and gives us those cherished pearls which she wore in her girlhood, we do not half recognize her love for us. Never until we are parents ourselves do we quite comprehend. Yet, is there anything like it? The lover may describe us for some brighter beauty; the husband grow indifferent when we have been his a little while; the friend be only a summer friend, and fly when riches vanish, or when we are too sad to amuse; but our parents love us best in our sorrow, and hold us dearer for any disfigurement. There isn't much of heaven here on earth, but what there is of it is chiefly given in a parent's love.

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.

John McNicol, County Surveyor and GENERAL LAND AGENT, SONORA, - TEXAS.

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. Barb Wire and Wagons. Image of windmill and text: THERE WERE THREE LITTLE HOUSEWIVES OF SOON WHO ALL MADE UP THEIR MINDS TO RIG-LEE THAT THEY'D NEVER COOK MORE IF A WINDY SAUCE DOOR WAS NOT PUT ON THEIR OVENS QUICK-LEE! And their cooking was perfect afterwards, so they If you want the Best Buy the Charter Oak, FOR SALE BY Gwin, Allen & Brown, San Angelo.

C. K. MATTHEW, J. T. WOOD, Matthis & Wood, PHYSICIANS and SURGEONS, Office at Cusenbary's Drug Store 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 columns of the DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS are open to anyone who wishes to discuss questions of interest to our community.

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY. Circulating Medium of the Stockman's Paradise. Subscription \$2 a year in advance. Entered at the Postoffice at Sobora, as second-class matter. M. B. PALMER, Proprietor. Sobora, Texas. March 14, 1891.

Stock of all kinds have suffered from the floods in Arizona and California the past ten days. The floods in Arizona are ahead of all past records, and have demonstrated that the areas of Yuma and much of the Gila valley are unsafe and unfit for settlement and habitation.

If your wool don't sell for quite as much as your neighbor gets for his, think twice before you fall out with your sheep and conclude they are to blame. He was careful, perhaps, to separate his dirty wool from the clean, and to put the inferior quality in different bags from the other. Did you do this? He tied each fleece separately and carefully. Did you do likewise? He kept his wool dry until it was sold. Did you do this? Bad prices are often due to handling.

On the Chicago market last week a lot of 5500 pounds A super pulled Colorado wool brought 28c; 2500 pounds low one-fourth sorts 17 cents; 3000 pounds low blanket sorted, 13 3/4 cents; 2300 pounds one-fourth blood sorted, 24 cents; 2500 pounds blanket sorts, 15c; 1000 pounds three-eighths blood sorted, 25 1/2 cents; 2000 pounds B pulled, 19 cents; 1000 blanket sorts, 15 cents; 3000 pounds braid, 20 1/2 cents; 4500 pounds medium Iowa, 24 cents; 1000 pounds medium Iowa, 34 1/2 cents; 20,000 low Colorado black, 14 cents.

A number of large stock transactions have taken place at Colorado City this week, among them the following: F. G. Oxshier to J. H. Paramore of Abilene, 1000 cows at \$8 per head; F. G. Oxshier to a Fort Worth buyer, 1200 yearling steers at \$8 per head; F. G. Oxshier to Garland & Hover, 1500 four and five-year-old steers at \$22 50; H. C. Beach to W. T. Scott, 260 four and five-year-old steers terms private; R. H. Looney to M. T. Hall & Co., 400 three and four-year-old steers, terms private; R. R. Wakefield to Ike Gronski, 500 sheep at \$3 per head.

A horse life insurance company in New York which issues policies on sound horses and young animals generally, worth between \$100 and \$400 each, reports that of 704 horses dying within the past five years 183 died of colic, 77 of inflammation of the bowels, 74 of kidney trouble, 51 of pneumonia, 52 of stroke, 30 of pink eye, 37 lockjaw, 23 of broken legs, 12 of epizootic, 10 of heart disease, 4 of blind staggers, 9 by runaways, 4 were drowned, 2 were killed by lightning, 8 were burned and 12 died of unknown diseases.

A writer in a turf journal gives the following rule to estimate the height a colt will grow to. Take a colt at any time between six weeks old and one year, stand him on a level surface so that he will stand naturally, then measure the distance from the hair of the hoof to his knee joint, and for every inch or fraction thereof he measures he will be hands high when matured. If he measures fifteen inches he will grow to be five hands high; if fifteen and a half inches, he will be fifteen and a half hands high, and so on.

A Bull Reporter's Revenge.

"Ha! ha!" he cried, in trembling tones, "she shuns my heart's advances; she leaves me for another man; she smiles, she clings, she dances. I'll blast her young life's pages. I'll mark their lines with crimson gore and send them down the ages."

And then he rent his full-dress coat; he'd rented it that day; and in his passion wildly swore, and turned in wrath away. "Calm, calm yourself," replied a friend; "don't do so dire a deed. What is the thing you would commit? For mercy's sake take heed!"

Once more he cried in louder voice, and on the words laid stress: "I'll let her know I am a live reporter for the press. I'll leave her name from off my list; her life shall be a vapor, her dress be lost, her dancing vain; she sha'n't go in the paper."

STRANGERS YET

Amiable Meeting of a Fluid Chicago Girl with a Volunteer Chaplain. I never pass Carroll avenue but I think of the pretty little story told to a group of friends one evening by one of our charming south side matrons. I was a country school man in Vermont, receiving a salary of \$25 a month, when I made up my mind to come to Chicago and learn stenography. I had a sister married and living in a suburb of the city. She promised to help me all she could, and I remained with her until I had finished studying and was ready for a position. Having obtained the position I discovered that my limited income would not allow me to pay car fare to such a distance as my sister lived. As she and her husband were poor it was decided that I should look for a boarding place on the west side. I searched the papers diligently and found the desired haven on Carroll avenue.

At first I found it very comfortable and easy, and enjoyed coming home after a long day's work and settling myself to sewing or reading. But as the days grew shorter, and the nights set in earlier, I felt myself becoming afraid to walk the two blocks that lay between the street car corner and my room, and this fear was not diminished by after a man had stopped me one evening and I had rushed into the house frightened and breathless from running. It may be very silly to one who has never been afraid, but I suffered cruelly as the car neared my corner, and several nights I could not find the courage to get off, and remained on the car, riding several blocks past, and of course only prolonged the distance of the walk.

One fearful dark and stormy evening the car was literally packed, and I stood holding on to a strap in the extreme front, when the loneliness of my position, my timidity and thoughts of an employer out of humor all day completely overcame me and I began to cry.

It seemed as if I could not have the car stop until the darkness and storm presently felt a hand touch me, and a voice said: "What is the matter?"

"I am afraid to go home," I said. I was 19 years old, but I felt like a baby. "Where do you get off?" asked the voice.

"At St. John's place," I replied, and just then the conductor called out the street, and I pushed my way to the car platform and stepped off. As I did so the young man who had questioned me stepped off also, and said: "I live up this way, and if you will allow me, I shall see you home."

And all that winter, except the few nights when he did not chance to be on my car, for which I think he must have watched, he saw me home. I never learned his name or where he lived, nor do I think he knew my name. He never stopped at the door to talk, nor presumed upon his kindness in any way, and when the long days came again he disappeared entirely, and I soon after leaving the west side, have never seen or heard of him since.

