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MAYER & HAGERLUND,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALERS IN

General Merchandise and Ranch Supplies,

Sonora, Sutton Co., Tex.

E. A. McCARTHY,

Successor to the

Titus Mach. and Tool M'g. 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.

John McNicol,

County Surveyor and

LAND AGENT,

SONORA. - TEXAS.

Lands rendered for Taxes and Taxes paid for non-residents.

Hurst & Co.

WHEELWRIGHTS & BLACKSMITHS.

Carriage Makers, Repairing

Machinery a Specialty.

MAIN STREET, SONORA.

—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.

San Antonio & Aransas Pass R'way.

Farmers, Stockmen and Wool Growers,

Will find this the shortest and quickest route for all kinds of produce to the principal cities of the Gulf Coast and of the North and East. Rates Low. Service prompt and efficient. Correspondence invited.

Kerrville, The shipping point for Sutton, Schieleher, Crockett, Kimble and Menard Counties. Is but 70 miles from San Antonio. And enjoys equal rates with San Antonio, on Live Stock and Wool, to Galveston, St. Louis, Chicago, New York, Etc.

H. MICHLESEN, Commercial Agent. L. J. POLK, Gen'l Freight Agent. SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

SILVER MOON RESTAURANT

IS THE PLACE FOR THE PEOPLE FROM

Devil's River.

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

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

Advertising Medium of the Stockman's Paradise.

SUBSCRIPTION \$2 A YEAR IN ADVANCE.

Entered at the Post-office at Sonora, as second class matter.

MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.

SONORA, TEXAS, - October 10, 1891.

Dr. H. Guernsey Jones,

PHYSICIAN, OBSTETRICIAN & SURGEON.

SONORA - TEXAS.

Country calls promptly answered. Office at residence, San

The World's An

O! Almighty Dollar, our acknowledged governor, preserver and benefactor, we desire to approach thee on this and every other occasion with that reverence which is the due of superior excellence, and the regard which shall ever be cherished for exalted greatness. Almighty Dollar, without thee in the world we can do nothing, but without thee we can do all things. When sickness lays its paralyzing hand upon us; thou canst provide for us the tenderest nurses, the most skillful of physicians, and when the last struggle of mortality is over, and we are being borne to the resting place of the dead, thou canst provide a band of music and a military escort to accompany us hither, and last but not least, erect a magnificent monument over our grave with a living epitaph to perpetuate our memory. And while here, in the midst of misfortunes and temptations of life, we perhaps are accused of crime and have to stand our trial before magistrates, thou, Almighty Dollar canst secure us a feed lawyer, a bribed judge, a packed jury, and we go scot free. Be with us, we pray thee, in all thy decimal parts for thou art the only one altogether lovely and the chief among ten thousand.

We feel there is no condition in life where thy potent and all-powerful charms are not felt. In thy absence, how gloomy is the household, and how desolate the hearthstone, but when thou, O! Almighty Dollar, art with us, how gleefully the bee-fake sings upon the gridiron, how genial is the warmth that anthracite coal or hickory wood diffuses throughout the apartment, and what an exuberance of joy continues to swell every bosom; thou art the joy of our youth and the solace of our old age; thou canst adorn the gentleman and feed the jackass, thou art the favorite of the philosopher and the ideal of the lunk-head. When an election is to be carried, O! Almighty Dollar, thou art the most potent argument of politicians and demagogues, and the umpire that decides the contest. Almighty Dollar thou art worshipped the world over; thou hast no hypocrites in thy temple, or no false hearts at thy altar; kings and countries bow before thee; and all nations adore thee; thou art loved by the civilized and savages alike, with unfeigned and unfeeling affection; we continue to regard thee as the handmaid of religion and the twin-sister of charity.

O! Almighty Dollar, be with us, we beseech thee, attended by an inexpressible number of thy ministering angels made in thine own image, even though they be but silver quarters and dimes, whose gladdening light shall illumine the vale of peury and wait with heavenly radiance, which shall cause the awakened soul to break forth in the acclamations of joy. Almighty Dollar, thou art the guide of our footsteps and the goal of our being. Guided by our slivery light we hope to reach the golden gate and triumphantly enter while hands harmoniously sweep the golden harps as we enter the golden street: Almighty Dollar! thy shining face Bespeaks thy wondrous power; In my pockets make thy resting place, I need thee every ho.

And now, Almighty Dollar, in closing this invocation, we realize and acknowledge that thou wast the god of our grandfathers, the two-fold god of their children, and the three-fold god of their grand-

children. Permit us to possess thee in abundance, and all thy varied excellence, is our constant and unwavering prayer.

Mr. Bright seriously objected to some parts of his daughters speech but remonstrance was in vain; they pursued their conversational way unhindered and unfettered. One evening he came home with a budget of news: An acquaintance of his had failed in business. He spoke of the incident as "deliciously sad." He had ridden up town with a noted wit, whom he described as "painfully entertaining," and to cap the climax, he spoke of the butter which had been set before him at a country hotel as "divinely rancid." The young people started, and the oldest daughter said:

"Why, papa, I should think you were out of your head."

"Not in the least, my dear," he said pleasantly. "I'm merely trying to follow the fashion. I worked out 'divinely rancid' with a good deal of labor. It seems to me rather more effective than 'awfully sweet.' I mean to keep up with the rest of you hereafter. And now," he continued, "let me help you to a piece of this exquisitely tough beef."

Adverbs, he says, are not so fashionable as they were in his family.

The situation of the wool market is so peculiar to-day that no two men can agree as to the cause and remedy. It will work out by rational means and in due time, and by no other. Wool growers and wool dealers must wait for the solution of the question: "What ails the wool market?" One thing meets us from any point we look at the wool and woolen trade, that is its cheapness. Never were woolen goods so cheap as now. A suit of fairly good woolen goods for a man at eight and ten dollars. Just why and just how this can be, no one can satisfactorily explain.

No line of farm animal industry has made the substantial, marked progress in the last six years that have sheep. No more new money has been made by handling stock than has been made handling sheep. Who are these successful men? As a rule they have not been farmers or ranchmen; but they have been shrewd, keen men, who saw their golden opportunity and had the nerve to improve it.

O! actual sheep raisers who are depressed, ninety-nine per cent are so because they are behind the times in purposes and methods of profitable sheep husbandry. Never has there been a time in the history of sheep raising in the United States when the outlook was more safe, sound and profitable than now for the wide-awake, enterprising, progressive sheep husbandman.

Wyoming is keeping up with the procession in the matter of wool growing and sheep breeding. Stock sheep command good prices in are ready sale. Those who have been in the business are going to stay in it, and hundreds are buying in who have heretofore been doing other things.

For all purpose sheep, for constitution, size, form and fleece, it would do well to see T. T. Thomson & Bro's., 2 and 3 year old acclimated rams. Prices reasonable. 46 t-f

The urgent necessity of mail facilities between Sonora, Gwynn, Emerald and Ozona; and Sonora, Rock Springs and Kerrville; and Sonora, Juno, Comstock and Del Rio; and Sonora, McKavett and Junction City, is every day becoming more apparent. Call at this office and sign the petition asking that these lines be established.

The trade of the Stockman's Paradise is increasing so rapidly that the present business houses are unable to supply the demand. Come to Sonora if you want business.

BOLGER & LEAGUE,

DEALERS IN

STOVES and HARDWARE,

Queensware, China & Glassware.

San Angelo, Texas.

BUCKS FOR SALE.

We have for sale at our Ranch (13 miles north of Fort McKavett.) 250 Head of Imported and Texas raised Merino Bucks, and 30 Head of Shropshire-Merinos.

Parties Purchasing now, can have the Bucks pastured until breeding time.

Kennedy & Roberts, Fort McKavett, Texas.

CHARLES SCHREINER, WOOL

Commission Merchant, Banker

And Dealer in

General Merchandise.

Headquarters for Ranch Supplies.

KERRVILLE, TEXAS.

Alexander Brothers,

Dealers in

Grain, Flour, Hay, Etc.

First-class Livery, Feed and Wagon Yard in Connection.

SONORA, - TEXAS.

Cheap Water.

The president of the Citizens water works company, F. M. Wyatt, says his company is now prepared to furnish water at the following monthly rates: Families \$1.50; business houses \$1.00; and stock 10 cents a head.

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

PROCLAMATION

BY THE

Governor of the State of Texas.

\$150.00 Reward.

