

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 27

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2, 1916

NO 1862

Announcement

OUR NEW GOODS HAVE ARRIVED

and we cordially invite the public to inspect our showings.

We have many new and beautiful things to show and you are welcome to look—and buy, if you wish!

The Sonora Mercantile Co.

"THE STORE OF QUALITY,"

Devil's River News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

W. MURPHY, Proprietor.
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Sonora, Texas, December 2, 1916.

MILITARY PUNISHMENTS.

Times When Rebellious Soldiers Gambled For Their Lives.

In times past the military code in England was no less stern and uncompromising than the civil. Sentence of death was readily decreed and as promptly executed. Where offenses multiplied and wholesale executions would have weakened the army numerically, decimation—the slaughter of every tenth man—was the rule or the troops gambled for their lives by casting dice upon a drumhead or drawing lots under the gallows tree.

Lesser penalties—not capital, but physical, and causing pain with permanent degradation—were mainly branding the cheek or forehead, boring the tongue or cutting the nose and ears. These last named were retained upon the military statute book until the reign of Queen Anne.

The "strappado" was a fiendish device by which a delinquent was hoisted on high by a rope fastened to his arms and then dropped down by a sudden jerk that often dislocated his shoulders.

Hanging by the thumbs, sometimes called "picketing" was also practiced, while the body was raised to such a height that its whole weight rested on one toe and that again on a sharp pointed spike.

To "ride the wooden horse" was to be mounted on a razor edge, with weights fastened to the extremities. Running the gantlet, or "fante-lope" was as old as the Crownellian army, and it is thus described in an army order about 1849: "The culprits (who had been guilty of blasphemy as well as deer stealing) were to be stripped naked from the waist upward and a lane made by half the lord general's regiment of foot and half Colonel Pride's, with every man a cudgel in his hand. They were to be run through in this posture so that every soldier might have a stroke at their naked backs, breast, or arms whenever it might slight."—Pearson's Weekly.

THE WHITE BREAD FAD.

It Was Started by a London Eccentric About a Century Ago.

Due to an epicurean faddist of London, one Hugh Paddington, white flour came into existence about 100 years ago, when the London city man decided to do something unusual at a dinner. As white was fashionable at that particular period, Paddington determined to have all the foods at the feast of a color quite different from their natural hue, with a leaning toward white. To match the fabled cloth he would have the bread white.

He called a Hungarian miller into conference and ordered flour ground especially for the occasion. Such a thing never had been heard of before—a perfectly white flour. Produced from the ground grain of the wheat, flour naturally took on the commingled colors of the grain and therefore was dark. But Paddington wanted it white—snow white.

It was a hard task for the miller, but after many efforts he succeeded in producing the desired results by selecting only the white, lifeless, starchy portions of the grain and discarding all others. This being accomplished, the epicure was delighted. The rest of the color scheme was easy. As he had expected, his dinner proved the novelty of the day, and the bread was a tremendous hit.

This was the first white bread ever eaten in the history of the world. As the wheat grain was dark, so bread had been dark from the days of Abraham. To produce white bread would have been considered impossible unless a white grain could be grown. But the Hungarian miller's ingenuity succeeded in bringing forth a white flour from a yellow grain. By making the flour from the starch cells extracted from the endosperm of the wheat he obtained a breadstuff that was of the color and nearly the consistency of powdered chalk.

The white bread fad, as it was then called, spread like wildfire. All the smart set of London took it up, and soon the bread made its appearance on the tables of the ultra-fashionable all over England. No one liked it so well as the old-fashioned blood and bone producing bread. But people often sacrifice very much of taste and health for fashion's sake. That was the way it was with white bread.

It didn't taste so good, and it wasn't so satisfying as the old time

bread. But it looked pretty, the white slices on the white tablecloth, and no other kind of bread was permitted at dinner in stylish London. Flour mills had to be overhauled and reconstructed. New machinery had to be installed with equipment especially adapted for making flour from the starch cells of the wheat grain.—Rutledge Rutherford in New York Sun.

An End to Extravagance.

The mother of a certain pretty seventeen-year-old girl was having a talk with Edith's father the other day about Edith's coming out party. The father, he it explained, has recently made his fortune, and he is sometimes loath to part with any of it.

"One thing is certain," the mother declared emphatically. "I will not allow Edith to come out until she can do it well. She must have the best debut or none."

The father nodded.

"That's all right," he admitted. "She can have this one, but I want you both to understand it's the first, last and only debut I'll ever buy her."

Strenuous.

Miss Constance Van Quentin, who is given to the free use of adjectives, received calls last week from two young men, each of whom is "just the dearest boy in all the world," has "simply died" from the heat four times, has been "tickled to pieces" six times by movie comedians, has been "driven crazy" eleven times by telephone posts and has been "frozen just still" five times by the cool evening breeze while out riding in the car, all of which made up rather a strenuous week for a delicate young lady.—Kansas City Star.

Sneezing.

Aristotle maintained that to sneeze at any time between midnight and noon was bad, from noon to midnight good, while at high noon it was propitious. Xenophon records that in the retreat of the 10,000 Greeks it was regarded as highly propitious for a general to sneeze while giving counsel to the troops.

Your Faults.

However good you may be, you have faults; however dull you may be, you can find out what some of those faults are, and however slight they may be, you had better make some effort to get rid of them at once.

Fortune and A Burden

The Story of Mary Bowen's Change of Mind.

By MARIE SYLVESTRE

By the time she was ready to dress to go out to dinner Mary Bowen was so tired that she felt she would have preferred to stay at home and go to bed early. And yet she had looked forward eagerly for two days to this dinner at the Valentines' new house.

That she should feel out of sorts when the time actually had arrived added to the sense of grievance against things in general that had been growing very strong within her of late.

Mary Bowen had been married four years, and she was beginning to think of herself as a disappointed woman. Her husband was always good and kind, devoted to her and the two babies, but he had failed to surround her with the comforts she felt she deserved.

She felt annoyed at times at his very goodness. It was positively irritating to have any one always so sweet tempered. It was almost a weakness, if he were more of a fighter he would probably get on faster in his business and she would not have to take all the care of the babies with only a "general girl" to help in the house.

When she spoke sharply to Will he would look vaguely distressed, or, patting her shoulder, would remark gently, "Poor Mary, you're tired out."

Well, she felt tonight she was tired out. She and her husband were going to dine with her oldest friend, who had married a year before. The Valentines had gone abroad for a honeymoon that had lasted a whole year. Now they had come back into a house that had been built and furnished during their absence and stood completely ready to receive them.

As Mary laid out the table, she thought she had never seen one of her French-governed friends who felt bitterly that things were not very evenly divided in this world. Her husband came in, and she treated him coldly, feeling resentfully that he was responsible for her hard lot in life.

When they were ready they left the little house and boarded a street car. Mary felt this was an added grievance. If she could have driven to the Valentines' life would have looked less gloomy.

Mrs. Valentine received her guests in a beautiful drawing room, herself attired in a Paris creation that made Mary's old gown seem to her own consciousness terribly shabby.

"Dear Mary!" murmured Caroline Valentine, kissing her friend. "How do you do, Will? It seems to me you look tired. You mustn't let him work too hard, Mary. You know he'd never think of himself till he dropped."

"Mary's the tired one," laughed Will Bowen.

"Is she? She looks as sweet and fresh as ever," responded Mrs. Valentine. Then, a little nervously, she added: "Dick got home late tonight, and we will have to wait for him a few minutes. He was very sorry."

A slight constraint fell upon the three, who continued to converse, nevertheless, until at last Dick Valentine appeared.

Neither Mary nor Will had known him before he married Caroline. He was very rich and had charming manners, and to Mary a sort of halo had seemed to gather over him in her thought of him as her friend's husband.

He greeted his guests with enthusiastic apologies, and his words had the sound of a torrent, they were poured out so rapidly. His face was flushed, and his eyes refused to remain on anything. An unpleasant suspicion formed itself in Mary's mind, and she glanced at her friend.

Caroline's eyes were fixed on her in a look of abject entreaty, in which mortification and pride struggled miserably. Mary understood and with a great effort replied to her host's remarks in a natural manner.