I often think of the incident, though, and as I grow older it shows up to me in a very beautiful light, as compared with so many darker colors that go to make up the annals of evening life in a large city. Chicago Letter.

Barber Wisdom.

Barbers are not partial to seeing ladies coming into the shop to get their hair cut, for no matter how pretty their hair is, they never look as well as they did before, and their first look in the glass makes the fact apparent to them, and they invariably blame the barber for it. It is a fact that about nine out of ten bald-headed men are all the time looking for something to make their hair grow, but you never heard of a barber investing a cent for that purpose, and another thing that is just as a notion and just as senseless as to suppose that the hair can be restored to a bald head without the use of a wig, and that is that bay rum is beneficial to the face. If you want a good face dressing after shaving use hot soft water. Nothing else is as good. Interview in Lincoln Journal.

Jewelers Never Get Rich.

"Jewelers never get rich," said a Chicago jeweler. "If we could secure only 10 per cent of the profits which many people suppose we get we would make more money than we do now. There never has been but one rich jeweler in America. Tiffany, of New York, is a rich man, and he is the only exception. And he made most of his money in the rationary business. There are many rich men in almost any other line of business, rich dry goods merchants, rich hotel men, rich grocers, rich hardware dealers. But jewelers, who are quite generally believed to be wealthy as a class, are rarely outside of the well to do circle, financially speaking." Chicago Mail.

A New Kind.

A Nevada paper wants convicted murderers dropped into the shaft of a mine in that state which is 836 feet deep. It says that a person falling would lose all consciousness after descending 400 feet, and the death to be found at the bottom of the shaft will be entirely painless and without any chance of bungling as on a gallows. Detroit Free Press.

Unequivocal.

She—He hasn't much education, but he makes a good show, doesn't he? He—Oh, quite a circus. Munsey's Weekly.

Lady—You look hungry, no man.

Boston Tramp—Yes, lady; you are religiously correct in your surmise.

Lady—Did you saw the wood?

Boston Tramp—Oh, don't say that, lady, but on it in this way. Did you see that wood?

Send this paper to some friend.

An Amusing Mistake.

It is an amusing thing—this mistaking a stranger for some one you know or it is amusing to see some one else do so.

And did you ever notice the difference between men and women in the way in which they get around the mistake?

A man will go up to another one and say: "Why, how do you do?"

As he puts out his hand the other man takes it and gives it a cordial shake and says: "How do you do? How are you? It is a fine day. Let me see—where have I met you?"

When they come to compare their mental notes they discover that they never have met anywhere, but they sit down and discuss politics and religion, or anything else, with the same freedom as if meeting was an every day occurrence.

A woman will bow to another, thinking she has met her before, and unless she is taken completely off guard she will draw herself up in the haughtiest manner and say, "You are mistaken." The first one blanches and apologizes and settles down thoroughly convinced of the enormity of the crime of making a simple mistake.

If one is taken unawares, however, and thinks possibly she has met the very cordial greeter somewhere, she evinces much more tact than does a man under the same circumstances. She returns the cordial handshake and lets the other woman do the talking until something is said by which she can recall the former meeting, or trusts to luck in not letting the woman discover her mistake. Chicago Herald.

The Passenger Wouldn't Let Him Sleep.

Deputy marshals who work in the Indian country lead a hard life. Accommodations are not always to be had. Tom Smith told a reporter of an adventure he had.

Night overtook him near an old cabin, but as the Indian custom of burying the dead in their houses and then moving away flashed upon him he decided to sleep under a tree some little distance, and thus avoid a possible interference with an aboriginal spook. In the night a rain set in, and he got up and went in the cabin, and shut the door to keep out the rain and water. He wrapped his blanket around him and lay down. Presently he heard a growling and whining, but he paid no attention to it. The whines and growls grew fiercer and louder; but he lay quiet, trying to go to sleep. The animal ran around the walls, scratching and yelping in a way to make one feel very uncomfortable, and make such a thing as sleep impossible. It was a pauther.

Finally Smith concluded that the best was not going to be quiet and let him rest, so he got up and opened the door and let it out. Then he lay down and slept without further disturbance until morning. Cor. Fort Worth Gazette.

Indians as Smokers.

Every Indian worships tobacco. Give the Sioux a sufficient quantity of beef and tobacco and there will be no more war between them and the United States. They do not get any tobacco from the government in these days, so they sell what little else they do have, and with the proceeds procure cigarettes and tobacco. It used to be that the red man was satisfied with dried red willow bark, but he has been civilized very materially, and now insists on the best brands of the most thoroughly cultivated and manufactured wood.

Some of the older fellows still mix the willow with their smoke—they prefer the kinie kinies—but the younger men take the tobacco straight. Their love for cigarettes amounts almost to a passion, and yet the Indian is master of the situation. He can smoke enough cigarettes to fill every dude on the face of the earth, go on the warpath for a couple of months and starve, and yet turn up with a physique that seems uninjured. The suggestion that unfiltered cigarettes were cheaper than soldiers thus falls to the ground and becomes valueless. Washington Star.

An Accommodating Thief.

A singular little incident occurred in front of the Gedzey house. A handsome young lady, stylishly attired, was walking down Broadway, and a young man, equally captivating in his way, was coming up town. They met in front of the aforesaid hotel, and as they passed the youth deftly slipped his hand into the girl's pocket and drew her pocketbook out of it. It was done before the very eyes of twenty astonished guests of the hotel, but before they had time even to express their surprise at the young man's audacity he turned with a polite bow to the young lady, handed her the purse, gave her a mild warning not to be so careless in the future and passed on. New York Continent.

Boston's Historic Playground.

There is one thing about the Boston common of which Boston people are very proud, and they may be forgiven for telling strangers about it pretty frequently and persistently. In summer you will see no signs of "Keep off the grass" on the common. People are allowed to go wherever they please on that common—everywhere, except in the little pond. Boys play ball on the fields, run races, and in everything that they do show that this is in verity a common—a playground for the people—not a pretty ornament only to be looked at. All credit to Boston for this display of great common sense and for this rich gift to her children. New York Tribune.

House bill 88, requiring county commissioners' courts to make tabular statements of the assets, expenditures and indebtedness of counties, with the names of all creditors and items of indebtedness, and to publish the same in the county paper, or by posting in four different places in the county where there is no paper, was engrossed.

IF YOU ARE

INTERESTED

IN THE

STOCKMANS

PARADISE,

SUBSCRIBE

FOR THE

Devils

River

News.

A TITIAN OWNED BY INDIANS.

The Great Art Treasure Hidden Away in a Mexican Village Church.

Tzintzuntzan was once a great city and the capital of Tarascan kings; now only a straggling village with a group of ruined churches. I made my way quickly to the old tower where the Titian treasure is, the populace following in my wake or gazing after me with wondering eyes. My carefully studied salutation, in Spanish, a handful of cigars and a bottle of wine soon made the padre and myself the best of friends. He seemed to know before I asked him that I wanted to see the picture, and opened the high arched door of carved wood which led to a patio or court.

Here, seated on mats spread on the stone paving of a pillared and arched corridor, were fifteen or twenty women with their work, braiding mats and hats or coloring feathers. As was explained, they were doing penance. They bowed reverently as the padre passed. I thought he did not look like a hard task master, and, perhaps, did not care how long they staid, as his life is a lonely one at best and their penance surely was not his.

