

F. Mayer.

Jan. W. Hagerlund.

MAYER & HAGERLUND,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DEALERS

General Merchandise and

Ranch Supplies,

Sonora, Sutton Co., Tex.

E. A. MCCARTHY,

Successor to the

Titus Mach. and Tool Mfg. Co., San Angelo.

- Windmills, Piping, Storage Tanks, Wagons, Engines, Cylinders, Drinking Tanks, Buggies, Horse Powers, Oil-well Casing, Pumping Rods, Hacks, Tread Powers, Galvanize Casing, Pump Stands, Road Carts.

BRASS GOODS.

Make a specialty OF THE Water Supply Line.

D. B. CUSENBARY, Agent, SONORA.

John McNicol,

County Surveyor and

LAND AGENT,

SONORA, TEXAS.

Lands entered for Taxes and Taxes paid for non-residents.

THE SAN ANGELO NATIONAL BANK,

OF SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.

Cash Capital Paid in \$100,000 Surplus and Profits 20,000

An Institution thoroughly identified with the interests of the Country, and ready at ALL Times to meet the requirements of its customers.

M. B. PULLIAM, ALBERT RAAS, President, Cashier.

WM. CAMERON & CO.,

For everything in the way of

Lumber, Sashes, Doors, Blind, Cement and Plaster.

Our stock is all new and we keep everything under cover.

Special attention given to orders from Devil's River.

W. S. KELLY, Mgr, SAN ANGELO.

San Antonio & Aransas Pass R'way.

Farmers, Stockmen and Wool Growers,

Will find this the shortest and quickest route For all kinds of produce To the principal cities of the Gulf coast And of the North and East. Rates Low. Service prompt and efficient. Correspondence Invited.

Kerrville, The shipping point for Sutton, Schieleler, Crockett, Kimble and Menard Counties, Is but 70 miles from San Antonio, And enjoys equal rates With San Antonio, on Live Stock and Wool, to Galveston, St. Louis, Chicago, New York, Etc.

H. MICHELSEN, Commercial Agent. L. J. POLK, Gen'l Freight Agent. SAN ANTONIO, TEXAS.

SILVER MOON RESTAURANT

IS THE PLACE FOR THE PEOPLE FROM Devil's River.

JAS. C. LANDON, Proprietor, SAN ANGELO.

SONORA & SAN ANGELO

Stage and Express Line,

J. R. HOLMAN, Pro.

Single Trip \$5 Round Trip \$8.

Stage leaves Sonora and San Angelo every day, except Sunday, at 7 a. m. The trip being made in one day.

Express parcels carried at a low rate and satisfaction guaranteed.

W. H. CUSENBARY, Agent, Sonora. R. E. HARRIS & BRO, Agent San Angelo.

A. A. CARY, Contractor & Builder.

ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION. SONORA, TEX.

TOM MEBANE, BUILDER AND CONTRACTOR. ESTIMATES FURNISHED ON APPLICATION. SONORA, TEXAS.

F. M. WYATT,

The Blacksmith, is the Sutton Co. agent for the

"AERMOTOR"

Windmill. Office SONORA, Texas.

Horse Pasture!

I have a one section horse pasture, situated about 300 yards from the Court House, with abundance of water and grass. Charges 10 cents a day; 50 cents a week, and \$2 a month. STEVE MURPHY,

PEOPLE WHO LOVE.

Characters Well Known, but Who Are Not Loved by the Cold World.

To love is one of the natural propensities of the human race, and it may be truly said that affection exists in greater or lesser degrees in many of the domestic animals. I offer this sentence as a short introduction to what is to follow. I have always found it very convenient to start out with a sentence or two before following it up with others. An article which does not do this does not possess much inherent literary merit.

As my opening sentence impliedly admits, a disposition to hate is contrary to all natural law, but I have never been able to ascertain what tribunal has cognizance of such contrariety or what penalty is affixed when a verdict of guilty has been brought in.

I have never hated anyone, and I have made it a point to keep my affections on certain objects. I know who I love because they are in need of my love because they are not loved by the cold world generally.

The man who comes in for the largest share of my pure affection is the man that writes his name so that I can't read it. My love for this man is unbounded, and so are the endearing epithets I bestow upon him. Some times his written name resembles an unfinished plan of a trestle-work bridge, and sometimes it looks like the path of a forest fire. If we judge this man by his chirography he is an enigma, and we give him up.

The next person I ardently love without being aware of it is the individual who asks me if I have read this book or that book or some other book, and when I tell him I have not, evinces surprise and regards me as an inferior being. He is a love me man to me.

Then comes the head, who, because I twice partook of a particular dish, assumes that I am fond of it, and afterward passes it to me frequently, keeps it on the table near me, and informs her friends and relations that I am fond of it. Well meaning lady, she shall never know how I love her!

The next in order are the persons of limited intelligence who argue the great questions of the day and set forth plans for saving the country in my presence. One asserts that the applications of electricity to machinery in the place of steam will throw the miners out of employment and the other declares that it will take just as much coal to mine the electricity. And so they argue. I wish they would stop long enough for me to tell them how I love them.

And the rest of my love belongs to the college girls who invite me to the academy and the ladies who have serious conversations respecting a candidate for acquaintance positively unknown to me. They are good at entertaining themselves. — Wallace Chadman in Jury.

A Blind Telegrapher. A friend of mine, who is a telegraph operator in a small Connecticut town with whom he had been working on the same wire for some time. "One day," he says, "I was pined up with business and was feeling rather cranky, and I just 'soaked' him for all I was worth. He never broke, and gave O. K. for the message, and I started in to work with another office on the same line, when this fellow called me—that is, he broke in on my sending—and wanted me to repeat the message that I had but a few moments before sent him.

