

DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS.

VOL 11.

SONORA, SUTTON CO., TEXAS, SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1901.

NO. 326

MONDAY, MARCH 18, 1901,

WE BEGIN OUR

Cost for Cash Sale

THIS SALE INCLUDES

ANYTHING AND EVERYTHING
IN OUR STORE

EXCEPT GROCERIES AND IN THIS

LINE WE DIVIDE PROFITS.

NOTHING RESERVED.

We want to make a change in our business
and mean just what we say.

HAGERLUND BROS. & CO.

Devil's River News

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.
MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor.
Advertising Medium of the
Stockman's Paradise.
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Sonora, Texas, - Mar 30, 1901.

Sword of a Thousand Pieces.

What do you think of a sword blade that contains a thousand sheets of metal? Yet they are not uncommon and, as you will readily imagine, are of oriental workmanship. Our painstaking, patient Japanese friends are the makers of them, and a few days ago I had the pleasure of seeing one in a Fourth avenue curiosity shop and had its method of manufacture explained. The blades of these sabers are made from magnetic iron ores. The steel is produced in small, very thin sheets, and the workman begins by fixing one of them to the end of an iron rod which serves as a handle. To this is soldered other small sheets until the mass has a length of about eight inches, a width of about two inches and a thickness of a little more than a quarter of an inch. This bar is brought to a white heat, doubled on itself and hammered until it is down to its original dimensions. This process is repeated 15 times. Four similar bars are then soldered together, doubled upon themselves, resoldered and heated, the operation being repeated five times. This process makes the superposed layers so thin that a saber contains at least a thousand sheets of metal. If you find one of these swords that has a veined appearance, you may know it is caused by alternate layers of iron and steel being soldered together. —New York Herald.

A Word Kept Him Up.

An absentminded ruralite was the cause of much amusement at a Memphis hotel a few nights ago. He registered early after supper, but did not go to his room right off. About 9 o'clock, his usual bedtime, he remarked to the clerk that he believed he would "remain." "All right," said the obliging man behind the counter. The big clock ticked off another hour, and the old man addressed the clerk again: "I say I believe I'll remain." "You have my permission, sir." When the hands on the dial pointed to 11, the old fellow, who was so sleepy he hardly knew where he was "at," called out in a half angry voice: "By the eternal, I say I believe I'll remain!" Again the clerk assured him of his permission, but the situation was becoming critical, and something had to be done. "When you are ready to retire," said the clerk, "you can get your key at this desk." "Retire," said the exasperated guest. "That is the very word I've been trying to think of for two hours. Give me the key to my room. I'll sleep until 10 o'clock in the morning to make up for lost time!" —Memphis Scimitar.

One Coming.

"Could you tell me the meaning of the word 'cataclysm'?" he asked of the street car passenger who was folding up his newspaper. "Are you going to ride two or three blocks farther?" was queried in reply. "Yes, sir." "Then you'll see one. The conductor has carried that sharp nosed woman two streets past where she wanted to get off already, and she'll wake up soon and start a cataclysm that'll probably jump the car off the track!" —Washington Post.

Called to an Easter Field.

We wonder if any men with white ekbs are called to the ministry after the fashion described by Booker T. Washington in his autobiography. He says: "A colored man in Alabama, one hot day in July, while he was at work in a cotton field, suddenly stopped and looking toward the skies said, 'O lawd, de cotton am so grassy, de work am so hard, and de sun am not so hot dat I believe dis darky am called to preach!'" —Chicago Standard.

Reversed.

Blackburn — Judge Snyder made a rule some time ago that all women should remove their hats in his court, but I see that the order is not enforced. Whitehead — No. The women folks appealed to the judge's wife, and she rendered a dissenting opinion. —Denver News.

Opportunity.

In one of the old Greek cities there stood long ago a statue. Every trace of it has vanished now. But there is still in existence an epigram which gives us an excellent description of it, and as we read the words we can surely discover the lesson which those wise old Greeks meant that the statue should teach to every passerby. The epigram is in the form of a conversation between a traveler and the statue: "What is thy name, O statue?" "I am called Opportunity." "Who made thee?" "Lysippus." "Why art thou on thy toes?" "To show that I stay but a moment." "Why hast thou wings on thy feet?" "To show how quickly I pass by." "But why is thy hair so long on thy forehead?" "That men may seize me when they meet me." "Why, then, is thy head so bald behind?" "To show that when I have once passed I cannot be caught." —Christian Press.

Macbeth's Wife's Christian Name.

Miss Blank, who wished to become a candidate for the position of teacher in the public schools, went up for examination recently. Among other things she was called upon to read a passage from "Macbeth" which closes with the words which Macbeth speaks to Lady Macbeth. "I prithee come with me." "And what," asked the examiner, "do you understand 'prithie' to mean?" "I understand it to be a corruption of 'pray thee,'" replied the would be teacher, surprised at so trivial a question. "I am glad," said the examiner. "The lady who came just before you assured me that it was the Christian name of Macbeth's wife." —Judge.

The Abused Mule.

The wickedness of mules is a standing joke, and you are always hearing them abused. Ever see a team of mules run away? Almost every day you see a family horse running away, usually with screaming women and children in the buggy, but did you ever see a mule run away? Did you ever personally know a mule to kick any one? The fact is, the mule works hard on light feed and gets nothing but abuse. —Atchison Globe.

Just the Opposite.

"When I first met you," cried the woman who had been married for her money, "you occupied a low, menial position, but now, thanks to me, your position!" —"Is a hymeneal one," her husband interrupted. —Exchange.

Impending Social Hostilities.

"Mars can boast a much older civilization than ours." "Say, how their first families will look down on ours when we begin to get chummy?" —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Energy will do anything that can be done in this world, and no talents, no circumstances, no opportunities, will make a two legged animal a man without it.

An Uneven Contest.

"They had a lively boxing match at Splinter's the other night." "How was that?" "Splinter came home late, and as he passed through the hall his wife's tallest palm touched him on the cheek. Splinter was in an excited condition and thought it was somebody's fingers. So he struck out wildly with both fists and succeeded in knocking over two palms and severely bumping his own head." "But why do you call it a boxing match?" "Because Splinter put up his knuckles against his wife's palms." —Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Sunday Habits.

The average man does himself so much harm on Sunday that he does not recover until the following Wednesday. In the first place, he loafers around the house, instead of being active, as on weekdays. In the next place, he eats his breakfast later than usual, and his dinner earlier, and the result is that he is knocked out until Wednesday. The best thing to do on Sunday is to conform to your usual habits as much as possible. —Atchison Globe.

A Poser From the Small Boy.

Mamma—Don't boil those canned peas, Bridget. They only want to be warmed. Little Tommy—Mamma, peas can't talk, can they? Mamma—Of course not, dear. Why? Little Tommy—Then how do you know what they want? —Philadelphia Press.

A Man has no more right to say an unkind thing than to act one, no more right to say a rude thing to another than to knock him down.

The first time a man is appointed on a "committee" he is very apt to think his position a very important one. —Atchison Globe.

A LONDON CRIMINAL.

THE FOG THIEF AND HOW HE PLIES HIS PECULIAR TRADE.

He Operates Boldly Both in the City and on the Thames—Carries Off His Plunder from Vans and Cabs Shrouded in the Dense Fog.

Thousands of thieves long for fog with a great longing. Incredible as it may seem, property worth tens of thousands of pounds is every year stolen from vans and lorries alone in London streets. Quite nine-tenths of this property disappears during fogs.

The leaders of the fog thief gangs usually have some little capital to start with. One of them affects to be a cartage contractor on a small scale. He takes very quiet premises that have a high boarding round and that are not overlooked. If he has plenty of cellars, all the better. He has at least one smart trap, and horse and two and sometimes three rogues to go with it.

It is during the late foggy afternoons and early evenings of winter that the hauls are made. Streets with warehouses—and not shops that are lighted brilliantly and early—on each side and that are often congested with traffic are mostly chosen. The small and smart though dingy and inconspicuous looking trap plunges into the thick of the traffic. It soon, in the gloom and murk, places itself immediately behind a van or lorry piled with packages of various kinds.

The men in the quick trap are all on the alert. One of them, a man chosen for his immense physical strength, goes to the head of the pony on some pretext. He soon has a package down from the van in front. He is provided with sharp cutting instruments, and he has a powerful piece of strap with a hook at one end. If there is a boy sitting behind the van, the men in the trap contrive to get him down by diverting his attention. Even with a view to distracting the possible attention of carters, the thieves generally get up an altercation, or "barney," among themselves or with others. They are men of colossal impudence and powers of bluff, and all attention becomes riveted upon them. In one case not far from Farringdon street last December they carried off one parcel of furs worth £500, the van boy being temporarily blinded as alleged, by a lad with the thieves blowing some snuff into his face from a pea shooter and then disappearing.

One of the most notorious of these fog thieves was a little young fellow who crept along the back of a pony to his head, American jockey fashion, and hooked what he could from out of the van in front.