A little surprised Indian boy came with a lighted candle, the padre led the way, and a wondering little procession followed through a dark corridor that led up to another massive door, barred and chained and padlocked. We were back in ancient feudal days, it seemed, and some old cattle had opened to us. It might be that the clanking chains and rusty, creaking hinges were on our prison doors, but the boy held the tallow dip high and showed the padre's kindly face, that reassured us that we were only at Tzintzuntzan in search of a Titian.

The door opened into an inner room as dark as night. The padre unfastened a grated window and a flood of golden sunlight came from over the western hills beyond the lake and fell upon the picture. Such coloring, such feeling could only come from a master hand. Whose? Tradition says Titian, and presented by Philip II of Spain. Eminent men, authors and artists agree. We had seen the Titian at Tzintzuntzan, and it was worth the coming for.

The padre closed the window and the door after us, locked and chained it again. The boy held up his flickering torch and we marched out, leaving the padre and his treasures as a dream too unreal to be true. An effort has been made to buy the painting, and \$50,000 was offered by the bishop of Mexico, but the faithful, devoted Indians refused, and the price that bought "The Angelus" would be no temptation. "The Entombment" is some hundreds of years older, is the work of an old master and is big enough (the figures are all life size) to make a hundred of "The Angelus." Toronto Globe.

Interesting to Steel Manufacturers.

A very ingenious device has been introduced that will prove of great value to steel manufacturers. In the formation of cast steel ingots, especially those containing a large proportion of carbon, it is common for the shrinkage of the metal when poured into the ingot mold to form a cavity or void in the upper end of the ingot, and if such cavity is exposed to the atmosphere its walls become speedily oxidized, and in that condition are incapable of welding closely.

The new idea is to chill the top of the casting, and then turn the ingot upside down before it is solidified. The cavity then forms in the other end of the ingot, where its walls are fully protected against the oxidizing influence of the atmosphere. The molds are arranged in such a manner that the cavity is formed in a stud or projection at one end of the ingot. In order to protect the metal first poured in from hardening too rapidly a cup of refractory material is placed in the bottom of the mold. New York Telegram.

Wise Expense.

The old Latin proverb, "Dilectissima que pulchra," has often been set as a "copy" for high school boys and girls. The idea in it is that "the best things are hard to get," and certainly a good personal education usually implies a sacrificing parent as well as a studious child.

An English judge who first said, "A boy is better unborn than untaught."—TODAY'S COMPANION.

Shelling Peas by Machine.

An Albany firm has gotten out a patent on a device for shelling peas. The novelty about this machine is that the peas are cut down like wheat or barley, and the vine and pea are all fed into the machine, which separates the green pea from the vine and pod perfectly fine and clean. The machines are large, being 15 feet long, 11 high and 6 wide. The company do not sell these machines, but let them out on a royalty, and they are in great demand in all places where canned goods are put up, as they make a very great saving in the harvesting of peas. New York Telegram.

One of the recent applications of electricity that promises to be of considerable benefit to seagoing men is a log for registering the rate of travel of high speed vessels.

Robert Bonner, in an interview last week, said that Sunol would be brought east the coming summer and sent against all records, which he thought she would beat, though he considered Marvin's estimate of her speed, 2,05, too low. Maud S., he said, would never be trained again for a better record, and he was thinking of breeding her this year.

Thompson's Foolish Colt.

I met the oldest inhabitant the other day, and among other things the old gentleman told me that although people who are "as foolish as Thompson's colt" can be found in all parts of the earth, Thompson's colt—the veritable foolish colt whose idiosyncrasies have become known the world over—belongs to Illinois.

"I know Thompson very well," said he, "and also his colt. Both of them lived at Canton, Ill., a great many years ago. Thompson was a trader and dealer in horses and mules. He never was looked upon as a bright fellow, and ultimately traded himself out of all of his property and went to smash financially.

"His colt gained notoriety through a simple occurrence, or rather a single story—for the yarn itself never was generally believed. Thompson insisted that he once saw his colt deliberately swim across the creek, climb the further bank, shake the water from its coat, turn around and drink out of the stream and shortly afterward swim back across the creek.

"Whether the story had any foundation other than an unusually active imagination I do not know, but it gave rise to the familiar expression, 'As foolish as Thompson's colt.'"—Chicago Mail.

Insanity and Deafness.

Dr. Sanborn of the State Insane asylum at Augusta, has a wide sympathy and feels deeply for his charges at the asylum.

We were making a tour of the hospital with him the other day, when he stopped to speak to a young man who seemed very deaf. "You are better to-day, Samuel," said he, putting him upon the back. "You are much better, and I am glad to see it. Good-by." "When that man came here three days ago," said Dr. Sanborn, "he could hear with great acuteness. He was at this time very violent and had to be kept secure. As his mania passed he became deaf. He has been here before—comes here periodically—and each time I notice the peculiarity in his hearing. It is a curious case. What strange action of the brain is it that in insanity awakens his sense of hearing? In his mania his hearing is exceedingly acute; in his sanity it is exceedingly dull. The brain is a wonderful world."—Lawiston (Me.) Journal.

Knowledge Is Power.

An illustration of the truth of this proverb is found in Mr. J. G. Bertram's book, "The Harvest of the Sea." It seems that a monopoly of the extensive fisheries of Scotland and England once came into the hands of a man who kept his agents at the principal stations, and required them to furnish him all facts that came to their knowledge.

At one of his stations in the far north the fishing had been unsuccessful for the greater part of the season, and there was no prospect of improvement when he looked into the matter. Upon examining his agent's letters from that place for some years back he found by a comparison of dates that at a certain place herrings were likely to be found. He accordingly instructed his agent to send his boats to that spot.

The fishermen laughed at the idea of a man sifting some hundreds of miles away and telling them where to get fish; but as his orders were positive they had to obey, and the consequence was that they returned next morning loaded with herrings.

Eating Before Sleeping.

Eating before sleeping, now so generally recommended by physicians to those troubled by insomnia resulting from nervous trouble, is not a difficult prescription to fill, but the determination of the question just what to eat is not infrequently puzzling. One who has experimented for years names a glass of warm milk as a good nightcap for many, while for people who have a tendency to biliousness it will not do at all. To the latter buttermilk, not too cold, is said to be the best of night-caps. Warm milk with vichy is also recommended. Oranges and, to a certain extent, hot and sour lemonade are good for all. Cincinnati Commercial Gazette.

He Pulled Jackson's Nose.

R. H. Lavender, of Washington, says that he was standing on the wharf at Alexandria, Va., when Lieut. Randolph stepped forward and pulled President Jackson's nose. He heard the president exclaim, "Show me the villain and I will send him hence." Randolph got away in good time, or Jackson would have carried out his threat easy enough. The old general's hair stood up straighter than ever when the incident occurred, and his eyes fairly flamed with anger. Chicago Herald.

Not So Easy to Sait.

Married Man—Why don't you get married, Miss Jones? You are getting to look like a "back number"—will soon be an old maid.

Miss Jones—If I was as easy to please as your wife was I would have been married long ago. Texas Sittings.

Fleeting a Technicality.

She—You have deceived me. Didn't you tell me you loved me?

He—No, I was very guarded about that. I only told you I worshipped the ground you walked on. Kate Field's Washington.

