

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 11.

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY, JANUARY, 19 1901.

NO. 316

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, - Jan. 19, 1901.

WASPS ACT IN A COMEDY.

But They Came Very Near Turning It Into a Tragedy.

"One of the most laughable scenes I ever witnessed during the representation of one of Shakespeare's tragedies," said a well known theatrical manager to the writer the other day, "happened to the late Tom Keene when he was performing in a northern New York town. The company was playing 'Julius Caesar,' and at the last moment it was found that the property man had failed to send up the regular throne chair used in the senate scene, and an old rustic chair was hastily procured from the left of the theater and, after being covered with drapery, was pressed into service. In the midst of the scene a large wasp's nest was discovered attached to the chair, and its inhabitants, becoming indignant at the disturbance they had suffered, began to swarm about the stage, seeking revenge upon the Romans in their low necked and short sleeved dresses. The wasps seemed to be particularly offended with Cassar, and it is doubtful if Cassar's death scene was ever acted with more feeling for at the moment he was being pierced by the conspirators' daggers the wasps were most industrious in their work. In the next scene where Cassar appears to Brutus one might almost have doubted his being the real Cassar. It was the same in form and dress, but the face was no longer the same. In the last act Brutus had one eye closed, Antony a swollen lip, Cassius an enlarged chin, Lucius an inequality in the size of his hands and Octavius Caesar a nose that would have done service as the famous nasal organ of Bradford in 'Henry IV.' The tragedy came very near becoming a roaring comedy when Mr. Keene, as Cassius, said, 'Antony, the posture of your brows is yet unknown but for your words: they tell the tribuna bees you have them none the less,' and the actor who was doing Antony replied, 'Not a success top.'—Washington Star.

ELECTION DAY.

How It Came to Be Tuesday After First Monday in November.

The designation of the day for holding the presidential election is left to congress. The first act passed by it relating to that subject was in 1792. It provided that presidential electors should be appointed "within 34 days before the first Wednesday in December." This left each state free to select a day to suit itself within those limits. Pennsylvania chose electors on the last Friday in October. Other states elected theirs on different days between the beginning and middle of November. When Harrison was elected in 1840, the Democrats asserted that his success was due partly to fraudulent voting, which was made possible by the lack of a definite election day. It was said that Kentucky and Ohio Whigs voted in both states, the election being held on different days. So in 1845 the Democrats passed the law now on the statute books making the first Tuesday after the first Monday election day.

At that time 147 five of the 25 states had their elections in November. In Michigan and Mississippi voting was carried on through two days—the first Monday and the following Tuesday. New York had three election days—the first Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday—but had finally confined voting to the middle day, or the first Tuesday after the first Monday. Massachusetts chose state officers on the second Monday in November and Delaware on the second Tuesday. So congress selected the first Tuesday after the first Monday to consult the convenience of three states out of 47, one of the three being the important state of New York.—Chicago Tribune.

Following Up His Customer.

A French commercial traveler was expecting a large order from a country tradesman, but had the misfortune to arrive in the town on a fete-day. Finding the shop closed, he inquired as to the whereabouts of the proprietor and ascertaining that he was attending the fete, about a mile out of town, set out after him. When he arrived there, a balloon was on the point of ascending, and he saw his man stepping into the air. Plucking up courage he stopped forward, paid his money and was allowed to take his seat with the other aeronauts. Away went the balloon, and it was not until the little party was well above the tree tops that the "commercial" turned toward his customer with the first remark of "good now, sir, what can I do for you in California?"

The Bedroom.

The simplest and most economical plans for purifying the air in bedrooms are as follows: Heat an iron shovel, then pour on it a few drops of vinegar. If possible, have windows and doors open at the time. Again, have some tumps of camphor in an old saucer, heat the poker till very hot (but not red) and touch the camphor with it. The smoke that rises will take away all disagreeable odors and leave no oppressive scent behind.—London Answers.

Lost in Self-Admiration.

It happened in an "F" car. He was tall, handsome and just a little too well dressed and was reading a pamphlet on which stood out in letters large enough to be plainly legible to the opposite row of passengers the title, "Correct Dress." They all noticed him, for he was really beautiful.

There was no doubt as to what he was reading. The passengers followed it almost line by line and knew just what part of the essay he had reached. It began when his eyes left the book and glanced dubiously at his cloth topped patent leathers. He shook his head slightly as he saw that the upper was of a trifle too pronounced a pattern. Next he took in his trousers, and a bland smile of satisfaction wreathed his face. There was a slight frown when he compared his waistcoat with the haberdasher's manual, but his coat and hat were evidently irreproachable.

The end of the inventory and of the spectators' self control came when the beautiful one began to admire in the back of his watch case his neckwear, his shirt and the faultless curves of his collar. A titter from the two girls in the corner, and the whole beneficent exploded. The model of puletrude looked up, shut his book with a snap, blushed furiously and left the car at the next station.—New York Mail and Express.

An Amateur Savant Fooled.

The stories are common enough of fire engines being turned out to quench an aurora, and, on the other hand, it has not seldom happened that a very mundane conflagration has passed muster for a "celestial display." In the memoirs of Baron Stockmar an amusing anecdote is related of one Herr von Radowitz, who was given to making the most of easily picked-up information. A friend of the baron's went to an evening party near Frankfurt, where he expected to meet Herr von Radowitz. On his way he saw a barn burning, stopped his carriage, assisted the people and waited till the flames were nearly extinguished. When he arrived at his friend's house, he found Herr von Radowitz, who had previously taken the party to the top of the building to see an aurora, dilating on terrestrial magnetism, electricity, etc. Radowitz asked Stockmar's friend, "Have you seen the beautiful aurora borealis?"

He replied: "Certainly. I was there myself. It will soon be over." An explanation followed as to the barn on fire. Radowitz was silent some ten minutes, then he took up his hat and quietly disappeared.—Knowledge.

Not a Success.

The expert witness had concluded that he was not as he used to be, that his love seemed to have grown cold and that he was too prosaic and matter of fact. So when he found one of his old love letters to her he took it with him the next time he was called away from the city, made a copy of it and mailed it to her.

"John Henry," she exclaimed when he returned, "you're the biggest fool that ever lived. I believe you have gotten by sending me that trash?" "Trash, my dear," he expostulated. "Yes, trash—just sickly, sentimental nonsense." "That isn't how you described it when I first wrote it and sent it to you," he protested. "You said then it was the dearest, sweetest letter ever written, and you insist now that I have changed and you haven't. I thought I would try to—" "Well, you didn't succeed," she interrupted, and she was mad for two days. Sometimes it is mighty difficult to please a woman.—Chicago Post.

Doors in China.

In China doors are often round, leaf shaped or semi-circular. In placing them the builder usually avoids having one opposite another lest evil spirits find their way from the street into the recesses of the building. The doorways separating the courts of a garden are usually of an elaborate kind, and the octagonal form is one of the most popular.

Religions superstition asserts itself in Chinese architecture, and the universal sacredness of the numerals three and nine is shown in the arrangement of temple doors. There is a triple gateway to each of the halls of the imperial palace, and the same order prevails at the Ming tombs, and the sacred person of the emperor when he was in his Peking home could only be approached even by the highest officials after three times three prostrations. The Temple of Heaven has a triple roof, a triple marble staircase, and all its mystic symbolism points either to three or its multiples.

Her Challenge.

A woman in Cape Colony on trial for some offense was told that she might "challenge" any one on the jury to whom she objected. She immediately took advantage of the permission by challenging a highly respectable farmer. On being asked afterward what her reason had been for doing so she explained that she had supposed she was obliged to object to some one, so she had picked out the ugliest.

Concerning Woman.

Miss Spitzkri (giggling)—Oh, Mr. Sharp, you know a woman is only as old as she looks. Mr. Sharp—She ought to be thankful she isn't as young as she acts.—Detroit Free Press.

When potatoes were first introduced in Germany, they were for a long time, like tomatoes, cultivated merely as a curiosity. No one ate them, even pies refusing them.

About 88 per cent of the West Indian cyclones occur in August, September and October.

FIGURES AND EYES.

An Illustration of Advancing Age That Admits of No Compromise. "As we grow older," remarked the man who was doing that at the rate of a week every seven days, "we begin to observe that we seem to need more light when we read or that the print of the newspaper that we have been reading with ease for over so many years is not quite as good as it used to be, or that we can distinguish the letters a little better if we hold them farther away than usual, but we are very slow indeed to observe that the real cause of it is that we are growing old, and we rather resent the suggestion of some kindly friend that we need glasses."

"We resent glasses especially because they are the visible sign of our weakness, and all the world may know by them what we fondly think they have not yet discovered—to wit, that our eyesight is failing. I am that way myself, or was, and I stood the glasses off as long as I could, and really I could get along very well reading almost any type. Of course, I could not make out every letter, but I could get enough to complete the word, and oftentimes I could supply whole words that were indistinct by the sense of what I was reading."

"But it was the figures that got me down at last. Ah, those figures! There is no context there, and when I saw dates or numerals of any kind the blur of the years shut out all their outlines, and to save me I could not tell what was before me. I made mistakes so often in reading aloud to my wife that she would laugh at me, though she never caught me on the letters, notwithstanding many was the time I guessed at about half I was reading. But figures would not stand any fooling like that, and at last I acknowledged that it wasn't the type or the paper or the light or anything of that sort and got myself a pair of glasses. Now I can tell a figure as well as a letter, and I discover they are printed quite as plainly as ever, though I was sure they were blurred before."—New York Sun.

ROSE TO THE OCCASION.

The American Girl, as Usual, Managed to Win the Trick.

