

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL. 9.

SONORA, SUTTON, CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY AUGUST 12, 1899.

NO. 51!

COME TO THE

Devils River Picnic

and see how much you can get for very little money.

We Have Finished Stock-taking and Find Ourselves

LONG ON SUMMER GOODS

AND SHORT ON CASH

---Hence the Picnic---for Our Customers.

Will Give You Full Benefit of Cut Prices,

Cut to the Quick In Our Summer

DRESS GOODS, CLOTHING, ETC.

REMEMBER THE PLACE

HAGERLUND BROS. & CO.

IT WAS GENUINE.

The Signature of William Shakespeare That Admiral Luce Had.

At the time of the New Orleans expedition, in the winter of 1884, Admiral Luce was in command of the North Atlantic squadron and was sent down there to add to the gayety of nations, which no other old soldier could do better than he. Upon his return the flagship was anchored in New York bay, where it was visited by many people. One day a party came aboard which included among others a very pretty girl and a very distinguished and learned Englishman. As Admiral Luce was entertaining them in his cabin he asked the pretty girl if she would like to see an original autograph of William Shakespeare.

At this the dignified and learned Englishman picked up his ears and remarked that he had made a study of the autographs of Shakespeare and was positive there was no authentic example in America. Admiral Luce replied that he was very positive his was authentic and that its genuineness had never been questioned. This made the Englishman quite mad, and he delivered a lecture on the fraudulent autographs and manuscripts that were brought over to America and exhibited as originals.

"Well," replied the admiral, "I am convinced that my autograph of William Shakespeare is genuine, and I am going to have the pleasure of showing it to this young lady." Whereupon he went to his desk, took out his visitor's book, turned back a few pages and then pointed out the signature, "William Shakespeare, mayor of New Orleans, Jan. 12, 1885." The Englishman gave a painful gasp and retired.—Chicago Record.

The Clever Romans.

It seems quite surprising that the ancient Romans did not require the art of printing with movable types, inasmuch as they came so very close to it. They had wooden blocks carved with words in reverse, by means of which they stamped those words on pottery, while the latter was as yet unglazed and soft. Incidentally it may be mentioned that they knew the modern method of moulding broken pots by means of rivets, and many pieces of pottery thus restored have been dug up. In ancient Rome there was one daily newspaper, which was written entirely by hand. Furthermore the Roman senate had a publication which corresponds to the Congressional Record, being a report of the daily proceedings of that important legislative body. It likewise was written by hand. Speaking of baked clay, one might mention the fact that the little boys of Rome 2,000 years and more ago were accustomed to play knuckle-down with marbles of that material just as children do now.

The title of "majesty" was first given to Louis XI of France. Before that time sovereigns were usually styled "highness."

His Half Way Scheme.

Not long ago a Pittsburg life insurance agent persuaded a Chinaman to take out a policy of \$5,000. The latter had no clear idea of the transaction, but understood that on paying the premiums promptly he would be entitled to \$5,000 some time. He began bothering the agent for the money after a couple of weeks had passed, and the agent tried to explain to him that he would have to die before he could get it. The Chinaman fell down a cellar-way and was badly hurt. His friends tried to attend to him without calling in a doctor. When they did call one in two days later, the doctor was angry. "Why didn't you call me sooner?" he asked. "This man is half dead now," answered the brother. "Why he no get lat half?"

Good Horse Sense.

The Mexican burros ascertain where to dig for water by closely observing the surface of the ground. One observer writes: "We had found water in an arroyo of a sufficient quantity to make coffee, when we saw three burros searching for water. They passed several damp places, examining the ground closely, when the leader halted near a vessel began to paw a hole in the hot dry sand. Having dug a hole something over a foot in depth, he backed out and watched it intently. To our surprise it soon began to fill with water. Then he advanced, took a drink and stepped aside for his companions to drink. When they went away, we drank from their well and found the water to be much cooler than any we had found for many a day. There is no whiter gift about Mexican burros, but they have good horse sense."

A Strange Test of Manhood.

The ancient Clan Macleod used to exercise a strange test to prove the manhood of their chieftains. At Dunvegan castle, on the island of Skye, there is preserved the large horn known as "Rory More's Horn." This capacious vessel holds rather more than a bottle and a half of liquor. According to the old custom, every heir of Macleod was obliged on his coming of age to fill this horn with claret and without once laying it down to drain it to the dregs. This was taken as a proof of his manhood, and he was then deemed a worthy successor to the lairds of the past.

The favorite drink in Nubia is made from fermented durrha bread. It is called ombulbul, because it makes the drinker sing like the nightingale.

The proportion of people in Norway who speak English is larger than in any other country of the world.

NOT MUCH OF AN EATER.

It Took, So He Said, Very Little to Satisfy Him.

Captain B. W. Morgan, every inch a Welshman himself, likes to tell this story when there is another Welshman in hearing: He went home to dinner one day and found a paper hanger at work in the house. He asked the time, and Captain Morgan told him it was noon.

"I guess I'll knock off and go home to dinner then," the paper hanger remarked.

"Stay and eat with us," the captain said, and the invitation was accepted. Captain Morgan was attentive to his guest during the meal. He had a prodigious appetite. The captain helped him to roast beef several times, until at last he had some curiosity to see just how much the fellow would eat without crying enough. The game was growing quite interesting when the fellow began to show signs of quitting.

"Will you have some of the plum pudding?" the captain asked him to revive his falling appetite.

"No, thanks," he replied. "I've had enough, I think."

"Oh, take a small piece of the pudding," the captain urged. "It's genuine English plum pudding and home-made at that."

"Well, I don't mind trying it," he said.

The captain helped him to a section of the pudding weighing about a pound, and he ate it with much relish. Then he shoved his chair away from the table and leaned back for an after dinner nap.

"I'm not much of an eater," he said, not noticing the smile on the captain's face. "It takes very little to satisfy me. Say, you ought to see the Welsh eat."

"Are they hearty eaters?" asked the captain.

"Hearty eaters?" repeated the fellow. "Say, they eat like a lot of hogs."—Pittsburg News.

Goat's Milk.

Modern medicine says that goat's milk, contrary to the general impression, differs from cow's milk not in being more digestible, but in being less digestible and less nutritious, although it contains a larger amount of solid matter than cow's milk. It is indeed the most indigestible of all milk.

Goat's milk has a peculiar and unpleasant odor and flavor, due to lactic acid or bircine. It contains an excess of fat and is therefore altogether too rich for an infant's diet.

Derided.

An Austin colored waiter told a Boston man at a hotel that in eastern Texas a white man had married a negro woman.

"Was he not derided?" asked the Bostonian in the classic speech of the "Hub of Culture."
"He was, sah," beamed the negro. "They rided him out eb town on a rail."
—Household Words.

ANTS AS FIGHTERS.

THE TINY WARRIORS ARE FEROCIOUS IN BATTLE.

So Vicious Are They That Even the Largest Ants Do Not Meet Them in Combat. A Man Whom Their Bites Made Uttering Maniac.

"I was one of six American miners who were routed from their camp by a Venezuelan ant army," said a mining expert who lately arrived from Venezuela. "We retreated before the invaders without making a fight, and for two good reasons. In the first place we would have got the worst of the encounter, and, secondly, we knew that if we let them alone they would do us a good deal of harm."