"Well, I repeated it, and when I got through he said: 'You will please excuse me, but I wrote the first message on the back of a blank, and the boy couldn't read it; there is printing on the backs of the blanks. I'll try to be more careful in the future.' I thought it rather queer that an operator would write a message on the back of a blank, so I asked him how he came to do that, and he said: 'Why, don't you know I'm blind? I found that he was really blind. He takes his messages on with a pen, but employs a boy to read the messages to him that are to be sent. He does as good work as any of his fellow operators.' — Boston News.

Where the Ballot Came From. Where did the ballot come from? Like Topsy and most other human institutions, it "grewed." And in its growth it has taken on many curious forms. It will make an interesting study. Of course, in the good old times, when all civilized countries were governed by kings, there was no use for a ballot. A primitive, self governing tribe, like those of the ancient Germans, were satisfied with viva voce voting. The Jews, before they had kings, might be called a self governing people.

Strictly, however, their theory of government put everything in the hands of God, and in technical terms was a theocracy. If a public officer must be chosen, he was named by God's representative, the priest or prophet, or else lots were cast, and it was expected that God would send the right lot to the right man. It is not unlikely that such casting of lots gave the first hint of a secret ballot. — New York Evening Sun.

Sentiment in Farming. A lecturer on farming topics says: "Some farmers are wont to think that what they call sentiment belongs to literary people alone, people who wear long hair and use a good deal of hair oil. But if you can put right sentiment into a farmer's life and make him feel proud of his business, he will do that business the better for it and such sentiment to him will prove a paying acquisition." A good opening for a saddler in Sonora. Come at once

Anxious to Be Shot.

A photographer visited Broad street for the purpose of obtaining some views of that kaleidoscopic block between Wall street and Exchange place. Had he been a free dispenser of gilt edged securities he could not have attracted a crowd about him in any less time than he actually did. The substrata of Wall street humanity ranged up before the camera in full force. Brokers' clerks, cabmen, messenger boys, street vendors and bootblack were eager to "get into the picture." For half an hour or more the photographer was the object of much popular interest. After he had departed from the street his visit continued to be the chief topic of conversation and banter among the aforesaid "substrata."

"Hi say, Arty, did yer git into de pictur?" said one bootblack to another. "What pictur?" asked the person addressed.

"Why, that fotergraph that ther chap tooker ter wuz jes' taken."

"Naw, I wuz too bizzzy. I got no time to fool wid dem press-de-button fellers."

"Dat's whar yer missed it. Dat pictur is goin to be zibitted in de art gallery on Fift avenoo."

"Yer mean in de Rogues' gallery," quickly responded Arty, with well emphasized sarcasm. — New York Times.

Her Father Was Not Posted.

"Well, Clara," said that young woman's father, looking into the parlor, where she sat alone, as he was on his way to bed about 10 o'clock, "what's become of that young popinjay, Jones, who used to sit around here six or seven nights a week? I haven't seen him for nearly a fortnight."

"How can you speak so disrespectfully of him, pa, when he is to be your son-in-law?"

"Oh, he is, is he?"

"Yes, pa."

"Well, where is he?"

"Oh, he is off on his vacation. He takes a late one, you see."

"Oh, just so. Then it's really settled about him, is it?"

"Yes, pa."

"And he will soon be sitting around here again, I suppose?"

"Yes, pa; next week, I hope."

"Hum! Well, he is better than that other popinjay, Robinson, and Emerson also, who formerly came here."

"Please, pa, speak of Mr. Robinson and Mr. Emerson also with more respect."

"Why so?"

"Because, they are my brothers now." — Philadelphia Press.

The "Old Woman."

Sailors commonly speak of the captain as a stout Norwegian quarter-master to invent an equally appropriate designation for the captain's wife. The young wife of a certain commander in the navy was expected to visit her husband's ship. The gig had been sent ashore for her, and the captain stood on deck watching for her return.

The quarter-master also was on the lookout, and with the aid of his telescope caught sight of the returning boat first. He walked up to his commanding officer, touched his hat respectfully and said:

"The gig's coming, captain, and I think the old woman is in her, sir."

The captain looked at the Norwegian's innocent face and saw that no disrespect was intended. If the captain was the "old man," naturally enough his wife must be the "old woman."

The intelligence was accepted, therefore, in the spirit in which it had been offered. — Youth's Companion.

When Elephant Plowing Pays.

When the late P. T. Barnum put one of his elephants at work plowing on an eminence near Bridgeport many years ago he received letters from farmers and agricultural societies in different parts of the country inquiring if an elephant plowed much more in a day than a good team of horses or oxen would; how much it cost to keep an elephant; whether he could be managed by the ordinary hired man, with other questions apropos of the enterprise.

Mr. Barnum's reply was that he could not recommend an elephant for ordinary farm use on economical principles, but on his own farm he found its use extremely profitable. Said he, "If you have a side hill very near a great railroad which carries thousands of passengers daily to New York, with steamboat lines in sight, and happen to own a museum in the city, you will find that the elephant pays better than the ordinary plow team." — Printer's Ink.

The Life of a Sponge Not Known.

BOLGER & LEAGUE, Christmas & Holiday Goods. Wedding Presents, FINE CHINA AND GLASSWARE, San Angelo, Texas.

WISHING YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS, Yours Respectfully, DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

Dr. H. Guernsey Jones, PHYSICIAN, OBSTETRICIAN & SURGEON. SONORA - TEXAS. Country calls promptly answered. Office at Residence.

DR. C. R. MATTHIS, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON. Office at Cusenbary's Drug Store Sonora, Texas.

American breeders of fine wool... returns of the annual sales of Merino stud sheep held at Sidney, Australia. These sales have been held annually for a number of years. The prices realized at the sales closed recently were the lowest known in nine years, except 1886 and 1889, when they were a shade lower. The prices realized last year for 3034 head averaged \$83.25, while this year the number sold increased to 4356 and averaged \$39.25 per head. How- ever a few special animals brought extra fine prices. One ram sold for \$2500, and the top price was about \$3550, which is the highest figure recorded in recent years. During the nine years ending with 1891, 22,606 sheep have been sold at these sales, making the average for the entire number of \$57.75 per head. Everything considered the sheep sales at Sydney have been a great success, and are without parallel in any other part of the world.