A perfect dinner was served in the perfectly appointed dining room, but to Mary Bowen it was the most trying ordeal she had ever passed through. Dick Valentine drank glass after glass of wine, and Mary saw him respond to his wife's frequent look of appeal with a laugh cruelly careless.

ed hollow. A lump came into her throat.

He worked every day of his life faithfully and hard, without complaining, while she, because she also had to work, complained constantly of her lot. Who was she that she should expect to lay down her burdens? And how good he was to her, how he always tried to please her, to make her happy!

As she took part in the general talk she longed to cry out to him, "Forgive me, oh, forgive me!"

It was over at last. Mary and Caroline went back to the drawing room and left the men to their cigars.

"How beautiful your house is, Caroline!" said Mary.

"Yes, isn't it? But the credit goes to the architect and the furnishers and decorators. I think I shall feel more at home when I've been here longer. I've thought since I came of the way you and Will furnished your little house, picking out everything together, and how you made your own curtains. Your house looks like you. This is beautiful, but there isn't anything really of us in it."

Then Mary asked about the trip, and Caroline told her about the many places they had seen. But she broke off suddenly to say, in a low tone: "Mary, don't think it's always the way it is tonight. He does try, and I help him, and he will conquer. I'm sorry you've seen, but we all have our burdens to bear."

When at last Mary and Will got away and walked down the street together Mary said: "Let's walk home. The air feels good, and my head aches."

"Poor little woman!" said Will tenderly. "You're tired. But it's true what Caroline said. You look as sweet and pretty as a rose. I looked at you across the table tonight and then at Caroline and thought what a lucky fellow I was to get you, Mary."

He patted the hand that lay on his arm and continued: "And didn't you think the house awfully stiff? It's very fine, of course, but it reminded me of a high priced club more than a home. But I know there are lots of things we need, dear, and we'll have them in time, so don't get discouraged."

"Oh, Will, don't, don't! You are killing me!" said Mary, clinging to his arm while the two walked toward home.

"Why, Mary, what is it?" Her husband stopped in genuine astonishment and tried to look at her.

"It's just that I want you to forgive me. I've been so hateful and horrid, but I do love you more than all the world. Say you forgive me, Will."

She was sobbing, and Will took her gently in his arms. "I have nothing to forgive, dearest."

Mary did not try to show him all she felt he had to forgive, but she pressed her lips to her husband's in mute pledge. Then, arm in arm, they walked along the silent street toward home.

Browning's Maid.

Browning had a maid in his service who had a gift for saying quaint things. When the poet was going to pay the last mark of respect to George Henry Leves, she said she "didn't see the good of entching cold at other people's funerals." And once, when he was away on a holiday and a journalist came to the door to inquire if it was true that the poet was dead, she indignantly answered, "I have not heard so, and I am sure my master is not the kind of a man to do such a thing without letting us know."

A Silver Library.

There is in the royal library of Konigsberg a silver library consisting of a collection of twenty books, mostly theological, bound in pure silver and having a rich, symbolical ornamentation partly in gold. The library has been in possession of this treasure since 1611. These books were made by order of Albert, the first duke of Prussia, in the latter half of the sixteenth century. It is supposed that they were made at Nuremberg, where Albert was stationed for three years.

On the Pyramids.

It is said that Richard Harding Davis once made a joke about the pyramids that is still repeated at the fashionable hotels of Cairo. Mr. Davis was studying the pyramids, and a guide approached and said to him:

"It took hundreds of years to build them monuments, sir."

"A government job, eh?" said the novelist.

A Change of a Letter.

A hotel in Switzerland bore on one of its walls the fine honored inscription, "Hospes, solve!" ("Welcome, stranger!") After rebuilding the legend had to be restored, but the painter, who must have had some experience as a traveler, made a very slight alteration in one of the words and caused it to read, "Hospes, solve!" ("Pay, stranger!")

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Sonora, Texas.

Devil-River News.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
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 STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.

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Advertising Medium of the Stockman's Paradise.

Sonora, Texas. - December 2, 1916.

THE BIRTH OF A NATION AT THE LYRIC SAN ANGELO.

D. W. Griffith's world's mightiest spectacle "THE BIRTH OF A NATION" will be seen at the Lyric Theatre San Angelo, for two nights and two matinees beginning Friday Dec 8th. The prices will be 75 cents, \$1.00 and \$2.00 at both matinee performances and 50 cents, 75 cents and \$1.00 at the matinee. Seats will be on sale at the City Drug Store. Money orders made payable to Rabb & Rowley managers of the Lyric Theatre San Angelo will have attention now. The performances will begin at 8:15 and 2:15. This will be the last time that "The Birth of a Nation" will be seen hereabouts. This is the same attraction that played all of the larger cities in Texas last season.

"The Birth of a Nation" brings forth D. W. Griffith's wonderful new art of pictorial spectacle with music. The first half of the production, which was suggested by Thomas Dixon's "The Clansman," exhibits the salient events of the war between the States. The formation of the Confederacy; Lincoln's call for troops, Sherman's march to the sea, the battle of Petersburg; Lee's surrender to Grant; and the awful tragedy of Lincoln's assassination at Ford's Theatre, April 14th 1865; live before the spectator of the life before the spectator of the life before the South's "second uprising"—this time against the Carpetbagger regime—is shown in a thrilling story of Reconstruction days. The romance of the "Little Confederate Colonel," Ben Cameron with the Northern Rose Stoneman, and that of the Unionist Captain, Phil Stoneman with Margaret Cameron, two threads of continuous love interest throughout the story.

But the great out-of-door scenes of the Ku Klux Klan men are staged with thousands of participants. Eighteen thousand actors and three thousand horses were employed in the making of the pictures, which cost half a million dollars and took eight months to produce. Some idea of its immensity is gained from the fact that there are no less than 5,000 distinct individual scenes.

On the musical side Mr. Griffith attempted what was previously unheard of in association with motion pictures. This was the synchronizing of a complete symphonic score with the appearances of the important characters and the enactment of the principal scenes. The magnificent instrumental music is played by a large orchestra of twenty five musicians.

DOC CONE.

Lost, strayed or stolen from the Juan Flores wagon yard south of town, on Saturday Nov. 25th, a red blood bound, rear on breast made by a hog. A liberal reward for information leading to its recovery. Brad Traiser.

Advertised Letters.

List of letters remaining on hand in the Post Office at Sonora, Texas for the week ending Nov. 6, 1916.

Mrs. Lucy Gay, T. L. Burchett, Ray Morris, J. H. Wallace, L. M. Holding, Juacita Ogio, Jose Albarado, Teodoro Rionoz, Estevan Gonzalez, Juan Adam, Adolfo Mirales, Manuel Mireles, Julian Monoz Guadalupe Sifuentes, Francisco Garcia, Jose Garciadonnes, Paz Torrez, Catalina Salinas, T. Gilbes tra Rosas, Estanislado Hdez.

When calling for above please say advertised.

G. W. Smith Post Master.

Mail Routes.

SONORA TO ROCKWELL: Leave Sonora Tuesday at 7 a. m. Arrive Rockwell Thursday at 8 p. m. SONORA TO ROOSEVELT: Leave Sonora Tuesday and Friday at 6 a. m. Arrive Sonora Monday and Thursday at 8 p. m. SONORA VIA MAYR to OWENVILLE: Leave Sonora Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6 a. m. Arrive Sonora Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 6 p. m. SONORA TO SAN ANGELO via Texas & Pacific: Leave Sonora Tuesday at 7 a. m. and Sunday at 8 a. m. Arrive San Angelo Saturday at 6 p. m.

TODAY IS YOURS.

Price it. For Yesterday is Gone and Tomorrow May Never Come.

The best thing you have in this world is today. Here it is, a wonderful treasure, a marvelous jewel. It's yours; all yours. It's in your hands. What are you going to do with it?

Today you can be happy, not yesterday nor tomorrow. There is no happiness except today's.

Most of our misery is left over from yesterday or borrowed from tomorrow. Keep today clean. Make up your mind to enjoy your food, your work, your play, today anyhow.

Time is not divided into three parts, past, present and future. There is only one real time. It is now.

You can do anything if you'll only go at it a day at a time.

Don't let life pass against you. Attack it in detail and you can easily triumph.

"Oh, but I can't help thinking of the past! And one must plan for the future."