"Shortly after one Sunday our mining camp was surrounded by the news that we were about to be attacked by an army of ants. We had heard enough about ant armies to know what to do. We arose hastily, and every ounce of provisions that was not sealed in cans or in jars was hurriedly piled on a table the four legs of which were immersed in as many basins of water. Every miner that is known to the armies of civilized humans may safely expect from an ant army, but the little black warriors have never learned to swim. Our provisions thus protected, we left the camp to itself and went out to reconnoiter for the invaders and to watch their assault from a distance. The army was making fair time. It consisted of a lead of black 10 feet wide and double as long was swarming steadily toward our camp. As the army was in no way disturbed by our presence it was possible to approach its lines closely. There must have been millions upon millions of little soldiers marching hip to hip. At the head marched the lead.

On went the army, in the posts of the camp and then within.

"Once within, the army spread itself in all directions, forming hundreds of little attacking parties. The camp was an old palm thatched affair and so infested with scorpions, centipeds and spiders that we had been on the point of destroying it. Now, however, the ants had come and would clean house for us, and therefore they were welcome. The ants swarmed up the joints and the dry leaty walls, and wherever there was a spider or a bug there was a brief tussle and a dead foe. But there was bigger game in store for the invaders.

"The star battle was with an immense centipede, one of the bluish gray kind, about seven inches long and as big around as your middle finger. He darted out of a hole like a blue streak, evidently trusting to his speed and superior strength to run through the enemy's ranks. But he didn't go three feet before he was stopped. Ants literally covered him. He turned on himself and swept them from his back, but before he had gone another three feet he was buried beneath another swarm of his plucky assailants. And then began a fight to the death. Again and again he swept his tormentors from his back while from all sides hurried streams of ants to take the place of fallen comrades. The writhing of the big fellow became less violent as the fight progressed, and finally, after an effort, which I well knew was a desperate last one, he remained quiet while what little life was left in him was bitten out of him. Later, when the army had retreated and when we had swept up the centipeds and scorpions and bugs and a tarantula, which the ant army had vanquished, we put the hero of the star battle under a quartz magnifying glass. The bodies of dead ants still cling to their foe. From his back, from his legs, from wherever there was a chance for a hold, the bodies of ants dangled, holding on, I suppose, by their feet.

"Perhaps you wonder what would happen to a man who would undertake to fight an army of ants, assuming, of course, that the man relies on his natural means of defense—his hands and feet. I can best illustrate that by the case story of an unfortunate who was brought to a hospital in Caracas, shortly before my return home. The man was a coolie who had worked on a cocoa plantation in a creek not far from Caracas. Following a habit of some of his countrymen, the coolie, owing to the heat, had left his camp and stretched himself on the ground to sleep outdoors. Exactly what followed no one can say with certainty. Presumably he was surrounded by an army of ants, and he, being before he was awaked, at dawn the shrieks and cries of a man in agony aroused the inmates of the camp, who ran out to learn the cause.

"The man was gesticulating wildly and calling for help, while he squirmed and writhed and slapped his face and neck and chest and legs in mad effort to slap himself all over at once. He was standing in the midst of an army of ants and was too distracted with pain to run away. Then he died exactly what a panther or leopard does when he is being overcome. The man threw himself to the ground to roll his tormentor to death. A single active white man could have saved the poor wretch, but the stupified, baricaded, coolies dared not, or thought not, of rescue, while the victim himself was too crazed with agony to seek other than instant relief. From a slight personal experience I know the poor fellow was burning in a fire which would take hours to kill him.

"Finally a bystander regained his wits and rushed into the midst of the army and dragged the man after him and threw him into the creek. The rescue came too late. The victim became unconscious. His veivety, brown skin was a pluk mass of raw bites. When he came to the hospital, he was found dead and feet a maniac, whose confinement in prison was that he was being eaten by ants."—New York Sun.

THE PROFESSOR'S PRIZE.

It Was Something He Could Beat, but It Got the Best of Him.

One evening last winter one of Adelbert's popular professors attended a social function where the guests played progressive polo, a game in which the worthy educator lays no claim to being an expert. In fact, on the present occasion he was credited with but two progressions, a score of really astonishing smallness. Naturally, what is termed the "body prize" fell to him, and this time it took the form of a double yolk egg, with the following savage legend attached:

"Something you can beat."
The professor smilingly accepted the reward, and after it was passed around and joked upon he finally slipped it into the side pocket of his overcoat and then straightway forgot its existence.

When the party broke up, he accompanied two young ladies to their home. When they reached the house and the latchkey was produced and used, it was found that the front door was locked so tightly that it refused to yield to ordinary pressure. So the professor put his hip against a panel and pushed hard.

There was a dull crash, a mild yell, the professor leaped in the air and convulsively clutched at his side.

The double yolk had exploded!
A moment later the afflicted educator gingerly drew from his pocket a pair of exceedingly yellow gloves, followed by a number of the same gaudy hue. And the ladies leaped against the railing and laughed until they cried.

Of course they promised not to tell, but in some inflated way the story like the egg—leaked out.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

THAT FIRST SIN.

Figures to Show That Adam and Eve Ate Eight Million Apples.

Probably our great ancestor, Adam, little thought of the trouble he would cause posterity by eating an apple. But now the question as to how many apples he really did eat is a new difficulty.

How many apples did Adam and Eve eat? Was it one or was it millions? When the subject was first mooted the editor very naturally replied, "Why, one, of course."

"No," said the assistant editor, "Eve ate one, and Adam ate one, too; that's two."

Then the subeditor passed along a slip of paper on which was written, "Eve 81 and Adam 81, making 162."
But the poet, who is a man of imagination, capped this with, "Eve 81 and Adam 812,384."

Then the publisher tried his hand, and his contribution was, "Eve 812,384 and Adam 812,384, equals 8,12,382."
The poet, who dislikes being surpassed as much as he hates barbers, came up to the scratch again with "Eve 812,384 and Adam 812,384, equals 8,12,384,468,800."

Then the humorist, who had been listening, quietly handed in his contribution, "Eve 8,12,384 and Adam 8,12,384,468,800, equals 8,12,382,384,468,800."
"But he had another object," said the poet. "Eve 8,12,384 satisfy her curiosity, and Adam 8,12,384,468,800 in her position. That makes 8,12,382,384,468,800."—Philadelphia Record.

That Second Chapter.

The new pastor was preaching his first sermon. In the middle of it he stopped abruptly and asked:

"How many of you have read the Bible?"

Twenty-five hands went up.

"That's also good; but when you go home read that chapter again, and you will doubtless learn something to your interest."

There is only one chapter in the book of Jude.—Guthrie (O. T.) Leader.

Hardly Sentimental.

Mrs. Julia Ward Howe's sense of the ridiculous has always been a saving grace, leading her to avoid grandiloquence.

On one occasion a lady at Newport, trying to get a fine sentiment out of her, said one moonlit evening on a vine hill veranda, "Mrs. Howe, do say something lovely about my piazza." Whereupon every one listened for the reply.

In her delicately cultivated voice Mrs. Howe responded, "I think it is a lullaby piazza."—San Francisco Argonaut.

Funny Trouser.

The tailor who for years made Balzac's clothes says: "He used to wear the most extraordinary trousers I ever saw. He would insist upon my making them of a peculiar old brown colored cloth, with wide straps fastening beneath the shoes. From the knee down the trousers were cut so as to fall in deep, voluminous folds, so as to keep the calves of his legs warm while writing."

Then She Called Him Pet Names.
"I'm afraid we must be divorced, my dear," said Mr. Newfreed to his young wife. "The doctor says I have rheumatic tendencies and must give up all sweet things."—Harper's Bazar.