The great hauls of these men are when they follow cabs and private carriages from a railway station. In such cases they generally use two traps and horses. A cab is marked that has apparently valuable luggage on the top. This is followed till some dark street is reached where the way is narrow or congested; then the driver of one of the traps, that has a very swift pony harnessed to it, deliberately drives across the head of the cab or carriage horse.

Of course there is an angry altercation, and while this is going on the thieves on the other trap have got into the immediate rear of the luggage laden vehicle. One of the thieves goes along his horse's back and lifts the luggage down.

One of the hauls effected last winter in this way was worth £8,000 and was the property of Mr. de Silva, an Argentine millionaire. The robbery took place not far from St. Pancras' church just before the shops were lighted up.

As the summer sun brings forth myriads of living creatures, so does a Thames fog bring out upon the dark and apparently deserted river a vast horde of thieves. At least a dozen of the wharf and lighter owners complain of losing from their respective wharves as much as from one to six hundred pounds' worth of coal alone every year.

The reader can learn at any riverside house frequented by tough men that there are scores, literally scores, of tugs on the river that have never bought a pennyworth of coal for great numbers of years. The Thames police would tell that some reader that men have retired on competences who have been reported to have made their whole fortune out of coal stolen with impunity on the river.

The police are helpless over the vast expanse of river and in the labyrinthine backwaters. If they raid one of the pirate boats in the gloom and darkness, the spoil is turned out to the bottom of the river in a trice. If this sort of thing can be done to such an extent with a commodity like coal, it may be imagined what befalls other valuable property on wharves or in lighters.

The fraudulent picker up of the river blesses the fog. The picker up is a man who notices that certain barges with valuable cargoes are moored in such a way that, if they broke loose, they would entail vast expense. The picker up sees that these barges do break loose. That part of his work he does in dead secret. And then, making plenty of noise about it at this stage, he rescues from danger the very barges that he has set adrift and sends in a heavy salvage claim. —London Answers.

Acids That Are Death to Cholera.

The acid of lemons and oranges is fatal to the cholera bacillus. Even if placed upon the rinds of the fruit the germs will not survive longer than a day. —Ladies' Home Journal.

In the Georgian language, spoken in the mountains between the Caspian and Black seas, dad means mother and mama father.

Weir Mitchell and Whitman.

In Dr. Weir Mitchell's book a pleasant story or two is told of Walt Whitman, the writer, to whom some would deny the name of poet, while others regard him as one of the greatest of all poets. One of the characters in the story of "Dr. North and His Friends" says that Whitman was eaten up by his own vanity, regarding everything he did as of such supreme value that he had lost all power of self criticism and could not tell good from bad or indifferent. Once he was asked if he thought Shakespeare as great a poet as himself. He replied that he had often thought of that, but had never been able to come to a decision.

He went to a physician upon an occasion, thinking himself seriously out of health. When he learned that his ailment, whatever it was, could be treated best by living as much as possible out of doors without dosing with medicine, he was leaving in all good humor when he bethought himself of the physician's fee. "How much will it be?" he inquired. "The debt was paid long ago," said the doctor, who knew and liked his writings. "It is you who are still the creditor." Whitman thanked him and went out. Another patient, a lady, had taken his place when he returned, put his two great hands on the table opposite his medical adviser—he had not stopped to knock or a nounce himself—aid said, "That, sir, I call poetry."

The lady was scandalized by his abrupt appearance and demeanor and asked as soon as the writer had gone for the second time, "Is the gentleman insane?" but, learning his identity, she wished he had asked for his autograph.

Weight by Inches.

"Forty and a half," sung out the cutter of a Chestnut street tailoring firm as he passed the tape across a customer's chest. Thirty-eight was registered when the measure girded the customer's waist, and then the cutter stepped back and sized up the patron's height as compared with that of the salesman who was recording the measurements. "Your weight is 165 pounds," he said.

"One sixty-seven," spoke up the man who was being measured for a coat. "How did you guess it?"

"No guesswork about it. I simply compared your height with that of the salesman here, who is 5 feet 8 inches tall. You are about two inches taller, or say, 5 feet 10 inches. With chest and waist measurements and a man's height figured out I can come within a pound or two of his weight every time, as my close estimate of your avoirdupois proves. Of course there are exceptions, notably the man with the very slim waist and wide shoulders, who is invariably much lighter in build than his appearance and measurements indicate. In that case I drop about ten pounds from my figures and manage to come pretty near the mark." —Philadelphia Record.

They Worked on Benches.

The dignified dame was not really English, but she had mastered the dialect to some extent. "My neevew 'Erbert," she said, "wants to marry a schoolteacher! Fawney! A person who works for a living! To be sure, now that I think of it, that is not always a disgrace. You, my dear, write for the press now and then, I am told, but you don't 'ave to, you know. That is different."

"Yes," replied the young person to whom she was speaking, "but I may be said to have inherited a tendency to work. My father and grandfather both worked for a living, and they were not allowed even the luxury of a chair to sit on. They worked on benches." "Dear me!" exclaimed the dignified dame, greatly shocked. "What did they do—work at?" "Well, my father was a judge of the superior court, and my grandfather was one of the justices of the United States supreme court." —Chicago Tribune.

Worth the Difference.

In S. L. Powers' story at the Middlesex Bar association dinner the lawyer tried the case for the complainant. She sued a middle aged gentleman for breach of promise. He married another girl. The jury retired, and the defendant also went his way. The jury returned, the defendant did not. The jury found for the plaintiff in \$800 damages.

The lawyer met the middle aged gentleman a few minutes later in the lobby of an adjacent hotel. "Squire," said the latter, "how did the jury decide?" "Against you," was the answer. "I didn't think they would do that." "I said the middle aged gentleman musingly. 'What's the damages?' "That ain't so bad!" he exclaimed, on being told. "Squire, there's that much difference between the two women." —Boston Herald.

The Real Trouble.

Mrs. De Style (looking from her paper)—The idea! I told that reporter not to mention my name in connection with the Guggore's reception, and yet he's done it. I'll just go down to that newspaper office tomorrow and see about this. Mr. De Style—Oh, I wouldn't pay any attention to it, my dear. Mrs. De Style—I wouldn't, but they have got my name spelled wrong. —Philadelphia Press.

Letting Well Enough Alone.

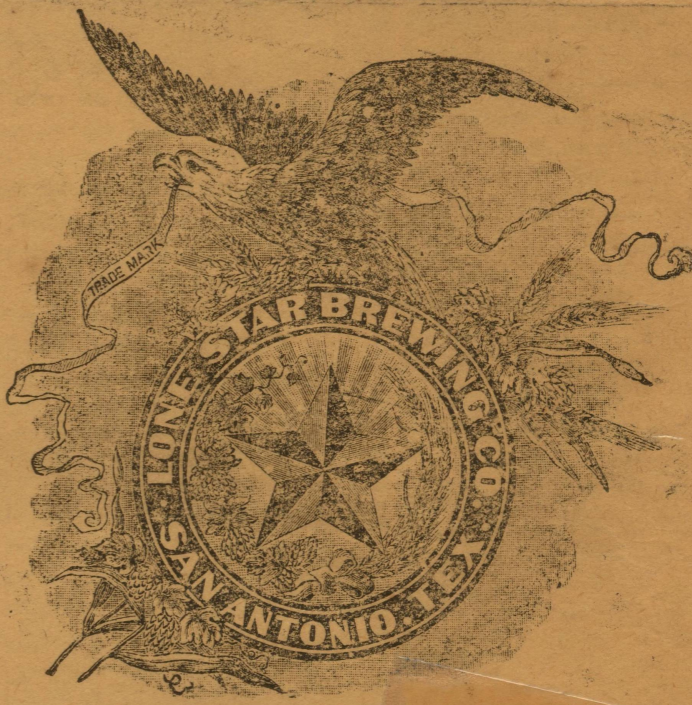
Mr. Mecke—There's an error in this plumber's bill, but I guess I won't say anything about it. Mrs. Mecke—Why? Mr. Mecke—He might charge me for making the correction. —Brooklyn Life.

The average skk hat, size 7 1/2, weighs 5 ounces; the average stiff derby hat of the same size weighs 4 1/2 ounces; the average straw hat of the same size weighs 2 1/2 ounces.

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SONORA, TEXAS.

PUT UP AT THE DECKER

LIVERY - STABLE,

CHARLIE BECKETT Proprietor.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY. MIKE MURPHY, Proprietor. Advertising Medium of the Stockman's Paradise. Subscription \$2 a Year in Advance.

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Kitchener's Plan Fated.

London, March 26.—The Pretoria and Bloemfontein correspondent of the Times send long dispatches admitting that Lord Kitchener's policy and operations have failed to achieve the results hoped for and pointing out that the British public must be prepared to return to the original policy of occupying districts and studding the country with military posts as the only means of effecting complete pacification. This process, the correspondent says, will occupy much time and necessitate a constant supply of fresh troops.