Notwithstanding the duty of 11c a pound levied on Australian wools its price has dropped so low under the stress of an immense overproduction that it has been able to compete in our markets, duty added, at prices so low as to depress the market for those similar wools of American growth with which it competes. A brief illustration will make this clear: Australian wool corresponding to Ohio XX clothing brought last year in London 23c a pound. Imported to this country it paid a duty of 10c a pound with which 1c for freight, commission and the like would make its price here 34c. Ohio XX could therefore command 34c a pound under competition like this. Now this year although the duty on similar wool is advanced by the new law to 11c per pound, yet because the price of the world's market has fallen to 19c, it can be imported with duty and charges added and sold at 31c a pound. Hence the impossibility of the Ohio grades bringing more.— American Economist.

If you want health, wealth and happiness, come to the Stockman's Paradise. Sonora is the Pride of the West.

A. F. and A. M. Decora Lodge, U. D.

Will meet at Sonora, the second Saturday in each month. Officers: F. M. Drake, W. M.; J. W. Odum, S. W.; D. H. Covington, J. W.; R. J. Bean, Sec.; W. H. Sowell, Treas.; S. H. Stokes, S. D.; E. M. Ford, J. D.; C. T. Covington, Tyler.

\$200 is the price for thirty days of one of the best business lots on Main street, by applying at the DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

FOR SALE. Six room residence, centrally located in the business portion of Sonora. Apply at the Devil's River News office. The business lot Next to the Maud S Saloon 30 feet on Main street Can be bought for \$225 cash. Apply to Devil's River News.

DENTIST. Dr. H. H. Ramsey, wishes to inform the public that he will return about the 1st of September, and reside permanently. 41-11

\$50.00 Reward. Lost from Sonora on the 24th of May, 300 dry sheep, branded round top A. 34 CAHS. SOWELL. Sonora.

Lost Horses. Lost from the Schieleler divide about 15th of April, one black horse fifteen bands high, branded 13 on jaw, 25 on left shoulder, also one brown pony 14 bands high branded 17 on left shoulder, 99 on left thigh. \$5 a head reward for their return to 33-11 B. F. McDonald, Juno.

PROCLAMATION BY THE Governor of the State of Texas. \$150.00 Reward.

To all to Whom these Presents shall come: WHEREAS, It has been made known to me that on or about the 16th day of June, 1891, in the county of Sutton, Texas, unknown persons did cut the wire fence enclosing the pasture lands of W. J. & D. B. Fields, near Sonora the county seat of said county, and that said unknown persons are now at large and are fugitives from justice. Now, therefore, I, J. S. HOGG, Governor of Texas, do, by virtue of the authority vested in me by the Constitution and laws of this State, hereby offer a reward of one hundred and fifty dollars each for the arrest and delivery of the said unknown persons to the sheriff of Sutton county, inside the jail door of said county. This reward is payable on condition of arrest and return of said fugitives within six months from this day, and conviction thereafter.

IN TESTIMONY WHEREOF, I have hereunto signed my name, and caused the seal of State to be affixed, at the City of Austin this 24 day of June, A. D. 1891. By the Governor: J. S. HOGG, Governor of Texas. GEO. W. SMITH, Secretary of State. 384

Sheep branded + M or C, belong to the Huffman ranch, Devil's River. If you know where there are any in the above brands communicate with J. I. Huffman, San Angelo, or at the ranch.

S. LAPOWSKI & BRO.

Are selling for Cash the finest stock General Merchandise ever seen in West Texas. They sell dry goods and clothing at half their former prices. The following Grocery list will give an idea of what they are:

Apples, 2lb cans, per dozen	\$1.10
Apples, 3lb cans, per dozen	1.30
Pine Apples, 2lb cans, per dozen	1.35
Pine Apples, 3lb cans, per dozen	1.35
Clipper Peas, 2lb cans, per dozen	1.60
Bartlett Peas, 2lb cans, per dozen	2.10
Sugar Corn, 2lb cans, per dozen	1.20
Marrowfat Peas, 2lb cans, per dozen	1.10
String Beans, 2lb cans, per dozen	1.00
Tomatoes, 2lb cans, per dozen	1.25
Tomatoes, 3lb cans, per dozen	1.25
Patent Flour per 100 lbs	2.75
Half-Patent Flour per 100 lbs	2.50
Best Family Flour per 100 lbs	2.35
White Corn Meal, per sack	.65
Choice Rio Coffee 5 1/2 lbs for	1.00
Arbuckle's Coffee, per pound	22 1/2 cts
Brown Sugar, 25lbs for \$1.	

Standard Granulated Sugar

20 pounds for	\$1.00
Cut loaf sugar 14 pounds for	1.00
Smoked Bacon, per pound	8 cents
Dry Salt Bacon, per pound	9 1/2 cts
Uncanned Fresh Hams, per lb 13 1/2 cts	
Uncanned Breakfast Bacon " 11 1/2 cts	
Fairbank's Lard, 10lb buckets	85 cts
Whittaker pure-lard 10lb b'k'ts \$1.10	
Mexican small Bayo Beans 25lbs for	1.00
White Navy Beans 20lbs for	1.00
Butter Beans 15 "	1.00
Evaporated Apples, 10 lbs for	1.00
New crop sliced Apples, 12 lbs for	1.00
Dried Grapes, 16 lbs	1.00
Dried Raisins, 12 lbs	1.00
Dried Peaches, 8 lbs	1.00
Dried Apples, 8 lbs	1.00
Liv. rpool Salt, per sack	\$1.25

Respectfully,

S. LAPOWSKI & BRO.

SAN ANGELO, TEX.