The papers in Japan number fewer than 10,000 out of a population of 38,000,000. In that country it is considered a disgrace to be an idler.

The man who suggests a compromise has usually been whipped.—Relioboth Sunday Herald.

CHAS. SCHREINER.

WOOL COMMISSION MERCHANT,

BANKER AND DEALER IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

Headquarters for Ranch Supplies

KERRVILLE, TEXAS.

Ranch Saloon

A. J. Swearingen, Prop.

KEEPS ON HAND OLD PHILADELPHIA CLUB WHISKY

AND THE FINEST WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS.

EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS. GIVE US A CALL.

Bank Saloon

O'MEARA & KESSLER, PROPS.

The BEST Whiskeys, Brandies, Wines, and Cigars.

ECHO SPRINGS, (Ky.) Windsor, Canadian Club

and other reliable whiskeys.

The Most Popular Resort in Town.



BREWERS OF THE CELEBRATED

Cabinet, Pilsener, Erlanger and Standard Beer,

FOR SALE AT THE

BANK SALOON.

SONORA & SAN ANGELO

MAIL, EXPRESS & PASSENGER LINE.

TOM SAVELL, PROPRIETOR.

Single trip \$4. Round trip \$6.50.

Tickets for sale at T. L. Benson's Sonora, and at Harris' 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 on Express parcels.

ALAMO IRON WORKS,

San Antonio, Texas.

WELL DRILLING and PUMPING

Machinery and Supplies.

C & G Hagelstein Co

SAN ANGELO, TEX.

General Hardware, Well Supplies, Aeromotor, Star and Eclipse Mills, Horse Powers, Gasoline Engines, Tanks, Troughs, Buggies, Homemade and factory made Hacks, Farm Implements, Etc., Etc. We are Better Prepared than ever to take care of the trade of this section.

"MILLER" & "COLUMBUS" BUGGIES

Devil's River News.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.
Advertising Medium of the Stockman's Paradise.
Subscription \$2 a year in advance.
Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora as second-class matter.
SONORA, TEXAS. - August 12, 1899.

Fatal Accident Near Red Rock

On Sunday last, Henry Baker, a young man who recently arrived from Medina City, Texas, was killed by the accidental discharge of a Winchester shot gun. He was riding in a dog cart with the mail carrier, between Red Rock and Duncan and had a loaded Winchester shot gun, with a cartridge in the chamber, standing upon the bottom of the vehicle with the muzzle against his body. The cart passed over a soap weed making a very heavy lurch. The butt of the gun dropped off the wagon the hammer striking one of the irons at the bottom of the vehicle, with such force as to break the thumb hold by which the gun is cocked, and exploding the cartridge in the chamber. The load of shot entered the young man's abdomen, ranging upward, and causing death instantly. He rolled from the cart and was dead when his companion picked him up. An inquest was held. Justice of the Peace Louis Champie, of Red Rock, presiding at the inquest. A verdict in accordance with the facts was rendered.

The above clipping from a Silver City, New Mexico paper, was sent on August 2nd, to Mrs. E. E. Johnson, by her son, C. C. Shultz. In his letter states, he believes that the deceased Henry Baker, is a son of Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Baker, who ranches on the North Llano, in this county. Mr. Schultz, who knew Henry Baker, says he (Baker) was working on a ranch in the neighborhood of where the accident occurred a few weeks ago. The News hopes the deceased is not our Henry Baker, and there is no way of verifying the report at present. Louis Champie, the Justice of the Peace, is believed to have formerly lived at Fort McKivitt and would have known Henry Baker of Sutton county.

Robbed the Grave.

A startling incident, of which Mr. John O'iver, of Philadelphia, was the subject, is narrated by him as follows: "I was in a most dreadful condition. My skin was almost yellow, eyes sunken, tongue coated, pain continually in back and sides, no appetite—gradually growing weaker day by day. Three physicians had given me up. Fortunately, a friend advised trying Electric Bitters; and to my great joy and surprise, the first bottle made a decided improvement. I continued their use for three weeks, and am now a well man. I know they saved my life, and robbed the grave of another victim." No one should fail to try them. Only 50c, guaranteed, at J. Lewenthal's drug store.

Wm Shupbach has sold his farm in the Western suburbs to Messrs. Gills and Bryan for \$1,500. Mr. Shupbach has gone to the Pecos to receive a bunch of sheep, which he recently purchased.—El Rio Record.

Mrs. Smith: John, you should have heard Dr. Thirdy this morning. He has a splendid delivery. John (bent): How many men did he strike on?

Lady: Do you know where little boys go to who bathe on Sunday? First Arab: Yes. It's farther up the canal side. But you can't go. Girls ain't allowed.

Now is the Time.

If you want to get a home consisting of one to four sections of State lands in the healthiest portion of Texas, where water can be had by digging wells from ten to thirty feet, and where drouth is unknown; apply now, to B. M. HALBERT, Sonora, Texas, who will put you on to the combination.

Programme for the Epworth League, August 13th:
Song.
Prayer.
Song.
Scripture reading.
Reading by Mrs. Cahill.
Recitation by Miss Cora Lovelace.
Song.
Recitation by Mrs. Cosenbary.
Talk by J. W. Gibbens.

Programme for the Epworth League, August 20th.
Song.
Prayer.
Song.
Scripture reading.
Recitation by Miss Minnie P. Iner.
Talk by Mr. Cannady.
Song.
Reading by Miss Joanna Stokes.
Quartette by Miss Joanna Stokes, Miss Maggie Word, and Messrs. Alex. and Frank McGonagill.

IDEAL WINDMILLS

HAVE PROVED THEMSELVES FAR AHEAD OF ALL OTHERS AND ARE NOW CONSTANTLY INCREASING IN DEMAND.

THE NEW 20 FOOT

IDEAL SAMSON

Will be Here this Month.

John Findlater, Jr.,
SAN ANGELO, TEX.

Full Line of Black and Galvanized Pipe, Casing and Well Supplies.

ONE PRICE TO ALL.

By Visit, Letter or Open order.

Full stock of grain and hay at T. L. Benson's all the time. 98

J. C. Clarkson of Comstock, bought from Hector McKenzie about 4000 muttons at 1 p.

For cheap grain and hay go to Hunt's. 91

Dock Simmons sold to T. J. Coffman 87 head of stock cattle at \$14 per head.

For cheap grain and hay go to Hunt's.

Mod. Cowsett sold to J. W. Mayfield 85 head of stock cattle, calves counted at \$15 per head.

For cheap grain and hay go to Hunt's. 91

A. J. Winkler sold his ranch on the Lost Lake divide to John Mayfield for \$3000. There are two wells and 20 sections under fence.

Jim Hewes the well-known mutton speculator was in Sonora Wednesday night for about an hour. Jim was on his way to the Thomson Bros. ranch to receive some of Mrs. Jones' cattle and take them over to John Rae's ranch on Buckhorn.

JNO TRENT will be in Sonora about the 10th or 15th of September with a fine line of the noted A. G. ANDERSON, RAMS, no better wool and mutton sheep to be had. Mr. Trent will be pleased to meet all who want to purchase and glad to show them to all sheep raisers, whether they want to purchase or not.

LANDS FOR SALE.

I have for sale or lease the following lands in Sutton county:

ABST. SUB. ORIG. GRANTEE.	ACRES.
719...31...T W N G R R Co.	640
721...35..."	640
722...37..."	640
39..."	640
47..."	640
57..."	640

These lands must be sold at once and the price and terms will be made reasonable.

HORACE E. WILSON, Agent, Junction City, Tex.