Not Rated High.

George—Chapley is one of those fellows who have more money than brains, isn't he?

Jessie—Yes; and he is not rich, either. Harper's Bazar.

Lord Dufferin's success as a diplomat at the czar's court was ascribed in a large degree to the charms of his wife, who became a favorite of the Russian aristocracy. In Rome, where her husband is now stationed as the representative of England, she is no less popular. Besides being a woman of tact and judgment the countess is a linguist of much ability, conversing fluently in French, German and Italian.

Well Meant.



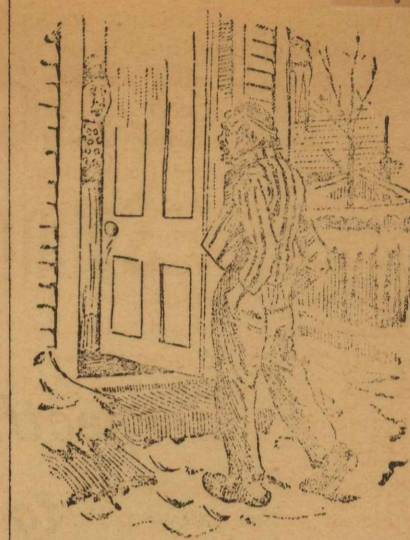
Mrs. O'Rourke (to charitable old Mr. Hartwell, who is giving away poultry to the needy)—Long life to you honor; sure I'll never see a goose again but I'll think of you!—Life.

In Time of Need.



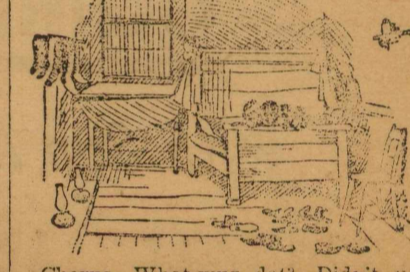
"Tey, Jimmy, tie de dog loose an' let him go in de water after a man wot's tumbled overboard!"—Life.

Charitable.



Tramp—I say, ma'am, can't ye gimme a bite o' something cold to eat? Mrs. Pancake—Why, yes, poor fellow! Go and take one of those icicles off the fence.—Judge.

Christmas Eve—An Alarm.

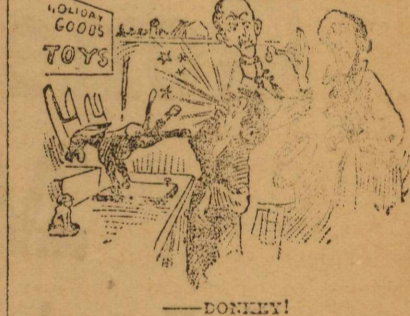


Chorus—What wuz dat? Didn't you hear sunfin?—Life.

The Age of Surprises.

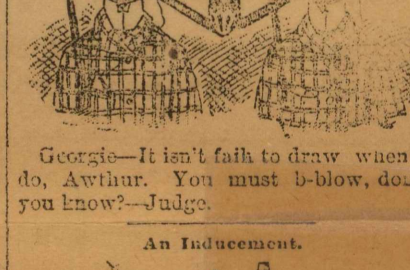


Mrs. Drinkmead—No; not that, Edger do. When I buy you a toy I want some thing that will incite an object lesson. Salesman—Be careful, young man! I wouldn't fool with that!—Judge.



George—It isn't fair to draw when I do, Arthur. You must b-blow, don't you know?—Judge.

An Inducement.



Mother—The doctor says you've been such a good, such a very good boy, Harry, that he's going to let you get out of bed just as soon as you've taken every drop of this cod liver oil!—Scribner's Magazine.

W. J. Wilkinson, of Menard, ville, was in the city Monday. He has shipped 500 cattle to the Nation in charge of Dick Russell. Enterprise.

Walton says that although Mike, of the News, claims to have made the "waist places glad," he denies that it was a minister's daughter. Enterprise.

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, - March 14, 1891.

Ed. Devil's River News:

"McK." really acknowledged it to be rhetoric, beautiful but borrowed. Well McK. borrowed rhetoric beats no rhetoric at all, and if in your next you can tell us where it was borrowed from, we may direct you to where you could find something nice to say.

We have no points to argue this week, but being an advocate still of fair play, we wish to mention a few of McK's most prominent passages. The "up and down hill" bash is the key to the situation exactly—for the citizens of Schleicher in going to Menardville with empty vehicles have a nice down hill pull, but in coming back loaded with supplies they have a "nice up hill drag" all they way; besides this, it must take at least four days to make the trip, and if heavy rains catch the Schleicher county man on the road, wool is unto him. We all know the divide is good in dry weather, so by being so close to Sonora, we can pick good weather for our traveling—go into Sonora for supplies and back the same day, or from the most remote parts of Schleicher in two days.

The statement that the bulk of Schleicher's citizens live on McK's side of the divide, we deny, and leave the public to say who is right. Now McK, as you seem inclined to obey the voice of the people, and as 38 of Schleicher's good citizens hold the same position that I do against 23 that back your judgment, suppose you accept your own proposition, and come over to the majority.

I am neither Greek, Latin nor Bohemian, but am straight Texan, and not much on the fight, but when McK puts his "twine" on Sonora and Sutton county he must know that he has caught a "long yearling," and if he doesn't look well to his girths, may find himself "riding with a roll."

The citizens of Schleicher have done their part and we now ask our representatives for FAIR PLAY.

It is now understood that the people of Schleicher county are particularly anxious to be attached to Sutton in consequence of the new judicial district, of which Sutton and Schleicher counties form a part.

"Protective Democrat," from Sonora, rounded-up E. G. Tenny, in the Stockman and Farmer, last week. He concludes by saying: "I was born in the south and raised a democrat, and I claim the privilege to construe political economy to suit my own ideas, rather than be whipped into line by Grover Cleveland, Roger Q. Mills and other demagogues."

From the San Angelo Standard.
 Wiley & Son of the Colorado River, sold 400 head of young weathers to G. C. Mauzy, delivered after shearing, for \$2.25.

Walton Burgess, in the interest of E. A. McCarthy, the successful machine and windmill man of San Angelo, left for Sonora yesterday. It is expected that it will at least take him one week to repair his fences when he returns.

Edgar Wilhelm has resigned his position as chief cook and pot rustler at Wilhelm's restaurant, for the more suitable one of herding sheep on Devil's river. With his 22 calibre pistol he will be dead medicine for the coyotes.

John W. Steele, of New York, displayed a \$100,000 stock of jewelry at M. Eastland & Son's Monday and Tuesday. It was a grand and elegant display and resulted in some very heavy sales. The Messrs. Eastland bought an \$1800 bill from Mr. Steele.

R. O. Smith and Arthur Howlett were in from their ranches on South Concho and in Schleicher county Monday night. Mr. Smith has 200 head of thoroughbred ewes that are now lambing on his blooded sheep ranch on South Concho. He is about half through and has not lost a single head yet.

Stock News.

Fall Texas is quoted at 19 and 21c and spring Texas at 22 and 24c at Boston.

For the amount of money invested sheep growing is a profitable industry.

A good deal of Australian wool coming in, and it is sold before arrival.

The tone of the wool market at Boston is very steady. The feature of the market of late is the heavy increase in sales of Australian wools.