To be sure, only forget not that it is the past that determines the present; it is the present that determines the future.

The past is what we make of it. It is the temper of the present that qualifies it. It all depends upon how you now consider it, whether it brings you despair or discouragement.

Suck out its wisdom, keep its lessons, utilize its experience, make of all those things elements of present power. But forget its spiteful qualities. Don't let the past nudge you, hem you with remorse, weaken you with self contempt.

The past says we rise by stepping on our dead selves, and, as for the future, the best preparation for it is an unafraid today.

Whatever hills you have to climb, whatever bridges you have to cross, whatever enemies are lying in wait for you, whatever crises are to be met, you can be no better equipped for them than by living this day soundly, cheerfully and free from fear.

Apprehensions, premonitions, worries, these are the poison gases of our life, the future.

If you are to die tomorrow the best way to be ready is to discharge faithfully today's duties and to enjoy heartily today's simple pleasures.

Today is yours. God has given it to you. All your yesterdays he has taken back. All your tomorrows are still in his hands.

Today is yours. Take its pleasures and be glad. Take its pains and be brave.

Today is yours, just a little strip of light between two darknesses, just a bit of life between two sleep deaths.

Today is yours. Use it so that at its close you can say: "I have lived and loved today!"—Dr. Frank Crane in Pictorial Review.

A MESSAGE ON A HAIRBRUSH.

Clever Hero of a Convict and His Confidante Outside the Jail.

In an interesting criminal case a message was conveyed to a prisoner by a most ingenious device. The prisoner gave the guard a small coin, asking him to purchase a hairbrush. That evening when the guard went off duty he stopped in a little shop in the village and endeavored to buy the brush for the prisoner. But the shopkeeper thought that a hairbrush could not be bought for the trifling sum which the prisoner had intrusted to the guard.

As the guard came out of the shop he found an old peddler at the door. The peddler had a variety of junk in his basket, and among other second hand articles conspicuously displayed was a hairbrush with a smooth pine handle. The guard asked the peddler what he would take for the brush. The peddler named a small sum. The guard offered him the coin which the prisoner had intrusted to him and which the peddler finally accepted. This brush the guard turned over to the prisoner. There was no mark of any kind on it. Nevertheless, it conveyed a vital message to the man in the prison, which he was able to read by soaking the handle of the brush in his water jug.

The method by which this message had been put on the handle of the brush is exceedingly interesting. The letters forming the message had been cut in the soft wood of the handle. After this the wood of the handle had been scraped with a piece of glass until the letters cut into the wood had entirely disappeared. They were no longer visible. The wooden handle seemed smooth, and to the eye bore no trace of any given character or any indentation.

But the fact is that the fibers of wood where pressure has been exerted to cut in letters are compressed below the cuts and remain thus compressed, although after the letters are scraped off no trace of them is visible. If, however, the wood is soaked in water, after a time these compressed fibers swell and the writing stands out in clear relief.

Foreign authorities tell us that the finer the grain of wood the better it is adapted to this form of secret communication. They insist that all articles formed of wood taken at criminal rendezvous or introduced into prisons ought to be examined with the greatest care.—Melville D. Post in Saturday Evening Post.

SOME OLD MONSTER GUNS.

A Curiously Constructed Monster Was "Mad Meg" of Ghent.

The ancestors of the monster-guns of today were performing their deadly work at least five centuries ago, says Die Welt der Technik. The barrels of the early guns were made of cast iron, wrapped with forged iron rings to strengthen them. Later the guns were cast in bronze.

One of the first mortars that astonished the world was "Mad Meg of Ghent," which was made in 1382. The gun is still preserved in Ghent. It was made in two parts, which screw together. The front part, which is really the barrel, is composed of thirty-two forged iron strips, held together by forty-one rings, like an ordinary hooped barrel. It is screwed to the back part, which contains the chamber for the powder. That has twenty rings round it. The caliber of the gun is 79.5 centimeters, which is almost double that of the greatest howitzer of today, the 42 centimeter. The chamber held sixty kilograms of powder and shot about 240 kilograms of stone, pieces of iron and glass. It is thought that "Mad Meg" had her christening in the siege of Oudenarde.

Another famous gun was mounted at Edinburgh castle. That was not very successful. In the first place it was so heavy that its weight nearly wrecked the bridge that led over the castle moat, and one of the first discharges from the gun lodged a great piece of shot on the sides of the barrel, and it took forty-eight hours to extract it. When they finally succeeded in discharging the gun the shot went so high over the enemy's heads that it did no damage. Eventually it was used for firing salutes until one day the recoil sank it so deep into the earth that it was put out of commission. The old gun was finally melted up.

Fifty years later a Greek cannon founder who worked for Sultan Mohammed II made a giant gun of bronze that performed good service in the siege of Byzantium in 1453. Urban, who had his foundry at Adrianople, took three months to make the gun. It required sixty oxen two months to draw the gun to Byzantium. The caliber was 60 centimeters. The gun ended its existence by bursting and killing its maker.

Then came the gun of Mohammed II, which was cast in bronze by Muir Alir and later given as a present to England by Sultan Abd-ul-Aziz and preserved in Woodwich. It was a 79.6 caliber gun and weighed 7,500 kilograms (eight tons).

The largest type of mortar made—and the least destructive one, for it has never been fired—is the "Zari Puscha" at Moscow. It is 114.8 centimeters caliber and weighs 39,000 kilograms. It was cast in bronze by Andreas Tschichoff in 1586.

Twilight.

Twilight is considered to last until the sun is 13 degrees below the horizon and to begin when the sun reaches a similar point in the morning, or 18 degrees before sunrise. When the line on which this position is measured is shortest, then the twilight will be the shortest, and vice versa. This causes the shortest twilight to occur in the winter months in northern latitudes and longest in summer. In other words, the difference in the duration of summer and winter twilight is due to the relative positions of the earth and the sun.

Made a Clear Lighter.

"Ma," said a nine-year-old prodigy, "if I change this box of cigars into a cigar lighter will you give me a nickel?" And he held up a box of his father's cigars.

"No," said his mother. "But you can't do it."

"Will you give me a nickel if I do?"

"Er—yes. But you can't do it." "You just look. See, I open the box, take out a cigar, and now it's a cigar lighter. Gimme the nickel!" —Exchange.

Humanity in War.

The first man, so far as history can speak on the subject, to do anything to mitigate the hardness of the usages of war was Marcus Aurelius, the noblest of the Roman emperors. Of this illustrious man Dr. Quincy writes, "Marcus Aurelius resolutely maintained that certain inalienable rights belonged to every soldier simply as a man, which rights capture by the sword or any other accident of war could do nothing to shake or diminish."

Even Set

"Just fancy! There's a fasting man who has been living for forty five days on water!"

"That's nothing. My father lived for twenty years on water!"

"Go on!"

"Yes; he was a sea captain."—Chicago Herald.

Notice to Transgressors.

Notice is hereby given that all transgressors on our 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. WIELDS, Sonora, Texas.

A five reel Gold Rooster feature every Saturday at the Happy Hour theatre.

FARAWAY STARS.

Why They Seem to Us to Be Twinkling and Brightly Pointed.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star"—but why? In spite of our own good sense we can't help thinking sometimes that the star actually does the twinkling. But it doesn't.

At the distance that the nearest fixed star is from us it is impossible that any motion on its part would be visible. The stars are moving at a million times the speed of earth's fastest express train, but if Adam had started to watch the nearest one and were watching it still he couldn't have observed its position change in the sky more than the thickness of a piece of blotting paper.

The twinkling of a star is due mainly to the shifting of the earth and the air currents round it. There are several layers of air, most of them traveling in different directions and some denser than others.

It is well known that when there is a change in the thickness of a medium there is a difference in the refraction or bending which an object has when put into it. Pour some molasses and water and oil into a glass, floating the water on the molasses and the oil on the water, and then put in a spoon. It will appear bent at three places—where it touches the water and where it touches the molasses.

Now, if you imagine the molasses and the oil and the water all flowing in different directions it is easy to see how blurred the spoon might become. It is this movement of the air that makes a star "dance" when you look at it.

The supposed "points" of a star are not there at all. A star is round, like the earth, or the moon, or the sun. But the human eye—largely because of its mode of sending light impressions to the brain—sees matters in straight lines, and the haze around a brightness always seems to be pointed. The brighter the object the more points there seem to be.