A Thousand Tongues

Could not express the rapture of Annie E. Springer, of 1125 Howard st., Philadelphia, Pa. when she found that Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption had completely cured her of a hacking cough that for many years had made life a burden. All other remedies and doctors could give her no help, but she says of this Royal Cure—"it soon removed the pain in my chest and I can now sleep soundly, something I can scarcely remember doing before. I feel like sounding its praises throughout the Universe." So will every one who tries Dr. King's New Discovery for any trouble of the throat, chest or lungs. Price 50c and \$1. Trial bottles free at J. Lewenthal's drug store; every bottle guaranteed.

SHEEP DIPPING.

Washington, D.C., July 20, '99.—Whereas, The shipment of live stock infected with any contagious, infectious, or communicable disease from one State or territory to another, or from any State into the District of Columbia, or from the District into any State, is prohibited by the act of Congress approved May 29, 1884; and

Whereas, The contagious disease of sheep known as scabies, or scab, exists in many parts of the United States, due notice of which was given in the department order of June 18, 1897; and

Whereas, Some of the preparations which have been dipped by owners and stockyard companies, with the object of destroying the contagion and making legal the shipment of said sheep in interstate trade, have disseminated the contagion notwithstanding such treatment; and

Whereas, The damage and losses from scabies in sheep have been in some sections very heavy and discouraging to those engaged in the sheep industry:

It is ordered, That from and after August 10, 1899, no sheep affected with scabies, and no sheep which have been in contact with others so affected, shall be allowed shipment from one State or territory into another, or from any State into the District of Columbia, or from the District into any State, unless said sheep shall have first been dipped in a mixture approved by this department.

The dips now approved are:

1. The tobacco and sulphur dip, made with sufficient extract of tobacco to give a mixture containing not less than five one-hundredths of one per cent of nicotine and two per cent flowers of sulphur.
2. The lime and sulphur dip, made with eight pounds of unslacked lime and twenty-four pounds of flowers of sulphur to one hundred gallons of water. The lime and sulphur should be boiled together for not less than two hours, and all sediment allowed to subside before the liquid is placed in the dipping vat.

The owner of the sheep is privileged to choose which one of the above-mentioned dips shall be used for his animals. The department will instruct inspectors to enforce due care in dipping sheep, but it assumes no responsibility for loss or damage to such animals, and persons who wish to avoid any risks that may be incident to dipping at the stock yards should see that their sheep are free from disease before they are shipped to market.

J. H. BRIGHAM,
Acting Secretary

WELINGTON

CLUB

WHISKEY

is the finest article

that has ever sailed

over the San Angelo

bars. No headache

guaranteed. For

sale only at the

Corner Saloon

San Angelo.

FOR SALE!

TEXAS SCHOOL LANDS.

Soon to be on the Market.

In addition to the public free school and asylum lands belonging to the state, now on the market, by an act of the last legislature, which takes effect and goes into operation on August 27th, 1899, three million acres more will then be placed on the market for sale by the state, at the minimum price of one dollar per acre for grazing land, and \$1.50 per acre for agricultural land, on terms within the reach of all, viz: One-fortieth of the purchase money cash, and the balance on forty years' time, at 3 per cent annual interest. This and all the other free school and asylum lands can be bought by actual settlers in tracts from 80 acres to four sections (640 acres each). All detached sections can be purchased by any person over 18 years of age, regardless of settlement or place of residence.

On receipt of 5¢ you will send a map of the state, and a pamphlet giving a full text of the state laws governing the sale of these lands, the forms used in making application to purchase same, the names of the counties in which the same in which the same are located, and the quantity in each, together with full instructions, how to proceed to purchase any part of the same when placed upon the market.

This is an opportunity of a lifetime to get some good land cheap, as cheap lands in Texas will soon be a thing of the past.

Send money by draft, P. O. order or express. Money order payable to undersigned.

Address all communications to G. W. MENDELLE, Sr., Austin, Texas.

References: Any of the state or county officers, or any bank in the city.

Geo. T. Reynolds, of Albany, Texas, for the firm of Reynolds Bros., bought from Roe & Hardwick, of Fort Worth, 5000 head of stock cattle at \$18 per head, including this year's calves, and their 100 section ranch in Jeff Davis county, for \$10,000. Mr. Reynolds also bought in Reeves county, the ranches of Johnson & Hamilton and E. O. Lochhausen for \$20,000 and 3,000 head of stock cattle at \$17 per head, calves of '99 counted. Reynolds also bought from Crowley & Garrett in Reeves county 1000 head of stock cattle at \$20 per head.

RIDE A MONARCH and KEEP IN FRONT.



Manufactured by the Monarch Cycle Co. Chicago Ill.

A. C. Fambrough,

Agent, Sonora Texas.

Also agent for the Hartford Single Tube Bicycle Tires.

Drovers' Journal:

Men who years ago started in the cattle business in the west with very little capital and not much experience have in many cases accumulated an enviable bank account. These men have failed were mostly plungers, who went in on the make or break plan without sufficient experience. The cattle raising business has been, and is yet, one of the most profitable vocations a man can follow, but it requires close attention to those elements that go to make success in anything else, namely, good judgement and persistent effort, based on a knowledge of what the demand requires.

A man who made a big fortune from a modest start by raising cattle in the Panhandle country declares that the greatest mistake that was made by some of the big cattle companies when the boom was on in the early eighties was to send out as managers men who had no practical ideas of the cattle business as conducted on the range. "I have seen," said this man, "managers at \$10,000 a year who didn't know as much about

what they ought to do or how to do it as men that I could hire for \$30 a month and board." A man may be very good in one line and make a failure in others. The range cattle business is one which requires a great deal of practical knowledge.

There is doubt but what the tide in Texas cattle affairs has turned, and while it will take a good while to do away with the reputation that the old long-horned Spanish cattle gave her, it will not be long before she is taking a leading place in supplying the breeding demand of the country with pure bred cattle and the markets with regular supplies of the best matured cattle. John W. Farwell says: "Now that the free cattle ranges are a thing of the past in the western states, cattle for market must be cared for on closed ranges. Not only is there plenty of grass for stock in western Texas and eastern New Mexico, but plenty of corn. Some of the finest beef cattle in the market now come from Texas."

Have You Contributed?

Contributions to the Sonora Cemetery Association have been made as follows:

From entertainments the Association has received:
Fancy Dress ball, March 17, '98, \$38.50.
Ice Cream and Case, Sept. 16, '98, 12.70
Cake and Coffee, March 17, '99, 10.55.
Membership dues, 33.00.