The strain on both officers and men will be immense and arrangements must be made to send absolutely fresh troops to the front in order to enable the others to be sent home.

"Unless this aspect of the case is grasped by the authorities," say the advices to the Times, "there is a possibility of the war lasting for years. It is quite useless to renew peace negotiations. Nothing approaching terms, as the word is generally understood, would be politic or even possible with the Boers."

He Fooled The Surgeons.

All doctors told Renick Hamilton, of West Jefferson, O., after suffering 18 months from Rectal Prolapse, he would die unless a costly operation was performed; but he cured himself with Bucklen's Arnica Salve, the best in the World. Surest Pile cure on Earth 25c a box, at E. S. Briant's Drug Store.

The Sheep in Texas.

Statistics of the wool clip of the United States for 1900 are especially interesting in the evidence which they afford of the new supremacy of the ranch States in all that pertains to sheep raising. Texas hasn't a bad record, but there is certainly no reason why the output of this State should not be doubled.

Montana had first place last year as a wool-producing State, and Wyoming, Idaho and Oregon followed in order. Texas produced only about half as much wool in 1900 as in 1893. There is no reason why this State should not take its place at the top of the list in this as in other lines.

The Cleveland Leader considers it evident that the wool and mutton of the United States, like the beef and the hides, will come mainly from that extensive and sparsely populated region which between the plains at the eastern base of the Rocky Mountains and the western valleys of the Coast Range. The flocks of the vast grazing State will improve steadily in quality, and they are likely to furnish much of the best mutton of the markets of the East, as well as the greater part of the domestic wool used in this country.

It is the natural results of the general economic pressure which forces every industry into those districts and places where it finds least formidable competition. The wool and the mutton will come from the regions for which there are the best and least important uses, or than raising sheep.

There is no reason why, in line with our general policy of diversification, we should not make a special effort to bring this highly profitable industry to the front. The sheep industry is the life of the people in many less favored countries. It feeds and clothes populations that no other industry will support. It is safe to say that no other State has better ranch or more of it than one finds in Western Texas, and there is apparently no reason why the old interest in this business should not be revived.

A Coffee Barometer.

A cup of hot coffee is an unfailing barometer if you allow a lump of sugar to drop to the bottom of the cup and watch the air bubbles arise without disturbing the coffee. If the bubbles collect in the middle, the weather will be fine; if they adhere to the cup, forming a ring, it will either rain or snow, and if the bubbles separate without assuming any fixed position changeable weather may be expected.—Chicago Time Herald.

Some Items From Sol Mayer.

Mr. Sol Mayer, of Fort Worth, was in San Angelo several days this week, and in the course of a conversation, told a Standard reporter that he had shipped 22 head of registered Hereford bulls and heifers, which he bought at the recent sales in Fort Worth, to College Station where they had been inoculated by Dr. M. Francis state veterinarian, and that a letter received Thursday from Dr. Francis stated that they had all had the fever and were getting well nicely.

H. Sprecht also bought 15 head of the same lot and shipped them to College Station at the same time and they are also doing well. They will remain there until about 15th, when they will be shipped out to the ranches of their respective owners. These cattle came from Nebraska, Missouri, Kansas, and Indiana.

Mr. Mayer, in the last twelve months, has bought \$22,000 worth of registered bulls and placed them in his herds in Sutton and Schleicher counties. Among them are 51 head of Aberdeen-Angus bulls for his black herd.

Mr. Mayer is an enthusiastic admirer of these cattle, and says they are noted as being the best beef cattle in the world, that they cut out more on the block, and are also noted for marbling their tallow. Moreover, they are just good rustlers as the Herefords or any other breeds and require no more attention to be raised successfully.—San Angelo Standard.

Some days ago a Stockman and Framer representative wrote a letter to Hon. John W. Robbins, treasurer of the state of Texas, relative to the policy to be pursued in relative to the public lands of the state, and received from Mr. Robbins the following reply which will doubtless prove of interest to many of our readers. He said:

"In reply to yours regarding the best land policy, begs to say if you want to find a man that can say just what policy will bring in the most money for the available school fund and at the same time settle and develop west Texas, any man that has never traveled nor lived in that section of the state, one that never experienced a two year drouth, a genuine blizzard nor a sand storm in all its fury, and from that man you can get all the information that any legislature needs to settle this vexed question. Now as I have lived in that western country for a number of years and traveled thousands of miles in the west, I consider any policy experimental. As we are getting more available school money under the present land laws than under any former law, I am opposed to any radical changes in the present law. About the only change in the general land law that I would recommend would be to move the lease line a little farther west and that should be done with a great deal of care. I favor settling up the country as fast as practicable with bonafide settlers, but not with bogus crop raisers. I haven't the time nor disposition to enter into a long discussion of this vexed question."

Couldn't help getting a cold never cure it; but carrying home a bottle of Ballard's Horehound Syrup, and using it as directed, will cure the worst kind of cough or cold. Price, 25 and 50 cents at J. Lewenthal's drug store.

Steve Murphy, editor and publisher of that wide awake paper, the Devil's River News, was a welcome caller at the Stockman and Farmer office last week. While rain is needed out his way there is no immediate danger of losses on the range, and stockmen are hopeful and prosperous.—San Antonio Stockman and Farmer.

Thomas A. Edison doesn't seem to realize that his inventive genius has made him one of the foremost men of his generation. The Electrical Review has been interviewing him on the subject of his inventions, and they are so numerous that he is unable to name them. Says he: "What were my principal inventions? Good gracious man! Oh, you don't mean patents—invention? Why, first and foremost, the idea of the electric lighting central station; then—let me see, what have I invented? Well, there was the mimeograph, and the electric pen and the carbon telephone, and the incandescent lamp and its accessories, and the tventiduplex telegraph, and the automatic telegraph, and the phonograph, and the kinetoscope, and—I don't know—a whole lot of other things!"

Big Cattle Deal.

At San Antonio, last week, during the convention, one of the biggest cattle deals of the season was consummated between J. M. Slaton, of Sterling county, and Captain Charles Schreiner, of Kerrville. Mr. Slaton bought 7,000 head of three and four year-old steers from Captain Schreiner, the sale aggregating about \$163,000 or \$175,000. The cattle are to be delivered on the cars at Brownwood between the 10th and 15th of April, and Mr. Slaton will ship them to the Osage Nation, Indian Territory, to pasture.

Mr. Slaton is one of our best posted and most substantial cowmen, and a trader from "up the creek" when he gets his trading clothes on, and the Standard hopes he will make a good sized fortune out of this deal.—San Angelo Standard.

John Berry, last week, bought of Burrell Cox 4470 head of sheep, with twelve months' wool, at \$2.90.

J. S. Glass, last Saturday, sold to N. B. Fisk 130 cows at \$20 for dry cows and \$25 for cows with calves.

Fritz Heiser, representing Claude Anson, Thursday, bought the J. A. Loomis steer yearlings, about 400, May delivery, at \$16.

Bird & Metz bought the Grass & Levy ranch known as the Arden pasture, 15,000 acres situated on Middle Concho and Ruckey, and 2000 head of cattle thereon, for about \$75,000.

Ernest Abbott sold for J. A. Loomis to J. Bryan, of Sweetwater, 100 cows three to seven-year-old, at \$20.

Mayer & Childress will begin shipping about 3200 head of cows to the Territory about the end of next week.

While at San Antonio last week Lee Bros. sold to F. Rothe, of D'Aanie, George A., a two-year-old pedigreed Hereford bull, for \$325.00.

Hudson & McAuley, of San Angelo sold to Smith & Dale, of Lampasas, 3000 Territory cows, delivered at San Angelo, for \$48,000.

Owing to the weather conditions which have been prevailing, and which have acted as retarding the rising of grease in the wool, Mr. Geo. Richardson gives it as his opinion that sheep will shear quite light, but what the clip will lack in weight will be compensated for in quality.

Beginning about the 23th, Dearing & Mann will ship about 2500 cattle to the Territory. Childress and Mayer, about 200 cars, Harris Bros., about 3800 head, Claude Broome, for the Chicago Live Stock Co., will ship about 2000 from Brownwood, March 31; Russell & Bevins, about 10,000; Lee Russell, about 12,000; J. M. Slaton, about 7000.—San Angelo Standard.

For all pulmonary troubles Ballard's Horehound Syrup, taken in the early stage, proves a certain and sure specific. It is equally effective in croup and whooping cough, and if used in season prevents the further development of consumption. Price 25 and 50 cents at J. Lewenthal's drug store.