Russian wool growers have petitioned their government to protect their industry by imposing import duty on foreign wools and woolsens.

It is proposed in Ireland to establish a flock-book for Roscommon sheep, a large, long-wooled breed, having some resemblance to Lincolns.

Reports from some parts of New South Wales, Australia, announce an alarming increase of rabbits. On many stations the sheep are too poor to shear, and farmers have to purchase forage to keep their horses alive.

It is not for the value of the wool alone that should induce the farmer to engage in the sheep industry. There is also an increased and increasing demand for muttons and those breeds which are best adapted for mutton are now and always will be in demand.

Supplies are reported more limited, in the Philadelphia wool market than at this period last year. Prices are reported steady and firm with following range in prices for Texas wools: Texas, fine and medium eastern, 20 and 25c; do western, 20 and 24; coarse, 20 and 23.

CHICAGO, Ill., March 10.—Cattle receipts, 9000; shipments, 8000. Market firm and somewhat higher. Steers, \$4. and \$5.50.

Sheep, receipts, 8,000; shipments, none. Market weaker and lower. Westerns, \$3.40 and \$5.60; Natives, \$3.40 and \$5.50.

The biggest sheep deal perhaps ever made in west Texas was closed here this week. John Scharbauer bought of Ike Gonsky 16,000 sheep, paying \$40,000 for them.

This deal is of more than passing importance as Scharbauer is one of the most successful and noted sheep buyers in the state, and the deal is evidence of his confidence in the sheep industry. Scharbauer was rated as one of the most extensive sheep owners in the state before this deal. He probably heads the list now.—Midland Gazette.

Louis Goethel, late manager for Ostrander & Loomis, who is now running his fine sheep in the Stockman's Paradise, was in Sonora for supplies Wednesday.

R. W. Murchison, one of the prominent cattlemen of the Stockman's Paradise, was in Sonora Tuesday.

A. R. Cauthorn from down the river was in Sonora Thursday.

In this issue will be seen the advertisements of the enterprising wool commission merchants of San Angelo and San Antonio who want you to remember them when you place your spring clip.

The best opening for a bank in West Texas is in Sonora, the trading center of the Stockman's Paradise.

W. J. Eields, the young cattleman, will leave to-day for Austin in answer to a telegram stating that his brother is seriously ill.

Chas Lewis, Sonora's successful shoe maker, has completed his new residence.

Alexander Bros. will commence shortly the erection of a \$2,000.00 merchandise and grain warehouse, on the corner opposite the Devil's RIVER NEWS office.

Ben McMahon and daughter returned to Del Rio Thursday. Having had a pleasant visit and Miss McMahon being greatly benefited by the change.

G. C. Mauzy, the mutton buyer, was in the trading center Sunday. He has changed his postoffice address from San Antonio to San Angelo. If Sonora had a bank it would not be long until it would be the headquarters for mutton and wool buyers.

Somebody got left out in the cold.

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

Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Word were in Sonora Saturday.

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

W. M. Woods came over from McKavett, with Chas. F. Adams Sunday.

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

A hop was given Monday night, at the residence of Justice Traweck in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John Sowell. There was a large gathering and everyone enjoyed themselves.

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

The Dunagan House changed hands this week. L. D. Dunagan having leased the place to John Cole who intends making it one of the most popular resorts in Sonora.

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

John Sowell, was married Sunday night to Miss Minnie Thomas, at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. J. T. Wilson. Justice Traweck officiating. The DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS wishes the young couple a happy journey through life.

OLD TAYLOR WHISKY

AT FITZPATRICK & LYELL'S SAN ANGELO.

Two Englishmen who had been bosom friends came to America. They met with poor success, drifted apart, and finally one took a position as waiter in a cheap restaurant. He hadn't been there long before his friend appeared at the dinner. The meeting was not overjoyful.

"Why, old man, you down to a waiter, eh? Gracious how you have fallen! And a Bowery restaurant, too!"

"Yes," replied the waiter, turning to his friend, sarcastically. "But I don't eat here, thank God, I eat at Will and Ike's Exchange restaurant!"

Chas. F. Adams, returned Sunday from a visit to McKavett and Jno. D. Sheen.

For anything in the rock line see George Traweck.

J. B. Marrs and F. M. Wyatt are putting in a well on their section southeast of Sonora.

F. Mayer, of McKavett, senior member of the firm of Mayer & Hagerlund of Sonora, was in the trading center of the Stockman's Paradise Tuesday.

Dr. H. G. Jones, of McKavett, made Sonora a professional call Tuesday. His father Dr. Stacy Jones intends leaving for his home in Philadelphia, about the 16th inst.

W. Clapp, the agreeable manager of W. L. Black's Llano ranch was in Sonora Tuesday.

James Robinson of the firm of Robinson Bros., sheepmen, was in Sonora Thursday.

Mrs. John W. Hagerlund left for Austin, Friday last on an extended visit.

W. B. Rountree was in Sonora, Saturday.

T. C. Puckett of Sherwood, was in Sonora Thursday, looking for his sheep branded P.

Dr. and Mrs. Matthis returned Friday from a two weeks visit to relations at Camp San Saba.

Sonora, the metropolis of the finest stock country in America, has no competitor in West Texas, excepting San Angelo.

Asa Robinson was in Sonora Thursday.

Read the Devil's River News.

Miss Kilgore accompanied by Jno. C. Wagner, were in from O. T. Word's ranch Wednesday.

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

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

J. D. commonly called "Jerry" Robinson was in Sonora Monday.

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

W. B. Rountree, secured water for T. D. Newell on his new ranch on Vinegone draw off Buckley draw, at a depth of 210 feet.

Go around and see Will and Ike at the Exchange Restaurant. They will treat you white.

A youth 16 years of age has been called to fill the chair of assistant botanist and herbalist in Harvard college.

When in San Angelo, pull up at the Pioneer Drug store, at the Postoffice. 1ft

John C. Wagner, one of O. T. Word's popular boys, was in Sonora Wednesday. He still maintains that he has the fattest mutton on Devil's River.

J. J. Rackley, has bed room suits from \$16 to \$20. 1-ft

Tom Bertrong, member of the Sonora Supply company, was in from his Lost Lake ranch Tuesday. He says his truck garden is doing splendidly.

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

A. R. Sellers was in town Monday. He is very busy with lambs.

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. N. Willis, partner of O. H. Wood, was in town Monday.

Grain, corn, oats, hay and all kinds of feed, kept constantly on hand at Gus A. Bat's feed and wagon yard. Call on him when you want good feed for your stock. 19-ft

H. Knusenberger returned from San Antonio last week. He was in Sonora for supplies Monday.

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

S. H. Stokes, is building a neat residence near Dr. Matthis' residence.

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

J. C. Goodwin's new barber shop is nearing completion.

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. 1ft

Tom Liles' new beer hall will be finished next week.

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

Alberthal & Cobb are putting in a new front and otherwise improving their property.

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-ft

F. M. Wyatt, has built an addition to his property on Main street and improved his old building by putting in a new front.

Drs. Matthis & Wood have just received a fresh lot of vaccine virus points. Those wishing to be vaccinated should call as early as possible. 18

E. A. McCarthy, San Angelo, sold two Perkins windmill outfits to T. D. Newell. One of these mills will be put in at his well on the divide.