A man who is back from a visit to Paris and Germany is telling a story which ought to make the great American eagle flap his wings with pride. It happened at a little railway station in Germany. Gruenewald by name, while the man who tells about it was waiting for a train on a branch line which connects with the main line at that place. "Business matters there were at the station a party of American tourists of the kind you read about in English books and an English family of the kind you read about in American books. The Americans were loud voiced and ungrammatical. They lauded a great deal and they ate peaches, the stones of which they threw at a post to test their marksmanship. They were persons for whom Uncle Sam himself would have felt apologetic, and they displayed the haughty British materialism greatly. To the younger members of her family, a gawky boy and a lanky and "leggy" girl of the typical elongated English variety, they were objects of great interest, however, and the girl in particular edged nearer and nearer, to her mother's great disgust. At last she was so near that mamma could endure it no longer.

"Clara," she called in her loudest voice, "come away at once. You might be mistaken for one of those disgusting Americans!"

A pretty young American looked up and swept Clara from head to foot with a calm glance. Then she went on eating peaches.

"Don't worry, madam," she called out cheerily. "There's no danger of that—with them feet!"—Washington Post.

He Despised Tobacco.

The healthful or reverse action of tobacco has been an absorbing question for decades and one hard to settle. Emerson, curious as he was, was once drawn into a discussion on the subject and, an ardent advocate of its abolition as a marketable commodity.

"Did you ever think about the logic of stimulants?" he asked. "Nature supplies her own. It is astonishing what she will do if you give her a chance. In how short a time the gentle exhilaration of a cup of tea is needed! Conversation is an excitement, and the series of intoxications it creates is healthful. But tobacco, tobacco—what rude crowbar is that with which to pry into the delicate tissues of the brain!"

A Bold Defense.

"An enlisted man once put the president of a court martial in a difficult position," says a writer in Cassell's Magazine. "The court martial was trying the soldier for some fault or other. When the evidence—and it took an unusually long time—had been given, the president asked the prisoner if he had anything to say in his defense."

"Well, sir," said the man, "I can't see how this 'ere court can sentence me, for Major Jones 'as been reading a paper under the table the 'ole blooming time, and Captain Smith 'as been making me into a liarator on the blotting pad, and as for Lieutenant Brown, 'e 'asn't 'ad his commission a year, and don't count anyways!"

Powers of Endurance.

"When my grandfather was a young man," said the boy with a snub nose, "he could run ten miles without stopping." "I heard my grandfather make a prayer 25 minutes long once at a prayer meeting," responded the boy with a dirty face, "and it didn't teaze him."—Chicago Tribune.

ZEB IN A TIGHT FIX.

HAD A KEQ OF MOONSHINE IN HIS ARMS WHEN HE MET A BEAR.

What Followed and the Conclusion Reached When the Trouble Was All Over Are Graphically Told by the Old Possum Hunter Himself.

(Copyright, 1900, by C. B. Lewis.)

"I was reckonin to go in with some of the men on a moonshine still," said the old possum hunter, "but the old woman raised such a fuss about it that I had to give it up. She jest sulked and cried and acted up for a bull week, and she couldn't sleep nights for thinkin of them reneven fellers. When they got the still runnin, they wanted somebody to carry the kegs over the mountain to market, and they coaxed me into the job. It was a trip of fifteen miles, and, of course, it had to be made at night. I didn't let the old woman know what I was doin, but as I had to have an excuse to be out I told her I was coon huntin. I'd bin out three or fo' nights when she turns on me and says:

"How about them coons, Zeb? Yo've bin out every night since Sunday, but yo' 'ain't dun brung back a coon."

"Coons is mighty shy this time of year," says I.

"Oh, that's it! Coons jest keep right away from yo', do they?"

"Tears like they do, but I'm hopin to strike a big lot of 'em all at once."

"Well, Zeb White, yo' mind what I tell yo', says she as she looks straight



"I hid up ag'in smuthin in the darkness," through me, "but jest be caref'ul of coonbin and yo' 'ain't a coon sooner or later, and it'll turn out a mighty bad find fo' yo'."

"Then I knowed she s'pected what I was up to, but she didn't say nothin mo' I didn't. That night when I went over to the still I felt a little skittish. The old woman's words had kind of skeered me. Them reneven fellers was around lookin for stills, and I was liable to run across 'em in the woods any time. If they ketched me with a keg of moonshine on my shoulder, it meant a year in prison fur me fur suah. When Jim Harper found I was skittish, he says:

"If it's got to that pint whar Zeb White, the celebrated b'ar killer and possum hunter of Tennessee, has become afraid of rabbits, then he'd better stay home of nights and play checker."

"Then Bill Hope chips in and says it's wonderful that a man who has killed a woodcock with a club should be afraid of woodchucks." The other two men laughed at me and said I was gittin old and feeble, and, of course, the talk 'fled me and made me determined to go.

It was about 10 o'clock when I slung a keg of moonshine on my shoulders and set out. It wasn't a cloudy night, but a man wanted the eyes of a cat to follow the paths over the hills and through the brush. I tried to think it was all right, but the old woman's words kept comin back to me, and I felt my knees grow weak as I scuffed along. I was jest about half way over the hills and had set down to rest when I heard a b'ar snuff in the brush. The noise he made was a sort of snuff-snuff, with a 'woof' at the end of it. That's the way a b'ar allus does when he smells a man at night.

"Look yere, Zeb White," says I to myself as that b'ar kept comin nearer, "if yo' ain't in a scrape then I'll eat my butes. In the darkness and over these hills yo' can't run fur shucks, and how yo' gwine to fight a b'ar barehanded?"

"Yo' bet I wished I had heeded the old woman, but it was too late then. I thought the best way was to git up and go along and give that varmint a cold bluff, but I was tremblin all over as I made forward. I tried to whistle, but my lips was dry as paper. I started to sing, but my own voice skeered me. I was movin along slow and hopin the b'ar would take the bluff when I run up ag'in smuthin in the darkness. I put out my hand and felt the fur of a b'ar, but I hadn't none'teched him when smuthin bit me longside the head, and I went head over heels down hill and into the bushes. It was as if a mule had kicked me on the ear, and I had jest sense 'nuff to wonder how it would feel when the critter begun to tear me to pieces. I heard him snuffin and snuffin and movin around, but he didn't come to me, and bimeby I heard him movin away.

"When I went head over heels, I lost the keg. I didn't stop to look for it when the b'ar moved off, but I crawled back to the path and started off. I was feelin the thankfulest man in Tennessee, though my head felt as big as a b'ar's, when somebody grabbed me and flashed a light in my face. True as yo' live, I had run ag'in three reneven fellers who was hidin and waitin fur me."

"Good evenin, Zeb White," said one of 'em as they made suah it was me.

"The same," says I, pullin myself together as hard as I could.

"Out fur a lottle walk this evenin?"

"I be."

"Nice evenin to walk. Melbe yo've bin pickin wild flowers? By the way, whar's the keg of moonshine?"

"I jest bluffed 'em right down," said the old man, with a grim smile. "As the keg was gone and they couldn't tech me, I wasn't afraid to talk. They threatened and bulldozed, but I stuck to it that I was lookin fur coons, and they hasn't hold me. Bimeby I started fur home, I was mighty nervous about no' 'aars, but I got home without seein any. The old woman was sittin up readin the Bible, and she looks up and quietly says:

"Yo're home ahead of time, Zeb. Is coons skeere tonight?"

"Mighty skeered!"

"Did yo' see any 'all?"

"I jest met one."

"I see yo' did, and he fetched yo' that clip on the ear and sent yo' home. I reckoned yo'd meet up with a coon if yo' kept on. Better wash off the blood and rub in some possum's fat."

"And while I was doin it," said the old man in a whisper, "I heard the old woman gigglin softly to herself and bobbin around in her cheer. I didn't ax her no questions, becase I'd made a fool of myself, but do yo' know what I've allus thought? Say, now, but I believe that b'ar in the path was my old woman! Yes, sah, I believe she put on b'arskin we had in the house and sneaked out into the woods to meet me, and when I got close up to her she fetched me a whack with a club. I dun believe it, suh, but as it saved me from them reneven fellers and state's prison I was no' obleeged to her and didn't raise no row."

M. QUAD.

THE SCHEME WORKED.

A Scheme by Which Brown Quieted His Wife's Suspicion.

To be perfectly honest, Brown does not go to his Griswold street office every night that he tells his wife he is going there. The business which he says is pressing is frequently imaginary and the man whom he is going to meet does not exist. He belongs to a club, and clubs have their attractions. He thought that his wife was growing suspicious, and Brown is resourceful.

On the evening in question, as the lawyers would say, he told her that there was a matter of business that could not possibly be deferred until the next day. About 9 o'clock she answered the 'phone and was asked if Brown was at home, and she replied that he was at his office.

"Guess not," was the alarming response. "I was just down there and all looked dark."

She rang off violently, if women ever do such things, ordered a coupe, told the driver to go as fast as the ordinance allows, kept taking on temper as she went and flew up stairs to the office as though a mouse were in hot pursuit. Her husband met her smilingly, insisted that she had given him a delightful surprise, put his easiest chair near the light, handed her a paper and apologized for having to resume work that would possibly keep him till 3. She could not explain, she could not keep awake, she was ashamed of herself, and after lamely telling him that she had dreamed that he was ill she left.

In ten minutes he was at the club and shook hands with a man who smilingly asked if the scheme worked. He replied that it was as good as ready money for at least 60 days, and then each bought a stack of chips that pass in the night.—Detroit Free Press.

A King's Fear of Woman's Beauty.

Charles XII of Sweden feared only one power in the world, the power of beauty; only a handsome woman could boast of making him quail—she put him to flight. He said: "So many heroes have succumbed to the attractions of a beautiful face! Did not Alexander, my pet, burn a town to please a ridiculous adventuress? I want my life to be free from such weakness; history must not find such a stain upon it."

He was told one day that a young girl had come to sue for justice on behalf of a blind octogenarian father maltreated by soldiers. The first inclination of the king, a strict disciplinarian, was to rush straight to the plaintiff, to hear the details of the misdemeanor for himself, but suddenly stopping he asked, "Is she good looking?" And being assured that she was both very young and unusually lovely, he sent word that she must wear a veil, otherwise he would not listen to her.—Countess Potocka's Memoirs.