Circulation Increasing. Country Growing.

IN PLACING YOUR ADVERTISING,

DO NOT FORGET THAT THE DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

IS READ BY 840 to 900 OF THE MOST Successful Stockmen IN WEST TEXAS.

DO YOU WANT THEIR TRADE?

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS,
PUBLISHED WEEKLY,
Advertising Medium of the
Stockman's Paradise.
Subscription \$2 a year in advance.
Entered at the Postoffice at Sonora,
as second-class matter.

MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.

Sonora, Texas, - December 26, 1891.

Sonora wants a bank. This is a fact acknowledged by merchants, stockmen and citizens, but that bank would have to be run on a conservative basis, and over drafts would not be consistent. However the banks have themselves to blame for the over draft system, by having allowed and encouraged the business in prosperous times. The way out of the difficulty is not to over draw when you have to, enclose a note for the amount

Plant.
Plant trees.
Plant native trees.
Plant native shade trees.
Plant native shade trees now.
Plant native shade trees where they will benefit.
Plant native shade trees before the 22nd of February.
Shrubs, trees, vines, etc., beautify and enhance the value of your property. Plant them now.
The hills are covered with beautiful shrubs, trees, etc., transplant them before the 22nd of February. Now is the time while the sap is down.
A word to the progressive is sufficient. Plant!

F.M. Drake returned from Houston Monday, where he was in attendance at the session of the Masonic Grand Lodge. The vote on the site of the grand temple was carried by Houston by a majority of 12. Every member interested in keeping the grand temple at Houston was present, while F.M. Worth and Waco, the other candidates, had no organization and a great many members from west and north Texas were absent. Mr. Drake thinks that next year the grand lodge will select either Fort Worth or Austin as the site of the grand temple.

Report of the Condition OF The Concho National Bank, AT SAN ANGELO,

In the State of Texas at the close of business, December 2, 1891.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts	\$137,341 16
Overdrafts, secured & unsec'd	16,939 00
U. S. Bonds to secure circulation	17,500 00
Due from approved reserve agents	11,884 28
" other Nat'l Banks	8,351 58
Banking house furniture & fixtures	6,000 00
Other real estate & mortgages	4,230 16
Current expenses & taxes p'd	2,801 16
Premiums on U. S. bonds	3,000 00
Checks & other cash items	652 51
Bills of other banks	2,000 00
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	29 80
Special tender notes	6,996 30
Legal tender notes	2,900 00
Redemption fund with U. S. Treas. 5 per cent. circulation	787 50
Total	\$221,498 03
LIABILITIES.	
Capital stock paid in	70,000 00
Surplus fund	8,000 00
Undivided profits	8,829 40
Nat'l bank notes outstanding	15,750 00
Indiv's deposits subject to check	79,700 80
Demand certificates of deposit	13,498 73
Due to other National Banks	2,247 17
Due to state banks and bankers	2 39
Notes and bills r-discounted	23,469 48
Total	\$221,498 03

State of Texas, County of Tom Green,
I, Geo. E. Webb, Cashier of the above-named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.
Geo. E. Webb, Cashier.
Subscribed and sworn to before me this 18th day of December, 1891.
[SEAL] C. A. BROWN,
Notary Public, Tom Green Co., Tex.
Correct-Attest: J. R. JACKLEY,
WM. S. KELLY, Directors.

T. P. Dawson who told the ghost story to the DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS a few weeks ago, was in Sonora Monday, for supplies.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Lange from their ranch in Edwards county, were in Sonora Monday.
The successful business man is the man who advertises. Judging from the full page ad of E. A. McCarthy the San Angelo machinery man, in the Standard two weeks ago he must indeed be successful.
John Cooper, the oil-well king and successful sheepman, was in Sonora Monday, for supplies.
J. B. Massey, one of the popular boys of Gwynn, was in Sonora, Saturday. Jim left that day for Llano, his old home where he will visit for a few months. The DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS will let him know when any of his girls get married.

George McDowell one of the sheepmen of Beaver Lake, was in Sonora Tuesday, and left with his wagon loaded with supplies.
J. M. Hallecomb from Guest Bros. ranch was in Sonora Monday, and left for the ranch with his wagons loaded with supplies.
Wm. Guest was in Sonora Tuesday on business. It is very muddy down his way.
J. C. Johnson moved his family to Sonora Saturday, and has taken up house at the George Dunagan place.
Mrs. Peter Robinson and son Asa were in Sonora this week the guests of Mrs. J. P. McConnell.
The pleasant face of W. R. Rudolph was smiling from behind Mayer & Hagerlund's counters this week.
Lee L. Russell, left on urgent business for Voca, McCulloch county Wednesday. Lee had fixed things for a pleasant time on Christmas, but there are many a slip, etc.
T. T. Thomason the Merino buck man, was in town Tuesday.
Wil Carpenter of Menard, came in Tuesday to take his sister home for Christmas.
Sam Armstrong was in Sonora Monday. He has just returned from a business trip to Angelo.
Dave Willis late partner with O. H. Wood, was in Sonora Tuesday.
Thomas Morris, of Caldwell county was in Sonora this week. He is a brother to George Morris.
The cheapest place--The Pioneer Drug Store, San Angelo. 38 1/2

In this issue will be seen the statement of the Concho National Bank of San Angelo. This bank does a large business in the Devil's River Country, and the statement published shows it to be a very successful concern.
M. B. Palmer has two houses packed full of furniture, Coffins and Undertakers goods, and three more carloads coming. 47 1/2
R. J. Bean from down the river was in Sonora Tuesday on business.
Pay your taxes now and avoid costs.