The sale by Dull Bros., of Harrisburg, Pa., of their ranch and cattle in LaSalle and Mc. Mullen counties has been concluded. By it Naylor & Jones who have for several years been large operators in cattle in the Territory and also well known stockmen in this portion of the State become the owner of one of the largest ranch properties in South Texas together with 12,000 to 13,000 head of well bred stock cattle. The price for the land, some 240,000 acres, is said to be \$1,000; The transfer will take place as rapidly as the cattle can be gathered and counted out. This ranch was established in the early 80's by Dull Bros., and a desire to retire from business was their incentive to sell. They still have large holdings of land in Pecos and Val Verde counties. As before stated, Messrs Naylor and Jones are well known and the universal opinion is that they have bought both the land and the cattle at a bargain. This is the largest sale made in South Texas probably for several years but not for the reason that it was no longer profitable. The sellers desire to retire from Texas and the buyers desire to come back to their first love. S. R. Walker, the manager left for the ranch Thursday to begin the work of gathering and delivering.—San Angelo Express.

Horse Thief Rounded Up.

A few days ago a man named Ramsey, from Oklahoma, who has been working for C. H. Rathje on the Flat, approached L. C. Dupree and opened a conversation, the burden of which was a complaint about hard times. Mr. Dupree, thinking he wanted to negotiate a loan, joined him in the complaint. Ramsey then asked him if he didn't want to make some money easily, to which Dupree replied in the affirmative. Mr. Dupree becoming suspicious, led the fellow on until he proposed his scheme which was to steal some horses if Dupree would handle them for him. Dupree told him he could not do that but he knew a man that could, Will Manus, on the McKinley ranch. Ramsey then proposed to steal some of Mrs. Gocher's horses, but Dupree told him he had better get some in a more salable condition. He then proposed to take some of Bob Lowe's but Dupree told him that one of Lowe's was marked so it would be easily traced. He then proposed getting some from S. W. Merchant, which was agreed upon and he and Dupree got into a buggy and drove out to take in the lay of the land and arrange details. Mr. Dupree, learning that the fellow had a wife and several children, came very near backing out but decided, from the man's talk, that he was an old offender and ought to be caught and concluded to carry the thing to a finish. At 8 o'clock, Thursday night, Ramsey went to Dupree's, when Dupree let him have a horse pair of spurs, three ropes and a pair of wire cutters, and he sallied forth for his deal in West Texas horseflesh. In the meantime Dupree had posted Will Manus and told him to humor the jake, and also Sheriff Allen and Dick Runyon, and the officers were waiting for Ramsey at the bridge at the foot of Oakes street, but he saw them there and went around to the back of the pasture, cut the fence, got three of the best in the lot and drove them to McKinley's ranch where he turned them over to Manus, and was back in San Angelo early Friday morning, when Sheriff Allen arrested him.—San Angelo Standard.

Mrs. Myrtle Myers, who has been out on her father's ranch near Juco, for several weeks, returned to Del Rio last Friday.

W. C. Myers came in from the ranch Friday. He reports stock doing fine out his way and not suffering at all from the continued drouth. He says the country around Del Rio is much drier than the Juco country.

R. E. Pitter visited the ranch of E. A. Rose on Dry Devil's river last week and informs the News that Mrs. Rose has been very ill for forty-eight days. First she had a severe attack of measles, then (grippa) and later paralysis of one-half of the body set in, and is now lying in a helpless condition.—Del Rio News.

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What's Your Face Worth?

Sometimes a fortune, but never, if you have a sallow complexion, a jaundiced look, moth patches and blotches on the skin—all signs of Liver Trouble. But Dr. King's New Life Pills give Clear Skin, Rosy Cheeks, Rich Complexion. Only 25 cents at E. S. Briant's Drug Store.

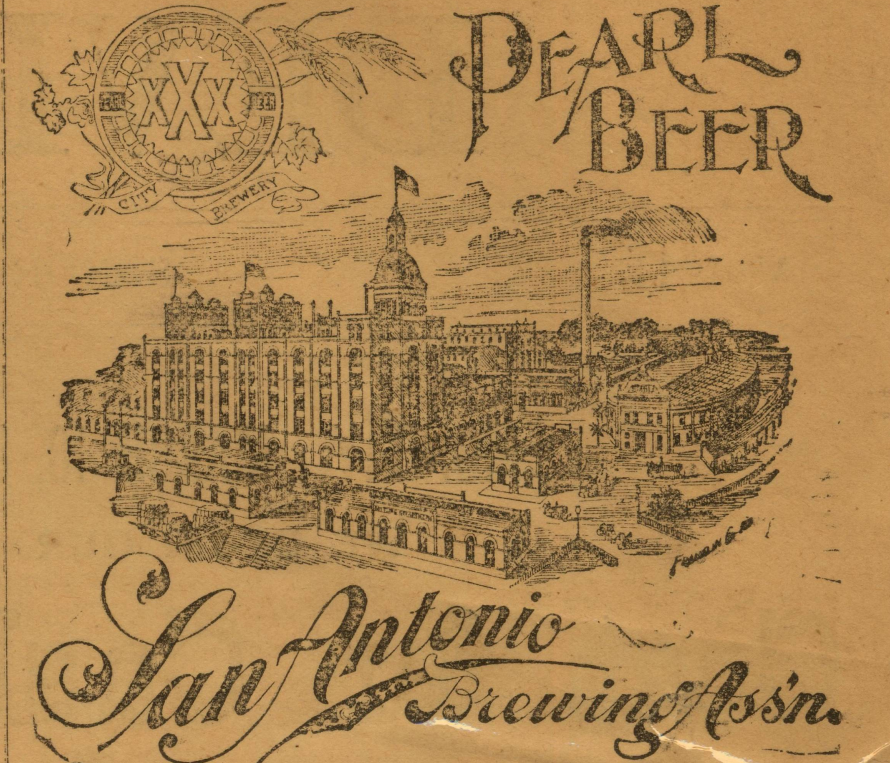
Boosie Sharp and wife, of Sonora, are spending a week or so among the Brady people.

Dave Saunders, of Menardville, and Reed Calhoun, of Sonora were pleasant callers at our shop last Saturday. Mr. Calhoun is looking out for a location to establish a racket store and as he is well pleased with Brady, will probably locate here.—Brady Enterprise.

Are you sick? It so, investigate the merits of Herbine. It is a concentrated medicine, the dose is small; yet it quickly produces the most gratifying results, digestion improves, the lips and cheeks lose their pallor, the eye becomes bright and the step elastic. Price 50 cents at J. Lewenthal's.

Mose Taylor, of this city, has bought the Dr. Clayton drug business in Ozona, and secured the services of F. F. Hoyer as pharmacist. While the Standard takes no pleasure in losing Mr. Taylor and his family, and Mr. Hoyer, it wishes them unbounded prosperity and complete happiness in their newly adopted home.—San Angelo Standard.

WHAT IS SAN ANTONIO PROUD OF?



A TRUE HOME INDUSTRY. HANDED IN SONORA BY THE RANCH and MAUD S. SALOONS. ALL the stock owned by SAN ANTONIO citizens. The LARGEST brewery in the South. Last year's output 150,000 Kegs More than any other brewery south of St. Louis. A. J. Swearingen, Agent, Sonora, Tex

ALAMO IRON WORKS, San Antonio, Texas. WELL DRILLING and PUMPING Machinery and Supplies.

BANK SALOON Frank Sparks, Prop. FINE LIQUORS AND CIGARS. AGENT FOR THE CELEBRATED LONE STAR BEER.

Caruthers & Hill. Live Stock & Real Estate Commission. Will furnish you with Description, Prices, Terms, Etc., of all kinds OF LIVE STOCK, RANCHES AND TOWN PROPERTY. Write them what you want and receive a Large list to select from. Office opposite Vander Stucken's, SONORA, TEXAS

A Blind Sale. An exchange tells of a novel plan adopted by an English hostess to secure funds for a charity in which she was interested. It gives a dimes, introducing. In this the favors were for sale. A table was spread with them, from which selections were made. After the choice the purchaser found the price affixed on the reverse side. This might be a penny or a pound, the limit of cost, and was set without any regard to the apparent value of the article to which it was attached. The most trifling article perhaps had the topmost mark, and vice-versa, making choice so far as price was concerned pure chance.

Notice to Trespassers. We hereby give notice to wood haulers and persons who are leaving our fences down by going over same with wagons, that any persons caught hauling wood from our pastures will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. S. F. Mayer & Sons. Notice to Trespassers. Notice is hereby given that all trespassers on my ranch east of Sonora for the purpose of cutting timber, hauling wood or hunting hogs without my permission, will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. W. J. FIELDS, Sonora, Texas, Dec. 8th, 1900. Notice to Trespassers. Notice is hereby given that parties trespassing on my ranch 10 miles northeast of Sonora (the McTiwanne) or cutting timber, wood hauling, working cattle, hunting hogs, or fishing etc., without my permission will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law. J. M. G. BAUGH Sonora, Tex.