The National Emblem.

The Presbyterian Review tells of a Scottish minister who reminded the Lord in a prayer, "For, as thou knowest, men do not gather grapes of thorns nor figs of the national emblem."

"That delicate reference to the thistle as the national emblem of Scotland is delicious," says The Review, "but how it would have surprised the writers of the four gospels?"

Missed.

"It's always dangerous to jump at conclusions," said the careful man. "You're liable to make yourself ridiculous, to say the least."

"That's right," replied the Jersey commuter. "I jumped at the confusion of a ferryboat once and missed it."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Strong cheese is recommended in moderation; it is suitable to those who suffer from "nerves" for it acts as a sedative, but if eaten to excess its effects are not good.

Fools acquire wisdom and leavers go to work tomorrow.—Chicago News.

CHAS. SCHREINER, BANKER

AND COMMISSION MERCHANT,
KERRVILLE, TEXAS.

A General Banking Business Transacted. Solicits
Accounts of Merchants and Stockmen.



BREWERS OF THE CELEBRATED

Cabinet, Pilsener, Erlanger and Standard Beer.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL AT THE

BANK SALOON.

RANCH SALOON.

A. J. SWEARINGEN, Prop.

FINEST LIQUORS AND CIGARS IN-TOWN AND SAN
ANTONIO BEER ALWAYS ON HAND.

The Most Popular Resort in West Texas.

THE RED FRONT

LIVERY - STABLE,

H. C. HUNT, Proprietor.

E. JACKSON,

DEALERS IN

GRAIN, HAY, OATS, ETC.

IN CONNECTION WITH

THE BEST WAGON AND FEED YARD.

At the old Maxx place.

Sonora,

Texas.

PUT UP AT THE DECKER

LIVERY - STABLE,

WALTER WHITE, Proprietor.

You Can Get What You Want at

KIRKLAND'S RESTAURANT.

EVERYTHING FIRST-CLASS.

F. M. WYATT,

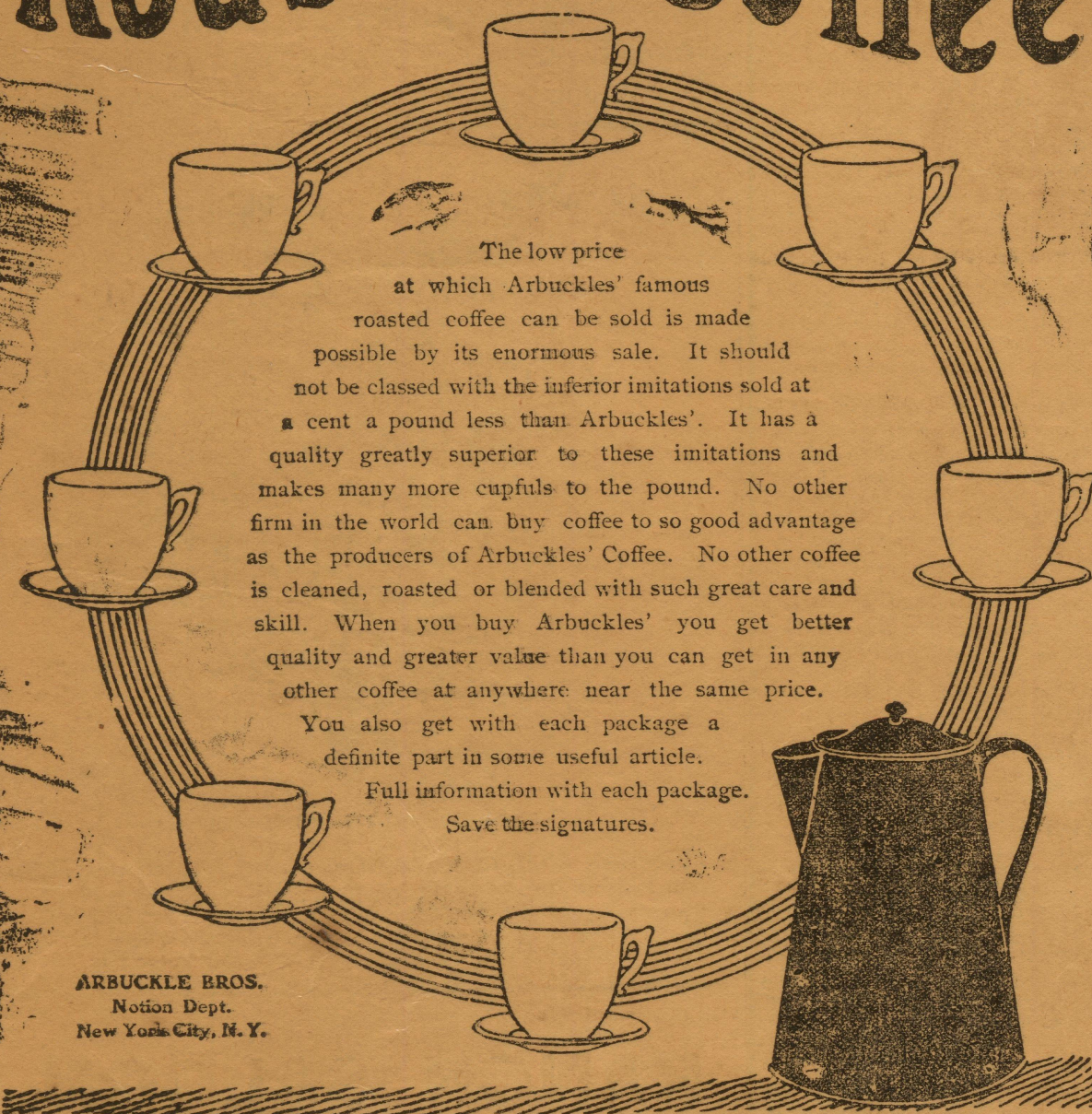
STEAM WELL DRILLER.

TERMS REASONABLE. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED.

SONORA,

TEXAS.

Arbuckles' famous Roasted Coffee



The low price at which Arbuckles' famous roasted coffee can be sold is made possible by its enormous sale. It should not be classed with the inferior imitations sold at a cent a pound less than Arbuckles'. It has a quality greatly superior to these imitations and makes many more cupsful to the pound. No other firm in the world can buy coffee to so good advantage as the producers of Arbuckles' Coffee. No other coffee is cleaned, roasted or blended with such great care and skill. When you buy Arbuckles' you get better quality and greater value than you can get in any other coffee at anywhere near the same price.

You also get with each package a definite part in some useful article.

Full information with each package. Save the signatures.

ARBUCKLE BROS.
Notion Dept.
New York City, N. Y.

THE LOVE SIGN OF THE ROSE.

She trained a little rose to grow
And grace the gate above,
And hence I love the pathway so
That leads me to her love.
And oft my heart before me goes
To read the love sign of the Rose.

Through fairer bloom for lovers' trust
To me it seems as fair
As if an angel's lips had kissed
And blessed its blossoming there,
For heaven its sweet smile bestows
On the dear love sign of the Rose.

The pathway of little feet
When shadows blur the light,
And rosy twining arms that meet
And necklace me at night,
These my glad heart enraptured knows
As the dear love sign of the Rose.

Not far away Love's steps shall stray—
In thorny paths to roam,
While o'er the meadows of life's May
Shine signals sweet of home.
When night falls drear, one heart still knows
Rest at the love sign of the Rose.
—Atlanta Constitution.

BEST GAMBLING SYSTEM.

The One That Will Surely Beat Faro and Roulette.

"Every confirmed gambler in the world has spent more or less time trying to figure out some system to beat the game," said a well known northern sporting man. "The commonest and most plausible scheme is the one known as 'progression.' It is simply a doubling of bets until a winning occurs, and theoretically it is perfect, but the trouble is that all gambling games have a limit, and the doubling process increases a wager with such enormous rapidity that it is apt to get over the stipulated amount before the winning takes place.

"I was at Monte Carlo last spring," continued the speaker, "and was surprised at the number of tourists who infested the grounds peddling 'sure thing' systems to break the bank. The ludicrous part of it was that most of the peddlers were seedy and poverty stricken in appearance, yet they purported to sell secrets which would infallibly enrich any purchaser. I asked one fellow why he didn't try his system himself and buy a new hat, and he replied very glibly that he was 'working for a syndicate' and under bonds not to play.

"Nearly all of these systems are based on progression and would be impossible in high play owing to the casino limit. Nevertheless I saw a number of small progression players at the tables and was told that they have been a fixture there for many years. They were nearly all horrible looking, bloodless old women, who began with the smallest possible wager and quit when they won 20 francs, or less than \$4. A house official informed me that they were tolerated about the place on account of age and infirmity and that their daily winnings were regarded in the light of a pension.

"In the days of open gambling in New Orleans I remember there used to be several broken down sports who were said to make a living off the games by 'progression playing.' I have my doubts about it, however. The best system and the only system that will beat Faro and roulette is to stay away."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Hold His Job For Him.

"Of all the excuses I have ever heard from people for not paying their bills," said a collector for a prominent firm the other day, "I got the neatest today from a very wealthy man who always owes the house a bill. No matter whether the bill is for \$10 or \$100, he always pays \$5. I have gone back the next week and got \$5 more, and once I went back twice in one week, and he paid me \$2 each time and seemed glad to see me. I got to know him pretty well, and the other day I asked him why he did not pay it all, as I know he had the money."

"Well," said the old fellow, "if I pay you everything I owe you at one time you will collect so fast that pretty soon you will be out of a job for the want of something to collect."

"I don't know whether that was his reason or not, but I let the subject drop and am just going around there now for another \$5."—Memphis Scimitar.

Good's Opinions.

Music is the most beautiful art, but it is the most detestable profession. But is not that right? That which belongs most to heaven should fare worst on earth.