Jo Thiele, the mutton buyer and sheep raiser, was in Sonora Monday. Jo says the rains of last week were the best he ever saw in this country. He is feeding 4000 wethers and 1000 stock sheep on oats at Fred Koening's.
Go to SAM RUNKLES, Moss Rose saloon, under Hotel San Angelo, for fine Imported Brandies, Imported Claret, California Orange Wine, fine liquors and cigars. 17-1/2
Call on Charlie Zenker at the Favorite Saloon, when in San Angelo, take a glass of his cool beer and you will continue to call every time you change that way. 38-1/2
W. I. Babb the cattleman was in for supplies Monday. He was accompanied by his wife.
M. B. Palmer is the furniture man of San Angelo, and don't you forget it.
School was dismissed Tuesday evening in order to give the pupils and teachers a chance to prepare for Christmas.
The stone cutters are gone and John Douglas says he has plenty of room to accommodate the general public. The Sonora House is the best hotel in town any way. 61 1/2
A letter from M. Taylor, to this office, says that Mrs. Taylor is still in low and that he does not know when he will return.
M. B. Palmer, buys furniture in cash loads from Eastern factories for cash, and gives his customers the benefit of all discounts. 47 1/2
E. W. Wall, the sheepman and ex-commissioner was in Sonora Saturday. Ed reports everything prosperous in his part of the country.
D. S. Babb and wife were in Sonora Monday buying supplies and Christmas presents.
A. J. Swearingen was over from his ranch, 8 miles west of Sonora, Tuesday fixing for Christmas.
A sociable was given at the residence of Judge Dunagan, Saturday night in honor of the departure of Miss Mary Dunagan for Atlanta, Ga. A very enjoyable evening was spent by those present.
A. D. Tisdale came in from the ranch Tuesday, to take Christmas with his family.
T. J. Moss, the sheepman was in Sonora for supplies, Monday.
Davidson & Stillman are prepared to write up your Fire Insurance.

John Bryden, foreman of J. M. Taylor's ranch, was in Sonora Saturday. John says things were never better at the ranch than at present. He says the rain there filled up everything.
Sam Runkles, under Hotel San Angelo, is sole agent for "Old Forester" case whisky. 17-1/2
H. C. Young of Beaver Lake, one of the handsomest and most popular young sheepmen in the state, was in Sonora Monday. He threw in to help the orphans have some fun Christmas.
See notice to tax payers in this issue.
C. T. Covington, the sheepman was in Sonora on business Monday.
Fine assortment of California and El Paso grape vines from one to four years old, in any quantity. Drop a line for prices and particulars to J. B. Moore, San Angelo, Texas. 60-4
Len Covington, who is always bustling, was in Sonora, trading Saturday.
Dr. J. E. Riggs, over the postoffice, San Angelo, is a fine surgeon dentist of 20 years experience, and guarantees his work to be first-class. When in need of a dentist call and see him. 17-1/2
Never cut the entire top off a tree when transplanting. It will not heal so as to be sound. Shortening the branches so as to make a good formed top is a better plan.
Notice! Notice!
R. W. Callahan, has just received a large and complete stock of groceries, dry goods, clothing, boots and shoes, notions and general merchandise, also a full line of hardware and leather goods, Christmas presents etc., is one of the finest ever shown to the public of the Devil's River Country. Go and look at the stock and get his prices before buying elsewhere. 62-4-1/2
E. A. McCarthy, has received finest lot of Bugles, Basks and Caris, ever brought to Texas. 18.

PROBANDT & CO.

San Angelo, Texas

General Merchandise.

Worth Reading.

The saddlery and harness house of J. M. Coleman, successor to Coleman & Maddox, San Angelo, is the leading wholesale and retail firm in West Texas, for harness, saddles, whips, lap robes, and saddlery hardware. The stock is the handsomest, completest and most serviceable ever presented to the people of the Devil's River and Concho Countries. They employ the most skillful workmen, and manufacture their own stock, making goods to order, and do repairing on short notice.
Having a large wholesale and retail house in Lampasas, being of long experience, buying in large quantities and having cash at their command, this firm is enabled to buy for less and undersell any firm in the country.
The low prices at which this firm sells their goods has been the means of knocking out all competitors. The San Angelo house is managed by Major Dunn a man of vast experience and all you have to do is to step inside the store on Concho avenue, where the Grey Horse stands on guard, and be supplied with whatever you may require in saddles, harness, bits, spurs, whips, lap robes, horse blankets, etc., etc.

Notice to Tax Payers.

Notice is hereby given that the state and county taxes for 1891 are due the first of January, and delinquent the first of January. After the first of January costs will be added.
J. M. CONNOR,
Tax Collector.
Sonora, Tex., Nov. 27th 91.

Davidson & Stillman, the land agents, will attend to the taxes of non-residents.
Miss Mary eldest daughter of Judge Dunagan, accompanied by her brother Dave, left on Sunday for San Angelo, where they will take the train for a two months visit to friends in Atlanta, Ga.
Bring your sheep and goat pelts to Mayer & Hagerlund and get the highest market price. 62-1/2
O. T. Word was in town Tuesday and took his little daughter home for Christmas.
R. Robinson, cousin to the pioneer Peter, was in Sonora Tuesday prospecting.
The Sonora Masonic lodge now flourishes under the name of Dec Ora, No. 715.
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Decker are in Sonora and will probably reside here in future.
F. C. Whipple, from down the draw was in Sonora Thursday.

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A CHANGE

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OLD TAYLOR WHISKEY

Jno. H. Fitzpatrick, San Angelo.

JACKSON'S WAGON YARD.