The following individual subscriptions have been received:
R. W. Callahan, deeded land to the value of \$50.00.
Geo. S. Allison subscribed cedar posts for fencing, value, 25.00.
Cash subscriptions raise:

O. H. Wood	5.00
Sam Merck	5.00
J. O. Rountree	5.00
S. G. Tayloe	2.50
Robt. F. Halbert	10.00
Swearingen & Brannan	2.50
D. A. M. Gonnigill	2.50
A. L. Taylor, M. D.	2.50
Cosenbary & Lewenthal	2.50
J. W. Keene	1.00
Chris Harwell	1.00
B. F. Bellows	1.00
R. C. Dawson	1.00
W. F. Decker	1.00
Hagerlund Bros.	2.50
Mayer Bros. & Co.	2.50
M. O'Neary	1.50
J. P. McConnell	2.00
B. F. Berkeley	1.00
W. W. Collins	1.00
Devil's River News	1.00
Steve Murphy	1.00
Mark Bangh	1.00
M. B. Atkinson	2.50
N. Rose	2.00
Mrs. C. T. Turney	1.00
A. R. Cauthorn	5.00
G. W. Morris	5.00
E. S. Briant	2.50
W. D. Thomson	1.00
G. W. Morris, Jr.	1.00
Mellwaine Bros. & Nelson	10.00
W. H. Whitehead	12.50
J. C. Barksdale	2.00
A. J. Winkler	5.00
Mat Karnes	2.50
Miss Thrasher's piano recital	6.25
Prof. Scott's Vitaeoscope	4.75
F. M. Wyatt	1.00
I. N. Brooks	1.00
R. T. Baker	5.00
R. H. Wyatt	5.00
Dr. H. G. Colson	2.50
D. Joe Wyatt	5.00
T. D. Word	2.50
Anderson & Chisholm, of Brownwood, by M. B. Atkinson	5.00
Mrs. J. C. Barksdale	3.00

Mr. and Mrs. J. Rust, of San Angelo, were in Sonora Friday, on a visit. Mr. Rust is senior member of the firm of Rust Bros., proprietors of the many telephone lines running out of San Angelo, Texas.

Prof. J. H. Bradley, of Dallas, arrived in Sonora this week. Since the Professor's arrival he has been busy meeting patrons of the Sonora school, and preparing to give those who attend the coming session, a thorough education.

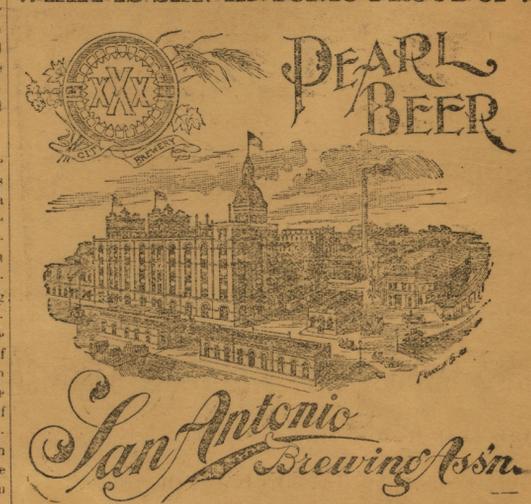
No More Credit,
Will be given at our market. Those knowing themselves indebted to us will please call and settle. We will sell for cash only. Books sold to those who want them. Respectfully,
GREEN & BLACK.

\$100-REWARD-100\$
Above reward will be paid for the recovery of one Hereford bull, three years old, branded 2 on left shoulder and lezy 2 on left thigh; also one two year old Hereford heifer branded 2 on left shoulder and lezy 2 on both sides. J. W. MAYFIELD, Sonora, Tex.

Desirable Residence Lot

The most desirable residence lot in Sonora for sale cheap. On the Court house square between John W. Hagerlunds and W. H. Cosenbary's residences. Apply to Mike Murphy.

WHAT IS SAN ANTONIO PROUD OF?



A TRUE HOME INDUSTRY.
HANDLED IN SONORA BY THE RANCH and MAUD S SALOONS.
ALL the stock owned by SAN ANTONIO citizens. The LARGEST Brewery in the South. Last year's output 150,000 Kegs More than any other brewery south of St. Louis.

Geo. S. Allison, Agent, Sonora, Tex.

THE COMMERCIAL DINING HALL.

Regular Meals Served Upon The European Plan.

The Best The Market Affords. Competent and Polite Waiters.

Board by the Day, Week or Month.

YOUR PATRONAGE SOLICITED.

W. H. LIGHTFOOT, Proprietor.

THE RED FRONT

LIVERY - STABLE,

R. S. CARUTHERS, Prop.

FIRST CLASS RIGS. FEED FOR SALE

The Sonora BAKERY,

W. JACK OWENS, PRO.

BREAD, CAKES, PIES, BUTTER, EGGS, ETC.

SONORA, TEXAS.

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SONORA. - TEXAS

Estimates furnished on application.

Mrs. E. C. Fitzgerald

San Angelo, Texas.

NEW FURNITURE

BEST, CHEAPEST AND CHOICEST FURNITURE

IN WEST TEXAS. HANDLE NEW GOODS ONLY.

DR. T. J. DODSON

Practicing Physician.

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Residence East Concho Avenue.

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Will practice in all the State Courts

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ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

SONORA, - TEXAS.

Will practice in all courts.

RESIDENCE FOR SALE.

A centrally located residence for sale. Six rooms lot 200 x 100 feet on Concho ave. Apply at News office.

C. T. Turney, Sonora, Texas, Dec 15th, 1898.

8-12-99

Devil's River News
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.
Advertising Medium of the
Stockman's Paradise.
Subscription \$2 a Year in Advance.
Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora,
as second-class matter.
Sonora, Texas, Aug. 12, 1899

IN A BLAZE OF GLORY

THE DRAMATIC EXIT OF OLD CAP
FROM LIFE'S STAGE.

He Lived a Wild Life and Wanted a
Wild Death, and He Summoned a
Wild Audience to See Him Do His
Final Wild Act.

The longing for the center of the stage exists not only in the inventors of civilization," said a man who had gone west, made his pile in mining and come back to enjoy himself. "You'll find it up in the Rockies among the largest, toughest citizens that ever handled a pick or shot a bear. The melodramatic instinct is mighty strong in most men, and the glare of the calcium is eagerly sought after by many who want to die. I know an old man out in Arizona some years ago who was one of this kind. He was about the most dandiest of a dandy class I ever knew. He lived up in the mountains, about ten miles back of Tucson, all by himself.

"How he managed to live I never know, but he seemed contented. His wild deeds never seemed to worry him, and the local knows his record was black enough. He had been a great gun fighter in his time, and even in the days I speak of it wouldn't do to tread on his toes. He loved to tell of his wild life, and with a frankness which which he related his somewhat questionable escapades made him an excellent entertainer if you didn't happen to feel squeamish. Squeamishness isn't so common fault out that way, and everybody knew and liked Old Cap—that's what they called him—except the few who had been in trouble with him at one time or another.

"Now, no one ever thought that Old Cap was spectacular. He was the last man on earth who would be thought likely to want the center of the stage for any of his stunts. But he did, and the climax of his life was more pronounced than any man's I ever got mixed up with. He certainly did go out in a blaze of glory. It all happened about seven years ago. I was in Tucson. A lot of us boys were sitting around in front of a ginmill one afternoon, just talking about things in general. Our horses were tied in the yard set back. It was a mighty fine day, just warm enough for solid comfort out of doors, and with the sky as clear as absolute dryness could make it. It was one of these days, you know, when you throw your chest out and congratulate yourself on being alive.

"As I was saying, we all sat on easy chairs, talking and whittling I reckon, when down the street came a 30-year-old boy riding a broncho. We recognized him as a youngster who lived a couple of miles this side of Old Cap's on the same trail. He rode right up to where we were sitting and rolled off his horse, with his eyes popping and his breath apanting.

"What's the matter, boy?" asked a tall Texan, who was in the party.

"Old Cap says I come right up to this place right off a fetch all the men you'll get." "The Indians is comin'!"

The Indians were always liable to bust loose and do something nobody suspected, so we got our horses out in a jiffy and started up the trail to save Old Cap. There were about a dozen of us, and we find our Winchester and six shooters with us. When we got near Old Cap's we slowed up a bit and began to look pretty sharp for Indians, but not a sign of a redskin could we see.

"We'll be in time, boys," said the Texan, who was leading the band. "If I forget to Old Cap's cabin we can stand off a pretty smart shot."