The eye, however, does not stay fixed any more than the air does, and accordingly the involuntary movements of the eye add to this twinkling and pointed appearance of the star. "Up above the world so high, like a diamond in the sky," is merely a mistake. The camera at the end of a telescope tube shows a star as an apparently round spot.—Detroit Free Press.

A Good Sleeper.

Talleyrand used to tell an extraordinary story of the impassiveness of Louis XV. When he was in the East Indies a party came to him one evening bringing unpleasant news, and he therefore postponed the communication of it to the king till next morning, when he explained that he was afraid the tidings might have disturbed his majesty's sleep. The king replied: "Nothing disturbs my sleep, as you may see from this instance. The most dreadful blow of my life was my brother's death. The courier who brought this dreadful news arrived at 8 o'clock in the evening. For some hours I was quite overcome, but at midnight I went to bed and slept my usual eight hours."

Longevity of Trees.

The few trees of Norbury park, which are said to be 2,000 years old, may still have a few more centuries of life before them, for these trees occasionally last 3,000 years. Trees of various kinds have different effective longevities. Fruit trees and trees with soft wood, such as the poplar and the willow, live from fifty to sixty years. They are usually killed in the end by destructive fungi and molds. The cypress and the olive are said to live 800 years, the oak 1,500, the cedar 2,000 and the big Californian trees 4,000 years.—London Chronicle.

Flowers of the Sea.

Like the land, the sea has its flowers, but the most brilliant of the marine flowers bloom not upon plants, but upon animals. The living corals of tropical seas present a display of floral beauty that in richness and brightness of color and variety are far more than equalled by the splendor of a garden of flowers. The resemblance to vegetable blossoms is so complete that some persons find it difficult to believe that the brilliant display contains no element of plant life, but is wholly animal in its organization.

Well Answered.

"Do you see much difference between Americans and Englishmen?" a handsome, spoiled English gentleman is said to have asked a sparkling American girl newly arrived in London society.

"Oh, yes! There was her quick reply: "Over there the men admire us; here we are expected to admire them."

They say the astonished soldier almost fell off his chair at the unexpectedness of it.

Notice to Transgressors.

Notice is hereby given that all transgressors on our ranch four miles north east of Sonora, for the purpose of cutting timber, hauling wood, hauling logs without our permission, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

Geo. L. & Roy E. Atwood

Sonora, Texas.

A REASON FOR BALDNESS.

The Part Tight Hats Play in Killing Off a Man's Hair.

In the American Magazine Dr. Arthur R. Reynolds, former health commissioner of Chicago, gives the following reason for baldness:

"The hats that men wear are the cause of their baldness above the hat line. Women also wear hats, but their hats are fastened to their hair and do not grip the head as men's hats do. All other causes of baldness such as infections, scabies, etc., affect both sexes alike and are, in fact, more difficult to treat locally in women than in men because of their long hair.

"How does the hat affect the growth of hair in man? By compressing the arteries, the veins, the lymphatics and to some extent the nerves that supply and nourish the hair. It is not because the hat is hard or soft or that it keeps the head too hot. It is because the hat band compresses the vessels and starves the roots of the hair. Caps may do the same thing, but caps, as a rule, do not grip the head so tightly as hats do.

Baldness usually begins at the summit of the crown toward the back part of the vessels furnishing the circulation. In such cases the pressure has been on the vessels of the side of the head. Sometimes the baldness begins above the forehead and is the high forehead type of baldness. In these cases the pressure has been upon the vessels of the forehead. Sometimes the hair is bald low down in the back when the pressure has been upon the vessels in this region. When the hair is completely bald on top the pressure has been on the entire vascular supply of the scalp."

Qualities of Wiveship.

Thus wrote Bobby Burns, whose experience with women at least on titles his opinion to consideration: "The scale of good wiveship I divide into ten parts. Good nature, four; good sense, two; wit, one; personal charm—namely, sweet face, eloquent eyes, fine limbs, graceful carriage, all these one; as for the other qualities, such as fortune, connection and education more than the ordinary run, family, blood, etc., divide the two remaining degrees as you please."

The poet wrote that recipe for a good wife some time after he was married. I'd like to see a census of the students in leading girl colleges of America on this question of what qualities a wife should possess.—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Singular Character.

A singular character was the spendthrift James Rhodes, who sang money up and down the Great White Way in New York, for months. His crowning exploit occurred in London, where he went to finish a spree. Rhodes dropped into the Prince of Wales' theatre one evening while the orchestra was playing "God Save the King." From his box he ordered the leader to render "The Star Spangled Banner." The musician ignored him, and Rhodes drew a six shooter and began shooting out the lights. He went to jail for awhile. When a little later he returned to New York the remnants of his fortune had disappeared.

First Jewelry Store.

It may interest women to know that the first jewelry store was started in the city of Changon about 3,000 years ago. The Celestial millionaires of that period knew nothing of the fascination of diamonds, because diamonds were not in vogue at that B. C. period. Pearls and jade and coral and other unpolished mineral substances had to content them, and, as if to make good the glitter of reviews and tians, the princes of Changon employed artisans to fashion them the most wonderful gold and silver ornaments, which in themselves were far more costly than diamonds.

Jolly Limburg.

The province of Limburg differs in many ways from the rest of Holland. You have only to see the jolly people of its capital, Maastricht, to know that the Dutch down there in the south take life much more gayly than their compatriots elsewhere, even in the largest towns like Rotterdam and Amsterdam. Proximity to Germany, too, affects conditions in Limburg, where, for example, the German mark is a coin in general use.—New York Post.

A Generation.

Webster merely defines a generation generally as "the average life of man or the ordinary period of time at which one rank follows another or father is succeeded by child." The Standard Dictionary says, "Commonly estimated at one-third of a century." The Century Dictionary states that "the historical average is commonly reckoned at about thirty years."

Associations.

A few days after a farmer had sold a pig to a neighbor he chanced to pass his place and saw his little boy sitting on the edge of the pig pen watching his new occupant.

"How do ye do, Johnny?" said he.

"How's your pig today?"

"Oh, pretty well, thank you!" replied the boy. "How's all your folks?"—Harper's.

M. A. VALENTINE, SONORA MOTOR TRANSIT LINE
 BLACKSMITH, HORSESHOE
 WAGON REPAIR WORK.
 Shop next to Post office.
 SONORA, TEXAS.

THE GREAT HORNED OWL.

He Had the Reputation of Being the Most Dangerous Animal.

Which is the most dangerous animal? Not apparently the bull moose. Many a man has sat in the clutch of a lynch with nothing on his stomach but the wind blowing off the landscape, while Br'er Moose pawed the earth below and waited for him to come down and be trampled. But there is always the tree, and the man never tires first of the waiting.

There is, of course, the rattlesnake. If he once bites fairly you are a pretty sick person. But mostly he doesn't bite, and when he does he commonly licks lacerations or hoot leather. Besides, most of the rattlesnakes are dead.

There are the bears of several species, but the man always gets away. As for cougar and lynx and wildcat, they are as prudent as they are brave. If the lone hunter is content to pass them by on the other side they commonly respect his attention.

Even the fierce gray timber wolf has become afraid of man. Those who have tried it say that it is now possible to shoot a deer and leave it in the woods unguarded overnight.

The pack will walk around it till they trample the snow hard. But the terrible man smell in the wolves' noses keeps their mouths from the meat. So much the more is the hunter himself fairly safe.

The wild creature that damages more human beings than any other is the great horned owl.

Not that he means any harm, but he is as large as a cat and as stealthy, and his claws are an inch long; also his eyesight is poor, and he hunts on the edge of the night.

As he sits aloft in a tree in the gathering dusk and sees a fur cap or a shock of hair go by under him, he has no way of making out what looks like a fat rabbit has six feet of man under it. So he drops down on silent wing and drives two handfuls of sharp chisels into the scalp of the luckless victim.

It is said that in northern Canada there are more woodsmen, packers and trappers scared by the talons of the horned owl than by all kinds of teeth and claws combined.

In fact, they say that in the lumber camps, in regions where the owls are especially abundant, the human invader is afraid to go home in the dark without half a pork barrel over his head.—Washington Star.