S. C. TAYLOR, Attorney-at-Law, SONORA, TEX. Will practice in all the State Courts

W. A. ANDERSON, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, SONORA, TEXAS. Will practice in all courts.

J. F. CANNADAY, Formerly of Coleman, Texas. MAKES BOOTS AND SHOES TO FIT YOUR FEET. With Many Years Experience His STOCKMENS BOOT IS A SPECIALTY Good work in all styles. Shop next to Ranch Saloon, Main St. Send your orders for SPURS AND BRIDLE BITS Rufus Sterling, Gunsmith and Machinist, San Angelo, Texas. Plain Spurs or Bits \$2.50. Silver mounted Spurs or Bits with ornamentals, Grand and fancy carving \$5. All work First Class and Guaranteed for two years. DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS, \$2 A YEAR

50 YEARS EXPERIENCE PATENTS TRADE MARK DESIGN COPYRIGHTS & C. Anyone sending a sketch and description may quickly ascertain our opinion free whether an invention is probably patentable. Communicate in strict confidence. Handbook on Patents sent free. Oldest agency for securing patents. Patents taken throughout America & Co. receive special notice, without charge, in the Scientific American. A handsomely illustrated weekly. Largest circulation of any scientific journal. Terms, \$3 per year in advance. Single copies, 10 cents. Sold by all newsdealers. MURKIN & Co. 361 Broadway, New York Branch Office 206 St. Washington, D. C.

The Dallas or Galveston Weekly News, Houston weekly Post, San Antonio weekly Express, San Antonio Stockman and Farmer, Live Stock and Farm Journal, New York Thrice-a-week World, Louisville Courier-Journal, Atlanta Constitution, St. Louis Globe Democrat, St. Louis Republic. Any of the Above and the DEVIL'S RIVER NEWS For one year for \$2.50. Subscribe now.

WELINGTON CLUB WHISKEY is the finest article that has ever sailed over the San Angelo bars. No headache guaranteed. For sale only at the Corner Saloon San Angelo

THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK

OF SONORA, TEXAS.

Paid up capital - \$50,000.00

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

Exchange Bought and Sold on all Parts of the

United States and Europe.

W. P. Wood was in town Wednesday for supplies.

Ed Winstlett of Junction, was in Sonora this week attending court.

Dad Yewin from the Middle Valley ranch Friday.

D. B. Cusenbary was in Sonora Wednesday attending court.

Guy Stokes was in from the ranch Tuesday on a trade for some bulls.

Ranger A. Y. Baker of Uvalde, was in Sonora this week as a witness.

S. H. Mayo a livery man from Mason, was in Sonora Saturday on a business trip.

For first-class candies, cigars and fruits call on C. M. DEERE.

John Robbins the stockman was in from his ranch on Buffalo draw of the Llano, Saturday trading.

When in Eldorado, stop at A. J. Savells feed yard.

C. A. C. Ruthers was in from the T. Hart circle ranch this week as a witness.

Buy famous eye glasses and spectacles at J. Lewenthal's drug store.

Ben Hill was in from Sam Stokes ranch this week attending court.

E. E. Sawyers and Fred Berger were in from Fort Terrell, this week on court business.

Drink X X X Pearl Rye or Edgewood whiskey sold over the bar at A. J. Swearingen's.

Tom Newton was down from San Angelo, this week attending court.

Jim Botherton one of the old timers was in Sonora several days this week.

Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Byrd were in from their ranch in Crockett county, Monday trading.

Duck Simmons was in from his ranch Saturday on his way to San Angelo, to visit his family.

Clay Mann the young stockman of San Angelo, was in Sonora attending court this week.

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

Uncle Joe Friend and son Ned were in from their ranch in Crockett county, this week on court business.

The Celebrated Lakewood Rye Whiskey may be had at G. W. Morris Maud S Saloon Sonora.

Wm. J. Hilger, representing the Banner Distilling Co. of Cincinnati, Ohio, was in Sonora Saturday in the interest of his house.

Jas Robson the sheepman was in Sonora Saturday to some business Jim is figuring on buying a shearing machine.

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

Bill Luckie was in from his ranch in the eastern part of the county, this week attending court.

O. A. Rosa the young stockman from the Potter ranch in Val Verde county, was in Sonora, Saturday on business.

Buff Cochon Eggs.
\$1 for setting of 13.
Apply to ROY ALDWELL.

A. A. and J. J. and W. W. Williamson were in from their ranch in the Breezy Bluff neighborhood this week at ending court.

Charlie Erskine is learning the drug business at J. Lewenthal's. Charlie is a good boy and we wish him success.

When in Eldorado, get your meals at A. J. Savells' Restaurant good accommodation and good beds.

Judge Chas Davidson of Ozona, was in Sonora Saturday on his way to attend court at Junction.

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

Din Cauthorn vice president of the First National Bank of Sonora arrived home Saturday from a business and pleasure trip to San Antonio and several other interesting points.

Get the daily market report at Caruthers & Hill.

Dr. J. H. Coleman the stockman of Edwards county, was in Sonora Saturday doing some trading with our merchants.

Ask for X X X Pearl Rye or Edgewood whiskey for sale at A. J. Swearingen's Ranch saloon.

Chris Hagelstein of the firm of C. & G. Hagelstein of San Angelo, dealers in hardware, windmills, bugles, etc., was in Sonora Saturday on a business trip and left for Ozona Sunday.

First Class Board.
DAY, WEEK or MONTH,
at
Mrs. Ada Stewart's
Two doors south of Postoffice.

W. L. Lassiter was serving his county this week as a juror.

Rev. A. J. Cox was on the grand jury this week.

Full assortment of Hawkes renowned spectacles at J. Lewenthal's drug store.

D. P. Gentry was in this week on the petty jury.

A. R. Cauthorn the sheepman who ranches about 14 miles south of Sonora, was in Sonora this week on jury duty.

Wm. Dreunan formerly of Sonora but now of Ballinger, was in town this week on court business. Bill says all the family are doing well.

The News regrets to learn that Anna Thrasher Collins, wife of W. W. Collins died at Denver, Colo. March 14, 1931, of consumption, and was buried from the Baptist Church at Malvern, Ark on March 18th. Mr. and Mrs. Collins during their happy residence in Sonora made numerous friends who join the News in extending sympathy to Mr. Collins in his great affliction.

A Fiendish Attack.
An attack was lately made on C. F. Collier, of Cherokee, Iowa, that nearly proved fatal. It came through his kidneys. His back got so lame he could not stoop without great pain, nor sit in a chair except propped by cushions. No remedy helped him until he tried Electric Bitters which effected such a wonderful change that he feels like a new man. This marvelous medicine cures backache and kidney trouble, purifies the blood and builds up your health. Only 50c at E. S. Briant's Drug Store.

Attention Citizens:

Our neighboring towns are suffering from epidemics of small pox and it is liable to break out in our town at any time and the safest and only protection against the disease is to be thoroughly vaccinated.

I have some fresh virus and advise that all that can be vaccinated at once. Those that are not able to pay will be vaccinated free.

A. L. TAYLOR,
County Health Physician.

B. M. Habert was in from his ranch this week on the jury.

Bob Martin was in from the ranch this week attending court.

The old reliable Rodgers pocket knives for sale at J. Lewenthal's drug store.

Ben Robertson was in from Mat Kirtes ranch several days this week.

Tony Guizer the sheep and goat man was in Sonora this week on jury duty.

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

T. P. Gillespie the stockman was in town this week on the grand jury.

W. E. Atkins, the lawyer from Menardville, was in Sonora this week on professional business.

John Keton came in from over the Peas, where he has his horse Sunday to attend court.

W. T. Handcock of Mandarville was in Sonora this week on court business.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Merck were in Sonora Monday shopping. Sam had to stay to attend court.

Abe Mayer and John Bryden were in from the T. Hart circle ranch this week on jury duty.

Geo. S. Allison was in from his ranch several days this week attending to court.

M. V. Sessum the stockman from down the draw, was in town this week on the jury.

Geo. W. Morris of the Maud S Saloon is sole agent for the celebrated Lake Wood Rye Whiskey.

Arthur Stuart was in from his ranch Thursday for ranch supplies and some farming implements.

Jack Drago one of our promising young stockmen was in from the Whitehead ranch, Tuesday for supplies.

W. J. Patterson contractor for the Sonora and Junction mainline, was in Sonora Monday attending court.

Uncle Johnie Allison and son Johnie Jr., Tom Wood and Nev Lacey were in from the Allison ranch this week attending court.

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

Wm. I. Bibb, the stockman from the Langtry country, was in Sonora this week attending court. Bill says his stock is doing fine.

R. J. Turner manager of Geo. S. Allison's Llano ranch, was in Sonora this week on court business.

Uncle David Adams, H. Theirs and Jim Pettigrew were in from the head of the Llano, this week on court business.

Children often inherit feeble digestive power and colic of a more or less severe character results, when food is taken which is at all difficult to digest. White's Cream Vermifuge acts as a general and permanent tonic. Price, 25 cents, at J. Lewenthal's drug store.

J. A. Cope the land and live stock commission man of Ozona, came over with Dr. Miller Sunday and left for his home Monday accompanied by Miss Winnie Buchanan the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Decker, who will spend a week or so among her friends in Ozona.

