

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 second-class matter. SONORA, TEXAS. March 4, 1911.

Citation by Publication.

THE STATE OF TEXAS To the Sheriff or any Constable of Sutton County, Greeting: You are hereby commanded to summon in Appolonia Lara, by making publication of this citation on each week for four consecutive weeks previous to the return day hereof in some newspaper published in your county if there be a newspaper published therein, but if not, then in some newspaper published in the fifty-first Judicial district, but if there be no newspaper published in said Judicial district, then in a newspaper published in the nearest district to the said fifty-first Judicial district, to appear at the next regular term of the District Court of Sutton County to be holden at the Court House thereof in Sonora, on the first Monday in April, 1911, the same being the 3rd day of April 1911, then and there to answer a petition filed in said Court on the 24th day of February, A. D. 1911, wherein Belen Lara is Plaintiff, and Appolonia Lara is Defendant and cause of action being alleged as follows: Suit for divorce as a party Plaintiff's original petition now on file in said Court to which reference is here made for Plaintiff's demand.

Herein fail not, but have before said Court on the first day of the next term thereof this writ, with your return thereon showing how you have executed the same.

L. S.] Given under my hand and seal of said Court, in the town of Sonora, this 21st day of February, A. D., 1911. J. D. Lowrey, Clerk District Court, Sutton Co., Texas.

AN OLD TIME LIBEL.

To Call a Man a Federalist Was an Awful Offense.

In a paper on "Log Cabin Courts of Long Ago," written for Case and Comment, David C. Baker tells the story of an old libel suit in Franklin county, Ind., in which defendant was accused of calling plaintiff "a d--d old Federalist." The witnesses for the prosecution, thirty of them, were sworn all at one time. "We will examine Mr. Herndon first," said General James Noble, leading counsel for the plaintiff. "Mr. Herndon, do you consider it libelous and slanderous to call a man a Federalist?" asked General Noble.

"I do," the old man answered. "Which would you rather a man would call you—a Federalist or a horse thief?"

"I would shoot him if he called me one or the other."

"You have not answered the question," said General Noble.

"Well," replied Herndon, "I would rather be called anything under the heavens than a Federalist."

"What damages would you say the defendant should be made to pay for this libel in calling the plaintiff a Federalist?"

"I would say \$1,000 at least."

Judge John H. Test, attorney for the defendant, then took the witness.

"Mr. Herndon," he asked, "what do you understand by a Federalist?"

"My understanding is that it means a Tory, an enemy to his country," the witness replied.

General Noble again took the witness and asked him one more question.

"Mr. Herndon, would you feel safe with a Federalist by your side to meet the Indians in a bush fight?"

"I would not. I would just as lief have one of the hostile Indians with his rifle and tomahawk by my side."

There was a brief conference between the opposing attorneys; then General Noble arose and said:

"May it please the court, we have twenty-nine other witnesses that we are ready to examine, but to save time it is agreed by counsel that they will each swear to the same facts as those stated by Mr. Herndon and that the publication of the libel is admitted."

No evidence was offered for the defendant. Lengthy speeches were made by the counsel on both sides, covering in their range the history of the general government from its organization. The charge was given the next morning. The jury retired and in a few minutes returned into court with the following verdict.

"We find that to charge a man with being a Federalist is libelous, and we assess the damages of the plaintiff at \$1,000, the amount sworn to by Mr. Herndon and would have been by the other twenty-nine witnesses that were not examined, as was admitted by the counsel."

"The court is well satisfied with your verdict," said the associate judge. "You are discharged to get your dinners, as you have not yet had your breakfasts."

C. S. Holcomb bought an auto from Ira Word this week.

ORIGIN OF DOG DAYS.

They Have No Relation to Canines or Their Diseases.

The "dog days" are the hottest of the year, but they have nothing to do with dogs or with any of their diseases or sufferings. The "dog days" are so named because in the latitude of the Mediterranean this period coincided with that in which the dog star rose at the same time as the sun and therefore added its heat to that of our already hot luminary. The dog star, Sirius, is the brightest and in appearance the largest of the fixed stars. It is called the dog star because it is seen in the constellation called Canis Major. According to Ptolemy, this star used to have a fiery color, redder than the planet Mars, but is now altogether white and has certainly been white for many centuries.

The heat of the "dog days" really comes from the gradual heating of the earth's surface, which gathers heat and becomes warmer from groundhog time, Feb. 2, until about Aug. 5, when it begins gradually to lose its heat until groundhog time.

Theoretically Dec. 21 ought to be the coldest of the year, because that is the shortest day of the year and therefore receives the least heat and light from the sun. But experience shows that the coldest days are generally in February. In the same way June 21 ought to be the hottest day of the season, because it is the longest and hence receives the most light and heat. But the earth continues to accumulate more heat than it radiates until after the climax of the "dog day" season, when the cooling effect begins to predominate over the sun's heating effect, and so the net result is the cooler weather, which reaches its climax at groundhog time.—Baltimore American.

Why Men Wear Trousers.

No living man of this age ever deliberately chose to adopt "trousers." He was forced into them and all other eccentricities of dress by women. In the very earliest sartorial experience he is swathed in a queer bundle of incoherent bandages by a woman. Later she puts him in cute dresses so that the neighbors can't tell him from his little sister. Still later she cuts off his curls and puts him in knickerbockers, and he puts on long pants when she gives the word, not before.

That is all that man has to do with wearing trousers. Women forced him into them in the first place, and now he is afraid to wear anything else for fear of making a sensation.—Benton (Mo.) Democrat.

Too Naive.

A New York official said of a politician's excuse: "It was altogether too ingenious and naive." It reminded me of the butler story. A man advertised for a good butler, and the next morning a young man presented himself.

"Have you got references?" the man asked.

"Yes, sir," said the applicant. "I have a number of excellent references."

"And where did you get them?"

"From the reference library, sir," was the reply.—New York Press.

On the Free List.

