

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 21

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 11, 1911.

NO. 1057

Quality--Values!

"THE STORE OF QUALITY"

HAS MANY BARGAINS

to offer You in Dry Goods, Clothing, Shoes, Hats, and other lines. We will take pleasure in serving you during 1911.

Make the resolve to become one of our satisfied customers. "The Store of Quality."

The Sonora Mercantile Co.

Devil's River News.

STOPPED THE DREAMING.
It was a custom among Canadian Indians, when they dreamed of receiving a favor from another, to apply to him for its fulfillment, and whenever possible the conditions of the dream were complied with.

CATCHING HERRINGS.

The Lovestoft fishermen say that the method of catching herrings has scarcely changed during the last thousand years or more and that their nets must be the same in principle as those which were employed before Richard the Lion Hearted and his Crusaders sailed for the Holy Land. The statement has much of truth in it, and when we drift at our nets on the lonely sea, with our great lamplike riding light burning steadily amidships, we present much the same spectacle that could have been witnessed many centuries ago. It was at night when the herrings were caught, and night on the vast and melancholy waste of water hides that modernity which only day reveals. There are other riding lights and here and there the masthead and side lights of a steamer going north or south, but the steel and iron hulls are only guessed by some chance glimmer from a port or deck house.

And the men have changed but little surely! Their dress for work is primitive, hiding all that is suggestive of the modern landsman. There is a jumper which the skipper and crew wear—a garment made of stout canvas and barked with the sail cloth. It covers the arms and trunk nearly to the knees, almost as the coarse smock garbed the serf of old, and the men of his rank who would alone in those days go to sea to fish. The jumper in its long variety is like a nightdress. Its short form is generally favored, but skippers often use the long garment, as the covering keeps the cold out, and skippers, being leaders, have spare time in which to feel the drafts that invade all unprotected crevices. There are rough, thick woolen stockings and boots which may be thigh boots or half boots or clumpers, according to the weather, and, as for headdress, that is anything in the way of covering which comes handy, but mostly a cap, except in bad weather, when it is the so-wester.—Scribner's Magazine.

Your troubles are mine when your waist pinches does.
Sam Green.

Very Perishable.
The more shiftless a ducky is usually the more clever his excuses. The doctor was groping his way through a bizzard at a school in the morning when he suddenly ran into a fellow pedestrian. To his astonishment, he recognized the laziest, most comfort loving negro in town.

The Baby's Bath.
The baby's bath should not be too hot. On the other hand, it should not be too cold. If the baby screams it is a sign that all is not right. In that case, dip the hand quickly into the water to ascertain the temperature. The defect may then quickly be remedied. If too hot, add cold water; conversely, if too cold, add hot. Avoid the use of sand soap or of chemicals. Frequent baths should render such heroic treatment unnecessary.

Mortality of the Human Race.
Thirty-three million people die annually. This is equal to 90,410 deaths per day, 3,767 per hour and 62 per minute, or one in less than every second of time. One-fourth of all the people born into the world die before arriving at the age of seven years. One-half die before reaching the age of seventeen. The average duration of human life is about thirty-eight years. Of 10,000 persons one attains the age of 100 years, one out of 500 reaches the age of ninety years, and out of 100 only one will live to be sixty.

Her Idea of Betting.
Australia is trying to stop betting on horse racing, for even women are involved. A girl consulted a bookmaker. "If I put on a sovereign at eight to one," she asked, "what should I get if I win?" "Nine pounds back," said the bookmaker. "And ten to one?" "The bookmaker explained that this might mean £11." "Yes; now I understand," she said. "But what would happen if I put a sovereign on exactly at 1 o'clock?"

Stuckton's Arnica Salve.
The Best Salve in the World.

Indian Summer.
Indian summer in North America is a period of mild, balmy weather—usually occurring in November—characterized by a clear sky and a hazy or smoky atmosphere, especially near the horizon. The name is derived from the custom among the Indians of using this delightful time to harvest their corn. According to one of their traditions, they always had a second summer of nine days just before the winter set in. Indian summer corresponds to a similar season prevailing during the late autumn in England and the Mediterranean countries, called "St. Martin's summer," from St. Martin's festival, which falls on Nov. 11.—New York American.

Women's Love of Dress.
The real defense for women in their growing love for dress seems to us to be this—that dress is a recreation, one of those natural recreations which grow out of necessity and out of everlasting emotions. It is nothing against a recreation that the frivolous rich suffer from over-indulgence in it or the frivolous poor from that craving for it which has its roots in privation. The love of dress among women—especially, we think, in its modern manifestation, which emphasizes variety—makes, we believe, for social balance.—London Spectator.

Good Enough.
"Is your name Goodenough?" asked a bill collector of a man on whom he was calling.
"It is," answered the man, with a look of surprise.
"Then I have a bill against you." And he handed him a slip of paper.
"That is not my name," said the man.
"But you said your name was Goodenough."
"So it is," said the man as he prepared to close the door. "It's good enough for me."

Dr. Cox's Barbed Wire Lotion.
Does not burn or blister, relieves pain quickly, and flies will not bother the wound. For sale by drugists.

Dr. King's New Life Pills.
The Best in the World.

EDISON'S TRIUMPH.

An Incident in the Great Inventor's Struggle For Recognition.
Dr. Norvin Green, for many years president of the Western Union Telegraph company, once said that but for the dullness of himself and his assistants Thomas A. Edison might never have obtained the confidence and support of the great corporation. Edison had been trying for months to induce the officials to take up some of his inventions until they began to regard him as a bore.

He went to the main office one day and was greeted by Dr. Norvin Green and the other officials with smiles. Dr. Green said, "Mr. Edison, we are unable to get into communication with Albany, and a large amount of important business is in peril. I suppose you know more about telegraphy than all of the rest of us combined you can locate the difficulty."

Whether Edison noticed the bantering tone or not, he quietly answered, "I can locate it inside of two or three hours, sir."
Dr. Green and the others laughed outright, one of them saying, "Edison, you have now fully demonstrated that you are a crank."
Edison never smiled or addressed a word to the speaker, but looked at Dr. Green and said, "If I locate this difficulty in two or three hours will you take up my inventions and give them honest consideration?"
"Yes, I will," said Dr. Green "and I will do it if you succeed in two days."

It was a very simple thing, as yet Edison was the only one who had the comprehensive mind I think of it instantly. He did not tell them for many years afterward how he accomplished the feat, but he did it inside of one hour.

Edison went to the main office where he was known as an expert operator, and called up Pittsburg. He asked for the best operator there, naming him, and then told the Pittsburg man to call up the best man at Albany and direct him to telegraph down the line toward New York as far as he could and report back to Edison as soon as possible. Inside of an hour Edison had this telegram:

"I can telegraph all right down to within two miles of Poughkeepsie, and there is trouble with the wire there."
Edison went back to the office of the president and gravely announced that if a train should be sent to Poughkeepsie with materials for the work they would find a break in the line just two miles on the other side of Poughkeepsie and could repair it that afternoon.

They begged him to tell how he had found it out, and he replied: "By knowing more about telegraphing than all of you put together, as Dr. Green has said."
They located the break, repaired it, and Dr. Green took up Edison's inventions, and that was Edison's great start in life.

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Dr. King's New Life Pills.
The Best in the World.

THEIR DAY AT HOME.

Quaint Advice the Newcomers Got From the Old Inhabitant.
When the first city family bought a place in Lanesboro and went up there to spend four months the denizens of the village looked at them askance, but before the season was over the new residents were on friendly terms with every one. Mrs. Deacon Holland explained the matter to a visiting cousin that autumn:

"I gave them a little hint, that's all," she said cheerfully. "The neighbors had all been to see them and show their good will, and they'd returned the call—the Copes had—in their runabout, as they call it."
"They were running about themselves, Mrs. Cope and her daughter, the whole time, it seemed to us folks that have our own housework to do. They'd drop in mornings when we were busy as could be and early afternoons before we got the work done up, and then they'd go riding off, scouring over the country."