Origin of the Foreign Legion.

The foundation of the French Foreign Legion, which took place a hundred years ago, was the idea of Blucher, and to him the idea was suggested by the remnants of the eight foreign legions that Napoleon had enlisted for the Waterloo campaign. Its first members included a number of officers and soldiers from Prussia, Saxony, Bavaria and Wurttemberg, and in command was placed a German general, Prince Louis von Hohenlohe-Bartenstein. Eighty years ago it was reorganized, taken to Africa and taught to march, and at that it has no equal, which probably explains the regimental motto, "March or die!"—London Chronicle.

Poisonous Smoking.

In Jamaica ganjah, a variety of Indian hemp, is smoked by the natives with terrible results. It is stated that it was this weed that was used by the leaders of the Indian mutiny to drive the sepoys into the passions of raging mania which they exhibited during that campaign. Ganjah smoking affects the beginner in a peculiar way. While under its influence his senses of time, sound and distance are obliterated. A single minute may seem a month, a child's voice sounds like the rattle of a machine gun, and a little finger may seem a mile long. Continued use, it is said, causes cataleptic fits and eventually violent or raving homicidal madness.

His Last Breath.

The reflections upon the value of breath, writes a correspondent, recall an old riddle which asked what it was that no man wished to give up and no man wished to take and the answer was, "His last breath." Charles Lamb had an opinion on the value of breath, and he said, "It is better to have a full lung, even if it is full of us, than to have it empty." Macready heard him express the hope that he might draw it in through a pipe and exhale it in a pun. Certainly that would be the most precious breath on record.—London Standard.

Associations.

A few days after a farmer had sold a pig to a neighbor he chanced to pass his place and saw his little boy sitting on the edge of the pig pen watching his new occupant.

"How do ye do, Johnny?" said he.

"How's your pig today?"

"Oh, pretty well, thank you!" replied the boy. "How's all your folks?"—Harper's.

JACK SABERS & HUGH STORY
 PROPRIETORS.
 We will appreciate your business.

GIRLS WHO DISAPPEAR.

Most Pathetic Incident in a Police Commissioner's Experience.

In the Women's Home Commission inquiry Emily Barton Reid quotes General Theodore A. Bingham, former police commissioner of New York City, as saying that 50,000 girls disappear annually in the United States.

Nothing in his whole department's service, General Bingham confessed, filled him with greater pity than the following single incident.

"It was dusk in New York, the hour when the streets are full of men and girls hurrying from work. The crowds streamed across Union square toward the subway in a great flood—the whole population of an average county town passing the corner every minute. Suddenly around the corner whirled a great express wagon. The driver whistled shrilly, and the crowd, made wary by long experience, scattered in all directions, all but one girl. A single moment she hesitated, glanced both ways, dropped back a step and then, changing her mind, dashed forward in an attempt to gain the other side.

"The moment's hesitation was too much. The frightened horses rushed on. Two minutes later her lifeless body was borne away in an ambulance to the city morgue.

"There were no marks of identification on the girl's person. The police were reduced to the necessity of publishing a description in the newspapers, hoping that relatives would come to claim the body. And in answer to that description, which was made as detailed and accurate as possible, more than 300 mothers and sisters wrote or appeared at the morgue. More than 300 women within reach of the New York papers confessed that girls whom they loved, corresponding to the description of this girl, had disappeared. Not one of them was able to identify her. She was buried after a time at the city's expense.

"Three hundred women returned to pursue their fruitless search elsewhere. What had become of the 300 girls for whom they searched?"

The Birth of Reform Schools.

The first reform school for juvenile delinquents was probably the one organized at Mestay, near Louvre, France, about the year 1839 by M. de Tetz, a noted counselor of Paris. M. de Tetz found in some wealthy noblemen the financial assistance he needed to materialize his idea, and the school was started with the most beneficent results. The idea was taken hold of in other quarters not only of France, but of other continental countries, and the establishment of reform schools resulted in the grand conference of the reformatory union, the real beginning of our present day work in behalf of juvenile delinquents.

A Curious Remedy.

Perhaps the most curious remedy for sickness ever prescribed was that arranged

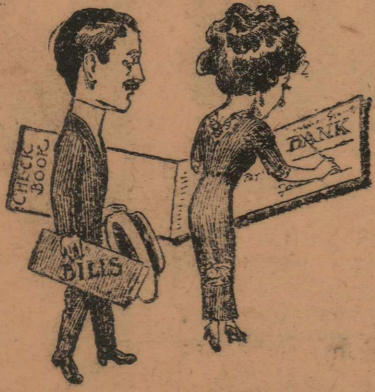
FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF SONORA, TEXAS.

Capital, Surplus and Undivided Profits over \$170,000.00

BANK WITH US

Our Bank is a conservative institution conducted in a conservative manner. We offer you every convenience of a modern bank, together with absolute security for your money. If you haven't an account already, let us talk to you about opening one. No account so small to receive our careful attention. We appreciate your business. If you are in the market for a loan on Live Stock, submit it to us. There are none too large for us to handle, with the outside connections that we have, when sufficient collateral is attached. We solicit your business on our sixteen years previous record during which time this bank has experienced a steady growth.



GROCERIES

The City Grocery has been completely rebuilt and all evidence of the recent Fire removed and a

Splendid New Stock of the Choicest Groceries has been Bought and we are **READY** to supply your Every Want in Staple and Fancy Groceries.

Our personal acquaintance with your favorite brands of Flour, Coffee, Canned goods, etc., prevents possible disappointment and substitution. We thank you for your past patronage and hope to be favored with your business in the future.

The City Grocery.

Devil's River News
PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
M. K. MURPHY, Proprietor.
STEVE MURPHY, Publisher.
Subscription \$2 a year in advance.
Entered at the Postoffice a Second-Class Matter.
Sonora, Texas, December 2, 1916.

Presbyterian Meeting.
Monday night December 4, look for Dr. E. E. Wallace of Brownwood at the Methodist church. He is a preacher of rare ability and draws the crowds where ever he goes. This will be a union meeting and the entire town is invited.
Mrs. H. H. Sparks of Christoval was in Sonora Tuesday visiting.
Miss Carra Kates accompanied by Fred Simmons visited relatives in Ozona Thursday.
Dr. Chapman the dentist arrived from Eldorado Friday and will remain for some time.
M. McGregor of Ballinger, was in Sonora a few days this week visiting his aunt Mrs. C. Saunders.
H. A. Cary a hardware drummer of Brownwood was a business visitor in Sonora a few days this week.
Lawrence Pyle of Dallas, district agent and Sherry Johnson of San Angelo local agent for the Mitchell auto, were business visitors in Sonora several days this week.

Mrs. F. H. Hall.
Mrs. Fennie Owens Hall, wife of F. M. Hall, died at the home of her sister Mrs. Charli Flatbush in Sonora, Monday Nov. 27, 1916, aged 27 years.
Funeral services were held at the Methodist church at 3 o'clock Tuesday afternoon, conducted by the Pastor B. Q. Dunn.
The pall bearers were: E. S. Bryant, J. D. Lowrey, G. E. Walker, E. S. Long, G. J. Trainer, W. L. Aldwell. A large number of friends attended the burial at the Sonora cemetery.
Deceased is survived by her husband and three children. Mr. and Mrs. Hall were married in Sonora May 12, 1912 and have been living in New Mexico returning to Eldorado a few months ago because of Mrs. Hall's health. They came to Sonora three weeks ago to consult our physicians. Among the relatives attending the funeral were her parents Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Owens, Mr. and Mrs. Pete Owens, Mr. and Mrs. Lige Keeney, Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Owens, Mr. and Mrs. Basil Owens, Era and Mode Owens, all of Eldorado, Mr. and Mrs. John Jones of Mayer, Mrs. W. A. Hall of Corpus Christi, mother of F. H. Hall was also present. The News extends its sympathy to the husband, children and relatives in their affliction.
C. C. and d. place at the City Cafe

Sloan's Liment Ease
Sloan's Liment is first thought of mothers for bumps, bruises and sprains that are continually bugging to children. It quickly penetrates and soothes without rubbing. Cleaner and more effective than messy plasters or ointments. For rheumatic aches, neuralgia pain and that grippy soreness after colds, Sloan's Liment gives prompt relief. Have a bottle handy for bruises, strains, sprains and all external pain. For the thousands whose work calls them outdoors, the pains and aches following exposure are relieved by Sloan's Liment. At all Druggists 25c.
(Advertisement.)
Miss Elna Evans visited in Rockefords this week.
Gordon Stewart was in from the ranch several days this week on very important business.
Good steaks, chicken, ham, eggs, chili, pies and cakes at the City Cafe.
Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Nowlin of Center Point, Kerr county, are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Brown on the ranch north of Sonora. Mrs. Nowlin is a sister to Leo Burney.
The Del Norte Hotel gives the best service possible. Stop there when in Sonora. 10.
The City Market will buy eggs, butter, chickens, and will pay cash for same. 50c.