Some years ago there was a toll-gate on a plank road leading to Elmwood cemetery, Detroit. All funerals were allowed to pass along this road without paying. One day Dr. Pierce, a well known physician, while paying his toll, jokingly remarked to the gatekeeper:

"Considering the benevolent character of our profession, I think you ought to let us pass free of charge."

"No, no, doctor," said the gatekeeper. "We can't afford that. You send too many deadheads through as it is."

Sponge Fishing.

The home of the sponge fishing industry is in Greece, and the industry is centuries old. A large percentage of the Mediterranean sponges come from the island of Hydra. Some, however, come from off the coast of Tripoli. A few sponges come from the faroff land of Madagascar. There are two months in each year when sponge fishing is practically abandoned. This is in August and September, the hurricane months. During the other ten months the industry flourishes.

The Way They Buy.

When a man goes out to buy a collar he comes back with a collar and perhaps a necktie or two. When a woman starts out to buy a collar she returns exhausted with a new silk blouse, a pair of gloves, some skirt binding, a cake of soap, a paper of pins, some window curtains, a sewing machine and a refrigerator.—London Tit-Bits.

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. CLARKSON, Sonora, Texas.

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.

STALLIONS FOR SALE.

Have three on hand, two of them for sale. Can be seen at my ranch in Southeast corner of Sutton county after Mar. 6.

SUTTON

The old Erich Coudt stallion, about 16 hands, dark chestnut sorrel, weight about 1175 pounds. A good looker and a good horse. Colts are big, smooth, salable. Said to be Steel dust and Hambletonian. Price \$200 00.

RONDO

A sorrel 4 year old quarter horse, heavy bodied and well muscled, has the saddle gait and is gentle to ride and work. Price \$200 00

NEDWOOD JR.

Sired by Nedwood Sr. 2:15. A registered standard bred horse of San Antonio; tall brother to Albk who did a mile in 2:08 and sold for \$5,000 00. Nedwood Jr. won two blue ribbons at Gonzales county fairs for the best stallion any breed, and a blue ribbon for being the best saddle horse. His colts wear blue ribbons for 1908, '09, and '10. He stands 15 3/4 hands, is seven year old, a mahogany brown, is a fast runner, a fast driver and a fast saddler. Price \$600 00.

Will trade these horses for horses, mules, or cattle. Am in the horse and mule business and when you have any choice young stuff for sale would be glad to hear from you.

O. W. CARDWELL Telegraph. Kimble Co. Texas.

For Sale or Trade.

One Percheron Stallion 8 years old. One German Coach Stallion 6 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, Sonora, Tex.

ANNUAL REPORT OF J. D. LOWREY, COUNTY CLERK, SUTTON COUNTY, TEXAS.

Showing the aggregate amount received and paid out of each fund and balance to Dr. and Cr. Also to be taken out to the Dr. and Cr. of the several officers mentioned. Also the amount of indebtedness of the County to whom and for what due, by the County of the same for the year 1910.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes 1st Class, 2nd Class, and 3rd Class funds.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes Road and Bridge Fund, 2nd Class.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes GENERAL FUND 3rd Class.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes COURT HOUSE AND JAIL FUND 4th Class.

The following balances appear to the debit or credit of the several officers of the County, at the close of the year ending February 13, 1911.

Table with 3 columns: Name, Dr, Cr. Lists J. S. Allison, J. E. Grimland, and others.

Table with 2 columns: Description and Amount. Includes bonded indebtedness.

THE STATE OF TEXAS } I. J. D. Lowrey, County Clerk COUNTY OF SUTTON. } in and for Sutton County, Texas.

do hereby certify that the above and foregoing is a true and correct report for the year A D 1910, as required by Article 935, General Laws of the State of Texas, approved May 11th A. D. 1893. Given under my hand and seal of office, at Sonora, Texas, this 28th day of February, A. D. 1911. J. D. LOWREY, Clerk of the County Court of Sutton County, Texas.

WANTED. S. E. Hollmig a young man with a small family, wants position on ranch. Knows the business. Address him at Sonora. 42 ff

RECORDING EARTHQUAKES.

The Seismograph Will Trace Shocks Where No Tremor Is Felt.

Earthquakes are recorded by means of the horizontal pendulum seismograph. The best example of horizontal pendulum in everyday use is a common hinged door. The earthquake instrument is a heavy weight pivoted delicately on a frame, which is swung at an upright hinge line, so that the faintest movement in the post will be communicated to the frame. A light lever with a pen at the outer end of the weighted frame makes on a paper moved by clockwork a magnified record of the movements of the earth's crust. The pen is a bristle, and the paper is glossy and smoked, so that the record is a scratch. The weight tends to stand still as the earth waves move the post, and the pen writes an autograph of the movement, which takes place about the weight as a center. Every second an electric ticker connected with a clock scratches a mark on the side of the moving paper, so that the exact time of any earthquake autograph may be calculated.

Let us stop a moment to watch what happens when an earthquake wave passes through the earth. The weight is still, its pen is lightly in contact with the paper, and as the latter moves by clockwork there is left written a straight line. Slowly, as we watch, the writing finger moves sidewise and begins to make little wave marks. This lasts several minutes. Then the pen begins to creep out until it is very slowly scratching long, sweeping zigzags. In the course of half an hour this slowly diminishes. Not a single tremor has been felt. The waves passing through the ground were too broad and slow for sensation, but they have come thousands of miles from a place where walls were falling and people were rushing frantically into the streets.

When we consider that every strong earthquake may be recorded all over the globe and that one occurs somewhere every week or two the sport of earthquake catching becomes fairly exciting. If the interest attaching to seismology were better known there would be more amateurs. A seismograph may be bought for about \$100, and any cellar, on any sort of ground, will catch the passing earthquakes.—Professor Jaggard, Jr., in Century.

Lord Kelvin's Inventive Eyeglass.