"Well, one day they came in on me right in the midst of strawberry jam," and Mrs. Cope said, "We're thinking of having an afternoon at home every week, Mrs. Holland—Fridays. We thought the good people here would be pleased with the idea."
"Now, we read the papers here in Lanesboro, and we keep up with the times some, but I saw my chance then, and I took it. I looked at her innocent as a lamb, and I said:

"As long as you're speaking frank to me, I'll be the same with you. They will be real pleased. Of course we all like visitors, but still you do have a kind of a comfortable feeling to know there's a day when nobody will drop in on you and find you unprepared. There's a good many things you are glad to do at such a time. I take it real kind of you to let us know. And for your side of it, I said, 'I should think you'd want one afternoon to yourselves to do up what little mending you have, and so on.'"
"Folks can't keep on the go all the week without getting worn out," I told her, and then I spoke a little firmer.

"This isn't a fashionable village," I said to her, "and so there won't be anybody leave a card at your house that day, just when you want to be quiet." I said, "I'll pass the word around, and you'll have Fridays clear to yourself. We can do our neighborhood calling other days."

"She opened her mouth, and then she shut it. Then she put her head on one side and looked at me, and then she held out her hand, laughing a little."
"Thank you," she said. "I'm glad you approve," and off she went.
"We all like them first rate. They've learned our ways, and they fit right into 'em now. I have been known to take my mending basket and go over there on Fridays—but 'twas by special invitation."—Youth's Companion.

Duquesne's First Fight.
Admiral Duquesne, the famous French naval hero, was the son of a shipbuilder and at the age of seventeen was placed in command of one of his father's vessels. He sailed forth, espied a Dutch vessel, boarded it, compelled it to surrender and brought it into port. Not until he had been carried through the streets in triumph on the shoulders of his fellow townsmen did it occur to the officials that France and Holland were at peace. That fact being admitted, legal proceedings had to follow, as the result of which the youthful captain was warned to be more careful another time. Richelieu, however, heard of his exploit and, without considering the comity of nations, offered him a commission in the navy.

Vocation and Avocation.
"Avocation" is one of those unfortunate words that are constantly being used in a wrong sense. Strictly speaking, it refers to something that calls a man away from the ordinary occupation of his daily life. If you earn your living by drafting conveyances and interpreting legal subtleties and also are often seen in leisure hours with a camera in your hand and have a dark room at home, then the law is your vocation and photography your avocation.—London Telegraph.

Beauties of Long Island.
A teacher tells me that at a Brooklyn school not long since the class in geography was asked, "What are some of the natural peculiarities of Long Island?" The pupils tried to think, and after awhile a boy raised his hand. "I know," said he. "Well, what are they?" asked the teacher. "Why, said the boy, with a triumphant look, 'on the south side you can see the sea, and on the north side you can hear the sound.'"—Exchange.

ELECTRIC BITTERS.
THE BEST FOR BILIOUSNESS AND KIDNEYS.

CHAS. SCHREINER,
BANKER
(UNINCORPORATED)
AND COMMISSION MERCHANT
KERRVILLE, TEXAS.
A General Banking Business Transacted. Solicitors of Accounts of Merchants and Stockmen.

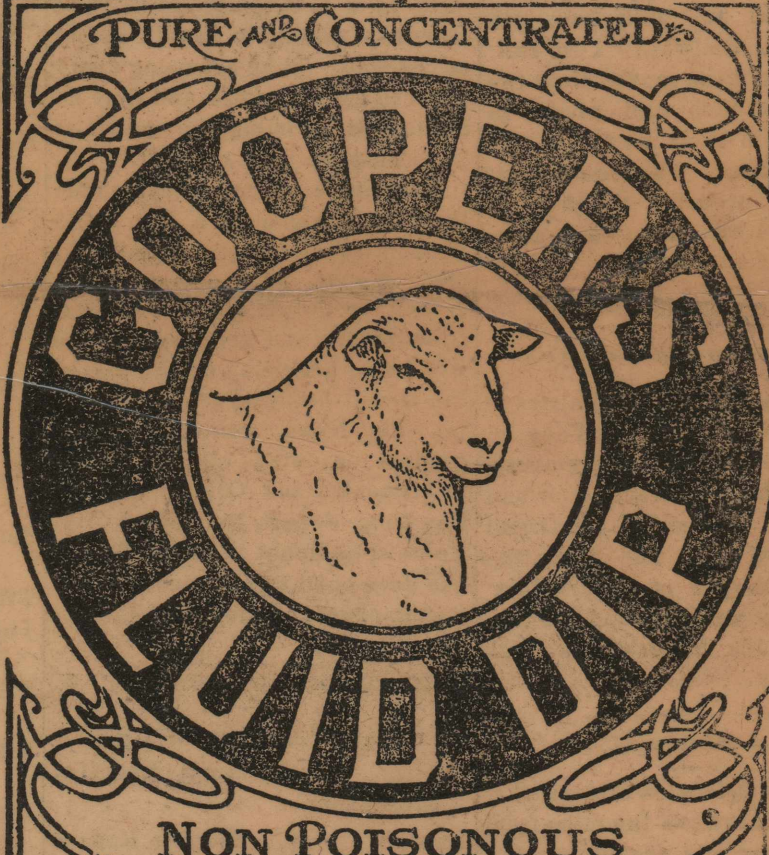
BUILD NOW.

Lumber at San Angelo at San Angelo prices or at Sonora with freight added from the wagons. From the yard in small quantities the cost of handling is added. Let me figure on your bill.

B. F. BELLOWES,
Lumber, Sonora, Texas.

A New Triumph in Dip Making

DOUBLE STRENGTH, LOW COST. LESS FREIGHT.



Absolutely free from any crude substance. Contains no tar oil. Infalible in curative effect. No injury to sheep or wool. Requires no addition besides water. No sediment. No stirring. Mixes with cold water whether hard, brackish, alkali, or salty.

ITS USE PERMITTED IN OFFICIAL DIPPINGS FOR


SHEEP SCAB. CURES MANCE AND LICE ON
CATTLE AND HOGS. MUCH CHEAPER
THAN LICE CO AND CRUDE LIQUID DIP
NO DEARER THAN LIME AND SULPHUR.

ONE gallon makes 120 gallons for Scab of official strength, or 200 gallons for Ticks and Lice, etc.

One gallon can, \$1.75; Five gallon can \$8.50.

SOLE PROPRIETORS AND MANUFACTURERS,
WILLM. COOPER & NEPHEWS, 177 Illinois St., Chicago

Sold by E. F. Vander Stucken Co., Sonora, Texas.



PEARL BEER

WHO CAN BEAT IT?
SAN ANTONIO BREWING ASSN.

Devil's River News.

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MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.
EVE MURPHY, Publisher.
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Stockman's Paradise.
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Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora
second-class matter.
SONORA, TEXAS. February 11, 1911

**READY TO MAKE
THE DIRT FLY
San Angelo to
Sonora Now**

Rudders' outfit of fifty teams, passed through Sonora Tuesday from the Orient work near Del Rio to assist in putting the Orient grade into Sonora as early as possible. Dirt has been broken by another large force at Eldorado and the progress of the grade south will not suffer for want of men and horses.

Roach & Stansell, the contractors, naturally submit miles of the work contracted and that is why we state that "Rudders outfit" is at work. They are in camp 12 miles north of Sonora and are working both ways. Walker Stansell says the grade into Sonora will be completed by May 1st, and that there will be no cause for delay on the part of his firm for the placing of the ties and steel from San Angelo to Sonora and then on to Del Rio.

The selection of a resident engineer has been made and Charlie Colpitts of Kansas City, will be in charge of the work from San Angelo to Sonora. Mr. Abercrombie the division engineer, at San Angelo, will also, give occasional attention to the work.

The move is towards Sonora and the flight of Way committee should be assisted in every practical way. Don't sit down and say "pay me." What would our stuff be worth without the Railway? Two residences have been moved from the terminal grounds and placed in good shape in their new locations without mishap. The Geo. Hamilton house probably the best in East Sonora, was successfully moved to a prettier location without damage.

Clearing the Right of Way.

The Right of Way Committee of which B. M. Halbert and Thos B Adams are the active members, have been busy contracting for and moving the houses of the Orient Right of Way. The Hamilton house was moved to its new location without a mishap and the rent house of Joe North's has been started away.

Just a Minute Please.

With the Orient in Sonora, that railway will receive the clips from 100,000 sheep and goats raised annually in Sutton County.

