

ADVERTISE IN THE DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

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Jno. W. Hagerlund, James A. Hagerlund, S. J. Palmer.

HAGERLUND BROS. & CO.

In studying our own interests we consider the interests of our customers ---the two are inseparable.

We have now increased our Capital and are doubling our storage capacity, to meet the requirements of our steadily growing trade.

We expect to handle cattle and sheep and Mr. S. J. Palmer will have charge of that department. The management of the store will be as before.

Heartily appreciating the support we have had, for which we are thankful, will say we will strive to further merit it in every way. Respectfully,

HAGERLUND BROS. & CO.

GENERAL MERCHANTS, SONORA, TEXAS.

ON THE DOME OF ST PETER'S.

Almost a Panorama of the World Stretched Before the Beholder.

The strangest, most extravagant, most incomprehensible, most disturbing sight of all is to be seen from the upper gallery in the cupola looking down to the church below. Hanging in midair, with nothing under one's feet, one sees the church projected in perspective within a huge circle. It is as though one saw it upside down and inside out. Few men could bear to stand there without that bit of iron railing between them and the hideous fall, and the inevitable slight dizziness which the strangest head feels may make one doubt for a moment whether what is really the floor below may not be really a ceiling above, and whether one's sense of gravitation be not inverted in an extraordinary dream. At that distance human beings look no bigger than flies, and the canopy of the high altar might be an ordinary table.

And thence climbing up between the double domes, one may emerge from the almost terrible perspective to the open air and suddenly see all Rome at one's feet, and all the Roman mountains stretched out to south and east, in perfect grace of restful outline shoulder to shoulder, like shadowy women lying side by side and holding hands.

And the broken symmetry of streets and squares ranges below, cut by the winding ribbon of the yellow Tiber; to the right the low Aventine, with the dark cypresses of the Protestant cemetery beyond, and the Palatine, crested with trees and ruins; the Pincian on the left, with its high gardens, and the mass of foliage of the Villa Medici behind it; the lofty tower of the capitol in the midst of the city, and the sun clasping all to its heart of gold, the just and the unjust, the new and the old alike, past and present, youth, age and decay—generous as only the sun can be in this solid and miserly world, where bread is but another name for blood and a rood of growing corn means a pound of human flesh. The sun is the only good thing in nature that always gives itself to man for nothing but the mere trouble of sitting in the sunshine, and Rome without sunlight is a very grim and gloomy town today.

It is worth the effort of climbing so high. Four hundred feet in the air you look down on what ruled half the world by force for ages and on what rules the other half today by faith—the greatest center of conquest and of discord and of religion which the world has ever seen. A thousand volumes have been written about it by a thousand wise men. A poet tells what it has been—heart of the world. Hitler was drawn the world's blood by all the roads that lead to Rome, and hence it was forced out again along the mighty arteries of the Caesars' roads to be spilled in the Caesars' battles—to reddened the world with the Roman name. Blood, blood, and more blood—that was the history of old Rome—the blood of brothers, the blood of foes, the blood of martyrs without end. It flowed and ebbed in varying tide at the will of the just and the unjust, but there was always more to shed, and there were always more hands to shed it. And so it may be again hereafter, for the name of Rome has a heart stirring ring, and there has always been as much blood spilled for the names of things as for the things themselves.—Marion Crawford in Century.

A Blue Jay That Lighted Matches.

A dangerous acquirement of a pet blue jay is told about in The American Naturalist by James Newton Basket of Mexico, Mo. The blue jay referred to somehow learned that parlor or popping matches would make a delightful sputter and flame if properly manipulated.

The bird was in the habit of beating much of its food against some hard substance, perhaps for the purpose of breaking or softening it. It probably treated one of the parlor matches in this way one day and so learned that they made a noise. When a match was given to it, it would hop on a chair round and strike the fulminate against the wood, end on, repeating it rapidly till the head was ignited; then it would throw it away and watch the flame.

In Some Instances.

"Isn't that sort of work very confining?" asked the visitor who had been permitted to go into the room where the bank note engravers were at work.

"Sometimes it is, ma'am," answered the pale faced artist whom she had addressed. "I am personally acquainted with a man who did a job of this kind once without orders, and he was confined seven years for it, ma'am."—Chicago Tribune.

The Probable Reason.

"Why does a woman always call her purse a pocketbook?"
"I don't know, unless it is because she carries in it a memorandum telling her where to find her pocket."—Chicago Record.

LIFE IN PARIS.