Buy your lumber from J. W. Webb & Co., San Angelo. 6

F. L. Harrison, member of the firm of Richardson & Harrison, the new sheep firm on the Llano, was in Sonora for supplies Tuesday.

The Nesbitt House, on the north side of court house square is one of the nicest places in San Angelo for yourself and family to stop at while in that city. The rooms are clean and comfortably furnished. The table always supplied with the best the market affords and you wonder how the proprietress, Mrs. L. A. Nesbitt, can make ends meet when she charges only \$1 a day. 22

J. M. G. Baugh, has greatly improved his residence on the square with a two story addition.

C. Smith, the well-driller was in Sonora Wednesday. He is putting down a well for George S. Allison, at the head of North Llano, at the place known as the 18 mile water hole.

I. L. Hammond, of Hammond Bros. & Odom, stockmen, was in Sonora for supplies Thursday.

Wm. Schupbach was in town Wednesday.

Gus A. Batte, the livery man, always has on hand a fine lot of teams, saddle horses, hacks and buggies. Give him a call when you want a team that will get there. 20-ft

W. H. Devore of the firm of Devore Bros., was rustling around in Sonora Wednesday.

Alex. Bedford of the firm of Bedford Bros., was in Sonora for supplies Wednesday.

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

County Surveyor John McNicol, returned from a surveying trip on Dolan last Saturday. He says the cactus and redbud are in bloom and everything is spring-like.

Messrs. Whitehead & Cox of Juno have sold their ranch to John McKee for \$1600.

R. H. Wyatt was up from his ranch Wednesday.

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

J. B. Hudspeth of the firm of Swift & Hudspeth, was in Sonora Monday. He reports sheep in fine condition and weeds growing nicely.

Fine fresh candies in fancy boxes, sold by Willie Windrow, San Angelo. 7.

F. C. ALLEN,
 The low priced dealer in high grade and medium

Pianos and Organs,
 For cash or on easy payments.

Music & Musical Merchandise
 Of all kinds. Catalogue and prices on application. Write to me at

San Angelo, Texas.

Dr. H. Guernsey Jones,
 PHYSICIAN OBSTETRICIAN
 AND SURGEON.
 Fort McKavett, Tex.

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

The demand for houses in Sonora continues.

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

Mr. and Mrs. T. T. Thomason and family are occupying the White residence in Brooklyn.

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

C. G. Cooper the veteran well-driller of Gwynn was in Sonora Tuesday.

County Surveyor John McNicol's new office will be ready for occupancy next week.

Davidson & Silliman's new office and fire-proof vault will be completed next week.

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

H. N. Huntington, the gentlemanly assistant manager of Dr. Taylor's ranch, was in Sonora Tuesday.

J. W. Burgess, the apollo-like representative of E. A. McCarthy, successor to the Titus Machine and Tool Co., made Sonora a business call Saturday. Like every one else he was greatly surprised at the size of the long yearling and expressed his admiration for the beauties of the Stockman's Paradise. Walton can talk business as well as E. A. McCarthy or Titus himself.

Louis Goethel, will shear 1900 of his mutton flock next week.

J. M. G. Baugh, was in Sonora Wednesday.

One of the best methods of curing scab and diseases in sheep is to settle the Stockman's Paradise with thrifty and industrious stockmen. This may be done by sending the DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS for one year to your friends and stockmen in the less favored portions of the state.

Black Mammoth Jack

15 1/2 hands high, 4 years old, \$10 for the season, with the privilege of return of the mare. Money due at time of service. Will also stand my blood bay stallion Young Tom Hal Jr., \$10 for the season, with privilege of return of mare. Money due at time of service. Mares taken care of at my ranch, but will not be responsible for accidents. O. T. Word, Sonora, Texas.

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.

Chas. W. Hobbs,
WOOL
Commission.

San Angelo, Texas.

SEARCY BAKER,
 DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF
Rough and Dressed Lumber,
 Shingles, Moulding, Brackets,
 Scrolls, Banisters, Doors, Sash, Blinds.
 The following are the reduced prices
 for Lumber at my yard in San
 Angelo. Come and see us.

Rough or Sized Lumber, all sizes, from a 1x3 to a 4x4 up to 24 feet.	\$30.00
From a 1x6 to a 10x10 20 feet.	25.50
(extra length, every 2 feet \$2.50 extra)	
Second-class rough and sized lumber	17.50
" " dressed on one side	25.00
Cypress siding	26.00
First-class Flooring, D & M 1x4 to 1x6	27.50
Star Flooring	25.00
Surface, one side clear finish	27.50
" two sides "	32.50
Lumber Dressed, four sides	30.00
Siding and Ceiling, 1/2 inch	22.50
" " 3/4 inch	25.00
Prime Shingles 5 and 6 inch	4.00
All heart, dimensioned from 4 to 6 inches.	5.00

—Yards At—
San Angelo and Ballinger.

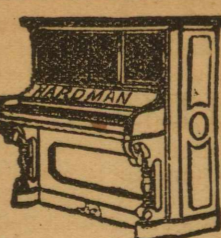
CHAS. E. DAVIDSON, Attorney-at-Law. W. B. SILLIMAN, Surveyor.

DAVIDSON & SILLIMAN,
 GENERAL
LAND AGENTS,
 SONORA, - TEXAS.

WOERNER & FORD,
 Proprietors of the
Exchange Restaurant,
 EUROPEAN PLAN. SHORT ORDERS.
 Neat. Clean. New.
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
 Estey Organs and Estey Pianos.
 Tone, touch and durability unguishable. 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

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 ueff,

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 Article,
Toilet Soaps, Sponges, Brushes, Combs, Perfumery, Etc.

Prescriptions carefully Compounded.
Open at all Hours.

—CALL ON—

WM. CAMERON & CO.,

For everything in the way of

Lumber, Shingles, Sash, Doors, Blind, Cement and Plaster,
Our stock is all new and we keep everything under cover.
Special attention given to orders from Devil's River.

W. S. KELLY, Mgr. SAN ANGELO.

The Only First-class

Feed and Wagon Yard,

In San Angelo is that kept by

ALVIN CAMPBELL,

Chadbourne Street. San Angelo, Tex.

I. N. WEBB,

San Angelo, Texas.

—Manufacturer of and Dealer in—

Saddles, Harness, Etc.

All Goods made in San Angelo.

Orders by Mail will receive prompt attention when the Writer is known.

CHRIS MEINECKE,

WELL DRILLER.

CALIFORNIA WINDMILLS KEPT
IN STOCK, AT

SONORA, TEXAS.

SILVER MOON RESTAURANT

IS THE PLACE FOR THE PEOPLE FROM

Devil's River.

J. S. C. LANDON, Proprietor, SAN ANGELO.

J. C. GOODWIN,

THE LEADING BARBER,

Sonora Hot and Cold Baths. Texas.

JOE DOMM,

MERCHANT TAILOR,

San Angelo, Texas.

Cleaning and Repairing done on Short Notice.

GUS A. BATTE,

FEED, WAGON & LIVERY YARD.

SONORA, TEXAS

MAYFIELD & HILL,

Dealers in

Fresh Beef, Pork, and All kinds
Of Sausages.

SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.

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as second class matter.

MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.

SONORA, TEXAS, - March 14, 1891.

A GOSSIP.