Apart from this there is no apparent reason why the Orient at Sonora, should not ship the products of the sheep and Angora goats raisers of Edwards, Crockett, Kinney, Val Verde and parts of Uvalde, Kimble, Kerr and Bandera, to say nothing of the clips of the Terrell and Pecos counties. It may be that "T" was But a Dream," but in the few months we are ahead of the Orient, remember that other times are coming.

Sonora is the logical center for wool, mohair, cattle and live stock shipments from West Texas with the Orient trains to pull out the surplus.

Remember the conditions are absolutely true with but few exceptions. Remember also that Sonora people have and are largely interested in institutions for their common welfare and are not considered in the success of Sonora or Sonora's success.

Upon the success of Sonora as a trading and shipping center, the value of your lands and live stock depends—very largely—particularly your lands.

Now think about these things; talk to your wife and family about them. And then if you think different come and let us talk it over. If we are wrong, all you have to do is to show us.

Robert Johnson and family of Dallas, arrived in Sonora last week and are residing in the Dock Simmons house. Mr. Johnson expects to drill a well and build a house on his two section ranch in the Geo. Allison ranch eight miles east of town.

ON TO SONORA.

On to Sonora is the slogan of all the employees of the Orient system. At Sonora the Orient will get large shipments of wool, mohair, cattle, sheep, goats, hogs, horses and mules, to say nothing of the cotton that will be raised and shipped when the Orient comes. The first eight hold good under any circumstances and the later is only dependent upon the "sign" when its right, or rain at the right time. Sutton county produces more wool mohair, sheep, cattle, horses, goats and hogs; to say nothing of the mules, (of which Sutton county is the heartstone) than any other 30x50 county in Texas.

In fact there is no other county in the UNITED STATES THAT DOES DO SO

Pardon us? We did not intend to get off this way. Because our head line was "On to Sonora" FRISCO PEOPLE IN SONORA

General Freight Agent Pre-ton, Commercial Agent Wynne and General Live Stock Agent Tillman of the Frisco Railway system were visitors in Sonora this week. These gentlemen were in Sonora for the purpose of inducing our people to ship and receive their freight over the Frisco from Menard in advance and prior to the coming of the Orient to Sonora. At the request of these gentlemen a meeting was held in the directors room of the First National Bank and the matter taken under consideration.

While Messrs Preston, Wynne and Tillman are not in the construction department, all have a kind feeling for the Sonora country and will assist in bringing the Frisco to Sonora.

TALKING FOR HOME.

We started into say that the slogan was in railroad circles—"ON TO SONORA" and then got off the track and then told some thing else.

Well, as it appears to us our headline for the announcement "ON TO SONORA" was only amiss in a few particulars. The Orient is coming to Sonora as fast as possible. They are using every effort to get to Sonora and they do not intend to relinquish one effort to accomplish this desire.

They have enough steel to take them to Mertzon or a few miles west in the direction of Fort Stockton. But if the Company is accorded the proper spirit of support (like Sonora will give them) there will be no hesitancy on the part of the Orient building south to Sonora. The News, would, with our wisdom encourage all the people to patronize the Orient, all the way from Sonora to Kansas City. There is no doubt that the Orient has developed, or has caused to be, Sutton county, Sonora and the Sonora Country.

PROGRAM FOR B. Y. P. U.

FUNDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 3 p.m.
Subject Is the Moral Law Unchangeable.
Leader Nannie Kouche
Song Nannie Kouche
Prayer
Song
Scripture Reading Heb. 10. 17 by Leader
The Unchanging Law of Morality Mrs. G. G. Stephenson
Recitation Violet Stanley
Selected Reading Ebel Luckie
Special song
Bible drill
Sword drill
Roll Call
Report of committees
Free will offering
Dismission.
Everyone is cordially invited to attend.

Troubled For 15 Years.

by a cure defying stomach trouble that baffled doctors, and resisted all remedies he tried, John W. Modders, of Moddersville, Mich., seemed doomed. He had to sell his farm and give up work. His neighbors said, "he can't live much longer." "Whatever I ate distressed me," he wrote, "till I tried Electric Bitters, which worked such wonders for me that I can now eat things I could not take for years. Its surely a grand remedy for stomach trouble." Just as good for the liver and kidneys. Every bottle guaranteed. Only 50c at Nathans Pharmacy.

Fat Stock Show at San Angelo March 3 and 4.

Dock Simmons and family are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Pat Lee in McKavett this week.

C. C. Parker, D. V. S. of San Angelo and L. R. Lewis, horse trainer, who has the San Angelo Fair grounds leased, were in Sonora this week.

Trade With Us

We have been with You a Long time and have tried to save Money for You.

WE ARE STILL TRYING COME, STOP A MINUTE, AND WE'LL SHOW YOU!

E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

Pianoforte Recital by Miss Philip's Pupils.

- Solo—La Harpe Eolienne—Smith Lois Ward
- Solo—Birdie in the Elm Tree Kern Willie May Winn
- Solo—Polka Des Polkas—Wallace Ruth Davis
- Duet—Perles Et Dentelles Bertha Turney, Marie Lowrey
- Solo—Cinderella Dance. Engleman Joseph Vander Stucken
- Solo—Maiden's Dream Heins Maggie Pfister
- Solo—Silver Sprig Henschel Annie North
- Duet—Gayeta Polka Nohfort Emile Vander Stucken, Willie May Winn
- Vocal Solo—My Western Rose Mary Smith
- Solo—Song of the Brook Warren Ida Halbert
- Trio—Folk Song (Selected) Thelma Turner, Willie May Winn, Knox Newell
- Solo—Polaniasse Walker Jessie Smith
- Solo—My First Waltz Englemann Thelma Turner
- Duet—The Merry Princes. Baker Eleanor Fields, Marie Lowrey
- Solo—Mondlicht Goerdeler Irma Holman
- Duet—Grady Lowrey, Lois Gilbert
- Vocal Solo—(+) The Swallows (+) Morning and Evening Mrs. L. H. Rogers
- Mountain Stream Smith Blanch Ward
- Trio—Dancing Flowers. Holst Mania Smith, Eleanor Fields, Marie Lowrey
- Solo—Moonlight Night Bufford Annie Owens
- Duet—Orange Blossoms. Ludovico Thelma Fields, Ida Halbert
- Solo—Dabcs Lescafe Lois Gilbert
- Solo—Silver Star Bohn Marie Lowrey
- Duet—Bicycle Waltz. Geibel Phil Newell, Willie May Winn
- Solo—Waltz Chopin Ray Davis
- Solo—Diavolina Lange Connie Parkerson

Life Saved at Death's Door.

"I never felt so near my grave," writes W. E. Patterson, of Wellington, Tex., as when a frightful cough and lung trouble pulled me down to 100 pounds, in spite of doctor's treatment for two years. My father, mother and two sisters died of consumption, and that I am alive today is due solely to Dr. King's New Discovery, which completely cured me. Now I weigh 187 pounds and have been well and strong for years." Quick, safe, sure, it's the best remedy on earth for coughs, colds, influenza, asthma, croup, and all throat and lung troubles. 50c & \$1.00. Trial bottle free. Guaranteed by Nathan's Pharmacy.

NOTICE FOR BIDS FOR COUNTY DEPOSITORY.

Notice is hereby given that sealed proposals or bids will be received by the Commissioners' Court of Sutton County, Texas, on February 13, 1911, at two o'clock p. m., from any such banking corporation, association or individual banker in said Sutton County as may be desired to be selected as the depository of the funds of said county; all such bids to be delivered to me on or before said time, stating the rate of interest that such banking corporation, association, or individual banker offers to pay on the funds of this county for the period of time beginning February 13th, A. D. 1911, and running for two years from said time; said bid or bids to be accompanied by a certified check for the sum of two hundred and fifty dollars as a guarantee of good faith on the part of such bidder, and for a further guarantee that if such bid should be accepted by said court, such bidder will enter into the bond now provided for by law in such cases; and upon the failure of the bidder that may be selected as such depository to give the bond now required by law in such cases the amount of such certified check to be forfeited to said Sutton County as liquidated damages; the bidder offering to pay the largest rate of interest per annum for said funds to be selected as such depository for said two years, provided, however, said court may reject any and all bids; such interest to be computed upon the daily balances of the credit of said county with such depository, and to be payable to the county treasurer of said county monthly, and to be placed to the credit of such fund or funds as said court may direct; the checks of all successful bidders will be immediately returned; the check of the successful bidder to be returned when required bond is duly filed and approved by said court.
E. S. BRIANT,
County Judge, Sutton County, Texas.