Opposite the court house is the best place in San Angelo to put up at when in that city. C. W. (S.) Ogden, gives the business his personal attention and you may depend upon him giving your horses good feed and shelter.
\$30 REWARD
For all or \$5 per head, for information leading to recovery. Stolen from my ranch in Schleicher county, Texas. One black pacing pony branded N on left hip and N on left thigh. One dun pony branded 10U on left hip. One brown pony branded O on left shoulder H on left thigh. One bay filly branded G on left thigh and W on right shoulder. One bay mare branded on left shoulder ARK on left thigh.
One bay horse branded OTO on left shoulder. Address: A. B. Priour, P. O. San Angelo, 60-4
Lost from P. H. Wentworth's pasture on October 15th, two sorrel horses 15 hands high, one branded BURT and JHC on left thigh; the other branded CC on left thigh. I will pay \$5 a head reward for their return. Address: W. J. FIELDS, Sonora, Texas. 60-4
\$25.00 REWARD
Lost on or about October 7th, from Dunagan & Armstrong's ranch, 200 head of stock sheep, branded straight black bar, about 5 or 6 inches long on back, some of the lambs branded with large black horse shoe. The above reward will be paid for information leading to their recovery or will pay well for recovery of any part of them. 50-1/2 Will Miers, Sonora.

For Lease, Sale or Exchange

24 sections--alternate--in block 5, T. W. N. G. R. Co., N. E. corner Sutton county, 4 cents an acre rent. Will sell for property up this way. 42-3m C. K. Mowbr, Rockford, Ill.

NOTICE

Parties owing Searcy Baker on over due accounts will please settle at once, or make some satisfactory arrangement. SEARCY BAKER, 46-1-1/2, D. S. Coleman, San Angelo.

25 Cents a Head Reward.

I will pay 25 cents a head reward for any sheep, sheep-branded turkey track, which were lately driven from my range. And will also pay \$250 for conviction of thief. O. T. WORD, Sonora, Texas. 61-4

Notice to Taxpayers.

I hereby give legal notice that I will be at the following places on the following date; for the purpose of collecting State and County taxes for 1891:
At Great Bros., on January 18 and 19, 1892.
At Thomas Bond's ranch, on January 20 and 21, 1892.
At J. M. Taylor's ranch, on January 22 and 23, 1892.
J. P. McCONNELL, Sheriff and Tax Collector, of Sutton County, Texas. Sonora, Dec. 23rd 1891. 63-4.

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WISHING YOU A MERRY CHRISTMAS,

A HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Schwartz & Raas,

SAN ANGELO, TEXAS.

JUST RECEIVED!

A full line of fresh new Christmas goods, Toys, China cups and saucers, etc., etc. Dolls from 5 cents to \$10. The largest stock to select from, and All sold at COST to close them out. Come and see us.

SMITH'S Pioneer Drug Store,

At The Post Office, - San Angelo.

Postmaster Cusenbary, intends putting in more boxes in order to accommodate the increase in Sonora's mail business. He requests the subscribers of the DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS to ask for the paper particularly when calling for their mail, until he can have the office better equipped.
Eighteen ninety-two will be a leap year, and if the marriageable young women of the country are as energetic and enterprising as they should be, every incorrigible old bachelor in the land may be nabbed and made to fulfil his obligations to society. The man who goes through life with no other aim nor object than the gratification of his own selfish desires, who misses the loving caresses of a sweet tempered wife and the winsome wiles of tender offspring is not fulfilling the highest destiny. Moreover he is not abstracting from life all the sweet enjoyments and comforts that should be his portion. The poor, benighted bachelor may not know the truth of this, but possibly he might be made to realize it. And who knows but he is secretly yearning in his heart for the touch of a tender hand and the voice of a Ruth to light the darkened sanctuary of his inner consciousness and lead him up the highway of conjugal bliss! Dear girls, when your time comes, as it will in '92, be kind to the bachelor and you may be able to make a man of him.
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Advertising Medium of the
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Subscription \$2 a year in advance.
Entered at the Post-office at Sonora,
as second-class matter.
MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.
SONORA, TEXAS, - December 23, 1901.

SUBSCRIBE FOR THE
DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS
AND SEND IT TO YOUR FRIENDS.

A CASTLE IN THE AIR.
I was lying in the hammock,
With the wind blew soft and fair,
As I built, all wreathed in glory,
A fine castle in the air.
Its foundation was as nothing,
Just a whispered word or two,
While upon the grass were falling
Tiny evening drops of dew.
But its lofty turrets reaching
To the utmost bounds of love
Seemed to lose themselves beyond me
In the great blue heaven above.
And I wore the gorgeous hangings,
Fashioned all the palace, too,
Till I flashed with walls of jasper—
Flashed and sparkled on my view.
Oh, the love within that castle!
Oh, the longings hidden there!
Was there ever such a glorious
Glistening palace of the air?
When it reached its utmost glory,
Reached a height beyond compare,
Then it trembled, swayed and crumbled,
That false castle of the air.
Yet the memory of it lingers
Round that whispered word or two,
But its fall and perfect glory
Has vanished from my view.
And I wait with eager longing
Once more for that vision fair,
But it has forever vanished—
My loved castle in the air.
—Claire B. Hessler in Boston Transcript.