To all to Whom these Presents shall come:

WHEREAS, It has been made known to me that on or about the 16th day of June, 1891, in the county of Sutton, Texas, unknown persons did cut the wire fence enclosing the pasture lands of W. J. & D. B. Fields, near Sonora the county seat of said county, and that said unknown persons are now at large and are fugitives from justice. Now, therefore, I, J. S. Hogg, Governor of Texas, do, by virtue of the authority vested in me by the Constitution and laws of this State, hereby offer a reward of one hundred and fifty dollars each for the arrest and delivery of the said unknown persons to the sheriff of Sutton county, inside the jail door of said county. This reward is payable on condition of arrest and return of said fugitives within six months from this day, and conviction thereafter.

In TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto signed my name, and caused the seal of State to be affixed, at the City of Austin this 24 day of June, A. D. 1891.

By the Governor: J. S. HOGG, Governor of Texas.

Geo. W. SMITH, Secretary of State. 351f

Will Bring Plenty of Water. 8 horse power stationary engine, and 6 horse portable wool or coal engine, also 4 horse oil engine, for sale at a bargain. Apply to E. A. McCarthy, the windmill man, San Angelo, Texas. 25.

Lost Horses.

Lost from the Schieleher divide about 15th of April, one black horse fifteen hands high, branded 13 on Jaw, also one left shoulder, also one brown pony 14 hands high branded 17 on left shoulder, 99 on left thigh. \$5 a head reward for their return to 33-tf B. F. McDonald, Juno.

Sheep branded + M or C, belong to the Huffman ranch, Devil's River. If you know where there are any in the above brands communicate with J. I. Huffman, San Angelo, or at the ranch.

\$50.00 Reward.

Lost from Sonora on the 24th of May, 300 dry sheep, branded round top A. 31 CAHS. SOWELL, Sonora.

DENTIST.

Dr. H. H. Ramsey, wishes to inform the public that he will return about the 1st of September, and reside permanently. 41-tf

MUSIC CLASS.

To my patrons: I wish to state that I will teach a music class for the term of five months, beginning Monday, September 7th. Will give lessons on piano or organ. Thanking you for past favors I hope to have a liberal patronage in the future. Yours Truly, MRS. G. T. LOVELL, Sonora, Sept. 4th, 1891. 47-tf

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.

W. H. CUSENBARY, Agent, Sonora.

R. E. HARRIS & BRO, Agent San Angelo.

Horse Pasture!

I have a one section horse pasture, situated about 300 yards from the Court House, with abundance of water and grass. Charges 10 cents a day; 50 cents a week, and \$2 a month. STEVE MURPHY,

Good News for the World's Sheepmen. Renowned COOPER DIP. REDUCED 25%. 1000 GALLONS COOPER'S DIPPING POWDER. AMERICAN BRANCH GALVESTON TEXAS LOCAL AGENT Mayer & Hagerlund.

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, - October 10, 1891.

ON AN ANTIQUE LAMP.
Delt was the patient artist.
Who moulded time in such a way
That time had come and passed away,
His brother's hand of traffic clay.
But ages since for mortal eyes
The purple dark had faded thence,
But they, these footed centuries,
Have known the light beyond the tomb.
Forever quenched thy flaming fire,
And yet, to us, thou seem'st to last.
The ghost flame of some dead desire
From out the vistas of the past.
—Clara on a visit to a youth's companion.

THE ARKANSAS GIRL.

Not far from the pretty Spring river in northern Arkansas, just a little way through brush and over a ground of Ozark foothills the Spencers lived. They live there yet, for all I know, but it has been so long since I heard any thing of them that I assume, ostrich like, that they are not there now. It was before the railroad ran out a corner across the northern part of Arkansas that I knew them a simple sort of people very like all the Ozark natives, three boys and a girl, the old folks and an ancient aunt or so. The boys were common types, constantly in fear of revenue officers. The Spencers made whiskey - of that they made no secret save convicting facts. The boys were watched by officers ever since the time, but no evidence was ever secured against them until ten years of successful evasion of the law had elapsed. The girl, Hennie Spencer, was her name, had a pretty face and willow form and what is more and better she did not have the loutishness of chewing snuff or "dipping" it, to use a genuine Arkansas idiom. Several of the native sons of Izard, Stone and Fulton counties had cast sheep's eyes at Hennie more than once, but never did they receive any encouragement. "They needn't come round me," she would say doggedly. "I wouldn't hev the best man alive."
Hennie was smarter than the average Arkansas backwoods girl, not alone in the expressed determination not to get married but in business matters she evinced a decided aptitude. Her brothers trusted her with the secrets of their business. Hennie knew every stillhouse within all the border counties, she knew the names of the men operating them, she knew their records, their haunts and their plans of eluding the revenue laws of the land. Hennie kept the credit accounts of the Spencer still, by which she was enabled to give a detailed statement of the indebtedness of any one of the patrons of the law violating establishment.
It was one of those chilly days that sometimes come in July, even as far south as the Ozarks. A stiff breeze blew along the Spring river valley, while clouds mounted in the southwest and threatened rain. It seemed too chilly for that, so the old natives said, but a newcomer would only look at the clouds and then look for a heavy down fall. Hennie Spencer was walking along the country road - more like a path than a road when she met the newcomer. He was riding. There was a sharp turn in the narrow highway, and the stranger burst into view before the native girl knew of the presence of any one but herself. He sat straight in his saddle. His hat, a wide-brimmed slouch, shaded his eyes, but did not hide a smoothly shaven face, a good, clear mouth, a strong chin and the every trace of determination that marked each line of the countenance. A Winchester was strapped across his back.
Hennie stepped to one side, not in fear but with something of curiosity. She at once instinctively perhaps - thought that the stranger was a revenue officer.
"Good morning," saluted the rider ten seconds later. "In case of rain, where could I get shelter?"
In spite of her surprise, the Spencer girl gave a respectful and truthful answer.
"Why, over at our house, I reckon," she said. "Can't very far - right over yander."
"May I go over there with you now?" queried the young man, alighting.
"Why, in course, on'y on'y who so you anyway?"
"Well, my name is Jimpson - Wood Jimpson, of St. Louis. I live up there - buy some cotton sometimes, you know, and I was down south of Little Rock on business. Thought I'd ride back to Poplar Bluff, over'n Missouri where I'll get a train back home."
"Oh," said Hennie, "so you live up in Missouri, eh? Well, come on. How big is you town?" she went on. "Any thing like as big as Little Rock?"
"Ever so much larger," said Jimpson. "It's a great big town. Why, we have a brewery there - most as big as all of Little Rock, you know."
"Oh," said Hennie again. She was interested in the newcomer. She didn't know just how, but she felt kindly to ward him. He was the first man that she ever saw that she thought she could marry. Of course she thought of all these things as they walked through the woods, he leading his horse and chatting as they proceeded. Girls think lots of things that they don't put in words.
"I suppose you people down here think that every man with a gun is a revenue officer don't you?" Jimpson asked, looking at Hennie with laughing eyes. "For of course I know," he went on with a smile. "That you all make whiskey down here."
"How do you know?" Hennie asked. "A little bird told me that's all,"

Patronize
Our
Advertisers.