Goats Lost.

Lost from near Mayer, on or about Jan. 11, 26 head of goats. The old goats were branded two stripes across the nose. The kids are marked split hole in left ear. Please notify me at Mayer.
554 Howard Johnson.

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on my ranch 6 miles south 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.
J. T. Evans, Sr.

CORNELL & WARDLAW

Attorneys-at-Law,
SONORA, TEX.
Will practice in all the State Courts

H. R. WARDLAW, M. D.

Practice of Medicine and Surgery, [formerly house physician, John Seely Hospital] Galveston, Texas.
OFFICE CORNER DRUG STORE.
Night Commercial Hotel.
Sonora, Texas.

DR. L. F. ROBICHAUX.

DENTIST
Hours 9 to 12 a. m. 3 to 6 p. m.
Office in residence.
Phone connection.
Sonora, Texas.

Cheap but Good!

We will print your name, business and address on
100 Note Heads, Best Paper, and
100 Good Envelopes, 6 3/4 Size,
All for \$1.25, Cash.
WE PAY THE POSTAGE.

SUN PRINTERY,

Sonora, Texas.

Home Talent

under the direction

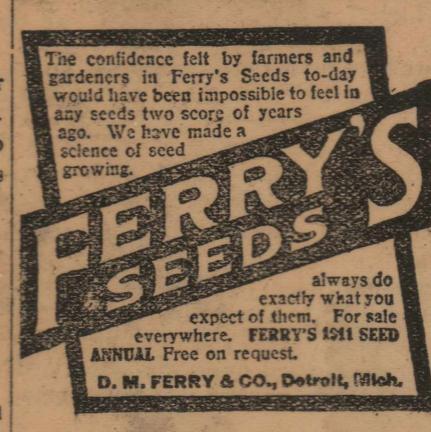
of Mrs. Rogers will

give a show that

will make you 'laf'

at the Court House

February 14th



The prospects for Sonora never were brighter. Plant trees, beautify your home and add to the picturesqueness of progressive, prosperous, pleasure loving Sonora.

Sheep of the Holy Land.

Frank Carpenter in the Twentieth Century Farmer; The most common sight out of doors in the Holy Land is the sheep. They are everywhere. You find them on the rich plains where the Philistines lived; they feed among the rocks on the slopes of the Judean mountains and in the wilderness all the way down to Jericho. They graze on every part of Samaria and Galilee, and a mass everywhere on the plain of Esdrashton. They are always watched over by shepherds and are often driven to new feeding grounds. The greater part of this country is so thin that if you could pare it off for a depth of eight inches there would be nothing but stone. It is different in the plains and the valleys, but the hills are terraces of rock covered with boulders and sprinkled here and there with patches of earth. The conditions, however, are such that the least bit of soil will grow luxuriant grass, and the sheep seem to grow fat on the stones.

I remember some HOGS I saw on my way to Jordan. They were heavy woolled animals, with tails of fat hanging down like aprons behind them. The most of them weighed 200 pounds, and the average was fatter and finer than the best sheep in America. Some were white-wooled and some brown, and others had brown heads and white bodies. I have tasted the mutton; it is excellent, and is the best meat to be had at the hotels.

The shepherds are about the same all over Palestine; they are kindly-eyed men with fair faces, bronzed by the sun; they stay out all day on the hills with the sheep driving them into the villages at night. Each shepherd has his staff and scip, a little bag of dried skin; he uses a sling as David did, and stones his sheep to keep them from straying. The strings of the sling are of goat hair and the pad for the stone is of the same material, often made with a slit in the middle, so that when a stone is put in the sling it fits close like a bag. Such things are now used in stone fights between the boys of the villages who practice to see who can throw the farthest.

The wool of these sheep is especially fine. It brings a higher price than that of Damascus, and something like a million dollars' worth of it is exported a year. The shearing is done by hand and much of the wool is sold unwashed; some is washed after shearing, the work being done by women, who receive less than a shilling a day.

Nearly every flock of sheep has its goats; they are usually black and can be picked out at a great distance. Some of the goats produce excellent milk, and the best as much as three quarts a day. There is a great deal in the Bible about the sheepfold; these are common in Palestine. In the villages there are often corrals and sometimes caves in the hills. The village folds are closed at night and the shepherds keep the keys. Those of the mountains are usually open and the sheep go in and out as they will.

One of the most important duties of the shepherd is to water his flock; he does this at streams or wells. At the wells the women draw the water for the sheep, as they did in the days of the Scriptures. They use bags of goatskin untanned. The skins are taken almost whole from the goats, and the legs and other openings tied up so that the skin is waterproof. There is but one hole at the throat and it is in this that the water is poured. The water for the house hold is carried in such bags, a network of ropes being wrapped around them so that it can be rested upon the back, the bag being supported by a rope around the forehead. A bag of the ordinary size, when filled, weighs at least fifty pounds. The women go along with their heads bent half double carrying such bags to their village homes; they do this day after day all their lives long.

Property values will increase more rapidly with painted house, neat fences, clean premises and beautiful yards.

Fresh air 2121 or 2300 may be had at Sonora and so on down to 2000 feet above sea level. If you want fresh air, climate and climatic conditions, no we take back the conditions, but come prepared for them. The Sonora Country is where you should stay. Ask a few questions before you settle.

For Sale.

A good Jack for sale.
42 tf J. A. WARD.

Town Lots.

For town lots, closest in, largest, highest up, or lower down, see T. D. Newell, owner,
54 tf Sonora, Texas.

For Sale or Trade.

One Percheron Stallion 8 years old.
One German Coach Stallion 8 years old.
Two 6 year old Jacks.
One 3 year old Jack.
One 2 year old Jack.
Will exchange for stock of any kind except Burros.
O. T. WORD,
42 tf Sonora, Texas.

The RED FRONT STABLE

Robert Anderson, Prop.,
HAY AND GRAIN
Your Patronage Solicited.
Will buy hides.

Employment Bureau.

All kinds of labor contracted. Also Spanish Interpreting. Charges reasonable. Write, see or phone
TRAINER BROS.,
At the Bank Station.

Wood, Wood, Wood—See

J. C. WILSON.
For Live Oak, Mesquit, and dry Cedar stove wood. Also all kinds of hauling. Phone 101.

JOE BERGER.

CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER.
ESTIMATE FURNISHED,
Sonora, Texas.

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.

SAM GREEN, Painter.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED.
Phone 112
SONORA, TEXAS.

FRED BERGER,

BOOT AND SHOE MAKER,
REPAIRING NEATLY DONE.
CHARGES REASONABLE.
Sonora, Texas.

Good Hack For Sale.

Racine hack almost new and a set of double harness for sale.
John Swinburn,
54 tf. Sonora, Texas.

HOUSE MOVING.

If you want your house moved or turned around see or write
ED. PFISTER,
47 Sonora, Texas.

HULL BROTHERS,

The Well Drillers,
Sonora, Texas.

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on my ranch known as the Lost Lake ranch 12 miles south east of Sonora, and other ranches owned and controlled by me, for the purpose of cutting timber, hauling wood or hunting hogs without my permission, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.
A. F. CLARKRON,
45 Sonora, Texas.

Notice to Trespassers.

Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on my ranch 12 miles south of Sonora for the purpose of cutting timber, hauling wood, hunting hogs or fishing without my permission, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.
O. T. WORD,
37 Sonora, Texas.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF SONORA, TEXAS.

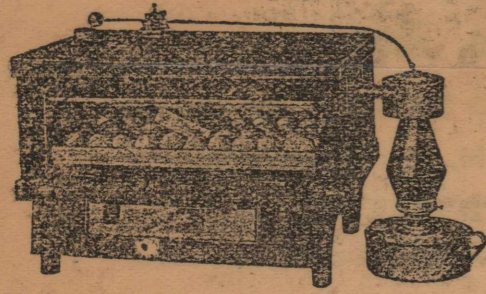
CAPITAL STOCK \$100,000.00

SURPLUS - - 27,000.00

The Oldest Bank in the Devil's River Country.