WITH WET CARTRIDGES.
The story which I am about to relate was told me beside the camp fire on the banks of the Big Squatook, in southeastern Quebec.
The wild regions about the Squatook lakes are rich in fish and game. A party of four, devotees of gun and rod and paddle, went one July to this land of the Big Squatook; and round the camp fire one chilly evening when a sudden north wind had put an abrupt end to our fishing, Stranion, being in a certain sense the leader of our party, was called upon for a story of adventure.
We were all experienced woodsmen, with a large stock of stories at our command; but Stranion's experience was the wildest, and to him had fallen the strangest and most thrilling adventures. When Stranion was not with us a good yarn might be elicited from the lips of W. B. or Sam or even myself; but in Stranion's presence we pealed our ineffectual fires. When we had heaped our camp fire to three its accustomed height and had huddled ourselves comfortably in our blankets under the lee of the tent, we turned our attention to Stranion, and Stranion began:
"Boys, the air bites shrewdly. It is a dipping and eager air. In fact, it puts me forcibly in mind of one of my best adventures, which befell me that winter when I was tramping on the Little Sou'west Miramont."
"Oh, come! Tell us a good summer story, old man," interrupted W. B. "I'm half frozen as it is tonight. Tell us about some place down in the tropics, where they have to cool their porridge with boiling water."
"Nay," replied Stranion, "my thoughts are wistful and even so must my story be."
He traced in the air a few meditative circles with his pipe (which he rarely smoked, using it rather for oratorical effect) and then resumed:
"That was a hard winter of mine on the Little Sou'west. I enjoyed it at the time, and it did me good; but, looking back upon it now, I wonder what induced me to undertake it. I got the experience and I indulged my hobby to the full, but by spring I felt like a barbarian.
"I had Noel with me that winter—a good hunter and true, but about as companionable as a mud turtle. Our traps were set in two great circuits, one on the south side of the stream, the other on the north. The range to the north was in my charge, and a very big charge it was. When I had any sort of luck, it used to take me a day and a half to make the round, for I had seventeen traps to tend, spread out over a range of about twenty miles. But when the traps were not well filled, I used to do it without sleeping away from the camp.
"It's not much like play, I can tell you, tramping all day on snowshoes through these woods, carrying an ax, a fowling piece, food, ammunition and sometimes a pack of furs. Whenever I had to sleep out I would dig a big oblong hole in the snow, build a roaring fire at one end of the hole, bury myself in hemlock boughs at the other end, and snooze like a dormouse till morning. I relied implicitly on the fire to keep off any bears or Indian devils (panthers) that might be feeling inquisitive as to whether I would be good eating.
"The snow must have been fully six feet deep that year. One morning, near the last of February, I had set out on my round, and had made some three miles from my shanty when I caught sight of a covey of partridges in the distance, and I turned out of my way to get a shot at them. I had occurred to me that perchance a brace of them might make savory morsels for my supper. After a considerable detour I bagged my birds and recovered my trail near the last trap I had visited. My tracks, as I had left them, had been solitary enough, but now I found they were accompanied by the footprints of a large Indian devil.
"I didn't really expect to get a shot at the beast, but I loaded both barrels with ball cartridges. As I went on, however, it began to strike me as strange that the brute should happen to be going so far in my direction. Step for step his footprints clung to mine. When I reached the place where I had branched off in search of the partridges I found that the panther had branched off with me. So polite a conformity of his ways to mine could

tempt. Then he came much nearer, so that I thought he was about to spring on me. I moved directly to the other side of the fire.
"By this time the gun was ready for action, but not so the cartridges. They were lying farther from the fire and dangerously nearer my unwelcome visitor. I perceived that I must make a diversion at once.
"Selecting a resinous stick, into which the fire had eaten deeply, so that it held a mass of glowing coals, I hunched it suddenly with such careful aim that it struck right between the brute's forelegs. As it scorched there, he caught and bit at it angrily, dropped it with a screeching snarl and shrunk farther away. When he crouched down, biting the snow, I followed my advantage by rushing upon him with a blazing rod of birch bark. He did not await my onset, but bounded off among the trees, where I could hear him grumbling in the darkness over his smattering mouth. I left the bark blazing in the snow while I went back to see my precious cartridges.
"Before long the panther appeared at the limits of the lighted circle, but seemed not quite so confident as before. Nevertheless, it was clear that he had set his heart on making a meal of me, and was not to be bluffed out of his design by a few firebrands.
"I discovered that all my ball cartridges were spoiled; but there were a few loaded with shot which the water had not penetrated. From these I withdrew the shot and substituted lead and slugs. Then slipping a ball cartridge into one barrel, slugs into the other, and three or four extra cartridges into a handy pocket, I waited for my opponent to recover his confidence. As he seemed content to wait awhile, I set about broiling my partridges, for I was becoming clamorously hungry.
"So also was the panther, as it seemed. When the odor of these partridges stole seductively to his nostrils he once more approached my fire, and this time with an air of stern determination quite different from his former easy insolence.
"The crisis had come. I seized my gun and knelt down behind the fire. I arranged a burning log in such a manner that I could grasp and wield it with both hands in an emergency. Just as the animal drew himself together for a spring I fired one barrel—that containing the ball—and shattered his lower jaw. Mad with pain and fury, he sprang. The contents of my second barrel, a heavy charge of slugs, met him full in the breast, and he fell in a heap at my feet.
"As he lay there, struggling and snarling and tearing up the snow, I slipped in another cartridge and the next moment a bullet in his brain put an end to his miseries.
"After this performance I ate my partridges with a very grateful heart and slept the sleep of the just and victorious. The skin of that audacious Indian devil now lies in my study, where Sam is constantly desecrating it with his irreverent shoes."
A few moments after Stranion had finished his story the camp on the Big Squatook was wrapped in slumber, and the moon was too wadly frightened to cover the snow. I broke through and was soaked. After fishing myself out with some difficulty I found my gun was full of water, which had frozen as it entered. Here was a pretty fix. The weapon was for the present utterly useless. I feared that most of my cartridges were in like condition. The prospect for the night, when the Indian devil should arrive upon the scene, was not a cheerful one. I pushed on miserably for another mile or so, and then prepared to camp.
"First of all I built such a fire as I thought would impress upon the Indian devil a due sense of my importance and my mysterious powers. At a safe distance from the fire I spread out my cartridges to dry, in the fervent hope that the water had not penetrated far enough to render them useless. My gun I put where it would thaw as quickly as possible.
"Then I cut enough firewood to blaze all night. With my snowshoes I dug a deep hollow at one side of the fire. The fire soon melted the snow beneath it, and brought it down to the level whereon I was to place my couch. I may say that the ground I had selected was a gentle slope, and the fire was below my bed, so that the melting snow could run off freely. Over my head I fixed a good, firm lean-to of spruce saplings, thickly thatched with boughs. Thus I secured myself in such a way that the Indian devil could come at me only from the side on which the fire was burning. Such approach, I congratulated myself, would be little to his catship's taste.
"By the time my shelter was completed it was fully night in the woods. My fire made a ruddy circle about the camp, and presently I discerned the panther, gliding in and out among the tree trunks on the outer edges of the circles. He stared at me with his round, green eyes, and I returned the gaze with cold indifference. I was busy putting my gun in order. I would not encourage him lest he might grow too familiar before I was ready for his reception.
"Between my gleaming walls of snow I had worked up a temperature that was fairly tropical. Away up over head, among the pine tops, a few large stars glimmered lonesomely. How far away seemed the world of my friends on whom these stars were looking down! I wonder how those at home would feel if they could see me there by the solitary camp fire, watched relentlessly by that prowling and vindictive beast.
"Presently, finding that I made no attack upon him, the brute snuggled noiselessly to within a few dozen paces of the fire. There he crouched down in the snow and glared upon me. I hurled a flaming brand at him, and he sprang backward, snarling, into the gloom. But the brand spluttered in the snow and went out, whereupon the brute returned to his post. Then I threw another at him, but he regarded it this time with contempt, merely drawing aside to give it room. When it had gone black out he approached, pawed it over, and sniffed in supreme con-