and Jimpson. "A man wouldn't be much of a man in these mountains if he didn't dish up a little moonshine, don't you know?"
It didn't rain that day. When the young girl and Jimpson reached the house, a low typical log cabin with a log and plastered chimney, there was no one at home but the mother and the ancient aunts. They did not look with favor on the newcomer, but the St. Louis young man talked the morning and afternoon away, so that before the sun had reddened the tops of the hills with its fading evening glory they all liked him.
He had said nothing about resuming his journey, and Hennie feared that the brothers and father could not be as readily made to appreciate the "young man from Missouri" as were the feminine members of the household. But they were Jimpson met the boys with a graceful, easy air, and fell at once to talking about the price of cotton in a way that disarmed any suspicion that might have possessed them. As the evening wore away Jimpson talked about hunting and fishing. It was good in that locality, so good that the man from St. Louis reached the conclusion that he would spend a week or two rambling about the hills.
"It'll be good for you," said Life Spencer, "an we'll board you cheap."
"I'll stay," said Jimpson, "and if I like it I'll send to Little Rock for a couple of my friends to put in their vacation here with me."
So the outing was planned. Hennie was pleased. She had grown to like the stranger in a few hours that she had known him, it was a queer sort of feeling she experienced. He was the first man she had ever seen who appeared to know how to talk. There was something open and pleasing in his face, too, any way, the simple Ozark girl liked him. She would have told him so if she had a chance. Love! She didn't know what the word meant. Jimpson was the only man she had ever seen that she cared a rap for. She knew so much as that, but no more.
The St. Louis young man was at the Spencer cabin two weeks before he concluded that it was time to send for his friends.
"I'll stay two weeks longer," he said, "and I'll send down for Bowman and McHenry."
In the fortnight that he had spent with the Spencers he roamed about the hills for a good many miles around. Hennie went with him on most of the excursions, until - unless Bob Spencer said to her -
"Look here, sis, seems to me that you're doin a sight of gaddin about with Jimpson. You don't know nothin about him."
"Nope," returned the girl, "but I'm sure I can't see he's all right. Ef I ever ketcht him tryin to rest my eye on the boys I'd shoot him quicker'n lightning."
Nothing more was said, for that no ment Jimpson and his Little Rock friends rode up. They seemed to be nice fellows, although somewhat rougher in manner and speech than the young man from St. Louis. Bob Spencer shook his head and winked at Hennie when opportunity offered. He didn't take Jimpson's reinforcements. The girl had told Jimpson about the Spencer moonshine operations. She had told him the location of ever still house in the three counties. Girls in Arkansas have the natural feminine instinct of telling things they ought to keep to themselves. Climate and environment cannot stop a woman's tongue. There are men who speak of the fallacy of the talkativeness of women, but they are only latter day knights.
Jimpson had a wonderfully valuable collection of facts after his two weeks' stay. That is the reason he sent for his Little Rock friends. He needed them. The next day after their arrival the two got on their horses and rode away from the Spencer cabin. They said that they were going to Croom's mill to do a little shooting. Hennie didn't believe it. She knew of half a dozen stills in that direction, and it at once flashed across her mind that the three strangers meant to seize them and arrest the operatives.
The simple girl had talked with Jimpson the night before. They sat on a log out in front of the Spencer cabin, and the St. Louis man, like any other man would have done under like circumstances, squeezed her hand. This is the girl, mind you, who said that she would not marry the best man alive, but women, as all the world knows, are not to be held accountable for what they do or say. It reminds one of a woman who would not yield to the entreaties of a man who wanted a kiss. "I will not kiss any man," she said, "but if I ever get ready to osculate masculine lips I will look you up."
"That is the same," said the sage young squire, "as if you were to proclaim that you would never fall off a roof, but in case you ever concluded such a thing you would select that roof over you - der."
Such is the illustration of the inability of the feminine mental purpose. This Ozark girl had never seen a real man until Jimpson came along, and that is why she thought so much of him.
Ten minutes after the young man and his friends rode away Hennie went after them. She rode by another path - a shorter one through the woods. It would be noon before they would reach the mill. If the plant near that place was seized the girl conjectured that the three men, whom she now felt sure were revenue officers, would work back with their prisoners, taking

the other stills as they proceeded. She had a pretty good gun with her. It was an old fashioned piece, but its carrying powers were good.
"If he has tied to me," she murmured as she rode along, "I'll make it mighty hot for him."
At noon she reached Croom's mill. There was no one there. The girl jumped from her horse and led the animal through the trees to a quiet spot where the trio of strangers would not likely go. She was not far wrong in her guesses of the purposes of the St. Louis young man's visit. Jimpson led the two through the break in the woods into the clear patch that surrounded the few houses there. It did not take them long to find the stillhouse. Its door was broken down and the trio entered. The native girl of Arkansas peered through a patch of underbrush behind which she was secreted and watched the proceedings.
As she looked at Jimpson she received her first lesson, and perhaps her only one, in man's perfidy. She thought there could never be a truer wreath in all the world. He had squeezed her hand the night before and said some thing about love. It seemed rather nice to little Hennie to hear him talk so to her, and now to look at him! She cried a few womanly tears as she watched the operations of these men, who seized all the utensils and destroyed as much of the house as they could. She dashed them away as the trio saddled the horses and prepared to mount.
"We'll work back now," said Jimpson. "I know of several plants - the ones I told you of."
"What about the Spencer's?" asked Brown.
"If it were not for the little girl there, don't you know," went on the matter of fact St. Louisian, "I would take 'em this evening regardless of anything but the law."
"I'll get him for that," sobbed Hennie, going for her horse. "I'll get him sure."
The three men rode ahead, the Arkansas girl following them at a safe distance. One still after another was demolished, only the Spencer plant being untouched. The men rode back toward the Spring river, the girl coming closely after them. The revenue officers reached the edge of a cleared place and dismounted. The Spencer plant was just across the path.
"They mean to rest the folks," said the girl, "an I'll not let 'em."
The trio broke into the cleared piece of land and started across it. The clearing was a fourth of a mile wide probably, and the girl knew that she could not do anything if she permitted the men to precede her, as it would not be possible for her to come into the clearing behind them until they were well out of sight in the woods. In the meantime they might seize the plant and shoot her brothers. She urged her horse along, hoping to skirt the clearing and meet the officers as they left the path and came into the woods again. The latter were slow, however, and when she got to the other side they were just starting across.
Then it was that a happy idea came across her mind. She would break into the clearing and, if necessary, do some shooting on her own account. Her simple Ozark mind did not grasp the dangers of such a move against three armed men. She slipped from her horse, and quicker than a wink broke out of the woods. The men saw her and stopped. She turned to the woods and waved her hands, as if expecting help. It flashed across Jimpson's mind in an instant that the owners of the house over near Croom's mill had returned, found their plant destroyed and at once set out to give the alarm. He pictured the woods full of angry, armed moonshiners.
"Come on," he called to Bowman and McHenry, and the three ran back ward to the trees behind them. Then a shot rang out, the St. Louis young man dropped his gun and yelled with pain.
"I'm shot!" he cried. Then another report rang out, Jimpson's companions deserted him, and jumping astride their horses rode away. Jimpson lay on the ground with a charge of shot in his leg. It was a painful wound, but he managed to drag himself into a spot that the warm evening sun did not penetrate. As he lay there a horse neighed. It was his own. A second later another whinny sounded in answer. It came from the clearing. Jimpson turned around in time to see the Arkansas girl dismount, panting and crying.
"I done it," she cried, to get even. You're served right and you know it. Mister Jimpson, but I'm going to keep fer you, if you'll tell 'em at the house that I done it by - by - what do you say - accident - yes, that's what I mean."
"But I am a revenue officer," said Jimpson between groans. "What will your people say to that?"
"They'll never know," responded the girl.
And that is how it came to pass that Jimpson, the St. Louis man, became the husband of an Ozark girl. He ceased to be a revenue officer and became one of the most skillful moonshiners in Arkansas. He spent the second year of his married life in the penitentiary, but after that he was never caught. - Kansas City Times.