OFFICERS AND DIRECTORS:

E. R. JACKSON, President; E. F. VANDER STUCKEN, Vice Pres; C. S. Allison, Will Whitehead, E. E. Sawyer, W. L. ALDWELL, Cashier.



ANYBODY

Can Hatch Chickens

With a

BUCKEYE INCUBATOR

No more trouble than the old hen. Buy a "Buckeye" Raise more Chickens and let your hens lay more eggs.

FOR SALE BY THE

CORNER DRUG STORE

J. B. BLAKENEY, Proprietor.

NATHAN'S PHARMACY

(The place where you get the best for your money.)

Exclusive agent for Jacob's Candies (The best in the South.) Eastman's Kodaks (the only Kodak.) Mulford Pharmaceutical (the World's Highest Standard.) These combined with courteous treatment, experience and conscientious scruples, make it worth your while to let him do your drug store business.

A pretty line of Diamonds, CUT-CLASS, JEWELRY and WATCHES always on display. A. H. NATHAN, Proprietor, Sonora, Texas. Next Door to First National Bank.

Martin Commission Co.,

THE LAND AND LIVE STOCK COMMISSION MEN, SONORA, TEXAS.

Is offering for sale a number of ranches, and has on his list Cows, Stock Cattle, Steers of all ages, Sheep and Goats. In fact if you want to buy or sell anything in the "Paradise" give me a call or write me.

CITY MEAT MARKET.

We have now been with you for several months in the capacity of City Butchers and general Beef, Pork and Mutton dealers. We leave it to your good will to say whether or not the service we have given you has been the best. If we have in any way failed to please you, tell us and we will get right. Asking your continued good will and patronage, we beg to remain,

Yours truly,

BRIDGE & GREEN.

Sonora, Texas.

Wyatt's Restaurant

SOLICITS YOUR PATRONAGE OYSTERS and Fish

Short Orders a Specialty

Everything Clean Polite Attention WALTER WYATT, Proprietor.

FIFTY



BULLS

FOR

SALE

Registered and High Grade Durham.

Two and Three Year Olds IN FINE CONDITION FOR SERVICE,

T. D. WORD,

Ranch 20 Miles West of Sonora.

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Bontree and daughter Miss Nellie, were in Sonora a few days this week.

Candy—"The kind you and the other girl like," at the Corner Drug Store.

All the Sonora boosters—or to be—should go to Menard on the day they celebrate, probably Feb. 28.

Fish and Oysters at the Wyatt Restaurant.

Dr. C. D. Smith has returned from a visit to his family at Stamford. Mrs. Smith was about to regain her usual health when the Doctor left.

We have just received a car load of cook and heater stoves E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

There will be a Grand March-ade Ball at the Court House on Wednesday, Feb. 22nd. Storms Orchestra of San Angelo has been engaged for the occasion. A ladies and gentlemen prize for the best represented character will be presented just following the Eleven o'clock Special. Everyone is requested to mask and try for the beautiful prizes.

As a household remedy for cuts, bruises, piles, pain and soreness of all kinds, Dr. Cox's Barbed Wire Liniment, 25c size, has no equal. If not satisfactory, money refunded. For sale by all druggists.

Mrs. M. L. Martin Dead.

Mrs. M. L. Martin died at the home of her son John Martin, in Junction, on Feb. 7, 1911. On the coming 16th of July, Mrs. Martin would have been 78 years of age. Mrs. Martin moved to Kimble county with her husband and family 31 years ago and was buried by the side of her husband on Gentry Creek. The News extends sympathy to the sons and daughters in their sorrow.

The Stockmen Convention will be held in San Antonio on March 21, 22 and 23.

Cakes, Pies and Light Bread at the Wyatt Restaurant.

J. O. Eastland of Meridian, Miss., is visiting his cousin H. Eastland the sheepman on the Holland ranch.

Pies, Cakes and Light Bread at the Wyatt Restaurant.

Fred Smith who has been with the T. L. Benson Co., at Eldorado for the past year, has come home to the Dear Old Sonora. Fred says the cash sale conducted by the Benson Company, was a great success. The employees marveled at where the money came from—but they sold the goods and got the dinero.

Fish and Oysters at the Wyatt Restaurant.

FINDLATER HARDWARE CO.,

HEADQUARTERS FOR

WATER SUPPLY MATERIAL

Carry a Full Line of

Samson Windmills 4 3-4 to 20 ft Standard Windmills 9 to 22 1-2 ft

These are also Carried in Sonora.

Stover Gasoline Engines

1, 2, 4 and 6 H.P. Plain and Pumps.

The Simplest and most Satisfactory on the Market.

Fuller & Johnson Farm Pumps, The New Wonder For Wells of Moderate depth

We Manufacture

Hudson Bottomless Stock Troughs and Storage Tanks

Have the Most Complete and Up-to-date

Tin Shop in West Texas and are "The Plumbers"

We have the Largest Stock of Wire Fencing, Summer Goods and General Hardware in the district and Will Appreciate Your Business For any Goods Not Handled by Your Home Merchants.

FINDLATER HARDWARE CO.,

SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.

75 Gallons Per Minutes.

T. D. Newell owner of the Sonora Water Works system, (that has a natural pressure of 115 feet.) brought in another well last Saturday that pumped between 70 and 75 gallons per minute. The well was drilled by Wm. Clark and is an eight inch hole. The pipe used for the test was only 4 1/2 inches, BUT the stroke was 28 inches long and the engine made 48 strokes to the minute. The depth of the well was 300 feet. Mr. Newell has Mr. Clark at work on another well.

Dr. Cox's Painless Blister. Price 50c. Guaranteed to blister without pain, or money refunded. For sale by all druggists. 20-1y

Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Clarkson and son Shannon were in Sonora Tuesday from the Lost Lake ranch, in their auto. It is indeed encouraging to see the boy able to be about.

BOX CANDY—Just what the lady wants and the man enjoys at Corner Drug Store.

The Orient contractors or managers need have nothing to fear in their progress to or through Sonora. Everything will be ready for them.

A N. Galley of Christoval was in town this week. Mr. Galley was a former resident of Sonora and says he is doing well in his new locality. Mr. Galley says that the rock out near Christoval is about or nearly complete and that as far as he can see there is now no obstacle in the completion of the line from San Angelo to Sonora.

The Orient grade from Eldorado to Sonora will be completed in four months. If you intend having your home painted it will pay you to figure with Sam Green.

When you go to San Angelo call on Eddie Maier, at the Favorite Saloon, he will treat you O. K. 72-4f

Spreading Out.

The East Side of Sonora is beginning to look like a town by itself. Buildings for homes of residents are being erected and placed in position. They are spreading out. Looks like a town itself.

Fish and Oysters at the Wyatt Restaurant.

Basil Halbert visited San Antonio during his absence and saw the machines fly. Says it is a great sight and worth going miles to see.

When you want your clothes cleaned and pressed phone 117.

Advertise and let the people know what you have to sell. That is the secret of the most successful business man of today.

When you get ready to have your home painted I am ready to do your painting for you.

Sam Green.

Al Brooks a brother to Mrs. Sam McKee was a visitor at the McKee ranch last week. Mr. Brooks' ranch is in Kinney county.

Just arrived a car load of cook and heater stoves at E. F. Vander Stucken Co.

E. C. Beam one of the operators at the Sonora Central Telephone office, sent a telegram to New York City, Tuesday and received an answer in one hour and fifty minutes. The young man is proud of the work of his company and of the service given by the Western Union at San Angelo. It is with pleasure the News makes mention of this service because where good work is done it by a public service corporation, it is well to encourage and approve of same.

NOTICE.

A pasture with about 30 sections of land for lease in the Spring (located in Edwards county.) Stock and steer cattle thereon for sale. Also 1100 goats shearing 4 pounds. Apply to Dietert Bros. Kerrville, Texas. 56

FOUR PER CENT INTEREST Will be Paid on Savings Deposits.