Midnight, and the stars were gleaming
In the deep blue dome of the sky,
And the moon was softly beaming
O'er the earth from her throne on high.

'Twas then that the poplars stately,
To the stars in a whisper clear,
Told the news of the day sedately,
Nor dreamt of a listener near.

"She came," said the taller, gravely,
"To our shade when the sun was low"
"And left," cried the younger, "bravely,
Though her sweet eyes looked her woe."

"She came," again said the elder,
"With a sudden angry frown
And a tap on the youngster's shoulder,
"To our shade as the sun went down,

"With a letter, I guessed the writer,
Whose words could light her eyes
And flush her cheeks, till brighter
They shone than roscate skies.

"She broke the seal, and faded
The red of her cheek to white,
And I read the lines, well added
By the gleam of the red sunlight.

"It was panned on the eve of his bridal
To a lady of high degree—
And regretful words and sighs—
"Not half so fair as she."

"And she read the lines all over
With never a sob or tear,
Of him who had been her lover
In the spring time of the year.

"And I hope on some happier mornow,
When her grief has lost its smart,
She may smile at her present sorrow,
And trust to a truer heart."

—Magdalen Rock in Chambers' Journal.

The Guests.

Big dinner parties of ill assorted
guests are failures from a conversational
point of view. A fireside, or a table,
round if possible, and say four or
half a dozen guests, are sufficient.
More will break up into separate knots,
and fewer mean a tete-a-tete. "I had,"
says Thoreau, "at Walden three chairs
in my house—one for solitude, two for
friendship, three for society." The
hermit Thoreau in his hut at Walden
was wiser than the man who looks for
society in a crush.

An unhappy husband living in Port-
land place, whose wife inflicted huge
parties upon him, was standing in a
very forlorn condition leaning against
the chimney piece. A gentleman came
up to him and said, "Sir, as neither of
us are acquainted with any of the peo-
ple here, I think we had best go home."
Social crowds must not expect the
great men among them to talk well.
She must have been a most unreason-
able person who was disappointed with
Napoleon because when a lot of ladies
were presented to him he only remarked
to each of them how hot it was. —Gen-
tlemen's Magazine.

The Advantage of Chopsticks.

Chopsticks, far from being awkward,
are the most convenient as well as the
cleanest table utensils since the secret
of their use is learned. There is an in-
describable knack of fixing one stick
firmly and hinging the other with the
first and second finger so as to play ex-
actly upon the fixed stick, which ren-
ders the little implements perfect for
everything except, of course, juice or
gravy and soup. You can even cut
with them by inserting the points close
together, and then forcibly separating
them, and as for handiness and precision
of grasp, in a little wager at this
very restaurant, even I myself picked
up with the hash twenty-two single
grains of rice in one minute from a lac-
quered tray, being beaten by a Japa-
nese lady, whose swift skill dexterously
conveyed as many as forty-nine. —Ed-
win Arnold in Scribner's.

Black Botted Eggs.

There is a hen in Eufaula. Her eggs
are of common size and shape, the
shells being perfectly white. The
"white" instead of being white is jet
black when boiled. There is no differ-
ence in the taste from the common
hen's eggs. The yolk is of ordinary
color, and the deep black color of the
whites only extends to the outside cov-
ering, as when cut open the egg ap-
pears to present the same appearance
as any ordinary egg. —Birmingham
Age-Herald.

Samuel Plimssoll, the sailors' friend,
who for thirty years has been laboring
to secure better protection for seamen
employed in the merchant service, is a
benevolent looking old man, with a
kindly face. His hair is scanty, but
what there is of it is white, and he has
a full, flowing white beard. His eyes
are somewhat dimmed by age and are
so weak that he is forced to wear blue
glasses.

The ivory doll of the Roman child
was too costly for the ages that followed
the fall of the empire. For many cen-
turies dolls must have been chiefly of
home manufacture. The first shop
made dolls after the Middle Ages were
the jointed wooden dolls of the Neth-
erlands. These were known in Eng-
land, and in this country, too, in Colo-
nial times, as "Flanders babies."

The idea of trinity is not confined to
Christianity, but occurs in several re-
ligions. In mythology, also, we find
Three Fates, Three Furies and Three
Graces, and coming nearer to our own
times Shakespeare introduces his Three
Witches.

Lord Tenyson has a brother Fred-
erick who is older than the poet. He
himself once essayed verse making and
published in 1854 a book of poems, but
with this effort he retired from the
field of literature.

The total length of the streets, ave-
nues, boulevards, bridges, quays and
thoroughfares of Paris is set down at
600 miles, of which nearly 200 are
planted with trees.

Florence Marryatt, it is said, dresses
atrociously; she has a florid complex-
ion and has a special fancy for plush
in flaming red and bright blues.

MEN WHO CHANGE THEIR NAMES.

Generally Retain Their Given Cognomens,
or at Least the Initials.

"Do you know that Jacob Kronfeld,
who was before Commissioner Hoyne
charged with smuggling, did something
unusual in changing his name?" re-
marked one of Uncle Sam's secret ser-
vice men. "It is not strange that he
saw fit to change his name, of course,
but his manner of doing it was unusual.
He adopted the name 'Gustave Lange'
—a complete change, you see, for his real
name. People who for convenience or
from necessity temporarily alter their
names very rarely make a complete
change, as Kronfeld did.

"It may surprise you to know that
there is quite a degree of regularity ob-
servable in assuming fictitious names—
certain peculiarities which are to be ex-
pected in the false name which serve to
indicate that it is not the real name of
the man who claims it. Of course
when a man determines to adopt a ficti-
tious name there is no way to predict
what the new one will be, but it is
pretty safe to guess that it will possess
certain known characteristics.

"If you have not investigated the
subject you very likely imagine that
when John C. Brown finds it neces-
sary to assume another name he is
likely to become 'George T. Jackson.'
Well, this is not the case. More than
50 per cent. of fictitious names have no
change except in the surname—John
C. Brown becomes John C. Baker." Well,
of course, this is only another case
of the ostrich hiding herself by
covering her head.

"Sometimes the middle initial is
changed. But the given name gener-
ally remains—it is the last to go. And
when it does go it generally is replaced
by another name having the same ini-
tial. Here, then, are the changes to be
looked for in the sequence in which
they are usually found: John C.
Brown becomes John C. Baker, then
John W. Baker, then James C.
Baker." Ninety per cent. of the ficti-
tious names assumed to escape detec-
tion contain at least one of the initials
of the man's true name.

"It isn't an easy matter for a man to
change his name. A name cannot be
drawn on and off like a glove. It is
born with a man and seems to be a
part of himself. Even the worst crim-
inals usually cling to their real names—
changed in some respects, true, but
not completely changed. 'Billy the
Kid' never becomes 'Jack the Terror.'
"The Kronfeld case, I presume (for
I know nothing about it), is an instance
in which the name of another person
has been assumed. I'll venture to say
that 'Gustave Lange' is not a mythical
personage, but a flesh and blood ac-
quaintance of Kronfeld, who lives on
the other side of the Atlantic."—Chi-
cago Mail.

Thackeray's Pictures.