County Officers.
Judge.....J. J. Dunagan
Clerk.....W. B. Silliman
Sheriff & Tax Collector.....P. McConnell
Treasurer.....W. H. Howell
Attorney.....L. N. Halber
Surveyor.....J. McNeel
Assessor.....W. B. Radcliff
Inspector.....T. B. Adams.
A bank in Sonora could do a world of business.
THOROUGHWORT TEA.
Dr. Simmons Discovers a Sovereign Remedy for Malignant Diphtheria.
John Simmons' wife was away from home on a visit, and he had been reading the evening paper. "Well, well," he said to himself, "he'll throw it down. There seems to be an alarming prevalence of diphtheria. Two children on this street died last night, and my throat is very sore. I believe it is worse since supper time."
"I don't see how Alice could leave home at this horrid season," he went on. "I shall probably die of the grip or diphtheria, or pneumonia while she's away. Or she will perhaps."
Business called him out, however, though the weather was bad, and about 10 o'clock he returned laden with parcels, including a tin of Thoroughwort tea, a package of Thoroughwort, a paper of leather shoe linings and sundry other articles.
On his way he passed the house of his afflicted neighbor, and as he saw the crane fluttering from the doorbell a sharp pain in the back and something like a chill admonished him anew of his own condition.
On getting home he repaired to the kitchen. The faithful Bridget had left a kettle of boiling water on the stove and he made haste to concoct a dish of thoroughwort tea, of which he drank liberally and then went to bed.
In the morning he was perfectly well. As he sat down to his breakfast he said, "Bridget, there's nothing like thoroughwort tea for a bad cold. I took a bowlful last night, and here I am as good as new."
"Well, then," said Bridget, "you drank a bowl of tea that would kill a laythien."
"Why, of course," he replied, "it wasn't quite as sweet as a sugar pellet."
"Will ye please come down after breakfast and take the rest of it, or put it out of the way?" said the girl, as she shut the door.
When he had finished his breakfast and coffee, therefore, he went down into the kitchen. The tin in which he had steeped the Thoroughwort stood on the table, and certainly its contents did look remarkable.
"That's not thoroughwort," exclaimed Mr. Simmons.
"Then what else is it?" said Bridget.
"Where are the packages I bought?" asked he, after another look at the black, slimy mess.
Bridget opened the closet and handed him three or four parcels, with a manner indicative of some offense.
The first one was the package of Thoroughwort.
"Where are the shoestrings?" said Mr. Simmons.
"Boiled then, is it?" said Bridget, with logical directness. "An I thought this was snakes or worms. An ye drank that tea, an it cured yer dip thery!"
It was indeed so. Shoestring tea had proved itself a sovereign remedy.
Mr. Simmons threw the stuff out of doors.
"If Mrs. Simmons remains away much longer," said he, "I shall probably poison myself some night. I wouldn't speak of it, Bridget."
It is possible that Bridget never did speak of it, but somehow the story got abroad. - Healthy Home.
The Utility of the Realists.
The discussion of the advisability of more frankness in our fiction is very familiar, and any one would be tempted to hope to throw any new light on it, no doubt. The paleness of the said fiction has been acknowledged on all hands, defended by some and deplored by others in most thoroughgoing fashion. But I must say I think the practice of the revolutionists and that they are not so numerous by any means as their apologists and sympathizers they are respectably numerous, when you consider the verities of many a short story as well as the bravura of the emancipated novel and novels - is considerably more illuminating than any express contribution to the theoretical discussion hitherto. And in this way. The argument for greater frankness is summed up in the declaration that it is perilous to neglect in literature any important side of life. Yet the practice of our writers of fiction who have frankly thrown their caps over the mill, or shown a coy disposition to do so on further encouragement, has been to neglect life entirely. - Scribner's.
Necklaces Made of Seeds.
The furrowed sculptured bony front of the Elaeagnus being freed from the pulp form handsome necklaces, which are not uncommonly set in gold or silver and sold in the shops. The hard endocarp of Elaeagnus serratus, and the seeds of another species are largely exported from the eastern archipelago to Arabia, Persia and India for ornaments of all kinds, necklaces, bracelets and rosaries or chaplets.
The five grooved and elegantly tu berled nuts of E. ganitrus are worn as a necklace by the followers of Siva in order to gain his graces and a passport to heaven. They are also supposed to preserve the health. Considerable importance is attached to the number of facets on the seeds. They are commonly known as Brahmin's beads. These of Monocotyledonous plants are used for a like purpose in Travancore. - Chambers Journal.
It Will Be Chilly for Him.
Hunker (who wants to propose) - Miss Scaddles, let us go out on the porch. Shall I get your wrap?
Miss Scaddles: Thanks, but I shan't need it. You might put on your overcoat, however. - New York Epoch.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE
DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS
AND SEND IT TO YOUR FRIENDS.

Yacht and Sharpies.
The centerboard sloop is by most thought the fastest kind of yacht, and very many successful racers, from the big Volunteer to the little twenty footer winners in yacht club regattas, have no doubt been sloops. But the sloop rig is not by any means the safest and handiest for comfortable cruising. The yawl and sharpie are much safer and handier than the cutboat and sloop.
The yawl has an extra sail set at the stern. This is called a "driver," "muzz," "fizzer" or "dandy," and it is a veritable friend in need at all times, requiring no cure, and being always ready to save you from a capsizing and to help you in every maneuver. Its position is such that it always tends to lift the boat.
If a squall strikes a yawl she may not haul herself because of the pressure on this little driver. If a severe blow comes on you can sail in safety with jib and driver alone, the mainsail being furled. In fact, the yawl with her main sail down is perfectly manageable and as safe as can be.
No reefing is necessary; just lower the mainsail, and your yawl is "reefed" at once for the worst kind of weather. There is always plenty of driving sail behind, and with the jib in front to balance this your boat is under full control. No sloop or cutboat possesses such attributes of handiness and safety. - F. W. Pangborn in St. Nicholas.
Benedict Arnold's Drug Store.
It is not generally known, even to those interested in matters historical, that Benedict Arnold in his younger days kept an apothecary's shop here. He was born in Norwich, in a pretentious house still standing, and Dr. Lathrop taught him the drug business in a little shop in the village street. Arnold removed to New Haven and started a drug shop, where he dealt out pills and nostrums to the townspeople, whom he later treated to pills of which lead was the principal ingredient.
The old sign which swung in front of the drug shop is now an interesting relic in the possession of the Historical Society, the word "From London" being a clever dodge which he played on the gullible Yankees.
Surrounded by freight trains and lumber yards in Water street stands the house in which Arnold lived. It is a rousing structure. A pathway bordered by boxwood leads to a covered porch on either side of which is a seat. The waters of New Haven bay came up to the gate of the house in years gone by and Water street was then lined with handsome villas belonging to wealthy residents. At the lower end was the fashionable Pavilion hotel, now a factory. - New Haven Cor. New York Sun.
An Advertising Trick.
One of the most amusing incidents relative to sleek advertising was a trick on the Chicago newspapers several years ago. One of the partners of a firm went into court and filed a bill for injunction to restrain the other partner from surreptitiously the goods in their store at figures far below first cost.
The plaintiff set forth in detail that his partner had with some insane desire marked all the goods in the store down below cost. Then he went into details and showed how different articles were being sacrificed, notwithstanding his protest, and I asked the court to issue an injunction and restrain the fractions partner. It was a strange light, and the newspapers took it up and devoted columns to the novel case.
The result was that people on the lookout for bargains flocked to the store and purchased goods. Day after day the hearing for an injunction was delayed, and finally, when the free ad had been worked to its end, the suit was dismissed without prosecution, the whole cost to the firm for thousands of dollars' worth of advertising being about twenty-five dollars. - London Tit-Bits.
A Boon to Travelers.
Anything that will reduce the rattle and vibration of the ordinary railway car is a boon to the traveling man. A new appliance which is said to possess this qualification in a marked degree is the cushion car wheel, which has the additional advantages of being simple, safe, economical and noiseless. The wheel is composed of two parts, the center and the tire, while between the two is a thick rubber band which acts as a cushion to absorb all the vibrations.
The tire is so made that it may be removed without taking the wheel from the axle. The rubber is so placed between the center and the tire as not to be liable to injury from a hot box or from the corrosive action of the lubricants. The rubber will run 20,000 miles without showing the slightest signs of wear, and in a similar distance the wear of the tire is but one thirty-second of an inch, which is less than one-half the usual wear of this amount of travel. - Philadelphia Press.
Fruit Stones Made Costly.
The stones of certain kinds of dates, like those of Rosetta and Barles, being rather large, are carved and pierced to make beads for rosaries. The stones of a species of Canarium (often called peach stones) are beautifully and elaborately carved by the Chinese, and when set in gold or separated by gold filigree beads form exceedingly handsome brooches and bracelets. Amoy is renowned for this kind of work, and some of these beads cost a dollar each, a very large sum, when the slight remuneration in China for skilled labor and the cost of native living are borne in mind. - Chambers Journal.

SEARCHY 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.	\$20.00
From a 4x6 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	25.00
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 inch	22.50
2 inch	25.00
Prime Shingles 5 and 6 inch	4.00
All heart, dimensions from 4 to 6 inches	5.00

-Yards At-
San Angelo and Ballinger.

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.

Comparative Worth of Leading Brands of Whiskey.
OLD CROW. _____
Hermitage. _____
W. H. McCreary. _____
J. E. Pepper. _____
Old Taylor. _____
Bond Life. _____

OLD CROW Whisky,
For Sale Only at the
THE LEGAL TENDER SALOON,
SAN ANGELO, TEX.

Charles Rueff,
WOOL
Commission,
San Angelo, Texas.

W. H. CUSENBARY,
CHEMIST & DRUGGIST,
Has 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.

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.

W. H. BEERS, PRESIDENT, NEW YORK.
W. L. HILL, MANAGER, ST. LOUIS.
New York Life Insurance Co.,
No. 346 & 348 Broadway, New York.
ASSETS, January 1st, 1891. \$116,000,000.
SURPLUS, " " " " 15,000,000.
NO SUICIDE CLAUSE. Thirty days grace on all premiums. Copy of application with each policy. Return of all premiums in case of death, within the insurance period. Are features of the New York Life.
J. L. STARFIELD, District Agent,
SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.