Realizing the mutual benefits to be derived therefrom, the First National Bank of Sonora has opened a Savings Department in connection with their Bank and to our patrons and citizenship in general we wish to announce that accounts in this department can be opened with a deposit of Five Dollars and upwards, and that interest will be paid on said deposits at the rate of 4 per cent per annum, paid January and July 1st, of each year.

We will furnish depositors with pass books which are to be presented from time to time as withdrawals are made.

Our sole object in creating this department is for the sole benefit of our patrons.

Ladies and Children Especially are Invited to participate,

and all who are desirous of opening a Savings Account, can at any time prior to February 15th open said account and interest will be computed from January 1st of this year. We are offering this opportunity that the younger generation may acquire the habit of saving, and also

Have an account with The OLDEST and STRONGEST BANK in the Devil's River Country.

and in future years can look back with pride to the time their saving account was opened.

Our management and stockholders realize that this is a liberal rate of interest to allow depositors in a territory so undeveloped; however, to carry out our plans

"Do everything to help Sonora and Sutton County,"

we have inaugurated this department, and in addition to paying a liberal rate of interest, will encourage savings among the rising generation and encourage the opening of bank accounts by all the children.

We have not yet received all necessary stationery for the dispatching of business in this department, but we are in position to receive deposits on the basis outlined, and would be very glad indeed that any and all parties interested call and talk the matter over with us.

It is unnecessary to call your attention

To the Liability of the Stockholders and Officers of this Bank;

the reputation and business integrity of all are well known to you, and are beyond question or reproach.

WE LEAD LET OTHERS FOLLOW.

THE OLDEST AND STRONGEST BANK IN DEVIL'S RIVER COUNTRY. We have never changed our Motto: "Give us your business, and we will make you feel at home."

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

SONORA, TEXAS.

ICA ADAMS,

CHAS. EVANS.

I. C. A. TAILOR.

Opposite the Post Office, suits Ordered, Altered, Cleaned and Pressed. Ladies patronage solicited. Phone 117.

ICA ADAMS & CO.

Tuesday Night at the Court House

Home Talent

MINSTRELY

Under Management of Mrs. Rogers

Part of Proceeds for Benefit of the Cemetery Association

Pretty Costumes

Laugh with Us.

Make Life a Long

Sweet Song.

Curtain at 8

EVERYBODY COME

HAS NO SUBSTITUTE

ROYAL BAKING POWDER



Absolutely Pure
The only baking powder made from Royal Grape Cream of Tartar
NO ALUM, NO LIME PHOSPHATE

Devil's River News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor,
STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.

Advertising Medium of the
Stockman's Paradise.
Subscription \$2 a Year in Advance

Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora,
as second-class matter.

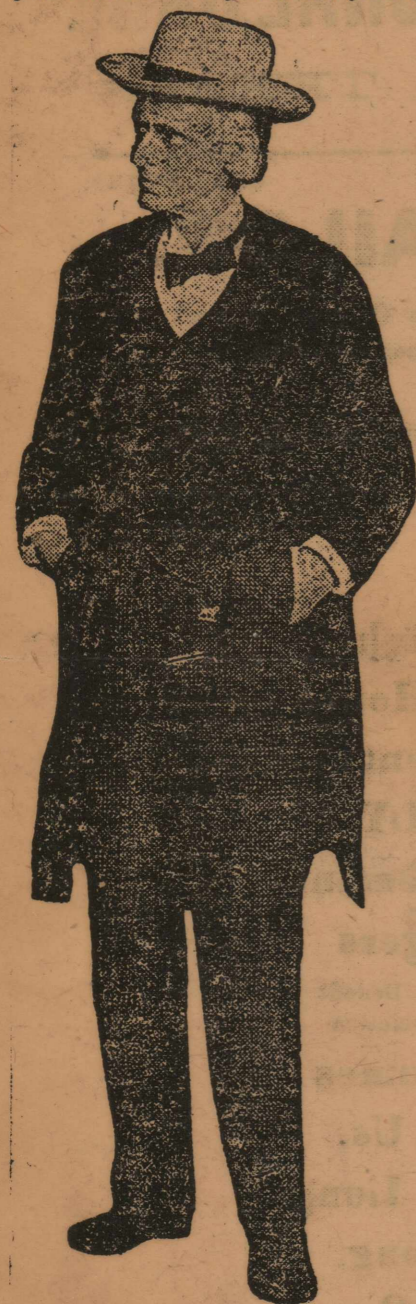
Sonora, Texas. - February 11, 1911.

THE FORTUNE HUNTER

Novelized by
LOUIS JOSEPH VANCE
From the Play of the
Same Name by
WINCHELL SMITH

Copyright, 1910, by Winchell Smith and
Louis Joseph Vance

"Money? Why, Betty, what?"
Her foot came down on the floor impatiently. "Can you get me some money?" she repeated in a breath.
"Well—er—how much, Betty?" He tried to touch her, to take her by his arms, but she moved away, her sorry little figure quivering from head to foot.
"Enough," she said, half sobbing—"enough to buy a dress—a nice dress—a dress that will surprise folks!"
"But tell me what the matter is, Betty. Wanting a dress would never upset you like this."
She whipped the cracked and crumpled card from her pocket and pushed



"He'll come pretty darn quick." It into his hand. "Look at that!" she bade him and turned away, struggling with all her might to keep back the tears.
He read his old face softening. "Josie Lockwood's party, eh? And she's sent you an invitation. Well, that was kind of her, very kind." She swung upon him in a fury. "No

It was not kind. It was mean! It was mean!"
"Oh, Betty," he begged in consternation, "don't say that. I'm sure—"
"Oh, you don't know! I heard the girls talkin' in the postoffice—Angie Tutill and Mame Garrison and Bessie Gabriel. I was round by the boxes where they could see me, but I could hear them, and they were laughin' because I was invited. They said the reason Josie did it was because she knew I didn't have anything to wear, and she wanted to hear what excuse I'd make for not goin'. Ah, I heard them!"
"Oh, but Betty, Betty," he pleaded, "don't you mind what they say. Don't!"
"But I do mind; I can't help mindin'. They're mean." She paused, her features hardening. "I'm goin' to that party," she declared tensely; "I'm goin' to that party, and—and I'm goin' to have a dress to go in too! I don't care what I do—I'm goin' to have that dress!"
Sam would have soothed her as best he might, but she would neither look at nor come near him.
"Well, see," he said gently. "We'll see. I'll try."
She turned on him, exasperated beyond thought. "That only means you can't help me!"
"Oh, no, it doesn't. I'll do what I can."
"Have you got any money now?"
He hung his head to avoid her blazing eyes. "Well—no—not at present, but here's this new stock and—"
"That doesn't mean anything, and you know it. You owe that note to Mr. Lockwood, don't you? And you can't pay it."
"Not today, Betty, but he'll give me a little more time, I'm sure. He's kind, very kind."
"You don't know him. He's as mean—as mean as dirt—as mean as Josie."
"Betty!"
"Then if you did get any money you'd have to give it to him, wouldn't you?"
"Yes, but I'm sure—I think it'll come all right."
"Ah, what's the use of talkin' that way? What's the use of talkin' at