Soon after Lord Kelvin had assisted in laying the Atlantic cable, when he was yet known as Sir William Thomson, his mind was greatly troubled in devising some method for perfecting the ordinary telegraphic apparatus used in overhead wires, as the old method, or the one then in vogue, was not suited for the varying currents passing along the cables. The laying of the electric current had the effect of making them run together in one bottom current, with surface ripples. The difficulty which Lord Kelvin had to overcome was to invent a means of clearly distinguishing all the delicate fluctuations. One day the great inventor's eyeglass dropped off and swung in front of the magnet. The glass deflected its movements, and from this simple and unexpected incident the "mirror instrument" was invented.

The Nobel Prizes.

Dr. Alfred Nobel was a Swede. The sum that he left was to be awarded annually by a board of control at Stockholm in prizes each of the value of \$8,000 to those who in the previous year should have rendered the greatest service to mankind in invention or discovery in physical science, chemistry, physiology or medicine, literary work and the cause of international brotherhood, the suppression of standing armies or the founding of peace congresses. The first distribution of prizes took place Dec. 10, 1901.—New York American.

How Lamp Chimneys Were Invented.

Lamp glasses were invented by Aime Argand, the inventor of the famous lamp and gas burner which bears his name. He had been experimenting for some time in trying to increase the light, but to no purpose. On the table before him lay the broken neck of an oil flask. This he took up carelessly and placed it, almost without thought, over the wick. A brilliant flame was the result, and the hint was not lost upon the experimentalist, who proceeded to put his discovery into practical operation at once.

The Bulge Was Algy.

"Have you ever heard the story of Algy and the bear?" asked a boy of his father. "It's very short. Algy met a bear; the bear was bulgy; the bulge was Algy."—London News.

Has Million of Friends.

How would you like to numb your friends by millions as Bucklen's Arnica Salve does? Its astounding cures in the past forty years made them. Its the best salve in the world for sores, ulcers, eczema, burns, boils, scalds, cuts, corns, sore eyes, sprains, swellings, bruises, cold sores. Has no equal for piles. 25c at Nathan's Pharmacy.

SERVANTS IN GERMANY.

The Character Book Which Is Under Police Supervision.

Among the many domestic problems that Germany has solved to her own satisfaction is that of the giving of a "character" to a servant. The following statement of the system in vogue in Germany shows how completely it answers its purpose:

Every man or woman seeking to enter the service of another, whether as laborer, clerk or domestic servant, is under obligation to procure a service book, which after purchase must be officially stamped by the police authorities. The authorities enter in the book a description of the holder, his age, his personal appearance and religion. When a situation is applied for the prospective employer can see at a glance whether the applicant has been in service before and if so what kind of work has been done. If the applicant secures the situation the employer writes in the book, "Entered the service of so-and-so of such a street and town," adding the date, a description of the work required and the wages given.

The employer retains the book as long as the engagement lasts and on handing it back makes another entry, "Left my service on such a date," with a few lines as to character and the servant's reasons for leaving.

Thus the character book goes round, and the servant has never the uncomfortable necessity of asking her mistress for a recommendation. Forged characters are practically impossible, since the whole system is under police supervision.

Destitution in old age among domestic servants and the lower class of artisans has become an impossibility in Germany, for within the last fifteen years or so it has been made compulsory for all who earn less than \$500 a year to insure themselves against want after their working lives are over.—Harper's Weekly.

Dodging a Family Bore.

"I like a family dinner," said the woman, "but I'm afraid to accept invitations much, afraid of the old family story, not the story of the family—that might be interesting if told truthfully—but the old story that has been in the family so long it's like the furniture, so long they must trot it out. There's nothing else for it. And if they'd only tell it and have done with it—"

"You tell it, mother," says Mary. "No," says mother; "you tell it, Mary. You know it better than I do." As if anybody could know it better than she does, for no sooner has Mary got going than she interrupts her and tells part of it herself; then father breaks in and tells another part, only to be interrupted by Jane and Sally and the hired girl and the hired man and—

Ornamental Trees.

The secret of vigorous growth of ornamental trees lies in proper preparation of the soil before planting. Make the holes at least three feet across and of a like depth—you cannot make them too large nor too deep. Do not dump in a lot of manure or trash of any kind, but first put back the surface soil and if possible fill in the hole with nothing but surface soil from surrounding territory, leaving the other soil to be scattered where it may get aerated and enriched. If necessary to use manure, let it be well rotted and most thoroughly mixed with the soil before putting it around the tree.—Baltimore American.

The Perfect Gullion.

There are many ugly figures in the history of Monaco, even in Roman times. It was near Monaco that Vitellius won his great victory over Otho. Both of them were peculiarly fine types of Roman decadence. To Vitellius (as Ethel Cornburne Mayne mentions in "The Romance of Monaco") gluttony was one of the lesser vices. In the space of four months he spent more than seven millions, reckoning in modern money, upon food and drink.

To Take No Chances.

Hamlet—Why in the dickens have you got that string tied around your tooth?

Absentee—To remind me that I must have the tooth removed.

Hamlet—But, goodness gracious, why don't you do as ordinary people and have the string tied around your finger?

Absentee (stiffly)—Because, sir, I don't care to have my finger removed.—Exchange.

Kills a Murderer.

A merciless murderer is Appendicitis with many victims, but Dr. King's New Life Pills kill it by prevention. They gently stimulate stomach, liver and bowels preventing that clogging that invites appendicitis, curing Constipation, Headache, Biliousness, Chills. 25c at Nathan's Pharmacy.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF SONORA, TEXAS.

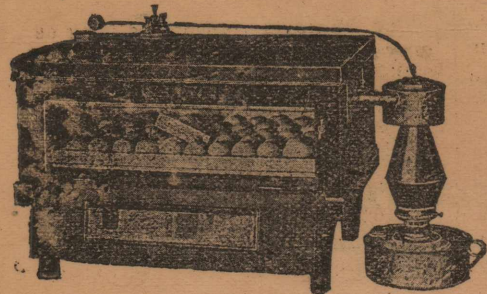
CAPITAL STOCK \$100,000.00

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; G. 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 Diamond-, CUT-CLASS, JEWELRY
and WATCHES always on display.
A. H. NATHAN, Proprietor, Sonora, Texas.
Next Door to First National Bank.