DAVIDSON & SILLIMAN, LAND AGENTS & SURVEYORS,

All papers kept in fireproof vault. Lands sold and leased, and taxes paid for non-residents.

Notary Public always at office. Deeds, Leases, Contracts, or other instruments legally drawn.

Sonora, - - Texas.

EXCHANGE RESTAURANT,

SHORT ORDER HOUSE,

MEALS AT ALL HOURS. OYSTERS IN SEASON.

W.M. CRAWFORD, Proprietor, SONORA.

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS,

PUBLISHED WEEKLY. Advertising Medium of the Stockman's Paradise.

Entered at the Post-office at Sonora, as second class matter.

MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.

SONORA, TEXAS, - October 10, 1891.

A Terrible Crime.

A special to the San Antonio Express from Kerrville on Oct. 5, says: Sheriff Moore to-day arrested T. C. Adams, of Sonora, Sutton county, on a charge of murdering an old man by the name of W. M. Wilson.

Officers and citizens of Junction City were following the trail from that place and were about twenty miles from Sonora or ten miles from where the body was found, at a snail down yesterday.

John Denson Arrested.

Detectives O'Meara and Van Riper yesterday arrested John Denson charged with the murder of a Mexican in Sonora, Sutton county.

So far as known, concerning Mr. Wilson, is that he was a man a little beyond middle age and that his home was in Hamilton county, this state.

A Body Found—Supposed to be The Corpse of Wilson.

Friday evening George Allison brought in the news that one of G. Huber's herders had found the body of a man on the range at the head of the Llano, about 12 miles east of Sonora.

Justice Trawick, Deputy Sheriff Spears, T. B. Birtrong and John C. Goodwin and others returned late last night after viewing the body found on the prairie about 12 miles from Sonora.

Services will be held at the school house Sunday at 11 o'clock a.m. and 8 o'clock p.m.

Jack Douglass says that Doc and Mike eat all the profits off his business. Their appetites don't weaken soon he'll have to shut up shop and retire.

Highest cash price paid for hides, furs, pelts and sheep skins, at Gus Batts feed, wagon and livery yard.

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

School will open Monday week with J. D. Raulose of White Valley, principal and W. C. Gentry, assistant.

Stock News.

Hobbs sells lime and sulphur cheaper than any one.

Ed Horaby sold to R B Hemp-hill 1335 head of stock sheep at \$1 75 a head.

Lowest prices on Lime and Sulphur at Chas. W. Hobbs, San Angelo.

Chas Ruff, San Angelo, sold G Huber's fall clip at 15 1/2 cents.

Chas W. Hobbs, San Angelo, sold T. T. Thomason & Bro's fall clip of 37 bags at 16 1/2 cents.

C. C. Hammonds sold 200 head of ewes to R. K. James at \$2.25 a head.

H. C. Young, of Beaver Lake was in Sonora Saturday. He reports that Chas. W. Hobbs sold his fall clip in San Angelo at 16 cents.

W. F. Fowler sold 8 head of the Cusenbary bucks to G. S. Allison Monday.

Bedford Bros wool was sold in San Angelo at 15 and 17 cents.

Buy what Cooper Dip you want from Chas. W. Hobbs, San Angelo.

J. M. Woodie sold his clip in San Angelo at 18 cents. Jackson & Co made the sale.

The cheapest place—The Pioneer Drug Store, San Angelo.

J. Huett got 17 cents for his fall in Angelo.

Call on Charlie Zunker, at the Favorite Saloon, when in San Angelo, take a glass of his cool beer and you will continue to call every time you chance that way.

A J Swearingen was in town Wednesday. He sold his wool in San Angelo at 16 1/2 cents.

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.

The Standard says that Henry Shirley of Sonora sold his wool in San Angelo at 15 cents.

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

John Huffman the mutton buyer will shortly move from San Angelo to the ranch and personally attend to his stock interests.

M. B. Palmer, buys furniture in car loads from Eastern factories for cash, and gives his customers the benefit of all discounts.

Hi Webb and H. Vander Vaunder, prominent land and cattle men from Ballinger, were in town the fore part of the week, looking for pasture.

A. J. Winkler was in town Friday and reports everything lovely at the ranch. He was after a pair of tweezers and a herder.

Wm Guest, the prominent flock master from down the draw, accompanied by his son John and J. M. Hallecomb, passed through town Thursday en route for Ballinger with their fall clip.

Mr. W. H. Adams, manager of Pelotes Ranch, Ercina, Texas, writes to Messrs. Wm. Cooper & Nephews of Galveston, under date of September 2nd, 1891:

"I have used Cooper's Sheep Dip for years and have had uniform success with it. I feel satisfied that if all sheep owners in the country could be induced to use Cooper's Dip, and no other, that scab would be entirely eradicated in a few years.

Messrs Roe & Grinnell sold 900 head of stock sheep this week to — Kendricks, the well driller, at \$1 90.

Hi Young, Kinch Kearney, and George McDowell, sheepmen from near Juno, Val Verde county, have been in the city several days recently.

Sheriff McConnell has moved to the new building at the corner of Main and Second streets.

Charlie Wilson beat Belle P in the half-mile dash at San Angelo. Time 51 2/5.

Died at Sonora on October 6th, of slow fever, Tennessee; the ten year old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John S. Hlers. The Devil's River News sympathizes with the relatives in their affliction.

Full supply of corn, oats, grain, hay and feed of all kinds, always on hand and for sale at the lowest cash price, at Gus Batts, wagon, livery and feed yard.

Mr. and Mrs. James Morris are again occupying their pretty little home on Poplar street.

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

Mr and Mrs Robert Carraway are now running the Adams Hotel. Highest cash price paid for butter and eggs at the Exchange Restaurant.

Judge Bell, of McKivett and Preston McNair, of Illinois, were in Sonora Tuesday.

Go to J. J. Rackley, San Angelo, for your Furniture.

Charlie Blandin's town Saturday. His new town was about completed. It is said that Charlie let a fine opportunity leave the country lately.

Dr. J. F. Riggs, over the postoffice in San Angelo, is a fine surgeon, dentist, 20 years experience, and guarantees work to be first-class.

Mr. and Mrs. Max Meyer moved into their own new home on the corner of Concho and Main streets.

When in Angelo call on Mrs. H. Windrow's ice cream parlor for the fresh candies, fruits and pastries.

Es H. ... Horsely was in Sonora a few days this week.

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

Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Hagerlund are now occupying J. P. McConnell's residence on Main street.

D. B. Cusenbary the mutton buyer, left Thursday morning on an extended trip through the northwestern portion of Sutton and Crockett counties.

M. B. Palmer has two houses packed full of Furniture, Cullins and Under-takers goods, and three more carloads coming.

Princess A. best Victor, eldest son of the Prince of Wales, is the picture of his daddy in one particular way. He is implicated in the suicide of a beautiful chorus girl.

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

The Stockman's Paradise is now enjoying intelligent development and solid, substantial growth.

Information as to the whereabouts of one bay horse branded O 6 or O 9 on left shoulder may be had at the Devil's River News office.

Go to SAM RINKLES' Moss Rose Saloon, under Hotel San Angelo, for fine Imported Brandy, Imported Claret, California Orange wine, fine liquors and cigars.

OLD TAYLOR WHISKEY Fitzpatrick and Lyell's, San Angelo.

Sam Rinkles, under Hotel San Angelo, is sole agent for "Old Forester" case whisky.

Dr. H. Guernsey Jones, will attend calls to neighboring counties and all parts of the country promptly. Office, at residence Sonora, Texas.

The San Antonio Express says that Baby McKee's nose is out of joint since the advent of Baby Cleveland.

J. J. Rackley, has bed room suits from \$16 to \$200.

Last week the San Angelo Enterprise reached the tenth year of its usefulness, and came out in a new dress. The present management deserves great credit for making the Enterprise one of the best papers in the state.

Sheriff McConnell has moved to the new building at the corner of Main and Second streets.

Schomacker, Gold String, Philadelphia. Established 1838.

Boardman & Cray, Albany, N. Y. Established 1837.

Wm. Bourne & Son, Boston. Established 1837.

and other leading makes of Pianos.

Clough & Warren, Chicago Cottage Organs.

Music and musical merchandise. Manufacturers dealt with direct and close prices given. Write for them. Easy terms.

F. C. ALLEN, San Angelo, Texas.

FOR SALE, Or Will Trade For Sheep.

About 200 head of good stock cattle, in good shape for wintering. Apply to Davidson & Silliman.