The public moves much faster than the individual, and therefore the individual must place himself before his age if he desires not to be behind it. Wagner has some idea of this sort. It is a necessity which every true artist must realize. Great men may be said to be for every age save their own. Small men are for their own and none other.—"Reminiscences," in Macmillan's.

The Congregation Satisfied.

A certain clergyman when preaching extemporaneously touched on the subject of miracles. Some people, he said, had difficulty in accepting the miraculous stories of the Bible, as, for example, the story of the speech that Balaam's ass made to his master.

Looking solemnly at the congregation the preacher hammered in his contention with the remark, "Why should not God make an ass to speak—he made me to speak."—New York Tribune.

Tripped Up.

Mrs. Newrich—That Mrs. Hyatt is a stuck up thing. I know just as much about music as she does. She needn't get funny.

Mrs. Browne—Why, what has she done?

Mrs. Newrich—Oh, she tried to trip me up today—asked me if I'd ever heard somebody's "Songs Without Words."—Philadelphia Press.

His Ambition Realized.

Blobbs—When he was a little boy, he was always singing "I Want to Be an Angel."

Slobbs—And he died young, I suppose.

Blobbs—No; but he's had his wish gratified. He's backing Barnstormer's Glass Aggregation of International Stars.—Philadelphia Record.

Enthusiastic Photographer.

Fair One's Father—Why did you bring that kodak with you?
Poor Express—That I might catch your expression of astonishment when I asked you for your daughter's hand.—Fleeting Blatter.

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

ARTHUR MARTIN.

Windmill Builder and Repairer. SATISFACTION GUARANTEED. Shop at M. V. Sharp's Blacksmith Shop Sonora, Texas.

Failure.

"Failure," says Keats, "is in a sense, the highway to success, inasmuch as every discovery of what is false leads us to seek earnestly after what is true, and every fresh experience points out some form of error which we shall afterward carefully avoid."

Defeats and failures have played a great part in the history of success. It is not pleasant to think that more or less of defeat is absolutely necessary to great success. But that it is true every student of history knows. Defeats and failures are great developers of character. They are the gymnasia which have strengthened the muscles of manhood, the stamina, the backbone which have won victories. They have made the giants of the race by giving titanic muscles, brawny sinews, far reaching intellects.

How true it is that poverty often hides her charms under ugly masks! Thousands have been forced into greatness by their very struggle to keep the wolf from the door. She is often the only agent nature can employ to call a man out of himself and push him on toward the goal which she had fitted him to reach. Nature cares little for his ease and pleasure. It is the man she is after, and she will pay any price or resort to any expedient to lure him on. She masks her own ends in man's wants and urges him onward, oftentimes through difficulties and obstacles which are well nigh disheartening, but ever onward and upward toward the goal.—Register.

The Boy Who Learned the Way.

He was very young—about 13—this boy who spent most of his time in the studios watching the artists draw and paint and wishing he could do the same.

"What kind of pencils do you use?" he said one day, and they gave him one of the kind. That night he tried to make a figure he had seen one of the artists draw. It seemed so easy, but he could not do the same kind of work.

"Perhaps I haven't the right kind of paper," he reasoned. "I will get a piece tomorrow." Even the right kind of paper did not help him any.

"I need a studio and an easel," was his next conclusion. "I have the desire; surely all I need now are the necessary surroundings."

A few years of impatient waiting passed before he secured the "necessary surroundings," and when he had them all and still found it impossible to draw the truth dawned upon him.

"I know what is wrong," he cried, throwing down his pencil. "I know nothing of the principles of art. I must learn them first."

He was still young when his name as a great painter was known on two continents. He had learned the "principle." A bit of brown paper and a burned match would then enable him to draw as easily as all the art essentials.—Ann Partisan in Success.

The Prince and the Captain.

The admiral commanding the British Mediterranean squadron some 20 years ago, writes a correspondent, gave a dinner to the captains of the fleet at Malta. By 6:45 most of the captains had reached the flagship, been received on the deck by the admiral and ushered below. Next the Duke of Edinburgh arrived. The admiral received him, and, keeping him in conversation, continued to pace the deck. All subsequent arrivals were duly ushered below to the saloon, but still the admiral kept the duke on deck. At last it occurred to the duke that the dinner hour had been passed, and he ventured to inquire if his host was waiting for anybody.

"Yes," replied the admiral, "I am waiting for the captain of the—"

Instantly the duke took the hint, called for a boat and made posthaste for his own ship. He alone among the captains of the fleet had turned up in uniform, forgetting or not knowing that the dinner was official. On his return to the flagship in the quickest time on record and in full uniform the gallant but inflexible admiral was still pacing the deck, and deprecating his royal highness' profuse apologies conducted him to dinner. I believe, concludes my correspondent, the admiral was Sir Michael Culme Seymour.—M. A. P.

Aut Slaveholders.

Many of the large red ants are slaveholders, and, oddly enough, their slaves are invariably black, much as is the case with the human race. When slaves are desired by a colony of ants, a regular army of invasion is formed, and skirmishers and scouts are sent on ahead to discover a nest of black ants. This having been found, the warrior ants—insects quite different from the ordinary workers, with powerful jaws—set out to invade their neighbor's territory and carry away the eggs and pupae to their own nests. A fierce battle ensues, but the invading ants are always victorious.

On returning to their own colony the young of their defeated foe are taken into their nests and carefully treated until they arrive at maturity, when they become the willing bondsmen of the conquerors of their parents, doing all the hardest work of the community, even to the length of feeding their captives. The latter, however, is not entirely a needless humiliation to subject them to, as some species of slaveholding ants are incapable of feeding themselves and would die of starvation in the midst of plenty were it not for their slaves.—Kansas City Independent.

A Case of Color Blindness.

"You're in a perplexing case," said the oculist. "You call red purple and refer to blue green as 'turkey red.'"

"Yes," replied the visitor, with a contented smile. "I fancy I was born that way."

"It's the most aggravated case of color blindness I have ever encountered in my professional experience."

"That's it. I want you to write me out a statement to that effect. Never mind what the fee is. You see, my wife has a lot of samples she wants matched, and she'll ask me to tackle the job some time next week for certain."

And then the oculist had his suspicions.—Pearson's Weekly.

Mexico's Rainy Season.

What they call the rainy season in Mexico comes only in the form of showers, which fall in the afternoon. These showers usually occur every day, but sometimes there will be two or three days of perfectly clear weather. There is no steady downpour, however, as in most tropical countries, and in Mexico the rainy season is regarded as the finest season of the year.

Serving the Public.

Wynn—But if you insist that the man who works for the public good without hope of gaining gratitude is a crank, what do you call the man that expects gratitude?

Tuther—Him? Oh, he's just a plain fool.—Indianapolis Press.

In the manufacture of a pocketknife.

In France 22 workmen are employed for the handle and blade, 18 for a table knife, 9 for scissors and 6 for razors.

In Japan it would be thought as rude to neglect to offer tea to a visitor on his arrival as not to speak to him.

Send your orders for

SPURS AND BRIDLE BITS

Rufus Sterling,

Gunsmith and Machinist,

San Angelo, Texas.

Plain Spurs or Bits \$2.50.
Silver mounted Spurs or Bits with initials, brand and fancy carving \$5.
All work First Class and Guaranteed for two years.

For Sale or Trade for Cattle

About 20 head of well bred stock horses, four yearlings in the bunch by The Asp, and the mares all bred to The Asp last year. Enquire at the First National Bank, Sonora, 98

Buy your corn, oats and bran from C. M. Deere.

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, - Jan. 19, 1901.

C. H. Willingham of Ballinger,

representative of this district in the legislature, has been appointed a member of the committee on Public Lands and Land Office; Agricultural Affairs; Stock and Stock-Raising.

Mr. Willingham has presented a

petition from the citizens of Kimble, Menard and Mason counties, to repeal the absolute lease law and to enact a law placing all public free school lands on the market for sale.

Governor Sayers in his message

to the Legislature made no recommendation as to changes in the land laws excepting as to mineral lands. He commended the present administration of the General Land Office.

Fences in South Dakota.

A dispatch from Pierre, S. D., says: A controversy over the fencing of large bodies of school land leased from the state by private parties for grazing purposes is likely to lead to curative legislation this winter. Recently, ex-Senator Quay and C. H. McKee, of Pennsylvania, rented the Fort Sully military reservation from the state and fenced it for a pasture. One of the roads used by the government mail carrier was closed, and that individual refused to shut a gate put there by the Pennsylvania men for his use. An action was brought to restrain him from using the road, resulting in a decision by Judge Gaffr that the mail carrier cannot be stopped. If county commissioners, acting upon this decision, open all section line roads, the large blocks of land leased for grazing in several counties must be fenced by sections or else the grazers must herd their stock. There is likely to be a legislative battle this winter over this question between the large cattlemen and the

small owners which may result in

the repeal of the herd law, thus compelling all stock owners to fence the pasture lots.

The Way We Do It.

The average Texas citizen imagines that he lives at home, but he doesn't. He gets up in the morning and puts on a pair of socks made in New York, shoes in Boston, pants in Ohio, and then he slips a pair of Connecticut suspenders over his shoulders. He dips some water from a Missouri bucket with a Chicago dipper and pours it into an Illinois pan and washes his Texas face, using a cake of St. Louis soap in the operation. He dries his face on a Rhode Island towel and reaches his hair with a Vermont comb. He then drinks Cuban coffee from an Indiana cup and saucer, sweetened with Louisiana sugar and stirred with a New York spoon. His knife and fork and plate were made in the north, and his table cloth ditto. He eats a piece of Chicago ham fried in Kansas lard, soop his St. Louis biscuit seasoned with Boston soda and Michigan salt into Louisiana molasses. He wipes his whiskers on a Vermont napkin, shoves back his Michigan chair and gets up from the table from the same state. His meal was cooked on a St. Louis stove with wood chopped with a St. Louis ax and hauled in an Indiana wagon. The citizen then puts a Boston bridle on a Missouri mule, gets on his Georgia plow and works all day in a field numbered in all probabilities with a New York mortgage. He returns at night and satifies his appetite with another imported meal, fills his Indiana lamp with Pennsylvania oil and lights it with a New York match. He then fills his Illinois pipe with North Carolina tobacco and settles down for a comfortable smoke. When bed time comes he takes down his family bible which was printed in Massachusetts, reads a chapter, says a prayer composed in Jerusalem, then retires to his bed, slips under his imported cover, and is kept awake two long hours by the howl of his Texas dog which is about the only home product he has on the place.—Panola Watchman.