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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,
second-class matter.
Sonora, Texas. - March 4, 1911.

Bishop J. S. Johnson of San Antonio was the guest of Mr and Mrs. W. L. Aldwell while in Sonora this week.

All Druggists sell Dr. Cox's Barbed Wire Liniment, 25c, 50c and \$1.00 bottles. Guaranteed to heal without leaving a blemish, or money refunded.

Sid Martin the commission man of San Angelo has been visiting in Sonora this week and has been the guest of his brother John Martin in West 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.

Rev. W. D. Holland will hold services at the Baptist church on Sunday March 12.

As a household remedy for cuts, burns, 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.

Mr and Mrs. Sterling Baker of East Sutton county, were in Sonora Tuesday, shopping. They were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. T. Baker, parents of Mr. S. Baker. Sterling Baker and Miss Eva Martin were married at Junction about a month ago. Every body around Sonora knows Sterling and Miss Eva Martin daughter of John R. Martin of Junction, when she visited her uncle R. H. Martin in Sonora last summer, made many friends and acquaintances. The happy couple are making their home on the Sterling Baker ranch in East Sutton, where Sterling has a herd of registered Herefords.

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

Bishop Johnson.
Bishop Johnson of San Antonio, Episcopal church bishop for West Texas, addressed his congregation and the assembled public Tuesday night at the Episcopal church. The night was inclement but, however, there was a good attendance. The pastor Rev. Mercer, performed the duties of his office excellently, the singing of the choir was splendid and the solo by Mrs. J. B. Blakeley splendidly rendered.

The Bishop was in fine voice and delivered a splendid sermon. He spoke of Jesus as the discover of the soul—the diamond in the rough, etc.

Confirmation was given to two and the Bishop explained the place of hands at Confirmation, the Apostolic Benediction, etc., with a few involutionary remarks. After the services the congregation shook hands with the Bishop.

A Fierce Night Alarm
is the hoarse, startling cough of a child, suddenly attacked by croup. Often it aroused Lewis Chambliss of Manchester, O., [R. No. 2] for their four children were greatly subject to croup. "Sometimes in severe attacks," he wrote "we were afraid they would die, but since we proved that a certain remedy Dr. King's New Discovery is, we have no fear. We rely on it for croup and for coughs, colds or any throat or lung trouble." So do thousand of others. So may you. Asthma, Hay Fever, La Grippe, Whooping Cough, Hemorrhages before it. 50c & \$1.00 Trial bottle free. Sold by Nathan's Pharmacy.

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

Attacks School Principal.
A severe attack on school principal, Chas. B. Allen, of Sylvania, Ga., is thus told by him. "For more than three years," he writes, "I suffered indescribable torture from rheumatism, liver and stomach trouble and diseased kidneys. All remedies failed till I used Electric Bitters, but four bottles of this wonderful remedy cured me completely." Such results are common. Thousands bless them for curing stomach trouble, female complaints, kidney disorders, biliousness, and new health and vigor. Try them. Only 50c at Nathan's Pharmacy.

Sonora Boosters Help at Menard's Great Celebration

When Sonora goes after anything she makes a landing. (Ask the Menard booster?) The Sonora delegation was highly pleased with the welcome accorded them by the people of "Marvelous Menard" and considering the personal of Sonora's bunch of boosters, the Menard committee did not find them hard to entertain. The Sonora crowd went all the gait, took in all the sights and tried to make the large crowd from Fort Worth, Brownwood, Brady, San Angelo, Eldorado and elsewhere feel as much at home in Menard as they would do had they been visitors in Sonora. And the pretty part of it is that Menard appreciated the Sonora contingent.

The "On to Sonora" badges were worn by almost all of the immense crowd present, and James Galton in his address of welcome made mention of the Menard committee's appreciation of the Sonora boosters, and the friendly manner with which they made themselves at home.

Of course the Sonora men were acquainted with everybody as soon as they landed and our bunch of ladies and girls were not much, if any, behind the excitement. They joined with the Menard ladies and helped their best to make a success of the affair, as Sonora will need Menard's help in the near future.

"On to Sonora" was the slogan and many of the visitors wanted to come right then. It is to be regretted that many others who had started from Sonora to Menard, met with accidents incident to traveling, and were unable to join in the festivities, however, those from Sonora who reached the beautiful, compact, progressive City of Menard in the heart of "Summerland," where the limped waters of the San Saba rushes on its way to the Colorado—everyday—thoroughly enjoyed the trip, entertainments, barbecue and the general good time that Menard, in the honor of her great achievement—and it was great—gave to the people of West Texas.

Among the Sonora boosters who attended the Menard celebration of the completion of that city's rail connection with the world, were E. E. Sawyer, W. L. Aldwell, Geo. S. Allison, Steve Murphy, Jno. S. Allison, S. H. Stokes, H. P. Cooper, Theo. Savell, Henry Bridge, Ed. Fowler, Ica Adams, Joe Bradford, Roy Aldwell, Lea Aldwell, Sam McKee, Sam Easley, Ben Cole, Earl Tompkins; Mr. and Mrs. I. L. Wheat, Mrs. Parkerson, Mrs. J. A. Cope, R. H. Martin and family, Misses Clara Allison, Carrie Karnea, Pearl Parkerson, Sallie Wardlaw.

Entertained at Dinner.

Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Vander Stucken entertained delightfully a few of their many friends at an elegant dinner on Friday evening. They received their guests in their usual charming manner, striving throughout the evening to make each moment one of pleasure. Hatched shaped place cards with decorations of cherries, marked the place of the guests at the festal board. The handsome preparation of the dinner and the ease and grace with which it was served, worthy of special mention and was most heartily enjoyed by all present. After dinner had been served, high five was the amusement, four tables being occupied at which many interesting games were played. The program of the party was as follows: Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Blakeley, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Thomas, Mr. and Mrs. James Cornell, Mr. and Mrs. Ira W. Word, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Vander Stucken and Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Vander Stucken.

Still time to plant trees, when thinking about this don't leave out the Pecan. You can buy them grafted. But buy only from reliable dealers. The older you get are the best as the roots are larger and stronger.

Programme for the B. Y. P. U.

March 12 3 p m
Subject - Faith
Leader - Mrs. G. G. Stephenson
Song
Prayer
Song
Scripture Reading, Isaiah 52:1-2 by Leader
Scripture Prophecies that point to Jesus as the Savior.
Miss Georgie Irvin
The Connection of Sin, Repentance and Faith. Bertha Henderson
Importance of Faith
Miss May Maddox
The Kind of Faith Needed
Ray Davis
Recitation
Violet Stanley
Roll Call (answered by quotation) of Faith.
Bible drill
Sword drill
Song
Free will offering
Dismissal.
Everyone is cordially invited to attend.

Fish and Oysters at the Wyatt Restaurant.

Improve your property now. Don't wait for the rain.
Cakes, Pies and Light Bread 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 State and Will Appreciate Your Business For any Goods Not Handled by Your Home Merchants.

FINDLATER HARDWARE CO.,

SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.

No water means no insurance.

Fish and Oysters at the Wyatt Restaurant.

To have water for fire protection means assurance.

Fish and Oysters at the Wyatt Restaurant.

If you have a home or property you should have protection and insurance from fire.
Pies, Cakes and Light Bread at the Wyatt Restaurant.

Look out for your home by seeing that you do nothing against your home town.

When you want your clothes cleaned and pressed phone 117.

Joe Berger the house building contractor has returned from erecting a house for Orvil Word on his ranch 10 miles north of Ozona.

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

Trade at home. Buy from your home people. Make your home town prosperous. Assist your home town to be progressive. Encourage your home town schools by sending your children to them. In fact do every thing for and nothing against your home town. Think about it.

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.

Dick Brotherton of Juno, was in Sonora this week to help move the C. J. Brotherton goats to his new ranch near Juno. "Colly" says he expects to fence the ranch with proof, turn the goats loose and believes if there is anything in the cattle and goat business (combined with hard work) he will come out on top.

MILLINERY NOTICE.

Mrs. Hollis McGonagill returned Wednesday from St. Louis, Mo. where she purchased a beautiful line of hats for the ladies of the Sonora Country. Mrs. McGonagill also employed the services of a first class trimmer in St. Louis who will arrive early next week. Her partner Miss Maggie Newton, will arrive about the same time.

Date of Our Grand Millinery Opening will appear in the next issue of the News.
McGonagill & Newton

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.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Bond were visitors in Sonora Tuesday.
Born in Sonora, Texas, Monday February 27, 1911, to Mr. and Mrs. Sam Green a boy.

Your troubles are mine when your want painting done.
Sam Green.

Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Souther and Mr. and Mrs. Pascal Odom were in Sonora this week, shopping and trading. Their ranches are on the west side of Sutton County.

The confidence felt by farmers and gardeners in FERRY'S Seeds to-day would have been impossible to feel in any seeds two score of years ago. We have made a science of seed growing.

FERRY'S SEEDS

always do exactly what you expect of them. For sale everywhere. FERRY'S SEEDS ANNUAL Free on request.
D. M. FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

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 1st of each year.
We will furnished 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 March 1st, open said account and interest will be computed from January 1 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.

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 Sealy 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.

For Sale.

A good Jack for sale.
42-1f J. A. WARD.

OVER 65 YEARS' EXPERIENCE

PATENTS

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DESIGNS
COPYRIGHTS & C.

Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion, free without any obligation. We advise you of the patentability of your invention. We also advise you of the best method of securing a patent. Our office is in the Scientific American Building, New York City.

A handsomely illustrated weekly, [Largest circulation of any scientific journal.] Terms, \$3 a year, four months, \$1. Sold by all newsdealers.

Scientific American.
Munn & Co., 39 Broadway, New York
Branch Office, 225 F St., Washington, D. C.

Cully Brotherton sold to Ira W. Word 1400 stock goats at \$2.65.

J. B. Salyer of Jonah, Texas, will have for sale at Menard on April 1st, 60 head of Registered Herefords

Cully Brotherton sold to Sam Stokes 200 cows three up at \$20. April delivery.

J. B. Salyer of Jonah, Texas, will have for sale at Menard on April 1st, 60 head of Registered Herefords.

O. S. Holcomb of Sonora sold 900 shoring goats to Ira Word at \$3.25

J. B. Salyer of Jonah, Texas, will have for sale at Menard on April 1st, 60 head of Registered Herefords.

Russell & Martin of Sonora sold 900 two-year-old steers to Russell & Keger of Oklahoma, at p. t.

J. B. Salyer of Jonah, Texas, will have for sale at Menard on April 1st, 60 head of Registered Herefords.

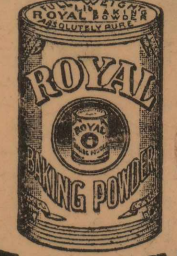
C. J. Brotherton of Sonora, bought from Newt Everts of the Juno country, a six section ranch for \$4,500; 650 head of cattle at \$20 per head. There is 800 head of steers in the deal that are for sale. Mr. Brotherton says the ranch is little but good.

J. B. Salyer of Jonah, Texas, will have for sale at Menard on April 1st, 80 head of Registered Herefords.

J. A. Whitten of Eldorado appointed state sheep inspector.

HIS 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, second-class matter.

Sonora, Texas. - March 4, 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

But she evaded him, stepping back. "I couldn't take it; I couldn't really."

"Yes, you can. Just try it once and see how easy it is," he persisted, pursuing.