Texas Raised Rams. For sale cheap, apply to Thomas Bond, Rancho de los Benados, Sutton County.

43-St

FOR TRADE.

1000 first-class 10 pound young merino ewes for good fat shipping ewes or young wethers. Apply to TRADE, Devil's River News.

NOTICE.

Parties owing money to the firm of Reynolds & Cusenbary, druggists, Sonora, Texas, has this day been dissolved by mutual consent.

SEAN Y MAYER, 461-f, D. S. of Sonora, San Angelo.

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Chas. W. Hobbs, WOOL Commission.

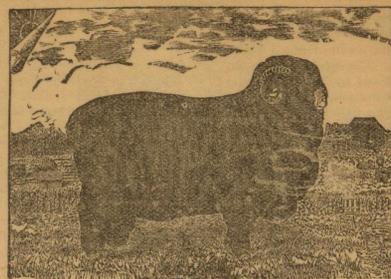
Liberal Advances on Consignments.

San Angelo, Texas.

T. T. Thomason, J. M. Thomason.

T. T. THOMASON & BRO.,

BREEDERS OF



Spanish Merino Sheep,

Have now at their Ranch, near Sonora, 100 head of Thoroughbred Vermont and Ohio acclimated, and Texas raised Rams for sale, and will have at Sonora, on or about August 15th 225 more of the same grade, all acclimated and in prime condition Satisfaction Guaranteed.

BUCKS FOR SALE.

300 Spanish Merinos 100 Acclimated One-half car of French, and One-half car of Spanish Merino Rams from the celebrated California flock of Solomon Jewett

These are the finest lot of Rams brought to Texas.

J. B. CHERBINO, San Angelo.

Geo. W. Morris, T. B. Birtrong.

MORRIS & BIRTRONG,

Dealers in

Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

SONORA, - TEXAS.

Christoval Store and Post Office Removed.

John Jones wishes to inform the good people of the South Concho country, and the travelers on the Sonora and San Angelo road, that he has moved his general merchandise store and the Christoval post office to a distance of one and one-half miles further south from the former location, where he will be pleased to see his old friends and customers and supply the wants of the public in the general merchandise line.

W. Aldwell and a man named Jackson of Crockett county are under warrant for smuggling. The agency of a mail route between Del Rio and Sonora can not be over estimated. At present letters require days to reach Sonora.

District court opens here Monday with a light new docket, civil and criminal. Jose M. Mendez will be sentenced to hang at this term of court for the Wilkins killing.—Del Rio Record.

Buy the "Old Reliable" cigar, from Reynolds & Cusenbary. It is the best 5 cent cigar in town.

"The Crickett," late of Junction City, is holding down the chair in Morris' new barber shop. He is little, but when it comes to good old country fiddling, oh, my!

Robert Carraway and Miss Ada Carraway were married at Robert Lee, on Friday, the 2nd, by the Hon. Judge Adams. The happy couple arrived in Sonora Tuesday. They will make Sonora their home.

W. W. Turpin, the jail contractor left this week for St. Louis.

Miss Bessie Wyatt was in the city Thursday.

Read the Devil's River News.

The little man with the big name, Frank Luge, spent a couple of days in town and materially helped the boys enjoy themselves. Mr. Luge was looking for shearers and got a crew.

J. M. G. Baugh came in from the ranch Wednesday.

Wm. Sandherr, the handsome young horseman from near Juno, was in Sonora this week. Billie don't come often now, and report says he has found a greater attraction nearer home.

The cool snap has set the boys to wondering what went with their summer wages.

"Keep away from that window, now, I say."

Ask Bill Hedin about it.

Some very suspicious looking tracks have been seen in the mud. The boys will please explain.

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,
a second-class matter.
MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.
SONORA, TEXAS. - October 10, 1901.

DIVES.
Could he, whom now we call "the late,"
Stood past the watchful Corcoran
And visit once more his estate,
What would he think of all this fuss?
We say his kindred are bereft,
The speech police about the dead,
Although he scarce has one friend left,
Of reputation not a shred!
He hoarded stocks and lands for years,
With fortune had his many spurs,
As could he know how few the trust
His heirs light like Killenny cats.
He hoped the glory of his gain
Would, like the comets, blaze behind;
Alas, they prove he was insane,
Whom riches will not lose his mind.
He saved the wind, this money-bag,
They harvest it who tread his trust;
The windmill on a common ledge,
His treasure gets no time to rust!
He closed his eyes well satisfied,
No longer to be troubled,
For Dives has now the reward!

Patent Birthdays.
An insurance actuary in former days
would hardly have considered a poet's
a "good" life. The average was ser-
iously pulled down by those favorite
of the Muses who thought that decent
living and regular habits were incon-
sistent with their vocation. Byron,
Heine, Musset, Poe and others died
young, not because they were poets,
but because they did not keep their
passions and their appetites in good
order. But in these latter days we know
that the greatest poet may be the
"sanest," and pass into old age, hale
and green, as peacefully as if he had
never wandered over the slopes of
Helicon.
The great Goethe grew old as com-
fortably as any well-to-do bourgeois
and was full of life and vigor at four
score. So was Victor Hugo. Brown-
ing at seventy was constantly dined out
and the soul of every party in which
he found himself. - St. James Gazette.

How Vessels Go Through the Suez Canal.
The average time of transit of the
Suez canal by day is twenty-four hours
by night with electric lights it is nine
teen hours, and has been done in fif-
teen hours. In order to navigate by
night a vessel must light the way by
carrying an electric projector at her
bow as close to the water as possible,
and pay the closest attention to the
orders from the passing stations or
gates. Three white lights show ver-
tically "slow down," then the
display of two white lights is the order
to stop and wait until the gate. The
steamer presently lights in, makes fast,
puts out all lights and lies snug in her
berth alongside the desert, while the
oncoming vessel, looking like a loco-
motive at night, passes by. One white
light from the gate and lines are let go,
and the journey continued until Suez
is reached. - Lieutenant Ridgely Hunt
in Scribner's.

Antiquity of the Umbrella.
No one knows whether the umbrella
was originally used as a defense against
rain or a screen from the sun, but it
seems probable that the first umbrellas
were sunshades. In countries where
very little clothing is worn, rain does
not make much difference, but the sun
is a power. Why should not the palm
leaf be the first sunshade, with its ribs
and handles to order? It hints at the
umbrella as well as the fan.

Travelers among the Ainos of Japan
often make temporary sunshades of
gigantic dock leaves, which are some-
times six feet high, large enough for an
account of Gulliver. The umbrella has
a very great antiquity. The word
itself means a "little shadow," showing
that it was named for its protection
from the sun in this case. Horace says,
"Among the military standards the sun
beholds an Egyptian canopy." - Irish
Times.

Banquets and Dinners.
Styling a public dinner a "banquet"
is something of a mistake, that is, if
the use of the word "banquet" is to add
more dignity to the occasion, or even
to be more uppish or pompous or
"toplofty." "Banquet," from the
French and Spanish, means a small
bench, a little seat, and when spelled
banqueta means a three-legged stool.
It has reference to sitting while eating.
The word of talking and eating in "stand-
up" fashion, as at one of our West-
ern parties or at a free lunch counter. The
truth is that "banquet" is simply a
grandiose expression - ambitious and
somewhat "affected." - Philadelphia
Ledger.

Got to Have Money.
A Georgia editor who is also a jus-
tice of the peace granted a quarrelling
couple an absolute divorce. "Mr.
Balliff," he said, "collect three dollars
out of the couple." "I can't do it,"
said the bailiff mournfully; "they ain't
got a cent." "Then," said the edi-
torial justice, "teach the ordinary before
you make him issue a license, and
I'll marry the woman to the first man
who'll give me three dollars. This court
can't live on air. Step up lively, gen-
tleman!" - Atlanta Constitution.

Of One Mind.
Self-Made Man - I can't see any sense
in wasting so much valuable time on
dead languages.
College Student - Neither can I.
Since Wilms has started in to win the
Latin prize he hasn't been worth a cent
in the boat crew. - Good News.

The Reason.
"My mamma's got whiter teeth than
your mamma," said Allie.
"She'd oughter have. She changes
'em oftener" retorted Maudie. - New
York Epoch.

The Metal Wolfram.
Wolfram, or tungsten, belongs to a
group of rare metals, and till a com-
paratively recent time was known only
to the chemist, and its value was only
in the laboratory. With the invention
of 100 ton guns the demand for tung-
sten soon made that previously obscure
metal well known throughout the min-
ing world. It was soon found that the
steel tube lining the bore of these enor-
mous guns could not resist the shock
entailed by discharging many shots
without becoming fractured, when, of
course, an expensive piece of ordnance
became useless.