Lodging and Food For Those Whose Means Are Small.

There are over 80,000 houses in Paris, and each one has its major dome in the shape of a concierge, who is as vigilant as Cerberus in his watch and ward over the mansion. This mortal usually knows more about your business than you do yourself. He becomes an awe inspiring autocrat to the student wherever he may find his abiding perch. The concierge knows the financial condition of each lodger and is on the qui vive regarding gossip and scandal. There are all sorts and conditions of lodgings to be had in Paris. The cheapest is called "la cabinet," literally a mere cupboard, with space only for a cot. The price of this bandbox is \$24 per year. The best that can be said of it is that it is a shelter from wind and weather. The occupant is expected to live in the streets. Many a country lad has come to the metropolis and begun the battle of life in such a box. The next higher step toward comfort is the "chambre," which boasts a fireplace and a window. For these luxuries one pays anywhere from \$30 to \$50 a year. Next come the "chambre de cabinet" and the "lodgment," two rooms and kitchen with a fireplace and windows. The "petit appartement" begins the claims of gentility. An "apartment" embraces a whole suit and ranges in price from \$100 upward. The high water mark of luxury is the private hotel, which answers to our handsome and luxurious private dwellings and mansions. In Paris a grand hotel always means a public house.

So after a man has found a shelter to suit his purse there are all sorts of ways to live. Food is sold cooked and uncooked at the street corners, and itinerant soup and coffee vendors promenade the streets. At creameries 5 cents will get coffee or chocolate, omelet or salad, and 2 cents extra provides delicious bread. Artists and students patronize these places and are satisfied.

The business men satisfy their hunger at the "bouillons" with boiled beef, soup, cheese and wine, all for 15 cents. The Duval bouillons have become world famous and are found in every quarter of Paris. This clever Duval was originally a butcher in the Grand Halles and sold the odds and ends of meat left in his shop cheaply to the second hand restaurants about Paris. Seeing how much there was in this branch of his business, he determined to start his own "bouillons." Today his wealth mounts up into high numerals with many noughts following. At the Duvals one can get a good, clean meal for a franc and a half, or order a la carte anything fancy dictates.

In the old Latin quarter 16 sous will get a sumptuous dinner for the half famished student who cannot afford to indulge in the luxury of choice or the whims of his palate. In the cafe democracy rules, and every man is as good as his neighbor. In these restaurants the talk runs fast and furious. The fixed price restaurant offers a most varied and fanciful bill of fare. The charm of cafe life to the students is the Bohemianism and good fellowship that reigns. These are clubs of the world, where everybody is at ease, where artists, literary men, business men and scientists meet on a common ground. There is no coin of vantage better from which to analyze the passing show. The student who craves the unexpected here throws aside all convention and enters into this happy go lucky existence which demoralizes one, for the monotony and dull round of life are decidedly a phase of student existence. The old Latin quarter today has a rival in the new Bohemia in the Montmartre district. Here are gathered many of the artists, students and decadent poets, and the old freedom and sans souci of Latin quarter existence has taken root and bids fair to outbohemianize Bohemia.—Paris Letter in Boston Advertiser.

Houseleek.

This hardy plant, known to many as hen and chickens, may be made to grow in an odd and pretty fashion in the following manner: Take a large flower pot and bore holes around the sides about an inch apart and in three or four rows. Put a layer of earth between the first row and the bottom; thrust tiny leeks through each of the holes so that the plant shall be on the outside of the pot; cover the roots with earth; place other plants through the next row of holes, and so continue with layers of earth and plants till the top is reached, when the large plants should be put in as ordinarily. Those on the sides will spread till the whole pot is a mass of green. It makes a pretty ornament for garden posts or a rockery.—Brooklyn Eagle.

Olive Trees in Tuscany.

The olive tree forms one of the chief agricultural resources of Tuscany. It is estimated that about 270,000 acres are devoted to its cultivation and that an average crop of olives yields about 6,700,000 gallons of oil.

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Manufacturers of and Wholesale and Retail Dealers in all goods in this line. Write for prices and list of goods handled.

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Tickets for sale at the Post Office Sonora, and at Hart's Drug Store, Angelo Stage leaves Sonora and San Angelo every day, Sundays excepted, at 7 o'clock a. m. The trip being made in one day. All business entrusted to our care will receive personal attention. Comfortable Hacks, Low rates Express parcels.

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BEER, SODA, CIDER, LEMONADE, ETC., ALWAYS ON ICE

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