"Old Cap's cabin was situated in a clearing off the trail around a bend, with high rocks hiding it until you came out in the open. We reached the camp in safety and swept around it at all angles. There we saw, first of all, the little cabin looking as snug as usual, and then we noticed Old Cap sitting outside a keg about ten feet in front of his door. His big, gray, sandy hair was combed to one side, and the red scarf about his neck gave him the look of a stage hero of the plains. He had heard our horses' hoofs beating the rocky trail before we wheeled into view, and he was ready for us. Waiting until we had come within 75 yards of him, he lifted his hat and moved it above his head with a coarse, wild yell. As I think of it now it sounded like the cry of a madman. Then he stepped to the porch, drew forth a match. This he drew carefully across a rock which was within reach of the leg upon which he sat, and saying it from the breeze until it was safely lighted he opened his legs and dropped it between them.

"There was a yellow puff of smoke flung with a dash of red, and then a terrific roar. Old Cap's body went skyward, and when it came down it didn't look like a human being's. He had been sitting on a keg of powder and had deliberately blown himself up. Funny thing for a man to do, wasn't it? Old Cap apparently got tired of life and decided to kill himself. He wanted an audience, so he sent the lid out to drum one up. He got what he wanted, but it wasn't a very sympathetic one. Men don't go much on such out there, and the Texan was a little sore about the trick we had played on him. He stepped to stretch out on the corpse, and then he set down on a board and gazed at it.

"Well, he said finally, he certainly did give himself a good send off. And the rest of the gang guffawed loud enough to start the echoes down the valley.

"But it was all pretty human when you come to think of it. Old Cap had the center of the stage when the curtain dropped, and his audience then proceeded to forget him."—Chicago Journal.

The Lamb's Ear Wall Street.
The brass, mostly peddler who stands at the street corner selling brass shirt studs for 5 cents apiece and shouting that he "guarantees" them to be gold catches many a wandering foot. The "guarantee" is given by a man who never expects to see his customer again, and the customers never expect to trade with him a second time. Fight with the word "guarantee" carries weight with it, and the fool and his money, now or never, are soon parted.

Every day's mail brings me letters of inquiry regarding the stability of a set of Wall Street sharks who offer to "guarantee" profits ranging from 10 to 100 per cent per month to all who will give up their good money and trust the sharpers to invest it in the madmost of speculation. Scarcely a week passes without the report in the newspapers of the exposure, the flight or arrest of one of these sharks.

But the race of fools seems to be eternal, and it appears to be only necessary for the Wall Street brinks man to take a new name and to hire a desk-room in Wall Street or one of its lateral to reap a new crop from a new line of customers.—Ladies Weekly.

A Fish Mystery.
One strange feature of this sea life of the tropics is the regular recurrence of migratory swarms of fish of very small size that return in large numbers year after year to certain spots. It is estimated that the natives calculate on the event on a certain day in each year and even within an hour or two of the day. One such swarm of fish forms the occasion of an annual holiday and feast at Samoa. The fish is not unlike the whitebait for which the English Thames has so long been celebrated, and each year it arrives at Samoa on the same day in the month of October, days, and then disappears entirely till the same day of the following year.

Why it comes or whence no curious naturalist has yet discovered, nor has anybody traced its onward course when it leaves the Samoan group, but the fact is unquestionable that suddenly, without notice, the still waters of the lagoon which surround each island within the fringing reef become alive with millions of fishes passing through them for a single day and night and then disappearing for a year or so though they had never come.—Lippincott's.

Chicago Modesty.
"Chicago beats the world," announced the tall, slim traveling man after he had taken a late lunch in the hotel cafe. "It claims everything and concedes nothing. A notice would be made to think over there that Chicago exploited the universe, stocked it, watered the stock, issued half a dozen series of bonds and ran it ever since."

"What do you think I went up against in that town last winter?" It was coming out of one of the theaters when a cadaverous looking gent with ten inch hair asked me if I was a lawyer. I humored him to learn what his game was. "Well, sir," he continued, "you have a chance to make a fortune. You have seen this play, strong on the stage and strong in the box office. It's superb, yet it's a bald farce, unimpaired, cold blooded plagiarism. I wrote it every word of it. The situation, climax or sentence is changed. Go after the author for damages, and I'll give you half."

"I dodged through the crowd ahead of us and made my escape."

"What was the play?"

"The Rivets."—Detroit Free Press.

A Newsboy's Triumph.
A pretty young lady dropped her diamond lace handkerchief at a State street corner the other afternoon. A dapper young man and a newsboy both saw it drop and simultaneously made a grab for it, and each got a corner.

"Let go yourself!" shouted the newsboy. "I've got it."

While the man was apparently whispering a bribe to the boy the latter suddenly jerked the handkerchief out of his hand and handed it to the smiling girl with the remark:

"Let go yourself to make a man's guess, but I caught de sunnier first."

The crowd laughed, and the "guy" suddenly moved on.—Chicago News.

One of the Directors.
"Impossible," exclaimed the caller to the proud mother, "I can't believe that your son, who has only been in the company of the corporation for six months, is already a director."

"Well, I can, James is a splendid person, and here is the news in his last letter." He had just finished directing 10,000 circulars.—Detroit Free Press.

The Gossip.
More attention should be paid to the old fashioned saying, "He who brings wild fanny." If a man brings bad stories about others to you, he will carry bad stories about you to others. This is so true it is a wonder that people are not more cautious in their talk when with gossip. Don't let any one carry anything from you.—Atchison Globe.

Double Deal.
"Do you believe in heredity, Mrs. Simpson?"

"Indeed I do. Every mean trait Bobby has can trace right back to his father."

"Does his father believe in heredity too?"

"Yes, he traces Bobby's faults all back to me."—Chicago Record.

Desirable Residence Lot
The most desirable residence lot in Sonora for sale cheap. On the Court house square between John W. Hagerlunds and W. H. Cusenbary's residences. Apply to Mike Murphy.

J. F. CANNADAY,
Formerly of Coleman, Texas,
MAKES BOOTS AND SHOES
TO FIT YOUR FEET.
With Many Years Experience His
STOCKMENS BOOT IS A SPECIALTY
Good work in all styles.
Shop next to Decker's Hotel, Main St

THE STANDARD YARDSTICK.

Years of Study and Experiments Were Necessary to Produce It.
"People who handle the yardstick have but little idea of the years of study and experiments that were necessary to secure the standard yard measure," observed an official of the coast survey.

"Bird, a famous scientist, made the first standard yard in 1760, but the English government did not legalize it until 1824. Ten years afterward, when the house of parliament in London was destroyed by fire, the standard yard was lost, and England was obliged to use a standard yard of length. Sheepshears next made a standard measure, which the English government adopted, and so that it could not be again destroyed by fire, four authorized copies were made of it. One of these was deposited in the royal mint, another in the Royal society, another in the observatory at Greenwich, and the fourth was imbedded in the walls of the new house of parliament.

"The standard yard measures which are owned by the government are copies of the original, one of which is owned by the coast survey. The United States navy observatory has one also. The delicacy of its construction may be gathered by the fact that a change of temperature of one-hundredth of a degree of Fahrenheit has been found to produce a sensible effect on the length of the bar.

"The copies of the standard are made of bronze, for the reason that bronze is less affected by temperature than any distinct or single metal. The cost of the construction of the original standard yard measure involved the labors of Bird and his assistants for nearly six years. Sheepshears was 41 years in producing the accurate copies which he made from Bird's original measurements."—Washington Star.