"No, I can't." She looked up shyly and shook her head, that smile of her mother's for the moment illuminating her face almost with the radiance of beauty.

"But I want you to go to that party." "You're awful kind," she said softly, still smiling, "but I don't care to go now."

"Don't care to go? Why, you were insisting on going a little while ago."

"Yes," she admitted slowly, "I know I was. But I've been thinking over what you said since then, and I've made up my mind I'd be out of place there."

"Out of place?" he echoed, thunderstruck.

"Yes. I've concluded I belong here in the store with father." She half turned away. "And I guess folks is better off if they stay where they belong."

CHAPTER XV. NAT didn't go to the Lockwood lawn fete and did excuse himself on the plea of being unable to leave the store.

I'm afraid the young man had a faint, fond hope that Josie would be offended, but his excuse was accepted without remonstrance.

But the party came off without fail, and that on a wonderful still, moonlight night, and everybody voted it a splendid success.

The Citizen in its next issue recorded the event to the extent of a column and a half of reading matter, called it a social function and described the gowns of the leading ladies of society present in bewildering phrases.

I read the proofs with an admiration strongly tinged with awe and found it lacking in one particular only—no mention was made of Roland Barnette's first open faced suit.

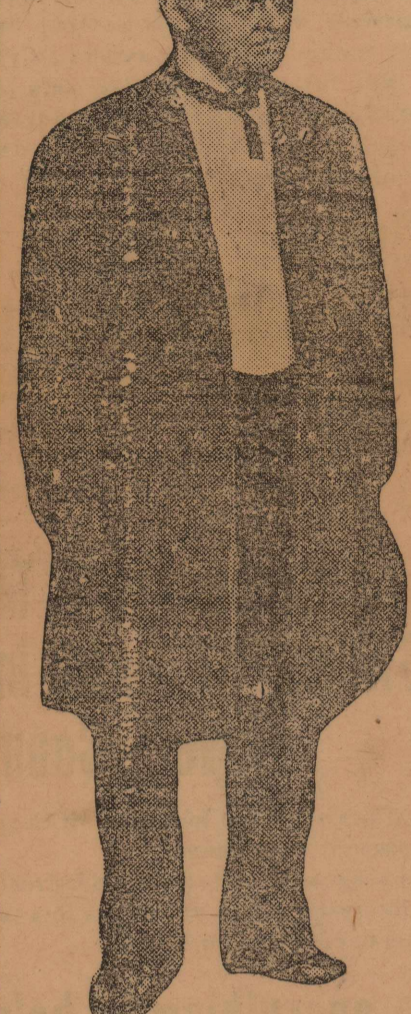
Roland had ordered it from a clothing house in Chicago, and it arrived just in time. Having heard all about it from Roland's own lips (they dilated upon the matter to Watty, the tailor, just beneath a window), I sort of hung round downtown Saturday evening in the hope of catching a glimpse of it and was not disappointed.

I was loitering in Graham's when Roland sauntered nonchalantly in at about a quarter to 8 and called for a pack of "Sweets." Sam served him, and Duncan, happily for him disengaged at the moment, after one look at Roland retired precipitately behind the prescription counter—overcome, I judged from Roland's triumphant smile, by deepest chagrin. Well, though I might have been; he could never by whatever wildest endeavor, have approximated Roland's splendor.

The coat was belted at least so Watty described it within my hearing and curiously double breasted, caught together at the waist with a single button, thus revealing a shining expanse of very stiff shirt bosom which crinkled for some reason. With this Roland wore a fitted white silk waistcoat, very brilliant low cut patent leather shoes and white silk socks.

The trousers were strikingly cut as to each leg after the physical conformation of the domestic pear, and the effect of the whole was measurably enhanced by an opera hat, one of those tall and striking contraptions that you can shut up by pressing gently but firmly upon the human midriff and making unobtrusive but which is apt to open with a resounding report if you're not careful. I am glad to be able to report that Roland failed to commit the solecism of wearing a red string tie. His tie was a sober black firmly knotted at the factory.

Duncan fell into a routine without the least evidence of discontent. He was early to rise and early to work and rarely left the store save at meal



SAM HAD RISEN TO THE DIGNITY OF A FROCK COAT.

hours and closing up time. He attended church with admirable regularity, both morning and evening services, on Sunday, the midweek prayer meeting and Friday evening choir practice, for in the course of time he had been won over to join the choir and modestly discovered to our edification a baritone voice wholly untrained, but not unpleasing.

Josie Lockwood sang contralto and Bess Gabriel what we were informed was soprano—only Radville called it a treble. Tracey Tanner pumped the organ and puffed audibly in the pauses, a singular testimony to his devotion to the choir.

"You're awful kind," she said softly, still smiling, "but I don't care to go now."

"But I want you to go to that party." "You're awful kind," she said softly, still smiling, "but I don't care to go now."

"No, I can't." She looked up shyly and shook her head, that smile of her mother's for the moment illuminating her face almost with the radiance of beauty.

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or not," she confessed, with a look "but I do want somebody to walk home with me that I like."

"That's a nice way of putting it," Duncan considered without emphasis. "Roland Barnette's always walked home with me, but I think he's just tiresome."

"Why?" inquired the young man, with some interest.

"She averted her head, plucking at the strands of the hammock. "Oh, you know," she said diffidently. "Oh?" Nat was enlightened. "Then I'm sorry for Roland."

"Why?" "I can't blame him, you know." He couldn't help this. The time, the place, the girl, inspired—indeed, incited—one to familiarity.

"Why?" she persisted. "Oh, you know." He caught the intonation of her previous words precisely.

She had the grace to blush and hang her head, but he received a thrilling sidelong glance.

"Ah! Aren't you awful to talk that way, Mr. Duncan?" "Yes," he admitted meekly. "Then you will join the choir?" "Oh, yes," he agreed listlessly.