Navajo Blankets.

The Navajo Indians manufacture a blanket which has won a high place for quality, durability and original design. The first feature noticeable about these blankets is the weight. They are as heavy as a Smvrna rug, and could be used as a floor covering as well as for bedding.

All the wool is sheared from native sheep reared by those Arizona Indians. All the colors are secured from dyes made from berries, from rocks and minerals, and the colors thus secured are never known to fade.

After all the materials have been secured the weaver constructs an upright loom, before which he or she squats and proceeds to slowly weave a fabric which differs the ordinary wear of a lifetime.

It takes about two months of steady labor to make one blanket. These however, find a ready sale wherever their admirable qualities become known.

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on my ranch east of Sonora for the purpose of cutting timber, hauling wood or hunting hogs without my permission, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

W. J. FIELDS,
Sonora, Texas,
Dec. 5th, 1900.

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

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS, \$2 A YEAR

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF SONORA, TEXAS.

Paid up capital - \$50,000.00

OFFERS TO ITS DEPOSITORS ALL THE ACCOMMODATIONS THAT THEIR BALANCES JUSTIFY.

Exchange Bought and Sold on all Parts of the United States and Europe.

Henry Hagelstein,

Successor to Mose Taylor

Dealer in Saddlery, Saddlery Hardware, Double and Single Buggy Harness, Robes, Collars, Hames, Leather, Bridle Bits, Spurs, Etc.

I have in my employ the Best Skilled Workmen in West Texas and do not turn out any "shoddy" work from my store.

MY SADDLES ARE GUARANTEED NOT TO BREAK, CRAWL OR HURT. Call and see me when you are in the city.

SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.

Concho Avenue, Opposite Landon Hotel. Phone No. 136.

T. J. Coffman the cattleman was in Sonora Tuesday.

County and District Clerk S. H. Stokes has been confined to his bed this week with pneumonia.

I am here to buy and sell. Call on me when you have a deal.

C. M. DEERE

Mr and Mrs. A. R. Cauthorn were in Sonora Tuesday from their ranch, trading.

W. B. Covington, ranch boss for J. L. Davis was in Sonora this week.

E. F. Vander Stucken Co., will pay the highest market price for hides and pelts.

Jim Cauthorn the sheepman was in Sonora this week and reports sheep doing well in his neighborhood.

Mrs. T. J. Moss was in from the ranch Wednesday, for supplies while in Sonora Mrs. Moss was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lon Reynolds.

Matt Adams and Miss Ella Thiers of the Llano, were in town last week shopping and getting ready for important business that will take place soon.

Many a bright and happy household has been thrown into sadness and sorrow because of the death of a loved one from a neglected cold. Ballard's Horehound Syrup is the great cure for coughs, cold and all pulmonary ailments. Price, 25 and 50 cents, at J. Lewenthals drug store.

Dave Danagan one of our old time friends was in Sonora Wednesday from his home in Juno, on his way to San Angelo. Dave says Juno is improving right along Dave was the guest of his brother George while in town.

Ed Jackson and Dan Cauthorn the bankers and stockmen left for Ozona and San Angelo, Thursday on a business and pleasure trip. Mr. Cauthorn expects to go to Phoenix, Arizona and maybe Salt Lake City. It is hard to say where Ed will go to.

Medicated Salt Rock at Hagerlund Bros & Co.

The ladies gave a new century hop at the court house Wednesday night and at the same time gave the boys many pointers as to what they (the ladies) expect at the future hops. The floor was fine and owing to the requirements of the evening the boys could not run away after each dance and the novelty of being a "wall flower" was reversed in many instances. They had printed programmes and promptly had their partners on the floor with the first bars of the music. A few "extras" were added to the programme so that no partiality was shown. Misses Maggie Word and Glen Barry, the floor managers, executed their arduous duties in a skillful and satisfactory manner. Taking it all in all the Century Hop was a grand success and the event of the season. There being several debutants introduced. After the hop the ladies escorted the boys to Kirklands where they were treated to oysters, etc. The following ladies and gentlemen were present: Mrs. and Mr. J. W. Hagerlund, Mrs. and Mr. Huber, Mrs. and Mr. Aldwell, Mrs. and Mr. James Hagerlund, Mrs. McDonald and Mr. Cauthorn, Luella Word and Mr. Jackson, Lula Causey and Mr. Stites, Glen Barry and Mr. Burroughs, Lylle Dearing and Mr. Brunley, Maggie Word and Mr. J. A. McGonagill, Dona Allison and Mr. Mitchell, Anna Mathews and Mr. F. McGonagill, Alyce Brick and Mr. Yaws, Daisy Palmer and Mr. C. Mills, Alice Adams and Mr. H. Allison, Willie Holland and Mr. Jo Winkler.

His Wife Saved Him. My wife's good advise saved my life writes F. M. Ross of Windfield, Tenn., for I had such a bad cough I could hardly breathe, I steadily grew worse under doctor's treatment, but my wife urged me to use Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, which completely cured me." Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, La Grippe, Pneumonia, Asthma, Hay Fever and all maladies of Chest, Throat and Lungs are positively cured by this marvellous medicine, 50c. and \$1.00. Every bottle guaranteed. Trial bottles free at E. S. Briant drug store.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Aldwell entertained a few friends at cards Monday evening. The following being present: F. McGonagill and Miss Dearing, M. J. Vander Stucken and Miss Luella Word, Otis Mitchell and Miss Causey, Mr. and Mrs. James Hagerlund, Mr. Jackson and Mr. Cauthorn.

Moore's Pills are a guaranteed cure for all forms of Malaria, Ague, Chills and Fever, Swampy Fever, Malarial Fever, Biliousness, Jaundice, Biliouness, fetid breath and a tired, listless feeling. They cure Rheumatism and the lassitude following blood poison produced from malarial poisoning. No Quinine. No Arsenic, Acids or Iron. Do not ruin stomach or teeth. Entirely tasteless. Price, 50c per box. Dr. C. C. Moore Co., No. 310 North Main Street, St. Louis, Mo. or at J. Lewenthals drug store.

Sam Merck the cattleman and well-driller was in town this week trading.

Mr and I. N. Brooks were in from their ranch eight miles north of Sonora this week, shopping.

If you want a Disc or Sulkey plow, go to E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

Miss Anna Mathews, niece of R. A. Williamson, is the guest of Miss Vander Stucken.

A. W. Pride and Mrs. Ed Pride were in Sonora this week from the Pride ranch on Devil's River.

First Class Board.

DAY, WEEK or MONTH,

at

Mrs. Ada Stewarts'

Two doors south of Postoffice.

Mrs. M. V. Sharp returned from a visit to Sherwood this week.

J. A. Witcher a retired sheepman, is in Sonora on a visit. Jim has been living on the fat of the rich lands in Williamson county.

Ira Word the young stockman left on Monday for the Territory to look after O. T. Word & Son's cattle.

If you want a Disc or Sulkey plow, go to E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

J. F. Draper one of the prominent stockmen of Edwards county, was in Sonora Wednesday, buying supplies.

Whosever has suffered from piles knows how painful and troublesome they are. Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment is guaranteed to cure piles. Price 50 cents in bottles. Tubes, 75 cents, at J. Lewenthals drug store.

Felix Mann the stockman was down from San Angelo last Saturday looking after his real estate down here.

We want 2000 Cedar fence posts E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

Wm. Sultemeyer the stockman was in from the ranch Monday for supplies and to get the latest war news.

Last Saturday the Sonora stage arrived in San Angelo at 4:50 p. m., in ample time to connect with the outgoing passenger train.

We want 2000 Cedar fence posts E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

Bob Pass the blacksmith came from Colorado City, Saturday, and left on a visit to the Whitehead ranch Wednesday.

Bob Gatlin the stockman was in Sonora Monday from his ranch on Buffalo Draw of the Llano, attending to some business.

Arthur Martin the windmill man having finished the windmill work on the Middle Valley ranch, was in Sonora Wednesday and deposited six of the bucks with the devil.

The properties of Ballard's Snow Liment possess a range of usefulness greater than any other remedy. A day seldom passes in every household, especially where there are children, that it is not needed. Price, 25 and 50 cents, at J. Lewenthals drug store.

Russ Hamilton son of Jas. R. Hamilton the well-known sheepman of San Angelo was in Sonora Friday and Saturday visiting, and left for Devil's River Sunday. John Humphries of San Angelo, accompanied him.

E. F. Vander Stucken Co., sold to R. H. Wyatt, Gen. S. Allison, Sam Merck, H. G. Justice, Oliver Chilled sulkey plows, last week.

Bucklen's Arnica Salve.

Has world-wide fame for marvellous cure. It surpasses any other salve, lotion, ointment or balm for Cuts, Corns, Burns, Boils, Sores, Felons, Ulcers, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Fever Sores, Chapped Hands, Skin Eruptions, Infallible for Piles, Cure guaranteed. Only 25c at E. S. Briant drug store.

The San Angelo mail arrived in Sonora Wednesday at 5:30 p. m. They left San Angelo at 8 a. m. Pretty good time for 70 mile trip and a 29 hour schedule.

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on the ranches and lands owned or controlled by the undersigned in Schleicher and Sutton counties, for the purpose of cutting timber, hauling wood or hunting hogs, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. THOMSON BROS., Eldorado.