The News extends its sympathy to Mr. and Mrs. John G. McKee in the loss of their 8 months old son on Wednesday, March 27th. The funeral Thursday evening was attended by a large number of friends. Rev. A. J. Cox an old friend and neighbor of the sorrowing parents, conducted the services at the Sonora cemetery.

The special school tax election for the Sonora Independent school district held in Sonora last Saturday resulted in a vote of 43 for the tax and 8 votes against the tax. The amount of the tax levied is 20 cents and the trustees expect to be able to give the children at least a seven months and possibly a nine months school.

District Court.

District court convened in Sonora Monday March 25th and adjourned Friday evening. Hon. J. W. Timmins, judge presiding, Ed Taylor district attorney, E. S. Briant sheriff, S. H. Stokes clerk, in attendance.

The following grand jury was impaneled: R. F. Halbert, F. E. Bihl, T. P. Gillespie, J. C. Barksdale, A. J. Cox, R. C. Dawson, J. W. Hagerlund, W. T. Lassiter, W. H. Lightfoot, S. L. Merck, C. J. Nichols, I. N. Brooks. The judge instructed the jurors and appointed J. C. Barksdale foreman. The grand jury adjourned Thursday evening after finding nine bills of indictment: two felonies and seven misdemeanors.

The following bailiffs to the grand jury were appointed: Henry Sharp and Mike Sharp, riding, W. D. Thomason, walking, M. Parker door bailiff.

S. H. Stokes v. R. A. Dickenson, suit to recover possession of property. Continued and passed till Thursday of first week of next court without prejudice to either party.

Hancock v. Williamson, continued by agreement.

Caruthers & Hill vs. Jess and Lewis Mayfield, suit upon contract for commission on sale of ranch and cattle. Jury could not agree. Case continued.

J. C. Lehev v. Sallie Lehev, suit for divorce, custody of children and division of property. Continued; passed till Wednesday of next term.

State v. W. I. Babb, assault with intent to murder. Pleads guilty to aggravated assault. Fined \$50.

State v. John and Eb Keton, theft of sheep. Continued by defendant.

State v. Lon Reynolds, perjury. Verdict of not guilty.

State v. Pedro Rodriguez, murder, continued by the State.

States v. Henry Bolier, Wm and Dock Day. Theft of cattle, verdict of not guilty.

On motion the bail of Pedro Rodriguez, charged with murder was reduced to \$750.

R. F. Halbert, A. P. Belcher and D. H. Barroughs were appointed juror Commission.

Joe Ross the stockman was in from the ranch this week on jury duty.

Mr. and Mrs. J. P. McConnell returned from a visit to friends and relatives at Menardville, Wednesday.

J. S. McConnell, J. L. Quinn,
McConnell & Quinn,
Live Stock and Land Commission,
San Angelo, Texas.
List your property with us. Bargains for purchasers.

Chas. Dickinson the lawyer of Ballinger, was in Sonora several days this week on professional business.

A. P. Belcher and son J. E. were in Sonora this week from their ranch on the Llano, attending court.

Drs. R. A. Dickinson and R. Byron Jones dentists from Ballinger, will be in Sonora several days next week office at the Commercial Hotel.

Lin-Mellwane and Pat Nelson arrived in Sonora Tuesday from a visit to their old home in Virginia. They intend going into the stock business again either in this country or Mexico.

Drs. R. A. Dickinson and R. Byron Jones, dentists of Ballinger arrived in Sonora, Wednesday and will remain several days. Their office will be in the Commercial Hotel.

Jud Swearingen the popular proprietor of the Ranch Saloon, has just tapped a barrel of fine imported Port Wine. It is some of the best ever brought to the Sonora Country.

Mrs. E. Vander Stucken of Menardville left for her home Wednesday, after spending a few weeks with her children Felix, Max and Sophie here. Max accompanied her as far as McKavett.

Dr. Sam'l A. Miller the noted specialist of Greenville, Texas, was in Sonora, Monday and Tuesday. Dr. Miller was interviewed by his old patients and added many new ones to his list. Dr. Miller will probably visit Sonora again in June.

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Through Sulmon County.

SPECIAL TO THE DALLAS NEWS.

Aus in, Tex., March 25.—An amendment to the charter of the Panhandle and Gulf Railway Company, which is the Texas corporation of the Kansas City, Mexico and Orient system, was filed in the Secretary of State's office here today. It provides for the building of the main line of that system through the State from the northern portion of Wilbarger County on the Red River to some point on the Rio Grande, either in Presidio County or in Brewster County, a total distance of about 500 miles, also for the building of a branch line from San Angelo on the proposed main line southeast to Brownsville, near the mouth of the Rio Grande, a distance of about 450 miles making a total of nearly 1,000 miles of road to be constructed by the company in Texas. The proposed branch line to be built from San Angelo is to run through the counties of Tom Green, Schellinger, Sutton, Edwards, Kinney, Uvalde, Maverick, Zavalla, Dimmit, Webb, Encinal, Zapata, Starr, Hidalgo and Comal.

From Spufford, where the branch road will connect with the Southern Pacific, the route will be down the valley of the Rio Grande for a distance of over three hundred miles.

J. A. COPE,
Land and Live Stock
Commission.

I am in the position to serve both buyers and sellers of ranches, cattle, sheep, horses, to the best advantage. If you need anything in that line it will be to your interest to call or address.

J. A. Cope,
Ozona, Tex.

400 well graded goats for sale apply at News office.

R. F. Halbert was in town this week as a grand juror.

J. A. Schwab the stockman was in Sonora several days this week on court business.

The best knife is a Rodgers. See J. Lewenthal's assortment and buy what you want.

Dave Daugan and Henry Diebitch the sheep men from Juno, were in Sonora Monday for supplies.

For sale 140 head stock goats. JOSEPH TWEEDY, Knickerbocker Tex.

S. D. Baker and Sam Perry of Devil's River, were in Sonora a few days this week on the lookout for some cows.

R. A. and A. C. Mitchell the stockmen from down on the Llano, were in Sonora Wednesday for supplies and attending to some business.

R. T. Baker the stockman from the Llano, was in Sonora Monday. Mr. Baker was summoned as a juror but got excused on account of being a commissioner.

J. I. Walker representing S. K. Shipman, the marble work man of San Angelo, was in Sonora several days this week in the interest of his house.

Geo. Haley the young stockman of Menardville, was in town this week attending court. Geo. intends visiting his parents Mr. and Mrs. Al Haley on Devil's River soon.

Lost—\$5.00 Reward.
A white pointer pup with large liver colored spot on each side of head. Return to me at ranch on Buffalo draw or to D. H. Barroughs' Sonora, and receive above reward.

26th R. M. GATLIN.

Arthur Martin the windmill man was in town this week on the jury. Arthur informed us Ogden's barn near McKavett, was destroyed by fire last week. Loss about \$1500.

No one knows the unbearable torture one undergoes from piles unless they are so afflicted. Tabler's Buckeye Pile Ointment is a quick, safe and painless cure. Price, 50 cents in bottles. Tubes, 75 cents, at J. Lewenthal's drug store.

The concert and entertainment given by Mrs. Randolph's music class, assisted by others, last Friday night was a pronounced success. There was a large attendance and the individual members of the programme as printed in the News last week were well rendered but in many instances the effect of some were lost by the hubbub and noise of children behind the curtain. The proceeds were about \$33 gross.

THE SAN ANGELO NATIONAL BANK,

SAN ANGELO, TEX.

Capital - \$100,000.

Surplus and Profits - \$83,946.97.

Offers to Depositors all the Accommodations which their Balances, Business and Responsibility Justify.
M. L. MERTZ, President. C. W. HOBBS, Vice-President.
A. A. DeBerry, Cashier.

New Phone Line.

A number of citizens of Sonora and Sutton county met at the First National Bank of Sonora, Texas, Monday night for the purpose of making arrangements and hearing a proposition from Rust Brothers, of San Angelo, as to the building of a telephone line to connect Sonora and Ricksprings, Texas.

It was the unanimous sentiment of the meeting that the line should be built and that Sonora would actively assist and cooperate with Ricksprings, Kerrville and San Angelo in the building of the line on the coupon plan.

A committee of three: W. L. Aldwell, J. J. Ford and E. F. Vander Stucken was elected to solicit subscription and correspond with the other points interested in its construction.

A subscription list was circulated and \$325 subscribed by those present. The next day the subscription reached about \$700 and as Ricksprings is expected to do equally as well and San Angelo, and Kerrville will give generous support it is generally conceded that the line will be built at once.

When children have earache, saturate a piece of cotton with Ballard's Snow Liniment, and place it in the ear. It will stop the pain quickly. Price, 25 and 50 cents, at J. Lewenthal's drug store.

Dan Cryer was in from the Collins ranch Tuesday.

Joe Turney was in from the ranch Monday.

Frank Bihl and Eldie Martin, were in from Breezy Bluff neighborhood attending court this week.

Highest market price paid for hides and pelts at E. F. Vander Stucken Co's.