Experiment proved that the addition
of a small quantity of tungsten to the
fine steel employed in gunmaking ren-
dered the latter metal wonderfully elas-
tic, so that the steel tube will expand
under the tension of firing and contract
again to its normal size a great many
times before the quality of the metal is
in any way impaired. The German gun
factories consequently absorb most of
the tungsten found in the world, and
from being a more curiosity seen only
in the laboratory of the chemists this
rare metal has acquired considerable
value.

Wolfram (erroneously called tung-
state of iron in the cablegram) general-
ly occurs in combination with iron in
Europe, but it is also found in scheelite
or tungstate of lime. It is in the latter
metal itself is of a white color, extreme-
ly brittle and heavy, the specific grav-
ity being 19.1, that of gold being 19.3.
It will thus be seen that tungsten is a
very heavy metal, being only very
slightly lighter than gold. - Otago (New
Zealand) News.

Sam's Sin Laden Soul.
Mr. T. received a message from his
wife telling him "to hurry home quick,
that the horse had kicked Sam to
death." Mr. T. rushed home and found
that his horse had kicked Sam, the col-
ored hostler, in the region of the stom-
ach, and he looked like a dying man.
Sam thought he was going to die, and
began to unburden his sin laden soul.
"Marse John, I've gwine to die, but
befo' I go I want ter tell yer whar
yer'll find dat bran new bridle yer
bought de oder day an whar yer
thought some nigger had stolen - it's
up in de loft kivered wid hay. And
yer recollect dat new hip robe dat yer
thought fell out or de carriage - dat's
under de front doxter. An de ole
pistol whar 's in de bureau' draw, yer'll
find dat in my trunk."
And various and sundry other things
that had been missed at different times
were mentioned by Sam and their
whereabouts disclosed. When Sam
had confessed his misdeeds, he seemed
to get better - confession is good for
the body as well as the soul. He finally
recovered, but he now moves about the
premises with a penitent air. - Birmingham
Lantern.

Giving the Cattle a Rest.
It is found expedient to give the cat-
tle that are brought from the ranches
of the Canadian northwest near the
Rocky mountains a chance to rest dur-
ing their long journey to the Atlantic
coast. Cattle are not fatigued with
hunger and thirst and tired to death
with the incessant jolting of the car-
riage after day as they were when cattle
shipments first became a large item of
railroad traffic. Every steer that is
taken on board the cattle cars of the
Canadian Pacific at the western ranches
is turned loose when he gets to White
River, north of Lake Superior, into
large stockyards, where he has a
chance to recuperate.

Earth Growing in Weight.
It hardly seems possible that the
earth could increase in weight appre-
ciably from the meteoric hail to which
it is subjected. The few shooting stars
one sees seem utterly incapable of pro-
ducing any noticeable increase. It is
not these, of which even a close ob-
server could scarcely count an average
of four an hour on a clear night, but
the myriads of lesser ones that are
never seen, whose accidentally crossing
the field of an observer's telescope, that
produce the result.
These lesser ones are of such slight
weight that the small amount of light
caused by their combustion in the
earth's atmosphere is not visible to the
naked eye. However, these little fel-
lows are continually bombarding the
earth day and night, year in, year out,
finally reaching the surface as a fine
dust. This increase in weight amounts
to about 30,000 tons a year at a very
moderate calculation. - New York
Recorder.

They Shake Their Own Heads.
When among the Chinese settlers on
the tobacco plantations in the island
of Sumatra I discovered for the first
time that the correct way of saluting
"John" is to shake not his hand but
your own, and I was frequently amu-
sed with the sight of two men shaking
their own hand with the utmost warmth
and cordiality, instead of that of their
neighbor. - David Ker in New York
Epoch.

For the Sake of Quiet.
"My daughter admired both law and
music, so I had her study law."
"What impelled you to that choice?"
"I think practicing law is quieter
than practicing piano playing." - New
York Truth.

County Officers.
Judge... L. J. Danagan.
Clerk... W. R. Silliman.
Sheriff & Tax Collector... P. M. Connell.
Treasurer... W. H. Sowell.
Attorney... L. N. Halbert.
Surveyor... J. McNeil.
Assessor... W. R. Rudick.
Inspector... T. B. Adams.

Too Good All of a Sudden.
College President - All the boys have
attended prayers regularly this week.
Professor - Not one has missed for
two weeks.
President - Humph! Some infernal
mischievous is brewing. - Good News.

A bank in Sonora could do a
world of business

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Our
Advertisers.**

THREW HIS MONEY AWAY.
The Story of a Physician Who Was the
Victim of Circumstances.
When the doctors, in a jovial mood,
got together, they invariably told stories
if they have any time on their hands.
Half a dozen Rochester physicians were
feeling particularly lumpy and exultant
a few days ago. They had passed a
delightful hour in making an examina-
tion of the body of a man killed in an
accident, and were well pleased with
each other and the gentlemen who had
furnished them with their scientific
amusement. When they were through
their work they adjourned to the office
of one of their number and began tell-
ing their experiences and reminiscences.
They told of exciting amputations and
exhilarating operations until it came
the turn of the oldest man present to
speak. "I remember a case was introduced
as brought tears to the eyes of many
present."
"When I was a young man," said
the old physician, "I practiced in a
western city. This was about thirty
years ago. It was not a great while
after I had my first case that I was
called one day to attend a young man
who had a most peculiarly shaped
head. Under my care the fellow soon
got well, but I cultivated his acquaint-
ance to serve certain ends that I had
in view.
"When I came to know the young
man pretty well I told him frankly that
I wanted his head. You all know that
I have always made brain disease a
specialty, and I thought that the man's
head, with his abnormal development,
would be a splendid subject for study.
The chap fell in with my proposition. I
gave him \$200, and he made a will in
which he mentioned me as the heir to
his head. To be sure, the fellow was
young, but so was I, and I was willing
to wait.
"Well, gentlemen, within less than a
year after we had completed arrange-
ments the young fellow was killed."
"Lucky man," said one of the listen-
ers, and all the others gave evidence
that they thought the doctor was for-
tunate.
"But, gentlemen," continued the old
physician, "the fellow was struck on
the head by a safe that fell to the side,
walk while being taken in the third
story window of a block," and the old
fellow's voice choked with emotion at
the remembrance of the wrong that
had been done to him.
"Saddest thing I ever heard of," said
one of the listeners, while others walked
up and shook the victim's hand, too
full for utterance. - Rochester Demo-
crat.

His First Voyage.
A man from the far north who had
never seen either ship or sea in his life
had to cross from Kinghorn to Leith on
a very stormy day. The vessel rolled
heavily, and the poor, frightened high-
lander ran to the oords and held them
down with his whole vigor, to keep, as
he thought, the boat from upsetting.
"For the sake of our lives, shooles,
come and hold town," he cried, "or if
ye will not be helping me I'll let you
all to the bottom in a moment. And
you ploverman there" (to the man at the
helm), "cannot you keep to hove to for
a fur, and no going over the crown of
teffigs away? Heich!"
The steersman laughed at him, and
the Highlander, becoming irritated,
seized a handspike and knocked him
down.
"Now, laugh you now, you Lowland
rogue," said he, "and you will deserve
it all, for it was you made all the too
loo, kirtling the postie's tail with tat
pin!" - London Tit-Bits.

The Saw of the Mosquito.
The bill of the mosquito is a complex
instrument. It has a blunt fork at the
head and is apparently grooved. Work-
ing through the groove and projecting
from the angle of the fork is a lance
of perfect form, sharp-pointed with a
fine bevel. Beside it the most perfect lance-
of the lance two saws are arranged,
with the points fine and sharp and the
teeth well refined and keen. The backs
of these saws play against the lance.
When the mosquito alights with its
peculiar hum it thrusts its keen lance
and then enlarges the aperture with
the two saws, which play beside the
lance until the forked bill with its ca-
pillary arrangement for pumping the
blood can be inserted. The sawing
process is what grates upon the nerves
of the victim and causes him to strike
wildly at the sawyer. - Journal of
Health.