Who that loves Thackeray forgets
the sense of fitness which has recom-
mended to him drawings insufficient in
themselves and weak in their execu-
tion, but so evidently imbued with the
living literary conception? That he
could not satisfactorily illustrate the
thoughts of others we have abundant
evidence, but where have we ever seen
book illustrations more helpful to the
right understanding of the master's
thought than those in the "Christmas
Books" of Mr. Michael Angelo Tit-
marsh, or in "Dr. Birch," "Our Street,"
and "The Kickleburys on the Rhine?"
Who can forget, to name but one in-
stance, the picture of the unfortunate
"Miss Little, to whom fate had assigned
a pavid kid in the talons of an eagle,
that young creature trembling in his
huge Miesian grasp." Here one feels
instinctively at a glance that there has
been no weakening of the spontaneity
and impulse by the transmission of the
conception from one mind to another.
—Temple Bar.

Cabby Drove Off.

A clergyman in London was one night
driven home, and paid the cabman
what he supposed to be two shillings.
He had taken the coins from his waist-
coat pocket, but as soon as they had
passed from his hands he noticed their
peculiar glitter, and said: "Stop, cab-
man! I've given you two sovereigns by
mistake."
"Then your honor's seen the last of
them," said the cabman, whipping his
horse and driving briskly away.
Then the gentleman felt again in his
pocket, and found that he had given
the man two bright new farthings,
which he had that day received and
was keeping for his children.—London
Letter.

A Good Boy.

Father—Well, what has Tommy been
doing today?
Mother—He cut off a piece of the cat's
tail, broke three windows, blacked the
cook's eye and built a bonfire in the cel-
lar.
Father—Is that all? Tommy must
have been a good boy today.—Epoch.

He Had a Bill.

First Swell—Here comes Lunnent,
the tailor. He looks as if he intended
to speak to us.
Second Swell (nervously)—Let's turn
into this side street and hide in some
alleyway. I—I don't like to associate
with people in trade.—New York
Weekly.

A Would Be Plausible Explanation.
Kate—Why, Maud, how you have
changed! When I saw you three years
ago your hair was auburn, and now it
is as yellow as gold. So pretty!
Maud—Yes, Katie; you know last
year I was ill for a long time with the
jaundice.—Judge.

"I would hardly want to say
that marriage is a failure," remark-
ed the Chicago lawyer, in measured
tones, "but if I let my feet be
guided by the lamp of the past I
cannot help stating that in my
experience, divorce is a decided
success." And, turning the in-
quirer out, he turned to the next
heart-broken client.

Send this paper to some friend.

MAGIC LANTERN WONDERS.

Some Curious Things Developed by an
Old Discovery in Optics.

"The magic lantern was invented
long before the development of photog-
raphy gave it a practical value," said
an expert in Sun picture making. "Its
discovery is credited to Athanasius
Kircher, who died in 1680, though as-
sertions have been made that Roger
Bacon, four centuries earlier, was
familiar with it. There is no doubt,
however, that for a long time after its
invention the magic lantern was re-
garded almost purely and simply as a
toy, though persons calling themselves
wizards employed the apparatus to
summon ghosts and do other tricks for
the deception of the ignorant.

"Even to this day the magic lantern
remains a most popular toy, and slides
for the entertainment of children are
manufactured by wholesale in many
large cities, both here and abroad.
Nearly all of them are painted on the
glass, often in water colors, though
transparent oil colors are best for the
purpose. With such a medium all sorts
of funny pictures are produced, which,
thrown upon a white sheet, are calcu-
lated to give amusement to the youth-
ful audience. It is easy enough to give
the funny figures action by employing
two slides; one, representing the back-
ground, remains stationary in the lan-
tern, while the other is moved across.
Skillfully managed, the dramatic per-
son in this sheet play may be made to
act their parts most entertainingly.

"However, photography has discov-
ered a much more serious and impor-
tant use for the magic lantern. By its
aid the lecturer is able to show the
most beautiful photographs, magnified
to big dimensions, for the benefit of
large audiences. In the same way
maps are projected giganticly upon
the screen which would require great
labor to enlarge with accuracy.

"Magic lantern slides for such pur-
poses are made by photography in this
way: A glass negative is obtained from
an actual scene, a photograph or other
object, and from this negative a photo-
graph is taken on glass. The latter
photograph is the magic lantern slide—
a "positive," like an ordinary photo-
graph.

"An interesting and familiar applica-
tion of the magic lantern is made by
revolving two glass dishes with concen-
tric painted patterns in the lantern,
working the two in opposite ways by a
simple wheel contrivance, so that the
patterns are mingled in a beautiful
kaleidoscopic fashion.

"But more curious and useful is the
idea of placing living organisms within
double slides of glass enclosing water,
so that the organisms in question are
exhibited upon the screen alive actually,
for the study of the knowing and the
ignorant. Even the growth of crystals,
in process, is shown in a singular way,
though not less extraordinary is the
method practiced with the aid of the
magic lantern of causing figures upon
the white sheet, by a simple device, to
grow to be giants that threaten to de-
vour the spectators."—Washington
Star.

An Expensive Postal Card.

"I saw a bit of crumpled postal card
the other day that cost the Pennsyl-
vania railroad company \$5,000," said a
young lawyer.

"It was in the damage suit of Mrs.
Nellie Keane against the railroad for
\$5,000 damages for killing her husband
Maurice in July, 1883. Her attorney
was Alexander Sullivan, who, in search-
ing the police record of the accident,
found a postal card which had been
written to Chief Hubbard by a promi-
nent young member of the Typographi-
cal union. This man was an eye-wit-
ness of the accident, and he wrote to
the police denouncing the carelessness
of the road in guarding the Thirty-
seventh street crossing, where the ac-
cident happened. Up to this point the
evidence looked very poor for Mrs.
Keane, but the discovery of this wit-
ness changed the whole aspect of af-
airs. Mr. Sullivan hunted him up,
through him found other witnesses,
and after a hot fight with the company
in Judge Clifford's court obtained a
verdict for \$5,000."—Chicago Times.

His Father Not Alive.

The following anecdote is from
"Glances at Great and Little Men," by
"Paladin."

A lady of the court told me a funny
anecdote of one of the numerous Amer-
icans who were presented at the Tuil-
eries. He was a young man, and the
emperor had known his father in Amer-
ica, so the latter, wishing to be gracious,
said:

"Et, monsieur, votre pere, vit-il en-
core?" (Does your father yet live?)
"Pas encore, sire." (Not yet, sire.)
The emperor had much ado to re-
frain from laughing, and put his next
question in English.

No Joke on Jones.

A man at Red Bank, N. J., didn't
like M. A. Jones, and to make Mr.
Jones feel bad he sent him three or
four letters with the name spelled
"Gones." Jones appealed to the
United States authorities, and the joker
settled the case for \$250. He can now
spell Jones with any man in the
town.—Detroit Free Press.

Choosing a Trade.

Modern Girl—Father, I long to be
independent—to rely upon my own ex-
ertions for support. What trade or
profession would you recommend?
Wise Father—First class cooks make
\$5,000 a year.

Modern Girl—I don't like cooking.
It's too feminine.—New York Weekly.

A dragons, lightly drunk was
vainly trying to mount his horse,
calling loudly on the saints: "Saint
John, help me! St. Peter, assist
me! Saint Paul, come to my aid!"

By a mighty effort he jumps
clear over his horse, then turning
around:

"Gently, gently, my friends,"
says he, "not all at once!"

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