Stop That Cough
A hacking cough weakens the whole system, drains your energy and gets worse if neglected; your throat it raw, your chest aches and you feel sore all over. Relieve that cold at once with Dr. King's New Discovery. The soothing pine balsams heal the irritated membranes, and the antiseptic and laxative qualities kill the germs and break up your cold. Don't let a cold linger. Get Dr. King's New Discovery today at your Druggist 5c.
(Advertisement.)
Mr. and Mrs. Elmo Johnson have returned from a visit to Dallas.
Mr. and Mrs. J. T. (Bud) Evans are in Sonora this week at the Commercial.
Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Marion were in town Thursday from the W. E. Hodges ranch in Val Verde county.
We have in stock ranges, heaters, oil, coal and gasoline stoves.
Morris Gilmore Hardware Co.
Mr. and Mrs. Leola Johnson were in town this week from the ranch on the Llano.
Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Beem of Edwards county, were in town this week.
Stop at the Hotel Del Norte when in Sonora. Good beds, first-class meals. Polite treatment.
W. W. Taylor of Junction and James W. Turman of Brady were in Sonora Thursday.
Chas Kiser of the Henry Wilson ranch won the turkey at the Happy Hour Wednesday night.
Miss Ida Aldwell returned Sunday from a visit to Dallas and Fort Worth.
C. D. Wyatt the North Llano stockman was in Sonora this week visiting his family.
Mr. and Mrs. Joe Ben Bakkeny of Ozona, were in Sonora Saturday visiting.
C. J. Brotherton and brother Ray Brotherton of Juno were in Sonora Monday on business.
Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Dabney of San Angelo were in Sonora this week on business and visiting Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Keene.
Bud Wyatt of the Crowther Hard ware Co. of San Angelo is spending a few days in Sonora with friends and relatives.
Fish and oysters at the City Cafe served in any style, or for sale for home consumption.
Mr. and Mrs. Charlie Evans and Sid Evans were in town Thursday from the ranch 20 miles west of Sonora.
Phone ahead to the City Cafe when you want to give a dinner or supper to friends. 59.
Mr. and Mrs. W. L. Aldwell and daughter Miss Ida Aldwell, spent Thanksgiving in Ozona the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Nisbet.
Mrs. Emma McRae of the Del Norte hotel who was taken ill while in San Angelo last week returned home Tuesday accompanied by her daughter Miss Lorea McRae.
Miss Elsie Adams entertained Thursday night with party at her father's ranch four miles west of Sonora there was a large crowd present and all had a most enjoyable time.
Mrs. Tom Savell of San Angelo, who has been visiting her daughter Mrs. John Henderson on the Bryson ranch, returned home Sunday. Mr. Savell came for her Sunday.
Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Wardlaw of Ballinger, are in Sonora on a visit to Judge and Mrs. L. J. Wardlaw. Mr. and Mrs. Wardlaw will also visit on the ranch and Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Wardlaw in Del Rio before returning home.
You Should Feel 100 p.c. To-Day
You cannot meet the day's work cheerfully feeling bilious, dull headache, coated tongue, bad breath are signs that indicate your liver is overworked or loafing. In either case you need Fo Do Laz. Nature's liver regulator, derived from the May apple. By stimulating the flow of bile, Fo Do Laz makes work easier for your liver, and by its mild laxative quality removes the impurities that clog the intestines. At all Druggists, 50c.
(Advertisement.)
Gay Dabney, owner of the Benton Keith ranch, Tom Green county was a business visitor in Sonora several days this week.

DANCE AT THE CLUB.
The Thanksgiving dance given at the Club Hall, Thursday night was thoroughly enjoyed by the large number present. The music by Frosio's Orchestra, the splendid floor and bright lights of the ball room was all that could be desired. Among those present were: Dr. and Mrs. H. R. Wardlaw, Messrs and Mrs. James W. J. Wilson, R. E. Aldwell, Theo Savell, Charles Evans, E. C. Beem, L. R. Thorp, W. C. Bryson, Vernon Marion, L. D. Sparks, Alfred Schweinung, B. W. Hutcheson, M. M. Stokes, Mr. Annie Wino, Mrs. J. C. McDonald, Misses Estelle McDonald, Willie Mae Wino, Marie Hewett of San Angelo, Pearl Parkerson, Ida Aldwell, Willie McRae, Violet Stanley, Loddie Lee Rogers, Agnes Chalk, Marguerite Smith of San Angelo, Mani Allen, Stella Miers, Maggie Pfister, Myrtle Eblant, Louise Sparks, Loris McRae, Messrs. Bryan, Hunt, H. Keene, H. Gilbert, Harry Meckel, C. A. Neal, T. A. Williams, J. A. Hewatt of San Angelo, Arzel Wardlaw, L. C. Adams, Wirt Stephenson, Big Holman, Gordon Stewart, Claude Keene, John Biggam, S. P. Herogen and Lewis Edis of Menard, J. C. Morrow, Geo. L. Aldwell, Curt Allison, Fred Simmons.
Miss Allen was in Sonora Thursday from the O. Appel ranch.
The City Cafe can furnish you with good things to eat.
Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Stuart visited in San Angelo this week.
Duck Karns the sheepman has made himself a Christmas present of a Mitchell six roadster.
The Del Norte Hotel is becoming more popular each day with the traveling public.
W. B. Kesley Jr., of San Angelo, was in Sonora Wednesday on insurance business.
J. E. Grimland and son Wade made a business trip to San Angelo Saturday.
Joe F. Logan was in town Saturday from his ranch 10 miles east of Sonora.
Mr. and Mrs. Ota Smith were up from the ranch on the North Llano Saturday visiting.
If you want bath tub, lavatory, sink or anything in the plumbing line call and get prices from Morris Gilmore Hardware Co.
Rev. Richard Mercer will conduct services at the Episcopal church Sunday Dec. 10.
Fish, oysters and eggs for home use for sale at the City Cafe.
Now is the time to have your fuses examined and repaired before cold weather. We do all kind of sheet metal and plumbing work.
Morris Gilmore Hardware Co.
Geo. O. Van Camp of the San Antonio Express staff, accompanied by B. H. Wright is spending a few days in the Sonora country.
Presiding Elder J. M. Perry of San Angelo will preach tonight and Sunday morning at the Methodist church. This will be presiding Elder Perry's first conference with Sonora Methodists.
Every Thursday a beautiful hand colored picture of the various stars appearing at the Happy Hours will be given free to all who purchase an adult ticket next week.
WAMBA COFFEE, the coffee that made Houston famous is in Sonora at the CITY GROCERY. Wamba coffee has no superior. Wamba coffee will make more cups to pound and has a better flavor. For sale in Sonora at the CITY GROCERY.
Leo Russell the well known cattle man of Menard and Fort Worth and his son Jim and Perry McConnell a well known stockman of Menard were in Sonora Friday on their way to Del Rio.
Will Ede of the Henderson-Eds Automobile Co., of San Angelo, and Pete Clay were in Sonora this week delivering Buick cars one to Curt Allison and one to Sam Adams.
How to Check That Cold
When it is painful to breathe and fever sends chills up and down your back, you are in for a cold. A timely dose of Dr. Bell's Pine Tar Honey will stop the sneezes and sniffles. The pine balsam loosens the phlegm and clears the bronchial tubes, the honey soothes and relieves the sore throat. The antiseptic qualities kill the germ and the congested condition is relieved. Croup, whooping cough and chronic bronchial affections quickly relieved. At all druggists 25c.