In Fly Time.
"I had rather an uncomfortable ex-
perience the other day," said a young
man. "My tailor had just sent me
down a suit of new flannels which fitted
incommodiously well, and I put them on,
well satisfied, to go to the Casino to
play tennis. While waiting for my
trap I strolled into the dining room and
without looking out down suddenly - for
I am very heavy, you know - on a chair
by the window. A screen from the
land maid came to jump up, but it was
too late, and I assure you I felt like us-
ing some very strong language when I
found that I had sat down on one of
those detestable sheets quite covered
with flies. Of course the suit was
ruined, and I assure you the flies were
imbedded in the flannel so deep that
they looked like a printed pattern." -
New York Tribune.

STORY OF A PIANO.
A Genius Who Found Difficulty in Keep-
ing a Vow to His Sweetheart.
Probably the severest ordeal that
genius can undergo is to be deprived of
the exercise of its powers. M. de Pont-
martin had a pathetic illustration of this
in his acquaintance with one of the
greatest pianists of the present century.
He relates the strange story in "Les
Souvenirs d'un Vieux Critique."
Though not a player himself, M. de
Pontmartin had a fine piano. One day
the proprietor of the village hotel called
to say that the evening before a gentle-
man, apparently a Hungarian or an
Austrian, had arrived at his house, a
son about M. Pontmartin's age, ele-
gant of appearance and wearing an ex-
pression of touching melancholy.
In the morning, it seemed, the
stranger would take no breakfast, but
besought M. Pierron, the hotel keeper,
for a piano, saying that circumstances
had prevented his touching one for a
year.
A little later the stranger was seated
at M. Pontmartin's piano, and it was
soon manifest that he was not only a
wonderful artist but an inventor of
new methods, whose touch tripled the
power and volume of the instrument.
He played on and on. Shortly before
midnight he seemed to put his whole
soul into playing a funeral march,
which ended with a male of wonderful
tragic beauty. The village clock
struck 12.
"Adieu and thanks," said the strange
guest, not waiting to hear M. Pont-
martin's exclamation "It is I who
thank you! My piano is sacred hence-
forth." The next morning he went
away, begging M. Pierron not to ask
his real name.
The following year, just after hear-
ing Liszt, M. Pontmartin called on his
friend, Zimmerman. He was explain-
ing to the incredulous musician that his
admiration for the great Liszt was
increased by the memory of an incom-
parable genius whom he had heard at
Avignon, when there was a knock at
the door, and as the critic relates, "I
heard a voice that thrilled me, 'See,
May I enter?' 'Signe-moi, Thalberg,'
cried Zimmerman in joyful surprise.
"I recognized my mysterious visitor,
but my delight was checked by the sad-
ness in his face. He said to me, 'My
dear sir, I owe you an explanation.
On the 20th of April I promised Cath-
erine - a beautiful girl whom I
loved, that I would not touch a piano
until April 30 of the next year; this is
an evidence that my piano and my art
were not first in my regard. At the
end of the year she was to become my
wife.
"Well, you know the rest. I
thought that while your world would
never end I should constantly be dis-
tracting my mind and pass the time more
unhappily. I reached Avignon the
25th of April."
"He stopped. 'And Catherine?' I
asked.
"She died on the 23d, at the very
hour when I finished the funeral
march, just as the clock in the belfry
struck midnight."
"What is her name?"
At the time when Napoleon was the
most prominent figure in Europe one
man at least was little impressed with
his greatness. The composer's name
actually slipped his mind, so slightly did
his career concern the world that for
the artist concerned in his studio.
Edgar Quinet relates that when he
went to Germany he visited the old
sculptor, Dannecker.
"We talked," he says, "of art, and the
sculptor was eloquent over his theories.
Suddenly, wishing to fix a date, he
stopped, reflected, and finally said:
"I think it was in the time of that
man - what is his name? you know the
man, the one who has won so many
battles. I've forgotten the name. You
must know it?"
"Are you speaking of Napoleon?" I
asked.
"Yes, yes, that is it," cried the artist,
and went on with his interrupted state-
ment without giving the incident a sec-
ond thought. - Youth's Companion.

Swindlers on the Easily Deceived.
The class of lawyers who used to
gather a revenue from the deluded
"heirs" to imaginary estates in England
seem to have been turning their atten-
tion to New York city as a more profit-
able field. The old colonial grants of
land and ancient transfers by lease and
otherwise enable them to raise a cloud
of dust over the title to property which
has become of vast value, and to lend
the supposed heirs of owners of a hun-
dred years ago to imagine that they can
recover many millions if they will assess
themselves for legal expenses.
The claimants of the Edwards estate
dream of \$200,000,000 or so on lower
Broadway, and a western person lay-
claim to a modest \$100,000,000 on the
Hartford flats, these being only samples
of the preposterous claims which the
lawyers who pocket the assessments
encourage.
It is sad to think of the eager hopes
that are excited, the constantly disap-
pointed expectations and the worri-
ment that are caused by this class of
pestiferous hunters for flaws in recent
titles out of which they derive a reve-
nue by the mere process of exciting
the cupidity of heirs whose real claims
if any ever existed, were long ago cut
off by adverse possession. - New York
Epoch.

Curious Aberration.
A good woman at Barle Due was
standing over her fire the other day
holding her prayer book in one hand
and in the other a large piece of bacon
which she intended putting into the
pan before going to mass. Absent
mindedly she threw in the prayer book
and walked off with the bacon under
her arm, and did not perceive her mis-
take until she was about to enter the
church, when a dog, allured by the
smell, seized the bacon and ran away
with it. Omnibus Illustr.

Much Needed Sympathy.
Two Bonnevilles meet.
"Allow me to condole with you, my dear Gon-
tran. I have just heard of your aunt's
death. It is a terrible loss for you."
"Right you are." She has cut me off
with a shilling." - Le Calendrier.

**SUBSCRIBE FOR THE
DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS
AND SEND IT TO YOUR FRIENDS.**

A Picturesque Newsboy.
A chubby, gentle-looking little fellow,
about six years of age, stood at a
Broadway corner selling evening pa-
pers. Half a dozen other little chaps
in the same line of business were nag-
ging him.
And not a little professional jealousy
was at the bottom of it, for the boy
was gotten up a la Buffalo Bill, with
long hair cut straight across the fore-
head in front and falling over his
shoulders behind, a broad brimmed
straw hat, blue trousers with gold lace
down the legs and attached to a rather
full waist that was once white, but
now showed signs of several recent
rough and tumble encounters. In this
trogetry the little fellow not only at-
tracted more attention, but sold more
papers than his rivals. He warily kept
his back to the iron railing and his face
toward his customers.
"Wot ye doin' here, Billy? Ye ain't
no business here. Strick to the av."
"Why don't yer ma cut yer hair,
sonny?"
"Got der War Cry?"
The bedeviled boy stood all this sort
of chaff like another Roderick Dhu.
He never said a word until one of the
lads jostled him. Then he let out a
string of profane language that almost
enveloped the head of a benevolent old
gentleman who had just invented a
nickel in the outfit.
"Blank, blank ye! Don't yer put
yer hands on me! See! I'll tick der
evorlastin' stuffin out yer. I've done
yer up before, Miky, an I'll do it agin
if yer don't leave me alone, now, See?"
They let the wild Indian scout from
Harlem flats alone, too. I noticed after
that. But he has never attempted to
work that particular corner since then.
- New York Herald.

The Geranium Saved Her Life.
The father and brother of a dear lit-
tle woman died of consumption, and
she firmly believed she would soon fol-
low them with the same dread disease.
She had a friend who believed the in-
valid had inherited her mother's
stronger constitution, and if she could
only be aroused and the idea banished
from her mind that she would soon die
she might be a well woman. Argu-
ments were vain, and, as the friend
was going away for years, she gave a
geranium to the dear little woman,
with the request that she would take
care of it, and also that she would
work out in the garden through the
spring and summer two hours a day.
"I might as well do it," said the lady
lid, "for I shall not live but a few
weeks or months at the longest."
Very feeble were her first attempts at
garden work, and she would often say
on coming in, "I shall die now, anyway."
But the next day found her out again.
The geranium was cared for, and gradu-
ally other plants were added. She be-
came very much interested in garden-
ing, and her mind was taken up in
reading and in caring for her flowers.
In the winter a bay window was full
of blooming plants. It is now three
years since she began this new cure,
and it has worked wonders. She is a
healthy, happy woman now and says
that "women stay in the house too
much, are afraid of their clothes, and
the tight lacing makes a short breath
and then they say, 'We are not strong
enough to work in a garden.'" Shut
up the pill boxes and throw away the
bottles. Breathe the fresh air and take
your medicine at the end of a light boe
handle, and see if you don't save doc-
tor's bills. - Vick's Magazine.

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"Right you are." She has cut me off
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