Telephonic Complications.
One of the young ladies at the telephone central office has a singularly pleasing voice and it is just possible that her features match it. It is just as well right here to give the reader to understand that no names are to be mentioned—they are expressed in the interior of a telephone man who holds a public office and was talked of for mayor. His clerk, who usually did the telephoning, never spoke to the central office girl without a term of endearment. The discussion over the wires generally began with, "Is that you, dear?" and would up with "Goodby, darling!"
In the absence of the clerk the distinguished man went to the telephone in person. Central promptly answered, and failing to recognize the voice asked, "Is that you, dear?" "No, darling," responded the distinguished public man, "it's the other fellow."
It is the good fortune of some wives to make their appearance just in the nick of the most expiring time. That is what happened in this instance. Behind the distinguished public man when he said "No, darling, it's the other fellow," stood his wife, who had concluded to visit her husband that morning. She started him by exclaiming, "Well, I like that!" Did she?—Brooklyn Life.

American Love of Both Beauty.
In spite of their aversion to materialism of our people, our fair sex respect the love of both beauty and money in the more important classes than is common in the European nations. It is rare in Scotland, in Switzerland, in the Tyrol, to see the natives of the region on the mountains except for what may be called business purposes—that is, as hunters or as guides. They do not take their families and go up for a picnic simply for the pleasure of the thing, whereas the city visitor can hardly ascend an American mountain without finding a party of simple country people there before him.
Grant that their demeanor is not wholly esthetic—that they may carry a hammer and chisel to carve initials on the rocks, that they leave sardine boxes about, that they even play a game of cards on the very summit—no matter they are there. The chances are that the expedition was proposed by the wife or daughter of the farmer or mechanic who finally heads it. She has a firm conviction, brought from some earlier trip, that the top of the mountain is "a sightly place," and she is ready enough to contribute her best doughnuts and mince pies for the collation.—T. W. Higginson in Harper's Bazar.

The Sword of a Knight.
The sword of a noble knight was mentioned almost as often as himself in the songs of the troubadours of the Middle Ages. In the olden time this trusty weapon was named and personified as accomplishing countless brilliant deeds. In the proverbs of all nations it is spoken of with reverence and trust. It represents the rank and renown, the heroism and honor, the glory and greatness of nations in the past. One of the first weapons made by man, it became his most important arm and auxiliary of warfare.
It has always been the visible badge of birth, bravery and freedom; to surmount it was to admit defeat and disgrace. So long has it been the constant companion of rank and valor that it has acquired a dignity of its own. Like no other weapon, it has a quality entirely distinct from its character as a blood shedder. In England even at the present day the sword alone is considered adequate to confer knighthood.—Kate Field's Washington.

The Timidity of the Shark.
The shark, like the elephant, is of a timid disposition, and is cautious and wary in his approaches. All observers are agreed that he is always attended by two pilot fishes, who act the same part as that wrongly assigned to the jacks in reference to the lion—going on ahead to examine any likely object, and returning to inform the shark whether it is an eatable nature. The splashing of oars, or even the arms and legs of a swimmer, will often deter the shark from making an attack, and there is every reason to believe that if swimmers in tropical waters would always carry with them three or four hand grenades they would have little occasion to fear interference by these creatures. It is strange that so obvious a precaution should be generally neglected.—London Standard.

Apples as an Aid to Matrimony.
Apples floating in a tub of water, which old folks and young folks struggle to capture in their teeth as they kneel around the tub on the floor with their hands tied behind them, make great sport, the first to succeed in ducking for the apples being sure of good fortune. Another way to learn your fate is to take a candle, go up stairs, eating an apple as you go, and stand before your looking glass, candle in hand, and finish your apple, and you will see the face of your fate peeping over your shoulder. If you see no face but your own, you'll live to be a crusty old bachelor or a cross old maid.—New York Herald.

On the Road to Wealth.
Parkins—My son is a smart fellow. He'll be a rich man some day.
Marrowfat—What does he do?
Parkins—He is an ice-man in summer, and in winter he runs a combination business of plumbing and coal.—Harper's Bazar.

Attempted Impossibilities.
Female Emancipator—With all our work, the cause of woman does not progress. Why is it?
Male Philosopher—The trouble is that the pretty girls spend all their time trying to be brainy, and the brainy girls spend all their time trying to look pretty.—New York Weekly.

Three Scotch Negatives.
A gentleman riding along the highway in Scotland passed a cottage where there was a merrymaking for some festive occasion. He inquired of a lass at the door what it was.
"Ou, it's just a wedding of Jock Thomson and Janet Fraser."
"Is the bride rich?"
"Na."
"Is she young?"
"N-a-a."
"Is she bonny?"
"N-a-a!"—Detroit Free Press.

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