SCRAPS.

From Sunday Sermons.

When Christ came He was the complete revelation of God's will to man.

There is nothing left to do now but live it.

Keep your eyes on the fellow who says he has found a new religion.

You may patent a chump, a plow or a steam engine, but Christ the Son of God and brother of man exhausted every possible patent when it comes to religion.

The shortest cut and best way to reach the ideal Moral Character is to follow the blood stain tracks of a suffering Saviour.

A man don't have to have much sense to do right but it takes lots of back bone and grit.

The thing is do right and all will come right.

A lazy man can't get to heaven; he just as well pack up for the lower world right now.

Plenty of welcome is the finest furniture ever put in any home.

The hardest thing I ever tried to do was return good for evil, but I never done any thing which paid better and I always lost when I tried the trilling devil way.

Services of some sort nearly all day next Sunday at church.

A brand new stove put in by our sheriff and many deputies will keep you warm and I will try and not make it too warm for you.

Your mothers who have no lady with whom to leave your baby's, fetch them along. I want you grown sinners to come to the front and leave those back seats for the babies.

I believe in doing something on earth and lets all pitch in and help them divide up when we get to heaven.

NATH THOMP ON.

Born on Friday Jan. 11, 1901, to Mr. and Mrs. Mod Cowser, a boy.

Dave Gentry was in from the ranch Wednesday for supplies.

H. Thiers one of the prominent stockmen of the Fort Terrett neighborhood, was in Sonora Friday on business.

If you want to buy stock, ranch or town property, see Caruthers & Hill's list for sale at a bargain.

S. L. Holland returned from New Mexico and Arizona this week.

Jim Barton and Dan Bihl were in from the Barton ranch last Friday to attend the dance.

E. F. Vander Stucken Co., sold to R. H. Wyatt, Gen. S. Allison, Sam Merck, H. G. Justice, Oliver Chilled sulkey plows last week.

Mr and Mrs. Arthur Stuart and son arrived Friday from their visit to their old folks at Marlin and Groesbeck.

Walter Whitehead came in from the ranch Tuesday with E. T. Stringfellow who is slightly under the weather.

C. C. Neeley of the sheep firm of C. C. & R. Neeley, was in Sonora Wednesday on his way down to Dr. J. H. Coleman's ranch to see how the sheep are getting along.

When you go to San Angelo call on Eddie Maier, at the Favorite Saloon, he will treat you O. K. 72-7f

Gay's Fish.

Four years ago W. K. Gay and Wm. Bevans of Menardville, were fishing in the Sam Saba river. They caught two fish of the same size and put two rubber bands about them to see if they could swim Siamese-twins fashion. They swam off all right and nothing more was thought of the experiment until a year later while fishing at the same place, Judge Seruggs and Dr. Joe McKnight, caught a large number of fish each to which had two heads, two tails and one body. Drs. Patton, Fenlay and McKnight, assisted by O. Russell, Doc Robertsen and Ferd Wilson, dissected the fish and found two back bones which were closely bound by a ligament. The flesh had a beautiful rose tint color but when cooked it was found unpalatable on account of a noisome rubber flavor. It was also discovered that old boots and shoes, however worn were rendered waterproof when smeared with the blood of these fish. The San Saba is now well stocked with this new species and it is said that those who relish them as food soon become highly elastic about the neck when they occupy front seats at church or other public gatherings.—Mason Herald.

THE SAN ANGELO NATIONAL BANK,

SAN ANGELO, TEX.

Capital - \$100,000.
Surplus and Profits - \$83,946.97.

Offers to Depositors all the Accommodations which their Balances, Business and Responsibility Justify.

M. L. MERTZ, President, C. W. HOBBS, Vice-President.

A. A. DeBerry, Cashier.

FRANK SPARKS, FRED KOENIG.

THE BANK SALOON

Headquarters

For Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

THE PATRONAGE OF THE PUBLIC SOLICITED.

We Make a Specialty of

PURE WHISKIES FOR FAMILY AND MEDICINAL PURPOSES.

W. H. Huggins was in from the ranch Saturday for supplies.

Geo. Howell the welldriller was in for supplies Saturday.

J. J. Allsup agent for Little's sheep dip was in Sonora this week in the interest of his house.

A. F. Clarkson was in from his Lost Lake ranch Monday for supplies.

Sam McKee the stockman was in from the ranch Monday for supplies.

Herbine should be used to enrich and purify the blood; it cures all forms of blood disorders, is especially useful in fevers, skin eruptions, boils, pimples, blackheads, scrofula, salt rheum and every form of blood impurity; it is a safe and effective cure. Price, 50 cents, at J. Lewenthals drug store.

Martin Morris, deputy sheriff of Ozona was in Sonora Monday on his way to San Angelo.

Mat Karnes was in from his ranch Monday for the mail and supplies.

Lewis Mayfield left on Monday for Borque county, on a visit to his parents and relatives.

R. H. Price a blacksmith from Caldwell, Burleson county, is in Sonora prospecting.

Ben Cusenberry the big stockman was in from the ranch Wednesday attending to some business.

Jack Drago the well-known stockman was in from one of the Whitehead ranches Wednesday, for supplies.

John T. Tod a prominent lawyer of Houston, has been appointed Secretary of State to succeed D. H. Hardy.

The greatest flowing oil well in the United States was struck about two miles from Beaumont, Texas, last week. The stream is 6 inches in diameter where it issues from the pipe about a foot above the ground, and like water from a nozzle it shoots straight into the air at least 150 ft. before it sprays. It is estimated as flowing from 5,000 to 20,000 barrels of oil per day. The Beaumont country is already rich in timber and rice interests and now with this great oil strike will soon be one of the leading cities in Texas. People are flocking there from all over the United States and the price of oil has gone down in consequence of the find.

FOR RENT. The most desirable business property in Sonora will be for rent early in January. The property is the Geo. S. Allison block on corner of Main street and Concho avenue. The buildings have a frontage on Main street of 40 feet and are 40 feet deep but will be, if desired, made to 60 feet deep. The stand is a good one and adapted to any line of business. For further particulars address, GEO. S. ALLISON, Sonora, Texas.

Money for Hogs. Bring your hogs to L. C. and Ed. Dupree, San Angelo, Texas, and get the money for them.

A. J. Swearingen the cattleman and proprietor of the ranch saloon made a business trip to Eldorado Wednesday.

Hogs Wanted. We will pay top prices for all fat hogs that are delivered here within the next thirty days to us at the Caldwell ranch yard. L. C. AND ED. DUPREE, San Angelo, Texas.

D. C. and Ed Dupree, the hog buyers, have made the following purchases: From A. J. Sykes, Ft. McKavett, 9 head for \$53.80 and from Chas. Hearne, Concho country, 7 head for \$36.30. Also from the estate of Mrs. Alice S. Caldwell 6 choice horses at p. l.—San Angelo Standard.

J. LEWENTHAL,

CHEMIST and DRUGGIST.

PERFUMERY, FANCY TOILET ARTICLES, PIPES, CIGARS, WINDOW GLASS, PAINTS, PUTTY, ETC. A CHOICE LINE OF

WATCHES, JEWELRY and SILVERWARE,

School Books and Stationery.

E. S. BRIANT,

PROPRIETOR OF THE

SONORA DRUG STORE,

SOLICITS YOUR TRADE

NEW STOCK OF DRUGS AND DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES. STORE IN KOENIG BUILDING.

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED BY OTIS MITCHELL.

I KNOW YOUR WANTS AND WANT YOUR TRADE.

Published Weekly. MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor. Advertising Medium of the Stockman's Paradise. Subscription \$2 a Year in Advance. Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora second-class matter. Sonora, Texas. - January 19, 1901.

SPOILED THEIR RAID.

THE CADETS HAD A LAUGH AT THE OFFICERS' EXPENSE.

How a Billiard Table Was Smuggled into the Barracks at West Point and the Story of Its Accidental Discovery.

There are many traditions and stories of escapades at the Military Academy at West Point that are handed down from class to class, and one of the most interesting of these is that relating to the billiard table.

Shortly after the civil war the cadets, always on the alert for some new scheme for amusement, decided that they would like to have a billiard table and accordingly organized a billiard club.

A collection was taken up with which to purchase a table, and a suitable place was sought in which to set it up. Until the present steam heating apparatus was installed in the cadet barracks, about 20 years or more ago, the heating was by means of furnaces.

The basement of the sixth division of the barracks was used for coal bins, the bins being so arranged that there was a large one near the center of the building, which could only be reached by passing through one of the others.

After considering all available places this coal bin was finally selected as being the place least liable to detection, for it must be remembered the table was unheated.

The table was bought in New York and sent to Garrison, across the river, for there was no West Shore railroad in those days. One cold winter night it was hauled by a team of oxen across the river on the ice and up the hill and was safely stowed away in the coal bin before morning.

The table was soon set up and became a source of great enjoyment to the cadets. A keg of beer was always kept on tap, and lamps were hung from the ceiling, giving the room a cheery appearance.

The members of the club used to gather there at all hours of the day and night, when their presence was not required elsewhere by their duties, and sit around smoking, drinking and telling stories while two of them played billiards.

The authorities soon became aware that there was a billiard table somewhere in the barracks, for they could hear the balls clacking together, but they could not find it. The cadets continued to enjoy the privileges of the billiard club for more than a year.

Finally one night soon after midnight, as two officers were returning from a concert at the mess, they saw two cadets, clad in their undereclothing and dressing gowns, emerge from the north saltport and disappear down the steps to the area-way in front of the barracks.

Instantly the thought of the billiard table flashed through the minds of the two officers, and they started quickly after the cadets. On reaching the insistent doorway of the sixth division the two cadets entered, and the officers, arriving a moment later, saw them climb over a pile of coal and enter an open door, through which came sounds of laughter and conversation and the clacking of balls, while the air was laden with fragrant tobacco smoke.