WHAT MAKES SUCCESS.

It's the Man, Not the Job—There Are Possibilities in Everything.
"We are forever going to begin our career as common," said Mr. Staxbold, "and we are never satisfied with the job we've got, and we perform the labor involved in it in only a half hearted manner, but we are going to work in due earnest when we get a job to suit us."

"The fact is that tomorrow, when we get to it, will be to us as today is to us now; we shall feel any more like work. And that other job, when we come in actual contact with it and see it close at hand, won't seem any better than the one we've got now does."

"The truth is that we are dawdles and shy of work and trying to get along just as easy as we can. We hate to pitch in and go at things."

"The time for us to work is now, not tomorrow, and the job for us to collar is the one we've got. Round that up in style, do the work completely and thoroughly, and you'll be astonished to find how you'll bring it out and what chances there are in it. And everybody that knows about your work or is in any way concerned or affected by it, as it is done well or ill, will be delighted to see it well done—everybody likes to see a job, whatever it is, well done—and pleased with the doer, and there's money in it every time."

"It isn't the job that makes success; it's the man, and don't you forget it."—New York Sun.

An Exciting Adventure.
I had an exciting adventure while I was engaged in superintending the laying down of water pipes in Queensland. After work was done for the day I went up the surveyed course for the pipes to see that it had been cleared for the digging of trenches next day. The pipes, huge iron tubes two feet in diameter, lay scattered about a great heap of earth, and looking up saw a great herd of cattle stampeding down upon me. Before I could get out of their way they would be upon me, so I crawled into one of the pipes.

On came the thunder of thousands of hoofs, and then a mass of roaring, maddened cattle swept past my place of refuge. Scores of them stumbled over the pipe in which I lay, and those which fell were trampled to death.

When the herd had passed I crept out and found seven dead cattle about the pipe.—Stray Stories.

A Sure Cure.
A buzzard who had a freshly killed hare and was about to bear it away to a tree top to be eaten at leisure, was addressed by a fox who came running up with:

"Ah, now, but I mistook you for the eagle and wanted to fight with you." The buzzard was attracted and offered to reveal the secret of the hare. As she did so the wolf came up and observed:

"Well, well, but you ever saw the buzzard looking so fierce and so proud as today? Really, now, but I took you for the conder."

"That tickled the buzzard again, and to show her good will she divided the body of the hare with the wolf. She had said that she must be off, when the jackal came trotting up and exclaimed:

"Upon my word, but I must have dust in my eyes. I was sure that my friend had a hare, and the ostrich, and I was going to ask her for a feather. Mrs. Buzzard, my compliments!"

The buzzard giggled and giggled and tried to look shy and meanwhile the jackal ate up the other half of the hare.

"Here—how's this—where's my part?" exclaimed the buzzard, as she got to see what had happened.

"Oh, we took the meat and you have the ruff," replied the jackal as he licked his chops and walked off.

"When on a day not avail and argument goes, but battery will always win."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

The Influence of the Plat.
The flat has made its mark on the conditions of modern life. A good illustration of this fact is the following story of a bright Woodrow youngster "going on 6." The boy heard a visitor say to his grandmother, "Well, I suppose you feel very proud these days, with three of your sons married and settled."

"Only two," corrected the boy, who was not supposed to understand anything at all about the subject. Just to see what his idea was his grandmother and her visitor cross examined him. The conversation ran like this:

"Why do you think only two are married, John? Your Uncle Jimmie's one."

"Yes, ma'am. And he lives in a flat."

"What's that got to do with it? And there's your Uncle Pipp—he's two."

"Yes, ma'am. And he lives in a flat too."

"Why, yes, certainly. And there's your own father—he's three."

"No, ma'am," cried the youngster triumphantly. "My papa isn't married. I know he isn't 'cause he lives in a house."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Dear Baiting in Olden Days.
So popular was baiting in olden days in England that riots followed the attempt to suppress it in the large towns. Bear baiting was more popular than dog baiting in various places. Liverpool especially, it made part of the festivities at the election of the mayor, being held before his worship started for church. Ladies commonly attended in great numbers. There was a famous bear at Liverpool, which showed such grand sport in 1782 that certain fair admirers presented it with a garland, decked it with ribbons and carried it to the city, where a similar arrangement had been made for the bear baiting in the front of their bar. But of gossip about bull and bear baiting there is no end. Enthusiastic lovers of Shakespeare read with interest the petition of the royal bear warden, addressed to Queen Elizabeth in 1595, complaining that his licensed performances had been neglected of late because every one went to the theater.

Favor and Favour.
Now I am not going to argue about the matter, but it may interest the reader to know that the first canvassing card which Mr. Gladstone ever issued, when he was a young Tory candidate at Newark, was printed in the following words: "Mr. Gladstone to solicit the favor of your vote and interest."

RESIDENCE FOR SALE.
A centrally located residence for sale. Six rooms, 100.00 x 100 feet on Concho ave. Apply at KWKS office.

BUCKLEN'S ARNICA SALVE
THE BEST SALVE in the world for
Cuts, Bruises, Sores, Ulcers, Salt
Rheums, Fever Sores, Tetter, Chapped
Hands, Chilblains, Corns, and all Skin
Eruptions, and positively cures. Piles,
or no pay required. It is guaranteed to
give perfect satisfaction or money re-
funded. Price 25 cents per box.
FOR SALE BY J. LEWENTHAL,
From San Angelo Standard.

EFFECTS OF CHLOROFORM.

Such That Burglars Would Not Use It on Sleeping Persons.
That burglars of the more advanced type and of their comrades is a belief widely held and a newly contradicted, and yet there is, curiously, little foundation for it. Indeed, those who are most familiar with the administration and effects of anesthetics assert that there is no foundation at all for it except in the imagination of sensational writers and in the needs of people whose losses cannot safely be explained by statements of fact. The question has been raised recently by several robbers in which chloroform is said to have been employed, and opinions of the experts are strongly against the possibility of such use. One of the physicians interviewed is quoted as saying:

"As far as known chloroform and ether have never taken effect on a healthy sleeping person without that person knowing it. Both of these anesthetics are at first stimulating and intoxicating in their effect and will arouse a sleeping person. The system is excited, and the heart beats violently and fast. The use of either chloroform or ether or any other anesthetic by burglars is absurd. It frequently takes physicians with their various appliances from 10 to 15 minutes to put a person under the influence of either of these anesthetics, and often a patient will become so stimulated and active before the effect is secured that it requires several strong men to hold him."

The idea that the mere introduction of chloroform into a room would cause unconsciousness was described as absurd. Even if doors and windows were air tight it would take several gallons of either anesthetic to so fill a room with the heavy fumes as to affect a sleeper on a bed of average height. And the first effect would be, not deep sleep, but excited wakefulness. The chances are, then, that when anybody claims to have been chloroformed by burglars there is something queer about the case.—New York Times.

CAMEL'S HAIR BRUSHES.

The Term a Mismom Now. For Squirrels Paraphrase the Hair.
The camel's hair brush used by artists has nothing of bacteria in it. There was a time when real camel's hair was used for this purpose. The ship of the desert, however, has long been supplanted by a comely squirrel. Not only is squirrel's hair very much less costly, but it is better before use, pliable and more durable. At the present day it is doubtful if you could find a bushel of camel's hair in all the brush factories in the land. However, there is no cause for fear that the graceful little squirrel will be exterminated. It is the European squirrel that furnishes the hair for the brushes, the covering of the American squirrel being too furry and soft for the purpose. It is somewhat like a squirrel with the coarser brushes. The brushes most prized come from Russia and India, and the wild hogs of Germany furnish their quota. The great American hog runs to fat and puts forth practically no bristles. In the countries above mentioned the collecting of bristles is quite an important industry among the peasantry of certain districts. In comparatively few cases are they supplied from the dead body of the hog. The usual method is to discover the habits of the animal and to gather the bristles from the trees against which they rub themselves.—New York Sun.