"I'm so glad." He thanked her, but averted her eyes. "You might 's well begin tonight," she suggested presently, with diffident, downcast eyes.

"What—the choir?" He was startled. "Oh, I couldn't without a rehearsal." "No, I didn't mean that."

"No?" "I mean about Roland." She was paying minute attention to the lace in serion of her skirt.

"About Roland?" "Yes, I mean— You know what I mean, Mr. Duncan?" "I assure you I do not, Miss Lockwood."

"About not walking home with him any more. I don't want to. I wish you'd commence tonight instead of choir practice night. I'd much rather walk home with you."

"After evening service, you mean?" She nodded. "It'll be a great pleas ure."

"Really?" She gave him her eyes now. "Really," he assured her. "Ah, I don't believe you mean that." "But indeed I do."

It was not until nearly 5 o'clock that he was given a chance to escape. He had even then to refuse inflexibly an invitation to stay to supper.

Minta Lockwood—an expansive woman, generously convex—almost smothered him with appreciation of his thanks. She held his hand in a large, moist palm and beamed upon him, saying, "Now't you know the way, Mr. Duncan?"

"Yes," Blinky insisted, blinking roguishly, "drop in any time. Take pot luck. We're plain people, Mr. Duncan, but allus glad to see our friends drop in any time."

Josie accompanied him to the front gate, where etiquette required him to linger for a parting chat.

"Goodby." The girl gave him her hand. "I'm real glad you came—at last."

"The pleasure has been all mine," insisted the zallant bromide, fishing the trite phrase desperately from the gray vacuity of his thoughts.

"You won't forget?" "Forget what?" "About tonight."

"Do you imagine I could?" Josie returned to the family conclave, to interrupt a symposium on Duncan's qualities.

Duncan wrote to Kellogg in his room that night after church. "I don't want

to sound immodest, but it looks as if you were right, old man—apparently there's nothing to it."

"Probably I should have stayed on for supper, but I couldn't; I should have choked. As it was, my soul was curdling. Another ten minutes and I should have jumped down on the lawn and run round the house on all fours, snapping and foaming at the mouth and have wound up by biting old Blinky."

He told himself he had solved the problem of her disease, but he comonly remained beyond his reach. The business was doing very well indeed, but it was still young and must be subjected to as few financial drains as possible. As it ran there was an in come sufficient to board, lodge and clothe the three of them, maintain the credit of the partnership and now and again admit of a slight but advantageous addition to the stock of fixtures. Things would certainly be better in the course of time, but—

It came to pass that he left the store early one evening, excusing himself on the plea of some slight indisposition, and lost himself for the space of two hours.

He found himself shortly after 8 at pass by the gate to the Bohun place. An aged negro butler, one of the freed slaves brought from Virginia by the Bohuns, admitted him to the hall and took his card, smothering his own veneration, for in those days nobody disturbed the silence and the peace of the Bohun mansion save its master. Duncan had long to wait.

"Manned Bohun will see yo', sah," the servant said and ushered him into the library.

Bohun received the young man standing. He was as courteous beneath his own roof as he was imposing away from it.

The colonel nodded. "At your service, sir," and waited grimly.

Duncan had his own way of getting at things. "May I inquire, sir, if you are acquainted with the firm of L. J. Bartlett & Co. of New York?"

"I have heard of it, Mr. Duncan." "Then would you mind doing me the favor of writing to Mr. Henry Kellogg, the junior partner, and asking him about me?"

"Because it isn't recalled for, sir, I mean you won't think so after I've explained."

Bohun inclined his head, searching Nat's face with his keen, bright eyes. "You see, sir, it's this way. I want you to trust me with a considerable sum of money, and naturally you would not do that without knowing some thing about me."

"I incline very much to doubt that I should do it in any event, Mr. Duncan."

"Oh, don't say that. You don't know the circumstances as yet." Nat jerked his head earnestly at the colonel. "You see, you're said to be one of the richest men in town, and I'm certainly one of the poorest, so of course I turn to you in a case like this."

Duncan could have sworn that the eyes were twinkling beneath the savagely knitted brows.

"You must understand I'm in business here in Radville—a partner in a growing and prospering concern—ah—doing—very well in point of fact."

"The worst of it all is I know I'm ungrateful; I know they mean well. But why is it that people who mean well almost invariably grate upon your sensibilities like the screeching of a slate pencil?"

"But I mustn't say mean things about my future relatives, I presume. That is the great trouble with your infernal scheme, Harry. It seems to be working like a charm, and now that I've got something to do I'm not so strong for it as I was. But I gave you my word."

"Only mind this—if the rules prescribe a perpetual course of Sunday dinners, on family it's going to break down and turn out a natural born duffer. There are limits to human endurance, and I'm human, whatever else I am not."

CHAPTER XVI. SUMMER slumbered to its close. A drowsy autumn settled upon your valley, in which its traditional peace seemed but the more profound.

Josie Lockwood announced that she was going away to school in New York for the winter. Patsy Willing took the pledge and kept it almost a month. Will Birelow secured time tables and laboriously mapped out his semi-annual contemplated trip to the east—like the others, destined never to come off.

Tracey Tanner went to work for Graham & Duncan. Roland Barnette paid attentuous attentions to Bess Gabriel.

CHAPTER XVII. Bess Gabriel, who tolerated him simply because she didn't much like Josie, but, blighted by Josie's supreme indifference, this budding passion drooped and faded by mutual consent of both parties concerned.

Tutbill became more conspicuous than ever the orb of Tracey's universe. Duncan walked home with Josie on two week day evenings and twice on Sundays and learned how to play hahn and parachees. The drug store prospered in moderation. Sothern & Lee vainly contending its conquering campaign. And Duncan grew thoughtful.

One has more time to think unsafely in Radville than in a great city, where there's rarely more time than enough to think of one's own concerns. And Duncan was making time to think about others, notably Betsy Graham.