John McCleary the contractor, who has been building several houses in Eldorado, came in on Saturday back on a visit to his family and to attend court.

Medicated Salt
Rock at Hagerlund
Bros & Co.

E. F. Smith and family from the Chickasaw Nation, Indian Territory were in Sonora Tuesday. They are down on a visit to D. Swift and family Mr. Smith being a brother to Mrs. Swift.

C. T. Turney the stockman was in Sonora Sunday, and left on Monday for San Angelo, to see about getting pasturage for Turney & Cooper's Territory cows. They will begin rounding up the pasture this week.

Banker Routs a Robber.
J. R. Garrison, Cashier of the bank of Thornville, Ohio, had been robbed of health by a serious lung trouble until he tried Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption. Then he wrote: "It is the best medicine I ever used for a severe cold or a bad case of lung trouble. I always keep a bottle on hand." Don't suffer with Coughs, Colds, or any Throat, Chest or Lung trouble when you can be cured so easily. Only 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at E. S. Briant's drug store.

I must confess that I was very much pained when I saw your three appearances in the papers, for I had always believed you to be sincere in your expressions of personal friendship for me, and in the recommendations of my friends as Land Commissioner,orea to my face, and because further more I heard you say to the Land Committee that you had out in the Western country, had heard my statement the evening before, when I appeared before the committee, and that you indorsed and corroborated everything that I had said. Very truly yours,
Charles Rogan.

J. LEWENTHAL,
CHEMIST and DRUGGIST.

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

WATCHES, JEWELRY and SILVERWARE,
School Books and Stationery.

E. S. BRIANT,

PROPRIETOR OF THE

SONORA DRUG STORE,

SOLICITS YOUR TRADE

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

PRESCRIPTIONS CAREFULLY COMPOUNDED BY OTIS MITCHELL.

I KNOW YOUR WANTS AND WANT YOUR TRADE.

"UNDER THE SUN."

The men who have gone before us have sung the songs we sing. The words of our clamorous chorus, they were heard of the ancient king. The chords of the lyre that thrill us, they were struck in the years gone by. And the arrows of death that kill us, are found where our fathers lie. The vanity song of the preacher is vainly still today. The moan of the stricken creature has rung in the woods away. But the songs are worth reading. With the change of no single note, and the spoken words are ringing. As they rang in the years remote. There is no new road to follow, love, nor need there ever be. For the old, with its hill and hollow, love, is enough for you and me. - Charles E. Dixon in Century.

WHAT MODERN SAILORS FEAR

Hot Winds and Seas, but an Explosion which scuttles the ship. "Boiler explosions are the terror of the seafaring man," said an old time deep water captain. "Such a thing is had enough on dry land, but imagine a catastrophe of that kind at sea. In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred it means the absolute wiping out of the craft itself and every soul on board. "The average landsman would be greatly shocked in looking over the maritime records to see how many vessels disappear each year and leave absolutely no clew to their fate. They run well up to the hundred mark, and such a mystery is not to be explained away by storms. As Chinese typhoon may swoop down like lightning out of a clear sky and tear a ship to pieces, but some floating wreckage is sure to tell the tale. A boiler explosion, on the contrary, will blow a hole as big as a railroad tunnel right through the center of the hull, and the stricken vessel simply goes down like a shot. There is no time to unfasten a boat from the davits or cut loose a spar. "In the opinion of seamen, that is the story of at least 90 per cent of the ships that leave port and are never heard of again. Luckily the modern system of marine boiler inspection is extremely strict and thorough, but it is impossible to absolutely prevent carelessness and fraud, and often enough, no doubt, the fault lies with the engineer. "There is an old story of a drunken Scotchman who mistook the thermometer for the steam gage and 'cussed out' the stokers because he couldn't get the pressure above 80. That yarn will hardly hold water, but I've seen cases almost as bad. I am glad to say, however, that during the past 10 years there has been a steady diminution of the number of vessels which mysteriously disappear." That is due, beyond all question, to the increased stringency of boiler inspection and the greater strictness of examinations before a license is issued to engineers. Nevertheless there is still considerable room for improvement in both branches."-New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Russell and His Songs.

The late Henry Russell, the veteran English composer of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," and of more than 800 other songs which were popular in their day, had many amusing experiences when he sang his ballads on various occasions. Once, after rendering, "Woodman, Spare That Tree," a gentleman rose in the gallery and asked, "Was the tree spared?" On being answered in the affirmative he, with a sigh of heartfelt relief, exclaimed, "Thank God for that!" After singing the song of "The Dog Carlo," who jumped off an Atlantic liner and saved a child's life, Russell was gravely waited upon by a couple of Yorkshire miners, who begged him for a pup. One of Russell's songs, of which the words were changed in accordance with the altered conditions, is our national anthem, "Columbia, the Gem of the Ocean."-Argonaut.

Wanted to Go to One of His Weddings.

The Rev. Dr. ... a prominent clergyman, relates with much gusto the following story about himself. His present wife by the way, is not the wife of his youth nor yet of his early manhood, but the lady of his third choice, and as a consequence the doctor's set of oxc-hornes spring from diverse maternal ancestry. "Such a condition of affairs," said the doctor, "might at times become embarrassing except for the thorough amiability of all concerned. I confess, however, to a slightly discolored feeling when shortly before my marriage I was approached by one of my daughters, a girl of 9 and one who called my second wife mother, with the question: 'Papa, will you let me go to see you married? I have never been at any of your weddings.'" -Fun.

Philadelphia Felina Dupletty.

It was during the natural history hour. "Give me," asked the teacher, "an example of the alleged deceitful character of the cat." "In restaurants it is sometimes said to pass itself off for a rabbit," answered the head boy. -Philadelphia Times.

Divining Rods.

The only trustworthy divining rod that has ever been made is fortunately cheap. It has a steel head and a wooden handle and is shaped something like an anchor. Any man who wants one should go to a hardware store and ask for a pickaxe. -Youth's Companion.

A Fool for an Alliance with the Straws Driven by the Wind; a Wise Man for an Alliance with the Wind.

The first savings bank in the United States was established in 1824.

Competent, but Unhappy.

A. J. Gallagher, district passenger agent of the Missouri Pacific railroad, while en route south was taken quite ill and was compelled to stop at Montgomery, Ala. He went to a hotel and sent for a physician. "The medical man said: 'You have a case of pneumonia and must have a nurse.' " "All right," said Gallagher. "Do you know a good nurse you can send to look after me?" "The doctor said he did and would have the nurse at the hotel within an hour. In about an hour a colored woman who measured about nine feet in girth put in an appearance, and Gallagher asked her if she had ever nursed sick people. " "Yes, indeed," she replied. "I've had considerable experience with ailing persons. I nursed Marster John, and he died; then I nursed Mistress Lucy, and she died; then I nursed Mistress Lucy's sister. The doctor didn't think she was so very poorly, but she done died." "Have you had any other experience in nursing?" asked Gallagher. "Yes, indeed. Only last week I left Colonel Carter's house, where I nursed the colonel for five days." "Well, did the colonel get well?" asked Gallagher. "No. The colonel he died, too, but Dr. Jones, who tended him, run a big knife into the colonel and opened him up. The doctor had been out late the night before and was a little nervous. The knife sort of slipped and just about cut the colonel's heart out. Then the doctor said all he could do was to leave him." "You seem to be a good nurse," said Gallagher, "and you're engaged." - Cincinnati Enquirer.

Not So Free Gone.

The last letter he received from wife conveyed the intelligence that she was quite sick, and of course he was considerably worried. But he was comforted by the fact that she was with her mother. He wrote her an affectionate letter and told her to be sure and let him know if she grew worse. The next letter conveyed the intelligence that she was a little worse, though the doctor said it was nothing serious. But he worried a great deal. The next afternoon a telegraph boy sauntered into his office with the usual non-balance of a messenger boy conveying a "rush" message and shoved the look under his nose. "Is the Mr. Blank?" asked the boy. "Yes," gasped hubbly, cold chills chafing up and down his spine. "Message for you. Sign here. De charges is 50 cents." Hubbly grabbed the fateful manila envelope and hastily tore it open. What he suffered while tremblingly unfolding the bit of yellow paper can be imagined, but not described. He was almost afraid to read it, but finally he nerved himself for the worst. This is what he read: "Turn off the water and don't forget to give the bird plenty of seed." - Omaha World-Herald.

The Coroner's Two Verdicts.

"Inquests are sometimes very funny affairs," remarked a western man. "I remember one in the early days of my county in Kansas. A man was found dead by the side of a small stream on the prairie. No mark was found on his body, dressed body. His gun was fully loaded in his hip pocket, and \$25 was found in his pocketbook. Of course the coroner took charge of the money. A jury was impaneled and after finishing its deliberations found that the man clearly died of heart failure. The coroner promptly paid from the dead man's pile the \$12 due for expenses and discharged the jury. The \$13 remaining bothered him. He argued that to turn that \$13 over to the county, to be held in trust for the man's possible relatives, would be the same as throwing it away. The man was a stranger in those parts. Possibly he had no friends. The coroner was equal to the occasion, however. He declared himself dissatisfied with the verdict and called the jury together again. They sat on the body a second time and found exactly the same verdict, but the coroner's mind was at ease. The \$25 was exhausted." - Washington Star.