The officers paused for a moment and held a whispered consultation. Finally deciding that they would tell the other officers of their discovery and have all of them come down the following night and enjoy the fun of a raid on the club, they withdrew and went home. Next day all the officers at the post were informed of the discovery, and it was arranged that the raid should occur at midnight.

All night have gone well, and the officers might have had their little fun, had it not been that there were three cadets, the third had forgotten his pipe and had gone back for it, while the other two went on and were discovered by the officers. The third, coming along a moment later, saw the officers and quietly followed them, observing all their movements and listening to their whispered conversation.

When they withdrew, he went in and told the members of the club all he had heard and seen. The cadets at once realized that it was all up with the club, but they determined to have a laugh at the expense of the officers. Accordingly all arrangements were made before the club adjourned that night.

The next night the officers met as arranged and crept stealthily down the area-way and into the sixth division. Hearing no sound of clacking balls, some became skeptical and concluded the whole thing was a hoax, but nevertheless they pushed on and climbed over the pile of coal. Opening the door, they were greeted with a glow of light, but still no sound. On entering they found the room deserted, but there were the billiard table, an almost untouched keg of beer, several pounds of tobacco, some chairs and lastly a note on the table, addressed to the officers, was to the effect that as the officers of the post had been so kind as to permit the club to continue its existence for more than a year it desired to present to them the officers' table and all its appurtenances, as it was deemed expedient to wind up the club's affairs. The note was signed "The Executive Committee."

The officers, of course, were much chagrined at being thus outwitted by the cadets. Nevertheless the table was removed to the officers' mess and, according to tradition, is the one still in use there.—New York Tribune.

Practice. Parke—Never saw a child with such a remarkable memory for names as mine has. Lane—How do you account for it? Parke—Think of the nurses she has had! Harper's Bazar.

Fire! Fire!!

When they cry sounds how people rush to help and sympathize. And when some fireman rescues a woman from the flames, the streets echo with applauding shouts.

And yet if that woman had perished in the flames it is possible that she would have suffered less than she suffers almost daily from the inflammation which disease has lighted in the delicate womanly organism.

That fire of inflammation can be put out. The gnawing ulcer can be cured. Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription not only establishes womanly regularity and dries encrusting drains, but it heals inflammation and ulcerations and cures female weakness. It makes weak women strong and sick women well.

It is a newly opened furnishing store, and one window was resplendent with neckties and cravats of glorious brilliancy. Confidently they announced in gilt letters, "Any article removed from the windows." So when Smithson walked in and requested to see that "bright pink and green shot with peacock blue in the front row" the police salesman disarranged the front and after some considerable trouble brought out the desired object.

"Rather loud, isn't it?" remarked Smithson. The affable salesman was in complete accord. "Certainly it is striking."

"I thought so. You needn't put it back." "Very well, sir," and the man began to wrap up the thing of beauty in its bed of tissue paper. "Anything else to-day, sir?"

"Oh, I don't want it," said Smithson, "only you know you advertise, 'Any article taken from the window,' and as this hideous thing offends my aesthetic taste I thought I'd ask you to remove it, that's all. Good day."

Then that salesman philosophized audibly and with much fervor. "The dangers associated with the fishing industry on the Newfoundland banks are many and grave. Foremost among them is that the dories may be upset while fishing, which involves the almost inevitable loss of their occupants. Callous captives, secure themselves from the necessity of going, frequently order their men out when the weather does not warrant it, and disasters are the result. One of these brutal skippers was aptly answered last year by a bank man of whose courage or capacity there was no question.

"Out with you!" shouted the captain. "Here go there!" It was a fishing day. "Oh, no, skipper," replied the dory man. "It's too stormy today for a boat to fish."

"Nonsense, man," rejoined the skipper. "If my old grandmother from Provincetown was here today, she'd get her dory out."

"Then, skipper," said the man, "if her grandson will come out with me now I'll haul my trawl."

It is needless to say no dories were launched from that schooner on that date.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Gentle Poet. "Twenty years ago I wrote a poem of considerable length," said a caller in a newspaper office. "Yes," said the editor. "I brought it to this office, and you refused to publish it."

"Very likely." "I remember that I mentally put you down then as an idiot who didn't know enough to ache when hurt."

"Naturally." "Well, sir, I looked that poem over again the other day and made up my mind to come and see you about it."

"Yes." "I have come to say that if I looked as green 20 years ago as that poem proves me to have been I would thank you because you didn't cut me up and throw me as food to the crows. Good day."

The editor drew a big chalk mark under the table. It was the first one in all his experience in the whole 20 years had he had the knowledge that it is sometimes necessary to be cried to be kind.—London Tit Bits.

Insincerity. "Our civilization demands a greater or less degree of mendacity," remarked the abstract person. "We are constantly encountering some empty phrase, some conventional remark, which is absolutely devoid of sincerity."

"That's right," answered the book agent. "That's perfectly true. I am reminded of it every time I walk up to the front step where there is a doormat with the word 'welcome' on it."—Washington Star.

An Expert. "Blowhard is always boasting of his driving abilities." "It comes natural to him. He has been handling the ribbons behind the counter at Gunnaker's for six years or more."—Rider and Driver.

Ebony was esteemed as an article of luxury by the ancients. In India it was employed by kings for scepters and images and as it was supposed to smother the power of poisons was often made into drinking cups.

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.

ST. L. F. Mayer & Sons.

What Attracts Them.

"It is perfectly natural," said one whose own business takes him about more or less, "that a man should be interested wherever he may be in things pertaining to his own business. I know I am in mine. When I strike a business place, I like to go through the quarter where they carry on the business that I am engaged in and see how they run things in it there. But I have lately met with two illustrations of this sort of thing that seemed to me to be rather curious as well as interesting.

"Talking with a New York paint manufacturer about paint of a certain kind, the paint man said incidentally that he had seen paint of that color on walls in Pompeii. Oddly enough, the other curious illustration arose out of the same ancient city. A New Yorker engaged in the manufacture of lead pipe said, incidentally to something that he was telling me about lead pipe, that he had found in Pompeii lead pipe in fair condition, this pipe, while covered with an incrustation that had gathered upon it in the long time it had been buried, yet cutting with as bright and perfect a cleavage as though it had been made yesterday instead of many centuries ago.

"These two things interested somewhat the paint man and the lead man respectively, and they certainly interested me."—New York Sun.

He Believed the Sign. It was a newly opened furnishing store, and one window was resplendent with neckties and cravats of glorious brilliancy. Confidently they announced in gilt letters, "Any article removed from the windows." So when Smithson walked in and requested to see that "bright pink and green shot with peacock blue in the front row" the police salesman disarranged the front and after some considerable trouble brought out the desired object.

"Rather loud, isn't it?" remarked Smithson. The affable salesman was in complete accord. "Certainly it is striking."

"I thought so. You needn't put it back." "Very well, sir," and the man began to wrap up the thing of beauty in its bed of tissue paper. "Anything else to-day, sir?"

"Oh, I don't want it," said Smithson, "only you know you advertise, 'Any article taken from the window,' and as this hideous thing offends my aesthetic taste I thought I'd ask you to remove it, that's all. Good day."

Then that salesman philosophized audibly and with much fervor. "The dangers associated with the fishing industry on the Newfoundland banks are many and grave. Foremost among them is that the dories may be upset while fishing, which involves the almost inevitable loss of their occupants. Callous captives, secure themselves from the necessity of going, frequently order their men out when the weather does not warrant it, and disasters are the result. One of these brutal skippers was aptly answered last year by a bank man of whose courage or capacity there was no question.

"Out with you!" shouted the captain. "Here go there!" It was a fishing day. "Oh, no, skipper," replied the dory man. "It's too stormy today for a boat to fish."

"Nonsense, man," rejoined the skipper. "If my old grandmother from Provincetown was here today, she'd get her dory out."

"Then, skipper," said the man, "if her grandson will come out with me now I'll haul my trawl."

It is needless to say no dories were launched from that schooner on that date.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Gentle Poet. "Twenty years ago I wrote a poem of considerable length," said a caller in a newspaper office. "Yes," said the editor. "I brought it to this office, and you refused to publish it."

"Very likely." "I remember that I mentally put you down then as an idiot who didn't know enough to ache when hurt."

"Naturally." "Well, sir, I looked that poem over again the other day and made up my mind to come and see you about it."

"Yes." "I have come to say that if I looked as green 20 years ago as that poem proves me to have been I would thank you because you didn't cut me up and throw me as food to the crows. Good day."

The editor drew a big chalk mark under the table. It was the first one in all his experience in the whole 20 years had he had the knowledge that it is sometimes necessary to be cried to be kind.—London Tit Bits.

Insincerity. "Our civilization demands a greater or less degree of mendacity," remarked the abstract person. "We are constantly encountering some empty phrase, some conventional remark, which is absolutely devoid of sincerity."

"That's right," answered the book agent. "That's perfectly true. I am reminded of it every time I walk up to the front step where there is a doormat with the word 'welcome' on it."—Washington Star.

An Expert. "Blowhard is always boasting of his driving abilities." "It comes natural to him. He has been handling the ribbons behind the counter at Gunnaker's for six years or more."—Rider and Driver.

Ebony was esteemed as an article of luxury by the ancients. In India it was employed by kings for scepters and images and as it was supposed to smother the power of poisons was often made into drinking cups.

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.

ST. L. F. Mayer & Sons.

A Jockey's Sensation When Riding.

"If you ride with your head down that is to say, bent slightly, so that the wind—you can't beat right on to your face—you can breathe easily, but if you hold your mouth wide open and let the air beat right in your face then you will have great difficulty in breathing, and if the race is a long one you will become exhausted by the end of the ride." So said a well-known jockey when questioned on the subject of what his sensations were when riding in a race.

"A mile race on a good horse is run in about 1 minute and 40 seconds. A mile in 1 minute and 40 seconds is at the rate of 36 miles an hour, so you see, a race horse travels at train speed.