NOTICE

To Our Customers:
Having bought the entire holdings of our partner, Alfred Vander Stucken, in the mercantile and ranch business, we desire that all our customers arrange, at as early a date as possible, to make settlement with us.

We will continue the business as in the past and hope to be favored with your continued patronage, but you will understand that the volume of this trade will necessitate collecting and the closing up of all past due accounts.

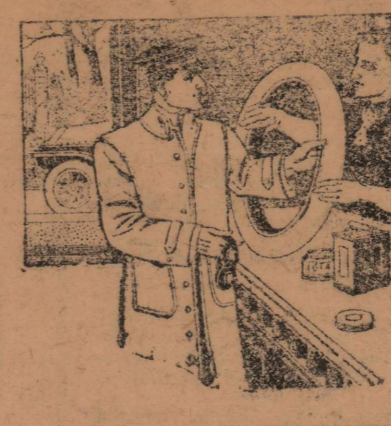
Trusting to have your prompt cooperation in this matter.

Very respectfully,

E. F. VANDER STUCKEN CO

We can save you money on Blackleg-voids and Pellets. Also have a new Automatic Injector that is a time saver.

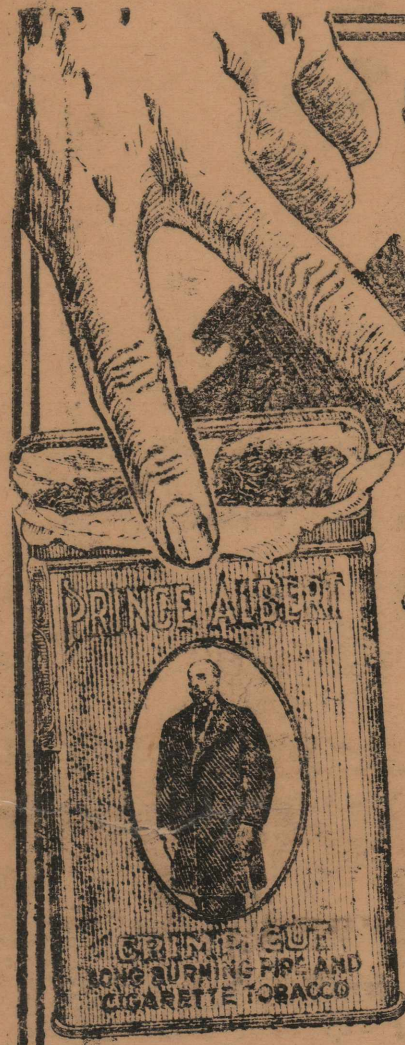
Sonora Drug Store



The Texture of Coody's tires is all right. We carry only the standard makes which are guaranteed in every respect. Better carry an extra pair if you are going on an auto trip of any distance; You'll be wise, too, to secure what auto supplies you may need. Getting them here means getting them right, which is not always possible on the road.

HULL & NORTH, Sonora, Texas.

FOR SALE OR TRADE.
I have a new Victrola talking machine, base in use two weeks. Will sell for cash or trade in stock. S. C. O.—News office.
Gas Wheat was up from his ranch in Edwards county, Thursday.
Mr. and Mrs. Roy Hudspeth were in from the ranch Wednesday visiting.
Miss Violet Stanley had as her guest Thursday Miss Marguerite Smith of San Angelo.
Rev. Father Amado of San Angelo, a Missionary Priest, was in Sonora this week holding services and attending to the spiritual wants of the Mexican Catholics.
While getting ready to move some cattle from his ranch to his new ranch in Carter Valley a few days ago, E. M. Kirkland had the misfortune to get bit in the eye. He is in Sonora under the doctor's care.
Misses Edith and Cora Trainer and Fred and Joe Trainer were up from the old Colman ranch in Edwards county, where their father, Fred Trainer has his pasture, several days this week visiting their grandfather Mrs. C. A. Trainer and other relatives. Miss Rose Lee Hawkins of San Antonio, their governess accompanied them.
Cedar Post for Sale.
We have all kinds and sizes of Cedar posts for sale on our place on the Llano, or will deliver. For further particulars see, write or phone, C. A. Smith, Sonora, Texas.
STOCK NEWS.
If you have horses to sell see B. W. Hutcherson.
John A. Ward of Sonora sold a Dillie kid to Morris Highly of Farmington, Mo., for \$300.
John A. Ward of Sonora bought for Charlie Powell of San Angelo, from J. T. Shirley of Sonora, 925 stock goats at \$4.50.
C. J. Brotherton of Juno sold his six section ranch below the town, to Johnson & Morris of Sonora at \$5 per acre.
Henry Malphatt of Sweetwater, has a two-year old Jack for sale. See the Jack at the Morris stable and make enquiries at the City Cafe. Some who have seen this Jack pronounce him one of the best brought to Sutton county.
Dr. J. S. Allison, one of the directors of the Wool Grower's Central Storage Co., of San Angelo returned from that city, where he helped sell the fall clip, Wednesday. Dr. Allison reports that most of the Sonora county clips brought 27 cents per pound.
Allison Bros., of Sonora sold on the Fort Worth market Monday, 100 head of cows, average weight 870 and brought \$5.50. John Allison said they were the heaviest cows shipped out of this part of the country in some time. Rescue Morris had charge of the shipment.
John Ratliff of Langworth, arrived in Sonora Tuesday and has taken his old job on the Roy Huda ranch. John has been away about six years and is glad to get back to his old job.



PRINCE ALBERT
TOBACCO IS PREPARED FOR SMOKERS UNDER THE PROCESS DISCOVERED IN MAKING EXPERIMENTS TO PRODUCE THE MOST DELICIOUS AND WHOLE SOME TOBACCO FOR CIGARETTES AND PIPE SMOKERS.
PROCESSES PATENTED JULY 30 1907
R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO COMPANY WILSON, N. C.

P. A. puts new joy into the sport of smoking!

YOU may live to be 110 and never feel old enough to quit, but it's certain you'll not know the joy and contentment of a friendly old jimmy pipe or a hand rolled cigarette unless you get on talking terms with Prince Albert tobacco!

P. A. comes to you with a real reason for all the goodness of a satisfaction it offers. It is made by a patented process that removes bite and parch! You can smoke it long and hard without a come-back! Prince Albert has always been sold without coupons or premiums. We prefer to give quality!

Prince Albert affords the bestest pipe and cigarette enjoyment. And that flavor and fragrance and coolness is as good as that sounds. P. A. just answers the universal demand for tobacco without bite, parch or kick-back!

Introduction to Prince Albert isn't any harder than to walk into the nearest place that sells tobacco and ask for "a supply of P. A." You pay out a little change to be sure, but it's the cheerfulness investment you ever made!

PRINCE ALBERT

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You can subscribe or renew for a complete year to The Fort Worth **STAR-TELEGRAM**
40,000 DAILY (8 Editions) **45,000 Sunday**
A \$6.00 Daily and Sunday Newspaper for \$3.65.
A PENNY A DAY
IMPORTANT NOTICE!
With the exception of black ink, all raw materials used in manufacture of a newspaper have advanced in cost during the past twelve months approximately 100 per cent. This means that it will cost your publisher practically double to supply you with a newspaper the coming year.
Under stress of these unusual conditions, The Star-Telegram has been forced to increase its "Bargain Days" rate from \$2.25 to \$3.65. An increase of the per year (9 1/2¢ per month) or 18 per cent. Based on the conservative estimate increase in production cost of 100 per cent, under this price the division of added expense will be as follows:
Increased expense to The Star-Telegram 88%
Increased expense to The Reader 12%
This situation means that after "Bargain Days" the regular rate of \$6.00 per year must be strictly enforced. We have lowered the price to the very bottom in order to protect our Annual Subscription Cheap Rate Period, which has been in effect since the establishment of The Star-Telegram.
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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, hunting hogs without my permission, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law
A. F. CLARKSON,
Sonora, Texas.

Notice to Trespassers.
Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on my ranch one mile west of Sonora on the Ozona road, 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.
Fred & Joe Berger,
Sonora, Texas.