Less Hopeful For Himself.

George, the colored janitor, needed some money and went to the church treasury for it. "There isn't a cent in my hands just now, George," said that officer, "and won't be till next Sunday's collections are handed over. Can't you wait till then?" "Don't see how I kin, Mistah Gubney," persisted George. "K'yar'n't run de house widout money?" "The best I can do for you," returned the treasurer, "will be to advance you \$3 out of my own pocket and run my risk of getting it back from the church." "Well, suh," solemnly rejoined the janitor, "if you don't git it back 'm de ch'ch, Mistah Gubney, you'll git yo' reward in de good world, but it's didn't wid me. Ef I can't git dat free dollars I'm you, I'd like t' know whab I kin?" - Chicago Tribune.

Suspicious.

Unpleasant Old Gentleman (to fellow passenger) - How fast we travel! But, ah, young man, have you ever thought of the duty of time? Think of the fleeting hours of youth, the golden days that swiftly pass away. Have you ever counted six minutes? Battersby (turbulent and suspicious) - What are you being to do? Sell me a watch? - London Nuggets.

Happiness.

Some folks-tries so hard to be happy in de world dey gets miserably tvin. Happiness is alius what you ain't look to fer. - Atlanta Constitution.

C. H. ALLEN,

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An Apology and a Settlement.

When the theater crowd was at its thickest on Broadway on Saturday night, a well set up man of medium size, wearing a glossy silk hat, hurried along. In dodging through the throng the handle of the cane he carried caught the arm of one of two burly persons who were going in the same direction. He half turned as if to apologize, but before he could do so one of the pair smashed his silk hat with a heavy stick. "I beg your pardon, sir," said the man, blandly taking off his battered tile. "My rudeness was unintentional." "Putting back the damaged hat on his head, he dropped his cane and said, 'Now I propose to settle with you for a blackguard.' "Those on the spot saw a flash of fists. The big man went that on his back from a clean smash on the jaw. "If you want any more, I am ready to oblige you," said the other. The smaller man picked up his stick, took off his damaged silk hat, brushed it and continued on his way down Broadway. And the crowd of spectators, who had gathered as if by magic, broke up with the feeling that they had seen as neat a bit of work as it would ever be their good fortune to encounter. - New York Sun.

Much of Little.

The stranger in any city half a hundred years old, if he knows nothing of the city's history, would learn from many of the signs that the second and third generations had succeeded to the business of father and grandfather. It is especially true of New York. The New York Tribune mentions some peculiar signs and relates the following: A Londoner who had strolled about the streets of the city with a New Yorker who called his attention to some of the signs of sons agreed that in this respect New York was very like London, but in neither city was there any such sign as he saw in one of the old English towns a few hours' run from the world's metropolis. The sign reads, "John Littlejohn's Sons & Little (Little Littlejohn, Doolittle Littlejohn & John Little). According to the Londoner the first Littlejohn and Little were partners. The former gave his first son his partner's family name, and Little gave his boy his partner's Christian name. Littlejohn's second son was named for his mother's family, Doolittle. The three sons succeeded to their father's business; hence the sign is entirely correct, and the Londoner was right in saying that the successors had no intention of being "funny" when they had their sign written as it appears. Dangerous Economy. A paragraph about an economical merchant in Broadway saving the backs of old envelopes for scratch paper reminds an old friend of this story: A New York dealer, who left about \$2,000,000, for a long time kept up the practice of tearing off the fly sheets of the numerous footstep letters he received and sticking them on a spindle for scribbling purposes. Envelopes were not yet in use. A lawsuit arose, and the merchant thought he had won his case when defendant's letter, duly signed, was produced. Counsel for defendant examined the letter and, turning it over to look for the superscription, found that it was missing. He immediately saw his advantage and said: "This letter is incomplete, your honor. A sheet is missing. I claim that there might have been a postscript on the other sheet which would entirely change the character of the order." The court so ruled, and defendant won the suit. The practice of utilizing fly sheets in that merchant's office was at once discontinued. - New York Press. A Sergeant's Surprise. "When Indians were being recruited for the regular army," said a western representative, "it was the custom to give them civilized names. Down at Fort Apache army officers were recruiting Yumas and Apaches. A recruiting sergeant was naming them. Finally a company had been formed, and the first sergeant, who was an American, went out to the front and center to report his company to the commanding officer. "Company D, sir, four privates absent." "Who are they?" asked the commanding officer. "Jay Gould, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Joe Jefferson and Russell Sage, sir," shouted the sergeant. - New York World. Fashion's Demands. The conscientious young man of fashion now brushes his hair differently when wearing a hat. Chancellor Tisdall, the acknowledged Beau Brummel of Dublin in his youth, had luxuriantly variously cut for walking and for sitting and once sat down in the former with disastrous results. Not long ago a milliner advertised with a newly invented hat that it "necessitated the mouth sworn slightly open." What shall we come to next? - Vanity Fair. Irritating. "So Mrs. Gaylord insists on a separation at last, does she? Well, he has neglected her shamefully." "Oh, she didn't mind that particularly." "What was the trouble, then?" "Why, whenever he was a little good to her he was so very virtuous about it that she just couldn't stand it." - Harper's Bazar. The actors' green room is so-called because its floor in the time of Shakspeare was always covered with green rushes. Medieval knights often took a voluntary oath that they would never spare the life of an enemy.

"HEAP SMELL."

The Indian Knew What He Wanted and Where to Get It.

Some Indians from Buffalo Bill's Wild West, arrayed in bright colored blankets and an exceptional amount of face paint, were taking in the sights of the city one afternoon. They strolled down Walnut street, single file and, headed by a buck who now and then gave a grunt of satisfaction when something that pleased him caught his eye, they halted in front of a drug store and gazed at the window display for a moment. Then the band filed into the establishment and began to look around. The clerk thought the place was going to be besieged and that he was likely to lose his scalp, but when the "big chief," who acted as spokesman, addressed him with the customary Indian greeting of "How," the clerk regained his composure enough to ask the Indian what he wanted. "Heap smell," was the reply. "Directed by the Indian's finger to a showcase, the clerk produced a bar of soap. The brave took it gingerly, removed the wrapper, smelled it and bit into the toothsome looking article. With a deep grunt of displeasure he handed it back to the drug clerk. With a disgusted look he remarked, "Heap smell!" The clerk began to tremble, and the Indian pointed to a perfume bottle in the showcase. The bottle of perfume was handed to him. The Indian held it in both hands for a moment, closely scrutinizing it. He slowly removed the stopper, closely watching it as if he expected it to explode, and took a long sniff at the bottle, gave a grunt of satisfaction, handed the clerk some money and led his head of braves out of the store, to the delight of the frightened clerk, who had not been in the practice of waiting on real Indians. - Kansas City Journal.

ANECDOTES OF FORREST.

Why the Confederate Leader Declined to Correct His Spelling. "General Forrest of the Confederate army," said an ex-Confederate officer, "was a military genius of the first rank. Without previous training or any developed taste in that direction he went into the army from a place as overseer and attained commanding rank absolutely in a month. Rough and untaught at first, he became in later life a courtly gentleman whom it was a pleasure to meet and to know. I remember on one occasion some time after the war coming up the Potomac with him. I wanted to introduce a young woman who was under my escort. He said he was flattered by the request, but that he could not meet her unless she knew perfectly well who he was and that he was not held in high esteem by the northern people chiefly on account of the Fort Pillow affair. I assured him that she was fully apprised of his record, and then he went with me to meet her, and she told me later she had never met a more attractive man. "Earlier in his career - that is, before he had learned to spell - he was asked by a young lady to put his autograph in her album. He wrote his name as requested and under it his title, 'major general of cavalry,' as he spelled it. The lady called his attention to it in a very delicate way, and he looked at it a moment, and with a full consciousness that he was looking in that regard and with a beautiful and scarcely to be expected humility he said, 'Let it stand to show how ignorant General Forrest is.' There are not many men who would have done that, I imagine, and it was the little things that showed the man's true greatness." - New York Sun.

"As Mad as a Hatter."

Probably very few persons who frequently use the expression "As mad as a hatter" have any idea as to what it means or why a hatter is necessarily any more subject to fits of anger than a plumber, a blacksmith or a carpenter. The expression is said to have come into use half a century ago, when the manufacture of hats was done wholly by hand. The most striking thing about the process was that of the heating up of the felt. The hatter first dipped the mass of wool and hair frequently into hot water, then scalding a stick most vigorously, stopping now and then to get his breath, until the material was matted together in a rough sort of felt. The lively beating administered to the felt, as if the workman were actually incensed, gave rise to the familiar simile.

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