The girl was, as usual, shy, retiring, reserved. She kept her thoughts to herself, sharing the most intimate not even with old Sam, who would talk. But Duncan divined that she was unhappy.

He saw her go and come, a wistful shadow on the borders of his occupations, self contained, a little timid, but at the same time brave in her own quiet, uncompensating fashion. And the distant look in those soft eyes he divined to be one of longing for that which she might not possess—the advantages that other girls had, socially and educationally; the pleasures they received, the thousand and one slight things that make existence life for a woman. He saw her drooping insensibly day by day, growing a little paler, a shade more aloof and listless. And he became infinitely concerned for her.

He told himself he had solved the problem of her disease, but he comonly remained beyond his reach. The business was doing very well indeed, but it was still young and must be subjected to as few financial drains as possible. As it ran there was an in come sufficient to board, lodge and clothe the three of them, maintain the credit of the partnership and now and again admit of a slight but advantageous addition to the stock of fixtures. Things would certainly be better in the course of time, but—

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"Yes?" "But we haven't any spare capital. In fact, we haven't got any capital worth mentioning. But the business is entirely sound and solvent."

"I congratulate you, sir." "Thank you very much. Now, I'm interested in a rather singular case, that of a young woman—a girl, I should say—daughter of my partner. She's a good girl and wonderfully sweet and fine, sir. She comes of one of the best families in these parts."

"On her mother's side," suggested the colonel dryly.

"So I'm told, sir. But she's been neglected. Circumstances have been against her. She hasn't had a real chance in life, but she ought to have it, and I'm going to see that she gets it one way or another."

"You haven't finished?" said the colonel coldly.

"Not quite, sir," said Duncan. "Good sign," he told himself. "He hasn't ordered me thrown out yet."

"Come down to cases, sir, she ought to be sent to a good boarding school for a few years. It'll make a new woman of her—a woman to be proud of. She's got that in her. It only needs to be brought out."

"And before you leave, sir," said the colonel with significant precision, "will you be so kind as to inform me why you think this should interest me?"

"No," said Duncan candidly. "I haven't got the nerve to. But what I wanted to propose was this—that you lend me \$500 to cover the expense of the first year on condition that I represent the money as coming from the profits of the business and, in short, keep the transaction between ourselves absolutely quiet. If you'll inquire of Mr. Kellogg he'll tell you I can be trusted to keep my word. Furthermore—he galloped, suspecting that his time was perilously short and desiring to get it all out of his system—"I'll guarantee you repayment within a year and that you shan't be annoyed this way a second time."

Bohun looked him over from head to foot, bowed in silence and, turning—both had stood throughout this passage—grasped a bell rope by the chain and pulled it violently.

In the desolate fastnesses of that dreary house somewhere a bell tinkled discordantly. A moment later the white-headed dandy butler opened the door.

"Sub?" he said.

Colonel Bohun essayed to speak cleared his throat angrily and indicated Duncan with a courteous gesture.

"Scipio," said he, "this gentleman will have a glass of wine with me."

"Yassah," stammered the negro. Bohun turned to his guest. "Won't you be seated, Mr. Duncan?" he said. "You have interested me considerably, sir, and I should be glad to discuss the matter with you."

Speechless, Duncan gasped incoherently and moved toward a chair as the servant reappeared with a tray on which was a decanter of sherry and two old fashioned, thin stemmed crystal glasses. He placed this on the library table, filled the glasses and at a sign from Bohun retired.

"Sir," said the colonel, indicating the tray, "to you. I hold it a privilege, sir, to drink to the only gentleman of spirit it's been my good fortune to meet this many a year."

By way of an aside, it should be mentioned that this was the first and only drink Duncan took while he lived in Radville.

(To be continued next week)

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

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"So I'm told, sir. But she's been neglected. Circumstances have been against her. She hasn't had a real chance in life, but she ought to have it, and I'm going to see that she gets it one way or another."

"You haven't finished?" said the colonel coldly.

"Not quite, sir," said Duncan. "Good sign," he told himself. "He hasn't ordered me thrown out yet."

"Come down to cases, sir, she ought to be sent to a good boarding school for a few years. It'll make a new woman of her—a woman to be proud of. She's got that in her. It only needs to be brought out."

"And before you leave, sir," said the colonel with significant precision, "will you be so kind as to inform me why you think this should interest me?"

"No," said Duncan candidly. "I haven't got the nerve to. But what I wanted to propose was this—that you lend me \$500 to cover the expense of the first year on condition that I represent the money as coming from the profits of the business and, in short, keep the transaction between ourselves absolutely quiet. If you'll inquire of Mr. Kellogg he'll tell you I can be trusted to keep my word. Furthermore—he galloped, suspecting that his time was perilously short and desiring to get it all out of his system—"I'll guarantee you repayment within a year and that you shan't be annoyed this way a second time."

Bohun looked him over from head to foot, bowed in silence and, turning—both had stood throughout this passage—grasped a bell rope by the chain and pulled it violently.

In the desolate fastnesses of that dreary house somewhere a bell tinkled discordantly. A moment later the white-headed dandy butler opened the door.

"Sub?" he said.

Colonel Bohun essayed to speak cleared his throat angrily and indicated Duncan with a courteous gesture.

"Scipio," said he, "this gentleman will have a glass of wine with me."

"Yassah," stammered the negro. Bohun turned to his guest. "Won't you be seated, Mr. Duncan?" he said. "You have interested me considerably, sir, and I should be glad to discuss the matter with you."

Speechless, Duncan gasped incoherently and moved toward a chair as the servant reappeared with a tray on which was a decanter of sherry and two old fashioned, thin stemmed crystal glasses. He placed this on the library table, filled the glasses and at a sign from Bohun retired.

"Sir," said the colonel, indicating the tray, "to you. I hold it a privilege, sir, to drink to the only gentleman of spirit it's been my good fortune to meet this many a year."

By way of an aside, it should be mentioned that this was the first and only drink Duncan took while he lived in Radville.

(To be continued next week)

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