The Woman and the Car.
It's a strange thing about women and their cars when the time comes for them to part. A man or a boy will just naturally drop off the car and start along the street as if nothing had happened, but let a woman attempt to emulate his example and sad work does she make of it. Even a rinky dinky costume doesn't help her out much, for skirts have little to do with her bungling method of leaving the car. It is a matter that cannot be explained so easily as her inability to throw a ball. For in the latter case anatomy is at fault.

It Grades Down.
When a girl's engagement to an out of town man is reported, it is first said that she is to marry a king. As time progresses the girl's mother confesses that the young man isn't prince. It leaks out later that he works on a salary and has to work Saturday nights, and later, just before the wedding, no one is surprised at learning that he is a clerk and gives dancing lessons on the side to make a living.—Atchison Globe.

Birthmark in the Eye.
Jesse Lee of Atlanta has the letters of the alphabet clearly imprinted on the iris of his eyes. He inherits this strange phenomenon from his father. A. P. Lee, who had the same markings on his eyeballs. The grandnunc of Jesse Lee is said to have poured incense over the Bible previous to the birth of her son, and it is supposed that the birthmark is due to her constant application to the letters of the alphabet.

Helps Trade.
Whenever a young wife proposes to take her own bread in order to save 5 cents a week, the man who has put on the market an infallible cure for dyspepsia smiles like a cat that has just eaten the canary.—Nauvoo Rustler.

The Awfullest of Butters.
It is said Arabs first made butter. They were carrying milk in skins on the backs of camels, and the roddy joggling churned the milk into butter.

No Reflection Intended.
This is a record of a little ear the other morning. An overlander woman climbed in and took a place on an otherwise vacant seat. The still slumberous conductor took the quarter that she handed him, and before he rang up the fare, "Omy" to asked absentmindedly.

"Yes, and don't try to be funny," she snapped.—New York Sun.

He called her.
An old colored woman, who was born in Georgetown and had never been ten miles from home in her 70 years of life, started on a journey to see her niece, who lives about 70 miles from Washington on the Virginia Midland. The conductor personally knew everybody who travels on the road, and children and old people are always kind to their care. This was the case with the old colored woman, and the conductor was requested to see that she did not leave the car at the first station reached, as she was very likely to do unless watched. He sat her down in the end seat of the car, lodged her about with her parcels and told her not to budge until he called her. The second stop made was at a little station called Vienna, and just as the conductor was about to sound the starting bell he saw the old woman tumbling off the car.

"Where are you going? Get back on that car!" he shouted. "Didn't I tell you not to get off till I called you?" "Please, mister, you done called me."

"No, I didn't. Get back quick!" "Deed you did call me, sah," persisted amiable she scrambled aboard. "You done call my name twice."

"Called your name? What is your name?" asked the conductor.

"My name, please, sah, is Vienna, sah."—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Strange French Law.
A trial has just taken place at Paris which may serve as a warning to American tourists visiting France. A well to do man of perfectly clean record and good social position named Frontenot Adelot has been sentenced to two months' imprisonment for wearing, without right, in the buttonhole of his coat, the tiny bow of red ribbon usually worn by the knights of the French Legion of Honor.

You can buy them for a few cents in any of the shops devoted to the sale of insignia of European orders, and I have known of not a few English and American tourists who, seeing a number of people wearing these little bows of red ribbon in their buttonholes, did likewise.

This, however, entails heavy penalties, and it is punished by the authorities as the illegal wearing of the insignia of the national orders.

It must be thoroughly understood that even supposing any American belongs to some patriotic or other society here in the United States, the insignia of which comprises a bow or button of red ribbon worn in the buttonhole, he cannot wear it in France without risking jail.—Washington Post.

The Cautious Cassowary.
Every explorer who visits the Australasian islands discovers a new kind of cassowary. None of these birds possesses any wings to speak of, and their bodies are clothed with dense masses of curious, hairlike feathers. According to some recent travelers, these feathers are put to a very remarkable use.

When a cassowary feels hungry—so the legend runs—it wades out into a stream until only its head and neck are above water and spreads out its long plumage on either side. Numbers of small, insect-like fishes immediately mistake these for a new kind of water weed and nibble at them.

Then that artificial bird suddenly presses his feathers close against his body, walks ashore and shakes out his prisoners on the bank; so that he not only enjoys a delightful bath, but obtains an excellent meal into the bargain.

The Rat That Sailed.
A rat was caught alive on board a naval vessel in a trap, and the beast was thrown from the trap into the water without being killed. A large gull that was following in the wake of the ship to pick up scraps of food thrown overboard by the steward swooped several times, endeavoring to pick the rat up. Once the bird got too near the rat's jaws, and the beast grabbed it by the neck. After a short fight the rat succeeded in killing the bird. When the gull was dead, the rat scrambled upon the bird's body, and holding one wing up as a sail and using the other as a rudder, succeeded in steering for the shore. Whether the rat reached shore or not is the question, since the ship soon got out of sight of the skipper and its craft.

It Grades Down.
When a girl's engagement to an out of town man is reported, it is first said that she is to marry a king. As time progresses the girl's mother confesses that the young man isn't prince. It leaks out later that he works on a salary and has to work Saturday nights, and later, just before the wedding, no one is surprised at learning that he is a clerk and gives dancing lessons on the side to make a living.—Atchison Globe.

Birthmark in the Eye.
Jesse Lee of Atlanta has the letters of the alphabet clearly imprinted on the iris of his eyes. He inherits this strange phenomenon from his father. A. P. Lee, who had the same markings on his eyeballs. The grandnunc of Jesse Lee is said to have poured incense over the Bible previous to the birth of her son, and it is supposed that the birthmark is due to her constant application to the letters of the alphabet.

Helps Trade.
Whenever a young wife proposes to take her own bread in order to save 5 cents a week, the man who has put on the market an infallible cure for dyspepsia smiles like a cat that has just eaten the canary.—Nauvoo Rustler.

The Awfullest of Butters.
It is said Arabs first made butter. They were carrying milk in skins on the backs of camels, and the roddy joggling churned the milk into butter.

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Boot and Shoe Maker.
REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.
Shop on Main Street next to Bank Saloon.
\$50.00 REWARD.
The above amount will be paid for information leading to the arrest and conviction of any party trespassing on our ranch 16 miles northeast of Sonora, for cutting timber, wood hauling, working cattle, etc., without permission. McElwain Bros & Nelson, 311 Sonora, Texas.

Notice to Trespassers.

We hereby give notice to wood haulers and persons who are leaving our fences down by going over same with wagons, that any persons caught hauling wood from our pastures will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

81-1 F. Mayer & Sons.

Notice to Trespassers.

I have leased all the land from Sawyer's fence west to my ranch 18 miles from Sonora of the North Llano and I hereby give notice that any one trespassing on said lands for the purpose of wood hauling or the raising or working of cattle, horses, sheep or hogs will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

GEO. N. AMMON, Sonora, Texas, Oct. 20, 1898.

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given that parties cutting and hauling cedar or wood out of my pasture will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

R. T. BAKER.

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