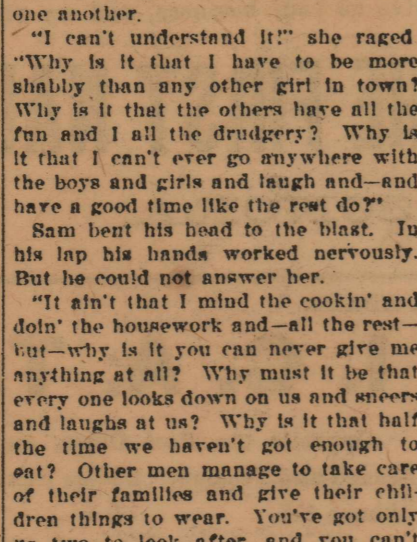
all? I know you can't do anything for me, and so do you!"
Sam had dropped into his chair, unable to stand before this storm; he stared now, mute with amazement, at this child who had so long, so uncomplainingly, shared his poverty and privations, grown suddenly to the stature of a woman—and a tormented, passionate woman, stung to the quick by the injustice of her lot. He put out a hand in a feeble gesture of placation, but she brushed it away as she bent toward him, speaking so quickly that her words stumbled and ran into one another.
"I can't understand it!" she cried. "Why is it that I have to be more shabby than any other girl in town? Why is it that the others have all the fun and I all the drudgery? Why is it that I can't ever go anywhere with the boys and girls and laugh and—and have a good time like the rest do?"
Sam bent his head to the blast. In his lap his hands worked nervously. But he could not answer her.
"It ain't that I mind the cookin' and dandin' the housework and—all the rest—but—why is it you can never give me anything at all? Why must it be that every one looks down on us and sneers and laughs at us? Why is it that half the time we haven't got enough to eat? Other men manage to take care of their families and give their children things to wear. You've got only us two to look after, and you can't even do that. It isn't right, it isn't decent, and if I were you I'd be ashamed of myself!"
Her temper had spent itself, and with this final cry she checked abruptly, with a catch at her breath for shame of what she had let herself say. But, childlike, she was not ready to own her sorrow, and she turned her back, trembling.
Sam, too, was shaken. In his heart he knew there was justification for her indignant, truth in what she had said. And he was heartbroken for her. He got up unsteadily and put a gentle hand upon her shoulder.
"Why, Betty—!"
A dry sob interrupted him. He pulled himself together and forced his voice to a tone of confidence. "Just be a little patient, dear. I'm sure things will be better with us soon. Just a little more patience; that's all. Why, there was a gentleman here this morning from New York city talkin' about an invention of mine."
The girl moved restlessly, shaking off his hand. "Invention!" she echoed bitterly. "Oh, father! Everybody knows they're no good! You've been wastin' time on 'em ever since I can remember, and you've never made a dollar out of one yet."

Town lots in Sonora are for sale by the Martin Commission Co. Buy one now and get in on the ground floor. Do it now before prices advance. The new maps are being made and the dedication of the streets and alleys will be made as soon as possible. Perfect title. No trouble to show you. See Martin Commission Co.

He bowed to the truth of this, then again braced up bravely. "But this gentleman seemed quite interested. He's over at the Bigelow House now. I think I'll step over and have a talk with him."
"You'd much better go and have a talk with Blinky Lockwood," she told him brutally. "He's waitin' for you at the bank and said he wasn't goin' to wait after 12 o'clock neither!"
"Well, perhaps you're right. I'll go there. It's after 12, but—" He started to get his hat and stopped with an exclamation. "Why, Nat! I didn't know you'd got back!"
Duncan was at the back of the store clearing the last remnants of the old stock from the shelves. "Yes," he said pleasantly, without turning. "I've been here some time cleaning up the cellar to make room for the stuff that's coming in. I came upstairs just a moment ago, but you were so busy talking you didn't notice me."
He paused, swept the empty shelves with a calculating glance and came out around the end of the counter. "Everything's in tiptop shape," he said. "I checked up the bill of lading myself, and there's not a thing missing, not a bit of breakage. Mr. Graham," he continued, dropping a gentle hand on the old man's shoulder, "you're going to have the finest drug store in the state within six months. With the stuff that Sperry has sent us we can make Sothern & Lee look like 65 cents on the dollar. We're going to make things hum in this old shop, and don't you forget it. He laughed lightly, with a note of encouragement. But he avoided Graham's eyes even as he did Betty's. He could not meet the pitiful look of the former, any more than that stare of hostility and defiance in the latter.
"It's good of you, my boy," Graham quavered. "I—but I'm afraid I won't!"
"Now don't say that!" Duncan interposed firmly. "And don't let me keep you. I think you said you were going out on business? And I'll be busy enough right here."
And, without exactly knowing how it had come about, Graham found himself in the street, stumbling downtown toward the bank.
When he had gone Duncan would have returned to the shelves for a final redding up. He desired least of all things an encounter with Betty in her present frame of mind. With a sudden movement she threw herself in front of Duncan.
"So you were listening!"
"I'm sorry," he said uncomfortably. "It didn't mean to hear anything," he argued plaintively. "I was in the room before I understood and by the time I did it was too late—you had finished."
"Oh, don't try to explain. I—I hate you!" she continued.
He held her eyes inquiringly. "Yes," he said in the tone of one who solves a puzzling problem, "I believe you do."
She looked away, shaking with passion. "You just better believe it."
"But," he went on quietly, "you don't hate your father, too, do you, Miss Graham?"
"What do you mean by that, Mr. Duncan?"
"I mean," he said, faltering, "I'm going to give you a good advice. Don't you talk to your father again the way you did just now."
"Well, you ain't me!" she cried savagely. "You ain't me! Understood that? When I want advice from you I'll ask for it. Until I do you let me alone."
"Very well," he replied so calmly that she lost her bearings for a moment. And inevitably this, emphasizing as it did all that she resented most in him—his education, wit, address, his advantages of every sort—only served further to infuriate the child.
"Oh, I know why you talk that way!" she said, rubbing her poor little hands together.
"Do you?" he asked in wonder.
"Yes, I do you!"
Suddenly she found words—poverty stricken words, it's true, but the best she had wherewith to express herself. And for a little they flowed from her lips, a scalding, scathing torrent. "It's because you go to church all the time and try to look like a saint and—and try to make out you're too religious for anything and like to hear yourself givin' Christian advice to poor miserable sinners like me. You think that's just too lovely of you. That's why you said it, if you want to know. Folks wonder what you're doing here, don't they? Guess you know that, and like it too. It makes 'em look at you and talk about you, and that's what you like. I could tell 'em. You're only here to show off your good clothes and your finger nails and the way you part your hair and—and all the other things you do that nobody in New York would pay any attention to."



"I've slept on park benches." son I said what I did was because I'm strong for your father and—well, I wanted to do you a good turn too."
"I don't want your apologies."
"All right. Only think over what I said some time."
"I have a good reason for saying what I did."
"How do you know?"
"Because I'm not what you think I am altogether."
"I guess you're not," she snapped.
"But I don't mean what you mean. I mean you think I'm conceited and rich and don't know what trouble is. Well, you're mistaken. Many's the time I've dodged round corners to avoid meeting men I knew would invite me to have dinner or luncheon or a drink—of soda—or something-for fear they'd find out that I couldn't treat in return. Many a time I've gone hungry for days and weeks and slept on park benches until an old friend found me and took me home with him."
She eyed him with attention.
"But it's your father I wanted to talk about," he hurried on. "I'd bet a lot he knows more than any other man in this town, and, besides, he's a fine, square, good hearted old gentleman. Anybody can see that. Only he's got one terrible fault—he doesn't know how to make money. And that's mighty tough on you—though it's just as tough on him. But when you roost him for it, as you did just now, you only make his feet as miserable as a yellow dog, and that doesn't help matters a little bit. He can't change into a sharp business crook now; he's too old a man. Before long he won't be with you at all, and when he's gone you'll be sore on yourself sure if you keep on throwing it into him the way I heard you, and that's on the level."
"—I won't do it again," she faltered, twisting her hands together.
"Hurry for you!" he cried, and with an abrupt if artificial resumption of



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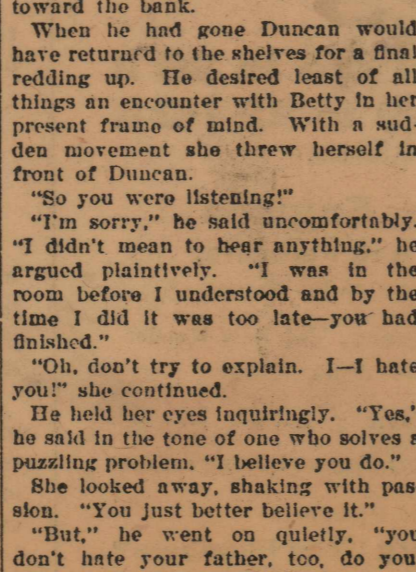
"Falls Victim to Thieves." S. W. Bende, of Coal City, Ala. has a justifiable grievance: Two thieves stole his health for twelve years. They were a liver and kidney trouble. Then Dr. King's New Life Pills throttled them. He's well now. Unrivaled for Constipation, Malaria, Headache, Dyspepsia, 25c at Nathan's Pharmacy.