"If you want to know how it feels to go through the air at race horse speed, just hang your head out of a railway carriage window, turning your face toward the way the train is traveling. At the same time imagine that you are sitting in a saddle and have to hold on to your horse and guide him on to victory if possible, keeping him from being run down or interfered with.

"It is no easy task to ride a horse in a race. The jockey must have all his wits about him. He does not have much time to think how he feels. When riding in a neck and neck race down the home stretch, I forget everything except that I must strain every nerve to pass the other horses. No thought is then given to the plaintiffs from the grand stand."

The Gentle Reader. What has become of the gentle reader? asks Samuel M. Crothers in The Atlantic. One does not like to think that he has passed away with the stagecoach and the weekly news letter and that hereafter he will be confronted only with the stony glare of the intelligent reading public. Once upon a time—that is to say, a generation or two ago—was very highly esteemed.

But books were dedicated with long rambling prefaces and with episodes which were their own excuse for being. In the very middle of the story the writer would stop with a word of apology or explanation addressed to the gentle reader or at the very least with a nod or a wink no matter if the fate of the hero be in suspense or the plot be intricately involved.

"Hang the plot!" says the author. "I must have a chat with the gentle reader and find out what he thinks about it."

And so confidences were interchanged, and there was gossip about the universe and suggestions in regard to the queerest of human nature until at last the author would jump up with: "Enough of this, gentle reader; perhaps it's time to go back to the story."

Miss Kingsley and the Gorillas. On the Gabon river Miss Mary Kingsley's guide one day called to her to creep quietly through the bushes and then she saw a family of five gorillas—an old male, three females and a young one. The guide sneezed, which alarmed the gorillas, and they fled with a bark and a howl, the old male scattering from a branch to a bush like an acrobat on a trapeze.

On another day Miss Kingsley and her two guides came suddenly upon a solitary male gorilla, who, as usual, had appropriated a forest glade as a park for his private enjoyment. Furious at the intrusion, the brute, instead of fleeing, came shambling toward them, growling fiercely. "Shoot him," whispered Miss Kingsley. "I dare not," said the guide, "until he comes quite close. I have only one gun. The other is out of order. If I miss, he will kill us."

The gorilla came nearer. Rearing himself on his hind legs he beat his breast and roared. Just as Du Chaillu described long ago. Then, rearing forward, he stopped and roared again and again ran forward until quite close. Then the guide fired and the gorilla dropped dead.—Chambers' Journal.

Interested. Mrs. Newrich—I never can remember how many cards to leave when calling. Old Gentleman—The rules are very simple, madam. You hand one to the servant and then on departing leave as many on the plate as there are adult members of the family, adding two of your husband's cards and occasionally dumping in a few more for good measure. Do not be pigheaded in dealing out cards, as that suggests vulgar profligacy.

"I am very much obliged. Are you a professor of etiquette?" "No, madam. I am Mr. Bristol, the card manufacturer."—Exchange.

Explained. "This," said the drug clerk, "is a most wonderful hair restorer. It's our own preparation." "Well, give me a bottle," said the baldheaded man. "But, say, come to think of it, why don't you use it? You're pretty bald yourself."

"I can't use it. You see, I'm the 'before using' clerk. The 'after using' clerk is out at lunch. You should see him."—Philadelphia Press.

Shakespearian Authority. "This expression of yours, Miss De Mure," said the teacher of the class in rhetoric, who had been examining her essay, "is exceedingly faulty. You say 'It made the very air sick.' How can you think of the atmosphere being 'sick'?"

"It seems to me," replied Miss De Mure, "I have read somewhere of an ill wind."—Chicago Tribune.

Ancient Cast Steel. The manufacture of cast steel in India can be traced back for over 2,000 years, while there are also examples of wrought iron work nearly as old. Near Delhi, close to the Kutub, there is an enormous wrought iron pillar which weighs ten tons and is thought to be over 1,800 years old.—Chicago Chronicle.

50 YEARS' EXPERIENCE. TRADE MARK. DESIGNS. COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may receive estimates for a model free whether the invention is probably patentable. Communications strictly confidential. Handbook on Patents sent free. Office open for securing patents.

Patents taken through Mann & Co. receive special notice without charge, in the Scientific American.

A handsome illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$5 a year; four months, \$1.50 by all remittance.

Munn & Co. 361 Broadway, New York. Branch Office, 637 St. St. Washington, D. C.

S. C. TAYLOR,

Attorney-at-Law, SONORA, TEX.

Will practice in all the State Courts.

W. A. ANDERSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

SONORA, TEXAS. Will practice in all courts.

R. S. HOLLAND, REPRESENTATIVE OF THE

NEW YORK LIFE

Will issue you a Policy that is absolutely Non-forfeitable and Non-contestable.

Also Representing the LIVERPOOL, LONDON & GLOBE and the ETNA FIRE INSURANCE CO'S.

Sonora, Texas.

J. F. CANNADAY, Formerly of Coleman, Texas,

MAKES BOOTS AND SHOES TO FIT YOUR FEET.

With Many Years Experience His STOCKMENS FOOT IS A SPECIALTY

Good work in all styles. Shop next to Decker's Bldg. Main St.

Notice to Trespassers. Notice is hereby given that parties trespassing on my ranch 16 miles northeast of Sonora (the McIlwain) or cutting timber, wood hauling, working cattle, hunting hogs, or fishing etc., without my permission will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

J. M. G. BAUGH Sonora, Tex.

THE NEW YORK WORLD

thrice-a-week edition, 18 pages a week, 156 papers a year, for one dollar. Published every alternate day except Sunday. The Thrice-a-Week Edition of The New York World is first among all "weekly papers in size, frequency of publication, and the freshness, accuracy and variety of its contents. It has all the merits of a great daily at the price of a dollar weekly.

We offer this unequalled news paper and The DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS together one year for \$2.50. The regular subscription price of the two papers is \$3.

ALAMO IRON WORKS, San Antonio, Texas.

THE SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS (Galveston or Dallas) is published Tuesdays and Fridays. Each issue consists of eight pages. There are special departments for the farmers, the ladies and the boys and girls, besides a world of general news matter, illustrated articles, etc. We offer

THE SEMI-WEEKLY NEWS and the DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS for twelve months for the low clubbing price of \$2.50 cash.

This gives you three papers a week or 56 papers a year, for a ridiculously low price.

Hand in your subscription a once.

The Dallas or Galveston Weekly News, Houston weekly Post, San Antonio weekly Express, San Antonio Stockman and Farmer, Live Stock and Farm Journal, New York Thrice-a-week World, Louisville Courier-Journal, Atlanta Constitution, St. Louis Globe Democrat, St. Louis Republic.

Any of the Above and the DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS For one year for \$2.50. Subscribe now.

WELL DRILLING and PUMPS Machinery and Supplies.

C. J. NICHOLS BUILDER and CONTRACTOR. SONORA, TEXAS

Estimates furnished on application.

Caruthers & Hill. Live Stock & Real Estate Commission.

Will furnish you with Description, Prices, Terms, Etc., of all kinds of LIVE STOCK, RANCHES and TOWN PROPERTY. Write them what you want and receive a large list to select from. Office opposite Vendor Stucken's, SONORA, TEXAS

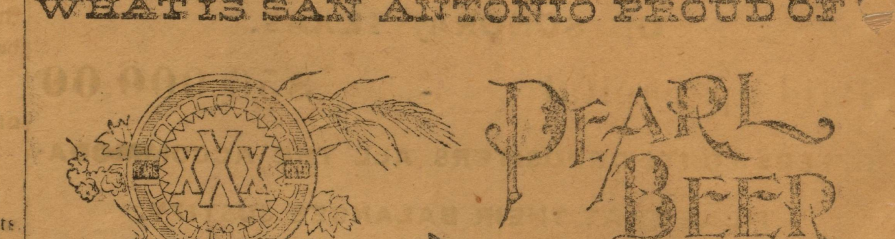
San Angelo Marble Works. Tombs, Tablets, Marble and Granite of All Kinds. ALSO HANDLE IRON FENCING.

GET OUR SPECIAL PRICES on work received at yard.

HARD & TAYLOR, Props. Successors to W. K. Shipman.

Write us for prices. San Angelo, Texas

WHAT IS SAN ANTONIO PROUD OF?



San Antonio Brewing Ass'n. 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.

A. J. Swearingen, Agent, Sonora, Tex.

Nine-Tenths of all the People Suffer from a Diseased Liver.

HERBINE. Pure Juices from Natural Roots.

REGULATES the Liver, Stomach and Bowels, Cleanses the System, Purifies the Blood, CURES Malaria, Biliousness, Constipation, Weak Stomach and Impaired Digestion.

Every Bottle Guaranteed to Give Satisfaction. LARGEST BOTTLE, SMALL DOSE. Price, 50 Cents.

Prepared by JAMES F. BALLARD, St. Louis, Mo.

For Sale by J. LEWENTHAL, Sonora, Texas.

SONORA & SAN ANGELO MAIL, EXPRESS & PASSENGER LINE.

TOM & WILL SAVELL, Props.

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

Tickets for sale at Mrs. Keen'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 PUMPS Machinery and Supplies.

C. J. NICHOLS BUILDER and CONTRACTOR. SONORA, TEXAS

Estimates furnished on application.

Caruthers & Hill. Live Stock & Real Estate Commission.

Will furnish you with Description, Prices, Terms, Etc., of all kinds of LIVE STOCK, RANCHES and TOWN PROPERTY. Write them what you want and receive a large list to select from. Office opposite Vendor Stucken's, SONORA, TEXAS

San Angelo Marble Works. Tombs, Tablets, Marble and Granite of All Kinds. ALSO HANDLE IRON FENCING.

GET OUR SPECIAL PRICES on work received at yard.

HARD & TAYLOR, Props. Successors to W. K. Shipman.

Write us for prices. San Angelo, Texas