Notice to Trespassers.
Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on my ranch 25 miles south west of Sonora, for the purpose of working or hunting stock of any kind, FROWLING Drive up ticky stock or scabby sheep through my pasture will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.
Pasture located 25 miles south west of Sonora.
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SMOOTH AS VELVET
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Notice To Trespassers.
Notice is hereby given that I will prosecute to the full extent of the law, all who trespass upon the ranches owned or leased by me. (Known as the "R F Halberl", "Ogle" and "Dr Wardlaw") with ticky cattle, scabby sheep or for the purpose of hunting, working hogs, cutting timber, etc., without my permission. Under no circumstances will I allow ticky cattle or scabby sheep on my range. Neigh bors with clean stock must notify me when it is necessary to cross my pastures.
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or will trade for goats or cattle,
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MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.
SEVE MURPHY, Publisher.
Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora second class matter.
Advertising Medium of the Stockman's Paradise.
SONORA, TEXAS. - December 2, 1916.

FANTASTIC BAKU.
Oderous, but Beautiful, and Only Millionaires Can Live There.
I'm afraid that I shall have to tell my great-grandchildren that the Caspian is very little to look at, at least from Baku. It has no color, and it smells outrageously of kerosene, writes J. G. Dright in the Century.

Baku, however, is something to look at. (Baku is the Russian Trans-Caspian seaport on the Caspian sea.) It is a kind of Pittsburgh, only in Asia, and it tickled me to young me. Not so long ago it was a wretched fishing village inhabited chiefly by Persians and Tartars, who were too stupid to sell their lead to providing oil prospectors. So those same Persians and Tartars now roll in gold. And they don't hang their heads to go with it. The consequence is that nobody but a millionaire can afford to live in Baku.

But what a fantastic landscape of civilization and barbarism! What types! What costumes! What morals! Above all, what manners, satin lined, embellished, gilded, jeweled, skitching there on the edge of Asia!
It's too good to be true, but I don't want to tell you about it. What I want to tell you about is a park the Russians have made there on the shores of their Caspian. They always do those things well, you know. No green thing will grow for miles around Baku. But these Russians have coaxed a few trees to sprout in tubs in that tiny little park, and bands far better than I ever heard in Central park play by Tschakovsky and Rimsky-Korskef, not to say Wagner and Verdi and Bizet. And you should see the extraordinary crowds that listen—the Russians, the Persians, the Armenians, the Georgians, the Lezgians, the Tartars, the wild, the sturdy, the fierce, the rainbow colored! My son, when I doubt go to Baku.

I sat there in their park one afternoon sipping their Caspian, tapping by foot in time to their "Glinka," when I suddenly made a discovery.

That soon song we used to sing when we were young, "Loul, Loul, I Love You," came out of "Life For the Cause."
The "Third Degree" in Japan. Medical torture for securing confessions from criminals is, it seems, done to by random policemen in Japan, although distinctly against the law. It is recorded in the daily papers that two Japanese detectives, Jibei Fujikura and Kumataro Takaba, who extorted a false confession of murder from Sotake Komori by means of torture, were each sentenced to three months imprisonment in the Yokohama district court recently. They were given one year's postponement of the execution of the sentence. After being imprisoned for many months Komori, the victim of the overzealous "bulls," was recently released.—East and West News.

Salt Sea Superstitions.
Iceland fishermen considered a seaman a sign that some evil was about to happen to the ship and used to salute the man who had sneezed to atone for his act. Spitting to the windward, which is unseamanlike for a very obvious reason, was also considered as a sign of ill omen. A reasonable explanation for this superstition is that no ship was safe as long as she had members of her crew who were so ignorant in such an elementary principle of seamanship. Chinese sailors consider it good luck to cross the bows of foreign ships, and in seeking good fortune cause a great deal of trouble in narrow channels and congested waters.

Class Room in Hospital.
The hospital of the Hebrew Infant asylum in New York contains a room built entirely of glass. It is divided into twelve compartments, each having glass sides, through which the nurse can see the baby at all times without going in. Each compartment is ventilated separately, states the Southern Hospital Record. A child having a communicable disease can be cared for in one of these little compartments without any possibility of infecting the baby in the next one, although it may be only three feet away, and the children smile at each other through the glass.

Herbert Spencer's Oddities.
Herbert Spencer's clock, which strike, especially out of door clocks. "When staying in lodgings in a Berkshire village," sent a request to the owner of the principal house there that the stable clock, which struck the hours, might be stopped. He was not a good companion to go out for a drive with, as, if he did not feel well, he would ascertain how fast his pulse was beating and if it was not satisfactory would instantly order to return home.

FORETOLD BY DREAMS.
Two Singular Cases in Which Sleep Warnings Came True.
"I dreamed that the ship was in a heavy sea, that a big wave came over her bows, pressed down upon her, and then she sailed over on her starboard side and disappeared."
This is not an extract from a story. It is evidence, given on oath during the inquiry at London into the mysterious disappearance of the Warialah, the vessel which on her second voyage mysteriously disappeared in July, 1909, and has never been heard of since. And so impressed was the passenger with the vision that he left the vessel at Durban, from which point she continued on her ill-fated voyage. Thus one more was added to the extraordinary coincidences in which dreams have figured.

The third Lord Waterford was able to verify a story of an extraordinary dream coming true. Talking one day with the landlord of the inn in the village close to Curreghmore, a man rushed up and said there had been a murder on the hills. "Then it must be the bird," said the landlord, at which Lord Waterford, not unreasonably, became very suspicious. The landlord proceeded to explain that in the night he dreamed that two men had come to the inn and that the name of the two had warranted the murder with a very curious knife.
He told his dream to his wife, who laughed at him. But, to his horror, the men he had seen while asleep came to the inn, and one used the curious knife to cut up his food. They left, and soon afterwards news of the murder arrived. Search was made for a tall man answering to the landlord's description, and one was quickly arrested in prison he confessed he had murdered his short companion.—Pear son's Weekly.

Humbog.
The word "humbog" had its origin as follows: Among the many issues of base coin made from time to time in Ireland there was none so worthless as that made by James H. at the Dublin mint. It was made of whatever metal was the easiest to get, lead, copper, pewter or brass, and so low was its intrinsic value that 20 shillings of it was worth only two pence sterling. The soft metal of which this worthless coin was composed was known to the Irish as "humbog," pronounced humbug, meaning soft copper or worthless money. Thus the phrase "humbog" originated by a person saying: "That is a piece of hum-bog." "Don't try to pass off your hum-bog on me!"—The Range.

A Big Difference.
From the parlor there came a crash that brought the careful housewife down to her knees in a second.
"Sarah," she said, "did you break something?"
"Yes, ma'am."
"What was it?"
"One of those green vases, ma'am. But it only broke in two pieces."
"You stupid girl," said the careful housekeeper. "It is gone, so what difference does it make whether it is in two pieces or whether it is in one?"
"All the difference in the world, ma'am, as you would find out if you had to pick up the pieces," said Sarah.—Exchange.

When Love Got a Chill.
"Christie and me have had a row," said the young man, murdering grammar in the intensity of his grief.
"Why, what's up?"
"Well, you know Christie's a schoolteacher, and—I mean I can stand a bit, but there's a limit."
"I don't understand. What's the trouble exactly?"
"Why, I promised to meet her last night at 7 under the clock, and I couldn't get there till 7:30. And when I arrived—would you believe it?—she asked me if I'd brought a written excuse from my mother. Isn't that enough to put anybody off?"—Exchange.

Lake in a Volcanic Ring.
On the island of Ninawa, halfway between Fiji and Samoa, is a volcanic ring inclosing a crater containing a lake two miles in diameter. Toward the sea the ring is bordered with walls of black cliffs 200 to 300 feet in height. An eruption in 1880 formed a peninsula on the eastern side of the lake. While the ocean outside is trembling and thundering under a heavy wind the lake remains smooth or is simply wrinkled with ripples or wavelets.

Did Him Honor.
"Did you read that interview with Dubwaite in the morning paper?"
"Yes. It's positively brilliant. I had no idea Dubwaite was such a smart man."
"Neither did he. I hear he wants to present the reporter who wrote it with a suit of clothes."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

Notice to Trespassers.
Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on my ranch 21 miles south of Sonora for the purpose of cutting timber, hauling wood, working live stock, hunting hogs or injuring fences, without my permission, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.
D. E. CUSENBARY,
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