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"A pretty good guess at that," he acknowledged candidly.
"Yes, it is and I know it, and you know it. Oh, it's easy enough to give advice when you've got plenty of money and fine clothes and—but!"
"I understand," he said when she paused to get a grip upon herself and find again the words she needed. "You needn't say any more. The only rea-

to meet her eyes shining with wonder. She grasped his arm timidly.
"I wanted to ask you," she said hastily, "if—was it this friend you spoke about—that found you in the park—who set you on the road to fortune?"
"That's what he said," Duncan answered whimsically.

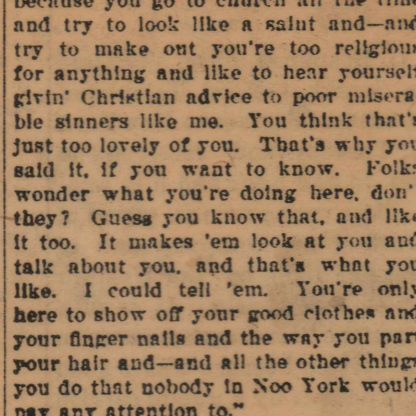
CHAPTER XII.
DUNCAN went home for his mid day meal. It wasn't much of a walk from Sam Graham's store to Miss Carpenter's, and he didn't mind in the least.
On this particular day he was sincerely hungry, but he had much to think about besides, and between the two he just boiled his food and made off hotfoot for the store.
Naturally, knowing nothing about Sam's note, although he knew Pete Willing by sight as the sheriff and town drunkard in one, it didn't worry him at all to discover that gentleman tacking toward the store as he hurried up Beech street, eager to get back to his job. The first intimation that he had of anything seriously amiss was when he entered, following Pete.
Pete Willing, sheriff and town drunkard, is the best natured man in the world, as a general rule. Drunk or sober, Radcliffe tolerates him for just that quality. On only two occasions is he irritable and unmanageable—when his wife gets after him about the drink and when he has a duty to perform in his official capacity.
Tall, gaunt, gangling and loose jointed, Duncan, returning to the store from lunch, found Pete standing in the middle of the floor, hands in pockets and a noisome stogy thrust into a corner of his mouth.
"I'm sorry about this, Sam," he belatedly, "but there ain't no use wastin' words 'bout it. I'm here on business."
"But what's the matter, sheriff?" Graham asked, his voice breaking.
"Ah, you know you got a note due at the bank, don't you?"
"Yes, but—"
"Well, it's protested. Y' understand that, don't you? I'm here to serve the papers on to you."
"But—but there must be some mistake," Sam clutched blindly for his hat. "I'll step over and see Mr. Lockwood. He's always been kind, very kind."
"Naw!" Pete bawled. "Mr. Lockwood don't want to see you unless you can settle. Y' can save yourself the trouble. Y' got to put up or get out. I got orders from him soon's I got judgment to close y' up. And that goes, see!"
"—To—fo—turn me out of the store, Pete?" Graham's world had slipped from beneath his feet. He was over-



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"—But—there must be some mistake," Graham repeated pleadingly. "It can't be. Mr. Lockwood surely wouldn't—"
"Now, there ain't no use whinin' about it," Willing roared him into silence. "Law is law, and—" He ceased quickly, surprised to find Duncan standing between him and his prey.
"What?" he began.
"Wait!" Duncan touched him gently on the chest with a forefinger, at the same time catching and holding the sheriff's eye. "Are you," he inquired quietly, "laboring under the impression that Mr. Graham is deaf?"
"What?"
Duncan turned to Sam apologetically. "He said 'what.' Did you hear it, sir?"
But by this time Pete was recovering to some degree. "What've you got to say about this?" he demanded crescendo.
"—I'll show you," Duncan told him in the same quiet voice. "What I've got to say if you'll just put the soft pedal on and tell me the amount of that note."
"—With interest and costs," he said less audaciously, "it figures up three hundred 'n' eighty dollars 'n' eighty two cents."
There's no use denying that Duncan was staggered. For the moment his noise deserted him utterly. He could only repeat, as one who dreams, "Three hundred and eighty dollars!"
His momentary consternation afforded Pete the opening he needed. The room shook with his regained sense of prestige.
"—Yes, three hundred 'n' eighty dollars 'n'— Say, you look a-her!"
Again the calm forefinger touched him and like a hypnotist's pass checked the rolling volume of noise. "Listen," begged Duncan. "If you've got anything else to tell me please retire to the opposite side of the street—so whineer it. Meantime be quiet."



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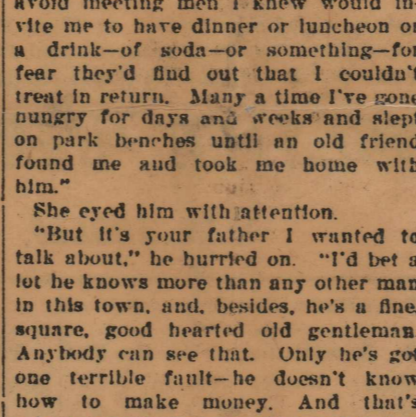


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"I've slept on park benches." son I said what I did was because I'm strong for your father and—well, I wanted to do you a good turn too."
"I don't want your apologies."
"All right. Only think over what I said some time."
"I have a good reason for saying what I did."
"How do you know?"
"Because I'm not what you think I am altogether."
"I guess you're not," she snapped.
"But I don't mean what you mean. I mean you think I'm conceited and rich and don't know what trouble is. Well, you're mistaken. Many's the time I've dodged round corners to avoid meeting men I knew would invite me to have dinner or luncheon or a drink—of soda—or something-for fear they'd find out that I couldn't treat in return. Many a time I've gone hungry for days and weeks and slept on park benches until an old friend found me and took me home with him."
She eyed him with attention.
"But it's your father I wanted to talk about," he hurried on. "I'd bet a lot he knows more than any other man in this town, and, besides, he's a fine, square, good hearted old gentleman. Anybody can see that. Only he's got one terrible fault—he doesn't know how to make money. And that's mighty tough on you—though it's just as tough on him. But when you roost him for it, as you did just now, you only make his feet as miserable as a yellow dog, and that doesn't help matters a little bit. He can't change into a sharp business crook now; he's too old a man. Before long he won't be with you at all, and when he's gone you'll be sore on yourself sure if you keep on throwing it into him the way I heard you, and that's on the level."
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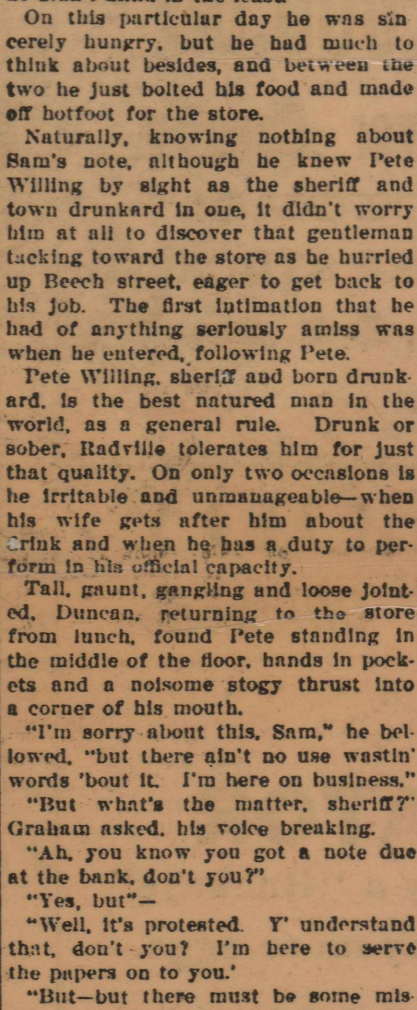
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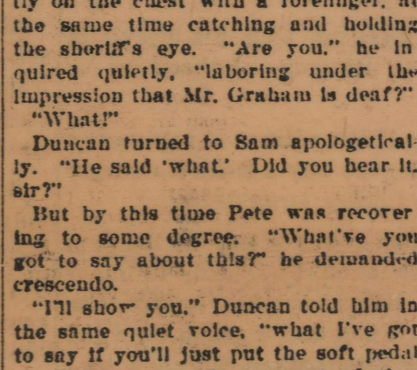
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